

April 19, 2008 Saturday

Woken up several times last night, by focused radiation on different parts of my body - the Menons appear to be targeting me in a zombie mode now. Nimp and Satan jr. shouting about their beloved "Dr. Ambedkar" last night.

Got into my study after breakfast, and found I was being targeted immediately, the equipment had already been setup - high heat sensation when I sat down.

Now 10am in my study, Meghana Menon has been targeting me this morning.

Went to grocery store Fabmall on Thippusundara road, as I was standing in the checkout line, a womans voice behind me "Saare nee paandi aanu". Then something about her husband - another status routine.

Afternoon 2pm, a PG pilot acquaintance visiting - sitting in my living room, talking to him, the Menons started targeting me - slow and deliberate increase in the radiation.

**The paandis are getting to be very good with their long-drawn out status routine ... they sigh and sob and practice their depressed, frustrated "what are we going to do?" routines while all the while carefully keeping the radiation focused on me at all times.**

April 18, 2008 Friday

Almost no sleep at all last night, adult menon couple below me casually talking, yawning, adjusting the radiation. Outside the police paandis doing their naatak as usual, Naga\* going "avaruke vidarde!"

Now 9:25am, strong burst of radiation from the Menons flat as I sat down in my study, Meghana Menon below me.

The Menons periodically increasing the radiation below me - Meghana Menon mumbling to herself, following me around like a magnet underneath me as I moved from study to kitchen to toilet and back, occasionally spiking the radiation to get her kicks.

April 17, 2008 - Thursday

Meghana Menon and an adult on torture duty all day today. Last night, an adult Menon targeting me, high radiation. At one point woke up to loud noises that appeared to be coming from inside my flat. Outside a nimhans female paandi shrieking "Are they getting into his flat" and the homosexual ammerican "reporter" telling her that they had trapdoors into spaces behind and under my wardrobe cabinets, but had not yet entered my flat as they hadn't figured out how to leave without leaving a trace. Nimp loudly shouting that they were waiting for their "amnesty package".

Now 4:30pm, the Menons increasing the radiation sharply in my study - targeting my face and neck.

8:30pm, the Menons have increased the radiation again - my back and neck prickling, high heat sensation.

9:30pm, the radiation in my study increased again, shouted as loudly as I could a couple of times, a paandi menon woman below making "tch" noises, continuing to focus the beam on me.

April 16, 2008, Wednesday

Found letter in my mailbox, from NHRC dismissing my case - some gobbledygook about "complaint not being entertainable in accordance with ... Section 36 ... and Regulation 9". It was dated 17 March, well before my trip to Himachal Pradesh.

However, it references a different case number, with a complaint date of January 4, 2008, so I have no idea what is going on ... will continue to forward my logs to them until they respond referencing the case number that they previously gave me ...

Even the first case reference number I received referenced a complaint date that had no relation to the date I actually sent them my complaint !

After I'd read it, maidservant in menons flat below, shouting, asking that she be given the radiation weapons, she would target me herself, "Avaruke kuttu, novula ..." A woman responding "I am trying to keep this family together".

Govt. paandis showed up soon after to do their routine on the Basith road side of the building for the benefit of the neighbours.

Radiation from the Menons constant during the day, increased during the evening.

April 15, 2008

Took the Haryana Roadways bus from Baijanath, Himachal Pradesh, to Delhi at 5:00pm yesterday. Some distance ahead, a couple of obviously well off north Indian youths flagged down the bus and tried to get on - after questioning them, the conductor refused to let them on - the driver asked why and he said "woh saab ke tatti waale hain". As the bus drove on, one of the youths threatening them "ham Haryana Roadways ko bund kar lenge!"

A thin fellow got on some distance ahead, with a laptop briefcase and bag, came to the last row where I was sitting, it was obvious he did not have a ticket, but he loudly said "adthalees (38)", I was in seat 37 in the last row.

He then moved to the other end of the row - no one else in this row - and got on the phone, obviously a local himachali. After about 5 minutes, the bus stopped, and heard the conductor talking to someone at the doorway. Heard the conductor say "ham saab ko nahin utaareng!" the other fellow said it was not me he wanted, but the fellow who had just got on. The conductor called him out, told him to leave as the back seats were booked, and a bus was just coming behind, the fellow meekly got out asking "kya ho gaya?". After he got down, the bus continued and the conductor told the driver "Unka aadmi hoga." The gist being that the HP police were worried that I would take a photo of the paandi and he would be traced back to them.

Some distance later, at Palampur, a family got on - meek looking south Indian fellow, with two small daughters, an aayah, wife and mother. The fellow could not speak Hindi, the conductor had some trouble explaining that he had to sit in the back row along with me - finally he did so with his mother, elder daughter and maidservant, the wife remaining in a front seat with the younger daughter.

