

Dec 19 - Jan 5, Mandu, Madhya Pradesh

Was in Mandu, MP until Jan 5 for a paragliding trip. It was a veritable toilet sacha dera entourage of assorted attention-seeking feces perverts coming to see and be seen, like teenagers at a mall. They were installed in neighbouring rooms in the hotels and guesthouses. At the Mandu Sarai hotel, an elderly north indian couple accompanying a feces pervert teenage boy with the radiation equipment - he did not seem to be related to them, but it was their task to allow him to indulge his fetish. Superstitious, corrupt and perverted government officers ?

Dec 22

Breakfast at Shivani's restaurant (they also have a hotel opposite). Asked for tea with less sugar. Got extra sweet tea and it was spiked with some chemicals, tightness and pressure in head.

**Was also poisoned at kakajis restaurant in the centre of Mandu. This place had been recommended by the owner of the mandu sarai hotel. Food was good, so made it a point to eat dinner there every night. One night, the lady was not there but her teenage daughter was - apparently she was the one who poisoned me, from all the subsequent status broadcast nautankis of her family the subsequent nights when I went to eat at the neighbouring 'food point' cafe. The same poison that they have been using elsewhere, tight and painful sensation in the genitals that lasted all night, abdominal cramp, tight sensation in head and strange sensation in sinuses. In the morning when I blew my nose, a big clot of blood came out.**

I then moved to the Ajuba guesthouse where there were some tandem paragliding pilots from Himachal already staying, and there was now a parade of perverts in the room next to me. First a north indian couple maybe in their 30s, with a small girl - the fellow apparently retired army officer working for a "security company" - of course. This from an overheard conversation with the guesthouse owner.

Then another couple - apparently the fellow was a local police pervert, the woman unrelated. Started in the evening with the guy doing the explanation routine to the woman .. "woh ghanta hai ..." .. " paireshaani !" . Then saying this to a boy Anurag that worked for Ajuba guesthouse "woh raat mein chillata hai, usko chup rehne ke liye ...", the boy had apparently seen the apparatus in their room. Then explaining to the woman with him that my

blood pressure would not go up but come down. Later he got a call, and I heard him trying to convince the other party that he was in Mandsaur (another town some distance away). The other party obviously not believing him. Satan jr. outside immediately shouting "he's a police officer!". Later heard him "Sir, mera mobile silent mode mein tha" but this sounded more like a rehearsal with the woman than one end of a phone conversation. He was very careful about not being observed by me, whenever I would get up from bed to move to the door, could hear him quickly ensuring that his door was locked. But I managed to get a photo of him the next day.

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Then a whole bunch of perverts from Ahmedabad. The template rich drug junkie/alcoholic/ashram perverts. There were some women in the group, but I did not get the feeling from their public interactions - they spent a lot of time there sitting with the guesthouse owner outside the hotel - that there were any actual heterosexual couples in the entire group. It was Dec 30 when they arrived, and that night they got so drunk they were staggering around, falling on the ground and puking everywhere. One of them coming by my front door - shouting "i want peanut " - then "i want peanut butter!" - another drunk fellow then knowingly smirking at me. Apparently they could not wait for new years eve before partying. Even then the sadism zombie impulse was stronger than their other addictions. With one middle aged couple in the room next door, another fellow coming into their room in the middle of the night, and in a flat tone of voice talking to someone else "shuru karte hain" - and the radiation torture started. Some of them doing the ashram routine - very amateur attempts at dangerous yoga postures - headstands etc. in their alcoholic hungover state - next to the guesthouse owner in front of the hotel on mats. One of them on Dec 31 night, very loudly and apparently for my benefit " you don't know what its like to be completely wasted - you should try it some time - its amazing". Every evening I would hear them tell the owner that they were off the next morning, but this continued for two more nights. Heard the Ajuba guesthouse owner repeatedly asking them why they were there after the first night.

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29 dec

Was being targeted with the radiation a few times at the takeoff next to the tourist site Roopmati Pavilion in Mandu. Thankfully the launch site was some distance away from the tourist area, but it was still perceptible. Jerky body movments, not being able to move my feet. One time we were returning from the launch site, and one of the local pilots asked me to drive his Innova back to the guesthouse. I was targeted with the radiation in the parking lot for Roopmati Pavilion, had a hard time getting out of the parking - the

passenger next to me alarmed and shouting that I was about to hit a vehicle etc. As soon as I got out of the parking lot, was able to get control again. And there was a vehicle with blacked out windows driving very slowly in front of me, when I finally managed to overtake after a km, it was one of the marwari paandis shouting something as I drove past.

There were more of the perverts waiting in the small village near the landing field that we used - making sure to shout out their threats to me so that I knew they were there. All of them apparently had local police escorts for company. At the parking lot at roopmati pavilion, a couple of what looked like older babus, maybe retired and now working for a 'security company', or maybe babus still in service. First heard them comment from a distance gesturing at me "yeh mast aadmi hai!". Then, after some of the taxi drivers shouted insults at them, walking past me and one making it a point to slowly and deliberately spit on the ground next to me.

Another evening, leaving the parking lot at Roopmati Pavilion, there was a young pervert family (couple with child) in a grey car with karnataka plates KA 03 MT 9553. They made sure they got my attention with the usual "you think we are all perverts" nautanki before driving ahead of me. That license plate number seems familiar, had the feeling I had seen the vehicle near my flat in Bangalore.

