

2018 May 8

After I published my last update to my website a couple days ago, lots of attention-seeking paandis in the neighbourhood. Some paandi cops with Satan jr. His base seems to be in the vicinity of the prostitute in the Hong Kong beauty parlour. **Update : some street nautanki claiming that they spend time in the same building as the HK parlour, upstairs in the ACE dentist office rooms. Perfect vantage point, they can keep a watch on 4 lanes from there.**

Claiming that they were the fellows that I had taken photos of at KL airport. "nammade photo edithe nammakye paandi parniyon?" etc. ... while this was going on, some paandi female doctor just outside HK parlour loudly announcing on the street addressing Meghana Menon "your mother does not want to have anything to do with you" and to Sudha Balivada that "your husband is incorrigible" and that she could take the option given to meghanas mother. Immediately after this, high radiation in my study. It was around 5pm I guess, sensation of my skin becoming very hot and dry, while I had been comfortable all through the afternoon.

Also some nautanki with the TE building contractor who lives in block 2, slapping someone – I think it was the maintenance manager Mubarak that I caught with the iron rods on the terrace - "hamaare building ko chhod liya?". Then TE workers claiming that the contractor had himself given them orders 'tumne bola unko chodne ke liye'. Apparently one of them vandalized the interior of my vehicle in the garage, pulling out the wires to my speakers – I had heard Rahul from 111 vehemently denying that he had done this, saying he had only dented the side with a pen/key ... now this TE worker claiming that the security guards were witness to this, "woh wahan bhaite the".

Apparently Sultana Khans granddaughter had been escorted to my building by female paandi doctors on May 6 night, and had thrown a "rubber shoe" against my front door. I had been half-asleep and did hear something hit the door and an older woman saying 'that's enough' as if controlling a misbehaving dog, but I was not awake enough to make sense of it. Now of course, these attention-seeking psychotic freaks don't want to waste their effort, so they have been broadcasting the incident to make sure I log it !

Last night Sultana Khans daughter in psychotic mode, but it was again wasted as I was semi-asleep and could just hear her ranting something. Maybe they switched off or removed some of their equipment, as they do when they suspect there is a risk of a search. As with all these pervert families, they take turns doing the 'i'm having a psychotic episode' with the other family members in attempting-to-restrain-but-failing mode. This works across families too. If someone from one family is in full psycho mode, the other families are either quiet, or telling them to 'shut up, you'll get us all in trouble' ...

They have been using the new torture equipment last night as I slept and as I type this now on Tue 9:45am – when they turn it off, immediate cool sensation all over my body.

After I logged my last update to my website I was able to recollect incidents that I thought I had logged earlier but did not .

e.g a creepy north indian couple maybe in their mid-20s in the seats next to me on the Air Asia flight from Kuala Lumpur to bangalore. The fellow in the middle seat, the woman in the

window seat, I was in the aisle seat. The fellow taking out his phone to display photos of them together on a beach, but with the phone tilted towards me. Then the woman dramatically putting her arm around his neck. The north indian people in the seats behind me not missing an opportunity to call them out – woman sarcastically saying “main ghanta nahin!”. When the attendant came by to check our boarding cards for the prebooked meals, she called him “Vikas Sharma”. Immediately from behind - “achcha naam chun liya!” “hum marwaari nahin hain!”. The ‘vikas sharma’ in question getting emboldened some time later, when one of the women flight attendants brushed against my shoulder walking down the aisle, he turned to his female companion, loudly saying “yeh bahut achha aadmi hai, very professional”.

The same flight attendant (notable for ridiculously false eyelashes) started a monologue from the back of the plane – “we all know about Mr. Nair, he’s a gentleman” ... starting off well enough but then ending up commenting about my genitals ! As we disembarked, heard one of the pilots disgustedly reprimanding a different female flight attendant who was in the front, in the aisle near the cockpit. She wasn’t bothering to say goodbye to any of the passengers, had a blank look on her face. Heard her respond to the pilots “She was only saying good things about him”.

2018 May 10

The sultana khan family yesterday claiming they paid 7lacs to the local police inspector. Then visit from Ashwathanarayana and his chelas to tell sultana khan’s daughter to give them a letter that they had also seen me ‘ayike cheyine’ a la the family in the house across the road from them. Woman from that family shouting that they had already confessed, “hum saza lenge” etc.

Meghana Menon and the feces paandi hiking up the radiation level in my study in the afternoon around 5pm and its been high despite my shouting out every few minutes. The same high dry heat sensation, and focused on my upper torso and head. Tight sensation in head as well, sweating even though the fan is on and its not that hot. When the beam is off, immediate cool sensation.

2018 May 12

Joined a group tour to Bali and Gili islands, and stayed for another 10 days afterwards on my own. Apart from me, there was a bengali couple with a small girl, and the tour operator santosh nair – I have gone on several trips with his company ‘exotic expeditions’ before. Amazing appetite for gossip and liquor – seems to have an encyclopaedic knowledge of everyone I know casually or well – relatives, acquaintances, school mates - and shameless and compulsive willingness to share personal information about me (even with no liquor in him).

The first night we were staying in Ubud, Santosh disappeared in the evening taking a scooter on hire, saying he was supposed to meet a friend in Denpasar. He arrived the next morning – later heard him talking to the Bengali fellow saying the ‘friend’ was an Indonesian police officer. Apparently the fellow had taken advantage of Santosh’s weakness for liquor by getting him thoroughly drunk and getting him to talk about who he felt might be witnesses on my behalf – probably got our full itinerary and hotels we’d be staying at as well...

