

2010 April 2 Fri

Late last night, Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon below me with the usual radiation torture, then as I was lying awake - strong odour of roasted garlic - had gotten this odour a couple of nights earlier but in the early am. Then as I was lying there wondering what could cause the smell, got a new odour - smell of rotten eggs. Then heard Ravi Menon - he was not in his usual position right underneath my bed, but underneath my bedroom wardrobe "I'm going to fuck you. My family has turned against me!" - full drama mode. After that the smells went away, the usual radiation pattern returned.

Now 5pm, very strong radiation, targeting my head - painful headache. Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon below me.

Thought I would refrain from writing up my usual daily log of the paandis crimes for a few weeks to see what happens ... and sure enough, the sex deviants need the attention they are deriving from having people read my account. Nimp and Satan jr. going into full overdrive to ensure that their masters know they are working hard to earn their keep, Nagaraja and the Nimhans criminals also making sure they get people to notice them - yesterday, a couple of nimhans perverts even did one of their "senior reprimand, junior take away" routines in broad daylight.

Satan jr. in particular appears to be worried about his lucrative career as a dedicated homosexual coprophile sadist parasite. He's been dropping names on a daily basis - apart from the popular "indiresan" and "digvijay singh", the latest one he has taken a liking to is "mr. 10%" - apparently referring to another of the shareholders in this international sex deviants mafia. And as I wrote this report, Satan jr. is trumpeting "videesha!". "She saved your life!".

Otherwise, the usual daily routines - radiation torture building up from the afternoon, the trio of Ravi Menon, Meghana Menon and Jyothsna Menon taking turns targeting me. The usual highlights. Some days ago, around noon I guess, Meghana Menon having a loud orgasm underneath me as I sat in my study, then some commotion - two other, younger girls in the Menons flat, yelling at Ravi Menon "you're a horrible man!" etc. Ravi Menon smoothly telling them "I was just showing her how to use a vibrator", then Jyothsna calmly telling them "she has the right to have a sex life". Nimhans perverts arriving as usual for their peep show debriefing with the Menons on a regular basis. Once, to verify Meghna's age apparently. Some paandi outside broadcasting that the Menon family had two residences elsewhere that they were keeping locked while the whole sex deviant extended family with nanny plus "tenant" occupy the flat below me. Another male Nimhans paandi arriving to threaten Monish Das from 141 - telling him to withdraw statements he had made against Nimhans. Otherwise, "You will go to jail!". Same nimhans paandi showing up in the night to announce, escorting satan jr., that "he is a guest!". Some police fellow stalking me everywhere I go shopping, to announce mournfully outside the store, about the perverts "avaruke adhikaari wundu" - that they had permission. Other malayali paandis announcing that it was not just plain jane hawaala criminals heading the sex deviants mafia, these were hawaala traders working for the Birlas no less. More paandis adding meat to this drama - saying that the "house of Congress would fall" without Birla support. **Actually, the hawaala criminal connection would definitely explain why these sex deviants have easy access to government officials at every level, the "letters of authorization", and more importantly, why it doesn't matter which party is in power in Karnataka or in Delhi - these sex deviants have been making Bangalore and India their playground since 1998, when I returned from the US.**

The paandi security guard at our building Amol, now being more careful how he interacts with me, yesterday making a very slimy and dramatic offer to carry my groceries from my vehicle to the lift. He is obviously unsure about how things will turn out, so I have been receiving my mail (or so I hope) for the past few weeks.

I was in Varkala, Kerala for a week the last week of February for a paragliding trip. As i predicted "we are only doing what he is telling us to do, he is a monster!" the entire entourage of sex deviants was there. Spent a night in the SS beach resort on the helipad as it was closest to the PG launch site - one tamilian pervert in the room next to me, more perverts with the radiation equipment in the room below me - strong radiation all night long. In the morning Feb 23rd, I checked out - confronted the receptionist about the perverts in the room below me. He smoothly told me by way of logical reasoning, "only north indians stay in this hotel". Just a minute before had seen a family of marwaris slowly walking out of the hotel - none of them looking particularly healthy - physically or mentally - one of the women, maybe in her thirties with a dyspeptic, fixated stare looking at me - the group was rather repulsive in appearance and demeanour. (Saw the family later at breakfast at the Oothapaara restaurant, the male head commenting to no one in particular "hamaare bolne se hota hai").

