

2017 dec 1, bangalore

Police and nimhans psycho perverts have been staging ever more elaborate nautanki parades over the past month.

One male-female pair from nimhans - apparently getting part of their pay in drugs, part from a rent-free apartment in the neighbourhood. Two or three other female 'psychiatrists', ostensibly 'supporting' me, but apparently the thought of actually talking to me never enters their nautanki scripts. They parade up and down on the streets below my flat. Loud and dramatic interrogations, denunciations and threats to the couple in flat 101 (rahul and wife), the sultana khan family in the house next door, das in the flat 141 opposite, the feces paandis in the flat below, Mulla at his residence nearby, etc.

Apparently rahul & wife are now 'immune', having paid a satisfactory amount in bribes to inspector ashwathanarayana. In the Das ongoing drama, he now apparently gets only threats from his family. Loud drama in the hallway outside my flat, where a 'lawyer' engaged by his family gives him verbal notice of eviction as his parents had paid for his flat, with Das responding that the flat was in his name, so no go. His live-in 'girlfriend' walking out with her brother threatening Das not to come anywhere near her.

Ashok Balivada and his wife in an ever-more psychotic spiral - he 'talks' to me regularly from his flat two storeys below me - making comments on the hobby software and hardware projects that I engage in to occupy my time. Sometimes its responding to his wife who plays the role of the 'straight man' asking questions, answering her by giving technical explanations of what I just did at my study desk - e.g. it could be a bug that I just resolved. Sometimes its professional feedback "you're supposed to be a good product person", going on to say that he had not seen any evidence of that. All in conversational tone of voice. Once claiming "I have talked to Raghav and Muthu. We are going to show you your place". Echoing inspector Ashwathanarayana and his demented monologues proclaiming that the 'pattar' (me) had complained about brahmins. And the punjabi 'pujari' 'mewa lal' homosexual pervert in charge of distributing the cash and drugs locally, proclaiming that I would be shown my place in society.

The 'army' feces paandis below me in the Menons seriously explaining to nimhans perverts, kamal sagars wife etc. that their feces fetish was perfectly normal. Followed by other building residents frustrated that they had been brought out to talk and thereby spoiling their whole argument against me.

The two junior women in the three generation sultana khan family next door regularly making conversational comments directed at me from their house, with the matriarch alternately playing the role of detached and mildly concerned matriarch deciding what to do about her incorrigible daughter and granddaughter, or threatening me. Apparently their family has also paid off the police, so like Rahul and wife in flat 101, they don't get any more threats from the

cops, only the nimhans perverts.

New residents in flat 121 - woman loudly proclaiming that they were 'tolerating' my grocery deliveries from a local online store.

Nighttime visits to the neighbourhood from a "IG CID" talking in a overly exaggerated Malayali accent. This is apparently the 'uncle', or one of the 'uncles', that meghana menon calls for support, and the pervert nagaraja's mentor.

The israeli junkie paandi that had been living in a neighbouring building disappeared for a while, then there was one incident where she and a male israeli companion came back apparently just to extort some more drugs from the punjabi paan-chewing 'pujari' 'mewa lal' who controls the drug/cash bribe supply. After that I haven't heard her, probably more than a month now.

New paandi entrant on the scene, a tibetan woman from Bir, HP (a paragliding site). Familiar voice, I had stayed at her homestay in the village twice, one of Pal Deen's numerous relatives in the village. I returned to her home-stay because the first time, she had thrown out one of the paandis that got into the room next to me. A local pilot Ajay Kumar, who had booked the room along with an american girlfriend, but then vacated the room for the night to let an american pervert stay the night to target me with radiation (he was apparently under the impression he had been recruited by the 'CIA'). But the second time i stayed there, she was a completely different person. I got the full radiation treatment, she was bringing perverts into the home, having sex with one of them (her cousin) while he was in the room above me with the radiation equipment, with her children in the next room ! Now she's been giving everyone the standard paandi status sob story, how she was thrown out of the village, etc. Others in her rapt audience, and apparently with deep knowledge of the situation, saying that was an exaggeration - "gaanv mein log inko chid rahen hain". She has been giving everyone at the hong kong beauty parlour paandi adda corner a detailed story of events in Bir and all the tibetans that were affected - e.g. two lamas also 'kicked out' for hosting the paandis in their monastery guest lodging. She was showing up daily for about a week enjoying the attention reserved for a new exotic paandi who can communicate with the locals (in Hindi), but for the past several days, appearances have been intermittent.

The second police inspector pervert from byappanahalli station coming by to announce that I would only get 'essential' deliveries, nothing else would arrive. This is a regular routine for them. I order a lot of components online from ebay or aliexpress for my hobby projects. Sometimes my packages go missing, sometimes they arrive in a bunch two months late. More loud drama about the security guard Perumal being paid off by the perverts - my packages and letters getting 'filtered'. It's all part of their psychopath 'control' fetish - they decide what to do with my life and my property, whether its vandalism, theft or in this case, 'allowing' packages to arrive depending on their whims. And they want everyone to know that they can get away with it. They do this 24 hours every day, it's a hyper-normalization process . Surreal becomes

normal.

More nimhans paandis loudly announcing that there was a group of perverts in the neighbouring buildings, all employed by call-centres. There are definitely a lot of males here in their 20s in the neighbourhood who seem to be here all day long. About a week ago, I was up on the terrace, and one of them popped out on his balcony from the Geetanjali enclave building opposite - top left flat from my view. Fellow with glasses in his 20s, came out with his phone to comment 'hum sabko ko pakad lega ?' When I turned around and stared at him, he promptly did an about turn and went back into the flat, could hear him talking to another fellow in Hindi. This was in the afternoon on a weekday. A day later, another fellow shouting out in Hindi from the same complex, further behind in the alley - that I was a "chamar", that if I admitted to being a 'ghanta', they would go away, etc. Also in daytime on a weekday. Apparently the paandis have concluded that making caste based justifications will work well here !

