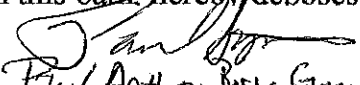


AFFIDAVIT OF TRUTH

State of California
County of Ventura

On this 22nd day of December, 2020, Paul Anthony Borja Gogue appeared before me, an individual known personally to me the person that affixed his/her signature to this document below and being first duly sworn on this oath hereby deposes and says:

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

1. My name is Paul Anthony Borja Gogue. I am 30 years old and was born in Guam, USA. An American territory in the south Asian Pacific. I reside in Oxnard, Ca. Where I obtained my GED/HSD, and had worked as a desk clerk for the hospitality industry.
2. I became aware of my targeting during the year of 2016. By self-searching myself online using Google. One of the suggested sites had claimed that my name had been put on a government watchlist. The site had an off appearance, and when I searched for the site again, I could no longer find it. I started another self-search, and found nothing out of the ordinary.
3. November 2019 my targeted harassment/gang stalking begins. Random people without any prior relation to me. Would call me names both at my workplace, and outside my residence. To the point where I had called in a single incident, and reported the crimes to the local Police department. Who had disputed my claim and did nothing.
4. Through out the year of 2019 the harassment/gang stalking continues. I get constantly called names, harassed at my workplace, and residence. The tires to my car got slashed twice. Once at my workplace and again at my home. Then after I get followed, and harassed by a line of cars following mine, for hours. Which should have been documented by local traffic cams, but after my last encounter with the local police department. I decide not to report it.
5. At my residence I notice my belongings have gone missing, or are out of place. Then two random holes appear in my wall as if something had punctured it forcefully. I document on my device. At my residence the gang stalkers start to harass me outside the windows of my bedroom. I chase them through my backyard on multiple occasions. (Please take in consideration I am under the assumption that it is law enforcement committing the crime, so I am afraid to report it.) I set up cameras in my backyard. In order to capture the criminals. To only find my wireless cameras sabotaged. I still have the cameras.
6. I start collecting evidence on my phone, and use apps to detect any type of hidden surveillance devices. I found surveillance devices both at my workplace and at my residence. I suspect my manager is aware of it all, so I decide to document the items at my workplace with the camera on my phone. I put the surveillance devices at my residence in my car, for safe keeping. I could not do the same to the workplace devices. Since I did not own the items.
7. Having obtained the surveillance devices. I return to my residence. The gang stalkers start to harass me at my window again. This time my head starts pounding and then I start hearing voices in my mind. That frightened me more than I can explain. These voices claimed to be my family, friends, and neighbor's. They antagonized like that for weeks. I am a mentally fit person, and have always been, so I argue with the voices. I say "I'm fully aware that your real people, and I'm not insane." The voices try to deny, but

eventually give up trying to convince me.

8. New voices then ask me to return the surveillance devices. To the places I had found them. The voices/handlers also said if I don't then I have "committed a crime," and that tampering with federal evidence is punishable by life imprisonment. By that statement I am fully aware that they are law enforcement, and out fear I panic, and I leave my residence. (Take note again I have committed no crime and that surveillance gear I found was illegally placed at my residence.) The voices/handlers start to threaten me and stalk me every place I go. To the point that I felt like I have no place to go. I can't tell anyone, for out of fear of looking insane. I rent multiple hotel rooms to escape, yet they still find me every time. On one occasion I feared for my life, and was forced to leave the room I paid for. I go back to that establishment on a later date to collect evidence. The Managers deny my request for proof of my stay. I say "I'm collecting evidence for a crime that was committed at your establishment." The manager tells me to come back another day.

9. I later go to my job and the voices/handlers start harassing me at my workplace. I try to reason with them and they just say I'm going to prison for life. I don't believe them. I get off from work and I am pursued by unknown vehicles. The pursuit becomes a high speed car chase on a busy highway that endangered myself and others. The pursuit lasted about an hour through three cities. Where I lost the pursuers in a circular pattern home. Almost at my residence a car behind me yells out "Paul" multiple times. I could not use my phone to document. He was a Caucasian male about 6 ft tall. (The same person who tried to intimidate me at the police department.)

