

20081114 Fri

6:40pm, Monish Das spiking the radiation in my study - he has been in position behind the right wall of my study for the past few hours. Now very high radiation - entire right side of my body prickling in pain.

20081113 Thu

Last night, the Menons again increasing the radiation until they got the satisfaction of my shouting out - then settled down to the usual night of playing with the torture.

5:15pm, Monish Das in position behind the right wall of my study, the radiation increasing - targeting the back of my neck and upper body. The Menons also in position below me.

6:50pm, the Menons and Monish Das shifting position simultaneously, a huge increase in the radiation targeting my right side.

7pm both the Menons and Monish Das increasing the radiation again - set of paandis on NM road orchestrated by the police to stimulate them.

20081112 Wed

Last night I slept very little – the Menons taking turns targeting me with radiation, and Nimhans perverts coming over to enjoy the fun and try to get some attention for themselves. For the first half of the night, a male Menon targeting me – likely Ravi Menon, then Meghana Menon coming over.

4:55pm, the perverts have been building up their 'woe is us' nautanki on the road for a while now. As usual, it was a set up for the Menon perverts to boost the radiation – they now have the old equipment back in their flat. The skin on my entire upper body body prickling in pain – both Meghana Menon and her uncle targeting me – two bursts of very high radiation to get me to shout out a couple of times for their satisfaction. Monish Das at his position behind the right wall of my study as well - he got up and moved away when I shouted the second time.

6:15pm, Monish Das back in position behind the wall a few feet away. The radiation climbing again.

20081111 Tue

At 11:40am I got a call from +919911713000 – a north Indian fellow introducing himself as a Colonel working for the Indian Army "technology" division in New Delhi. Saying he had seen the work published on my website regarding my home built altimeter/variometers. That he was interested in getting me to work on gps mapping displays and beacons for locating air drops in the Siachen. Said that his group had 'no microcontroller experience'. He took my web email address from me over the phone, despite the fact that it was published on my website – I asked him to send me details on the projects to the yahoo email address and he was quite agreeable. I asked him if that was not a security issue and he said it was fine !! Another deranged pervert ...

2:35pm, radiation peaking in my study, targeting my head and upper body. As usual coinciding with Nagaraja just outside on NM road – he started his deranged bawling as soon as I shouted out. When I shouted out – heard Monish Das moving from his position just behind the wall of my study, a few feet away Below me, it was a female Menon pervert sadist – likely Meghana Menon at work.

9:50pm, high radiation in my study – the Menon pervers have increased the radiation. 10:35pm, Very high radiation in my study, targeting my head.

20081110 Mon

9:20pm, Meghana Menon below me as I sit in my study, steadily increasing the radiation.

Found another letter in my mailbox from NHRC – stating that my complaint had been referred to the Commissioner of police, Bangalore.

1pm, just got a call on my landline from Bangalore Traffic Police. The fellow asked for me by name, then asked if a Toyota Innova with license plate KA 03 MH ... belonged to me, the address was C V Raman Nagar. I said I had no such vehicle (I have a Maruti Gypsy). The Nimp immediately responding by shouting outside on the road "My uncle ..."

20081109 Sun

Found two more letters from the NHRC in my mailbox on my return - one was the usual incomprehensible gobbledygook saying the referenced complaint could not be entertained.

The other letter however stated that my complaint had been sent to the Secretary, Ministry of Defence to be resolved ! No acknowledgement that my complaint was genuine - no attempt to make any meaningful contact with me.... have made scans of both letters and enclosed in the log archive.

Since my return to Bangalore, both the Menon family pervers and Monish Das have settled into their peep show and sadism routine, with Inspector Nagaraja and the foreign sex pervers orchestrating the nautanki outside.

Last night, I was woken up with very high radiation, the Menon killer whore girl Meghana targeting me from below. It was obvious it was all set up - Nagaraja and his sidekicks just outside the building immediately shrieking. When I shouted out - the full nautanki set of reactions immediately occurred - door slamming downstairs, a car exiting the garage, another car zooming outside, the Menons phone ringing a couple of times, someone coming to their door - all within 5 minutes. The Menons made their usual aggrieved noises, and the radiation continued all night.

Periodically during the day, the radiation in my study being spiked - both Monish Das and the Menons on peep show and sadism duty.

