6-Nov-12

I woke up at 1200, had milk and then later two biscuits and sat to study ACA from 1300 to 1500. The attention was extremely poor as I tried two simple direct theory questions.

At 1115, there had come two messages on my phone for DCS2 class at 1630. I was lucky for having remembered that by the time of evening.

After the day was going casual, I left for class at exact 1630. While I was on my way, I noticed certain unusual things:

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| * A police-bike came from the front. Two cops were on it. I took it as casual. * Girl with well formed ass with big-round hips walking up to a car and sitting on the side-seat, her BF must be on the driver’s. * Another girl, fair skin color, maybe in high school, ‘juicy peach’ boobs in lose sexy white top with assets jingling, walked past me on the other side of the road with her boyfriend. * On the other day, there was a car standing on my way to the stairs. A lower-middle class young-woman and some rug-guy were in it, the young-woman was putting hands on the guy like a whore. Then as I see them, she sees me, like they were for real, WTF. |

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| While going for the DCS2 class:   * I was wearing an ill fitted lose underwear, it itched in that, leaking while walking, holding and correcting penis on the go, which was bad. * As I was about to get on the cyclist-path, man on bike passed, he was grabbing his, just as I was expecting him to, creepy.   2130: I took it off, changed to a newer one and threw it in the bin outside of home. Last year in summers, It had been given to me by b-buaji for wearing. It was Ankur’s earlier. What the fuck did I take her crap for, what the fuck for, damn! |

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| * In the evening, there were two men on the way (cyclist’s path)/ acting like in the want to kill me * Earlier 3 men coming to my way like they were normal at first and the one on my side really didn’t side away to leave space for me to cross, I had to turn my body 90 degrees and walk past him minimizing the space while still staying on the foot-path. * Car abandoned (green-black flat low base sedan) in the way just steps away from the stairs on the road above. I had tried to open its door on the casual go. *I was not supposed to that.* * Car with stuffed bag or package like dead-body or something at the back-seat, I had tried to knock open its door. * police on bike outside colony as got out, police make-up on bike later on my way on, police-make-up from bus-window on common-bike later when I was coming back * man who was on bike and put his hand close to his dick, what the fuck, I had problem with the underwear and that it somewhat itched there on the tip, misplacement – days later, they would think that I control the piss-pressure - WTF * 1) Cop-look-alikes (one when I was on the cyclist’s path, one later in the evening when I was on the over bridge between LN and mother-dairy.) 2) ambulance coming from behind and blowing horn, I guessed it right by its frequency and didn’t look back, it was FORTIS ambulance. |
| * It was a surprise to see Jatin from tuition here – I saw him and just looked at him – I didn’t draw eyes that I was going to have to hand-shake with him later – I simply approached him and just gave a nod to open up to talk, ‘hi-hello’ was not required because of the eye-contact for duration long enough * Me - “DO YOU LIVE AROUND”. Him – IN THE APARTMENTS, IN THE PANDAV NAGAR * He used ‘TU’ for me – that was quiet an opener for two strangers to meet and talk like that, crazy * In the AC-469, no ticket – even though it was non-AC-469 coming behind it – he chose to get on it first * ASKS ABOUT APARTMENTS, MINE IS MANU THE THIRD * Abt my short hair – why do I keep my hair short – “I don’t comb, it takes a routine of shampoo and the products of course. It takes to maintenance”. He himself hadn’t maintained though combed, he tells me that he changes from night-suit to t-shirt and jeans to come to go the college. * He asks me of my college and semester * He has no active backs and a 70-percent in CS. * No-job-with-active-back * He asked me why I would not take metro, takes 7 to 10 minutes of walk for the station (not that from metro I will have to change on YAMUNA-bank and also travel extra taking extra time). * second semester back, dcs2, ob (it is a one day subject, I read the book line by line and fail in covering the syllabus) * he said he owned a bike, he said he spends like R50 a week on petrol, he refused to have any idea of the petrol expenditure (Crazy, got him) * He talked of GARDENIA OWNER living in Manu, I asked him to spell it, I TELL HIM OF the society being of LAWYERS and JUDGES * HE WOULD WALK SLOW BEHIND ME ASKED FOR CROSSING THE ROAD, AS I TRY TO LEAD HIM TO CROSS THE RED LIGHT, HE TELLS ME OF USING THE METRO-SIDE WALK, WOMAN IN SUIT ON MY LEFT, I LOOK AT HER BY TURNING MY NECK * ANATH-LOOKALIKE-VINAYAK-LOOK-ALIKES ON THE ESCALATORS – This guy gave me nod like saying ‘hello’ as if he knew me but he didn’t. He simply walked forth to the other side on the left with his friends. (He was a fake. I met him on 11-Nov in Diwali-Event and he was quiet okay and the same as I had known him.) * Cock-sucker-Jatin had knocked my hand while walking on my right once we were up on the floor again from escalators. It was when I was looking at the ANANTH-VINAYAK-look-alikes with three other people going to the left at about 40 meters away. What the hell was that stupid knock was for, man, I am not fucking gay, why can’t the DISCO-college understand this? * In the early evening, as we were waiting for the bus, there came two 469’s. It was him who pointed to the bus, he expecting me to refuse to the Red and go for the Orange-cheaper one instead, but I can manage fare-free travel in Red too. We got in on Red 469, which was followed by an orange-one. We got in and I went straight to the two seats empty together in the reserved-left-side-for-women. There was no need to look back or for paying. The AC in the bus wasn’t on, but it is cold. In the evening later, a heavily filled orange 469 had come and it was after a wait. I simply decided to not go for it. I waited for a while but I had in mind that I probably should be under watch, so I just tried to get along with those two lower-middle class men who were talking of their own. I just tried keep myself busy and off of the stuff that I might otherwise see and keep in mind until finally writing that out. I noticed that there was a man some five feet away from us. He was short like 5-feet-4-inch, and was healthy with a finely broad body, he wore a rugged brown jacket, rectangular thick plastic blue glasses, and was eye-balling me with still eyes. What was he, a cop, a spy, a criminal, what. I only knew what I learnt in on glance, I didn’t even try to find out answers to the questions that his looks raised in my head, it was unimportant. Just that, he was looking here and I was already trying to avoid any such thing so I just didn’t bother much. I was waiting for the bus and sometimes I had hang around these two like I was a very open and friendly person. When these two went I had to look for another two talking, but it was care free. I didn’t really find another, but then there came 740-bus, I don’t really get on it. It was leaving; I asked from the young-finely-thin-person if it goes to Mother-dairy, he said ‘every bus from here goes to Mother-dairy’. I tried to hop for it but it was already steps ahead and moving. I reckoned that running was required, so I just said out ‘fuck’ after the first hop, and this stare-master was listened to that to, which made me feel kind-of cool. I didn’t have to worry as the Red-740 was followed by another Red-740, I simply got on that and it was sufficiently empty. * Sir was teaching slow today, he was making us write some lines sometimes, and it was like revision today. I felt that I was getting relaxation by attending this class in which there was mind involvement in the interesting and old topics of ASYN-SEQ-CIRCUITS algorithms and tables. * While writing on the board, sir would sometimes turn back and take a quick-blinking-look of my face, once in a while eyes matched in the blinking moment. It was pathetic what he was doing *(seemed like a Garima-the-slut act as she was in third-semester)*. * Some students questioned him to explain the contrary result of a problem when they solved it out of order by random hit on the table-rows. I said that the result produced by sir was right as he did it using the algorithm and the others were computing intermediate results out of order so that they couldn’t reason properly. He then said out my words, ‘it is through algorithm not mathematics’. |

