

I've had this "fool-saliva problem" while I sleep on + off since 2009, have to spit it out onto tissues at night and she said it's likely post-nasal drip and she'd give me a prescription for it but I went into the rot before the printout on it, what turns out to be this, over-the-counter-sounding "Flohasse" and its ~~info-insert~~ doesn't mention post-nasal drip, it's for hay fever and allergies, but is a corticosteroid.

The stuff is called Fluticasone ^{underground} nasal spray; the name familiar from little I'd looked it up, ^{steroids} and got using it. Then I read that JFK had been warned about long term effects of corticosteroids... I think that female doctor Janet ^{court pat} ^{steer} was the one using it for his back pain. Their pictures don't look it but I think there was some big age difference between he and Jacqueline. Then it's possible he'd preferred blondes and that ^{underground} ^{partners} ~~discovery~~ was the big debate in the underworld clubs then, as with the Mary Meyer and her CIA-husband business. This Dr. Ch. seems like an Elizabeth Taylor-ova in retrospect but when she's standing here I don't see it, it could possibly be an example of things like "crossing" Sophia Loren and her real husband where if it's a girl it won't be anywhere near as good-looking but if it's a boy the system might love it and start a new line of people with those looks. Similar is/are these ~~frail~~ female offspring-descendants with the frail-parents' looks -- and he'd always joked about eating your mistakes when cooking, a sly cannibal-joke and what seems to go on all the time, decepitators for the drug-use of yourself bonus that goes with that, ~~been from there~~ ^{did} a lady that did look like she'd possibly really had been from E. Taylor's ova, -- in fact at 7 AM, on 11/16 they woke me by a lab tech saying she was going to draw blood and her last name was Taylor, then she said she had the wrong room and turned the light back off and went next door. And the actress that played the role of Britzel "Italy" on General Hospital looked like E. Taylor I guess. The one I knew I'd disliked bc I'd thought she looked too good to be working w. homeless women, was n't I am interested in one of us.

forced ambulance + tip bc of a bug a girl had tried as I brushed my
teeth one morning / 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.
Howard Univ - Hospital Station ambulance-driver

the flat UK led by UK deputy + was all ritualized "magic"
a done to them 2+ heartbeats - kinda "magic"

ambulance-outside team

Patrick + put me UK at slightly swollen ankles and called 911

+ H mbe said by Dr not too low + I was forced to ^{into an ambulance} BWH

Access + plays role against my health by the off-accidents
net ritual happenstance / put in a heavy order from 1969-2003
I only feet bc I'd moved into a Queens house + got
grogginess + felt stiff / but got smiling I'd be
unable to kneel to get up the stairs of the
new house until now

the new set of strangers, just watching + praying

(H) Patrick and his partner looked at my slightly swollen ankles and called 911 I guess
for an ambulance and H called my exper too low and I got feet into an
ambulance and taken to BWH.

NIH deal to lead + using Infectious Disease (exclusion)

The Tories got sent to jail to sabotage by agsm

neto state to do over for a \$5

Cfeterwa Assn - gny nke shoked

(p. 27) 12/22/15 "retroading"; zero-2016 ppm di reactor had ten CC's director into
JL4 part section of the Federal - CA, 1900s from and 2005-2016

CC was largely formed by Bristol Shale 1-1930, of CIA the had Bush
- Concessions "PPF"

(p. 28) modes op system modes opens of locking women away cap - on
prohibitive changes like've wantedly house,
+ USA, in as exhibits for operation - collection + people - 1999
LURE "entertainment"

Since 1964 probably only recently monthly were

I think it's not helped to Marilyn Murre

The Artists - system types had (spelt) surrounded, covered + disappeared.
I suspect she was dropped to the A - hospital near the found - part.
with p. #41665, think up these ways of pleating the capers

(p. 52) my idea is it has better could go into the day - 1000s to
and it add the first record - Bonds as 1 go along

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

V+V

and I think I'd mailed to Obama about him. I'd sent a winter-holiday greeting card to the Obamas in 2009 and got a card back but anything I've got gets ruined and this "show"-torture did phony-excitement about an envelope from the White House so bad that it was a week till I could actually open the envelope without this torture shrieking and banging all over me.

I'd planned to try to do a write-up on the Universe Rescue blog-/website but haven't had a chance yet on the visions and voices aspect of all this, since I can't trust to even mention it to these stranger-"doctors" as the one at WHC had made it seem plain that admitting to voices automatically gets the horror-"medication" That might be because the system's been putting transmitters into people's or babies' brains since WWII. Cardinal Spellman had written a ~~book~~ fiction book about a veteran's finding a guiding voice. I think I was only able to find a review-summary of it.

Francis Cardinal Spellman of Boston and then St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York was a big worker in all this, and a high school was built and named after him just before the Fosters moved to the North Bronx, 11/1/63, then I had to walk around the school to get to mine. 2-19

Generally self-defensive / ask myself how I can sit ^{VCS} 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/
~~LORE~~ ejaculation-collection) LORE. And last night there was a
little difficulty with the little horror-pills' # being raised for a
2nd 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.

