

BIRD IN THE BLOODY WILDERNESS

Once upon a time there was a little owl lost in a big dark wood....

Just put aside everything that doesn't matter and deal with reality which is that unless I do something I shall at 80 be a stinking crippled incontinent old woman, half-blind, toothless, too poor to keep either me or my surroundings clean and indeed too frail and disabled to be able to summarily execute those responsible, if I haven't been carried off by pneumonia, bearing in mind I have a lung with a hole in it, or renal failure, bearing in mind I haven't got a kidney spare. What's the phrase, multiple health issues.

She was running on one kidney, one whole lung and one with a hole in it and a spine held in place by an alloy rod. She was 45. Of course no-one asked if she was up to heavy physical labour; everyone knew she was not.

Some 12 years later....All a bit Adam-Zad, of course:

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless - toothless, broken of speech,

Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:

"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad - the Bear that walks like a Man!!"

Except, except, except.... Except there is a twist. Except for what is unquantifiable, intangible and possibly even numinous, except it's so thoroughly down to earth, that which perhaps can only be expressed by metaphor, that I am Adam-Zad and so the Killing Curse met solid Soviet steel and rebounded

And because I am Adam-Zad, if and when I do make myself known I shall not be ignored in comparison to any Tory protesting NHS corruption, even post-Stafford. And because I am Adam-Zad, those who refuse to support me should probably be immersed in broiling pits of magma, Dame Stella.

I hope MI5 are truly proud of themselves for the fate of a free Left-wing Englishwoman, granddaughter of one of the earliest members of the Labour Party, who had the misfortune to collide with a depraved Catholic fascist who'd lied his way to leadership of the Labour Party. Really, one must not be English. The Catholic peasant will not tolerate it.

It's probably as well not to forget also that when the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride he will shout to scare the monster, who will often turn aside, but the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail, for the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Certainly I must acquiesce with the desire of a Catholic fascist to destroy democracy. Certainly I must acquiesce with the desire of a Catholic fascist to cripple me. Oh she'll do what she's told now, doubtless in a lilting brogue with a light laugh concealing a total nutter, a headcase.

Worse still I suppose to be so very Irish for an Englishwoman. They probably think Margaret, my lovely great-grandmother, should have been tarred and feathered.

<http://www.dillsplace.com/margaret-my-great-grandmother-an-irish-tart.html>

Assume that evil cunt Milburn left it all in the hands of the lovely nurses, knowing what would happen. Oh, have you been raped, dear? Never mind, all the nice rapists will sort it all out for you.

How many of the baboon-brain slave-sluts still confidently pronounce on me based on absolute lies. No, little Nazi mongols, I am not a Jew. My Uncle Richard was a Jew married to my father's sister.

My Aunt Tusha was a Jew, married to my father's brother.

<http://www.dillsplace.com/so-you-have-a-problem-with-my-family-fucker.html>

<http://www.dillsplace.com/scarlet-battalions.html>

Presumably expecting the Catholic peasant to ignore or 'disobey' a priest is like expecting iron filings to ignore a magnet but that just means such creatures are wholly unfit to exercise authority in a free country. Isn't that sad?

All that and a multi-racial family too. No, the Vatican did not want the atheist feminist granddaughter of Labour pioneers anywhere near the Holy Catholic Labour Party, uniting C21st England against Stone Age freaks..

I think I'm supposed to be attacking the wrong scratching-post. I don't think so.

Of course the facts may not be known in the pervert psycho world of medicine..Truth is what comes down the tit from Master This level of mental disease alone should make them unfit to practise. Certainly it makes them unfit for the company of educated people which is it may readily be seen why they've never been in the company of educated people, never met anyone who reads and writes and thinks. What do these ineducable psycho peasants believe, educated people look over their bloody shoulders, frightened in case some psycho overhears us.

