

2010 Aug 21 Sat

Woke up in the middle of last night to find Meghana Menon focusing the radiation on my face - my left eye was dry and burning, facial skin itching. When I shouted for a while, she was satisfied, moved away to the other end of the flat to do an "argument" with Jyotsna Menon. Ravi Menon took over, and by early am, the little sadist whore was back in action below me.

The usual appearance of the Nimhans and police sex deviants to the neighbourhood, all very satisfied with themselves - the core sex deviants quite enthusiastically joining in their nautanki where they were all "going to get it". "Do they know whats coming to them?" etc. The Menons keeping the radiation targeted on me all the while - yesterday in my study, a clicking sound from the wall as I sit in front of my PC ! They seem to be upgrading and extending their collection of peepshow and sadism equipment all the time, even as they moan and mutter in despair, indignation and outrage.

2010 Aug 17 Tue

Same pattern of sadism radiation last night as per the past few nights, Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon alternately marching in and out of the room below me each time I shouted out, taking turns playing sadism tag.

When I got up this morning, major ruckus outside the building, some fellow shouting in Tamil for a good ten minutes or so, "avaru office maaru" and so on, the police and nimhans paandis waiting at their usual vantage point, the fellow ending with the usual "nammakye pidikyam pono?". On the other side of the building, Satan jr. doing his routine "there's nothing you can do !" "Government agreement!"

Got a call this afternoon from 80 43549200 - guy said he was from Airtel, regarding my fixed landline (also my broadband connection), that they did not have my email id on record - gave him my yahoo email account id.

Meghana Menons younger sister recruited to do a nautanki outside their flat this afternoon - "we're not leaving!"

2010 Aug 15 Sun

Again same pattern of strong radiation from Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon, but now the radiation is high even during the day - the little sadist whore is satisfied only when there is an accumulation of the govt. paandis outside to start their nautanki, then roaming around underneath me doing her usual routine "i'm not going!".

2010 Aug 14 Sat

Middle of last night I woke up with a sharp burning sensation on the side of my neck. When I shouted out, Meghana Menon jumping down from something she had climbed up on to get closer to me. Then a big monologue at the other end of the flat - she was possibly on the phone with someone, while Ravi Menon got underneath me and continued with the radiation, but now more diffuse but still very strong.

Now 8:55pm, high radiation in my study targeting my head, skin prickling all over my face. My eyes burning and dry as well.

Outside the usual menage of reprobates moaning as usual - Satan jr. , Nagaraja, the Nimp etc. - pretty much keeping the same refrain going 24 hours now. The police paandis driving past periodically on motorcycles to ensure the sex deviant nautanki is kept going.

2010 Aug 13 Fri

5:50pm in my study, very high constant radiation - skin prickling all over my face, Ravi Menon on sadism duty.

The nimhans female sex deviants have been very active again today, the "good" doctors and "bad" doctors taking turns (never arguing, they do their monologues in sequence) - the essential bits being that "nothing can be done about the Menons", "they are criminals", while simultaneously checking for any potential witnesses that need to be threatened by the police. All the while, Meghana Menon, Jyotsna Menon and Ravi Menon muttering, grumbling, threatening, moaning, and all the while, they keep the radiation equipment targeted.

Yesterday around noon, was trying to fix the rear door lock on my Gypsy down in the building basement garage - it was returned from the last servicing at U M Motors in Indiranagar with the lock jammed and the fasteners for an upper roof panel broken - I had installed a home-made ceiling LED light and the paandis likely wanted to find out if there was anything else that I had installed in the roof panel. This damage was done during the third visit in 3 months to fix an overheating engine problem that they had not diagnosed the first couple of times. Since then, in the past few months, I have been followed several times by paandis in vehicles all trying to get my attention, and sporting the U M Motors sticker on their rear window.

I had my back to the entrance. Heard a loud "good morning" - female voice at the entrance, a few seconds later turned around, no one to be seen. Then a minute later, the voice of one of the paandi female "doctors" talking to Vinay Satyan in 121. A few minutes earlier his family had driven into the garage, and the fellow making threatening comments as they went up - his devious wife as usual ensuring that he got his speech done before "reprimanding" him - "you propositioned that girl!" (referring to Meghana Menon), and the paandi Vinay doing his stock routine "I didn't know what I was doing!".

Sometime later, the doctor had left the building after the locally patented "turn a vicious scumbag into a hardcore psychopath" session (basically the never-failed-yet protocol is - threaten them, then leave them alone to get on with their sadism/peep show, come back to debrief them on what they had accomplished since the last session, threaten them again, then leave them alone again, ad nauseam ...). Once she was outside the building, another nimhans female paandi outside going "You saw what happened there. He ignored you!"

