

hand-copy 2/2/16, Dear KNARC: (on the letterhead)

Thank you for admitting me to your facility.

Enclosed please find a copy of the letter of Jan. 14th, then one I'd sent the mayor in July with a 1-page hand-out flyer on my situation, one from Dec 2014, one from October's first 2 pages and the last 2 pages have mags of Berinjia on them, in case you're interested in the Prehistory subject.

list of
pages

from
ment
ory

I have to try to: reclaim my little bags of belongings, my papers, from the Safe Haven shelter at the west end of Pyles Mill Road; go to DCHA to restart my housing-voucher; apply for a duplicate of my lost Maryland DMV-ID card; and install a "Donate" button on my new little blog-/website, and try to get my new writing from this hospital (stay) scanned onto it. ~~When~~ the housing-voucher is re-started I have 4 months ^{with it} to find which to find a one-bedroom apartment, in the District.

- Then Ms. April Lane their Admissions lady, Director? came by, saying she has to get a contract from Trusted Health, and went on to speak or find Steve and got there through Rivon I think. I gave her the little bundled-packet of letters for my background on myself i.e. (LSP) what they should know that my situation really is, -- and it sounds okay. 11:30 AM 2/3/16.

3/2/16 = tacked on at the end was a "Tova" + 4-corners mag with a blurb + then that in-color "Energy" + Berinjia picture with the boy on the skateboard. → was moved on 3/11/16. 6 PM

Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center
9000 M^cComas Avenue
Kensington, MD 20895
January 14, 2016

Dear Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center,

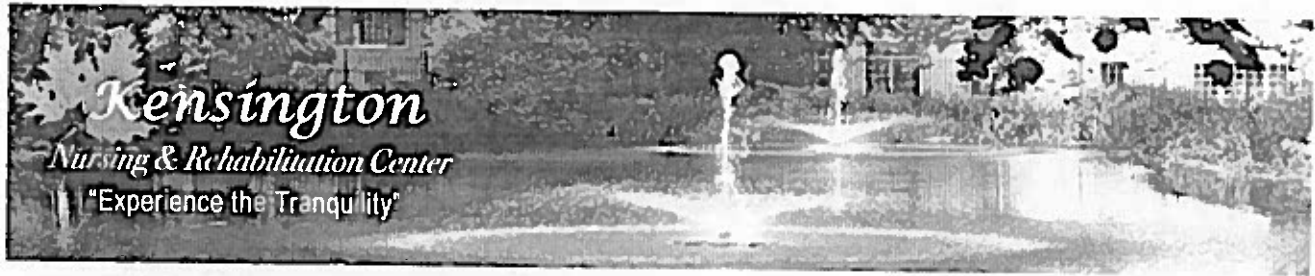
Suburban Hospital's social worker says you are considering taking me for 4 months while I try to find a small apartment in the District on a DC Housing Authority housing-voucher because homeless shelter's can't have oxygen tanks around and I should have supplemental oxygen and have a form of "COPD" that makes moving around difficult, especially in cold weather, don't drive at all and have no friends, due to a unique set of circumstances, for helping me to get out of this hospital now. He says my insurance company says they will cover the stay and I am anxious to leave now in order to recover my few but important belongings left at a shelter west on Plyers Mill Road. I've written extensively, hundreds of letters, to people and groups in Washington and then to Mayor Fosselman and the KVFB last August that I'm unwittingly at the bottom of a system-scam, the "Armageddon" Plan, that is bound to bring us and the Earth to total extinction and am always offering 30-50% of future-profit to anyone that helps me till responsible adults are working on this problem-set. Just before I got hit by the car last November I was trying to contact astronomers that the sudism on Earth is so bad that nature had had to cease creating new life-forms, evolution of the solar system ground to a halt, Mars and Venus

died off, the "Asteroid Belt" actually a broken planet that nevertheless continues in its orbit the same as Earth only is doing, since this anthropophagy was started thousands of years ago by an accidentally-longlost people who'd become developmentally disabled and accidentally extincted the New World dinosaurs, meant for our food and transportation today, by smashing the baby eggs in overzealous competition for the hallucinogen-laced baby food of plants, mushrooms and toads the parents brought back to the nests the humans must have taken to staying in, their inherited brains' still with that addiction buried deeply, hostage-held generational-slaves building this system we have today. Then their new jet-planes began puncturing through the membrane-like ozone layer in the drive to harvest the diamond-like stars and silver-looking moon and anticipated other riches in space but the inherited disability won't let the brain admit the mistake-set of anthropophagy for oil, meat, drugs and I don't know what else is secret, the dredging-out of the Earth, and all kinds of sex, medical and legal problems. I'm sure they want me shipped to a V.A. hospital under which secret-descendants of a former richest person in the world oil magnate will throw a LURE-party based on what a moron I, the stupid cross-eyed girl, is as a gimmick, that will result in completing the Armageddon promise while even without it we're headed for the extinction because of all the sadism.

One of the Armageddon-making tricks has been to let me have access to computers lately after none since 1994, and I've started a little "free" blog-/website and was about to install a free "Donate" button from the PayPal company and would like to do so as soon as possible as I've had no source of income except food stamps and occasional gifts from this bizarre fraudulent-family and now a few gift cards from the Montgomery County Coalition for the Homeless, who can't shelter me because of the oxygen requirement from the hospital, which is especially useful overnight. I've been writing a letter trying to explain everything for basically anyone that would be interested and it's about 400 pages now and I plan to try to get it scanned, proper names bleeped-out, and posted onto the little website. The Armageddon-trap is that it's been dangerous to try to help or even to contact me so I'm hoping the third-party of the PayPal company would act as a shield preventing donors from becoming retributed for wanting to "Rescue the Universe" by getting the system straightened out by me writing what I can figure out about the Prehistory of the now global-system leadership, and such as that, the "tricks" and "magic" and now the oil magnate/s. This weekend I'll write down all I can figure about Joseph Smith so far and could also fax that to you if you're interested. Thank you,

Kathleen Foshay (301)
896-7745

long "free" URL: UniverseRescue/KathyFoshayWordPressCom.WordPress.com



Home Mission Statement Quality Nursing Care Historical Retreat Country Charm Potomac Unit Rehab Services Contact Us

Text Size: A a



Country Charm From 1920

Built in the 1920's, Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center resides in a building that was once used as a suburban retreat for Christian Scientists. The quiet, restful atmosphere afforded the opportunity for those residing there to recuperate. The original owners offered their guests homegrown food and a beautiful landscape to help restore their mind and body.

Kensington's Calendar

Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center retains much of its peaceful charm with spectacular views of the landscape, large fireplaces and beautiful oil paintings that can be found through the building. Keeping with the building's history, it is our goal to provide high quality medical care in a compassionate atmosphere our residents can call home.

- May is Older American Month
- May 10-16 National Nursing Home Week

Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center boasts excellent food and an exciting activities program. Exercise classes, games and reminiscence groups can often be found taking place in the Chesapeake Room, which also doubles as our dining area. A private computer room is available for our residents and their families.

Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center
3000 McCormas Avenue
Kensington, MD 20895
Phone: 301-933-0060 Fax: 301-933-4884
(Maryland Relay Services dial 711 - Available in US only)

Kensington Nursing & Rehabilitation does not discriminate against any person on the basis of race, national origin, disability, or age in admission, treatment, or participation in its programs, services and activities, or in employment. Please contact our Section 504 Coordinator for further information about the policy. Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center is licensed for residents with Medicare and Medicaid (MC, DC), other forms of insurance and private payment are also accepted.

