

I asked nurse Ya-Roni, here for the 2nd time and being relieved early by nurse Roshie if there's any way I can get information on this subaranoïd hematoma and she told a regular nurse here (Erin I think) to get me, told her that I wanted ~~one~~ a printout. It's pronounced oddly, like ~~sub~~ subærAh' noid, so I'm wondering () if it isn't "doubled-language" for sub are annoyed, then what they make of hematoma.



This is what I've been explaining all of my problems are, that I have trouble from the underground, the "sub," that causes me the "COPD" breathing difficulty. Now though I'm also worried about being on these respiratory medications for so long too, in combination. I'll have to try to track this girl... Here it is now, -Subarachnoid, I'd asked Ya-Roni how it was spelled and there wasn't any "ch" or a "p" like it'd sounded like, and now I feel like a moron unless I disclaim that spelling. When I went to see if the other nurse was at the desk an aide was blocking the view, talking nonstop to whoever was at the desk and I got the feeling, worry, or impression that the aide/tech might be putting a spell or charm onto the piece as the nurse was getting it off the computer. The aide started joke-chatting with some guy and I saw it was the nurse Erin and she got up and quit typing and got up and about 25 seconds later came and handed me the stapled 4-page printout. I mention this because when I'd given up trying to hand-copy with no changes. 351

the letter to Dr. S. the clerk had given the page to this same tech, who seems like some sort or another of a close relation genetically to the fraud-parent and she has a name that sounds like "Sit down and eat," which I suppose I can't write down for the secret-world's libel/slander obsession behind my back. Sit down and eat is how they LURE people to this Armageddon-making "show" off of me, one of the S.O.P. ways the underground operates. The first time I heard her it sounded like Sudan eats is back! and I don't like any secrecy or lures of unsuspecting people and then she was a "loosy" tech or aide, difficult for me, on instructions that I could only walk with assistance so that I had to call her in order to get to the toilet and then she talked to me like a baby on the potty about how I was seated⁽¹⁾ and that I didn't have enough soap on my hands for washing them, then I didn't want to see her looking at me in the mirror so I didn't look at myself but stood to the side. That's probably how that CRRC-"p.a.p." got the concept that I thought I looked bad. She's known me since last June and I've given her many pages on all these things and everything I say and actually do has no effect on these secret-underworld people, they just live this script I can only guess at and never prove, and something went on that reinforces the

* That's the quoting people problem, not caring to in this case.

← idea that the girl was "chanting in" onto the words in the file that the nurse then sent to the printer and rushed to me. I think it was that in the retrospect I got the impression that she's of the same genotype as of that New York Hospital doctor in 2004 set-up with the urine-stench 1-day client and the synagogue group at the John L. Young shelter for Dec. 25 in 2006 or 2007, maybe 2008, then here when the Veterans On the Rise driver pulled into the big daycare center on Connecticut Avenue to ask directions to 4015 Plyers Mill Road that I was being moved to and this stereotype I realized then, with the black sweatpants-type of bottoms I've only got here now, did the big, wide-eyed shocked look act, the driver telling me to look at her and I didn't since the whole pulling over was obviously artificial. I felt that it had to do with the "LSD" brain-harvesting nightmare that's going on all over and had either just seen that LDS banner or was about to and its name is like a major church in San Francisco that I'd visited once and the experience was peculiar, — the same thing they just did here with the "impostor" psychiatrist who said he'd been the one I'd met in this room around 3 weeks ago, — I'd realized years later that the man they introduced as being David Brower of environmentalist fame, the Sierra Club I think, didn't look like the guy with that name in some encyclopedia I was looking through. The picture had a white-haired guy with black eyebrows and the one I met was more young Warren Buffett's

reddish-blond coloration. It was some Earth Day event on Nob Hill. Then I've gotten absolutely nowhere in all these years, about 20 since then. Then in 2004 I went to a New School or some such college-sponsored event on volunteer opportunities and the speaker representing the "Son Rise" Autism business was bald, me later, 2005, feeling that that's the right word for this that I feel does come from the error of trying to find the beginning place of the sun's ascent in way early Prehistory-prehistory and am calling developmental difficulties because "Autism" seems to lose people's interest in what I'm trying to say right away, and the Son Rise founder is this hairy guy like the one on page 4 here. Trying to recall his 3-part name it seems easily confused with that guy -- maybe it's ^{Neil} Neil Barry Kaufman and he's generally called Barry or Bear.

EW, - that recalls to my mind that the Aino people on Japan have an annual bear-killing festival and I worry it's symbolic of killing the original residents, like the generation-a-slave#2 type on page 4. Previously I've felt bad that it might represent where the fraud-parent's type comes from. I can't know what tortures people's ancestors, or themselves now, have been through so I don't form opinions and try to stay thinking objectively about the large picture, but benefit of the doubt probably routinely goes too far some or alot of the times too with me.

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I'll take a closer look at that nurse next time I notice her, that she and "Sit down and eat" might be workers on the same LURE-scams, all or most of them here might be. I've got these 4 pages now to read. It looks like it's in 4-point type, where regular is usually 8-point I think. That reminds me that the job I was probably best at was as a typesetter on little Shipley St. in San Francisco for barely 3 months before they moved to some huge old Navy Yard layout and the job fell apart for me. Some years later I called them I guess to see if I could get a job again and I couldn't but they were doing okay, -- help me, now I recall that the new location had previously been a nuclear waste dump, a guy who'd made the move okay that I'd run into had told me, Richard Vallis. Maybe he'd said that they'd moved again after that and that was the place then I'd called (a street address that begins with the letter Q?) He said he'd gotten real sick like losing all his hair and such symptoms and then had tried to sue for damages or wrongful termination and gotten nowhere with the court system). It was called, is, Hess Reproductions and Mrs. Hess told me to go ahead and generally stick the period-dot inside of the closing parenthesis like that last sentence and with end-quote marks and that simplifies the subject and only lately have I been varying it a little based on how it sounds as I think it, but usually if I have to go back over this later I'll tack it back in under the other symbol because it sounds better or is more simple. Quentin St. might be the name of the location and I'd have to look on a map.

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I guess it was the Challenger spaceship that had blown up in January 1986 that I'd heard about while on Shipley St. taking a break, that the Columbia had similarly blown-up (sic) so I'm never sure which name goes to which disaster-accident and I know nothing about the Columbia one, when it happened, and now I recall that that's the 1 where the picture I'd seen of the crew was dissimilar to the one I saw later, 1 of the 2 females no longer blonde. Maybe the other female was the one who was a divorcee. Hearing about the Jan-1986 blow-up had had no effect on me because I'd known next to nothing about astronauts, and probably because it's like always walking around in a state of shock from all the sadisms and killings. I'd similarly felt it very little when, in 1980 I guess since it's famous and I've heard about it a lot and recall when I'd heard the "news" where I was, when John Lennon was killed, yet I'd seen 2 of the movies and had been hearing his group's music since probably 1964.

It's an "Autism-selfishness" symptom not to feel deeply for others but in my case I think I have what I call "Past-Lives Captivity Trauma" that the brain that I inherited genetically has been through such terrible things that it becomes inured, falls quickly into paths about trying to find escape routes and just cope-putting up with difficulties and trying to find ways around them. Lennon's death was like just another bad news and Christa McAuliffe was only on a spaceship that blew up where that's obviously taking your chances -- but hers was some sort of a rigged ritual to keep education and normal people away from the industry.

So that's 3 impostor situations I can recall realize I've had:
today with this psychiatrist and at WtHC he'd not been the same
person as had used that name 14 years ago, in Mar. 2001.

In 2004 with SonRises' Barry Kaufman

in 1994 I think it was with Dave Brewer the environmentalist.

I thought that with the last 2 the rituals' points had been
that the system could say with a straight face or clear
conscious that I know nothing about environmentalism
and know nothing about Autism. At WtHC I thought it
was that this is how the underground/underworld works,
they are just role-players sneaking around in teams that
just tell the "others" anything because we can't do anything about it...

This time my 1st thought was that that symbolizes a lie-
situation, that the scene isn't real but is acting, and there's always the
worry that accepting the impostor's name means discontinuing the
validity of the the 1st person, as this was almost an everyday
or at least it was a real common occurrence (sp) at 2nd + D N.W.
In this case I didn't, as with most of the times but in smaller ways
this switcheroo is done to me, accept that you really are that person,
only that you and they are inter-connected so I'll proceed as if you
know whatever details I've already explained to that other person.... 357

1/8/16, Friday

Problem maybe, -- I called MCCH, Montgomery County Coalition for the Homeless and asked and she said to call "the girl case manager's" supervisor, another "girl case manager" but who's, who looks like she's from the ova of that peculiar girl who'd befriended me in the 7th grade and she sneak-acts the "Armageddon" or continued "Trojan" warfare against me, all unprovable, to call her and tell her she said to get someone to bring my stuff out her to me. (Jen Schiller, chief programs officer.) I said that I might as well just call the other girl and we left that I'd do that, but I had called Lindsey on Monday around 10:30 a.m. and she hasn't called or popped by, which is why I'd called the "C.P.O." Before calling Lindsey I called here's JW Steve and believe he'd said or assented that it was alright to bring all my things here back during I guess that 2nd week when I was feeling okay already, okay-enough to do this back at Safe Haven. Now he's saying he has to check with someone else and that worries me that he'll claim that someone else disapproves because he, always working with that girl case mgr., the exchanging-looks while no one's mentioned, and the eavesdropping "show" world is making me not care to now either. I forget the title of the person he's checking with. Now I called the girl case mgr. and she also did a stalling technique and when I asked if there isn't if there isn't anyone else that works for MCCH she said she'd

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call the girl case mgr. at the CRRC and that it's either calling that girl or waiting till she, Lindsey, could bring (just) the 2 bags of paper (back) to here sometime next week, me reminding her that this is what she'd said this past Monday, that she is busy and can only try to get that done, can't be sure of Monday or Tuesday for that. When I asked if there wasn't anybody else at MCCH that could help me since she doesn't work with me anymore she'd made a noise like assent-agreement that it is so that she isn't working with me anymore, but that she'd see what she could do, and I even asked about the character that looks like that 7th grade saboteur. She's still around working with this sneak-warfare, continuation of the "Trojan War" it really is. The pattern of these constant wars and "putsches," surges against the "others," the outsiders or "older types" of people, led me to figure that the "Trojan War" revolves around the faked-death of the Patroclus character, Achilles' friend, that that playing tricks on the Old Worlders was always the way and with the Autism-syndrome they repeated the same tricks interminably, like the baby throwing the bottle out of the crib till you give up trying to return it and then it cries as though you're starving it and you clean and give the bottle back and it takes a couple of sucks and throws it out again, and that's not a good example because maybe you should be playing ball with it, but this is somebody else's baby and you're just following instructions and exhausted.

