

2010 July 28 Wed

For a few weeks, since I returned from my trek to Roopkund, the Menons were more circumspect with the radiation torture, at night keeping the radiation at discomfort level, rarely spiking it - just making sure that I woke up feeling fatigued rather than refreshed. Maybe a few times during the day, the radiation would be spiked, but they have been generally more careful.

But for the past two days, the Menons have been steadily increasing the radiation again - happy only when they have heard me shout out a few times and the sex deviants outside congregate and start up their street nautanki.

Female Nimhans paandi arriving occasionally to threaten the neighbours, and to announce that the "police have told us that they are investigating him for his mothers death ...". Then the usual congregation of government sex deviants, one of them informing the female Nimhans paandi that she was on the "list" - their usual woe-is-us status broadcast nautanki.

**A few days ago, I was woken up in the middle of the night (most likely deliberately) to hear the voices of a couple of American males right underneath me, in the Menons flat. One fellow addressing the other as "Frank, I admit things got a bit out of hand..." and the other apparently referring to the Menons "they are completely out of it...". Outside the usual sex deviant entourage of nimhans paandis, police paandis, malayali 'bjp party workers', assorted 'fired journalists' etc. was conspicuous by their silence if they were present at all - could hear Satan jr however, making muffled noises as if someone was holding him.**

Repeated calls from one of the sex deviants some days ago - north indian male speaking in Hindi "mein bhola hoon", lots of chuckling in the background, from mobile no. 96467 49066, July 22 8:49pm. Had gotten a missed call from the same number at least once before as well. Calling the next night July 23 around 10:45pm, to let it ring a couple of times.

2010 July 18 - July 20

Flew down to Trivandrum as my signature was needed for some transfer of property documents (my late mothers property in Jawahar Nagar being sold soon as per her wishes). Stayed at the house, my brother lives there currently. Slept in the bedroom downstairs. The first night, was being targeted with fairly intense focused radiation directed into my head. The intensity was being controlled, but I got the sense the radiation equipment was installed inside the house, not outside. The treacherous live-in cook Radha still there (my mother had wanted to get rid of her, my father would not agree - he was comfortable with her cooking). She is obviously very up to date with all of the paandis pornographic peepshow videos and routines - could hear her happily talking to someone on the landline phone, telling them that I had fathered two sons by marwari women, then another time claiming that she had not drugged me herself, but my paternal aunt Amanna had, etc. That she would not leave the house ...

The usual entourage of sex deviants arriving, some of them taking their vantage points from the Raj Bhavan estate property which adjoins the house, the others roaming around on the road. A couple of times when I walked out from the property, a police vehicle with blacked out windows rounding the bend, but they never drove past me so I could note the license plate. The second time, could hear a group of Malayalis calling out "Jawahar Nagar ille ithre police vandi vundo?" and the police paandis shouting back "nammakye thotikayam pono?" Still more fellows shouting back at them "ninike theerar aayi!"

Flew down on Air India, back on Kingfisher, no problems either trip .. a refreshing change !

2010 July 9 Fri

Around 1pm was at the CV Raman Nagar DRDO complex SBI ATM, went in to check the balance on my account, was being targeted by the paandis. Two marwari youths got into the room, one standing just behind me and to the left, so he could see what I was doing. I found myself unable to comprehend the number on the screen, and actually read it out aloud one digit at a time!! Outside in the open area, the full entourage of sex deviants started up the chorus - first the malayali perverts "saare, rande marwari aane-pillare agathe poyi !", then the north indians "yeh log hamaare jawaan ko thendiya bana rahen hain!" etc. Full nautanki cast. Was still confused when I left the ATM, had requested a prinout of the balance, but did not get one, and the marwari youth was already standing at the console as I tried to look around him dazed waiting for the receipt !! As noted before, these sex deviants appear to be at their boldest when surrounded by government

servants ... DRDO campus, the airport etc. and at their most timid when in a public market area. Says something about the patriotism, backbone and integrity of our government officers.