We stayed in Gili Air at the Sayang Mama Inn. When we got there, we'd just been unpacking our bags in the rooms when we were called out by the fellows who checked us in. They led us some distance away to the adjacent property where they apparently wanted to show us the swimming pool that we could use. I was conflicted as we'd left the rooms open, and I could hear Satan jr doing his ranting nearby. Sure enough, an opened bottle of water I'd left in the room was poisoned – familiar headache and groin tightness symptoms. We were in the downstairs rooms. Satan jr had a free run of the rooms upstairs, I was being targeted with heavy radiation at night. Later found that the owner was a Frenchman – I saw him holding court with some of the workers in a hut, sanctimoniously telling me he was observing Ramadan fast along with his 'family'. I got the impression the Indonesian staff were decent, they were polite and respectful to me. It was obvious that some of them wanted the owner to speak to me about the perverts. I could see groups of them talking to him, gesturing at me, and they did not look happy at all.

2019 May 21-24 Senaru, Lombok

Had planned to trek Mt Rinjani, but a week before the trip to Indonesia, sprained my knee and decided to just come to Senaru and chill out for 3 days as I already had the guesthouse booking. Was in Anak Rinjani guesthouse. The day after I arrived, a group of 3 pakistanis showed up – one of them a woman. Heard them identifying themselves as pakistanis in their conversations with the hotel staff. All in their 20s I guess. Another light-skinned arab looking guy with them. Satan jr background commentary – "he's an emirati!". The four of them were in two adjacent rooms across the garden from my room. The woman loudly saying the men were her cousins. They weren't trekking either, they were in their rooms till very late in the morning the next day – the trekkers just stay overnight, and are picked up early in the morning by the guides.

A few days later, I was in Sadasari Guesthouse in Kuta, Bali on my way back. The same group showed up in the floor above me – never saw them or heard them during the day, but they were there at night, familiar voices including the woman. She was in the room above me, strong radiation during the night, and sounds of enthusiastic sex. So much for her "cousins" ...

May 24-27 Gili Meno

I was walking along the isolated beach and stopped to take some photos. There was another tourist there enjoying the same view. I was sitting and chatting with her for a few minutes when a boat with a number of snorkelers that I'd earlier noticed drawing attention to themselves with their loud splashing and comments, came from the snorkeling area (about 200 – 250m away from shore) directly to where the two of us were sitting and anchored there. It wasn't a mooring point for the boats – they have a jetty which was about 500m away, and there was no one else around us. Soon enough, found out why. All of the 'snorkelers' then distributed themselves around us, just a few feet away, some on the left, some including the boatman, in the bushes behind us, and the paandi show began. One woman who was on our right, being called by someone on the left, and she got up and said "ok, I am supposed to sit on that side?" and she dutifully moved to our left. Some looked oriental – possibly korean – he was lying on his back a few feet to the left, unabashedly staring at the two of us. Others european, middle east ... another woman in a thong with an ample backside got up and with her back to us, embraced a guy and loudly said "we are in

love". It was as if a tour bus with mental patients had just disgorged their load. There was one fellow (looked and sounded american) who stayed on the boat commenting "i didn't sign up to be part of this". All looked like college age to early 20s.

2018 Sep 9 bangalore

The paandi security guard Perumal at our apartment building has been replaced. There was a lot of the usual nautanki surrounding his departure. That the police had found he had 4 bank accounts in his name, that the paandis were directly transferring money to his accounts – I heard him protest that one of the accounts was for his 'chacha'...

In the first month after his departure, the packages that I ordered off ebay (they come from china) all were arriving in record time – within 3 weeks.

Again, my monthly electricity bills have been high, in the Rs 1200 – 1350 range. A few weeks ago, there was another twist. I would switch on the geyser, and while it previously took no more than 10 minutes for the thermostat to switch off after heating up, the thermostat light would stay on. And when I did take a shower, sometimes an hour or more after switching on the geyser, the water would be just lukewarm. I found out why after a couple of days – there was a gurgling sound coming from the geyser, and then the nautanki started from outside describing what was going on – Meghana Menon had apparently opened up a valve in the customized plumbing that diverted my water supply via her flat below me. So the geyser was continuously being drained from the cold water inlet. This continued for a few days, even as I entered the bathroom to take my shower, the gurgling sound from the geyser would start up, and then the water would be lukewarm.

Now, there are no noises from the geyser, but the heating element seems to have been burned out. The thermostat light never goes out, and the water never gets more than lukewarm.

For the past several weeks now, along with the high radiation targeting my head at night, I have been waking up in the middle of the night with a dry burning sensation in my lungs and oddly enough in my stomach as well, with heaviness in my chest. After my usual shouting out and the immediate flurry of activity in the room below with Meghana Menon and her feces paandi roommate Madhukar muttering in response, the radiation torture continues while by morning the burning lung sensation abates. I usually get up in the morning with a sensation of phlegm in my lungs and shortness of breath.

After the disappearance of inspector ashwathanarayana a few months ago (as per various police nautankis he took leave on medical grounds, resigned on medical grounds or retired), there is a new paandi inspector doing the rounds on the streets in my neighbourhood. And as per the script of the 'good guys' in the daily nautanki, he's "more dangerous" than Ashwathanarayana.