I've been trying to get back to about Longfellow Avenue in the Bronx, that it's occurred to me that poor Mrs. F. or "the fraud-mother" that I'd always called mom or Mom, might have come from an Etruscan background, the late-prehistory people around the northwest coast of Italy. I think that because of some bizarre thing I'd been put through, just made up of the itchy-bitsy details. I describe that I'd had a "vague, boring, blurry" childhood. This Etruscan idea only came up recently, unable to figure either of their's backgrounds and this is the only thing I've found for Mrs. F. so far but the lead-up to this reason for this is alot of boring verbiage. I thought it would lead to more recollections and something useful might come of trying to recall them and then I recall that around the time I'd heard 1 or 2 sonic booms, around 1961 it'd probably be, I'd met a girl maybe through school and she lived around the corner, where the map now says it's some street number but maybe then it was unmarked, 171st or 178th St, a quiet street of houses instead of apartment buildings, the girl, black, brought me to her house and I had a nice time and recall eating dinner there once and then maybe she'd taken me for a ride on her bicycle once or twice and one day her slightly older brother took me for a ride around the block and I'd seen him alone on the bike riding around and one day -- there goes an overhead "P.A." system it used to be called, announcement that for an hour and a 1/2 everyone is invited to a Martin Luther King Jr. memorial program in their auditorium.

Then I saw the boy shot as he rode his bike around and was going by the building I lived in and all the kids I was sitting with got up and ran into the building ~~then~~ then into some neighbor's house, leaving the boy on the ground, the bullet/shot later said to have come from a rooftop sniper and rumors that maybe it had to do with drugs but he was too young and seemed, the whole family did, too clean and wholesome for any of that. The neighbor's apartment's windows faced the other way and I never saw the girl again and waited awhile and went to her house and her mother sort of shooed me away that they were still in mourning and then they'd moved by the time I tried again. I'm trying to think of a keyboard character I could use for search and replace to show where I'd make a ^{new} paragraph, in case this ever got onto OCR to change it to typed letters, because I can't just take up a lot of space, won't be able to carry or ever copy or even scan maybe so many pages, and in my journal-type jottings I use this, ¶, but maybe ¶ those brackets backwards would work.

Trying to figure where the curse against me having friends had started; that had been such a wholesome-seeming experience, doing school work with the girl and looking at books, but a larger picture is that the fraud-parent and the whole system are always "pushing racism." Wars can't exist without arguing about something or you'd be bad for attacking and trying to kill others, the little-sized Autists have to be careful not to get caught or they'll get attacked buck © 36

Mr. Fuca's picture on the first page might be connected to that, the "E Pluribus Unum's" inherited-brain's recollection -- to get them to quit masturbating in public people had probably had to try tying the Artists' hands behind their backs, as tying one hand hadn't helped, then those guns in the background are also called "arms" in military-speak. And I really think that that white-powder heroin comes from "nuclearly" pulverizing nice-guy types.] [Mr. Fuca had lost the fingers of one of his hands right after he got married and started some factory-type job there in Brooklyn and I think he'd stayed pensioned the rest of his life and was a heavy drinker. If that isn't in the "French Connection" book, by Robin Moore, 1969, then it's in "Mafia Wife" by his daughter-in-law Barbara. Her book opens with a description of a typical Dec. 25th with her in-law family, all the warmth and food preparation, but if we knew what was going on underneath them there on the Lower East Side in Manhattan. ---
1:30 PM - what a scam. Now they expect me to rent an apartment on the voucher in order to get out of this hospital, so Steve saying they'll drive me to DC Housing and I can look for an apartment, go out like on day trips from here. I told him that in one of these from the printout, the high-rise newly-built buildings all over the place while the generational-slaves fake this world-takeover through, giving the atmosphere of continuance. The lunch tray arrived like their cell phones generally do in order to get them to leave me alone in here again.

2:30 PM I'm essentially alone till the week re-starts on Monday. Someone's doing a social work-type theme now of asking someone next-door who does their shopping for them and if they can drive. When I see that MCH's boss or head-person is called the "Chief Program Officer" and she went to look up the number for that peculiar-to-me other girl case manager, that looks like a product of the girl I'd known's ovae, I started wondering () if she thinks that people's lives are like a TV-show or other story and in this "program-show" that I'm in this peculiar girl is working or facilitating that story-line. They had that questioner from next door come here and she's Occupational Therapy and as once before she asked me to go in the bathroom and brush my teeth, another girl with her and both of them looking into the mirror at me. I think the first time I'd told her that that was ridiculous, that I can brush my teeth just fine. This time, to add to the "story" she looked like she was all black-eyed beaten up = ? maybe that's just her skin coloring. Then she'd made a big deal of checking my oxygen before and after the trip and it'd gone from 93 to 88; as though those electronic machines are sort of god-like it is around here. I told her the doctor had said I could walk to get fresh air a long time ago but everybody's too busy and all she could offer is to tell the nurse, a cute "floater" today. I should have asked O.T. about where in this hospital there'd be a computer I could check about apartment rentals. Now the nurse was here for the t.i.d., 3x a day heparin shot, and she said she'd ask the floor supervisor, and that's Ms. Jenkins.

The point was that the boy's being shot has the atmosphere of this huge gimmick that racism only is. The Artist-Neanderthal team can't get the "others" on the planet to engage in killing-warfare very easily and so they invent things that the others will have no choice then but to go to violence about, like that boy's being shot in the street for no reason. The family probably searched for a reason and couldn't think of anything and maybe got a threat and could only connect it to my being a new visitor, too.

This "Etruscan" possibility runs into that looking-for-troublemaking excuses pattern a little also too maybe, for me trying to goess from the blind. Similar to that "smother story," which had been in their first apartment (1) a block up Longfellow, I'd been kept waiting in the hallway outside of one of their friends' apartment (2), a lady named Rosalie with 2 little girls but they were too young, the one a baby and the other playing with my little phony-family's sister, those 3 running in and out of the apartment but me told to stay out in the hallway and I played and played by myself on the back steps there till way after it was fully dark outside and I guess I kept knocking so that they'd finally let me in and all I recall is that their apartment (1)-layout was the same as ours in the next building was and I was coloring in a coloring book in the living room and the 2 ladies came out of the bedroom and went into the kitchen. After awhile the door opened again and the lady's husband looked at me with sort of a victorious smile and stood in the doorway a bit and then walked through toward the kitchen too. Somehow the fraud-parent was later that day or the next day asking me how my day had been or what I had done that day or day before and I think I'd related about playing in the hallway and 364

they wouldn't let me into the apartment but finally they had, that they'd been in there a real long time, and I added that _____, the husband was there too. I guess that'd led to "fights" where really it was the fraud-parent brutalizing Mrs. F. while she cried for him to quit and me and the sister screeched and cried and tried to stop() the horror-nightmare, broken glasses all the time, maybe other dishes or items thrown but it was always drinking glasses like he was breaking the pretty ones from the sets of them they'd buy. The next time I saw the husband they'd moved to out by the airport -- and here they have a guy that is a little like Fiorello La Guardia and ~~Vince Kane/Kane/Valenti's~~ type, -- and the fraud-parent had called me over to the couch where he and the other guy were and questioned if I remembered him and I said yes because of course I did and Tony was holding me sort of like you do with me between his legs and facing the fraud-parent and that was all, ^{and I went back to coloring} and I guess we'd visited them 2 or 4 times before we'd also moved and maybe once after that, then sort of "replaced" as a friend-couple then by the Manzis. The "Etruscan" thing is that in trying to figure if that peculiar-thing of being locked out for hours and hours had anything to do with giving me a guilt-complex that the guy had been taken underground and "disfigured," it occurs to me that he and Mrs. F. are like of a similar "type," their size and hair coloring, that setting ^{up} Mrs. F. to be attracted to him would have been easy. He was even maybe like an "Adulles" type except with reddish-brown hair, real big and muscular and nice and smiley and pleasant to my small awareness of adults then, but his wife

probably had the Autism's "inherited brain," and was conspicuously smaller than her husband so that it seemed a little odd that they were a couple, and she talked, and talked about him, constantly so that while I have no idea what was going on in those "French Connection" period days while I'm going over this it seems possible that she and the fraud-parent could look at each other and have an unspoken understanding about the cursing-paradigm and sabotaging others for the omnipresent sneak-warfare. It was likely a set up on Mrs. F. and it probably was on that guy too and then my vision "crossed eyes" might have started then also. I had one fraud-uncle, son #3 of the 4, who'd said that my vision problems had started around age 4 but it was likely later. There are probably still a lot of photographs in boxes at the fraud-parent's.

That recalls something better for the journal than this but I'd mentioned it here that I'm supposed to try finding an apartment() and I said there was one emergency-possibility on the list he'd given me but that I can't live for long in one of those high-rises with their elevators, that an ambulance would be there in no time, and the guy nodded, like, yep. That's the point, to get rid of people that aren't wanted -- and I never know what "the storyline" is behind my back. He told me my stuff would get from Kensington to the new place if he had to drive it himself but he'd previously said he couldn't take me to go get it.][The emergency-possibility told me they only have efficiencies for \$1599. I left the message on SwSteve's answering machine/voicemail that DCHA's walk-in day is Tuesday, appointments the rest of the time unless you get there by 9:30 AM.

