

2009 05 17 Sun

Woken up in the middle of last night, by a knocking sound coming from inside the wall cabinet in my bedroom. Radiation also high, when I yelled out, a mutter of satisfaction from below and I got a big spike of radiation - it was Ravi Menon below me. Then heard a police paandi outside - he had orchestrated the whole scene, apparently this was to reinforce the Menons notion of radiation torture in "self-defence". The police paandi going "nammade kuttam pariyaade ..."

Early this morning again woken up - the sex deviants on the road in a very determined manner doing a new script - it was the Nimp going "stupid meghana had an abortion" - followed by "everybodys happy!" - it wasn't the usual time-pass "woe is us" or "we have permission, you are f**ked" rant - these psychopaths are rather cunning animals - they were ensuring that I heard this clearly. Downstairs the Menons didn't appear to be outraged at all ... heard some whispering, the radiation was on but low by their usual standards. The Nimp also going "we lost the election!" - but again it seemed todays nautanki was more carefully scripted than usual.

The paandis running this show are devious psychopaths, not intelligent in a productive sense but they have a great deal of criminal cunning.

Yesterday night I'd updated my website and the NHRC with my logs. I'd forgotten to include the snap of one of the tibetan perverts recruited by the Marwaris in Bir - I suspect he was one of the animals targeting me while I was flying, in addition to setting up station at night in the room above me in Tserings homestay. Am resending the archive today with this update.

2009 05 16 Sat

Lots of paandi police and nimhans paandis doing a street nautanki in the middle of the night, the Nimp dramatically shouting "before god, I didn't touch her!". Another paandi confirming that he and Meghana Menon had spent the nights together in Munnar in the guesthouse room above me. Other paandis casually confirming that her specialty was oral sex. All night long periodic bursts of radiation from the Menons below to get me to shout out, then repeating the cycle every half hour or hour.

The Nimp and Satan jr. in full ranting mode "IIT stupid!" "Programmable!" "passport problem!" "pathbreaker program" and so on and so forth.

Early am, loud clunking sounds downstairs, police paandis in the Menons flat downstairs, repeating a scenario for the 3rd time in the last few years whereby they "discover" the poisoning plumbing apparatus and loudly inform the Menon family that they are "pattis" etc. The Menons quite unfazed, an adult woman downstairs trying to present Meghana Menons younger sister as an innocent spectator. They have been training her with the torture equipment as well, and now she's the one they send up to knock on my door to wake me up in the mornings - just for fun. No change to the radiation while all of this was going on and, a couple minutes later, I was spiked with radiation in my bed.

Now 1:25pm in my study, the sex deviant Menons targeting my head and abdomen all morning - have a headache and disoriented feeling now.

4:50pm, increased radiation over the past hour in my study, concentrated radiation in my head, my skin on my body itching all over. Ravi Menon now awake and back on sadism duty along with Meghana Menon. The paandis on the street in subdued break mode - afternoon is the low time for the sex deviants, their paandi cycle starts again after it gets dark and peaks anywhere between 10pm and 5am. Nimp and satan jr. moaning about "punishment program" "karunakaran" and assorted other vip names.

2009 05 15 Fri

Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon targeting me all of last night, beginning with my feet and working their way up my body.

Now 1:55pm, high radiation in my study, Meghana Menon targeting my lower body, my legs and feet itching. Nagaraja outside bawling as usual "avaruke vidarde!" "patti!" to encourage them.

3pm, continued high radiation cycles every few minutes to get me to shout out, Satan jr., the Nimp and Na-

garaja outside shrieking to encourage the Menons to continue - they are being very deliberate, reducing the radiation slightly each time I shout, waiting a few more minutes and spiking the radiation again.

9pm, throughout the evening, continued spikes of radiation from the Menons.

2009 05 14 Thu

My airtel landline is up now, so drove to Indiranagar BSNL exchange around 3:30pm to give my phone disconnection request. After I got into my vehicle to drive back from a nearby side street, saw a couple of burly fellows hanging around on the opposite side of the road - likely plainclothes cops. As I drove off, a vehicle drove slowly past me on 80ft road, two dark fellows - seemed like Tamilians to me - the passenger seat male bare-chested with long hair like a swami - he seemed to have something in his hands that he was concentrating on. As I turned left onto 80 ft road from the side road I was parked on, found myself turning more and more left while facing right - had to consciously pull my arm back to avoid going over the corner kerb. Not sure if I was being targeted by the duo in the car, or the cops. The car then stopped and blocked me on 80ft road at the Jeevan Bhima Nagar road junction, the driver on mobile phone shouting "nammade kuttam ...", I had to go around them to turn left onto Jeevan Bhima nagar road.

