

EVIL REPTILIAN KITTEN-EATERS

All together now:

It suits today the weak and base
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down!

Of course one mustn't denigrate people, make them feel bad about themselves, no, no, the scum of the earth must be nurtured, protected upheld. On no account should butchers, rapists, murderers, psychopaths be corrected, told to behave; on the contrary, their madness must be given free rein, must govern. Creatures with the values of cockroaches duly fulminated and blustered and waved their antennae furiously, their multi-faceted insect eyes bulging, at other cockroaches being 'denigrated'. We are all to be ruled by, to be subordinate to, criminals, thugs, liars, cowards, psychopaths, hysterics, fascists. It is given. It is normality that a few cherish and nurture the rent-a-mob they so need to uphold their criminal power. It is given that if some sly squalid cowardly ignorant irrational psychotic fuck-up howls, it is to be nurtured, constitutes a precious element of society.

Right, for something like 20 years the scum of the earth, being intellectually and emotionally walking talking tumour (you may know them as the cream of London medicine) have been crawling around behind closed doors to use me as a punchbag for their psychosis, malice and inadequacy, virtually ever since I was so very ill and in the Brompton, [for which of course I have evidence](#), though little doubt my Brompton records have been 'lost'.

Now I do not know anything about forensics, but I should guess that the paper on which Royal Free prescriptions were written is not something I could create in that paper mill I have behind the kitchen and the documentary evidence I possess is pretty incontrovertible.

Not to mention the enthusiasm of the pantomime dame for dosing me with heavy duty antibiotics for three weeks as appropriate treatment for the bad cold they doubtless say I had, after which I conspicuously failed to get better. I'm sure Black, Welsh, Jayson, O'Mahony, Abraham, Sturridge, Wilson, Dieppe, Isenberg and all the rest came up with a pretty pack of lies.

Of course on no account must they be expected to whine their filth in public where it can be challenged.

It remains the case that I was so scandalized that I went to MI5., though of course at that point I had a pretty pathetic notion of what being scandalized was.

The alloy rod in my back and the hole in my hip from which bone was taken to pack the fusion are about as solid as evidence can get, for which reason of course I have to be buried, preferably literally.

Oh, have my RNOH records also been 'lost'. Well, it hardly matters, does it.

Oh, are all the little cockroaches squawking and screaming and blustering and howling and lodging complaints

Yes, well, they are completely fucking raving. A loss to the stage, these subhumans called doctors and nurses who have repeatedly abused me where I am medically vulnerable, and the rest who accept that, that being the kind of sordid, depraved degraded bags of rotting flesh they are, who

seem to think I should not object to having been mauled, torn, brutalized, crippled, destroyed, that I should be nice about them.

You know, 'respectful to my obvious superiors'.

What foul twisted filth do they dribble, no-one must give me the attention I crave. I do perfectly understand I must be made to understand that I am nothing, that no-one cares what has happened to me, that no-one ever will care, as of course I understand that democracy, the governing system of the country must not be given the attention it craves.

I understand that I am among the completely mentally ill, diseased, and however many degrees and chairs and honours they all have doesn't remotely change the facts, the evidence.

When one person says everyone else is mad, it is held to be the case that it is the one person who is actually mad, only all the facts are on my side.

Couldn't we just talk about the determined effort to destroy me psychologically by pretending that skull-faced vermin have not used my body as a punchbag. I can't walk properly. Go figure I'm vulnerable to accepting your diseased filth that nothing has happened. But nothing has happened. I'm a freak, completely isolated, no-one thinks England is a free and democratic country. No-one thinks power is accountable. No-one thinks there's anything wrong with having crippled me. And so they put their cockroach antennae together and decided to leave me to rot and die and I got older and older and more and more disabled and more and more desperate and I screamed get me out of there, get me away from the evil. And they all went along with it, and continue to go along with it. I was and am to be denied any help or support of any kind, emotional, intellectual, practical, political

Absolutely no-one can possibly think there is anything to be said about having physical abused a woman with a spinal fusion, such that I end up a fucking cripple.

