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To Those
Interested
in the
Gangstalking
of a Targeted
Individual

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fact, physically and mentally exhausted, and the doc said I could have a private room to myself and enjoy the morphine drip all night, sleep, and leave in the morning well-rested. I agreed. He put the IV line in my arm, hooked it up to the drip, and sure enough it was morphine, like he said. I enjoyed the familiar mindless floating sensation of a hospital-grade opiate for a while, and went to sleep.

I woke up the next day and discharged myself. Nobody even remembered admitting me. I wasn't on file. I simply left the hospital. The doctor who put me on the morphine drip was gone. I was ashamed of myself because I knew he had to be "in on out" and he had bribed me with the morphine drip, and I fell for it. I feasibly could have made good on my threat, found another hospital to get a blood test, and involved the police. But how? It was midnight, I had no car, and calling the police would've probably backfired on me somehow. Usually the police are "in on it" in these gangstalking situations. And if they are not, they won't believe you anyhow. They think you are crazy. After all, who would do that to someone? Why? I might have ended up right back in the same nuthouse I just got released from if I had called the cops. Not only that, but they had enough power to put their people in a mental ward as "employees", threaten a legit nurse whoa actually did work there bad enough to scare her into not helping me (and presumably to keep her mouth shut if questioned) and even sway the morals of a doctor in the ER next to the mental ward. With that kind of power, what good could the cops do, even assuming they were moral enough not to be bought or threatened?

The question remains: who? And why? I believe this originates with the CIA as one of those MK Ultra-style projects they do to experiment on the unwitting public. Beginning with the LSD experiments they did in the 1950s by slipping it into the drinks of businessmen visiting a brothel, then observing them with a 2-way mirror, the CIA has been doing psychological experiments on unsuspecting public ever since. But now, as a result of the Patriot Act, they can use Homeland Security funds to pay for gangstalking, and the CIA sub-contracts most of the work to private-sector operators, only stepping in personally when they need to. Why? Because they can. Because they have power and like to show it off. It's technology-assisted Satanism!

To Those Interested in Gangstalking of a Targeted Individual

by David-Matthew Strunk

Here's just one little story of the types of things "they" did to me. This happened about a month before the actual murder that put me here in November of 2016:

I was in Fort Collins, CO and it was beginning to be too cold to be outside anymore. I had already secured a local government public-housing apartment, but was not able to move into it yet. I had broken up with my girlfriend in Estes Park and the break-up caused me to be homeless because I had been living with her. I suspect "they" had something to do with the break-up too, because "they" can't, or don't, want to operate when you are in the close proximity of someone they are not gangstalking. She would go visit her parents on the weekends and leave me alone at the apartment, and "they" would gangstalk me the whole time until she came home Monday morning. "They" would then abruptly stop. My relationship with her was in the way of their gangstalking, so it had to go. So, they used their electronic gadgets to control my emotions, to make me angry or sad for no reason. My out-of-control emotions would cause me to drink excessively and she broke up with me over it.

Anyways, I'm in Fort Collins and "they" decide to turn off the sleep mechanism in my brain. Everyone has one, like the on/off switch to a lamp. Everyone has something in their brain that tells you the body is depleted and it's time to sleep. The person then finds a place to bed down and go to sleep. At a certain moment, the frontal lobe turns off, the subconscious mind takes over and "sleep" happens. Well, "they", with their computer-assisted electronic directed energy gadgets, are able to aim their device at you and disable the part of the brain that facilitates sleep, or maybe they just keep the frontal lobe stimulated, so you stay awake.

I went 24 hours without sleep and didn't think that it was unusual. Everyone loses a night of sleep every once in awhile. Then I went 48 hours. Then 72

hours. Then came day four of being wide awake no chemical assistance. I was not on meth, speed or even coffee, and did not feel the “high” associated with stimulant drugs, so I can't say someone snuck drugs into my food or anything like that. I became worried and decided to go to a hospital.

I deliberately avoided Poudre Valley Hospital because of having previous gangstalking style incidents there and took a bus across town to a new hospital. I went in the ER and it's empty. They took me back and I got seen by the doctor right away. There didn't seem to be any other patients.

I explained my problem, adding that I felt OK but was becoming frightened by my inability to sleep. I told her that I'm not here to be “drug seeking” but, perhaps a sedative of some sort would help? She agreed and gave me a shot of something and left.

