

Harun Kimani: True Life Story - Discovering Otherness

My name is Harun Kimani, a Kenyan living in Australia. This is my true story about very strange events that have happened in the past 10 years.

In the early 2010s I was engaged in making mobile apps. After being sabotaged continuously, and having my top earning app banned from Google Play without being told the reason, I started suspecting that, maybe an African making such products is considered to be too “uppity” - as in Malcom X wanting to study law, and being told to aim for something “reasonable”, like carpenter (carpentry is noble job, but you get the drift).

Anyway, I decided to quit the industry, to avoid any more trouble.

That is how I ended up working at a totally different job at Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital, SCGH, in Perth, Western Australia.



NOTE: If anyone discourages you from reading this, ask yourself: “Why doesn’t he/she want me to read and arrive at my own independent conclusion? Could he be somehow affected by this story? Could he/she be working for people affected...”

ALI

While working at SCGH, I noticed a guy who seemed to be everywhere I went. I later came to learn his name was Ali. Although unusual for someone to appear at almost every place I went, it might not necessarily mean anything. But the guy behaved in a way to suggest he really wanted us to become acquainted.

I avoided that because of earlier experiences with Mossad. I started wondering whether the guy was following instructions sent to him by Mossad (see links below).

After ignoring the guy for several weeks, his handlers decided to force me to acknowledge his presence in another way.

Like in any workplace, a senior employee can learn before-hand where a worker would most likely be at a particular time.

So, I was talking to this lady at the hospital when Ali approached, talked to her like someone he knows very well, and announced to me: ‘You are talking to my mum!’. She confirmed that she was his mum. It was so ridiculous, I mean, even a kid could tell it was all pre-planned.

He greeted me very enthusiastically and told me his name was Ali. I decided to play along, and told him my name. What followed was very unusual.

Normally, people who become friends start knowing about each other slowly. They could start by knowing each other's names, have general conversations, and after some time, they would go on to the next stage where they could talk about their families etc. It might even take 6 months or more before 2 people become acquainted enough to talk about very personal issues.

But for Ali, it took about 6 hours for him to move from a total stranger to a 'close friend' discussing very personal matters with me, and expecting me to reciprocate. He did this by meeting me about 10 times within those 6 hours, and every time we met (or rather, when he came to where I was), he would move our 'friendship' a rung higher.

From his mannerisms, I knew he was not a Mossad agent, but someone working for a Mossad agent without knowing. The Mossad agent would, of course, be presenting himself/herself as someone else entirely.

As I was going home that evening, I thought about the Ali situation. I continued thinking about that matter even after arriving home. I concluded that Mossad had planned something very big for me at work the next morning, and Ali would probably be waiting for me at the main hospital entrance that I used every morning.

I speculated Mossad could have planned something regarding setting me up with an illegality, and Ali would be their link-man.

I was already aware that Mossad was trying very hard to have me be accused of committing a criminal act, and had been trying to set me up for years. Someone might ask, why would Mossad go to all those lengths just to set someone up? Why not just do it outside the hospital where it would be much easier?

The answer to that is this: I have seen Mossad employ tactics I have never heard about, never read about, and never even seen in a movie or any other media. Probably the reason they are so successful is because they use tactics that nobody knows about.

Back to the Ali situation. I decided that the next morning I would park at a different place, and use an entry to the hospital that I had never used before. My strategy was to scuttle their plans for that day, and hope for the best.

That morning, I did as planned, and managed to avoid the guy for a couple of hours. Then something happened. A colleague, let me call him Zac (not his real name), a good gentleman, came for me, and told me I was needed somewhere. I followed him. He took me to a 'common room', a place where some employees could hang about in between shifts. He indicated I should wait for him, while he ran some errand for a second.

There were about 10 people standing around, with Ali being nearest to me, about 2 metres away. I behaved like I couldn't tell him from Adam, and just stood there waiting for Zac to return.

When Zac returned after about a minute and saw me standing alone looking straight ahead, he seemed quite taken aback. It was obvious to me that is not what he was expecting. Of course, I also realised what was going on, but stayed calm.

Apparently, Zac and Ali knew each other, so Zac acknowledged Ali's presence, at which point Ali came over to greet him. I greeted him, too. It appeared to me that Zac now wanted to go and leave me with Ali, which surprised me because it would then mean he was not taking me anywhere, but he only wanted me to meet Ali. It was very obvious that someone quite high up must have given Zac those instructions.