Evenings these days the foreign sex deviants are living it up - full rant mode - shouting "executive decision!" "sadashivnagar" "cantonment!" "mewa lal!" "adjutant general!" and a sundry assortment of names. Satan jr, the Nimp and a Marwari paandi thoroughly enjoying themselves. As usual the nights homosexual sadist drama starts with Satan jr. leading the show - apparently the others feed the nautanki scripts through him to start the show.

The Nimhans paandis have divided into two camps of stalkers now - the old set doing their usual naatak, and a new set of demented stalkers that follows me to grocery stores etc. to reprimand the other paandis "you are going to get it !" Both sets of "doctors" apparently incapable of treating me as a human being - more as some sort of interesting experiment to observe and make pompous comments about.

The byappanahalli police showing up to threaten and intimidate everyone - warning pedestrians and people driving by on the road not to catch the sex deviants.

2009 05 09 Saturday

High radiation through the night, woken up this morning by some strange sounds under me - as if someone was choking or hurting someone - sounded like there were more paandis below me, not just the Menons. Outside Nagaraja in full cry, something about stolen lock. **In Bir, I had heard local himachali cops talking about Nagaraja and his sidekick "kumaresan", saying "woh chor hein", confirming that they had stolen the expensive 35 euro padlock from my room in Manali last November.**

Around 9am went to my front door to get my paper, and Monish Das from 141 had timed his exit perfectly, getting into the lift with another male, both carrying bags - talking dramatically on his mobile phone about a case filed against him.

Drove out to Indiranagar BSNL exchange around 10:30am to submit a complaint about the dead broadband connection. As I drove out of the basement garage, a group of about 7-8 fellows standing in the road, in full nautanki script mode - "gaali illa?" From the looks of them, govt. perverts, likely police.

Driving down 80ft road in Indiranagar, after I passed the George Thimmaiah building, a strange thing happened, the accelerator pedal didn't move, but the throttle started increasing, I pressed the clutch and brake and moved to the side of the road, the engine smoothly revved up to a peak, I pressed the accelerator again, it didn't seem to be stuck down. Immediately just a few metres off to the right and behind me, the Nimp shouting "remote control!". Pressing the accelerator again, the problem went away.

After that I slowly drove to the BSNL exchange - found it was closed. Drove to Namdhaaris, followed in a few minutes later by a pervert - well dressed, tilak on forehead, south indian male maybe in his 40s, trying to get my attention. First walking past me with a bag of the particular haldiram's namkeen mixture that I am partial to, then doing a full circuit of the store muttering "govt. kaare ke kootam pono?" He got behind me in the checkout queue - I took a snap of him with my phone camera, next time I looked behind, he had disappeared. When I walked to my Gypsy, and got in, a familiar face on the roadside - older fellow with gray hair and mustache. Seemed like another of the police paandis hanging around there.

Now 2:22pm, Ravi Menon below me - radiation already high in my study.

Called Airtel to check about their broadband connection facility. The agent told me he would come by the building to confirm that he could give me a wired landline connection. Immediately below me the Menons in a flurry of strategic discussion, Ravi Menon doing a tough guy act "if they ask me about it ...".

I had a few years ago heard cops including Nagaraja coming to the Menons flat to marvel at the pervert customization of their flat - apparently my electrical wiring and telephone circuits were routed via their flat to give the paandis easy access. Not just the plumbing to facilitate the poisoning.

This afternoon, the perverts going into a frenzy of drive-by honkings, Nimp and Satan jr. shrieking the latest status of all the perverts (except themselves). The Nimhans perverts arriving to reinforce the nautanki.

Meanwhile the Menons carefully keeping me targeted with the radiation in my study.

Around 6pm, working in my study, got a substantial jolt when I touched an instrument connected to my PC USB slot. The electrical leakage from appliances connected to outlets in my study appears to be getting worse each day.

9pm, the Menons have been targeting me with high radiation in my study this evening.

2009 05 08 Friday

Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon keeping the radiation high last night, then Meghana Menon below me this morning to wake me up with high radiation, then staying under me as I shouted out, to keep me targeted.

When I got up this morning and went to the bathroom, looking out the window, a north indian woman in the balcony of the marwaari sex deviants flat opposite, catching my eye and immediately saying loudly "yeh bhagwaan hai?"

Some more spikes of radiation this morning in my study, Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon targeting me.

BSNL broadband connection still not working. Called 1500 and was given yet another docket number 1968. Yesterday on calling 25242198 I had been given the docket number 0298.

Prior to that on May 2, the tech support hotline 1504 gave me the docket number 117 which showed up on calling 25242198 as "pending" and then mysteriously cleared itself a couple of days ago.

2009 05 07 Thursday

Satan jr. and the other paandis doing their usual routine last night, offering pronouncements on the road like some sort of paandi govt. spokesman - as per their protocol all govt. decisions are only made in the dead of night.

