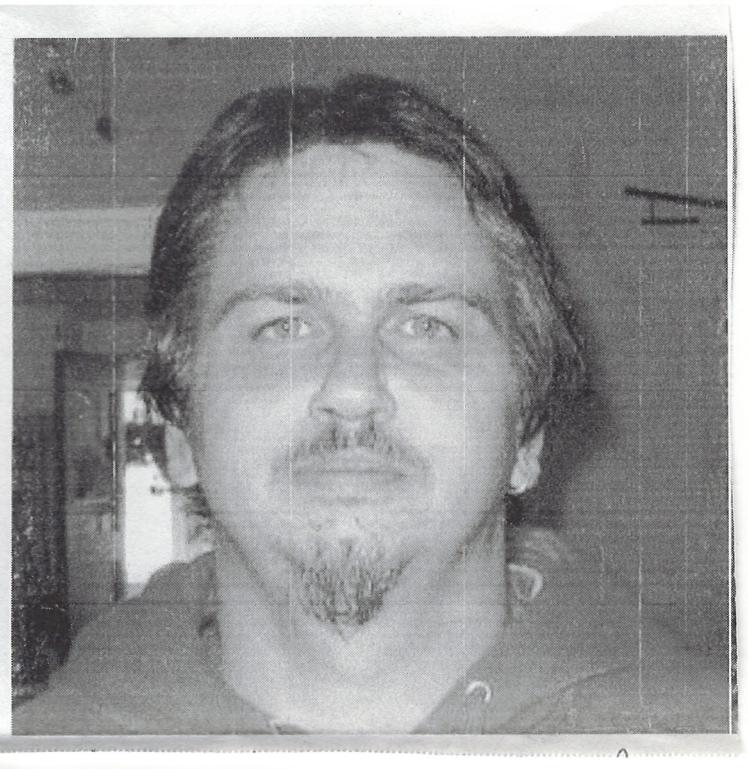
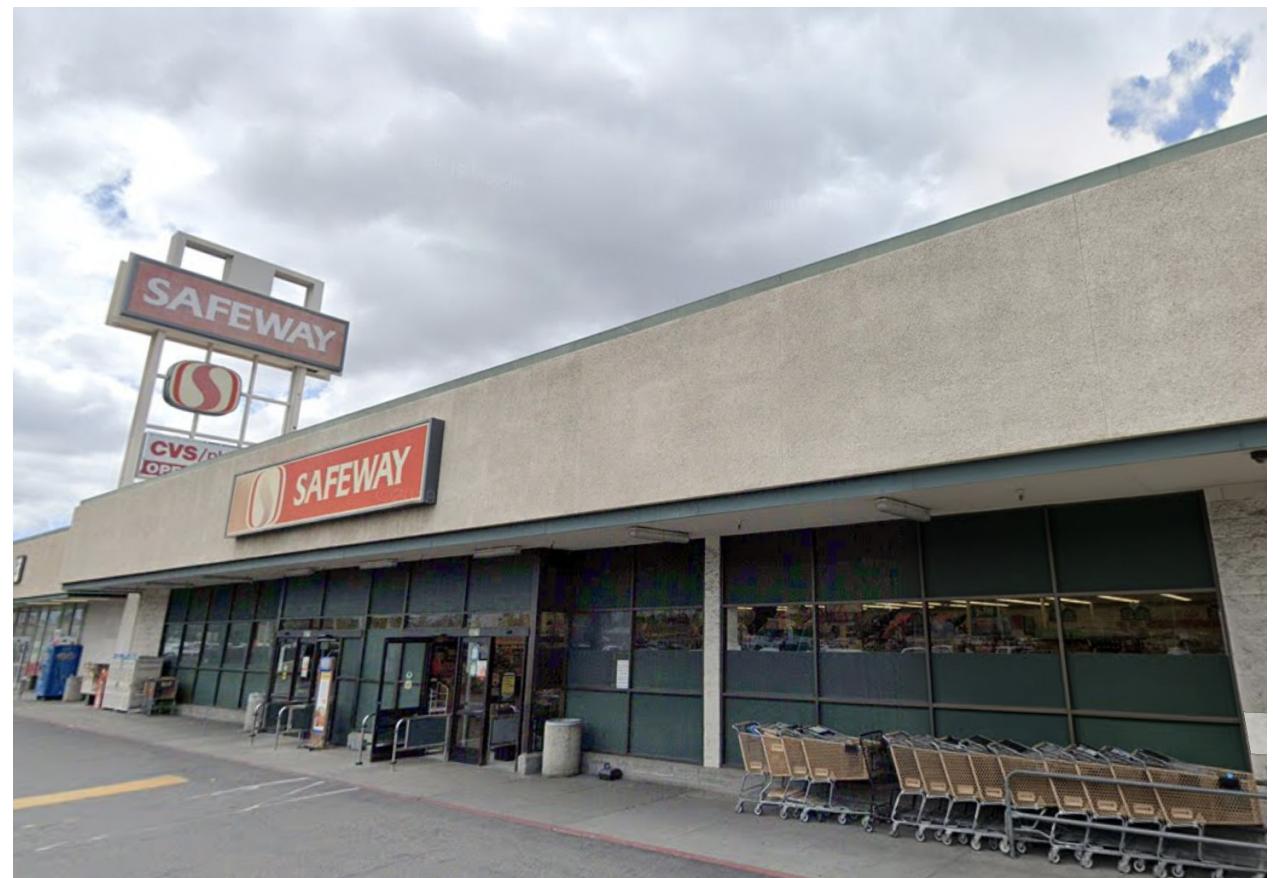


