

2001 01 18 Mon

The Nimp and the usual police paandis in full bore mode last night. The Nimp letting everyone know that Nagaraja has had sexual relations with the little sadist whore Meghana Menon - the police then doing an entertaining q & a session on the road, complete with nimhans perverts. A police "senior officer" questioning Nagaraja whether the perverts were going to show their authorization "patra" from "Dinakaran" now.

After the shock and awe treatment, more nimhans perverts arrived to do more hysterical on the spot nautanki digression.

I have been on my back most of the time for a couple of days with a sprained lower back. The Menons like all the sadist perverts getting a particular perverse kick out of targeting me when I am injured or ill. Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon targeting the radiation at my inflamed back - have had back spasms as they ignored their usual target when I am asleep (my head) to concentrate on my back.

Previous nights, Jyotsna ? Menon taking her turn on the sadism shift during the nights - she has become a regular now, easing the burden of staying awake on the other perverts in the Menon household. Satan jr. getting a kick out of the new permanent recruit to the sadism party, crowing "She's marinating his head".

The new "psychiatrists" that have been showing up at the building and on the street, have started the nimhans routine of talking to me from the lower floor of the building or from the street, assuring me that they had nothing to do with the perversion, loudly commenting on my relatives "How could they go behind his back?" They are very careful not to comment on the radiation torture or any illegal entry into my flat, coming by only to loudly berate the Menons for threatening the neighbours on the ground floor.
"What did you say to them?"

2001 01 17 Sun

Had ordered some anaglyphic glasses online from an internet store, for viewing 3d images. Received one pair today. As I was watching some stereo images on a Flickr site, Meghana Menon in the group of huddled and fascinated Menons right underneath me, staking a claim to the glasses I had just received, assuring the adult Menons "don't worry I won't do anything else" and logically justifying this further by saying that since I had ordered some more (they come in different lens colour combinations depending on how the 3d images are rendered for viewing), stealing these would not be a big deal.

This morning saw a strange message on my computer when I logged into my Yahoo mail account, that it had automatically logged me out from the Yahoo messenger system connected from "another computer or device".

Took a screenshot of the message - photo mssngr_chat.jpg, in the archive.

2010 01 12 Tue

Got back home around 7am, just after I got back into my flat, lots of commotion downstairs, Meghana Menon in her "adult mode" doing a lot of "bye!" to someone and then loudly informing the other paandi neighbours that as a result of the pervert strategy sessions, it had been decided that the police would file a "trespassing case" which was unavoidable because her mother Bindu Menon had already confessed to several authorities that she had entered my flat, but for the rest of my criminal complaints, I was a "madman". Simple, no? We are like that only.

The other paandi neighbours apparently quite happy, and according to their nautanki script the nepali security guard has given them supporting statements, that I was shouting for no reason etc.

The other security guard in this building Hem Ram still does not appear to have been won over yet by the police intimidation, so I am sure the police will just say he has gone to "ooru" if someone casually asks about any statements from him. Simply like that only. Government investigation. No evidence. Simply collecting statements of support - "avaru gentleman" "ivaru patti" that can be renewed or discarded as the tide shifts, and to be

conveniently thrown out in court as insubstantial, so “case illa”.

Entering my kitchen, found that the Aquaguard water purifier mounted on the wall in my kitchen was askew (I have not touched the unit in five years, after I found that that my water supply was being routed through the Menons flat with customized plumbing). Again, not sure how the perverts are entering my flat, but obviously it is easy for them, and they want me to know that they can get in without a problem. No idea what they do in my flat - they have easy access to my computer, my paraglider equipment aside from the ease of poisoning my food and provisions. The Nimhans perverts outside very smugly informing everyone that the Menons were able to get into my flat through a conduit from their flat below. Even if they had a team of locksmiths busily working on my front door in broad daylight, they could get away with it - incredible India !

Now 10:40am, the Menons have started up the radiation equipment targeting me in my study, after a cautionary period to ensure that “nothing has changed” w.r.t. the police paandi nautanki outside.

2010 01 11 Mon

Early morning at the Santosh guesthouse in Hampi, a north indian family sitting just outside the room - the patriarch of the family making bizarre comments just before they left - reprimanding the owner for not keeping “band-aids”, then very earnestly telling someone “no need to fear us, we are Indians”.

