

An Unknown group (with suspected connections to the CIA or military intelligence), tried to end decades of research, my 9-11 research, and my research and website publications on a secret society (I call the SS) (in [www.StillDigging.com](http://www.StillDigging.com)), by trying to put me on the streets, twice in 2017, then staged an apparent murder attempt just recently in 2018. At the time of the first strike in October 2017, I had already published theories about a possible big oil connection to 9-11, and noted Free Mason imagery in the 9-11 details. They actually poisoned me back in June 2017 for doing that.

2017 was apparently suppose to be my last year as a reporter for StillDigging.com, marking my 64<sup>th</sup> year, since the SS is entwined with the number 64, apparently gaining power 64 years after the Civil War (CW). After trying to hospitalize me in November 2017, with an apparent neck fracture (CNA Crippling Neck Assault), they sent my van out of control, in reverse, with no driver, as if to plunge my home into the lake (with 9-11 research, SS research, my publishing equipment, my cell phone), 2 days before Christmas. I was almost decapitated, I was almost run over, it would've could've been disastrous, especially for my research. I was almost put on the streets in the freezing cold for the holidayz. I missed being decapitated by a split second, and luckily the CNA (crippling neck assault) last October 2017, didn't affect my reaction time. I missed losing my home by a few inches, disaster was at every turn. I'm lucky to be here. So please listen carefully.

After that, my holiday was in ruins, licking my wounds, with my crippled van, hobbling from spot to spot, from parking lot to parking lot, waiting for the auto shops to open. I spent the holidays with long waits at the auto shops, looking at beat up vehicles, instead of celebrating Christmas. Apparently homeless in a van wasn't enough for these evil fiends, instead they wanted me to spend Christmas on the streets in the freezing cold. I couldn't help remembering the Grinch like smirk, by the candidate, the year before, in the 2016 elections, giving the thumbs up, who exclaimed "Big Oil is Back!".

Then on 1-30-2018 the SS communicated "Take care Dave" on national television (an ominous warning in some circles), 94 dayz before an apparent murder attempt by a man with a large knife, on the nite of 6-4-2018 just one week before the OJ thing anniversary (the OJ thing occurred in 1994). The State of the union is always on 1-20.

It was soon evident that the SS was retaliating for my research, and publications on my theories, that Big Oil had their palm prints in 9-11, and Mason symbols appeared there also. In 12-23-2017 (ADD Attempted Dooms Day), the number 23 is also 55 and 11 on the clock, and both numbers are prevalent in my 9-11 research. Sending my van out of control, in reverse, seems to be retaliation for the reverse symbolism in my 9-11 research (for example Robert E Lee's estate became a cemetery to prevent his return, and Lee's name reversed in the WTC designers name, and Lee's birthday is the reverse of 9-11, and his first campaign in 1861 was on 9-11 on Cheat Hill). Also I wrote "Is the CIA Out Of Control" years ago, and my van ends up careening out of control. Also the SS jacked up my self storage rate (of my belongings) by \$55 (which is unheard of), so there's the number 55 again, a number prevalent in my 9-11 theories and publications. The number 5 appears associated to the Mason's and the JFK hit, and 9-11.

12-23-2017 was also the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary of my mother's death, and there's symbolism there also (for example the year was 1997, and JD died at 97). Also the mileage on my van was 97k, when I bought it, and it almost ends up in the lake 11 years later (once again the number 11 is also 23 and 55 on the clock. So the symbolic retaliation appears evident. The number 20 is also connected to my 9-11 research.

One theory is that the SS has retaliation in their DNA, they must retaliate to fill a void, left there by a past wrong, (even if it takes centuries) like their actions are ritualistic to appease a divinity. So these people are crazy. In 2016 they repeatedly tortured me, by seemingly yanking my leg out of it's socket, after publishing 9-11 theory, and in 2017 they seem to have fractured my neck (I was literally an invalid like an old man in serious need of hospitalization), after suggesting Big Oil was involved in 9-11. The CNA (crippling neck assault) timeline matched the SS rise to power timeline (on the heels of the 1929 stock crash). And the CNA started on the 10-30 anniversary of WTC (World Trade Center) conception day.