Not Safe at Safeway

by David Matthew Strunk



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gang members when a fake cop (or a real one) started showing my photo around to them as part of the slander phase of the surveillance. Using a gang is a convenience to these “gangstalking” groups because of the tribal mindset and the highly organized command structure of the gang- as an example, the fact that one hand-signal from one member, caused the rest of them to get in their cars and leave. But John Hall was correct to say that the term “organized-stalking” is more correct, and that they have more in common with COINTELPRO. But the end result is the same: they want the target DEAD. Just, they want someone else to do it!

I'd like to end this by saying, if you decide to go online and investigate “gangstalking”, please ignore mainstream status-quo sites like GotQuestions/GotAnswers.org, which portray gangstalking as a delusion caused by drugs and conspiracy websites.

Gangstalking began as an MK-Ultra-style CIA black-op and then filtered down to “Neighborhood Watch” groups to “get rid of undesirables”. I was once literally called an “undesirable” to my face by one of the gangstalkers during a confrontation. Basically, these are lawless vigilante committees, only instead of lynching you by hanging you from a telephone pole or a tree, they are hired by technology-assisted groups made up of retired alphabet-agency people. The point being, other than just being sociopaths who enjoy targeting people, they collect data about the stalking in order to sell it. Legitimate websites about it get taken down or compromised.

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No Safety at Safeway– Gangstalking, Vol. 4

Dear gentle reader: greetings and welcome to what is now my Fourth installment of “To Those Interested in the Gangstalking of a Targeted Individual” which has turned into a series of volumes about “psy-ops” known as “gangstalking”. This is a true story.

Also known as “Organized Stalking” and “Gas-lighting”, the slang term “gangstalking” is a term that describes a specialized set of a variety of harassment aimed at an individual, with the intent of driving that person insane. Insanity is intended to end in the suicide of the individual. Barring that, the only other acceptable ending is that the individual acts out violently enough to be incarcerated in a prison or mental institution, for life. There is no third option. Once the person- called a “Targeted Individual”- is entered into this “program”, the harassment against the target continue, and get worse & more frequent, for the rest of their natural life, until the “end game” is achieved: suicide, or lifetime incarceration in an institution.

Before I go further, I'd like to pause here to just give a little “shout-out” to the handful of people who have supported me thus far in this, my catharsis on the experience of being a Targeted Individual that I relate in these zines: first of all, my publisher Mongoose Distro. Without them, these zines would not be possible. I am serving what amounts to a life sentence in Colorado prison, for a murder that was staged as the direct result of my being gangstalked.

Here in prison, even something as relatively easy to put together as a “zine”, is impossible to do. I have to hand-write these

stories with a pen & notebook paper, and mail them to Mongoose Distro, or else this zine would not exist.

Because, I have no access to computers. I was first introduced to zines as a teenager in the mid 1980s, as a punk-rock fan publication for .50¢ at my local alternative record store. Now I see the zine movement as nothing less than the savior of print. There is permanence to print on paper. You can't go on Wikipedia and change what I have to say about "gangstalking". So again, thanks to Mongoose Distro. And thanks to Jason Rodgers and Christopher Robin, who I met thru "Slingshot", a protest newspaper, for encouraging me to believe in my writing and give Mongoose Distro a try.

Thanks to my 1,000+ followers on the Mongoose-related anarchist website who read and liked what I wrote, and thanks to Aaron Bushnell who wrote to me under the alias "Anar-kitty" to show his support before he immolated himself and live-streamed his death to protest the Gaza situation, may he rest in peace. I feel blessed that he wrote to me. As for the rest of you, I still have 40+ years left in here, and now Aaron Bushnell is gone, can someone out there please reach out to me with a "snail-mail" letter while you still can, before The Singularity happens and you can't buy postage stamps at 7-11 anymore? Because, "gangstalking" is no joke, it can happen to you and the best defense against it is awareness.