Somehow it's ignored that it's legal-okay to lie to a psychopath or anyone who might kill you otherwise, as everything around me and around in general is all lies. I already feel like it's too close to the top of a page to be able to mention, like for instance when this impostor-trick psychiatrist was in here the other day and I answered no when he asked the do you hear voices question then he'd said a gotcha and went on to the next question as though I was caught in an obvious lie because it seems like everyone is subject to them in sneak-warfare underworld world this is. So having "caught" me in one this total stranger claiming we'd met in here before can feel free to participate in this lie-program all over me where my skull was cracked after the accident and it's horrifying to have had my legs in pain as from being held spread apart as far as they could go without being broken for some long time. I don't know if that was for getting my ovaries or for a mind-game, where my ~~sk~~ belly looks pregnant, but for a week I was UNCONSCIOUS and the accident was only like a tap compared to the previous hitting me -- and that's another thing, that a couple of people had mentioned that my face was very bruised, like the OT girl today's was, me having gotten some looks at it but my head was in such horror-shape and I couldn't stand on my legs and it's sort of almost instantaneous to know that that car hadn't done that to me so I'm here in I don't know what sort of a psychopathic-set up, is obvious as soon as I woke up and the beating-up and cracked skull are like the fraud-parent's M.O's. I'd never thought about perversion but the offspring-descendants obsess in sneak-ways 367

← about "water," that that and rain seem like, are, double-language for ejaculation, that John L. Young shelter seeming to underground-revolve around LURING guys to pornographic ejaculation-collection places where the "others" type probably seldom made it out of there, the whole 10 years I was there, going to the library to help me try to explain to get me some Witness Protection or letter-writing assistance or any thing to get the human race, then adding the planet too, out of this disaster.

And my scalp had been bleeding as though broken open and someone'd mentioned that there had been staples in it. I'd like to find out my E.B. admission-time, as Oscar Trauma, Oscar Thirty Four, ie "Jane Doe" in bad shape. I don't think my legs would have been hurt that badly, hurting that awfully if they'd been hurt/abused the week I was unconscious, wouldn't that have been a week of rest for them?

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S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
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(1/27/16)						
(error)						

29th = Leap Day

Another thing about the Etruscan possibility is that Mrs. F. had these wall decorations that were like carved flying ducks, 3 of them like flying together, with gold-colored metal wings and we were (allegedly) robbed and those were one of the missing items and it was as though live ducks had been stolen, the fraud-family-story goes, that she'd gone around yelling, "My ducks! My ducks! Somebody stole my ducks!" She must have gotten an identical set from the same store and they're probably still in the house they'd moved to after I'd joined the Army, her passing 4 years ago, from a brain tumor. The Etruscan mural artwork that's left is full of duck and fish pictures, musical instruments and lots of frolicking around. Maybe red hair in that area caused the addition of the color red to murals and then artwork in general. It's a mysterious time-period, mysterious what had happened to them, their culture. Now I'd like to see what's on the Web about them.

This morning was like a putsch on me, and I had to talk this young doctor into keeping or putting the 1-page, to Dr. S., into my chart and he said he'd do the latter, me just getting out of the shower a little later than usual and he and the RT and breakfast here at the same time and he asked about the Advair I'd asked him not to prescribe, the note closing that I'd read that JFK had been advised not to take corticosteroids for some (good) reason and I'd like to look that up first or some such, so I gave him the note and then the new/Hoater nurse was there too and I showed him that Atlantic Monthly picture and tried to explain the speed-obsession that comes from underneath Tura and goes out to Siberia and Mongolia and then Mongolia to Peking and then they've chain of command to everywhere + said that I'm trying today to draw a copy of that map for explaining...

8PM I somehow actually did it in one try, since I'd blurted that that's what I'd be trying to do today, now I have to try to get at least 4 copies of it so I suppose it will have to wait for the morning.

I should mention the sordid business of "going with" this 17-year old that had looked a lot like this Dr. S. except with severe acne to boils or boil-looking sore big pimples all down his back. There was another similar guy around then too (went with Dorothy Peterson.) I "guess" that he was the 3rd guy I'd gone with, all of them from that huge Edenwald housing project and as if they didn't know each other. I had "gone with" a boy named Cesar Romero the summer between 6th grade and starting the next-door junior high school #142, which is probably how these 3 guys had noticed or learned about me to come out and hang around the group long enough to meet and start ^{the} kissing-process. Cesar was in the other direction. I'm pretty sure meeting and "going with" him was a ritual toward using me as LURE-bait for "other" males. Seize-her Romeo, and related to the new fast-food hamburger drive-through, that I later got my 1st job at, the day before I turned 16 though, when it'd have been legal. (Break for Respiratory Therapy, the Albuterol.) [They had probably been watching from the underground with the fraud-parent asking for volunteers to try to "get-to" the stupid, cross-eyed girl. I drew an outline of the area in the 35-page letter I gave to the Basilica a few years ago. I should, would like to, check on how John Paul II had passed. (The 1st John Paul, 1 month only, looked like one of these "Neanderthoid" types, a lot like the fraud-uncle #2nd type.)

Having sex with this 3rd boyfriend and feeling a little uncomfortable about just sitting there like that I heard a song on the

radio and started to sing along with it, "Chapel of Love" by The Dixie Cops and the guy told me he wasn't going to marry me, that he's just letting me know that. The sordidest part of it was walking by his mother in the kitchen again on the way out, that it must have been obvious to her what we'd been doing in his room. We somehow broke up because I didn't know why he was going with me if he already knew there wasn't a future in it, is the reason I'm mentioning this, and then it leads into that I got real desperate to do something and went around in a mini-dress to find a job and was forced to start a day early and met a guy named Steve who in retrospect looks like one of Hermann Oberth's offspring descendants and there was a big embarrassment to-do that I'd fallen asleep at his place across the street (Boston Post Road) from the job and Mr. & Mrs. Fraud-parent somehow tracked and woke me there around 8 AM, then I went and Planned Parenthood told me I was 6 weeks pregnant and had to wait till I was 3 months in order to get that abortion, but the point is that at 6 weeks I thought it must be Steve's and told Mrs. F. that when I had no choice in order to have the more complicated procedure because I really had been 3 months already, that it was from the previous guy, who I didn't care to think about -- that that, whatever, from that guy who looked alot like Dr. S. does or, less likely maybe, from a "pre-fertilized ova" he inserted however they do that, was pre-destined to become that boy with the "iron rod" in that chapter 12, Book of Revelation, that doing that abortion by myself saved us all from so much disgustingness it's unfathomable. 311

1/9/16, Saturday -- Enclosed on the next page --

- I made a map of that NE Bronx neighborhood I'd lived in from ages 8 to 18, 1963-73. The main point is that the little housing project, Baychester, and the Cardinal Spellman High School were newly-built and to get to elementary and then junior high school I had to walk around the big school, it was a large presence but with nearly no apparent interaction. Cardinal Spellman was a major system-worker, still active while the school was built in his name. I guess he was a descendant of René Lon page 2 and the progenitor of many, that are probably all around us today. The girls' uniform was different-colored pastel dresses, belted at the waist with billowy skirts and short sleeves. I thought I was going to be growing up into a beautiful world with the school graduating ladies like that into the population. I lived where the "x" is, above Masood's picture, at 1871 Schreffelin Place. That was the name of a Prussian war general. In I guess 1968 the local group of girls talked me into going with a 14-year old named Cesar Romero and he had a 16-year old nephew named Miguel and they looked similar, were the same respective "types" as Masood and his friend Masood pictured there, Cesar a type of the generational-slave #2 type and Miguel one of the generational-slave #3 "Babar" types like Masood on the right. On the page after that I'll put a copy of the recent hand-out flyer I'd made with 4 of the "Babar" illustrations. Miguel looked most like that writer Michael Pyle's picture, under England's right foot and above gmail.com there on the bottom. I figure the 2 types really do have an uncle-nephew/niece relation, the Babar's like a buffer between the captives and the captors, the Artists.

woods

J.H.S. 142

P.S. 111

houses

Edenwald,

Cardinal Spellman High School

Sports field

Buildings

Subway →

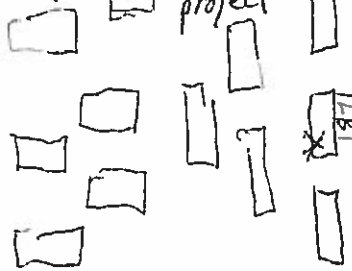
houses

houses

housing project buildings

229th? Street

Baychester Housing project



Schieffelin Place

Cesar houses + Miguel's house

Retarded Children's Home

woods

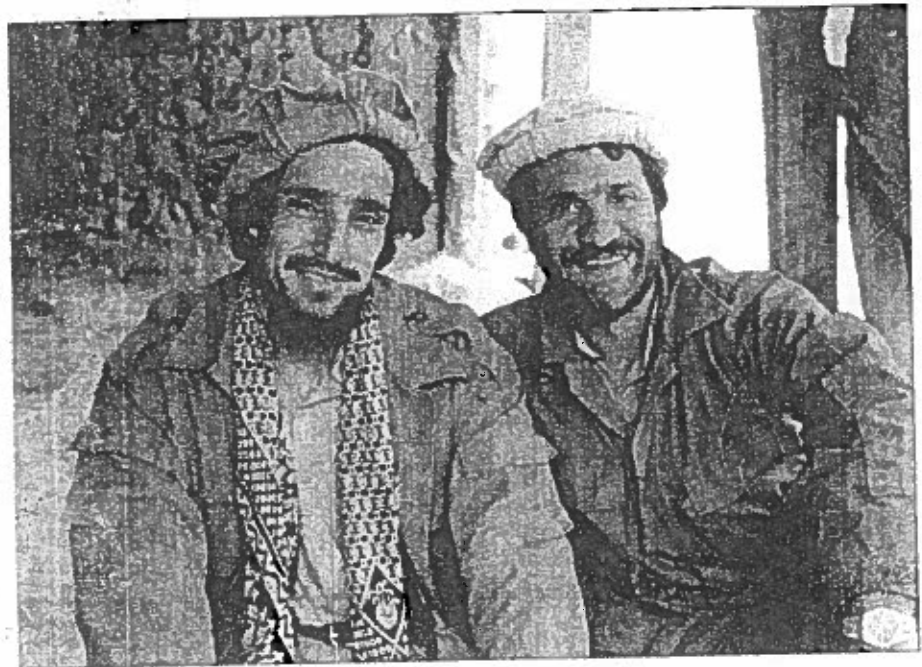
Hamburgers

My 1st job, 1971, cashier, Boston Post Road

houses

← stores, Laconia Ave.