Today we had cycled to Anegundi and coming back, went past the Hanuman restaurant on the river bank - I saw a police fellow in uniform there, and decided not to stop for a drink there (**incredible india! avoid restaurants where there are police officers present, to avoid being poisoned by cowardly homosexual psychopaths**). As I cycled past, saw a govt vehicle parked at the side, it was some VIP being escorted by the police. The cop casually confirming that I had been poisoned and the location “mele, Matanga hill” , and using the “avaru cheyide” routine. Someone angrily retorting that these fellows had no shame “ningalke woru ...” etc.

Afternoon in the Geetha restaurant in Hampi, joined by a old white fellow in bifocal glasses, beard and with an Apple laptop, full of himself, giving expert comments to other foreigners - claiming he was there for several years now, an expert in training animals, background in “behavioural psychology”, from Vancouver, Canada, used to be a journalist - that he had trained a cat to jump through hoops etc, now he was studying elephant training in Hampi, full of praise for the local police, especially the senior officers “they are tougher than the ROC”, they were from “warrior caste” etc. Easily distracted every time I shifted position or said something - the compulsive fascination of these perverts - I ordered ginger lemon tea and the deranged pervert interrupting his discourse to say “that is a good order” - the british teenagers in the family that was his audience getting very uncomfortable, telling their mother “mum, he’s one of the shithheads!” When someone in his audience asked if he was blogging about his travels - the psychopath said he only circulated his notes to a “close group of friends”

I guess it would be very difficult to investigate this pervert network, right ? They have found nirvana in India, able to talk about what they do in public - all they have to do is publicly praise the local police, and slip them a few bribes, and they can do “whatever they want”.

The foreigners at Hampi on seeing me, talking to their companions in disgust about the network of “shit eaters” that were stalking me.

Everybody knows about the “shit eaters”, the “toilet perverts” - whether its foreigners in Hampi or villagers in Thailand, but the government wants to know “what exactly is your complaint?” The police seem to be inept buffoons when it comes to fighting crime - claiming that there is not enough personnel, not enough equipment, not enough training, zero communication, jurisdiction problems etc. But when it comes to participating in and profiting from criminal activity - especially sex deviant crimes, they are a well oiled machine, champion teamwork and solidarity - able to secure the cooperation of their “brothers” across state lines, plenty of officers, vehicles made available - they are a very efficient sex crime Mafia indeed.

At Hospet train station in the evening waiting for the train to Bangalore - as I was buying a bottle of water, a cop

behind me with walkie talkie, doing a routine for the benefit of the crowd, talking into his radio, saying that something had to be done, Anegundi had already gotten a bad name as a result of my complaint the last time I had come to Hampi. A few minutes later, reading the English newspaper in the waiting room, saw that there was a news report about how there was a move to curb "illegal activities in Hampi", something about the Anegundi mutt

2010 01 10 Sun

Poisoned on Matanga Hill in Hampi - we had climbed up to the top for the sunset view. Only some foreigners there apart from a local sitting on top selling chai. About ten minutes after we got to the top, a south indian couple arrived - maybe in their 20s, the male likely a plainclothes police paandi - the male immediately making a comment to his female companion about a comment my friend had made to me about not seeing any indians at the top. Then a couple of minutes later, the chai seller approaching us to offer us chai. About ten minutes after drinking the chai, the poisoning symptoms started - disorientation, pressure in head - it was getting dark and as we got up to leave the place, the police pervert saying to no one in particular "nammade kuttam pariyaade". As we passed the traffic police station at the bottom of the hill, a cop inside without looking at us, muttering that I should not report the local police, and adding that the police did indeed have the right to do whatever they wanted.

Snap of the poisoner on Matanga hill in this archive - photo hampi-42.jpg.

About half an hour later, as my friend was looking at some ornaments at a roadside stall, I stepped back to take a photo of the stall, and an older pervert police paandi (a local for sure) in plain clothes stepped right into the field of view to block me, muttering to the stall owner. Moved to side to take a photo, after a while he moved away like a zombie, muttering "avaru povum, nammade kuttam pariyaade!"