Ravi Menon displaying the trademark paandi characteristic last night. I passed gas, and he reacted below me as if he had just received benediction from a priest. These sex deviant ghouls take so much untiring pleasure in observing my excretory bodily functions. He then followed it up with the official paandi verbal reaction "He's not ashamed! They think he's god!". In the case of Satan jr. my passing gas is often echoed by a verbal reaction from him "prrrp!" quickly followed by a dramatic masturbation session complete with liberal "f*ck you"s - all apparently intended to receive the maximum possible attention from his audience. And these sex deviants are carrying Government of India sex deviant authorization letters and escorted by our sex deviant police officers

Meghana Menon in a tearful naatak this morning full of self-pity, and the adults consoling her. It was obvious that the Menons were gearing up for an extended sadism session, and sure enough, when I went to the kitchen to have my breakfast, she was stationed under me and targeting my head with strong radiation.

Broadband connection still dead this morning. Went to the Indiranagar exchange today to give a written complaint about my STD/ISD facility being locked out for the past year and the broadband connection not working. Was directed to a lady at 4th floor desk, who took my address and mobile number, and said some-

one would be sent "today".

Now 5:10pm, broadband still dead. Called the complaint hotline 25242198, yesterday when I called this number I'd found that my previous complaint 0509/117 was "pending". This time I found it had been cleared ! I again registered a complaint about the broadband - docket number 0298. What a farce ...

Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon keeping up the strong radiation - making sure I get targeted in the head each time I go to the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

Got another call on my landline in the evening from a paandi. "this is Ashok from Prudential ICICI", offering me life insurance.

2009 05 05 Tues

Around 9am this morning my landline was still dead - no dial tone. Around 11:30am I got a call on the landline. I expected it to be BSNL to confirm the line had just been fixed, but surprise, it was one of the sex deviants. A south indian male voice full of slime, asking if I wanted life insurance.

Checked my broadband internet connection - still not working.

Called back the broadband support line 1504 to complain yet again - after the usual meaningless modem configuration exercise I was told that the complaint was pending, it would be rectified in 24 hours. I had called in the complaint on Saturday morning, was told it would be fixed by Saturday evening. I had called Sunday morning, was given a complaint number 117 and told it would be fixed by Sunday evening. Yesterday my landline had no dial tone at all, so could not call in to the support number. When I pointed this out, the woman told me I had given the complaint on Sunday and it was 24 "working" hours, and so it would be fixed by today evening.

2009 05 04 Mon

Strong radiation through the night yesterday. Pinpoint beams - Ravi Menon targeting my feet, then when I shouted, focusing on my ear - I could feel a sharp stabbing pain, and the sensation of something moving. Again when I shouted, he made some sound of satisfaction and resumed the diffuse radiation targeting my chest and head. Strong sensation of heat, the back of my head was sweating heavily. The Menons alternately taking turns to target me - early this morning, it was Meghana Menon. Outside Satan jr. gleefully announcing that "they are all child pornography experts". Then the mandatory paandi govt. naatak later in the morning - visits to the Menons (likely nimhans perverts trying to get some attention). Ravi Menon dramatically announcing "I have no idea what you're talking about" "I have never met these people". Nagaraja and Kumaresan keeping up their bleating and bawling on the road.

Vinay Satyan and Ravi Menon in "strategic" discussions - advising and warning each other "I'll take you all down with me" "stop it, you'll go to jail" etc.

An adult woman in the Menons flat assuring Ravi Menon that "there's nothing they can do, just keep your mouth shut" etc.

Now 4:33pm, strong radiation in my study - Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon still busy. They are quite cool and deliberate in their sadism.

I'd complained about my broadband connection not working on Saturday morning - the broadband was still not functional last night, and now today my phone line is dead too- no dial tone. Again got a shock touching a wire connected to my PC this morning.

2009 05 02

When I came back to Bangalore, I'd found my cable TV connection was not working. I have a digital cable connection. Today the cable fello arrived and told me my cable modem was not working, he left with the unit. A minute after he went away, I brushed my hand against the PC next to it and got a mild shock.

This morning I found my broadband internet connection from BSNL was not working though the ADSL link light was stable.

Called up support but even after reconfiguring the DSL modem, no luck. Again, my hand accidentally touched the PC metal case, and this time a more powerful tingling shock.

2009 04 30

Last night, high radiation - Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon quite coolly keeping the radiation high as I shouted out, waiting for someone to come knocking on their door, which did happen after about an hour - then they were satisfied, the radiation came down slightly, and stayed that way for the rest of the night.

This morning, the paandis on the road, shrieking in crescendo to assure everyone that they were indeed in deep trouble. I was later in the balcony outside my kitchen doing some work and everytime I went there, a group of what appeared to be hired tamil perverts would parade up and down the road loudly making comments into their mobile phones.

