

## Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

### The Blog

(#24) Jan 12 through Jan 19, 2007

**NOTICE: General Assembly Meeting is January 30, 2007, 5:00PM**

Write to me if you have any thoughts you'd like to share, information you want me to have or a correction to any information you see here. I respond to all emails. CAT NOTE: I reserve the right to NOT respond to whack jobs that waste my time.

The ongoing events and behaviors of those who murdered Eddie (and others) on the Fort Totten Reservation, North Dakota. How the ongoing criminal enterprise continues to flourish unabated and without a single response from the Justice Department. Well, not surprising on that! They would have to investigate themselves and how some of their elite were directly involved and have prospered from the corruption that exists, protected and funded by US Tax Dollars.

Even if you don't live on the Rez, it's your money, YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK. You owe it to yourself to peek in once in awhile and see what you are paying for

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*Welcome to the new web site for Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier!*

This gives me more room to add more pages, photos, images, graphics, cartoons. Eventually, I can add more pages including a "string board" (Police Investigators will know what that is) which will show who's who in the Rez Zoo. There will be more features, more pages and a more comprehensive site in general.

All the pages are not yet hooked up, but as they fill out, I will post a note here and you can go and see for yourself.

**New (2nd) Contact page is hooked up. You can find information on contacting the Parole Board to Free Richard, there**

Texas Monthly Magazine has done a feature on this case. Read the October Issue, available at newsstands now. OR, go to the online version. Michael Hall went to the rez and saw for himself.

**January 12, 2006**

## **Shhhhh**

That's what they do when they want you not to tell. Make that noise between their teeth. 'Hush'. Finger to lips, 'Hush. Don't tell anyone what happened here tonight.'

Demus MacDonald did that the night they murdered Eddie. Fred woke up from being passed out drunk on the living room floor. Demus on the sofa, hearing the beating, the murder going on. Put his finger to his lips, "Shhh!," he made that hissing noise, "don't tell anyone."

I wonder if Ol' Demus remembers that night as clearly as others do. I wonder if when his wife was dying he thought of the sins he brought down on his family, and maybe thought that was one of the reasons she was being taken away from him so tortuously, by cancer, a spoonful at a time. Each day she was gone a little more, hurting a little more.

I wonder if he ever heard her cry out in pain, put his finger to his lips and said "Hush,"?

"Shhhh" is a big part of the denial process. You must forbid others to tell the truth. You must erase from your surface thoughts, what you know, what you saw and what you heard. Like sandpaper, going over the same stains over and over again, "Shhh! Shhhh!" But still the stain comes back, rises to the surface.

## **Hush-a-Bye Baby**

Children tormented by abuse, molest, rape, violence. "Hush," they are told. "Forget what you know." But they can't. It gets stuffed down in a tighter and tighter pile of angry emotional laundry that eventually overflows the mental hamper, and becomes common everyday rage.

Rage so dangerous it destroys, it smashes and it kills with little or no provocation whatsoever.

The preyed upon that survive the upbringing and the silence they must keep, become predators themselves. And they seldom know why they are angry. They seldom understand why they are perverted and twisted and hard-wired for rape and molest and not at all wired for compassion, empathy or understanding. That part of their programming was erased, over and over again with that sound: "Shhhhh!"

And then another child falls prey. And worse, another child dies. All the things that could have been done to prevent the abuses and the tragedies long ago, still on the mental back burners, and still waiting for "extra" money to be made available on an experimental basis. Nothing long term, mind you. We don't look at our investments "long term." We just want to look good now, and then when no one is looking anymore, back to "Shhh"

Always we are horrified. Always we are surprised. And always, we do nothing. We are all so expert at not getting involved that we no longer have compassion for others and don't want to know if something is going terribly wrong. Don't want to get involved in that shhhhh.

And we don't want no one getting into our shhh, so we don't let them.

"What happens in the family stays in the family," Turdmom says. She's proud of the monsters she has raised. She is talking about their raping and molesting their own children; beating their spouses; and other indecencies.

But she is wrong. What happens in their family they also do to others and they are doing it to you all right now, as you sit in your dark little corner of Spirit Lake Nation, like a bag of trash waiting for the Garbage truck to come and haul you off to a better life.

You who do nothing to help yourselves or to protect your children, are just like a pile of garbage wrapped in a blanket, by the curb, waiting for someone to clean you up and move you to a better world.

Other Tribes call you "Blanket Indians." Not sure what exactly that means, but it is not good. I think it has to do with hiding and denial. With protecting your children only after they survive the abuses and neglect and become predators, druggies, liars and thugs themselves. Then you protect them. Once they turn into a pile of Shhhh, then you protect them from the consequences of their actions.

And you wonder why it only gets worse. Then you play the game you are best at: Victim. Or, for those who excel, Misunderstood Victim, suma cum loudly.

### **Go To Sleep And Forget Today**

Spirit Lake Nation is coming unglued at the seams, so it seems. No one knows who is in charge of what, and no one knows if they are fired, and no one knows what is going on.

Money is juggled, wasted on their power trips, and you are all just meat for them to use when they feel like it and for whatever they want. Shhhh!

You will wake up tomorrow, having learned nothing from today, yesterday or the thousands of days long past gone now. You will put on your Indian Pride Cap and walk out into the cold and wonder why it is you don't have a decent house, a decent car, a decent job. You will know you have been robbed, but you won't want to do anything about it.

You will stand by and watch others as they struggle to help themselves and help others too lazy to pick up a pen. You will wait for them to fail and criticize each step they take. Criticizing is so easy. Don't have to do a thing, really, just sit back and do nothing, but do tell everyone how you would do it better, or how that person is crazy for trying.

And when they fail, because you would not step up, you will step over them and snort that it just proves they were stupid for trying.

