5-Nov-2012

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| In the morning – in the mini-bus – there was hush of vomit me at front, vomit at the back – it was a woman at the back - on the right side, window seat - threw water on the road in the act of cleaning it | * DISCONET had seen me getting the vomiting-hike on 2-Nov in the morning |
| Early when I was in the class – as I was sitting on the bench with Neha and Bhawna around – Shukla came over – he was acting gay – like, he was smelling me, putting his hand around me, kept his face extremely close looking straight keeping the cheeks parallel and then turns his face to me as we look at the laptop screen - what the gay-fuck | |
| Metro-premises – afternoon – while I was walking to the bus-spot - Astha lookalike in white-suit, with half-frame – this one was taller and brown   * asking for the way to red-light but said she had left Rickshaw behind so she was going to take a walk * Did a scan of her as she was pointing to the long road going outside   She had the boobs and the lean figure | |
| In the mini-bus – afternoon   * Seat offered by the conductor in good white shirt, he looks mart with his dark brooding face, comparatively short height, heavy body, He manages the record of buses leaving and coming and how they get turn to line up to go. He said out to me to climb up even as the bus was quite filled. This old man offered me seat in the flat row at the back next to the woman sitting on the window seat. On the row, just on the left of the entry was still some space for one more person. On the left, close to where I got my seat, it was a girl who looked like PRANSHU, she sat with her right hand going back to the back rest behind the person on her right and now I would have got an amazing view of lemon-boobs. She was even looking outside the window by turning her neck way too much on the right. I still bothered to look at her face instead of her lemons. On the right on her bench, it was another girl, somewhat cute below average though, and I felt strongly that she was from the college. * Garima-the-slut-Sethi lookalike - her hair curled and feathery like Anshu - so it was two women-reminder at the same time – she was ugly - her eyes were ugly with golden-brown pupil, the dark circles - she was acting like being high excited while speaking on phone as she’d stretch her hand, rub it from the other, look down in her lap and give off her ugly smile to herself, hold the supporting-bar - she said MV-1 for getting down, it was on Metro station – handed out a fresh crispy R100 Note (MARK #1) and asked if the man had change, then used the Metro-card instead – she used Bluetooth (hands free) to talk, her big phone had a white cover with a cat cartoon drawn on it with black * I was sitting on the person-space on the right of the window-seat, she sat on the edge of the bench on the left of the bus – just before me – the vertical-supporting bar the only thing between us (to check my reaction through the way) * She had got on the bus just after me – I was sitting – I didn’t make a move or whether they were expecting me to jump and get out of the bus | MARK #1   * I hand out R100 note on the mornings when I get one * My phone ear-speaker doesn’t work, so I talk on the main-speaker- keeping phone at a distance * Back in third SEM, she had seen me a number of times when I would sitting crunched in the chair due to the body-fatigue – physical frustration, which she had to assume was sexual |
| * I was sitting next to this domestic-woman on the window seat – the bus was filled I was too close and stuffed – I had my left foot on the raised-level-here – sat my ass on seat and bent forward to allow the two on my sides to sit back to the back-rest * This girl on the bench on the left – plain aqua-green v-neck sweater, black low-round-neck plain top under it – she sat with her left hand on the back-rest – this exposed her bosom here – *I supposed to be looking at her little lemons*, but I didn’t (it was all a set-up)– the girl had chocolate-brown-complexion and round face, her hair were tied in the simple clutched-bun – she was Pranshu-CSE2 LA - pretended to be leaving but then left some stops later * Old man, next to Pranshu-LA, and the old man next to him – it was to show me how old men sit, bend, tired in body, tired on face, out of thoughts, absorbing like dumb * Two fat men – one below mid-20 and one above mid-20 – one was huge, the other one was just huger – they sat together like gay – brooded, seemed-to-be-ill-mannered by the way they sat spreading around themselves – they sat on the bench on the right – it was to show me of how young people are like, unlike me * There was this woman in straight-feathered hair – she was a distant LA of DCS2-5-SEM-teacher-Lily – maybe face contour, cheeks and eyes matched * She was on the right-bench – just on my perpendicular-right – she never seemed anything to me like Lily – later, she had her phone in the hands – the phone had back-camera – she was looking into it and smiling, WTF – I was tired, bent down with head down, my hands folded and rested on my raised left-knee * *it was supposed to give a good-view of me to her, almost a pose with my proper face coming in it for the DISCO to keep* * *also to get my eyes and look of my face in it as I would to try see her in this suspicious act of taking my picture* * I looked at her doing her phone – I looked at her phone and its camera – I looked at her smiling – *ran a thought in my mind ‘crazies, let it go, man’ and calmly drew my head back how it was with certain-paused-going-looks-at-nothing-in-the-way. The going-looks-at-nothing-in-the-way was to show that I was helpless in this situation.* * Before getting down on the Noida-crossing, I had whizzed past the married woman in light-aqua-green saree to stand next to her in the bus near the exit and then got down with her on the turn. Before that, I had been like with dizzy-head and then I had to walk forth and there was this truck-tire lying in the middle there on the floor. I was easy in stepping over and getting past to the lady. | |
| * In the last hour at college – to get the browser for Ravi’s laptop * In the ECE block, top floor, the Net-lab – 6-SEM-microprocessor-sir-hulk in shirt had looked back smilingly at me while talking to the other faculty behind me and Ravi in the opposite row - the other faculty - the other lab instructors. They were in shirt – and were like joking and talking like a friend circle. * Student - TBS lookalike had come on the door * CS-4-SEM-faculty – came and sat on the system next to me – she was doing FB | * Microprocessor-hulk on the railing on the second floor the other day - I had been coming after Sonam to question her - about what had been happening around in the college without anyone, or to know who else was there - I climbed the stairs and we were past him, as stool still tilted on the railing. I told Sonam to give me her number but she was acting like someone of special status and then she refused me to give her number. I was just my natural flirty with her, no serious shit. * Sonam had been around on a number of days where I was to be, in the next months, Nov and Dec. |
| * In the morning – in the three-wheeler - ugly, dirty, short, square face, eye-out, poor person – LA of a young worker with eyes-out and dirty-brown and brooded face from college - young-early-20s * The two stupid women with young kids – their faces seemed somewhat similar to some workers I think I may have seen at college on any day – it was to give me an idea of what women with kids of around 5 to 6 age like | * Eyes-out, lookalike and college |

