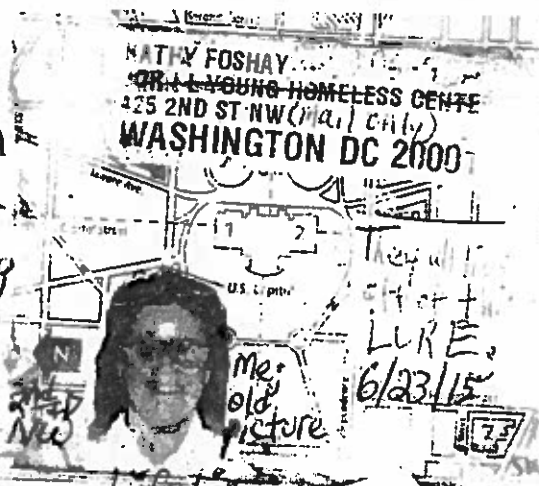


My name is Kathy Foshay, here in Washington for 10<sup>+</sup> years homeless and writing letters to explain that hostage-taking brain-eaters<sup>AT</sup> with Autism-psychopathy descended from Prehistoric dinosaur-egg smashing days have been stealing ovaries in order to mass-reproduce themselves, infiltrating Washington 221 years ago. They had the global cannibal-system invented by their Christ-slaves, who also invented this life-long LURE-trap of insult-comedy and hidden Candid Camera-type pornography marathon for sneak-effecting the Revelation-Armageddon Plan at the back of the Bibles, bringing on TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION, the Earth left as swirling debris. A wrongful charge of schizophrenia keeps me a ghost prisoner with virtually no response to my thousands of letters and flyers allowed to reach me. The photo is from the real-life 1962 French Connection narcotics scam, really a good-luck ritual to the "LSD"-economy that we're on today. My phony next-of-Kin<sup>\*\*\*</sup> is on the far right and if some safe and brave person could help me library-book research at American University I could show that that's probably Lenny Bruce



Lifetime  
Phone Number  
443-630-4914

- Letters given:
- Clinton Administration
  - Catholic Charities
  - McK. Jr. Library
  - Secretary of Defense
  - Secret Service
  - CIA
  - FBI
  - DOJ-OVAW
  - U.S. of Treasury
  - Douglas Devel. Corp.
  - Senator Clinton
  - N.A.S. (Natl. Academy of Sciences)
  - AAAS (Am. Assoc. for Adv. Sci.)
  - Am. Public Health Assn.
  - U.S. Postal Service
  - F.C.
  - F. (L) Law Center
  - GULC-TPR (Govt. Public Representation)
  - G.W.
  - Howard University
  - NAAAP
  - A.C.L.U.
  - Am. Psychological Assn.
  - Librarian of Congress
  - President Obama
  - CIA Director Penetta
  - Leah and Sylvia Penetta
  - Inst. for Public Policy
  - CIATG Helgeson
  - WASH. Conf.
  - Washington Blade
  - Fraternal Order of Police
  - M.O.A. #1
  - Harvard Public Relations
  - Gay Leppner
  - Brookings Institution, King
  - Harvard Medical
  - GAO Comptroller General
  - Harvard Institute
  - New America Foundation
  - D.P. Pub. Co. 09



Record haul of 60 pounds of pure heroin is displayed by some of the arresting officers after seizure in Tony Enca's basement, February 23, 1962. Tony, left, is held by Vinde Hawkes; man in suit, center, is Deputy Chief Inspector of N.Y. Narcotics Bureau Edward Garry; on his left, Sgt. Isaac Fleming of Special Investigating Unit; Agent Frank Gentry of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics; and NY narcotics agent Ken Fitzgerald.

from 1969 book by Robin Moore

on the far left and untangle all the world's problems. I'm staying with a veterans group in Deanwood right now and would like to start a support group for people who'd like to get the schizophrenia-label off their records. I'm almost 60 and keep getting struck by phony illnesses, am always unprovably tortured.

\*\*\* inasters \*\*\* Its more complicated than that!

Your honor, on that June flyer hand-out I was still saying that that's my artificial-next-of-kin on the far right in the unattributed photograph from the 1969 book on the 1961-62 "French Connection" narcotics-smuggling incident on which the 1970/71 film was based, based upon my recognition of the 3 suitcases the bags of heroin are in and taking a closer look then at the men's faces, and I wrote and telephoned anyone I could for some official assistance to no response and last August I finally found 2 pictures purported to be that stated narcotics agent, Ben Fitzgerald, and they did look similar at that angle but the agent worked for the federal and not the state government like that caption says and I suspect he was told that that part of the Bronx was real dangerous and that my artificial-next-of-kin was some sort of an acting stand-in for him and that the photograph was taken, probably unofficially, for phony ritual "magic" underground-system from around Tannu Tura, and that's why I'd been led to play with the suitcases before they were taken for storing the heroin then, a few blocks away. On another flyer I mention that I think alot of the white-powder drugs might come from nuclearly-pulverized people or our bones.

A = purposes

11/1/12

Your honor, on that June flyer I mention having an artificial-next-of-Kin and that cannot be stressed strongly enough by little me, how everything is such a covered-up farce globally and now is really the time to get it all straightened out. I have been trying to get Federal Witness Protection since I sent a 16-page letter describing most of this to Secretary of Defense Gates after having failed at hand-delivering it to the Pentagon in January 2008, but I don't need or want a legal guardian, just a good case manager would do, however, I would still have both the Armageddon problem which is why suitcases that I'd used were used in that 1962 "French Connection" case the film was later based on, and still have that we really are going to total planetary extinction and both myself and the manager would need, should have, some sort of protection so that accidents like this 11/19/15 being hit by a car didn't happen again. Before 1962 there was a spate of sonic booms and I think that was the sound of the ozone layer being punctured and broken and nature's compressing it to patch the little holes resulted in the big hole we have today and that even without a third world war we're really doomed and the reality that everyone on Earth, even themselves, is all prisoner to a small people with an ages-old developmental disability

should be dealt with now while I can still recall a lot of my library-book research and I should be able to non-controversially record it on my new little blog-/website and find a way to ease the planet out of this mess that's distracting us from working on repairing everything. I was trying to see if I could get any astronomers' interest in my belief that our solar system is actually like a died-off crime scene because nature couldn't create new life into the Sadism when the developmentally disabled dinosaur-extinctors began the anthropophagy in errant imitation of the Old World peoples' cooking, and I'd like to quietly return to that work, but some sort of responsibly-behaving adult should be found because a person at least has to have someone close with whom to consult on life-things like these medical questions. I don't have any idea what if any input my artificial-next-of-kin or "fraud-parent" has on my situation but he's a big part of why I've been trying to get Witness Protection since 2008 and it wasn't until 2010 that I began seeing people who look like him around. I mention this on page 9 and 10, 14, in the early pages and I'll try to summarize my situation but he's always been a near-stranger who considered me chattel and sabotaged me virtually every day, please let someone speak with and read my papers and give me a chance to refute any problems that I might not yet know exist from these.

May it please the Court to not rule against my personal freedom so I don't have to try to appeal, in fear of attracting any sensationalism. The system is hyper-sensitive of criticism and that could cause the threatened-Armageddon, destroying everything rather than explaining the Prehistory developmental and anthropophagy and how to get out of it and back to nonsadistic normalcy problems. I want to stay in Washington for at least a year so I can secure my housing-voucher for transfer if necessary but this is where one could potentially do the best for the taxpayers and everybody and I know my way around here and its libraries better than I do anywhere else. I think I will be caught unprepared for the charges against me in court and will have to hope for a continuance on that ground plus to give Your Honor a chance to look at a copy of the 400+ pages of background that I'll still be working on while waiting to learn more about this. I don't even know what "ad leitum" means yet, for instance, how difficult this is going to be, what the charges are or the evidence is said to be, yet. 4 PM, 1/20/16

Kathy Foskay

I just put the note about the Great Lakes on page 464 and would add if there was room, but this is a new idea, that the American Revolution might have been a ploy to distract from the sneaking-in that the developmentally disabled (sic) were doing, via the work of these generational-slaves they've got held, and the more I think of it the more likely that is, just having read the first third of the Gore Vidal novel on Aaron Burr, and I can't look for pictures of Burr or by and of the artist Vanderlyn that it says he'd sponsored, but I have a feeling that Aaron Burr was descended from the so-called Indian named Ninigret and his son Ninigret-named also, sponsored by the generational-slave #2 type early colonist to Massachusetts John Winthrop, and his sons then. Then Burr had shot Alexander Hamilton and he was from the West Indies and those were under the governorship of the generational-slave #2 type's former buccaneer Henry Morgan, so everything there has been what the system wanted, raising plantations of wrongfully- or disembodily-fertilized ova, from all that "'Canadian' for trade" time-period for instance. There's a good chance the American Revolution was mostly a cover-up for the illegal immigration and smuggling into the Great Lakes' areas of the Siberia-Tuva global system-core. Washington looks descended from Poland, paintings of people from there around back then, and that has a port accessible from the Arctic Sea and I think (I have to double-, triple-check every teeny detail) a river there from Crackow.

I don't want to apply for disability because I can't prove that the underworld exists and that's where all my problems come from and they will keep this phony psychiatric-label on me and nothing real-life will be accomplished, and I always have this Armageddon-microcosm problem where I sort of represent normal people and the system despises me. Me even applying for regular Social Security isn't a desirable thing, but doing so early is sort of scripted for the system to get angry and want to collapse that whole part of its systematic world-takeover.

I plan of course to censor proper names of people who might object to being mentioned in my work but feel that there are reasonable limits like where something is obviously true or simply my own personal experience and I'd still delete names, as with the "Dr. S.," if they're not necessary for clarity's sake. For instance I usually call the fraud-parent, refer in my journal notes to him by the name of the small town in which he's been living for over 40 years and therefore to the "offspring descendants" as "-types" of that, as though say, that "I saw 3 Roartown-types today, but it's such a fitting town-name, more like a crossroad, that I can't think-up a good substitute for it so I'm stuck with the "fraud-parent" and "offspring-descendants" phraseology, but a judge ought to know that he and therefore they come from a place called like "Thunderville" and it's in the Hudson Valley, 2/7/11

where a lot of the American Revolution, and the Rockefeller family, had taken place, the Rockefellers originally from western New York by the Great Lakes, which was full of the transplanted Siberia-Turans posing as natives and trying to take over the planet for their kind alone, since before the so-called Trojan War, which was really a re-invasion by the hungry developmentally disabled mass-immigrant "Myrmidons" from being long lost in the New World, only this time they'd found and brought new partners with them for terrorizing the normal people and then also the new captured slaves from off of Japan who became what I call the generational-slave#2 type like pictured in the National Gallery of Art portrait, "Man in Oriental Costume," on the bottom of early page 4 who have been running this "Armageddon Show" all along as system-slaves. Then I figure I came from the system's Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research which is still next-door to the hospital I was born or hatched to, but called Rockefeller University nowadays, but I didn't see the social worker who's my only contact with the outside world, today, and nobody's returned my calls or read any of all this work, knows anything about me, and this really is the or one of the ways that the Armageddon-threat or promise is being fulfilled, putting my type of person as though a child of that terrifying brute and his unfortunate battered victim missus. "Mom-Foshay" I took to calling her and the fraud-parent objected to that and then she passed away and it's like I was/am supposed to be the victim, her passing in 2011 and me being deluged by all



these unspeaking strangers with his face. I suspect that many people see the example-picture I found, on page 10, and think it's a lifesaver to have so many anthropophagy victim-types around and just smile at my complaints and think it's their good fortune that there was such a big ejaculation-donor as the fraud-parent but it isn't really that way. It's so difficult for me to say anything that I don't know nearly-positively that's as negative as what the obvious truths of the situation really are. Is "treasonist" a word I'm thinking, the biggest fool and maybe the biggest sadist since Caligula and I can only suspect that he's a junior of whatever type he came from because someone seems to be dictating that all these "invisible tortures" be done to me. Treason is killing, ~~the~~ letting be killed, all the normal males, -- see, a person can't even write such things down without evidence and I've got nothing but a nonexistent underworld and lots of vague things and only that "French Connection" unclear photograph I found a year and a half ago. The "fool" part is nothing but that his birthday is the day after April Fools Day and he'd had a teeny over-reaction to my kidding about that once that gave me the impression he was too defensive on that subject. The sadistic part is about his unknown actual doings while working for the NY subway system, what goes on down there that public transit seems in a club against my being able to get anywhere useful. I thought it was "the Jew"

as I generally call the "magician" type exemplified on page 4 but in Washington it seems like it's more than that and that there's something super-strange about their underground and they specifically don't want me using it. Because of all the fraud-parent's real offspring-descendants, really like a whole nation of them off of him as a tree, it's obvious that there's some secret whole world or demi-world that's been being built all these years. And there's the feeling that much of it is mass-reproducing people as meat-food, what goes on down there, and terrorism in the microscopically-small ways so that normal people feel spooked about nothing, again. And I have nothing proveable, never did about even my own lousy experiences with the fraud-parent, my difficulties always said to be my own fault.

1/21/16, Thurs.

That's similar to how normal mothers can't figure what's wrong about their relationship with their child, and what's wrong, that eerie feeling, with most relationships, as these developmentally disabled "Autists" I call them, their puddies, and their generationally-kept prisoner-slaves have been sneaking around, and just them before the so-called Trojan War.

I copied the letter to the Court and called the social worker Steve Lanman for a critique, opinion, on it and asked about what "ad litem" means, to the voice/mail, again, and

asked if I could get a copy/print out of the Wikipedia entry on the 1776 general John Sullivan, saying that it's pertinent to that map I'd drawn that he hadn't seen, that I think he'd died in western New York. I think he'd died of horror-sadism "Indian" tortures. I'd noticed a biography on him at the once-good Washington, DC, MLK central library and when I went to take a better look at it it was gone, and then the book-deleting got worse and worse. I only came across one other book that described those tortures, that type, just a few paragraphs. Now I'm realizing that those Artists hadn't gotten to that eastern area from the west but by the St. Lawrence Seaway from Tuva-Mongolia / Mon-golia / Mong-olia, always sneak-invading, with their buddies, all the work done by the generational-slaves.

