

EPITAPH: IT'S YOUR FUNERAL

And I did bash their baggonets because they came arrayed/To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard made....The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier

So they walked all over me, they all put their heads together and decided to destroy me, can't have doctors being questioned, can't have Great Ones called to account, those set on high to command, being treated like ordinary people, no, they don't want any part of democracy and as for people being free, that will never do. What they want is an England fit for criminals, an England where animals can be happy and untroubled, and where the only crime recognized is upsetting criminal animals..

Democracy: a system of government that cages and contains sick animals.

Traitor: a sick animal that works to destroy democracy whilst pretending to be a solid citizen, furthers the aims of England's enemies, possibly out of self-interest, but equally out of ideological conviction

Oh to be away from the mad obscene cockroaches. Oh to never set eyes on their evil vacant faces again. This needs planning. A lot of things do. Arundel is tomorrow. Evensong at Arundel needs the planning of a military operation due to having to get back or alternatively not get back but stay overnight due to that interesting entity Southern Rail. I wasn't planning to spend tonight kipping in the NA or other hostelry, so I'm not. The buses are utterly reliable but the last bus back is a miserable 5.45 I think the Southern can sort itself first. I know Barnham extremely well, I used to catch the train to school in Chichester there, but that still doesn't mean I yearn to be stranded there. Or is the change at Ford, which really is in the middle of nowhere. Evensong at Chi Cathedral is of course another delectable treat. A Church Near You is an interesting site and numerous incredibly ancient parish churches surround me (apart from the Chapel Royal) but they don't appear to do evening services, except for the C11th St Wulfran's in Ovingdean and my mobility is currently such that I need on the whole to do a recce of how to get there and back before embarking on an expedition.

At least a four-day week. It will of course only penetrate their twisted psychopath animal brains that I hate them, these vile murderous slimy sordid cowardly squalid little brutes who presume to babble to each other behind closed doors and fix things, whether I may walk properly, whether I may run, whether I may survive, whether I was to be destroyed, when I say so on prime-time television. Hate them for what they have done to me, done and do, hate them for what they do to England. They are so sordid. The psychopath is really not very bright. Too busy looking in the mirror admiring the view.

Yeah, Jesus, I'm working on it. Currently I'd see them hang without turning a hair.