20081103 Mon

At Delhi domestic airport, I waited in the terminal from 9am until my evening flight. A couple of himachali families arrived and seemed to be fascinated with me - one family, the father had dyed his hair a bright orange/red - he was sporting some sort of id badge with the badge in his shirt pocket. Two very fair teenage children - the father making sure the girl was seated directly opposite me. The bizarre nautanki then started - full of praise for me, how they had a lot of respect for me etc. - they seemed to want me to notice the girl sitting opposite me. I heard her ask her mother a couple of times why her father was not speaking to me - I assume he must be some sort of govt. official. At the end of their nautanki, the father continued his bizarre behaviour by ordering everyone to turn off their mobile phones and they got up to leave - the father leaving his parting shot for me "mere beti ke saath shaadi karna hai?" By now the girl was almost in tears, and the mother reprimanding her .. More bizarre paandis.

Returned from Delhi on IC403 - seat 10F, in the seat immediately behind me, an Indian youth with the radiation equipment - made no attempt to disguise his intentions. After a couple of intense radiation spikes targeting the small of my back, I pointedly took a snap of him with my cellphone camera. His only reaction - a muttered "if you publish that photo, my father will fuck you" - the usual scripted paandi routine.

There were more paandis on the plane - a woman in the last row trying to get my attention, "I am not interested in you". At the baggage carousel, she continued with the paandi script "my mother is in the hospital ..."

20081102

Spent the last three nights in Manali - stayed at the hotel Shandela in room 308. Nagaraja had set up an elderly Malayali couple in the adjacent room - the old man was borderline senile, even identifying Nagaraja by name as he talked to him on a mobile phone - his wife more devious - immediately correcting him "avarude pere Nagaraja illa !" . The woman also parading up and down in the hotel corridor outside my door - saying that it was indeed me in the paandis collection of porno videos etc. The paandis were also in the room below me - got very little sleep during my stay there with the combined radiation from both rooms.

One night at a punjabi restaurant Sher Azam (I think) on the main street in Manali, a family of north Indian paandis arrived to sit at the table in front of me. First the "husband" and "wife", a minute later followed by a young girl maybe around 11 or 12. A few minutes later, a young boy maybe around 10 years old. They started the paandi routine with the wife doing the "straight man" routine - the husband explaining my situation to her. Behaving very strangely with the kids, as if they were not their own children. Some time later, the boy got up and stood in the aisle between the tables, facing me just a few feet away - then started licking his lips in a very sexual way. The girl, still seated and facing me, was watching him, then started to copy him - licking her lips as well - they did this for about half a minute or so, the parents continuing their conversation. A family at another table with children quickly got up in disgust and left the restaurant. Sometime later, the "husban" commenting as if he had just conducted a laboratory experiment, very coolly, "yeh theek hai", as if he was satisfied with the results.

When I got back to Bangalore I found that an expensive 35euro padlock that I had purchased in France had been stolen from my daypack. I'd left my daypack in my room in the hotel Shandela while sightseeing in Manali. Should not have been so careless !

20081028

Nagaraja and possibly Cherrapunji have re-appeared in Bir - they had disappeared after the marwari homosexual escapade in the alley near my guesthouse, a couple of weeks ago.

The core paandis were being hosted in the central monastery in the tibetan colony. Got confirmation one day during the paragliding competition when I saw a police officer with a single star on his shoulder yell at some arrogant tibetan lamas with cameras to get off the launch site "ghante thendiye ko monastery mein bhitake tere ko sharam nahin aati?" The monks were completely unfazed by the accusation - a mercenary and cold blooded lot without a shred of conscience.

Phuntsok and her father are the sadist perverts in this household - they encourage their bihari servant boy "Neema" to poison and target me with the radiation, even as they loudly claim that they are doing nothing, its the servant boy and outsiders who are targeting me. Yesterday another tibetan pervert appeared in the gueshouse at night after I had gone to bed, loudly claiming that "tumne mere sister ko thendiya bana diya" and continuing with threats

to my life. Suspect this is not the lama whose suite is next to my room, but another tibetan pervert thug that Phuntsok has engaged to do some nautanki.

Got a picture of another hired thug who had first appeared with another fellow at the bir landing fields. Telling me that they had come from delhi to watch the paragliding, then questioning me about the cost of the paraglider, the cost of training, the cost of staying in Bir, the cost of an airplane ticket from delhi to bangalore etc. They did not seem to have any interest in anything other than my expenses.

