

2017 july 3

The pervert security guard 'Perumal' in the apartment building doing his usual routine - not a word to me, but otherwise he is quite vocal during the night, coming up with personal details about my private life, threatening the other residents with exposure, etc. Making an eye-witness statement one day, then denying it completely the next day, doing the pity-sob story, offering to resign if given a months pay, then refusing to resign the next - his bosses at his security company very much part of the whole nautanki routine, asking him to resign but not dismissing him etc. Went down a couple days ago in the afternoon to get a video of him, by the time I'd walked down to the lobby, he'd retreated into the dark basement, apparently to get my mail packages, waiting in the dark instead of coming back to the lobby. Not sure how he knew it was me coming down the stairs :).

The nimhans paandis and police paandis doing their usual nautanki on the street. Monish Das doing his usual psychotic routine of talking to me in a casual tone from inside his flat whenever I am in earshot (exercising in my study next to his bedroom, or just outside my flat door). Telling me "you are going to be alone for the rest of your life!", then some sob story about how his family is being ostracised etc.

Ashok Balivada also doing a similar psychotic routine - casual conversational tone from inside his flat directed at me - casual friendly comments about what I am doing at the moment in my flat, switching mode to aggressive threats, etc.

The 'security company' woman in the Menons flat yesterday reacting to some paandi street nautanki by saying that she was not a whore, she had just slept with a few army officers to "make sure they kept their mouths shut". Meghana Menon a few days ago shouting inside her flat that one of the two male feces paandi 'tenants' was her boyfriend - apparently i had been disturbing him during his day time sleep by exercising in my study. He and Meghana Menon seem to be the ones on radiation torture duty these days. The police and nimhans paandis are careful to stay away when I start shouting, only to arrive several hours later in the early am to do their attention-seeking pervert drama routine when the paandis below have reduced the radiation level and i am snoozing. They don't waste their energy for times when I am actually asleep.

There seems to be another north-east origin paandi woman in the geetanjali enclave building opposite mine, had not logged any of her drama yet. She seems to be shackled up with a north indian male paandi - they have been there more than a year now I guess. Some of their drama included being evicted by the cops, and then returning to the flat after i neglected to log all of this police 'support' for me. They also do the casual comments directed towards me when I am in earshot - in my bathroom or bedroom - e.g. one day, the woman making comments in hindi about my personal hygiene - the frequency of my brushing my teeth, taking a shower, changing my towel, changing my bedsheets - all in conversational tone. Full attention-seeking perversion routines. The fellow doing the "ham sab gaandu nahin hain" routine. 'Supporting' me by

exposing the other paandi residents of my building including the security guards, with details of who was taking money from the 'marwaris' and how, etc. But these two never show their faces when I am outside my building.

The self-proclaimed 'ex-prostitute' who runs the hong kong beauty parlour nearby, shouting out from inside her building about the paandi inspector Nagaraja "woh hamaara mangetar hai!" - this was a few weeks ago, had forgotten to log this. I had been walking back from some errands on the main road outside my building. Previously she had been doing some nautanki about having sex with the police paandis because 'woh police hain', so she couldn't say no.

2017 june 26

Yesterday I found a mouse on top of my paragliding kit which I had left in the living room. I had removed the harness and glider sail from the rucksack, so the pieces of kit were lying in a pile on top of a side table. I was moving the harness when the mouse jumped out. I checked the kit, and found that the mouse had chewed through the nylon protective packing cover for my glider sail, in a few different places. At first glance, it didn't seem like it had chewed through the sail or lines. I had seen this mouse the previous night, and after chasing it into my bedroom, closing the door, and then opening the door on to the balcony, assumed it had escaped outside the flat. Obviously i was wrong.

However, I still have not found any other item (wardrobe clothes, bedding, furniture, kitchen items, food cartons etc.) in my flat that have been chewed. Just the cover for my glider sail, NOTHING else. And there were no food items in the rucksack or anywhere near the glider, the kit was in the living room... Also i have no clue how the mouse got into my flat, I have screen doors and windows everywhere, and they are always closed. I have not found any dung pellets anywhere, so i guess it must have gotten in the day I first saw it.

The police have been putting on a big show of taking all the paandis to them ' thaana' to give statements, the paandi retired DCP Mulla and his family up to their usual tricks - switching modes again - previously Mulla had claimed he was concerned about the mental health of his wife and daughter, then they were concerned about his mental health, now the fellow claiming that they were all perfectly sane, that he had written letters to the police in support of me. The usual pompous bombast monologues "I know you are not a a god... you have a scientific approach towards life.... you take solace in your projects " etc. Then this morning, cops doing a street nautanki of taking him to the thaana, saying that he had given written complaints about me.