I'd paid my last electricity bill on Feb 21st for Rs 791. Left Bangalore on March 15th (switching off the circuit breakers inside my flat), and returned on April 22. Found an electricity bill for Rs 1970 with interest and arrears waiting for me ! My usual monthly bill ranges between Rs 600 - Rs 800.

Another strange point to note, in the basement garage, the circuit breakers for all the other flats are neatly aranged in a couple of rows. Mine is separate on the left !

4:15pm, the Menons below me targeting my chest - constriction and pain sensation - Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon both below me - they have been focusing the beam for the past hour or so on my chest.

7:10pm, sustained high radiation in my study targeting my body. The police paandis on the road doing their bawling act.

2009 04 29 Bangalore

Returned to Bangalore on 22nd April after spending a few days in Delhi with my cousin.

4:20pm, high radiation in my study. For the past few days after my return to Bangalore, the radiation each day has been increasing in level and the spikes becoming more frequent, as the Menons ease into their daily sadism routine cautiously. Cold blooded and very adaptive psychopaths.

Was blasted by some sort of radiation on the right side of my head - felt like a series of physical pressure wave pulses in cycles hitting the right of my head - radiation coming from the wall. The paandis appear to have installed more radiation equipment in the walls of my flat during my trip to Bir.

The sex degenerates outside keeping up their nautanki routine of "woe is us" - "all of us are being investigated" etc., with periodic visits by the police to stand next to them and woefully announce that it was not in their hands, the "grih mantri" was responsible etc. The malayali paandi "journalists" now have some more homosexual brethren from north india - apparently working for a Himachali newspaper according to their script.

For the past few days the woe is us nautanki has reached a crescendo in the mornings as all the govt. paandis make an appearance to reprimand, insult, "take away" everyone involved - so as people make their way to office they are treated to a feast of India's finest govt. officers assuring them that they don't need to do anything, everything was taken care of etc. Then the paandis are left to their own devices - in the evenings when the govt paandis return to take their positions, the sex degenerates begin the festivities, gradually increasing the radiation level and the number of spikes.

Both Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon are active below me with the radiation equipment - right now at 4:30pm it appears to be the little whore at work.

The sex deviant Mani (the property manager working for Total Environment, who'd supervised the assembly of the poisoning system built into the plumbing of my flat and showed the Menons how to use the system) is back ... security guard informing me on my return that Prakash had left and Mani was back. A few minutes later, after I'd walked back upstairs to my flat, I heard Mani somewhere in the vicinity of the building, shouting that 2 hours sleep was what I would get.

Apart from the north indian male paandi who was in the row behind me on the Indigo flight from Delhi to Bangalore, there was another north indian couple - shortish, with a young north indian girl maybe 8-9 years old who did not seem to be their own child - she was fair, they were both darker complexioned. They were accompanied by a taller dark fellow whose face was familiar - **he was prominently carrying a backpack with the Wildcraft logo on it - I have previously seen other paandis in Bangalore with a Wildcraft backpack or duffle bag trying to get my attention - they appeared to be some sort of hired private security fellows.** This one was caressing the girls head repeatedly at the Bangalore airport luggage carousel while the girl was enthusiastically telling him "mein sacchi hoon" - apparently some sort of dress rehearsal. Earlier I had heard the Wildcraft fellow on the bus from Delhi terminal to the plane ostentatiously get on his mobile phone to announce loudly that "the interview is tomorrow" etc.

2009 04 16 Bir, HP

The usual police naatak this morning, "rounding up" the perverts from a house near phuntsok's house at the bottom of the alley where I am staying in the Tibetan colony in Bir, the perverts returning in about half an hour, someone shouting that "woh paisa deke bhaag gaya" - a tibetan paandi returning to Tserings house - the radiation starting again.

In the evening I went as usual to Gendins tibetan restaurant. I have been eating at least one meal a day at their restaurant since I arrived.

Today as I sat there, an Indian fellow walked into the restaurant slowly, in civilian clothes.. Looked around for a couple seconds, then left, muttering "maru ka naam ..." - until then I had never seen an Indian in there other than PG pilots and delivery boys. I had ordered some soup and a spring roll. His wife served me the soup, no problem with it. While I was waiting however, a bunch of russian pg pilots who were leaving Bir that day came by to pay their bill, one of them jokingly telling Parsaan that his friend wanted to kiss Parsaan goodbye, and did he have Gendins permission. Parsaan laughed and said no, and I chuckled along with the rest of them. But then I could hear Gendin saying "yeh gandaa aadmi hai!".

After I ate the spring roll that he had cooked, the drugging/poisoning symptoms started - pressure in front of my head, now an hour later, strange tightness in my chest as well. 8:20pm, continued uneasiness - pinprick sensations inside my abdomen and an ache in my lower abdomen and testicles.

