

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 28<sup>th</sup> 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 7<sup>th</sup> April, 2020***

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

### ***Friday 10<sup>th</sup> 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 18<sup>th</sup> April, 2020***

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

### ***Monday 20<sup>th</sup> 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 8<sup>th</sup> 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 18<sup>th</sup> 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, 15<sup>th</sup> October, 2020**

On Sunday the 27<sup>th</sup> 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 7<sup>th</sup> of October I received a text message from the heart center for a stress echo on the 9<sup>th</sup>. 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 16<sup>th</sup> 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 17<sup>th</sup> 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 18<sup>th</sup> 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.

## **10:55 pm**

I tried going to bed at 9:00 pm. As soon as I lay down I could immediately feel my metabolism creeping up. I got up, got the dog and drove to the end of Scenic Road. I parked the Jeep, reclined, and tried to go to sleep.

First my metabolism increased a bit. Then it slowed and I started to get close to drifting off. But whenever I did my consciousness was forced up. This went on for about ½ an hour. Then my



metabolism increased to the point of sweating and stayed there. I went for a drive to check if distance could affect it. It did not. I've come back to the house and have taken a small amount of clozapine. I've already demonstrated that it does not stop the attacks as would be expected if this was a mental illness but I am hoping the sedative effect will be of assistance.

The regularity of the attacks over the two years caused me to make assumptions. I assumed there must be some sort of device operating to cause the physical effects. As it was only experienced after four hour's sleep for a short period of time (and used to bounce my consciousness if I drifted off after) it was a reasonable guess. It was only used to stop me from going to sleep a handful of times having my consciousness bounced as I tried to drift off. I had no way of validating this assumption. No such devices were ever found.

I'm on day two of zero sleep and the effects are set to the on position. Whatever, however this is working, I've now been able to see that the physical effects are being caused by something within my body and not an external device. The buzzing, the metabolism bumps, the consciousness bumps, all related. I'm guessing nanotech, something that gets in and interfaces with the body, a virtual collar of control. Control appears to be both automated and manual – as soon as I've laid down over the last couple of days the effects immediately begin on their own, no external monitoring required. If I start to get close to dozing in front of the TV the effects begin. External control turns it on and off and the nanotech appears to be programmable and autonomous, triggered by conscious state and perhaps even position.

## ***Monday 19<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **6:15 am**

I went to bed at midnight. Went out like a light, as is normal for me. Woken at exactly 4:00 am from deep dreaming sleep, forced to consciousness, which is abnormal and unnatural for me without interference. I tried going to the back bedroom to try for more sleep but was unable to do so.

The internal nature of the sleep deprivation attacks is reminiscent of another type of attack that I experienced from early 2014 through early 2017. I refer to it as gut rape. It centred around the area just below my ribs on the right hand side. It cannot be described as pain, it was much worse. The attacks varied in intensity, one time so severe for an extended period I snapped the head off someone for whistling off key. It was also used to keep me awake all night on the first Sunday of 2016 prior to the first day back at work from the Christmas holidays. It was mostly used at low intensity while I was at work or walking around Brisbane, providing stress and making me uncomfortable while I coded. These attacks ended when the sleep deprivation attacks caused me to give up in early 2017.

The gut rape began when the years of gang stalking I had experienced were becoming less effective against me. When it first began the gang stalkers walked by me, tapping that area of the gut, letting me know it was being done to me deliberately. I had no defence against it. I tried wrapping a radio frequency opacity fabric around me to try and block any RF frequencies that may have been activating it, without success. The only relief was to apply pressure to the area. I did so with a weight belt and jamming that area against the desk while I worked.

I'm wondering if the gut rape and sleep rape are two sides of the same coin.

### **6:30 pm**

I was able to go for a long dog walk, the shops for some groceries then spent late morning & early afternoon cutting the lawn that desperately needed it. Around 4:00 pm I went to my bed to lie down.

I wasn't trying to go to sleep, just resting. No interference for two hours, then at 6:00 pm my metabolism was bumped for a few seconds. I lay for another 20 minutes while my metabolism slowed with no repetition. I feel the effects of the sleep deprivation.

## ***Tuesday 20<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **7:30 am**

I went to bed around 10:20 pm. At 11:37 pm I was forced to consciousness as I was dropping off. I got up and took a small amount of clozapine. I did sleep and I did have dreams, but I have the sense I did not have a good, normal, deep sleep. I could not get out of bed until a few minutes ago. It is as if my REM sleep was interrupted without fully waking me. I feel worse than yesterday.

The attacks are all over the place compared with their regularity two years ago. As I said earlier, I'd believe this to be mental illness if I had nothing with which to compare them. Exactly four hours a night (just like yesterday) for two years. The only exceptions when I had good sleeps were when I was admitted to hospital twice, the first before any drugs were administered and the second before I was put on clozapine. And then there is the spate of break-ins earlier this year while I was still on clozapine as detailed earlier in this document. If this was mental illness I would expect the gut rape and gang stalking to 'resume' as has the sleep deprivation. They have not. I cannot discount these things. It would be easier if I could.

### **2:30 pm**

In mid-2007 I was working for the Australian Department of Defence from home, from the start of 2006. I'd spent over a year online writing about my understanding of the nature of existence in defence of myself. I was still reeling from the two separate consecutive workplace bullying incidences which had occurred in Sydney and Brisbane and I had been experiencing sporadic gang stalking incidences for about three years. With only a fraction of understanding what was happening to me I reasoned that these events were being coordinated at a high level and that my contract with the DoD was made in order to measure me and understand why the measures taken against me had not succeeded in breaking me.

I was winding up my defence in May of 2007. I had a few other points to make to complete my arguments but then I'd be finished. I knew I had made some good points over the year but even with only a fraction of understanding about what was going on I knew it was insufficient to defend me. I was preparing to lose. There was one point I had to make about the nature of sexuality and how negative beliefs about sexuality could be disposed of. This is the argument I made:

### **[The Christianity Equation](#)**

When I made the argument I saw it only in terms of sexuality. I had it for about three weeks before publishing it and did not see it. Two days after publishing I saw it, all of it, and immediately had a breakdown. For two hours I could not stop shaking. I had been expecting to lose. I was not prepared to win. What years of abuse could not do, God did to me inadvertently as a side effect of assisting me.

Christians are supposed to cherry pick their beliefs. Their God says so, but that is not what is taught. As a Christian I was taught that the Bible was immutably perfect and no one was capable of questioning it, that cherry picking was wrong.

And this cherry picking is essentially what I did in training to become a youth pastor. It was not my beliefs that saved me, it was using those beliefs as a tool of personal transformation which did. And

as with all such tools, when they are no longer useful they should be discarded.

As a consequence of the breakdown I had PTSD for several years, during which I endured the gang stalking once returning to the city for work. The gang stalking redoubled and redoubled again. Every day, many times a day. Instead of ending the abuse the publishing of The Christianity Equation only pissed off those responsible.

## ***Wednesday 21<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **6:00 am**

Again, I have been kept up all night. I took a small amount of clozapine and went to bed at 11:00pm. The attacks began at exactly midnight and continued throughout the night. Many times I began to drift off over the course of the night. Each and every time I was forced back to consciousness before I could go under completely.

I'm being tortured with sleep deprivation. I can only speculate how this is being done based on the effects I experience. The long and short is I don't know how. This time it is being mixed up, different each night. Clozapine has no effect. This is not mental illness. This is happening because of my genetic inheritance. I have been declared an illegal biological entity, my life has been stripped away and those responsible are intent on seeing me neutralized, either dead, broken and crazy or drugged to the gills. I am the victim of terrible crimes that would break most people. These crimes have occurred across my entire life. I am not able to defend myself. Please, if you are reading this, tell as many people as you can about this document. My life depends upon it.

