

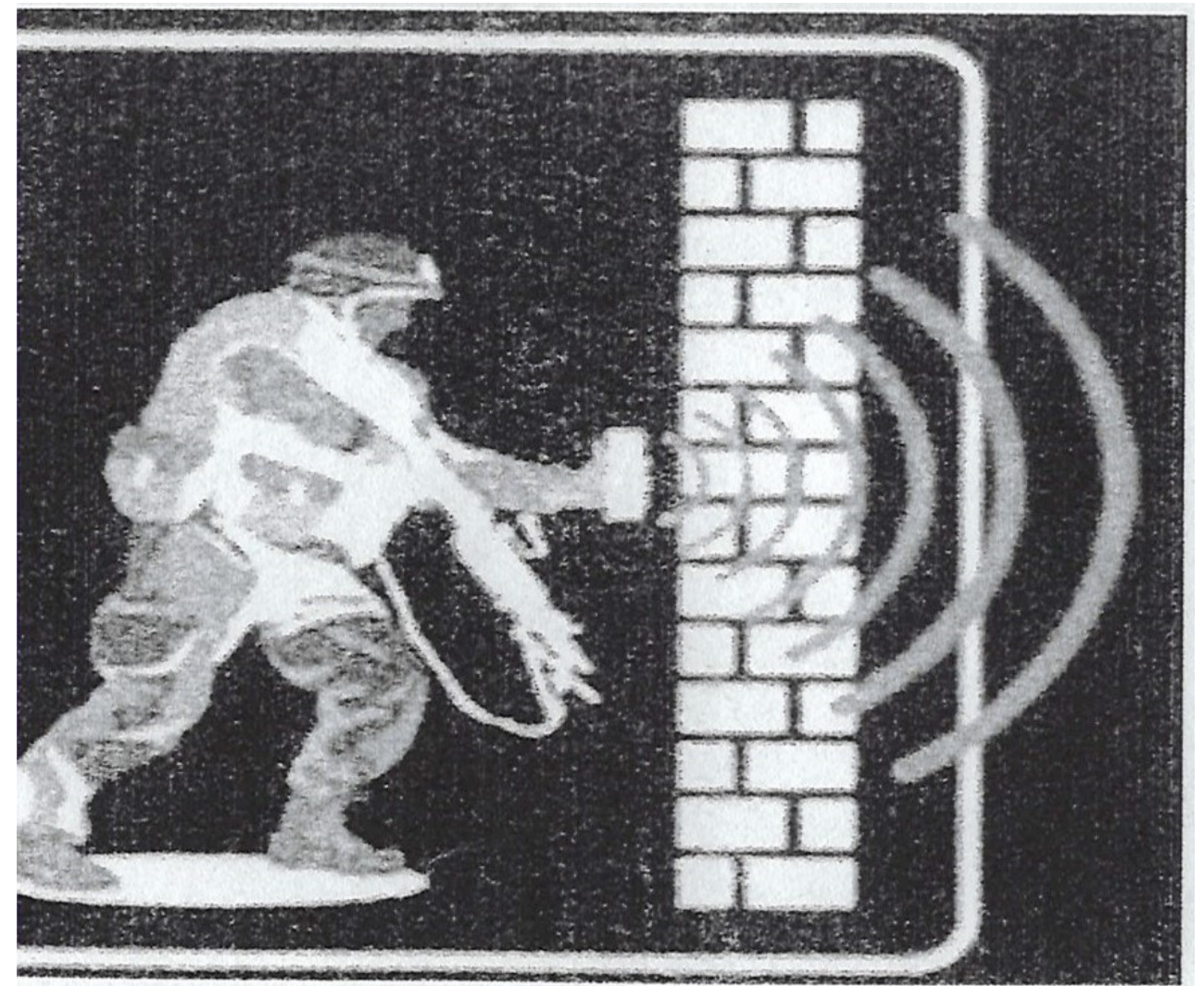
Three Days

How I Discovered the
Psy-Ops Known as
Gangstalking



David Matthew Strunk 102504
Sterling Correctional Facility
PO Box 6000
Sterling, CO 80751

Mongoose Distro
PO Box 220069
Brooklyn, NY 11222



by David Matthew Strunk

“wrong”. Always in trouble. But I had a calming effect on him, which he reported to his mother. She was so impressed with me that she told him, “When you go back to your cell, tell your cellmate that I will go online and buy him any book he wants as a Christmas present and have it mailed to him via Amazon.com”, free of charge. I couldn't believe my luck. Of course I immediately told him to ask his mom to get me Guinea Pigs by John Hall. I had it in my hands less than a week later and read it cover-to-cover that same day. I still have it to this very day. I consider it the “Bible of Gangstalking”, a comprehensive and complete guide.

