

IS SHAWNEE THE GATES TO HELL?

I began traveling thru Oklahoma in the beginning of July, end of June, 2024. Things had a real weird vibe right from the start of the journey thru the state.

I was arrested twice on the way to where I ran out of gas in Shawnee, OK right at the top of the back of the park parking lot. (Up by where the school administration buildings are.) Both times, it was for “trespassing” -- which was really just loitering....

Honestly, I never been anywhere that trespassing was a jailable crime, but, anyhow.



So, I ran out of gas in Shawnee OK in early July.... I was a little scared to travel further because of a freak accident on a back road where I suddenly (unexpectedly) passed out while driving and snapped back awake a couple seconds later. The wheel was cranked all the way to the left and I was on the edge of a ravine (not terribly steep, but steep and brush heavy enough to count.) I was on the right hand side of the road, and although the wheel was definitely all the way to the left, I was still

trynna yeet off the right side. My foot would not move from over the accelerator no matter what I did. I finally figured out my foot was NOT on the brake when I actually looked down so I lifted my foot off and coasted to a stop.....

Whew.

Happened exactly like that, too...

That didn't mean I didn't really try to get some help getting back on the road! I talked to a lot of homeless, and street folks and even some others in town trynna get help with gas money, food, shelter etc. Never been to a place less inclined to Southern Hospitality (including all of the Yankee and midwest states) than OK.

Shawnee is named after its namesake tribe. [Absentee Shawnee Tribe.](#)

The Shawnee were at the forefront of the Battle of Tippecanoe, which was fought in Indiana. The leaders of the Shawnee tribe were Tecumseh, who's name is "Shooting Star" or "Blazing Comet" in English, and Lalewashail, Tecumseh's brother. Altho it is technically a "deadname," because after he correctly predicted a solar eclipse, he changed his name to Tenskwatwawu – "The Prophet"

There is a considerable information about the two men at this webpage: <https://www.history.com/topics/native-american-history/tecumseh>

The battle was fought on November 7, 1811. After it was over, Major General William Henry Harrison burned down Prophetstown, which was a major central place for uniting so many of the tribes, which was a major agenda of both brothers.

<https://tippecanoehistory.org/our-places/tippecanoe-battlefield-museum/>

<https://www.history.com/topics/native-american-history/american-indian-wars-timeline#battle-of-tippencanoe-war-of-1812>

The two men were so desperate that they resorted to enlisting the aid of the British. Too bad they had not known all the destructive policies of the new whites in the USA pretty much all came from parliament.

I know major blood has been spilled here. I used to walk 2 blocks in the area, and feel like I'd been doing, like, say, bus person work for eight

hours. (I'm usually ready to quit full time on my feet kinda work after 5 ½ hours – for real.) My back beneath my shoulders would ache like I'd carried Mt Kilimanjaro the whole distance.

If I persisted in walking without resting every couple blocks, it sometimes hurt on a level par with labor. I am NOT KIDDING.

Feck, people are so stuck up. Found out there's a considerable amount of oil baron funds invested round here.

A LOT A LOT A LOT.

That's gotta be it. Shawnee is full on Suburbia – full stop. White bourgeoisie all the way. Anglo, without any of their culture included. All suburbs are full bourgeoisie. Everyone who calls Shawnee home on purpose embraces and here, belongs to it completely. In spite of it tryna be the Reading Rainbow, it's just blue blood.

Anglos get confused by puns. Especially the slow ones. Anglos confuse themselves with angels a lot and think they got the right to tell people what to do and that bein Anglo somehow puts them above everybody else. Yea right. Surbia is the land of angles. Some obtuse ones, a cute ones, right (self righteous ones) angles, and some definite wrong angles. See, I'm Celt to the core. Not all white peeps are Anglos, anymore than everyone else is Mexican. C'mon.

We'll definitely tell ya where to go tho. Maybe even often.... I was raised by psychos, was actually a sailor and rode with truckers for three years.

I'm not afraid to tell ya where to get off.....

The Anglo-Saxon tribe does have some class – but that ain't bourgeoisie (blue blood boredom...) The Goths are part of the tribe and then there's the Oxford University types. The Goths have their cobblestone streets, buggys (carraiges) which today might be a double decker bus... and of course, Gargoyles guading the walls. And of couse, Oxford with its libraries, ivy covered walls, marble floors.

The flooring in Anglo *culture* lasts forever. *Clearly.*



*I got into some situations with some racist terfs around the area. The b*tch at the Salvation Army that drove away from me in circles going really slow acting like I was gonna hit her car with a stick. I think she wanted me too, dumb wanker.....*

There was PURGE level shit going on with the street people and cops 1 week after I arrived. This seems to start happening every time I show up and stay for awhile in any small city when I travel.

