

For over a decade I have been experiencing break-ins on my property. Things taken away, things added, property destruction, vandalism on my Jeep, the list of these events is long. The intent is to do what is called 'Gas Lighting', messing with a target, causing stress and psychological damage. And after the past decade & ½ I have reached my limit. I'm keeping this as a record of such things, with the intent to provide the police with a record of these events.

Saturday 28th March, 2020

I went to the shops on Friday & bought paper products, including a tissue box. Went to bed.

Woke up ~ 6:30am by a crackling noise. Went to my living area, a box of crackers was on the table. Went to the kitchen, two packages of pita wraps were on the island & the tissue box had been opened & the first tissue taken out & draped over the box. I had purchased neither the crackers nor the pita wraps. Went back to bed & heard explosions in short order. Went outside & saw 6 to 7 meter flames engulfing a vehicle on the west side of the property.

Turned on the TV, was set to digital music channels instead of TV channels.

A few hours later I took the Jeep out. The driver's side mirror was folded into the Jeep, both front & rear wipers were turned on. A few days later I took the Jeep out after dark & the console light had been dimmed.

Neither my dog nor myself woke up. People were in my house and my dog & I slept thru it.

Tuesday 7th April, 2020

Went out to pick up my dinner. When I returned a light I almost never use had been turned on.

Friday 10th April, 2020

Went to purchase a pizza late in the evening. Took my phone in its case with me. Woke up in the middle of the night. The dog lead that I store in the Jeep was inside on a chair in the living area. My phone case was in the house while the phone was by itself in the Jeep.

I didn't use my phone when I was in the Jeep.

Saturday 18th April, 2020

My reading glasses frame is cracked. They were fine the last I used them.

Monday 20th April, 2020

Opened up my peanut butter jar. Jam from the fridge had been added to the peanut butter, mixed into it. Probably done a few days ago as its been a week or so since I used it.

Wednesday 8th May, 2020

Late afternoon I was going out for food. I'd locked the Jeep up the night before. When I saw the Jeep, the passenger side front door was ajar.

Monday 18th May, 2020

Ordered a pizza for pick up. When I got back the front lights were on, lights I do not use. Someone opened the front door and turned on the lights while I was out.

Thursday, 15th October, 2020

On Sunday the 27th of September I took my last clozapine dose. The side effects of clozapine were significantly negative and impacting negatively upon me. I didn't realize how much until after a few days off it. It was like someone turned on a light. For fifteen years I'd endured relentless attacks upon me, every day for the last ten of those years. I never had a chance to heal. My response to stress is to shut down, and I'd been shut down for those fifteen years. I'd been like this from before I purchased my property. There were years of dirt and filth in my house, the yard was a mess and every day after work I'd sit and watch TV or play on the computer, unable to motivate to do anything else. While on clozapine it was like I was on pause – the attacks had (mostly) stopped but I still spent most of my days in front of the TV, unable to move. I didn't understand this until I came off the clozapine.

The withdrawal from clozapine was not easy; there was diarrhoea and stomach cramps a few days after coming off it for about two weeks. Things in that department improved gradually every day. For those two weeks I felt uncomfortable in my skin. Walking the dog helped as did going for long drives, and this improved with the improvement in my gastro. But it was worth it. I'd not been in such a mental state since before 2003, before the assassination attempts began. On clozapine I was sleeping 10-12 hours and groggy till mid afternoon. Now I was sleeping 6-7 hours, getting up with the sun. I could remember my dreams. I was getting lots of exercise and restricting my food intake. The weight started coming off. And most importantly I began doing things around the house and property. I began wanting to do things, first time since I became a property owner.

On Wednesday the 7th of October I received a text message from the heart center for a stress echo on the 9th. I'd not been told of this and just assumed it was a follow up to the appointment I had in early September. When I arrived for the appointment I was asked for paperwork I didn't have and after a call to mental health there was no appointment. Somebody made an unnecessary appointment for me. That night the sleep deprivation attacks resumed.

I'd experienced sporadic sleep attacks since the early 2010's, however for the two years pre-clozapine I was subjected to these attacks every night. Regardless of when I went to bed, exactly four hours later I'd be instantly forced awake, full waking metabolism from deep REM sleep, unable to go back to sleep. My internal clock is not that accurate, and nobody can instantly go from REM sleep to fully awake without assistance. If I tried to sleep during the day I'd be forced awake as soon as I started to nod off. A handful of times when nodding off at night I'd be bounced back to consciousness a few times before being allowed to sleep for the four hours. After well over a year of these attacks yelling out my back door about how I didn't deserve it seemed to be a sane response.