In my next edition, I will quote entire passages from John Hall's book, including his expert definition of the step-by-step procedure of gangstalking, who is behind it, and why. But, for now, I just think it is important to let you know how I came to know what was happening to me in a three-day run of events that were anything but coincidences.

Welcome back readers,

To those who read parts 1 and 2 of my essay To Those Interested in the Gangstalking of a Targeted Individual you know that I mentioned being surrounded in a grocery store by street-gang members, intent on kidnapping and murdering me, and that I barely escaped with my life, and that I hinted that it would be the subject of my next piece. But, I sat down to write it and realized I haven't supplied enough backstory as a foundation. To properly put in perspective how I came to know about gangstalking, I've decided to write the story of the events that happened over a three-day period that led to my discovery of what gangstalking is.

In my first two editions I wrote about the details of my first and last incidents of being targeted by gangstalkers. The last, or latest, incident of gangstalking I wrote about is what is in part 1. To clarify, it wasn't the actual latest incident, but it was the last incident before the murder in November 2016 that led to my arrest and 48-year sentence. The murder was itself an act of gangstalking, in which I was made into a puppet and controlled by the gangstalkers in what in hindsight was a scripted, real-life horror-movie, directed and produced by the gangstalkers.

The next two and a half years I spent in Larimer County Jail was the most intense period of my targeting by the gangstalkers. I was gangstalked on a daily basis and had no way to get away from my stalkers, who microwaved me so badly with their Directed-Energy Weapons that they caused permanent brain damage, as my intelligence seems to have remained intact, but my

memory and the recall function of my brain has been severely damaged. It was a nightmare! During this period is when a three-day series of events led to me obtaining a book that finally gave a label to this freakish psychological black-ops commonly referred to by the slang-term “gangstalking”.

My second publication, part 2 of To Those Interested in the Gangstalking of a Targeted Individual was actually describing the first incident I can remember of me being gangstalked. Part 1, was the story of how I was kept awake for several days by the gangstalkers' hidden remote mind-manipulation tools until I turned myself in to the ER of a local hospital, simply to discover why I couldn't sleep, at which point I was involuntarily committed to a mental hospital miles away and secretly poisoned by agents posing as hospital orderlies. After eating a sandwich tainted by some kind of poisonous bio-agent, I spent hours vomiting and suffering dysentery, in convulsions, naked on the bathroom tiles, until I cycled down into a coma, only to wake up in the mess the next day. I was told nothing will be done about it and they refused to release me for another twelve hours.

The poisoning was not accidental food-poisoning, it was deliberate. Three staffers gathered around me to watch as I lay in the fetal position vomiting and shitting in terror and did absolutely nothing at all to help. Instilling a sense of helplessness in the “target” is a major component of gangstalking in general. The point of it seems to be to see how far the target can be pushed until they completely break down. This was the last gangstalking incident some time in October 2016 before

DAY TWO

Wednesday, a cell opened up, and me and my other buddy on the cot got moved into a cell as cellmates. I'm listening to a radio program, a talk show, and they are interviewing a guy who wrote a book about all of the aspects of gangstalking, including the exact things the guy was talking about in that motel story. Basically, the man listed most of the things that happen to a Targeted Individual during gangstalking. Every time he mentioned a new thing, I would think “That's me! That happened to me!” He then described the scientific aspects of using microwave devices to cause a person to “hear voices”, also known as the Frey Effect. He went on to list even more advanced technologies and how they are used against “targets”.

That man's name was Dr. John Hall, a chiropractor living in Texas. He wrote a book called Guinea Pigs: Technologies of Control. He then explained that everything he was discussing is included in his book, so I wrote down the info.

DAY THREE

Thursday, my cellmate was gone for a few hours and then comes back and tells me he had a visit with his folks. He told them all about me and how I was the best of cellmates he's had so far, because I keep him out of trouble. He was a bit of a psycho and would get in fights with people who did nothing but look at him

property!” But he came with the girl in her car, and *she* is *their* “property”, which puts him in a bind. The head biker guy tells him that he's gotta get in his pickup truck with him. The other four stay, so he calms down and gets in the truck. The biker drives him down the dirt road off of the mountain into town and offers him a glass bowl full of meth, which he refused. He then offered him a bowl of pot, which he accepted. He calmed down.

