

A FEW THINGS YOU NEED TO NOTE

Two things initially

You do realize, of course, you pathetic little animals, that all I have to do to force you dirt-creatures into the open is to put the whole thing on YouTube, on Scribd on every other outlet on the Web, all at once. With particular reference to the absolute point-blank refusal of anyone to help me, anyone to support PANTHER, anyone to give me one shred of financial or emotional support, with particular reference to having been crippled by 'the cream of London medicine', with particular reference to the universal determination to destroy me both mentally and physically of, let's see now, MI5, the Labour Party, every senior manager, doctor and nurse at UCH, the Royal College of Physicians, the LSBU, gosh, what a long list, with particular reference to the insolent and total contempt for and rejection of democracy, the insolent and total contempt for and rejection of all norms of a free and democratic country..

Just a suggestion you sly, dirty, psychotic butchering animals explain yourselves to the people who actually run the country, not to mention pay you, 'we the people'. Oh, you think you're so fucking clever, don't you, stitching things up, manipulating, lying, deforming all truth, all decency. All mentally sick, of course.

So sue me, vermin, sue me, traitor vermin, sly, dirty, cowardly, psychotic vermin. Sue me for being educated, sue me for being intelligent, sue me for being literate, sue me for being rational, sue me for not being filthy animal. Sue me for not being fascist. Sue me for not being a traitor. Sue me for being free. Sue me not being a foul dirty butcher. Sue me for not being a dirty grovelling slave.

OK? Noted?

How did it go again?

THEREFORE, VICE-CHANCELLOR

Well, yes, repeatedly being clubbed has failed to stop the daughter of Marxist-Leninism who is also a student of Voltaire and a child of Woodstock with a distinct fondness for Greece from accepting that it is inconceivable and ridiculous to mock, criticize and condemn religion, no-one ever has, no-one ever either had views deviant from orthodoxy or felt entirely free to voice them, as is has failed to convince an Englishwoman that no-one previously has ever said the Vatican is a crock of shit, but then no-one not severely mentally damaged would have thought it would.

I suppose these nutcases think atheism is and always was proscribed. My father was an atheist. My grandfather was an atheist. Do they think Marxists crept around in terror of being overheard by the 'holy'? I have of course pointed out that, whatever cosy chats Uncle Richard and Cousin Rodney, being card-carrying members of the Communist Party, might have had with the security services, they lived happy untrammelled little

Communist lives, not forced out of employment, crippled or otherwise victimized. How many other convenient fantasies are harboured supposedly justifying doing nothing, that I'm 25 with the whole of my stretching before me to get through this, and doubtless in perfect health since Professor Black/Mr Sturridge/Dr O'Mahony/Professor Abraham/insert cunt of choice said I never had pneumonia, and doubtless that there is nothing wrong with my back, all this doubtless being supposed to be an elaborate charade for which Doctor is adamant that he is not going to fall. I of course only went to MI5 because these vermin seemed to be sort of trying to destroy me, though I couldn't see exactly why, and now of course I do.

But that doctors and nurses should be sectioned for the safety of those around them is not quite the University's business; there are doubtless mad people in the Faculty of Arts, though I suspect not this kind of mad.

Certainly these doctor zombie subhuman creatures only survive on suppression of fact. I'm sure the University is entirely dazzled by the intellects displayed by first half-killing me then crippling me then proving entirely incapable of speech. Having been contained at least from dismembering my body, they now treat me like a silly little girl who is idiotically objecting to having been quite rightly beaten as punishment for her crimes and who is to be ignored.. I mean Medicine is quite overwhelming, isn't it. I'm sure the University is completely awestruck by them.

So I have apparently wasted my time scratching at a granite slab until my poor little paws are bloodied stumps, but of course it isn't quite like that since I have clarified my thinking – doesn't that sound good, though I don't suppose those who don't have any thinking understand it – on a wide range of issues and though certainly I am supposed to be doomed I am not necessarily doomed, since it is a question not of that I can write or that I shall write but that I have written and so of what I publish when and whether it can save my life from total shipwreck, since clearly no-one will lift a finger to help or support me.

Really, I should have thought the University would relish the sight of the irrational unlettered bigoted fascist thugs of medicine nailing themselves to the wall failing to explain to an audience prostrate with with laughter the inutterable evil of my thought and why it should not be disseminated widely.

You shouldn't be so squeamish. After all, they're not. Gosh, it's all so sensitive, isn't it, the egos of psychopaths, It is not of course necessary to be 'sensitive' about a woman's body.

Indeed, it is unnecessary to say Doctor is the scum of the bloody earth, lower than vermin, though clearly he is. All that is required is to demonstrate how utterly intellectually ludicrous he is.