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| * Good tracks from 1990’s, in the morning in the mini-bus, from the early romantic-movies of young AKSHAY KUMAR. * 1) ISHQ-BEPARWA in the white SANTRO-car as I was walking down the main entrance alley of the college while first thinking of leaving, but then I thought of making the shit over up to some limit today itself now that I had come to college. I took out my phone, turned around while messaging Ravi, Neha and Srishti to ask them where they were. Behind me, the music in car played on full volume, even so that its speaker sounded to come out tearing down. I turned my neck back to see what it was and also hear a little of the music. It was good. * I could have climbed the stairs – I had to use the lift of ECE block for the top floor passage to CSE block – a guy in the group sitting in the stairs outside lift talked of some gutsy guy – I didn’t hear any word more than this, *the scene was fast and I didn’t even use the stairs* – there was guard outside the lift, moving the crowd of students to not block the passage – he was outside the lift and it was opened – I saw it and had the lift been closed it would have been a problem to do what I got to do then – I whizzed past the guard in that slim-space left on his left as he stood angled to the right – I stood in the lift just behind him, a just little to the right so that he had to take more than just a turn to see me – I put my hand on the closing button, pressing it several times – stood high and lean and with shoulders in shape, looked him in eye to message him ‘what do you think you are looking at’ - he just watches me in the eyes and lift doors closed in his face – awesome, DISCO must have never been expecting this * 2) The second time when I left the college, and was on my way to the bus-stand from the short-cut to there, I was 200 meters from the turn behind and I hear this hip-hop PUNJABI music, ‘MUNDIAH TU BACHKE RAHI’ playing loud in a three-wheeler filled with people. I just turn my neck to the right to hear it, it made me feel good and high for some time. * Big huge melon-boobs of short women coming as I was standing to get on the mini-bus on LN stand. I had kept my hand at the back to avoid grabbing or rubbing to them. It was some three four times, fuck it. | |
| 1. Seat offered in the bus (filled) even after when a good crowd gets on it. 2. Seat offered in the multi-seat-white-three-wheeler, especially at the front by the driver, but with other man. 3. Seat offered to me in the mini-bus in the afternoon | In the morning mini-bus   * A girl of lower-middle class on the seat to my right, one row before mine, so that I could see her slim and sexy legs off. * She wore a purple check-shirt, hair straight and free flowing, she had used purple nail-paint. * I was supposed to talk to her as per how the set-up was * A guy in formals – chewing gum, half-frame specs, quarter-length long hair in side-parting – light brown complexion – little under-lip goatee * His nose and face contours were like mine – yeah, my lookalike to me * He was looking at this girl – sneak-peeks as if he was interested – I was supposed to help him if not get the girl by myself * This is ridiculous – they think I have a way of getting the girls |