I'm guessing that this was a LURE-route, from the big Edenwald Project to that fast-food hamburger place that I guess was also newly-built, the high school reminding me of the "long houses" of West NY state's early Indian "natives".



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

The late Masoud with friend Masood Khalili, Afghani

© Masood Khalili

My name is Kathy Foshay. The system is actually taking us to TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION. I've written hundreds of evidence-packed letters here over the past 10 years but am like a ghost-prisoner and nobody will speak with me, the system claiming I have schizophrenia, which is absurd but terrifying that they will lock me up because I have no friends, the "top-secret" system using me for disappearing nice people behind my back all my life, born 1955, which is how the Revelation-Armageddon has been being snuck-through. I've traced it to being authored by people with what I call unrecognized Prehistoric-descended Autism-psychopathy with hallucinogen-dependence from New World dinosaurs they'd accidentally extincted by egg-smashing and cliff-running, that were meant for today's natural food and transportation, so they just want the decapitation and cannibalism slave-run system to keep everything covered up, letting us explode or die-out eventually, the Earth having to crumble apart to unload them. I think I could explain it to Lyndie England → because the prisoner, Gus, that she'd gotten framed with is from the #3 generational-slavery type and all "Intelligence" could just look and see that something was wrong, and then she could follow the inter-related subjects and probably want to help me write letters till everything gets straightened out but the system keeps me as in an invisible isolation-vacuum and I still can't reach her or anyone even useful 10-30% future-profit for even finding me a helper. The system put a computer at my disposal, which is suspicious. On Facebook, Twitter, KathyFoshay@gmail.com.

KATHY FOSHAY

Safe Haven (Temporary Shelter)
4015 Plyers Mill Road
Kensington, MD 20895

9/29/15

Me old picture

They all lived off of this LURE. Watch out. Be Careful!

Earliest of the hundreds of Letters given:

- Clinton Administration 1993
- Catholic Charities
- Mt. St. Mary's Library
- Secretary of Defense
- Secret Service
- CIA (2005-)
- FBI (2015-)
- DOJ-OVAW
- I.G. of Treasury
- Douglas Devel. Corp.
- Senator Clinton
- N.A.S. (Capital Academy of the Arts)
- A.H.B.S. (American Health Service)
- American Public Health Assn.
- U.S. Marshall's Service
- B.C.
- F. O. Law Center
- C.U.L.C. - EPA (Capital University of Law & Justice)
- G.W.U.
- N.A.A.A.P.
- A.C.L.U.
- American Psychological Association
- President Obama
- CIA Director Panetta, Etc.

she might be from Eleanor Roosevelt's ova-eggs, to give it irony. She's in W. Virginia, just south of Cumberland, MD.



October 24, 2003
This is a Universe-rescuing attempt.



I figure there was something ritual about me getting set up to go with the generational-slave #2 type and Cesar + I really had nothing in common and there were probably multi- ulterior motives to that, but overnight or while map-making ("draw" is a LURE-associated word!), I put together from recollecting the sniping and 1 of the 2 times we were allegedly robbed and then that there were architect plans and house books around (and long drives into Westchester ~~and to City Island~~ to look at house-buying possibilities) ^{that} the Longfellow Avenue neighborhood had developed a bad reputation, ~~it~~ had become a dangerous place, and that's why it looks like my fraud-parent, to me, and not really the Federal, FBI I think, Federal Bureau of Narcotics, probably under Harry Anslinger in Washington around then, and not like the caption reads, "NY narcotics agent" Ben Fitzgerald, that Fitzgerald might have been advised not to go to Bryant Avenue. I'd always looked back on it as being a terrible place by the time we'd left there, "a bad neighborhood" that had become filled with drugs and crime. I thought it was the South Bronx until I got directions which train stop to get off at in 2004 and walked to but not past P.S. 66, where the "French Connection" building is on the other side of that big intersection that I'd never walked beyond. Except for where that Cross-Bronx Expressway is the Bronx looked lovely, but I've no idea what people do for food there or most other places. I think they were building maybe an underground mall around 174th Street. * maybe those were later,

The book I finally found with a picture of Ben Fitzgerald was published in 2004 too, me just finding it in September 2015, by David Valentine, ^{of} what I call the generational-slave #1 type, I think it's titled like, "The Strength of the Wolves" about narcotics agents but I didn't have time to read it. By November I didn't have the time to go through the steps to write and get that 1 letter mailed, everything like an effort through and against the force of the system. They have all the resources and they saw me visit the Bronx and they cranked out this book refuting my recognition of the fraud-parent in that picture over 10 years before I actually came across it. The purpose of the photo is to hide the human-brain "LSD" and other drugs and names for them "narcotics" business because it's all disgusting beyond description.

I mention Harry Anslinger was the Narcotics chief because that book or somewhere else mentions he was Andrew Mellon's son-in-law and ~~Mellon~~ Mellon was the one who'd bought from Russia and gave to the National Gallery of Art the portrait under the French Connection picture on page 4, the "Man In Oriental Costume^{*}", which represents what I'm talking about, all or most of the different aspects. Only maybe the Prehistory interactions of the Artists with the Old Worlders they weren't involved with and hadn't known about before their island was invaded, that the Old Worlders had already been going through some intermittent hell for thousands of years, as far as I can figure. Andrew Mellon was one of this generational-slave #2 type. I don't know anything about the ~~Mr.~~ ^{Mr.} Anslinger[†], maybe a René I hallucinologist type.

* around 1932 maybe.

-- Problem, now a nurse says Dr. S. switched me from the heparin to a blood-thinner called Lovinox. Why he would do that without mentioning it to and getting me some information on it first is possibly for nothing but causing another point of controversy. Since they are both "blood thinners" I suspect a main reason is in the SPELLING or syllable-sounds of the words. The psychiatrists are my real problem and this guy introduced himself saying he's my doctor for the week, only, him being the 4 1/2th one:

Dr. Gery
Kapoor for a bit
Guzak
Chetty

+ now Dr. S., all hospitalists here. He'll make a transient problem and the phony psychiatric field will say I cause problems by refusing medication even though this switch or getting a blood thinner at all is wrongful, but I'm totally alone against all these LSD-economy rich people who want more profits.

Look what a point of controversy for the Armageddon-making that the #2 g-slaves have to do me finding that French Connection picture is, I've been showing and mailing copies of it to people all over Washington with no idea Ben Fitzgerald does look similar, this invisible-to-me "show" has been calling me a libel/slander and lying schizophrenic and everything else since August 2014 over this.

It^z was likely staged for the Saturday evening underground "show" or slaughter purposes, as it's change-of-shift time so there are a bunch of voices and activity that gives a nervous-edge to the atmosphere, helps stir up the "whirl" effect if you've got someone upset and scared already. Otherwise it might actually sound pleasant. I've had these offspring-descendants & strangers of the fraud-parent near-stranger all over me like they own me, and that has nothing to do with the "Autism" or "developmental difficulty" that is the root of the system, I think the "Neanderthaloids" like Rene I just enjoy themselves on the Autists' planning for how to have the world to themselves, are just opportunists off of the results of the root-problem. Since the Autists enslaved the other peoples the Neanderthaloids, like the fraud-parent and at least 2 out of the 3 siblings, had/have them as sitting duck victims they're allowed to have authority over.

It's been thousands of years and there are all kinds of mixtures and hybrids and I don't want to claim which is the "most" kind of this Autism-psychopathy/developmental difficulty, I just want to get through to someone that the sadism has to be "straightened out," since the word "fix" is drug-slang. Now the world is full of "everyday Autists," ordinary-seeming like this doctor and the one before, him because I'm sure she'd ordered the

^{gratuitous}
n "Flonase" against my wishes for ulterior motive of her own, either the spelling or that it's a corticosteroid, and he's doing the same thing while knowing I'll object in order to read about it first. In fact it's been a long time, probably over an hour now since the nurse said she'd get that, a print-out ~~on what~~ about the "Lovinox."]] They'd also sent a cup of coffee in place of the tea at dinner, with dinner. "A" is also a "decapitation-slang," or other murder-slang, me only guessing it's decapitation because of the circle in the abbreviation symbol of @, but maybe it's for "atomic" either. But coffee is my worst problem, that that is somehow equated to the decapitating for the brain-ingesting. "Tea" seems equated with crucifixion. I don't know what "decaffeinated" represents. The "Babar" #3 g-slaves seem to "frown on" coffee and push the decaffeinated type. Normally I put my sleep-outfit on and get into the bed as soon as dinner's over so the coffee seemed a hint that the LURE, whatever goes on that I know nothing about, wants me doing this writing, and then the switched-medication that I don't need() anyway scene and nothing to do but wait for the print-out because this Dr. S. does his round early, around 8:30 and I have to find out what this is that he's ordered. The nurse last night encouraged me to skip that Serenol dose but I don't know if that doesn't get wrongfully interpreted -- these psychiatrists and this 379

fraud-parents type are terrifying, that there's no connection to reality everywhere now, since they made their fortune off the "narcotics." A big delay like this, like watching the Subarachnoid Hemorrhage print-out being processed with all that typing by a girl stood over by "sit down and eat!" worries me that they're editing the Louinox information. [This morning a new RT had told me he heard I don't want the Spireva and don't have to take it but that's likely entrapment to say I keep refusing, God help me, -- it's so scary that I dread to write things down while I'm here like this.

1/10/16, Sunday

I just realized that what I have is probably a "fractured skull" and that that might have to do with the Universe Rescue web/blog ^{site} ~~page~~ that the bums & the slaves have to do it of course, set it up that way, with this filthy script with those copies of the fraud-parent horror.

