3-Nov-12

*In the following week, I was on my old FB-profile-with-school-friends and I notice the drop in the number of friends by one from 266 to 265. I checked for Naveen-TANWAR, but no, it was the Sonal-Singh, wow. I was asking myself ‘why’ even when the answer is crystal clear to me. I feel that I should not be surprised if more people un-friend me in the following days.*

0500: Babaji gave me R100; he said I should not get angry with him. He had come to the room to call me and then I just got along with him.

0720: Fat-whore had come around on the wash-basin while brushing and she looked me worked on the Notebook. First question was if I hadn’t slept the whole night, I told her not to take tension. I had totally forgotten about the fat-dick sleeping there, a few moments later she pointed to him and said about light. I had slick-bitch’s two-bud ear-phones I couldn’t really hear her. Amma was on the turn to kitchen visible from the room from my seat in the diagonally opposite corner.

0820: I went down to sleep. Some time before 0600, I had kept water-bottle on the bed and its cap was open so there was all water in the right half of the line of pillow, I had to put it vertically on the left and then lie uncomfortably.

1208: Ravi had sent me a message. Ravi said that he had sent me Srishti’s JSP pages of the email server and that he had merged the two projects and that I should also try to merge them. He said it was working and that I should call him after merging the two on my own system. *(Later at night when I was online, I had checked my inbox and there was no as such mail. He had lied to me. It was a DISCO-college-thing to get me online and unblock TBS. Also, he had told me to call him because maybe, DISCO-college now wants me to try and dough his sister. She has a cute face and is three years elder to me and her parents have been trying to look for a marriage-match for her. The last time when I had been to Ravi’s house and I had seen that person who was in formals there and his mother was talking to Ravi’s mother, I had felt that the guy reminded me of somebody. I got it sometime now; the guy’s face reminded me of Vishal-the-one-year-senior-in-CSE-who-used-give-out-study-materials-etc-to-juniors. Still it didn't click immediately because Vishal was 5-feet-3-inch.)*

1230: I was up, but water hadn’t dried yet. I just flip off the bed sheet from this corner and sit with my Notebook to work on the previous two days again.

1400: Amma had already come twice to tell me for food. I hadn’t brushed yet but ate two biscuits for sake of the body.

1420: milk. I didn’t brush today, just forgot in the flow of the busy day.

1530: I took to some rest off of the Notebook; I thought of eating but couldn’t make up the mood to eat.

1600: I tired and lying in the dark on the sofa, babaji came over to watch TV, got the lights turned on. My tea was kept on the table and he kept saying about it like holy-shit-crazy nonstop.

I was in amma’s room, just lay down there to let the time pass, typing had caused problem in my entire body and mind. It was URAD-DAAL and rice. I told amma that I would eat rice and she didn’t have to make Roti.

1700: Fat-whore came from outside, it was pretty crazy how she went into the kitchen to check and ask if I had eaten the food, it was unreasonable. *She had been outside and there should have probably been some issue.* She called me for food and eating and looked tense. She was quick in making Roti as she had already started to move things in the kitchen in almost hustle. She made 4 Roti for me, Daal was there already and then she cut onion into small pieces. She was doing it but it was reluctantly, she was throwing things. As I had sat down with totally tired body and mind, after finishing cooking for me, she brought her cup of tea to sit here on the table. *I felt if something was wrong.*

I was in amma’s room and she told me not to sleep now. I was lying there to get some mental rest, and I almost slept. As I lay with my head down, I was asleep, and then my phone rang. Okay, what was fat-whore doing by sitting just next to my head; she was on phone, but still. The caller was Hardik and he was calling me outside. It was 1830 and just in five minutes, he called again to call me outside fast, and that he was outside already.

1835: I was outside and we shook hands and gave a light hug as for being meeting after this long time.