Gendin had been friendly towards me until one day about a week after I arrive in Bir, he asked me how much a paraglider cost. When I told him, I could see his expression changing - after that it was longer friendly and open, but sly.

One of the paandis trademark characteristics is to look for a "justification" to associate themselves with the sex degenerates - this can be any one of "don't speak abc language, non-vegetarian, talking to 'madaamas', have lot of money, spoiling the name of xyz community, they think he's god"

The deal is then cemented by a visit from a govt officer pervert to reassure themselves that nothing will happen to them other than the usual scripted breastbeating "hamaara naam ..."

Just this morning I had given Gendin a pack of food items that I was not going to use as I am leaving in a couple of days - unopened pack of tea bags, a couple packs of noodles, sugar, oatmeal etc. I had eaten breakfast there today without problems, his wife making me some "tsampa" to taste on my request.

I am struck by the similarity between the pervert families - the Menons in Bangalore, Phuntsoks house, and Tserings household - they conduct their perversion dialogues with each other in a completely casual conversational tone of voice.

2009 04 10

At the launch site today - the army adventure cell were here for training flights, they were friendly - coming over to greet me. As I walked on to the launch site, a family of north indian paandis glaring at me, they followed me on to the

launch.

I decided not to launch with the paandi and his family grouped behind me - they then walked off, with the fellow going "saala moorkh!" "yeh military operation hai!" as he walked past me.

Sitting on the launch area I suddenly developed a headache around 3pm - very quick onset. There was a bunch of college age youths hanging around and a few north indian males.

Launched around 3:30pm, short flight without incident. Now at 7:45pm, I still have a dull headache.

2009 04 08

Tsering continuing to watch me through the night in my room, the radiation continuing - she and her mother making a big show of bewilderment at the possibility of complete strangers entering their house and getting into the room above me. Early this am, I could hear her mother just outside my room loudly berating their bihari servant "chotu" at the open grating that bars the house entrance.

Tsering continuing to do her routine "main marwari ka khooni hoon ?" etc.

Now 8pm and the radiation in my room is increasing.

2009 04 06

Coming into land at the paddy fields lz next to Bir today, I found a group of people standing in the lz patch - two large tandem wings were stretched out at the top and bottom of the patch with more wings in between and about a dozen fellows standing around in the small area. There was no

problem with the wind, but with the lz patch filled with gliders and people, I landed short of the patch by about a couple of feet, in the crops. The nearest tandem pilots - all of them were local Himachalis, appeared to be quite pleased with themselves. This wasn't the first time i had seen this (jyoti thakur being the trouble maker the last time), but I told them that they were spoiling their own reputations. That it was a common courtesy

to land and then take your glider to the packing area or to the side of the lz patch to pack it - to avoid endangering the safety of other pilots coming into the lz to land. They got aggressive - got some deranged argument about the launching area being filled with spread out gliders and the tandem pilots being unable to land there. I have myself never seen a tandem pilot land with a passenger at the Billing take off. It is hazardous enough for a very experienced and skilful solo pilot. They were not willing to reason, two of them - a nutcase Satish and someone I had not seen before, likely from Manali - moving towards me aggressively until someone else said "woh tumko maar lega!" :-)

As this argument happened, another solo pilot came in to land and had to land in the nearby crops. After the two of us had moved to the packing area, the local farmers owning the land came by to shout at the tandem pilots - "Yeh tera khet hai?" and saying they would report them for the damage to their crops.

2009 04 04

Last night intense radiation targeting my head and then centre of my chest. I shouted out loudly a couple of times, both times some activity in the alley outside my window and on the road outside, someone moving. Upstairs, Tsering muttering - but the radiation continued. Middle of the night, woke up to the smell of feces. Then just a few seconds later, sounds just outside my door - shuffling feet - women talking - Tsering and her mother, her mother sarcastically asking someone "hamaara ilaaj karega?" and upstairs, Tserings daughter crying - something about her mother and "tatti".

Big naatak in the house this morning, lot of activity and people, car doors slamming, the tibetan paandis doing a big show talking in Hindi for my benefit. Tsering back to her cheerful state singing outside my door "aaj ko mein ja rahi hoon". The radiation targeting my head stayed on all through the activity. Got up around 9:30am - not in any condition or mood to go flying even though the sky looks good. Even as I type this at 10:10am, a tibetan paandi in the house is targeting

my head.

Yesterday afternoon as I left the house, Tsering walked past me on to the road, then squatting on her haunches, facing away from me. When I looked at her, she commented still facing away, "saab ko meri gaand dekhni hai?"