Years of it expecting some justice, some sanity, worn down yes, necessarily older. Left to sort out my somewhat battered and torn body. Forced to sit among those who think they had the right to do the battering and tearing, insolently confident no-one can or will touch them. Freedom and democracy are my own personal kink, you understand, a quaint and unpleasant invention of mine. No-one else can possibly be expected to do anything to uphold them. Nothing has happened. Nothing can be done. Trying to destroy me mentally by pretending nothing has happened. They are trying to destroy me physically by leaving me to go down under the pressures of my injured body and my wrecked life. Fortunately on a number of counts I have a strong mind. Had I not – people have done a Dunblane for less

So they think people are property? So they think bodies are owned by masters? Shoot one in ten, alternating a bullet in the lung to make sure they never breathe properly again, a bullet in the spine to make sure they never walk properly again. How could they object?

Or in other words they are so stupid as well as so psychotic that they do not grasp the door they have opened, one best left closed.

A line has been breached which, consequent upon the supposed abolition of the existence of mind, is essentially between human and animal. To be frankly feral is now acceptable and in some quarters held as the norm, to be self-obsessed, self-centred to the point of psychosis, consider that the rest of the species revolves around one and one's delusional beliefs, to have no concept of the equality and separateness of others, to regard them as under one's control to be silenced if they offend, to be incapable of either self-control (containing one's feelings) or self-command (changing one's feelings), to have as one's true god only power, wherein reality is whatever those with power say it is, The Good is whatever those with power say it is, questioning, argument alien and condemned, in short fascism

<http://www.dillsplace.com/index.html>

Surrounded by insolence and evil, people who hate me, who hate everything I stand for, who hate

freedom and democracy and work to destroy them, as they work to destroy me, confident it's all been fixed, they've crippled me and wrecked my life, the threat is annulled, nothing will be said, nothing will change, no-one will ever do anything to rock the boat

It is given to these creatures who therefore self-define as psychotic that they have rights over my body and mind, ownership of my body and mind, none of them has a problem with attempted murder, a problem with crippling me and so it endlessly goes on, the whining and drooling because they really think they have the right to decide what I may think, what I may say, as if the view of animals who think my body is property matters a flying bloody fuck to me.

What else do they whinge. Nothing can be done. Means they don't want to do anything. Means they refuse to upset Maser. Master has made it clear there will be consequences.. He will be displeased. Grovel, grovel

If I ended up under the arches of Waterloo Bridge, they'd just kick me as they passed. I know that now. I know these people are bottomless filth, ruthless, psychotic, on their knees with their mouths full of the cock of evil while their dirty little ape-paws rake in the rials.

Sure, now that I lie here, my body all holes/I think of the traitors who bargained and sold <http://www.dillsplace.com/the-patriot-game-song.html>

Should we start with the smirking monstrosity of Nursedom incarnate, Boden, who makes itself the laughing-stock of the civilized world once the civilized world gets to see it. Here's my CV folks, let's see now, Honours graduate of the University of London, 11 years' senior administrative experience in medicine and two papers in the British Journal of Rheumatology, took a Grade 5 job as a PA. Entirely appropriate to make me do heavy manual work, make me into a porter.

One of medicine's madder fantasies is it constitutes the entirety of the University, these baboon-freaks who don't even belong in the University because they've abolished mind, these fascists who hate independent thought because they're bloody incapable of it and it upsets other baboon-freaks. Thus the butcher nurses think they're safe and so the general idea is to have every writer, every philosopher, every classicist, every historian, every linguist in the English-speaking world shitting on them. That's without my extra-curricular work of course. Do get back to me, Nurse, when you have written two or three novels, reshaped the Left.

In a nutshell to profile Nurse Boden and what it doubtless refers to as 'mai nurses' who must not be upset, to profile its stupidity, ignorance, bestiality, refusal to learn and fascism and to indicate that such a creature was a senior member of the NHS is to embody what is wrong with the NHS. Doubtless the animal along with 'her' nurses is well-primed. The evil class-system which I supposedly embody prevented the creatures getting to Oxford. Any achievement supposedly superior to their own is the result of privilege and so may be discounted.. Actually they're stupid, mentally inert, totally incurious and of course feral..

It gets funnier, baboon-brains confidently asserting that no-one ever has or can mock the drivell of religion while raping a modern languages graduate of the University of London whose special subject was Voltaire and who is a daughter of both Marxist-Leninism and the counter-culture.

With the crucifixion of the insolent, ignorant, evil and stupid from the former polytechnics, the so-called Labour Party unravels.