She returned about 20 minutes later and asked how I felt. I said I didn't feel anything. She gave me another shot and left again. She came back about half an hour later and asked how I felt. I said there hasn't been a change, so she gave me a third shot and left again. She came back 15 or 20 minutes later and did a precursory check with the shine-a-light-in-your-eye thing, blood-pressure, and so on. Then she left again.

She came back again 20 minutes later, this time with a Fort Collins police officer in uniform. She said, “At this point, I've given you enough sedative to knock out a horse and it's not even touching you. It's had plenty of time to take effect and I see no change in your vitals at all, therefore I have involuntarily committed you for a 72-hour hold, for observation, at the nearest mental hospital.” The cop then unceremoniously cuffed me up and wasn't nice about it at all, grabbing and jerking me around to put the cuffs on me as if I were an actual criminal he had to chase down to arrest. It was shocking and humiliating. He was treating me as if I had actually done something wrong and was going to jail. He dragged me outside and stuffed me in the back of a squad car.

I was driven to the “nearest” psychiatric hospital, which I can't remember the name of, but I know it wasn't the nearest because Fort Collins has one in

and knew he was my only contact and no relation to me. If he asked, they could just say I had been released, or tell him the HIPPA laws prevent them from telling him if I was there. He would think I just went on a drinking spree and ditched the AA program and him along with it. This is how medical-kidnapping works. They know who does or does not know where you are. He was my only contact. My friends, family, girlfriend, no one knew where I was! They could kill me and get away with it, take my body out on a gurney, put me in an ambulance, and drive me to a morgue. Incinerate me. Gone.

As I slipped into unconsciousness I heard myself say, in a childish voice, this: “But, but I haven't helped enough people yet!” Then, lights out. And that is how I discovered we do have a soul. My mouth said it, but it wasn't my voice, and I didn't put thought into it. It was like a child had used my mouth to say that. The “child” was my soul, saying it to God.

The next morning I woke up still naked on the bathroom tile, covered in shit and vomit. I cleaned up and went directly to the nurses' station to complain. As expected, they played dumb. They said I still had 15 or 16 hours to go on my 72-hour hold and refused to release me. The phone didn't work. Each time I tried a new thing, what I expected to happen, happened. The moment I woke up I knew they would do what it takes to cover it up. Of course the people involved were long gone. “That was night shift”, they said. “This is day shift. We have no idea what night-shift does.” I was not released until approximately midnight. Time for the poison to clear.

The mental ward was part of a larger hospital. I went next door to the ER of the regular hospital and told the doc that I wanted an emergency blood-test to determine what kind of poison was used. The doc who was most likely “in on it” refused. I threatened to go to a different hospital or involve the police. He said, “You've had a rough day. How about a morphine drip?” The junkie in me fell for it, and I agreed to the morphine drip, knowing that this doc was most definitely “in on it”, because ER docs don't go around offering pre-op morphine drips to strangers coming in off the streets babbling about being poisoned by the hospital next door, without even making a call to see if I was ever even a patient at the hospital next door in the first place! But I was, in

body cramps. I stripped naked and layed on the floor, in the fetal position, projectile vomiting and shitting at the same time.

I cried for help and no one came. I was screaming at the top of my lungs: HELP! HEEELL! SOMEONE GET A DOCTOR! , and nothing. I thought at least another patient would wake up and come see what the problem is. But, noone. Nothing.

Then "they" came in. First one, then another: two orderlies. The first came in and stood over me, staring down at me with cool indifference. Five minutes later, the second one came in. They stood next to each other, silently staring down at me with eyes of stone. That's when I realized with horror – this is on purpose. This isn't a bad sandwich, they poisoned me!

Another five or ten minutes later I had begun to scream messages to other patients who may have woken up, that I had been poisoned and someone needs to call 9-1-1. A white woman in her 50s came in. This wasn't one of "them", this was the actual night nurse on the ward. She was hysterical, but not because of me. They had got to her. She was screaming *at* me. "I'm a good nurse! I've never been in trouble! I have a perfect record! I've been a nurse 30 years! I...." But she did nothing to help me. She stood there next to the two orderlies who were obviously enjoying the spectacle, and screamed that the same message over and over at me. I realized, with terror, "they" had threatened her. They told her if she helps me in any way they would find something horrible to put in her file, have her fired, maybe even arrested. She'd never work as a nurse again.

The three people standing over me, the two cool-as-a-cumber orderlies and the panicked, hysterical old white woman, started to get blurry and sound far away, and I realized I was going unconscious. My body knew somehow that I was slipping into a coma. It was going to be a coma for sure, but maybe even death? My body relayed this information to me in a way I can't explain.