Someone was desperately trying to force a friendship between me and Ali, even going to the extent of sabotaging activities at the hospital, in the pursuit of that friendship.

Not wanting to risk finding out what was planned next, I quickly excused myself and left. I met Zac some minutes later. He seemed quite puzzled, because apparently, he expected me and Ali to be quite close. I told him the first time I ever spoke to the guy was the previous day, and I also explained how the guy claimed a certain lady who also worked at the hospital was his mother.

Zac appeared even more confused when he heard that. Then he asked me a certain question. I answered that question truthfully. It was obvious to me that Zac immediately recognised he had been set up. Someone had lied to him in order to get his cooperation.

Because it has proved impossible to get innocent people Mossad uses in its schemes to tell me who sent them, and what were their exact instructions, I have no choice but to use the questions they ask to try and figure out what exactly is going on.

The question Zac asked me implied that a very senior person had used lies to involve Zac in unethical conduct. As far as Zac was concerned, he was helping authorities so a very

dangerous person could be removed from society. And the way I answered the question proved that a very senior person at the hospital was a criminal.

Zac quickly excused himself. His behaviour after that indicated clearly to me that, yes, he knew some people are committing criminal acts against me, or were planning to commit criminal acts against me, but he didn't want to be involved, either on their side, or on my side.

Since I knew Zac as a good man, every time we met, I would greet him, but he would always increase his strides, clearly trying as much as he could to avoid me. He never ever greeted me first after that incident. It was obvious he wished I would assume we have never met.

I guessed Zac behaved that way because he was worried that if he allowed me to talk to him, I might ask him about who had sent him that day, and what were his exact instructions. And he would be right.

Back to Ali. After that day, I didn't want anything to do with him, but he was always stalking me. One day, I decided to act. I asked him: 'Why do you let criminals use you to stalk another man?'

His reply was very telling. He said: 'This matter is very complicated.'

He did not deny that he was working for criminals, and he did not deny that he was stalking me. I understood that to mean he was being blackmailed.

Anyway, after our brief conversation, I wanted to talk to him some more, but he avoided me. He never stalked me again.

I think Ali is a good man. Under the yoke of blackmail, he had to do what was demanded of him.

To Ali: No hard feelings. If you ever want to talk to me, I am always ready. Contact me through the Website links at the bottom of this article.

SCGH, Mossad Agent & I

After years of observing Mossad activities as they plotted against me, I have come to identify three categories of people they use:

Mossad Agents: I knew three of them who presented themselves as normal employees at SCGH. They are Joseph, who claimed to come from Eritrea, Tamara, who claimed to come from Zimbabwe, and Svetlana, or Katerina (not sure of the name), who claimed to come from an Eastern European country (can't recall which). I will call her Katerina.

I guess I wasn't paying attention when she told me her name, because I never got it, yet am sure she told me her name more than once.

Mossad 'Contractors': These are people who might not be Mossad agents, but carry out tasks given to them by Mossad knowingly, or at least could have reason to suspect they may be working for Mossad or an ally of Mossad, but they don't mind working for them. They are ready to do unethical/illegal tasks for these guys.

Mossad 'Unknowing Associates': These are people who are 100% innocent. They carry out tasks for Mossad unknowingly, and would be greatly offended if they found out Mossad was behind their actions. An example is the guy called Ali that I have referred to above.

Katerina & I

I knew Katerina was a Mossad agent from her mannerisms. I could tell she was a pro. Her body structure showed she was quite strong, probably well trained in hand-to-hand combat. I noticed that she always made sure she was aware where I was at all times. I, on the other hand, behaved as though I was not aware that she was spying on me.

Something I noticed about the Mossad agents I met at the hospital was that they were very, very friendly and courteous. And Katerina was no exception.

If I went to talk to another hospital employee, she would show up mysteriously. Many are the times she also joined the conversation discreetly. After a few weeks, I was certain she was a Mossad agent.

She tried very hard to create a kind of friendship between us, but since it was not in my interest, I did all I could to keep her at a distance.

I had known earlier that one of the missions of the agents was to besmirch my name. I had no doubt that Katerina was doing her part behind my back, discreetly destroying my

reputation among my colleagues, but, of course, I had no evidence. I wondered what her other missions were. But I later found out about her second mission regarding me.

