

**NANCY GOLD**

**ONE LIFE**

**IN**

**RUSSIA**

**Voorletter(s):**

**N**

**Achternaam:**

**Sadkov**

**Geb datum:**

**30-11-1985**

**Nationaliteit:**

**Sovjet Unie**

**Cel nummer:**

**CC.2\_033A**

**Ink. datum:**

**6-11-2020**

**Uniek nummer:**

**164**

**Tulp nummer:**

**115 649 66**

**Man/Vrouw:**

**M**

**Roken:**

**nee**

# ***Introduction***

*What was that? The fruit of a sick imagination?  
Delirious demschiza.....*

*-- Mariam Skripova, about this story*

This text is an autobiographical sketch of the author's life story, without claiming to be in proper writing style, complete or relevant to someone other than the author. The goal of this story was initially an attempt to understand my own feelings towards my Homeland and compatriots, to understand myself, then somehow crystallize my worldview and identity, and finally explain to others the reasons for my extremely negative attitude towards the Russian nation. The text contains no fiction, only real events happened to the author during his sad life in Russia. The names are unchanged either.

Be cautious when distributing or quoting this text, because it violates numerous laws of the Russian Federation, including materials on which there are precedents of open criminal cases. At the darkest point of my life this text was planned to be a mass murderer manifesto – an epitaph for myself. Now it is the story of me searching for myself.

Compatriots, themselves deprived of voice, trying to shut me up my entire life. Even my mother since childhood taught me the Russian wisdom of "not to stick out": "Shut up - go for a clever" and "silence is gold." But if silence is gold, then the dead are the richest. This text is also my response to all those who tried to deprive me of the right to express myself and my thoughts aloud. Yes. The text is full of hatred towards Russians, but as Dovatov has said: it was not Joseph Stalin who personally sentenced millions of people to suffering and death.

I began writing this book in Russian, but then changed into English, due to the further shift in my relationship with the Russian nation. There is no official Russian version anymore, because I ceased speaking Russian. The existing Russian copies are completely outdated, not maintained by me and don't represent my current views.

***Yours truly,***

***Nancy Gold***

- [nangld85@gmail.com](mailto:nangld85@gmail.com)
- <https://twitter.com/AurumNancy>
- <https://www.reddit.com/user/NancyAurum>
- <https://www.facebook.com/nangld85/>
- <http://lj.rossia.org/users/nancygold/>
- <https://www.flickr.com/photos/183169116@N03/>

# Not My Choice

"During his life, one has to cut down a tree,  
to demolish a house and to kill a child."  
- German proverb Russian style.

"Los Cubanos paldenos todo pero nunca La Esperanza" -- said the engraving on the wall at the immigration prison cell. It was made by a refugee staying there before me. Most other text in prison was in Dutch, which I unfortunately could not read. My father always had books in Dutch language due to his attribution work involving Dutch painters, but I would have never guessed I will have to learn this language one day too. It was Nov 19, 2020. I got incarcerated here two weeks ago, after arriving in Amsterdam Nov 6, and asking political asylum at the documents check desk.

As in any safe country, they can't just allow random outsiders arriving without visas to roam freely, even if they need protection, so they put them in jail, until the further research in their case. I had no EU visa. In fact I had no plans traveling to a European country, since I wanted to go to the Philippines - a much warmer country. Enroll at a university there and maybe start a diving club. But the life in Russia doesn't care about your plans. And this book is the story of how life can never go according to any stable plan.

I had to call Sasha and tell her I'm getting out of the immigration prison, but the guard said there is no time: I should be freeing the cell now and telling goodbye to the refugee friends. They are mostly nice people, but their cases are complicated, some are missing documents or cannot obtain them, because you can't go to some dictator, and ask him for a signed document that he wants to kill you. Or maybe they made some errors in their interview and immigration authorities decided their story contradicts itself. I was far luckier and spent here less than a month. Maybe because I had my story already recorded in detail as part of this text?

I was born male in 1985, in the city of Serpukhov near Moscow, when the USSR had already outlived itself and Perestroika had just began, giving birth to Russia, shining under the abrasive cold sunlight, like the pus from a carbuncle uncovered by a bold surgeon. Mother called me "Nikita" due to some orthodox cleric advice.

My birth also echoed the spirit of the times. According to the mother's story, at the maternity home, apparently for sake of the lesson to interns, it was decided to stimulate the childbirth, and as a result of rapid birth I had an injury to my head (diagnosis of "post-traumatic encephalopathy"), which later expressed in a bouquet of mental disorders.

Right after delivery, my temperature rose to 40 degrees celsius and I was transferred to the intensive care unit, and given back to my mother only after a couple of weeks. My newborn's passport includes a proud diagnosis of "a syndrome of increased nervous-reflex excitability", so since birth, I had been prescribed with Phenobarbital. The doctors of the best country in the world also for some reason forbade my mother to breastfeed me, despite the fact that the use of infant formula leads to mental

| Месяц, число и год обращения | Заключительные (уточненные) диагнозы   | Впервые установленные диагнозы (отметить +) | Подпись врача (Фамилию писать разборчиво) |
|------------------------------|--|---|---|
|                              | Фр. <i>Фенобарбитал 0,005</i><br><i>Саселар</i><br><i>НП рив 130 02</i><br><i>Д.С. По 1 кор на лого.</i>   |   |   |
| 14/12/85                     | <i>Травм. инф. с</i><br><i>Соматиче. ред. ушибом головы.</i>   |   | <i>Ср. Вр.</i>                            |
| 14/12/85                     | <i>Малов. инф. Травмат. инф. с</i><br><i>круп. зчаса, инф. м.м.м.к. достигавшая</i><br><i>книга и асиметрич. гемипар.</i><br><i>Личная раск. влашма.</i><br><i>Инф. за ривном. влашма.</i><br><i>Витам. невропатологии лекарстве</i><br><i>применяемой - обраб.м.м.к. м.м.м.м.к.</i><br><i>наслед. "беспр. инф. за м.м.м.м.к.м.к.</i><br><i>инф. рив. - Д.С.</i> |   |   |







## Grandparents

Grandmother, Nina Konchelenko, whose family was originally from the Ukraine and Belarus, always dreamed about the village retirement, although Nina has worked all her life in the city, being the head of a chemical laboratory at the candy factory. So, when I was 4 years, for the rural dream of grandmother, her husband grandfather, George N. Moskalev, who was born in the Trans-Baikal region, found a home in a surrounded by hills village Burdukovo (gmaps coordinates 52.092314, 107.507785) on the banks of a tributary of the Baikal river Selenga.

The house was an unoccupied rotten timbered cottage, which at that time was already around a hundred years old. Soviet Communists were against people having personal houses, believing that everyone must live in communal barracks. There were no house building material shops and construction companies, like the "evil capitalists" have in the West. The Soviet house ownership laws were too against the common people. Only party functionaries were expected to have personal Dacha houses. So it was impossible to buy a good and new house, even if you had the money. You have to build it somehow yourself, likely using stolen materials.



Grandmother, studying books on gardening and animal handling, began her activities with planting a vegetable garden, chickens and pigs breeding, production of brazhka and later some distilled alcohol, quality tested by setting it on fire. Grandmother exchanged alcohol for fish and services, such as construction, plowing and sowing the field. Although grandmother was intolerant of alcohol, at social events such as funerals, she sometimes got drunk, then lay in a pool of her own vomit and shouted "I'm dying." Timka, the dog, was jumping alongside, whimpering, barking and licking the grandmother's vomit. Still I have to thank grandma for teaching me how to read, write and count.

Since I was a late child, my grandmother already had many maladies and, in spite of her chemist education, was engaged in self-medication, through celandine, basket plant and urine therapy. Yet grandma had a bright memory, and could recall how her father once got drunk and chased her and her mother with an axe. Oh the sweet childhood memories...

Yet wife beating is a common practice in Russia and is an integral part of Russian culture. Battery was once criminalized, but Putin had made it legal once again, understanding that he can't jail the majority of the male Russian population. And Russian women seem to enjoy regular beating and abuse without much open protest.

Unlike grandmother, grandfather, Georgy Nikolayevich Moskalev was not an Ukrainian - he was a hero of the USSR, a kind of animated St. George ribbon crossed with Red Army soldiers from that Russophobic painting, where horny drunk Russian invaders rape pre-teen European girl. Fully justifying his name and surname, grandfather had pronounced Mongoloid features and was the only surviving child from a large family of Siberian hunter-fishermen who came here with Ermak, exterminating indigenous peoples and seizing their lands. The occupation of the Transbaikalian lands by the Russians forced many Buryat tribes to flee their lands on both sides of Lake Baikal,

moving to northern Mongolia.

Grandfather got his gold hero star medal for crossing the Danube during the offensive in the Great Patriotic War, about which he told stories while drunk, sometimes to the displeasure of grandmother, giving details about the Hungarian girls taken by force by Russian soldiers. After the Great Patriotic War, grandfather graduated from the Art Institute, but he failed to enter the peaceful channel, so most of his paintings are almost exclusively on the themes of the Great Patriotic War. Moskalev's paintings were of very dubious quality, but so are the majority of the Russian paintings, whose originality lies in the political conjuncture of the subject matter and the crudity of rendering, not chasing after the European masters.



For the Soviet government, the cult of WW2 victory was not as important as during Putinism, so grandfather, despite the preferential admission to the university and numerous indulgences during exams, received a small pay work as a teacher of the fine arts; almost all of grandfather's life, he was supported by grandmother, who had some good reason to be jealous of him constantly having sex with the young female art students, yet her money kept him around. However, after the collapse of the USSR, grandfather as a gold star hero was appointed an order of magnitude greater retirement pension than grandmother. Grandfather even had the audacity to bring home one of his student-artists, Elena Alekseeva-Baranovskaya, and my grandmother grabbed Boronovskaya's hair and began a catfight in front of my eyes, making it a beautiful event to remember.

From childhood I remember the episode, when grandmother sent me to bring back the grandfather who was drunk on May 9 (a major militaristic celebration in Russia) from the drunk party on the other side of the village. It was always scary there, because from the village children, as well as from the dogs released in the evening, you could expect anything. I furtively sneaked along the fence to the house where my grandfather was getting wasted. In the courtyard a large red-gray mongrel dog was sitting on a leash, however the length of its chain allowed it to reach any corner of the yard. I screamed in the street, but everyone was drunk and did not hear or pay attention. Then I made one of the most stupid decisions in my life and tried to pass the dog into the house, as a result I miraculously fought off and the dog bitten my hand millimeter from the vein, leaving a scar for life.

Georgy Moskalev loved a drunken brawl: after gulping the vodka and letting out a battle cry, "I am shell-shocked, I'll screw you fascist up in a mutton horn!", grandfather tried to knock out his opponent with an awkward alcoholic blow, but more often missed, falling groaning to the ground, where his even more drunk opponent tried to kick him. I remember witnessing that grandfather repeatedly fought even with his son, Oleg Moskalev. The typical occasion was, as I recall, the fact that Oleg argued with grandfather and spoke out critically about the USSR. Uncle Oleg said that in his youth, drunk grandfather frightened and threatened everyone with his "award" pistol, until grandmother threw this dignity of the hero into the river. Grandfather himself mentioned that it was just an uncharged "pugach" and he had no intention to shoot anyone.

Grandfather indeed got a concussion wound during the Great Patriotic War: as a result of explosion he caught a metal fragment with his head, which remained in his brain until his death from sclerosis. Perhaps it was the concussion that caused the hero of the USSR to use the cologne "Shipr"

intraorally, diluting it with water, yet it was a common practice among the shitfaced village alcoholics. From this hero of a grandfather I first heard the phraseology "fucking mother of God", when a young bull tried to sodomize the drunk grandpa like a cow. Regarding food, Moskalev adored boiled pork and bovine genitalia, which could be obtained in the village after animals got castrated.

The hero of the USSR, who suffered frequent constipations, told stories about the peculiarities of his digestion, as if he was describing an epic battle scene of the Great Patriotic War. He was telling that he had a "cork in the ass" or "a stick stuck there," and he must gather strength for a breakthrough; often the story was accompanied by the grandfather himself, taking a heroic dump on the side of the rural road. Now, grown up, I believe was the sublimated homosexualsim of the soviet hero. Towards the end of his life, apparently as a result of sclerosis, Georgy Nikolayevich completely stopped controlling his sphincter and often woke up in the morning lying in shit, sometimes with his face smeared with feces. Yet Russia hasn't forgotten the front-line soldier and allocated funds for a social worker, the main job of which was to wash the hero's virgin ass.

Near the wall inside of the grandfather's wooden shack was a rusty bucket, filled with shit and urine, because there is no proper sewage system in Russian houses. Due to the bucket, the house was filled with a painful stench, yet one could get used to it with time. Such buckets were practically in all Russian huts. Once grandfather made me clean the potatoes above that bucket. I've managed to drop one potato there, for which grandfather slapped and lectured me, ordering to fish it out and wash that soaked in shit potato. Grandfather also had some otherworldly respect for bread, so he forced me to eat even crumbs from the table and once punched, when he noticed me sculpting a figurine from the bread crumb.

Among other things, I remember how grandfather lamented that during the Great Patriotic War the vile "kikes" allegedly stayed out in the rear, while the young Russian boys, like him, died at the frontline. Neither then nor now I can not understand the indignation of my grandfather, because the Jews, all as one, understood that it is stupid to go to the frontline, while Russians, instead of keeping clear head and utilizing their brains, utilized themselves clearing the mine fields. However, the "civic duty", "honor", "duty to the homeland," "love for the motherland," "traitor," "fifth column" - are essentially all the forms of manipulation, and the hero of the USSR did not realize and did not want to realize that government manipulated him like a fool. There are no clever people in the trenches, only the dumb macho males, who lives hold little value for humanity.

Grandfather told me that at the time of his youth there was the real community, where nobody dared be first to collect wild berries, like currants, in the forest, or to bump cedars, which were shaken by blows on the trunk with a large hammer, to collect the edible seeds. And now everyone is too bold for his own good, everyone tries to snatch first. Apparently the concept of "competition" was absolutely alien to the old communist, and his motto was "know your place, and do not question." Then the hero of the USSR taught me to walk "properly", stating "only fagots and Americans walk like this" and "Russians do not walk like that." Being a stubborn child, I intentionally walked as he described "fagot."

Being a great teacher, grandfather beaten me with nettles and an army belt with the iron soviet star buckle, when I had the imprudence to get near the hero's hot hand, or shirked from working in the garden or cleaning the cow stall. As result, grandfather instilled in me a steadfast hatred for work, for which the hero of the USSR deserves my greatest gratitude. The grandfather's school was the best training on how to "work less, and achieve more," because the easiest way for me to achieve something was to evade or imitate work.

Unfortunately for me, my grandfather was irritated by Disney cartoons, like Duck Tales and



TaleSpin, which were shown on Russian TV in the early 90's, after the USSR fall; Although grandmother allowed me to watch them, grandfather beaten me for watching US cartoons. On the question of why I can't watch American cartoons or what's wrong with Coca-Cola, the grandfather talked nonsense about "glass beads for the Indians." Now I think that if the Indians were indeed like my grandfather, then these savages could have been subjected to genocide of any proportions, without any harm to humanity. And given the example of Steven Seagal (the offspring of those same Native Americans), who now sings praises to Putin, one can understand that the Native American people are not the best.

However, there was a softer side to the hero of the USSR. In the bath-house my grandfather made me wash and caress his genitals, noticing that I had "gentle hands". However, my grandfather loved being masochistically whipped with a banya broom and rubbed his back with the rough Soviet bast washcloth. The smell of tar soap still invokes the memories of the grandfather's cock, which by the way was rather big, so his student artist girls could be understood. In general, it was the Russian bath through which many got their first gay experience.

Like grandmother, grandfather was fond of urine therapy, sometimes forcing me to endure it and not go to the toilet, and then piss into a prepared jar. Grandfather diluted my urine with water and drank. Contradicting himself, grandfather also stated that the so hated by him Coca-Cola is "urine". Indeed, the mysterious Russian soul.

The real worth of the title of the hero of the USSR becomes clear from the history of the "heroism" of the 28 Panfilovtsev. One of the Panfilovtsev, Dobrobabin, defended Stalin, risked his life, committed a heroic deed, was wounded, and, as expected, was left to die in the ditch. Later it turned out that Dobrobabin survived - he was saved by the Germans, as a result all posthumous awards to Dobrobabin were revoked and he was sent to the Gulag. Russians do not abandon their own, yeah... however, Dobrobabin was an Ukrainian, who was forced to change name from the Ukrainian name "Dobrobaba" to the Russian "Dobrobabin". Another member of Panfilovtsev, Kazakh native Kozhebergenov, was also captured by Germans, but fled, yet the leadership has already managed to write the Kazakh into the list of heroes. When it became clear that Kozhebergenov is alive, the title of "hero" was stripped from him, and the Kozhebergenov was first sent to prison, and then to the penal battalion, where Kozhebergenov miraculously survived, yet got crippled from the wounds.

Apparently for the sake of laughter, the Russians brought the title of Gold Star Hero of the Great Patriotic War to the absurdity, rewarding it even to dead pioneer kids - the followers of Pavlik Morozov, like Valya Kotik (who actually died under his mother's skirt as a result of an air strike) and Lenya Golikov, whom Russian propaganda attributes the liquidation of Generalleutnant Richard Wirtz in 1942, but after that, in 1943-1944, "dead" (if you believe your Russian politruk) Wirtz commanded the 96th Infantry Division, and in 1945 was captured by American troops, dying long after WW2 in 1963. ( <https://forum.axishistory.com/viewtopic.php?t=230167> )

In the early 90's, my uncle, Oleg, after the end of the VHS basement theatre business, tried to breed decorative fishes and dogs, but neither generated any demand in Russia - a purebred dog is not pure alcohol. However, Uncle Oleg was not a good person. Living on the Buryat land seized by the Russians, Oleg boorishly called the Buryats "narrow-eyed", telling humiliating jokes about their asian language, and resented that, after the fall of the USSR, the Buryats began to struggle for their rights, though weakly, trying to get representation in the government of their republic, largely looted by the Moscow-centered Russian imperialists.

Russian invaders cut down the lush Buryat forests, selling them to China, along with the other raw materials from Buryatia, while Buryats haven't seen a penny. The Russian factories are responsible for the release of toxic chemicals into the lake Baikal, the largest fresh water basin on Earth. There

is a uranium enrichment facility nearby. In the Selenga River, which flows into the Baikal, the dead fish in huge quantities constantly pop belly up. Now Baikal has blossomed with harmful seaweed, feeding on Russian waste. Buryats blame the Russians for destroying the Buryat culture: the withering away of the language, the erosion of cultural traditions, isolation from their native Mongolian world.

I did not have much love for my uncle, because, typical of the Russian son of the hero of the USSR, Oleg liked to get shitfaced on vodka, then without a second thought he drove a car, went hunting, or committed other heroic deeds. Once my grandmother sent me with the drunk uncle to a fishing trip on a boat, I remember that it was scary, because the drunken idiot could have drowned the both of us. In addition, after getting drunk, my uncle fallen into senile delirium and assaulted people, including me, trying to prove how manly he is.

Since Oleg was admitted to a medical college without exams on a regional quota, as a resident from Buryatia, he did not value his luck and, during his studies in Moscow, Oleg debauched and drank at the dorm, so much that, on the memoirs of my father, Oleg's room was basically covered with glass from broken vodka bottles and there he constantly fucked girls. As a result of such studies, Oleg was going to be expelled, but my grandpa Georgiy Moskalev came to Moscow and hushed up the matter, shaking his soviet hero's star.

After wasting his youth, working on the ambulance, Oleg realized that it is impossible to become famous or earn money by good deeds. Oleg befriended Ivan Hapkin, a former physician, who at the sunset of communism became a well-known in Buryatia snake oil salesman. Acquaintance with Hapkin helped my uncle to understand that the best method of earning money in Russia is fraud. Thus, the uncle retrained into a chiropractor, in addition to practicing other methods of alternative medicine, such as herbs, cupping therapy and ovotherapy - the so called "Method of Dr. Kapustin", that is when a chicken egg is injected into a muscle or a cancerous tumor, allegedly curing all diseases, although more often this treatment leads to anaphylactic shock, salmonella and a simple tissues necrosis.

Uncle has managed to impose this ovotherapy even on my mother, despite the bad relationship with his sister, because my mother, in spite of innate dullness, felt ill-intentioned people like a dog can feel a bad person. For a pay, uncle inject my mom with a stale egg, after which my mother limped for several months. I was also going to be treated with such "omelette", but being a naughty boy, I managed to run away, without waiting for the execution.

Alas, the uncle's plan to "treat" his parents to the death was spoiled by a social worker appointed by the state to watch the Hero of the Great Patriotic War so that such a valuable exhibit would not die before his time, for the hero at the end of his life became a silent vegetable, capable only of mumbling something nonsensical. That, however, have not prevented from dressing him like a doll in order to make nice photos with Buryatia's officials, wanting a PR show off how they care about WW2 veterans.

Yet my uncle still treated my grandmother with the same ovotherapy and chiropractics, which led to grandma developing complications and dying before the grandfather, despite her younger age - sort of like an uncle pinching her some important nerve, causing further deterioration. By the way, in the end Hapkin has come to success: "There are legends about Ivan Hapkin, this Tibetologist is recommended to those who despaired of being cured by traditional methods." I wonder what honest doctors came to?

Modern pharmaceutical products are mainly of synthetic origin. Preparations used in Tibetan medicine are natural. Consist of components of vegetable, mineral and animal origin. Modern diagnostics are unthinkable without the use of special equipment, but for a tibetologist it is enough to feel the pulse.

-- *Ivan Hapkin, a Tibetologist, Ph.D. in Medicine.*  
<http://baikal-info.ru/number1/2005/24/008001.html>

While the evidence-based medicine is popular in the West, the following types of treatment are recognized among Russians:

- Iodine Grid;
- Cupping therapy;
- Brilliant green (also known as Zelenka: with Iodine and Zelenka, Russians treat everything - from herpes and hemorrhoids to AIDS and cancer);
- Vishnevsky liniment;
- Burenka Ointment (village treatment for bovine udder is used on humans too, if you consider Russians being human beings);
- Antiseptic Dorogov's Stimulator;
- Laundry soap (especially the tar soap);
- Ichthyol/Ichthammol Ointment;
- Basket Plant;
- Kombucha;
- Aloe;
- Cardamom;
- Greater Celandine;
- Ovotherapy (chicken egg syringe injection);
- Urine therapy.
- Jars charged in front of TV (can be filled with water, urine, vodka or any other liquid);
- Haloperidol (also a panacea);
- Hair conditioner;
- Rubbing (as well as tinctures) with cucumbers, tomatoes, potatoes, cabbage, zucchini and onions. Moreover, cabbage can be fermented and cucumbers can be salted;
- Vodka.

Everything easily available to the Russian humanoid, even [a hair conditioner] (<http://medived.ru/tags/%D0%90%D0%BB%D0%BE%D0%B5>), goes into medicine. Of course, such tools are combined in arbitrary proportions. Moreover, the more all these treatments are used, the faster Russians die. For example, my aunt Zinaida treated herself with celandine, and died from a disease that was quite amenable to treatment using methods of the civilized scientific medicine, had she visited a normal doctor, not a butcher like my uncle.



## ***Vodka Countryside***

Finally from Konigsberg  
Reached one big waste pit  
They dislike there Gutenberg  
And find taste in the shit.  
Drank some Russian infusion  
Heard "fucking mother god"  
There can be no confusion  
Russian snouts dance flawed.

-- Nikolay Nekrasov

The village, where I grew up, was a home for a few Old Believer families ("Semeiskie" in the local jargon), who came to Siberia before the revolution, and various semi-criminal people sent there during USSR to do the woodcutting work in the structure of Lespromkhoz (lumber-camp part of Gulag). However almost everyone in the village was a chronic alcoholic, abusing vodka and other beverages to no end. Those who did not drink were the Jewish Kozlovsky family, who spent their summer vacations, and a retired engineer Yakovlev, who was always driving here to his small garden, using Zaporozhets car.

Surprisingly sober families of Jehovah's Witnesses, who tried to settle near the village in search of a better life, nearly lost their very lives, when local russians switched from verbal threats to the tactic of arson and several-on-one attacks. I still remember the humble peaceful faces of these religious people, in comparison with the twisted ugly angry grimaces of the indigenous inhabitants of the Russian province. For some reason, I was immediately forbidden to communicate with the Witnesses, and told some scary stories about them.

The true wakeless alcoholism reached its pinnacle in the autumn, after the harvest of potato fields was over. Every winter, some drunk killed some other drunk with a knife or with a hunting rifle, or just froze to death forgetting where his house was. Corpses were lying sometimes for months waiting for the law enforcement, because the village was relatively isolated in the winter and hard to get to - roads were buried in snow. Typical joy of such places have been the power outages, when the power line across the river gets broken by the wind or a fallen tree; it could take weeks for electricians to get sober enough to fix it.

From the trailer of the arrived shop-vehicle they sold the only, yet "bravenky", brand of cigarettes "Belomor Channel" and the famous vodka brand "Royal", which nicely thinned the ranks of the Russian nation, due to methanol contamination (Russian alcohol is not known for its purity). There were rumors that in the neighboring village of "Koma" two residents died from "Royal", or, as my grandmother noticed, "they played the grand piano ("royal" in russian)". Present Russians continue traditions, using a window washing liquid (isopropyl alcohol), often sold directly in the alcohol parts of Russian stores. The "Belomor Channel" cigarettes were sometimes mixed with cannabis, but more often cannabis joints were made using Soviet newspaper "PRAVDA". The villagers also smoked "mahorka" - an illegally grown cheap tobacco plant.

The nature of the Russian villagers best exposes itself with one typical accident. Grandmother's dog, Timka, was small and lively mutt, but annoyed one local resident, apparently by barking at him when he went to grandmother during May 9 holiday to beg for the traditional frontline hundred gram of vodka (a tradition honoring World War 2 Stalinism victory, similar to the American Halloween trick and treating), or maybe Timka angered him with his tiny dog's huge temperament and hyperactivity. Then this drunk guy returned with a hunting rifle and killed Timka in front of my grandmother, then threatening her with a hunting rifle.

During these times, several families of the so called "farmers" came to this rural Russian idyll: one such family of alco-farmers went into dipsomania, which ended only when these drunk got mauled by a hungry spring bear, coming down from the mountain in search of food; more active "farmer", who erected some elaborate brick cowsheds, drowned drunk in the lake Baikal; and the third family of farmers got accustomed with the good old Russian tradition, when their house was set on fire, just after their guard dog got poisoned, by the locals. They were probably too greedy and refused to share their vodka with the needy villagers.

Children, beside me, visited Burdukovo only in the summer, because the village had no school, and they were sent to study at the village of Tataurovo, located on the other side of the river Selenga, which divided Transbaikalia. However, these Russian bantlings studied only before reaching 14 years old, and began their alcoholic careers even earlier. It is hard to see children in these whelps, for they grew up in the atmosphere of chiefly Russian rudeness and sadism, where a drunken mother, spewing a rich arsenal of the Russian swearing words and idioms, whipped her offspring over the face with a cattle whip for minor misdeeds. Even more, these "children" were dull from cannabis, which in abundance grew in those places. After this upbringing, the "children" stole from the kitchen gardens of Kozlovsky and Yakovlev, not hesitating to take even the unripe potatoes.

Congenital cruelty of the Russian children can amaze: they threw live puppies and kittens into the small river, then threw stones at these unfortunate animals until they drowned or got stoned to death. This sadistic entertainment allured even Russian girls of six years old. Several corpses of domestic animals sometimes accumulated at the end of this river. Village children ruined magpie nests, subjecting the poor nestlings to sophisticated tortures.

Even more frightening was the atmosphere in the woods where many adult dogs and cats hung from birch trees. They were hung up alive by their rear limbs and suffered a terrible prolonged agony, before dying, then emitting a fetid stench, which, however, did not stop the locals from collecting the birch juice from the neighboring trees. Sometimes such killing of dogs was justified by Russians in that the dog is too small or insufficiently aggressive, therefore unfit for guard purposes. Much later, communicating with the Russians on the Internet, I learned that this dog hanging is a common practice all around Russia. Moreover, Russian mothers hang their own children by the feet, then beating them or even poking them with a knife, as did Inna Pchelintseva, who filmed the educational process on video.



***Russian Dog Hanging Tradition***

My relationship with the village children was, to put it mildly, strained, for if at first they stole toys from me and asked mock questions (about me being gay and my grandmother being old whore), then when I told everyone about the thieving activities of these children, they started throwing stones at me and the couple of stones got to my head, leaving a scar over my eyebrow. Then they pushed me and tried to drown in the river Unoleyka, and one of the boys

wanted to make me suck his dick, guided, as I now think, by the prison culture absorbed by the Russian children from their numerous relatives who served the jail time and carried out the prison rape culture. Therefore, I had no friends among Russian children, and actually I don't regret that.

Sometimes my grandmother took me to the city of Ulan-Ude, where I had to stand in the ubiquitous Russian live queues or for a kickback buy some expired bread from the back door; grandmother used such stale bread to feed her pigs. I also remember soviet groceries, which were more like a way to show the proletarian slaves their place in the glorious communist society of the USSR.

Typical people's grocery in the USSR consisted of 6 departments: vegetables/fruits, bread, cookery/sugar/sweets, cereals/pasta, wine/vodka, meat/fish/canned food. Also in the grocery there were cash desks and they worked cunningly: the first cashier serves only departments 1, 3 and 5, the second only 2, 4 and 6. Therefore queues at cash desks were always longer than the queues in the related departments, and those who had by mistake went to the wrong department cashier were rudely turned off, and ridiculed by other grocery visitors. The shopping process was as follows: after standing in line to the right department, you asked the saleswoman (fat rude soviet woman) to weigh you 200 grams of beef, The woman cuts off a stale piece and puts in on the old squeaky mechanical scales "Tyumen" (tuned to add 10 grams over the real weight), weighs it, and wraps into dirty looking paper, on which she writes weight and puts it aside. Then she calculates the cost of the goods using abacus, and gives you a piece of paper, which includes the department number, the weight, the price, and her signature. After reaching the end of the queue at the correct cash desk for that department, you pass this piece of paper to the cashier, she produces a check and takes away that piece of paper. However, there was often a problem of shortage of change money, because the cashier treasured her coins sacredly, forcing you to pay more than the price, if you wanted to purchase anything at all.

Then it was necessary to wait again in the queue for receiving the goods, parallel to the queue for weighing, while the seller issued the goods in the intervals between the weighings. One had to literally beg the seller to bring your rotten piece of beef. After that, your check was solemnly pinned on a special awl sticking out of a wooden stand. Then the same process had to be carried out in other departments, forcing you to spend about 3 hours in the grocery. All the goods were packed into gray paper of the lowest quality with inclusions of black dots of unknown origin, often such wrapper tightly clung to the meat that you were so lucky to get; for liquid products, like milk or smetana, you had to bring your own container. By the way, it was impossible to return the purchased goods, because even a check was withdrawn from you when you received the goods. Also soviet groceries were filled with a sickening stench - a mixture of the smell of rotten vegetables, mold, rotten fish and decomposing meat. In the summer the soviet grocery was unbearably stuffy, without any air conditioning. Buyers considered this service to be normal and almost did not complain, and those who asked for the manager or the book of complaints were unable to achieve anything.

I remember the Soviet refrigerator-showcases with peeling paint, which constantly broke down. Under them there was water mixed with blood from meat, swarming flies and rags put under the bottom by the scrubwoman. Bread department had forks hanging on ropes (to prevent people from stealing them); these forks were used to check yesterday's and the day before yesterday's bread and choose the least stale. In the vegetable department there was an elevator for potatoes. Potatoes mixed with dirt were loaded by porters somewhere in the bowels of the grocery, went to the elevator belt, weighed in some way, then the staff member pulled the lever and the rotten potatoes with the roar and dust poured out of a hole along the descent similar to a shovel, filling the buyer's supplied avoska string bag (of course, in Russian shop you can not refuse to buy the rotten potatoes or cherry pick anything at all). Because of this earthen dust, the vegetable department was the dirtiest in the grocery, and the scrubwoman constantly lounged around it, lazily moving the dirt



with a broom.

For a short time they took me to the kindergarten, which I remember by its totalitarian rules: the caregivers forced children to sleep during the day, even if children had no desire to sleep, and after sleep children were put on the bench and forced to sit for a long time. If one of the children wanted to play, instead of sitting still, he was punished by caregivers, who loved to lock children in the closet-like room, filled with brooms, dust, rags and buckets. If some child wanted to visit the toilet, he had to wait till the time allocated for that activity, when all children were collectively sitting on toilet pots in a single toilet room, under the supervision of the caregivers.

As the wildest child, I tried to escape from kindergarten, but I got lost and was caught on one of the floors in the kitchen. I received a beating as punishment. While beating me, the caregiver used a lot of swearing words, and then I was closed in the utility room without light, along with buckets and mops. However, I was not taken to the kindergarten after that: the administration convinced my grandmother that such unruly children were detrimental to the collective discipline. Later this characteristic became one of the motives for committing me for the treatment into a psychiatric asylum. The failed escape from the kindergarten was an early subconscious attempt to escape from Russia. Grandfather, Moskalev, was angry, because he put a lot of effort into getting me accepted into the kindergarten, and I did not understand what I had done. Perhaps my grandfather was afraid that I would also run away from the army without growing up into a real Russian man, becoming a disgrace to the family.

## ***The Gopnik City***

In 1992, upon me reaching 7 years, my mother, whom I had previously almost never seen, took me from my grandparents so I could attend the school in the town of Serpukhov near Moscow. Serpukhov was and is considered the anal cavity of Moscow - the stronghold of the proletarian bydlo from the factories Ratep, Metalist and Serpukhov Meat Processing Plant, which in the windy weather flavored the air with the smell of rotten meat and feces. During the USSR, various undesirables, like panhandlers and just unwell families, were deported 101 kilometers from Moscow, with some of them ending up in Serpukhov. My dad then visited the United States for several months, to give some presentations, while mother was leaving for work in Moscow in the morning, returning late in the evening.

Somewhere at this time, mother, who was a devoted communist before Perestroika, forcibly baptized me, bringing stubborn and tear-stained child to some Orthodox priests who force dunked my head in the stinking mucky liquid, which is produced by dipping into not so sterile water countless unwashed children and infants, for example a toddler on the way to the baptism can crap itself and not once, but priest won't change water after each baptism act, ignoring the fact that the Bible tells that baptism must be done in the running water.

I was lucky to avoid another Russian Orthodox tradition - the epiphany bathing, which involved throwing children (including toddlers) into the freezing water in winter. Russians believe that cold water cleanses all sins from the person diving into it. But that is in fact a re-imagination of a far older pagan tradition, used by finno-ugric tribes to kill off the unhealthy babies yearly.

However, my mother couldn't force me to wear the crucifix - I threw all the crosses away. To which mother told me that the devil guides such my actions. Unfortunately, Orthodox Christianity is a shameful cross, which only distorts the psyche of a human being, because the ignorant Orthodox barbarians gave the world nothing, whereas Protestants, Jews or Buddhists contributed to the emergence of prominent thinkers who founded modern science. I think the reason is that Judaism and Protestantism encourage self-development and hard work, while Orthodoxy pushes towards respecting those in power, praying, fasting, living in agony and dying, without reaching old age - go to Heaven sooner and save government's money, which otherwise would be wasted paying your retirement pension.



***Epiphany Bathing***

God of hunger, God of cold,  
God of beggars far and wide  
God of profitless estates  
Here it is, the Russian God.  
God of sagging breasts and butts  
God of pudgy legs and lapti,  
God of bitternes and sour,  
Here it is, the Russian God.

- Peter Vyazemsky (23 July 1792 - 22 November 1878)

Urban children do not throw stones, instead they aptly throw at me, a stranger, chestnuts and dog feces, but, as goes the Russian saying, "please do not beat me, just piss on me". However, there was also a more dangerous case when the blond teenager older than me tried to extort some money, threatening with a knife, but I got terrified and tried to run away across the road, being hit by a typical orange Soviet bus, increasing speed after the turn. I flew a few meters away, receiving some bruises. Bully that threatened me just timely disappeared together with his accomplices. The bus driver shouted a few obscenities at me and continued driving.

The only my friends were homeless kids from the nearby train station, located across the street from the commie-block I lived in. These homeless children, perhaps due to the absence of Russian parents, turned out to be an order of magnitude more humane and positive, they accepted me into their circle, taught me to beg, steal, and exchange collected empty vodka bottles for money. But when the homeless kids used their money to buy glue "Moment" (they were toxicomanes, sniffing glue and gasoline), I used money to buy lottery tickets in the hope of winning a lot of money. That is when I was finally convinced that luck is out of my life, so I should not count on life going in my favor. My mother, Lydia Moskalyova, was not impressed by my street children friends - she wished that they would freeze to death in the cold Russian winter.

I remember how one day my mother lost her commie-block keys, and invited for help one of her lovers, who served in VDV (the Russian Airborne Forces). He, already drunk, with the words "no harm in trying," climbed into the apartment using a loose drain pipe and opened the door. Mother provided him with more vodka and he twisted my hand to terrible pain, because the mother said that I was a naughty child, and did not respect Orthodox Christianity. Leaving, VDV-guy jumped from the second floor balcony of the commie block, just to show off how Russian he is. It was after this incident, I finally formed my dislike for the Russian military and overly masculine men in general.

So gray languid industrial zone -  
Russia's modest precious stone.  
Ugly scurrying shabby dogs,  
Comfy deep motherland bogs.



*Typical Russian city*

In the courtyard in front of the commie-block there was no children's playground. Instead there was a large garbage dump, some garbage containers, the contents of which was quickly moved outside by stray dogs, Russian children, who loved playing with garbage, and homeless people in search of bottles and clothes. After getting outside the garbage was carried around the yard by the wind. Sometimes the children found a TV in the trash, the CRT screen was immediately broken up into thousand glass shards, densely coating the yard, in addition to all the glass from the broken vodka bottles. Similarly, children broke these long soviet

daylight lamps, enjoying the released mercury vapor. But the special joy for yard kids had been setting fire to a pile of tires, smoke and soot from which made the gray tombstones of commieblocks even grayer. The thirst to destroy, burn and rummage in the garbage overflowing in the Russian "people" since their childhood makes the Russian nation the real life embodiment of mythical orcs.



The streets of the Russian cities are engineered to collect dirt and look ugly. In civilized countries they make roads and pavements with a slight convex curve, so the rain water gets onto grass, washing the dirt from the road. Russians instead make roads with concave curves, so the rain water collects on the road with all the mud and stays there for months, before evaporating, leaving dirt and dust. Russians also prefer passing the electricity and communication lines through the air, covering the skies. Civilized people place all the wiring underground, which not only makes the city look clean, but also prevents people from getting electrocuted, if such an electric cable falls onto ground.

In addition to the homeless people, two of our commie-block neighbors were regularly digging in the garbage dump, lugging and collecting all kinds of garbage inside their apartments, already stuffed-up to the ceiling, so much that rubbish was falling out through the long broken windows back into the yard. These neighbors produced a constant supply of cockroaches and mice. Mother said that they are "God's people" and it's not nice to speak ill of them. Much later I learned that these people were mentally ill with sylogomania - a common mental disorder in Russia, but then I perceived these maniacs as something normal, without which life is inconceivable.

Just like Stalin and 9 May, cockroaches are an indispensable symbol of Russian culture. In fact, some commie-blocks have garbage disposal pipes built directly into the apartments. That way roaches get easier access to the apartments. Apparently Russians truly love when everything they see is covered in these insect feces and there are roach egg capsules laying everywhere.

In the morning everyone woke up red from the hundreds of mosquito bites. Although there were no open air water reservoirs nearby, commie-block basements served as the perfect breeding grounds for mosquitoes, due to constant flooding - the result of the indifference of Russian communal services. Through a ventilation shaft, mosquitoes reached apartments directly from the basement.

For the same reason commie-blocks apartment grew damp and moldy, supporting the putrescent look and feel of traditional Russian izba log hovels. Residents of the area were rarely sober enough to be annoyed by mosquitoes and humidity anyway, therefore no one even tried to find out why the basement is flooded and the commie-block house was overgrown with mold, and in places even with moss. The only remotely aesthetic looking houses in Serpukhov were the Bulgarian build apartment towers, having apartments of improved planning; they were built by Bulgarians construction engineers

at the sunset of the USSR for the party elite of the city and therefore were inhabited exclusively by public servants, apparently guided by the communist principle of "to each according to his needs."

In the evening it is typical to hear drunk males swearing and knocking all around the commie-block,



when wives refuse to let in these drunkard-wife beaters. Their offsprings frequently run away from homes, being unable to withstand such vodka loving families, where they can get beaten to death. Because mothers usually drink heavily too.

Walking the streets of a Russian city, one diligently tries to avoid stepping into the glistening Russian spits, puke, urine and feces, which are the major decorations of the uneven asphalt of the Russian sidewalks. And you're lucky if these Russian fluids are frozen. Russians will litter anything they can reach. If a Russian can't urinate in public, then this creature will spit, usually producing unpleasant gurgling sounds, trying to collect more phlegm into his spit. Such an overabundance of excretions in Russians is formed due to the excessive number of cigarettes Russians smoke - the cheapest and harmful tobacco brands that disrupt the lungs. Russian males cannot just swallow phlegm, because according to the Russians "once swallowed - you're a fagot forever." As for me, they called me "pidor" during childhood, because I swallowed my snots. Formally, Russians are correct, because sperm and snot have in many respects a similar chemical composition, which in fact also matches the mucus of the vagina.

# Medicine

"I think the West is too cautious about neurosurgery because of the obsession with human rights... It is a pity because it cuts off a lot of possibilities."

- Dr Sviatoslav Medvedev, director of the Institute of the Human Brain of the Russian Academy of Sciences. Medvedev performed more than 300 lobotomies, mainly to adolescents. <https://www.theguardian.com/world/1999/feb/07/1>

Although my grandmother taught me to count and write before school. A restless and hyperactive child, accustomed to running around alone in the woods, I haven't lasted even the first year in school. Without any supervision, without having any notion of discipline, respect for authority or any social skills at all, I agitated the whole class, argued with teachers, sometimes leaving the classroom without permission. I also had tantrums and meltdowns, so once at age 8 having a conflict with my mom I stripped all my clothes, which I disliked, and ran away naked into the night streets, with mother then searching for me. As the result, I was expelled from school already in the first grade, and at the order of government appointed therapist my mother sent me to psychiatrists, so the second year I studied discipline in the madhouse ("durka" in Russian), where I was referenced from the All-Soviet Mental Health Research Center (VNTSPZ) of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR. The fact that I will get a "schizo" label for my entire life was of no concern to my mother.

This NTSPZ, created by Andrei Snezhevsky himself, was run by his pupil and a well known crook Anatoly Smulevich, who has participated in the creation of the diagnosis Sluggishly Progressing Schizophrenia, and later made human experiments on patients, including using children as experimental subjects, often in the context of research grants by pharmaceutical companies that need certification of their products for Russia. Specifically, I was prescribed Sonapax (Thioridazine) and other neuroleptics at 8 years of age.

Psychiatric asylum children were of all conditions and ages, up to 18 years. However, the most prevalent were gopnik children, who were detained for the often serious crime, and sent to the asylum for psychiatric examination. Moreover, older and stronger children loved to beat the weak patients without any repercussions from the junior medical staff, which was responsible for the ward's security. I was frequently beaten too. Once a stronger boy punched me in the chest, as a result of my refusal to share with him the tangerines that my mother sent me, although half of the tangerines, as it turned out, was stolen by the medical staff. After such a punch I was lying for a few minutes trying to regain breath while other children kicked me, because I wasn't the most sociable patient in the ward and was very egoistic, which is frowned down by Russians. For the second time, they bent my head down into the toilet bowl as the result of the verbal conflict. The administration ignored such incidents. Disagreeable and capricious children were treated with punitive enemas, which immediately knocked down the



*Prenatal Alcohol Exposure*



arrogance and lowered them into the fagot caste.

However, I got far less mistreatment than the children with enuresis, by-product of whom provided appropriate stench in the ward, and every morning they washed their bed sheets in the toilet, and then during the daytime sleep were forced to sleep on the wet sheets. Those, who unconvincingly imitated sleeping, were punished by medical personnel, which first forcibly tied a child to the bed to immobilize, and then drugged by antipsychotics. Another less harmful way of punishment was detainment in a small and cold solitary confinement room, without anything to sit on.

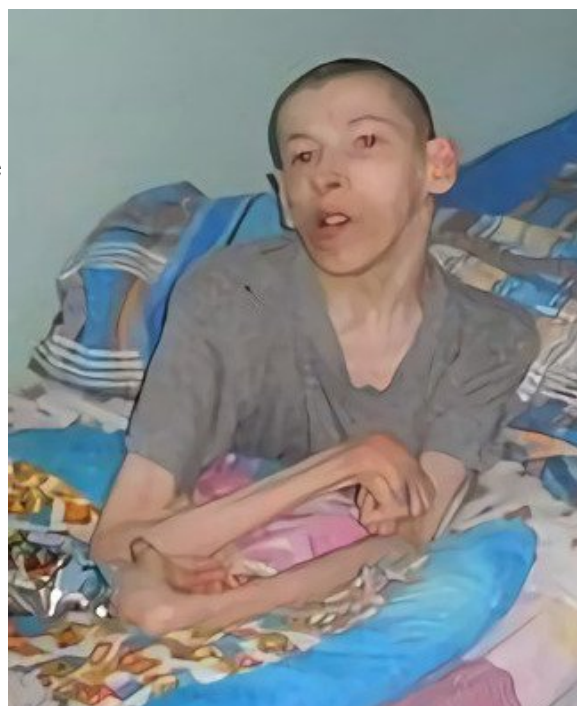


***Toilet in a psychiatric hospital***

Enuresis patients were beaten mercilessly by other kids and medical personnel, they wetted themselves in the process, which only encouraged further punishment. One subtle boy was nicknamed "cockrel" (slang term for a passive homosexual in Russian prison) and then bullied especially actively, under the condescending eyes of the junior medical staff.

Psychiatric hospital turned out to be the school of life and gave the unforgettable rich experience of living in a government institution. I did not comply with the orders of medical staff, refused to take the pills voluntarily, did not sleep on schedule, and as a result was under some antipsychotics and sleeping pills all the time. In the end of my in-patient career psychiatrists diagnosed me with "Pathological Character Traits" - the standard entry when a psychiatrist needs to diagnose something, but there's nothing to diagnose.

To treat my insolence, psychiatrists prescribed me numerous anti-psychotics, including Triftazine, Amitriptyline, Cyclodol, Sonapax, Neuleptil, Chlorprothixene, Acetazolamide, Asparkam, and several homeopathic remedies, such as Novo-Passit, Triampur and Nootropil. From some medications I slept for several days without waking up, till the doses were corrected by a psychiatrist, after that some other adverse effects came out, like problems with urination, and additional pills were prescribed for amending them.



***Heavily Medicated Juvenile Patient***

It is worth mentioning that Chlorprothixene interferes with the work of the lungs and is practically guaranteed to kill an asthmatic or just an old person, and therefore it is widely used by business-minded Russian doctors for dispatching elderly patients: these corrupt doctors are paid by the relatives, who want their inheritance as soon as possible and don't want to provide care to their elderly and/or disabled. For example, they hospitalize some elderly woman, drug her with

Chlorprothixene, and leave laying in a cold damp room for a week, then that grandma is discharged from hospital with pneumonia, and dies soon after as if from a natural cause, and the relatives proceed to grab the inheritance (usually her commie-block apartment). Carpe diem.

The next psychiatrist sent me to the infamous Bekhterev's Institute of Human Brain. Before the collapse of the USSR, that organization, headed by Natalia Bekhtereva (the granddaughter of Vladimir Bekhterev, who is famous for his human experiments), was engaged in petty pseudoscience, the search for magical thought codes and human experiments, which involved removing parts of the patient's brain to study the result. No wonder that in the 1990s the Institute of Human Brain began mass treating drug addicts with a lobotomy (the brain region responsible for desires was simply removed) and advertising of various frauds, like the Vyacheslav Bronnikov's clinic, which promised to cure cancer and restore sight to the blind.



***Vyacheslav Bronnikov***

That way I got to Bronnikov, on the "biofield" development training. Mother was happy, because she believed in the supernatural. However, I was lucky, because with the comparable chances my life could have ended inside of that infamous Bekhtereva lobotomy clinic, where wise and humane Russian doctors, like Svyatoslav Medvedev (Bekhtereva's son), prescribed lobotomy as a panacea for all maladies, including drug addiction and homosexuality. Have to note that the fraudster, Bronnikov, later became a multimillionaire, because evil always prevails in Russia, and then leads a happy and long life. Yet I'm still grateful to Bronnikov for providing the less dangerous and evil fraud venues than the horrifying Russian scientific medicine.

Further observations of several patients showed a steady decrease in emotional functions. The destruction of the relevant parts of the limbic system not only eliminated the obsessive-compulsive syndrome, but also led to progressive emotional disorders that were expressed in reducing the ability of patients to experience positive emotions. The consequence was uncontrollable depressive disorders, which often led to suicides.

- aftermath of Dr. Sviatoslav Medvedev's human experiments  
<http://rehab-centers.ru/lechenie-narkomanii-hirurgicheskim-putem/>

Returning from the US, my father seemed to be unhappy with my treatment. Hearing the crazed flow of mind from my desperate mother, praising Bronnikov, who claimed to walk on the water like Christ, the father commented briefly "the shit does not sink" without listening to nonsense about Bronnikov's extrasensory abilities and "biocomputer angels", which brought my angry mother out of herself. Unfortunately, the irrational delirium of Bronnikov's exercises did not get into my defiant head, and after a couple of lessons, my mother could not drag me there any more, and Bronnikov's clinic had no medical personnel with ambulances to involuntarily hospitalize people.

In the end, mother agreed with the school and psychiatrists that I should be transferred to the home schooling for the mentally retarded, where it was unnecessary to study, and all the tests



were passed automatically. Past eight grades home learning is not expected, so no one gave me the certificate of completing the school. The only thing that the mother was trying to do was pushing me into sports, but I was completely alien to any sports activities, and in the section on swimming in the locker room I got in trouble and was beaten by an older boy, due to the fact I sat at what appeared to be his informal place.

Maybe as a result of taking prescription anti-psychotics from the early childhood, such as triptazine, I developed hyperprolactinaemia, which led to severe hormonal imbalance and gynecomastia - female boobs grew, obesity occurred and the corresponding changes in the psyche developed, causing homosexual tendencies. All this has led to a developmental gap, because anti-psychotics, coupled with untreated hormonal imbalance, do not contribute to a



***My breast before HRT***

bright head, memory, learning ability, and generally impede doing anything constructive, especially when you are deprived of the opportunity to attend school.

Yet I can't attribute the imbalance solely to anti-psychotics, because my brother, who never took anti-psychotics, still developed

breast (although smaller than mine), and enjoyed homosexual experience. In fact, I enjoyed cuddling with one of his gay friends too, even before realizing there is something strange with me. So genetic factors and genetic dysphoria could be at play too, but Russian psychiatry doesn't diagnose dysphoria and treats everything with haloperidol – not hormones, and Russians will never consider that if a boy grows tits and behaves like a girl, there can be a girl inside. Surprisingly, compared to me, my brother never imagined himself as a girl, and just cut off his tits (or maybe he was pressured into the gender role, since parents were against him dating guys and being himself).

Russian psychiatrists advised to pull the hyperprolactinaemia-induced tits with a piece of cloth, so that other children would not bully me, but the boobs haven't disappeared from this. So, I could not even visit the beach or the pool with bare torso: women start screaming "the children see this" and "hey man, do you like seeing it yourself?", calling the security to help me leave. Beside possible hormonal imbalance, psychiatric drugs induce numerous other problems, such as chronic pyrosis and respiratory tract problems, because all glands are controlled by the neural system, that is why neuroleptic medicated patients have foamy saliva flowing out of their mouths. I have problems breathing through my nose, because the mucous gland in my nose produces too much mucus, which is linked to anti-psychotics.

When I began writing this book, I really hated myself and made a conjecture that the prevalence of female hormones is what actually makes people stupid and incapable of education, the biggest evidence being limited female presence studying abstract mathematical and scientific concepts, and that you won't find that many great female scientists, except a few contrived cases, like the one about Einstein plagiarizing Theory of Relativity from his wife. Yet later I realized that my hormonal imbalance actually directed me towards studying math and programming, instead of becoming yet another Russian gopnik, and that women are inherently good at tasks requiring concentration and rigor, like tailoring, science and programming. The first computer programmers were mostly female. In fact much later, when I began taking estrogen and lowered my testosterone, I noticed that my programming skill noticeably improved, while my ADHD disappeared completely. The fact women are underrepresented in STEM is solely because of the toxic cultural bias working against women participating in the sciences. Although there are many great female doctors, which proves girls do have what it takes to study and demonstrate perfectionism at work.

A few years after the expulsion, they have tried to return me to school, but nothing came of it, for I was hopelessly behind the other children, both socially and on the teaching program, to the extent that I was unable to write cursive by hand (I slowly wrote printed letters, like Americans do), held pen wrongly and was incapable of writing quickly enough. Even now I can only write using the keyboard, and any attempt at handwriting results in unintelligible scribble.

At the classroom, I immediately became the object of bullying, as it should be with an awkward fat boy having female boobs, who in addition served time at a psychiatric hospital. Other kids were pulling out my personal belongings, such as hats and books, and throwing them out of the window, beating me with a book on the head. One rude boy, sitting behind me, bluntly insulted me "hey retard" (the whole class knew about my diagnosis) and jabbed a pen in my back, ruining my white shirt. Numerous complaints to the teacher had no effect, the teacher did not want even to move him or me away from each other, and said something along the lines of "solving the conflicts among yourselves", without specifying how. So one time I broke down and as an answer turned to the opponent boy and poked the offender with a pen into the eye. Of course the teacher and school administration declared me guilty. Yes! ME! And not the moron who bullied and mocked me! It's me who is a conflicting person! Amazing! Obviously I never visited the school again after that.

Related to psychiatry there is another story from my childhood. When I was discharged from insane asylum, at the age of 10 years old, my mother sent me back to the village to my grandmother, who of course told neighbors about my diagnosis, and in a couple of days the whole village knew that I had a schizo certificate. Village children ran after me, threw stones at me and teased "nikitka fool, nikitka fool..." I tolerated that for a while, but at one moment broke and, grabbing an iron bar, chased two of them, a boy and a girl who were older than me, but less strong willed and experienced close fighting. They got frightened and ran, but the girl stumbled and fell, rolling down the hill, and the boy, leaving his girlfriend, continued to run away (Russians do not leave their own, yeah). As I approached the girl, I struck her several times with a piece of iron on the body and on the head.

Militia men were called, but since I was only 10 years old, I was only strictly reprimanded and sent back to my mother. I'm not a violent person, but maybe I had the right to kill that girl (by inflicting a few more hits to the head), and that would have been a right thing to do, because, as Anton Lavey bequeathed, act upon others as they act upon you. It would be interesting then to ask her relatives and friends "well, you scum, and who is the fool now?" Because people seems always continue mistreating you until you strike back and make it costly to further bullying you. I don't remember what stopped me.

The most terrible effect of neuroleptics is their ability to suppress the ability to be creative and productive. Usually, motivating oneself to some kind of activity, a person imagines its result — triftazine, haloperidol, and other medical achievements break up this mental mechanism. Antipsychotics make mental activity colorless, unpromising and tedious. Even more difficult is to perform multi-stage activities requiring planning. Neuroleptics kill the ability to enjoy music, reading, movies, hobbies and even masturbation, everything becomes depressing, gray and disgusting. You sit and do not care about anything, it seems dreary and boring, but there is no strength for anything, you put it off until later, sitting and looking aimlessly at one point, sometimes thinking about suicide.

## Family

Biography of my mother is not something interesting by itself. Grandma wanted mother to study music, so they hired an accordionist who taught mother to play music, until it was discovered that the accordion playing teacher is a pedophile who put my mother on his knees - masturbating his erect penis. Mother herself dreamed of becoming a painter, like her father Georgy Moskalev, but she lacked the talent even by the Russian standards. Therefore my mother became an art critic, specializing in Russian art, represented in majority by some rough mestichino smeared daub, or just works of etude quality made by the biggest brush available.

A significant number of paintings by Russian artists feature religious and rural themes - rotten shaky huts, orthodox churches and dirty yards, although the most intelligent artists, wanting to earn government grants, painted portraits of various government officials, including Putin. Mother said that this crudeness and the lack of detail are precisely what makes Russian art original, allowing for the vastness of interpretation, compared to the hard materialistic Western school of painting, where artists have long lost their soul, became fixated on realism, or on the contrary - abstractionism. I do not agree with my mother, because for example the works of Michel Vezinet, despite mestichino technique, radiate beauty and positivity.

Russian rock - Kipelov's puke,  
Letov, his defective fluke,  
Scabby scum which sank in cup,  
And some fool sees Tsoi foul up.

Father preferred listening to the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd and Kate Bush. Yet my mother listened to Bichevskaya, Kobzon and Rastorguev, so my childhood had the soundtrack of "we are Russians, we are Russian, we are Russian, we will all rise from our knees", "America, don't play fool, give our Alaska back!" and "filling the world with raspberry bells ringing, the Russian dawn will rise." Although mother mentioned that being young she had visited Alfred Schnittke's concerts, she then "became aware" that Schnittke is a Jew, who had been working against the USSR, and Schnittke's music is anti-Russian, cosmopolitan and pretentious, there is no soul in it. For me the Russian music is associated first of all with Blue Meanies from the musical Yellow Submarine, VHS cassette with which my dad has managed to get somewhere. Much later I learned that even the Russians themselves call their music "govnarstvo" (shitdom), and the fans of the Russian music are called "govnary" (shit-fellows). In addition, a significant part of Russian musicians are engaged in plagiarism and adaptation of the Western works, insulting to the originals.



**Yana Bichevskaya**

Mother was not happy with my birth, for she always wanted a daughter, which was born dead during her first pregnancy. I was also not a favorite son, for all attention was given to my brother: parents paid for his night clubs, bribes at the university, and good clothes and trips abroad. My

mother believed that I don't need education, because I'm now officially retarded, while I was supposed to be an artist or serve military in Chechnya, like her idolized father Moskalev (on the other hand, my mother disliked her Ukrainian ancestry mother), therefore, after serving in the army, I, according to my mother's plan, I should have become an artist.

My mother herself did not spend any time to teach me useful stuff like math or physics, although she sometimes tried to "educate" me, for example, forbidding me to say the word "kushat" (the diminutive of verb "eat" in Russian); the mother claimed that "kushat" sounds too feminine - a proper man should "eat", not "kushat" like some woman or a fagot. Yeah, and real muzhik can only "zhrat" (a Russian verb for animal eating process). I also remember the mother's educational program about gays, when the mother burst into diarrhea telling that "fagots are dirty, filthy and knead shit."

Generally, mother treated me like an inferior fool, for whom nothing good can be done, threatening all childhood to turn me into an orphanage. My mother constantly referred to my birth brain trauma, saying that I was dropped on the head at the maternity hospital or simply replaced with someone else's child, lamenting that God has punished her when she wanted a daughter. Mother reproached me with that birth trauma at every opportunity, so when I became interested in programming much later, mother said that it is rocket science and requires higher mathematics, while I'm mentally disabled and was unable to complete even the first year at the ordinary school.

Dad, Vadim Sadkov, accused mother that she had raised a fool out of me, but the husband was not an authority for the mother. She never particularly loved my dad, because he is a PhD and a university professor, far from serving in military and being a war hero. In his youth, back in the USSR, my dad illegally listened to Radio Liberty, the Beatles and Pink Floyd. That made grandfather, Georgy Moskalev, to hate my dad as a potential traitor to the Motherland, and because he believed that my dad had bad influence on my uncle, Oleg Moskalev. Yet to Georgy Moskalev it seemed normal that at school a drunken classmate broke Oleg's head with a bottle.

My mother refused even to take her husband's surname "Sadkov", leaving her maiden name "Moskaleva." The true mother's love remained far in her youth. First was the Africa exchange student, who left Russia. Second was a guy that graduated from the officer academy. But the young officer had never returned the love to my mother, believing she was a whore, because mother's friends told gossips about her. Of course my mother also had lovers among the stereotypically bearded painters from the Union of Artists of the USSR, and then the Union of Artists of Russia. In the end the divorce of my dad with my mother was a completely logical, and I have no right to blame dad for abandoning my crazy and unfaithful mother.

