

## **2019 Submission - Royal Commission into Victoria's Mental Health System**

### **What are your suggestions to improve the Victorian community's understanding of mental illness and reduce stigma and discrimination?**

"When mental illness is mentioned, people tend to think about schizophrenia or someone is suicidal etc. There are many forms of mental illness and more needs to be done to express to the community that mental illness does not mean an individual is insane. Having massive anxiety and depression etc are also mental illness and in no way indicates if someone is insane or not. Whilst going through these experiences people may act a certain way. Low tolerances etc for social activities as example. People tend to forget the consequences of mental illness and easily forget or dismiss it way to easily. There is little understanding especially by family. Having some understanding is very important."

### **What is already working well and what can be done better to prevent mental illness and to support people to get early treatment and support?**

"Treatment and support, it is VITAL to see the same professional. In the public system you rarely get to see the same person. Each time seeing someone different does not help as you must start your story again and no relationship is developed. If this happens often, it turns people off seeking help as none is available. Very important to be consistent with an individual."

### **What is already working well and what can be done better to prevent suicide?**

see question 2

### **What makes it hard for people to experience good mental health and what can be done to improve this? This may include how people find, access and experience mental health treatment and support and how services link with each other.**

see question 2

### **What are the drivers behind some communities in Victoria experiencing poorer mental health outcomes and what needs to be done to address this?**

see question 2 and the competence of the available help

### **What are the needs of family members and carers and what can be done better to support them?**

"Family needs correct information and it should be up to the individual to share, not professionals. Professionals can share with patients permission when relationship and trust is gained. There is too much misinformation going around"

### **What can be done to attract, retain and better support the mental health workforce, including peer support workers?**

see my attachments. get competent people for a start.

**What are the opportunities in the Victorian community for people living with mental illness to improve their social and economic participation, and what needs to be done to realise these opportunities?**

see question 2 and the above

**Thinking about what Victorias mental health system should ideally look like, tell us what areas and reform ideas you would like the Royal Commission to prioritise for change?**

getting competent people. see my attachments

**What can be done now to prepare for changes to Victorias mental health system and support improvements to last?**

employ competent people now. see my attachments

**Is there anything else you would like to share with the Royal Commission?**

read my attachments

**MISDIAGNOSIS, INEPTITUDE and AUTHORITARIANISM**

My experience with the Mental Health System and its 'so called' professional staff namely at [REDACTED] Hospital and [REDACTED] Hospital and others affected by them, has been an extremely negative experience that has had dramatic and dire consequences for me and their overall performance can only be described as **incompetent**. The lack of insight and flexibility to address individual cases is nothing but astounding and their refusal to accept information that contradicts their very limited views borders gross negligence. They refuse to accept that they could be wrong in their assessments and attempts to prove so is met with hostility. They claim to have a 100% correct diagnosis rate and this is statistically impossible let alone in my case where I have been grossly mistreated and attempts to prove so are met with imprisonment and complaints being ignored or inappropriately addressed by the highest levels, even when evidence is presented. They refuse to be proven wrong and the mistreatment of innocent people continues due to their egos and arrogance. They seem to prefer the ongoing mistreatment of people that drastically affects an individuals life for years to come if not for life instead of admitting wrongs and gaining the innocent victim of their incompetence the appropriate help they need. I find this appalling! When it comes to this scenario, they prefer to sacrifice an individual and keep their reputations and the reputation of their place of work intact. To call these people 'competent professionals' is a title they do not deserve. When they put the wellbeing of their own statistical records above that of 'patients' they are no longer health care workers and obviously do not have the wellbeing of the innocent victim in mind at all. They prefer to destroy an individuals life than correct wrongs and records that will prevent future and further mistreatment. This is disgusting behaviour and from what I have seen and experienced is a massive problem and needs to be addressed immediately. Their incompetence is not limited to this. Such a simple thing as keeping accurate records and obtaining accurate information seems to be above their level of competence. They do not check alleged 'facts' that they have been provided by others or even 'assumed' facts made by themselves using their lack of insight and just take it as true with no checks what so ever, even when challenged. Life is lived as a 'Bell Curve' , if I may use that as an example. Not everything fits into what can be considered as 'normal'. There is a percentage of life events that occur far out on the 'bell curve' and they seem to have no acknowledgement of this as it does not fit what they describe as 'normal'. Any deviation from 'normality' is labeled as a 'mental disorder' due to their inability to accept the fact that life does throw 'curve balls' at you sometimes. Just because these events rarely happen, does not mean it does not happen and because they have never experienced it or it is way out on the 'bell curve', it must be a 'mental disorder'. My particular case in a perfect example of all the above and it goes all the way from nurses to doctors to supervisors and further. These people have destroyed my life and with continued mistreatment, my life will not improve anytime soon and it is 'they' encompassing the above, that are to blame for this fact.

I have attached/enclosed a number of things:

- 1/ A very detailed account of me being chased and terrorised by the bikies. It is a long read, approx. 50 pages, but it does give a detailed account of what happened to me. Right up the point of my presentation at RMH. It is very important that you read this as the Doctors refused to believe it and diagnosed me 'Schizophrenic' and 'Psychotic Delusional' due to their ineptitude as described above. I am happy to sign this document as a legal document.
- 2/ Details provided by the Department of Human Services that shows me quite happily traveling to Indonesia numerous times before this incident and shows that I have not gone anywhere after this incident. It also shows

records of various addresses within a short period of time after my arrival from 6 months in Indonesia. This is not being itinerant, as claimed, this is me relocating after being chased and is described in my description, 50 pages.

3/ A report from PBS/Medicare that shows only 1 script of Dexamphetamine being taken in any recent timeline. Not 2 years of use and abuse as alleged, therefore, the claims of Schizophrenia, Substance Use Disorder and Psychotic Delusions are not founded based on their allegations. They also claim I was in remission for its use and abuse. This all is clearly not the case and all attempts to get them to investigate and get the truth fell on deaf ears. A simple check would have found out this information. It also shows that the script was filled AFTER the bikies started chasing me. Look at the dates on the script, the addresses I had and read my 50 page description proves all of this but once again, they refused to do any checks.

4/ My original and escalated complaints to Dr. [REDACTED] and Dr. [REDACTED]. The Clinical Director and Chief Executive respectively. This shows some of my attempts to challenge the misdiagnosis and mistreatment of me. Once again there are no checks to verify my story with scripts or events and no efforts at all to challenge the diagnosis. It also shows some of the 'lies' they say due to not checking facts etc. Another example of this is them asking me, "Do you feel safe here".(being RMH), I answered, "No I do not. The bikies terrorised me and now you people do". They write this down in the records as me claiming that they are part of the 'conspiracy'. As always, they only hear what they want to hear and misrepresent what is actually said just to support their own 'case' which is founded on non- existant information about Dexamphetamine use but they DO NOT CARE about the truth. Similar has occurred numerous times and continues to this day. I will continue to challenge until the truth is revealed and justice is gained.

5/ VFTAC (Victorian Fixated Threat Assessment Center) Freedom of Information result and Assessment. This is way out of control !! I said to Dr. [REDACTED], "I'm going to bring you down". Instead of taking it as it was meant in regards to complaints and actions needed to take to bring attention to this deplorable situation that the 'Doctors' have put me in, they decide to take it as a physical threat and get me locked up for 2 months. They were trying to get me locked up for 6 months in a secure unit JUST FOR complaining and taking the needed actions. I was labelled as a HIGH THREAT, just for complaining. THIS IS DISGUSTING!!! There is notifications on my complaints to them that things will be escalated if required and the term I used, 'I'm going to bring you down', is simply the way I term it in regards to challenges and exposing the deplorable treatment of me. I can prove that easily with other emails etc and at no stage was I asked or questioned about the intent. As always, they only hear what they want to hear and information is mis-represented and recorded accordingly. These people are not only incompetent, they have too much power and both combined is a very dangerous mix. The FOI results shows that 'no evidence' exists that I was not chased by bikies, no evidence of being removed off a flight and no evidence of physical threats. There is no evidence as there was no threats apart from about complaints etc. VFTAC locked me up with no evidence at all ! And at no time have I been permitted to defend myself.

Any criminal gets their day in court. With the power these people have, I do not get a day in court. They accuse me of many things but they have no evidence at all to support their claims where I do have evidence that contradicts their claims but there is no opportunity to present it and defend oneself. This needs to change. What also needs to change is the '2nd opinion' system. It is a flawed system. Upon seeing a '2nd opinion' Doctor, the doctor is given all the information that the original doctor has. Whether it is true or not. So the 2nd Doctor has been contaminated, with lies in my case, and no opportunity for a 'uninterfered' 2nd opinion exists.

What is the point of having a second opinion if they are contaminated by the previous opinion? This needs to change.

The damage that has been done to me is ENORMOUS by their misdiagnosis and lies. I cannot begin to explain the trauma I have gone through and ongoing. I have had to run from the bikies twice after the original incident. The first time I told people and got locked up again. They said it was 'reoccurrence of schizophrenia' which in fact I had to run for my life again. The second time I ran for my life I did not tell anyone. What is the point. They have convinced my family that I was abusing Dexamphetamine and am 'imagining' all of this. As you can see from what I attached, the PBS record does not lie, the Doctors are and have always been, WRONG!!! And refuse to admit it even when the proof is in front of them!!

I have tried to get police help but because the Doctors say I imagined it, I cannot. The doctors have destroyed me and are putting my life in very serious danger by their continued negligence and the truth needs to come out so I can get police help!!! I fear for my long term survival without it.

I have gone through a terrible experience. It was very traumatic and has had deep psychological impact on me. And because of their incompetence, I have had to go through it all alone, with no support at all. I do not go outside, I hide away in fear. I live in a state of perpetual fear and it took 2 years for the level of that even to begin to subside. I need ongoing trauma counselling and for PTSD. I am a shadow of myself and struggle to see a way forward without this counselling and very much needed police help. My story has never changed and never will. My ongoing claims that they are wrong in diagnosis gets written down as 'nil insight' and further forced medication is the result. They fail to see or even entertain the idea that they are wrong with my ongoing insistence and my story not changing. They refuse to see my evidence or validate it as this will prove them wrong.

The biggest threat that exists for a reliable mental health system is the ineptitude of its workers. The health department is probably the biggest employer in the country and with the average IQ of people at 100, the system is infested with very average people indeed.

These people have destroyed my life!!!

Please read all I provided. It is very important for me and for future people.

**17 PART ONE**

**NOTE:** The people involved will be noted as '██████' Personal names are substituted.

##### It is very difficult to express my feelings throughout the following experiences and even harder how to express the 'seriousness' of events as they happened. #####

In approximately 2008, I did call crimestoppers and tell the police the identity of a person I believed carried out an armed robbery. This person was a member/associate of the ██████. It was a mistake on my behalf to do so and will prove to be the biggest mistake of my life. I do not know when, however, the ██████ found out it was myself that told the police and it is this fact that brought the events in 2017.

My girlfriend lived in Indonesia. I went for numerous visits over 2015/2016 as well as scuba diving trips whilst I was there. Everything was going fine. In late 2016, due to unrelated circumstances, I found myself in an accommodation crisis and found some temporary accommodation at a caravan park in a VERY small town that was nearby to my usual location. Very quickly, I learnt that the local public hotel was run by the ██████ and a few of the very small population were either members or associates of the ██████. I also learned that the person I identified to the police years beforehand was a regular visitor to the local Pub. He even had a photo of himself on the wall. Whilst this brought alarm, I carried on as usual. I was only there for a few weeks and apart from one 'scare', nothing happened. In hindsight it was a massive warning and I should have taken more attention to that "scare".

This 'scare' happened towards the end of my stay there. At times I would go to the local pub and sort out the vast amount of paperwork I had in relation to my ongoing project. At that stage, the female publican would talk to me which is quite normal. Some mornings I would go to a nearby town so I could get reliable reception as to send emails and make phonecalls. The female publican came down one morning when I was there and refused to acknowledge me. This was a sign for things to come. One evening, early night, I went outside my van to go to the fridge. As I was about to go back into the van, I judge about 30 meters away, in a very loud with seemingly distressed tone, I hear someone yell out, "██████" !! I recognised the voice. It was the female publican. It was delivered in such a way that I froze midstep. Just seconds after that she loudly exclaims, with great relief in voice, "OH THANK GOD"!! I continued inside. I believe I just avoided being shot.

There was in plain view at the pub, bows and arrows ready to go.

In November, after only a few weeks at the caravan park ( it was only temporary accommodation anyway) I decided to go and live in Indonesia with my girlfriend and see if we could make things work. A new chapter in life I guess you could say. Apart from 1 quick trip back to Australia in March (?) 2017 to take care of unrelated business, I was in Indonesia for approx. 6 months. The sudden decision to live in Indonesia with my girlfriend was fuelled by issues created involving my 'project'. The location of her residence was in a very crowded, populous asian city and this was not to my liking at all so we decided that I would go back to Australia and keep our relationship to how it was previously. I was to never see her again.

I arrived back into Australia on the 24th April 2017 and the 'nightmare' began, immediately!

Upon arrival, as I had been living in Indonesia, I had no accommodation so this was number 1 priority. To use as a base to reestablish myself, ignoring the 'scare' and convincing myself that I can handle any possible conflict by denying everything involving the police, I went back to the same caravan park. This was a massive mistake that leads to the most traumatic, horrifying experience in life that I have ever had and probably will ever have. Date is 24th April.

As I was putting my luggage into the caravan I was to stay in, only minutes after getting there, I hear someone yell out something like, "not this fucking cunt again" As this person fades into the distance I hear him swearing and cursing as he went. I strongly felt this was in relation to me. I should have left immediately but did not. It would only take about 4 days for me to leave. The afternoon was uneventful but in the evening there was 2 people close by talking to each other and looking directly at the caravan I was in. I could not hear what they were saying and whilst in itself this may seem harmless, it was just the beginning. The caravan sites at this park are very widespread so for people to be nearby is unusual.

The next day I started to look for permanent accommodation and for a car to buy in and around the main center which was Cairns, Qld. My usual home. I was looking for a second hand car around the 15k mark but I could not find anything that suited me. What did catch my eye was a brand new ute that I could afford.

Knowing that I would not be living in Indonesia, I decided that I would buy it and the new car would serve me for many years into the future. This would prove not to be the case. The car yard was closed so I had to come back the next day to check the car out. I went back to the caravan park.

At the caravan park, the mobile reception is very bad. You have to go to the top of small hill at the park to get reception so this is what I did so I could talk to my girlfriend. After a small amount of time, 2 people, male and female, come rushing towards me. They are saying things to each other like "I can do it". "you go back, I can do it". The man turns around and goes back to where he came from. The woman comes up nearby, stops and starts taking photos off me. She quickly turned and left the way she came. I knew things were not ok and I was alarmed. I was to see this man over the next few weeks as he chased me to Darwin. At night, very late, once again people talking very close to me. I could not work out what they were saying. I slept uneasily.

The next morning I had a shower. When getting out of the shower cubicle, there was man just standing there looking at me. He was not there for a shower. I left the shower block and right out front was the same man that came with the woman who took photos of me. He was with another man and had a blue ute backed up to the door. The ute had a cover on it that was raised and they were organising the back of it. They quite loudly began talking about 'fear'. I went back to the caravan. I don't know what they were doing but I do suspect. I did start to feel abit of fear. My intuition was screaming at me.

I went to the car yard and checked out the car I liked. I decided to purchase it. I put a deposit on it and asked them to put a towball and nudge bar on it. It would be ready to pick up in about a week. The rest of the day was uneventful and I did sleep with the security lights on that night. It is the 26th.

The next day uneventful. Just doing things to reestablish myself. The evening was abit different. I went down to the local pub to get some beer. When I walked in I was ignored and the few people there spoke as if I was not there. The publican said "see that tattoo on his arm. We can use that. Follow him back and see where he is at". Another man said something like, "yeah, we can chain you up". They all got up and left and the publican began closing up. I was ignored and left with no beer. I went back to the caravan. My tattoo is unique and is of chains wrapped around my arm. I felt extremely vulnerable and was worried. I decided first thing in the morning I am leaving. It was an uneasy night but uneventful.

I was later to find out that the photos that were taken of me and stills from the surveillance video at the pub were used in a database about me, used by the [REDACTED] for identification purposes and who knows what else.

It is the morning of the 28th, reasonably early. I quietly packed and left hoping no-one would notice my departure. I needed to get away from this place. I went into Cairns and booked into a motel to wait for the readiness of my car about 1 week away and work out what to do. I had thought I made a clean getaway. This assumption would prove to be wrong.

I was familiar with this motel as it is just around the corner from where I used to live. They are usually quite busy however on this occasion, they were not. Within a day or two, both rooms either side of mine were occupied. Just those ones. There must be about 30 rooms here or more but only the ones next to me were occupied. I found this very strange. I soon found out why. The people who occupied those rooms would talk out the front. I do not recall what they would say except for a couple of startling things. I do recall feeling very worried that these were people of the [REDACTED] and this was to be confirmed. How they found me, I did not yet know and it would be another 2 months before I worked it out.

One particular conversation those people were having really caught my attention. They said "it would have been cheaper for them to get rid of him up there". Right there and then I knew I was not safe. Another part of the conversation was something like "don't worry about it. Just do it. Don't worry about him. Think of all the money and you get a brand new 'car' out of it". I come to the conclusion that I am at least safe until the car is picked up. They are waiting.

Other conversations they had made it very clear to me they in fact were [REDACTED] people. They didn't seem to mind that I could hear their talking most of the time.

I would go into town and do whatever it was I had to do and then back to the motel room. Just waiting for the collection of the car as I had decided I must leave Cairns and go somewhere new. The whole issue started in Cairns and if I have been identified, I will not be safe from the [REDACTED]. On one occasion returning, there was a small note at the door to the room. It was mine. There is no way at all I put it there or dropped it there. It had various dates written on it that I put on it. This might not sound like much but I feel they had been in the room and it had been placed there as a message of some kind.

Nearing the end of the week, after hearing them talking out the front, I said loudly, "why are you people after me? What have I done?" There was silence. I eventually said, "is it because of the armed robbery? I am not the only person who knows about it" Once again silence...After a short period of time, there was a small bang on the wall next to me and they yelled out, "I don't know what you said but it worked..." My guts sank. If they only suspected me of telling police, now they knew. Stupid me.

The day finally came when I could pick up the car. It is the 5th May. A defining day as the [REDACTED] were waiting for me to pick up the car. I left early and brought my belongings. I took the hire car I had back and got a taxi to the car dealer. It was about an hour away. The plan was to pick up the car, and get the hell out of here. I decided to go to Goondiwindi, near Brisbane, via a stop at Bundaberg to get the 1500 klm check on the new car done. It would be easy for me to access some people in Brisbane from there about my ongoing unrelated project. This was the plan. It did not turn out this way.

I got to the car dealer but I had to wait for the bank to open to get a bank cheque to pay for it, I put my belongings into the car and walked to the bank. I had to wait about 10 minutes for it to open. I did notice one person who seemed to be loitering behind me not too far away. I was very anxious and a little scared but I ignored them just saying to myself to get the car and get out of here immediately. Then I will be away from them and everything will be ok. I was wrong.



By 10 am, I was in the new car beginning the 1700 klm drive. Apart from the car being difficult to re-fuel, it was an uneventful drive that day. I enjoy driving so I was reasonably comfortable and looking forward to continue life away from Cairns and the [REDACTED] I managed to drive to Rockhampton that day and made a camp just out of town where I could continue from in the morning.

Morning came, sun is up so time to hit the road. I get only 2 hundred meters down the road and there is someone on the side of the road trying to flag traffic down. They seem to be broken down. I stop. A man comes up to the door and says he has flat tyre but not the equipment needed to change the tyre as it is an abnormal design. I have no tools apart from the ones that came with the car so I take them to his car, following him. Near his car, he says to a woman, " look who it is..". She says, " He would not have stopped if he did something wrong". Then he says, " He just didn't expect to see anyone this far down". Then it occurs to me who it is. I did not recognize them initially, but I do now. It is the woman who was taking the photos of me at the caravan park and the man who was with her who was also at the shower block the next day! Yes the same blue ute. My guts drop! I did my best not to give away that I recognised them and instead tried to help with the tyre but it was useless. The tool needed was specialised and I did not have it. He handed my tools back and I wished him luck and returned to my car and drove off.

OMG !! What the hell just happened !!!! To be on the side of the road basically where I stayed the night and it [REDACTED] people.. Oh shit...How is this possible.. What do I do.. They are following me..How they know I am here.. How.. How..!!? I stick to plan and head to Bundaberg. It is the 6th of May and I am worried.

Just outside of Bundaberg, 10-15 klm, is a hotel/motel. It is Saturday and little I can do about the car service till Monday so I book in. Later on in the evening I go to the bar for a couple of beers. A few people there, not crowded though. As always I stick to myself. At some stage a man asked me a question. I do not recall what it was about. I answered and immediately the woman he was with said, " I don't like him. Can we go"?

Immediately he said "Nor do I, Yep we go". I found this very odd. I left not long after to the room which was a very short distance, 10-15 meters away from the bar. No further interactions that evening.