Back around 2007 I was wondering if I had brought this upon myself for speaking to others about my gnosis and my understanding. When my gnosis was forced upon me it was amazing. And it was subjective. And I was rather stoned at the time. I may not be winning Scientist of the Year any time soon but I know the value of objectivity, both from my training as a scientist and my training to become a youth pastor. Had I fully believed my understanding I'd have kept my mouth shut about it. But I didn't fully believe it, so after the first year of trying to understand what it all meant I began talking with friends and colleagues about it in an effort to challenge it, to find the truth about it, to understand it.

After all that has happened I no longer consider this valid. These things or like things would have been done to me regardless of whether I spoke to others about my gnosis or not. I was never going to be let off the leash. My gnosis was forced to provide those responsible with blood sport.

### **7:45 am**

The purpose of existence is to know yourself. Prior to the big bang, all was God. God was everywhere and everything. As a consequence there was no position of objectivity for God to understand what God is. So a void was created and fractal shards of God were cast into it. These shards formed all matter and energy and have evolved for billions of years. The function of the universe is to provide an objective platform for God to attain an understanding of oneself.

This is what I saw when my gnosis was forced.

## ***Thursday 22<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **5:30 am**

I went to bed at 8:30 pm. Within minutes my metabolism was raised to the point of sweating making sleep impossible. This lasted for at least two hours, the metabolism bump fully on. After

that I was allowed to sleep lightly. I recall my dreams and the feeling I was being kept from deep sleep. At exactly 4:00 am my metabolism was again raised beyond the point of sleeplessness and kept there.

Each night the attacks are taking different forms. Sometimes I'm allowed a little sleep, others I'm kept up all night. It is as if I am being constantly monitored. I now have a theory about this.

A device that can see through walls. These devices exist, using microwave radiation to do so. Connected to the internet, allowing people from around the world to log in and assist in the monitoring. Sleep torture technology also connected to the internet allowing said users to torment me with impunity.

It may very well have the ability to be automated (four hours a night every night) but I have the sense that it is now being used manually. It would explain how it was known so quickly that I'd come off the clozapine, when I lie down on my bed and when I begin to fall asleep. When I came off the clozapine I naively assumed that the attacks were over, that I was no longer being closely monitored after two years on clozapine. There may have been some truth to this as I had quite a few days of excellent sleep before the attacks resumed.

## **2:55 pm**

I lay down around noon expecting that I would not be allowed to sleep. Three times I started to go under, and each time I was bumped back to full consciousness. The lack of sleep is making me feel quite ill. The energy and drive I had over a week ago has been all but neutralized.

## ***Friday 23<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **7:20 am**

I went to bed around 9:30 pm. Again, within minutes my metabolism was raised to the point of sweating and kept there. Several times it dropped slightly and I was able to sleep very lightly but every time I was bounced to full consciousness. This went on until 1:00 am. I got up and went to the back bedroom but was unable to sleep as my metabolism was on full throttle. I must have dozed after a couple of hours as I roused around 3:30 am with my metabolism at a normal level. I felt chilly for the first time in the night. I lay for about an hour but was unable to resume sleep. I went back to my bed at 4:38 am and cuddled my dog for warmth until now.

Back in late July of 2013 I had been woken and I went online around 2:30 am, searching for any information about sleep deprivation weapons. It wasn't happening every night as it is now (and as it was from late 2016 thru 2018) but I had already been subjected to several nights of interrupted sleep. Back then the quality of the forced waking was different. It felt as if I was being vibrated awake, at about 20 Hz. Very unnatural and quite different from the metabolism control to which I've been subjected over these last four years. I didn't find much about it, something about LIDAR weapons, but I did find something of importance; it was the first time I'd heard of the phrase 'gang stalking'.

I'd been experiencing it for years and didn't know there was such a thing. I thought the hell I was going through was only mine, to do only with the only thing I possess of equivalent value to the effort expended against me. I looked for testimonies from gang stalking victims but was disappointed to find only ramblings from people with obvious mental illness.

Gang stalking minimizes you. Makes you ineffectual. Limits your opportunities. Keeps you spinning in your frontal lobes, trying to make sense of nonsensical actions. I'm sure many of the perps see it as a lark, some innocent fun to mess with the mind of a stranger or vengeance for some crimes, real or not, by the victim. But gang stalking is damaging. It is a crime. Those who are

victims and have kept their wits would in all probability not be able to document their experiences for the benefit of others out of fear of being accused of mental illness.

I no longer fear this.

I also found an online shop for gang stalking paraphernalia while performing that search. A couple of weeks prior to my search one of my workmates was wearing a purple ribbon. I asked him what it was about and he wouldn't say, but he did say it was something of which his wife approved. In the online shop they sold purple ribbons, representing gang stalking.

## ***Saturday 24<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **6:50 am**

I started to drift off in front of the TV in the early evening. Was bounced to full consciousness before I could drift off. I went to bed at 9:47 pm. Out like a light. Woken up at 11:47 pm, exactly two hours, metabolism on full. It dropped a bit then was bounced to full again before midnight before I could begin to drop off. I reasoned I was going to have to deal with this for the rest of the night, so I got in the Jeep and drove to the end of the road to see if I could sleep. After about an hour I was able to doze but each time I drifted off I was bounced to consciousness. The metabolism increase was missing, it was a pressure that interrupted my ability for normal sleep, increasing when I started to doze. It was not as harsh as dealing with a manipulated metabolism but was still most effective at preventing good sleep. I got back to the house at 2:45 am and tried to sleep. Again I dozed and that pressure was used to stop me from going completely under. At around 5:00 am my metabolism was bumped again.

## ***Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **2:00 pm**

I believe I may have discovered a countermeasure. I went to bed shortly after 10:00 pm and after 25 minutes experienced the first metabolism bump. The second was at 11:00 pm. Both times occurred just after I started to drift off. I went to my living area and retrieved a box I had lined with tin foil, a previous attempt at countermeasures when I was experiencing the attacks after four hours a night for two years. I put the pillow in the box, put my head on the pillow and went to sleep.

Around 3:00 am I could tell that whatever is causing this was attempting to raise my metabolism. This happened several times while I slept, but was unsuccessful in doing so to the extent of fully waking me. I could feel that I had had a deep sleep. It felt almost like I'd had too much sleep, a grogginess and wobbliness and an inability to focus once I was awake. I got up around 5:00 am, used the facilities and went back to bed. I was able to sleep until around 9:00 am, still groggy and wobbly, no doubt my body and mind recovering from severe sleep deprivation. Again my metabolism was interfered with several times but I was able to stay under. Those groggy feelings lasted until about an hour ago.

I've reinforced the tin foil and will see what happens this evening, whether it is having an effect or if I'm being led to believe it has an effect. If so it would appear that the attacks are electromagnetic in nature as I've suspected for years. I also suspect this is in two parts, the signal causing something within me to stimulate my metabolism and cause that feeling of pressure as my dog does not seem to be affected.

So now I'm wearing a tin foil hat. That doesn't do much for my assertions that this is not mental illness however if I can get consecutive good sleeps I care little.

## ***Monday 26<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **9:00 am**

As I suspected, it was a ruse. I went to bed at 9:15 pm and experienced metabolism bumps until 1:00 am. I had very little sleep. After that my metabolism was put on full and kept there for an hour or so. After that whenever I began to drift off my metabolism was bumped to full. This happened many times. After daylight it was just the pressure which would increase as I attempted to drift off, no metabolism bumps. I have effectively been kept up all night.