I had moved around to take a snap of the items on the stall, later found I had a snap of this police perverts hands in the picture, a recognizable ring on the right hand. - attached photo hampi-45.jpg

2010 01 06 Wed

Last night had the perverts on the main road outside the building generating a build up of excitement - the Nimhans paandis and police loudly proclaiming that I had a history of being violent, that they had gotten confirmation from some of my "friends" in Bangalore, etc. Apparently it was all supposed to build up into the police and Nimhans paandis marching up to my flat to arrest me, but they were looking for some appropriate response from the neighbourhood residents. And it also seemed that the reaction never occurred, so a few american perverts in the background stepped in to rescue the skit - loudly announcing that they would fix the paandis if they so much as stepped in my direction. "The united states government etc. " That went on for a while, the local perverts abjectly bleating while the foreigners "reprimanded" them. Then the crowd of perverts dispersed.

Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon taking turns with the radiation equipment, each time I shouted out, they would march out of the room below me and switch positions as if it was some sort of tag-team play.

They have been experimenting with some new equipment - as I try to fall asleep, it gets harder and harder to breathe, like my lungs are being compressed, not able to expand unless I consciously breathe deeply - they appear to be getting their new sadism fix from this when I go to bed.

In the morning, the now-familiar sounds of the radiation paraphernalia being disassembled below me. It appears the Menons now have some sort of rig to hold the radiation equipment close underneath me - I would guess tripods/pipes etc. - it was a metallic clunking sounds like pipes. Have heard this now for a few days, so while the paandis in the Menons flat and on the road are loudly bleating about their imminent questioning at the hands of the mysterious "avaru", they have been getting more equipment into the Menons flat to make their sadism rituals easier.

Around noon, drove out to Indiranagar, as I was on Old Madras road near the 100ft junction, was hit by a blast

of radiation, my head falling forward. Possible suspect was a metallic white Mahindra Scorpio just next and behind me with silver detailing, blacked out windows, a number of males sitting inside. I have seen a similar metallic white Scorpio with silver detailing being driven by the paandis earlier - last time it was in Hoskote lake bed where I had gone to practice kiting my paraglider. Not sure if this is the same one, but for some reason even before the blast of radiation, my attention was drawn to the license plate Ka 03 m 1786 **possibly** - am not sure, the font was strange, and the first set of letters were very small - not easy to read unless you were close. White plate, not commercial.

By the time I got home, I found I had a headache, still persisting at 4:30pm.

Now 4:50pm, and the Menons have woken up for the night sadism shift, the radiation is starting to peak in my study already.

2010 01 04 Mon

Ravi Menon, his wife Jyotsna? and Meghana Menon all taking turns in last night's torture. It all started with the Nimp and Satan jr. loudly announcing that Nagaraja had been arrested at the airport by the "special investigation team" as he was trying to leave the country. This got all the perverts making a lot of noises, cars zooming around, honking - lots of theatrical concern. Then the sadism began in earnest, Nagaraja showing up a few minutes later and the nautanki settled into its usual routines. The Nimp informing me that "you have a maintenance problem".

Now 7:50pm, after a relatively quiet day, the Menons are craving their sadism fix - radiation has sharply jumped in my study, Meghana now below me making little animal noises as she targets me, with the chorus of sex deviants including Nagaraja outside to ensure the Menons get their gratification.

2010 01 03 Sun

Most of last night, had the sensation of having my brains cooked - Ravi Menon was very close underneath me, focusing the beam of radiation inside my head. Several times I had to get up and move, the Menons making animal like noises each time I shouted and moved my body.

2:20pm, working in my study on a hardware project - a digital storage scope - was not able to find the problem, it had been working fine, now I found periodic glitches in the observed waveform. Today I switched it on, it worked fine for a few seconds, then Meghana Menon below me moving just to the right of where I was sitting towards the corner, and the circuit began to malfunction again - now a headache developing. Had on several earlier occasions in the past year heard people in the Menons flat working on something in the wall and below - it seems that there is a conduit leading up into the wall between my study and my guest bathroom. Periodically one of the external paandis "Panicker Uncle?" or one of the paandi police enter the room below to install or remove the equipment.

11pm in my study, the Menons have been a study in patient sadism today. Very carefully and very slowly increasing the radiation as they try to repeat their usual night time ritual of increasing radiation levels. Ravi Menon now below me - intensity of radiation is already high.

