

2011 Oct 10

3pm, Meghana menon active below me spiking the radiation as I sit in my study.

Am leaving today for Pokhara in Nepal for a couple weeks paragliding.

2011 Oct 9

Strong continuous radiation all of last night, got almost no sleep at all. Meghana Menon keeping the radiation high, occasionally coming into the room below me to spike the radiation.

2011 Oct 8

Returning home to my flat, as I was driving into the basement garage, saw the new paandi security guard at the reception, he was talking to another guard, a decent guy - gorkha. The paandi guard was doing the standard routine "Ham sab dimaag ke keede hain!". He seems to have taken to the sex deviant drama like a duck to water.

2011 Oct 7

My Airtel sim 9880036128 again started having problems. I was in Yelagiri in Tamil Nadu on the weekend of Sep 23, I could only get incoming calls, no outgoing calls. In fact, I was woken up that weekend on Saturday night around midnight by some paandi, the caller id showed "Private number". So I suppose that would mean a vip paandi. The phone sim worked for a day after I returned to Bangalore, then the sim stopped registering on the network.

On Oct 1, I bought a new Airtel prepaid sim at a shop in Kaggadasapura Main road near my home, for Rs 75. Submitted the copy of drivers license with my address, PAN Card copy, and passport photo. Saw the shop owner entering the details on the form after I had signed it and signed the photo. Oct 3rd, the card was activated but when I tried to call out, got a message saying there was no balance!

I then purchased Rs 222 talktime. Got the balance acknowledgement SMS.

Today got an SMS from Airtel asking me to submit my prepaid enrolment form and documents ! So Bangalore's crooks busy at work again ...

Returning today to my flat from the Niligiris dept. store on Kaggadasapura main road, was overtaken by two motorcycles, both carrying two police paandis each. Loud comments, "ellam kootam ponu".

Casual conversation between an adult woman and Meghana Menon today in the flat below me, the woman "They are saying you have psychopathic tendencies", and Meghana retorting "You will all go to jail!".

**A few days before this, was woken up in the middle of the night by loud activity below me. Meghana Menon and her younger sister now, lots of sexual moaning, an adult male with them. Some time later, heard someone shouting from the building - it appeared someone in Ashok Balivadas flat (his brother ?) had called the police. The girls from the Menons flat, police, nimhans paandis all out on the road - heavy drama. Some time later, the girls were back. A few hours later, more police paandis and nimhans paandis outside, now apparently threatening the fellow who had called the police - telling him to withdraw his complaint. The fellow arguing "My brother has gone mad!", then finally agreeing to withdraw the complaint, adding "I'm going to pack up and go!".**

2011 Sep 30

Another set of security guards have arrived at my building. Not particularly interested in doing their job, they generally hang about outside the building. Just now at 6:45pm, my flat circuit breaker tripped again, went down to the basement to reset it, the security guard was standing next to the cabinet. Asked him if the circuit breaker had just tripped, and he immediately replied "kisi ne kuch nahin kiya" and as I walked away, muttering "ham sab gaandu hain". Another hand-picked paandi....

Strong sustained radiation last night, Meghana Menon keeping me targeted through the night. No sleep.

**Some days ago, for about 3 days in a row, the water from the taps in my master bedroom was smelling like sewage on opening the tap. First noticed it when I took a shower, foul smell for a minute. Next day, just flushing the toilet,**

**foul smell. Then again on opening the shower tap. Smell lasted no more than a minute or so, but very strong.**

2011 Sep 21

Meghana Menon targeting me all through last night, got very little sleep. At one point woke up to a strong chemical odour, like some sort of solvent, a sweet smell, in my bedroom.

Nagaraja and his sidekick active this morning with their homosexual drama - joined by another cop (SP?), more of their "Chidambaram saare" routine, more drama about "malayalam patra kaare" . They have all become quite excited by my updating my log yesterday evening with the events in Slovenia, and the pictures I added to the log - the paandis taking turns to recount how "x" or "y" had reacted to the news of my mentioning them in my log, etc.

A couple of days ago they did their impending doom drama early in the am, and still before I was out of bed, Meghana Menon below me very active - moving things, there seems to be some sort of cubbyhole or room in the Menons flat below my master bedroom's toilet. Then a woman with a baby in position in the room below me, the baby crying - it was almost as if they were expecting someone to knock at their door, this is their usual strategy - use a baby or small child for protection.