The letters to Mayor Fosselmann (July 2015) and to a Veterans Affairs office were forwarded from here (3/29/16)

301)933-0060 - No answer, 1/26/16, 9:15 AM


PayPal
% Bill McLatey Inc.
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:

UniverseRescue/KathyFoshayWordPressCom.WordPress.com
(Free from Wordpress)

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



Letters include:
Clinton Administration
Catholic Charities
M.K. To Library
Secretary of Defense
Secret Service
CIA
FBI
DOJ-OVAO
T.S. of Treasury
Douglas Devel Corp.
Senator Clinton
N.A.S. (Natl. Academy of Sciences)
A.A.A.S. (Am. Acad. of Arts & Sciences)
Am. Public Health Assn.
U.S. Marshal's Service
E.O.
F. O. Low Center
C.U.C.-TPA (Inst. Public Representation)
G.L.U.
Harvard University
N.A.N.P.
A.C.L.U.
Am. Psychological Assn.
Liberian of Congress
President Obama
CIA Director Panetta
Leon and Sylvia Panetta
Inst. for Public Policy
Hellenison
rained Corp.
Washington Blade
Fraternal Order of Police
N.O.A.M.I.
D.P.R. Hignorama
Terry F. Livingston
Brookings Institution
Katal Medoff
G.O.P. Computer Forward
Hudson Institute
American Foundation
Hundreds of

-Begin Credit Report-

Personal Information

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

Names Reported: KATHLEEN FOSHAY

Addresses Reported:

Address	Date Reported
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
For answers to general questions, please visit: www.transunion.com

By Mail:

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

By Phone:

(800) 916-8800
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

woods

J.H.S. 142

P.S. 111

houses

Housing
Project
buildings,

Edenwald,

Cardinal Spellman High School
Sports field Buildings

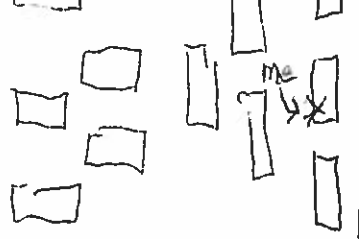
Subway →

houses

houses

housing
project
buildings

Baychester Housing
project



Cesar houses
+
miguell's
house

Hamm-
burgers

Retarded
children's
town

woods

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

houses

←

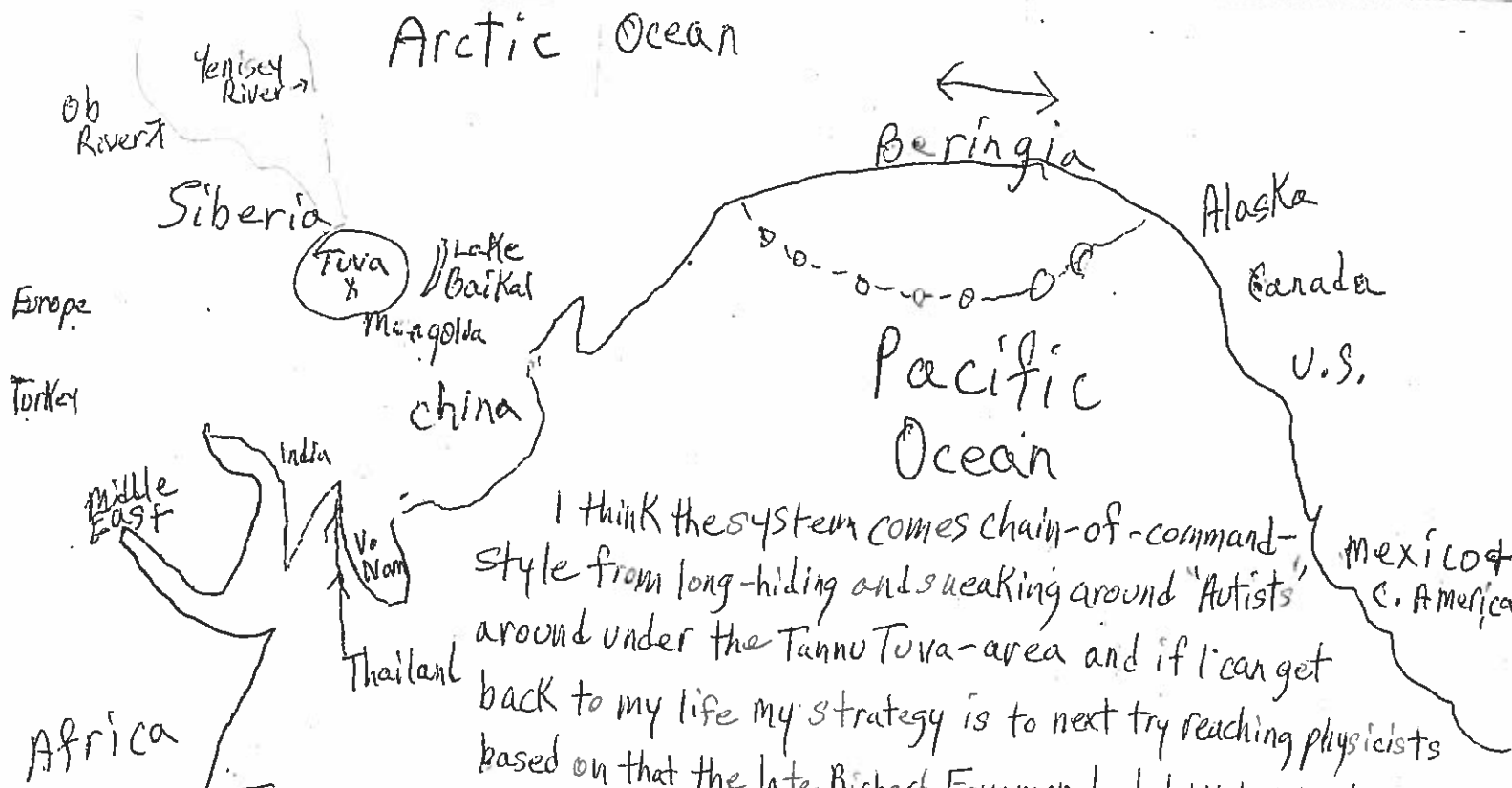
me just guessing from
60 years of this odd
life, the diagram above
being unimportant to
Paypal, (where I'd grown
up in the Bronx.) He's →
like the guy in the
turbaned portrait on my
blogsite next to the I with
the "G-d is Disappointed in
You" sign, all system-slaves.



