

12/19/15, Suburban Hospital, Bethesda, Maryland

Dear Potential Responsibly-behaving adult  
in CRRC-"V.A," MCCH or other place,

Everyone is afraid of the  
decapitators so "everyone" agrees  
that my worldview is incorrect, that  
we're being driven to TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION  
by this top-secret decapitators' system. Lately  
I've been trying to point out that there's something  
wrong about CRRC's founder, [redacted] and  
now in the hospital I notice a resemblance around  
the eyes with Joe Fuca of the 1961-62 "French Connection"



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

They all like  
off with the  
LURE.

KathyFoshay@gmail.com  
Phone Number  
443-630-4914

- Clinton Administration
- Catholic Charities 2005
- Mt. Kisco Library 2006
- Secretary of Defense
- Secret Service
- CIA 2008
- FBI etc.
- DOJ-OVAW
- U.S. of Treasury
- Douglas Devel Corp.
- Senator Clinton
- NAS (Natl. Academy of Sciences)
- AAAS (Am. Assn. for the Advancement of Science)
- Am. Public Health Assn.
- U.S. Marshal's Service
- P.O.
- F. U. Law Center
- FULC-TPR (Inst. Public Representation)
- G.W.U.
- Howard University
- NANEP
- ACLU
- Am. Psychological Assn.
- Library of Congress
- President Obama
- CIA Director Panetta
- Leon and Sylvia Panetta
- Inst. for Public Relations
- U.S. Int. Relations
- Infant Corp.
- Washington Blade
- Fraternal Order of Police
- NOA MI
- U.S. National Little Theatre
- Terry F. Lewis
- Brookings Institution
- Natl. Med. (Natl. Med. Soc.)
- GAO Comptroller General
- Hudson Institute
- U.S. Music Foundation
- 20+ Hundreds of letters.



Joe Fuca snarls at camera and police, following seizure of heroin hidden in his Brooklyn house. On kitchen table behind him are plastic bags containing narcotics and weapons retrieved from ceiling of his basement (New York Daily News photo)

narotics scam. This photo, in the 11/26/62 Life magazine issue, was probably a curse onto Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy.



René I, detail of a portrait by Nicolas Froment, 1475-76; in the Cathedral of St. Saviour, Aix-en-Provence

Giraudon Art Resource/EB Inc.

d. 1480

Most of the similar types probably come from lines of "René's sons" of the early Renaissance. He was mostly in Avignon, France, downstream from Mrs. Kennedy's Boovier relatives and upstream from the narcotics center at Marseilles. When her

relatives heard she'd become First Lady they'd tried but failed to be able to reach her, presumably about their generational top-secret slavery to René's old underground. The 1961-62 "French Connection" narcotics ritual was invented toward keeping all this secrecy going on.



The swearing-in aboard Air Force One, November 22, 1963. That's my distraught face in the lower left-hand corner. Next is the late congressman Albert Thomas of Houston, Lady Bird Johnson, the new president, and Mrs. Kennedy. In the right-hand corner just above Mrs. Kennedy is then congressman Jack Brooks of Beaumont, Texas.

That is now-famous entertainment-mogul [redacted] picture in the Air Force One photo's lower left-hand corner, taken from his memoir of his White House days, and a similar-looking person's picture above and slightly to the right. In its little-seen color version or some other picture of the swear-in judge from earlier that day you can see that she's wearing a brown sweater with polka dots of all different colors, like blue, yellow, pink and green. LSD was very legal and popular with wealthy people back then and polka dots were maybe a reference-code to help throw Mrs. Kennedy off-track as to what it was that was going on.

I was thinking that CRR (s founder [redacted] might be related to [redacted] or the (late) comedian Buddy Hackett or to Joe Fuca, the parent of the French Connection's main American characters, and I'm asking for an amnesty from this group's hands all over my life, forcing me out to Kensington, and to Kenwood, and now somewhere else.



Record haul of 88 pounds of pure heroin is displayed by some of the arresting officers after seizure in Tony Fuca's basement (February 25, 1962). Tony, left, is held by Vinnie Hawkes; man in suit, center, is Deputy Chief Inspector of N.Y. Narcotics Bureau Edward Carey; on his left, Sgt. Jack Fleming of Special Investigating Unit; Agent Frank Waters of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, and N.Y. narcotics agent Ben Fitzgerald.

This looks to me like my fraudulent-parent [redacted] "as the French Connection ended in our old neighborhood in the Bronx, and those are (3) suitcases that I'd been led to play with, before they'd vanished!

guess for this ritual-scram photo. He and the agent look similar.



Finally one day in 2004 I found my way out to the old neighborhood, from the Bronx Zoo approach, and was surprised to see an ancient-looking one-room synagogue. "Jesus-types" ← like this "Man in Oriental Costume," (NGA) keep the criminally-insane types placated by thinking-up the system-ways for them.

"A MASTERPIECE"—NEWSWEEK

SOC  
364.1524  
5779

# A MOTHER IN HISTORY



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**T H R E E  
I N C R E D I B L E  
D A Y S W I T H  
L E E H A R V E Y .  
O S W A L D ' S  
M O T H E R**

---

**J E A N S T A F F O R D**

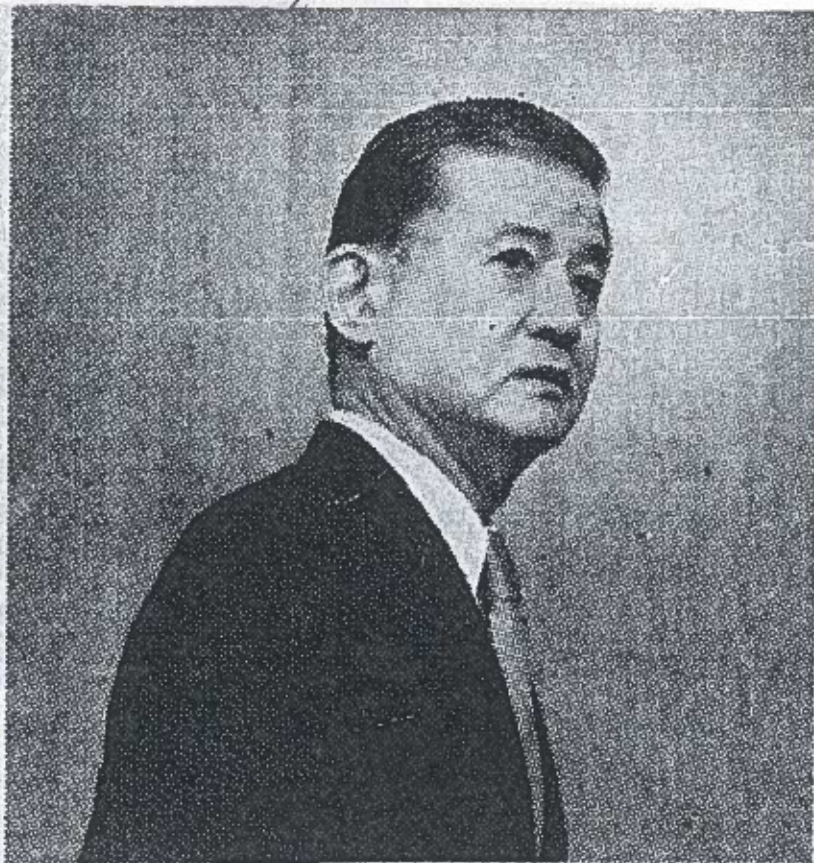
Briefly I  
want to mention  
that [redacted]  
and Mrs. Oswald  
look similar  
and few people  
know that  
Lee Oswald  
had spent all  
of 1953  
also living  
in that area  
of the Bronx,  
as a 13-year old.  
The lady who  
wrote this  
book was  
married to  
someone with  
this type of  
face also, the  
writer named  
A.J. Leibman  
or Leiberman.

5

I've started a new way of trying to describe this TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION, that our solar system had halted evolution as lost-in-Alaska cannibalism drama-scenes had started in prehistory, some time before the so-called Trojan War, which was really a mass-immigration of a long-lost New World people whose ancestors had accidentally extincted the dinosaurs by egg-smashing in zealous competition for the hallucinogen-laced mush of flowers, mushrooms and toads the adult dinosaurs brought back to the nests for the hatchlings, and the humans who felt overly-comfortable camping in the nests, who'd been developmentally battered by the trip they shouldn't have gone through with.

I mean that after those's descendants met people like the Trojans and tasted normal cooked meat they couldn't get enough of it and, lost in the back-and-forth trek they began setting fire to the weaker of their own kind, the women and children, and the spirit-people who'd begun ranging-out and exploring space were forced to come close and try to intervene, but the Old World peoples had cooked meat and so the long-separated and developmentally disabled New World people wanted all the same things as those others had. Nature couldn't birth new creations into the sadism and so Mars and Venus were left as is and "the Asteroid Belt" is probably a broken planet from trying to tip the planet to warm up the ones lost in Alaska, to how our axis is still crooked: Equator line.

While it seems like everything is okay with the sun's seeming to "rise" every morning, the billions of Asteroid Belt pieces are also orbiting the same way as us year after year.