Even funnier than that, the fascist traitor offal of politics with their degrees in law and PPE are apparently unaware that defamation and derision of religion is the root of the free world, as they are

utterly unaware that the Roman Catholic Church has no formal position in this country.

The fascist religious decry moral relativism in secular society but the relativism is theirs: The Good is whatever they say is good This may observably be what the sane think The Bad.

The essence of the Enlightenment was a transfer of power from being arbitrary and unchallengeable, the carrying out of the supposed Word of God, to being accountable and in the hands of fellow fallible human beings who are required to justify their actions and can be dislodged from office. Instead of the governed having to justify themselves to the self-appointed representatives of an imaginary master in the sky, it became the governing who had to justify themselves to the governed.

We are being taken into Never-Never-Land where the most basic facts of political and intellectual history are ignored as though they never were: 'defamation' and derision of religion have been standard form for some 300 years and are the root of the free world.

Legislation criminalizing such 'defamation' and derision strikes at the heart of the West and forces us back to the C17th, fact and reason subordinate to mad fables. Such legislation also leaves Britain defenceless against Saudi and Vatican interference.

Only in the Sixties when it seemed the back of political religion was finally broken did women and gays finally fly.

Heterosexual males are a minority, about 40% of the population, and are neither divinely nor historically appointed to rule

<http://www.dillsplace.com/essential-panther.html>

Of course total ignorance of what democracy is coupled with an absolute refusal to learn and contempt and derision for me as the would-be instructor makes the whole of medicine totally unfit for power in a free country. Oh how very sad. How absolutely awful. The poor little baboon-doctors wouldn't be able to lie and scheme and manipulate and pervert and stitch up any more.

They obviously come from sewers where you get clouted if you question, if you think, pervert apenests where Daddy thanks G-d every morning for not making him a woman or Mummy dresses like Darth Vader or gender rles are more subtly but no less searingly delineated.and the subordination of women is assumed.

Violence against women, it's what you pay your taxes for. No educated woman is safe in medicine. Oh, you think this would have happened to me were I a man, do you? The padded cell is over there.

How hard can it be to destroy these psychotic apes on camera, get them screaming and throbbing and throwing themselves around, eyes bulging, you gotta do what you're told. The hard bit is getting them there.

I do really really want to know which mad sick disgusting animal says nothing may be done and then the whole bloody English-speaking world can jeer at the slave-apes who obediently comply and puke when doctors and nurse pass in the streets and the press can find out the bank balances of these cunts and what the going rate in the Euston Road slave-market is for a woman's body

It is of course all water off an owlet's back, apart from the being crippled, having my life wrecked and on the current trajectory heading for Cardboard City under Waterloo Bridge They are so

disgusting and diseased they are ludicrous, of course, but primarily because once the facts are considered, which of course must never happen, the freak offal of medicine being united that is must never happen, they do not have a leg to stand on, and the people who have completely refused to pay any attention to my exquisite arguments show themselves to be thoroughly evil and of course the complete dead-head spassos who have refused to believe what I tell them about who and what I am because their master has told them I'm lying show themselves unfit for anything much except a padded cell, as of course do the dead-head spassos who haven't bothered to read what I write.

'Entrenched power shifts only with revolution. Preferably a revolution in thinking.'

“It cannot be a question,” said Mitch, “of changing just one thing or indeed of many persons working separately. All of us have tried that, the unions, my grandfather setting up hospitals. It makes not one whit of difference to the whole. There are lines you do not cross. Many people live decent lives. So long as they do not challenge the indecent. Not least the assistance of people like me enables some semblance of civilization to prevail in the country. In the cities people are buried alive! They think that tomb is poverty and lack of education. I say that tomb is there if you are me. I just get to stand upright. There is a granite slab above our heads and its name is infrastructure. You make people better and you send them home to damp rat-infested tenements. You shorten their working-hours but they can barely afford to eat, let alone engage in what the south called leisure-time activities. And the food is crap anyhow. I hold there is that which is not negotiable, over which there is no choice. What Fidubi landlord asserts his right to let property unfit for habitation? Everything must change, what and how people think, whether they respect all people. Entrenched power shifts only with revolution, preferably a revolution in thinking.