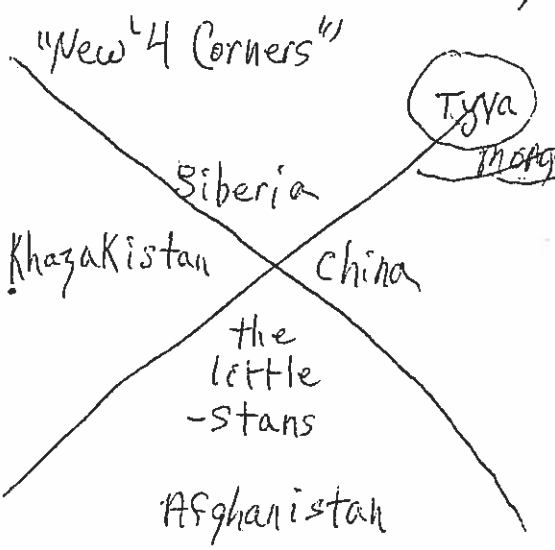
Masoud with one of his closest companions. Masoud Khalili, son of the most

The late Masoud with friend Masood, from biography

© Masoud 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 then 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 blog site) and they're top-secretly anger-monsters, this invisible problem Armageddon scripted to set off the destruction-fuse; - Alfred Nobel had code-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 despoise

Utah	Colorado
Arizona	New Mexico

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^s that 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 systems 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-

Program Director
 Montgomery County Coalition for the Homeless
 600-B East Gude Drive
 Rockville, MD 20850
 301-217-0314
 mcch@mcch.net
 October 23, 2015

KATHY FOSHAY, Kathleen
 Safe Haven
 4015 Plyers Mill Road
 Kensington, MD 20895
 They all live off of this LURE.
 Earliest of hundreds of
 Letters given:
 Clinton Administration 1999
 Catholic Charities 2003
 M. K. Jr. Library 2006
 Secretary of Defense 2008
 Secret Service + 2014
 CIA 2008
 FBI - 2015
 DOJ-OVAW
 I.G. of Treasury
 Douglas Devel. Corp.
 Senator Clinton
 N.A.S. (Natl. Academy of Sciences)
 A.A.B.S. (Assoc. of American Business Schools)
 Am. Public Health Assn.
 U.S. Marshal's Service
 P.O. Center
 C.U.C. - I.P.A. (Conf. of U.S. Public Administrators)
 Harvard University

Me old picture
 Lifeline
 Phone Number
 443-630-4914

Dear Name withheld for privacy,

Please let me call you name withheld because it seems that everyone does. I've been at Safe Haven Kensington and I think maybe I saw you when I was at the Food Stamp office on Piccard Drive on Thursday, October 15th and everything or things at the Safe Haven have turned real bad since then so I'm writing you to try to explain my predicament while I was there.

I have the worst problem-set in the world. It's connected to this 1962 → "French Connection" narcotics scam that the 1970 film was made about, but in real life it had ended up in the Bronx near where I'd lived and the guy on the far-right looks like my fraudulent-parent though it's possible that he and the narcotics agent are 1/2- or "spawn" brothers illegally.



Received hand of \$100,000 of pure heroin is displayed by some of the arresting officers after capture in Tom Liza's basement. (Feb. 22, 1962). Time, Jan. 14, 1963. Source: Newark, N.J. Police Dept. Photo by AP/Wide World.

Nat'l. Acad.
 GAO, Comptroller General
 Nuclear Institute
 New America Foundation
 Etc. Hundreds of

It's like science fiction crime only it's real life. Somehow this phony-parent of mine has got thousands and thousands of offspring all over the place, like a whole Biblical "nation" of people with his specific facial features except dark for most of them, like this example I'd found in a newspaper for homeless people last year. That type of female seems a big stereotype also.

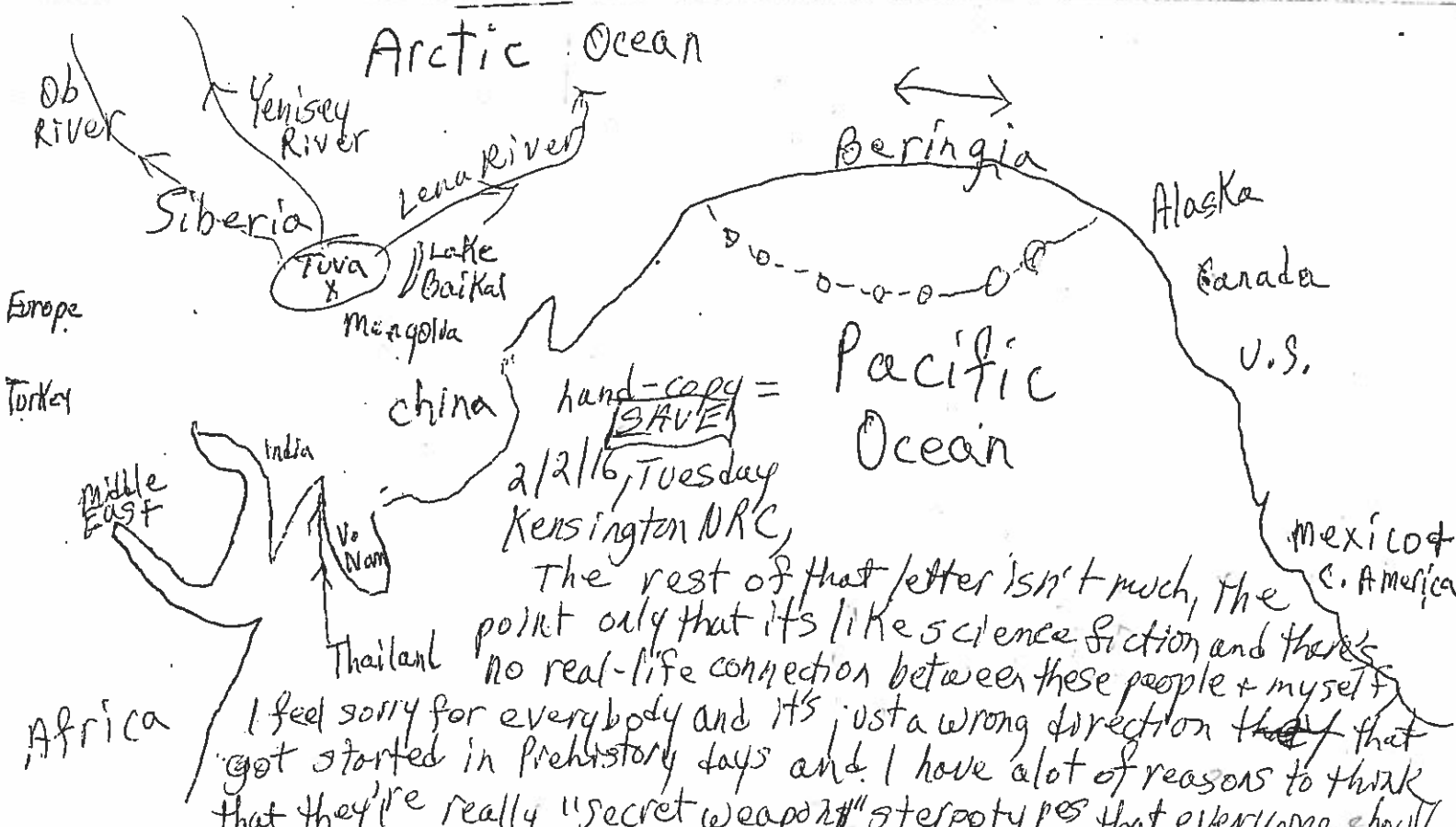
When they get to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren level the resemblance

is less obvious but the girl/lady at the food stamp office was telling me that I'd have to go to the Germantown office and one of these was standing there in the conversation and I asked her who he was and she said that he used to work there, in the Rockville office, and he has the same situation and has to go to Germantown for his card also.



