

2007 May 31 Thu

Woke up this morning - I'd obviously had a couple of radiation free or low radiation hours of sleep - because my body felt cool, and I was actually feeling refreshed. The radiation promptly started up again some minutes later- time for me to "get up from bed" as per the paandi's ritualistic sadism rites. Male voice from below "You thought you were safe ?"

Outside newspapers on the stair landing had been exchanged - same problem with the news delivery fellow again, giving Monish Das my paper (Hindu) and outside my door the Business standard. I exchanged the papers.

Now 11:25am in my study, am being targeted with low radiation - skin sunburn sensation. From the radiation pattern, probably another menon family pervert, not BMs elder daughter.

12noon and the radiation has increased - now something targeting my head - pressure and tightness sensation throughout head.

12:40pm - went to bathroom and was promptly targeted while sitting on commode. Giggling noises downstairs - not sure if BMs elder daughter back. When I got back to study, same radiation, much higher, targeting chest and head - chest constriction sensation, headache.

2007 May 30 Wed

When I got up in the morning, the marwari paandi in the lower berth in next compartment was gone. Fellow below me in lower berth normal, another fellow in the compartment opposite me also normal, but the railway couple was another matter - when I got down from my berth in the morning, wife asking husband why I had jumped from my berth. Husband replying that I was a parachutist, I must be practicing, I had a bad knee, adding for good measure "woh thendiya nahin hai".

This went on all day long, the wife alternately sleeping and waking up to respond to the background paandi drama with questions about me, and the husband elaborating each of his answers to assure her "woh thendiya nahin hai". Husband had henna dyed hair, small daughter called Priya.

Another paandi family in the bogey, or maybe just more obnoxious "Indian citizens", sending a small girl to check me out - she came close by and shouted "Bheja fry!". Then turning to them "Woh bheja fry nahin hai?" then giggling and running back.

Full entourage of paandis - americans, nagappa et al in neighbouring bogeys, doing the usual alternating sobbing "we are all going to hell" and threatening "There's nothing you can do!" routine.

Arrived in Bangalore around 10pm - got back home - about five minutes after I got into the flat, activity below me and the radiation started. When I went to bed, radiation picking up slowly - shouted out. After some time, the same "inspector" arrived to do a street session to ask who was torturing me. I had assumed it was AMs brother. Some paandis shouting it was "Ashok Menons brother in law".

2007 May 29 Tue

Arrived Dadar terminus around 8am - as I was leaving the station, a taxi driver youth came up. Had to go to Peddar road (Kanchenjunga building) for my visa interview at the Italy consulate. Got thoroughly and comprehensively conned - the youth showing me a card with meter rates, telling me it was about 16-17km away - another marwari youth jumped into the front seat outside the station, seemed to be preoccupied with something in his lap all the time. I was tired

and confused.

After about ten minutes drive we arrived - the fellows telling me the meter reading was 22.40 - but the windshield glass was obscured, couldn't see it, and card fare was Rs 455. I actually

paid it - gave a Rs 500 note, after taking it, he gave it back after a few seconds, there was a neat fresh tear in the bottom (these were almost new notes, from an ATM). I didn't argue, gave him another, then after some more to and fro with the change (involving a hundred rupee note for some reason for a while), got out - with the two assuring me that the rates here were more than Delhi and Bangalore because the taxis ran on petrol. There were two more affluent Marwaris in a luxury car at the side of the road. The passenger saying "koi baat nahin karega uske saath".

