

Update on the urgent side--Fridge attacked again by Chen Limings and Electric Outlets for PC as well Attacked

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Sent Friday, July 18, 2025 at 10:00 AM
Encrypted **No**
Signed **No**

: July 18, 2025

Paul,

Updating you on events the last couple days.

The fridge has been acting up, first a ton of frost and snow inside the freezer and all sorts of things going bad in the fridge. I changed the settings accordingly thinking it was too cold and too filled up in the freezer.

Then everything seems to halt and not chill. The icecream melted in the freezer and I ate the chocobars with a spoon.

The strawberry pops appear to have turned into juice in their packets. Yesterday the corn was still frozen but that was in the morning. I still see ice in there but there appears to be some dripping.

Yesterday the fridge door didn't close very well. Either that or the freaks next door are vibrating it or something to make that door keep swinging open. When I came down yesterday evening after sitting at my laptop sweltering and struggling with the pc and the cord and the fan and the adapter which seemed to be burning hot all the time--I may have sat on it a couple times, that's how I noticed--I saw the fridge door was hanging open and the alarm was beeping away. I wonder if that is why a black police-looking SUV came and parked by the oak yesterday evening after the Black Pickup QDC-QPD harasser left our front private spot at 5 pm. He is back this morning by the way because he just can't help himself. He is Smitten. His job is to attack me nonstop and he is back at it, sitting upstairs in his lair and operating RF HPM.

THE ADAPTER AND PC: I figured, after being knocked off the pc for the 133rd time and the cord falling off and the battery being drained by the Mazzeos next door--crouching like rabbits no foxhounds--in Their lair next door, their two snazzy SUVs loaded with weapons--and the pc overheating and the adapter overheating that it was a dysfunction at the outlet not the laptop--someone is manipulating our electrical outlets and switches and motors--this house has been rigged and I wouldn't be surprised if it explodes one day like Michael Hastings' car and Don Bolles'. American journalists don't exist, I was told by the CIA once, they are all "controlled." So if you're not controllable you get blown up. That's my fate, they would like to convey--but uptill then they'll keep messing with my electricity, my fridge, my basement, my furnace (now dead), my air-conditioning (not usable), and my phone (dead) and my electrical outlets. I suspect the Chen Limings are responsible for the ELECTRICITY INTERFERENCE. They work with the CIA and stopped their attack on the gag motor inside that fridge only because someone stopped them--this was July 11, last Friday.

Now they're still attacking the fridge--in this weather if the fridge breaks I will starve and become like your mother with her empty fridge before you and Kathy kidnapped her and put her in a mental asylum--sorry that's what it is. I hope she's still alive and that you have moved her out of there. Is Kathy your last word on everything? Where is your own thinking, your own brain, your own intellect? You used to have one. I've told you it's my suspicion--and my information--that you have been neuro-indoctrinated through radio means while you were here. You became unrecognizable.

You and Kathy cut me out of any decision-making regarding your mother because you wrote Me out of everything and you did that why precisely? SD and Shubha fed you crap and you believed it?

Sophie has been estranged from me and over the past 3 years removed from me: Yes I would like to sue someone, and that's the CIA-FBI-Police mechanism along with Adams School Board and Rosine, Shubha, Ourania et al who have done this to me,

Will I stop writing about it? No. never.

This is Crime on many levels and the CIA is culpable.

I am going to order a new phone with the old number 617-374-9281. This one is the switched one isn't it--617-347-9281? Do I have this wrong? But of course, you cannot respond.

It's 9:30 am and I hear a helicopter over the backyard--MY PRIVATE AIRSPACE, stay out of it! It's using that DARPA-CIA Machine Intel over its engines and reading these lines out. Clever! And infinitely stupid. These guys suggest my life is OVER and I am going to be permanently locked in this house, with police cars dashing to and fro and parking by the oak and in the Mazzeo drive and attacking my head and my heart because my head is theirs.....right.

I cannot go outside without BURKAH--forced to swathe my head in Reflectix and a scarf to even feed the birds or take the trash out. The man who drives that black pickup seems to have done Indie Derby on that trash can I'm using for yard waste now, it was knocked over by the curb, hidden by wild foliage, I could not see it from above even. I picked it up and a gutter smell rose from it. This was last Wednesday, around 6 am, when I am obliged to creep out, like a leper, because apparently in Quincy POLICE can grab me and syringe-shoot me any moment--and any one of these freak fiend mercenaries next door can summon them, like Black Ops spirits. I emptied the gutter water out, stood the can upright and left. It was cleaned out later by the Waste guys or whoever, I moved the can back to the side in the evening.

As I write, the Mazzeo man of the day--a criminal--knocks about banging his car doors. 9:36 am. I want a 10 foot fence on that side stat. There are metal mesh things we can add to the fence on the inside. I need the porch enclosed and with a proper door. I need a small fence around the whole of the front yard and a gate, at least 4-5 feet high so no Police Fiend can put his legs over it. The POLICE are forbidden from approaching me. They have attacked and defamed me and I have not fully published and reported this but I will.

Your clones are all CIA and PWC and US Army. Or Navy. They are GMCs most of them. Some not. The CIA needs to back down and end this impasse but they seem to think keeping me in their Brain Grab program is better. OK then.

As Long as I live I will be writing.

9:40 am, and the bastards in the Mazzeo drive are sending Terahertz to my right sole. Breaking my KNEES these past 4-5 days, and my FEET for 2-3 weeks now and now moving from left sole to right sole.

My left arm--an unlawful implant installed there by criminals--accessed just now, at 9:42 am--patently by the Mazzeo freaks in the drive who seem to want to lurk and attack so I can start screaming at them they think. They are ever hopeful because that's all the CIA's got--Lime Neon and Activation for Self Incrimination.

If the Mazzeos don't put that house on sale and we or a Clone Bro of yours can't buy it, it's still CIA, Army, Israel and it is ARMED--an ARMED house next door, armed to send RF and electric pulses into heads bodies and hearts? We are getting a SPECTRUM ANALYZER and CAMERAS and MOTION SENSOR LIGHTS and establishing definitively what they are doing. I need to look at the parcel papers as well. How exactly is it that this drive was parked here next to ours, so close as it is?

This City is corrupt. It doesn't mind letting the CIA, Navy Air Force operate here and cannibalize and predate on the people, with RF and Neuroweaponry. It must get many perks for that, it's a friend of corrupt military contractors and the CIA which thinks it is ruling America.

The CIA cannot rule America. Talking-plane back again reading here again and groaning droning again, 9:47 am.
The CIA is a shitty, skull and bones agency which needs to BACK DOWN and stop attacking WOMEN and CHILDREN -- all the boy clones made from you were children, attacked.
Extreme heat on my back: Starsiak fiends--CIA_QDC_QPD, 9:48 am.

The CIA is everywhere and thinks it is ubiquitous and therefore must WIN.

It is educated, and needs to WAKE UP. Yesterday is not today, and we are no longer in Euro-Amerika. I am from India. I am from a British-colonized country. I am not going to stop speaking and writing. and Quincy needs to recognize me as an American Writer, an Indian-American Author and senior Creative Writing teacher. And American Journalist. Not treat me as a "Seriously Mental III" delusion.

Nor as someone whose spine and back they can burn like this--9:53 am---because it's all Black Ops now and I am permanently screwed. Really?

I don't think so. --Ramola

Ramola D

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Thought makes the word come into power.

--Edmond Jabes