I think I may have finally seen the face of one of the paandi police 'Nagaraja's. A couple of times on the road. First time near trinity circle in Bangalore, he was on a scooter and came

close past me doing a status monologue routine – it was just a second, but I noticed a bulbous nose and even thought it might be a prosthetic at first, maybe a disguise. Then some days later, I was walking on st marks road, and saw what seemed to be the same nose again, pretending to have a conversation in Kannada with a couple of bystanders a few feet away from me as I walked past. Heard one of them ask him if his name was Nagaraja, and the guy doing the usual police response of responding with rhetorical monologue (they don't do dialogues, only monologues). Tallish fellow, well built, fair, with a bulbous nose. Carefully groomed black hair and mustache.

As per street nautanki, he has been promoted and is now SP Nagaraja. So maybe the fellow whose photo I took in the Bangalore airport was the indiranagar inspector – I was under the impression when I met him that his name was Chinnappa (from a neighbourhood association flyer that came in my newspaper introducing the new police inspector). But was later led to believe that he was 'Nagaraja' or at least one of the "four paandi inspectors" being paid to escort these sadistic half-wit degenerates. Nagaraja, Nagappa, Nagendra etc. as per the police nautanki.

And also as per the nautanki the new byappanahalli inspector was transferred from ulsoor police station, and as per rahul from flat 111 doing the mutual paandi denunciation routine, it was Das's family (from flat 141) who paid to have him transferred here... Still haven't heard his name mentioned though.

The sultana khan family of perverts in the property next door has been doing their usual woe is us status routine – being threatened by deportation (they are UK passport holders as per their nautanki), the girl being forced to go back to school, being taken to hospital etc. etc. This girl doesn't miss a trick – apparently as per their own family and servants, she tracks my movement in my flat just as Meghana Menon does. While MM is always directly below my feet, this paandi is in the closest room in her house to wherever I might be in my flat, and as per the nautanki, she always has the small "tv" with her to monitor me ! Periodically has casual monologue 'conversations' with me – threatening me with a rape and assault case, encouraging me to have a relationship with her mother, saying they were not trying to harm me, but if anything happened to them they would finish me etc. Even casually telling me how much I was paying for groceries each month, that it was more than what they were spending for their family.

The 'thendiya ka doctor' women patrolling the streets outside my flat to 'manage' their stable of degenerates – alternately threatening their trained animals or threatening me.

I had to get my vehicle fitness certificate renewed as it was expiring end of July. Got the vehicle serviced, new fuel pump installed along with some tinkering and repainting of the fenders and bonnet to fix the dents and scratches. Got the vehicle back from the workshop two days before the RTO inspection appointment date, it was running smoothly. The morning of the inspection date Aug 2, when I went down to start the vehicle, white smoke with a sharp odour pouring out of the exhaust pipe, and the vehicle was idling very rough – I had to keep my foot on the accelerator pedal to keep it from stalling when idle. Had no choice but to take my vehicle in that condition to the RTO in Ramamurthy nagar for inspection. Thankfully the vehicle did not stall while I was in the inspection queue and I managed to get the vehicle back to my flat – as a precaution i filled up petrol on the way back, to dilute whatever contaminant had been

put in the tank. Since then, I have some difficulty controlling the vehicle in stop and go traffic with the threat of the engine stalling if I take my foot off the accelerator pedal for long. Normally when I take my vehicle for the bi-annual emissions check, they ask me to confirm that the engine is actually running when they put the sensor in the exhaust pipe as it was running so smoothly when idle. Now it 's shaking like a tractor.

Update October 10 : After progressively getting worse, the engine no longer starts. Waiting to receive my renewed RC card from RTO before having it towed to a workshop. I also purchased a new fuel tank cap with a different key. I was told RTO would take two months Nov 12, still not received RC card.

And of course the apartment paandis having a gala time – Rahul first loudly claiming that his wife didn't do it, "she knows nothing about cars", that the TE maintenance staff were responsible. The TE guys enjoying their time in the limelight – giving the impression that yes indeed it was in response to my besmirching Kamal Sagars good name, then after a few days of strutting around doing the goonda routine, claiming that it was Rahul and his wife, that they never touched my vehicle. One of the TE housekeeping workers – fellow called Sridhar, who I had caught with the manager Mubarak with an iron bar at the corner of the terrace doing more damage to add to the water leakage in my flat – heard him talking in the stairwell to one of the visiting maidservants, doing a local Don routine, that she should just give his name as a reference if anyone gave her any trouble... Then he disappeared for a few days with the TE fellows doing a nautanki routine that he had been sent home, then he showed up again. Kamal Sagar appearing in the neighbourhood a few times to say that the water damage to my flat was my fault, that I had not informed them. That none of the issues with my flat was his responsibility, that he had not given orders to anyone to divert my water supply or construct conduits in the walls or tap my electricity supply or phone lines etc. etc.

As per the street nautanki, Kamal Sagar & Mubarak the maintenance manager have been banned from entering the premises of Block 2 of our apartment complex (Shine On Apartments) by the owners in block 2. But have seen Mubarak a few times inside our building (block 1). Of course, none of the block 2 owners have talked to me – have heard some of them doing their mutual denunciation routine for supporting the Balivadas.