The receptionist then informed me that I was a north indian too. When I asked for the receipt, he took the contact card I had filled out the previous day, and wrote out my last name as NAIRI. I yelled at him as loudly as I could, calling him a piece of excrement - two, three times in the course of the confrontation. He didn't take offence to the abuse, but just wanted to know why I was shouting. No one came to his aid. You would think the rest of the hotel staff, and locals from the hotel next door would have come and caught me and called the police. Strange, no ? After I left the hotel with my bag, heard one of the staff members in the hotel next door, telling someone "Siby (Joby? not sure now) kallan aanu." That he had changed my name.

Moved to the Prashanti Green resort for the rest of my stay - new place, almost entirely unoccupied while I was there. The second day after I moved into the block of empty rooms at one end, a couple checked into the adjacent room. Both dressed like ashramites - white clothes - an older white woman, apparently unable to resist getting some attention - mimicking my facial expressions, and immediately some malayali neighbours cottoning on to her - calling to others in their household "avaru paandi aanu!". Her companion, an older north indian fellow with beard. She had come back to the room alone, he arrived later. She told him about people recognizing them as part of the pervert group. The fellow asking her if anyone had entered their room, if the alarm had gone off - she replying that she didn't know. He was pissed off, "I told you to switch on the alarm!". Then the fellow gave her some woe-is-us story about the manager taking his mobile phone number, that the police commissioner wanted to see them before they left Varkala, etc. All said in normal tone of voice, without whispering, so it could have just been a nobody-needs-to-do-anything, we-are-in-trouble nautanki routine

They then packed and left, I left my video camera on in my front door to get a snap of him..

I now understand how the sex deviants can so easily find their recruits. Varkala was teeming with a menagerie of psychotic characters. Gigolos soliciting for trade in the restaurants and apparently servicing both sexes, from their mincing ramp walks between the tables. It almost seemed like everyone with a regular job - waiter, hotel staff etc. - was moonlighting in more profitable activities as a prostitute, pimp or "fixer". Even the police fellows showing up in Varkala tourist area fit the bill - skinny, effeminate fellows unlike the beefier characters I saw in Trivandrum. The whole area was littered with garbage - just thrown over the cliff edge - plastic swirling everywhere in the wind, ripe smells as you walked on the cliff edge. A foreign paraglider pilot who is there regularly told me that any foreigners who attempted to draw attention to the garbage problem were run out of town by the municipality.... and the response of the locals was to dissuade anyone from pointing out the problem with the crystal clear logic "no one will come to varkala if you show these pictures". The garbage everywhere was so unlike the image of Kerala - i am usually struck by how clean the villages and railway stations are when I travel by road or rail.

And Varkala is supposed to be a pilgrimage town?

There were a few other PG pilots, including a couple of women from Iceland who arrived a day later. They too seemed to be dumbfounded by the generally prevailing insanity of the tourist trap area. I had arranged to meet them to exchange photos and videos we had taken of each other flying, and a couple of local cops standing just outside the restaurant as I arrived, to ensure they got their peep show fix of me talking to a white woman. The same women pilots were approached by more foreign sex deviants wanting to talk to them about me - after a while, heard one of them yell "Everyone here is crazy!" and the other "Is there a mental hospital here?". It certainly seemed like the area was teeming with mentally disturbed characters. There was a large group of young american paandis, possibly just recruited from the tourists there. As a couple of them took their strategic comment passing positions on the cliff walkway, other foreign, normal tourists in the restaurants making a game of identifying the paandis following me. "Those two don't look like the usual sort of guys you would expect in a place like this. They look like guys you would see standing on a street corner in San Francisco". The young foreign paandis all appeared to be from a cookie cutter template which the Nimp and Satan jr. fit perfectly. **Again, its now no longer a suprise to me how these sex deviant psychopaths can be recruited so easily - they were everywhere in Varkala !**

As I was sitting in an internet cafe one day catching up on email, suddenly got the strong smell of feces. When I wrinkled my nose, immediate response from a male foreigner sitting nearby, "he likes it, eh?" and turning to stare at me with a vacant look on his face. And a middle aged white woman with glasses, giggling "I'm going to call the times of india" - she was apparently the one carrying the feces, it was in her bag, she was opening and closing it to generate the stink. The manager of the cafe had gotten up from his chair next to her and moved away, staring at her in revulsion.

