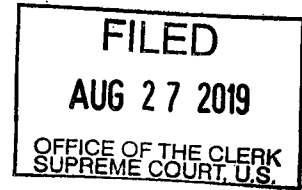


19A388



In The
SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

Andrea Johnson,
Applicant/Petitioner,
v.
Michael DeWitt, et al
Respondent.

Application for an Extension of Time Within
Which to File a Petition for a Writ of Certiorari to the
Supreme Court of the United States

**APPLICATION TO THE HONORABLE
JUSTICE BRETT KAVANAUGH**

I don't have the ability to print and mail this 3 times to the Supreme Court, so what is enclosed is 3 cover sheets for 3 cases, but the substance, like this filing of mine, and the appendix, are but one copy and all in one mailing. I don't have the means to do more. To triple everything. But that's what should be done, with 3 case numbers created. Thank-you.

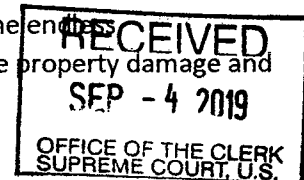
I thought I had another day yet, but it seems that it's today or never. So, this is my best effort in what I can get done in 3 hours or less. There are 3 cases and 3 appeals, thus 3 petitions to be filed, yet I can only bring myself to do one lumped together writing. This whole criminal extravaganza, predation-R-Us, sicko-sadists-R-Us, legal arena horror show has me plenty suicidal on any given day. Night terrors, spend my waking existence haunted to no end. If I'm not careful, just writing this can easily leave me in such a horrific state I have to talk myself out of carving these legal predators' names into my flesh and ending it all. I've gained over 140 pounds in attempting to deal with the pain, horror, trauma, criminal victimization, sadism, predation, suffering, and ruined mind, health, well-being, psyche, and life. I'm sure the legal predators are gloating, in reading this, high-fiving each other, and further glorying themselves in their inflicted effects on me. I've seen it. They are so boisterously and abundantly proud of their wickedness, criminality, predation, and racketeering.

The crew is really quite the embodiment of what the Bible talks about as being children of the devil, bloodthirsty, wicked, evildoers, abusers, liars, thieves, abominations, destroyers, and murderers. There are a few exceptions, but the others know what they have done, they openly reveled in it, they bragged about doing it, and whooped it up, both in and out of the courtroom and courthouse. Psychopathic is the word that comes to mind when I think about these criminals and what they all did to me and had others do to me on their behalf. They are felonious criminals and their hands are dirty, bloody, and they're abundantly proud of it.

Criminality, Predation, & Racketeering: The Lifeblood of the Judiciary

And I wish I had a lawyer, perhaps the Supreme Court could appoint me one and this all can be better framed up and lawyerly sounding. I'd love to request such. And I'd also like to request that the Supreme Court grant me a 60-day extension. Its merits are really something. I feel I deserve such and I wouldn't ask for such if I didn't need it.

Predators, like these criminals, attack again and again and make sure the targeted victim is left in such a traumatized, injured, dead-like state, they can't possibly resist, defend, or fight back. It's not a fight, but a group slaughter of one, lone, isolated, disabled, impoverished, vulnerable, made-to-be-suicidal, targeted, battered woman. Plus, the endless crazy-making is so horrific and damaging, it's almost unspeakable, as words don't do it justice. They deliberately and strategically do everything to make the targeted victim lose her mind. It's so evil. Evil, evil, evil. Then couple it all with the endless humiliation tactics, the intimidation tactics, the burglaries, the home invasions, the threats, the endless threatening, unnerving stalking, the vicious harassment and smear campaigns, the property damage and



vandalism, the slashed car tire, the dropping of calls, spying on every communication, text message, etc., criminal invasion of privacy, the threats, the hidden cameras, the perverted, sickeningly evil sexual humiliation tactics (like breaking into bathrooms and filming me when I'm using the toilet or showering or changing clothes and so forth), the usage of parabolic listening devices, the sicko skits at the courthouse, the being ordered to turn around and crotch wanded from behind (but my luscious thighs no longer will permit such – thigh gaps are so overrated but starvation is starvation and nothing seems to get the perverts all excited like targeting and be pervs and assaultive and grabbing and chasing and crotch wanding, etc. a harmless, lone, disabled, battered woman half their size, at like 120 or 130 or so, given how starvation causes rapid weight loss – slither, slither, slither go the creeps, perverts, goons, criminals, schmucks, and so forth. Devil's children.) Then there's the black and white fraudulence, the perjury, suborning perjury, witness intimidation, evidence tampering, and so forth.

