

AFFIDAVIT OF HILLARIE GOLDSTEIN

State of New Hampshire

County of Merrimack

On this 9<sup>th</sup> day of Oct, 2018, Hillarie Goldstein appeared before me, an individual known personally to me to be the person that affixed her signature to this document below and being duly sworn on oath, hereby deposes and says:

I, Hillarie Goldstein, am over the age of 18, and am fully competent in all manner to make this affidavit. I have personal knowledge of the facts therein, and if called as a witness, could and would testify completely thereto.

1. My name is Hillarie Goldstein. I earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in Psychology from the State University of New York at Cortland in 1976. I was living in Massachusetts in 1993 when I moved to New Hampshire to attend Franklin Pierce Law Center. I completed all the course requirements, but chose not to practice law.
2. The targeting was occurring when I arrived in New Hampshire in 1993. 2009 was when they decided to let me know I was being targeted, using an online correspondence to slowly reveal it. It was at that point that some of the odd things that had happened when I first came to NH made sense to me. Two things I remember; I came home one day and the knob to my television was pushed in, to the off position. Since I had cable I never touched that knob. It was permanently in the on position. I told myself the cat had pushed it in. But it took too much force for a cat to do and it's not something a cat would do. But I had no other explanation. I lived in the apt. at the top of a staircase with a banister. A piece of the banister was missing. I came home from school one day and a piece of bannister the right size and the same type of wood was sitting on the porch leaning against my door. There was no one who could have put it there. And yet it was there. Looking back I see I was being targeted when I lived in Chelsea, Mass. In 1984 because other things that I have come to recognize were happening. At the time I had no frame of reference for it, so I ascribed it to 'poltergeists.' One day a box of Morton salt sitting in the middle of a round average sized kitchen table fell off the table. There was no breeze. Nothing knocked against the table. It just kind of dived off. I was amazed. Then I was in the shower one day with the bathroom door opened. The shower was about 3 feet from the kitchen sink. As I was showering, I heard a very loud sound of dishes crashing and tumbling all over each other. When I got out of the shower I looked and the dishes were exactly as I had left them, neatly stacked according to size. They had not fallen. There was nowhere for them to fall. The other thing that happened is that one night my refrigerator stopped working. Looking back now I know it was them because they have done this to me twice in the past 5 years. And also what happened after the refrigerator died was definitely something they did that I can identify now that I know how they operate. After the refrigerator stopped working I developed this inordinate fear that I was going to crawl inside of it and shut myself in and kill myself. It was like I felt a pull to do it. So much so, that I actually was afraid I

might. The thing is I was not suicidal or even had thought of suicide before the refrigerator conked out. The thought just came from nowhere. But I know now that they can implant thoughts and I think they were trying to see if they could get me to do it.

3. This is what happened in 2009 during the process of it being revealed to me. I was spending a lot of time on 'Yahoo Answers,' a forum type website based on asking and answering questions. After several months of this, a new contact showed up one day who was intriguing, but strange. He began leaving questions for me that had embedded within them personal information about me that no one could know. But it was done in a way where it could have been coincidental, as if he were off-handedly including information pertinent to me without realizing it. But it kept happening. And the other odd thing was that whenever I logged onto the site, his questions would start appearing on whatever page I was on, no matter what time it was, day or night. His questions were freshly written, brand new questions. I knew that because they would pop up as I sat watching the screen.

After awhile, he began messaging me through the Yahoo Answers internal messaging system. He left messages alluding to my private routines for things like bathing and eating meals, telling me the order I do things in the shower and what kind of dressing I put on my salad. I live alone and I don't have people over, so no one is present when I'm doing these things. Soon his messages were alluding to things I was seeing and doing anywhere I went; whether at work or out shopping or even taking a walk out in the country where there are no houses and no cars around. I don't carry a cell phone with me when I take a walk. I asked a tech savvy person I knew what could be causing this. He said either I had a webcam or someone had secretly installed a spy camera in my apt. Neither of those explained how they were seeing me when I was not home. I began praying to God to let me know what was going on. Soon after I prayed this way, I was listening to the radio one night and Dr. John Hall, a well known researcher and writer in the field of electro-magnetic weaponry was on, discussing his first book, "A New Breed-Satellite Terrorism in America." As I listened I knew he was describing what was happening to me.