They broke up the "school" of readers learning about "all this" I usually call it because it's all-inclusive.

I can't prove my skull was "cracked." Just because I was bleeding doesn't mean the skull was cracked. It had felt like that most be what it is/was and I took "staples" to mean for the skull, not just the scalp over it. Because I'd been hit twice and seen that "young Warren Buffett" type I guess it has to do with that rose Blumkin-looking Maryland ID card picture, that that "girl case mgr." had helped set up me for, sic, that's disappeared now. Lying that I looked then like the fraud-parent, which might belong to Buffett?

I never mentioned and now I realize it was probably in my journal-notes, that where I thought it looked like a marijuana roach end-paper or 2 that were at the bottom of the plastic old Rice-a-Roni cups I re-use with the label off of them that the girl case-manager had somehow thought to bring to me here, those ~~paper~~ browned papers were only from that I use an emptied of ink retractable pen to poke a hole in the top of the cups they use here for hot liquids, coffee and tea cup, then I click the pen back in and put it in the Rice-a-Roni cup with the unused straws and little plastic spoon I somehow got, then the pen drops the drip of coffee and there was a little end-paper from the straws in there that I got on, that's all. The 2 cups were stacked together and I guessed that I hadn't un-stacked them to clean the bottom one since it had gotten here. She also brought this infant's white winter ~~hat~~ ^{cup} hat, like a skull-cap it would be, that she'd put into my bag the day we'd gone to that "Interfaith" free-clothes place and you just pick what you like till you fill their bag of it and leave, the bag also being at the Safe Haven and would cost \$5 to replace if you go back; it's once a month. That little hat and a turquoise belt and I don't know what else she'd thrown in that was peculiar. Then she brought that hat here along with the Rice-a-Roni cups. I figure she gets directions into her brain and doesn't think of things like doing that on her own but she only laughs and smiles usually.

11/19/16 Sun.

That reminds me of the trepanning/trephining on skulls, fossil skulls, mostly in Central America it seems. Lots of them it seems, but I have the impression that the "show" might have inserted some device for the "show" or torture-controlling me, like this "COPD" around I guess my sternum. These medical things have never interested me. The Army in 1973 gave females a choice between clerical work or being a medical corpsman, and I picked medic and barely got through. I was a real, crasseyed I guess mess because everything was getting a partner to practice on for nearly everything we learned and I could never find a partner except this one girl, Paula. This might have been somehow a 2nd class -- yeah, I'd signed up to be a Psych Tech, 91G20 I think is its M.O.S. #, job-skill number, and I flunked out of that, no big surprise. Not only was I a wreck from my 1st 18 years⁺ at the Foshays ...

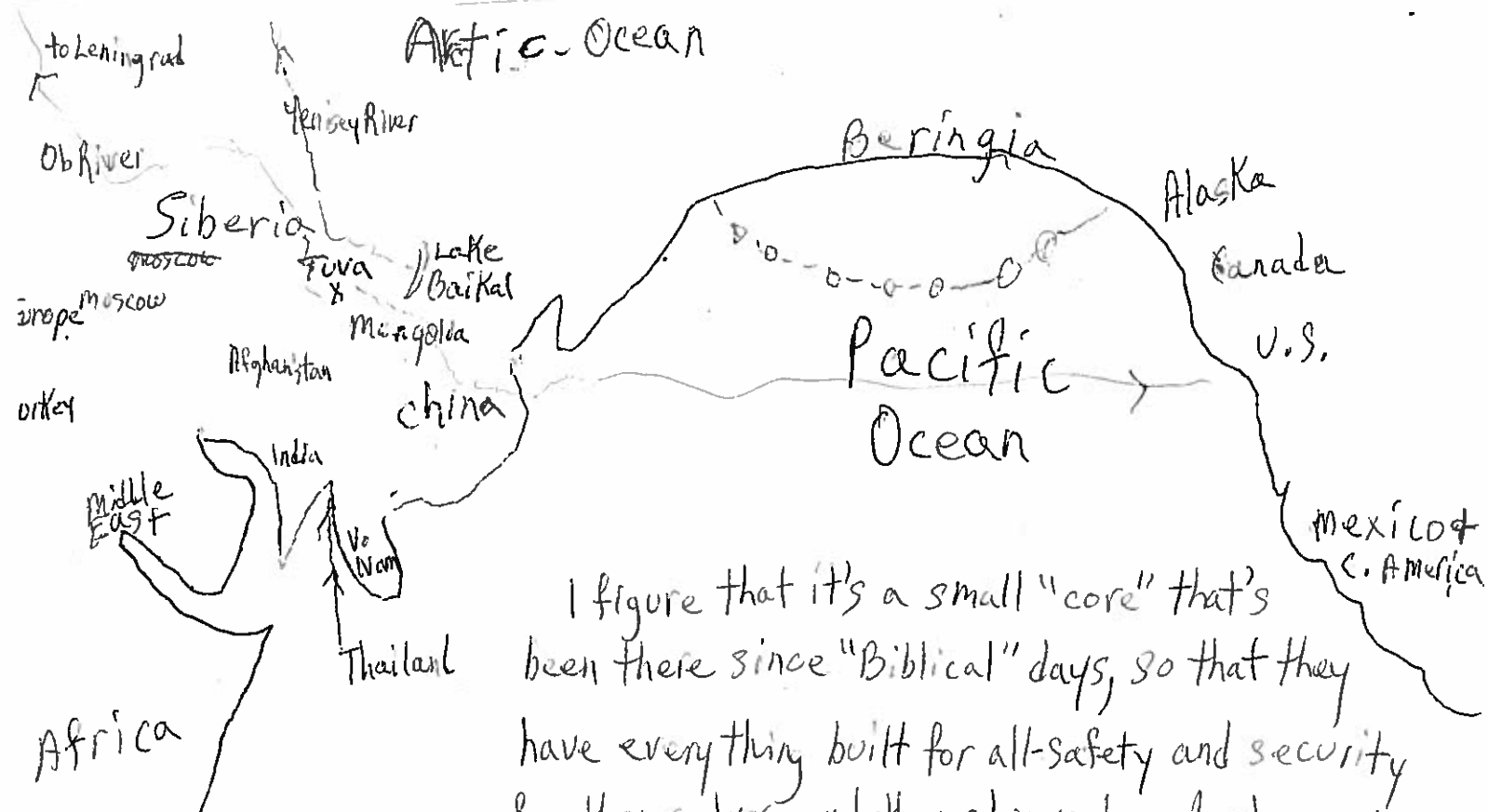
Now Dr. S. was here and he didn't mention that I didn't take the Lovinox "shot" because the regular word is that "scary" business that I couldn't jot down about, the last subject last night, so I didn't mention it either. He asked this standard question about how I'm breathing and I said it's fine as long as I'm just sitting here but this is always this way if I'm just sitting, it's if/when I go out and moving around, and he said it's too humid out and cold. I'm so scared of the doctor-titles "authority" over my life, and I have no idea what this one, here for the week/week might be secret-black-hair's war plotting against me as he already knew I'd object to the undiscussed medication-switch. I rationalize that it could be that he realizes that it's a gratuitous medication either way, heparin or Lovinox. 382

Lovenox's generic name is Enoxaparin, similar to Heparin. It might be that the fraud-parent and multi-offspring are cannibal-world citizens donating lots of meat to eat. That's how the "sit down and eat" exhibition off of me often works, the "fraud-children" now adults all behaving charmingly and offering food to like the starving indigents at the 2nd and D Sts, NW EC Shelter all these years, all the Know-nothings thinking they're the great lifesavers and nice guys. They are morons planted here to sabotage all of here so the small-sized Autists can fulfill their Armageddon-threats, but the people now only see the charming act and the lifesaving food they get and give like the to all the birds, slang for females. Then the females LURE the unsuspecting normal males, which has always been the Autists' point, to get rid of the normal males as being competition for the blonde female mates of theirs. I've been explaining that since 2005 in the letter-set I'd first been mailing to the Catholic Charities place in G Place at 3rd St, NW, that transient-shelter the Mt. Carmel House. This is all so difficult to explain that it takes me these many pages or otherwise I'm just rotely stereotyped by the everywhere "psychiatrists."

--Page 373, I went back and added that I suspect that was a LURE-route, all the 1st 3 boyfriends besides Cesar's having come from Edenwald project, for no apparent reason being attracted to me to "go together," that it must have been from the underground watching and donating ejaculation, luring to in front of that community center on maybe it was 22nd St., I really don't recall, same as on Longfellow I don't, the

community center being under the "est" in Baychester, then all the good-looking girls in those pretty dresses, and then I'm pretty sure that hamburger stand was recently-built, and then I was working there too. The manager who'd insisted I start work on Aug. 12th 1971 instead of waiting the day, which I think I'd then gotten off and then back to the cashiering-learning, looked a lot like Albert Anastasia, was that type, as was previously a security guard who'd caught me when the weird 7th-grade girl, who was a "genius" and is still around here somewhere, as is Paula who I'll have to get back to, help, had taught me to go shoplifting with her. I don't think she ever said she was a genius it's just that scribbling all this is tedious and that's a good summary. I've tried to figure if she's descended from D.H. Lawrence, a good friend of Aldous Huxley and of Georgia O'Keeffe's, a huge ova-donator/donator, that -- brings up the Great Lakes region, where I'd made an error just now in going back and scribbling on p. 373, about the long houses. The Washington Mall is that shape too. Mussoud's smile next to that "long houses" of western NY state's early Indian "natives," then you look up and there's Mussoud and Mr. Khalili smiling and that could be misinterpreted because I guess the long houses were one of the worst things but I have to fit everything onto the paper and ran out of room there. Most of those "early Native Americans" that are written-up about were probably plantations of disembodied-ovaries' mass-reproductions of the small dark-haired Artists, using the St. Lawrence Seaway to sneak into the Americas

and the Autist-psychopaths ran around Killing. It's a water-route from around that small Republic of Tannu Tuva up to the Arctic Ocean and around to the Atlantic, the St. Lawrence Seaway and into the Great Lakes which lead into about 12 different of the U.S. states, plus Canada of course, then around 1817 they built the Erie Canal to connect those to the Hudson River and I guess they just floated out everything (and anyone) they found, building Auburn Prison as the supervising headquarters I figure, but these were not "native Indians" except they were born here after being transplanted and sneakily grown here. Maybe there's some connection to the "Tulip Mania," shipped as though plant-bulbs were in the cargo when they were shipping new-fertilized embryos, but this isn't to be confused with the 2 generational-slaves smiling at the camera and the picture only there because of the coincidental resemblance to young Cesar [redacted] and Miguel R., only in that both sets of them are system-slaves, as was similarly, I guess, John D. Rockefeller, who was from the other end of the Finger Lake that Auburn Prison was built near, and now I recall a youth-picture purported to be of John D. and his siblings, where maybe he'd had that straight brown hair like Ret. Genl. Petraeus and this "Suze-Rotolo" type of this nightmare "Queen Julie/Julie-whore" that I've heard sung about in my head over a million times now. That "lank" brown hair might be related to the "[redacted]" I think her 1st name is, politician from [redacted] might still work there... 385