I can't allow myself to cover all the ground, as I'm too broken and it's too sadistic and horrific to walk through it again today, so I want the Supreme Court to read the filings I made to the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals, which I'm including with this Petition and my IFP and the Declaration of Service on the others.

The basics of it is this: the lawyers were but felonious criminals, racketeered, conspiring, defrauding, burglarizing, stalking, intimidating, perjuring, sadistic, corrupt, predators and they got caught in their predation and slicko railroading and I called them on it. They sent crews of thugs to destroy me. They themselves did some of the crimes, but others they hired people to do for them. I was turned into but hunted prey. Nothing stops these predators. They have all sorts of contacts and connections and perps-for-pay and it's a racket. It's organized crime. Finally, they wanted to ensure I suicided, so they created a series of courtroom stunts whereby they threw it in my face, all the burglaries, home invasions, thieving, spying, hacking, surveillance, eavesdropping/wiretapping (employed spyware, malware, parabolic listening devices, and stingray devices to intercept, listen into, and read all my private communications, private electronic notes, etc.), intimidation of their witness – their crime victim, even had dirty cops targeting me, along with the local thugs in any number of locations, across multiple states.

Based on my years of nearly lethal criminal victimization with the abominable 'judiciary', the legal arena, and its attendant felonious, sadistic, treacherous, dirty, bloodthirsty predators, the justice system is but a racket. It's organized crime-like. It's like the bowels of hell are scraped and thus forms the latest crop of licensed legal predators. These people are monsters. They are thugs in suits. They stop at nothing and no crime seems to be too big for them to commit. And they have complete and utter impunity! – That is, assuming the Supreme Court of the United States doesn't do anything about it. It's like there was once a henhouse, or at least on paper there supposedly was one at one time, but the foxes guarded it and now there's only foxes left. The wolves in sheep's clothing don't even bother to don the sheep suit anymore. No need, as it's a racket – an organized, coordinated, well-oiled, criminal enterprise. No depravity is too much for these sicko sadists, either. I wouldn't allow them to take care of a goldfish, much less someone's legal affairs. And why aren't they disbarred? Ah yes, because the legal arena is supposedly self-regulating and the same corrupt, felonious, racketeered predators in the lowest level trial courts are

all networked into those running the bar associations, and all the higher courts, thus, far, have been abundantly corrupt, just as the lower courts.

The joke is that lawyers are but professional liars. Lie-yers. But I don't find such funny as it's true. These people, be it suited-up lawyers, or robed-up judges/commissioners (former lawyers), clerks, admin., security officers, justices of the state supreme court, they all are lying their butts off. Nobody seems to have a conscience. I don't understand why these predators are allowed to roam the streets and freely feed on the unsuspecting, or disabled, or vulnerable populations, and it's all back slaps, cheers, raucous laughter, sneers, boisterous whooping it up, energetic high-5s and all sorts of egregiousness.

I recently read someone talking about a different trauma, and the person said, "Once you know what's possible, that fear stays with you. You realize you have PTSD."

I had all sorts of criminal operations run on me. I was nearly driven off the highway. Vested, gloved, military-like, cop impersonating, attempted home invaders had a key to my deadbolt and tried their darndest one Sunday night to kick in my braced/barricaded to the wall, front metal door. They claimed to be cops. They were not. And one of them, Ponytailed Felon, as I call him, later does this sicko skit at TCF&JC with Commissioner Indu Thomas and the TCF&JC security officer, complete with bloodcurdling screaming, and briefcase chucking way, way up into the air. These people never stop committing crimes and nobody has any shame nor any fear of any consequences whatsoever. The judges/commissioners, lawyers, security officers, clerks, etc. were all spying on my every communication, or note to myself, or phone call or text message or calendar entry and openly, braggingly QUOTING this private information back to me the next time they saw me. Crews of them burglarized me. They went through every spec of my existence. Crews of them openly burglarized my vehicle, too, while locked in the otherwise vacant, heavily security camera-laden courthouse parking lot while other criminal, dirty attorneys would occupy the bench by the only windows that overlooked the parking lot so as to keep me from seeing the whole crew of goons breaking into and going through my car and stealing all sorts of court papers, paper trail evidence of these felonious lawyers' criminality.

