

A cleaning girl came by while I was trying to write that about the deodorant and said the usual sorts of things about this pen + paper kit + I felt blocked because so many of the casual-seeming words are actually these bizarre underground-translation tricks, which is why I'd like to find an astronomy group to help stay focused away from getting mired (mired) in these contemporary thinking-ways.

Like where today's tech/aide just got me some more of this paper + instead of just letting me have it ^{1st} there was an odd little scene outside my door with what I call a "like me" type, a short, brown-haired white girl usually with eyeglasses, then she bought it + asked if I was all right or alright now + I'd said yes + thanked her but the alright word is like underground talk like how they "tripe" people for slaughter next. It's 4 pm + not likely that I'll be out of here today, then handy 12/31/15? on this info-board they use for each patient.

I recall that when I joined the Army I was going with, " " had a boyfriend, named Henry Tirodo, whose younger sister was that [redacted] type, Jacqueline Kennedy's mother.

← They're all over this "Armageddon" mess. Since it doesn't look like I'll be leaving today, expecting all day tomorrow too maybe I should try to get back to more specific subjects.

Here's an odd thing, that I've been using these 2 little plastic cups from instant Rice-a-Roni because the "case manager girl" had inexplicably brought them here with some clothes in an early trip and I've been using one just to hold straws and odds+ends in and just went to use it for something else + it had what looked like a newspaper teeny "roach" or 2 paper in its bottom - I guess they were stacked together + I'd taken one to the bathroom sink and left this one by this room sink and there're these keige + best-brown looking little rolled bits of paper in its bottom I see now as I'd gone to put soap into it, making sure it was clean 1st. It seems to always have been in this "Armageddon Show" that the technically-correct unkeen, cowardly are okay to translate-interpret things like my being sabotaged somehow like that with telling "audiences" that I'm dirty and have roaches. They are always doing things like that + the "audiences" are strangers who can't know any differences and get ZURELY into this trap.

[redacted] just walked by and walked in and mentioned that [redacted] will be a safe place for me. I said I don't know about that, it's right near that [redacted] but I'll be out of here and able to get back to looking for a place after I get that paper work, so that will be great, and she said she'll be working with the 2 social workers on it and winked as she left, which I haven't seen anyone do in ages, having had that habit from the Bronx - time I guess and knowing it when the Huxley-like boyfriend had asked me not to, saying that it's something his mother did, but I shouldn't, which I didn't understand, except that all these people I've known seem to have been sent from the underground to act-out Armageddon-directed scripts. Two days ago I was walking in the hallway and she'd done a peculiar little thing of doing a look, a glare at me that's like what a stereotype in San Francisco did a couple of times, while she was talking to someone who looks from behind at least like that

type, maybe connected to Warren Buffett who's connected to Rose Blumkin, that this type has a thin, balding blond/light red type of hair, ^{and} eyeglasses. The 1st time I'd noticed one it was like a big course set-up, maybe in early to mid-1988, where I was told to be the court clerk in a hearing at Juvenile Hall. When I hesitated before screening a person in for the 1st time + with no warning that I ever would be doing so the regular clerk was somehow still there and jumped up to do just that part. Out of nowhere, the hallway, what seemed like about 20 people had filed in and I'd been responsible for writing down all their names somehow! and on it went, a hearing where the mother wanted her little toddler-girl, Nieves Bosque, which translates to Snowy Wood-forest by the way, thinking of all this horror I'm always being manipulated to, back, the mother having straightened out her life and finances and had an apartment ready to keep the little girl to,

and the foster parents who wanted to keep and adopt the baby plus a set of "de facto parents" somehow, who I think were okay with the foster parents' keeping her or would also keep her, and that bizarre business went on for around an hour, but for no apparent reason the foster father, this "glaring stereotype" stood right there in a corner of the little hearing room and just demonically-like glared at me, the Commissioner, Anthony Concotta or similar was/is his name, and all these lawyers all didn't say a word and I just ignored this, obsequious and busy with keeping the paperwork straight, still trying to figure out somebody's name and writing it down in the correct spot, especially the "de facto parent" couple's. The mother actually needed just a little more time to get furniture and/or save up a little more money, I recall. The Commissioner, after a break, recess, during which he showed me a black + yellow capsule and then took + swallowed it (which reminds me of using the German "Recato" amphetamine-type over the counter pills which I didn't connect to the Commissioner's pill at the

time, he then decided or read aloud that the little girl should go back to her mother immediately AND so could her 6- or 8-year old brother, in a different foster home, which seemed like too much to me to do to a single female parent, whose women generally have less income for things than men get, etc. And the guy probably still glared at me till everyone trooped back out of the room. With those "de facto" which means "in fact," in reality, parents the whole thing must have been some curse-trick on me, that it was unreal-like. There was a photo of the girl on a riding horse in a backyard and she looked like my fraud-sister's daughter, the older of the 2, now in their 30s, that I was always trying to write a novel based on the 2 months in 1982 that I'd been able to spend with her, ^{at that age,} to add to the curse-like situation, that that was tailored for me. And then I'd seen "the glarer" once on Mission St. probably in 1989 and once on Market Street with out, looked like the wife, the foster mother, and then when this "Vision and Voice Amegdon Show" started in 1993 1 of those was a character named Herman who only appeared once, the idea being that he was a pervert stereotype.

I'd seen this guy here as a patient or visitor and never give stereotyping any thought except when I'd/am inundated by those like the fraud-parent-stranger I barely know despite a huge # of these letters back and forth the last 10 years, till the Dr. [redacted] had ~~done~~ turned from him and looked at me with that same sort of glare, and now the "snowy woods" is spooky since that's my near-future, and, the 1st time I'd been hit, at Cornocourt by a car turning from Knowles, the ambulance or [redacted] Flyers Mill Road corner's ambulance, was right there and I woke up on a hospital table, maybe someone's mentioning the name that I know it was Suburban, and by the end of the table there was a "[redacted] type" looking and when I saw that or in conjunction with maybe they were using those horrifying oxygen masks on me and I was struggling to get it off my face so I could breathe, and I saw the guy, ~~and separat~~ like smiling, reassuring- or nicely or such, and I thought, they're trying to kill me! and I started struggling. Then I don't recall anything except the bizarre dream-like sequence where it seemed like that since I

felt that way I'd been transferred to a hospital in downtown New York, then myle that I'd gotten out of the and was in the streets/gutter. Somehow time in a healing setting like that passed. All I can recall so far is that when I got to the Kensington Life Haven, in real life, I thought I'd have to explain having not been there that previous overnight & the Keitawa staff just waved me on. I guess I must have already been moved to the room #1 or I'd recall going to the other room, where the roommate was gone -- was that that same night, that I was gone when there was said to have been a big police scene with removing her. So now this about the belongings' being missing is spooking me a little, that they've done everything to disappear, poor little me.

