

2009 10 14 Wed

Very high radiation last night, both Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon were in the bedroom below me keeping me targeted as I shouted out - it appeared they were back to their sexual antics mixed with sadism as close as possible underneath me.

It appeared the Menons wanted me awake for a nautanki being enacted outside by Satan jr. and the Nimp - they were shouting about a "Sudhakar Rao" - they seem to have gotten back into form now.... Nagaraja and his sidekick "Kumaresan" also part of the group.

Now 6:30pm, radiation in my study is increasing again slowly, targeting my head.

I am off to Bir in Himachal Pradesh tomorrow for the autumn flying season, for 2 weeks, tomorrow.

In March this year I finally managed to take a video of the dhaba owner who had poisoned me last year in Bir - before this every time I had taken my camera and gone to his dhaba, he'd been missing ...

Forgot about adding the information when I logged my archive 2009_05_16.zip, I just found the video again and have extracted a frame from it and added to this reports archive.

2009 10 13 Tue

Again the steady radiation all of last night targeting my upper body, the Menons have settled into a new routine now.

Went to the DRDO shopping complex today, at SBI atm as soon as I got in the queue outside, could see in the reflection on the glass, a paandi woman accompanied by a youth in maybe his 20s, getting into position behind me - moving very quickly and then freezing when they saw me looking at their reflection! I think I have seen the same fellow a couple of days ago in the morning - had opened my front door to see Monish Das from 141 entering his front door like a zombie, with this youth carrying a suitcase behind him.

The woman followed me into the grocery store below SBI - then getting ahead of me as I waited at the checkout with the storekeeper. She kept picking up items and asking for prices, then after settling her bill, coming back with more items and asking for the price etc. Finally the paandi routine - "he's a good man!", then something about her "cousin" in trouble. Woman was shortish, short curly hair, a bit of a potbelly, dressed in tshirt and slacks.

2009 10 12 Mon

Constant high radiation all of last night, just below my usual threshold for shouting out. Finally got some sleep in the morning, woke up around 11am.

7:30pm, radiation in my study now increasing each hour - the Menons and the paandi police outside seem to be very intent and fascinated now.

2009 10 11 Sunday

Around 4pm, I was waiting in my apartment building lobby on the ground floor for an acquaintance to pick me up.

(I had driven down to Vagamon a week ago for the PG festival, and while I was there, a couple of other guys were busy checking their radiator fluid level in their vehicles (an Indica and Uno) in the mornings - I was telling them that I had almost never checked the radiator fluid level in my Gypsy- its been 10 years since I bought it second-hand- and joked that it was a Maruti, I had no need to worry.

On the way back from Vagamon, I found the engine temperature getting to the danger zone. A couple of days ago, as I drove back from an errand, heard bubbling noises from the front, and when I checked, found radiator fluid spraying from a hose. Fluid level low, today I saw some leakage spill below my parked vehicle in the basement garage...)

A couple of police fellows drove past the building on a motorcycle - the fellow at back in plainclothes - both looked like goondas from their physical appearance. Heard a security guard from a neighbouring building shout that they were paandis, the guard at our building also glaring at them and muttering something. So it looks like there is a sizeable group of local police perverts now in the pay of the sex deviants - I have not seen these two before. The guy at the

back of the motorcycle responding to the shouts by saying “nammakye pidikyam pono?”

Now 6pm, high radiation in my study, Ravi Menon & Meghana Menon below me.

2009 10 09 Fri

Went to Big Bazaar on Old Madras Rd for my groceries, as I was leaving, a north indian paandi family - what looked like 3 generations of women including a teenage girl - started a skit near the entrance. The women repeating a routine, telling the girl “Don’t worry, we’ll find a man like him for you”. “He’s a normal guy!” and to satisfy the audience, telling everyone that the “inspector has lost his job!”. Most likely one of the clutch of perverts from Prestige Greenwoods.