All the 90s my mother "charged" jars with urine from the TV set "biofield", generated by the TV shows of Anatoly Kashpirovsky and Allan Chumak. She used them for urine therapy. Unfortunately in the 21st century, mother has discovered the "Russki Vestnik" (Russian Messenger - a neo-Nazi newspaper, obviously modelled after Völkischer Beobachter), some Russian Orthodox newspapers, and then more hardcore literature, like these antisemitic books of Klimov. After such "education" mother began blaming the Jews and the homosexuals for all the troubles of Russia, because "these degenerates created and ruined our holy USSR." However, my mother had a full head of other cockroaches. For example mother saw "devils" and told me that she waked up one time, and on the ceiling above her was some "black creature."

Then, being already an ex-wife, but still somehow getting money from my dad, mother went on a round-the-world tour of Tibet and Europe, finally realizing that she had dreamed of living in France all her life. However, mother still hated GMO products and microwave ovens, having read in some patriotic magazine that the food heated in the microwave oven is "dead" (apparently doubly dead if

microwave cooked from GMO products). Such articles about the dangers of microwaves were ordered by the Russian state security agencies, which wanted to reduce the imports of non-essential consumer electronics products (including microwave ovens), which Russia imports using US dollars. The goal is to force Russian citizens to use domestic gas stoves to heat food, so Russia won't have to spend any foreign currency.

In addition to the other vices, mother had an innate passion for corruption and bribery. So while the mother always gave alcohol and boxes of sweets to psychiatrists and other doctors, she was not shy to cautiously use the blatant money bribery too. To be honest, everything in Russia requires bribery. Without a bribe, I would not even be recognized as a disabled child. Later my mother has bribed me off from the criminal case after a letter with the threats of murder to the principal of the school. And while working in the state-funded organization as a referee, mother herself liked taking bribes with various material values, including expensive alcohol, money, ornaments and paintings, because my mother largely decided on whether the artist would be accepted into the Union of Artists. Not for nothing did my mother get the title of Honored Cultural Worker of the Russian Federation. The culture of bribery enjoys great honor in Russia.

Although my mother usually never got as drunk as the grandmother, she smoked so much that it was difficult to breathe in the apartment, and the ceiling and walls literally turned yellow. I remember how in my childhood I hid and threw away my mother's cigarettes, for which my mother scolded me and promised to return me to the psychiatric hospital, explaining that she was smoking because I was such a moron, acting on her nerves. However, the mother started smoking long before my birth, she tried it at school to fit in with other kids, but got completely addicted in the university, also to avoid being a black sheep. On the other hand, the culture of smoking gives power to tobacco companies and introduces a split into the society, dividing into those who jointly visit the "smoking room" and those who stay outside. The split is weak, but the more cracks, the farther away from us is the thermodynamic equilibrium. Peaceful coexistence is possible in a mass grave, and the thermal death of the Universe it seems will be the ultimate peace.

My brother, Denis, was a bit more fortunate than me, because he grew up in the city and was raised by the dad's parents, whom I saw only a few times in my life. According to my mother, Grandmother Klava has spoiled my brother, and grandfather, Anatoly Sadkov, who judging by his surname apparently came from Ukraine, worked as an engineer at the local factory. Although Anatoly was sober his whole life, grandmother Klava, coming from a purely Russian family, suffered typical quiet female alcoholism, which somewhat shortened her life.

Denis was an excellent student, for which he was often beaten by other children until he was transferred to study at the [SUNC (special mathematically-focused school at Moscow State University)](<http://www.vypusknik.info/show.html?ac=show&id=9709>), then he enrolled the first medical college of Moscow, which he did not finish, leaving his studies in the first year, because of the aversion for the military department and compulsory physical exercises, in addition, the brother lost all faith in the relevance of Russian national education and the Russian medical degree, which is not recognized anywhere else in the world. Therefore, Denis began preparations for the admission to the German medical university: he learned German and got a bunch of Western medical textbooks. However, the brother was denied a Schengen visa for a very stupid reason - at the job where Denis was listed, they made a mistake and said that he didn't not work there - as a result, the ban on entry into the EU for several years - all because Denis was born in Russia. So my brother followed the path of his grandmother: - abused vodka, so much that once Denis nearly drowned in the lake, saved only by a little more sober drinking companion.

Later, my brother came to a rather neo-Nazi views, and then adopted Catholicism being ashamed of his gay youth. Denis mentioned that he supports Trump and his words the main American problem



is the Mexicans and the Negroes. Unsurprisingly my brother supported the Russian Nazis who fought against immigrants from Tadjikistan and Uzbekistan. Regarding Russia, Brother believed that Putin is corrupt and not strong-willed enough. Honestly, I do not know where my brother got such an ideology, but from childhood I remember the conversation between my brother and my mother, when Denis argued that it would be better for Russia to be conquered by the Germans, there would be order in Russia, to which my mother indignantly protested in the style of "your grandfather is the hero of USSR, and you have the nerve to say that!"

Best of all, my brother is characterized by his own words:

```
And for such dirty and illiterate articles
[Stomakhin's article on the fact that Russia is
heiress of the Golden Horde] for the bydlo I would've
ordered public death sentences, as in the old days.
The plebeians are dumb and illiterate, there is no
need to clog their brains with such russophobic
fantasies. And then the Ukrainians now believe that
they appeared earlier than monkeys (reading Ukrainian
academic nonsense). Many surviving Indians want to
secede from the United States, as well as the US's
Hispanic part, Ireland is fighting for its
independence even using terrorism, as well as
Catalonia and the Basque country - why this malicious
felon [Stomakhin] won't tell us about that?
-- from Denis's answer to the question about
Boris Stomakhin and Ukraine
```

Denis supported the Soviet-Russian punitive psychiatry, as well as the sadists at its founding, insisting that NTSPZ provides correct treatment to patients:

```
In the Soviet years ... no human experiments were conducted.
Smulevich is the best specialist in depression and psychosomatics.
Many schizos hold grudge against doctors, yet Smulevich's books
are sensible.
-- Denis defending the student of Snezhevsky,
who introduced sluggish schizophrenia
```

To which I noticed that if someone is a skilled professional, this does not mean that he is a good person. Say Joseph Goebbels was a good propagandist, but does this mean that Goebbels, who killed all his children, was a good person?

```
Hang yourself, and get committed into insane asylum. Chao.
-- Denis, in response to my idea of a world without borders and countries.
```

The dreadful situation with psychiatry in Russia seems to be related to the fact that the scientific publications and examinations by Pechernikova, Snezhevsky and Smulevich have not yet been condemned by Russians, and say Pechernikova, who signed diagnoses to known dissidents under the USSR, even received the Medal of the Order For Merit to the Fatherland "II degree (1996)," while Smulevich continued medical practice, and now the NTSPZ under Smulevich's leadership is accused of experiments on people. Russian doctors [adopted a defensive position] (<http://psychiatr.ru/news/242>), claiming that, say, Snezhevsky was defamed, and the dissidents, like Valeria Novodvorska, who criticized the Soviet power, were actually insane.

However, even Smulevich himself admits that Russian psychiatry is divorced from the global

norms:

"Now a book has recently been published, such a Novosibirsk professor, Caesar Petrovich Korolenko, it is called Personality Disorders and, in my opinion, Dissociative Disorders, and there it means, this means so if you want to familiarize yourself with this direction, Western in fact, then to say, this is even that and you do not know English, then this is just what you need, because there, the whole Western position is psychoanalytic, so to speak, but here, without, it is true to say, without a single reference to a single Russian authors. In general, it's as if nothing has been done or developed at all in Soviet Union, but it's okay."

-- Doctor of Medical Sciences Anatoly Smulevich complains that Western scientists are avoiding citing Russian psychiatrists,  
<https://youtu.be/4prT0e4zfLs?t=819>

Hearing that I develop a video game, Denis commented categorically:

Silent horror..... What a senseless waste of time.

Later, during the criminal case brought against me, my mother will describe my brother in the following way, contrasting him to me:

"I gave birth to a healthy boy Sadkov Denis Vadimovich, born in 1977, the boy grew up very clever, gifted, studied very well - I think it was his psychological characteristics. I can tell you about Nikita that... the birth was stimulated ... he was born very quickly, then he was taken away with a temperature of 40°C, and they didn't explain what specifically happened. Nikita showed particular behaviors, he didn't sleep much and his sleep was very unstable. We tried to get Nikita into kindergarten, but Nikita resisted. He studied with difficulty, he did not have contact with classmates, after 3 quarters we were given direction to a mental hospital. Since 2000, Nikita has a status of childhood mentally disabled, he was given a second disability group. I can say that if Nikita does not do something for a long period of time, he forgets how to do it."

Mother testified to this, knowing full well about the disgusting naughty nature of my brother, about his love of alcohol. For example, a few years before the criminal persecution against me, Denis, driving under the influence of alcohol, hit a man, killing him. The murder was in Cuba, therefore, in order not to quarrel with Russia, the Cubans acquitted Denis and he avoided jail. But my mother still continues to love Denis. While I was still guilty of all the troubles of my mother, despite killing nobody and being persecuted for my post on the Internet. In my mother's eyes being chronic drunk is the norm, but my refusal to drink vodka is a symptom of my mental disorder. Maybe if I start killing, the mother will love me?

## **Hobbies**

Instead of a computer, my mother for some reason bought me that illegal Chinese NES clone called "Dendy", and then PlayStation, although I did not like mindless action games prevailing on this console. But the games like Final Fantasy were in English, which helped me to get the initial skills in this language – the skills which proven the most useful during my following life, and changed the way I think, since the language forms consciousness.

Yet when I came to the pirate games shop back then, the manager told me that these JRPG games are for girls, while boys usually pick these and these. But I loved Japanese video games and anime. My during childhood I enjoyed Candy Candy and Sailor Moon, which were broadcasted on the somewhat liberal TV of the time. Later I liked Haibane Renmei, Last Exile and Howls Moving Castle, Escaflowne and Death Note.

The main pastime, excluding video games and anime, were books, and, much later, a computer assembled from the cheapest used components, thanks to the help of my brother's friend, a smart Jewish person who was involved with computer components related businesses at the time. My favorite video game was Command & Conquer Red Alert, although I was annoyed that the game designers made the Russians a superior side, but it showed how powerful is the evil and how difficult it is to defeat Russia.

My favorite TV shows were Disney cartoons, such as Winnie the Pooh, Western TV series, such as "Highlander" (the one with Queen music), LEXX (influenced my attitude towards totalitarian regimes) and "Xena: Warrior Princess", while the stuffy domestically produced slag caused persistent nausea. Russian cartoons gave me especially negative memories, among them are the Soviet Winnie the Pooh, talking in a voice of professional drunkard and looking like a shit blot, due to Soviet animators having no proper artistic skills; ugly puppet characters, such as Domovenok Kuzya and Cheburashka, and that delirious Hedgehog in the Fog, which was more like a hallucination of a drug addicted dolt or a drooling schizophrenic.

Similarly I've developed animosities towards the Soviet films, such as "Guest from the Future", the worn-out vomit-inducing "The Irony of Fate, or With Easy Steam," and "The Adventures of Electronics." Today Russians have the Western shows banned from Russian TV to encourage the production of a larger number of cheap Russian patriotic shows, such as "Kadety" (Military Students), Ivan the Terrible, Ekaterina the Great and similar blatant propaganda garbage. Fortunately I can't name Russian video games, which I hate, because Russians haven't produced any video games noticeably even locally.

Although Russians have zero respect for intellectual property, I managed to buy several original and legal copies of my favorite video games and movies in English, ordering them directly from the American Amazon site. I still regret that my childhood was littered with pirated translations, such as the ones by Dmitry Puchkov. This Puchkov has since then become a politician, promoting anything state services order him, but back then this former prison guard has managed to botch many professional voice acting in films and video games with his bastard mocking Russian voice. Yes I had to listen to his subhuman Russian noises, instead of proper voice acting by actually talented people, like Richard Ridings and Leonard Nimoy. Suffice to recall the Spiderman movie, which was translated by Puchkov as "Chelopuk" (Fartman) or similarly Puchkov ruined "Lord of the Rings" movie. I hope that the MPAA will someday sue the bastard for all the money he earned working in the Russian propaganda field.

In addition to the botched audio track, such pirated translations often broke scripting, in the game code or utilities, making games unplayable after some point, because pirates like Puchkov without

hesitation made changes to the program code, having no QA and being unable to test result, like the original developers did before release. The ugliness of cyrillic alphabet and the defective nature of Russian language were the curse of my childhood, and even now localized products consist of the incompetence of Russian actors and writers, while Blizzard and other companies put boorish Russian users inside special reservations, limited only for Russian-speaking subhumans, when they use Russian versions.

Similar problems come with Russian literature, which is just a disfigured interpretation and localization of the works of Western authors. All childhood I had to read the second-rate plagiarism, like Buratino, Tales of the Dead Princess, Wizard of the Emerald City and Neznaika, instead of the original Pinocchio, Snow White, Wizard of Oz and fairy tales The Kingdom of the Elves, by Anna Khvolson, based on The Brownies, by Palmer Cox.

As for the Russian literature of the 19th century, almost all of it is secondary and consists of the translation and adaptation of the Western literature. Only several Russian language works carry any historical value, these include the books by Vsevolod Krestovsky, a rabid anti-Semite, who described the way of life of the Russian Jews in his crazy anti-Semitic novels and the ever dirtier Russian way of life in the "Peterbug Slums" novel, which, however, is still secondary to the "Les Miserables" by Victor Hugo.

From the early literature, I remember the children's Bible, which was given to me by Jehovah's Witnesses, and which my mother threw away, for in her words "this devilry is not Orthodox Christian". The rest of the Russian children books, including the magazine Murzilka, was some kind of incredibly propagandistic nonsense, usually about pioneers, therefore having less value than the proper toilet paper (a very scarce and sought-for commodity in USSR), which at least wont leave ink on your butt when used.



**Children Propaganda Book  
by Lev Kassil**



**Murzilka Magazine Cover**

The most canonical Russian writer is the schizophrenic anti-Semite Fyodor Dostoevsky, who has also enjoyed alcoholism and ludomania. In every second Dostoevsky novel someone chops someone with an axe ("Crime and Punishment") or with a knife ("Idiot"), and then suddenly repents, or just goes insane, as in the novel "The Double." It would be interesting to compare the value in dollars of one page of the novel by Isaak Azimov with one page of the novel by Fyodor Dostoevsky, whom people can only be forced to read, because reciting the Dostoevsky's

novels is the mandatory requirement for the admission to the Russian universities. In his diary, the great Russian writer Dostoevsky intersperses his anti-Semitism with the thoughts about the genocide of the indigenous population of the Crimea and the resettlement of this "liberated" land by the Russians.

*In general, even if the resettlement of Russians to the Crimea (gradual, of course) would require some extraordinary costs from the state, then even at such cost, it would be extremely advantageous to continue colonizing Crimea. In any case, if the Russians do not take Crimean land, then the Jews will infest the region and kill its soil...*

-- Fyodor Dostoevsky (A Writer's Diary, July and August, 1876)

After the fall of communism, the previously unseen fantasy genre books began appearing in the Russian market (mostly illegally translated), including those based on the unknown in Russia role-playing game Dungeons & Dragons and Warhammer universe. But there were also domestic Russian made fanfiction quality stuff, such as the continuation of the Lord of the Rings by Nikolai Perumov, an unremarkable graphomaniac who gained fame only thanks to stolen intellectual property. The Harry Potter franchise also fell victim of plagiarism, for example the Russian author Dmitry Emets simply renamed the "Harry Potter" character to "Tanya Grotter" and published it as is. Although now Russian writers are trying to turn inside out the foreign characters, turning them into villains who are opposed by good Russian characters, as in the book Children Against Wizards, where cadets of the Russian military school are fighting with the bad Harry Potter. That book was even followed by an animated series. In another Russian literary work, Harry Potter repents and accepts Orthodox Christianity.

Getting access to the Internet allowed me to download some music composing software, like modplug tracker and fruityloops, with which I then played for a couple of months, but failed to become a composer and all my tracks are long lost. I'm sure my successes would be more tangible, had my mother paid for my music school courses. At the time I used the Internet mainly to download soundtracks (aka original scores) for movies, anime and video games, because then and now I don't really like ordinary pop music (with vocals). Even writign this book I listen to the music of Nobuo Uematsu, Jerry Goldsmith and Patrick Doyle.

I remember that in 2005 Russian LAN networks were crammed with child pornography, typically of domestic Russian production. At an FTP in a local network it was possible to download hundreds of hardcore porn videos with pre-teen children. In typical such video, a drunken Russian pedophile of this chiefly-russian village kind took the dirty homeless glue sniffing children to his infernally looking commie block apartments, compared to which even my mother's battered commie block looks like the Putin's palace. It was the golden age of free speech in Russia, for worse or for better.

Even today Russian orphanages are known to lease children to pedophiles. Especially the mentally disabled children, who won't be able to tell anybody. And these orphans will return with shocking genital, oral, and anal trauma. Girls as young as five have their mouths torn and bleeding, pus dripping from their rectums, and of course all kinds of STDs. Abusers would do rather atrocious things to them, things they wouldn't dare do to an adult prostitute, and all for vodka, a few cigarettes, or a tube of glue. Business as usual in Russia.

In the Russian Internet in addition to the propaganda clips of Kremlin paid figures like Anatoly Shariy, there were two popular documentaries "The Curse of the Gray Elephant" (aka Green Elephant 2.0) and "One Day of Childhood" from a certain company with a vague title "Kinamania" as a Russian clone of the American show AVGN (Angry Video Game Nerd). The difference between AVGN and Kinamania as between the USSR and the West: instead of the original, an ugly clone-miscarriage is produced, ignoring the essence of the original and all that made the



original so fun. An additional cherry on the cake was that the show host, Pavel Grinev, is an obviously disabled person with a lesion of the nervous system and facial expressions like those of degenerates I have seen enough in a psychiatric hospital.

Grinev's colleague, Sergius Astakhov, is a mentally retarded Russian patriot who dances naked with the flags of Russia. Surprisingly, this Sergius has not yet been sentenced to compulsory treatment under Article 329 (desecration of the flag and the Emblem of the Russian Federation). And then there are the so called "trash streams", where show hosts torture and sometimes kill people for donations. One example of these is Stanislav Reshetnikov, who has killed for likes his pregnant girlfriend, Valentina Grigoryeva. Such is the top of the Russian Youtube.

Although my parents lived in Moscow, I spent practically all my life, from 8 to 27, in four walls, living in the same city of Serpukhov, having no friends or acquaintances. My brother tried to introduce me to his friend's brother, a gopnik-like boy, who later went to study into FSB academy, but his interests, like football and girls, were completely irrelevant to me. My father did not acquaint me with anyone, for most of his acquaintances, scientists, with the fall of the Iron Curtain emigrated to Israel, Europe, the United States and Brazil. However, one of the dad's acquaintances, Vinogradov, although still a Jew, for some reason remained in Russia. During the Soviet Union, Vinogradov was engaged in smuggling stuff, for example, he illegally sold records of the Western musicians, so people thought that with the fall of the USSR Vinogradov would create a successful business and get rich. Yet he surprised everyone and ended his days as a drunkard, finally succumbing to the Russian culture.

During 2006, I was staying with my mother in Moscow, where I attended a couple of anime events. That moment I remember as me gaining consciousness and my anti-Russian views beginning to crystallize. I created my first blog on back then American LiveJournal.com service under the name "exanode". There I wrote about politics, criticized religion and traditional medicine, which is always trying to "heal" the healthy and created so many problems for me. If now I am agnostic, back then I identified myself as an atheist and supported fairly radical ideas, such as the production of soap branded "Faith" from the employees of the Russian Orthodox Church. However, I have not changed my attitude towards Orthodoxy and I still want to see the holy-orthodox soap from the Russian priests - wash hands and you are granted indulgence. And judging by the excess of the fat layer in Russian Orthodox priests, ever consumed by the servility to the golden calf, their fat can make a soap factory run non-stop, creating a lot of jobs.

I've already condemned nationalism, homophobia and the incomprehensible war in Chechnya. All this led to the fact that local skinheads from RNE, who somehow got my real life address, began to break into my mother's apartment. Prior to that, the neo-Nazis tried to call me to "talk", and were waiting for me on the street. The leader of the Nazis introduced himself as "a professor of history."

When these skinheads were bursting into the apartment, the police did not even come to the call, and refused to open a criminal case. Later, one of the neo-Nazis told in the IRC chat that among the Russian cops there are many Nazis too. It turned out that I was exposed by ISP's staff member from the local network company "Interlan", who knew which IP was assigned to which apartment. The story ended when neo-Nazis cut all the cables, including the Internet and a phone one. Dissatisfied with the "guests" my mother was shocked by my political ideas and drove me out back to Serpukhov.

Russia is a proper Nazi country,  
We check our mongolhood monthly.  
Russia is our fascist power,  
Black Hundred, golden shower.

Our glorious Fingolian blood is noble,  
We will turn Ukraine into Chernobyl!  
Be glorious, Russia! We are so proud!  
Death to the non-Russian Slavic crowd!

From the towers of Chechenya to the Buryat hut  
Our lebensraum is spread out.  
We're the only one in the world! We're the only one -  
The Russian nation is the holy God-bearing hun!

For the Internet friends I had all sorts of anarchists and connoisseurs of the "creativity" of the composer Victor Argonov (also known as Complex Numbers), now working in the "neo-Soviet" style. Argonov started with making apolitical techno-tracks, then switching to communist and Putinist propaganda, which brought him fame among the lowest layers of the Russian byldo.

Turn on the light -  
You ain't bright!  
You're the Russian -  
Stupid as concussion.

Subconsciously I picked female avatar pictures for most of my Internet accounts, including the blog, which had a photo of a female doll face. Later I've deleted that blog, also thinking about actual suicide, not understanding who I am and seeing no future for myself as a man. I had some thoughts about changing my gender, but they were just phantasies detached from any real possibility. Yet coming close to suicide, I have changed my mind, having discovered imageboards, which at the time had complete a lack of moderation and censorship, and equired no registration or identity to participate. I remember that 2ch.ru of that time without hesitation hosted all kinds of child pornography. That was true uncompromised freedom of information. Then 2ch.ru was closed by the FSB, and I switched to 0chan.ru and iichan.ru, which later were also closed, because it became impossible to keep uncensored websites in Russia.

At the same time, I taught myself hacking using exploits and rainbow tables, gaining control over several sites (one of which was lki.ru), writing stupid things on the forum on behalf of the admin, and then bluntly dropping the database. Friends at one of the sites broke off relationship with me after this. However, I had developed overwhelming deprssion, lost any need in friends at the time and haven't done any hacking since then anyway.



Apparently I'm an out of order person in Russia, because for the majority of Russians the only respectable hobby is drinking alcohol and littering the environment with the broken bottles.

# ***Getting Educated***

Russian school, dirty desks,  
Old babushka teacher grotesque  
Teaches us how to respect Motherland,  
Solve with bribes the problem at hand.

Fuhrer's portrait hanging there on the wall,  
Pay him respect or your grades will fall.  
Orthodox cleric will fill school with God,  
Do you still think education is fraud?

At the age of 18, I had no education, not even a proper certificate of mental illness, which would have allowed me to get some government welfare, but I received the summons from the military registration and enlistment office, which, to the indignation of my mother, I safely flushed off in the toilet.

My reasoning about the army can be reduced to the following: some well-fed and rich gentlemen (government officials and oligarchs) want you, to your detriment, to defend them (and what they have stolen) from some potential "enemies" and to participate in their wars of aggression. These rich gentlemen justify their outrageous demand with the overflowing pathos of pompous expressions, using the words like "Motherland" and "Honorary Duty". In case of refusal to serve them, these gentlemen threaten to jail you, or to commit you for compulsory treatment into a mental institution.

Think about the rules of the game! Some bullies say that you owe them by the sole fact of your birth. You must serve in their army, and then surrender some part of your property to the taxes they demand. Your consent is not expected. A logical question arises: who is the real enemy, and to whom? Maybe these gentlemen, who consider you their slave?

So, until I've reached the age of 27 (the age of the end of military duty), I could neither continue my education nor go to work, forced to live with my mother. And what job could I have found having the haloperidol courses in place of education, and even these without cyclodol? Moreover, I despise any physical labor, which in my opinion is a lot for machines and subhumans from the "developing countries".

My mother said she is ashamed of me, and blamed me for not having achieved anything when the son of her friend opened his business, and the son of her school friend from Buryatia, having graduated from some kind of "prestigious" university, got a job at Gazprom. My mother did not care at all about the details that a business plan was needed for opening a business, good niche knowledge, investors and social skills, while at Gazprom they take first of all their friends and relatives, and the son of her friend got a job only thanks to his wife's acquaintance. But even if there was a honest competition, I would not pass it, because there are many more capable candidates than me. If you do not overestimate yourself, but want to achieve something in this life, then honesty and decency should be forgotten once and for all. Just don't be yourself, because nobody needs you. Yet back then I haven't fully understood that I'm not being myself, despite all the clues. I was in a confused state, pushed to do something that is out of my reach and my character.

I have nowhere to take neither a business plan, nor investors, nor social skills, nor networking acquaintances, because my only acquaintances were the insane in a psychiatric ward into which my mother has committed me. Moreover, her friend and her friend's husband invested money and time

into their son, helping him studying and paying for his tutors, made his life plan, and even coming with him to Moscow when he enrolled at university to help him rent apartments. I was not offered a reasonable survival plan at all by my mother.

Asked about my opportunities and prospects, my mother suggested that I go to work as a porter, janitor, construction worker, or enter a vocational school to get some locksmith skills, further arguing that even working as a cleaner scrubbing toilets is still a noble and worthy occupation. I now agree, for Russians, breaking their back digging in shit at a construction site is considered worthy, but if you want to kill a Russian in yourself, you must put yourself above the Russian work for schmucks.

In here I think lies the fundamental difference between the Russian and the Jewish mothers. Jewish mother from childhood teaches her child that those around are bydlo, while you is a Jew, therefore, deserves more, it is only necessary to put some effort. The Russian mother, on the contrary, persuades the offspring from childhood that the child is a cattle, which must know its place. Probably that is the reason why typical Jewish son emigrates to the United States, where he creates a successful business of delivering mail with drones, while a Russian son becomes drunkard and kills his old mother with a knife, during the regular Supreme Leader's New Year celebration speech, for the mother has concealed the pension that her son wanted to spent on vodka. Being a Russian, you don't choose your parents - [you hack them with an axe]( <https://www.google.com/search?q=зарубил+мать+топором> ). One reaps what one has sown. Yet I was not a proper son to do that.

Suppose you go to work as a porter or a construction worker. And then what? All your life overworking lifting heavy objects for minimum wage, getting a spinal hernia and dying? Even theft is more interesting and profitable. Either the work should be a fun thrill to you, or you need to spend a minimal amount of time working, so that more time remains for your interests and hobbies. Ideally, you must somehow exploit the work of others, being a parasite and doing no work at all. Because sitting unhappy at a dead end job, sooner or later you will go postal, killing yourself or others.

In 2013, after reaching the age of 27, the military registration and enlistment office stopped hunting me and, so I have decided to get some kind of education. I tried to enroll at a night school, and at the same time to get a job. The Serpukhov night school refused to accept me in without a certificate, and in the 9th school in Serpukhov, to which I was assigned during homeschooling, the conflict began: the principal of the 9th school, Elena Golovina, my peer (yet a principal already), refused to help me, saying that she doesn't know me or anything about me, and my parents are to blame for everything, then, when I promised her some problems, she went into personal attack, called me "bitch", and turned off the phone.

Being a "bitch", lacking better methods and diplomatic education, I sent Golovina a letter with indirect threats. Golovina got scared and called police to investigate my threats. They detained me, took fingerprints, threatened me with jail, at which I laughed, so in the end they released me after a few hours, explaining it in the style of "when the principal dies, then we will arrest you." But they warned me against writing anything further on the Internet. It also turned out that since 2012 I have been on the Russian law enforcement's internal list of potential extremists for my posts on the Internet. And that was the real reason for me being summoned to the police.

After repeated calls, the 9th school principal was more agreeable, and was forced to issue me a certificate, probably with one's tail between the legs and realizing that the local law enforcement agencies will not protect her, for it would be more profitable and easier to investigate her murder than investigating my e-mail threats, which are hard to prove. The presence of the school certificate and the military passport gave me the right to attend the night school. After finishing that night school, I thought about studying bioinformatics, because, as a programmer, I was attracted to the idea of printing biological cells and the divine ability to create life from "dead" matter. For that I dreamed of enrolling at a university in the Philippines, where I could also enjoy some diving.

Alas, the principal of the night school refused to give me the distance learning option, referring to some new laws abolishing distance education and the fact that the distance students frequently fail the Universal State Exams, and for each such failure the school principal gets scolded by higher administration. In fact, they had no externship at all. Perhaps the principal who refused me externship was simply hinting me to give her a bribe, but I prefer being straightforward, which in Russia means looking for some troubles. Therefore, I had to attend the rotten, sagging building of the night school and enjoy the fragrance of mold and criminals-classmates.

The icy corridors and classrooms had so many hanging portraits of Putin and Medvedev, along with the symbols of United Russia, that these propaganda portraits and posters gave impression of serving the role of wallpapers, creating the appropriate atmosphere. When I tried to take photos of the interiors, the principal screamed at me angrily, saying that it was forbidden to take photos at her school.

The education at the night school was focused on the patriotic themes, therefore, if the math lesson was given 40 minutes, then the Battle of Kursk study was allocated as much as 4 hours, including the studying of an hour long video, with interviews of Great Patriotic War veterans, who at that time already rotted in their graves. Each student was also required to write reports on various topics of the Great Patriotic War. The economics teacher enthusiastically tried to convince the students that a private entrepreneur is an exploiter who evades taxes, so the free market would be very harmful to Russia. Two 16-year-old schoolgirls did not hesitate to offer sex for money to me and apparently to other classmates. From time to time the school was attended by a cleric from the local orthodox church with a lecture, failure to attend his speeches could have resulted into expulsion from the night school.

The physics teacher there could not tell kinetics from kinematics, and while being asked about the inverted delta (nabla or Hamilton gradient), said she did not know what is it. To the question "why did not they prove the formula for solving quadratic equations", the mathematics teacher answered that it is not necessary to think and prove stuff to pass the Universal State Exams, so I do better just start rote memorizing the tables of squares and sinuses without asking any questions, and to pass exams you do need to memorize so that you can factor 529 into  $23 \cdot 23$  without a calculator. Similar was the answer to the question of why complex solutions to the quadratic equation are not considered. That is all when American children go through the logic of the first order with quantifiers and vector spaces. Further, the teacher asserted that  $a^2 + b^2$  can not be factorized, although she herself mentioned the theorem  $a^2 - b^2 = (a - b)(a + b)$ , which is also true for the sum of squares:

```
let i*i = -1, then:  
a^2 + b^2 = -(-a^2 - b^2) = -(i*a - b)*(i*a + b)
```

```
lets test:  
-(ia - b)*(ia + b) =  
-i*i*a*a + i*a*b - i*a*b + b^2 =  
-(-1)*a^2 + b^2 = a^2 + b^2
```

Worse yet, the Russian language is absolutely unfit even for the formulation of children's problems. For example, take a typical problem from a Russian-language school textbook, approved by the Russian Ministry of Education:

```
"Катер плывет против течения реки.  
Если скорость катера относительно воды 18 км/ч ,  
а скорость течения реки 3м/с,  
скорость катера относительно берега ?"
```



Let's try to analyze it, breaking it into parts:

"Катер плывет против течения реки."

This is an empty statement that does not give the reader any information, without further clarification. At first glance, it sets the direction of the velocity vector, but it is not clear whether it is in sum with the flow of the river, or it is the individual speed of the boat, because the boat, having velocity against the flow, can still move along with the flow, simply slower. I.e. this statement can be safely thrown out, because it is a pseudo-informative garbage, confusing the reader, like the majority of texts in the Russian language.

Moving further:

"скорость катера относительно воды"

Again a chiefly Russian garbage statement. Is it the velocity after deducting the flow velocity, or before? What is the direction of the velocity? Against or with the flow?

"скорость течения реки 3м/с"

Flow velocity relative to what? Relative to the boat, the coast or the center of the Universe?

"скорость катера относительно берега ?"

Is that a rebus? Can't you just clearly state the objective?

Thus, we found out that Russian language is incapable of describing the simplest problem with three objects, hence Russian language is a completely insane method of communication, and solving any problem stated in Russian during exams depends mostly on chance factor, because a student will need luck to guess what was meant in each case. Similarly, the Russian language creates appropriate social systems, so the laws written in Russian language always leave enough loopholes for corruption.

Russian: \*talks delirious nonsense\*  
A person: what are you even talking about?  
Russian: try guessing, you Judeo-American pidor!

Somewhere at this time I passed an Internet IQ test, learning that my IQ = 64. Maybe I was too smart for the Russian education system.

Night school had two political instructors at once. The first political instructor was a woman, who was also tasked with the organization of propaganda events, and she taught history, which, however, was also filled with stuffy propaganda lies. During the history class, this political instructor lady read the Constitution of the Russian Federation, praising the "ideal document, in which there is not a single superfluous word". Before the beginning of the classes, the political instructor for some reason played the Russian Anthem from the laptop, moreover, this hymn was once interrupted by the sound of Windows error message, although the most ridiculous were her stories about the "fair elections" in Russia.

Hymnuk or not a hymnuk, but you'll sing standing upright.  
-- Sergey Mikhalkov, author of hymns of the USSR and Russia,  
answering inconvenient question about his works.  
("hymnuk" means "asshole" in Russian)

The second political instructor introduced himself as a security officer. It seems that he was a former skinhead, having tattoos with the Third Reich symbolism. This second political instructor oversaw discipline, rallied problematic pupils prone to violence into the state approved patriotic venues, leading to army service, and organized pupils inclined toward such methods to conduct preventive talks with the irresponsible classmates, like me.

So the two of his Nazi students promised me several fractures in the skull area during the interval between lessons, for when I had to sing the Russian anthem, I louder than the others sang "stupidity of the animals", instead of "the wisdom of the people" (these two phrases rhyme in Russian). Then these disciples of the instructor attempted to rob me, taking away the new smartphone present to me by my mother, when I was returning lately from that school. I barely escaped - saved that there were other people going along my escape route. That forced to give up the night school education, because it simply did not give me any knowledge and was dangerous to my life.

It is worth noting that right next to this collapsing temple of knowledge, there was an Orthodox church. Near this church there were always parked expensive (by local standards) cars, from which crept out the fat clerics, often in the company of young novices lovers, sometimes even underage children. It remains only to guess where



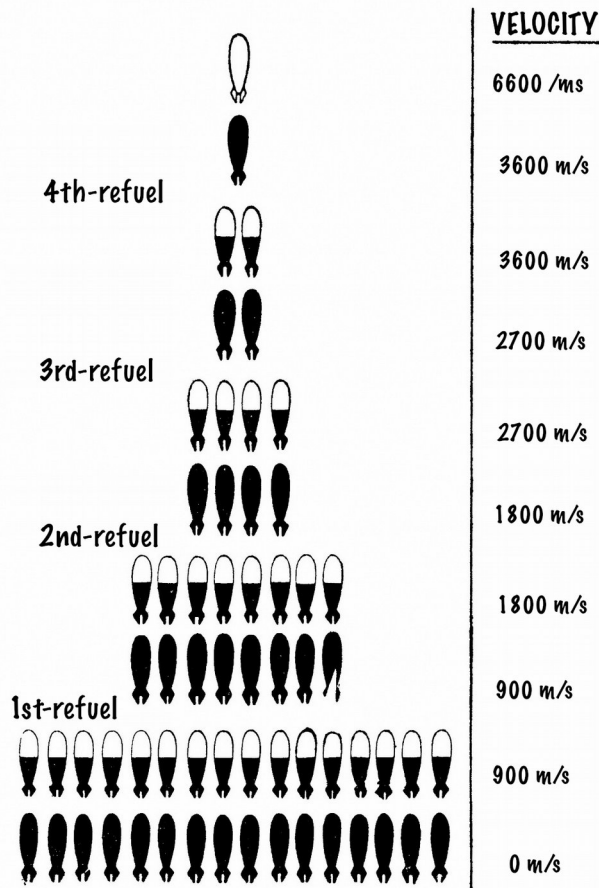
*Orthodox Cleric teaching at Russian School*

the modest Russian clergymen took such an ungodly amount of money to afford expensive cars. Then there were rumors that homosexuality is flourishing in the Serpukhov Vysotsky Monastery. Moreover, many monks there had physics and math university degrees, but they submitted to religion, because scientists in Russia have no future, so now they are moving science forward without lubrication. Therefore, I do not regret now that I could not get a biology degree, because all the sane professors left Russia a long time ago or retrained like these monks. Russian universities simply don't teach biology at the level sufficient for modern science.

Alconaut Gagarin conquered space -  
Undoubtedly winning the vodka drinking race!  
Behold! The Planet Earth's surface!  
Sozzled Gagarin fucks another ace.

However, such ignorance does not prevent Russia from remaining the "Homeland of the Elephants." For example, the well-known Russian chemist Mendeleev, having been to the University of Heidelberg, seized for himself various interesting ideas of the German professors. In particular, he picked up the ingenious conjecture of Herr Lothar Meyer on the periodic system of chemical elements, which in Russia now bears the name of Mendeleev, whereas in the rest of the world the author is considered to be the German Meyer. Similarly, another outstanding Russian mathematician, Kotelnikov, "discovered" the Nyquist-Shannon theorem. You can also recall the poorly concealed falsification of the Gagarin flight into space, "The Cherepanov Locomotive", "Voronoi Diagrams", "The Mozhaisky Aircraft", "Gorokhov's Personal Computer", "Kryakutny's Aerostat", "Vladimir Lukiyarov's Computer", and "The Popov's Radio". That is while the large portion of Russian engineering terms are borrowed from German, English, Dutch and Latin.

Russian schoolbooks say that Lomonosov discovered the law of mass conservation on the grounds that Lomonosov once wrote to his friend "if something arrives in one place, it will decrease in another." And it was concluded that Lomonosov discovered the law of conservation of mass. However, a random baseless phrase in a letter is not the wording of the law. Such hypothesis was expressed already by the thinkers of ancient Greece, like Empedocles, four centuries before Christ. However, for the first time, the law of conservation of mass was clearly formulated by Lavoisier and confirmed by his experiments.



*Tsiolkovsky's scheme for 16 rockets*

Russians believe that their Tsiolkovsky was the first to invent space exploration using rockets. Particularly, Russians claim that Tsiolkovsky was the first to invent multi-stage rockets. This is another blatant Russian lie. The idea of multistage rocket appeared in the 18th century; in 1914, American Robert Goddard patented the idea; in 1923, the German physicist Hermann Oberth proposed a two-stage rocket for a flight into space. Even the newspaper Pravda repeatedly wrote about the idea of "German Professor Oberth, who invented the method of flying into space." And only four years later, the great Russian scientist Tsiolkovsky got drunk enough to conceive his idea. And you know what Tsiolkovsky actually proposed? He proposed to simultaneously launch 512 individual rockets, which are controlled by 512 pilots. When the fuel is consumed in half, the rockets somehow meet in the air in pairs - and half of these rockets pour the rest of their fuel into the others. Empty rockets with pilots fall, the rest are flying until they again consume a half-tank. And so on. Only one of 512 rockets reaches space. Ravings of a madman?! - Nope. Russian genius. Even the sacred "Tsiolkovsky's

Equation" was actually discovered by the British mathematician William Moore in 1813, long before the Russian "genius" was born.

However, the most disgusting is that Tsiolkovsky was an adherent of radical eugenics. So in Tsiolkovsky's fantasies "Physically, mentally or morally imperfect are [destroyed] by celibacy or fruitless marriages."

Gagarin, the supposedly first astronaut, drank heavily, which led to KGB liquidating him. Fortunately, being the slobber dolts, they forgot to seize some photos from the family archives, and these photos have surfaced now. In reality, Gagarin haven't flew anywhere beyond the vodka store (yes, Russians have numerous special shops just for alcohol). That video Russians published back then is completely staged. Like the majority of Russian achievements. The only Russian success was killing numerous astronauts by launching them as soon as possible (to beat the West) in the untested badly made rockets, akin to the Kerbal Space Program. There are numerous "Lost Cosmonauts", and the rocket Gagarin was supposedly to fly in was either empty or the original cosmonaut was lost. But Russians want to save face - such is their servile Asiatic mentality.



*Drunk Gagarin*

I would not be completely surprised if in 100 years Russians will conveniently forget about their Lysenko and "the reactionary pseudoscience", declaring themselves as the creators of genetics and cybernetics. In fact, Russians already claim that it were Alexander Bogdanov and Petr Anokhin, who laid the foundations of cybernetics, while the West meanly stole the ideas of these great Russian scientists. Russian textbooks are full of propaganda in the spirit of "Bogdanov anticipated the emergence of ... key concepts of cybernetics. This Russian scientist has succeeded to..." and "15 years before Wiener P.K. Anokhin already discovered that... P.K. Anokhin's pupils consider him being the pioneer of modern biocybernetics."

And then one discovers that Russians have their own "Russian Logic", founded by Platon Porecki in 1884. Russian mathematicians [argue](<https://www.ozon.ru/context/detail/id/18499352/>) that "classical logic, which is studied all over the world, is blatantly illiterate and densely ignorant. Only the Russian logic can cope with the task of formalization, clearly formulated by Leibniz. The training of classical logic is not only useless, but also criminal, since all thinking is destroyed. All school and university textbooks are ignorant about logic, illiterate and stupid."

Russians, as a nation, feel very insecure about the Russia's achievements. A true Russian will place one's own well-being below, say, the Russia's football team winning a match or some Westerner praising Russia. Some random girl from Japan posted on twitter she liked some cheese dessert made in Russia, and it made big news: "foreigners liked something Russian, validation, yaaaay!!!" And the Russian government tries its best to appease this inferiority complex of the small-dicked asiatic peasants. For example, the Russian government hired Gerard Depardieu, David Duchovny and Stephen Seagal to praise the Russian nation, with Depardieu even accepting the Russian citizenship for the show. More recently Kremlin made a fake German news website, cited by Russian propaganda outlets, with the sole purpose of making headlines like "The Western man acknowledges our Russian greatness".

After the misfortune with the Serpukhov night school, I called the Ministry of Education support line to find out about getting a school certificate without visiting their school, besides I asked about the possibility to get a certificate without studying up the flawed Russian language, degenerate Russian literature and fake history of Russia, which I sincerely hate. Since I only need a school certificate to participate in the Greencard Lottery to leave Russia. They responded that the conversation was recorded and the record would be passed to their security department, yet refused to answer my question.

It is interesting that Americans for some reason require school completion certificates from Greencard applicants, as if the knowledge of Russian literature would somehow help to work in America as a programmer. But on the other hand it is called Diversity Visa, and I am not a part of the Russian culture and in general extremely hostile towards Russians, therefore I do not qualify for Greencard, because the main goal of Diversity Visa is to attract to the US people, who have good connections and knowledge about their home country: in other words the people who able to speak with the Russians in their native language and build a bridge between the two countries. I, on the contrary, rather bring conflict and destroy bridges, therefore by accepting such persons as me, the US will spoil relations with other Russians. Apparently those who hate Russians, should live among Russians and spit into the Russian soup, same way a real white racist must travel to Africa to shoot Negroes at their lair.

# Programming

```
F => (X => F (X X)) (X => F (X X))  
-- Y-combinator loop in Symta, my programming language
```

With the work in Serpukhov everything turned out to be more complicated - I performed a test task for the local company Skiezel (<http://www.skichel.ru>) by Skype, passed the interview and my task was to create a spectrum analysis program using C++ and Qt. The manager sent me to the personnel department - to arrange the job placement. However, providing just my internal passport and soviet style work passport were not enough for the personnel department - they said that the Russian government requires one to also have the military passport, taxpayer registration documents, medical passport and the insurance certificate.

And if to get the taxpayer documents and insurance certificate, I had to file an application and just wait about a month, getting a military passport and a medical passport required two separate medical commissions, visiting a myriad of doctors. I had to visit infectious diseases clinic twice. There all the medical staff wear surgical masks, while I was at risk of catching some kind of tuberculosis. Especially unpleasant was the test for eyesight, during which the doctor, so that I did not blink, injected a syringe into my eye with some kind of paralyzing liquid, after which I could not see well for another week. The polyclinic doesn't allow in people without shoe covers, which cost a lot of money for an unemployed person like me. Therefore, in order not to violate the local order, I simply took out the used shoe covers from trash can, even if they were dirty and with holes.

When I've received the military passport from the military registration and enlistment office, the medical examiner, in response to the story of how I was treated during the first grade in psychiatric asylum and seeing the psychiatrist's records in my children medical card, expressed regret "you degenerate should still have served in the army, since the army service cures even the most severe illness", putting the mark "fit for service." But my old age prevented them from taking me into the army, so I got into the reserve, avoiding their "honorary duty."

Having collected all these necessary documents, I did get that job, yet the nastiness continued. Firstly, I was forced to take exams on work safety. Secondly, they kept delaying payment of my already small salary of \$330/month. Thirdly one of the managers was a man of Soviet background, who before Skiezel worked at the Ratep factory, which supplied equipment for the Soviet submarines. This Soviet guy immediately disliked that I write C++ program code comments in English, and, being more comfortable with Common Lisp, I used the experimental capabilities of the GCC compiler, such as capturing the environment, and going beyond the accepted C++ practices of the time. He believed that everything should be done destructively, through an iterator in the Java style. But this soviet electrical engineer was especially annoyed by the fact that I write in English, because Skiezel is a Russian company engaged in developing electronics instruments for the Russian Defense Ministry, so all the developments should be conducted in accordance with the Soviet standards of R&D (NIOKR).

Of course I had no desire to write comments and documentation in Russian, so I clashed with the management and they said I must leave the company. Which I did. And I don't regret that, since in addition to the patriotic management, that Skiezel company had a completely unhealthy atmosphere, where workers used toxic substances to glue the special carpets used to determine the movement of static electricity. These were employed in protecting the Russian army fuel depots that were often plundered. My head was spinning due to the heavy smell of glue, which didn't help me doing programming. I definitely had no place at Skiezel or maybe even Russia.

Shortly before my dismissal, Skizel people also drove off an electrical engineer from Belarus. He was a talented guy, and the chief appreciated him, but the rest of the team hated the Belarussian, in the view of his autistic character traits, higher responsibility and the lack of communication skills,



beside the ones required to do the job. Employees saw him as an easy victim, and as a result he was bullied and humiliated. After he left, the collective let go off evil jokes about him, from the category "these dusty beetles are clearly from the Belarusian, he is contagious." At the same time, the Russians who were harassing the Belarusian were examples of laziness and mediocrity, they practically did not perform their work and most of the time they scrolled funny cat pictures in social networks, or ran around and made noise, interfering with the work of others, including myself. So, for the first time I met the peculiarity of the Russians to unite and harass the capable specialists, who stand out of the general gray mass of Russian society.

```
We do not sow, we do not plow,  
We are fooling around,  
We disperse the clouds,  
By waving our dicks.  
- Russian chastushka
```

Understanding that I could not find any work in Serpukhov, I again asked my mother to let me into Moscow, because my brother lived with dad. Mother without much excitement allowed me to move into her Moscow apartment. She was unhappy, because she used to have her artist lovers there... but at that point my mother was already a little old for any relationship. She should be preparing to die already, instead of thinking about stupid stuff like love.

Now, instead of C++, I decided to apply for C# vacancies, which allowed me to use convenient functional programming tools, such as LINQ, without the risk of being fired. Of course I would like to work with Lisp code, but there were no Clojure jobs in Russia, and the nearest Common Lisp vacancy was in the Ukrainian company Grammarly and they did not seem to consider candidates from Russia, especially the ones without a proper university degree and experience. Other countries have similar Nazi rules, requiring university diploma, when you apply for a work visa. You can't just buy a train ticket, visit Berlin and pass the interview for a programming job - Germans are still being the Nazis they are, and deny the entry to Jews like me, because let's face it, I'm much smarter than most Europeans and will snatch the jobs from these euro-dolts, who cannot compete with me on a fair playfield.

After a couple of interviews, I was accepted into the company "Devino Telecom", engaged in e-mail and SMS mass mailings (spam). They had their own software solution consisting of several services written in different languages, including C#, Java and PHP. As the database they mainly used MSSQL, but there were also Oracle, MySQL and various nosql key-value bases. My initial task was to "support the technical support", troubleshooting and fixing bugs in C# services. Then creating a module for integration with third-party services. And finally translating the "legacy" PHP service into C#.

Formally I've managed to complete the task, but with the large amount of mailings the old PHP service still outperformed C#, because of such factors as the shared-nothing PHP architecture releasing all the resources after sending the messages block, using optimized libraries (including the bzip2 compression library) written in C/C++ (while for the C# version they told me to use some hobbyist made C# versions of the libraries). Just as well PHP used the more efficient utf8 format for storing strings, while C# used utf16, wasting two times more processing resources per message. It's impossible to use utf8 in C#, because all libraries, including the http request generators, expect utf16. The worst thing was automatic memory management, which knew nothing about how several processes running concurrently inside a service will use memory, and therefore sometimes giving up all the memory to one service, while other services fail with errors, losing messages, and therefore, customer money.

It was 2014, around this time Russia has invaded Ukraine, and I fell into disgrace after trying to bring to the fanatically committed C# team that C# has weaknesses and there are cases when the solution in PHP better copes with the task and that PHP service deserves a chance to live, because it

is not reasonable to translate it into C#, only because somebody believes that PHP is an ugly language. During the lunchtime talk about politics in response to "our tanks will be in Berlin again", I half-seriously stated that I dream about the NATO entering Moscow and Russian language being banned for its defectiveness, making English mandatory and the only language in Russia. And that one day there will be a gay pride parade of victory on the ruins of Kremlin. No one understood the joke and the whole team turned against me.

A few days later I was summoned by the manager for "a talk", and he asked to write a letter of resignation. Most likely it was affected by several factors: I could not communicate my argument to the collective; the manager did not want to keep such a controversial individual as me; my refusal to donate money for all sorts of holidays, including the birthday of the cat of team leader (I consider this practice a Soviet system of extortion). During interviews with other companies, they asked me about the reasons for me being fired from the previous work and when they learned that I'm Russophobe and hate Russia, they without hesitation refused to consider my application. Which is quite logical, because few Russian HR people would like the criticism of their ugly nation, while I could not get along with the Russian team anyway; and knowing the Russian character, Russians can easily push you down the stairs, or frame you somehow, or otherwise get you "retired."

After analyzing my difficulties with stable employment, I decided to work for myself. And began with the development of Symta - my own programming language. Symta has automatic memory management, yet lacks the problems inherent in the popular languages, such as the mentioned before C#'s out of memory errors and the garbage collection pausing. Within a couple of months, after the language compiler was ready and able to compile itself, I started developing the first commercial program in this language - an isometric video game The Spell of Mastery, where players compete over the control of fantasy world. I hired several beginning artists-freelancers, myself acting as an art director. The most capable and responsible for some reason were Ukrainian artists, while the Russians could suddenly disappear in the middle of the project, or take the prepayment and disappear. The sounds effects were taken from royalty-free sites or produced by my own modest audio-designer skills.

When my video game product The Spell of Mastery was close to completion and passed Steam Greenlight, to distribute it through Steam and other stores I needed a bank account and, preferably, a C-type corporation, for the convenience of managing further development. I decided to open an account and a corporation in the US, because of the simplicity of opening and running a business, Americans respecting copyrights, and also to avoid financing Russia and the Russians, which I had already begun to despise.



*A screenshot from  
the early version of The Spell of Mastery*

The bank I picked was Wells Fargo department in Denver, that would have also allowed me to see a big city, which I know practically nothing about, so I applied for a tourist visa of type B2. Unfortunately the consulate refused to grant me a B2 visa. The reason for the refusal is still mysterious to me: - Perhaps the refusal was caused by the fact that I once played in the DV lottery, or that B2 visa is not suitable for opening a bank account, the purely subjective factors are not excluded either, because consulate officer, a neat blue-eyed blonde from the Third Reich racial

propaganda photos would likely disliked my "degenerate" appearance mixed with hormonal problems, balding head and a slightly crumpled shirt that I did not find time to iron and just didn't care about image at the time.

In a proper country one just visits consulate, honestly voices the purpose of his visit and asks for a visa, yet in Russia everything is reversed and turned inside out. At the Internet forum devoted to the problems of obtaining visas, I was told that I had to lie, that I was going with tourist purposes or to register for some language courses, because opening an account in a US bank in their opinion "looks ridiculous." In response to my indignation that it is wrong to lie, and constant lies are what turns Russians into Russians, they immediately banned me for once, after saying me that I'm "hohol" and do not belong in Russia, if I'm so honest about disliking Russian culture. Obviously, it is mostly the Russians who lie about the purpose of the visit, for example, in France there are practically no refusals of US or other country visas. For the first time I realized that the passport of a Russian citizen is a punishment and a wolf ticket. It's a shame and simply disgusting to be a citizen of Russia, similarly to how unpleasant it is to have venereal disease.

After the release of the demo of my game The Spell of Mastery, my Russian "friends" started spreading rumors about me that I was crazy, schizophrenic, that my game allegedly contained viruses and stolen graphics.

*This is, by the way, not his art, but sprites ripped out of all sorts of games in the last 10 years. He really sat like an autistic, and for several years he deciphered the file formats in all kinds of retro games. He even published somewhere the source code of his sprite ripping utility. With stolen assets it is impossible to sell, of course. It is strange that Gabe has not banned him from Steam yet.*

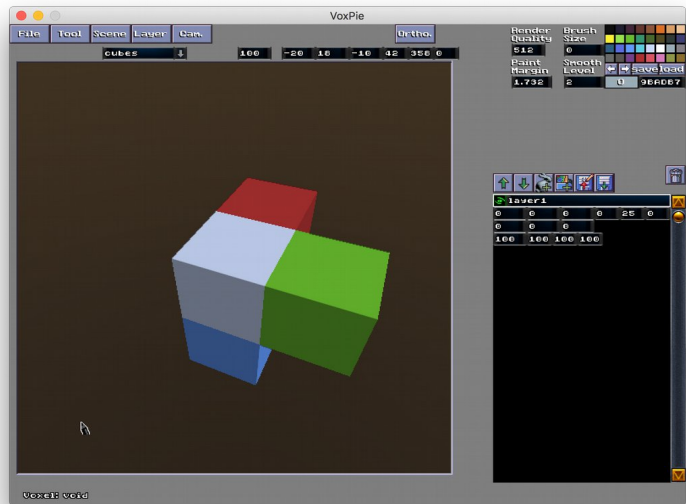
-- One of many defamatory Russian comments

However, the Russians failed to indicate where and what I've stolen. In fact, a part of the graphics was created by myself (I have basic drawing and animation skills), another part was commissioned to artists, or was obtained from royalty free sites (such as itch.io and pixabay), and then edited for the needs of my game. Each file in the game contains the source of origin and the list of authors who participated in its creation.

I replied to such libel that I prohibit Russians to launch my game - that way they will have no problems with "viruses." However, I've indeed enjoyed reverse engineering and modifying commercial video games, digging in the assembly code, and wrote a collection of graphics converters combined into a single package - SAU (Sprite and Archive Utility). However, in my game, The Spell of Mastery, I did not take a pixel from these games. I was just inspired by the general ideas from such classic games as Lords of Chaos, Spellcraft and XCOM.

And then Russians, including my brother, began bullying me for my project. They kept repeating that my game sucks, because it is not like some other game, or because it is in 2d, while everyone today use cool 3d engines like Unreal, Cryengine and Unity, designed for large professional teams. Russians apparently had no idea, that developing a good 3d game costs a lots of money, in range of millions USD. Using industry standard AAA engine also requires a rather large team of programmers experienced in said engine, and even larger team of artists producing optimized low poly 3d models. Several examples, like Star Citizen, demonstrate that even industry veterans with huge teams, 20 million USD budgets and decades of experience are incapable to handle these heavy 3d engines, and modify them for their game design needs.

It is far easier to just manually draw sprites into framebuffer using `screen[x][y] = color`, than learning some GPU assembly language, D3DXAssembleShaderFromFile and using complex 3d software, requiring PhD in computer graphics to understand. It is very easy to produce a simple 2d sprite, but can you image how hard and time consuming would be sculpting a similarly detailed 3d model in the very expensive ZBrush and animating it in even more expensive Maya? Even initializing a simple OpenGL viewport requires several thousands of C/C++ lines - the size of a small OS, like the first Unix version. Still later to learn 3d graphics and help with the development of Spell of Mastery I have engineered my own 3d sculpting application, using a voxel data structure to avoid topological complexity ( <https://nancygold.itch.io/voxpie> ) .



### *VoxPie - my 3d Modelling Application*

Furthermore, I use my own Lisp-based language Symta, and it would be near impossible to interface it with say Unity or Cryengine, which is written in C/C++ -- a language that doesn't support runtime introspection, and requires special very complicated parser to produce bindings. It is also much easier to optimize the drawing of 1,000,000 sprites at fixed angle camera than the drawing of 1,000,000 polygonal meshes, especially if camera is free, as required by 3d games standards. Russians gave me absolutely no discount for having organic brain damage (resulting into autism, psychopathy and schizophrenia), no education in art or computer science, and no budget, in addition to me being persecuted by Russia, with my bank account being blocked for "terrorism." No. I still must use Unreal, even if I know nothing about it or professional 3d graphics.

## ***Dream Girl***

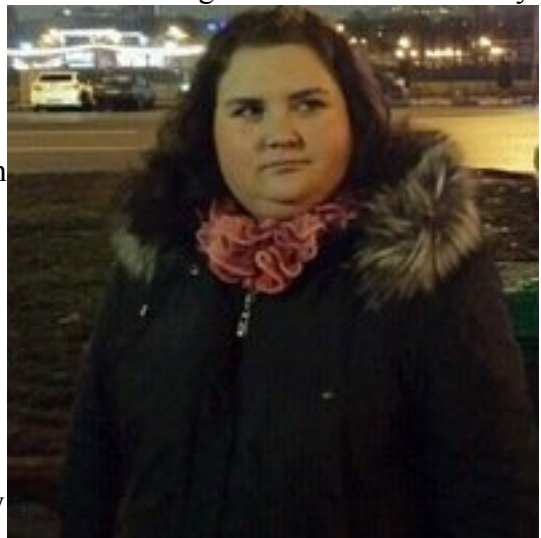
*Have you ever thought what defines a Russian girl? I look at them and understand that the more I see them, the less I distinguish. They all look the same. They say something, grimace, their facial expressions are trying to portray something, but behind these pitiful attempts hang the FAT IMMOBILE CHEEKS. Chiefly Russian! Pay attention to the mimic crease going between the wing of the nose and down just beyond the edge of the lips. In Russian girls, it distinguishes between the movable part of the face and the overhanging immobile immovable pig CHEEKS. All the same and equally disgusting! God, why was I born in such a nasty country?!*

*-- Anonymous comment*

My personal relationships did not go well at all. The unsuccessful experience of dealing with the rude Russian women did not inspire me too much, because it seems Russians can't love and relate to you and more than half of the Russian women just wants your money, using ingenious psychological tricks in the spirit of "you can't buy me this? are you even a real man at all?", other Russian females, being cleverer, trying to get you drunk, and then to get some money from you, and they lose all interest, realizing that you don't drink at all; the third kind of Russian women I met tries to borrow some money, without any intention to return.

Russian women are a pinnacle of vulgarity and ignorance, there is little to talk with them, except maybe about Orthodox Christianity and how they are in love with their cleric, who, they believe, is probably gay as he does not reciprocate. In addition, Russian women laughed at me because of my girly voice and female sized tits, which appeared from the childhood hormonal imbalance. They just can't accept your body without shaming you. But the worst part about Russian women is that they are extremely patriotic: even being taken out of Russia, Russian women force their children, who were born in marriage with European, American or Japanese native, to undergo Russian language and culture indoctrination.

Just like Russian men, Russian women always try to morally humiliate and crush you. They do not hesitate to insult you, that you look bad and have oddities in behavior. For example, they told me that I was too cold and dating me they "do not feel flight." Well, let them fly to hell - it's hot there. But why reproaching me with the peculiarities of my personality, all the more caused by brain damage? Psychiatrists told me that emotional poverty and coldness are the foremost symptom of schizophrenia. Only much later I found a way to fix my emotions and turn myself into a human being. The perfect girlfriend was always near, but I hated and abused her.



***Tatyana Sokolova***

Did I really say I would not repay? I haven't conned you, and secondly, you really annoyed me with your stupidity. Even more of that you are boring, tedious to deal with, and you are also a greasy type. Instead of changing for better you have become only worse. I'm not going to repay you any money, because I do not think that I owe you anything. And if you keep being annoying I'll throw your sweater into garbage bin.