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| 1900: I was on FB to undo some work I had done there in the October. Removed those shared photos from my profile page, so that I don’t have to really feel or think when I would again open my FB account later in time. The photos were of American-president-elections, the Playboy models and etc.   * I removed the cover photo as TBS should have seen it by now. I deleted it from FB even. * TBS had liked a picture-post of deaf-dumb-gay-SAURABH some two hours ago (one should do work so that people search one on Google and not FB). * I just block picture, likes, comments, games, music, and video news-feed from both FOCS-ANKIT-sir and DDG-SAURABH-sir so that I don’t get to read more from them or indirectly note the presence of TBS around. * It should be interesting to know how FB is showing me ‘People I May Know’. It has been showing me sluts with dirty-profile-pictures, and then there have been look-alikes and people with names that might remind me of someone somebody, like ‘SONAM JAIN’ *(it was SONAL with ‘L’ at the end and she was SINGH not Jain, WTF are these people)* etc, fuck it. * There was a woman who was Anshu-look-alike on FB ‘People I may know’. It was some Muslim woman BEENA. I saw her pictures; some were with her tall dumber husband with looks like that of a business-man. The woman also had pictures with a cute boy-child that was like one or two years old. * Ravi had changed his cover, to show his sister; earlier his cover had Vibha on it. I had sent friend-request to his sister but then quickly undid it, so as not to accumulate more shit. Her cover-photo was a girl playing guitar drawn using running strokes like small-feathers of almost all the 12 basic colors, unlike how I use only two-colored simple pictures. |

2230: Gaurav-HCL called, he told me that his certificate was ready already and that he was going to there at the center to get it tomorrow. I asked me of others and he said he will tell after confirming. I was told to check on Friday or Saturday, and that it will definitely be there on center by Monday. He asked me if I was going to college, I told him ‘no’ and of minor-project.

0220: went to bed. I had this coughing and scratching in the throat, it was difficult to sleep. I was in the kitchen, there was some ALOO BHUJIYA in the tea-time-snack-tray and some in the cupboard, and I finished both. I had warm water and then came back to sleep, there was some relief but not like magic.

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