

2007 August 29, Wed

Strong radiation targeting my head all night from Menons flat – unable to sleep much. Got up early. Now 9:15am, Menons continuing to target my head as I sit in my study – heat, pressure sensation, ache in head. Monish Das behind the wall on right also targeting me now.

American homosexual “reporter” was accompanied by another paandi Indian woman using his equipment to peep at me all night – in Geetanjali Classic building opposite.

Have been updating my log with the events in Bulgaria and Italy today, and the paandi brigade is in a fever of anticipation, waiting for me to update my website. I wonder if it is just the excitement of seeing themselves mentioned or if they also are rewarded for every “hit” in my daily log – Cherrapunji and Naga\* certainly go out of their way to get my attention. It's definitely a good way of convincing their paymasters that they are earning their money – they may just come around and ask me to sign a copy of the log for proof before they go asking for a diwali bonus ...

2007 august 28 tue

Went to bed late last night - after midnight. Menon paandis below frustrated as I sat in my study. Then I was unable to sleep for a long while. Cherrapunji outside the building telling the menon paandis that I was unable to sleep, "avaruke kuttanam" - paandis below promptly increasing the radiation. I shouted out loudly a few times, and the level came down a bit. Cherrapunji shrieking "ende joli poyee" .. again in the morning wake up call high radiation.

Satan jr. and Nimp bringing up a long litany of various names of acquaintances, office colleagues etc. right from the days I was working in Siemens Medical systems in the US in 1992 (Vladimir) through my return to India in 1997 (Phadnis) all the way to the present (Shakuntala) - apparently all of them were corroborating my story by talking to "them".

The daily paandi script has been a hysterical, shrieking random selection and combination of phrases from the following pool ...

The Menons

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What are we going to do ? (Miss Menon)  
My mother is going to jail ...(Miss Menon)  
She's a good girl ! (Miss Menon)  
Don't worry, I will avenge this.. (Mr. Menon)  
Nammade porthe patti (Mrs Menon)  
Paniker chetan is going to kill you (sundry menons)  
We are following instructions (sundry menons)  
I'm not doing anything (sundry menons)  
How can they do that? he doesn't have any witnesses ! (sundry menons)  
This is an Army operation! (sundry menons)  
Your mother ... (sundry menons)  
Your father ... (sundry menons)

Monish Das

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We've got him now !

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We can fix him  
Finish him off !  
Nothing will happen

The Balivadas

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Don't worry, we are not going to say anything bad about him  
We have learnt our lesson (usually followed a day or so later by more deranged behaviour)  
He is misusing his powers  
Your mother ...  
Nothing will happen

Paandi police

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Saare, Saare ! (Cherrapunji, bawling as usual ..)  
Saare, nee patti aane! (Naga\*)  
Ellam kootam ponu ! (Naga\*)  
Ende joli poyi ! (Naga\*/Cherrapunji)  
Saarede adithe poarde .. (local SP - threatening witnesses)  
Saare, adangi irikye ... (Naga\*)  
Saare vellaandi irikyine, doctor vilikye (Naga\* )  
Pudiye information vannu ... (Naga\*)  
Pudiye report vannu ... (Naga\*)  
Nalle rahasyam ... (Naga\*)  
Judge maare patti aane ... (Naga\*)  
Evarude thala potti .. (paandi cop – local SP ,usually regarding Naga\* and Cherrapunji )  
Police kaare ke kootam pono ? (Miscellaneous and sundry paandi cops )  
Evarude joli poyi, vonnam cheyenda .. (ditto)  
Avaru naxalite aane (ditto)  
Avare vittu ... (ditto)  
Avare poyi ... (ditto)  
Saare kadichila ... (ditto)  
Avaruke okkula ... (ditto)  
Ivare velliye aale aanu (ditto)  
Avarake eyithe kitti (ditto)  
Nammade pere koditho? (ditto)  
Koriche divasum aaum ...

Visiting marwari/punjabi paandi "spectator"

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Uska koi kasoore nahin hai?  
Hamaara naam barbaad karega, to aisa ...