VES

"growing" people from purloined ovaries. The 1st thing I'd learned about was this phony "visions and voices" business and I said to those that wherever this is coming from is going to take the human race extinct because, bluntly, only a "moron" would care to waste their time long enough to learn how to do this to the sacrosanct brain. That

~~Then in, on~~ was 1993. Then on Oct-16, 1999 I finally figured out that everybody acts so strange because our society, our food, is cannibalism-based. In 2005-06 I realized there's a connection between Autism and the brain-chemical serotonin and being a "brain-eater," -inger, was what was odd and distant-seeming about what then around 2006-07 I realized was a phony- or now "fraud-parent," I realized that ovaries had been being taken out of women and fertilized wrongfully, people being mass-reproduced and going back about 600 years. All 4 of those realizations,

- the brain-tempering
- the cannibalism
- the brain-eating
- the "growing" of people from cut-out ovaries,

each of those by itself is leading to total human extinction, then by 2008 I realized this is so unrelenting that they would break the

(be only morons wd participate → lowest-common-denominator

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

11/11/16, Friday

hand-copy - spaced out to fill the whole page

Dear Sandy,

Thank you for the offer but I've got a lot of clothes and 2 big bags of paper at 4013 Plyers Mill Road in Kensington, just off Connecticut Avenue behind the Volunteer Fire Dept., that I'm just frantic about reclaiming from that women's Safe Haven shelter I was at until this car accident, which wasn't an accident so much as connected to difficulties with the system. I'd started a little, free blog-website: <http://UniverseRescoeKathyFoshayWordPressCom.WordPress.com>, trying to explain everything, like in the letter I'm always working on now, if you're interested.

If you know any way I could get to Kensington to try to get my things please let me know. Otherwise thank you for the nice offer but I have too many ~~inter-related~~ difficulties to be able to accept. Thanks.

(forgot abt above Google Search line)

Sincerely,
Kathy Foshay
(443) 630-4914 (cell)

(3/29/16, Don't bother trying this jinxed phone's #1)
It probably isn't safe to try to contact me yet.)

1/13/16

R

You'd asked who's paying for the housing-voucher and it's basically always the tax-payers that are paying for me, as with the 10 years at the Federal-City Shelter 425 2nd St., N.W. I don't feel that I'm a parasite because possibly no one has ever worked as hard as I have, in trying to prevent the TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION the system denies and covers up that we're real-life, all biology-started gone, headed for. I'm always offering 30 to 50% of future-profit to anyone that assists me in this in any (real) way, as in my note yesterday that maybe someone from Johns Hopkins could be found. I suspect that that I'm descended-wrongfully from their early student/teacher Florence Sabin, 1870-1953 or '54 and if JHMI has an historian who would be interested I would love to read her letters and summarize the contents for JHMI, then there could be my interpretation of them. She was also a laughingstock for the whole underground and my explaining the tricks could serve toward getting the disaster actually straightened out. For instance, I have no idea how she could write that biography on Franklin P. Mall of Johns Hopkins and Carnegie without any even mention of his wife and family, there has got to be some explanation for that and I figure the RIMR's Simon Flexner had somehow conned her into that bizarre total omission and the answer is likely in her letters (in Smith College.)

Kathy Foshay
K'll put tape over the "at" 8/13/55

1/14/16, Thursday

Social workers Steve and Ryon,

I finally recalled what my big problem about the V.A. is but then I realized a big new factor, how this with little me ties into the TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION more specifically, but these things are hard to describe: it's not just me that would wind up getting shipped to the V.A. hospital near that fraudulent-family I was put into but the LURE-script to this Armageddon-making revolves around a character, "Julie" that the male fraud-parent probably adored many years ago and in real life that female has no doubt got friends and family throughout New York and into Canada and West Point is just across the Hudson River, getting all them over to the free party and food and pornography for ejaculation-donation cover story, but now I'm realizing that "Julie" and Ret. Genl. David Petraeus from there also and mentioned on page 9 of the 1st 24 pages of the 400+ I'm still writing that are supposed to be in my chart, are likely, along with many others, to be the "wrongfully-made offspring-descendants" of John D. Rockefeller, d. 1939, rich beyond imagination, his estate and Sing-Sing Prison also right near the V.A., he and his "fraud-parent" getting their start near Auburn Prison after the Erie Canal connected the Great Lakes, near Auburn, to the Hudson as well as the St. Lawrence Seaway there, ^{which} is accessible to Siberia, as on the map I'd made the other day. One of the presidents of the south Siberia Republic of Tannu Tuva where I figure the system has long been under looked like JDR but I think they'd expected space to be full of diamonds and silver for their harvest but that's been covered up since the moon landing. I figure JDR was a hybrid-offspring from the generational-slave #2 type, as on the page 4, forced to assist with this world-ownership Plan. Per my letter yesterday maybe I could rent near the Johns Hopkins on Mass. Ave. in DC, so I could get out of this Plan, please. Kathy Foshay

Secretary of the Veterans Administration
 Robert M^s Donald
 810 Vermont Avenue, N.W.
 Washington, DC 20420
 (202) 461-4800
 22 January 2016