I'm not kidding when I say I wouldn't allow anyone, with probably 4-5 exceptions, from the horror cesspit, criminal enterprise, snake pit TCF&JC, and Thurston County family law lawyers, to walk my dog (if I had one), let alone be allowed around other human beings. Corrupt was bad enough. But he was ONE monster. I expected better of the licensed legal predators, the Sheriffs County's security officers, the robed up judges and commissioners. Clerk Erickson stalked me home from the courthouse, following every lane change, the whole works. A security guard moved into my next door apartment, claiming to be a juvenile relative of that woman. Another security guard sat outside of my apartment, in his white truck. Just lurking. Being his stalker self.

Please. Read this all. Read the entire 'appendix'. Read the stuff from other courts. I don't have it all as so many sets have been stolen from me, again and again, but you're the Supreme Court of the United States, you could order the other courts to send you everything.

I starved in front of the court. I was like 150 or so back then. I lost about 30 pounds in front of the court and various legal predators either laughed at my starvation, gloated and ridiculed me for it, and even one said to me, when I was about 120 or so, having spent a week living off of water and a partial bottle of Mrs. Dash lemon pepper seasoning salt, as that's all I had left to my existence, that I should basically stop being so ungrateful as I had water yet and there are sacrifices needing to be made and there are others in this world who lack water so I should quit complaining, as I still had water yet, for a few more days before being evicted to the street.

And the crotch-wandering from behind, "turn around" security guard. The others who needlessly sent me through the metal detector 2-3 + times in order to steal from my purse and tote. Being needlessly chased out a courtroom and down the courthouse steps, with me nearly falling down them as I was going so fast with 'Roid Rage having a blast, needlessly chasing me. All for sicko thrills at my perpetual expense.

One time, when I was at the library, using their electricity and internet, and toilet paper and soap and paper towels.... I fell a little, because of the and the effects of starvation, overwhelming trauma, the cumulative effects of all the criminal victimization, targeting, devil's spawn legal predators' predation, and exhaustion and poor health, and this woman very casually and quick-like asked me if I was okay, as I had fallen over by her, and I thought how stunning it was that she seemed to think I was a human being or something, worthy of care and concern. I remember being so blown away by it. Totally contrasted from the felonious, sadistic, , legal predators.

I just wanted them to stop being evil, stop criminally victimizing me, return to me what they stole from me, admit all their crimes they committed against me, compensate me for the damages they caused me, stop being evil, repair the harms they inflicted, compensate me for all the pain and suffering, anguish, torment, torture, and intentional infliction of emotional distress, and stop being evil predators, leave me alone, admit what they did to me, and genuinely apologize and repent of their depravity and wickedness and show actions in keeping with genuine repentance.

They hired guys to steal my garbage. Do you realize how overwhelming it is to constantly have guys in vehicles staked out and parked right where you can't miss them, and being burglarized (both car and apartment) whenever you go anywhere by CREWS of thugs, same with crews of thugs going into the courthouse or the store, etc. to create lines, back up the line, and keep you away from your home and car for as long as possible? They slashed my car tire. They whipped out parabolic listening device and recorded me, as they hadn't gotten access to my latest \$5 or so, temp cell phone. Then my garbage was

regularly dug out of dumpsters and garbage cans and taken by these hired guys. One man, in particular, was especially memorable because he didn't even wait for me to walk away from the dumpster, but for a few steps or so and he came flying on up to the dumpster, didn't park, just stopped right there, kept the driver's side door fully open, grabbed my trash out from the dumpster, threw it into his car, and roared away. It's really unnerving to be continually hunted, targeted and living under a microscope with the worst of the worst examining every spec of your existence so as to harm you more.