One of them showed up again at the LZ the next day, actually walking up to me as I turned around and collapsed the glider after landing. I took a snap of him as I had my camera ready, he had an ingratiating grin on his face but said nothing. After that day I have not seen him.

Radiation continuing all the time I am in my guesthouse room, the equipment being adjusted each time I lie down or try to sleep.

On October 17 at the launch site I completely forgot to connect my leg and chest straps when I set up to launch - only attaching my front reserve container. I was extremely lucky - I fell out of the harness just a metre or so after leaving the ground, and landed on my feet on the slope. If I had fallen out just a couple of seconds later, it would have been a serious accident - I would have fallen on my back on the road 10m below. Even after I climbed back up and did up my leg straps, another pilot had to point out that I still had not connected my chest strap.

Gurpreet Dhindsa, the local PG pilot and instructor, doing his usual paandi routine with his entourage of paandi students. He was on the committee of the 2008 pre paragliding world cup competition held in Billing during October 17-20. **One day at the launch site, with about 75 top foreign and Indian pilots listening to him describe the competition task, he abruptly stopped to address me by name without looking at me "Hari, tatti karna hai to abhi kar lo, mere oopar tatti mat karna". I was sitting at the chai shop about 25m away at the time, chatting with a few non-competition pilots !!**

He was completely unfazed by the reaction to his comments - heard some govt. officials present saying in disgust "yeh insaan nahin hai" - some of the top foreign pilots who have been flying in India for several years knew enough Hindi to understand what he had said - they were absolutely flabbergasted, and translated what he had said into English for the others. I had already heard other Indian pilots on the competition committee comment about his behaviour in disgust "yeh londiya hai", after listening to his comments about my personal life. A day later at the landing field, he was at it again, and more of the foreign pilots wondering aloud why he had not been locked up in a mental hospital..

Interestingly, I found that the officer in charge of the Army adventure cell that had appointed GD as their instructor - a Colonel Nigam - made sure to clarify his perspective by loudly describing GD as part of "the Army team". They even asked me to take a photo of the group with GD and another of his paandi students - a Hungarian girl Anikova - who, like GD, did not miss an opportunity to make disparaging comments about me, at the launch or at the landing or in the streets of Bir.

20081016

The british pigsty Sean Everingham keeping up her usual paandi routine since I have been at Bir, sidling up to me at the launch site to wish me hello even as my face must have registered disgust. Then satisfied, moving away to inform the other pilots that her mother was going to fix me. Another foreign pilot on the launch sarcastically asked her if the doctors had declared that she was mentally incapable of defending herself.

Today I was at the friends network internet cafe - SE was there, calmly telling the other pilots "he thinks i am a racist", "i'm not going to rat on my friends. Just because they are from business families doesn't

mean they are bad people" ... - then as others reacted in disgust, she strolled off again with a threat of what her mother was going to do to me. Apparently she has close ties to some paandis in delhi - have heard other pilots comment on a couple of occasions that "she parties with those maarus in delhi".

The nirvaana club paandis also are now in full strength at Bir - after Astrid's arrival, there is now a triad of the more disgusting lot - Piku Bhardwaj, GokulKrishnan and Manoj - the first two not missing opportunities to sidle up to me with a full set of exposed teeth wanting to shake my hand -this appears to be high on the paandi bonus points list - then moving away to a distance to make their threats and demented comments. Piku living up to his character - as I packed my glider on the field, he was on the spot with his usual toneless voice, commenting about how a french girl during my visit to France in summer had packed a glider in front of me in a sexual position while Astrid giggled and made appreciative comments "assume the position!".

This was in english, but the faujis sitting nearby could obviously understand - one reacting in disgust to Astrid - "yeh aurat thendiya hai" and the others disgusted with PB.

PB apparently has an uncle in the Maharashtra police - a few years ago in Kamshet at the Nirvana guesthouse, he had been on the phone giving the impression to his audience that he was talking to "uncle" who was an "ACP", confirming that the paandis were good people etc. Need to find out who this is.

Early this morning, Jyoti Thakur on a lunatic binge, roaming around the tibetan colony shouting "hamko gaanv ke niklega?" then actually driving down the lane to the guesthouse i am staying in, honking the horn, driving off to continue in the same vein.

At the internet cafe this morning, a disgusted foreign pilot, noting JT's presence there, asked if he was the lunatic who had been making the noise in the morning, and on receiving confirmation "Why haven't they taken him to the mental hospital?"