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



me,
 2005, DC DMV ID
 Old picture
 of me

Lifeline:
 Phone Number
443-630-4914

- Letters include:
- Clinton Administration
 - Catholic Charities
 - Mark Twain Library
 - Secretary of Defense
 - Secret Service
 - CIA
 - FBI
 - DOJ OVAL
 - TG of Treasury
 - Douglas Devel Corp
 - Senator Clinton
 - NAS (Natl Academy of Sciences)
 - AAAS (Am Assoc for Advancement of Science)
 - Am Public Health Assn
 - U.S. Marshal's Service
 - GLC
 - F. O. Law Center
 - GULC-TPA (Gen Public Health Administration)
 - GLC
 - Harvard University
 - NANCP
 - AELU
 - Am Psychological Assn
 - Librarian of Congress
 - President Obama
 - CIA Director Pasotta
 - Leon and Sylvia Pasotta
 - Inst for Public Policy
 - Am. Embassy, CIA
 - World Corp.
 - Washington Blade
 - Federal Order of Police
 - NOAA
 - with... D + K Pasotta
 - Jerry F. Langford
 - Brookings Institution
 - Natal Medoff
 - GAO Comptroller General
 - Hudson Institute
 - Idea America Foundation
 - Many other letters.

Dear Secretary of the Veterans Administration

I'm a 60-year old veteran afraid that I'm being railroaded toward confinement at the Montrose, NY V.A. hospital on the Hudson River and am writing to you in advance to try to prevent that's ever happening because the system sneak-uses me for what's probably the biggest murder-LURE and excuse ever and wants that on the Hudson as a big part of its Armageddon-making for world-takeover.

In 1989 I'd accidentally gotten a wrongful label of paranoid schizophrenia that's now being used to keep me in hospitals and V.A.'s CRRCC, Community Resource and Referral Center, is a big part of that as I'm chronically home- and family- and friendless because of the top-secret LURE. I'm currently in Bethesda's Suburban Hospital next to the NIH since 11/19/15 after a phoned-up car accident and 3 days ago they said they're taking me to court next week to get a legal guardian put onto me but I've been left with no further details or calls returned. Since 2005 I've distributed hundreds of letters explaining the system is forcing us to TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION but only comes from psychopaths long under the Tuva area of Siber-Mongolia, asking for assistance and witness protection.

is going to do to me or how much involvement the fraud-parent has got over my situation, I've always been terrified of him. Finding the photograph explained that he always seemed strange because life out here was a cover for underground doings. I think he got his job with the subway-system shortly after that "French Connection" time but his letters don't answer my questions. The whole world has been running on that narcotics-economy worked up off of that scam, that it was all done for the ritual purpose of camouflaging the sale of brain as "LSD" and methamphetamine behind the conspicuous white powder that probably came/comes from pulverized bone nuclearly, hero-in, and the photograph was probably also good-luck ritual for human meat, the way the bags are in black. And there is a veritable "nation" of "real" biological offspring of the fraud-parent all over the place. The generational-slaves of the system-core found a moron to place to sabotage this country and placed me to be this dependent child situation and waited for trouble and I'm trapped and I think the system won't let me wind up anywhere except Montrose V.A. and I don't want to go there both because it would finish the Armageddon-making for the psychopath-system, possibly getting a nuclear war started for cover-up of everything, and because I don't know anybody there, there's nothing for me personally except that this fraud-parent wants to be the famous host of the top-secret people-trap LURE, the benefactor feeding and having everybody high and entertained by this marathon of invisible-and unproveable-torture all over me out here. I would be miserable out in the woods there and probably "medicated" into a vegetable-like state, while the ozone hole will collapse eventually, etc.

Your honor, on that June ^{6/23/15} flyer hand-out I was still saying that that's my artificial-next-of-Kin on the far right in the unattributed photograph from the 1969 book on the 1961-62 "French Connection" narcotics-smuggling incident on which the 1970/71 film was based, based upon my recognition of the 3 suitcases the bags of heroin are in and taking a closer look then at the men's faces, and I wrote and telephoned anyone I could for some official assistance to no response and last August I finally found 2 pictures purported to be that stated narcotics agent, Ben Fitzgerald, and they did look similar at that angle but the agent worked for the federal and not the state government like that caption says and I suspect he was told that that part of the Bronx was real dangerous and that my artificial-next-of-Kin was some sort of an acting stand-in for him and that the photograph was taken, probably unofficially, for phony ritual "magic" underground-system from around Tannu Tura, and that's why I'd been led to play with the suitcases before they were taken for storing the heroin then, a few blocks away. On another flyer I mention that I think alot of the white-powder drugs might come from nuclearly-pulverized people or our bones.

Λ = purposes

466/18

Kathleen J. Foshay
Suburban Hospital, #2445
8600 Georgetown Road
Bethesda, MD 20814
(301) 896-3100
January 19, 2016

Dear Court,

I'm like a microcosm for the whole human race, that you'll be deciding about. I just found out that the hospital won't release me without a guardian and I'm just terrified. I should have a guardian but it should be family or friends and I really have neither and I say, (or "maintain;" I don't know court terminology,) that that's because of this horrible and unique situation of mine.

