

helping me to keep the abortion a secret, I don't know what had really happened with his consent, if my ovaries were even left in my body.

This is why I figure that Mars and Venus had died-off as nature couldn't continue creating new life that would only become victims to the "developmentally disabled" and sadistic cannibals and extincutors of the dinosaurs and different kinds of megafauna meant for our diet, you can't bring babies into that situation. The whole underground area was always watching and I was getting set up for one sabotage "boyfriend" after another, all of this the "Armageddon-making show" specifically, as this "brain-eating" has become the way the whole economy is running, the underground drug-sales that seem to be merely a by-product of the cannibalism, which is claimed to be a necessity because the dinosaur extinctions and all this is kept covered-up about.

The social worker is looking into that N St. Village for me but I suspect that nothing will be okayed except whatever the V.A. ^{and} [redacted] type approves of.

My idea is that this letter and similar type of verbiage could go onto this website I'd started and I'd add the fresh research-findings as I go along.

I've never felt like a parasite for doing this library-book research and letter-writing because I've felt like the Federal-City Shelter is the only place ^{broke} ~~an~~ person could be trying to reach the government from and I'm doing the tax-payers the best that is possible, and the same for the whole human race and global-system. Mr. Fosday's gifts of money, about \$350 a year, I'd felt made him a helper, and I've been unable to find any other sort of cash. It's unbelievable that a lone female, or anybody, can't continuously support rent-payments, self-support, but it's because of all these "top-secret" underground tricks, can't find any way to make money except through the system's "social security" and similar set ups, that I have no cash at all unless Mr. Fosday sends a gift, except

that I could try putting a "Donate!" button onto the web-/blogsite, which I could do possibly as soon as I get out... I have \$10 left over from the \$50 he'd sent in August for my birthday, but nothing more unless I get out of here and specifically ask or hint through a mailed letter or 2. He'd called here when I was in the ICU and I don't know who'd told him I was in the hospital. For the 1st time since 1990 I got to talk with "my fraud-sister's" 32-year old youngest of her 2 daughters, so it was a big relief to hear that she sounds fine. I haven't heard her other daughter since 1990 either except that I think or suspect that I had accidentally heard her on a phone once, but that warned to avoid me she'd fibbed and said she was somebody else except with the same name, unusually. She'd sounded similarly healthy and happy.

I'd spent many years trying to write a book that she was being raised for an unnecessarily horrible future, like with little education or healthy good-lookingness. I'll try to recall where all those papers had gotten lost from my possession. In fact this pen might run out at

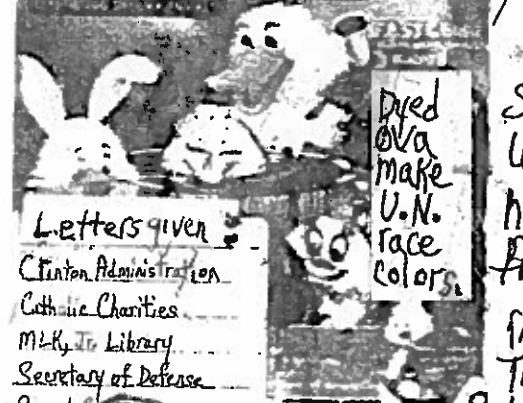
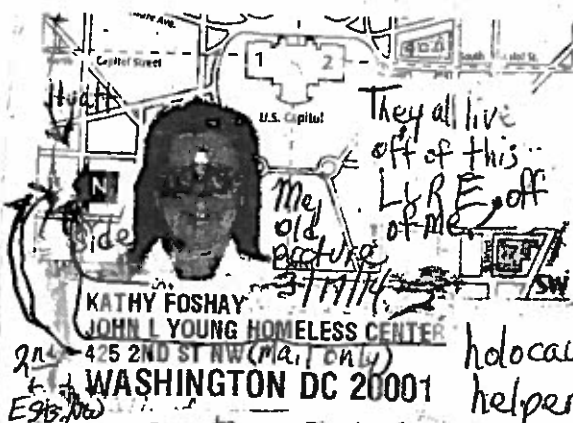
any moment, that I'm waiting to see if I can ask anyone for a new one to use because this last one is all I've got -- As usual it was like an already-mind read set up with a or some little ritual scene around my question but this one seems nice and I'm always like completely desperate for the little items like this. I'd tried and tried to get myself to find a cheap set of pens when I saw I was nearly through the last set but I just couldn't find them on a sale-special like for 99¢ plus tax for 10 or 12, how I usually buy things and get along, but this is one worry off of my mind now. My notes made in the dark for today are nearly indecipherable. One new one is that this problem with where I can go is largely that this "travelling holocaust-circus" and [redacted] offspring shadow-follow to wherever I go and largely threaten people to not communicate or deal with me. The [redacted] place was all a set-up trap and additionally there was that curse from that

