

got out of here. There was some dream-like sequence about some different hospital or medical care, and then only that when I got back to the shelter after missing a day away, an overnight, the Katrina-staff was on a telephone and just waved me away from the sign-in sheet and any explanation for my absence, and now I couldn't guess when that had been, maybe 2½ weeks or less before Nov. 19<sup>th</sup>. Then this 2<sup>nd</sup> accident (I think was at that Howard Ave. corner and it ~~was~~ felt less bad than the 1<sup>st</sup> time and I didn't want to give the ambulance-people my purse but they insisted and said they'd put it between my feet or legs after I was in the ambulance, and then I woke up here about 11/26 in the ICU with everyone watching about some shoot-out in San Bernardino, and my skull seems to have been having "staples" in it because somehow it had been, and seems to be healing only slowly, that monster-world had purposely cracked it after the accident sometime during that week. And my legs brought the case from Edna Johnson's or her son to mind. The distended-belly hasn't gone away, if

I'd mentioned the sudden worry about that last night, that an ovariectomy had been done, and they say my face was bruised like with black eyes or such. When that (Ann-Marie) CRK psychiatric nurse came out here, I guess she'd made 2 visits to here, the 1<sup>st</sup> she told me that I don't look as bad as I thought I did. That is some bizarre comment because how could she know how I thought about how I look, and besides the phony mind-readers' saying these made-up things about me, all I could figure is that it's from 1 or 2 aides' mentioning that I didn't look in the mirror while washing my hands after toileting. That's because there seem to be a lot of mirror-tricks that the underground plays and the 1<sup>st</sup> aide even seems like she might be from a hybrid-line off of the "fraud-parent" I've got, like a grandchild-generation, diffused but an underground-type trickster, and I was avoiding her eyes' looking at or into mine while I was there, and then it's just a general fear or uneasiness since the 10 years of communal bathroom sabotage at the F-C Shelter.

When I first got to the CCNY part of it the doork-girl looked and sounded like the girl that cleans here and now I'm wondering if maybe they represent the Beatrice Cenci line somehow, maybe look like the girl in the portrait, except are black, light-skinned brown.

I'm always trying to figure why I can't reach anyone with these explanations that the ancestors of these brain-ingesters had extirpated all the planet's normal drug-plants, and sometimes on purpose so there'd be no sales-competition, that they are dead-end people. Here's taking a chance that I'm incorrect about anything, which the system then uses to negate everything I say, but the brain-"juice" brain-serum, is maybe nice like the www worldwide web seems to be nice, where really we were meant to have a wide variety of high-making foods to learn how to fly by, and the Internet is there regardless of the web that's been built within the Internet. It gets more technical than I can explain right now, to do with physics and binary numbers and the punch-out cards, which brings to mind the 2000 presidential election, that it had hung on a few of those "chads," the little pieces of paper that are the punched-out leftovers.

This aide wants to be helpful so I mentioned that it's difficult going without a computer for email and general pastime uses, to see if that mention reaches anywhere.

I saw a Bishop Shahan, d. 1932, -type at the library on the other side of downtown from here, a few or 2 days before the accident I think it was, plus I don't really look at men closely and I'm not sure how much like a "Shahan" he'd looked or if it was more that underground "shadow" effect showing through the guy's face, but he did seem to be acting oddly, as though my trying to use the copy machine or its scanner-use that I just finally figured out about after not understanding it in the MLK-library downtown DC for a long time, only getting the email this summer now, as though he didn't want me or maybe anyone in general using the copy machine. Then I asked a clerk to show me how to use one of their computers and I checked on some things and later that day or the next I realized ~~that~~ I must have left my piece of notepaper there (what I call the jottoes, folded into my pocket 8 sectioned-full sheets of paper (like this.)) The piece only had 2 things on it plus whatever was on the back of the sheet usually,

the 1<sup>st</sup> thing being the name and details about this CRRC's  
new-to-me employee, the [redacted] but I think the  
MCH "case manager girl" had spelled it [redacted]  
over the telephone that morning, and that was upside-  
down, and my next note with the day's date on it is  
completely forgotten, and I guess I'd forgotten or dropped it  
at that computer desk, the 1<sup>st</sup> time I've used a library  
computer while all these years it's been what everyone  
else has been doing. Except for that day it's seemed that  
there are fewer people at the computers lately and note  
that I've been staying away from them for fear of upsetting  
the system, giving them the gimmick-alibi for removing the  
"worldwide web" from all the normal people in order to prevent  
me from being able to use it, which is what I'm hoping for here,  
that I could get back to what I was doing with this as  
an example of how beneficial and non-threatening explaining  
things toward getting out of this total planetary extinction  
could/could be.

For instance lately maybe objections are that I'm insulting  
to "my fraud-parents" and all the offspring-descendants

Somehow made from him. All they'd have to do is  
cease preying on and off from me, cease using me  
as a LURE-gimmick for the brain-"juice"-serum business.

Then that brings up the CIA, that it was invented as  
one of the ways of placating the developmentally disabled,  
who've been hallucinogen-dependent for back who knows how  
many thousands of years, generational-store #1 type Allen Dulles  
trying to find ways they could sublimate their "Autism" for getting  
rid of the other types of males. So the government/s was all  
involved in international drug goings-on back at the time of the  
"French Connection" ritual, and "my grand-parent" couldn't have  
been in practice without either their, its, blessing or looking away.  
A hell/slander problem is that I think he's still in business, that  
whole type with its old Siam/Thailand roots is, and suspect that  
he works with another relative, and all this is secret I live  
alone with white everyone smiles and pretends nothing  
unusual is going on, all this cracking skulls open to eat/  
ingest the brain and the "melting" and other ways of --- +  
I'll look for a paper I found at a library I was using recently:

