

8th april 2017 bangalore

Have been down with fluish symptoms - bodyache, fatigue, cough, congestion for the past few days, along with some wierd symptoms like a sudden rash of pimples on my arms and chest, cramping in the stomach etc. Only change to my routine has been that because of my vehicle being in the workshop for the past few days, I have not been able to replenish my drinking water can, so have gone back to my aquaguard water for drinking and cooking - taking care to boil it as an extra precaution.

Also have been waking up feeling very dehydrated - dizziness, pain behind eyes - even though i am consciously trying to drink as much water as possible.

Last night it got really bad - woke up with intense radiation, sweating, coughing fit that would not go away - shouted out several times, the paandis from menons flat kept up the radiation level. I finally picked up a plastic pipe and went downstairs and slammed on their door a couple times. When I got back into my flat, could hear the 'caretaker' Gurpreet ? telling meghana menon to leave the flat "you're not supposed to be here". "if they come and find you here .." and the psychopath whore responding "i don't want to go. they won't do anything, they're scared of what will happen if we go to court". So apparently for the past decade, while meghana menon is a 24/7 fixture in the flat below me, with the other perverts coming and going at different times of the day, she's "officially not there". I can hear their lawyer doing the nautanki in court "Saare, avarude flatille yaaru illa!".

I spent some time boiling water and slowly drinking it - when i got back into bed, radiation promptly spiked again. Enfield motorcycles zooming to and fro on the road outside the flat, junkie homosexuals shouting outside, nagaraja doing his verbal diarrhea routine. Eventually, heard the menons doorbell ring - now the police nautanki - questioning meghana menon, her doing the "i don't know what you're talking about", "you can come inside and see", the fellow telling her that the last time they'd made a mistake, I had to go to the hospital, but not again. That he knew the marwaris had built the torture equipment into my flat. meghana menon coolly replying "then go after the marwaris, why are you bothering us?" End of nautanki. Radiation spiked again a few times - got up sweating in the morning again.

This dehydration isn't a joke - years ago when in indiranagar, i was sick with viral fever, and the sadist perverts in the flat below me at Maple apartments had of course taken advantage of the weakness to spike the radiation - had the same experience, waking up in the night with intense radiation, clammy with sweat, choking dry cough fits . Managed to get dressed in the morning and drive myself to the hospital without passing out. There i was promptly diagnosed with severe dehydration and put on an IV drip - spent a few days in the hospital that time.

6th April 2017, Bangalore

Was out of Bangalore from Mar 1st early am, returning Mar 31 late night. Switched off the

circuit breakers in my flat when I left. And now have received an electricity bill for Rs 258 for the month of March. The billing cycle is from the 3rd of the month, so this means Rs 258 for 3 days in April !

Some problem with my vehicle - would not start, and it has been sitting in the workshop for a couple days. As a result, could not get a refill of my drinking water can - the local shop I get it from does not deliver. So had to make do with my aquaguard filter water. Took precaution of boiling it as well. But still, have had low grade stomach pain for the past 3 days and vague fluish symptoms, cramping, bodyaches, dizziness and weakness.

31st mar Kathmandu

On jet airways 9w259 4:30pm kathmandu to delhi - they asked us to go into the "pre-boarding area" just before the airport gate. Eventually a couple of Indian women possibly in their 30s - most likely bangalore pervert "psychiatrists" - one of them looked like a punjabi, the other one could have been south indian. The darker one took a position a few feet behind my back, when I turned around, she was imitating my mannerisms and tics. After some minutes, heard a woman calling out from inside the waiting lounge "Madam, please step away from Mr Nair and come back to the lounge". The woman going "I'm not doing anything" and she disappeared.

I was in seat 17F, did not see the row indication clearly and sat in 18F. Eventually, the fellow who was allotted my seat arrived, told the attendant "woh mere seat me ghus gaye!". The attendant asked me my seat and I said 17F. From behind, male attendant telling her "let mr. nair sit there!". The attendant asked me if i wanted to switch and i then realised i was better off where i was - the guy didn't argue. But when he got in to his seat, he turned around and looked at a nepali woman who was in the middle seat next to me and said "hum madam ko apne god mein bithayenge". Dark complexioned, speaking in hindi, but could well have been one of the bangalore police paandis on a reward vacation to nepal. Another male in the center seat in row 17 also seemed equally creepy - bloodshot eyes - so was happy to be behind them.