CHIP SOMODEVILLA/GETTY IMAGES

**Eric K. Shinseki leads the Department of Veterans Affairs — for now.**

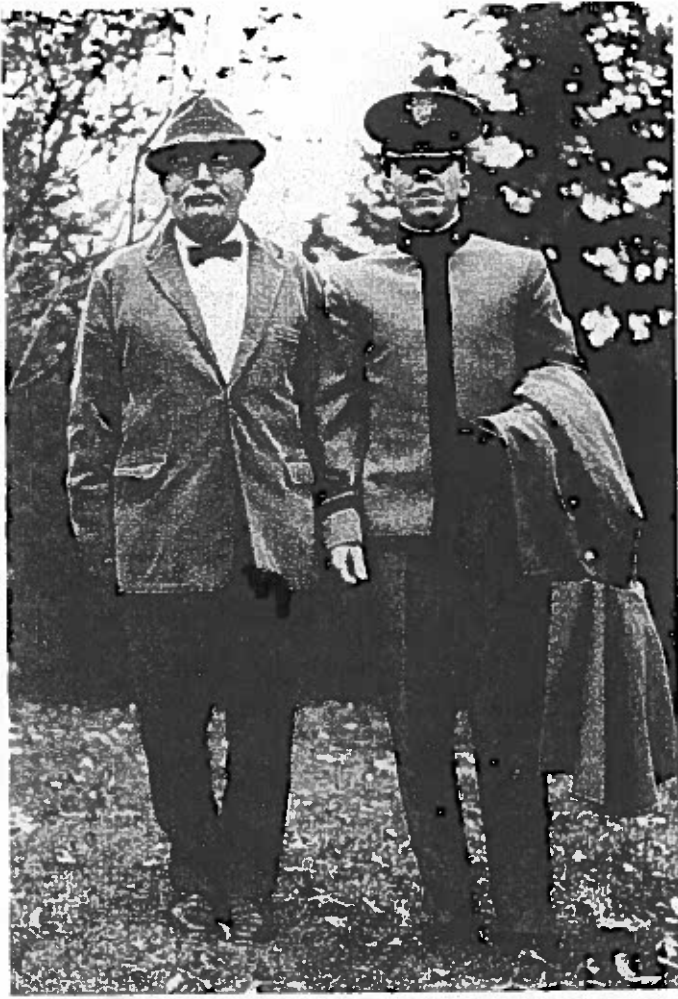
Secretary Shinseki of [redacted] inauguration of this CRR (Community Resource and Referral Center,) comes from what I figure is the #1 generational-slave type,

Maybe back to the



so-called "Trojan War," which is never told the truth about. This one is John Kerry's late pater (father).





Cadet Petraeus with his father, Sixtus, a former officer on a Dutch ship, who came to the United States during World War II and later joined the U.S. Merchant Marines.

Similar is Ret. General David Petraeus recently CIA director, where these good-parent type slaves are system-forced to raise system-selected embryos.

Conversely good-kids' embryos are put into uninterested-parent or worse families, as

in my own most-horrifyingly inexplicable sadism-situation.

The doctor who'd invented both the terms Autism and group-of-schizophrenias was similarly a small-sized generational slave, trying to carefully describe the cannibalistic as-murderers.



The term schizophrenia was coined by Eugen Bleuler.

"Schizophrenia's"  
been changed to  
mean just anybody  
whose beliefs or  
worldview disagrees  
with the system-  
people's.

This person here →  
is obviously one of

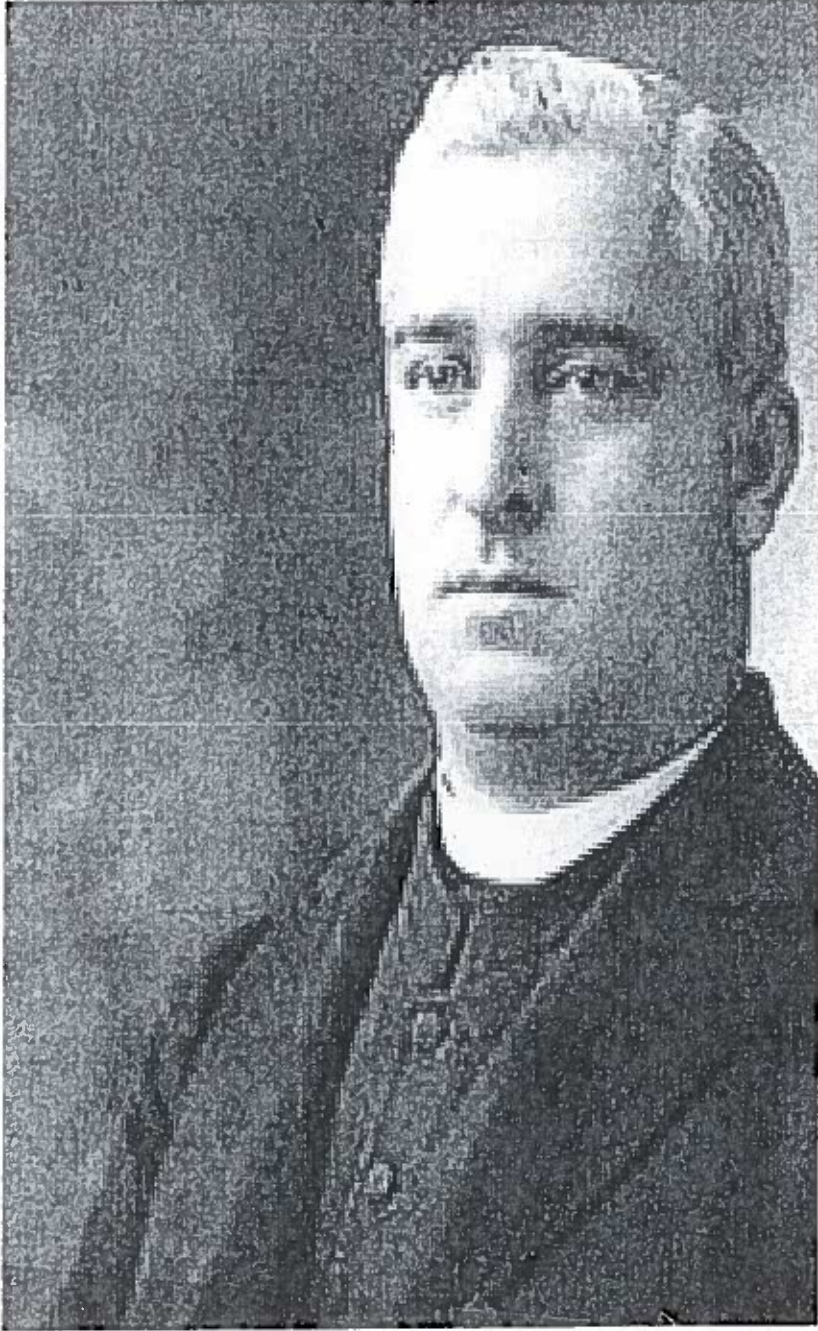
[REDACTED]  
offspring and  
there are thousands  
of them all around

plus I can't guess how many different types  
of hybrid-lines and grandchildren lines that  
don't look so obviously much like him. They  
seem to be preying for my ovaries, for mass-reproducing  
brain-eating victims for themselves, personal slaves.



(name withheld) • an HBCAC men's emer-  
gency client, has a check-up with a Com-  
munity Clinic, Inc. nurse.

PHOTO CREDIT MONTGOMERY COUNTY COALITION FOR  
THE HOMELESS



Montgomery County also seems to be full of descendant-offspring of Bishop Thomas J. Shahan, d. 1932 at the Holy Cross Academy. He'd come from Connecticut when he read about the new Catholic University of America's opening and got a job there and founded the next-door Basilica.

I've been seeing these around a lot here, including early on the day I'd just been hit by a car and wound up in the hospital here and now refused return to the Safe Haven. About 10 days before that there was some scary ritual nearby, in the [redacted] parking lot there.

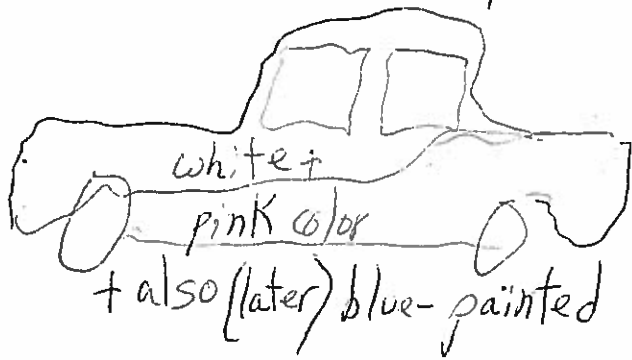
The MCCH case manager has been playing tricks on me with these offspring of [redacted] and in one of them there was also an offspring of Bishop Shahan involved, as a driver named Farouk. I don't know much about Bishop Shahan's type but [redacted] and his seem to love the unprovable curse-system and I'm sure the one that day had cursed my luck with the housing voucher. I shouldn't have let the case manager make my transportation arrangement but she called just as I was about to dial her number that I was going to the housing-voucher event, and I'd always told her how horrified I am by these "real" offspring of [redacted] that they never speak but behave oddly and seem scary to and for me

I'd first seen one of Bishop Shahan's offspring in 1978 when I'd moved to San Francisco and one of his partners had seduced and then never spoke to me again, a bad situation, and one of the people in Kensington does seem to look like that partner's type.

Unprovably, I do suspect that the British warlock known as "666," Aleister Crowley, might have also been an offspring of Shahan's, an early one.

These offspring and their hybrid-lines seem to be a big part of the "everybody" who disagrees with my worldview. In [REDACTED]'s case I'm sure that this "top-secret" decapitating for "LSD" and hallucinogenic narcotics in whatever other forms and the sadism's other forms, is always going on.

In 1964 a guy who looked like the CRRC's  
[redacted] or [redacted] had tried to  
trick-kidnap me and I'd told one of the  
girls at school and she'd told the teacher  
and the police came out to the apartment  
that night and asked me about it. They  
asked me to draw a picture of the  
car and I couldn't do it, still couldn't  
do it today even though I can recognize it,



and [redacted] told them  
that I make things up.

Later I was called to  
Housing Authority's police  
station to look at a guy

to see if I could identify the strange male and  
this guy was a tall, thin black guy with nothing  
in common with the pudgy, short, white male.

As I write this I realize it was likely the same guy a cousin used to point out was masturbating at the local movie theater.

[redacted] was defending the guy and the 2 types seem to work together, as with the large number of Mr. [redacted] type at the CRRC. (I'm just noticing now it's the old address for the Department of Employment Services.)

I've been walking-on-eggshells afraid of [redacted] since much violence against [redacted] in 1961 and before that he'd called me an actress, meaning an insincere person or liar. There was probably some little underground-type trick or another every day since I was born. I left the family apartment in 1973 for the Army and my few visits to his house have all gone badly. Since I've learned about this "brain-eating"

and ovary-stealing I've been especially or personally terrified but I'm never able to find anyone to assist me. All of my communications seem to have been being confiscated all along, nothing nice or normal-like ever reaching me. I've tried to get Witness Protection but they were infiltrated and sabotaged by this same "pudgy" type back in Rbt. Kennedy's day.