A few minutes later, at the main square, a gray mahindra scorpio - and a bunch of north indians - one of them with a pasty white complexion but indian features - this seems to be a local family of marwari businessmen that the paandis have recruited.

All have north indian features, but this pasty white pigment-deficient complexion. I could hear the white faced fellow saying "ham sab kutte hain?" but even though i had my cellphone with camera in my hand, it did not register that I should have taken their photo.

The degenerates are targeting me with the radiation pretty much all the time now as I walk in Bir - I have to be very careful walking down steps or on the side road as I find myself losing my balance often !.

Gurpreet Dhindsa up to his usual deranged behaviour - at launch, getting into a bitch fight with Bruce Mills, "teri gaand maarni hai?" and later muttering that the marwaris were going to sodomize me. He had a student pilot Vikas from coimbatore on the radio - GD stayed on the launch site as I launched, heard him tell Vikas to inform the bangalore pilots that "hari ki gaand phati" A cartoon caricature of a pompous govt. pervert was on the launch as this gaand conversation was happening - a woman and teenage girl with him. The paandi slowly walked past me to GD while informing the girl that GD was a "accha khiladi" and telling them to take a tandem flight with him. The girl furious, she stayed back behind me "mein nahin jaaongi iske saath!" It seemed like a replay of the incident at Delhi airport last Nov with the henna-haired himachali govt officer and his teenage daughter, but possibly this girl was not his daughter - heard her angrily tell the woman "mein papa se baath karoongi!". The pompous paandi left the launch site muttering to me "woh hamaare mehmaan hai" and "tum paapi ho!".

Russian female pilot Elena arriving on launch, as I got ready to launch, she was in high spirits, brandishing a point and shoot camera with a fat black lens - looked identical to the one held by the marwari pervert at the Bangalore airport departure lounge on march 15th. She was making sure the camera was right in my face, taking snaps, commenting "not a good picture", moving around me with the camera pointed at me as I attempted to launch, shouting "good launch!" "go!" as I aborted the first attempt. One of the taxi drivers Naresh behaving the same way - both in manic high spirits. A few minutes later Nar-esh shouting at me to go back and fly over the same place I had flown over a few minutes earlier - over the ridge spur where the degenerates hide with their radiation equipment.

A day or so earlier, Elena was in the Friends cafe where I was poisoned, sitting with the other foreign pilots. On seeing me walk past maybe 30-40m away, loudly shouting "hari, I don't want a relationship with you, I just want to be friends!"

A couple of days later at the friends internet , heard some of the locals angrily muttering about Naresh as he sat a few feet away "woh maaru ka camera us kutiya ko de diya".

Another taxi driver Chuni Lal behaving in alternately threatening and obsequious manner with me. The other drivers commenting that it was his taxi in which the marwari sex degenerates had installed their voyeur thermal camera - CL apparently owns several taxis operating in Bir.

Sachin from the Sangrai guesthouse, coming to the main square in bir where I was waiting to go up to the launch one morning. Sitting with another local and commenting apparently about the govt paandis "woh cheekh raha hai, yeh kuch nahi karte, uska ganda bolega, to hospital mein dalenge" then walking by me to say "saab, yeh taxi driver aapko chhod rahen hai".

2009 03 30

Paandi police in the background as we stopped at the "license checkpost" at the bottom of the hill. I suspect it was the corrupt "meesha-waala". Saying something about everyone taking money, as if that was normal, and adding as a parting shot as we left the checkpost "sarkaar ke saat takkar mat karna".

At the site, just as I prepared to launch, two lamas arrived - short, again looked almost identical, accompanied by two short plumpish young tibetan girls. They were accompanied by a local taxi driver - all were in high spirits. As I aborted my first launch attempt, the two girls running towards me with cameras held up - eager to catch the possibility of my being dragged off the slope. The whole group almost seemed to be high on drugs in their merriment.

The air was quite rough, I went out towards the fields and at one point found myself unable to turn in light lift - the air was fine, I should have been able to thermal easily, but could not move my left arm.

Got low and facing strong headwind, applied a little accelerator with the foot controlled bar - needed

to keep my hands up to avoid applying brakes at the same time, and again, found my left arm would not go up - I heard someone shout in english from below, "get your arm up" and with an effort managed to make both hands symmetrical.

The sex degenerates have again been hosted in the same central monastery in Bir - I took a snap of the gateway and asked the taxi drivers outside its name - they told me it was Nima Gompa - one of them muttering "ek baar thendiya ko bitha diya to galti ho gaya . Do baar ..."

2009 03 27

Went to my usual lunch cafe on the 1st floor in the main square. A european woman, shaven head, middle aged in buddhist nuns robes, talking to another middle aged white couple. After I sat down, she began to discuss me with the other two with the pompous air of an empress entertaining her courtiers. "Its just a lack of sensitivity" in reference to the tibetan paandis obscene comments and interest in pornographic voyeurism.