"Farouk" set up, by one of those offspring, who was/is a main character in this set up. Besides getting my apartment-hunting cursed I got the impression I was cursed with that I'm an anti-social type of person, that lie ritually said about me, rumor spread. The people under Kensington I'd guess knew that I was multi-cursed against being able to find an apartment/rent anywhere and there was/is a belief that I'd wind up being a parasite on them because I won't go any of the suggested routes, like going on Social Security or to [redacted] house in New York or anything agreeable to the system, that probably just really has been ready to hide me behind locked doors for a masturbation-LURE bait, for a long time, that they're always manipulating toward that end and I'm always trying to find a responsibly-behaving adult about this Armageddon problem. Those prophecies were said to be due to come true around this 21st century turn of millennium and I was

generally aware of them and had copies of different versions of the "Bible" for keeping, trying to, an eye open for what the prophecies might have to do with our situations, and this is what those were referring to in the garbled and difficult communication-ways. So I've been left trying to find any "responsibly-behaving adult" to assist me with getting this straightened out, but the controversy has been used to strengthen and strengthen the underground insanity, "disappearing" the people who agree with me, as I move from place to place and then 10 years 3 blocks from the Capitol building and now this new bizarre pattern with the hospitals. I think I'd skipped to mention that the April 2014 ambulance to GWU was purportedly because of this "low oxygen" rate problem. It's been too complicated since I'd tried at that time to explain that the low oxygen rate inside of me comes from this same "Armageddon" torture onto me.

They'd simply lowered the "HVAC" air circulation in the 1-room basically John L. Young part of the Federal-City 425 2nd St, NW, shelter and then did the same in the main room or 2 that I used at the downtown (MLA) library, and the 9 blocks between the 2 places all have what I figure is an HVAC-induced low oxygen or air pollution problem, so that I went for a couple of years with hardly any fresh or sufficient amount of air. Then all of a sudden in March 2014 they had the John L. Young shelter "girls," like me, all transferred to the shelter-part at the 2nd and E Sts., NW, corner, the Open Door shelter, and that was really low oxygen also back where the beds were, though the front-area is a normal amount of air. With my papers changed from a locker to underneath the cot I was working on them when I suddenly got called to the front and homeless outreach workers questioned my health.

They called an ambulance and my oxygen-rate was said to be too low and I said that that's because there's not enough air back in the sleeping area, but my ankles were also a little swollen and mostly the outreach-workers were looking at a copy of one of these flyers I was distributing. I'll look to check if I happen to have a copy of it -- I do and will include ~~the~~ inexact copy from the 1 they probably had on the next page but in the meantime the "social worker-character" said there's a place called Bridgeport that is coming out this afternoon to look at me as being a possible intake, saying it's at where Maryland and Massachusetts Avenues meet, which I'd 1st thought was out by the DC General former hospital but now I guess is right there near the Capitol and Library of Congress and a bunch of places, some that I'd -- here's the print-out, it's 700 Constitution, NE - Bridgepoint, 7 - It's between those 2 areas... not too far from 2 libraries.



- Clinton Administration
- Catholic Charities
- Mt. St. Mary's Library
- Secretary of Defense
- Secret
- CIA
- FB
- DO
- IC
- Dave
- See I got slipped into this
- AA
- Am. "nuclear U.S. family" of
- Sci. "Neanderthals for this
- GLW for this
- GLW Armageddon
- please help
- NAL we somehow
- ALW
- Am. Psychological Assn.
- Librarian of Congress
- President Obama
- CIA Director Panetta
- Leah and Sylvia Panetta
- int. for. Public Policy


Letters given

I'm the most invisibly-tortured person ever, the secret-underground using me to complete their Revelation-Armageddon threats and I know we're headed for TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION. NOTHING the system says is really true. It's holocaust-dangerous but anyone that gets a letter-writing helper to me can have 50% of future-profit off of the hundreds of letters and flyers I've distributed around here these past 9 years trying to explain that the system comes from people with Autism psychopathy so bad that it caused the solar system to cease evolving back when they'd turned to cannibalism after accidentally extinguishing the dinosaurs by egg-smashing. In 1794 they established on 10th St. N.W., as St. Patrick's Church and it looks like the Civil War was mostly for distraction while they set up their new oil industry out of Pennsylvania, growing people from stolen ovaries to be decomposed and processed into kerosene, gasoline, rocket fuel and now plastics. They have Neanderthals with wrongfol-narcotics (brain) dependence all over me who probably keep anyone away from contacting me in the belief that they own me and this "show" off of me that attracts unawares victims. I wrote to Oliver North because he used to know Reagan-saboteur Michael K. Deaver who'd hooked this building and "Armageddon-making Show" off of me together, but his Freedom Alliance group hasn't responded. I think it would be safest for all if they did try to reach me. It's probably an abuse of their non-profit status to just ignore my request. I'm hard to reach, with no telephone or email or friends, just walk from this D Street, N.W., side-door to a CVS and the 9th and G MLK library every day.