At the hospital I was put on an injectable anti psychotic. The first night there, before any drugs were administered I slept for six hours straight, the first time I'd done that in over a year. When released the attacks resumed. A few months later as a result of the stress of sleep deprivation I was readmitted to hospital and put on clozapine. The attacks ceased.

When the attacks resumed last weekend I at first assumed it was withdrawal effects. I'd sleep for a few hours then would gently wake up with a high metabolism and some sweating, then nod off for an hour or two before sun-up. Then earlier this week I couldn't get back to sleep so I just lay in bed for a few hours before the sun rose then got up and got on with my day. I began to suffer sleep deprivation effects but I assumed the waking up in the middle of the night would pass with the withdrawal symptoms. I began to suspect early this week that the waking was not natural and on Tuesday night my suspicions were confirmed. Three & a half hours after going to bed I was woken, full waking metabolism, unable to go back to sleep. It wasn't as jarring as the attacks two years ago, but it was irresistible.

I spent Wednesday cleaning my house. I cleaned up the bedroom, the bathroom and the back end of the house while I did multiple loads of laundry, 6-7 hours work for years of neglect. I wanted to do it, first time in over 17 years I've been in such a good mental state. I stayed up that evening and watched a movie till about 11 pm. Then I went to bed.

At 1:09 am I was still awake. Whenever I started nodding off within those two hours I was bounced back to consciousness and my metabolism was raised to the point of sweating. In response I got out of the bed and lay down on the floor at the foot of the bed. I was testing the directionality of the attack, whether it was line-of-sight or some device within my house. My metabolism slowed but it took me quite some time to nod off.

I was woken at 3:00 am after less than an hour's sleep. I went to the couch and lay down to try and go back to sleep, again testing the attack's directionality. Again it took me some time to nod off. At 5:00 am I was woken, full waking metabolism after another less-than-an-hour sleep. I've been awake since.

So what can I conclude? I'm still being watched close enough in my own house that the watchers knew when I'd gone off clozapine. The fake heart appointment made at most a week and a half after was a wink and a nod to me that indicated when the sleep deprivation attacks would recommence, something to terrorize me in hindsight. Those responsible want me on clozapine and are trying to break me before the clozapine clinic next week to see me put back on it.

So why is this happening? These things have been going on in one form or another my entire life. I possess only one thing of equivalent value to the effort expended against me, and that is my understanding of the nature of existence. I'm God, just like everyone and everything else. God is a property of existence. This understanding was forced from me in mid-1999 with tainted cannabis, a taint that forced my gnosis & for which I would pay a lot of money to try again, on my terms. I can conclude that I possess a genetic propensity to understand these things and that this propensity was known from before the time of my birth. The actions taken against me across my life were to prevent me from accessing and using my own genetic inheritance to its full capacity.

Quite a few people insinuated to me during the events over fifteen years that I'm some sort of pedophile sex predator and that is why all these events from 2003 have been happening. If there were any truth to this I would be dead now, for many years. I would have taken my own life - "oh no! Everyone knows!!". To do such things I would be weak, pathetic, and the first two workplace bullying incidences would have sent me running for the hills in 2004. I believe this lie was used to coerce many people to join in the pile on against me over the fifteen years and beyond.

So who's responsible? Karen, my ex, hinted this to me in 2013 in an email, prior to returning to Australia, that she was going to see 'her majesty'. I replied to give her my best. During an interview for a job in early 2016 the interviewer while demonstrating the company's apps kept referring to one user in the UK as 'Bessie' and looking at me knowingly. At the end of the interview he gave me a limp half handshake.

A royal program to circumvent human rights and take out anyone despicable that cannot be dealt with in the legal system, employing regular people in all walks of life to coordinate gang stalking terror activities. A program providing access to non-lethal weapons to regular people in use against the target. A program to take out anyone, for any reason, by telling a few well placed lies.

So what's my threat? I'm not clear on this. As we are all God, the royal family is a false hierarchy with little to no value, a hierarchy that has been dedicated to preserving itself at all expense. And

they no longer diddle cousins to try and isolate Christ genetics. But they used to, for centuries. So I can conclude that there is something fundamentally 'royal' about me, a potential that is coveted by royal families enough to justify historic inbreeding and a modern threat to these false hierarchies. What that something is I'm uncertain. But I am certain that it does not involve ruling over people.