When I was served the food, I asked for chicken, and the attendant gave me a kheema and roti dish, the passengers in the previous row had asked what the chicken dish was and they said "chicken tikka masala". The roti was tough and old, but worse than that, the food seemed a bit bitter. There was dairy creamer and sugar and stirring spoon, but no teacup, and they did not serve tea or coffee after the meal. I assume the reason why they always tend to poison me with a sugary drink is that the poison is bitter. So i guess with no tea/coffee being served they had no option but to put it into my food. Within some minutes of finishing the meal, started feeling the cramps and discomfort - more a dull ache than anything strong or transient.

29th- 30th march Kathmandu

On the bus trip from chitwan to kathmandu, at a roadside toilet/food stop, there was a couple of youths sitting at a table outside. Numerous tourist buses were parked there. A european

woman maybe in her 30s or early 40s walked past me, then sat down at the same table. I did not catch the first part of their conversation, but then heard the reactions of some german swiss tourists who were with me in my chitwan hotel and also on the bus to kathmandu - apparently the woman had introduced herself as a journalist from Das Bild. Heard her interrogate the two boys "what can you boys tell me about this group following him?" One of them said "madam you don't know who we are, leave us alone, we aren't doing anything." The woman said "I know WHAT you boys are " and they did not reply - nepali woman from the restaurant supporting the interrogator "you are a shame to Nepal". So they were gigolos - Thamel, Pokhara - the tourist areas are swarming with them. The woman did not go on further.

At Chitwan, I had asked the lodge owner to recommend a hotel in Thamel, Kathmandu for my return. He suggested the Backpackers Inn and called them to book a room for me. When I checked into the hotel on 29th afternoon, the creep manager took a photocopy of my indian driving license, appeared perplexed by it, took me to a dingy basement room with mold on the walls. When he left the room, it became clear - the feces pervert Michael was already in the room above me. And I could hear the creep manager outside in the reception, calling someone - "woh indian he ! Ab kya karna hai ? woh andar ghus gaye ". Apparently the paandis had informed him that I was not indian, and with tattti ghanta logic, that was enough for him to set me up. I went outside to tell him i changed my mind - he affected wide eyed surprise - "what is the reason?". On a floor above me, a white woman in zombie mode talking to who was probably "mewa lal" - "you promised us a good sighting of Mr Nair. this is not good enough, we want more". Sex deviant tourist safari ...

I had my heavy luggage (25+kg of glider kit plus clothes) so all i could do was walk to the neighbouring Mustang Hotel which appeared to be empty. They gave me a room on the third floor. That night it was obvious the paandis were in the room below. A woman, sounded like a foreigner, calling out to me from the room below "I am the only one who has been allowed in this room, I had to sleep with the ministry of the interior for that. You can write this in your blog, he will be very happy!". I stayed there 29th and 30th night as I had been advised at chitwan, not to allow for just one night in kathmandu in case of strikes, bus breakdowns et. on my trip from Chitwan. By next day, more of the perverts in the room below me - one male aggressively sniffing every few minutes to advertise his presence. Radiation exposure both nights. Street nautanki proclaiming that the perverts had not only obtained the rooms near me, they had negotiated the rate down to nRs700 (i paid 1000) !

Ate at the neighbouring Kantipur restaurant on the 29th evening - they appeared friendly and the food was very good with no ill effects. So did not have any issues going there for breakfast the next day. Unfortunately, was poisoned this time. Within a few minutes of finishing the tea after my breakfast - cramping, headache etc. And the usual nautanki - the fellow who served me the dishes apparently not happy with his colleagues "aap sach bol rahen hain - inke insaaniyat nahi hain".

see pic 20170330\_171831.jpg

After that i went to a bakery to eat my meals, and thankfully, no one there was tempted to poison me.

27th to 29th march, Chitwan, Nepal

see pics 20170328\_\*.jpg (man in white shirt)

**I have seen this creep walking on the road just outside my apartment building in Bangalore in the last year.** At the time I had no idea who DCP Mulla was and thought maybe this was him.