Katerina Missions

Since Mossad has been on my case for a long time, I have become curious and wondered how they operate. I have wondered, how are they able to make an ordinary person do something bad/unethical against me? And yet when I try to explain my side of the story, the other person (normally a very good person) is not the least interested in my explanation?

I once had the opportunity to understand how they operate regarding this matter. One day, I was told by about two colleagues that a certain guy, who also worked at the hospital was looking for me. I will call him Troy (not his real name).

A few minutes later, as I was resting in a room alone, Troy came. He was very, very furious with me. In all the time I have worked at the hospital, I have never seen another person so openly angry with me.

Because of my situation, it is very important that I walk away from such belligerent persons. But the guy was standing at the door, so there was no escape for me. He was accusing me of something I had not done, so I tried to explain, but he would hear none of it. We started arguing. I lost control, and the argument turned into a quarrel. We were almost engaging in physical confrontation when another hospital worker separated us.

When I cooled down and thought clearly about that situation, there was no doubt on my mind that it was all a set-up. I was certain someone had deliberately fed Troy wrong information, and cleverly incited him against me.

Could Mossad have been behind the altercation, and what would they gain? Well, I have come to learn about some very unusual Mossad tactics. For instance, they don't send someone to beat you up, as everyone else would do if they hate someone.

They will send someone to provoke you, so you can lose your temper, beat up that person, and you end up in jail. That is why they can terrorise a person without them technically breaking the law.

A few weeks after the incident with Troy, Katerina approached me and told me about a certain matter. If I had any doubt that she was a Mossad agent, that doubt ended right there. I immediately knew she was the person who had incited Troy against me, because what she told me regarding another hospital employee (I will call him Pi, not his real name) was meant to incite me to go into a rage against Pi, in the same way Troy had done against me.

Apparently, she didn't know I knew who she was working for. I wasn't interested in her cock and bull story. I think she realised then that I was suspicious of her. I never saw her again.

From that Katerina inciting incident, I learnt why Mossad is so successful when they want an ordinary person to perform a bad/unethical/illegal task for them.

1. The person telling you something, tells it in a way to prove to you they are not interested in what they are telling you. There is no benefit the person giving you the information will gain by passing you that information.

2. They play mind games. This is very difficult to explain.

This how Katerina wanted to program me.

Mossad's Use of Unusual Tactics

I will use an analogy to explain some tactics I have seen Mossad use, and how a good person can be used by them without knowing, to hurt a person on their behalf.

Consider this situation: A man recently came to live in a nearby house. He is called Jack, and is right-handed, like most people are. Someone informs you that he pities Jack so much because he is left-handed, but he is so self-conscious about it, and forces himself to use his right hand...

Now, if someone tells you that, the last thing on your mind would be that it could be a lie. Why would someone lie about something like that? What would he gain? So you will believe that story about Jack.

If a few weeks later you hear a rumour about a pervert thought to be living in the area, and it is believed he is naturally left-handed, what will come to your mind? You might want to discuss the issue of Jack with a few friends...

You might not even remember the person who first told you about him. That is how Mossad operates.

Why Mossad Lies In Order To Have Innocent People Work For Them In Their Plots Against Me

The issue of Mossad and I, is extremely complicated and bizarre. It is extremely difficult to explain this 'situation' between me and Mossad, because I don't think such a case has ever happened before, anywhere.

When Mossad begun their evil schemes against me, they never, ever expected that I would find out. Maybe they had done such things for decades with a perfect success rate. My finding out about their scheme must have presented them with a very major problem: How do you take out someone who knows you want to take him out? And do it without the evidence pointing towards you?

It's in their interest for the evidence to point away from them, but it is in my interest for the evidence to point towards them.

On very many occasions, situations have been created whereby an ordinary person has acted in a manner to create enmity between themselves and myself. That would probably create a situation where there could be other people who could legitimately be seen as suspects if something happened to me.

But, in all these situations, I have refused to 'accept' the enmity – ie refused to take the bait. Reason is, in all the situations, there was evidence of planning and knowledge about certain complex matters that the person wanting us to become enemies could not possibly have the resources to do that. They were therefore acting under direct supervision of a more powerful organisation.

Example: Take the case of Ali, an employee at SCGH. He was stalking me when he was supposed to be working. I was supposed to take him as my number one enemy.