It's far-fetched but possible that the healing room curse was merely for my previous months' mailing of the healing-date notices to the families, for both these "dependents" and for the older kids in like a jail there, the "juvenile delinquents," and had cleared up a backlog to where they got the date of the next healing, before it had happened, the whole system a "racket."

And that guy, a pevert or maybe a Mormon, had expected to be able to keep the little Hispanic girl but the representative for the hearing, family knew when to show up at court to object to that and so didn't totally lose the child, and why the regular clerk, (Gloria Lee, " had sat watching this also. And a bailiff was there and no one mentioned the guy's demand gleefully at obnoxious little me. That was 26-27 years ago. And after all these years that niece never contacts me, and I'd just talked to her sister and she sounded real happy, bright and cheery, and showed no interest in anything but I guess being told to speak to a stranger - relative on the phone for a minute or briefly, most of the call just being to get the Sokenban Hospital & room # phone # down correctly, then they never called back, my ID card is gone and I'm off to a new place but that's going to be in a snowy woods soon, with this Warren Buffett type probably around. My sanity based on actually reviewing 1- the DHA paperwork + all my paperwork + then the little necessity - belongings I've only got, then

I'd just have to keep trying to do this through the cold months and hope for the best, when it sounds like a luxury-place, compared to what I'm happy with, get by on well enough, only want to get back to. If Georgetown Univ. heard that my thought is to move near them so I could use their library and try to get their astronomers interested in what I'm saying about our Solar system, ... I've only mentioned it to 1 person, maybe this male SW character, because I'd be afraid something like this might be an attempt to prevent that move, because Georgetown U. is the landlord of the owner of that 2nd + D Sts., NW, property and their Law school is the entire next block or so, the 10 years this Azerbaijan-making honor has gone on. I left the John L. Young looking like it's really a cornal of females, and worse looks to have been going on in that back parking lot for the last 2⁺ years or the whole time or before I got there, this infirmary they have that's under the Open Door and has back doors into the parking lot for smoke breaks, all that under the "F.-son #2's off-spring-dependent's" area.

Imagine my surprise if my stuff is still intact on the Internet/web and I could not only get this scanned but then could just pick up and continue this where it had been left off, to avoid the honor of having to repeat all the basics again. I re-read the advertising from their website that Steve, the SW, pointed out for me and it says that a private computer room is available for their residents and those's families. Private? And it says nothing about # of residents, usually a main detail, Our 119-bed facility, etc.

I'd have to repeat the basics in any fresh letters I was fully able to get around to, if I was allowed to use the private computer room that much, stuck on that there's nothing left but Astronomers to try to get through to, that this beautiful Solar system's been stagnant and dying off since the Cambrian and its sadism started thousands of years ago, and then into the "Autism" and "Autism-psychoopathy" explanations I usually try to do.

Now another new nurse plus again about the # of the heparin shots. -- God help me, that worst or next-to-that-worst subject. Plus, it might even be that heparin had been 3X and was given #2 till I got used to that pattern and now switched back, = unlikeli

I told her this pen-ink is almost gone and she said she'd keep looking for 1 in mind, and she mentioned for the 1st time this brain trauma. This must have been done/perpetrated during the week I was allegedly comatose, "cracking" the skull, as the accident had seemed, relatively harmless compared to the 1st one which I'd somehow been just fine after, not even any worse and that car had hit me hard.

When I woke up a week in ICU everyone was watching the news from San Bernardino, maybe the CNN channel, and I think the next night they had one of those oxygen masks on me that the patient can't unhook off of their face, maybe they call it a "box mask" or similar. With 1 of those on and especially in a bed-flat position my lone's mouth becomes full of secretions that maybe you can't swallow because of the way the mask obstructs your regular breathing and swallowing movements, and it seemed they really might leave me alone in the bed like that till I drowned on my (own) saliva. After maybe an hour of on and off struggling I finally moved one clip and then its partner so that the right side came loose and I could breathe.

Example from 1/25/16

onto your face's suffocating me because I couldn't spit out saliva that was collecting while I slept and I couldn't breathe or get the mask off or find any call light.

This is the 3rd time I've been in a hospital since April 2014 and there hasn't been anything legitimate about the 3 visits, all forced by this top-secret underground's sneaking around around me for the various wrongful purposes. I've been trying to get any responsibly-behaving adult or witness protection's help since 2005 and 2008 respectively, and was just unable to explain any of this "double-Armageddon" before then, or even triple-Armageddon if it's true that the Revelation-Armageddon's author didn't represent the entire underground-people's system but only their own interest within that system, and then there are all the group's that have had to behave criminally and sinfully just in order to try to survive, and in the meantime the solar system's been dying for thousands of years because of all the sadism and destruction by the one angry and confused at being lost little group of an eon ago who keep the angry brain alive by the artificially-done inbreeding.

The only medical problem most anyone has got is the existence of this angry group and maybe the situation could be straightened out if I as a token ~~exam~~ normal person example could get protection and I'd explain everything I can in writing like this, as I've been doing all along since I've had this unnatural little life. Only an interested volunteer could be bothered to read in order to follow this much material.

original lost in the copy machine + one flush the back cover 1/25/16, extra 211A

Eventually someone came in again and put it back on me but I was more pulled together and coped and after that started begging them not to use it anymore, then to to-do's (ap) about forgetting after 1st the back catheter came out then a day later the front, and now I recall that before the telephone call from the front parent and the 30-year old niece I haven't seen since she was 5 and sounds like a ren-of-the-mill stranger with no ascertainable worries, already the day before that my detrit CRRC "pnp" had first been by, to visit, already on Friday, when it seems I'd only woken on Thursday and that must have been Thanksgiving, I'd been updated on that I'd been unconscious for a whole week in a way that sounded confusing & it was Sunday before I had it pinned down for sure that it was Sunday, then I think Sunday night is when they brought me to this 2nd floor, maybe that was the 28th of November. So this Kensington place I'll likely be winter-stayed in if I live to & through that transfer, from here has a history of being a suburban retreat for

Christian Scientists, and I'll try to learn when that temple was built, but this is like big-time "underground world" of cannibalism and the "brain-eating" I call it, believers. Then there's this new thing of that there seem to be underworld "monitors" that watch everything you do on computer, and this is "rage" gimmick, with the glazer and the fraud-parent and whoever else uses anger for pleasing the system's "core," I call it, the developmentally disabled's' headquarters under cover that Siberia/Mongolia + Tuva border area, that they sit back like in high chairs and watch anything like babies watch mobiles.

