

Thursday, August 21, 2008

For the past several days, there has been heavy rain in the evenings and nights. The paandis have adapted by changing their usual street nautanki routine after dark - the "we have permission!", obscenities, threats, rants etc. where they stay hidden from view in the dark. Now they are putting all their sex deviant we-want-attention energy into the morning nautanki where they parade a crowd of my "supporters" - men, women and children shrieking and shouting, malayali "reporters" interviewing the paandi police, the neighbours downstairs going into a frenzy of poojas and woe is us breast beating, the nimhans paandis vowing revenge, "you're going to get it !" etc.

Satan jr. adding a new character to his nautanki (thoroughly enjoying himself)

"Ramadas can't believe it" "He is a madman. They are using microwave radiation to cure him" "They are giving him 4 hours of sleep!" etc.

The Menon paandis have been concentrating on doing damage these past several nights, the radiation kept low at discomfort level when I go to bed, I am being woken up several times in the night by penetrating radiation in the head. Last night, I woke up with the sensation of being suffocated, not able to breathe properly, a menon paandi female below me targeting me. Later in the early am sounds of a jeep outside and the police paandis jangling the 'shackles' while Meghana Menon increased the radiation below me - the Menon household appears to come alive during the night - several individuals moving about, not just the one targeting me. Ravi Menons wife giving him advice as he focuses the beam on me, Meghana Menon muttering and walking around, they take turns randomly, but they all appear to be awake during the night.

Inspector Ashwathanarayana was in the vicinity last night, when I was woken up by the penetrating radiation in my head - he apparently wanted me awake to hear his mentally diseased wisdom - that it was not microwave radiation but just some sound, adding "nee cheetah aalu aanu" by way of explanation.

Intense radiation in my study, I recently purchased a new phone and it is not able to keep connected to a call for more than half a minute - people I have called over the past few days commenting on the call breaking up all the time.

Tuesday, August 19, 2008

The paandis are repeating the same pattern - night time one of them making a dramatic return to the apartment building to announce theatrically "if we file another complaint they will take us into custody!" while the other paandis do their "woe is us" routines. The menons carefully keeping my head targeted through the night with the radiation.

Nimp and Satan jr. keeping up the drama in the mornings "they're calling the secretary general !" "They're calling the adjutant general!" "Ashwathanarayana has been called by the director!" "RAW is questioning them!" and so on.

10:50am, high radiation in my study, I was working with a breadboard setup that was working erratically - found that if I moved my hand near the setup, it would stop working.

Monish Das and the Menons now simultaneously targeting me with high radiation in my study.

Went to some hills near Nandi Hills to get some trekking exercise - preparing for September trek in Ladakh. Paandi police arrived at the temple to make a big show of "looking for" the paandis, and commenting on how the "doctor mare" were responsible -

but they were in fact escorting the paandis. Was targeted in the head as I walked near the temple.

As soon as I got home Meghana Menon and her uncle targeting me, Monish Das right behind the wall on my right - as I downloaded photos I had taken from the mini-trek, he was muttering to himself in frustration. Repressed sadism maybe - as I was out all afternoon, got home only around 8pm.

Now 8:40pm, Inspector Nagaraja shrieking outside on the street, the Menons targeting me - high radiation in chest and head - skin prickling intensely.

Saturday, August 16, 2008

The extended morning drama show, with the neighbours downstairs kicking up a racket that sounded like a dramatic 'woe is us' routine. The paandis outside on the street increasing the volume and number of paandi actors - orchestrated to ensure everyone understands that really, really the paandis are being taken care of, not to worry, no need to contact him etc. etc. As usual it lasted about 5-10 minutes and all the paandi actors doing the questioning and answering, disappeared.

Morning, sound of something falling from a height just behind the right wall of my study. Immediately a paandi in Monish Das's flat arriving to refix it - it must be their torture or surveillance equipment - I suspect they fix the equipment to the walls and ceiling with some sort of glue or suction device.

Meghana Menon arriving in the flat sometime in the late afternoon, and immediately the radiation in my study spiked - she was under me muttering to herself.

Now 7:35pm, the menon paandis experimentally spiking the radiation to get me to shout out. They appear to have received all the torture equipment again over the past few days. These cunning and depraved pigs have been following their usual pattern of slowly increasing the radiation over the course of a few days, each time I return from an extended trip.

No doubt Monish Das will follow suit soon - he is far more careful than the menons when it comes to starting up the radiation each time I return, preferring to watch and see the street paandi reaction - what the nimhans and police perverts do - before joining in on the 'fun'. As I typed this, a paandi in MDs flat was actually watching me from just behind the wall of my study !! Reacting with muttering something I couldn't catch.