2018 jan 5, Bangalore

Returning from Indore airport, at the uber taxi stand at Bangalore airport, booked a taxi with license plate ending in 5961, taxi eventually showed up on the app as being at the pickup point after being very close by for about 10-15 minutes. But the taxi never entered the stand and eventually I saw the driver had canceled the ride. I booked a different taxi, and in a minute or so, the 5961 taxi came into the stand. I was standing at the correct taxi stand location for plates ending with 0/1 right at the entrance to the stand. The driver went a little ahead, he was on the phone. I asked him why he canceled the ride, and he was just shaking his head, finally saying he had not canceled, "they" had canceled. I was charged Rs 43 for the cancellation. Nimhans paandi female and the white foreigner (australian/american?) both together somewhere nearby doing their zombie threats for everyone to hear - that I was going to be arrested etc. One of the Uber staff at the stand calling out to me "Mr. nair, just log in to the website and ask for a refund. we will take care of that guy!" and then "Bangalore cops are the worst ! Corrupt and sadistic". But this notoriety is the attention these paandi police are looking for - if you're working as police escort for sex deviants, what better advertising for your services than the ability to get away with your crimes ?

2018 jan 12, bangalore

1:15pm in my study, meghana menon below me - the perverts using new equipment - waves of dizziness, felt like I would fall over even though I was seated. Shouted out a few times, and the sensation reduced. Now 15 minutes later, am feeling nauseous, and a pressure sensation in my head.

Ashwathanarayana in the vicinity of the building doing his nautanki routine "avare nammade aahaarithe paisa kodathu"...

A day after I got back from MP, woman from flat 131 two floors below doing the paandi distance-talking to me when my front door was open - in malayalam - that the paandis were making me run, and as a result i was becoming fit....

2018 jan 15, bangalore

This afternoon in my study, again exposed to the nausea and dizziness inducing radiation. When I got up and went to the kitchen, symptoms diminished, though I was still feeling sick.

New building security guard at my front door this evening, never seen him before - handed me a SpeedPost envelope with a posting date of January 2 from Mumbai, it had an ID card in it. I don't know how long the envelope has been sitting downstairs in the basement garage !

Das now has a new companion in his flat, that he refers to as his 'sister'. Couple days ago, when I had opened my front door he did his usual routine of speaking to me from behind his front door - this time the threat was that if I referred to him again in this log, his sister would file a complaint of rape against me, and it was a non bailable offence, I would go to jail. Just a day earlier to this, a woman coming with him out of the elevator was doing a nautanki routine "he thinks we are all evil ?"

10:35pm in my study. Again hit with the nausea and dizziness inducing radiation - sensation of pressure in head stayed. Just after I typed this, car on main road outside my flat started honking.

2018 jan 16, bangalore

Strong radiation targeting my head last night. Every time i shouted out, meghana menon automatically responding right underneath me "i'm not doing anything". The reason was soon clear, her torture-free-pass-giver "rogue inspector" nagaraja was doing his verbal diarrhea routine in the neighbourhood most of the night and early morning. This morning after breakfast, I found my hands and arms were shaking uncontrollably and weak, had to be careful picking up a cup of coffee and bringing it to my mouth. At 9:30am its still there.

**I have seen the term 'rogue police officer' in civilized countries used when a newspaper article describes their conviction and sentencing. Here it appears to be a calling card. Free advertising targeted at wealthy criminals, so they know whom to seek out for escort & protection services. Have lost count of the number of times I have heard Indian govt employees - whether its 'doctors', airport security, babus or retired pensioners - refer to these perverts as 'rogue' govt officers, as if that categorization was satisfactory punishment - "all govt officers are not perverts" ...**

2018 Feb 26

Am travelling today on another paragliding trip, to Sabah, Malaysia. So for the past few days, the paandi chorus outside my flat has been reaching regular crescendos of breast-beating status reports of how "bhavani" was denied a visa, how all of them are being denied visas to "accompany" me on my trip.

About a week ago, I had a sharp crick in my neck on the right side. And sure enough, the same night, meghana menon and her feces paandi companions making sure to target the area at night. The following day and night I had excruciating pain, very hard to move my head without stabbing pain. One week later, the pain has reduced, but my neck is still stiff and aches. I have tried muscle relaxant ointment, myovedic oil, taking disprin at night - but every single night since the pain started, meghana menon has been targeting my neck and head continuously through the night with the radiation equipment. And every night, the police outside waiting for me to wake up and start shouting, with my upper body and head soaked in sweat, and then indulge their attention-seeking sadist pervert commentary (no point in wasting their breath when their audience is not awake).

(Note : now nearly 6 weeks later, April 7th, and there is still residual pain and stiffness in the same neck area, especially at night.)

They have also been using another version of their radiation equipment - giddiness inducing radiation. Even while sitting in a chair, I have the sensation of my head swaying and being about to fall out of my chair, with accompanying feeling of nausea. Getting out of the area fixes it, but then when I am in my kitchen and they are back in position, the sensation starts again. The feeling of being about to fall, with a tight sensation in my head and nausea.

Das next door doing his usual routine - arguing downstairs with the people in flat 111 about how he had not forged my signature, he had just signed with my name. And saying that he was just doing what the rest of the perverts in the building were doing - when asked what that was - replying "get him out of

here". Apparently his parents in Delhi are now regularly paying off the Bangalore police - but it seems important to all - including his parents and the police - that he is installed in the flat next door. However, his 'girlfriend' has not been audible or visible after her very public departure with her brother warning him not to contact her again.