And so you think I am still at your mercy, that I must continue getting more and more worn, and more and more disabled and must never have the chance to try to help myself, and I'm simply not.

And I'm supposed to be in eversa much trouble, only no-one has ever actually bothered to tell me what for.

Which is not entirely surprising, since all the facts are on my side, all the facts of intellectual and political history, all the medical facts of so little interest to the cream of London medicine, all the facts about me

So it really doesn't matter, does it, how much you fulminate and bluster and scream and squawk. Yawn, yawn, you're outraged, furious, yawn. Only you are completely ludicrous and dangerously, horrifyingly mad, thinking it given how things are in your cockroach nests is how they are in the wider world.

And so they continue to live in their own little world where they govern England and decide to destroy people, and I am the naughty disobedient little serf-woman who dared flout the authority, question the judgement of her superiors

And the moment a torch is shone into the cockroach nest, it collapses, and many many dangerously evil people in high places are committed to its preservation, and do not stop short of murder to achieve it.

Really, one woman, how can any of it matter. One silly little woman.

Only I can write and so demonstrate the extent of my silliness, a ridiculous little woman who doesn't know what she's talking about, and if that weren't bad enough i have an alloy rod in my back and a hole in my hip from which bone was taken to pack the fusion, and they're mine, all mine, and no-one can take them away from me, probably not even death.

I have mused previously in ghoulish vein about what shall we call it, bio-degradability. I think I should have to be dead a good few years before the evidence were destroyed. As I say, I know nothing of forensics, but archaeologists find skeletons and I think it would take a considerable while for my skeleton to have crumbled sufficiently to fail to make its malformation incontrovertible.

But of course no-one would bother to exhume the corpse of a silly little woman

They have of course tried very hard to drive me to suicide with their absolute evil. That undoubtedly was the aim of the orc-women, the foetid obscene sniggering smirking skull-faces. Do I not understand! 'Everyone' thinks what I'm saying is silly nonsense.

Er, no, actually.

And so they sit tight, absolutely insolent, absolutely insane, absolutely psychotic, absolutely vulnerable.

All the vile sickening pathetic brutes can do is desecrate, butcher, rape, murder. Doctors and nurses have used my body as a punchbag because they are completely intellectually and emotionally void. They rule, they are not to be challenged, and that's that. Whatever drivel is in their sad little animal brains constitutes all goodness and all truth. To say I had had enough of drivelling sick animals of doctors and nurses when I crawled half dead out of the Royal Free, of course leaves no words for the following 15 years. As I have so tiresomely frequently said, when they respond to me like civilized rational human beings, when they construct arguments and adduce facts, it may, depending on the quality of the arguments, be possible to take them seriously.

What is unforgivable is that they all go along with it, not one voice raised in outrage and fury, other than mine of course.

Clearly the various orcs and baboons have no idea whatever how ludicrous they look. Shrug. Never met anyone educated. Never been anywhere near a real university.

Do I not understand 'no-one' gives a fuck about my silly democracy or accountability, or my silly back, what does that matter, I had to be punished, I was beaten, what's my problem.

The bestial brutish ignorance, the stupidity, the irrationality, the psychosis, the insolent criminality, the complete absence of medical ethics of these creatures are not my problem.

They chose evil. They chose fascism, corruption, bestiality, treason. No-one forced them to. It is given that democracy is unthinkable.

Indeed I understand perfectly it is inconceivable to the psychopath that he or she be accountable, that the mere idea is an intolerable slight.

Indeed I understand that most of these creatures come from fascist orc-nests where to be a doctor or

nurse is to be regarded by the peasants as some kind of superior being and truly believe they lord it over the rest of humanity and all the peasants are conditioned to think of themselves as property, think of themselves as slaves and completely accept that psychiatric cases govern my existence.