Ashok Balivada from flat 122 disappearing for a few months then back in the building for a couple days, then disappearing again. As per thendiya ka doctor nautanki, "showing traits of psychopathy", "no signs of remorse", "cannot be trusted" etc. etc. And Sudha Balivada "an equal match for him", "liar and cheat". But she is still around – after loud previous proclamations of "I want a divorce", she has now switched to "I am supporting my husband...". As per the nautanki, their children are with the grandparents, and she is completely ignorant of Meghana Menons activities – whether its the paandi peep show, the radiation torture, the incest, the maintenance fees cheating ... As per their 'logic' the 'owners association' (they excluded me from the association when they created it) have the right to charge me whatever they like, I have to pay the fees and if I have a problem I can take the matter to court. As per the nautanki the owners association have an ongoing case against me in court for not paying the maintenance fees, with the thendiya ka doctor and thendiya ka police 'managing' the situation ...

Now I have found that the A. Yadav who had replied to my letter intimating the flat owners about my intention to have the terrace water leakage damage repaired, is actually a woman - Arti Yadav, and not from flat 121. There were two women in 121 - mother and daughter, and 'friend of the family' male living with them for a while. The fellow who was staying with them and making vocal comments from their flat, representing the owners association to the maintenance manager - I thought he was A Yadav - disappeared from the building. Then a month or so later, one day, I was walking downstairs to find a group of movers in flat 121 busy packing things and a moving van outside. And then the mother and daughter also disappeared from 121. These are the two women who as per nimhans nautanki routines have spent a couple of weeks this summer "in the hospital" for going to the police with claims that I had assaulted them.

Their unassailable 'logic', echoed by the family in flat 131 and the Sultana Khan family next door, is "it's a rape case, you have to arrest him, it's the law, non-bailable"etc.

1. I found that A Yadav was actually Arti Yadav courtesy an email I received. Screenshot of email in archive – **have a look at the amount quoted !** Thanks to the email, I now have the names of the residents/owners in the building :

| |
|---------------------------------|
| Sahina and Rahul Mohandas - 111 |
| Aliya Khan - 112 |
| Divya and Vinay Satyan - 121 |
| Sudha and Ashok Balivada- 122 |
| Jisha and Paul Roney - 131 |
| Arti and Madhukar - 132 |
| Monish Das - 141 |
| Hari Nair -142 |

As per the maintenance manager Mubarak, Vinay Satyan and his wife left 'years ago' for South Africa. So not sure why Arti Yadav chose to cc: him considering that the trio living in flat 121 were loudly proclaiming that they were the owners, that they had paid the money but had not transferred the khata etc.

I have no idea if the people currently in flat 131 are the owners, the original owners were Roney and his wife, but they disappeared after a year.

Interestingly, no mention of any Menons in the flat 132 below me but 'Arti and Madhukar'. All the other names are the names of the original owners of the flat, from a decade ago.

Madhukar would be the feces fetish pervert in 132. Maybe Arti Yadav is the north indian woman I have seen several times driving the Renault Duster parked in the garage space for flat 132. So I guess officially, as per the police and nimhans perverts, Meghana Menon does not live in the flat below me, its just my delusions.

Das in 141 up to his usual bizarre antics. A bengali-speaking family showed up in his flat one afternoon. As per his nautanki, they were his tenants, with him continuing to stay on in the

flat (meghana menon ishstyle). Cool as cucumbers – with their flat door open, loudly organizing servants etc. within a few hours of moving in. Then after a day or two, with some intervening q&a nautanki on the street corner with the doctors and police, the family disappeared.

Then after a couple of weeks, another family moving in – apparently his relatives – their arrival was marked by two large half-dead potted fern plants appearing outside his door. After a couple of days, the plants disappeared, but as far as I can tell the ‘relatives’ are still there. Echoing him in every way – psychotic, compulsive fascination with my every utterance and activity. And Das vehemently denying to them having ever forged a letter from me threatening “the President”, entering my flat, using the radiation torture equipment, stealing my mail packages etc.

Interesting article from the NY times – investigative report about the US embassy staff being assaulted by microwave weapons in Cuba – the symptoms look a good match to mine - paralysis, nausea, giddiness, headaches, fiery sensation on the skin etc. .. hmmm.

<https://www.nytimes.com/2018/09/01/science/sonic-attack-cuba-microwave.html>

And to think a decade ago I wrote an email to a US investigative reporters forum, and I think NYT as well describing my situation, and I got a terse reply suggesting that I write to an Indian newspaper ...

Sep 22, Bangalore – Bangkok flight Thai airways, on my way to Myanmar

Seated in 52A.

About halfway through the flight, I found my mouth uncontrollably twisting and my neck violently twisting to the right for a second. I was stunned, eventually I looked in the seat behind me. It was empty, there had been a short, slim mousy looking north indian girl (accompanied by two other north indian girls but they were seated elsewhere) seated there, but she'd gone to the restroom perhaps. They had been making loud conversation amongst themselves earlier.

Though I did not feel any pain, I was confused after the incident. On landing, I was unable to find my phone though it was in my pants pocket. Went back to my seat, spent a few minutes checking the area with the air hostess helping me before I found it. When I walked out the gate, there were some Thai airport officials waiting there. I was still dazed and asked a Thai airways lady on the side about my departure gate for my flight to Yangon. One of the Thai airport officials said behind my back “Mr Nair we are not fooled. They are recruiting women to do their job”, and when I turned around, he was staring at the three girls who had just come out behind me. The mousy girl was trying to hide behind the two other fairly hefty girls.