"V.A." was actually started for the "developmentally-disabled" types of the so-called Trojan War, as they have always been the warmongers and want to be fed and housed when they're not actively being paid as soldiers. The Old Soldiers Home in D.C. is a good early example of that. The people who made the arrangements were of the generational-slave #2 type, Appotomax's (S.C.) Robert Anderson and Mr. Riggs, helping Genl. Scott.



During the Civil War the spirit-Killing process of embalming was begun.

I figure that when we pass and our bodies are laying still the oxygen and other gases that are in our blood cells begin to rise and re-compose themselves into our spirit-bodies, and draining the blood for embalming makes that then impossible.

Like the brain is full of hallucinogens, I think there's some specific chemical that gets released from your brain and into your bloodstream when you do an "altruistic" good deed, something just to help somebody else with no ulterior motive, just niceness. The system seems to make doing that be impossible so that people don't evolve those inner-spirits. Space was meant for those to be populating everywhere, and now it's barren.

I've got around 10,000 details of the many different aspects of all this in attempt to try to prevent the all-extinction, TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION, and this with the CRRC and Safe Haven is the 1<sup>st</sup> time since 1993 or so that I've been able to use a computer, the system's made it unavoidable, so I've started trying to put all materials onto a little "free" blog/website. Because of the no-cost it has the long URL that has to be typed before Google Search is called up of:

[http://www.UniverseRescueKathyFoshay](http://www.UniverseRescueKathyFoshay.wordpress.com)  
WordPress Com. Word Press. Com

If the system was any legitimate [redacted] ✓  
would be called the [redacted] Search Engine after  
its inventors [redacted] and not  
that baby-sounding odd name. [redacted] reminds me  
of Bishop Shahan and [redacted] looks like the main  
character of the Basilica's "Creation" and "Judgment Day"  
ceiling paintings, said to be done by B. LaFarge.


I've only seen him once but [redacted] I had seemed ordinary, now with MCC's "2016" program but then-Catholic Charities' director over the John L. Young part of the Federal-City Shelter at 425 2<sup>nd</sup> St, N.W., where I've been from 2005 to 2015. I didn't know how he could not know or not care about all this horror onto me. This is how the prophesied Armageddon is being made to come true, but it's very tedious to try to explain all the details to strangers, to have to start from scratch, so I'm trying to get things like this onto the website so I could just refer people to look up the different subjects there.

Similarly [redacted] was in charge of the library that I'd gone to nearly every day and now she's in charge of American University's library that I've been trying to use a little lately. Do these people get threatened not to listen to me or do they think that the "top-secrecy" system is a good thing I can't figure.

I wanted to describe a sabotage-trick the "case manager" had helped with but now I can't find the Maryland DMV-identification card it's about. I can't say that it was taken from my wallet because there's the teeny chance I'd somehow left it in the room at Safe Haven, Kensington. The hideous-looking picture is connected to what I figure is [redacted] lineage,\* but now I can't show you the 2 pictures side by side, the one super-imposed over my ID-card photo. I also didn't yet see the street clothes I'd been wearing when I got hit by the car, 11/19/15.

I'd like you to consider that I was possibly raised by the person who'd assassinated JFK, while a little person; a normal, like me can't even be sure that JFK wasn't in on that his own self, a hoax for de-spiriting the populace as much as possible. I'd [redacted] to ask where he was \*and to billionaire [redacted]

that day, just because it is a possibility that should be checked out, but he has a preternatural-type temper and it's dangerous to have to be blunt like that, that I don't recall seeing him in that time period. And I think that everyone should get off of me and let me look into this and the researches I've been doing and now contacts with female astronomers, and male, that I'm trying to explain this solar system viewpoint to.

People think  is the experts but they were founded for getting the "developmentally disabled" into space for claiming its riches, the group's largely coming from Berlin with slave-Wernher von Braun's doing most of the work. That rocket fuel, as with gasoline and the other petroleum-Goo products, comes mostly from melted people. Please let me keep trying to get us out of this.

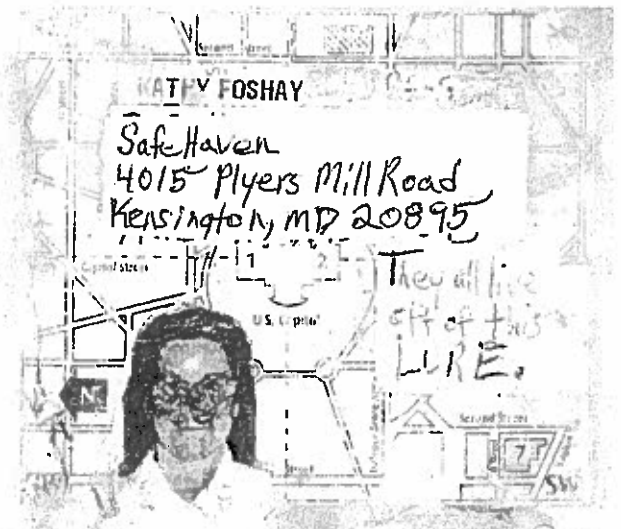
Here at this hospital they've been doing a theme of idea-of-referencing this large girl from the Federal-City Shelter who'd seemed like some sort of attachment to this "Armageddon Show" people-disappearance and pornography LURE off of me. I have no idea what anybody except myself is ever doing. Maybe "Virginia" is a sister-version of some guy I'd had an embarrassing incident with, like with the Bishop Shanahan-type's partner, like is a curse onto me for that mistake. Everything in my life has been entrapment. The LURE-abuse probably started in 1964 on the excuse of underground-watching that there were no more kidnap-attempts, and it led to the rise of a fast-food hamburger chain there. And by doing this "Virginia" referencing the system makes believe that I'm somehow aware and accepting of its activities, spreading the blame to me.

12/21/15, Monday

I can never fit in enough details: (we're all on this drug economy now.)

The "French Connection" was an acted "magic" ritual to camouflage (sp) that LSD comes from brain "juice," brain's liquid chemicals, was hiding that behind the conspicuous white powder. The white powder of the heroin and then cocaine was actually from nuclearizing people's bodies in those cyclotrons that were inverted while being slave-forced to get the system-people into space.

I could explain everything to this girl framed → in that 2003-04 Abu Ghraib prison scandal and she could help translate but I can't reach her or anyone.



Phone Number  
443-630-4914

- Letters from
- Clinton Administration
- Catholic Charities
- M. R. Jr. Library
- Secretary of Defense
- Secret Service
- CIA
- FBI
- DOJ-OVAW
- T.G. of Treasury
- Douglas Devel. Corp.
- Senator Clinton
- N.A.S. (Natl. Academy of Sciences)
- A.H.A.S. (Am. Hosp. Assn. / Nat. Acad. of Sciences)
- Am. Public Health Assn.
- U.S. Marine Service
- P.C.
- A. U. Law Center
- G.U.C.-I.P.R. (Gen. Public Representation)
- G.W.
- Howard University
- N.A.S.P.
- A.C.L.U.
- Am. Psychological Assn.
- Librarian of Congress
- President Obama
- CIA Director Perotta



#3  
generational  
-slave type

[October 24, 2003]



Then it's important that I didn't want to be involved with CRRC's [redacted] when MCCA's "case manager" called to arrange a meeting because of the "camera" sound, but the girl had said the name [redacted] and how

[redacted] sounds like that that

Maryland DMV-identification card's hideous picture may have been used as "underground" evidence that I should be gotten out of sight, where it is a trick-done photo. And there's a possibility that [redacted] might have sold me or future rights to me to that kidnaper-type\* back in 1964, the hallucinogen-abusers mostly coming from the genes of René d'Arjoo, d. 1480, who may have gotten the ovaries from Joan of Arc and then had her set fire to. The Internet-web makes him sound good but he was the ax-murderer.

\* + [redacted] type



12/22/15, Tues. (I'll have to explain more about this CRRC-VA horror-business.)

Now I've come across this old Aug-1961 photo of JFK where some peculiar in-laws of Mrs. Kennedy's sister [redacted] appear to be setting a curse onto JFK, he and that lady being made godparents to [redacted] daughter.

I've also recalled a girl from around 1968 who'd looked like Mick's Leah Lyons who'd set me up for falling into a swamp while being watched by one of those guys that look like CRRC's [redacted]

I really should get assistance getting to a shelter through MCKH's Crisis Center, as Mrs. [redacted] just told me I was formally discharged from Safe Haven back last week. Please help!

p.25-25



Aug -  
1961

PB, Happy Times,  
by Joe Radginski, 2000  
Westminster Abbey  
Leah's parents  
Cardinal  
Spelman

12/22/15, 2<sup>PM</sup>

This is just getting closer and closer to the "rairoading" I've always feared, now trying to find a number for sending a copy of this to MCC's "Zero 2016" program director [redacted] because he'd been director in D.C. from around 2005 to 2010 over the section of the Federal-City Shelter that I'd been stranded in trying to get assistance in this same letter-writing way and I've learned since that Catholic Charities was largely founded by Bishop Shahan, d. 1932, of CUA and then this local there Basilica, and I'm so desperate that now I've contacted the Cornerstone Montgomery's "PNP" [redacted] psychiatric nurse practitioner, which is super-scary for me. I'd met him at the Safe Haven.

It sounds conceited and it's also unprovable but my long-time biggest fear is that the system

has got a modus operandi of locking women away, especially on phoned psychiatric charges like I've unawaredly had on me, and using them as exhibitions for ejaculation-collection and people-disappearance LURE "entertainments."

I've been being used as that probably since 1964, only aware of these things these past few years. The "conceited" part is that I think that that's what had happened to Marilyn Monroe. The system-types had surrounded, cursed, and disappeared her. I suspect she was disappeared to the V.A. hospital not far from Mr. Foshay's house.