Please. Read the enclosed filings. I can't go through stuff again. I have horrific nightmares. I am haunted by this stuff. Imagine all this being done to you, every last shred of your existence being stolen or examined and catalogued and shared with the worst people in the world who love destroying, torturing, tormenting, and harming you. Imagine you are not a Supreme Court Justice, or anyone privileged in any way. Imagine being a disabled, profoundly traumatized, isolated, sometimes homeless (and they legal predators saw to it that I lived on the street), destitute, starving (30 pounds or so, right in front of the court, in maybe a month, complete with being told how I still had water, and that's plenty, so there's no need for me to complain, or get any relief – plus the laughing and ridicule, as though starvation is hilariously funny). Think about being targeted by 40 or so sadistic, children of the devil, lawyers who are deadead on seeing to it you suffer tremendous harm before being successfully induced into suiciding. They reveled and cheered and laughed and gloried themselves over breaking me down to the point where I wept for like 2 hours straight in the courtroom, and then very nearly went and finally suicided. They celebrated their depravity, endless felonious criminality, group stomping me day in and day out, and it was organized crime. A racket if there ever was one. If Almighty God hadn't carried me through it, I'd have surely died. I still can hardly believe I lived through it all. They listened to my shrieking when Corrupt rolled up on me in the library parking lot. That was quite the feather in their caps, I'd bet.

And I don't have the money to print this appendix 11 times over so maybe you can all share. If I had an email for anyone of you Justices, Your Honors, where I could send the PDFs, I surely attach such and email it. And access to justice and equal protection under the law ought to mean something for the poorest of poor. 11 copies, plus postage, plus sending it to the defendants and that postage, too, is a LOT of money! I can't afford it.

It easily prices the poor right out of any access to justice. I don't have the filing fees. Federal Judge Benjamin Settle, of Western Washington, who is born and raised, Thurston County to the core, lifelong resident and all, badly wanted on all 3 of my cases, as they involved his colleagues, and the clerks snarked me when I called to file the cases from the get go. They assign cases by strict rotation, according to their written and spoken policy, and yet that's crap because 4 judges were possible. 3 of the 4 were NOT from Thurston County and yet all 3 of my 3 cases were assigned to the 1 (of 4) the only judge from Thurston County. Ahem, ahem. Thurston County all the way, these predators who victimized me were his colleagues for some 30 years before he became a federal judge. Judge Settle then proceeded to say in denying me my 3 IFP applications that he didn't believe that anything of the sort could ever possibly happen....as though these widely-known-to-be-predators-and-dirty, dirty, dirty lawyers were angelic, infallible, holier-than-thou saints..... nonsense. Lawyers and judges and their endless lying, perjuring,

racketeering, colluding, conspiring, justice obstructing, and more or less regular defecations on the rule of law, the concepts of justice, fairness, impartiality, the U.S. Constitution, civil rights, and the criminal code, of course, as judges and lawyers are above the law, no matter what. And then after I paid those fees and asked for a different judge as it was obvious that Settle was adamantly going to cover up for the predatory criminals (his colleagues for some 30 years as a lawyer), Judge Settle fought against it, as he badly wanted on all 3 of the cases. Another judge acted like nothing was up, that Judge Settle wasn't dirty, no reassignment for you. Then the perps refused to waive personal service, despite their obligation to do so, as lawyers and all, and I had to have them hunted as the dirty, predatory, feloniously criminal, attorneys took to evading service of process by a professional process server. They networked with each other and called each other and let other know when he was coming through to attempt personal service on them. They took to running and ducking into the back of their law offices, or having their staff lie and claim they weren't there or suddenly began working from home, and even Margaret Brost, when finally handed her initial papers in the parking lot, refused to take them and instead went and got into her car and tried to drive off really quick without the Summons, etc. but the wonderful professional process server was able to tuck her papers into the lip of the hood of her Mercedes and Brost drove off, with her initial papers on the hood of her Mercedes, firmly secured, thanks to the process server.