I joined a group tour from Bangalore for the first 8 days in Myanmar. The indian paandis were not visible while I was with the group but there were some German perverts who made sure we noticed them. First with a background commentary in the airport arrival at Yangon airport, then they were in the same hotel as us, next to Inle Lake, not sure if it was the same group from the airport. A few of our group were in the hotel pool in the evening,

the German perverts doing a continuous running commentary about me from the overlooking rooms. And the next morning, when we were checking out, I had gotten into the van while some of the others were still in the reception area. There was an elderly german couple sitting there, heard them talking to our group. Acknowledging that they had heard the racist perverts the previous day and that they were indeed German, and commenting that in Germany, there were plenty of racists but the laws were very strict so people like this could only indulge themselves once they left the country!

On the last day of the group tour, we were at the Shwedagon pagoda in Yangon. Very crowded with lots of tourists. While a few of us were waiting outside for the rest of the party to join us, a group of Indian tourists showed up. At least one looked like an indian babu to me – they were escorted by some monks, one of them obviously of south Indian origin. I thought I heard Telugu being spoken. But one or two middle aged fellows were north Indians in safari suits. Later in the evening, it became clear that they were perverts, and were being given a VIP tour by the monks (not all of whom were happy with the situation). Two members of my group were gossiping near me, one commenting that they were likely IAS officers. Heard one of the old monks say loudly “Yes, IAS officer!” glaring at one of the men who definitely looked south indian. Again, attention-seeking perverts, they were all grinning happily as the people around them were staring and muttering, two curly haired teenagers in their group taking photos. As is often the case now, the crowd of onlookers was sure that the group were my feces toilet perverts, and it took me longer to be certain. Maybe they’d heard them making comments earlier.

After the group tour I moved to the beach fishing village Ngwesaung. Stayed at Garden B&B guesthouse in Ngwesaung for a week.

Two openly gay germans showed up the next morning. While I headed out in the morning and evening, only coming back to my room during the afternoon heat, the duo stayed in the thatched hut next to me all day long chain-smoking, and at night I was getting targeted by strong radiation. Heard a bizarre conversation the first day itself – they were almost interrogating the owner about the nature of the interaction between young men and women in Myanmar before they got married - “so they do not have intercourse?” Questioning the owner about the age of the receptionist (she was very friendly and helpful to me).

A day later, more pervert company. A sardar maybe in his mid or late 20s, accompanied by a white woman (possibly american) took the two huts on my right. The girl in the hut next door, the sardar in the one further away. From their conversation they did not seem to be a couple, or even know each other well. But at night, the sardar would move into the hut next door. Far from introducing themselves to a fellow Indian in a place that doesn’t see indian tourists, he would avert his face every time they walked past. But then from their huts, he would do the continuous muttering and running commentary. I did not hear the girl say much at all. Like the germans, they did not seem to have any particular interest in Ngwesaung. On the second morning I heard a phone alarm going off in the girl’s hut around 9am. Several minutes later, it was still going, very loud. After about 10 minutes, I was in my porch, I finally heard them stir and switch off the alarm. I guess drugs, I suspect that’s how both the germans and these two had been recruited.

Heard the sardar on the phone speaking in hindi "hum kuch zaroori kaam par aaye hain, boss ne bhej diya". The german homosexuals and the sardar apparently independent parties, making snide comments about each other from their respective porches. The germans referring to the sardar as a 'dummkopf'.

The sardar trying to cause problems for me. The guesthouse had offered a free bicycle when I booked the room, so I took the offer and was using it daily as the beach and restaurants were some distance away. Heard the sardar telling the owner that he would pay rent for the bicycle if the owner gave it to him.

It was a cartoon caricature of my situation – two german homosexual perverts on one side, a perverted sardar escorted by a white american woman on the other side.

Oct 8 – Oct 10

Stayed in The Lodge Yangon Hostel. Had gone out in the morning, when I got back, followed into the hostel and then elevator by two African men. I asked them where they were from, they replied Ghana. They were in the room directly opposite mine (it was actually more like cubicle partitions than rooms). They also seemed to be spending most of their time in the room or in the area outside. In the morning I found one of them at the common washroom talking on the phone, when he saw me, he abruptly put the phone on speakerphone, and it sounded like a walkie-talkie rather than a mobile phone. Unlike the first day, they were now dressed formally – office shirt and trousers, unlike all the other backpacker type tourists in the hostel. Now they both had a hostile attitude.

Even more bizarre, On oct 10th I was in Bangkok airport on my transit from Yangon to Bangalore, seated next to a charging kiosk for my phone, when a couple of africans came up and said "Hey we're not crazy. We know about those guys from Ghana that were following you!".

Oct 10 Yangon – Bangkok - Bangalore

At Yangon airport, after I checked in, saw the German homosexuals walking past with an airport official, one of them was arguing with him. A north indian fellow trailing after them, who I hadn't seen earlier.

At Bangkok airport I had 9 hours layover before my flight to Bangalore. Walking towards the flight departure gate C10 and then back for some exercise. There was a group of north indian youths seated on the opposite side (odd numbered gates), as I turned to walk back, they had someone stand in front of me while another fellow had his phone out to take photos. The paandi naatak began "Woh parasailing karta hai". That I was provoking "bati ke log". (I recently joined an FB group, backpackers and travelers india, they call themselves BATI ...).