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| * 1) ECE-block-Rickshaw-puller-faculty-from-other-day in blue shirt and black pants, walking straight with back-pack. It was at a distance of five minutes from the college that I saw him walking in opposite direction in the opposite lane. His gait was this straight and high like that of a professional now. 2) As I was stepping down the stairs from the class, I see this guy eye-balling me from the stairs of the ECE block. I didn’t hold sight to invoke contact, I only learned that he was eye-balling and his face was similar to the rickshaw-pulling-ECE-lab-demonstrator, only that faculty should be some 5-feet-11 or 6-feet and this person was not as tall as me. I put hand on my mouth as if I was prevent sneeze or cough or something and kept moving. * Near metro-station area, a man fallen on the road down the high divider while the crowd was still at a distance. I reckoned that he could have got up or slipped to the side himself, or the distance that was between the traffic coming, the traffic would have by itself spared him. He didn’t need me. * I had seen Mukul and ROSHAN around here on the top floor a number of times during these days. The tow got stuck in year-back rule and IPU unreasonable cruelty. * I had seen poor women with kids in their bosom like they were breast feeding when they really weren’t, fuck them. * In the morning in the mini-bus from LN, there was this guy in white shirt and formal pants in half-frame. His hair was long, long enough to be combed and match with formal clothing. He was sitting on the left bench after three people on his right on that bench. He had put a small goatee just under the lip, and was chewing gum ever since. There was this girl in violet check shirt, and black skinny jeans. I was able to see her crossed legs from here as she sat on the seat just before me on the right. Her face wasn’t visible, but her straight hair was. Guy was looking at this girl. He was like my copy in terms of his jaw that looked like he chews a lot. Nose longer than enough. I could simply thing of my own face while looking at his. His hair was combed and long and he had a goatee. His frame were thin and half. I had in mind to not look at too many things around, so I was scratching the wax on the CD cover. The two who sat on my right and left should probably be psyche-watchers. *(I was sitting on the flat bench at the back. I was stuffed between two men. The guy was like fourth on the bench stuck to the left side of the bus. Girl was on the front-facing seat in the column on the right.)* |

