

## THE HUNGER GAMES

There is of course deliberate and insolent desensitization. No, no, men who knock around women are not lower than vermin, the scum of the earth. Knocking around a woman is completely normal. That's what women are for, to be the punchbags for male aggression, male psychosis, male inadequacy. Everyone knows that, at least at UCH. So far as the squirming degraded depraved degenerate exemplars of bestiality of nurses go, it's perfectly simple. If you don't want to get hit, you keep your fucking marf shut and do what you're told

Violence against women: it's what you pay your taxes for.

If I were casting Father Gomez in a movie of His Dark Materials, Whelan would be a surefire candidate but he could be some other kind of whey-faced nutter. Catholic nutters readily become Stalinist nutters and vice-versa (don't they, Carol), so long as there's control, obedience, sufficient scope to vent their foul desires to sink their infected claws into others and have other filth count them good

Don't they, Blair. Do you knock Cherie around? Don't ever think I'm not capable of asking that in public. You clearly have no problem with desecrating a woman's medically vulnerable body. You may be rich and powerful enough to stop yourself being sectioned but not, I think, to stop people asking loudly why you haven't been sectioned.

Make you feel good, did it, apes, the thought of my spinal fusion giving way, my being at the mercy of your power, of your wizened infected little pricks, clutch yourselves, did you? And then hide behind being gay. An intelligent 6 year old could see through it but it's just so convenient to pretend the pervs have a case. Since when is there a correlation between either literacy or sexual pleasure from injuring a woman and being gay. Of course they do have complete cunt for brains.

Harry Potter is kids' stuff compared to this which is more The Hunger Games. I had a life once. I had a future. I could climb hills and go for long walks. Everything has been taken from me. I have screamed I need help. I uphold democracy, I uphold the University, I fight to survive for public entertainment.

But then of course I am public entertainment, daily humiliation, forced to hobble among the insolent vermin who have crippled me, who destroy everything clean, who think me at their mercy.

And they pretend to cheer me on, the lower than vermin. Safe. Cowards, dirty snuffling obscene filthy cowards, cock-suckers, grovellers, vermin beneath contempt, doing nothing, watching me die.

Oh how they understand solidarity. Can't all be struck off. Oooh, ooh, some sexually perverted baboon or baboons, not content to have half-killed and crippled me claims it/they will sue me if anyone helps or supports me.

Of course they could all help and support me. Oh no, they couldn't possibly uphold democracy, uphold the University, have the bestial struck off. They couldn't have anything decent, anything rational, anything clean. Think of all the dirty little deals they couldn't make, think of the private patient income they'd lose. Oh no, Doctor is not to be questioned. Doctors and nurses are not accountable and no political, emotional, financial or practical support may be given me, lest it lead to their becoming so.

They think this is a show. Fact of course is meaningless to them.

In the arena I am supposed to understand really that I am a rebellious servant-girl, 'trying it on', a slave the terms of whose existence are determined by cowardly unaccountable criminal and absolute power, to see that existence as they see theirs, lived with a sort of invisible guillotine above one's head, which may descend if the mechanisms are disturbed. To be a creature not only of another's will, of another's making, the formation of whom is determined by those 'above' me, the arbitrary, nonsensical, bestial and evil ravings of those 'above me' who set the boundaries to my life, what I may wear, what I may write, what I may do. To incur the displeasure of my masters and mistresses is to be unmade, for they destroy ruthlessly.

They cannot conceive existence without being controlled, without being property, without being decided for by others, without being helpless and so they have done their utmost to make me helpless, these foul corrupt animals for whom 'truth' is whatever their owners tell them it is, 'The Good' is whatever their owners decree.

Only I don't understand anything of the kind, only the only parameters I accept are those determined by love and reason, only bestiality, the sole means by which these brutes communicate being wordless mindless assault, sniggering, smirking, yawning, holding fingers to lips, means nothing to me.

Only I am free and they can make me howl and scream and sob my guts out, but it gets it out of my system and in the end they cannot take me away from me, unmake the person I am, the person I have made myself. I am still the person who has read a thousand ideas they have never heard of, had a thousand more ideas of my own. I am still the person who climbed Ben Vrackie. I am still the person who has had a million experiences unfamiliar to them. I am still a graduate of the University of London. I am still John Howard's grand-daughter. I still have a metal rod in my back. I am still me.

