30-Oct-12

0800: Fat-whore woke me up because she said she was looking for the yellow-sleeping-blanket. It was so pathetic, she just had me up and I was in the living-room. She had flipped-up the bed-mattress; the bed-sheet was all out. I had helped her in checking the first half. She couldn’t find it.

It was at 1215, that I was in amma’s room. Fat-whore had gone out for some billing or something. I saw the Remote-Control car of Anu from US in 1998. It was lying on the bed in fat-whore’s room. Amma said that she had been looking for it madly since like two months and that she had seen it already. I was so crazy feeling to think of this car going into fat-dick’s hands and that he would unscrewing it, mother-fucking dick. This was so bad, holy shit. This was what was on fat-whore’s mind and it wasn’t the yellow-sleeping-cover, she had to make sure that the car was not in my bed and then she just found it in babaji’s, holy-whore.

0830: Gaurav-HCL called to ask me for the plans for today. I told him to come and then at 0845, Sneha sent me message that certificates weren’t ready even today. I forwarded the message to Gaurav. Yesterday, the cute-prettier-BURKHA had picked up the phone. She staggered as I ask for ‘HCL-CDC’, she only said ‘yes, yes’, she had put the line on hold to get the accountant for the certificate-query and then she just came back on the line to tell me that ‘it was her, BURKHA again’. I wondered if she was DISCO-Doped.

1000: I had breakfast, it was 3 burgers but the fat-whore then came and cut a piece into half to take from it. She does that actually to show that she is insulting.

1030: Bathing, and out by 1115.

I had two more chapatti before leaving.

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| 1250: I left with heavy bag; it had three medium size books of XII-class of slick-bitch, these were new and I took them to throw somewhere on my way to the bus-stand. I had just taken the turn and from the bushes there, a man and a young guy came out. It was pathetic, what the hell they were doing in there. I just didn’t bother a fuck, and just a few steps ahead, was a biker. I had passed by even him and then I thought of the books in my bag. I just turned around on the thought of the two poor men and hopped over to them, shouted ‘hello’ they turned and I just by pointing my finger to ask for a minute handed them the books.   * I had just come out of the society. I was wearing yellow-t-shirt and blue-jeans. A rickshaw passed in which the girl was wearing lemon-colored pencil-ladies-suit and blue jeans. I thought of my clothes and felt if she knew that, funny. * While I was on my way, in the middle there appeared an old man coming from opposite direction. He asked me for some money as he had lost his some R800 in the bus and he needed to travel. He said of the long walk, I asked him how much did he need. I had taken out some R20 and R10 note from my pocket. I had to take out R5 specifically to hand over to him, along with R10 when he said ‘15’. * I was walking and I noticed the small school on the side. It was like vacating and little primary kids were told to stay out. Some were here on the pedestrians-walk before me. A boy and girl were fighting. I showed eyes to the boy and then as girl would speak up again, I called out on her ‘hey’. There were some people in the open space before the 4-5 shed-classrooms. It was a man in suit and a woman in new saree. I wondered who the hell were they and why was the school closed. I thought if it was because of exams, but seeing the kids going back made me feel very bad. * A man in violet-check-shirt and a tie and trousers came walking to reach close to me. His hair-line, the visible forehead and the side parting, his face in length and face-cuts reminded me of Babbu. He had a good back-pack. I saw a number of good back-pack today. He just walked along and I think he had not been in the bus with me when I was going to LN, but he was there again in the mini-bus which I had taken on LN-bus-stand and he had got down in some minutes later. Also, just after this guy, there had been a poor man who had come following. *Sending people from back is like testing (by DISCO-college) if I am being afraid or being too cautious of somebody attacking or shooting from behind, stupid.* * I just reached Laxmi Nagar and I had noticed a tall-woman wide, heavy and broad-shouldered in the bus. I didn’t notice her getting down as I got down. I just walked over to take the next bus and the bus wasn’t there so I had to wait. I just noticed a brown young girl, with big boobs was coming here and she just passed me and then I just checked her legs, the legs were thin. I wondered if her boobs were not real. I thought of DISCO and I chose to not stand fixed in one place and walk around. As I start to take the first steps, a young thin woman came in this direction; her bra had held her breasts too high. As she walked, they went up and down badly. I was like ‘what the fuck’ and then also her shirt collar was stretched to the side and it was like she was watchable. I only made a face to myself. As I walk, the big-broad-shouldered-woman fully draped in shawl walked past me. I felt if she didn’t have a hand and I just looked back at her to see that her palm was visible, I felt better. She reminded me of Garima-the-slut-SETHI. As I just take a few more steps around, I see that a woman tall, broad-shouldered, stuffed-not-heavy, in royal blue shirt and sand-brown Capri and hair flowing open to both the sides as she walked to cross the road from the space in the divider. She wasn’t Anshu-the-broad-face, but seemed similar from the body. The face was different, this woman’s face was chubby and Anshu had an angular face. I just kept taking steps around and then I had seen her again once on the other side of the road. It just gave me a stupid feeling of what in world I was doing. Her free flowing straight hair, waving up and down to the air flowing past her, was a thing to watch as she hopped on her way. * I had to pay R10 in the mini-bus to the Shastri-Park as I didn’t have the change now. I was asking him for change but then I just let it go, thinking that it would be too much talking and it won’t be good in public. * In the bus, there was a man in white shirt and black-trousers and with a bag with him. He wore a shiny metallic watch. He also had a touch screen phone, a cheaper model though. When I had got the sight on his golden-watch, he quickly looked here at me like I was seeing something that I should not have been seeing. It was just shining so I just watched, WTF. It happened like twice, the man was a fucking set-up. His face was square and he was quite dark. He had this fine-back-pack that had ‘ALCON’ written on it. It was a fucking spelling mistake, it is ‘AHLCON SCHOOL’ that I went to, but it reminded me of the typing-miss I had made in the message to TBS, and I had misspelled ‘REASON’ as ‘RESON’. Then also, there was a girl, lower-middle-class-locale. She was in wearing red top and her face was like a pussy with long side burns. She was not looking here when I tried to look at her face but when I looked at her sideburns, she had given me exactly the same glance to tell me to not look at her. * There was a guy sitting just behind me in the bus. He noticed the Mobile-computing book. He asked me my branch. He said he was from UPTU and in GNIT, which was Greater-Noida-IT. I had asked him the full form and he expanded that with surprise. He asked me my college and about the placements. He didn’t know about MC because he was in Instrumentation and control branch, he said.   1350: As I had got down the three-wheeler, I pretended to have forgotten to give the money, but the guy then called out and I just walked back the two foot-steps that I had casually taken to the side. It was pathetic, I was only trying and failed, creepy. |

