13-Sep-12

I was up at 1000, maid had just come and she was gone fast, when fat-whore is not there to look at their work, these maids just splitter-splatter and go. I had a little time with newspaper, and I learnt that Prachi was here as she took b-buaji’s call. I brushed and had breakfast at 1100. I went for bath, it has been days now, I took my time, there was some dirt coming off of my front below the chest and from the back in nearly same place there. It was because of not cleaning it for days. I was still bathing and slick-bitch called back at home that she has got ‘Instrumentation and Control’ in BHARTIYA VIDYAPEETH COLLEGE, well that means she not in my college any more, cool. She was asking for me, she left a message on my phone, I had to call back, I did and told her that it was fine what she has got, and that we should talk after she comes back.

At 1220, she was in metro and she came back fast, I had just sat to study and then amma called for me to eat, it was 1300. I had to eat because it would be rush if I don’t eat on time. I ate nice and easy, and it was 1400 when I left.

At the college gate, they were asking for college-id cards and not accepting fee-receipt or the library-card, that was pathetic, I ignorantly hand them the card to keep and let me go. I get to the class and see Shukla, I knew nothing of the test of today, and it was pathetic. Seeing this calm environment here, didn’t let get suffocate in myself. The question-paper was on my desk as I enter late, there was warm bright sunlight falling on the desk right on me. I had this feeling that there should not come any invigilator whom I know, and neither should I get to see any teacher whom I know anywhere anytime. The paper was of the same format; just the time had been shortened to 1-hour from 1.5 hour, then Preety Dhaka ma’am came to tell us of the change, she told us to do any two questions and not three, and each was of 15 marks and not 10. That was cool; I looked down in my sheet at first, then I looked up to look like paying attention to what she was saying. It was fine, but had my mind boggle for having studied at the last minute and I was not very much feeling anything coming back on reading the questions though there was fifty percent choice in the paper. I was feeling creepy; the lady teacher would have started to pay attention to me if I wouldn’t start writing now after long wait. It got over at 1630. I did write, it was fine, I at least wrote for three questions, though incomplete and crude, I won’t pass, I don’t know, it was just bullshit going there with me.

After the exam, at the gate the guards refused to return the issue-card and said this card or any other thing than the id-card won’t work tomorrow. This black-man had gone crazy, he said ‘no’ to everyone there, it was five or six people in all. I was not sure about mine so. Neha came there for hers, she got it after about fifteen minutes of talking, and I didn’t. I had to get my id-card tomorrow or get FIR, an application and R100 as fine for a new card in place of the card that I never had and said to be lost. Okay, I left college, after having visited Admission-cell with Neha, Preety Dhaka ma’am while waiting in her cab saw us, and it was just normal change of sight in that direction then, the cab was at a distance.

After having running my head for tomorrow, at worse, I won’t be able to give the exam, the guard still has my issue-card, and nothing else will be accepted tomorrow. It was at the stop here near home that I changed my mind and kept sitting to go to Police Station for getting an FIR report for getting a new id-card soon as possible and avoid conflict of any sort at college with no matter whom.

I went to one police-station with mentioning an area near home, MV Phase-1, at the police station of MV Phase-1, he told me to go to the police-station of Pandav-Nagar, WTF. I tried to correct him and he became rough on my third say, I had no choice now but to leave. I went to the this Police-station of Pandav Nagar where I had been before, but since on different one finds different people sitting, I was fine while going. I said the same story as I had done the last time here, but he told me to go to MANDAWALI-PS this time, what the fuck! I walked down for twenty minutes to get here, and then this policeman tells me that he doesn’t believe that I actually anything. He asks me that how can I come here to complain for the incident I wouldn’t know where it happened in the moving bus. He was of course fucking stupid. The other policeman came and took the seat next to him, I raised my question to this man, both politely and firmly, ‘sir, if I lose my purse in the bus, should I be going to every police-station for every stop on the entire route?’ He listened to me; I told him that I had been to the PANDAV-NAGER PS well before it. He told me that if I would enter a police station without thinking, it would always happen this way. I read his batch and it said ‘HC’ that should be ‘High Commissioner’, I felt like ‘O-KAY!’ He agreed to allow my FIR and then asked me, if I had any prove of my college. I took out the fee-receipt and he said, he was only asking in words. I didn’t have a white page, so I asked him for one. It was done, after he stamps it, he tells me that I could have got a computerized one, but it is okay even this would work, he told me that I could come back any time if I have problem with it any time. He told me that he would be available in the evening at this time, since I had turned already and that I was hearing him speak as an ending note, I think I missed a word or two about the evening-thing he was saying when I looked at the wall-clock there, but it was all done and fine now. It was 1830.

I later thought maybe he was ‘Head Constable’ for ‘HC’.

I was back at home at 1900, and it was m-buaji here and she had given me two missed calls at some 1730. I asked her about and she asked me about my exam. Actually, there had come the short-attendance letter from college, it was bullshit. It said I had short attendance of 16.71 percent when I had the no attendance at all. I said out, ‘it is wrong, I do not have 16.21 percent attendance’, buaji said, ‘then you should go and complain about it’, and then I jokingly cut in and say, ‘I can’t complain because it is zero percent’. The letter was anyway a fake; it was a photocopy, no real signature.

My legs were broke, my knees had cramped. There came the message of Vidhu he wanted to see now at 1910. Holy shit, I had to go because it shouldn’t have been the third time that we talk to meet and then don’t. I went out and we went to the market, I purchased message-card, and then we were walking in the society. I was fucking broke, I was back at home after one round to say goodbye for today. I was back at home by 2000, I had dinner and then I sat to write.

I am so fucked, I need to study for two tests that are tomorrow, one in morning and the second in afternoon as today. It went on the internet at 0000 and it is past 0045 already.

-OK