1-November-2012

0640: I woke up the pressure of the piss. I had a great night-fall and it was in large amount, good for me. No more women on mind for some time.

0800: Slick-bitch was throwing fits before going to college outside with her mother. It disturbed my sleep.

0910: I was up, brushed.

0930: study (OB)

1000: amma made potato-chapatti and I had quite a lot of salt content. The oil and the weight because of the mashed potato, I didn’t like even a single bite of the four chapatti(s) I ate.

1030: study (OB)

1200: I left for college, this time I see a man in the Rickshaw that came and the man had beard. This is crazy. I was on my way to the bus-stand and a maroon car passing from there just turned on the siren in it. It was a police-siren.

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| I reached the LN and as the bus came here. I see a man looking at me, his face was somewhat square and not as much in length as it was supposed to be for being the face of CG(third semester) faculty. This man had come on forward by jumping and pushing me somewhat aside as the bus stopped, I was like what the fuck. He just put his hand on the hand blocking the way for others from behind. Just after him, a number of other people crowded around the bus-door by pushing me among them and I just sided out of the crowd. I see my hair and make a face like ‘what the fuck are these people’. I just look at them with a face saying ‘crazy people’ by narrowing the eyes-brows, stiffing the pursed lips and nose slightly frowned on the left side, and running hand from over my head. I look up and I see a girl looking at me, she was sitting just at the front of the gate. She was just noticing me with still eyes, almost like mine. As I look at her while climbing and in the moments before that, I reckoned that she had noticed that, I had thought of the situation as being one of a set-up.   * Later I notice that this girl was sent to copy me. Yes, she was copying me. * When conductor asked for ticket, she took out an R100 note, flat and stretched in her fingers. Then as I look at her with mouth slightly opened, nose slightly frowned on the left side, and eyes telling her ‘why are you doing this, I know what you are doing’. As I was taking out the coin from my left pocket, she was noticing the book cover and her eyes were wide and still. I thought of my own still eyes as I see her looking at me and my things. I took the ticket of R5 on handing him the coin but he still asked for ‘where’ I said ‘RAMESH Park’ and the deal was done. On the RAMEHS park stand, I was looking into my phone and not paying attention to calls of the conductor. * This girl was attractive; she was young, maybe as old as me. She was brown, her in the ladies-suit she wore, and her shoulders were getting the definition, even though she didn’t have that natural broadness. She had a square thin face with beautiful jaw definition, her hair were beautiful and long falling down to shoulders and were curly-feathered. * I had to be studying so I didn’t really want to pay attention to her. I needed to study and I had the book out in my hand. I would read from it and then try to memories by looking up after reading a sentence or two. I hadn’t really noticed her leg-wear. I noticed that now, it was loose Salwar, the traditional. It was to show the change from the pencil-slacks of ladies-suit that they showed lately. * Her bench was not so much filled, but one more person would have only added to congestion on her bench for three people. On the next bench, a young man sat in the first place and even this bench had three people already. As a lower-middle class girl in her late teens, and with hairy hands and simple suit and physique thin as wood-stick. She was poor and rustic in appearance. The young man on the second bench pointed the girl to sit on the first bench and the eye-balling-girl pointed out her stiff hand and pointed finger to this bench here with an equal pointed and excited tone. For a split second, I was like ‘why here’ but then it really wasn’t a problem with me. Just that this eye-ball-girl was a bitch. * Sometime later, the second bench had emptied. The poor-ugly girl from my left had gone and there was enough space for a person to come on my bench. This guy just jumped from his bench and came on to my bench as the third person from my bench had got up to leave. This