Whenever I was being bumped to consciousness I felt a sort of soft clicking in the middle of my chest. Within seconds either my metabolism was raised, the pressure increased or both. As I said I must be monitored somehow as it is known when I go to bed and when I start to drift off based on how shortly after the attacks have occurred. This monitoring has been going on for years. I naively assumed it had stopped after being relatively left alone for the last two years. Within days of coming off the clozapine the sleep rape resumed at a more severe level. For several days it was disguised as withdrawal symptoms and not until the day before I began documenting it did I suspect it had resumed.

## ***Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **11:00 am**

Went to bed at 10:30 pm. Experienced a metabolism bump about 11:20 pm but was able to sleep shortly after. I could feel my metabolism bumped during the night but as on Saturday nite it was unable to completely wake me. I was able to sleep deeply. I woke up around 4:30 am and was able to go back under for an hour or so before 7:30 am.

As on Sunday I feel a bit wobbly. I suspect that these nights of sleep are happening to extend the torture of the sleep deprivation. I'll see tonight how things go.

## ***Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **6:00 am**

I was correct, and I experienced more proof that this is technological.

Yesterday afternoon I lay down for 4 ½ hours. I couldn't sleep but with the wobbliness I needed to rest. I was already thinking beyond my situation, considering what I would do for my future and even questioning my sanity as I'd had a relatively good sleep the night before. It was a good rest with no interference.

I went to bed at 9:45 pm. As a consequence of the rest in the afternoon I could not go to sleep, but I lay in bed continuing to think about the future. My mood was good and I was enjoying the rest.

The attack began at 11:45 pm, exactly 2 hours after going to bed and continued for the rest of the night. My metabolism was raised for 15 minutes then went back to normal. Pressure increased and stayed high for over an hour. I resolved to stay awake all night to see what happened.

During the night my metabolism was bumped a couple of times and the pressure raised and dropped. What was most of interest were the times in between. Previously I thought I had begun to drop off, dreamt a little and was then bounced to consciousness. This time I could tell I was being pulled to unconsciousness. I was still fully awake but felt that pull and was dreaming during these periods between being (attempting to be) forced to full consciousness.

As recorded at the beginning of this document I experienced at least two break ins in which both myself and my dog did not wake while people were in my house. Whatever technology is being used against me it not only has the ability to negate sleep but to induce and reinforce it as well. This inducement is being used to maximize the stress of the sleep deprivation. Based on last night I no longer think that my conscious state is being measured. The attacks are being programmed, each night a different experience laid out in advance for me, the program starting once I go to bed in the evening.

At around 4:00 am my metabolism was raised and kept there until a few minutes ago. The pressure is still high around my head. I'm going back to lie down but do not expect to be able to sleep. At all.

## **8:50 am**

I was correct again, no sleep. Metabolism was normal but the pressure increased making sleep impossible. I think that soft clicking I felt a couple of nights ago was my heart.

## ***Thursday 29<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

## **6:40 am**

Last night's attack was in stark contrast to the night before. Two nights ago it was obvious that the attack had been automated. Last night it was very manual.

I went to bed at 9:10 pm and was awake when the attack began at 9:30 pm. It started with what I can describe as brain interference. It halted my thought and ability to sleep, a kind of buzzing. I believe this is used to begin the attacks when I am sleeping in a short burst making it difficult to remember. My metabolism was raised slightly and fell back to normal in a few minutes. 20 minutes later and the same thing happened again and was repeated whenever I started to fall asleep, many times over the course of the night. I tried going to the back bedroom to see if I could get away from it. I could not. At one point I was allowed some sleep but was woken with a full body buzzing sensation. Around 4:30 am my metabolism was raised preventing further sleep. It dropped about an hour ago but as soon as I started drifting off it was raised again and did not return to normal until I got up.

Last night I was given a complete demonstration of the sleep deprivation technology being used against me. Automated and manual operation. Different modes of sleep interference. Related monitoring detecting when I go to bed and when I begin to drop off. This torture and monitoring are being done with great intent, focus and dedication. Those responsible are either being well compensated for their time or enjoy being able to torture a human being with impunity. Maybe both.

## ***Friday 30<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

## **7:10 am**

The attacks I've experienced since mid-month have been complex in nature. The one last night was very simple.

I went to bed at 9:30 pm. The attack began 20 minutes later, pressure and buzzing increasing at the front of my head making sleep difficult but not impossible. At first no other effects were used. I was able to go under for a time before midnight and again in the early hours but was woken (possibly with a metabolism bump but I'm unsure) before deep sleep could occur. At around 3:00 am my metabolism was slowly raised to sweating point just before 4:00 am. It dropped to normal before 5:00 am but with the pressure I was unable to go back to sleep. Very straight forward compared to

previous evenings.

## ***Saturday 31<sup>th</sup> October, 2020***

### **6:10 am**

Last night there was no attack. I went to bed around 9:30 pm and slept straight through until shortly after 5:00 am. Deep, normal, uninterrupted, beautiful sleep. I will see what happens tonight.

## ***Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> November, 2020***

### **8:30 am**

Another night of uninterrupted sleep. I was even able to have a nap in the late morning yesterday. It would appear that the attacks have ceased. Thank you to all who have read this document. Should there be no more such attacks this will be my last entry.

## ***Monday 2<sup>nd</sup> November, 2020***

### **5:50 am**

I went to bed at 9:22 pm. At 9:38 pm I felt a dizzy spinning sensation for a short period of time. I'd experienced this over the last couple of nights but with the good sleep neglected to comment on it. I slept lightly and had some dreams but by 1:14 am I was awake. There were none of the signs of forced waking I've previously documented but I had my suspicions as I do not wake at such hours when experiencing normal sleep.

At 1:38 am, still awake and exactly four hours after the dizzy sensation, it felt like someone turned on a heat lamp at the base of my skull. It had the same effect as the metabolism bumps yet was qualitatively different. It lasted for a short time and within 20 minutes my metabolism returned to normal. However coincidentally my dog woke up around 2:00 am, twice, panting heavily then going back to sleep in short order.

For the duration of the night whenever I started to drop off I'd experience a short, sharp, involuntary intake of breath and then I'd be awake. Again there were none of the previous signs of forced waking. This was something new. While violent in its own way it lacked the violence of the other methods of sleep deprivation. Without the context of the other sleep deprivation methods one would easily assume that it was something internal, insomnia or the like. I strongly suspect it was used in the early evening hours to prevent me from sleeping deeply without waking me fully. Used in this manner it would be undetectable.

I must have been dropping off around 5:30 am. At 5:45 am I was forced awake with a recognizable metabolism bump sleep attack.

It would appear that the criminals responsible are playing with new toys.

### **2:20 pm**

The following is an incomplete list of the various methods used by the gang stalkers over the years. Doing the math I calculate over 10,000 such incidences.

- Deliberately bumping into me. This happened innumerable times, mostly people going out of their way to shoulder check or hip check, sometimes grabbing my ass.
- Waiting along my path, deliberately standing or walking in my way as I turned corners, got



out (or into) elevators, when using the toilets, etc. Glaring, smirking as I avoiding contact and manoeuvred around them. Again, a daily occurrence for many years.