A marwari in second last row very solicitous, helping him settle down, moving his bags etc. He turned out to be one of the core marwaari paandis following me.

After a few minutes, the nautanki started - the old woman speaking in Malayalam, going on about how I was a Malayali, to the "surprise" of the fellow, then telling him that I was going to write to the Nair Service Society - the fellow reacting "Good idea ! avaru edtholum ..." then they gradually shifting tack "Malayalam arniyuda !" etc. The old woman repeated this "Malayalam arniyuda!" again later .

Then, the fellow went "Aare vali adichu?" sniffing the air, and the marwari fellow instantly responded "hamne bhi soongh liya". The old woman went "avaruke koyapam vandu" in a fretful voice.

Pretty soon, some Tibetan lamas from Bir on the bus, and the bus conductor were identifying this fellow as Inspector Naga\* "woh Bangalore ka inspector ... medical leave par hai".

His face was familiar, I had seen Inspector Naga\* for about a minute in his office in Indiranagar police station several years ago, this fellow looked like he had put on some weight.

The conductor and driver wondering at his meek behaviour - "woh police ka bandha nahin lag raha hai" - the other suggesting that he was out of his territory, did not know the language etc.

The malayali paandi got on the phone "Fauji Saare, nyaan Chandra Babu..." asking for the other person to recharge his mobile phone. Then giggling that he had not gone to Kullu Manali as there were big clouds there.

I took a video of him entering the bus after the dinner halt, he then went to the front of the bus to talk to his wife. "Avaru photo edthu". Then responding to his wife's worried reply, said "Koyapam illa". Then immediately followed that with "Avaru appi vidaam ponu..."

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As he then walked back to the last row, the Nimp from somewhere behind the bus shouting "Inspector Nagaraja, you will do your duty" and the paandi instantly stopped, frowned and shook his head, even as other passengers mocked him "kutte ko bula rahe hain".

The family got progressively more bold as the bus left Himachal - at one point at 3:30am in the night, a pitch dark bus, and he, his old mother and his daughter in a lively conversation with no consideration for anyone trying to sleep - a deranged family ...

I was being targeted in the head and chest area - skin prickling like crazy, and he was quite contented, telling his mother that I was being targeted by the paandis in a vehicle following us - "nalle range vondu". Sometime later after the symptoms subsided, his daughter piped up, asking him to increase the radiation as I was not fidgeting. This brought a stern reprimand from the old woman to the daughter, scolding her for trying to get her father in trouble.

In the early am, he was doing his routine "Saare, nyaan vonnum cheyidila." Then to his mother, "CBI avarude case edthu, avarude ammachen gavahi kodthu. Avaru veliye secretary ..." Marwari paandi in second last row now reacting angrily gesturing at Inspector Naga\*, "Iska dimaag kharaab hai".

A minute after the fellow made this fretful statement about the "CBI case", he was fast asleep and snoring peacefully.

When I got home to Bangalore, I found that my laptop hard drive was malfunctioning, it took me several tries to get it to boot so that I could download my log and the photos from my stay at Bir. Outside Inspector Naga\* complaining that he had done nothing, only given my bag one "chavatu". (My laptop had been in a small tote bag under my seat, I'd gotten out of the bus at the dinner halt for about 5 minutes).

Delhi domestic airport was crawling with the marwari paandis - one fellow in the toilet standing behind me as I washed the bus journey's grit and dust off my hands and face - the toilet attendant recognizing him as a paandi from his behaviour -

calling him a "Gaandu!" telling him to use one of the other sinks, and the fellow responding with very effeminate gestures, insisting that he wanted to use the sink that I was using - waiting patiently for a minute right behind me as I washed my face. I never saw him leave the toilet after that - I was sitting in a row of seats next to the toilet door.

At one point, a teenage north Indian girl entering the airport terminal and waving, excitedly trying to get my attention "Don't look away ! My mum is going to help you" then calling to someone. Then to my surprise, a recognizable NDTV journalist - I have seen her on TV doing lifestyle interviews with celebrity CEOs - walking back from the checkin area to see what her daughter was making a fuss about, seeing me, then turning back, commenting "Your father has been taken care of. You don't have to worry about your family". Then as she continued to walk away, "Pranab made an honest mistake". The security guards at the entrance commenting "Yeh US ke kutte hain".