As per police and Nimhans "majority decision", these would be normal people, and "Mr. Nair has been following and har-

assing them for ten years!”.

First ate at the closest restaurant to the helipad area - a veg restaurant called “oothapaara”. No problem for the first day, second day, the games had started - I had been ordering fresh lime soda each time I came back from flying, they would give me the fresh lime and sugar, and separate soda bottle. Second day, fresh lime soda arrived with a little soda, diluted with lots of water, no bottle - waiting to see how i reacted. Third day, since I had not yet lost my temper and displayed violent tendencies, the poisoning started. Both waiters at the restaurant mincing around the tables like so many of the young males there. First time I was poisoned, the food had arrived quite late, and could hear the workers inside the kitchen furiously arguing. Apparently the plate had been left at the far end of the kitchen, next to the staff entrance. So that one of the police paandis - both Nagaraja and his poison specialty sidekick “kumaresan” were there - could do their “job”. I heard the baasmam-on-forehead manager yelling at them. But by the next day, the manager was threatening me “nam-made pere kodthaal ...” After that ate elsewhere... had to walk past the Oothapaara restaurant on the way to my guesthouse and was treated a couple of times to the sight of foreign tourists earnestly telling the waiters “no poison, ok? Do you think you can do that?” and the waiters mincing away in outrage at this affront to their good name. A few days after the poisoning, as I was walking past the restaurant, the waiter who had served me the poisoned food decided to threaten me in stuttering Hindi, calling out to me “t-t-tumko aur thanda chahiye?” - it took me a while to decode that he had probably meant “danda”.

One day at the paragliding launch site, a maroon maruti 800 showed up - parked a few metres away from where we lay out the gliders. A couple inside, I suspect they were the male/female malayali duo that has been stationed outside my bangalore flat during the nights to add to the sex deviants drama. Saw them the first time when I went to check the wind, when I came back with my glider I was ready with my video camera. Went right up to the window to get a video, the woman never took her attention away from something in her lap. Neither of them said anything as long as I was recording. Afterwards, the fellow on his mobile, happily telling someone that I had gotten a good shot of him. (A couple weeks later, after I was back in bangalore, another malayali from this group showed up - a bearded fellow who follows me to shops like MK Ahmed on double road, Indiranagar. This time the bearded one was waiting for me in Kaggadasapura, on the side of the road as I returned to my vehicle from a shop - informing no one in particular, in full zombie mode, in Malayalam, that one Menon was worth ten Nairs.)

Was targeted at least a couple of times with the radiation while I was flying, once while a young kite was buzzing around my glider, I was trying to scare it away, by pulling the lines to make the wing rustle and make a noise, shouting - and then was hit with the radiation. Another time, I had just landed on the beach, turned around and as I tried to keep the wing overhead, another burst of radiation, my arms and legs locking up, unable to move.

Sunday, Feb 28th I decided to go to my family home in Trivandrum to pick up some family heirlooms that my mother had willed to me. Did not realize it was the new years festival. Railway station and outside area was teeming with women. Got my things and returned to the station around 4pm to catch the train back to Varkala. Huge rush - I purchased a ticket, but was later told, it was a free travel day. Police were pulling out men who attempted to board the train. One of them finally told me to get into the AC compartment. As I walked down the platform, saw one coach that appeared to have less women trying to get in. Stood next to the door with a couple of other men, we were finally allowed to go in. Standing in the entrance right next to the door. There was no space behind us. Then three more women arrived - the head of the group telling the cops they wanted to get in. A senior cop standing outside the door with 2-3 stars on his shoulder, pencil line greyish moustache. Exchanging insults with a railway officer - the railway guy and local fellows talking about the police helping the perverts. The senior cop asking sarcastically if the police were asking the railway officers to issue tickets to the paandis in berths next to me. Women behind us screaming that there was no space, they were suffocating. One of the three women outside saying something to the senior cop. He then turned around and poked me with his baton, pushing me to the back against the women. The three women then got on, one of them a small weasel like shrew getting behind me. Another plump one in front of me, the leader of the group facing us. It was a suffocating trip - maybe couple of hours to varkala, old woman fainting somewhere behind me. The leader of the threesome of women repeatedly informing everyone that I was about to faint - I was in fact feeling very dizzy. The plump woman in front of me excitedly telling everyone that she could feel my penis against her bottom, but no, I was not erect. The weasel behind me putting a shopping bag in the alcove next to my head and burrowing behind me. At Varkala, got off on the tracks side of the train as there was no space to push through to the doorway facing the platform. As I stood on the tracks waiting for the train to go, the head of the threesome inviting me back into the train, saying that I could go through to the other door, then repeatedly telling the others I was going to faint on the tracks. Was being targeted from somewhere very close by, feeling dizzy again.