10. I return to my residence. The voices still in my mind. I try to explain to my family the situation I am in. They don't believe me and due to the pressure I believe them. The voices/handler's still harassing me the whole time. My family takes me to a hospital where they sent me to a mental institution for a three day hold. The gang stalkers still harassed me there. The mental institution even allowed them to call me names at the windows and in the hall. As I was sleeping. It should be recorded by the institution's security cam.

11. Two of the voices during the duration of my stay. I will say treated me very kindly, and kept me calm. When they didn't have to. While in the mental institution the gang stalkers broke into my car, stole the surveillance devices, and my phone that I used to document evidence. I also missed work for the duration and eventually quit. Due to threats and constant harassment. Where my employer did nothing to help me. Before the mental institution released me. They forced me to sign a petition saying I couldn't own a firearm for five years. If I don't sign it I can't be released he said. He forced my signature out me.

12. After the hold I return home and decide to just deal with the voices and gang stalking. Which was the worst decision ever. They drugged me numerous times with sedative gas and hallucinogens. I almost overdose on one occasion. The voices/handlers said I was basically "catatonic." They started controlling my electrochemical processes. To give me anxiety, fear, and every uncomfortable emotion you can imagine. They watch and ridicule me in the shower, and on the toilet. Taunt me on my physical appearance. They would erase my memories from time to time (I can recall four) to put me through ridiculing loops. Where they would pretend to be my family and friends belittling me. That went on for a month until they got bored. Then they said they were "controlling" my family members and even my dog. They threatened to kill and rape my loved ones and I, so many times. I started not to believe them. (My dog later passed away and as I buried him. The voices/handlers ridiculed me when I started to cry.)

13. Another night I fell asleep and the gang stalkers assaulted me by shattering my foot. I have picture documentation of this. The voices/handlers scared me and said they would kill me if I went to the hospital to get it treated. With the shattered foot the voices decide to trick me into a 10 mile military style hike. Through two cities to punish me. They said they call it the "walk of shame." I think they stole the idea from Game Of Thrones. Weeks later my foot heals fine. They don't care at all.

14. Summer 2019, and weeks pass. The voices/handlers and I start to gain a certain degree of understanding. We even start to get along. They even start telling me about the tech they use. I'm an audio engineer/singer/rapper/writer hobbyists. I used my hobby to cope with it all. They related to me because they love sounds/waves as well. The voices/handlers said I was very talented. Even the one who didn't like my musical choices. We all related, traded knowledge of music theory, and they gave communication lessons on frequency. They challenged me to understand the device which they said worked under the same principles as sound. They said I could of been a high-level audio expert. They started to tutor me with cinematic imagery in my mind, philosophical/psychological discussions, and confidence building exercises.

15. All the while I gathered names and descriptions of the voices/handlers the best I could. One said his name was Christopher James from the FBI. He said he was the Caucasian male who tried to stop me during the high speed chase by calling out my name. He also was at the police department trying to intimidate me to leave. Another two African American males from the FBI. I think there in the same unit. They say they were building a case on me, for going onto illegal websites. Another was a Caucasian female from the CIA. She came to mediate because the FBI was getting out of hand with the devices planted in me. Also a half Caucasian/Mexican American from the FBI, and half Caucasian/African American from the CIA. Also they used the local police department and volunteers for the gang stalking. That's there entire squad. They take shifts watching and torturing me. Some worst than others.

16. I later realized the voices/handlers niceties were a ploy to lower my guard. The gang stalkers stole my car, and I report it to the police. Same time frame the voices/handlers tell me a friend is in danger. So I rent a car and trot off into a night of confusion tactics. Where they have me destroy the rental car by putting me to sleep at the wheel, and then crashing me into freeway rail. A few feet a way from the edge of a high hill. That would of sent me into the air. I was undamaged luckily. Then all of sudden a police officer in an outdated cop car pulls behind me. Seconds after the crash. The officer was a African American male in a shabby uniform that didn't look real. Worst of all he had a night stick on the side of his hip. That looked more like a martial arts weapon. Than a officer issued baton. He made sure I was unharmed and then contacted highway patrol. I left a statement it should be documented. I also have the officer's description. Also the rental car establishment is also trying to sue me for \$14,000. The voices/handlers have been trying to ruin my credit and even stole from checks a my workplace and accounts. Which they stole the physical evidence from me. I haven't gone for the bank or workplaces copies.