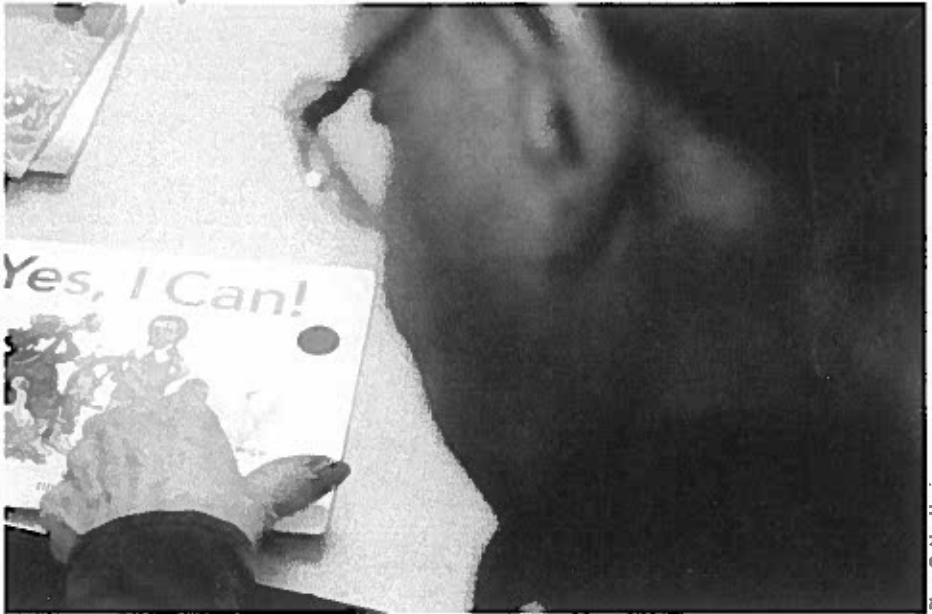


Photo © Alex Harris

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**Tenleytown Library**

**Thursday, Sept. 3, 2015**

**1:30p.m.- 2:30p.m.**

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The figure on the right represents one of "my fraud parent" offspring - descendants showing the little boy on the left that the elderly female hand in the middle is writing that, yes we are can -- nibals. This is the same as the "speaking for me" problem, the whole Armageddon - making "show" based on the system's doing that sort of interpreting of me behind my back all these years - I found this in October after I'd just checked their bulletin board a few days or so before and that event - date, whatever it is, was past. It was put up there so I'd see it as I'm looking for a place to live, "apartment hunting" the "case-manager girls" always referred to this as, where somehow "ment" and "mint" seem to have allusions to brain. I can't use the word "fix" because they all want everything fixed.

If you've never had "LSD," which I had had a few times while in the Army, your thinking-way is all different and opened-up feeling, it's nearly undecipherable. So to try to figure what the underground has invented via the under-the-influencers (sic) can't really be guessed at by a sober person. 157



That's why for instance I say I have no real idea what happened to JFK, as LSD was all over the place until 1966 when it was probably realized where it comes from and made illegal in California, or maybe they did that so they could curse or arrest males they didn't like who tried it, etc.

With the Sainte Foy all-gold little (3014') statue in Conques in southwest France the big church has an over-the-doorway pediment or "tympanum" they call it, a carved decoration that also allegedly pictures Ste-Foy, amidst around 123 other characters maybe. I'd seen a good website on it while I was at NASA, in June 2013, in their library, as they were acting strange like everywhere else I go and I think they'd ditched that set of McMillan Science Encyclopedias so I'd had to look-up about this DNA business, probably because it comes up in Hermann Oberth's "Catechism" for Space-living or some such title that I'd looked at at the Library of Congress but it's all in German and at the end he has something about the 4 parts of the DNA strands, ATP+ on 30C maybe, and once I'd gotten started I wound up looking to see what there was on Saint Foy, where I think the Revelation book comes from.

Over that church's doorway they have this carving and on the left side, at the right hand side of the large figure in the middle, is a line of well-behaved looking guys, but somehow some of them look a little familiar, like I think it's the 1 closest to the large guy's right side, looks like the North Carolina politician [redacted] and a little further down there's one looking out that reminds of JFK's features. So that's had me thinking it's possible JFK might- could have been pulling a trick toward de-spiriting this country, or another group with the developmentally-disableds, like on the other 1/2 of the tympanum, had thought-up that assassination for doing so or because of their expectations from their space-rocket business, thinking those stars are all silver and gold and other gems and they'd soon be in control of everything and all the Earth.

The same [redacted]'s appearance over a doorway was put up by this local Basilica, next to Catholic University and near the Washington Hospital Center I'd been in from April 2nd to about May 26th this year. In both the carvings it's said to be the character of the Virgin Mary. This one for this millennium is called, The Universal Call to Holiness, I think. And maybe I

of the boys does look a little like JFK. I must have had thousands of pictures for evidence-pieces for illustrations (sic) for these letters, as I've hardly anything now and think it'd be interesting to compare JFK and George W. Bush's looks to see if Bush could be an offspring-descendant from JFK. There's a little theme of a couple of people who have curly, gold-looking hair and really happy attitudes, one being 1 of the 3 "case-manager girls" all over my poor little life, and the other someone here in ICU, maybe on RT, respiratory therapist, who said he's from El Salvador and said it's real nice there, all smiley.

What I'm saying is that thousands of years ago the TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION had started and that it's only because these developmentally-disabled people had begun eating other people, some of them did, individuals amongst their own group at first I guess, and that this has nothing to do with any modern details that have since been man-evolved and worked out to the present-day situation, is like a separate subject or phase from all this, that my trying to be objective about Prehistory shouldn't be offensive or worrisome to anyone almost to speak of, except maybe under TUVIA.

Then Ste. Foy is alleged, said, to be on that tympanum, but seems like a Babar, in a monk's robe, and in charge of the kitchen, discernible in the left-rear, with chains + I think handcuffs hanging near the stove. The big figure is like or of what I call the generational-slave #1 type, and seems to be trying to manage the deluge of the smaller figures by trying to teach them through reading and writing. The name of the piece, tympanum, is ~~Thuk~~, the Last Judgment, Le Dernier Juge.

Maybe it's Jugement or some such, and maybe (libel/slander charges or controversy behind my back from the underground or underworlds treading here carefully,) and maybe this is why my cousin that looks like a cross between Bridget Bardot and her parent or the Dalai Lama had named her son Juge, pronounced Fudge.

