

My Unbearable Journey as a Victim of V2K electronic harassment

This is the story of my current V2K electronic harassment, which started in February 2022 at 551 D St, Chula Vista, CA 91910. And now my coworkers at my recent employment have also began to harass my privacy; ; as of 3/07 /2023 they have recently fired me because of this. Everything started as a simple irritation but quickly spiraled into a terrifying battle against unseen forces.

My apartment is #X, next door to the perpetrators. My next-door neighbors lived downstairs in apartment Z. They keep and still to this current day, gang stalking me. It had been almost three years since I had lived there, but I had no idea. The neighbors next door constantly screamed in Spanish at the wall as if they were talking directly to me and my roommates.

Little by little, as time went by, they seemed to become more and more irritated at the fact that we weren't paying attention to what they were saying. Sometimes, I could hear their comments while watching a movie or listening to music, almost as if they were watching and listening to me. As 2022 began, they became increasingly loud, as if they were frustrated that nobody paid attention. It was me specifically. Eventually, things started getting weirder and stranger, so I decided one day to start listening to their comments and conversations.

How did I find out about the surveillance?

In the beginning, I would tell my friends that they were very nosy and the walls were fragile. When I moved from my living room to the kitchen, they immediately followed me around, and I felt a strange sensation under me like they had some kind of device following my every move. Many times, I could also feel like I would become heavier, almost like they were connecting themselves to me. As I became aware of this, I started to pay attention more to their comments, and eventually, I could hear them saying, "There he goes again; they're gonna watch TV." Suddenly, I realized they were watching us in some way.

Whenever we switched channels or did anything out of the ordinary, they would always make a comment. My WiFi eventually started having weird problems, like constantly getting disconnected. My Android box suddenly stopped working out of nowhere, as if something was interfering with the WIFI signal and my devices, so I thought they were hacking my network. I changed the password, checked the devices connected to the IP address, and went above and beyond to find the perpetrators. Little did I know that my neighbors had something above and beyond of their own.

Whenever I tried to resolve the connection issue, I heard them laughing, as if they could see and hear me. I decided that they had somehow, somehow put a bug in my apartment, like a kind of illegal camera, to watch me or my roommate for entertainment purposes or for whatever other sick reason they were doing this. As I began my search, I could hear how their mood changed and how they randomly became very nervous. Every dead end led to them giggling and laughing, almost like they knew exactly where the camera or device was. I kept looking and looking, and eventually, after hearing them countless times, I came to the conclusion that I was wasting my time.

Investigations and escalation of The incidents

I figured somehow, some way, they must have bugged my phone. I thought they were watching me through my iPhone. I contacted Apple, and they explained it was difficult for anyone to accomplish this. They advised me to factory reset my iPhone with my Apple ID. So, I immediately tried it, which was around 6 am. I had turned my whole apartment upside down, looking for this bug, and this was my last resort. After resetting my phone, I heard a very loud scream from across the wall next to me, and the dude said, "OMG, he fucking erased all his pictures; he erased his iPhone," and I immediately knew I had caught him.

At that very moment, I punched the wall and screamed, "I caught you, motherfucker," and he started freaking the fuck out. He immediately disconnected some kind of antenna he had hooked up from the power socket. After doing some research, I found out that this antenna that they placed right next to the place where I slept (which was the living room floor) was hooked up to a neuromonitoring device, which I could see from their bedroom window. It was a big, medical-grade monitor which, together with the antenna, could scan the gamma frequencies of our brains. It can be used to monitor thoughts, memories, and other brain functions, and—as explained by them—they would need to be physically connected to the monitor using something called a brain-computer interface.

I could hear him start to cry and apologize to his mom and dad for getting caught. His dad told him not to worry since he trusted that he knew what he was doing, and his mom started to tell him to get everything out. So, I immediately realized they had some crazy shit going on inside their apartment. But the insane thing is that there was nothing inside of mine, so as I began to yell across the wall, he got fed up and told me, "To be honest, you caught me, and there are no cameras. I am you; that is how I can see inside your bedroom."