Anyhow. I met Jeremiah on the street. We had a torrid short term affair. Called him Jerry. He takes a ring of mine and my middle finger (right hand) ring and puts em both on my left hand and starts tellin everyone I'm his wife sorta shit.

Na.

Jerry's my bf, man....

Yea, no.

He always showed up with no money, no smoke, nothin to do. No way to pay for food or any other shit. Pretending to be on the streets. He'd show up occasionally in non-wrinkly clothes that clearly came outta a dresser, not a bag hidden somewhere. Said he worked for the cops catching pedos in the woods.

"I'm Apache!" My lily white arse (his arse too!)

Yea, NO.

Took off with my shit at least three times. Last attempt included my wallet, keys, phone etc. Previous times was a pair of fuzzy unicorn slippers, dirty undies and a few pairs of reading glasses. (WHO TF knows why?) and the time before that a turquoise Zippo and other minor

shit. He took all my private bags that time (all 2 of em) -- left the tamborine. I threw the damn 33 year old instrument after him that time. I yelled, hey I know thats the thang you really wanted fucker cuz its the only thing in that pile you left behind.

First time I got arrested in Shawnee, it was my third time encountering the rent-a-cop at the library. Each time he approached me shouting accusations and giving me orders first thing outta his mouth.

Scuse me, dipshit, but I don't hafta do shit you say when I aint breaking any laws. I don't have to answer your shit questions or bow down to your BS shit head. This was the third accusation right off the bat of trespassing. I guess I was just supposed to intuit that I'd been banned from the library (for no good reason apparently)

Anyway they arrested me sometime near the end of July for trespassing on the library grounds. It was really cuz I flicked a butt in the place near him when he was screaming at me for no reason. 5 cops, 4 cars.

REALLY?

They locked me in a 13x13 cell. No toilet, no sink, no tp. Just a grate in the corner and a mattress on a little shelf. Camera in the cell. Lights always on 24/7/365. This was after I took some blood from little owies from brambles earlier, and drew two peace signs in the lobby. (One on the wall, one on the floor) Put a pentagram on the tile.

I think I was in this cell for 3 days. No questions about time of day or anything else were really answered. I'd hafta bang on the intercomm to get a response. I think it was 3 days, anyhow. Tired of the problem disposing of bathroom waste -- I drew a peace sign in shit on the cell door on day 2. When I am discharged (in which it seems to take 6 hours between discharge and actual release) I am involuntarily put into a van and taken involuntarily to OK City. The driver tells me that I just got out of a "private jail"

WTAF? Who control freaks like this on people for money? That's not really work at all, jackass. It's not work to torment people. What a monumental waste of imagination. Why would money ever be worth creating that kinda mental illness to live in the rest of your life. Feck.

"Who's it owned by?" I ask like 3 times.

“A trust.”

“And who owns the trust?”

“IDK, man, I just work here --” and that response has a ring of truth to it.



A quick look at the internet, the name Breanna Thompson (?) comes up?
WTAF?

I meet some blonde chick painting a house and talk her, gently, into taking me back to Shawnee. She decides she can, and I go back to this piece of crap burb.

Later I get banned from the coffee shop as well. Mostly because I publicly announced that I'm supporting Annie Pictou Aquash, Peltier's ex girlfriend who he just stuck his foot in his mouth around and announced he actually murdered the FBI guy on purpose and possibly even personally. I dropped support of Peltier (all 30 some years immediately after finding out about Annie) Not only that...

IT TOOK 8 MONTHS OF FASTING FOR HER NAME TO POP UP ON MY FECKIN RADAR.

Peltier, along with 3-4 of his AIM buddies had her raped and murdered. Her tribe wants to try him, IMMEDIATELY for his real crime. I believe the song "Smooth Criminal" was inspired by her for sure. And the original artist was Alien Ant Farm. **I KNOW CUZ I WAS THERE WHEN THE SONG WAS RELEASED.**

This aint the first time the internet gets shit wrong. Macs were the first computer with windows type technology. Apple invented windows. PERIOD. I KNOW CUZ I WAS THERE.

I used to set the clocks on the VCRs for dipshit grownups. The only one smart enough to almost catch me was Peg's ma. **I KNOW CUZ I WAS THERE.**

Anyhow, after a couple of weeks of him only helping me lug shit around once in a while and him thinkin he could tell ME what to do, He shows up with this chick named Lucy, Lisa, w'evs.... He tells me that she is actually Bonnie Jean, and that she's been raped. However, she is totally unwilling to take five steps to approach *me*. When she does finally, I attempt to be supportive and she walks us down to her campsite area after 7 hours hanging out on a church porch.....