10am appointment, around 11 am the interviews started. By this time the entire paandi entourage was in the vicinity - the marwaris, the americans - all present. I was called in, three indians at the interview stations marked operator #1, 2 and 3. A male on the left, the other two females. I got no. 2 - they were obviously quite prepared for me because the nautanki began. Despite the crowd of applicants waiting, operator 1 and 3 stopped what they were doing and turned in their chairs to face no. 2 - then it started. Despite asking for my IT returns for the past 3 years, and my bank transactions for the past year - sent more than a week ago, No. 2 was in a state of nautanki disbelief regarding my income when I said the return from my investments was more than enough. Just a glance through my IT returns and the bank transactions would have been enough to not require any interrogation. I had to tell her I was working for a private company that went public and I had stock in the company etc. At this the female on her left, nodding her head wisely, told her "He stole the money." Almost simultaneously, the fellow on her right, also nodding, "Hamaara naam kharaab karega...". No. 2 asked me which company. I said "Genesis Microchip" and No. 2 and No. 3 nodded as if that was indeed confirmed. No. 2 continued "you are not working at all ?" I confirmed that I was indeed not working at all, but then added that I had done a bit of voluntary work for an NGO, and for good measure said that I had not been paid at all. No. 2 didn't like that, screwed up her face.

Then No. 2 wanted to know how many days I would spend in Italy. I replied that my current plans were to spend a day in Rome before going to Sofia, then about 2 days sightseeing on my return from Sofia, but depending on the flying conditions in Bulgaria, could return to Italy earlier. She repeated the question, I repeated the answer. She then screwed up her face again and said "You keep saying the same thing" and asked the question again. This was too much even for the fellow sitting in a chair just behind me, waiting to be interviewed - he was even more frustrated than I was ! Muttering "He already answered your question!" - possibly jeopardizing his visa as well.

No. 2 then said I had to have a Bulgaria visa before applying for the Schengen visa. I replied that I was not asking for a transit visa, but a multiple entry tourist visa. And in any case, my cover letter clearly stated that I was planning to visit Bulgaria as well. The VFS visa application screening office in Bangalore had phoned me after accepting my application (and the fees of Rs 4176) saying that the consulate was not accepting applications until "10 days before your flight" (incredible). I had replied that I had to apply for my Bulgarian visa as well, so that was not possible. She'd then replied OK, if the consulate has a problem with your application they will phone you. I'd not received any phone call.

No. 2 then screwed up her face again and told me "don't get worked up". I replied that I'd traveled from Bangalore just for this - she then told me to "go wait outside". Waited outside for half an hour. The scumbags inside must have been loudly talking about me, because yet another visa applicant came out and talking angrily to his wife, said "these people are dogs! They're not going to give him a visa.." Another woman, a foreigner, loudly shouting at them "you ought be ashamed of yourselves! How can you support these people!"

After half an hour was called in again. This time I was being targeted by the paandi perverts from somewhere very close by - stumbling, jerking movements when I responded to being told to sit in a chair on the left.

Now an Italian male was also present, standing behind operators 1, 2 and 3. When I was called up - again the same scenario (No. 1 and 3 apparently had no customers again, doing the stereo paandi routine with No. 2 as the centre channel). No. 2 told me I would have to get the Bulgarian visa. Asked her if I would have to come back to Mumbai for another interview - she didn't say anything, fiddling with the documents. Repeated the question. She then smiled and said "Maybe". I asked her if I could get a refund for the visa application, she said no - but apparently that shook them. Operator 3 telling no. 2 in a sarcastic tone, mimicking me " 'Its getting late' ? He has one month before his travel". Then the Italian male made a show of going through my documents, telling me "when you get a bulgarian visa, you'll get the visa" - operators 1, 2, and 3 not happy with this, shaking their heads. I said that I had a valid multiple entry US visa and a multiple entry Canada visa, what was the problem? This they were expecting, all four of them nodded, but said nothing. Then no. 2 said my passport would be returned to VFS, I could pick it up from them. Operator no. 1 muttering to her, telling her I had already paid the courier fees to have the passport sent to my address. (Which was true, it was an additional charge of Rs 151). No. 2 replying right in front of me "I'm not going to take the risk. If they do something, it will be on my head". I said this was unbelievable, why not give me the passport. She refused. I said "I'm right here, do i need to show you some id?". At this the italian male standing behind them had apparently had enough of me - telling no. 2 "They're right, he is an asshole". He told her to put a visa denied stamp in my passport and to write a letter to the embassy "not to entertain any application from him". Saw no. 2 put a stamp on my passport - she looked thoroughly nervous now.