was crazy; actually, it was create momentum in the environment for change of seat so that according to them I should have jumped to sit on the second bench and next to the eye-ball-girl. This was a very stupid act. * I would be looking into my book, and then sneaking a peek at her. I didn’t really want to notice her but she was like hot, though from middle class, I had to give her a blinking notice once in a while. * She was noticing me too, and she was noticing real deep. * She noticed my socks and now I told myself that it is enough and that I should make a note out of it. I take out my phone and start typing the high-lighted things about her and her behavior. My socks were not really clean but were just fine with color even if they were dirty. * I was getting somewhat irritated and I had to keep myself to myself. I realized that my hands were shaking as I wanted to type and it was because I was uncomfortable. My hands shake as I would press the keys of the phone. At 1238, I typed in "do not fucking look there" and I think my face also had got the right expression as this thought hovered on my mind as I typed in. This last look on the face must not have looked good to her. * Some 10-20 minutes later when the stop came, I take the book up in my hand and saw her looking away to the front glass and not here at the back at me. She too got up and got down the bus. She got down first being at the front of the exit. I got down being last of the people who got down then on that second last stop outside of Metro station. |
| * There was this other young woman sitting on the second place of the first bench after the girl who was eyeing me and was next to the partition. This other woman seemed opposite in terms of the behavior that the young girl displayed during this trip. * This other young woman was chinky with still broad eyes. She was modern in outfit. She wore dark blue shirt with standing thin white strips. She was clean with fine features and maybe a serious type. She wore tight black skinny denim and the shirt tucked inside. Her hair was straight and free-flowing. She had used thick eye-liner. * When I had got down the bus in the end and the bus had moved from between me and the eye-ball-girl, I looked at her going in other direction. The chinky-young woman was behind her. I was looking back at her while going on my way and she was looking back at me as she walked in her direction into the metro-station area. I glanced at her and she held eyes with me. The thought on my mind was ‘who was this girl’ and as I held eyes with her, I was like ‘you are pretty, cute, but I was seriously needed to study’. * This girl after like 4-5 seconds looked on her way and as this girl moved her neck to herself, the chinky-young-woman turned her back to see the car that had blown horn far behind her. I didn’t jerk my neck off even though I might have looked like looking at her. I turned my neck straight after a moment. * The chinky-young-woman in her late 20s, reminded me of Rohan-KATYAL’s mother (from my ninth class times), her name was BHUMIKA.   The three-wheeler to college had two women in the morning and a man who was way too rugged and untidy and unclean. The women were middle-aged like 30s and each had kid with them. It was to show that a woman who is 35 must have a kid who should be 5 and that someone who is 20 would lie exactly at the median of the two.   * There was a Muslim sitting on my just right, and there was another man on the window seat. He could me from behind. I could see Muslim’s hand-nails and how dirty he was and his folded and bent shoulders. It was to show me what I can compare myself to, fucking DISCO-act. I never realized that maybe he might have also tried to look into my phone screen. The Muslim was a creepy thing to watch. * The man on Muslim’s right fingered his nose, this is pathetic now.   I got down from the three-wheeler to cross the roads and near the end, I was pushing the coin (change of R5) into my pocket and my skinny-jeans seemed to slip below from my waist. I had reflexively used both hands to hold it back and pull it up.  As I was on now on the incline to the road to college, I see an old man in his late 50s; he wore specs and mud-colored shirt and formals. His gait was like he was tired and that too was an attempt to make me see what it could be like in the future. This was creepy. |