- People wearing cameras around their necks, raising them to their eye and pointing them at me as I went about my business and then lowering them without taking any pictures. This happened around 20 times in total.
- Mobbing, groups of people getting to a shop ahead of me, glaring at me, smirking and cracking jokes amongst themselves while looking at me. This happened a handful of times.
- Street theatre, 1 or more individuals setting up a scene, mimicking me or singing a song as I walked past, giving me undue attention as I did so. When the gut rape started 3 or 4 gang stalkers walked by tapping the relevant part of their mid sections. This happened quite a few times.
- People who should not have known me addressing me by my full name with no hint of friendliness. This happened a couple of times.
- Mimicry ahead of me. I was behind these people and whatever I did, turning, slowing down or speeding up they would do without looking back. An observer would have thought I was mimicking or following them. This happened twice.
  - A man was ahead of me on Queen St. next to the Commonwealth Bank as I went to work. I began to notice his mimicry, so I slowed down. Then he slowed down. Then I slowed down some more. Immediately he slowed down some more. This continued until he and I were stopped. I waited to see what he would do. He turned around and walked by me. I wished him a good day.
  - A young girl of around 14 was about 10 meters ahead of me as I walked through the Queen Street Mall after work. Whenever I'd move left or right she would do the same, staying in my 12:00 position. I manoeuvred to the right pretending I was going to go around a concrete barrier. Once she had committed I immediately turned left and headed around the other side. She immediately stopped, put her hand to her ear while looking down, turned right then left unable to figure out which way to go.
- Middle aged women asking me for change, the exact amount of change I had in my pockets. This happened twice.
- Groups or individuals of girls, boys or young women along my path. As I walked by I would deliberately turn and look around the opposite way. Middle aged to elderly people were looking directly at me, either outside, behind glass, within cars or in houses sometimes with cameras at the ready and would appear frustrated when I made them. This happened many times.
- Vehicular stalking as I walked my dogs, cars that did not belong to local residents driving up behind me and pulling in, driving slowly by me and smirking at me, turning around and driving slowly by again, once multiple times by the same vehicle as I walked around the block. This happened a few times.

On top of this I would return home after work sometimes to find my property had been broken into, sometimes property destruction such as holes cut into clothes or shoes ripped apart, glassware chipped, plants uprooted multiple times, tires partially deflated on a daily basis (once completely so), food defiled, groceries I did not buy added, sometimes nothing more than my bass guitar detuned or personal property moved from the house to the Jeep. There was an alarm on the house. Didn't matter. I had cameras installed around the perimeter. Didn't matter. I tried setting up a security camera on the bookshelf to capture anyone in the house while I was out. When I returned the camera was on the next shelf down, face down and turned off.

I'm sure there's more I do not remember, but this gives you an idea of the hell through which I was put. And it continues to this day (nearly) every night with sleep rape.

## ***Tuesday 3<sup>rd</sup> November, 2020***

### **10:00 am**

Went to bed at 9:42 pm. Fell asleep in short order and the next thing I knew it was 4:30 am. I went back to sleep and got up around 7:45 am.

## ***Wednesday 4<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:50 am**

Went to bed at 11:35 pm. At 11:57 pm as I was going under I experienced that sharp intake of breath, then I was awake. Repeated at 12:21 am, and occurred throughout the night. I was allowed a little light sleep where I dreamed a bit but from sunrise on whenever I started to go under I was woken in this same manner.

Earlier in October I tried using clozapine to see if it had any effect on the sleep deprivation. I tried it three different nights with no effect at all. Then on the night of the 30<sup>th</sup> I tried it again, expecting a hard night and using it for its sedative effect. That is when I had my first full night of uninterrupted sleep.

This was repeated the next night, and then on the night of the 1<sup>st</sup> I did not take it. This was the night I first experienced the breath intake attack. The night of the 2<sup>nd</sup> I took another small dose and slept through the night. Last night I pretended to take a small dose and the attacks began shortly after going to bed.

I'm being monitored close enough that faking taking a dose isn't effective. I already demonstrated that clozapine has no effect on the sleep deprivation but now the two are being correlated. Without a doubt, those responsible are attempting to make me get back on clozapine. And they're using a 'gentler' form of sleep deprivation technology to do it. The other forms of sleep deprivation and how they were being used threatened my life. It feels like an engine cold starting when the metabolism bumps occur while I'm dropping off or under. This new form of sleep deprivation isn't as harsh but it is just as effective at preventing sleep.

I will not be manipulated in this manner. I refuse to take any more clozapine. If it kills me then so be it. Those responsible can go to hell.

### **9:45 am**

The crims responsible really missed their opportunity. Even after two years of exactly four hours a night of sleep from the time I went to bed, had they played their cards differently I'd have seriously questioned my sanity. When the attacks began this time around I did not recognize them for several days. The period of sleep was random, around 3 ½ hours but varied. And I was allowed to doze uninterrupted. If this was mental illness there would be no discernible pattern. It would be different every night, as it was for the first few nights. But then as is documented patterns began to emerge. Exactly two hours before the attacks began, several nights. One night of exactly four hours, just like old times. 20 minutes after going to bed. Clozapine having no effect for three nights, then suddenly appearing to halt the sleep deprivation. It is not random. It is not imaginative. It is not natural. It is not mental illness. I was certain it was not two years ago, and while I had little choice I decided to give the medication a fair go, even though the attacks had stopped when I was admitted to hospital prior to taking any meds. Now, I'm convinced. Had the crims played their cards differently I'd have

gone back on the clozapine by choice, convinced I had mental illness in spite of the previous two years of four hours sleep a night.

As I said before, they can go to hell.

## ***Thursday 5<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **12:23 am**

As expected tonight has been hard and it is only half way thru. Went to bed at 8:45 pm, kept myself from beginning to go under to avoid whatever causes that sharp intake of breath, for about an hour. I could feel myself being pulled under but I resisted and avoided that attack. Went to sleep for a short period of time but was woken at 10:35 pm with a mild metabolism bump. And again at 10:50 pm, with a harder metabolism bump. And again at 11:05 pm. And again every 15 minutes, enough time for my metabolism to return to normal before being bumped again, and before I can begin to go back to sleep.

### **1:20 am**

At 12:55 am a pressure built up around the forehead. It has sustained since then, and it makes sleep impossible.

### **6:20 am**

The pressure eventually dropped and there were a couple of breath intake attacks but I was allowed some sleep. My sleep was broken in the early hours with a metabolism bump, and bumps were used to prevent me from going back to sleep as I began to doze off. I've been laying I bed since sunrise, feeling the sleep deprivation and unable to do anything about it.

### **7:20 am**

I tried to sleep yesterday afternoon. Before I was even aware I was drifting off I experienced the sharp intake of breath, two times, then was wide awake. This attack broke my ability to fall asleep. I lay in bed for an hour before giving up.

### **8:30 am**

Do not judge lest you be judged. For the measure you use will be measured unto you.

A favourite song the gang stalkers used against me was 'Hotel California'. This was played many times for my listening pleasure during the years gang stalking was used against me. The implication was that the torture and torment I was receiving would be eternal.

As I have documented, the inferences and hints given to me over the years is that I'm being punished for being some sort of sexual predator. There is no truth in this. If there were I'd be dead already, for many years. I was taught to be weak and pathetic in predation and if I had become that person I certainly would not be strong enough to have endured all that has happened to me. And, most importantly, had I been such a person God would not have come to my aid with the Christianity Equation.

Eternal punishment for crimes I have not committed, for being a person I am not. Negating my understanding of the nature of existence and the defence God gave to me. My career is over. My reputation in tatters, and those responsible want me seen to be insane.

What fate awaits those who have falsely judged me guilty?

What fate awaits those who would see me eternally punished and continue to punish me on a daily basis for crimes that, to my knowledge, never even happened?

## ***Friday 6<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:15 am**

Last night followed the same pattern as the night before. I went to bed at 8:37 pm and lay there for several hours, unwilling to go to sleep. I could feel the breath intake attacks happening, it felt as if my head was a bit dizzy, but as I was not going under they had little effect. At 11:14 pm the metabolism attacks started and continued to the early hours of the morning. I was allowed some sleep but was woken a couple of times with the pressure increase around my head. I was able to get back to sleep. Once dawn broke the pressure increased for a short period, breaking my sleep and making it impossible to go back to sleep.

