11-Nov-12

Last night, 2340, I was eating bread and fruits to fill my stomach up. I didn’t realize that I had missed the milk. An hour later, amma came out with the thought of the milk, funny, what she keeps on her mind. I was studying slow and with less concentration. I got this message that said I had DCS2 class at 1000. It is exactly 8 hours after I go to sleep these days. *Simple meaning, the watch by DISCO-college hasn’t yet been over, and they know when I go to sleep.*

I was up by 0900 as fat-whore, mausiji and amma came around to sit here. FW offered to lift me up but then she was only pulling my legs, I said “it is okay, I will get up”. I was in my own bed and then I had to get up for DCS2 class, I had POHA in the breakfast just minutes before leaving at exact 1000.

The class stretched from 1000 to before 1200, around 1140 or something sir said he will need some time free before his next class ANALOG ELECTRONICS.

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| The things I have noticed were not real but set-ups by DISCO-college.   * As I had come in the class by 1020, sir hadn’t come yet and the class was pretty much filled. There was this small girl Shruti at the back, she took her phone out and it was simple cheap touch-screen phone. She was playing some game on it. Later her friend came too and she took to sit between us. She had asked me a few questions like about my DCS2 terminals and like about what was to be done in the class today. * Sir was wrongly pronouncing ‘goes’ as ‘GAWS’, until one of the students corrected him. *(It was to remind of the tongue-twister English speaking pretentious-big-hole Garima-the-slut.)* I was only into writing and didn’t even feel a thing, not enough even to frown my brows for even me. * Sir was making us write a lot and I had to write but I was getting these thoughts in my head about Anshu and TBS, so I had do something to get the hold of my attention. The window behind me was opened so I raised my notebook a little higher so that I can keep my left hand busy too and also my notebook will be under the bright light from outside to hold my eyes. * This girl Shruti had at one moment, said out ‘I didn’t get it’ to what sir had explained but he says ‘he was unable to understand her’ so she repeats herself in Hindi *(like Anshu used make English speakers repeat in Hindi).* * One bad thing I was doing in the class today was attempting to read this man ‘UJJAWAL JAIN’. IT seemed difficult in the beginning but then I got it right, that one has to ask proper question to get proper answers in context of the facts that describe the situation. I learnt that this man is good in telling how the university designs the papers and how they attempt on testing the students and what are probable question given the nature and timing of the test. He doesn’t keep very good knowledge of things above or on the side. * Jatin-the-tall-dick-face-with-specs was talking of sports activities going on in the University these days or whatever. *(It was related to my sporty past and hobbies.)* * In the morning, when I was on the bus (347) at the front, there was a woman in red slacks and black quarter length body-hugging tight modern cloth. Her hair was straight and she stood holding the rod right at the front near the front-view-glass-pane. I didn’t really bother to watch her body closely or even peek at it by taking a chance. Still, a man came on my left as I stood there behind another man between me and the woman. He watched her and it kind-of spread the lust around him. I just sided and then the space between me and her was free but another tall man came in between like wanting to be at that place behind the woman. The woman was like in her early 30s or merely entering it. It was five minutes before on the last stop before LN that I got to side to the support-rod on the left and the lower-middle class guy sitting on the things-slab there asked me ‘where I was going’. Then in the next minute, I had to move to hold the same rod as woman as man behind me wanted some space here. On the stop, the driver opened the door and as I was holding the rod on the door, he must have got the impression to open it; still it was okay as somebody at the back made the call for opening the door behind. I got to see the face of the woman and it wasn’t pretty, it was rather worth avoiding with all the oily brown skin she had, and the eye-liner. * In the afternoon, I was at the front in the 473 bus. It was something like similar scenario like morning in the crowd. There was a woman in CHURIDAR ladies-suit, it was sleeveless. Her hair were beautiful in flowery twirls of about shoulders length, she was beautiful brown. She was healthy, fit and stuffy as I looked at her from behind somewhat. I was on the linear-rod on the left and looking out the window so she was on my right at 90 degrees. I would have to keep my neck turned, and also make an effort to actually check her front out. I was not in the state of mind or mood. Then a man had come in between me and her, even as I had looked at her in simple casual normal glances. I had only noticed her clothes and imagined of her worth-wanting rack. She got down on the stand before Mother-dairy. I didn’t turn to see her, but I had just wished if that could have happened. * In the minutes before the stand of SHAKARPUR village, as I stood near the front door, I see this man in orange shirt with Apple-inc-logo drawn using thread in the place of the right chest-pocket. I noticed his flat-boots like soccer-studs, those were REEBOK, in shiny purple, he wore somewhat gay colors, damn him. He had this large touch-screen phone in his hand; it was Nokia and WINDOWS, okay that must have been some about 25K or something, nothing less. *(The flat-sporty boots were to remind me of my own flats I once used to wear in second year. The phone was to remind me of the phone that I was using and the technology that I love. The Apple-logo was to remind me of my idol Steve-Jobs and the company that he built, took to unreachable highs, and the company is now in difficult competitive times.)* |