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And they just did nothing and more nothing, no demand for democracy, no demand for publicly establishing the facts, no outrage at my having been crippled, just fucking nothing and they go on doing nothing and I am not prepared to spend the rest of my working life as a punchbag for animals to whom it is given that things are as they are in the animal nests out of which they crawl

And it will be explained why I was left in the hands of monsters to be psychologically tortured and physically destroyed

What is unforgivable is filth hanging on the every word that falls from the sick twisted mouths of other filth, the murderous protection of the secrecy in which lies flourish, that no-one told these vermin to say it in public or be ignored.

That democracy was not summarily imposed on these vermin and instead nothing would do but they be free to butcher rape and murder me.

Don't bother whining it was not known they are monsters, animals, twisted degraded depraved, bags of bloodstained vomit, psychopaths. They make no attempt to hide it and never have. Creatures who butcher, creatures who reject fact and reason, creatures who refuse public establishing of the facts, psychopaths who demand obedience. Dear me, no, we must not upset the nurses.

Oh poor little orcs, who have been told what filth they are. Filth love filth. Sweaty smelly subhuman animal women with suppurating smelly cum running down their legs at their power over me and baboon men smearing the cum all over their ape muzzles, delighting in the filth, loving the corruption, the desecration, wallowing in the evil that protects them.

Nothing may be said. Nothing may be done. Fact, reason, freedom, democracy, intellect, morality, learning, these are not to be tolerated.

So you think everything is fixed do you, and you can go on making me suffer for your pleasure, makes you feel so good, doesn't it, makes all that cum run, the power to wreck a woman's body, wreck a woman's life, so important aren't you, you're {{{{DOCTORS}}}} and {{{{NURSES}}}} and untouchable, only you're not doctors and nurses, are you, you're subhumans, lower than vermin, who inflict physical harm and rejoice in it and uphold it and snigger and smirk and gloat and yawn, , and go on inflicting it Look at this creature Saunders, look at it, it's beyond offal, a bag of bloodstained shit. Mad.

Of course I have to learn to do what I'm told. There has to be discipline, there has to be order, there has to be control. Now where have I heard that before? Because if people ignore bags of infected bloodstained pus the whole world of the orcs collapses and we can't have that, can we.

And they all just go on being pleasant and smiling as though nothing has happened because they're all mentally sick, all indifferent to fact, reason, morality. You gotta do what you're told and you're a naughty disobedient little serf if you don't and people may sympathize but they can't possibly support you, because they're all fascists, they all believe in power and authority, and they're all evil, they'll accept anything to impose fascism and it's not bearable to be there, but of course no-one can

possibly do anything, not against treasonous criminal unaccountable authority.

I mean, democracy is just the stupid joke of the silly little woman, it can't possibly exist, it can't possibly be the governing system of the country. Not if absolute filth cunt baboon vermin like Linch, Goldstone and Naylor say it isn't.

Why wasn't I got out of there, away from the horror, the madness, the filth, the sickness, the evil?

Someone is going to answer that.

Meanwhile here are some pictures of the evil reptilian kitten-eaters, packs of them, largely I think velociraptors. Yes, I think a nice little graphic can be done of 3rd Floor West



Not sure who's the tyrannosaurus

Think this is more Dame Carol, sort of Nazgul, swoops down and flies away again.



Prehistoric reptiles are particularly stupid in that they dismiss my own prehistoric ancestors

They're not the only ones with big teeth and sharp claws.

I know now. It's settled. All of them will stop at nothing to impose filth and evil and sickness and corruption Reason, learning, literacy, intellect, morality, freedom, democracy, all are to be destroyed to impose their filthy fascist death-cults of obedience.



They all sat back and peacefully watched me being destroyed, raped, tortured by those obscene subhuman skull-faced cunt bitch vermin orcs, and no-one would interfere, no-one would lift a finger to help me, as they all sat back while I was butchered, while I was crippled, just sat and watched while my body was broken, and now they want to go on breaking it because they think I deserve to have been crippled, what else do I expect, because they're all sick and mad and obscene and unbearable.