So why tf is Jerrrrrry tellin me that this chick is Bonnie? I ask her some questions.

Yea, NO. I don't really believe this shit.

She's staying down in a campsite. She takes us to Mikey's tent. There's a lot of camaraderie, but not upbeat type at the site. Mikey's tent is situated in between two skin head campsites. "Bulldog" and some dude yelling at his probably pregnant pit bull all the time. Jerry and I hang

out a few minutes, he runs off after pedos for the cops, (supposedly) and I walk back up the hill after smoking a couple cigs.

Jerry and I end up a few days later by this really creepy big old structure church on Beard st.

The L Church. (Lifeline Church).

A Mormon Nazi get up disguised as a non-denominational white bread Evangelical American church. I sit on the porch after procuring a big dead tire to sit upon. I play AC/DC stuff all night just to prove it irritates Lucy more than God on any "holy ground" so far. This church is only marked by one faint dirty white cross in the stained glass of the windows above the front entrance.

I get images of children being tortured in the basement that won't go away....



The place has Stephen King, Edgar Allen Poe, Cousin IT kinda vibes. There is actually a Stranger Things, Cousin IT vibe that covers about a 1000 mile radius here. Black House and Gunslinger shit too (which got so intense that I ended up freaking out over my filthy clothes and feeling attacked that I stripped off everything down near a school for young children with very nasty vibes to it (near the church previously mentioned of course) at 3 am and walked back through the park.

The cops, now. CANNOT find the incident on the Cop Intranet.

CAN'T of course.... Well fuck off, if you idiots don't know shit about technology how tf are you gonna do cop shit in the twenty-first century. Feckin Nazis got no brains..... I swear.

I go to the ER soon after cuz I'm in a black depression. I get locked up in Integra's mental ward for about a week. (Which is in OK City.) They shoot me fulla "Zyprexa" that about instantly knocks me out. They also try thorazine on me in spite of "muffled protests" They steal two folders with artwork and paper and let me go. I have no privacy, they offer me no clothing. The meals are awful and there was a lot of brutality at the mental ward. They currently "have no record" of me ever having been there.

I find a ride back to Shawnee again.

A few nights later I am walking through Splash Water Park's parking lot and the cops start harrassing two teenage dark skinned girls. Hispanic, I think. The cops are so obsessed with badgering the kids they mostly ignore me. I throw a rock with an indentation in the middle of the cluster of people and say "meet me at Window Rock. This rock is like window rock...."

At that, the cops yell at me to leave. So I do, and ring the liberty bell statue over in the Purple Heart area of the park.



It isn't too much later I am walking by the Hamburger King restaurant in downtown and the proprietress immediately comes out and yells at me

to “Stop harassing her customers on the sidewalk and to GTFO her private property” I moon her.

The cops are there within 2 minutes this time. 5 of them.

They lock me in a normal isolation cell for 4-5 days trying to come up with a good charge against me. They finally decide “disturbing the peace” is a good charge for mooning someone.

I tell them all off repeatedly again. Especially when spoken to with blatant disrespect or worse. The food is all but inedible, AGAIN. I am discharged and wait about 2 hours before I flood the toilet “because I can’t figure out how to unclog it myself,” I tell them. They eventually give up on tryna convince me to unclog it or reason with me. I keep flushing for about 1 ½ hours before they take me outside the cell and chain me to the wall for the remaining hour or so....

I am again stuffed in a van (inside the garage) and carted off to OK City. I wait a week and finally return to Shawnee with a driver I finally managed to find. I decide to look up Lisa (who Jerry alleged was Bonnie) and walk down into the woods into Mikey’s camp.

She isn’t there, and by this time Jerry has stolen ALL of my belongings that count. Also, the car has been impounded while I was in the jail that time.

Mikey and I get to talking. I tell him I pretty much have nowhere to go and really no desire to go any place even if I could go. My family has made me so peeved, it is intolerable.

He tells me for about four days that Lisa, Lucy, w’ev always comes over, spends the night and pisses her pants in his armchair every single time she is there. He seems to think its cuz of trauma. I think that’s really fringe, but possibly..... I’m convinced this person is NOT Bonnie by now. He tells me he’s known her about 14 years. I’m like, “dang.”