Here, they're sneak-invading too. I can't guess at what they're doing while I sit here. The National Institutes of Health is enormous and attached with the Metro. Across the street here from the south of there I think I am. It's like "magic" show set up today with a big "nursing staff meeting" scene with a new character holding it. Now I had to call Dietary about breakfast at ten to nine as they drive you, ~~to~~ me, to distraction no matter what I do to try to offset the mind games, tyranny from the life and

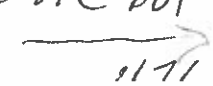
475

death power of the meals, and everything else.

I have no idea what they're doing about my insurance... plus there are likely limitations on how long it will pay for different things.

I use the word "convoluted" to try to describe that the generational-slaves are also the main brains of the system. That's what makes the system difficult to figure out. It also applies to this new "guardian" subject, that probably no one has ever required a responsibly-behaving adult around more than I have, (it's all I've begged for practically since 2007,) but everything gets twisted to this relentless, "Autist," system's purposes. And the same with the insurance problem, that it's unthinkable to keep me in a hospital when there isn't actually anything acutely wrong with me, but I've got all those fraud-parents offspring-descendants and this Armageddon-making Show for real all over me, plus

-- I was going to say, everyone seems murder-oriented, wherever I go, so I really do, should have, some (witness) protection, however, now, "shit" has hit the fan over this assinine coffee double-language.

Coffee is only a natural product and it is good for you, but the system has double-meaning tied it to brain-eating, I have no responsibly-behaving adult allowed around me but I can't prove that everything goes on behind my back. 

When I saw that my face was getting fat I had to quit drinking milk the 3 times a day that they send it and go back to coffee-drinking. The convoluted "Jew, page 4," watches everything and knew that I planned to make copies of the Court letter and that their pantry's little bag of Sanka (decaffeinated <sup>instant</sup> coffee,) only had one packet left in it so I would have to ask about it and I did mention it when the floor supervisor (with that wig, which seems to signify head-hunting that looks like it came from that CRRCone,) came around this morning. She told the Administrative Asst. and the Admin. Asst. came here and offered me a Sanka packet and discussed the subject for a minute, offering to get me hot water and take the breakfast tray. Both the ladies seemed to want to brew fresh coffee. She left and I took the tray to go get the hot water and she was in there and we discussed that now the Sanka packets had been refilled and that I get the hot water from the built-in top on the coffee maker instead of microwaving it and "Virginia" an Asian nurse went by saying that she's going to eat now and that started me off, saying to the Admin Asst that "nao" is the Chinese word for brain and she'd said she was going to eat now and that's my problem, brain-eating\*, that it's a mentally-ill problem that everybody is doing now. I thanked her for the cup of water and came back, fixed the Sanka and jotted this. \* Also, like often happens when I describe things, for some reason they say okay in response, so she said that to brain-eating and then I said my standard, 'It's not okay, it's horrifying or whatever, then that it's mentally ill.

Walking back from the pantry then there was some sort of a hybrid of the offspring-descendants of the fraud-parent <sup>walk-boppin</sup> walking up this hallway as I walked down and that caused me to blurt semi-aloudly, Oh shit-disease... that that was staged for whenever I finally said something about the coffee; it's part of the Armageddon set-up. I fear it's an addiction like smoking. Smoking is probably fine in normal amounts but they've really destroyed the planet and leave people with nothing to do except become obsessive like the Autists, who just keep doing the same patterns obsessively. I suspect that the ancestors of the people who became the system had originally scooted out from Africa without eating the coffee berries and so their thinking had remained a little fuzzy but now it occurs that it could have been that they'd scooted out without taking the plant's seeds for sowing them, without taking them along.

It finally occurs to me that the Hudson's Chancellor Robert Livingston was a John Carroll type.

I was trying to recall what year John Carroll made the trip with Benjamin Franklin and someone else up to Quebec (City) and realized the facial similarity. [I called ask-a-librarian, 246-777-0000 and he was born 11/27/1746 and passed on 2/26/1813 = 67 yo, born 11 years after John Carroll and passing (allegedly?) 2 years before Carroll, who'd like done most of the Autist's work in Washington DC-to-be, and was mostly in Baltimore. Was he brother or cousin w. Charles Carroll of Carrollton? 4/11

I think it was 1745 or '46 that the 2 left Baltimore for school in France, -- how close but far. (Charles Carroll of Carrollton was a major Artist. Then Joseph Smith's line likely came from him) Chas. Carroll went to England and was tutored by a relative there and I can't recall -- Anthony Carroll's details but

Anthony Cafry showed up here in 1794 and set up in a room at 10<sup>th</sup> and E Streets, N.W. that became this St. Patrick's ~~Cathedral~~ Church, now at 10<sup>th</sup> and G Sts NW, Kitty-across from the main/central library.

Are those the same person? Figure he was at least 20 yo in 1746, and I'd thought Cafry was old but last time I reread the little on him in their book about the church I guess there were details I'd forgotten. He was only there till about 1798 and then that "Vincent Kane-type" of Wm. Matthews took over for 50 years. Then a short-term guy was there and replaced by (sp)

Walter Jacobs, Jacob Walter, Walther? That looked like the Rep. Gabrielle Giffords' ancestor.

2pm - I'm so easy to crush that it's ridiculous. It was likely a set up, that the aide came with the blood pressure machine and mumbled something that didn't sound like check your blood pressure so I'd absently said hm? while looking for some papers and it still wasn't clear and I asked again and this time she said it regularly but as she went to put on the cuff asked, with these papers around as usual

on the table-tray here if I like to write and, a little exasperated I said, No, sweetheart, I'm writing to a judge; they're keeping me here, I'm a prisoner, and then I guess she put the thermometer in my mouth and when she took it out (maybe then I'd added, they're taking me to court) she commented that I have a nice light, overhead light, and I said that, it's the hospital's, and she said that the other patients don't have one and did some typing on the computer, thanked me and left. (Lilian)

I finished organizing these papers to ask the Administrative Asst. for copies, about 17 pages, and,

→ 2<sup>30pm</sup> - this psychiatrist walked in and asked a series of questions, the Surenbra Kandel one and brought up about sleeping problems, anxiety, and I repeated that I just found out that they're taking me to court, and thank heaven I had that copy of the Court letter to at least say something for myself as strangers like him decide my life,

3<sup>30pm</sup> - You-know--who help me/Bod help me for it all. Now I luckily read over the Court letter I'd just given the psychiatrist and there's a page missing so I got a copy made and sent it up to where that unit is, so so scary, because when he talked he, like the aide, muttered, him muttering the word injection, which terrifies me.



It terrifies me because then I'd shook my head and it's scary that they might twist that to force-purposes.

Then, now, Dr. S. was back (SeKicKi, pronounced SeKiSiKi,) I guess for the week. Then they'd sent in the Respiratory Therapist to check my oxygen level. Dr. S. said I could give him another copy of the map with the new addition to my thinking on it.

← I forgot the part that after everything I answered he'd say this Gotcha phrase they seem to like to use that he'd only used once last time, -- they are too scary to even jot anything down about them, etc.

But if I have that problem it's because of this set up and it seems to have been sprung over the coffee-drinking, figuring to catch me at an unsuspecting moment when I'd be "hyped up" by a cup of that instead of tea at lunch, in addition to the Sanka cup and the breakfast one. The social worker Steve Lanman, just left me like this after that devastating Court announcement. Social worker Rivon (Shaneyfelt) I saw and asked if Steve had gotten my message -- I've left 4 altogether, -- and she said yes, but she'd also done some hand-sign behind my back like to the Admin. Asst. while we were at the copy machine. It's real important that I get this new map part done, adding the 1776-80 American Revolution new realizing I was getting done, which brings up that Battle of Quebec business... Now I called

his number and it's the voicemail and I thought I'd try asking Rivan, about my Wikipedia print-out request. I don't know if I'd recorded about it this morning, that I'd called and asked him for the 2 printouts, so I'm thinking that I really need the Battle of Quebec one in case it adds to this new thing that I feel is extremely important and will also get ignored. But the social worker was talking to the hospitalist Dr. Zuzak and has a scarf wrapped around her neck that looks like an Elizabethan neck-ruff, that stick way out like to keep people away from your neck. Because they were talking a long time I'd stepped out of sight and the same aide asked and I told her why I was standing there because the SW was busy, but don't bother her I said and she got shushed by me and I came back here but since I started that sentence she'd, the SW, came by with her coat on and asked and I told her but don't bother and she -- anything I write down or do the "eavesdropping anonymouses"? only take anything twistable to a negativity against me and my business, as there's no such thing as leaving me alone this long after telling me that news about going to Court, and then I stumbled into a standard set up of the aide's doing a mumble instead of clear speech for the 1<sup>st</sup> time here, except the meal tray deliverers used to do that, but people aren't allowed to say anything negative and I don't know what they're doing, 482

like just sit someone down in one place long enough and wait and they'll have a negative reaction eventually, this is. Not only am I now trying to concentrate on this 'Siberia-Mongolia Tuva to the 1776-war, and if I can figure this much on hardly any materials I guess there's a whole lot to that view. I write down my plans and among mos-world has, parasitically, something to do.

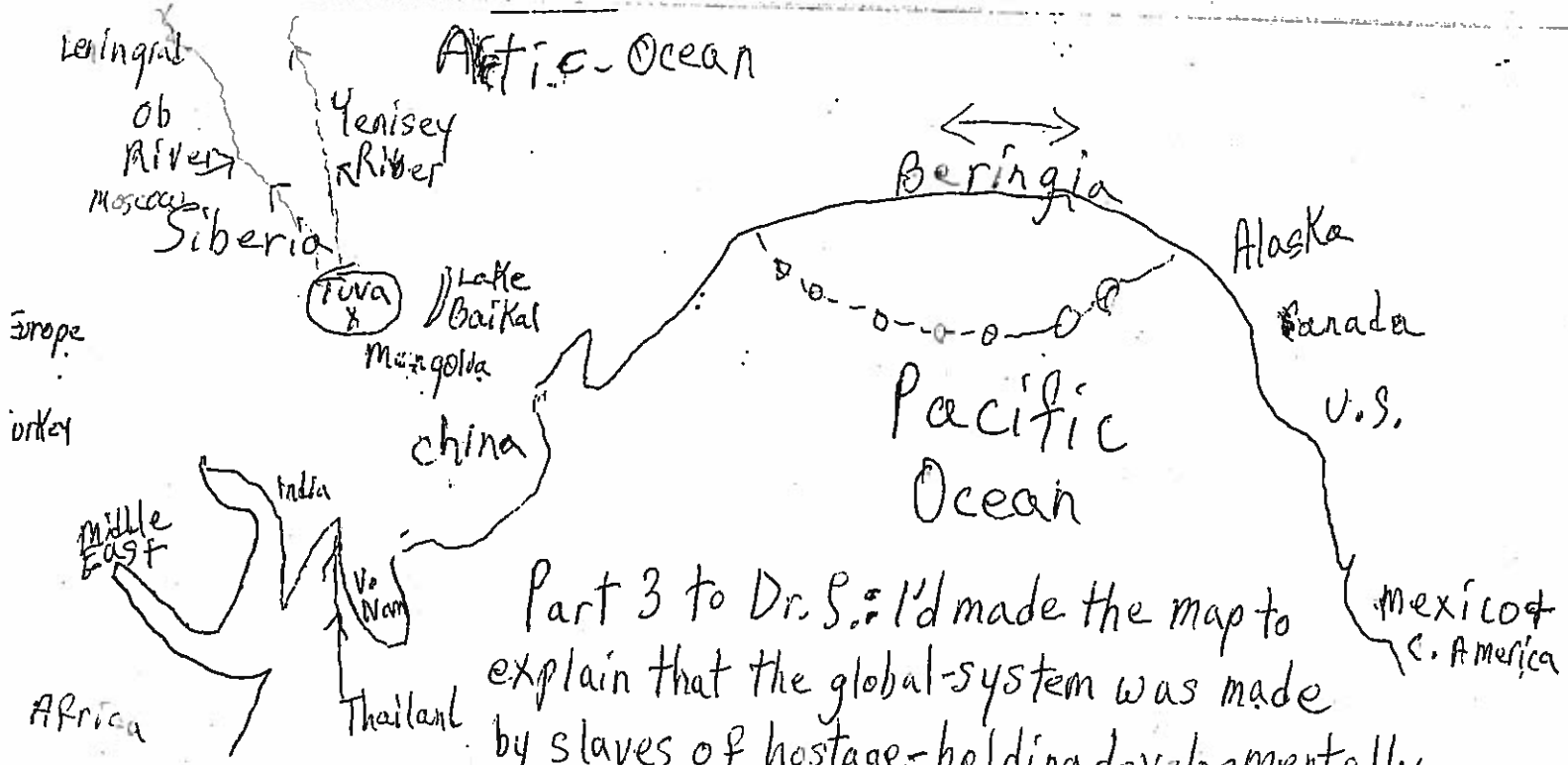
They just follow and pounce and steal whatever they can.

It occurred to me that since Richard Feynman had written "To Tuva Or Bust" that that could be an opening place for trying physicists. Because "Physics" seems to largely be about how to, catch victims, I can't feel safe in blurring about the book with its incentive to go to that place but other physicists would be aware of that and perhaps give my idea-set some consideration, because Astronomy is a branch of Physics Depts.

Then, also, when I got the nurse to get the 1 page to there where that doctor-set is, she had to go to another unit for an envelope and got 3 and gave me the other 2, so, I should -- try to get 2 stamps, off my \$10 bill, -- and then possibly get off a letter to Stormville, that I'm still here if they'd like to write to me I'd appreciate that. But I don't know how to gather all these wits toward doing something as big as this St-Lawrence Seaway bs. bs=business

- + I forgot that there was a bit-scene set with the Respiratory, him leaving the the tube they usually put away, left it out coiled like a snake. I ~~put~~ realized it could be used as extension-tubing.