2011 Sep 20

Working inside my vehicle in the building basement garage around 2:30pm, out of corner of my eye, saw someone slinking past me towards the building generator. Then as I was busy (fixing an interior lamp), the paandi started his monologue apparently talking to the security guard - "yeh military ka kaam hai!" and "inka koi bhoj nahin hai" and "meter kaam kar raha hai kya?". One of the Total Environment paandis.

For the past few days, the circuit breaker for my flat has been tripping regularly in the evenings - power coming back to the building, the building generator cuts out and the breaker trips. Just the fridge, my computer, 2-3 lights and a ceiling fan running in my flat. A couple days ago, this happened twice within half an hour as the power went and came back. This happens only for my flat, every time its happened, there's power in the common area as well as the 7 other flats !

The paandi building security guard Amol has been missing for a few weeks now. He was a permanent fixture at my building even as the other (decent) guards would come and go, none of them lasting more than a few months. There are two new guards now working on shifts - both appear to be genuinely decent, one of them a gurkha.

I am going to Pokhara in Nepal for a paragliding trip mid-October. This is going to be interesting - in the long list of conflicting reasons for this sex deviant operation, I am apparently supposed to be a full-blown Naxalite. (That was the first thing I heard when I went to an Indian police station for the first time, in Indiranagar - the inspector looked at me and said "Naxalite, eh ? we have a special cell for you.") Mind-boggling. 10 years studying and working in the US, made my money through stock options working for a US company, and these sewage pigs can actually make it work for them - "he's a naxalite".

So when I go to Nepal with its current Maoist government, how will these sex deviants get official support - maybe I will now become a full-blown capitalist landlord ? And these "bijnis" sex deviant psychopaths will now transform themselves into down-trodden serfs ?

Most of the paandi name-dropping in the past few weeks has been about "michael", "ravindran", "srimala", "mrs. awas-thi", "mewa lal", and "kukreja" - all of them in imminent trouble of course. Some one shouting "yeh dawaikhaana ke marwaari hain!"

More Nimhans paandis have been dropping by the Menons flat below to brief them - heard one of them advising Meghana that she could come to visit the flat whenever she liked. She lives downstairs, but officially as per the police and nimhans authorities, the Menons have given their flat to a tenant and are living elsewhere!

Most of the radiation exposure nowadays peaking at night - Meghana Menon and what appears to be her uncle, regularly increasing the radiation as I am just about to drop off to sleep, when I shout out, they reduce it and wait for an hour or so - regular cycles all through the night.

2011 Sep 8

9pm, strong burst of radiation in my study - sitting down in front of my computer - felt dizzy, it lasted for a few seconds.

Mid-morning, call on my landline from a local number 4421... or something like that. As soon as i picked up the phone, someone on the other end played back a Gabbar Singh dialogue from the film Sholay "Kitne aadmi the ..."

2011 Sep 6

5pm in my study. Very strong radiation, Meghana Menon on torture duty below me. Shouted out a few times, radiation is constant and high.

2011 Sep 5

Got a call from +918762175642 at about 4:20pm - when i got to my mobile, it stopped ringing. When i called the number, a male voice replied shouting "hello?" "hello?".

More police filth following me today - into Nilgiris store Kaggadasapura - middle aged unshaven fellow in white police helmet with leather flaps with a plump woman in sari next to him - they were strolling around the store, passing comments, finally the woman picked up one biscuit packet and came to the checkout. Some nautanki about one of the paandis getting one years jail, the others would get more etc.

A few days earlier, one of the Nimhans filth followed me into the same Nilgiris store - a large fair woman with a stud in her nose, north indian. Warning the punjabi owner ( a woman) not to talk to me, that "it will be taken care of". Apparently the owner has been meeting with the sex deviants.

Early this morning, paandis outside my apartment building - someone pressing the car horn and keeping it pressed - this went on for a few minutes. More excited homosexual drama, the usual paandi routine about their imminent downfall.

2011 Sep 3

Strong radiation last night, Meghana targeting me in middle of night. When i shouted out, an older woman Jyotsna? telling Meghana to keep me targeted "They're not going to do anything".

