

2011 05 09 Mon

New parasite host adult in the paandi central station also known as the Menons flat below me. I had seen this short woman, short hair, a couple times before, bringing groceries to their flat - driver carrying the bags in, the woman doing the standard routine about "My mother ..." and a fellow sitting in the car outside the building calling to her "your mother is mentally ill". Then a few days ago, as I was walking downstairs, she was at the door giving instructions to their driver - not sure what language she was speaking, maybe Tulu ? Now she seems to have taken over the adult caretaker role for the Menons. Just as deranged as the others.

What appears to be an SP of police has joined the police paandi group following me around and ensuring that the sex deviants get access any place I go. Interestingly enough, on April 28th I had gone to the Bhuvaneswari Nagar BBMP office to pay my property taxes. **Apart from a couple of north indian paandis in their mid-thirties in the queue before me, the police paandis were in the background - one of them doing the running commentary broadcast routine, and saying that the next police commissioner would take this case seriously. A couple days later, newspaper article about S. Bidiari being removed as commissioner, and as per the newspapers, this was done without any prior intimation!**

The same night after the new commissioner took charge, the full police entourage at my building. A police fellow inside the Menons flat, I heard the new adult caretaker woman squealing in pain, it was the police fellow taking out his resentment on the paandis. He appeared to be inspecting their "custom" apartment fittings, heard a squeaky valve or tap being opened and closed in the bathroom below my master bedroom.

I had visited Delhi mid March to get a visa for a paragliding trip to Slovenia. I had some time to kill so visited a high school classmate of mine who is an IAS officer, working at the PMO. As I was waiting at the first gate, a group of police officers got down from a bus, all in gray safari suits, one of them with a high-tech machine gun. As they walked past, some commenting on my situation. Amazingly, one of them even knew about the "Haji Nair" on my flight back from Sao Paulo, Brazil late October year. Had forgotten to log this incident - when I left Brazil, at the Sao Paulo airport departure terminal, the Emirates staff called out this name asking for him to come to the desk - I have the feeling this is the name that Nagaraja's sidekick "Kumaresan" was travelling on. And another marwari looking youth, agitated, asking the crew when he would get his hand baggage back. Apparently it had been taken for a more thorough search.

**The paandis were in full force at South Block while I was there - with "Mewa Lal" at the head. They had some fellow maybe a SPG officer, doing their escort work. Could even hear him shouting "Ham parchi ke saath kaam karte hain!" in response to someone angrily asking him if he couldn't figure out these fellows were "thendiyas".**

There was even a large group of what looked like east europeans, escorted by another marwari middle aged couple, who were roaming around on the road near Rashtrapati Bhavan and South Block. Mostly teenage girls and a couple older women, one older man and a youth. I did not suspect anything until they apparently made some comments within earshot of the Rashtrapati Bhavan security police. The police sarcastically remarking "Yeh aurat hain kya?" - a couple minutes later, the marwari middle aged couple talking to an auto driver, and the fellow abusing them in return "ham thendiya ka kaam nahin karte".

**I am leaving on May 19th for a paragliding trip to Slovenia, will be back only August 10th. The sex deviants outside my flat have been doing the distraction drama on double temp for the past couple weeks, all of them in deep trouble, their mentors (now Satan jr. has loudly trumpeted that "Kanimoyi" is one them) are all in trouble, a couple of the Marwaris have been jailed, they are all on the verge of leaving, etc. They are obviously looking forward their next paandi holiday - business class flights, new suits, scotch whiskey, and Nagaraja's sidekick will be complaining about their tremendous suffering - that they could not stomach the food, too hard to even chew, no gravy etc. And Inspector Nagaraja will be looking forward to his specialization - acquiring "naanam" photos and videos of "saarade madaamas" - i.e., any white women in my vicinity. They will be parading around as the "Indian Secret Service", any questions asked, they will be working for the "state government", any further questions, they are "intelligence officers". Escorted by the teenage sons of local mafia goons in swank cars (customized BMWs etc.), zooming around at high speed.**

Meghana Menon and what appears to be a male cousin of hers around the same age, and another adult male have been on the daily radiation exposure sadism duty for the past few months. The adult male shows up in the evenings and does duty at night. Meghana Menon is active most of the night.

**I found 3 additional mail packages are missing - all of them would have arrived at roughly the same time as the other package that was stolen. All of them contained components that I had ordered off ebay. No reason to suspect the PO as I have been living here for several years and never had one of these packages not delivered prior to this sudden rash of undelivered mail. The security guard Amol is completely untrustworthy.**

**Ashok Balivada appears to have reached some sort of mutual blackmail standoff with the Nimhans and police criminals - which appears to be the default social interaction in this culture of casual criminality. He appears to be quite comfortable. He is at home all day as well. While his kids do the “we’re sorry” routine for apparently stealing (with or without Amol’s consent) the packages, he does the “No question of paying him back” routine while simultaneously telling his wife that she was responsible for turning his children into thieves. So its business as usual. The other packages totaled up to maybe another Rs 1000 in value. For these packages, I managed to get a refund or re-shipment. For the first one, which was tracked, they refused to reship or refund, as the tracking showed that the package had been signed for at delivery.**

Two nimhans women a “Srimala” and another they refer to as “Bhavani” on daily stalking duty outside my flat. The “Srimala” woman informing me from outside the building that I had a “deep seated neurosis” aggravated by my mothers death etc. They are all quite cold blooded psychopaths... these two are the same women that brought Meghana’s younger sister with them to Varkala, as protection.