9pm, high radiation in my study, Meghana Menon at work below me, muttering to herself as she played with the equipment. Shouted out, radiation now constant and high, targeting my abdomen.

2009 10 08 Thu

A paandi police fellow arriving this morning to “reprimand” the couple in flat 131 for not getting rid of their nanny, a teenage girl whose mental health has been steadily deteriorating since she arrived. Today she was again outside my flat door in the morning with their kid. The police fellow loudly informing everyone that these perverts were dogs, informing the neighbourhood about the women in Maple apartments (Priya Nair and another from apt. 305) who had taken off their clothes and roamed around on the stair landing outside my flat. One of the paandi women in the neighbouring building happily going along with the police skit “I don’t want my boys to see that !” No effect on the radiation in my flat while all this was happening - some malayali reporter doing the q & a session with the police paandi.

9:20pm, consistently high radiation in my flat today - every time I came back into the flat from the balcony, they were targeting me. Now the radiation is very high, targeting my upper body - sensation of being cooked. Satan jr squealing outside “i’ll kill him !”. They are in full blown status mode, I am off to Bir/Billing in HP in a weeks time, so they are very happy to inform everyone that their operation is finished, they are all going, everyone is going to jail etc.

Meghana Menon doing her bit - repeatedly letting me know that “my parents are going to jail!”

2009 10 05 Mon

Meghana Menon targeting me with strong radiation last night - I shouted out several times. Early morning, a male knocking on their door, someone known to them, to announce in Malayalam something about “aa patti”, “police case” and “FIR”. No change to the radiation pattern after this little skit.

Now 5pm, radiation is increasing in my study again. 5:30pm, Meghana Menon below me making muttering noises, very high radiation targeting my head.

5:45pm another burst of high radiation.

2009 10 03 Sat

Last night steady radiation in my bedroom, Meghana Menon going in and out of the room to adjust the radiation and then leave.

Went to the DRDO shopping complex this afternoon. Followed in by a skinny fair, north indian fellow in bermuda shorts and shirt - maybe in his 40s - butting in front of me in the checkout line, telling the shopkeeper, “there is fungus in this” showing a packet - after the shopkeeper told him to replace it, he went on “My daughter is scared because of the fungus” and later muttering and glaring at me “main isko theekh kar loonga” - the daughter was maybe 12 years old or so and an active participant as well - doing her routine looking sideways at me “i’m scared!”

9:15pm, radiation increasing again in my study, targeting upper body.

2009 10 01

Went to the Reliance grocery store in Kagadasapura, when I got to the checkout, there was a shortish woman, maybe in her 30s there, in jeans and shirt, moving around with apparently no purpose, the checkout girl looking at her suspiciously, which was what got my attention. She had a passing resemblance to a cousin of mine who lives in Bangalore (and Bindu Menon as well, incidentally). As my stuff was being billed, she started up her routine in a casual low

voice “I am not your cousin ...”, then more stuff about how she was willing to have anal sex - all said in a very casual voice to no one in particular, all the while strolling around within about 10 feet from me. Other shop staff calling to the manager to tell him that the “sootha-mare” people had arrived.

Later in the evening outside my flat, Satan jr. and the Nimp shouting “They’re training her to be a high class prostitute!” - some muttering below me - apparently it was about Meghana Menon.

2009 09 30

The paandi marwaris behind me on the road to Commercial Street going “hum gande log ka upyog karte hain, hum gande log nahin hain!”. Two police fellows a little ahead on the road waiting for me - the older potbellied fellow looked like a replica of the paandi SHO at Byappanahalli station - waving his laathi at me in a threatening manner, as if he was telling me he was taking me to the station. But when I walked past them, he had lowered his voice - apparently explaining to the other fellow what a criminal I was. Something about my father’s death.

2009 09 29 Tue

9pm, radiation getting very intense in my study, targeting my head. Ravi Menon at work.