Got to Know About The Manipulating Technology

It was almost as if he was connecting with me somehow. He later explained that he was using a remote neuromonitoring device in his bedroom. In this way, he could see and hear what I was doing, among other things. At that moment, I didn't understand what the fuck he was trying to tell me. I continued on with my day, keeping in mind that whatever illegal surveillance equipment he had was being taken out since I had obviously caught them in their act. But I was dead wrong. After a few days, it seemed that they stopped going to work and were living their lives almost like they were addicted to watching me and monitoring my personal life. He mentioned that it's a very difficult task to find an individual with specific high gamma frequencies that you could monitor from long distances.

Even though I knew what they were doing, these stupid people began communicating with me once again. I was aware of what they were doing; it didn't bother me as much as it should have. He mentioned the reason he had the medical equipment, to begin with, was to help him with his disabilities and to process information faster, amongst other things. The few times I saw him, I noticed that he acted very abnormally like he was always lost or dumbfounded. He mentioned that a lot of these V2K operators have mental disabilities; some are mute, others are deaf, amongst many other disabilities.

They find victims to help them with their mental health problems, process faster, and increase their vocabulary, amongst other things like synthetic speech and synthetic telepathy. Unfortunately, it seems like it's only temporary, so they become obsessed with their victim's life. They have to stay connected to them through the brain-computer interface, which they use to connect themselves to the neuromonitoring device. The difficulty is fully scanning a victim's gamma frequencies, so once they get ahold of a victim's whole brain frequency, they can track, monitor, and replicate the thought process and vocabulary of the victim with satellites and the help of nearby people or handlers they get ahold of by corrupting them with money or V2K gifts. Many times, I felt almost like he had stopped thinking for himself like he had become addicted to thinking for me and blurring anything and everything I thought.

I imagined they were going to end it soon enough, and it was not like I was doing anything illegal anyway. It seemed like these people really didn't have any life at all and just liked to see what others were doing. Besides, maybe his mental disabilities caused some weird shit. So, as I prepared to move, one day, I woke up, and I could vividly hear (synthetic telepathy) all the neighbors saying that they specifically knew about me, like they had some kind of grudge or hate against me. Little did I know, it was the fact that I had caught them with their medical equipment, V2K surveillance bullshit.

They had an app linked to a medical monitor they shared with me. Over time, they grew to trust me enough to assure me that if I left, they'd answer any of my questions. The individual mentioned having a medical-grade monitor and other devices, using antennas positioned on walls wherever I moved or sat. They claimed

they could share the app from the monitor with neighbors. Straightforwardly, they admitted not wanting any trouble with the law and began manipulating neighbors using the app, which displayed live footage of me, including when I smoked weed or anything related to my personal life. Manipulating the neighbors, who disapproved of my lifestyle, became his strategy.

How I got damaged physically and emotionally?

As I made plans to leave, I still sensed the device's presence, as if controlled by the nearby monitor, moving around and connecting to me. One day, seemingly frustrated or fearful of me remaining, it was as if he sensed the pressure of me reaching out to authorities. Whatever tracking device he had on me seemed to establish a connection to the soles of my feet, forcing my vocal cords to speak. He coerced me to say things like 'you're a rapist, you're a killer,' then claimed to have recordings to incriminate me. It felt like a stand-off; I realized if I kept moving, he couldn't force me to speak those words, almost as if he was interfacing with my brain's neurons, as odd as it sounds.

I lost my appetite and experienced constant vomiting, feeling as though my nervous system was under attack. Initially, I mistook the neighbors' voices for loudness, unaware they were projecting directly into my mind using some equipment. They equipped all nearby neighbors with speakers to perpetuate their harassment. Strangely, my thoughts echoed through these speakers, and neighbors responded through apps or headsets. The guy even shared his gear with older neighbors to garner support. As someone tech-savvy, I sensed this equipment was illicit and beyond legal boundaries.

I discovered V2K technology through this ordeal, manipulating and pushing to leave earlier than planned. Their manipulation, based on ethnic biases, convinced not just my roommate but others too that I didn't belong. They twisted the truth to the whole neighborhood, making them believe their sickening lies after I caught them in the act. I decided to move out as I had intended. He communicated through his V2K device, linked with neighbors via their medical monitor or similar equipment, insisting he wouldn't release me until I reached the freeway.

