2-NOV-2012

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| NIGHT OF 1-NOV-2012:  I was back home by some 0930. I lay in bed to get some rest before planning to change back to home-tear-wear. I lay with face down on the fat-dick’s side. My side had clutter. I woke up at 2300, when amma had come to give milk or tell for food or something. I changed clothes by 2330.  I had started to work.  I had brought the plate of food to the room. I was not really in the mood or hunger to eat it.  2-NOV-2012  0200: I felt tired; I had these thoughts going in my head. I had to wait for a while; I sat on the floor on tip-toes with knees folded. I didn’t get up in a while, I just lay there. The thoughts were going through my head and I was not really finding any particular so important and compelling to write.  0315: up on Notebook. I was extremely in writing. The day had been extremely crazy.  0445: I started eating and to my extreme bad luck, amma came. I had eaten a quarter of one Roti out of the four Roti. She was getting angry but I was able to tell her that it doesn’t matter as I am eating now and that I was extremely busy before.  She went saying that I am worse than even demons, evil and devil souls. Later she came back again, when I was sitting keeping the food still, to tell me that she will stop eating if I would not on time at night. I told her that I will eat on time right from ‘today’. She said she would stop eating I would not stop eating at late night, mid-nights, and she die in three four days. I said ‘okay’.  I was done eating by 0540.  Later, I was in amma’s room to shave and bath. I shaved, it took time. I was done shaving by 0715. I was looking for towel and things. I sat on the sofa in the drawing room when babaji wished to use the bath-room. I sat on the sofa outside and I was snoozing, I was asleep while sitting and didn’t notice the time passing. The time was passing through 0800, 0820, 0830, I got some consciousness back but the time to bath was gone. I just changed clothes, had milk and left. Babaji had already gone out and even the driver had taken the car outside. He was blowing up horns and as I reached the society-gate, driver was there talking to another man. I had to go by the car today, I was extremely tired and I couldn’t have taken the road or walk to anywhere. Also, I was tired of seeing people following and stalking to everywhere, I went.   * In the morning while going to college, I had seen a woman who had her one hand in MAHENDI, hands with bangles, designed glossy saree, and make-up. I didn’t have the idea of what it was for. In the afternoon when I was coming back, I see this woman again coming back, walking up to me. Now she had MAHENDI in both hands, crazy thing.     In the car when m-buaji came, her eyes looked like she hadn’t slept enough. I asked her and she said it was because of the face-wash. Fifteen minutes later, I was sleeping and she asked me ‘if I was sleeping’, I told her ‘yes, somewhat’ and I was dizzy with eyes closed and lose neck again. She was not looking here directly but she knew I was sleeping and it was not making her feel normal.   * On the turn of Shastri-park where I drop off from the car, just as I opened the door, a bike went past me. * There wasn’t too much traffic, and no multi-SEATER three-wheeler was visible. Red lights changed and the traffic started to move past me. I had to get on the side out of the way of the moving traffic. * Though I was half way to the zero-PUSTA, I couldn’t think of walking. My legs were still feeling. After just a little wait, white-multi-SEATER-three-wheeler came and it had enough space. In this, a man (in black shirt) was chewing the PAN and had big well shaped nostrils of a regular-chewer. The second man was in early 20s, he was in shirt (white) too, He sat with his legs closed in, like he was weak and had walked miles just ago. * On the zero-PUSTA, I got off, and then there was a bike with college student. Soon as I cross the road, there came another one with student going to the college. I asked for the lift to college from the first one and he nodded to me for sitting. These two guys were not there by chance, they were there to drive me to the college in the last mile. * Neha and Ravi were going to be late. I had nothing. Neha was going to bring the file and I had to arrange the folder for it. Ravi was going to bring his. * Dhaka had come and students were sitting in the lab. I too went in and sat with Nishant and others. * Dhaka was fine in matching eyes; she was cool, nothing so serious. Well, I didn’t have in mind that she was going to carry it off this fine. At a moment, I was like moving my tongue for some bit that was there in the teeth, she asked me ‘Ashish Jain what are you eating’, my reply was ‘ma’am I am not eating anything’ in medium paced musical-monotonous tone. * Neha had missed her roll-call for viva. We had gone to get our files in spiral-bind outside the college.   