21-Oct-12

I woke up at nine, while dreaming of trying to bed the thin blonde cute face American pussy, reminded my somewhat of Tanuja-backstabber, but I was confused about how to use the condom so my sleep broke in confusion.

Amma complained of the dirty yellow-colored underwear that I hadn’t washed due to lack of time. The dirty brown marks hadn’t really been affected and amma saw it sometime.

I had tuition at 0930 and I was late already. I came out of the bathroom at 0930 and I was at the tuition center by 0950 only to learn that sir wasn’t coming and that message had been sent for the same. I hadn’t switched on phone yet. There were these two other guys and a girl. They were sitting and studying whatever, two more came soon and then I was just sitting there. I got up on seeing a chance after it had been time already around 1005.

Gaurav-Sir-who-runs-the-center had asked me if it is my third semester, which was an extremely stupid question to ask, I study fifth semester subject there and I am currently in seventh semester. What the hell was he thinking? He was teaching ADA (algorithms – analysis and design) (or DAA as he said it a few times) to one girl student sitting on his table and he talked of DS (data structures) to her. It caught my attention and I asked him if the batch was of CSE students. DCS2-sir was sleeping and his wife left message here at the center at some 0830. I was notified of no-class at 0912 and I hadn’t switched on my phone then.

The guy wears this brown traveler’s shorts and green colored t-shirt with white strips on light-leaf-green color. He puts the collars up and that looks smart on him.

While I was on my way to the bus stand from society, I saw this chinky-eyes-old woman, seemed Chinese, coming here in my lane. She seemed like doing in her 50’s or something, I can’t exactly tell how I am guessing it, and I haven’t even seen too many old-chinky-women. She was wearing white color on the top and something like earthy below, pants or knee-length I didn’t notice. I thought of Sonal for a split second but then because recalling her didn’t really make sense with this woman. I thought of Sonal’s mother Mehee Song, but no, I hadn’t seen her either in a very long time now and never really seen her face close enough to remember her face, so there was no point why I was to recall her face now.

On the bus-stand near home at the time I was returning, I noticed this person in blue-black stripped shirt and trousers. He had had spiked hair, well-groomed heavy-chin-beard, his face looked similar. Yes, the guy’s face was that Varun SONI, one year senior to me from school. I thought it was him, and I thought to keep my head down and just go past him. I did, I think I had got this little feeling of not matching eyes with him. Just three steps after I was through this guy, a biker stood there and he stopped me to ask me where Mayur-Vihar-ph-1 was. He wore the same shirt, as the Varun-SONI lookalike. He wore black-aviator glasses through which nothing was visible to person in front. He asked me where to head for Mayur-Vihar-Ph-1 as he stood in the 8-car-lane that was going into the other side of Delhi, I think; I am not sure about the direction. His question was of course incomplete and inappropriate; I was smart in asking him where in Pahse-1 he was going exactly. He repeated, he wanted to know which way was the phase-1. Ahead of us was the Noida-crossing under the AKSHARDHAM-flyover. Mayur-Vihar-phase-1 and Noida were both left. I recognized that he had no answer to my question, he knew nowhere to go in phase-1 but still he didn’t stutter. I looked on the road to the left and Varun-lookalike was looking here, I decided that now I should just not try to avoid him as I was somewhat stuck in a situation so I nodded like ‘hey, what’s up’ so that if it actually was him, there don’t become an awkward situation. He took to come over here in his casual gait while looking here and there which meant he hadn’t recognized me. As he was just like two steps away now, I saw his eyes and nose. Okay, it wasn’t Varun-SONI, the guy had well-shaped pointed nose, and this guys nose didn’t have that sharpness and looked like ‘pressed’. This guy’s eyes were somewhat chinky; I also noticed his forehead and spiked hair. Varun-SONI had nice features, and he was one of the most famous person there back at school. I didn’t tell him where phase-1 was because phase-1 was left, I too was going there and phase-1 is an extremely large area to point to on one of its entrance from outside like how he was wishing me to do. He points to the AKSHARDHAM-flyover going to Noida and MV-PH-1 and asks me what place is this. I tell him Noida-crossing, he repeated that question but that wasn’t going to change the answer. Varun-lookalike strolled to the other side of the biker to see what was going on; this just allowed me to realize that he was just a set-up pussy. The biker put phone on his ear, I didn’t wait for him to put another stupid question, nor did I think of getting along with for anywhere, I just turned to my way leaving him on his phone.

