

## **HEY, IT'S ANOTHER SHIT-FILLED BACK-BREAKING WEEKEND**

I should quite like to walk out of this house today. That is quite aside from any practical considerations or moral obligations, just walk away from it all. I should of course regret for the rest of my life leaving everything. Apart from any emotional needs.

That is I guess the root of what you might call pseudo-suicidal tendencies.

Get away from existing in a sort of camp-site nightmare, wherein I can't look at anything much beyond this screen or a packet of tissues without worrying about what I'm going to do with it and how.

It is not my home any more. It is somewhere where I can sleep and cook and eat and be grateful for warmth, but it is not my home.

Which doesn't of course mean that when I shut the front door for the last time I shan't be in floods.

Get away from them, get away from the pain and the horror of what they did to me, just get away from these mad evil animals, get away from them and what they have done to me, what they have done and do to any semblance of the rule of reason, to democracy, to civilization.

Get away from them, get away from the pain and, the horror of monsters, of being surrounded by insolent madness and evil, being the poor sick freak in the corner who thinks she lives in a free country and a democracy, thinks she can't be crippled, there for their entertainment. Of course everyone laughs at her and thinks it's all a huge joke, where Linch's pet monkey is Divisional Clinical Director, a mad animal who thinks he can enjoin to silence a woman who has been crippled. Women should just keep our fucking marfs shut, shouldn't we.

The minimalist of course would just dispose of what is to be disposed of and to go, at least to put what is to be kept in store. This is the accumulations of a lifetime, 70 years of 'stuff' (darling Katie, did you ever throw anything away?), decisions only I can make about every freaking mat and cushion, and about 4000 books in the place, feels like 40000. Oh and people not getting back to me. Setting wheels in motion assumes they keep rolling, not hit a boulder. Some things should have happened weeks ago and it's not down to me that they didn't, but that hardly helps my circumstances and of course contributes to despair. How the fuck can I cope with this when even the normal channels are clogged up? There is no room in my life for this so I burst into hysterical sobs when yet again something goes wrong.

Inundated with work at work, inundated with work at home. Take more time off, leave me more time to get out of here, people are being kind and reasonable and I am grateful but it's not really the point. Obviously I can't be in two places at once, doing two sets of things. I need to stop, to rest, when did I last rest, not in the month before Katie died, or

the month before that or before that. So, because I actually do not want to collapse, meaning I come home and sit in a chair and fall asleep in it because my body is screaming for rest and otherwise I do rest, but loaded with guilt at all the things I should be doing and should have done,

I have not had a real holiday since I began looking after Katie, not a real do nothing recover holiday for something like seven years. Of course I'm fucking tired.

So I think I have at last found help from the Moving Home Service of Age UK. Touch wood that will take some of this off me.

The whole thing is killing me. The trick is to get out before I end up collapsed on the floor.

I need help primarily and essentially because of what the cunt-faced vermin of UCH have done to my once lovely agile body.

It is of course abundantly clear no-one will ever help me, what sort of nonsense is that, a stupid little freak who thinks she live in a free country and a democracy and that she can't be physically abused, crippled and left for dead.

So here's to the dull, depraved, disgusting, degraded, stupid, criminal, ignorant, ineducable, psychopathic, sly, squalid, cowardly, fascist, obscenities of UCH.

15 years endured of their monstrous corruption and evil while everyone sat back and refused point blank to help me, Could not be associated with a free and democratic society, none of them, all raving mad, what would people say, what would people think! Oh they think it's clever to just sit there and see how I fail to cope with their evil and madness.

How far can they push me before I break, crack, an experiment is it, by the sort of mad mechanical monkey sickoids who pull the wings off flies and the legs off spiders to see how they cope, how far you insolent dirty scum filth can push me, never quite did, did I, They want to drive me to breakdown and suicide, all the vermin ever did want, all of them insolently criminal, unfit to practise. If they weren't all mad and evil, they'd be repulsed repelled, battering on the door of the RCN to get the cunt bitch filth struck off, the RCP to get the sick animals Whelan and Ardeshta struck off

All they want is me dead. I saw Katie carried out with a cloth over her face and I retched. No-one would retch for me, will they, no-one ever cared, they just want me dead sat there and refused to help me, can't possibly support democracy, can't possibly object to the butchering of the medically vulnerable body of a woman. Fifteen fucking years surrounded by the ever-smiling happy vacant faces of pure evil going about their work in the perfect fascist state.

This is a democracy, you disgusting mad sick vermin, you monstrous degraded depraved

vermin

How can anyone bear to work with them? They all go along with it, that's the real obscenity, not the few but the all, some sick fuck dirt psychopaths dribble and they all go along with it, unyielding, unswerving, in their commitment to corruption and obscenity.

I don't care, do you fucking understand? Is some part of that unclear? I don't fucking care about an obscene twisted disgusting criminal rabble contemptuous of all fact and reason, contemptuous of truth, of justice, of democracy, of intellect, of language, of morality. I don't fucking care. Wrecking my body, wrecking my life has not forced me to care because I'm not a fucking animal to be terrorized by bestiality, psychosis, corruption. Oooh, it's Doctor! It's Ners! Are these not great ones far above me? Ners noes best, dear. Doctor noes best. Sure, of cours, stupid boneheaded ignorant, ineducable criminals know best Bunch of foetid lunatics who belong on the gallows or in Broadmoor. Fucking psychiatric cases to think they can behave like this, impose the disease of their filthy mutt-hole slums and sewers on England. Actually they belong in a zoo.

What do these mad mongol mechanical monkeys keep dribbling, but I can't, but of course nothing can be said.

There are things I do care about. Being in physical pain. Living on aspirin. Being in physical pain and unable to do all the things I desperately need to do. Being in physical pain and unable to do all the things I desperately need to do while the psychopathic criminally insane butcher cunt filth vermin who have done this to me continue to strut around scot-free. My university. While the psychopathic criminally insane butcher cunt filth vermin who have done this to me continue to pollute my university. Democracy. While the psychopathic criminally insane butcher cunt filth vermin continue as if democracy doesn't exist. England. While the psychopathic criminally insane butcher cunt filth vermin continue in their own little world as if England doesn't exist. Nothing about England and the free world has any significance to them whatever.

As has of course been entirely evident for fifteen fucking years.

Of course nothing could be done.

Getting the hell out of here, somehow. I care about that.

Do you sweaty slobbering cowardly shit-filled vermin understand, a graduate of the University of London with a perfectly good job of my own was not put on earth to run and jump and fetch and carry for little Miss fat stupid lazy animal Wilson, nor to fucking genuflect to little doctory animals such as O'Mahony, dirty scum filled stupid, little cunts of doctors and nurses who first half-killed me at the Free, and then saw their way to finishing me off, all without a fucking word, all behind closed doors by cowardly vermin, scum filled dirt, liars who love filth and the criminal secrecy that protects their filth, dirty animal to whim no rational civilized moral person would give two seconds' attentions, do

these diseased brutes understand I am a fucking graduate of the University of London, not some fucking peasant or slum animal to be in awe of Doctor and Nurse, to be terrorized by their might, their power to destroy my body, destroy the University, destroy democracy, destroy England. Of course I think they're fucking tards. They can't learn. They can't reason. They can't speak. They're cowards who refuse to speak in the open. They're completely intellectually and morally corrupt. They reject all fact and reason, reject publicly establishing the facts and of course think nothing of having crippled me. They're about as impressive as a bunch of drunken yobs.