More disconnections from my yahoo messenger while I was checking my yahoo email account, same message about being logged out because of another login to my messenger account from another computer.

2011 Sep 1

Returning from TVM to Bangalore, 8pm Kingfisher Red flight. Waiting in TVM airport lounge, I was watching a video on my netbook with my headphones plugged in, became aware of a shortish, balding man with trousers hitched up high above his navel, who minced his way past me, then stopped next to a few male passengers seated some metres away who also saw him and commented "kerala de stree maare ...".

He threatened them "ninike veetilam pono ?" Something else about "CBI" and "rande nalle inspector" - the usual paandi status broadcast routine about their imminent downfall.

2011 Aug 30

Leaving for Thiruvananthapuram this morning, was waiting outside my apartment building for an airport taxi at 8am. There was another taxi outside, when I checked with him, the driver said he was waiting for another passenger "Sumeet, flat 132". That's the Menons flat below me - so Sumeet must be the youth with the goatee that I have seen a few times in the basement parking, at odd times during the day when I have gone out or returned to the building. He parks his vehicle in the 132 slot.

Officially there are no Menons occupying the flat below me. The paandi Rahul from 111 let that out of the bag some months ago, saying the Menons had moved to a different building somewhere in the neighbourhood !! "Sumeet" must be their official tenant - suspect he would be occupying my old study that i never use anymore as it shares a common wall with 141 and the psychopath Monish Das. I stopped using that room because of the double dose of radiation from below and the side... what Satan jr. crows about - their "sandwich operation".

At Bangalore airport, going through security - north indian security fellow in background giving commentary “woh tan-drust hai... achha shareer hai”, how I needed to understand that the paandis were not lucky like me to have a good body and health. Then defending one of the original tags that had been applied to me by the police paandis, that I was a bona-fide Naxalite “Woh bheetar jaata hai” - apparently my travels within India qualify as trips to the remote interior, to meet with fellow Naxalites I suppose. All of this was said in a monotone monologue.

The fellow screening me jammed the wand up between my legs into my crotch, and immediately one more paandi airport security fellow again in the background making approving noises, commenting that i should be searched thoroughly.

There was an assortment of paandis in the departure lounge, a couple of middle-aged women with strangely small heads in proportion to their body, and a fat sardar (no turban) who threatened one of the women if she said anything to me. Another north indian skinny unshaven youth who came and sat opposite me then commented “yeh hamaara kaam hai!”

2011 August 18

Airtel prepaid mobile sim card has started working again. ??

2011 August 16

Found that my Airtel prepaid mobile sim card was not registering with the network.

10:25pm - I was checking my Yahoo email account, got a popup message saying that I was being disconnected from chat because I had just connected to Yahoo Messenger from another machine ! I don't use messenger at all.

2011 August 10

Returned to bangalore from Ljubljana, Slovenia by Air France via Paris. The entire entourage of assorted sex deviants appeared to have been assembled in Paris - there was a woman with an adolescent boy in the seats behind mine (31B). She appeared to be the wife of some senior government paandi, an older AF flight stewardess with black glasses going up to her and giving her a “thank you for flying with us” routine. The woman assuring me that “my husband is not part of this group”, the boy appeared to be mentally ill - the usual family of mentally disturbed psychopaths. When we landed at bangalore, she told me “I did not want to hit you in the face” when she took out her bag from the overhead bin. And as I was leaving Bangalore airport at the customs exit, the woman shouting again that her husband was not part of the group.

A couple nights later, I was at home, in bed - some commotion outside in a nearby apartment building. A boy shouting “he's stupid!” and a woman as well - it sounded like the two who had been in the seats behind me on the Air France flight to Bangalore. Government paandis doing their street drama, something about “You can't impersonate government officials ..” and so on, finally the woman agreeing to go with them !

Two more professional sex deviants - one American, balding with beard, redfaced, another fellow in lungi, who could have passed off as american as well, probably Sindhi, in seats 29A and B. They were briefly joined by another north indian who was apparently in the first class section - who came to talk to them for awhile. The older stewardess with glasses and another french stewardess, having earnest conversations with them - “air france is not involved with this group” etc. The fellow in the lungi saying something about “Texas”, apparently that was where he was from - sporting a Tshirt with an FM radio station logo - KUFY i think.