Theory has it the SS rise to power was on the 64<sup>th</sup> year after the CW (Civil War). 1864 was the year Lee's estate was turned into a cemetery. The reverse of the number 64, is laden in the 9-11 details. For example the 9-11 president was born in 1946, Flite AA11 hit at 846, after a 46 minute flite, 9-11 was 46 years after WTC conception in 1955.

Then there's the other side of the proverbial coin. My 2016 news spoofs portrayed Trump as a gangster bobbing his head and walking with a swagger. In May and June of 2016, the SS forced me to walk with a swagger, by yanking my leg out it's socket. A year later they fractured my bobber (the neck).

2017 marks the 300<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Mason's, so it was a symbolic year for them, as well as for me, my 64<sup>th</sup> year. Since I'm the only one who knows what 64 means, and it's significance to the SS, they apparently decided to make 2017 my last year as a journalist, simply because it was my 64<sup>th</sup> birthday (Don't ask, it was a retaliation year). In my research the number 30 is symbolic for the thumbs down (the JFK hit was at 1230, the ominous statement connected to the OJ thing, was on 1-30, and 2017 is the Mason's 300<sup>th</sup> year). The CNA (crippling neck assault), started on 10-30, the same day the WTC (World Trade Center) was conceived, right before scare day, Halloween.

They're always attacking my religion, so they must be atheists (even at mass, they stage their tactics). They hate the Hallelujah song "Christ the king forever and ever and ever...". With no religion to restrain them, they also appear to be above the law, which means they can't be prosecuted for anything at anytime. If they won't obey gods law, they surely aint gonna obey mans laws (my other theory is they created Fascism, before the Italians knew about it). That being said, they obstruct without restraint, ignoring the law, violating the law, circumventing the law (just ask JD's relatives). Brain violence is routine, concussions, crash test dummy sessions, chemical brain injections, electro shock therapy, electricity running wild thru the brain, just to kill memory cells, so I can't report them. They delayed this report 3 weeks, by repeatedly drugging me and terrorizing me. Luckily I wrote most of this report before they could beat up and drug my brain.

They also have me in a virtual prison, for that same reason, so I can't run around reporting them like Paul Revere, "they did 9-11! They did 9-11!", keeping me in a beat up van, that can't go nowhere, and limiting my savings to like 1K or less. For a while, the thresh hold was like 500 bucks, after which van attacks would be triggered. After I got good at TM work (telemarketing) they started stealing my bonus money to the tune of 70K over 10 years. They even had to intercept my calls, to stop me from scoring leads, since leads to sales (by the way they control where I work, by intercepting my cell phone calls. That's how they made me homeless. I was a tech guy making 100K a year with a degree, and tons of experience, yet they kept me out of the tech picture, by intercepting my calls. Now I could pull in 200K doin tech, but the VP (virtual prison) has me doing TM work, as a SS slave). I actually earn these guyz millions every year (in home improvement sales), yet I only make 14K a year, if that makes sense. Last year it was 15K).

As an SS slave, (remember they're above the law) they use me as a secret warfare punching bag, so they could perfect their skills. The TM jobs double as a platform, so they could try out their secret warfare on me, the psychological warfare, the chemical warfare, mock hit attempts. They even try to a Guillotine me sometimes (a secret operation to drive targets nuts). So you could see why they would have me in a virtual prison. When I go out it's like being surrounded by the secret service, not to protect, but to keep my mouth shut, make sure I don't contact the wrong person. That being said, you can see why they would obstruct any report, by drugging me, beating up the brain, using terror and intimidation tactics, like hit attempts, "I'm comin ta get jou! I'm almost there!.....", or attacking my van, lowering my savings again, even though it's alreddy too low, or doing torture tactics, like the 13<sup>th</sup> century Strappado. And no, they can't be prosecuted, there's too many of them, everywhere you look (as I write a SS guy trettins me, using a symbolic dialogue (that they establish with all their targets), since they oppose this report. In fact please read the section, **Obstruction Without Restraint**). For 1.5 years the Strappado was the go to torture through December 2017, also keeping my running game out for that period.