I then crossed over to the odd numbered gates aisle, and found they had stationed another guy there and now as I walked behind him, they were taking photos of him while directing where he should stand

Some minutes later, two creepy-looking skinny north indian youths walked past where I was sitting. Stopped to tell an indian group who were nearby that the Thai airport security had

torn up the boarding passes of two of the guys who had just tried to provoke me earlier, that the guys had protested that they were not marwaris or ghantas etc.

Found the north Indian fellow I'd seen in Yangon airport again, this time accompanied by another north Indian man whose bare arms were completely covered with bright colourful tattoos. Not sure if they were fake. They were marwaris, the tattooed guy doing the usual paandi routine "ham sabko chod lega?".

Thai Airways flight from Bangkok to Bangalore – seated in 51A. The two seats in front of me occupied by two tall and heavy bearded Kannadigas wearing earrings and gold neckchains. Both conspicuously waving their latest top-end iPhones. Sitting down loudly remarking "itne acche seat mil gaye, hum khiladi hain!"

I had spent some time during the layover in Bangkok airport in the duty-free shops window-shopping the newest Gopro actioncam Hero 7 (too pricey for me at US\$438). Sure enough, the guy in the middle seat brought out the actioncam in its store display case and held it up in front of him. But from their conversation, it seemed to be more to get my attention than any actual interest in action-cams! They were speaking in Hindi throughout the flight. But at the luggage conveyor belt in Bangalore airport, they were joined by a third fellow, their polite, easy going manner on the flight had changed, and they had switched to Kannada. One of them saying loudly "nagavarapalya!", when I turned to look at them, one of them threatening the new fellow who'd joined them to keep his mouth shut. When I got my luggage and was walking away, they were very slowly and casually strolling ahead of me. I was one of the last to get my bag, they had obviously loitered around waiting for me. Doing their natak "hamko daaru peene ki aadat nahin hai ..." Some days later, police paandis outside my flat giving me nautanki "information" - saying these perverts were a group of 'gowdas' with political connections, that nagaraja was being protected by 'congress' politicians.

There was no one in the middle seat on my row, but the bearded fellow in the aisle seat and the guy directly behind me knew each other and were speaking in Malayalam. The fellow behind me getting provoked when I put my seat in reclining position, then furiously poking the back of my seat a few times. I could feel the familiar localised heat in my upper back, neck and head shortly after taking off, but that went away after about fifteen minutes. When we landed, the guy in my row got up and did the paandi mutual accusation routine, angrily talking to the guy behind me "nee paise edithe avuruke thopikyanite, nee paandi aanu" before walking ahead alone. The guy behind me responding to him "nee paisa edithila?"

When I entered the immigration queue at Bangalore airport, I was halfway through when from the side, an immigration officer opened the tape and asked me to go to another set of desks on the right side marked "for crew". A few people behind me asked if they could also go there and he said ok. I saw a familiar paandi male face at the desk. A creepy fellow who I remember interrogating me on an earlier departure from Bangalore airport - "who are you going to meet?" - for a trip to Thailand. Reading news reports of solo women passengers facing sleazy interrogation at Bangalore airport immigration/emigration, I have no doubt of their veracity. As I was still approaching his desk, he loudly called out, ostensibly to the fellow who had taken me out of the queue "Clear maadta?" - loud enough for everyone in the hall to hear. Then

the two of them repeated the same two words as question and answer a few times ! Completely bizarre ... After clearing me “where are you coming from ?” “What was purpose of visit?”, he again asked the other officer “clear maadta?” then gestured to me to go ... could hear some passengers in the queue loudly asking in Kannada what they were trying to do, what language were they speaking, were these code words, was it meant to intimidate everyone in the hall, etc. Two women were directing the passengers into the queue, one of them I remember who had commented to me on an earlier arrival months ago, saying that the problem was with the airport CISF security force, not immigration. Now the other woman was doing her nautanki role, saying that there was an entry (obviously adverse) in my record in the immigration database. I forget exactly what else she said, but the first woman corrected her, and I could hear a passenger in the queue asking the nautanki woman in Kannada if she was a Kannadiga, and on getting affirmation, commenting “kannadiga hudagi ...” in disgust.

2018 Tues oct 23, Bangalore

I have been going to the Kensington pool at Ulsoor to swim a couple times a week for a few months now, during their public access hours around noon, after taking a formal 3-week course in July. After a while I started finding groups of juvenile boys and teenagers who seemed to have been recruited to cause trouble for me – some of them would just be sitting on the sides taking photos and videos on smartphones, but never getting into the pool. Some of the youths obviously gym gays (going to see and be seen), but unable to swim despite their fit appearance. **Update : on Nov 8, there were two male model types, one with a DSLR with zoom lens doing this routine. Though both had stripped down to shorts and were well muscled gym types, I did not see either of them get into the water for the entire 45 minute session. They were both walking along the side of the pool, one of them taking photos of the other from different angles, arguing with the lifeguard. Doing the paandi routine “main chodu hoon?” etc. The same day when I got out of the changing room stall, there was a crowd of juvenile boys. One of the problem fellows, a plump boy, promptly pulled down his shorts to completely expose his buttocks to me, just a foot away. When the other boys shouted out, he was escorted out of the changing room, arm around this shoulders, by one of the ‘ghanta chachas’ - a regular at the pool, one of the few that can swim well, a plump fellow that dresses like a north indian village school master, was wearing dark eye-liner the first few times I saw him – heard one of the pool staff say in his ‘defence’ - ‘woh ghanta hai, par woh tumhara shatru nahin’.**

