24-Sep-2012

By 2330, I was over with AJAX and I went to bed after fat-dick had already fallen down. I was down by 0000.

I was somehow up quite early today, it was 0530 when my sleep broke and I was not able to catch it back. Then amma had come to the room by then to tell fat-dick on fat-dick going. I came here in amma’s room by 0545 and was just sitting there, trying to reckon about what changes were going to happen around here. It was going to be good, or bad, I told myself to only keep moving for these next two months, no matter what, no matter how.

I was only taking twenty deep-breaths around 0600 and fat-whore opened the door. I didn’t get up to brush before 0700. I was then reading little bit of newspaper. I was standing there next to bed, before the door to the balcony; the society main-gate is clearly visible from here, and also the passage. I just saw this short girl in blue suit, white Salwar and white Duppatta. She was Mahima, she looked cute while leaving, and she is cute as a matter of fact. Her bus was leaving, it had left the society-gate, the rickshaw puller there had shouted to stop the bus, as Mahima went hopping to catch the bus, cute.

I had to leave for HCL today; I thought it was fat-whore’s birthday today, but I never bothered to specially wish. As the milk hadn’t come, she told me to go outside and see for it. I did, I think it was a move to send me out, as she thinks that I can’t show up with my current bald-hair-do any where, she was being way too much stupid.

She didn’t know I too was going to go, she learnt about it by 0730, I was ready to go, I had milk and I left by 0800.

I was at HCL by 0820 that was 40 minutes early. I just sat there and Gaurav, Sneha and sir came on time. I had moved the screen of the receptionist’s computer when she wasn’t there and then I just see her seeing me from the room behind, damn it. It was a pretty creepy thing to happen right in the morning.

Sir just gave us programs to type in the first hour, and then he gave us his register to copy in our notebooks in the second hour, WTF. We just copied it, it was fine, and we were having fun. We hadn’t typed, I had simply moved the files from sir’s computer to Gaurav’s computer, and it was done. Then, it was Gaurav who was writing, I wasn’t, I was feeling too tired to do that.

I was back at home by 1130 and it was only amma here. I had already sent message to Gaurav and Sneha that I won’t be coming on Tuesday. I had this special class in college-auditorium on Tuesday, which face-changer-Megha-ma’am had talked about, but now it will be on Wednesday, good.

I had lunch, the festival-Daal (Urad), it was good. By 1330, I was sleeping for two hours.

I was awake and I was feeling the room spacious. I had to keep my head in place and tell myself to focus on what I am supposed to do in these two months to pull off 4 subjects of seventh semester and 2 from fifth. I have to just take this advantage and not miss or misuse it.

I was over writing about the day by 1730. I ate food early by 1800 due to ongoing ten-holy-days. I sat at 1830 and started by 1900. I was up around 2015, just sat before TV, ate some fruits and just never came back for studying. I watched the climax of this good movie till 2100. Later, I was on internet around 2130 and fat-whore was telling about how it was at the hostel when she was dropping off fat-dick, she was back in the afternoon when I was asleep.

I was looking up the internet for a song that I didn’t find and then spent all the time in downloading the video in which I’d seen it and took the audio from it, exhausting.

In the morning a scene happened at the bus stop when I was to come back home. I had kept my bag on the bench, there was empty space there, and I was just roaming to wait for the bus to come. There came a woman in pink saree, with a huge touch screen phone in her hand. She put her kid on the seat, partially on my bag. I casually picked up my bag ignoring the kid, and then I see that the kid just tilted to the side of the bag, as if I just removed his support, like a pillow or something. The kid held himself up by supporting from his hands and getting back to himself. I noticed that he had some serious neural problem. His legs were bent way too much, and the first impression was that he shouldn’t even be walking. I didn’t try to question that, kids with abnormalities do have a walk. His legs were like bare bones, bent and twisted, he wasn’t fine under his belly. His hands were also bent, his finger-movements were not proper, too much stiffness in them, muscular contraction in his body was very clear. He had crossed eyes, his face-gestures told of his mental health and inabilities. I look at his face and guilt runs through my veins. He looked up here, it was an expression less face, and I thought if I just hurt him. I couldn’t stop but, at least, pass a slight smile that meant ‘sorry’. Due to the crossed-sight, I was unable to even read his eyes, I didn’t even know if I was looking in his eyes. The direction of his face was the only sign that would tell that he was looking at mine. He tapped his hand on the place where the bag was kept a moment ago; it was a gesture to call me to sit beside him. I just waited for a second to realize that unusually kind gesture of his; I didn’t really deserve that kindness from him. I didn’t take another moment to forget about his condition and sat there, at a handful of gap, like showing an excitement while accepting his offer. I looked at his face, his legs, his body, he was wearing this school-dress, and from the looks of their clothes, he and his mother looked like belonging to low-income family. His health reminded me of Babbu (father), I tried to make a guess of the disease, and it seemed like epilepsy or polio to me. His mother wore this pink saree, and her make-up was flashing, her huge touch screen phone was way above her standard. What next, she asked me of the time, I just took out mine and showed her ‘1107’, that was seriously nothing understandable. She turned to herself and I just popped my question about his health, I asked whether it was epilepsy or polio, she had missed the first part and she probably heard only ‘polio’, she replied, ‘it’s been since birth’. That wasn’t what I was asking, she didn’t even know it, it seemed. There passed a bus from there and I kept my sight at the road now, while still keeping the kid in the visual-perception. The kid had looked at me while I was watching the road, and just then, my bus came. As I get up and walk to the bus, I still looked back that he doesn’t get up or try to call me back; rather he called his mother to sit beside him, just in the way he had asked me to. It was such an emotional thing to see. I got on the bus and then my mind was my own. I felt that the woman’s face seemed familiar; it matched with the communication-systems teacher from fourth semester. I think her nasal tone and speech also reminded me of the CS teacher from back in fourth-semester.

The scene in the morning was testing my interest; the woman had a huge-phone that seemed out of her budget, and a kid who needed extra attention. The test was to see if it is the phone, the technology, the money, the possession that interested me or the kid, the human-being, the one who was needed attention and was not seeking for it.

Hours later at night, I ran a thought to ask myself if I am still being followed, tested for my character, behavior, if the witch-hunt like scheme is still on around me by the Discipline-Committee of the college. The reason behind such a thought was the double meaning message from the double-meaner-Bharat-for-Tanuja. On most times, it would be a joke that would have double-meaning that I could relate to my personal life, sometimes it is to send positive thoughts or feelings. Today it was simple three-line message to send positive feelings, which tells me to feel less insecure.

-OK [0145]