They cannot divorce me from reality. They cannot make me the sick creation of their lies. I am free and all they can do is destroy me physically, the apes, the animals, the squalid diseased filth who masquerade as doctors and nurses, the butchers, the rapists, the murderers.

And they can't stand it, the sick animals, the psychopaths who jabber and whine and babble. They do not own me. They cannot control me. "She must do as she's told." "It is not acceptable." "I forbid it."

Well, isn't that just tough shit, buster.

I want that, I want that very badly. I want these foul sick squirming monstrosities babbling on camera that they forbid this, they forbid that, as though their desires were binding on the rest of the human race

Yeah, right, nutters, you 'forbid' democracy.

And naturally I 'must accept' that what are evidently ignorant, ineducable brute beasts who engage in wordless mindless assault and are intellectually void, ludicrous, who have clearly never had an intellectual argument or read a book or met anyone who can read and write have vastly superior degrees and are entirely within their rights to have made me into a porter.

The 'graduate' bedpan-washer, cleaner, arse-wiper is as much a sick joke as Whelan or Ardeshtna or O'Mahony.

How desperately these pitiful animals want the universities as trade-schools where sick little animals like them can be safe, protected from ideas, thought, reason.

Of course I want these vermin standing in front of x-rays of my spine and hip explaining to the world how having crippled me is nothing anyone need pay any attention to, make a fuss about, how I'm a silly hysterical little woman for thinking it matters, how I was rightfully punished for my 'impertinence', my 'insolence', my 'lies' and there's an end to it, how of course women only understand being hit, there is no need to attempt to reason with a woman.

No, let me be precise: I want that sick animal Whelan who finds it all so boring doing that.

This is not a drill, squalor-monkeys, this is not a drill, obscene insolent traitor vermin.

I have thought, I was younger and more naive then, that someone would help me survive what the vermin of medicine have done to my body and my life.

Not a chance. I am marked a non-person, to be destroyed for being intelligent, educated, rational, literate, democratic and free. I am to be left isolated and crippled 'best ignored', to be washed down the drain. Too many psychopaths, criminals, fascists, traitors, animals and others equally ludicrous can't stand me.

Just look at all these joke academics impervious to all fact and reason, who would rather destroy me than have all the facts established publicly. They live on their knees and like it. They like being corrupt filth.

I am a bad woman. Bad women are eminently disposable. Bad women of course are

fair game. No-one most evidently is going to come to the rescue of a naughty little girl.

It has been decided. It has not, however, vermin, been decided by me.

And so they just do nothing and nothing and more nothing, insolent in their evil, insolent in their treason, leaving me to get older and more and more disabled and more and more desperate, in order that their filth, their corruption, their bestiality remain untouched.

And of course they hum and haw, can I say that, is it allowed? Will Master like it? Because they're sick. As if I fucking care what sick animals like, wordless mindless brute beasts who tear at my body.

Good Christ, I've 'offended' creatures who belong in Broadmoor.

The slave apes have failed to put a collar and lead on me, failed to force me to my knees to crawl to their obscenity, failed to drag me into their sewer of intellectual and moral disease, these obscene ape creatures who pollute the University.

Fortunately an old friend of my mother's has died and left my mother an amount of money in her Will. It will not remotely enable me to have a decent future, but it will buy me sufficient time to destroy them.

I have screamed I need help. The fat twisted mental defective criminal butcher subhuman concentration-camp guard they call Matron smirked and sniggered. The impertinent little missy must accept her punishment.

No, they are not excrement. They are slimy, blood-stained, green stinking mucus from infected lungs.

Democracy, you understand, accountability, transparency is forbidden. It is not to be permitted. There must be obedience. I must understand I had to be punished, all the ravings of a psychiatric case are mysteriously held binding.

Oh, how sweetly obedient they are to sly squirming despicable lying cowards too frightened to show their faces in public, to bestiality, to unaccountable and so illegal authority.

Look, dear world, at cold deliberate evil, the extermination of intellect, reason, fact, morality, argument, question, courage, and their replacement by the rule of the mad animal, the utterly contemptible.

Just observe, dear world, what is to be protected and upheld at all cost and what is to be ruthlessly destroyed