

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

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

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

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

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

them, the relationship doesn't mature into anything else, like the "afterlife" together.

I can't guess, like where (how) I thought that I was about the last to find out what the "visions and voices" were/are, that I'd had terrible experiences while about to fall asleep with what I figure in retrospect was for spirit-stealing, thinking now that I might have been a guinea-pig for this new equipment, which there were a lot of books around then that called it "Out of the Body" experiences and travel. It's like they, from invisible underground, put a big medical-type scanner machinery over your prone body and as you drift from still-awake to asleep they turn it on and you're hit with a total paralysis feeling and you can feel a lightweight part or "copy" of yourself start to lift out of your body. All I could think of was trying to move and if/when you, I'd, succeeded in moving first one finger and then the rest come more easily, in order to shake-off that scary, hellish or death-for murder feeling. The first time I woke and went all upset to Mrs. Foshay sitting up in the kitchen and she showed me where "Out of Body" experiences were discussed is some book on the occult or parapsychology that she had. I read everything I could find but it's a gruesome feeling and always 257

fought it off as best I could. Some sort of a suction-machine they hover over your body and it loosens your natural spirit so you will lose it. This "Armageddon Show" had intimated that that couple was in the spirit-stealing business and my spirit had abandoned me to go sit in her head for the upgraded fun -- and these "a little retarded" and singsonging girl voices are the same as then that spirit's voice and affect, like a d.d. technological-substitute for the natural world. I just thought I should mention that paralysis-machinery in case I was a guided pig and not one of the last gotten around to. There's nowhere to report that sort of incident, mostly because everyone became victim to this "psychiatric" industry.

It's terrible to be dependent like this on when/if someone else's meal tray for ~~you/me~~ is going to arrive. Putting that you/me there reminded me of this frail-parent's offspring's attachment problem. I guess they've cleaned up the act from me being enslaved as a whole line of torture-victims to this with the crossed-arms in that dream this morning as though there's a personal involvement-dispute like covering-up because the reality is too horrible to let be found out about by relatively normal people like in hospitals with 24/7 observance.

Waiting for lunch, I wanted to just get mentioned that blond, curly hair seems to be the direction that nature goes in, that the hair gets lighter-colored as life evolves, and for some ~~size~~ related reason gets this curly bounce or springiness, the happier you get. Happy equals light and bouyant, that it's just the way the physics is.

Another point, trying to ditch the entire subject, is that this fraud-parent had worked for the subway starting by 1963, and just odd jobs like washing-machine repair before that, but this subway-trains business must be super-important to all this underground and wrongful people-growing and the cannibalism and its drug industry side-business because the heads are there for the use after the slaughter, real impetus for all this horror-system.

I get harassed generally anywhere I try to go, my whole life like Hidden Candid Camera, making a fool out of me, but the public transportation is really bad, like the fraud-parent is in a union with all the other bus and Metro subway workers and as favors they help to make my trips as difficult as they can while being technically correct, not making any errors, just me getting confused,


"the stupid, cross-eyed girl," the Armageddon Show calls me. There's only 1 piece of paper left, I'll have to go for a walk after lunch, & there's no time to room or time for starting a new subject but I... 14/11/15-16

2^{PM} This Vajiravudh, Rama VI, he'd gone to school in England and before going back to Siam he'd met Queen Victoria, elderly by then and they'd had tea together I'd read, and then he visited Theodore Roosevelt in Washington, like official visits from one head of state to another they were since he was 1st or 2nd in line for the throne or kingship from Chulalongkorn, Yul Brynner's offspring I joke per the film and play. I figure Vajiravudh had somehow felt belittled or insulted by Victoria and had likely cursed her for it, which evolved to this attitude toward me as I grew up and this became the longterm Armageddon-overview manipulation of stereotyped types. Then Theodore Roosevelt had probably invited him to come back to the States sometime and he'd said he would and then years later it was fulfilling that promise that was the excuse, an excuse for, I'm figuring, faking his death and going to the U.S., with the stop in Sicily and taking on the Mafia-identity of Ferdinand Boccia on whom there seems to be no information other than maybe that he was involved in gambling before being shot, allegedly, that makes this sound far-fetched, a faked-death by someone from the other side of the world, to become "the Shadow" over here. I think maybe I had read once that that was a nickname of Boccia's, and

the/my fraud-parent used to say that line from the (old) radio show all the time, that, only the Shadow knows for sure, what evil lurks in the heart of man/men. There were about 3 radio actors who'd played the role of the Shadow, the main one's name maybe being Jamie Curtis. The nurse here came in for this heparin-injection business and mentioned this writing theme and went to touch this paper to exemplify how much I've done but it's mostly the new paper the clerk'd just given me and I snatched the small pile before her fingers reached it and there's always an onus like there's something wrong that I think someone ~~do~~ has ulterior motives and not that they're all always making a fool of me by its being so easy to play curse-tricks on me like that, with whatever the "show" is always setting up everything for that. This pen I don't know how long it will last, given to me the other night (by Martha, which maybe I shouldn't mention, because any involvement with this isn't good for anyone that's normal-like.)