Hmm. Is that what upstanding, high-integrity, innocent as doves, lawyers do? No, of course not. And yet Benjamin Settle, in trying to ensure the cases were never filed in the first place, due to lack of money on my part to pay the 3 \$400 filing fees, claimed—knowingly lied his butt off—that he didn't believe such things would ever happen, thus being forced to deny me my IFP applications. Baloney, baloney, baloney.

Then, another dirty attorney had to be served by mail, which Judge Settle signed the order for, and I did. And even then, it was 'no worries, for you dirty attorneys' as Judge Settle was on the bench and he wasn't going to let any bad come to his buddies. And despite all but one attorney being personally served, Settle then up and dismisses the 3 cases, even going so far as to boldly lie and say that Margaret Brost, easily the most memorable personal serve of all the pack, had not been served and thus Judge Settle was forced to dismiss the case against her. She didn't even bother to perjure herself and file a motion to dismiss, but rather Judge Settle made a point to do that. He abused his power from the get go. Judge Settle is but part and parcel of the profoundly corrupt, criminal, aiding/abetting/conspiring/defrauding/railroading/racketeering, so-called 'judiciary.'

So, then I go to appeal these 3 crap, bogus, lying, 'dismissals' and the Court of Appeals for the 9th Circuit also gets in on the action, with a trio of male judges saying that my appeals and all the evidence I provided showing how corrupt Judge Settle is and what crap his bogus dismissals were/are, were but "frivolous" and nothing further said. Just blanket dismissals.

Now it's your turn, Supreme Court of the United States of America. Either the rule of law means something, or it doesn't. Either the U. S. Constitution means something, or it doesn't. Either there is

equal protection under law or there isn't. Either there is equal justice for all or there isn't. Either the rules for professional conduct mean something or they don't. Either there is access to justice for all or there isn't. Either the courts are about justice and fairness and being impartial or they aren't.

From my near decade long horrific, criminally victimizing, most traumatic, nearly lethal, 'experiences' with the snake pit legal arena, there is no justice, there is no accountability and lawyers are but criminals, through and through and judges are too and for someone like myself, it's a sickeningly evil, depraved, supremely cruel joke at my perpetual expense. They all take daily craps on the criminal code, the rule of law, the U.S. Constitution, judicial canons, RPCs, justice, fairness, impartiality, and so forth. These predators do whatever the heck they want and they do it with complete and utter impunity because they know nobody is going to hold them accountable, and the judges are just as bad, if not worse, as they abuse their power with even greater impunity, and nobody is going to check them. But for the Supreme Court of the United States of America, where the justices are at the top, there is no higher rung to climb, and you, Your Honors, can uphold the law, constitutional rights, the criminal code, and the concepts of fairness, justice, and impartiality, and rule against these corrupt players, and send this case back so I might actually get a shot of justice, for once. Otherwise, you're feeding the monsters, who'll only get bigger and bolder and worse, and create more and more victims.

As for jurisdiction and all, the 3 cases:

3:17-cv-05905-BHS, which became COA 18-35811

3:17-cv-05927-BHS, which became COA 18-35813

3:17-cv-05963-BHS, which became COA 18-35829

They were wrongfully dismissed by Federal Judge Benjamin Settle in Western Washington and then I appealed such wrongful dismissals (which contained bold lies by Judge Settle which filed evidence – like Affidavits of Personal Service completely contradicted and other willful disregarding of black-and-white evidence). I then appealed such wrongful, basis-less dismissals to the Court of Appeals for the 9th Circuit and they then ruled on May 29, 2019, on all three of my appeals that such were dismissed and they wrongfully claimed my appeals to be "frivolous", which is more lies from the judiciary. I don't have access to the orders filed on May 29, 2019, at the moment, but it was like 1 short sentence or so, no nothing, just lying and saying my appeals were frivolous and such were dismissed. So then I filed a motion for the Court of Appeals for the 9th Circuit to reconsider such bogus dismissals, on July 13, 2019, and the COA denied my motions on August 6, 2019, where it didn't even acknowledge my request for review/reconsideration, just denied my motions and said it wouldn't entertain any further filings.