Notice that now I recall, and think I'd later made a note on, a visit somehow on Friday and probably from that pnp. The only -- well she wouldn't have visited on a Saturday, as I can only figure that the fraud-parent's call was on Saturday -- yeah, Saturday afternoon, as the niece #2 if you will said that her mom and the mom's husband were out somewhere and my impression was that it was like stopping on a Saturday afternoon whereas Sunday I might have thought that maybe they were visiting somewhere, instead. So notice the (juxtaposition?)

of the pnp visit with then feeling like I was being killed that night when I was actually not-dying, with no idea if that was luck or Armageddon-script, but I thought I was going to die because that heavy-duty "oxygen mask" was killing me, being allowed to do so, right after the CRRC nurse saw that I wasn't going to be dying or wasn't, God help us all, brain-damaged. So I'm always worrying that this attachment "show" had wanted to do that to my skull for some ulterior motive for their agenda. All I can do is hope to meet my "illory tower" type of astronomer who isn't thinking about having to prey on anyone for food.

Edwin Hubble was a close friend of Aldous Huxley. If I hadn't done alot of travelling I wouldn't be able to feel so sure that the Earth really is round, since most things all seem to be from this He-system. Hardly anything has changed about knowledge of the solar system in the 30+ years of NASA, back to when it was thought there were 7 planets, back to Copernicus/Kepler + Galileo + Bruno, none of which I understand much about. I like those old orreries, like a table-top model of the system.

12/30/15, Wed.

10⁴⁵AM + I've done nothing. 7AM it's the so comfortable in bed that I want to stay under the covers but the shower water starts cooling down after 7:30 and if it isn't a hot shower it doesn't feel that good to me so I've been going through this everyday and then wanting to go back to bed after breakfast and today I've just sat with my bare feet up on the bed and it occurred to me that another "4-day-seeming" "holiday" is coming up and there might get to be too much sleep (where I can't really feel rested without my belongings, and being able to get outside if I want, run my errands, anyway.) I rationalize that Suburban's been letting my skull heal here, but I've always got me all-alone and with I-don't-know-what invisibly, anonymously attached going on.

1- "The Jew" like on page 4 bottom, under the Bryant Avenue, Bx. (Bronx,) French Connection picture I'm trying to show that as slaves guys like the "Man In Oriental Costume" had set up the whole thing and that photo for ritual purposes, that "Jew" or "Semite" or "Jesus," etc., type of "voice" is 215

the only "voice" that's permitted by me, because they have legitimate (another word I've been afraid to use, as I think I've used it once on a flyer and then saw an amputated person).

2- I'm scared that these "offspring-descendants" of that fraud-parent have attached to me, to the point that my skull was cracked and legs hurt like that/this was because of them or for them or by them.

I usually call the offspring-descendants (descendants, sp.) by the "code" or nickname I call the fraud-parent by, which is the name of the little town I send the envelopes to but I can't use that in here because it would be saying where this "Science Fiction" and Armageddon-making person lives, where also it seems there are higher-ranking versions of the genes from what I figure is the parent-male, that Siamese King Rama II, Vajiravudh. I read that Europeans had such a difficult time with the name Vajiravudh that the title Rama was invented and then given to the line of alleged ancestors back to then new-named Rama I.

Then there's the fear of that "next-of-kin" horror of "rule" over my life, that the fraud-parent could "sign me away" I always worry

2/6

Now the girl from the CRRC is the one that's brought the BCHA-paperwork to me. I asked where she got it from and she said Kensington and that she wouldn't stay long and she left and I thanked her, without even asking about the rest of my "stuff" or belongings, let alone the 2 bags of the papers like this. -- Now the hospital's, [redacted] [redacted] Social worker came in and said there is a social worker to talk with me about my future housing plans and I'd said that that voucher, the BCHA-paperwork, is to work on after I get out of here, though, and she said the social worker's name is [redacted] and I said "Didn't you read this?" picking up the plastic bag, clear plastic bag with the 1st page on top and said that I'd written this because I'm trying to get away from (or what phrasing I'd used) the company she works for, and [redacted] left, then ~~that~~ said something [redacted] ("the SW-character") and I said that I'm supposed to be going to a Kensington nursing facility and she said that yes they are working toward that,

and then maybe there was a little idea-of-reference scene with say an underground-captive-type who'd be willing to play-act-live being in my place up here, like a threat and/or just a little something I can pass time fretting about.

In the book, by A. Huxley, "Brave New World," the director Mostapha Mond is one of the page-4 #2 slave-types.

I'd been thinking that Georgetown University's library is likely to have material on Siam. I'm not even sure which country is closest to them, Cambodia on the east? I hadn't gotten to looking at the "royalty" of those countries and Burma. All I could figure is that they'd travelled there by land from Tova-area, like a straight drop south, which towns would have been -- another word I'm afraid of, the poor little "stop" word, which towns would have been the stopping points, if that's how they'd, I guess, taken over from that areas native peoples.