The 1<sup>st</sup> time I was run over I guess I'd gotten off at the bus a stop earlier than usual (like Tawana Brawley!) and I decided to cross at the Knowles Avenue corner for the change because at the next bus stop it's always the same trip to in front of the fire house, maybe to break up the sameness or because I was becoming leery of the fire house, but I'd never used that crosswalk before and when the

light changed it looked like the Walk/Don't Walk sign was out of order with burlap over it and I saw cars making the turn from Knowles to Connecticut Avenue + took my chance that it was also the pedestrians' time to cross and the next car just didn't stop + hit me maybe 2 steps (3?) from the curb. But that wasn't the corner ~~at~~ near where the ritual had been done, I'd walked the opposite way, but maybe it was the same car that had been intended for when I got off the bus, walking up toward <sup>the</sup> Howard Avenue little intersection - (dinner break was here.) On the 10<sup>th</sup> I'd walked by the Fire Station to to the usual stop to go north on Connecticut + inexplicably felt like walking to the bus shelter in front of the Safeway, maybe because I was hoping to meet anyone to talk to, + I don't think it was a risky-seemingly evening going to a NAMI meeting in Wheaton, because of all the "mental illness" charges against me

National Association for the Mentally Ill or some such, and  
in the walk south from Myers Mill Road toward Knowles,  
a car just did the right turn onto Howard or High  
I wasn't crossing the street right there & hit me &  
I went down & it seemed much less bad than the 1st time,  
which date I can't even guess at, right here jotted  
just the nearest mention of.

The [redacted] come by and said they'll be trying to  
figure where to send me tomorrow. Then I'm back to  
being all alone worrying about this murder-LURE  
and all the logistics and no responsible adult that's  
allowed to work with the problem-set, also that  
"Armageddon" sounds "schizophrenic."

12/28/15

I remembered something important, that those sonic booms of the late 1950s - early 1960s were probably the new jet-planes' breaking through the ozone layer, creating today's "ozone hole." That could be connected to Kennedy's not wanting to be responsible for it possibility "ducking out" in conjunction with that the space-probes were finding that the stars are too far away and there was no immediate gratification looking to come from getting into space, and the holocaust it probably was to make all that rocket fuel, down there in Alabama-area, Marshall Space Flight Center or all the different names of that base near that town, Huntsville or something similar, that Wernher von Braun went to after some place in Texas, "Operation Paperclip." Today's or just recently director at Houston, Johnson Space Flight Center, has been John W. Young, and he'd been 1 of those jet test-pilots and should know all about the sonic booms, and then of course this ozone layer problem, but has never said a thing as far as I can find, only that humans will have to find somewhere else to live as the Earth's in bad shape or some such.

The same thing with "my fraud parent," able to tell me that the noise was only from planes' breaking the sound barrier but 20, 30, 40 years later ignoring the connectedness to the whole ozone-layer problem. I think I've mentioned this in one of my letters and didn't get a reply to that the booms may have been the planes' poking holes into that yolk-sac-like membrane between the stratosphere and space.

No one's allowed to discuss and work on these real things. John W. Young must have this "developmental disability" that has the characteristics that I call "Autism," where they feel little in a ~~skill~~-separated and alone, think or can think only from their own viewpoint, and just don't want to get caught and punished, for mistakes back to forcing their way over Beringia the 1<sup>st</sup> time.

So this is finally a good, clear example for the NIH. I'm saying he "must have" the "Autism" that I'm talking about because he was on more of the flights than anyone from nearly the beginning, when they were first doing orbits to then landing on and driving around the moon and then the Space Shuttles, around 5 trips altogether, to Admin. at Houston, the Manned-Flight Space Center, who goes, which astronauts and when.



I guess it was his 1<sup>st</sup> orbit of the Earth that 1 of the other Astronauts (maybe Dick [REDACTED] or Sch ----) slipped John Young a sandwich to take with him and in orbit Young offered 1/2 to Gus Grissom and he ate it but got all sick on landing, throwing up while waiting for the rescuers or pick-up people in boats to find them. Then of course there was the horrible death-explosion the next time Grissom went out, with 2 other astronauts, Ed White and \_\_\_\_\_.

Grissom was the generational slave #3 "Babar" type. He died and Young went on to be head of the astronauts but as far as I can tell he's generally led an anonymous-type life, yet other astronauts seem to know to him like he's an icon (c. Hadfield book.)

I don't notice anything in particular about his looks that seems to be stereotyped, his face doesn't seem to be familiar, but they might have different people posing to be him. There's a Norman Rockwell or Rockwell-like painting/illustration of he and Grissom getting into their space suits. I haven't come across much material on him, I'm conspicuous because I was staying at the John L-Young shelter, and his name is John Watts Young. How can a Navy jet test-pilot become director of the astronauts without putting the sonic booms and hole in the ozone layer together?

Generally self-derisive / ask myself how I can sit here and stay away from the subject of "voices" similarly, but I don't think there's a real comparison unless, under the hallucinogen "think tank" LSD influence the system-people realized right away that they'd broken something important and had purposely picked Young as having a "scaredy" Autism like I am, avoiding the subject despite the harm, because the harm is only always been looking to corner me near the West Point-area U.A. anyhow, is what I figure they're still only doing, and then I'd be the same as personally dead while still being used as a people-disappearance (after masturbation / ~~to the~~ ejaculation-collection) LURE. And last night there was a little difficulty with the little horror-pills' # being raised for a 2<sup>nd</sup> time, also scaring me. I'm saying that that's nothing like John W. Young's position but the booms, sonic booms were before the manned space flights. If I was on computer/Internet/web I'd send an email to his office or old office or website or fan club and simply or bluntly ask if he didn't think there was a connection between the sonic booms of around 1960 and the ozone-layer hole. It's pretty obvious that nature's been trying

to damage-control by patching by compressing the weak spots till there's just the one big weak spot where no one lives to speak of, just research-people.

Off of that subject there's this bizzarrer one of the Fritz Haber and Haber-Bosch air business, where I read that Haber began sucking in air to collect the nitrogen from it and release it again, very similar to then this everywhere "HVAC" in and out system. Haber and other "German industrialists" could then use the nitrogen to turn it into gunpowder and then it's become plant-fertilizer manure routinely nowadays. I think this has got all air pollution everywhere that buildings and cars are congregated, but maybe the worst is all the gunpowder-making from the nitrogen in our excreta. They collected and processed that to get the white "salt" that forms when it's dried and played with it for many centuries, and that recalls that the Salpêtrier, where Princess Diana died, had been a "salt peter" collecting-point for the nitrogen-rich doo-doo, then became a women's asylum, now a hospital.