Can only hope that operators 1, 2 and 3 were Italian citizens - it would be some relief from the never ending onslaught of desi corruption, deviousness, degeneracy and "comment passing".

Outside the consulate, a bunch of cops on security duty - asked a fellow standing nearby about the taxi rate to Lokmanya Tilak terminus station - this got all of them talking. One cop asking "Kahe ko kar rahe..?" Another one saying I had paid Rs450 for the trip from Dadar. Someone saying "Yeh unka dhanda hai" - another one responding "unke jaat ka nishaan hai".

LT terminus (Kurla) was about a half hour taxi ride away and the rate was Rs 167 ! It made my day, a ray of sunshine in a polluted day, in a polluted country.

Night train back (Coimbatore Express) - I spent the day at Kurla station. Full paandi entourage around the terminus - now including two Nimhans paandis (one male and one female), another paandi apparently acting the role of Priyamvada Singh ("my father has gone to delhi..."), Nagappa et al. Nimhans paandis doing their routine - the woman giggling "we are all on special duty", then local cops arriving "inko thaana le jao".

11pm - train arrived. Got side upper berth 24 in A1 bogey - opposite me in the compartment, a railway officer, sycophants coming up to make sure he and his family was taken care of.

Radiation started up almost a few seconds after his luggage was all stowed. Later as I was almost asleep (another station I think), woken up by a tall middle aged marwari in jeans being escorted in and getting the side berth below me in the next compartment. One of the paandis - I think maybe the one in the car who had made a comment to me "koi baat nahin karega uske saat" that morning when I arrived at Peddar road.

Radiation all night. Early am woken up again, some marwari in conversation with the paandi - "yeh bahut buri baat hai", asking the paandi if I would not be able to sell my plane ticket, the fellow responding it was in my name. Then something about having to pay a fine. Response -

"ham paisa nahin denge".

2007 May 28 Mon

Previous night, two cops outside the flat doing a nautanki routine - discussing a video of me apparently taken by the paandis after targeting me with radiation as I lay in bed at night - it was supposed to show me urinating in bed - the junior cop telling the senior that the fellow responsible was the marwari Prasad who was living below me in Maple apartments. (I'd already given his name

in my report to Nagappa in the year 2003AD).

The senior cop asking for him to be brought to him - some time later, loud shouts, the marwari had apparently been brought there and was loudly threatening me. Then heard a noise, according

to the nautanki script, the senior cop had hit the paandi, then ordered him to be taken to the hospital and released. After some more time, the junior cop coming back to inform the senior that the marwari was now threatening to kill me.

BMs elder daughter targeting me through the night. At one point I was woken up with intense focused radiation targeting my head, the sadistic little whore had climbed up on something and was muttering something just below the floor - close to my head. When I shouted out, police fellows outside came into the Menon flat - heard some chains clinking, the nasty animal sobbing "I don't know what to do...". Same script used by her elder Menon relatives including her mother.

Then another script replication, two cops in the room below me - apparently looking for the equipment. They obviously found it - they were below my master bedroom bathroom from the sounds, heard clicking noises - pinpoint radiation targeting left side of my head as I lay on my back, like a needle. Satan jr. outside quite thrilled - "They turned on the laser!" - that lasted for about ten seconds. Then after that something else turned on - left side of my head going deaf, numb sensation. This also lasted for about half a minute. The junior cop in a wondering tone telling the senior that the radiation was having no effect on me. The senior cop telling him that it was. Then heard the senior cop telling the other to turn off the equipment, then he was right below me wandering around the room.

Heard the two discussing BMs elder daughter - the senior fellow telling the junior that Nimhans had released her because there was no one to give her food, she was refusing to eat the hospital food, saying she would vomit.