All the "ruins" everywhere done before the developmentally-disabled and their slave-workers arrived... Now it's a worry that that scene was fixed to be able to say/write in my chest

that help had arrived and I'd turned it down, so they could fulfill the U.A./my fraud-parents' "wishes," for getting me locked-in as a perverts/~~stambak~~' LURF victim, bait. That's always my big worry, that I can't trust the legality... besides that in general and the fraud-parents' allowing to me getting hospitalized if I asked for money-help once around 2007 and that there was a big painting outside the John L. Young that had lots of those hallocino-tittle pictures with the surface appearance and one was of a Florence Sabin or me type all in white where it could be a medical uniform or a patient-gown, locked in, somehow I'd seen some film, that I figure now maybe was just about Frances Farmer, who'd had something like a lobotomy and went from actress to drugstore clerk I think that goes. When I read about it it didn't sound like this long ago TV-movie I thought I'd seen, where a blonde was locked in a psych unit and started screaming, is all I really recall, that doctors had left from speaking with her and she was in a hallway and just started screaming like at their backs, I guess because she wanted out of there and had heard that she couldn't leave yet. In retrospect I got the idea that maybe it was a fiction-story based on what had happened to Marilyn Monroe. 219

← As with JFK I can "wonder" if MM hadn't also decided to dock out on the regular people and go to fantasy-land underworld bother biographies, the biographies or material on her, are full of the cursing-type of people, all packed all around and being a victim-type I can notice the tricks.

I think maybe it -- the name of the Los Angeles or Hollywood hospital, underneath where Jodie Foster grew up - Cedars of Lebanon Hospital? -- I guess that MM had had gynecology - maybe an abortion there that this system would have been likely to have kept ~~around~~ alive. And maybe that wasn't long after she'd met Martin Gang --. I always have to check the vital statistics, when and where people were born and I don't recall his birthdate, that maybe he was a son or a brother to Murder, Inc.'s Lepke Buchalter. They're a regular stereotype. When I met one recently I only recalled that I'd known one that looked like that, and I thought the guy was the offspring-descendant of the one I'd "gone with" and wrote him a note that I thought I'd met his parent or "father" or such, just before I left the Veterans On the Rise^z to go to the Safe Haven. The guy was a dark shade brown-black. Then I recall Stewart Udall as probably being that same "genotype." When I used the word genotype nobody knew what I was talking about so I say "type."

So I'd had it in mind that that TV-movie was based on what had really happened to Marilyn Monroe, she woke up and found herself locked in in a psych hospital, and then I learned that Herman Kahn had around then started his "Hudson Institute" right near the big V.A. hospital that's not far from the 'Frank-parents', had moved to Craton-on-Hudson just before or after her death, reported death, and then I'd started reading about a company that then opened, called CACI, and it was also involved then in the 2003⁺ scandal at Abu Ghraib/Grabit, Abu Grabit probably, prison in Iraq. The CACI company is real suspicion-category, me with the feeling that they went into mass-reproducing from Ms. Monroe's overies for free-victim-types for the underground boys to use for this brain-eating. It was like the main "coded" theme at the John L. Young, that that₂ was what was usually going on underneath there, with some types of the underworld-slaves' being imured (inured?) to passing around opened-up heads so the "audiences" like of tourists to DC, could use like tongs to pick out the pieces they wanted, like hors d'oeuvres, (sp.) that get one high -- and now a little scene with a tall white male's pottin' up or making an Infectious Waste sign look conspicuous, as the nurse had reminded me about lunch and I called the kitchen and saw him, 221

like that my regular diet causes everyone around to infected with the thought and sight of the 3 meals a day want some also and it's a waste, because of me getting it. Optimism is also infectious and I try not to do that because it's twisted to de-spiriting uses. That's what I think the "Armageddon Show" was doing, the anonymous and unseen "Armageddon Show" people excitedly spread rumors or say that I'm about going against the secret underground/the system, and "the bums" trick people to like a big hall or room or auditorium and the "show" changes all of a sudden and the people are locked in and "disappeared" in the different kill-ways. Another kill trick looked like the underground sends people to race-jog around on the streets. All I could figure is that activity causes the brain-chemicals to be emitted, like being terrified does too, and then when the jogger gets decapitated the brain is wet with adrenaline that's used for amphetamine-speed feel good, "LSD" or hallucinogens. Like the drug-industry is commissars (sp) I guess they see different types of people as different types of highs that are gotten from the brain. And as though they become smart or beautiful when they eat that type of person's, sacrosanct, brain.

2PM, I went to get some sugar from my little "condiments"
← section and see that my whole little 5 1/2 week-old collection
has, was, disappeared.

I'm worried again about this horrifying "next of kin" can do anything
male-system problem, about that horrifying fraud-parent real-life
strange male stranger horror all over my then, despite || this
self-supporting self's life, and off of the subject and more
connected to about the Mormons yesterday, I'd found a couple of
pictures I was looking for in a book called "Mafia" and so decided
to look at all the faces in this like identification police-identification
book to see if any were like the fraud-parents and surprisingly
I didn't notice anything similar, but the guys mostly seemed some
similar to each other and "Neanderthaloid" type and I got the impression
they'd been like products, enslaved people the Mormons had mass-reproduced
off of maybe Siberian Neanderthals. Now I wonder if maybe they'd
descended from Brigham Young.

I don't know what is going on but I really have been healing and
that's necessary, so it's nice, I think, that I'm able to do it here,
but wish it would hurry. I also can't guess if this, God help, "crack"
isn't on purpose for some new "shave" or captivity ulterior motive, like

Where they were obviously tugging on me as though there's a leash tied into my torso when I got out of the GLOUT in May 2014, if they've "evolved" to tugging on the back of my brain when they want me or my thoughts to go differently. It's only when I'm in bed that there's a dizziness if I move my head too quickly maybe or maybe it's the "underground," the "slow" sneak-doing the new trick of brain-tempering but making it seem like it's got to do with turning over too quickly. But it is feeling a little less "cracked" each day I guess, so it seems as though I'm fortunate that I'm able to stay here and do this letter-writing toward trying to defend my freedom of movement, and this was pretty predictable when the "Veterans On the Rise" and then the "Safe Haven" had each had a computer that could be used, that I'd eventually, after a few minutes of warm-up, write anything the system found objectionable. So while we're here dicker-ing about tiny details the planet really is close to the TPE. TPE means that if humans live for another 1000 years all that had transpired will be the same as if it had never happened. So I'm never not-impatient to at least try to be pro-active toward averting that. That about the ozone layer's being like a (yolk-sac) membrane around the planet gives me the worry that like the opposite of a birth the planet might be going to fall out of that holding-in the necessities for biology necessity.