## ***Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **2:20 am**

Tonight's attack was decidedly automated. Went to bed at 9:44 pm. Pressure built up around the crown at 10:48 pm and then again at 10:52 pm while I was still awake. I may have dropped off slightly; the next pressure attack was 11:46 pm. I was able to sleep for a time after but was woken with another pressure attack at 1:44 am, exactly four hours after going to bed. The pressure has varied since then, first appearing to stop then start up again within minutes which would have blocked me dropping off had I not been wide awake, but now is constant, preventing me from obtaining any sleep. A simple straight forward attack, starting from the time I went to bed. It was programmed, assuming the times I'd be dropping off and increasing in intensity to stop that from happening. The assumptions were wrong.

### **4:53 am**

The pressure has been kept up for the rest of the night. Around 3:00 am I began to drop off but was forced awake when the pressure increased. No further sleep allowed.

## ***Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **7:25 am**

Went to bed at 9:05 pm. First pressure attack was at 9:21 pm, a short burst. The next was at 10:48 pm, again a short burst but enough to wake me. This continued throughout the night, short bursts that woke and prevented deep sleep. At 4:27 am another burst accompanied by a mild metabolism bump woke me. I began to drift off after about an hour but another burst kept me awake. I had more continuous sleep but not quality sleep. Just a way of extending the torture I'm sure.

### **1:44 pm**

I did an experiment in the late morning. I turned off the power to the house then lay down to have a sleep. I wanted to see if the detection of my going to bed was in any way within the house, connected to the power grid. I lay there for about an hour before I began to feel myself ready to begin to drop off. That spinning sensation then happened a couple of times. As I began to lose consciousness there was a buzzing pressure sensation at the base of the skull which woke me

completely. I tried again to go under but was met with that breath intake attack, twice, the second time accompanied by a metabolism bump.

As I have previously speculated I believe the monitoring is happening externally, technology that can see through walls and measure and control conscious state through a variety of means. That dizzy sensation appears to be some sort of syncing up, the sleep deprivation device connecting to the state of my consciousness prior to the attacks beginning. If it is being operated manually then I would speculate that it is connected to the internet, people logging in and taking turns monitoring me and torturing me making the monitoring 24/7. This would explain how quickly it was known that I'd gone off the clozapine. It also appears that the attacks can be automated; exactly two hours, exactly four hours, such precision would be difficult if the device were only being operated manually. And such precision would be impossible if this was mental illness.

For those two years of exactly four hours of sleep a night every night it was difficult to analyse the attacks. I was being woken in exactly the same way every night so there was no point of difference from which to compare. It appeared that the sleep halting and the metabolism bump were one and the same. The recent attacks have been varied, exhibiting different methods of sleep deprivation and separating out those methods.

The attacks over the last few days have been significantly less violent than the attacks during the month of October (and less violent than the attacks over those two years). The previous attacks were the equivalent of being slapped in the face many times over the evening. The attacks are now just enough to have the effect of halting sleep.

## ***Monday 9<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:30 am**

Went to bed at 8:00 pm. I took an old microwave, opened it and placed it at the head, the door and the body surrounding my head in an attempt to block whatever EM is being used to invoke the attacks. I felt the spinning dizzy sensation several times, a few more times than ever before. The first attack was a breath intake, around 8:30 pm. I switched ends of the bed taking the microwave with me. As with the night before I was forced awake several times with pressure attacks. The microwave had no effect. I switched ends a couple of times to be sure. At 4:12 am I was forced awake and switched ends for the final time. Around 5:30 am I was falling asleep and was forced awake with a firm metabolism bump.

The lack of good sleep is taking its toll. I feel unwell. I'm being prevented from having a normal night of good sleep, every night.

## ***Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **10:00 am**

Went to bed at 9:40 pm. I felt the dizzy spinning sensation nine times shortly after going to bed. I lay awake for what must have been a couple of hours. At 3:10 am I was forced awake with an electric sensation all around my skull. It lasted for only a minute or so but was enough to wake me fully. At 4:18 am I was subject to a pressure attack, and for the rest of the morning whenever I began to drop off another such attack would ensue. Around 7:30 am the pressure stayed on, and has stayed on since. Due to the severe sleep deprivation I was able to lightly doze and even dream a little bit but was not far from full consciousness.

## ***Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **10:26 am**

Went to bed at 11:20 pm. I felt a couple of the dizzy sensations. First pressure attack was 20 minutes later. They continued throughout the night at around one hour intervals, preventing any quality sleep. At 3:10 am I was woken and then kept awake for the rest of the night and prevented from any sleep this morning.

## ***Thursday 12<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **8:35 am**

Went to bed at 8:33 pm. First attack was at 9:53 pm and continued throughout the night. It wasn't a pressure attack, it was a very light tingling that started with a feeling of it coming on and increased in intensity for less than a minute then dissipated. I was only allowed a little light sleep. At 3:37 am I was woken and subsequent attacks prevented me from going back to sleep.

I tried sleeping yesterday afternoon but whenever I got close to going under I'd suffer a similar attack. Again, not nearly as violent as the attacks last month yet just as effective.

## ***Friday 13<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **7:15 am**

Last night was anything but subtle. Went to bed at 8:33 pm. The pressure attack began almost immediately and stayed on. I tried to ignore it but could not. At 10:30 pm my metabolism began to raise. The power went out around 11:30 pm and came back on at 11:50 pm. During that time there was no discernible cessation of either the pressure or my metabolism. At 1:09 pm my metabolism had increased to the point of sweating and the pressure had increased to the point of pain. I assumed I was going to be kept up all night. Some time after I must have dozed and was woken with full pressure, but my metabolism had returned to normal. The pressure must have dropped after a while as I went under for a time but was forced awake at 4:43 am with full pressure and a metabolism bump and prevented from going back to sleep with that pressure. It is still on full.

## ***Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **8:15 am**

Went to bed at 6:45 pm. My metabolism was raised enough to prevent sleep and make me feel uncomfortable. I was forced awake with the tingling attack at 11:05 pm shortly after going under. I was still awake at 2:00 am, my metabolism high and I found it difficult to focus my thoughts. At 4:21 am I was forced awake with the tingling attack after a short sleep. I was allowed to sleep slightly once for a short time but was again forced awake. Subsequent times I began to fall asleep I was forced awake before I could go under.

## ***Sunday 15<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **3:10 am**

Went to bed at 9:27 pm in the back room, on the floor. The neighbour had visitors and was noisy so

I put in some earplugs after which it occurred to me that I could test to see if the attacks were in any way auditory. No metabolism bumps or pressure attacks as I lay there but I could not go to sleep right away. Around 12:30 am I had just started to go under, dreaming about taking out the earplugs when I was subject to a tingling attack. It was just enough to wake me fully. Realizing that being in the back room and the earplugs had made no difference I went back to my bed to be comfortable for the rest of the night. The next attack was at 1:09 am, before I had begun to go under. I must have gone to sleep shortly after and was forced awake with a short tingling attack at 2:51 am. At 2:54 am I was attacked again, this time with a pressure attack and metabolism bump to prevent me from going back to sleep. My metabolism is now at waking point and the pressure is still high.

I could have been woken with the metabolism bump but it would have been harsher. How kind of my torturers.

### **10:30 am**

I was awake for the rest of the night. Around 5:30 am I felt my consciousness being pulled down, three times during pressure attacks. I resisted and stayed awake.

## ***Monday 16<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **11:00 am**

Last night I decided to take a small amount of clozapine. Either I wouldn't be attacked perpetuating the lie that clozapine is necessary for me and showing how closely I was being monitored or I would be attacked which would demonstrate that the clozapine has no effect, as was demonstrated the three times in October. Either way, I'd win.