But I can speculate. At an educated guess I would say that this involves the evolution of the species. All life forms, even the most simple, have the potential to evolve. Evolution occurs in response to environmental stresses and random mutations. My understanding of the nature of existence leads me to understand that internal stresses can also contribute to evolution and that these stresses can be instinctively and consciously directed. A male bird that instinctively desires a longer tongue to reach the nectar in a flower, influencing, mutating, programming his sperm to ensure his offspring have that tongue. This is a function of higher animals, at a primitive instinctual level. Most people do not know how to access this primitive level. They are disconnected from their own natures, living in their frontal lobes, never being able to access their primitive selves. My intuitive understanding is that humans have the potential to consciously direct their own evolution by connecting with their primitive selves for the benefit of their offspring. This occurs through the male of the species as women are born with all their eggs.

This speculation is insufficient to explain the concerted effort expended across my entire life to limit and control me, directed by those in the highest positions of power. Directed evolution would be available to everyone, not just me. I am certain however that such potential (and my potential) cannot be reached while on clozapine.

So what now? I'm suffering the effects of severe sleep deprivation and I expect tonight to be little different. My intent was to go several months without clozapine to demonstrate that I don't need it, that I never needed it, but that will be very hard to do given the continued use of torture technology against me. Depriving me of this much sleep for an extended period of time has the very real danger of killing me. So I've been spending my day doing more chores and walking the dog. I will see what tonight brings.

Its now 10:45 pm. All day my head has been buzzing with what I assumed was the result of the sleep deprivation. I'd experienced this last night too as part of the attack and to a lesser extent since earlier this week. I tried to go to bed around 8:30 but after a half hour and after a couple of metabolism bumps I was more awake than when I went to bed, very unusual as I normally go out within minutes of hitting the pillow with the exception of last night. I decided to take the Jeep out with my dog to see if there were any changes to this when I got away from the property. There were not. Whatever this buzzing is it is making sleep an impossibility. My own body is being used against me. I'm certain based on past and current experience that this is technologically based but I have no understanding of it and no defence against it. Should it continue I do not expect to be able to sleep at all tonight.

Friday 16th October, 2020

8:00 am

I was able to sleep last night. I had 2 ½ to 3 hours of straight sleep and was able to doze for the hours before sunrise. I feel much better than yesterday and the buzzing in my head is much reduced. Almost normal. I believe I can credit this with my use of cannabis tailings from vapourizing. These tailings are easily over a year old, maybe two. I had 3 cones before going to bed. Still psychoactive enough to have a medicinal effect.

12:50 pm

Even after everything that's happened I still questioned myself this morning, whether I'm imagining it or getting it wrong. Around midday the buzzing was gone. I thought I'd see if I could have a sleep. I even thought that the cones I had last night had an effect, so after lunch I had a couple to be sure then laid down. Within minutes, before I'd even begun to drop off the buzzing began again. There is no way to sleep with it. It is still going strong.

Whatever is causing this was used against me all night and all day yesterday, ensuring I could not sleep during the day and keeping me fully awake. It was turned off around midnight. I was allowed to have a little bit of sleep with little interference before I got up this morning. I'm being monitored somehow, enough that it is known or detected when I lie down on my bed in the early afternoon with the curtains closed. This is the sort of thing I experienced for years, and still I questioned it all this morning.

Buzzing implies noise and vibration which isn't quite right. It is more a pressure, a force that envelopes the head around the brain. While it is on it makes sleep impossible. If it was used before to wake me then it was done with a short burst while I was deeply sleeping, which would explain the jarring nature of the sleep attacks over the two years. It is qualitatively different this time. When I'm woken now it is far more gentle, feeling almost natural, yet I'm still being forced from deep sleep to consciousness after far too little sleep.

Yet again, I'm being deliberately sleep deprived. This time the deprivation is more severe. Based on how differently my sleep is being interfered with each night over the last few nights I'd be inclined to believe it was mental illness, had I not for two years been woken up every night, night after night, after exactly four hours sleep in exactly the same way. And all those other things over the span of my life.

But it is being crafted to look like mental illness. Those responsible really want me either on clozapine, broken and crazy, or dead.