17. It is now December 2020 as I write this. Since then the voices/handlers still harass, watch, and tell me I'm never getting out of this. They even harassed me on my birthday and belittled me with voices of my friends. Weeks after my birthday. While I was exercising they harassed me and I dislocated my thumb. I got temporary insurance and got it fixed somewhat. I got documentation of that. Still December they said I'm bugged up the ass." An exact quote. The voices/handlers also imply that because I'm poor, and with little capability. I won't be able to do anything about this. The voices ask "which is it." Everyday. EMF, V2K, B2B, or RNM. I think I hear devices in my ear. I can hear feedback only at certain (440 Hz) frequency. Playing at the highest decibel level. It leaves a ringing noise in my ears. They try to confuse me on what they use, and even say they use them all sometimes, so that statement could possibly be a mistake. I might be just ruining my ears.

18. The voices/handlers and I are at an impasse. They don't want to "murder me" they say. They just want me back with my people. I think to myself and they hear. I'm an American, from the Island of Guam. I don't understand, but it's obviously a racist scare tactic. Now I just stay in my home. It's gotten to the point of pathetic banter of philosophy with the voices/handlers. It's a \$2000 dollar ticket to Guam, and we are in the midst of a pandemic. I think I got the entree-level voices/handlers, or something? I know this all sounds extreme, but I am completely confident in my mental stability. Which leaves me and these criminals at an

impassé. As they control my mind and body. I don't know what they have intended for me, or what harm they have caused me in the correct way. As it is still happening to me. I'm at a loss. I tell them "I'm not insane I know your real," but they won't leave me alone. This is not a joke. The handlers/voices just say I'm allowed my way because the CIA came and set "charter rules." I don't understand "charter?" Did they steal that from Sons Of Anarchy? They don't take me serious but I am 100%. This is not a joke.

19. (Extra Details 2019) 1.) I also called 911 and said I was in "distress." The voices/handlers had scared to me death at that point. I never received a call back from 911, or anyone. 2.) I go to the police department to report. They have me waiting and pass me. I have an man in a hat and shades stare at me the whole time. As if we're trying to intimidate me. I just walk out without being seen. (Extra details 2020) 1.) The handlers deploy tortuous tactics the whole duration. They play games like asking me NSA, CIA, or, FBI Paul." They repeated for days on end. After they said it was "old school CIA." I think it's because I won't go back to Guam. I just ignore them daily. The synthetic emotions are easier to handle now, and I just ignore there jeers. I think it might be the shungite necklace I bought on Amazon. It could be a ploy. They might just be making spend the little money I have. 2.) I still don't know how to get these voices/handlers out my mind! I can't work, or do anything at all. I just sit around my family. Who are in blissful ignorance. Staring blankly sometimes listening to them talk. 3.) They recently told me go to "Guam or, a mental hospital." They said "I might be insane if I don't want to leave. As I write this affidavit the voice/handlers imply that "they will covered it all up." That's a classic.

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

Executed this day of 22nd December, 2020.

Signature

Name

P.O. Box 2040 E I Dorado Ave, Oxnard, CA, 93033

City

State

Zip

NOTARAT

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 California

County of Ventura

Subscribed and sworn to (or affirmed) before me on this 22nd day of December, 2020
by

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

SEE NOTARY ATTACHED

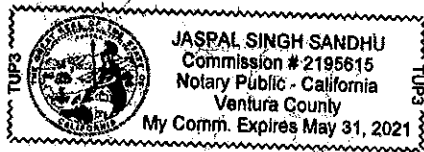
Signature (Seal)

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 California
County of VENTURA

Subscribed and sworn to (or affirmed) before me on this 22
day of DECEMBER, 2020, by _____
PAUL ANTHONY BORJA GOGUE

proved to me on the basis of satisfactory evidence to be the
person(\$) who appeared before me.



(Seal)

Signature

J. SANDHU