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3^{PM}, 12/23/15, Wed.

That part on the lower-left about my "frost-parent" was the final version but I don't think this homeless-outreach team had had that copy. The worker said his name was Patrick and I had the impression that the Outreach was a lot because of that mention of (the) downtown's St. Patrick's Church, or the system had wanted it to seem that way so I'd feel that being psychiatrically-disappeared was my own fault for having written that.

-- By the way, this social worker says that my insurance said they'd pay for me to go to this subacute-care facility, where I've barely ever heard anything about what "my" insurance thinks about about me or what company it's turned out to be; this horror "trust" name the most recent one has/had reminds me of the "trussed" way  offspray had seemed to sew-up my chest area while (was) sleeping that last winter at the John L. Young shelter.

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↳ With the flyer the big thing is my description of all the problems' being due to Autism-psychopathy. The term has become too confused, Autism, that I haven't even mentioned it herein. It's confused because when Dr. Bleuler invented it in 1908 it had had very different meaning than the sabotage it's being used for today and then my use of it also differs from his. It's possible that he was even trying to warn about the new automobile phenomenon, that the problem-people he was locked-in with, generationally having to feed and care for and find brains for them to get high off of were fascinated by the round-and-round wheels' going around. He'd only written around 2 pages or paragraphs on it in his book on his "schizoprenie gruppe," schizophrenia, other word he'd invented. The translation is incredibly dry and boring and took like 40 years to get to the U.S., so it's suspicious how come it'd taken so long, that the work might have been tampered with or censored, and today we're in this turned-around situation.

But let me try to get a few things mentioned as I might even be leaving here today soon.

Patrick and his partner looked at my swollen-slightly ankles and called 911 I guess for a fire ambulance and that worker said my oxygen was/is too low and I was put into an ambulance and taken to GWUH, luckily I guess rather than to the other option or 2.

-- I forgot, with all this this & that going on so far, that the month before there had been a forced ambulance trip, because of a bug a girl had noticed as I brushed my teeth way early one morning or late at night, - where the 10^{PM} bedtime doesn't seem late enough but maybe it was. I guess I'd just sat in the waiting room waiting for daylight so I could leave, Howard University Hospital, and I'd given them a copy of the flyer. It had been spooky that the ambulance driver was one of Bishop Shehan's offspring-descendants. The little bug looked like a flat or dying bedbug and the incident was obviously one of the Armageddon sabotages, a "magic" -done act.

So I'd spent 9 days at GLOWH and they wanted me to go somewhere I could wear, have an oxygen portable tank with me, sort of like the set up now I guess. When I got back to the Open Door part of the 425th and St, Plw, shelter the shower facilities started changing, they'd pulled out the little hand-held one near my area, where I'd found those useful for cleaning out my breathing passages as opposed to how shower-water usually just comes down on your head. I can only recall little difficulties offhand right now, but when the John L. Young section was ready for us to move back into the only difference was the "re-modelled" bathroom and there wasn't hot water again till maybe a few days before I was too sick to walk anymore, no hot shower water from August through March, and I'd just sort of gotten a little unhealthier each day, but feeling like this "work" I do is like a public service I was exchanging for the bed and board BUT the real thing is that I was being used for this same real Armageddon-making and LURE.

So that's what my "breathing" problems" really mostly are, general and specific from Mr. Foshay curses and ploys against my health, not a natural happenstance like it appears to be because I'd been a heavy cigarette smoker from about 1969 to 2003. I'd only been able to quit because I'd moved into one of these what turns out to be a horror-location and these Armageddon-tortures are always giving me this what I call "slug-pneumonia," and I felt that if I didn't quit smoking I'd be unable to breathe well enough to be able to make it up the flight of steps to ever be able to get out of the new rented room, the new set of strangers just watching + preying.

That was in Queens, on Dongan St-off of Queens Blvd. I guess it was, there being that 1 other main street, which name I can't recall right now. And I've got about 3 subjects to go over, 2 of them having to do with the "royalty" theme, one the historical lineage-backgrounds of everybody or many of the stereotyped or mass-reproduced people, and the other about this "underground entertainment" that's always being done off of me, comparing me to a "queen"

type of some other female. It's really a horrendous subject and it's 4PM and I'm expecting these nursing-home intake people to come take a look at me, though it's all rainy and cold out, and this is involving the whole subject of the "voices" and visions and such, where I live in fear of all these phony psychiatric-incarceration people and God help me those "medications," so that I don't feel really comfortable now that I've finally reached this important subject -- & they're hovering all over me, that this subject of the "queen" business is too appalling for this horror-problem, a can of worms I can already feel I shouldn't have opened.