In Chitwan at the Shivas Dream Hotel, he was there when I arrived. Accompanied by a woman, who wore her hair styled like a traditional Malayali woman. They were speaking in Hindi to the manager Arjun. Both had the trademark tatti ghanta fascination with my conversation, eavesdropping and making comments, the woman clearly psychotic. Went up the rooftop restaurant for breakfast and she came up and started walking into the kitchen, asking for "Fridge". A boy stopped her and asked what she wanted. She replied "thoda cold milk", looking at me. The boy told her she could have a seat and order what she wanted. Apparently that thought hadn't occurred to her. Our group was climbing up on the jeep going for the safari, when she glared at me and said in Malayalam "nammakye salam kodu". Had a bad stomach, it made a rumbling noise - the woman turned around and loudly said that I had farted, indicating with her hand on her own backside where the noise had come from. The fellow then apologized saying "she is not well". The fellow telling her "nee patti aanu!" etc. Heard the couple bickering in Malayalam for about five minutes. I was trying to get a useful photograph of the fellow, he noticed and made a comment "nyaan ninde saakshaat aanu!". Then the couple switched to what sounded like Marathi. Some time later our guide pointing out a peacock dance, and claiming that the male peacock could impregnate the female with his breath. The pervert repeating what the guide with an air of wonder - the woman quick to be nasty "nammakye thala de problem aano?", the fellow responding that he had merely repeated what the guide said. At a refreshment/toilet break, the couple asking for a group photograph with all of us, then the fellow taking out a small plastic sachet and trying to distribute to everyone "Indian peanuts!" "Indian peanuts!". Everyone in the group looking at them with revulsion, but for attention-seeking psychopaths, that's nourishing. So basically, the pervert nautanki outside my flat in Bangalore, transported to Chitwan, Nepal.

On the jungle trail, we passed a couple of israeli tourists with a guide on a walking tour. One of them spoke to me as we passed "We are israelis, and yes we are stoners, but we are not donkeys. That fellow in the white shirt was in Pokhara, he is one of the group after you". In pokhara I had heard the street nautanki mentioning "IG police", that a group of police perverts from Bangalore had arrived (nagaraja included) "woh bheethar gaye hain" - "ghorepaani" - indicating a camp on the Poon Hill annapurna trail that i was planning to hike but ended up not doing. I later tried the Mohare Danda trail, got up to Banskharka after a steep and tiring 3.5 hour

hike with the perverts shouting in the valley below me, but unfortunately found at Banskharka. that there was an alternate jeep trail coming up to the village. So by nightfall, I was surrounded by the perverts - getting the radiation torture treatment, and could hear the villagers questioning the perverts - again heard one of them claiming that he was "IG police" and the villagers saying that meant nothing to them in Banskharka. I ended up not continuing further, because I discovered that the next stretch to Nagi started with a steep narrow trail on the side of a vertical cliff for a 1 hour stretch - I was not feeling particularly suicidal with a combination of vertigo, being tired, and being exposed to the disorienting radiation from their vantage points. So I returned to Pokhara.

Before leaving Chitwan, I asked the hotel manager Arjun where the Indian couple was from, and he told me that the fellow's name was Rajendra Mane, from Pune. That he had promised the manager to send 700 guests to the hotel from the "IT industry, of course not all at the same time". From the street, a chorus of ridicule "Arjun, woh maru tumko moorkh bana rahe ho!". Someone shouting that this Rajendra Mane was the fellow responsible for getting the sex deviants their government accredited travel documents ("diplomatic passports" ?) and special clearances.

1st march to 31st march , Nepal

Poisoned at Sudhir bakery, Pokhara. The woman had been very friendly - I ended up going there daily for a hot sandwich for lunch. Could often see other locals including her husband come into the restaurant to caution her not to listen to the "aayna"s. They all seemed sincere and worried. Eventually though, the temptation was too much for her. I had ordered a hot ginger lemon honey drink. Previously she had always served it with the honey in a layer on the bottom as is traditional in the restaurants. This time she gave it to me with everything mixed, it was cloudy. Within half an hour of leaving the restaurant felt the burning and cramps starting. The burning and cramping continued for the next few days whenever I had a meal, in the lower abdomen and groin. Later heard the street nautanki about the perverts giving the woman some "milk" to add to the drink, then later, not milk but "choona".

The perverts had their radiation equipment installed near the Sarangkot takeoff - I once found myself completely disoriented flying just a few hundred metres above launch, looking down and not able to recognize the hillside or where the three launch sites were. There was a spur going down to the lake, on the right side I found I was able to think and move freely. But that changed within a couple days as well. One flight I was coming down to land at the second landing site (where the acro and SIV pilots land) and found myself in brain freeze, drifting in the opposite direction away from the landing far too long, when I turned back, was able to make it back only because there was lift. But it was lifty and windy, found myself going up over the launch and tried to compensate with an S turn, did one and should have tried to land, but unfortunately did another, was swept away with a gust, and ended up spinning my wing and landing in the lake. I