If you figure how the generational-slave prisoners figured out photography from the shadows on silver plates or whatever to this pictures-everywhere world we're living in now, that that's what all the "magic" comes down to. The 20th century guy who'd 1st invented TV had likely started with trying to send help-messages. I read what the "light-waves" are called but the write-up didn't include radio, which someone as non-technical as me would figure is similar and just before TV. The "magic" of holograms is what I guess enables the underground to have your image to do things to. Poor planet, I don't know if most of the "voices" comes from radio transistors' being inserted into people's heads. I figure the concept, besides in imitation of the natural spirit world, came from that Siamese twins could read each other's thoughts, that the fract-parent had had a background of being a "multi-birth" like that as the "Armageddon" was learning to mass-reproduce their own army people, were in a hurry and thought that could speed up the process, as with the epicentral folds' being unfinished eyelids from incomplete gestation. I mainly think that about the fract-parent because he has a huge scar on his back where he says a calcium deposit was removed when he was very young, which reminds that I'd previously thought that that might be from a background with that "Hunchback of Notre Dame" which is a possibility. The 4-foot tall New World "dod's" woke the

heavyweight, sleeping Neanderthals and partnered them to go to war against the other males so they could get the other males' females, and the women just screamed, would rather jump off a cliff than be crested on by the stronger, so thousands of years later they get their way by doing things like this to me, plus I've always been an unaware prisoner, going from one "play's prepared" to another. Probably when I've gotten a job and leave for the day the phone has rung and the new employer's starts getting manipulated, and that's grown over all these decades to where this whole "circus" just moves in underneath wherever I go and, parasites away at whatever there is that they can get from the new "audiences," disarming the people with insult-patter jokes about myself and this stuff line with the stranger-"queen" character, the bulk of the "Armageddon Show and Armageddon-making, and even mentioning it this much has the "show" hallucinations' crawling all over me, which could be dangerous to even mention, like finding those little burnt-paper "roaches" and jettling about that yesterday probably led to the idea of disappearing my condiments from their little section by this sink. Today's order said he didn't do it and I was right here when the guy cleaned today, etc, that I also have to be careful to never suspect or blame anyone, as

anything might get "mind-read" and system-twisted into an excuse for hurting anyone they want to hurt anyway, and be able to blame it on me and feel innocent or at least make me feel guilty.

Above, with photography, I forgot to include that the general pattern is that the slaves invent or discover or make something and credit is given to one of the "d.d." types or someone that looks like more their family-group or a "brand" of people that's being pushed, etc.,

that now a female Dr. Chetty, Chetty, come by and said she's replacing Dr. Zuzak. -- Remember yesterday I'd jotted about the "the glare" little trick she'd done -- and rhetorical questions or statements like that I've been too scared of to use for years now, where really they break up the memory of just my overly didactic type ^{straight} sentences. One criticism and someone is gone just like that. There'd been some overlap when she'd replaced Dr. Garg. I put the little lines so I could find this page, 12/30/15, wed, in case I try to figure out when she appeared, as the power of this (mostly-phony) industry over people's lives is terrifying. The shortness-of-breath comes from the "underworld" body-tampering onto me, leaving me on a hallucino-leash trick

21

so that's connected to the lungs and the medical-world calls it COPD and give you lung-medicine, but at Washington Hospital Center I more or less, they were trying to get me to agree to a cardio-exploratory or some such they call it, -- it was just horrifying and I refused, a terrible situation, that I'd hope/do hope to be able to scan my notes from them onto the blog-/website for. Finally, at the Deenwood library in early July I put together that the "COPD" lungs are more or less attached with your heart, the ~~breathing~~ lungs and the heart are more or less attached by the blood-circulation, they're together. So I hadn't been able to shower normally for 8 months or so, all lukewarm at best last winter shower and hand-washing water, sink-water, and the filth they "magic" poison me with in my mouth/throat at night which is still a problem, accumulated and blocked-up my circulation systems to the 25 pounds of water-weight and difficulty with air at that shelter, etc., till I wound up in WITC and they ~~wanted~~ said I have/had heart problems and asked for consent to do an exploratory and 3 months later I proved what I told them then, that my health problems were only from

going without normal hot-water shower, then 3 months later I saw that it's predictable because they're attacked by the blood's circulation system that lung-problems from pollution are going to eventually crowd-out the heart's good health also, but they had this young stereotype-type like exemplify this everyday and everywhere Autism that I'm talking about, "d.d.," where becoming a doctor-surgeon is like sublimating the psychopathy for cutting and killing people. (Shaw)

I haven't read about the heart surgeon Dr. Michael DeBakey, but a hypothetical example is that his "type" would do all the cutting and killing to learn how to do surgery and then teach someone like the first heart transplant surgeon Christian Bernard and let Bernard get credit for being the inventor or first at whatever the new ability is, as though the d.d. is a genius, no mention of the thousands of people that were "guinea pigs" for the teacher-type to be able to learn from before it could be taught to the "Autist," and the whole medical industry is for the vari-benefits to the captor-world, making them all feel like rich bigshots and geniuses, when there aren't really any heart problems ~~except~~ outside of the Autism-syndrome problems and what they create by their "science" of wrongfully

"growing" people from purloined ovaries. The 1st thing I'd learned about was this phony "visions and voices" business and I said to those that wherever this is coming from is going to take the human race extinct because, bluntly, only a "moron" would care to waste their time long enough to learn how to do this to the sacrosanct brain. That

~~Then in,~~ on was 1993. Then on Oct-16, 1999 I finally figured out that everybody acts so strange because our society, our food, is cannibalism-based. In 2005-06 I realized there's a connection between Autism and the brain-chemical serotonin and being a "brain-eater," -inger, was what was odd and distant-seeming about what then around 2006-07 I realized was a phony- or now "fraud-parent," I realized that ovaries had been being taken out of women and fertilized wrongfully, people being mass-reproduced and going back about 600 years. All 4 of those realizations,

- the brain-tempering
 - the cannibalism
 - the brain-eating
 - the "growing" of people from cut-out ovaries,
- each of those by itself is leading to total human extinction, then by 2008 I realized this is so unrelenting that they would break the

planet rather than back down and admit to error.