Then the two left - about five minutes later, another paandi slithered into the room below me and the radiation started up again. It was a male - possibly Ashok Menons brother.

Outside malayalam homodrama and others quite excited - saying the senior cop was the new Indiranagar police inspector - I had heard ACP Nagaraja mention that PI Lokesh had left, the new inspector at Indiranagar station was a "Swamy".

Early am heard the same senior cop threatening me "namme ellam rogi patti alla", warning me not to make enemies of the cops. Real mafia thugs...

Took 7:30am train to Mumbai Dadar from Yeshwanthpur station - to go to Italy Consulate for my visa interview. As usual, the paandis were packed into the neighbouring compartments. Side upper berth 6 in A1 bogey - below me - a full blown homosexual feces pervers on the lines of the marwari youth who'd been behind me on a Pune bus trip some years ago. In the berths across from me - two punjabi elderly couples. They noticed what the paandi below me was doing - commenting on his actions. Railway staff attendants and the ticket inspector putting on a show - trying to make me think that the two couples were part of the paandi group, repeatedly hassling them for their tickets, but ignoring the paandi below me.

Was targeted by the paandi below me - the rest of the paandi entourage wandering around as usual in neighbouring compartments - the americans including the "reporters" - all present. Early Tuesday morning when I woke up I found the paandi below me had been replaced by another

paandi - very similar facial features, but gray hair. He got off before Dadar station, but just before getting off, did the paandi routine - popping his head back into the corridor to inform me in a low voice "ham sab kutte nahin hain".

2006 May 27 Sun

Bangalore police farce out last night - the american desi paandis joined this time by the fellow they refer to as "sardarji". First BMs elder daughter targeting me, then Ashok Menons brother below

me targeting me. Finally fell asleep, woken up by rapping sound on the front door - not sure who, again plenty of suspects - Monish Das, the security guard etc. Outside two nimhans paandis in competition - the female nimhans stalker immediately starting up "Doctor this is inhuman"

and the male Nimhans paandi going "he has extra sensory perception" - he had apparently given the instructions to have me woken up. Then the police farce officers strolling by to sympathize with me - tut-tutting that the paandis would not let me sleep. Down below AMs brother enjoying himself, chuckling - he had the radiation on, at discomfort level, targeting my abdomen. After about 5 minutes, the nimhans female paandi giving "orders" from the street "Mr. Menon, you can turn it off now". Mr. Menon continuing to keep the radiation on. No sleep after that till morning - got up from bed around 10:30am, radiation was targeting my head while I was sleeping.

Nagappa and co. making their mandatory appearance during the night as well - first time apparently under "medication", the second time quite chirpy. Full complement of gora paandis under police farce escort.

Now 11am in my study, being targeted from below by Ashok Menons brother. Have a headache in front of head.

2007 May 26 Sat

No sleep last night - BMs elder daughter targeting me through the night, enough radiation to prevent me from falling asleep. Vinay from 121 loudly reassuring his wife that nothing would happen to them - then Rahul from 111 and his wife finally coming up with the reason why the paandi neighbours are so confident, claiming that all my paandi neighbours had bribed the cops again ! She was bawling that they couldn't afford to pay any more !!

And then read today's newspaper report about an estimate of Rs2630crore being paid in bribes last year to the Indian judiciary, with 61% paid through lawyers...

More middle of night nautanki with a new female nimhans paandi arriving to threaten the paandi neighbours and to tell me from the street that Nimhans would apologize to me formally ... but I've been hearing this "going to..", "in a few days..." for the past few years, with the speeches made on the street usually in the middle of the night. Have to admit the new nautanki actors seem

to have better skills when it comes to showing off their midnight "outrage".

The best midnight paandi nautanki line I heard was a couple of years ago "Mr. Nair, you have the protection of the Indian government", with one of the paandi cops doing a stage whisper "Defense Secretary !"...

