

Real Live Female Perverts

The first one I met and knew about was my stepmonster. She beat me with a belt, dug her claws into my arms hard enough to draw blood and bruise me around the wounds. She forced me to go to the gynecologist when I was a teenager to get birth control pills. She threatened to knock me down the stairs all the time as a child. My biological father kept porno in the basement bathroom and she made us use the bathroom full time. We were not allowed in "her bathroom " ever. She never turned him in to anyone for putting LSD in the kool-aid or said one bad word about the pornography. She was very emotionally abusive when I first got my period. She was emotionally and psychologically abusive all the time, and I was forced to use OB tampons. I had no choice of feminine products. Sue Lennon, my stepmonster, made us live in the basement most of the time with the pornography; we were locked out of the upstairs where our bedrooms and the marijuana were at, and we were not supposed to go outside.

There was Heidi, an old roommate of mine that was a self-professed lesbian that tried to make me climb up on the toilet a week after I gave birth to my eldest daughter presumably to clean the bathroom ceiling. I refused. There was also Geri, a woman who lived at the YWCA with me who came over to my apartment once and reached out to grab my breast without invitation. I dodged her.

There was Elizabeth Allen, a public health nurse who kept telling me take off my shirts for breast feeding inspections long after my youngest daughter was able to feed herself that way. She also phoned CPS when I told her, on no uncertain terms not to come back to my house. I told her to go away several times before that, but not firmly. Other nurses have done things too. One threatened to yank my pubic hairs out during a rape exam in California.

Janice Spindt, a CPS case worker, kept telling me that I had no right to refuse Elizabeth Allen and that I didn't have any rights to my body. She kept saying I was delusional when I used the term "vampire" as slang to describe freeloading types. Probably, because I was talking about her type of person. She gave the biological father, a convicted rapist, unsupervised visitation of my little daughter. I never got unsupervised visits. She also wrote nine paragraphs against me as a mother because I have a mental illness, and only one paragraph against the biological father. I certainly do have rights even if others don't respect them.

A little black female cop in Seattle, WA tried to pinch my clitoris. Another large black female cop in Escondido, California ran her hand across my crotch twice. They are not supposed to touch you there during routine search procedure, or stare at your breasts, like a white female cop with dark hair and eyes in the LaCrosse city jail, whether you have clothes on or not. Another cop C. Bisshel of Dane County jail who harassed me for having my period. She refused to give me feminine products when I started bleeding and she made me wait quite a long time to get pads and stuff. There was also K.B Wessel who grabbed my breasts and searched my crotch area much too thoroughly.

Mandy's mother, Sandy Ganske, is a child molester. Sandy ran a hand down Mandy's thigh right in front of me at this dive called the Silver Fox in Everson, WA and pinched her daughter in the ass. Mandy likes to run up behind other women and grab

them in a tight full body hold and bounce around with them in public places. She also came up behind me and did the bump and grind on me.

I've seen at least six women molest little babies, although I don't have their names. Their hands were on the crotches of the babies longer than 15 seconds (much longer than necessary to check for dryness), usually over ten minutes. I've been beat up and verbally abused by police officers for turning some of these people in. (especially if they are men.)

There was this other classless chick I met. She was the passenger in a van with a drug addict driving. She kept running her hands down my chest near my breasts. I had to hold on to her hands to get her to quit. She had no shoes or dental hygiene.

There's my aunt Sue DeVita (aka Penny) who locked her children Steve and Rachel in cages when they were little. This seems a little perverted to me.

When I was pregnant with my younger daughter I had a female ob/gyn Dr. Hart who told me I would have to tolerate frequent full physicals that I did not want. When I refused and discontinued services, she called CPS on me.

When I was in jail there was a woman named Julie Rolo who bragged about being a whore and repeatedly told me to shut up when I attempted to report rapes to the police "guards."