Others would deliberately get in my way as I tried to do side-to-side laps, or hold on the edge of the pool and kick their legs underwater in my face as I approached the side – trying to provoke me into a confrontation. None of them can swim. I have been there for a few months, have never seen anyone other than myself and one or two other adults who could swim the breadth of the pool comfortably, even when there are 40-50 people in the pool. **For the paandi police, this is yet another example of how I am not a “normal” person, and they have a legitimate investigation to find out what I am ‘training’ for.**

Other boys allowing their swim trunks to fall to completely expose their backsides to me. Hard to believe that these juveniles or their parents could afford the Rs70 fee. Indeed, I would find that one of them would pay the fees for the entire group, and about 4-8 would go in. In all these cases, there would be one loud-talking ringleader in the group. The same

groups would then follow me into the changing room/shower after the end of the session – again, with their smartphones out and recording – doing a nautanki of repeating what the radio-broadcast paandis were saying outside.

Some, obviously high on drugs, trying to engage me in conversation – e.g. one fellow in the changing room asking me to give him the plastic bag I was using for my wet clothes and persisting when I refused.

Some are even more creepy – adult males with small children – doing the paandi nautanki comment routines. There is a separate 3:30pm afternoon slot reserved for small children accompanied by parents, but these creeps come to this general public access slot.

They have the protection of one of the Kensington pool staffers – a fellow called Sumesh. He seems to be the in-charge. The others, especially the lifeguards who have the unenviable job of controlling the unruly crowd, are supportive towards me but don't seem to have the authority to challenge him. There are other boys in the pool who are witness to all of this, pointing to Sumesh as the problem – saying he and another staffer were “ghantas” and were facilitating access to the pool for these homosexual voyeurs. Today, one of these pervert teenage groups pushed their way to the head of the ticket queue claiming one of their friends was ahead and buying tickets for them all, then when they got to the front, the leader trying to buy tickets for the group. When others in the queue protested, they called out to Sumesh who allowed them to go ahead...

Update Nov 14 : while I was in the pool, heard a woman in the office, apparently with her mother. I think they were the owners/managers of the company leasing the pool - “These people are treating the place like a bathhouse! They spend two minutes in the water, the rest of the time they are sitting on the sides watching ...” When one of the perverts protested saying ‘hum ghanta nahin hain’, she yelled back “I know exactly what you are !”.

Later heard police paandi nautanki near my flat, something about the fellows who were paying for these juvenile delinquents tickets - “avaru kadai-kaare aanu ...”

I walk from the metro station to the Ulsoor pool, and the past couple of times on my way back from the pool, I've found police vehicles slowly driving past me at the same locations on old madras road, and more stationed outside the ulsoor metro station entrance, doing the paandi police nautanki comments, seems to be a deliberate show of intimidation.

2018 Nov 12 Monday

Baiyappanahalli metro station, 12:04 train. After I got into the train and sat down, from the car up ahead two plainclothes paandis came doing the police paandi routine “avaru presidentile eyithu ...” then took their positions at the back of the car facing everyone.

At Ulsoor metro station 10 mins later, a pervert got off with me from the car ahead. Yellow t shirt, torn jeans – maybe in his 30s. Immediately noticed that he was wearing identical chappals – same brand, design and colours. I had bought my chappals in Sabah, Malaysia in

March 2018. And he was wearing thick glasses, as I do. As we went to the exit gates, he turned to talk to a couple of women and commented looking at me “avaru daivathu ...”. I’m not sure if the women were with him, one of them responding by laughing, the other moving away. The women went to the lift and he then went ahead of me down the stairs. Sure enough, outside the station he stopped while I walked ahead, and someone behind us promptly shouted “paandi rogi !” and the attention-seeking pervert got his reward, replying “nyaan paandi aano?” The psycho had probably been recruited/escorted by the two plainclothes perverts in the train.

On my return , Trinity metro station, at the xray machine two policewomen in uniform. Chubby one positively beaming with pleasure at seeing me – immediately launched into verbal diarrhea “avaruke kami illa, avaruke vayase aayi, viagra edikanam ..” From the street came some disgusted comments “nee ellam vaisha-gaaruu aanu ...” and she had gotten her attention-seeking pervert reward. Then directing a comment at me as I went up the elevator “Nee namakye patti vijariyane”.

Upstairs, a fellow dressed in civilian clothes at the platform that I had been sitting with made a passing comment as he got into the train (I had moved to the door to the left), that he was a police inspector – heard the name “Manohar”, that I had spoken the truth about the water problem, that they were taking the water supply downstairs and contaminating it before supplying it to my flat, “ellam adiche kootam ponoo”...

This police ‘supportive’ nautanki is because I am leaving for a paragliding trip on Sunday. They always ramp up the “nee satyam parniyu, all these fellows are perverts” nautanki before I go on a trip, and then send an entourage of sadist police paandis to follow me. On my return they ramp up the “you are our enemy/ you are the pervert / you don’t speak Kannada/ they are all good people from good families...” nautanki.