And that's what "they" were using against me, alluding to that every American's holocaust-death is/was my fault because I didn't want the queen-character "crawling" on me, wouldn't say or agree to or admit that she is better than I am, better for the preference of all the males, starting with the "Ronald McDonald" Aldous Huxley (probably) offspring-descendant, from the "Armageddon" script to do this to me the underworld started in 1979, when I'd moved out to San Francisco. That character's vision and voice preferred that female to me but wouldn't cease hanging on my brain because of the script, and I was getting blamed for the system-anger that was causing what looked like a holocaust going on especially in 2006-08, there around the 2nd and D St, NW, like ordinary people being retributed for my thinking go away to the voices. Then in 2014 I saw the French Connection Bronx photo and realized the "phony-parent" or "system's parent-choice onto me," illegitimate parent, had probably always been an "LSD"-, hallucinogen-industry skull cracker, and its money is running the whole world economy now, and now I'm sitting here with that's anonymously having been done to my head.

There might be a connection between whenever those mammoths got avalanche-buried in Siberia and the cannibalism-in-Alaska drama scene that I'm figuring had caused creation-/evolution-work to cease, come to a standstill, that I'd like to get a date on the avalanche/s. This planet was likely "tipped," its axis was, maybe even to save the lives of the sun-determined hypothesized early group. Little Mercury planet might have gotten burnt because Earth was brought as close to the sun as possible so the "losts" wouldn't freeze to death, but that's a different instances, where the cannibalism scene would have been around the time of Troy, when they had become used to cooked food but didn't know how to go about getting the meat and didn't want to go without, and I guess already didn't want their own types females, wanted the big, healthy blondes and their breast milk, so they started cannibalism and the spirits went into a "tizzy" of trying to scream not to do that, leading to war against all the spirits also.

That's how this "Armageddon Show" had been passed off to me, as though the voices are from spirits, and spirits prematurely separated from their mortal bodies, went on like that for a long time, a year or 2 or maybe 3 till I realized it's all a hoax.

There's only 1 good example but explaining all the background will take awhile and there's going to be an interruption soon, for dinner -- now they called to check-see if I want any. And I don't even have my "safety net" of the condiments section, no extra tea bags or crackers or that 1 little jelly container I'd been saving in case of emergency. There really was 1 time that they didn't send a meal, and I is just a prisoner, -- always that TV-movie of the blonde screaming because she's locked in concept in my mind, and everybody else, where by this time everyone's got some sort of "Past-Lives Captivity Trauma" in their inherited brain or another and shudder thinking of worse fear of that, like the "Jesus-types" like on page 4, bad subject, humans always getting cornered and imprisoned by the Artists and their circle, the only way not to get killed being to be friends with or approved of by them.

6:30pm - I'm trying to figure how to make this as brief as possible so it isn't used for the "show" LURE or gets "too exciting" for this bizarre general torture-set of the mind-reading industry + "psychiatric" horror ground problem-set that I've got, + generally I'd start I'd start with the "Rainbow" 1979 "script" to lead up to -- see and "the show" is already going into the LURE-like syndrome and the too-exited too, like the contemporary beasts have to stay fixed to the holiday + its weekend now. 233

I realized later that John D. Rockefeller 3rd was likely behind getting San Francisco to cooperate with this "showscript" of nobody's telling me anything about being watched from the underworld, and I usually use a photo of his donating a lot of American artwork to San Francisco's Fine Arts Museum, with Mayor Moscone in it and he got assassinated later that year, the photo from January 1978, shortly after I'd moved-in across the Bay, with that buy first to San Rafael, then to SF, then the embarrassing "seduction" with the Shuben-type's friend, then, on the 5th of July I met this bartender I've been nicknaming as "Ronald McDonald" and generally refer to as "the SF Clown," but really have no idea or interest in anything except anyone's getting out of the system, I have no real idea what the guy thought or thinks or whatever that he was doing, and then the assassinations and then the Jonestown massacre happened, and in the Spring of 1979, my 1st semester in college, SFSU, the guy did a scene where there were 2 rainbows in the sky and he said they were for he and I and he talked a lot about that he might try to reverse the human race from a planned horror but he had no one to help him and I'd said I'd help and about 2 years later he broke up real horribly, and in late 1991 that "Armageddon" and Termination of the crimes 234

talk was recalled by me as I'd bought a computer and on 1/21/92 this "spirit" of that guy appeared in my OH living room, as I was packing my belongings to become homeless. I guess I'd somehow already written most of this "Armageddon Is Now" 5 1/4" disk, maybe scratching the name to "Max," that he was a real hero and had passed along warnings to me that I was passing along now when I didn't know if I'd survive to have a chance - I must have started it with the idea of Shareware, but I don't think I'd done this writing about how great "Max" was with the idea of making any money, just that it might be the only chance I get to say anything about anything, sort of like this, might be the only little thing left of me, all these years of typing and this.

His "spirit's" appearance delayed my getting out of the apartment for what seems like maybe 2 weeks, staying off of the security-deposit money, then I took off like with a shopping cart full of the just-finished disks that I got from that rural-type area down to Brooklyn and somehow address-labelled and mailed around 100 or 30 and had maybe 25, maybe fewer, more left that I could carry and I called about where a shelter might be and got directed to the Brooklyn Women's Shelter,

which I never gave a thought to trying to re-locate
the next trip to Brooklyn, 2003-05, as a home health aide.
At the Women's Shelter it became Feb. 29th, Leap Day,
"Sadie Hawkins' Day," and I asked the spirit if
he'd marry me and he said no and I said to
then get out of here and nothing I could do could
get this "spirit" to go elsewhere, me explaining
that that he's job could be done without the
spirit's sitting living in my head; and I got
that "looked-in" realization's fear, I realized that
this was going to live in my brain and I was a
person. A few days later that one found a
similar "lost" spirit friend, who turned out to be
like that the "Ste. Foy" looks like, what I would now
call a "classic Artist-psychopath," but then seemed
like an unfortunate 16-year old "lost" from his
body, permanently-disembodied spirit, and this went
on with me taking notes all day long every day as the
only way to try to clearly make out what they were
saying, only way to communicate with them and then
the other guys who were also inoperative, but
a couple from my old jobs spirits showed up and
the situation became uncomfortable for me. I don't recall 236

their ever saying anything, maybe just a slight sight of them, as they travelled to visit infrequently. I rented a room in Cooney Island and got another computer and started typing up "The Spirits' Liberation Manifesto" and then "The Making of the Spirits' Liberation Manifesto" and anything I could think of toward selling printed-out and then photocopied stories for \$1 apiece while I worked as like a bathroom matron at Ruby's Bar not far from the Nathan's hotdog place, ~~right near the train station,~~ ~~where I'd also worked, right near the train station.~~