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| * The first time that went closer to the railing, I saw fatso-COMM-Skills-staff appear from the corner and went down the path to the exit on that side. I just saw her and thought that maybe I should side away. After seeing her taking few steps from upper floor, I sided with ease. She was dressed in saree, and looked dumb as always. * The second time that I was close to the railing, I saw the Physics-round-face-pussy, and she was in pencil-ladies-suit. She was dressed in pencil-suit. It was because it is KARVA-CHAUTH tomorrow. * In the evening, on the road at the time when I was walking back to the Metro-station, I saw a man in black shirt overtake me first and then that he was looking to the left with his raising his neck to the angle for the height of the building on the other side of the opposite-going-lane of the road. |

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| * I had OB exam at 1330. I was in the 4002 room next to examination-cell where the back-exams happen, I was waiting for the time to come and examiner to come. There came this DCS-2 tuition teacher here, even though I had always thought that he didn’t teach here. I didn’t want him to know that I had back in OB too. * I had to go to opposite room, 4002 to ask if that was the room for back-exams but it wasn’t. It was 6th semester DSP teacher and she was just easy and nice to talk. She didn’t know where the back-paper was to happen. * I had to do what I didn’t want to do now; I had to go to exam-cell. I got in there and TBS was there standing next to the long table on which two men were sitting. I just lean down on the table to talk to the one on the right. TBS was in the visual perception being at front and on the right, and she had just turned around nicely. Then she just turn nice and easy around again to look normal, the man pointed me to the person on his left and as I looking up to him now, TBS was out of my visual-perception. He told me that it is 5004. * I went to the 5th block, the room was closed. I had to come back here, okay on my way I see a person that looked like trying to be pretending to be like me in looks, given his thin thin-lean physique, face with some length and specs and nose having different definition. * I ran to the room 5004 in the other building just at the end. It was locked in the next room, the teacher denied of knowing about back-papers. I went back to the exam-cell, it was just one person here now; the one who was on the right before. I just bend on the table putting my both hands down and flat and putting my book under the right hand. I look at him and ask ‘what room is it for the back-paper of OB’, there is nothing in 5004, and he said it is 5002 and was telling me the way to it. He asked me what block it was, ‘Fourth block’ and he told me the way to the fifth block, which was ‘go to end, it is third starting on the right’. * TBS was at behind me on the right this time and it was not a problem. She was in Orange saree; she has a weird choice of colors. * This man had come around outside the class later, to see if I was in the room probably. TBS might have sent him to do that. * The invigilator was PUNJABI lady; she had an angular nose-bridge. She was around 30, younger probably. *She was supposed to remind me of the first semester English teacher ‘BHAWNA’ ma’am.* * The classroom had smelled bad, due to the smell coming from outside of the window. I felt if it was from me, WTF.   In the exam, the invigilator allowed an enormous amount of cheating to the students. Like for KRITI BAHL, he told SONAM to shift to the right so that KRIT could see her answer sheet clearly. The fatso-fat-ass-PARUL doesn’t really show as much sympathy, she would be telling me a ‘no’ and would be hiding her sheet even on the day when the teacher who knew the students was making the students help the ones who were trying to seek help from them, fuck it.  I might fail in this exam; fuck it, AD-COMP-ARCH.   * The invigilator in the class-room was the ECE-block-good looking-broken-tooth-somewhat-old-unmarried-who-used-to-jump-her-boobs-on-road-for-me-while-high-walking. She was in yellow body-hugging ladies-suit. From my seat, I could see the invigilator in the other classroom and it was more like designed to be this way. *(The other day there was this person with bald-tiny-hair-do in blue-shirt and formal pants. A reminder of the hair-do I had in September.)*   An announcement had been made that those who did not sign for final-exams will have to meet UTTAM-AD-COMP-ARCH teacher (CSE1-coordinator).   * It was Kanupriya and Pranshu of CSE2 here when I came to sign. I hadn’t noticed but Garima-the-slut was sitting there on the door that I missed while entering. She was telling something to some students, girls. While leaving in a minute after signing, I just heard saying something to them and she was not rolling her tongue to much in the condescending tone that she had before this moment today. * AKSHITA was also there and she had borrowed me her pen to sign. I think these girls were like visual-treat again today. |