The "Jesus/Jew" slaves like pictured on page 4 as the "Man In Oriental Costume" portrait at the National Gallery of Art, Constitution Avenue, D.C., think-up these ways of plucating the captors, like by all the masturbation-is-"water" theme. p. 28

"Perils of Pauline" pattern there's been some big new interruption, that this "case manager" girl just brought out about 15 more pounds of my papers when I'd specifically told her about 3 times that I can't use them at this hospital, please only to bring the DCHA housing-voucher from the top dresser drawer. Instead she'd brought all the papers from the 2<sup>nd</sup> dresser drawer, that I'd asked for back a week or so ago. This wound up with me asking her to take them back and also the previous bag of papers with them, which puts nearly all of my papers into one untrustworthy basket now, and she'd asked me about this CRRC-worker who's just popped up now.....

Also there was a [redacted] idea-of-reference in this scene with the MCH case manager girl. I'm waiting to see what happens to me next as this CRRC-worker is the "psychiatric nurse practitioner" that's been all over my business and she was saying that she'll check with this Dr. Garg with the idea that perhaps I could return to that Safe Haven, which bizarre background I haven't even begun to touch on in these notes yet. If -- and I'm overhearing a little bit now -- that or whatever not-too-bad was arranged for I wouldn't have time to be able to jot about it, I'd just be back to trying to use the Internet -- nope, the CRRC worker says the doctor's wording isn't good enough for the Safe Haven.

In my case I'm always kept monetarily-broke, and I'd gotten this phony "schizophrenia"-label from this pattern, with my life always watched and made this underground-vorjeurs' entertainment out of. While I'm trying to get this part of my business across on this paper the system is busy ritually idea-of-referencing that it's getting ready to take me involuntarily in this psychiatric system-railroad, things like a stretcher outside the door and last night they'd had a nurse call some big, uniformed storm-trooper-looking guy to ask if I was okay because of this theme-trick with the low-oxygen level and I'd quit using their oxygen because I'm trying to get back with my belongings at the Safe Haven, where they have cigarette smokers.

They've been doing these "other-world rituals" involving this generational-slave type on this next page:  
P.31

p. 32

Note 23/3/16: I only realized she has tattoos all over her arms; there must be some way she was tricked into that!

[October 24, 2003]



These guys here I don't know what they or other people call

themselves, ↑ they're the #3 type of generational-slave. I'd forgotten to mention that in the 1st print-out of this letter, mentioning only that if I could speak with the Abu Ghraib/Graib scandal girl holding the strap that I think she would/could help me explain all this.



It's difficult for me to also explain this because it goes into that the #2 generational-slaves like the "Men In Oriental Costume" on page 4 here had originally been living on Japan, then were "discovered" by the developmentally disabled war-mongers and their partners and taken prisoner. Returning to the island/s eventually they found these products of the rape their women had been through and they made the offspring into this liaison-type between themselves and the captors, making them the 3<sup>rd</sup> generationally-enslaved type.

This is just what I figure has happened and I'm sure they've been told all different kinds of stories about where and why they've come from, their role and beliefs in the system.

I call them "Babars" from their time as Babur in India and that it's like "babe-ours."

They've had 1 or 2 of them around today  
idea-of-referencing being hitmen, like if my little  
freedom is re-gained and I'm back on the streets,  
or the Internet, again. One of those had exchanged  
looks with as this CRRC nurse-character left this  
room after she said that CRRC will cease  
assisting me from here on in, agreed to that  
with me, except that I'd fallen for this re-hash  
of last week's Safe Haven trick and as she left  
the room and he went by in the hallway I'd  
added that that's unless they could get it worked  
out for me to return to Safe Haven, where  
somehow all my things are still taking up  
that whole room, so that that last-minute  
comment maybe threw that eye-meeting contact  
off a little.

It's an impossible system worked out by all  
the different kinds of victims.

Not only have I long been terrified of this involuntary confinement horror, but there's also how this whole new pattern of, it seems, moving me around to key spots like a traveling circus ejaculation and holocaust-LURE while they are manipulating my life toward probably that V.A. hospital near [redacted] house, the science fiction-like horror fraudulent-parent I've just been learning about little by little since I'd come across that photo in the book about the "French Connection" scam, in August 2014.

Photography was all invented by the underground slave-prisoners and it's used in any way that will further keeping the decapitators quiet and placatingly entertained, all kinds of trick-photography know-how is standard. So this photograph that I think has [redacted] and the 3 suitcases I've used in it was part of a ritual for camouflaging that LSD comes from human brain liquid.

p.35

I'd 1st noticed this hallucinogen-theme in 2006 and realized that that's probably what was odd about [redacted], why his eyes always seemed like stone walls to me, that he was generally usually "high" and thinking about other things. Then I realized about this "Brave New World" type of ovary-stealing to grow people from and that he wasn't an actual parent to me and I wrote him about these things I've been learning in long letters about twice a month and little by little it's become this horror-situation.

[redacted] says he has nothing to do with the "Armageddon" mentioned in Revelation 16:16 but I realized recently that that's because he's of the "Kings of the world" that the Armageddon-author is going to war against. Then I'd have to explain old Siamese royalty crossed with [redacted]'s acquaintance [redacted] born 1893 and passed around 1990.

Then [redacted]-subject could lead back around to that hideous and now-missing Maryland-DMV identification card this MCCH "case manager" girl had helped have trick-created onto my life.

Also, with the Bronx and "French Connection" themes and traveling circus pattern 2015 has been like, traveling holocaust-LURE circus, there's that Mr. Bailey of the Barnum and Bailey and Ringling Circus early days was one of the generational-slave #2 types and had regularly commuted from Manhattan up to his home in Mt. Vernon, Westchester County, going through the Bronx twice a day perhaps most days. There's no guessing what he might have been involved with in the Bronx Zoo area. Then the [redacted] grew up around Bathgate Avenue before moving north and then south and then north again in the area. Then the [redacted] have been all over this CRRC-V.A. theme all over me this year.

There were 4 brothers. I know almost nothing about the oldest one. Maybe he and Ronald Reagan's father, Jack, were of the same type. The 2<sup>nd</sup> one turns out to be hugely involved behind my back, his offspring-descendants do, in all this LURE-business. The 3<sup>rd</sup> one looked like the Civil War's Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton. The youngest turned out to be my fraud-parent and seems to have maybe countless offspring-descendants all over the place, like pictured and described on p. 10 here.

In April 2014 I was phony "ambulance-abducted" from the Federal-City Shelter at 425 2<sup>nd</sup> St, N. W., 3 blocks from the Capitol where I'd been stranded since 2005 and spent 9 days at the George Washington University Hospital, where Reagan had gone after being shot at in March 1981 outside then the Hilton hotel, me begging in writing-way and to the doctors and staff to be released and when I got back to the shelter all my thousands of papers had been thrown away.

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I somehow eked through another year but this April, coincidentally on [redacted] birthday, I'd become so ill that I couldn't walk anymore, all this underground "magic" sabotage causing me to have about 25 pounds of water-weight from my belly to my feet and these "homeless outreach workers" had the police pick me up from the street and take me to Washington Hospital Center instead of taking me there their own selves. The water drained by ordinary water pills in about 2 weeks but then the shelter refused to accept me back the same way this Safe Haven has done, saying that I'm too medically-ill to be in their place, and there's nowhere else I can find to go, the same as now. In fact today the social worker told me there are 3 choices, 2 of them at the Federal City Shelter and a similar place in Rockville here called Progress Place. The weather was still so cold last April that it seemed I'd get rained on till I got sick and I could only get social work help if I signed into their psych ward, so I did.

Instead of social work assistance I was just locked in and the psychiatrist demanded that I agree to work with V.A. people, who turned out to be this CRRC group.

CRRC arranged for me to spend 2 months with this Veterans on the Rise group's housing in the Deanwood section of D.C., to be followed by 6 months at Safe Haven, which I'd thought would be in Silver Spring, not Kensington, during which time I had to apply for this housing-voucher and then find a place to rent that HUD and DC would pay for, as well as the V.A. was now also in-on this housing agreement, which I'd told DCHA last year that I have too many LORE problems to be able to rent just anywhere on my own, am always looking for a responsibly-behaving adult to assist me with this TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION-bringing Armageddon-making LORE situation I'm all alone with.

P.40



One of the bosses at this Veterans On the Rise group turned out to look like an offspring-descendant of the [redacted] son #2, as had all along been one of the main staff at the 425 2<sup>nd</sup> St, (D.C.), Federal-City Shelter.

These people are nearly impossible to recognize because their skin-color is some dark shade or another usually, like the guy on page 10. You could guess that that's from the ejaculation's being used to fertilize black females' ova, and no one will listen to me that the whole skin-colors business comes from "experiments" with petroleum "goo" and coal-tar dye by centuries-ago German slaves' being "scientists." Then the developmentally disabled people overran and packed Africa full of dyed-dark people, and the coloration is probably refreshed standardly, like a brand on some people and a disguise for other types.

Someone dyed-dark from the Fostays had been working this horror-LURE off of me all those years near the Capital and now here was a similar offspring at this place in Deanwood and I had nowhere else to go. Plus there were 2 people who looked like they might have come from my ovary-eggs, and all of these same system mind-reading and manipulation tricks.

Then at nearly the end of the 2 months the CRRC people finally let me see this Safe Haven place in Kensington and I said I didn't want to go there and CRRC said that nobody would force me to go there but in system-talk that means that a young, little "nobody" social ~~stuck~~ girl was the one insisting I go there without any other option. Someone from the Veterans On the Rise office drove me there and there's this big "LDS Temple" sign and he pulled over at the Grace Episcopal Day care center and asked directions of a lady who's of one of the system-stereotypes. 42

After I was at the Safe Haven for a few weeks I realized that the director and one of the girls were like (painted black) offspring of the wife and daughter of the [redacted] son # 2, also, like the father in Deanwood and the mother and daughter in Kensington, I'd gone from one end of a LORE to its partner.

This is the place I'm still trying to get back into because I want to continue what I was doing regardless of this horror that's all always unprovable and goes on no matter what I try to do, like with this idea-of-reference to my fraud-parent, [redacted] son #4, from the case manager girl today.