But I couldn't do that, since he must have been acting under the orders of someone high up. Otherwise, he would have been sacked for dereliction of duty. Furthermore, for him to be effective, he needed to know about my movements, where I was at a particular time etc.

That meant there had to be people monitoring me in order to feed him that information. He also needed to know my arrival times, days I was at work etc. That required more staff and monitoring equipment. In other words, there was an organisation behind his actions. My problem, therefore, was/is that organisation.

So, why does Mossad lie in order to have innocent people work for them in their plots against me?

Because if they told the truth, nobody would accept their offer. They have to lie about who they are/who they represent, they have to lie and tell the potential recruit: 'It's just some guy we want to scare' and 'it won't take long'...

Because, if they said the truth, that they have been trying to frame me for years without success, the other party would most likely not agree to participate, and could even decide to report the matter to the authorities.

Why Mossad Behaved As If The World Would Come To An End If I Didn't Stop Working At SCGH

Mossad's show of force at SCGH puzzled me greatly, even though, as their target, neutral observers would expect me to know why. Since Mossad has been on my case for many years, I have learnt invaluable information about their power, objectives and tactics.

However, since they obviously don't share their plans with me, regarding the reason why they were so bothered by my working at SCGH, I can only guess why. And I believe it must be very close to the truth, if not the exact truth.

It is a very crucial part of Mossad's tactics to besmirch their target's name. I knew they were doing that, with much success. But when I went to work at SCGH, that presented them with a very major unforeseen problem, because to work in such a facility, one must have police clearance.

Suddenly, Mossad had a very serious problem to deal with: The people who had believed that I was such an evil person, were probably asking the agents (of course the agents presented themselves as just concerned citizens), 'why is such a dangerous person working at SCGH, where he needs police clearance, yet you told us he is a dangerous criminal?'

So, Mossad had to use more lies, something like: 'I heard through the grapevine that the investigation into his criminal activities is ongoing, and will be completed in a few weeks'. That way, they bought a few weeks time.

Meanwhile, they were working extremely hard to have me terminated at SCGH. They thought it could be done in a few weeks. But I persevered, braved hardships, and avoided traps they never thought I could overcome.

And at SCGH, for Mossad to get people to use against me, they must have used same lies (presenting themselves as concerned citizens), something like: 'We are monitoring this guy...he is being investigated for (insert the worst crimes you can think of here), but since the investigations are not complete, he couldn't be denied the police clearance. So, if you could help...'

Any good person would volunteer to help sabotage/torment such an evil person.

Weeks turned into months. The pressure their agents were facing from the people they had lied to must have been unbearable. So, they had more Mossad agents start working at the facility, not only to monitor me, but also to help start and manage negative rumours and innuendo about me – more muscle, so to speak.

But why should Mossad agents be under pressure from people they had lied to about me, why not just disappear? Because the people who had believed those lies, probably felt it was their duty, as good citizens, to pass the information they had about me to the authorities so I could get arrested before I harmed someone at SCGH.

Problem was that, if they did that, they would expose the criminals behind that information.

So the criminals behind that information couldn't go anywhere. They had to monitor the people they had lied to so they don't report them, thinking they are just doing their civic duty.

And on and on it went...

Reason Behind Mossad Obsession With Me

Before writing about the abnormal Mossad obsession with me, I will first delve into how it all begun.

The very first time I felt that something was not right in my surroundings was when I started having a feeling, like a sixth sense, that I was being followed. The first thought that crossed my mind was that someone had falsely reported me to the police for some fake crime, and the latter were monitoring me to see whether what they had been told about me was true.

I wasn't quite worried, since I knew I was law-abiding. I believed that it would only be a matter of days or a couple of weeks and it would all end. I could not have imagined that it was only the beginning, and the monitoring, sabotage and terror would go on for years. And it still goes on up to this day.

Subsequent events made me realise it was not the police following me, but some shadowy individuals. At the time, I had no clue about who had a problem with me. In fact, I believed that whoever it was must have mistaken me for someone else. I couldn't think of any reason anyone would have such a big problem with me such that they felt the need to follow me around.

As time went on, I realised that, not only was I being followed, I was also being sabotaged. Some people were working real hard to have me be seen as a criminal. Most of their activity was done online, but there were also many instances of people who approached me with quite bizarre requests that appeared aimed at having me run afoul of my neighbours and/or the authorities.

