

My Experiences as an Involuntary Subject of Directed Energy Weapons by John Hughes

Introduction

This is not a pretty tale, though it is true, and my interpretations as to the cause of events are open to re-interpretation by the reader as long as all the facts remain in alignment. I don't consider negating or plain refuting events as constructive, and would consider such as spurious meddling. Unfortunately this has been the habit of the clinical community, who have uniformly gone for the blinkers-on diagnosis, and in doing so, severely compromised my treatment for Attention Deficit Disorder and thwarted any forward progress in attaining its amelioration.

Within the scope of being under surveillance and being harassed by an organized body with highly advanced technical methods, the purpose of this document is to summarize the events and thoughts and to categorize relevant occurrences and to consolidate my journal entries. The intended audience is anyone who has an interest in covert injury applied to involuntary test subjects. Many of the stories are supported by a train of detailed evidence which would be too onerous to detail here. However, I will freely communicate with those that I trust should a need arise to elaborate on a story. Another audience is those who can offer assistance in the form of helping me get this monkey off my back. It is truly a personal hell on several levels: 1) no one in my immediate family believes me, hence all conversation drops dead concerning my health 2) physicians and other care-givers have not even enquired into the validity of account, when in fact the tenets of this kind of experience have all been documented decades ago.

Beyond my own health concerns, I have absolutely no interest in Directed Energy Weapons (DEWs). I only ended up being involved in this because I have been assaulted and harassed by them, or something of its kind. It is no coincidence that the accounts of others have a high degree of correlation with my own (see www.raven1.net). Why did they pick me? Some thoughts; I live alone, I am a Canadian resident with a temporary US working visa, and I have ADD which serves as a psychiatric "cover" on which to blame the symptoms of harassment, and if they can get a hold of the brain scan I had last year, they can precisely focus their directed energy weapons to specific locations in the brain. Two related odd coincidences on one day indicated that they might be doing just that. Other brief biographic details is that I am 48 years old (11-2002), and I have no military or law enforcement background or contacts. I am a law abiding individual, and do not engage in any suspicious activities.

Early Days mid-1999 to Oct. 2001

I moved to Everett WA from Victoria BC Canada in July 1999. At this time I was separating from my wife, though we had joint property in Victoria to maintain. I would also visit my daughter too. At this time I would visit every weekend to attend to the property.

I began to work for a company CGF (an alias) under a TN working visa, which is good for one year, though they can be re-granted if the employer's paperwork is in order. I became friendly with one co-worker in particular, BT who was kind enough to show me the ropes of the workplace and the American way of doing things, which of course, have a slightly dif-

ferent spin than in Canada. He and I shared similar perspectives and he left CGF for JEZ (an alias) in downtown Seattle in early 2000. He persuaded me to work for him in May and with the added incentive of a salary increase, and more interesting work prospects, and I had no hesitation in making the switch to a new employer.

This period was uneventful by any other measure, though there were a few anomalies in hindsight. One, I lost my wallet at the last show in a nearby cinema, and did not find it on my immediate return to the parking area, and nor did the cinema operators find it when I phoned at opening time the next day. The other was that I was randomly searched at the US border and as per the US Customs prerogative; I declared my medications when the officer asked, as the law requires that they should be in their appropriate containers. I should note that the selection method did appear random to me at the time or in hindsight, as an officer came from the main office, rather than being directed from an inspection station

At this time I was struggling to get properly treated for Attention Deficit Disorder, and it was quite a push to find a knowledgeable doctor, though I was being treated for low grade depression, but the medications were not successful.

From May through to Oct. 2000 I commuted on the bus from Everett to Seattle, and it was there I met Ms C. We had an on/off relationship, on account of unbridgeable differences, though there was sufficient commonality to stay within each other's orbits. My move into downtown Seattle expedited the "off" portion of our association, but this did not perturb me any. What I did find, dating anew, was that I had a terrible time keeping time commitments and estimating travel time, though sometimes I wonder if someone hadn't turned on the "dither" frequency on me, as there is an eerie consistency I have with this new found bad habit when seeing Ms C. In any event, such habits meant that I wasn't ready for prime time dating, and that I had better apply myself to get better.

As a natural part of our working relationship and friendship, BT and I would often lunch together and do other weekday "bonding" activities like touring the better stores to shop. BT has an easy going conversational manner such that people open up to him, and I was no exception. This easy going relational style persisted most of the time, and he and I would often talk about our "women" issues for mutual gain and camaraderie.

The year 2000 was relatively uneventful from any kind of surveillance/harassment perspective as I saw it. Of possible connection was that my doctor ordered an MRI scan for a potential pituitary gland problem in Nov. 2000. My mood was still low, though I had started on Dexedrine for ADD, a cousin of methamphetamine. Dexedrine was a big helper, and is one of the most successful medications I take, that is, when I can now. Most ADD specialists are not afraid of Dexedrine, despite the reputation of its cousin, and will publicly state that it is "safer than penicillin", as they have done more than once in the presentations I have been to. At this time, there were still difficulties in "getting my act together" which prompted me to seek more expert advice.

I sought a SPECT scan in March 2001 at a specialty ADD clinic, and I was officially diagnosed with ADD and came back armed with a number of medication recommendations. One of those took me into a lower mood state and caused me to be less capable, and it took two months to figure that out. As part of carrying on with getting better, I selected a doctor, Dr N, who shared a much more quantitative approach to evaluation, though in time, it became problematic.

It was May 2001 that I attended the national ADDA (Attention Deficit Disorder Association) conference in Seattle, and it was there I met Ms L, who had ADD also. She had a quirky but

intellectual style, and was a consummate consumer of knowledge about ADD, and as a vital part of this condition, one comes to trust others relatively quickly so to learn about support groups, effective doctors and treatment medications possibilities . We built up a close relationship around this, and freely exchanged information, and especially so in advance of doctor visits to strategize and consolidate one's position for maximum return on the time invested.