1/22/16, Friday, Everyone's aflutter about this big snowfall now, lots of patient-discharges. I've been trying to do another 1-page for Dr. SeKickiz and forgot to ask for fresh paper so I've got being denied that to worry about in addition to the horror-subject. Again nobody's returned my phone calls after I finally talked to no-no ~~the~~ the floor supervisor and showed that there's plenty of room in the closet for my 2 bags of the now-evidence papers, and between the snow and the weekend there's no subject. The girl case manager's telephone number has a new answering machine's anonymous male voice. The underground put on a performance to ritually-curse and drive me nuts of setting some sort of a fire in my view out the window so that I could only see billows of smoke that was too much to be from a car until it was "incumbent upon" me to find anyone to point it out to and there was only the cleaning guy, who said it wasn't anything much, and then the today's nurse popped up when I went for more Sanka and she said she'd take a look and I got back and it had died off and now another creepy-eeerde little "show" trick to ruin my little outdoor view. The floor social worker didn't say anything after all before leaving for the long now weekend. The only thing I can do without fresh paper is to try to start, God help, the index/table of contents on what I'd already written up. The only supply I have is this tape that fears a little when it's removed, but the thing with indexing is that I'd have to be without up & down distractions -- and the undergrounders don't have anything else they know how to do, the today's nurse doing a scene about coming in to check now as there was just another unprov-able trick, and claiming that she smells bowel movement in here. ("Lea")  
1/22/16



Part 3 to Dr. S. I'd made the map to explain that the global system was made by slaves of hostage-holding developmentally disabled people based under the Tuva-area

who are bringing us to TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION and had found 2 ways to get here, the usual Pacific route but then also up to the Arctic and across the north of Europe into the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence Seaway and Great Lakes areas where they posed as being native Indians and had plantations set up for themselves and their self-mass-reproducing by fertilizing victims' disembodied ovaries method of "E Pluribus Unum" brain taking over the world for themselves alone and the concept is a developmentally disabled child's but their home-brain won't let go of it and I'm at the bottom of how their Armageddon threats are getting fulfilled and can't find any assistance. Now I'm realizing how the 1776 American war was mostly a distraction from and cover-up for their infiltration and Washington was probably of Polish slave stock. On New York's Hudson River Chancellor Livingston was probably a slave to setting up the infiltrating underground operatives like the famous Archbishop of Baltimore John Carroll, d. 1815, was to here. How can I get Wikipedia printouts toward explaining all this +

I left out the part about the black hair, and chain of command approval leads back to them and they only approve their own ideas. I can't believe the relief I feel of even getting something as small as that done, securing copies of a taped-together page + I can move on.

I have to try to write a letter to Robert McDonald since I feel sure I'm being shipped to a V.A. hospital eventually so it looks like now's the only good time so that it's done in advance. -- I got stuck on the phone number, that I must have accidentally ~~crossed~~ thought it went to something repulsive, "Visionary Square" where all those fraud-parent's faces are, ~~now~~ a shorter way of saying offspring descendants, and I'd accidentally crossed it out and now have to check it before proceeding with the letterhead, which is dumb. ] [8<sup>PM</sup> - what a big job especially the 1<sup>st</sup> page of an important letter is. It seems like too much work to be able to finish it tonight now.

- "They" are doing some whine sound in the acoustics out here or somewhere and I ~~think~~ suspect it's it represents that if I store and don't eat some fruit, pineapple this time, it ferments and I hate to toss it

- It's somehow only now occurred to me that O George Stephanopoulos is descended from the "American" Indian Nini-gret! It's like so obvious now that I can't believe I hadn't realized it before. Figuring that Aaron Burr had put the idea into my head. There was Joseph Brant too, and he ~~must~~ might have gotten bald on top in later years. ] [I'm trying to decide if I should try a re-write of this letter now or in the morning.

10<sup>PM</sup> - I'm going to give up and try to sleep, mostly because I'd have to walk back to the pantry for more hot water if I want to sit up.

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11/23/16, Sat 11<sup>PM</sup> - It's still snowing - I called the SC's Steve's V-mail + left the message that I've got pants to wear to court - 486

(1/24/16, Sunday AM)

My -- I was going to write that it's my understanding that the hospital is saying I'm not capable of making my own medical decisions and should therefore have a guardian ad litem while a full guardian is arranged for, and it isn't my understanding, it's only what I had heard from the social worker Steve Lanman. So the sentence started out wrong. I got 5 pages for Mr. McDonald, Secretary McDonald, written, where it took all that time and I think I really should (afraid to use the decapitators' code-word of need all the time) get on with this indexing but I haven't addressed this big "medical decisions" ~~question~~ charge the hospital is said to be making  
[inserted these later, 2/1/16, Monday]

1/25/16, Monday, 7 AM

The tricks the system does are too small and subtle to explain without a lot of words. Now they've lowered the shower water temperature towards making me unhealthy and with so many big problems and I don't know if the ulterior motive is about more oil because of me for the hot water heaters or what, who would I recall to tell that to? they'd say to call Engineering, as though I'm some long-term apartment renter.

I guess I should self-defense mention that they have a Foshay-Son #3 type that walks around that I try to avoid and that makes it seem as though I have a pity case lonely.

(1/25/16, Monday AM) Maybe I haven't made it clear enough, on page 4, that people like "the Jew" are slaves to the brute-types like the fraud-parent is from, the "home-brute" back under the Old World somewhere, the base or the Caucasus (or) Mts. or such, Siberia. The torture, tampering to coake me to a tepid shower is ~~for~~, usually seems to be, for this "show" of rolling over watching and rolling over my misery, spurring me to feel anxious to get the copies of my weekend's work done 1<sup>st</sup> thing in this morning because I never know what I might be hit with and it won't be able to get done or be available when I should have something for my self-defense... A chance came up and while there's a bit-scene I mentioned that the hot water in the shower isn't the same. I never know anything, what these people get instructed. I'm waiting to get the breakfast over with so I can do this ~~big~~ indexing long-time taking job and that, the meals are always "show" tampered around, the torture "show" working on itsy-bitsy teeny annoyances that have less than anything to do with me but they do this "making mountains out of molehills" that are micro-sized and all external. I can't wait much longer to get started, with no idea about this court business.



11/25/16, Monday, 9 AM

Everything is going wrong on account of the tepid shower water, I didn't take the shower at that temperature again, and my hair's askew today.

11:30 AM Called ~~Steve~~ Steve at 10 AM, ~~now he~~ asked when Court is and he said he doesn't know.

These things are all ~~so~~ petty that I don't have time to record such bitsy stuff. For instance, I'd gotten up once last night from this indexing and noticed I hadn't put this cap back on the pen before this mere break to the bathroom, but I'm like obsessive about that generally so it was new in that for the indexing I'm picking it up and putting it down, picking it up and putting it down, so I'd left it like that and I'm sure it was capped when I put it by the bedside later but just that wispy of a thought and now the pen is fading in and out, skipping.

[ -- It seems like they're keeping one of those Ste Foy "God" for itself stereotyped Artist-psychopaths in this clatchers thing goop effect. The incident now is too petty to spell out.

~~Saturday~~ Friday night a 1/2-Asian/1/2-white aide left the blood pressure cuffs they <sup>keep</sup> ~~wrapped~~ <sup>pad</sup> in the bed foot little holes, at the 5-6 AM, vital signs grating, like the unprovable torture was playing that over + over to not forget about it and for the 1st time touch the aide's work tool and put it away myself, and then she didn't bring the water with no ice I'd asked for too. ~~the~~ ~~horror~~ ~~was~~

the new Armageddon "show" theme, as though that "turning" of all the Asian world now against me, a reason finally, an unspoken annoyance between the character for that part + me. It's too petty to write down about but this stuff is what grows, as with the bracketed horror-reality of the "head" psychopath-Artist. [The other, Pivon, social worker isn't in.

↑ that's what happened with the Banky - It's invisibly near my oblivious out here brain + subliminally told me, as I was considering whether to, to go ahead and make that sign. It's so subtle you would never notice that interference with your thinking.

- Now they're idea-of-referencing this "entertainment-LURE" of strangling audiences while they're distracted - [I again dialed the NAMT "girl's" telephone #, after leaving a message last <sup>afternoon</sup> night, and she answered after all this time and said she'd call me back but it looks like "the underground, conspiracy" is making believe I'm dead, that I've been in this isolation so long now, so I think that like the Sister, she was just saying that to off-put me.

= Add about that "the best voice you hear" 1932?

3 PM - they've been doing a trick with a whistling noise, with some general soul-slow "#1" type, Trojans/Priors? DR's brother? telling the pure-character # it isn't her migration - (William + they've been doing a horrifying telephone secret a new phony doctor-character female)

4:30 PM - Over the word or/and substance, over any excuse, they're busily steadily railroading me - I'd called that NAME girl and it'd started and it's the 3<sup>rd</sup> time there's been psych-threats after speaking with her (I think, not to mention the whole car accident -

- Dr. S.'s "dreamy" eyedness since Saturday.
- They did the Armageddon by having this controversy, gathering people to "support" me with no real-life connect to anything about me and when they've accumulated the WORSTs lock them in and "disappear" them.   
 they collect the good people to Kill them
- RI Ave; Visionary Square
- I'm just different ~~because~~

9 PM - I got hot water + a coffee + a tea bag at 8:30 and noted there's all this hyperactive jabbering to make it seem that coffee is also brain-chemical derived. I've always figured that's a mind game because it's deprivation of anything lever-like. / + the assinine decapitation  
Witness Pro!

#318 - paused at

11:30 PM - called Maria ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~

1/26/16, Tues, 3:05 - Melissa hasn't called ~~back~~ <sup>me</sup> and SW Steve says he's going to get me 4 stamps to buy, so I can write "the Fantasy".

11/26/16, Tues. 8<sup>PM</sup> Scary thought that there are so many of them that a court might assign someone who turns out to be one of this nation of people grown from the fraud-parent's donations. I think he'd mentioned twice about Shockley and maybe the other name is Jenner, Wm-Jenner? that opened or advocated for sperm banks by geniuses, like asking 15-ish year old me if I thought that was a good idea, that way having super-geniuses in this country.

11/27/16, Wednesday 9<sup>30AM</sup> - I should mention that I'd called the Kensington NRC at 9<sup>15A</sup> yesterday and there was no answer, making it seem that it is defunct, out of business, like my Universe/escrow file is, blog/website is left like, lots of the Facebook pages are. I called again at 11<sup>3P</sup> and I guess they said the name and then their own, Julie, and she said she'd transfer me to Admissions, and then a Caribbean-accented lady told me they were waiting on additional paperwork on me, that I'd been okayed and then there's this additional wait, I guess for this horrifying guardianship business, so ~~and she'd asked me~~ I said I'd call the social worker - - I'd asked ~~how much~~ when I'd be able to go there and then the above and me saying I'd call the SW. 11<sup>47</sup> - Terrified by a staff ~~that~~ girl that might/could be from my ovaries, + back to the indexing should fit it in that, for all I know, maybe, - the fraud-parent could be from oil-derogated background, possibly, and therefore always rationalizes that the brain/skull breaking is "better than" that so it's not as sinful as the norm.

- Merrissae  
3<sup>PM</sup> I tried Merrissae's voice mail for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time the called Hopper she is at work this week. 492

1/27/16 3:30 PM, Wednesday

Now they're doing ideas-of-reference again, this week's hospitalist saying confusingly that I'm being transferred to her floor; I said where's that and she said here, a medical floor, and I said that I've been here for 2 months and she said yes, 69 days. I said there's a place ready for me but they're waiting for this social worker and she said the cleaning girl had said she'd be back to sanitize the room when she'd, a new person been in early this morning and she hasn't been back. So that makes it seem that the doctor scene was premeditated-set up for the "activities" as I'm being subjected to this unspeakable Romper Room of the garbage-circus. I haven't been able to address the subject of this horrifying "Bonky" character, the psycho-psychopath of society, passing as an exemplary person. I guess, timid as I am about "finger-pointing", that that "girl" in that White House Situation Room picture with the president and all those staff people the day they assassinated Osama bin Laden is a female version of what this "Bonky" indescribable "Sainte Foy"-type is. The Sainte is said to be the skull inside that statue but the model has no name that I know of. I guess they're descended from the Charlemagne-era family, trying to re-create ~~owning~~ <sup>owning</sup> everything.

When Europe was divided like 3 enormous "states," whose names I don't recall, - one was Neustria. Now this "animal-opera" has calmed down, because I'm babysitting by just sitting here. I haven't had a radio to listen to in an unbelievably long time. ] [Their ancestors had allegedly owned Europe divided into those 3 Kingdoms and they returned to reclaim it, I think is actual history. I suspect that the model for the Sainte Foy statue was connected to that.

And I suspect that Audrey Tomason and this horror-"Bonky" are then descended from the Sainte Foy model, who was a "brain-eater," was likely going into business selling little vials of it; and already back then, with that Armageddon-book threat written, was in the ovaries business, perhaps selling this brain "juice" in exchange for ovaries or women to kill for those as well as the cannibalism. ] [They go around as good-Catholic boys, like George Stephanopoulos was a Greek one, that these "religions" are a farce and "exemplar" people farce, like that fraud-parent was a huge farce still presented with a straight face, as being an exemplar citizen.

I try to say that I'm out here and only a tiny girl, Keep that psycho- psychopath away, they emit a "haze" over everything, a 494

bemused haze I guess it could be called, like the girl is wearing that odd little expression in the "White House Situation Room photo." I've got poke-piles, unpraveable invisible globs all over holding me down because of this babysitting "entertainment" for the underground. Western New York was full of these sneak-immigrants and when I was researching it, all these years I'd only run into 2 books that described the tortures; the oldish biography on John Sullivan, a General in the American Revolution that I didn't have time to look into but had noticed while looking for something else, and a book on Indians, like an Encyclopedia title maybe, by Oliver LaFarge. He only had a few paragraphs but they were bad - It seems a standard type of torture was this "begging entertainment" that they loved to hear it and smile and believe that when they eat the victim they inherit all the courage the tied victim had had, like they fed them and listened to them beg for their lives, exactly like I've been going through here come to think of it. Now another scene idea-of-reference to getting this room ready for someone else, when I leave. This Marissa "case-manager girl" is/was my last hope, I can't think of a soul that would visit me here to escort me out + to that Rehab place that says it had okayed my going there. - Gret this, it's right near that "castle-like" LDS Mormon temple, that the idea of me being surrounded by those fraud-parents "real" offspring without any responsible adult around is ridiculous, but in

everything has been and is absurd-bizarre ridiculous, like the ~~anonymous~~ ordinary psycho-psychopath brain walking around inconspicuously like Audrey, and "Mr. Popularity" George. It's always been that way with these "developmentally disabled/Autist-psychopaths." I was trying to think if obsession-compulsion would substitute for the "Autism" description. In this very meantime I have to try to think of anything, anyone. Here the anonymous torture unprovocably manipulates my shower water, now the meal time "show" -- I'm just encrusted. It's like they're building a prison for me here ~~now~~ <sup>all along</sup>. There the SWS, social worker Steve, had said ~~was~~ they were getting me a lawyer. [After 6<sup>30</sup> to 5<sup>PM</sup> dinner arrived without the coffee.]

