

Narration and Account of Occurrences on October 19, 2023 related to Unlawful Attempts at Legal Guardianship Civil Committal and Forced Medicating of Ramola D, Writer and Journalist | October 20, 2023

Yesterday, Thursday, around midday, when I was upstairs, I heard the doorbell ring and went down to see who it was. I witnessed the backs of two strangers' heads on the front porch as I looked out through the front dining-room window, which had both curtains pulled aside, the sheer and the brocade. I did not know nor recognize either. Given the unlawful forced-kidnappings I have been subjected to twice over the last year and the subsequent assassination attempts and grave physical abuse with remote-access vibrational electromagnetic technologies as well as abusive forced-drugging I have experienced since that time—that is, since April 19, 2022 on day of “discharge” from the unlawful site of my first captivity, Steward Carney Hospital, and December 29, 2022 on day of “discharge” from the unlawful site of my second captivity, Emerson I, Bournemouth Hospital—I wondered if these two strangers, who looked well dressed, the man in a powder-blue suit and the woman in a black blazer, were connected with the Boston and South Shore psychiatric brigade I had met on both forced kidnaps, and decided it would be best to retreat. I therefore retreated to the family den in the back and thence the bathroom in back and sat down to take a breath. Unfortunately (for these strangers), the doorbell-ringing resumed, accompanied by door-banging. I walked out of the bathroom and looked out at the front porch—the woman's head was in the window. She beckoned me over, and, given that she clearly needed to be asked to leave, and I couldn't exactly pretend I wasn't home anymore, I came up to the dining-room and to the window to tell her to go away, or rather, to find out what she wanted to say—just in case she was someone innocuous, like a vendor or marketer.

“Can I speak to you” she said.

“Who are you” I said.

“I'm Virginia” she said, as if I should know Virginia.

“I don't know you” I said.

“I'm Virginia Connolly,” she said, “I'm an attorney, I'm here to speak to you about representing you.”

“I don't need to be represented” I said.

“Can I speak to you” she said, looking to the door as if I should open it. The man was standing in the door or closer to it, He seemed to have opened the glass door (which has a keyhole on the outside) but I cannot be certain about this right now. (I don't recall, later in the day, when I opened the door, whether that inner door was open or closed—it's a slide-lock.)

“I'm not speaking to you, you're a stranger,” I said, and left the window and went back to the den.

There was sound of talking on the porch and then the phone on the TV cabinet rang. I let the rings go to the answering machine. A male voice announced himself as David Aptaker—a name and person I do not know, have never met, have never been introduced to, have never encountered in my broadcasting, writing, and teaching careers but who sent me a threatening email last month, in September (now published)--and said he was standing outside the door and could I come to the door and tell him I did not want to see him, then proceeding to leave an office number. The doorbell-ringing and door-banging resumed. I went up to the window again and knocked on it to get the woman's attention. She was looking at the door and ignoring my presence at the window so I had to knock on the window to beckon her over this time. She looked over and said again “Can I speak to you” and I said, “I'm not speaking to you, you're a stranger.” I then pulled the sheer across and the brocade across to shut her out of view and retreated upstairs. I went to a front room window diagonal from the porch and looked down to see the man on the step. He was wearing black glasses and looked about sixty-five. (Both were

“white” or Anglo Americans. She was wearing blondeish hair and black glasses, a black sweater, a black blazer and lighter pants. He was in a powder blue suit, a lightish shirt and that's all I saw.) After a few minutes I went down to look out the front window, lifting the curtains a tad. I did not see the man. I saw the woman by a black-grey SUV parked up the hill opposite, obviously speaking to someone across the street. I looked but could not see properly who she might be speaking to—I presumed it might be the next door neighbor, the Le Ming woman who has been making intensive noise-harassment street theatre all summer and became the Duchess of Digging Holes as she dug up the entire side of her house by our driveway apparently looking for hidden water piping, but perhaps it wasn't her. I don't know. I saw a slightish looking figure in pants, man or woman I could not tell, with a backpack on his back, walking away, up the street on this side—the side our house is on--as the woman got in her car and drove away. It didn't strike me that this man or woman was in a suit. Perhaps that was a Third member of the Unlawful Psychiatric Ever-Attempting-Civil-Committal Brigade running impersonating fraud on this family and seeking to unlawfully commit the sane and truth-telling journalist as insane and incompetent. Perhaps that was “Back Up as occurred last April, when three Quincy Police men got in our front door and later called for Back Up and an ambulance while I was speaking to my husband and asking him to let them out. Perhaps that was the man in the powder-blue suit. Who knows. My day and week had clearly been disrupted. I sought to resume my day but took time out to write and post a Notice online to All Psychiatrists and Lawyers and EMS and LSW folk (in this place they call Massachusetts but which seems to have become Manic Mental-Health-Captivity-Obsessed Hunting Country and Predation Land, sending it to my absent husband at his workspot email address. This Notice was printed and posted this morning on the inside of my front door—a glass door—and the inside of my front dining-room window, as Plain English Notice to all attempting to visit and “speak” to me of the Unlawfulness in seeking to cast a living and working Woman Writer and Journalist as insane, incapacitated, and incompetent.

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By:

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