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| * When I left the college gate, I saw that a girl was there in a three-wheeler and she wore some white top with green under it. A few steps closer to it and it was ISHA BALIYAN alone in the three-wheeler, it was for a purpose by DISCO. I don’t know what they want. * A few steps ahead I saw a junior-guy about an inch or two shorter than me. He was this apple-face, cute, sexy, and hot by face, big, fluffy, busty, cute, voluptuous, chubby, and modern by body. She is also junior. As I see this guy speaking to someone, I saw her in the next footstep. She is this cute angel, a total wow thing right from the first moment. As I saw her, she turned away, like being ashamed of being seen with this guy, and he called her like ‘listen please’. I just walked. It was not real I can tell. * I had seen this girl during last terminal when she was sitting there on the lower floor with her legs stretched flat and she was reading this Java book. I had gone down to see off other of my class, and she was in the way, was in red, looking just as hot as always. * During the previous exam, I had seen her come up from the slant-entry just on my right. While Nitish and Akash looked on the left at Vibha at that moment, I had seen her coming and I looked at this chick appear on the slant at about 3 meters away from me. She was in pink t-shirt and as she passed, I look straight at her. * When I was coming back, home from college, there were two conductors on the bus standing at the stop and both had fine face features. One that got down and was just there for the set-up had taken the seat on the left at the back. * I took a R10 ticket after this man who was a set-up. He wore dark-blue shirt, black trousers, carried a brown laptop carry-case. He wore thick-frame specs, his complexion was dark-brown, his hair was short and combed to the back. The conductor had first asked him for ticket, he gave away R10 without saying anything, I gave off R10 and he looked at me as I look back at him. He was such a prick, in his mid-30s. He was doing a dodge of eye-sight on me like he saw something that he kind of missed and then does a check if it was actually nothing interesting. As the conductor got onto the third man in the bus on the bench to my right, that man just said out ‘for R5’ in a low tone and accent. He was fucking copying me; fuck that, as he didn’t mention the bus-stand he was to get down, creepy. * The man in specs was a copy-cat, he yawned badly and by making sound when I felt like sleepy and had tilted my head to the window. I then tilted my head totally down with the neck-loose to avoid anything further. *(He was supposed to remind me of the fat-dick, fuck them.)* * There sat a young guy on the bench in the front of me as I was on the window seat on the right of the bench at the end. He wore red collared t-shirt, blue denim and he was covering some skin ailment on the side of neck. He was stuck to ear-phones. He was a fake too. |

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| * I was on my way to the metro-station on the long straight road after the red-light crossing; a rickshaw-stall with basket near the lower front corner was close to me when I looked back at the vehicle. This was to check the presence of my mind on the surroundings, or how feared I was, or whatever. * A rugged man, whom I had seen having fit with another man, had then walked up to me to overtake from the right. * On the other side of the road, I see a man with gait like Babbu except this man’s backbone was even more bent, his hands were twisted to the back, his legs were more stiff, and this was way too awkward than how Babbu had been who used to look like taking hops and not like a weird alien creature. * When I was washroom to squeeze out nose before AD-COMP-ARCH paper. There was another guy in green-shirt and he too squeezed nose in the wash-basin, the one on the left, the same one I would use. * While I stood on the railing with my back to it outside the class, there was a tall (6-2 maybe), heavy, broad shouldered man. I had looked back while in the free talk with RIZWAN and Nitin. The man was with this bullshit-bozo-physics-teacher. This tall, heavy weight ugly faced man was crisscrossing his eye-sight on to me. * ***RIZWAN had used eye-liner, a show of his Muslim religion, as I brandish ‘Jain’ for myself. HOD in his office was putting down ear-phones, something that I can relate to music and that I have been shown a number of times by people in the buses when I travel. While I was walking down the stairs after an exam, I had seen my classmate from last semesters’ terminal exams, the Muslim. I had seen my partner from the previous terminal papers. I had seen the ugly face teacher from IT block, who had been trying to walk back and forth from the door in the time of summer training here at the college. I had seen the look-alike of the lady-trainer-support with monkey face from the times of last year’s summer training. The rickshaw-puller who offered to take me to college for R10 when I was getting late, was a fake, I think he was one of the guards from the college-main-gate-security. Ravi’s elder brother had been there outside of the examination-cell. I couldn’t really see the face of the girl who was in the bus on the evening of 30-Nov; I felt she was look-alike of Ravi’s sister; it would be crazy if she actually was her. On some nights, I have heard RISHI, RALLI, and KAPIL laughing, walking, and talking out loud outside of the window which is crazy, on one night when I was eating my food on the study table; I think KAPIL had also pointed out to me being visible from the vertical-thinner-window on the table-end. I had heard Hardik, Amogh and Appu outside, they were like going or coming from somewhere. I couldn’t really figure out, but my last guess was that Appu and other had come from watching some movie and now Amogh had driven his car to somewhere outside of society with Harshit. I wished I could be out with them, but what was the point. Once while in the canteen parking, there was this maid who works in Block-4 (Administration Block) to serve and move things. She is a pussy known for being watched by the RIZWAN, FAIZAN, Nishant, Apurv, etc, and so my name also features on the list. I had seen a teacher in the bald-tiny-hair-cut just as was mine in September. I had seen a man in this hair-do again in LN, WTF. After an exam, while I was on my way to the other block, UTTAM-sir-AD-COMP-ARCH had passed in pace by looking at me for a short-once while smiling longer than casual or normal smile. The other day, SAURABH-gay-deaf-dumb-pimp had passed by me looking down on his way. This means the news is spreading even more.*** * There had been a man high walking outside the society-gate as I reached back here after college. He was high walking real ugly. * I was on my way to the red-light while walking on the road outside college, and two cars at a large distance and with the entire road for them were approaching. As I cross the road, one blew horn loud without any need. I looked back and another one came blowing horn with no need. The two cars had gone ahead and still blew horn with no reason. This was DISCO-act to show me cars now. * Before the crossing, the road, on the other side, a young woman in yellow suit and black slacks was walking up here. He had this good rack and her suit like got stuck in the legs-division, looking like clothe-vagina, fuck. |