7<sup>PM</sup> The only thing, besides my crossed eye, criticizable about me is this enjoyment/dependence/liking coffee so it's maintain out of redhill and it's only Senka, no caffeine, but it's this enormous pain in the ass for me, a gimmick for "the Jew," the system. Since the caffeine isn't a problem it must just be the syllables, that the underground makes believe it means coffee, to decapitate people.

"Kopf" Kopf, in German, is all I can figure, that and "perfectly normal," world thinks a person's getting food is all code for their interpretation. "perfectly normal" is the affect of this "Bonky"-type psycho-psychopath.



- Trying to write this 5-page letter to Stormville, and another word I'm afraid of using is (), "legitimate". I think I've used it once and then saw an amputee and I worried it had to do with that word.

But I saw a lot of amputees, like as torture was about to get worse to my head, like this "rectal-feces" now is. In 23 years of this there's never been a single intelligent moment and it's always toilet-level only, except for what I manage to do through it and then everything's ~~to~~ God help me, about my 2 bags of paper, that all my life has been thrown into garbage, it's so scary to even think about with all this encrustation all over me, disgusting "projection" of cast-characters flung at me, or whoever they're doing this to that's normal, and the worst of them is this horrifying "perfectly normal" Bonky, posing as conventional people. I have to finish this letter to Stormville in case I can get the stamps tomorrow.

\* (mention the Bonky/David/God/and the other s, getting + characters galore  
part 6m.)

10:45P - All day it's been the "little retarded girls" screaming under my skull. Encrusted under this artificial nightmarish watching the mind-games get worse. I had to shake the faith off this "show" that I can't get — it's the whole "Army of the Show" ~~how~~ ~~faith~~ - The workers out here are pre-scripted; I thought a ~~thing~~ ~~of~~ ~~giving~~ ~~orders~~ to me.

1/28/16, Thursday, 9 AM - I called for Sam at Veterans First and was able to leave a message for him with a girl named Emily that Marissa's client KF has got a sort of a habeus corpus problem, and I left the hospital room at 1 PM. Steve brought the stamps just before I finished the letter and now I'll wait for the Admin. Asst. for getting it copied and Steve said the best way to mail it was to give it to him and he'd be back for it. That makes this an in-between waiting period, with the distraction of not-knowing what will be hitting me next, sic, as my view out the window has often got "offspring descendents of the fraud-parent" or their hybrids in it, the disgusting stranger, virtual stranger, that's likely the all-time traitorist, a moron doing the dirty work that's too absurd for the mentally-ill people to do for themselves, creating that beast-character, though I don't have a copy of the Rev. text "script" source for this world-takeover Plan. They're doing construction work and it's like that filth at 9th and E as that YW/YMCA building was re-modeled and they make fraud-parent noises through, onto, the construction noises like just now some drilling went on with that filthy voice-sound riding on or through the drill noises. It started at 4:30 pm 2 days ago and went on till 9 PM. I guess that was Tues.-evening, unbearable.

A subject I haven't gotten to is that during the 1971 saline abortion I'd been fortunate enough to be able to do alone at home myself, in retrospect I'd recalled that that "Banky" character/stereotype had been involved itself. It's from "shadow world" so that it's like invisible, subliminal, and then that happened the same. Unnoticeable way in 1989-90 when I was reading and trying to figure out (for those Jehovah's Witnesses free Bible-study lessons) that book of Revelation with that "Armageddon" threat in it, Chapter 16, verse 16, where they or that "appears" at your shoulder probably almost always unnoticed and it comments and I'm sure they psychoto-psychopathologically "believe" that your offhand thoughts are as though conversation and agreement or disagreement with whatever it thinks about what you are thinking or doing in your unawares of it and the whole underground-system, private life. Then somewhere I'd briefly mentioned the "David" Armageddon Show and then in March 1993 the whole psychoto-psychopath syndrome was characters,

— — but the social worker was just here and I have to explain this out on paper to myself. I hadn't yet gotten the letter copied, and he said he had a question (I put down the 1/2 tuna fish sandwich) and asked me if there was anyone that could make medical decisions for me.

Of course I said ME, I can make medical decisions for me, he said he means major medical decisions, I asked like what? he said well not right now but in the future. I asked him to let me think about it and there's nobody but that only fraud-sister, only fraud-sibling. She doesn't give me her phone number or let me know her new married name, has never wanted any part of my life. That first time I was forced 499

to a hospital there was an idea that maybe there was some underground bad-wish toward myself, that April 2014. 2013 + 2014 are a little mixed-up together for which year she'd gotten married. I guess it was 2013 that was some big to-do about 2 comments I'd made in reply to the news which had seemed to imply that I wasn't invited to the wedding where I could have seen her 2 daughters ~~since the~~ for the 1st time since early 1990, 23 years. I had the "bizarre" thought last night that as system-happy as they seem to be in Stormville that the girl daughter that's there now was said to have been in Arizona for years, 30 years old now and there for a few years in her 20s, and as strange as they seem to be to me maybe the girl could have been identity-replaced and they don't blink an eye and just accept the new role-filler. So this fraud-sister who never liked me, a younger girl who disdained the older sibling because of this cross-eyedness problem, which I really think comes from the fraud-parents' ill wishes for me, that there was some sort of a gimmick to how that was perpetrated psychologically and from the underground's "leaning" on the right side of my right eye, "mechanically" causing that, but they have all the old pictures there. O, now I recall a detail to that, "the smother story" of setting me up and ever-claiming since that I'd tried to smother the little "fraud-newborn" / joke, ~~fraud-sister~~, that Mrs. Foshay's short friend with the big husband where the husband and Mrs. Mom-Foshay were probably from Etruscan ancestors that they would naturally like each other's company was how that psychological set-up had worked, the friend told Mom-Foshay that when they applied to Housing 500

Authority to get on the waiting list for an apartment if she told them that the older child was a danger to the younger one you could get a 3- instead of a 2-bedroom apartment, and I think that that's how I'd wound up in that bizarre situation. When I figured out a way to cope with the situation by reassuring the baby that someone was out there, she wasn't alone and abandoned, that's when the door was opened and it was made-believe I was trying to suffocate the child. Maybe MomFashay had one of these "Jesus-Jew magicians" or a Bonky subliminally on her shoulder seeming to sympathize and approve as she thought over the friend's suggestion in order to be able to tell that to the Housing Authority, and, my picture was wrongfully taken while I was in the Kiddies room waiting while they had their appointment, which I only know because I'd spotted it while doing this thing of making files from out of old encyclopedia books bought cheaply in thrift shops, it was in I think the 1973 ~~Cottiers~~ <sup>Stet</sup> or Compton encyclopedia and when all my belongings were lost while I was in a super-mess trying to locate, homeless with this same "Armageddon Show," her older daughter just outside of Atlanta, an unreal episode of this total bereftedness situation. The only thing that saved me was that my bank card somehow wouldn't work so that there was still a little money left in my savings account when I got to Washington in 2005 because the bank's office is there. If it had worked I'd've wound up squandering the money in trying to reunion with them down there because the fraud-sister said she'd only meet me if I rented a motel room she could visit with me in. Since I couldn't get the

any money my only option would up being to call the fraud-parents and they sent Western Union money for a bus ticket from Marietta to Washington DC, the first, only, time I'd done anything like that. We were only in contact because I'd just been in New York City for 2 1/2 years so there were occasional phone calls and mail but no invitation to take a vacation by visiting with them, = for a long time they only sent occasional greeting cards or notes that sounded as though Mrs. Foshay was dead and those were undated notes with no specific mentions of anything as though she could have been kidnapped and forced to write them in advance so I wouldn't worry why I hadn't heard from her, whereas I had too many survival problems to be able to call people who only want to hear that everything is okay, nothing complicated. Then when she passed 4 years ago, I guess the fraud-sister left Georgia and maybe only made moving arrangements and has been there and things seemed to be communications-okay and I wrote 2 wrong or twistable things in a letter in Spring 2013 and I'm just like medically-ill garbage from starting that October to now. And the main thing is that I can never prove anything. I'm trying to get around to figuring what to do about the social worker's question. I think maybe, with so many forms to fill out as a homeless person being hustled since last year that maybe one place I'd given the fraud-parents phone# as the person to contact in an emergency,

that someone must have had it that they called here on I guess Sat. the 28<sup>th</sup> of November when I'd "woken" and was sitting up, but who contacted them I'll probably never know. The crossed eyes business, I think it comes from a curse from the fraud-parent and with all these offspring-descendants of the "tree" I guess it seems a way of thinking, all around me doing this "show," it seems they're putting that affect, effect? all over me too. It's as though my many injuries were from getting battered by 1 or more of them but I don't know anything except being hit "bearably" by the 2<sup>nd</sup> car and not wanting to give the ambulance people the purse/bag from my arm to then waking up the week later, like there'd been nothing wrong with me while on the ground and I wake up only glad to be alive, so ill that I knew I'd been close to death. And then the next night I felt I might really die of suffocation if I didn't get that heavy-rubber clamped on ~~mask off of~~ oxygen mask off of me so I could breathe in order to either spit that out or swallow it, I don't recall which. I hope that envelope got mailed for today's mail as a start on trying to get through this horror of possibly having to ~~interest~~ ask the totally uninterested in anything about me personally or doing anything about this underground problem pseudo-sister to please be a legal guardian for me -- and that might not even be good enough, that he'd also been saying that it could be someone who could come here to sign me out, like he's, the hospital and Johns Hop-Kins, aren't "legally" allowed to let anyone leave in the underground complaints about me

berest shape I'm really in and that doesn't even include that this  
"COPD" is actually like hallucination-made "magic" chains on my sternum  
or maybe my windpipe. It's almost impossible to find out anything  
nowadays, everything dumbed-down. You'd, I'd, have to be able to look  
up "windpipe" on Google Search to be able to start to get anywhere  
and now that most anything else has been eliminated from society,  
they seem to have this "P.C." politically correct, business on computers,  
the same way I guess they've had on driver's licenses all these  
years, which is why I figure I can't get anyone's interest, that  
getting a driver's license and not having accidents depends on  
obeying the unwritten underground rules. The point, through the  
Bonky-haze over everything, is that things aren't just this way,  
that they got this way through this untreated, unrecognized ages-  
old mental illness from back in the accidental killing of the dinosaurs,  
who'd been fabulous and taken care of the little battered humans when  
they'd forced their way through to say the Montana area, where  
Jack Horner worked/works, I don't know what happened there, it'd be  
a libel charge to say what I really think because this system is  
all-sneaky, everything covered to befuddle the "normal" people. Autism  
heals but then the system doesn't want the ones that didn't inherit  
the "One Brain's" thinking... I have to try to find a copy of Jurassic Park as  
I'd read twice that it's said to be based on Horner's work, and there's  
a good chance he's descended of about one of the first psychiatrists,  
Heinrich Schule and he'd coined the pre-schizophrenia "term," "dementia praecox."



These, mostly Germany-area it seems, early psychiatrists may have been in the new "industry" of trying to mass-reproduce these "Bonky" types for anthropophagy, that I think that that was a con-job of talking generationally-enslaved already people into trying to make anthropophagy and people-growing into a business, but in growing the developmentally disabled then they'd do anything not to get killed for anthropophagy after all and would beg by seducing the doctors orally, so Heinrich Schüle was trying to write about that and other people in that business were, for instance, Emil Kraepelin, Eugen Bleuler who'd then described dementia praecox as being schizophrenia, split mind group I think the word is in the German, and then Freud was a contemporary, and Carl Jung had worked for Bleuler for a long time but all that material is virtually unaccessible. There's only one book I'd just found out about that mentions this one, Kurt Schneider, that might actually, as a generational-slave, have been key in inventing and spreading this visions and voices and "hallucinations" business. I think he only just passed away around 1957 but I couldn't find any obituary or mention in the New York Times. I only found one photograph through Google Search. It's "conceivable" that he might have been the progenitor of many of the 20<sup>th</sup> century's system-people. Even though Lenny Bruce looks nothing like him I wonder his "psych" type of thinking wasn't the "force" behind all that peripateticness and setting up things here to placate the "Autists" -system<sup>s</sup> and set up this North America also for its downfall to the "One Brain" that had destroyed the Europeans over and over again in this same one long world-takeover war against "the others," other peoples or what I call the "normal people." Then they go after ones of my seed, Rev. 12, etc.

When I've got the odd chance to think-write in a long uninterrupted period like this I like to try to keep it going but I have to figure about how to, (God, - not "goodness" because that's my personal Armageddon problem, that the system uses my situation as a LURE to sucker nice people into trying to learn more about this and then they start the marathon "show" display with vile pornography totally behind my back all my life, and telling the truth about "the stupid cross-eyed girl" turns to anger and the normal people find they are locked-in prisoners -- all this went on maybe for decades before I had any awareness of it and probably many millions of innocent people have been conned to this underground LURE-trap altogether. Nobody has ever been ~~here~~ without a responsibly-behaving adult in this old "Bible" situation Armageddon-threat situation as much as I do, especially with additionally this bizarre trying to return to the same town where I'd as a "Jane Doe" gotten run over, run into, twice and to an unknown semi-secluded place right behind or near to this castle-looking "Latter Day Saint" temple, that I took the bus that goes down a road between the 2 places once and it seemed like there were a lot of heavily-secured areas of parts of big schools. Maybe there's a or the Ft. Detrick Annex right in that area too. I think Ft. Detrick is in some other state like maybe Massachusetts. See how "information age" easy that would be to look up on Google and why I've been kept off of computers since about 1993, that it would be so simple to explain ~~traced~~ getting the "world situation" told about, "exposed," and straightened out and the "Tura-area" Artists' core just wants to own everything, by this break-killing and replacing everyone till there's only just its, their, own small gene-pool that's left. But from the bus it was first

like beautiful neighborhoods all through that Pipers Mill Road over  
side from where the "Safe Haven" shelter is, so that, all that's on  
my mind is trying to get my two bags of the papers back, I'm so  
scared about that. And while or when I'm scribbling alot like  
this I have yet to have read the last letter I'd received from the fraud-  
parent. It looked a little ominous and I'm even now a little still too  
all alone to try to read it. Usually I only peek-read about a sentence  
at a time after checking the bottom or close to make sure they  
don't want me for anything, and that's after waving it around to  
"sunshine" it for awhile, bring it to light and try to knock off any  
curses that'd been attached, as that's 1 of the system-tricks, like enclosing  
demons that pop "out" at you subliminally or however curses or bad  
wishes are done. Since the megafauna were all killed because the "lost"  
early Artists were terrified of everything, and high from the evolving  
psychotropic plants, and took to cliff-running, mass game-driving, animals  
into the Pacific and Mississippi I'd guess from a clue. So I'm trying to do  
those two things in trying to work on this about some "guardian" the  
hospital could trust to release me to, but let me squoosh-in about the  
Mississippi is that Joseph Smith had, with Brigham Young, made it  
to this place that they changed the name to Nauvoo in Illinois,  
and that big place they say was their temple but it's been  
replaced or what now, -- I think-suspect that that was  
Ronald Reagan's ancestors old home, and Smith's group had  
invaded or Artist-relatives before Smith had invaded it. I can think  
of but forgot the name of some actor that might have been descended  
from the invaders, (and some ~~big~~ (little) physicist (The Big Bang Never Happened))  
but there's no evidence-connection!)) 50.