I've heard these pompous nimhans perverts loudly talking about these perverts, diagnosis - 'narcissistic, tendency towards psychopathy' - narcissism as in the medical term, not the popular meaning. I was reminded of that when I saw this gem online.

A Narcissist's Prayer

That didn't happen.

And if it did, it wasn't that bad.

And if it was, that's not a big deal.

And if it is, that's not my fault.

And if it was, I didn't mean it.

And if I did, they asked for it.

I was planning a paragliding trip to Kamshet this Sunday, so the nimhans perverts have stepped up their act as is usual before my trips - imminent arrest of all the perverts etc., very serious case etc. This is always followed up by a busload or planeload of excited perverts accompanying me on the trip, hoping to be on-the-spot witnesses to an 'accident'. I don't know why people think it's improbable that there are so many perverted psychopaths stalking me - you just have to read newspaper reports or witness it yourself - the crowds of people who stop what they are doing to take photos and videos of dying accident victims and whatsapp their friends to become the 'boss' of the day in their social circle. Even parking their vehicles on the roadside blocking the traffic, with the wife getting off the scooter with them - excitement in their faces, an unexpected sightseeing bonus. Instead of calling for an ambulance or helping. The nimhans perverts, the police perverts, the racists, the ashramite perverts 'they told us he was god ! he is

not a god!', the junkies, alcoholic perverts surrounding me - they are from this crowd, the attention-seeking amoral psychopaths looking for an outlet for their sadism and safety in numbers, no accountability for their actions. Like ISIS or Dera Sacha recruits, there is no brainwashing required. They are everywhere, they just need a sewage tank of an environment - facilitated by a corrupt 'parva illa' administration - where they can be with like-minded attention-seeking perverts/junkies.

2017 dec 2, bangalore

More of these female psychiatrists showing up in the neighbourhood, along with a policewoman . They take turns accusing each other, threatening the residents, threatening each other. **The main intent is to put extortion pressure on the perverts and 'manage the situation' with their never-ending recycled nautankis of 'everyone is being investigated', 'very high ranking government officers involved', 'very sensitive', 'not authorized to speak to mr. nair'. Which always end up with threats directed at me and a fast walk away if anyone in their audience persists in asking them why they weren't approaching me.**

Considering how far Nimhans, Bowring etc. are from CV raman nagar, it's truly mind boggling how so many of these pervert 'doctors' just happen to be in the neighbourhood at all hours of the day and night, and that too, just walking around. And how many women are involved in this voyeur sadism racket - from perverted grandmother family matriarchs to 'we are doctors' to pre-teen girls being coached by their parents.

2017 dec 12

Last night I had gone to sleep with the fan switched off and two blankets as it was a bit chilly. Woke up middle of the night with the back of my head targeted with strong radiation, feeling hot and heavy. I shouted out a few times, the radiation stayed intense. An enfield motorcycle started up outside my building on the main road, and nagaraja doing his nautanki as well nearby. Meghana menon takes her torture cues from Nagaraja's vocal presence nearby, it has become another of her sadist rituals. I finally got up, went downstairs and banged on the menons front door with a pipe. The whore was ready for me, standing behind the door, doing her paandi status routine muttering "i am going to JAIL!". This is the petrified innocent girl who calls her "uncles" to tell them how scared she is of me and they need to do something to take care of her problem. This time however, I did not hear any "uncle" phone call. The enfield police paandi came back - on the main road, now apparently to inform me "avaraku chitti vandu". Within a few minutes after getting back into bed, i got blasted again with radiation. Then one of her two male feces paandi tenants informing me from below that I was being punished, but with a lower level of radiation. Heard the same fellow leaving the building and getting into his mahindra jeep parked outside the building, then on a phone call to someone, speaking in english "she is not following instructions". Then something about him not being protected by the

"chitti". Someone from neighbouring building was entertained, telling him "apne liye chitti likh lo, woh leh lenge".

A couple of times last week, I was woken up in the middle of the night, first time with my doorbell ringing, second time with loud knocking. Both times, I had been fast asleep, and the second time, one of the 'psychiatrists' was outside the building to give commentary, "That was meghana menon. She is very light on her feet". (I had been listening for footsteps after waking up, wondering if it was Das from the flat opposite). A minute later, heard meghana menon below talking to one of her feces paandi companions "my mother told me what to do ! now they're saying i knew what i was doing!". In the past, the 'adur basi' police paandi has also himself done this or given instructions to wake me up by knocking on my front door - ostensibly to check if I was dead because I was not reacting to the radiation. Or possibly the fellow got bored and wanted to see some action.

Also last week, Mulla calling from his nearby residence as I was leaving the building in my vehicle - "you are not following the rules. you have to show respect for the police inspector. you have demonstrated that you are capable of violence". Some of his neighbours shouting out to him to come out and say it to my face, asking what was he afraid of, he was a retired DCP police etc.

The israeli junkie woman is back along with a male companion. The fellow today morning shouting out on the street "meshuggunah!". That he had spoken to the "chief of police" and had been told that there was no evidence of radiation torture, and that I had not told the police about it either. Apparently confronting one of the police paandis on the street with him "he gave you a CD!" - so that was probably the ACP from Ulsoor station where I had left a CD with an archive of this log. He had refused to take it himself, told me to give a verbal dictated complaint in a nearby office, where they also weren't interested in the CD (which I left with them).