Briefly, it looks like she brought out what [redacted] used to call "goot gifts," little inexpensive things like say a tube of toothpaste wrapped up in fancy holiday paper and fancy bows, like joke-gifts; where I asked her what she was talking about about food and she said it was my snack bars from the Safe Haven cupboard, but they looked like fancy 43

gifts. I realize in retrospect that that's how [redacted] had been cursing my personality, that I was just a goofy-type girl. The case manager kept professing 2 of the little packages at me and said that those were the replacement gift-cards for the 2 items I'd filled out the MCH form saying I'd like for holiday gifts for, for a total of \$100 for each client homeless person. I'd just been told that I could go to this Progress Place and that means leaving at 7<sup>AM</sup> each morning until the shelter re-opens at 7<sup>PM</sup>, same as the 2 choices at the Federal-City shelter he'd given me, except when it's the hypothermia freezing cold out and you can stay in instead of being outside, so I thought the gift-cards would be useful toward finding things to do during the daytimes till I can find a place on the housing-voucher, and I had to go ahead and accept those. Then the CRRC nurse's stocking was turned down, 44

since I'm trying to get disattached from themselves  
and the V.A.

Before I noticed that the Safe Haven director  
looks like my "fraud-aunt #2" I'd noticed that the  
homeless-client looks a little like Bridget Bardot,  
the French actress, and had mentioned that to  
her and she'd said thank you, recognizing the  
name right away, except that this girl is from  
the Central African Republic, where maybe French  
is the usual language. I thought about how I  
have a cousin, fraud-cousin, who looked a little  
like Bardot also and little by little it dawned on  
me that this girl here is probably literally from  
my own fraud-cousin's genes, and then I noticed  
the director's resemblance to fraud-aunt #2 and  
realized I was being ping-ponged from 1  
Foshay illegal-descendant to another by this  
CARRC-VA group, setting me up for phony psychiatric  
disappearance confinement imprisonment by  
surrounding me with these strange illegal-made people.

I found a picture of my fraud-cousin on the web/Internet and would have liked to introduce them to each other but this girl appeared to have no idea what I was talking about and it seemed like she might have been being directed to play a scam on me for asking for a picture of herself that I could show/send to show to my fraud-relative, as this LURE under wherever I go seems always to have involved pornography, so much of it that no one could care what I try to do or say for my own purposes, they're just inundated by this "Hidden Candid Camera" disgustingness "show" the underground's been doing since around 1964.

I'd thought that my fraud-cousin looks like a Bardot-ova crossed with the Dalai Lama with that big smile of his but then maybe he and Ms. Bardot's father are similar types.

This is all I can do for now, that it's very late for a hospital and this emergency's schedule, is 11 PM. 46

That whole experience I'd guess now must have been like a planned part of this "Armageddon Show" all over me. I'd mentioned the 1 problem where the nurse-supervisor did a scene that played-on my heebee-jeebies to go get a cigarette so that I wound up not wanting to get into the whole subtle subject of that the patient came often seemed to have black eyes, and possibly bruises elsewhere, based on my quick-rationalization that I was only a weekend-worker and there were all kinds of other people who knew Ms. Williams better, that the nurse-supervisor was overloading me with little psych-tricks, the whole thing getting me to say I hadn't noticed bruises in particular, which might have just been the lady's coloration. And now I recall a patient named Peter that "they'd" done some similar (violence-oriented) course onto me by, that I can rarely ever prove that anything threatening is going on, and he looks like this Vince (Kare) Staircase #1 type! (and seemed to die.)

I'm going to try to jot about the biggest course I guess from that GUF across Maryland to Hayattsville, Prince George County, where this social worker had said they'd put inquiry to places across the state, while trying to figure my reaction to hearing that there was an opening for me there, when I guess I was cursed any way possible, this "Armageddon Show" going on since more or less January 21, 1992, then a sort of a victims + voices extravaganza formal opening Feb. 15, 1993, so that it was all over me while I was doing that nurse's aide work and I'd gotten raises from \$8 an hour up to \$12 an hour and there was a raise to \$13 if I hadn't left, having saved the money to be able to move to New York on as it seemed DC wasn't going to let me make any friends. But \$12 an hour is a huge amount for victim-me and holiday pay or bonuses were probably common, so I'd worked "like crazy" to keep the job, obviously now all the decapitation-system's play.



On my 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> day there -- I think I've written  
or jotted about this recently, have been trying to fit  
it into here but it's so familiar it seems it might  
could already be mentioned about in this letter, --  
I couldn't find the little tube of Eucerin hand lotion  
in my pocket and the aide training me (Marjorie S.)  
said the 1 on the patient's table belonged to the  
patient, who later passed there, Mrs. / Ms. Edna Johnson.  
This was in 2001 to Oct. 2002, I'd worked there,  
her passing maybe the summer of 2002. When I got  
the chance to completely empty my pockets I still  
couldn't find the tube and the next day I'd mentioned  
it to the training aide and again she said that that  
one wasn't mine but it just ~~sat~~ sat in Ms. Johnson's  
drawer, she had a big jar of the Eucerin and that  
little tube she never seemed to use. I likely even  
might have mentioned it to her one day months  
later when I was helping her get dressed.  
That's why this has been on my mind so

much, that this bizarre leg-pains I've got remind me that that might be connected to a curse of what had happened to Ms. Johnson. Also there have been lots of "Armageddon Show characters" at the Federal-City Shelter named Johnson, all of whom have seemed bad for me, like I have a curse from the whole global or country-wide family-name of Johnson no matter who they are.

For reasons that could be anything, like with the drill sergeant/sargeant/sargent, Ms. Johnson never seemed to like me. She was very close with the aide who'd trained me, Marjorie, and I never heard anything in particular, but it was always difficult for me to get Edna dressed. She had some sort of a waist-down paralysis, and she seemed to use it to make my getting her up into the wheelchair extra-difficult, as she was like a big, healthy-sized lady and I weigh about 110 at best. The facility made a new top-floor unit for really ill people in 2002 and I got

assigned to her and went in and her legs were totally gone. Naturally it was revolting, unthinkable. In 1991 I'd somehow heard it mentioned on the radio that with modern medical science there's hardly ever any need for any amputations anymore, so I couldn't understand and she also seemed to be horrified but stoic, as she'd never really spoken with me before anyway either, so it was just a gruesome + mostly silent situation. Her son came to visit her, once bringing his girlfriend who happened to be white and the 2<sup>nd</sup> time looking at me <sup>oddly</sup> <sup>as though</sup> maybe upset by something his mother had told him. After a few weeks of that she'd passed and then there was a funeral or memorial service for her there on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor and maybe I'd gotten another odd look like that. I'd never equated what happened to her with anything about me and I don't think I'd considered that the whole thing might have been an underground hoax, her watching with medical-science prostheses.

But from 2005-15 there were all these Federal-City  
Stelter people named Johnson who seemed like a  
whole type of every-Johnson curse onto me, plus  
while there I finally realized all this pornography-  
-behind-my-back "show" and LURE-gimmick that goes on,  
and now that it might have been all the time while  
I was at Pt. Mos. More. The whole thing was this  
Armageddon-making use of myself, and it could for  
all I could ever guess be for this team from the  
Judwiga days, of the little short people or people-  
growing experiment mutants OR captors of  
King Casimir III and his off-spring descendants, who  
then I think were like the "Adam" portrait in the  
Ghent Altarpiece, also called, The Adoration of the Mystic  
Lamb, a nearly 20-piece 1432 artwork. I don't know  
if the other ~~Generational-stores~~ types might have been  
"experiments" or Khazars or marched to N. Europe  
from having been imprisoned off of Japan or some-  
thing I haven't been able to guess at yet.

12/24/15, Thurs, 10 PM

Finally found this Scribner Hospital on the map and it's simple to get to the Safe Haven and the Crisis Center. I'd thought we are off of the bus lines. This is right behind NIH, the Natl. Institutes of Health on the Bethesda-Rockville bus line.

Relieved, I put the oxygen corda back on right away to try to get some (therapy) while I can, only not using it because it dimishes my chances of a place to go from here, etc. And the pen ran out so the nurse just showed up and let me have/use this one.

The next subject to come up is important, that in the front-bottom I think that might be Vlad Dracula's father, holding some leaves, in the long black gown, standing next to that blond guy (who might be an "experiment" offspring-descendant of the big guy in the 30 years earlier or so time-period of the Tadeviga painting, by Jan Matejko — The importance is that the carnage-everywhere left by generational-slave #2 type Vlad Dracula

led to the petroleum fields of Romania, which became the main source of probably gasoline but then right on top of that early on of rocket fuel out of the gasoline, and airplane fuel I guess. Alfred ~~slave~~ type Nobel's family was 1 of the 3 big oil magnates, petroleum magnates back then, the others being the Rothschilds and the Rockefellers. The Rockefellers' fortune might have come alot from giving free lamps to China so that they could sell the kerosene for the lamps to them, but this petroleum-making is still going on everywhere, unbelievable but an everyday going-on with no provability about it, that all the gasoline and home-heating and plastics industry comes from reducing our bodies to its carbons only, disintegrating it (sp).

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12/25/15, Friday

All these important subjects, I hardly know where to begin. This healing is going so slowly, I'm terrified of that psychiatrist's word yesterday, and could use some fresh air...

or the regular typing, for some mental stimulation,  
as to how to proceed with all this, I've written this  
about Vlad Dracula and the petroleum many times,  
that that was the developmentally disabled's  
thinking of a long, long time ago to still be  
following that pattern. That brings up an interesting  
connected book, and I'm also trying to figure all  
this about the [REDACTED] "business, of any libel/  
slander that could be connected to that, I don't think  
so though. I'm like the biggest abuse-victim but it's  
all unprovable. And there's also the aspect that now  
I see that we're right next door to the NIH.

"Autism" is the word of my choice for the "develop-  
mental disability" from Prehistory but it's so fraught  
with being twisted in order to sabotage normal people  
that people seem to lose interest in what I'm saying  
the system has as soon as they hear the "doll kids" word.

Those "dull kids" have what I call "Past Lives Captivity Trauma," are born into brains traumatized by centuries of this sadism and slavery, being inherited, "walking on eggshells" afraid to do anything and such inherited fears and patterns. "Autism" and "schizophreniegruppen," the labels, were invented by Dr. Eugen Bleuler in 1908 around Zurich, his little photo on page 9 here. It seems nearly impossible to get any information on him, trying to explain his situation and what his meanings for the words were. A similar "doctor" had invented the term "dementia praecox" that became "schizophrenia," Dr. Heinrich Schule of a German asylum called Illenau, that I can't find any information on either, which then reminds me of this horror-situation with the dinosaur expert John R. Horner, -- who seems may have been identity-replaced recently!