Saturday 17th October, 2020

6:00 am

I took a small amount of clozapine at 8:15 pm. I went to bed shortly after 9:00 pm when I felt the effects kicking in and fell asleep almost immediately. I was forced to consciousness at 2:50 am while deeply dreaming. I could still feel the heavy sedative effects of clozapine and the sleep deprivation and as a consequence I began drifting off, a couple of times. Each time I was forced awake before I could completely go under.

Five & a half hours is better than three (a 'reward' for taking clozapine perhaps?) but it is still not enough. When in hospital the attacks ceased, both before I was put on any drugs and before I was put on clozapine. I wanted to see if taking clozapine again would have any effect, just to be sure. It does not.

I've not done anything to deserve being treated this way. My privacy is being violated. I am not safe in my own home. My sleep is being raped, my conscious state is being measured and controlled. I can't even lie down on my bed without it being known or detected. These crimes have been going on for years. I am unable to protect myself. The events from 2003 through 2018 collectively combined to ruin my life, and still it continues.

I don't know what to do.

Sunday 18th October, 2020

4:15 am

Yesterday I posted this document on the internet, the digital equivalent of yelling out my back door. This evening I've not been able to sleep, at all, in spite of the severe sleep deprivation. For about an hour I was close but kept being pushed back to consciousness. Before and since the intensity of the buzzing has made sleep an impossibility for me. Punishment for yelling about it on the internet no doubt. I have no intention of stopping, whatever happens.

7:50 am

I was farmed. Malignant narcissism was meant to be my cage. The farmers tried to breed me at the age of 17. When that failed they tried to kill me, all before the age of 21.

It has taken me decades to be able to make sense of my past. I'd worked through my life at the time, overcame the challenges, learned lessons and moved on all without any understanding of what had been done to me. Only after everything that has happened since have I in hindsight been able to come to an understanding.

My adopted mother was chosen for me. A few years ago I did a cursory research of narcissism and apparently when the parent of the opposite sex is a narcissist then the child will almost certainly become one too. And up to a month before my fourteenth birthday I was well on my way to becoming just another statistic.

I mentioned in a previous entry about connecting with the primitive self. Engaging in hyperbole, a narcissist cannot enter the Kingdom of God. They are disconnected from their natures, existing in their frontal lobes, maintaining a hollow shell at all expense, far more concerned about the opinions of strangers than those closest to them who exist only to serve them. Never changing and strongly resisting all change that doesn't support the hollow shell. I was taught to predate those closest to me with weak, petty nastiness to make myself feel better about myself and to use Christianity to self-justify. And at the age of 13 years 11 months that is exactly the person I was becoming. I wasn't going to change for anyone or anything. My life was over before it began, and it would have been a worse life than the one I have lived.

This was the cage in which I was supposed to exist.

At the end of March break in 1983 I was in the car with the family on the way to church. During the break I was at a Christian music camp and we'd done a performance the night before. I was feeling a bit spiritual about it as we approached the town of Bloomfield. Without any warning I heard a voice in my head, the only time in my life when I've done so. Two words – “youth pastor”. I took it to be the voice of God telling me to become a youth pastor. I was terrified. I had already decided that I wanted to become a scientist (I now have a degree in Chemical Engineering) and I had neither the skills nor the will to become a youth pastor. But it was God, and I'd learned in Sunday school that when God calls you'd better listen. So I silently agreed.

In the pursuit of this I did a few things right, a few things wrong and backwards. But I did one thing of most importance – I changed how I used my brain. I learned objectivity, seeing through the eyes of others. I taught myself to look at situations from multiple vantage points and as a consequence learned to control how I felt about things. I stopped treating others as objects. I developed my empathy. I learned control of anger and jealousy. I learned how to forgive.

I recall about 3 ½ years after commencing this change walking around the school and realizing for

the first time that my mind had been freed. I compared my current state to my first year of high school when I had begun the dismantling and reconstruction of my mind. Back then it was always spinning still trying to maintain that hollow shell. My mind had become far more calm and without a complete understanding of what I had accomplished I could tell I had undone the worst of the damage caused by my maternal influence. No doctors, no instructors, just an intuitive sense of the work that was required based on Christian values.

As a consequence of this work I learned to trust my judgement, which was bad news for my Christian beliefs. I began to move away from Christianity, taking things slowly and cautiously at first to avoid pissing off God and getting thrown in the Lake of Fire for eternity. Around that time I became reasonably certain that God did not want me to become a youth pastor so I resumed my direction to become a scientist.