At some point "Max's' body" also started voice-talking into my head, a little bigger than the skinny, immature spirit body, and I was always typing away and then that couple's real bodies had showed up to visit Max at his home in San Francisco and it went on with its being like a threesome watching while I go through the motions I go through, finding jobs and getting there and feeding and etc. of myself and it got really torturous, as it had been since Feb. 29th. After awhile the body was going to kill the couple and I guess he killed the guy but not the female and he started demanding to know if I thought he should or shouldn't do

that and then I had this "psychopath" but in a different
form than the still-existing David out near my shoulder like
subliminally, but in all the confusion I wasn't really
aware of it and it/the voice/he started encouraging
that I'd be rid of her, from the taunting behavior and
"Max's' body's" interest in her and finally I thought-started
to yes go ahead and do that and that was done and about
2 days later there was a vision-picture of her
spirit wafting over the passed mortal body, sort
of like the Pietà statue in the Vatican, by
Michelangelo, of Mary with her murdered son Jesus,
really sad, and guess who was now stuck "carrying"
that spirit around, it more or less voted Queen
of the, "Let's Rescue Humanity" club I'll call it because the
"SF Clown's" phrase is too LURE-script exciting,
went on for years like that, faded off in 1998, all
the characters disappearing + just this entity like on
page 4 here for most of the time since then, and this
"2 little retarded girls" singsonging seem-alikes of myself,
attuned singsong-echoers that look like a tamed me
more or less.

That 1 split scene was 1 of the few useful things
the script has ever done, an only good example. I was
just, am only coming on and coming while frozen with fear
since that Feb-29, 1992 finding out that I couldn't get
rid of this voice in my head/brain, that that is like
being killed, having your brain invaded whenever someone wants
to sit in and on it. When "Max's" body" started doing this
"communicating" also I was always aware that I was only
person to whatever was doing on, and it used to get
me angry all the time too now I recall, like a
regular pattern like this LURE set-up has patterns,
and my bad moods are redistributed onto innocents, syndrome,
like I guess they blamed me for the agreement to the
girl/body's murder, by checking I think it was, +
now I figure that she'd been an obsession of the
front-parent's before I'd found the job, about 13 miles
from their home and walking distance from the 2 places
I'd found to live in, and they're still blaming me about that
fearful any chance they get, that "the show" gets, always
looking to pump it up for LURING people into captivity,
which is why I'm trying to get this set aside before this
next "holiday," that they do LURE "shows" about any "holiday" 239

12/31/15, Thurs.

Terrible dream early this morning, that I woke up to try to call the Safe Haven because I thought it was their garbage day and they might have put my things out on the curb, till I realized it's Thursday, not Tuesday. These "dreams" actually usually get me angry so that I've hardly had any this millennium, but here they've been being a problem and I can't throw a fit to ~~even~~ playing with my brain while I'm staying like I'd done around 1996-ish. It's that they're more-level with no connection to reality, but in this case I guess offspring descendants of that fixed-parent were amusing themselves with make-up things like free association off of my life game, or "The Jew" might have been doing that for those, a storey like of me with some impoverished young girl, like Monique from the Aleremy housing project in San Francisco, walking out of a big subway Metro, then I spotted an old shelter girl except it was a daughter-version of the girl, much younger, and then a bus to the girl's house or such and the mother was preparing for a sale for the next day, selling their extra belongings from room to room in what turned out to be like

or the same as the grand-parent's mother's house on Gun Hill Road, then there was the grand-parent at a bend in the staircase with its arms folded like stoban-style as I was preparing to leave that lady's house to become homeless, and I couldn't remember the daughter's name and the mother's either, her the Kutadna-staff at Safe Haven, with me trying to help lay out and fold things like grown-out-of children's sweaters for viewing the next day, and it disturbed me terribly that I couldn't recall the 2 names, then I woke up afraid that my things were being thrown away and I've been bothered about that person's being in a dream in my head ever since, about 2 hours now. There's no connection to the reality of anything except this "self-centered" -- I don't even know to describe it. I don't know those people. That is nothing to do with what I'm trying to only think about, the large picture with the solar system, and they sit around in the underworld and spew this crap for their pastime, ulterior motives, and then I've got all

These hospital workers talking about this "holiday," where it terrifies me what sort of "superstitions" the fraud-parent's type believes in and uses, forcing the thought of themselves onto stronger/object me -- I don't want to think about that guy let alone the thousands of offspring-been-lants the "Jesus-Jew" type has been growing for it/them, there's nothing in common. It's horrifying to be stuck with the stronger forcing itself on me, then I'm stuck without a penny from any other source and really thought the work I do and the nice letters were like a return on the money-order gifts, till in 2013 it seemed it worked with this Amgeddon Show, which is horror-kotberday me, that those are forcing themselves as though a partner for this LURE on a "holiday," and then in 2014 I saw why the guy wasn't interested in what I'd been writing about, through that French Connection photo, that that with the underground and narcotics in the worst way has been the real life and what was always on its mind while it was just playing tricks on to make me confused,

which was another theme with this dream and my real situation, exemplified by that inability to recall a name, that this is all about trauma to my brain now, this health + then the hospitals there problem-set. So I'm really a mess with this or these beams' security to have engineered to be sitting on my brain to watch that, with an overall effect like the Angeddon-making show is working to collect pigeon-people and all of these "superstition" "holibys" I've re notes, I guess New Year's is the worst for that. I was just in misery at the John L-Young with most of the people like an underground team sneak-working together and I never knew what they were coming onto me. The system does all tricks to win anything in advance. At the CCNY they had the director be a Mary Johnson and she'd conspicuously said good morning to me and I'd had a terrible day until I was afraid to say good about morning or anything else, that it was a jinx she'd been used to condition me for. I don't know what to say when someone's some sort of a "secret undergrounder" with ulterior thinking and vocabulary and slang on their minds.