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| * When I had entered the college, I saw these second section students on the top of the stairs. I just hopped from about one-and-half meter of distance from them. It was easy or else I would have to say ‘hi’ or ‘hello’. It was Hemanshu ARORA, fatso-Sachin, and two other. The four were in varied blue shirts, what the fuck was that. I had just ignored them as for the moment, but later the four were seen again. In the lower floor, the four were standing there in my direction as I was sitting the crowd of my own class. I noticed them and I just looked at them, like ’what the fuck, why the fuck’. They just changed persons to look here from among them but didn’t really piss off. I just had to take my attention back to what I was doing.   I was on the upper floor with Abhilash and Parul earlier but then they had to go somewhere and I had to come down to mix with others and not roam like a lonely-soul in the college.  While I was sitting with the crowd on the lower floor in the open, there had come the physics-cute-round-face-pussy and she had looked down. I learnt that something was wrong around here. I felt bad. I had seen that in the classroom there behind us, the two teachers there seemed to be like the TBS and her other short and fatty friend, I was not going to come down but then I came down to just show up myself and like say ‘hello’ if eyes match by chance, but it wasn’t them.  Before 1450: I was studying with Dinesh and Nishant. I had held my head down and had put my right hand fingers on the right-temple. I just glanced up and I see a man in white shirt and black trousers watching here at me. His glance was constant and he was still, I just gave a three-four second constant-gaze as him and then I glanced down back into the book ignoring him.  1450: Anshu-broad-face passed from here. I wasn’t expecting that. I was looking up in a thoughtful pose with my hand covering my mouth. I was sitting in duck position with my shin-bone rested on the knees of Dinesh and Nishant. She had her hair back to the curly-feathered-cut-in-shoulder-length-hair. She had lost an awful amount of weight and she wore a v-neck sweater, it was plain and dark-violet-and-royal-blue-mix in color. She just had her face on this side and then she just got a little glimpse of me. She had used lip-gloss and she had lost an awful lot of weight it seemed. She too had a face that seemed down, she was not happy. Things around here are actually wrong. Her re-feathered hair was a memory-treat for me; I really didn’t need that though.  As my eyes went straight onto her, I didn’t notice who her short friend was.  1500: The invigilator was the Megha-getting-fatso-again. I sat on the bench and I noticed that my both hands were shaking badly. I had to leave the desk and make some move to stop it. I was terrified at the sight of it, it was extremely bad. I just out of the terror that had just come up got up to get, some water and Megha-fatso was just looking my face. I didn’t have to ask her for anything I just got the water-bottle from my bag and came back to the table. I just put the water bottle down but didn’t drink it. I just hope that fatso-Megha didn’t see me shaking.  1540: There came tear in my left eye due to tiredness. I didn’t know what to do with it. I needed to get my eye fine again and I just hoped that I could do it without catching the attention of Megha-fatso, who sat just on the starting of the row, one bench ahead of me. I had tilted my head to the right, put my specs down and put the left-hand-finger in my eye to clean it. Quite after some minutes, I see that Megha-fatso was looking on the other side. |
| * SHASHI of CSE-2 was standing at the gate when I was leaving the college and by his face it seemed that he expected me to say ‘hi’ or ‘hello’ to him but I didn’t. * There had been Nidhi and her fats-Shorty-friend on the main-college gate when I was exiting, but I didn’t really go around them. I chose to go in my own way onto the road. |