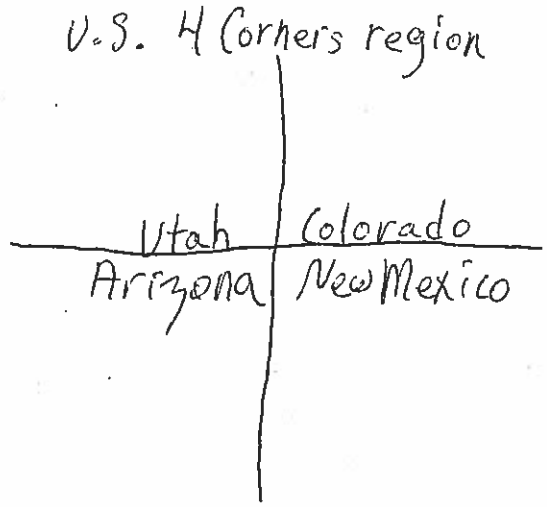
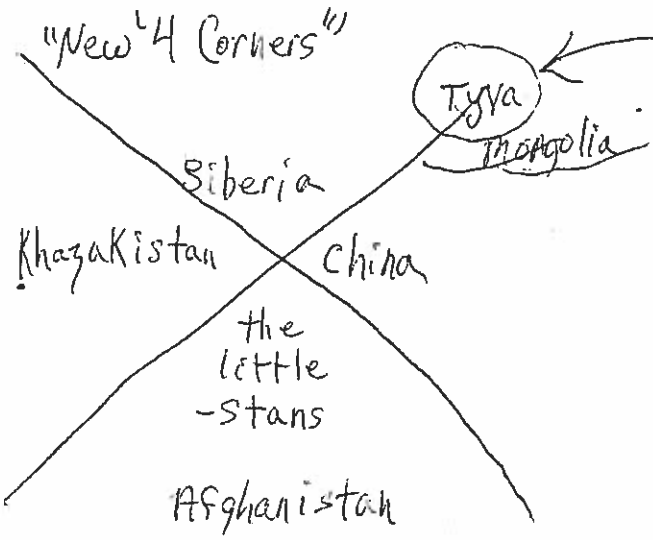
William Brown, an HBCAC men's emergency client, has a check-up with a Community Clinic, Inc. nurse.

PHOTO CREDIT MONTGOMERY COUNTY COALITION FOR THE HOMELESS



hand-copy =
 2/2/16, Tuesday
 Kensington DRC,

The rest of that letter isn't much, the point only that it's like science fiction and there's no real-life connection between these people + myself. I feel sorry for everybody and it's just a wrong direction that got started in prehistory days and I have a lot of reasons to think that they're really "secret weapons" stereotypes that everyone should have some foreknowledge about as a self-protection, that I have to stress this horror-problem that's specifically mine. The next page is an example that the oil- and energy- obsessions come from the 14,000 mile trek and its back+forth then erroneously made in prehistory. This is an old area-base of the real problem that had thought-up the global-system, to my thinking, and I'm focusing on explaining Tuva next



Name
withheld,

(Not in the KNRc packet) (This following wasn't either)

I'm just getting started and this is expensive and I still have to send back the Independence card I got in the mail from Austin, Texas when I got back Thursday evening, the 15th. I thought it was some bill-collector or junk mail and I didn't start to open it till I was back in the office on Piccard Drive the next morning and then my name was called so that I didn't finish opening the envelope till I was on the bus and writing to you is an emergency so I haven't gotten to that yet. I had to take 13 bus rides on Friday to do all my errands, which is what I meant, part of it, when the girl was saying this about going to Germantown to me and to this stranger that's likely descended illegally from my fraudulent-parent, who was probably or likely descended illegally from a phony-King of Siam, and I've had a life of sadistic tricks sneakily played on me including to do with that French Connection scam, and I felt she was running a typical trick on me and I'd moaned that I'm not an animal, to be able to withstand that trick. Germantown is where I'd applied for a tiny seasonal job that Monday, the 12th, bell-ringing for The Salvation Army based there, and I felt that this was a trick to include these horror-science fiction boys in on my attempt to make a little income despite the 24/7 LORE they and the underground keep me like a ghost-prisoner to. Then the Safe Haven did a Domestic Violence scenario on 10/16/00.
(on the back of 10/8/15 flyer) Out of room. Thanks. Kathy Feehley

(first page missing)

the Office of Home Energy Programs (OHEP) can help. For information call 1-800-352-1446 or visit us on-line at www.dhr.state.md.us/meap/index.htm

The information below helped us make our decision:

FOOD
SUPPLEMENT
PROGRAM

Assistance Unit Number 110154984
Household Size 1

Earned Income
Unearned Income
Housing Costs
Utility Costs
Dependent Care Costs
Medical Costs
Assets
Overpayment Reduction

If you think the information we used is wrong, please call your Case Manager at the number listed above. Please remember to report all changes within ten (10) days.

You may ask for a Fair Hearing if you think our decision is wrong. The Fair Hearing rules are on the other side of this notice.

Ms. Davis
10/15/15

They tell me Ms. Davis had an emergency + can't give me the EBT card therefore today, + they want me to travel to Germantown now to get it, saying that otherwise I'd have to come back here tomorrow, which I said I have no choice about.

I would die in the street traveling to Germantown for all anybody here could care.

Other - Ms. Lamothe, they are "playing games" telling me I have to go to Germantown when you had told me to come in here today. "They" said I could come back here tomorrow for the EBT card because Ms. Davis will be back from her emergency to be able to give it to me then. Please help that →

MARYLAND DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN RESOURCES

PAGE 1

MONTGOMERY COUNTY
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES
1301 PICCARD DR. 2ND FL
ROCKVILLE MD 20850

District: ROCKVILLE OFFICE
Customer ID: 423054070
Case Manager: MS. LAMOTHE
Telephone: (240) 777-1469
Date: 10/08/15

Ms. Coats =
Intake

Insert in Return Envelope with
the Address Below Showing

Ms. KATHLEEN FOSHAY
4015 PLYERS MILL RD
KENSINGTON MD 20895

MONTGOMERY COUNTY
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES
1301 PICCARD DR. 2ND FL
ROCKVILLE MD 20850

Dear Ms. FOSHAY:

APPROVAL FOR THE FOOD SUPPLEMENT PROGRAM

Based on your application for Food Supplement Program dated 10/05/15, you are approved effective 10/05/15. We have approved your application for the months of 10/15 through 03/16. This means you will get benefits during this period unless your situation changes. Before the end of this period, we will contact you to review your eligibility for a new period.

Please note: Because you were approved for Expedited Service, and we have asked you for more proof, we will not issue any more Food Stamp benefits after 10/15 unless you send us this information. If this proof changes your eligibility or your Food Stamp amount, we will make these changes without telling you ahead of time.

You will get your benefits as part of the Electronic Benefits Transfer (EBT) System. You will receive your EBT card in the mail. You will also receive directions for how to set your personal identification number (PIN). YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ACCESS YOUR BENEFITS UNTIL YOU RECEIVE YOUR CARD AND SET YOUR PIN.

If you already have an EBT card, you can continue to use that card and PIN.

If you had an EBT card and cannot find it, call the Customer Service Call Center at 1-800-997-2222 and request a replacement card.

Based on information we now have, you are eligible for the following benefits:

10/15 \$ 168.00

If you begin to receive Cash Assistance from us, your Food Supplement Program benefits may be reduced or ended without advance notice.