We would always discuss my visits to Dr N in advance, as he seemed to be erratic at times; he was a lab-rat type, and not adequately assessing how the patient is functioning. He had contrary views on Dexedrine, but had no wisdom or alternatives to offer as to the reason of its effectiveness for me. His attempts at other medications or persisting in others were at times dangerous, as I was sometimes off the only medication that was singularly effective. Dr N was frustrating, he would have a leading edge medication that was promising, then he would sit back for 3 months promoting something that was mutually understood to be ineffective. On two occasions, when I was full of vexation and intended to tell him that I had enough, I seemed to fall under his spell, and lose my oppositional vigour and all the relevant points of my argument. It has never happened before, and as matters have progressed in recent months, it would seem to me that a likely scenario was that he had been tipped off as to my intentions, and there had been some kind of "dithering" laser or other type of irradiative device that caused me to be dazed by his song and dance routine. But it should be said, leading from this period, is that whoever introduced the irradiative harassment into my life, has had excellent clinical knowledge to ensure that it was introduced gradually, and that I didn't notice at the time.

The only other minor noteworthy item that signposted dysfunction at this time was my attempt to get ready for the US National long course (50 m) Masters Swimming meet in nearby Tacoma in August 2001. Although I had not actively swum for 6 months on a regular basis, I found I did not have the usual stamina by a considerable margin, and gave up on my plans.

Pre-assaultive Phase, Nov. 2001-April 14, 2002

1) Sleepless in Seattle

As June rolled around into October, I found myself still struggling with mood, attaining appropriate energy and fighting off Dr N's diversionary (my speculation) medications. Increasing the dose of Dexedrine helped for a time, then it dropped off in short order which was unexpected,- it should of plateaued for 6 or more months. Though it should be said that I did tolerate it very well, and in hindsight has caused me to think that there may of been some kind of deleterious irradiative energies applied to me as early as June 2001. My recent experience (11-2002) of being on this medication anew, though at much reduced dosages, leads me to now believe that much of my dysfunction was externally induced, by whatever means and not attributable to the medication. I can only assume November was the beginning of a new phase the DEW harassment, though with some clues (above) going back to 06-2001, because there were a few coincident and odd events determinable only in hindsight. One, my electrical power bill shot up from 400 mwh to 700 mwh, and as I will detail below, there appeared to be some illegal "power-sharing". It was at this time I renewed my lease, fatefully as it turned out, for a full 12 months. Also at this time, the building exterior maintenance was near completion, and there was scaffolding in front of my window for 4 weeks. Once removed, I noticed a new installation of parabolic dish on the opposite of the courtyard that seemed, by my unpracticed eye, to be pointing directly at this apartment or perhaps the one above.

It was about this time that I became a late night internet junkie. I would not, could not, go to bed before 2 am every night, though I felt relatively ready to begin the day at 7:30. I was a little ragged in the morning, but my prescribed Dexedrine 30mg, 4 times per day (120mg total) for Attention Deficit Disorder got me back into the swim of things. It was the first time ever I could not will myself to change a bad habit. I blamed the Dexedrine at the time, but this is debatable in hindsight: one, I can go to sleep very nicely while on Dexedrine as its stimulant properties are atypical for those with ADD, second, this occurred with absolute consistency every day, -my system does not run this way, third, I could not will myself to change for the first time ever, fourth, although a late night owl, I was never this bad. It was the cummulation of this sleeplessness and related exacerbations that were the underlying need for me to seek later refuge in short term disability coverage April 25, and then a hospital stay beginning May 02.

Other ADD-like behaviors that seemed to have a new life were aphasia (lack of word meaning) and constantly not getting my act together (apathy) which worsened over this time. Another set of symptoms was that I didn't feel hungry at anytime (highly unusual), and this was not a medication induced symptom, as I mentioned, the medications normalized me. Subsequent lower doses (40 mg per day, 11-2002) did not cause the sensation of hunger to return.

Other odd items were the smell of paint in the apartment when I returned from work in February - March. Another was both door locks had been locked (same key) when I only use one, signifying entry by some other party. The venetian blind louvers took on some inexplicable dimpling, and some were bent, all on their own it seemed. Someone had affixed nylon ties to the loose leads of my cable lamp system. Each night I went to bed, no matter the time, there was the sound of wires scrapping against the wall. I always took this to be the next-door apartment owner pulling his alarm clock out, but this always occurred at my bedtime. I have since concluded this must of been magnetic irradiation being applied to me that also caused the internal wall wiring to flip about, as I now encounter this frequently with non-rigid items in my apartment. Also, the fridge seemed to become louder, and the adjacent elevator humming noise seemed to be more continuous. These events built up anxiety about who was entering my apartment for what reason, as nothing had been taken.

2) Employment Ructions

I overheard, or more likely, was meant to overhear as my cubicle was outside the manager's office, that "I have no use for (my name) once the data model is done" in early April, and later heard "big changes coming", then overheard, "layoffs....(my name)" through the wall of the manager's office. A re-organization was slated for April 15 (a Monday). Sometime around April 10, my work colleagues were looking at me with abject horror, as if I had committed some unspeakable sin. Likewise, my apartment manager gave me the same look. It was baffling, though I had become resigned to the "layoff".

On the Friday, April 12, my former boss, BT, with whom I was on friendly terms, invoked a ruse to go shopping at a deli late work time on Friday. During our trip to the deli, and then back to work to dine, and then a walk back to his car (near my place), he seemed to disappear a couple of times. Subsequent to each disappearance, his line of questioning seemed to change. I just thought it was odd, as it wasn't like him. It caused me to ponder if there was a corporate layoff event in the offing, or if it was a "me-only" event.

3) Who Fixed My Car?

My car would always clunk going around the tight corners in the apartment-parking garage, though I had it checked out, there was nothing wrong in the estimation of the mechanics. I drove out to a sometimes-girlfriend, Ms. C, and my car handled totally differently. It was tighter, and made no clunking sounds going around tight corners. I was immediately suspicious, but again baffled as to who would fix my car without authorization.