A couple nights later, she shows up and takes over the armchair. I defer to her being Mikey’s guest and put up with her stupid ass comments and flat way of talking about nothing important at all. Bulldog is hitting on me every time he sees me now as well and not taking no for an answer. He barks orders at me, etc. I decide I don’t like Mikey’s neighbors either. One night he and Lisa and there and they are dry humping while she sits

on Bulldog's lap. They both keep reaching for me sitting in front of the flap to the "bedroom" area of the tent. I keep making cockroach, ewwwwww jokes and leaning away.

See, by this time, Mikey and I already decided we liked each other a lot and I decided he was my boyfriend. We are in love, at least, I think we still are (more explanation in a bit)

The next morning I am carting stuff up the hill in a broken cart that doesn't really wanna go. She comes out of the tent with her pants soaked with piss (the armchair as well needless to say) breezes past me and starts heading for my bags already at the top of the hill. Directly – do not pass go, do not collect \$200, etc. I have to yell at her three times to stay away from my shit to be acknowledged and she flips off some smart ass remark.

"Yea, whatever!" exclaims I.

We later had a confrontation about not pissing on your friends' furniture and the essential need to respect male friends.

So, then 6 hours later she keeps throwing her purse on me on the chair. I keep throwing it on the floor. The third time she screams at me over and over "Pick IT up!"

I try to ignore her, but keep telling her flat out "no"

Finally she punches me in the lip. I tell her "get out" and push her toward the door – steadily.

She climbs on the back of the chair and attempts to get me into the blazing fire pit. I keep telling her to get out. I dump her off the chair and keep pushing her out. She's all arms, legs and spaghetti. Twice as strong and wily as a normal chick. (supposedly in her early 40s according to her)

I really didn't feel too guilty. AFAIK she was the one who raided all my bags, by now, outside, including ones that had my dirty underwear..

I have to teach her a lesson about fire and hair. So I do. She finally lets me push her out on her ass.

Mikey didn't say a damn thing the whole time. He didn't object or protest at all and didn't indicate he missed her later. He did say the fight took about 4-5 minutes. I swear it felt like 20.

Anyway, things get worse. Mikey tells me he's not able to leave. He implies the two skinheads keep him there

IDK why. There is often enough times he could walk out of the place and not be seen? I got strong visual images after my own encounters with BS and they show Mikey getting raped by BS and held down by him while Lucy, oops I mean, Lisa does the "deed"

Anyway, Bulldog comes over and insists on a threesome. Mikey doesn't object, so I assume it is what he wants. Bulldog yanks me up by my hands onto the top. He is using a lot of strength because I'm not standing up voluntarily. He tries to force me to deep throat him like 13 times the whole time. I have to keep spitting him out in order not to gag. Clearly he is the kinda guy who hits women if they puke on him. I refuse 8 times total to put it in my mouth and he finally accepts rejection.....

I call the guy Bullshit now.

In any case I run into Lucy frequently. She talks a lot of shit and stalks me like a zombie. Literally. Just standing there and walking after me slowly. What a whack job.... I laugh at her pathetic attempts at really boring f*cking insults.

Mikey tells me they set up concentration camps by the bleachers and ball fields in town sometime in here.

Three days later I go to the ER because of a rash. Then I go back in after an hour and say I want counseling for rape. Next thing I know I'm surrounded by interns and forced to go to SSM health's mental ward. The ER doc was a blonde ponytailed type, about 5'5" I would guess, 110 lb or so..... Looked like a librarian. (Her name of course is nowhere to be found on any records I have)



In OK City, AGAIN. OF COURSE.

I sign no releases, yet they have “information” about what a psycho I am somehow. Nobody yet has allowed me to talk to any law enforcement.

I WAS LOCKED UP FOR REPORTING RAPE HERE!

Seriously. Full nazi bullshit is going on here. They do frequent attacks on me and keep injecting me with bullshit even though I gave them a written document stating i would rather be dead than take their “medications” I’d rather be dead than put up with any more rape. I even wrote up a statement, saying just kill me before you put any more garbage in needles and shoot me with them. Especially experimental chemicals. I mean, duh, if its not tested long term (as all antipsychotics are not) its *experimental*.

I saw some graffiti here the other day, “Would you die before you gave up your money.”

I replied if it means I just get to “survive” and not live, yea, I’d rather be dead, out loud.

I got out of the Mental ward because of some finagling of things about 2 weeks ago and am still stuck in OK City. Mikey doesn’t know where I disappeared to yet. He has no phone, he said. I was locked in there for 12 days total, and I haven’t seen my boyfriend in a month now.

I can't find any rides to Shawnee.... NOT ONE. And it ain't for lack of trying.

The paper said I was "out of touch with reality" for trynna report it. Even with Mikey as a witness.

Theresa M RavenHawk,
September 27, 2024