Satan jr. aka Michael ?

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Please don't talk to him ...  
Fuck you!  
He's famous !  
He's stupid ..  
I'll kill him !  
He's getting nervous !  
He's not angry !  
Dinkel Acker !  
He's dangerous !  
He's a genius !  
He's leaving !  
They're looking at his face !  
He's a good boy !  
He's registered !  
He's a baby !  
They believe him !  
Do something !

He's doing something!  
Masturbation !  
Internet !  
Gameboy !  
He's a baby killer !  
(now that I wrote this, I don't think I have ever heard this degenerate "social engineer" utter sentences longer than this)

Nimp

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You bastard/rascal !  
They think he's god !  
He's/All of us are programmable !  
He's got all kinds of medical problems !  
No one will talk to him !  
He's a pervert !  
He has a business mind !  
Don't worry !  
He's looking for oxygen !  
All my children ...  
New development !  
He's a policeman!  
No improvement !  
You are a dead man !  
They're talking to <xyz> ! (for a few days now xyz has been "adjutant general")  
They're laughing at him ...  
Every day, he's <xyz> ...  
Computer !  
This operation is guaranteed !  
IIT danger!  
He has control problems !  
Michael/Jackie/Fakruddin/Rajkumar is going to kill you!

"Senior Government Officer":

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This operation is over !  
You are/ He is finished !  
He has a sickness !  
We/They are all educated ...  
It will take a few more days ...  
Don't worry Mr. Nair, you have the protection of the Indian government  
Don't worry Mr. Nair, your story will be heard ...

Nimhans psychopaths (generally female)

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He has all kinds of sexual problems ...  
He has made a laughing stock of Nimhans ...  
He has destroyed this family !

"Audience"

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Ellam poyiche !  
Evare patichu !  
Ivarade kooda potti ...  
Nupathe pere case adikyam ponu ..  
Ellam patti aanu...

Rande pere pidichu ...  
Chief Minister ke kootam pono?  
Doctor ke kootam pono?  
Avare ellam malayali/tamil/punjabi/marwari/business kaare aanu ...

Accompanied by high speed driving, screeching brakes, slamming of doors, ambulances with sirens blaring, and always with the paandi cops keeping vigil ...

And the 24 hour radiation, peeping tom perversion, and opportunistic poisoning continues as before ...

**I wonder if there are other so-called independent “nations” where the citizens and government employees will so readily commit perverted sex crimes against their own citizens, at the request of foreign degenerates... in return for voyeur pornography, overseas junkets, cash and opportunities for sadism.**

Now 5:30pm in my study, severe headache for past few hours, Menon paandis have been focusing their attention exclusively on my head this afternoon.

2007 august 27 mon

The menon paandis waiting last night for me to go to bed - then very strong radiation, shouted out almost continuously for several minutes. Apparently this was all planned, Ashok Balivada out to give a police complaint against me, intercepted by the paandi cops who were watching outside - threatening him "saaride kuttam pariyade" - ensuring that the situation did not get into a potential crisis with witnesses appearing on my behalf. Heard him doing the quick turnaround apology "Leave me alone, don't worry, I wont say anything bad about him" ... This was followed by a paandi cop – it appears to be the local SP - threatening the neighbourhood witnesses "saaride adithe poardey".

Radiation continued. This morning a new paandi game - woman on the building intercom phone asking for security. Then two more calls again - a woman going "halloo? Is this security?" – from Menons flat. The last time I asked "Who is this?" - she quickly hung up. Outside Naga\* doing his little nautanki act "nyaan parniyo, angane cheyine?"