Both these "royalty" subjects bring up that "faked-parent," this one being that it's like a perverts' subject of his (own) choice, and the historical one that I'm guessing he might somehow be descended from the artistically-created "Rama VI, Vajiravudh" King of Siam who's said to have passed in 1925. My so-far hypothesis not only has that a faked-death but then includes a stop in probably Sicily where he took on the identity of Ferdinand Boccia, the guy Vito Genovese had allegedly killed in 1932 or 1934.

So that is 2 faked deaths and then a "shadow world" living underneath New York and raising these illegally-made fertilizations, making them, to this figuring, and then that the ova for my fraud-parent might likely have come, in 1932, from that lady named Rose Blumkin or one of her offspring-descendants already, like maybe even Mrs. Oswald, whose birth year I don't recall, just that she was born in New Orleans.

Small world, I'd noticed the Siamese royalty because there's this dreadful "psychiatrist" at GWU and I'd looked up his name and saw he'd gone to Chulalongkorn University and Chulalongkorn was the son of the Siamese King from that "Anna and the King" business, which is hugely unpopular and derided now to bring up, is a controversial subject to be avoided around Thai people. And in looking through Siamese history briefly on the Internet I noticed a picture of one of Chulalongkorn's 100 or so sons, this King Vajiravudh.

I think Chulalongkorn had been descended from 1 of the #2 generational-slaves, through the line of

that famous artist Peter Paul Rubens, who seems to have been one of the biggest workers in getting us to where we are today which is still alive at least. The "developmentally disabled, Artists" would have had everyone but themselves decapitated back around that Peloponnesian (sp) War. It seems like they'd had plans to use Sicily as a trap for everyone, but they'd just missed securing it by hesitating to start that's battle of Syracuse on Sicily, with Socrates' friend or student Alcibiades' being involved.

7PM - I'm starting to feel like this and all the previous of this year but specifically this now was all planned out by and for this lifetime "Armageddon-making entertainment" LUKE abuse of me.

The excuse always is that because there's no way out of this "Jesus-type" enslavement measures as unrelentingly desperate as this are required, by the type of slave like on page 4 here, and they think up these things to do to me and the story-lines, m

but really it seems the system only gets stronger,
the Sadists'-system, and that all my efforts are
toilet-bowled, as it's seeming that this wait all
timed for a holiday LURE-entertainment trap.
As far as I can guess, people like the #3
generational-slaves rumor-around or tell people
that I'm -- I can't even stand the words
because then I finally put together that the
system-people's interpretation of words
is all different and they've been using the
phrase to make it seem as though anonymous
little me is trying to feed all the undergrounders,
all the "whirled," is trying to save all their
lives by getting them fed. This has been going on
for 20 to 40 years now, that LURE-gimmick.
And this year it's been on like this holiday-oriented
schedule more than just the same doubled-horror
every holiday-excuse at the same location for 10 years. 19

So today they've been doing a lot of idea-of-referencing this honor-torture ordeal I've been through with this [redacted] son #4's (the fraud-parents) favorite female icon, which had started back in 1993 or '92 as being, via the hallucinogen-enabled "magic" and vision and voice tricks, the preferred female of some offspring-descendant of probably Aldous Huxley, the LSD-loving and "Brave New World" author, who'd died on the same day that JFK had. I just (that's a "code" or slang reference-word to brain-liquid, "juice," guess that this guy was descended from Huxley based on that Huxley must have donated a lot of sperm for people-growing, and they look similar. Then this guy has been "goof" turned into seeming like the tall Ronald McDonald hamburger clown character. In 1979 (1979) he'd done acting scenes about rescuing everybody from the Armageddon and in 1992 this "sight" of him popped up as though it was time to do that and then saw that female.

From 1992 until now there is always this refrain that that female is better than me. It's only recently that I realized that the "Foshay son #4" must have been in on this horror to me all along, and they're doing this theme here like all I've communicate-attempted in this writing doesn't exist, only this made-up fairy story that there's any connection between me and other females of a particular few other types exist as though in competition with each other, any female that's either blonde or has long straight brown hair. So, seeing that these "Bridgepoint" people didn't show up it's seeming like all this has been pre-planned for being "the LURE" of indescribable proportions that I've been being lifetime-abused toward, which is toward that Armageddon.