More drama regarding some “Shibani” - the only person I know of that name is Kamal Sagar’s wife, of Total Environment. According to the local drama, she has been showing up in the neighbourhood to warn the residents not to talk to me. First it was something about a court case she was filing against me, later it was something about “supari” !

More “supari” drama with Monish Das, my paandi junkie neighbour from 141 across the hall. Middle of night, woken up by the police paandis to ensure I heard what happened. Some police paandi had arrived with a dog, fellow talking to Monish, something about drugs in my flat, that Monish Das had called in to tell them where it could be found etc. More Nimhans paandis arriving occasionally to speak to Das, the fellow apparently countering everything they say to him with “My mother told me not to go with you”, “My mother doesn’t want me to come to Delhi”, “My mother said ...” etc. Then the latest, “supari” drama where the police and nimhans paandis all excited that MD and his friends were discussing more direct ways of fixing me.

On Saturday, May 7th, had gone to the CAMS office in Trade Centre, Dickenson road. Bunch of youths there, some north Indians. All getting thoroughly excited by standing next to me, peering over my shoulder to see what I was writing (I was making some mutual fund investments), discussing the amount I was investing, where I was getting the money, etc. One of the fellows even telling a clerk that he wanted to invest in “sap”. The first time I had met MD, he had told me he used to work for SAP. That afternoon when I was back in my flat, could hear MD on the phone on the latest nautanki drama “No ma’am I didn’t ...”

Now intermittent problems with my airtel broadband connection. Gets disconnected, sometimes several times a day, for about 5 minutes at a time. Emailed complaints about 5 times now in the past month. Customer service asks me if the connection is working now, I say yes, and they log the complaint as resolved. Brilliant. I had one fellow show up with a black airtel bag, he was behaving strangely, so I asked for his ID, he then disappeared saying he had left it at the office and would go get it. Another call at 10pm from another fellow, saying he would come the next day at 8am. Never showed up, After next complaint, another fellow showed up - no ID either, said he was a “DSL Engineer”. Did a ping test and pronounced that the connection was working, and so could he close the complaint. I said sure, I would log another complaint the next time it got disconnected. He then said he would go check the “DB” box. Same problem again a couple times after he left that day.

2011 03 11 Fri

Lately, almost every time I leave the building to go on some errand, I return to find a couple or more of the Total Environment goondas sitting at the security guards desk. They seem to have a great rapport with the problem security guard Amol as well.

The other security guard trying to warn me about them - “saab, woh aapke chod hain”. The principal TE goon seems to be a fellow dressed in white - white shirt, white trousers.

2011 02 28 Mon

Got a call from Fedex this morning asking for directions to my address (package I had ordered from Faridabad). I had to go out for some errands, so told the new security guard - another Nepali looking fellow, that I was expecting a package, and to give me my mail immediately, not to keep it at the desk.

When I returned to the building about an hour later, the guard was not at the front desk. As I was taking my groceries to the lift, saw him come downstairs. Went to the front desk, he then told me there was a package for me. It was the expected Fedex parcel.

He said nothing more. Then handed me another envelope - some sort of bookpost advertisement material. Then i saw another envelope lying on the desk - the senders name and address was visible, it was my FAI PG license sent via Speedpost from Delhi. I asked him what that was, he then gave it to me. Then as I was leaving, he took back the original letter he had given me!

I told him I would be giving a police complaint about the package that had been stolen - no expression on his face. Upstairs, the Balivadas doing their routine again - Ashok Balivada "You think you can get rid of all of us ?".

2011 02 27 Sun

Have not seen the security guard Amol at our building for a few days. But now there is a new pattern - the new security guard has been calling me in the morning - 8am and today at 9am to let me know there is mail for me. Am not aware that the post office delivers that early. Today (Sunday) it was a speedpost item. Unless the post office delivers early mornings on Sundays, I guess my mail is being held without my knowledge.

2011 02 24 Thu

The local paandi police brigade have been joined by a couple of Kerala "cops" - one doing a "nammakye patikyade" routine periodically in between assuring me from a distance that "ivare ellaam kootam ponoo". **The police and nimhans prostitutes are obviously trying to milk as much money as they can as quickly as they can, in case someone - god forbid - actually puts a stop to this lucrative small scale industry of sex perverts.**

Plenty of theatrical moaning and groaning in the flat below me - Meghana's male cousin in the same theatrical league - his "i'm sorry ..." routines even more heart-breaking than the efforts of his cousin sisters. An adult woman downstairs is in charge of the voyeur/sadism/burglary operations - not sure if this is the same "Jyotsna" or yet another "friend of Meghana's mother", come to take care of the numerous children in the flat below me. Paandi central station.

Outside, the entire paandi entourage in their positions - "Mewa Lal", the Nimp, Satan jr, the nimhans prostitutes "Srima-la" and another younger version, Nagaraja, his sidekick, the Kerala "police" periodically making loud and pompous phone calls to very important people - speaking in malayalam, tamil etc.

My Airtel broadband connection went dead in the afternoon today, landline phone was still working. Called in a complaint, about an hour later it was fixed, and strangely enough, the dsl modem "Link" light which had always glowed amber since the day the connection was installed a couple years ago, is now glowing green.

9:55pm, strong radiation from Menons flat, skin prickling and itching on my arms and legs.