Jack Horner, Heinrich Schube, and probably Allen Ginsberg the late poet seem to be perhaps from the same generational-slave line, look similar as far as I as a homeless person unable to sit and compare pictures and materials can tell, and all of a sudden, I finally got to the point where I could look into Dr. Horner's work and looked for his website and there's this strange "December-May" wedding guy instead. This is the 1<sup>st</sup> chance I've even had to jot about it, like another trauma just hit me in the head and I've been unable to discuss it for about 2 months now, "walking around with it" except that I was comatose here for about a week. Dr. Horner says we can re-create the dinosaurs and now on the Internet or web there's this guy purported or even is sworn to be Dr. Horner who looks more like a [redacted] son #2 or 3 type.

All I can figure is that what seems to generally be done all through history is that the slaves do all the work and the credit is given to the developmentally disabled types, where in this case it isn't the "Autism" but what I call the "Neanderthal" developmental disability. And it's part of the dumbing-down society and maybe a de-spiriting tactic as well, but that is not actually Jack Horner, who is actually pretty famous. Besides his own pictures on his 1<sup>st</sup> 3 books that I only know of so far he was the technical expert for the film "Jurassic Park" and I've read that he was the basis for the script or book's Dr. Allen \_\_\_\_\_, and he'd worked with Steven Spielberg a lot for the film.

The "replacement-guy," which might be getting to libel/slander/corse problems, reminded me of this new prolific dog + farm stories author, Jan \_\_\_\_\_ ° 104

Two of the doctors were just here and 1 of them took this little paper with my blog-/website-attempt address. It's all I can figure I can do under the circumstances. The "Armageddon Show" is that the "magic" and underground despise any- and everything about me, so I've stayed away from the web and the Social Security system because I'm afraid the "show" is waiting to throw temper tantrums and destroy those 2 systems from all the normal people's being able to use them anymore, that they'll destroy those so I can't use or get helped by them and in so doing the Armageddon is forwarded. Anything I like is obsoleted or maybe sometimes mass-reproduced so that everyone gets some and its commonplace, isn't connected to me; the system-people rage that I'm the yucky moron, "the stupid, cross-eyed girl," and uses me or their interpretation of me to "disappear" anyone who's like me, like girls or Americans in general.

So I'd like to read "Jurassic Park" and see what I can figure of all this. While I was at the 1-room part of the Federal City Shelter they must have played that film by DVD around 50 times, all that growling noise real loud on so many evenings, and I never watched it but did read the synopsis. I found that I think by looking up the book's author in the Contemporary Authors running encyclopedia, thinking maybe I recall that it's Michael Crichton, whose books I've never read.

About the only fiction book I've read in 20 or 30 years practically, have had time for, is "Judgment Call" by Suzanne Wetlaufer, 1992, which I believe is all allegorical to the #2 type of the generational-slavery, the same generally as Jack Homer's.

She married General Electric's Jack Welch, is Sony Welch. Jack Welch looks like John Carroll, d. 1815, the Archbishop of Baltimore, generational-slave who'd done most of the work in Washington.

Now I recall that the last time I'd worked was at the NIH, a 1-day temporary job in their cafeteria/dish washing. I can't recall the temp. company's name so I've never listed it on a job application or welfare form. When I got off the bus afterward I found I'd lost my DMV-identification card, and everything became a loopy whirl, going down the drain. I'd been sent out from the temp. company, maybe "Ready to Work," with a girl named Jenkins, and I'd talked with a man named Jenkins the morning before I was hit by this car, 11/19/15, and then saw that Bishop Shahan-type (who might have some connection to the St. Foy/St. Foy goings-on.) I've got Mr. Jenkins' business card. He was all by himself at the Homeless Resource Day at Bohrer Park a little north of here somewhere, the shelter had driven us to and from this annual event. I went mostly because I wanted help reading the response from the credit-analysis company TransUnion. The web's PayPal had turned <sup>(down)</sup> my request for a free **DONATE!** button readers could click onto down

✓ #name

and said (wrote an email) that I should get a credit report. Being all by myself, no friends, I was afraid to read it because of all these ambulance and then not telling what all medical bills that I've received lots of scary-looking envelopes and then bill-collector telephone calls about, so I brought it to this event and a girl-worker showed me where the financial-subject table was and he was sitting all alone at it with no sign marking what his table did. He looked at the 3 pages and said they wrote that I have no credit history at all, saying I should look for some starting credit card or some such to establish a rating. I was just relieved that it didn't say I owed thousands and thousands of dollars for the 2, or 3 with the Howard University, hospital visits, or some other horror. There seems to be a bad-luck stigma attached to that last name that all the underground but none of the other people know, and the lost ID-cards and events since 2005 make me suspect

that the NIH declared me dead and carrying an infectious disease, (exuberance.) The girl that had been sent with me seemed trained to make me look bad by association and had probably played lots of curse-tricks, like at the Metro station on the way there, over the tickets. In the cafeteria an Asian girl-young lady kept looking at me, watching like sort of shocked by the crudeness of my general happiness or infectious bacterium or such.

This is a big underground scam, and there are probably better ways to go about it, where I'm always worried how this "Armageddon Shoe" uses me for setting off anger for toward the Armageddon. The epicentral folds are a sign that Asian cultures were system-invented by using premature babies, where the next part of the eyelid doesn't form until the 3<sup>rd</sup> trimester, and they'd mass-reproduced in that speeded-up way, calling the sedentariness "politeness" when really it's incomplete gestation.

So that's an enormous subject. Added to it is that its premature and mass-reproduction of people with the "Autism" or "developmental disability" to begin with, of which the most simple sign+symptom is black hair, signifying the prehistoric ages' anger and confusion at being lost and suffering in the cold of Siberia, Beringia and Alaska, then Canada or Greenland for those who further got lost, that Aurora Borealis is not helping at all. I have a big fear of "rhetorical" questions or I'd write that who knows how long people were lost up in the far north, maybe 40,000 years, that's all kept all covered-up about as this Armageddon world-takeover and "dog eat dog" race goes on. Nobody's even allowed to discuss prehistory possibilities, as though the world started in 4004 B.C. I'm pretty sure they'd been lost only because nature doesn't/didn't have tangible hands by which to keep them away from Beringia, couldn't help or keep that original, 110



group from trying to get hold of the son before it "rises," seems to. This elementary error is all that went wrong.

Sean Barron's got the only good book I've come across on Autism, "There's a Boy In Here," and it starts with a baby scene where he's pushing toy animals off of a table till the lamp almost breaks that's like subconscious memory being acted-out, with "mother nature," then taking him for a walk in the snow, then he's right back to animal-pushing.

I can't get ~~back~~ through to him or anybody else through the internet yet; it's all Armageddon-secured. I'm generally trying to figure out who people's real parents are and, ~~risking~~ that libel and slander charges behind my back problem over something like this, it seems like maybe the ora for him had come from fashion designer ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ maybe fertilized by Francesco ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ and an old trumpeter is also a possibility, Jan Purvie.

A similar example of this secret growing-people system is how or that I think the ova or earlier ancestor for me came from Johns Hopkins and Rockefeller lab worker Florence Sabin, d. around 1954 in Colorado, but that also so does the Astronomy professor Sandra Faber's, with the 2 ovae going to or getting fertilized by different-sized males, me from slight Oswald Avery and hers (src) from the lab worker John Cash, maybe John R. Cash, so that she and I look nothing alike but I think we're closely related. Dr. Sabin had likely come from ova from "the little queen," Victoria. Before that maybe Isabella d'Este and a girl associated with the Joseph Nasi whole business, and maybe even to the fiction-like Briseis slave-girl of the Illiad (sp.) Homer's account of the Trojan so-called War.

I'm really nervous that here they're talking about me being moved by an ambulance while I still don't have the housing-voucher paperwork from the MCH "case mgr" girl.

If they won't let me catch a bus out of here I'm dependent on her and that wouldn't be before Monday and she really just carries-out instructions and can avoid me easily, and it doesn't look like they'll let me walk out and the "magic" always knows about the weather and I'm seldom prepared, etc.

The same, as on p. 4, "Jesus-Jew-magician-generational-slave #2 type" type of system-people that got me sitting here in whatever this position is or could turn out to be or have been, were under the Bronx manipulating my life to get me to say things like, "This doesn't make any sense," as I'd played with those 3 suitcases that I recognize in that "French Connection" ritual-photo. Their ancestors had invented photography and all these "magic" beliefs are connected to pictures. That photo "doesn't make any sense" in that it was used to hide that human brain is used as "LSD" by making a big deal out of the easy-to-see powder. 113

Even as I'd said the words, playing by myself, I knew that they made no sense themselves, that there was no reason why the 3 suitcases should fit inside one another, like the Russian little wooden nesting- or egg-shaped dolls, called / matryoshka, (sp, I've got the word jotted in my papers that the case-manager girl is keeping somehow for me, to fix it later,) that "my fraudulent-parent" ~~had~~ must have recently shown to me how cute they are and I'd carried that thinking over to when I was playing with the little suitcases in what became or was "the junk room." I wondered why I'd expect the suitcases to fit into one another just because some dolls had. The middle one fit into the biggest one, on page 4 with the inspector's hand on it, who might look like a René d'Anjou type, and the smallest one would fit inside the middle one, standing on its side in front of the 1 1 figure is likely "My fraud-parent" and not Ben Fitzgerald, but it wouldn't zip because though their

perimeters were different their areas were the same, the little one was much wider, is, if it's still in a storage somewhere. There's some strange story that some years later the heroin was tested and said to ~~be~~ have been stolen and switched for some substitute like flour-powder, but that stuff in those black bags might have been bogus all along.