I don't like to bring up controversial subjects but I'm just stuck with trying to unload about this stranger & fraud-parent and twice I'd asked him why he doesn't like me and twice he'd said this same "family story" from before that "smother story, that when I

was a baby he'd put me on the couch-bed to nap when he did and he woke up screaming from this sudden terrible pain where I'd suddenly grabbed and yanked his underarm hairs, as though I'd done that out of malice or spite. That's hard to take seriously but all these years later I've been learning about this Autist world and the perversions its given rise to and I figure that means that he'd gotten the wrong kind of a baby, where Autist babies might be generationally-conditioned to head for the warm crotch or breast area and start sucking, whereas before the Autism babies generally were face-oriented as how they recognized and communicated with other people, so I was trying to reach his face but his arm was over his eyes and the baby was trying to move it, was all. Enough said....

Oddly,  job was on 42nd St. in Manhattan, right near Grand Central Station, in a men's hair-restoring business, where she'd gone to cosmetology school (in Fordham somewhere, in the Bronx) and that was the only job she was then able to find, and paid-back the cost of the 6 months or whatever of the school to him from her paychecks. In retrospect I'd wonder if it wasn't largely an excuse to be busy while I was becoming a teenager and not getting to school very well. I'd been out of elementary school up to 55% of the time according to my report cards, a daily-horror to get to school on time,

which is how that "short, pudgy type" pervert had had the opportunity for trying to waylay me, that I was both late to 4th grade and trying to do the homework while walking, around the big Cardinal Spellman high school, reading the questions while walking and kneeling down to write down the answers, and this guy just started walking alongside me, me trying to keep finishing the homework till I saw he wasn't going to go away. I told him I'd wait there while he went back and got his car and I went running and just before becoming parallel with the school door but across the wide street the car pulled up right in front of me and I guess I was lucky that I didn't get run over. Then after lunch-break the neighbor-girl told her teacher. The principal there might have been a little odd in retrospect, just going by stereotypy now, his name Nathan Shapiro. I'm pointing out that my schoolwork was always a horror because I never knew what the assignments were because I was late and absent up to 55% of the time and that excuses for why I wasn't in school or doing well were ducked by the income-employment, but most of the proceeds only wound up with the male anyway. If you research, another word I'm afraid to use, into things like that deeply you'd wind up finding that the owners of the cosmetology school were system-types, who'd benefitted.

This hair-restoring job was mostly about massaging restorers into the scalp, scalp-massaging, but maybe it included using a vibrator, because she used one on the fraud-parent's scalp toward hair-restoring but I think they only used it once, a rectangular thing with 2 straps for holding it on your hand, and then it was just left in her night table, and I'd found a jokebook, where I was never supposed to touch his night table of course, in his, of all sex-jokes, a whole bunch of them, like Playboy jokes but dirtier, -- what makes a wildcat wild? A Polecat's pole...

A man bought a monkey and said it could sleep in bed with him and his wife. But what about the smell? the wife asked and the husband said that he'd gotten used to it and so would the monkey.

Then Xaviera Hollander's book and sequel were brought to the apartment and I read those and then found Fanny Hill in the dresser drawers...

All this popped up after this bizarre business with this cousin from [redacted] side of the family, only 1 sister and she had only one offspring so there were only a few relatives on that side.

This, perversions, is about the last thing I'd want to have around on a LURE "holiday" worry time, that it's the "too exciting" for the "crap that hangs all over me," with only "the Jew" as being excused and, God help us all, the aide that's generally here in the daytime's name sounds like,

"Sit down and eat," which seems to be a main LURE-gimmick, listening to interpretations by strangers of what I'm jotting about and, relax, sit down and eat, and the more they gather the bigger the crowd can grow, is generally what the modus operandi has been and with "sit down and eat" theme lately this does not seem like a safe subject anymore.

-- Here's a thought, that all this going to 42nd St. to visit and to shop and sight-see that I was doing and all the general direction toward sex, that my future was likely planned for winding up as a prostitute downtown, might be how she'd gotten that location, in some boring-seeming musty office building, then, instead, I'd wound up joining the Army and as awful as some of the experiences might have been I really became much healthier out in the fresh air of basic and then 2 places in Texas. I summarize it by saying that I'd learned to brush my teeth in the Army, that I was a real mess that didn't even know how to do that to speak of, as the Army's basic training gave classes on that too, on most things. All this education and we can't get out of this developmentally disabled's old system to save eternity. So I guess that joining the Army, like the abortion and other personal-independent thing I've done, was a big help, but all this big

helps to the situation hasn't affected the Armageddon. What's the other decision I'd made? That was probably independently-made? And in the meantime I -- going to the Open Door and thereby delaying getting to the CCNV for 4 1/2 years, where the "play's prepared," like per the Revelation's Chapter 12 female character. I can't figure what that "whore of Babylon," where that fits in if anywhere to what I know about, if that's what I was supposed to become or if it's the "Queen" character script that they'd still do at the drop of a hat onto me, or if that's about anyone I don't know about or far all I know it could be, libel/slander excluded off of me, I've mused that it could have to do with the longtime [redacted] in this unspeakable way these "prophecies" are made to come true. Her late former husband's 1st name is the same as the fraud-parent's and they'd had a daughter named similarly to my 1st name, which is Kathleen, hers being Kathryn, and she's always allegedly had Down's Syndrome, me assuming that that can be perpetrated onto a child, like it's being said that so many American children have this made-up "Autism" when it's really from generationally being in this murder-torture system, and like how I figure the fraud-parents had created the vision and have to wear eyeglasses problem for me, that there wasn't any problem with the baby in those early pictures or till after I was 4 or 5.