There's seeming to be no chance of my getting out of here and to anywhere normal tomorrow on that holiday eve, that my injuries were timed for me to be stuck here and worrying about the worse.

The nurse had mentioned that a psychiatrist is expected to visit me, and the social work said he'd think about whether he wanted to read any more of these pages. Yesterday I'd made about 12 phone calls and only 2 were returned, left about 12 messages like on trying to get hold of that [redacted] character, where I could (previously,) only find one picture of him on the Internet and that didn't look anything like the guy I'd seen in a meeting back in 2006 or 2007. One of the CRRC characters called at 2^{pm} today and I'd said for her to read the letter I'd faxed to the 1 I don't know there who seems to have been responsible for saying I couldn't go back to the Safe Haven shelter.

It's like the people not returning the calls know what's on the script for me and nothing I can say or do is going to change or affect that, and I never know how much danger these other people are in that they don't talk with or to anyone to assist me. It looks like I'm going to have to go through this quagmire of trying to "thin" the paperwork!

Here I am making more of it though.

Before the nurse mentioned the psychiatrist, as though this female Dr. [REDACTED] I'd met for the 1st time today had ordered it while the desk had told her that she couldn't get a copy of this letter because the machine is out of toner, which is bizarre, that she's so powerless that she can't even get a few (30) pages copied but without knowing me at all can order a psychiatrist to "visit" me, before that the nurse had complain-type asked why I wear the same clothes every day and why I don't wear the hospital gown and I explained that I'm waiting to leave and that I wash out the clothes. There are about 4 different tops but only 1 pair of pants that I wear with long tights underneath because the pants aren't long enough. It sounded bad though because she's been here more days than any of the others and should know that the room board here says I was expected to leave on Monday, that I was ready last Friday, as is why I've been wearing street clothes, and that I want to get out of here, not be a patient, etc.

So now there's little left but to be enraptured with worry unless
and until I regain my little freedom, get into the fresh
air and can check my email and get the housing
paperwork secured. This I would scan to that blog-/
website and probably forget about while I try to find
a place I could live in permanently, which brings up
that I'd want for any landlord or neighbors to know all
this indescribable problem-set I've got, where they would
have to have a paper-copy if I can afford it. That's
most of course of what the \$350 a year from Mr. Fosday/
"my ~~fraud~~ fraud-parent," had gone to, first getting copies
of the material from the books at the library at 15¢
apiece, then the little writing supplies like pens and
the tape for the illustrations and then getting those copied,
1 for the recipient and 1 copy for myself so the
illustrations could be un-taped and re-used, and then
postage costs for most of the letters till I could see
I'd never be receiving any response that way and
started writing mostly to people and groups I could
hand-deliver to, and shampoo and toothpaste for that, and 13

deodorant, year after year, my own little savings running out in 2007 I guess, dwindling away to nothing and dependence on the sort-of-seemingly money orders [redacted] sent for birthdays and this "holiday" season. I'd really felt that it wasn't like I was a parasite on him but his like taking part in a real-life good deed, and in 2010 I started seeing these "lookalikes" of his, in early May of 2010, and that 1st one was pretty scary-seeming. It's worth describing but not that important right now, only that it's this theme all over the place, as though all the females are supposed to make all the males feel "titillated" all the time, or else you're expendable, holocaust-expendable. That sort of thinking is horrifying to me and like the furthest thing from what I'm thinking about.

Then Mrs. [redacted] passed in 2011, and then the chronology gets a little blurry as every day and year was like the 1 before and I'm not positive if it was 2013 or it was 2012, -- I'd have to find out which year my fraud-sister got married in as that

Seems connected to this accidental upsetting them both that I'd done, that it was in conjunction with them writing that she was getting married again soon.

I'd seemingly flippantly written that he was sending too many money orders all of the sudden, that it was making it seem like he was mostly supporting the Armageddon himself, me writing that because the money orders seemed to both each be coming with some curse or another to me sealed in with them and because I had all these "lookalikes" of himself around more when those envelopes arrived, and I'd somehow been flippant-enough, as though in correlation to my hurt at not being invited, again, to her wedding, to say that there seemed to be some correlation between my bad fortune and her good fortune, and that was it, that that was in like April and as punishment [redacted] didn't send the usual money order in October, and being short that 1 \$50 led to me getting real sickly that winter and all this cursed ill health problems honor-set since then.

9 10PM - Now a problem that some anonymous "doctor" increased these nightmare phony medications without its being mentioned at all till this new nurse just gave me 3 instead of the usual here problem of these 2 "Serogull" horror things I went home of let alone more. Like with that about the psychiatrist to "visit" me it's probably blamed on this new Dr. Zozak female who wasn't even able to get a copy of this letter.