The police and nimhans paandis appear to be very happy with the results they are getting in the neighbourhood - every day, the sex deviants are on the very verge of being in serious trouble, the results of interrogations and investigations being broadcast, announcements that the "national investigation agency" had taken over the case, followed some days later by another police paandi regretfully announcing that the "cbi" had taken over the case (strange sequence). Periodically the tables are turned, with Meghana Menon and Ravi Menon coming underneath to regretfully announce that they are 'very sorry', but I was going to be arrested any minute now - then a wave of shrieking and moaning outside with the "good" doctors and "good" cops coming by to reprimand the "bad" ones, and the Menons muttering and threatening below me - then boosting the radiation.

When I walk out or drive in the neighbourhood, the residents on seeing me, chatting to each other, throwing up their hands "why don't they talk to him?". Hmm... i wonder why ?

2010 Aug 12 Thu

9pm, very strong constant radiation in my study for the past couple of hours, an adult Menon on sadism duty below me. The Nimhans female paandis very active in the past several days, hanging around the neighbourhood, coming over to visit the paandis in our building - they appear to be quite happy with themselves.

2010 Aug 11 Wed

A couple of nights ago, was woken up in the middle of the night, again I am pretty sure deliberately, to the sounds of american male voices underneath me, and a pulsing beep sound. One fellow saying "Its nothing personal. Some people have a grudge against you". The Menons were not to be heard.

About 5 minutes later, the americans were gone, and Ravi & Meghana Menon were back in the room below me. I had the impression of rabid dogs that had been rounded up into a corner, and then let loose again with a bone to keep them happy. Immediately the radiation went up, and as if nothing had happened, the uncle-niece sex deviant duo was back doing what they loved.

For past couple of nights, intense radiation, the Menons now satisfied that "nothing will happen", the foreign sex deviants back in their monotonous woe is us nautanki routines "Bhavani...", "Dr. Ambedkar ..." "Panicker" and so on. Both the Menons not happy with the nights sadism and my shouting until the police and nimhans paandis make a noisy act outside, and the phone in the Menons house starts ringing - it usually rings several times, I now never hear anyone responding to the phone. Then they settle down and an hour or so later, the radiation spikes again.

The police and nimhans paandis actively encouraging another set of nautanki routines - "There have been two complaints !" Apparently more of my ghost "supporters" from neighbouring apartment buildings that have given complaints to police stations on my behalf, but again mysteriously without bothering to inform me.

2010 Aug 8 Sun

Was in Nilgiris Kagadasapura around 3pm - shortly after I entered, a couple entered - south indian, the male dark-complexioned, egg shaped, trousers hitched high, dark with a moustache. Demented - likely one of the police paandis. Doing the "nammakye ?" routine with his wife angrily asking him if he was part of this group. Appeared to relish the brief close encounter with me in the store. Reminded me of another police paandi officer in the Toms dept. store near Cox Town- these deranged sex deviants actually seem to derive a lot of pleasure in being close to me and doing their nautanki routines with their family members or junior officers, as if they were confirming something they had been told about ...

Yesterday and today, lots of work in the Menons flat, sounds of an electric saw, lots of hammering that went on sporadically through the day. The police and nimhans paandis arriving in the neighbourhood to "round up" the sex deviants - sure enough, it coincided with the Menons getting more radiation equipment - very strong continuous radiation since Saturday morning, very intense radiation through the night, Meghana Menon now appears to be taking her sleep shift in the evening, coming on sadism duty in the middle of the night. Now 4:20pm in my study, high radiation, constant, targeting my head.

9pm, radiation in my study very high now, the Menons have reverted to their usual sadism routines - no wariness now, the police and nimhans perverts must have received their next hafta instalment ...

2010 Aug 4 Wed

A few weeks before, just a day after i returned from my Roopkund trek, I was feeling very sleepy in the afternoon, around 3pm and went to my bedroom to lie down. Within two minutes, Sudha Balivada's mother was up on the building terrace, above my open french door opening on to the balcony, in a fury, saying that I would only get 4 hours sleep per day. This morning as I was still in bed, the same woman outside on the stair landing, hissing "nee kartha maare aanu. paisa olichu!"

Strong radiation spikes in the middle of the night, an adult male below me in the Menons flat keeping me targeted, and apparently waiting for me to start shouting and street nautanki outside to start before he was satisfied with the results. He was quite productive today - several 'junior' Nimhans sex deviants arriving in quick succession to do their routines of standing in the road and calling out to no one in particular in the neighbouring buildings.

Was half asleep in the early am, woke up to hear sounds of a couple in the room below me apparently having sex - lots of moaning by both the man and woman. After they were done, argument between an adult male and other female Menons - one of the females (Meghana Menon?) - "they're having sex in our bed!", and the male responding "They are my guests! Its my bed!". No idea who the couple below me was - the entire entourage of police, nimhans, foreign sex deviant 'journalists' (now the fellow nicknamed 'pulitzer prize' by no less than Satan jr has been demoted to just plain "newsweek") were outside the building to keep score on what was going on. The sex deviant psychopath insanity gets more and more surreal every day.