In the morning I went into town to find out where the car service place was and what time they opened on Monday. Nothing much to do so I went back to the motel room which is where I stayed only coming out for smokes. On one of those smoke breaks during the afternoon, 2 men rushed past me and muttered something under their breath. I ignored. They went to the bar which has a beer garden out the front. Early in the evening, whilst outside for a smoke, one of those men would launch 'smartarse' comments that were quite obviously directed towards me. I gave no reaction to show I heard them, busy on facebook on phone etc. The other man said something like, "let him be or he will never come and have a beer with us". I had no intent to do so. More time goes by. On another smoke break, the woman working behind the bar loudly directs a comment towards me. " You're a whoose [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] you're a whoose". I ignored, pretended not to hear. It is obvious to me that the two men are [REDACTED] people and have told others what I did about 'snitching'. You may think that that is an assumption of mine and I guess it is but it is an educated assumption. The [REDACTED] are widespread and have supporters or associates in many places and do gather together. Many people 'sympathise' their cause, especially the more liberally minded people and the more anti-social people. Once again, unless they saw the car, how did they know I was here? I am yet to work it out. There are no further interactions that night.

In the morning I go to the car service place and am told it would be a week or so till can get the service. Not good news. They told me that I did not need to do that service as it was just precautionary for a new car and it would not hurt my warranty if I miss it. I decided to miss it and as I am sure the [REDACTED] people know I am here, decided to leave immediately. Went back to hotel, paid my bill, packed and left.

I am worried as they seem to know my every move and having not yet worked out how, I was very concerned. If I knew how they were following me, none of this would be happening but that is still 2 months away. The main highway was a small distance away, 40 klm or so. I had a brain wave and thought of a good idea to lose them. I abandoned my original plan and would double back to Rockhampton, about 300 klm or more, go inland and go to Darwin. I was confident that would do it. I was wrong. It is 8th May.

I drive all day. I do not recall where but I stop and camp for the night. No issues. Next morning I am away and driving all day. I fuel up in Mt. Isa and the goal is to get to the 'Barkly' that night and camp somewhere along it. As I am going through Camooweal, just before the state border, it is dark and as I get to the other side of this very small town, just near the fuel station, a man runs to the side of the road and yells 'something' towards me. I keep going a couple hundred more klm and camp. No further issues. I am up early, before sunrise and off I go again. I drive all through to Katherine which I believe I get to about 4 pm. Rather weary, I book into a motel and get a good sleep.

Next morning I am off again towards Darwin about 300 klm away. I get there about noon. In Virginia, there is a campground I was aware of and I went there for temporary accommodation until I work out something more permanent. They had a big 2 room tent that they let me use and with assistance, got it set up in the front of the property away from other campers who were out the back. I unpacked and prepared my bed for a good rest after the drive. I was exhausted and relieved to be free of the [REDACTED]. The tent, like most do, had side walls you could roll up and just have 'insect' mesh as the walls. I did this on 2 sides to let the breeze through. It was rather hot. The 'mesh' was open to the driveway. Once all organised, I lay down. I am laying on top of the blankets with my back towards the driveway. After no more than 10 minutes I hear coming from the driveway, only meters away, "There's a huge target on that back"! My heart jumped its beats and my guts just sank. I ignored it, pretending not to hear or react in any way. Pretended I was asleep. It is them!! OH SHIT !! It is 11th May, approx 2 pm. Nothing happens for rest of day or at night that I am aware.

The next day or 2 I just set up my camp, getting supplies etc and recovering from the big drive. I have no recollection of anything happening. I try to relax but is very difficult. I am not sure what to do. I am on edge but I have no idea what to do. How the hell they know I am here and follow me all that way? The answer to that does come, eventually. Knowing they are onto me and not knowing what to do, I just do my thing trying to ignore them and the situation hoping it will just go away. What choice do I have...

I get myself another cheap printer so I can continue with my ongoing project. There is much to do. That is my main focus. I find out that rent in Darwin is very expensive and it is going to be a problem finding somewhere I can afford. I even start looking at share accommodation which is NOT ideal but perhaps I have no choice. The mornings are spent doing chores and the afternoon mainly paper and computer work until I tire which does not take long with all the paperwork etc.

Sometimes in the morning when I leave the campground to go into town I would see a blue car parked just down the road. Not everyday but often. I did not think much of it until it started getting closer or parked just around the first corner. It did look like that blue ute from Qld. One day in this period it comes up behind me at a fast rate of knots and overtakes me just to rapidly brake as soon as it passes me and pull over. Is this some kind of intimidation?

Some days, often, after I finished my 'chores', depending on the time, I would go for a counter lunch at the local hotel or another closer to town. I soon became aware it was the same people or just some of the same people with others that would be at the same place as I was, no matter where that was. That is not

coincidence!! I am being followed!! I ignore them so as to not let them know I am onto them. I do not change anything and nor do they. I suspect they could not care if I knew or not. I even brought my computer with me sometimes and did some work for my project. Sometimes they would sit close by and other times a bit further away. There was one woman, perhaps mid 40's that always stood out. She was the loudest. They did say things that I knew were about me and making snide remarks. I do not recall what they said for the most part but one thing that was said that stands out is something like, " he will work well in prison".

I have no idea what their intentions are and they have made no move on me yet. Besides, I quite literally had nowhere to go it seems so I continue ignoring them. Their intentions would become clear in the future.

After some research, which took about 30 seconds, I find out the [REDACTED] have a chapter in Darwin. " If you do something to one of us, you do something to all of us" is their motto. This explains why so many of them following me etc. It is the local people and not the Qld people except for the blue ute. I no longer saw that ute after about a week and a half. Not that I noticed anyway. Sometimes, only a couple of times, a car would pass me or come toward me and as passing the driver would make the shape of a gun with their hand and 'fire' it. A clear threat I took this but still did not know what to do. My concerns were great but I really didn't know what to do. I considered going to police but that is what got me in trouble with them in the first place, so, no police!

This will change in the future.

While all this was going on, I started going to the local health department in an attempt to get my normal medicine back. It was not available in Indonesia. I will not mention names but there was a 'worker' there that organised the appointment for me to see the doctor about my normal meds. I also saw him a couple of times to use as a 'soundboard' to speak my concerns and challenges to in regards to moving to Darwin. It was good to have an ear of someone. I did not mention the [REDACTED]. In the past, I have often used a social worker etc for 'soundboard' when required. This person is important in future events.

One day, the 24th May, I decided to rent a scuba tank and sit on the bottom of the pool at the campground. Underwater, you are weightless and I find this therapeutic. Anything to try to get some stress relief. It is very draining knowing you are followed everywhere you go and not knowing what is going to happen nor what to do about it. It weighs me down.

Later that day, the owner of the campground told me someone was taking photos of me. That makes me worry. I know they already have photos of me. Why more? Why didn't he do something about it etc?

Same routine the next couple of days but I did stop going to the hotel for lunch. I only left the campground to get supplies.

Over the weekend, the owner of the place comes out the front and meets 2 people behind where my car is parked which is not far away at all.. It must be Sunday as I left Darwin the next day. They were talking very quietly and I could not make it out. It was not a long conversation but as the owner walked away I did hear him say something like " no you are not doing that here. There will be police all over the place and all hell will happen". Something like that..My intuition kicked in and I concluded that it was about me and something bad was going to happen. What do I do? Is he with them?

The next day I went to see the doctor about my medicine. He said I could have it but I had to wait 3 days for the authority to clear or something like. I awoke that morning knowing that I would be leaving Darwin today so I did not worry about the medicine. I went back to the campground, packed the car and left. Where to I did not know. Will they find me this time? It is the 29th May about noon.

It is a long drive down the highway out of Darwin. My choices are to turn at Katherine and go to Broome or go south (which I was not keen on as I do not like cold weather) or back to the east coast. After much thought I

decided to go back to the east coast but did not know where exactly. Cairns was definitely off the list. I would not be going back there however, I do like the wet tropics so eventually I decided to go to Ingham, just north of Townsville. I would find out later that it would not matter where I went, they knew where I was, always.

Two days later, the 31st May, I arrive in Ingham and book into a motel. It is early evening. I get some dinner and back to the motel to get some rest.

There is not much to say about my short time in Ingham. I did see a blue ute only once that looked like the one that chased me but there are other cars that look similar. Seeing it only once did not cause me alarm to the extent that I began to think I had finally lost them. In my time here, I did look for permanent accommodation but it was not to be. I could have stayed in the motel longer but did not want to waste financial resources on motels all the time so believing I had lost them, I decided to go back to my original plan and go to Goondiwindi and continue with my ongoing project with easy access to Departments in Brisbane which I needed. I arrive in Goondiwindi on the 7th June having left Ingham the previous day. My belief that I had lost them will not last long.

Once again needing accommodation, I went to a caravan park for temporary until other could be arranged. I am still abit shaken from what has happened so far (events escalate dramatically in near future) and my self confidence is down but with accommodation, although temporary and my belief I had lost them, I also felt relief. The caravan I am in is the second last along a long row. I am at the back of the park. Not ideal under circumstances but beggars can't be choosers.

The morning after my first night I went to go to the supermarket to get supplies. I notice that someone or something has scratched the paint on the bonnet on the car. If this had happened over night or when I just noticed it I do not know but it did look fresh to me. The car is brand new so anything like this would look fresh but there were no insect splatters etc over it so fresh is my guess. It definitely was not a scratch by a branch or other. It had been gouged in quite deliberately and had shape. It was a basic design that looked like 2 dots one above the other and a horizontal line going to the right from the center of it. A description would be like a 'colon' with a 'dash' next to it. Like this...:- except much larger, perhaps 3 cm in height. I cannot think how this would be done by natural event and it goes down to the metal. Was it a vandrel going through overnight or was this a signal or message of some kind? It is a deliberate design. Obviously I am very suspicious but there is the chance that I only just noticed it. Besides, nothing I can do about it so I let it go but I am suspicious. Walking around town or just by going to the shops, I notice I am starting to become very wary. I guess a description would be the old saying of a 'scared rabbit'. I have become very vigilant and 'on guard'. To be expected abit I guess.

Apart from the scratched car, nothing is unusual that I see for the first few days. I have been working on my project, not as much as I would like, and organising things to further the momentum that will be needed once my project is ready for presentation. The shower block is about 50 meters away by estimation of memory, perhaps 60. I begin noticing that the person from the van 2 up from me is watching me when I go to the shower block. He would come out of the van and stand outside watching me. He even rushed over once to tell me which shower cubicle to use. I do not remember what advice it was he said but it proved to be bad advice. Unusual I thought but perhaps I am just the new person and he just checking me out and trying to be helpful. I don't know but I did not like it. Staying in caravans at a park is not highly desirable for most, but people at the lower end of the socio-economic ladder, often live in places like this. For that matter, alot of people that associate with [REDACTED] are from low socio-economic backgrounds so it is hardly surprising to find them in

places like this as I would find out in a week or two and proved to be the case in the caravan park where this started, near Cairns.

The vans are close together at this place and one evening, towards the end of my stay, I hear coming from the van next door, "so what do you think of him? The new bloke in there". I assume this means me as we are the end of the row and apparently I took the last available van. He says quite loudly, "I think he's a fucking idiot". Some other words were exchanged here but I did not catch it. I find it unusual if he thinks I am an idiot as I have never spoken to him. Of course I feel defensive.

Around this time, I come out of the van one day, daylight, only to find a man doing 'something' to my car. He leaves immediately and I pretended not to notice that he was up to something. I would check later if I see anything but for now, into town. I did check later away from the van park but did not see anything I could notice.

It was either the night of the 18th or 19th of June. I am laying in bed and to my right I notice someone had their eye up to a gap in the curtain looking in. How long they had been there I do not know. They immediately back off and I hear them go to the back of the van where another person asks, "what's he doing"? The first person said something like, "Laying on the bed doing 'something' on his phone". They said other things but I was much in 'heightened alert mode' and checking out the area with all my senses. I continue to do whatever it was I was doing on the phone pretending not to be alarmed as I keep myself in 'alert mode'. Not long after, on the window just inches away from my head comes the noise of someone tapping on the glass.

Rat-tat-dat-tat--tat-tat ! They said something very softly. I do not recall what but it was just one or 2 words. (that 'pattern' of the tapping I was to hear a few times in the near future. It is the 'pattern' of the [REDACTED]) I probably should have charged outside and confronted them but I did not. Instead I lay there using my phone for quite awhile, ignoring what was going on but staying in 'alert' mode. Nothing else seemed to happen that I noticed and I slept uneasily.

First thing next morning, I packed the car.. The man from 2 vans up cheered as I packed the car. I ignored him, finished packing and left without looking back. Here we go again! I have been here 12 days. It is the 19th or 20th of June.

I did not know where to go or what to do. I drove up the highway about 50 klm and pulled over. There was no point driving if I did not know what direction. I am very dispondant and nearly shed a few tears. Why is this happening to me? I feel like I am in a hopeless situation and caught in a whirlwind with no way out. I come to the conclusion that I am being tracked, not followed, but I had no idea how. Is it a gps tracker on the car or is my phone being tracked or another way? I just didn't know. In hindsight I know what I should have done but that realisation is about 3-4 weeks away. I considered driving south to near where my mother lives and put my car in storage and flying to Indonesia to see my girlfriend. This would have been a better decision than the one I made. It probably would have had similar outcome or just prolonged the situation I am in but I was not to know that at this time. For the life of me I cannot explain why and even now looking back I do not know why I made this decision , I decided to go back to Darwin. Events begin to escalate now !

I drive all day and eventually pull over for a nights camp at a revival rest spot. I placed myself about 100 meters down a dirt road for some privacy. At some stage 2 people are walking nearby. One of them calls out to me, "hey, you there in the ute". The other person says, "leave him alone, let him sleep". This may have been innocent people but I do not know. I ignored them. No further events that night.

The next day driving again. I am weary and tired so after 7 hours I stop at a hotel in the middle of nowhere on the road leading to the east-west highway. I believe I am about 2 or 3 hundred klms from the highway. It is about 3 pm and I stop for the day. I am the only person there when I arrive. Not long after, others arrive which is quite normal. I did hear one ask another how far did they come today. They seemed to know each other but obviously from the question, started the day at different locations. The person answered, "only 7 hours, unfortunately." Interesting I thought. That is the same as me. I try not to think much of it.

In the evening, the person who asked that question started asking me questions. I am alone on one side of the room and he is on the other with a friend. Innocent questions I guess. "where are you going"? One question I thought was unusual, "do you know which way west is"? He followed up to say "and don't say where the sun sets". As it happens the sun had nearly finished setting and there was a glow in the sky. I replied "well there still light over there so that's west". As I said probably innocent questions but I was alerted. At about 8 pm, after a meal, the hotel shut doors and off to the car I went to make a bed. I sleep on a camp mattress in the back of the ute. The other people rented rooms it seems. In the morning after the sun was up people started to leave. I was laying down in the back of the ute looking like I was asleep and someone says, "Is that him in the back of the ute"? Now that alerted me !! "can you go and check" he says to someone. A woman answers with something like "I don't know, he has a beany on". I didn't move pretending to be asleep. They left. It was definitely about me. I was the only person out the front camping in a car and I did have a beany on. I guess the feeling of being 'alerted' the evening before was founded. Naturally, I am worried.

I eventually start driving again. Hours later in Mt. Isa I fuel up and off again. Somewhere between Mt. Isa and Camooweal I pick up a hitchhiker. Many years ago I did alot of hitchhiking with my dog. Best time of my life that was so I always pick up hitchhikers when able. I was to take him all the way to Darwin. We stopped at Three Ways that night for a meal and sleep. If the people from this morning were here I did not know. There was quite a few people here. No events this night.

Next day uneventful. Just driving. Decided to stop at Adelaide River, about 100 klm from Darwin as to get a good rest and hit Darwin fresh the next day. No events this night.

The next day off to Darwin. I drop the hitchhiker in the middle of town where they wanted and then headed out to try to find somewhere to base myself until permanent accommodation is found which I knew would be difficult. No way I was going to go back to the campground. I also went to the 'health department' to get my meds which was approved weeks prior. I need a local address to see the Doctor so I went to a charities temporary accommodation services to ask for temporary accommodation and to use their address so I could get my meds. They had no vacancies but did help me with the local address. In near future I could get my script. I did not find anywhere today for accommodation and camped out feeling rather depressed I recall.

The next morning after making some phone calls, I have an opportunity for a caravan in a small caravan park just outside of town. That will do for a base I thought. I meet the owner at the location and even though the place is abit rundown, I take it. The van park has a row of about 5 units down one side, a larger 'dwelling' in the middle and a number of vans and sheds scattered around. It is not crowded. I have a small conversation with the owner inside the van I am to rent. They seem like ok people. Eventually they leave to let me unpack and settle in. As I am unpacking, coming from over at the units I hear, "Hey look. It's that bloke from Queensland"!! It is the 24th June.

I couldn't believe it !! They didn't have to find me this time. I came to them. I was devastated. I should have crept out at night and left but I did not. Once again I did not know what to do. I am feeling very dejected and

helpless. Somewhere around this time I go to Centrelink to register my address. They said to me I need to stop moving around. I did not tell them why I was moving a lot recently but did say that this is the end of the road for me. Things will work out or they will not and that is how I proceeded.

Only a couple of days has gone by, if that, and I hear people talking. They were not exactly right next to me but also not far away. Towards the units is my guess. One person saying, "is he going to come out"? "He will", the other says. "C'mon, come out" I hear. They are waiting for me. Eventually I had to go outside of the van as I needed to go to the toilet. As soon as I was outside I hear, "see, it's him". Another person says, "yeah, we got YOUR back"! This was said in a threatening way.

Well I am screwed! What do I do? All I can do is ignore and keep doing things I would normally do which is what I did. I did not do as much of my project. In fact not much at all. The paperwork etc is very draining to do and I am already mentally drained in regards to the [REDACTED] and I don't mind saying that I am very very concerned about the future.

I had cracked the windscreen on the car on the recent travels and organised to have it replaced which was done one morning. As I am collecting the car and about to leave, the same woman who was following me last time came into the shop. She just glared at me. She was wearing a 'department of corrections' shirt. I guess that explains her comment from last time I was here about me working well in prison. I left and got in the car, As I am about to drive off she comes outside with the person who replaced the windscreen and he points to the place on another car's windscreen exactly the spot where I had cracked mine. Unusual. Why is that important? I drove off.

The shower block is about 50 meters away. I would have a shower as soon as I woke which was usually about 6 or 7. I was hoping to avoid the gaze of the other people here. Also to avoid going to the shower block, I put a bucket outside the van to urinate in and would empty each morning in the toilet. I am starting to hide. Most mornings I would go into town to do whatever chores needed doing. Once again I am usually done by noon. I also caught up with the social worker from the previous time in Darwin and he helped me with resources once again regarding accommodation and support services. He also arranged the script for my meds. I think that was the 28th June when that came through. Soon, I was to find out just how much he was actually helping. NOT !!

I changed my license over to N.T. from Qld if that gives you any indication that I meant what I said to Centrelink that this is the end of the road for me. I began checking out part-time employment opportunities. I have a very bad back so my options are very limited. The back is OK as long as I do not use it. It does not take much effort at all to put my back out and take me out of action so I need to be very careful and selective of what I do. As I enjoy driving, I was thinking a driving job even though that too gives me grief, sometimes a great deal, but is easier to manage I guess. None of this was to eventuate.

One afternoon I go to the local bottleshop. There are 2 workers there. I purchase what I get and as I am getting in the car, one worker says to the other, "That's him, the one they're after and apparently he is loaded". Something like that anyway. I take it 'loaded' means 'has money'. I did not need to hear that! This bottleshop is just down the road from the van park and would be the one used by other residents. I am the only customer there so it is not difficult to deduce that they are talking about me. Yes I have a new car but the money factor of things is not so great.

The person in the unit at the van park has a very distinctive car. A white sedan all polished up with flames painted on it. I began to see this car often. Are they following me again? I guess they are. This same person did not have a 'sunscreen' out the front of their unit when I arrived. Soon after there was one and it was always down. You could see out but not in. I have no doubt that it was used to sit behind on the chairs and

table that was there to spy on or film me. That may sound paranoid but I am as sure as I can be that that is the purpose. Nearby is the bins for the van park. I could feel the eyes on me as I take the garbage out. I could hear them talking between themselves behind it and as I near the bins, just silence.

I came back to the van one day to find a mess. There is a clothes line and sink out the back. My clothes were strewn all over and the clean dishes all thrown about. The washing detergent had been tipped out. There is nothing I can do about it so I just pick it all up and ignore that it happened. I did not want to give them pleasure by reacting.

One day I gather some courage and sit in my car and listen to music. I am facing the bins and units. Someone walks over to the bins and pulls out the garbage bag I had put in earlier and take it away. They bring it back a short time later. I am glad I decided to sit in the car at that time. I now know they are going through my garbage to gather information. I will be careful what I put in it in the future.

On one occasion as I am looking out the window of the van, the man from the unit goes to the man in the central dwelling and quite loudly says, "He keeps saying 'Why are you people after me'". This is true. I often said that, mainly to myself but somehow they have heard it. Is there a listening device in the van? They are hearing me somehow. I am unsure how.

Directly behind the caravan, which is towards the road, is a petrol service station and shop. Out the back of it is at least one accommodation unit and a shed that abutts the back fence just meters from the caravan. Numerous times leaving the van, I would hear 'rustling' coming from the shed. The shed is old and full of holes. My senses would tell me that there is someone in that shed observing my movements. This was confirmed. One particular time that stands out is someone saying as I am about to leave, "He's getting ready to leave, everyone get ready". No doubt I am being followed. I just try to keep to my plans and ignore them. Ignoring them has worked well so far but at some stage I know something will happen. And it does in the near future.

Another time that stands out about someone in that shed spying on me is a man and a woman having a small conversation when I went out to use the bucket. "see his car there, we want the keys to it". "nice car" she replies. There is no other vehicles parked here. Only mine. I now know what they want, the same as they wanted in Cairns at the hotel. The car. It would become clear in the near future why they have not made a move yet.

