

2009 05 27 Wednesday

12:30pm, the radiation climbing in my study, Meghana Menon below me targeting my chest. Constriction and dull ache in my chest.

Last night Raj Kumar and his group of sex deviants in practiced ranting mode - he disappeared for periods while Satan jr and the Nimp kept going. Maybe getting some sleep - then coming back to lead the paandis ranting. All the while, the Menons below me cycling the radiation - Meghana Menon and the adults taking turns to spike the radiation and get me to shout out. Kumaresan and Nagaraja making sure they earn their sex deviant hafta money - more cops arriving as per the usual pattern to culminate in the mornings arrival of "good" police to reprimand the "bad police" - "avaru saare ke nokaanayite vanna ? ide ninde aale aanu " without actually doing anything! .

This morning when I went to get my newspaper at the front door, Vinay Satyan from 121 was in Monish Das's flat - standing just inside his open front door - waiting for me to arrive so that they could do their de-ranked naatak - this time threatening me - "no more legal options". I closed the door so couldn't hear the rest of their sex deviants strategic conference, Satyan's wife came promptly to fetch him after they had finished their script.

My father had passed away on May 23rd. Today I found out from my brother that he committed suicide. I was not on speaking terms with him for more than a year after finding out that he had been willing to support the Nimhans psychiatrists' attempts to have me committed to a mental institution. Specifically, it had been Dr. Prashant who had been repeatedly contacting him to get a letter of support - it was Dr. Prashant who diagnosed me with "paranoid schizophrenia" and sent me to a ward for violently deranged inmates for two weeks - even as these sex deviants roamed around the hospital premises ranting as usual. His contention - no witness was willing to come forward to support my "story" of being followed from the US by a group of voyeur stalkers attempting to do harm to me. No matter that each time I spoke to him, anyone could hear the paandis - Satan jr. and the Nimp - roaming around and ranting in the background ! No matter that some of these paandi "doctors" would cock their heads to listen to their ranting, and continue to speak to me about my classic symptoms - "hearing voices". Prescribing drugs that were injurious to my liver even though I informed them that my last medical exams showed unexplained scarring and cysts in the liver - and they knew I could easily afford the more expensive alternatives. Sub-humans in an "elite" medical institution...

I hold the Nimhans psychiatrists who were repeatedly in contact with him responsible in part for his state of mind and his suicide. I have seen with my own eyes the progressive deterioration of the paandi neighbours in the past years, from malicious peeping toms into psychotic sadists and killers - after being "treated" by these so-called doctors who take the Hippocratic oath and systematically destroy individuals and families with their cold-blooded corruption and malevolent evil.

I hope there is some authority with a backbone in this wretched country that is actually capable of taking action against these corrupt sub-humans that work for the government of India.

2009 05 25 Monday

Several hours of sex-sadism festivities by the Ravi Menon - Meghana Menon duo below me last night, accompanied by a surround sound effect of several north indian perverts and the foreign sex deviants all roaming around the building and simultaneously talking about "15 years in prison!", "30 years in prison!" etc., finally dramatically breaking down and sobbing. Raj kumar leading the nautanki.

Then on cue, a nimhans paandi female arrived. The same one who has been stalking me doing a "Mr. xyz, you are going to get it !" routine. To loudly inform everyone " ... you are nothing but a common crook !" "Mr Ravi Menon has been having sex with his wife !" "There is no evidence !"

Ashwathanarayana, Nagaraja, "Kumaresan" all arriving at different times in the night to monitor and participate in the nautanki - of course mournfully informing everyone how much they were suffering from the loss of their good name. Very important in this Indian community - to ensure no one takes action against you, you need to tell people that you are "suffering". Terrible suffering, while your victim is "enjoying himself" submitting complaints.

It doesn't matter if you are a foreign sex deviant paedophile, homosexual sadist peepshow pervert, poisoner, the personification of corrupt evil. Just show up with a red tilak on your forehead, beat your breast loudly and tell the whole world that you have lost your status, your name, "they are calling me a dog!" "they are questioning me !" etc. And alternate these mournful routines with furious "he's enjoying himself !" "they think he's god!"

