15-Sep-2012

I woke up around 1000, I sat for breakfast by 1100 and I was watching this romantic-drama-comedy movie, it was good. I sort of got emotional while watching it; it was good, though ended quite on its time, 1130. I was up to take the day through at 1150; I had to study OB (Organizational Behavior) for exam at 1330.

I left, in the bus there was this woman with fair and glowing exotic skin, she was chubby, and wore these bangles that an Indian bride would have worn, means she was newly married. I was on the third last seat in this local bus going to Shastri Park. She had got on after two three stops from mine. I was sitting on the edge with my legs out and book opened in my hands before me. She walked past, I didn’t move as I wasn’t expecting her to ask me to shift, but then she asked me to excuse her, I shifted in. She sat here, and a man whom I didn’t even see, climbs the bus. As she directs him to the seat behind her, it was obvious it should be her husband. As the guy, the conductor asked for money, she pointed back, and then once more. I looked up; the guy was just trying to pick on her. It was still going to be about 20 to 30 minutes in bus still. I sat slight erect with my back and arms to the back-rest, bag in the lap, and book raised high in the hands. As the bus drove, there were times when the white skin of this white woman brushed on mine on upper-arm. I was just thinking of this woman to be anyone but exceptionally white until now, but no, she was a foreigner I just then learnt. The conductor again did an act; he shouted out while looking at us two, it was ‘come in that bus on return-trip’. It was the same bus as this one on the other side in the opposite lane, creepy. She was as surprised as I was, I thought I was for her, she thought it was for me, she looked into my face by turning her neck 90 degrees and I looked into her eyes. I was “AW-MY-“, she had this exotic face and golden eyes, damn it. Holyshit, she was pretty, though she should be average given that her face was round and her cheeks were chubby, but damn it, she was beautiful for my memory and real-life. I had been really trying to study OB, and I had known when she came over, that I won’t be able to study now. She would look into my book and it would draw my attention from what I was reading. I was just swizzing through the pages because I knew it would have been difficult to actually read anything at all, I only tried to rote the bold-heading and whatever that caught the first sight. I felt as if she was trying to smell me, seriously, that was a little weird, I thought at this moment that it was all a made up.

I am thinking- “should that be a sign that the act from six months back is still on”, damn-it-whatever-be-it!

In the process of bending and turning her neck towards me, she must have already noticed the rust-marks on the t-shirt on the shoulder. It made me feel a little more uncomfortable, I mean who’d like someone watching the stain on you clothe; actually, it was in the morning when I saw all the t-shirts that were hung from the hanger were catching rust, and all had caught stains from the same place near the shoulder, damn it.

When I would look outside the window she would look at me and when I would turn my neck back she would be looking away, she was acting like, little pervert.

Now when I saw her face from so close, her exotic eyes, I was just a little blown, I asked her, ‘hey, are you Indian’ but she missed it and only looked here and said some word, her expression made me repeat the question, I asked her in Hindi and she said ‘yea’. She was definitely lying, maybe she is an Indian now but I wasn’t asking her that, I meant to ask her about her own country. She didn’t rub her upper-arm with mine after this in the last minutes. The young-man-driver had also been looking here at us from his rear-view mirror. This girl was cute.

I was at the college and I had to find the class in which I had to sit to write the re-appear exam. I went to the examination cell, it was only the time mentioned there, and I had to know the classroom. I went in and there in their cubicle the two men were eating, the help-woman sitting just there said it is lunch time. I asked her, ‘there is no classroom mentioned and just the time for the fifth-semester re-appear exam.’ She didn’t know exactly so she referred to me to the man who had just entered there, I repeated my question to him, and he told me that it was in the basement, I asked him where this basement was, he told me it is on the fourth floor of this building. I asked ‘basement is in this building’, he told me some floor and mapping but then he told me that the exam will take place in the room 2004. I repeated, ‘two-double-zero-four’, but I was going to forget it right away. This man sides from his position and I see Tanuja ma’am sitting there on the main-seat in the office. She was looking here at the conversation that had just finished. I looked at the hair, the curls falling down from both the side, then I think I saw the eyes and then the chin and the lips, okay, I recognized who it was, damn it. So did she, I think I was faster, but just as I was back to the eyes, she jerked off her neck to look into work in her hands. It was like for lesser than even three seconds. Those eyes were still, blank and needy at the same time. I think I had got a slight glimpse of her hair and she sitting, she was already looking here, my mind got the indication that it was her in the seconds that the man took to side away and I also reckoned that I’d not jump even if I know the person who’s behind, fucking bitch. What was surprising was that, the bitch got promoted, yes by one degree at least, that now she was sitting in the office, I had once seen the fake-ass-Yamini-principle sitting.