I took the dirty-cyclist’s track to the left for my way to MV-Ph-1. I saw the biker go straight, maybe he would took sharp 90-turn ahead of him; I didn’t bother. When the cyclists-track was turning, there stood a man in his 50’s with his thin dog which had long legs. He had been on walk and had tied his dog with the railing. The dog was an expensive one, its hair was clean and the specie was not a one seen occasionally. The dogs color was dark-brown and spotless. He lit his cigarette as I first saw him. He face was dirty due to smoking cigarettes and his complexion was dark and dirty brown. He had dark circles, ugly mole (I think) just under the eye on the left cheek, and he had ugly eyes, he was ugly overall. He wore shirt, maybe brown-black something, it was not a catchy color, and some dull color so didn’t catch attention. He was in formal-trousers. I just went past him and he was looking here. After some five six steps I felt if he was following me or something so I looked back a smooth, confident and casual turn of neck to see him, his gaze was pathetic. He was looking here at me, now he was bent to the railing. Late at night during dinner, I thought of him and he reminded me of the last NIEC-director but no this man was shorter and less healthy. It was only because of his ugly face and heavy moustaches that he seemed similar now. He was rich and extremely idle person that he was hanging out with his dog.

‘Was it an attempt to let me know how it might be if just kept going alone and the way I do.’

1030: I was back at home and I had breakfast banana-shake was not good for my taste just as yesterday.

1100: I sat in bed and listened to some music.

In the morning on the bus, the conductor asked me for ticket just as I jump on the bus, I was alone so I had to be buying the ticket and not avoid him foolishly in over-confidence. I asked for a R5 ticket from R10 note and he told me to take the change later. I was sitting in the ladies-seats, the left rows. When the bus was two stops away from Laxmi Nagar, I noticed this girl in brown complexion, wearing one-inch high heels, white loose-pencil ladies Indian-suit, the top of which fits well to the shoulders of the female. She was standing next the pole near driver, and then as I was looking at her back, she just turned to look behind. She didn’t look into my face as I was in comfortable position and she would have obviously felt absurd while looking at me, if she had done that. She looked past me, she was a set-up. She had turned to see behind like twice, she was not sharp like with attitude but with cool and casual movements. Her face looked like square and she reminded me more of Mahima-from-society than of Anshu-ma’am-the-broad-face. She had looked back like three four times but not at me, it was always past me. Her loose-pencil pants were red and she had broad hips.

1200: I roamed around, planning the day in my head.

1230: I felt lazy, sleepy and then fat-whore came back from market with petty for everyone. She is pathetic, she was biting from mine telling me that the later I make the lesser I will get, what the fucking hell, why don’t she put the whole all at once in her vagina in one go. These thoughts about Tanuja-backstabber and Anshu-broad-face still come into my head.

1400: After this long time since five or some days, I picked up the books again for studying. I did REQ-ELI-TECH.

1500: I had food.

1550: I was in the toilet and then I just decided to give my head a wash because of dandruff, it was like all falling down when I would scratch my head.

I stood to watch some TV in the living room as I had get to back to room later.

1630: I continued with RET.

1830: I just fell asleep while I took to some rest, and got up in over an hour.

1945: I sat in bed.

2000: I ate fruits.

I heard this news while the TV was on, that YASH CHOPRA, the face-of-Bollywood-direction-and-production-for-romantic-films, died fighting Dengue since a week; he made some the extremely famous romantic films starring SHARUKH KHAN.