I can't count the number of times I have heard the paandi neighbours Vinay, Monish, Ravi Menon and family, Ashok Balivada and wife, Rahul and wife - hissing and spitting in dramatic fury "He's going paragliding!"

Very effective in India - a safe technique for malevolent psychopaths - just make sure you you inform everyone that your intended victim is "enjoying himself".

After the appearance of the Nimhans paandi and her scripted statement, the street paandis all simultaneously switched mode from mournful breast beating to "Executive decision ! "
Another pompous govt. pervert came by later, closer to the building to intimidate the apartment security guards (who are obviously scared by these pompous govt. scumbags speaking in English to them) . This one went theatrically "Mr Nairs testimony is not credible ..."
and promptly Meghana Menon below me spiked the radiation targeting the centre of my chest. A few hours later now, at 8:30am, my chest still feels constricted.

Am wondering about the absence of this prime sexual psychopath "Raj Kumar" for the past year and more - what could possibly have kept him away from the scene ? He is if anything even more deranged than the other hired perverts who followed me to India from the US. A cold blooded psychopath and completely addicted to this sadist homosexual drama - it was in his absence that Satan jr. took on the role of leading the nightly peepshow and sadism nautanki. So why and where did he disappear to ?

7:40pm, the paandis are now roaming on the street outside the building - Satan jr. and the Nimp starting the nights sadism festival. Meghana Menon and an adult Menon promptly increased the radiation in my study - very high now and continuously high even as I shouted out as loudly as I could - a police paandi cruising up and down on NM road on motorcycle as I shout.

9:15pm, another burst of high radiation from Ravi Menon below me - he was getting fidgety with the lack of excitement.

2009 05 21 Thursday

High radiation all of last night as the foreign paandis, encouraged by the police, swarming around the flat to stimulate the menons sex perverts below me - Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon targeting my head, my heart, not reducing the radiation even as I shouted out. They seemed to be using multiple types of radiation, one of the items of equipment was obviously heavy, because I could hear it being dragged when I moved from my study to bedroom and back. Got up this morning fatigued and dizzy and disoriented. Chest still feels constricted.

Nimhans paandis roaming around last night - heard one of them going "Mr. Nair you are going to get it"- likely the same woman that has been following me around to the ATM and grocery store the last week, telling the other paandis that they were going to "get it".

It appears one of the original Indian sex deviants recruited by the americans - "Raj Kumar" - has returned to the scene. He had been missing from the group for several months. Now for the past few days, he has been orchestrating the mindless ranting - the police appear to be quite comfortable with him being in charge of the show. "Raj Kumar" is supposed to be a security guard who was recruited by the TRW perverts when I moved from California to New Jersey in 1996, he has now metamorphosized into one of the distinguished "mahashayas" for the paandi Indian govt. officers. Some years ago I actually heard his name being called out on the PA system in Singapore Airport transit terminal once - he was being asked to report somewhere - and the paandi was cursing as he stalked off.

Another police paandi making a repeat appearance to reprimand me for "chasing madaamas", that all the "madaamas" I knew had developed "thala potti", that a woman I had met in Bangalore last year had a good character, she was crying a lot because I was a good man, I should marry her. After this surreal monologue, the other police paandis then jumping in to tell him he was a pervert, they all appeared to be highly satisfied with this latest police paandi recruit - this one seems to be the ASI from Byappanahalli station - heard the other paandis informing the neighbourhood that he had been in charge of handling the Marwari paandi "kooda" in Prestige Greenwoods with the appropriate reward "avaru Marwari de paisa adiche".

They all seem to be quite happy loudly accusing each other (verbally of course) of criminal misconduct on a daily and nightly basis - they never interrupt each other - one of them does his monologue, when (s)he's finished, the next one steps into the spotlight to reprimand and accuse the first, the first one lets him finish, then goes "naan paandi maare aano?" and stalks off, and the cycle repeats with a different set of characters. There's also a new north indian "journalist" who loudly in Hindi accuses the security guards at my building of helping the paandis, he has joined malayalam homodrama as part of the paandi "press contingent" that stalks me, taking their positions next to the sex deviants.

