

2009 12 23 Wed

Same pattern of radiation for the past few days. Discomfort level radiation all through the day, the paandis outside on the road in an orgy of woe is us routines - "they're talking to xyz" - xyz including "Jennifer", "Yolanda", "Varun" - after a q&a session this was elaborated by the Nimp as "Varun Gandhi", "Vinita", "Indiresan" ... it has been a name dropping festival these past few days, mostly choreographed by Satan jr. who appears to have patented this digressionary tactic. For a fellow who I have almost never heard using a word with more than a few syllables, he is remarkably good at conning "innocent" people who want to look at pornographic videos of their neighbours and office colleagues and participate in poisoning, radiation torture and voyeurism as part of a group of "government authorized secret agents".

But the perverts have not been missing a beat even in this orgy of "we are being investigated, we are all in trouble" drama. As I checked an online forum for an answer to a Verilog programming question, they digressed to immediately give a running commentary on what I knew and what I did not know and "how does he know?" in full theatrical mode - then continued the usual nautanki. Completely bizarre ...

Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon taking turns to target me - in the evenings, the radiation slowly increasing, at night - the two of them on sadism shift, keeping me targeted all the time, but they now appear to be careful about not staying in the room below me.

Went to Mother Earth store on the ring road connector a couple of days ago in the afternoon - strong radiation as I entered the store, and one of the paandi north indian "journalists" outside yelling "saab wo baahar se kar rahen hain" - there were at least three couples in the store trying to get my attention - one of them a short thin proverbial dirty old man - south indian - from his self-important attitude, govt. officer most likely - two others, following me as I checked the organic pickles, the fellow fondling the bottles that I had just touched and the two of them having an earnest discussion about it. Another north indian fellow with his paandi female companion loudly proclaiming what I thought about the store "yahaan kuch khaas nahin hain, par furniture accha hai". Another couple of women maybe in their thirties, quite entertained - "he's a nice guy! why are they doing this to him?" with lots of dramatic gesturing. When I left the store, the two perverted "journalists" one with the mandatory "id badge" hanging around his neck - were standing at some distance. When I got into my vehicle, they crossed the road to where the rest of the paandi entourage was positioned - appeared to be very satisfied with themselves, all the while keeping a running commentary going "ham gaandu nahin hain" etc.

Later, drove to Thoms bakery in cox town, the full police paandi entourage outside on the crossroads doing their best to get the public's attention, while inside, people shaking their heads "this is sick!" "avaru commissioner de aale aanu" and so on...

Then, on my return drive home past the MEG, traffic was stopped due to sewage work being done on the road, and of course, some soliders at the gate discussing my situation in Hindi. That I was supposed to be a "hatyaari" because the perverts had seen me dreaming about a murder I had committed, and that and a bribe was enough to get them the mysterious letters of recommendation or support that they are carrying from various and sundry US senators, Presidents, secret service, CIA, home ministry, defence secretary, and now PMO ... It's always been a mystery to me why these sex deviants need so many different letters of "authorization".

Apparently they are going to solve this murder mystery by compulsively watching me defecate and urinate, keeping an eye on my penis at all times, watching me watch TV, watching me listen to music, watching me watch movies, seeing what happens when they expose me to various types of radiation (this is getting boring for them, now they get their fix only when the public becomes aware that they are torturing me), training minor children to perform sex acts, sitting next to me on a train/bus/plane with a beatific smile on their faces hoping they can touch me, showing me the cellphones they have purchased that are the same model and use the same ringtone that I use, following me to stores and touching the articles that I touch, discussing what and who I like and don't like with all the earnestness of sex deviant psychopath zombies that have found nirvaana courtesy the Indian Government

A few days ago, early morning dramatic theatre in the Menons flat - one of the police perverts loudly telling them "aarike paraayinda!" and Ravi Menon assuring him "don't worry!". Then as soon as the police paandi left, the "brave" man "from a respectable banking family" assuring his wife and Meghana Menon that he would

"fix them" if they said anything about him.