So I won. I took the clozapine at 7:30 pm, went to bed at 8:45 pm and the next thing I knew it was 4:30 am. I was still exhausted so I went back to sleep and heavily dozed until 8:30 am. Almost 12 hours of quality sleep, five to six hours more than I need on a regular basis. Somehow, some way in the 'privacy' of my own home it was known that I'd taken the clozapine. Perhaps it was detected in the same way that my conscious state is detected, I don't know.

## ***Tuesday 17<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **2:35 am**

The 'small amount of clozapine' I've been taking is 25 mg.

Last night I took that amount again at 7:30 pm, the second night in a row. I went to bed at 8:33 pm and lay awake for a short time before falling asleep, probably around 9:00 pm (9:17 pm perhaps?). At 1:47 am I was suddenly awake. I do not wake at such hours without assistance. I looked for signs of an attack and discovered I was being subjected to a pressure attack. The pressure has been maintained since.

About 4 ½ hours of uninterrupted sleep before the attack began. Three nights of 0% effectiveness, then three nights of 100% effectiveness, then one night of 100% effectiveness followed by one night of 50% effectiveness. Oh no, I must need to increase the dosage...

Finally, the sleep rape weapon is being used intelligently. My torturers are not the sharpest knives in the drawer. Had they used their sleep dep tech in a manner like this from the start they could easily have made me question my sanity. I probably would have gone back on the clozapine and titrated up by choice. So, not only is it known when/if I take clozapine but it is known how much I take. I do not expect to be able to go back to sleep this night.

## **7:40 am**

Around 5:30 am I started to drift off in spite of the pressure and had a light sleep and some dreams for about an hour but woke up at 6:40 am feeling worse than when I've been kept up most of the night.

## ***Wednesday 18<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:00 am**

I took two sleeping pills at 7:30 pm, went to bed at 8:32 pm. I took about an hour to go to sleep. I was heavily dreaming when I was again suddenly awake at 12:29 am. There was pressure and a buzzing around my head but that is not what woke me up. I lay in bed and at 1:15 am I experienced a short sub-second burst. It is difficult to describe. It felt like a reset button being pressed deep inside my head. If I had been asleep it would have woken me without me remembering it. It happened again at 1:21 am, a just-in-case I was falling back to sleep. I believe it happened a third time but I did not note the time. I was able to get a bit more light sleep before getting up a short time ago.

I believe that burst is what is used to break sleep and the pressure, buzzing and/or the metabolism bump is used to force full consciousness. It would appear that the burst is all that is now necessary to wake me fully. Last night's sleep rape felt automated, programmed as it was not responding to my conscious state.

### **8:40 am**

I took sleeping pills to test if the sedative effect is what was being measured to determine if I'd taken clozapine. Based on the similarity between the last two nights of sleep I'd say that it is. Will try again tonight to see if the results can be duplicated.

### **10:40 pm**

I took two sleeping pills at 6:30 pm and went to bed at 7:30 pm. By 9:00 pm my metabolism was up to the point of sweating. By 10:00 pm it had returned to normal. There is a mild irritation in my upper abdomen and in my ribs and I can't get comfortable or relax enough to go to sleep. There is some pressure around my head. I'm being prevented from going to sleep.

## ***Thursday 19<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **1:10 am**

That mild irritation is gone. I was able to get under a little bit around midnight for a short period of time but was woken at 12:50 am with a higher than normal metabolism and intense pressure around the head. They are preventing any sleep.

### **6:15 am**

I was allowed a light sleep some time after 2:00 am. Forced awake around 4:30 am and prevented from falling asleep after. The effect of the sleeping pills was totally neutralized.



## ***Friday 20<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:10 am**

I rented a room yesterday. Back when I was experiencing the four-hours-a-night-every-night sleeps I had no resources, no money, so I could not get away from it. I wanted to see if getting away from the house would prevent the attacks.

I took half a sleeping pill and went to bed at 7:30 pm. At 8:55 pm while I was going under I experienced what might have been an attack, but I am unsure. When at my house the attacks are definitively obvious. This was not. I cannot say for sure if it was an attack. It lasted for less than a second, but not the burst I've previously experienced. The air conditioner was on, there was noise in the background, it might have been imagined. It did wake me fully but I was able to go back to sleep in short order.

I woke at 3:30 am. While not normal for me to wake up that early the way I woke was entirely natural. I went from dreaming to slowly waking until conscious. I was able to doze until 5:00 am when I got up, showered and went back to my house. Being away from familiar surroundings could explain the early rise however 5 ½ to 6 hours of uninterrupted sleep is the perfect amount of sleep for me.

I had hoped to have a clean full night's sleep, and I did. No clozapine required. It is not a viable long term solution however I have demonstrated that I am perfectly capable of sleeping well unaided and that the technology used to destroy my sleep patterns is localized to the area around my property.

### **2:06 pm**

Still tired, I lay down around 1:40 pm. I started to drift off right away. Within minutes the attack began, the buzzing pressure that breaks sleep and forces me to consciousness. I am now wide awake.

As before, I am prevented from sleeping during the day and only allowed to sleep at my house during the evening, only now it is in the wee hours of morning. Somehow my conscious state is being detected. Or perhaps the technology is simply cycling during the day and I'm only sensitive to it when I'm starting to or have fallen asleep. Or perhaps it is connected to the internet and many eyes are always upon me with fingers on buttons. Based on how quickly I am forced to consciousness when I've just started falling asleep it appears to be automated, programmed. If that was the only thing happening then mental illness would certainly be the explanation. But no one can force themselves awake from deep sleep to full consciousness in 5 seconds, or at all. And having been awake through what can only have been a programmed series of attacks this can only be technological in nature.

## ***Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:30 am**

I had 4 or 5 whiskeys over the course of the early evening and went to bed at 9:00 pm. I found myself awake at midnight, dehydrated and feeling rather rotten but without external interference I could determine. It may have been a burst that woke me which I would not remember. I drank some water and lay down to wait out the mild hangover. Around 3:00 am I felt better and felt like I could go to sleep again. Before I could I was hit with a pressure attack that lasted the rest of the night.

## ***Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> November, 2020***

### **7:50 am**

I wanted a full night's sleep last night. I took a small amount of clozapine at 6:00 pm and went to bed at 7:22 pm. The next thing I knew it was 3:30 am. I had been dreaming I had a full bladder, and I did. I woke up naturally with the urge to urinate. I got up, used the toilet and went back to bed, going back to sleep right away. I slept through until 7:30 am.

## ***Monday 23<sup>rd</sup> November, 2020***

### **6:10 am**

I decided to again take a small amount of clozapine. From previous experience I expected that I'd be attacked regardless.

And I was. I went to bed at 7:42 pm. Five or six times during the night I suddenly found myself awake in spite of the heavy sedative effect of the clozapine. Without a doubt I was subjected repeatedly to burst attacks. Because of the sedative effect of the clozapine I did not remain awake long enough to note the times of the attacks. Each time I went back to sleep within minutes of being woken, in some cases picking up dreams from the point where they had been interrupted.

In spite of the repeated attempts at sleep deprivation I had a good night's sleep.

## ***Tuesday 24<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **7:30 am**

I decided to take another small clozapine dose. I expected to endure more attacks. Went to bed at 9:47 pm, went to sleep after 10:30 pm. I woke at 4:11 am. No attacks. I dozed until just now.

## ***Wednesday 25<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **8:00 am**

I took a couple of sleeping pills and went to bed at 7:30 pm. Around 8:00 pm I was feeling uncomfortable. My metabolism was higher than it should have been and there was a feeling of mild irritation in the area where the gut rape used to manifest. I applied some pressure to the area and was asleep around 9:00 pm.