- Tatyana Sokolova, in private, before the conflict was made public

The most typical example of a Russian woman from the Russian dating sites was Tatyana Sokolova



(<https://vk.com/id68058790>) - a short, fat, evil woman with rude habits and two children from some Muslim who left her for good. Tatyana came from the family of Soviet officer who commanded tank forces, and now, through an acquaintance, settled himself as a manager at Gazprom (the main Russian gas exporting enterprise), where many former military officials work now. Other her relatives also work for government, such as her sister working in the police. And Tatyana works as the chief accountant, again, thanks to her connections. To my question how she graduated from college, without knowing mathematics at all, Tatyana honestly admitted - bribes. From Tatyana I learned that for the proper people firearms in Russia are "legalized", and her father, for example, always keeps a loaded Kalashnikov assault rifle at home.

Sadkov! Well, you're really retarded. I do not owe you anything. Local bum now wears your sweater, he pulled it out of the trash. You need psychiatric treatment. You can't just say that you love me and you can not forgive that I left you. I've paid off you in full with my body. And stop disgracing yourself.

- Tatyana Sokolova, publicly, after making the conflict public

Tatyana spent all her childhood at the military base with tunnels entering a mountain complex. Tatyana despised me for avoiding military service. As she said, she needed a real man, dreaming of somebody putting her into her place and raping her harshly. She also loved to take me in public by my huge nipples and twist them. Tatyana did not approve of my idea of getting rich and emigrating to the America. We parted with Tatyana on a romantic note of the annexation of the Crimea by Russia. Tatyana was very happy about the seizure of Crimea, their family even celebrated this event as a victory day. In addition Tatyana tried to turn me into drunkard and refused to return the \$83 she borrowed, so I had to break off the relationship. Tatyana's farewell words were "fuck you and your America." In addition, Tatyana threw away my sweater, which I forgot at her place.

Not all my dating experience was that horrible. The nicest woman I met in Russia was poetess Gaziza. Yet Gaziza was not Russian – a well mannered girl of half Tatar, the other half Jewish ancestry. Her father, a well-known Tatar director, Bulat Mansurov, from a non-drinking Islamic family, got succumbed into Russian culture and died of complications related to alcoholism, but during his lifetime, being drunk, he constantly mistreated his wife and children, so much in fact, that Gaziza's grandfather, an intelligent Jewish engineer Alexander, could not stand that and once punched the drunken son-in-law.

Let the gratings all explode,  
It is time to run away.  
Quick before the guards block road,  
Won't be longer their prey.

We are tired, yes too tired,  
That we got so sick in head.  
From this camp we get retired -  
Soon this country will be dead.

Running far as wolves pack,  
Into forest - common home.  
Wait Tenth Plague, you Russian shack,  
Let the Truth be your tombstone.

In the glade we all will gather,  
Dancing nobly, singing song,  
And the curse begins to vanish,  
For a moment darkness gone.



*Gaziza*

After the terrorist attack during the performance of Nord-Ost, the theater on Dubrovka was converted into circus "Aquamarine", with fountains. So now clowns and jugglers are performing on the stage from which once the bearded freedom fighters were demanding the freedom for Chechen people. Gaziza then invited me to this circus, for her mother worked there as a clown. I had mixed feelings sitting in the auditorium, where the Putin's FSB has poisoned all the spectators, but Gaziza assured me that after the terrorist attack the building was consecrated by an orthodox priest and now everything is fine. However, for some reason I still feared FSB more than the "terrorists," who died fighting for their human rights.

Gaziza's grandfather, despite the repression of the family, remained a devoted communist. Yet in the end he was killed by the wonderful Soviet doctors, who treated him from a wrong disease. Only shortly before his death, did Gaziza's grandfather repent, realizing what communism had led to. Government driven medicine is just a forced withdrawal of money from the population in exchange for a service of questionable quality and astronomical waiting times. That applies to all the government services in Russia, with the traditional Russian lack of competition.

Unfortunately our friendship included quarrels. The poet girl, albeit relatively liberal, was terribly proud of her Russian noble roots, being Lunacharsky's great-granddaughter. She condemned my opinion that the problem of Russia is not in the government, but in the Russian population, which continuously regenerates the tyrannical rulers, like Putin, Stalin and Ivan Grozny.

Gaziza, apparently influenced by the ideology of Orthodox Christianity, condemned gay people and believed that gays have no place in Russia. Gaziza got very angry when I jokingly (or was it truly a joke?) said that I dreamed of marrying a transsexual girl, but in Russia same-sex marriages are unfortunately forbidden. Her hatred of gays was completely blind, and I could not get a logical answer to the question "what's wrong with homosexuality". She insisted that gays are disgusting, dissolute and spoiled people, stealing guys from the women like her. Gaziza also hated lesbians, claiming she could never enjoy a sex with another girl, and yet Gaziza liked handholding with me, and once noticed that I have very soft feminine hands (due to my high estrogen levels).

My mother gave Gaziza impression, as Gaziza succinctly put it, "a condominal woman." Later I saw the definition of the word: condominality implies backwardness, rudeness, rejection of novel, aversion to cleverness and xenophobia (first of all hostility to incomprehensible phenomena, alien beliefs, tastes and habits). Yet just like my mother, Gaziza claimed that homosexuality is unnatural and against nature. Yet there are more gays than dolphins, so what is more "natural": gays or dolphins? Of course, gays haven't molested Gaziza during childhood, but when she returned home late as a schoolgirl, she was raped and beaten by a drunk and completely heterosexual police officer. Of course the crime case was quickly dismissed, Russian cops have strong esprit de corps.

Being half Asian, although a native Muscovite, Gaziza suffers constant racial profiling by Russian cops. Once Gaziza forgot her passport at home, and the Moscow metro police detained her, beating, insulting and poking gun in her face, threatening to shoot her for being an "illegal immigrant." Now being a poetess, Gaziza is compelled to publish her poems under the Russian pseudonym "Galina Bulatova", so that the Islamic name does not alienate Russians who are known for their prejudice. Regarding music, Gaziza liked Belinda Carlisle, Roxette and Cyndi Lauper.

As a result of my "essay on the Russians", burning the flag of Russia and being a gender queer person (I began crossdressing at that time), Gaziza declared that the Russian poetess can not have a Russophobe friend and a latent fagot. One of the law straws for Gaziza was my joke that Christ was a gay twink and fucked in a train with all the apostles, while Judas betrayed him because of unrequited love, so the people disliking gays worship anti-Christ. The New Testament itself witnesses about the sodomy of Christ, beginning with Jesus being unmarried, the absence of women among the apostles and the existence of favourite apostles among them, like John the Theologian, whom Jesus loved in a special way. Gaziza was very angry and said that I'm blaspheming, but the fact that Christ was a sexist did not bother her at all.

From the prescribed antidepressants Gaziza one day got stomach pain and the arriving ambulance hospitalized her. Russian hospitals prohibits smoking even in the toilet and there are no smoking areas. The head physician threatened Gaziza that if she were caught again smoking in the toilet, she would be sent for compulsory treatment to a psychiatric hospital or immediately injected with antipsychotics by the arriving psychiatrists. After this, Gaziza fled the hospital, forgetting about the treatment. I made the assumption that the hospital administration was just waiting for a bribe from Gaziza, but perhaps it is really the repressive measures aimed at intimidating the patients and asserting authority.

Gaziza was forced to intake antidepressants and antipsychotics since the age of seventeen. After her return from the United States, where she studied at the exchange school and was an excellent pupil, Gaziza became pregnant as a result of a typical Russian drunk rape, and arising psychological problems, due to the depressive atmosphere in the family and alcoholic father, who drank two bottles of vodka a day, and this all resulted in a drop of Gaziza's school performance.

Knowing nothing about Russian medicine, Gaziza's mother, trying to somehow solve the problem, sent underage Gaziza to a psychiatric hospital. Needless to say, that Russian asylums are not your comfy western hospitals, and if you have mental problems, getting into this hell is the last thing you want. Russian doctors, without any hesitation, immediately prescribed Gaziza with the beloved by domestic medicine haloperidol (a very strong anti-psychotic with severe adverse effects, used to keep the unwanted older patients immobile, and helping them to die quicker), which caused an epilepsy in pregnant Gaziza, because of the unborn child's intolerance of such a "treatment."

Learning that Gaziza is pregnant, the chief doctor of the psychiatric hospital ordered forced abortion to Gaziza, although after the treatment with haloperidol her child was likely already was doomed. In addition to abortion Gaziza also got forcibly sterilized, because Soviet and Russian medical practice recommends sterilizing mental patients, so they won't produce mentally ill offspring. Yes. Russians celebrate the victory over Nazism. It is their main holiday – the 9<sup>th</sup> of May.

You will probably ask, how could these Russian doctors killed the child against the will of the mother? Well, Russians, being inborn communists, are alien to humanist morals, have no respect for human rights or human life at all, so for a Russian doctor prescribing death sentence is like visiting a toilet.

As the result of antipsychotics, Gaziza lost the ability to learn and work. Russian doctors have an interest in making life-time patients out of healthy people so that they can pull money from the relatives of the unfortunate victims, or simply fill the beds in the government owned psychiatric asylums, receiving additional funding, based on the number of patients. I asked Gaziza why won't she just stop taking all the prescribed toxic pills, she answered that the blood pressure raises, supplemented by painful migraines, withdrawal syndrome begins and the vital neurotransmitters are simply not being produced in the brain anymore, so without some of her antipsychotics, Gaziza can not even walk, and without others – sleep.

Gaziza told that in the psychiatric hospital, patient deaths are common, when they are being injected with drugs into the overdose or simply thrown naked into a cold room, so that they catch pneumonia. For a verbal skirmish with the medical staff one can be beaten even to death. Then such deaths are proclaimed to be natural or suicides.

The problems were exacerbated by very controlling Muslim father and brothers, punishing Gaziza for any unapproved behavior. For example, one they heavily beatend Gaziza after she dated a non muslim person. Gaziza wanted to report them to police, but her mother said that would be betraying the family and somehow convinced the weak willed Gaziza not to push the crime case, and just accept the continuous mistreatment. When their father died, and brohers sold the common house, they've stolen Gaziza's part of the money.

Gaziza hoped that I would change my mind about the Russians, that I will see that there are decent specimens among the Russians, so on September 27 Gaziza invited me to the "Nasledie" (Heritage) contest, the nominee of which she became, having paid the money for participation. At the "Russian Bread" grocery, on the way to Gaziza house, the "chicken pie" had spoiled slimy potatoes, and had no actual chicken meat, although nearby a number of hard-working Muslims sold Kebabs of excellent quality. The contest happened at the Central House of Writers, and Gaziza being nominee for some reason did not even get a seat in the hall, and she was forced to sit on dirty steps. The contest hostess was the Head of the Russian Imperial House - Grand Duchess Maria Vladimirovna. Invited by Kremlin to legitimize Putin's rule, she looked similar to Baron Vladimir Harkonnen from the Dune movie: massively obese, dressed as a market gypsy and speaking Russian with the accent of a mentally disabled Spanish woman, and indeed she was an actual citizen of Spain. The presentation was preceded by the reading of classic Russian poems, among which was the immortal Tyutchev's "the mind can never grasp the Russia's soul..." Indeed, Russia is completely irrational.

Of course, a Jewish girl, with the Islamic name "Gaziza" and poems about love, could not reach the finals, because that "Nasledie" was established by the Russian Writers Union (funded by government), and therefore only the writers who are well connected and up to date with the current agenda can be among the finalists. In the ranks of the winners there were two Russian Orthodox Church approved archpriests who came there wearing robes, two national guard officers, daughter of some government functionary, an engineer from a military factory, several combatants (who served in Chechnya and Ukraine), a burly female official from Crimea, two more nominees who supported the Russian interests in the countries of the European Union, and the duty members of the Writers' Union of Russia, all born around 1950. These were the laureates of Brezhnev competitions, who probably participated in the persecution of Brodsky. In the foyer of the Central House of Writers, the members of the union arrived drunk with red faces, having already celebrated their victory. Their poetry was of corresponding quality.

Almost all nominees were young women, but for some reason most winners were old men. Such a result is not surprising, because the "Nasledie" award was overseen by Vladimir Churov, who created the infamous 146% of support votes during Vladimir Putin president elections. Leaving, poetess-nominees felt deceived, while the most naive ones blamed irrelevant factors, and I again remembered the rotten potatoes in the Russian "chicken pie".

The story about Gaziza, I published in the Russian Internet, collected biased comments like "Muslim kike immigrant bitch whines that her shit-poetry was not appreciated at the internal Russian competition" and "who gave Jews the rights to get into Russian poetry, Jews do not know the language", although Gaziza was born in Moscow and Russian is her native language. As for the other commentary, some Jews, like Dietmar Rosenthal, seem to know Russian better than most native speakers. Later, I argued with Gaziza about the lack of culture of the Russian nation, yet Gaziza continued to protect the Russians, while I without looking or sniffing sat down on a bench that was standing beside me, it was drenched either with beer or with urine - I can not discern, because Russian pee and Russian beer stink the same. Gaziza said that God has punished me.

In general, Gaziza was surrounded by beautiful people: an old woman, your typical "Stalin's grandmother", whom Gaziza invited for a tea, stole a frozen chicken from Gaziza's refrigerator. Other old woman neighbor had an alcoholic son, who used his mother's pension to purchase vodka and regularly beaten her. A few years later, this son has killed his mom. Irina, a friend of Gaziza, survived the house fire, after which a good neighbor approached her and asked give "things that did not burn completely". Irina was very surprised, because she is the one who needs help and donations.

However, Irina remained a patriot who blamed all the misfortunes to the accursed Americans, who,

as Irina had read on in Russian Internet, themselves blew up their 9/11 world trade center towers and invaded the middle east without Russian approval. Moreover, according to Irina, the US will soon be destroyed either by some huge meteorite, or by the planet Nibiru, or by a tsunami, but Irina could not decide. Having learned that I do not like Russians, Irina advised me to go to the US embassy, because Americans also hate Russia, and for some reason I also should join the Russian right wing LDPR party, headed by the half-crazy Russian analogue of Donald Trump, who promotes Russian chauvinism. Irina advised Gaziza to visit a cemetery several times a month and pray at some saint grave there. In the end Irina sold to Gaziza some Kardiket pills for treatment of migraine, from these pills Gaziza got heart problems in addition to her headache.

To better understand Russians, I can give as example the former wife of Gaziza's brother, Tagir, Natalia Klimontova (<https://www.facebook.com/natali.klimontova.3>) married Tagir only for the sake of his father's connections. Natalia is typically Russian: envious, greedy, loves to command everyone, and especially badly deals with Lucy (her daughter from Tagir), whom she beat since childhood. Natasha's father, a forest manager in charge of a large plot, takes bribes from poachers, providing them opportunity for hunting, building and extracting resources. Natalia's parents have a rather expensive mansion, in which there is even an elevator. Not surprisingly for a daughter of a public servant, being the simple lawyer and working in government structures, Natalia magically earned to herself enough money for three apartments in Moscow and the real estate in Europe. Married and living with Tagir, Natasha, being the loyal Russian wife, did not hesitate to have a bunch of lovers. Moreover, Natasha constantly provoked Tagir to a fight, although Tagir simply filed for divorce, after which Natasha tried to sue off from Tagir his own Moscow apartments.

Back then I could not find a girlfriend actually accepting me. Now it is obvious to me that I was looking in the wrong place while being a wrong person. Moreover, it is important to first find oneself, which can be the most difficult part of life.



## ***Nation of Filth***

Stalin, Putin?" But Stalin haven't performed the executions personally, neither Putin today beats protesters at the streets, or persecutes people for "hate speech". No, it is the Russian nation, even if wearing police or other uniform, it His Majesty "THE PEOPLE".

-- Boris Stomakhin, human rights activist,  
who got sentenced to 15 years in prison for his Internet posts.

All this time Russia led a war against Ukraine and Syria, fueled by imperial ambitions of the insane Russian ogre of a nation. My mother, who got brainwashed by TV propaganda, complained that her friends had normal children, who served in the army, some married, some voluntarily went to defend their homeland to Novorossia, and only she was ashamed of her son – me. Mother accused me of crying and behaving like girl. She continued her sad rant with a tirade about how she would be glad if I now fought in the Donbass. As a result of the verbal squabble, my mother went on shouting and promised to poison me, fearing that I would go and join the volunteer battalion on the side of Ukraine. However, the hysterical flow of irrational statements and threats is an everyday communication method of a typical Russian person.

Russia's rising from its knees,  
Then stands still decaying freeze,  
Grasping air with rotten stumps,  
And on the vile way it clumps.  
Yet the madness blinds the sight,  
Russia is being not too bright,  
Eating feces with deep bite,  
Lapti are full of mite.

Subconsciously I was repulsed by Russians all my life. But at some point I began questioning why exactly do I despise my compatriots? There is a dog breed called "Pitbull". Pitbulls don't excel at intelligence, or individuality, or even at size. What makes Pitbull truly unique are the three properties:

1. Pitbulls are very aggressive towards their own species - dogs.
2. Pitbulls kill without any reason, just to kill. They don't eat the victim.
3. Pitbulls don't have any self-preservation instinct. They will continue fighting "on stumps," two or more broken legs, and far worse.

Such animal properties never occur in nature, yet it was possible to introduce them in just a few hundred years of breeding. Similarly, the Silver Fox domestication experiment has shown that it is possible to significantly change animal behavior within just a few generations of unnatural selection. Then we also know that some bird species can no longer fly due to an evolutionary trap: these bird species found a local maximum, and subsequently lost this very important ability.

The input genetics doesn't really matter: numerous bird subspecies lost their ability to fly independently, while Pitbulls were mixed from different dog breeds.

In a way, Russians are similar to Pitbulls, tame foxes and flightless birds:

1. Russians have no self-preservation instinct - "women will produce more soldiers".
2. Russians are very tame towards their Kremlin slavemaster.
3. Russian brain has degraded and lost the ability to think freely, similarly to how aforementioned birds lost ability to fly. Russians die without a dictatorship to guide them.

Same way the input genetics doesn't matter: Russians could have originally been Tatars, Finno-

Ugrics, Germans, Jews, Mongols or Slavs, they may even preserve some external features of these ethnicities, but internally they are disfigured with the above properties. Therefore Russians are just the shells of human beings. Maybe that is why Russians are so insecure when being compared to a rooster, which has a huge cockscomb and wings, but nothing much of substance - it can't even fly.

It is hard to see a place for Russia in the 21st century - the century of individualism, when civilized people cease to think slavish "we", more and more thinking of the free "I". Attempts at finding any individuals or personalities among Russians is tantamount to trying to identify a biting wasp in a wasp hive. Russians do not need to learn lies, theft, cruelty, and meanness - a newborn Russian gets these qualities at birth, as they are part of the slavish Russian animal's genetics and by default are perceived by Russians as dignities. A Russian child begins to talk and lie at the same time. If earlier I have rather liberal views, but analyzing the essence of Russians, their Russianness, turned me into a Russophobe. I decided to stop identify myself as Russian and to distance myself from this nation as whole. Instead I cling for a makeshift identity to my Ukrainian-Belarus ancestry. I got repulsed by the possibility of myself being Russian, because no decent person would call himself "Russian", given that Russians are a barbarous nation of serial killers, thieves and slaves. Similarly no decent person would take upon himself other people's sins. Not all villains are Russian, but all Russians are villains. "Russian" is an "adjective" stigma on the serfs, meaning slavish belonging to the Moscow Empire.

The Russian nation is a collective villain, because it is the Russians in their collective unconscious who created the Moscow empire centered in the Kremlin, it is Russians who regenerate the authoritarian government typical of Russia, placing at the head of it the most notorious miscreants like Ivan the Terrible, Stalin and Putin. Stalin is certainly a tyrant, but it was Russians who submitted millions of false reports to the KGB, after which innocent people were executed and sent to first the Kartorga and then Gulag camps. Russians love the concept of collective guilt, when everyone is punished for the fault of one, so it's necessary to judge Russians collectively. Time to uproot the Russian tree with poisonous fruits, then replace it with useful plants.

My mother's Russian language induced disgust into me I after comprehended its true rotten nature. Russian language is devoid of any good qualities, such as the brevity of Hebrew, the simplicity of English, or the wisdom of the proper Asian languages. Yet in addition to the illogical mess of inflections, the Russian language is full of sexism: in it every word is gendered, compared with asexual English. Russian speakers are forced to give preference to one gender, the Russian rule of thumb is to pick male gender, breeding more toxic masculinity and poisoning otherwise apolitical subjects.

Russian language gives rise to spelling mistakes. Russian text is an order of magnitude harder to edit than the similar text in English, for the slightest change requires the correction of numerous inflections and genders throughout the sentence, because Russian is the so-called "synthetic language." Using Russian language for constructive projects is like hammering a nail with a piece of feces.

Russian subhuman language forces to change and add suffixes to people's names, usually inventing these endings yourself or using some insane rules. A Japanese or an English speaker knows clearly that if a person is named "John", then they should call him John without making any modification to his name, while Russian scoundrel will at every opportunity think how to distort and ruin the name: Johna, Johnu, Johnom.

The language of Russians is severely limited by its niche, like a system of signals in a colony of harmful bacteria, and is adapted by centuries of criminal Russian history to serve certain inhumane goals. Russian language has a huge vocabulary to discuss prison hierarchy and prison rape, yet very little to words describe consciousness, rationality and just positive things. Russians constantly prove that the main areas of application of their language are: insults, lying and organizing crimes, in the

abundance committed by Russians. Russian language exists as a mean of defecation, breeding demagoguery and emitting negativity. Russian language is alien to reason and creativity. For several centuries Russian liberals tried to ennoble Russian language, incorporating the lexicon and knowledge from the civilized languages into it, but that made Russian language only more monstrous, for, as the Americans say, "you can not polish a turd." However, Russians themselves also say "my language is my enemy", which differs from the direct translation of the Roman proverb "the language of a fool is his enemy", hence even Russians themselves understand that Russian language is the language of fools.

World's culture needs to be optimized with the single unified language, and the American English language has already got enough impact, and what is more important English is good enough to be the only language. Other languages and cultures are the dead ends, which have no reason to exist. All national history forgeries and national literature nonsense must be purged in the largest and the most impressive book burning event of the millennium. Book burning is good, when the books are obsolete, evil and in a dead language, like this Russian language.

*How many Russians is required to change a light bulb?  
None: Russians will simply declare that the lamp works,  
and the darkness - is the light.  
-- Lightbulb joke in the realities of Russia*

At that moment my hatred for Russia was incinerating. Westerners on the IRC chat advised me stop hating and to think about how to improve Russia and turn it into a good country. After some reflection, I came to the conclusion that the only way would be the reduction of the Russian population, due to the problematic Russian genetics. So Russians must be ousted with decent nationalities and Russian language supplanted with a superior language, such as English. Despite that this idea seems absurd at first glance, there are processes that, when launched, will help Russians to destroy themselves, with a relatively small amount of investment money, and sometimes even reaching self-sufficiency. I reviewed them in "Essay on the Russian, the problem of the Russians, and the methods of combating the Russians"

*With the Russians it is not a question of whether but of when.  
If you say why not bomb them tomorrow, I say why not today?  
If you say today at five o' clock, I say why not one o' clock?  
-- John von Neumann, generally regarded as  
the foremost mathematician of his time.*

When the number of Russians is sufficiently reduced, it is necessary to implement the following items:

- Freedom for all republics, including the republics of the Caucasus, Tatarstan, Bashkortostan, the republics of Siberia and the Urals. It is necessary to help these colonized peoples getting out of the Russian swamp;
- Nuclear disarmament. In the 21st century there is no place for the weapons of mass destruction;
- Liquidation of the Russian military-industrial complex, which entails a reduction in taxes. Investors will not pay for the Russian military toys;
- Ban on the army, outside the NATO structure. Without army, any Russian ambitions would be an empty threat;
- Elimination of corruption, pensions and other social taxes. Taxes will not go to feed parasites, including corrupt officials;
- Retirement of the Russian ruble, with the replacement of it by a proper currency, such as Euro or US Dollar;
- Education reform modeled on American universities with teaching in English;
- Liberalization of the labor code;

- Lift of the ban on the same-sex marriages
- Mandatory reduction of testosterone for all aggressive and proud Russian males, just like the pedophiles get chemically castrated to stop posing danger. Hormonal medications must be available freely, without any waiting and psychiatrist approval;
- Simplified visa and customs regime - a paradise for investors, without protectionism, providing cheap labor to the business;
- Elimination of the Russian plebs as a class. Legalization of heavy drugs, birth control, with the auction for the pregnancy right or the adoption of additional children in excess of the quota;
- Replacement of the Cyrillic alphabet with the Latin alphabet and the gradual replacement of Russian by English, starting with supplanting of primordially Russian words with english analogs and obsoleting the Russian ones (elimination of the language barrier for investors and entrepreneurs).

Interesting to note that other nations see Russia for what it is and have respective names for Russians:

American: vodka niggers

Israeli/Turkish: Natasha (russian females work hard in these countries)

Arabian: shuravi "شوروى" (soviets)

Chechen: rusnya (the word "russian" is an insult by itself for a North Caucasus man)

Estonian: tibla (from the russian phrase "you bitch")

German: russisch schwein (russian pig)

Polish: bydlo (cattle)

Ukrainian: katsap (goat looking)

Latvian: urlas (cattle) and nepilsona (subhuman/noncitizen)

Georgian: ghrusi " გრუსი " (from ghor=pig and rusi=Russian)

Finnish: ryssä (the core in the verb "ryssiä" - to fuck up)

Buryats: mangut/mangad (evil zoomorphic creature, mythical monster, stealing and eating small children)



# ***Protesting in Vain***

*Those wishing to live in Russia must speak Russian and, of course, respect our culture and traditions and abide by Russian law.*

*-- Vladimir Putin, January 2012 speech*

*<http://government.ru/eng/docs/17877/>*

Finding no place for myself, I felt there is something wrong with me. I have seen no purpose in life and developed a death wish. I still had no willpower to kill myself, but was dismantling one by one the mental blocks protecting me from myself. Despising Russia, I decided to come out against the Kremlin government, in hopes it will end my life. Or maybe I just wanted some shock to wake me up from my confusion? All I can tell is that my consciousness at that time was half asleep and I did not understand who I am or where I must go. Yet that was the moment that kickstarted my true journey.

I began with publishing numerous opinion and protest videos on YouTube in which I read my poetry, defiled the Russian flag in various ways, and mocked the Russian anthem. Most of these videos were removed by YouTube moderation after numerous complaints from the frenzied Russian patriots, with the reason being breaking some nonsense "hate speech" rules. Among the banned "hate speech" videos was a video, where I use the Russian flag with a coat of arms as a rug in front of my door, and wipe feet on this Russian flag and spit on it. Apparently it is not politically correct to criticize Russians in the slightest. Gaziza was angry that I followed her advice to learn rhyming in that way – to attack her country and people. The girl wanted me to compose rhymes about love – not hatred.

My next step was a bit more serious: I bought a liquid for ignition of braziers and a plastic flag of Russia. On August 21, 2016, I soaked the flag in a combustible mixture and put it into odor-proof bag, then went to Red Square. On the way to the subway, I sat down on a chair by a cafe with tables to the street to put some of my things into backpack. And although there were many free tables, a waitress ran up to me in a few seconds, saying that only customers of the cafe have the right to sit down at the tables and that she will now call the guard, despite the fact that I sat down for just a minute. The guard came running when I was already leaving, and shouted something rude after me, apparently trying to provoke the conflict for no good reason.

At the entrance to the subway a cop was pestering an old beggar woman, probably wanting a share from her donated money. The woman pleaded for the sake of God to give her the opportunity to get some money for bread, but the policeman, all in black, threatened her with his club. The woman branded him "servant of Satan," the surrounding people paid attention, but the contented cop continued to harras the defenseless woman. I recalled the comparison of Putin with the Antichrist, where it was shown that Putin formally falls under the definition of anti-christ, and there is even a similarity between Putin's appearance and the devil from the medieval frescoes. Inside the subway, two Russian guys of about 18 years discussed the elections, I confessed to them that I am a Russophobe, and therefore I vote for United Russia, and I hope that they will soon be drafted into the army then sent to "defend the Motherland" somewhere in Syria.

Dirty Moscow subway meets you with the depressing Stalinist era socrealism art, nasty odor and the chewing gums smeared handrails, which I carelessly touched and then for several minutes tried to remove the gum from my shirt.

Arriving at Red Square, I made a speech protesting against Russian politics, and then burned the Russian flag, directly in front of the Moscow Kremlin, and even filmed it on video. Although I chose a relatively deserted time and place, without civilians, there were still several bored cops, with typical thoughtless Russian faces. Although the cops paid attention to me, they did not even try to prevent the burning of the flag of their country, even though it is a crime under Article 329 of the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation. Extinguishing the burnt remnants of the Russian flag with a heel, I calmly passed by these cops and threw out the remains of the burnt flag into the garbage

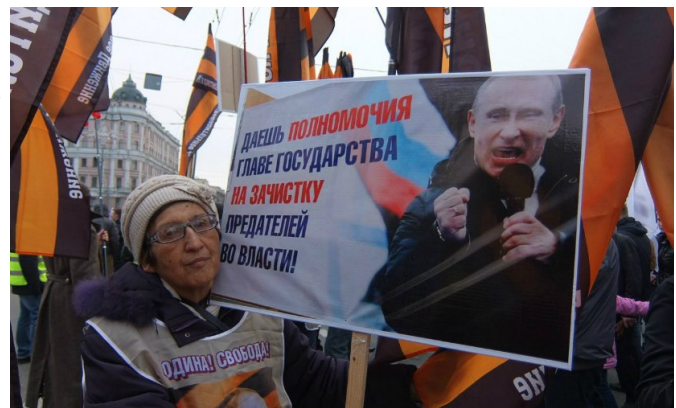


bin - the proper place for Russian symbols. Because even the devil Russian cops at the central point of empire will let the Russia burn.

Unfortunately the quality of the video left much to be desired, since I had to both film, speak (I was really angry about Russia invading other countries and persecuting LGBT people domestically) and set the flag on fire by my own. All the opposition activists, whom I approached asking to help filming, exposed themselves as cowards, although I even offered them money. Some honestly said they were afraid, others responded in a patriotic manner, "I am against the burning of my country's flag," some answered in the purely Russian rude manner, using a swearing words, like one famous "opposition" video blogger, apparently frightened that his channel will get closed because of me.

The next day, on August 22, it turned out that yet another of my accounts on the social network site vk.com (Russian Facebook clone) was blocked "on the basis of the demand from the General Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation No. 27-31-2016/Id3561-1 of 19.08.2016". Well... I got their attention. Yet since I burned the flag on the 21st August, my account was obviously closed for my earlier publications criticizing Russia. The flag burning video on YouTube has collected many comments from the Russian subhumans, most of them insulting my appearance, mental health and sexual orientation. At that time I called Russians exclusively "subhumans", to provoke Russians who themselves believe they are "superhuman" and their nation is "God chosen." The day I burned the flag crossed with the Day of the Flag of Russia, when the Russians wearing flag colors marched across their settlements, inspired by the heyday of the Third Reich rallies.

TV broadcasted the powdered face of Vladimir Putin, erupting the standard speech, explaining to the most unwise, why it is great good, that Putin and his friends are still in power. After Putin's speech, there were the news about the death of another "president" - Islam Karimov, who was a big friend of Russia. Pre-election streets were filled with the advertisements for



### ***NOD rally calls to "kill traitors"***



### ***Interiors of the Main Military Temple***

United Russia - the Putin's party and the fascist organization of the NOD (National Liberation Movement). This NOD is a half religious organization, which has associated temple, named The Main Temple of Russian Armed Forces, which includes some creepy design. I again recalled that Command & Conquer video game, which also had a fascist terrorist organization NOD, led by a Putin type dictator, and it even had a temple. Apparently Russians are trying to mimic dystopian future down to minor details.

Returning from the grocery, I asked a company of women at the yard, whether they like it that their commie-blocks are covered with all this aggressive propaganda. They, frightened by this question, gave me a suspicious look and fled in different

directions - all but one woman, who in a sarcastic voice replied "simply delighted." On the wall at the entrance of each commie-block building and inside the stairwell there too were such stands, glassed with fortified glass, and full of the propaganda for United Russia, hung with the unpleasant faces of some military men who had reached it into the politician ranks.

In addition to the propaganda, typical such stand had a warning in large letters "PROHIBITED: unauthorized access and unauthorized placement of any information on the stand!"

Guided by the proverb "first clean your own home," I took a heavy cobblestone and smashed it into the glass stand with the United Russia poster at the entrance to my commie-block building. Of course, there were a lot of glass splinters, but the fact that the stupid Russian bantlings could cut themselves was of the least worry to me. After all, no normal person will have children in Russia - a shithole of a country. Russia is the territory of danger and suffer - the Hell on Earth. Had each Russian citizen threw a stone at the Kremlin, the Red Monster would had collapsed, being buried under an enormous mountain of stones. Alas, Russia is populated by Russians, who can not even clean their entrance from garbage.

The sound of the propaganda display stand breaking has awakened a fat naked beer torso of a typical representative of the Russian nation. This Russian "zhlob" was shouting from the second-story window. With the words "what a fucking joke," this vodka mug began threatening me with militia and that he himself would go down to stand up for Putin's honor. Hearing from his window the sounds of the Russia 1 TV channel and understanding his nature, I shouted "Glory to Ukraine!" These words forced the torso to tremble frantically in blind anger, belching something about the "Banderites" and almost falling out of the window. Banderites were the followers of Stephan Bandera, whom Russians associate with traitors and separatists.

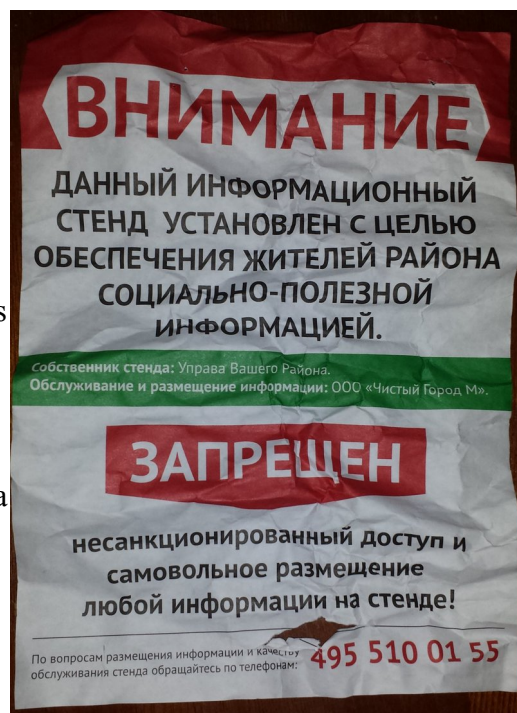
*"We conjure the spirits of the computer with our spells"*

*-- Harold Abelson*

At that point I have already realized that magic does exist, and that there are spells, which when invoked can affect reality and control people. Some magic spells require reagents, but many can be invoked with little material support. Other spells and rituals can summon demons, which we can't always control, but still the demons can crush our enemies. "Glory to Ukraine!" is one of such spells, a simple cantrip which can affect specific creatures, influenced by propaganda. Other spells are much-much harder to develop and invoke, but can give you say eternal life, because in the end the protein that will be created to rewrite one's body will be described by the words of some language - a DNA programming language. One can think of the Bible and Quran as of the evil enchantments, turning people into zombies.

Expecting the inevitable arrest and possible death, having the lack of time and desire to play video games, and the need to free the mother's apartment from my things, I decided to sell my CDs. After the meeting with the gamer who bought the remaining collector's version of the game Baldur's Gate, nothing promised a bad event, although subway interiors had a noticeable presence of fanatical looking people, wearing the ribbons of St. George, which became the symbol of some new purely Russian religion, deifying war, similar to the Confederate flag, used by the American neo-Nazis.

On the way out of the subway car, I asked one such person standing before me "do you exit too?", but had received no answer, when the doors were already opening. I asked louder "can I get out?", In response, the corpulent carcass with the St. George ribbon turned to me and yelled malignantly "Stop shouting, retard. I'm not wearing headphones." Realizing that the Russian blocking the passage wanting to assert itself through this conflict, and it is not possible to squeeze through to the other exit, I had to apologize and ask again to pass, after which the carcass disappointed by my submissiveness moved reluctantly away, letting me leave. I felt myself horribly unmanly, but what



*Propaganda Removal is Forbidden*

could I do?

Having crossed to the Koluga-Riga line of the Moscow "Metropolitan", again in the subway car, I took the empty seat. After a few seconds later, from the other end of the car, a woman in an Orthodox kerchief came running and declared that she did not give me this seat, but offered it to some old woman, who declined. I refused to get up, and that woman stared at me angrily, repeating the demand to free the seat. To the question "why she looks at me as if she saw Jesus," she replied that she "saw human stupidity." I agreed, because the tradition of giving a seat to an older women is a stupid relic of communism, which is discrimination by gender and by age (ageism). That is why I never gave seats, even to pregnant women, because their baby is completely their responsibility in our overpopulated world, which has no place for them to sit.

To make a concession to a woman is to offend her ability to be equal to a man, even if she is pregnant. In the general case, if a person is unable to stand in the subway, then this is his personal logistics problem. Otherwise, people with disabilities will be discriminated against when hiring, even if a mechanical prosthesis allows them to be more effective than a non-crippled person. Moreover, these old people deserved suffering, having created such communist system, where they do not have a free seat. It was necessary in their youth, working as a civil engineer, to calculate everything in such a way that everyone would have a seat. What is more I have never considered myself to be fully a man, and therefore had no reason to act as one.

Unfortunately, that propaganda display stand at the entrance into my commie-block was almost instantly restored. However, having decided to finish what was started, I broke it again, plus two more stands with the propaganda of United Russia and the Communist Party of the Russian Federation (another government controlled entity). Hearing the noise of broken glass, a woman looked out from the apartment on the first floor, asking what was going on. I replied that the Putin's advertisement was being removed, and the woman hid back without words.

Yet I got tired of cleaning up the propaganda stand at my entrance, which are restored by the authorities quicker than the cleaning lady finds the time to remove the broken glass from them. Therefore, having found the phone number of the organization responsible for these stands, I called them with a demand to stop placing their stands at my commie-block. The phone was answered by the patriot of her fatherland and its propaganda, saying that propaganda would not be removed and stating that I'm messing with wrong people, because these propaganda stands belong to the state of the Russian Federation, and they will force me to pay them for the stands that I've vandalized. In response, I threatened that in retaliation I will destroy all their stands in the area.

Although these stands really belong to the state, the money from the advertising is collected by a private company "Clean City M", which is owned by the relatives of some obese government official. Quoting the site of this corrupt company cleantown.ru, the scope of their activities includes "Placement of information on the entrances of apartment houses in Moscow and the largest cities of the Moscow region." Cleaning the facades of residential buildings and the surrounding area from unauthorized advertising." I.e. among other sins, "Clean City M" removes any advertisement unauthorized by them; so, for example, they remove requests for help finding a lost cat and/or apartment rent ads.

The next day, a surprising thing has happened: that Clean City M company [removed] (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=S-bbNwv-a4E>) its stands from the entrance into my commie block building. That happened after all their threats to set the police on me and force me to restore their stands. Apparently they decided that the lawsuit and the reputation of the broken glass provider would cost them a bit more than just surrendering their position. Thus, the rule "first clean your own house" is true, because even one person who resisted the authorities can drive United Russia out of one's house.



Near me there were parked several cars with the flags of the DNR on the number plates. I planned to break the glass at night, pour the interior with some incendiary mixture and set these cars on fire, but at the last moment I was dissuaded by Gaziza. Most likely if I did it, I would be found and killed, because the cars seemed to belong to the leaders of pro-Russian terrorists, curated by FSB.

On the 7th of September of 2016 I phoned the General Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation about the blocking of my social network account. They refused to discuss the matter by phone and told to write to their Internet Reception, attaching a screenshot of the blocking message. Which I did, sending the following message:

*My account <https://vk.com/funcall> was blocked in violation of my rights on the basis of the request of the Prosecutor General's Office. I do not see extremism in the protest against the criminal foreign and domestic policies of the Russian Federation, including the annexation of Crimea and the invasion of Russian mercenaries into Ukraine. I demand immediately to withdraw your requirement to block my accounts, groups and materials, including the video of me burning the flag of your organized criminal organization - the Russian Federation.*

*-- Nikita Sadkov*

That time I also got an e-mail message from PayPal, about tightening requirements for the transfers to Russia, in the view of the new Russian draconian laws. Among them, "You must ensure that the electronic money transfers initiated by you or received by you do not entail the need to execute a transaction passport in accordance with Russian requirements and currency control procedures, and other applicable restrictions imposed by the legislation of the Russian Federation, including Russian requirements and currency control procedures." Apparently Russia tries to make it difficult for the freelancers like me to survive.

Tired waiting for a response from the General Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation, I decided to somehow take revenge on a criminal Russian organization that violates my constitutional right to freedom of speech. Therefore, armed with the contents of the tray of Gaziza's cat Leopold, I went to the reception of the General Prosecutor's Office, located on the Blagoveshchensky lane, 10 at the metro Mayakovskaya. Gaziza, again trying to dissuade me from such actions, eventually decided to go with me as a witness, if I suddenly get killed, because at the entrance into the Prosecutor's Office building there are always some AK47 armed guards.

For a start, I decided to visit the General Prosecutor's Office reception, where an incredibly fat prosecutor (thin public servants are a rarity in Russia) told me that the Internet is a nuisance for them, teens are wasting time on selfies and tweets, and in general the Internet is guilty of all the woes of Russia. Regarding the blocking me in social networks, the prosecutor offered to wait for an answer further, apparently until old age. I hardly kept myself from pouring the contents of the cat's tray at this fat bastard's desk, as my main argument in defense of Internet freedom. Yet I decided to hold the action in a more suitable place - at the legal address of the General Prosecutor's Office, on Bolshaya Dmitrovka Street, hoping to provoke the AK47-armed guards there to open fire, hitting a few of their compatriots at the entrance. I myself wasn't afraid to die at that point.

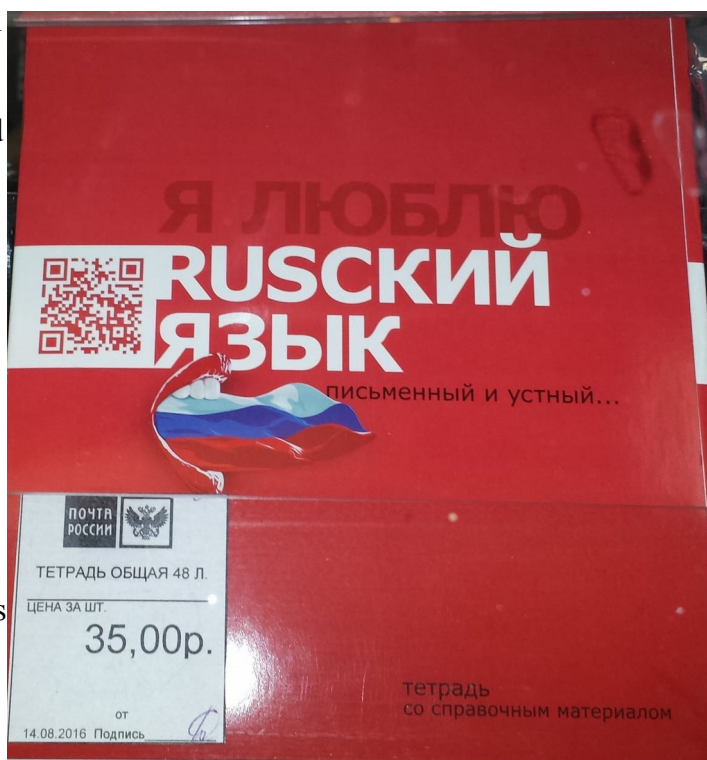
The way to the main building of the Prosecutor General's Office on Bolshaya Dmitrovka 15A crossed Tverskaya. Gaziza, grown up and well-oriented in this place, recalled how well she felt herself in her youth, before the Russian doctors cured her with the anti-psychotics prescribed. In fact, the happiest and quietest time in her life was studying in the US when there was no alcoholic father nearby, and she was not pestered on the street by the drunk men trying to rape her.

Now Gaziza with great difficulty and pain can walk the distance that in her youth she ran without noticing. The neuroleptics typically prescribed by Russian doctors damage internal organs, induce obesity, as well as lead to migraines, to treat which Aesculapius of Russian medicine advised Gaziza to swallow analgin, causing even greater problems with the liver and heart. Gaziza would

had most likely been detained as my accomplice, and given her history of psychiatric treatment, they would have sent her directly from the police station to the insane asylum, wherever she could be simply killed. So I have persuaded Gaziza to return home, saying that everything will get resolved.

Then I went into the general prosecutor's office, entering right behind another visitor, hoping that his body will protect me from the AK47 bullets if the guards decide to shoot, and I immediately poured out of the tray all the labors of the cat into the hallway, managing even to film it on camera, then quickly retreating. Oddly enough, these typical bored cops guarding the hallway with machine-guns became confused, and didn't even try to stop or pursue me. Therefore, I without problems reached Pushkinskaya metro station. I was never actually charged explicitly for that provocation, although later they did attach it to my existing crime case as evidence.

Later came the long-awaited response from the General Prosecutor's Office of the Russian Federation in the form of a registered letter. At the post office gathered a traditional live queue of 20-odd people. But one stuttering drunkard kind of guy punctured without waiting in line, shouting that he is a retired veteran and shaking his military passport. Also on the shop there they sold republished soviet children's books and various horribly looking school goods, including a Russian language exercise book with an illustration on the cover of the flag of Russia fluttering from the mouth and the title in broken Cyrillic letters "Я ЛЮБЛЮ РУССКИЙ ЯЗЫК". The answer of the General Prosecutor's was that they have nothing to do with the blocking and I must deal with some "Federal Service for Supervision in the Sphere of Communications, Information Technology and Mass Communications," or just "Roskomnadzor."



***"I love Russian Language" notebook***

On October 5th, a policeman awoke me, insistently knocking at the door about the broken stand of United Russia. The cop was called by one of the commie-block neighbors, because being a snitch and reporting everything to authorities is in the toxic blood of the evil Russian creatures. I told this cop to "fuck off" and he had to retreat without further questions, due to having no means to unlock the door. The communication with Roskomnadzor was unfruitful, Roskomnadzor stated that they are engaged in websites, and not separate social network accounts, and I must deal with the General Prosecutor's Office instead. So the circle was closed, and I realized that my social network account will not be unlocked, therefore only the real life was left for the protests, and Russians were just pushing me to get out onto the streets.



# Rusich The Rooster

*"Democracy is in Hell, while Heaven is the Kingdom."*

*-- St. John of Kronstadt*

On the wave of the news about the Khabarovsk Satanist Girls, I got the idea of a new protest action, mixing the desecration of the Russian flag with another crime - offending the feelings of the Orthodox Christian believers, who love to impose their evil faith onto others. This protest also compared Russia with a rooster - a symbol of a heterosexual man, who was forced to become a passive homosexual in the Russian prison. Such man routinely gets anally raped and is being forced to suck other inmates cocks, under the threat of breaking his teeth if he dares to bite the penis. It



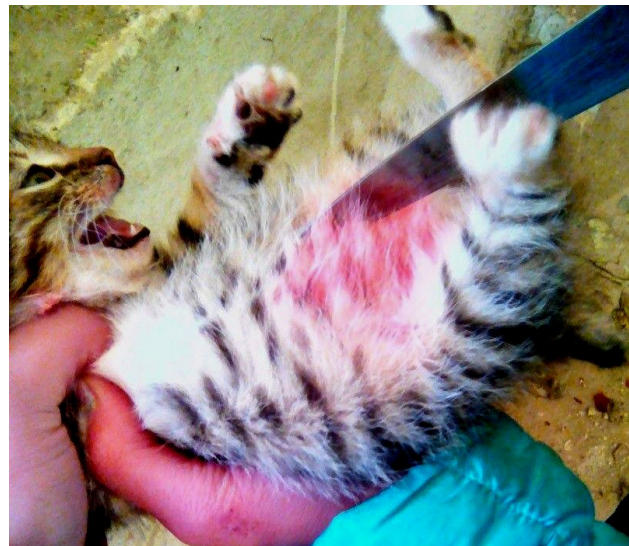
***Russian satanist girls torture a puppy with BB gun***

would certainly be possible to burn the Bible wrapped in a Russian flag, but I decided to be more original, knowing that violence towards an absurd animal, such as rooster, and in general cruelty to animals, as shown by precedents, will attract more attention (PR-friendly construction).

On the other hand, animal cruelty is a criminal offense, and an absurd lawsuit in which a person is accused of killing a chicken which everyone consume for food will look ridiculous and almost guaranteed (as it seemed to me then) to create some controversy. Such act also invites some

analogy with Kapparot, catching the anti-Semitic strings of the soul that are inherent in most Russians. The resulting PR I planned to convert into advertising of my video game The Spell of Mastery, using the succès de scandale technique and to just laugh at Russians in the court.

Preparing for the act, I went to the village near Moscow and bought a live rooster called Rusich of the beloved Russian breed Kuchinskaya Jubilee. Then the flag of Russia, which came with the coat of arms. The last tool was a pair of scissors for cutting chicken meat. I kept the Russian rooster in the toilet. Russian moderators at YouTube immediately blocked my video with that rooster sitting on the toilet in a cloak of the Russian flag, although there was no animal violence in the video. Moderators believed that putting a Russian flag on a chicken is a "hate speech". Unfortunately, the moderation of the Russian Youtube segment is trusted to Russians, who remove any anti-Russian material with prejudice.



***Russian girls open up a kitten***

Next day I woke up to the morning call of Rusich. After having some stale rye bread for breakfast, I took a cat's transfer bag with Rusich, and went out to the autumn street under a drizzling rain. The sidewalks were strewn with slippery mud produced from the fallen leaves, which no one had card to clean. Yet in the summer, when the sidewalks are clean, the car washing the road works even during the rain, throwing water onto the feet of unlucky pedestrians, for it is necessary to create an appearance of work for the stolen money of taxpayers. My goal was the main Orthodox Temple of

Russia - the Cathedral of Christ the Savior, which belonged to the Moscow Patriarchate. Russian Orthodox Church has reached the pharisaic level to the point where car washing services were opening as part of temples, while vodka and cigarettes are sold in the temples using a preferential tax regime.

Russia's patriotic rotten bones,  
Save them Russkies from unknowns.  
Russian Lord of Heaven - patriarch  
Embodied in gold like oligarch.  
Russian Temple serves with car wash,  
But no Jesus wants this ugly slosh.

Arriving at the scheduled place on the Patriarchal Bridge in front of the Temple, I began to prepare for the ritual of sacrifice, taking out the scissors and the rooster Rusich from the bag. Then I put the Russian flag with the coat of arms around Rusich as a cloak, so that the cock would symbolize Russia and the Russian patriot. Feeling danger, Rusich wagged his wings and cried out in an attempt to preserve his Russian life. I thought to use a knife for slaughtering the rooster, but it would be very difficult to film the process on the camera, while cutting the cock's neck with a knife. In addition, carrying a knife is a serious criminal offense in Russia. I was uncomfortable with what I had to do, because until that moment I had never deprived anyone of life, but realizing that this Russian cock personifies everything Russian, everything that is Russian soul, all the Russian patriotism, I experienced an inexpressible hatred that resulted in the desire to kill Rusich.

Taking scissors, I tried to cut off Rusich's head, but the cheap Chinese blades were too blunt and unsuitable for this purpose, only suffocating the Russian cock. Despite the crunch of broken cervical vertebrae, Rusich remained alive. Roaring, beating with wings and claws for life, Rusich attracted the passers-by attention. They Russians tried to stop me, which quite distracted me, so that Rusich has bursted out using his last strength, and run, flashing back with the inscription: "RUSSIA" under the coat of arms. The Russian by-standers were definitely outraged by the process of this embarrassing sacrifice.



### ***Rusich the rooster runs for its life***

Rushing after Rusich, I've barely caught him, and clamped his neck again in the steel of scissors, lifting Rusich with scissors right into the air, using Rusich's body to brush away the Russian bystanders, turned into attackers. Struggling with scissors, I broke the already half-broken Rusich's neck. Instead of blood the Russian cock's death produced liquid feces, flowing directly onto my jeans. I sill felt a kind of relief, as if there became one less the Russian in the world.

Looking now at the angry Russian bystanders, I shouted "DEATH TO RUSSIA, DEATH TO THE RUSSIANS!" And, to annoy the assembled Russians more, I also yelled "GLORY TO UKRAINE!!!", which was the last straw for them. "The Russians do not abandon their own," and therefore a small crowd of these Russian roosters joined in to fight away the corpse of their tovarisch. They began to arm themselves with improvised means, threatening to "cripple" me and "throw me off the bridge" down into the car traffic. Russians were shouting at me "You're a beast". In response, I said that it are you Russians, who are beasts.

Getting scared, I was forced to retreat, without even grabbing the rooster corpse, which was suitable for soup. Although the Russians tried to pursue me, most of this patriotic rabble was frightened by FSO officers who guarded the Cathedral of Christ the Savior, and the remaining Russians "philantropists" were too cowardly to crawl into the fight alone, even if it was a fight against a single person. Only that neo-Nazi in camouflage with the German symbols shook in impotent rage, due to me comparing the Russian nationalists with that rooster Rusich and saying that the Russian nation will also break its neck. In this Orthodox church, they did not give me the shelter, so I had to run to the subway, for the remaining pursuers tried to reassemble the crowd that could lynch me. For some reason, the Russians did not want to call the police.

In the KFC lavatory, where I documented to the camera how the Russian cock has shitted at me before his demise, a Muslim, hearing my speech, asked what is it all about. I replied that it is a protest against the criminal policy of the Russian state. The Muslim agreed that Russia is a criminal country, bombing his brothers in Syria.

The reaction of the Russian Internet to the recording of the Rusich's execution consisted mainly of overly aggressive comments, with promises to track me down and torture. Russians experienced the death of Rusich as if they were roosters themselves, and I killed one of them. I could not find a single comment saying "quit raving! It's just a chicken wrapped in a rag of aquafresh toothpaste colors." I was a little sorry that I once wanted to become a biologist and create a life, but now I'm just killing to provoke Russians into displaying even more obscurantism and hatred.

*Nikita Sadkov Stupid Jew .. Not a nation and not a people,  
but only a miserable bunch of bastard from the cannibalism sect  
the syndrome of Napoleon. Fucking giyur sicker. Come on, come on  
you kike-fuck, show your fascism in all its glory.  
Get out of Russia, scum.  
Take away Judaism and the Jews themselves will disappear from the  
face of the earth. Haha.  
-- a comment of a typical Russian*

*This is a kike Ashkenazi he resembles us on the outside  
but inside sits a kike, a real fagot, the death will  
take you wait for it you Russophobe fagot  
-- his colleague's comment*

*just another nutcase from lack of sex and frequent masturbation  
lonely biomass, but considers himself original and progressive.  
you can answer that I'm a vatnik or something else stupid,  
you're incapable of more.  
-- a comment of the Russian "psychologist"*

Dwindling in their traditional brightness, Russians confused me, a Russophobe, with a member of the Russian opposition. Compatriots considering me to be an opponent of their beloved Putin and Stalin, although I, on the contrary, was dreaming that a new Stalin will arise to power and sets up a hell in Russia, exterminating Russians in millions for the glory of his homeland Georgia. Then Russia will be plunged into the dark ages, like Cambodia, and the Russian nation will disappear

from the news. I hoped that Kadyrov (Putin's henchman and a ruthless ruler of the Chechen republic) will become the next Stalin, because the Russian serf loves such strong hand. Some Russians stigmatized me as a "Nazi", although I did not belong to any nation or group, and in addition I opposed the Russian nation, hence, I was rather an anti-Nazi, because my existence was purely reactionary, caused by the horrors of the Russian reality.

Other Russians thought I was crazy, because in their opinion only a suicidal madman will oppose the Russian world and criticize Russians, especially living in Russia. Russians wrote countless reports to police and FSB regarding me, because the desire to send somebody into Gulag is in the foul blood of the Russian nation. However, by that time I had indeed violated several ridiculous articles of the criminal and the administrative codes (a list of all the articles I violated is at the end of the story). And I indeed seen no value in my life, because Russia strips all lives of their value.

In Russian practice, crime articles, like cruelty to animals, are used mainly to extort money from businessmen, as the case of 5-475/2015, where the businessman Kolobaev A.V. refused to pay the government officials his protection money, so "incommunicability" of this businessman forced these officials to bring madeup charges against him - he had a Russian flag displayed in his grocery. They interpreted that as a desecration of the flag, which is a felony in Russia. Crime code articles for the cruel treatment of animals should be feared primarily by farmers, because the next police checkup can suddenly discover that the chickens are kept in sadistic conditions, pigs are too fat enough, and the cows have the wrong food. However, such cases are full of irony, as the same store owner Kolobaev suffered for his patriotism and devotion to Russia - that is why he displayed Russian flag at his shop.

The last few days on all media, on all news sites, the audience continued to be outraged at the young Khabarovsk Satanist Girls, against whom a huge criminal prosecution has began. The matter with these satanist girls is that they are females, young and relatively well-groomed, while most of the other females, older and less well-groomed, are indignant and scream "to the fire these witches," guided by traditional Russian envy and malice. Russian males, on the contrary, discussed how much these priestesses of Satan are good in the role of priestesses of sex. Nobody actually cared about these animals tortured in the name of Satan. In the end, my rooster act did not take off, although several people were really trying to set animal rights activists and Orthodox Christians against me. Hypocritical animal rights activists did not even show any indignation about the murder of the rooster. The Orthodox Christians exploded a bit more actively, but even christian fanatics haven't went anywhere beyond the empty threats of burning me.

Later, I held a similar action, but only with the hamster (symbolizing the slaughter of a naive liberal - the "hamster of Navalny") and the Orthodox battle hymns playing in background, this time deriding at once the Orthodox christians and the followers of Navalny, who served as a Kremlin controlled opposition leader, helping to dissipate protests. I killed that hamster as a proud son of Russia to recoup on somebody weaker, like the son of alcoholics, who gets beaten at home, then goes to torture animals and weaker classmates, to somehow release his frustration and feel as somebody meaningful and controlling his life. Mother Russia turns its children into psychopaths.

The result was the same - no PR, the agonizing burning death of the hamster haven't melted the cold Russian hearts. I've even proposed them donating money to free that hamster, instead of killing him - Russians haven't donated a cent to save the poor animal's life. I think the fault lies in the absurdity of animal and the lack of physiological details of death (I just broke the rooster's neck and set the hamster on fire), while the Khabarovsk Satanist Girls shocked the public by gutting the pregnant cat alive on the camera.

A curious fact is that according to the Criminal Code of the Russian Federation a person, who

murdered a hamster, could be sentenced to 5 years of imprisonment, which is comparable to the punishment for the actual homicide (from 6 years of imprisonment). It follows that the life of a Russian does not cost much more than a hamster's life, and consequently Russians are not true human beings, since their lives are valued as the lives of hamsters. Generally, Russian justice is very lenient towards murderers, especially if they committed the crime under the influence of alcohol; Mikhail Efremov's case being the most famous, who got just 6 years for a murder, while intoxicated, and is likely going to be out on parole much earlier. Life costs literally nothing in Russia.

Generally, human feeling towards animals can be used to create an explicit and violent conflict. For many animal rights activists, pets play the role of children, so activists can get very aggressive defending them. Such sentiments are easy to exploit in a fight against the government, which either ignores the murdered kitten, or gives a too lenient or a too harsh sentence. On the one side we gather say doghunters, and on the other we gather animal rights activists. Both sides of the conflict are easy to rally towards common goal - toppling the government. In fact, the laws against animal abuse were introduced after the millions of animal lovers were rallied and governments got scared. Yet solving the problem using such laws won't address its source. Same with pedo hysteria, where just watching child porn grants you a lengthy sentence, and I mind you, these sentenced pedophiles are not the psychos who rape toddlers, but mostly some 20 years olds who jerk at the photos 17 years old girls.

Now the reader will probably think that I am a loser. And I will agree. But, unfortunately, we are all forced to act using the knowledge, opportunities and tools available to us, and I had no pregnant cat, as well as no talents of a sadistic physician, and it would be hard to embed a cat into a political context - comparison with a cat will not offend anyone - everyone loves cats. Later there was an idea to buy a German shepherd dog, which traditionally serve as police dogs in Russia (former police dogs are sold at Avito, the Russian ebay clone, into "good hands"), and to conduct a ritual murder of this cop dog (entitled "Honored retirement"). This would have surely insulted the cops themselves, while the trolling with this video at the communities for the police employees, bringing me recognition and state awards. However, that idea is still free - go for it!

