

THE CLOSING-DOWN SALE. EVERYTHING MUST GO!

So the level of, what shall we call it, ratiocination? Hardly. Mentation, the level of mentation would seem to be nurses have the best degrees, and that's that. You do what you're told and that's that,, the level of the tard or the loon, the psycho, the severely mentally sick, or of course both

Creatures who are jumped-up bags of shit, filled with lies and spite, a mental sewer of propositions, which make no sense and for which they can of course provide no argument, put forward as evident truths of the ilk of the sun rises.

Oh, paper sun....

Onto this has been pasted a trade. That they are incapable of what the educated world regards as argument, completely incapable of providing rational justifications for these positions, is of course amply demonstrated by the assiduity with which they are protected from exposure.

Techno-scientific shells inside which is the brute beast, undisturbed by moral or intellectual education, a heaving morass of ignorance, spite, greed, irrationality, bestiality, psychosis, the conviction others are theirs to do with as they please.

Emotionally, morally, intellectually these apes exist in a mental world of total squalor, and that's just the consultants. Frank psychosis is the norm. Let us be entirely clear. Fact and reason evidently play no part in the deliberations on this matter of any consultant in Cancer Services.

Of course Mr Clarke doesn't want people able to think. The universities exist to generate those equipped with skills to benefit the economy. [Did they really guilt-trip the public schoolboy in Cuba? \(Clarke/Mandelson/Phillips/none of the above/all of the above.\)](#) Was little Tony guilt-tripped?

If some slobbering mad animal such as O'Mahony or Pereira insists the entire history of the western world does not exist and a sexually disturbed fascist transvestite they call the Holy Farter rules England, then so be it to these animals, If a ludicrous brutish slum-ape such as Jackson screams it ain't fucking illitrit, then so be it. This is the world contrived by the absolute vermin currently calling itself the Left

And of course if the pantomime dame said there was nothing wrong with my back, there is nothing wrong with my back and the fact that the Trust deliberately and repeatedly physically abused my spinal fusion is irrelevant.

And of course the fact that I can't walk properly, the fact that the vermin of UCH turned a fit woman into a cripple is irrelevant.

Nothing need be said because there is nothing to say anything about. They are all raving bloody mad. Complete divorce from reality is of course generally regarded as insanity.

No matter how bestial, how stupid, how ignorant, how mad, how utterly diseased a creature, it must be confirmed in its vileness, upheld.

Taught to be bestial, ignorant, illiterate, taught they need not learn, taught it's OK to be an animal, taught it's fine to inflict themselves on others.

Yes, it's the 'Left's' closing down sale, everything must go! Mr Clarke just won't be happy until we're all animals and of course the hollow shells of mechanical monkeys fall over themselves to agree. They will not rest until everyone is reduced to total mental squalor, and so bestial and readily manipulated,, with a so-called elite class of mechanics.

How'd it go again, Blair, if you ever knew. Power in the hands of the many not the few.

Mad evil animals. So a great big mad evil animal, probably called Sturridge came beating its chest and it didn't occur to the dirt creatures from Day One that human speak and question, like being among evil children. So bloody Lord of the Flies. Ooh, ooh look at her, she's upset Mr Sturridge.

Show of hands now, for anyone at UCH demanding a civilized free and democratic society, show of hands for anyone pretending to be a UCL academic demanding the upholding of the University, show of hands for anyone at all who thinks women can't be physically brutalized by their employers.

Well, that's unanimous, isn't it.

Mail them. Any of them, all of them. Ask them why no-one has been struck off for the repeated brutalization of my body.

I said get me fucking out of there. I said I need help. I fucking said I need help, again and again and nothing, and nothing because of bloody vermin

The absolute obscenity of being left to die slowly and miserably to protect these creatures, so that everything can be destroyed and these filth can rule untouched.

The following people do not find it obscene, they find it perfectly reasonable. They wouldn't dream of doing anything and of course it may be assumed have worked assiduously to 'square things' to pervert and destroy all decency, all honesty, all integrity and make medicine a sewer by making sure no-one else does anything either.

The management of UCH do not find it obscene
The Consultants of Cancer Services do not find it obscene
The senior nurses of Cancer Services do not find it obscene

Ask them what bloody sewers they crawl out of, what shit-holes the apes have clawed their way out of, what sewers in why women are knocked around and educated women are regarded as a joke, as freaks.

Mail evident psychopaths who think they can fix everything behind closed doors, don't want anyone prying, as they doubtless put it, into how they run things.. Ask them why they think they can't be publicly questioned. Ask them about the funding of their Cancer Centre.

Ask them why it doesn't matter that a woman has been crippled.

Ask them why they think they can abolish democracy.

Ask them why they conspire to pervert the course of justice, conspire to overthrow democracy, give aid and comfort to the Queen's enemies, are the Queen's enemies, just ask them.

Ask them why it is appropriate, acceptable for a woman who has major spinal surgery to be in put in a space the width of a chair, subject to constant manual handling hazards, why that room was not

altered, by there was no need to comply with the duty of care under the Health and Safety Act.