Sue me for being a graduate of the University of London. Then the doctors can be thrown into the gutter where they belong

Secondly, Book One of *The Anile Heir* is very shortly to appear on Scribd as a freebie on the principle that if people like it, they can pay for Books Two, Three, Four and I suspect Five. It is long, isn't it. By the way, as anyone who can actually read knows, Latic is part of the first part.

Pause while tard slum-criminals have hysterics because they've been told they're illiterate. Psychotic, of course, incapable of accepting criticism. Are we all recoiling in terror, perchance, because an IQ80 illiterate capering chimp with a joke degree is throwing his toys out of his pram at being told he's illiterate. I never said they weren't funny. It's just that they're so disgustingly dully brutishly evil.

As I have previously remarked:

You must matter to me, no? I must find you important, defer to you, take you into account. I do not. Thus in common with sick sad monkeys of all kinds, Nazi monkeys, Stalinist monkeys, religious monkeys, you force yourself into my life physically, impairing my mobility such that you are ever-present in my life. Vulgar little man, aren't you, not a gentleman.

As I have previously remarked:

Having class is entirely distinct from being a member of a social class. You, I suspect, may be either what people think of as a 'real' aristocrat, ancient title and blah, or someone who thinks having a lot of money and mixing with the 'right people' makes him posh.

Since, however, you are sly, cowardly, dishonest piece of puke, a thug, a wordless, mindless baboon, you have no class at all.

You seem to think your culture (what culture?) important. We all have our cultures, of course, and within them many quaint customs that have not survived into the modern age. If we are to be civilized, we do not do such things any more. Perhaps you might ponder that? However, if you insist on being a product of the Stone Age, I would remind you that my culture used to have a fondness for stringing people like you up from lamp-posts. Shall you all swing together/Dressed in the old light blue? Just a thought. Perhaps we should therefore agree to differ?

Hmm, that would be irresistible. No, not the stringing-up. A Labour Government was so mortified by the distress of an Old Etonian that it allowed him to cripple the grand-daughter of Labour pioneers. You do just have to see the funny side.

But then it is terribly obvious that the entire 'New Labour' project was dedicated to the destruction of England, the destruction of freedom, the destruction of reason.

To which I may add that I wonder if Cameron has been 'squared', either by that foul animal Milburn or by his OE cronies, toss a coin.

It's an interesting question, isn't it, well, if you have a mind, where is this being blocked? By an elected representative of the people or not? Giving rise of course to a second interesting question, would we the people want me destroyed? Really, don't you think they'd better be asked.

As Mr Benn so succinctly put it:

What power have you got? Where did you get it from? In whose interests do you exercise

it? To whom are you accountable? How do we get rid of you?
Tony Benn, quoted in *Who Runs This Place?* by Anthony Sampson

Because whoever is blocking this assumes he or she runs the country and I am not at all sure that that is the case, though if that bag of shit Blair were still Prime Minister I should be somewhat surer.

You can't say it's not food for thought, being a normal free educated intelligent upper-class (Left) Englishwoman and having everyone against me, everyone united in their determination to destroy me and protect and uphold the scum of the earth

As I have previously more discursively remarked

And so it came to pass that I had to change two light-bulbs, one in my mum's bathroom and one in the hall outside it, and these being ceilings of the low kind it seemed - conceivable that this I could do on the little steps, i.e. those foldaway thingies with a mere two steps and a platform, and yea I did stand upon the top platform but as for stretching up to reach the sodding socket that did make me feel distinctly nervous and pride is not worth falling off and breaking one's fucking neck for, and so I did put away the foldaway thingy with many colourful words accompanying this act, and get out the sodding step-ladder and thus were the light-bulbs changed, and as ever, 'old boy', fuck you where you bloody breathe, you are a waste of fucking oxygen, Christ, you really prove so much about your intellect and your morality and what a spite-ridden sub-human low-life ape you are by intruding your dirty pathetic animal self on the smallest and most everyday acts of my life, I mean, Geez, that just marks you as so bloody brilliant. Ooo, you're so important, ooo, you're so fucking precious, aren't you, ape, everyone has to take account of you and the garbage in your sick fuck brain, be made to take account of you, look, everyone, look, a capering baboon has proved how fucking important it is, ain't no-one can upset it, right. Of course it hasn't learned to speak yet.

They have sought by repeated bestial assault on my health by to determine – to wreck – the entirety of my life, to control and command how I spend my free time, how I walk upstairs, how I get in the bath.

It has 'proved' it may not be ignored, asserted its foul degraded insolent conviction that it must be important to me, I must take account of it at all times.