I'd called that "girl case manager" about getting the housing-paperwork to me and despite anything and all I said I guess she called the CRRC place and that's "girl case manager" just called and I reminded that I'm trying to get away from CRRC. Also I'd recalled that the director of the Veterans Affairs office at Judiciary Square 2 blocks from the 425 2<sup>nd</sup> St NW FC-Shelter was one of those "Steinrose #1" and like Joe Fuca types. I'd written 2 letters to him and when I'd brought the 2<sup>nd</sup> one I guess to his office he'd put his hand on my back and his voice seemed promisingly-helpful but I never received the information she said she was going to send. Which brings me up to the French hypnotist Dr. Charcot, who I think had worked at the Salpetriere asylum, the famous 1<sup>st</sup> hypnotist and early psychiatrist, that he seems one of that stereotyped type too, and seems like may be what's going on as this is the 2<sup>nd</sup> time I've woken up in a hospital and been told I'd been unconscious; "obtunded" they'd said I was in April for a day or 2 at WTC, and now here was a week, as

this might be descended from Charcot's work.  
The ozone layer needs to be fix-repaired and the  
sadism halted and the ignorance and trivia-creation  
reversed to people's learning about everything without  
this lying and sneaking around. The NIH, would seem  
like a place that could take a lead but there seems  
to be zero-interest in whatever I'm jotting about while  
I'm being waited-out till the horror-system can continue  
with its lifetime-goal of using me as a pornography LURE.

I'd called the "social work character" and asked if  
someone could drive me like out on a pass or O.T. to  
get that paperwork from Kensington and 1<sup>st</sup> he'd asked  
when which didn't sound unpromising but then it's  
back to the slow mode. The girl case manager I'd called  
before that had probably called the CRRC one. This goes on  
instead of the system's admitting something's wrong and  
letting people begin the repairs. They just want to kill,  
the plan of being the only ones left on the planet or  
what ever this flat-looking place is. I feel like maybe  
I'm being left till my skull is healed, but that increased # of  
pills last night worried me that it's waiting me out. I have more

notes for things to get to bot of course I want responsible-  
adult interest in this. It's always the pattern of letters  
getting too long and I try summarizing the pertinent (sp)  
parts for a place like MCH then. None of these people  
seems to have any personal autonomy or has mentioned  
the blog-/website I've given-around the address for. Maybe the  
nurse-staffing has morphed from white to black to asian so there's  
no one that any talking-subjects has been established with, just  
strangers, and I've -- I can't bring myself to use the word  
"wonder" either, ~~like~~, like in, I've been wondering about -- because  
it seems like the system-people use it like code-speak for  
that "the 1-door is filled," with people-pigeons, and then  
it gets closed and they're killed. In fact it was 1 of the  
song-words as this horror "Armageddon Show" was being  
set up on my head back New Year's 1992-93. So, I've been  
trying to figure or have been hope-thinking that maybe they're  
letting me heal here. By the by, for what it's worth about others'  
from what I think, that room at the Safe Haven doesn't have  
to be veteran-affiliated at all, the MCH could pay the rent,  
like to their own selves I guess that would be. I did hear the  
director ranting sometimes about overdue rent from the girls, 171

like they pay a percentage from their own income at a job  
or from Social Security or different arrangements for the  
different situations. It's going to snow soon and there'll  
be no movement for people who can't drive, like me.  
My sweater-jacket under the raincoat was 1 of the pieces  
I didn't get back, with the pants and shirt and eyeglasses.  
So I'm expecting a doctor/social worker/other visit and might  
get into those odds-and-ends instead of a contiguous subject.  
-- Now I notice that 12/31/15? has been put up on the board about  
my discharge date; and that is the beginning of another 4-day weekend,  
... they brought lunch and it's a hamburger and meat + cheese and  
milk, which brings up that meat + dairy are supposed to be kept  
separate is a Biblical-rule that Jewish people follow and so so  
long & until it's like on the same tray here often, I am ignoring  
the checker but always "wondering" if ~~something~~ meat and berries  
is a sneak-way of getting me to stay health-conscious.  
I<sup>am</sup>, I have to also think in terms of being unable to reach anyone here  
but being able to get this onto the Universe rescue --- never mind, it's  
like that is going without saying, sic, nearly the least of  
possibilities; only that maybe I can get it scanned onto there,

whereas otherwise, etc, I can't even afford to copy the 1st set,  
only 24 or 25 pages, at 13¢ a page, let alone this and how  
it's morphed from the straight evidence-subjects to this personal  
fretting and pastime, — and the 3 types of these 'medications'  
effects, as I got another heparin shot, afraid to read the print-outs  
on these things. I don't see any point in trying to write to the  
NIH because I'd still need a stamped-envelope. Goodness help me,  
I do have 3 of the little stamped-postcards but these are the  
ones with the wide tree that looks like a brain, (picture here)  
that I'd be uneasy about mailing one with that  
to any of these modern places really —  
now this regular-seeming social worker was in here and asked  
if I'd be okay with going/being sent to a rehab facility in  
Kensington and I said yes and asked if she knew the name  
of any she had in mind and she'd said there's a Kensington  
nursing facility, and I mentioned my fear of any psychiatric-stigma  
places and she mentioned the name of (guess a chain of  
places that the CRAC's "prn," psych nurse practitioners, had  
mentioned her 1st visit out here and that led to me pointing  
to this letter, that any place the CRAC recommended is a place



I'd want to stay away from, and she questioned and when I summarized about [redacted], that I think CRRC is actually from criminal/underground person's thinking she feigned shock and I said that, it's everywhere and went into that the ozone Earth is a mess, that the ozone layer is actually from the space-race time with of the sonic booms, as she was ~~patting~~ patting me on the back and backing out of the room, and as she left that, so ~~enough~~ so (Manor Care) that that group had recommended ... and she said a couple of times that she'll talk to the "social-worker character," while Kensington Nursing Home sounds good because of its proximity to my, the housing paperwork is all I'd mentioned, belongings.

All this ignores that I've always said that the "COPS" is actually the underground's torturing me, for this ~~fray~~ then it gets into and = like her backing out as I started about, like the ozone layer hole ....