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| * Hardik said he hadn’t met in months so he felt like meeting once. I was like hitting forced sounded giggle at it. It sounds good, not to make a joke of anybody. * Kids were burning crackers. It was all primary class kids, Mahima’s brother MAHUL was also there. They were some four or five and one of them was pretending to be throwing the cracker around and close to us. As I see the kid MAHUL, I was going after him for holding him one time, but like he had just leapt forth while doing his own thing. * Then later after the crowd had gone and it was about half an hour already, he had just come around looking at my face, later his sister BHAWINI and he were walking around here the park or on the other side. * As I was talking to Hardik, Uni’s mother (the short like 5-feet-3-inch-4-inch-maybe, round body, round face, big glasses (like those that Sonal wore lately since a year or something)). She came from the side of the Hardik, diagonally crossing the parking, in this way I was supposed to have looked at her first but I was looking down and Hardik wished her ‘hello’ by turning his neck to see her coming, while she was still like 70-80-degrees to his current line of sight crossing mine. She said a humming ‘hello’ back and I too had also said out ‘hello’ in lips while moving my neck. She had made her face look clean and wore round-big-specs-like-rat-face-and-eyes. Hardik was not supposed to wish her, I was supposed to see her first and think of Sonal, this means that though Hardik was involved in the plan, he didn’t know everything). * Hardik’s mother was dodging on and off in the scene in the B-1 block at a distance of the parking. She was like going inside-outside of the B-1 block, up and around the welcome-stairs. I didn’t know what she was doing; I only thought it was casual. * Veena Ralli and Dhar were talking in the inside-parking near stairs. It should be about the floor, what else, the money-eaters just made some change in the things, moving this, moving that and they are rich by the cash that’s left from the society-fund. *I don’t really know but I think Veena Ralli had looked over here once or twice in the casual-go, nothing so serious.* * Hardik said, ‘it is fine for Anu Dhar to be taking interest in society issues but he doesn’t understand what his wife is doing’. I said ‘no, Anu Dhar is the wife’, now his response, ‘did I call the man Anu’. That was creepy man. It was so that he was testing my memory, WTF. * After speaking to Veena Ralli, Dhar had come over here to have just ‘hi-hello-how-is-everything-talk’. After the conversation, Hardik told me of the accent of this man to be KASHMERE. I said ‘no, it is PUNJABI’, *but Hardik said the man is himself KASHMERE and his wife too.* This was really stupid, the man is PUNJABI in his tone, fuck it. Later after conversation with Amogh, Hardik tried to raise question on the accent of Amogh having changed. *It was a fucking pussy act of his to remind me of how I told of the tongue-twister-Garima-the-slut on FB.* I asked Hardik in what sense what he saying that, he has got it bad or improved it, he was just saying that he felt it has changed, nothing more, WTF. I didn’t know what he was talking about. * Later Harshit had run into the block from the entrance-alley and ran straight into the lift after jumping on the stairs. Hardik asked me if it was Harshit and then he had phoned Harshit if he had come back home. * Mahima and Isha had come around here in the parking from the side-walk on our right coming from the motor-room and later from the swings. She was wearing this black-collared t-shirt with lemon-collar. She was just being playful and by herself. She went through the kids into the B-1 inside-parking. There she just kind-of messed with the boys like she always had been doing and then the two just hung around until the scene began to form. Hardik stood in front of me with his back to them and he talked to me straight. I was looking at them. Behind the pillar before the stair-steps, Isha stood with her back to the pillar and like unseen to us, Mahima stood on the stairs while eyeing straight over here. I was going like ‘oh god, she shouldn’t be doing this’, ‘why would she do this’, ‘what does she want’ and all the loose shitty expressions like I was being a pussy. I was thinking that when I would watch past him, he shouldn’t be bothered and that he should not look around to see what’s there. He was being cool and talking and I was being uncomfortable and half-listening. I casually asked him to get on the side and let me clearly check it if Mahima is actually trying throw her dough here. He turned and sat on left, then as I was just again putting down same ‘why this’, ‘why that’ questions about Mahima, he used a calm assuring tone with me that ‘yes she is looking here’. My words were, ‘she shouldn’t be doing this’. In some minutes after this, she walked off with Isha, I was still thinking about her. I had felt if I should go and talk to her but it was just not so reasonable. Later, her sister and her brother were roaming around here in the parking, it was casual. They left before it was 2000. O*n 6-Nov, I saw Isha again coming on the other side of the road while I was on my way to tuition. She didn’t look over here; she is this dumb person, with expressionless dumb face, neck out, eyes out, hands and body like tired-from-sitting. I didn’t feel anything wrong.* * Hardik was asking me about what do I do these day. I told him that I do projects and two for the college and one for my own self. That is what keeps me extremely busy and tired and consumed these days. *Yesterday, Vidhu was asking for the HTML code to type. He is kind of a prick, he thought he could type HTML code and I was going to give that out to him. I had started to topic to tell him just that now I was not going to type in books, I was going to scan them, and also allow scanned pages of hand-written questions and answers from the users. (I wish DISCO-college isn’t trying to seek for what I have been doing through the people in the society whom I was contacting through my phone.)* * One doubtable stupid point I put before Hardik was that I showed him that message for property deals that I received while I was having food at 1705. I told him that I get these messages through them. He said that the location mentioned in the message is on the suburbs of the Delhi. *(On 6-Nov, this guy from tuition tells me that owner of GARDENIA lives in the society. This was DISCO-college overwriting.)