Saw another well fitting description of narcissism today and its accompanying traits :

1. Sense of entitlement – check. “yeh hamara jagah hai”, “we can charge you whatever we like”, “your property is our property”

2. Grandiose delusions – check. Pompous, bombastic monologues in the street. nee police force de shatru aanu. You are an enemy of Karnataka/India. Invocations of ramayana and mahabharata, pandava versus kaurava, agents working for the government, costumes : black suits and sunglasses, bullet proof vests with “SECURITY” printed on them, pujari outfits

3. Manipulation – check. Sadistic control freaks, blackmail and extortion, gaslighting. Gaslight : manipulate (someone) by psychological means into doubting their own sanity. Another term that I didn’t know the meaning of before, but understand well now.

So, the nimhans street nautanki of classifying my neighbours (e.g. Das, Balivada) as ‘narcissistic with traits of psychopathy’ is accurate. Except it applies to these “thendiya ka doctors” as well.

Narcissistic, sadistic, degenerate half-wit toilet voyeurs. Basically a toilet-pervert dera sacha sauda mentality - safety in numbers.

Now both the hot water geysers in my flat are damaged. A few weeks ago, I had heard gurgling and hissing noises from inside the geyser in the bathroom attached to my bedroom when I switched on the geyser. After that, the thermostat light never goes out after I turn on the geyser, and the water never gets more than lukewarm. Looking online for spare parts and repair, I read that the element would burn out if there is no water in the geyser tank. After you replace the element you have to first turn on the output hot water tap for some minutes to ensure the geyser tank is full of water before switching it on to test. So obviously the water in my geyser had been drained out from the input pipe when I turned it on.

I switched to using the guest bathroom in my flat. On Saturday morning, I had turned on the geyser and was in my study. After a few minutes heard some commotion out on the street – Nagaraja was doing his nautanki - I then became aware of noise from the bathroom. Went inside and heard the same loud gurgling and hissing noises. Meghana Menon downstairs below me. Heard a loud argument between her and Arti Yadav some minutes later. After that, same problem as in my main bathroom. I seem to have caught it before the element fully burned out, though. I have to leave the geyser on for more than an hour before the thermostat light goes out. And as a bonus, there is now a strong sewage smell inside this bathroom as well – seems to be coming from outside the window.

2018 Nov 13

Woken up in middle of night by an acrid burning smell in my bedroom, like an electrical short-circuit, burning plastic. Could not figure out where it was coming from. Dozed off again, again strong smell about half an hour later. By morning it had gone.

There are two electrical connections in my flat that do not work. One for the wall lamp in the hall, and one for the overhead light in my bathroom. I had an electrician look at them while I was getting some other work done, and he found no problem with the switches or the sockets. He suspected the wire was burned out or disconnected in between. Both were working when I moved in, and both stopped working around the same time.

When I moved into my flat a decade ago, I had a TV then. The flat has in-wall cable TV connection wiring leading up to a box on the terrace where the cable tv provider was supposed to give the individual flat connections. I'd been out of town for a month or so, came back to find the cable connection not working. The cable TV guy came and told me the connecting wire was "burned" out (I found this hard to believe), he then connected a cable via my balcony to the terrace. At the time I didn't know whether to suspect the cable guy himself or Das from 141 who I had earlier seen fiddling with the terrace cable connection box.

The american 'born-again' evangelist mormon/christian perverts who were in the neighbouring buildings have disappeared for a few months now. I had the feeling that if I mentioned this, the next day they would show up again. And just a day ago, one of them on Varthur road – they seem to have moved somewhere else nearby.

2018 Nov 14

The last two times I was walking to the Baiyappanalli metro station to catch the 12:05 train, I've been targeted by the itch/burning radiation at the police station traffic light on Old madras Road, right next to the BMRCL (metro) employee quarters. Last week, there was a young woman walking my way from the metro – I've seen her several times as I always catch the train at this time, and I assume she is headed to work. I felt the burn/itch and was grimacing and looking around. She walked past me, then she was in the same area and heard her remark that she was being targeted too. Heard a woman say from the metro quarters "hum kuch nahin kar rahen hain!" and the targeted woman say "you people are all dogs!".

Today, after I passed the spot with the burning radiation, I was still being targeted even after walking about 20-30m past, the skin on my back prickling, and heard the same womans voice from the metro employees quarters "hum tumko chodenge nahin!". And from the police station, very clearly, first the new paandi police inspectors voice saying that the womans husband had been asked to resign, and then another police fellow saying to the new paandi police inspector "saar nee aane avaruke kutthanayate saanam kodthu !".

2018 Nov 16

Was on CMH Road near the indiranagar metro station entrance when a north indian woman shouted out from somewhere on the opposite side of the road " we are all children of army officers and ias officers. No one will do anything to us". **In response to this, another woman shouted that these toilet perverts were becoming a big problem in Korea, but there it was individual perverts with spycams. "Here they are organized. Your country has given them diplomatic passports!"**.

2018 Nov 19

Heavy radiation during the past couple of nights. During the day I have found myself falling asleep sitting in my chair when I rest my head on my hand for a few seconds, but still not able to sleep – burst of radiation guaranteed to keep me awake.

Not able to make calls on mobile phone from my flat – the other party's voice breaking up. I have to constantly move from one room to another to be able to hear what the other person is saying. And the police paandis outside with a running commentary on what equipment Meghana Menon and her feces pervert companion Madhukar are using to jam the phone.