I will now relate the story of how I got trapped inside a grocery store by a gang determined to kidnap & murder me, as the result of a "gangstalking" tactic. I'm currently in prison and have no idea how many people are following my zines, but I have been promising to relate this story now for the past couple of issues of these booklets. I've been promising this story for over a year now, my apologies to anyone who has been waiting for it. But I sort of doubt it, I have no access to computers but I had a family member go online and check, and it seems that I've had just about a thousand hits on an anarchist

organized stalking, or cause-stalking. Gangstalking and cause-stalking are inaccurate descriptions in that they imply either street-gang involvement or some grandiose reasoning behind the stalking. Organized stalking is probably the most accurate description, reflecting the highly organized and methodical methods involved are directly adapted from the COINTELPRO operations ran by the FBI in the 1950s and 1960s against groups seen as radical elements. The tactics include total inundation of the target at home and wherever they may go, breaking and entering of their domicile and physical harassment and intimidation. Electronic harassment is used during this phase with regard to email tampering, computer hacking, cell phone spoofing, and cyber-bullying. More exotic forms of electronic harassment are covered as part of the attack phase but may be present in any phase of this type of victimization... The stalking phase serves several functions for the group perpetuating the operation to insure that the target is totally enveloped in the operation with minimal chance of escape. It places the victim in a victim-mind state of hopelessness, especially once the victim has been ignored by police agencies through which the victim has sought help... The hopelessness that ensues from the feeling that all backs have been turned from believing or assisting the victim is integral to the success of the operation." (from pages 72-73 of "Guinea Pigs" by John Hall). So as you can see, the term "gangstalking" has nothing specifically to do with street-gangs, but a street- gang can be employed by the "gangstalkers" if they prove to be a handy tool for the gangstalkers. Sort of like all thumbs are fingers but not all fingers are thumbs, or like all jacuzzi's are hot-tubs but not all hot-tubs are jacuzzi's. A Spanish street-gang, just happened to be useful to the gangstalkers to use against me, because they were in my area and were easy to manipulate into hurting someone by telling them I had done something to a family member. I probably even know some of them from my own dalliances with small cocaine purchases on occasion, so that I looked familiar to the

I wasn't done there- next came the gangsters. I approached the two gang-bangers sitting in the waiting area to "babysit" me. I said, "I know you heard me. See this ticket? Greyhound makes you show I.D. to buy a ticket.

There's my name right there. There's the date I left Colorado, and the day I got back was about three days ago. So that means you GOT THE WRONG GUY. I WASN'T HERE." And they said, "We don't know what you are talking about, bro." But they took my ticket.

After inspecting my ticket stub, they gave it back to me. But the point is, they looked at it. It did matter. I went back to the phone, pretended to make a call- but really, it was a cover so I could eavesdrop on the gang-bangers. Sure enough, they said: "Hey bro, that ticket looks legit. I think maybe we got the wrong guy?" Right after that, I saw one of them give a signal to a guy out in the parking lot. Immediately, car fulls of the gangbangers started their cars, and drove away. As luck would have it, Krista pulled up in her car right then, and I got in. She had a girl in the backseat, a street girl I knew from Loveland. Not much for back-up against the odds I faced, but better than nothing. Whether or not they were packing I don' know, I never asked. But they drove me back to Loveland, and all's well that ends well, as they say. Never saw the gangsters again.

In the book "Guinea Pigs-Technologies of Control", John Hall defines "gangstalking" this way: (following several pages in which surveillance of the Targeted Individual is accomplished by often faked police investigation credentials, as I explained earlier): "Stalking of the target is a natural extension of the surveillance phase. These phases differ in that the surveillance phase is usually unknown to the target while the stalking phase is done with full awareness of the target. In current literature, the stalking phase of this type of victimization is usually described as gangstalking,

website connected to mongoosedistro.com, and no one writes to me via the "snail-mail" address for me included with these zines. So if anyone is following my story, all I can say is: I can't tell. I have a 40-year prison sentence, I'm a single man in my 50s, so if anyone is reading this, a "yelp" review does me no good. What would do me some good, is go to your local 7-11 or post office and spend a dollar on a stamped envelope to write me.

I think the best way to tell this story is to just get to it, without much back-story. The explanations can follow at the end, but I think I'll begin by just getting to it.

The year was either 2006 or 2007, I am not sure which- as I have suffered damage to my memory as the result of a concussion and because of damage from microwaves emitted from DEW's (Directed-Energy Weapons). The damage mostly affects dates, numbers. However, I think the actual year this happened really doesn't matter- what matters is the events, which I remember clearly.