In October of 1986 I went to my last Christian camp. I mentioned to some people that I wasn't coming back. A few weeks later my youth pastor Bernie Prinzen was giving me a lift somewhere and in the car was a woman, Bonnie, and a young girl Wendy. I was introduced and in short order Wendy and I became a couple.

Bonnie was Wendy's best friend. Wendy's home life wasn't great and she used to stay over at Bonnie's often.

I understood what a Oedipal complex was and that it was a source of attraction towards Wendy. She was exhausting. Just like mom, only with more energy and focus. I recall trying to get her to see things differently and failing utterly. Near Christmas she organized a meeting for me with her pastor, John Visser. She raved about him, how he was so good at getting to the core of things. So I agreed to the meeting. When I arrived John was cold. He wasn't overtly rude but everything about his demeanour said 'get the fuck out'. He said almost nothing at all to me, no questions were asked. I waffled for a bit about God & Jesus but never saw the man Wendy had described. When she asked me how it went I said 'ok'; who was I to question the methods of a pastor?

Early in the new year I was reaching the end of my tolerance for the relationship. Out of the blue Wendy broke up with me. Problem solved. A few weeks later she wanted to speak with me. The conversation took over two hours but the gist was that she had broken up with me to see what a breakup was like, and now that was over we could get back together.

I helped her understand what a true breakup was like. From the look on her face it was new to her.

Later on in the spring I was speaking to Bernie and he sheepishly apologized to me. He told me that at a meeting of local pastors John and Bonnie asked him if he knew of anyone who could be a boyfriend for Wendy. Leading questions were asked leading him to suggest me.

This was the attempt to breed me. A young woman fundamentally attractive to me, irresistible to me had I not changed my way of thinking and being. Locked in a cage of narcissism, picking and tormenting each other and damaging any offspring in a like manner.

Livestock control.

10:00 am

Without going into much detail I was assigned handlers while still in high school, late in year eleven and early year twelve. My first year of university was very nearly my last. I went from winning chemistry awards and helping to teach the chemistry classes to on probation. Maths I had mastered in high school were beyond me and I no longer enjoyed the work as I had in high school. I

started my first work term in the summer and shortly after my girlfriend broke up with me sending me into a depression spiral.

Back at school that fall it was terrible. The depression got worse and worse and the skills I had developed to change my perspective were all but useless against it. My anger at how the relationship had ended was the only thing that kept me going, but it consumed as much as it provided. I denied its existence for months. I went to get help at an on-campus center but was treated as John Visser had treated me a few years prior. The last exam of the term I knew I failed, answering about a third and maybe getting a quarter right. I was sure I'd failed out. Before Christmas I came to the understanding that I needed to forgive my ex so I called & told her so.

When one forgives it is supposed to be a load off. Forgiving my ex nearly ended me. I'd been burning myself with the anger for energy and without it I crashed. It was the subjectively the worst time of my life. The bell curve saved me as everyone failed but I knew I couldn't go back to school like this.

I'd planned on taking a year off and going to Australia (I'm Canadian) with one of these handlers. He had introduced me to alcohol in the last year of high school. He told me that a rumour was going around that I was an alcoholic. No truth at all to it. He then accused me of alcoholism. I challenged it and he passively-aggressively backed down. Then he backed out of the trip. I knew I needed a change so I resolved to go by myself. Then another handler said that the first was saying he wasn't going with me because I was an alcoholic. I still valued the friendship so I thought that I could easily prove I was not by going alone. Later the first told me a story about being stood up for a ride home and that he had to drive home drunk. I came to his defence and did not see the blatant hypocrisy for decades. He shook his head and walked away.

At the time I assumed he was feeling guilt about backing out. He was feeling frustration at not being able to provoke me. Had I not forgiven my ex he may very well have succeeded leaving me mentally incapable to take the trip.

More strange things happened prior to going to Australia, the details of which I won't get into. In hindsight I believe my IQ drop and depression were planned events, induced with pharmaceuticals I did not knowingly take. It very nearly destroyed me.

The trip to Australia sorted me out. I got over the depression, dropped a bunch of weight and got super fit in the gym while travelling around the country. I got over it, overcame it, put it behind me and got on with my life.

For years I had fear that the depression would return. After all that has happened to me I am now certain that it will never return. In spite of all that has happened to me since I have never been that depressed again.

This was the first attempt to destroy me. It has not been the last. I am currently dealing with the latest attempt.