While in the hospital since November 19, 2015 after being hit by a car I've been writing a letter trying to explain my situation and would like to submit it as evidence and background on all this for myself; where this letter would be a continuation of that so I don't have to repeat to a stranger what's therein.

This about my being unable to make medical decisions is a cover up for the system's wrongfulness and they just want to keep me ^{legally} kidnaped. The car accident was a part of that. It was barely a tap compared to the unprovable-by-me 1st car accident. All underground "magic" and ritual is involved which would make me sound like a crazy person to try to describe about the double-situation. Apparently there were too many witnesses to the first accident and it only knocked me down real bad but I was unscathed and hypnosis was used for bleeping-out how I got back to the shelter sometime the next day so I cannot prove anything about it or that the week or so later of the 11/9/15 occurrence I had again somehow fallen unscathed but woke with what seemed like a cracked skull and severe pain of my inner-thigh ligaments or muscles so that I couldn't walk at first and my face seemed to have a lot of bruising, making it seem as though these "real" offspring-descendants of the fraud-parents had been beating me, ^{and} cracked my skull and possibly ~~the hospital had~~ ~~taken~~ an ovariectomy had been done, perhaps via consent from this secretly-underworld fraud-parent. I woke up from the top of the car accident of the 19th on the 26th of November and the hospital employees had a newscast on about a stand-off in San Bernardino and I was just glad to be alive especially because of the double-problem of also the TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION unless I can get through to someone that this hostage-holding system has to be straightened out so we can work on not going extinct and taking the planet with us, but the next night I'd nearly been killed by these oxygen masks they clamp

The standard Oil Rockefellers' estate and Sing-Sing prison are just south of Montrose and West Point is across the Hudson, the Rockefellers and petroleum being major parts of this TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION situation we're really in. and it only comes from an unrecognized ages-old brain trauma from crossing Beringia too prematurely and nature couldn't halt the guest to catch the son, then they've spread their genes everywhere so that there are all kinds of stages of the development disability-set everywhere and their system won't let us free to discuss them and get the ozone layer repaired. People like Rockefeller and Osama bin Laden are only generational-slaves trying to placate and damage-control and survive the decapitation-obsessed psychopathic One Brain. I sent Secretary of Defense Gates a 16-page letter in Jan. 2008 on this double-situation of mine with this "Armageddon Show" LURE and the peculiar Neanderthaloid family, that the chain of command only comes from developmentally disableds (sic) under Siber-Mongolia, but there's been virtually no response, me always unknowingly in an isolation-vacuum; please, I could answer questions on factors I haven't covered if given a few days to think about them and some pen and paper, let me know and I could explain things in writing. Obsessive-greed and sexual problems only require being talked about and the eternal future re-gained would work out the anthropophagy. They must have long ago set up something real scary at Niagara Falls. We are on a dying planet and it's the only biological one in the universe and they can't improve genes in laboratories, their source-brain is just embarrassed from when they'd met the big-sized Old World peoples in Prehistory and they were just tiny and feral, wild, and had already extincted the New World dinosaurs meant for our food and transportation. The 24-page letter to CRRC is 500 pages now, please contact me for a copy and don't let me be locked up on the Hudson.

Sincerely,
Kathleen Foshay 073-48-4061
8-13-53, 1/24/16

because the system is keeping everything all covered-up and I'm at the bottom of their excuse-making for setting the Armageddon off because of these bizarre real genetic offspring-descendants of this fraud-parent's being used all over the place, which led to the phoned-up car accident that got me into this old-time set up Johns Hopkins' hospital. The time for placating the decapitating system is past, the problems that led to the decapitating have to be discussed openly so some people could try to start making repairs on the planet and its broken ozone layer seal around our air. Nobody talks to me because of this bizarre Armageddon situation I've got's keeping them away and everything I've tried to do is sabotaged by the sneaky system. There's no friend of mine for the doctors to speak with to act as a trustworthy-buffer between them and myself, but I always tell people that any so-called medical problems I've got actually come from the underground's "tampering" all over me, and the underground-made offspring of this fraud-parent do those "shadow world" activities toward getting me hospitalized like this and there isn't any connection to reality about anything about them, only their secret thinking that I can't address because everything about the underworld has been secret from me until recent years, me sixty now, except that I finally figured out this role of being a "King of the earth" gimmick for the Armageddon-making they're used for.

One of the Armageddon-making tricks has been to let me have access to computers lately after none since 1994, and I've started a little "free" blog-/website and was about to install a free "Donate" button from the PayPal company and would like to do so as soon as possible as I've had no source of income except food stamps and occasional gifts from this bizarre fraudulent-family and now a few gift cards from the Montgomery County Coalition for the Homeless, who can't shelter me because of the oxygen requirement from the hospital, which is especially useful overnight. I've been writing a letter trying to explain everything for basically anyone that would be interested and it's about 400 pages now and I plan to try to get it scanned, proper names bleeped-out, and posted onto the little website. The Armageddon-trap is that it's been dangerous to try to help or even to contact me so I'm hoping the third-party of the PayPal company would act as a shield preventing donors from becoming retributed for wanting to "Rescue the Universe" by getting the system straightened out by me writing what I can figure out about the Prehistory of the now global-system leadership, and such as that, the "tricks" and "magic" and now the oil magnate/s. This weekend I'll write down all I can figure about Joseph Smith so far and could also fax that to you if you're interested. Thank you,