Total Environment workers have been doing a maintenance repainting of the apartment building. I was not informed - one afternoon, I was in my bathroom sitting on the commode with the door ajar. Heard some noise from the bedroom balcony, and looked out the door. There was a total environment worker standing outside the french screen door, in my bedroom balcony, trying to peer in ! He'd obviously climbed down from the terrace. They have cut out one of the bricks (the building has an open brick facade) to help them get a foothold when climbing down into my balcony.

A few days later two workers came by my flat to tell me that they were painting the balcony railings of all the flats, that I needed to pay Rs 3k. We went to the balcony, and a woman outside shouting (apparently a resident of block 2) that there was no charge, they were doing it as part of the building exterior repainting. Apparently the worker was taking orders from the TE contractor who was in charge of this buildings construction. He has a flat in block 2 - he's also the fellow in charge of the building maintenance. They said they would come on Wed to do the work. No one showed up on Wed. On Saturday, they came back and asked if i wanted the work done. Told them to give me a signed letter from TE saying that all the owners were being asked to pay Rs3k for the balcony grill painting. Then he told me he was not from Total Environment, that he was working for himself. I told them to come back with the letter, or else no go. They never came back.

This morning, outside my flat in the stair landing, there was a distinct odor of feces. I went out to a nearby shop and on coming back, walking up the stairs from the ground floor, it was striking - like an open sewage pipe, inside the apartment building.

26 Mar, Bangalore airport

Going to Sabah, malaysia for 12 days.

At departure gate for the Air Asia flight to Kuala Lumpur, i was standing behind near the wall, looking around and surprised by how many 'body-builder' type fellows were roaming around, not part of any obvious group, some with a female companion, some alone. Eventually, an american guy standing near me muttered to me "I'm guessing half the guys on this flight are gay". Another foreigner nearby laughed in agreement and pantomimed

the body-builder posture.

There was one obvious south indian paandi family, older man + couple with toddler - they seemed to have some sort of entitled air to them. Later it was clear why, the old man was an air asia staffer. He was joined by an older woman maybe south indian origin, with bright pink-red dyed hair, also an Air Asia staffer but neither were in uniform. The old paandi came near me with the woman and speaking in malayalam doing the paandi status routine, how 4 of the perverts had been caught. The woman simpering behind him, she seemed a bit off, maybe high on something. The air asia staff manning the desk deferring to both of them. They both got onboard the flight, heard one of the staffers talk to the redhead woman and she affirmed that she was now based in Malaysia. The man was in the seat just behind me. Did not see where his children and grandchild were.

The same bright pink/redhead woman was on my return flight from Kuala Lumpur to Bangalore on Mar 11<sup>th</sup>. Now defensive behaviour "i didn't know!". At Bangalore airport as we exited the plane, she was talking to the still obsequious local Air Asia staff who greeted her, saying "i thought they were just saying bad things about him!". Apparently she was in 'trouble' for facilitating the perverts travel. Psychotic, corrupt cretins in positions of authority ...

Mar 30 , Kokol

Got a couple of flights from the Kokol paragliding site near Kota Kinabalu. Courtesy a friendly and helpful local tandem pilot Richard Tan. On the way to the launch site, he took me to the landowner's home to pay the site fee. He was several steps ahead of me and I heard the landowner say something to him - apparently the perverts were already there and had spoken to his son to make arrangements. Heard Richard excitedly tell the owner not to help them, that they were very dangerous people. He had worked as a tandem pilot in Pokhara nepal, and seemed to be very aware of the threat to my safety. Apparently the perverts had told the landowners son that they were american police. (On my Cambodia and Vietnam trips, they were Indian police due to the locals' distrust of americans !). Richard was explaining that they were indians.

On my second flight that day, I was the last one to launch and alone in the hill clearing. Richard and the other local tandem pilots had all launched, and the landowners son apparently had lost face in front of his family and wanted payback. He told the remaining people there - family of one of the tourist passengers who had just launched - in English that he was there to help tandem pilots only and hurried them off. Several minutes later, I was ready to launch when the wind was ok, and when I did, I had no recollection of the first

few seconds of flight. I remember looking up to check the wing and only seeing the right side of the wing, though in my helmet camera video I was looking up directly at the entire wing. And there were the voices of two perverts somewhere from the left in the forest maybe several metres away - one arguing that he did not have the right angle. One of them sounded like the local resident American pervert who is always with Satan jr near my flat in Bangalore. I flew straight out instead of staying close to the mountain, and then had an uneventful ultra-cautious flight and landed safely - later kicking myself because the conditions were good for an extended, even cross-country flight attempt, and it turned out to be my last flight.

Moved to the Iskandar guesthouse in Sinsuran complex in Kota Kinabalu. After a couple nights, the paandis managed to find someone to do the nightly torture routine from the room next door. There was no guest in the room, from the paandi status broadcast nautankis, it appeared to be the boyfriend of one of the hotel staffers Lina who I had negotiated the room rates with.. Doing the time honoured routine of snorting and coughing and muttering "i am a homosexual sadist ?!". Caught a brief glimpse of him while I was eating breakfast at a restaurant the next day. Just by chance I looked up and he was doing a walk-by outside the restaurant repeating his act "i am a homosexual sadist!" - local youth in black shorts and yellow tshirt and chappals - as soon as he saw me looking at him, he did an about-turn and disappeared.