One day when this person was in the shed, another man comes around the back of the shop and asks him. "What do you think you are you doing"? He answers with something I did not understand and then, "we don't want him here. He has to go". I assume that the man is the owner of the shop as he enters various rooms out the back and I have no doubt that it is me they want to go. I do not believe the 'owner' is involved.

At night there would be loud 'bangs' on that shed sometimes and I could hear footsteps running away. Attempts at intimidation of me I guess. I believe the person in the shed is the person living in the bigger dwelling or the man from the unit. They seem to be friends. After one of those bangs I say loudly, "You people should be leaving me alone and helping me with a lawyer. I plan on suing the '####' and should get quite abit. I will share it with you but it will take time". Something like that anyway. In response I hear, "yep". Then footsteps going away.

On Territory day there are lots of fireworks going off. I sat on the back of my car to watch them. "Hey look at that. There he is.." is said coming from the units. They are watching me. I ignore.

One evening I decided to go to the local hotel for a few beers. I forced myself to go to show them that they do not intimidate me. I was left alone until a group of people sat nearby and started quite loudly to talk about 'snitching' and 'telling lies' etc.. They made sure I could hear what they were saying. I do not recall exactly



what I said to them. I should not have said anything. But I did tell lies, I remember that much trying to diffuse any confrontation. I left shortly after. I sat out the front of the van park for awhile feeling down and trying to figure out what to do. Eventually back to the van with no ideas.

One morning on return to the van after a shower, coming from the dwelling close to the shower block, someone says quite loudly and clearly directed at me, "Has no-one got you yet..!!" I kept walking but that did hit me. I know the [REDACTED] are up to something, especially in taking the car. What will they do to me to get the car? And yes, why has nothing happened yet? It becomes clear soon and if not for good hearing and being able to piece things together, events could have turned out even worse than they did. My time is running out. I feel it and this proved to be accurate.

Almost daily, in one form or another, whether it be following me, comments, spying on me or going through my garbage etc, there was intimidation. All in preparation for. 'their plan' acting out. I was extremely worried for my safety and knew time was running out. I started to sleep with knives under the pillow for some kind of protection if the worst came whilst I sleep.

The owner of the caravan park was aware that the residents here were giving me a hard time. I did not tell her why nor mention the [REDACTED]. She just assumed it was because I was the new person and they were 'testing me out'. To this day she does not know the truth. I don't believe so anyway. She did offer for me to move to another small camp ground on her property when she realised that the taunting was ongoing. I was going to do this albeit probably for only temporary refuge. Events about to happen do not allow this to occur.

Wednesday, 12th July, my fears begin to materialize.

I do not recall the reason I saw the social worker this day. To get information about services would be my guess. I used him as a 'backboard' again about the difficulties I am having. About the people at the van park etc. I aired everything with him except about the [REDACTED]. I was to see him in the near future.

I went to a hotel on the way back for a counter. There was only a couple of people there. I sat out on the front deck, alone. Soon after, 3 men walk up. Two sit on the table directly next to me and one on a table next to the railing just meters away. There are many tables. Why sit right next to me? The two beside me seem like very rough and ready people to me. The way they are talking allows me to think that they are [REDACTED] people and have followed me here. I know I am followed most times so this is not surprising and in the past they have come inside as well when I am at a hotel so once again I am not surprised. I do my best to ignore them as usual whilst also listening. They did say, "we should be ready for an arrest this weekend". This was said in an excited way and one of them laughed in an excited way. The other man at the railing shook his head after looking at me. I suspect he realised that I realised what was just said. I did not rush myself and soon after, without being in a hurry, I left and went back to the van.

All afternoon I was to ruminate what I had just heard and yes, alarm bells are going off. What do I do? This weekend seems to be the plan to make a move on me. I would prove to be right at my deduction.

I decided to tell someone what was happening and possibly get some help about the [REDACTED] issue. I rang the social worker again and told him that there is something I need to talk to him about. I have told him everything else but not about the [REDACTED]. He wanted to talk on the phone but I said 'no', I will come in tomorrow and see you in person. The appointment was made for the next morning.

I do not recall what happened that evening. Something must have startled me or just out of pure fear, I did ring the social worker again and left a message saying something like, "I will see you in the morning if I am not dead".

Morning comes. It is the 13th July. I do not recall the time of the appointment. Perhaps 10 am. I did arrive very very early. Thirty minutes at least I would say. I am parked in the street running opposite from the center and I stayed in the car just waiting for the allotted time. With minutes to go until appointment time, I walked up to the building. As I am crossing the road out the front of the building, a car drives by and someone yells out, "YOUR GONNA DIE" and drives off. I see no-one else and am 100% sure this is directed at me. Naturally I am scared.

I am escorted through and I am walking up to the social worker. He is with another man who I have never seen before. I have only seen this worker a handful of times and apart from seeing the doctor about my scripts, we have always been alone. I do notice that the new man has an ID badge on but it is turned backwards so I am unable to identify him. We go inside the room and sit down. After pleasantries, I begin talking. I started to go over what has happened in recent past but he interrupts me and says, "Get to the point. What is it you want to tell me"? So I do. I say, "The [REDACTED] are after me"! His immediate response was, "Well they are! It's all on record"! He turns to the other man and says to him. "Isn't it. It's all on record"!...

My guts drops.. He's with them !! Obviously so is this other man...He says to me, "You came to the wrong place. There are lots of [REDACTED] in Darwin"..! The other man asks me, "how do you sleep at night"? I answer, "There is two ways to walk through a minefield. You can tip toe and try to find your way through or just charge on through and hope for the best". He replies, "so you either wake up or you don't". " pretty much", I say taking that as a representation of the result of a violent home invasion.

I tell them what was yelled to me out the front and I mention to the social worker that I left a message on the phone last night saying, "I will see you in the morning if I am not dead". He immediately turned to the new man and said, "I will take care of that". I take that to mean that he will erase the message from the phone bank.

I can't believe what is happening..! Is there no escape? Is there no help?

For obvious reasons the conversation was over very quickly. As I am walking out, I say. "...and I don't even know why".. The new man says. "If you think about it you will know why" !

I leave. I do not recall where I went after that but I assume back to the van. Very worried indeed and the fear is growing.

Friday morning comes. The 14th of July. (this event may have happened on Thursday 13th after the social worker, I am uncertain) Obviously no events last night. I go into town to take care of unrelated business. On the way back out of town, I notice I am being followed or at least appear to be. An opportunity presented itself where I could pull over very quickly and hide the car behind a truck. I did this. Once they were past I got going again and started following them a couple of cars back. They must have noticed as they very abruptly turned left at traffic lights that just turned red, went a very short distance up that street and did a U-turn and went back the way they had just came. This happened very quickly and I had no opportunity to do the same. I kept going. Thinking I had lost them, I decided to go to a hotel I have not been to before for some peace and work out what to do. It is Friday. Arguably, tonight is the beginning of the weekend and I am greatly concerned. Am I followed this time? Will they show up here too?.. Short answer, YES !!.

I was sitting out the back on the deck which is adjacent to the car park. For awhile I thought that they were not coming but my hopes were quashed. A taxi pulls up with 3 or 4 people in it. As soon as 1 person gets out he says, "There he is". The others get out. This man could be the one from a couple days earlier who said about the arrest on the weekend. I cannot be certain. They come into the hotel and come out the back where I am

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placing themselves 2 tables away in the center of the deck. There is a couple of other people here but I am not concerned about them. Over the next 40 minutes or so, a number of people come and join them around that table. I estimate about 10 in total ranging in age. The younger people seemed to be asking the original man questions about the proceedings of things. I at times had trouble hearing them so I would pretend to gaze out from the deck looking down the street. The man said, "look at him turn his head. That is so he can hear us better". This was true but I tried not to turn back to quickly. Other things that stay in my mind are, "He has to fight 10 rounds with 'xxxx'". 'xxxx' being the person I told the police about. He goes on to say, "look at the jaw on him. Anyone with a jaw like that must have a glass jaw". And, "'xxxx' is quick. Small and quick. 'xxxx' should win". Another person says, "you could have found someone who has a 10% chance of winning". Someone asks, "how do you find someone for ....." I missed the last part. He answers with a few things but I recall, "someone who lives out of their means. And where did the money come from?". He also mentioned something about, "taking every cent he has". I immediately deduce that they want the car and whatever money I have. Other things were said but I fail to recall and he is right, I have been living out of my means lately.

So how are they going to achieve this? How are they going to make me fight 'xxxx'? Is 'xxxx' here? How are they going to get my money? How are they going to get the car? What else do they have planned?.....Does this have anything to do with the 'arrest' coming on the weekend? Are they going to kidnap me?... I am EXTREMELY worried.

I eventually get up to leave and he says something like, "he's had enough, he's going". I ignore them and quietly leave showing no rush at all even though I am very fearful. Back to the van park.

Friday night, 14th July is eventful.

I have been going to bed early lately. Tonight is no exception. I am awoken in the middle of the night. Uncertain of time but I guess about 1 am, Saturday the 15th July. There are people talking just outside and making a small ruckus. I am immediately alarmed! Is this it? Is this when they come to 'get' me? I quietly dress hoping I am not alarming them that I am awake. I sit on the edge of the bed away from any window and I retrieve the knives from under the pillow. I just sit there listening with all my senses in heightened alert mode rehearsing different scenarios through my mind. What do I do if they break in? Do I fight them furiously with my fists or defend myself with the knives? If I use the knives and I am disarmed then they can be used against me. I don't know but am hesitant to use the knives.

It appears there are 2 people outside judging by voices and I have no idea what they are up to. They move around making noise and seemingly appear to be moving things around but no imminent threat yet. I just sit there, waiting and listening. I open my phone up and set it to call emergency 000 at a moments notice. This goes on for hours it seems. What are they doing? Sometimes they are right next to the van, other times abit further away from but can hear them always. I am still on high alert and time goes by. I am not sure if they know I am awake or not. The phone does emit bright light when I have to turn the screen back on to keep it in permanent readiness and I hope they have not seen it.

They come around the back, just in front of the shed and due to the noise I fear they are doing something to the window as this appears to be where it originates, just a couple of meters away. To get in or for preparation I do not know. They have not come in yet and it seems no-one else has arrived. There is a big 'table' right next to the van that blocks the door leading to the bedroom. They start to move it. One of them says, "this will make alot of noise". It did and they seemed to stop what they were doing immediately. Only a minute at best

goes by and they begin moving it again. If they move that table and get access to that door, it is even easier for them to get in and attack me. It was now that my fear gets the better of me. I call 000.

They are only 2 or 3 meters away and I did not want them to hear me talking so I called 000 and once it was answered I hanged up and repeated shortly after. The time was 4:02 am and 4:04 am according to phone records. I was hoping that this would alert police and they would track the call and come. I realized that I had the phone on 'private' mode and I was not sure if that would work so I called again at 4:08 am this time in 'public' mode and also very quietly, just a whisper, told them the location and asked them to come. It was a very short conversation and I hope they could hear me. That is all I recall calling 000 however the phone records does say that I called again at 4:10 am. 000 did call me back after that 3rd attempt of mine so I suspect that is them calling but I could be wrong. Maybe I did call them 4 times and not 3.

When they called me I once again very quietly told them the location and asked them to come. I asked them to put their flashing lights on when they get here so I knew they were here. I cannot see the entrance where this van is and the lights flashing in the dark would alert me to their arrival. The intention was to run out to them when I saw the flashing lights and tell them that I am in danger and ask for them to stay close whilst I pack the car and get the hell out of here! This was not to eventuate. I did not see any flashing lights nor any police. I assumed that they did not come. Later I did hear one of those people say, "Do you think he is awake? It was probably him that called the police". Well I guess they did come, without their lights on! I had no way of knowing if they came if they only stayed out the front. That was the purpose of the flashing lights, an alert that I could see. I guess they saw no evidence of trouble so left.

Morning is coming and they are still at it. I start to feel abit of relief as sun up is not far away. I assume that I am safe if I make it till daylight. As daylight does come, one of them says, "how much did they pay you"? The other answers something like, "100 bucks an hour just to keep him .....". I did not catch that last bit. I assume the missing word would be 'awake' or 'scared' or some other alike. After that they seem to seperate. I suspect one to the unit and the other to the accommodation 'unit' behind the shop. As he is leaving and entering the 'shop' he is swearing and cursing and calling me many expletives. I peek through the curtain and see it is the same person who was behind the shed at earlier events written above.

If their plan was to scare me, it worked. After everything that has happened the last couple months my fear was growing week by week. Lately it has been at very high levels and this night was it. I was done! There and then I decided to go back to Indonesia to my girlfriend and away from all of this. Perhaps there were better ideas but I did not think of them in my desperation. That decision I find out soon has two effects. One, I avoid a kidnapping (only just) and two, also escalates matters to another level. I thought things were bad now, they get worse! It is Saturday 15th July.

It is early. About 7 am I guess. I packed my clothes in 1 suitcase. My other suitcase is in storage as it has valuables in it. I did not trust this place so put it in storage soon after arrival for safe keeping. I grab all my paperwork for my 'project' and computer and put them in the car. The t.v., printer, heaps of food, shade shed for the car, jerry cans and other items I abandon. I had to make a decision of what to do with the car as obviously I cannot take it to Indonesia. Perhaps if I had more time to think I would have made a different decision but I decided to sell it. I have only had it just over 2 months. As I am leaving I see the owners husband. I say to him that I hope that he had nothing to do with last night. I would see him most days at this hour here. I even noticed him standing outside of the shower block when I would shower. I have no idea about the significance of this. Was he always coming to check and make sure things were ok? I do not know.

It is too early to gather my suitcase in storage so I go to a car wash to clean the car and then head to gather the suitcase. It is still abit early so I wait. There is a car pulled over about 100 meters behind me. It seems we are the only people on the street. If it is them following me I do not know. Soon after the storage place opens and I get my suitcase.

I start driving into town and aim to stop at the first car yard I see which I do. It is not exactly a car yard but it does have 'items' for sale, machinery and a couple of cars. I find out it 'leases' machinery etc and has little to sell. I present my car to them and they see it is brand new etc and do show some interest. After showing it to them, they go inside to talk to the boss about it and see if they want it. As this is happening, I am outside alone and directly out front two cars pull up and numerous people get out. They just stand there talking between themselves and seemingly keeping eyes on me. I ignore them. I suspect it is [REDACTED] people but am not certain. After a long time the 'sales' people come out and offer me 16k for the car. It is brand new and cost me 29k plus extras. I said, "No, give me 18k and it is yours". One of them went back inside and shortly came back out and agreed to the price. I know the car is worth much more but they still need to get their cut and I expect no car yard would give me much more. Besides, I was desperate. I just lost 11k on that car! We signed the paperwork etc and being Saturday I am unable to access the money for the sale. I will not be able to until Monday or Tuesday. This puts a problem in my plans as most of my money is tied up in other areas and I had only immediate access to about \$1000.00. Instead of getting on the first flight I decided to stay in a hotel until the funds clear so I am not caught out being overseas with very little money. I assumed I would be safe in a hotel for a few days. Out of desperation, this plan was soon to change.

The 'sales' person drove me into the city to get a hotel. I chose one just on the edge of the city a few minutes walk to the city center. If I was followed I do not know. It was too early to enter any room however I did book a room for 4 or 5 nights awaiting the clearance of the car money. I put my luggage in a storeroom near the front desk for storage until the room was ready. Others were doing this to. As it turns out, not being able to go directly into a room was a good thing.

I had time to kill so decided to sit in a joining pub and have a few beers. Whilst I am very on edge and fearful, knowing I am safe and soon to be away I tried to relax and de-stress. Apart from the bar person I am the only person in there. It is relatively early. I grab a beer and sit down watching the television. After a beer or two, a woman comes in and rushes up to the bar person. She says, "See him. Don't believe a word he says. He's a liar." She immediately leaves. I am the only patron there and my hairs stand up on my neck and my guts sink. Does this mean 'here we go again'? I do my best to ignore it as I am alone with no apparent immediate danger around me. Soon, two men come in and after ordering a beer sit down on the table next. There is only a handful of tables. I am on alert but not distressed until one says to the other, "What are you doing tonight"? This in itself means nothing to me but the response does. "The president has got some games on tonight. Are you coming"? Other things were said but I recall none. OH SHIT !! Immediately I knew! These are [REDACTED] people and the games they are referring to are the 'games' that the President of the [REDACTED] are putting on and I am the star guest! This is what they have been planning and explains why it has taken so long for them to get me. I would have to fight 'xxxx', the person I told the police about and they get the car and clean me out of money plus whatever else they have planned. I knew!! My intuition is screaming at me!! The 'arrest' referred to on Wednesday is happening TODAY!!

Without giving away anything, I soon grabbed my beer and went to the smoking area where I lit up wondering what to do next. I think I ordered another beer and soon after decided to leave this pub and walk into the city center and go to another where I was to overhear further information.

I walk into town not knowing where I will go. On the way I see a few 'hotrod' looking cars but that could be about anything. I just note it. I end up at an 'open air' bar that I was aware of from a previous visit many years prior. There is many people here as expected and I find a seat which there are still many of. I grab a beer and mind my own business wondering what to do about this situation. As at the previous bar there is nothing unusual at first. Soon however I become alarmed at the people now sitting behind me. I do not turn around but am cautious of them and their conversation. Eventually my concerns are confirmed, [REDACTED] people. Followed again! Still I do not know how they are tracking me. The part of their conversation that confirms my fears is one person saying, "He knows something is going on". "How do you know"? another asks. The first person says, "Because he's moving around. He would have stayed at the one place if he didn't" And he was right! I gave no indication that I am aware of them. I believe I even ordered another beer. I am sitting there going over everything in my mind and I KNOW I am in imminent danger and I am running out of time. Today is the day of the 'arrest'!

I try convincing myself that I will be safe at the hotel if I hole up in there until the funds come through however the counter argument is that they seem to know where I am always and if they really wanted me, all they have to do is get through one door and drag me away. There would be no time for someone to stop them and no time for police to respond. Thus far they have proved that they know people and I already know that they are well connected with supporters from all walks of life and have many resources, financial and otherwise. I have no doubt at all that today is the day...I really am in serious trouble here and I am desperate to find a solution. I have an idea. I say to myself, 'don't worry about the funds for the car. Trust it will be there in a couple of days. Go to the hotel, get your luggage, go to the airport and get the hell out of here, now'!!! I casually leave the pub walking back the way I came.

Walking back I see some of those flash cars again. Once again this could be anything. A taxi comes heading towards me and I try to flag it down but it is occupied. I keep walking. Shortly, a taxi pulls up to my left and gains my attention. It is the same taxi driver asking me if I still want a ride. I jump in telling the driver to go back to the hotel where my belongings are, I will pick them up and then off to the airport. He agrees.

I am quite anxious at this stage. I go up to the desk at the hotel and just tell them that there is a change of plans and would like to cancel my booking. There were no issues but did cost 50 bucks for cancellation. Fair enough. I grab my belongings. which are not packed properly due to the express exit from the van park, put them in to the taxi and off we go to the airport.

On the way to the airport, perhaps about three quarters way, a sedan car over takes the taxi on the left. It changes into our lane and puts on the brake. I guess it is difficult to just stop in the middle of the main road. It does this a number of times. I immediately suspect it is [REDACTED] trying to slow us down or worse stop us. I could be wrong but suspicions are high. The taxi driver suspects nothing and continues to the airport. Once there he grabs a trolley for me as I unload, I pay him and enter the airport.

I did not know at this stage if the [REDACTED] would follow me here but as they have everywhere else I decided to take no chances. Apart from calling 000 this morning, I have kept the police out of this as it was talking to them that got me in trouble in the first place. I am desperate and need to get away and if I can get police help with that, then that is what I will do.

The security office is just to the left inside the entrance I found out and I headed straight to it. At the beginning of the corridor leading to the security 'office', was a man dressed in black. He had no luggage with him. This in itself meant nothing but I did take note of it. He did look at me as I passed. I just nodded my head. There was

a couple of people in line before me to see security so I waited my turn. It took maybe 15 minutes to get my turn. In that time, a number of people gathered where the man dressed in black was standing. I am not sure if he is still there. The terminal and check-in is further in so really, there is no reason for people to gather there. None of them had any luggage. I did not pay much attention to them except for noting that they are there. If it is [REDACTED] I did not know but I did suspect. Soon enough I hear one of them describing the luggage I had on the trolley. They were on the phone I believe. This confirms to me that it is them and they did indeed follow me here. Whilst extremely anxious, I knew I would be out of here soon and I did feel safe at the airport. Intimidated, but safe and soon with police help. Or so I hoped.

I eventually get my turn at the security enquiries desk. I ask to see someone stating that I need help also asking if there is somewhere private I can talk to them. Not long after I am met by 'officers' and led into a nearby room. Immediately I say, "I need your help. I'm being chased by a bunch of [REDACTED] and I desperately need to get out of the country"! There were perhaps 4 'officers' there.

I did not go into the whole story but did say that they believe I have done the wrong thing by them and are after me and wish me serious harm and I am desperate and need your help.. They ask something like, "are they chasing you now"? I don't recall exactly what I said but at the end of the day, "yes". The conversation goes on. I do not recall the exact order but I did mention that man standing out there dressed in black. I failed to mention the group of people that gathered there shortly after my arrival. I do wish I told them. They sent someone to check security cameras. Eventually that person comes back with an 'Ipad' or similar device and they gather to look at it. They did seem interested in 'something'. They did not show me. I should have asked to see it. I could have pointed out things.