Kathleen Foshay ⁽³⁰¹⁾ 896-7745

long "free" URL: UniverseRescueKathyFoshayWordPressCom.WordPress.com

Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center
9000 M^cComas Avenue
Kensington, MD 20895
January 14, 2016

faxed

Dear Kensington Nursing and Rehabilitation Center,

Suburban Hospital's social worker says you are considering taking me for 4 months while I try to find a small apartment in the District on a DC Housing Authority housing-voucher because homeless shelter's can't have oxygen tanks around and I should have supplemental oxygen and have a form of "COPD" that makes moving around difficult, especially in cold weather, don't drive at all and have no friends, due to a unique set of circumstances, for helping me to get out of this hospital now. He says my insurance company says they will cover the stay and I am anxious to leave now in order to recover my few but important belongings left at a shelter west on Plyers Mill Road. I've written extensively, hundreds of letters, to people and groups in Washington and then to Mayor Fosselman and the KVFD last August that I'm unwittingly at the bottom of a system-scam, the "Armageddon" Plan, that is bound to bring us and the Earth to total extinction and am always offering 30-50% of future-profit to anyone that helps me till responsible adults are working on this problem-set. Just before I got hit by the car last November I was trying to contact astronomers that the sadism on Earth is so bad that nature had had to cease creating new life-forms, evolution of the solar system ground to a halt, Mars and Venus

hand-copy 2/2/16, Dear KNARC: (on the letterhead)

Thank you for admitting me to your facility.
Enclosed please find a copy of the letter of
Jan. 14th, then one I'd sent the mayo in
July with a 1-page hand-out flyer on my
situation, one from Dec. 2014, one from October's first 2 pages
and the last 2 pages have map of Beringia on them, in
case you're interested in the Prehistory subject.

list of
places

from
me
on
I have to try to: reclaim my little bags of belongings, my papers,
from the Safe Haven shelter at the west end of Myers Mill Road;
go to DCHA to restart my housing-voucher;
apply for a duplicate of my lost Maryland DMV-ID card;
and install a "Donate" button on my new little blog-/website,
and try to get my new writing from this hospital (stay) scanned
onto it. ~~When~~ the housing-voucher is re-started I have 4 months
^{withing} to find which to find a one-bedroom apartment,
in the District.

- Then Ms. April Lane their Admissions lady, Director? came by,
saying she has to get a contract from Trusted Health, and went on to
speak or find Steve and got there through Rivon I think. I gave
her the little bundled-packet of letters for my background on myself i.e. bsp.
what they should know that my situation really is, -- and it
sounds okay. 11 ~~30 AM~~ 2/3/16.

3/2/16 = tacked on at the end was a "Tova" + 4-corners map
with a blurb + then that in-color "Energy" + Beringia picture
with the boy on the skateboard. → was moved on 3/10/16, 6 PM.

I don't want to apply for disability because I can't prove that the underworld exists and that's where all my problems come from and they will keep this phony psychiatric-label on me and nothing real-life will be accomplished, and I always have this Armageddon-microcosm problem where I sort of represent normal people and the system despises me. Me even applying for regular Social Security isn't a desirable thing, but doing so early is sort of scripted for the system to get angry and want to collapse that whole part of its systematic world-takeover.

I plan of course to censor proper names of people who might object to being mentioned in my work but feel that there are reasonable limits like where something is obviously true or simply my own personal experience and I'd still delete names, as with the "Dr. S.," if they're not necessary for clarity's sake.

For instance I usually call the fraud-parent, refer in my journal notes to him by the name of the small town in which he's been living for over 40 years and therefore to the "offspring descendants" as "-types" of that, as though say, that "I saw 3 Roartown-types today, but it's such a fitting town-name, more like a crossroad, that I can't think-up a good substitute for it so I'm stuck with the "fraud-parent" and "offspring-descendants" phraseology, but a judge ought to know that he and therefore they come from a place called like "Thunderville" and it's in the Hudson Valley,

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should be dealt with now while I can still recall a lot of my library-book research and I should be able to non-controversially record it on my new little blog-/website and find a way to ease the planet out of this mess that's distracting us from working on repairing everything. I was trying to see if I could get any astronomers' interest in my belief that our solar system is actually like a died-off crime scene because nature couldn't create new life into the Sadiism when the developmentally disabled dinosaur-extinctors began the anthropophagy in errant imitation of the Old World peoples' cooking, and I'd like to quietly return to that work, but some sort of responsibly-behaving adult should be found because a person at least has to have someone close with whom to consult on life-things like these medical questions. I don't have any idea what if any input my artificial-next-of-kin or "fraud-parent" has on my situation but he's a big part of why I've been trying to get Witness Protection since 2008 and it wasn't until 2010 that I began seeing people who look like him around. I mention this on page 9 and 10, 14, in the early pages and I'll try to summarize my situation but he's always been a near-stranger who considered me chattel and sabotaged me virtually every day, please let someone speak with and read my papers and give me a chance to refute any problems that I might not yet know exist from there.