At night, outside my guesthouse room, on the street, the bangalore paandis in full cry. Heard one of the entertained locals shout at the paandis while they were doing their "we are doctors" routine - "We don't trust a Hindu doctor! Send a muslim doctor. He will not lie to us".

Sitting at a restaurant nearby, paandi doing a walk-by - skinny wierd looking fellow with no chin ( Malay/Chinese/Korean ?) - "we are all poo people!"

A british couple walking towards me near the hotel, on seeing me the fellow telling his wife "Those fellows are having a ball out here with all these shithheads!". An indian origin shopkeeper immediately and obsequiously trying to explain to him that that was not the case - this resulted in another malay sneering sarcastically at the shopkeeper - "Yes, white man is important! Indian tourist can go!".

Poisoned at the mcdonalds restaurant in Centre point mall in Kota Kinabalu. I had gone there the previous day to get an icecream, and when I returned the next day post-lunch, there was a different set of two malay girls manning the separate booth for icecreams and milkshakes. Both appeared to be rather nasty in stark comparison to the friendly reception I'd got the previous day. Apparently one of them was making very graphic defamatory remarks about me - saw another malay woman going up to the main counter to complain

about them. About 10-15 minutes after having the icecream, the familiar poison/drug symptoms, cramp and ache in testicles and lower abdomen, tightness in head that lasted for about a day.

A couple days after this, went to eat breakfast at another local restaurant that the Malays frequented. The indian origin staffers there were all friendly - I'd eaten there earlier as well - was able to communicate in English and broken Tamil. A different woman working there - unlike the others, blankly hostile expression on her face, insisting on speaking in Malay to me, and pretending not to understand the word "coffee". It took a while to get my order and I asked for a second coffee. That was drugged - not the poison/drug of the earlier incident, but some sort of sedative - could feel myself getting drowsy within a few minutes. It was obvious to the other staffers and the Malay lady owner as well, could hear her angrily whispering to the woman who'd made the coffee, asking her what she'd done.

Mar 11 Kota Kinabalu to Kuala Lumpur

At the kota kinabalu airport departure lounge for the Air Asia flight to Kuala Lumpur. About 30seconds after I sat down near the gate, I was aware of someone muttering behind me "Mandingo!" Looked around to see a south asian probably Tamil fellow (big, overweight, dark complexioned, shorts and tshirt) accompanied by a malay girl with glasses. She did not appear to be his girlfriend, but as I saw later, she was continuously egging him on. Not sure where the "mandingo" comment came from, but he appeared to be trying to give people around the impression that I or someone nearby had called him that. Some minutes later they disappeared. But later on when we were queuing up to board based on our seat numbers, the two who were well behind me in the queue, moved to the empty line that was for the front row passengers - with the girl pushing him to do this. Heard them arguing with the gate agent. I sat down in my seat, the two of them arrived a minute later and he was in the seat in front of me. From the other passengers comments, apparently the fellow had done the "do you know who my father is?" routine - claiming that he was a big shareholder of Air Asia.

When we landed at Kuala Lumpur, the two got up quickly to get their bags and I could hear the girl now egging him to make a complaint. The fellow then giving me a side look and commenting clearly - "Fuck it. They're going to kill him". They were in a rush, out of the plane well ahead of me. I was walking leisurely back to the baggage claim and stopped at a restroom. A few seconds after I was standing at the urinal, the same fellow now out of breath, came and stood at the urinal next to me, though the toilet was empty! So, another feces/urine/gas paandi.

When I picked up my baggage at the carousel – Satan jr. very clearly in the background shouting that Air Asia had been paid to “facilitate our travel”. Some british fellows – oil rig workers from the logos on their bags – standing near me, one turned to me and said disgustedly “Fuck Air Asia!”.

In the transit lounge, I saw an indian origin malaysian flight attendant who had been on our flight to KL. She was standing with some other Air Asia flight attendants. After I passed them, heard her say loudly “Mr. Nair, I am sorry. I am going to speak to my father about this. I will ask him to contact you.”

Mar 11, Kuala Lumpur airport

Parade of homosexual indian feces perverts in the airport, all trying to get my attention. Two north indian paandis in the Air Asia check in line talking to each other - I got a snap of one of them at the departure gate lounge, never saw the other one again. Later at Bangalore airport, I took the airport bus into the city. The fellow I'd taken a photo of was the last person to get into the bus, just as it was leaving. He got off at the first stop - "CBI colony".

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Two more of these attention seeking perverts - north indian, short fellows, one a sardar, trying to get into line ahead of me at a fast food restaurant at KL airport, then walking off muttering threats after an Indian woman nearby said "bhaiya, woh hamaare saath nahin hai" - one of the paandis had gotten close behind her husband who was in front of me.

I initially went to the wrong departure gate lounge at KL, next to the one for my flight to Bangalore. It was completely deserted After a few minutes, noticed a group of south indian fellows sitting there some distance away. One of them doing the full police pervert paandi routine - saying that I had myself installed video cameras in my flat, and that they had received copies of those videos. Heard one of them talking to another in Telugu. A few minutes later, a female malaysian airport official came by and loudly asked her colleague - "are those bangalore police officers here on a tourist visa ?". Got a photo and later walked past them to get a video, as one of them had his back to me in the first photo. Some time later, another south indian, maybe their supervisor, came by to say something to them and they all got up and left.