When I got outside the station, I discovered my wallet had been pickpocketed - lost about Rs2500-3000 in cash, plus

my bank cards, drivers license etc.

Managed to get emergency cash from a friendly French pilot I had met at Varkala.

Another of the local malayali giggling psychopaths - apparently a local moneybags "fixer" , introduced himself to me as "Jasim" one day at the Chillout Lounge restaurant and then reprimanded me, while giggling, for not speaking in Malayalam to him. The next day on the cliff walkway, he was surrounded by a bunch of paandi chelas all with the requisite ash on their foreheads, informing me that "ide nammade salam aanu" - (they owned the place) as I walked by. I suspect he had arrived to ensure that the poisoning continued at the Chillout restaurant - I think I may have been poisoned once there as well, the day after he talked to me - I was already feeling nauseous being simultaneously being targeted in the chest and head with radiation from somewhere nearby, so had my doubts. Suspected it was one of the nepali/tibetan looking fellow working as a waiter, all the others and the cook were decent fellows. Heard the same fellow shout "ham apne saab ka kaam karte hain!" as others confronted him - his saab being a nasty, devious fellow called Cyrus, a partner-owner of the restaurant, and friend of Jasim. Just before I was leaving on Monday Mar 1, an American woman, the girlfriend of a British pilot acquaintance, walked up to Cyrus while I was in the restaurant, and shouted at him as if he was a child - "I'm going to tell Hari on you. You've been a bad boy!"

Gods own Country...

March 1, Monday

Varkala station around 6pm, waiting for train to Kollam to catch the yeshwanthput express to Bangalore. A cop coming by - I had earlier seen him that day in Varkala, taking off his cap and smoothing his shining bald pate surrounded by thick black hair. Here he walked behind me then loudly "Pollum, mansilayile ?" A couple of malayalis standing nearby angrily asking "nee saarike endey parniyoon?" The paandi apparently playing games - not Kollum, but Pollum :-). The psychopath then mirroring what the bangalore cops who have come to my flat have to say about me "veetile ellam savari wundu" . Apparently the masculine police officers here find it extremely important to counter people saying that I do all my household work by saying that I have all the appliances - washing machine, vacuum cleaner etc. The masculine cops also apparently find it necessary to investigate the extremely important issue of whether I have furnished and decorated my flat "properly" like the other wholesome families living in the building, or if indeed I am living "like a bachelor". These are important issues to investigate and confirm with their own eyes. On the other hand, reports of radiation torture equipment, poisoning apparatus, foreign homosexual sadists carrying "licenses", pornographic voyeurism with sophisticated surveillance equipment, pedophilia - what is so important about these things? "What exactly is your complaint?"

Another police officer who had been standing near me earlier, approaching from the side and muttering angrily to me "saare, avarude pere kodtho. Avaru nammade station de paada aanu" . That the paandi police fellow was a stain on their place. I think the paandi police fellow did have a name badge, but I was rather dazed.

3tier AC compartment G10, berth 63 on the Yeshwanthpur express. My compartment initially empty, then 4 malayali youths got on. When the TT arrived later in the night, the paandi drama started. When I handed my e-ticket printout to the inspector, one of the youths earnestly pointing out to the TT that my hands were shaking, he should verify my ID. The TT had a gleam in his eye, loudly informing the four that he already knew their berth numbers. He asked me for my id, I told him my wallet had been pickpocketed the previous day so I had none. He was absolutely thrilled. Raising his voice further, told me to get down from my upper berth, that I was travelling ticketless as per railway rules. Raised my voice in return saying I had a paid ticket, had no intention of travelling without ID, my wallet had been stolen.. This went on for a while, he told me I should have gotten an FIR to prove that my wallet had been stolen. Replied that I had not, as I felt I would be given the run-around if I did, that the police would make me stay there, but I had to return to Bangalore. He replied happily "this is India, no ?" and cocking his head towards to the ceiling. More of this stuff, with the four paandi youths earnestly telling me that the TT was doing his job. Told the TT that I had my laptop pc with me, it had personal files that could serve as identification. The "tatti" was not happy with that. Finally, dramatically, he said "go back to sleep". Apparently he was counting on getting support from the rest of the coach, but all he got from the other passengers was abuse, and some of them called the head TT. Could hear the head TT reprimanding him, the TT responding that I was not speaking respectfully to him, the head TT replying "nee paandi aanu, avaru mansilayee".