2009 09 28 Mon

Afternoon, the paandi woman who roams outside on the road doing the “saare” routine was at it again, just outside the building. After several consecutive “saare”s I got up and went to the window, but she had hidden out of sight. Immediately below me a paandi Menon adult woman telling Ravi Menon “She’s good. Tell them ...” and Ravi Menon scooting off to “tell them”.

2009 09 27 Sun

Lots of activity in the Menons flat downstairs in the morning. Door opening and slamming several times. I suspect equipment transfer back into their flat.

2009 09 28 Mon

Consistent discomfort level radiation all night from the Menons flat.

Went to the DTDC agents office on Thippusundara Road to drop off a home made vario that I had made for a paragliding pilot in Coimbatore. A group of three fellows standing at the top of the stairway leading down to the basement office - when I got in, the guy inside sporting a tilak on his forehead was ready for me already. Avoiding eye contact all the while, he asked me abruptly what was inside. I said “Electronic components”. He asked “What exactly?” I said “Vario”, he didn’t bother to ask me what a vario was, but pointed behind me and said it was a banned item, “no electronics”. I looked at the list and there was no mention of electronic items, and said so. He pointed to the last item “Radio active materials” and said “this is radioactive”! Surreal ... another cowardly, treacherous, devious dog - I called him as much before I left when I walked past the three plainclothes pigs at the top of the stairs, one of them made a show of calling someone on a cellphone, saying “Saare nalle aale aanu, case edikyula ?”

Drove to the DTDC office in BDA complex Indiranagar, it was closed. As I walked back, a paid thug - dark complexioned, possibly Tamilian - arrived, complete with cellphone holster in his belt and self-important swagger. From behind me, more police paandis. One of them apparently calling to the thug in front of me “Vaa, inni” - I could see his expression become wary, and he muttered “nammakye kootam pono?”, and I could hear “kumaresan”, part of the group behind me, bleating that there was a battery inside the vario, that was why it was banned.

Finally found a DTDC office on CMH Road that was open. Luckily, the police paandis had not gotten there ahead of me. Managed to despatch the vario there. (I had no problem shipping a vario before with DTDC ... saying it was an electronics item - I even re-used a padded shipping envelope for electronic components that had a prominent ink stamp “no commercial value - electronics device”. They just asked me if it was fragile, and I said it was well packed - that was the end of the discussion).

After I managed to thwart the efforts of Bangalore’s finest hardworking, dedicated police officers and accomplished my mission, got back home and soon enough, a nimhans female paandi outside my flat, going “Sir, another violent in-

cident ..." and so on.

Now 5:36pm, Meghana Menon below. Radiation level has jumped.

2009 09 25 Fri

Was at Vagamon for the paragliding festival this week. Decided not to fly at all, with the crowds, marginal weather, and lack of comfort with my wings handling.

But some paandis from the paragliding community - Naren from Bangalore, Gurpreet Dhindsa and Bruce Mills from HP were there - displaying their mental derangement like peacocks strutting their stuff. This morning I was on the hillside launch with all the pilots standing around, a few minutes before I left.

Ganja and sex psychopaths putting on their show. A few preliminary shots where it was established that Naren had a criminal record, and the theft of a paragliding book from my flat and its subsequent re-appearance on my bookshelf about a year later was true - Naren not denying it - mimicking Satan jr. in his response "i'll fuck you !". A couple days earlier at Vagamon I had heard he was complaining in true paandi spirit that his neighbours in Bangalore were abusing him.

They were all intent on outdoing each other in their attempts to show everyone what trivia they knew about my life. Another of my pilot "frenemies", a Malayali, joined them to stoke the fire - like deranged parasitic tapeworms they were going at it - actually competing with each other to display their mental sickness to the audience - discussing my school classmates and their personal lives, the personal lives of my relatives in the government and their families, my ex-girlfriend, even my penis size .. Not a word about who the sex deviants were, who if anybody was investigating my complaints, the radiation equipment, the poisoning, the peep show perversion - they were locked on to me more stuff about how IBM had a dossier on me - very complimentary "he could get a job at NASA if he wanted!". More stuff about how there were "a lot of people who believe you wrote those letters", that I should not laugh it off... this went on for quite a while. After several minutes of this, a couple of Kerala cops who had been standing on the hillside behind me moved in front of me and began to do a mock show of checking badges to see who were pilots. My Malayali "friend" then proclaimed they "won't do anything, their IG is part of this net". The message from the human parasites to the hillside audience was very clear - it was compulsively fascinating and privileged insider information that they possessed about me, it was my problem, and no help was to be expected from anyone.