Then brushing aside the other couples comment about the tibetan colony's middle class tibetans penchant for keeping illiterate bihari children as servants in their houses "They are well fed and clothed" as if they were animals. Dismissing the couples comment "its against the law!" with more comments in the same vein. As they were leaving, the reptile of a woman gave me a beatific smile.

Got back to my room, and a few minutes later heard a male voice on the stairs going up - "dimaag kharaab hai! sab jhoot hai" and then a minute later, people settling into the room above me where the paandis target me with radiation. Went upstairs with my video camera - a couple of somewhat plump tibetans in lamas robes, identical in appearance complete with the sunglasses, in the room, when they saw me, they started chanting.

Later heard the households "chhotu" - their bihari servant boy kamlesh - yelling at another tibetan male paandi outside my room "main sabko bata doonga! tum saab ko kamre mein dekh rahe ho!" and the tibetan responding dismissively "bahut bola" - i had heard a couple of tibetan lamas on the street yelling at me the same thing along with "bahut bola, phir se bola to dekhna" and the other shouting "this is official!" . Last time I was in Bir, the sex degenerates were being hosted in the main monastery Nima Gompa in the tibetan colony, am not sure where they are put up now.

Nagaraja and his sidekick "kumaresan" doing a periodic nautanki - brought by the marwaris to do their routine "avaruke vidarde! 'saare, saare".

The paandi psychologist Sheela in attendance - I suspect she was on the same plane to delhi. I was in the last row, a woman got out of the bathroom behind me at the beginning of the flight. I remember she was in salwar kameez, I had been fidgeting, it felt like I was being targeted with radiation in the back. Heard one of the flight attendants in the galley comment "thats one of them - she must have been playing with herself while she was doing it".

2009 03 26

I was clearly targeted with the radiation while flying yesterday - found myself making jerky movements, then freezing up with my head inclined to the left . At one point during the flight I had crossed over to the antenna on the opposite side of the valley. Then I heard one of the tibetan

paandis - the same one targeting me at night in Tsering's guesthouse.

He was shouting from directly below me "main tujhe chhod lunga!"

I was trying to circle and climb in a thermal, but was disoriented and uncoordinated, with my head cocked to the left and neck stiff.

The wing swinging all over the place. I left the thermal current and decided to go land at Chaunthra, about 5km away.

2009 03 21

Last night, both Tsering and a male paandi in the room above me - when the radiation woke me up and I shouted, I could hear them discussing me as if it was a laboratory experiment they were conducting. In the morning I heard Tsering telling someone that I was getting very angry just for being woken up in the night. The standard illiterate minor Bihari servant boy "chottu" that seems to be a stable feature in the houses of these Tibetan "refugees" informing everyone loudly that "woh musalmaan ko support kar raha hai".

Got a phone call this morning while I was on the loo - it was from a Bangalore number 25593345. The fellow introduced himself as Vinay, then corrected himself as "Major Vinay" ... asked if I had submitted a complaint to the NHRC - I said I had. He then said he had received some report about army officers including a "Panicker uncle" and asked me if I could give him a summary of my problem. I told him it was difficult to give him a verbal summary over the phone of the events over the last decade, and said there was enough summaries for him to read on my website. He immediately responded that he had seen my website and reports but wanted to hear from me verbally what the problem was as he was supposed to give a report soon. I told him again that there were several summary reports in the archive in my website, that they were written, thought over and concise - I mentioned my report to President Kalam and to Inspector Lokesh of Indiranagar police station. Told him that I was now used to interacting with govt paandis that wanted to know "what is your complaint" even when I was giving them a signed letter plus a CD with the archives of my daily logs.... He acted surprised to hear that I was not in Bangalore. Asked when I would be back and if he could speak to me then - told him I would be back mid-April.

He then asked me for my website URL. This was one minute after telling me that he had seen my website and the reports !

Not sure if this was a genuine Army officer but given the surreal nature of the situation it could well be ! **All the govt. officers who ask me to meet them seem primarily to be interested in whether I am still speaking coherently, all of them react the same way when I point to the letters, CD, sheaf of papers that they have on their desk - "what exactly is your complaint?". As if a written and signed letter from me was not what they had in mind.**

He then made the second paandi authority standard question "Why are they doing this?" I really should have asked him to explain why they were doing this, but I replied that they were corrupt perverts and sadists. At this point I was irritated enough, decided to give him a verbal summary - I am complaining about a mafia of sex degenerates, homosexual sadism, pedophilia, pornographic voyeurism ... facilitation of crimes against Indian citizens, sedition etc. while he tried to stop me repeatedly, "no need" "its all right" etc.