It was soon evident Dday (Dooms day) was anticipated all year 2017. Back in April 2017, the SS took my mug shot at a TM shop, had me fill out paperwork (like an FBI background check, like they expected me to run for it). In October 2017

the SS took my palm print, and had me go by my legal name (on my drivers license), and kept advertising my name to the biggest TM (telemarketing) room in the valley “Gabriel this, Gabriel that”, like the SS expected something big on the 11pm news, on 12-23-2017 “an unoccupied van, careened out of control, in reverse, amidst hundreds of joggers” “terrorism is suspected” His name is Gabriel”. My van was saved by a tree, otherwise disaster was at every step. The SS also switched insurance agents on me, months before Dday, so that should’ve bin a ded give away. The van attacks draining my funds proliferated during the 2016 elections, sky rocketing 500% the next 2 years all the way to Dday 12-23-2017. So the SS, had they put me on the streets, didn’t want too much cash in my pockets.

Trying to put me on the streets is nothing new, they’ve tried at least 15 times, since I got the van, 3 times right after I bought the van. In 2006 they staged an accident, then insurance tried to dump the van, then the SS attacked the transmission, sidelining the van for 6 months (I was homeless and had little money, so you can imagine the dilemma I was in. I spent \$3300 of my hard earned cash, and the SS sidelines my van).

The SS also got me ready for Dday. On 12-11-17 the SS arrogantly said bye bye, on the symbolic 11<sup>th</sup> day, and threatened by slugging a palm (that’s what Lee did when he surrendered to Grant). For Dday they attacked the brain with concussions and nerve gas, as if to silence me “it it was uh uh the CIA, they did it ta ta get me back for 9-11 theory”. They also created the excuse to amputate, by making me look like a leper, as if anticipating hospitalization (I learned in 2011 that the SS controls all the hospitals). They also tried to make me ICE bait, by trying to steal my ID, my drivers license, 3 weeks before Dday, and tried to make me Hit bait, by crippling me on 12-16. They also stopped my website publisher, and enforced the social quarantine, reversing any contacts, for fear they might help me. They even blocked me from the holiday party on 12-22, so these guyz cross their T’s and dot their I’s. they even stopped me from reporting them to city officials, as if to not wreck their schemes. They even tried to take away my last refuge for a man on the streets, jacking up my self storage rate by 58%.

They also got me ready for the CNA (crippling neck assault), with threats similar to “I’m comin over to break your neck”, staging a bodybuilder who shows me his violation papers for assault and “Battery”. Even on Halloween, the nite of the first major neck assault, they stage King TUT (apparently died of a neck fracture). Also there was a November 1<sup>st</sup> news article about a homeless guy who broke some body’s neck.

### **Obstruction Without Restraint**

The research for the ADD report (attempted Doooms Day) has taken over 2 months, since I have to waste 40 hours a week doing TM work “wanna buy? Wanna Buy?.....” . That’s all I do all day, “wanna buy? C’mon.....”, since the SS keeps my funds low (whack! “oh look, anoda van problem”). It’s like forcing Einstein to peel potatoes all day. I’m no Einstein but you get the picture, I have to spend my leisure hours reporting their misdeeds.

Things get rough, whenever I start typing, or whenever I start writing, it sets off SS alarms, and I end up limping, or my van is limping, or I’m fending off the effects of their drugs just to write the truth. Their drugs are like a writers quick sand, things happen real slowly. Sometimes I don’t even bother, and go do something else.

Here’s a chronology of Obstruction:

4-27-2018 SS is beating up my brain with concussions, and tries to poison me with a rotten apple, while I review research on the ADD report. The SS also uses Guillotine tactics, and attacks my brain with nerve gas, and also cripples me, which means they’re paranoid about somtin.

