

Stalking Strangers

Years ago in Kenya, I had very many abnormal encounters with different strangers.

I did not think the incidences were related.

I was not involved in activism of any kind.

I was not involved in politics.

Never, ever attended a political rally.

Why would any spy agency/security entity target me?

Never crossed my mind that all these incidences were related.

Too many of these very odd encounters with people who were strangers to me...will write about 1 such case.

Kenya, years ago: I came across a newish restaurant/tavern about 30km from my residence & decided to check it out.

I liked the place right away.

It was quiet, spacious and was divided into several "Sections", each with 3 tables.

It was the perfect place if you wanted just to sit down and read a book, magazine...or have private conversation with someone.

The following Sunday afternoon, I went there, intending to read the day's newspaper quietly for 2-3 hours, before heading home.

I was alone in that Section.

After about 20 minutes, 3 men - all strangers to me - entered "my Section" and occupied the table nearest to me.

It was a bit odd, because I knew several other Sections were unoccupied...

They greeted me verbally. I answered their greetings.

They were talking a bit loudly, the way someone would talk if he was addressing everyone in a room.

It was just general talk, though didn't really pay any attention, and focused on reading my paper.

After about 3 minutes, they invited me to join them at their table.

I told them I was just fine staying where I was.

They really insisted I join them, but I told them I was reading the newspaper, and preferred to keep reading it, while staying at my table.

At this point, I was feeling they were bothering me and disturbing my peace, but didn't show it - tried to be courteous.

They then did something very strange - They picked their drinks, and joined me at my table, without invitation!

I was very offended, but still kept my cool.

They claimed it was very unhealthy mentally for someone to sit quietly alone (in a restaurant)...As if I was the first.

What if I was waiting for someone? They didn't ask me about that.

Furthermore, it is not unusual for a person to sit alone in a restaurant.

Why would it bother a stranger?

It was quite awkward, them going on with their gossip, talking in a manner to suggest I was also expected to say something...

I tried to ignore them, and read my paper, but it was impossible.

They kept "including me" in their conversation.

After about 5 minutes since they had forcefully invited themselves to my table, one of them called the waiter, and attempted to order and pay for more of "whatever I was having".

I couldn't take it anymore.

I politely insisted I had an urgent meeting, and left.

I never went to that place again.

At the time, I just dismissed the incident as just a group of weird characters...

But many years later, after discovering about MOSSAD tactics, and presence of IMPOSTORS in Kenya, I realised it was most likely not just a coincidental meeting between me and the 3 strangers.

This is because "coincidentally" they were gossiping about a person who was my acquaintance (though not close acquaintance).

The person they were talking about was not a politician.

He was also not too prominent - the sort of person who minds his own business.

Unless someone knew me very well - or had been spying on me for a long time - they would not have expected me to know that person.

But now, with benefit of hindsight, these 3 strangers, when they were gossiping about this man, and pushing me to join in, they were certain that I could participate in their gossip if I wanted, because I knew the man they were talking about.

At the time, convinced they didn't know me, I pretended I knew nothing about what they were talking about...And since they couldn't tell me, "we know you know what we are talking about..."

I had so many of these type of incidents, mostly when I was alone, and several times when in company of a certain close friend.

This friend is a solid, REAL Kenyan. He was also puzzled by a particular man's behaviour (long story).

At the time, I thought it was merely bad luck that so many of these strangers were emerging from nowhere to disturb my peace.

But now I know better.

In fact, these continuous, very bizarre encounters with various strangers made me think: "I don't know what is going on. But I can't take it any more. All I want is to leave the country, fast."

M0SSAD had been on my case even then, using IMPOSTORS to try and pocket me, but I had no clue whatsoever - I truly believed these incessant, stressful encounters with strangers was just bad luck.

Ironically, if these strangers/IMPOSTORS had been upfront with me, and said: "Look here, we work for M0SSAD, and we want you to become our friend, else, you will be stalked and sabotaged all your life..."

I would have, of course, chosen to be their "friend".

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