Grocery shopping today - at Fabmall on Thippusundara road, marwari couple followed me and did the paandi routine to get some attention "They think he's god ?" Something about how I had been caught eating meat and playing cards. Wife doing the patient, tolerant, straight man act "Uska koi kasoor nahin hai?" They did the usual paandi routine of buying some snacks and coming behind me in the checkout counter, male brushing against me - making sure i noticed that the first item he put on the checkout shelf was the same packet of biscuits that I had just purchased. Outside Naga\* and Cherrapunji and Satan jr. all shouting simultaneously that nothing needed to be done, all the paandis had all lost their jobs etc. The Fabmall paandi employees enjoying the entertainment immensely - the ones who had been in contact with the paandis to view their collection of pornography. The others telling me from the background "saare, namme ellam patti illa"

When I drove back to the flat, Sudha Balivada outside the building with her daughter on the road, as I passed her, she muttered "don't worry, we are not going to say anything bad about you".

The menon paandis for the past few days have transitioned into a new radiation pattern - during the day, they continue to follow me around the flat, but the radiation is usually at discomfort level, increasing it only occasionally - maybe 5 or 6 times during the day to the point where it becomes intense - usually when I am on the commode or eating etc.

But they are now waiting for me to go to bed - no worries about my shouting out at night, they keep the radiation level up even as I shout, for several minutes. This is usually followed by a set up nautanki outside with paandi cops, their own organized audience for a q&a session, the paandis outside bawling, shouting, cackling, threatening etc. Then each time I fall asleep, the radiation is increased - then a respite in the early am - discomfort level radiation, then making sure I do not stay in bed - morning wake up call by the change in shift - "miss menon" comes in to target me - often this is accompanied by smell of agarbattis burning - sadism is apparently part of their rituals.

Now 8:45pm and I am in my study - the Menon paandis are giving me their test bursts of radiation - skin on upper body prickling. "miss menon" below me doing the honours. She seems to be impatient for me to go to bed.

2007 August 25 Sat

Very high radiation last night targeting my head - it was Ashok Menons brother "Mr. Menon" giving me the treatment - even while the paandi cops stepped up their nautanki to the next level. Heard knocking on door in middle of night, an English speaking paandi outside speaking to Monish Das, heard him saying something about MD being charged with ... and MD replying that he was not going anywhere without his lawyer.

Simultaneously below me "Mr. Menon" increasing the radiation - each time I shouted, he would then reduce it to discomfort level, then as I fell asleep again, increase the radiation. No sleep again last night.

The Menons in the morning doing their usual act "what are we going to do?" while they kept the radiation on - outside more of the paandi cops keeping up the nautanki of being called to testify before this novel invention of a "secret" court - Cherrapunji and Naga\* threatening that they would spill the beans etc. More paandi cops and assorted "random" bystanders arriving on NM road to do a half-hearted nautanki of supporting the paandis and threatening me, keeping up the nautanki of the "secret" court hearing that was just about to deliver "imminent" justice - even while the core degenerates hooted with derision, giggled and sobbed, and the Menons did their usual routine below me while continuing to target me - woman dramatically telling "Miss Menon" that her mother had confessed to everything, that "Mr. Menon" and "Miss Menon" were going to be committed, that she would have to raise her children on her own - of course while all of this was happening, they were continuing to target me.

Now 9:10am, "Miss Menon" now has taken over the day shift duty of irradiating me from below.

2007 August 24 Fri

The usual night radiation pattern last night - this time the Menons kept the radiation at discomfort level until I fell asleep then boosting it - again in morning, the level was increased.

Before I went to sleep - cops arriving to "take away" some more paandis who were outside my flat. Heard a cop interrogate them to ask who had told them to come there and a woman doing the usual programmed response that no one had told them to come, they had arrived themselves. "avaru ishwara.." etc. More paandi cops in the background (who were happily watching the nautanki all this while) telling the new interrogator cop "avaru adichite vitte"...

**It appears the cops are very happy to maximize their revenue by the simple procedure of**  
**1. escorting the core degenerates and their torture/surveillance equipment, treating them as VVIPs - in return for protection money, pornography and overseas junkets**  
**2. extorting money from all the peripheral perverts that these paandis attract or recruit, in the form of a negotiated settlement for "medical treatment at Nimhans"**

**instead of a registered case or jail sentence.**

**They seem to have fine-tuned and exported this procedure for the benefit of their corrupt counterparts everywhere they go - with Naga\* enthusiastically telling everyone after each of my out-of-town trips that he had just broken the "kooda" of my "friends" in each of those places.**

Nagavarapalya main road recently rebuilt and tarred - for the last week since I have been back in Bangalore, the paandis have been taking advantage of the wider, smooth surface to do a routine of acceleration followed by a loud screeching to a halt outside their usual strategic point, then slamming the vehicle doors.