The activity continued, but what really floored me was when they decided to let me know they could read my thoughts. When I first became aware of it, I refused to believe it because I *knew* it wasn't possible. It happened several times. I would be thinking about something and get a message about it. I decided to put a stop to it once and for all so for one whole day I turned off the internal voice you have in your head when you're thinking. I kept silent speech completely out of my head for a whole day. The next day I got this message; "If you don't think at all can you make it stop?" Understand at this point I had not communicated anything about it to my 'friend.' So the message he sent me about it was based solely on his reading of what was going on in my brain. After that message, I conceded it was happening.

During the time I was trying to get away from him, I would go for weeks at a time not using my computer at all. When I opened it again, the desk top would always be changed. Things rearranged, things missing, things added. I knew they were doing that even though it was off and unopened. I could not fathom how that was possible. I had a cable operated desk phone. It was on the same cable as my computer. One day I got a message from him, "is there something in your apt. that needs a battery?" My desk phone only worked when the cable was plugged in. Because there was no battery in it. One day, soon after that message the phone rang when the cable was not plugged in. I looked and saw it

had a battery. It hadn't the day before. I had not put it in. This was before I was aware that they sometimes enter my apt. when I'm not there. I was completely befuddled.

4. Bodily Effects. The first thing they did to me that brought the targeting into the bodily realm was to cause itching. I had 4 cats and all of a sudden I started itching like crazy, so I assumed it was fleas, even though I didn't see any fleas and I had no bite marks. But I got flea medicine and put it on them and the itching stopped. Then the itching started again, this time with a new theme. In the morning when I stood in front of the mirror getting ready to go out, my face would itch. I scratched each itch as it came up. But it was not random. The itches would appear on the part of my face I was touching and looking at. As I moved from one area of my face to another, the itching followed; one after another after another. I started getting scared. I knew it was them. I didn't know how to deal with it. I finally decided to just stop scratching. I figured out that my scratching was making them continue because they got off on making me scratch. It worked. When I stopped scratching it lessened. The day I proved to myself conclusively that it was 'them' was the day I was lying on my bed talking out loud to my 'friend.' By this time I knew they could see and hear me wherever I was and that they were always around, so I would talk to them sometimes. As I talked that day I went back and forth between being conciliatory and confrontational. When I was conciliatory, the itching was slight. When I was confrontational it became extreme and biting. The itching was matched in 'tone' to my delivery. There was no mistaking it.

Another physical aspect has been sleep disturbance. It started with being woken up once each night at 3:00 a.m. From there it went on to being woken up several times a night. They also affect the quality of sleep. It also involves dream inducement. It's been ongoing since it started about 6 years ago.

About 3 years ago I was reading John Hall's first book, "A New Breed- Satellite Terrorism in America," and I got to the part where he writes that they can increase the need to urinate as well as make it difficult to urinate by blocking the flow. Soon after that I started experiencing obstruction in my ability to urinate easily. It has been ongoing since I read that passage in Hall's book. But as I look back I see these effects were present for years, though in less obvious ways. Ways that were less obvious, but always timed to certain activities so that I see now it was synchronized and controlled, so I know it was them.

I started being able to somewhat deal with the urinating situation and I think that must have enraged them. So they had to find something worse. So lately they have been giving me hemorrhoidal pain.

They have also throughout the past 6 years been affecting my heart through increased heart rate and palpitations. This is an on and off thing. When it gets bad I can usually head it off by reading Psalms and praying. But a few weeks ago at work they hit me so hard I had to leave. I couldn't perform my job. They were doing something that brought me to the point of almost passing out, over and over again. They were attacking my heart in some way. It was very scary and at one point I thought they were going to kill me. As I walked throughout the building I could see the look on the faces of 2 of the gang stalkers I have at work, that they knew exactly what I was going through and they were enjoying it. When I went online later that day, I saw on the TargetedJustice web

Site that the FBI is actually involved in both gang stalking and directed energy attacks. I had known they were behind gang stalking, but I thought the directed energy was not from them. So now I am wondering if those gang stalkers at my job not only knew about what was happening but were causing it in some way.

Other bodily effects- sexual sensations, making me drop things, making me step on my shoelaces so they come undone, making my thumb move. About a year ago I lost a tooth. I believe they did it. For months whenever I ate I could feel the bones in my jaw kind of moving around and I could hear it. It was so loud I was embarrassed to eat around people. Then one day I got some really chewy candy and while I was eating it part of a tooth came out and subsequently most of the rest of it came out over the next few months. After the tooth came out, the noise when I was eating stopped because they had achieved their goal of loosening a tooth. Also, I remember having a dream before that happened about having my teeth fall out. They like to broadcast their intentions with dreams.

