

YEA, THOUGH I WORK IN THE LAND OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

And so I have learned to hate.

I have learned not to say for Christ's fucking sake what's the matter with you, you ludicrous filthy animals. Speak to me, cockroaches. Speak to me on camera.

I have learned not to ask consultants how much they're pocketing for betraying the University and the country.

I have learned not to stand up and scream you have crippled me. You have done this to me. You are butchers. You are thugs. You are animals. You are not fit to practise. You are not fit for anything except bloody Broadmoor or the gallows. How do you dare? How do you fucking bloody dare treat me like this?

I have learned not to scream respond to me intellectually, you filthy butchering apes of skivvies.

I have learned not to scream you tried to destroy me.

I have learned not to scream I am not your fucking property, you sick animal, my body is not fucking well your toy to break, my mind is not yours to command, make me a creature of your will, I am me, you dirty animal.

I have learned not to scream you are inutterable filth.

I have learned not to scream you are all raving mad.

I have learned not to scream how do you dare ignore all fact and reason, how do you dare treat me like a naughty little girl, how do you fucking dare continue with your filth in defiance of all fact and reason

I have learned not to scream you're not a doctor, you're not a nurse, you're a mad twisted sick animal who jeers at disability.

I have learned not to scream you are murderers.

I have learned not to scream what the fucking Christ is the matter with you people, this is a fucking democracy, you're not bloody human beings, you're all sick, you're all mad, you're all evil

I have learned not to scream I am not trying it on you stupid mad cunts

I have learned not to scream this is a free country and a democracy and you are fucking bloody well accountable you dirty sick little animals.

I have learned not to scream I am a graduate of the University of London and you do not do this to me and live.

I have learned not to scream I am a modern languages graduate of the University of London, my father was an author, you dull ignorant unlettered ape, read a fucking book some time

I have learned not to scream you are all traitors.

I have learned not to scream I am a Howard and you do not do this to me and my country and live.

Learning these things is not good for a girl. Being surrounded by the clinically insane, the unreachable, the unhuman, zombies, Death-Eaters, walking corpses, the undead, is not good for a girl. Being surrounded by cowardly sly, unreachable, unaccountable evil is not good for a girl.

Tainted, polluted by these creatures, by their total intellectual and moral corruption. Mad evil animals hanging on every word that drips from the sick mad animal mouths of other mad evil animals.

Yea, though I work in the Land of the Valley of Shadow of Death, I shall fear no evil for something is within me or I couldn't still be functioning.

Our wonderful doctors and nurses. Yeah, right.

Saints, angels, untouchable. Yeah, right.

Infected cockroaches, walking tumour, requiring excision or a strong bright light shone on them, as you please.

Slammed up against the wall of a television studio and expected to speak.

Demonstrate their stupidity, their ignorance, their psychosis, their madness.

I see, Doctor, yes, the overthrow of religious authority is the foundation of the free world. For 300 years from the Enlightenment through to Marx and Darwin and the counter-culture, people have not hesitated to criticize and deride religion but you maintain religion is not to be abused. Could you possibly be lacking a brain?

Ah, you are a Catholic. But this is not a Catholic country, Doctor. Your strange conviction appears to be that the Vatican governs Europe. Could you possibly be mad?

This is an x-ray of Ms Howard's spine, Doctor. I take it you are capable of reading x-rays?

This is Ms Howard's most excellent novel, Doctor. How does it come to be your contention she cannot have grounds for assessing the literacy of others?

This is Magna Carta, Doctor. How does it come to be your contention that in C21st England Ms Howard has fewer rights than a C13th peasant?

Have you ever read Locke, Doctor? Paine? Diderot? Marx?

I understand you consider yourself a man of the Left, Doctor? Yet you appear not to know that Marxist-Leninism is vehemently opposed to both religion and capital and vigorously uphold both.

Precisely why, Doctor, do you consider yourself empowered to abolish democracy?

You are a scientist, I take it, Doctor. Yet you appear to think that quantum physics is a gross intolerable offence to your religion.

Have you ever looked up from your test-tubes and scrutinized the society around you, Doctor? It displays considerable enthusiasm for a young man called Harry Potter. Yet you appear to think Ms Howard can be dismissed as a freak for being in the Potter camp, while your conduct clearly marks you as a follower of Lord Voldemort.

You pretend to be an academic, do you not, Doctor. How do you explain your complete contempt for fact and reason, Doctor?

How about Plato? Homer? Herodotus? Ovid?

You appear to think familiarity with - is Ms Howard's case I think friendship with! - the Greek Pantheon an intolerable offence to your religion

Why should deity not be female, Doctor?

Why Doctor do you believe a woman can be physically abused and crippled and nothing need be said or done?

Why, Doctor, do you find it unnecessary to respond in a rational manner to Ms Howard's thought?

Why, Doctor, do you think you have rights over Ms Howard's mind and body?

You don't appear to think much of women, Doctor. Would you care to explain the mental process by which your female colleagues are exempt from your contempt? Are they exempt from your contempt?

Let me show you some figures for belief and unbelief in modern England, Doctor. Is it not rather you who are the freak, Doctor, a member of a minority religion about which most people couldn't care less.

Because what they are is mad, clinically mad, dangerously mad, wholly divorced from reality, living in a world that exists only in their heads and they are not to be let near power over human beings.

What are your answers to Mr Benn's questions, Doctor?

Do let me remind you of Mr Benn's questions.

What power do you have?

Where do you get it from?

In whose interests do you exercise it?

To whom are you accountable?

How do we get rid of you?

Just answer the questions, Doctor.

I said answer the questions, Doctor.

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence against you.

And this is the mental defective to whom they all crawl, crawl and refuse to get off their knees, prefer to murder me rather than stand upright.

Beneath, beyond contempt.