With the paandi cops hanging about appreciating the drama.

Late this morning went to the Binary World store in BDA complex, Indiranagar. Followed by paandis coming to enquire about buying items for their "sisters", asking for quotations then leaving. Went out briefly to get something to eat at a nearby bakery - followed by yet another paandi who purchased the same items I did - egg puff and a soft drink, zombie look - heard the owner of the bakery tell him to get lost after he said something. As always, the paandi cops Cherrapunji and Nagappa in the background doing their routine.

Daytime radiation from Menons at discomfort level - am disoriented and tired with lack of sleep and continuous radiation targeting my head.

Afternoon, employee from Total Environment came by regarding the maintenance payment. New employee - never seen him before - told him about the issues I had - sewage pipes on side of the building being vented at my floor instead of the terrace, electrical circuit problems causing the basement circuit breaker for my flat to trip unexpectedly, filthy corrosive water in my guest bathroom commode (the geyser connection joint metalwork is covered with bluish-green crystals, the commode fills with dirty brown water with some kind of oily surface scum within a few days, the tap water is a bit turbid), the burning sensation I get in my eyes when I wash my face in my master bedroom bathroom, the skin rashes that disappear when I leave town for any length of time, the in-wall cable tv connection that mysteriously stopped conducting a signal from the terrace video splitter to the living room outlet etc.

He expressed astonishment at the venting of the sewage pipes at my floor level "i never saw anything like this" and said he would fix it. Told me the paandi Mani was no longer working on this site, there was a new property manager called Prakash - that was welcome news to me - Mani's continued employment was the main reason why I refused to pay the maintenance fee. He told me there were a "lot of complaints against Mani" - this was a different view from the previous TE guy who had told me that Mani had gotten good reviews from the residents in the other two flat blocks.

Now 9:45pm - menon paandis on their usual pattern. I had purchased components today to assemble a new desktop PC - as I was handling one of the cards in my study around 8:30pm, skin on my right side and arm began to prickle - simultaneously Monish Das from behind the wall on the right side of my study was muttering something - the usual attempt to cause damage to the components.

2007 August 22 Wed

No sleep at all last night - "Mr. Menon, Miss Menon and Mrs. Menon" taking turns to target me - body, and then when I would start to doze off, in the head.

After I shouted out a few times, Naga\* arriving to inform his audience that the nimhans paandis would be shortly arriving to take me to the hospital and that no one was to approach me or say anything to me. Then for good measure, adding that the "IG saare" was sick. Then with

the audience response, telling them that the Menons were only using equipment to control me - "avaruke nirbandhinyikinayte cheyine". Below the "controllers" were continuing to target me.

About 1pm – Naga\* in the Menons flat below me - then more paandi cops coming to "take him away". No change to the radiation pattern.

Now 4pm and the Menons are increasing the radiation level again as per the usual pattern, with the usual accompanying status reports about how they can't believe that "they believe him!" etc. After I typed this, Mr. Menon I believe is below me, targeting my chest - pain and constriction sensation.

2007 August 21 Tue

Both Monish Das and the Menons back to their sadism&peeping routine - MD behind the study wall, excited as usual when I changed my email password,

"Mr. Menon and Miss Menon" doing their sadism routine all day and all night long. "Miss Menon" keeping up the radiation level even as the Nimhans paandis outside the flat threaten her - saying "We are following instructions..."

The Nimhans paandis doing their nautanki bit "I demand Mr. Menon be charged ..." and also that they have a case against me too "He is violent ... we have permission to keep an eye on him..." etc. It appears that the Nimhans–Menon alliance is a bit fragile.