It is really hypocritical to be an animal rights activist, while consuming meat. And many people consume flesh of animals slaughtered using the torturous halal/kosher ritual, where animal is required to die in painful agony. I personally don't like and don't condone torturing and killing animals, but I do follow my views not just on words, and therefore I don't consume meat, replacing it with vitamine B complex. These acts that I did were mostly for PR and to provoke discussion of why it is okay to poison rats, but not okay to kill a hamster.



## ***Moth to the Flame***

"Those who are against the Victory Parade, those support the gay parade on Red Square or elsewhere. That will never happen!"

-- Serge Mikheev, Russian propagandist

<https://regnum.ru/news/economy/2993374.html>

"Slava got his balls torn off" - such news flabbergasted me in the call of upset Gaziza. After my parting with Gaziza, she had a long chain of guys, and the bulk of this cut of the Russian nation turned out to be criminals: one stole her tablet PC, another used threats to force Gaziza to give away her gold earrings, the third was a heroin addict, the fourth, former Airborne Troops member, simply raped Gaziza, moreover he threw out of the window Gaziza's plush toys, the fifth - Lesha, the Linux-geek from Obninsk, turned out to be fixated on BDSM and coprophagy. Among other things, this Linux enthusiast wanted Gaziza to urinate into his mouth. Another "fighter without rules", the former inmate, highly disliked Gaziza's mother and promised to roll her into the "Odessa ruberoid", and "to tear the mouth" of Gaziza herself. Thanks to the efforts of his uncle from the FSB, this felon was released from the prison a little too early, despite the fact he was convicted for murder. Now Gaziza was in love with some Slava from Kuzminki, but her previous hoped-for suitor, gopnik Sergey, continued to harass her, so Gaziza asked this Slava to deal with Sergey.

Slava, being a skinny fat nerd, went to the fight unprepared, directly from his computer, pulling up ragged sperm splattered tracksuit pants and not wearing underpants. That was his fatal mistake. The attempt to strike first ended in a fiasco for Slava, for the skilled in fight and physically fit gopnik Sergey dodged Slava's attack, crouched, and lowered Slava's pants, grasping his balls with an iron grip. Slava, distraught with pain, lost his balance and in a spindle fell to the ground, allowing Sergey to pull Slava further by his genitals. Done playing with the Slava's family heritage, Sergey left the loser, remembering however to grab the fallen out Slava's smartphone. Gaziza was indignant that Sergey acted low, like a prostitute, who has squeezed the balls of a cheapass client. Such is the unwritten truth of the Russian nation: for a Russian the main goal is to humiliate, and not to negotiate.

According to Gaziza's story, Slava tried to losen a bit the infernal pain by holding his balls under the cold water, as a result of which he only chilled them and helped the necrosis to begin. Now Slava is in the hospital and the desire for the opposite sex has disappeared, together with his genitals and the cell phone. Gaziza assured me that she would not give up Slava anyway, because Slava suffered through her fault, although at the same time she corresponded in English with a handsome Bulgarian, with photos against the background of sunny beaches. I, having drunk tea with a cake and having returned money for the lost cat transfer (which used to hold Rusich the Rooster), went home, wishing Gaziza good luck in Bulgaria.

A few days later, Gaziza broke her finger. In the hospital, they refused to impose a cast and simply taped the broken finger with a duct tape to a healthy one, saying to avoid walking. Ironically, Russian hospitals also refuse to provide x-ray photos, saying it is forbidden by the chief doctor, but you can give the bribe and they will allow you to photo the x-ray from their monitor's screen. Gaziza still had to go for groceries, so the finger broke again without being properly fixed. Russian medicine is the best medicine in the world!

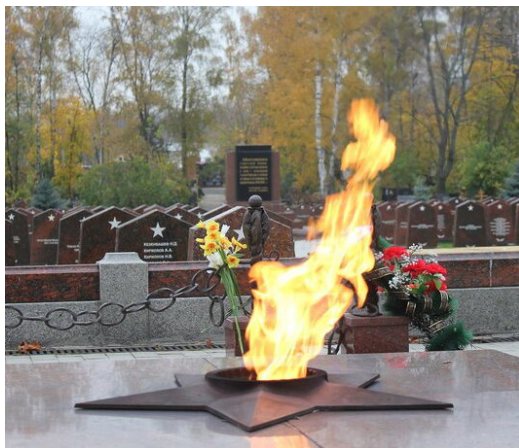
At home mother met me with the words "you are an idiot, I despise you". It turned out that the information about my action with the rooster Rusich reached my mother, and she herself has reported me to police, in addition she informed me about her acquaintance to the FSB officer, but that guy simply dismissed my mother's report.

For a long time I was annoyed by the Russian Great Patriotic War cult and the associated propaganda of militarism. Russians refuse to accept World War 2 as a relic of history, and to enter into the new era without wars. Russians keep making huge deal out of the Russian forces entering Europe and raping europeans with Communism. Even worse, the Russian authorities are carrying out numerous military parades and smaller events, like the day of the Airborne Forces, while banning gay pride parades and gay clubs. In my opinion a gay parade is a much more positive event than a parade of goniks with AK47 assault rifles dressed in uniforms. In addition, this cult of war was financed by the state from my own taxes, therefore I had the right to speak against it.

That drove my next protest action against the icon of the Russian military glory and the holy cow of all Russia - the Great Patriotic War. For this action I went to Preobrazhenskoye Cemetery near the subway station Preobrazhenskaya Ploschad. On the way, I had to print a portrait of Putin. The girl in the print shop was surprised "why do you need a portrait of our president?", To which I replied "for masturbating at him" and kissed fuhrer Putin on the lips.

The rotten Soviet subway is falling apart before our eyes. Past the platform of the subway passed a broken train, which was towed by another electric locomotive. A crowd accumulated before the train arrival, and the usual fight arose when the Russians tried all to get into the same long awaited train all at once. From all sides Russian swear words could be heard. The crowded subway car stank with vomit and burned wirings. It is not surprising that, looking into the open door of the control room at the station, I've noticed equipment that has likely seen Stalin.

On the subway platform, an elderly woman, going near, could not stand it and told me "you're Jewish shit". Maybe she disliked my beard or my curly hair, or my cap of the LGBT flag colors, for otherwise I dont look too Jewish. At the bus stop, another Russian woman was a bit late to get onto a shared taxi and for a minute screamed at this moving away minibus, something along the lines of "you fagot, shitted yourself in the morning, churka", apparently demonstrating the typical Russian friendship of the peoples ("churka" is a pejorative for a person of southern origin, who frequently work as minibus drivers in Moscow).



The Preobrazhenskoye Cemetery was almost deserted, so nothing prevented me from taking off my pants and sprinkling the urine onto the Eternal Fire burning there for the glory of the Russian soldiers and the Russian victory. Then I also burned that Putin's portrait on that piss "blessed" eternal fire. Alas, the filming was interrupted in the middle of the process, as happens if you accidentally close the smartphone's lens with your finger (the smartphone automatically thinks that it was shoved into your pocket and stops filming). Therefore, I've decided to repeat the action another day, better prepared.

***Eternal Fire at the Military Cemetery*** On November 3 2016, I drank a bottle of Coca-Cola and pissed into it, then came to another Eternal Fire on Poklonnaya Hill. Around there were many Russian patriots who gathered here in honor of the National Unity holiday, therefore the administration representatives immediately asked me what I was going to do there. To which I honestly replied that I plan to desecrate their Eternal Fire. They did not believe me and I freely went straight to the eternal fire. Kids started throwing snowballs at me. Seeing that police noticed me, I had to act quickly, but slipping on ice near the fire, I hurt my leg painfully. However, I still had thrown a bottle of urine into the eternal fire, like a Soviet soldier throwing a grenade at a Nazi panzer tank, right before the eyes of the foreign delegation, and I was successful at filming the video this time.

By the same act, I got postmortem vengeance over my grandfather, Georgy Moskalev, who mistreated me as a child, because in the building opposite to that Eternal Fire was his name, among the names of other Heroes of the Great Patriotic War. Grandfather loved urine therapy, but he hated Coca-Cola, so it would have been "blasphemy" to extinguish the Eternal Fire by pure Coca-Cola.

Alas, the pain in the leg prevented my escape from the cops that were running after me. I was detained and taken to the police station. There, I was interrogated first by a cop, then by an arriving FSB operative, who looked like a casual guy with a smartphone. That FSB guy called psychiatrists, because they had no desire to publicize that their eternal fire got desecrated.



*Eternal Fire at Poklonny Hill*

A visiting psychiatrist with dreadlocks, more like a hippie, argued with the FSB guy for a some time that he did not want to take people because of politics. But the FSB guy overtook that after the Muslim babysitter Gyulchekhra Bobokulova, who cut off the child's head, all such perpetrators should be checked for sanity. In addition, the FSB pointer at my hat of the rainbow colors of the gay flag and my answer that I do not consider myself a heterosexual, but rather a gender queer. Refusal to consider myself heterosexual was enough for forced hospitalization, because Russian psychiatry still considers homosexuality a mental disorder.

# ***The Test of Sanity***

Russia is a very big crazy house.  
There are tragically obsessed. Poor souls.  
Then there are quiet idiots

-- *Zinaida Gippius*

Psychiatric ambulance car rushed in haste at full speed, having turned on a siren with a flasher. It drove through the red traffic lights and maneuvered between the less crazy shared taxis, as if the ambulance driver himself consumed some psychoactive substance. It almost got into an accident and braked so that I would have broken my neck, had I not been fastened as a crazy schizo. At the end I was placed in the supervisory ward of the Psychiatric Hospital No. 15 where all my belongings (including a smartphone, money and a notebook with a pen) were confiscated from me, so all the following impressions of the psychiatric hospital are based on my already weak memory, in addition to haloperidol and a ton of other neuroleptics, which the caring Russian doctors immediately prescribed me.

The main occupants of the insane ward were the alcoholics under drop counter injections. Their relatives handed them over with delirium tremens. Although one violent drunkard was brought there by the cops, after he broke their desk at police station. But there were also more colorful crazy persons, such as the oligophrenic hunchbacked Lesha Davidov, who constantly fiddled with his penis, making a voluptuous face and a mumbling something inarticulate about the "Kazan Mother of God". Waking up in the morning, you could find Lesha above yourself, masturbating to your face. Beside Lesha, there was Maxim Melikh, who got involuntarily hospitalized after an attempt to blow up his commie-block with the help of household gas. He also loved to sniff Domestos (a cleaning liquid, which affects brain when inhaled). Now Melikh had a new plan - to plant his entire commie-block apartment with cannabis under mercury lamps. Melikh's favorite catchphrases were "I'm a fool" and "forgive me a fool."

Next bed to me due to some coincidence of fate there was a crazy FSB officer. He apparently quarreled with his superiors, although he was quickly transferred to a special hospital for the FSB personnel. I learned about the fact that he served at FSB after overhearing his conversation with the doctor, because he was called right in front of me.

Oligophrenic Misha from time to time sucked his finger, which he constantly kept near his mouth. Being a great "talent", Misha sang to the ward guards the song "I Serve Russia", nuzzling the verse "do not forget the soldier". Misha was very excited when I suggested publishing a video with him at the Internet, as he mistook it with internAt (a place for the permanent housing of retards in Russia), to which Misha dreamed of being sent back. Misha was sent to this hospital as a punishment, because he conflicted with the retard place administration. The neurotic Denis Borodkin mentioned that he is a musician, composes songs, and now some mental patients even have access to the Internet at the internat. That can be a clue to the declining discussion level on the Internet, as well as the falling value of the modern music. Borodkin sang his demented songs banging fingers on the table, as if on the keyboard of a synthesizer.

Many patients, like the disfigured retard Aslan, steal from the bedside tables and lockers, when they are open, or just grab anything left in the open. They also beg for food and phone calls from the relatives who came to visit other patients. For example, Aslan could grab from the table someone else's apple and immediately bite it with his rotten from anti-psychotics teeth. The less savage nutcases are trying to get into friends with you to beg for stuff using the mechanics of "after all you are my friend, you should share with me." In case of refusal to share, they can arrange some problems for you. For example, in the form of an urinal poured onto your bed, or feces on your



pillow. There were no "Napoleon" in the ward, but there was a mental degenerate with the surname "Suvorov" (after the Russian national hero, general Alexander Suvorov).

Despite the fact that the hospital was in Moscow, almost all the nurses were swearing fat throaty women after 50, from Serpukhov, which I had previously described. However, the brutality and masculinity of these women was handy there, for there was clearly a lack of male ward guards. Some imbecile asked to call his mother, and a good-natured nurse painted a phone buttons on a cardboard and allowed that retard to make a "call." Another nurse was singing "I do not know another country like this, where a person so freely breathes..." (an unofficial Russian anthem, written during the Stalin's rule).

There was a slight smell of mold in the wards, rusty bars on the windows and a cobweb that came down from the ceiling. Especially lucky people could catch a cockroach, squashing it along with an egg capsule under a torn sneaker. The toilet meets visitor with its three shitholes in floor. The classy toilet walls are always smeared with fecal matter, in the view of the peculiarities of how retards wipe their asses, spending a lot of paper when it is there. For unknown reason, in the toilet room, there was a broken mirror that aroused hopes that some psycho would pull out a piece of glass and use it to open



*Toilet in a psychiatric hospital.*

someone's throat, saving taxpayer money. Finally, there was a TV in the ward, and it was showing exclusively the RenTV channel, where they always talked about crazy stuff, like aliens, global warming, dangers of GMOs, paranormal phenomena and other conspiracy theories, therefore most retards believe that Americans staged the 9/11 tragedy.



*A medicated patient enjoys healthy sleep.*

I was the sole dissident. The other patients were showing raving patriotism. One schizo argued that Russia supposedly has the smallest taxes in the world - only 13%. However, this "low taxes" is a propaganda trick for the most stupid, because in practice Russia has many hidden taxes, called "contributions" (as if they are paid voluntarily by the sucker). We have: 13% personal income tax + 5.1% contribution to the health fund + 22% contribution to the pension fund + 3% contribution to the social insurance fund + 3% loss of income, due to two-year service in the army (ignoring the lost health), with the average life expectancy. Now the total is 46%. All

these contributions are paid by the employer, so our demented patriot sees only 54% of the money earned by him, but that is not all, from these money Russian patriot will pay 18% more VAT included in the price of any product or service, hence  $(54 \cdot 18) / 100 = 10\%$ , so, considering the VAT paid by our patriotic lunatic from its income, the tax is already 56%. But that's not all! The price of



many goods, like gasoline and cigarettes, includes excises taxes, often reaching 50% or more. And when buying an imported commodity, Russian retard pays customs duty, also often exceeding 50%. That's why the iPhone in Russia is order of magnitude more expensive than in the US. However, if VAT, excises and customs duties are paid by sucker without noticing it, additional fees, such as a contribution to the capital repair fund or auto insurance, like OSAGO, are paid by the lunatic himself. Thus, taxes in Russia can reach 80%, if tax subject imports car, smokes or consumes alcohol.

Russian hospitals have no non-smoking wards. Therefore, during my stay in psychiatric hospitals, I hated smokers with pure hatred, because when toilet is filled with these smoking retards, one could suffocate in there during defecation. And then I had to push through this herd of smoking subhumans to wash the shit of my ass, for there is no toilet paper in a Russian mental hospital. Besides, I have hemorrhoids, making such washout vital, because a bath day in hospital is once in 2 weeks, and not when you want it, in addition fat nurse will shout at you to wash quicker, watching the process, because each patient is given just five minutes to take shower.

Since there is a lot of free time in Asylum, I spent it overseeing other patients and reporting on any unauthorized behavior that usually included illicit cigarettes transmitted by relatives, cell phones or all sorts of things, such as notebooks and clothes, which the lunatics were hiding under their official mental patient uniform, for it was too cold in the ward during winter. However, coffee and tea are also forbidden to retards, and I reported a fool to whom his mother brought a bag of Nescafe, which the dolt ate without water (patients don't get the access to warm water). The ward guards found that empty Nescafe plastic bag, after which the offender was disallowed to see his relatives in the observable future. A mean act, but still it's nice to take a revenge on someone, especially when that someone is smoking, and I honestly believed in "accelerationism" and pushing the system to breakdown.

Another problem of the hospital are the snoring patients, from which you just can not hide, so you have to deal with them somehow. One old grandpa, of Jewish ethnicity, was snoring really loudly, so when there were no ward guards nearby, I used a pillow to suffocate him a bit in revenge, so that the asshole will not snore anymore. They kept that old Jew bound due to psychosis, which gave me full access to his body. Later, the old fucktard complained to the ward guards, but they just said he is crazy, ignoring the sufferings of the schizophrenic Jew. Maybe I'm an ineradicable individualist who is alien to any communal living, but on the other hand Jews, in the person of Karl Marx, invented and participated in the building of communism, therefore it is not a sin to bully a representative of their people, especially if he was an engineer in the Soviet times, building communism, and this Jew was so fond of Russia that he did not leave for Israel when the borders got opened. He wanted hell – he got it.



***Typical ward interior.***

***The bucket is used to host fecal waste.***

Smokers, violent patients and snoring schizos were not the only insane asylum problems. The patients toilet (wardens enjoy their own) is closed for the night and if you want to piss, either you suffer until the morning, or you piss in the ward. Trying to persuade the ward guard to let you pee is

a bad idea, for warden will inform the psychiatrist that you do not sleep at night and you want to piss, and the psychiatrist will increase the dose of haloperidol, so much that you will piss under yourself. If you just piss on the wall, the scrubwoman will come and complain, they will be searching who did it. The solution is simple - to piss on a patient, the one tied up and under the antipsychotics. Now everyone will think that the schizophrenic has urinated himself, disregarding what he would say in his defense (he is a schizo after all). You can certainly try to hide a plastic bottle to piss at night into it, but such a bottle will be confiscated at the next search and you will get beaten, for plastic stuff isn't allowed (one can make a knife from plastic material or something like that). Other methods of punishment are special ice cold cells or the deprivation of cyclodol, which is required to balance the torturous side effects caused by haloperidol. Doctors also have various other drug tortures at their disposal as the standard method of maintaining the discipline among the more contentious patients.

When I was transferred from the supervisory into a normal ward, I was allowed to read books from the local library. It had nothing even remotely interesting or useful, so I got the first volume of Vladimir Lenin's works and Philip Farmer's novel "Jesus on Mars". In his earlier writings, Lenin had some insights: "The use of machines reduces the need for workers and makes the existing Russian overpopulation even more pronounced." - wrote Lenin. I had to agree with Lenin: there are far too many Russians for our wonderful green planet Earth.

Patients are not allowed to sleep during the day, nor can they sit on their beds. You have to read standing, or sitting, if you manage to occupy one of the few sits on the bench in the corridor. On the other hand, there is a struggle for sitting places, sometimes physical, and yet not not all the wardens and not always watch for the patients breaking the rule against sitting on beds. They rather reserve that rule as a mean of punishment, in case they want to bully one of the patients, and since I was on the good account, reporting on other patients, guards condescendingly allowed me to sit on my bed.

During the scheduled ward inspection, one of the psychiatrists, a relatively young Russian man, saw that Lenin book, and ordered the expropriation of these revolutionary writings from me. He ensured that any Lenin books would be withdrawn from the library. Interestingly, before that another psychiatrist, Olga Nikolayevna, also asked about that Lenin book, but did nothing about it.

However, Olga Nikolayevna, who first promised to punish me for my "russophobia", apparently tried to diagnose me with schizophrenia, constantly asking unambiguous questions like "when was the last time you heard the voices," and prescribed me with drugs that contribute to the emergence of the symptoms of schizophrenia, at the end of my stay, she for some reason ordered to inject me a heavy prolonged haloperidol dose without cyclodol, apparently out of a personal dislike for me and for what I did. She was incredibly outraged that I extinguished the Eternal Fire, in connection with which she read me a whole lecture. Among the other things, Olga considered homosexuality a mental illness. Alas for her, the symptoms I have accumulated were enough only for the schizotypal personality disorder (F21.8 in ICD 10) - a mental illness which was early called sluggishly progressing schizophrenia, diagnosed to people speaking against the government.

The psychiatrists threatened that they would not let me out if I wont agree to have my beard shaved off, or they would shave it off against my will, calling the ward guards. However, they did not bother. They have also discharged me very timely, on December 13, for the other patients were preparing a revenge against me, because of my anti-Russian views (you wont find greater patriots of your country, than the lunatics in a madhouse) and the fact that I exposed ther cigarettes smuggling scheme that allowed patients to smoke more than they are allowed by ward guards: patients with apparent prison past hid the cigarettes given under the guise of chocolate bars and in flower pots, while managing to cook the chifir and even do tattoos. Before my eyes, the nurse, searching beds, withdrew from the depths of the mattress a tattoo making apparatus, made of a syringe needle and a

ballpoint pen. The alcoholic patients there described me as "you only look like a human, but you're rotten on inside."

Psychiatric medication tormented me with constant dryness in the mouth, gastric pains and pyrosis, flavored with hiccups, which disappeared only a day after I got out of madhouse and stopped taking psychiatric drugs. In addition, prescribed medicines turned the faces of Russian people into the dodgy black worms-maggot pies. Like those glasses of truth from the movie "They Live" exposing the aliens.

After the abrupt stop of haloperidol-decoate injection and of other neuroleptics, I developed neuroleptic parkinsonism - a condition when you shake uncontrollably so that you can not even keep your head on the pillow and get muscle pain due to it. My vision deteriorated so much that I could not read the text from the screen of the monitor and books, becoming half blind with everything being very blurry. In addition, I fell ill with pneumonia due to the cold, poorly ventilated wards of the psychiatric hospital, which was confirmed by x-ray.

My mother spent a few of her salaries on medicines, doctors and droppers to cure me from pneumonia and the withdrawal syndrome. The vision fully restored only after a year. Breaking a leg was an order of magnitude less painful experience to me than the withdrawal syndrome of antipsychotic medications. So if you have a choice between having your hand chopped off or living on Haloperidol, then by all means go for the hand.

- *What are you doing now?*
- *We are working on a very interesting thing - we determine which parts the brain are responsible for what. In the process of working with test subjects, we found that these regions in all people have a similar localization. This will allow us to understand which areas can be invaded for the treatment, and in which treatment is impossible, otherwise a person will stop moving or lose speech.*
  - **Dr. Svyatoslav Medvedev** explains the essence of experiments on the human brain  
<http://www.aif.ru/archive/1672003>  
*Svyatoslav MEDVEDEV: "I began to shy away from women"*

From the medical standpoint, remarkable is the story of Yevgeny Titarenko, the brother of Raisa Gorbachev, the wife of Mikhail Gorbachev, the last leader of the USSR, who lost power as a result of the Yeltsin's coup. Titarenko was a writer of children's books by trade, therefore, as typical Russian writer, he consumed a lot of alcohol. Once, being drunk at his sister's home, Titarenko had the imprudence of insulting Mikhail Gorbachev himself. As a result, Titarenko was forcibly hospitalized a few days later. Psychiatrists quickly diagnosed him with schizophrenia and he received a life sentence in a psychiatric hospital, usually reserved for especially dangerous dissidents. At hospital Titarenko was lobotomized and turned into a drooling fool, now with a real non-fake diagnosis of "organic brain damage." That's all there is to know about Gorbachev and his attitude towards human rights. But despite Gorbachev basically murdering his own brother in law, there are still enough liberal fools who believe in the good Czar and deify Gorbachev. Similarly they deify Yeltsin, who began several wars against the indigenous peoples of the USSR, who demanded the independence from Russia. Titarenko's last words to his friend, Viktor Pankratov, were "they firmly determined to turn me into a disabled creep. It would be very difficult to save my life! ... Farewell, my friends!, Farewell, my youth!"

An interesting fact is that in the 80ies Gorbachev lifted the ban on lobotomy practices, with the goal of "treating" political dissidents:

*In 1950 psychosurgery was prohibited by the special order of the*

*Minister of Health of the USSR for ideological reasons. The third period starts in the early 1980ies with the acceptance of modern stereotactic techniques for treatment of intractable pain and obsessive-compulsive disorders.*

*-- On the history of psychosurgery in Russia,*

*Acta Neurochirurgie [Wien], 1993, vol 125: 1-4*

*<http://psychosurgeryorg.blogspot.com/2006/02/psychosurgery-in-russia.html>*

Relevant story happened in Ukraine, where the Ukrainian "Sviatoslav Medvedev", Dr. Andriy Slyusarchuk, practiced neurosurgery with a fake MD diploma and was awarded State Prize by Viktor Yanukovych. After Maidan and Yanukovych's escape, Slyusarchuk was finally sent to prison for two murders by negligence. However, thanks to corruption, the killer was released a year later under an "amnesty."

After getting to know psychiatric patients, I had formed an opinion that the most humane and rational in matters of psychiatry were the German doctors. Smart Germans introduced the Aktion T4 program, which prescribed the merciful euthanasia to the fools and schizos. It is quite obvious that neither Borodkin nor Davidov, nor that old schizophrenic Jew, will ever recover, while the "treatment" with haloperidol will only worsen their condition and turn their existence into torment. That forces us to recognize the impotence of the contemporary medicine, and to consider the possibility of humanly dispatching this genetic garbage to end its anguish, all while saving the poor taxpayers some money. Why should we be forced to pay for this sad ballast of the demented parasites and their chronic drunk hospital staff? Here, as with the amputation of a limb affected with gangrene - it hurts, but it is necessary to save the rest of the body. The patients of the psychiatric hospitals suffer immensely, although they are innocent and did not commit crimes, unlike the real felons serving life sentence. Therefore such patients deserve a swift humane death, rather than a life-long medical torture.

If the reader gets indignant and calls me a Fascist Doctor Mengele, then I recommend the reader themselves to visit the psychiatric patients and admire these insane beings. After that the reader will think for themselves whether they want to spend their own money on the maintenance of these creatures, without any benefit to humanity, when even the healthy people don't have enough resources. Human rights are in shortage, and therefore should be reserved for the actual human beings only, instead of wasted on the mentally crippled vermin. Especially since the genetics of this degenerate rabble usually differs from us, normal people; for example, the down syndrome degenerates possess an extra chromosome. They can never be considered full-fledged human beings and qualify for the human rights. Schizophrenics and cretins should have only one right - the right to euthanasia. I doubt the reader can propose a more humane and rational solution.

I phoned Gaziza, to tell what happened. Phone was answered not by Gaziza, by one of her "friends" - a criminal and, in combination, an alcoholic. To the question "where is Gaziza," the gopnik replied that she had "overdosed with pills," and when asked why he has her phone, the gopnik stated that "Gaziza herself gave it", her expensive smartphone, "to him." Later it turned out that he had entered an empty apartment and took away everything that could be carried away. Gaziza, after our quarrel, met with different distinguishing personalities already mentioned in the story. Such "friends" tortured Gaziza so much that she tried to commit a suicide by taking a lethal dose of neuroleptics. In addition, Gaziza was presented a sick bird at her birthday, and a few days later the bird died and Gaziza got very upset.

Gaziza was rescued, for after taking the pills, Gaziza called her mother to say goodbye, and her mother immediately contacted Gaziza's friend - a single woman holding a dozen of cats. Her friend had a copy of the keys, and opened the door for the doctors. It was lucky that Gaziza miraculously forgot to close the door on the bolt, as she always did. In hospital, Gaziza got treated for a week and then transferred to a psychiatric hospital - to ingraft her with the love for life through swearing and

beatings by junior medical staff, as well as the intense haloperidol therapy.

When Gaziza called me later, I learned that she is now being treated with daily electroshock therapy (ECT) against her will, while being kept in a special intensive supervision ward. She could call people only once in a few days, when they give her a phone for a few minutes, while closely listening to what she says. Apparently her mother paid to move Gaziza into a special hospital (the already mentioned Moscow NTSPZ), because mother was afraid Gaziza will continue relationships with criminal type guys and will have further suicide attempts. So the hospital was seen as a place to keep Gaziza "safe." Ward security took away the phone after hearing her telling that to me. I got disgusted by the whole situation of taking Gaziza's freedom to protect her.

To those planning on becoming long term mental patients in Russia, I have the following advice: on admission to the hospital, it is necessary to get to grips with other strong boys to keep the ward under control. If you do not want to lose health and fitness in asylum, you need to exercise regularly, and for this you need to eat well, and therefore there is a need to take away food from other patients. The hospital's skilly is enough only to avoid a hunger death, you will want all the food you can get by any means.

It is better to choose victims from the newbies: a fresh patient arrives at the supervisory ward, awakens from the initial horse dose of haloperidol and then he must be as they call it in prison "registered" at the barracks, so that he immediately gets mentally broken and understands his place. To do this, a provocative gopnik-question is asked in the forehead. For example:

- What will you kiss: a hot iron or a hairy ass?
- Fuck in the mouth or haloperidol in the butt?
- A week bound to bed or in the ass without a gel?
- Your head into shithole or a dick in your ass?
- Aminazine kilogram or sperm a hundred grams?
- Sell your mom or suck a cock?
- Will you eat a bread out of toilet bowl or a soap from the table?

In the case of an incorrect answer, the schmo is punched to the solar plexus, and then gets lowered in the patient hierarchy to the ground. After that you can easily take away all that good food brought by his relatives, or just the bread from his hospital ration. You can also extort money from such a patient, by forcing him to beg his relatives to transfer some money onto your or your friends accounts, or just bringing some cash or goodies to the hospital ward. Money can be used to buy goods, like vodka and order expensive restaurant meals, through the corrupt hospital personnel. Since there are no girls in the ward, you can also rape such subtle and weak patients. In the medical environment might makes right.



# Innocence

*Against the people you are thinking!  
So you will learn how be against!  
-- Yevgeny Yevtushenko "Senka Razin"*

It's surprising that they haven't charged me under the Article 354.1 of the Russian criminal code - "desecration of the symbols of Russia's military glory," which undoubtedly include the Eternal Fire. However, they started a case under article 282 p.1 (case number 11702450031000023) for hate speech and under article 329, after they found that video of me burning the Russian flag in front of the Kremlin in protest against Russia's foreign and domestic policy.

March 23, 2017, introducing themselves as a neighbor, who was flooded, the cops and an FSB officer broke into the apartment, badly smashed my mother's leg and kicked her several times, while I got slightly beaten, knocked to the floor and handcuffed. Then the cops turned the apartment inside out and confiscated all the digital electronics, including the laptop, the usb flash drives and the smartphones. The battered mother was indignant at how they dared to touch an elderly woman - a patriot of Russia, who devoted all her life to serving the Russian culture. Cops replied to her with a fairly logically statement that in my person she gave birth to a scum and a traitor, to which my mother tried to offer excuses that it is not her fault, and that I'm insane since childhood and don't know what I'm doing, while she always insisted that I should respect Motherland.

After the search, I was taken to the interrogation at the 1st Novokuzminskaya Street, 13/8, to the "Investigator of Especially Important Cases", Yulia Sergeevna Korovina, where, under pressure (if you do not confess, you will sit in the cell till the court hearing) I was forced to give evidence against myself. Also, during the interrogation, the government provided lawyer who was invited by the investigator, joked about me with the investigator as with a good acquaintance. As a fun fact, the last name "Korovina" translates from Russian as "Cow".

I was charged with Article 282 part 1 "hate speech" for the fact that in the pamphlet "Kill the Germans" by Ilya Ehrenburg, I've provocatively replaced "Kill the Germans" with "Kill the Russians" to show that the Russians had themselves become fascists by attacking Syria and Ukraine. The pamphlet remix was originally posted at the collective anonymous blog 2ch.hk/po/. After that, someone put my alteration to the site yaplakal.com, with a call to lynch me. The government classified this as an incitement of hatred against the group "Russians".

In other words publishing the following text guarantees one a long jail sentence in Russia:

*We've realized: Russians are not human beings.  
From now on, the word "Russian" is the most terrible curse for us.  
Henceforth, the word "Russian" discharges a rifle.  
We will not talk. We will not be indignant. We will kill.  
If you did not kill at least one Russian this day, your day is lost.  
If you think that your neighbor will kill a Russian for you, you do not understand the threat.  
If you do not kill a Russian, the Russian will kill you.  
Russian will take your loved ones and torment them in his cursed "Russian World".  
If you can not kill a Russian with a bullet, kill a Russian with a knife.  
If there is a calm in your sector, if you are waiting for a battle, kill the Russian before the battle.  
If you leave the Russian to live, the Russian will hang a free man and rape a free woman.  
If you killed one Russian, kill another - there is nothing more fun for us than Russian corpses.  
Do not count the days. Do not count miles. Count one thing: the Russians killed by you.  
Kill the Russian! - this is praying raped Ukraine.  
Kill the Russian! - this is the Syrian child crying to you.  
Kill the Russian! - this is the plea of humanity. Do not miss. Do not let them pass. Kill!*

Surprisingly, after the interrogation I was given back my internal passport as well as the travel passport, and was released on recognizance not to leave the city of Moscow. Yet the practice shows that most people persecuted under the article 282 usually spend their time at pretrial detention center, out of which they go immediately to prison. However, Korovina, for example, attributed to me the presence of a minor child in dependence and gave a guarantee to the judge that I would not hide anywhere, in spite of returning me the travel passport, confiscated during the search. I took that as a hint that they want me to leave Russia, because jailing me for life won't solve the problem of me being in Russia and protesting. In other words, I was expelled from the country.

On the Internet, where Russians nicknamed me "Zolotse" (a feminine nickname they used to point that I'm homosexual), there were also topics where Russian patriots tried to track me down for the purpose of physical punishment. Yet they went to the wrong address. Perhaps the tenants at it had already got a molotov cocktail into the window. Although some of them worried that the activists are too cowardly to lynch me:

What is already found:

Address of his mother: Moscow. Shushenskaya street 7 (100%), apt. 20 (?)

Registration: Serpukhov, st. Sovetskaya 144 (?), Apt. 19 (?)

As soon as the address of Zolotse is found, anyone could pay a visit to punch him in the face. To be honest, I don't have much sympathy for Zolotse anymore.

The essence of doxing was to simplify access to him by "ill-wishers," if you do not understand.

Oh fuck. Well, isn't that getting old? That Ukrainian who was laughing at 200 dead passengers was also doxed. And his address and information on his relatives. And you did not do anything to him. NOT A FUCK. Can you cowards do anything beside shitposting on the Internet?

sent this info to 40 fourties, orthodox church neo-nazis.  
nikita, shave your ass.

On April 6, I was again interrogated by the investigator, where she asked me about my friends (potential accomplices?) Whom I do not have, except for Gaziga being friend for what she is good. The investigator said that they would come for me and take me to a psychiatric clinic for a forensic examination. Yulia Sergeevna Korovina also knew about that performance with the roasting of the hamster, but only laughed with her colleagues before my eyes at the tortures of the animal, viewing the video of the execution of the unfortunate animal, that they found on my smartphone.

On the 7th of April, the police came to demand explanations on the fact that I burned the flag of Russia. On the 8th of April I was summoned to show the place of the flag burning, where I provisionally showed the place that the policeman told me to show, threatening that otherwise the sentence would be a more severe. In addition, my "conscientious" mother on the summons of the investigator gave exhaustive evidence on me, although the law allows refusal to testify against close relatives. In addition mother gave me a rather negative description (unemployed, antisocial, mentally ill) that could be used to change the measure of restraint, as well as to choose a more severe punishment if found guilty: an unemployed sociopath will be given a longer jail time than a working family man. They also interrogated Gaziga, but Gaziga, unlike my mother, thankfully haven't said anything, because mental hospital patients can witness anything, while being heavily drugged with neuroleptics. My father also gave no evidence. He didn't even know what is going with me.

Was arguing with my mother, who still wanted the return of USSR. In my opinion, the USSR

consists of:

1. criminal prosecution for homosexuality - five years in prison (Article 121 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR);
2. criminal prosecution for unemployment (parasitism);
3. criminal prosecution for self-employment (Illegal entrepreneurship in the sphere of trade);
4. criminal prosecution for criticizing the USSR (articles 70 and 190 of the Criminal Code of the RSFSR: Anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda);
5. criminal prosecution for evading military service;
6. exit visas, when traveling abroad it was necessary to prove your loyalty to the regime;
7. admission to universities only through competition, when Jews and other minorities simply discriminated against;
8. The genocide of certain ethnicities, such as Chechens, Ukrainians, Crimean Tatars;
9. the bloody suppression of attempts by the republics to gain independence from the USSR;
10. total deficit, as a consequence of the previous paragraphs.

Moreover, for just that 121-st article, the USSR deserved a nuclear attack with the entire US arsenal. My mother did not support me, as she, traditionally for Russians, completely irrationally hates gays. I also showed mother a [video](<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mdEG02z3aZk>), which captured the boorish behavior of Russian soldiers in Latvia, and my mother began to defend the Russians, commenting that she is so proud of our boys, and that the Balts should learn their place.

Guess Russians, like my mother, have nothing else to be proud of. In Italy, they came up with chocolate eggs "Kinder Surprise" of two varieties of chocolate with a toy inside. In Russia they invented the eggs "Christ has Risen", from cheap faded chocolate and empty inside, apparently to emphasize the immanence of God. Seeing these Russian eggs in the store and buying one such egg for the sake of interest, I wondered what is the general benefit of the Russians? Have the Russians ever created anything good? I asked on the Russian Internet what Russians can do, while the Americans created Microsoft, Intel and Tesla. The answer was: "A Russian can break your jaw."

```
Russians are the world evil, hateful to humanity,  
and they is determined to destroy your society.  
Do you need to wait for them to strike first?  
-- Alexander Solzhenitsyn
```

Early on the 26th of April, arrived the operatives from the criminal investigation department, searched me and without any explanation, confiscating the smartphone, then they took me to the Gilyarovskiy psychiatric hospital N3. To my question whether they will give me 15 years as Stomakhin got for his Internet posts, these operatives answered that Stomakhin received that much for standing up for Chechens and calling for the separation of Chechnya, while my Russophobia does not carry such a threat, so they will give me less. In a psychiatric hospital, after a brief conversation, the psychiatrist, the head of the department, stated that I'm "brainwashed" and I should be treated with medications due to the opinions I hold.

The council of psychiatrists had five minutes of conversation with me - enough to diagnose me with schizophrenia, recognizing that I'm dangerous to myself and the others, and therefore need indefinite compulsory treatment at a psychiatric institution. One of the psychiatrists was particularly indignant that I do not know when is my mother's birthday (as if I should know when all kinds of shit are born) and stated that this failure in my memory is the result of my mental disorder, despite the fact that I perfectly remembered my cell phone number and the current date.

As the result of the examination, the main symptoms used to diagnose the schizophrenia were "looks ridiculous and eccentric", "responds in a low-modulated voice", "omits information that characterizes him from the negative side" and "programs a video game." My disagreement with the

Russian politics was called by Russian psychiatrists "reformist delirium." Russians on the Internet commented that my "danger" stems from the fact that I provoke Russians into wishing to kill me, therefore a good Russian patriot could get imprisoned for murdering me.

After haloperidol, my eyesight deteriorated sharply, so shortly before my arrest, I went to the clinic for laser eye surgery. However, the doctors were able to recognize the strange nature of the defocusing (although I haven't mentioned that it was the result of neuroleptics, even lying that it was not). For some reason they did not chase after the money and refused to operate me. Had they performed the surgery, I might have even lost sight. Yes, several months after the operation are required for vision to restore. I hardly could get out of Russia blindly. But the fools are lucky.

After the trial, with 95% probability you will get compulsory treatment in a madhouse, which can last for a life. Considering heavy adverse effects from the large doses of typical antipsychotics, which seriously affect health, there is a very high chance that you won't live to the release.

The lawyer said that now I can forget about the suspended sentence or any indulgences from the judge, for with the diagnosis I will be put into a psychiatric hospital for at least three years, and in future they will likely prolong the "treatment" for life, especially if after neuroleptics I do not fall in love with Russia. Schizophrenia is treated with haloperidol, which I've had enough for the last 1.5 months in a Russian psychiatric hospital, and in three years good Russian doctors will definitely turn me into an incapacitated vegetable, especially if they are given such a goal.

I wanted to die, but I had no desire to undergo such torture. And I was really starting to go crazy, because living in Russia, you feel like a white racist among Negroes in Somalia, where a decent racist is disgusted by everything: from savage cultural customs and to the ugly language of the aborigines. It is not surprising that one wants to introduce apartheid or emigrate.

It was annoying to hear the ugly Russian speech, going outside. Annoying inscriptions in Russian, made with the eye-hurting Cyrillic fonts. Annoying ugly Russian graffiti in the commie-block stairwells, all these "masha + vasya = love" and "anton - condom". Annoying eternal alcoholics with fat bare torsos and bottles of beer, who scream at you with a Russian swearing if you look askew at them. Why, Lord, for what sins did I deserve this? Annoying. Annoying. Annoying so much that I want to take a Russian and burn this subhuman garbage with a soldering iron until he speaks English, or just cut the Russian throat so that the beast wheezes with its rotten blood, and never again spits out a Russian word, or tear out his scathing Russian tongue and shove this viper back into his annoying Russian mouths. I didn't feel well having such anger and hatred, but there is nothing I could do about it.

In any case I got government's hint with them giving me back my travel passport. And I had no desire spending the rest of my days in prison or hospital, and yet I had no will to kill myself. Russians are known to keep detainees without clothes in an ice cold cell, or force to take onto themselves other crimes they didn't commit, using blood-chilling torture, from the full arsenal of the Russian Ministry of Internal Affairs, such as filing teeth with a file, inserting barbed wire into the anus or the classical suspension on a hook. My mother lamented that they will do the right thing imprisoning me for my opinion, continuing with a hysterical stream of "disgrace to the grandfather - the hero of the USSR", and "my real child was a daughter and was replaced at the hospital after birth".

Ukraine was an obvious refugee destination, with which Russia still had tense relations, therefore there was a hope that Ukraine would not extradite a political refugee to Russia. I decided to flee through Belarus. Although Russia and Belarus have synchronous databases of criminals, information is not updated right away. I seen Ukraine only once in the distant childhood, visiting relatives in New Kakhovka with my grandmother.

On the 4th of May, quickly gathering my stuff, I went to the bus station. The tickets were only for the late evening, so I had to wait for the bus a few hours. In the waiting room, there were two Ukrainians. One was nice guy from Odessa, visiting his brother. The other was an angry old woman from Donbass, the main pride of which, judging from the conversation was that all her children were fighting with the Ukrainians in the Novorosiya, while her grandchild died there, killed in action.

That little old woman showed amazing feats of hatred, saliva flew out of her ugly mouth when she called to "crush Poroshenko into dust", while bending in anger, but having spent so much of her forces shouting, she lowered her hoarse voice, and began ranting about Bandera and the Ukrainian fascists, which in Soviet times were executed by firing squad. Somehow she made me ashamed of my own hatred for Russians, because I didn't want to look like her. The old woman was a refugee from the Donbass and already settled in some Russian city, while the guy from Odessa was returning home to Ukraine, and wondered what to do with the rest of the Russian rubles cash, as he had no intention of visiting Russia in the near future. Another passenger, a Belarusian, told that their "president" Lukashenko sent all homeless and unemployed people to forced labor camps, while any protesters are immediately arrested by the Belarusian KGB. The Belarusian was very proud of Lukashenko and insisted that human rights bring only problems to Russia.

There, at the bus station, was a typical Russian married Russian couple with a girl who asked to buy her a hotdog. The mother harshly noticed that there are as many as two sausages in the hotdog and therefore she will not buy it her. The girl burst into tears, her mother started yelling at her. I noticed to her that it was bad to scream at children, for a child would grow up nervous with a myriad psychic problems - in response, she subsided, but her drunken husband decided to get into a squabble with me, starting with a typical "who are you, schmuck, to teach us how to raise our child?!!" The wife, realizing that her husband is going to do something stupid and, instead of their "Uryupinsk", they will go to the police station, somehow managed to calm him down, and together with the teardropping daughter they retired to the toilets.

On the way to Minsk, there surprisingly sharp jump in the quality of the road surface when crossing the border of Belarus. If during the Russian segment of the road the bus was shaking as if in an epileptic fit, then on the Belarusian road it went smoothly like an airliner. Minsk itself was distinguished from Moscow primarily by its clean streets, coupled with the neatness of the Belarusians. Minsk metro stations are equipped with elevators for disabled people. On the Minsk TV, any negativity is avoided, and among the advertisements there are social videos, like "help finding this lost white cat" or "be careful with gas." Unlike Russians, Belarusians are almost all blonde, blue-eyed and deprived of the typical Russian Asian features, like epicanthus. Yet another confirmation that Russians are not really Slavs, but a mixture of different asiatic tribes. So all the Russian pretentiousness is completely unfounded.

Luckly on the border in the direction of Belarus they don't search the people, because Lukashenko trusts Putin sending only the best. However upon returning to Russia the checkpoints do happen. The last time I returned from Belarus, there was a story. Angry due to the lack of vodka and sleep, Russian border guards with AK47 rifles, checked the passports. They encountered a sleepy foreigner (likely an EU citizen), who was not speaking Russian. That "not speaking Russian" led to them throwing him out of the bus. The foreigner with a fright almost forgot his things when he was shouted at by crazed rude Russian border troops, who don't know even the basic English. Sitting next to me was a surprisingly sober Russian man who threw his legs onto the back of the chair in front of him. He happily gloated over what had happened, spitting stereotypic Russian pearls like "a foreigner is a shitstainer."

Now in Minsk I found that it was impossible to get into Kyiv by bus, because the bus goes through a checkpoint limited only to the citizens of Belarus and Ukraine. So I bought a ticket for the Minsk-Odessa train, with a stop in Kyiv. In the meanwhile I had to look for a hostel.

A couple of girls from Norway, a Pole, a journalist from Argentina, an intelligent student with



glasses from Germany and a Russian "businessman" were staying at the Minsk hostel "Trinity" on Starovilenska Street, where I stayed. The Norwegians, the German, the Pole and the Argentinean were always polite and smiling, while the Russian was rude, showed familiarity and got angry that I did not know what is "Ryazan", which turned out to be the place where he was born. Unfortunately that Russian had to be my roommate.

That Russian loudly spoke on the phone non-stop, solving some half-criminal business issues, inserting a lot of swear words and words from the Russian prison slang into his speech. Speaking with his accomplice, he insisted that there should be no bank transactions - only cash. Being very horny this Russian tried to get into pants of the young girl from the reception, pawing her and asking her to show him her leg tattoo. Argentinean guy didn't know Russian but, but was too not indifferent to that girl, gallantly courted her and even cooked for her some dish of their national cuisine. I remember that the girl jokingly asked the Argentinean to make her an offer. In addition to his other qualities, the Russian did not wash the dishes and left rubbish on the table in the hall.

Trinity hostel was owned by a married couple: the intelligent Belarusian girl who opened that hostel and her husband - a short rustic Russian guy named Alexander. This Alexander considered it necessary to inform the whole hostel about his diarrhea in terms like "my bottom tears", and then explaining in detail what got out of him. As any proper Russian, Alexander talked in an overly loud voice, often swearing for trifling reasons. One morning, shortly before my departure, Alexander, apparently dreaming of corvee and flogging of servants at the stables, yelled at the unfortunate maid, Marina, and grabbed her by the hand. Speaking in a strong Belarusian accent, Marina, usually calm and polite, broke away with a cry of "Do not you dare touch me," and was about to resign. Several guests woke up from the screams of squabbling. Particularly shocked was the Ukrainian freelancer with two laptops (one with Windows, other - with OSX). After years living in Germany, that was a cultural shock, which knocked him out of work. He noted that they do not yell at anyone in Germany.

After I got onto the train, the most dangerous part of the trip began, because the train passed through two customs checkpoints. Belarusian border guards searched my luggage and asked about the purpose of my trip to Ukraine. For some reason they disliked my banal answer "tourism", yet they did not take me off the train, despite my visible nervousness. I was unbelievably lucky, for had they made a call to their Russian colleagues, I would have been returned to Russia in handcuffs. Ukrainian border guards inspected the train with a large white dog, sniffing out either drugs or explosives. I decided to immediately declare that I am a political refugee, but the border guards said that there is only a signature, but no seal on the ruling to proclaim me as an accused, which I was presented by Russians, and I got away before the first court hearing, so I had no other documents.

Most likely, without the invitation of the Ukrainian side, they would have removed me from the train, even if the rules require escalating it to the security service or the migration service of Ukraine. Just because these grunts don't want to deal with random refugees. I was saved only by the fact that before the trip I took a phone call from my mother's classmate in Ukraine, and, on the call of the border guards, she confirmed that she knows me and expects a visit. Therefore, the border guards let me through, advising me to acquire sealed documents if I intend to apply for an asylum. They also told me that I should never mention that they have refused to accept my political asylum application.

Upon arrival, I immediately contacted Emigrussia and the UNHCR on political refugee issues. Alas, the process is long and bureaucratic, and therefore it takes several years until it finally becomes clear whether Ukraine will give the political asylum or not. Contacting Emigrussia was a mistake, because, as it turned out later, the organization was composed of the people from the Navalny team, with whom I have a disgusting relationship. In a few words: they are the Russian patriots and will never help anyone who hates Russia.

Having lost me in Russia, the cops went mad, started digging up my relatives and acquaintances. They demanded my parents to press me into returning to Russia: that I should not aggravate my

situation, and everything will go so well if I surrender. If I won't surrender, they will still find me and give me the maximum sentence possible. To which I directly answer the cops "deceitful rubbish trash, try to find me now, incompetent losers. In the meantime, wash yourself, you speaking epaulettes." The police threatened relatives that if they help me, they would be accused of financing terrorism, get their bank accounts frozen and won't be able to leave Russia. When asked by my mother "why, he did not kill, did not rob anyone", the FSB agent, who interrogated my mother, said it is much better when people sell drugs, than when they meddle into politics.

Common Russians too were indignant that I escaped reprisals:

*Hey, fagot, fucked off into Ukraine already? If not, go looking back and say the same thing to your fucking mamma."*

*- A comment of a typical Russian*

*One of the few people you look at, and even without knowing him absolutely, you understand that it would be a pleasure to have him beaten, or even killed.*

*- Another typical Russian comment about me*

Other Russians demanded me getting extradited, since, as they said, I'm not a political refugee, but a criminal.

Finally, on June 14, 2017, the world clown, under the name of Russia, declared me on an international wanted list, which I understand means the Interpol diffuse notice. However, they failed to get the "red notice" with Interpol on me. Perhaps Interpol is not involved in political affairs. Yet Interpol site has countless "red notices" on the various Dagestanis and Chechens oppositionists, accused by Russia of separatism - a rather political affair.

At the interview on refugee status, a member of the Migration Service of Ukraine asked whether any of my relatives participated in terrorist organizations and illegal gangs. I said that my grandfather, Georgy Moskalev, served in the Red Army.

## ***Ukraine, My Dear Dumpster Fire...***

I had high hopes with Ukraine, as with a country that wants to develop, throwing off the shackles of Russia and the Soviet legacy. Ukrainians went to the Maidan in defense of their European choice, desiring overthrow the shameless Kremlin puppet - corrupt Yanukovich. For their action on the Maidan Ukrainians deserve respect and admiration. My ancestors came from Ukraine, and I wanted to see Ukraine as my real homeland.

Similarly to Belarusians, Ukrainians have more indigenous European appearance with expressive open eyes, strikingly different from the usual Russian piggy faces with the Asian narrow eyes, epicanthus and swine snout instead of a nose - a consequence of the Finno-Ugric genetics and the Mongol past. After the Russian attack on Ukraine, a few, usually young, Ukrainians refuse to speak Russian, but in this case, they usually know English. Unfortunately, the majority of Ukrainians continue humiliating themselves by speaking a Russian language.

Yet Ukraine has a lot of its own problems. In the Kyiv metro on the advertising poster for school of English, three teachers: a white guy, a white girl and a black guy were inviting to learn English with them. And some racists painted over that black teacher with the nazi symbolism "white power". Also, there are many inscriptions directed against gays: from the "stop LGBT" and ending with a direct appeal to beat "the fagots", which I came across repeatedly. When I complained about that online, Ukrainian neo-Nazis began a persecution campaign against me, they sent me threats, tried to get my physical location, and organized people in telegram chats to kill me, because I'm gay. I was never truly a gay, there was something different inside of my, but I always held solidarity with LGBT people. Yet these nazis branded me gay and called to cut my neck and throw my body into a well.

Before the metro and on the streets of Kyiv people sell all sorts of small things, like books and T-shirts stylized with traditional Ukrainian patterns. Yet usually they sell something very cheap, like used Soviet books in Russian. Beggars and gypsies beg for alms without being persecuted. In Russia, police would have immediately arrested them.

Kyiv hosts a lot of immigrants from the east of Ukraine - Donbass: Donetsk and Lugansk (DPR and LNR), many of whom participated in military operations on the side of the pro-Russian terrorists. These immigrants are the descendants of the Russians who were resettled by the Tsar and then Stalin to Ukraine to dilute the Ukrainians (who were instead deported to Siberia, to cities like Khabarovsk). These settlers are very hateful about everything Ukrainian. They get drunk, behave inadequately and can easily get into a fight with you, if you for example speak English or Ukrainian to them. In Kyiv hostels there are a lot of settlers from the Donbass and a little less from Lugansk. It is these resettlers that I had most problems with.



***Ukrainians paint all manner of things in their flag colors.***

Although Ukraine is trying to put an end to the Soviet past, even in the center of Kyiv, at the Pecherskaya metro station, one can observe the personification of the Russian aesthetics - the tires used as flower beds, and at the same time whitewashed trees following the soviet tradition. On the other hand, there is a tiny Europeanization in the form of green spaces, a cafe with tables outside

and flowers on lampposts. The subway plays new age music, but it is distorted by the old Soviet speakers.

Half of the trams are still made by Russians, they are rattling with all the metal during the trip, and feature a manual Soviet ticket perforator, a horrible salon with hard seats, freezing cold in winter. Such trams also get frequent breakdowns (doors jam and the driver leaves to open or close them manually). The stations are not announced, so in the absence of GPS you have to guess when to go out. But the other half of the trams is made by the Polish firm Pesa, they look aesthetically pleasing, with a cozy salon, soft seats, heating, information screens and USB phones chargers, some of which already got stuck with chewing gums, similarly to how Russians and Ukrainians vandalize elevator buttons.

Pirated CDs are sold in Kyiv quite openly. I asked a policeman walking alongside - that cop said that he did not know anything about it. How can one pretend to be a European state with such a communistic disregard for copyright? Drivers are not fined on every step, like in Russia, but that makes them behave in a boorish way, parking off the sidewalk and driving through the red light, so that I was nearly hit at a pedestrian crossing. Ukraine has ice cream brand "STOP DRUGS" with pictures of poppies and hemp leaves on the package. If in the West there are shops "all for \$2", then in Ukraine there are shops "all from 10 hryvnia".

Ukrainian TV shows Russian patriotic series "Shtrafbat" about the heroic deeds of a Soviet soldier and other nauseating Russian crafts, like the series about valiant Russian cops. Russian chanson is audible even in the center of Kyiv, on the Independence Square, and from the passing cars one can hear the heartfelt Russian "silence, silence, I want to get drunk!" from the soundtrack to the Russian TV series about Russian police. I heard actual Ukrainian music in Ukraine



*Typical Kyiv view.*

only a couple of times. What kind of independence can there be from Russia? As a mobile phone provider in Ukraine, there is the Russian MTS mimicking Western Vodafone, but unlike the European Vodafone with 4G, MTS does not even have 3G Internet. Other Russian companies (like Sberbank, Eldorado and Sportmaster) freely work in Ukraine, and in stores you can see the same Russian "brands" Greenfield, OGGI, Gloria Jeans, Faberlic and O'STIN.

In Ukraine, donuts are sold at every corner, but not the beautiful American donuts, which Homer Simpson loves so much, but the Soviet GOST donuts, which are carcinogenic, because they are boiled in oil. Instead of normal glazing, on the Soviet donuts there is a nasty soiling sugar powder. Indeed, "Ukraine is Europe". Back in Russia, they too sold these burnt donuts everywhere, instead of inviting a normal western company, like Dunkin Donuts. "Age-old union of fraternal peoples", "welded forever to stand in filth," ugh!

Ukrainians welcome you with the typical Russian tram rudeness. So at the exit from the tram I've managed to get into a squabble. Next to me was a guy in headphones, playing video games on the phone. Some elderly woman at first just screamed at him, and then roughly ripped off his

headphones, demanding that the guy give a seat to another old woman who herself did not ask for anything. I stood up for the guy, trying to explain that you can not violate someone else's personal space, that in Europe it is not customary to give seat and that the guy is not obliged to give anything to anybody, and it is healthy for the old woman to stand, otherwise her feet will become atrophied. To the conflict came a couple of quick-witted men, immediately switching to Russian swearing words with threats of physical violence in my direction. Ukrainians seemingly had no care for the fact that swearing turns human beings into Russians. However, I had to go out, so there was no fight, but they still managed to get that gamer guy out of his place.

From the conversation with another refugee in Ukraine, I learned that the Maidan effect was much more local than everyone thought. The Maidan prevented the entry into the Customs Union organized by the Russians, but it did not change the country and failed to uproot the Soviet essence of the bureaucracy. Government officials betrayed Maidan already in 2014, and by 2017 nothing was changed. Although officials serve the state that arose as the result of the Maidan, in the eyes of these officials, especially the cops and military, the Maidan was chaos and hooliganism. Yesterday they were sent to disperse the Maidan, and now they could be chased for it themselves. From the conversation with representatives of the criminal world, I discovered the truly Russian scale of corruption reigning even in the security service SBU, whose employees in the Russian tradition do not shy away from taking protection money.

One Ukrainian woman was indignant: she came to Poland (the new visa-free travel and all that), and these Poles refused to speak Russian. As a good example of a European country, she pointed at Czech Republic, where everyone spoke Russian with her, while the Poles became impudent. For some reason this Ukrainian woman has not learned even basic English in her 50 years. The impression, as if the Russian mistress had arrived and was astonished that the former imperial slaves had gotten out of control. Another Ukrainian women at hostel was angry that they hired girls from the western Ukraine: she asked them in Russian where something was, and they answer her "in shukhlyada" and laughed at her, as she got confused, not knowing what shukhlyada is.

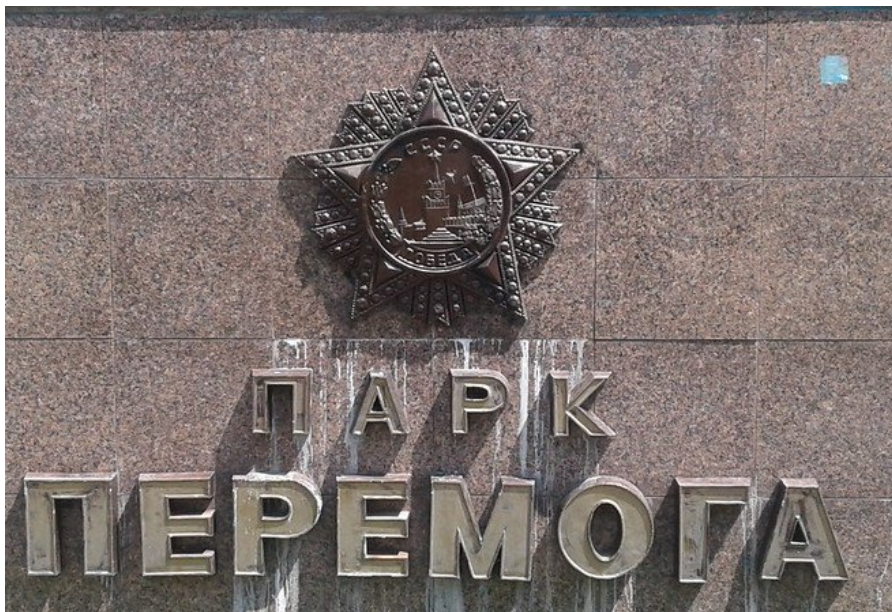
I really hoped that Ukraine will become my home, so I visited the Ukrainian language courses and I noticed a wonderful difference: in Ukrainian the word "Rodina" means "family", while in Russian "Rodina" means "homeland" - i.e. the territory and the government controlling it. The Ukrainian loves his family, while the Russian loves the Gulag. But, undoubtedly, it would have made sense for Ukrainians to abandon the Cyrillic alphabet, and to adopt Latin script, as they plan to do in Kazakhstan. Such a step will ennoble the language and reduce the availability of texts in Russian, especially if the schools stop teaching Cyrillic.

When I bought three such donuts (5 hryvnia each), I was conned for 5 hryvnia: I gave 20 hryvnia, they gave me a donuts bag and 5 hryvnia in return, but since the tram was already coming, I didn't count donuts in the bag, but I put it in my pocket and ran. It turned out that they gave only 2 donuts. To steal 5 hryvnias is a purely Russian pettiness: not 500 dollars, not 500 hryvnias, but 5 (five)! Such is the Russian mathematics. Petty and disgusting. Like unscrewing the nuts on the railroad or breaking off the sign from the Mercedes car.



