

## THE WORD IS PSYCHOPATH

There is no other word but psychopath for the supercilious diseased animal Whelan, the monster Ardeshta, the obscenity Saunders. So bloody boring isn't it, insisting I live in a free country and a democracy, objecting to having been crippled. Such a bloody yawn, and that monster, that animal, enjoining me to silence. They're all mad, belong in prisons for the criminally insane. They really think the NHS is their kingdom and they rule by decree and no-one is to challenge or question, no rational justification is required from animals, who cannot of course give one, for the drool they ordain.. I'm just a piece of property to a sick ape like Whelan or Saunders or Ardeshta, a naughty girl to be thrown down the drain, a rebellious serf. So what I've been crippled. What do I expect? They are not of course fit to practise. So long as no-one knows.

I have challenged and so offended psychopaths. I am therefore to be destroyed. That does not brand them as inmates of Broadmoor? Or perhaps it's the absolute absence of any shame or remorse that inebly brands them.

I understand of course that the Fenton creature is a wholly morally degraded and corrupt animal, a ruthless criminal, but then of course they all are, so how can they be expected to tell. You don't catch the 'Chief Nurse', Chief Butcher, Chief Baboon Woman, raising hell because a member of staff who has had major spinal surgery was repeatedly physically abused until I was crippled and then left to be mentally raped. I understand of course that the creature is ineducable and like the rest of them either a mental defective unable to read or incurably mentally diseased, but the creature is supposed to have a Chair so let it display its giant intellect providing the rationale for the deliberate physical destruction and attempted mental destruction of an intelligent educated intellectual woman by her employers. Let it demonstrate its capacity for independent thought and reason by providing the rationale for making someone of my calibre into a porter.

Not one word from any of them. Not once any acknowledgement of what has been done to me.

I said I need help and the vermin sniggered and yawned and I have no hope and don't ever think you foul insolent traitors will not pay.

Teach you to betray England, betray the University, destroy me for being educated, democratic, civilized, literate, rational, free, all the things the foul vermin of UCH hate, fascist offal insolent ruthless butchering criminals leeching off England to rape and destroy me at the taxpayer's expense.

Not one of them will help or support me in any way. Not one of them is bloody capable of speech because they're bloody animals, filthy little animals who've learned monkey-tricks and can only think within a narrow frame of reference, who are incapable of independent thought. Left in the hands of psychopaths to have my body torn apart. What's the fuss about? That's what happens to you if you challenge the psychopaths that are doctors and nurses.. I'm such a freak, aren't I for being educated, for being intelligent,

for being intellectual, for being capable of independent thought. No-one may come near me and I scream I need help and they just snigger and they think they're so fucking clever, the vermin, the filth, the scum, they've fixed it so no-one will help me, whining their foul lies, their evil behind closed doors, just so long as no-one ever talks to me, I'm only a woman, aren't I, only a naughty little girl. There's no need to talk to me.

All of them diseased vermin committed to the destruction of England, the destruction of democracy, the destruction of freedom, the destruction of the University,. They want to turn the whole country into a bloody sewer ruled by filth and squalor and cowardice and ignorance and bestiality and irrationality. They come from sewers, these peasants, savages, animals, these butchers, they crawl out their sewers, programmed monkeys, incapable of independent thought, they learn their monkey tricks and think they're God Almighty. Not one filthy dirty cunt among them wants a free country, wants democracy, wants ideas and reason and civilization and decency, they want a sewer, a bloody cess-pit with no moral or intellectual standards..

Say it in public, you infinitely foul degraded depraved cowardly scum, say it in fucking public you diseased repulsive obscene strutting swaggering insolent evil vermin, say it in public that there is absolutely nothing wrong with physically abusing and crippling a woman who has had major spinal surgery, It is not something anyone need pay any attention to and I am just a silly little girl to be ignored and washed down the drain. Say it in public that I only have a silly little arts degree, it's not as though I were a nurse from the worst university in the country. Say it in public that an Honours degree from the University of London is meaningless. Say it all in public, scum,. Against a backdrop of an x-ray of my spine and my very considerable body of work demonstrating my very considerable intellect. Humiliate yourselves, scum, making evident to the world what is entirely evident to me, that you have no intellect, that you are not capable of independent thought, of reasoning outside a given frame of reference, that all you can do is jabber the untenable filth with which they have been programmed.