A couple of months ago I went through a week of severe back pain so bad I couldn't lie down to sleep for a few nights. I had to sleep in a chair. When I finally was able to lie down, it would take 5 minutes to get up again, it was so painful. Again I believe it was 'them.' I went through that week singing hymns and praying and I recovered little by little. Throughout this whole thing my shielding has been prayer and reading the Bible. I have received protection and help this way. It is my belief that this targeting is a combination of high technology and spiritual oppression. I hesitate to bring up the spiritual dimension because this world does not want to recognize it. But I believe my targeting is an attack by Satan and that Jesus Christ is helping me through it. I discovered early on that when I just believed and rested in the Lord and trusted Him to help me, whatever I was going through was eased. And I didn't understand it. But little by little I have come to understand. It's not complicated. The spiritual dimension is real. Satan is the ruler of evil. And Jesus Christ is the Overcomer and the Answer and the Savior.

5. Synthetic Telepathy- I know they monitor every thought that goes through my head. There's this little sound of crinkling I get in my ear that they use, as another TI once said, 'to show me to myself.' So I can be thinking about something and then maybe that day or the next day something will happen that pertains to what I was thinking and they'll make that crinkling sound. And they make little sounds around my house for the same purpose. The same sounds repeatedly so I have come to associate them with being 'shown to myself.' - The shower dripping, the refrigerator starting to hum, a car horn outside. I don't know if these sounds are actual or if they're just in my brain. But I hear them.

6. Induced Dreams- There was the dream about my teeth falling out. Before they destroyed my Pontiac Grand Am a few years ago, they sent me a dream about going outside one day and seeing a flat tire on my car. Seeing the flat tire in my dream filled me with terror, which at the time didn't make sense to me. But as time went by and they wrecked my car little by little, I understood that they had induced the terror so I would look back and realize the dream was them telling me what was going to happen. Also before I got infested with bed bugs about a 3 years ago, I had a dream one day of a hand drawing of a bug in a picture frame. That made no sense at all until the bugs came and then I knew it was them.

7. Gang Stalking- When I moved into my apt 17 years ago, I noticed there was a man in my neighborhood who did nothing but walk up and down the street all day. After awhile he began always being there just as I was entering or exiting my building. Or as I was walking down the street he would be walking in the same section but on the other side of the road. When it keeps happening you get to know it's not

coincidental. Gang stalkers have a certain swagger and they look at you with a knowing expression that kind of says, 'gotcha.' You get to recognize it.

One day after this had been going on for a few years, something happened. I used to play the piano. I stopped because I became aware they were feeding musical strains into my brain subliminally when I was seated at the piano trying to write music. The music didn't come easily. I had to spend a lot of time on each piece. So when finally something came together to my satisfaction I would be so thrilled I would clap my hands together. I had a very particular way of doing it. I would hold my arms out straight at my sides and then bring my hands together in one hard clap in front of my face. One day I was standing in the doorway of a restaurant near my house and he came up and stood directly in front of me, but sideways and did my hand clap and then walked away. It was unmistakable. It was my clap. His gangstalking continued but became more intrusive. He was showing up in more places. So I decided to turn tables on him. One day I followed him into a store and stood about 2 inches from him and just stared into his face for about a minute. He stepped away, looked at the store clerk, looked at me and shrugged as if to say, 'what's up with this.?' 15 minutes later I saw him outside talking on his cell phone. That night the mice appeared in my kitchen for the first time. Several mice suddenly clustered around me in a circle watching as I prepared chicken and put it in the oven. Acting very unmice like. Mice don't stand there in a circle together watching you do things. Then they would scurry together into my bedroom and disappear down a hole in the floor. This went on for quite a few nights. One day I noticed that one of them didn't look right. The body parts were out of proportion. It looked like a cartoon mouse. That's when I realized they were a visual hallucination and I pieced together that they had been sent to me by the gang stalker as retaliation for following him into the store. Later that winter as I was walking down the street one day I saw mice again acting strange. They were frolicking in the snow. Jumping in and out of snow drifts. Playing like cats would. Mice don't do that. Just at that moment he passed me on the other side of the street.