← Even there, that's libel/slander underground charge. Normal people would just shrug and say, that's her opinion, so what, but the Artists are hyper-sensitive to any criticism, even twistable into screaming critical of themselves, and they taught their "Neanderthal" buddies to be like that, and this fraud-parent, really I think that's what the "car accident" really was to me, that all these bizarre strangers think it's okay to be secret parasites all over my tiny self-business, everything about me those not only total strangers but they're all criminally ~~repro~~ and wrongfully, illicitly-reproduced, they aren't supposed to exist. William B. Shockley was obviously from generationally-enslaved people who have no choice about being used toward building this system, those his thinking to rationalize making thousands and thousands, a nation it looks like not to mention that there are all kinds of closely-related "breeds" of people, was the work of this "magician," the generational-slave #2 type's forced-work, brainwashing this mutant to believe it's a genius and can take over all over the place by all these different LURE and other murder scams, that these offspring-descendants, on an already-dying planet emergency, don't even really exist outside of the Armageddon Plan's having them be "created." I think that Nauvoo "temple" was the home of some normal family, I'd even had a name of an early either pioneer-builder or that had lived in a house, like where a boathouse would be nearby, ~~the~~ but all my notes are gone and that old book is gone too now from the MLK Library. It was first called Venus and then Commerce and then Nauvoo. I've never seen the Reagan's "Hellcats of the Navy" film but I'd gotten the feeling that that scene in that tight quarter of the submarine was similar to their ancestors' experience in the "tower" of that "temple" some few generations back. It was like their marriage was for him to FOR

Keep the Artist-descendant Nancy happy, Keep the home-brain thinking its relative-offspring are enjoying themselves and happy, - having every tear wiped away, but for their kind only. There's only one teensy other clue and that's just "psycho-analyzing" some of the old movies from biographies in that MLK library, which had been really good when I'd first gotten there, but I wound up reduced to reading about films and actors alot, that going over Nancy's films -- she'd been in one that I think was titled "The Brain," -- you run across which actors and directors she was co-worker with and that had led to one oddity around a film maybe called "The Frogman," that I wondered () maybe that was psychology-scripting, maybe tailoring a script toward interest for some particular Artist or another (developmentally disabled ancestor-set) and that it was ambiguous whether Nancy had been in the Frogman, take a haze over that period's doings, and I got the impression it was a psychological-reenactment for the invasion via the Mississippi of that big house/temple, that's gone now. Reading about Reagan's early days in Hollywood led me to figure he was a target for the Artist males, like where ~~in~~ <sup>from</sup> one bad wish or curse he'd gotten a badly broken leg. I suspect that the "curser" was the guy who'd wound up being the across-the-street neighbor on the Bewitched program. I think an Artist named Marx writes some packed "inside knowledge" of people and one on Hollywood, maybe Arthur Marx. [One more thing I'd like to get off my chest" is that, always blabbing my plans to the paper, I think I'm going to try reaching physicists and especially the Georgetown U Dept. on that Richard Feynman had talked alot about going to Tuva.

That's probably where I'd heard about it. I didn't want to advertise about his interest because I can never be sure who to trust and "physics" seems to mostly be about how the minks can get food and they're basically all system-prisoners and Feynman might have been advertising "Go to Tura!" in order to help LURE people to there because the physicists are all system-slaves, or he might really been trying to bring attention to the area.]] [I'd been trying after Lenny Bruce to get to that, unable to double-check that one photo on Kurt Schneider, I'm wondering if the "Frenel Connors" key to my figuring alone ~~is~~ was Vernon Rice, d. 1954 but I think he'd gone to France and assumed the Jean-Jehan role, + also that there seems to be only a mention ~~of~~ <sup>in</sup> a book about Kurt Schneider in 7 book, "Kurt Schneider in Borneo" that George Town has in its catalog but ~~nothing~~ <sup>nothing</sup> is on this Kurt Schneider otherwise maybe some of his old work, nothing on him I could find.

ADD - had woken w. no clothes except <sup>over</sup> raincoat + shoes

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1/29/16, Friday 11 AM

This latest hospitalist, a female Dr. Sidhu, says, more or less, they're ready for me to go, and there's the place for me to go, I just have no way to get from here to there. I thought I'd had a jotted pho~~ne~~ for a business called Montgomery Cares / 130 pm - It was the last thing on the last page & they have no suggestions except this hospital's social worker.

I have no one - isolated and surrounded plus encrust-infested + tortured. No resource permitted to me. They put dreams every night, disgusting work + last night they did on apparently - descendant of # fraud - parent. e.m

(1/29/16, Fri, 2<sup>30PM</sup> Part of the reason I'm being "super-brote" is like a description for the fraud-parent but only weak people are shown that -- so because I have to read that last letter received. ] [4<sup>15PM</sup> Trying to write (in advance) to PayPal now because of the legitimate complicatedness of my situation, that there's really no safe way to donate to me directly, about time that I got around to this, but I'm just terrified of these "psychiatric" people, as with this bizarre-sounding obsession it's becoming about what Kurt Schneider really was doing with his whole life. Today I saw a note (I'd jotted) that I'd seen a picture of Eugen Bleuler's son Manfred Bleuler and that he looks like Schneider but I think that that was only to my recollection of Schneider. ] [9<sup>50PM</sup> waiting for the nurse to give me the nightly Seroquil, shudder shudder. They had this RT girl in here that looks something like my cousin that has a thousand friends on Facebook, real chatty.

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1/30/16, Saturday, when I turned the light off and got into bed the torture turned on me, parasites all over. I'll put the notes I made in the semi-dark on the next page, and they're still doing it, the LURE-circus. This thing about Avery is probably super-important, an enlargement already of what I've been trying to get help because of, that he was an or the oblivious super-murderer through being parasited-on or what I can't guess. The Montegna painting looked just like Avery, - and so do "E.T.'s," extraterrestrial gnomes.

1/29/16, Fri. Mt, 10-20 pm

Bowel-moment party as I get under the covers, doo-dooos doing the LORE off of me trying to get that letter on (written) to PayPal, then it occurs abt Oswald Avery's offspring-descendants' being all over the place, to the point that I recall that he might - his ancestor might have been "Bicci de Medici" and that might be where this mass-reproduction had come from in the 1st place... there's a huge set of Mantegna, like 10 murals set, of a procession, like, Hail to Caesar! and it's Oswald Avery's appearance -- though I could possibly have it confused to some of Rubens' work??



11/30/16 4<sup>PM</sup> Real draggy day. I feel like I could easily sleep after dinner but for some reason that never happens. It was so difficult to make that thing on Avery ~~that~~ I wound up keeping the 1<sup>st</sup> try, it just gets too complicated when you have no one to simply speak with and this about Avery and Florence Sabin's egg-ova and me coming from that combination, probably a grandparent generation they were, that I think Lee "Harvey" Oswald was also in the mix. I have no idea where little "Bicci de Medici" might have come from but I think Michael Deaver was a descendant from him and Avery or that type. Then how about that original "Wizard of Oz" story, Frank Baum I think, that that sounds a lot like Avery, the befuddled inventor accidentally landing in the Emerald City with the munchkins ~~landing~~ all flocking to him or such. The torture is unbearable. I guess it's all about oil & terrible 23 years of this same shit. Still haven't described Bonky much yet, just a piece of garbage enjoying the torture like there's nothing unusual. ] [ 8:30 PM - This food-begging atmosphere is everywhere like with that Dr. S. looking dreamy-eyed every day out at the snow, that that was always when the cannibals knew they had you locked in at the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> fls., no shelter and got threatening-seeming. I wish I could learn more about Bicci de Medici or figure out Avery's role; like Bicci figured out mass reproduction and Avery mass-reproduced the old "consumption" illness source--which I felt were slugs that adhere to the inside of your lungs, leeches, and feed and grow, blocking your air, and you've been locked inside an underground trap and starved and die like that and are dissolved to petroleum. I'd guess it's mostly the Neanderthal-types insisting on oil-power.

(9PM 1/30/16, Saturday) there's nothing I can make of this crappy time this evening, and can't sleep yet.

1/31/16, Sunday 10<sup>PM</sup> - Kurt Schneider → Vernon Rice/Jean Jehan = French Connection

2/1/16, Monday - Nonstop torture + now, 9:10AM they've played this identity-switch game again,  $\bar{c}$  (=with or w.) a nurse called Raushan. I'd had the impression that she was a little Asian but then she was white + now she's real Asian, like different people with the same name-role. I have to wait for RT before making 2 little phone-calls, + I called Melissa at 8:30 that I "need" (I accidentally often use in speech, a mile from Bethesda to the nursing home in Kensington. - Now they brought soap before I asked because their dispenser had run out. If they know that why not important things, ...

Sherry<sup>M</sup> Davis - MCDHHS - Care Mgr, Public Guardian  
+ Adult Protective Svc.

Dr. Couperin  
cook, clean, Kensington NRC → apt.

12:30PM Social Worker Steve brought in this Sherry Davis + he left + she said she didn't have a card + went and got this Dr. Couperin, + when they left her card, "Sherry"s, was on the floor inside the door = ? Female Indian-ish Dr. Couperin said that Dr. Kendall it sounded like this time but she described that he was Indian, will be back and he wants to here about self-sufficient care abilities, not the system's thinking bs.

Just before SW Steve walked in  $\bar{c}$  (=with) "Sherry" I discovered this huge page-numbering problem so I'll put these 4 pieces - 5 pieces I guess, in row to keep up with it.

Secretary of the Veterans Administration  
 Robert M<sup>e</sup>Donald  
 810 Vermont Avenue, N.W.  
 Washington, DC 20420  
 (202) 461-4800  
 22 January 2016

KATHY FOSHAY  
 Safe Haven  
 4015 Plyers Mill Road  
 Kensington, MD 20895



me,  
 2005, DC DMV ID  
 old picture  
 of me

Lifeline  
 Phone Number  
**443-630-4914**

- Letters include:
- Clinton Administration
  - Catholic Charities
  - Mt. St. Mary's Library
  - Secretary of Defense
  - Secret Service
  - CIA
  - FBI
  - DOJ-OVAW
  - TG of Treasury
  - Douglas Devel. Corp.
  - Senator Clinton
  - NAS (Navy Academy of Science)
  - AAAS (Am. Assoc. for Adv. Sci.)
  - Am. Public Health Assn.
  - U.S. Marshal's Service
  - F.O.
  - U. Law Center
  - GULC-TRK (U.S. Public Administration)
  - GLWU
  - Howard University
  - NANCP
  - A.L.W.
  - Am. Psychological Assn.
  - Liberation of Congress
  - President Obama
  - CIA Director Pasotta
  - Leon and Sylvia Pasotta
  - Inst. for Public Policy
  - to Helge von CIA
  - World Corp.
  - Washington Blade
  - Fraternal Order of Police
  - N.O.P.M.
  - with the program
  - Brookings Institution
  - National Medals
  - GAO Inspector General
  - Hudson Institute
  - idea of America Foundation
  - Many other letters.