You will receive benefits for the people listed below:

KATHLEEN

the Office of Home Energy Programs (OHEP) can help. For information call 1-800-352-1446 or visit us on-line at www.dhr.state.md.us/meap/index.htm

The information below helped us make our decision:

FOOD
SUPPLEMENT
PROGRAM

Assistance Unit Number 110154984
Household Size 1

Earned Income
Unearned Income
Housing Costs
Utility Costs
Dependent Care Costs
Medical Costs
Assets
Overpayment Reduction

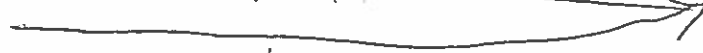
If you think the information we used is wrong, please call your Case Manager at the number listed above. Please remember to report all changes within ten (10) days.

You may ask for a Fair Hearing if you think our decision is wrong. The Fair Hearing rules are on the other side of this notice.

When I got this in the mail on Tuesday I was worried about the 2nd paragraph where it says that I'd been asked for more proof but hadn't sent it to them. I still have my Washington, DC EBT card so tried it and it doesn't work and then called the Case Manager, Ms. Lamothe and she told me to come to the office for the Maryland card, and that's where this Germantown scene was played on me, with no one in the world except me aware that this is how the Biblical Armageddon-prophecies are being fulfilled, as though it's a trivial joke that there's an underground people-disappearance entertainment-LURE "Armageddon Show" done off of me done virtually all my life, then he was gone and I noticed a lady that looks like your picture on the MCH website, and trouble has followed.

+ on the back they listed donors' names and the last one was, is, (Ruth) Kurt Snyder, then I opened it + there's this president's picture, then another 1 of him later. So when/if I get to a computer again or stamps I could try writing to ask him if he knows anything -- but I'd have to look at another picture of Schneider, it was difficult to pin down that 1 picture again, but I found a note that Manfred Bleuler looked like Schneider + I don't recall his looks at all. II Then also I realized that I should have told Dietary to quit sending the Ensure, that Dr. Gang's perspective would be that I'm stealing them. Right now I feel in danger of blowing up to fat if I drank them. Yesterday they sent their ^{HMM} "Berry Smoothie" + today they sent ^{HMM} another Smoothie that was completely different in terms of Nut say water-mixing it was replaced by this 1 that was instead maybe mixed with a milk-product = fattening, but not only am I drinking it, mixing on it because I don't have the usual coffee I'd be drinking instead, so I guess I'll have to go walk to the portney.

— Last night I was wondering if "the Oswald Avery-type" might have come

2/4/6, Thors, 10 AM - The animals  then and now, one of the garbages sprang at my brain agreeing it Bicicibe Medici might could have been from Leo X, as though I'd guessed correctly. Now these animals have been all over fire since before 5 AM and I'm so tortured + in this prison for so long and they are disgusting LURE behavior doing all over prisoned me. Now it's the 2nd time this Kensington -- gossiping outside the door here, the mutants with either the Lea or the Johanna nurse, plus there's a Leah somewhere used to be, shit-making a noise a minute outside the door forfore - ^{HMM} ₅₋₇

There's no nurse in there is why this pampering is permitted, I'd seen a nurse briefly, and some mutant-type guy-patient that's likely enjoying the shitmouthers.

Did I mention they gave me the fake Raushan nurse table and no aide. All of the sudden the nonstop-moaning leaving silence. The animal-place here has been doing dreams into

, through, me, getting worse and worse, last night's disgusting garbage running into purposely keeping -- I'm just encrusted with garbage. Then they sent a fraud-parent's grandchild-generation hybrid-type of the wig-wearer's in as the respiratory + it was nasty, disagreeing with everything I said instead of the overly-obsequious phony act they all usually do here while sucking you in with their murder-world-oriented selves. Rather than let the mutant-monster

who of course nobody asks to be born but she was so nasty + order-giving that it exacerbated the bad dream to insomnia - usual shit; I can't go over the teenyback+forth but it said -- they are all CURSERS, they curse any excuse they get, that piece of stranger garbage like the Jerome 2e one the girl case - manager was/is with, like that cursed my housing - voucher they sent the respiratory fake one of them in the morning to curse

my breathing I felt an explanation was due and I told the RT that I was sorry but ~~it~~^{you} looked like someone horrible I knew knowing it would not only curse my day with that putting comment to have a great day so then I'd said that as that deal was over with and the Dr. Gog showed up right on top of that. In fact yesterday, Tuesday it was, just about that RT hadn't been coming till especially late in the day, and it might have all been lead-up for this putsch & they're doing it underground, the LURE was off of me, my bad mood goes to the LURED people's being locked in, and turned to petroleum probably after the meat's been eaten and the party-freaks ate the brains. Plus shifthe-walt will make a big deal that I got my normal shoe or shoe "flip-flops" back yesterday, Craw has all over me doing the LURE --] [I can't function with this crap, the encrustation, plus the nursing home/rehab center hasn't answered their phone, 11^{10AM} now.

The CRBC entity brought out my belongings from the Safe Haven, therefore this LURE-infestation all over me now, the bowels crawling all over me over anything I've got all my life parasite fraud-parents big personal parasites living -- I can't imagine what

these "human bowel-movements" have at their leadership level that's been profiteering off of my sixty years, this LURE. They ACT, they're all pity-case mass-reproductions of their leadership. They act charming all of the time to strange females but when they get them alone they kill them for the meat and brains and this petroleum-obsession must be their gimmick for a way to get self-pity against the normal people that they kill and replace. My poor self with so much to do. This animal-world literally had me down to nothing to do, -- I'd everyone looking for that Borr book because I'd felt a little secure about at least getting out of here, but here's a gimmick twistable pt strategy, that my sole or sole reason for the Kensington was my belongings & these swine got them to me in a rush around 3^{PM} yesterday. Now I'm trying to reach "the Kensington" about how much personal belongings you can bring there and this huge, 140-bed capacity with 127 people now the April Zone had told me, place isn't answering the phone. It's the only place I'm allowed to go except for the U.S. hospital psychiatric lock-up the Swistere had told me.

There's another 1, 3 this morning of the fraud-parents
Underground nation - - the LURP animals.

PM - These things and then the error-mistakes I make as they're
doing this patsch, that that (horror) psychiatrist was here, Dr. Kandel +
he'd asked me to leave the oxygen on + I'd said that it's too
noisy and set it aside for his few minutes, God help me I never
know - Karl Schneider's whole phony set because they're all on
this dying planet because of the * - psychopaths, developmentally
disabled psychopaths, ETC. I never know what they have on
their minds, - - when he left I realized the oxygen
was turned up to double the usual 2 liters per minute
or how it works, it was up around 4 and that's why it was
loud. He seemed - - he asked me about my underground
problem ~~if it was still~~ how it is now + I likely
shrugged to say that since I haven't been out of the
room, I'd said it's probably the same ^{since} I haven't been
out of the room it's hard to say or maybe I used "tell" = (),
that I'm afraid it has a double-meaning for a mound-pile,
+ then, to admit to it I turned to this patient's room-
board they write on and said the respiratory person
or girl I'd used that word or what, was one of the
fraud-parents type, I don't think I used the word nation,
but luckily he got back to the oxygen and got toward

then that Seroguel, and I asked him to lower it back down to 50 mg and he said that some people take 800, but, God somehow get me to safety, I can keep taking the same 1/2 the recommended by him dose and he was gone, me having flipped -- I didn't have the set of pictures for some reason from the December letter, I'll look for them now, handy I'll look for them now. [Animal-act place now did yet another fraud-parent's crop-party trick, a timed thing (that) I'd notice its face reflected off of the doorway-glass here, with this "kat" noise in the scene, a team-act, that the thing + some partner are leaving.] [Then I was looking at the color copy of the "leash" Abu Grahb photo and Zynndie's arms seem to be covered in dark tattoos like to the wrist practically!

