

I who might as well be fucking dead for all the future I have, for all the hope I have thanks to the bottomless evil of UCH, dragging on something evidently cleared up in ten minutes, all humming and hawing and pretending there are issues where none exist, ooh ooh can I possibly be allowed to say the tard slum-boy is illiterate. They think of course I require their permission to speak, and go endlessly on jabbering and babbling and whining behind closed doors where they can't be challenged, squalid, cowardly, hateful and repulsive animals who hate freedom, hate democracy, hate reason, hate fact. I have to be destroyed to sate the spite of animals. Everyone is agreed. Animals would be outraged. Well, that's that, then, innit.

And so no-one will help me survive them. No-one will lift a fucking finger I am a freak, a leper, an object of derision for objecting to having been crippled, for objecting to the abolition of democracy by traitor vermin, for being educated, intelligent, literate, civilized, democratic free.

No question of a misunderstanding, an oversight, not any more. No-one rushing to my aid. No-one paying me. This is just cold deliberate evil. Oh yes, you're 'going to' help me. Only you never fucking do, do you, lying vermin, and I'll be bloody dead before you do. Do the ape dirt scum of doctors spread the final most obscene lie of all, that I'm being helped? They're so plausible, aren't they. Everyone trusts doctors. Who's going to pay any attention to a silly little girl screaming when Doctor has assured them that I'm being helped.

What is the fucking problem with paying me? What is the fucking problem with upholding democracy? It's only the governing-system of the country.

And of course I'm supposed to be a trusting peasant too, even as they put the pillow over my face and hold it down. Ooh, but these are doctors, these are certified good people. They won't let anything happen to me. Just murder me.

And so I sit and watch my life spiralling down into nothing, a black hole, and I'd quite like to walk into nothingness but I shan't give them the satisfaction, Of course I want to have a fucking breakdown. I want to just sit in a corner hugging myself because I have no-one to hug me and howling for the destruction of my body and my life by these cunt filth traitor vermin who hate anything clean, these foul deadhead baboons called nurses and doctors who can't bear anything outside their control, anything alive, they have to kill it, that's what the vermin do, destroy intelligence and creativity, ruthlessly destroy, all ganged up on me, not a single voice raised in support of a free and democratic country. I stagger around on legs that don't work properly. I can't even go for a walk. I collapse and I always have to do more to keep the house functioning. This is what they have done to me and they don't think it matters. That's the reality of the cunt filth vermin of doctors and nurses. All they can do is destroy, the apes, the deadheads the foul fascist animals who never read a book in their dirty baboon lives, never had an original idea, never created anything, bring their clubs down on my spine, jabber about obedience, try to terrorize me, and what else, these illiterate peasants who've never met anyone educated can't bear being as exposed as the frauds they are. They hate intelligence. I know

educated people. I'm related to educated people. I am educated people. Educated people have read books and are informed and have ideas. It is possible to have an intelligent conversation with them and ludicrous little creatures like O'Mahony can't stand my not accepting my automatic inferiority to Doctor, not assuming she is far above me, assuming brilliance and moral perfection, however evidently these are absent. Slummy Mummy bobbed a curtsey to Doctor and that's how things are. Yeah, yeah, I'm mad because I don't respect doctors. It's how they all think. They're gods set on high and everyone else is some kind of bloody serf. They order the world. And not only will they not support me, help me, they've fixed it so no-one else will. I may be going to die in a wheelchair in the gutter but not without destroying these cunts first. And so I don't care what I do, I am not going to die silently and leave these traitor vermin untroubled, die silently for being honest, intelligent, literate, educated, free, democratic, civilized rational not an evil animal, a foul dirty cockroach that lies and whines and jabbers babbles behind closed doors or a squalid little slave-ape that never dreams of demanding the cockroaches drool their filth in public or shut the fuck up. While the balance of my mind was disturbed. It is, yes. Being surrounded by the scum of the earth, insolent fascist criminal traitor vermin gets you like that. Being exhibited as a freak for upholding a free and democratic country and objecting to having been crippled by psychopaths. I can only be kicked and raped and mauled and maimed and murdered and used a bloody punchbag for so long. I guess *The Anile Heir* won't get finished now, so that gives them something to get wet between the legs about. You mustn't be able to write. Tard cleaning women and fucking mongol metal monkey mechanics of fucking doctors won't have it. You mustn't actually have a functioning mind. These scum filth vermin polluting the University won't have it.

I as the grand-daughter of Labour public servants on both sides explained everything, demonstrated everything, took a lead, produced a blueprint for a free and democratic and civilized C21st Left, and they universally chose evil, chose corruption, chose fascism, chose treason, united against me, a free and democratic society is not to be countenanced. Chose to go on destroying me. That's all is there is to be said about them.

Except of course that they continued to physically abuse me knowing that I had had major spinal surgery. Except of course that none of them had a problem with that, nobody thought to interfere. Except of course that they have watched me become more and more disabled and their answer is that obscene animal Ardeshta putting a finger to his lips enjoining me to silence.

Except the final obscenity, a filthy tard arse--wiper slum-criminal called Jackson who thinks it ain't fucking illitrit and kills to prove it

Tell the whole country, vermin, how it was entirely appropriate I should run jump fetch carry for the dirt-monkey Wilson. Tell the entire country why there was nothing wrong in making me a porter. Tell the entire country how fucking intellectually superior you are and how you prove it by wordless, mindless assault. Then you can tell the whole country why it's fine for a rabble of butchering animals to shit on my CV, I'm mad not to accept it, but when I shit on their CVs in return I am to die for it.

But there's no point in reasoning with a foul animal of a doctor or a nurse. Time I stopped being civilized. These are foul rabid animals, impervious to fact and reason, unrepentantly evil. They are not to be regarded as human beings. As far as they're concerned I deserve to die. Well, that's how I feel about them. I hope one day justice catches up with these creatures and they hang. Wipe the self-satisfied smirks off their evil animal faces for ever.