had done an SIV course some years ago which included a reserve throw and landing in the lake (with a rescue boat nearby), so knew what to expect. Else would have panicked and drowned - the harness with back cushion tends to push your face down in to the water, heavy boots, lines wrapped around your arms and body etc. Thankfully managed to push my harness to the side and dogpaddle about 15m to where the water became shallow enough to stand, was lucky that the wing stayed floating on the surface, so did not create drag or catch on underwater plants. Heard someone shout "tum apne maut ka saudagar ho!". Later found that was the rescue boat fellow - they are contracted by schools and acro pilots to rescue those pilots who end up in the lake when they make unrecoverable errors during training. He had not bothered to help. There was a couple of young blonde girls dressed in identical clothes - same blue tshirts, black leggings - taking a video of my accident, one of them making a running commentary "ooh, just a little further, don't drown!" - they too had not bothered to try to help or shout for help. Later in the restaurant near the shore the same one making background comments to me "Just open your mouth and say hello, that's all!". Flawless accentless English, picture of wholesomeness. Half an hour later when they left on bicycles I heard them talking to each other in German.

One of the local Nepali boys offered to help dry out my wing (by kiting it in the breeze) - I was sitting with my wet kit - harness, jacket, flight deck, helmet etc - and heard some voices - turned around to find the boy had disappeared and there were two nepali men squatting next to my spread out wing which was some distance away on the lake shore grass - they had the risers in their hands. Assumed they were just local nepali pilots curious about my wing. When I stared, they got up and walked away. When my brain eventually defogged and i went to look at the risers, found that some of the silicone o-rings used to keep the line attachments in place on the maillons were missing. Not all just some of them. Even then I couldn't process if this was something that had just happened ( I was actually thinking that these guys had noticed the missing orings and were talking about it !).

A few days earlier on the launch, while laying out the wing and untangling the lines, I found that a nut on one of the riser maillons was completely unscrewed - only reason i found this was that a line from the opposite riser had gone through the gap in the maillon and got caught. Had been on a couple flights before this as well so had likely flown with the open maillon. No idea how this could have happened, the rest were all more than finger tight - I could not loosen any of the closed maillons with my fingers. And at this time, since I checked all the maillons after finding the open one, there were no missing o-rings either.

Later heard some street nautanki outside my hotel about the two fellows being reported by witnesses in the lakeside restaurant as having cut off the o-rings, that they had been taken to the Pokhara police thaana, that the next day a group of newaris (local trader community) had paid the police to have them released. A couple of times later, I saw what I thought was one or the other of them sitting on the road outside the Pokhara shop or restaurant where I was.

More street nautanki about the perverts being caught with "war equipment" that they were

using to target me while flying. More street nautanki while I was eating in a pokhara restaurant near the blue sky paragliding office. What sounded like David Arrufat (who i had taken a paragliding SIV course with several years ago) on the street outside, that he had called the police station, they'd told him that I was a homosexual (and with nepali police logic) that i had made advances to a couple of teenage girls. David going "i know you're not a homosexual". Then police zooming by shouting who had said that the police had told them I was a homosexual. Heard david's wife demanding to know who he'd talked to, a nepali shithead girl that works for him in the blue sky office pulling him back telling him that the police would close down the company and they would lose their jobs etc. Surreal ...

More street nautanki about various people complaining on my behalf to their embassies etc ?! Apparently none of them figured out that these complaints only work when the victim is given a copy of the complaint made "on their behalf". But nautanki logic has its own rules. In the nearly one month of being targeted with radiation while flying, trying to avoid being poisoned in the restaurants and being targeted with radiation all night in the lodges - none of these nautanki supporters were capable of figuring out that they should have a face to face conversation with me that involved direct eye contact .... apparently it was more logical for them to show up in the middle of the night outside my lodge, or shout in the streets, or make comments to my back. At the end of the trip was hearing comments from the the stoners/gay groups that make up a significant fraction of the pokhara lakeside tourist population - "we know you don't like us, but you don't bother us and you are straightforward. We're going to help you!". ?

Indian couple sitting at a table on Pokhara lakeside restaurant - both looked south indian. As i walked past them, the woman pointing me out to the man. "Thats the fellow", and the man gravely nodding. The next day, they were at the same Sarangkot launch as me (there are three), apparently had come for a tandem flight. They were passed on to a foreign tandem pilot - not sure of his name, but a decent guy. Someone from background shouting out a warning to him. He abruptly changed his tone "You two work for the Indian government ?" The man said "Yes, we work for the ministry of defence". The pilot asked "Do you know this man ?" Indicating me, I'd just walked past them and was a few metres away. The man said "He is our country's citizen". The tandem pilot told them he would not take either of them. They were unfazed. The woman some time later saying "we want to see the solo pilots take off". On hearing this, the nepali pilots who managed the launch site ordered them to leave. Later heard some street nautanki that they were masquerading as defence ministry officials, that they were tamil nadu government officers. I got the feeling they were govt. babus from their pomposity. I think it may have been the same day that I was so disoriented flying over the launch, that I could not recognize the hillside or where I was in relation to the 3 sites.