I guess there's some enormous array of hybrids so that there's no telling who has the Autism-psychopathy developmental difficulty[†] and who is just an unfortunate or is descended from someone like Socrates or Peter Paul Rubens, a "volunteer" trying to stay with the Autist-psychopaths in order to try to ameliorate the sadism, and the late [redacted] a good example of someone that seems like an Autist but might be, have been, a hybrid from Rubens like Martin Gang and Leptke Buchalter and the guy I knew in the Army and see the type around sometimes might be. That type was all over the annual Law Enforcement Officers gathering or convention like picking up copies of the flyer I was trying to distribute so no one would get interested to look into this, the same Armageddon-preventing assistance I'm still trying to get, back maybe in 2010 that was, most of them seeming to be from Ohio, where the I'd known in the Army was from. He's obviously a part of the system but you can't really guess who's a generational slave non-volunteer either so I don't have much opinion on what I only know about anyone else's business including the fraud-parents except that in that photo I can see at least that he'd always lived a double-life and the I with me was phony, so I can only figure that Mr [redacted] was of 1 of the stereotypes that has some degree or another of this "Autism" problem, but all the males are trapped in the system together

† - "†" can mean that something was intended to be a joke in this, my first so far, and tomorrow being a holiday and then the 2-... walk... 261

and surviving as best they can. Plus I've only seen a couple of pictures of him, thinking he's conspicuous by his absence in all that Civil Rights time. I'm so desperate for help that I was trying to get a note or a letter to him at his address listed in the phone book and Who's Who and/or Who's Who in Black America, 301 G St, SW or similar to that, an apartment or suite 301 right near there, last winter and just read on the web that he'd passed in 2014, where he had a business interest as or with a group called Business Humanitarian Forum, which I finally learned is headquartered in Geneva. I think the doctor and author [REDACTED] is of the same "stereotype" or type, and there was a mural on S Street, S Street, (N) near the corner of 7th St. but it's been re-painted that had been a picture with that type's face and what looked to me like a dinosaur-representation on it, and then I've known 2 people like that as job-supervisors, one saying he was from Trinidad where it's oil-country, that he got out of, mentioning that impetus was that a friend of his had drowned while they were swimming.

When the John L. Young showed the movie about Dr. Carson last winter and I heard the early temper-tantrum-throwing

Scene I was afraid to look or hear any more of the film because they'd been playing a bunch with the Freud-parent's type in them and I thought Carson was of that type too but when I looked up the book in the library and found his author's pictures around I saw he looks like I think [redacted] looked, that they're of a type.

He has a drawing where he shows you how he'd separated the twins. I barely skimmed the material so I could be mistaken but to recollection maybe they were "Siamese twins"? "conjoined" at the head? I'd have to check that before mentioning this any more usually. Maybe it's what put me into looking into the subject of Siamese twins, and there is very little on it, me having had a patient once that was a little "demonized," running around playing tricks to exhaust me and he'd looked like the famous brothers Chang and Eng, that I've been trying to figure how they fit into Anna's King's family-line and haven't haven't found any connection there yet - & Dr. [redacted]'s simple illustration of how he'd separated the heads seemed good at first but then you don't really want just anybody explained to how to cut into skulls, as I sit here with my mysterious-origin problem-set. It was simple while being a little technical, (11).

I've only got a last pen left after this and those run out with no warning, but the only way I can try to cope with this "Armageddon-making Show" is to keep doing this pen-to-paper business. I mention that about the [redacted] because everything is so odd that I think that's a possibility because maybe Jimmy Carter was descended from James Bailey of Bernum + Bailey and used to commute through the Bronx all the time, both of them maybe coming from the red-tailed King James.

The Space program's unexpected result of nothingness out there caused the system's plans to go awry and maybe Ford and then Carter were stop-gap fill-ins for Nixon's and whoever else's intended's places. Like Bailey and back to the Ghent Altarpiece and "Christ" days Carter may have always known, might know, that he was a generational-slave. That #2 type like on page 4, that 1 figure was "discovered" on the Japanese islands. It's possible that he and [redacted] were carrying on an unspeaking to-do over [redacted]. For that matter I think there have been maybe 3 (different) labels in that "role," maybe more, maybe less.

Then there seems a connection with Carter and Admiral Rickover, and a connection that's pretty obvious between Rickover and a Thai or old Siamese-then-Thai admiral. So I'm thinking that the "takeover" planned for when riches were found and claimed in space that didn't happen happened new plans had to be thought up and so the system had Carter step in to get a lot of that work done, and then he became taken with [redacted] and it made [redacted] internally-furious, which dichotomy aided and abetted the underground-system's goal of keeping going with this whole "top-secret" cannibalism and brain-as-drug way to takeover the Earth, covering-over their beliefs about the anticipated space-findings like they'd never existed. The frat-parent had mentioned that maybe it's made of green cheese and I think I'd heard that another time back around the early sixties, but when I went looking for some mention of that "folk belief" I couldn't find one anywhere nowadays, like it had never existed, whereas I'd thought it was common. All those people turned into petroleum for nothing, and some invisible thing like a seal break around the Earth broken too, they just are in denial that...

they did anything or that anything is wrong and they're
not letting anyone work scientifically on repairs,
it seems only micro-inane or totally bad things are
being done, or trying to create food out of nowhere
for everybody in order to survive but TPE means the
same as if nothing, nobody and nothing had ever
happened, just rock-debris left behind us.