I figure that it's a small "core" that's been there since "Biblical" days, so that they have everything built for all-safety and security for themselves and they always have hostages to ensure that they don't get attacked and they rule

here and everywhere on Earth by chain-of-command style. Nobody can make big decisions without checking with their supervisor or boss or headquarters so that unless Tuva gives permission nothing can get done, plus in the time it takes for a request to follow that chain of command all the way to there everything has moved on and the subjects over with in that way one way or the other.

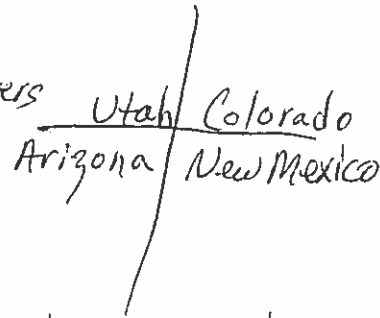
Nowadays at the mouth-area of the Ob River not far from Leningrad relatively speaking for those distant distances of Siberia and the Steppes and all, there's a lot of nuclear business, maybe a lot of polluted water there. Pyoter/Peter Deriabini is from around the Ob River in southern Siberia, allegedly passing in 2002 I think.

X map = p. 230

A copy of the "new 4 Corners" from page ~~80~~ should go here,



and the U.S. Southwest's 4 Corners because they spent a lot of time in that area, that



Mogollon Rim being about under the ~~word~~ name Arizona,

then the Grand Canyon to the left of it. I'm not even sure that that is where Colorado is, I hardly know anything about Colorado. The Rocky Mountains are there, a lot of mining went on, the Rockefellers having union problems around the 1930s maybe, that John Denver song of course, and then Florence Sabin and her sister were born there and I, separately, wound up going back there to live, in Denver I think, Florence Sabin being where I think I'd come from in the 20th century, and she was, as was everyone at this Suburban Hospital, a Johns Hopkins employee and before that a medical student there in Baltimore. Then she got talked into and pushed toward the job in the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research labs and when forced to retire she moved in with her sister in Denver, and then she started working for Colorado's Public Health system. Like a warm-up for this "Armageddon-making Show" off of me she was like a secret underworld laughingstock, that I guess they'd always done a "magic show" of voyeurizing on her masturbating because she'd not gotten married or maybe ever had sex at all except with herself,

mostly fantasizing about her old teacher and supervisor Franklin P. Mall. She wrote a biography, was probably coerced by the RIMR's Simon Flexner first to write it, which dredged-up thinking about the little faked-death probably underground and watching while recollecting about him was a way for the underground to con her into masturbating for their ejaculation-donating facility, but I read the biography and there isn't a single word about his marriage and family life, solely about his work-character and I was like shocked and in this retrospect maybe Flexner had conned her into not-mentioning the guy's wife and child or children for some sort of a "privacy" excuse or had edited that stuff out, but there is this horrible picture of him making a face like sticking his tongue out at the camera, scrunching his nose at the camera and laughing while on a boat maybe for some business trip they'd gone on to Europe maybe. The guy's wife was Mabel Glover from the Glovers of the Glover Park in Washington, that the marriage was an underworld-approved event, with Mabel a student in the year before Florence, working for the money, could afford to get in, me not sure now how she'd gotten hold of enough, there being some big Baltimore fund-raising thing she and other girls had done too that might be mixed in there. So there are all these similarities between Florence Sabin and I but I couldn't understand how she could totally ignore the guy's marriage and children, unless that was a

trick by Simon Flexner. I never mention this "Julie" because all my pages have been steadily thrown away and I'm sick of going back over this crap about people that don't in real life have anything to do with me, they're just in the script for making the Biblically-promised Armageddon off of me or making it one way or another, and I get tortured by the underworld apparatus all over me and it would be unthinkable to discuss that with the "fraud-parent's real offspring copies" then lunging to jump, everything invisible "visions and voices," all over me, I can't even see something like a tampon ad without having to get the subject of females away from me before stirring up anything from this filthy-filthy torture, going on since 1992-93, then I'd had these male characters who love the Julie character all over me all over me, sic, until they'd all faded away by late 1998 and "the Jew" started fading-in, [I'd had to skim the book on Mall, F.P. Mall, but I didn't see a word about the guy's family life and I just can't believe that someone so much like myself would just make like his family didn't exist and it worries me and I'm sure she must have been trick-advised into that, maybe something about getting sued, but it would have been terrible to everyone, and in the medical profession, who'd known him. The "girl," female, "full-matured," unlike me, woman that the Julie-character is based on was just a peculiar supervisor in a peculiar place.

(6^{PM}) Since Sabin was a Johns Hopkins employee till around 1920 and I'm in a Johns Hopkins hospital for nearly 2 months now I can figure this about Sabin could be a little relevant to this letter, since psychiatry is probably the root of the prehistoric-descended developmental difficulties and I'm trying to reach the medical field about the whole Autism subject. Yesterday a tech-aide asked what I was writing about and it's kind of amorphous now and I'd said everything, about my problems for the doctors to be able to understand them, and the world situation I sort of amorphously described and she guessed that it's an autobiography and that's so far off the point, the point being simple but it's this "chain-of-command" that rejects everything that goes against their world- and probably Universe-domination goals-set, and, there is nothing else I can do except to pass the time like this, totally scared with the torture moving in with that nobody-to-me fraud-parent's old face from the 1960s all over me now just for reflecting on this imprisonment, it's like the -- it's just disgusting. I really think that kidnaping the Lindbergh baby might have been Lindbergh's idea because the fraud-parent had mentioned the crime-incident as though it was significant a couple of times and I don't think he'd even been born yet, that he'd only heard about it later, and, most of those pilots* seem to have been indoctrinated to getting high, maybe as a reward for getting into the contraptions.

* Clarence Chamberlin and Charles A. Levine, 6/5/1927, refueled in Eisleben, duo.³⁹⁰

If I'd been able to install the PayPal's "Donate!" button before this hospitalization I might have gotten some cash-donation by now but the way this is I'd be lucky to be sitting all alone in a bare \$1599 a month apartment with only food stamps to live on and \$10 left from the \$50 the fraud-parent sent in August for that birthday, my 60th, -bizarre to be this -- "science fiction" -made copies of this guy all over me for around 5 years now, and I'm dependent on any kindness and I guess they figure I'm psychiatrically locked away, him and the small family of them there. I usually use the name of the town the house is in for referring to him and to all the offsprings here and my little route in Washington from the shelter to the library, but I'm likely here with this cracked skull for what I'd already, French Connection and "science-fiction" file, put in my blog-/web-site, -- and I asked and it's in my chart that I'd arrived in this E.R. at 6:21 pm on 11/19/15, so they must have brought me straight here from Connecticut and Howard Avenue's, right near where I'd seen that ritual being done in the Safeway's parking lot, which then looked like nothing had been done. They'd had 1 of these "generational-slave#2 types" like digging a 4x9' hole that looked like a grave, a rectangle with squared corners, and when I'd looked the group left that 1 guy digging while they sat around under a shade-canopy like it was break-time and it looked like one of them did a flip movement to his crotch toward me and on the way out of the store the Shahan (Bishops. d. 1932)-looking one did that too. About 10 days later was the 1st or 2nd car hit.

How could there have possibly been a 1st car hit that even I don't have a recollection of how I'd woken up and gotten through the day and back to the shelter of? I remember being hit by the car, crossing where I'd never crossed the street before, at the Knowles St. or Avenue and Connecticut intersection. I can't figure, solely that it was just turned full dark so that I was thinking of walking by way of the little "short-cut" down Howard Ave. to the overpass at Summit Avenue merely because it's a little longer than walking toward where that Dunkin' Donuts is on the north of Plyers Mill Road and then down in front of the Fire Department and I'd been walking that route in the dark for so long that I was tired of it and even if I decided not to take the short-cut I could walk down the southwest side of Plyers Mill Road and save those few extra steps, by going the opposite from usual way and I somehow really did get hit, for the first time in all my pedestrian life, by the car, with the little walk/Don't Walk sign covered by burlap and I like missed a beat, hesitated 1 or 2 seconds before figuring it was walk time and the drivers knew that, and the car just turned and crashed into me and it was horrible but I felt that I was okay, not in ~~mental~~ "mortal danger" or too badly off somehow and an ambulance was there and I woke like on an E.R. or operating table with 6-8 guys around and the Warren Buffett like in the picture from his biography with Rose Blumkin on the same page was at the back by my feet looking and smiling and I thought