I was homeless, and living in an abandoned house near the public library in Fort Collins, Colorado. I had lived in Fort Collins since 1996- Fort Collins is home to CSU, so it's a very transient town populated by college students and retired folks. Also, for some reason Fort Collins is the #1 town in America for police to retire. Maybe due to word-of-mouth, I don't know, but there's a strong "cop culture" in Fort Collins. It's easy to go to jail there – it being a college town, there's a lot of beer-drinking, and the cops love the money DUIs bring. I got a DUI in a vehicle I wasn't even driving. I was in it with engine off. I have a friend who got a DUI on a bicycle. So, that's just a few examples of how ridiculous the policing gets in Fort Collins. Needless to say, they don't like homeless people. Homeless people drink, but they don't have money to pay all the fines the cops like to suck out of the average citizen. The police keep a list of known homeless people there. For this reason, when I fall below the poverty line in Fort Collins, and find myself homeless, I

hide. I stay out of view, so the police there won't harass me and shower me with a bunch of tickets I can't pay. So I was homeless but staying in an abandoned house, for cover. The windows were not boarded up, so it didn't look abandoned. I did not want to get in trouble for breaking into it, so I went around back and stayed on the house back porch, which was open. The backyard had a wooden privacy fence around it, so no one could see me back there unless they came right up to the fence and peeked thru a knothole, or unless they walked around from the front, like I did. Only the property owner would have a reason to go back there. Out of sight, out of mind. So I don't have to explain myself and my situation to some cop who thinks he's better than me. So, this abandoned house I found was a good hiding spot, but I only slept there. I'd sneak back there at night, I had a sleeping bag on the back porch. But I was careful not to be seen.

Due to my situation, I had to buy food every night because I had no way to cook it or store it. Cooking it would require a campfire, which would blow my cover. The cops look for campfires at night, it's how they find homeless people to harass. I had a sleeping bag that I rolled up & hid in a hiding spot during the day, a cooler was more stuff than I wanted to try to hide during the daytime when I left. I didn't want a bunch of stuff on the back porch of this house to indicate someone is staying there- it would blow my cover, and I wouldn't be able to sleep there anymore. The cops would set a trap for me, wait for me, to show up at dark-fall and ticket me for trespassing. Little did I know they had already set a trap for me, but I did not yet know about "gangstalking".

So to avoid cooking or cold storage, I got my food every single night at a grocery store called Safeway, about six city blocks from the back porch I stayed at. I'd buy a big hoagie sandwich or some other kind of ready-to-eat meal for dinner, and some donuts for breakfast, plus soft drinks. I'd double- bag it, and carry it back on

the hostess "that man molested my niece", I understood what kind of trouble I was in. Lucky for me, that old woman also gave me the key to solving the problem.

My first reaction, was to become enraged. If you are someone who isn't a pervert, there isn't much worse than being publicly accused of being one.

My cellmate here in prison is a pervert, and it's not a life worth living. He's here for having consensual sex with a 16-year-old. But he is like 70 years old, so I doubt it was a consensual thing. By his own admission, cocaine was involved. And, these types of molesters lie and lie a lot, so he probably added a year or two. Probably the victim was 14. It's creepy. He's a creepy old pervert, and deep down he knows it. My life sucks, but I'm glad I'm not him. So when some Mexican woman accused me of molesting some girl related to her, out loud, in public, at a restaurant, I lost it. I marched up to her and said, loud enough for everyone to hear: "Is that so? Well let me tell you something- people like that, who molest little girls, have priors. They have done it before, they have a file. So- here's my State I.D. and here is ALL MY INFO (meanwhile I'm pulling various forms of I.D. out of my wallet to show her), and write it down because you can go to the County Clerk at the courthouse and for five bucks they will print you out my criminal record. And I do have a criminal record- but NOTHING sexual-related! So I don't know who told you I molested your niece, but I have NO PRIORS for that sort of thing! Not only that, but I WASN'T EVEN HERE! See this Greyhound bus ticket? I've been gone all summer!"- and as I said it, I was already pulling a Greyhound ticket stub out of my pocket to show her. The look on her face was priceless. And yet, she wrote down the info. So she wasn't bluffing- someone had indeed told her I had done something to a niece of hers, and she in fact planned to have me checked out.

sort who plays bridge and gossips about whoever isn't there at the moment. You know the type. Later I found out he was asking the detective questions about me until I showed up to find out what is the matter!. The point being, I remember no one took this guy's badge number or called the station to find out if the guy was, in fact, a detective. He could've been anyone and was able to gain a bunch of information about a total stranger in about 15 minutes, simply by flashing a badge. He could've got the badge from the toy section at the Dollar Store six blocks from where I lived and attached it inside an old leather wallet. Nobody checked. On a second occasion, I was in jail with a guy who was being harassed by an actual detective, and this detective was upset because his wife worked at the Utilities office and they had turned off this man's gas for nonpayment, in winter. Freezing to death, the man showed up to dispute the payment, and an argument ensued. He called her a few choice names, which she reported to hubby. The man then used his clout as a police detective- and her access to his personal files, after all he had to reveal all of his identity to gain access to utilities- to go around to literally everyone this man knows, and claim he's "under investigation" for all manner of vile, perverted sex crimes. After all, anyone can be "under investigation" for anything at anytime, and the detective isn't breaking any laws if he, say, shows up at your mother's house, and claims you are wanted for questioning for raping a five-year-old. If you happened to be there, he could then say, "Did you rape a five-year old? No? Well, we must've made a mistake. Have a nice day!" So, even years before I learned it was a "gangstalking" tactic (and it is), I was already aware of slander as a weapon. And one things for sure: anyone who has watched the movie "America Me" or "Blood in, Blood out" and got the impression that family means a lot in Spanish culture? You are correct. It isn't just a racist cliché or a crass stereotype, it is actually very true that family is everything to a Mexican. So when the old Mexican woman in line at Perkins pointed directly at me and told