Please grant me my requested 60-day extension, as these cases have all the merit in the world and it's of public interest to see to it the judiciary isn't a criminal enterprise, full of tag-team criminality, conspiring, racketeering, thuggery, and all sorts of endless predation and wickedness – but that's what it has been for me for years and years on end, with the thugs operating with complete impunity, coupled with cheering, revelry, celebrations, whooping it up, high-5s, back slaps, arm pumping celebrations, raucous laughter, sneering, jeering, and so much more. It's a den of evildoers and that's not right, nor acceptable, criminals should be held accountable, not cheered on, celebrated, rewarded, and promoted.

Respectfully Submitted,

S/AT
Andrea Johnson

Also, as for the proof of service and who is being served what and what is being mailed – I don't have the money it takes to print and mail 30 or so copies of everything – this is yet another way the poor are priced out of justice. The attorneys and judges/commissioners have hired attorneys and it's the same attorneys for these 3 cases and I'm filing a 3-in-1 plea to the Supreme Court today, so everything is lumped together. Moreover, Kim Reid and Margaret Brost are now apparently partners so they'll get one mailing at their shared location. And as for the Appendix, just printing the hundred or so pages is daunting enough, let alone making 30 or so copies of such. I don't have that kind of money. The appendix is what was served on all the defendants already in the appeals with the COA of the 9th Circuit. I've made a list of which filings I'm sending the Supreme Court and I'm sending the list to the attorneys and their attorneys. They have the copies already. Hopefully the Supreme Court sees how quickly it becomes impossible for the poor and destitute to access justice, let alone obtain justice. Seems to be that whoever has the money, takes all, this should not be the case. It rewards predation and criminality and the moneyed oppressing and criminally victimizing and railroading the poor – with impunity. Anyhow, hopefully the Supreme Court understands and sees that I am doing my best with what I have and I'd bet there's a copy machine at the Clerk's Office and another 10 sets can be made.

The Appendix items come from COA 18-35813 and are the following (as a sample)

Docket Entry 4-1 (3 pages)

6 (8 pages)

8-1 (one page – the cover page only, which I attached to the front of Docket entry 6)

9 (3 pages)

19 (4 pages)

23 (2 pages)

24 (24 pages)

25 (14 pages)

28 (14 pages)

29 (21 pages)

32 (10 pages)

34 (8 pages)

And in case this is the last thing I write, I just want the Supreme Court to know that I didn't deserve it. I'm a human being. A real, live human being. I didn't want to be in some profoundly depraved, profoundly sadistic, feloniously criminal extravaganza, circus showcasing of predation, racketeering, and felonious criminality. I never wanted to be any of their victims.

I didn't burglarize any of them, stalk any of them, put spyware on their electronics, employ stingray devices, pull home invasions, damage their cars, steal from their purses, steal their thumb drives, break into their family's homes and vehicles to steal more court papers and paper trail evidence, or Seattle attorney Downer boarding a Greyhound bus at night, from Seattle to Spokane, staring me down, death staring the back of my head, glaring at me, being incredibly unnerving (and if wasn't you, Downer, then you have a twin look-alike), stealing stuff from locked luggage, eavesdropping, criminally invading privacy, attempting to induce suicide (which is attempted murder in my book), defrauding, conspiring, railroading, etc. I didn't do any of that to any of you. I didn't starve you, nor would I laugh at you for starving, telling any of you that you need to quit complaining as you have water yet (for a few more days) and that's plenty. And so very, very much more. Mocking me for my disabilities. Doing endless humiliation and intimidation stunts. Just horrors.