How I Discovered It was Mossad Terrorising Me

There was a lot of evil activities done in an 'underground manner' against me. The sophistication, the top-class resources employed, and the fact that the number of people working against me was well into the dozens convinced me that I was dealing with a very powerful entity. I had no idea who was after me, so I decided to think about entities that could have the kind of resources that were trained on me.

I came up with a list of five entities that I thought were capable of pulling off such a complex plot in an underground manner without being discovered. All of them were spy agencies from various countries. I then analyzed other factors regarding the scheme against me, and through elimination, I was left only with Mossad.

'Why would Mossad be mad at me?' I asked myself many times. I couldn't think of any reason Mossad would have a problem with me.

The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced it must be a case of mistaken identity.

Some background about me: I come from Kenya, where Israel is viewed as an ally by most citizens, and I was no exception. Further, many people in Kenya regard Mossad as the best spy agency in the world.

'What will I do now?' I wondered. I hoped that within a few weeks or months, Mossad would realize I was not the target they were looking for. They would finally leave me alone, and the matter would be forgotten forever.

But months went by, and the plots and sabotage against me were becoming more bolder, more sophisticated, more frequent, instead of coming to an end.

I think I was in denial. I didn't want to believe that such a top-class spy agency had labelled me their top enemy.

There were a lot of very evil things that had been done against me, including an assassination attempt, but still I didn't want to accept the reality.

Church: Coming To Terms With Reality

A year or so after discovering Mossad was targeting me for destruction, I started going to church again after several years' hiatus. Mossad agents followed me there.

By the way, I have developed a method to identify Mossad agents, Mossad contractors, Mossad unknowing associates, and it has never failed me. I know one failure could lead to death.

Back to the church. While worshipping, I could see several Mossad agents sitting around, some apparently worshipping, others barely concealing their contempt at the service. The picture I got from the agents was that, if I went to a church, then that church couldn't be holy anymore.

I believe that was why they desecrated the church.

There's a lot of evil things Mossad did to me, in relation to church activities. But I won't go into details because of privacy reasons regarding some innocent people who didn't realize what was going on, and swallowed the agents' crap wholesale.

That got me thinking. One does not need to be a theologian to know that nobody has the right to claim someone shouldn't go to church because he is a very evil sinner.

Jesus Christ came because of sinners, to save the sinners. That is the basis of Christianity.

If I had done something very bad, then anyone who knew about it would like me to confess and seek forgiveness, or they would seek to have me arraigned in court to answer to my crimes.

But the people terrorizing me were evidently not interested in any of those solutions.

That's when I decided to face reality: That Mossad is a very efficient organization, and they knew my true identity all along.

And their problem with me couldn't be because of something I had done since they would either have gone to the authorities, or undone it themselves. It therefore had to be something they believed I had seen or had come to know about them, that they felt would be devastating if anyone else ever found out.

The problem was that I couldn't think of such a thing. I was depressed for several weeks. Here I was, just an ordinary person, never served in military, police or any security related industry. 'What could I possibly know that could harm Israel?' I wondered. I couldn't think of anything.

That is when I decided to look at the matter from a different perspective. ie 'There is definitely something I have seen, or come to know about, that Israel/Mossad believe shouldn't be seen or known by any other person, especially their allies.'

The problem was that, still, I couldn't think of such a thing. I will use an analogy to explain my situation.

You are driving along a deserted rural road. Suddenly, you come across cattle being loaded onto a truck. You don't think anything about it. However, a few days later, you escape an assassination attempt.

You wouldn't even think about the cattle and the truck. But suppose the people who were loading the cattle onto the truck were thieves, they saw your car, recorded your number plate, and decided that you were a witness to their crime? They would be going after you, but you wouldn't ever suspect they have anything to do with your assassination attempt.

I decided to start thinking along these lines, looking back at situations that meant nothing to me, but could mean something else to other people.

Luckily for me, the time period I had to look at was not more than one year, since I knew whatever was causing me problems must have happened in Australia. And since my problems had started about one year since my arrival, then the time period I had to analyse was roughly one year.

After several days of thinking about my unusual situation, I discovered something that could be the reason for Israel/Mossad obsession with me. I had no doubt on my mind that it was the reason behind all my tribulations at the hands of Mossad.