Again, am struck by the difference in character just across the state border - the fellows in Jammu coldly telling the paandis to produce their ID cards and leave a photocopy of their "parchis", the fellows here in HP competing with each other for treachery, sexual perversion, "jee sarkar"s and "accha jee" s.

The paandi police and govt. officers here in HP are far more dramatic than their counterparts in Karnataka. Even as they make sure that the people actually targeting me are left untouched, they hover around in the background, 'capturing', interrogating, arresting, 'beating up' and generally doing interesting dramatic acts - all in loud macho voices.

I even had some police officers actually advising me that "saab, yeh sacche aadmi hai, yahan ka bol aisa hai" as one fellow in plainclothes walked onto the launch site loudly remonstrating with Gurpreet Dhindsa about how I was India's biggest supporter, "tum usko ched rahe ho?" then taking the paandi position behind me for more dramatic talk. That would have been convincing, except that i was being targeted with radiation all the while - having to wipe my mouth to prevent myself from drooling saliva a few times. This happened the last time I was on the launch as well.

20081015

Went down to the guesthouse kitchen to cook noodles and boil some eggs. The bihari boy neema aka 'chottu' skulking around behind me - then he abruptly left the kitchen. I left the cooked noodles in a bowl on the counter to my left and started boiling the eggs. I was dimly aware of 'chotu' coming into the kitchen, he stood just behind and to the left of me - i saw a quick jerking motion of his hand and then he left the kitchen again.

After I'd eaten, realized what had happened - the noodles had been poisoned - the same symptoms, headache, tightness in the testicles - it was not as strong as some previous occasions, effect only lasting about a couple of hours. The devious little bastard must have thrown or sprinkled something when my attention was on the boiling eggs. A few minutes after the symptoms started, the paandis in the adjoining house (snap attached) congratulating the slimy little devil on his work.

There is a suite of rooms adjacent to mine on the second floor that is normally locked , for the use of Phuntsoks brother, a lama . Her father sets up the perversion equipment - the surveillance system - in this room at night, while Phuntsok, the bihari boy and assorted paandis use the room below me to target me with radiation.

The lama himself appears to be a decent person. This morning, he came by to change the lock on the door to his suite, and I heard him say very clearly "i am sorry, sir, my sister is mentally ill".

Have also heard him trying to reason with his parents and Phuntsok to no avail, all of them reacting aggressively to any of his comments.

20081014

This afternoon when I landed in the fields outside Bir, I found a large contingent of police officers and govt. officers in plain clothes - several sardars, some in uniform, some in civilian clothes, all goggling at me with great interest as I landed. Other junior police fellows walking up and down the road affecting to look up interestedly at the sky and cock their heads as if waiting to hear a paandi broadcast. They all had the same air of contented entertainment as if the events were living up to their expectations.

After i gathered up my glider and walked on the road to the packing area, the sardars started the paandi routine. Repeating word for word what I had just written in my log the previous day about my encounter with the two paandi policemen in the road, with great satisfaction. Assuring me that unfortunately yes, there were two or three dogs in the HP police force, but they would take care of them. "Saab, ham jaante hain, aap sacche aadmi hain" - they appeared to be highly satisfied with themselves - all nodding their heads together - as if the problem had been satisfactorily taken care of by this announcement.

No change to the radiation pattern - Phuntsok, her father and the bihari boy neema aka "chottu" busy targeting me during the night.

20081013

After I landed yesterday at around 1pm, the local paandi "PG license authority" Ram Vijay in full cry "hamko thendiya bola?" "saab ko sammaan nahin karna hai" etc. I had refused to pay the PG "license fee" when I submitted my registration papers this time, telling the corrupt weasel to first account for the Rs1050 I have so far not received a receipt for in the past couple of years.

Soon found the reason for his enthusiasm - two HP police officers walking down the road towards me as I walked back to Bir. One with brown eyes and fauji mustache commenting "maru hamaare desh ke rakhwale hain, tu kaun hain?" I should have replied "main bharat ka naagrik hoon" but said "yeh ghante ka shahar hai". After they walked past, the same fellow said "tujhe abhi giraftaar hone wala hai". They didn't realize there were army soldiers sitting in the fields nearby who had heard their comments - they were then roundly abused. "Tere ko kachua kyon bol rahen hain ham abhi samjha" etc.