All of a sudden, right before I did actually go into a coma, I became convinced these people had murdered me. The only person who knew I was in this hospital was my AA sponsor. They had probably tapped the phone,

town. This one was on the outskirts of Boulder. I had been there before years ago and remember liking it because they had a smoking area outside with smoke-breaks once per hour or so, and it was co-ed. My last visit there was in the mid-2000s over a nervous breakdown. I have a history of checking myself in to mental hospitals once every 3 or 4 years because I have PTSD-related nervous breakdowns where I become suicidally despondent and don't know what else to do. A week or two of institutionalization, regular meals, bed times, and wake up times on someone else's schedule, usually fixes me up well enough to discharge myself and go get on with life. But this time I was institutionalized by someone else I don't even know and for a reason that didn't make sense: How does not being able to sleep for several days mean I need a psychiatric hospital? Why not a regular hospital? What was wrong with the hospital I came from? If the ER doctor was concerned about me, why didn't she "observe" me for 72 hours?

So, the cop drops me off at this hospital and I'm on a "72 hour hold". I just got there and I already wanted to leave. My gut feeling told me something was off somehow. I was not yet aware of gangstalking, but unknown to me at that point, I was about to be shown firsthand what it's all about.

I called my AA sponsor at that time. I think now, looking back, that was my best move, and probably saved me from being kidnapped. See, there is this thing few people know about medical-kidnapping, because of the HIPPA laws. No one can ask a hospital if you are there and get an answer from any staff there, either by phone or in person. It's feasible to go literally room-by-room, floor-by-floor at a hospital, looking for someone, but chances are a security guard will get curious why you are there and step to you. But, a mental hospital is a lockdown ward. No one is allowed in or out, except staff. So, if you are there and no one knows it, they can keep you there forever! If anyone calls to ask if you're there, the HIPPA law prevents staff from saying if you're there or not. But that ward had a payphone, and allegedly the phone wasn't "tapped" but we know from Snowden, the NSA whistleblower, that all phones are tapped, and I've got to conclude that a mental ward phone is listened to like a jail phone is. So, by calling my AA sponsor and telling him what happened, whoever was eavesdropping knew better than to try to do medical-kidnapping to me.

But that didn't stop them from trying. Within my first hour there an angry nurse approached me with some paperwork and said, "You need to sign this", pushing a pen into my hand, and standing over me like she's in a hurry and I'm holding her up. I said, "I don't sign things without reading them first." I read it and it was a contract giving the hospital permission to hold me there "for an indefinite time period" with the release date "to be determined". In other words – forever. They wanted my permission to me medical-kidnapping to me! I said, "No way!" She seemed to get even more angry and left.

About a half-hour later, the same nurse came back with more paperwork. This time, she tells me to sign it, as if I don't a choice. I said, "Whoa, whoa, whoa. I do not sign things without reading it first!" She got bitter angry, I mean her face was like she just sucked a lemon. Sour. I read it, and it's another contract, but this one wants me to admit that I have mental issues that are so beyond my control and so dangerous that I agree that I should never be legally allowed to own a firearm of any kind, every again, for the rest of my natural life. I wondered what sort of file a document like that would be put into. Medical? Federal? Law enforcement? I've never owned a gun, and, in fact, don't like them. But what if I wanted to, say, buy a shotgun and take up duck hunting? This document I'm sure would "red flag" me on every gun dealer website on the planet. Plus, I just don't agree with giving up any of my rights voluntarily. That's why I cringe when I watch these reality-TV cop shows and people get in trouble because cops ask them questions and they can't keep their story straight. Don't they know they have a right to remain silent before the arrest? Just say "I want a lawyer if you are going to ask me questions" and that forces them to get to the point. They will either arrest you, which, believe me, they already planned to do anyways no matter how you answer their questions, or they have to stop asking questions and let you go, period. Why don't people know that?

So, of course I told the lady, no, I'm not going to sign this document. She seemed to get furious and stormed away. It made no sense to me at the time. I've been to some version of a mental hospital for PTSD-related stuff a dozen times in my life, and that particular hospital I think three previous times, and

sandwich.

We ate at about 7pm. I remember going on a smoke break and talking to a pretty girl in her 20s who was there because she had been raped at a college party, maybe a frat thing. She was matter-of-fact about it, and calm, but wary. She looked at me in a way that let me know she no longer trusted men, in any context. I remember wanting to help her, but not knowing what to say or do, so I decided to just avoid her to "give her space". After that, I went to bed.