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Mar 11, Bangalore airport

**As I approached the bangalore airport immigration queue, the young woman directing us muttered as I walked past, that the CISF was the problem, not the immigration officers.** In the immigration queue, an oriental girl who I had earlier seen in the departure lounge at kuala lumpur

was in line next to me, at the head of the queue. She seemed to be quite vocally supportive of me. In the departure lounge at KL, she had overheard some of the other passengers commenting about these perverts and they had used the word "patti", and immediately exclaimed "Yes ! They are dogs!".

Now she was commenting about my situation again. Saying that in Korea, even little girls who had never accessed the internet knew about the toilet perverts masquerading as "security". Immediately, the immigration officer supervising the lines came and asked her to show him her passport and visa, and then told her to move to another line further away from me.

When I had gotten through, she was still held up in the line. Heard her say "Sir I will help you ! I know none of these people will !"

**Leaving the airport, the security guard at the door muttering that the CISF had no problem, it was the airport security manager.**

2018 April 23 Monday

Last week I was in my study trying to get a bluetooth connection from my phone and when trying to pair the devices, found another device "Madhukar's Macbook Air" . My study is in the corner of my flat on the top (4<sup>th</sup>) floor. With bluetooth's limited range, this could only be in the room just below me in the Menons flat. I wouldn't even consider buying a macbook for myself, just on cost considerations. As soon as I noted down the name, commotion below . The feces paandi below me in conversation with two women, one of them meghana menon. Arguing that he had bought it with his own money, and about my getting his name - "They won't do anything!". I also recently found that he's upgraded from a moped to a brand new motorcyle that he parks in the menons parking spot. According to the paandi broadcast routines, this feces pervert is /was a paramedic, the other male resident of the menons flat is/was a medical resident, both working for command hospital in bangalore.

"Army" connection, so of course nothing can be done, etc.

On April 6<sup>th</sup>, I put up a notice on the apt. Building notice board about the terrace waterproofing contractor I had engaged to repair the water leakage problems that have caused extensive damage to the ceiling and walls of my flat.

I found a handwritten note on my letter the next day from someone signing as "Yadav". Telling me it was under review, not to start work. By elimination, I figured he was from flat 121 - there are only 8 flats in the building. But last June (2017), when I'd gotten a letter from the association regarding my paying for a contractor to fix the water leakage, it had the name of Vinay

Satyan, the owner of flat 121.

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Put up a second notice on April 17<sup>th</sup> after getting no response.

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Still no response after a week, so I called the contractor and asked him to start work on April 23, and paid him the deposit of Rs 75K.

(Note : as of may 6<sup>th</sup>, both my letters are missing from the notice board.)

The terrace waterproofing repair contractor arrived around 1pm, and I was promptly told by the security guard Perumal that they were not allowed, that I had to wait for the 'manager'. We went up to the terrace leaving the tools behind, and after a while, the Total Environment maintenance manager came up. Now the nautanki started. First he said that the association wanted the entire terrace to be repaired - "you pay for your half and association will pay for remainder, but association will decide what work is to be done and supervise the work", that they were still discussing it, until then no work was to start. This went on for a while, it was clear that the intention was for the contractor to leave, like last year, when they left and the contractor asked me to pay the daily wages for the labourers (Rs 2000). I persisted saying I'd given the notice on April 6<sup>th</sup>, that they'd given me permission the previous year, what was the delay for.

Then the nautanki shifted to him trying to contact the relevant people from the association but being unable to reach them on the phone. Next telling the contractor, that it would be best to come back on Saturday when all the owners would be there, they were all busy in office. None of the owners in this building have an office job - they are all at home all day. We were now standing at the entrance to the terrace from the stair landing, and I could hear the psychotic retards prompting the maintenance manager from their front doors about what to say next, or responding to what I just said !

After this went on for a while, the fellow then said that the real issue was that the association was concerned about the electricity and water to be used for the work, repeating "This is the real facts!" a few times. I told them the electricity would be taken from my flat. So now the issue became the water - "someone has to pay for the water you know". Eventually after a few minutes, heard a male voice from the stairwell ( i think it was the fellow who signed the letter as "Yadav"). He made the mistake of prompting the manager to ask the contractor how much water would be used, and the contractor said 100litres.

Now the manager then switched to saying that I was not paying for my usage

of water in general. I told him that I had been cheated on my maintenance bill and they were openly discussing it amongst themselves without formally acknowledging or redressing the issue, and had blatantly tried to cheat me again the last time Ashok Balivada handed me a bill. He'd included the generator diesel charges though they disconnected the connection to my flat from the generator several years ago - I heard the other owners discussing this - that in a total bill of Rs 36K (given to me without any breakdown of itemized costs), that alone was Rs 6K...

The manager replied that "That is all history, from now on no problem". Then the psychotic moron had an inspiration without any prompting from the owners below. He announced that the building was not getting any water from the borewell. "Every day a tanker is called ", "monthly water bill is 10000 - 15000 rupees, you are not paying for your share". Suitable gasps of astonishment from all the entertained neighbours in the buildings around listening to this drama. Apparently in the last several months, there has been not one tanker delivery to this building, all the water has come from the borewell. I responded that it was obvious they were cheating me and would do it again.