Your honor, on that June flyer I mention having an artificial-next-of-kin and that cannot be stressed strongly enough by little me, how everything is such a covered-up farce globally and now is really the time to get it all straightened out. I have been trying to get Federal Witness Protection since I sent a 16-page letter describing most of this to Secretary of Defense Gates after having failed at hand-delivering it to the Pentagon in January 2008, but I don't need or want a legal guardian, just a good case manager would do, however, I would still have both the Armageddon problem which is why suitcases that I'd used were used in that 1962 "French Connection" case the film was later based on, and still have that we really are going to total planetary extinction and both myself and the manager would need, should have, some sort of protection so that accidents like this 11/19/15 being hit by a car didn't happen again. Before 1962 there was a spate of sonic booms and I think that was the sound of the ozone layer being punctured and broken and nature's compressing it to patch the little holes resulted in the big hole we have today and that even without a third world war we're really doomed and the reality that everyone on Earth, even themselves, is all prisoner to a small people with an ages-old developmental disability

The fact that I was afraid to open and read the papers because I'm all alone like this is a good example of the problem-set that I'm a microcosm of (of which I'm a microcosm,) but a legally-mandated guardian isn't a good thing for me. That I'm afraid to use the word "solution" is another example of the problem-set, because of the double-speak our system of systems goes by, our anthropophagy-based system of systems, that perhaps it is a code-talk for liquefying people to petroleum.

The system wants to say that I'm incompetent, because I have schizophrenia but that only means that the system doesn't like my thinking, and I say that that's because it's normal and normal people would be horrified if they knew about the anthropophagy-ways and would get them changed toward discontinuation and that's why everything or so much is kept top-secret. Our coins and dollar bill say "E Pluribus Unum," From Many to One, in double-speak for the states here and for the system-people themselves; their inherited brain, wants to be the only brain, EVERYTHING belonging to themselves, the planet and whatever's found in space. I've distributed hundreds of letters on all this in Washington, DC and then here since last July but I hadn't realized about the schizophrenia-label until last April, that that gets me dis-counted, and I'm trying to keep all this noncontroversial, quiet and non-inflammatory.

That makes this page 460 for example. Everything is against me and I'm not exaggerating about being a microcosm. The letter is addressed to "Potential Responsibly-behaving adult" at those 2 places or any other place, and I will try to make a table of contents or index.

I want to support myself by posting (publishing) it on my little blog-/website on the Internet along with the other writings I've done and could continue to do, accepting Shareware-style donations through a company called PayPal, located in Timonium, near Baltimore, and in a year and a half I'll be eligible for Social Security. Though they'd retracted it, PayPal wanted a credit report on me from the TransUnion company in Chester, Pennsylvania before they would let me have their free, shiny "Donate" button for my blog-/website that would enable me to accept donations by people with credit cards and because of my horrible and unique situation I'm sure it's unsafe to donate directly to me, the same way it is that I have no friends. I'd just come from getting a third-party at a Homeless Resource Day in Rockville to read it for me; it only says that they don't have anything on me before the car accident:

to decapitate whenever they want to get high.

I've always got those 2 problems with the V.A., the garbage they'd keep me drugged-up existing as, those "medications" to turn off your own brain to a vegetable-like state of ugly puke, for my only future but they're going to get the boys from West Point all looking to get high and donate ejaculations as well as also 2000 "tons," like meat is weighed, of the humans far and wide, really, I've just been 10 years 2 1/2 blocks from the Capitol grounds and the system is making believe I've got no history except this phony schizophrenia-label charge and whatever the horror-exhibition script fiction says along with the pornography they show in this marathon debate "Armageddon Show" LURE by which the underground globally is taking us to the TOTAL PLANETARY EXTINCTION I've been re-explaining since 2005. It isn't just me with this non-existent or non-proveable torture, what they're ever-manipulating to do to me, it's every one anywhere near the Hudson, like to a big party with free food and drugs, convoluted to explain because the generational-slaves are basically only using the Neanderthal old fraud-parent and mass-reproduction "nation" of that's offspring to

that's where the ever-popular real "Julie" and "aton" God get us out of this, of lifetime-long friends of all kinds and families all live, to the Adirondacks people would be LURED to see this animal-furces "Armageddon Show," and it's just across the Hudson River from West Point, they've been trying to get me there since 1977, that's what the big deal is, as I've been told that if no "placement" can be found for me it'll be V.A. psychiatric placement. And the V.A. hospital near the fraud-parent's is V.A.'s biggest psych facility in the country, "Catch the Spirit" their sign at the entrance. Plus I'd had that male cousin that had allegedly killed himself sometime during the mid-1980s and his extremely, 1000 friends on Facebook, popular sister opened a business that I guess I can't name but it's a Realty company with our in-common last name and I suspect that "real-tee" is a code for this brain-as-drug "narcotics" trafficking, possibly with the fraud-parent, who's been "upstate" non-locals call it, acting as though normal on the surface for over 40 years now too, created a cover-reputation, and really despises me for no sane reasons, was likely born despising my type except as a cannibal's-victim, generationally secretly carrying these secret-war things down throughout history and figuring to have me and my ovaries-descendant offspring as personal cannibals-slaves