Then, the biker says, “I want you to know you are not crazy. That stuff that happened at the motel a couple weeks ago? That was real, it was us! That girl you were with came to us and complained about you, saying you yelled at her and called her crazy! She wanted revenge on you so we decided to mess with you, to teach you a lesson. Some of our guys were intelligence soldiers in Afghanistan and Desert Storm. When they came home they brought their “toys” with them. Remember that white van parked outside with the blacked-out window? That was us. We got equipment in that van that is so high-tech it can see and hear through walls. And broadcast! We get on a radio mic, and whatever we say, you hear. We use the van to keep an eye on our working girls in the motels, to make sure the Johns behave. And we mess with people if we need to. So, when your girl complained and we saw you at the motel we decided to fuck with you.”

This was the first time I found out about the microwave technology, but I didn't know the “voices” were called the “Frey Effect” until the very next day when I heard about it on a radio show.

I got the apartment in November that, unknown to me, was the prearranged staging-area for the murder, cooked up by the gangstalkers.

The first gangstalking incident I can remember was in the summer of 2004 when the Frey Effect was used on me for the first time. The Frey Effect is a scientific term to refer to the act of causing a person to hear voices by aiming a microwave device at them and transmitting audio via a microwave beam carrying an RF signal. If you can imagine the transmitting power of a modern cellphone being multiplied a hundred times over and directed at your skull from a distance, you get the idea. Microwaves affect water the most, and the body is about 94% water, so your skin in effect becomes the receiver for a radio signal containing audio transmitted on a microwave beam. The audio is piggy-backed on a microwave transmission so that it transmits through the air silently, but upon hitting the human target the person hears it as sound.

There is a fluid-sack behind the eardrum that controls sense of balance in a human. The same nerves that connect to the eardrum also connects to this fluid-sack and the microwaves affect it. During the first Desert Storm war under President George Herbert Walker Bush, the US Army used the Frey Effect to say: “This is Allah, your God! Put down your arms and surrender to the Infidel! I command you!” So many of them peacefully surrendered that they ran out of busses to transport them to the P.O.W. facility! Many people know about the mass-surrender, but most people do not know about the Frey Effect. Gangstalkers depend on it as a tool against their target because, if the target

reports it to authorities, they are generally labeled as schizophrenic and sent to a mental ward, which is beneficial to the perpetrators because they want to damage the credibility of the targeted individual so that they won't be believed when they report even more heinous acts done to them by the gangstalkers.

Since coming to prison, I've met and befriended about a dozen legitimate Targeted Individuals. A targeted individual, or TI for short, is the most common definition of a victim of gangstalking. I say legitimate T.I.s because gangstalking has become a common enough subject on conspiracy-theory websites that a lot of people now imagine themselves to be a targeted individual if they experience one or two of the symptoms described on these various sites. Furthermore, a lot of chronic meth users imagine themselves to be T.I.s because of the paranoia and auditory hallucinations that the drug causes. The perpetrators of gangstalking know this and seem to prefer targeting meth users. The overarching point of gangstalking, beyond total destruction of the target's life in every sense of the word, is to create a cover of unbelievability to it. The perpetrators want anyone and everyone whom the target reports the gangstalking to, to think it isn't happening. They want people to think the TI is “on drugs” or is a “paranoid schizophrenic” or has other mental health issues. It is important to the perpetrators that the victim is not believed. It adds to the sense of helplessness that the TI experiences, the point being to literally push the target into a nervous breakdown. The various types of harassment and tortures the TI suffers at the hands of these sociopathic

“voice” and found the plug, proving to him that *they* can see him even in the dark.

It drove him so crazy that he cried, and the voices clowned him about it. “Why are you crying? Are you scared, you little bitch-ass punk?”, and so on. Relentless with put-downs. Finally, he couldn't stand it another minute and decided to abandon the room altogether. He turned the lights back on, gathered all of his clothes into a basket and walked outside, across the street to a coin-op laundry. Thinking he was safe now, he got quarters ready to wash his clothes. That's when “the voices” came back, telling him step-by-step how to do his laundry, again poking fun at him, telling him “Separate your whites from your colors, dumbass!”.