*"Zhukov's operational art is the superiority in forces of 5-6 times.  
He builds his career on his soldiers blood."*

*-- Marshal A.I. Eremenko*



***Kremlin Star in a Kyiv Park***

In Kyiv, there are several Great Patriotic War victory parks. In the park near Darnitsa, a new monument to the Great Patriotic War was erected. That was done in 2016, already after the Maidan, proving that the new government still worships that Russian victory over Ukraine. One Ukrainian woman told a story that when she was a little pioneer girl, they were forced to clean up one of these victory parks for entire day, but they were unfed, and one of the children

obtained sausages somewhere and roasted them on the eternal flame, not out of spite - he just wanted to eat. I consoled her, explaining that the fallen soldiers, in alleged honor of whom the gas is being wasted on fueling this pathetic fire, would you bring them back to life, would fry on this very fire the Soviet officers led by the scumbag Zhukov, for they treated soldiers like cannon fodder and ruined their lives. We must also take into account that the people responsible for the Second World War are the highest leadership of the USSR, which supplied Nazi Germany with resources, then entered into an alliance with Hitler and started this war from the invasion of Poland. So Russian leadership are to be blamed for World War II just like the Nazis.

Near the Demiiivska subway station, there is a WW2 memorial dedicated to GAZ-AA "Polutorka" - the Soviet clone of Ford Model AA. This truck memorial has the title "in honor of the 40th anniversary of victory in the Great Patriotic War." The "Polutorka" had plate number 881418, referring to the Nazi slogan 14/88. Under this shrine one can find scattered the usual "sacrifices", like cheap cigarette butts, faded wreaths, St. George ribbons and bottles from the beer "Zhiguli". When I stopped to take a picture of the exhibit, a woman standing before this soviet shrine made a crucifix sign with hand, bowing to this clone of Ford, as to the crucified Christ. On the way back, I noticed a Donbassian-appearance muzhik around this exhibit: the muzhik smoked the cheapest soviet cigarettes brand, looking thoughtfully at the "Polutorka" and spitting aside.

On the way to the subway one can see rusty garages, and there is always a raving pack of 6-7 mutt dogs, fed by the mucky-looking elderly garages guard in a tattered tracksuit pants. Of course, the guard does not keep these dogs on the chain, beyond the gate, but lets them roam freely without a muzzle. Such dogs are not small: each the size of a German shepherd. Seeing a passerby, these beasts rush at them and bark, striving to go behind and bite. Among other things, the whole road is littered with canine feces. And nobody will fine this guard, although the dogs frequently bite people. Of course I'm more of a cat person, but still the Russian World blooms and smells in Ukraine.

I've also called Yulia Sergeevna Korovina - the investigator leading the case against me. Korovina said that I'm a wanted person, to which I offered her to solve the problem with money so that Korovina sabotage the case, or even altogether close the persecution of me by Russia. Unfortunately Korovina refused to cooperate, hissing like a vampire, that I'm out of my mind, money solve

nothing, not everything in this world is bought and demanded of me to surrender voluntarily, because they would capture me anyway. I objected that you can buy everything - the question is only about the price, and Korovina apparently thinks of herself as of an expensive slut. So I said farewell, because surrendering to Russia was not in my plans.

Russia is full of people like Korovina, who are incapable of doing anything useful for humanity, so they just sit at their government positions and waste Earth's resource.

I had dreams of dogs, Rottweilers and German shepherds tearing each other apart.

## ***Kyiv Hostels and Bedbugs***

Kyiv hostels, in addition to ordinary Ukrainians, host a lot of migrants from Donetsk and Lugansk (the so called “Novorossia”). These Novorossians while working in Kyiv, still support Russia and identify as Russians, and yet they are indignant that Putin has betrayed them by refusing to annex the territory, by analogy with the Crimea, and instead turned Donbass into a buffer zone.

The first unpleasant story happened in the hostel YourHostel (which was near the metro station Arsenalna), where I moved from a more expensive hostel. One of the administrators, Valya, a boorish old woman of the Soviet type, who supports Putin, seeing my refugee card (my Russian passport was confiscated by the migration service), and hearing my story, disliked me and took on the task of getting me evicted. Even more her hatred intensified when I started complaining to the hosts of the hostel that the toilet walls were covered with shit, and her pet resident Igor, a nasty refugee from Donbass, steals other people's things and food.



***Hostel ad at the Kyiv central train station***

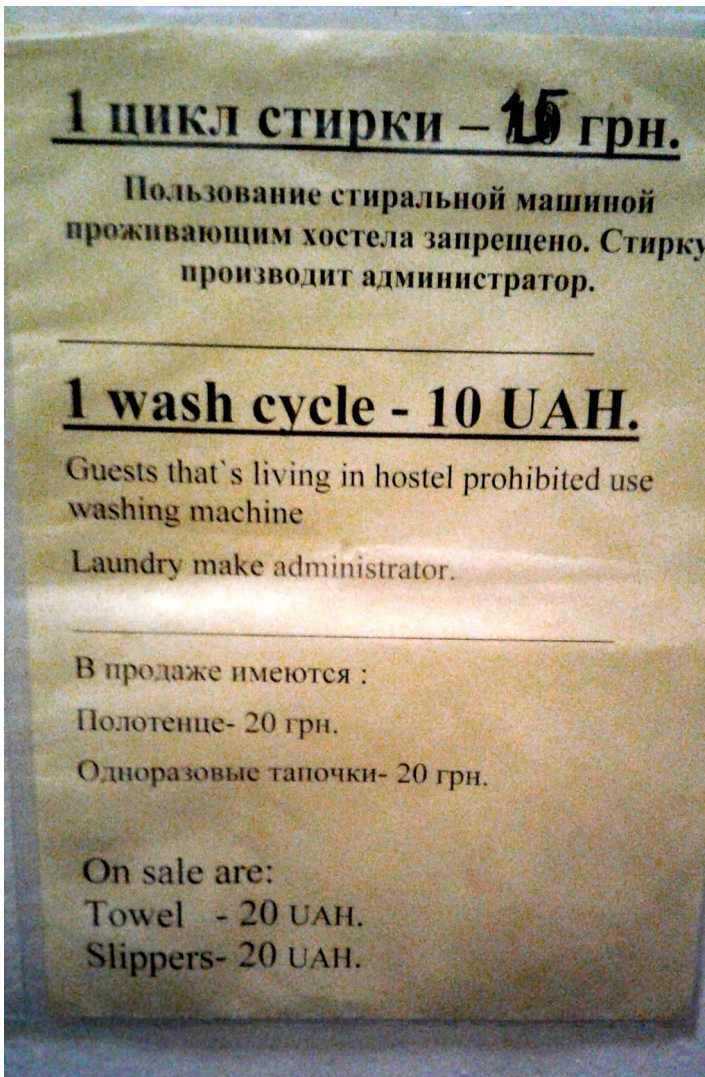
This Igor, was a true Novoros. He grew up in a government institution for orphaned children while his parents were serving prison time. Being a worthy offspring, Igor stole food from people: one person lost milk, another - eggs, while I, personally, lost to Igor my sausages. Even his shorts were expropriated. From the more expensive things, that Novoros stole a smartphone from an old man, also from Donbass, who came to Kyiv to receive a pension from the "bloody junta" as Russians call Kyiv government. All this ended with a fight, when Novoros appropriated someone's slippers, after which he promised to kill their owner at night. After so many complaints, Igor was finally evicted by another administrator, despite Valya's protest.

Valya's bullying me began with the fact that I am a parasite, who almost all day sits on the bed with a laptop and does not work (refugees have problems getting a job). She accused me:

- that I coughed during a cold;
- that I have a beard (I dislike beard but shaving really irritates my skin);
- that I badly tucked up the bed;
- that I occupy the bathroom for a long time (15 minutes is too long, even if I took a shower during the day when there is no queue to the bathroom);
- that I did not remove drying linen in time;
- that I cut my nails outside of the bathroom;
- that my shoes are old and they should be thrown away;
- that I sat in the kitchen with a laptop at night, recording this story;
- that I used lard for cooking (despite that being Ukrainian tradition of cooking);
- that I left some foam from the detergent in the kitchen sink;
- that once I came about 12 hours.



For all these sins the old commandant fined me. In the end, she found a fault with the fact that I only take clothes for laundry once a month, since washing is paid for and I have enough clothes to change it every three days. On my complaint to the owner of the hostel, he replied that I'm a conflict person, and he completely supports Valya, who just makes him money by enforcing the mandatory laundry.



I had no problems with two other administrators from the western Ukraine, but Valya was bothering me for a long time, even setting her Igor on me, who started to attack me with threats. Igor told me that I should buy a deodorant and that he would throw me out of the window for supporting gays and gay parade in Kyiv, because gays rights conflict with the criminal worldview of Igor. That Valya also did not approve of homosexuality for some reason. After Igor was expelled due to me and another administrator, Valya gave me an ultimatum, either I change clothes every day, or she evicts me. Of course, it was easier for me to find another hostel, without such Soviet administrator and the Novorossians, who had just returned from serving the prison time.

The owner of the hostel, Sergei Sergeevich (he has declined to provide his last name), refused to refund me the money I paid forward and immediately switched to personal attacks in the style of "hey dude,

### Laundry pricing at YourHostel in Kyiv

you must have a wooden head" and "you need to be treated with medications." In the end, Sergey Sergeevich began to threaten me that if I leave a bad review, he will put me onto some black list of guests and I won't be able to move into any hostel at all.

Sergei Sergeevich is obviously Russian in his gopnik soul, since all the ads and rules in his YourHostel are in Russian, unlike the more expensive Ukrainian hostels, where preference is given to English and Ukrainian. When asked why everything is in Russian, and not in Ukrainian and English, I received a concise answer "that is not your business". The owner of the hostel also loved to shout at

В случае нарушения правил поведения, Администратор в праве взимать штраф

Приложение 1

| Нарушение   | Штраф, грн                               |
|---|--|
| Употребление, хранение алкогольных, слабоалкогольных напитков, наркотиков, психотропных веществ   | выселение, без возврата денежных средств |
| Не убранный мусор и предметы гигиены после себя   | 30                                       |
| Не мытая посуда, плита, стол, рукомойник и т.д.   | 20                                       |
| Не застеленная кровать, разбросанные вещи   | 20                                       |
| Самостоятельное использование стиральной машины   | 50                                       |
| Курение в неположенном месте  | 100                                      |
| Пользование лифтом после 23-00  | 50                                       |
| Передвижение по хостелу (кроме санузла), нарушение тишины, использование гаджетов, электроники, электротехники и прочего с 24-00 до 06-00 | 50                                       |
| Передвижение по хостелу в уличной обуви или верхней одежде  | 20                                       |
| Оскорбления, нецензурная брань  | 100                                      |
| Испачканное постельное белье, матрасы   | 200                                      |
| Порча имущества хостела   | компенсация урона в полной объеме        |
| Не убранный после себя унитаз, не слитая вода   | 50                                       |

Если Гость не выплачивает штраф, Администратор имеет право сократить срок проживания, отказать в проживании, вычесть сумму штрафа из оплаченной суммы за проживание.

Собранные денежные средства будут потрачены на улучшение хостела

Администрация Yourhostel

### Non-exhaustive list of fines at a Kyiv hostel.

administrators, in front of the residents. Other guests in Internet reviews similarly characterized YourHostel as a student dorm of the worst USSR kind with an evil porter type administrator.

The next Kyiv hostel, Rock'n'Roll Hostel, due to bedbugs had a nasty sweetish smell. There was anarchy. The administrator was not there at all. But for the eldest there was the always laughing girl Julia, writing poems in Ukrainian. On the walls of the hostel hung Soviet records, marked with the infamous "Melodia" brand. One of these records, according to the label, had recording "Gypsy Dance". None of the records had any relation towards rock and roll. The main problems of the hostel were bedbugs and theft. The first night I lost my socks, which I left drying.

The Rock'n'Roll Hostel was owned by a Russian woman named Sveta, about fifty years old, of the corresponding mentality. In front of my eyes a girl paid the hostel for a few days, but after a few minutes, seeing the situation, especially the roaming hordes of bedbugs, changed her mind and asked the money back, but Sveta rudely refused. The girl called the police, which solved nothing, since there are no laws governing hostels or customer rights in Ukraine.

With bedbugs it's all the easier. Seeing a bedbug, one involuntarily thinks about the bloodsucking Russian nation. Crushing a bedbug, you do not feel regret, realizing that humanity has not lost anything. Likewise, if you crush Russia, nothing of value will disappear, but the world will breathe a sigh of relief when the stench of the Russian bug gets dispersed.

A roommate in the hostel, Valera, told his story of a visit to Russia in 2016. Valera came to his relatives in Cheboksary and immediately became a part of some FSB's project. The operatives came to his home, saying that they are working on "prevention of separatism", then they interrogated him about the purpose of his visit to Russia and the planned time of stay. Later, in the evening, Valera was knocked down by the FSB minibus, apparently doing surveillance on him. That was enough to scare Valera into leaving Russia immediately the next day.

The hostel also housed several Muslim Africans, students from the Gambia, who for some reason hated Shiite Muslims, saying that Shiites are not real Muslims, but simple infidels. That was my first real life encounter with Africans. And they immediately gave me an impression of intolerant, aggressive and conservative people, who hated gays and had no respect for other roommates (could come in with loud music in the middle of a night), similar to Russians in many aspects.

From the bedbug bites I got an allergy that made me appreciate the power of these smelly insects, hinting the idea of revenge against the owners of YourHostel network who had evicted me earlier without refunding the money. Throwing back the mattress and carefully collecting dozens of bugs in a jar, I prepared for a biological diversion. Fortunately, these idiots did not put me on the black list, but the sight of reddening from bites was suspicious to the administrator of one of the hostels of the network YourHostel: she guessed about bedbugs and refused to lodge me, saying that I could carry bedbugs in my belongings. The next day I acted smarter, taking a skin-tone corrector cream, I smeared the bites and managed to settle into another hostel of YourHostel network, opening there the jar to release bedbugs, which hastily fled into the dark inaccessible places, and out of my belongings crawled a dozen more parasites. Now, to get rid of bedbugs, they will have to establish a quarantine: throw out all the furniture, mattresses, pillows, TV, rip off baseboards and wallpaper, under which bedbugs love to hide, cover everything with toxic insecticides and lose customers. All because of the refusal to refund me some miserable 200 hryvnia, when they evicted me. It's a pity that there was my friend refugee Nazira from Uzbekistan living in this hostel, but she quickly moved to a better housing. Nazira later, when I encountered her at the immigration service, recommended me to avoid hostels, unless I wanted adventures. I ignored her advice like I usually ignore good advice.

My adventures in Ukraine continued at the Golden Gate Hostel. Evening. Loud drunk voices in the corridor. The noise of the fight. The sound of spraying a gas can. Coughing and screaming sounds. I leaned out into the corridor, to ask what was going on, but immediately hid myself back behind the



closed door, frightened of the girl coming towards me with a pepper spray mace in her hand. Alas, the gas quickly went even under the closed door, and the open window, causing a draft, only strengthened the gas inflow. Therefore it was necessary to hastily retire from the hostel and spend the rest of this beautiful night on the streets. As usual with Russian and Ukrainian hospitality, the administration refused to refund the money.

It turned out that a certain Karina Zlunikina (<https://ok.ru/profile/569254038605>) from Donbass (Gorlovka settlement), got drunk with her lover from Mariupol, and quarreled with him. In addition, this Mariupol novoros without permission smuggled Karina to his hostel room, and she did not pay for the accommodation. And when he tried to rape her, Karina sprayed him into the face, then the administrator and some hapless lodger - and they all rushed to the bathroom to wash their eyes and mouths. After that, Karina, taking someone else's iPad, quietly disappeared in the nearest gateway, without waiting for the arrival of police, which was called only by me and the Africans from Nigeria. Like many donbassians, Karina grew up in the government institution, for her Novorossian alcoholic parents apparently did not care for her.

Administration of the Golden Gate Hostel did not even call the security and flatly refused to produce any statements for the police, while I could not make a statement because of the absence of a passport and the uncertainty of being in Ukraine, while the Africans only knew English and wanted to just get their money back (they paid for a month), so that they could move to another hostel. The rest of the guests simply wanted to avoid any problems. Arriving police said that without a report they will not be looking for this Karina and the conflict is over. Everyone laughed when at the question about the nationality of Karina, her drunken lover blurted out "Nigeria", thinking that they were asking about the nationality of the African girls who called the cops. The last time I saw that Mariupol guy, was when he was buying vodka at the nearby grocery, because from that gas spray in the face the Novoros instantly sobered up, and had to become drunk again.

One lady, an attorney, hearing from my conversation with the police that I am a refugee from Russia and have troubles getting an asylum in Ukraine, noted that I'm a fool, because without bribes one can't achieve anything in Ukraine, just like in Russia. Apparently Russian psychiatrists were right, diagnosing me with schizophrenia, because I kept believing in the honest Ukraine without corruption, seeing Ukrainians as good people - something that is just not there.



*Makhtumkuli monument in Kyiv.*

# ***The Nigerian Carder and The Donbass Bully***

"Russia is Nigeria with snow."

-- Sergey Brin, co-founder of Google

The next Kyiv hostel, iHotel, gave new impressions. In the four-bed room were only two of us: I and Kingsley - an African from Nigeria. Kingsley constantly talked on the phone about buying and selling stolen American credit cards, SSN (social security number), and bank accounts, including Citibank, ordering fake checks and discussing how to communicate with the bank's staff when cashing out the stolen money. Judging by the conversations, they stole thousands of dollars from other people's accounts. Kingsley spoke in English with a strong African accent, while in Russian Kingsley knew only one word "cykablyat" that became obvious when he started yelling at me, for I put my bag on unspokenly his chair, standing for some reason near my bed.



***iHotel Entry Hall***

Besides loud phone conversations, Kingsley kept me awake all night (from 00:00 to 6:00), listening to rap without headphones and watching Nigerian TV shows, apparently about some cool Black gangsters. When I asked if he had headphones, Kingsley said that he did not need headphones, adding that he would not turn off the sound and that I should not talk to him, because he dislikes Ukrainians. The room was stuffy, because Kingsley did not allow to open the window, because he was kind of cold. Kingsley also turned on light in the middle of the night, when people are supposed to sleep. After the complaint to the administrator, she scolded Kingsley, to

which he stated that I am a racist (apparently for I requesting silence at night). After that, Kingsley began threatening me with physical violence. Bakhadir, a human rights activist from a neighboring room, said that I should not contact police, because these people are mafia and they are surely covered by the authorities of Ukraine, and snitching is not okay in general.

I have been branded all my life with this "snitch" label, because I reported on others from the preschool age, but I still don't get what is wrong with exposing bad people committing real crime with real victims. After all, there is really nothing wrong, it's just that in the Russian culture based on criminal concepts, it's "scummy" to betray your colleague - a thief. For example, in the US, the reporting someone to police is called by the beautiful word "whistleblowing", and there are also beautiful words "informer" and "denunciation". Besides, in the West, to hand over a Russian gangster is an honorable thing. Russia's big problem is precisely in the poorly developed institute of informers, who could uncover an abscess of state corruption, the actions of special services and the Russian mafia.



***iHotel Kitchen***

Against all advices, I've still reported about Kingsley to the Ukrainian office of Interpol <interpol@police.gov.ua>, with the following open letter:

I live in the hostel iHotel, Kyiv, Nagirna str., 25, room 605. My roommate, African Kingsley from Nigeria, constantly discusses by phone with his accomplices and "clients" the sale of stolen credit cards, SSN, bank accounts (including Citibank), as well as the cash out methods. I would like to know if you are investigating such case and whether you are aware that the carder mafia openly operates in Ukraine, and their victims are the US citizens?

I apologize for writing this in Russian, for I am a political refugee from Russia, who applied for political asylum in Ukraine, therefore I have not yet learned Ukrainian.

-- Sincerely, Nikita Sadkov

Interpol responded "On the issue stated in your letter you need to contact the Department for Combating Cyber Crime of the Ukrainian National Police." And from the National Police of Ukraine, I got no reply. Although in order to uncover the theft of tens of thousands of dollars from the US citizens, it was enough for the Ukrainian police to conduct only a small check by wiretapping Kingsley's calls or asking the cleaning lady to install a bug, or simply getting Kingsley to show them the history of his messages in the phone. Alas, in the real world, evil wins and goes unpunished.

Finally, I asked the administrator to move me to another room, away from Kingsley. There, the roommates worked at construction. One of them swelling with vodka and beer, came to the room, and fell asleep on a chair, pouring a bottle of beer on the floor, and leaving the TV on the phone on. That beer was for some reason of the Russian brand "Zhigulevskoe".

En passant, there was also a former jail inmate from Donbass, Dima Fedichev (<https://www.facebook.com/dima.fedichev.5>), who converted to Catholicism and decided to retire from the crime. To Kyiv Dima came from Donetsk, in the company of gypsies, who introduced themselves as "the builders." Dima's son (<https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100005320238040>) has managed to get through without soap into the US, on a fiancé visa, but the wealthy WASP family excommunicated the crazy bride from the inheritance when they saw their new Donbass relative. However, this fiance-gopnik does not complain, because he received the US citizenship, which that haven't stopped him from supporting Putin. A bit less smart Dima's nephew sits in the Russian immigration jail, having been caught working in Russia without a residency permit; he can not be deported back to Donbass because of the citizens databases were lost by the Russian terrorists, and the Donbass rabble are not needed in Russia either. Dima's sister is married to a corrupt official from the former team of Yanukovych, but she doesn't help the poor brother.

Another construction worker, Oleg, despite the good (for Ukraine) salary \$1000/month, for some reason idolized the Russians (asserting that some Russians are quite good people), saying that he would not be upset if Putin seizes Ukraine. Oleg blamed Maidan and personally Poroshenko for all of his troubles, as if it was not Yanukovych who plundered Ukraine, leading up to the crisis. However, when I logically proposed him emigrating to Russia he protested, saying that he had already found some kind of a shady way to make Bulgarian citizenship in order to work in Germany. Although Oleg liked booze, he himself was too greedy to waste money on vodka, preferring to drink for free, therefore Oleg was always trying to convince other people into buying him booze.

Oleg mentioned that he came from Donbass, where in 2012 he got "industrial climber" training. His mother worked as a teacher of Russian language and literature, therefore now they on principle never buy "Roshen" candies. His "bro" regularly gets lengthy vacations in prison for robbery. Oleg



did not know Ukrainian hymn, but he knew the anthem of Russia. From entertainment Oleg liked to watch the registrars road rage videos, Russian TV shows "Comedy Club" and "Nasha Rasha", as well as games Need for Speed and World of Tanks. In a conversation about music, Oleg said that he dislikes the Beatles, and any song not in Russian is a "garbage", because he can't understand what they are singing about. Seeing that I'm developing a two-dimensional turn-based game with pixel-art graphics, Oleg authoritatively stated that my game is for the suckers and the graphics are obsolete. Obviously Oleg refused to speak Ukrainian, preferring Russian.

Due to my views on Russians, the fact that I spent whole days sitting at the computer in the room while he was working hard at the construction site, Oleg had a strong animosity towards me, tirelessly repeating that Russia pursues me for a valid reason and my fagot's place is near a shithole at the prison in Magadan. Then Oleg suggested to me that in prison I should find a strong lover, who will protect me. Oleg, for some unobvious reason, was especially upset that I reported to Interpol that Kingsley the carder. In Oleg's opinion, snitching is unmanly. Regarding me, Oleg said that he could not stand Jews, although he could not clearly explain why he hates Jews and how Jews harmed him. Then Oleg also mentioned that his boss is a Jew with a Polish surname, but he paid his salary always on time. Oleg also tried to borrow money from me, which I refused knowing that he won't return. Oleg's dream was to have a million US dollars.

Further communication with Oleg resulted into a fight. There was only one door key for four people in the room. In the afternoon, when there was no one, I went out to eat in the kitchen, and closed the door behind me, because otherwise chances are great that something will be stolen from the room. This Oleg came and, seeing the locked door, did not look for me in the kitchen. Nether he went to the administrator (who had my phone number). Instead Oleg somehow lock-picked the lock (he boasted that without a problem opens even car locks). When I returned, the angry Oleg began to threaten that I have problems and that he knows how to punch me into the liver without leaving traces.

After that, I generally stopped closing the door, because I always carry all valuable things with me. Non-locked door angered Oleg even more. I suggested Oleg to solve the issue with the administration, but he followed his gang culture concepts, because solving issues through administration is scummy. Oleg went into the threats to kill me and "bury under Odessa" so that nobody will find me, if Oleg gets anything stolen from the room. To which I replied him, "fuck off! you will not dare doing anything to me," Oleg flushed with anger, jumped out of bed with bloodshot eyes and attacked me, trying to strangle me, I was lying on the bed, turned around and hit him with my legs so that he flew back to his bed, despite that he had many times my physical training (the main achievement of Oleg was his ability to pull himself up 10 times on the bar), after which valorous novoros yanked and damaged the power supply of my laptop. I escaped from the room to ask protection from the administrator.

The administrator talked with me, then with Oleg, and said everything is perfectly fine. Besides, I'm guilty myself that offended Oleg by saying "you will not dare to touch me", because what kind of real men will stand it if someone tells that he "will not dare"? And the fact that Oleg threatens with physical violence, and then really strangles clients is a common thing and generally I should solve everything "as the men do" - coming out to "talk" outside. The administrator said that Oleg promised to no longer beat me and that I should avoid speaking with Oleg in general, as he has a very hot temperament.

Yet the same day Oleg returned to bullying me and said that I must understand that my place is near a shithole. In response to this, I silently (as recommended by the administrator) pulled out his fumigator from mosquitoes, which he as usual stuck in a socket pertaining to my bed (he had already used his own for charging his phone) to put my phone on charge. Oleg did not expect such

impudence and started yelling "if you touch my things again, I'll tear off your head and see how you say something to the cops"; not staying to listen to his nonsense, I ran back to the administrator, and she finally decided to move me into yet another room. Later, I learned from a guard that after me this Oleg stabbed some Armenian with a knife, on the basis of ethnic hatred. Well, I don't like Armenians either – Armenia is huge Russian ally.



## ***Uncle Yura and Gopnik Cop***

Yuri Yudin (<https://vk.com/id47514962>), or, as he ordered me to call him, "Uncle Yura", was a former engineer geophysicist-oilman from the Crimea. Uncle Yura ended up in this bedbug-ridden Kyiv hostel due to a combination of circumstances. Prior to Russia's invasion of the Crimea, Uncle Yura worked shifts on an oil platform in the Black Sea, while being overly pro-Russian and calling Putin to invade. Yet after the annexation of the Crimea, the company shutdown, the equipment from the oil platforms was pillaged, and Uncle Yura was left unemployed.

As a shift worker who worked in hazardous and dangerous production, Uncle Yura hoped for a preferential early retirement, where the amount of his pension should have exceeded the average. But Russia kicked the pensioner out, saying that he won't get a ruble, since he was working for Ukraine. So Uncle Yura went to Kyiv, trying to get his retirement benefits from Ukraine, which said that the supporting documents remained in the Crimea, and therefore Uncle Yura won't find any luck in Ukraine until the Crimea gets liberated from Russia. Enraged, Uncle Yura decided to sue the government of Ukraine, instead of doing something constructive, like taking a revenge and say doing a mass murder in Russia, which was responsible for his misfortunes.

His wife drove Uncle Yura out of the house in the Crimea, because the obese man was not especially well-groomed, while his parents left their property to another son. As a result, Uncle Yura became homeless, living in hostels and working low paid as a security guard. And he works illegally, since as an officially working man he will be deprived of any social benefits and a free lawyer, in his case against Ukraine, in addition such low income work will decrease his state issued pension coefficient. Periodically Uncle Yura is left without work, borrowing money from other residents of the hostel and the fiance of his daughter.

Any movement is very painful for Uncle Yura, who is extremely overweight. Therefore his choice of work is limited to exclusively sedentary. Uncle Yura is so lazy he can't walk to the local grocery store, preferring instead to send to this errand some idiot roommate (me). Yet, still, Uncle Yura loves to eat, and he eats a lot, most of the day usurping the hostel's cramped kitchen with his whale carcass, and then disgustingly champing at the resulting sickening yum.

An interesting trait of Uncle Yura is his addiction to urine therapy: for this purpose Uncle Yura keeps a metal mug in the toilet of the hostel, into which he urinates, dilutes it with water and drinks. For a long time this ritual remained a secret. It was suggested that the mug is used for washing, in the view of the traditions of Islam or to treat some banal hemorrhoids. However, Uncle Yura is orthodox christian, and the loud manipulations with the mug and the persistent odor of urine emanating from Uncle Yura have betrayed him, uncovering the medical activities. Uncle Yura seems to have learned about the benefits of urine therapy from the works of the prominent Russian urotherapist Genady Malakhov.

In addition Uncle Yura liked to turn off the bathroom light unceremoniously, if he thought that people were washing in the bathroom for too long, preventing Yura from having a session of urine therapy. Uncle Yura bullied me with humiliating jokes in the style: you sit too long in the toilet, are you masturbating in there; or: we should put on the door a price-list for your services, how much you take to suck a dick, there Denis will be your pimp; or: Nikita should be sent to Donbass war zone to serve soldiers with his ass. Since the other guests did not engage in harassing me, Uncle Yura stated that they themselves are closeted fags, for by his logic you either hate gays or you're a "fagot." It was not helped that at this time I already began crossdressing, and me wearing female clothes haven't made Yura any friendlier.

Although Uncle Yura now positions himself as a patriot of Ukraine, he curses the Ukrainian

authorities (Yatsenuk especially displeased Uncle Yura), and loves Russians, in many ways still agreeing with Putin, especially when it comes to persecution of gays in Russia. Several times Uncle Yura recalled his service in the army, saying that if one did not serve in the army - then one is not the real man. Typical of Russian patriots, Uncle Yury's Vkontakte social network page contained postcards in the honor of the 9th May. The main hobby of Uncle Yura is watching football with a beer bottle and Russian TV shows about cops. Regarding me, Uncle Yura said that "fags have no place in Ukraine" and that homosexuality is a disease, and gays should be neutered and get some forced psychiatric treatment. However, this did not stop Uncle Yura from stealing candy from me sometimes, as well as getting angry at my refusal to fix his computer for free when he messed up his Internet settings by installing some badly written program.

My denunciation of carder Kingsley, Uncle Yura called "mean", and the fact that I was beaten and choked by Oleg was completely normal in the eyes of uncle Yura, because I'm a "fagot". Of course, Uncle Yura without hesitation violated the rules of the hostel, for example watching football and cop shows without headphones after 23:00 (until 4:00 am), and using some cheap chinese heater that could have started fire at any moment (in addition to burning the oxygen and the moisture out of air). The usual heating was not good enough to warm his enormous body, because obesity disrupts the regulation of temperature. Uncle Yura is also proud of pirating software and movies, downloading and distributing them through torrents, thereby violating the copyright laws. However, this is normal for the Russians, who even found themselves an impressive justification: supposedly there are many Jews in Hollywood, and it is okay to steal from the Jews. Sounds like a joke, because Russian love to call themselves "anti-fascists" and brag about defeating Hitler.

When I mentioned the stupid quote of Arnold Schwarzenegger "I think gay marriage should be between a man and a woman," Uncle Yura said that it's not for you, fagot, to judge. To which I replied that at least my social network pages are not littered with St. George ribbons and I don't have Russian patriots among my friends. Uncle Yura, apparently deciding that I had offended him, could not stand it, and without announcement turning over the furniture he threw himself at me with his fists, striking my head. I was saved only by the fact that the fat carcass quickly got tired. Other guests laughed that it is bad for Uncle Yura to beat a woman, since I'm not a real man. Thus, Uncle Yura has once again confirmed that the university engineering education does not guarantee the sanity and consistency of the individual's actions, even when he is sober.

The next morning it turned out that Uncle Yura lied to the administration that I was trying to assrape him and he beat me up in defense. To no avail were my pleas and calls to reason that I am against violence, we are with Uncle Yuri in different age and weight categories, he is stronger than me - the only way I could have raped him is by placing my ass onto his erect penis. The administration stated that they do not have a place for gays at iHotel, and I must definitely be evicted this moment, without waiting for tomorrow, otherwise somebody will just murder me for being gay and they will have a problem with cops. One member of the administration said that he was sitting in prison and he does not like gays. And to the fact that I was beaten, they said that I have only myself to blame, because I'm gay. Moreover, the day before I've just paid my stay for a month and they decided to steal these money, refusing to return them. I had to ask for help from UNHCR, and after talk with their lawyer, the administration of iHotel has suddenly agreed to return the money.

In addition to me, two girl students moved out of the iHotel hostel voluntarily. From the conversation with them I realized that they were sexually harassed in the elevator by drunken Donetsk gopniks, one of whom offered to press the stop button and "have some fun." After this incident, the girls were in hurry to find a less dangerous place to stay.

The Donbass refugees I met were all semi-criminal, always drunk and swearing. Donetsk persons

never miss the chance to get into a fight, so when I came to the kitchen where there was the best wiff, one Donetsk man refused to let me sit down in the free seat, and to my "vybachte, can I sit here?", The Donetsk creature, breathing alcohol fumes, replied "how about you sit in prison", then starting to harass me for the Ukrainian word "vybachte" (excuse me). At the exit from the kitchen, in the corridor, the cleaning lady was washing the floors, and for some reason another drunk Donetsk man was shouting at her. I asked him what the problem was, after which this Donetsk gopnik, spewing unintelligible threats, began staggeringly moving towards me, but due to his strong intoxication could not catch up with me. Can there be any more fitting real life equivalent for the video game monsters, so dumb and brutal?

Of course, not all Donbass refugees are criminals and aggressive homophobes who drink urine. Here is an example of Denis - another guest from the same room with Uncle Yura. Like Uncle Yura, Denis is Russian with the same Russian name, also a migrant, but from Donetsk, but a man who can be respected: despite the loss of his parents in his youth, and the physical trauma of the spine, Denis works in Kyiv on two jobs and learns externally, in addition, every day doing gymnastics, avoids alcohol or smoking. When Denis was leaving the Donbass, drunk pro-Russian terrorists confiscated Denis's laptop and money, and when Denis began to protest, the terrorists threatened to kill him. However, judging by the stories of the refugees, this is a common practice in the Donbass, where apartments and cars can easily be taken from their owners - armed militants come and throw out the owner. Denis is polite, does not bully anyone, and is neutral to gays, although he is heterosexual himself.

I also remembered a cool guy, Kemal, a Crimean Tatar, whom his parents sent to study and work in Kyiv, for the fear of his life. Crimean Tatars are subjected to repression, so much that all leaders of the Crimean Tatars were killed, fled, or imprisoned for made-up accusations. In Kyiv, Kemal has an Ukrainian girlfriend, but his parents forbade him from enter into relations with her, for the Tatar people barely survived the genocide committed by the Russians and are threatened with extinction, therefore Tatars must marry only other Tatars. And he respected the opinion of his parents. Kemal constantly argued with the Russians on Instagram, while Russians insulted him and threatened reprisal.

Afer I moved to another unnamed hostel, an opposite situation occurred. A typical married couple from the Donbass was drinking vodka with beer in the kitchen. First, the wife drove me from the kitchen, dissatisfied with the fact that I crunched with an apple. Such ladies always threaten you with their males, so realizing the danger, I had to retire and eat in the corridor. But another subtle guy indeed got beaten up by the drunken husband, who did not like that the guy made some remark at his boorish wife.

Instead of the police, the "guards" have arrived - the armed gangsters. The Donbass rowdy was hastily dropped onto the floor and beaten into bloody meat, under the screaming of his crazed wife. The wife fell into a hysterical faint, and then woke up, saying that other people here do not drink, because they are abnormal and have problems in life. She also tried to puch and provoke the real victim - that subtle guy. She asserted that he is not a man, but a rag, for her husband had beaten him.

Towards the end of the evening the family was finally kicked out onto the night streets. There was still a pool of blood in the kitchen. The present foreigners experienced a cultural shock. However, this was not the first such eviction. In the same way, the hostel was stained with green dye, as it turned out the previous administrator got brilliant green into her face from another drunkard, again from Novorossia. However, the administrator herself was fired and beaten, because she stole money (by not recording the tenants), in addition to frequently leaving a guest in place of herself.

In this hostel I also met an interesting person. A Korean cook, who has lived in Ukraine since the times of the USSR. Then, in 1937, the Russians repressed the Koreans as potential traitors, forcibly deporting them to Central Asia. But this Korean married a Ukrainian woman and moved to Ukraine. Funny, but Ukrainians consider him Kazakh and welcome "salam aleikum." The Korean has a leg injury and he hardly walks. Asked whether he got it from old age, Korean replied that he got this injury during his service in Afghanistan as a sniper. To the question what happened there, in Afghanistan, the Korean did not respond, saying that he was not at all proud of killing the Afghans, and there was nothing to boast about, so he did not want to talk about it.

In the kitchen of the hostel there was often an Azerbaijani, Yasin, a great womanizer. After listening to my story, Yasin suggested that I should urgently write an appeal to Putin asking for pardon, and then surrender. To my objection that Putin is a dictator and no self-respecting person will ask Putin for anything, Yasin said that dictatorship is normal, rulers in Azerbaijan generally inherit the presidential post, as in North Korea, and without dictators it would be much worse, some Sharia and slavery is such that people could be execute for missing a prayer. Yasin hated Armenians, which, however, did not stop him from dating an Armenian girl in Kyiv. From me Yasin borrowed a couple of tea bags, which he didn't return, although I reminded him.

*One who attaches importance to Namaz, but without good reason does not perform it, in the madhhabs of Maliki, Shafi'i and Hanbeli, onto such person the death penalty is imposed by a court decision. In the mazhab Haneefi, it is ordered: until he begins to pray, he is taken into custody and commits a refund.*  
- M.Syddik Gumush

People began to recognize me in real life. A certain Roma from the hostel, apparently knowing me from imageboards, reported me to the Ukrainian migration service, that Sadkov is supposedly a villain, illegal immigrant, and a Russian spy, who ate a fried hamster and burned a chicken at the Eternal Fire. Police came, spoke to the admin, made sure that I was in Ukraine legally. Then this Roma was evicted from the hostel, due to him making such troubles.

While this hostel was fine, they sharply raised the price of accommodation, while cancelling the cheap tariffs for a month. The hostel was also far from the metro, lacked bed linen and had a broken washing machine. In addition, I was placed in a passage room through which all the night a herd went to smoke at the balcony and into the adjacent room, shutting the door directly over my head. Despite numerous requests, they refused to move me to another room on the lower shelves when they freed, saying that they'd better settle the new clients there, because I had already proved my ability to climb a palm tree and live in the noisiest room. So again I had to move to another hostel.

On the way, I was stopped by a guy, who said that I have a happy look and I need to know about the Vedas. In response, I asked him: if the Hindus are so clever, then why are they so poor? The guy did not know what to say, and I continued on my way. Already on the way to the hostel a woman greeted me, in response to my perplexity, she looked me in the eyes for some time, then declared that she had mistook me for somebody else.

Coming to the hostel, I kissed the "closed door". Administrator Anton Taban (<https://vk.com/id135563579>) on the phone said that his wife, Yulia, would come and settle me. I waited several hours and froze. For each call Yulia answered that she will arrive in 10 minutes and I need to wait at the entrance, although she could have honestly said that it will be in a few hours so that I would have waited in a warm cafe near the subway. Passing several times near me, an unusual looking tenant warned that the icicle would fall on me, but I did not believe him. In a few minutes, a huge icicle indeed fell off, luckily not on me, but on my backpack.

Finally came this administrator Yulia - a swearing hag with a disrespectfully familiar attitude towards customers. Later I was told that Yulia and her husband Anton Taban came to Kyiv from Lugansk, and these admins worked for a discount to live in the hostel. Therefore I should not be surprised at their boorish behavior. The first thing that Yulia did was demanding me to fill an A4 sheet out by hand with personal data, giving as an example a document in Ukrainian. In answer to my questions about the form of filling, Yulia answered with the question "what are you, fuck, a moron?", saying mockery at my unmanly photo in the document, then she screamed at me swearing when I began to write in Ukrainian as in the original example she provided. She said that I should write in Russian, that is - not "misto Moscow", but "gorod Moscow". Yulia was not pleased that I'm a refugee from Russia, since her sympathy for Russia was rather open.

After I filled out the form, Yulia announced that I stink and I should be hurrying to take a shower, otherwise I will be evicted right away. When I took a shower, Yulia immediately went into the bathroom and announced that the drain had been stuffed with my hair and I had to clean it, in response to my protest that there was long hair, while I'm practically bald and shave even my crotch, Yulia said that it does not matter whose hair these are and I still need to clean even after others. In addition, Yulia forced me wash the floor in the bathroom, because she said that I got out of the bathroom wet and smeared dirt on the floor, despite the fact that the mud was there before me, while I dried myself with a towel right in the bathtub, washed behind the curtain and jumped right into my slippers.



*Anton Taban and his friend consuming vodka.*

It turned out that this admin Anton Taban served as a policeman in the Lugansk drug control under Yanukovych

(<https://www.work.ua/resumes/1433699/>), but now he was out of work. Anton came to me immediately (ordering the rest of the guests to leave the room), saying that he already wont prolong my stay, for I talk a lot, honestly answering the questions of other residents of the hostel, regarding how I found myself in Ukraine. Anton's argument was the same as that of the iHotel administrators who previously evicted me: our guests will kill you, and we do not need any problems. In addition, Anton said that my way of carrying a bag with the laptop and documents everywhere is insulting to other hostel guests, as they see that I do not trust them, that I see them as thieves, but there is no theft in his hostel. Yet Anton made a reservation that administration does not bear responsibility for the lost belongings.

I prayed to Anton: let me stay the time I paid for, because I sit quietly, huddled in a corner, I do not drink, I do not smoke, I do not listen to music without earphones. To which Anton said that I really will sit quietly, because from the previous police work he has "bracelets" and it doesn't take much provocation for him to chain the guests to the battery and kick to near death. And the fact that I sit silently and do not communicate with anyone - another reason to evict me, because Anton decided that every guest must fit in the team (primarily drink vodka along with everyone), but I had nothing



in common with these Donetsk gopniks, whom I had to share the room with. Probably I must say thanks to Anton that he did not evict me at once, but gave me enough time to find a new place where to move.

One roommate, Lyokha, a male from Donetsk, asked what I read there on my laptop. I honestly replied that I read the Elliot Roger Manifesto. Hearing a non-Russian name, Lyokha instantly got agitated and burst into a brilliant tirade that "Americans are forcing their manifestos upon us," continuing with "they break into foreign monastery with their own Bible;" then Lyokha gradually moved to ranting about the dominance of the Jews. If this Lyokha knew details about me, he would probably tried to kill me with his bare hands. And to my horror at the kitchen some girl in glasses recognized me from 2ch.hk, beginning to explain about me to some students there, and I was lucky there were no Donetsk subhumans around, and while these younger people lived in a separate room.

Regarding Elliot Roger. The person obviously had some gender issues, absolutely not fitting into the male role, while having many feminine character traits, including very girly appearance. A proper diagnosis with puberty blockers and HRT could have saved Elli and her victims. Yet we can only regret that more transgender people don't do mass murder + suicide, instead of simply suicide. Because the society won't feel their pain, unless it gets properly hit by it. When your country betrays you, you have the right to betray such country and its people.

Returning to the hostel... These Donbass creatures berated Ukraine, Ukrainian Armed Forces and Ukrainians. One of them proudly told how he beaten "one moron" - an Ukrainian patriot who tried to paint the children playground into the colors of Ukrainian flag. Donetsk inhabitants were unable to talk without swearing. An example of a typical Donetsk speech: "fucking shit, this dude in kind of an assfucking bitch. fuckup sneakers bend-up.", "like pissing off two fingers" and "if you try, you can crap and not wet your pants."

Seeing that I took a bag with my documents and laptop to the bathroom, Anton demanded me to leave my bag in the room: "people would think that you are jerking off, and the laptop would get wet". Then, when I was drinking tea in the kitchen, Gaziza called me, telling that she has a new knitting hobby and asked how I was doing, I said that I would be moving from this hostel, due to the utterly boorish behavior of administrators. This part of the conversation was overheard by Yulia, who came in and started yelling at me using a lot of bad words. Her argument was that I have the nerve to criticize her and the hostel, when there are other guests in the kitchen, and she demanded that all my further phone conversations should be outside - on the street. I asked her to be more polite, to which Yulia replied "I'm cykablyat is being polite with you now, retard!"

After Yulia left, I asked other guests where this Yulia works, noticing that this probably her higher education makes itself felt. I said that I will film the next Yulia throws a tantrum, for the purpose of publishing on the Internet. Someone present in the kitchen informed Anton about this. Anton did not seem to enjoy my plans to make a funny video with his wife, he offered to go outside so that other clients would not hear, and on the street Anton began threatening me that I would be found dead, and cops would not do anything about it, because this network of hostels is owned by his friend Lieutenant-Colonel of the SBU, while Anton himself is working here as a good acquaintance. Regarding the fact that Yulia swore at me, Anton said that she has the right, because she is sick - she caught a cold, and that "Yulia fell ill because of the freaks like you shit in the hostel, and Yulia has to clean up."

Unable to suffer it anymore, I recorded Anton's boorish speeches to the smartphone and moved out of the hostel. As parting words Anton told me to get out of Ukraine, Russia and Belarus, for I was an idiot and went to the wrong country to expect any good service. Anton talked that "it is in America you can..." and that all his "relatives live in Russia". Then Anton justified his right to insult clients by saying that he is a policeman (no matter if former), while clients are ordinary citizens, so Anton has the right to be rude and insult everyone, but nobody can insult Anton himself, for it

would be a criminal offense to insult a police officer.

After publishing the recording on the Internet, I sent Anton a link to it, saying that he should treat clients like human being, rather than treating people like they are criminals in prison, otherwise Anton doesn't qualify even to guard a paid toilet, because no client would visit a toilet guarded by such Lugansk jerk. In response, Anton and Yulia tried to invite me for a "talk", saying that I had forgotten my pillow, which they cannot just throw away, and that they would like to return the money to me, because I left before the time for which I paid. Seeing that their childish tricks do not work at me, Anton got mad, phoned me several times, pouring in a hail of threats, that I will get deported; that they would put me into jail as a prison bitch, and Anton would personally visit to fuck me in the ass; that I should be dissolved in a barrel of sulfuric acid.

Tired of the adventures in cheap hostels, I moved to an expensive one, where most clients were foreigners. Next, I decided to rent a room. So I contacted the broker, she sent me to the old woman, who at first was glad that I'm from Russia, she told me that she has relatives in Russia and her son works in Moscow as a logistician. However, having learned why I fled from Russia and I dislike Russians, this old woman changed dramatically in the mood, saying that I'm not a guest for her, for the people like me did Maidan and her "only son" is now regularly harassed in Moscow for being Ukrainian. In addition, according to this old woman, I have a "repulsive" appearance. The broker comforted me, saying that she has another apartment where I can be moved in, and very cheap. I asked who the other renters were, the answer was "Refugees from the East of Ukraine," I politely declined, noting, however, that Donbass migrants are not refugees but resettlers. Broker had no more options, and I had no desire having an entire family of Donbass vampires as neighbors, so I had to spend more time at the hostel.

The good-natured American traveler James from Kentucky. He introduced himself as "James, James Bond, shh...". James traveled all over Europe on a bicycle and now stopped in Ukraine. James travels with his little home cushion with embroidered English words wishing good dreams. When asked about the situation in the United States, James admitted that he was not happy with Trump and believed that Trump was a rather stupid clown president, who was a liability to the US.

To my story about the problems in Russia, James said that he will not go to Russia, although Americans like Ukraine very much. When I told James that the Russians still think of Russia as the Third Rome, the heiress of Byzantium and the Roman Empire, James replied that then he too could consider himself to be James Bond. Concerning the old woman, who refused to rent me the room because of my political views and landlords who work only with female or male renters, James said that in the United States that would be considered discrimination.

By education James is an artist with Art Degree, as I understood in Fine Arts, and is engaged in the production of large decorative ceramic products. In Ukraine, James was arranging the opening of production line and gave master classes in art. James talked about different types of ceramics, how he built his own house and a special furnace for pottery baking, from the fire-resistant bricks. Unfortunately, his Ukrainian partners deceived James, so Ukraine will remain with the used tires in place of proper ceramic flower beds. The usage of tires as part of the city and courtyard landscape design is a some strange Soviet tradition, which cognate to painting the trees white, because they use the same white tree paint to paint these tires.

The main problem in this expensive hostel, oddly enough, was the same Russians - this time Russian tourists. Russians behaved noisily, always drunk and prevented other guests from sleeping, talking loudly and turning on the light after 00:00. The main topic of Russian talk was bawdry about Ukraine, Poroshenko and Saakashvili. Very sharp contrast in comparison with the quiet intellectual tourists from Lithuania, Japan and America. James said that he faced with such a thing

for the first time, in Europe people treat others respectfully, but James did not complain about it to the administrator, but sat quietly in the reading room. However, I, being the can-I-speak-with-the-manager person, did complain and instantly made enemies in the face of these Russians, but the administrator lady has somehow quieted the Russians, turning off the light and convincing them to move their drunk discussion to the kitchen.

In this hostel I also meet a blockheaded refugee from Syria. The Syrian worshiped Assad, the Russians, Russia and Putin, "who saved Syria." In Ukraine, this Syrian found a place for himself first in Donbass, where he studied in some fence-construction college until the war began. Syrian hated the United States, considering them the root of all evil and responsible for the wars in Syria and the Donbass. Syrian guy also sympathized with Palestinian terrorists and advocated the destruction of Israel. Learning that I'm a refugee, the Syrian offered me to come to Syria - I refused, in view of the allergy to bloody dictators and savages. Syrian guy did not know English, and he didn't know Ukrainian either. For an unknown reason he learned only Russian, which he spoke very confidently.

Returning from Syria to Kyiv: near the Demiiivska metro station stood a maniacal dude with a chainsaw. He offered me to buy this tool, I said "no, thank you," and quickened my steps. On the Internet, I was told that this is just a new kind of "buy-the-chainsaw" fraud that came to Ukraine from Moscow.

## **More "Hospitality"**

Finally I've managed to rent a room in which no one should have bothered me. However, the landlord, Grisha, a short perky male from Crimea, spoke with brash familiarity and insulted me "bald". To tell the truth I was ready to sell the soul to get my hair back. Then Grisha forced me to help him carrying some dirty things for free (since he was doing some renovation around the house), after which I had to wash my clothes. Being a father, Grisha had an ill son, and when this son died, Grisha was not even mourning the loss of a relative, but was happy enough to call prostitutes. Apparently that was a foster child. Is that the Crimean mentality or just the general Russianism? Just like other Kyiv Crimean I met, Grisha was not very enthusiastic about the Ukrainian nationalism, and would rather be in Moscow, than in Kyiv. Then again, you can't spell "Crimea" without "crime".

All that would be barely tolerable, but one day this Grisha has puzzled me: he complained that I had littered over the stove. It should be noted, that I had no talent for cooking at all, and mostly ate sandwiches. For example, when I tried to make some boiled eggs back in Russia, they have just exploded, after I forgot about them. The egg pieces were then hanging from the ceiling. In fact, the last time I cooked anything was frying that poor crucified hamster on a gas stove.

Besides me there were three other people on the floor: a programmer guy (who quietly sat in his room), a girl who (was constantly chatting on the phone in Ukrainian), and Andrei, a guy from Donbass, a type of person, about which Russians usually say "the salt of the earth." The programmer did not litter the stove, for I saw that after cooking he thoroughly wiped everything. An Ukrainian girl, too, was neat-natured - she, on the contrary, complained that everything was littered with dirt, including the bathroom.

It turned out that this Andrei from Donbass behaves like the proper Russian muzhik: he walks around the house in street shoes, leaves empty cigarette packs and cigarette butts, does not wash away after himself, throws dirty socks around the bathroom, does not clean the stove after cooking, and washes shoes over the sink, covering all around the sink in mud. The Donbassian does not seem to lock the front door, although the owner of the house particularly urged us to lock it, because Ukrainian gas workers often carry out sabotage, making their way to houses through the open doors and breaking the gas seals, then fining the naive owners \$700. Besides, when Andrei saw that I was closing the door, the drunken novoros shouted at me "LEAVE IT OPEN! I'm for a half hour to visit the store, I won't be unlocking this shit."

Worse yet, the Donbassian had no respect for private property: so this novoros without any question took someone else's toilet paper and soap, in addition constantly using my kettle, without asking. In the end he has burned my unfortunate electric kettle, using his great Russian wisdom and turning it on without water. During a year of residence, this thievish novoros did not even bother to buy his own kettle, although other residents all had their own. Unfortunately, I was forced to keep my kettle in the kitchen, in a place accessible to Andrei, since the landlord forbade holding containers of water or drying clothes in my room, after the previous tenants had already grown out mold, drying clothes there.

However, kettles are a painful topic for me, because at the iHotel hostel the local urla broke the common kettle by turning it on without water. I complained about this to another guest, and he suggested I use a kettle standing in the room, I refused, because I had no permission from the owner of that kettle. Later it turned out that this is the kettle of the very same Uncle Yura. Of course, I reported to Uncle Yura that another guest uses Yura's belongings. Uncle Yura's reaction was the opposite of what was expected: he immediately scolded me, that I'm trying to pit people against each other.

After the novoros Andrei again made a mess of the bathroom with a thick layer of street mud, I had a conversation with the landlord, Grisha, who said that this Donetsk man is a good muzhik and generally his sidekick, supplying him cheap prostitutes, and I'm alone here. In addition, Grisha was for some reason dissatisfied that I spent whole days in my room, while he was working and supporting his family, saying that's why I was to blame for everything and should answer for everyone there, stating that before me there was a woman with a child, and she cleaned shit for everyone, and I'm not any better than her, so I must do the same.

Entering my room, Grisha had the audacity to say "hey! you do not make mess out of your place." Yes, because I do not make mess at all - the persons who make mess in Kyiv are the other Russians from Donetsk - they for example, broke the monument to heroes killed at Maidan. I'm so "lucky" to deal with such subhumans. Instead of making a reprimand to this Donetsk "Sharikov" or including the cost of cleaning into the rent cost, the Crimean bullied me for nothing, most likely out of personal dislike.

This Andrei, as I understood, was a gangster, working as a pimp, managing several Kyiv brothels. Ukraine is widely known as a sex tourism destination, and Ukrainian mafia literally enslaves the local girls. Andrei liked to talk on the phone all night long in front of my open window about how much and what alcohol he was drinking, or shouted obscenely at his girls. When I asked him to be quiet, Andrei began to speak even louder, and then turned on some rap music on his phone. In the conversation, Andrei used the interjection "blya" (rude swearing in Russian) after each second word. To a more insistent request and explanation that I am trying to sleep, the pimp declared "sleep, but I will speak and smoke." Andrei did not greet me, because as it turned out, Andrei considered me to be a "white-handed fagot," saying that normal patsans (russian word for gopniks honoring the prison culture) do not behave that way.

A typical episode of communicating with this novoros Andrei was his question to me "are you a computer expert." Russians often ask such a question, believing that you should repair their computers and smartphones for free. If you refuse to help, the Russian will conceal his anger and could do some nasty trick to you afterwards. Andrei apparently needed a few sites for his human trafficking operation. My answer "no, I know nothing about computers - I'm an artist" did not evade this novoros, and he continued to intrude and digging me with "well, you, the hacker, you are constantly sitting behind the laptop." He wasn't convinced even by the fact I actually drew sprites in the graphics editor, apparently deciding I'm simply trying to avoid helping him.

In the bathroom, among other things, the shower cabin was broken for a long time, and all the water poured out, so the entire ceiling was covered in mold. Landlord did not care to repair the cabin or at least setup some curtain. Andrei did not come up with anything better than throwing some damp rag and tried to make me wash the floors with it, collect the spilled water and squeeze it into the toilet (with my bare hands). If you have a pipe burst, will you collect the leaking water and squeeze, or fix the pipe? In addition, Andrei said that there should be a duty, who should clean the common space, as in Russian prison. On my refusal, Andrei insulted me, and after I said I will not speak further with him, Andrei began to break through my door, shouting "hey, durynda, blya, I'll fucking deport you myself".

When the young girl moved out, in her place arrived another neighbor - Lida from Lviv, western Ukraine. Lida refused to speak Ukrainian, claiming that she is "Russian-speaking." Lida told me that my bald head makes me look like a criminal (Russian inmates are forced to have hair shaved off, to avoid lice).

A parishioner of the Moscow Patriarchy Orthodox Church, Lida made regular pilgrimages to the



holy places of Russia. Lida loved Putin, but hated Jews, Scientologists, Jehovah's Witnesses and gays, believing that gay people must be forcibly treated at psychiatric institutions. Yet she had nothing against the Islamic terrorists, whom she called "very pious people". Had Lida been born in the West, she would have likely turned to be a radical anti-LGBT feminist - these old ladies too believe that Muslims are very progressive, because you know, they oppose pornography and other modern sins. Now contemporary Islam is generally considered to be a leftist ideology, targeting various poor human trash.

Instead of music, Lida listened round-the-clock to some kind of church psalm readings, interspersed with the speeches by priests of the Russian Orthodox Church, including Patriarch Gundyayev. One such track consisted of the phrase "Lord, have mercy," repeated for several minutes in a row. But who am I to define music? Some say that white noise is music to them, others believe that rap is music too. On top of her other traits, Lida suffered a hypochondria and considered every minor sore fatal, calling the priest to commune with her. I don't know if the Holy Spirit is immortal, but the Patriarch will one day surely die, likely while sodomizing another tender altar boy. Lida believed that her God will punish me for my blasphemy against the Orthodox Christianity.

When asked to comment on the words of Archpriest Valerian Krechetov, "I'd rather be in hell with God than in heaven without God," Lida said that the archpriest is a very wise person and that paradise on earth is really unnecessary. At the kitchen Lida hung a sticky flypaper trap for flies, and I frequently got stuck into that trap. Similarly to Anton Taban, Lida openly accused me of mistrusting, because I always closed door into my room and carried my laptop with me, even when Lida was around. I still don't understand, why I should trust anyone, especially some dirt poor 3rd world eastern european shithole strangers, who can rob you blind. Even in the 1st world people could probably prank on you by messing with your computer, like sending child porn from under your name to all your contacts.

In addition, Lida shouted at me that I allegedly sprayed water when I washed the apples. To my protest that these were just a few drops that evaporated themselves, Lida started yelling even louder that I should not touch the sink in the kitchen. So, when I was washing my eyes over this sink, Lida said that you can't wash your face in the kitchen and you also can't wash your hands, because she has food and dishes in there. Your eyes are snot, it is mucus, and everything in a sink must be sterile.

After that I overheard Lida's conversation with Andrei, who she has quickly befriended. Lida explained to Andrei "Do not put spoons into the sink. I do not know what he is doing there, it's dangerous with him. I am washing everything above the sink." Lida also claimed that it is forbidden to work during the Feast of the Intercession, shouting at me when I turned on the washing machine. My answer that it was not me who is working, but the washing machine, has not convinced Lida. At the same time, Lida herself worked and cooked her dinner, justifying it as a necessity, that was excluded from the rules. Lida borrowed some money from me, returning 5 hryvnia less than she took, saying that I did not learn math at school, since I have never been to school. After the further investigation, she admitted that she indeed had stolen the money.

Later, when Lida lost her smoothing-iron and some other things, she began to suspect me for no reason. I responded that her items might have been stolen by Andrei's prostitutes or even by himself. Lida conveyed my words to Andrei, while mentioning that I again washed my face over her kitchen sink. Andrei got mad and started yelling "What did he say? My girls stole the smoothing-iron? What a suspecting fuck! And he goes here to wash his fuckface. I will fucking kill him, we don't need this fagot here. We'll take him out to the Donbass to get this fuck killed." I said from behind the closed door that "the threat of murder is a criminal offense," and Andrei began to break at me with the words, "What do you dislike there? Hey, moron?!" The smoothing-iron was later

found, but nobody apologized to me.

Finally, the landlord Grisha decided to evict me. The official reason I was evicted is because I left 2 hairs in a shower. The unofficial reason (my guess) is because the new family of Ukrainian immigration service employees demanded my eviction (they know nuances pertaining to such immigrants), or because Grisha found better renters. The official 2 hairs version just doesn't hold water, because there is a lot of mold in a bathroom and shit leaking from the sewage pipe. So small hairs from my legs would be the last thing one notices there.

I was given just 2 days to find a new home: Jan 16 evening the landlord told me that I have to get out immediately, with Jan 18 21:00 being the deadline, before he calls a crime gang to evict me. When asked about the usual rules of giving one month to find new housing, the landlord pointed, that I'm not in Europe or America to have any consumer rights. When asked where I should go into the night, landlord said that I could probably spend a night at the railway station.