All of the observations were interspersed with casual side accusations of perversion between the parasites - but as I have observed, accusing each other in public of criminal activity - thievery, stalking, peeping tom perversion etc. did not necessarily hinder them from having "good equations" with each other !

A couple days earlier, I had taken some of the visiting pilots with their equipment to the launch in my Gypsy. I forgot to take my glider, but other pilots in the guest cottage were still getting ready and there was another vehicle arriving to collect them - there were gliders left behind in the cottage that belonged to pilots staying at other hotels/resorts as well. When the second vehicle arrived with the remaining pilots and gliders, found my glider was missing. Apparently Naren had singled out only my glider to leave in the cottage, claiming at the hillside very smoothly that he had no idea it was my equipment. Heard someone in the background responding to this, saying that Naren could tell everyone what colour underwear I was wearing.... All of them were very aware how careful I was about leaving my glider unattended, bringing it into my room in the nights even when the others were inclined to leave their equipment locked inside my Gypsy. So my equipment was left in the cottage for the day in an open room...

The cottage housekeeper Viju had obviously been contacted by the paandis - singling me out one afternoon while I was sitting in the front porch, to interrogate me about how much the equipment cost, later muttering behind my back "nyaan paata aano?" etc. I heard the others pilots comment that when we asked for tea, before I arrived at Vagamon, he was bringing the cups on a tray and leaving the tray on the table, but after I arrived, he was handing out cups one by one to us ! The radiation paandis were always close by the cottage and after getting a personally delivered cup of tea and experiencing the familiar drugging symptoms, I could not figure out if it was the radiation or if he had drugged me - after that incident, did not risk it - drank tea only if it was in a flask left on the table.

The army adventure cell unit had arrived for the PG festival - while most of them have been genuinely friendly to me, I had suspected that a few of them were helping the paandis when I was at Billing in Himachal Pradesh. The ones I suspected were prominently displaying tilaks on their foreheads and not missing opportunities to needle me, and some army fellows were taking part in the paandis nightly nautanki skits in Bir near my guestroom, where one of the paan-

dis would be interrogated/abused/beaten up etc.. It was also clear the marwari paandis were more confident and brazen after the appearance of the army unit at the Billing launch. Today I heard an ex Air Force officer from Cochin (who I had been chatting with the previous day) muttering behind me “Nigam is taking money from these people. Some of his men are active participants ...”

A skinny fellow maybe in his 20s had arrived for the pg festival with another pilot Sumesh from Munnar. He was introduced as Akshat, an “acro pilot from Delhi”, but it soon became apparent that he was a fraud. Saw him on the hillside one day, someone in the background - I think one of the army soldiers - warning me that he was one of the paandis. On the last day as I was leaving Vagamon, drove past Sumesh who was walking on the road. Heard him say that he was not trying to f**k with me, that he had nothing to do with Akshat.

Another family of Malayali perverts showed up at Vagamon. A large fellow, tall and stocky, I had seen him before in Allepey when I went there in August for the boat race. Then he had made sure he got everyones attention, dressed in mundu, shirt and a big cowboy hat, dancing on one of the sightseeing boats next to the one hired by our group to watch the race. He had an entourage of chelas around him, likely a paandi with money. The same guy showed up on the Vagamon hillside, with other large fellows maybe his brothers, and more chelas.

The malayalam homodrama “reporters” were at Vagamon in full force, mingling with the other news reporters, cameramen who had come to cover the pg festival.