Upon inspection the next day, the tie rod (rubber) boots were new. A front-end shop later verified the replacement of the tie rod ends. Also, I found the jack to be misplaced, the jack attachment point crushed and the "Wipe-its" were placed in the jack storage area when they had been in the glove box. There were splatter marks on the headliner in the car, near the cargo area of the station wagon, as if a wet dog had shaken. Obviously someone took the car and had a breakdown and got it repaired. I now have a notion (11-2002) that the vehicle was taken to a facility and irradiated with magnetic energy in order to saturate it and thereby remove its shielding properties when irradiated externally while moving. This may have taken many visits, and the vehicle broke down on one of them. As part of the aforementioned front end work, the shop indicated that the entire front end was out of alignment and needed rework to avoid premature balljoint wear, which had also occurred in Feb. 2002.

4) A Sometimes Girlfriend (Ms. C)

I can't recall the precise details of why I came to develop a notion of my e-mail being monitored at work and at home. The behaviors of my former boss (above) seemed to be changed in response to a personal e-mail to Ms C. My phones had been making odd sounds from time to time.

When I went to visit her Saturday night (April 13), I already was quite suspicious of my e-mail and phones, suspicious of my vehicle being tampered with, and frazzled about my impending employment status. By my ignorance and unawareness, she managed to elicit my method of detecting apartment entry, but for her part, there were a number of statements which seemed to indicate that she knew more than she let on. In the course of the evening she invoked a "oops, I didn't mean to say that" on four occasions, and even suggested that the layoffs were more about me, again followed by an "oops". She seemed to be behaving oddly that night, and was overly compliant.

It should be noted that later observations about the effects of magnetic radiation, or at least the variety directed at me, will make me anxious with repeated inundations, and the 6 month (at least) lead time of being irradiated was a significant contributor to my state of being anxious. I have since had a repeat experience which was induced by a number of consecutive days of night-time irradiation, possibly to specific neural locations.

5) Who Has Been In My Apartment?

On my return, I found that someone had rifled through my apartment. The telephone and computer wires and electrical boxes were dislodged, the PC print paper had been moved, some art nude prints had been moved, there was an ink stain on the vinyl floor protector by the PC, videos had been dislodged, my clothes had been moved as in a search, empty pill bottles were missing, the phones sounded "cleaner". My will, no less, was marked with a plastic tab in the file cabinet. Mighty curious. When I phoned the sometimes-girlfriend about the apartment entry, the first thing she asked was "what were the locks like?". I told her about my vehicle's new driving characteristics, and assuming that it occurred over the visitation night, she said, "that wasn't supposed to happen" (then when?). More "oops"

recoveries.

By now I was in a total state of panic. This was too big to be an employer's initiative, though it seemed to be aided by my employer, but what on earth had I done? Judging by the horrified faces at work I was deemed to have done something truly unforgivable, but it seemed most odd that the police would accuse someone prior to making a charge. But then again, I was woefully ignorant of police investigation methods. I had been an internet junkie, and visited porn sites, but only the public tour galleries, none of the member-only stuff, and I did not have any kind of adult id card.

My thoughts churned all day long and into the night as to what this "takedown" was all about. I never did get my income tax done as I was trying to put all the facts together, each time in different ways.

6) Who Has Been in My PC?

Sometime later in the day it occurred to me that my PC had been co-opted for illegal use by other parties. Oddly enough, there were users I hadn't heard have with wide sweeping authority, e.g. making files available for the internet. I attempted to delete them, the files and yet they popped back up. Even with administrator privilege, I couldn't get rid of some files and users. As I was finishing up, I noticed two people standing in an overlooking balcony, seeming to be looking in on my activities. By now, my state of anxiety was at a feverish level.

I had no idea as to how I was being monitored, but around midnight I took the PC apart and took the "offending" hard drive out, took it down to my car with my gym bag and medications and disposed of the drive on the way to 24 hr Fitness. At the 24 Hr Fitness window counter I wrote about all the odd occurrences in my diary, with my car parked outside. At about 2 am a vehicle pulls up beside mine, and the driver leans over to look in, then backs up and disappears out of sight. Some 20 minutes later, three guys walk in independently and began working out on the treadmill and orbital trainer. They seemed to be making a poor do of it, as from what I could tell they each seemed to have a holster on, and didn't want to expose this. On my return to my locker, I found out that my medications were not there, though everything else was. I left to return to my apartment and the medications had reappeared. This was most odd, as I singularly remembered to put them in my gym bag.

I decided that whatever I had done, it was going to be too big and complicated to continue and I wrote up a long suicide note. This was about 5 am when I finished. Upon searching through my apartment I noted that a paper, "The Neurotoxicity of Amphetamines", some 20 pages, was not in my briefcase as it had been for the last week. The electrical cords were missing. The cordless phone aerial was in the up position when it had been placed in a horizontal position earlier. Recall that the medications had reappeared too. Someone had been through my apartment again. Ever more heightened anxiousness.

The only suicide method that occurred to me then was the Dexedrine, which I took, though in hindsight, an insufficient quantity. Chances are it could have been altered too or that passing out was externally induced

As hindsight thought; I was likely subject to some kind of DEW device irradiation for some 6 months previous, maybe only at night time, but I have found that anxiousness can be turned on within about 3 nights of unprotected sleep. Certainly the sleep deprivation seemed to be controlled and the agitation level was at a fever pitch and these both impaired my judgment.

The Assaultive Phase, April 15, 2002 - June 19, 2002

1) The No Outcome Standoff or the Razzle-Dazzle Show

I still have a vague recollection of someone carrying me and laying me down on the place on the floor where I had lapsed into unconsciousness. But I have even a more vivid memory of something unseen prompting me, all of me, to get up, which I did with a snap. Recall that I had ingested some 300 mg of Dexedrine (ostensibly) and that I was in a "sped up" state. I was hyper alert but coherent of speech and thought. As I failed in my primary suicide attempt (Dexedrine overdose) my plan was then, to get killed in the expected police shootout. Not that I had a gun, but only a mock weapon in the form of a metal brake vacuum pump. (It had a gun-like form, and I kept it shrouded with a towel to prevent anyone discerning its true unthreatening nature). Needless to say the plan didn't work for reasons that will become clear.