On the photocopy shop:   * I had seen Aditya a number of times, and today he didn’t say ‘hi’ or ‘hello’ or smiled. It was just quite between us. He seemed unfriendly than how he usually is. * Neha told me that the cost of print-outs was R5 per page; she was charging me like in gold, what the hell. It is R1 in LAX-NAG. * For the spiral binding, I just didn’t have R25 to pay so I let Neha pay, that was not a very justified act. She was repeating my call, ‘Neha can give mine’. * It was taking time and I was not feeling very comfortable. I felt the vomiting shock at once since I didn’t sleep last night and stomach-routine was disturbed. * The old man on the shop was smoking-cigarette and was looking at me as he smoked, WTF. He smoked heavy and looked at me, crazy, like it was for me. * The woman who did the photocopy of my certificate seemed to be like SUNITA-RAMRAKHIANI-somewhat-and-somewhat-TBS, WTF. She was ugly, she wore red-bra, fuck, it gave me gross feeling on seeing her. * *Sachin of CSE2 was sitting on the computer there. On second or third day of exam, I had seen Hemanshu-ARORA of CSE2 again; sitting alone in the common-space and passage on the ground-floor of CSE-block.it looked pathetic.* * *There was KANUPRIYA (CSE2) on the shop in CHURIDAR-suit. (I had seen Surbhi-VIRGO while stepping down the stairs after the viva.)* * *There had come KIRTI-MOHAN of CSE2 on the shop and he did shake hand. After I had seen him already, he looked at me as got up the stairs to my level.* * *When Ravi, Neha and I were going back to the college, there appeared TARANG MAHAJAN (CSE2)with KANIKA SAHNI on his right and she just put hanky on her face like she had smelled something, and it was SAKSHI SHARMA on his left. He wore black-shirt and jeans and he has done some body-work. To be in his place at this moment should have been like wow.* * The guard-woman who looked like SHRUTI-B by face and is chinky. She was looking at me, like what, I didn’t know. I had looked at her because I thought she was going to ask for ID again, but no, she didn’t.   Back in the college:   * My viva went fine, Neha was told to wait until the others are over. I was on my roll-call. She asked me to compare in JSP and JAVA, about Net-Beans. I didn’t know what to say about the IDE. She brought that question up twice. First time in the name of net-beans. I was able to say something. She didn’t herself know much about PHP and other things a lot. She asked me for IDE again, I said it had code-rectifiers, code-auto0comopletion and output-console etc. I learnt from Srishti Jain outside that I should have said ‘compilers, servers, editors, testers and all’. Students said she asked me a lot. She had asked me if I had made it by myself, and I had said ‘of course’. It was nice talking to her, we had matched eyes nicely. She had asked me about advanced-java and core-java. * Students said she asked me a lot. I felt it was only conversation and I got stuck in IDE. * *Kriti Bahl was showing off her inner top from under the orange see-through shirt. She was matching eyes with me as I looked at her visible sleeveless-top under it that somewhat gave the impression of bra. I was talking to Neha and I just drifted my sight while glancing at the black-top-lace confidently without even looking at her face.* * There was a bunch of teachers of the ECE block and they were some six or seven coming into the floor-greenery next to the entrance-alley. They were there to photograph themselves, like what the hell. I had seen this big-busty-rack, vagina-face 40-naughty in the sixth semester, when she was also like dough or bait for me once. * Two of those teachers had then climbed the stairs of CSE block; one had the face-features slightly matching TBS. I was with Neha and I was telling her something and then I told her to come on the side as the teachers will pass and I was focusing seriously in her face for a second and then I saw that it really wasn’t TBS, but just a pussy-look-alike. * I wanted previous ear question papers and Nishant had got them even when I hadn’t asked him ever. Still when I wanted them, he was in his viva-call and I thought he had gone. *I was in photo-copy shop and there were this couple of CSE2, the CHAVVI and the stupid-face-forgot-his-name-uh-VINIT. CHAVVI was also buying question papers and she didn’t have money, so the guy said he will pay for her so she only has to say it.* * I waited and tried to find someone who was going back home but now I had go alone. I had been (by Abhilash) told to stop and meet the minor-project-viva-faculty but I almost got it out of my mind and I was on my way back to the bus-stand. |