There was a tiny scene yesterday where a new Tech asked if I'd felt short of breath as I'd taken maybe 1 step to lean over and turn on or off this oxygen or get the tubing and it had been such a brief moment that

I'd just said I hadn't based on that it hadn't been noticeable because it had only been 1 second and I was back in the chair continuing to talk, but on reflection it did seem like it may have been that "shortness of breath" syndrome, and maybe she or "voices" working through her know that it's from the, I'll call it, "leash effect," that this "being trussed" by those -- no, that was last winter and before that this "leash effect" was felt as I left the 9-day ~~hospital~~ phony-hospitalization at GWUH. I'd wanted to make a detour to the Safeway on 17<sup>th</sup> St, NW, because Safeways sell the tea bag-style little coffee bags that aren't messy while lining out of my purse, and I could distinctly feel this leash-effect pulling me from being able to make the detour, as though it was a generational-slave #3 "baber" doing that "decision-making" for/into me, and this place in the middle of the ribs in the chest is still this phony "COPD" and low-oxygen, which the S.W. just called, dee-sat, de-oxygen-saturated, and I realize that yesterday when I got up from the chair (a way it couldn't have actually been shortness of breath, that it's what I call the underground's torture onto me,

and that it's more/less the same "leash effect," which is  
much like then (maybe) payback for the Lyndie England frame-  
up picture, her holding the "leash" on the Babar #3-type guy.  
It's of course "hellwings-on-enabled plony 'magic'" I call most  
everything that's going on nowadays, but too it reminds me about  
more of this business with that Congress lady, [redacted] that  
looking into that could lead to filling this day with jotting about the  
inter-connected odds and ends, relevant only because it  
leads back to that 1794-business with the origin of  
downtown's St. Patrick's Church, on 10<sup>th</sup> St., N.E., just up from  
Ford's Theatre and down from the MLK-Library, and the  
Catholic Charities is attached to St. Patrick's. And it brings  
up that in 2 of the books about the [redacted]  
massacre I found I found pictures of girls grown from my ovae,  
really upsetting. One picture, and they may or may not have been  
the same girl, made me think the girl was/is a slave to  
[redacted] in a book by the big boy, that looks a brings to mind  
Herman Kahn, that had been there and did a lot of the rescue  
work that day, had maybe saved [redacted] life. The other was  
in a different book that looked at the incident like philosophically.

That's like a news photo and shows this ~~unfortunate~~ girl as I think a pro-abortion picketer outside the Capitol with a "my fraud-parent offspring-descendant" like heckling her and the subject. I sent a copy of that to the fraud-parent and there's generally no response to subjects I raise, but I did become afraid to open the envelopes anymore, generally go through about a 3-day exorcism process 1<sup>st</sup>. I have the last one I'd gotten here with me. I read the bottom to make sure there's no emergency then wait a day and read the opening. This one's on yellow legal paper, like only the 2<sup>nd</sup> one like that in 10 years, and I think I saw something about cold winter and I've left it unread, as they all seem to carry curses within themselves. Similar I guess for the "JFK" one that the case-manager girl promised she would really mail for me, with the choice otherwise only being to give it to the nurse's, nurses' desk, that my letters are generally 5 pages = the 1-ounce postage stamp allotment, full of whatever I'm currently looking into, sending photocopies and using the other side for the writing-paper. Shudder to open them,

like with me finding that French Connection picture last year. Only there's the alibi that the stated narcotics agent really also does, turned to that profile, also look like that, too. Which should lead to about the ~~overly~~ ~~mass-~~ ~~regardation~~ and that the system was doing an acted-out ritual, but there's never been a word to me about the picture from anyone.

I think the big-boy's name, last name, begins with a "B" maybe and it's filed under biographies, title about being a hero. He worries me that maybe Kahn was a descendant of John Carroll through the line of Obadiah Brown, me forgetting the middle initial but I have his picture here, co-founder with Luther Rice some family-type of the George Washington University and that hospital, while of course Carroll had founded the Georgetown University, etc. And in fact that does connect, that Carroll seems maybe to have been a hybrid-cross of a "Baber" with someone like that "big guy" or the Ste-Foy Conques tympanum, what I call the generational-slaves #1 type, and then the boy who's committed the Saberton in Arizona massacre was a "Baber" type that looked like a young version

of the "Baber-type" that's Mrs. Biffords' husband, and his twin brother is up in space for a full year right now, maybe 3 1/2 months to go. One of the pictures in Babby and her husband's book about her skull-trauma has the John Carroll-features real distinct on the brother. Both of them are astronauts. Twelve or 14 people died -- and one of the "steincase#1/(Vince Kane)" type of guys' picture with Mrs. Biffords is in the book also.

It relates to the 1794-founded St. Patrick's Church in that they and Bonzaga-then had been involved with when Mrs. Surratt, it will come to mind soon, something like Sotter, who'd been hanged for the conspiracy that had led to the Lincoln assassination. In fact "Ford's Theatre" is the main place to learn about the assassination, the acting- and inventing- and making-believe theme.

So it's as though the 1 or both churches or who else had gotten Mrs. Surratt's ovaries, was the real ulterior motive for killing her. The singer Adelina Patti was a "Baber" and a big international star back then, the "Babers" seeming to have been generalist-store#2 type trained to be sex maven,

making reproductions of Mrs. Surratt seem particularly valuable, to all the guys with the, developmental disabilities, who can't find women naturally and so want to be issued their fair share, etc.

It's possible that when they got hold of her they found that 1 ovary was already gone, an idea I got only from some little carved-decoration on a building at Galley Place that looks like maybe 2 dragons with 1 egg between them, or 2 roosters, maybe growling at each other to get it. So that it seems that much of today's cannibalism-products come from wrongfully getting that ovary from Mrs. Surratt, -- and now it occurs that her son John also looks maybe some like Gabby Giffords' generational-line, which includes the priest that was working at St. Patrick's then, his name something like Walter Jacob or Jacob Walther, its 4<sup>th</sup> priest, which then goes back to the painting in the Louvre by Andreas Mantegna, goes by title like Pallas Closing the Vices from the Temple or Barden, Minerva Shooting the Vices, that the 3 characters in the lower-right, 2 carrying a ~~#1~~ staircase #1-type, the one called Ingratitude looking

180



like Fr. Walther and Ms [redacted] ancestor, but also a Cardinal in the Raphael of Leo X with 2 Cardinals, as the one on the right there, a de Medici cousin, and further back to, King René's Book of Love, a friend-character there too, so that her brain seems to come from a long line of friend-partnership with the system-makers, the developmentally disableds of the 2 types, like Charles the Bold's and René d'Anjou's together.