I will spare the chronological order of events, and list them off as I recall them:

sounds of people walking with heavy boots outside my door, sound of (police) dogs and their restraining chains being rattled, the door moved laterally within the door jam, there were fleeting shadows at the corner of my eyes, causing me to turn, thinking that something was approaching, there were bright laser spots appearing on the walls, the clothes iron steamed on its own accord, a 5' tall cabinet leaned over by 1.5 ft and stayed suspended, there were laser based apparitions of trailing lines that quickly disappeared once they diverted my attention, objects crept across the floor on their own accord, the venetian blinds lowered and raised on their own accord, there was a laser based apparition of a stream of "micro-wigglers", there were screwdrivers that bent over double, a metal Ikea clothes rack folded like it had been sawn and then resurrected itself, the clock radio display blinked on and off, and the display of brown colored lasers that were extremely fatiguing.

At the end of it all, I "surrendered", gave up, but no law enforcement agency personnel arrived! I had heard voices, boots walking outside, dogs been unchained, and yet know one came to either arrest me or otherwise declare themselves. Was I mystified or what?

How much of this was induced by Dexedrine and how much were the DEW terrorists displaying their prowess I did not know at the time. I had no doubt that I saw these things, but these things were quite unusual and I didn't mention them to anyone. The clinical folks would say it was all delusional, but with some seven month's hindsight now, I what I experienced was either real, or was projected onto my retina (they can do this). I have never been psychotic, there is no family history of psychosis, and I tolerate Dexedrine very well. Many of these strange phenomenon have come back to visit me, though in a muted form. I just wish I was not so agitated in leading up to this, and taken the calm route with the mindset of "arrest me", or "lay me off" or whatever was supposed to transpire.

Originally I thought the standoff lasted from 5 am (finishing the note) to 3:30 pm, but in hindsight I estimate it was about 3 hours. I did not have my watch on, though it was on when I slipped into unconsciousness. So where did those intervening 6-7 hours go, and how were they spent? I do not know, though as I mentioned, I have a vague recollection of being laid down at some point.

2) Back to Work

My former boss, BT, with whom I was on good terms with, was hugely interested in how I spent April 15 (Monday) even though I did not report to him, or have any close working

relationship at the time; he had a pen on his V-neck sweater and I asked him if it was bugged; naturally he was offended, if not a overly so, but at that moment, I saw a red colored laser beam tracking on his desk for all of a 1/10 second. Neither of us mentioned it. He asked about what happened, I told him some specifics that came back to haunt me (suicide attempt), but I did not tell him about the bizarre phenomena. Although he was plying me for more information, especially detail about what I saw, he indicated that these events were entirely concocted by me over my protests about other externalities -e.g. the putative police evidence raid etc.. He discussed the availability of the employee assistance program when one is unwell. I replied that I didn't need it because there is a significant body of externalities of which I have not been apprised, and until I am, it wasn't necessary. He accused me of being paranoid, which became the mantra of a number of colleagues and friends, and caused me to suspect they were singing off the same song sheet.

No one at work asked where I was Monday April 15, nor did they wish to enjoin me in conversation with the lead in, "I had an interesting day yesterday".

My alternate girlfriend (Ms. L), who had arrived back from a week away in New York April 14, was also one of my confidants, and in hindsight, was very likely a cooperator. She also emphasized that I was paranoid, and that I needed help, and was attempting to convince me the standoff event was delusional. Again I got the paranoid accusation followed with a statement of seeing a counsellor. She continued on this theme a number of times until our association ceased (below). Neither girlfriend was very nurturative, and the sometime-girlfriend got in such a stinking huff that she didn't want to talk to me. These contrived rows became delimiting as to whom and where I could later find refuge.

Two days after the standoff I found my watch and my 3" pocketknife in my shoe. I never, ever, keep these things there, but always on my bedside table. I had lapsed into unconsciousness with my watch on, so the placement of both of these items were tangible evidence that someone else had been in my apartment and was party to the standoff event.

I visited my daughter in Victoria on the following weekend and was treated to the geo-locational phenomenon. In the living room of my parent's house, I felt this sensation which I will term "sounding". Its as if one is vibrating from an outside cause, akin to the early phase of an earthquake. I have since come to experience this upon numerous occasions, and, as I am the only thing vibrating, my interpretation is that there must be some kind of remotely directed energy applied to the cerebellum. (The cerebellum is the back part of the brain responsible for gross motor movements, and tying sensations together that are experienced at the same time). I have also come to find that this is a locating method, which is followed by more injurious directed energy. A momentary pulse of the AC lighting followed the sounding sensation. As I moved about in the room, a band of large pixels appeared across the TV and the sounding followed me again. I repeated this sequence at least 4 times. I also had the sensation I was being followed by unknown persons a few times during my visit, but I couldn't be absolutely sure.

There was an odd incident when I took the helicopter shuttle back to Seattle. Two men followed me in, and when boarding, one of them broke out of the line and secured a seat ahead of every one else. The other later sat beside him, while I was seated in the row behind them. After the directives about seat belts and warnings about turning cell phones off, the helicopter lifted off, and within a minute or so, the line-jumper pulled out a communications radio, engaged in some kind of transmission, and then hid the device in his coat. He also had a terribly vague reason for visiting the US, but didn't get the usual third degree from the INS officer. This character shows up again.

It was during the period of April 15th to the 24th that I noticed short duration light pulses at night in my apartment. Some were linear, some covered a larger area with red and green as the most common colors. They were constant and unrelenting. I took these to be lasers, and have come to know this as a very common phenomenon, and they occur every night now. My take on these is that they are used for gathering coordinates of where I am in relation to everything else.