I've had a lot of random gang stalkers- people who do things that you only do in private just after they catch your eye. Like a car would slow down as I was walking and after I made eye contact the guy would start frantically scratching the inside of his ear with exaggerated facial expressions. Because 'they' often itch the insides of my ears but it usually happens when I'm alone at home. They want you to know they see you when you're alone.

At work there was a woman who would repeat phrases I was thinking. Who would leave coupons for things I was thinking about buying. Who offered to give me a refrigerator and bring it to my house after 'they' made my refrigerator stop working. She just knew things she shouldn't have. One day a couple of girls jumped out at me laughing from a side room off the elevator just as I got off to let me know they knew I was going to be there. Things like this happened more and more.

A couple who moved into the apt. next to me started out very friendly, too friendly and ended up being hostile and letting me know they were gang stalkers. I have since come to recognize that that apt. is always occupied by gang stalkers. Since that couple moved out, that unit has been occupied by several different tenants and they have all been stalkers.

I'm also aware that they induce thoughts because sometimes I'll get an idea to do something and then they leave me a sign. Like once I parked my car in a parking lot and on the ground in the space I chose was a single serving container of yogurt of a kind I had just been at the store looking for. So I knew from that they had guided me to that particular parking space. You could say it's coincidental but when it

happens again and again, you know it isn't. There are other examples I could give but I can't mention them all. It would take too much space.

8. Vehicle Tampering- I had a little Pontiac Grand Am I loved. There's no better winter car. Anyway one night I had a dream that I walked outside to the parking lot behind my building and the car had a flat tire. I had a very strong reaction of fear. After that little things started happening with the car. I would come out in the morning and the mirrors would be readjusted. The sun visor would be repositioned. The door would be unlocked. A grocery item I had left overnight would be gone. And I noticed that one of my neighbors frequently would just happen to drive by when I was looking at some problem with the car. He would pass me slowly, snickering.

One day I was driving down a street, idly gesturing with my free hand as I drove. I don't remember exactly what I was doing, touching my face, my hair, something like that. When I came to the stop sign at the end of the road, another car was stopped at the end of the road opposite me. He looked into my eyes and mirrored exactly the gestures I had been making as I drove. As he did, he leered at me with an evil smile. The next time I drove down that road, as soon as I passed that stop sign, my exhaust fell off. They did it with directed energy. I know that because after that the car fell apart a little at a time, piece by piece and as I would go out and discover new things, it seemed each time I did that same neighbor would drive by watching me and chuckling to himself. I kept repairing the damage as it accumulated.

That winter my car, along with several others was towed from the parking lot one day. I came out while the towing was going on and asked the tow driver if he had my car. Because I didn't know if he or someone else had towed it. He looked at me knowingly with a smile in his eyes and said, 'Oh yeah, I remember your car. It's the one with the flat tire.' At that time the tire was not flat. I had repaired it. But he was letting me know he knew about the conspiracy against me. Eventually I couldn't keep repairing it anymore and sold it to a junk yard. I couldn't believe my neighbors had done this to me. It was very traumatic. I cried over it. And sunk into depression.

A few months before the exhaust fell off, a strange pattern started. I would be driving around and frequently see a car parked on the side of the road. As I neared it, it would pull out in front of me and then do a very quick and very loud Uturn and speed away in the opposite direction. Sometimes the car would be on the other side of the road and would just pull out and speed away after I passed. I would watch it through my rear view mirror. I was working for Meals On Wheels at the time and these cars would be waiting for me as I drove to my appointments. They knew where I was going and when I would be there. One night I drove almost 100 miles to a distant town to attend a meeting of Messianic Jews and as I was coming home a car ahead of me made a Uturn on the highway at an intersection in that mad frenetic way they have and then sped in the opposite direction. They went to that extent to follow me that far from home just to make an impression on me.

9. Home Break Ins- I came home one day and my books had been rearranged. I kept them stacked on top of each other on my dressers. That day they were side by side, library style. There was a period of time that lasted for months when I would come home and find my bed clothes rearranged; tucked in differently or the blankets layered differently. There was the battery put into the phone. One day I came in and a vasoline jar was turned upside down on a table. I would open my refrigerator and the milk would be on a different shelf. They've also stolen things. Clothes, books, spices, utensils. Lately I've been unsure about how this is happening. I'm beginning to wonder if some of it is not someone coming in and doing it but if it's been done remotely with directed energy.