Then it's libel-slander territory, but also important to this TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION problem that I'm really by myself alone + locked in this hospital with, that it looks a little obvious to me that she must have dallied with an employee or such that had also been shot, that he looks like a person who'd written a biography on that, Faber-type, schoolteacher who'd been killed in the space flight that had exploded, the Challenger or Columbia, in about January 1986, Christa McAuliffe, and his write-up gave me the impression that she'd been made to feel "hot" by sexual thinking or such with that other civilian on the flight, Mr. Jarvis, who'd taken her bicycle-riding the night before. The other big explosion-loss I'd thought had come from similar adultery-bellwether but the pictures at NASA didn't look like the same female astronaut I'd thought I'd seen in some magazine earlier, like a People magazine, or maybe where I thought I'd seen a blonde with the guys' "veering to" her a bit.



So it seems that, the boy's, boy-assassin's, (Jared's,) massacre was maybe a "stereotype's retaliation" for the or a dalliance, and now this ritual in a Safeway parking lot to this skull-injury I'm trying to get healed from, that doing them there is also some anti-cannibalism and/or shopping for food fear toward the system/Armageddon goal. Mr. Atta, Mohammed Atta I think his name was, was also a "Cerber-type," of the main plane into that World Trade Center on 9/11/01. These guys, and the other types like with those other 9/11 hijackers, are all system-slaves, that it looks like them doing it but at the least it's the system forcing them into it, as with what I figure the situation was with the Rockefeller family, which I figure was thought-up out of the ~~new~~ Auburn Prison, NY, when it was new, as the Erie Canal was being built, 1817-25, for taking everything they could out of the inner-country, to the Mississippi. And the, Joseph Smith and Brigham Young Mormon-founders had come from that area between the Great + the Finger Lakes where Auburn Prison is. Then they'd built Sing-Sing down the now-attacked Hudson River to near NY City, and the Rockefeller's area is right near then Sing-Sing. Benedict Arnold and his partner Major Andre had

been in # Taunton, NY, Sing-Sing area too, during the "revolution" which I guess what was only these "developmentally disabled" world-takeover that we're going to die in, as there's never any interest in this & all my explicating of this "Autism" that I really think is behind every thing. Were the only place that biology got started, the jewel, and this little error has "snowballed" into killing all biology, the 1<sup>st</sup> planet and there's a good chance it isn't at all replicable, the billions of years of work to do this. Like "spoiled" children, encouraged to walk and run and play and laugh and feel good, then they got this idea in mind to get hold of the sun-ball and it became obsessive and everything went wrong, they didn't mature and "grow out of it" eventually and still haven't and don't show any signs of giving the situation any re-assessment. As though the planet is a material thing to be owned and not the place to fly off of and out into space from, that that's what the plant-drugs were for, getting high and developing wings and spirit-bodies, really learning to fly. The "Mogollon Rim" fits into this, in Arizona not far from the Grand Canyon and stretching to New Mexico, a 1,000-to-2,000' sheer cliff drop to valley floors, that nearly never gets mentioned, like a superstition not to.

The "lost" New Worlders seem to have rationalized that as a sign that nature really is vicious, but it was probably designed (sic) with flying-practice in mind. There might even have been meant to have water of a lake or the sea for padding the fall, but the prematurely-exploring and now developmentally disabled from the battering of the trip over Beringia New Worlders only saw/see, their inherited brains do, it as a murder-trap, 1<sup>st</sup> against themselves and then used by themselves against animals, which'd likely led to the rise of meat-eating birds like vultures and eagles. I figure the piranha fish come from this same sort of cliff-pushing people and animals into the Amazon. Santa Monica's cliffs next to Hollywood is where the airplanes all got started-up at, the industry and pilots' congregating there. And those "La Brea Tar Pits," Rancho La Brea, that's a big part of how we got to here historically, though I'm not sure of any of the death/murder details, just mostly dire wolf bones it's said are to be found in those tar pits, but that's all petroleum industry, like asphalt might have been invented from there on what's now Wilshire Blvd. Safeway might have started in that area, by some guy named Seelig maybe.

12/29/15, Tues.

I'm trying to get to about the defector around 1955, "Peter" Pyotr Deriabin, which I think is pronounced Der-ya-bin, and the "social worker character" just came in and said a place called The Kensington accepted me, Kensington Nursing, S/PF, I guess, on a Dumas or Dumont st. I should have asked him for a Google map, asking for any information on it. It's insane-like to go to Kensington but my things are said to still all be there, per your call last week, etc. He said that this place and that place each think the other should pay for my transportation is the only point to be figured out. I said I could take a bus, that wouldn't ordinarily include this but it would explain a sudden transition to my "potentially responsibly behaving adult," that these roadways-ways came about with no understanding of nature yet and they need to be updated. I hear the U.S. is being blocked-out of future space endeavors and it seems like the now-in-space developmentally disabled with this Autism descendants are just fine with whatever they're doing. NASA seems mostly to create beautiful pictures of space, like old Op-Art, for them.

Pyotr Deriabin defected and the U.S., the early CIA, took care of him. There's an article in a 1959 Life magazine I still have to try to look up that's assumably got pictures of him but the spies all keep themselves secret so I don't know how the article does it. He was something along the fraud-parent of mine's type, and from Siberia not far from the Republic of Tannu Tuya I think the d.d.'s had been under with their Neanderthaloid-buddies, and he passed around 2002. He did like all educational work for the developing CIA! Before he passed he left a book about the Cuban Missile Crisis called, The Spy who Saved the World, about a little guy named Penkovskiy who looks a little like Lee Oswald, or looks alot like him, I can't really figure without holding examples side-by-side and as many examples as I can get. Deriabin might have looked like that Mafia-guy back then in the South, Carlos Marcello. I figure he "taught" the CIA how to make slaughterline machinery (sp) for hanging people on for cannibalism industry, and to get high off the "leftover anyway" brains had single-handedly had a major influence in setting up all of this.