3) Cooked at Work

I knew something was up when one of my co-workers was agitated in my presence, but all too often, I was new in this game. I took my normal dosing of medications at 11:30 am and went home for lunch.

It was about 2:00 pm when I felt this wave of ill feeling and palpitating heart. I stayed rooted at my desk, as I feared getting up. Coincidentally BT came by when the sensation was at its height. I spoke with him briefly and managed to hold a minimal but coherent discussion. The wave subsided only to be replaced by another about an hour later. Again someone tried to engage me in conversation at its peak. Thinking it was a medication spiking, I eventually I got up and went to the nearby drugstore to get some Vitamin C and chocolate (amphetamine blockers). I felt immediately better once I braved getting on my feet. At about 5:00 I emailed the facilities manager about my medications being spiked, and even spoke with my manager about it. When I sent my e-mail, my manager yelled out loudly to the next enclosed office, "We got him". Maybe it was just a coincidence, but it struck me as damned odd, both then and now. On the way home I noticed on person following me, and though I passed him going up the hill, this same person showed up again, later on my walk home. At least four people clustered around me when I went to the drug store to enquire about the possibility of my medications being spiked. The next day I noted the Event Log of my PC had all of April 23 (not the 24th) removed, and as I was perusing this, a manager across the hall exclaimed "uh oh".

The HR department never did look into probable causes, and assigned the blame to me, indicated that I said some strange things. (That my medications were spiked, but then again, if one is feeling strangely, one will likely say odd things). As HR departments are charged with resolving harassment at work, they fared poorly!

I would have settled for just that, but as I sat in my apartment later in the evening, another wave came over me. Now I knew the workplace events were connected to the home events. These strong emanations persisted all over the apartment, and so I decided to take a hotel for the night. I did an elementary spy trick and took the elevator to floor other than my room. I lingered some, and was about to depart when a man exited the elevator, holding a communications radio similar to the one I witnessed on the helicopter shuttle of a week previous. I took the elevator to yet another floor, and then the stairs. I was not immune to being found, as laser lights shone through the peephole and windows. The sounding routine seemed be locating me too. No other phenomenon was evident and I had my best sleep in 5 months.

4) Human Resources is Here to Help You

Late on the 25th I was summoned into a meeting with the Human Resources manager. "We are worried about you.... you are a valued employee.... etc. But you must see a doctor and get a signed letter of suitability for employment before returning to work. In meantime, short term disability is available..." . I was too exhausted from my many sleepless nights to put up much of a fight about the strange goings-on in the work place that had transpired.

The HR manager, never effusive, looked rather conflicted. I did the hospital emergency routine, 5-hour wait for 5 minutes of doctor time, visited my family doctor and each explained these events as being a facet of psychosis. No amount of tangible detail seemed to persuade them.

It was following this that my apartment became unlivable. There was some kind of directed energy being applied, and no matter where I moved, it followed. I was pacing around the room to escape the "brain cooking", and although this technique helped at one time, it didn't anymore. There were sounds in the wall of a switch being thrown, akin to a circuit breaker. Objects flew out of my hands on occasion, and the lights dimmed on their own accord. At any time when I was crafting a countermeasure, the properties of tape, aluminum foil or other common objects changed, and thereby thwarting my endeavours. There was a significant humming sound emanating from the wall, and a mock ventilation fan sound from upstairs each time I turned mine on. There was a sewing-machine-like sound when my refrigerator compressor was running which was accompanied by an unbearable irradiation. Switching off my refrigerator at the circuit breaker caused a cessation of the sewing-machine sound and irradiation, though it resumed but quieter. This was a clue that my electrical power had been tapped into. A discussion with the alternate-girlfriend about a request to stay at her place was turned down flat, even though I had considerable credits in aiding her many times when in distress. She played the party line, "You're psychotic, I can't help you, don't call until you get better". I spent a night at 24 Hr Fitness, but it did get kind of dull around 3:00 - 4:00 and no sleep.

The next week proceeded much like above though intensified; it was the worst of my life. I had another hotel night, but this time they were irradiating me with microwave-like energy all night. I was like a caged rat without the cage; sharp pangs of being "zapped", or irradiated occurred anywhere in public, including the doctor's office. I was always pacing around, trying to find relief from something unknown in kind and source. There seemed to be a significant amount of coincident activity in the upstairs apartment in response to what I did; sometimes there was foot-stomping if I had a successful countermeasure such as lowering the cable light system to create a 2' arc. The upstairs apartment coincidences were such that I could even enter into a primitive dialog, with a yes/no answer in the form of sounding. On occasion there was laughter at my countermeasures, and I came to believe, and still do, that this was the operations room and the parabolic dish mentioned earlier may be for data transmission. In reality, a countermeasure didn't last very long before another adaptation foiled it. A second night in a hotel was no relief, the irradiation and brain microwaving persisted and I eventually slept in the hotel main bathroom that was encased in concrete. Another 24 Hr Fitness night was no refuge; I was being irradiated even while swimming. I would visit Kinko's to use their Internet stations to try a find out what was going on, and the perpetrators had a method of dithering my keystrokes, and also causing my Google searches to return something minimally relevant. Occasionally I could slip them by jumping to another search engine, and on each occasion someone would come to the station beside me and look over. They even dithered the shared printing, and I wasn't the only one who lost printouts.