**I am going to Thailand in early July, as usual in the week or two before my travel, the feces paandis do a big tamasha routine of 'we are all in deep trouble'. Some woman coming by to shout that "that sardar family has been fixed" - I had mentioned a family of distinctively round-faced pug-nosed plump sardars that are a core part of this feces pervert sadism cult group. And after this preparatory tamasha before my trip, there will be a holidaying group of**

**bangalore police paandis rewarded for their feces perversion dedication, just happening to be in thailand at the same time as me, possibly even sitting in the same aisle as me on the plane, and loudly complaining on the phone in Kannada to their superiors in bangalore about how everyone there (Malaysia/Vietnam/Cambodia/...) thinks they are the perverts not me.**

The feces paandis in the menons flat below me continuing with their nightly radiation sadism rituals, blasting me with radiation whenever 'nagaraja' shows up outside to do his ranting, otherwise bringing it down to a discomfort level, only to spike the level when i start drifting off to sleep... waking up with the back of my head sore, and a stiff neck these days.

2017 june 14

Lots of drilling, hammering and construction activity in the menons flat below me in the past couple days.

2017 june 5

last night, police nautanki outside my flat - some cop coming by to do the support routine, saying that drug addiction was not the reason for the persistence of my degenerate stalkers, that they were all 'rogis'. Then switching mode, his own personal sob story, that he was losing his house that had been given to him free of rent or cost from 'Mewa Lal' . This nautanki of cop - " i am paying the price now" and mewa lal - " you belong to me" went on for a while.

The three generations of pervert women from the sultana family next door to our building seem to be happy with their new found broadcast sob status "we are going to be deported" . Apparently they are all UK citizens. Being chided by the matriarch for using the paandi video surveillance equipment from their home, the youngest one going "i just want to see, that's all!".

The radiation torture from the Menons flat continuing unabated - today I was fatigued all day with a sense of a tight aching chest, hard to breathe deeply. Sore neck as well. Paandi woman in the menons flat below giving advice to meghana menon - apparently her mother had agreed to be placed in a 'sanatorium', was not happy with the place because she had to do clean her room herself. Meghana menon arguing with visiting relatives that she would not consent to such a 'deal' , giving the room-cleaning as an excuse, but she wanted to be with her mother. Now the paandi woman (gurpreet?) telling her that she would have to go to a sanatorium as well. This is the same woman who was advising Meghana menon to practise with a soda bottle to get used to anal sex, and the girl replying that her mother had told her not to risk putting anything up her backside, she would have to go to the hospital to get it out ... this passes for normal conversation in the flat of degenerates below me. Claims that all her actions and decisions are based on phone advice from her mother - e.g. the other residents of the flat are "friends of my mother".

Monish das resuming his psychotic routine of talking to me from inside his flat - issuing advice and threats. When i exercise in my study, adjacent to his bedroom with a common wall, he casually informs me that "you're going to blow up your knee". Then the usual references to his friends and family "don't worry, my friends are not going to do anything to you". When i open the door for a delivery boy or the security guard, he or he and his now-resident girlfriend from behind their door opposite to mine, making aggressive comments.

Security guard gave me a couple of mail packages with a strange fixed look on his face. They were the usual ebay china packages that I get - electronics components and modules - thats how i keep myself occupied at home, tinkering with projects. I opened both, one had contents I hadn't ordered - a set of bar magnets. I have ordered these in the past though, maybe a year or more ago. Checked the address label, it was for Monish Das. Went back to the guard and returned it, asked him if the packages of mine that he gave to Monish Das were ever returned - he stared straight ahead without answering.

So far, this is the history of things I've purchased 'replicated' by MD ...

1. the exact same model of HP inkjet printer/fax machine 4255 . Saw the empty cardboard carton and packing material left outside his flat. This was maybe ten years ago.
2. a readymade Google cardboard kit. Security guard gave the package to me. I wasn't expecting anything, the content description was clearly visible on the package and I returned it unopened to the security guard. I had just read about, ordered some parts, and then built my own google cardboard from the open source documentation on the web, a couple weeks earlier to this.
3. a collapsible trekking pole. Could hear him arguing with a woman, possibly his sister who found it in his flat. He claimed he had purchased it. She asked him what he was planning to use it for . At the time I had ordered a trekking pole online from aliexpress, was waiting for some weeks for it to arrive. I had previously ordered one a year before, and now wanted a pair. Full-blown nautanki with Monish Das and the security guard - MD claiming he hadn't stolen it, the guard had given it to him. I got a refund, and another pole arrived several weeks later. Then MD claiming that he had ordered the pole himself, the fact that I had received the pole about a month later proved that.