Around 1961-62 I'd asked the fraud-parent why he'd married
"mommy," and ~~twice~~ since there were these horrible, unreal
"fights," and both times he'd just ~~pointed~~ mentioned about
hub caps. Now I realize that's underground narcotics talk for
husband and decapitation, that that poor lady was chosen to be
a victim for sadism and brain-eating and owning the people
grown from her ovaries, and maybe that you get more
brain to eat if you're married than if you're single so
he wanted to get married for that benefit. Now these
thousands of strange poles seem to have this belief that
they're attachments on me and that's okay. Ironically it's
only for the free sadism-victim, its brains and ovaries
and the population of victim-slaves that these beings only
pully have in mind, while like in that dream they pretend
that there's some inter-personal relationship reason.
The behavior seems to clean up when I'm in a hospital,
like a form of the "witness protection" there should be.
Only all that traffic in front of the John L. Young shelter finally
I noticed what hub caps are, like just a decoration I guess. 244

When I realized it's Thursday and not Tuesday and forced myself out of the warm bed, then the shower was like-warm, so I feel lousy. I'd mentioned to a nurse last night that I try to get up at 7 AM before the hot water starts to cool down as the work day gets started, so today it was terrible, that, like with the not today good morning condition, the system does things like that to inhibit me from mentioning anything to anyone. Then every morning I'd like to get back into bed, like now, but

- I like to look prepared to leave here as encouragement in case there is any chance to do so, though this whole length-of-stay might have been system-pre-determined,
- if you're not on guard like this they might play a trick or do a scam that's waiting, so,

I just feel "loopy." A big word I'm afraid to use is "nonsense," or anything to do with the word "sense," a slang for brains.

-- The nurse just mentioned while giving me some innocuous-seeming "probiotic" pill that they're just looking for a place for me. This system seems to run by the show-season, really, every year the "undergrounders" seem to delight in it.

Even the word "just" seems like a code or slang about the brain-fluids, and the word "juice." It's been like a continuous state of shock for so long, with this "decapitation-theme" going on all day every day and virtually from one sentence to the next, "next" not being a good word either. And "Coffee" is as bad as "sense" and not being able to use that this is all nonsense, as though I'm complaining that there isn't enough brain to ingest. So add the big superstition-traditions of New Year and I'm afraid to ask for a cup of hot water so I could use 1 of my last 4 of the little single bags of coffee. Plus I'll likely be having to, -- never the "needing" word that slips out so easily -- ask for more paper soon, then this pen is due to be out of ink, too. I'd made a small list of subjects I'd like to mention but then all this crap about the stranger ~~frank~~-parent's real offspring's acting like they own me and nobody speaks with me and that subject takes all this to explain so that there's no point in trying, -- "point" is slang for injection of brain-drug needles -- is in the way, an invented-subject with no connection to reality or anything about what I've been writing about for all these years.

I wonder if there's any nursing home in Chevy Chase, between Kensington and DC and just a little east of here; I'd be less in the woods maybe.

A relevant point is that the cannibalism had likely led to the avalanches that buried those mammoths as an example we can measure from, and that that shift in the weather had probably driven people into caves which then led to this "Neanderthal"-type that then became the war-partners, party-buddies, oral-sex buddies, of the cannibalizing developmentally disabled New Worlders.

I figure that Turkey's Catal Huyuk town and the underworld of Cappadocia are connected to this, that maybe the bulls' heads represent having been using, trying to, bull brains, bulls' brains, as a medicine for the Autist-psychopathic d.d.'s, and that that only got transferred to unspeakably that the brains of humans would be just as good a "medicine," and then to that Egyptian "Narmer Palette" time, from the Catal Huyuk attempt to reach them. I haven't had a chance to look these subjects up on the computer-Web yet. Cappadocia is like 40 inter-connected underground towns of different levels, and there are all those strange "wind-carvings" on the surface I'd like to get another look at.

The cannibalism changed the planet and caused this Neanderthalism where all these guys seem to pay no attention to that this is an extinction-direction and they seem to like this system which is unbelievable to me but I've known the fraud-parent for 60 years now and this secret cannibalism seems to be the way things are liked. Then too my recollections of my early years are nearly non-existent. There are lovely baby pictures and a story about some small scars under my chin from a small babyhood or toddler-time accident, but not really anything I can recall before the little sister (sic, little-sister character) was born. That's likely to be a big curse, as it seems like lifetime of curses ~~are~~ being "played out," things I haven't been retributed for yet. Somehow they did a scene of leaving me and the baby in its bassinet alone in our room one afternoon with me getting told not to open the door under any circumstance, probably made to promise that I wouldn't touch the door, maybe even had me swear that I wouldn't and as far as I can tell Mrs. Foshay had merely taken a nap on the couch, which might have been semi-visible through the peephole. I played quietly but eventually the baby woke and started crying

and me trying to call Mrs. Foshay through the door had no effect (sic). Then a thunderstorm started and the baby was so loud that she drowned-out the noise of the thunder and I was hanging on the door knob but wouldn't turn it to go to the couch and wake "mommy!" I guess the storm was over but the baby still screeching and there was a baby-pillow set right on the bed next to the bassinet and I'd lightly plopped it onto about where I figured her face was, just to try to make a human tactile-contact with her, give her something to think about via the surprise soft thing, not just my voice as a contact, that mommy's right outside and would be there soon. - As I dropped the pillow in and just stood there listening for the affect on the baby after it had finally quit screaming, Mrs-Foshay opened the door and made her eyes wide and gasped and rushed to the bassinet. This became the girl's story that I'd tried to smother her (to death) when she was a baby, really. She must have heard that from Mrs-Foshay and states that interpretation as though Kathy, me, has always been a psychopath. So when I saw all these ideas-of-references, like the leg-to-groin "where's the rest of me?" type-party, to people who might have underworld-knowledge or what cursed

me, and had nearly been smother-drowned by my own saliva for no good reason, I figure I'm getting retributed for things that are invented in the 1st place, and so also have this no-connection-to-reality or physical nature communication problem that's everywhere nowadays, because everyone's afraid of being decapitated or otherwise tortured/killed.

I must have been alone in that room with the baby like for 2 hours before the thunderstorm even started, before it even woke and started crying, 2 hours of just sitting and playing with some small doll or stuffed-animal collection, already played-out with the quiet games I could think of before all this noise-torture started.

There's 1 unusual thing, that as a baby the fraud-sister had had hair that was only like a strip in the middle, like a quail or 1 of those "Mohawk"-type Native American Indians, but it wasn't actually the Mohawks that wore their hair like that, some other group/s. All those "groups" I figure were mostly from like Prince Charles' people - growing, like plantations of the "seeds" spread around and grown into different tribal names, maybe talking overies from the Artist natives that were actually found. You can make friends with them but you always have to feed