Now 11am in my study, for the past couple of hours, the Menon females have been targeting me.

Sunburn sensation on upper body.

2:35pm - radiation in study picked up. A bit later after I shouted, heard AMs brother do a routine "I'm taking my medication. I don't know what came over me - I won't do it again" Now 4:30pm and the radiation in my study is up again.

7pm - high radiation in living room, appeared BMs elder daughter targeting me again.

2007 May 24 Thu

Last night my shouting out brought one of the paandi cops into the building, to whisper from below on the stair landing, "thaaye vanaal ninde jeevan povum" - then leaving the building, to shout "ende saarikye paticho?"

Menon radiation session continued through the night, with a little bickering amongst the participants.

Monish Das and the Menons doing a surreal routine - basically pissed off that they are being given a hard time, since no one has any "proof" of the torture, and there are "no witnesses". Lamenting the injustice of their situation.

I'd heard one of the Nimhans paandis warn the Menons that Bindu Menon had given detailed information about what the Menons had been doing in the past few years, and her loving elder daughter promptly retorted "She's mad". But she conducts her radiation torture and porno peeping sessions with the refrain "I want my mother back". A real cold-blooded psycho.

Outside, the cops and the american paandis doing a dramatic "byappanahalli inspector has been suspended", followed by "inspector is going to be called for a disciplinary hearing", then the "ha ha, we got you" "nothing has happened to the inspector" routine.

All the paandis in overdrive sobbing and tragedy mode - while the radiation stays at the same level.

You really can fool all the people all the time here - soap opera dramatic monologues and routines with a straight man doing the prompting - even recycling the same scripts, no problem - they just stand in the street and open the hose until the tank is empty, then promptly disappear. Or do a quick walk by rant - that guarantees that they don't run out of material during the time they are on stage.

Now 10am in my study, radiation from Monish Das flat on the right, and the Menons below.

1:20pm, Menon paandis increasing the radiation to see if I would shout - I did, and my study window was wide open - radiation came down a bit.

Again noticing the sewage smell now that my study window is open - coming in waves.

8pm - watching TV in living room, continuing radiation.

2007 May 23 Wed

The Menon paandis waited until I fell asleep yesterday to start targeting me - woke up with a severe headache in left front of head - thats normally the side thats facing down on the bed. The headache lasted for about half an hour after I turned over. Now 10:15am and still have a residual ache and numbness in the head. It was AMs brother targeting me. At one point it appeared the SHO from Byappanahalli station had arrived to do the witness prevention routine.

Morning nautanki with AM brother being "taken away", the remaining Menon females promptly targeting me in my study. Shouted out a few times as loudly as I could, radiation came down a bit, door slamming downstairs.

5pm in study - Menons targeting me with radiation. Thunderstorm - I left the study window open, cool wind on face, high heat sensation on body. As I typed this, Monish Das on right making grunting noises.

6:30 in living room, targeted from Menons flat as I sat on sofa - first my hand - skin prickling, then focused on my upper body - high heat.

2007 May 22 Tue

Last night while watching TV got sense that I was being targeted by radiation from someone on the terrace, got up, went upstairs, when I opened the door from stair landing on to the terrace, heard sound of Monish Das's balcony door being slammed.

Strong radiation all night - BMs elder daughter targeting me from below. At one point it appeared that a punjabi journalist possibly Tehelka again - had shown up. Doing his routine on the street - "he won't cooperate with us" then leaving.

These filthy crooks get awards for investigative journalism ? Supporting Monish Das's ex girlfriend

- "She is part of our heritage!" - apparently because she was from a punjabi royal family. This was the girl who was encouraging MD to have a confrontation with me, so that she could "stick a knife" in me ...

Now 10:45am - radiation in study already picked up - Menon female targeting me.

2007 May 21 Mon

High radiation last evening while watching TV - BMs elder daughter targeting me.