Help me, that reminds me of a joke or anecdote
that John W. Young tells that he'd left a b. m. in a
floating ~~part of the space-capsule vehicle rocket,~~
that they'd had to leave behind so that if "nature"
ever needs to start-over with creation it can
use that since all the components for biology
are in there. That's the Artist-perspective and
they won't quit bothering other people's lives
and ditch the world-ownership obsession, think
nothing of other people, from all the years, centuries,
millennia of being lost in snow, then all the guilt
for all the extingting-murders when they were
ill and lost but high on the hallucinogenic plants
in the New World, all that space to themselves alone.

just their group and whatever animals were around and the fun of run-chase-tricking them off of cliffs is my figuring so far.

Lenny Bruce, d-1966, has been my idea of an Artist-psychopath but now I'm thinking that it was so bad in Europe that he's the product of a terrified generational-slave's fertilizing an Artist-ova, maybe from the Bauhaus group, the most of which went to Chicago before WWII, that Bruce was frenetic to do proactive things toward the Artists'-enjoyment because the slave-psychiatrist Kurt Schneider was working on him as a personal attempt to try to ameliorate the sadism, is something I'm trying to look into, that all Bruce's work wasn't Autism-psychopathy like I've thought but a slave's trying to deal with the Artist-psychopath captors of the whole Earth -- who expected to become all-rich via space travel, Bruce as though just another hybrid trying to get through this by damage-controlling, possibly, as Pyotr Veriabin was teaching the CIA the Russian and Siberian food-and-spyways. So who are 911

all these people working for that holds everyone prisoner?
and how do they live, if I'm generally correct in my general
guesswork that this lifetime of sneaky-sadism torture to
me has been for turning-out this "Cenci family" anger
for heating the fuse toward the world-Armageddon. The
closest I have these bits and pieces of or like
evidence on brings me back to the Armageddon-
author and I think that that's like the
"Ste-Foy statue and that's like the 1 little
different "pilgrim" on the Great Altarpiece's
lower left-hand side, with the "bowl-" or
"Beagle"-haircut, carrying the stick with the
round-ball end on top, that maybe that
type had set out from system-headquarters
to try to be a help in all this.

11/16, Friday

Maybe I'd mentioned that  from that "the White
House Situation Room" photo of that "operation" of Obama's adminis-
tration's assassination of Osama bin Laden looks like a modern-
day Ste Foy type, counterterrorism looking sort of bewused at

nro

all the activity, and "Good Morning America," George Steptopoulou seems to also. I've been afraid to mention him all these years because he's so popular and "the show" is all unknown to me, they carry on totally behind my back all my life. The fraud-parent's telephone # had changed sometime back in the eighties and twice since 2005 I'd accidentally dialed the slightly different from now's old number and a guy answered and struck me as a little odd and maybe familiar from some long-ago mis-dial, the way that he answers immediately and seems to be sitting in total silence. The when I went to the Post Office on North Capitol one of the "Ste. Foy" types did some little scene like blocking my way to mail a letter in order to scare me. The last call had been a collect-call too that he'd accepted the charges on. I only had a little, cheap "Trakfone" and couldn't try to call an operator to get that mistake straightened out. The fraud-parent told me not to call collect anymore and it was years till I got this little lifeline "Obemaphone" I have now.

Then I've seen one other "Ste. Foy" example, as a reporter-team with a generational-slave#2 like Heinrich Schole or the original-looking Jack Horner paleontologist. The point is that I suspect the fraud-parent had been using the first telephone number for the brain-drug-selling business perhaps connected to that there's a buffalo farm that's advertised as being nearby there, and business got so good that the calls got diverted to an order-taker for the previous phone number. Greenhaven/Green Haven prison is near there and so is some asylum named Wingdale or some such. I think he used electric saws or "planes" to smooth the cut wood maybe they're called a lot of the time, and he gave the impression that he never did much for decades except sit in the dining room watching mundane-seeming TV. It's difficult with no responsibly-behaving adult's assistance to jot about other people's business, and what I'd already mentioned on my little blog-/website might be how this car accident's then skull cracking and leg-torture had come about, -- in addition to something I'd written for/to Facebook's Mark Zuckerberg, that I finally realized it's probably more likely that he's descended

2-10

other people's brains.

There are a lot of subjects that I haven't covered but I'm thinking I might have to stay busy Monday-Friday, will have to keep alert then, but this has really been a disaster, and I don't know how to get it across that something quiet and simple for me isn't going to get approved of by this chain-of-command to the decision-makers way under around the Siberian-Mongolian border, that an individual would have to take responsibility, and everyone seems to be a prisoner, so I've just been trying to rest in bed and I'm all full of the torture now. Since these aren't things that I'm doing they aren't really memorable. They started the vibrating torture sometime this afternoon and I can't even guess if they'd done any of that the day before, it's just garbage that parasites are perpetrating onto me, not things that I did and are responsible for knowing what they are, it's just a miasma of filth and garbage, as though punishment for not doing this "babysitting writing" like to keep electronic artificial intelligence machines and their runners quiet. That I loopy aide and the progressive encroaching tricks and torture and being without the 2 bags of paper because they were talking about moving me real soon so I didn't know the plan was to abandon me like this, from the MCC, ---- 293

Relevant is that [redacted] looked like the doctor of a home health care client I'd had, while that Abu Ghraib Scandal was going on, in ^{Bath Beach} Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, near the Fort Hamilton V.A. hospital, where I'd somehow oddly had a credit union account so that I went there around once a week. Jamaica, Queens had one too, and they had an ATM machine at the Manhattan V.A. hospital. I'd been run all over the place