* There is this guy who has an adorable puppy face. At the end of the class, he would offer to pay for photo-copies and then if the amount goes like R9 (or like R4 last time) he would making profit on every copy sold, well I didn’t care much and simply let it be for him.

1230: no study yet

I had 5 dosa to fill myself. I was roaming around, laying in bed, then as FW and Ghost were out of the house for some time. I was watching this movie on TV with others. It was stupid.

1500: I was writing

1800: sat. It was PRAVESH-mamaji, mamiji and KARTIK outside. I was in the room and here amma and mausiji came to sit. She would tell not to close the door full.

Later around 1900, I was in amma’s room and then Anu flipped the door open. Mamaji was standing against the corner on the turn to FW’s room and he was at 160 degrees to me and I was like 90 degrees to him. So he just started the fuss about asking for me, where I was, by not calling my name and as the fourth kid, the missing person. I walked saying ‘hey’ ‘hello’ and then ‘JAI-JINENDRA’ with folded hands as slick-bitch points to me here after the people outside thought I was in the other room. The man now shake hands with me as I reach close, then I walk out and talk some walk like around slick-bitch on the mirror-opposite position and then back here on the wall-corner next to sofa in front of him. He had said that I am intelligent, amma said I study whole night and then babaji said I sleep whole day. That was the highlight and all.

1930: dosa, fill up again, in bed, felt tired

2030: ice-cream, rest

2100: sat to study

2230: R-buaji called me on phone. Amma had told her of the formal pants and two shirts and my requirement of shoes, belt and tie now. She talked of placement-drives (3 pool-drives, no mass-recruitment) at college and my schedule, my plans. She talked of how I was going to find job later and when was I going to start the find, and about the exams. She said a word about her own recruiting company and I tried to ask her for the names of the company that come to her. I had taken a literal pause as there was pretty much disturbance in the line on this side and I was hearing her voice with skips and gaps. I sat down and then she just reminded of the process and not the names, fuck it. She asked me for sending my resume to her to see. She talked of me buying shoes and tie and the formals I had already bought. She said b-buaji would reimburse later from her and that for now I should buy them from my own cash for now. I told her it was some R2000 requirement. She talked of email, of god and when I said I do pray sometimes, she flipped out on this one, that I break promises. In the end, her voice was cutting again and she was asking me for some news or something to add to the conversation, I had to repeat her question (which might have not been as per her expectations), ‘I have to tell you something’ and she said in high definite voice, ‘yes some news’. I said ‘it is minor project on 19 and around the same time seminar will happen so it’ll be a busy week after DIWALI and in the following month it will be exams’. Okay then she asked for amma on phone. The last half of the conversation was in English, I didn’t stutter or slip, which was good. As I just see the door and take a step to it, Ghost appeared there to be going to his room on the diagonal-path, fuck it, so there are ears to the wall now.

I sat to write by 0000 and got over by 0240 while listening to Eminem’s songs.

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