

My Story

My story begins in the United States. It is May of 2009, and I wear a robe befitting a recent high school graduate. I am a scholar of African descent so blessed with gifts that I managed to finish high school in the top 2% in my graduating class of over 400 students. I feel ecstasy, standing here, on sun-beaten concrete and with fellow graduates. I begin to imagine a beautiful future at D*****, a prestigious school; and for a while, I believe that my life would be perfect henceforth. I am wrong for believing so, but I am callow...so I am right. Now, the scene morphs into that of a boy alighting a big, green bus and stepping on the D.G. for the first time. Teeming with ambition and excitement, I am convinced that I will succeed in this place resplendent with powerful intellectuals and a long, rich history of excellence. I am wrong for this conviction, but I am callow...so I am right.

The terror begins soon after orientation. I feel as if my reality is not quite right. Fellow students who previously supported me mock and spitefully laugh at me. I walk to my place of student employment, and I am aware of a particular group of people following me and laughing at me from nooks. Sometimes, I hear laughter apparently from nowhere but always at particular places. I am harassed daily, especially while reading in B***** library and using library computers. Being of a solitary nature, I make few friends. Yet, somehow, it seems as if the entire school is acutely aware of my person. Sometimes, I imagine that I am punished for wearing certain clothing articles, such as the "non-hip-hop" ones. Yet, I would see a student with black skin and my type of clothing walking calmly in front of me and apparently not harking the loud guffaws of which I hear. I am confused and subtly enraged by this inequality; and I am even more confused because I think that I piecemeal venture into insanity since I hear sounds apparently from "nowhere." Moreover, I would see people performing incongruous acts: one minute, they are perfectly supportive and affable, and the next, they spitefully and spontaneously laugh and mock me. *What happens to me? Am I crazy?* Sometimes, I would almost collide into someone while walking, but there would be something peculiar about the near-collision: something orchestrated. At first, I dismissed these feelings, but the "near-collisions" became more frequent and often occurred at particular locations. *Am I crazy?* Then, groups of people began waiting for me and laughing at me upon my approach. Yet, there was something mysteriously systematic about their laughter: it appeared to be very well-timed. I would hear the loud guffaws, and when I would try to confirm them by looking at the group, its members would start speaking in hushed tones. I began to doubt that they laughed at me, regardless of the sometimes sorrowful countenances of passersby. I began to doubt myself.

It is midnight of March 30, 2010, and I lie on a bed in hospital attire. My heart beats fast and incessantly, and I panic at the slightest chuckle. I hear people walking towards my room and laughing, sometimes asking : "Is he in there?" Yet, I was apprised of the near-vacancy of the infirmary. Further, the sounds of approaching feet seem unnatural, somehow. The sounds seem mechanically repeated. I think: *I am crazy.*

I leave D*****, and I swear never to return. It is May of 2010, and I begin to take classes at a local

institution. Yet, I continue to believe that my reality remains disturbed. I would sit in a class, and I would hear laughter from another room. Yet, it would seem as if the laughter were paired with my actions. I would raise my hand, and a familiar auscultation of loud guffaws would commence. I would walk past a certain room, and I would hear laughter, regardless of the ostensible absence of people. Again, I think: I am crazy. But how is it that I feel- in spite of an apparent distortion of reality-sane? How is it that I continue to receive excellent grades in my classes? How is it that I continue to function well?

It is the Summer of 2011, and I read an on-line article pertaining to gas-lighting and David Lawson's book Terrorist Stalking in America. I read about the plight of a Latino student in the University of Texas-Austin who was systematically mobbed, discredited, and gas-lighted. The student provides profuse details to which I can relate. The more that I read about organized stalking and gas-lighting, the clearer my reality becomes.

It is November of 2011, and I sit behind an H***** University computer reading about audio spotlight technology and subliminal acoustic manipulation of nervous systems. I recall that for a very long while-at least, since my arrival at C***** Hall in October-I have felt arcane "pin-pricks" and somatic vibrations coupled with my intellectual acts, be they turning a page of a book or lifting a dictionary. Then, I begin to research the more general topic of remote electronic harassment at this public computer as I have had to buy three eventually compromised computers in two years. I read of directed sound, and I recall the wild, inexplicable pounding that would follow me anywhere that I would venture at C***** Hall. This sound would become most acute when I would try to read. I recall this, and I begin to record the inexplicable oddities of my reality. Once, at the I*****, I felt as if the girls sitting at adjacent computer terminals were privy to the words that I would type. I would hear chuckles and subtle guffaws when I would polish my diction or create citations. I recorded the paired laughter with my phone, and I recorded much, much more.

It is the evening of November 13, 2011, and I return to my room after showering. I enter, wear my clothes, and search for my phone in order to create another audio log. I locate the phone, hit the "record" button, and read the message: "Can't record without an S.D. card." I frantically search for this card, which contains over 100 items of evidence of organized stalking, and I cannot find it. While searching, I notice that the bottom of one of my briefs had been ripped. Nevertheless, I panic, having lost virtually all of my evidence. In despondency, fear, and overwhelming perplexity, I write this note:

11/13/2011

I feel as if my heart's screaming. I am tired. I am very tired. Somebody wants me to have a mental breakdown or to kill myself. Even as I write, I hear the pounding and other unlikely noises. I do not know how many people I can trust. Somebody entered my room today and took my phone's S.D. card. That card had pictures and videos that could prove malicious intent. And now, not only do I not have these, I cannot capture or record with my phone. It would appear that I have been beaten. And an average man might simply acquiesce. But I have begun to realize that I am not average. and with the strength of truth and spirituality to support me, I am very determined to find justice. God, save me.

Upon completion, I take the note to C***** Hall's resident advisor for his signature. Unbeknown to me, however, the advisor interprets this note as evidence of a suicide-in-the-making. The next day, I find myself participating in a psychiatric evaluation, diagnosed with a mental illness, and confined to a psychiatric ward. I am 18 years old.

It is November 21, 2011, and I hold in my hand a prescription of anti-psychotic medications appertaining to my "delusions" of organized stalking and remote electronic harassment. I call my mother, and she is worried. *What went wrong? The devil's after you.* I leave H***** for Thanksgiving and never return.

It is November 25, 2011, and my uncle, my brother, and myself are subjected to "brightening" (the systematic activation of vehicular high-beams in daylight) and directed sound for the preponderance of our journey from W*****, D*****, to C*****, C*****. I see anger and perplexity on the faces of my relatives, but I am forced by my oppression into silence. I am terrified, tortured, and massively uncertain. Thus, I pray, and I pray well. God, please, save us.

It is December 26, 2011, and I write this document with zest. I am not crazy, regardless of what the members of my family covertly think. I have kept a journal (edmundjournal.blogspot.com) ever since 2010, and in this journal, I have sought to comprehend my beleaguered reality. I have also contacted fellow targeted individuals in my region. I am now a victim of daily microwave assaults and gas-lighting, and sometimes, I would feel an engulfing heat apparently from "nowhere." Brightening occurs daily, and financial constraints are more prominent than ever. Still, I pray. I pray for my salvation, the salvation of all TIs, and the salvation of humanity in this new, state-sponsored terrorism encompassing all N.A.T.O. nations. In addition, I continue to record. Somebody must know what happened to us. Somebody must know the truth.

P.S.

I maintain the following blogs: edmundosreh.blogspot.com, edmundjournal.blogspot.com, and edmundlogs.blogspot.com; and I may be contacted by e-mail: edmundosreh@gmail.com.