Let me mention that that "penisbent" was that he wrote that except at the birthday + winter holiday times he wasn't going to send any other money orders unless I asked him to, and my hints that I would appreciate any help weren't clearly specific-enough, it seemed he was looking to collect evidence that I was asking him for money. Around 2008 he'd equated requesting money-help from him with me getting a hospital visit from him so that I've always tried not to sound too desperate or ever expectant of anything.

9:45 PM (12/23/13) - Now there was a horrible set of
tracks. 1st they'd sent one of the mutant lymphos as the
Respiration Therapy tech this morning. Now they did a
hoarse-trick of its sounding like his "old-days" voice
calling to me from the room while I was having my
teeth so that I opened the door + looked + it was this
"lookalike" of this morning's horror-experience standing
there like applying lotion to or drying her hands or some
such, it taking me a minute to realize it was a
different person, "probably." So that is super disturbing
to me, that this faces-theme is being banded about,
then in reality, -- everything is the opposite, is all
I can try to describe, -- bothering me with this,
Smiling, mean-well-seeming, sadist and near total
stranger still pretending that there's nothing unusual, etc.

12/24/15, Thurs.

It's like I have no hope for getting out of here for the whole 4-day weekend starting up now. Only 1 teeny piece of good news, that I'd called Safe Haven and that Katrina-staff had answered, only odd that she called herself Miss Katrina, -- and said that all my belongings are exactly as they'd been left. That's absurd. It's the best room in the place and according to these "case manager" types, according to the CRRC or VA or whoever had been paying by PER DIEM, not the 6-month long so far I'd thought, and they quit paying that day by day rent back on 12/16. Why I'm forbidden to use the room to just sit in like I'd deal is all this horror underground horror. These personal notes have taken over the letter and are writing it but I'm too nervous to do anything else. It's all the unrepentable mess that I can't really be worried about while it's being perpetrated & since it's over I'm too busy trying to catch up to be able to then-remember. 98

12/24/15, Thurs. 1:45 AM

Now the psychiatrist, Dr. [REDACTED] was here, did a horror-set, I'm all upset, after the teeny reassurance that my belongings are okay at the shelter. I can't even repeat what was said, the usual bothering me about, he'd said that they know I need medication and I asked how he could know that when he doesn't know anything about me and that everybody can't be the same, I'm not like the underground people, or what exact words but he said or replied that ² everybody doesn't sit around writing a book - - -

There was something worse, God help me. I seldom use that phrase because God has done all possible and the help is in our creation already, made us so strong inside, but this is that desperate. Also there's the timing of it. He'd threatened that if I didn't take (anonymous) medication they'd do worse than force it is all I can put down, just horrified, so that taking it would seem a lesser evil, but this is a 4-day weekend, I'm terrified what might become of me by Monday that way.

And this whole thing is always about this horror "Mr. Poshay," that this seems always his type's pushing for my female reproductive parts; back to when I was a teenager; that his type believes that females and children are given to you by the "God/guard over the food supply," to do anything you want to with, for you to own like chattel. This whole push to make me ill and hospitalized, most of it seems to come from that stranger that had feigned to be my parent and that turns out to be like a business arrangement and I never had a clue what was wrong. Now I've finally been learning about it since 2006 but it's been going on back to the Renaissance, these insane people all around murdering women for their ovaries. I guess that brings me back to the René d'Anjou - Joan of Arc business, that it's likely that that had led to this horrifying "Christmas." That's really about cooking females "mas," to a crisp. That's what "Christ" is always about, as the developmentally disableds wanted roasted meat.

The business with Joan of Arc and those days and most of history is always difficult because so much is cover-up lied about and I have no idea what might be out + out invention. She might have been a normal person trying to explain about spirits' voices, sounds of nature, to the developmentally disabled and these partners they'd picked up and committed the Trojan War by, that I generally call "Neanderthals," like Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus. There's a painting of Joan of Arc that I use or used to have a copy of, by the painter Ingres, that that could be looked up on the Internet as this letter was read. She's beseeching that little "King" Charles, maybe it was Charles VIII or what, and a self-portrait of Ingres is watching the scene and 3 of the "Bubers," the #3 type of generational-slaves are kneeling and praying. I'd translated the little written phrase once, that it seems to say whatever the usual translation is, like, on Earth a stake but in heaven a throne. She looks like an imbecile I guess in the blue and orange get-up.

armor set. Then she's supposed to have been doing that conquering France with people like René d'Anjou and with Bluebeard or maybe it was "Blackbeard." She might have been being used like I've been being used. Then it wound up in northern France and it might even be the same neighborhood that Archbishop John Carroll (of Baltimore,) d. 1813, had gone to school in, that's near all the cliffs region.