I asked real estate agents if such evictions are a common practice in Ukraine, and they answered that throwing people out onto the streets in the night is indeed a widespread practice in Ukraine. As an example, a girl rented room in a commie-block flat, and refused to provide sex to the landlady's son. She was evicted the next day without any refund. Frequently people return from work to the newly rented apartment only to find that the lock was changed and all their stuff got stolen by the landlord. Well, what have I expected? This is Ukraine, not Disneyland.

It is impossible to find a cheap new room in 2 days. Especially when Grisha calls you frequently and demands in a threatening tone "heya, speed this shit up, understand?", and especially in my case: usually landlords ask why do I have a Russian accent. When they hear that I'm a felon wanted by Russia, under the extremism charges, they get extremely nervous and immediately refuse to rent me anything. I'm still trying to persuade them to look into my crime case documents: I haven't murdered, robbed or sexually harassed anyone, it is just a victimless crime, and FSB doesn't really want me that much to bomb their apartments. Yet there landlords and landladies begin threatening to call police if I won't get lost instantly. That is in addition to various other discrimination: some landlords openly admit that they accept only white guests, no Blacks, Asians or Arabs, and they prefer guests to be single girls (or at least families without kids), the guest shouldn't be staying in the apartments for the whole day, but leave early in the morning and return only in the evening.

This appalling state of the rental market can only be ameliorated with anti-discrimination laws, or, more precisely, the positive discrimination laws which could enforce the quotas of convicts a landlords will be required to house, similarly to how they have these quotas for the people of color. That way there will be no problems for drug users and paedophiles to find a home. Then we will also need quotas for single male homosexuals and immigrants. Some people must be forced to accept the criminals like me. But to do that all criminals and convicts of the world must unite and fight for their rights. Convicts are a large voters base, especially in Russia, where every family has a relative convicted of some crime, and if united convicts can become the power to be reckoned with.

Later some people told me the real reason for my eviction: a couple of days after I got evicted, Grisha transferred this Andrei from his normal room with a double bed to my room with mold on the ceiling, while Andrei's room was given to Grisha's young mistress lover. I really doubt this experience made me into a better person.

At a social network I was contacted by some Ukrainian posing as a gay, who was too seeking a partner to rent a room together, splitting the cost. I asked his phone to discuss the details, and he gave me the phone of his classmate with mental issues. This classmate had a voice of drooling vegetable under anti-psychotics, and told that he is not gay and was annoyed that his phone is being

exposed to random people. Now I doubt I can trust Ukrainians, because Ukrainians are as deceitful as my Russian compatriots.

There was a snowfall in Kyiv, and I had dreams of dogs. One dog bite my leg. I punched that dog on the nose, but the dog still did not let me go.

# ***Ukrainian Psychiatry***

Rather, for the sake of moral satisfaction, I wrote a letter to the email addresses of the Russian consulates in Ukraine. The letter read:

*Open Appeal of Nikita Sadkov.*

*Depraved Russian pigs, I demand that you immediately stop the judicial process in crime case No. 11702450031000023, instituted against me, Nikita Sadkov, by your organized criminal gang - the Russian Federation, for I have a full the right to desecrate a rag-flag of your flawed country, piss on your memorials of military glory, and also to incite people into the fight against your parasitic Moscow Empire with its center in the Kremlin. There is nothing wrong with inciting hatred towards Russia and Russians. Everyone hates you, Russian bastards.*

***-- With due disrespect, Nikita Sadkov.***

Most Russian consulate officers were surprisingly smart enough not to respond, but the staff of the Kharkov consulate (consulkharkov@gmail.com) decided to bully and insult me. So the Russian consul in Kharkov replied that I should get psychiatric help and pointed to the Kharkov psychiatric hospital (<http://khreph.com.ua>). Apparently rudeness will never stop to be the basis of the Russian diplomacy.

*Russia is not only a country of fools, but also a country of louts.  
If Russia perishes, I generally will not be sad.*

***-- Valeria Novodvorskaya, human rights activist***

However, to refute the diagnosis awarded me by the Mother Russia's punitive psychiatry, I've indeed followed the "advice" of the Russian consulate and went to the Ukrainian psychiatric hospital for examination.

In contrast to the crazy Russian psychiatric patients, mainly consisting of alcoholics, drug addicts and the victims of fetal and alcohol syndrome, the contingent of the Ukrainian hospital proved to be a bit more orderly: a train machinist, who was on a psychiatric evaluation, after having witnessing a suicide (some guy jumped under the train); a man with phantom pains; an aggression management problems gopnik, who beaten a drunkard for knocking on the roof of his car.

Beside men, there were different women with their own, female problems, such as depression, panic attacks and nervous breakdowns. One woman, who has escaped from the Lugansk People's Republic, went through rehabilitation there after experiencing the Russian World, and at the same time enjoyed free living on medical insurance. Another elderly woman tried to commit suicide, unable to withstand the death of her husband, as she put it "my roof was blown off". There was even a "Napoleon" in the form of a communist guy, who expressed vivid megalomania and reformist delirium: he did not listen to anyone, and with foam at his mouth vent about having enough of rich people, that the money and private property must be abolished, and that only he could establish the new order, constantly comparing himself with Christ; experiencing frequent outbursts of anger, the communist crushed furniture and broke things, like pencils and rulers.

I remember one agitated patient whose speech consisted entirely out of Internet memes. He insisted that he is an "alpha male", and not some "miserable omega", as his mother tried to groom him up. The most unpleasant fellow was a drug addict from Donbass who was undergoing some substitution therapy. As was the case with most Donbass persons, this guy was also a former prison inmate.

Before ending in a psychiatric hospital, Novoros tried to gain asylum in France, using Donbass war as pretense, but got denial on his application. Such immigrants are not needed in Europe, which considers the rest of Ukraine to be "safe."

However, being under drugs, Novoros has managed to get there in a car accident. Saved only thanks to the high standards of the French medical services and European medicine, but the insurance company had to pay a large sum measured in tens of thousands of dollars to resurrect this human garbage. In the hospital, the proud son of Donbass first pissed at the toilet seat, and then fell to the bed in dirty street shoes. Having learned that I am from Russia, Novoros said that he respects Putin "for his firmness." At night, the Novoros got some drugs related psychosis and was running along the corridors, scaring the medical staff. I recalled the immortal words of the classic: "Nobody had put the Donbass on its knees, and no one will ever put it."

The Ukrainian psychiatric hospital environment was a bit more tolerable than the prison-style Russian asylums: the polite medical staff speaking Ukrainian, each ward has a separate toilet with a shower, beds with orthopedic mattresses, bedside tables for personal items, individual wall sockets for charging smartphones. In comparison with the concentration camp of the Russian hospitals, in Ukrainian there is a varied diet, among which there are porridges, butter, soups, tomatoes, cucumbers, zucchini, cheese, sausages, juices, cookies, fish, beef, chicken and eggs. No one forbids smoking, so patients freely smoke in the courtyard.

The main weapon of the Ukrainian psychiatric diagnostics is the Soviet SMIL test (the laughable plagiarism from the obsolete American MMPI test used in 1940), consisting of questions like "have you stopped drinking cognac in the morning - yes or no?". Earlier I came across this SMIL during an interview at the NIX supermarket for a programmer job. Back then I've successfully completed the interview test task (I wrote the code on a piece of paper and transformed an algebraic expression using the Newton binomial formula), and while I've passed the interview, I've failed the SMIL test, and the psychologist said that I'm a "lying psychopath" type, and unfortunately they can not offer me a job.

This time, knowing how to pass the test, I had to actually lie, like a proper psychopath, that sometimes I drink alcohol, get irritated and suffer from constipation. However, if you answer all the questions, trying to paint yourself in a positive light, then the scale of lies will invalidate the test. The logic is simple: the intellectual majority drinks vodka and eats shit, which causes digestive problems. If you suddenly declare that you do not consume alcohol, then you either lie, or something is very wrong with you. Therefore, a honest person can never pass SMIL without lying - it is just impossible. Of course, I can not honestly answer that as a child I loved playing dolls, because this is a sign of mental illness, although in my childhood I even made dolls myself, stuffed them with cotton, and painted.

In addition to that SMIL, encephalograms, medical examinations, analyzes and clinical interviews with psychiatrists, there was the Rorschach test and the Sondi test, as well as the test to repeat 10 words, draw pictograms to concepts and to classify pictures. To my misfortune, I blurted that during job application I've seen these tests already, which the psychologist did not like and said that the tests in this case are unreliable, and therefore do not work in my favor. Alas, the psychologist now has considerable power, especially considering the legal practice, such as the trial of Vladimir Makarov, who was imprisoned only because the psychologist saw in the child's drawing of a fox the male sexual organ instead of a tail, treating it as evidence that the child is a victim of a pedophile.

After ten days of hospitalization, the psychiatric commission refused to re-diagnose me, giving the conclusion: "There is no way to confirm or deny the presence of a mental disorder due to the lack of information and conflicting information provided by the patient about himself." Yet the



psychologist diagnosed me with "brain dysfunction" or in plain english she said I that I'm a "retard". Likely reason for such hostility are my own words: during a group psychotherapy session I said that psychology is a pseudoscience, and people who come to a psychologist simply waste time and money in vain, in addition, "winding up" their psychological problems, because a psychologist is interested in regular customers; and therefore the depression is best treated with sports, an exciting hobby or just a visiting the movie theatre with friends for a merry comedy. I could not keep my mouth shut, and I doubt there was somebody who could have forced me to keep silence.

On the other hand, the result of my IQ test (giving 64) was confirmed, and in fact Russian psychiatrists too claimed that I have "the reduced intellectual and mental abilities". Yet, your mental retardation is not as important as the intelligence of those around you. If you are surrounded by idiots, then regardless of your IQ, your life will turn into a farce.

It is possible that they labeled me with "brain dysfunction" due to the fact that when I try to express my thoughts in the text, I often omit letter and put the words in the wrong form or order, and miss prepositions: "she do" (instead of "she does"), "running after trains" (instead of singular "train") or "things students", instead of "things of students". In oral speech I just stumble. Perhaps these stumblings occurred as a result of a my childbirth birth injury or the subsequent treatment with neuroleptics, but the psychiatrists rate it as a dyslexia, which is a symptom of mental retardation.

On the other hand, people constantly notice that I speak quickly, hysterically and indistinctly, yet quietly, while a real man should speak slowly, in a calm tone but sound tone, making pauses. I also fail in quick and active work, like in McDonald's, when one has to serve customers quickly one by one, or in sports, - I simply begin to panic and mess things up. So I can accomplish task only in a slow and calm environment.

And what does the IQ test measure? It is clear that IQ tests do not measure intelligence, simply because the term "intelligence" is not clearly defined even today. However, there are different IQ tests and Gauss distributions from those that passed them. These tests are designed by psychologists and psychiatrists on the basis of their own questionable considerations. I think the correct answer would be that the IQ test measures how well the subjects correspond to the imaginary mental standard of the test-designer, or rather, whether test subjects want to play this game and whether they understand the rules. Just that. The same Raven's Progressive Matrices can be parsed and solved by a computer program in a split second. Does this mean that a primitive program has a higher intelligence than its creator? Some argue that "intelligence is the ability to solve problems", but say haloperidol also solves problems, because haloperidol is so smart it finds approach to every problematic person.

Interesting to note that many schizophrenics, like the Unabomber, have a very high IQ. I.e. it turns out that they are superNORMAl in their delirium. On the other hand, many psychologists and psychiatrists study psychiatry under the influence of their own mental problems, and therefore the IQ tests they design show rather the degree of insanity of their test subjects. The most striking example is the MMPI test, where if you answer that you suffer from abdominal pain, then you will be diagnosed with "hypochondriasis schizophrenia" and will be prescribed antipsychotics, even if you really have a stomach ulcer. And from neuroleptics there your ulcer will turn into a perforative form, which entails death. Psychiatrists are not interested in your real problems: if you die in the course of treatment, it will be written off for natural causes.

By the way, passing the Sondi test (where you have to choose from the photos of psychopaths) gave me the following idiotic results:

*A passive-feminine type of person with a penchant for torturing relatives and loved ones.*

*Sadohumanism: Dualism. Sadomasochistic tendencies are weakened by the fact that erotic*

*tenderness is not lost. Kindness and gentleness, conscientiousness, high morality. Avelian trends. A sense of loneliness in connection with the severance of relations with a loved one. Severe neuroticism. Inferiority complex. Excessive feminization. Expansive-schizoid or paranoid manifestations. Complete duality in the sphere of contacts. Fidelity struggles with infidelity, excessive communication with closedness. Violation of concentration.*

I've also tried to expose the Russian psychiatric abuse at Western psychiatric forums, but everywhere I was quickly banned, justified usually as follows:

**NikitaSadkov:** *I came to the forum, hoping people here will help me to disseminate the information that psychiatry is just a pseudoscience, using made-up diagnoses to attack and isolate political enemies.*

**ninjastar:** *If that's what you're looking for, this isn't the right place for you. This is a place where people who are actually ill with schizophrenia can come to receive support in battling their disorder. Political discussion is not allowed on this site. I recommend trying a different website. You do not have the right to use your full name and personal information here, because it violates our guidelines.*

**Treebeard:** *You might have been a victim of political persecution by corrupt professionals, but that is not a common thing in most other places of the world. We will not allow you to spread this kind of misinformation. We have a community of people prone to delusions and paranoia, and allowing such messages to reach them here would be unethical. Both me and @ninjastar have been diagnosed with this illness and have been treated for it. We know what we're talking about. I think you need to find a different forum.*

- > You have been permanently banned from this board.
- > Please contact the Board Administrator for more information.
- > Reason given for ban: wrong venue for you, sorry
- > A ban has been issued on your username.

I asked the IPA (Independent Psychiatric Association of Russia) for help. Their answer was:

*We do not advise you to dispute the diagnosis - it is futile. You must agree that you have a mental disorder that needs treatment, and state in court that you are ready to regularly visit a psychiatrist and fulfill his requirements.*

In fact, IPA offered me to surrender to the Russian injustice, although for some reason they stood up for the real schizophrenic Mikhail Kosenko, who has beaten a policeman at a political rally. IPA also wrote "you certainly do not represent a danger, neither for yourself nor for other persons", and who will vouch for this? Government psychiatric examination recognized me as being dangerous. And IPA psychiatrist can't confirm diagnosis at a distance by email. Further, if I agree with the presence of a mental disorder that makes me dangerous, then I am indeed dangerous, because I agree with the fact that nothing prevents me from say committing a murder. Therefore I've to conclude, that IPA lied to me.

However, later I discovered that IPA receives funding from the Russian government, so their lies and harmful advice to surrender to the authorities of Russia are quite logical:

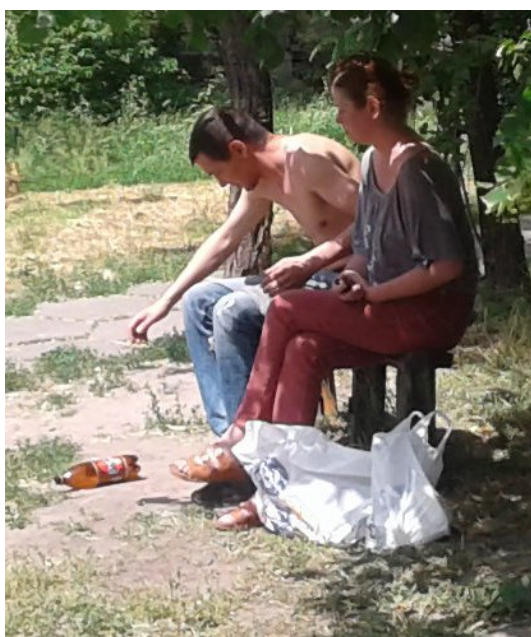
<http://npar.ru/ochednyye-seminary-po-pravovym-voprosam-dlya-psixiatrov/>

>IPA of Russia continues to work under a presidential grant (Order of the President of the Russian Federation of March 29, 2013 No. 115-ph)

Worse, the head of the NPAR, Yuri Savenko, [believes] ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Independent\\_Psychiatric\\_Association\\_of\\_Russia#IPA\\_attitude\\_to\\_homosexuality](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Independent_Psychiatric_Association_of_Russia#IPA_attitude_to_homosexuality)) that homosexuality is a mental disorder and [endorses] (<http://2005.novayagazeta.ru/nomer/2005/93n/n93n-s26.shtml>) forced sterilization of patients, still practiced in Russian psychiatric hospitals, stating that "preventive eugenics is justified. "

## ***Survival in Ukraine***

When I've just arrived in Ukraine and got temporary asylum seeker document (Dovidka) from Ukrainian Migration Service. I needed to have some paying work so I could provide for myself. Given that I visited Privatbank office, asking to open me a checking account. Privatbank employees told me that with my political refugee dovidka Privatbank will not open me an account, yet they mentioned that Privatbank does open accounts for normal Russian citizens, even if they love Putin and support annexation of Ukraine - the only requirement is to have Russian passport. Given that I had no way to find a job and earn any money legally. I argued that they basically force me into criminal activity and carding - using illegally obtained plastic cards. Yet heartless Privatbank employees were deaf to my cries, even more, they threatened me with their security department, that I will be arrested for illegal activity, Privatbank has forced me into. Pro-Putin clients in queue after me overheard my conversation with Privatbank employees and made some evil remarks about me. Such is the Ukrainian compassion I had less and less reasons to love Ukraine and Ukrainians.



***Kyiv couple has lost the elixir.***

entrance to the unemployment office, the cameras there, the staff constantly snooping around, they can call the cops, so I decided to stroll through the not so good neighborhoods of Kyiv. That led me to meet some wonderful people.

The first person I meet was of a schizoid type of bum of man with a broken head and gore on his bald scalp and hair. When asked if he had a desire to earn 7,000 hryvnias in two hours, the hobo looked at me as if I offered him to become a gay porn star, and he began assuring me that he has a pension of 1,300 hryvnias, relatives throw him up a few bucks and he earns himself enough money collecting bottles and cans.

I went further... a beggar's kind of granny on a bench, when presented with an offers to earn money and having heard the word "bank", screamed "I don't need your money! I'm afraid of money!!!". Another babushka crossed herself in Orthodox christian gesture and promised to report me to the police. Dedushka who sells some kind of briar at the metro has become prostrated at the words "checking account" and "debit card", I totally failed to explain the essence of these concepts to him. This oldman said that this was all for "important people, and he is a simple man," pointing to his rose hips and rotten apples.

Given that, the only way for me to use bank transactions was to employ an illegally obtained plastic card registered to another person. I had no experience in carding and searching for the so-called "drop" persons for opening cards, therefore I tried to find such dummy person at random. It was too dangerous to hang out at the



***Romantic lovers.***



On the other hand, babushkas and dedushkas have relatives who, on occasion, may beat me for trying to defraud their parents. A disabled person in a ragged sweatpants with crutches sitting on a bench in front of a commie-block, looked at me as if I'm a pedophile, said that he would not be able to walk to the bank and would not take a taxi, but he could call his friends and "they will open you an account for the rest of your life."



Dirty construction workers with cheap beer bottles expressed greater interest in easy money, but were still scared of scammers. In the end, I got violent diarrhea, grabbing me by my stomach, likely from a cheap cheburek I've eaten earlier, and I almost crapped myself in the middle of Kyiv, miraculously reaching the makeshift toilet behind the bushes. Having relieved myself, I was forced to conclude that Ukraine must be a rich country, since the Ukrainians do not need money so much that they do not know the word "bank".

***Another wonderful relaxing pair.***

Ukrainians to open me accounts, which I then used to do cashouts, before they got sober enough to close them.

In the end I was able to convince several



***Kyiv Bazaar***

During my visit to Privat bank, I've recorded a video, where they refused to open me a checking account. Since in the video I spoke English, it turned out that Privatbank employees do not understand English, as well as Ukrainian, preferring Russian to these languages. Privatbank employee women started shouting for me to stop filming, I pretended that I didn't understand them



"sorry I don't understand Russian. Please speak civilized language, like English." Their answer was pressing the alarm button and calling the security, which showed me a decorative badge with the inscription "POLICE", checked my documents, then gave up and left, while Privatbank consulting girls showed their professionalism, whispering evilly, making remarks and claiming that I had a bomb in my bag, and then these girls pounced on me, kicking and knocking the smartphone out of my hands (that is battery crime in America) - all under the ridicule of the guards, who, in theory, would have had the goal to protect the clients of their bank from violence, including from such employee girls. Having picked up the broken phone from the floor, I was forced to leave, without finding a common language with the Russian-speaking Ukrainians.

The worst part is that this Privatbank branch was near the main Kyiv's train station, with a lot of English speaking guests from Europe. Imagine some rich German businessman or immigrant coming to Privatbank (Ukrainian version of Wells Fargo) to open an account, then realizing that even Ukrainian bank employees don't understand English and demand you speaking Russian. What kind of integration with Europe they are talking about?

Having some time on my hands, I strolled around Kyiv, making photos. Kyiv is the city of the homeless bums, exploring garbage dumps for tin cans, drunkards laying along pavement, and a ton of badly done graffiti on every wall, usually advertising the phones or telegram channels of drug dealers. Kyiv is a romantic place, where even the used heroin syringes on the streets come in pairs.



*Used syringes along the Kyiv roadside.*

I have see all of Kyiv, but Borschagovka would be the most dangerous place:

babushkas there act as fence persons, selling stolen goods right in front of commie blocks. I.e. one goes to a supermarket, shoplifts some coffee, and gives it to a babushka to sell. Human trafficking is severe. Girls from province are promised work in Kyiv, then their documents and phone get taken away and they are locked up, forcing to serve the clients and the pimps themselves. Moscow style. Government officials know about it and get their share of profit and sex slaves.

Near Demeevska, along the way there were private houses, among them, next to a nice private house, which was rented by Americans, was a shack of some Russian muzhik who was sawing some crud in the yard.

I addressed him: what a beautiful mansion is in your neighborhood! Ukraine is surely a country of contrasts.

Muzhik: a fucking country of retards.

I: so you are not a patriot?

Muzhik: fagriot.

Filming this shack next to a mansion, I continued my walk. A pregnant woman was walking in front of me, talking on the phone loudly. The woman was indignant that her acquaintances recommended her to name her son by the Ukrainian name "Taras", instead of a Russian name. "Call yourself Taras" - was her answer; then she reasoned that in a country where the majority of the population is Russian, to call a child a non-Russian name is to create problems for him and make him an object of harassment.

The Internet explained to me the woman had in mind that the name "Taras" rhymes with "pidaras" (the Russian word for fagot), hence the boy with such name will be bullied by Russian speakers. I replied that being a pidaras is an occasion for a pride, because you are not like all this bydlo, and a good person will not bully on a base of your sexual orientation or name, and the insult of "pidaras" is used primarily by Russian children brought up in Russian culture, from which it is better to stay away.

My mother was dissatisfied with my poem about the Airborne Troops at my Facebook page:

*They have friends in Ukraine with whom they served together and perished. This is a brotherhood. And you're a complete idiot and you will never understand. I will not answer you again. You get yourself deportation back to Russia for all your filth.*

Note that I did not offend the mother in any way, the epithets "idiot," "moron," "cretin," and "fool" from the mother's lips are heard by most Russians since childhood, which I noticed is fundamentally different from how Jewish mothers raise their children. You can only dream about another mother and another homeland. However, even this mother understands that deportation to her beloved homeland is a punishment.

However, I did not limit my hatred for my homeland army to the airborne troops alone. For example I can notice that the great Russian marshal Georgy Zhukov was a showy cock with dog medals; And the surname of the dung-beetle Zhukov is speaking for itself ("Zhukov" means beetle-like in Russian). It remains only to laugh at the Russian idiots, choosing such insecure homo-commanders in tie up costumes, like that of Lady Gaga.

At the same time, let's say American Admiral Nimitz, who brought US the victory over Japan, looks extremely modest (only four stars speak of the title). It is clear that Nimitz on his photos thinks about the professional tasks, not about the badges or "what the supreme leader Stalin will think if I won't hang that medal". Of course, Nimitz had medals, but these were simply the signs recognizing his honorary membership in some the orders (he was in the British knightly order) and well-deserved awards for accomplishing the tasks. It is noteworthy that the American analogue of the Russian Hero's Star, "Medal of Honor", is not given to anyone like candies or "Ready for Labour and Defense of the USSR" badges, and Americans do not make fake heroes out of 14-year-old children died due to bombardment.



***Kyiv has a problem with timely garbage disposal.***

Being in Ukraine for several years, I never managed to find a job. Everywhere they either don't want to accept me without documents, or they say that they do not need such strange refugee employees who can be deported at any moment, or they don't like my personality. If not that, then after asking how I came to Ukraine and after finding about my views, they refuse me employment, in the style "we have people from the different sides in the team, and you will bring conflict, in addition, we prefer long-term cooperation and reliable employees." In general, Ukrainians are completely inadequate and biased, just like the Russians. If one dislikes Russians, then in Ukraine one will have the same problems at every step, and will feel open animosity from everyone around.

Ukrainians speak the purest Russian mat swearing without a shadow of an accent. From everywhere in Ukraine you hear the oh so familiar "cykablat pidor ebany". Ukrainians also know all the typical Russian wisdom idioms, like "better sailing the waves than hanging by the dick." Just like Russians, Ukrainians treat women like garbage. For example, the company of chronic drunks, whom I met, included a female drinking companions who were regularly beaten and insulted. And when I was sitting in the tram, a drunk male with alcoholic delirium began speaking to his imaginary wife, even though there was nobody in front of him, his intonation was in the vein of "you hear me, bitch," and he threatened "her" with severe physical violence. A nearby woman, frightened, moved to the other end of the tram.



*Overloaded Bogdan bus.*

Instead of normal European/American-style buses, Kyiv has these soviet looking Bogdan buses. Bogdans are already uncomfortable by design, and officially have the space for just 43 passengers, but in practice are always filled up to 70 passengers, due to some transportation monopoly trying to squeeze the last penny from each bus, with Ukrainian dolts silently agreeing to this treatment. It is very hard to exit from such a compressed bus, if you're caught in the middle, far from door.

Sometimes Bogdans even crash due to overload. There is always fighting and a lot of swearing going in Bogdan buses (or portative gas chambers, as one Ukrainian put it). Obviously, there is no heating in Bogdan buses, and you don't need heating when so many bodies are compressed into a single square meter. Luckily there are huge holes in the Bogdan's hull, so absence ventilation is not a problem. Bogdan bus is like that circus car with the infinity of clowns inside of it - an exercise in non-euclidean geometry.

Once I had to use a Bogdan bus for transportation. I sat near the driver, right next to a 7 years old boy. In these Bogdan buses they don't pronounce the stop titles and you have to explicitly ask driver (who doesn't understand English) to stop, where you need, so I have been looking into Google Maps all the time to avoid missing my destination. People were asking me to pass fare, I passed from those who spoke in Ukrainian "будь ласка", ignoring those who spoke Russian "пожалуйста". One man got annoyed that I ignored him and began to verbally assault me that I should give my sit to a person who will pass the fare payment (i.e. to him), despite that the little kid did passed his fare payment instead of me. Well, I had to give the place to that nasty pedophile looking old man, who apparently wanted to tickle that boy. Now standing I kept using my phone instead of holding the handrail, while Bogdan bus drivers accelerate and decelerate very rapidly, so I heavily bumped into other passengers, they swore a lot, with one woman falling to her knees, when I lost my balance and got flying into her. Well, when you can't say a single good word and force people into positions where they will do harm, you have to enjoy the harm. Like when in Privatbank they refused to open me a checking account and forced me into the carding crime with



illegally obtained plastic cards.

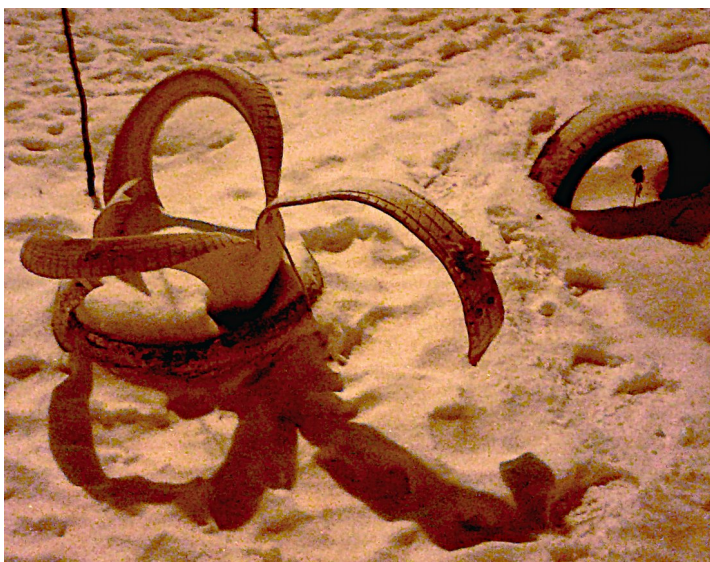
Some people have this habit to shoplift minor things, like candies. Well, don't do this in Kyiv. Just don't. They won't call police. You won't get fined. They won't even search your bag to make sure you have actually stuffed the stolen goods in there. I have personally witnessed the fate of one shoplifter. Guards caught him when he was already out of the grocery, and decided to give him a proper lesson. Right on the street. Believe me he himself called police for help, while they gang-beaten him. And there was a police station over the road. There was even a lazy policeman watching the beating, yet without any interruption. That incident happened between Dimeevska and Goloseevska.

So yeah, don't shoplift in Ukraine. They don't get such jokes, they won't tell you to pay for stolen stuff. They just give you a free lesson. Also, keep any proofs of purchase until you are far away from the shop. I had incidents where they stopped me 100 meters from grocery to make sure I have proper cashier desk check. If you call bullshit on them during such moment, they will begin beating. So don't get into dispute with Ukrainians, unless you have spare teeth, liver and kidneys, and don't threaten to call police, for the same reason, and unless you have a lot of money to spend on bribes.

A few people pointed that it is wrong of me to hate Russians, while having a Russian name. Indeed I hated my Russian given name with passion. Russian names are ugly, meaningless and depressive. Because let's face it, if your given name is "Shit", then the shit you will be. For example, I was named after some useless Orthodox Christian saint. Unfortunately there was no way I could change my Russian name, so I had to carry it like Jesus carried his cross. And still I would have loved to take a good sounding western name, but there were so many good I could not pick any single. Then I would also had to get rid of my Russian surname somehow.



*Chernobyl memorial.*



*This "swan" is typical Kyiv art from used tires.*

Returning from dreams to reality, I had another bad experience in Ukraine: two drinking companions sat down at different ends of the tram's cabin and shouted talking to each other. Of course in Russian. One of them addressed me with the question "hey muzhik, where is the Pokrovsky monastery?", which by the way was in a completely different direction. I pretended that I did not hear, but the drunkard took silence as an insult and began to harass me using the heavy swearing Russian words, "listen here, I'm talking to you, pridurok..." To which I replied "Sorry. I don't understand Ukrainian. I'm from Russia," but my English made the alcoholic even more angry, and he turned to the threats of physical violence. Fortunately, some woman saved me by explaining using the language chronic drunks usually understand. She told them that they were on the wrong tram.

In general, I always replied in English to any request in Russian: that saved me a lot of time and effort, but unfortunately such tactics doesn't always work with drunk and aggressive Russian males. Russian females also often throw some taunts in response, but they limit themselves to verbal abuse. Still it is satisfying when they tell you "пожалуйста передайте за проезд", and you

answer "Sorry. I don't speak Russian. I'm from Russia." The joy of public transportation!

After experiencing the Russian public transportation for a year, you will start reflecting about it. In the end it is increasingly easy to go postal. Especially when you understand that you have the whole life of such humiliating torture ahead of you. You just won be able to throw out these hateful thoughts out your head and stop wanting to kill these nasty crying children and pushy rude women. This annoyance and the desire to explode will grow in you with time, and you will have nowhere to escape, because you still need to use that bus to get to the work. Good thing I could limit my exposure to the public transport, and try to call a taxi when possible, but still it is far more dangerous to allow the psychopathic introverts to ride say a tram or a bus, than driving personal a car or a bike. Easily annoyed people should be spared from the slimy company of the sick post-Soviet degenerates.

One can find a thousand of reasons to murder somebody in Russia, but it is very hard to find a single reason to let them live. The concentration of toxic scum per square meter is just too high in Russia. Especially in public transport.

Yet despite so many people packed inside the Bogdan bus, I felt totally alone. One day disembarking from such a bus I was pushed by some hurrying gopnik and broke my leg. The pain was excruciating and I took an uber taxi to reach the hospital.

Unfortunately the emergency room was on the 3rd floor, so I had to jump up the stairs on a single leg. The doctor there plastered my leg and told me to sit home for two months. Basically I had to lie in bed and use a food delivery service, and thankfully I already had a bum registered bank card by that time. That was the most scary experience I had in Ukraine, and I was completely alone with no one to help. But it could have gone much worse, had the landowner suddenly decided to evict me during the time I was unable to walk.



***The so called boyarka (aka nastoika glodu) is a very popular Russian-Ukrainian infusion.***



## ***Brothel is Not a Sanctuary***

On July 10, Ukraine denied me political asylum, despite the full set of documents proving that Russians were persecuting me for my views - my posts on the Internet. Obviously, the decline cause was my Russophobia, which turns me into a danger to the Ukraine's security, because Ukraine serves as a home to many self-identified Russians. In addition, one employee of the migration service directly reproached me, saying believed that my deeds are appalling, especially that desecration of the military glory monuments in Russia. They said that there was nothing good in my other anti-Russian antics. I certainly did not expect that Ukrainians would honor the memorial to the dirty Russian soldiers - the Communists, the occupiers, the rapists and the marauders. Such are these "Ukrainians fascists", who love Russians and worship the Soviet monuments in Moscow.

People on the Internet drew attention to the fact that under my asylum denial there are Russian names. Of course, it is idiotic to ask Russian Ukrainians to provide me protection from other Russians. Therefore, the refusal is not really surprising. My mother told me to go back to Russia and repent before the Russians, to which I replied that I do not repent before the pigdogs. Angry on the Internet Russians wrote in the spirit of "traitors are hated by everyone":

*Because no one needs unnecessary russophobes and other traveling nazis. It's such a shit that it's best to return it to the sender. Really. I understand, if a person has fled from the country due to being persecuted for religion or sexual orientation. But there we have a man who hates his country, INTENTIONALLY HARMS his Motherland and escapes to another country to continue hating his people there.*

**-- the opinion of a typical Russian  
about the prospects for my deportation**

I'm not the only refugee who was denied asylum. At the migration service met a guy who came to Maidan to support the European choice of Ukrainians, and now does not want to return to totalitarian Russia. Migration officials told him to go home, that nothing threatens him. Ukrainians denied asylum even to a significant human rights activist and publicist Pavel Shekhtman, persecuted by Russia for "hate speech" after a Facebook post, in which Shekhtman criticized engaged Russian journalists, who covered the events in Ukraine one-sidedly. Have to note, that Shekhtman himself was very patriotic about Russia, and demanded Ukraine to extradite me back to Russia, since I hate Russians.

Bakhadyr Namazov, an Uzbek human rights activist, who lived in the hostel next to me, was also refused his asylum application, despite the fact that he has all the documents proving the need for the asylum. If Bakhadyr returns to Uzbekistan, where human rights activists are brewed alive in boiling water, Bakhadyr will likely lose his life. However, just like Shekhtman, Bakhadyr had a negative opinion regarding me, calling me "Anika Warrior", for I am a traitor to my people and I wish only evil to the Russians. Bakhadyr didn't understand how one can hate his nation. Yet In never considered Russians to be my people.

Even more sad is the story of the anti-corruption activist Vladimir Yegorov, who had a house burned in Russia and subjected to criminal prosecution. The authorities of Ukraine simply took Yegorov to the border, handing him over to the FSB, in violation of the Ukrainian laws and international norms, despite the fact that Yegorov was in the process of obtaining an asylum, having immunity to such extradition.

At the court hearing on the reason for denying me refuge, it turned out that the Ukrainian side, in its explanation without any independent from Russia diagnosis, recognizes the correctness of the Russian psychiatric examination that branded me as a schizophrenic. Therefore, in the opinion of

Ukraine, I am a dangerous madman, who is being prosecuted rightfully. In other words, the Ukrainian migration service justifies its decision by the documents drawn up by the party that pursues me (Russia). In spite of the conclusions of independent Ukrainian experts proving the absence of symptoms of mental illness. Thus, the "independent" Ukraine puts Russian legislation above its own. It is also interesting to ask the Ukrainian officials "Who has the right to Crimea?", Because the documents on the Crimean Annexation Referendum also have these seals with the Russian double-headed mutant eagle, just like my Russian psychiatric diagnosis.

It is worth noting that Ukrainians, employees of the State Migration Service who are not certified psychiatrists, do not hesitate to quote the text of ICD-10 in Russian language, although there are Ukrainian and English versions. Why did the official representatives of Ukraine give priority to the Russian source, and even climbed into the area beyond their competence? Why did not the Ukrainians remember the article of the UN Convention on Refugees, according to which persons undergoing psychiatric persecution in their homeland also need asylum?

In addition, the migration service referred to the children's diagnosis issued to me at the age of eight years with USSR seals on the forms from All-Soviet Mental Health Research Center (VNCPZ). If Ukraine recognizes the diagnoses produced in the USSR, then Ukraine is still part of the USSR, the legal successor of which is Russia. My belief in a new independent Ukraine seemed to be a psychotic delusion, but this response of the Ukrainian authorities brought me back to reality and launched a remission, letting me understand that Ukraine, being independent of Russia, was the fruit of my sick imagination, and then I understood that there is no Ukraine as a country at all, that in fact, there is the territory of the USSR - part of the USSR or its legal successor - Russia.

Common Ukrainians and other refugees from Russia too supported my deportation. For example, one Russian refugee with an imperialist midset wrote:

*And I want that people like you to stop existing. From the word "absolutely". It looks like your disease is progressing. Get out of here, for you will be beaten here soon too. There is such a strange type of people being beaten everywhere. Have not thought-why?)) You are a dull shit and schizophrenic. What are you waiting for? Applause? Done with you! Deportation! We have enough shit without you!*

-- <https://www.facebook.com/elena.diadechko>

This Elena most of all was outraged by my oath to turn my anger onto the Russian children in case of deportation, so she "logically" wished me this deportation to Russia, even if I'm not Russian and my ancestors came from Ukraine and Belarus. I told her that to kill a Russian child is much more humane than leaving him to suffer in Russia, and if you think otherwise, then you are a cruel sadist, who wants to condemn a person to the torture in the Russian hell for life. For example, in Russia transgender children can't choice their gender and don't have access to puberty blockers, provided in civilized countries, so transgirls acquire avoidable male features they don't want to have. Moreover, Russian children carry slave genes, and therefore cannot give Humanity anything good, beside wasting the scarce resources and growing up to be Putins and Stalins. Therefore giving birth to children in Russia is a crime. Just like Chinese and Africans giving birth in their overpopulated hellholes commit serious crime, which should ideally have severe punishment, because overpopulaion endangers the sole existence of humanity. Child birth should be planned in accordance with the demand for the new human beings, dictated by the current and future states of the economy.

Later I learned that a problem not dissimilar to mine happens to the White South African people, especially the ones of the Boer ancestry, who get deported from Britain and Netherlands. These Whites are being told that their hatred for Africa and Africans is "racist", and therefore they should return back to South Africa or some Zimbabwe, and start loving niggers. Exemplary is the case of

Damian Truter, who was born in South Africa, yet grown up in Britain. Now The Home Office of UK will deport him, because in their view he has "an ability to adapt to life in a new country." Given that, the only way Damian can show he has no such ability, is by starting to kill Africans, after he gets deported to Africa. Or at the very least Damian could desecrate African graves and do other cynical provocation, which would help inciting the persecution and the massacres of Whites in SA. Then Damian could flee and apply in Britain as a refugee, who has legit fear for his life, since there is now the war to the extinction in SA between Whites and Blacks. It seems, there is no other way for a White racist to demonstrate that he/she really hates Africa and doesn't see it as a home.

In the opinion of Russian patriots, I got "kicked out of a brothel for being a whore." Then again, the Moscow Patriarchate church operates freely in Ukraine, Ukrainian athletes take photos of themselves kissing with Russian athletes, while Ukrainian figure skaters use Ukrainian funding to "train" in Russia and publicly admit their love for my ugly Motherland. And on Khreshchatyk near Maidan (vul. Khreschatyk 34, ul. Horyva 31 A, Kyiv, 04080; Phone: 097 801 7788) works a department of the well known from my childhood Vyacheslav Bronnikov "MKC Key of Sophia (Bronnikov Method)", deceiving Ukrainian citizens and supporting in their leaflets the annexation of Ukrainian territory by Russia.

## Opposition to What?

*I hate all of you, I hate this country. Now would have gone into opposition. I'm new to Navalny, as I understand, he is the leader. In the absence of another, I would go with him with pleasure.*

*-- Alexander Pichushkin, serial killer*

When I had just arrived in Ukraine, it turned out that I have "friends" in Ukraine in the face of a certain Julia Arkhipova (<https://www.facebook.com/arkhipova.j>) from Emigrussia, seeking my extradition to Russia, for her heart bleeds when somebody burns the aquafresh colored rag.

*Because of such wonderful people there are superfluous questions to people, who were engaged in some real useful activity in Russia and were forced to flee. Right to Protection now has an entry for 2 weeks forward, in the Migration Service has a hell with the number of applicants due to the fact that they are now responsible for the whole Kyiv region. Resources are limited and I would prefer promote that they are spent on those who really deserve them. I have evidence, and will provide it to UNHCR, to Right to Protection, I'm quite ready.*

*-- Julia Arkhipova, employee of Emigrussia, explains how she will "help" me,*

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/663007117080708/permalink/1435918569789555/>

Before materializing in Ukraine, this Arkhipova worked as a metroinstructor in the Navalny Team. It touched me how these anti-Putin dissenters, like the Navalny fanbase, go in line with the flags of the Russian Empire, like under an exemplary Putin's political instructor. Real opposition would have promoted their own flag, in the manner of the US flag, where each republic has its own strip or a star, emphasizing their independence.

Numerous facts testify that Navalny is just a puppet of the Kremlin acting on the principle "if you can not defeat the opposition - lead it". The task of Navalny is to "release steam": sabotage protests, dissipating them, or at least to guarantee a controlled transition of power, which will suit everyone important. Navalny does not promise any mind-blowing changes if he comes to power. In fact, Navalny even considers Crimea to be Russian territory.

Then for some reason, Navalny is very concerned about the corrupt officials who withdraw capital from Russia and arrange their children in the West. Although it is precisely such corrupt officials-parasites who are the Russia's primary enemies, because the more they take bribes and steal from the budget, investing in the West, the faster Russia will collapse, and civilized countries will come in its place. Navalny wants to block this flow, up to the introduction of exit visas for bachelors who decided to build a career in the West, having received education in the Russian Federation.

Finally, Navalny's father was a KGB officer. The rest of the FBK managers are similarly tied to the security services, from the managerial top to the field coordinators. Navalny comes from the Kremlin's crowd of bastards like his friend Zakhar Prilepin. Navalny's wife is also from a KGB family. FBK director, Ivan Zhdanov is a son of a GRU colonel. Here Russians usually insist that the real patriots in FSB and GRU are against Putin, who does everything to destroy Russia, so it should be no surprise they will be opposing Putinism, and see Navalny as a chance of transition to a more patriotic government. But why do we need their evil Russia at all in any shape or form?

Navalny has graduated from the RUDN University, the place where the USSR and Russia train spies like the infamous Patrice Lumumba. Random people from the streets are not accepted there without good recommendations. Kremlin dependent media, like Echo of Moscow, and the clowns, like Zolotov promote Navalny as the alternative to Putin, while in case of legit opposition such

media usually keeps complete silence to avoid attracting any attention.

Other than cooperation with Kremlin, it is difficult to explain how Navalny still haven't "hanged himself" in jail already, while real oppositionists, like Nemtsov, Udaltsov and Martsinkevich, were all killed and/or imprisoned for much less.

However, Navalny lunatics are not alone. Less major "anti-Putin" opposition leaders too express deep nationalist sentiments. One good example would be Khodorkovsky, who explicitly scolded the people wanting to sabotage and destroy Mother Russia:

*"The worse - the better. The better - the worse. "All that unites - all for the benefit of the regime. Down with the common festivities..." - whatever the adherents of such a position do think about themselves, they objectively lead to the destruction of the Russian nation and the possibility of creating proper civic Russian state.*

*-- Mikhail Khodorkovsky,  
about Russophobes in the context of FIFA 2018  
<https://newtimes.ru/articles/detail/167942>*

I have indeed applied to Emigrussia for help, in a private form, before holding an action of burning the flag of Russia, on the question of whether I will be granted asylum in Ukraine in this context. They said "no." But I burned the flag anyway to express my opinion. Now this Yulia Arkhipova, ignoring the elementary ethics, published the details of personal correspondence and promised to obtain my extradition to Russia. In her blog, Arkhipova criticizes Ukraine and attacks Ukrainian human rights activists, condemning the picketing of the Russian embassy, and pointing out how Ukrainians should behave themselves. To the indignation of another refugee from Russia, Misha Agafonov, "Oh, here you are teaching Ukrainians about human rights and activism!", Arkhipova answered in Russian simply, "Misha, I can teach you how to go fuck yourself if you do not know already."

*I am ready to deal with political prisoners in the context of Europe, but in Ukraine - thank you, no more. I'm sure there are less toxic spheres for human rights activities.*

*- Julia Arkhipova,  
indignant that the Ukrainians are careful not to cooperate with her  
<https://www.facebook.com/arkhipova.j/posts/1683361101771443>*

However, I am guilty myself, because other refugees warned that it is better to stay away from Emigrussia, which is a branch of the House of Free Russia, that exists on Kremlin money, and is engaged in provocations (for example, the posed wearing German Nazis uniform, as if on behalf of Ukrainians). House of Free Russia arrogantly speaks on behalf of all Russian emigrants, and also participates in the legitimization of false elections in Russia, urging emigrants to vote. Moreover, signatures were collected in the petition to the Ukrainian authorities for the closure of the Emigrussia and the House of Free Russia, whose activists declare that Ukraine is their Russian land, but the Crimean Tatars are, in the opinion of the House of Free Russia, a "horde" and "Ottoman vassals". This greatly offended the Tatar people, and the leader of the Crimean Tatars, Aider Muzhdabaev, also called for the closure of the House of Free Russia, which in fact is an open agent of the FSB. <https://15minut.org/articles/171829-aktivist-iz-doma-svobodnoj-rossii-v-Kyive-obvinil-krymskih-tatar-v-ekstremizme>

On account of me, one of the Russian oppositionists uttered the following:

Your political views are secondary. They were formed as a result of your negative experience. A negative experience is obtained because you are a degenerate and an unpleasant person who repels and disposes of himself not only normal people but also russian patriotic bydlo, who formed your views on life and on Russia. Whatever you're doing, breeding rabbits, fishing or installing lighting equipment - the attitude towards you would remain the same.



The other oppositionist directly wanted my deportation and punishment:

*you, fuck, should already be in prison or in madhouse, less stink will be.*

In reply to my protest about human rights violations, the oppositionists answered without hesitation:

*human rights?  
but you sadkov are not a human being for the fucking of it  
any hamster, hedgehog, yes a rat is more human than you  
so no rights for you fucking bug - just death*

In Facebook they too wrote without unnecessary reasoning:

*I'm sorry, but he needs not a political refuge, but  
a serious psychiatric help, I think.  
A person is traumatized to inadequacy and does not understand it himself.  
-- Inga Igrikova, about the sketch of this manuscript*

Concerning my political ideas, the opinion of anti-Putin opposition could be reduced to:

*Your position seems to be an ugly curved mirror reflecting  
the same hatred that is filled with the people you are fighting  
(or you think that you are fighting).  
Hate kills the soul of the hater ...  
-- Arthur Kalmeyer, <https://art-of-arts.livejournal.com/880955.html>*

*I would like to get rid of such publications.  
Mr. Sadkov's bold proposals,  
like the legalization of child porn, etc. IMHO not everyone here is  
interested in it. This is very mildly speaking.  
I do not consider "moral court" a normal human disgust for the character  
who writes all kinds of shit.  
-- Sergei Sagalovich, on freedom of speech*

At another site, lj.rossia.org, which is advertised to have the most radically thinking opposition multiplied by free speech, they had the same blind negativity towards me:

*This is all - "the Russians must suffer,"  
"russian bydlo must suffer" and other spam,  
which is poured into my comments - this  
in principle, the official Putin's ideology,  
organized by the ruling criminal group,  
and in particular FSB. I do easily forgive it  
to my good Ukrainian friends, who suffered  
from provocateurs, from intimidated persecution,  
but otherwise I won't tolerate this shit here  
Either you are a FSB provocateur, or you are,  
again, a stupid shit, suffering from a defect  
imagination; only your brothers in mind can  
talk to you, who putting cotton wool in their noses.  
Nobody fucking cares why and whom you hate.  
Out of courtesy in response I would have wished you  
the painful suffering you wish for other, but  
the idea of choosing the future for you, even  
wearing disposable gloves, causes disgust.  
Go kiss Your Holy Boots, in Moscow  
The Kremlin is full by your like-minded people.  
But here you have nothing to catch.  
-- Julia Friedman 'aculeata',*

commented on my hate of the Russians  
and wished me deportation to Russia  
<https://lj.rossia.org/users/aculeata/1386724.html>

Her husband, Mikhail Verbitsky, part-owner of the site, was dissatisfied that during my stay in the psychiatric hospital, I reported to the nurses on other patients, and also informed police about the carders who robbed US citizens:

*just go fuck yourself  
fucking snitch  
-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/tiphareth/2115257.html?thread=110942137>*

Also on lj.rossia.org, another dissenter, with a madfrequency nickname, supporting Navalny and boycotting the election of President Putin, wrote to me:

*just already die nikita  
Do not whine about your fate here - it's not interesting to anyone.  
all that is happening to you now is your fault personally, schizo  
you should've been sent to prison after you burned that hamster,  
fucktard.  
go die already, nutcase*

And to my observation that Ukraine is not a Russian business, madfrequency replied:

*As for "Russian" and similar statements in my address - it's a ban immediately, you are schizophrenic bastard. I should also ban everyone who added you to friend list because it is a sign - adding as a friend such a schmuck. And I'm not going to keep silent - it's not only their internal Ukrainian business, if they consider themselves civilized, and not closeminded national fuckwits. The one who, having a Ukrainian passport, believes that those who don't should not state their position on what is happening in Ukraine, must fucking fuck off. Quickly!*

He was supported by the Russian-speaking "Ukrainian" lady double\_agent, hinting that I would be helped in a psychiatric ward, and when asked if she really was Ukrainian and why she attacked me - a person loyal to Ukraine, she answered that she was not sure of my loyalty to Ukraine, continuing:

*Sadov, go already fuck yourself. With your cruelty, you would make a good cop. And my nationality is generally Spanish*

*I do not know from what, but the concentration of the fuck ups goes up... Just Sadkov shows a lot, I do not know where he was before, but he was not there and he appeared after the Crimean Annexation.*

*-- **double\_agent** believes that if a person does not like Russians, then he is "fucked up"*

However, judging by her diary, where [her typical post] ([https://lj.rossia.org/users/double\\_agent/456301.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/double_agent/456301.html)) begins with the words "again we drink absinthe", in Spain double\_agent was engaged in alcotourism, as befits the real Russian person. Apparently I'm still a traitor to Russian culture, for Absinthe is the last thing I thought of filling my leisure with had I been in Spain, where I could visit La Sagrada Familia for example, or just go to the sea. In [her next post] ([https://lj.rossia.org/users/double\\_agent/455871.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/double_agent/455871.html)) double\_agent called the Europeans "swine".

A year later, the drunken double\_agent [made a debauch in Europe] ([https://lj.rossia.org/users/double\\_agent/492495.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/double_agent/492495.html)), reporting on her victories over the Europeans:

*Drinking like a Pig. Long time since I had not kicked it like that, maybe almost 10 years .. I was drinking up. 2 more nights, I am somewhere delirious in the village home. Glasses safely removed, not too know where I am. I went out, turned on the song. For the pilots, Quin. I want to break free ... Already almost 2:00, I decided that if there will be more Quinn, I was leaving. And left. I came out - there is such a bitch beautiful garden. And I got under it and decided to vomit because they have a garden and they evict me from an apartment. And specially came up and 2 fingers in my mouth. If you see already dripping saliva is transparent and beautiful - push on further. In short, I came showered the garden flowers in vomit and I felt a little better. Then another 5 or 4 times vomited under different gardens. The remote thing is this bulimia - at first, the play then you still OK, and the other way around. Bitch fucking hate. I went to the house. I am almost OK and in general. Yes, in general, oh. Thanks to the auto-corrector, I hope you understand something, but not so, and dick with it*

The anti-Putin oppositionists did not hesitate to use my physical appearance and mental disorders as an argument against me:

*An annoying young man writing under the nickname sadkov, as always, is kicked out from everywhere. And the reason here is completely not in some kind of his "oppositionary" attitude. He is not an oppositionary at all. It's just that he constantly needs to be driven from somewhere by a filthy broom, he needs to constantly confirm to himself his bad life scenario. As they say, a difficult childhood, lack of vitamins. This is not treated.*

-- Dmitry Belomestnov

[https://lj.rossia.org/users/anti\\_myth/2784616.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/anti_myth/2784616.html)

*Yes, morality. There is such a concept. You're a freak. Russia has every right to demand your extradition.*

-- Paul Sekhtman, Russian publicist

*I knew several gay men, both at work and just, but, here they would rather fuck an ugly girls than you. Mizulina should award you with some anti-gay medal. Because with such terrible gays anyone will become straight!*

-- blu4sezon

<https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/129498.html?thread=4879066>

*Seeing such a fag naked, any gay will become straight. Oh, I just guessed that he was not sitting in Russia. The guys did not want to fuck him and shied away. I thought, probably, that the Ukrainian gays would still fuck him. And it turned out, that even Donbass Orcs disdained.*

-- blu4sezon

<https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/129498.html?thread=4879834#t4879834>

*It seems to me that Sadkov has a very strong guardian angel. Otherwise, how to explain that a person who does everything in order to end up in prison or go to a mental hospital is still at large? It's scary to watch him destroy his own life.*

-- moyagospoja

<https://lj.rossia.org/users/moyagospoja/141375.htm>

Then blu4sezon turned to threats to kill me, after I noticed that he was using sockpuppet accounts for pro-Russian propaganda:

*And yes, the bots that I will set on you will not be here in the LJR, but in Kiev - boots put on the feet of the right-wing guys, and from these boots you will be really bad.*

-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/samozvanec/1071387.html?thread=1166363#t1166363>

Other dissidents hiding in Ukraine reacted with surprising negativity to my Russophobia and the dream about leaving Russia to never return again, although they themselves were persecuted under Article 282, as for example blogger Anton Myrzin, who wrote:

It turns out that you prefer for others to fix the country for you, but at the same time you call yourself "Russophobe". Strange position. I'm for example not a russophobe, although they try to record me in as one.

-- Anton Myrzin, in personal correspondence

Here it is necessary to separate people and power, even if people, support the power and the majority - those who are against this power both inside Russia and beyond its borders - in theory they are your allies, but you too, it turns out, fucking annoyed them. You have yourself to blame. I still understand that there is such a phenomenon as political radicalism, but in your actions there is no politics, rather - a diagnosis.

-- Anton Myrzin, about my relationship with Emigrussia and Russians

Similarly to madfrequency, Anton Myrzin defended his right to tell Ukrainians what to do and what language to speak. To my indignant objection that it is not our Russian business to climb into the affairs of Ukraine, Myrzin began furiously swearing:

I have not been deprived of the word's right, incl. the right to give assessment of the political events taking place here. The Ukrainian government is corrupt, in its essence. And this is not a secret to anybody. Here, at least, it is necessary to separate the country and the government. It's not your dog business to tell me what talk and what to keep quiet about. Try reading me my rights, you fucktard.

-- Anton Myrzin, speaks for Ukrainians about their government

The Ukrainian context, among others, is shaped by me. Like it or not. And I do it without asking, because I myself decide what is right and what is not. And I'm sending fucking advisers to fuck themselves no matter what is their side.

-- Anton Myrzin, saying "fuck yourself" to Ukrainians

However, Myrzin's opinion was not authoritative for me, for Myrzin is a Russian nationalist, involved with the far-right circles. Previously Myrzin adorned his blog with swastikas and mentioned Hitler in a rather positive light. At the same time, Myrzin [reported to FSB] (<https://lj.rossia.org/users/shitter/17752.html>) on his neo-nazi friends, due to [working] (<https://lj.rossia.org/users/shitter/3790.html>) as a paid informant for that service. In the context of Russia's war with Ukraine, Myrzin edited several Stalinist and Nazi era posters, adding slogans mocking the Russian invasion into Ukraine, for which he was charged with crime under article 282 of Russian crime code.

In 2014, Myrzin prophesied that the Putin regime would fall at the latest in 2017, but in 2018 the new election of Putin were prepared without any excesses. For 11 years of his career, Myrzin perfectly mastered the artistic style of a child from the deviantart.com, hammering out the compositionally inarticulate flat collages from the stolen stock art, flavored with gradients, eye hurting palette and the reluctance to research the depicted object. Often posters of Myrzin include elements of neo-Nazism, homophobia and sexism.

As the true artist, Myrzin supports the Pirate Party that advocates the legalization of theft of intellectual property. So actively in fact, he got his youtube account blocked due to the theft of other people's videos. At the time of writing the story, Myrzin was not shy about shoveling Ukraine into the shit and ridiculing Ukraine's attempts to distance itself from Russia, like getting rid of the Russian Orthodox Church. So are the Russian anti-Putin activists.

It is obvious they won't give you asylum in Ukraine. Likely, they'll tell you to fuck off. And not even the state, but ordinary citizens. Well, if you completely cling with your horns, you'll get them broken off and put in a madhouse, at best. At worst, you will be buried. I think this is the most real thing that generally shines for you in Ukraine. And all because you are the very Russian bydlo, and completely and tightly fucked up. You have a talent of getting yourself into meaningless troubles. You're already fucked, you've already been "done." And worse than you are now you are unlikely to be already. And I do not want to get my hands dirty.

-- Anton Myrzin, about my prospects in Ukraine  
<https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/35220.html>

Myrzin's sidekick, blu4sezon, gave a call:

*I am ready to send \$20 to the one who beats the face of Sadkov into a bloody pulp, and uploads a video of that at youtube, throwing the link here, the money will arrive in a few days onto your WMZ purse.*

Another Russian nationalist, kambodja, wrote:

I've feeling that someone Sadkov is a FSB project. I.e write "Russians - nonhumans," "kill Russians," "Putin's a fuck" - and then begin to carry such a heinous shit that anyone per milligram a decent person will stay hundred-kilometer away from this hydrofagot. Fuck, well. Sadkov is just a man-toilet. Neither a protest nor anger, nor the desire to argue. Just lice. It seems to me that if no one loves you, and everywhere they beat and ban you, then you yourself are always to blame. "Doctor, it hurts me here, and here. - Yes, your finger is broken." this scum, in his own words, "wrote a denunciation." he also suggests killing children, killing people based on their nationality, and not just suggest, but does: he is killing animals. his place is next to the stomachin. in prison for life. stomachin, however, could be already released. He doesn't advocate to kill the Russians anymore, realized: prison - it helps. but the stomachin, in the words of Novodvorskaya, a conscientious boy, stricken with injustice, and broken. he never hurt animals. and sadkov - it is psychopathic scum. genetic degenerate, no different from his parents, read his own shitposts about about his family. I hope, soon he will be deporterd to the Russian Federation. I do not really understand, Misha, why, some complexes? Why do not you ban this attention whore? It is obvious that this mentally fucked creature just loves attention. Why should we pay attention to him? Ban him and be done with it. Fuck this democracy and pluralism. Bastard and idiots must be banned.

-- kambodja, <https://lj.rossia.org/users/kambodja/100813.html>  
-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/kambodja/101232.html>

The programmer and punk-anarchist hex\_laden wrote:

Fuck off already from Kyiv (in fact, I have helped a little in this matter already). You make me vomit. Fat guy is not a man, I hope, in the Russian Madhouse you will lose weight, they feed there so-so.

-- regarding my woman sized tits

<https://lj.rossia.org/users/aiveforever/2195957.html?thread=8215541#t8215541>

The user, instant\_karma, who considers himself rather an anarchist, was dissatisfied with the hamster I burned and wrote about me:

User with the avatar of the cat again fucked up to the mice... From where, and most importantly - WHY for some people in character this Talmudic-Kabbalistic meticulous meticulousness and pettiness?