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| * In LN when I was going to get photocopy for the certificate and for printouts of Akash, Love and Shukla. I had come outside on learning that the shop was not going to do photocopy. I was just not feeling it right that I had walk more to get a simple photocopy of one page here in LN, something that I could have done near home. I had come here to Shukla’s place. Then he tells me that he didn’t have it, as he had given it to Sonam. In his house, I was sitting on the chair I was like going crazy over not getting what I had wanted. * Outside of the printout shop, a man had come and got in just after I had come out. He inquired about something ad came out and then walked onto his way. I felt as if something was wrong with him. He looked like he had to get somewhere and save a moment to do something. * On the way to the next shop for lamination, these guys saw a bitch sitting and they were talking me fucking her and they clicking the picture. I just told them how that a big deal and I just turn back to put my feet on the elevation where bitch was sitting and by just that it got scared and jumped off of the raise. *(Next morning along with the newspaper came a small card that told of the unseen benefits in life like improvements in luck, money, etc issues when we feed dog, fish, cow and ant. I just got it in the old newspaper and put it in dump.)* * On the outside of the lamination shop, I was standing under an orange-neon lamp post, and I see a person approaching here from the right. It was like some 4-5 meters away, his face was visible clearly in the Neon light. He had the face, height and physique of the Naveen TANVAR (XII standard classmate, 2008). This person’s face had that little smile in the lips, the face was clear and clean. The hair-do was much like the same. His gaze was calm, face muscles relaxed; eyes had little glitter from the street-light. Six or seven seconds of eye-holding and then some 2-3 meters away, he watched ahead of him. * In the lamination shop, a guy had some over and seen the HCL certificate, he said something of his brother and of the Director of HCLCDC. He said something like acquaintance. I didn’t really pay much attention and walked out with the others. * I saw Naveen-look-alike again while I was on LN-inner bus-stop. The person here was at a distance of about 3-4 meters and he was in black-striped shirt and formals waiting for the bus. He had drifted his glance through me to turn his face onto the road. * When these guys were getting thier files in spiral-bind, I was tired and sat on a bike standing out in the narrow and dark street. I saw a tall-woman in shawl approaching here and I just tried to use my skills of trying to frame the mindset of person. This woman was not Garima-the-slut. On the other side of the road, she was some 2 2-half meters when she scratched her temple on the right. * ABHINAV (TBS husband, I remember his face from FB) look-alike twice in Laxmi-Nagar. He was with some Sikh-person. He was 6 feet and an inch or two. This person is not the one who the DISCO tried to put before me. I had seen him like twice, once while going to the print-out shop and then outside of the spiral-binding shop when I was sitting on the bike. * On the LN-bus-stand-on crossing, I was listening to phone call of fat-whore she was telling me to bring the MAHENDI-cone. I see a man with his right feet trudging badly, as if it was paralyzed and he had to drag it. I went around to find the cone and then I was told by a shop-keeper to cross the road and get on the other side by crossing there road. As I got on the other side, I see this man there near the end of the road and walking, he crossed the busy road. What the fucking hell? * Before 347, 374 had gone. In 347, I got the seat quite immediately; even as no woman was there to let me leave the seat for her, nor anyone else came forward as I gave a look around to see if there was a woman. * In the bus, I got the seat right next as I walked to the middle of the pathway in the bus. The seat had just been vacated by a man and as I look around there was no woman to take it. So I just sat on it. I think it was left so that the man on my shoulder could see as I type in the message or note on phone. I was not typing at all times; I had put my hand on the knee rest and had rested my forehead in the fingers to give some relaxation. This person next to me had a touch-screen phone of Sony and I asked him if the time was ‘eight-fifteen’, he said ‘no, it is 9-15’. I was so wrong about the time. This person got