There was no relief while walking the streets; vehicles, cyclists and pedestrians would pass by and zap me, causing me to nearly keel over. On a few occasions a red laser beam was pointed at me, and just when another perpetrator moved on, another took his place. I could dodge a source if I could figure out which direction it came from, but soon they put two sources on so I was in their crossfire. Vehicle trips were just as harrowing; they would pass me slowly, time without fail, and zap me. At one time, there were six vehicles clustered around me when I went to make a call from a public phone. That was no use, as the phone made odd noises when I connected. On two occasions I found my apartment door open when I had made a short sortie to the garbage chute. On another like occasion when I dou-

bled back to my apartment to collect something, I saw my venetian blinds actively parting about 6 ", controlled by some remote force. That was unbelievable, but at the same time it added credence to the strange events I witnessed during the "standoff". Another instance of an entry to my fitness locker was almost as odd. One of the contents of my locker was returned outside my apartment door some two hours later. I made another trip to Victoria and conferred with my friends, whom I can normally rely upon to be objective, and to my annoyance, they thought this was a "head-problem". I was exasperated; there was no time to read, sit and relax and do any thought work. I was a refugee of unknown and unexplainable forces.

It was my same friends who helped me though. They phoned one night the next week, and I explained the current wild set of circumstances; microwave-like radiation directed at the head, obtaining relief from the shelter of metal objects, another entry in my apartment where my cable lamp system was modified, and other hard to believe details. They asked me to come over to Victoria the next day, and I agreed. It took another day for me to get my act together and get a flight, but in the meantime the level of radiation was punishing. At the airport I found a steel column to be a refuge from the drive-by radiation, and when I returned to that same location to catch the bus, there were three individuals standing around with portable irradiative devices. It was withering. I took a hotel room that night, and there were lasers passing through the peephole, and they even burned holes in the rubberized curtain. Before I got to my room, one of two individuals kept following me about the hotel floors, almost like a Keystone Cops encounter. It was another hellish morning replete with two individuals maintaining eye contact in the waiting area that kept moving around for a direct line of sight on me. I finally caught some sleep in the aircraft, but again the irradiative sources started coming on again as I approached Victoria. I suspect that there must be some kind of remote control on the delivery of radiation, and the individuals, whether on foot, driving, loitering or whatever, are carriers of the device and they receive instructions on where and how to conduct themselves and place it.

5) You Are Safe in the Loony Bin

I told my friends the story again, and to alleviate their concerns they invited the Help/Crisis line folks to hear me out. Before I knew it, I was in the hospital as a voluntary patient. I agreed mainly for the reason to seek refuge from the intense harassment, and for a week, as long as I was inside and not out on a pass, it was. I was to be off all my ADD medications and take mood stabilizers. Two doctors later it was the same diagnosis: psychosis due to amphetamine neurotoxicity. That they weren't interested in any of the other details or my theories was becoming the usual treatment.

For a few days I felt that I was recovering; I needed the sleep and the sudden medication adjustment was tiring. Before long I noticed the laser pulses at night, and I began to think that the perpetrators were coming back. And it was true.

Patients that were friendly to me wouldn't talk to me anymore, others I hardly knew were moving away from me for no reason, others exchanged looks with others, and the man I saw on the helicopter shuttle with the communications radio also showed up as a patient. I had an EEG test and was exposed to some very bright lights. Thereafter, for two weeks or more, there were a significant number of vehicles that had their bright lights on, even in daytime, anytime I was out driving on day pass. At one point I went to Home Depot and purchased a metal-backed weather seal for my parent's door. Curiously, it took on properties of its own, as it moved by itself as if a large receiving aerial. The small tools hanging from the racks moved on their own accord when I wandered near them. As all too usual, there were people hanging around me, at odds far greater than any normal shopping coincidence. There was

always someone who moved in quickly when I made my purchase. I was being irradiated anytime I was outside on day pass, and the success rate of being irradiated while inside the hospital was becoming greater. It seemed that one of the patient's motorized Medichair was the source of the irradiations as it had a 12v automotive-type battery onboard. No doubt the building was difficult to penetrate with magnetic or electric radiation as it was a steel-concrete construction, and I saw various markings appear on the walls, in the bathroom, a steel bead on my bedside bookshelf, and yellow-amber crystalline dried insect look-alikes on the walls. One of these had showed up in my apartment earlier. The surveillance was very frequent anytime I was out on day-pass, and the frequency of irradiation, at a bend-over double intensity level. After 3 weeks I checked out of the hospital for insurance coverage reasons, which is when they informed me I was only 70% covered when earlier they indicated that I was 100% covered. The hospital did not return my mother's phone calls on this very same subject until the same day they informed me. Too much of a coincidence. Other induced dysfunction that occurred when I checked into hospital were no pens in my briefcase and a smashed Palm Pilot.

The next month, late May to late June proceeded much like before; being irradiated, sometimes punishingly so, especially when I went to a library or public internet site. I was continually harassed, if it's the correct term, by "close-passers-by". These would be pedestrians who for some reason saw a need to hang around me, or pass closely. Any given occurrence is not unusual, but in aggregate it is. On other occasions I saw red lasers pointed at my room from a distance. My concentration was poor; I couldn't read a newspaper for 5 minutes, when an hour was the previous norm. All the time I had to keep up a pretense that nothing was happening, as all the psychosis believers, like my mother, would find food for their narrow opinion. My mother had nothing to offer about why proximity to steel objects helped alleviate the symptoms, or connect the frequent break-ins of my vehicle to any of the above. A visitation to my brother in Kamloops did not relieve the irradiation feeling, and all too unfortunately, he did not believe I was being harassed and irradiated by anyone or organization. It's been a lonely and uphill row to hoe, and I had no part in choosing it.

Stealth Phase. June 19, 2002 to present

The Mighty Meter

It was June 19 when I bought a Trifield meter that measured electric, magnetic and radio radiation. It was quite apparent that the magnetic radiation scale was the most active, and at first it was wildly successful in picking up high, 2-3 milliGauss level radiation that would suddenly appear when certain individuals were passing by. My apartment had greater than 10 mG; I could feel the huge nauseous wave of magnetic radiation emanating from the bathroom, just as before. Then within a day, this highly assaultive and withering radiation stopped. I challenge any of the naysayers, clinical or otherwise, to name a medication, legal or illegal, that would have this kind of immediate and positive change.