A few weeks later after the motel incident, he's made up with the girlfriend and they are back together. She takes him to a secret hideout to fool around, a camper up in the mountains on a dirt road. They are in bed fooling around when all of a sudden, members of the aforementioned 1%er outlaw biker club surrounded the camper and start banging on the walls, telling to come out to have his ass kicked. He looks out the window and counts five of them, all wearing their colors. He decides if he's gonna die, he's gonna die “with his boots on”, so to speak. He grabs a ball peen hammer in one hand, a hatchet in the other, and jumps out of the trailer, yelling, “Come on! Come get some! You want a fight? You'll sure get one here! Who wants some of this?!” as he swings the hammer and hatchet at them.

So, then the leader of the pack says, “Whoa! Calm down! There's not gonna be any bloodshed today, but you can't be here! That is our camper, you are on club

serious about people not talking about them. They've been featured on 'Marianne Zweller Investigates' on NatGeo.

So, he is dating this woman who is “Property of” this biker gang. They get in an argument. The argument ends with him telling her, “You know what? I'm gonna go find me a woman who is not crazy and who makes some damned sense!” And she replied, “You are gonna regret saying *that* to me.” A few days go by and he is alone at a motel in Fort Collins, infamous locally as being sort of a hangout for Cartel-types and loose women. Drugs, prostitution, etc. He's watching TV when all of a sudden a “voice” starts commenting on the show he's watching. He changes the channel, but the voice persists. The voice is negative, making fun of him and ridiculing his choice of TV shows. Finally he turns off the TV, but the voices continue, reciting everything that he does, as he does it, in real time to let him know *they* are watching his every move.

Thinking he got a room with hidden cameras installed, perhaps a room intended for a DEA drug bust and loaded with police surveillance equipment, he turned off all of the lights and drew the curtains closed, thinking if it's pitch black in the room the camera can't see him. Now in the dark, he finds his cell phone battery is dead and decides to plug it into the wall outlet with the charger. Unable to see anything, he gets on his hands and knees and crawls around the baseboard at the bottom of the walls, seeking the outlet by feeling the walls, when the voice came back and said, “The plug you are looking for is two inches up and four inches to the left”. He followed the directions of the

cowards, added to the fact that no one believes you, adds up to a sense of loneliness, helplessness, and terror that you as a non-TI can't even imagine. The point of this is to push the target into a corner that results in permanent psychiatric hospitalization or a very long prison sentence for lashing out violently, due to the synthetically-caused insanity, like I did. This is if you don't commit suicide first.

The CIA, who originally invented gangstalking before passing it to the FBI to use against “problem” social figures like anti-Vietnam War agitators and the Black Panthers during the tumultuous 1960s, calls the act of pushing a target to suicide or incarceration being “in play” and the “end game”. The target is labeled as “terminal”. Once selected to be a T.I., it never stops until the end-game is achieved.

My gangstalking did not stop until I made it into prison, specifically this prison, since I'm told other prisons have a continuation of it. In fact, one of the agents acting against me as a “counselor” at the county jail quit her job there and became a corrections officer and was waiting for me to get off the bus at Territorial Correctional Facility! Because they eavesdropped on conversations I had at the county jail, in which I was told by ex-cons that it was the best prison, and how I can make sure to get sent there. As the bus pulled into the parking lot at Territorial, she came up to the bus and looked into the window I sat next to and locked eyes with me. She gave me that “gotcha!” look, she was waiting for me. That is one aspect of gangstalking: the people hired to follow you around and harass you will literally change jobs to be able to keep following you

around. This is intended to create a certain type of mental claustrophobia because you can't get away from them.

The purpose of this third effort in my series on gangstalking is not to perfectly describe the phenomena, but to show you, the reader, whom I hope will continue to read all the parts in my series, how I came to discover that I was a Targeted Individual. Before I found out about it, I thought maybe I was experiencing some kind of black magick spell being done on me by witches. In a way, it is.