1/4/16, Monday 9 AM

Now I recall that I'd accidentally given a patient a head injury, in early 1978. It was a place called Hillhaven Convalescent home or hospital when I got out to San Francisco and lived across the Bay in San Rafael with that Army boyfriend, who was a nurse, an LPN ET. The patient's name was Dutch and he was about 6-foot tall and I got him into his chair and went to put his feet up on his ottoman-stool and his knees didn't bend, he was all stiff, and his whole body tilted and the chair fell backwards into and his head hit the corner of the nightstand, with him screaming. The nurse put a butterfly-bandaid on it and I didn't where his scalp had a small

294

open wound and I didn't hear anything more about it. The guy was a profuse sweeper. To recollection it was a trick-filled job like I always have had. It sounds unbelievable to me now but I think they were somehow actually giving me around 12 patients a day, my first time doing work with the elderly. Maybe that was after the accident with Dutch and they were trying to get me to go elsewhere-- or the underground was trying to get me to go elsewhere; manipulating me to San Francisco where this must have all gone on very quickly, finding that job there and then the apartment and moving and I guess there was some overlap with breaking up with that boyfriend and being seduced by the Shaker-type's partner and then it seems the boyfriend had officially left on July 4th and the next day was when I'd met the prime-mover of this horror "Armageddon Show," the main character until now it seems the fraud-parent and type has been the prime mover that the "magic" end of "The Tee" so to speak, has been working for.

Bath Beach - V. A. will wait while I fret now:

Monday, 4 Jan. 2016, 10^{AM}, post-"holiday" horror now.

I think I had another bad dream -- any dream is bad to my way of thinking because it's the underground's interference with your sleep-time brain, but again about the belongings' being thrown away it was, and then the pregnant aide threw my milk and Ensure drink away and I called her a horrible thing for causing me trouble again, that I didn't want the cold water, that's actually ice water then in place on the table tray, etc. for the typical underground-tricks, but it was like calling her + the baby in her belly horrible things. Now the nurse and supervisor were asking why I don't want my Flo-Nase Flonase, as though, with me all alone with my fearful self, that'll be used to charge me with wrongdoing, horror-life etc. for, like, then they asked if I called my case manager. I'd finally realized that the "girl case manager" considered herself "off my case" back on the 16th, tricky, and it's only 10th when all these ~~*****~~ are doing the Happy New Year phrase and since I don't know what its double-meaning means I don't like saying that to the underground-type tricksters. And it's a little too early to bother

such just as they get back to work after all this
"holiday" business. I'd had to turn this super-bright light
on because it heats here on and around the bed and
then the 2 nurses come in. My stomach's sick thinking
about my papers with the girl case manager, help me,
but I should have some news of what might be
happening from the social worker to tell her. I'll have
to say (Good morning/Happy to you too whatever,) Lindsey,
~~they're not doing anything I'm still here and I'm a~~
nervous wreck about my papers, can you get them
to me? + the sado-sitcom will have lots to do ~~to~~
laugh about with the script plays again then.
-- 10³⁰A, \bar{p} (after) momentary temporary relief
now it's like a set up, that I called her, as the
nurse had asked if I had, ~~to feel~~ I'm feeling
like I fell into a sado-sitcom trap again now,
as there's a delay \bar{p} the unusual saying she'd
call right back in a minute, so that I'd stand
by the phone. Now I recall 1 of the dreams!
Saying that a special pick-up ~~off~~ from the
garbage truck, had been requested -- as
they'd throw the out -- \bar{p} I'd called
Friday before last + talked \bar{c} Katrina - stuff, 297

who'd hang up on me because I said they shouldn't be holding the room when someone else could use it. She got angry and started screaming and I disconnected. Now this minute has become 10 + I'm thinking the girl heard that (Kutrina) they had thrown the part last Monday per Kutrina's report and comment that I didn't think the room should be held open. They've got a storage shed-looking place in the back is where I'd guess the stuff should be but no one's there — she says there is no problem with getting me + my things together. I squeaked in the idea that since she's not my case manager maybe somebody else could get the things to me, here, as she'd suggested back before the holidays. I wound up wishing her a good week and getting off the phone that way. It's "New Year" but the snow hasn't even started yet = ? "New" is when the green plants start sprouting, at sign of them you'd think with that reassurance now I'd hope they do come up to any where else I can go, etc. 298

The Bath Beach job was a big set up but like this with my head being cracked and no one telling me anything there isn't anything I can really explain, and starting to recall it I realize it will take a lot of these words, the main point being that the lady's doctor looked the same as [redacted] DC mayor ~~from~~ just succeeded by now Mayor Muriel Bowser, who, looks like me like Gabby Bifford(s) and therefore all the way back to that Andrea's Mantegna "Virtue/Pallas/Mixen/Chasing the Vices," this vice wearing the word "Ingratitude" on its headband. Ma [redacted] was with [redacted] for some brief talk or lecture she gave in the main hall ~~the~~ of the MLK library, and I had to walk by there to get into the fiction room there for some reason or other that I guess that was before I'd noticed the Carter book? Or was it a ritual (spell?) to get me to notice the book? I guess it was awhile back in 2014, that after that I'd started looking up trying to find out about [redacted] and there was nearly nothing, where that's

pretty impossible. Then I found one note mentioning him in a book about Marion Barry and I started reading more about him and then he passed and I worried it had to do with these "fraud-parent offspring-descendants" being all around, the thought only from one picture of one like waving goodbye at the funeral cortege I guess it's called, and my standard "Angel-don Show" killing every nice person around worries, me figuring, giving a ~~small~~ note to the lady who'd written one of the biographies on him, Rose — Barras I think her name is, 2 notes with illustrations that I think Barry might have come from John Carroll and be descended from Socrates maybe, and then he'd suddenly passed not long after that note.