For a month or so I thought I was on easy street, but as I got my life back together I became less certain. For one, a certain individual who I saw earlier at the hospital in advance of being exposed to a laser show of "micro-wigglers", re-appeared outside the nearby hotel where the parabolic dish is located. Once I got my PC up and running, and found websites that provide similar accounts to mine, indicating that the harassment never ends, I became concerned. There was a low level magnetic radiation of 0.4 mG, though the fluctuating needle caused me some concern because that signified activity.

It was the accumulation of a number of clues over August that I concluded that I was being irradiated, though with some kind of pulsed low energy beam. At times the wall clicking

would start and I would feel some kind of pulse to my face and the meter reading would move from 0.6 milliGauss to 0.8 milliGauss. A glass of nearby water was never still, as the surface was constantly rippling. As if this were bad enough, the same low energy pulsed beam was directed at my head at work. Apart from the meter reading and needle fluctuation, I had rapid onsets of sinus pressure, yawning, and ear pressure as well as sensations of hair raising, something trailing through my eyelashes, and my eyes drying out rapidly. My ability to concentrate was poor. I was very groggy in the mornings, and this, with some kind of exploratory muscle twitching and internal organ vibration at night, caused me to believe that I was being irradiated at night. Invariably when I go to new locations, a bright green or red laser dot shows up in my field of vision, some 8-10' away, and some kind of harassment begins: a sudden yawning onset or magnetic irradiation typically. The technology seems such that a laser spot can "appear from" any household AC wiring. The nighttime laser show, the "aura borealis" as I call it, also seemed to cluster around AC wiring. I sense that some kind of intersection of energy beams can cause emanation of radiation to appear from any location where they have a reliable 3D coordinate system in place. Related to this, any-time I have moved about in the unusual location or when I am in my bathroom, the lights momentarily pulse off/on, yet there is no change in the magnetic radiation reading. I sense that the perpetrators can use the AC wiring and light pulses of some kind to take a snapshot. When I read what "through-the-wall" radar technologies can do nowadays, it would be no surprise to me that the AC wiring can be exploited for surveillance purposes. A new technique of a week old at this writing, is to direct sounds to my head just as I am falling into a deeper sleep.

Other studied phenomenon that are likely being applied are some kind of direct retina irradiation, where they "see" the images on the retina directly, just as one does. There were countless times when I would stop and gaze at something, a double take as it were, and just then a momentary pulse of the A/C lighting would occur to obtain a "snapshot" from another perspective. I cannot make my eyes dark if I close my eyelids and place my hands over them. If I place my arms over my head or temples I will notice a further darkening of my eyes, though its rare that it is completely dark. The methods they have of locating my eyes and retina seem myriad. I now understand that lasers can be directed to penetrate the skull and cause differing tissue to resonate uniquely. I also notice a pulsing flash across my retina (when my eyes are closed) at about the same rate as the gaussmeter fluctuation, which could mean the source is magnetic. Likely it is both, though in new and public locations I suspect this method is not so reliable, and they resort to A/C power flashes and the small microdot lasers that project toward my eyes and read the image from there. To me, this is the ultimate in invasion of privacy, to be able to see what another person sees in real time, all the time. It's not quite full blown mind-reading, but should one take a prolonged look at something, they have a pretty good idea that you are thinking about too.

My primitive understanding of magnetic radiation's deleterious effects is that it depends on the frequency (e.g. megahertz) as well as the field strength (milliGauss). I bought a separate frequency analyzer that may not be as reliable as an integrated unit, but for the record, the frequency is about 140 - 180 megahertz.

The current standards for continuous exposure to magnetic radiation used by most of the world are those from Sweden and are:

5 Hz - 2kHz up to 2.5 milliGauss

2 kHz - 400 kHz up to 0.25 milliGauss

So here I am, typically exposed to 0.6+ milliGauss at frequencies approx. 140 - 180 mega-

hertz in my apartment, and wondering who is it that passed a death sentence on me, and what right do they have?

I also suspect there are other means of delivering deleterious energy, as I have felt many of the sensations detailed above, with no change in the magnetic radiation level. I even protested the high EMF levels with my apartment manager for some sport, though to no resolution. I have since (11-2002) re-evaluated this perception and what I have concluded is that the perpetrators have methods to govern or throttle the deflection of the meter needle, by some kind of dedicated and direct meter governing irradiation, while delivering other irradiation to the head (usually). Therefore, most of my lower meter readings, say < 1.0 mG, were likely erroneous, as I could decidedly feel some kind of emanations at the time. Only when there is a stronger than normal electrical field do I notice the meter read higher, which of course combines the ungoverned true reading with the background level. On occasion, if I do not tip my intentions, and quickly sneak a meter reading on the correct scale first-on, sometimes with some non-magnetic background while walking, I have found the reading to be in the order of 30-40 mG on those days when the sensation of being irradiated is very much being constantly felt.

Conclusions, Nov. 07-17, 2002

Quite frankly, I just don't know where to turn as this harassment continues, possibly as I write this. Predictably, the doctors are stuck in mud, despite the fact that their medications and a hospital stay didn't help. As I mentioned, a field strength meter incurred the biggest change, but only of intensity and is temporary.

I really want to get on with is what has been truly impairing my life, which I had only begun, and that is Attention Deficit Disorder, Inattentive Subtype.

I moved apartments hoping that a concrete structure would offer protection, and it didn't take more than 3 weeks for them to set up upstairs as I hear the same clunking and clicking sounds all over again. There seems to be an inherent magnetism, even if weak, in nearly all things in my apartment. Mostly, if I move near an object that can freely move or sway, it will. If I hold a hand compass at arm's length, it changes direction when I bring it close to my body. Two identical hand compasses will point to different directions if more than 12" apart. I moved physical address locations and in hindsight, my difficulties should be no surprise. My US Mail address change did not go through for some mysterious reason, and my ATT e-mail account, which was to be transferred (kept intact) was closed for some reason and they also had to make 2 trips out to see to my modem. My web searches seem abnormally truncated as I will do the same search at work as at home, and find the response at home to be highly reduced (same search engine).