UIC

I have to address the claim that I can't make my own "major medical decisions" and so am being taken to court by this hospital, Johns Hopkins Medical Institute's Suburban Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland. Everything in our civilization is a farce of pleasing hostage-holding decapitation-obsessed psychopaths hiding under the other side of the world and operating by a chain-of-command system of hybrids of themselves and generationally-enslaved prisoners forced to eliminate the other types of people till there is "E Pluribus Unum" From Many to just One type of brain's genes, that the global-system comes from an obscured people with a, the, Prehistoric-descended mental illness-set that they've spread to everywhere by the ineffably-disgusting mass-reproduction of themselves by the disembodied-ovaries horror, travesty, and all the other nonstop war against the other peoples crimes and sins their Brain wants to cover up for by having normal people like me shot up, and in my case they want to use this controversy for sneak-completing the long-publicized Armageddon threats. Right now for instance they've put some nobody-nurse making Sunday-morning telephone calls to employee after employee as though to change the schedules all ^{for the week} around on account of the 2-day snowfall while the sun is shining and the regular charge-nurse characters will be back ^{tomorrow}. The social worker Steve Han man told me the hospital is taking me to court this week and that a "guardian ad litem/lawyer" would be here to speak with me before then but that was 6 days ago and my calls aren't returned since. My problem is that I don't have anyone to discuss anything with, let alone so-called medical problems and decisions about those.

Shell was very big in old Siam where I think the fraud-
parent problem of mine came from, far-fetched as it does
sound, that the phony-royalty Siamese went to Italy after
faking his death and after arriving in New York under an
Italian name again faked his death and went to
"Dutch Schultz's," which does sound like Dutch Shell,
under-Bronx headquarter and began being mass-reproduced
for all the cannibalism-based system's uses, for decomposition
into hydrocarbons for petroleum uses and for butchers' meat,
and, the pay-offs, for the hallucinogenic brain-serum drugs,
as well of course to put descendant-offspring all over the
place, like that I've got all over me. Apparently one
of mine were gotten from I guess a 1972 "d+c" at
Montefiore Hospital in the Bronx, directed by an Autist-stereotype
named Martin Cor Marvin maybe, all my notes are lost except the recent
ones, Cherkovsky. There are a lot of "doctors" that look like
him around, a very common stereotype similar to Mr. Bottracelli
and to Tony Fuca on the left side of that "French Connection" photo.

The obsession for petroleum's speed's goal was to get
to space to harvest those diamond-looking stars and other
shiny things and whatever was there to be grabbed and
when that didn't "pan out" the system-people only
covered-up everything. Space is full of riches but
they aren't for mortals they're for continuing-life spirit
people life that is meant to go on infinitely out there
but the premature Bengalia-crossing caused developmental disability.

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1
6-7
0/6

Eventually someone come in again and put it back on me but I was more pulled together and coped and after that started begging them not to use it anymore, then to to-do's (ap) about forgetting after 1st the back catheter came out then a day later the front, and now I recall that before the telephone call from the freed parent and the 30-year old niece I haven't seen since she was 5 and sounds like a ten-of-the-mill stronger with no ascertainable worries, already the day before that my de that CRRC "pnp" had first been by, to visit, already on Friday, when it seems I'd only woken on Thursday and that must have been Thanksgiving, I'd been updated on that I'd been unconscious for a while week in a way that sounded confusing & it was Sunday before I had it pinned down for sure that it was Sunday, then I think Sunday night is when they brought me to this 2nd floor, maybe that was the 28th of November. So this Kensington place I'll likely be winter-st landed in if I live to & though that transfer from here has a history of being a suburban retreat for

Even the word "just" seems like a code or slang about the brain-fluids, and the word "juice." It's been like a continuous state of shock for so long, with this "decapitation-theme" going on all day every day and virtually from one sentence to the next, "next" not being a good word either. And "Coffee" is as bad as "sense" and not being able to use that this is all nonsense, as though I'm complaining that there isn't enough brain to ingest. So add the big superstition-traditions of New Year and I'm afraid to ask for a cup of hot water so I could use 1 of my last 4 of the little single bags of coffee. Plus I'll likely be having to, -- never the "needing" word that slips out so easily -- ask for more paper soon, then the pen is due to be out of ink, too. I'd made a small list of subjects I'd like to mention but then all this crap about the stranger ~~frank~~-parent's real offspring's acting like they own me and nobody speaks with me and that subject takes all this to explain so that there's no point in trying, -- "point" is slang for injection of brain-drug needles -- is in the way, an invented-subject with no connection to reality or anything about what I've been writing about for all these years.

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

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

This is the place I'm still trying to get back into because I want to continue what I was doing regardless of this horror that's all always unprovable and goes on no matter what I try to do, like with this idea-of-reference to my travd-parent, [redacted] son #4, from the case manager girl today. Briefly, it looks like she brought out what [redacted] used to call "goof gifts," little inexpensive things like say a tube of toothpaste wrapped up in fancy holiday paper and fancy bows, like joke-gifts, where I asked her what she was talking about about food and she said it was my snack bars from the Safe Haven cupboard, but they looked like fancy 43

Example from 1/25/16

onto your face's suffocating me because I couldn't spit out saliva that was collecting while I slept and I couldn't breathe or get the mask off or find any call light.