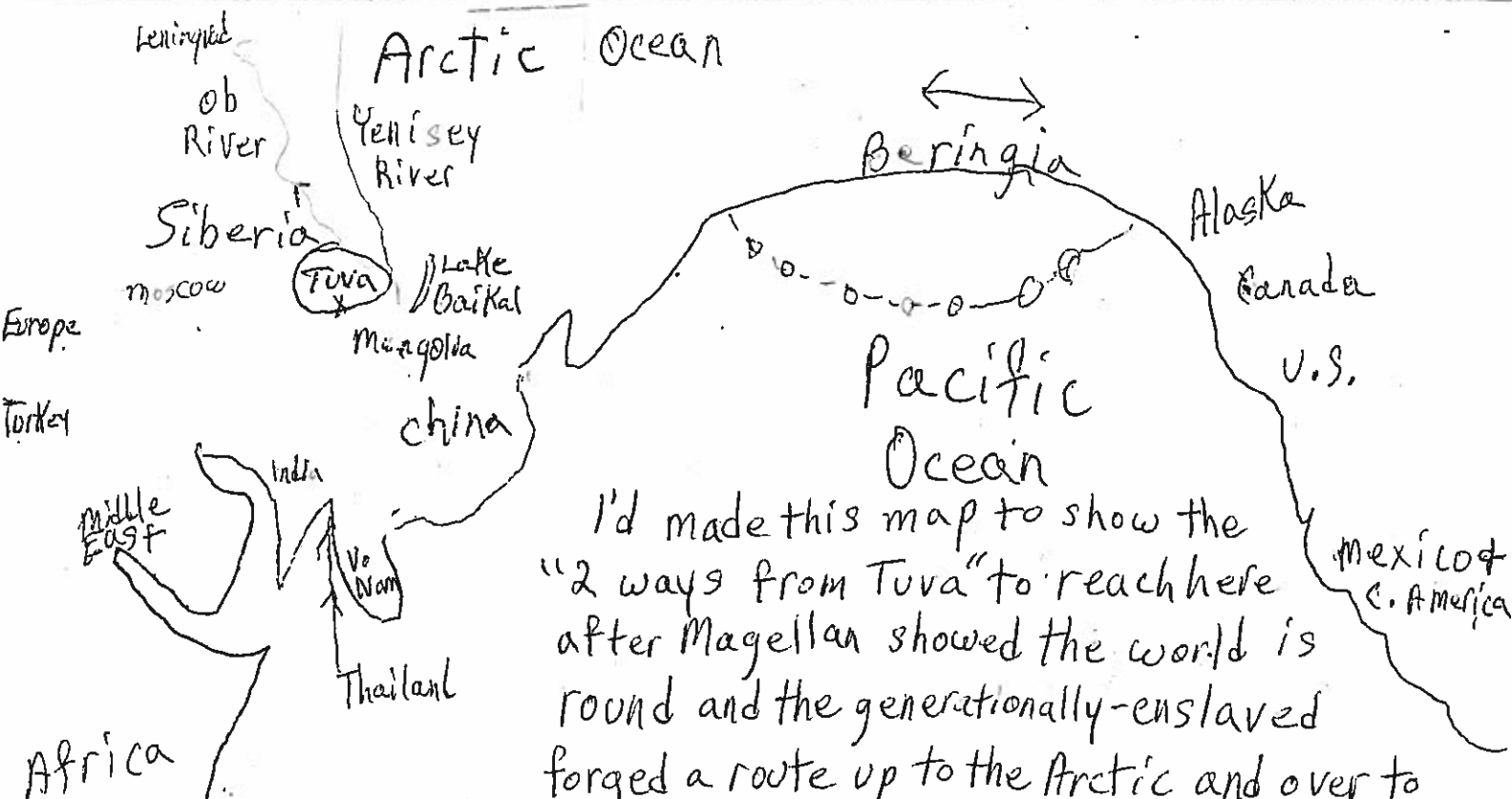
Dear Secretary of the Veterans Administration,

I'm a 60-year old veteran afraid that I'm being railroaded toward confinement at the Montrose, NY V.A. hospital on the Hudson River and am writing to you in advance to try to prevent that's ever happening because the system sneak-uses me for what's probably the biggest murder-LURF and excuse ever and wants that on the Hudson as a big part of its Armageddon-making for world-takeover.

In 1989 I'd accidentally gotten a wrongful label of paranoid schizophrenia that's now being used to keep keeping me in hospitals and V.A.'s CRRCC, Community Resource and Referral Center, is a big part of that as I'm chronically home- and family- and friendless because of the top-secret LURF. I'm currently in Bethesda's Suburban Hospital next to the NIH since 11/19/15 after a phoned-up car accident and 3 days ago they said they're taking me to court next week to get a legal guardian put onto me but I've been left with no further details or calls returned. Since 2005 I've distributed hundreds of letters explaining the system is forcing us to TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION but only comes from psychopaths long under the Tuva area of Siber-Mongolia, asking for assistance and witness protection.

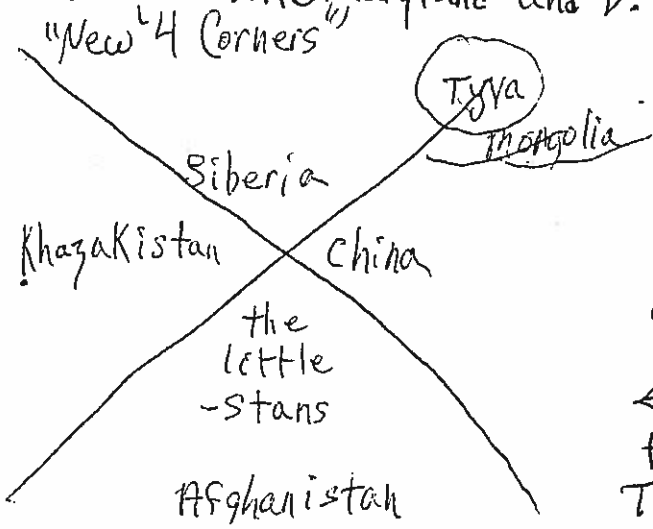
I wrote a 24-page letter to the CRRG-V.A. and a homeless group and any Potential Responsibly-behaving adult when CRRG was all over my business here after the accident with this psychiatric-paradigm that they seem like a criminally-derived organization with close connections to this horrifying fraud-parent whose apartment I'd left to join the Army in 1973 and have seldom seen since except that in 2005 I got stranded homeless in Washington and he and the missus sent birthday and holiday cash-gifts and by 2007 I'd started relying on those for this "Armageddon is Now" problem-set as described on the first page, trying to get help with it from the government, going everyday to the main library at 9<sup>th</sup> and G Sts., N.W., to write letters and add substantiating evidence from book-research and back to the Federal-City Shelter at 2<sup>nd</sup> and D Sts., N.W., every evening, and that went on for 10 years with virtually no response and no way I could get out of the situation and no money except the cash-gifts, about \$350 a year with nearly all of it going to the letter-writing like this, always trying to explain that the global-system comes from an obscure people with Prehistoric-descended developmental disability whose slaves incorporated me into that old Armageddon threats becoming made to come true and they're going to destroy the planet too. In August 2014 I found this contestable photograph in the book about the 1962 "French Connection" narcotics bust with the peculiar fraud-parent posed as though an agent. It's on page 4 of the letter saying I want out of CRRG's being in my business, but the letter is now nearly 500 pages and I don't know what this hospital

is going to do to me or how much involvement the fraud-parent has got over my situation, I've always been terrified of him. Finding the photograph explained that he always seemed strange because life out here was a cover for underground-doings. I think he got his job with the subway-system shortly after that "French Connection" time but his letters don't answer my questions. The whole world has been running on that narcotics-economy worked up off of that scam, that it was all done for the ritual purpose of camouflaging the sale of brain as "LSD" and methamphetamine behind the conspicuous white powder that probably came/comes from pulverized bone nuclearly, hero-in, and the photograph was probably also good-luck ritual for human meat, the way the bags are in black. And there is a veritable "nation" of "real" biological offspring of the fraud-parent all over the place. The generational-slaves of the system-core found a moron to place to sabotage this country and placed me to be this dependent child situation and waited for trouble and I'm trapped and I think the system won't let me wind up anywhere except Montrose V.A. and I don't want to go there both because it would finish the Armageddon-making for the psychopath-system, possibly getting a nuclear war started for cover-up of everything, and because I don't know anybody there, there's nothing for me personally except that this fraud-parent wants to be the famous host of the top-secret people-trap LURE, the benefactor feeding and having everybody high and entertained by this marathon of invisible-and unprovable-torture all over me out here. I would be miserable out in the woods there and probably "medicated" into a vegetable-like state, while the ozone hole will collapse eventually, etc.



I'd made this map to show the "2 ways from Tuva" to reach here after Magellan showed the world is round and the generationally-enslaved forged a route up to the Arctic and over to

the Atlantic Ocean and into the St. Lawrence Seaway, which is now Erie Canal-connected to the Hudson River and then the Atlantic again. Then I realized that the 1776-80 American war was likely mostly for distraction from and cover-up for the sneaky mass-immigration of the system-people, their slaves and all the "fur trade" self-mass-reproduction from disembodied ovaries they'd learned to do in this nonstop war against anything that moves except themselves. They must have had big cellars dug for themselves on Chancellor Robert Livingston's properties along the Hudson that the system-people still secretly rule over the area from. He was like Maryland and D.C.'s Archbishop John Carroll, 1735-1815.



U.S. 4 Corners region

In Prehistory they'd based in the U.S. Southwest region

Utah	Colorado
Arizona	New Mexico

and today's maps have this X-shaped 4 corners area near the Republic of Tannu Tuva, long their new area.

The standard Oil Rockefellers' estate and Sing-Sing prison are just south of Montrose and West Point is across the Hudson, the Rockefellers and petroleum being major parts of this TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION situation we're really in, and it only comes from an unrecognized ages-old brain trauma from crossing Beringia too prematurely and nature couldn't halt the guest to catch the sun, then they've spread their genes everywhere so that there are all kinds of stages of the development disability-set everywhere and their system won't let us free to discuss them and get the ozone layer repaired. People like Rockefeller and Osama bin Laden are only generational-slaves trying to placate and damage-control and survive the decapitation-obsessed psychopathic One Brain. I sent Secretary of Defense Gates a 16-page letter in Jan. 2008 on this double-situation of mine with this "Armageddon Show" LURE and the peculiar Neanderthaloid family, that the chain of command only comes from developmentally disableds (sic) under Siber-Mongolia, but there's been virtually no response, me always unknowingly in an isolation-vacuum; please, I could answer questions on factors I haven't covered if given a few days to think about them and some pen and paper, let me know and I could explain things in writing. Obsessive-greed and sexual problems only require being talked about and the eternal future re-gained would work out the anthropophagy. They must have long ago set up something real scary at Niagara Falls. We are on a dying planet and it's the only biological one in the universe and they can't improve genes in laboratories, their source-brain is just embarrassed from when they'd met the big-sized Old World peoples in Prehistory and they were just tiny and feral, wild, and had already extincted the New World dinosaurs meant for our food and transportation. The 24-page letter to CRRC is 500 pages now, please contact me for a copy and don't let me be locked up on the Hudson.

Sincerely, Kathleen Foshay 073-48-4061  
8-13-55, 1/24/16

I have to address the claim that I can't make my own "major medical decisions" and so am being taken to court by this hospital, Johns Hopkins Medical Institute's Suburban Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. Everything in our civilization is a farce of pleasing hostage-holding decapitation-obsessed psychopaths hiding under the other side of the world and operating by a chain-of-command system of hybrids of themselves and generationally-enslaved prisoners forced to eliminate the other types of people till there is "E Pluribus Unum" From Many to just One type of brain's genes, that the global-system comes from an obscured people with a, the, Prehistoric-descended mental illness-set that they've spread to everywhere by the ineffably-disgusting mass-reproduction of themselves by the disembodied-ovaries horror, travesty, and all the other nonstop war against the other peoples crimes and sins their Brain wants to cover up for by having normal people like me shot up, and in my case they want to use this controversy for sneak-completing the long-publicized Armageddon threats. Right now for instance they've put some nobody-nurse making Sunday-morning telephone calls to employee after employee as though to change the schedules all around <sup>for the week</sup> on account of the 2-day snowfall while the sun is shining and the regular charge-nurse characters will be back <sup>tomorrow</sup>. The social worker Steve Han man told me the hospital is taking me to court this week and that a "guardian ad litem/lawyer" would be here to speak with me before then but that was 3 days ago and my calls aren't returned since. My problem is that I don't have anyone to discuss anything with, let alone so-called medical problems and decisions about those.



Everything is a farce and I haven't received any papers to figure whether I should address the subject of this "fraud-parent" of this birth-family I'd been put into, a lot of this about the disgusting subject of the petroleum-making by our human bodies' being decomposed to the black goo, that perhaps this bizarre fraudulent-next-of-kin-legally-only is in the background of the charges against me and feels justified by the oil industry's doings, I don't know anything true about himself, just finding out recently that he's always been an underground operative but I have to try to explain that the underground under his awareness has been generationally-grooming his type to be a "King of the earth"-type that the author of the Armageddon's text type wants to wipe off of the face of the earth, that that's the excuse for blowing everybody else up too in that process, only, and I can't get anyone to be allowed to be a responsibly-behaving adult for a guardian for everything merely by working with me on reaching others to get action taken to settle this Prehistory-descended mental illness quest to own or else to destroy everyone and everything, so as not to be "second-best" to the mentally healthy males; difficulty. I can't make my own medical decisions because no one's allowed to speak with me

because the system is keeping everything all covered-up and I'm at the bottom of their excuse-making for setting the Armageddon off because of these bizarre real genetic offspring-descendants of this fraud-parents being used all over the place, which led to the phoned-up car accident that got me into this old-time set up Johns Hopkins' hospital. The time for placating the decapitating system is past, the problems that led to the decapitating have to be discussed openly so some people could try to start making repairs on the planet and its broken ozone layer seal around our air. Nobody talks to me because of this bizarre Armageddon situation I've got's keeping them away and everything I've tried to do is sabotaged by the sneaky system. There's no friend of mine for the doctors to speak with to act as a trustworthy-buffer between them and myself, but I always tell people that any so-called medical problems I've got actually come from the underground's "tampering" all over me, and the underground-made offspring of this fraud-parent do those "shadow world" activities toward getting me hospitalized like this and there isn't any connection to reality about anything about them, only their secret thinking that I can't address because everything about the underworld has been secret from me until recent years, me sixty now, except that I finally figured out this role of being a "King of the earth" gimmick for the Armageddon-making they're used for.

This about my being unable to make medical decisions is a cover up for the system's wrongfulness and they just want to keep me ~~legally~~ kidnapped. The car accident was a part of that. It was barely a tap compared to the unprovable-by-me 1<sup>st</sup> car accident. All underground "magic" and ritual is involved which would make me sound like a crazy person to try to describe about the double-situation. Apparently there were too many witnesses to the first accident and it only knocked me down real bad but I was unscathed and hypnosis was used for bleeping-out how I got back to the shelter sometime the next day so I cannot prove anything about it or that the week or so later of the 11/19/15 occurrence I had again somehow fallen unscathed but woke with what seemed like a cracked skull and severe pain of my inner-thigh ligaments or muscles so that I couldn't walk at first and my face seemed to have a lot of bruising, making it seem as though these "real" offspring-descendants of the fraud-parents had been beating me, <sup>and</sup> cracked my skull and possibly ~~the hospital had~~ ~~taken~~ an ovariectomy had been done, perhaps via consent from this secretly-underworld fraud-parent. I woke up from the top of the car accident of the 19<sup>th</sup> on the 26<sup>th</sup> of November and the hospital employees had a newscast on about a stand-off in San Bernardino and I was just glad to be alive especially because of the double-problem of also the TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION unless I can get through to someone that this hostage-holding system has to be straightened out so we can work on not going extinct and taking the planet with us, but the next night I'd nearly been killed by these oxygen masks they clamp

Original lost in the copy machine??

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 3<sup>rd</sup> 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 groups 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 ~~example~~ 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.