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| * In the mini-bus when I was returning from college, there was a Yamini (principle) look alike sitting just at the front. Not just the face, but also body language was similar. I was supposed to jump off on seeing the old-hag but I knew it was fucking joke. She got down 15 minutes later. * Two fat-girls sat on the bench to the left, one Chinese and one local, lower-middle-class, both were dirty brown. One had blue and white Blackberry phone, she had raised it in air like she was looking into its screen. I thought as if she was video-shooting me from the rear-camera, yes, for the DISCO-college. Both had put ear-phones at some point of time. The two girls got down the bus in about 10 minutes. * At the window seat at the back-bench, sat a cute girl, probably older than me by a year or two, she had this good back-pack. Green cut sleeves ladies suit, I didn’t wear what she wore below, maybe it was pair of slacks. She had a cute and kind face. I had only looked from the side while taking the seat next to her. I had just sided to sit with her and allow other to go on my left when I had got on the bus. Later, she put her bag on her thighs to prevent the legs from rubbing. I felt it was bad thing. The conductor asked me for ticket I handed him R10 note and called for an R5 ticket. I got the ticket and change back in my hand. Erstwhile, the girl took out R10 note and asked me how much it was going to cost for MV-Ph-1. That sounded cool. I buy R5 for myself but I couldn’t have said either R5 or R10. So I just took the R10 note and asked for ticket from the man, as he gives the ticket I pointed to the girl. I was laughing at what she thought she had expected me to do. It was funny that I didn’t expose anything to her. * She was too much into like using her Samsung touch screen phone. She had earphones in her one ear on the other side. She was listening to FM, I think. * I had asked her where she was going in MV-Ph-1. She had mentioned the name of ‘SAMACHAR APARTMENTS’ in between. She said near ‘JEEVAN ANMOL’, the hospital. I told her that she will have to change as the bus doesn’t get there directly. She said ‘no, it goes over there’, I said ‘no, you might have to change near Metro-station’. She said she was going ‘mainly’ near Metro-station in a stuttered tone. I liked her voice. I had given an extended nod of the neck to the ‘mainly’ phrase of her. * She was like doing the kiss-on-the-thumb-and-then-touch-to-the-forehead-for-good-luck thing too much on every religious spot that came in the way; it was three or four of them. On the first or second, I said out, ‘how does that matter’, she didn’t hear that because of the ear-phones. I was glad. * I was making notes in my phone and I had append something in the other notes too so that if my draft-messages are being read, these notes don’t get read immediately. * Five minutes before I got down, a young man had climbed the bus and he had looked here at this girl. * Earlier during the ride, there had been a middle aged old man, sitting at the right bench. On my left was a middle-aged woman and her leg was brushing with mine. The man looked at the middle aged woman and the woman looked back at him. |

2130: dinner, after I had already told amma to cook and now I had to eat.

I have been writing since 1900 or something. I was back at home by 1715. I was just roaming around; fat-whore had brought SAMOSA and KACHORI.

-OK [0335]