The poison hit me at about 10pm. I remember it was late enough that literally everyone had gone to bed, including the "late stragglers". Some of the patients have trouble sleeping and they go out to the nurse station to get a nighttime snack of a pudding cup or a banana. But the lights were out all over the ward.

I was in bed and couldn't sleep because I was thinking about my own girlfriend, Helena. I had a bad breakup because of my drinking. It was 100% fault the relationship ended. Or was it? It wasn't her fault, but... I had never in my life experienced the roller coaster ups and downs of emotions, disturbing emotions, like I did when I was with her. I was irrational in a way O had never been. I didn't realize it then, but they were most likely using the gangstalk-mindfuck electronic gadgets, the same kind now used to keep me awake for days, against me, to cause me to have crying fits and bouts of irrational fear and anger that I tried to control with excessive drinking, which ended up just exaggerating the symptoms.

When the poison hit, it seemed to hit all at once out of nowhere. I'm lying in bed thinking about what to do when I get out, when all of a sudden I had a bout of uncontrollable burps and farts. It felt like something was fermenting inside my gut. One moment I was normal, then, as the burps and farts got worse, I also started to get dizzy. Then, I instantly started running a fever. I felt my forehead and it was hot. Then I felt sick and ran to the toilet.

There began the beginning of hell itself. As soon as I puked, I felt the diarrhea begin. I sat on the toilet and soon it just became dysentery. Basically it was just hot water shooting out my ass. Then the puking again, then, full

responsible for being awake or asleep, and they have a remote electronic gadget that affects it at will: They just push a button on, say, a Panasonic Tough Book laptop that has the software, it sends a signal to a cell tower near you, the microwave dish on the tower beams the signal at you using your own device, and they can make you fall asleep at the wheel driving home with a car full of kids, or stay awake for days on end. But, I didn't know that then.

The next day was uneventful: Writing in a notebook the staff got for me, TV, smoke breaks and calls to my AA sponsor. Then at dinnertime in the evening, it happened.

The people who just got there aren't allowed to go to the cafeteria dining hall because they need a couple days to make sure you are not dangerous before you can be around silverware. The dining hall has actual metal silverware that they wash and sterilize, like at a diner. So, the new arrivals get a meal delivered to them on a styrofoam clamshell container with a plastic spork, like in jail. These meals are pushed into the TV room on one of those stainless steel meal-tray dollies on wheels, like in hospitals. Everyone lines up to get a tray and eat it in the TV room, followed by a smoke break.

I noticed something odd: all the trays had our names written on them with black Sharpie ink, but all the meals were the same. It wasn't like one person got a Kosher meal, the next person got a diabetic meal, the next person got a low-sodium meal, and so on. Every person got exactly the same thing: a scrambled egg sandwich and fries and a fruit cup. Or was it chicken salad? I just remember it was a sandwich of some sort and was cooked. But they were all the same. Yet, the nurse was adamant that each person get only the tray with their own name on it, and NO sharing. I thought it was odd enough that I asked why, and was told, "Some people have problems with paranoia". But if that were the case, wouldn't the "name only" thing make a "paranoid" person more paranoid? But I was hungry and decided not to press the issue. I remember the sandwiches were cut in half diagonally, corner to corner, the way I like to do grilled cheese. But mine tasted ...funny. Not rotten exactly, not like it "went bad", just ...funny somehow. I didn't like it, and did not eat the other slice, which is good, because I almost died on just the half of a

I never experienced a nurse bring me any documents like that, much less get emotional over it.

Well, it makes sense now: The gangstalkers wanted to be able to disarm me for their own safety. They want to be able to stalk you without any repercussions or danger to their person. Most targeted individuals never even see their stalkers, or if they do, it's in passing but not up close and personal. But in my case, my stalkers wanted me to figure out who the players are, because it was personal to them. They wanted revenge. Why? They have huge, fragile, narcissistic egos, and if you insult them to their face like I did, they want to get even.

For example, a lot of people don't know this, but if you have a digital "smart meter" installed on your home to replace the old analog one for your electric, you just gave "them" a way to watch and listen to anything and everything that goes on in your house 24/7. The old analog meters are hardwired to your home's electrical line and reads how much current you draw. The new "smart meters" are not hardwired on your electrical intake, they work by sending out a radar signal that "reads" your house and sends data back to the device. It also will "talk" to your "smart appliances", which is how the electrical company in your area tries to soft-sell the device. But be warned: with the right software, any laptop can dial into your house to watch and listen to its inhabitants. A laptop called the Panasonic Tough Book comes already pre-loaded with the software to do this, and can also dial into local cell towers and grid systems to enable gangstalking with electronic surveillance and mind-torture tactics. In Fort Collins, Colorado all of the street lamps in the city are a relay system to enable this.