**So it looks like NDTV's association with these foreign sex deviants was not a paandi nautanki or an auditory hallucination.**

A group of malayalis then showed up - taking up a position a few feet away from me, doing a big routine of wrapping their briefcases with adhesive packing tape. Possibly drunk. One of them goggling at me and making comments in Malayalam. Another recommending that "Shaaajan" be informed, he would take care of me. They looked like thugs, a couple looked like police fellows, one guy going "nammade porthe case adikyam pono?" and a marwari paandi in the background going "woh sub-inspector hai". Another security officer dramatically walking by with "inki laash milegi" and giving orders to thin air to make sure their hand baggage was inspected thoroughly. They drifted away, then about 15 minutes later, some of them drifted back - the same goggler staring at me with open mouth and wide eyes, continuing the comments. For some reason, the fellow seems familiar. I got up and took a photo of the group. A little later, the older "police" fellow came by and the others complained that I'd taken a photo of them, he then came up to me and poked me in the leg, saying "Kerala, kottayam?" before leaving. They could have been intoxicated though I didn't smell any alcohol.

As I went through the security check, a couple of foreign pilots loudly ridiculing the security officers who were commenting about my situation, "If these guys walk through here with your boss, you will salaam them and let them through!" and "If one of these guys gets on my plane with their equipment, I will take it up with the FAI. Do you understand ?" - the security officers dismissing him, talking in Hindi. One of them supporting the paandis, saying that it was only some sound radiation, not harmful.

April 14, Bir (Deerpark institute)

An American nun shouting at Rajinder Kumar (a kitchen cook) and the Deerpark administrators today at lunch, "No one understands the Buddha role here. No one. Only money !" I was told the same afternoon that she had been subsequently asked to leave Deerpark for disturbing the other guests (playing drums in her room).

Just before I left Bir for Baijanath on my way back to Bangalore, I was in the Deerpark dining area getting some water to drink when I heard the Australian teacher Erin talking to her colleague Lettie on the floor upstairs. She had met with the Nimp and had gotten details of what they were doing to me - including some of the chemicals - she mentioned something like "Mandrovol" or "Mandronol" or something similar, then said that the paandis had told her that they had given me steroids to increase the size of my genitalia. Erin was insisting that she would go to an Australian newspaper with her information, she would not contact me. Lettie confronting Erin, asking if she was trying to embarrass me, noting that she had been actively seeking the company of several people involved with the paandis - Bruce Mills, Aloka, the shrine keeper Nawang Gelay etc. Some days earlier I had heard Erin tell the others that she had

contacted the Australian Embassy and that she had gotten an SMS on her phone from the embassy that she would lose her Australian citizenship if she contacted me. She seemed to think this was quite a plausible story to the others, who reacted with disbelief...

Outside, Nimp mournfully talking to Erin, saying that she had betrayed his trust, he would have to talk to his "uncle".

April 13, 2008

Last night I woke up with a sensation of difficulty breathing - half asleep like that for a long while, not able to breathe properly. In morning felt exhausted.

When I went to breakfast at 7:30am, there were two north Indian males outside Prashant's office sitting on the balcony next to the shrine - they got up after I passed them, as they walked down the stairs into the lower courtyard, one fellow - face seemed familiar - maybe have seen him in Bir or at the Billing launch - saying something about my father being sent to a mental hospital, the other fellow giggling like Satan jr.

I had left my room door open this morning while washing clothes in my bathroom. At one point heard a voice outside - sounded like a Tibetan fellow - "maine kuch nahin kiya" - appeared to be from the room above me. About half an hour later, made a cup of tea with the teabag and sugar cubes I had in my room, and now have the drugged sensation - band of pressure across the front of the head. Now 11:15am and still have the drugged sensation.

A few days ago, Melita telling a resident Japanese monk Ven. Agacitta that I had threatened the Dalai Lama's life. When questioned further, she said I had made threats in my room. Questioned again, she said that "they" had heard me make the threats.

The next day, informing the same monk that I was a smuggler.

One night, Melita informing someone else that they could not evict the paandi "monks" who were in charge of the night's voyeurism and radiation torture from the room above me as "the institute would get a bad name" if they kept doing that ...

Also heard this demented reptile comment one day that she didn't care about the reputation Deerpark had in Bir, she was concerned about their "sponsors".

April 5 night was bizarre - reached the same level of depraved perversion as in Bangalore - a marwari paandi in the room above me getting sexually excited - then there was a woman inside the room as well - he appeared to be getting serviced by her. A few minutes later, heard one of the DeerPark Institute administrators, Jennifer, squealing in pain - she could probably be heard for a km around - then shouting "I can't move!". An American voice loudly saying "let me know if you want more of the same". Then the same male speaking to a woman, apparently the same one who had just serviced the marwari upstairs, "you took care of him?". She replied "yes, he's quiet as a mouse". The woman also appeared to be American from the accent.