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| While coming back from college:   * Neha sent message to remind me of her R25, I almost forgot, I told her to take it the next time, I was shit. * I saw a girl, while coming to the college gate, in yellow ladies-suit whose front-rack was huge and her both tits were flashing, WTF. * The smokers on the way, like three in group, two walking down with me, two going back in opposite direction, I thought it was because of the cold. Then there was also young man smoking. Fuck that, it was not casual but a show-off. * I had seen a dead-man in his 30s-something lying there on the side-walk when I was on my way to the red-light. His face was hovered with house-flies, his legs were bent and his body was like bones. His pants were wet from the leaked feces, meaning he had died recently. * On the supporting-wall of the side-walk, there sat two little girls like 5-6 years old with two boys (2-3 years old) with them. * While I was walking on the busy road before the metro-station area, a rickshaw came from behind on the left and three-wheeler whizzed from the front on the right. I didn’t really sided by the three-wheeler or I would have been hit by the rickshaw, the front wheel of which came into visual-perception and the wide-carrier and the right-rear-wheel would have hit me. I escaped hitting by turning my body 90-degress and both 3-wheeler knocked my bag, and rickshaw had a screw coming out that somewhat had tucked my loose blue ‘MONTE CARLO’ t-shirt. I just escaped a bad-fate, my t-shirt could have been torn, and that was so bad, so bad. I just tapped twice where the t-shirt had tucked, like dusting it off and also checking that there was no damage. WHAT THE FUCK! * The bus was empty and the two window seats looked like someone had been sitting there damn-hard and for damn-long. What the hell! I sat on neither but in the middle of the two; driver looked at me from his rear-view glass. * There had climbed this guy in broad frame with white-eye-circles and black-ear-support-sticks. He had goat-beard-under-lip and moustache-of-young-man. He was just by himself. * Some ten minutes later, a girl of lower-middle class had got on with her grand-mother. The grand-mother sat on the seat just in front of the exit; she had these big heavy specs and looked like a typical poor-old-woman of the lower- middle class with her round face and body. The girl was cute, had done make-up and she sat just on the seat before me facing perpendicular to my line-of-sight. I realized that she had the face of Mahima. She wore make-up, aqua-green-or-blue tight-ladies-suit and she had a nice pleasing figure. The grand-ma called out on her to come to her, but she like a child resisted. It seriously reminded me of Mahima, hard. It was very cute thing to watch. I was looking at this girl somewhat, check out her rack, cleavage and then I just saw that the grand-ma was looking just here. I didn’t match eyes as she wore unclean specs. I was sleepy so I hadn’t really been in the mood to push myself; I had been tired from the last two days so I needed some mental rest not a girl. * A married woman, BROWN, BEAUTIFUL and PUNJABI, in aqua-blue-green ladies-suit had got on the bus some ten minutes late after me. She had MAHENDI on her hands and she was married for sure, but looked like virgin and recently married. She had good and attractive face and rack, but her suit was not tight so it didn’t have the appeal as was that of ANSHU-broad -face. She wore good number of bangles in her both hands. Her nails of the right hand were painted red. I didn’t really eye her too much either. She had asked for ticket by offering R5 and saying ‘R5 GEETA COLONY’, as she had said R5 for taking the ticket, I had looked at her as if she too was there to copy, I looked straight at her, but then I again lowered my neck when she said ‘GEETA COLONY’. She was a fake. She had been wearing funny yellow, green, blue (with black spiral rings in them) nail-paint on her left hand and she put it hard and with flat palm so that it drew my attention and as if she had expected for sexual-attention that I didn’t give. She reminded me of TBS. * On the GC, there was an old woman in her late 70s feeding pigeons in the small road-side greenery. I looked at her than looking at this woman walk down. Even as this woman went down, I didn’t look back at her and just kept my attention free and to what caught it. * I got a family-feeling in the bus for while, with the Mahima-look-alike, the old woman and this virgin-married-woman. * A father-daughter duo had got on the bus. The father was a smoker, as he sat next to me, he let out breath on my face and he smelled so fucking bad of cigarette, I had literally put my face out of the window. His daughter sat next to him and I didn’t really have a moment to notice her. I was physically tired, mentally tired and sleepy, I had my head down. I was watching neither the girl on the front, nor this old-bald man’s daughter. I think this man was also to remind me of Babbu in his last days, given his face-contours and hair as was in Babbu’s last passport size photo. He had looked at me; I was not looking at him or his daughter. |