foot. The next morning, the garbage from the food containers goes back in the grocery bags, and I throw it away in a trash can across the street at the public library, where I'd go to wash up in their restroom. That way, there's no trash left on the property I'm staying at: my sleeping bag is rolled up & hidden under the porch, the rest of my belongings are in a back-pack on my back, and there's no trash or anything else to indicate somebody is living there. What I didn't know, is that my nightly walks to the grocery store made it easy for anyone following me to know where I will likely be every night. My routine made me an easy target. I was already a target but didn't know it yet, because I didn't understand "gangstalking".

The Safeway grocery store on North College Ave. in Fort Collins, closed at midnight. Once upon a time it was open all night, or at least later than midnight, because it was smack-dab in the middle of town and where all the bars are, which closed at 2AM and the drunks would all want to buy something to eat. But then Walmarts started to pop up everywhere, and other 24-hour businesses such as 7-11s, so the Safeway lost business and it started closing earlier. It doesn't even exist anymore, I'm told that since I came to prison in 2016 the Safeway closed and the building it was in has been repurposed. But back in 2007, Safeway stayed open until midnight and compensated for the lack of customers by closing most, or all, of their cash registers by ten or eleven pm. Late-night customers would have to check out at the Customer Service counter.

Because of my camping situation, I had gotten used to being the only customer in the store most nights, showing up just about 11pm. Usually I'd show up and there would be maybe two or three other customers in the whole store. There was a gas station and a 7-11 closer to where I was, but I liked the lower prices offered at the Safeway, and I enjoyed the walk. Sometimes I'd bump into someone I knew along the way. This night was no different than most, with

one exception: instead of two or three other customers, on this particular night I was the only one.

It was late but I don't remember the time- certainly close to 11pm, if not after. I remember immediately noticing that I was the only customer in the store, and all of the cash registers were closed except Customer Service. I didn't need a cart because I wasn't getting much , so I grabbed one of the red plastic hand-baskets, and started putting items in it.

I had been shopping less than ten minutes and only had three or four items in my basket, when I noticed another customer behind me. Except, he had no basket, and no items. That's when I noticed he wasn't shopping at all- he was just following me. No matter what aisle I went down, he would be five feet behind me. He was on a cell phone, and talking loud enough for me to hear him- he was describing me. What I looked like, the color of clothes I wore. He was Mexican.

That's when I noticed other guys coming into the store- all in their 20s, all Mexican. All gang members. I recognized the numbers and symbols tattooed on their arms and faces, as that of a local Spanish street-gang. I say local, only because I recognized some of them from the bars. But in fact, the gang they belonged to is a nationwide, cartel-connected group.

At that point, I noticed the gang-members were all filing into the store in a single-file line, about ten of them, and posting up at every single door in the store, blocking every available exit. The bakery, the deli, the butcher. The florist. The back storage area, and the walk-in freezer. The management offices, the upstairs. The restrooms. If it had a door, there was a gangster posted up in front of it. And every last one of them, staring at me. Hard.

At this point, I'm the only middle-aged white guy in the store full of young Spanish gang-members. I took a tour around the store, to make sure what I was seeing was real: none of them had any interest

whole call was maybe three minutes. It was like an action/adventure movie: in those days, I could make one phone call, and someone reliable who was also armed & dangerous would be on their way. I could sit back and relax at that point. Those days are gone now.

And, sit back and relax I did. Having made my phone call, and knowing the calvary was on their way to save me, I sat in the waiting bench of the lobby where hungry customers wait to be seated. So did the gangsters- having literally followed me into the lobby, they found a waiting bench opposite mine, and two of them sat down to basically babysit me and make sure I didn't sneak off and, what? Find a window to crawl out of in the bathroom? The kitchen? Did they plan to have a shoot-out with my get-away driver in the parking lot? A high-speed chase? What? And so we waited- me, and the people trying to kill me, both quietly waiting on my ride, pretending not to notice each other.

That's when the families began to show: I mean, the families of the gangsters. I started to notice a bunch of Spanish families being in line to get a table at Perkin's, and it was all of a sudden, like at lunch hour but actually late at night. And that was when "IT" happened: one of the old Mexican ladies tipped her hand and showed me what the whole fuss was about. I had been accused of molestation, of sexually abusing a young family member.