The backstabber-bitch reminded me of a TV actor, pussy face, thin slick cute pussy who features in that stupid domestic-series on TV. How can one pussy be different from another anyhow?

This short meeting was going to hang up in my head for a while now. I was out of the examination cell and I seriously forgot the room number, I was blank, I needed to go back there again, but hell no fucking way, I then just tried to let it go, just let it go. I went into the 2004 room there just next, and asked if an exam was going to take place here but this stupid fuck sitting here told me ‘no’. I went out and was just roaming, I was again before the notice-board raiding the same question to the people passing from there, and it was so stupid. Then this guy told me that it should be 2004, I believed he was right. And yes, it was 2004, the exam started with just two people here. The exam went fine, though I was just putting down from my random memory from last year and the little I had studied today and over time. I had been thinking about the face of the backstabber-bitch-Tanuja but somehow the exam just went fine. I will pass, if not anything else.

I was upstairs in the class later. I did this prank of throwing some water down the window, and it was Vibha sitting there. Yesterday, I was troubling Sonam by asking her again and over again about what she was rote-learning and if she knew what was to come in the exam.

The exam started, it was bright afternoon sun shine falling right onto me, damn it, damn-fucking-it. I was trying to settle and I think I had wasted time in trying to get used to the sunshine for the time being. It was pathetic, I did not know too much of what was asked, but still I knew some, still I was not able to write it into my sheet on time. In the final minutes my mind was going everywhere around the world, and I was slowly copying the diagram from the question, I had drawn it on the question paper to not make mistakes in the sheet and then I was slowly copying it in the sheet. Taking my time, damn it, the time just got over and she came to snatch my sheet, fuck that whore. Damn it, I missed the paper, shit, that was just so disgusting. Actually, I had got very little glimpse of the invigilator in the other class, I was into believing that it was Gareema-the-slut, but no, I saw the-real-slut in white and this woman was in dark-blue. Then in the other classroom, I had seen the invigilator in yellow suit, broad shoulder and straight hair, I thought I had seen her speaking and walking at the same time, I thought it Anshu-the-freak-English-teacher, damn it. It was about these two bull-crap bitches I had mind dismantled and I slowed down in writing, fuck.

I walked back to the metro-station to take the mini-bus and in the evening at 1630, it felt like it was 1000 in the morning, WTF. I was in the bus waiting for it to fill and move. There came people and got out to the sound of the other local-mini bus going first, I chose to stay, and then there climbed this girl. She was brown, her hair were clutched at the back, she wore some stupid upper outfit, what was it, it was designed and had dull colors like brown, shades of brown and black, basically it fitted her like a Indian-ladies-suit up to just below the waist. What she wore under was shiny black slacks, skin fitted, her skin reflected from under that, what’s more crazy, she wore white panties, and that fucking reflected too, yeah, the panties was white. Damn it, it was like watching her legs and her underwear, it was so sexy, so fucking sexy. I was looking at it and I got a very clear picture of her in the mind, I could think of her panties, and what was visible and what more could have been visible. I tried imagining it to myself and not actually looking at the visible panty strap from the side, oh man. I was seeing her face, she was not looking here, and she was ignoring it. I tried to get more of her face, and it was fine, not so good, not so super-star looks. She wore dark-eye liner, an eye-liner that had smeared after the day, or it was supposed to be like that, to give her that used-up-and-tired-look. It was some three-four people when the bus started to move. I was looking at her face, I, kind of, liked it. If I had looked about three feet down on her panties, she would have obviously noticed that, so I just showed my liking for her face, she had once looked down at her own panty from this side. I thought if it was to make sure that it was visible, or to not expose further. She had been sitting quite comfortably in the beginning before the bus had filled, later she kept her hand-bag in her lap.