1215: sleep after eating two MULI-chapatti, under thick-warm-sleeping-cover

1615: Shukla had called; he wanted the number of PREETY-VERMA-DHAKA.

1645: I was thinking of the file for coding of the project. I called Ravi’s number, his sister picked up. She had a very nice voice. I knew her so I didn’t bother to ask her who she was. She just started in English after telling me that Ravi wasn’t at home, she said ‘Ravi was to be back home in an hour’. I asked for any contact number of him, she asked me for any message. I told her ‘tell him to get the printouts of the coding of the project’ and then she asked for whom should he give it to. I replied, ‘tell him that Ashish Jain said to get the coding of the project’. She asked me if I was not at college and when should he give it, I tell her that I was at home. I told her that he should just keep that with him and just bring it when he would be coming the next time to meet. I had kept my voice little in pieces as I had think of factual answers that she was asking for. It felt nice to talk to her, she had said ’bye’ twice, I just said ‘bye’ and then she said ‘okay’.

After talking to her, I felt if I am under voice surveillance now.

1950: Shukla asked me again for PREETY-VERMA-DHAKA number or id. I gave him both.

2015: Vidhu had called for basketball. I missed his first call and then at 2030, he sent messaged me to come, I said okay. It was KARVA-CHAUTH today, I thought of TBS, I felt bad for what I had done, I wanted to un-block her them but then VIDHU helped divert attention. I played basketball with him. Later Hardik and Amogh had also joined in. Then Amogh went and Pranav came over. Hardik stayed.

* I missed going to the terrace with fat-whore. Fat-dick had come and he and slick-bitch had accompanied.
* Mahima was going back home from the park-peripheral-walk with MAHUL and I was watching them through HARDIK, PRANAV and VIDHU. She was being playful with him, both looked cute. I just wanted to watch them for a little more time. She is short by the general standard.

I came back home around some 2140 as Hardik complained of cold and wished to go home.

* Society floor is awesome; they have made it more spacious than how it was before, good for playing her in the parking now.

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| While on the turn to living room, I said 'hold it' on seeing a sexy advertisement and came out. The channel still changed and it was fat-whore watching it. As I was there, I thought that maybe I have got caught and looked smilingly at Srishti who was on laptop and not holding the remote. She put it back and there was this sexy advertisement showing a woman in bikini fast-walking with her sexy back to the camera. I giggled at the scene thinking that now she'd question why said to hold on it. But she rather reacted like having been the one to be caught and said 'what happened, I only showed you a good thing, which is what you want'. |

I was up whole night in bright-white-light to write in about yesterday and today, fat-dick was sleeping.

-OK