Went up for a second flight, after I landed in the field near the road, a maruti 800 pulled up with a family inside - male saying "ham is jagah ke thekedaar hain" then with contempt to his family, "yeh rajput hai?" and drove off. The paandis are using caste here as their strategy - whatever they think works for the locals. (Brahmin/non-Brahmin, Veg/Non-Veg, Tamil/'Pattar' and so on ad nauseam)

Incidentally, there are NSG commandos in the group of army PG pilots here. Heard one of the faujis comment that they had enquired about me at their HQ and were informed that there was no record of me as having "terrorist" inclinations. And of course, Inspector Nagaraja and his crack team of special unit homosexual perverts are officially investigating me for "threatening" the President. Which President - it depends, sometimes its the "US President" and the foreign paandis are part of the Secret Service, sometimes its ex-President Kalam - they have a copy of the threatening letter too ! with my signature !

The tibetan family in my guesthouse encouraged by the days events - Phuntsoks mother commenting "yeh londiya ka shikaar karta hai" as I walked into the guesthouse.

Last night woken up twice by knocking on my door - first time it was the bihari "chhotu" (the tibetan families call their bihari servant boys "chhotu") - threatening me as he walked away "ham par report mat karna". Second time a couple of hours later another male tibetan paandi rattling the screen door. Radiation in the night targeting my head as usual.

20081008

Last night, fitful sleep, the radiation targeting my head making sleep difficult. At one point in the middle of the night while I was awake, a major drama outside. **A voice "Ghant maru, tera number ho gaya" - apparently someone had caught one of the marwari paandis in a homosexual encounter in the street with a Bihari servant boy.** A few minutes later cherrapunji and nagaraja shrieking - not sure ifcherrapunji was also part of the sexual encounter - he was going "sorry saare". Then more govt. paandis arriving for the night nautanki "isko mental hospital bhejo" "isko hamaare court le aao" etc. Then more marwari paandis arriving to enforce their "parchi" authority - "yeh bewakoof hain" etc. From the dramatic conversations it appeared that the person who had caught the marwari in the street was a soldier, the govt paandis and marwaris attempting to intimidate him.

This evening I was cooking my dinner in the guesthouse kitchen with Phuntsok and some guests talking in the next room - they were speaking in Tibetan. So all the loud conversations with her parents in Hindi were obviously their nautanki script meant for me to hear. Devious and cold blooded reptiles, not intelligent humans.

7pm, Sanjay Rao's deranged wife Astrid somewhere nearby with Ravi, Nirvana clubs instructor pleading with her. She had been staying elsewhere for the past several days - I had seen her with other members of the Nirvana PG club at the launch site and in Bir - doing her usual demented routine - one time sitting at the Friends café just outside the internet cafe where I was, with a strategic view of my seat. Making a running commentary on what i was doing, the laptop pc I was using, the e-books I was downloading etc. Completely demented - the other members of the club - Ravi and Hiren trying to get her to stop. Repeatedly heard the comment that she was mentally ill, she needed to take medication. She also did a nice little paandi nautanki routine for the benefit of others in the restaurant - about the police calling up her husband to ask him to come to the police station on account of my reporting her activities in my log. This immediately brought out Tsering, the paandi Tibetan woman who had poisoned me at the Friends cafe restaurant - to slyly comment that "hamko koi puch taach nahin kiya".

20081007

The guesthouse family fully involved in the torture - unlike the "simple-minded and easily manipulated" tag they try to cultivate, these are sophisticated pigs - without an iota of conscience, very devious, polished liars, and very careful to keep the sadists fully occupied. If I am in my room - and particularly after about 5pm, they ensure the sadists are in place with their equipment and continuously targeting me. While they bemoan the fact that people "outside" are targeting me and shout at the bihari small boy who

works as their cook, servant etc - a common feature in this tibetan "refugee" colony - the use of illiterate Bihari boys usually less than 10 years of age to do the household menial work and restaurant cooking/cleaning etc.