Then the manager telling me to talk to Das in 141. "he is a very good man!". Completely dismissing my claim about my vehicle being accessed at night in the basement garage by Rahul and his wife, or being vandalized. Or my mail packages being stolen by Das. Eventually the security guard came up the stairs and whispered to him that the cops wanted to talk to him and he left. The contractor came down to my flat to talk to me for a couple minutes, saying that he would refund my deposit completely if this did not go through, and then they left as well.

2018 April 24 Tue

Nautanki with Das from 141 proclaiming that his uncle was coming to talk to the building residents. Heard someone on the street then announce that he was not going to come upstairs, that his nephew had committed serious crimes, forging a letter in my name, trespassing in my flat etc. with Das now taken aback and protesting the claims. Interestingly, 'uncle' said nothing about Das using the radiation torture equipment. I have abandoned the room that I was originally using as my study - this has a common wall with his bedroom/bath. Because of what Satan jr would crow about as my "sandwich problem" - being simultaneously targeted with radiation from the Menons flat below and from Das's flat behind the wall of my study. Now I use that room as a storage place.

Das's 'uncle' then going on to say that these perverts had forged letters from

senior government officers, they were completely unauthorized etc. Then some paandi cop coming up to roughly ask him “nee yaavaru?” The fellow then apparently getting on his phone to talk to someone “Malathi, these fellows are too much! They’ve followed me here ...”

In the afternoon, heard some banging on the terrace above my head, sounded like a hammer and chisel. After a minute, I got my phone and went up, found the TE maintenance manager there with the TE worker who cleans the building common areas. Both facing away from me at the corner of the terrace, right where the terrace drain above my study is. There is a leak directly below this location causing water damage to half of the wall of my study.

There was a big iron rod with a pointed end lying on the floor next to them. Unfortunately, I was focused on seeing where they were trying to do damage and did not get a full body video. Heard some people from neighbouring houses later say that they were trying to damage the support anchor for the drainage pipe outside, maybe that’s where the water has been leaking in to cause damage to my study wall – the visible leakage starts about 2-3 feet from the ceiling.

Ref : 20180424\_TE\_manager\_worker.png

I then went downstairs to the ground floor to the security guard to pick up a courier package. Walking back upstairs, I found someone at the door of Meghana Menons flat 132, speaking to the male feces paandi with the moped/motorcycle (the paramedic?). I had my phone recording, and heard the visitor saying “I have been sent by Raju” and “Can I have a word with you?”. Behind, from inside the flat, I could hear Meghana Menon “Uncle, I don’t want to go to jail”. The visitor then went inside.

Ref : 20180424\_raju\_fecespaandi\*.jpg

2018 April 25

Today some major nautanki out on the street – the fellow I have previously heard referred to as Mewa Lal, ‘pehelwan’ etc (not sure if these are the same person) – now claiming to be from Jalandhar. Something about the core paandis being a business family of sardars.

More nautanki with the police outside my building about the fellow in my building ( I suppose from flat 121) who responded to my waterproofing notice letter, signing it as “Yadav”, claiming to represent the owners association. That he did not have a college degree, or a job. Being told not to enter the building again. Going away, then coming back in the night with ‘mewa lal’

who apparently threatened the security guard with a pistol resulting in a quick adjustment of building entrance permission. This was followed the next day by more dramatic nautanki, now Yadav had a 'security clearance' letter, he was actually employed by "mewa lal" aka pehelwan aka man from jalandhar. In the same nautanki act, "mewa lal" claiming that yadav was the new owner of the flat, on being asked for khata proof, saying that that the khata had not been transferred. More nautanki on the street this morning with some nimans perverts apparently examining the security clearance letter and dramatically shouting.. "No court of law will uphold this. Where does this state that you have the right to watch Mr. Nair in his apartment?"

The pervert Sultana Khan family next door has been repeatedly threatening me of consequences in the past few weeks if I mentioned them again in this diary, with all of them vying to get my attention - the granddaughter threatening to file rape charges against me if "anything happens to my mother", the matriarch threatening her son if he went against her wishes - because he wrote a letter supporting my claim about being cheated on the maintenance bills. Apparently her son is or was the owner of flat 112 on the ground floor (the Khan family sold this property to Total Environment). They are eyewitnesses to the perversion of the menon family - the standup sex threesome with the Menon parents and Satan jr one night in their balcony in full view of Sultana Khans daughter. At that time, Satan jr. was a regular visitor in the Menons flat - there was another incident where I could clearly hear an older woman telling the menons two daughters - one a small child, Meghana maybe 12yrs old or less - not to look at him, they seemed to be having dinner and he was apparently standing on a table or some ledge directly below me and masturbating. They're also witnesses to the radiation torture equipment being used - meghana menon was not shy about going into the balcony below me if I was in that area, and being visible to anyone in the street or in the khans house next door holding the "machine with an antenna".

Both meghana menon and her mother were also seen in the utility area of MY flat, by a woman in the house across the main road from the corner of my study. This was years ago when meghana menons mother was still living with her. Now as per the nautanki broadcast, she is voluntarily in some sort of 'sanatorium' somewhere. Maybe yet another of the Menon family's numerous residences. The paandi police doing a good job of "recording" all these statements for the sake of extortion. All these witnesses are then warned by the same cops about not approaching me with the same eyewitness reports.

2018 April 28

Call from 90713 06300, no one responding when I said hello repeatedly. They kept the connection though, for 15 seconds before hanging up.

Call from 78991 76008. No response when I said hello, after a few seconds, they terminated the call.