The police vermin as usual hanging around outside the building - always appearing within a couple of minutes when a nautanki begins ... all the usual diseased dogs, including Naga\*, Cherrapunji, Ashwathanarayana etc.

Woken up yesterday morning just as I had fallen asleep after a night of the Menons radiation torture, by more paandis, knocking on my door ... cops, "reporters", audience all were in place to continue the routine "avaruke shakti vondu..."

Now 6pm, dry heat sensation targeting upper body - sometime earlier during the day in my study, being targeted from the right side as well - likely Monish Das.

I found I had no cable TV signal - called the cable waalah - when he came up i saw him go to Monish Das's flat first - then when he came in, he checked and then told me there was a signal leaving the video splitter, but nothing in my flat, suggesting that the wire between the splitter on the terrace and my flat TV cable socket was the culprit. Not sure how that could have happened in the 6 weeks I have been out of town.

2007 August 17 Fri

Got back around 1:30am in the night to my flat - no sounds below me. Within a few minutes sounds of a car coming into the basement garage - likely the pudgy deranged indian woman from the flight.

Within a few minutes of my going to bed, the radiation started, continued all night. The little killer whore telling the woman who had just arrived "we can't travel?" and the just arrived female visitor dutifully completing her part of the act by assuring her that she would fix me for what I had done to their family.

This afternoon, I found that the padlock I had used to lock my apartment front door while I was away was easily opened by the key from a different lock! Immediately below a woman shouting "these people are stupid!" then promising that she would "take care" of me herself if the paandis

did not.

Now 7:50pm - menon male pervert following me below periodically targeting me with radiation. The little killer whore also getting into the action.

9:20pm - watching TV for past hour or so, high radiation targeting me in living room from Menon flat.

2007 August 16 Thu

Spent the previous night at Rome airport as my flight to Frankfurt was early in the morning. Soon after I sat down in the lounge, paandis started coming in one by one – shouting in the distance “they think he’s god!”, “if you fuck with the US of A” etc.

Lufthansa LH 754 Fra - Bangalore

Before the flight departed, attendant on intercom asking for a "Mr. or Mrs. Nagaraja" wanting the person to identify him/herself to the staff.

In Frankfurt airport, pudgy Indian woman, nervous, eyes darting everywhere, unsteady gait, talking to no one in particular, in the departure lounge. At the end of the flight, she came back past me to the toilet, shouting "Soochi, I need your help. Whass up ?" - one of the paandis, probably a menon pervert.

About half an hour into the flight from Frankfurt, was hit by a massive jolt. I was napping in a relaxed position with my hands on my knees, my arms came up, my back came forward. Then my head began to hurt - not sure who had targeted me, my immediate seat neighbours did have the usual paandi traits. There was an fat oriental girl in the aisle seat a couple of seats behind me with a direct line of sight to my head/body that was behaving strangely, later saw her join another oriental girl in the immigration queue at Bangalore, loudly praising the Indian customs! And a shortish Indian fellow with a french beard a few seats behind me, also behaving strangely during the flight and at the baggage carousel at Bangalore.

Pudgy faced flight attendant probably north indian - she gave me the choice of chicken or vegetarian, I asked for chicken and she looked at the german attendant on the other side of the cart, then handed me a vegetarian meal. I told her I asked for chicken, she then made a show of looking for one, then gave it to me without an apology.

For dinner, a nasty german attendant asked me if i wanted the Chicken Western style or vegetarian indian style - I said i wanted chicken. The pudgy indian attendant handed her something, the aluminium foil on the packet was torn open. I asked the next german attendant to give me a sealed packet - she told me there were limited meals, that the lids were sometimes torn when taken from the oven, finally suggested that I had torn the lid then walked off. Pudgy indian attendant then came back to tell me that she had opened it to check that it was indeed chicken. Insisted on a sealed packet. She finally came back about 5 minutes later with a packet with "Ab heine huckstuck ..." written on it. It wasn't fully sealed, I opened it to find an indian veg meal.