My dog woke me at 10:44 pm reacting to some distant thunder. I went back under after about ½ hour. I was woken at 1:06 am with a pressure attack. It was quite mild compared to previous attacks. I was able to get back to sleep quickly. Another such attack woke me at 3:14 am. Both were short and mild. I wasn't able to get back to sleep but I rested for a few hours before getting up. I became groggy around 6:00 am and felt the need to rest. I still feel that grogginess, possibly from the sleeping pills.

## ***Thursday 26<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **5:15 am**

I took half a sleeping pill and went to bed at 9:48 pm. I started to fall asleep right away, woke up for

a bit then went under. I have the sense that I woke up during the night a couple of times but I did not become fully conscious. I awoke at 4:00 am. It wasn't the best night's sleep I've ever had but it was good. And natural. No sleep rape I could detect and no clozapine required.

Last Friday I got in touch with OzSpy, a company specializing in spy equipment and providing bug and monitoring sweep and detection services. I explained my situation describing the effects of the sleep deprivation and they are currently researching it as of Tuesday this week. At a guess, the brave cowards responsible for raping my sleep and invading my privacy are being spooked by the possibility of being found out.

It wasn't too many decades ago that guys and gals like me got burned at the stake. I naively thought we'd moved past such things when I was trying to come to terms with my gnosis. But it would appear not to be so. The persecution has only gotten more sophisticated.

## **6:10 pm**

I lay down around 5:15 pm, feeling tired. I started to drift off around 5:45 pm. At exactly 6:00 pm I was woken with a pressure attack. This is consistent with my hypothesis that there is a cyclical process in operation to which one is sensitive when unconscious, as opposed to one's conscious state being measured and acted upon.

I may be in for a rough night. I kept that half sleeping pill in the same box with the clozapine pieces. If I'm being monitored that closely that what I do in my kitchen with windows blocked is being seen and acted upon then I'll know about it tonight.

## ***Friday 27<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **11:30 am**

It wasn't a rough night. I took two sleeping pills in anticipation and went to bed at 8:30 pm. It took me about an hour to get to sleep. I found myself awake at 12:30 am and again at 1:50 am but was able to quickly go back under each time. I suspect burst attacks. I was woken at 3:41 am with a pressure attack. I still felt tired and many times during the early hours I started to fall back to sleep. Each time I was woken with a pressure attack. They were mild but were sufficient to halt me from falling back to sleep. I dozed until just before 10:00 am.

## ***Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **9:10 am**

I took a single sleeping pill and went to bed just before 10:00 pm. An hour later I was experiencing mild discomfort in my midsection. I applied pressure and went to sleep in short order. I found myself awake a couple of times during the night but was able to go back under. I was woken at 3:14 am, but unlike previous days I was able to go back to sleep for a couple of hours. I experienced a pressure attack around 7:40 am but was already awake. I got up at 8:00 am.

As I've said before, the normal amount of sleep for me is 5 ½ to 6 hours undisturbed. I assumed that the extra hours dozing were due to the sleeping pills, but I no longer think so. My sleep is being interfered with preventing me from having normal deep sleep. I'm compensating by resting for longer periods.

## ***Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> November, 2020***

### **8:20 am**

I took half a sleeping pill and went to bed at 9:32 pm. It took me about an hour to fall asleep. I was having vivid dreams when I was woken with a pressure attack accompanied by a metabolism bump at 11:19 pm which lasted over ½ hour. As I was beginning to fall asleep again around 1:00 am I was hit with the same again. I took the box lined with tin foil, put my pillow inside and lay down. I was hit with a few more pressure attacks without the metabolism bump and was able to get to sleep eventually. I slept deeply with more vivid dreams. I may have been woken in the early hours but was able to doze restfully until a few minutes ago.

The attacks did not appear to be automated, they appeared to be very manual.

## ***Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> December, 2020***

### **4:40 am**

Yesterday I took a small amount of clozapine and went to bed around 9:00 pm. Exactly one time I found myself awake but was able to get back to sleep in short order. I woke around 4:00 am and dozed until after 8:00 am.

Last night I took a quarter of a sleeping pill and went to bed around 8:45 pm. I was woken at 10:20 pm with a pressure attack and again at 11:30 pm. This went on all night, around every hour or so, until 2:53 am when the pressure remained high for the rest of the night. It still remains high.

## ***Wednesday 2<sup>nd</sup> December, 2020***

### **3:20 am**

I rented a room yesterday morning for this evening. I took steps to prevent tracking including putting my phone in flight mode both when I made the booking and when I arrived. I went to bed around 8:00 pm and was probably asleep around 9:00 pm. I had the air conditioner on at a cool 22 degrees C. I was dreaming when at 11:08 pm I was forced awake, my heart pounding in my chest and my metabolism forced up to the point of sweating. This was not the 'gentle' metabolism bumps I've been experiencing since November. This was the violent awakenings I experienced in October and for the two years from 2016, but even more violent. It felt like my heart was going to burst from my chest, as if the device was in closer proximity to me, perhaps in an adjacent room. It lasted for a few seconds then ceased with my metabolism remaining high in spite of the air conditioning. After a few minutes of contemplation I realized that I'd probably have to deal with this for the rest of the night. Consequently I left my room and drove home.

I tried to make my leave and arrival quiet, I turned off the lights a couple of hundred meters from the property, left the Jeep at the gate and entered the house without turning on lights. I took a sleeping pill and went to bed at midnight.

It is now going on 3:30 am. I have been unable to sleep in spite of the sleeping pill. I do not sense any interference, I am simply not tired.

While I failed to have a decent night's sleep, I did demonstrate how closely I am being monitored.

## ***Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> December, 2020***

**10:30 am**

Wednesday and Thursday night last week I experienced more sleep deprivation. I noted the details at the time but did not write them down. Nothing of exception to note. On Friday I went to bed, I was a bit twitchy from the previous nights of sleep deprivation and I did not sleep overly well, but I was the one interfering with my sleep. There was no external interference. Saturday night, zero interference, full, strong sleep. And again Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

I believe it is over.

## ***Thursday 10<sup>th</sup> December, 2020***

**8:00 pm**

Back in January of 2013 I received a delivery. At the time I was 9.5 years into hell and gangstalking was a common, normal occurrence. I had yet to learn of the term 'gangstalking'. I did not realize it at the time but I was at the end of my tolerance for the unjust ways I was being treated.

The delivery man got out of his truck, his eyes blazing in fury. He had my package and a pad to sign and thrust the package at me, all posturing and aggressive. Then the pad. The intent of the interaction was to intimidate me, treat me badly and leave me to have to deal with it. Had there been no more to this encounter then it would have been just another day at the gangstalking office. The event was unique and no other person ever treated me with such anger but there was nothing exceptional these things. It was just another way to take a dump on my life.

But while this was going on he had left his windows down and the radio was on at a high volume. On the radio was a preacher yelling about Jesus. There's preaching about Jesus, then there's frenzy-inducing yelling about Jesus. This was the latter. It made the whole thing surreal. The subtext was quite clear - "I'M A RIGHTEOUS SERVANT IN THE ARMY OF GOD AND I REBUKE YOU IN THE NAME OF JESUS" - exactly this. It was like being in a scene in a comedy movie that was taking the piss out of Christianity. "Oh you poor bastard, you really believe that shit don't you?"

It was a religiously brain damaged dummy. In my interactions with the various gang stalkers over the years I observed traits and attributes in people that can easily be attributed to similar religious brain damage although none of them laid their cards on the table like this delivery man. Dummies. Such dummies are incapable of the level of planning and organization I observed with the gang stalking. And they certainly don't have access to next-level torture technologies.