Escaping and Experiencing Unbearable Pressure

As I approached the freeway entrance, I sensed a flurry of monitors and equipment disconnecting, almost as if everything was linked to me. It took him a good 2-3 hours to disconnect it all, supposedly. By the time I boarded my flight, the voices were barely audible. I felt relieved. My connecting flight in Vegas took an unexpected turn. I bumped into old high school friends who were stopping by for a few hours. They suggested hanging out, smoking, and killing time. I saw it as a final smoke before my commitment to sobriety in Texas—to cut expenses and focus on myself. We hit a dispensary, waiting for them to finish shopping.

Then, he started telecommunicating again, tricking and lying to me all along. My mistake was trusting him and not seeking help from authorities. During the chaos in the apartment complex, people would activate the device connected to my place before communicating with me—like an on/off switch for manipulation. This time, it was just him and his mom, scolding me for smoking and questioning why I thought they'd leave me alone if I continued. It felt like they were playing games. With their neighbors involved, I sensed they weren't just manipulating me but everyone around us.

As I smoked, the voices faded, yet I sensed their persistent anger, which I chose to ignore. Strangely, that sensation I'd felt under my feet persisted, almost like it was tethered via reception, maybe satellite-based. Somehow, they infiltrated my friends' space, bombarding me with messages, probing about my past in that old neighborhood, as if they'd gleaned details from an app or their equipment tailing me.

Feeling eerie vibes, I opted to walk back to the airport, a thirty-minute trek. Intuition urged caution, sensing something amiss with them. Another remote device seemed to trail me, nestling beneath my feet. It felt like someone was peering through or tracking me, an odd and inexplicable sensation. It was as though a heavy mechanism glided underneath, and the faster I moved, the harder it became for them to track me with their equipment.

I think the same device he used to control my voice might have been used to see and hear everything about me. He claimed he could access my thoughts, memories, and speech through a medical monitor. Maybe it also lets him see things. He started talking to me again, promising to guide me through the streets for safety, ensuring I reached the airport and protecting me from others following me. He warned about people trailing behind and urged me to hurry. I soon reached the airport and joined the boarding line, but whatever device was tracking me still lingered. People started staring at me strangely, almost fearfully and disgustedly, confirming my unease. Sensing that device's presence, my gut told me to leave the line, so I did.

The voice of that individual immediately started speaking to me again, and he explained that he needed to disconnect all his equipment from me so the TSA wouldn't notice me and people wouldn't look at me strangely, almost like he started to influence those around me once again into believing more lies. So, I walked outside, and somehow, I started to feel everything beginning to be disconnected. The more things that were disconnected, the more tired and sleepy I became. Once he was done and the voices supposedly once again disappeared, I felt somewhat more normal than before, so I started my walk back to the airport. By then, I had missed my flight and was stuck in the airport, so I decided to sleep there.

As I was sleeping in the airport, I realized my next flight wasn't until the following day at 5 am, so I had a lot of time to spend in Vegas, almost two days. I decided to start walking towards the ticket counter. To my dismay, in Vegas, it seemed like there

were a lot of operators following me around. I imagined it was the same individual, but this time, I couldn't hear him. The worst thing was that I was stuck in Vegas for two days with whatever thing this was, and I could tell they would either project voices across buildings to manipulate others around me or everyone else somehow got this app because it wasn't going well for me in Vegas. Some people were nice to me, but some acted very strange to me. As I slept in the airport, I felt the craziest shit I've ever felt in my fucking life. Somehow, I could feel my whole nervous system being attacked by intense, cramping pain, causing my muscles to flinch and tense up.

Unusual Experiences

I could feel my hands and feet cramping with pain, like someone was folding me like a chair. My muscles spasmed so much that I was unable to walk. After going through this for hours, I had to lie down or sit down. I was able to get into the airport with the assistance of a wheelchair. As I was on the plane at that moment, shit hit the fan because I heard the voices projected through some kind of big-ass speaker device someone had in their carry-on. My ears were once again filled with voices. It was the first time they were heard by everyone on the whole fucking plane, and they said some really crazy things. I could hear a lady say, "he has a big donkey dick. Whip it out; I want to see it again," and everyone started freaking out, so as the plane landed. The random people behind me—I guess the individuals with the speakers—urged me to hurry the fuck up and leave the airport.