All these years I'd been hearing about him, someone might have pointed him out and I just wouldn't have recognized him, that he seems to have an average, nondescript type of an appearance, looks like just anybody, looked like just anybody, and it would have been unforward to look that closely at a group to see which one was being pointed out, so I never knew him. 300

I have a picture of him running on the Great Wall of China
a news photo from I think 1984. The guy on his right is
Council member David A. Clarke and the anonymous guy on his
left dragging the little cart is a "Babar," the generational-
slave #3 type, like then Ron Brown probably was, who'd
made the later trip to China that I'd mixed up with Barry's.
David A. Clarke, passed back around 1990 or so. Offhand he'll look
like a big example of the Autism but you never know
if they're a hybrid with the generational-slave #2 type,
so I hesitate to point fingers, but those tall, skinny
black-haired guys all seem to have the Autism/Autism-
psychopathy, but it's the same hybrid-aspect as I should
have mentioned with Mr. [REDACTED] that he might be
generational-slave #3 type hybrid. I don't know what
they do under the ground in Washington but Barry seems to
have been (kept) surrounded by the Artists, as how
John Carroll, d. 1815, almost-obviously was, like from that
painting illustration in the World Book Encyclopedia's
Mental Illness article exactly, descendants of these 201

were all around Barry. Offhand I'd guess that when he got framed, because then-president George H.W. Bush was, is, a general-slave to the system type, and went to jail, that that's maybe when Clarke had son for mayor, then I'd guess that he felt bad about "losing" and went on to fake his ~~death~~ early death, because the Artists despise to fail at anything, like getting turned down for a date, and they retreat to instead watch from the hideaways under the ground. That place in Cappadocia I'd read had about ~~40~~⁴⁰ interconnected cities with some as deep as 10 stories, and that was dug/built way long ago. I think Katherine Graham's husband had also faked his death, and her mule parent looked a lot like my fraud-parent, and her mother'd been in the Greenwich Village crowd of her day, might have loved to get high without realizing it comes from brain or been tricked by the excuse that the person had to be killed for their food-value and why let that go to waste, the LSD-like effects.

The place in Bath Beach was a set up to match the prisoner-abuse scandal in Abu Ghayib. Like me going to the Kensington Safe Haven set up it was, that I'd heard mention of the assignment about 6 weeks before I finally got it and it was only for 1 weekend at first, Columbus Day weekend, though I'm just a teeny bit ~~dis~~ unpositive for some reason about the date, thinking that I was there somehow from about the 12th to 16th of October, but how could Columbus Day have been Monday the 16th, I never got completely clear in my head, and it was only 3 days of work, with no guessing if I'd be re-assigned to there, and maybe it was that I left at 7 AM Tuesday morning, and then it became a regular schedule of 3 days a week for me and 4 days for the other side, 24 hour "live-in" work, but 3 days a week was not "live-in" and the other girl was pregnant like in her 7th month when I started and didn't have the baby until April, that the whole thing was a horror-trick, designed for the Armageddon-making decapitation for the drugs system. 353

"Armageddon" / our ma get on, and go ~~some~~ ^{away} ~~here else~~
theme is all I've known, increasingly. Here in this hospital I
could leave now if there was anyone who'd take me
out, according to the hospitalist-Doctor this morning's
summary, that they're just waiting for "placement" for me,
that if I had a friend that'd be a place to go, but
the "show" doesn't let me have any friends. Then that
could bring up that 2 people I've seen around this year, and I
still is, have looked like they're from the once of that strange
friend in 7th-8th grade that'd seemed to have early on
set me up to fall in the swamp with that guy of catching
from behind a tree, that her "characters" might have to
do with a curse that I shouldn't have friends. She'd ~~done~~
also gotten me caught for shoplifting that for no good reason
she'd taught me to do, in the Cross-County Shopping Mall in
Westchester near the Bronx, by a supermarket guard that
looked like, I realize now, Albert Anastasia of Murder, Inc.,
somehow very close-related to the Federal Witness Protection
program's early employee named Gerald Shur (Shor, Shur.) 304

In the Bath Beach job, where the lady's name sounded like the Mafia chief Joe Bonanno's, and she was somewhere between 85 and a hundred years old I guess, not really believing she could be 100 years old but that was said a few times, it seemed like she was barely tolerating me -- now I recall that that was because I'd bought her a Hoyer-lift for the winter holiday, not that she liked it but it cut back on the criticism from her antipathy maybe the word is for me for some while and I just stayed and stayed as that dislike of me grew except that now of course I had the other aide waddling in so large that I was prepared for a call to go there and fill-in for her on short notice at any time, which went on for months, leaving me in the position that I couldn't request a replacement for my 3 days even if I wanted to which I didn't, I wanted a full-time live-in job because I had no real address. In fact the girl I rented from was a little like Dr. Chetty now, the recollection nearly gone. Somehow the client-patient caught a cold and then a rash -- the cold from a trick by her grandson or nephew and then I'd probably caught it and gone to work anyhow trying to be careful and I'd caught it there anyhow, a big

to-do with me trying to cover it all up and put it behind by over-the-counter drugs, but then there was some fungus-rash and the sneaking-suspicion that I'd transferred it to her from the shared-shower part of the room I was renting as I'd stepped on this towel they used for a bathmat once and my feet had felt real itchy for a few minutes or some such "mind-game trick" the underground's been doing all my life. I don't even recall where on her this problem was but her doctor now came onto the set, and now I recall that there was this bizarre thing like a video-camera that I think is "security" common all over the place, but it was just a thing as though ordinary and maybe for the telephones, with Verizon workers parked outside her 2nd story window all the time sometimes, but nothing ever provable. And they were doing a thing with temporary replacements for the pregnant girl and sometimes making me work 6 days a week instead of that girl's 4-day schedule.

