15-March-2012 Thursday

*It was Tanuja and Gareema again in the alley today; I was misbalanced for a split second before I took fucking control. Just as I was about to enter the alley I saw Tanuja-the-backstabber just where the parking was starting. She was on the left, a girl-student, I think, then come up to her to talk and she was smiling her usual smile. On the right side of about three meter wide alley opening to the parking, was a Maruti-800 car of grey color. I saw it and I tried to reckon if I should go from behind the car or I should go from between the car and the TBS. I just sided to the right and as I reach closer to the car, I realized that there was only about an arm-length of gap between the car and the wall. I was walking into the car and now I had to take a somewhat sharp deviation, not large but sharp, from right to left. I just walked with frown on my forehead for being a pussy in making the decision of how to go about the car and then jerking just so close to the car as if I was to hit it in the next second or I hadn’t seen it yet. Some five to seven footsteps ahead it was Garima-the-slut talking to some other teacher. The-slut spoke English in her out-of-the-world accent. As I was closing by, I put my left hand in the hair just above the temple to somewhat block the visual-perception on her side. As I was passing by her, I just let my hand stay in the hair though it was supposed to be running and in action, I just held it inside the hair to block the view on the left. This was so crazing to hear this the-slut actually shouting and over-rolling her tongue in her already rolled-tongue-no-accent. As I was past her, I just let out a breath on moving the hand past the ear through the hair and then mechanically bringing it down. I just climb the stairs after drinking some water from the water tap to feel okay.*

*Some water fell on my head from the top of the water-cooler and I let it fall down on the floor from my head once I was over with drinking the water. I take a few steps on the stairs and I see the security-guard there watching me like I was doing something prohibited by country-laws.*

It was early in the morning, it was only Parul there in the class, when I asked her if class was going to happen, she told me that it wasn’t even 0815 yet. First lecture was of MP and a substitute came. It was a south Indian woman and she was using English with the Tamil touch in it. I tried to ask a doubt once but she made me repeat, she had good mannerisms just as Nishant was telling me. Multimedia teacher didn’t come. Next lecture was CN, in the middle of the lecture HOD (Anupam sir) came for about fifteen minutes to tell us about TECHNOPHILIA, he sounded like a friend talking, he used informal tone, and language. He told us what TECHNOPHILIA is, and what happens in it. People, who write research papers, come and share them here. He was persuading students to write papers and share them with him before the event, and also attend the event for knowledge and see what is research happening in the industry right now. Most the time he sounded like ‘pleading’ for us to come, at the same time, he and Tanvi ma’am kept declaring that the event is compulsory to attend for CSE students. Tanvi-fatso ma’am spoke a lot in that time, almost like to not let us hear the HOD cry. He challenged us to tell him one bad point about attending TECHNOPHILIA. I thought of the message I had written in 13 points about the good of legalization of prostitution. It has been time since I forwarded that message, *what is the point anyway when my messages are being read by those to whom I am not even sending*. He never gave me even a single squint, but this one he will, when he said, ‘and an amount of 250R is not even an issue’. Fatso woman was eyeing me too much after this.

She was wearing this dark-violet suit and her huge massive gigantic boobs were shining in that lustrous cloth. Damn it, the suit and the color reminded me of Anshu-the-broad-face when she had come to invigilate in my exam-room when I had treaded foot on the ground on seeing her coming with other English-staff on the day of previous exam. She was looking extremely sexy in this one. But this fatso-fat-ass was no-fucking-where close.

Next was DSP lecture. It went fine.

In the morning, I was teaching Nishant the Assembly language programming, he is so fucking rote-learner, he would confusing in the commands, the meaning of which were supposed to be learned with an understanding of the architecture, fuck him. I knew where he was wrong.

I was with Nitin and Keshav all the time. They were offering me internship (free) at SAIL but wanted me to pay them R2500 for that. We went to the offices of Directorate of higher Education, to know about the funds which these two would receive for having a low income of the father. It was waste of time, but I just wanted to be with them because we got free too early. I gave the DSP book to Love so that he could get copy of it for himself. We came back without paying R250, also we wound not pay until forced, because college will be off until 22 March (TECHNOPHILIA date) due to other events.

Manju buaji, Prachi and Anushka were here. I heard that Ghost got promoted, and now these people wish that it haunts around here in Delhi, fuck that.

I come back at around 1500 and get over with the day’s bullshit only around 1900. I went to play TT in the evening and it was good. There is this cute girl Mahima, who is very cute, and could have started fluid flow inside my warmed up tube.

I had a really fucked up mind whole day. *I am still thinking about the shit. Nitin told me he saw a freak who was ogling straight at a girl on the bus stop with eyes and mouth wide open, and expressionless face the other day. Then, on the next day he shows me a heavy fat man, who looked like Anupam sir’s lookalike to them, and told me to say ‘hi’ to Anupam sir’s twin brother. Whatever it was, the college guys have totally freaked. I got a message from Bharat again this evening, fucker sent a message that I could have easily related to myself and Tanuja ma’am, damn it.*

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