He then asked me to call him when I was back in Bangalore and wanted to give me the number. I said his number was on my cellphone. Not sure if this is another of the deranged paandis hoping to get a mention in my diary

Today went up to the launch - two fellows from the US came up with us in the jeep. A young guy called Travis who affected to not understand my spoken English. He was taking a tandem flight with a British pilot Owen. Finally understood his behaviour when he said he was from Idaho, and that he was staying in the Deerpark institute, he was there for an international conference on translating the works of Siddhartha. As he completed this, loud shout from the background - "They are not my friends!" - it was Prashant Verma, the director of the Deerpark institute. On the launch site, I heard more of the foreign pilots muttering that he was one of the "shitheads",

another pilot who seemed to have more information about these fellows than me, agreeing, and adding that one of the core paandis stalking me was a Mormon, that he'd recruited a "vigilante Mormon" group of deranged paandis to help him.

Almost had a serious accident on launching today - lost pressure in the wing, stumbled and fell. The wing reopened and flew back into the hill with the risers twisted. Was lucky to land on the side of the hill with no more than a bruise on my elbow.

Got back into the room to sleep this afternoon, and immediate high radiation - a male paandi in the room above me, while the rest of Tserings family chatted busily in the living room downstairs. A visitor with them when I went to the kitchen to cook my evening meal of porridge, and Tsering being very friendly for the visitors benefit, giving me a bulb to replace the burnt out one in the bathroom, bringing out a neat little gadget to clamp onto the bowl so I would not burn my hands, offering to carry the porridge bowl to my room etc. as if she was my best friend in the whole wide world... in the background, could hear the visitor, a young woman telling the family "un kutte ka madad mat karna".

A couple of days ago while I was sitting in the main square in Bir at a tibetan cafe, a group of about 4-5 himachali police officers walking past - there was some tension in the area with a fight between a tibetan and an Indian - a stabbing. The two guys behind in plain clothes a fellow in front with a peaked cap, they saw me sitting there, and the officer with the cap commented "Unke ghar ki saari zimmedaari unpar hai ..." apparently quoting someone sarcastically, then adding with disgust "Marwari ke khooni!" - possibly he was referring to Tsering. After I'd eaten and walked back to the guestroom, the two plainclothes fellows were standing at the corner of the square, one saying after I'd walked past, "Saab, hamaara report mat karna, ham aapke taareef kar rahen hain" - getting one of the decent Tibetan shopkeepers to yell in disgust that they should be arresting the deviants instead of complimenting me. Likely another police nautanki. Lots of "supportive" comments while casually walking past the people who have poisoned me, targeted me with radiation etc.

2009 03 18 Bir, HP

The full complement of bangalore paandis here in Bir, including the paandi psychologist sheela, Neha agarwala, Kumaresan, Nagaraja, etc. etc.

Radiation in my guestroom from the first night i moved in. Staying with the woman Tsering halfway down the bakery lane in the tibetan colony.

The paandis on full hysterical nautanki mode in Bir, then both times I have gone to the launch site so far, they have been in position.

I have not been able to get decent sleep - radiation all night keeping my chest and head targeted. Nimp and Satan jr thoroughly enjoying their new environment and audience.

2009 03 14 Bangalore

Took the 11:30 Indigo flight Bangalore to Delhi. Followed into the terminal by a marwari youth paandi complete a tilak on his forehead, rushing to get in position behind me at the check in terminal. Later saw him at the departure gate - another youth, looking younger, and likely his brother - sitting a few seats away. took his picture with my cellphone camera from the boarding queue as he sat there, he immediately muttered something and brought out a point n shoot camera, silver with fat black lens, and pointed it at me I was on the last row 30C on the plane. Two short punjabi men came on very pleased with themselves and with a marwari woman obviously wealthy, lots of jewels and rings. The woman on the aisle seat across from me, the two punjabi men in the window and middle seat next to me. The two punjabis commenting to the woman "Accha hua is seat mila" - I assumed the woman was with them and offered to exchange my seat with hers. The punjabi said "No, she is with someone else" with a big smile. The woman making eyes at me through out the flight, at one point woke up to find she was pointing a cellphone camera at me, then sweetly telling another woman in the window seat on her row that don't worry, I'm not part of that group. Meanwhile the marwari paandi with the tilak in a seat just a couple of rows ahead, doing the paandi routine "badmaash!" "my father is going to ..." When the plane was descending to land at Delhi, the flight attendants told a woman in the aisle that she could not use the bathroom then. The marwari paandi then turned around to look over his shoulder at me to inform me very loudly "abhi tatti karna mana hai!" Took another pic of him at delhi baggage claim, he had removed

the tilak by then. I took a prepaid taxi to the inter-state bus terminal at Kashmiri gate, went to the gates for the buses leaving for Himachal. The paandi showed up there too.