

head were I had seat to work on my computer, I knew that the flat should be empty because George had just moved out so I waited for a little while so that I can make sure that what was being done to me was deliberant then I went up stairs to find these two coming out.

I confronted them both about when the work was to be completed that they had noticed had been wrong to be playing with it.

When talking to them in the hall way mathilagen come down the stairs with a black bag full of rubbish and I looked at him in front of the council workers and said I am going to send you to prison for what you are doing to me and that will ruin your life do you want that, in a polite voice.

The council officers tried to question me by turning my words around but then I corrected them in the meaning of my inherited English

Enfield council claim that we received a report that on 5th May 2017 you threatened, one of your neighbours by saying that you will ruin his life and that you were going to the police to present evidence about his illegal activities.

## Chapter 444

06/05/2017

### WARNINGS FROM MY HEART;

My heart hurts me, so bad, it hurts me, so, so, so much, it feels like the Matiligans family and co, with Co including Mr Stan Curtis and Deborah Andrews, not to forget George Quinton can do what they want to me as they clearly where all out of control and without any authority in sight, even when mutable amounts of phone calls got made to them all about the problems that I had to face because of them all involved, continued to victimise me, they all used there floorboards or other house fixtures to have a negative effect on me, some of what they done to me included such hatred, as the continual slamming on and off the water taps hours at a time, while using there cooking pots and pans to hit the wall's, they done this so loud to put me in fright of my life, it was like there chosen weapons of choice to them; Morning; Evening and of night, whether a full moon or not, all day long, they just simply keep on banging, and banging, and banging, no matter how many time I asked them, to stop, doing the evil things that they were subjecting me towards, nothing ever did change, right up until my heart just would not stop hurting me, it was like they all were having a private Pidherney; which gave them, versatility, enthusiasm, agility and unconventional methods of behaviour. While I got left to have my own epiphany; in turn creating a cartoon