Yesterday, on another sim, got a call from 81974 16959. Again no response when I said hello. But I could hear someone outside on the street speaking in kannada, telling someone to say something or else I would say they were paandis. Then a womans voice "Yaaru?". I hung up. Phone rang again for several seconds, I ignored it.

More of the act <n> , scene <m> pervert nautanki around the flat. Lots of paandi neighbours being 'taken to court', so big excitement build up starting with the previous nights advance notice, but no, not court, they were actually 'taken to the thana'. All of them coming back in ones and twos to give their current status broadcast. The prostitute in the Hong Kong beauty parlour seems to have come out of paandi standby mode - had not heard anything from her for a few months. Now protesting apparently on the phone to her mother, that people were calling her a prostitute, while being taken to the thana.

Today more nautanki with one of the TE workers claiming that he had helped me by shutting off water from one of the two pipes connecting to my kitchen faucet. That the water was recirculated from the Menons flat to mine in both the master bedroom bath, and in the kitchen faucet. I have a cold water connection as well as one going through a small instant hot water geyser to my kitchen sink faucet. One of them has not worked for several years, it leaks below the sink if I open that tap (I actually found out much later after there was water seepage damage to the wooden cupboard below the sink and i traced it to the leaking tap), so I have not used it.

Ashok Balivada from 122 and wife revelling in their roles in the nautanki - the fellow claiming that he had signed a cop dictated "apology letter" at the thana for "disturbing and obstructing" me etc. Then more paandi cops and doctor visits to inform him that he had violated the terms of the letter, husband and wife alternately being taken away and coming back with their latest broadcast status. As with the other paandi neighbours this starts with "we all have to go" and ends with "there's nothing you can do, you need our permission". As I noted earlier, this mahabharatha was triggered by my posting a notice about the needed terrace waterproofing repair work, and the psychos have all been very excited about getting my attention.

Meghana menon and her feces paandi partner both continuing to target me with the radiation during the day and night in their usual ritualistic mode.

2018 April 30 monday

More mahabharatha nautanki over the weekend – Saturday night visit from meghana’s ‘uncle Raju’ showing up in the building to shout at her “nee rogi paandi aanu”. Then showing up again at the building later in the night after I went to bed, after being invited by Rahul from 111 to investigate the security guard Perumal. Apparently Perumal had kept a mail package addressed to me even though I’d gone down that afternoon to pick up an amazon package that I’d gotten a delivery sms for. After reprimanding the guard, the paandi cop apparently taking the package himself. Then transferring to the building opposite on the top floor below the penthouse talking with a north indian woman who apparently lives there with her brother, their flat is directly opposite my bedroom.

Then moving to the hong kong beauty parlour where I could hear the woman protesting “hamaare ang ko chod do !” Fellow probably was hopped up on drugs or alcohol – I have heard references to this “IG uncle” of Meghana Menon several times. Then the paandi Raju moving to wherever Satan jr ‘Michael’ was staying and looking at all his surveillance equipment – apparently watching me as I lay in bed, commenting on my genitals, then “what is that racquet like thing” - I had a mosquito zapper on my bed. Satan jr proudly broadcasting “They are all Andhra pradesh police!”. Someone else correcting him outside that they were Karnataka police police officers from Andhra. More nautanki about Raju apparently breaking one of their surveillance monitors, and Rahul below excitedly commenting “That costs more than one lakh!” and Satan jr complaining that he was responsible for the equipment “it was registered to me!”. More discussion about Satan jrs passports – apparently he’s the proud owner of both a US passport and an Indian passport that was organized for him by the local pervert cops. The paandi Raju then still at the same HK beauty parlour paandi corner, apparently opening up the mail package he’d taken to comment on the contents. “Cheriyekashnangal.” Counting them ‘onne, randu ... pathu”. Then apparently reading the shipping label “capa ... citor”. I have been expecting a package of 10 capacitors from Aliexpress ...

More female ‘doctors’ have been showing up – first doing the street nautanki interrogations of various paandi neighbours, then hanging out at the HK beauty parlour paandi corner to give their own paandi status broadcasts “we are working for an NGO watchdog group!”. In response to a question, saying that they had no idea who was paying their salaries.

The sultana khan family next door doing their own paandi routine, mostly consisting of attempting but failing to ‘control’ each other’s psychotic pervert episodes. I have heard Rukhsana Sultana loudly calling someone apparently on the phone, asking him to “can you please fix this” a couple times in the past years. Now it turns out that this ‘godfather’ lives a short distance away on Varthur road – heard him come by outside the Khans house to advise her

son - "Your first instincts were correct. You did the right thing", telling him not to be intimidated by his mother. But a couple days later, a woman nearby screaming that her father just had to make a phone call and I would be shot, and the same fellow now apologizing for his daughter, saying he was an established old resident of the community here, he was just giving advice to the khan family etc ... surreal.

More nautanki about the fellow in this building who signed my notice as "Yadav", representing himself as a flat owner and member of the owners association, that actually his name was "moti lal", that he was a cousin of "mewa lal" etc.

Last night, there was another feces male paandi below me in Meghana Menons flat. Heard him speaking in malayalam, immediate broadcast from Satan jr "He's meghana's old boyfriend!". Maybe the first 'army' paandi in the parade of perverts from 'army command hospital' in the flat below me - the one they referred to as 'Panicker". I dozed off again, woke up in the middle of the night with a sensation of my nasal passage and lungs slightly burning, and that sensation would increase on the side I was lying on. More excited paandi broadcasts from Satan jr about the "gas cylinders" in the Menons flat, and comments from one of the security guards in the neighbouring building that wasn't just nautanki, he had seen big cylinders looking like hospital gas cylinders being taken upstairs in my building.