8:20pm, very high radiation in my study, targeting my head. And it is Monish Das targeting me now, as predicted ... right side of my head being targeted, the pervert is right behind the wall just now.

Thursday August 14, 2008

Shouted out as loudly as I could several times last night. The paandi menons kept the radiation up, targeting my chest and head. They were obviously looking for the paandi cops to arrive, until they did, the menons kept the radiation high. After the police arrived and the nautanki started on the street, the radiation decreased. The sadist animal below had obviously gotten its fix. The paandi police doing the usual routine "nammade kuttam pariyade!" to some neighbours from adjacent buildings.

In morning woken up by knocking on my door, followed a couple of seconds later by someone going into Monish Das's flat and slamming the door.

Around 3pm today, called Airtel customer service to complain about nuisance sms messages. Immediately the paandi menon Ravi below me targeted my head with the radiation. The call soon became staticy and the connection dropped, and the depraved little shit below me muttered to himself in satisfaction.

7pm, the menon paandis have increased the radiation in my study over the past hour, targeting my chest. Unpleasant itching and pressure in centre of my chest. Ravi Menon targeting me below.

11:10pm in my study, very high radiation, ravi menon below me targeting me. No change in the radiation when I shouted out a couple of times.

Wednesday August 13, 2008

Last night, high radiation waking me up several times, targeting my chest and head. When I shouted out, female menon paandi muttering to herself downstairs, slightly reducing the radiation.

This morning, two nimhans paandis - male and female - visiting the menon paandis for my benefit. "You have to report for an interview", and the female menon paandi replying very calmly, "I'll pack my bags". The female nimhans paandi earnestly telling her colleague "Doctor, we need to be sure!".

This evening, in my study, radiation increasing - targeting my head. My chin and lips prickling, then they targeted my chest.

8:50pm, high radiation in my study, targeting my chest. Ache in centre of chest. When I shouted out, menon paandi Meghana Menon below me refocusing the beam. She is below me right now keeping me targeted - skin on my face also prickling now.

The paandi police outside shrieking as usual on the road in response to my shouting.

Tuesday 12 August 2008

Last night the radiation was higher... as soon as I shouted out, the paandi Menons (now the little depraved monster meghana menon was also on torture duty) keeping the radiation on and muttering to themselves.

This morning, the nimhans female paandis and the police paandis arriving for their street nautanki confrontation with each other and to theatrically proclaim "nammakye praantham aanu?"

10:20pm, radiation in my study has increased sharply.

Monday 11 August, 2008 Bangalore

Arrived back home from the airport past midnight ... the menon paandi ravi targeting me as soon as I went to bed.

In the morning, the menons below doing their routine... the paandi adult woman telling her husband not to target me, theatrically adding "we'll go to jail ! you had sex with your niece !" The paandi actually responding "I didn't know what I was doing" ... they are keeping the radiation low.

July 11 - August 10 France

July 11 went to the Bangalore airport with the full paandi entourage in tow. At Air France checkin the young malayali male handling my checkin obviously could not contain his excitement at having gotten his hands on me - officiously interrogating me 'who is going to meet you in France?', 'what is the purpose of your visit?' 'where are you working now?' 'show me your hotel bookings' as if he was a france consulate official conducting my visa interview. The slimy bastard actually followed me up to the departure gate and was telling the other agents and the security guard there that I was going to meet a girlfriend in France, that I was going for 'flying' not for tourism etc. When the security guard reacted in disgust, the fellow did the paandi routine 'I am not a homosexual!'. I had requested aisle seats, he told me smirking that I had aisle seats all the way, I found out when I got in the plane that I had window seats.

Full paandi entourage following me around in France, with the Indian police pigs acting as their official Indian Police escorts - the paandis in France were "officially" an investigative team of the police of the Republic of India, independent since 1947.

The radiation and poisoning attempts continued as in India. I took care to eat only home cooked meals and otherwise bought sandwiches at supermarkets or bakeries.

The French paandis recruited by these pigs made sure the Indonesian trip nautanki was replicated with all of them emphasizing that the perverts were "Indian dogs", with the american paandis in the entourage heartily concurring. Occasionally I would hear some passerby contradicting the disbelieving comments of people on the streets recognizing me, saying that they were indeed Americans.

The Indian police and 'senior' govt officers on this pervert junket with the paandis endorsing this strategy enthusiastically, shrieking and bawling 'they are calling us dogs!'

In Millau, it got so ridiculous, kids on bicycles in the streets on seeing me would look up the street in the direction of the shrieking paandis and yell "Inspector super crack !"