5-5-2018 The SS sends my van to a shop, as I continue the ADD report. As I wait I do a writeup on the SS, and the SS later has my bank lie to me, that my paychecks went to somebody else’s account. Later at the supermarket an SS clerk gets nasty with angry loud tones, like the prelude to a Hit.

5-7-2018 The SS then gives me a Hit, as a coworker, who sits next to me. Repeatedly try’s to provoke me, using SS tactics, and repeatedly touches me, and hits my arm (with the SS using completely unprecedented tactics), like I really

did it this time. About the same time, the SS resurrects old Hits outside of work (typically tuff guyz who have time to lift weights). One takes a swing the second he passes me. I didn't see any flies, although I was at a trash can.

About the same time, the SS stages a crazy driver, who acts like he's the only one on the road, almost hitting me, bolting into traffic from a side street (yet again, these are bizarre unprecedented tactics).

5-15-2018 The SS tries for 2 ped (pedestrian) accidents, then later tampers with my brakes, and repeatedly tests my ability to stop, controlling sudden red lites, vehicles suddenly blocking my lane, etc. The brake tampering occurred after I noted the SS had disconnected my handbrake, otherwise Dday 12-23-2017 would never have happened. Please read The SS is Rig City.

5-21-2018 SS likes to retaliate on the signs of the Zodiac, so rite away you can see a mystical connection to their activities. May 21<sup>st</sup> is the 3<sup>rd</sup> sign, and the #3 is big in both 9-11 details, and the JFK Hit, and the Lincoln hit. The SS costs me money big time (by attacking the van), dropping my meager savings by like 50%, to the tune of 900 bucks. (It takes me 1.5 months to save that, and the SS takes that in one swoop, on the 3<sup>rd</sup> sign).

This was after I start summarizing my findings on the ADD report, and did another SS write up. I spent the entire day trying to diagnose the problem, and didn't find out until it was almost dark. Roadside service should've told me early that morning, and one shop either didn't know, or lied. The parts store didn't even tell me, until I asked.

In the process of discovery, thee SS staged another Hit, using 3 tuff guyz, and one says "dumb ass" as I walk by, as if playing off of my mood, after I couldn't figure out the problem. To coincide the SS had deprived me of 3-4 hours sleep, before I got up that day, so can imagine, what the provocation must've bin like. To coincide the SS also yanked my leg partially out of it's socket, so I was like part crippled. This was a day after I picked up my tax refund. Also that day the SS tried to smash up my van with a big rig, on my way to the parts store.

5-22-2018 SS beats up my brain for 3 hours, as I sleep, to force memory loss, then stages a hit at work, using my new neighbor (after the room cleared out, like in one of those westerns).

5-24-2018 SS stages a hit, using supermarket workers, who clog the aisle, so slim shady could squeeze through.

5-28-2018 SS drugs me on Memorial day (a full day to write), and I study in slow motion. I was later able to begin typing the ADD report.

5-30-2018 The SS stops any further typing, as if they were displeased with what I typed on May 28<sup>th</sup>. This time they give me the sleep drug, and the stupid drug, which means no comprehension, and last but not least, pumped my brain with chemicals. They probably injected the hippocampus and thalamus.

6-1-2018 my day off, and I'm typing away inside the library. I have enough to write a book, but that will never happen, but I do publish Draft I of the ADD report.

6-5-2018 A man with a large knife and likely gun, plunges his knife into my tire, and orders me out (I was just sleeping in the van). Later that day, the SS takes over the police station and delay the interview 2.5 hours (since they had to drug me first, and since they had me on NoDoze, they had to let the sleep deprivation take its toll, and they needed time for their impersonator to get there). The police brush off the apparent murder attempt as simple vandalism (even though I was inside the van, when the man plunged his knife into my tire).

6-11-2018 I run to city hall handing out the Diary report, to councilmen, the city attorney, the police chief, the DA, the board of supervisors, the LA times, but it was like the other times, did the SS intercept all my tries? I even rode the subway for the first time, and got lost by men's central jail.

6-14-2018 the SS tries to strand me in an Industrial section with no witnesses this time.

6-15-2018 the SS tries to smash up my van for good.