There was Kathy and Patty at the Winnebago Mental Health Institute who tried to force me to step out of the shower while disrobed in front of Dennis, a violent male inmate on purpose, who threatened me if I did not let them look at me while nude. Jodi who smacks patients on the ass. Then there was Kizzie who "accidentally" kept rubbing up against me and threatened to get violent when I asked her if she was a child molester, then she says "I am a child molester!"

Both of my children are children of rape. I found their sudden appearance in my life somewhat traumatic in spite of the wonder of childbirth and magic of children and growth and all that wonderous stuff that comes with children. I never initiated sex with either father, especially when they were conceived. I've only asked a few men and women if they were interested, and some of those merely because I was suspicious of their behavior. It was a simple yes or no type of question?

I am suspicious now of all women who are not at all supportive when they find out I've been raped. I make allowances for shocked reactions, but I no longer allow for reactions that try to silence me like "shut up!," gaslight, or apologist rhetoric of the man or woman in question. I am not supportive of allegations that my spiritual practices (witchcraft) caused it, pressure to give graphic descriptions, implications that I asked for it, or "I'm not allowed to believe you because of my job." Other reactions that cause me to put my guard up are "Why didn't you go to the police" leading questions, pressure on me to get a rape exam or see a doctor, implied blame that if I don't go to the police it is my fault if he goes out and attacks someone else. I am not to blame, NO MATTER WHAT, if he goes out and reoffends. People telling me how I "should've" responded or implying that because my intuition warned me that something was off and I didn't do things a certain way put my guard up as well.

I begin to wonder if people who fall into this pattern of reactions are perverts themselves because having gotten to know several people like this, they turn out to be perverted, and a lot of times they are on hard street drugs that make people arrogant

like pills and coke. A lot of female drug addicts are forced by rapists (i.e. prostitutes by pimps/dealers)

I have tried to rescue many innocent women and children. I don't wish to rescue guilty women. If I step up and "take a bullet" for someone, and they manipulate me or the situation or hand the perpetrator more bullets, they might as well expect that I'm not going to do it again for them either! Although it is true that guilty/evil women get raped too, I can't do a damn thing for them, including the dishes, if you're going to hurt me that way. If you think it doesn't hurt me (enough), its fine for me to act like I think it don't hurt you.

I'm pretty sure most perverted women are child molesters and most lying, stealing, backstabbing, promotion stealing, tattle tale telling (narcissistic) type of women are perverts. Its gotta stop somewhere. Perverts try to convince their audiences that their victims are perverted too, or at least "queer." There is nothing wrong with being hetero, there is nothing wrong with not being hetero. You can still be heterosexual even if you were attacked by the same gender people as yourself. You can even still be heterosexual if you felt like you had to try not be heterosexual.

We all have the right to talk about these experiences any way we need or want to talk about them, and its not your fault if you cannot get the police to write a report, write a report well, or write a report the way you reported it. (The police often have the writing skills of a sixth grader I am ashamed to say.) Whatever their excuse is or was, we all have the right to make noise as well as silence.

Love is the law, and rape is a crime. So is attempted rape. Its worse than a sin. Rape=war and war is NOT love. Rape is never fair and its never love. Its fair to kill rapists, even brave according to the American way, because even if that isn't love, it's not the opposite of love either. #Godhatesrape. He may not hate rapists, but I hate rapists as well as rape because I'm not God. Killing rapists is justice and justice is not violence any more than self defense is not violence.

Euthanizing rapists isn't murder. (Its more like pest extermination) Rapists believe they are the exception to the rules. Words don't hurt them. They can't be cured with love. You cannot love or educate a rapist better.... Justice is not violence, but torture is, so its something that should be done quickly. Its never good to be sadistic about it. Its not good to enjoy screaming and torment. I know God doesn't like hearing people screaming. Its not even fun enough to be worth it.

Rapists, child molesters and serial killers all have to live with each other down in Hell. I hear it's a desert planet. (Rumor has it, it's the planet Venus) Its not a fire pit. There's no screaming in Hell.

I'm sick of psycho dykes. They can all burn in Hell for all I care. That's what I've got to say on the subject.

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