After eating the meal, no headache, but the tight feeling in testicles, and slight cramping of lower abdomen - not sure if I was being targeted by radiation or if it had been drugged.

At bangalore airport, the usual nautanki – naga\* and cherrapunji being received by cops who informed everyone that "avarude thala potti" ... naga\* earnestly assuring everyone that he had broken the "kooda" of my paandi friends etc. At immigration, the officers discussing my family saying that they were not supporting because my problems were in my "karma" and so nothing could be done !

The paandi cops were roaming around the airport tarmac while I was waiting for my baggage.



When I got to the pre-paid taxi counter, one of the homosexual american "reporters" was some where behind me telling the people around him that i had taken a 1000 rupee note out of the country, that it was illegal etc. then assuring everyone that he had not done anything illegal.

2007 August 8-15 Italy

Left Sopot on August 8 – taxi to Sofia, Wizzair flight to Rome.

Spent a couple of nights in a backpacker hostel in Rome – Aladino hostel on Via Napoleone III– oriental woman managing the place a real slime. The other staff appeared rather decent, and she was also playing the game – but the other residents were well aware of the presence of the paandis and soon caught on that she was the culprit – had set them up with vantage points to target me.

Then sniffing and yelling – heard some other oriental males come by to give her support – mimicking me “whats up?” – later heard her say that it was the police after me.

Then moved to the San Nicola hostel in Sermoneta, south of Rome, near the paragliding site Norma. The paandis were all set here – it was a dorm room with 6 beds, but all nights except the last, I was the only one in the room. I was being targeted at night as before, the Paandis were moving freely about – it appeared Nimp and Satan jr. were somewhere outside, they had a recruit or recruits targeting me inside.

In Rome I took care to eat only at cafes where I could order a ready-to-eat slice of pizza or a sandwich from the counter.

I was poisoned a couple of times eating at restaurants – found that at the small family run trattorias there was no problem – I got warm welcomes and no ill effects. But at the bigger restaurants, I was poisoned – including a pizzeria in Sermoneta popular with the pilots, and a fancy restaurant in a stone castle in Bassano (sp?) in the hills.

At one streetside trattoria in Sermoneta where I ate twice with no ill effects, the first time I sat down there, a couple of cop cars came driving by – municipal cop followed by “carabinieri”, they were then followed by the paandis – appeared it was an american driver who stayed in the vehicle, while a paandi Italian – looked unshaven and disheveled – went in to talk to the owners – apparently not happy with the results, they took off. Obviously they had paid off the cops. As an Italian college student in the backpacker hostel in Rome had remarked to me regarding immigrants to Italy taking to crime “We can’t say much, we invented the mafia ...”.

2007 August 6 Sopot, Bulgaria

Dani the landlord came by in the evening to ask me to shift to another room for the remaining two nights as a pilot couple from Hungary – an acro pilot and his girlfriend - needed the room. I said ok, and took my stuff out to an empty room in the house. He and his wife quickly cleaned up the room and the couple came by within half an hour. I was astonished, knowing that the paandis had their surveillance equipment set up in my room, and that Dani was well aware of this – his wife was actively associating with the paandis.

Nimp shouting later in the night – “free show!” – and after the usual nautanki routine with his audience, shouting “we turned the camera off” etc.

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Cherrapunji and Nimp walking by the guesthouse regularly to give status and “call” their superior in Bangalore - I suspect an SP – “saare, avaruke vidarde”. “Nammade pere kodathu!”. More paandis walking by to give status on “mika” aka Michael (I suspect Satan jr.). Bulgarian paandis following the routine established by the desi cops Naga\* and Cherrapunji – shouting in the streets, giving a blow by blow status update on their imminent arrest/hospitalization, saying that reports had been issued stating that “they” could not understand what the paandis were trying to

achieve etc., while the radiation exposure continued.

One of the women coming by to clean my room is obviously involved with the paandis – she appears to be the landlord Dani's wife. Seems mentally unstable – sniffing/crying and doing the usual paandi routine about how her name was spoiled - "sex problem!".