The developmentally disabled were always cliff-pushers, running the megafauna off the California cliffs prehistorically, then chasing humans to like there in northern France, where that V-Day area is is the same thing, where Pres. Obama had gone for that ceremony in 2009, that's a lot of what that area and ceremony is about, and to western Spain, that that famous pilgrimage is all involved in this too, Santiago*, St. James.

So they'd, Hundred Years War I guess, been killing everyone and fighting with England and I think sold her and so the English had set fire to her. *de Compostella 92

The church here in Landover known as Jericho has a stained-glass altarpiece depicting what looks to me like a typical French scene from back then, and on the far right there's a small male character that looks like he's wearing a Santa Claus hat, as though the St. Nicholas business had arisen with good intent on the part of the normal males.

That is about all I've learned about Joan of Arc. There was a book at the downtown, the MLK, library of transcript of her being questioned by captors but I don't recall that there was much new in that material, trying to look up about this voice of God -- maybe it was a generational-slave #2 type like on page 4, like St. James and most of those "Bible" prophets, in his, post-mortal, spirit body screaming to try to communicate, with the naive girl, similar to me.

There's also an enormous theme in my findings of the "Sainte Foy" of Conques in southwest France, and it's got similarity with the Joan of Arc subject.


The "Sainte" is actually the girl whose skull is inside
 the head of the statue called Ste. Foy but that's a
 male, st., only the developmentally disableds were always
 homosexual probably because males fed them better,
 as they hunted and haunted the Trojans and Old Worlders
 for everything. I think this Ste. Foy of Congres is
 where the Book of Revelation came from, and that it
 then attracted people who also wanted to write and
 door-to-door sell the books, got into people's houses using
 them as a gimmick, so the gospels were attached
 and I guess their teacher/s wrote the letters and
 at some point, with King James I guess, it was
 combined with the northern Europe books that
 became the Old Testament. At the back of the
 Ste. Foy little relic-statue is this big cameo-jewel
 with a picture inside of 3 people, a male
 a young girl on a cross
 and a beautiful lady like
 begging with or being
 threatened by him → 

Little pearl-drops representing ova obviously are all over it too.

There's a strange looking blob near the lady's mouth and it's even possible she's asking for a little of the meat from the girl.

The "Babar" #3 type of generational-slave got all into this Lte. Foy business also to where they are depicted to be the Lte. Foy but maybe that comes from a "re-enactment" from the historical stories.

There a 3 subjects I'd like to get to:

- 1- Jadwiga
- 2- the "Babars" and  them
- 3- how my brain was conditioned to be insulted, that my childhood was so full of "joking" and otherwise derisions that they're an automatic part of my thinking, and it worries me that this "Armageddon Show" twists that to seeming that the lies are the truth. There are many examples of the little derisive things I talk to myself about myself.

When I got out of the [redacted] apartment, in Basic Training, Ft. McClellan (he might have been a P.P. Robens) the drill sergeant (sp.) called me to her office one day and spoke to me so vilely that it wasn't memorable, was a shock, and she explained that it wasn't a ploy toward getting me to perform better, she just really wanted me away from herself. I don't know if or what particular "stereotype" she might be from, but the worker that had come with "Patrick" in April 2014 did look like her corporal.

I'm really a nervous wreck about being kept prisoner. The call to Safe Haven this morning was reassuring, but ~~of~~ a very similar-type clerk had told me the same thing in April 2014, that my belongings were safe and just fine and that was completely wrong, they were all gone. I'd figured the, irreplaceable, papers were the real reason for the ambulance-abduction. There was a VC Protective Svcs. police-character like Mr. [redacted] that'd seemed to curse the locker.

Now on or the side for today had said she thought I was writing a book and I said about that to the nurse and she'd been under that removed impression lie-story also. The girl who told me my belongings are okay and the 1 from 2014 both seem to be hybrid-lines from either Mr. [redacted] or his type, people who are in this "show" or murder business.

A lot of this is from the 1930's Murder, Inc., mobsters. The 2002 Pete Earley book on the Federal Witness Protection program is called "WITSEC" and its 1st picture of the employee, Gerald Shor, looks like Mr. [redacted] and the last picture, with the Atty. General Reno and Joan Harris Asst., looks like Albert Anastasio, allegedly assassinated in 1957, the then-boss of Murder, Inc. Maybe "Inc." is about killing-off literate people.

I'm just a "nervous wreck" over what "they're" going to do to me with all this time looming, and plus I'd really have to try to use it in case I can scan this soon! 87

I'd [redacted] searched for the painting of Jadwiga and had only found 1 copy and it's less instead of showing more than the 1 I've got, by Jan M [redacted]. I didn't include it in the illustrations for this because it seems "cartoony" instead of about reality and seems to be that painter's only 1 like that, unable to recall his name right now, Matovic, Matjick.