Got a call from 080 41136956 on my mobile phone at 4:30pm. No one responded when I said hello. Could hear some traffic noise - likely from someone in a shop ?

2010 June 19 - June 27 - Uttarakhand, trek to Roopkund with Indiahikes

Group of 23 trekkers, from Bangalore, Hyderabad and Delhi. Two groups of sex deviants, like the Congress and BJP, actively insulting each other, but with a common corrupt agenda... One group of perverts all apparently from or associated with a company called "JDA" - Muralidhar Joishy, Rajesh Kunnakath, Naniah Bayavanda, Mithun Krishnan and his wife Monalisa Kar. The chief sex deviant in this group was Nanaiah. He had volunteered to be the trek coordinator for our group. But I noticed that he did not seem to be interested in interacting with anyone other than his group. Was nowhere to be found at the Kathgodam railway station which was our pick up point. A large group of us milling about aimlessly at the entrance to the station asking each other where he was - he showed up with his group of friends about 15-20 minutes later, though we had all arrived on the same train, in adjacent compartments.

Mentally disturbed would be an understatement of a description. After a teenage local girl passed us in a forest on the trail near Ali Bugyal, he was excited enough to loudly comment. "Yeh chotte bacchhe dekh kar chad jaata hai". Then responding to the chorus of "tsk tsk" "reprimands" from his friends, loudly saying that he was only repeating what he had heard, nothing wrong with that.

At high altitude Ghora Lotani camp, I went out in the night to go to the toilet, just before going to bed, was squatting with my pants down on the dark, cold, windy hillside, and he arrived running from the camp "ham gaandu hain?" - he seemed to be looking for a vantage point with a direct "view" of me.

His group led a "pranaayama" session in the forest hut at Bhagwabasa campsite the day before the Roopkund ascent. I was trying to get some rest, lying down, while they formed a circle led by Mithun who solemnly told the others "left nostril, cools the body. So use right nostril to heat the body". Outside, the trek guides and porters were highly amused, one commenting loudly that at this altitude, both nostrils were needed just to get enough oxygen... Then one of the cooks blew a whistle and knocked on the door to announce that lunch was ready. They ignored him, and when I got up from my lying position to leave the hut, they were outraged. Nanaiah hissing "ham tumhaare karva chaut ke liye aayenge!". Rajesh somberly commenting that I had shown disrespect for their spiritual yoga session by my action.

Another time on the return trek, after dinner, as I was walking towards the toilet tent at the Bedni Bugyal site, Nanaiah was standing in the path. As I passed him, he had a fixed expression on his face, commenting "Abhi tatti karna mana hai, samjha nahin?"

Even as some of the others made derogatory remarks about him and his group - "gaandu", "thendiya", they seemed to relish the comments. Nanaiah telling the others "Koi kuch nahin karega!" .... "yeh govt. ka hukumnaama hai" etc.

Rajesh from the group, about my age, with the grave air of a priest delivering a sermon and fond of using the word "spiritual" - telling me he had previously gone on a trek to Mt. Kailash as part of a spiritual group from Trivandrum "Sri Bhagwati". The first time I saw him animated and with a smile on his face was the night before the roopkund ascent, coming into our hut in the night and then eagerly telling everyone "anyone have a camera? It looks like the aftermath of a maoist assault with all the bodies piled up!" (we were all in our sleeping bags on the floor of the hut). While he was still in this high mood, he asked if anyone had a "night vision camera" so that the view of the mountains outside in the moonlight could be captured. Up at Roopkund the next day, we found a couple of human bones stuck in the snow (the site is known for the discovery of skeletal remains of pilgrims that died around 850AD). He again dropped his somber priestly air and was prancing around waving the bones... Finally, to lock in his paandi status, at the Baghwabasa campsite, a somber threat to me muttered as an aside "If you report my name, I promise you I will do everything in my power to finish you!".