* In the morning, I see this Naveen-look-alike again. He was walking on the other road which I had just left behind me; he was in black shirt and formal pants going in the opposite direction to me. It was after I had crossed the two roads to get to the bus-stand.
* While I was on my about 5-minute walk to the turn where I would get three-wheeler, it was only some steps down the min-bus that a scooter with two people stopped by and the man seemed to ask me something. He asked if I wanted an old I-Phone at half price. I had openly offered to listen, thinking that they might be needing help, but then I simply gave a very clear nod to let them ‘off’ after listening to their stupid offer.
* In the morning, I didn’t have the change and I took ticket for R100 and then the conductor had come to the back to the person next to me mistakenly to ask for change of R50 and I just raised my hand to offer him that. *(On the day of an exam, in the mini-bus to Shastri-Park, before the conductor came over to me for ticket, two people had given him an R100 note before me and I didn’t seem to have change on that day.)* Today in the evening, the Garima-the-slut look-alike had taken out a fresh new flat and crisp R100 note out from her hand-purse and asked if the conductor had the change. He told her to use the Metro-card instead.
* *Ravi sent me message exactly as I got down the mini-bus outside Metro-station area on Shastri Park. Pretty crazy, Ravi is a fake, his sister (Neha Gupta) is a fake, I don’t know if what they expect from me is real or not, but as for the moment, it is totally a dance of DISCO-college they are doing.*
* Kanika SAHNI of CSE2 was sitting here with her friend PALLAVI (big, high shoulders, brown, nerdy by face and nature as I have seen from a distance). The two sat on the last bench of the second row just at the exit. The girl was here for show, she looks like ANSHU-the-broad-face. The two had this white SONY notebook with design similar to my W350 phone, cubical with rounded corners, like IPHONE. *How come Kanika SAHNI knew about bringing the white-SONY-notebook? I had mentioned on messages to Ravi that I didn’t want to look like junk to HOD while showing him project on a Notebook.* The Notebook had flat sides, rounded corners and square-edges, like my Sony-ERICSSON W350i phone design. The look of the notebook was sexy. She wore plain green sweater, that somewhat sparkled. Green and plain, I always wear plain sweaters. Also, I like green, TBS knows this, and I have two greenish sweaters as well. The two had looked involved but they were here as set-ups, for me, not baits exactly by their looks.
* When Ravi, Neha, Srishti and I were there to the HOD for viva, there had already been a lady-teacher in the cabin so we didn’t enter straight. As we stood outside, Ankit-4-semester-FOCS-shit-brick had come over to go past us into the passage to the other block. His face was the same stupidly looking in tension. He had raised eyes once, and then he just got on himself, and just walked past. He wore a proper white shirt, looked well, maybe it was denim. As the teacher inside came out, these people were indecisive about who should enter first. WTF, I just did that for them, HOD was already looking here, waiting for us to enter. I chose the seat on the very right on the side of the table, Ravi sat next to me, then Srishti and Neha. He saw the project but Ravi used the word ‘disadvantage’ about one thing and that like allowed HOD to poke and me to interfere and prevent. The thing was that it was a group-chat, so he said we should now try to extend it for personalized-chat too. Overall, it was fine. He was saying that we should come back to him when we have not a single line of code left to make it stable. We said it was stable, and then after the talk he said that we should now come back again by 19th after Diwali. Neha said of BHAIYA-DOOJ after DIWALI and sir joked at her that going her way it was also CHHAT-POOJA and other Hindu-dates.

*(Near the end of the conversation, HOD was dodging eyes with me. When he would be looking at me, I would look at the laptop screen and then right next, when I would look at him, he would retract eyes to look at the laptop screen. It would look away to not make an attempt to read his mind, personality etc, but later he himself was dodging to prevent me from entering his mind, probably. By looking away, I also didn’t want him to try reading my mind but I now guess he never was doing that, he looks dumb by default. Right there and then in the scene, I thought he was imitating me, which made me feel stupid and awkward.)*