As I close down applications on my PC in preparation for going to bed, the Menons are in sync, they appear to be closing down the sadism shop below my study - it will take them about a minute or two to set up again below my bedroom.

2010 01 02 Sat

Last night Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon got their sadism gratification, they kept the radiation constant and high - after I had shouted for a while, a mess of police paandis wandering around the building. Sounded like the sub-inspector from Byappanahalli station - who according to the paandis nautanki has been a private servant of the marwari perverts living in Prestige Greenwoods - showed up. I had washed my pillow in my washing machine that day, and like the true pervert, he had an in-depth observation to make about how my head was

sweating at night from the radiation torture, that's why the pillow had to be washed. Then for the benefit of the neighbourhood, apparently addressing me "saare, nammakye para !" - that he would take up my case. The Menons fascinated by the external nautanki - then after they had all dispersed, it was business as usual.

Now 6:15pm, and the Menons have started the night shift sadism duty - Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon seem to be sleeping during the mornings these days, the radiation is being spiked in the late afternoons. Just got a blast of radiation some minutes ago in my study.

Got a letter from the police inspector Byappanahalli station today, envelope referencing the NHRC case. Opened it up to find it was in Kannada, which I don't understand (they are well aware of it, Nagaraja frequently on the road bemoaning the fact that if I only knew Kannada, my case could go to court). At the bottom was a postscript in English saying that a message had been despatched to the email id

harinair@yahoo.com

My email id is harinnair@yahoo.com

2010 1 1 Fri

Meghana Menon on sadism duty most of last night, the other sadist Menon adults having a worried conversation about "what to do with her" as she promptly yelled "I'm not doing anything!" each time she spiked the radiation and I shouted out.

She was under me all day long like some sort of diseased subhuman magnet, as I moved from study, to kitchen, to balcony and back.

6:50pm, extreme burst of radiation in my study, again Meghana Menon below me - responding to Nagaraja outside moaning about his fate. A cunning psychopath indeed, she knows exactly how to play her cards based on the situation.

2009 12 31 Thu

Strong constant radiation last night, again it was clear Ravi Menon, his wife (Jyotsna?), Meghana Menon were all participating in turns. Inspector Ashwathanarayana was on his intimidation rounds, threatening the residents of the neighbourhood.

This morning I was mopping the floor of my flat, when I approached the entrance of my bedroom, strong radiation, noises from below - Meghana Menon, and outside the paandi police giving their satisfied commentary - that the Menons were asleep below, and I had disturbed them. (when I am home I spend the day in my study or kitchen).

Also in the morning, more police and nimhans paandis in the neighbourhood threatening people.

Went shopping for groceries at the new Nilgiris store in Kaggadasapura near my flat. Picked up a small tub of Baskin Robbins ice-cream, the clerk at the check-out told me it was a buy one get one free offer. By the time I got back to the freezer, there was a middle aged woman there pulling out lots of tubs of ice cream, finally reached around and got one for myself while she was still rooting around. Then a couple of youths came in to the store, straight to the freezer, looking at the contents like it was a tourist attraction. Then a minute later, a couple of middle aged north indian men came into the store - picked up four tubs of ice cream, and straight to the checkout counter.

9pm, the Menons slowly increasing the radiation in my study. Satan jr. outside doing his specialized routine "I'll kill him!"

9:10pm, radiation steadily increasing, Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon below me - no comments, they are just steadily increasing the radiation.

2009 12 29 Tue

Updated my website and the NHRC this morning after receiving the overseas call saying "tere naam par pach-chees lakh ka lottery hai" - +92 ISD code - which I just looked up and found it was Pakistan !! That might explain the Nimps routine "he's pakistani!" and the name-dropping "fakhruddin" this can of fecal worms gets more and more bizarre every day...

A week ago, I'd received a call from a family friend in California, on my new landline from Airtel. As soon as it rang, lots of movement under me - Ravi Menon again - and the ringing stopped as I picked up the handset, no one on the line, but as soon as I put it down, it started ringing again. My friend in the US asked me where I was, and I was surprised - said it was my landline, I was at home. He told me that it had sounded like the call had been forwarded to another line !