

February 14, 2007--Printer Version

Valentine's Day

Ah yes! Love is in the air! I am hearing more rumors, and I am sure that is all they are, just nasty rumors (*Pop!) of porn tapes and DVDs of some of the local Circus Stars, starting to circulate.

Hey, I know you thought the deal was that no one would see them but you and your now -ex (some of you) and others of you thought that the one you are with would never use those movies to entertain his friends, and still, sadly, others of you had no idea there was a camera in the room, but such is do-it-yourself entertainment on the rez.

A lot of the movies, apparently, made at the underage drinking, drugging sex-parties with underage girls playing the starring roles. I guess now everyone, young and old enough to know better, is going to find that they are being passed around like raw meat in an abattoir and that they can be blackmailed into doing much worse, probably forever because of it.

So, how does it feel to be a "star"? Happy VD!

Selling Off

One irate writer wrote to me saying that I was wrong about Kalum. That he is not doing well. That he and his girlfriend are having to sell off everything: furniture, music, and pills. Too funny!

I never said he was doing well. I said he was poisoning the community by selling meth and that he has assaulted members of Mike Meade's family, as recently as a week ago. I am sure that is to make sure they know he killed Mike and that they keep their mouths shut.

I also never said he was very bright. Ripping off his suppliers and ripping off his customers has possibly put him in a tough spot. That he has to sell his "pills" to pay his bills, just cracks me up.

Perhaps we should have a "fund raiser" for the little monster, so he can get by?

Also, I have heard that this blog has made him too high profile for some of the other, brighter, (but not by much) meth dealers who consider him both too hot to be around and too stupid to trust, on top of his being careless, and ripping people off.

Oddly enough, that writer was also very angry at me for causing Kalum all this grief! Let me set the record straight: I did not cause this grief, he brought it on himself. I just narrated his behaviors so that some of you who missed it the first time or one hundredth time around, could get the instant replay.

Kalum, time to make another visit to Donovan Wind and see what he can do to help you. He might be able to take a break in the big case he is working on (Phantom Stapler) to give you a hand.

Anyone out there feel bad for ol' Kalum and his hard times? Anyone? Anyone? Seeing no hands are raised, we move on.

So, for those of you who still haven't found that perfect something for that perfect someone, why don't you stop on by Kalum's shack. I hear he is having a a half-off sale. Swing on by and pick up some Skittles for your sweetie. And know you will be helping out a guy who is in desperate straits. Imagine, having to sell everything; furniture, music, drugs, and all your stolen goods. What is the world coming to?

Recesses

Information comes in to me daily. It seems to be non-stop. I can't always get to all of it in a timely manner, but I do my best. Sometimes the blog doesn't get a new posting every day. Take that time to review previous blogs (relive your favorites!) or other parts of the web site. There is plenty there to keep you all reading for a very long time.

I recently re-read the poems that came in that were from "eddie". They give me chills every time.

Also, when I am not putting out the blog every single day, know that I am most likely assembling documents or whatever else has come in, so that I can put it in a format that can be posted in the blog.

As much as it may look like I am taking a break or having a recess, never fear, more is on the way!

I spend, on average, 4-9 hours a day on this project. And I have other work that I do to help pay for keeping this web site alive.

And don't worry, no one is going to shut the site down. As much as the bad guys hate it, they are going to be forced to eat it every day. They put themselves in that position. I had nothing to do with it.

Sometimes, when the blog doesn't update for a day or two, they get to where they can almost intake a sigh of relief. But then it always comes back, with more and worse for them and they now know that the quiet is, truly, just before the storm.

The dark recesses of their lives exposed for all to see and know. The word is out there and the Good People of Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake Rez are acting on the information and beginning to speak out and stand up for themselves.

Recessive

Even if this blog were to vanish tomorrow, I don't think the Good People would ever allow their lives to return to the degrading complacency that for so long covered them in dirty blankets of fear and ignorance.

It is from all of you out there, that this information, documents, all comes to me. It is you doing your part that makes this not just my work, but OUR work.