Once again I am not sure of the order of things here but they did escort me to the 'check-in' area and took me to a 'flight' going to Manilla, Philippines stating that it leaves soon. Knowing that my girlfriend lives in Indonesia I declined and said I would get the next flight to Indonesia. I should have grabbed that flight!!

We went back to the room and I started booking the flight to Indonesia which, unfortunately, was not until about 6 am the next day. The conversation about the [REDACTED] continue and they ended up saying, "There is no evidence that you are being chased". "Well they are and I need your help", I say. Of course they see no evidence of it! There is no people banging down doors at the airport trying to get to me. There is no people standing around in their club colors etc. All they see is a few people at the airport wearing normal clothes that blend in. I tell them, "I rang 000 3 times early this morning asking for help and no-one came"! They said, "There is no evidence of that".. Immediately I show them my phonecall list. "See, thats me calling 000. It says here 4 times". They ignored it and said. "There is no evidence of that". What the hell do they call the list of my phonecalls. No evidence? I personally think it is very good evidence that I did call 000.

It is clear to me that these people are not going to help me. I am abit angry at them and whilst the booking to Indonesia is clearing I go to my luggage and sort it out. I accidently bump the officer on the way to the luggage. 'Sorry, I did not mean to do that" I said. They could see I was upset at them and I do not think they believed me by the look on their face. It truly was an accident.

My luggage was disorganised and decided to just take the 2 suitcases and my computer. In one is my dive gear and the other is clothes. Apart from some 'key' evidence for my project, I dump the lot. It took me months to organise that paperwork but saving myself from the [REDACTED] is more important to me than my 'project'. I need to travel as light as possible. Any other excess luggage is abandoned as well. They seem to be getting annoyed at me as the booking is taking time to get approved. It eventually does. They tell me I can wait at the far end of the terminal for the flight in the morning. Knowing these people are not going to help me, I left. I feel angry as I desperately needed help as events soon will indicate. It is approx 2:30pm 15th July.

I went to the area the officers mentioned at the end of the terminal trying to look as calm as I could. It was quiet. I was alone. Even though the 'officers' are not going to help me, I still feel safe. At this stage I did not second guess my decision not to get the first flight out which was to Manilla. It is about 16 hours until my flight. Time goes by and a group of young people come and sit nearby in a circle on the floor. There must be about twenty of them. Immediately I knew they were no threat and there were no issues. Apparently they had just got back from some 'workshop' somewhere and they were all discussing it. They seemed like enlightened people to me. When they arrived I heard one of them say, "they said he was a bit eccentric. He looks like a normal person to me". Obviously they had been told to come to the same area as me to do their debrief and were told that I was eccentric. I am not surprised. I am always misunderstood. After all these years it is a common occurrence and I am used to it but it is still disappointing. All I did was ask for help which I was denied in my desperate situation. After perhaps an hour and a half or more, I decided to go to the airport bar for a sandwich and a beer where the scenario changes dramatically.

I am not sure of the time. About 4 or 4:30 I guess. I sit at the 'cafe' and get food and a beer. There are a few tables here mostly empty. The terminal itself has a few people which is normal but is not crowded. After some time, 3 people come and sit on the table next to me. I have no interest in them however their conversation was 'intellectual'. I was not actively listening but hard not to overhear as they are right next to me. I ask them, "are you guys psychologists or something"? They said, "No but I'll tell you all about it later. We are here until 2 am". I found this rather odd as the last flights in or out were at 6:30 pm going to Adelaide from memory and it is still late afternoon. The first flight in the morning I believe was mine at 6 am. The maths just did not work out. I know I am there for a long time but their statement did not much up with anything. I noted that. They also were not ordering anything. During this brief conversation they asked me where I was going. Thinking it all innocent I answered, "Denpasar". This was a huge error I would find out.

They eventually leave and once again I am alone. I go outside for a smoke and come back in and sit again at the same spot and order another beer. There is nothing to do and I have hours to wait. Suspecting the [REDACTED] is here I occasionally scan the terminal. Once again a few people but nothing considered out of the ordinary. One particular man does catch my attention. He is quite large, blonde hair and occasionally walks down near to where I am and has an angry look on his face and does glare at me. This does happen often and brings concern. My concerns were to be confirmed as the evening continues. On one occasion he is approached by another man. They are about 10 meters away. I hear this man that keeps glaring at me ask the other, "Where is he going"? The other answers. "Denpasar". Ok, that got my attention! I conclude it was the [REDACTED] and they found out I was going to Denpasar, Indonesia. The flight was still probably 12 hours away and very unlikely anyone else would be here already for that flight. I suspected they were here the whole time. As there are a few people here, they just blend in. For the most part, I do not know what any of them look like anyway. How did they find out where I was going? I immediately knew. Unless security told them or they are in my emails, it was the people I told at the cafe earlier.

Well OK, they are here. So what. I am safe. Ignore them which is exactly what I do. If I want a smoke, I go out and have one. If I want a beer or sandwich etc, I have one. I am concerned they are here but overall I feel OK. 6:30 comes and goes. There are no more flights. No one should be here but there is still a large number of people. Perhaps 20 or more. Closer to the later eventually. Are they all [REDACTED] people or associates? Confirmed later, yes! Would not the amount of people here still be abnormal and bring questions by airport staff? I pray so.



Two men come near me. One sits and the other stands. One is skinny and holds some A4 papers and the other normal build and has a thick, short beard. The bearded one says to me, "Stop telling lies. We have 5 pages. Stop telling your lies". He has an accent. It is the [REDACTED] I reply, "Oh it's you bastards, I thought you were with the government". Why I said that I do not know but my 'project' does involve a government department. He repeats himself. The lies he is referring to is my denial of me telling the police what I told them at the beginning of this and the cause of it all I am assuming. I do not recall how this 'meeting' ended but I probably just got up for a smoke and left.

It is early evening/late afternoon. Not exactly sure of the time. I am sitting at the same spot and all of a sudden right behind me, [REDACTED]!!!! This was said in an angry, very loud voice bordering on yelling. Everyone in the terminal would have heard it I assume. Nothing more was said. It was that man from earlier who was looking angry and glaring at me who knows I am going to Denpasar. Knowing it is [REDACTED] I did not react immediately as you might expect from a sudden fright behind oneself. Nearby is the security gate to go to the upper level. I thought to myself, I have a ticket and you people do not. If I go through there you people cannot follow me. I casually arose, grabbed my luggage and headed to the security gate thinking that I outsmarted them. I was wrong.

As I approached the security gate, even before the scanning, the 'officer' ask me. "do have a knife in there"? referring to my suitcases. "Yes I do" I answered. He seemed surprised. I was surprised that he would ask that question but I have come through Darwin airport before with my dive gear which does have a knife so maybe they connected the dots. And yes I got searched then too. I opened the suitcase and showed him. He said, "you cannot go up there with that but you can put your luggage in 'lockers' that are located on the lower level". Not wanting to come back down as I was sure I outsmarted the [REDACTED] I surrendered the knife and continued through screening to the upper level where once again I was alone. Yay!!

I was relieved! Away from them. Time goes by and I want a cigarette. I said to myself, 'if you want a smoke, go down and have one. Just go back through security and come back up here'. So I did this. I would keep doing this each time I wanted a cigarette, going through security each time which does become an important fact for future events.

I do not recall how this next part developed however whilst I am upstairs, the [REDACTED] either come up whilst I am up there or when I am out for a smoke. I do not recall which scenario. However it happened, they came up!

My belief I was away and safe from them is shattered. There must be close to 25 people..I realized that I did not have to show a valid ticket therefore, nor did they. Surely this amount of people going through security with no flights would bring attention. They spread themselves around but many are near me. They are doing nothing threatening, just sitting there for the most part except for the large angry man who yelled at me earlier who circles around glaring at me with anger. I eventually go for another smoke and back through security and back upstairs. There is a bar upstairs and it is empty so I go in there. They are right outside only meters away. Soon enough, the bearded man who was telling me to stop my lies goes to the counter to order a drink I assume. I said to myself, "Don't let them intimidate you", so to show defiance, I went up to the counter next to him to order a drink. When his order was ready he gathered it and as he was leaving, he said, "sorry man"! That surprised me.

Once again I am not 100% sure on the order of what happens here but goes something like....

Coming back from a smoke the same procedure going through security with one difference. As I gather my luggage to go upstairs one 'officer' says to another purposefully loud so I can hear it, "They're here to take him out". Well this is good. The 'officers' know and they are telling me. I already knew this information but I am

happy they finally caught on. This also confirms that I am most definitely still in danger. Once upstairs I soon notice what seems to be a 'cordon' of men stretching across the length of the 'area'. Are they security or federal police or other? I simply did not know. They wore plain clothes. I trusted my instincts which have worked very well for me so far and decided to stand behind them. The main reason for this was to be away from most of the people here just in case something violent was going to happen and I did not want innocent people involved. Assuming there were some which I doubt. If they truly were here to take me out, violence is expected. Not long after I thought I would up the pressure a little on the [REDACTED] I approached one of the [REDACTED] who was sitting near the entrance to the bar. I picked him because it appeared he may have some standing amongst them but this is just an assumption. I sat down and said to him, "So what are you going to do now? Look at the numbers. Do you want to go to jail"? He didn't say anything. He just looked around soaking up the scene. I did get a sense of resignation off him so I left without another word. As I arose I saw the big angry man who yelled at me and continually glares at me. He was at a table by himself but many nearby. I went over and sat across from him. I said something like, "look at the security. You're after me but you have been found wanting"! I should not have said that and I could tell this infuriated him. He replied, "I can wait. However long it takes"! I got up off the chair and stood behind that 'security cordon' again hoping my instincts were correct. Minutes later, they all get up and leave down the escalator. All except one. It was the first person I spoke to. He seemed to be talking to the bar person. This was the last I saw of him for now. Only one person said something to me as they exited. It was a woman. She said, "Watch your back"!

I do not know who the security people were. I am very grateful to them. I guess the security people from earlier today will now believe me about what I told them about being chased by [REDACTED] Very much a shame I was not taken seriously at that time. If I had of been, the events coming in the near future may never have happened.

It seems that the [REDACTED] missed out on their 'arrest' and kidnapping. Instead of bringing me by force to their 'Presidents Party', I guess they brought the party to me. It is far from over yet and only gets more traumatic.

'Security' leaves and I sit down traumatised. As the adrenaline leaves my body I weaken. I begin shedding a few tears. I have never been through anything like that before. Soon enough I settle my emotions and go out for a smoke. When I come back in, the place is empty. No [REDACTED] !! I sit at the cafe. There must be offices or something similar upstairs opposite. From behind the glass I hear, "..... and now he acts like he deserves a silver star". I did not catch the first part. If that was in relation to me or related to what just happened upstairs I do not know.

I do not recall if I got any sleep or not. If I did it was only a few hours. Two nights in a row with little sleep. I am tired. Time comes for check-in. No issues here but now there are people again all going to Denpasar. Walking into the entrance for the 'borderforce' etc, I did get a very bad vibe from one passenger as I fill out the 'customs' card. I ignore it and proceed through. Eventually we all board and off we go. I hope I am away cleanly. They did have time to get people on the plane if they wanted to. It is early morning, 16th July.

NOTE: Indonesia is NOT Australia and things work very differently there.

The flight was about 2.5 hours from memory and experience. I hoped the [REDACTED] were now behind me. I did not expect them to follow me to my girlfriends but the [REDACTED] did have time to organize seats on that plane.

They have had that time from mid-late afternoon the previous day.. She lives another one and a half hour flight further on from Denpasar so the stop at Denpasar is transit. Naturally I am still very anxious on that flight as a result of all that has happened. It was an uneventful flight however I did find something out. I was not alone! To my right and only 1 or 2 rows back a conversation strikes alarm. I do not recall it all but the parts I do go something like, "I didn't even want to come. I only came for the fun of it". The other says. "If he gets out of Denpasar, we have probably lost him". Well OK, they are here. At least 2 of them. Once again they do not mind me hearing what they are saying. They have done this always and whilst intimidating, it also gives me vital information that so far I have used well to serve me. If they kept their conversations to themselves, they would have gotten me a long time ago.

I am not sure what to do. I am tired and afraid. How can I get rid of these people? I made another drastic decision and decided to ask the Indonesian Government for protection and help. Asylum..My girlfriend lives here. An impulsive decision but, that's me. I am often impulsive and not knowing what else to do, that was the decision.

Upon arrival at Denpasar I waited until all passengers were off the plane then I moved forward to the exit door where the flight attendant was. As I am walking up the aisle the 'captain' comes out of the cockpit. I get to them both and present my passport to the captain and I ask for asylum. All he said was, "well I did my job, I got you here". The flight attendant asked me about asylum. She didn't seem to understand so I explained it as 'government protection'. She now understood and escorted me to an office near the immigration gates. Nearing the gates I hear, "Oh look. He needs a security guard". Something like that. I did not look but it could have only come from the [REDACTED] who were on the plane.

Inside the office I am met by an official. Once again communication was a problem and he eventually understood about protection. To keep a long story short, He contacted my girlfriend to confirm my relationship with her and typed up some document to be presented to 'someone'. I could not remember my Indonesian phone number and due to this, he said 'no' to protection. I do not think he understood what I was asking properly. I was sent on my way under normal conditions. As it turns out, this was a good thing. This process took nearly an hour. I go through customs and get processed normally.

I did not know where the people from the plane went. I suspect they would be waiting out the front to continue following me but I couldn't worry about that. I needed to book another flight. It is a reasonable walk to the domestic terminal from International. I am looking for the people following me as I approach domestic. They would stand out as I know from experience that 'white people' on domestic flights are a rarity. Especially the one I am getting which is to Bandung. I did not see any white people.

I go inside the 'ticket office' and from experience I have an idea of which airline to go to. As I am booking my ticket there is 2 people standing close to me. Very close! They are Indonesian. Why are they standing so close? I ignore and gather my ticket. The flight leaves in about 1.5 hours.

I go into the terminal, go through security scans and line up to check-in. I am very anxious and sweating alot. It is hot here and with anxiety, I sweat. From behind me along the line of people I hear, "He's sweating alot". "He was easy to spot in that red shirt". Indeed I was wearing a red shirt. As it turns out the only red shirt in sight. I knew this was about me. I pay my excess baggage charge and then my suitcases are passed through. Turning away from the check-in desk I walk back up past the line of people as you have to do here. As I am passing the people, about 5 back, an Indonesian man says to me, "those two are not chasing you anymore". It must be the 2 people who were nearby when I bought the ticket. They were closeby to find out where I was going! What the hell is happening now!!!! I was to find out soon enough.

I go up to the departure lounge and go all the way to the back of it which leads to another section. There are seats here and not many people. I sit to gather composure and to rest. After some time the need for nicotine calls and I head to the smoking deck which is on the other side of the 'lounge'. As usual a few people with little seats left. At the far end there seems to be seats so I head up there. There is a white man there and I sit 1 seat from him. He is on the phone. Straight away he sees me and to the phone says something like, "Guess who's here". Obviously I cannot hear the other end of the conversation. He says, "you can't get any hotter". He says, "BDO. BDO". Then says, "Tomorrow at 8"?. Then says, "text me ok". This might seem all innocent to others but I guarantee the conversation goes something like.....Person 1 "Guess who's here"..Person 2 "Is it [REDACTED]? How close are you"?..Person 1 "you can't get any hotter". Meaning he is right beside me..Person 2 says.."where is he going"?..Person 1 "BDO, BDO" which is the International code for Bandung. Person 1, "tomorrow at 8"? Said as a question. The person 2 said he booked a flight at 8 tomorrow which I know is with Citilink. Person 1 "Txt me ok".. Meaning it is easier to talk if you text me... Something like that anyway.... Well this is interesting. I just sat next to one of the [REDACTED] from the plane over. He gets up to leave and says gday. "Where are you going mate"?. I replied, "you already know". He then left. When he said 'tomorrow at 8', it was more of an exclaimed question. I suspect that the person next to me was able to get a flight today, and so would his friend, probably on the same flight as mine but the other person, person 2, is not here. Yet. Each day there is I think 4 or 6 flights to Bandung from Denpasar. The only explanation is that the 2 Indonesian men at check-in are friends of them and told them that I am going to Bandung. As the 2 Indonesians are in check-in line and knew I was being chased and saw me buy the ticket, I expect that they bought tickets to Bandung. And possibly more coming which proves to be true in the very near future. I am still outside on the smoking deck and 4 young Indonesian men sit on the floor nearby. They are all wearing the same clothes. Must be some kind of uniform. Airport workers maybe. Occasionally they are looking at me and 'smirking'. Soon enough another white person comes up and sits with them and converses with them. They continue to occasionally glance at me..They said to the white man something which I did not catch. "Should we..... him now"? I missed the middle part. The white man said, "No not yet. I want to talk to him first". Once again my intuition is screaming at me and I know this is about me. Somehow these people know each other. I get up and leave. As I am walking past them they are all looking at me and one of them says, "Well I guess he does not want to", meaning I don't want to talk to them. Maybe I should have to gain information if nothing else. This white man must be the other [REDACTED] person from the flight over. What the hell is going on? How do these [REDACTED] people know the local people? The ones at check-in and the ones at the smoking area.... I am extremely concerned again. My ordeal is far from over. I go back inside and head to the departure gate and find a seat. Soon enough the man who was on the phone outside comes and sits nearby. I am worried. I am confused. I am tired. I am scared. I can't think properly. Two nights of little sleep and all this stress. I DO NOT want them following me to Bandung. If this happens it will expose my girlfriend to all of this. I make another drastic decision and another mistake.

It is not long before departure time. Maybe 30 minutes. I get up and go down stairs to a security checkpoint. I find the nearest officer and say, "I need your help. Is there somewhere we can talk in private"? He leads me to a small room nearby and I tell him, "I need your help. There are people here wanting to kill me". He gets some of his fellow officers and I say the same. They can see I am abit distressed and take me to another office, more official this one. I tell them I am not getting on that plane. I am being followed and they

wish me harm. They say they will take me to the police and confirm I will not be getting on that flight to Bandung. They ask for my boarding pass and arrange for my luggage to be retrieved which does happen. Whilst that is going on I hide behind some shelving so I cannot be seen by anyone through the window. When the luggage arrives I am escorted to the airport police station which is outside of the terminals and on the far side of a row of shops perhaps 100 meters from the terminal. Up till now I have not shown reaction to the comments etc that the [REDACTED] have said over the past number of weeks. I did look around for the comment I hear yelled out as the security and I walk to the police station. "You're never gonna leave Denpasar" !!!

I tell the police the same I told the security. We have a conversation about it and what to do. I do not recall much of it but I did make it very clear that I am very serious. It was said that tomorrow they will arrange for me to go to the Australian Consulate. I did not know there was a Consulate in Denpasar. I have been to the Embassy in Jakarta before to pick up items in relation to my now abandoned 'project'.

We sit in the foyer of the station which has large full face windows looking out towards the terminal. You can see in and out with ease. They have numerous radios on a coffee table in the foyer and occasionally they would receive messages. I took little notice, yet. They suggest I go for a walk which I will not do due to circumstances. My next goal is to see the Consulate tomorrow. Via radio or phone I do not recall but they did manage to arrange for me to speak to a consulate person. His name was 'zzzz'. I spoke to him whilst I was in the foyer and next to the radios. For the very first time ever, I told 'zzzz' what and happened and why I am being chased by the [REDACTED] and we arrange that I will come in tomorrow in business hours to see them at the consulate. This was also said in front of a few police. The police do say that I can sleep here tonight. Mid afternoon, about 3 I guess, a van with dark tinted windows pulls up almost directly out the front. No-one gets out. I cannot explain why but that van did get my attention. Time goes by...We talk a little. About how I came to be in Indonesia etc. It was mostly about me and my girlfriend. They spoke in english mostly only occasionally speaking Indonesian. They check out my passport etc which I guess is normal procedure. All good. Evening arrives and begins getting dark. That van is still out the front and yes it still concerns me. With the lights on and it getting dark It is very easy for people to be looking in whilst you cannot see outside. I position myself so I am no longer in direct sight of that van.

Late evening/early night the radios get a little busier. None of the police are talking on it, just listening mostly. The incoming talk is a mix of english and Indonesian. Some messages coming in begin to concern me. Things like, "we want him". "Bring him out". Things like that. I eventually do realize that it is me they are talking about. WTF !! I am with the police...!! What the hell is going on?

I am very tired and they show me where I can sleep which is in a small room adjacent to the foyer. Literally one meter away. I use clothes as a pillow and lay down. I do not sleep. I listen. I have no choice but to trust these police. Time goes by and yes the radio would receive messages that concern me and for the most part the police do not reply. They talk between themselves and sometimes I cannot but help thinking that they are discussing my situation. They do pull up my facebook and whatsapp that I use to talk to my girlfriend on. How did they get access to them both?. They go through it! I hear them. I am only a couple of meters away. They read out my likes etc on facebook and read out the recent conversations I have had with my girlfriend on whatsapp. What are they doing and why? I suspect they want to find out about me as they too know that those radio messages are about me and somehow the [REDACTED] is communicating. Later I find out this is true and how and why. One radio message was even more alarming. Incoming, "What's his last name"? And the police tell them.