I sometimes get these crushing headaches and sense of ill feeling that come over me for an hour or two a day. On another occasion, when I was seeing Ms C (below) recently, I found myself to be incredibly nervous and concerned for my well-being, though this was supported by more odd vehicles hanging around as well as malingerers on the streets at significantly greater frequencies than before. At times, I have needed to urinate every 20 minutes or so all day, and am exceptionally mouth-dry. This latter problem can be turned on remotely in short order it seems, as I was having a row with Ms C, and dry mouth came on all of a sudden.

Its not over by any means: I had re-acquainted myself with Ms. C in the story (above) in August, and while I had not pursued a full and complete explanation of her earlier participa-

tion, what I came to understand, by way of renewed and feigned romantic interest, was that she was setting me up for being irradiated with magnetic and laser systems while overnight at her place, and in the vehicle ride on the way into Seattle. So she played Mati Hari twice on me, not to mention the constant on/off relationship changes and her confrontational style when I broached the subject of being targeted by strange and injurious phenomenon by parties unknown. Here she had been grinding me down about the validity of my experiences, suggesting that they did not occur, but at the same time was collaborating with the perpetrators this second time around by inducing me to get out of my apartment, and also supplying me with garments, "thrift store finds" that were exceptionally non light reflective to aid in some kind of laser range detection. She wouldn't put her seat belt on, which gave her room to sit on the far side of the car, to avoid being irradiated along with me, as I was driving on our commutes from Everett to Seattle. I have since come to the conclusion that she was a "plant", or operative from the beginning, going back to summer of 2000. While I cannot be positive, it did not seem at anytime that her behavior changed, and became more or less romantic, as there had always been a friction component from the outset. I have since come to the same conclusion about Ms. L, as she extracted a much more detailed clinical knowledge from me than otherwise possible from any source. Again, there was a friction component that would create rifts and effectively prevent any kind of deeper emotional connection. I suspect that they were both ably "handled" and that there was very little at the time that would cause me to think that they were anyone than who they were.

As a retrospective, I suspect that the offer of employment by CJZ was the beginning of a setup, as BT had every opportunity to find out from me as to what my perceptions of Ms C and Ms L were and where they fitted in my life, and if thereby provide feedback information as to how they were doing. There should be much credit given to the side of the operation that "handled" them, that is coached them on what to say, how to introduce a topic, and to continue encouragement of remaining in the association.

My take on this prolonged plant of two social operatives in my life was that the first round, when I was apparently depressed (the doctors' diagnosis) they began their operation of irradiation and gauging its effects through Ms. C and possibly my employer. When I persisted in determining an Attention Deficit Disorder diagnosis that immediately pulled me out of the hole I was in, they decided to go another round with Ms. L. It should be noted that they gained considerable clinical response information from this episode as Ms. L and I were in frequent contact about health issues. So if they irradiated me at night with frequency x , for intensity at z duration, they would have gained a very detailed account of what kind of day I had through Ms. L.

Anytime I go outside my apartment or work, the magnetic radiation levels are nearly always 1.5 to 3.0 milliGauss, even while driving. Yesterday, while making a longer trip in the vehicle, I almost threw up, as I had been so exposed to magnetic radiation. Sometimes there are wild needle swings up to 6 or 10 milliGauss. Today, for the first time that I was aware, they remotely turned off my meter, so when I looked at the dial only, tucked away in my jacket pocket, it appeared to be zero. Another technique is to control the magnetic radiation levels depending on where my meter is, or if I am looking at it. Also, there is irradiating while piggybacking on the operation of other devices – my car is about 0.2 milliGauss at idle, at the driver's face. Now, for reasons that I believe are of nefarious origin, the reading is close to 1.0 milliGauss in the same circumstances.

I am on the horns of what I perceive to be a significant dilemma: it is plain that my employer CJZ wants to get out of the employee harassment business, if the April 15 and April 24 events are anything to go by, but what is the future? More of this if/when I relocated back to Canada at significant personal relocation cost and disruption? What is the good of going

through relocation disruption only to be pummelled by the same means which would appear to be the case, as they kept at me even when hospitalized. It would appear in the least, that they somehow have to protect the guilty, and ensure that I do not seek any retribution – about the last thing on my mind these days.

It seems to me that the “razzle dazzle show” was to cause me to be a psychological wreck, from which I would quit my employment and return to Canada. But what I cannot figure out is why they created this elaborate scenario where I was the one who selected how much medication as an overdose, unless of course there is more mind control than I am aware.

The intensity level has had a recent (11-15-2002) increase to what I suspect is about 30-40 mG at both my apartment and at work. My work colleagues appear to be stressed and carry a heavy burden of knowledge as they do not visit my cubicle very often, and there is a high level of avoidant behavior, furtive glances and sometimes flinching back from my desk.

There have been other likely related activities: my divorce negotiations have been protracted all of this year, my ex-to-be makes much of my mental capability but has no facts to back it up, as if there is an advance topic with the details to be supplied at a later time. My electromagnetic shielding cap was stolen from my apartment, there have been mischief misplacements of computer hardware and my PC behavior will degrade at any time. It would appear to me that they have all my familiar and possibly enlightening web sites mirrored onto their own server, often with key pieces missing or even misinformation about scientific information. E-mail has been erratic in the success rate of response. I even went to a respectable street front detective agency, and found them closed, during regular business hours. Could have been a coincidence, but that's a word I have come to re-interpret as meaning there is a lesson I have not yet learned. In posting to the web, I am asking that if the readers have some positive suggestions and solution paths, they would be welcome. If you have contacts that could suddenly show up with the appropriate measurement equipment that would be ideal. Any outside expertise has to be lined up in advance, by telephone or e-mail, and invariably they are busy, unavailable, blow me off or have some kind of contrite response. Otherwise, it is a personal and lonely hell, and most disturbingly, it is not a free country.

John Hughes 11-17-2002