N -- rhetorical question that makes me nervous but maybe I should get over this, it's so difficult to avoid anything I think the "magic mind-readers" might twist into killing excuses wherever everyone always is, -- Notice how the black bags can look eerily like people's hands, as cannibalism is always a big part of all this.... The photo's possibly even about that as most of "my fraudulent-parent's<sup>#</sup> real offspring-descendants" seem to be black. It's possible that this set of undergrounders has decided to sabotage a rival-for-food and land other set by taking on black color and infiltrating the other blacks to disappear them, and this warfare is all "invisible,"

no uninvolved person could ever figure this out, who is which kind of a stereotyped person in life-disguise, the types like "my fraud-parent" appearing to be as "normal black" as anyone else but really there to sabotage-disappear the other or older types. And with the narcotic profits they grew the "Hip-hop generation" out from under the Bronx. "My fraud-parent" was so taken-with a particular take-out Chinese food place that I suspect their interests were somehow in business together, across from an old Sunoco gas station on Gun Hill Road, near his mother's house, where they'd grown up after whatever on Bathgate Avenue in way-early times. It seems like those hip-hop people were all from underground caged people, trying not to get slaughtered. In the 50 years those caged-slaves have become nearly everyone that's black so they're just smiling and saying whatever they're told to and couldn't care less about the solar system's eventual unnecessary demise, no one does.

It seems like I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel for subject-material but really I'm just exhausted and too tired to be able to do this very well so I'll mention comparing the system to the TV show "Gilligan's Island." It's like if the Professor was living on the island and Gilligan and the Skipper "discovered" and enslaved him to do and think of and fix everything for them. He's not allowed to have a girlfriend so that all females would eventually have to go with either Gilligan or the Skipper only. The older couple is maybe like the Trojans "King" Priam and his wife Hecuba. The same producer who invented that show then invented "The Brady Bunch," where the 4 dark-haired males wind up like partnered to the 4 blonde females as 1 big happy family.

A little bit, to vague recollection, that producer looks similar to one of what I figure is one of the worst saboteurs, again with this libel/slender-plumy-made problem so people can't discuss anything, only polite or politically-correct surface trivialities, out here.

I think the producer's name is/was Sherman, working with a son that doesn't look anything like himself. For all I can guess his "type" might even or also come from Oswald Avery, more chance of that than that I do.

This other guy I think played an enormous role in the "Armageddon-making Show" that went on underneath the Federal-City Shelter all the years I was there, 2005-2015, this past April 2<sup>nd</sup>. Among all whatever else he worked with the, also all unprovable, "Foshay son #2 type" which type, like a brother, was also then there at the "Veterans On the Rise" when I got out of the hospital, but on the web now the guy's picture is a different one from the one I'd only rarely seen around, realizing he was an offspring of my "fraud-uncle" only just before the 9-day hospital problem....

This guy I'm trying to mention but know it's a libel/slender behind my back charge toward the hallucination-world's curses at me, has relatives here and a thousand or thousands of people had gone to his funeral at the National Cathedral in 2007. He's even



likely to still be alive and just prefers to be underground or the "show" got out of hand because it's all untrue and he'd just wanted to slip out of it, but I think that the life and death subject matter about melting people, excuses my having to describe my fears, the big chance that it's like this or even far worse than someone small like me could figure.

He quit working for Ronald Reagan after about 20 years, became a millionaire and got into legal trouble for lobbying and started doing "community service" hours at the 425 2<sup>nd</sup> St, NW homeless people's building, in one of the programs there. He wound up becoming a regular volunteer and spent 16 years there altogether, so I guess he'd started around 1991, having left Reagan in 1985. He was from Bakersfield, Calif, and that's a big oil-industry area.

I guess that when I got to the shelter in 2005 his wherewithall turned this insult-comedy and pornography LURE under me into a huge, slick extravaganza, with his friend "Foshaq son #2 offspring" posing as though my relative.

I'd guess that it was anticipated that I'd find my way to the Federal-City Shelter when I'd first come to Washington in 2000 and ran out of cash (afraid to use the word "m'knee,) after 9 weeks, but I liked the name "Open Door," it sounded safer than "Community for Creative Non-Violence," (CCNV,) that 425<sup>th</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> St. generally goes by, and I went to 4<sup>th</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> Streets, N.W., where it was about 5 big trailers on a small lot altogether, on New Year's Eve when I figured there'd be the best chance of there's being a chance of getting a bed, and I stayed there for 8 1/2 months till I could rent an apartment, at 12<sup>th</sup> and N Sts., N.W., where I left after a year because it was too lonely and didn't look like that would improve.

When I left the Open Door Shelter in August 2001 the town was more or less forcing them to move to the 425<sup>th</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> St., N.W., big building, where they are now, on that E St. corner. I sent a money order for \$600 and note of thanks to them at the trailer address, then the 9/11 attack happened and I never heard if they received it, they

moved. In retrospect I figure they were forced to move as a manipulation to start the underground "entertainment" off of this "Armageddon Show" off of me, after about 6 years in San Francisco, (my third trip to there.)


Mrs. Reagan had helped this guy get starter-capital by phony-working for ~~one~~ an Arabian prince. I can't recall what few details led me to the figuring, and he had many international clients in his public relations work, but then General Electric somehow got involved I think by selling its (Pittsfield, Mass.) Plastics division to an Arabian company that that prince had been involved with (~~Saudi Basics~~). Mr. Welch had left General Electric just before 9/11/01, but he'd been the main employee in the Plastics division, and recall that he looks like generational-slave John Carroll, dc 1815, founder of Georgetown University and Archbishop of Baltimore and offspring-descendant provider galore, going by alot of the stained-glass windows and other pictures around Washington. Maybe this type is a hybrid-cross between generational-slave types #1 and 3. Also, I often use a copy of the 121

painting-illustration from Volume M, page 409, of the World Book Encyclopedia, in its Mental Illness article, the picture of that early French asylum doctor, P \_\_\_\_\_, to describe all this mess by. What I'm saying is that plastics came from petroleum-processing (during the search for rocket fuel,) which comes from what I refer to as being "melted people." Briefly, because it's late now, all I can guess so far that had gone on is that from 2005 when I got there, then was in the regular "CNN" for 6 months and then back to the little John L. Young that December, is that this "Armageddon Show" off of me was handed to the "public relations millionaire" whose name I've used alot but I'm trying to get out of this disaster my life is in, not more into trouble or conse-charges, and it was turned into a huge pornography and nightclub-like LURE. Once enough "pigeons" are LURED, doors are locked and germs or bacteria are released that give people what I call "slog-pneumonia." Their food is cut off and

the internal slugs grow and cut off their breathing and they're just left to die like that. Eventually bodies decompose to that black "goo," petroleum. I'd had that "slug-pneumonia" about 66 times while there and eventually put together that I was getting it when "party girls" came upstairs after the poison was released. It seems like Mr. Welch had a reputation for spreading germs by shaking hands after biting his nails, as I guess people can only guess at what all these horrors are from, and, my possible grandparent (or even parent) Oswald Avery seems to be the main slug-reproducer and experimenter, and responsible for the 1918 Spanish flu epidemic that killed 18 million people around the world, and whatever this "DNA" business is about, misleader stereotype, a mean-well bot get everyone led to death, is what I'm also "stupid ~~crossed~~ girl" stereotyped for on purpose for the prophesied/prophesed Armageddon. DNA's really probably about melanin or skin color. I have to turn the light out now.

12/26/15, Saturday

All kinds of worry-thoughts about getting away from the anonymous decision-makers & strangers over my life + to the housing-paperwork. For the 1st time in days my leg or legs feel noticeably better, me attributing that to staying in bed, but then that's worrisome for getting some ~~some~~ decision-made visit over my future + business, life.

--- There was one, Dr.  She said to hang in there and I said that that's what I'm trying to get about now, meaning that, as some example, that when I'd chosen/gone to the "Open Door" instead of "Community for Creative Non-Violence" on New Year's Eve 2000-2001 it might have spared the Earth a worse 9/11/01, and the 1971 abortion was a big difference also. I guess they like to keep growing the abortions as long as the placenta was still attached, back then in the old days already, but my specimen was too much of a mess by the time it got there to be usable. So similarly this hoping and this writing-begging and repeating about having to retrieve my housing-paperwork is also an attempt

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toward non-Armageddon for everyone, trying to keep the planet together, etc. Difficult to describe as there's always this system's-derision in my mind, sarcasm.

I guess this is going to be a distracted-like day. I mentioned to this female Dr. [redacted] that it could-might be possible for someone from social work to quick-drive me to Kensington for the housing-papers work, which would relax me immediately, and be some Rehab. therapy, and I'd get some fresh air for that.

Because I was up till 11<sup>pm</sup> doing this I woke up to a couple of little changes around here from my under-vigilance. There's always this theme, like about Edna Johnson's legs and this inexplicable leg pain of mine right up in that area, that unfulfilled-yet curses are getting filled, and now the "Virginia" theme might be this new-to-me nurse who looks a little like the head nurse at the nursing home I'd worked at in 1999 or 2000, where there'd been an oxygen-tube-using patient who'd passed during my night-shift responsibility.

There was always this synchronicity of the invisible mind-read world so that I really thought it was some kind of an "Armageddon Show" hoax onto me, some sort of drug the guy took in order to feign being passed that would wear off after he was in the underground with his cronies. Then there were 2 relatives across from the charting desk and the feeling that I should go over and give them my condolences and I didn't because it seemed like such a phony set up. They had a bunch of things always "show" going on. That may have been the last job I'd had there, in San Francisco, saving to move back to the East Coast here, feeling too alone and far away there anymore. The other 1999-2000 job I'd had must have been before that then, as a home health aide -- where I was a stranger in San Francisco. The big one was my 1st job in S.F., as a temporary nurse's aide, where similarly a lady had passed while I was sitting right there on 1-on-1 private duty. 126



Her name was Mrs. [REDACTED] and I think her grand-daughter wrote the book, Is That a Gun In Your Pocket? The lady was comatose or sleeping the whole time I was assigned to her, 3 weeks or so. I always brought books I could read and there wasn't anything to do on my shift to speak of, at night usually I worked because I wasn't nursing-career oriented, and I'd drifted to dozing that night and I guess in the morning the/a nurse had discovered the lady had passed, her 2 relatives, the husband and granddaughter I guess, were there and he'd introduced himself to me.