It was obviously an 'official' Indian police perversion junket - the local gendarmes and carabinieri making sure to stay clear whenever the shrieking nautanki and local resident complaints started - on one occasion, driving down to Millau from Chambéry, I had to slow down driving through a small town, at least half a dozen local police officers and vehicles surrounding a car on the side of the road, a French woman in the drivers seat doing the 'woe is me' routine while satan jr somewhere else in the vehicle was giving the police his story "he is dangerous!" "he is not supposed to be paragliding!" "he is on a tourist visa!" much to the confusion of the cops. One cop in a van looking into my vehicle as I slowly drove past, confirming "il a parapente" (my bulky glider bag was on the backseat of the car).

Another time in Millau, a couple of gendarmes followed us up the hill to the pg launch site. As I drove back, the two cops then parked on the side of the road and motioned for me to pass. As I overtook them, the non-driver commenting angrily that the paandis were carrying false papers, the other, the driver (obviously fit to be an Indian police officer) dissenting, impressed by the fact that the paandis had arrived on official and important police business.

An american paandi showed up at the landing field in Millau, with an infant girl in a pram, sitting close to me, talking to the tandem pilots. Unable to control himself, as soon as I started a conversation with someone else, making the usual paandi commentary in response to whatever I said. **The infant girl was left in the pram exposed to the sun - she was asleep, I suspect drugged, her face bright red with sunburn.** It was obvious the pervert was not her father. He left in a paandi threatening huff after the others noticed his behaviour and commented "Cest chien!"

I was staying with a pilot contact Antoine at his flat in Millau, the paandis had free entry into the flat below mine, the husband and wife alternately making threatening and "Je desole'" comments , a young male in the same flat - a stocky fellow with apparently nothing to do - following me around town on an scooter, the family was targeting me with radiation during the night. They were able to get into the flat with apparent ease - sometimes it could not be helped as I had to leave the door unlocked when I went to bed and the others were still out - I was drugged once.

The full entourage of paandis on the launch sites everywhere, Satan jr. and Nimp shrieking in glee ... the Indian police paandis keeping a distance as they would have stuck out like a sore thumb. The Indian police paandis only came near in crowded locations where they could hide in neighbouring buildings or vehicles - in Paris where I went sightseeing, in the towns of Chambery and Millau.

A pilot contact Olivier invited me to stay with him in Chambery, the paandis quickly getting access to the flat below his - again a nasty fecal Nazi youth below me with compliant parents, and obviously the paandis were being accompanied by French "officials" to ensure they got their way. The same radiation pattern every night, focusing on my head, while Satan jr., Nimp and the Indian police paandis shrieked and bleated on the streets of Chambery. For their French audience, they had decided that Indians are vegetarians, so they could point out this egregious sin to everyone as evidence of my bad character - their strategy worked rather well, several people reacting in surprise as I ordered my sandwiches and enjoyed the barbecues, as "those Indian dogs" shouted in fury in the background ... Apparently my being a sex pervert was not considered to be an effective strategy, though I repeatedly heard Nimp and Satan jr. shriek that I had insulted Sarkozy, apparently by sending him an email.

August 8th I went with Olivier out to dinner in Chambery. We went to a restaurant L'Atelier. The main entrée I ordered was inedible - the meat rubbery and fibrous, I couldn't even cut it with a knife. However it was the dessert which was drugged/poisoned. A strong headache, cramping in lower abdomen - the effects lasted for a few days with giddiness and disorientation. Nimp shouting in the background to confirm the poisoning, that I had insulted Sarkozy, and so on ...

Stayed at the Kiriad hotel at Lyon airport on August 9th the night before my departure. A couple of minutes after I had gotten into my room, the Indian paandi "senior govt. officer" was in the room next to mine (107) and had set up the radiation equipment, muttering "they are calling us dogs. I am going to ask for the maximum punishment for you" and the american paandis with small girls in tow, were in the room opposite, doing their routine to endorse this "they are Indian dogs". The next morning after I checked out, I found I had been charged 8euros for the optional breakfast even though I had taken care not to eat any meals there.

Again on the flight back on Air france from Paris to Bangalore on August 10th, the neighbouring seats packed with the paandis. Mercifully the flight attendant serving me was a decent human being - I was NOT drugged ! Worth a mention !

These depraved sex deviants obviously have the reach and influence to be able to contact corrupt and compromised counterparts in governments even in a country like France with ease - the same authorities that would 'on paper' normally be tasked to investigate, convict and imprison them for their crimes.

From the crowd of perverts they are recruiting, it really appears to be some sort of homosexual Nazi faeces cult group - militant and depraved gays.