This is the 3rd time I've been in a hospital since April 2014 and there hasn't been anything legitimate about the 3 visits, all forced by this top-secret underground's sneaking around around me for the various wrongful purposes. I've been trying to get any responsibly-behaving adult or Witness Protection's help since 2005 and 2008 respectively, and was just unable to explain any of this "double-Armageddon" before then, or even triple-Armageddon if it's true that the Revelation-Armageddon's author didn't represent the entire Underground-people's system but only their own interest within that system, and then there are all the group's that have had to behave criminally and sinfully just in order to try to survive, and in the meantime the solar system's been dying for thousands of years because of all the sadism and destruction by the one angry and confused at being lost little group of an eon ago who keep the angry brain alive by the artificially-done inbreeding.

The only medical problem most anyone has got is the existence of this angry group and maybe the situation could be straightened out if I as a token ~~exam~~ normal person example could get protection and I'd explain everything I can in writing like this, as I've been doing all along since I've had this unnatural little life. Only an interested volunteer could be bothered to read in order to follow this much material.

original lost in the copy machine + line through the back copy 1/25/16, extra 211A

were all around Barry. Offhand I'd guess that when he got framed, because then-president George H.W. Bush was, is, a general-slave to the system type, and went to jail, that that's maybe when Clarke had run for mayor, then I'd guess that he felt bad about "losing" and went on to fake his ~~death~~ early death, because the Artists despise to fail at anything, like getting turned down for a date, and they retreat to instead watch from the hideaways under the ground.

That place in Cappadocia I'd read had about ~~40~~⁴⁰ interconnected cities with some as deep as 10 stories, and that was dug/built way long ago. I think Katherine Graham's husband had also faked his death, and her mule parent looked a lot like my fraud-parent, and her mother'd been in the Greenwich Village crowd of her day, might have loved to get high without realizing it comes from brain or been tricked by the excuse that the person had to be killed for their food-value and why let that go to waste, the LSD-like effects.

asked if I could get a copy/printout of the Wikipedia entry on the 1776 general John Sullivan, saying that it's pertinent to that map I'd drawn that he hadn't seen, that I think he'd died in western New York. I think he'd died of horror-sadism "Indian" tortures. I'd noticed a biography on him at the once-good Washington, DC, MLK central library and when I went to take a better look at it it was gone, and then the book-deleting got worse and worse. I only came across one other book that described those tortures, that type, just a few paragraphs. Now I'm realizing that those Autists hadn't gotten to that eastern area from the west but by the St. Lawrence Seaway from Tuva-Mongolia / Mon-golia / Mong-olia, always sneak-invading, with their buddies, all the work done by the generational-slaves.

Here, they're sneak-invading too. I can't guess at what they're doing while I sit here. The National Institutes of Health is enormous and attached with the Metro. Across the street here from the south of there I think I am. It's like "magic" show set up today with a big "nursing staff meeting" scene with a new character holding it. Now I had to call Dietary about breakfast at ten to nine as they drive you, ~~to~~ me, to distraction no matter what I do to try to offset the mind games, tyranny from the life and

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(p-567) obscure "Bici" de Malsi = master-jogger of Oswald Army
of the RIMR, now Fortjeller Univ, June 1913-1940+
mass-reproduction pneumococci off of 1 guess a single skull
standing-sample given to him by father's lab, who I also guess was
He never'd gotten any's sample - Val spilled in a new way camp in
or about Ft-Leavenworth in Kansas & I'd started to South for epidemic
killed 18 million people.

I think his ancestor was Bici de Malsi & Leiden House
to mass-reproduce ^{disembodied} virus - oval, # each only contains thousands of
potential-people
people had occurred in face's circumstances
- confirmed only # Leiden committed to a center in Rome
then refused moved up to Florence for here & had on industry
✓ 568 - # dead by 1st find 000 568 = ?
HM's = ?
England

King
Charles II
Cromwell
James I/VI

royalty - dejection - scam

Ms. Boyer, Vic., Volunteers Office 2/8/16, Mon
= no Book of Mormon

From Chinese County = 1701
German for:

Chpl. Maekenzie
German lust
veider
Denken

disease
latent

(seine) Überwindung
(Seele) + Bewusstsein

Entwicklung
gegenwärtige (Schneider's vocab.)

Wesen
+
Erfassung
(of the schizophrenias)



I put the Universe Rescue... URL + a not that

I'm going to try to explain that Emil Kraepelin had come from the Tova-area + up to the Arctic Ocean and over 1255AM - now a strange Dr. "Gevara" I can't recall what I wrote down, not really wanting to jeopardize

The nurse I'd not given a copy of the blog-website address to, the subject hadn't come up. My O₂ is ~~is~~ way low + I'm thinking it could be from having been reading all morning, but they sent a "Sort of typical - Oh young Jewish doctor" looking stranger. I checked w/ the nurse + she said it's Kensington I'm going to but not only am I nervous about this whole business in general, but the doctor was a high-checkbook type (like Kraepelin). The blurb I wrote was quite long so it ^{must} have contained some of my "world" explaining.