Last night Nagaraj was back in the HK beauty parlour with the prostitute owner who once loudly shouted out "woh mera mangetar hai!". Apparently his fiancée being molested the previous night by "IG Raju" was no big deal.

Early this morning, more nautanki ... the north indian family who lives across Varthur road - the woman who had seen meghana menon and her mother in my flat balcony - now her husband saying that the police had coerced them to give a letter saying that they had also seen me exposing myself to them "gandgi karke dikhaya". That if they did not give the letter, "hamara dhandha bandh kar lega". That the local police had threatened my parents with this. Immediately someone on the road nearby correcting them to say that they had threatened my father, my mother had already passed away.

The fellow's mother lives in the house next door to them, which is closer and directly opposite my study. Heard the mother responding to this admission, saying "tu mera balak nahin". Both the fellow and his wife saying they would tell the truth in court, and challenging the police to file a case.

The mullah from the nearby mosque came by just outside my building on Varthur road, talking to the police perverts while referring to the sultana khan family "han, woh gande hain, par tum log is ilaake ke sabse gande aadmi ho".

The security guard Perumal downstairs at our building was on duty here all of last week- there are two guards that take alternate 48 hour shifts, but his company has kept Perumal on duty continuously for the last 7 days. I assume this is to forestall any attempts by the waterproofing company from starting work on the terrace above me (I've already paid the deposit of Rs 75000...)

More nautanki on Sunday about a new station police inspector doing his rounds and being updated on on all the paandi activity - apparently 'supportive' of me. But all the paandis are still in place, whenever they rotate one of the paandis out to "thana", "hospital" or "parapa agrihara" for more "jaanch", they make sure the spouse is at home to continue the activity, e.g. Rahul and his wife, or Balivada and his wife. In the case of the flat 121 owner impersonator "Yadav" aka "Moti Lal" - "paisa de diya, khata abhi transfer nahin hua", they don't have that option, so he comes back to the building every day after being taken away for "jaanch". To do his signature routine with various people in the building and outside - "mujhe aapse kuch zaroori baat karna hai"... For a couple weeks now i have not heard any comments from the two women (apparently mother and daughter) that were the occupants of flat 121 for the past year or more.

More pervert 'doctors' coming by to announce that I was not following the prescribed nautanki actions, that I was supposed to come outside on the street and engage with them etc.

2018 May 2 Wed

The male feces paandi in meghana menons flat has been jamming my phone signal every time I get on the phone to talk to the weatherproofing contractor, who complains that my voice is fading and I can't be heard. The last time it happened this morning, heard meghana menon shouting at the feces paandi to stop, and within a couple of seconds, the guy was able to hear me clearly.

2018 May 4 Friday

Afternoon went to Thippasandara. At Foodworld supermarket, a collection of perverts - a middle aged woman and a young girl already in there - girl gesturing to her mother, staring at me like I was a zoo specimen. The mother doing her routine "So this is whom you wanted me to meet?" ... girl going "I'm 23 years old!" She looked like a psychotic creep. Woman continuing with her zombie mode, taking the girl out of the store. One more crew-cut fellow looking like a duplicate of the feces paandi in the flat below me, entered the store to do his routine. "my mother is not mentally ill". A north indian young woman, staring at me, getting into line behind me at the checkout and trying to get my attention, then leaving the store to shout out to someone in the apartment building across the street, in Hindi, that I had not noticed her, why

was everyone saying that I liked maidservants ... There is apparently a clutch of sex deviant marwari families in that building – often hear loud sexual comments from both men and women from this building when I am in Foodworld. When I left the store, there was a group of perverts – i think on scooters - on the side road just next to the store, starting their comments as soon as I had my back to them “Avaru kaashe kodkula...” paandi police fellows in mufti I think. As I walked back to my parked vehicle, a dark skinned guy maybe in his 30s going the wrong way on the one-way road on his scooter, and that too on the right side of the road, coming straight towards me while looking to the right. I stopped and stared at him and finally he looked forward at me and gestured as if ‘what’s your problem’.

When I drove back to my flat, at the right turn to basith road, there was a familiar paandi vehicle - Hyundai suv, white/cream with a gold-coloured hyundai logo on the bonnet - that came from the opposite side, then slowed down to a stop exactly where I needed to turn, then put a right signal indicator, so we both caused a traffic jam. Finally crawled ahead to get space to turn. Still haven’t gotten the fellows license plate or a good look at the passengers, though I’ve seen this vehicle on the road several times in the past year or so near my flat when I go out on errands in the afternoon.

Lots of mental hospital nautanki in this building. Rahul and wife from 111 regularly doing a nautanki of threatening to or actually stealing my mail packages – when I go to collect my courier packages and ask about my expected mail packages, the security guard says there is none. Found some dumped pump equipment in my parking spot next to my vehicle and lots of sprayed mud on my vehicle’s right side, windshield and bonnet.

More nautanki about Ashok Balivada now in the mental hospital, couple of women in flat 121 (that I’d not heard for a few weeks) apparently having just returned from mental hospital – younger one commenting in zombie fashion about her experience - “food was not bad though”.