The four malayali youths did the usual paandi drama routine of comment passing - building up to a crescendo, then lapsing into silence. Every five minutes or so, two or more of them would disappear, and at every station stop, they would be either be next to the coach door or on the platform. Others commenting on their activity - one telling his wife that they were homosexuals, maybe it was drugs. The drugs were confirmed the next morning, the leader of the group talking in a very slurred voice - though I never saw any of them drinking. The same fellow in long rambling monologues about how there would be no "prashnangal" about "Radhakrishnan Nair" and "Madhavan Nair", lots of side tracks about "Kwality Walls", "area manager", "general manager", how he was not a "cherekan" but a "senior manager", the others were his colleagues. That the paandis were there to help me, to modify my behaviour. "ninnike sheri ayikinayite vannu". By the end of the trip, the foursome was occupying one berth, in two pairs, draped over each other in intimate physical contact, actually fondling each other like honeymooning couples, during the breaks when one or more of them was not psychotically rambling.

The other occupants of the compartment obviously a Kannadiga family, I think they got on at Ernakulam. The "tatti" ticket inspection episode had finished a few minutes before they got on. The family was escorted on to the train by someone obviously with railway connections - he was dramatically talking about the paandi ticket inspector. A teenage youth in the family. All the males sported one thick gold earring on the left. The males giving me broad smiles, commenting loudly about the four homosexuals, how two of them were obviously the other twos "penne"s. But by late morning, it was too much for the teenage youth to bear. Loudly yelling at me "bharthaalva?" then subsiding into a sulking fit with the other family members admonishing him. Bizarre...

When I got back to Bangalore, had to apply for replacement ID, bank cards etc. Went to SBI CV Raman nagar a few days after receiving my replacement ATM card to collect my PIN. The pious looking woman at the customer relations counter, on seeing me, regretfully telling me she needed my 12digit account number, that the ATM card was not enough to trace the PIN envelope. The bank manager hovering in the background, saying that everyone knew that you should not go to the bank without your passbook. Then in the same zombie mode, saying that Ashwathanarayana was correct, I should pray to God, that the paandis had the government permission etc. A week later, went back with my passbook, the same paandi woman telling me that the PIN had not arrived yet after looking through her log book. When I came back ten days later, there was a different lady at the counter, and as I suspected, the PIN envelope had my name and address printed on it.

After more than a decade of living here, am beginning to understand the four Cs used to appraise a "diamond" of a personality.

Cowardice, chicanery, corruption and casteism. In no particular order.

I really should change my whole philosophy and the way I interact with other people I had assumed were from the same species ... I need to smear ash on my forehead, memorize a few pious quotes from the Bhagvad gita, reinforce entirely logical and rational conclusions with statements like "even Lord Krishna and Radha did the same ...", train myself to identify other people's caste to three decimal places just by their dress, ornaments, language and CIA (caste identification agency) interrogation small-talk. Definitely need to keep portraits and charms of god-men in my flat and vehicle. And to attain nirvaana, I really need to understand the true benefits of opportunistic animal cunning versus productive human intelligence. Possibly may need to consult a numerologist to change the spelling of my name to ward off evil and make lots more money. And most important, I need to loudly and continuously bemoan my fate, accursed to live in this raakshasa-infested sewage pool of corruption, as per my horoscope, confirmed by famous astrologers.

Whoever coined the "Incredible India" slogan may well end up making the word "incredible" mean "not credible" in popular usage.

No electric shocks from my computer equipment in my study for about a week after I returned from Varkala, but for the past couple of weeks the problem with the faulty earthing has returned. Ravi Menon making animal noises of satisfaction each time I forget about it, touch a USB cable terminal or external hard drive case and get a bad shock.