They will stop at nothing to keep their filthy criminal world untouched,, to keep democracy out of the NHS.

Oh, no-one will believe me? That what you think is it, gutter vermin. Not against the word of Doctor. No-one will believe an Honours graduate of the University of London, no-one will believe the grand-daughter of John Howard and Arthur Palmer, both Labour public servants, no-one will believe the niece of Richard Kisch, Communist journalist who fought in the Spanish Civil War, no-one will believe the second cousin of Professor Rodney Howard Hilton, Party member from Balliol until 1956, no-one will believe the half-sister of Professor Nigel Howard, creator of drama theory, who worked with the MOD and the DOD, no-one will believe Barrington Howard's daughter, author of nine published novels., no-one will believe an educated Englishwoman who hasn't a Tory bone in her body. Doubtless equally 'no-one' will believe a modern languages graduate of the University of London who is Barrington Howard's daughter on the subject of literacy.

What in Christ these vermin think they are in their protracted psychotic fantasy of their

place in the great scheme of things,. Presumably because, like everything else is because, doctors are divinities in the holes out of which they crawl.

No-one may come near me. No-one may give me any help or support of any kind. And they all obey. What can you do with filth like these?

They have of course never met anyone educated, anyone intellectual, anyone capable of thinking, never met civilized life.

Just don't ever think you foul diseased insolent evil vermin are going to get away with this. Yes I am sure they do get off on the idea of me in a wheelchair in the gutter, there being no evil they recognize other than offending their greatnesses, no crime other than disturbing their squalor, their fascism, their criminality. That is what they all want.

Because if it wasn't they would fucking do something, wouldn't you, vermin scum, filth traitor offal, diseased, evil insolent, depraved vermin. They would support PANTHER. Instead they support evil, support fascism, support treason,, support bestiality and corruption and cowardice and filth of all kinds. Unanimous, unswerving, unyielding, impervious to all fact and reason, these filth who pretend to be academics, impervious to all morality, devoid of any professional standards, absolutely corrupt

The other bullet of course has MI5's name on it, for accepting the filth of these creatures, being persuaded that I must be destroyed.

Just don't ever, whoever you are, wherever you are, think you are going to get away with this, vermin. I am close to desperate and the desperate, scum filth offal, scum, evil insolent traitor scum, do not care what they do.

If it is the last thing I do, I shall drag you obscene vermin through every newspaper, every news medium in the English-speaking world and bloody publicly crucify you. You are accountable, you mad sick diseased vermin, you are fucking accountable, you are not fucking overlords set on high to command, destroy anyone who gets in your way, you can be questioned, psychopaths, people are free to ask you who the fuck you think you are and what the fuck you're playing at, you have to provide rational justification how you exercise your power. I am not your fucking property, you bottomlessly foul and diseased animals, my mind is not at your fucking command, my body is not at your disposal to maim and destroy/

You have crippled me and you conspire to destroy me and you dare continue to practise medicine and pretend to the world you're human, when you're just butchers, mad animals.. I can't walk properly and they just watched it happen and did nothing and they laugh at me and snigger and yawn and they're sick, sick, sick and sick They just let me be crippled , watched me being abused and did nothing and they're mad and evil and twisted and sick, left to rot at the hands of maniacs, twisted sick diseased animals. That's the reality of medicine, dear world. All of them bestial, subhuman, evil, and now they think they've won, they've fixed it so no-one will help me and they rub themselves

on the thought of me in a wheelchair in the gutter, and no-one will know what bottomless filth they all are.

They hope.

I just want to have a fucking future. I was so stupid I thought someone would bloody help, support me. I couldn't believe they were all evil, but they all are, they're all absolutely ruthless and bestial and evil and traitors who hate democracy.

I will destroy you, you foul ruthless bestial vermin, as you have tried to destroy me.