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They're going to kill me! and then it was a bunch of dream-like stuff of being transferred to a hospital in New York and being released pronounced out of danger but, just in a NY street/gutter, like hair over my eyes so I couldn't see well, and then what on Earth could have been done so that I somehow spent the next day doing something before getting back to 4015 Piers Mill Road, but what? I vaguely recall being too scared to even note it in my journal type notes to myself, like, by the way, I got hit by a car.... I figure hypnosis must have been used, similar then to the week from Nov. 19th 6:15 or 6:05 pm to pm on 11/26, Thurs. then when I woke up in this ICU, that was after walking the Dunkin' Donuts'-corner to the bus stop and it's dark and lonely there so I decided to try to quick-walk to the bus stop in front of Safeway to wait and that's when the car coming from the south and turning these onto Howard hit me, that I was real visible so it seems one way or the other the underworld "magic" over the driver, maybe doing that on purpose as part of the group in the ritual-business business, however that goes. I felt like the accident was supposed to hit me on Howard and when I'd gone to cross at Knowles on debarking the bus it threw off the timing and maybe I'd been too healthy for this plan to keep me medically-institutionalized, I just do not know. Then on the 19th it's unusual for me to want to try to get to the busier bus stop, but when I considered walking to there "the Jew" was approving of the idea. The thing is I can barely walk from the "difficulty breathing" over this "sternum torture 'COPD'" and that

goes crazy over me making the last block or so to a bus stop even on any ordinary day when it doesn't even matter if I did just miss a bus, so first I'd had this standard "bus-stop reaching in time anxiety" that makes me huff and puff by the time I'm there I'm all out of breath, gimmick of the torture's, so to reach the stop beneath of Howard and then decide to wait at the close other bus stop where there were more people was unusual, but I was super-lonely. Ever since getting out of the April 2014 9-day GWU hospitalization I've kept an eye open for ANYONE who'd be someone to visit me in a hospital because you can hardly get out unless there's a witness and the Fraud-parent and "pseudo-sister" are really scary what they'd tell a doctor or hospital what they could do with me, so I've needed ANYONE and haven't been able to meet any friend -- just that CRRC "pnp" nurse was here 3 times and that's because of the sabotage, she never talked about anything except medication for me, the whole CRRC is geared that way, no employment help otherwise either, one-track mind no matter what I said or accomplished, so all I've been doing, also, is looking for any responsible adult to help me to get through to others about the "TPE," and that's twisted to LURING innocents to the cannibals' and getting locked-in and reduced to hydrocarbons for gas and home-heating and plastics, & what, oh yeah, the brain-chemical narcotic/drugs businesses. Three uses for people = I guess the narcotics/drugs and the cannibals go together. It's difficult for me to keep everything in mind and try to explain it without using a lot of paper and it seems like nobody's allowed to read unauthorized or non-system material. I've done this so many times.

Mentioning about the Colorado mining Sabin had come from around 1870-71 puts me in mind that all those "Chinese coolies" had probably come from that "Tuva" route. There's almost no material on the Republic of Tuva, just about those postage stamps of I think the 1920s, and Richard Feynman had written a book,

"To Tuva or Bust"

by Richard Feynman's partner maybe it's credited to, and Richard might not even be his correct first name,

just going by my off hand recollection. His partner is important, of an important stereotype, writing after Feynman had passed and I cannot be sure that the book itself wasn't a LURE to Tuva where it's likely the most dangerous place for a stranger of all. Feynman was trying to get to Tuva but after all that he'd passed, but he'd spread the idea around. With all the Artist-hybrids everywhere and just about maybe everyone included in that, I have no real idea who is or isn't THAT psychopathe. Feynman was probably doing a thing like me in trying to bring attention to the place. From the teeny bit I've found it seems to fit the home-base image I've got of under that border all around that area's

2.9.15

being where the world hostage-holding system comes from, super-secured to not be reachable to that there's no sense trying, they've been there since they'd taken it over from the Neanderthal buddies they'd made, then mass-immigrating from the Americas to there and I think they got the Neanderthals to re-locate to the Caucasus Mts.

I get off the track so easily; when I'd mentioned the bare, \$1599 a month apartment with no money for toilet paper or lightbulb refills, I'd meant to picture me like that with no computer-use available unless I could, sick as I really am from the secret-world torture get to and from a library, and I have no way to haul groceries anymore, etc. Plus that leads into the situation of being dependent on people who seem to really wish I'd disappear so they don't have to help or send holiday-type gifts anymore plus a new subject that if I'm really going to be able to get to DCHA and back from here (sic) ~~the~~ week goodness or God or what not help me, really not caring to use that goodness help me phrase anymore either because that is a worst part of this LURE I'm used/abused for, then I should open the MCH's 2 gift cards to see what uses.

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what resource they might add that I should try to use toward getting my little life back, because social worker Steve will likely drop by here about ~~these~~ plan-talk possibilities for me, without ever mentioning any head injury in all this time, and I'd mentioned the Lindbergh baby because I think he was a donation for decapitating the offspring-descendants from himself, inexpressably true, as I'd mentioned that blond psychiatrist in Suzanne Wetlaufer's 1992 novel "Judgment Call," that he seemed like a Lindbergh-baby descendant-type possibility -- from something I'd read in a John Steinbeck novel, so horrible I couldn't remember which one I'd read it in, of a guy talking and bringing a blond, curly-haired toddler over and slitting its throat and it was still smiling and happy-looking, unaware it was being killed, and the happy-type people probably leave better highs from their brain-chemicals than do sedentary watchers, so Lindbergh provided a future of delicious highs, is my guess, or he wasn't given a choice, I don't know much about him. His wife was a Baber-type. Maybe he'd run for president sometime after that? And I think the fraud-parent ~~is~~ has always figured to do like that to me, future-profits for many

2017 MARY.

11/11/16, Monday, 9¹⁵am

First there was a horrifying dream with the fraud-parent in it, horrifying in that that was in it at all. The "copies" or offspring-descendants, of those I suppose this was. Not the 80⁺-year old guy looking young but the "science fiction"-made "real" children that have grown and are the age he'd been back in the 1960s, like copies of the 80-year old guy, all of them being unknown people to myself, the fraud-parent always living a faked-life and playing tricks and curses on me, expecting to own my ovaries and make a fortune. Come to think of it he was I guess one of the ones expecting to make a fortune and rule the Earth after the moon was reached and whatever it had harvested, space ruled, that continued this takeover even though the moon is basically plain rock, that they just faked-through that great unexpected disappointment. This dream was nothing but a vague, boring, blurry trip into a building that turned ~~to~~ out to be a taken-over old building remodeled into being some sort of a department store that I couldn't get the dumbwaiter or elevator to work and it closed with someone unfolding a big sheet of paper with the fraud-parent's younger face, from the 1960s, on it while the copy was sitting on a high stool right there and I woke up horrified because it indicates that there's a copy loony-goon amusing itself with the image of me and my brain while I'm sleeping, that the dreams are from the undergrounds.

I thought it was because I'd thought about opening those 2 MCH
holiday gift cards, that that girl case manager had brought here, but
then this treatment of me is all different too now, the nurse for
the day being their peculiar floor supervisor, the aide being the
"sit down and eat!" scary to me tech because she might be an off-
spring descendant hybrid of the "nation" of them off of the fraud-
parent or is at least a close relative, then it was like the RT
and this Dr. S. and the breakfast tray were all pre-rehearsed,
the doctor saying to me that I'm the boss about not wanting to
take the Lovenox, which he said he'd switched to because
it's 1 shot a day instead of the 2 or 3 of the heparin and
he said the heparin is for people in hospitals that ~~aren't~~ are
in bed and not moving around alot was why I had it so I
said I'm not sure about that let alone switching it to something
more complicated, taking the RT mask on and off to talk and he
said he'd cancel and not be replacing the Lovenox with heparin again,
saying that I'm the boss -- oh, he'd also said he could cancel
everything and I asked him if that includes the Seroguel and
he said no, I guess he meant the RT! which is the one real
thing, that I should have help with the breathing at night, it gets
so low-depth that I wake up in real bad shape. Here, when
I get in the shower the torture pulls on the "leash" on my sternum
so that I get out in bad shape every morning. Then breakfast

is all on disposable paper cups and plates, styrofoam. Now I've called SW Steve, who's supposed to get me to DCHA this week and haven't heard from him yet, just asking about 2 printouts for where we'd left off on Friday, and, all that post-shower activity was between 8 and 9 AM with the floor supervisor taking my vital signs for the first time and mentioning that my "pseudo-sister" had called and said she'll call back saying her name, Mary.

The styrofoam and plastic instead of the regular heavy meal-tray materials is an idea-of-reference to Psych wards and the floor supervisor has on the same style or maybe the same wig as that CRRC prp used to wear until I wrote in my journal that I'm getting the impression it signifies head-hunting, then she'd switched to a shorter-hairstyled wig but now this person is like the same or a combination of her and the Safe Haven director, who looks like fraud-aunt #2's ovary-product. Now she brought an IV pole which also is a scary idea-of-reference to forced --, horror-word, also invents this COPD + oxygen-saturation rates to match any which way they want to go. It's only 10 AM and I have nothing to do except, wait for the/a social worker about "placement" I can/could go to. While it's currently an African-Carib theme that "dream" had been full of young Asians, as with the Siam background I think the fraud-parent had, offspring-descendant of the faked-death King of Siam, Rama VI, Vajiravudh, which I guess is women's parts irritate the "wood."

11/21/16, Tuesday

Alot of "game-change." I don't have any idea what they're doing with me but it has nothing to do with the solar system. They have a "race" theme to today. I'm in total terror again now because I'd called the food stamp office that I've been in the hospital nearly 2 months and she said she's going to close my account and now I realize that my card probably won't be any good. I called her back to ask that and she said I'd still have the balance left on the card but that's nearly unbelievable considering that everything seems "disappearance"-oriented.

She let me check my email toward this "apartment-hunting()" and there's nothing from anyone on it that I could see at that quick look, a teeny bit from Craig's List and Wordpress and maybe I didn't check back far enough, just what was on the first screen went back to Dec. 24th, but there was nothing from any astronomers that I saw, really scared that I, for instance, have no security from all my communications' being stolen. Society seems like one big death-trap. This brings up the subject of Steve, the original Steve Jobs, where it appears there were alot of stand-ins for him and his photographs, out here, that he has this Autism I'm trying to explain is probably headquartered around under Tuva.