I was mortified! See, at this point in my life I had no idea what "gangstalking" was, but I was indeed familiar with police slander techniques, because I had seen it happen on two separate occasions. On one occasion, a roommate had gone missing, and a man claiming to be a police detective showed up at our house, asking about the man. He claimed the man was a sex-offender and had broken his sex-offender parole by committing more sex crimes, and my live-in landlord, gave this "detective" all kinds of information about the guy, but no one bothered to really check his credentials. The live-in landlord was a bitch of a man, really he was an old woman of the

and was located directly behind the Safeway store. I was their problem now: I didn't have the money for a dinner at Perkin's but I had enough for the pay-phone in the lobby. Furthermore, there's a cash register in the lobby, and a podium where a hostess waited to seat new customers, so that meant at least two employees were there at all times, paying attention to who comes & goes. I planned to use the pay phone; not bother to call the worthless Fort Collins police but instead use it to call a girl I knew who had members of the Sons of Silence 1%er motorcycle club in her immediate family, and whom was probably armed, come to pick me up. Sad to say but, at that time in my life, a skinny 130lb. white girl was the most badass person I knew, and the only person I trusted to come save me out of that situation.

I get to the Perkin's, with all dozen of the guys from the parked cars at Safeway following about ten feet behind me, very conspicuously, now in a single group of ominous-looking guys. I went straight to the payphone, dropped .50¢ in it, and called. The conversation was very short and to the point. I said, "Krista? (not her real name), I'm at Perkin's. I got at least a dozen bangers after me, maybe more. Picked them up at Safeway, they followed me over here. They already tried to get me into their car. A girl is involved... I have no idea what happened, but it's bad and now they have me trapped at Perkins. I'm not on drugs! I'm not on drugs. It's real, and I need a ride out of the area. Bring back-up." And she said, "I'm on my way. Can you hold them off for 20 minutes? I'm all the way in Loveland." So I said, "Well, I'm in the lobby on the pay-phone at Perkin's, my guess is they will try to flush me out but won't try anything in the restaurant. So, yeah, I can do 20 minutes." So then she said, "Can you go back to Loveland, or do you need to be in Fort Collins?" I said, "Loveland works. These are Fort Collins bangers, I doubt they'll follow us. If they do, you can lose them." So she said, "On my way." CLICK. Call over. And that was it. The

in shopping, they were just there to block the exits. The automatic sliding doors in front of the store, had five more gang members loitering around in front of it. All of them looking at me. I was trapped. No one spoke a word.

I was not yet in a full panic, but I was at least alarmed. I had given up on shopping at this point, but still had my hand-basket with a few items in it. I decided, the best thing to do would be to go to Customer Service, and call a friend to pick me up. I had no cell phone of my own. But when I went to Customer Service, the one and only employee in the store said the phone had quit working, and I couldn't get a call out.

I wasn't quite in full panic yet, mostly because I noticed the store employee did not seem alarmed. Surely he must've noticed? But he seemed calm. I thought, if the night manager isn't freaking out, maybe it's not that bad? But I also didn't plan to stick around & find out.

That's when I remembered the Starbucks coffee empire had installed a small Starbucks kiosk in the middle of the store. It was like a tiny island the size of a pickup-truck bed, with a thatched roof, like something you would expect coconuts to fall out of. Like a beach-bar at a resort in Hawaii, but smaller, and with a coffee machine. But most importantly, it had a phone. It was closed and no one was there to man the register, but I had worked the service industry enough to know where they stow the phone: on the bottom shelf, underneath the cash register. I reached over the counter & behind it, and sure enough the employee landline phone was stowed where I expected it to be. I pulled it out, checked the line, and got a dial tone.

At this point, I'm no longer thinking of just getting a ride from a friend. I decided to involve the police. Because, if I'm getting a dial-tone on a phone at a closed business, an un-manned Starbucks

kiosk in the grocery store, that means the phone works at the Customer Service, too. The night manager was in on it, whatever "it" was. So I dialed 9-1-1.

The 9-1-1 operator came on, and it's also a Spanish woman, talking in a sexy voice. But, talking in Spanish. I said, "...English?" She kept speaking Spanish, except now I recognize some of the words as cuss words. Saying things like "chocha", "puntah", and so on. So I said, "I don't understand you". That's when she switched to English, and said: "You're going to DIE, vato!" That's when I realized, the gang had re-routed the phone somehow to call one of their women if anyone tried to dial 9-1-1 at the Starbucks kiosk.

My reaction to it, surprised even me- in a situation like that, you would think I'd be shitting my pants with sheer terror. But instead, I got mad. I mean, really mad! I formulated a plan, on the spot, and sprang into action.