Who wants to be the victim of multiple home invasions, burglaries, car break-ins, assaults, threats, stalking galore, intimidation tactics, humiliation tactics, being purposefully starved to death (30 or so pounds dropped in just over a month and I was a third of the size I am today back then), being grabbed by security officers, being chased down stairs by security guards, having multiple sickos skits (of varying lengths, one was about 5-10 minutes long, the others were hours long, like on Halloween and the fake calendar stompdawn of November 4, 2014. And then I became homeless. My confidential filings were distributed to practically everyone – instantly, with security guards even quoting the stuff back to me at the courthouse doors, and being stalked home, to another county by the clerk, then a security guard, and another one moving in next door to me, claiming to be a teenager, a relative of the other 'neighbor' Team Corrupt moved in next door to me to spy on me, etc. Vehicular tampering, having 2 car wrecks because of these sickos, parades of thugs in some 30+ vehicles going up and down the otherwise deserted street, just as show of force/intimidation/unnerving factor, multiple motorcycle clubs targeting me, dirty cops pulling me over to harass me, scare me, creep me out, grab me, and steal from my car and purse. And I could go on and on and on. And where did this all start? TCF&JC. And the dang,

depraved, felonious, monstrous, diabolical, criminal, dirty, racketeered, defrauding, conspiring, perjuring, railroading, dirty, dirty, dirty attorneys and judges/commissioners and clerks and admin. A criminal extravaganza. I am human being. I was so alone. I suffered multiple breakdowns because of these sadists and their concerted, coordinated criminals and sadistic efforts/actions. I suffered all sorts of health problems because of what they were all doing to me. Children of the devil. Bloodthirsty. Feet running to do wrong. Lying in wait. Ambushing the innocent. Plundering. Drinking down violence, eating the bread of wickedness. Scheming, conspiring, lying, thieving, violent, treacherous, destroying, murderers.

I had hoped and hoped that perhaps they'd sprout a conscience along the way but that was out of the question. I never wanted to be some monster's victim, let alone a whole slew of legal predator monsters' victim. I have no words left. There are no adequate words in the first place to possibly convey what they all did to me, with so much celebratory vigor, viciousness, sadistic delight, and criminal 'duping delight'. Predators, through and through. What galls me is that nobody had any pause along the way and thought, 'she is all alone, we are killing her, she hasn't done anything to us and we are glorying ourselves on sadistically stomping her'. It was nothing short of torture. They inflicted torture and they gloried in doing it. Walking horrors of human beings. And even now, any of them could cease being evil, stop lying about it all, and make it up to me, give me back all my stolen stuff, cease with the smear campaigns, compensate me for all the ruin they inflicted on me and the pain, the suffering, the trauma, the life-ruining effects they made sure to strategically inflict. Horrible. Horrible people.

And I don't have time to edit this or go through and read things and make sure all is up to par and all, it's very much a thrown together thing as it's all I can bring myself to do. Please appoint me an attorney. Please grant me a 60-day extension. Please call them to account. If they did all this to me, what are they doing to others? And I nearly lost my mind for good because of these sickos. I nearly suicided because of what they did to me. I can't even deal with this all without having it all play again, reliving it all. Nightmares, haunted during the day. The whole thing plagues me and I'm sure the sicko sadists are clicking their heels and jumping for joy and cheering and whooping it up in celebration. Bloodthirsty. Wicked, evil, sadists. Criminals. Predators. Group targeting to slaughter one lone, isolated, disabled woman. For sport. And to cover up their criminality. The horror of it all. Absolute trauma and horror. And one of the ongoing smears is that I was some deserving victim as I was some schemer or so, but I was being driven insane, and they knew it and I was really, really struggling (as they made sure of it) and I was so overwhelmed, so reeling in shock, horror, trauma responses, and in immense pain, and poor health, starving, living in dread and horror as to what criminal victimization and attack would be next, just wanting to die, and maybe those whose lives have been untouched by such horror think, 'oh that wouldn't happen to me, I'd be stronger, etc.' but it's biology. It's inevitable. Anyone can be broken. It's a matter of being a monster's victim, a target of a whole slew of predators, felonious criminals, sadists, sickos, perverts, etc. and it's but a matter of time. In the end, anyone can be broken. And it should bother the Supreme Court of the United States what all was done to me with such great impunity. A disabled woman who was being group targeted by so many vicious, felonious, criminal predators, and was being methodically and sadistically broken. And there ought to be recourse for targeted victims. Justice ought to be for all, no matter who does the crimes and who are the predators and tortfeasors.