See, I am a solid Gen-X guy. I was born in 1968 and am currently 56 years old. There are some in my generation who never did take to computers. Call us luddites or old-fashioned or what have you, but I just never did become one of those guys who spends five or six hours a day online, like so many others do. In the late 90s/early 00s, when “internet cafes” were a big deal, I did enjoy going to a local coffee shop and ordering a latte in order to get on a computer for a couple hours. But this was before Facebook. In those days, MySpace and anonymous chatrooms were a big deal. The internet was a very different place in those days. During my web surfing, I never ran across gangstalking websites. I didn't go online to research, I went on to play. It amused me. I also liked shopping on eBay for rare books and vinyl records because, if you like something enough to buy it, a lot of times you could email the seller and a friendship can develop. After all, it takes a certain kind of person to want to get someone to send you a cassette copy of *The Decline of Western Civilization, Vol II* because you can't afford the \$150 double-LP version.

got creamed by a woman in a minivan. He said he's a jogger and jogged the same route every day near his apartment. He said he was far enough off of the side of the road that the woman must've hit him on purpose. It was a hit-and-run. He said he was able to get a description of the minivan and the license plate number and called the police. The cops were able to find and identify the driver, but she somehow talked her way out of it and no arrest was made. A report was taken, which he tried to use to file a lawsuit against the driver's insurance, but no lawyer would take the case.

A quick look at his legs corroborated his story. He had very muscular legs, the legs of a jogger, but with horrible scarring where he was hit by the vehicle. It baffled me that someone could be injured so badly in a hit-and-run and the driver is identified, but not arrested, followed by attorneys not wanting to touch the obvious open-and-shut moneymaker of a civil-case. But, this is the earmark of gangstalking: Some of the people following you around and harassing you are agents connected to one of the alphabet agencies, because only a CIA or FBI agent could get away with such a blatant crime like a hit-and-run with no arrest and with so many lawyers not wanting to take the case.

As the storytelling progressed, he began to tell us of his experience with “hearing voices” as the result of the Frey Effect, using the kind of microwave gadgets pictured in this publication. He said he was dating the ex-wife of a high-ranking member of an outlaw motorcycle club in Colorado. This is a biker gang much like the Hell's Angels. I'm not saying their name here because they are a very violent club and they are very

DAY ONE

Let's call it a Tuesday in 2017. I don't remember the month. In fact, I'm not even sure it was 2017, it could've been 2018. I'm also not positive that it was a Tuesday, but for the sake of this story, let's just say it was a Tuesday in 2017.

A man comes into my cellblock in Larimer County Jail around lunchtime in a wheelchair. Me and a friend are located in the dayroom (the common area, also called the TV room) on Army-surplus cots, because all the cells are full. As usual, when a new guy enters our living space, me and my buddy want to know what his story is, and an impromptu talk-session follows.

The man tells us he is in jail for theft. He was going into Home Depots, getting the largest spools of copper wire he could find, loading up his shopping cart with them, and simply walking out of the store. He was able to do this without triggering the shoplifting alarm at the door by using a set of wire-snippers to cut the tag off, which contains a magnetic strip that triggers the alarm, and then walk out of the store undetected. He would then take the copper wire to a metal scrapyard and sell it for hundreds of dollars. A real crackhead style of crime, but it worked, for awhile. Eventually, the law of averages caught up with him and one day he was caught. He ended up in a fistfight with an employee who followed him out to his truck to retrieve the stolen copper wire, and the cops were called. A few hours later he's on the cot next to mine in jail, telling me the following story:

He explained that he is in a wheelchair because he

The person actually does it for you and you find out it's a purple-mohawked punk rocker couple who bought their first house out in the sticks in Redneck country, Georgia. The internet was just a lot more fun and innocent in those days before Twitter.

So the thing is, I stopped being online around the time that gangstalking became a well known thing, in the 2010s. It really started to be a thing around 2011 or 2012, and that's when I started to notice it the most. Some time between 2014 and 2015 I was asked by a Mason if I wanted to join the Freemasons as an apprentice and I said “no” because I had a dream about it in which I said “no”, so I thought that was the answer I was meant to give them. It was after that when the gangstalking really became pronounced and... it's just so bizarre. Bizarre, terrifying, and lonely because *no one believes* you!