I didn’t ever look too deep at her panty, no never like in the want to bite her pussy. I was on the straight back-seat at the end, she was on the perpendicular long-seat on the left, and as she put her right leg on to her leg, it was an ‘AWW-FUCK-ME-OVER’ moment; this was how her panty was visible all the time. She was ignoring and she had this well developed attitude, I didn’t want to get myself down to bring her down, it really would have been crazy, and cheap, of course. There was this guy who had come in later; he got a seat on the perpendicular long-seat to my right. He sat close to the driver, face in the opposite direction as the girl’s, and he was on her right, so he must have been getting to see her folded leg, her sexy calf-muscles, her legs were smoking hot. He was also trying to get her attention, but he was raw, rustic. There was this time, when he started to sing something; it made me jerk off a wide smile out. I tried to shorten it, and then I looked up and at the girl, she had these wide eyes, she looked straight as she was being watched from both the sides. Damn it, her eyes were real wide open and still. It was embarrassing for what was happening, I now turn my body to turn a little to the right, so neither would I get to watch her, nor she would be uncomfortable. Even it was difficult for me to run my brain with her sexy legs and her face in the view. I liked her face, it was not exceptional, it was average, but it was brown and she had some distinct features like her nose and eyes. She was nosy, and her eyes were like these puppy-dog eyes. I was now looking away, and after minutes, her stop was to come now. There had come some men to occupy the unoccupied seats, and I was pushed to the window, otherwise I was sitting wide open. She now sat straighter, soon to get up; I turned my face here again. I looked at her, and as she was getting up, most eyes were looking at her. Before she got, I was tried to get a glimpse of her, or the thigh-high, I turned to her face and not panty exactly, as she too looked into my face, into my eyes. Oh-k, I liked her, too much now, like I was in love again, holyshit. The man who sat just before me looked at her until she was out of view from the window as the bus started to move.

After some time my stop came, and I had stood up and reached to the front next to eh conductor. It was till about a minute for a the stop to come and the conductor ticked on my hand to ask if I had purchased the 5R ticket, I said casual ‘yes’ that also sounded like asking why. He said it should 10R, but he didn’t ask for the rest of the R5. The ticket had already been torn at the beginning. I got down the bus on the stop, but instead of thinking about the girl, I was thinking this conductor, when he noticed that it should have been R10 and not R5. He is the usual bus-conductor and he probably knows my face very well as I travel in his trip on many times. Fuck it, a nice evening suddenly turned into awful bullshit.

I think it was because I was in one of the first people who bought the ticket. It was when I was tempted to buy the ticket for a while now, and I was able to see off the girl as she sat just behind the back of the conductor standing on the exit. It was some four-five people of us all, she had taken an R10 ticket and after her, I took the R5 ticket. The girl could probably be the reason why the conductor’s attention fell onto me later. According to the ticket, I was supposed to be getting down anywhere before the girl.

There had been an old man in the bus in the time after the girl had already got down; he talked of kids of the rich being naughtier and doing bad things than the kids of the average families. I was too lost in the thoughts of the girl that only heard him, learned that he was present there when he had said out Hindi-abuses in loud voice to give weight to his speech, whatever, I never gave a thought.

I was back by 1730, I was sleeping by 1818, Slick-bitch had cooked noodles and she kept it on the table. I had to eat but then I fell asleep as I was resting. I was in tension. At 1845, amma woke me up and I had the Maggie noodles. I have mention this stupid irritating thing going in my head, the watchman here at the society gate closed the central-flip-gate just when I was about to enter the society, now I have to wake to the side and take the entry from the passage near the watchman-window. It has happened the second time in three days, WTF.

I was thinking of the class at HCL and I called Hemanshu to ask what his plan was, he was still sounding irritating, and he said he won’t come before October; he is butt-fucking ass. I was in tension, I called sir at around 2000, he told me to enjoy the weather and not take tension, he need about ten more days to finish up the classes. He told me to come on Monday when I told him to change time to evening; he told me that it really isn’t possible now.

I called Gaurav and told him to talk to sir about changing the class timings to evening. He agreed for 1600 to me, he even said that he would call but he never really did call. He didn’t even bother to say out the truth, shit on his face. I called back sir again at 2100 and he told me that I was troubling him; he told me that Gaurav hadn’t called. Sir told me to come on Monday. I had heard that already, and my worry is not for Monday as it is free on Monday, but what about the days after, shit.

I have been sitting like for seven hours now, starting from 2230, it is 0445 now. I had been raining heavily for hours after midnight, though it is not now.

-OK