I left the Starbucks kiosk and marched directly back to the Customer Service desk. Just as I suspected: I hadn't noticed before, but the night manager was maybe a bit light-skinned yet also Spanish, and had a similar tattoo on his arm like the gang-members had. He was one of them. So I said: "Hey, buddy! Check this out: you ARE going to get on that phone- NOW!- and call the police. OR- if you do NOT call the police, I will begin at Aisle "A" and go thru to Aisle "Z" and knock ALL of the items off of EVERY SHELF and STOMP THE FUCK OUT OF IT ALL, and make the BIGGEST MESS YOU EVER SAW. Then you can explain why to your boss! Because, I'm NOT gonna just let your gang take me someplace to kill me! So I'm gonna get a cop escort off the property, OR ELSE! NOW!" He could see I was very serious. I said "Should I get started...?" – and acted like I was going to start knocking things over. He reached for the phone, and called the cops. He was in a panic.

I'm not going to 'escort' you anywhere." Then, he threw his squad car in drive, and drove off.

The moment the cop drove off, all half-dozen parked cars where the gangsters had gone to sit it out while the cop was there, immediately opened all of their car doors, a dozen Mexican gangsters exited the cars and began to walk towards me. As if on cue: it was as if the cop himself sent a mass text to all of them, saying "The coast is clear, you can come get him now." I mean, it was as choreographed and orchestrated as a dance move for a Britney Spears concert. The timing was perfect: as I looked out over a sea of parked cars, I could see at least six cars simultaneously open all their doors and a bunch of tattooed young Mexicans get out and calmly but intently walk in my general direction. They did it so promptly, and so lock-step, that if the cop had looked in his rear-view mirror as he pulled out of the Safeway parking lot into traffic on College Ave. (old route 287), he himself would've seen it. But he didn't need to, because he already knew it anyways: in these types of "gangstalking" situations, the cops are in on it. I suspect they often are the ones orchestrating it! You see, you don't end up as a middle-aged white guy being stalked by a dozen or more Spanish gang-bangers intent on kidnapping & killing you, for no reason at all. The reason is slander, usually perpetrated by a fake detective, and involving family. But I'll get to that later- for now, it's on to how I managed to escape with my life at all, to even be able to write this! I suspect others were not so lucky.

So there I was, in the middle of the sidewalk in front of the Safeway, with the cop I called driving away from me and the dozen or so gangsters who had me trapped in the store a mere twenty minutes ago, walking towards me. My brain raced. The number one thing, I thought, was this: STAY IN THE PUBLIC. THEY CAN'T GET YOU IN PUBLIC. So, I very calmly, but very quickly, started walking towards a Perkin's family restaurant that is open 24 hours,

Now it was my turn. I went over to the squad car. I went over to the passenger-side window where I had seen the Customer Service guy. I didn't waste any time. I said "My life is in danger and I need a police escort off of the property."

The cop responded with: "This Safeway employee just now told me you are high on drugs. He said you are on meth, and threatening the store."

I replied: "I am not on drugs. If I am 'on meth' as you say, go ahead and check me. Search me, search my back-pack, whatever. In fact I'll even give you a piss test down at the station. But I need you to escort me out of the area because I am in danger."

Then the cop said, "The store guy said you threatened him. Said you threatened the store. Did you tell him you planned to knock all of the produce off of the shelves, and bust out the windows!?"

I said, "Absolutely! Absolutely. And he's lucky he called you, or that absolutely would have happened. Gang-bangers had me surrounded in the store, I have no cell phone and he wouldn't let me use the store phone to call the police."

There followed a report of what happened: I basically gave the cop the play-by-play of all that happened, including my attempt to dial 9-1-1 at the Starbucks kiosk and being re-routed to a gangster. I finished by explaining I had seen them getting in cars spread throughout the parking lot, but that none of them had left. I told him that I sincerely believed my life was in danger and that I needed him to escort me off of Safeway property and "a few blocks in any direction" to evade my predators. I implored him as an officer.

The cop then said: "I'm not letting you in my car. I'm not going to check your pockets, because I might get poked by a needle. I don't want to catch AIDS (again with the sly-putdowns: remember, as I said, they don't ever waste an opportunity to say something negative to you and/or about you). I think you are high on drugs, and

As he spoke to the cops on the phone, I turned and saw all the gangsters filing out of the store, single-file. I looked out the window, and saw them all get into their cars. But none of them drove away. They just sat there, on stand-by. Watching.