Time goes by and it is late. Periodically the radio would go off. I know most of the messages are the [REDACTED] communicating with the police and I am very fearful. I have to trust the police as I have NOWHERE to go at all. I am at their mercy. I still not sleep. Just rest. Apart from the occasional radio message there is nothing happening. I guess it is early morning by now, 2 am maybe, and the radio wakes up. After a few other things which I do not recall except for that me being very concerned, I hear something like, "We are going to send someone in. He will be wearing a red hood". The door to the room I am in is open. That is the way I kept it. Soon after a person dressed in a red top with a red hood slowly walks past the open door and looks in. It is a white man. He immediately says in Australian English, "Yep, beautiful. You can't say you don't remember what you did". He then moves away. I did not get up. I did not say anything. I did nothing except lay there on very high alert. I did not see him here again tonight.

There has been perhaps 3-4 police there at night. Many more during the day. In the dead of night in the wee hours of the morning they begin to leave. There is one left. He too seems to be leaving. My alert factor just went on extreme! Oh shit... What is happening. If they let the person with the red hood in to identify me, are they now leaving so they can come back and 'get' me? I just didn't know... I rest up on my elbow in readiness to spring up if I have to. The last policeman goes out the back and there is silence. I wait with all senses working overtime. Soon enough that lone policeman comes back and goes into the front foyer. I relax abit. Time goes by and nothing happens. I do not sleep but do get very good deep rest.

Morning comes and police officers arrive. Maybe 8 of them. I am shown where I can have a shower and yes I do and change my clothes. I sit out in the foyer with the policemen. One of them speaking in Indonesian gives them a 'lecture'. What about I do not know but as they seem to glance at me often I will assume about my situation. Time goes by and the consulate should be open. They seem in no hurry to organise me getting there. Most of them disappear, doing their duties I guess which to be honest does not seem to be much. I am left there with 1 policeman. Still he is in no hurry and I see no progress. Eventually I get up and thank him for their help and I say that I will get a taxi to the Consulate. As I gather my suitcases and about to walk out he gets on the radio and says something like, "Tattoo, arrest him. He does not have the funds to stay here". I just walked out.

I have no doubt that 'tattoo' was in reference to me as I do have that very distinctive tattoo for all to see and that is just how they identify me and the 'funds' were mentioned because I told them my story which included about waiting for funds. I was fearful leaving but I had to. I need help, once again so to the Consulate it is. I eventually find a taxi with no events even though on high alert and head to the Consulate. The trip took about 1 hour and cost 150k Rupiah. It is Monday, 17th July.

I arrive at the Consulate perhaps about 11 am at a guess. There is a 'counter' out the front on the street where you make initial contact. I say 'zzzz' is expecting me. I am asked if I have an appointment and I tell them he told me come down. I am told to wait out the front whilst they contact him. A few minutes later an Australian man comes out and we make contact. It is 'zzzz'. I am tired and in a desperate situation so my anxiety levels no doubt show themselves but I am very relieved believing I will finally get some assistance with this horrible situation. I tell him again that I have never admitted to anyone what I told him on the phone/radio about telling police about the robbery and all of this situation is due to that and I am being chased by the [REDACTED] etc. He says something like, "well we will keep that between you and me". He also says, "we will see what we can do to help you but you cannot stay here". Whilst I am grateful for whatever help they can give

me, I was disappointed when told I could not stay there until I am safe. I am in a dire predicament and the thought of safety not being available is almost unbearable when it is so close. He escorts me inside. There is a security scanner in the entrance and am asked to put my luggage through it. No problem. I am told to leave my suitcases in the foyer and take out whatever I may need. Do not recall what I grabbed, computer, paperwork I imagine. He leads me to the main 'office' where there are a few seats for public people which is where I sit. Only a couple of people here. He goes inside. There is an 'interview' room to the right of the administration desk where he reappears and asks me to come in where we sit down.

I tell him in more detail what has happened. Me talking to the police and the [REDACTED] finding out it was me and how they have 'chased' me over northern Australia and how it all nearly came to a head in Darwin. I told him about the incidents at Darwin airport and now they have chased me here. I told him they are tracking me somehow and I do not know how. I have been suspicious that it could be through my phone and the longer this goes on the more it makes sense. He asks me how I think that the Consulate can help me being mindful that I cannot stay there. "Help me get away from them", I say. Obviously that leads to the question how. I really was not sure what to do. He often got up and went out to the office, sometimes for long periods. This gave me time to think about what to do. I am very tired and very very distressed. Eventually I came to a decision.

I have already decided not to go to Bandung from Denpasar as I am followed here and that would get my girlfriend involved and decided not to go back to Australia as this would just continue until the inevitable end. So, I made a decision. I would still go to Bandung but from another location. From somewhere where I was not followed too and the [REDACTED] had no idea where I was. With the help of the Consulate, this can be achieved. I decided on Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and I told him this. I also asked if we can use a 'private' entrance to the airport and get admitted through secure processes. He said that that was not possible. It would have been great if it was.

We looked at flight times to Malaysia. There was a couple of options. We discussed the issue and I asked if I get this particular flight, can I stay here until check-in time and then go to the airport. He agreed to this. The idea about that, even if the [REDACTED] followed me, they would not have time to organize flights and follow me. And without tickets, they cannot get through the entrance to International. Hopefully.

The door to the 'interview' room has a window looking into the public area. There is perhaps 4 people in there. He leaves me alone to book the flights using the Consulates phone. I tried many times with no success. Every time it came to the part for payment by entering the cards details via presspad, the phone would cut out. Every single time !! After quite awhile and numerous attempts he comes in and I tell him what is happening. He says to let him try. The same process is done except this time the card details are read out verbally. This would normally be ok but when he says the numbers he is saying them extremely loudly. Due to caution and not wanting anyone to know my plans let alone my card details I tell him to cut it out and stop yelling out the numbers. I say there are people out there and I do not want my plans etc shared so others can hear. I am being cautious bearing in mind my situation. He says not to worry, that it is a soundproof door. "No it is not. I can hear them just talking normally and here you are yelling out my details". He says, "Oh don't worry about them, that's just 'him' and 'her'" He knows who they are. He even acknowledged that he could hear them. I was not happy at all. Any breach about my movements could be a disaster for me. Why was he yelling out my card details?

The email used for the plane booking was the Consulates email address. He does fetch my booking details. He leaves me alone and disappears out the back. Perhaps with this plan I can get away safely. I have hope. There were 2 flights leaving roughly the same time, 7:15 pm and 7:20 pm ( i think that is right). One is with

MalaysianAir and the other with AirAsia. I was with AirAsia which I think was the 7:20 flight. The administration desk is only about 4 meters away through the door. A man comes up to the desk and leans over and says quite loudly to someone at the back, "7:20. Is that the one"? It was asked as a question. He then leaves. This caught my attention. That is the same time as my flight! Just a few minutes later he comes back and leans over the counter again and addresses someone out the back again, "7:20, are you sure"? He leaves again. I am alarmed. I am already very distressed so anything that brings alarm is taken very seriously. Eventually 'zzzz' comes back in and I ask him, "what the hells going on? I told you not to yell out my details. Now there is someone asking about times that is the same as my flight". I do not recall his response. I am upset. I tell him that perhaps I will not get on that flight after all. I am tired, upset and can't but help thinking that already I have been breached. He can see I am upset and urges me to keep that flight. I don't know. My alarms are going off. "And they are tracking me somehow. My bloody phone probably"! I say. I pull out my phone and somehow I manage to pull the screen from the main body and I pull it apart destroying the phone. He immediately yells out apparently directed to the people in the foyer, "Now he's got no internet, except for his computer"!

What the hell ! Who is he yelling that too? Immediately I lost my trust in this man. Yelling out my card details! Flight times ! Now yelling out I have no internet... Why? I would find out later.

It is nearly time to go to the airport. It is about 4 pm and he comes in. He asks me if I am going to get that flight. I answer by saying something like, "What choice do I have. I have to do something".

He says that we will be driven to the airport using a Consular car with two guards who will be armed and I will get in that car inside the Consular grounds so I cannot be seen. It has dark tinted windows. Just before leaving I open my suitcase, which he brought in for me, with what remains of my 'project'. It is not much. Perhaps a couple hundred pages but it is sensitive information and some prized evidence. Getting rid of any remaining excess luggage is the idea and I left it behind asking him to dispose of it. I should not have left that information there in hindsight but I was tired and distressed so I guess another poor decision. We go outside and get in the car, the security gates open and we leave. I wonder if I have already been compromised but even if so, what choice do I have. I can't stay here with [REDACTED] after me, It is about 4 pm, 17th July.

As expected it took about one hour. We conversed along the way. He asked me about Bandung and by his questions it is obvious he has been there. We arrive at the airport and I ask if he was going to come in with me. He said no. Ok I am on my own and naturally extremely concerned. I gather my luggage, thank him and leave. Before going in I stay out the front having a cigarette and whilst doing so scan the area for dangers. Looks OK so far. It is about 5 pm or just after. About 2 hours until the flight so I must get a move on to check-in and get through customs etc. There is a big ramp that leads up to the entrance for the terminal. I get off it and head towards the entrance. I have my booking details out ready to show security so I can get in and from the people standing next to the entrance I hear, "I bet you didn't expect to see us here"! OH ARE YOU KIDDING ME!! Just as I feared. It is [REDACTED] I have been betrayed and compromised...They say one more thing as I go inside, "We put a surprise for you in your suitcase"!... Now that got my attention. I guess they had opportunity. They have been well on top of me so far and know everything I am doing. I have been betrayed I suspect by 'zzzz' at the Consulate so with all this in mind I have no doubt that they could have found a way to put something in my suitcase. I have previously considered that the [REDACTED] has tracked my some of my actions through my emails but now that suspicion is gone as this flight was booked via the Consulate email address. As soon as I am through I find the check-in area I need and go through my luggage. I found nothing. I just hope they were joking.



I eventually get to the check-in desk and I put my suitcases in. There is excess luggage. My fault, I forgot to put extra luggage on my booking. The charge was about 250 Australian dollars. This was a concern. I was not sure if the money had gone in from the car sale. I did consider dumping 1 suitcase but this would have been foolish. I tried the card to pay and thankfully it did work. I have no clue how much money is left in my account. Either 18k or virtually nothing. Now off to security scan and customs.

It is difficult to describe how I have been feeling through all of this and I assure you it is a high stress situation. Has been for many weeks. Being in a foreign country and all alone with the [REDACTED] after me takes it to the next level but I must continue. Worse the [REDACTED] know people here and have contacts as proven.

I wait my turn in line for customs and passport stamp. I have no idea where the [REDACTED] are. I, for the most part, do not know what they look like anyway. I soon find out. When I am 3rd in line, from directly behind me I hear a comment that I do not recall but obviously was directed towards me. Also I hear, "3". Then I move to 2nd in line and I hear, "2". Then I move to 1st in line and hear, "1". Then it is my turn and I hear, "here we go".. I am worried. Maybe they did put something in my luggage. I walk up and present my passport half expecting to see security or police come out but nothing happened. Normal stamping and I am through. As I leave the desk I do hear from the line said in a very questioning surprised way, "Hey, what happened"? That really does get me alarmed. What have they done? Maybe they did put something in my luggage and neither I or security found it.

I go past all the shops etc and go to an area I have been to before near some departure gates. Not sure but for argument sake, lets' say it was near gate 3. It is quiet there. On the departure board it says that the MalaysianAir flight is on time and leaves from gate 6 and the AirAsia one is delayed by about an hour and leaves from gate 1 or 2. I do not recall. So I am in between gate 1 and gate 6. Not sure what difference it makes but turned out to be good for gathering information.

I grab myself a drink and something to eat from the nearby kiosk. I see no alarms for awhile until it gets close to boarding time for the first flight. I see some people walking past and they are white people. This in an international airport and nothing unusual about that until I see someone I recognize. It is the first man I spoke to in Darwin Airport who I asked if he wanted to go to jail due to security cordon. Without a doubt, 100% it is him. He sees me but does nothing. OK well that is interesting. Are the people he is walking with also with him? Are they to [REDACTED] If so, that is quite a few [REDACTED] going to Kuala Lumpur on a flight that I am not on but was meant to leave at roughly the same time as the one I am on. I am highly alarmed but I already knew some were here and now there is more.

I need to answer the nicotine call so I go to the smoking area. As I walked in there is a man talking on the phone just inside the door sitting on a bench seated by himself. I walk along the wall about 10 meters away and have a cigarette. This man on the phone talks louder and louder . Very easy to hear him. Everyone here probably could. What he is saying on the phone I eventually work out is about me. Who ever he is talking to it is about me but what he says is not a normal conversation. He is talking to someone most definitely but it is me he is talking to. That is why he is speaking so loud. He is telling me things and also talking to the person on the phone. I heard lots of things but all I recall now are a couple of things. One was as he says to the other person, "He better get on the flight. If he doesn't I will have no soldiers left"! Another directed to me, "Whereever you go. Iceland, Warsaw, How ever long it takes we always get out man". As I said much was said but I do not remember. The way he is talking gives me the impression he has authority amongst the [REDACTED] I finish my smoke and leave. I was to see this man again tomorrow.

It is nearing boarding time so I move up towards the gate. I sit down against the wall. There are a few people moving this way towards the gate. All white people. As one man pushing a pram with his partner passes me,

he says, "Here it comes"! As he says this he is holding a long container and hits his other palm with it numerous times. I take this as a threat and he is suggesting that my 'bashing' or worse is coming. I look down towards the gate where he went and there is a number of white people there. Are they all [REDACTED] I go to the kiosk just opposite the gate in full sight of them all and as I am paying for my items, the man right next to me exclaims. "Oh shit.. It's him"!! He identified me by my identifying tattoo which was in plain view as I paid. If my calculations and observations are correct, between both flights, there would be about 25 [REDACTED] They have all come over today or last night to continue with their 'Presidents games' with me. They must be having so much fun.

Boarding time comes. I really DO NOT want to get on that flight. But I do. At the gate itself when showing my boarding pass someone says. "Well I guess we are going". I take that to mean that yes I am getting on the plane and they are coming too. Going down the gangway there was a 'corridor' leading to the left. I looked down it. From behind someone says, "see him looking for a way out" or something very similar. I continue on. I believe this happened at the entry to the plane but I could be wrong. I was told 2 things. Firstly they say, "I suppose you have been wondering how we know where you are all the time"? They go on to mention a particular phone app. I do not recall which one it was but I did have it on the phone. The other thing that was said is, "and 'zzzz' from the consulate, he is one of us"! Well gee, I already worked that out.

I was given an emergency exit seat which for some reason I seem to get alot and as I go to sit down, the man in the seat directly behind it says, "Oh look who I've got"! Great, they're are right behind me I thought. The plane is about half full I guess, if that. The door is shut and we are ready to go, and start taxiing.

It does not take long for them to start making comments. "We will get him when he goes to get a taxi".. "He doesn't know 'xxxx' is here".. That referring to the person I told police about.. Someone says, "I will do it". A woman questions, "Why does it have to be you? Someone else can do it".. He answers, "Because if that ever happened to me, I would want to know someone has my back" ! The man behind starts poking me through the gap in the seats. I just ignore. He also says something like, "we have put some Ice in your bags"! The woman sitting next to him questions, "you put methamphetamine in his luggage"? He says, "100k dollars worth." This is very disturbing and alarming. If I am caught with that, it is probably life in jail in Asia or the death penalty. There are many things said each time getting abit more serious. We continue taxiing. There is maybe 4 planes in front of us and it is taking time. The man behind me says very loudly, "I could stab him in the neck right now"!! Another speaks out and says, "Do it! Think of 'xxxx'! .. This is all very intimidating and I KNOW I am in serious trouble. I ask myself, 'What are you going to do. What are you going to do'?

The plane is just about to take off. We start turning onto the runway proper and I say to myself, 'If your going to get off this plane, you have to get off NOW'!

I unbuckle myself and start heading towards the front of the plane. We ARE literally about to take off! I half expected the engines to go full throttle as I am walking up the aisle. Once I get to the front the flight attendant says, "GET BACK IN YOUR SEAT"! Quite naturally. I say something like, "GET ME OFF THIS PLANE. I NEED TO GET OFF"!! She keeps telling me to go back to my seat many times and each time I refuse and keep saying 'GET ME OFF THIS PLANE'. The pilots must have heard something was up as we had not taken off. There are many planes behind us waiting. As she keeps telling me to go back to my seat and other things, it was clear I am not getting my message across so each time she tells me to return to my seat I get more insistent with still no result. I think to myself that I know something that will get attention and get me off this plane. Out of desperation, I start knocking on the cockpit door.

She starts to ask me why I want to get off. The [REDACTED] are watching all of this and I did not want to say anything in front of them so I kept saying, "I'm not telling you shit. Just get me off this plane". She asks me other questions with the same comment by me. I was not being rude at all but I am being very insistent. I hear one of the [REDACTED] make a comment. Something like, "He can't take the heat"! While all of this is going on I am still knocking on the cockpit door. Eventually she says, "OK, we are going back". I immediately stop knocking on the door and say "thank you". I was knocking that much that I left a little bit of blood off my knuckles on the door.

As we are taxiing back she comes close by and very calmly asks me what's going on. Once again, very calmly, I say something like, "I can't tell you, but I really do need to get off this plane". I ask her if she would please go to where I was sitting and open the overhead storage and bring me my bag. Which she does. As she is handing it to me, she looks deeply in my eyes, searching, and asks me if I am in some sort of trouble to which I reply something like, "It's best that you don't know" and I apologize for what I have done. I suspect that as she was gathering my bag, she either overheard the [REDACTED] talking about me or they told her something that gave her the impression that I am in trouble. And she is right!!

We get back to the terminal and I am wondering what will happen now. What sort of trouble will I be in for doing this. It surely cannot be worse than the alternative. I have no idea what the pilots told security about this situation over the radio but soon enough the planes' door opens. There is a number of people there. They are talking to the flight attendant. I do not know what was said but I did catch the 'men' asking the flight attendant if I had a gun. Thankfully she says, "No, no gun". Those men turn around and walk down the stairs and disappear. The flight attendant signals to me that I can now leave the plane which I immediately and calmly do. I get to the door and start down the stairs. There is no-one at the base of the stairs. The closest people are about 30 meters away and all wear orange vests. There are about 4 of them. I suspect that somewhere nearby there is a security person with a rifle pointed at me. I get off the stairs and calmly walk to the people wearing the orange vests. Once I get to them, one of them says, "Ahh, it's Bandung". They recognize me. The only explanation is from the day before when I approached security telling them my situation and then going to the police. They knew I was trying to get to Bandung. Is this the security people from yesterday? I just learnt that they identify me as 'Bandung' and from here on in that is how I am addressed by many. We stay there in silence whilst the baggage handlers remove my suitcases and once done, we leave.

I am taken inside and asked to sit down. Soon enough a woman comes and asks me to write down what happened on the plane. I gave a very detailed account of what had happened but I did not write anything about the [REDACTED] Where that was to be mentioned in my writing, I just wrote 'to be explained later'. I am never asked to explain. I am taken to an 'infirmary' and given an alcohol breathalyser. It comes up as low. Theirs seems to have only 2 results, low or high. They search my bag and that was about it. I am told that the flight I was on has been cancelled. This is a great shame due to the fact that if it had kept going, the [REDACTED] would be in Kuala Lumpur and I am here. An opportunity to escape but is not to be. I am escorted out of this office and we walk to the immigration area. Here the woman walks into another office and I am left with the 4 men. I do not recall but I am pretty sure she has my passport. Probably checking it out I imagine.

We are standing in the middle of the area directly behind the immigration gates. There are people coming through getting their passports stamped etc which is quite normal. There is not a huge amount of people there. From the que, I hear, "He's pointing us out as we come through"! It's the [REDACTED] obviously from the cancelled flight. Oh great !..No respite from them at all. I am standing there totally exposed but there is nothing I can do. I suspect that the man I see turning around and walking back down the line is the man who thinks I am pointing them out which I am not. He looked rather angry. I am just standing there waiting for the

woman and whatever happens next. This is not ideal at all but at least for now, I am safe. I am looking at them as they come through but just that, looking. The woman comes back and we move off.

I do not recall how this happened but the woman goes away and I am left with 3 or 4 men wearing AirAsia uniforms. This maybe new people or just the same as before but they have taken their orange vests off. Before she leaves she brings my attention to my booking details. She points at the email address that was used for the booking and asked what is that? I explained that it is the email address for the Australian Consulate. It has Department of Foreign Affairs signature. I am taken to an immigration 'holding' room. We are still inside and behind immigration gates. There are 2 other people in here and there is no door to the room. I am told it is where they take people with immigration problems. It is suggested I go in this room and find a spot and lay down and get some rest. Sounds good to me, I am very very tired. I go to the back corner and using my suitcases as a privacy wall, lay down in the hope of getting some sleep. After only 5 or 10 minutes, the men come back and signal for me to come with them. I gather my luggage and do so. They tell me that we are going to go to another room because one of the people in here is a very bad person or so they claim. We go to another room which this time is outside of immigration not far at all from the entrance to the terminals. Go down one hall, turn right, go down the lift and you are out of the terminal. Not far at all. Once there we all sit down. I did not yet know what is going to happen here. Nothing official is happening. They ask me questions about what had happened and I told them basics. Just general chit chat really. They talk between each other. Nothing unusual at all. I am expecting to be questioned officially or something but nothing happens. They suggest I get some rest once again. They show me a joining room and point to the floor. 'Sleep' they say and also signal with hand signals. There is a small coffee table in the main office, a couple of desks and cabinets, a phone etc. Nothing out of the ordinary in fact rather unspectacular. It is just a secondary office of some kind. On the coffee table is 2 radios. From one of those radios, I hear, "██████████"!! A few things is said. It is all said in English with Indonesian accent but no doubt, it is the ██████████. Whoever that is on the radio knows about me!! AGAIN, REALLY!!! How is this happening??! The AirAsia people hear everything that is said and no reaction at all. What is happening? I truly cannot believe this is happening.. Is there no escape!! My mind needs rest. I need rest. I am exhausted yet there is no let up. For this night I do not recall much. Just taunting over the radio. The AirAsia people once again suggest I go to sleep. I go into the other room and do make a bed and lay down. I hear the people talking about me. 'He should not have done that. What an arsehole' etc etc. That is about me talking to the police. I get up and go to the doorway, just looking at them and listening to whatever was said over the radio. A man gets up and points to my makeshift bed. 'Sleep, sleep'. I walk over to the bed and lay down. As I do I said to the man, "And what, get a couple of bullets in the back while I sleep"! 'Sleep' he says. I am exhausted, I sleep. The first decent sleep in 3 days. I surrender to the situation and just hope for the best.

