26-Sep-12

I was up by 0800 to the alarm sound. I meditated and I still had some sleep in the eyes, I was in the bathroom by 0830. Babaji was just about to go, and I just casually told him to for a minute but he didn’t. It was nine already, I had to bath but now I simply put anti-perspiring deodorant and come out by 0910. I didn’t have an R5 coin to hand over to the conductor without saying a word, so I just handed him an R10 note and told him to cash out R5. The bus conductor asked me where I was going to drop down; it was expected as I have noticed every time. I lied according as the R5 travelling cost, I told him the next stop and it was done. He was later eyeing me somewhat when the bus had travelled a number of stops after the one that I told him.

I was a little too thoughtful about going to the college in the tiny-bald-hair; I was wondering if I see someone who knows me for changing hair-style. I was thinking about the shape-changer-Megha-ma’am. I had already made it late than 1000, I sent message to Kohli to ask him where he was, he told me to come in Auditorium. I took the lift from a bike that was en-route, it was nice, I was just able to get through the main-gate, the guards did ask for an id but they were easy and as I hopped I just reminded them of my ‘library card’ that they have since 2 weeks now. I entered the auditorium just without making any presumptions. Luckily, I wasn’t late, the show hadn’t even started. I sat on the very first row just on entering the door and as I took out the phone, Sati and Kohli called me from the other side of the same row. They were sitting at the other corner. I went over to them and it was fine. Sati had his huge digital camera with him and he was to capture photos here. Kohli was just cool and he was going to watch the lecture. Megha-ma’am came over to tell Sati a thing or two and she just didn’t give a look here, which was just so cool. It was such a relief that she was ignoring me. Sati roamed around the place to take pictures of faculty who sat in the first row on the other side, Yamini-the-old-slut-principle had also come, our HOD, and some other CSE department teachers had also come, none of whom I knew.

Sati took about three-four very close takes of Anubhav and me while the lecture was on. I think it wasn’t really a requirement but I think, I believe, I feel like that, ‘it was for the discipline-committee’. They just got these pictures of me in the bald-hair-do, should do them good.

After talking non-sense crap about sex, rape, girls etc with the class guys, Apurv, Gaurav, Akash, Dhanraj and all. It was fun and I loved to shout my lungs out while claiming to be the most outward about the topic. They call me psycho, rapist, all of which terms I took in ego and pride. All these guys had liked my hair-do and had passed egotistic comments; I loved it, comparison to Eminem and the American rappers. I got my library-card back from college-security room at the entrance, they had asked for the id but then they just let it go. Faizan gave me ride on his bike to the bus-stop.

I was in the metro-feeder bus and I got this seat next to this voluptuous girl, an endomorph. She had this so cute cat face, her complexion was clean. Her body was puffy; she was like over-weight obviously, but looked extremely cute and hot at the same time. She wore orange top and black jeans, orange is color of girls and black is the color of the crude and the raw. Her phone was a white Black-berry handset and had a pink cover, it was so girly. She wore these small shiny tingling ear-rings, which looked cute with her hair-do that she had tied at the back of her head with a clutched, but her hair were straight and silky and dark brown. She was very cute, with this cat face and those little temporary pimples I think. She was chinky (like Chinese eyes). She was about just as tall as me, maybe an inch or two shorter. Her shoulders were broad, and she wore these pants that were skinny but lose on her belt and legs, that gave the raw and crude appeal to her. No matter how she was, still her entire body had a sex appeal.

I had climbed the bus when it was on the go, I get on it and there was this window-seat empty and the girl just next. She left that space most probably because of the sun-shine. I just sat there next to her. I had purchased this 5R ticket in low voice while handing the R10 note and got the R5 coin back. Just before me, she had purchased an R10 ticket. It was spacious earlier but after a distance, the bus had filled and a little girl had come to sit on this horizontal-bench in the deep. The hot-chick sided towards me and I sat bent forward while putting my elbows on the knees. She was easy in keeping her legs, it would have been very uncomfortable to prevent little bruising with the motion of the bus. I too was easy, though a little thoughtful. I liked her. I had my ticket and the R5 coin in the hand, as I was sitting with my back bent forth, and she sat with her back to the back-rest, she could see my ticket and the coin. I noticed that she was watching the two things, and she would have probably made a wrong guess that I would for sure get down before her if she had R10 ticket and I had R5 ticket, so I just keep coin inside my palm and fold the ticket to tiny roll. She had this girly phone in her hands. She was playing casual with her phone, she would look into it to tap some keys, and then turn it over in her hands, and then she had once put it on her ears. I had already noticed her phone but now she put it in her hands with the front side in clear view. It was so girly, with button like keys and that wallpaper that I didn’t notice and the cover, and then I notice the brand name, it was the ‘Black-Berry’. I was like ‘OMG’ for a second, but then I don’t really take interest in phones. As I was sitting a little uncomfortable, I wished that I too had my back-rest, but I didn’t really bother to set back in the beginning. As I sat, I just noticed that she was seeing my scar on the side of my head, and maybe or maybe not, also the two that were at the back of the head. After a little while, I too shifted back to the back-rest, I was feeling very easy and comfortable now. I noticed one thing that she had kissed her thumb-nail for good luck when the bus had passed from before the temples. It was twice when bus passed from before the temples. First time, there were temples on both sides and she had kissed her thumb-nail for both while turning her sight to them, and also the man who sat before me in the vertical-bench did that once. On the next, she did it again, and it was on my side, I looked at her for the fuck she was doing. I looked at her face and it was around these times that I had noticed her face, otherwise I was just going to give it a miss.