At this point, I was still experiencing muscle spasms. I could still feel them attacking my nervous system. It took me a while to leave, but once I arrived at my destination, fortunately, I wasn't stopped or questioned by any authorities because it was a very strange situation that I wanted to be part of. As I began living at my friend's house, I started having some strange, vivid dreams, and the weirdest thing was that I felt someone was manipulating my dreams, so I couldn't sleep. Once again, I felt the monitor machine under me, like they had somehow located me, and once again, the people around me acted strangely, especially my friend's mother. She acted very strangely whenever I went to the bathroom. She would go and sit in the living room like she also had the app.

The dude's mom was advertising that she could see me shower because she would giggle as I showered and act very strange when I came out. And suddenly, as soon as I walked out, she walked right back into her bedroom. I found it very odd. As the days went by, her mood started to change, and it felt like she was being manipulated by the same two individuals from my neighborhood. Somehow, they managed to find me after two weeks. Strangely, she forced me to move out and made some bullshit excuse as to why I couldn't stay there. My friend and his dad didn't agree with her, but since she was Mexican, it seemed like she was very easily manipulated. So, I figured this had something to do with it. I moved out, and I continued my journey elsewhere. I arrived in another neighborhood in San Antonio, and at the beginning, everything was normal. I started a new job, and things felt great. I think things stayed

sane for about three weeks before the same individuals somehow found me and started doing this whole shit again.

I could hear and feel them underneath me, using a monitor to amplify their voices and say mean things about me while also manipulating those around me. After about 4-5 weeks, suddenly, they released me without any clear reason. They claimed they influenced the decision since I didn't listen to them and supposedly didn't deserve to work there. I had been in line for a promotion, but they influenced the decision-makers against me. Even though I seemed exhausted and people noticed, they probably dismissed it as me being crazy.

Job Loss and Isolation Due to Harassment

Living in San Antonio and job hunting, I noticed these harassers kept appearing randomly in public places. They would roll their device under me and start spreading rumors, like saying I was watching inappropriate content while I was just shopping. They'd target specific people with their devices, making it seem like I was thinking inappropriate things about them, which was absurd. I had to read aloud to disrupt their tactics. Looking for work became challenging as it felt like these individuals were everywhere, constantly harassing me. Despite everything I've endured, the harassment hasn't stopped.

The strangest thing is how they mess with me, using their machines to control people around me. Sometimes, they try to control what I say or make me hear others' voices instead of mine. It's like they've connected to my thoughts, making it hard to remember my own words. Sometimes, I feel weighed down by them or sense their presence around me, messing with my thoughts and making me feel entangled with theirs. They harass me, claiming they know my thoughts and what I'm going to say, using repetition to say they can control my thoughts.

I try my best to live normally, but they constantly harass me, even telling me to harm myself. They make my life really difficult, giving me commands and threatening to manipulate people into thinking I'm doing illegal things if I don't obey. They claim they can livestream or share recordings of me with my neighbors, friends, and coworkers at the restaurant where I work in San Antonio. It's incredibly tough to live like this. I've reached out to the FBI and CIA multiple times, but maybe my mistake was leaving my home instead of facing them and contacting the local authorities right away.

David, aka the perpetrator, began to get very angry and started to tell me how much he wanted me to die. I would imagine it was because he didn't want me to smoke. It seemed very similar to back when he would get mad at me for drinking wine, playing the god game once again. If I didn't obey, this person would curse me or wish me harm for discovering their monitoring device or if their experiment went out of control.

Seeking Resolution and Hope for the Future

It might be that they had a bet of some sort, one group vs the other, as I've heard geo location and the projection of voices through different sections of "Where are you?" Sometimes, I hear random clicking throughout the room, which they have told me has to do with who's connecting or disconnecting. It may have something to do with the electrical wiring through my location.

I believe that sometimes, even after turning off their speaker equipment, the perpetrators can still hear me, almost as if the frequencies from my voice get entangled in their thoughts.

I also have mixed emotions all the time, which they've told me several times because they're somehow connected to me. I can feel their emotions. Aside from that, I believe they can also control my reproductive organs. I can't explain it, but random things they want give me an erection. They still do this to me after ten months. This isn't something I can handle for much longer, so I hope it ends soon. My job cut my hours to one day a week, and I can barely pay my bills. Every time I look for another job, it doesn't go well.

And as of recently it has also started to follow me at my home.