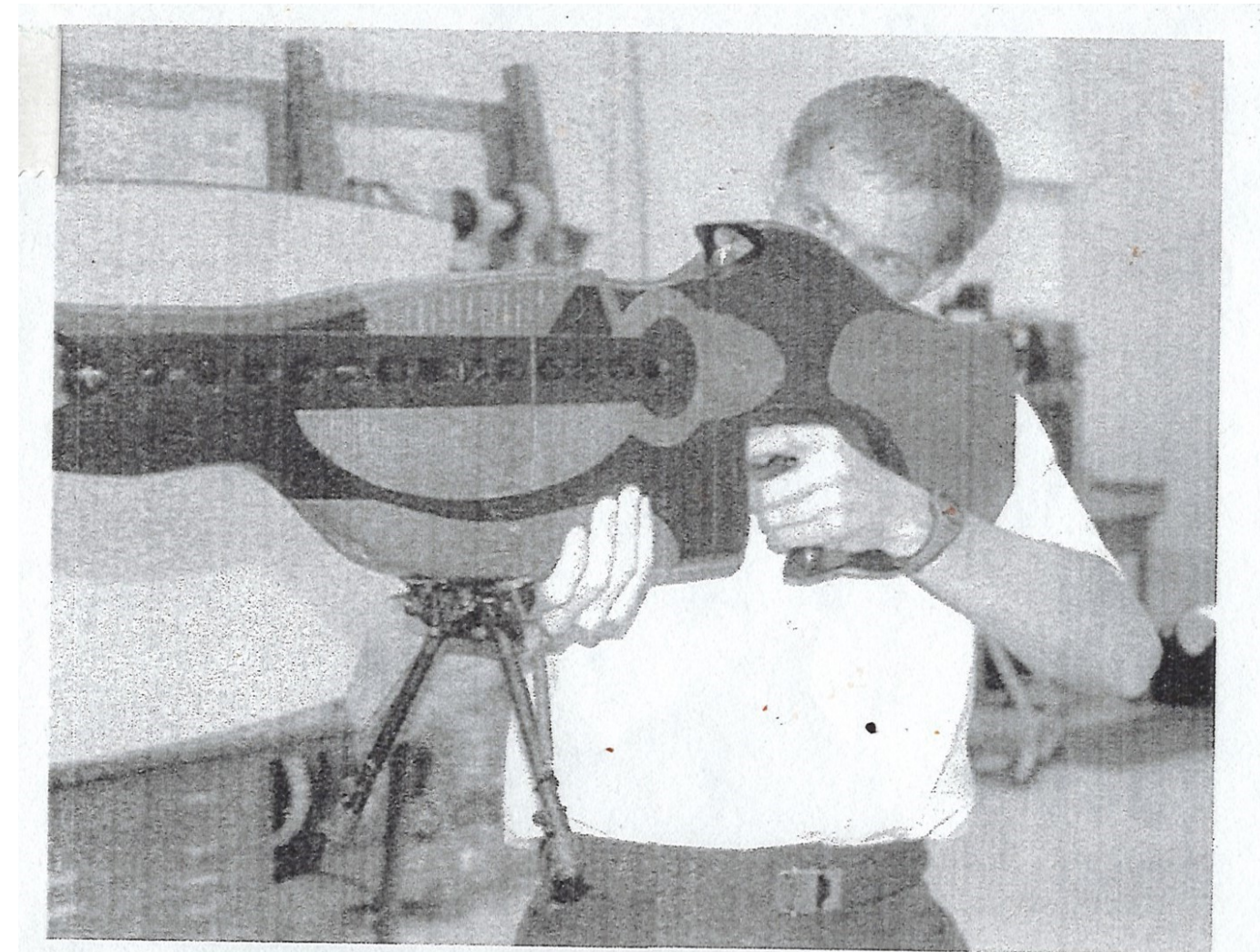
I think the occult nature of the Masons goes hand-in-hand with the types of things gangstalking does to a person. In fact, there is a spiritual aspect to gangstalking. To find out more about it, I would suggest reading any of the Carlos Castaneda books, beginning with his second or third book, and on to the latest. (Don't bother with his first book, which doesn't talk much about gangstalking.) In the Castaneda books it is simply called “stalking” and is described as a form of sorcery done to an enemy to cause them to become trapped into a situation that will cause them to get killed without ever actually raising a hand to them. It's a form of manipulation intended to accelerate negative karma, like a “spiritual judo” or a way to get your enemy to step into a kind of “spiritual quicksand” that

manifests itself in reality.

Carlos Castaneda teaches sorcery divided into two paths: Stalking and Dreaming. The act of “dreaming” is just stalking that you do while asleep. You can enter bodily into another person's dreams at night and do much harm to an enemy. This is another thing they did to me, they fucked with my dreams, beginning in 2017, when I spent the next two and a half years in Larimer County Jail, fighting my case. But, the difference between the Castaneda methods and modern-day gangstalking is technology.