Besides what all else, that could be connected to the little studio apartment I'd wound up in in ~~1977~~ 1978-79, the landlord a similar-looking person, in fact similar to these "staircase #1+3" types, ...

For 2015 purposes to these doctors determining my personal fate, or anonymous others, I only mean

that it did the world some good when I'd had the 1971 abortion and the New Year's Eve 200 decision to try the Open Door instead of the CCNY where this "show" was all preparedly waiting, and probably de-fused the 9/11 a bit, where that's all only slaves doing the warfare, forced to do it by some tiny headquarter that has the whole planet tied-up.

I think the system is underneath TUVA, an old tiny Republic on the Siberia-Mongolia border, has been under that area since the "Biblical" days. ~~And~~ also I'm trying to describe that these being played-out courses are all from nothing to do with anything except the developmental disabilities' then hallucinogen - or drug-dependence. It's speaking of which they'd sent up 2 cups of coffee today, where there's always seeming to be some ~~big~~ made-up equation between coffee and brain-eating or -ingesting.

That theme or ones with coffee might have to do with that it's natural to Africa and this early group I posit had gotten lost might have "raced" out from the evolution-cradle to the east without having had any of that food, which led to "fuzzy thinking" and the incorrect decision to keep trying to find the "starting point" of the sun, so the system's got a hang-up on it.

My main point is that after 30+ years of space research it looks like Mars and Venus had been starting to form as planets and that had died off and they're left like abortions or embryos, and the research findings ought to be admitted to, the situation reassessed, that the "accidental" prehistoric sadism pot nature into a standstill, that we're just orbiting in while the "Trojan War" is still being done to everybody till it breaks the planet.

I was out-of-touch from society like I am now in this hospital for 5 weeks oblivious to even that we're on a bus route here, no contact with the home-area, when I was in the Army, 1973-76 plus an extra year as a civilian in W. Germany, and sometimes wonder if there wasn't an underground-

Surge back then and I'd returned to a country where most people were then "voice"-directed prisoners to the criminals, like my Freud-parent, who'd moved upstate as soon as I was on the plane to Germany. I worry that while I can't see anything from here everyone else is being holocaust-ordered around, then they "act normal" if I get out and can move around again. (I have to try to get more paper now.) (2 days' worth accomplished.)

Possibly I'd done something that had extended this Armageddon world-takeover, that instead of going back to the States, U.S., in 1976 I was able to stay in Germany an extra year, having nothing to return here to, the Foshays having moved to some place rural-like and I just can't drive a car and didn't know what I'd do. I had a boyfriend who seems like another system's manipulation to my life, (Normand Roberge) He rented a place we could live together and toward the end of my extra year he got transfer orders to teach at West Point, N.Y., which is maybe 25 miles from the Foshay house. When I saw that on a map of New York

I went into somehow the closest thing I've ever been to having a nervous breakdown, unable to do anything but lay under a cover on the couch for a day or 2 till I told him I wasn't going there with him. I didn't ask him not or tell him not to take the plum assignment, I just said that I wasn't going to live that close to the Foshay's, describing that they'd find some way to ruin my life if I lived that close and in easy telephone-distance. Around then I had the option of letting the Army pay my plane fare back to the States unless I stayed in Europe for over 1 year, which was up in October, and his orders were for December. We talked-up the plan that I'd go back in December with him and he'd go to the order-making place at the Pentagon, here across the Potomac River from DC, and request a different location. There I said, that when asked, that my personal preference

was for anywhere west of the Mississippi, and they changed the orders to the Presidio, San Francisco, and then we went to visit the [redacted] in their new home, where he was probably the only boyfriend of mine they'd ever met and sat and had dinner with, but the tension was unreal and under the influence of alcohol I'd gotten real upset after a few days and this must have been when I'd sarcastically mentioned that the oldest cousin had once raped me, while his wife's sister was sitting there, and it became a horror-drama scene, with me waking up the boyfriend to get up and get me out of there, drive me to anywhere right now. We wound up in a motel across the Hudson River right near West Point and I guess spent his few days before flying to California and he brought me back to wait at the [redacted] while he found a place to rent for us, for me to be there too, and I've told the [redacted] we'd driven to his folks' in New Hampshire to see the scenery in Massachusetts. ...

Somehow this guy, Norm is his name, has the belief that we'd driven to look at the beach and I'd seen what looked to me like poinsettia plants growing wild and said that I was going to own that town one of these days. What I'd said was, I'm going to love this town, looking at the surf-coast and the wild flowers on that sunny January day, but what I do and say is always twisted to fit the underground's Armageddon-making exhibition behind my back off of me, probably pre-determined by putting me into Foshay son's domain, where right through now he's a horrifying problem for me as being fraudulent-next of Kin.

In fact when I'd noticed that Sandra Moore Faber might be an actual relative genetically and had hoped to be able to reach her, though she's 70 now and probably retired, the housing authority did send me an appointment, which was the 1st time I'd heard from them in many years, that being 2013 probably. It seemed like it was a ritual trick to prevent me being able to reach

Dr. Faber, as the unimportant updated paper had  
some odd little name signed on it that sounded  
twistable to being ~~idea~~ reference to Dr. Moore, like  
"Richard Uhoh" to exaggerate it somewhat. Then the  
following year I got out of the 9-day hospital stay and  
ran into the French Connection-book picture and they  
called me in about this same housing-voucher business  
and I said there's no point to me renting anywhere  
till I find someone here to help me with all this  
Armageddon-LURE problem, that they'd just cause  
me to lose anywhere I'd found, that I was better  
trying to find help from the shelter than in a place  
all alone by myself and the LURE moving-in all  
undoneath wherever I go, and that I wanted a  
project apartment, not a regular rental like has  
always been the pattern, that they're only temporary places.  
And I'd gone all into this new information of the  
narcotics and the fraud-parent, that enables the Armageddoning.



After meeting the girl at Safe Haven that looks like she's from my (fraud)-cousin's ova I went to do some paperwork at DLHA, the (Washington) DC Housing Authority, and there was a big picture of the director and she looks like she's also from that cousin's ova also, like a big conspiracy entrapping this whole town and probably doing so as the narcotics-addicts, the decapitators, I think this lady [redacted] started this job about 2007.

That cousin and the other cousin I'd mentioned were brother and sister. Around 1984 or '86 he's said to have killed himself by shooting himself in the mouth, which I sort of doubt after catching onto that faking-death seems to be a system-way, that I think started with the Trojan War's Patroclus, Myrmidon-character.

Those 2 cousins in retrospect looked like Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta in that film "Grease" together.

"I solve my problems and I see the light" that song starts, that the system really is still melting, dissolving, people into petroleum hydrocarbons which are then used for energy, like kerosene is still used for lighting, all the oil that goes into home-heating. The "Kings of the Earth" just brain wash everyone that they'd starve and freeze to death and not know anything if it wasn't for this cannibalism,

Stay high and refuse to think any other way. There is someone on the Great Altarpiece who'd possibly evolved to become this male cousin after a stint as 1 of the English Kings but I'm not sure about that, plus I should look at the Jadwiga staircase picture to see if that could possibly have become the cousin. That play had opened in or was from Chicago, where the system-people had mostly gone to from Berlin and before that was a favorite because of the Great Lakes, that that's how the whole interior of the country was robbed and shipped-out to New York and Europe via then the Erie Canal. And Stephen A. Douglas, best-known as being Lincoln's rival for being the 16<sup>th</sup> or next then president of the U.S., retired to the south of Chicago, after living here near Gonzaga, which Jesuit school had played a big role in the assassination, played some role. That's said to be the lovely Mrs. Douglas on that church there's now barely-visible altarpiece painting by Costantino Bromidi, which looks like it has a dinosaur hallucinogenically-painted into the curtain on the left.

So, theoretically I could lose, help not to let that happen though, this housing-voucher but I'm still homeless and on the waiting list for a project-apartment since 2005 and told that ~~the~~ accepting the voucher last year wouldn't affect the project waiting list, I'd still be on it, is a little something toward a future-possibility for me. That's a little relaxing in terms of this horror of an ambulance-transfer.

I think it's naptime, where I could force myself to keep trying to think, there's a big offhand list of points to get to, and stay awake while all these staff-people might be coming up with a surprise move at any time, or I could -- try checking the shower-water, assuming all along that it's less warm during the day, after 7 AM and before after 8<sup>PM</sup> or so. That's the "solve my problems" by people's actively going around looking for people to shove into underground sewer-type "pipelines" or such.

Scary sadism is everywhere. Around 15,000 colleges have been built and it looks like the system-base, maybe under Siberia-Tova itself, won't let anyone learn anything, only more system.

12/26/15, Saturday 6AM

Just a few hours of quiet without sleeping and they're "show" again. Then it occurred to me that my belly is distended because, while they had me phony-comatosed asleep or hypnotized for a week they might have stolen from my innards, that it's too U--repulsive, I'm always totally alone with just strangers around, too be able to think about such horror, with no sign of any improvement, I'd tried to take a nap and it's like being torn apart for not being entertaining enough. It's always the same where I'm used as a controversy-gimmick like with these "Team"-deciding what to do about homeless me now, and all normal people are kept away from simply being able to be nice, or interested in this work. How can I have spread it around as much as I can and no one's shown interest. It's some sort of a paradigmatic problem now, as though I have to find the<sub>127</sub>

succinct way to cut through to reach someone that could be allowed to be useful. Without a computer I can't look up to learn about the NIH, next door. So what can I do, and all I can see coming up is that still tired I'd have to tackle the blah-blah about Soze Rotolo, the interconnected goings-on which do come into this but not so "emergenceryly."

It's sort of absurd but maybe Pet. Benl. Petraeus is related to Soze Rotolo somehow closely. She might be the daughter of, the "real offspring"-descendant of the Greenwich Village club owner Mike Porco, who might be related to the Mafia guy Bonaro, Joe I think might have been his 1<sup>st</sup> name. -- See how this doesn't directly interest any doctors, seems to have nothing to do with anything except passing this horror-time emergency now for me + possibly being useful at some way for a date.