The rest of the “economy class” sex deviants were as usual, in a block of seats on the other side of the aircraft and in the rear near the galley, behind me, as is the usual pattern. The malayali “journalists”, the “we're the good guys” americans, even a mother-son combination where the adolescent son came walking down the aisle, brushed past my shoulder with his crotch, and then loudly announced “He's pushing against me “ - the paandis asking him to explain and I heard the boy explain that I was “touching his penis” - desi sex deviants in action on an international flight. The two french stewardesses now nervous trying to soothe angry passengers who were witness to all of this.

The other attendants were obviously not involved - just these two. The younger paandi stewardess making some comment in french as I walked past her on my way out of the aircraft at Bangalore, about a “monsieur didi” - some indians behind

me who had obviously understood what she'd said, commenting that she was deranged.

The north indian perverts assembled near Bangalore customs inspection as I walked out, one fellow loudly commenting "Hum gaandu hain, hatyaari nahin".

Two police officers at the customs exit collecting the declaration slips, the senior fellow idly commenting that "ide sootha-maare de kali aanu". Then something about two persons from my bank having been caught. Then more comments about "Chidambaram saare", that he was not sure if "avarude joli cheyine" or if they had found some way to blackmail him. Some customs officers behind me shouting at him to file a case anyway, and see who came forward to support the sex deviants.

**When I got home, found that the wall clock in my living room was showing the wrong time, though it was still running. I had put in a fresh AA batter just a few months ago. I checked the battery with a multimeter, it was still in almost new condition. After resetting the clock to the right time, it has been running accurately.**

2011 May 20 - August 10

Within a day or so after arriving in Slovenia, the paandis were set up - some local Slovenians in their group shouting at me "it is a problem with your home ministry!". Nagaraja and his sidekick made sporadic appearances at night near the lodge in Sorica where I was staying.

They would not have been able to hide their presence in public, as I was staying in a sparsely populated area in Bohinj valley - I did not see any Indian tourists there, so they would have been immediately spotted. Their daytime presence was mostly limited to drive-by shouting from a vehicle speeding past whatever restaurant or parking lot I was in.

The local Slovenes were generally very welcoming and friendly to me and they had obviously had a lot of pride in their country. Everyone assuring me "Slovenia is a good country". The very few local Slovenes who were recruited to be part of the paandis were abused as 'american whores' and perverts.

One of the perverts joining the indian paandis claimed to be a Bulgarian - the same fellow had come to Brazil and France as well - another obsessed homosexual/ drug addict?. In Slovenia, he would show up in the middle of the night outside the lodge, and also station himself at a hidden vantage point overlooking the paragliding launches, making comments to get some attention. A couple of Nimhans whores was also present throughout my stay in Slovenia - by the end of my stay, I could hear the local Slovenes commenting and laughing about them "Psychiatrists!" Unlike Nagaraja and his sidekick, they eventually got bold enough to make their presence felt in the daytime at the relatively crowded tourist areas, making comments from a safe distance about whatever was happening in our group.

Early in my stay, we moved to a village Dresnice near the Stol paragliding launch site, stayed in a local hotel Jelkin Hram. The owners son Klaudji had a business operating as a paragliding instructor, guide and parataxi operator taking pilots up to the Stol and Kobala launches. He and his wife Kava (Kaya?) had obviously been recruited by the sex deviants. There was another group of pilots from the UK visiting at the same time as I was there - some club called Cloudbase Paragliding. A woman in their group, distinctive from her appearance - she really looked like a "rectangular slab of meat with blobs stuck on" - not my description, but very accurate - was installed in the room below me. I was targeted with the radiation every night I was there. My roommate - another british pilot Stuart Prosser- also appeared to have been targeted one night. I could hear him having breathing difficulty early one morning, it looked like the same sensation I get - like a big weight on my chest, difficulty to inhale as if paralyzed, and he seemed to be aware that the paandis were targeting him as well. The proprietor of the Cloudbase paragliding club appeared to be involved as well. However, the owners of the hotel Paulo and his wife (Klaudjis parents) appeared to be genuinely friendly and I did not suspect their involvement.