* * He had reminded of the long evening, from the days of my middle-school, when he and I were on the swings and had been late to home by some 2230 and we both weren’t allowed in our houses and then we met outside the lift to share the coincidental mutual joy. * I told him that I am feeling worried about my current academic life, the job tension and the pressure that was going to build up during the time of exams. * Hardik was busy on his phone at times, I wondered if he was sending texts or noting down points from our conversation. Also, when he had stood facing me and his back to the girls, I felt for a moment that he was showing off the habits that DISCO-college might have noticed me to be showing. Like noting down something in the phone, sitting with my face and attention to the friends who would be reading to me and keeping my back to everything open at the back from where the good-looking college-staff would pass from. * Hardik had asked ‘how is life’ and I told him that it is just this tension and stress from college that never seem to go. I was just casual in telling him that I seem to be getting attention at college as these first-block teachers were trying to seek for my attention but I just didn’t reciprocated to them due to the extremely busy time that was on. It had happened not once but twice. I told him, it could probably be like the lady-teachers were there to offer me something, like some job, or whatever I don’t exactly know. I didn’t tell him much but I also had in mind that I shouldn’t be saying bad things that I might want to regret in any form later. In the conversation, I let him know what I guess like the job could be of the faculty and that the fresh-ones are paid something like 18000; or it has something to do with the principal so it is probable if they want me to work directly under the Principle as her advisor or assistant, I don’t know. Hardik was telling me of this English-teacher who was 30-plus and is recently married and has a face like that of old-people *(he meant her jaw was more defined and chin was out. This was supposed to remind me of ANSHU.)* I let him know about the hot teachers here at the college and I simply tell him of the communication-skills staff, which are all so hot but one is exceptional with a face that is just like duplicate of the movie star ANUSHKA SHARMA and that one cannot really distinguish between the two without a closer look. *Then there was this loose moment for Hardik, his act was unreal though I only realized it to be that way later, but he slipped at this next moment.*He asked me ‘if I know about being followed by the college-people’ it was in the reassuring tone rather than a questioning one, which was really a bad-pop, when I told him of the first-block teachers trying to contact me. So one thing that came out clear is this, Hardik already knew something about me followed by college-people.He had asked me if I was worried, or if I should worry, and if I wasn’t worried why was that so. I told him that the Discipline-committee is headed by a lady teacher TANUJA and she has been like a mother to me, it has been like a mother-son-relationship between us. So I didn’t have too much too much to worry about as the woman is a good person and even though they know like every single habit or my routine-habit or behavior, which includes what I eat, what I drink, when I do, how I do, with whom I do and all. They know I have tea sometimes before exam so the teacher once was asking me if I wanted some tea. Then, they know what bus stops I use, what buses I take, what people I travel with, what group I hang with, what contacts I maintain. I told him that they probably should have a file specifically in my name with handful of pages in it, not mentioning the photos that they took of me, the videos that they took of me. It is kind-of gross to be thinking like that, but there is seriously nothing that I can say or do about it. Now, he tells me that I should be thinking of it as a good thing that I am extremely famous. I told him I have to take time out for other things than think about this stupid-fame. I told him that I don’t have to tell about it to anyone since there is nothing to worry about until it is TANUJA ma’am there and the other people whom I consider good. I told him of the busy time that I am in, *about the minor project going to HOD which I told him was already set; it wa*s *in the flow of the conversation.* I told him that HOD took to consider the viva of my group has some reason, he guessed if it was like some kind of testing time and that he might be in the want of testing me for some reason. Of course, the information was completely by guessing and raw. * Hardik said if there happens to be problems between a teacher and student. The student should actually be first one breaking the silence. * Hardik had tried to show the importance of the call for job or whatever from college saying that it was an ‘On-The-Campus’ thing. I thought to correct him first that it is only ‘On-Campus’ but then I got his tone. * Hardik had mentioned of his lady teacher who was not so good in teaching and in her language but still she had a reputation and she was called as guest-of-honor on many places and occasions. *(The interpretation for me, I don’t really score good, I don’t really have a way of speaking out to people what I feel in proper way but still due to the underground name, fame or notoriety that I have earned I can think of giving respect to people by accepting the respect that other people might want to show.)*   Hardik and I were sitting on the bench in line with B3-block and we saw Amogh and Vaibhav appear in the B1-parking in Amogh’s car. We walked up to them, had a little chat and I said Vaibhav maybe doesn’t feel cold as he smokes a lot.  2025: Hardik was telling me something. Though I was listening, I wasn’t looking at him and yawning, he thought he was boring me, so he asked me if we should do off. I told him ‘yes’ because it is even 2030 now so that will probably be good. He walked me to the stairs and then said he would stay there to wait for Amogh and Vaibhav who had gone to get cigarettes for them.   * Yesterday, Amogh told me of my declining health every time that he sees me. He was somewhat joking about and with Vidhu. Today, he just put tire-screeching marks on the newly built floor from his car and his bike. Amogh has really not being a part of the enquiry that Hardik was trying to run. * Yesterday, Pranav had talked of drugs, weeds, joints; Bob Marley and of the stars who died of drug-abuse. Pranav had talked of the CONTI-party of his XII class batch, which he was organizing. Hardik and Vidhu were also there. * *Yesterday was like an opening day for Hardik so that he could question me today, mother-fucker.* * *One thing I did great was that I didn’t take any names of teachers from college. The only name I took was of TBS. I didn’t say ‘Garima’, ‘Anshu’ or ‘Yamini’ at any point.* |