Also important is that people had been told that LSD comes from processing a mold called "ergot," that grows on rotted rye plants. It was discovered by Swiss pharmacist Dr. Albert Hofmann in 1946 and free samples were sent to all over and mostly through psychiatrists I think, eventually becoming very popular in Hollywood and Washington, till it was made illegal starting in 1966. In 1951 there was a big outbreak of ergot-poisoning in a little town, Port-St-Esprit (sp) not far from the Bourriers area. I think Jacqueline Bourrier visited there twice in the 1950s, once that her sister Lee wrote-up a small cartoon-book about, along mentioned along with their other travels that summer, that she wrote about in a millennium retrospective photo album.

"St. Anthony's Fire" by a guy named Fuller, maybe John Fuller, was written about what Port-St-Esprit had undergone, all of it bad, no psychedelic colors. I wonder if the point was that the generationally-enslaved natives had heard that "LSD" hallucinogens come from ergot and were arguing that ergot should be used instead of their brains' liquids and the system decided to show them how good ergot really is by getting it put into their bread or water or air however, and people were shrieking and crying and jumping into the Rhone (ck) to cool off.

It occurs that maybe all the free samples had come from the Nazi holocaust.

That brings up the 16<sup>th</sup> century character, Joseph Nasi, that there might be a Nazi/Nasi connection and even the word national and the NASDAQ (sp) stock market, could all be those generational-slave #2 types like pictured on page 4 here, come from their forced-labor and -thinking for the captors. Doing this to/off of me might come from his work, looking at this coin-medal picture (X said to be of his aunt, Grace Mendes, or of her niece, and it's possible it's one of my ancestors, is maybe Grace's sister's daughter, Chicafunk they called her according to 1 or both of the books I've been able to find on this, titled, "The Women Who Defied Kings" where I can't figure how the young author found all those obscure materials. Nasi is ~~best~~ most known for his failed Battle of Lepanto. There's no picture of him available, only one description as having a bushy beard was all I could find, leery of make-up material. He or his brother or uncle Seavel seems to have kidnapped and briefly married Chicafunk for the purpose of "male head of household" getting hold of her ovaries I'd guess.

This place it looks like I'm going to looks like it's not far from this huge Mormon temple, "LDS" big sign across Connecticut Ave. and I'd taken a bus through the general area once to get a feel look at it and it seems there are big residential schools behind locked gates, up on the top of this other side of the Plyers Mill Road I've been in since July. The French Larousse Encyclopedia's entry on either Mormons or Salt Lake City, its 1963-ish edition that the MLK-library at 9th and Q Sts, NW, downtown had had, had a picture of a generational-slave #2 type near and under the temple picture, giving the impression they're under there in particular. Joseph Smith III is depicted as being one of these also. Many of them might be off descendant-offspring of Joseph Masig d. around 1575 after the horrible Battle of Lepanto. King Philip # of Spain then is pictured as being one also, and maybe Cervantes, everybody trying to win the war for the earth for the developmentally disabled captors, and then to King James of the Bible - organizing for them and this, then K. Charles and Maryland.



This place I'm going to I'm going to be showed-in in all winter which isn't really even started yet. He, the "social worker character" again mentioned the insurance company said they'd cover it and I told him I don't know who they are and he said it's "Trusted Care" and they're somewhere in downtown DC and are somehow connected to the V.A. I don't recall how this came up but he said that the other option is a V.A. psychiatric unit. "The Kensington," Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center, is off of a bus route and I don't know if it'd be walkable for me but it's near the stores in Wheaton. The Wheaton library I think was closing for repairs so it would be rough to try to reach anywhere, Kensington's branch closed for remodeling until sometime in January, etc. The Kensington does have computer equipment. I can't even guess what is ~~my~~ system-manipulation of me, that my mind is on getting my belongings! as 1<sup>st</sup> things 1<sup>st</sup>. -- I called and Wheaton's open with no talk about remodeling, because there probably isn't anyway except by the scanning, that cached "PDF" to get this onto my little website. It might get noticed all the way to Salt Lake City, and around the Pacific Rim to where the "Tura"-area base could use it as an

anger-excuse against the West. Tova isn't far from where Pyotr Deriabin had been born, who must have taught the CIA all the sorts of things "my fraud-parent" seems to think are okay and normal, about the chaining and cannibalism and bizarre "tricks" and twisted language and "shadowing" people from underneath them I guess. This "Nemesis" concept or play by Alfred Nobel generational-slave is really for this anger-excuse for the developmentally disableds' getting their Armageddon set off by other people so that they themselves appear to be guilt-free that this is a PLAN that I'm at the bottom of.

Therefore that yellow legal paper most recent letter from "my fraud parent" might be fair-warning that my mentioning the "French Connection" picture beliefs that I have on the new blog-/website were known about, with perhaps the car accident as punishment. My cousin could easily have told him every word on it, come to think about it, where there was the girl that looked like her daughter there and the director/fraud-aunt type, just coming from their husband/father/F. son #2 type's shelter-business, where there was access to a computer that finally got to me.

The anti-character reminds me that maybe they're descended from France's Eleanor of Aquitaine, one of whose sons is connected to that "The Winter of Our Discontent" Shakespeare soliloquy (or whatever, line,) that Steinbeck's novel was titled after, and that mentions jet-planes as being little spindles of malice, but I don't recall if he mentioned sonic-booms. So that son that had said that may have led to some English King that then became, descended to people like my late male cousin, John Travolta and JFK Jr. And these offspring-descendants or vice-versa seem to still feel that they're royalty over the commoners who might as well be their food. I might have that last letter on the legal-color paper with all my other papers wd trust with the system and its "gul case-manager"... etc.

Snowed-in in the woods in Kensington where they just twice hit me with cars, near the humongous it looks from the Beltway, Mormon temple, in a place founded by Christian Scientists that calls itself tranquil, with my belongings, I hope, and with the DC HA paperwork straightened out I hope too, looking for a place to live, trying to reach anyone about all this. I've figured that

there was probably traffick from Tova-area to Salt Lake City, that alot of the stereotypes come from Salt Lake City, even that Rose Blumkin might really have come from the Mormons and not Minsk, that they tell non-system-people just any made-up thing and we don't know the difference.

It's 2<sup>PM</sup> and now they gave me the heperin shot now instead of at 10<sup>PM</sup> they've been doing it -- me thinking I'd had one at 6<sup>AM</sup> -- but now I recall that the nurse was Yemi and I hadn't seen her his morning, but this nurse agreed to me thinking I'd had the daytime shot at 6<sup>AM</sup>. Everything is worrisome till I secure the belongings, now thinking she's giving me tonight's shot early because they're getting ready for me to leave.