Mithun's wife Mona, sweetly like an angel, in the middle of the night - out of nowhere "Mithun, tumne inke paani mein kuch milaaya?" Mithun tch-tching her, "tum marwaari ka kaam ..." . The others doing the same tolerant "tsk .. tsk" routine "Nani ka thendiyaapan ham sabko ...." The guy who made this last comment - Muralidhar Joishy - coming up to me a few times during the course of the trek, peering solicitously into my face and asking "Are you OK?". He seemed to be Na-

naiah's intimate friend, saw them sitting close together a few times on the trail, sharing a 'light' on smoking breaks.

The other crackpot group from Delhi was active during the first part of the trek - a fellow called Mohit Sharma broadcasting his devoutly religious character, letting us know the many pilgrim routes he had trekked. Denigrating comments about Malayalis, apparently all my stalker perverts were Malayalis, not Marwaris. Saying that Naniah was from a region of Karnataka close to Kerala, which apparently explained his perversion. Later some denigrating comment about Malayali women - a sarcastic comment about "Kerala beauties!". His companion, a woman called Jhumru, on seeing me playing with a black puppy at the Didina campsite, loudly calling the group she was sitting with, "Dekh, kallu kyaa kar raha hai!!" But unlike the JDA group, they appeared to be taken aback by the disgust and ridicule of the others, and later I did not get any specific targeting apart from Mohit coming up to me and asking very solicitously "Are you OK?" several times, and their intense fascination with my personal belongings - rucksack, clothes, cellphone, velcro strap, clip-on sunglasses, lip balm cream etc.

Another fellow Anthony Prabhu distinguished himself as an independent pus-for-brains pervert. Three of us were assigned to a double bed at the base camp in Lohajung, I had been in the room earlier, and put my belongings on the side of the bed next to the wall, furthest from the door. Later came in to see him propped up on the bed in the same spot, then after he got up, a wet spot on the mattress. He repeated this a second time, leaving the room, coming back to sit again on the bed, getting up and another wet spot. Third time, he was propped up sitting against the wall, even as he talked to me and another trekker Venkat, he had his legs apart and was rubbing the centre of his crotch with his index finger with a glazed look on his eyes. I made sure Venkat slept in the middle and I slept on the other side of the double bed. The next morning as we prepared to start the trek, he offered me a banana. I initially said no, but then changed my mind and ate the banana. Soon realized what his agenda was. The guides had just told the group that walking sticks would be very helpful - I already knew about the benefits and had brought two new trekking poles with me from Bangalore, had just been showing them to another trekker in the room. While the others chose their walking sticks from a bunch left behind by the previous trek groups, Anthony ignored them. Five minutes after we had started walking, he was behind me and he asked me to give him one of my poles. I told him that I had expressly brought two poles for my use, so could not. In the same tone of voice, he then asked me to find a suitable walking stick for him on the way!!

A couple hours later, I found him just behind me on the trail again, a strange maniacal smile on his face and he delivered his line "You are rocking!!" I did not ask him to elaborate his theatrical outburst.

I was in the first group to arrive at the Didina campsite - homestay facilities with two dormitory rooms. I lay down to relax on a bed close to the door in the lower room. When Anthony arrived, stuck his head in the door and was told which beds were already taken, hissed "Hari has again selected the best bed for himself!" - the other two who had arrived with me were dumbfounded.

At the Ghora Lotani campsite in the afternoon, walked up with him and Venkat on the hillside, and Venkat wanted to take a snap. When I sat down, Anthony immediately sat next to me and tried to strike a pose resting his elbow on my thigh as if we were intimate friends. I immediately shifted and sat behind him.

Later in the Bhagwabasa campsite forest hut, was sitting on the floor mats with another (normal) group of trekkers from Delhi including a few women. A couple of them were on either side of me. Anthony came in to check, saw me and hissing to Venkat "Looks like Hari has found a good position for himself!"