0000: I told Hardik to not call me tomorrow and he replied ‘alright, take care’. I have to concentrate on my studies and not accumulate shit each day so that I have to do an equal amount of writing later at night.

* *Not all the people I had seen in the recent times were set-ups. I thought for once maybe one of the two times when I saw Naveen (on 1-Oct), it wasn’t a fake now. It was a test of whether I remember people from the past or not. I think ROHAN-KATYAL’s mother was not a fake. I cannot really tell.*

0030: I sat on the floor to give the legs a stretch, legs folded in the knees and ankles coming under hips, foot-palm facing up. Slick-bitch was watching me from living room and she laughed at it calling it ‘NAMAAZ-routine’. (*Next morning she was saying it out in open.)*

0130: I tried to block TBS again, but the FB said that I cannot again add the same person to the block list whom I had removed lately within 48 hours. Okay, now that is pathetic.

0400: up

0445: bed, deep breathing

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| TWO TIMES IN THE AFTERNOON: ‘Look, I don’t want to look like junk before HOD, my notebook works fine but it is not enough for practical and professional use. It can be used with a laptop but not alone. We have to arrange for a laptop if you can’t bring yours’. Then third time at night, but this time he replied.  2242: “it is minor not major project.” I to myself, he doesn’t know shit.  “There is some problem in its charging,” I said, and he tells me to fix it, WTF.  I ask for Srishti’s number from DHANRAJ and Neha and Sonam, I got it unexpectedly. I wasn’t thinking of lying to him but then I had to in the flow of the conversation.  I told him that I gave Notebook in service center and that it will come back in two weeks. *(On 5-Nov, HOD tells us to come back after two weeks. That is gross and he wished that we could show him the project by connecting two computers with LAN and then run the project the project, which was well thought by reading through my messages, fuck it.)* Srishti said she didn’t have laptop but desktop, she talked to Ravi and he made excuses like browser problem and all. I told her to tell him that new browser will solve the problem. Ravi then agreed to bring his laptop but he told me to do all the work as he now claimed he had done in the training project. I didn’t tell him how funny he was sounding to me. He told me to start making the file. I knew if I resist him he would be pushing more and anyway he was talking ridiculous so I just acted smart in asking him how much work had been done, how much was to be done and how much time was it going to take. He asks me to come on FB. *(Actually, DISCO-college must have been in the want to make me unblock TBS.)* I went online and he tells me that I will have to do the work for project now. I had logged on after 2310 and he was off in ten minutes after me to do the description of the JSP pages, that was the exact work he told me to do after he had been telling me to do work, work and work like copy-paste-or-what from the file that he made for training-viva. He now told me that Srishti and Neha will do the copy-paste-work and I will do the description of my project and Srishti will do the description for mail-extension and he himself wasn’t going to do anything. He told me that he was not going to be at home entire day tomorrow. *(In the next days, I see that there were posts of VIBHA'S birthday on FB and photos were coming up in news-feed. Arti-HAIRY was making posts in VIBHA’s name with picture of someone’s hands and legs in MAHENDI. Vibha had been wearing white-ladies-suit and skimpy-clothes something that might catch my attention, she has been approached by DISCO-college.)* He was not in his house; he was not going to be at his home next day. He went off-line in twenty minutes.  2335: I released the block from TBS profile. She used black-white photos, cover showing her eyes, the profile picture showing her in ‘I’-attitude picture. She had her hair spread in most photos. It was like she was trying to present herself as an ‘intelligent plus evil (SHAITAN)’.  C:\Users\Samsung\Desktop\Untitled.pngC:\Users\Samsung\Desktop\Untitled.png  TBS had put this photo of Disney-frog-princess. Even the animated princess had a smile as that of TBS, the story is princess kisses the frog and it turns into a beautiful charming prince, well, I thought of myself as the frog then. On Dussehra, it happens that we assume that evil and bad is destroyed as we burn RAVAN statue to flames, and I told her that I will block her on the same day. Though I wasn’t trying to use burning of RAVAN as metaphor for her, it will be bad if other person looks at it that way. |