The social-worker had asked me if I'd be able to find a place in the 4 months and I said that my Armageddon problem makes it difficult, I should have used the word LONE myke, to find a landlord that understands my problem, and he said it might be better not to mention it -- as it follows and kills after the LORFS.

My belly is all distended, as she did the hepatic shot there and it's like I can't even suck it in anymore. That's worrisome.

For orientation I'd taken the bus that goes through the length of Pipers Mill Road and it's a little "story-book" -looking and very hilly and twist and turny, and that's not far to the south of this nursing facility. -- There's the LDS temple on the bus map, and a Fort Detrick Annex with a cross like it's a hospital. I'm trying to get above and beyond whatever they're all doing where they don't/won't/can't listen to about TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION, like "my fraud parent" has never had a positive comment on getting the 5-page letters like this, as a therefore representative of what all of his type is like, Brigham Young being a figurehead no doubt, with Joseph Smith as his "Artist J.-d." partner. Then I went and just had to find out the fraud-parent's response to me asking where he was on 11/21/1963, that I don't remember seeing him around around that time, which seems like one of the system's Armageddon-making manipulations of me and unlikely to get any response except

like these 2 car accidents may have been, as "speak" to me who's unaware of everything, retaliation, these "curses" these people use, psychotic I'd call going ~~by~~ them instead of regular life, -- which I'd never known because he and Mrs. Foshey had been more like paid-caretakers who wished they'd gotten a better kid for the job.

That this is all "making do," making the best out of the horrible situation of these Artist-strangers' liking to be murder-oriented, while we should have healed or grown out of that and be trying to figure how to re-start the solar system, that that's the only level I can try to reach a helper on because otherwise the system-beliefs affect everything and reduce it to this imbecile-level.

Besides my belongings then I'll be trying to get this scanned to my email so I could, goodness help me, send it to the blog-website UniverseRescue for censoring, that I can't even "run around" mentioning Mr. Kone's name and Jack Valenti's, etc, that, I can barely even make a simple copy for editing and still keep the original with my bizarre little abilities. I

thought I'd replace any "controversial" name and word with a  
& sign that I think I noticed was still on the last keyboard,  
at the Safe Haven I hope really does still be being nice  
somehow about my belongings! Going to this, "the Kensington"  
might be a manipulation to upset all the "Neanderthoids"  
through their, standard operating procedure, underground-spying  
on whatever anyone is doing, and upsetting Salt Lake City  
might reach to Tom/Siberia real Artists, who probably just  
hope the Western Neanderthoids will go crazy and bomb  
the other Westerners, because, like Pyotr/Peter Deriabik  
they're really from Siberia and are here for here's sabotage.

So the Kensington -- where the little Victoria queen had  
grown up in London with at least 4 fraud-uncles who  
were King-possibilities that she'd somehow gotten chosen over,  
the same name, Kensington Palace then and there, -- this new-  
to-me places advertises that it has state-of-the-art  
computer equipment, which sounds worrisome but also  
how else could they me try to reach all these people that  
might listen, when I expect no progress or good interest  
from the LDS, its "types," & The people from the

"Veterans On the Rise" shelter I was in from May to July of this year drove me to Safe Haven by way of pulling over to ask directions at the Grace Episcopal daycare center and I think I'd already or was about to see this big LDS sign, which, the "LSD" business has been on my low-list since I saw that "French Connection" picture, and the scene really seemed phony and premeditated, that it was the driver's way of "spy-world" letting the LSD- and LURE industry know where I was going, the exact address they were "GPSing," so that I felt I was being transferred from 1 set of "brain-eaters" to a new location's set of the same, but this was this enormous LDS temple area, and there's never or seldom anything I can do except maybe delay the persistent "magnifiers" that fulfill the wishes of these "d.d.'s" and friends. It's like they built my situation inane situation for making all the genetic-relatives of the fraud-present perpetrate the Armageddon of the ~~Touant~~-area d.d.'s, where all I ever do is look for protection from his "next-of-kin" power over my wife and then this where I don't have but \$10 unless he sends anything, which seems to



come with a curse. Offhand I don't think there was  
any "money-gift" with the last envelope, that it seems  
like it's really wished me not to be around + the thing is  
that in reality I barely know that guy, there's never been  
anything positive, just a predator manipulating an oblivious  
baby that ~~did~~ wound up with no option but to join the Army,  
that there was no job and nothing to do in the Bronx when  
I somehow graduated, from the same Evander Childs High School  
on E. Ben Hill Road that he'd gone to. I don't notice any  
"tricks" that sent me in the direction of the recruiting office,  
it was just a place I noticed and walked into after  
maybe a couple of days of thinking about it, and  
that was after graduation and the summer's ending with  
me left visiting the F-son #3, the type that looks like  
Edwin M. Stanton of the Civil War, that I'd registered  
for Lehman College but I was just left at the uncle's,  
fraud-uncle's, and the September day for starting classes  
passed. I was eventually driven to or picked up from the  
Bronx and there wasn't any job and I was just bumming

around and noticed the recruiting sign on a 2<sup>nd</sup> floor  
on White Plains Road just up from Gun Hill Road, with  
no plans for my future whatsoever going on, -- and  
then I had to get permission for that and that wasn't  
easy either. <sup>Probably Mrs. F. only had signed.</sup> The only thing Mr. F. "fraud-parent" said was  
to not lend or use buy roll-on deodorant because the  
Army was mostly blacks and the girls would be asking  
to borrow it, so just get the non-skin-touching spray.  
But he used to mention the Lindbergh baby and I don't  
know why except that Bruno Hauptmann had lived not  
far away, was from the Gun-Hill neighborhood and had  
therefore been heard about about the Kidnapping. Now I'm  
starting to wonder if Lindbergh wasn't a lot like  
Aldous Huxley the LSD-afficionado, who'd passed the same  
11/22/63 day but quietly in his sleep while high. All those  
pilots seem to have been "flying high," that up there in or  
above the clouds is the greatest feeling and they, many  
of the early ones, just had a great time. I'm trying to  
check on one named Chamberlain whose partner might be  
from the same genes as Kensington's Brainard architect-millionaire.