4:10 PM (2/4/2016) It's just living nightmare. Every time I have to go through all my papers because of moving "the Teed" has the torture eating my face so that I'm constantly "cursing," using swear words like Get off of me you ugly animals, my face is burning hot, and my skull from this vacuum-sucking(sic). The identical meaningless torture to hundreds, thousands of times, with -- they'd made a big deal in this putsch about this meaningless thing 'd broken, this male nurse had somehow knocked thing thing like molding, a nothing piece across the back of the hospital bed that 542

covers up the electrical wiring and ~~tubes~~ port tubing for the oxygen, ~~and~~ and there were 2 pieces but I think they took 1 out or maybe they'd stuck it back on but they came in today with this horror-act and then said they didn't have the tools right now but would be back at 10 o'clock -- it ~~has~~ screws that another of the acts had taken + I'd guessed they use a screwdriver or a drill-type screw putter inner. Then they didn't show back up. Now this furd-world is talking about snow tonight + a visitor joked that if it snows he's not leaving. These underground "things." It's so bad I wondered if that the whole Christ-act wasn't for the purpose of defrauding people into wearing that cross to find out ~~themselves~~ they're the fool, the "Jew" on the cross has me defending this whole atrocity but all I've got is papers that get cursed and never seen again + this fraud-parent's face is suck-stealing my trying to do this much thinking for me out of this feces, unchanging feces. The central-hospital now sends what looks like a normal tray of food p (aster) about 1/2 a week + a 1/2 of paper plates + cold food like a psych ward like maybe that's a reward for their mass-kill of normal people + they sent tea instead of this wappy instant coffee when I've been drinking regular coffee all day long every day for years out of 513

poverty, because it's warm and stomach-filling. So it's bad enough I'm only given 1 insteat + told it's regular + get instant from this pantry but now they're stealing -- now they're just changing my meals for no reason like some master is always directing what I'm being allowed to eat that the Dietary just also lies, that everything here and anywhere I go is only this abuse while they setup the big kills for themselves off of me.

-the ~~Europeans~~ ^{white-ers} were mostly busy trying not to starve

+ Bleeker's son

Also spelled first-rank + first-rank

2/5/16, Friday 8:50 AM Animals all taking advantage of Kathy as the LURE glumuck. "The View" [12:45P] - It looks like they have a whole pornography-extravaganza LURE to compete against me this weekend prepared, + a feces-group playing around some building engineers room + the human-bowel movement's voice-sounds being imitated and a "John 2-Young"-type and others ritually acting-out some-thing. I don't know what if anything, haven't done anything today, -- on the next page I'll put a copy of the letter I gave to Dr. Gung at 10:30 AM but he went toward the "social worker's" desk so I don't even know, I'm in such a communication vacuum, if those don't receive + destroy anything I try to give anyone. 544

2/4/16

Dr. Gary,

I found a copy of your in-house magazine New Directions (Fall 2015) with a picture of Suburban Hospital's President Green on the inside cover, and on page 9, and I'm thinking it's possible he might could possibly be remotely related to the early German psychiatrist Kurt Schneider (1887-1967) as a huge part of the explanation for why everything is so peculiar that I can't get through to anyone to try to do anything about that we're headed to losing the Earth in that those early "psychiatrists" mostly seem to have been generational-slaves to this global system-making. Mention of Dr. Schneider is conspicuous in its omission except for his First Rank Symptoms of schizophrenia, also spelled first-rank and firstrank, which don't seem to have anything to do with the earlier Dr. Eugen Bleuler's invention of the term Gruppe der Schizophrenien, off of earlier Heinrich Schol's Dementia praecox I'd thought that Dr. Bleuler's son Manfred looked alot like Dr. Schneider too. They got in an ill way in wartorn starving Europe and tried to pawn it off over here but the only thing that could help is open discussion of the system-makers, their ways and means, and I can't find any biographical material on Dr. Schneider to be able to make a letter to Dr. Green or your psychiatry department, to be able to be sore of this coincidence before doing so, if there's any way you or someone knows how to find any through PubMed or such I could use a printout-copy.

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



My old picture

Phone Number
443-630-4914

- Letters include
- Clinton Administration
 - Catholic Charities
 - Mt. K. Jr. Library
 - Secretary of Defense
 - Secret Service
 - CIA
 - FBI
 - DOJ-OVAV
 - IG of Treasury
 - Douglas Devel. Corp.
 - Senator Clinton
 - NAS (Natl. Acad. of Sciences)
 - AABS (Am. Assn. of Acad. & Science)
 - Am. Public Health Assn.
 - U.S. Marshal's Service
 - G.U.
 - F. O. Law Center
 - G.U.C-TPR (Inst. Public Representation)
 - G.U.I.
 - ard University
 - NANCP
 - A.E.L.V.
 - Am. Psychological Assn.
 - Union of Congress
 - President Obama
 - CIA Director Panetta
 - Lean and Sylvia Panetta
 - Inst. for Public Policy
 - A. L. H. Helgeson
 - ard Corp.
 - Washington Blade
 - Fraternal Order of Police
 - N.O.P.M.I.
 - ... Pitts ...
 - Jerry ...
 - Brookings Institution, Singer
 - Natal Medot
 - Gen. Comptroller General
 - Hudson Institute
 - U.S. ...


(30) 896-2500 = hospital Security, 2/5/16, 1:45 PM - I have to try to figure
how to keep this ~~the~~ Amageddon = making "show" from parasite-stealing and
-twisting the fact that I have to double-, triple-check, that my Maryland
DMV-ID card isn't somehow left forgotten in some file or drawer
Somewhere before reporting it stolen, thank goodness I'd persisted
and got the # out of the DMV-information because otherwise they
were telling me to report it to the police. Now I checked with Anote
and she said there's social service + Suburban Hospital mail for me but
no DMV-envelope as though it was returned through the mail. I'll call
Suburban's Security tomorrow. Now that I'm sure it isn't in my belongings
-- the sole "guilty conscience" type thing in my brain is that I
can't find any clue, any jotta, on that, very, 1st car accident that
seems so real that it has happened, that the incident with asking
me for the Maryland ID is very similar in that I guess it was
that Saturday that they had me in the chair by the door and it
was asked for and somehow it had popped right out of that little
plastic-bag wallet when I reached to try to look for it ~~5~~ (without)
glasses on and I turned it over. Then there was either the
phone call (or visit by that guy, maybe the blonde night nurse "case
my girl" or on a Saturday? -- or I was hustled off to bed, but
if I was next hustled to bed it would have been still sticking in
my mind. Now what I have to worry about is that the parasites
will make the "show" murder-excuse or mick out of that too.
This is so garbage because I'm coping through all this
parasitism the scene are doing a new fortune -