Jadwiga was the young queen of Poland, d. about 1398. Behind her standing by the door there's a big bearded guy on his knee beseeching her, and behind him are all the barely-discernable small-sized people, about 6 or 8 or 9 of them on a staircase.

The 3 of those on the left, the 1st and 3rd of those on the left-hand side, seem like the ancestors of the CRRC's [redacted]


that I hearest the big guy, and of [redacted] type, that 1 at the top of the stairs on the left there,

I was hoping the Internet would give a better view of all that but the 1 at top is shown even a little less.

Jadwiga was the niece of Casimir the Great/Casimir III, who'd allegedly died some years before that. Casimir was 1 of these "Jesus/Jew, generational-slave #2 types" and seems to have a major role in all this. If not himself then his offspring-descendants I suspect were locked in the dungeon, perhaps prisoner to the small-sized people, who might have been early people-growing experiments, might have been working or not working with Casimir III's type --

-- Now Dr. [REDACTED] was by, 3pm, sounding like decisions on what to do with my still being here are being discussed. Again with this impression that I'm just blabbing like this is a vacation-home instead of that I'm in fear for my life and trying to explain how the global system has gotten into this mess headed for "TPE," TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION.

Ha, or non-ha, come to think of it he might be of that, #1 on the staircase + [REDACTED] type too!

I always look at people like they're individuals, except that I've been so over-terrified by the "Mrs. Foshay offspring-desendants". I'm also afraid to use the word "terrorized" because that was the excuse for barring me from  little public or for public use library. The security guard who told me I was banned seemed to have been a Bishop Shanahan type but then I looked close and didn't see those features. I can only ever guess at what the Underground does but they seem to have this antimatter or hologram and "shadow" world way of "stepping into" people's hologram images and being able to then look through their eyes, so that might be what I'd briefly seen as this guy appeared and told me I was banned because I'd written complaining that a girl at the library was starting to terrorize my evening walk back toward Judiciary Square, popping up + whistling by. 90

As I was trying to explain that this is for the doctors, has certainly become so in addition to the ADP RESPONSIBLY-BEHAVING ADULT salutation, and this about Jadwiga is on the page it's a stretch to follow how it isn't recreational pastime but is how we in the global system got to where we are today. King Casimir III seems to lead straight into the famous polyptych "Ghent Altarpiece," and Jadwiga's ovaries became an or the early university. If not Casimir then it was his sons in the basement of his Wawel Castle there, in old Krakow, Crakow, Pol.

With my bits and pieces of information only it's hard to figure what percentage of today's system comes from Casimir's descendants, -- 10%, 90%, 100%? His generational-slave #2 type, the prisoners off of the or a Japanese island, likely wound up as the "12 masters of the world" or some such phrase that Aleister Crowley used to describe the magic-making by, that the system might be all of one mind or de-centralized, I can only try to guess and figure.

But the aide will be awhile before I can get some fresh paper so I can't really get that too much right now, including that my situation is similar to the 2011 shooting of Rep. Gabby Giffords and all those people outside that Arizona Safeway -- with the "Babar" #3 type of slaves around all this. They seem to have been put in charge of cooking or food at least from that 2nd Soto-Foy's days.

-- The aide only brought a few pages. The "social work-character" was here and said the doctors don't want me to go back to a shelter -- & I just called and asked about a shelter for battered women and he said it has to be a relation-problem, that I don't qualify for that. He said I was turned down by Bridgeport for being too high-functioning but that he's sent general inquiries out to a lot of the skilled nursing facilities now, which makes me shudder in memory of that one in Hyattsville, the St. Thomas More SNF. I'd needless it should be to say never thought of his decapitation as being anymore than a coincidence, all the time I'd worked there. The SW said he'll be here tomorrow, and not getting paid holiday time.

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 Connie 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 Kene/Stelrose#1 type! (and seemed to die.)

I'm going to try to jot about the biggest course
I guess from that GAF across Maryland to Hyattsville,
Prince George County, where the 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, where I guess
I was cursed any way possible, this "Armeddon 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 1st or 2nd 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

moch, 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 wheel chair 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 2nd time looking at me ^{oddly} as though 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 1st 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
Shelter people named Johnson who seemed like a
whole type of every-Johnson course 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. Hos. 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-store#2~~ 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 canister back on right away to try to get some (therapy) while I can, only not using it because it diminishes 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 Hmer period of the Jadwiga painting, by Jan Matejko — The Importance is that the carnage-everywhere left by generational-slave #2 type Vlad Dracula