The doctor that looked like [REDACTED] later on showed up and ~~or~~ prescribed the same thing

that everyone got for that 2001 Anthrax scare in D.C., an expensive pill with a name that begins with the letter "C," I'll try to recall it later. He visited a few times and I thought we'd gotten along okay. I guess the pill was for the "cold" and later there was an ointment for the fungus, with me not telling about the itchy-foot/unclean towel incident because everything is always the "magic" game against me and I dismissed the foot itch as being a trick -- it seems that there was some rash-itch that I'd been set up to catch but I didn't catch it, in that bathroom I'm recalling a little, besides just my feet. But whatever, it disappeared from me and -- goodness help me, it'd be typical, as I'm recalling bits of this now, that I think I'd had to put this ointment on her female part -- that might have even been the regular A+B ointment.

So that was all for that doctor role. When I guess the regular aide returned and got settled I think that's when I finally gave notice, and now I'm thinking that there was some reason why I'd wanted to keep that assignment for a year, till October again, 2001

which sounds impossible, but when I finally asked to be replaced the atmosphere was as if I was abandoning the lady and the new Visiting Nurse nearly begged me to keep the assignment for the client's sake. I'll try to recall what month that was but all my notes up to May 3, 2014 and what I had in my purse then have been lost, all my life like a refugee with everything saved gone, which is why I can't relax about being separated from my papers and all those little things. Just now the nurse gave me a plastic tweezer, which I can't believe I'm finally seeing 1 in plastic after so many have been lost or thrown away because regular shelters wouldn't let me keep them, no metal or glass objects, nothing that can be used as a weapon, since the workers are underground-trained to infuriate you.

I found a picture that looked like that elderly client in a Jewish magazine holding or with a picket sign that was double entendre about employment, with her head bowed like crying because I was still there. I finally figured out that the elder-care places like Hillhaven and now most-all jobs already have their own underground people to fill the job openings. The jobs I've gone to only seem to be looking for people they could victimize to the underground, disappear. 308


A lot must have gone on in that large expanse of time and I can't guess what Mayor Brag had to do with that, where there was some small run-in in Jan. 2006 with Wm in a hallway after some City Council meeting I'd been manipulated to go to that was pretty strange and then he appeared in the hallway going the other way while this scene-making girl got me caught saying that this is a holocaust going on as he came around a corner and overheard that, and then the scene in the MTR lobby maybe it was for pointing-out to me how small [redacted] is, that she used to be tall but now she isn't, that that isn't the same person as in the 1970s, when she'd moved back to her, her family said to be Fire Department bigwigs historically.

6PM next morning Washington, it's a big deal with the name Ripley, where I think that the "Believe It Or Not" Ripley had faked his death and come here to fix-up the underground for that newspaper-running lady from the Chicago family, [redacted] I think he's then name was/is, when she'd faked her death, maybe rather than get older-looking in bushes out here she'd retire - and I should get a look at that relative she adored, her killer maybe, as they were all in the newspaper business, + including the New York Post, which is where Vernon Rice'd worked till about 1954.

I suspect but have no evidence that NY Post drama critic
Vernon Rice was a prime-mover behind that "French Connection"
that wound up at 1171 Bryant Ave., Bronx, that he'd live/
acted the role of the big trafficker Jean Jehan, and there's
something about his daughter in it then also, and thinking
about the 2 Ripley-personas reminded me that the Pattersons
had owned the ~~Post~~ and NY Post and lots of Chicago papers/business.
I'm thinking about running to the MK and then realize both of my
questions could be easily answered on the web. The other one is
wondering what years "The Honeymooners" had run on TV with
that [REDACTED] character and, to the moon phrase, to then that
Master Sergeant (sp) stepping on Reagan's toe he wrote that
he had in Feb. 1981, that looks like further off son of Jackie Gleason.

From just odds and ends I'm seeing that possibly
Penny Patterson of the Washington Herald that was north across
from that big Presbyterian Church that Lincoln had gone to had
faked her death in order to relax + stay high underground and
that Ripley's Believer at Or Not's Ripley, George I think, faked his
death in order to come here and consort with her and fix up
the underground for her delight and then re-emerge as
S. Dillon Ripley the Smithsonian's director, and back in 310

1954 a diam critic that looks alot like "both" those
Ripleys working for one of Peary's relatives, my best
favourite brother, they had a name something like

 maybe, faked his death to drop out + go to
France to become the drug-magnate Jean Telen that
was behind the drug smuggling of the "French Connection"
that I'd played with the softwares before they were disappeared
for that, Believe It Or Not, another into that mix comes the
Nortons and the entire March on Washington thing to end
beyond the Brent event, winding us up with Ronald Reagan
whose aide quit him, went to work for the Seabirds and
then spent 16 years doing volunteer work at 425 2nd St,
New from about 1991 to 2007 I guess, what was there, till
9 months ago, with this nonstop ~~known~~ unknown horror-
based in the John L. Young Catholic Charities-sponsored part of
the shelter which charity Bishop Shahan, d-1932 and with his
face all oval here had co-founded, the ones with his face now
having played roles in a couple of the rituals that had landed
me hit by those cars, the 2 instances, as the "French Connection"
was all a ritual, for disguising LSD and its source behind, hero-in,

what happens to males who are brave. One of the first things the Apollo space program did after getting to the moon and looking around for awhile, a couple of years I guess, was to set up some nuclear device, that that's all I know about it, maybe when that geologist was 1 of the astronauts, but I'd read twice that some nuclear device was left behind on the moon but not what it did, and I do worry that they've been taking people who apply for the job of being an astronaut and bringing the good ones up there to be disappeared and identity-replaced.