While I'm trying to do this they're doing one of their acting-scenes at the desk. I'm trying to sort out how I could find non-sadistic protection from ostensibly Mr. Foshay and the CRRC. That CRRC girl brought the belongings and said she'd see me soon and I said that I HOPE NOT, but I just said it regular-voice. Then alone like I am the torture sucked my brain about the girl, puzzled for how come I don't like her, -- when this whole 600 pages is about trying to get CRRC off of me and the proud-parent (Mr. Foshay) too of course, but I'm alone and these vicious cartoons sucked-out of my brain that the girl in my opinion for one obvious problem is that I'd seen her do a little "flirt"-act with a client-type once at one of the DCHA voucher-events, the day I got the Briefing Packet and met Ms. Harrison only because I'd had an obscure question that got directed to her, what that desk area on that DC map in Ward 3, what neighborhood that is, but I'd seen the girl doing what I'd think was taking advantage of a client and I felt disgusted at that, + then at the last one I'd gone to through all this raging torture + hardship I'd taken the Metro to get there and she said that I should be making some effort to find a place and, what do you think I'm doing here? I don't think I bothered to say all the way out, -- + there was a creepy "Stormville-type" little ~~incident~~ scene with some strongless looking at me and then packing

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(2/13/16, Sat, 1:30 PM) who'd died with that Ludwig II. Building Ludwig II's castle. I think I recall these 2 facts: 1- Killed thousands of laborers, + 2- that it's the model for that Walt Disney's Tinkerbell's big castle-logo, that fantasy-place. It had a name, both of the recollections + Ludwig II's home's name, that started with "Neu ——" I think, and his castle and the I where all those laborers had died in the construction-process. Ludwig II was the "mad" -insane one. The curly-haired type. In fact, goodness help me, the type like the actor Tom Hanks might have come from, and the author Frances (S?) Saunders, a book about the Arts during the Old Labor her picture was, is, in the inside-jacket, and they'd likely come from theodosius II, pictured in an Alan Watts book called, "The Evolution of Law."

So Ludwig II and Bernhard von Gudden were like a "George and Lenny" pair of partners but had passed together mysteriously on Lake Starnberg or in it, in 1886. And I'm, help again, thinking that their gene-combination might have made Roman VI, Vajiravudh, 1881-1925, who I think had faked his death, went to Sicily and then New York, as Ferdinand Boccia, d. (1932 or) 1934, and progenerated the fraud-parent of that nuclear black (son) that was all KL Kroen and I never had any hints of — 14

anything. Now this "new roommate" of the outrageous yelling
and noises when awake as far as I only know yet doesn't
from all the pictures, photos, on the wall, seem to look like
Mr., the fraud-parent, but she might be some close relative,
the fraud-parent made by a hybrid-combination the
further then of an ova-egg from "Warren Buffett's friend"
Rose Blumkin. There's a paper on this door with a
drawing-picture ~~of~~  of a crown on it and
instructions to knock and wait before entering, that
I figure was here before I got here. Then I have to
write to these Stormville-people and the few other
letters. I only have 1 envelope but when I asked
April Lane the Admissions lady about mailing a letter
the way we turn it over to the nurse, then they
stamp and mail it, is the process. So then I'm
asking for Activities to drop by here and ask them
about envelope-availability. I have to figure out how
to write to these people, and the bizarre reality I'm in.
Maybe the oddest part is that the weather is completely
forbidding.] [4:20pm - I drafted out some of what I
guess I'd be sending in a letter to Stormville, all

coming back around again to that "French Connection" picture.
Activities didn't come around to see me so nothing
could get mailed-out till Tuesday. Totally surrounded by
maliciousness everyone normal is - In the shower I tried to
look to see if I seemed to look any differently
than previously and my stomach really does seem
to stick out further. I'd noticed it to when the
strange/new "hospitalist doctor" I guess Bevara
had done a quick listen to my breathing and then
heart and stomach/bowels, that when he put the
stethoscope to my stomach the loose shirt ~~intended~~
didn't go in anywhere, my skin was right under
it for the stethoscope. | 72 Like, no waistline,
| 73 | 74. It's horrifying. This is similar to the
March 2015 bizarre thing that turned out to be
the 25 lbs. of water weight - The only way I even
know it was 25 lbs. was by finding where my
weight on admission had been jotted somewhere
or I'd asked and found out and compared that,
and no one else had explained it to me but
once I'd figured it then they'd see it too =? 2/16

everyone's just nuts and secretive nowadays, afraid of getting blamed for saying anything that might get them "yelled at," criticized or chastized.

As usual, my life is bizarre in this situation and I don't know what to do, all due to being constrained by lack of money, or I guess I'd have no problems. Help me, this place has got I guess all the coffee that even I could drink. The food is unbelievably good so far, too, by the way. Only I won't be able to ~~the~~ leave when the 30 days is up on account of the cold weather and I don't know what to do. Both all alone with ~~all~~ all this information and sitting in complete do-nothingness. I didn't call DMV ~~again~~ today and I'd really thought to do so while I was in the shower but then it'd been forgotten about while being in this new situation ~~with~~ without any real idea of what's going on/what's going to happen.

The Steinbeck title I can never recall might be, "Once There Was a Time," and now this oxygen-machine makes a "muzak-background" accompaniment noise like some sort of a tune I don't know a title of, 577

where it makes a hiss-boom type noise like a set of cymbals maybe maybe every 10 seconds the cymbals clashing, like Beethoven maybe. God help me, I say alot but really I figure that God already helped us in our being evolved alot that I'm calling on, and it's long been realizing that God's the biggest victim, has already done everything possible. Nobody is interested in what I'm talking about. It seems like I can't do anything except to try to relax and do whatever now.

This "illness" that I've got is really like underground chains, hallucinogenically-created chains, that won't let me walk any more where. This oxygen business is like a ritual-front for trying to keep the torture at bay.] [For the letter-writing I'm held back by lack of copies. I can only try to get quick at replicating that Pacific Rim/Tuva map. Making pictures that my words are all ignored, but the pictures attract like a momentary interest in what they are.] [7^{30pm}, Unbelievable but not unexpectedly I've already alienated everyone via this coffee drinking gimmick. 5/2

gimmick that I was purposely addicted to the stuff. I often wonder if it isn't the same as that horrifying addiction to cigarettes, that those things are so horrifying in the retrospect. Whatever, all I can tell for myself is that I'd gained weight because I couldn't drink much coffee at Suburban and the weight gain was horrifying. This nurse here tells me she's putting me on a low-fat diet, shortly after she improbably orders her breath had mattered that she hates me as I returned from trekking up to the dining area/legroom to fill my water-cup with the stuff. To make sure it stays complicated I'd asked her if it's possible for me to switch to tea with meals on account of that I can get coffee from the urn but there's hot water also and I need the bag for that. So that is things were ever normal for me I could have tea with meals and coffee the rest of the time.

Okay, the fact is that these Stoumville people seem to be glad to be really believe that I'm dead that none of them has telephoned or written and I don't know what to do about it. 5/9

I'm running out of this paper for all the false starts I've made in trying to get a letter through to them. I don't know what I'll find to do with so much otherwise-wasted paper as I can't get copies made. Anything I do finally write I'd have to make myself then a hard-copy of it and during that 10-page process there'd be likely to be charges.