At this stage if you think that things cannot get worse, you are wrong.

Morning comes on Tuesday the 18th July. I have no idea what time it is. I go out to the main room and there is three or so AirAsia people sitting scattered around. I sit down with them. I am grateful that nothing happened over night and I did get some much needed sleep. I have no idea what is to happen now and I am told nothing. We sit around doing nothing, just waiting but for what I do not know. I ask where a toilet is and one of them tells me to follow him. We go out of the office, walk down the short corridor and turn right. We are in a public area adjacent to the 'waiting' lounge before entering international departures at the front of the terminal.

There are a few people standing around. The toilets are on the corner of this building perhaps 30 meters away. I go in and he waits at the door. We go back and I cannot help but feel eyes on me. Once again sitting around, a little normal chit chat but nothing official. One of them says to me to follow him and another 'security' person comes as well. We walk across to the far side of the building and get a lift going down. We are in the area where people leave the terminal after they have been through customs and security scans etc. Very slowly we walk towards the entrance and are heading outside. There are people at this entrance standing there staring at me. They are white people and immediately I knew, [REDACTED] My anxiety levels skyrocket and I enquire as to where we are going. I DO NOT want to go outside but the man insists. He is walking very very slowly and as he is my only sense of security and safety, I stay very close also walking very slowly. We go outside. We so very slowly walk the length of the terminal. I am very stressed and being watched all the way. No-one says anything that I can hear anyway. Finally we get to the far side and we go inside another 'lift' and go back upstairs. I have just been 'paraded' in front of the [REDACTED] I am extremely relieved to be back inside. In the 'lift', the other 'security' person says to the first one, "You didn't have to do that. You could see how stressed he is". With relief, we go back to the office. Just like the police, it is clear to me that the people, the AirAsia security staff know I am in trouble. The question is, how? Soon it becomes clear.

Once again there are two radios on the table. It does not take long for the talk to start. "[REDACTED] .....". "Mr. [REDACTED] ....." I do not recall what is said but it is the same person. Indonesian accent. The security people just ignore it. Listen and ignore. Once again, just like at the police, the 'messages' are listened to but not responded to. What is going on? How can this be? After some time it becomes clear that one radio is for AirAsia official business and the other is for 'my situation' with this Indonesian man doing all the talking. There is nothing nice said. It is all bad stuff that I and the others are hearing. Who is this man? I know I am in trouble but I do not yet understand how these threats etc are just ignored and how much trouble I am really in. Reluctantly, I ask to go for another smoke. I know I should forget about the smokes but I want one. Helps with the stress I am under. Two security and myself go to the lift and go down. Once outside the smoking area is to the right perhaps 30 meters away or more. We walk to it, Once again many people just standing there watching us, There are many. It is not people waiting for passengers as that happens at the other end of the terminal and it is not people waiting to go into departures as this is 'mainly' done by another entrance and on another level. Most are white people but not all. No doubt to me they are [REDACTED] Some move closer to this area but still keep a distance. The smoking area is up against a fence. The only way to leave is to go back the way you came. If they attacked me here, I would have no chance. There is one person standing out of the crowd. I have no doubt that the majority of people here are [REDACTED] but this person holds a briefcase of some sort. Whilst that person is facing to the left of me and talking to another, the 'briefcase' is broadside facing me. There is a large label on it and written boldly on it in large letters is a list of some very nasty chemicals. Potassium Chloride, Cyanide and others. If this was a legitimate scenario, there is no way that the advertising of what is in the briefcase would be broadcasted. There may be nothing in the briefcase however it is clear to me that this is a threat of what is coming for me or a form of intimidation. The security person has a cigarette to and I am that stressed that I have three in the same time he has one. Some of those people start to move closer and I say to the security people, "Here they come"! The one closest faces them and stands in between me and them. I didn't expect that and it confirms that they are protecting me. Not much protection really, just symbolic. If we were attacked now, I am history. I am with the AirAsia security for personal protection and not because of what happened on the plane. This is confirmed further throughout the day. Nothing eventuates and

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with great anxiety, we get back in the lift and go back to the office. I did comment to the security about that situation, I do not recall what, perhaps, "there is alot of them". I do believe I did not go for another cigarette. I need to go to the toilet again. I tell the security people and instead of coming with me he indicates for me to go on my own. Reluctantly I do. Having security with me would make me feel a hell of alot safer. There is hardly anyone here except for two young people. I estimate their age at 15. They are sitting on the floor right in front of the toilet entrance almost blocking it. As I go in they both send me a tirade of abuse calling me many names and insults. They cannot be [REDACTED] but are related to this situation somehow. I do find out soon. Somewhere in here I make some phone calls using the phone in the office. I ring two people. I ring my girlfriend and tell her about my predicament. I tell her I will not be coming as planned and I am in trouble, chased by people, She did not understand the magnitude of what is happening and failed to grasp the situation. I also called 'zzzz' at the Consulate. I said things like, "You did this didn't you. You told them my flight details" etc. He never denied it and confirmed that I am not in Malaysia and that I got off the plane. He seemed to be 'concerned' for what reasons I do not know that I did not make it to Malaysia. I now suspect that he is worried that all the [REDACTED] are in Malaysia and I am not. Due to the flight being cancelled, this is not the case.

The security people and I are doing nothing. Sitting there with sometimes general conversation. I ask, "What's going on? What is happening"? One of them says, "We are waiting for the hearing". "What hearing". I ask.. They say, "The Pancasila hearing"! That got me alarmed. I ask, "What does it have to do with them"! I get no answer.

I have heard of 'Pancasila' before. My girlfriend, being Indonesian, tried to explain it to me and suggested I do some research which I did. I found out two things. That 'Pancasila' is a 'philosophy' that Indonesians adopt and live by. Part of this includes 'social justice' and where applied, it ensures 'justice' is engaged and carried out. This does not necessarily involve law courts as defined by 'social justice'. The other thing I found out is that there are 'gangs' that dispense this 'social justice'... So in essence, I am about to go on 'trial' but no law court is used. This is a peoples court. This is NOT a good turn of events.

NOTE: Later I am to find out that trying to escape the [REDACTED] in Darwin by coming to Denpasar, Indonesia, was probably the worst thing I could have done, but I did not know this at the time. Had I known, I would not have come here. The [REDACTED] are located all over the world in many countries with many 'Chapters'. It turns out that they have a 'Chapter' in Denpasar and are associated with the 'Pancasila' gangs who on a 'social law' level, run the place and have more power and influence than the police and government do on a social level and in essence are the 'unofficial' rulers and 'law' of the local Indonesain people and have great influence just about everywhere. Everyone is literally under the authority of the 'Pancasila' gangs, including the police and 'airport' workers and everyone else. This explains alot. Due to the affiliation of the [REDACTED] with these 'Pancasila' gangs, my situation and the predicament I am in has become extremely dangerous indeed. I am in very very serious trouble, and I know it!

By coming here, I have 'jumped out of the fryingpan and into the fire' with little hope of escape.

Also note that the [REDACTED] have a 'Chapter' in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. If I had stayed on that plane and gone to Malaysia, I am in no better of a situation and further away from relative safety of Australia. The [REDACTED] are feeling very much at home being here in Denpasar and have enlisted the support and help of their associates here in Indonesia and now I am a wanted man not just by the [REDACTED] but now also by 'Pancasila' gangs and as I am in their country, I am under their law and influence and am to be subjected to their dispensed justice.

You might say 'I am an enemy of the Indonesian people' and have broken the principle of 'Pancasila'. I do not expect to survive this.

Soon enough a woman comes in wearing some kind of uniform. It is the same woman from yesterday who 'processed' me after getting off the plane. She and the security people go into the back room. The same room I slept in. I am not invited. I do not hear much of what is going on but did hear, "but he is from Australia". And then she says, "You cannot do that in Australia either". They are referring about me talking to the police about the [REDACTED]. Apparently this is the 'Pancasila' hearing.

Soon enough they come out and she sits in front of me and asks me a question. "Do you know why they are after you"? I answer something like, "Maybe, but I could be wrong". And that was it. She got up and left. I am unsure what the outcome is at this time but I soon find out. Guilty as charged..

I am told by one of the security people that the [REDACTED] and Pancasila gang want me to surrender and willingly go with them. I do not respond. The radio continues to occasionally go off and it is that same Indonesian man calling me out etc and threatening me. I am assuming he is the local leader. I am scared. Terrified to be honest. Not sure what to do and I have no idea how I can get out of this situation.

I say to the security that if I was to surrender, I wish to see my girlfriend first to say goodbye to her and give her a hug. To be honest, I guess that is just a way to prolong and delay the situation. I call my girlfriend again and once again try to communicate with her how much trouble I am in. I tell her they want me to surrender and that maybe I should as I do not want them to go after her as a way to get to me. She asks why would they go after her as she has done nothing to or against them. I say that I am fearful they will hurt her if I do not surrender. I say goodbye to her and that I love her.

I go over to one of the security people who is sitting at one of the desks. He has a radio with him. I ask him to tell them that I will surrender on one condition. Once again I say that I get to see my girlfriend first. At that time the 'gang' leader gets on the radio and yells out, "SURRENDER AND I WILL SHOOT YOU IN THE HEART"!!! Then over the radio I hear, 'BOOM', 'BOOM', 'BOOM'.... He is shooting a gun over the radio. I am terrified and do start to think that if I cannot get out of this situation, I am going to die. Maybe the [REDACTED] was right when they yelled out that I was 'never going to leave Denpasar' when I was walking to the Police station the other day.

Earlier I heard the security people talking about asking for mercy. I guess this mercy is for a quick death by being shot in the heart. Better than torture I guess but naturally not ideal. I am still trying to think of ways to escape but I cannot think of anything. I am very very scared and begin to panic.

Panic gets the better of me. I slowly open the door leading to the hallway. There is another corridor off to the left. That is the way we came to this room originally. Not knowing where to go and having no plan, just knowing I had to get away, I left the room and headed down that hallway. I am in near panic and 'blubbing' to myself. Not far down that hallway is a security 'scanning' machine and some security people. I cannot get past here unless I run through. I hesitate. By this time one of the security people from the room has come after me and he grabs me. I grab him back. We do not wrestle but hold each other with strength. I ask him to let me go. Let me try and get away. His answer was said with sympathy in his voice, "I have family". He cannot let me go as he fears the 'Pancasila' gangs will punish him and his family and he is probably right. At this time a man in a suit walks down past the security scanning area. He is a white man and says in an Australian accent, "Looks like your gonna have to accept your fate"... WTF.. Who is this man? He walks around the corner and disappears never to be seen again. Who is he and what does he know about all of

this?? He looks rather 'official'. Resigning that I cannot escape that way we go back to the room. The only other way out is outside past the [REDACTED] and into airport grounds. I did not entertain that idea. They would get me. I would have been caught going the way I chose as well.

We are sitting down and just normal chit chat I guess. The radio would occasionally go off and one time the 'gang' leader says, "we can hear you". True or not I do not know. I do not catch all of the conversation but I do hear one of the security people ask another, "Where would they take him"? The other answers, "You know ??? road down in the mangroves". Concerning. Is that where they are or where they plan on killing me? A security person says, "I wonder how long it will be until they come up here and take him". The others agree with concern. He is right. There is no security between here in this room and the front of the terminal. There is nothing to stop them at all. At another time I hear a security person say something like, "They cannot let him go to Bandung. 'He' (being the gang leader) has no law there". That is good news sort of. I can get away from this gang leader by going to Bandung but no doubt will face more problems there. Also that would get my girlfriend involved which I do not want.

I am sitting opposite one of the security people. The radio goes off and the gang leader starts to say something but the radio is turned down. He says something about my girlfriend and for the first time he actually speaks with compassion. All I caught was, "about your girlfriend.....".. I could hardly hear it and asked the security person to turn it up so I could hear it. Instead he turns it off. I protest saying that it is about my girlfriend and I need to hear what he is saying.! He ignores me to my frustration.

Another time, one of the security people is talking on the radio. He is talking to the 'gang' leader. All I recall is the security person say, "it is breaking my heart protecting him from you". Whilst this is distressing to hear it also confirms that they are indeed protecting me. But for how long. We are not exactly in a secure area.

I am not certain of the order of the next part involving the 'official' but goes something like:

I am not sure of the time but it must be starting to get on in the afternoon. A man comes in. He is officially dressed and is some kind of AirAsia official. He tells me that he will arrange another flight for me going to Kuala Lumpur and I get two personal security guards to try to ensure my safe arrival. I decline this and say that I need to get to Bandung. If I have personal security guards maybe I can still go to Bandung and hopes of escape. He looks at the nearby security person and asks him, "what would happen if we get him to Bandung"? The security person says. "There would be AirAsia anarchy". By this I take it that if AirAsia involves themselves in a 'Pancasila' matter, there will be trouble for AirAsia. This situation is now a political matter for AirAsia and I do appreciate them looking out for me but now they just want to wipe their hands of me. Pass the buck I guess and be rid of me but for some reason that I do not know they seem to consider themselves responsible for me. I have travelled with them a number of times between Denpasar and Bandung and other destinations involved in getting 'social visa' namely Singapore. He leaves and says he will be back. He comes back with a phone and 'zzzz' from the consulate is on the phone and wants to talk to me. He wants to know where I am and I tell him. He then becomes interested as I said I am outside of the immigration area out the front of the terminal. He asks to speak to the 'official'. They speak and the official once again leaves. He comes back soon after and hands me my passport. He says that 'zzzz' from the Consulate says that if I am not being held behind Immigration lines, then they have no right to hold me. This man from the Consulate is definitely not my friend and has now made me face the [REDACTED] again, quite deliberately I have no doubt. This is the 'way out' AirAsia has been no doubt wanting. He says that if I wish to go to Bandung that I am not to use AirAsia and must use another carrier. He indicates that we are finished and AirAsia is no longer responsible for me and I am free to go. I begin to panic. NO NO NO. You can't leave me to the wolves. I start



protesting about my passport. It has me 'stamped out' of Indonesia but I am still here with no entry stamp. I need a green entry stamp I say. This is all purely out of delaying the inevitable. It is time to go face my fate. He says he will try to get me an entry stamp and we walk to immigration. I tell them about the exit/entry stamps and they refuse to give me another entry stamp. We return to the room. Well that's it. I am on my own again with death staring at me. I gather my suitcases and leave. I am absolutely terrified about what will happen next.

Not knowing what to do or where to go, I go to the international departure area and sit down. I am in a public area so hopefully safe whilst I work out what to do. I am not sure of the time. Mid to late afternoon on Tuesday, 18th July.

I am at a 'bar' I guess you could call it. It is not an enclosed area. I am extremely anxious and fearful and with nowhere to go, I order a beer. This will relax me and allow me to think of what to do next. I have no way to check my bank balance and without my phone and internet I have no way to book another international flight as a means of escape. The security entrance to International departures is just across the room. If I could book a ticket the ██████ would see me go through those security gates and they would have no way of knowing, at least I hoped, where I was going and with no tickets, they could not come through. But this was impossible. I considered walking to the domestic terminal and getting a flight just hoping I had funds for it. I did not do this as this would expose me to the ██████ and its local associates and there are many quiet areas along the way to the domestic terminal where I could be attacked or worse. I did not want to take the risk. I am struggling to think of a way out. There is no point going to the local police as proven already.

I notice a number of people just standing around watching me. It is the ██████ The people from the cancelled flight. I am surrounded but they make no aggressive move toward me. I am in a public area and even they know that to do so is a foolish move on their part. I order another beer ignoring them. A man and a woman come and sit just 2 or 3 meters away. The man is the same man who was in the smoking room prior to the attempted flight to Malaysia who was saying wherever I go they will follow and they always get their man. I wonder, is he also the same man who accompanied the 'social worker' in Darwin on the last visit I had with him? Similar look but very unsure. He says, "Bandung, I want to talk to you". 'Bandung' being me. I squat down at the table he is sitting at. He wants me to go with them. Surrender to them. I say something like, "let me have a few beers first and I will". This is said to buy some time and think. Maybe I do have no option but to surrender but to do so is death.

They both order some food and calmly eat. I in the mean time am furiously thinking of a way out and I cannot come up with any ideas. He makes a phonecall to whom I do not know and says, "We got him. It did not cost as much as I thought it would. Will be back in two days". I have no doubt that his plans of being back in two days does not include me. I have not surrendered to them yet so his claims of getting me are premature but the future for me does not look promising. He goes on to tell me that he has made me the Number 1 wanted person by the ██████ in all of Australia. This man, as suspected the previous day, is a 'leader' of some kind with the ██████ He urges me to finish up and come with them. I say, "I'm having a few beers first". Once again said to delay proceedings. I need to go to the toilet but do not for the danger of being attacked or kidnapped. The toilets are directly opposite the ramp heading out. I do not want to take the risk.

One of the surrounding ██████ people say quite loudly, "It's a shame you know. He could have been someone we liked. Especially with the other". This is about me. For some reason they think that they would have liked me as a potential member or associate. Why I do not know. I imagine their statement about 'especially with the other' is in relation to my 'project' which does involve exposing a government department. I am uncertain

how they know about it. Perhaps by the documents I left with 'zzzz' at the Consulate who is a confirmed associate of the [REDACTED]

I order another beer and receive it. One of the 'bar' people gets annoyed with the person who served me a beer. With a very annoyed looking expression he says to the server, "They said no more drinks for Bandung". Ok. so the [REDACTED] or their local associates, the 'Pancasila' gangs, has cut me off from service in order to expediate proceedings. Time is running out for me. The woman who was sitting with the [REDACTED] leader gets my attention. She holds up her phone and shows me two photos. They are photos of my girlfriend!! How did they get them? And why? I suspect that they accessed my Whatsapp to my girlfriend somehow. The police managed to. I suspect how but is only that, a suspicion. It really does not matter how, fact is they have and now threaten me with the identification of my girlfriend. This is not good. The local gangs could harm her until I surrender. Or is it just an empty threat? I do not know.

I have to make a decision. What though. I do not know, I cannot see a way out. I must do one of two things. Go with them and surrender and more than likely be killed or escape which is looking unlikely. Certain death is not appealing so that only leaves escape. I take a risk believing that any threats to my girlfriend are empty threats, she is an innocent person. Out of desperation and with no other option coming to mind, I decide on what to do and the consequences of this action are not known and no doubt not pleasant but what choice do I have. I must do something. I decide to bring attention to myself in front of all the innocent people here by once again taking drastic action. I get up, collect my suitcases and walk to a spot where the floor I am on overlooks the down stairs levels. I leave my suitcases nearby and climb over the protective 'railing' and start yelling out things. To all appearance, it looks like I am threatening to jump.

Well didn't that get attention! It is a desperate situation I am in and sometimes desperate actions are needed when faced with desperate situations. It may not be the wisest action to take but I did not know what else to do. Drastic action was needed in order to save my life and get away from the [REDACTED] and local associates who have made it quite clear they intend on killing me.

There is not much room on the other side of that railing. I am standing on the balls of my feet and hanging onto the railing. It is possibly a 20 meter fall if I lose my grip. Im am yelling out things. Apart from one thing I was saying it was just anything I could think of at the time. The one thing I was yelling out that was meaningful was about 'zzzz' from the Consulate who is [REDACTED] I yell out something like, " 'ZZZZ', from the Australian Consulate. You are corrupt. 'ZZZZ'!!" !.. I keep yelling this out and other things. The people who were seated nearby are all gone and the area is deserted except for a number of police/security to my left and one man to my right. That man says to me, "I can help you, you know". I recognise this man, or at least think I do. I cannot be certain but it looks and sounds like that man who at Darwin Airport was telling me to 'stop telling your lies, we have 5 pages'. The same man who at Darwin Airport said, "sorry man". If I am correct in my identification, he is [REDACTED] and obviously has compassion as demonstrated here and at Darwin Airport. I cannot be certain it is him but as certain as I can be. The large group of [REDACTED] people at Darwin Airport came over here to chase me, why would he not as well being one of them. I find out later that that man is a Norwegian tourist. Well he maybe a tourist but is also suspected [REDACTED] and was in Darwin to visit his 'comrades in arms' and whatever other reasons. They are a worldwide organisation.

As I am yelling all this stuff out, the police/security slowly make their way closer as does the 'man'. Below me people are going to and fro, ignoring me and continuing with their business apart from a group of people at the back who 'cheer' about what is happening and stand there filming etc. They are the [REDACTED] people. There is maybe 15 of them. They are off the cancelled flight and the ones who surrounded me at the 'bar' before this

happened. I assume the others are yet to return from Malaysia. They are quite pleased to see me like this and are getting much entertainment from this situation.