up and another one came to sit and he was expecting me to shift in, but I just kept my legs spread for him to get in. When the stop was close, and had just passed the turn that I walk in to back from the stop, a man had come over to put his both hands on the straight bar there on the elevation above the bus-tire for the things to be kept. It was just in the way that I would stand on the late afternoons after tiring through the day and after sleeping at the back of the bus for the 45 minutes and then not being able to walk or stand in the bus without support. This man held the bar with both hands and stood to look outside the window flat straight. I had to now get past him and the crowd of three four men that were in the way. I got up reached the first pole, held and then looked for the distribution of the crowd. I had to whizz from the middle of the four-five people and get the hold of the bar of the exit door. I did that, in four steps, one behind the person who stood like me taking the complete hold of the iron-bar and then next before the steps of the people standing there to cover the vertical-bars. Every support-rod was covered except for the ones on the door. I took the third one through the two who stood to cover the vertical-supports, the side-elbow-rest-bar of the seat behind the driver there, the vertical rod next to the driver, and the horizontal rods next to driver, everyone except for the ones on the door. As I had taken the third step and brought my back-foot to the front, I had felt that it somewhat was nicked by the legs of those who were standing on the way. I still got the fourth step right, the hold of rod on the right-door with my left hand. Just as I was here in the space, the driver had whisked, jerked the bus like right-left-right. I had only felt it little as I was stiff and comfortable as I stood. It was all a plan. * The man in the dress of DTC-person on my stand (NOIDA crossing) was a fake. * In the evening while going to Shukla’s place, any bus I got on, the conductor had called out for ticket or pass. On the bus stand before mother-dairy, I saw a girl appearing from the dark as I stood in the light of the bus-stand. I just took a step back as she came one step closer, and she also came in light as she came from the under tree. She was not that cute. My stupid act, kind of, scared her and she stood for a second for two next to the traffic-cop and I just turned around waited for the bus and walked here and there, back and forth to let know that it was all okay. She disappeared some minutes later. Soon a red-AC-469 came; I got on with a guy. It was a fake. The guy was a fake, when conductor had called out for ticket, this guy said he had pass, I had my certificate and I just didn’t bother to say anything or look back. He had got on to be my escort which was bad. I had moved on to the front, there was this woman who looked married, was cute, tall, and had a nice face. I looked at her as she talked on the phone. She was not giving way, she was maintained. She got down on Mother-dairy. Along with her got down the entire crowd on the front almost. I had noticed her from the glass pane somewhat, I didn’t really follow, and it was just casual. I thought that some other woman with her husband on a bike resembled just her. I had to get down on the stop after the over-bridge. I was just standing there. I didn’t notice when everyone around me had got down and I was the only one there with the vertical-pole next to the driver. The conductor had called out again for ticker but I didn’t bother. When the bus was on the stop before climbing the over-bridge, I noticed that I was the standing in the bus even as seats were empty. I just took a step back from the driver and tried feel and look comfortable. The conductor then came forward and I just looked back and sat on the first seat next to a woman who was working, in her late 20s. She carried a good back-pack. She was talking on phone and I think I sat on the strap of her bag which was lying on the seat. I realized that most on the row on the left were professionals in formals. I had turned my neck to take a look at the first ones to my left; I didn’t really bother to look to the end, because that would have been freakish if they had looked at me and me looking back at them. This woman next to me got up, pulling the little portion of the strap of her bag on the same stand as me; I got down with her and then walked my way to Shukla’s house. I saw a number of cute and good faces, thinking that it was all just fine and I was on my own, actually, I never was. |

-OK