Later, I heard comments that Klaudji and his wife were being ostracized by fellow Slovenes who were disgusted with his involvement with the sex deviants, that he was defending himself that the paandis were "working for the government". He himself threatened me on two occasions at the Kobala and Stol launches (never directly, just a shout when I was some distance away and looking elsewhere) that if I filed a report against his wife, he would "take action" against me. That his wife Kava was "not mentally well".

I was hosted by Brett Janaway and Nina Mavsar of xtc paragliding as part of their long term summer resident pilot program. There were 3 other pilots, all of us stayed in a lodge in the mountains in Sorica village, while their regular pilot cli-

entle (who visited for a week or two weeks) were lodged in a hotel in Bohinj near the lake.

They had two vans for transporting and retrieving pilots to the launch and back. One of the drivers, a retired UK vet - a Bruce Mccracken - looked and talked like an Oxford don, showed up in an Audi estate wagon. Completely bizarre monologues - the first day I was with him in the van, he made some paranoid comments about visiting pilots who wanted his driver job ( a thankless task - early 7am departure, getting back late in the night, few chances to fly). He said he had flown at Bir/Billing in India, but his descriptions of the environment there were mind-boggling - elaborate descriptions of how Tibetans were vegetarians, how there were huge numbers of vultures in the area because the Tibetans left the male cattle out to die and they were eaten by leopards and the carcasses were everywhere (there are no leopards in the area, I have never seen any carcasses), how the tibetans were innocent and childlike surrounded by corrupt indians etc. More tales about several incidents in the recent past where he had flown down to save or rescue injured pilots etc. In reality, I could not imagine a less useful person to have around in a crisis! Never heard him make anything other than nasty degrading comments about other pilots skills. The very first day he was on the launch with me, I had trouble launching in swirling winds, and he promptly walked away making some comments about my lack of skills. A couple of local pilots then helped me to lay out the wing on the hillside and keep it down until the gusts abated.

He'd apparently injured his wrist one day at launch, but when taken to the hospital, he expected to be treated for free despite not having renewed his EU health insurance, not having travel medical insurance or even carrying any money or a credit card with him - they kept his drivers license until he returned to pay !

Constantly reminding everyone about his regular "mee-graines" and how he was crippled by them.

Sure enough, all the personality traits that make up a paandi, and he was one of them. One day, it was raining and all the pilots were in a cafe near the Kouk site. I walked up to the bar, standing next to a visiting Polish pilot in our group, Ludmila. Bruce promptly got in between the two of us with a gleam in his eye, and asked her to give him Polish translations of "son of a bitch" and "son of a whore", then writing it all down in a notebook that he carried with him. Lots of maniacal giggling.

Later, repeatedly asking everyone loudly "Surely you don't think I was talking about his mother? ". He repeated the whole act again with Ludmila a couple days later in another cafe, then again the next day in the parking lot near the Rozvic hotel in Bohinj. He appeared to be completely unfazed by the local Slovenes at the cafe and the hotel disgustedly calling him a pervert, "British shitskaya" etc.

Earlier on during my stay, I was talking to a Welsh pilot, Alan at a restaurant. We were exchanging contact information, and he asked me for my email address so he could find me on Facebook. Immediately Bruce got between the two of us, glaring at me, and then gave Alan his own email address!

Most of us left our paragliding kit in the vans overnight. Early on in my stay, I heard Bruce arguing with Mike, one of our guides, who asked him if he was remembering to lock the van doors overnight. Bruce retorted that he couldn't be bothered to lock the back door if the vehicle didn't have central locking. Then followed it up by saying that it was too much to expect him to be responsible for my personal security.

I was locking my glider bag with a small padlock. A few times I found it unlocked when I took the bag out of the van or at the launch, even though I clearly remembered locking it the evening before. A few times, I found one of the brummel safety hooks connecting my speedbar to the wing, had been disconnected. Once I found out only in flight at a site in Austria, the speedbar line on the right was unattached.

I was told there was almost no crime in Slovenia, and at our lodge, the practice was to leave the house key in a known place in the front porch. I would keep my netbook/camera/documents in a locked bag in my room. Unfortunately one day I discovered that I had left my keychain back in the house. When I got back that evening, the keychain was still there, but I had left a few other keys inside my locked duffel bag, and one of them was missing - for a Samsonite luggage lock.