There is some kind of computer-assisted device that can broadcast video images into your mind during the deep REM cycles of dreaming and also use reverse remote-viewing. People trained as “dream warriors” can use a version of remote-viewing to enter a victim's dreams and fuck around. It's the broadcasting version of remote-viewing.

I will not take the time to explain remote-viewing here, there is plenty of information about it on the net that you can “Google”. However, I think it's important to write these articles and, in general, read books about gangstalking because there is a lot of disinformation about it online. Whenever a legitimate website pops up that gives real and genuine information about gangstalking, it's not up for long before it gets either destroyed or compromised with disinformation by the very people who are perpetrating it, whether it be the CIA, FBI, NSA or another three lettered organization. The raven1.net website used to be the #1 most informative website on the subject, and I've been told it doesn't exist anymore. Many websites will tell you that



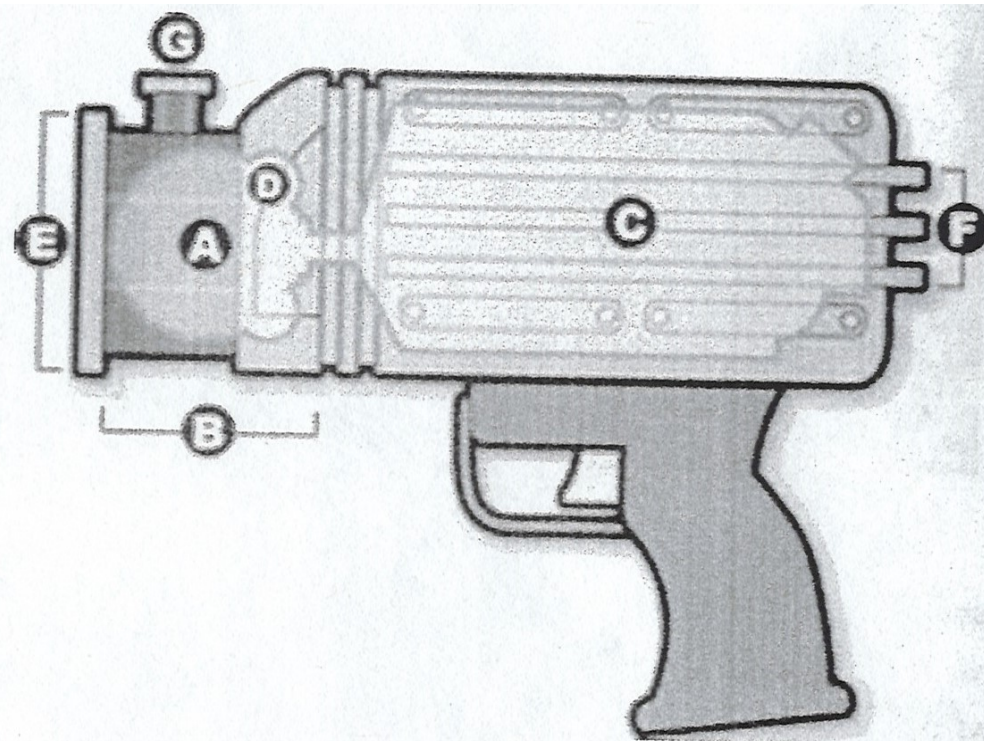
Active Denial System handheld PHASR is also called the Army pathic Ray gun. The PHASR rifle above is a U.S. military working prototype dazzler laser beam weapon.

the past, the problem with lasers of this type has been that they n permanently blind human targets,” says an expert at Bradford versity’s Non-Lethal Weapons Research Project in the United gdom.

gangstalking doesn't exist at all and that it is a made-up "fake news" conspiracy-theory invented by tinfoil-hat conspiracy-nut websites of the sort that promote things like flat-earth theories. Let me ask you this: What do I have to gain? My pamphlets are free and all that telling my story does is expose me to more potential harassment. I just want to help and perhaps *be* helped some day, and to reach out to others like me. If you are reading this, please write me at the address on the back cover.