A few days ago walking back from the supermarket on Sopot main road, passed by a woman walking in the opposite direction – she was trying to get my attention by staring at me. Only a few minutes later I realized I'd seen her in Rome, she had gotten on the subway train and sat opposite me when I took the train to Rome Ciampino airport – she was giving me the eye then too.

2007 August 3 Sopot, Bulgaria

Yesterday night got the electric shock treatment – massive jolt made my entire body convulse. Later during early a.m. heard a distinct pop sound like something exploding – sounded like it was right behind the walls very close by.

2007 July 31 Sopot, Bulgaria

Got sandwich from the shop on corner of the Sopot Plaza – the one with the cold drinks and ice cream cooler shelves outside the shop, on the side of the big grey bunker like building. Pointed to a salami and cheese sandwich on the shelf – the woman got me one from somewhere else – smiling at me. I had it for dinner and about 15 mins later, the symptoms started – strong headache behind the eyes, etc. This was not the usual blonde haired woman behind the counter – she was decent, had been purchasing similar sandwiches from her several times before. The woman who gave me the poisoned sandwich was shorter with dark hair.

2007 July 26 Sopot, Bulgaria

Last few nights very high radiation – distinct clicks from behind the walls and above the ceiling when the equipment is switched on. Outside a bunch of Bulgarian males doing the broadcast routine. Went to Karlovo yesterday – followed by a bunch of the local paandi recruits – all for some reason wearing plaster casts on their arms, and all vying for attention, to be noticed as the "shitskas" as the Bulgarians refer to these paandis. A bit later, saw a familiar face – the fellow who runs the restaurant next to the chairlift LZ – balding paunchy guy – walking like a local mafia Don with a crowd of sycophants treating him like one. Very self-important air, walking past me with his retinue, The sycophants turning around and making some sort of threatening remarks to me.

A day or so later at the chairlift LZ there were a couple of cops standing there – they did not seem to be very happy with this fellow – shouting loudly at him. Heard some bystanders translate others comments – that the paandis had given his employees their poison cocktail to put in my food if I ordered a meal at his restaurant. I never did – I only purchased self-service items like ice-cream bars, bottled drinks etc.

2007 July 23 Sopot, Bulgaria

Had a beer at the restaurant at the top of the hill above the guesthouse – am very cautious now – had only two sips to check, and sure enough it was poisoned and heavily, just the two sips were enough to give me a headache and chest constriction. Cherrapunji and Satan jr. were outside the restaurant doing their nautanki routine. The beer had arrived in an opened bottle and was flat, no bubbles.

2007 July 19 Sopot, Bulgaria

7pm went to the only fresh fruit/veg market in Sopot, in the parking lot just south of the main plaza. Got a few bananas and apples. The fellow took the fruit behind on the counter – could not see what he was doing, there was a teenage boy as well behind the counter who looked uneasy and nervous – the fellow who served me however was very cool. Got home and ate an apple and a banana – within 5 minutes a headache and stomach cramp – feeling drowsy as well. Dumped the rest of the fruit.

2007 August 17 Sopot, Bulgaria

Afternoon – locked my room and went for a shower in the common bathroom in the guesthouse. There was some movement that I did not pay attention to while I was taking a bath. Afterwards found that the water bottle I had left in my room had been poisoned during the time I'd been in the shower. After this I was careful to constantly replenish my water bottle from the municipal fountain – keeping the bottle in a shoulder bag.

2007 August 16 Sopot, Bulgaria

Afternoon around 3pm – went from room to SkyNomad office – left big bottle of water in my room. Filled a small bottle on my way back from the municipal fountain but when I got back to my room about 15min later, forgot – absent minded – took a sip from the large bottle instead of the bottle I'd just filled. Within a minute headache started. Across front of head – Nimp outside shouting. Now 5 mins later, some chest pain as well. 30 mins later strong headache – a lot of poison had been added this time – head hurts when I frown or move my head.