She had turned her face in this direction every time that I would swallow down the saliva, it had happened like three four times but I was casual in doing it and not giving into too much what she was doing. I had control on myself.

Once I had sided to slide the coin in the little pocket on the right, otherwise I had been in quite a thought of how to free my hands up and sit comfortably. I didn’t rub or fall on her in the process. I would only fiddle with ticket-bit in my hand later when I would have to divert my attention.

I realized that I hadn’t made any guesses about her yet. I am sure it was because she had overtaken my brain already by her looks.

It was about the time that the stand was to come in about 10 or so minutes, I noticed the four-five people that were there in the bus. It was a girl, a nerdy college-girl, who had looked here at the girl when I saw her. She didn’t look at me or any other thing on this side. There was this girl who seemed to be about just as old as me and she too wore black and blue, black tight shirt and sky-blue denim. She was a fare complexion, and she seemed heavy and healthy to me. She wore these aviator glasses to prevent the sunshine of course. She had dropped down earlier. She just had these objects, and this objectivity and nothing of the beauty that a girl is supposed to have, she was a fake. Then there was this man with specs and square face, dark complexion and rustic, yes, he sat stretched to this side while sitting on the vertical-bench before me and this hot-chick. He had put his left knee up on the chair and his hand over the back-rest to support his wide open body posture. He looked outside the window, and I noticed he too wasn’t watching the hot-chick. As I notice him, he had given the girl a glimpse and then me and then he again looked outside the window, he looked like a made-up. He definitely had me in his visual-perception, fucker.

Before him, there had been a small girl on the bench when the bus had got little less crowded, and when the girl moved from the side of this hot-chick to go there on the vertical-bench. The hot-chick took her time to do it easy in sliding a little to the side to take the space. I opened up just as she did it and she again gave her neck a slight turn to this side to act like I was coming into her space or something, or like to check my confidence, in case if it were all a fake.

There was this college-boy who sat behind him right stuck to the other side of the bench. He had ear-phones in his ears and his hair-do was also stylish, spikes. He seemed less interesting, but he too didn’t seem to have noticed the girl.

She got up and stood by the exit when the bus was about 2 minutes away from the Noida crossing stand. I kept sitting but then seeing that the bus was to reach the first turn for which one would have to come back from the bus stand, I felt, actually predicted that maybe I would get down the bus with her just as she would request for the bus to stop. I was first thinking that it will give a feeling of following her if I would get up and stand just about her. But then thinking of the benefit of the bus stopping especially for her, I got up and walked one step past her to hold the pole to the right of the exit. This way I would not give an impression of following and also reflect an impressive confidence. The driver had ignored her first call, and she immediately gave the second for him to stop the bus. I had thought of her voice to be heavy or dull but no her voice had the tone in it. I liked, I loved her voice. Both the bus driver and the conductor were ignorant and not paying any attention to her call. Seeing that her first call had been ignored, I had reinforced her immediate second call, by asking for one second of attention from the driver and he simply stopped the bus to let us down.

The bus had come down some distance from the turn in the process; it just gave me 30 seconds of walk with her. I had walked down at my own pace and it seemed to match with her. We were walking side by side with a gap of about 1 meter between us.

It was on the over-bridge that I had come closer to get on the side-walk as there was a man standing with his bike there. It was now she introduced seconds of gap between us by letting me go ahead.

I was on my own now, I got down the stairs, I thought of the good time ending. I got the feeling if she was just a follower and I had turned back on crossing the road and taking two or three steps, it was to see if she even came down the stairs, and no she didn’t do that.

Still I have a very strong feel, that I am being tested, being followed and being watched, and this time way too more professionally and they are now collecting data and using it for psychologists, I feel, damn it. The DISCO (DISCI-COMM) never stopped dancing; it has just gone into the background and to cover me at large, fuck them. Even the last time was a set-up when I had travelled with that brown girl who wore black slacks. There has been cop-car going by the main-street outside the society-gate like about two to three times on some nights. I had, in about the last week, seen one cop-car standing on the turn of the Noida-crossing while I was coming back home from HCL center. I have heard police-siren while being in the HCL-center quite a number of times, and also sometimes seen them near bus-stand.

I was back at home by 1500, I had eaten lunch, and I had tea around 1600, I didn’t want to sleep though I was very much tired to do that. I was about to take out Notebook to work but I was correcting the alignment of the books. I sat around 1730 and at 1830, I was eating early on this seventh day. Babaji would want to watch Jain-muni on this Jain channel and when I put on the VH1, he would be shouting high on me. I was over by that by 1900, since then I have writing, damn it, I hate myself for this.

Amma, slick-bitch and fat-whore have this stupid-show that shows rapes. These days it irks me a bit, I hate it, but the girls that they show are extremely sexy and worth watching, I love them, I love the show myself but at the same time, I hate it for the story-line. What the fuck, it is anyhow just a show, showing slutty sexy sassy classy women in negative and domestic-criminal sort of act, just what earns them money, bitches, fuck them.

I had left message to Gaurav and Sneha from HCL to ask them for tomorrow but neither one replied, WTF.

My latest and the stupidest fear is that, since now my pictures have been taken and I’m being studied for special case of psychological uniqueness. The college people are fucking trying to read my ways of living life and seeking attention.

I got off of the Notebook and sat. Sneha replied around 2315. I started studies by 2330 but I was again writing about the girl in the bus and thinking about the incidents that make it all look like a fake, it was from 0000 till 0100. I studied until 0230 and then I was asleep after 20-deep-breath.

-OK