At Bedni Bugya campsite, rocking back and forth in the tent in a sitting position, informing Venkat and myself that he was "surviving on chocolates and biscuits" (the rest of us ate the meals prepared at the campsites). Leaving the package wrappers in the tent for us to pick up. At the Bhagwabaasa campsite, apparently unprepared for the cold weather, asking others to contribute warm clothes "you can adjust". Asking me and Venkat for money so he could tip the porters and guides, saying he would pay us back at the base camp. On return to the base camp, asking me for "liquid soap". Waking us one morning at 5:30am with his mobile phone alarm going off with a religious chant, then seriously telling us that he had switched off his mobile and did not know how the alarm came on, then informing us "I like Hindu chants". He expressed surprise that there was no electricity supply at the Ghora Lotani high altitude campsite (there had been no electricity in any of our previous campsites either, but apparently he had not noticed this until arriving at the desolate high altitude camp with two tin huts).

Telling the others "I am going to tell all my friends, he is a very dirty fellow". On being asked to elaborate, saying "he is

making dirty noises”. On being asked to clarify, explaining that I had not closed the bathroom door at the Lohajung base camp when I blew my nose. Then in more justification “Everyone is saying bad things about him”. When asked where he was getting his information from, something about his father being a big shot retired govt officer - police IG? Each time he was ridiculed by someone disgusted by his behaviour- “gaandu”, “tatti thendiya”, he would start walking behind the group dragging his feet like an overgrown small boy, with a sullen look on his face. Face coming alive only when he had an opportunity to pull someone down. On return to Lohajung camp after the trek, I was lying in bed with chills and weakened from a stomach infection. Mohit Sharma came in to the room as usual to do his “Are you OK?” routine, Anthony was outside and rose to the occasion. “That is what always happens. One day superstar, next day - draaaakkk !” (I did not see the gesture that must have accompanied the sound effect). Then, sarcastically “He is a very tough guy!” .

**But I noted something - I was able to get solid sleep almost every night of the trek, waking up in the morning feeling refreshed even if I woke up a couple of times in the night.**

Return flight from New Delhi to Bangalore by Indigo 6E121 on Jun 29th. Even when I checked in, the woman at the counter behaving arrogantly, loudly repeating my name “Hari Narayanan Nair”, not acknowledging my request for an aisle seat, getting into an argument with a supervisor immediately after - the supervisor asking her “don’t roll your eyes at me!” and threatening to report her if she failed to follow ‘protocol’ with another customer. On the flight, was sitting near the rear, the two female flight attendants behaving rather strangely, fixed expressions on their faces - repeating the paandis routines, one of them making faces as she passed by me. One of the marwaari paandis was in a seat behind me - towards the end of the flight, going completely berserk - loud shouting, commenting on my appearance “woh maindak ” - the attendants not responding to him, other passengers questioning them, “aren’t you going to report this to the pilot?”. Some other passengers behind me commenting about “mitti ka tel” during the first half of the flight. I didn’t smell anything then, but after we landed at Bangalore, when I got up from my seat, got a brief strong whiff of kerosene. I developed a strong and persistent headache after asking for water (poured into a paper cup) when they came by with the cart - it stayed even after I deplaned at Bangalore. When they came by with the cart to collect the trash, the attendant made no effort to collect the cup from me, when I tried to reach out to drop it on the cart, unable to with my seatbelt fastened, the woman just staring fixedly, still not taking the cup from me, or moving the cart back, even as I stretched out ! After a few seconds of this, she finally picked up the cup from my hand. More passengers behind me who saw this commenting on their behaviour.

Woman sitting on my right in the window seat (no one in the middle seat) one of the sex deviants - north indian woman maybe in late 50s or early 60s, she was sitting in my seat when I got on the plane, acting very confused when I told her it was my seat. At Bangalore, I was one of the last to get into the first bus on the tarmac, other passengers behind me who had just got off the aircraft waited as the bus was full. I turned around, as the driver closed the doors of the bus, the same elderly woman pushed past the other waiting passengers and rushed into the bus even as the door closed on her !

When we were on the tarmac, heard passengers still on the plane talking to the pilots, one of the pilots quizzing the attendants angrily “are you on the regular roster?”. One of the female attendants going “Sir, I swear to God we didn’t do anything”.