I hate to see news sometimes; it gets on my mind and stays there.

2120: I would usually be walking around in the house while thinking and since one or two days fat-whore asks me why I walk like that.

I was outside to eat something and I heard her talking to amma about going somewhere on Dussehra. Amma and babaji were not accepting stupid idea. I didn’t want to hear the shit so I came back to the room and closed the door behind.

2135: Slick-bitch and Anu had gone out to the mall. Slick-bitch brought burger for fat-dick and me. I had food and I was not able to eat two more Roti after eating two Roti and a burger before them. Fat-whore took on Roti from me and so I finished my third while watching VH1 English songs on TV.

There was this stupid message on my phone that said of Royalty-4-BHK apartment, what the fuck. It was made-up by DISCO-college.

2200: While I was still eating and watching songs on TV, amma was on phone with Rashmi-US and Rashmi wanted fat-dick on phone. I ignored amma’s loud calls of his name. Fat-whore was in the kitchen and she could have moved too. On the third call, I told amma that fat-dick wasn’t here; fat-whore ran to the fat-dick in the room (he was watching something with ear-phones on). I now told amma that he is coming. Fat-whore came here to shout on me now, that fat-dick will learn the same, and that if somebody would be on the gate I would tell him that fat-dick doesn’t live here. She said I will say the same for anyone else too. I was speechless and low until amma came here and I got to be ignorant to this fat-whore now.

2215: I sat to write.

2300: I sat in living room to finish downloading of Harvard lecture on dynamic website and to finish writing for the day.

On my FB profile, there have been five requests for the ‘Birthdays’ Application in the last week, and two from about 2 weeks ago, it was Tanvi-GAUTUM-THE-ONLY-PUSSY-IN-CS1E. I just blocked the application from sending me any requests. I hope it is an activity of ‘DISCI-COMM-from-college’. These birthday-app requests are like reminders of my age and forgetfulness. Now that I have blocked the application, I just wouldn’t know what would be going on there on FB. From what had happened in the morning in the tuition on the bus-stands, on the road while I am on walk, one thing that is damn clear is that the DISCI-COMM has affected people from my past, has learnt about them, and will be trying to know more. So it is official now, “they are in tuition and they have been digging into my school-life and personal life in the past”. The other day, I had seen this guy RAJAT in the canteen in the lonely morning waiting for someone to reply to my messages. He used to come here for soccer in the summers; he is two years junior to me, went to the same school and is now in the same college. If he was there to stalk me, that would be so damn fucking crazy, but I feel he only knows little about me, more like how I am with my friends. When I was there alone on one table in the deep and he was standing with his friend on one of the first tables in the way, looking outside of the window from his table. He turned his sight to me as I look at me while heading for the exit.

It is just not this. There lives a family on the street outside of the apartment. There is a small temple next to community-MCD-recycle-room. I didn’t tell but on few mornings in the last one or two weeks, I have seen this girl who hangs around on the street and in the age of like early teenage her body has started to blossom. She hops when she has to walk, throwing her hands high and her jingling boobies. Her hair tied in a knot and some falling on the side of her face, she is poor and rustic but still energetic for the way she lives her life. I had seen her like three four times, then on the other dark evening, when I was returning from the bus-stand I had seen her elder sister in mid-20’s, who has a perfect round face and hair like mesh. She has this healthy rack, and her big tight boobs were a thing to watch from the cleavage of her Indian-ladies-suit as she crossed me when I was talking to Gaurav-HCL on phone. The thing is I am totally surrounded to the mother-fucking limit, yet there could be a possibility of lot more.

0020: Srishti has been talking on phone to her friends in phone-conference since 235 and now she tells her friend that I hadn’t wished her yet even when I have been listening to her talking since 35 minutes.

0040: I was up from sofa to let my legs stretch a little. When in the dining room, slick-bitch tells me that it is her birthday and I wish her like I was wishing her in a cute sarcastic tone as I was doing that by my own.

0330: I was in bed.

-OK