The next morning, Melita telling Jennifer, "how can you let a stranger do something like that to you?" Jennifer saying "I don't know what came over me".

At 9am when I went to catch a taxi to the Billing launch, the drivers at the taxi stand were excitedly talking about the night's events at Deerpark and the American sodomizers, one telling the others "Woh peechhe le liya !"

Some of the Bir taxi drivers appeared to have succumbed to the lure of the pornographic voyeurism - a fellow called Ravi and another, Jyoti Thakur - both also tandem PG pilots, were repeatedly identified by the villagers as "thendiyas" - they

wanted me to be wary of the two, and at the landing area one day, I heard some local villagers advising their passengers not to associate with them, "unke saath mat jaana, woh thendiya log hain".

One day I heard Nimp doing a routine about seeing "movement" (the paandis preferred term for their sado-voyeuristic fascination with male genitalia changes) when a group of pilots went up to the Billing launch in a taxi driven by a fellow called Khan. The next day, the other drivers at the taxi stand appeared to believe this story was true - warning Khan, getting our bags shifted out of his van and into another car. Khan after that appeared to be rather unstable, following me, insisting that I use his vehicle, threatening the other pilots including women who reacted to his behaviour by calling him a "creep" etc.

The Tibetan paandi family running the Friends café and the store next to it, appear to have changed not a whit. The usual alternation of dramatic apologies for their behaviour, Tsering crying "Sir, I am very sorry!", alternating with aggressive threats. One day as I was talking to some pilots outside their store/restaurant, Tserings brother in his store crying "Saab, mein behnchud nahin hoon!" and Tsering reacted aggressively towards me ... outside the drivers shouting at her "isne kya bola?" The other Tibetans not happy with them either "Saab, yeh ghatiya log hain".

The trio of Deerpark administrators - Prashant Varma, Jennifer and Melitas - appear to be criminally deranged reptiles. Intercepting me with bright cheerful smiles to make small talk - then no more than a few feet away from me, talking to the person next to them about how I am "insane" or "dangerous", that I was out to spoil the name of the Deerpark Institute etc.

They appear to be particularly anxious when they see me talking to any of the Deerpark resident guests. I often find Melitas hovering with a fixed demented smile near me to ensure the person I was talking to got a good dose of her verbal pus.

Prashant regularly doing the marwari cellphone act - getting on his mobile to loudly "discuss" with the paandis what to do about me. One day his side of the conversation included "Can you do something about this guy?" and then a death threat, that my body would be found.

Also regularly doing the paandi "correction" routine - eavesdropping whenever I got into a conversation with someone at Deerpark, and making corrections to what I said. For instance when I'd just told someone that I'd purchased a book from "the pavement", Prashant V. from across the courtyard in his office, loudly proclaiming that I'd purchased it from a "bookstall" inside ISBT at Delhi.

His "good guy" acquaintances don't seem to be particularly perturbed beyond the point of casually telling him "Tum kyon iska peeche kar raha hai? Itni gandgi karke ... marwari ka kutta ban gaye ho" etc.

The American paandi Wyatt telling Melitas about me at the dinner table "he was caught instructing students in Indonesia". Melitas bobbing her head like a demented reptile, the two of them confirming that I had been paid for it, that I had no license to instruct students.

A north Indian couple visiting Prashant in Deerpark one evening - the two of them starting off by doing a namaste to me as I sat at the dinner table, the male dressed in khadi kurta pajama like a good social activist - then after sitting down, the two started off on their obscene verbal trek - the male furious about my having "sex dreams", the woman dutifully playing the straight man "woh normal hai?" and "he is violent!" Prashant V cheerfully egging them on. Another administrator, Alex, sitting next to them responding in anger "you people are sick!"

A foreign woman Aloka in the room above me for the first couple of weeks of my stay - the paandis entering her room at will - doing the radiation and voyeurism routine most of the night. I saw her leave the room one morning and lock the door. Standing next to Wyatt at the breakfast table one day, they were in full throttle paandi demented mode and she went "he wants to rape me" and the two bobbed their heads together in agreement like a couple of demented lizards.

Heard an English monk Yashay (Kevin) warning new guests that Prashant and the other administrators apart from Alex were mentally unstable, that Prashant was trying to oblige the marwari paandis because he felt they were "powerful people" who could help the Deerpark Institute.

2008 April 4, Fri

At breakfast table, there was a scowling white youth in jeans, Tshirt and jacket with a small backpack. He did not speak to the rest of us there. As I was washing my plate, local PG pilot Bruce Mills came into the dining area - heard the youth speak to him, "is this the shithead who's been fucking your reputation?" gesturing at me. BM appeared to have met the fellow before, asking him if he had gotten his room OK.