Knowing this, I used to sit on my couch and just shit talk them, because I knew they were watching and listening. I know they are Satan worshipers (they prefer the terms *Lucifer* and *Luciferians*) and I knew they are Illuminati and connected to the local Mason lodge, the Fraternal Order of Police and the FBI, and as such have access to a vast tunnel network under the city. They believe in the Holy Bible and the Book of Revelations, but they believe that by carrying out Satan's work they are actually "doing God's will" because if God didn't want it to happen it wouldn't happen, or some such nonsense. It's

like an excuse and a justification, on a grand scale, to do whatever they want, up to and including human trafficking, pedophilia, and even human ritual sacrifice, as long as they “stick to the script” as outlined in Revelations. But most people don't know this, and if you do know it and are not one of them, and are in fact against it, you are considered an enemy and they'll go after you.

The whole thing is justified by the same philosophy inscribed on the Georgia Guidestones: The world is overpopulated. Most people are essentially like dumb cattle and deserve to be eliminated, for the betterment of mankind in general and the “illuminated few” in particular. It's basically Hitler's philosophy, without the Jew stuff. You're either down with it, or you're not. If you're not, God help you! How do I know all of this? I'm nosy and kept on investigating them, and they noticed me. At a certain point they asked me to join it and I said “no”. That is when all hell broke loose and the gangstalking intensified to the point of violence. The endgame for gangstalking is to keep on messing with you until you break. They want you to act out in some kind of violent or bizarre way so they can incarcerate you in jail or a mental hospital.

Anyways, I knew they were watching me in my house, actually my girlfriend's, with the smart meter and other CIA-style secret monitoring devices. They also have a device that looks like a gun except, instead of a barrel, it has a mini-satellite dish-thing on the end of it. They can point it at your house. It sees through walls and listens. It's a two-way device, so it also transmits microwaves. I would shit talk to them, using their own philosophy against them, and would use God and the Book of Revelations to taunt them. I'd say things like, “So you think them tunnels are gonna save you when shit hits the fan? You think He doesn't know where you are? Do you really think you can hide from Him?! Them tunnels aren't gonna save you! The whole planet is gonna burn! Even NORAD can't save you! You better read that Book again. It doesn't end well for you! Ha! You're as dumb as the Egyptians chasing the Jews into the sea! You think He won't drop a tidal wave on you when you get far enough in? When you dug them tunnels, you dug your own graves! Dumbasses!”

So between 2011 and 2014 I got gangstalked a lot at my girlfriend's house, and I used to sit on her couch when she wasn't home and taunt them like that, because I knew they were listening, which was confirmed when I got arrested in November 2016 on this murder charge, caused by them, and the gangstalking continued unabated at Larimer County Jail, because certain cops who were involved in it would come over my intercom speaker in my cell and repeat back to me, verbatim, some of the things I said to taunt them as I was surveilled at my girlfriend's house. See, they have a vengeance mindset and are like spoiled brat, pouting, 5 year olds. That's the egos I dealt with. These are hateful Satanists.

I've gotten a bit off topic. To continue, in hindsight I believe the nurse got upset because she was probably in on it and the idea is to disarm the targeted individual so they don't pose a danger, so they can gangstalk them with impunity. Also, that first contract was to be able to legally have authority to “medical kidnap” me, so they could keep me trapped in mental institutions forever. A mental hospital is the ideal place to gangstalk someone because if they file complaints it works against them being released. There are no credible witnesses to what they do, and anyone who might be a credible witness is dealt with, as you will see later on in this true account of what they did to me.

After the nurse tried to get me to sign that stuff and I said no, it was getting pretty close to bedtime and lights-out on the ward. I called my AA sponsor and told him where I was and what happened. He said to just be cool and ride it out for the 72 hours, don't give them any reason to justify a longer stay. He also told me to try to get a notebook and keep a journal, which I did. I have no idea what ended up happening to that journal.

I went to bed. Magically, whatever had been keeping me awake for the past four days stopped. I slept like a baby. I didn't understand what was happening to me at the time, but a few years later when I started to read the literature about gangstalking, I found out that they have the human brain mapped out and know what parts do what, and have invented electronic gadgets that can remote-control the brain from a distance, to make you fall asleep or stay awake against your will, for example. There is an on/off switch in the brain