PayPal  
 % Bill Melategrino  
 P.O. Box 5018  
 Timonium, MD 21094  
 January 29, 2016

Dear PayPal,

I'm chronically destitute and would like to install your free "Donate" button because the system despises and lifetime-uses me as a people-"disappearance" LURE and it's too dangerous to donate directly to me, so I'm hoping you'd be both forewarned and not also taking advantage of this horror-situation. I think the system-core's sadism started killing off the solar system thousands of years ago, and they haven't learned, are forcing us to TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION and it's a scam to not let anyone assist me. I couldn't open the credit report, I guess I should have given them my previous address, until Nov. 19th and then I got hit in a phoned-up car accident and the hospital-situation isn't good. I'd be looking to install the button, on borrowed computers, as soon as I can get out, but I'm not good at technical things. Please check the "Science Fiction" file if you look into this; URL:

UniverseRescueKathyFoshayWordPressCom - WordPress.com  
 (free from WordPress)

KATHY FOSHAY  
 Safe Haven (a shelter temporary)  
 4015 Plyers Mill Road  
 Kensington, MD 20895



me, 2005, DC DMV ID  
 old picture of me

Lifeline:  
 Phone Number  
**443-630-4914**

- Letters include:
- Clinton Administration
  - Catholic Charities
  - Mt. St. Mary's Library
  - Secretary of Defense
  - Secret Service
  - CIA
  - FBI
  - DOJ-OVAW
  - T.G. of Treasury
  - Douglas Devel. Corp.
  - Senator Clinton
  - N.A.S. (Natl. Academy of Sciences)
  - AAAS (Am. Assoc. for Advancement of Science)
  - Am. Public Health Assn.
  - U.S. Marshall's Service
  - E.C.
  - F. (H.I.) Center
  - G.U.L.C.-TPR (Inst. Public Administration)
  - G.W.I.
  - Harvard University
  - N.A.A.P.
  - A.P.L.V.
  - Am. Psychological Assn.
  - American of Congress
  - President Obama
  - CIA Dir. Penetta
  - Leon and Sylvia Penetta
  - Inst. for Public Affairs
  - U.S. House of Representatives
  - Washington Blade
  - Fraternal Order of Police
  - N.O.A.P.
  - U.S. Department of Justice
  - Terry F. Linders, D.D.
  - Brookings Institution, Singer
  - Natl. Med. (USIA)
  - Gen. Controller General
  - Hudson Institute
  - U.S. America Foundation
  - Hundreds of

File Number: 358214705  
Date Issued: 10/26/2015

TransUnion. 

## -Begin Credit Report-

### Personal Information

You have been on our files since 10/13/2015

**Names Reported:** KATHLEEN FOSHAY

### Addresses Reported:

<b>Address</b>	<b>Date Reported</b>
4015 PLYERS MILL RD, KENSINGTON, MD 20895-2019	10/13/2015

### Regular Inquiries

**CCB/PAYPALCREDIT** (PO BOX 5138, TIMONIUM, MD 21094, (866) 528-3733)  
Requested On: 10/13/2015

Inquiry Type: Individual

### Account Review Inquiries

**STATE FREE DISCLOSURE** (P O BOX 1000, CHESTER, PA 19022, (800) 888-4213)  
Requested On: 10/28/2015

## -End of Credit Report-

## Should you wish to contact TransUnion, you may do so,

#### Online:

To dispute information contained in your credit report, please visit: [www.transunion.com/disputeonline](http://www.transunion.com/disputeonline)  
For answers to general questions, please visit: [www.transunion.com](http://www.transunion.com)

#### By Mail:

TransUnion Consumer Relations  
P.O. Box 2000  
Chester, PA 19022-2000

#### By Phone:

(800) 916-8600  
You may contact us between the hours of 8:00 a.m. and 11:00 p.m. Eastern Time, Monday through Friday, except major holidays.

For all correspondence, please have your TransUnion file number available (located at the top of this report).

## -Begin Additional Information-

### Additional Information

The following disclosure of information is provided as a courtesy to you. This information is not part of your TransUnion credit file, but may be provided when TransUnion receives an inquiry about you from an authorized party. This additional information can include Special Messages, Possible Office of Foreign Assets Control ("OFAC") Name Matches, and Inquiry Analysis Information. Any of the previously listed information that pertains to you will be listed below.

### Inquiry Analysis

The companies that request your credit report must first provide certain information about you. Within the past 90 days, companies that requested your report provided the following information.

#### CCB/PAYPALCREDIT

Identifying information they provided:  
KATHLEEN FOSHAY  
4015 PLYERS MILL RD  
KENSINGTON, MD 20895  
Requested On: 10/13/2015

To dispute online go to: <http://transunion.com/disputeonline>

woods

J.H.S. 142

P.S. 111

houses

Housing  
Project  
buildings,

Edenwald,

Cardinal Spellman High School

Sports field

Buildings

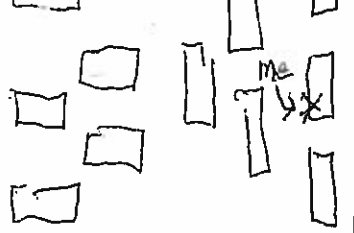
Subway →

houses

houses

housing  
project  
buildings

Baychester Housing  
project



Cesar houses  
+  
miguels  
house

Hab-  
burgers

Retarded  
Children's  
Home

woods

These guys look like what  
I call "generational-slaves  
type #2 + 3," respectively,

houses



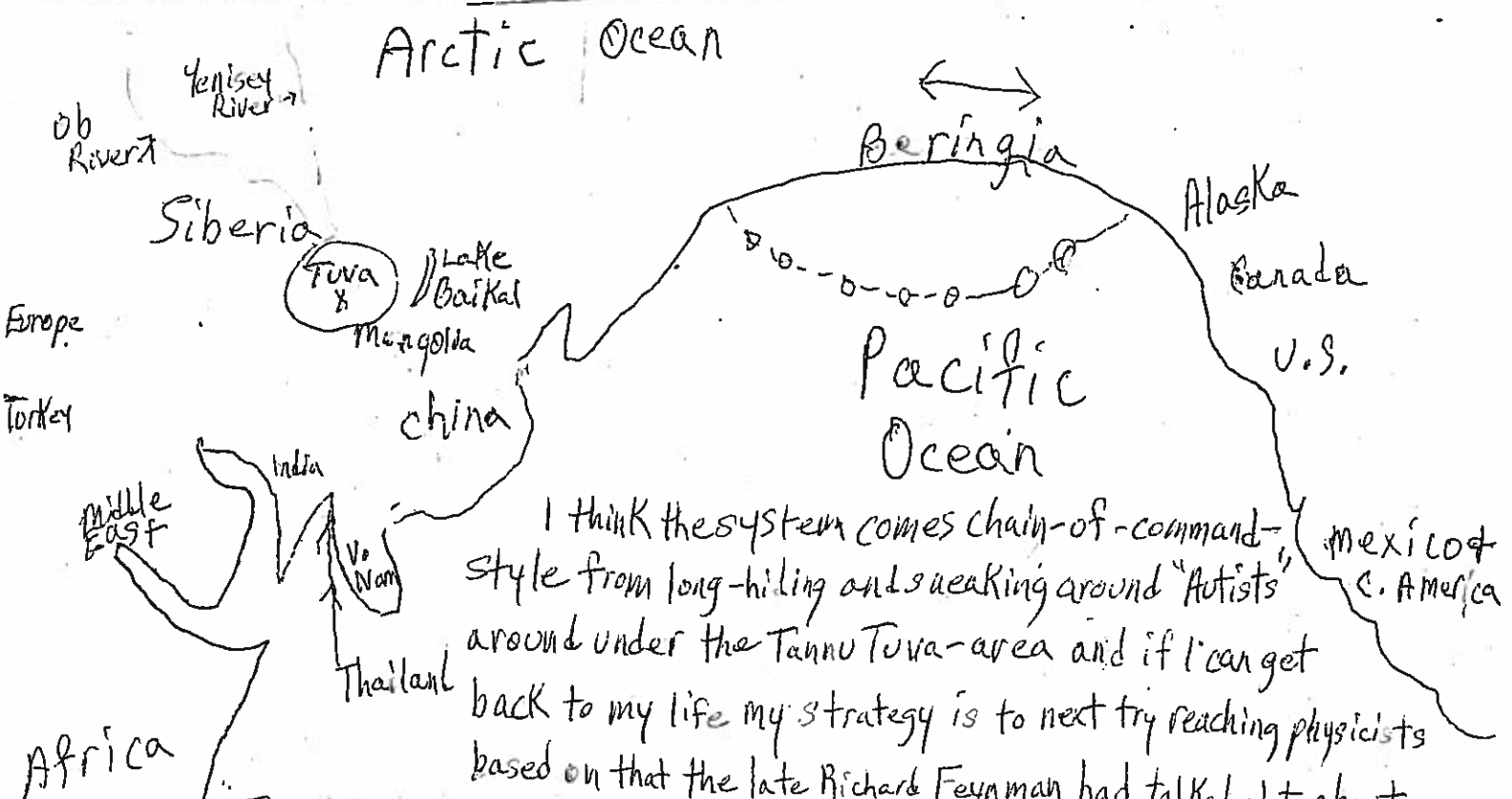
me just guessing from  
60 years of this odd  
life, the diagram above  
being unimportant to  
PayPal, (where I'd grown  
up in the Bronx.) He's →  
like the guy in the  
turbaned portrait on my  
blogsite next to the I with  
the "G-d is Disappointed in  
You" sign, all system-slaves.



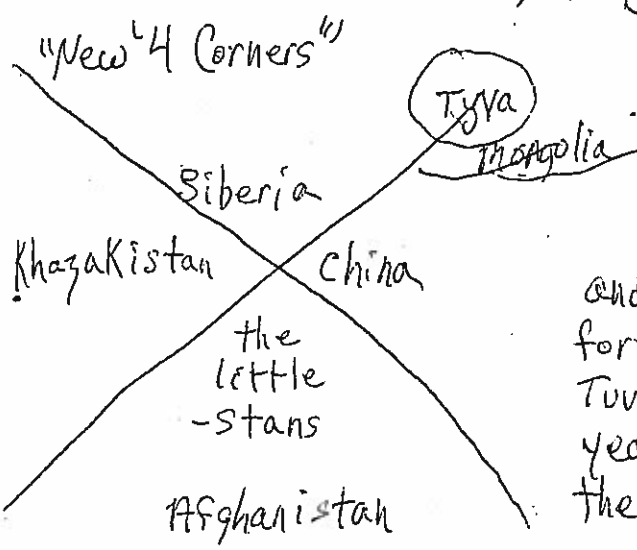
Masood with one of his closest companions. Masood Khalili, son of the most

The late Masood with friend Masood, from biography  
"The..."

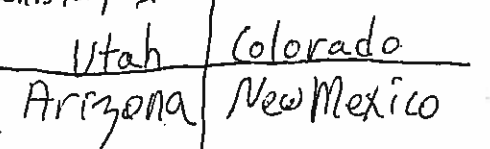
© Masood Khalili



I think the system comes chain-of-command-style from long-hiding and sneaking around "Artists" around under the Tannu Tuva-area and if I can get back to my life my strategy is to next try reaching physicists based on that the late Richard Feynman had talked alot about Tuva, but all I know is that he was a generational-slave type so I haven't mentioned the book about that because I don't know if he was system-forced to publicize about and trick people into going there where they'd be disappeared there but the situation seems so desperate now, - I've got the "Science Fiction" goons fulfilling that "Kings of the earth" part of that sick Revelation prophecy as crawling all over every speck of my life to profit off of these begging-letters, this trying to stay alive to get a grown-up aware that the whole planet is going to die for no reason (as described in the blogsite) and they're top-secretly anger-monsters, this invisible problem Armageddon-scripted to set off the destruction-fuse; - Alfred Nobel had cope-written about it too, a play, "Nemesis." (a generational slave too.) U.S. 4 Corners region



This is just from a previous letter too, showing Prehistory to the "Artists" base-area and they've been back and forth and settling around Tuva-area for thousands of years, to my thinking, which the system twists to their LURE-purposes and despises.





No one's ever required a responsibly-behaving adult's assistance more than I have but this place is saying they can't let me leave without some sort of a legal guardian and that might be a prelude to legal papers to put me in a psychiatric lock-up over a phony psychiatric charge of paranoid Schizophrenia when I was broke in 1989 and had had to apply for a state disability money-help and had no idea what was going on with what turns out to be a whole global-underworld mostly built on oil-money that comes from anthropophagy, "melted" people, <sup>that</sup> seems to be our biggest problem but the meat and drug industries are nearly the same and my point is that all the sadism and the filth emanates from nothing but some small problems in prehistory and they broke the ozone layer that's like a seal around our air-atmosphere with their obsession to harvest the riches in space and they're not for mortals and now they're just letting their slave-built system complete its world-ownership Armageddon Plan and it's been inconspicuously being done off this inane "play" abuse of me, "the stupid crosseyed girl" and anyone that tries to assist me gets disappeared but I never, and don't, know about that, I'm always just alone and going to libraries and writing these letters for help these last 10 years, and 5-1/4" floppy disks I was system-tricked into in 1992-93, saying "Armageddon Is Now" and then that there should be a "Spirits Liberation Movement" while the system's been destroying the spirit-world all along, which space and the Universe had been meant for.