Bruce was staying with Brett and Nina in their house. I would go there occasionally to get internet access, sitting in their courtyard with my netbook checking my email using a wifi connection. Bruce would come outside, greet me, and then in full view of everyone else lounging outside, stealthily walk behind me and peer over my shoulder to see what I was doing and who I was emailing - he did not seem to be aware that everyone else around, including myself was aware of what he

was doing. Completely absorbed by his self-appointed peeping tom task. Then making comments about who the email was to, describing the background behind the transaction. The standard paandi routine, they appear to derive enormous satisfaction and “status” from discussing my personal life.

The night before I left, he showed up at the lodge with Brett. Then asking Brett about my flight the next day (Bruce normally is tasked to drop pilots off at the airport), and expressing astonishment that I had an early morning flight. He was assured that he would not have to drop me off, another guide staying in our lodge had volunteered to take me to the airport. He continued to argue - why was I not taking the same flight as the other pilots. When told that Ryan Air did not fly to India, he then wanted to know why I was not flying via the UK. When told that I would have to get a UK visa to get from Swanstead to Heathrow, he argued that that was my problem, that I was inconveniencing them! When Brett told him that my AirFrance ticketing was the flight he'd suggested himself, Bruce arguing that I should have checked myself for a better connection. I could hear this protracted deranged argument going for a few minutes as they left the lodge and walked to Brett's car ...

There were some more British homosexual sex deviants recruited by the paandis while I was in Slovenia. Sitting by the Bohinj lakeside restaurant next to the landing one day, there were about 5 males all bare-chested in their 30s or 40s I suppose, sitting at the table next to us. Making a stream of sexual comments about anyone and everyone in their sight, completely unfazed by the general reaction of the Slovenes to their behaviour. One of them with his arm around the guy next to him. They were apparently escorting a group of teenage British schoolboys on a trip - the boys were sitting on the lake shore behind them, and I heard one of the teenagers talking into his mobile phone - he'd called up his parents to complain. “Mom, it's one of the Masters - he's part of this shit group”. The teenage girls working at the restaurant must have called the authorities, a while later, a middle aged woman came by and then sat at the table next to us, watching this group. Within a minute, one of the fellows commenting loudly about whether she was a cop, then doing the paandi routine “We're the good guys!”.

There was a Welsh couple, woman with a bizarre sing-song accent, it was almost comical - woman lizardlike, bobbing her head up and down, cackling. Not missing an opportunity to comment on me, whether it was my pissing in the trees behind the launch, or asking innocently “just want to know why there are so many people following him, there must be a reason!”, more stuff about “they're police officers”. This went on all week. Others in her group angrily telling her that she would have to come clean about who she had been talking to. One of the pilots in that group, a British army officer Steve, while discussing this, commenting about her male companion - “he's acting dumb”.

Another British brother-sister couple Ron and Sarah - Ron had come earlier in June for a week with a hang gliding group. Strange fellow, would be standing in a group that was having a conversation, and having misheard a comment, loudly cackling and saying something derisive to the others as if the person who'd made the comment wasn't in front of him. People wondering aloud if he actually had any friends. He returned to Slovenia a couple of weeks before I left, this time accompanied by his sister Sarah. She made it a point to come and converse with me. Told me she had come to Slovenia to get some tandem passenger flights, though she had never taken a tandem flight before. That she was 49 years old, working “in mental health”, that she had a “disability” (don't know what it was, nothing obviously apparent). Lots of questions to me about paragliding, ground handling etc. - even though the guides were present. She was not shy about making public and vocal medical diagnoses for Ludmila and another female pilot Eva (Hungarian-British), who showed up with the same group she was in - that they were mentally disturbed, needed immediate psychiatric help etc. The same day, some pilots who had overheard her talking to me and her claim to be working “in mental health” asked her if she could give me a witness statement regarding the sex deviants surrounding us wherever we went. And I could see and hear her agree, that it was a good idea, while her brother Ron got anxious and tried to discourage her. A day or so later, when some of the pilots asked why she was not talking to me about the sex deviants, immediately advising the group “don't talk to him”, that she had “spoken to some people”, and gotten feedback that I was “volatile and aggressive”. That she needed some more time to understand the issue etc. Her brother Ron then assuring me from a distance “We're not shitheads”.