At dinner the same fellow was there, again sitting apart, he did not speak to anyone. I saw the fellow leave the dining area muttering "I'm going to fuck you guys." One of the other resident guests I was sitting with then asked a Deerpark administrator Melitas, who he was. She replied, "I think he's a thukku". I asked what a thukku was, and she replied **"a reincarnated lama"**.

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Later found the fellows name was Wyatt.

2008 April 3

On drive up to launch this morning, as we passed through upper Bir, a tall Himachali fellow walking down the middle of the road dramatically proclaiming "ham ameer log nahin hain, par yeh hamaara zameen hain! Ham jaanch karvayenge!" - the people hostile to him - shouting at him "tujhe sharam nahin aati ?" Likely a paandi govt. baabu or local police officer.

I am in room L6 in the Deerpark institute - the paandis are in the room above mine targeting me - also in the Tibetan house adjacent to my room outside the institute walls - a Tibetan man and a woman periodically making the trademark paandi comments. Am continuously being targeted with radiation whenever I am in my room - the radiation level increasing as soon as I try to sleep. Am not getting more than a few hours sleep in the night, and am unable to sleep at all during the day - as soon as I lie down, the radiation is increased, targeting my chest and head. Several Tibetans appear to be part of this paandi entourage. I actually heard one "lama" from Bhutan in the Deerpark institute standing in the courtyard and loudly proclaiming that the paandis were just madmen, they weren't harmful.

I am eating my meals at Deerpark Institute - thankfully its served buffet style, no drugging/poisoning symptoms so far. The kitchen staff apart from a couple of paandis appear to be decent - the exception being a choir-boy type Satan called Rajinder and an older boy, whose name I didn't catch - the two appeared to have been recruited by Prashant Varma according to what I heard the others say.

Cherrapunji, Inspector Naga\*, Nimp, Satan jr., the female Nimhans psychopath "you're going to get it !", the homosexual American "reporters", all present in Bir.

2008 Mar 30

I was having trouble on the Billing launch in shifting winds - aborted my launch 4 times. Gurpreet Dhindsa and his paandi student TinLee (the same Tibetan fellow who'd followed me to Bangalore and munnar) on the launch again heckling me in hindi so that the other foreign pilots on the launch would not understand - some of them got the gist however. Then GD telling me in hindi that I was going to get a "reception" when I landed in Bir. Finally just before he launched, he did a paandi status routine about the "DC" putting his name on a "report sheet" because he was "training thendiyas".

2008 Mar 29

Went to Paprola today to get some money from the ATM. As I was walking back towards the bus stop in Baijanath, a fellow in smart police officers khaki uniform complete with cap, got off a bus in front of me, then looking at me and touching his hand to his chest, said "hamko maaf karo" and "in kutte ki laash milega!" As I stopped at a chemists shop and he dramatically paraded up the road behind me with a hip-swiveling walk, the people in the shop abusing him "ghanta...".

2008 Mar 27

Marwari paandis waiting near the paddy fields landing area north west of Bir - I was trying to land as soon as possible as a storm was brewing. As I came down in strong lift and cross winds, they were targeting me - found myself jerking the controls instead of pulling them smoothly - at one point drifting away in strong wind and unable to control the glider, making jerking movements. Heard someone shout in the village next to the ravine, about breaking the Marwari paandis "khopdis", then "bund karo!" . A marwari paandi responding, "ham kuch nahin kar rahen hain!", then after the first person threatened them again, the same fellow telling someone near him "bund karo". Managed to regain control and land uneventfully.

2008 Mar 22

I arrived in Bir Tibetan colony around 6:30am, the streets deserted - as the taxi drove looking for the guesthouse, I saw the paandi Tibetan TinLee - fellow with a ponytail - the PG pilot student of Gurpreet Dhindsa, on the road. As we passed him, he went "main tatti waala hoon?" There was no one else on the road. Same fellow had been sitting next to the sardar paandi I'd photographed on my last bus journey from Baijanath to Chandigarh last November. I'd not logged his presence in the bus as I wasn't sure if he was involved or it was a coincidence. This January in Munnar, when I drove through the Eravikulam national park checkpoints coming from Tamil Nadu, he was there on a motorcycle - averting his face from me, accompanied by some American paandi youths making comments about me.

On the bus from Delhi to Bir last night, heard some Tibetans commenting about my situation, talking about how the Tibetan colony's name was getting spoilt because of people like him, saying that TinLee had followed me to Bangalore - that was news to me.