2010 Aug 2 Mon

The Menon family following their usual all night somnambulist sadism routines - Jyostna Menon occasionally taking part, Meghana Menon doing her bit, the little horror doing her nautanki routine "We're leaving !" followed a few days later by "We're not going!" "There's nothing you can do !" etc.

Yesterday afternoon, I had collected some empty plastic jars from my kitchen, a cracked mug, garbage from my bathroom kachda bin and put it next to my front door so I wouldn't forget to put them out with the usual kitchen trash this morning. This morning at 9:30am I opened my front door to retrieve the newspaper and put the garbage outside. One of the Total Environment workers, a fellow I haven't seen before, was sitting in ambush on the stairs.

Even as I closed the door, the fellow had already started opening the garbage bag containing the kachda from my bathroom ! A few minutes later, could hear Subha Balivada saying that this time she had not given orders to have my garbage

checked, and a minute later, the fellow outside the building - the usual TE staff routine "saab, mein gaandu nahin" - par for the course when it comes to disgusting subhumans that TE seems to make it a practice to employ.

2010 July 29 Thu

9:30pm, consistently high radiation in my study for the past two hours or so, skin prickling on my arms. A male sex deviant in the Menons flat is targeting me now. I have the feeling there is another male in the Menons flat now, not Ravi Menon. Shortly after I returned from my Roopkund trek, I had heard Jyotsna Menon complaining to an adult male in their flat - "the children think i am overweight because I eat too much!" - she would not be saying that to Ravi Menon - I have heard Meghana Menon and her younger sister yelling at their aunt several times in the past year - example from Meghana sister - "you eat twice as many dosas as any of us!" - so this would not be news to Ravi Menon.

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Forgot to log in previously published archive, what happened on the 3pm Ahmedabad Mail train from Haridwar to Delhi on 28th June, returning from the Roopkund trek. Train started at Haridwar, a young slim sardar got into the compartment after I did, it then filled up with a bunch of Spanish female tourists. He obviously did not have a reserved berth there, but as usual the corrupt railway TT was quite receptive to having him sit there. The most soft spoken sardar I have met. Came and sat next to me and told me he was working for HCL in Delhi as a "network engineer", but visiting his family in Haridwar on the weekends and going back to work in Delhi on weekdays. It was 3pm on Monday.

Lots of questions to me about working in the US, visas, jobs etc., then with a big smile on his face, commenting about how to work in the US on a business visa, so the company would not have to pay taxes. About how all his family members were in the US and Canada. Very restless, often getting up and disappearing, coming back, always fiddling with his mobile, texting someone. When one of the railway canteen fellows showed up with chai, the sardar's eyes lighted up and he asked me if I wanted chai. I ordered chai, the canteen fellow moved into the next compartment and kept his back to me while he poured the chai. Could hear someone in that compartment saying "cup oopar se le liya, neeche se nahin". After I drank the chai, strong headache that lasted for several hours - it was poisoned. The Spanish tourists in the berth opposite were playing a card game, sardar then wanted me to discuss what card game it was like (they were not regular cards, they had icons on them - some sort of childrens game). Sardar not happy when I said I didn't know much about cards, a few minutes later, again pointing out what they were doing and tried again to see if I would "confess" to knowing something about cards.

Some time later, an Uttarkhand police officer came by and sat down in the compartment. As I was on my mobile phone answering a call, the police officer speaking to the sardar in disgust, something about breaking his "khopdi", and the sardar replying "sir, mein kuch nahin kar raha hoon". The railway TT also came by, agitated now, and sporting a fresh red tilak on his forehead, worried about the police officer, also doing the "maine kuch nahin kiya" routine.

Later on the sardar was on the phone, asking someone about when the "training" would finish, and where would he get posted. Got more and more agitated as the journey went on, then another phone call from someone - a woman - could hear her screaming at him, the sardar making apologetic noises. More of the getting up and disappearing and returning, muttering "seat nahin hai...". **Got a photo of him** - asked him his name, "Sarabjeet Singh" - yet another homosexual sex deviant Indian Secret Service recruit. Interestingly enough, the Spanish tourists - all of them women in their early 20s - had tagged the young sardar as a homosexual and one of the sex deviants very quickly. I had not been sure until he started the restless agitation and phone calls and interrogation about work visas and playing cards, and the ear-to-ear smile if I even glanced in his direction. The sardar got off on the outskirts of Delhi. More of the paandis were in nearby compartments - one of them a tall dark fellow, thin, hairy arms, with an impressive army 'meesha', smell of alcohol on his breath, also doing the restless walk by our compartment several times though he was on the other end, getting off at several stations to wander around on the platform until the train left again, etc.