But there was a problem. When I reported the matter of torture by heat at Sir Charles Gairdner Hospital, SCGH, nobody believed me. The reason for my bosses' disbelief was probably because something like that had never happened anywhere in the world.

(At SCGH, there were many occasions when, if I happened to be alone in a room - and sometimes walking alone in a hallway - I would be hit with blasts of very hot air, from what I believed to be manipulation of air-con system.

I reported it, including to Australia Human Rights Commission, but nobody believed that was possible, therefore, it was never investigated.

The problem with this Mossad tactic - and obvious reason why they used it - is because there would be no physical evidence, only that I would sweat profusely, making me very uncomfortable.)

My problem was/is that the real reason Mossad has such a big problem with me is because of something that they believe I know, yet it is a thousand times more unbelievable than the 'torture by heat at SCGH'.

Mossad Terror Against Me: Why I Cannot Set Myself Free

I would never have associated the secret with Israel/Mossad in a million years. Just like in the analogy above about the cattle and the truck, I never associated the secret with anything criminal, leave alone even think about who could be behind it. I also did not think the matter was important. That is why I didn't think about it when I realized some powerful people wanted me dead.

I am in the unenviable position where the reason I am being terrorised is so unusual, bizarre and unbelievable that even the person closest to me wouldn't believe me if I stated it.

Actually, the only reason I cannot say the secret Mossad has been terrorising me for, is because nobody would believe it, and it would appear like I was a nut case. Instead of setting me free, saying it would bring me into more serious problems, where everybody who heard about it would conclude I had lost my mind. That is why I have never told a soul, and have no plans to ever reveal it.

That is why I also believe Mossad's terror against me, and obsession with me, is not because they think I might leak their dirty secret. No. That is not logical at all, especially considering I have had years to do so if I was so inclined.

Mossad terrorises me because they see themselves as gods, with the power to decide who lives and who dies, and who lives peacefully, and who does not.

When Mossad Wanted Me Declared Insane

One day at work at SCGH, I told my boss that Mossad was behind my problems at the facility, that they had infiltrated the institution.

He told me that I should go home, and never come back to work without a doctor's letter showing that I was mentally competent to work. I was very upset to hear that, but I had no choice but to leave. I couldn't believe it. 'I am not supposed to state facts now?' I

wondered. But I was not angry at my boss because he must have believed it impossible for Mossad to have, for all practical purposes, taken over the hospital.

What are the chances of something like that happening? Has something like that ever happened before, anywhere in the world? Probably not. So I understood where he was coming from. And I still believe he is a good man. But he had to do what he had to do, given the circumstances.

When I thought about the matter later that day, I realized it wasn't such a bad thing, since if I was found mentally sound, then it would mean what I had said about Mossad was true, including their torturing me with heat, and sabotaging the hospital because of me.

Anyway, the next day I went to my GP and told him that I wanted my head examined, and also told him the reason, without going into details. He was very surprised. He told me that only a psychiatrist could do that, and he would refer me to one.

Circus

About a week later, I had a consultation with a psychiatrist. Within the first two minutes or so, it was obvious to me that the doctor had been fed plenty of information about me already, and it was not flattering at all. I could tell from the questions that she had been made to believe that I was a real nut case. However, I didn't provide the kind of answers she was expecting, and within about five minutes, I noticed the pendulum had finally moved to my side.

She looked quite puzzled by the answers I was giving, and that was a good sign, in my opinion. I relaxed and was now speaking with confidence. Then, suddenly, the door was opened and a lady, who looked like she had been running, stepped into the room. She proceeded to sit down and exchanged some pleasantries with the doctor. She did not introduce herself, and the doctor did not introduce her to me.

Shortly, she took over the consultation. She told me that I was indeed insane. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Who was she? And how did she arrive at that conclusion, yet she wasn't there when I was talking to the doctor? I knew I had to control myself, lest I fall into her trap.

I tried to speak, but she never gave me an opportunity to complete a sentence before cutting me short. And the doctor seemed intimidated by her. The stranger would say something and the doctor would nod in agreement.

I realized it was no longer a medical consultation but a circus. The stranger insisted I was not okay in my head, and the fact that I was disputing that, was evidence of that, since insane people never accept that they are insane.

I decided to just keep quiet and hope the session would end quickly. Finally, the 'medical consultation' was over, and I was given another appointment two weeks later.