* I have seen this person at college, tall, cute pussy face, fine healthy body neither too fat nor athletic. I think he has been sent around me to make me want to help him in getting around with girls. He has such a pussy face, like girls would want to kiss him like they would do to a puppy. He should be some 6 feet and an inch or two.
* A man, middle class finely groomed to look decent and normal in his earthy color sweater, round face and short height, had followed me when I was out of the class to get Google-chrome in my PD and get the project started on Ravi’s laptop. There were four mechanical final year students sitting on the square-between-building opening with railing to stand around. He had said he had the installer so I had taken out my little plastic packet with an inch long silver PD in it. Then his friend said it is a downloader not installer and I had to put the PD back into my pocket. To the person following me, it must have given the impression of drug packet or something. When I was coming back to the class, I had looked back and he was looking back at me but going to the other side now. Outside the class at a distance on the railing near stairs, a watchman was watching me coming.
* To ask for Microsoft DOT-NET framework, SAURABH BANGA had come to us and in the process, we just did handshake. Later to ask for Google Chrome, I had been to the other class and I got to have one more work with him, this just makes it fine between us now, or else we would have never spoken a word since him eye-balling me for DISCO-college.
* *The other day, Shukla had insulted my father repeating a joke of mine that he had given me ‘Rock-bottom’ (lifting a person like sitting him on shoulders on the front and then throwing him into the ground to hurt his back-bone). Today, Ravi was abusing me, as I sometimes would to the people, but it was unusual because I hadn’t heard Ravi abusing to me and before girls like this before. On the other days, I have seen things like paralyzed men, bald men, face-look-alikes that might remind me of Babbu.*
* *In afternoon, a guy in red shirt, specs was asking for lift from the moving traffic, what the hell was that? He was acting more like crazy than asking for lift.*
* *Woman in white pencil-Indian-suit had got onto the bus with her husband. Her husband sat on my left on the window seat by coming over by piercing through the crowd, he was expecting me to shift to the window but rather I let him dump himself into the used-rotten corner seat from the last SEATER, a woman. He asked me for LN and she just stood close to the exit and learnt that the bus wasn’t going to LN so the two got down. I just took another glimpse of her from the window as the bus passed by them after they had got down; she was cute and had a nice body.*
* Un-friend the MAE kiddo-BIHARI stupid fuck who goes around teachers like they are some holy-beings and would bring him success or something. He was mutual friend of a fucking fake profile of ‘ANSHU JHA’. ‘JHA’ because once in 3-semester when I had gone to Anshu-broad-face to ask her for previous-year question papers, I had used like respective-forms of personal-pronouns like ‘HUM’ for ‘I’, so she must have thought that I thought of her as BIHARI. This fake-profile was of a male and had picture of girl uploaded in its photos so that it was visible to the public. It was written that the person was an apprentice at NIEC, and a year senior to me. I thought of the person to be female but it was a fucking male. I had four mutual friend with him, TANVI-GAUTAM, THE-MAE-NERD, SAURABH-BANGA-CSE2, and one more. I just knew that it was to create more mutual-friends and it was prank to make get after a male in the name of a female, so that they could over-write my memories to think of ANSHU-as-a-neuter-or-something, I just deleted this MAE-junkie from my friends. Now I have some 81 friends, in comparison to 300 the ‘okay’ number for the count.
* Un-friend Anurag-SAXENA (he is from school, is in EEE branch here at college, nothing sp close to CSE). We never really had a proper talk or anything to do at college, he is anyhow in my friends on my FB-school-profile, so why here in this one, only to create clutter.
* Gaurav-class had posted a picture of his with short pony on FB. *It was to remind me of my short pony I used have last year near the end of the fifth semester when I had long hair.*
* I just thought of the body-doubles that these people showed me, no not of the other people but my own. I spiky-feeling came to the mind that I could have used them in helping me write the semester-end-term exams, funny, how could have they prepared.

1700 to 2000: I slept. When I had gone down in bed, these thoughts were popping in my head and for that reason I kept a pen and paper next to my pillow to list out that thought or memory, good way.

2030: I was like getting excited from the thoughts of learning that I had got the rickshaw pulled by a faculty at NIEC. I was laughing at it, saying expletives and exclamations (‘you made a college-faculty pull rickshaw for you to the college, what the fuck’) to myself. Then I heard a bike engine turn on and leaving outside the window (which is closely of dimensions 28-by-62) above the studying table.

2100: I ate; fat-whore was calling me to help her with using some FB, she asked me to spell a Hindi word using alphabets.

I was thinking of working but then I was not feeling my body saying that. I was losing time in the form of half-an-hour periods, like thinking of ending the rest at some moment and actually start with something.

0100: sat to write about the recent days

0100-0130: I was scanning my first-class (MAPS) class-photo and the class-teacher had hair, smile and cheeks like TBS. I just used the MS-Paint to edit a copy for the FB cover and wrote in it, ‘looks like Ashish Jain, umm, yeah’ and ‘looks like TANUJA NAUTIYAL, distantly’, without capitalization. I uploaded the photo at 0435 and amma came out to see me working and she said about it that I am losing health by working late nights.

0540: slept

-OK