

2011 Feb 19 Saturday

The “mewa la!” marwari and the usual paandis outside in the morning doing their usual excited nautanki - including something about how he had two of the keys to the padlock that I normally use on my front door when I leave the flat.

I did originally have 4, there are two on my keyring, not sure where the others are myself. I tend to keep all of the keys on my keyring when I buy a padlock. I had purchased this particular padlock in Bangkok some years ago - one of those chinese locks with a four sided key - not something you could easily duplicate.

Around noon I left the apartment building to do some errands - IOB bank and then shopping at Namdharis. There was a tall slim woman maybe in her 30s in salwar/kurta outside Namdharis on the phone - stayed there, she was still talking as I left - apparently about my situation “it is genuine” - Satan jr, the “pulitzer prize” sadist etc. were all outside in the vicinity doing their running show.

As I drove back, taking the road into CV Raman Nagar DRDO township with the lake on the right side, a north indian marwari looking fellow standing in the road, with a device that looked somewhat like a cellphone - pointing it at me. I was disoriented, did not see a speed bump ahead, accelerating over it.

Got home about 1:30pm, when I went to my study, found that the browser window on my PC had been changed to a different site.

Feeling sick in the afternoon - decided to throw out the rest of the drinking water (I get 20litre bottles from the grocery store), sugar and salt, and went to the nearby grocery store. On the way out saw Amol deep in discussion with another Nepali looking fellow inside the building. At the corner of the main road and rahath bagh, another, younger nepali fellow glaring at me. When I got back half an hour later, the first nepali guy was inside the building in the garage basement - as I took my grocery packages to the lift, Amol with his face turned away from me saying something about “chutkaara nahin payega”. After I had unpacked, went downstairs with my camera and got snaps of both of them.

Meghana Menon excited downstairs - apparently she and her cousin were in my flat while I was gone today. So I guess my paranoid schizophrenic mind can assume that the paandis have all my passwords. I keep them in separate text files on my PC, and just cut and paste the passwords from the files into browser window whenever required (I don't even know the passwords myself). This includes my email passwords for my email accounts harinnair@yahoo.com and hair.nair@gmail.com, my website pixelpoc.net management, my Indian Overseas Bank online banking passwords, and the miscellaneous accounts - ebay, paypal etc.

In the past I have gone through the process of reformatting my hard disk, reinstalling operating system, generating new passwords (I use a random letter password generator application that writes the passwords into a text file), each time I suspected the paandis had gotten access to my flat.

I guess since the Nimhans and police psychopath subhumans roaming around my building all day and all night are “in control of the situation” (that means no witnesses), there's no need for me to take any remedial action since its all a figment of my imagination. These are all “good people” from “respectable families”, why would any of them do anything ...

Was in Varkala for several days from Feb 11th to 15th. Had driven down to pick up some furniture from my family home in Trivandrum which is in the process of being sold, and decided to stay at Varkala for the paragliding. Only got one 2 hour flight though. The entire entourage of sex deviants from Bangalore included two Nimhans female psychopaths, who had also brought Meghanas younger sister with them. They were joined in Varkala by a local paandi police inspector. Possibly more from Kumily where I had stopped for the night on my way in to Varkala, staying at the Victoria Homestay guesthouse run by a fellow called Michael. The kumily police putting on a good cop bad cop routine - a younger fellow had showed up at the guesthouse, he told me which room I was supposed to be in - a middle room with rooms on both sides and above me. The paandis were foreign males in the room above me - full radiation treatment all night. Shouted out as loudly as I could, mad excitement outside - the marwaris in full steam “mewa la!” apparently trying to bugger a local female prostitute just outside the hotel, on the street. The woman telling the police that she had not agreed to do it on the street. More nautanki involving some local sindhi youths (shopkeepers), apparently they'd inveigled the paandis into letting them have the “computer” that they use for surveillance then dropping it - the american sex deviants and “mewa laal” yelling at them, apparently manhandling them, and so on and so forth.

In Varkala, as I was returning from a walk on the beach towards the helipad, the local paandi police officer with the bald head and thick side hair (habit of taking off his cap, smoothing his bald pate) was in action again. This time sitting pillion on a motorcycle, the fellow in front was one of the waiters from the Chillout Lounge restaurant where I had been poisoned last year. Don't remember his name, but ponytail hair, perpetually stoned on marijuana - he had told me he was from Goa.

I had not flown yet before this incident. As they went past me, the police fellow telling me that it would not be long before my problems were over, when I fell off the cliff. The pothead in front informing me that I was a "racist". That afternoon when I went to the launch site, the entire entourage was in the background in the hotels behind the helipad - the Nimhans women particularly excited at the show to come. I had trouble figuring out that I had gotten into my harness with the lines in a full twist - my mind figured out that it didn't look right, but it took me a few minutes. Just a few yards to my right, a group of Tamil paandi youths keeping up a running derogatory commentary. Thankfully no incidents during the launch or flight, landed safely a couple hours later.

The local Malayali police paandis and the Nimhans female psychopaths put on the local degenerate sadism version of the Karnataka paandi rituals - one night, their street show had the younger Nimhans female "cut" in the face with a knife, the older one had her "hair cut off", both apparently had their dresses smeared with "chaana", all the while with the rest of the paandis doing a running commentary.

I stayed in the Prashanthi Green Resorts - had stayed there on my visit last year earlier in the end room, and the room next door was occupied by a paandi couple. The manager Sugana had been friendly enough, and I had even written up the name and phone number of the hotel in a local club paragliding blog to recommend it.

Even this time, I did not suspect Sugana. He put me in a middle room - there were foreign sex deviant sadists on both sides.