And Vernon Rice looked like John Carroll, d-18/5.

✓ Hinckley looked like that,

and a guy named Peter Allen, 

Kurt Schneider was similar, the "1st Rank" psychiatrist.

✓ H. Cabot Lodge

Bob Hope, Dr. Pines

1/5/16, Tuesday - Who on Earth regulates that I can't have any friends?

Just one friend is all it would take to transform this being misery into normalcy and it's the same with all these things. This with being unable to get a copy of that (Jimmy Carter) book from the library not far away is a good example of this whole disaster I see only now right ahead of me, the struggle of doing every single little thing by myself against this whole system, having to find and get to a post office and library and every little thing and during the closed-downness of the snow season, and on and on with difficulties till no productive work has gotten done, just one helpful person could get things started and instead it's just this anonymous chess-game mind-game by the whole system to foil my any hope for the least little thing. Everything is so meaningless. And there are so many different people here and I've been here over a month, everyone so friendly-seeming, but there is no hope that I'll be able to get hold of that or any copy of the book, 0 313

Great Mystery of Babylon. There's never a speck of interest in what I'm trying to explain, and, optimistic as I can be about going to new places or the "bright side" of nearly anything, it's just looking like I'm purposely being shifted to total strangers for the usual persistence of the Autism for getting what it wants one way or another, wake up and start again every day at this war for taking over the Earth without consideration for leaving me to do my separate-in-reality regular life, and I don't know what the big deal about keeping this "trained robot" system going is (sic). I'm not in this hospital for any legitimate reason but nobody's going to tell me anything. For instance, before I got hit by this car, with no police report to me for the standard all-alone problem, no friend to inquire for me, my big thing was trying to write and copy and mail a letter to The Salvation Army's [redacted] asking about the fraud-parent's descendant-offspring's affects on my not getting hired, asking if it's because of sympathy for those or threats not to hire me, trying to word that.

But for me to get that tiny inquiry together is impossible and now they, acoustic noise-gimmicks, are bothering me with those sound effects. With that unwritten mere letter as an example it looks like I'll be starting, trying to, from scratch, the same old public transportation nightmares to try to get simple errands run type of a syndrome, in this ludicrous sadism-system. Here they have this "Virginia" theme, and this looks like an Asian theme of "anthropophagy-predators" with the hairstyle like Amy Tan had generally worn, a militant atmosphere, like people like me aren't useful, like the Kanner-Autism trick, Dr. "Leo" Kanner saying American babies have Autism, are slow-witted, as the underground and top-secret system, the global-system, has been designed for the Autism. Then the very word Autism runs me into the confusion created by Kanner's use of it. Now they just did a trick with one of that haircut-type and that today seemed designed to be nasty to me starting with that the shower-water was only warm for a long time till I almost got in it --

and then there were all these little aches and pains like the "show" is just insistent on its being a bad day for me, then the board they use with the patient information had the date-area all smeary like a black clouds or -- brain shapes -- and they for the first time (CK) gave me this nurse that looks alot like the Genevieve that goes to Safe Haven every Friday for an hour for like a group therapy meeting and seemed to have some sort of dislike for me I couldn't figure out, this nurse for the day came in for this "probiotic" they give me and asked if I wanted my Flonase too and I said I'd asked the doctor not to order that, it isn't mine, but the masters got it on the chart-record so now it's a little made-up something they could use to grate my nerves, as I don't know what these people are doing. To my thinking that Jimmy Carter book-reading is more productive than anything they're doing. I asked the nurse to fix the black clouds, that I'd set some paper towels there for that, then I can see that it's her handwriting that'd made the changes that had made the black clouds in 3/6

the first gratuitous place. Now more of this syndrome. I've figured that this nurse and [redacted] must come from some hybrid off of the fraud-parent's general or specific type that they seem to have some sort of automatic empathy for me, which word I'd still want to get looked up, I don't think I've ever used it before here in this letter.

Now a thing to freak me out, that this floor supervisor came and re-did the board now, misspelling [redacted] with the "r" a lot of people put into there, then telling me her last name is Jenkins, so I told her my 2 experiences + asked that's a bad luck name, isn't it and she said no but she rubbed her hand all on my arm and it was real cold, like a whole attitude-tomorrow is being perpetrated, with then a "syllable-trick," word mind-game for the 2nd time today now by the cleaning guy, whose name is still the same as, I think, that "Inferno" and "Purgatory"

-- The Divine Comedy -- with Italian writers.. I.e. -- this tomorrow might be connected to that about PBC, Prince George's County, the "show" warming up for the new theme for the unprovable circus all over me. ---

- I'm going to go ahead and # these pages from p. 289 where they got messed up and worry about it if there's a later for this. 317