This situation lasted at a guess 20 minutes, possibly more. The police etc were very close now and I probably should have come over the railing at this point as I have achieved what I wanted but do not. They get right beside me and together grab me and haul me over the railing. The police had no idea what I was doing was a deliberate act I guess. They hold me to the ground, and handcuff me. I also get a kick in the head from one of the police. They stand me up and I am escorted to what is, I assume, the police rooms which is not far away at all. My luggage is brought as well. Once again I am to face the consequences of drastic action taken by me to get away from the [REDACTED]. Unfortunately, the drastic actions were needed to ensure my safety even if it is a temporary solution to my desperate situation. I wonder what other people would have done in my situation. What drastic action or any action would they have taken to guarantee their personal safety.

I do not recall much about what happened in the police rooms. They asking me why I did it etc and me saying the same thing that I am being chased and these people wishing me serious harm. The same people here as were on the cancelled flight last night. They knew exactly what I was talking about! I tell them I had to do something drastic to bring attention to my situation in attempt so save myself. I tell them that they cannot 'hide' what has happened as many many people saw it and it will be all over social media. The person who appeared to be the senior officer turns to the other and says, "Yes, too much". This confirms two things for me. That they know I am being chased and that I have brought much attention to the situation and they cannot hand me over to the local Pancasila due to the exposure I have just brought upon this situation. I am safe, for now.

Soon enough three people come from the Australian Consulate. A woman, her partner and the man who works at the administration desk inside the Consulate. He was there when I was seeing 'zzzz'. I am unsure if he knows about what is happening or knows about the corrupt 'zzzz', but it is definitely him. The woman and her partner seemed like nice enough people, for now. Once again questions about what I was doing. Once again I tell them about the [REDACTED] chasing me and about the same people on cancelled flight are the same people as were here etc etc. I go on to say that 'zzzz' from the Consulate is one of them and he betrayed me by telling flight details and other things. I tell them that this 3rd person, the administration desk worker was next to 'zzzz's and I room at the Consulate and would have heard what 'zzzz' did. This man responds by putting his hand to his head and pretends to scratch his head with his middle finger. In fact he was giving me the finger. I point this out to the others and say something like, "see, he knows". Whether he does or does not I do not know.

I desperately need to go to the toilet. I am escorted by the Consulate womans' partner and police. Once outside, I am surprised by what I see. There are many media all taking photos of me and filming. Some ask me questions. One that I remember and did respond to was being asked, "why did you do it"? I answer something like, "because of the corrupt Australian government".. I said in relation to 'zzzz' from the Consulate and what he has done. I truly wish I said something else. Something to bring attention to my situation about the [REDACTED] and my life is in extreme danger. Unfortunately, this did not happen. Probably would have changed nothing anyway.

Back in the police room time goes by. I am told they are going to take me to hospital. WHAT!!! How about some help with my desperate situation!!! I do not like this scenario..I understand they have to do something, but hospital? Is there no help for my situation? I had no intention of jumping etc. I did what I did because I had to. Why can't they see this or is this the only option they have? I suppose it is normal procedure to take

someone who was standing on a ledge to hospital but I told them all why I did that and about my situation. I guess this is the consequence for my drastic action. Not happy.

Soon enough an ambulances 'trolley' bed turns up and yes they indeed take me to the hospital. Is no-one going to help me still? Hospital is not ideal but at least I am away from the [REDACTED] or so I thought. On the other side of arguments, in a hospital, I will possibly be in danger by the 'Pancasila' gangs and this concerns me greatly, especially when I see the hospital and as feared, I was not safe there either but still a better option than surrendering to them.

I did not feel good at all arriving at the hospital. It is very crowded. Safety in numbers I hope. I am put on a bed close to the entrance. There are quite a few people doing the same and many many people around. The woman from the consulates accompanies me in and organises things I guess. She does not hang around at all and abruptly leaves with hardly a word. I am left all alone amongst this organised mayhem of the hospital. A male nurse comes over and has a huge syringe which he puts into a vein in my hand a quickly empties it into my body. I have no idea what it is but it hurt greatly going in, My hand hurt for a week. I have no idea what these people have been told about what has happened and no-one is telling me anything. No doubt they are told that I was suicidal or something similar.

After some time the same male nurse comes to me. He says something about giving me the choice of staying here, which is extremely busy and crowded, or going to a quiet area. I said I will stay here. He insists on showing me the 'quiet area' so we go for a walk to it. It is quite a distance away and we walk down empty corridors and garden areas to get there. He shows me the room and it is as he said, quiet. I could see nobody else in any direction or hear anyone so straight away it was a 'no' for me. With my dire predicament I choose not to stay here and even though extremely busy, I prefer to be around people for security reasons. In this quiet area anything could happen and I have little faith in the Indonesian system helping me with my situation. So far no-one has helped me at all. Unless you count protection by AirAsia security who did end up leaving me to the wolves. I find out soon that the Australian system leaves me to the wolves too.

I am quietly laying on the bed at the entrance. I have drawn the curtains in an attempt for some privacy. After all I have been through up to now I am very distressed but have not let it get to me yet. What's going to happen to me now? This situation at the hospital leaves me with little power or options, not that I really had any options when you consider the alternative. I have no choice but to surrender to this situation and see what happens.

After some time, possibly the same male nurse comes back and tells me that I am going to be going to that quiet area I did not want to go to. I am not happy but what choice do I have. I am taken down there with my luggage and put into that room. Next I remember is waking up and my wrists are tied to the bed. Was I drugged? I do not know. This freaked me out abit. I cannot be restrained with consideration to means of self defense if needed. I try to use my teeth to loosen the binding with little success. There is no-one else here that I can tell and I am restrained. Thankfully, a man comes in and says, "I guess we can take them off" and he does so. There is little I can do and I surrender myself to an uneasy sleep. I am to find out later that restraining someone upon arrival here is standard procedure. I have been taken to the mental health ward.

The next morning, 19th July, I look outside of the room. There are two rooms on this side of the ward, the one I am in which has only one bed and the room next door that has perhaps 10 beds. At least I have some privacy, sort of. A nurse comes in carrying once again a syringe. It is quite obvious that they intend on giving it to me. "What is that"? I ask. She says, "it's your vitamins". I reply, "That's not vitamins, what is it"? She says

it is Risperidone. Oh great!! So they think I wanted to jump off that ledge or something. This is not good. I let her give it to me, what choice do I have. I suppose that most people would think that someone had mental health issues standing on a ledge and normal procedure is to a mental health ward and normal procedure in a mental health ward is 'so called' medication, forced at that. If only they knew what was happening. The people who do know what is happening, like the police who I saw after the ledge incident, had no choice but to send me to hospital as the attention I got with social media and television etc shows the world what had happened. To keep up appearances, to hospital I go. Consequences of my actions but at least safe, for now and only for now.

I guess there is 8-10 people here in total. On this side anyway. It is very very basic accommodations and amenities with a small courtyard that appears to be the boundary of the hospital grounds. There is a window in my room that looks into the administration office where the nurses etc are and corridors running down from there and also exits to the main hospital grounds. It is a small, isolated place in a big hospital. There are two toilets with no toilet paper and a shower is in one. To wash clothes you must shower with them and then place them on the concrete in the courtyard to dry. I was to stay in here for the next 10 days.

I met the 'Doctors'. Naturally they ask what was I doing on the ledge and I tell them what I was doing. I do not know if they believed me but could clearly see I was not a lunatic. This may have only been mentioned briefly a couple more times in relation to them asking me how I was daily. What could I tell them? I am very scared and can you please help me. In the end, I believe that they became aware of what was really happening. They stopped making me take that forced medicine and tried helping me in perhaps the only way they could. More on that soon.

The first couple of days I would periodically sit out the front of that room on the steps all the time being feeling extremely vulnerable. This soon stopped. Most of my time was spent in the room. The room was air-conditioned, the other room where everyone else is, is not so most of the time, the other 'patients' were outside. A nurse helped me access the internet. She turned on her wi-fi and using my computer I emailed my girlfriend and told her what is happening. She was not very happy with me. I was all over the news and embarrassed her greatly. Hmm. Couldn't be helped. I accessed my bank and yes the funds from the car sale were in. Well one good thing happened finally. I heard some of the others talking. Apparently I am being called the 'Blue Bule'. I.e: depressed whiteman. Funny, if only they knew the truth. Well they do!! Also in same conversation is someone saying, "They want someone to kill him". A persons answers, "I will do it just for the Apple".. The 'Apple' being my computer. Well shit, here we go again!. I suspected I would not be safe in here. Way to exposed to the outside world and no security and easy access. Patients can come and go. The 'Pancasila' gangs are authority and if they want something. They get it!. Another comment was something like, "That's why they keep him in that room. It's safer". It is safer but not by much. This was the first indication that the Doctors knew I was not safe.

I am told by the Consulate lady that my parents are coming. That surprised me. Why are they coming? Apparently I made the news there too. I am not sure If they were asked to come or volunteered to come but either way, I am grateful as I would have a little bit of support whilst this horrifying ordeal plays out. I hoped anyway. The Consulate lady also comes and visits very quickly. In and out visit. She gives me a letter from an Australian Airline saying that I would not be able to fly with them until I get a medical clearance by their own doctor. She says that all airlines are probably like this. In the letter it says 'do not worry about how we got this information' and any correspondence was to go through the Consulate. I found this very interesting. How did the airlines get the information of my drastic actions? The television or did someone tell them in an attempt to stop me from leaving the country? I do not know.

I walk to the toilet and the same man who said he would get me just for the 'Apple', says as I am walking past, "I wish I could get him". Another says, "good luck". This is said in a doubtful way. I am much larger than the average Indonesian. I am very wary of this person. I try to stay clear of him. He even looks dangerous. It can be busy in here with family and friends visiting the other people. Due to circumstances, I ignore them all and stay in the room for safety and I am extremely unsure of who to trust, if anyone, so 'out of sight, out of mind' is my motto. The doctors and nurses prove to be very decent people and each day start the day with prayers that sound like 'Tibetan' prayers. Hindu Bali is and the prayers sound wonderful to be honest.. About day 5 or so I do some washing of my limited clothes. I ration my clothes as I do want clean clothes for when I leave, assuming nothing bad happens. I lay my clothes out for drying and I notice a whiteman sitting outside my room. He is new. I ask him, "what brings you here"? He says he just had a bit too much to drink. He goes on to say, "You are a pretty big man. I would not want to fight with you". Something like that anyway. I find this very odd. He asks me if I have a phone number so he can contact me. Unusual, I met him not 5 minutes ago. I said no I do not. He then asked me about email. Can I access email to which I replied yes. He then gives me an email address. It reads something like this: asurrattnsomchucango.hotmail.com. That might look like gibberish but look again. It says, "as you are rassing so much, you can go"!! This is a message. A threat from the [REDACTED] for telling police originally and now others in attempts to gain help. This is not good. They got someone inside to give me a message. I leave him alone and go back into the room. He stays that night and leaves early next day. On his way out says, "be seeing you". I asked the nurses how long do people stay in here for. They said 15 days usually and he is gone in 1 day.

I am only going outside to go to toilet. All my time is in the room. I learnt to ignore time and just be in the present. Time did go reasonably quickly. To all appearances it looked like I slept for 23 hours a day. Just appearances, I am wide awake and alert for any danger. I learn there is two sides to this ward and that there are other rooms behind me. I become aware of a man in a room directly behind me. His name is 'yyyy'. He says quite loudly to someone else there, "you won't believe how much money they are giving me to kill him". The other person says something that I do not hear then 'yyyy' says, They have already paid me and killings no big deal, just abit of blood and guts". I had not heard anyone behind me before and this got my attention. I was to see him walking past my room often and he is a whiteman with apparent Australian accent. About me or not I do not know but with my predicament in mind, I take this as a threat. He walks past my room one day and is with another. I don't catch all 'yyyy' said but something like, "you know how he's a big sleeper, we can..... " And I missed the rest, The other says it was a good idea and they won't notice anything for hours.. I am on alert!!! I have been on alert the whole time here. I am the odd one out being a whiteman and with my situation and things I have heard, and knowing the 'Pancasila' can access here very easily with infiltration or 'planting' someone, this is no time or place to let my guard down and quite possibly that person behind me is a 'plant'.

Throughout these days I would occasionally hear the 'pattern' I attribute to the [REDACTED] coming from car horns. They are very close. It is the same pattern that was tapped on the caravan window in Goondiwindi. It may be co-incidence or maybe not. If it a small way of intimidation, it worked just like everything else.

One day in particular, after emailing my girlfriend, many memories came into mind. Memories with her and memories of my old dog and things I have done etc. Thoughts on things I wish I had done. Many thoughts. If this is your life flashing before your eyes before death, I guess it happened to me. That is how fearful and concerned I am about this whole situation. I cannot express it enough. I am terrified and have been since Darwin. I thought I was terrified then but being in Indonesia having also to escape the 'Pancasila' and seemingly not being able too brings it all to a new level. I have never felt so much fear in my life.

On the, I believe Monday 24th July, I am speaking to the doctors at their desk. They ask me what my plans are when I leave here. I tell them to see my girlfriend in Bandung. What they said next gave me great joy and great surprise, "How would you like it if Dr. ????? came with you to Bandung to make sure you get there safely".. OH WOW!! Really!! "Yes fantastic,. I will pay for it. When can we do this"? I say. They answered, "This afternoon". Oh what great news! I can only imagine they now definitely know I am in trouble and this is the only way they can help me. I am so happy and relieved. Maybe I can escape after all and with an escort. Then they say, "we will get in contact with your parents first to see if they are coming". No No, I am thinking. Lets just go, now! I need to escape!! Unfortunately they said my parents were coming and they will no longer escort me to Bandung. I was quite upset after having such great prospects of escape..I am told they will be here Wednesday. Only two more days. At this time I wish my parents said they were not coming. I don't know why they are coming anyway. There is nothing they can do! I could have been out of here today and hopefully safely away from the [REDACTED] and 'Pancasila'. Maybe. In the end, probably just as well it did not eventuate though the path ahead is extremely difficult and terrifying.

The doctor who was prepared to help me get to Bandung had never spoken English beforehand in my presence. She appears to be the boss. She would always tell someone else what she wanted to say and then get it translated. When she asked me about going to Bandung with an escort, she asked me in English and our small conversation in English. I did get a little upset when told they would no longer help due to my parents coming and this must have upset her. She reverted back to getting translations for next couple of days but it was ok. She eventually spoke English to me again.

The next day or on Wednesday I am told by the Consulate woman that my parents are not coming on that day. Apparently mum is waiting for a passport. Next possible date is Friday. They will fly in Thursday late night and come on Friday. The Doctors had stopped forcing me to take that medicine, as mentioned, somehow they found out the truth. I am local news so I guess it is not difficult. I am still every day in great distress and fear for my life. Somehow I am holding it all together.

I am not sure what evening the next thing happened on. It was towards the end of my stay there so for arguments sake, lets say it was Wednesday evening, 26th July.

Something is different. It is quiet at the administration desk which I can see through the window. The lights seem dimmer. I cannot see anyone. There has always been people there so far. I have never seen it with no-one there. In a room down the corridor opposite the desk there is a television playing quite loudly and there is a voice coming from it. It is the man directly behind me. The whiteman who had said about being paid to kill someone and who was suspectedly spying on me. He seems to be talking to someone and from what I can gather is watching soccer. This goes on for quite awhile. What is he doing out there? I have never seen any 'patient' allowed in the rooms. At some stage he is joined by yet another person who also speaks very loudly. From the accent I say it is another Australian. He appears to have come in from outside. This is all unusual and gains my utmost attention. My alarms have gone off.! I look back out through the window and there is one worker at the desk now with no sight of others. Soon enough some 'talk' that I hear disturbs me. Some of it I hear very clearly. "Security has been turned off" I hear. I look at the security monitor at the nurses desk to see if my security camera is on. I cannot tell. I have looked at it before on other days and yes normally my room is on there. I am unsure if it is on or not. I hear something about that everyone has been paid already. My suspicious mind asks the question, "is this why there are no nurses bar one"? Have they been paid to leave this evening? Their conversation goes on and I lay back on the bed listening carefully. In my bones I feel something is not right and I lay down in a position where I can quickly get up and I have my knees bent so by my eye level, no-one can see my face if they peer in. Not long later the 'visiting' man says in a very

annoyed way, “‘yyyy’, I trusted you! You said he always sleeps on his stomach or his side. He’s on his back and probably has been listening to everything”!! WOW!! Oh wow! Indeed I usually lay down on my side or stomach and yes I am in here listening to everything.. The next thing that man says is disturbing, “Looks like we are going to have to shoot him”!! WOW !! Did this just happen? By me laying down in a different position did I just ruin an attack? My instincts say yes. I actually think about that and am in a way grateful. The knowledge that I now face a few bullets is oddly calming. Knowing what is coming is a relief and if done right should be nearly painless. That man leaves soon after and strangely I roll over and go to sleep. Friday comes, 28th July. My parents should be here today and yes, about 11am, they come. You have no idea how I feel. I have never been so glad to see these two people. I have never been so happy to see anyone!!!

I go out of the room and there they are near the entrance. I say, “Just wait there, I will get my things”. Mum says, “I don’t want you getting in trouble”. She has no idea how much trouble I really am in. I reply, “I won’t get in trouble, we can go”. She asks the nurse and yes I can leave as expected. I go out with my luggage and hustle them through to the administration desk. I did not want the other ‘patients’ to be able to identify them by appearance or clothing etc. They are not alone. They have hired a ‘driver’ which does make things easier all around. Apparently his phone number was provided by a friend of theirs who recently was in Denpasar. It all seems legitimate but convenient. Paperwork is organised and I must go to the ‘bursar’ to pay my bill. A ‘security’ man is organised to take me to the ‘bursars’ office and whilst I do this my parents stay at the administration desk. As soon as myself and the ‘security’ man leave administration, there is another ‘security’ man nearby. He points at me whilst looking at the man I am with. The man I am with says one thing to the other, “Bandung”. He identifies me. The other pointing at me was his way of asking who I am. Well I am not out of the woodworks yet. Was this ‘security’ man organised for my protection? I do not know but I suspect. We get to the office with no issues but I tell you it was a nervous walk. There are many people around and we are outside mostly. It is quite a walk to the office. Whilst waiting for the ‘bill’ to be organised we sit on provided seats nearby. We are outside of hospital grounds and I feel very exposed. I am glad the security man is here. It takes a long time but eventually the bills are paid and we head back to the ‘administration’ desk of where I was staying. Another very nervous walk. Final paperwork is done and we leave to the carpark once again escorted by this ‘security’ person. The ‘driver’ gets his car and we get in. I have immediate relief for being inside the car and not exposed to the immediate environment. It is decided to go for lunch, which I did not want to do, and the ‘driver’ takes us into the main tourist district of Denpasar to a location he suggested. I have been here before with my girlfriend. It was a reasonable drive and I tell my parents that I will tell them later what has happened and what is going on. I did not want to say anything in front of the ‘driver’. Just a cautionary tactic. On that drive I occasionally turn around to see if we are being followed. That is my fear right now. I do not see any evidence of it.

At the ‘restaurant’ we sit in the courtyard just inside the entrance perhaps 7 meters from the street. We all order and eat. I am feeling exposed and vulnerable but relieved that my parents are here. It is not much security but better than being alone. Needing cigarettes I go for a walk to find some. I am very nervous doing this and go as abruptly as I can. There are many tourists and all I can do is hope that none of them are ████████ Yes I am on the lookout, they could be anywhere. I have no idea at all of their location and after what I have been through so far I am very ‘skittish’, anyone would be. I get back to the others with no events and sit back down. Soon enough a white man with Australian accent recognises the ‘driver’ and he recognises as



well. They give each other hug and joyous greetings. They soon separate and due to my caution I cannot help but wonder how they know each other and who the Australian was. I do not ask and never find out.

Conversation turns and we prepare to leave and where I am going to stay. The driver suggests to my parents that I stay with them in their hotel room. My mother is absolutely against it and will not have it under any circumstances. She has no idea of the extremely dangerous situation I am in and even if she did I doubt even then if that would change her mind. I have never gotten along with her and normally I would not want to stay with her but this is an extreme circumstance and I DO NOT want to be alone but I guess I have no choice.

Apparently they have booked for approximately 1 week. It is going to be a long week just hiding in the room where I decide to stay. It is decided that I will go back to their hotel room with them and I will tell them what happened and how I ended up in this situation and from there I will organise somewhere for me to stay.

Wherever that may be. Maybe there are other rooms where they are.

It is mentioned in conversation that my mother does not have to stay here for one week. Can easily cancel the booking and leave. She is not very happy being away from the security of her home and familiar locations and quite obviously not happy to be here. The possibility of leaving before 1 week is real, even possibly on first flights but my 'father' has the thoughts that they came all this way and may as well stay. Normally I would agree with him but not on this occasion. I do not say anything as it is not my place. This was mentioned in the presence of the 'driver'. I have already decided what I am doing. I have abandoned all thoughts of seeing my girlfriend and will get back to the relative safety of Australia. It is extremely dangerous for me to stay in Indonesia, especially Denpasar and when back immediately go and see the police and hopefully get some help from them in regards to my predicament, even if that means having to change identity. I cannot keep going with the [REDACTED] after me at every opportunity. I don't know what else to do except get police help. They have not helped yet in any way but one can only hope.

The 'driver' takes us to my parents hotel. It is small. As he leaves us he makes it clear to call him if we need a driver, even to the airport. It is agreed that he will be called if needed but for security reasons I think to myself a taxi would be better, someone we have not met before.