The woman had a marked resemblance to my cousin Shantha Sheela Nair, an ex - IAS officer from Tamil Nadu cadre. But shorter and darker and more soft-spoken.

On flight from delhi to bangalore 9w7023 on Mar 31, what appeared to be the same woman was

in the same row as me - I was in 37D, she was in 37F. Even her facial expressions and mannerisms appeared to be imitating my cousin. Could hear her whispering into her phone before take off "nyaan delhi etthi". And that she was going to bangalore for a few days.

in pokhara, stayed for 2 weeks in the Shivas Dream Hotel. Landlord, his wife, old mother, manager and two boys, apart from the guests. Apart from the landlords wife, and one of the boys, they all were dream team recruits for the perverts. The manager Rakhim - model tatti ghanta - one night, he entered the room next to me where one of the boys slept, apparently drunk, forced himself on to the boy. Not just me, guests upstairs heard what was going on and started shouting out. The next day heard the boy admitting to the landlords wife that Rakhim had fondled his genitals. Then denying it completely to the landlord, who then tried to make him say that I (not rakhim) had done this. Then a day or so later, again admitting it.

Hotel architecture completely fucked up, Rakhim and his boytoys' bathroom did not vent on to the outside like mine, but into my bathroom. Had the privilege of encountering a fecal sewage smell in the mornings. I complained and later heard the boy telling the landlord the smell was because "woh bathroom maila kar raha hai" - that Rakhim was smearing his shit everywhere, not flushing. The landlord asked the boy to clean their toilet, and for the first time since I was in the hotel, there was a clean and soapy fresh smell in my bathroom. When the landlords wife confronted Rakhim, he replied in role model tatti ghanta logic that he didn't want to disturb me in the mornings by flushing the toilet ! Constantly on the phone or pretending to be on the phone. I was almost sure that eventually I would see him in bangalore on the street outside my flat - perverted homosexual, verbal diarrhea, psychotic fixation, attention-seeking behaviour, feces deviant, alcohol problem. But apart from the landlords wife, none of the others appeared to be normal. Heard the landlord "dismissing" either the boy or Rakhim perhaps 4-5 times during the course of my two week stay, only to have them show up again in a few hours as if nothing had happened. After 2 weeks, I checked out. Went for a overnight trek and on returning, checked into another lodge nearby.

While in the Shivas dream hotel pokhara, i was being targeted with radiation from the room above me, and from the nearby Bliss Guesthouse - the entire family of the Bliss hotel was corrupt and perverted - the foreign perverts staying with them all white women - one austrian, others maybe american, all the picture of wholesomeness. I saw a woman sitting in the balcony on the first floor of my hotel several times. She didn't seem to have anything better to do in pokhara in the daytime than sit there with her laptop in front of her, european possibly German/austrian - could have passed for a young nun by appearance. I heard a couple of other guests (also German, and self-proclaimed gays at that) expressing doubts about her, that she was the one in the room above me. These were the same guests who complained to the landlord when the pervert manager Rakhim forced himself on his boytoy in the room next to me. They were friendly to me - heard them saying "we know you don't have a problem with us". One night when I shouted out, the woman in the room above me muttering "they think he's god!". probably from page one of the pervert mantra manual. And then some metallic noises,



like some sheet metal contraption was being moved around and adjusted.

Went for a day trek to Dhampus, and then decided instead of heading back to pokhara the same day, to hike onwards to the Australian Camp lodge. Stayed the night there. Perverts eventually showed up - they were put up in a neighbouring lodge, and we all had the privilege of hearing that nights pervert festivities - a nepali fellow hired by them to be their escort, proclaiming himself to be a nepali army major, apparently sodomizing the parsi pakistani-american "michael". Later "michael" shouting that it was not consensual "I didn't want to fuck him!".

One day while having lunch at a restaurant on the pokhara lakeside, I was sitting at a common table with 3 chinese women. A street vendor came by to sell candy floss. The perverts were outside with their radiation equipment and obviously thought they could have some fun. One of the women asked the price, the fellow replied in nepali that it was ek sau bees for 2, saath for one. She frowned, then turned around to look at me and shouted "What ?" The fellow had said saath, i heard it correctly but processed it internally as 70, and shouted "70" at her. The woman was still frowning and shouting that she wanted just one. Now the vendor shouted "assi" (80). We were all no more than a foot or so from each other, but shouting loudly. The restaurant owner came by to intervene - the vendor then saying he could not hear what we were saying either. Complete confusion in all parties...