Last night woken up by radiation, sound of footsteps on the terrace - male voice "We are sadists!" Outside a male paandi and the homosexual american voyeur together watching me in bed - the fellow then saying something about issuing an order "tomorrow".

Then woken up again some time later by knocking on the door - did not repeat. Possibly building security guard - voices from outside maybe cops, one saying "saare, avaru thoppa aanu".

BMs elder daughter targeting me through the night, but the level was lower than previous night, increased in the morning as usual when she decided I needed to get up from bed.

Early am Nimp and Satan jr. competing with each other "They're taking his temperature!" "Soda water bottle!" etc.

Now 10:15am and BMs elder daughter below me targeting me and muttering, Monish Das also set up on the right. Prickly skin sensation on upper body, and inside of upper arms, chest constriction sensation. 5 minutes later, MD also targeting me now - suspect he was the one upstairs on the terrace last night when I was woken up.

10:45am - continued high radiation - dry heat, sunburn sensation developing.

6pm - high radiation in study all day, BMs elder daughter targeting me. As usual, from the

paandi nautanki out on the street, the police are doing everything possible under the sun to help me - except stopping the radiation torture, pornographic surveillance, stalking and poisoning. The number of paandi stalkers surrounding me growing every day.

BMs elder daughter continuing to target me from below - 9pm in my study - high radiation.

2007 May 20 Sun

Yesterday it seemed that my study and bedroom had been hardwired for the radiation, not requiring someone to set up the equipment - walking out of my study into my living room and sitting down at the dining table, then returning to the study - a marked difference - immediate sensation of discomfort, prickling skin and sunburn.

Similarly for my bedroom, last night it appeared Ashok Menons brother had set up the radiation equipment there before I went to bed. Shouted out a few times, no effect, the Menon paandis kept the radiation up. At one point I woke up, got the sensation the radiation was on my face as I lay on my back. Got up, went up to the terrace with my lathi - no one there, went back to bed.

About ten minutes later, paandi nautanki - I thought I heard a couple of knocks on my door, but it didn't repeat. Then heard male nimhans pervert outside starting up a routine - going after some residents from a neighbouring building with Nagappa in company. Supporting Nagappa, saying he was a "gold medal winning" officer. Finishing off by saying that "tomorrow" he would authorize my commitment to a mental hospital. This brought out all the hitherto silent actors - another nimhans female paandi stalker, "Doctor, this is too much!" and the "intelligence officer" who said that if he did that, "ninde jeevan povum". Then another police officer (an ACP?) who I heard telling a junior to add the male nimhans paandi to the list of Nimhans paandi names in his report. Heard a fellow possibly malayalam homodrama claim that the male paandi was the head of the psychiatric ward at Nimhans, a Dr. Pandey- if thats true the name is appropriate.

I remember one of my aunts telling me that my grand-uncle, an ICS officer, was responsible for setting up Nimhans during his tenure as Health Secretary - glad he is not alive to see the corrupt and pompous degenerates that are running the place now.

A couple of minutes later, heard a scraping sound from inside my wardrobe, and the voice of AMs brother just below - he must have climbed up on something to do whatever he was doing - then heard Nagaswamy/Nagendra tell the senior police officer that Total Environment had built channels into the wall for the Menon paandis to insert surveillance equipment. The senior police officer asking N if the paandis could enter my flat through any of the channels and N responding in the negative. Insisting that the torture equipment was very small, "cheriye saanam, saare". Satan jr. and Nimp chorusing "it looks like a flashlight" in excitement. Thats possible - thats probably how they are able to target me from close quarters in places like cinema theatres, malls etc. But some of the flashlights must be rather heavy - the Menons drag equipment on the floor instead of lifting it.

Now 10:20am and the Menons have increased the radiation level in my study - upper body, head being targeted.

11:35am, high radiation, Menons elder daughter muttering below me and targeting me.

2:35pm - radiation in study increased - from Menon flat.

Evening - now 8:25pm in my study, Menon females continuing to target me.