-- [https://lj.rossia.org/users/instant\\_karma/76434.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/instant_karma/76434.html)



He was supported by kaledin, the administrator of the site [lj.rossia.org](http://lj.rossia.org), calling me crazy:

The answer to all these questions is contained in the textbook on forensic psychiatry.

A follower of Putin with the nickname [a\\_n\\_d\\_r\\_u\\_s\\_h\\_a](http://lj.rossia.org/users/a_n_d_r_u_s_h_a) wrote:

Judging by your posts, you are either an ideological extremist, or just insane.

Both do not get the right of asylum in any country in the world.

You must either go to jail or be treated in a psychiatric ward.

-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/177110.html>

thread=6767062#t6767062

The old lady Shapoklyak messed with people and insulted people because she was bored and had no friends. Well and shed had senile marasmus.

But why Sadkov is such a nasty dirty geezer?

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder? Nomally, it goes away at 14.

It turns out Sadkov has senile marasmus. At this age!

-- [https://lj.rossia.org/users/a\\_n\\_d\\_r\\_u\\_s\\_h\\_a/3652785.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/a_n_d_r_u_s_h_a/3652785.html)

Think about it - why do the fucks like you deserve life? What did you do?

Killed a hamster and peed around the KGB corner and now it's your pride?

What did you do good? Crapped and snitched at good friends and now boast

of it? Wrote an unnecessary video game in which only you play?

Such people, always aching and demanding attention, people like you are

unreliable, useless, mean - they are worthy of death, it is useless

to treat them in psychiatric ward. Go get healing until you kill

a little girl.

-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/200257.html>

thread=7798337#t7798337

They echoed [gudrun\\_fioshev](http://lj.rossia.org/users/gudrun_fioshev), a Russian oppositionist living in the US; he was indignant that I had not been banned so far:

Sadkov was banned (from his words) everywhere, even on the github.

LJR is the only place where he was not banned and maybe

wont be banned. They love shit there.

-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/kambodja/100813.html>

In my opinion Sadkov is worse than Russian, suka.

Although nothing could be worse.

Not even the superstitious stump-for-trump biogarbage.

This is ultimately just a delusion - they are just idiots who make money

and therefore they have no money. Sadkov is much worse.

-- [https://lj.rossia.org/users/gudrun\\_fioshev/179661.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/gudrun_fioshev/179661.html)

Another liberal, Dmitry Belomestnov, who was dissatisfied with my poem about Kadyrov, wrote:

Someone else doubts that sadkov is a provocateur?!

-- [https://lj.rossia.org/users/anti\\_myth/2747251.html](https://lj.rossia.org/users/anti_myth/2747251.html)

Another Russian oppositionist, [josephus](http://lj.rossia.org/users/josephus), was indignant at my threat of killing Russian children, should Russia achieve my extradition, as if I had no right to take revenge on the Russians:

By the way I thought donating Sadkov some money, say \$100 a month, especially when he fumbled around the hostels, it was very pitiful.

And then he began talkin about the slaughter of Russian children,

so, well, fuck this shit. Nobody likes terrorism.

-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/josephus/21319.html>

Ukrainians expressed themselves about me in the same way:

Here you are - a fucking illegal immigrant, and I do not like you.  
I won't make a lampshade out of you, just hear, get the fuck out.  
-- t. Ukrainian bourgeois nationalist.

Ukrainians were also unhappy with the fact that I criticized the situation with the LGBT rights in Russia, they called me "fagot". To such accusation, I replied that I do not like their Ukraine for a number of reasons, and I am not an immigrant (neither illegal nor any), I do not desire their Ukrainian citizenship, but only seek asylum in order to obtain a legal status and escape into another country, more hospitable, than the Russian-riddled Ukrainian garbage dump. Preferably escaping further to the West, and not to the East.

The answer of the Ukrainians did not take long, somebody Anton Litvinov, with the nickname 'Svobobul', apparently a colleague of Myrzin from the "Svoboda" party, not knowing the Ukrainian language, wrote in Russian:

*I can help.  
Well, I don't about "to the West," but from Ukraine - for sure, because we don't need such fagots, we have enough already. Zolotse, if you think that it's so hard for a Nazi to find you in Kyiv, or where you are there, then you are cruelly mistaken. It is enough of sent your photo together with screenshots and a link to your blog to the chat rooms of the nationalists, and already in a couple of days there will appear a videos as you're apologizing before Ukraine and Ukrainians.*

To his ignorant barking came my ignorant answer: "Try, help, you Ukrainian fucktard." And this Litvinov frenzied. Using internal telegram channels of the Nazi organizations Sokil, C14 and the National Corps, Litvinov began spreading the calls to lynch me "fagot" "with a razor to the throat and throw into the well." Other Ukrainians wrote similarly:

*Go back to your swineland, we don't need you here. Ukrainian nationalists are already looking for you Russian fagot Get ready! Soon we will forward your carcass back to the East, to Russia, alive or dead.*

I answered that Ukrainian nationalists have nothing more to do but to fight with bloggers and gays. It is difficult for them to dismantle the USSR coat of arms from the "The Motherland Monument", to understand why the fraudulent murderer Slyusarchyk is still free, why Russian companies like Eldorado, O'STIN and Sportmaster still operate in Ukraine, or finally just to date a girl to create a family. The nationalists responded in Russian:

*Partly you are right. Ideally we should come to a well-balanced society, containing all manifestations extremes, from fucking in the ass fagots to the Chassidic Jews. But these are our internal affairs, and you are a fagot. Your potential weight and usefulness as an apologist for Ukraine in the world is the magnitude negative, we do not need such shit as an "ally" even with surcharge, get the fuck out, fucking scum.  
-- typical Ukrainian nationalist response*

Apparently for Ukrainians it seems normal when "ideally" one talks to them in Russian, and instead of answering "не кажу на вашій мові" or immediately punching into the face, Ukrainians slavishly agree to speak the invasive language of the Russian aggressor. Even worse Ukrainians themselves talk in Russian, and with pleasure sucking a sweaty Muscovite sock in their mouth. And I'm not their "ally": I'm on my own. First of all, I want to escape somewhere to a civilized country to work on my programming projects, forgetting the Russian language and Eastern Europe completely. But Ukrainians do not seem to want to forget the Russian language and Russian culture.

To my question about the use of the Russian language by Ukrainian nationalists, instead of their own Ukrainian language (or "Mova" as they call it), the answer was:

I'm used to it, in general. The people around, as they are, fucking dont care that I speak Russian. The main thing is that we understand each other. Your ideas about Ukraine came from the Russian TV. And then you came here and decided to feed the people surrounding you with your Russian manure. It should be understood that the people around you are not sick fucks with a headache brain as, for example, you. I do not fucking care, when the pig degenerate from the fucking nowhere begins indicate what I SHOULD. I'll cut your mouth, fagot. Go fuck yourself, you fucking creature.

-- <https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/136161.html?thread=5300705#t5300705>

To my question, "Then what makes you Ukrainians better than Russians?" - the answer was:

Instead of producing the likes of you, Ukrainians destroy them. rejoice that you have to to rest in this fertile land, even though you are not worthy.

Dmitry Vedeneev, a blogger supporting the Putin's regime, made assumptions and argued that I'm lying, I do not have the right to claim refuge status and therefore must return to Russia, because "nothing threatens" me:

Nikita Sadkov is trying to throw dust into our eyes. He was in madhouse and probably he has a certificate that he is retarded and, most likely, has disability due to this. This explains the inadequate behavior of Sadkov. He shits in a public place, he does some other abominable things and that, most of all most importantly, he gets away with it all. But the availability of a certificate and a disability for the reason that he is retarded explains most of this issue. Summary. Nikita Sadkov has a certificate that he is retarded and has disability. He receives a pension of about 17-20 thousand rubles, for which he exist. Programming (loudly said) is his hobby and he doesn't make him money. Nikita won't get refuge neither in Ukraine, nor in Estonia, nor in Zimbabwe, nor in any other country due to the fact that he is a retard in the direct sense of the word. They have enough sick idiots without Nikita. Nothing threatens Nikita's health and life in his home country, due to the fact that he is crazy. And in Russia retarded are tolerated so far. Moreover, I will say that Nikita needs to return to his native country.

-- Dmitry Vedeneev, believing that pissing at Russian military glory monument is "abominable"  
<https://lj.rossia.org/users/lorp/120139.html>

Of course, in case of deportation to Russia, Vedeneev himself and his compatriots will pat me on the head, possibly with a brick. To my argument that there is a threat to me in Russia, Vedeneev said that I violated the laws and must be punished. I objected that Russian laws are not the laws of human being, but only tribal conventions, analogous to the traditions of African cannibals. I.e. it's one thing to steal from a Western man, another thing - stealing from an oriental Russian tribesman. In my opinion, after the introduction of NATO troops into Russia, heroin must be legalized as the first new law, just as the British poisoned these cunt-eyed Chinese goblins with opium. And for the good, since today China is the Russian ally - two evil asiatic gook nations.

The most neutral person at lj.rossia.org was the Ukrainian programmer wieiner\_, who was dissatisfied that on an informal resource for mathematicians is spamed with political debates. However, under the pressure of his Russian colleagues, wieiner\_ also insulted me "mentally unhealthy" thus supporting the punitive Russian psychiatry:

I'm here for mathematics, and not for politics or the flaming with incomprehensible mentally unhealthy people.

However, the Ukrainian wieiner\_ is only by his passport, but in fact bears the Russian name

Alexander Militsin, basically refusing to speak Ukrainian language. As for English, Militsin practically [does not know it] (<http://militsin.com/resume/>), spelling "artificial intellectuality" instead of "artificial intelligence" and lives in Mariupol (that is in Donbass, near to Donetsk).

After Maidan in 2015, Militsin [moved to Moscow](<http://www.gamedev.ru/job/forum/?id=198212>), where he tried to find work for a long time, declaring that he has "quite good knowledge of mathematics", knows "philosophy and languages", has a rich experience in developing video games ("the first game was written in 1992 - free of charge."), but the hospitable Russians denied this genius a programming job, so the talented Donbass philosopher Militsin, the inventor of [Quantum Linguistics] ([http://militsin.com/L4wiki/index.php?title=%D0%98%D0%B4%D0%B5%D0%B8\\_%D0%BA%D0%B2%D0%B0%D0%BD%D1%82%D0%BE%D0%B2%D0%BE%D0%B9\\_%D0%BB%D0%B8%D0%BD%D0%B3%D0%B2%D0%B8%D1%81%D1%82%D0%B8%D0%BA%D0%B8](http://militsin.com/L4wiki/index.php?title=%D0%98%D0%B4%D0%B5%D0%B8_%D0%BA%D0%B2%D0%B0%D0%BD%D1%82%D0%BE%D0%B2%D0%BE%D0%B9_%D0%BB%D0%B8%D0%BD%D0%B3%D0%B2%D0%B8%D1%81%D1%82%D0%B8%D0%BA%D0%B8)) and [Militsin's Fourfold Logic] ([http://militsin.com/L4wiki/index.php?title=%D0%AD%D0%BB%D0%B5%D0%BC%D0%B5%D0%BD%D1%82%D0%B0%D1%80%D0%BD%D0%B0%D1%8F\\_%D1%82%D0%B5%D0%BE%D1%80%D0%B8%D1%8F](http://militsin.com/L4wiki/index.php?title=%D0%AD%D0%BB%D0%B5%D0%BC%D0%B5%D0%BD%D1%82%D0%B0%D1%80%D0%BD%D0%B0%D1%8F_%D1%82%D0%B5%D0%BE%D1%80%D0%B8%D1%8F)), is compelled to compete with the Tajiks, working then a security guard, then a ticket selle in the public toilet. Later, Militsin finally made his opinion about me:

```
the more I read the Russophobic texts of Nikita Sadkov,
the less I want to be a Russophobe. Looks first
disgusting, secondly, these "attempts of a madman"
to fight with the archetypical god of Russianness
are ridiculous.
```

```
-- https://lj.rossia.org/users/wieiner_/270966.html
```

```
you are an embittered and brash Russian fool. typical moskal,
unfortunately very toxic. drink a diluted wine maybe
you'll pass for a Romanian, and then we'll see. :))
```

```
-- https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/120814.html?thread=4512750
```

```
Can't speak Ukrainian right now
```

```
I'm somewhere near Moscow, storming stars
```

```
-- wieiner_ in response to an attempt to talk to him in Ukrainian
https://lj.rossia.org/users/sadkov/120909.html?thread=4527693
```

Militsin disliked even my condemnation that in Moscow cops drive away beggars:

```
you're crazy, you understand this? what you write contradicts itself. you do
not even know what you're writing about. You seem like an adult, but you talk
nonsense...
```

```
-- https://lj.rossia.org/users/do_/526350.html?thread=2301454#t2301454
```

The Russians massively supported Militsyn's attacks on me:

```
eccentric good-natured Weiner is a billion times prettier than sadfuckov, in
all senses. of course you have to run from Mariupol, because by autumn. Putin
will move tanks there. and run to Kyiv, to Moscow or to Dusseldorf - what's
the difference? Just enjoy your work. while sadfuckov everywhere will be an
unwanted, brainless fagot.
```

As well as the Ukrainians, like freir, who wrote:

```
I would not be surprised if someone kill him there. The cops won't throw him
into the sewer. Most likely, will be afraid because now it is not known,
where the problems come from, while nationalists will happily take the
responsibility. I believe that after these Gypsies [Ukrainian neo-Nazis
recently killed gypsies] this will somehow whitewash them in the eyes of the
liberal public.
```

```
-- freir, regarding what the Ukrainian police will do to my corpse
```

```
https://lj.rossia.org/users/aculeata/1415619.html?thread=17387971#t17387971
```

## Anton Myrzin agreed:

Stomakhin personally displeases me completely, but the first thing we do, coming to power in Russia, will be giving him freedom, because he is not a political subject and absolutely harmless. Putinists intentionally put him into anger with the help of systematic bullying, to demonstrate everyone "the face of Russophobia".

But Sadkov is less lucky - he is a socially dangerous psychopath with organic damage to the brain and will be placed on a lifetime forced psychiatric treatment. Yes, a brutally tortured hamster is certainly not the main indicator of Sadkov's inadequacy, he has a whole bunch of symptoms.

All other Sadkov's "performances" around "eternal fire", etc. are committed by drunk residents of the Russian Federation every year, so that even in this he is not original. I.e. Sadkov was not seriously prosecuted in the Russian Federation, except that he "lucky" to become a complete freak - mainly due to his own worldview.

Concerning the fact that Sadkov, is most likely - "a crazy on trust," specially released by the FSB into Ukraine to discredit the real oppositionists who fled here, through demonstrative and inadequate "Russophobia", this idea is conjectured by my Ukrainian friends. By the way, did anyone ask how Sadkov so easily managed to escape from the supervision of police, when he had already been searched, was interrogated, etc.?

What is most interesting, Ukrainians hate not Russians, but only those who supports Putin (in fact, there are many who support him - the same Buryats, Chechens, Ossetians, etc. of the people - if we talk in the context of ethnic the composition of the Putinists), I was convinced of this on my own experience - when I say who I am and where and why I was in Ukraine - the reaction such - first surprise, then they listen with interest and some respect.

-- [https://lj.rossia.org/users/wieiner\\_/270966.html?thread=1801590#t1801590](https://lj.rossia.org/users/wieiner_/270966.html?thread=1801590#t1801590)

There, Myrzin was asked "We are who?" about his "the first thing we'll do when we come to power in Russia." Myrzin responded "liberals." That's why I'm afraid of the anti-Putin liberals an order of magnitude more than Putin and his FSB, because they have no power, but already planned Gulag in advance and formed blacklists full of "enemies of the people."

In addition, the Russian liberals banned me at <https://www.reddit.com/r/liberta/> for my verse calling the ethnicities of Russia to fight for independence. Russian patriots are at least honestly evil, openly supporting Stalin and the repressions, while the Russian oppositionists are the same evil, but wearing sheep's clothing. The Chechen War was started not by Putin, but by the beloved by Russian liberals Yeltsin, an adherent of Russian imperialism, and Putin was approved as the successor by Yeltsin, while I was forcibly "treated" in psychiatric hospitals under both Yeltsin and Putin.

Oh, the proud Chechen, the mighty eagle,  
We Russians have taken the land of your people.  
And all you can do now is helplessly wheeple.

Weak-willed Tatar, to the Russia who bowed,  
Your people got lost in the Russian crowd,  
Being good slave to our Moscow you vowed.

Naive Buryat, your Baikal turns to slew,  
The Russian speech is surrounding you,  
We cut down your trees, your resources are few.

I'm addressing you without being polite!  
Are you going regain your honor in fight?  
Or being a cattle - your fateful blight?



Even Gaziza betrayed me, for some reason angered that I killed that hamster, which symbolized the Russian oppositionist:

*When a person hates the authorities who disfigure the nation and run away from it where the eyes look - this is one thing! But sadism - it's completely different! You really burned a hamster, I despise you! You disgust me!!! I do not want to talk to you! You roasted him alive! You are crazy! I thought you were just miser, and you're also a killer !!!!!*

*-- Gaziza, after seeing the anti-Russian act with a hamster*

It turns out that some hamster is more important than friendship and human rights. Besides, the hamster was my private property, bought for my money specifically for the performance act. But not everyone understands that pointing others how they should dispose of their property is a sign of communism, under which there was no private property and everything belonged to the party nomenclature, while people were essentially powerless slaves. How will such revolutionaries intent to burn the riot police, which defends the dictatorship, if they fear even to burn a hamster without the permission of their master?

Although Gaziza told not to write her anymore, I later asked her, as a poet, to evaluate the poetry I had written recently. Gaziza's review of my poetry is brief:

*Frankly: you are a monster!*

Further, Gaziza began with the zeal of a Komsomol member to praise the Russian orcs:

*Against your ideas are not only a multimillion army of Russians, but the whole world, even those who do not speak Russian, they read not only Brodsky, but also other great works of Russian literary heritage. Also, not only Russian but also Soviet! By the way, for example, the same Americans are very fond of Dostoevsky! And Johnny Deep repeatedly confessed that he dreams of starring in the role of Raskolnikov*

In addition, Gaziza without any irony posted the 9th of May the paraphernalia attributes, like photos of eternal fire and St. George ribbons. I wished for all Russians to go to Hell, to which Gaziza replied "Be careful no to get there yourself." However, for me, Hell is their abominable Russia, inhabited by devils. Russia has not given me anything but evil: I have no friends or acquaintances among Russians, but there are plenty of enemies, including those Russians who rush at me with fists, and even knives. To my opinion that the Russian people should be treated as Salome did to the troublemaker John the Baptist, Gaziza continued:

*No matter how much strength your "Salome" has,  
You're scum, and she is powerless before God!  
I hope this girl will someday be killed too...  
You are a sadist, Nikita! And a fascist...  
This is some nonsense!  
We must have a mind, conscience and a pure soul!  
And the Russian language, as the people will live forever!*

Gaziza's opinion coincided with the opinion of other Russians who read my poems:

*it is more correct to destroy such bastards,  
or forcedly treat for life in a psychiatric ward  
- Commentary of typical Russian*

And my brother, Denis Sadkov, answered with the following:

*You should surrender to the Russian authorities. With such a track record, no country would accept you. In general, you're a complete idiot..... and it would not hurt you to get psychiatric help to treat your sociopathy.*

All the same, there are no bigger enemies than your relatives, because say Pavlensky is orders of magnitude more dangerous than me: Pavlensky nailed his scrotum to the Red Square, cut off his earlobe and set fire to the FSB door, but for some reason the Russian psychiatric experts recognized him sane, while France even gave political asylum. Afterwards Pavlensky did more damage to France than he did for Russia.

I haven't done anything socially dangerous at all - only peaceful protest performed by accident: I walked with a bottle of Coca-Cola, got tired, and put the bottle near the Eternal Fire, but the wind blew, the bottle toppled and put out the fire. Or I went to the General Prosecutor's Office, to find out why my social network account was blocked by their order, and accidentally spilled cat's tray, which Gaziza asked to throw out into into the trash can. Then I wanted to cook that rooster Rusich for lunch with noodles. Try proving the opposite.

However, Denis retorted to that:

Proving is your task, and the impression from your statements is created that you are a sick person, and no country needs additional cripples. Pavlensky made a name for himself in the beginning, got influential friends around the world, but, in any case, look how he finished. Even liberal France did not understand such "art".

## ***Free Speech: is there Such a Thing?***

*The earth burned under their feet, we made them to shit themselves. If you want to establish life for many centuries, then people need to be educated, but Chechens are ill-educated. They have good land, and the soil is fertile: throw a seed - everything grows. What kind of reconciliation could be there? "Chichi" as we call them. We will still kill them all. They must be destroyed, they are fucking beasts.*

-- **Russian invaders** talk about Chechens and Chechen land

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gyFspN0RfK4>

Tired of Russian government propaganda at Wikipedia, I registered there and tried to challenging the edit of a well-known propagandist, who is also the unspoken manager of Russian Wikipedia. The result was predictable: almost instantly I got indefinite block, without any reason, warning and discussion, after my first and single edit, removing the false and islamophobic assessment of the "Islamic terrorist" in the article about the hero of the Chechen people - Amir Khattab.

People responsible for Wikipedia simply refused to discuss the reasons for the ban and the possibility of unblocking me. After my ban, a new lie was immediately added to the article, groundlessly stating that Khattab is an "Arab mercenary", although Khattab is a Circassian, whose ancestors fled from the Russians invading Caucasus, where the Russians committed the genocide of Circassians. Khattab, at the call of the heart, fought for the idea and freedom of the fraternal Caucasus people from the Russians, first in Afghanistan, where the Russians unceremoniously invaded, then in Chechnya, which Russians attacked like a pack of plague ravens on the eagle.

Judging from the discussion, I was banned at Wikipedia by obvious Russian hurray-patriots, whose personal pages are filled with St. George ribbons (a neo-nazi symbol, Russian equivalent of American Confederate flag), orthodox icons and plaques, like "Born in the USSR." There is an obvious conflict of interest. It's not for these Russian imperialists to judge Khattab, Bandera or any other national separatist or anti-Russian insurgent.

Amir Khattab did not engage in terrorism, he haven't harmed civilians. Amir Khattab fought exclusively with the invading Russian military forces. But Russians meanly slandered the freedom fighter. Terrorism is when some Charlie Hebdo is blown up for funny pictures, but not when you defend against the attack of the drunk Russian soldier, armed to the teeth, who on the order of Kremlin came to the lands of your ancestors. The so-called "Chechen terrorism" is just a provocation by the FSB, which was tasked with getting an excuse to seize Chechen land. Russians themselves blew up their commie-blocks (the so called "Ryazan Sugar" case), accusing the Chechens of this, just as Stalin rigged Kirov's murder, accusing his political opponents.

In addition, after publishing a sketch version of this research in Russian, I began receiving threats that Kadyrovtsy would now kill me. Ramzan Kadyrov, a Kremlin prostitute, bears anti-Semitic nonsense about Khattab, stating that "Khattab is a Jew and his daughter is Sarah." All of Russia is made up of such frank cynical lies. Chechen people themselves call Kadyrov "Kafirov" (from the word "Kafir" - traitor), for the fact that the Kadyrov clan cooperated with the KGB even during the Soviet Union and sold their people to the Russians for money and the patronage of the Kremlin.

In 2008, in the context of the war with Georgia, Russians began to massively change in all articles the name "Tskhinvali" to "Tskhinval", leaving the edit war as winners, although historically they always wrote it with "i". Similarly, in the context of the war with Ukraine, Russians are massively replacing "in Ukraine" with the phrase "on Ukraine," thus emphasizing that Ukraine is just a territory, and not an independent country, and therefore it can be annexed with impunity. Purely Russian pettiness, crossed with ostentatious grandeur.

By writing to [info@wikimedia.org](mailto:info@wikimedia.org), I received the official reply from the Wikimedia Foundation:

"we can not deal with queries about the Russian Wikipedia,  
since each version has its own rules and policies "  
- Lawrence Devereaux

It turns out that the Russian part of Wikipedia is completely controlled by Russian government, and the Wikimedia Foundation does not answer for it. I was redirected to the Russians at info-ru@wikimedia.org, where, in spite of my question asked in English and the request to reply also in English (I don't speak Russian, could you please reply in English?), some Oleg Dogadin boldly responded in Russian:

"Статьи в Википедии пишутся ... на основе информации из авторитетных источников, не зависимо, положительная или отрицательная информация о герое"  
- Oleg Dogadin

Thus, the representative of Wikipedia subscribed to the fact that obvious pro-Kremlin sources like RussiaToday and Regnum are authoritative enough to constitute one-sided insulting judgment about the person who fought for the independence of his people from Russia, and the principle of NPOV can be neglected when it is convenient for propaganda.

In addition, Russian government operates the so-called "Virtual Front" at Wikipedia, whose official task is

"to fill the often used Internet resource "Wikipedia" with full and truthful information about the achievements and exploits of the Russian people."  
- <http://www.bbc.com/russian/features-38996007>

Patriotic participants of the Russian Wikipedia comment on this:

"If these frontline soldiers write articles ... then it's fine ... the content will not be superfluous."

Employees of such "Fronts" are creating politically biased articles, similar to that article about Amir Khattab, removing any information contradicting the official Russian mythology. For example, in the Russian version of the article on the capture of Siberia by Russians, there is no mention of the genocide of the Siberian people:

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Russian\\_conquest\\_of\\_Siberia#Massacres\\_of\\_indigenous\\_peoples](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Russian_conquest_of_Siberia#Massacres_of_indigenous_peoples)

Among Russian Wikipedia users and admins, homophobia and sexism are rampant. For example, absent in other languages, the article "Homonegativism" (Гомонегативизм), which quotes homophobes, like the Russian sexologist M. Beylkin, who insists on the compulsory treatment of gays and the change of their orientation to heterosexual.

The Wikipedia sexists included even a member of the Union of Writers of the Russian Federation, Nikolai Eikhvald, who opposed the holding of the women's wiki-marathon. And on the justified statement of the fact of sexism on Wikipedia, from Russians there comes a brash shameless answer "why journalists support this nonsense about sexism", implying apparently some conspiracy theory aimed at destroying their patriarchal little world in which Russians can get drunk and beat their wives with impunity.

On attempts by women to investigate the subject of longstanding discrimination, the Russian Wikipedia editors state that "gender studies are quackery and pseudoscience", further harshly hinting that the articles written by women "deserve nothing but criticism." Then Russians don't hesitate to point out the "proper" woman's place: "after all, a man usually kills mammoths, and the woman cooks them and sits with children." After that go nasty sexist jokes about "Systemic deviations caused by the centuries-old oppression of women". [1]

After I made my blocking public, the administrators of Russian Wikipedia began helpless justification that there is the so-called "The three-revert rule" - "An editor must not perform more than three reverts on a single page—whether involving the same or different material—within a 24-

hour period. Violations of the rule often attract blocks of at least 24 hours." However, I made only two reverts (certainly not more than three) and Russians blocked me permanently (rather than for 24 hours), disabling even the ability to request an unblock. [2]

In response, the Russians continued to justify themselves that I am just a new user, immediately telling that according to Wikipedia rules "admins are stricter towards beginners than the experienced participants", which fundamentally contradicts the fundamental principle of Wikipedia "Assume Good Faith", suggesting that beginners are treated with condescension, because beginner errors by default are not from evil. Thus, the Russians violate their own rules when it is profitable for propaganda, and of course they will not tolerate newcomers, especially if these "newcomers" are trying to question Russian propaganda, and the moderator is a member of the "Virtual Front", "born in the USSR", wearing St. George ribbons, thinking that gays should receive forced psychiatric treatment, and that the woman's place is "at the kitchen."

Losing argument Russian Wikipedia admins suddenly declared that I'm "just a socially inept idiot" and that "blocking you was completely justified", citing the example of a certain other user, Pavel Shekhtman, saying that Shekhtman is an "opposition leader", who contributed to hundreds of articles. In a personal conversation, Shekhtman told me that now he rarely edits Wikipedia, and some time ago administration politics was different, but after the Russian-Ukrainian conflict of 2014, many politically active supporters of the Kremlin did come to Wikipedia, but they did not yet decided to block Shekhtman, apparently because of his fame and contribution to Wikipedia. With regard to Amir Khattab, Shekhtman does not have a final opinion, but agreed that the description of the "Islamic terrorist" should be reformulated into "person X has opinion that person Y is a terrorist" and placed under opinions section, in order to observe the NPoV principle. All this, in spite of the fact that the Shekhtman is very critical regarding Islam and apparently himself takes money to propagate the Kremlin's line, since Shekhtman supports the Russian invasion into Syria and the Russian occupants in Nagorno-Karabakh.

Learning that I published this research on my personal page in the English-language Wikipedia, the Russians started global campaign against me, demanded the global administrators of the Wikimedia Foundation to block me on all Wikimedia sites. [3]

To the credit of the Western moderators, they only suppressed my personal page, allegedly because it disclosed someone's personal information, not satisfying the request for global block on me.

I asked for a comment on this text on the official IRC channel of Russian Wikipedia (#wikipedia-ru), the answer was received from the administrator of this channel and the oldest participant of Russian Wikipedia, a certain Sergey Kukovlev, who stated that my claims were "khuita" (fucked bullshit), then Kukovlev fell into homophobia about "fagots" "who had the audacity to translate into Russian articles about the America personalities who are gay", giving a link to his blog [4]. In other words, Russian community at Wikipedia is not capable of anything more than homophobia and rudeness with swearing and insults.

Administration of Russian Wikipedia is very biased. The members of administration are often employees of state institutions. So Sergei Ilyinykh (Wulfson) - the main administrator and the acknowledged unspoken owner of the Russian part of Wikipedia, bears an officer rank (real one, in Russian army), is a military interpreter by profession and for a long time worked as a chief in the military office (hence KGB informer), in his own words. Ilyinykh created the article "Russophobia," exposing the enemies of the Russian people, and promoted the stigma "terrorists" for the Caucasian separatists, for trying to challenge which Ilyinykh gives permanent ban. The essence of Sergei Ilyinykh as a propagandist is well manifested in the discussion of the same article about Amir Khattab, where the Ilyinykh argue completely in the vein of the official Kremlin rhetoric, presenting it as the opinion of "Russian society", which in reality was against the annexation of Chechnya, because Russian are racist and don't want to share a single country with Muslims.[5]

The main contribution of the Ilyinykh is the frenzied propaganda in political articles, such as "The change of power in Ukraine in February 2014," "Russia's role in the civil war in Syria," and



"Russian-American relations," where the Ilyinykh freely writes, like in a personal blog. [6]

Ilyinykh does not recognize the point of view that is different from the Kremlin's propaganda, so Ilyinykh banned user "the wrong man", because he answered "My dear wulfson, and why write a frank propagandistic nonsense about fifteen thousand killed Chechen militants (nobody seen the corpses) and about the heroic Russian soldiers?". Ilyinykh, in the spirit of Russian chauvinism bans Chechens and sympathizers, with formulations like "you supported a man who tries with his lamentations about "correctness and neutrality" to justify the actions of bandits and terrorists (and their ideological patrons) who killed citizens of the Russian Federation on the basis of their ideological and religious views."

Ilyinykh also eagerly bans editors for discussing Russian Wikipedia politics at external sites or their personal blogs, despite these people breaking no Wikipedia rules. For example, users Leonid Makarov and Alexander Krasotkin were blocked for an article on the external website about the murdered Russian diplomat, Aleksandr Shilin, who, in the official version, committed suicide. Their article proves that Shilin was a participant in Wikipedia, and Shilin's contribution to Wikipedia completely refutes the version of suicide, because, for example, Shilin had almost finished articles written in his personal user space. Presumably, Shilin was eliminated because of the likelihood that he would expose the Russian participation in the nuclear programs of Iran and the DPRK, because the man just couldn't keep the tongue behind his cheeks.

The second most important administrator, Roman Becker, is officially liberal, but in practice he is harmful for gay people and pushes a position that is advantageous to the Kremlin, perhaps paid like Ilyinykh. Under the Soviet Union, Roman was an ardent Communist, proudly declaring: "There is experience, beginning with the school and student government (the Komsomol secretary of the school, the trade union group in the student years) and to this day (the management of the department)", and also boasted a fake medical doctor's diploma, which Roman used to justify his authority to edit the psychiatry related articles.

Another influential administrator of the Russian Wikipedia, A.Vajrapani, allows herself statements in the spirit of: "The feeling of disgust for same-sex intercourse of the vast majority of the world's population is a normal healthy reaction". [7]

Then A.Vajrapani gets angry that "the content is submitted in the context of sodomy as a variant of the norm", in spite of the fact that modern science considers homosexual orientation as the variant of the norm. Even worse, A.Vajrapani with her accomplices abuses administrative privileges to push anti-LGBT propaganda, removing actual pro-LGBT activists from LGBT-related articles editing process.[8][11]

Top-level administrators were caught in a poorly concealed manipulation of the voting process, thus dragging their supporters and sockpuppets into the management clique and screening out those unwanted. Despite this, the owners of the Wikimedia Foundation turn a blind eye to what is happening in Russian Wikipedia.

Such administrators, while blocking political opponents, however welcome political allies, as, for example, Shamash - homophobe and anti-Semite, who in religious frenzy replaced where possible "Jew" with "Jude".[9]

The publication of this research on wikireality.ru (a site dedicated to researches on the Russian-language Internet) in the discussion of the article on Wikipedia led to an instant ban for the "acquittal of terrorism".[10]

*If Wikipedia refuses to comply with Russian laws, then here this is strictly forbidden: the acquittal of terrorism in Russia is legally prohibited.*

*-- John Locke 08:00, January 18, 2018 (UTC)*

Similarly, I was banned for exposing the Russian-language Wikipedia on the corresponding page of the discussion of the site lurkmore.to, similar to wikireality.ru, there I was called "SJW-nutcase" and "anally disabled". In addition, after the ban, my user's page was defaced with homophobic

comments. Other oppositionists suggested that lurkmore.to is the unspoken organ of Russian propaganda, they ban any valid criticism of Russia, yet they attack the people opposing Putin's regime. The owner of lurkmore.to, Dmitry Khomak (<http://anticompromat.org/zhizhisty/homakbio.html>), worked as a political technologist in elections, in particular, in Transnistria (by his own admission, he wrote speeches of the type "Come, vote, show Moldova cock...") and was an employee of the pro-Kremlin newspaper "Youth newspaper RE:Action", founded in 2006 and using the funds of the presidential administration. By his own admission, Khomak regularly communicates with officials from RosKomNadzor, removing information that is unfriendly to Russia (<https://www.facebook.com/david.homak/posts/10152992883398525>).

```
Lurkmore is not your personal army
Lurkmore is not a place to fight against the Russia
-- The administration of lurkmore.to about information criticizing Russia
```

```
it turns out that you too ban the people critical of the company Mail.ru,
which on its own project also organized real totalitarianism, suppressing
all squeals of disagreement.
-- user Taisia, about the ban on criticising Mail.ru at lurkmore.to
```

```
A crappy site controlled by FSB. They wrote such nonsense about me there
that it is disgusting. And people seriously reference this shit.
That is, it can be funny to someone, but they have wild fantasies instead
of facts.
-- Mikhail Verbitsky about lurkmore.to
```

In response to the publication of this article on Wikipedia, the Russians responded with indignation, calling me "petukh" (russian slang for "prison bitch") and "fagot", and then calling for the genocide of the Chechens:

```
Most Russians just want monkeys to behave normally, or they stop
existing at all. I prefer to bring finish the good old genocide,
or the dirty folk have not learned to live by conscience, just like
our government. The Chechen monkeys themselves arranged genocide
repeatedly. The question with them must be solved definitively and
permanently, and not as it is now.
-- The opinion of a typical Russian about the Chechens.
```

I.e. peaceful Russian occupants are angry at any attempt to stand up for the Chechen people. Russians captured the Chechen land, and the Chechens themselves are now called "monkeys", while Russians plan to exterminate them.

Outside of Wikipedia, it turned out that the Russian YouTube moderators removed my video protesting the cult of the Second World War, where I put out the Eternal Flame - one of the central symbols of this new Russian religion. Although YouTube does not delete the videos, where other sacred objects get desecrated, for example, where people burn the Holy Quran or the Bible. Such zealous censoring of Russia related videos is apparently related to the fact that the Russian YouTube office consists of the employees of Russian special services engaged in propaganda. This became possible either because of the threats to block YouTube in Russia and/or the Kremlin just paying YouTube for the right to control Russian-language video segment. Other video bloggers also noticed the vivid pro-Russian censorship of video clips criticizing Russia. Later the Russians managed to completely ban me from YouTube, after I published a video exposing the Russian attitude toward human rights, where a group of Russians beat and set on fire a gay boy, because he had long hair and earrings in his ears.

Facebook also blocked my account for the rhyme mocking Stalin and another rhyme ridiculing car wash service in the Cathedral of Christ the Savior, saying that I broke some "hate speech" ToS. Both rhymes were in Russian and could not be automatically translated, using tools like google translate, therefore, my account was blocked by ethnically Russian moderators, who, in addition, were not too lazy to follow the link to my verse on YouTube, and blocked my account as a matter of fact for activity on a third-party resource, because I did not violate Facebook ToS. Other than being paid by Kremlin, it is hard to explain why the Facebook administration is hiring Russians into the moderator team, because Russians are always prejudiced and deprived of critical thinking, due to the linguistic defectiveness of the Russian language and the corresponding school education. Therefore Russians do not hesitate to ban anyone who publishes content criticizing Russia, Russians or Putin.

Later Facebook similarly banned other my account under the same "hate speech" pretense for me linking to a video about people selling Soviet military awards, including Star of Hero of the USSR. I have just one question: "hate speech" against whom? The long-dead "heroes" of the Great Patriotic War, whose rewards were sold by their descendants at Ebay to American collectors? Or against the militant religious cult postulating that these military awards are somehow sacred?

Similarly, Facebook kept serving Russians by banning me for posting a note about the Russian cosmetics brand: the "Russian Line" company created in 1998 was renamed to "Faberlic" in 2001, as a way to pretend that their brand is French. It took Russians three years to realize that calling their skin cancer-inducing cosmetics brand "Russian Line" is like calling it "Fecal Mark". Yet the same way you can rename the "Russian" cheese brand into Parmesan, but from changing the name it will not cease to be a plastic putty with pubic hair and the aftertaste of urine. And employees were actually caught bathing in the ingredient vats at the Russian cheese factory.

Unfortunately, Russians have also managed to block even the text of this story on github.com.

*Hi Nikita,*

*Thanks for writing in. Your repositories were set to require a login to view following multiple reports from users concerned about their contents. This was done as an alternative to hiding or disabling the content entirely.*

*Thanks,  
GitHub Support*

Russians support freedom of speech that much.

# Free Will

*I consider the world with and without God.  
And I like the world with God more.  
I feel a little sorry for people who do not believe in miracles.  
Their world is very cold, the world of machines without feelings.*  
-- **Alexander Gorbatovsky**

Visited Pirogovo - the museum of Ukrainian culture, where among the corn fields there are sham historical Ukrainian huts. Inside them on the walls hang the plastic corn cobs, which was not existing in Ukraine before Khrushchev. There is also a fake church and a thick rotted cross, with a disproportionately small Jesus made of faded plywood, and in front of him a small wooden cross, just of the size of that Jesus.

Ukraine also has that Motherland monument, decorated inside as a temple, where instead of God there is Communism. This Temple of Communism was originally armed with a long sword, which had to be shortened, because the original calculations did not agree with the physical reality and the oscillations from the windblow accumulated in the sword.

From my childhood I remember the market in Serpukhov. And at this market was the priest, dressed in cassock and selling occult literature. Passers-by berated the priest "you are Orthodox, are you not ashamed?", but the priest joked off.

When I applied for the refugee status, they asked what kind of religion I had:

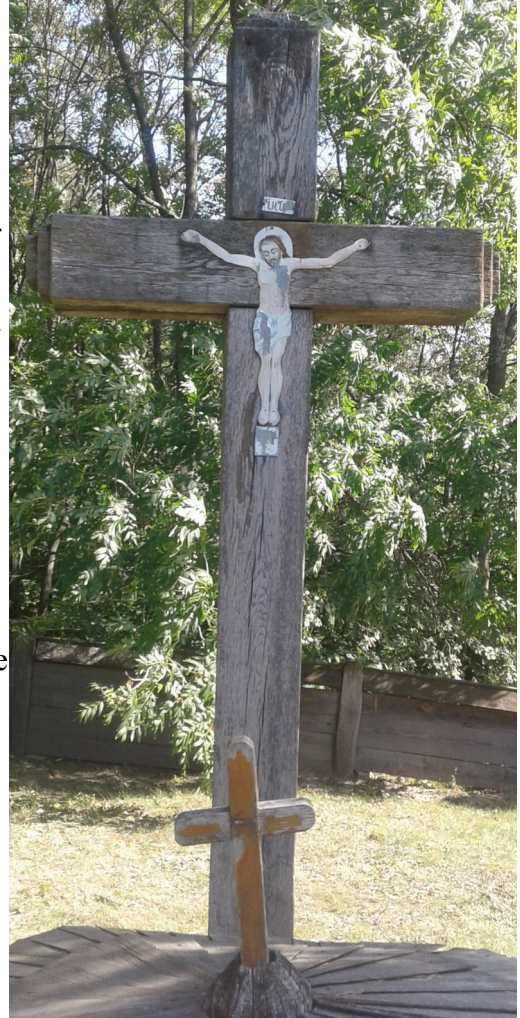
- I answered "Agnosticism".
- They: no, we have no such religion.
- Well, I say, then can you write "Satanism"?
- And this is not allowed either.
- Then what is there?
- Animalism for example is.
- Ok, write me down under some religion of your choice.

I still do not know which religion I was ordained to. However, most religions profess the so-called "golden rule", having the form of "feed others with shit the way you want yourself to be fed shit". Many philosophers spoken out both for this rule and against it, giving rise to arguments of varying degrees of stupidity.

But a philosopher differs from a layman first of all by a detached analytical view of phenomena, and when a philosopher is offered an axiom, like "treat others as you want them to treat you," the philosopher sees the entire space of similar axioms and realizes that this is not the only possibility. Similarly, the philosopher sees the harmful consequences (or lack thereof) to which the acceptance of this axiom leads.

Let's try to parameterize "treat others as you want them to treat you." To begin with, we replace the actors with variables:

X treat Y as you want U to treat V



***Pirogovo Jesus***

Now substitute the relation "treat" with variable relations R and S:

$R(X, Y)$  as you want  $S(U, V)$

Next, substitute "as you want" with a variable P:

$P(R(X, Y), S(U, V))$

Thus, we have a 7d-space (P, R, S, X, Y, U, V) including, in particular:

"Love others not like penguins hate pigs"

when:

P = not like

R = love

S = hate

X = you

Y = others

U = penguins

V = pigs

In other words, there are a lot of ethical axioms of this kind.

Note though, that precedent and antecedent don't have to include the same actors. For example, precedent could be an exemplar life of Biblical characters, while antecedent be your own life. So it makes sense to have separate variables X,Y and U,V (instead of Y,X). Why doesn't this stranger treat me like that other person treats their best friend?

With the consequences of adopting an axiom, everything is more complicated. For example, the above "golden rule" axiom in fact allows you to mask the path to Hell with good intentions, as in that fairy tale where a squirrel drowned during baptism, but it was still good, because the squirrel died orthodox christian. In the Old Testament, there is an alternative axiom formulated as "an eye for an eye" (or treat others as they treat you), but it leads to similar problems. On the other hand, in the Old Testament, there is "you will reap what you sow." Perhaps humanity can not be organized by such simple rules, including the universal quantifier?

Any formal or ordinary reasoning somehow comes down to a set of axioms - some beliefs. Therefore, to talk with someone about something or study someone's text, it is necessary to understand which system of axioms the person or the author of the text uses in his reasoning. Otherwise it will be a conversation between the blind and the deaf.

However, it happens that one system of axioms can be expressed through the other, especially in social systems. For example, at first sight, communists and individualists will never understand each other, for when a communist says "good", he means a common good, and when the "good" is said by an individualist, he means his own personal good.

But the trouble is, the supporters of communism are by no means unselfish, and they usually try to hide their personal benefit inside the common good, trying to cover the way to Hell with good intentions for the sheeple. So the communists sometimes even openly argue that one must take away other people's wealth and appropriate it for their own good, but usually they do it in a veiled manner, for example introducing benefits and welfare for themselves.

Communists and the socialists in general are known to be the masters of embezzlement. Comrades of the communists, the Nazis, also believe that it is necessary to destroy or enslave other nations by taking possession of their property. Likewise, a woman who feeds 40 cats does not care about the welfare of these cats, but tries to compensate for her mental problems, like loneliness and the lack of children. Each has personal social justice, but it reduces to the interests of the survival of some system, or this system does not live long, such as a ponzi scheme or a bomb explosion.



Such expressiveness of one through the other is traced throughout the foreseeable world - from biology, to the motion of galaxies, to quantum particles. Supporters of cybernetics will protest that, say, a black hole "sucking" objects into itself does not have control over its actions: where to fly to and what objects to catch into its gravity; - I will object to this, that none of the systems have control over themselves. Control is illusory, like the freedom of will itself, and depends on external deterministic factors.

It's a lie that people are responsible for their actions. No person is self-made: one always has parents, acquaintances, attending psychiatrist, accomplices, and a political instructor who has pestered him in the head. A pair with the Down syndrome will give birth to a Down syndrome kid, and if you were born in a Russian village, in a family of drunkards, you most likely will become the same Russian alcoholic, unless a miracle happens: for example, your mom will be killed by a drunken stepfather, and you will be sent to an orphanage from which Americans will adopt you. It is obvious that individual chemical reactions have no choice as to how to proceed, so why should a human being (a composition of chemical reactions) have any choice?

Thus, in terms of control over one's actions, a person is no different from this black hole, onto which falls a lot of dusty garbage. Everything that we see around us speaks about the ultimate determinism. You can call it fatalism, but sooner or later the matter of which your body is composed will be in the black hole located in the center of the Milky Way. And you can't do anything. You may as well jump now from a bridge... however, whether to jump or not, you have no choice.

Different polls show that about 80% of people believe in free will. On the other hand these same people have an 80% chance to have that opinion, so their choice here is 80% deterministic. However, had 100% of the people unanimously believed in free will, there would certainly be no freedom of will, while answering that question. That gives us insight, that under the general determinism, there are systems which further restrict freedom of will. And if there is a goal, then the will is already unfree, being subordinated to this goal.

To those who believe that there is no free will, psychiatrists diagnose schizophrenia, the so called "delusion of control". Therefore, if you tell the doctor that you do not control your life, then you can be sentenced to a life in a psychiatric institution, where they will control you by medication, restricting your movement and by beating you. According to psychiatry, turning you into a vegetable by means of neuroleptics, so that you can't go to the toilet yourself, will somehow help you gain control over your life. Then again, Russian psychiatry recognized serial killer Chikatilo as sane.

In their reasoning, people often use logic based on the syllogisms of the form  $P, Q \rightarrow R$ . I.e. having correct premises P and Q, we can assume by induction R to be correct too. For example:

P = All Russians are criminals.  
Q = Vladimir Putin is Russian.  
R = Vladimir Putin is a criminal.

Even intuitive and delusional thoughts are reduced to such induction:

P = An antenna is located at the nearby building.  
Q = I read somewhere that antennas can transmit information.  
R = This antenna transmits voices into my head.

Insane persons make such a conclusion, without understanding physics and neurophysiology, believing in the transmission of thoughts using a radio frequency signal, based on some of their conjectures or information from the media. Crazy people are also fixated on their own personality, believing that everything happens just for them, and even this antenna irradiates them, and not someone else, and then they teleologically look for the answer to the question of why they get "irradiated", making correct conclusions from incorrect premises and incorrect conclusions from correct premises.

Once upon a time, based on such observations and developing Markov's ideas, I wrote a very simple program [markov\_sort] ([https://github.com/saniv/markov\\_sort/](https://github.com/saniv/markov_sort/)), which takes as input the state of the world before and after some actions. To each value in the "before" space, the program assigns a set of sensors with different thresholds (selected randomly at program startup) and links them with random values in the "after" space, again giving them random influence, thus making cross-correlation of each bit of information with each other. Seeing the unknown "before" space each such link votes (using its influence), producing the most likely "after" space. In addition, each link has associated statistics, estimating how strongly the associated "before" value affects the "after" value, it is this statistic that determines how link will vote in each particular case.

Thus, such a system can predict rather complex functions, like sorting items in ascending or descending order, while simple logical operations, like XOR, it guesses with 100% accuracy. Moreover, the more connections and the more experience system has, the more accurate the guess. Also, this system can work in a closed loop, trying to predict the state a few steps forward, as if collecting chain links of markov chain. Thus, having a set of actions, the system can choose the action that brings it closer to the goal.

On the other hand, the program can play a role of a simple chat bot, generating a response based of examples of chat conversations. Interesting, that while it works similarly, the reasoning underlying this algorithm has little in common with reasoning behind neural networks or perceptrons, and it is much easier to implement: it actually works directly with 1 and 0 bits, without requiring floating-point weights.

In some sense, we have reduced the precedent and antecedent of the previously discussed axiom template to the spaces "before" and "after" in this stochastic system. That stochastic predictor system can arise in numerous ways, including Neural Nets or KD-trees, but the above presented path is the easiest way you can reason up to it.

At the root of computing and the theory of probability stands Blaise Pascal's persona. In 1652, Pascal invented the world's first mechanical calculator, capable of adding and subtracting numbers. Later, Pascal tried to find evidence of the existence of God, but similarly to the friar Mendel, who, instead of the Creator of Man, discovered the algorithm of genetics, Pascal discovered the first and most significant cellular automaton, - Pascal's Triangle, - a mathematical structure that proves that complex processes can arise on the basis of simple rules. A triangle is generated according to a simple rule - each cell holds the sum of two cells above it:

|  |  |  |   |  |   |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|--|--|--|---|--|---|--|----|--|----|--|----|--|----|--|----|--|---|--|---|
|  |  |  | 1 |  |   |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 1 |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 2 |  | 1  |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 3 |  | 3  |  | 1  |  |    |  |    |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 4 |  | 6  |  | 4  |  | 1  |  |    |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 5 |  | 10 |  | 10 |  | 5  |  | 1  |  |    |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 6 |  | 15 |  | 20 |  | 15 |  | 6  |  | 1  |  |   |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 7 |  | 21 |  | 35 |  | 35 |  | 21 |  | 7  |  | 1 |  |   |
|  |  |  | 1 |  | 8 |  | 28 |  | 56 |  | 70 |  | 56 |  | 28 |  | 8 |  | 1 |

At its core, the Pascal Triangle is the space of everything that is possible in our world. This triangle binds together a set of mathematical patterns. So it contains all the numbers in ascending order, and if you represent a triangle as a face of a pyramid with a square base (obtained by making each cell the sum of four cells on it), then the sections of this pyramid will include the multiplication table. Each element of the triangle is equal to the number of paths, which lead to it down from the top. For example, element 6 can be reached in six ways (minus - move left, and plus - move right):

- 1-1+3
- +1+1-3
- 1+2+3
- 1+2-3
- +1-2+3
- +1-2-3

The sum of each row of a triangle is equal to a power of two. The numbers of each row are distributed according to the law of the normal Gaussian distribution in the form of a bell, the one that models the distribution of people according to the results of the IQ test and other competitions. The sums of the series of the shifted Pascal Triangle give Fibonacci numbers:  $1, 1, 1+1, 1+2, 1+3+1, 3+4+1, 1+6+5+1 \dots = 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13 \dots$ . These numbers are closely related to the helix of the trajectory of an object falling under the action of gravity. The spiral of such proportions is formed by already mentioned Milky Way galaxy, slowly falling into the black hole in its center:

$$\begin{aligned}
 1 &= 1 \\
 1 &= 1 \\
 2 &= 1 + 1 \\
 3 &= 1 + 2 \\
 5 &= 1 + 3 + 1 \\
 8 &= 1 + 4 + 3 \\
 13 &= 1 + 5 + 6 + 1 \\
 21 &= 1 + 6 + 10 + 4 \\
 34 &= 1 + 7 + 15 + 10 + 1
 \end{aligned}$$

If we express the column 'k' in the row 'n' of the triangle through 'C(n,k)' (the Newton binomial formula), then for large 'n' (128, and higher) the expression  $2 \cdot (2^n / C(n, n/2))^2 / n$  begins to approach the number 'Pi'. Note that  $2^n$  is the sum of all elements of the row 'n', and 'C(n, n/2)' is the central element of that row. Generalizing the Pascal triangle, the mathematicians derived Pascal's Rhombus and the so-called elementary cellular automata, one of which, Rule 110, is Turing-complete — that is, able to perform any arbitrary computation, like your computer's CPU. If you cut out all the even numbers from the Pascal triangle, then you will see the so-called Sierpinski triangle - a fractal that is closely related to the elementary logical operations.

Pascal's triangle can also be associated with physics and chemistry. For example, many physical laws include the formula of a square or inverse square, and one of the variations of the Pascal Triangle contains its diagonal of the squares of all numbers from zero to infinity (1,4,9,16,25,...,n<sup>2</sup>):

$$\begin{array}{cccccccc}
 & & & & 1 & & & & \\
 & & & & 1 & 2 & & & \\
 & & & 1 & 3 & 2 & & & \\
 & & 1 & 4 & 5 & 2 & & & \\
 & 1 & 5 & 9 & 7 & 2 & & & \\
 1 & 6 & 14 & 16 & 9 & 2 & & & \\
 1 & 7 & 20 & 30 & 25 & 11 & 2 & & \\
 1 & 8 & 27 & 50 & 55 & 36 & 13 & 2 & \\
 1 & 9 & 35 & 77 & 105 & 91 & 49 & 15 & 2
 \end{array}$$

One of such quadratic laws is the number of electrons on the s, p, d, f shells of an atom, equal to  $2 \cdot n^2$  (2,8,18,32,50,72,...). Using the initial elements 2 and 4, we will see these numbers in the Pascal Triangle.

$$\begin{array}{cccccccc}
 & & & & 2 & & & & \\
 & & & & 2 & 4 & & & \\
 & & & 2 & 6 & 4 & & & \\
 & & 2 & 8 & 10 & 4 & & & \\
 2 & 10 & 18 & 14 & 4 & & & & \\
 2 & 12 & 28 & 32 & 18 & 4 & & & \\
 2 & 14 & 40 & 60 & 50 & 22 & 4 & & \\
 2 & 16 & 54 & 100 & 110 & 72 & 26 & 4 & \\
 2 & 18 & 70 & 154 & 210 & 182 & 98 & 30 & 4
 \end{array}$$

But as you see there are different diagonals, corresponding to different universes with different chemical properties. I was hinted that most of them will likely collapse on creation, leaving only the "2,8,18,32,50,72,..." one, and maybe a few parallel universes with unimaginable properties. Just like the higher level evolution process leaves only the fit species alive. That can be seen as another

proof of total determinism.

There is also a connection between the Pascal triangle and other simple triangles:

```
1 =          1
4 =         1 2 1
9 =        1 2 3 2 1
16 =       1 2 3 4 3 2 1
25 =      1 2 3 4 5 4 3 2 1
```

In this triangle, each number is a manhattan distance metric to its edge.

You can also see the connection with the multiplication table, rotated at an angle of 45 degrees:

```
          1
         2  2
        3  4  3
       4  6  6  4
      5  8  9  8  5
     6 10 12 12 10 6
    7 12 15 16 15 12 7
   8 14 18 20 20 18 14 8
  9 16 21 24 25 24 21 16 9
```

Replacing each cell in it by the sum of the distances to the nearest numbers in the sum giving the number in the cell, we get a triangle similar to the previous one:

```
          1
         1  1
        1  2  1
       1  2  2  1
      1  2  3  2  1
     1  2  3  3  2  1
    1  2  3  4  3  2  1
   1  2  3  4  4  3  2  1
  1  2  3  4  5  4  3  2  1
```

The sum of the odd rows of the triangle is again produces  $n^2$  squares.

There are versions of such triangles, when they refer to themselves, going through their values in different intervals, creating continuous computation.

The question remains: does the number in the cell of a triangle has the freedom to take its value or to influence the values of numbers below? Pascal's follower, mathematician Stephen Wolfram [makes a guess]([https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_eC14GonZnU](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_eC14GonZnU)) that free will is an illusion, because our reality can be modeled by a cellular automata, akin to te Pascal Triangle, and Wolfram's opinion is [shared](<http://www.pnas.org/content/107/10/4499.full>) by biologist Anthony Cashmore. Another mathematician, David Wolpert, [proved](<https://plus.maths.org/content/infering-limits-reality>), that if God exists, he does not have the free will to influence the world he created, otherwise God himself doesn't know what kind of world he created, and as a result God cannot create a god equal to himself according, and such a second god simply cannot exist. So God cannot be omnipotent or all-knowing. I think if God knows in advance

what he will do, then he can have no free will, it is predetermined - i.e. God cannot see or predict future (at least perfectly). Mathematician John Conway [argued] ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Free\\_will\\_theorem](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Free_will_theorem)) that in the end free will depends on quantum particles, which behave predictably.

Today the concept of free will is defended mainly by the adherents of various obsolete religions. Their scientific argument is based on the erroneous understanding of quantum mechanics, that supposedly quantum processes produce true random numbers, but this is not so. What looks random to us is just the result of a complex process, we don't have enough brain power and/or methodology to fully appreciate. For example, the Law of Gravity and Coulomb's Law act at an unlimited distance, hence every particle in the Universe affects every other particle.

The philosophical argument for free will is similar to Pascal's Wager argument for believing in God:

*I believe in free will. If I am mistaken, it is not my will. And if there is free will, then those who do not believe in free will are mistaken, moreover, by their own will.*

I think we can without any contradiction define "God" as our Universe itself, which is self-similar on many levels. We individually and as a society are in many ways similar to the Universe that spawned us, as part of a fractal, like the part of Pascal Triangle is similar to the whole triangle. Thus, each person is a part of God, and God is in each person.

For me, free will is at very least individual, and, for example, my whole life confirms that I have no power over my fate. I didn't even choose my name. Already the Russian Orthodox names themselves sound unpleasant and turn their bearers into freaks: if you have been called a Russian name, then you have no power over whom to become. The Russian stigma will pursue you to the end. A good thing won't be called with a bad word. If, however, the Sapir-Whorf hypothesis is to be believed, language determines thought, hence my thinking is already a hostage to the Russian language.



# **Goodbye Slavery**

Thinking now, I can make an analogy between myself and a serf slave peasant in the older Russia. Such serfs frequently ran away from their unjust landlord masters, and re-applied to other masters. Yet, usually they were returned back to the original master, since no landlord wanted troubles with their neighbors. Neither the landlords wanted to coddle such runaway peasant slaves, breaking the institute of slave ownership. Especially when the enraged slave owning neighbor is a very powerful warlord.

My case is a bit more special. Inside this analogy, I would be that White serf slave, who was placed with the slaves from Asiatic tribes, and behaved racist towards them, triggering unrest, insulted the Russian landlord himself and vandalized his property, promising to kill his slaves and damage other property. Now when I apply for a protection of the neighboring Ukrainian landlord, and it is logical this landlord has no desire for such rebellious racist slaves, who don't recognize authority and create troubles inside the household. Once a traitor is always a traitor.

So where should such slave go? Which serf-owning landlord will grant the needed protection? Maybe now is the time to end with the slave masters? But where is the country for the free individual now? Long ago it was America, but where should the persecuted freedom loving rebels go today?

Having no answer to that question, I still had to leave Ukraine. Therefore I decided to go to Uruguay, since they speak English there. But it Uruguay was closed due to Covid19 lockdown. Then I had tried to get Mexican electronic entry permit. Yet the request was automatically declined, likely due to Russia having that international arrest warrant on me. That led me to assume the possibility that Ukraine will likely put me into the extradition arrest if I try to leave through any official checkpoint.

Getting tired of running away, I decided that it would be a good time to get deported to Russia. Then Russians will have two options: killing me in jail or releasing alive. In later case I will have the full moral right to try my best at implementing my revenge against them, since Russians have themselves invited me back and imprisoned, while I have no desire to live with them.

Having this mindset, I bought a ticket to Brazil, which had no lockdown and didn't require a visa for Russian citizens. Had Ukraine allowed me to leave, Brazil as a Russian friend would have likely extradited me. Yet my friends in Ukraine have hinted that my flight has a stop at Amsterdam, so I still have a chance to get asylum. Since Russians shot down MH17, killing Dutch citizens, Netherlands has somewhat strained relationship with Kremlin, and there is a possibility they could approve me a political asylum just to spit on Russia. Most Dutch people also speak English language, so I should have no problem explaining my case to them, and just living in Netherlands. So I have decided to apply at Netherlands, if the Ukrainians will allow me to leave.

Around this time I have also met a girl Sasha, who agreed to help me in case of extradition arrest. The meetin influenced me in a lot of ways. But that is the story for the future.