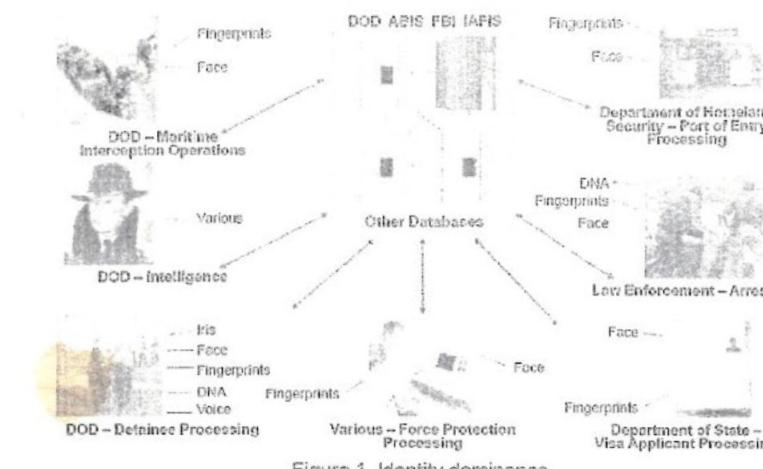
A squad-car pulled up in front of the Safeway, even before the guy got off the phone. It was as if the cop had been parked right around the corner, waiting for the call. Knowing what I know about "gangstalking" now, that is probably the truth. It's all a pre-arranged set-up, and the cops are usually "in on it". I mean, it's not a bank or even a bar, it's a Safeway grocery store, so why did it take the cops about 90 seconds to show up? And I don't exaggerate— the guy called, and in less than two minutes, while he was still on the phone, a squad car was already pulling up in the front of the store.

The Customer Service counter was located at the front of the store, about 50 ft. away from the entrance, and the front of the store, is all glass, so you can see the entire parking lot outside and all that goes on there. When the squad-car rolled up, I immediately disengaged from the Customer Service guy and began to walk out of the store. The Customer Service guy, who was engrossed in the phone call to the police didn't see the squad car at the exact moment I did, noticed— he then dropped the phone and flew out from behind the counter, physically shoving me out of the way as he ran out the door to meet the cop. I was already just about 4 or 5 ft. away from the Customer Service counter— he could've just ran around me, there was plenty of space; shoving me out of the way, was all part of the plethora of intimidation tactics employed by the "gangstalkers". They are meticulous in detail and never waste a moment, they never waste an opportunity to have a negative interaction with you. They smother you with negativity, the point is to surround you in an envelope of negative interactions that you think you can't escape from. It's claustrophobic.

So as I walk out the door of the store, the Customer Service guy already has the cop's attention and is pointing at me and waving his arms around excitedly, obviously painting me as the "bad guy" in the situation. I was two minutes behind him because he ran at top speed, and I walked. But I wasn't going to leave without talking to the cop. The half-dozen cars that the gangsters went to upon leaving the store, had not moved.

At that moment, a compact car rolled up in the front of me and blocked my way. The timing was clearly orchestrated to block me from going up to the squad-car. I was at the curb of the front of the store, getting ready to step down off of the sidewalk curb into the parking lot and walk about twenty ft. to the squad car, when this car *pulled up directly in front of me. Blocking my path.*

A pretty blonde white girl, dressed up like perhaps a middle-class college student, rolled down the window and stuck her face out to get my attention. She said, "I've been sent to tell you that you are experiencing a psychotic break with reality. We are here to take you to safety." I looked in the car: three very muscular Mexican men, obviously gang-bangers with tattoos on their faces, and her. In a car similar in size and shape to, say, a VW Rabbit. I said, "Where is 'safety'?" She replied, "We are going to take you to a mental hospital, for help." I said, "Is that so. Where do you plan to have me sit in the car, for the ride over?" And she said, "You'll sit in the middle between two of these guys in the back seat." So I said, "Nice try. Go tell your people it won't be so easy to kill me tonight." At that moment the car sped away, as if on cue; the Customer Service guy sauntered away from the squad car, back toward the store. I could visually see him puffed up with proud indignation, as if he has "won" something by tattling on me to the cop.



Example of satellite real time biometric surveillance / targeting and the capability to report directly back to a mega computer system found in advanced fusion / intelligence / operation centers.

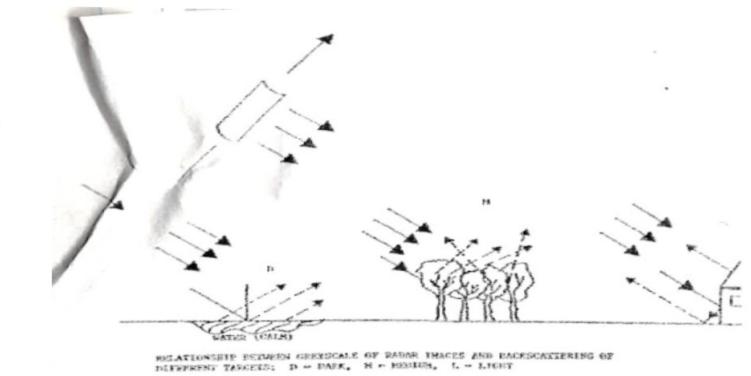


Diagram of satellite delivered radar laser energy weapon attacks.



Organizations are coordinated together in "gangstalking" targeted individuals. Paychecks are provided by "Homeland Security" programs, via Obama-era black bag money.

As you can see by the date here, this technology is already over ten years old by now. The updated tech now is even more bizarre and more accurate.