As I was going home, I thought about what had gone on in the clinic. I was certain that the stranger, probably together with others, must have been sitting somewhere in a room listening to my conversation with the doctor. In other words, the consultation room had some listening device, clearly against basic medical ethics.

As they listened, they must have realized the consultation wasn't going as expected, and the doctor was probably coming to the conclusion that what she had been told about me were lies. So they rushed to implement their plan B, where the stranger would come into the room and take over the consultation.

A thought crossed my mind: 'What if the stranger was right?' I asked my wife, "You know, if I am insane, I certainly wouldn't know about it. So, do you think I have lost my mind?" She assured me that I was perfectly fine mentally.

Armed with that information, I decided that I would invoke my rights if they tried that circus again.

Diagnosis

I went for the second consultation with the psychiatrist. At the very beginning of the session, I very respectfully and discreetly let it be known that if I was deliberately misdiagnosed because of external pressure, I would seek justice.

Surprisingly, everything went well. The stranger did not appear, and the doctor did not tell me even once that I had any mental problem. She also told me that I could book an appointment after two weeks if I wanted, but it was optional and voluntary. I chose to book an appointment, since I wanted to take that opportunity to tell the doctor about certain evil things Mossad had done to me, and ask for her opinion about how to proceed.

Within a few minutes of arriving home, I received a call from my GP informing me that he had just received an email from the psychiatrist declaring me mentally fine and fit to work. He told me to go for the report the next day, which I did. I was quite happy when I received that report because it confirmed what I had said about Mossad.

Playing God

I was quite upbeat as I went for the third consultation with the psychiatrist. But I was taken aback when I found the same stranger from the first session already seated in the room.

Just like had happened on the first day, she took over the consultation and declared me mentally ill. The doctor timidly nodded her head and added only a word or two, as the stranger raved on.

I later learnt that the stranger was a nurse, or so she claimed. 'A nurse ordering a specialist doctor around, and purporting to make a diagnosis on the doctor's behalf!' You can't make this stuff up.

I thought I was dreaming. 'I already have the doctor's report clearing me of any mental illness, yet she is letting this stranger declare the opposite diagnosis! What is going on here?' I wondered. I was very upset at this obvious circus, but I knew I needed to control myself.

At the end of the 'consultation', the doctor, once again informed me I could book another appointment if I wanted, but it was all optional. I got the feeling that the intimidated doctor would have preferred that I didn't book any other appointment in order to keep the pressure off her.

So I informed the front office that that was the final consultation, and they should take me off the register.

I thought of reporting the incident to the Australian Medical Association, but upon reflection, I wondered what I would complain about, since the doctor already gave me a clean bill of health, formally, two weeks earlier. And what had happened in that room was not recorded anywhere. I decided to let the matter pass.

The Stranger Goes Overboard

A few weeks after my final consultation with the doctor, someone knocked on our door. My wife opened the door. The visitor said she wanted to see me. My wife automatically said I wasn't in. The visitor said she was a nurse, and she wanted to inform me about an upcoming doctor's appointment. She also left a note with information about the appointment with a doctor in another clinic. The note had her first name and designation as a nurse.

When my wife gave me the description of the visitor, I realised it was the stranger from the doctor's clinic. I can't recall her name. I was floored by her audacity. How could she make a doctor's appointment on my behalf yet she wasn't my doctor?

Of course, I couldn't honour the bogus appointment. Anyway, for the next two weeks, I received many calls reminding me of the appointment, till I stopped answering my phone. They would still call and leave voicemails.

The 'nurse' stranger came to my home again, this time only the kids were in. She left another note reminding me of another rescheduled appointment in this clinic which I had never been to. I knew it was her from the description I was given.

I didn't attend that appointment, and I didn't answer my phone, nor reply to the voicemails that they were leaving on my phone. It went on and on, whereby the day of appointment would come, I, of course, wouldn't attend, they would reschedule, then call endlessly to remind me, send letters...It was like the world would end if I didn't attend the appointment.

The stranger came to my home for the third time. This time, my wife refused to open the door. She waited for about five minutes, then left a note and went away. The note was about another appointment. Once again, I ignored the appointment. Same pattern followed: Calls, voicemails, letters, pleading with me to attend.

Several weeks later, the stranger came again, for the fourth time. This time my wife opened the door, and promptly told her I wasn't in, even though the stranger knew I was in, and my car was parked outside.