They play the game without any display of shame or misgiving - if they feel the marwari paandis are on "top" - they will mutter behind my back "bacchon ke saath shararat karta hai", etc. If the reaction from the decent folk in the tibetan colony or the other residents of Bir is more hostile and disgusted than usual, they will remonstrate with each other, usually the daughter Phuntsok or the wife reprimanding one of the other family members or neighbouring "cousins" - "yeh neech aadmi hain, aise karke hamaara naam jaayega" etc. all loudly said for my benefit in Hindi, but at all times the radiation equipment is kept targeted on me. I suppose the promised favours from the marwari sadism and peep-show pornography deal appeal to their mercenary instincts, aside from the perverted kick they get out of this sex deviant behaviour.

6:20pm, strong radiation targeting my head.

20080930

Last night, Satan jr arriving at the guesthouse complete with official indian police escort to present his case .. the sadist bastards arrival announced by the wailing and howling of the dogs that were sleeping in the street outside - the filthy coward using his radiation equipment to torture the dogs as usual, doing his "i'll fuck you" routine. In the guesthouse, he was doing his best govt. agent routine "he is blackmailing the government!" , apparently following that up by showing the guesthouse owner his choice selection of porno videos. Radiation continued through the night. There is another tibetan house with a common wall adjacent to this guesthouse, not sure right now exactly where the sadists are setting up their equipment.

Now 6:15pm, am being targeted in my room with high radiation - skin prickling on my legs and neck. Outside the paandi's indian escort announcing to the neighbourhood "ham army ke hain".

Yesterday morning while I was talking to a lady in a shop in the tibetan colony, heard a loud cheery shout "hello hari, welcome back!" - it was Prashant Varma the paandi director of the deerpark institute in Bir, who had driven up in his car. Then he drove off with a grin saying "He still thinks I am part of this group" to his passenger, an older white male, american I guess from the accent. The women in the store reacted to his arrival with a disgusted look on their faces.

As I walked ahead I heard some other foreigners discussing the situation - an older man telling a young woman. "The lamas are not to be trusted" - "don't let yourself get into any situation with them" "they will pay off the police" "that director and his crew should have been packed off to a mental hospital"

8pm - sharp pinpoint pricks of pain on my leg - being targeted from somewhere below me.

20080929

Ate lunch at joy cafe.. no one in the kitchen other than the two small bihari boys. ordered chowmein. After eating the dish, sensation of a headache, ache in the testicles and a steady burning sensation in the gut. At end of the meal a scrawny indian youth walked in while someone outside said "vaish aa gaya" - went to the kitchen to talk to the two boys "special mirchi daal diya?"

The two small boys then talking to each other like professional hired killers "yeh crorepati hai".

Cramps when I got back home - outside the pervert mela started. Satan jr. shrieking "he's going to have to give a stool specimen!" - the bangalore police paandis, the american pervers all

joining in.

Later in evening as I was still lying in bed, the american pervert from Deerpark - the frathouse "karmapa" administrator - arriving at my guesthouse - talking to the ladies below. "I heard one of the pilots was poisoned!!" Then outside more nautanki, one of the paandi actors telling him "gaandu tera satyanaash hoga" and his retort "I'll fuck you if you say anything to him" .

In the evening when I went to purchase some cornflakes and milk a group of tibetan pug-uglies with gold chains around their necks waiting outside the store when I left, repeating the "gaandu tera satyanaash hoga" with much gusto and dramatic laughter- identifying me with a "yeh hai". When I stared at them, someone in the background saying in hindi that I would kill them - the nautanki script then exhausted, the group broke up.

All night long, satan jr. and the nimp on pervert parade - using their radiation equipment on the dogs lying in the alley going up to the tibetan colony centre. The dogs howling and barking in their discomfort with the radiation torture each time - this happened about three times in the course of the night. I was also being targeted by the radiation - a couple of males from the neighbouring house doing the paandi routine "ham marwaari ke kutte hain" "hamko gaanv jaana padega"

Bir has certainly deteriorated since my last trip. The atmosphere appears to be that of a sex perverts paradise - foreign sex pervert tourists on 'Buddhist studies', depraved 'lamas', local perverts, corrupt police, cowardly and cunning locals - the works.

I spent a week trekking in Leh, and then drove to Jammu before taking a bus to Bir. I am struck by the huge difference in character, just crossing the border from Jammu into HP. In Jammu I was not poisoned even once - either at the hotel Kraanti or in the local cafe coffee day, despite eating multiple meals at the same place. The paandis were always in the distant background (Satan jr and the Nimp not to be heard, the marwari paandis doing all the talking), and I could see the visible anger of the locals and the ever-present soldiers on hearing the paandis deranged nautanki.