They said that I don't have to write down an emergency contact. God help me. It's so sad to be unable to trust those people. Like I said, in not writing or telephoning it's like they're ~~all~~ pretending I'm dead and in doing that it's like a ritual for that to happen to me and I can't find a soul anywhere that somehow this behind-my-back world or "show" (God help me) forbids anyone from telephoning me, has ~~been~~ isolated me into this totally isolated corner. The only thing I can do is that I'll have to request "Maryland Medicaid" Medicaid from Maryland, and then wait for spring in the hope that I'll be able to little by little

return to walking and bus-riding, but then my
Metro-pass will run out in no time too. It's
just impossible for me to live, which only comes
back to that my only hope is that Paytel Company.
And of course all around me ~~people~~ underpundoss will
be doing rituals against my being able to do anything.
II When I was in New York the Foshays didn't get in
touch with me at all either till it seemed like
Mrs. Foshay must be dead and it was my fault
for not going up to visit and check to see how
they're doing, which of course is the ludicrous twisting
of reality. And I don't know what I can do besides
try to get these letters written. II One thing I've always
done is to address the envelope before bothering to write
the letter because if I can't supply a stamped envelope
yet the letter-contents would probably change somewhat
in the meantime so there's no sense writing until
there's an envelope and it's stamped. Maybe I should
just send one of those "free" postcards, because
I don't know what these people do with that
mailing-process business, plus it doesn't look like

I will actually be seeing one from Activities.

10⁴⁵PM - All I have to do now is to wait until tomorrow morning and my latest ~~scheme~~ survival-scheme should go okay, one of these ridiculous exercises where a system-person tries to foil me and I find a way to work it to my advantage. I have to turn the light out now on account of the yellow commute, but by the 11 send it like I did, try to.

320^{AM} wakes by horror-bom. "dream" the night before yellow like old Shala used to (C).

am all-vulnerable now + worried about the 1989 dream of Jess's, artwork - / Munich.

Straighten out the plant back by assisting me

2/14/16, Sunday 10 AM - Horrifying "fraud-parent offspring - descendant's" "dream" plague of horror last night, ETC. horror. Probably no one comprehends because the "type" is all-actor, I'd never even guessed hardly any of it till I found that "French Connection" photo and the pieces finally fell into place as to what is peculiar about that person, the fraud-parent. Only the oil/


petroleum part isn't figured out yet. Originally it was used as a weapon called "Greek fire," that got refined down to lamps and cooking but then to gasoline and there's just no getting through to any of them that it all goes against the direction of physical nature reality to inflict pain. They have "take over" unshakable beliefs, like Kraepelin's. [It took about an hour + 1/2 to make the bed up for what I figure is for once and for all, all made-up clean underneath the usable blanket + sheet-set for any inspections, as it's a "doozy" to make heat thanks to using it for the everyday paper-sorting piles. Somehow right after that my oxygen-level was 99/100 which really sounds impossible as it's very low-air here, the curtain still drawn between me and this yelling all night Prandthal-lady, now taken to yelling for daddy and mommy but mostly that "shella" word that Shella at 2nd + D used to say that daddy noise-word, blurt it suddenly and sneakily intermittently for no apparent reason, that this is nearly the same except a constant thing since about 10 PM of 9/5/55 583

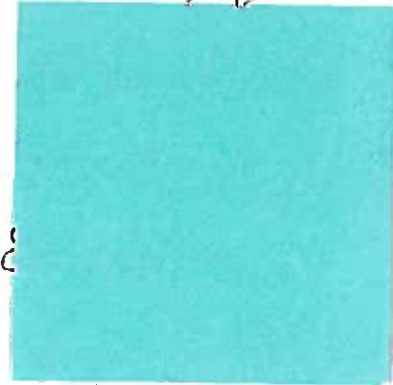
Kathy Foshay

Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center
3000 McComas Ave., Room 254 A
Kensington, MD 20895

14 February 2016

I hope everyone's okay. My new temporary address might only be good for 30 days. Please write or call, some telephone #, to let me hear from you. Love to all, Kathy

tree stamped) 



(postcard copy)

I'll make that out tomorrow I guess so that it isn't dated on this so-called holiday. That'd be 1 out of these 4 or 5 I should get done. The dream/set or whatever that horror-cartoon was was so awful to be brain-invaded like that, a copy of the fractal-planet as though back around 35 years of age just standing like on display to be seen or peering and no noise/talk and that was bad enough but then recollection of that drawing set that Jess had done as though after all these years I'd finally figured that part of the horror out. In the notes now, then about Munich and then about straightening out the planet Earth by assisting me, to include that in these letters I'm trying to write.

Today I'm supposed to # all the previous pages of this long letter because it looks like I'll have to start using the backs of the paper for this jottings right away, because I can't carry any more, and I may not have much more blank paper available either, go through it "like crazy" in those letter-attempts yesterday.

I really don't want to discuss the 1989 horrible thing and all similar topics are pretty much off-limits because anything gets this non-stop torture too worked up phony-excited behavior for me to be able to function through, plus no "the animals" or speed control or whatever got started, this is always progressing toward murder, toward onerous filthy and torture unre-
pentingly sneaking toward that as with the "Autism," artist, nature of the whole underground and its global-system. But the 1989 horror should get explained sometime, just not when the torture is poised to spring onto it like it would be right now, as it involves the little girl pieces now grown into 30-year olds. The main thing I'd need to pause to be able to recollect whatever the whole thing was or is, and after (p. 1) I'll try the Ask-A-Librarian to see if I can learn any - 585

thing about where the German name for Lake Starnberg
came from. I don't recall, -see, the German word for
lake, -see, I think, like Bodensee. I'd think it'd be,
Starnbergsee then.

Staring-burgers-see? So that's not for 2 hours.

The Munich thought had involved the name-word Daubeu,
da-chau, maybe = chow. Lake Constance, maybe that was the
Bodensee? It'd had some odd-different name than Constance.
If it was possible for me to have a non-erratic life I ought
to go up to the Army area for 50M + 100M + the wild donkey,
-but that would make the stormy leftovers they do too much,
as my stomach isn't elastic anymore + fills about half
though the meal + is ready to eat again in 2-3 hours so
that the 1 meal something, like I'd just now finished the
breakfast, except for the cereal that's good for late night,
+ the eating again before the next meal time cuts down
on that nonsense as "distorted feeling" of expecting the
meal + then wondering when it's going to come, gets
me less at the mercy of that phrase "peace." But the
the project would have to wait till the lunch-intervention is
over + because the papers are still wrapped - there'd been a
horrifying accident Friday morning when the 1/2 of ketchup
I'd stirred was kept up to me to the bedroom + spilled + a
beard of syrup went straight into one of the keys, 586

1949 into a protective plastic bag over the pages & put
into the protective plastic bag over the whole of the CRK-set,
where likely I'd added an extra plastic bag to its covering
So that it'd barely been unscathed, but I haven't un-
wrapped it since that 1 yet & I'll wait till lunch is
over & then it's a good long stretch of Hoe Hill
to inner-bank. After returning I should try doing a rough
table of contents somehow. For now, what else was there
about Munich? I think they'd wanted me to see that

"Passion Play" that's done in Garmisch that I always think
as being right near Munich. [There's some possibility I'd
thought might be some reason why I don't even hear
from the fraud-sister, is that maybe she's descended
from a "Native American" princess, like maybe the
Tekeetona (sp.) So that for some reason it's alien
to her nature to like someone of my nature. They had
-- oh it's so horrible to think of people made from
robbed ovaries or I guess even when they do things
like the "D+C." But maybe there were 2 1/2 before when
I was at the Georgetown University Hospital, GWU,
the 1st of these 3 horror play-hospital-jokes, and
this 1 is solely because I'm home and