He'd told me that he had arranged breakfast for some Coimbatore PG pilots who had stayed there the week before, so I asked him to do the same for me. First day, was poisoned - it was in the tea. But he had gotten the food and the tea from someone else outside the hotel, so still did not suspect him. He had a lot of questions about my financial expenses, the property sale, the value of the property, my educational background etc. - but I put that down to the usual obnoxious Malayali male gossip character. Ate couple more meals with him, was not poisoned so was lulled into trusting him, even as the personal questions continued. Then he invited me to come to his family home in Kappil a few km away - first took me to his wife's home. I was struck by how hostile everyone there was to him - they were all convinced that he had installed the "chaana-maars" in the hotel. Apparently while sweet talking me, he had been smearing me while talking to his family - his wife and nephew seemed to be disgusted by him. His wife served me tea and snacks. No problem. Then he took me to his own home in Kappil - and to a neighbouring house, another close relative, possibly sister. There he asked me if I would have another cup of tea. Said yes. This time he went in and brought out the tea himself. The younger folk in the house did not come out - could hear them doing the same thing - sarcastic remarks directed at Sugana, he did not appear to have much respect there either. A few minutes later, as we were driving back - the headache started, around the back of my head. Was being targeted with radiation from the rooms on either side of me every night I was there. The night before I left, another group of paandis occupied the room next door - males with closely cropped heads, closely resembling the Hungarian paandi in Bir from my last trip there !

It struck me that Sugana had an almost twin personality to my aunt Shyamala in Koramangala who I had stayed with for a few months while the work on my flat was being finished, several years ago. Both control freaks, insisting on my doing things a certain way - Sugana advising me to eat at a vegetarian restaurant (that the local meat and fish was no good) . Both nasty gossips. Both overtly pious and questioning me about my religious beliefs. The gleam in their eyes as they sweet talked me or got personal information out of me, and the sadistic treachery. My aunt in Koramangala slipping some rat poison into a bottle of drinking water, a short while after she told me happily that their pet dog had dug up her flowers, and then accidentally died by eating poison that she had put out for rats. I had stopped eating with her after getting sick too often - going out to fast food joints for my meals. Would buy bottles of mineral water and ensure that I kept them with me - on this occasion, forgot that I'd left the bottle in my room before going out. Still remember that she had climbed up the stairs and was standing in my room as I sipped some water. Thankfully it was just a mouthful or so - I was just on my way out, taking a flight to Trivandrum that morning. By the time I reached Trivandrum, was feeling sick, my lips feeling swollen and numb. The sensation lasted most of the day. Thankfully it was just a mouthful of water, and she had probably put just enough to enjoy the show.

2011 Feb 7 Monday

I had ordered some electronic components off the net from Seedstudio in late December. One package arrived in January, but the other never did. I got in touch with the supplier and they gave me the tracking number. The tracking showed the the CV Raman Nagar PO had delivered the package on January 21, and it had been signed for by "Hari Nair". The components were worth about US\$19.

The security guard Amol and the Balivadas and the marwaris since this theft incident have been doing a sustained routine - periodically picking it up every day, regarding the stolen mail package. As far as I am concerned, Amol is the prime suspect - he assured me two packages had arrived that day and that he had given me both. But I had been expecting two packages, and when I received only one, assumed it was because the second had been shipped a day later (I get a confirmation email when a package is shipped). The Balivada story is that Amol had given their children the package as a "present", that they had then given it to one of the marwari paaandis. Heard Subha Balivada on more than one occasion saying in the past few days "we didn't teach our children to be thieves", her daughter crying "i don't want to go to jail" etc. So business as usual in this house of horrors ...

I have repeatedly told the building security guards to give me my mail personally, telling them that my mail has been stolen before. The arrangement is that they should call me on the intercom - I go downstairs and collect the mail.

This has not been a problem with the security guards, with one exception - Amol . The others have come and gone - am not sure why they do not last more than a few months at most, some just a couple of weeks. They used to be on maybe 2 day shifts, but now it appears Amol is at our building 24/7. This is the fellow who told me he had no idea of the name of his supervisor at the security company "The Cavalier", or his phone number. Same fellow who was playing with the circuit breakers down in the basement when I found that power was not returning to my flat after the generator shut off. His equally crooked supervisor shows up in the middle of the night to "reprimand" him quite often - a north Indian fellow who talks to him in Hindi possibly ex-army character.

Snap of Amol and an unknown friend of his in the basement garage is in the archived zip of this log.

I had informed the online shop that I had not received the package even though the shipment tracking showed that someone had signed for it in my name. Yesterday I went back to the website thinking to reorder a couple of the missing items - and found that the online shop has changed its shipping options to India, now it only has courier shipment option to India, shipping cost \$34 minimum.

The nimhans paandis quite satisfied with the situation - everything is under control.

I have not updated my log since returning from Brazil in late October. Still need to add the account of the entire entourage of sex deviants on a secret indian police mission following me around Brazil, this time with "pulitzer prize" in charge of the operation - leading the group when it came to getting access for the all important microwave radiation exposure.

There's no point in updating the NHRC with my logs. Not that there was any visible benefit before, but now this esteemed government crimes investigation agency is headed by an ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India, who publicly stated that that the RTI act does not apply to the CJI, whose family members' assets have mysteriously appreciated into several crores in the past few years without any apparent matching source of income, and who publicly supported the ex-Chief Justice of Karnataka Dinakar, who was eventually transferred to the state of Sikkim after his benami land deals in Tamil Nadu were exposed.

Anyway, while figuring out what else I could do, decided to create a Facebook account with my name, with a link to the pixelproc website log page.