2007 May 19 Sat

Yesterday when I left the building late in the morning, the lift wasn't working, so walked down

the stairs. On stair landing walked by a girl/woman - very strange, face make up, bindi, hair styling of a young woman, body of a child - BMs elder daughter or yet another perverted Menon relative? She was definitely not expecting me to walk down the stairs, face registering shock, then averting her face.

Rony in the garage next to his vehicle with his child, making some remark about my having sexual relations with Marwari women.

Radiation all of last night - slept little. Commotion on Nagavarapalya Main Road, recycled nautanki script - police officers escorting a senior honcho who was as usual asking the american perverts to "come down". Strange why they insist on shouting from the street instead of going up to the flat and knocking on the door. Of course Satan jr. responded with his trademark "fuck you" and the patriotic and dedicated senior govt. officer of the Republic of India (independent since 1947) changed tack, extended the 'he had sex with Marwari women' routine, asking was it true I had fathered children by Marwari women. Police officer defending me, saying that semen had been extracted from me at Hosmat hospital while I was under anaesthesia.... (no kidding... they love this stuff. No need to arrest or convict anybody, just stand on the street and open the sewage hose...)

BM's elder daughter targeting me all night. Early, maybe around 3am, was woken up again by a noise, it appeared someone was trying to open my front door. Heard my sprinkler on the balcony lawn - had forgotten to turn it off. Went out to shut it off and no surprise, the paandi in the Geetanjali classic building directly opposite my flat was awake, walking around like a caged animal - lights on in the flat. His flat has the lights on all night long, every night !

Recently a new pattern emerging, when I shout out at night, the police engage the American perverts on Nagavarapalya Road in a distraction routine - Nimp going "Uncle, uncle!", Satan jr. doing his routine .. while the Menons keep the radiation on at full level.

On Tuesday this week when I had gone to my bank (IOB) on 12th Main, HAL 2, the tamil paandi group of officers there was in overdrive - the "baasmam on forehead" fellow leading the pack, continuous commentary on the "kooda" of my friends that had been cracked by the police, the ones who were looking at my emails etc., how my friends were claiming that they had made a lot of mistakes etc.

I'd gone to the bank to get a statement of my account for my tax filing and for the schengen visa application - when I mentioned "C.A.", the same paandi bank officer compulsively responding - commenting on exactly how much I was paying my C.A. to file my returns, that there was no need to pay so much, etc. The usual paandi routine, responding to anything I said with an descriptive elaboration to show how much detailed information he had about me.

Another tamil officer there assuring the others, that the matter would never make it to court, as I was mentally confused and would not be able to withstand questioning. Another fellow who was stamping the printout of my account statement trying to verify this, interrogating me as to how many sheets of paper there were, what the period of dates covered by the printout was etc.

I was wondering what that was about, then today saw a report in the paper about the Lokayukta Santosh Hegde requesting the services of MD Singh for an investigation, and it struck me that in my verbal statement recorded at the ACPs office on May 12th, I'd said that I'd submitted a complaint to the LokAyukta Vigilance Commissioner 'Madiyal' instead of 'MD Singh'. The paandis must be all excited about this.

Now 10:15am in my study, radiation level up a notch, sunburn sensation - Menons targeting me from below.

12:15pm - strong focused radiation - BMs elder daughter following me around below as I moved between kitchen and study. Headache now.

Went out around noon - in garage, fellow with a striking resemblance to Ashok Menon, maybe his brother ? pulled up into the Menons parking spot in the Honda City ZX - girls stayed in the car while the fellow went up - I stalled, went to check my letter box for mail, they still stayed in the car. This fellow is rather effeminate in his bearing. Someone outside commenting "ellam penne aanu"...

After I got back home, the same fellow downstairs targeting me with radiation. Each time I went to my study - the fellow would get below me and focus the radiation. While the women did a sob nautanki - "they're going to send us to hospital/jail". Now 3:50pm in my study - high radiation.