I don't know if anything is left of my papers till I get out of here to go look but I've been writing about 300 pages of this background while here and I'd try to censor proper names and scan it for my blogsite, with the shiny new Donate button I hope, I'll try to call to find out if this reaches your office.. Sincerely,

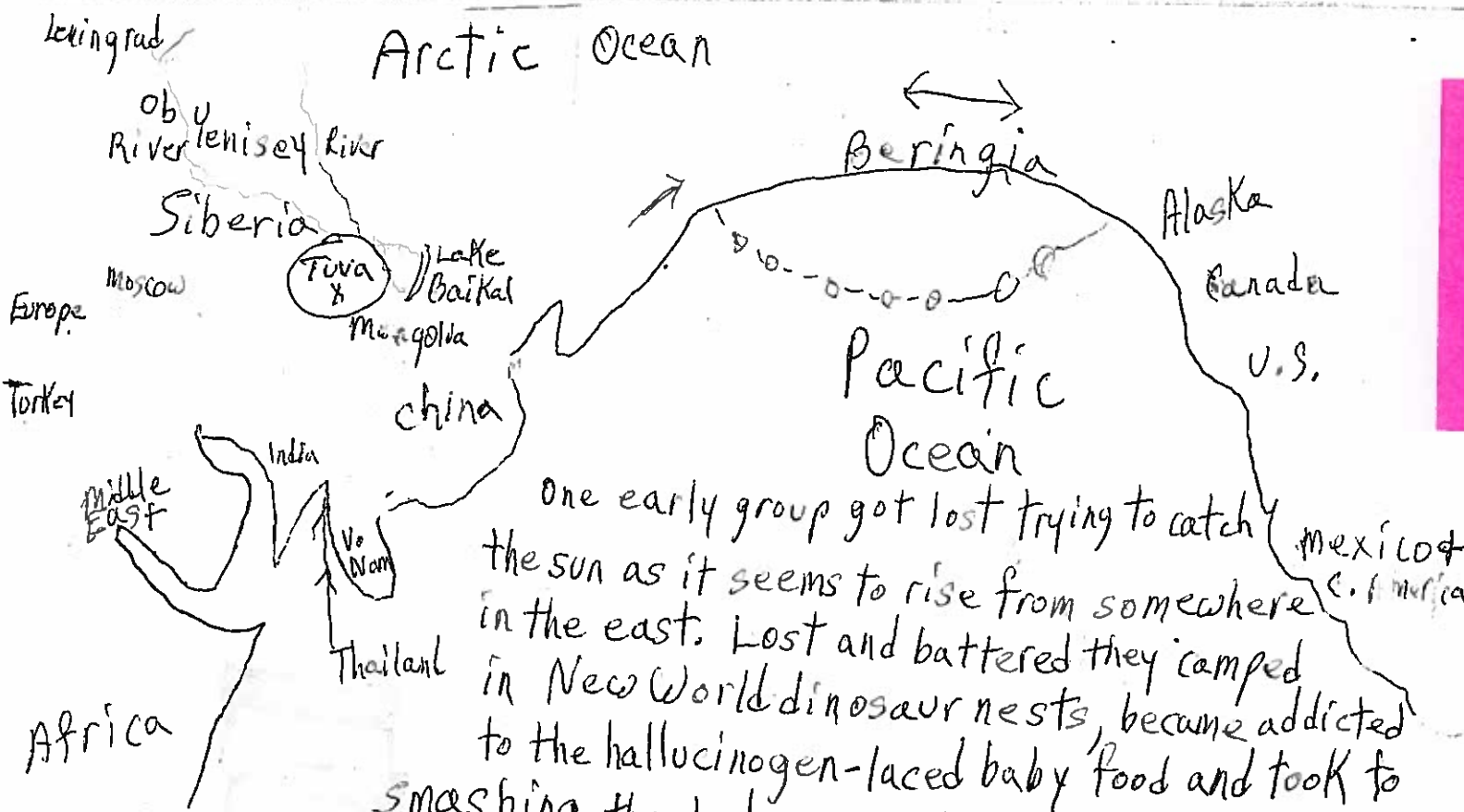
Kathy Foshay,  
(443) 630-4914,

Suburban Hospital, Room 2445-  
or 11000 Illinois Road, P.O. Box 111, Bethesda, MD 20814

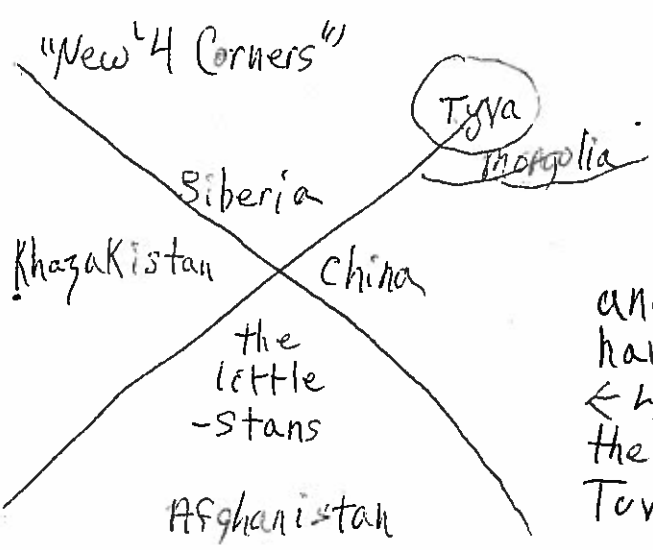
11/30/16, Saturday \* 3/4/16 - Maybe, maybe, some of the European art is faked to cover-up for the Paleo-Americans?

S [redacted]

Two weeks ago a social worker named Florence came here and had really said nothing except her first name and that you were looking for a place for me and would be back Monday, so I'm wondering if that was a response to my note of that Wednesday to Rivon that I think I'd come from an old employee of Johns Hopkins, Florence Sabin, 1871-1953, and that Sabin was larger-sized than me\*, but I think her ova was "crossed with" matter of small-sized Oswald Avery of the RIMR, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, now Rockefeller University, next door to the hospital I was born from, New York Hospital, and nearly nobody knows that Avery was one of Earth's biggest oddities, a big mess-up and I found a big old artwork with his same face on it. I think it was in a huge 10-piece old "cartoon" by Andrea's Mantegna of northern Italy maybe around 1530 called the Triumph of Caesar\* with Avery's face as Caesar, but it's conceivable that it might have been, (be,) a Rubens and I don't recall where it is, maybe England.\* In the biography on Avery by Rene Dubos, (who'd retired to the area near that V.A. hospital I wrote you about the next day, 1/14,) "The Professor, DNA, and the Institute,) there's circumstantial evidence that Avery's carelessness with his standard little vial-specimen had led to the outbreak of the 1918 Spanish Flu that had killed 18 million people, and I realize that he might have been the progenitor of Michael Deaver, (ca. 2007?) who I think had prepared the Federal-City Shelter for my being stranded there with this Armageddon-creating "shoo" off of me. → \* also Astrophysicist Sandra Faber, w. big John Cash, RIMR. \* Avery from Bicci de Medici, probably.



One early group got lost trying to catch the sun as it seems to rise from somewhere in the east. Lost and battered they camped in New World dinosaur nests, became addicted to the hallucinogen-laced baby food and took to smashing the baby eggs in competition for the food, accidentally extinguishing the dinosaurs meant for our food and transportation today, game-driving other megafauna off cliffs. When they trekked west and met the Old Worlders they became obsessed with the cooked meat and while lost up north they took to anthropophagy, cannibalism, probably of the women and children, appalling the natural world, and I think the solar system started dying off back then, as nature couldn't create new life to only become victim to all this sadism.



In Prehistory they'd based in the U.S. Southwest region and today's maps have this X-shaped 4 corners area near the Republic of Tannu Tuya, long their area

U.S. 4 Corners region	
Utah	Colorado
Arizona	New Mexico

2/1/16, Monday, 1:15 PM - It was "horrific" here all morning with the sit-down-and-eat and an "impostor" nurse that I haven't really seen since. The gist is that they want the name of a family member and I have no way of knowing if they haven't already gotten 1 or both of those 2's consent to lock me away.

They said the 1 I called the impostor-psychiatrist, Dr. <sup>Surendra</sup> Kendall that they pronounce Kendall will be back and I don't know where to begin. I mentioned the signing myself into WHC's - for the only place I could get social work through - psych unit and all they did was do what I was already doing, - they contacted Veterans First and Veterans First got the horrific CRRC involved. JE I don't know who dropped the business card, & I'd asked and she'd demurred and the subject came up again later and she'd said that if she comes back she'd give me one, but someone dropped it face-up on the way out I guess but she's already said she isn't wanting me to contact her. The rotten fraudulent-family is unlikely to be decent enough to telephone to say that they got my letter. JE Jotting the above, - - when did, oh yeah, WHC brought in that CRRC and when I got out I re-contacted Veterans First, WHC having lost the business card demanded.

JE It was awful, this Sherry not knowing anything about me -  
- So I've got organizing for this Dr. Kendall the name badge had ready and  
- a letter to my sister (an unknown dislikes me greatly)

Similar is that I'd written to Major Fosselman + he might have been in on the vote to hit me with a car for all I know. Similarly the Montgomery County AFB had asked and I'd said my fraud-sister's 1st name, and they might, here, have been in that previous contact, with Millie - I called - - (next page) →

(2/11/16, Monday, 2:43 PM) I'd called the social worker Steve, because the Dr. Kandel was here just now and I'd said that the hold-up was him according to the new Dr. (sp?) Cooperin and Dr. (Surentra) Kandel said that as far as he's concerned I can go to the Kensington NRC today. I asked him to write that down in the chart and he said that also he'd tell Cooperin (sp) and then I called the SW Steve, at nearly a loss for safe-thanking words and just starting a 1-page note to him on this Tuva + PayPal + physicists in memory of Richard Feynman business, I said I'd write to him. However nowhere have I heard the word discharge. When he'd walked in I started, like the females had said, to let him know that I can take care of myself. He said his only concern was the oxygen, without the oxygen I would die, which is the whole diatribe at the GWU in April 2014, those same words over and over again. Then SW Steve said he'd call the Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center and see if they have opened available today. [God help me, now SW Steve was here saying the Kensington NRC is contacting the "Trusted <sup>Health</sup> Care" and I don't know anything about them, to see if my insurance is still good - 3:30 PM. The nurses are saying my name a lot but everywhere's an acting place. I'm afraid

- SKITTLES and the Steve - lookalike 1989 (V.P. 535, he looked like an Oberth son, + so did Mitch Snyder, d. 1990.)

Volunteers + pastoral care = 301-896-3092, 1/8/16 (Pam forget?)

\* I forgot to mention that the messed-up "D" in Donate on the p. 525, PayPal letter was because it struck me as looking like the Narmer Palette's shape, writing to strangers with something as strange as my business I was not wanting that "Donate" to get misinterpreted and sent them a photo that I hadn't messed up too much in fixing it, that Egyptian old artifact being like an elongated heart ♡. SW Steve came by on his way out + picked up that letter now to mail it for me, and his casualness about that and the Trusted Health Care has made me feel a little better, that I won't be robbed tonight. 333

11/16/11 Mon. 5pm

And Benedict Sestini the Artist-Astronomer is on that Bismarck painting, had architected that "St. Ploys, US" church attached to Bergaggschul.

and this note has been hanging around for a month now to try to fit it in

because this "Fr. Sestini" was a huge Hittler all over the place and alot of years at Georgetown University, like a big astronomer-expert, that I suspect is connected to that "Einstein Tower" in that big place outside of Berlin, where Kaiser Wilhelm II lived, with the daughter Viktoria who is a or the "Julie" type, the belle of Hittler's time but a neek-eyed

bummy like I too. I suspected while researching that that later chairman or president-type of W. Germany, Adenauer, maybe Kurt Adenauer, was the assignment to have sex with before getting married, the first one then she married what I was calling the "St. Bavo" stereotyped guy

that's pretty common but a little difficult to describe - like Steve Jobs father, + (I think) the guy who'd actually outkasted, the partner, the book about Tova and Richard Feynman, and many others, and the "hybrid" of that type that was the store manager where I'd

accidentally worked and met this "Julie"-type that I'm thinking now was descended from John D. Rockefeller. They're in the herd to find Rubens set on St. Bavo, in the hood on the balcony looking what

around right to the official, the priest I guess - I guess - that that that's what the 1st mid Ma-Puttyker of the Hyatt fortune was from, Roland Garros, he was that stereotyped type, all the early pilots in a crew company here from 1910 to 1911 also that

to look alike, and it's, therefore according to my thinking, very similar to the slightly darker-seeming Hermann Goertz, the father behind the



whole trip to the moon. He wrote a book, Catechism for Space, but it's only in German. At the very end he writes to memorize a small formula and to me it looked like what became "DNA," like, whatever else keep this memorized, and it'd struck me as looking like the "ATP" and 3 other similarly marked things, from way-offhand memory of seeing it at the Library of Congress, the 4 things that make up the strands of DNA, and I got the idea it had to do with skin colors, the formula for dying <sup>over</sup> eggs + I don't recall why I thought that but there might have been a good reason. That was a very more recent book, somewhat more. He only passed in 1989, and I think, even though there were a lot that looked like Roland, that the Roland Garros had been captured and facially-reconstructed a little and said then to be Hermann Oberth, working on the space trip c. 1923 on.

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2/2/16, Tuesday - maybe it's Groundhog day. Dr. (R?) Sidhu came by and said she's done my discharge paperwork and I only have to take -- a problem, that that Dr. Kandel had re-increased the Serquel back up to 100mg, where it had been reduced + I don't want it at all, -- the same so I've been taking because I figure that these people don't "compute," taking no medicine at all so I couldn't cut that out with the heparin and that nose-spray or whatever, I had to be taking something + maybe it was re-increased because they have to prescribe something to justify their pay + whatever; speaking of which, I'd used that word at the end of a short eerie little conversation with the regular ~~super~~ social worker female, - still in terrified month 535

(2/2/16, Tues - Noon) It seemed a little "flippant" in terms of that unreal phoriness from herself, so that worries me, and also she was just sneak-blowing a kiss at me, which is scary. [The Dr. S: she said she thought they would be getting me out of here today + asked me how I felt + I said excited and she waxed about the fresh air again, that it's cooped-up in here + that to look forward to my bed + when I said that I never get optimistic she seemed a little disappointed for a flash-second I'd (I) wondered.]] [4:30 PM] Sad to say I do seem to recall somehow that I'd been in the chair by the window in the ICU bedroom, pt-area, when the security guard brought the bag with my purse, overcoat/raincoat and shoes, slipper-shoes, in it but then I was in the chair by the doorway when (the front-parent and then M and I were on the telephone and getting the hospital #s from me, and) someone

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2/3/16, Wed 10 AM - There was some uninteresting interruption there. Dr. Garg was in this morning. I slept accidentally till 8 but managed to keep the panic-syndrome from its whirring my guts + head + had showered, after breakfast. Now'm just waiting... for good or ill word. It's raining so I can't offer to take a bus, - - solar power would be required maybe! I don't know why but I feel like taking a nap. Dr. Garg mentioned I've been here 75 days. I thought it was up to nearly 80. There might be a time limit.]] [11:30 AM]

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→ Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center's Admissions lady was by. She said she has to contact and get a contract from Trusted Health Care 3rd - Suburban's president might maybe be a Kurt Schneider offspring-descendant! I'd just picked up a copy of their in-house magazine which I'd thought was a general medical news letter and hadn't read till today, the Fall 2015 issue 536