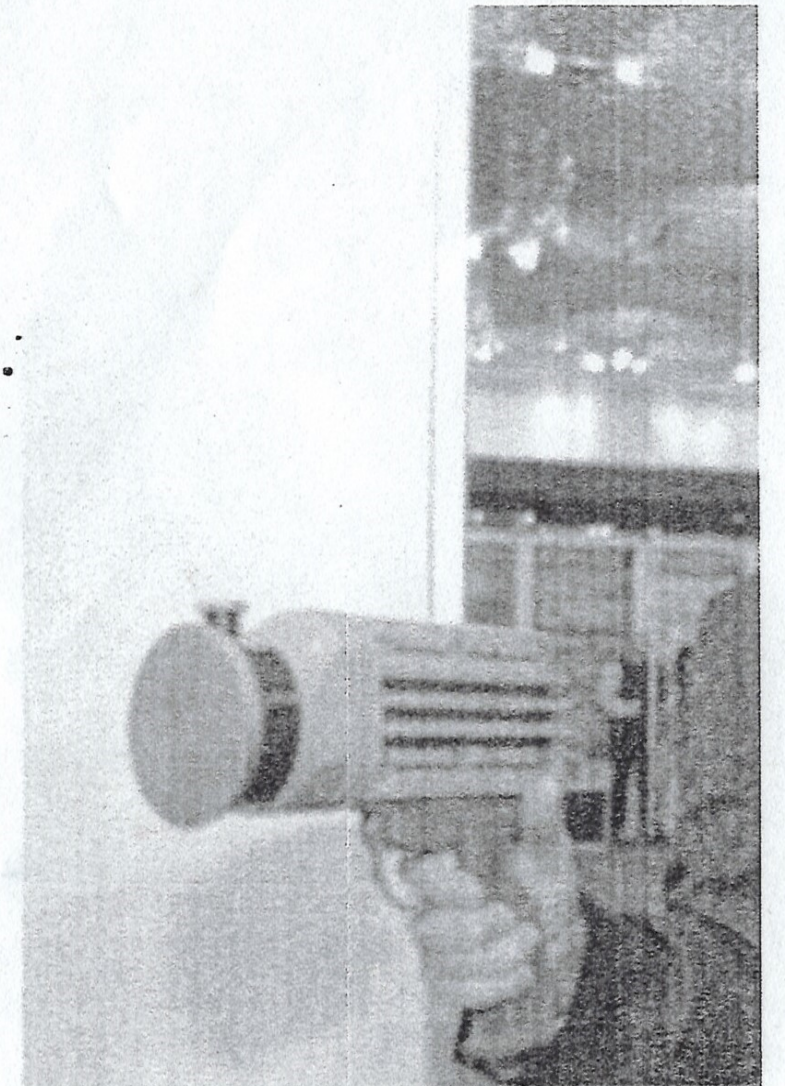
I have also provided my publisher with proof in the form of photos of some of the devices used in a typical gangstalking scenario, microwave-based handheld weapons that can see and hear through walls and also broadcast hidden audio using the Frey Effect. As I mentioned earlier, this weapon can in fact even cook you with its microwaves, through walls and from a distance. I have instructed my publisher to insert photos of the device here in the pamphlet for you to view. As you can see, a cop is holding the long-barreled laser-rifle version in one photo, and in the other photos, a handheld pistol version with a mini-microwave dish on the barrel, demonstrated by another cop, made by the Raytheon company, with blueprints provided. Don't believe me? Look it up! How people can look at these photos of the devices and the name of the company who made them and still not believe is beyond my comprehension. I believe that getting people, the status quo, the general public, to believe gangstalking is real is step-1 to being able to fight it. How can we solve a problem if we are in denial about it?

Having said all that, I want to tell you a



Note: Apparently this alleged mind control beam weapon relays a remotely generated electronic signal beamed to it from a satellite. This electronic signal that is beamed at the target after being relayed to the beam weapon by satellite is presumably managed by a computer in an office and created using computer

sequence of events that happened over a period of three days that led me to discover what gangstalking is, and how I discovered that I am a Targeted Individual. Whether you want to call it God or The Universe or what have you, a power greater than myself and above all that I know wanted to communicate this to me with a certain kind of serendipity. I am either ensconced in irony or mired in it, depending on your point of view. But, however you view it, the fact is I had no idea what gangstalking is until a series of events happened to me over the course of three days in Larimer County Jail. Before that, I alternated between thinking that DEA agents were using some kind of weird high-tech surveillance gadgets to mess with me, because they were already watching a Mexican Cartel-connected drug dealer who crossed paths with me, putting me on their radar, or that actual witches were doing black magick spells on me. This is because that was all I had in my limited vocabulary at the time to explain the bizarre things happening to me.



One of many military weapon technologies which as trickled down to civilian law enforcement is the Radar Flashlight – It is through the wall detection of stationary human targets using Doppler radar and also a portable weapon able to detect a heartbeat.