Today nautanki was mostly about a "headmaster" - sometimes changed to "the principal". For variety, a bunch of new names thrown "Mrs Avasthi" "Siddharth is going to kill you!"

9:45pm, the Nimp and Satan jr. in their element outside - independently on different rants, constantly varying "internet has control problems" with different emotions - excited, mournful, raging, they seem very pleased with themselves and the attention they are getting. Nagaraja and Kumaresan doing their usual routine. Below me, Meghana Menon targeting my abdomen as I sit in my study - intense itching sensation. The little sadist whore and her sex deviant uncle waiting for me to go to bed, so they can begin their play time.

10pm Ravi Menon experimentally spiking the radiation to gauge the reaction of the paandis on the road.

2009 0519 Tuesday

Last nights and this mornings sadism festivities marked by the sex deviants shouting on the road "executive decision!" "prime minister!" with the cops standing around benevolently. I was woken up at one point in the middle of the night by pinpoint radiation targeting the back of my head, when I shouted out and moved, some animal grunting noises from just below me - it was an adult male menon maybe Ravi Menon targeting me.

Went out this morning for groceries, in the garage basement - Vinay Satyan and his wife and someone else standing there - the paandi was doing his routine "He can't fly..." while the others shushed him as if something big was coming down the pipeline. These neighbour paandis Vinay Satyan and wife, and Ashok Balivada and wife are pretty much bipolar - either "we all have permission, and you are going to be arrested very soon" or "we have learnt our lesson, we are not doing anything now". They flip in an instant based on the current paandi nautanki script. Since today the nautanki restaurant special was "executive decision" and "prime minister", they are on a high.

Today for a couple of hours in the late afternoon, Meghana Menon relentlessly following me from my study to my kitchen to my balcony and back, keeping me targeted with intense radiation - the skin on my arms and legs itching and becoming red. The paandis outside on the road doing their routine about a central character called Jyothsna ... this went on for a while.

Now 7pm high radiation starting in my study - heat sensation on upper body, a male sex deviant Menon targeting me - likely Ravi Menon.

2009 05 18 Monday

Ravi Menon targeting me with close concentration last night - another sort of radiation toy, felt disoriented and a pressure sensation in the head. At one point I was woken up - Meghana Menon below me informing me "uncle I'm sorry I didn't do anything!" and Ravi Menon dramatically saying "Go to your room! This is our land!" then returning to his sadism fixation.

This went on all night. In the morning one of the police paandis arrived giggling on the road to loudly inform everyone that no, I was not going to be arrested, but they were in trouble and they all went oh no, foiled yet again ..

And so another sex deviant nautanki day in Bangalore begins. As the sadism party begins at night, a group of police paandis arrive on the road to inform everyone that the paandis have permission, they are all good people, and I am going to be arrested the very next day.

In the morning, a police paandi arrives to inform everyone “avaru satyam parniyu”, “ellam kootam ponu” etc. to reset the stage for the next show.

11:30am in my study, the same radiation that the Menons were using last night - in addition to the usual equipment. A tense pressure feeling in my head as if it were being compressed from the sides, pain next to both ears.

Went with another local paragliding pilot to check out his new glider on a field on the way to Nandi Hills from Hoskote. Followed by a bunch of the perverts in a MUV - the Nimp and a Marwari doing their routine - at one point when the other pilot offered to let me try kiting his glider, they got excited. They were targeting me with radiation all the time, then stimulated a bunch of local passerbys who had been watching us from the road, to crowd around us - then a few of their paandis to get close and start up some nautanki conversation. One of them speaking to me in English, he could well have been a paandi police fellow judging from his face and bearing - I could not for the life of me figure what he was trying to say - it seemed like gibberish to me.

At night I was setting up an email client to my website hosting account. Outside, the Nimp loudly broadcasting the details as I typed - user name, the password etc. - police and nimhans paandis with him to make the appropriate noises.

2009 05 17 Sunday

6:15pm, Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon below me taking turns to spike the radiation, each one replacing the other when I shout out. Outside on the road Satan jr. and the Nimp parading and bawling as usual.