Ask them why they think the Trust had the right to assault me, why paying for my labour gave the Trust the rights of a slave-owner over my body, the right to injure it.

Mail them, all of them, all of them in the Cancer Institute, all of them in the Trust and and ask them why they do nothing.

Except of course spread lies behind closed doors. Someone babbled about my inheritance. Some filthy ape must have told her I had one. I have nothing. The house is rented. I never shall have anything except a miserable death in the gutter

Or just mail them and ask them the going rate for destroying England. Ask them how much they've been paid to keep their mouths shut.

Mail especially Fenton, who must be in it up to her neck. Inevitable that in 15 years of working together to conspire to pervert the course of justice, conspire to overthrow democracy, give aid and comfort to the enemies of the Queen, and being the enemies of the Queen, close ties have been forged between the filth of the South Bank and the pollutants, the infections in UCL and so Fenton, Professor at LSBU and the new Chief Nurse, would gravitate to UCH

Mail Fenton, ask her why it is appropriate, acceptable that a computer literate Honours graduate of the University of London with 11 years' senior administrative experience in medicine, and two papers in the British Journal of Rheumatology who took a Grade 5 job as a PA be turned into a labourer, a porter.

Because you are so fucking obvious, nursies, in your attempts, ludicrous and pitiful as they are - you think wordless mindless physical assault proves your intellectual superiority, I take it - to establish yourselves as an intellectual elite, set a precedent that a University of London degree is meaningless, worthless, London graduates, oh they can all the menial work.

It is I suppose an adequate measure all on its own of the mental squalor and psychosis of Doctor and Nurse that the wails of hysterical nurse fury – by of course the totally intellectually capable – at being told their degrees are crap is taken seriously, regarded as a crime against humanity, when they started it, when nobody thinks shitting on my degree a problem and nobody can see why on earth I think it's a problem. I did not carefully allocate to myself all the most menial work going that an unqualified school-leaver might do. I did not say, ooh, I want to do the mass photocopying, lemme push all those notes around. Oblivious to having repeatedly shat on my degree, they slobber and howl like the animals they are.

And so again I say prove it. Prove you have a mind.

Ask Fenton why it doesn't matter that I walked into the place able to walk properly, able to run, and consequent upon sustained physical abuse by management I stopped being able to walk properly and to run. Just ask her to explain why it doesn't matter, why nothing need be said.

Ask her why she thinks the physical abuse of a woman is normal

Ask her why it thinks it reasonable that I should suffer physical disability for the rest of my life, have dirty animals crawling over my body for the rest of my life getting in the way of the simplest movements, because my words have upset them. Ask her why words are equivalent to deeds.

And when you've done all that you can mail the cunts at MI5 who refuse to help me ,because they fall for the filth about how bloody wonderful these sick animals of bloody doctors are, these squalid dirty animals of bloody doctors and their precious nurses

Though I suspect MI5 are better at protecting themselves against unwanted email than the denizens of UCH and UCL.

So the vermin of smellies, the fat degraded evil filth of smellies, the sniggering subhuman tard vermin of nurse-y-wursies, can snigger some more when I lose the rest of my teeth, lose my sight, lose my home for defending my country, for defending my university, for defending my body because no-one will fucking help me or support me.

It's been fixed. Oh what clever little animals they are.

What the hell do you mean you can't do anything. Won't, will you, wouldn't dream of defending England, would you, hate democracy, hate freedom, refuse point-blank to do anything. Absolutely sit there and just refuse to institute democracy in the Trust. You insolent evil vermin. You bloody sit there, you evil bastards, and refuse to do anything, because you know that just so long as you sit tight, I'll bloody go under and your corruption and fascism will have triumphed and won't you all be happy then

And MI5 just sit there and watch these cunts destroy me and a special GO BLOODY FUCK YOURSELVES to them I need help and I need it now, not ten years after I'm dead, which is doubtless when the criminal vermin of UCH suggest it might be appropriate to help me. Yeah, right Five now take their cue from the criminal classes.

That's what a bloody doctor really is, an animal, a trained animal who pretends to have ethics because it's his job but is actually a ruthless criminal who uses his medical knowledge to destroy the body of anyone who upsets him. They didn't give a fuck about what happened to me at the Royal Free, and they don't give a fuck about what has happened to me at UCH. Anything goes for these vermin, they'll not only accept any evil but ruthlessly uphold any evil as long as there's no question of a free and democratic country. They hate freedom and democracy, all of them, hate England, and they'll just sit there and do nothing while I drown.

And their filthy corrupt criminal world of psychos, of sickos, of mad apes, who whine together behind closed doors and don't think other people need to be consulted, regard everyone else as their property to do with as they wish, will be untouched and who is responsible for this.

Tony Blair
Alan Milburn
Jennie Tonge
The bloody nurses
The bloody doctors
The bloody managers
Carol Black
MI5

Oh, but it's not how the NHS does things. Well that is bloody because the bloody NHS is run by fucking fascist traitor criminal vermin for fascist traitor criminal vermin.#