10. Effects on Employment and Finances- At the time they destroyed my Grand Am I was working for Meals On Wheels. Obviously, no 'wheels,' no job. I got behind in my rent. I feared eviction. I applied to the city for rental assistance. I was denied because my apt. was not up to code. They told me about a job in my neighborhood that was within walking distance. I went to apply and was told it was filled. As I walked down the hill from that job site, the neighbor who had always passed me snickering when I was out inspecting the damage to my car, drove by in that very dramatic way they have, looking smug, letting me know he knew the outcome of their antics. After he passed, I just gave up. I knew I was done. That job had been my last hope. I gave it all to the Lord. I said, "Lord if you want me to be homeless, okay. Your will, not mine. My life is in your hands." And I meant it. Completely. Within the next week I got the job I have today. That was over 4 and a half years ago. For the first 10 months, a woman who lives in my building, another Christian, drove me to work and picked me up again for each shift. After my car died, she knocked on my door one day and said the Holy Spirit had told her to see if I needed help. She drove me around to different places so I could look for work. I prayed my land lady would be patient in getting back the arrears on the rent and she was. And because the payroll administrator was on leave when I started the job, I was not on the payroll. So I was paid in cash, the full amount without taxes taken out for the first few months so I was able to make up the rent faster. The Lord is good.

11. Officials Contacted- About 6 years ago I had a face to face meeting with the chief of police in my town to tell him what was going on. He seemed interested, but I didn't see any way to prove anything so I didn't follow up. A few months ago, I wrote him a letter and told him it's still going on. I haven't heard anything. I am cynical about expecting help from the police. When I was delivering pizza about 12 years ago, before I knew I was being targeted, I was robbed one day on a delivery. A young girl came to my car window and asked me something. While I was talking to her, a boy went around to the passenger side and opened the door and removed the bank bag I kept my receipts in. He also touched the pizza bag. Then they ran away. They got \$300.00. I called the police. They came but gave me a cock and bull story about how they couldn't take finger prints off the pizza bag because of the kind of material it was made from. A couple of weeks later one of my co-workers at the pizza place told me the boy, who he knew, had called him and bragged about what they did. My co-worker called the police and gave them the kid's name. No arrest was made. A couple of weeks later, on a busy Saturday night the girl came to the pizza place and was having a great time, eating and dancing to music and enjoying herself. I couldn't believe the gall. I pointed her out to the owner and she quickly departed. But I think knowing the police wouldn't do anything was what made her feel free to just show up there.

I wrote a letter to President Trump who I voted for and believed and still believe would help with this if he could. I sent the letter to the White House in February of 2017 and in March received a form invitation to the inauguration. Nothing written, just a form invitation. I don't believe the president ever saw my letter.

Then I found out a talk show host I listen to, Howie Carr, who regularly visits the President, was giving a book signing at a grocery store in my area. So I took a copy of my letter to the President with me to the book signing. I asked Howie if he would give the President my letter the next time he saw him. I didn't really think he would because Howie is very proud of his association with Mr. Trump and he would not want to jeopardize it by seeming to endorse a message from a 'tin foil hat kook,' which is how I know Howie viewed me.

7.

I declare under the laws of the United States and the State of New Hampshire that to the best of my knowledge and belief the information herein is true, correct and complete.

Executed this 9<sup>th</sup> day of Oct., 2018.

Signature Hillarie Goldstein

Name Hillarie Goldstein

Address 400 Central St. #1

City Franklin State New Hampshire zip 03235

**JURAT**

A notary public or other officer completing this certificate verifies only the identity of the individual who signed the document to which this certificate is attached, and not the truthfulness, accuracy or validity of that document.

State of New Hampshire

County of Belknap

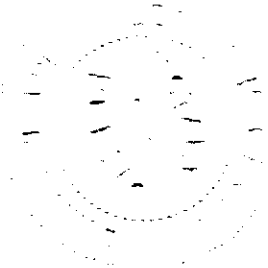
Subscribed and sworn to (or affirmed) before me on this day of 9<sup>th</sup>, October, 2018

by Hillarie Goldstein

proved to me on the basis of satisfactory evidence to be the person(s) who appeared before me,

[Handwritten Signature]

Signature



**LEANNE M. O'BRIEN**  
Notary Public - New Hampshire  
My Commission Expires November 18, 2020

8.