The stranger went ahead to tell my wife about another doctor's appointment. My wife became exasperated. She informed the stranger that I wasn't sick, and if she came to our home again, she would call the cops.

The 'nurse' stranger never came again. Eventually, the clinic, and whoever else was calling about the appointments stopped calling.

When I reviewed that matter, I concluded that they had finally found a doctor who would give the diagnosis they wanted. They probably had enough leverage against the doctor to make sure he did that. The 'nurse' stranger must have been a Mossad contractor.

But sometimes the things Mossad has done while trying to destroy me have puzzled me. How did they expect me to cooperate in the matter when it was obvious that they wanted to have me misdiagnosed as a nut case? They didn't think the stranger coming to my home to plead with me to attend the clinic was in itself very suspicious? They didn't think that being given a doctor's appointment when you have not requested for it is in itself suspicious?

Yet, Mossad must have known about the reason why I went to the psychiatrist in the first place, and the fact that I already got the good medical report that I wanted, therefore I didn't have to attend any other clinic appointment.

The Clinic

Out of curiosity, one Sunday afternoon, I decided to drive slowly past the clinic, accompanied by my wife. It looked as the type of place with rooms where mentally ill people could be locked up against their will and treated for a long, long time.

I told my wife that if I had made the mistake of going to that place, the doctor in Mossad's pocket would have made a quick diagnosis confirming I was ill, and I would have been locked up against my will for a very long time. Additionally, if you are locked up in such a place when you are not sick, you will most probably be more aggressive and disruptive than the other patients, thus ensuring your long-term residence there.

I would have taken every opportunity to explain to the workers there that it was all a plot against me, a conspiracy by Mossad to have me locked up there when I was very fine in my head. That would naturally confirm to the workers that I truly belonged there.

The 4th Mossad Agent

I have previously written about 3 Mossad agents that I knew, and who presented themselves as normal employees at SCGH.

Well, there was a fourth agent, though I did not exactly have direct interactions with him, and I only saw him for a very short period of time.

He was a short, thin guy – the smallest of the agents. What caught my attention about his behavior was his habit of wanting to be nondescript, wanting to remain unseen, anonymous. Unlike the other agents who wanted me to see them, and interact with them in order to bring familiarity, this guy behaved in the opposite way.

Considering that he was the latest Mossad agent unleashed on me at the hospital, it was logical that they would want him to act that way, in an opposite way, because they had most likely realized I had recognized the others by their behaviors and body language.

I never knew the name of the agent. He was small, but I could tell from his movements that he was all bone and muscle.

One day, I was in a staff dining area and he happened to come in and proceeded to start preparing a fruit to eat. It was only the two of us around. He seemed nonchalant in his actions, but I could tell by the way he handled the knife that he was no ordinary employee. He had superb knife skills, in a violent way.

On another day, I was walking along a deserted basement corridor that was only used by employees, usually as a short cut. Something told me to look behind me. And there was the guy, very close to me, only about two metres away. I wondered where he had come from, since I had not heard any footsteps. I guessed he must have been hiding somewhere in the basement.

He made me very, very uncomfortable. In fact, he is the only Mossad agent at SCGH that made me feel physically threatened. I couldn't let him walk behind me like that, so I went to the other side of the corridor, walking in a way that I could see where he was at all times.

The same situation was repeated the next day. I was now not in any doubt who he was working for. I wondered, could he have been given instructions to knife me in the back?

After his second appearance at the basement right behind me, I never saw him again. I supposed that he had reported that I was extremely suspicious of him, and whatever instructions he had, would be difficult to carry out.

Religion

Within a very short period of time, I was asked by more than twenty people, who also worked at the hospital: “Are you a Muslim?” Apparently, when people realised it was Mossad harassing me, they assumed I must be a Muslim for Mossad to have such a big problem with me.

Mossad also latched onto that belief, and used it to their advantage. They spread the rumour that I was a Muslim, because it appeared as if many people ‘understood’ when they heard that. I know Mossad spread that rumour because I discovered one of their ‘contractors’ was pushing that rumour using innuendo.

Yet, Mossad knew very well that I am not a Muslim, and that I am in fact a Christian.

I remember one time in the staff dining area, one guy approached me and looked closely at my plate. There was pork among other food items on my plate. He said, quite puzzled: “Don’t you know that is pork?” I didn’t know what to say.

END

31 March 2020

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