Hang it, possibly. Crawl to it, never. Mock it, incessantly, a cowardly monkey who thinks that unchecked physical abuse and so a display of its absolute power over me will force me to my knees, anything you say, o Master, only please don't hurt me, please don't make me unable to walk properly. I have to assume it is accustomed only to the obedience of slaves. Fuck you where you breathe, old boy. You are really funny, an ape who thinks to change my mind by hitting me, a pathetic and ludicrous animal. But the vermin who protect you and uphold you are really not funny at all, not when they include an MP and

a Cabinet Minister.

So do tell me why nothing could be done. Do tell me why nothing has been done. Do tell me all about why treason has been left to flourish. But of course the answer to that is old and familiar. 'Treason ne'er doth prosper. What's the reason? If it prosper, none dares call it treason.'

What happens if people stop sucking your cock? Apart from your need for a hand-job of course.

Just pull strings, just stitch things up, just make sure no-one comes near me, just make sure I don't survive.

This month I am over the cliff. I am basically in free-fall, watching the ground approach me, sooner or later, though I may find a crumbling ledge for a while, and I have to sit among people who are conspiring to engineer my destruction.

I have practically no hope and no future. This is what the ruthless murdering crippling vermin of medicine do to you if you stand up to them. Such good people.

Somewhere I am having a breakdown. I keep it well caged = only the neighbours hear me scream. Pause at Warren Street Station. Deep breaths. I just have to survive eight hours in the company of insolent evil traitor vermin. Maybe one day I shall collapse in the office, but being 'explained' by the offal, escorted off the premises, trying to explain all this to Plod - nearly as bad as the thought of the offal affecting to be horrified by my suicide. On the whole I think not.

You're not bloody stupid. Do you think I am? Do you think I don't know it takes at least five minutes to transfer money electronically? I said I need help. I have gone on for 15 fucking years, crippled at the hands of the filthiest bloody vermin and I need help.

No, I don't assume there's some perfectly reasonable explanation, I assume MI5 is rotten, like everything else.

So let's talk about this creature, this exemplar of fat nurse filth, the former Chief Arse-Wiper. Its name is Louise Boden. One would have thought such a creature sufficiently senior to be able to speak in public, but of course not. First let it be said the intellectually and morally void animal this creature exemplifies, the ape with the club that understands only brute force and uses it invites the use of brute force against it. It's called the principle of the initiation of force. Really, how can it object? It doesn't do decency, civilization, intellect, reason. Secondly, an evil smirking animal inspires the urge to hurt it, to wipe the smirk off its face. Thirdly, the way to really hurt a brute beast is to insist it behave like a human being, when it can't, to make it expose and humiliate itself by asking it perfectly reasonable questions such as why does it think itself empowered to abolish democracy, why does

it think it is empowered to cripple me, why does it think its nurses have superior degrees, what is its understanding of university education.

And so of course both up and down the food chain, male and female

Except for certain specific questions, previously described as girl-talk, about why the filthy old animal is so fat and its position on exercise, I think that might be entertaining, don't you, a chief nurse in an obesity epidemic jabbering that it isn't naice for a woman to climb mountains, read a map, use a compass, then we can move on to why the slobbering baboon thinks it silly for a woman to 'pretend to be an intellectual'.

And now everyone can tell me in detail why University College London Hospitals as one voice wishes no part of freedom and democracy, why it conspires to pervert the course of justice, conspires to overthrow democracy, gives aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies, et bloody cetera.

Oh, there are so many people starting with MI5 to tell me why it is impossible to support PANTHER, as why it was impossible to support its precursor, the Free Left. But that ape Blair, that sick dirty traitor Blair would be best on that one. What does the ape think the Labour Party is, a province of the Vatican? Does his IRA-loving chimp-woman really believe England is going to crawl to her perv baboon-men?

As I have previously remarked:

Do you know, I might have led the Labour Party intellectually if anyone had supported me, backed me. Instead I'm marked for destruction, forever a stupid wilful child.

So what the hell, I might as well sit and scream. No-one cares, no-one is listening. I do scream awfully well, don't I. Scream purposefully. Scream with direction. Scream with the sole aim of ripping Blair's flesh from his bones, dismembering him and piling the wreckage on my grandfather's grave, a sacrificial offering. Poetic licence. I'm not actually sure where Grandpa Howard's grave is. I am sure I can find out.

Pour Cherie's blood as a libation on my great-grandmother's grave, Margaret, the Irish tart. I do know where her grave is.

Ah the bottomless malice of the ape. Will the nurses riot, will they sue me, ooh, ooh, fat stupid evil vindictive ignorant animals will sue me. Engage with me intellectually, tards. Reason. Tell the court how you've proved over 15 years your superior intellects and stunning grasp of language by wordless mindless cowardly assault. How ludicrous are you people?