2010 Mar 19 Fri

9:10pm, Meghana Menon below me, the radiation in my study increasing steadily - targeting my head.

2010 Mar 18 Thu

8:25pm, in my study - very high diffuse radiation targeting my body, skin prickling all over, radiation has been slowly rising for the past couple of hours, with Ravi Menon below me. Outside Satan jr. doing his routine.

9:10pm, Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon both below me - radiation higher now.

2010 March 14 Sun

Almost no sleep last night. The usual entourage of paandis, the Menons taking turns to keep me targeted all night, a new police paandi arriving to do the histrionic "nammakye paandi parniyon?" routines - other cops enthusiastically welcoming the new pervert as a senior "IB" officer.

Very high radiation since afternoon in my study - Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon taking turns targeting me - constant headache since afternoon, and now they are also using some other radiation - intense skin itching all over body, skin rising in welts on my arms with the radiation. Meghana combining the torture sessions with woe is me routines where she apparently is in conversation with Nimhans paandis on the phone - the usual "I didn't do anything", "they told me to do it" etc.- they all seem to be having a great time demonstrating how miserable they are ...

10pm, just a few minutes after I wrote this, radiation increased - now high heat sensation in addition to the other radiation ! They seem to be accumulating more varieties of radiation equipment in proportion to their histrionic "we are in deep trouble" routines.

2010 March 8 Mon

Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon both appeared to be awake most of last night, keeping me targeted with strong radiation - could not sleep.

Very fatigued today - feeling unwell and nauseous. Driving to Indiranagar today, corner of Varthur Road and Old Madras Road. The left turn light was green, a black honda city or civic in front of me blocking my way. Each time I honked the fellow would move forward a foot or so and then stop. After a minute or so of this, he slowly turned on to Old Madras Road. When I overtook him, realized it was one of the core paandis - could pass off as a European - feature and complexion - likely a Sindhi. He was talking on a headset, and smoking a cigarette. Again his car drew alongside mine at the next traffic light. As the fellow rolled up his window - in a strong dilli ka fixer accent - commenting "Pm ka naam girega?" I have the feeling it was the same fellow who had used the weapon on me in traffic in Indiranagar yesterday. Lic plate KA 03 mh 2326 in widely spaced out letters.

At the indiranagar RTO office as I applied for my replacement drivers license, a paandi police fellow in plainclothes walking past me commenting "CBI ke woru prashnangil illa ?" . At the office room where they took my photo for the license, I was being targeted by the perverts from somewhere very close, could barely understand what the lady was saying as she told me to put my left thumb on the sensor - it was hard to put my hand there and keep it in place, I thought I would knock the entire sensor over. Then when she asked me to sit for the photo and lower my chin while looking up, my head started to shake, my neck stiff.

Since afternoon, Ravi Menon and Meghana Menon have been boosting the radiation. Now 8:30pm, high radiation targeting my head - still feeling unwell - no appetite at all since returning from Varkala.

Outside the Nimp, Satan jr. and Nagaraja all on their usual status broadcast routines - raising the level since evening. 8:55pm, Meghana Menon below me - radiation now very high, targeting my head - strong headache.

2010 March 7 Sun

Last night, the Menons got into their usual night sadism routine - all three of them - Ravi Menon, Jyotsna and Meghana - taking shifts on sadism duty, periodically boosting the radiation enough to make me shout out, then reducing it slightly. In the morning, Nimhans paandis arriving to "reprimand" them.

Drove to Indiranagar CMH road/Double road junction to do my groceries this morning. As I drove back through the police

lines road, taking a left on to 100 ft road, there was a luxury car, dark green or black I think - parked on the right corner. Driver honking as I made the turn, he then got behind me. It was a red light. When I stopped in the right lane, was hit with a blast of radiation, my head dropping forward. Then the driver, a well dressed north indian in maybe his 30s or 40s, coolly drove around my vehicle on the left and then made a wide U-turn around my vehicle, through the red light, back on to 100 ft road facing south. Two traffic cops at the junction did nothing, after a few seconds, one of them asking the other "yen ...?"

The pain started a few minutes later, throbbing headache. Now at 4:45pm, still a dull pain in the front of my head.

5:55pm, very high radiation from the Menons - Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon on duty below me. Radiation targeting back of my head - heat, pain and pressure sensation.