Two Italian looking males part of the local paandi recruits – shorter one with earring I'd seen on the Rome-Sofia Wizzair flight – first at Rome airport – standing in the lounge and gesturing at me and shouting something. Then on the plane I dozed off, woke up to find him standing in the aisle, pressing his crotch against my shoulder ! When I angrily looked up at him, he immediately took a step back with hands up as if surrendering to police – deranged. Flight attendants also seemed to think he was trouble, at Sofia immigration there was a loud exchange between him and the immigration police – the police yelling at him “Problem?” and he stalking off. He was dressed rather flashily – gelled hair, earring, lots of jewellery and tight pants – maybe another male prostitute.

The second fellow had very similar facial features– though taller, maybe his brother – saw him on the chair lift at Sopot launch site, going up as I was going down – muttering as soon as he saw me staring at him. Again this looks like the usual paandi recruit – homosexual drug addict / male prostitute. Saw this fellow also at the Sopot main plaza as I was walking to the bank atm, he was talking to some senior citizens, gesturing at me – they appeared to be amused at his antics.

2007 July 15 Sopot, Bulgaria

Yesterday and today I found that someone had logged into the Yahoo email web page on the Linux pc in the bar outside Skynomad office, with my user name and saved the login using the “remember this user name “ feature. I had been very careful not to save the login on the PC. The paandis obviously want me to know that they can access my email from this PC.

Afternoon at supermarket in Sopot – the waitress who had served me the poisoned breakfast at the restaurant directly opposite Skynomad – the one that serves the free breakfast – was just ahead of me at the cash counter – earlier she had walked past me a couple of times with a broad smile. There she went into a bizarre routine – rubbing her stomach in circles, doing a little disco routine - swiveling her hips, all the while talking to the checkout clerk. Apparently she was imitating me – the clerk not impressed, very short with her. A day later, the same girl with some male companions outside my guesthouse in the night, shouting. Later heard some pilots talking about it - that she had indeed been the one who had poisoned me – she'd told the other staff

about it, and had been dismissed. After a few days, never saw her again.

2007 July 13 Sopot, Bulgaria

Morning went to SkyNomad office as usual to check my mail, weather conditions etc. Left my just filled water bottle on the table in the bar room with the PC. I had to go out to the restaurant opposite to meet someone, came back within a couple of minutes, looking for water in my bag, then saw that I had left it on the table. Took a sip, and then a Scottish pilot James Greenleas quickly walked into the Skynomad office and caught my hand with the bottle.

Understood what he was doing only a few minutes later, it had been poisoned – headache still persisting after a few hours, pain in testicles. The paandis were shouting outside but I hadn't heard anything, JG had likely heard them and come in to stop me from drinking from the bottle.

2007 July 11 Sopot, Bulgaria

Around 4:30pm went to SkyNomad office to check my email. Had left water bottle in my locked room. Later came back to find it had been poisoned. Later that night Nimp and his nautanki actors doing their routine "I promise you! We didn't take anything!"

2007 July 7 Sopot, Bulgaria

No fly day, went for a sightseeing trip to Plovdiv with a couple of Bulgarian friends – pg student pilots. We stopped at a café overlooking the Roman amphitheatre. After about five minutes, a waitress came by - I ordered fruit juice – waitress very surly. The juice was poisoned – feeling disoriented, pressure in head. Other customers at café seemed to realize what had happened, angrily staring at the waitress and making some remarks. Nimp and satan jr. also doing their "success!" broadcast routine.

Already my guest room in Dani's guesthouse behind the church is fitted with the torture and surveillance devices.

The paandis appear to be controlling the devices from nearby.

2007 July 5 Sopot, Bulgaria

The guesthouse I am staying in is a bed & breakfast affair – free breakfast at the restaurant just opposite the skynomad entrance. I'd eaten breakfast the previous day with no ill effects. Today immediately after eating I felt ill and nauseous, headache – not the usual poison cocktail symptoms but something else.

The waitress who had served me was grinning at me all the time while the paandis did their routine in the background – I had assumed it was genuine friendliness at the time.