It is asked if they have more rooms available. They do at the far end. Maybe that will do for me. Not ideal but the best it is going to get. I do not book yet. My mother is not keen on me taking my luggage up to her room as she thinks that the staff here will think I will be staying there with them so I take up one suitcase with my computer in it and leave the other at the reception desk to be collected when plans are worked out. As we are going up I buy some beers at the desk and take them up too. I need a few beers to calm my mind and destress. I don't care what my parents think of it!

In the room I get an immediate sense of personal security even if it more perceived than real. It is a small room and not ideal for a third person to stay in here but under circumstances I would have done it. We sit on the balcony and I open a beer. I tell them to let me just relax for a little and let my mind settle and then I will tell them all of what has happened. After a couple of smokes and two beers, I ask them to come inside and I will tell them about my situation.

I tell them everything! What happened, how it started, why, locations, all my feelings and emotions etc.... I gave them a VERY DETAILED ACCOUNT of what has happened. I told them everything!! The look on my mothers' face as the story unfolded was unmistakable. She is scared. Her first response after I finished telling was to say, "I want to go home".. Well that suited me, "OK, lets go then"!!

I do not recall if I used my email account or not but my guess is that I used my 'fathers' for security reasons. Using his wi-fi, on my computer, I searched for the earliest flights out going to Melbourne. There was a flight at

10 pm this evening I think it was. Garuda Indonesia airline. This is good. I hoped that my apparent travel ban using Australian carriers does not include other International carriers and as results prove, no it did not. The tickets were one thousand dollars each for one way. I did not care, lets' just get out of Indonesia. It all went through and we were booked on that flight. Excellent. I feel relief and hope. To the police when back and get their much needed help.

My sister is contacted to pick us up at Melbourne airport and so is the 'driver' and he will take us to Denpasar airport. I have a feeling that actually he called my mum to see if we were leaving instead of her contacting him. I could be wrong but do not think I am. From memory he was to pick us up at 6:30 or 7 pm to go to the airport. I am unsure of current time, perhaps 4 pm. A few hours to go.

I go downstairs to get some more beers and upon seeing my suitcase decide to bring it up this time. It has been down here long enough and as we are not staying, who cares if the owners think I am staying in that room. As this is happening, my attention was brought to two people in the 'parking' area that is nearby. A woman says, "He's already booked it. Leaving tonight". Ok, did that get my attention! Who are they? I am looking at them and she looks directly at me and exclaims, "Don't worry about it [REDACTED]! Hmmm. Who is she? It is a great concern but for reasons unknown my 'alarms' do not go off. For an unknown reason I wonder If she is a 'protector' however there is no evidence of that after all that has happened up to this point. It is noted with concern and to the room I go.

My suitcases are in the room in plain view. They are opened for final packing etc. The importance of this and other facts is known later. My parents also organise their luggage and we pass time waiting for the ride to the airport which at agreed time does come. We gather our luggage and head to the reception area where our luggage is loaded, we get in, and off we go. About half way down the driveway I notice a woman. It is the same woman from a couple of hours earlier. When she sees us she sprints to the end of the driveway and disappears around the corner. Once again this is a concern. What is she doing? Verifying that we are leaving or something? What she said earlier was a concern and now this. I try to stay positive and hopeful that I can escape cleanly and have not been found out or compromised but naturally I am concerned. So far the [REDACTED] has known my every move.

It is a reasonable drive to the airport. The driver wanted 100k Rupiah or 150k, I do not recall, for the ride which I gave him on the way. When we get to the airport naturally I am alert and abit fearful. Once again praying for a clean getaway. My mother wants to give the 'driver' a tip and asks what note is the ten dollar one. It is the pink one, 100k Rupiah. I said he has already been paid but she insists. He looks at me as if asking permission to take it and I just shrug my shoulders saying that it is up to you. Of course he takes it. I do not recall if I had a smoke or not first but up we go to the entry for International departures. We are all together and as per usual a number of people at the entrance. Some white people, some not. As we go in, at the entrance, it is said, "I bet you didn't expect to see us here" !!!

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO.....You have GOT to be kidding me!!! My hopes of a clean escape just evaporated. It's the [REDACTED] HOW??? How did they know? Unbelievable! I can think of a couple of hows. The 'driver' was somehow contacted and probably paid to tell them. That woman at the hotel but how does she fit in here. My passport has been watched by 'zzzz' at the Consulate. They have a 'listening device' in my luggage or elsewhere.. I don't know but they HAVE found out and they are here!

As soon as we are through the entrance I say to my parents, "They are here"! I was either not heard or I was not believed or they did not understand what I meant or they were just preoccupied with going home and

oblivious to everything else. If they had heard it too it would not have registered with them about the threat. They are not expecting it as this is not happening to them and they do not appreciate the severity of my situation. They would have just heard people talking and ignored it which is natural. It was not directed at them. Either way, they had no reaction at all of this information I told them. Total indifference.. I am totally ignored.

With a sense of utter disbelief and despair, I sit on a small rail just off the floor that supports a large partition. I am opposite the 'check-in' aisle and my parents nearby. I look at them and they are absolutely oblivious of the threat. I know I am here with them but I may as well be here alone. After some minutes I came to the conclusion that the best option to get away from this situation is to stick to the plan and go back to Australia. Whatever happens I am getting on that plane and I will NOT be asking to get off it this time!

We line up to check-in. I am feeling extremely uncomfortable waiting in line. The [REDACTED] will be just meters away. One of them could be the very next person in line. I just do not know. I have only had the opportunity to identify a couple of them. A 'worker' asks me if I wish to get my suitcases security wrapped with plastic. I have never done this before but my 'guts' speaks to me and I agree. My parents and I witness them being wrapped. Once done we rejoin the line and proceed to check-in. I notice nothing suspicious here.

We go through security and head to the long line at customs. As our turn nears a new 'aisle' is opened next to us and we are directed to go that way. When it is my turn the 'customs' man has a funny look on his face as he is looking at my details on the computer. I lean over the counter and pointing to my passport I say that the last exit stamp was due to a cancelled flight. I assume that I have been registered as departing Indonesia over a week ago as I never went back through customs after the cancelled flight.. He looks at me and says.

"Cancelled flight" in a questioning way. I just say 'yes'. Over the radio he has next to him a man says." He has had enough, let him through". Even 'customs' knows who I am but at least there are no issues here. They probably happy to see the end of me. They don't want an International incident on their watch. What hope do or did I have here in Denpasar. The answer is none at all.

I know the [REDACTED] are close and obviously I am uncomfortable with high anxiety. As my parents are oblivious to events I keep it that way. I do not say anything further to them about things until we are back and in the meantime I try to look as normal as possible but 'inside' I am terrified.

We head down to the 'foodcourt' area and check out a place upstairs. It turns out it is some 'platinum club' or something similar. We don't qualify. We head down to the 'cafe' I usually go to when here in the past. I am concerned as we approach but very little chance of anything happening here. Some of the people do look familiar. As we go in a man excitedly comes up to that group of people who are just a few meters away from me and say as he sits down, "Well I managed to get the plastic off"! I cannot explain it but once again my alarms go off. My instincts say that that is in reference to my luggage and the plastic has been taken off. It was proved over a week ago that the [REDACTED] has 'access' to employees here at the airport thanks to the local 'Pancasila' and with threats previously of putting a 'surprise' in my luggage, I am greatly concerned but there is nothing I can do about it. Since this entire event started when I first got back from being with my girlfriend now 3 months ago, my instincts have served me extremely well and I have learnt to trust them. They have NOT let me down yet. Not once. Some of my decisions may have let me down but not my instincts.

We sit there watching television. There is an old rugby union game on. Order drinks and other. The same man who exclaimed about removing the plastic and for no reason comes and stands right beside me. I do not react, just ignore him. He is just trying to intimidate me and show-off for his friends. He moves on soon enough and so do we. We go to the departure gates area and I suggest that we wait until boarding time at the

area I have been to before. Same place I waited whilst waiting for the Kuala Lumpur flight. There is drinks there and food and is quiet. For some reason and not surprisingly my mother thought it was a stupid idea to wait away from the actual gate which is a 1 minute walk away and my parents go down there and I stay here. Nearing boarding time I walk down to the gate. My parents are here and [REDACTED] and others. As I enter the waiting area I pass behind a row of seats that are occupied. A woman quite loudly says something and I look at her. She has her phone held up with the video screen been shown. As I am walking past I see myself on the screen and it is quite obviously filming me as I take up most of the screen, not her. She says, "And that's what he looks like".! Oh Geez.. She is showing someone, somewhere what I look like. What clothes I am wearing etc. Who is she showing? My guess is her [REDACTED] friends in Melbourne and they will be meeting them at the airport. And possibly meeting with me.

There is something I have noticed. It is the women that are mostly the vocal ones and the most threatening with statements made. If you wonder why the [REDACTED] men are here with their women and in a few cases, young babies, you need to remember that I was meant to be guest of honour at the 'Presidents Games' in Darwin. It was meant to be a family event for the [REDACTED] and they brought their 'party' with them chasing me. Family and all. Chasing me has turned into their 'party'.

I sit down on the floor away from my parents and wait. They have no concerns at all whilst I am very scared knowing the [REDACTED] are here and coming on this flight. I do feel a small amount of resentment towards them that after all I told them they have dismissed it so quickly, but I am hardly surprised. Eventually it is boarding time. I have no choice but to get on that plane if I am to have any hope of escape and help and an end to my 'nightmare'. We all gain our seats and we take off. There are no immediate taunts but I am very aware I am surrounded by them. The plane is full. I see no empty seats for this long six hour flight and I pray it is uneventful. It was not to be.

We are sitting in the middle aisle and I am between my parents. It does not take long before the taunts start. Not constant but enough to keep me alert. There is a small number of them behind me. They are very close, directly behind me one row back from what I can tell. That accounts for perhaps three or four of them but I know there are more. I just cannot identify them yet.. Initially they did not say anything threatening. Just saying things that make it very obvious that they are very confident in their position and know I am scared. This goes on for awhile and I do my best to ignore but my ears are on full reception mode. One of them says something very startling and worrisome about what their plans are for me. It was disturbing and made me 'jump' in reaction. Immediately they say, "Did you see him jump"! I do not recall what was said exactly. Something about stabbing me with 'something' and making a particular action with the instrument, but geez it got a reaction from me. The first time I had an uncontrolled reaction to anything. They play on that for abit of time. The whole time this is going on, my 'father' appears to be asleep and my mother has earphones on watching a movie. They cannot hear anything and even if they did, just as earlier, to them it would have just been people talking behind them in their private conversation and they would have taken no notice at all of it. Someone walks up the aisle to those people behind me and a question is asked, " So what do you want to do"? A man replies, "No more check-ins". This person must have some authority. Immediately I knew! This is the end of the road and they will not be chasing me on more flights. I suspect they plan on attacking me in the near future. Possibly with the help of the people who I was identified too by the filming just before boarding. It is a worry.

After weeks of ever present fear and much 'mental' energy invested, especially since being in Indonesia, I am low on energy reserves and feeling very drained. I do not want to put up with this for the whole flight. I

squeeze past my mother and head to the back of the plane which is probably eight rows back or so for respite and be away from them. The flight attendants are there and ask me if I need anything. I say no and say that I just want to stand back here for awhile. The flight has been going for about 2 hours so that leaves four hours to go. The attendants ask me if anything is wrong and I tell them that I am fearful of some people on this plane and I want to be away from them. They just didn't seem to understand and think I am afraid of flying as said between themselves. "There is always one" they say. I just stand there, out of the way at the edge of the 'kitchen' area. They ask me again if I am OK and once again I tell them that I am afraid of some people on the plane and I would like to stay back here to be away from them. Still they do not hear what I am saying to them and they resign themselves to thinking that I am scared of air travel. So be it. I leave them alone and they leave me alone for the rest of the flight except for landing arrangements.

I am near the toilets so of course people come down. There are no issues but I do not know if they are one of them or not. I just stand there saying nothing and I cannot hear them from their seats. It is respite from them but not ideal. It is a long flight to stand up all the time but this is what I did. My mother looks back at some stage and gives me a big smile. I do not react. She has no idea at all. She thinks I am talking to the flight attendants.

There is a toilet in the middle aisle halfway up the plane. A person goes in and when they are out another immediately goes in. Then another and another, all in sequence and immediately after each other. At least 10 people, probably more, one after the other. Finally no more go in and the last person sits down. Another person says something to her and indicates to the toilet. She gets back up and goes back in just briefly. She comes out with a bunch of paper and sits back down. This may be all innocent but I cannot help thinking they were all [REDACTED] and possibly were taking a vote. Just a theory, I have no proof. Standing back here at the back of the plane nothing happens and I cannot hear any comments made so there is not much to say about the rest of the flight until landing. The flight attendants do say that I will have to go back to my seat for landing. I ask them is there other seats where I can sit for landing. I even suggest one of theirs if there is a spare but no is the obvious answer. They do indicate one spare seat at the front of the plane just behind business class. Ok I decide. I will be closer to the exit, less confined and away from the known locations of the [REDACTED]

The seatbelt light 'dongs' on. We are nearly there. The flight attendant instructs me to return to seat. She guides me up to the front of economy, past the known [REDACTED] and indicates the spare seat. It is at the front on the aisle. I sit down and as I am doing so from the person directly opposite me comes, "OH SHIT"! OH NO.. I just sat next to one of them. There are no other seats. I must stay here. From the seat behind me a man says to the one opposite me, "what do you want to do"? He answers, "You heard what ???? said. No more check-ins"! The man behind says, "Just say when. I'm with you".

This is not good. These people are no doubt, and I am 100% sure [REDACTED] and are prepared to bash me here and now...! How many more are near me I do not know. My readiness alerts just went to maximum and I sit on the edge of the seat in all readiness to spring up and defend myself. The seatbelt is draped across me and I hold the buckle so it appears to be fastened to any casual observer. I am expecting to be jumped at any moment.

As mentioned earlier, some of these people came as a family to chase me. The 'Presidents Party'. This man beside me is one of them it appears. There is a young child beside him and next over is a woman, his wife or girlfriend. He looks at his child and gives him a little attention. His wife is saying something to him. He eventually turns to the front and deliberately and vigorously shakes his head in an emphasised manner. I conclude that any attack has just been called off due to the proximity of this child. My alert level goes down

abit but I am still very much ready to defend myself. I am constantly looking out the window to judge how long until touchdown and then returning my attention to my immediate surrounds ready for any attack. I stay this way until we touch down.

We taxi to our 'gate' with no incident. The man beside me has been furiously texting someone. I can only imagine who too and what was said. Nothing good for me no doubt. We come to a stop and the seatbelt light goes off. We all get up. It turns out there are more nearby. As people are gathering their overhead luggage it is said from one row back and opposite, "Don't think you have won"! The man directly behind me says, "You still have to get through security. The security here is better than in Bali"! Oh my god!! What have they done? An empty or real threat? Apparently the plastic has been taken off my luggage and this could only have happened in the baggage handling area at Denpasar and with their connections, anything is possible. Already had two threats of drugs in my luggage and they did seem genuinely surprised when I got through customs for the Kuala Lumpur flight. I am worried but nothing I can do about it.

The door opens and without delay, when it is my turn I am up that ramp and on my way to Immigration and Customs/Borderforce. I do not wait for my parents, I will see them on the other side. I am probably one of the first three people to immigration and get my passport 'signed' in. I fumbled a little getting that done due to high stress. There is a Borderforce desk nearby and I go over near it and just wait for my parents to come through which took some time. It is 29th July.

An officer of Borderforce asks me if I need any help, just as an enquiry. I said I am just waiting for some people to come through and then I will come and see you. The [REDACTED] people walk by and go out and eventually my parents emerge. I go to them and tell them that I am going to see the police now. This surprised my mother as she stated, "What, now"? I tell her in an abrupt way that the [REDACTED] people were on that plane and I need help. She said something like, "Whatever", and they both moved off. I am rather annoyed at her. I gave them both a VERY detailed account of what happened just a few hours ago and already she has forgotten. Just me telling her scared her. Imagine how I am feeling having to go through it all. She has absolutely no appreciation of what has happened and is happening and offers no support at all. I am not surprised by this. She has never supported me my entire life. I am on my own clearly.

Well I made it this far. Back in Australia. Many times I did not think I would make it back here. It took a few drastic actions and enormous mental energy to get here. Living minute by minute using only my wits but it is not over yet. I am expecting a 'welcoming' by the [REDACTED] outside.

I do not recall exactly what I said to Borderforce. I approached the desk and said I need some help. Is there somewhere where we can talk in private and I need the police, I am in danger and need help. They pull me to the side, just a few meters away and get some police. I am not sure if they are Federal or State. Federal I think and later joined by State but I could be wrong. I tell them that I am in danger and need their help. I tell them that I have been chased by people who wish me harm and the people who are chasing me are on that plane and more than likely waiting for me out the front. Something like that anyway. I did not go into any details at this stage. An officer said something like, to clarify, "So if you go out the front you fear for your safety"? Yes that is right, I say. I ask, "Is there somewhere we can talk in private". He says we can talk right here. I say 'No'. Somewhere private please. We are in an open area and he and others guide me just a few meters further away at the entrance of a corridor. The Borderforce desk is probably only 15 meters away at best. Also at the entrance to this corridor is a set of seats. A man comes and sits on it just 5 meters away from me. They ask for me to tell them what is going on. Once again, 'No' I say. Please can we talk in private. I am not going to talk while people are around. He says that this is private. I say, "no it is not private. There is that

person right there and I do not know who he is. I do not want others to hear". For all I know, he could be [REDACTED]. He then asks the stranger what he is doing and he answers that he is waiting for a police check. The officer basically says to ignore he is there and tell them what is going on. The officer is accompanied by perhaps 3 others and refuses to go into a private room and I keep insisting on a private room or area away from people. I am starting to get emotional and it is showing. I am tired, scared, exhausted and have little energy left. My resolve that I have had all through this ordeal is starting to crumble, quickly.

They take my passport for identification purposes and one of them goes to check it. The same scenario is happening. They refuse to move to a more private area and I will not say anything while strangers can hear and emotionally I am weakening and it is obvious. I am frustrated that we will not go to a private area. After everything that has happened and all I have been through, my emotional resolve picks a very bad time to break down and this does not serve me well. I so desperately want to tell them but I REFUSE to do so in a public setting.

I sit down on the floor against the wall and am clearly upset. An officer comes back from checking my passport. They discuss 'something'. The officer comes to me as says, "We are going to get you to hospital to have you checked out. An ambulance is on the way". What !!! " I don't need hospital, I need police help" ! I exclaim. What did they see on their system about me? The incidents in Denpasar? I can explain all of that and I will in a private setting but the opportunity has closed. I keep saying I don't need hospital. I need police help. If they only went to a private area. How hard was that to do !!!

The ambulance officer comes and once again I protest to no avail. I should have just got up and walked off earlier and try to get help later but the [REDACTED] would be waiting outside for sure. It is clear the police are going to do nothing. For the fifth time the police will not help me. The third time in Australia. Yes I could have told them in the public area but it is a 'sensitive' issue and I will not have the public hear it. For the last time I say that I need police help and not hospital!!! The officer says something like, "Go and get checked out and if all is OK then we can take your statements". Reluctantly I agreed to that and that was a HUGE mistake.

We walk towards the front of the terminal and I mention that I need to get my luggage and my parents should be there waiting for me. I am not sure who organised it but out the front near the ambulance my parents show up and they had collected my luggage but there is a problem. One suitcase was unwrapped. Well apparently the [REDACTED] did manage to get the plastic off. My parents witnessed me get them wrapped and as feared, the [REDACTED] got to them. My sister who was to pick us up arrived and upon seeing her I finally broke down and cried. I had a fallout with her about a year ago and we had not spoken since. I give her a hug and cried. My emotions are emptying out of me. I don't know why my resolve could not have lasted another hour after getting off that plane. It would have saved me from what was to come.

A 'customs' officer comes to me and says, [REDACTED], you have a combination lock on your suitcase". I told her the combination straight away and soon after my suitcase is returned and it is open. I close it immediately and wonder why it was opened. It has arrived unwrapped and 'customs' wanted it opened. What have the [REDACTED] done? I do not find this out now but to keep this in sinc I say now. Apparently, two 'Ice' pipes were in my luggage. The [REDACTED] planted them at Denpasar airport using their 'Pancasila' contacts but of course I cannot prove it. I can prove they were wrapped and one arrived unwrapped. I can also prove that I have been nowhere except at Denpasar airport, the hospital in Denpasar and at the hotel I was with my parents. At no time have I had the opportunity to purchase the pipes. And lastly, why would I take 'drug' pipes to Indonesia where drugs are harshly punished? At Darwin airport before leaving my luggage must have been scanned a minimum of 6 times and at Denpasar at both International and Domestic terminals at least 4 times. Also at the

Australian Consulate. So after at least ELEVEN other scans there was no pipes found. They were found the very last time my luggage was scanned which is after my luggage being unwrapped and after the International scan at Denpasar. The [REDACTED] did say 3 times that I have a 'surprise' or words too same affect. The last indication at landing here in Melbourne. This time it comes true. Those are NOT mine!!!

The ambulance takes me to the hospital. I am not happy about this at all but at least I am away from the [REDACTED] At the hospital, I quickly find out that I now have three enemies. All of whom I must contest. My 'nightmare' continues.

- 1/ the [REDACTED]
- 2/ my family
- 3/ the Mental Health Department of Australia

**PART ONE END**



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