If I can't discover a place to go, and it's going to be showing soon, these people are going to send me to that V.A. psych ward fate the end-of-the-world people have been working toward. I don't even know if I'm really just scheduled to be here this long because the brain trauma needed to heal, if it's a known thing that that takes that long.

← I think instead of listing -- the "new friends" or some such they call them but they always seem to be totally uninvolved with me people only. The Johns Hopkins theme, ~~all of a sudden~~ -- again I lost my train of thought, I was trying to recall about Dr. William Welch. I'd had that old cartoon of him holding all the young doctors on leashes in rabbit-guise, hopping around. He disliked Florence Sabin, all the guys used her as a laughingstock, having just watched her sex fantasies and masturbation the night before. Then that I'd guess would lead to Q. Victoria -- how did they get her ovaries? appendectomy. "Hysterectomy" might only amount to removing the ovaries + fallopian tubes, -- I'm so sick from this never being told anything. The Johns Hopkins theme, that sitting at the computer the SW Rivon had me send her email address in a note to DCHA, so in typing it while she said it I finally (all of that sudden, because I don't see very well, sic,) I finally realized that both the S's work for Johns Hopkins Medical Institute .edu, and Florence Sabin had gone to school and then worked there as a teacher for a long time so in reading about her I picked up a little about it. And their opening screen that I was shown is a big ship, then the URL or programming they use there is called Ship, so that's pretty curious. And I'd just write-mentioned the Arctic to St. Lawrence Seaway to Great Lakes way the system had all infiltrated here to some big degree. What I'd like to try is to find some sort of an historian there to interest in the idea of me reading Sabin's correspondence for summarizing it, it's at Smith College, -- but then there's alot in Denver too I think. But I could get used to and read her handwriting.

There's a place way out on MacArthur Blvd. It's just insane. I don't have a friend in the world, all my communications out and never any interested reply that's ever reached me. And this "head-hunter bewigged employee" is in touch somehow with the "pseudo-sister" of my fraudulent-family. My latest try is in this 1-page to the 2 social workers here. I haven't heard from SW Steve since Friday. I overheard the regular one as though on the phone about contacting an administration because all I do is sit here and write, and then she let me use her internet for this apartment() search, but I just have no way to guess what they're doing here. I called the Kensington Safe Haven and got the same response, that my things are still just sitting in that room. Then I had to open the holiday gifts and sure enough they (also) seemed designed to upset me, and there's always something more I could have done, where if I'd got the price on the form, 79.99, I might have gotten that super-tablet I'd found, \$79.99, for the \$100 gift, but what I got looked like it was personally out of the girl's case manager's pocket, which is preposterous, 7

2 Amazon giftcards for \$25 each and the other wrapped package is a Gateway card that only says no denomination till the cashier activates it, so that can be this #3 mystery about what if any belongings I've got. These are all the same syndromes as always, all the same patterns and behavior-patterns. If I can't find a place to squander the voucher on these people are shipping me out. Almost 2 pm when I can try the web or/and email again.] There goes the sternum - torture.

7^{pm} I think the idea of ~~working~~ living without a computer is the impetus behind calling SW Steve and asking him, his voicemail, about that group home possibility -- no, (), it was the loneliness, recalling that I was on my way to that NAMI meeting, then that the 1st had been 2 weeks earlier and that that was around when that grave-looking ritual was being dug, that there'd been a nice group at the 1st meeting, thinking how horrible this isolation-vacuum is, that there were alot of other girls in that group home Safe Haven and none of them was friendly with me, -- the chances of that's being legitimate. It's the same here. The people have to be being kept away from me - I don't know how they live. ~~I don't see very well~~ The social worker asked how I'm breathing, how's that doing and I got to slip in that ~~it's an underground~~ ^{it's the "cops"} from the underground's tampering, or maybe they do it by satellites by now.

In fact that ~~wasn't~~ sternum torture was just before I went there I can't get anyone interested -- and I'd checked the regular incoming -- I guess tomorrow I could check-see -- they'll switch me to Facebook

← It's like she had a 1-way relation with writing to her sister every day just about, despite that the sister seems to have been barely interested in her, and neither of them had ever been married. It didn't sound like the sister'd invited her to move in with her in Denver when the RMR forced her to retire, so I'd enjoy reading all that material where nobody else really would.]L This torture is getting worked-up out of reality. They're doing the, better than you, better than you sing-songing torture. Something similar might have been done to Sabin, as the NY underground of the 1920s probably practiced the "visions and voices" on her. From her letters I might be able to figure out how FP Mall's whole family life was omitted ~~th~~ from the biography.

1/13, Wed, 7:30 AM

All the patterns of this unprovable-horror. There was what looked like an identity-replacement last night but I'd only gotten an odd glimpse, and now a new nurse that's one of the wig-wearing "Neanderthal-types" that are also like the fraud-parents type and she said she's seen me around here many times but has never worked with me and right off went for the arm bracelet and asked me ~~my~~ to say my name and birth date and said the band is faded, but it's really just turned the other way and it's an easy trick to know it's faded, in the practice.

And before that they've been doing this thing of I
wake to pee around 4 or 5 and can't fall back to
sleep, so now I've slept later than usual.] ["They've" is
the "show," about the same thing. And they'd started this "fizzing" noise,
that there's no way I can keep track of when that's turned on and off.
It's terrible, the patterns. They do the "sternum-pulling" torture that's called
the COPD every morning when I shower to this "out of breath" getting out of the
bathroom, and they'd songsong this horror-garbage -- it reminds me
of this problem with why Florence Sabin hadn't mentioned Franklin Mall's
wife and family in the so-called biography, is that I can't bear to
refer to this "Julie" animal joke as it solely gets "vision and voice"
all over me, like encourages the torture's favorite line, ~~how~~
out here and the "repetition-Romper Room," the "show" work
together to destroy and it's unprovable. They didn't bring break-
fast and I can only guess at "why" then, all the same "nonsense(s)"
patterns.] [The new doctor is due.] [I didn't want to follow
that about -- more "show" now. Plus they bring the meals at
a normal time one day and not the next is going on, that
there's no continuity to thought-train, you're totally
life-and-death dependent on bizarrely-behaving strangers
who act in concert with the internal tampering.

(11/13/16, 12:50 PM) I hadn't to follow up that about "wood" and the fraud-parent problem with that map I'd given to Dr. S. and a copy to this regular SW here so things are a little falling-apart seeming with all this distractedness, how now, it seems like I just got the meal-trays figured out, that I'd fallen for the trick of trying to use their menu the 1st 2 times so I haven't been on the "Non-Select" menu that I'd said several times to just always send that, and because they're bothering me as usual -- then "junkies" like this, the time it takes to write down these things, it's so sickening, just pass-time for the torture exhibition. The torture has the 2 little retarded girls as crawling all over me with this better-than-you obsession ~~see~~ system-scam -- and here's another little poo-poo, that ~~the~~ "hybrid-nurse", from saying that she's seen me around, she's doing a scene, this place is, a moron new sick theme, where the guy next door is the same type as she is, after that glimpse last night of that type's identity-replacing a staff-worker here, all these petty things that go into the Armageddon-takeover. JL haven't been able to cover that they're bothering me with what I figure are descendants of the Armageddon "Ste. Foy" type, 401

But, this petty-trick was that this peculiar nurse had now called hi to me sugar plum from ~~near the doo~~ the hallway near the door next door, like they're making a fraud-parent's community for itself for me here, as I don't know this nurse at all. In fact they'd had a 1-day nurse the day Dr. S. had started, too. Unproveably it's a "show" given that I can't wait to get back to the apartment(s)-search, and I'd left that call for the SW Steve last night, because a temporary place like that Safehaven, a group-home, is what I should have while looking for a safe place for me and the voucher, where wherever I've gone this underground slips in all around me. Now I have to "distract" to eat before both the lunch and the computer time arrive together, that they use my saving food as an harassment-excuse. [They make it into one of the Catch-22/vicious circles, damned if you do or don't. You have to, I do, save foods when possible due to the total dependence on them in any of these types of places when you can't go out your own self, plus I have this "old age" symptom or what that I can only eat just a small bit but do so about every 2-3 hours and, especially about when breakfast may or may not get here. Yesterday it was 7:45 for the first time and today I guess it left the kitchen at 9:18, but was here around 9:30, Etc.... 408

(1/13/16) 2:10pm - She said they're working on the computers today, but it had sounded like we can't work on them at all, then to today, and I asked if we could maybe start ~~after~~ earlier, like after breakfast, tomorrow and she said that they'll see about that, since 2pm again tomorrow is such a long time from now, from yesterday, considering that this is eating up my insurance and they're, -- for instance, after I'd objected to that loud sugarplum greeting that nurse had walked back by asking about where the V.A. is, and there she goes again. They're really mutants. -- and I was able to give the SW then this latest letter. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday now I've given her a page that I'll put together here. Dr. S. came here at 1:45 when the meal tray arrived and luckily I didn't see the tray because it had 3 cups of coffee on it, that would have distracted me but in roping the oxygen tube tubing around to be able to talk to him my back was to the very smiling tray-server. Then I had to put the spaghetti and meatballs into the big cups they use for drinking water and the same with the dessert and the soup, and neaten everything and got to the SW-desk right on time and waited till she got back from the pt. room, patient's room, right across the way, which I avoided looking into. I can't believe my belongings are waiting all this time, please.] [To move this crumply-mess I am along I'll include a copy of the Jan. 1 note to the nurse with the same name as today's.

3/21/16, Monday -

I'm trying to scan these and can't get all of them in in one day because of all my peculiar logistical difficulties, in about the same shape I was in on 11/19/15, about, with only the looking forward to "normal" weather now to look forward to + only allowed out once a week for 7 hours + plagued all the usual ways so I'm worried about difficulties + figure there's no much point in carrying that whole pile of papers all in one day, sorry I don't know how to use this little \$5 USB Flash Drive I'd managed to find for also getting these onto that so I could quit carrying, being responsible for, trying to keep this evidence on paper intact, + now I also have to prepare for a court appearance on this car "accident" or "act of God" or whatever.