The counter-to-common-sense lies and pathetic explanations put forth all these years by the inbreeds with recessive genetics dominating, no longer holds the community in the grip of apathy and fear as it so easily once did.

Now that you know who and what they are, the illusions they used to be able to cast of strength, superiority and dominance, are dropping away like rotten shingles from a decaying barn.

More light shines through and you can see the darkness within them shiver at being exposed.

They look different now, don't they? You see their fear and you hear their fear. It drips from them like sweat and oozes from their eyes like running sores. They know the end is coming. They realize that it was coming from the very beginning, and they were too blinded by their own anger, power and greed to see the warning signs.

Recessive genetics, shared stupidity, and now they all have the same fear of the People they once dominated, is seen in their shifting eyes, shaking hands, diseased bodies and minds.

It is heard in their stammering voices, their words cracking like a whimper escaping from the deep recesses of their darkest fears. And you can smell it on them. No amount of cologne, perfume or air fresheners can remove the stink that is following them like the ghosts of the dead that now rise up from the ground, the lake and the lands around, to hold them in clear light for all to see, and for all to hold accountable for what they have done.

They fear the good people for they have offended them. They fear their friends and allies because they know their weaknesses. They fear one another because they know they cannot be trusted. All of this breaks them down because they know the end is coming.

What was the sound of one bull buffalo stomping the ground and snorting in the steam from the rocks of the lodge, has become a gathering, a collecting of the courage and the light, the strength and the integrity that real Indians are made of.

Strong Connections

They are surrounded. Those who are in High Places that for so long covered their tracks for them, protected them can no longer both save them and save themselves. They choose to only save themselves. They too will fall.

The same cable tows that pulled them out of the fires of consequences time after time, have now bound them all in unbreakable chains that lead them all into the light, to be examined for their deeds.

As each one falls, they pull the chain and another comes into the light, and another and another until all are revealed.

Badly chosen allies in the past become the anchors that drag everyone down. Those who knew better should have done better. Those who learned too late should have opened their eyes sooner. I have no sympathy for any of them, but I do have pity for I know what is coming.

It is the logical conclusion to the road you traveled. The Path of Darkness can only lead to more darkness. Even the so-called "enlightened" who thought they could misuse every concept, every magic and every spell to their advantage, now see the rapids becoming more treacherous and the falls ahead, too steep for anyone to survive.

Should have known better. Should have done better. The same greed that bound you all into one chain of corruption; the same black tendrils of evil that snaked out to ensnare the weak and the weak-minded, all gather for the binding together and the fall into the abyss.

But first, before you go, you will, each of you, be dragged into the light.

Each of you will have your rocks turned over and you squirming, wormy secrets will be revealed to all.

Somehow, with those tapes and movies making the rounds this Valentine's Day, one cannot help but wonder, since they work by light and dark, if this is a form of being brought into the light, being revealed at your lowest, most vulnerable, secret times?

With so much more to come, this, although not forgotten, will be such a minor revelation.

Mark and Monica, I hear you guys made one of the best tapes a couple of years ago. And I thought this was just all brand new love! Question already arises in both of you: That if your partners then could not trust you, and the partner you are with could not be trusted, upon what, pray tell, do you base your trust in them and they in you, today?

Insanity Defined

I believe it was Albert Einstein who said: "Insanity is defined as doing the exact same thing in the exact same way, over and over again and expecting a different result." I will have to look that up to be sure, but I know that it is close.

Observe, if you will, that the exact same stupidity has been done by the exact same people, over and over again, and yet they want you to believe that the result will be different this time?

One would have to take a whole world of Stupid Pills to believe that would work! Even the denial factor out there is strained to the breaking point on this one.

Gathering

Gather your petitions and demand the meetings. Bring in Reporters from outside of the community, tape it, video-tape it and make it stick.

Do not allow any goons at the doors to intimidate you. If they try to lock you out, you lock them in! Your voices will be heard. They will be held accountable.

You know where to find me.

~Cat