The Nimp proclaiming loudly that he was suffering from a "prolapsed bowel", another pervert having recurring "open heart surgery", and to bolster this, periodic ambulance sirens on NM road - even when there is no traffic on the road in the night and early am. The ambulance appears to be headed towards/from Prestige Greenwood, where a clutch of the sex deviants live.

More nautanki about the "governor" demanding to know "what is going on", and that there was "no need to wait for an answer from the PMO" to take action against the perverts. They seemed to be rather excited at the prospect.

Around 11:30am today went to the DRDO market, as I was in the store, strong radiation which continued as I walked outside and went to my vehicle. All the while the perverts keeping up a full dramatic routine about their impending doom at the hands of "avaru".

2009 12 20 Sun

1:20pm, in my study, intense radiation. First Ravi Menon, then when I shouted out, Meghana Menon switching positions with him.

The perverts appear to be very comfortable and confident that they have "compromised" (translation : bribed) enough govt. officers so that they will not be held accountable. The sadism games now appear to be to get attention - my shouting is not enough, they want bystanders to collect, someone to come by and make a comment - some sort of gratification from the public knowing what they're doing, not just from my reaction to the radiation torture.

5:15pm, Ravi Menon below me, decided to try another round of extreme radiation. Even as I shouted out as loudly as I could several times, the perverted homosexual pig boosted the radiation in waves. Skin prickling over my back and face. After I typed this, the pervert appeared to be temporarily satisfied with the results - Nimp outside responding to ensure people are distracted - something about "bangalore ..."

8:10pm, another cycle of extreme radiation, Meghana Menon below me to get her fix.

2009 12 16 Wed

All day long the perverts outside on the road have been doing very dramatic woe is us routines. So the logical conclusion is that they are all set for another paandi cycle of voyeurism and sadism. Now 9:35pm intense radiation in my study, some time ago it was Ravi Menon, now its Meghana Menon below me. My skin prickling and itching on head and upper body, she's moving around underneath me and making some noises as she enjoys the sadism.

2009 12 15 Tue

Nagaraja outside declaring that I would not get back any of my stolen articles.

Later in the night, a police fellow just outside the building on NM road, according to his routine, the culprit stays nearby (the cop was coming from the Prestige Greenwood direction where a clutch of the perverts live), is an "electronics student" and stole the items for a "multimeter project".

2009 12 13 Sun

I had gone to Nandi Hills with a couple of other pilots on Dec 10th - a few days before that, I had replaced the

lines on my glider hoping this would fix the handling problems, and wanted a test flight. We trekked up to the launch on what we call Nandi 2 - the hill next to the main tourist spot. When we got to the launch area - open spot surrounded by bushes and trees, the paandi entourage was audible from the main hill - they had all collected on the rocky area next to the nandi temple - Satan jr. in full fearsome "fuck you" mode , Kumaresan and the other paandis fully excited. There is a police station opposite the temple.

Another pilot who launched just before me, a serving army officer, appeared to be quite disoriented - he was having trouble sorting his lines, and could not figure out if his risers were connected correctly as he prepared to launch. That is something that has often happened to me as the paandis target me when I am preparing to fly. This time, I was able to sort out his lines and risers, and he still seemed a bit dazed, though I was ok.

I launched last, and on my initial attempt to inflate the wing, stumbled, the paandis shrieking in excitement from the main hill. On my second attempt, got the wing up and as I prepared to run, the tandem passenger who was waiting for his flight (a friend of the army officer) was concerned, asking if i was OK. Satan jr. and Kumaresan competing with each other screaming in excitement.

No problem with the wing during the flight, it felt like new again. After I had landed, more male paandis, high pitched shrieking like women near the T junction approach road to Nandi Hills and the road around it. Again the main intent appeared to be to get the publics attention to their ability to get away with their criminal activity.

Archived a couple of months worth of log on my website and sent it to the NHRC as well. Now 6:40pm, unusually quiet outside on the road. Hammering sounds from the Menons flat for a while, then they got back to the radiation business - targeting my backside as I sit in my study.