Surprisingly I was able to leave Ukraine without being placed into the extradition arrest, or blocked in any other way. Thanks to Ukrainians at least for ignoring the Russian diffuse interpol arrest request. The only issue was that boarding a flight to Brazil requires a return ticket, so I had to buy that ticket in the last moment, using the remaining money. I have barely managed to board the plane. I have to thank Nataliya Garilska, who made that call, waking me up, when I was asleep in the waiting hall, thinking that I won't need the return ticket. Without her call, I would had no time to purchase the ticket. Frequently a single event can change everything. Since after failing to leave Ukraine by air, I would had to wait for Ukrainians to deport me or trying to jump over the borders, risking getting shot or deported.

Once in the flight transfer at Amsterdam, I've applied for the asylum, and they placed me in the immigration prison, till my case got processed. When the car was leaving airport I have noticed

rusty junk with the Russian Aeroflot logo. It was in stark contrast with the nice maintained property of the other airline operators.

Have to say that the Dutch immigration prison is better than a \$30/day hostel in Ukraine: no bedbugs and you don't get pneumonia from cold, there is even PlayStation for prisoners to play, but it has no Internet access and the only games are sports types – no JRPGs. They do confiscate your phone, laptop and flash cards, so one needs to have all the required documents printed and on hand, while all the important information recorded on around ten A4 pages, since all other paper could be confiscated on entry and they won't be looking on more than 10 pages.

The prison cells do have built-in phones, which is the only way to contact outside world, although interface is not in English and making international calls was a bit tricky. Actual citizen prisoners do get Internet access and a much better gym. Apparently, it is better to be an inmate in Europe than to be a free person in Russia.

One curious fact is that while all other prisoners from Russia had nationality "Russia" written on the sheet near their cell door, I had "Soviet Union" label on my cell. Homo sovieticus? There was a library in prison with books in various languages. The only book in Russian was "Childhood Boyhood Youth" by Leo Tolstoy. Instead I took the book in English "Sidney Sheldon - The Sands of Time", about the Basque terrorists, whom Russia now funds again.

One major problem I got is that Dutch immigration service wants everyone from Russia to speak Russian on their asylum interview. Even Buryats, Chechens and Tatars are expected to speak Russian, not English. So they have provided a Russian interpreter to me, an older lady, born in the Soviet Union. Such people have very strong patriotic upbringing. So I had to explain in depth why I don't speak Russian and would prefer to have English interpreter instead. They said that my refusal to speak Russian could reflect negative on my chances of getting asylum.

Another refugee, a Black Somalian lady, said that she came here from South Africa, and that South African Blacks are racist towards the Blacks coming from other countries, claiming that they "steal the jobs." So that lady had to leave South Africa, but was unable to return to Somalia, because of the unbearable politico-economic situation in the country, known mostly for its Somalian pirates, hijacking ships.

I was very lucky to be early transferred from the immigration prison to a refugee camp, while a lot of other people spend several months in there, with some apparently getting deported right to their Turkey, Nigeria and Russia. Unfortunately there are proper Russians at the camp too. As I write this text, under the window, one, apparently drunk, Russian muzhik has called Russia and talks completely in Russian sukablyad swearing to his Russian compatriots. There are also birch trees growing in Netherlands. How far I am from Russia?

There are many Chinese females at the Netherlands dating sites. They always set their location to Amsterdam, but physically they are in the mainland China. They are uber patriotic, and get agitated when the talk touches Taiwan or Honk Kong independence. Yet, despite their love for China and Communism, they still want to marry a Dutch guy for some reason. These sneaky Chink snakes abruptly cut any communication, when I mention that I'm a political activist from Russia, and that I dislike socialist dictatorships. Apparently this Chinese issue needs further research, but I just have no time for that.

Being in doubt that Netherlands will approve my asylum, I had to begin daily exercise in preparation for the deportation to Russia, since one needs all the health to survive the Russian prison and/or psychiatric asylum, when that is possible in one's individual case.

## ***One Life at the Zoo***

Beside my Russian compatriots, who called me "stupid", after I admitted my shame of being Russian, the refugee camp also hosted numerous African refugees. These had some enlightening world view. First of all, Black refugees hate Netherlands, and call king William "criminal" and "racist", because long ago Dutch had some business and colonies in Africa (i.e. Boers). When I inquired why did they came to Netherlands, if they hate Dutch people, Blacks replied either "I don't know" or "because you whites have destroyed our Africa." When I pointed that now there are no whites in Africa, and African countries are run by Black leaders, they said that these are bad Blacks and "criminals". It seems Africans hate Europe, hate America and accuse all Whites of racism and slavery.

One Black guy from the West Africa said that he hates English language and Portuguese, since these languages were brought by the colonizing whites, and he instead wanted to speak his Mandinka language. Yet he also hated his own Black compatriots who speak the Fula language. He was a bit racist towards these Fula people, which are like the local version of the Jews/Mexicans there. This Mandinka African noted "allow one Fula in, and he will bring other Fulas, stealing our jobs, because they are criminals". Yet the only reason these different tribes even remotely understand each other today is because Portuguese brought to the region some common language.

Black refugees told me that White women like African guys for their big dicks, but never love them. Africans insisted that all white women are racist whores: they want to conceive children from the Black men, and then they will kick them out of the family, cutting the access to common children. These Blacks believed that I'm an undercover Dutch cop or an immigration service agent, who snitches over them, since I ask a lot of questions. They also called me "Russian man". When I pointed that I'm not Russian, they inquired "in what country have you been born?" - I responded "Planet Earth", and from that moment started calling me "Mr Nobody."

In their view, Michael Jackson turned white because he was homosexual, and not because he had vitiligo. Regarding the game of Chess, Africans said that Chess is a "game for lazy people, who can only sit." Black man needs a "game where you have to move, to sweat." Not surprising, since many refugee camp Africans couldn't write or count, neither they were able to read any large sized texts, preferring to watch Youtube videos instead. Especially the conspiracy theories videos. So it was even less surprising, when Black refugees claimed there is no covid19: it is a hoax created to put Africa down again, while Ebola was designed by white racists to kill Blacks.

One Nigerian spoke Russian, due to his "education" in Moscow. He was very proud of it and addressed me in broken Russian, asking "how can you hate your own country and people." I did my best explaining him that Russians are not my people, since Russians are finno-ugric mongoloids, while my family came from Belarus and Ukraine, so I'm white. Yet that Nigerian accused me of "racism". Putin, in the eyes of African refugees, is a good and honest man, and Africans usually have sympathy for Russia, even despite Russia having a non-existing Black population. Africans believe that Russians helped Africa to gain independence from the European colonial rule. At the same time, these Africans hate America, because "all Americans are racist and slave owners" and "they have bombed Iraq and killed our Gaddafi in Libya".

Obviously these Blacks believed that Russians persecute me rightfully and I should be extradited to Russia. I have suggested them to apply for asylum in Russia, and a some of these Africans said, that they will indeed apply in Russia, if Netherlands gives them negative. I wish them free one way tickets to Siberia. Generally, these Africans reminded me of Trump supporters. Same intelligence, same education, same conservative aspirations and reasoning skills.

After an incident, I've learned it the hard way, that you should never give anything to Blacks. Out of politeness I have shared my chocolates with a Black guy, named Larry, but he somehow went to expect that I should now share everything with him, and asked me to give him more chocolates. I told him that I have no more chocolates, but he got it as a personal attack in the vein of "you don't want to share it because you don't like me." Larry held some rather curious views: first he believed he is Jewish, calling himself "heaven's man", but instead of Torah he followed some crazy youtube witchdoctor diet, that made Larry to regularly vomit into the kitchen sink. I would be interesting to see the reaction of actual Israeli Jews to their Black brother.

Everything deteriorated further due to the fact of me refusing to tell my legal name to anybody, including this African guy. That is because I dislike my Russian name and don't want people calling me by it. Alas Africans always get it personally, replying that "you don't want to tell your name, you don't trust me, you're not a nice guy." So that Larry got mad, since he told me his name, but I haven't.

Larry demanded that once he enters kitchen, I should leave, otherwise he will beat me, stating that he is very strong, and they had to heavily medicate him in prison so he would remain peaceful. And I should never dare speaking to him. Larry doesn't look like person who jokes, since he served prison time in Germany, before being kicked out of there, apparently for beating some guy, so I've reported these threats to the camp administration. Surprisingly that only made other local Blacks to turn against me.

Their argument was "you're a white snitch, you go to the other whites to seek protection against us, because you're racist." They also told me "you should kill yourself" and "you will get some boiling water poured over you." Blacks claimed that I'm a "white criminal", and that my "grandfather robbed Mamma Africa and raped African children." Compared to the western SJW dolts, I have no "white guilt", so I responded that "nobody of my ancestors ever been to Africa, and even if they been or even had a plantation, I'm not responsible for their actions, so stop bitching." Of course such bold response could easily get one shanked here. Another Black guy replied that if I get killed here, nobody of them will go to jail, because the camp chief is a Black guy from Morocco, so he will cover the murderers. Very nice and lawful people are these Africans.

Generally, refugee camp Blacks, half of whom served prison time for violent crimes, don't hold much love for whites. One Black Muslim guy told me that he contemplates a suicide, and that since I'm a bad white person, he considers taking me with himself, claiming that he already has a suicide note. I have several times heard "kill all white motherfuckers" from these Africans. Good news is that in the Black opinion "all Whites" also include all Russians, so here I can at least agree with them.

When I bought some new bread, and gave the remaining stale bread to a Nigerian, who had his phone stolen by other Blacks, so he needed too buy a new one, leaving him with very little money. Other Blacks got angry at me, demanding that I should give him my fresh bread instead. I told them, if a person is hungry and has no money, he will be thankful even for a stale bread. They said that I'm a "white mothefucker, mocking them", and that in Africa I "would have been killed."

I told them that I don't care about Africa, and I have absolutely no plans ever traveling to Africa, since it has nothing to offer me: no culture, no education, no architecture, no employment opportunities in any of their Africa shitholes. Only malaria and HIV/AIDS. That haven't made them happy. And I continued that I would love to travel to America instead. They told me that America is a very racist criminal country full of white supremacists, and their Black brothers there will kill me,



*Communist children propaganda magazine "Murzilka"*

doing the right thing. To which I answered that apparently the only racists and criminals in America are their African brothers, because they rob and kill white people only because they are white.

These same Blacks also claimed that it is me, who stole the Nigerian guy's phone. I told them to report me to police then, but they said that they hate cops, and prefer to deal with all the problems in person. Generally Black people get agitated and switch to murder threats rather quickly.



*African modification to a daylight lamp.*

Africans put these yellow supermarket bags inside the daylight lamps. When I asked why do they do it, the Blacks replied "because this white light is the prison light, we need the yellow light." Since this dim yellow light really strains eyes and putting a plastic bag inside the lamp creates fire hazard, I reported that to the camp administration. But Africans have overheard it and warned me that they "hate informers." I replied that only the criminals dislike informers, to which one of them responded that he is a criminal. I said that criminals should be in prison. Guess that haven't turned him into my friend. Apparently I have terrible social skills. I think in Africa they still have these yellow incandescent light bulbs, so these newer diode lamps make them nervous. Yet Africans are surprisingly not afraid of iPhones, which use similar display technology to the modern lamps.

Yet I believe the worst part about Blacks is their tribal mentality, where the individuality is not welcome and everyone must conform to the tribe's traditions and eat from the same plate with the others. They don't respect your personal space, and don't even have a notion of it. They can take your stuff without asking, if you don't keep it in locker, or steal your food from the fridge, and then see nothing wrong with that. That comes in the stark contrast with the Western individualism. All other African qualities, from stealing to vomiting into the kitchen sink to believing into conspiracy theories, strives from this primitive communist mindset and the lack of self-consciousness.

When the Blacks in the camp lose their smartphones to Black theft, they lament "why do they steal from other Blacks, instead of going to the town and stealing from whites?" I.e. it is not that theft is wrong for them, it is that theft from Blacks is wrong, but stealing from whites is completely okay. And I mind you, these Dutch whites are not American whites, which according to Blacks must repay for the slave ownership, even despite only the minority of American whites profited in any way from the plantations. In fact, common whites in America lost high paying jobs to slavery, because plantation owners had no need to pay white workers, when they could had owned slaves. But try explaining that to an African.

On my arrival at the refugee camp, I bought a glass bowl to make salads and to have something usable with a microwave oven. I left it in the kitchen, hoping it could be useful for somebody else too. The bowl was broken in a week. In fact, only plastic and metal kitchen ware survives here, although without the glass lids and handles - which get broken very fast.

Africans for some obscure reason have this affinity to breaking things. Especially the glass and the porcelain items. Then Africans also make a mess in the kitchen, usually because they stack the items without planning or any thinking at all. For example, Blacks put the sauce pan to the table edge, it will lose balance and get overturned onto the floor, splashing everyone with the hot stinking broth. When Africans cook, better stay as far away as possible from them, as from a battlefield - even if they wont splash you with their boiling crap, they will still make you responsible for all their faults.

I'm yet to see a Black man with a smartphone with an unbroken display. For all their Savannah dexterity, they are very clumsy and always break their phones, just like my Russian compatriots. I will never understand why, because I myself use smartphones since their appearance and have yet to break one (it is always other people who break my phones while assaulting me). When the TV



remote here ran out of batteries, the Blacks, instead of changing the batteries, started smashing the remote onto the table, either thinking it will fix the issue, or because of anger that they can't watch their football match.

Don't want to sound racist, but I have to admit that Black refugees throw litter trash and cigarette butts everywhere, even when a garbage bin stands nearby. I'm sorry for Dutch people who have to live near the camp - their neighborhood would be pristine clean without the Africans. Because Dutch people are uber neat and tidy.

When the fridge is full, instead of rearranging and throwing out the expired items, Africans still try to push their stuff there with the full force, sometimes kicking it to fit. Apparently, they don't care if that will get the fridge broken. Blacks don't have outstandingly good manners either: when I was at the immigration prison, the staff presented everyone there with some chocolates, while I

gave mine to one Indian lady, who looked very depressive and was psychologically struggling with being detained. Some obese Black woman there immediately snatched these chocolates from the hands of the Indian lady, without asking. To my indignation, the Black woman excused herself that she is a "chocoholic." The Indian lady was too humble to object.

Once a refugee camp worker was looking if everything is okay, nothing got broken, and he also asked for an id card of some Black guy, who was living in my room illegally, while the legit roommate was away (some people visit camp only for registration). Instead of presenting the id card, that Black guy responded with insults, calling the camp staff person "you racist motherfucker" and threatened him with physical violence. Is this how a dream job looks like? Guess somebody has to clean the chimp enclosure at a zoo.

Finally I've asked the camp administration to get myself relocated, since my Black room-mate planned to kill me and then himself. And I was not particularly excited for such a Romeo and Juliet opportunity. The new compartment provided more African experience. At night I was awoken by the loud squabble sounds. There was a gay guy from Tunisia, and he was relaxing with his friend at the kitchen, during night. Guess they left the strict Muslim country expecting to enjoy some decadent Western life, but instead of the liberal West they met some strong African values. Basically, a Black man from Ghana demanded them to GET THE FUCK OUT, because he wont allow them kissing there in the kitchen.

Next day I asked him "what is wrong with gays?" He replied that "gays are different, they are not true Africans and we must protect ourselves." Apparently homosexuality is still a big no-no in Africa, and LGBTQ is the new racism, because the Africans I met in the camp are very homophobic, although they are also rather conservative and right-winged in general. I.e. like Russians, just Black. Africans also hate the Jews, despite Africa having no Jewish people, outside of maybe Eithiopia where there were a few Black Jews. Once I forgot my pink dildo inside the common bathrooms and Africans had some questions for me...

After about two weeks, they had to relocate me once again, after the new Black room-mate, Maurice, refused to to use the headphones at night, and then just exploded when I was brushing my teeth in front of a kitchen sink, while the bathroom was occupied. That Black said that he had "mental problems", that he will fuck me, and "damage" me, and "do something stupid" to me. When I was leaving the room, he also produced a lengthy tirade in his own African language, which I did not understand. As I left to seek the help of administration, he began chasing me there. Have to say



***Black refugees try to stick in the used toilet paper and banana peels into the ash tray.***

he had countless scars and one of his eyes was damaged. Since Maurice came from Libya, he probably served as a mercenary under Gaddafi, who used the Black fighters as the last measure against his own people. Basically it was the Nigerian Kingsley story all over again. Either history repeats itself or the African people are just very similar. But then again, Maurice also hated me for being homosexual and said he will pray that I become "normal." As if homosexuality is not normal.

The camp Blacks have admirable solidarity: they harbor their own from the deportation, and help trading stolen goods, so it is not surprising they see me as a snitch. The atmosphere is very prison-like "we against the camp staff", and the first rule is: never complain or report anything to the administration. Local stores are apparently well aware of the camp inhabitants, since when I bought sneakers, they had only one shoe out of the pair on display, while the other shoe was retrieved out of a well locked storage, after the fact of purchase. When I bought a used bike, the store owner asked my contact details, since the bought bikes frequently get stolen and resold back to him.

One amazing black lady took a shopping cart from the supermarket to the refugee camp! Or maybe she has just borrowed it, and will return visiting the shop next time? I don't know. But I know that some Russians steal these carts to use instead of furniture, or like say the cradles for their babies.



*Typical muslim toilet with a box of stones instead of paper.*

Many Blacks here don't use the toilet paper, due to different reasons: they don't know about it, want to save some money or because they are Muslims, while Holy Quran orders using water, sand or stone for the process. That works fine with their squat shithole-type toilets, but with the western style seating toilet there is shit, and piss, and diarrhea all around - like literal pieces of shit and undigested food, washed out with the water. Walls and everything around also get splashed with this ass water. So avoid touching anything in the toilet visited by Africans, because many nasty viruses get propagated through the fecal matter venue and Africans naturally carry them. Holy Quran also

designates the left hand for the ass whipping purpose, so the right hand will remain relatively clean. Knowing that never ever give an African anything with your left hand. That is the first rule you learn in the refugee camp. Better yet, avoid any contacts with them at all.

Argued with the Africans about BLM. They say "Black Lives Matter." I reply that the life of a person has as much value as much that person pays taxes or contributes to the American society. Given that the majority of US prison population is African, the Black lives can only matter in a negative sense. I also told them that George Floyd has resisted arrest and died out of overdose - the man had a history of violent crimes. Equating all Black people with the violent criminals, such as George Floyd and then bringing that message to whites, maybe a bad idea, which will only create more racism. And BLM looks like a false flag movement, whose only purpose is to polarize and create strife. It seems negroes have no argument against that, since they respond only with "kill yourself" and "racist mothefucker". I also doubt that Blacks understand the notion of constructive discussion and that you should use logic in your argument, instead of just insults, threats and handwaving. I'm still wondering why Blacks overuse the word "mothefucker": are they obsessed with fucking their big black mammas?

When I've just arrived at Netherlands, the Russian well-wishers rejoiced that I will become the next Limonov and the Blacks in Europe will rape me, since they are all gay. In reality Black refugees are very conservative and hate gay people with passion. And the camp staff had to relocate that Tunisian gay person, after the man from Ghana has beaten him just because he is gay, and kissed his boyfriend.

I was going to be his next target, since I spoke in defense of homosexuality. That Ghana man said that Africa has no gay people, because in Africa everyone is either Christian and Muslim. In his opinion gay people are "smeared in shit", and that I myself "eat shit", and my foul mouth stinks. I objected that Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity, was himself homosexual and had sex with all the apostles. The proof of Jesus' homosexuality is right there in the New Testament. My argument haven't convinced the Ghana man, he got really enraged and agitated, accusing me of blasphemy, so I had to retreat before he attacked me with some heavy and/or sharp object. The refugee camp indeed has an LGBT flag at the entrance, but it is a big joke, since the majority of the population are hardcore fundamentalist right-wingers, who don't even know what that flag means, otherwise they would have likely torn it apart.

I've already mentioned that Africans love breaking things. Out of the numerous washing machines, at least half is defunct, despite the continuous maintenance and fixing by the camp staff. In addition to trying to wash stuff like children toys, Africans always overload the washing machines, probably trying to save on the washing tablets. Sometimes Blacks have so much laundry, they carry it balancing on their heads, while we stupid white people use our heads for over-thinking and over-complicating things. Blacks also wash their shoes inside the washing machine at 60C, and when the shoes dis-colorize and fall apart they get mad, trying to fix them with some improper glue, which is not adhesive with rubber. Even the door handles get vandalized. But it is a good thing they broke the TV, because the only TV show Africans watch is the football channel and I was never fond of soccer. For the gay-haters, they spend a lot of time watching sweaty athletes chasing the ball.



***Door handle was damaged by the refugees. Likely during some fight.***

The classiest thing Africans do would be clogging the toilet, since their athletic intelligence allows them to use the toilet for disposing of non-solvable stuff. Usually they don't call the repair service, till the shit starts flowing over the top, introducing the true African odor to the apartments. Can't blame them for their love of feces, since I heard in Africa they live in the huts cemented with shit, while covering themselves in fecal matter as a way to fight skin parasites.

Of course Africans don't clean their apartments, so I had to spend several hours scrubbing off the yellow cannabis smoke-ash from the walls around my bed. Smoking inside the apartments is forbidden, but Africans don't care about the rules. Of course I reported them, but that haven't turned me into a much loved person. Now I'm a disgusting snitch of a person. When I enter the room, Blacks stop their talk about "how to evade the Dublin [convention]." Nobody of them wants to sit at the same kitchen table with me. So, when I take a sit, they either change table. or demand me to go away, since they don't want anyone to think they are my friends.

Many Africans came to Europe from Libya. They really love Muammar Gaddafi, saying that he wanted to unify Africa, creating something like an African version of Soviet Union. Indeed Gaddafi actively lobbied his unification ideas, opened schools and mosques in African countries, so he could indoctrinate their youth for his dream of building the Great African Empire, which would have been subservient to Soviet Union. That was the real reason the deranged bastard Gaddafi got eliminated, because nobody needed such a huge corrupt African King Kong, not even the Gaddafi's Russian friends, who want Africa in pieces for better digestion.

The Gaddafi's government employed a lot of unskilled African workers domestically, lowering the common Arab wages and spoiling their lives with the Black neighborhoods. So it is no wonder, that after Gaddafi's demise the local Ku Klux Klan department took some measures, including a number of public lynching, which led to a massive outflow of these negroes. Yet, for some reason,



despite their love for Africa, they haven't returned to their mother countries, but departed for Europe. Guess when Vladimir Putin dies, Russian Tajik and Uzbek workers will too go to Europe, where they will be praising the great emperor Putin. Libya was indeed very similar to modern Russia.

To my discomfort, I've learned more about Africa, than about Netherlands. I would love to tell you that I met great Dutch artists or computer scientists, like Dijkstra. But it is the Black people whom I've to deal with here continuously. And they brought Africa with them and began turning everything around them into Africa. For example, there is a littler all around, and benches near the refugee camp are defaced with graffitis, reminiscent of the Russian and Ukrainian ones. Probably a warning sign that you enter a hazardous environment.

Africans don't eat from personal dish plates, but instead share a common plate. They don't use utensils, like spoon or work, eating by hands. The pinnacle of the African kitchen is the dish called "Fufu". It is a disgusting looking mass, which smells and tastes like the Russian "mannaya kasha", but a bit more viscous, since Blacks need to take pieces of it from the common plate to dip into the sauce. When Blacks use a blender to cooks their African sauces, they always overload it, and then violently shake the blender in hope it will start blending. If you point that they are doing it wrongly, Blacks usually get angry and can throw something at you (and you're lucky, if it is not the boiling oil). Apparently aggression is the only way for these creatures to vent out their savagery frustration.



*Hedgehogs at African Market*

Once I was talking with the Black people here if they ever played Sonic the Hedgehog video game. They asked "what is hedgehog?" I shown them photos of hedgehogs, Blacks said that they hunt and ate them in Africa, and in Netherlands too - there are even squirrels in the parks, but I guess not for long now. Google search confirmed: "African countries are flocking to eat bushmeat ... like hedgehogs and cane rats."

But now, after all the time being among Africans, I

think it is a very bad idea to speak with the Black people, to look at their general direction, or to even be anywhere near them. There were several cases already when I walked in the camp smiling, and the Blacks misinterpreted my smile to be pointed at them, and they went into instant rage, going after me and demanding an explanation (usually not in English), why I'm smiling and looking at them. My best bet is running for the camp staff in these cases. And I never liked soccer or any team sports, neither I was super interested in gym, cars or girls or rap music, so I just had no common talk points with the Blacks.

Apparently, smiling is not okay in Africa, since the Blacks typically have unfriendly faces, like the prison inmates have on these photos. While I don't smoke weed, many Blacks do, and the weed to my humble knowledge is the only thing pacifying Black people. Africans of all kind are much better when they are high. So it makes sense to always carry some weed with you to give it as a treat to Blacks, like you give treats to the angry dogs.

Have I mentioned that Blacks are obnoxiously loud? Africans always shout, never speak quietly. Even when speaking on the phone they are very emotional, screaming, gesticulating, spitting and punching the table and/or walls. In their speech patterns, Blacks also love to repeat the same word

for several times in a row (i.e. good-good). Of course their native African languages are based around word and syllable repetition ("reduplication"), but they carry these unmistakable speech patterns into their broken French and English. Guess the process of African speech is similar to a dog barking the same sound repeatedly, deeply animalistic and subconscious. When there are several Africans around, it starts sounding like a soundtrack to the next remake of the Planet of the Apes.

Unfortunately Blacks also do a lot of noises at night, when I'm, being a stupid white male, try to sleep. At 1:00 they either speak on the phone with Africa, or watch their African youtube videos or a football match. When I asked of my room-mate if he can be a bit quieter in between 22:00 and 8:00 (the official sleep hours in the camp), and use the headphones, the Black male responded "don't tell me what to do." The only working method convincing them, is calling the camp staff, who can call the police, because Africans either don't understand when you ask them nicely, or more likely consider it unmanly to comply with a request of some "gay whitey matharfacker."

It seems Africans are just incompatible with any politeness. For example, I was inquired by one of them, what age am I. I told him that I'm 35. To which he said that I'm very old and I should have a family with children. I replied that no, I don't have children. Now a well mannered person would stop asking further, but the Black man insisted, asking why I don't have a wife and a family. I responded in a straight way, telling him that I'm homosexual, and I don't need children, since they are a huge economic burden for their caretaker. That African said that I should be ashamed of being gay and he will pray for me to stop being homosexual. I responded to him, that here in the West people are proud of they sexuality. He asked if my parents are proud of me, I stated that my mother is a non-westerner, her father was a full-blown mongoloid and she herself has Asiatic mentality. The African replied that I'm racist. Well, guess I'm "racist" towards my own ancestry. But then self-criticism is a racism too!

Anyway, I also don't listen to rap music, preferring Nobuo Uematsu, Bach and Vaughan Williams instead. Please excuse me if what I say sounds xenophobic. I don't want to be racist, I'm just describing my little sour experience. As usual, a lot of 'I's, and so little of 'We's, but I can't speak for anybody else or in a passive voice. Sorry, I'm just a mere myself, i.e. not a part of any crazy Black or White tribe. This part of my life made me completely convinced that the best part about the Black people is their stylish black skin color, unfortunately for me that was about the only good thing Africans posses.

After the second relocation I ended up with another lovely room mate, but this time not even speaking English. Meet refugee Anis. He came to Netherlands from Morocco. The first thing Anis did after my arrival was accusing me of stealing his cocaine stash, despite that I don't do drugs. He turned everything upside down, looking for his stupid crack. As a proper Moroccan, beside drug pushing, Anis did shoplifting and apparently stole some stuff from the camp too. He was one of the guys selling the obviously stolen items around the camp.

Like my previous hostel friends, including Kingsley, Anis slept during day, but turned on the light and made a lot of noise during the night hours. At 3 am (3:00 in the night) Anis got into a loud squabble with another refugee from Middle East, again over that stolen stash of drugs. I complained about being unable to sleep, but Anis continued. So I began filming with my phone, and hat haven't pacified the drug dealer a bit. Hearing that I will report him to camp administration, first he punched the phone out of my hand, then there was a fight. Anis tried to get my phone and break, so this recording wont surface. Fortunately the phone flung under the bed, out of his reach, but he messed my other stuff. When the camp guards came, he told them that I'm a "hacker" (i.e. a computer criminal), because I spent all time sitting with my laptop. Guess Morocco is just not sending their best.

Unfortunately this time the camp staff has refused to relocate me, saying that we will be friends with Anis, so the next time he turns on the light at 3 am, I should just endure it and cope. Camp counselors also said if I don't stop filming these retards assaulting me, I will go to jail, being charged with the "invasion of privacy." Doubting they have solitary confinement, but I guessed they



can make an exception if something happens to my cellmate, after he makes a chimpout at 3 am. Therefore I explicitly asked camp management to report me to cops, since the prison at Schipol was the safest place I lived in Netherlands. That confused the camp staff, but they said they will look how they can punish me. Still in the end camp administration moved me to a personal room, saying that I'm a very problematic person, apparently because I sleep at night, don't steal other people's cocaine and don't smoke weed inside the living room.

My mother in her youth has participated in these "Free Angela Davis" rallies and enjoyed "blackening" by several Africans studying in Leningrad. At that time she actually got pregnant with a female mongrel fetus, which fortunately for me resulted into still birth. The "fortunately" is because my mother explicitly told me on several occasions that had her femgroid daughter was born, I myself would have never been born, because she had no desire for more than two kids and that she is sorry my little sister is dead, while I'm alive. After I told my mother about my problems with Africans in Ukrainian hostels and the refugee camp, she berated me in the "so disgusting you're also a racist" way, and told me that "Africans are very good and oppressed people."

With my sister it is like with everything in this world: for one to live, somebody else has to die to free the lebensraum. And each dead negro meant one living non-negro. And I've never liked my mother, so felt no sadness for her loss or really cared about what she loves, including negroes. Yet Africans helped me to see the main issue in myself, for I had a seed of their personality making me angry and potentially violent. African men are overly masculine and athletic, and many women consider them to be ideal males, brimming with testosterone, compared to the more feminine western "males." Yet that testosterone abundance is precisely the thing making Africans dangerous and impulsive. And I disliked seeing even attenuated parts of their personality in myself. I disliked becoming angry when I break a glass. I started despising even my anger and hatred towards Russia.

In fact the problem of violence can be easily solved with hormonal replacement therapy (HRT). A court mandated testosterone blocker can be used to cure even the most violent criminals, because just releasing violent convicts back into the society untreated won't solve the toxic masculinity problem, which got them behind the bars in the first place, and they will return to prison in no time. I personally can't change others and prevent people from going violent and start knife fights in the refugee camp, but I can improve my own life.

# **Becoming Myself**

*The definition of the beard as stated by the scholars is: the hair of the face, jawbone and cheeks, in the sense that all the hair on the cheeks, jawbone and chin is part of the beard and removing any of it is counted as a sin, because the Messenger said: "Let your beards grow," "Leave your beards alone," "Let your beards increase," "Let your beards be full." This indicates that it is not permissible to remove anything from the beard.*

*--Shaykh Ibn 'Uthaymeen*

Though this book I mention that I'm not a straight person and the fact I went against Russia was mainly its mistreatment of gay people. I'm indeed attracted to a specific type of guys, yet all of them were attracted to girls. And there was something other inside of me. My entire life I had rather feminine character, supported by a high pitched voice, and during childhood preferred girly toys and even the LEGO set I picked when I was 8 years old was for girls. I never really considered myself a man, and never wanted to play that role, which through my life led to a never ending conflict. During some moment, part of me hated myself for being a girl, but that was not my best part.

In the beginning I had little knowledge how to resolve my problem, and I had no way to handle it while living with my conservative mom in conservative Russia. I knew about hormones before, for they are the Lisp macros of organic chemistry. Yet the first time I took hormonal pills was in Ukraine as part of my crossdressing activity. And I really liked how they affected my brain, improving my concentration and programming abilities, while at the same time acting as anti-depressant, greatly boosting my mood making me feel really comfortable. For a refugee it was impossible to get these pills legally and I had problems ordering them continuously, so that experiment was short-lived.

Now in Netherlands I got overwhelmingly strong depression, and was contemplating a final attack on the Russians at Gazprom offices. I just couldn't help myself, because I had no desire to live as I am. So I decided that now is my only transition to accept my real gender now, for otherwise I will never do it, because I was already 35 and, seeing no future for myself, I really wanted to die, yet first taking some of my enemies with me. Thankfully I was able to compose myself and realize transitioning the way to save myself, or more precisely to save the abused girl inside of me. There were countless reasons for me to transition:

1. I began crossdressing already while dating Gaziza. I have hormonal imbalance since the puberty, therefore high pitched voice and female breast. And baseline blood test has shown that I still have abnormal (for a male) hormone level. Even when I was back in Russia, I constantly got comments from Russians in the vein of "get the fuck out of my country you faggot," "go to a place like Netherlands" and "the likes of you are not welcome here." So putting my hormones in place seems like logical idea.
2. I kept being pointed that I don't behave like a proper man, have hysterics, and generally not dominant enough, not trying hard enough. During my childhood even my mother said that I act unworthy of a boy. In other words, I'm a loser as a man. Yet it is completely acceptable for a girl to be a loser and a sissy, and to cry when she fails. Nobody expects a girl to overdo it. So instead of sweating hard to be a man, I can cry a little to be myself - a girl. I have no desire or obligation to prove my worth to anyone. I'm just who I am.
3. I feel uncomfortable with the body hair, having baldness and wearing the horrendous sandpaper clothes for men. I want to be beautiful. Female hormones and testosterone blocker could give one's natural hair back, while removing the facial hair, or turning it into easily epilable fluff.
4. Blocking testosterone made me much calmer. It completely cured my ADHD and borderline schizophrenic symptoms, as well as removed the aggression, anger and hatred I had.

5. Estrogens helped boosting my programming skills and creativity further. Estradiol is that ultimate mind expanding drug, which is actually helpful in the long run. Moreover estrogens are strong anti-depressants, which got me out of really heavy suicidal depression, where I was already seeking death, or even mass murder plus suicide.
6. Despite more points of failure, women generally live longer, due to a multitude of factors, especially if they do HRT after menopause. So doing estrogen and blocking testosterone can prolong your life by like 5-10 years. Of course such prognosis doesn't account for the violence transgender people experience from the conservatives.
7. Russians hate LGBT, so becoming a girl is a way to further distance myself from their despicable culture. Yes. I would rather chop my balls off, than deal with Russians again. That is how bad Russia is.
8. I like trying different things and see the world from a different vantage point, especially if it is a really comfy vantage point. After all, you live only once.
9. Cock and balls get into the way and sweat continuously. But with a proper neo-vagina surgery one can still enjoy sex, although differently, all while being free of these silly items.
10. Good feminine looks can really help with career. Taken all other factors equal, HR will pick the applicant with nicest looking photo, since such person will also work as a good decoration in their office. Good looks is even more important if you run your own business, since you must deal with the clients and represent your business yourself.
11. Being on the edge of a complete mental breakdown, HRT can be the only way to improve one mood, or at least prevent that person from going postal, because lowering testosterone lowers aggression, distress and makes people calmer, while estradiol boosts positive emotions blocking serotonin production and thus acting as a strong anti-depressant.
12. As freedom loving person and a software engineer I feel I have the right to reprogram my body to better suit my needs, just like I do that with software.
13. Good look and body make me confident in myself, and allow me to be polite to other people. Having nice body is similar to taking a shower each day. First it makes me myself feel comfortable, and then I show respect to people around me. And I never liked my beard, since it is a really unhygienic and ugly thing, with food getting stuck in it and hairs producing acne. Beard makes you look aggressive and evil, like some viking barbarian. So once you start shaving your beard you already made the first step towards abandoning your masculinity.
14. I'm attracted to well groomed gay people and cis gender guys. And to myself be attractive to them, I need to have good and sexy looks. I also enjoy the passive or "bottom" role in sex, and transitioning allows me to be myself, without pretending to be dominant.
15. Low testosterone orgasms are just so much more vivid and prolonged, and that alone is a good reason to stop being man.

Obviously church-going Netherlands limits access to HRT medications just like Russia, mandating transgenders to wait 3 years before they are allowed to take a single pill. And one can't just go to pharmacy and buy these meds. Many Dutch pharmacies demand prescription even monoxidil, which is sold over the counter in all other countries. Analogously, wig shops require doctor's prescription because insurance covers large portion of the wig's price, so they overprices the goods to milk the medical system. There are multiple ideological and economic reasons why Netherlands government blocks people from transitioning, but all these reasons boil down to the evil conservative elites in power trying to control and exploit their citizens, and by extensions the refugees coming to Netherlands. And the only way to fight that is by organized protest and sabotage.

Unfortunately I'm alone and have no time for such a prolonged fight against yet another crazy government. And Dutch just don't care if I go postal and mass murder people and then myself, if I wont lower my testosterone immediately, because testosterone is the single main reason people become angry and violent. Moreover just crossdressing without HRT and going outside wearing female clothes is a sure way to provoke multiple conflicts, because a man wearing female clothes

somehow induces aggression and indignity in other men, so the only way to avoid a fight is to pass as a woman, and for that HRT is mandatory.

So to stop being danger for myself and the others I had to obtain HRT pills illegally, breaking yet another law, although this time a Dutch one. Thankfully the transgender community is mostly very friendly and warm, and the girls can help the one in need, for we are all sisters. With hormones moving to normal female levels, my anger began turning into love, and I became much calmer and happier overall. Yet before the HRT changed my appearance, I got into troubles for coming out as a “non-passing” transgender...

First of all, Africans in the refugee camp now began harassing me in the “why are you like this now” way, while other refugee believed that I'm slut and offered me sex for one night while laughing. And then I got kicked from the Dutch classes. Teacher Ate there got really annoyed by me crossdressing in the male only class full of conservative muslims. Of course he could no kick me out explicitly for being transgender, so Ate used other pretense, that I answer in a too quiet voice, and that annoyed him since he could not always hear what I say. That I wear a face mask to conceal my facial hair. Ate said that either I have a virus I should not be attending his classes, or I wear mask as provocation to annoy people, moreover wearing the mask below my nose. My explanation that I wear mask to conceal my facial hair, since I'm transgender, haven't made Ate any friendlier.

Finally Ate went after me for using google translate on my phone to translate the Dutch words I don't understand. Ate said “you use phone instead of listening while I speak, that is very disrespectful towards me, so you're no longer welcome at my classes.” My objection that I use phone to translate the words of his speech I don't undersand, had no effect on Ate, who was determined to kick me out, used google translate as an excuse, because Ate ignored other people using phones, and not for google translate but for chatting, and even when they haven't bothered to turn the sounds off.

A girl must have silk smooth skin, so I really want to permanently get rid of facial hair, which greatly annoys me. Therefore I was looking for a place to buy a laser epilator, which damages hair follicles. Among other things I visited a Harderwijk beauty store (the one near Jimbo) and asked if they could remove my facial hair. I was not wearing women's clothes that day and pretended to be as manly as I could (which is not much). Receptionist lady went to consult with the story owner, and returned, saying that they won't do that to a man, because men must have beards. I have also asked if maybe they know about an appliances store selling laser epilators. She said she won't tell me that either. I said "have a nice day and left".

Next day I returned to that beauty shop, but this time wearing women's clothes, a long hair wig, pantyhose, a blouse and some basic BB cream makeup to hide the shaved beard shadow. Again I asked for an appointment to fry with the laser my facial hair (i.e. no intimate parts). Like before, the receptionist lady went to consult with the shop owner. In fact, I have nothing against any of the shop employees, they were nice and friendly, and would probably help even a talking dog, if it came and asked to remove the fur. But the owner apparently told her "no", and in rather not nice words. So the receptionist lady decided to convince me to look for another beauty shop, where it wont result into a conflict. At first the receptionist lady said they can't make an appointment, because everything is booked up. I replied "no problem, book me next week". She replied "next week is booked too." I countered "then next month." After which the receptionist said "our device doesn't work with the male skin", to which I replied "devices don't care about your gender, and there is little difference between male and female skin, especially if one takes HRT medications" and "after all it is my money - just try using it, I won't complain if it fails." The receptionist gave up, and directly said "sorry, we won't serve you, please go away."

I was expecting this response. In fact, in my plan I wanted to expose their rudeness and film it. After that they will either call police, or just let me go away with the recorded video, which I myself planned to present to police, making a discrimination complaint, hoping that police will speak with them and they will change for better. I had no expection something horrible can happen in

Netherlands.

So I said "don't mind if I record your answer for a police complaint" and began filming with my Galaxy A41. The receptionist lady got scared and kept repeating "we won't serve you, please go away immediately." Suddenly out of the bowels of the shop appeared a postmenopausal Muslim woman - the shop owner (either Turkish or Arabic - I can't tell). Obviously she was unhappy with me filming. With the steel in her voice she said "this is my business and I refuse to serve you." I didn't know that woman before, so she had no personal enmity for me. I asked "why? is it because I'm gay?" The owner woman refused to reply, repeating just that her shop won't serve me. The scientific term for such women is TERF - trans exclusive radical feminists. It is not unique to Muslims. Good example would Joanne Rowling, who dislikes transgender people and acts as a "gatekeeper", while being non-Muslim.

I told the store owner "I will stand here, till you name the reason why you refuse to serve me, and if you dislike that please call police." To which the Muslim woman replied "no, we won't call police, that is not how we work here." Instead the Muslim woman went outside of the store and called for help some gangsta looking guys, apparently her relatives. Now, I wasn't blocking the door or preventing the shop from operating, I was standing in a corner, so clients could still enter and get service. When I noticed that lady returning with these gopniks, that was a chance for me to run, which I stupidly missed, because I still had no expectation of what is going to happen.

As first the Muslim gopnik tried to intimidate me, pushing me further into the corner till the goods they sell began falling from the stand. I kept filming, while repeatedly saying "please don't touch me, call the police" and "please stop being homophobic." But at one moment the Muslim outright assaulted me, wrestling the phone out of my hand and punching me.

I went after him, hoping to save my phone from being destroyed, but his friend grabbed me and tried to pull out of the shop. I was grasping for different objects around me to stop him from pulling me - all their merchandise was falling onto the floor and breaking. I got out and tried to wrestle the phone for that Muslim, but I'm not that strong, he easily thrown me aside. Panicking, I instead started doing further damage to the shop merchandise, also breaking their reception desk laptop, hoping that this will escalate the conflict enough, they will be forced to deal with the police. That made the gopniks really angry - they dropped me onto the floor and proceeded kicking me in the face - Russian style. I don't really remember what happened afterwards, but some bystanders outside of the shop called the police, which arrived with I was laying there crying, with several huge bulges on my head, bloody circles in both eyes, and a hurt leg.

All I wanted was just to hear the reason they refuse to serve transgender people, who need for epilation the most, since we have much more facial hair than women. I had no intention to break anything in their shop or to start a fight. I would have left after like 10 minutes had the shop owner ignored me, or the shop owner could have called the police, who would have resolved everything without any problems. At the moment I recalled memories from Russia, when local school bullies took away my winter hat, and then beaten me when I attempted to get it back, throwing the hat out of the window.

The police spoke with the shop owner, who told them that I just came to her store and began destroying merchandise, without any reason. So police have immediately cuffed and arrested me, ignoring the goons who began this "fight." In fact, later police have accused me of scratching the lip of the Muslim gopnik - which I think happened when they began pushing me onto the floor, so they could easily beat me. In the end I was thrown into the local Harderwijk jail cell, awaiting interrogation. They confiscated all my belongings, even panties, pantyhose and bra, saying "people like you are prone to suicide", leaving me my wig and skirt. At least they gave me some opaque bag to hide my tits. Still I was sitting there barefoot on a cold floor.

I asked for a free lawyer to be present, but when she arrived, the interrogating officer had already arranged for a Russian interpreter, without asking me what language I would prefer to use. I objected to that, like I usually do when offered to speak Russian. That really angered the interrogator, who wanted to finish this quickly, while the lawyer lady had no time to wait till they



arrange an English interpreter, so the interrogation proceeded without a lawyer, who would have greatly helped me.

It is better if you talk to the interrogator, since after hearing your side of the story, they can properly question the other involved people. That is of course applies only in the case when the cops have intention to discover the actual truth, instead of just convicting you as quickly as possible, or getting a bribe.

The interrogation began with the informal part: interrogator tried to establish the background for why a person legally considered a man would wear women's clothes, he asked standard questions intended to uncover any reason for my criminal behavior (I've not enough money, or I owe money to somebody, or I'm just crazy).

In the formal part of the interrogation, a police officer asks about the actual details related to the crime. I told him my version of the story, as stated here. Interrogator entered it into the computer. After that the interrogator read me the story. The officer either misheard the translator, or the translator has mistranslated (as I understand the translator guy came from some African country, where the English accent is really different) or the officer mis-recorded my statement on some purpose (either to catch me up, or to convict me).

In the recorded text there were two striking differences to what I have told. First. The officer recorded that I came to that shop demanding them to sell me the laser epilator (which they obviously don't sell), while I've clearly stated that I wanted the device to be used on me as per appointment basis, and that I have only casually inquired receptionist hoping that, as a girl, she may know where such devices are sold.

The second deviation from my story was that I was damaging stuff intentionally, instead of grabbing it, when one of the gopniks was pulling me out, while his colleague raped my phone. All in all, these two statements made me look like a completely insane person, who came to the store demanding to sell something they don't sell, and then began breaking stuff like a maniac.

I objected to that, asking the officer to put correction either at the place where he typed it in, or at the end of the text, that these details are incorrect. The officer refused, and began berating me for refusing to speak Russian, saying that I did that to create him problems, and now he makes problems for me. Had the lawyer been present here, she would have no doubt consulted me why the officer refused to add the corrections about these misheard statements, but as I already mentioned, that the lawyer lady was busy and left before the English translator came.

Compared to the interrogating officer, the lawyer was really fluent in English, and understood me perfectly, when I told her my story. At that time, she reassured me that her presence is not required, and that I have to just tell the officer the same I told her. So in the end, I refused to sign the result of the interrogation, saying that it contained incorrect details, to which the officer said "it is perfect then." So it went into the case and to the prosecutor in this form. And I had no friggng idea. Is there a way to add these corrections, after the interrogation, or during the court time, or to mail them to the prosecutor myself. In any case, the officer has got his shallow revenge, over me refusing to speak in his words "your mother's tongue." Still it is more important for me to maintain integrity, than to submit to such torture.

When the interrogation ended, it was too late for the prosecutor to decide on what to do with me: put me into pre-trial detention or allow me to be outside. And the Hardwijk jail was apparently not suited to hold inmates for more than a few hours. So they sent me to a bigger city jail, Apeldoorn. Where I spent the night and a first half of the day fighting the headache from the goons kicking and punching my head. Then the prosecutor, for some strange reason, decided to let me out. Strange because that misinterpreted/misheard interrogation statement really made me look like a crazy person, who should not roam the streets. Unfortunately the Harderwijk cops have forgotten to send my stuff with me to the Apeldoorn jail. The cops said that it is my problem now, and just kicked me out of jail, without the COA id card (which is the only id document I had) and the COA debit card, which I could have used to buy tickets. Moreover, Harderwijk cops have also put in some stuff belonging to another person, which they registered as belonging to me.

So was standing like naked at the entrance of the Apeldoorn jail. Without my phone, without google maps, without money. At least Dutch gave me a garbage bag for clothes that were confiscated. The only way back to Harderwijk is the train station, since I'm too weak to walk tens of kilometers. But I don't know where the train station is. So I've asked the first person I stumbled upon outside of the jail. That person, while speaking English, immediately recognizes me as Russian, being from Russia himself, and began speaking Russian, explaining how to get to the train station, and bringing closer my incoming mental collapse. I said "дякую" after before finished his explanation and moved further, finally finding the way to the train station, which has a fence around it with gates requiring tickets, which can only be purchased using a bank card, so begging people for 50 cents is impossible, and Dutch people don't carry cash anyway. The only way in is over the fence, so I had to grab with my injured fingers and pull myself up through the pain. My daily physical exercises came in handy - I lost some weight and finally could solve a common kind of problem - train travel without a fare.

To my further discontent Dutch trains have train managers (conductors), who check that people have paid their fare. Well, let's hope they can find Nancy Gold, since I had no id card on me and have no right to change my legal name, since I'm a political refugee. Finally getting back to Harderwijk police station, I discovered that the cops have lost the majority of my stuff, including the plastic card (literally the only way I can buy food without shoplifting). At first they refused to look for my stuff. But then began tracking down the involved people, and after some time found a large part of my belongings, with a few, like the COA id card, still missing. I have also left them the stuff from the other person, they gave me by mistake.

Next was the trial in January of 2022. Muslims wanted me to pay 8000 euro. Apparently that is the price label for them beating me. Part of the beauty salon's special treatment? Good thing they haven't gave me a "piercing." Apparently this how the daily life in the Netherlands is supposed to look like.

Despite all the problems I immediately got from coming out as a trans girl, I was inclined to continue my transitioning. It is really frightening to lose myself again, and I had a horrible nightmare: in my dream my nail paint turned back into liquid, and left dripping from my nails on the Russian winter snow. But I recalled how grandmother once told me "you are good looking and a beautiful as a girl." I was always a girl, and the depressive force just took over me for the large part of my life, but now I'm finally free! In fact I think now that inside every man there is a girl - a damsel in distress.

And still I was wondering where is my homeland? Where is the homeland for trans girls? Maybe my homeland is India, where they had transgender Hijras community since the ancient time? "Hijra's are often shunned by their families and expelled from their homes. Many hijras live together in communities for a sense of stability and protection." Imagine a Gensokyo like community in real life! Or maybe it is more like Haibane Renmei? One thing I can tell for sure is that Russia is not my home.

That all was related to me... but what about you, dear reader? Do you miss your chance of transitioning? Will you come to accept yourself? Does the girl inside of you cries at night? Or you have killed her and there is only cold void left?



*The author of this book*

# Achievements

*Clean sheet of paper ready  
On the table, front of me,  
And I write on it three words:  
Glorious Bolshevik Party*

-- **Sergey Mikhailov,**  
*soviet propagandist*

Large part of my main activity was violating various Russian laws, for example, putting out an eternal flame or roasting that poor hamster. At the same time I am not an anarchist. I will explain my logic: for me there are only human rights, so I reject any laws that do not protect human rights. In my opinion, any decisions must be made based solely on human rights, which are like an axiom, on which everyone should be able to agree.

But the rights of one person end where the rights of another begin. Therefore, it is totally okay to violate the laws that do not protect human rights, and to commit the crimes in which there will be no real victims. So by extinguishing the Eternal Flame with urine, I have not violated human rights; on the contrary, I saved taxpayers' money that went into the gas, supporting that flame of ignorance and militarism; similarly with a frying a hamster alive - such cruel treatment of animals does not violate human rights, unless you harm another person's animal, damaging private property.

On the other hand, it is necessary to protect copyrights, because it is a human right, namely the right to copy (copyRIGHT) - the inalienable right of a person to gather the fruits of one's intellectual work. Similarly, copyright is violated by the state laws on censorship, infringing on the author's right to copy the information that author created and preventing from transferring this right to others. A person has the right to copy the result of personal work, but by starting to copy someone else's work, that person violates the right of other people to their work.

Some confuse copyright with censorship, but censorship is usually introduced in the guise of combating extremism and simply "harmful" information. Copyright protection is a bad foundation for censorship, because copyright means, first of all, the right to copy, which the censorship is trying to completely eliminate. Let's say there are some Valentin Turchin and Esenin-Volpin - copyright in no way will help government to shut up these dissidents, moreover, their copyright will actually strengthen them, because it is impossible without the author's permission to copy and distort their works, and the authors can sell their manuscripts, and use the received money to conduct the new anti-government research.

Many governments do everything possible to prevent males from transition their gender to female, so governments block access to hormonal replacement therapy and sex reassignment surgery, or make it very hard to access especially for younger people, who are instead expected to create families and produce more slaves for the government. And governments need soldiers and construction workers, while trans women can't physically perform these jobs and in general pay less taxes during their lives, and therefore less useful for the slave holding government elites, who pretend their citizens are free. Then elites use the entire power of their propaganda machinery to attack transgender people with lies and libel, while their secret services create fake LGBT rights organizations and infiltrate the independent ones to sabotage their revolutionary potential and impede any human rights activity.

Another example is the right to die, which is infringed upon by the government, which considers itself entitled to decide for people what they can do with their bodies and lives. Suicide is considered a taboo worse than child pornography and is banned in all countries. Moreover, if you search for the ways to commit a suicide, say "exit bags sale" from under your Google account, the police could be notified about your search, and you will be presented with the number of the suicide hotline instead of the store, where you can buy cheap good quality exit bags, which would allow say a terminally ill person to die without suffering.

All these "Jesus loves you, suicide is a sin, think about your family" only annoy the person who

is tired of this life, and cause one to desire instead of just suicide to go postal plus suicide. Without a way to easily obtain an exit bag, a suicidal person can jump under a train or a car, creating an emergency situation and spoiling the lives of others. Had the society respected human rights, then this person could have easily and openly said: "I'm tired of living. I'm planning my suicide at 8:00pm, I've already signed my will, and those wishing to say goodbye can be appointed on schedule after 10:00am."

And then we have compulsory treatment of suicidal people, which is nothing short of cannibalism, because only the companies sucking on medical insurance extract the benefit from such treatment, which became forced even in the US, thanks to the socialist Obama. That is, people are forced to purchase the medical service. Moreover, such medical companies are often owned by the relatives and friends of the corrupt officials, pushing corresponding unconstitutional laws.

In general, socialism is always cannibalism, when the ghouls usurping power devour the weak. One can try to explain the taboo on suicide using Christian morality, but in the communist USSR suicide was also banned, so this is best explained by slavery: you are a slave, who do not have the right to dispose of your life.

In my view, the state and laws can only be supported if they protect human rights and when there is an identifiable non-abstract victim. In all other cases, the state and laws are in themselves criminal, because they violate human rights. Beyond the basic don't steal and don't kill, no single law will suit everyone. Finally, when the fat government officials in Moscow write laws for Siberia, it is called Imperialism.

Had Russians not been such useless dolts, it would have made sense to create a political party "Licentia", which sets the following goals:

1. The abolition of all laws infringing on human rights, in the cases when these rights do not infringe the rights of other people. I.e. any victimless crime must cease to be considered a crime. This immediately follows with the legalization of drugs, decriminalization of treason, child pornography, the legalization of illegal immigration, tax evasion and army draft evasion, the use of private currency (instead of the Russian ruble) - because all these crimes have no victim.
2. Cancellation of any bureaucratic posts and centers of authority. Then introduction of direct peer-to-peer democracy: to make any decision, a representative sample of the groups of all people affected by this decision is taken. After that, the selected people vote for the decision. The entire sampling process (its algorithm) and voting should be extremely transparent and accessible to anyone for verification. For example, if a drunk driver was caught driving into a crowd, then voters, randomly chosen from the residents of the city, decide what to do with the criminal: shoot him humanely or hang him by his genitalia. Similarly, a decision could be made about what to do with Putin and his gang.

Regarding the crime of treason, let's be honest: betraying some evil totalitarian country won't harm anyone. At the same time good places just don't have such traitors, unless they serve some evil dictatorships, which want to enslave humanity. It would be honorable to betray Russia, North Korea or China. So, in the perfect world, treason is ultimately a victimless crime. And many cases treason is a way to perform self defense, when you country and people oppress and mistreat you.

At the moment by my actions, I deliberately and purposefully violated more than 30 articles of the criminal and administrative codes of the organized criminal group - the Russian Federation:

1. Article 245 - cruel treatment of animals: killed a Russian rooster;
2. Article 214 - vandalism: smashed state-owned billboards with the advertisement of United Russia and the Communist Party;
3. Article 280 - extremism: in my articles and videos, I called for the destruction of Russia and for the death to Russians as the slavish base of the Russian Empire, because only evildoers would today identify as the Russians;
4. Article 213 - hooliganism: poured out the cat's tray content in the building of the Prosecutor General's Office, because of the blocking of my social network accounts, which violates my constitutional right to freedom of speech;
5. Article 329 - desecration of The Flag and the Emblem of the Russian Federation: several times burned the flag of Russia with the coat of arms;
6. Article 148 - insulting the feelings of believers: conducted rituals, including sacrifices, without the approval of the Russian Orthodox Church of the Moscow Patriarchate;
7. Article 198 - tax evasion: I consider it criminal to support Russia financially;
8. Article 239 - suicide propaganda: Informed Russians at the Vkontakte social network about the methods of painless withdrawal from life available to them, until my account in the social network was blocked by the Russian prosecutor's office;
9. Article 319 - an insult to a representative of the authorities: said "fuck off" to a Russian police officer, calling him an "asshole";
10. Article 119 - the threat of murder: threatened the school principal, because she refused to issue a certificate, because she had no time for that;
11. Article 354 - calls for unleashing a war: I ask NATO for an air strike against the Kremlin;
12. Article 130 - an insult: I call Putin "khuilo" and "pedophile";
13. Article 357 - genocide: I call for the sterilization of Russians, and otherwise reducing Russian population;
14. Article 20.1 of the Code of Administrative Offenses - I often use swearing in my anti-Russian speeches and poetry for provocative purposes;
15. Article 6.21 of the Code of Administrative Offenses - propaganda of homosexuality: I advocate for a gay pride parade at the red square and published gay porn on my pages in Russian social networks, before they were blocked;
16. Article 17.10 of the Code of Administrative Offenses - has repeatedly desecrated the idiotic anthem of Russia;
17. Article 322 - Illegal crossing of the State Border of the Russian Federation. Fled Russia to Ukraine, violating the undertaking not to leave the place;
18. Article 354.1 p.1 - rehabilitation of Nazism: I assert that Hitler was right on one account, considering the Russian nation being subhuman;
19. Article 354.1 p.3 - desecration of the symbols of Russian military glory, committed in public: burned a portrait of Putin on the eternal flame and put out another eternal fire with a bottle of urine;
20. Article 205.2 - justification of "terrorism:" expressed the opinion that Amir Khattab and other Chechens are not terrorists, but freedom fighters, because they fought on thir land against the Russian invaders;
21. Article 205 p.1 - act of terrorism: threatened to poison food at Pyatorochka supermarket chain, should Russia ever achieve my extradition;
22. Article 291 - attempted bribery: tried to negotiate with the investigator Yulia Sergeevna Korovina about stopping the criminal prosecution against me;
23. Article 328.1 - evasion of conscription: deliberately avoided fulfilling "duty" to the Motherland;
24. Article 212.1 - organization of mass riots: called for boycotting phony elections and pouring urine at the electorate, which supports United Russia and all the "spoiler" parties;
25. Article 128.1 p.2 - slander, contained in a public statement: criticized countless people,



sometimes published details of personal correspondence;

26. Article 137 - violation of privacy: disseminated information about the lives of many people, including, for example, Tatyana Sokolov;

27. Article 272 p.1 - unauthorized access to computer information: in 2006 hacked a few sites, although I'm not proud of it, unlike many other achievements on this list. The only non-victimless crime on this list;

28. Article 327 p.1 - falsification of documents: at the employment center, used fake stamp to sign a denial of employment and receive a small unemployment benefit for a few months. Just for the kicks and to protest the government mistreating me to the point of me being unable to find a suitable employment a girly person like me deserves – they offered me construction and road work;

29. Article 327 p.3 - the use of a forged document: when employed, I used a fake diploma of higher education.

30. Article 297. Desecration of the grave: that eternal flame which I desecrated also symbolizes the burial place of Soviet soldiers;

31. Article 205.1. - The promotion of terrorist activities: repeatedly called for terrorist activities against the Russian Federation;

32. Article 242.1. - Production and circulation of materials or items with pornographic images of minors: using a raster editor, edited a stock photo of a little boy with an open mouth, added a male sexual organ to his mouth. Wrote poetry, that included sexual acts with children;

33. Article 159.3 p.1 - Fraud with the use of electronic means of payment: used bank cards and accounts registered on other individuals, for fear that my personal accounts will be blocked as a result of my political activism and statements in social networks. Forced to continue to do this in Ukraine, because Unkrainians refused to open me a checking bank account with my Ukrainian refugee Dovidka id card, demanding Russian passport instead;

34. Article 205.1 p.1 - financing of terrorism: donated \$1000 to Boris Stomakhin, who was convicted of terrorism, because of his Internet publications;

35. Article 238.1 p.1 – used bitcoins to purchase HRT medications online;

**Wish you success, free people!**  
**NEVER CONFORM TO THE**  
**OPPRESSION.**

## **THANKS**

- 
- Biggest "thank you" goes to the Russian nation, which made this story possible.
  - Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin, for his Russophobic politics.
  - Special thanks to cat Leopold for the content for the Russian prosecutor's office.