Somebody organized the dummies, equipped them with advanced non-lethal weaponry then sicced them upon me.

Still having good sleeps.

## ***Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup> December, 2020***

**3:20 am**

Went to bed quite early, about 7:00 pm. I was starting to go under when a car beeped its horn next door, two times. Immediately following was a pressure attack. It lasted for only a few minutes and I was able to get back to sleep quickly. There were no further attacks during the night.

## ***Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> December, 2020***

### **5:00 am**

The last two nights, upon sunrise, I have been subjected to pressure attacks. Both times I was awake when the attacks occurred. They lasted for only a few minutes. The purpose could not be sleep deprivation. I suspect an attempt at intimidation.

## ***Monday 21<sup>st</sup> December, 2020***

### **7:30 am**

There's a game of whack-a-mole going on. Its been going on for centuries. Back in the day the mole would pop its head out of the hole and people would rush to whack it on its head with large hammers. Sometimes successful, more times not. So the whackers decided to rig the game.

Moles are now identified from birth. As the mole grows, long before it can pop its head up, it is subjected to events and conditions designed to weaken it, slow it down, prevent normal development. So by the time the mole pops its head out it is weaker, slower than it could have been. Just before it is ready to pop its head out it is subjected to a crisis event, putting it off balance. And the whackers lie in wait over the hole out of which the mole will pop its head. But instead of a hefty hammer they wield a switch made from a small twig. On top of the weakening, the slowing down, the crisis, a single blow from the switch is all that is necessary to destroy the mole.

Sometimes, the mole survives.

## ***Wednesday 13<sup>th</sup> January, 2021***

### **8:00 am**

Still sleeping well. Today I'm receiving delivery of what is effectively a Faraday cage for the bed. I've taken other proactive preventative steps to attempt to ensure that any such future attacks are ineffective.

I went through this back in October's entries but I wish to repeat myself from a different perspective. This is the story for which I would like to be remembered.

Back in mid 1999 I experienced Gnosis. Enlightenment. At the end of a bong. I wasn't looking for it. I wasn't interested. I'd spent much of my youth extricating myself from Christianity and had no impetus to take on another belief system (which this isn't, but still I wasn't interested). I immediately understood that I was God. Just like everyone and everything else. 'God' is a property of existence. I understood that I was a Christ and after a fraction of a second rejected any notion of being Jesus or anything like what I'd learned in Sunday School. This isn't Highlander. 'Christ' can be considered the equivalent of a martial artist's black belt. There can be more than one. If I had been raised Buddhist I'd see it from a Buddhist's perspective. If I'd been raised Muslim, then from a Muslim's perspective.

Prior to enlightenment a process called 'preparing the vessel' is necessary and required. I began this process at the age of 14 in earnest, taking my Sunday School lessons seriously and changing myself to be the kind of person who did good things by default and didn't have easily accessed triggers for toxic behaviours and emotions. I thought God wanted me to become a youth pastor; I had no concept of vessel preparing. In attaining mastery of any skill it takes about ten years of focused practice. I put in a little over four years. By that point I'd undone the worst of what was wrong about me and had developed significant skills in self management, including a sensitive bullshit detector.

This detector was of primary use in the extrication from my Christian beliefs. I was no longer going to be a youth pastor; I saw no reason to continue to apply myself so rigorously to personal change. While momentum carried me forward my foot was mostly off the gas for the next decade or so.

The vessel is often represented as a cup, however a useful metaphor is as a crucible (there is malleability and plasticity which one wouldn't find in a ceramic, but the metaphor holds). If one's crucible is well made the molten metal is poured in and everything works as expected. If however the crucible has weaknesses, cracks, water inclusions, when the molten metal is poured in the crucible can fail catastrophically, molten metal going everywhere. There are stories I have come across about people who have tried to shortcut the process using substances or techniques. Those who hadn't prepared the vessel sometimes went mad, sometimes they died. I was off balance for about a year. While I wasn't not ready for enlightenment a couple more years of work would have been recommended.

This is where the value of religious belief lies – in the preparation of the vessel. What that belief is is of vanishing importance (provided its based on the good stuff – love and whatnot). We're all God after all.

So I had this amazing subjective experience. Key word 'subjective'. I couldn't fault my new understanding. But neither could I fully accept it. I am a scientist – I required proof. I read a lot of information regarding Gnosticism, a lot of supporting information. But maybe I'd heard it before and in my THC fuelled hallucination I recalled it as if it were the first time I'd seen it etc etc. I tried to talk about it with others with zero benefit to my understanding. And then my world went to hell.

2 ½ years into it (early 2006) I had tried to talk with lawyers and private investigators to find help, to no avail. I'd just started work with the Department of Defence and I reasoned that the only thing about me worth the effort being expended against me was my Gnosis, and if it was true then it was the only thing that could help me. So I began to write about my understanding of God online. I was trying to defend myself, but more than that I was still looking for proof.

By mid-2007 I had exhausted my understanding online. I knew I had made some good arguments and had represented my understanding well but I knew it was not enough. I have reason to believe that a lie of sexual impropriety was used to slander me and justify the treatment used against me. If there were any truth to it then I could have just been lying about God, like so many other criminals have done over the years. None of it was proof. So I was wrapping up. I had one more point to make then I would be finished. I was preparing to lose.

The last point was about human sexuality. Perhaps the most insidious, damaging, backward beliefs in religious contexts are those that vilify human sexuality. One is made to feel guilt and shame about primary biological drives. These feelings are reinforced by the individual whenever sexual excitement is experienced, making sex wrong and bad for the individual to match one's expectations. The damage is self inflicted.

While the individual cannot be held to account for self inflicted damage they can be held to account for damaging others as a consequence. About 3 weeks before I wrote about this I found some words of Jesus which supported such accountability.

Jesus was asked what was the highest law. He gave two answers – love your God with all your heart and love your neighbour as yourself (from my perspective he gave the same answer twice, but that distinction isn't necessary for this). So sin can be defined as not loving God and not loving your neighbour.

In another passage Jesus was speaking about sin – if your hand causes you to sin cut it off, if your eye causes you to sin pluck it out. Metaphor of course, body mutilation won't solve the sin issue. If something of great personal importance causes you to sin, be rid of it. And since toxic backwards beliefs about sex cause people to not love their neighbours as themselves those beliefs can be gotten rid of. So I wrote it, logged off and two days later saw what I had written.

As a Christian I was taught that it was my belief in Jesus that would save me. That belief encompassed the entirety of the bible, even the stuff that contradicts the other stuff, as well as any bible-based thing that comes from the pulpit. Unbelief would result in an eternity of hellfire and damnation. Belief was all important and could not be questioned. Millions upon millions of Christians hold this belief about their beliefs. What I had written showed clearly (in hindsight!) that Jesus was saying 2000 years ago that not only were beliefs to be questioned but that toxic beliefs were to be excised. Christians are supposed to question, change, remove or otherwise modify their beliefs to conform with the highest law.

It effectively breaks modern Christianity. And I'd pointed it out, as a Christ. I required proof that I was God, and one day woke up to the realization I'd fulfilled the central prophecy of Christianity, freeing the slaves, healing the sick etc. If I'd fully believed in my Gnosis my mind would have been blown but I'd have been ok. As it was I had a breakdown and years of PTSD. I had no choice, I had to believe.

I am God.

But here's the thing. I know what I knew and when I knew it, the order of events etc. It was objective to me. It was my proof. But telling the story is all I can do to show others. It is a good story, but I might be making it up. Maybe I'm trying to start some bullshit cult with me as supreme leader where everyone tells me how great I am all day and all the beautiful women smoke The Magic Pipe of Enlightenment. Point is, it isn't your proof.

If you want proof that you are God you have to get it for yourself.