And then the day comes, and it is your child. Your world collapses. You don't want to see the sun rise again. You want someone to hear your rage. But you don't have a voice any longer. You gave that up. All that comes out of either end of you now is just Shhhh.

### **No One Is Coming**

I have said it before and I will say it again. This is your mess to clean up. The Turdclan runs the place because you make it possible. You cannot escape accountability for your apathy when the results are clearly at your door.

The Tribal Council hires for it's own fattening. They know there are no honest degrees in those jobs. Diploma Mills made that possible. For \$50 they can make you a Ph.D.

Tell me, what kind of a Ph.D. has to wrestle spell check to the floor with every letter he writes? But it happens!

Brian can't even count past his toes and he is in charge of the dollars that come into and go out of the rez? He can't rob you fast enough? The Casino is out of compliance. Sioux Manufacturing is out of compliance. Bragging about how much you had to pay certain government officials to make them look the other way, doesn't make you a bona fide businessman! It makes you a felon.

You have murderers, rapists, Embezzlers, thieves and druggies running your world out there.

I tell you the rains are upon us and people are starting to notice.

That stink you keep burying with more stink and denial is overflowing the rez and people are starting to look in your direction.

They know where the drugs are coming from. They know where the baby killers are shaped and honed.

More eyes all the time, looking. Some look even deeper than I can see and they tell me things even I am amazed at.

Item: It is now apparent that the Turdfamily is looking for a way to get rid of one of their key allies. Not sure if it is McKay or Walking Eagle. I think it is Walking Eagle so they can go and dig up his "bankyard" and divvy up the millions he has buried there amongst their own.

It could be McKay because he has crumbled before and he might do it again.

And, it could be Poopsie that they are digging that grave for. Too many people will go down if he goes down. He has said that if he goes down he is taking them ALL with him.

Some people are getting tired of his threats and his clumsiness and the whole fam damily becoming way too high profile. I think he has reason to be afeard, if you know what I mean, Jelly Bean.

People he has robbed and raped might do him in, but even more likely are the people in high places that he threatens daily with his stupidity and his family's lack of control.

### **Just Horsing Around**

Speaking of people in High Places, corrupt people in High Places, let's take a side trip here and go visit James Wang, the State Attorney for Benson County, North Dakota. I hear he bought a very expensive horse a couple of weeks ago. Said it was for his daughter. I wonder if she knows it yet. Horse was delivered a long time ago.

Gee, hope I didn't ruin a surprise. (\*Pop!)

Maybe his good friend, Carmen Longie (Pete Hager's niece) is keeping it for her? You know Carmen. Really good with horsing around, and from what I understand, she does that thing with toes that makes men wild!

I hear the cops were banging on her door last Thurs or Friday. Wonder what they wanted. She was not willing to come out nicely. Here's a hint, Carmen: Get a house with more toilets so you can flush your drugs faster.

### **Old Habits Die Hard**

And apparently, someone is fishing around on my site again wanting to know about Dennis Fisher's shoplifting career from May of 97 or so. The crime that got him dismissed from the US Attorney's office. Who would have thunk it? Okay to suborn perjury? Okay to be an accomplice to rape, molest, incest and murder, but not nice to shoplift?

Well, okay, it was some pretty pricey stuff. Usually a felony when you get into the big ticket items like that.

But, with his wife's money, supposedly, he managed to reinvent himself as a Partner in a prior-to-his-installation, prestigious law firm. Methinks that money did not come from wifey's account, but rather it came from the money he was paid for acting as the mouthpiece for the Turdmob. (ewww!)

I wonder if they are looking because they heard about it a long time ago, or if it is because he is at it again. I wonder who keeps the books and how many of the partners are still around?

He is one of the people you can thank for the millions of dollars down the rat hole in Fort Totten, and for the rapists being allowed to raise more predators. Maybe he will defend the baby killer for free? The least he can do. After all, he always ran defense for the criminal activities of the Turdclan when he was a US Attorney. I think he has enough in common with them by

this time that his stomach won't turn.

It'll be like "old Home week!"

Shhh!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**January 13, 2007**

### **Coyote Songs**

I hear Dwight Belanger on Deathwatch from Pancreatic Cancer. Well, now he can go face the ones who never got justice, and explain why he did what he did and didn't do anything to help them. Would not want to be in his shoes! And I hope they are made of asbestos because his feet will definitely be to the fire on that first round of "Judgment Day"

I was, early on, mistakenly told that it was Bentley Grey Bear that was sick. Whew! Close call, eh Bent? I was praying for ya! Didn't do any good though as I hear he was in the casino, drunk, trying to sing love songs with his band. Aaaa woووо YAAAA! (Daddy be so proud!--\*Pop!)

### **Running Scared**

I hear that Brian is either threatening to sue anyone that signs the petition against him for Slander or that he has in fact, filed suit against a couple of people.

Boy, is he STUPID!!! Let me count the ways!

First off, you cannot be sued for signing any petition. Further, he can be prosecuted and sued for malicious litigation.

But best of all, a slander suit will allow into court records, all the documents he has been trying to keep hidden! The CPA letter will be there and also those who were raped and were not allowed to file charges, can speak against him at that trial!

Other crimes can all be brought in and will have to be a part of the court records!

Okay, since he will try to keep this in Tribal Court where the Judge is his puppet, let's have a look at her foggy future should she rule in his favor: The ruling can then be appealed to Federal Court.

Then all this information becomes a part of the FEDERAL COURT RECORDS and, AND that Judge's ruling can lead to her censure or disbarment if it is clearly out of line with the legal protocols and laws.

Further, once the information is part of the official court records in FEDERAL COURT, it will be much easier for all of us to open up an investigation into Brian's behaviors as an elected official and his future holds such big words as: Embezzlement, Breach of Fiduciary Obligations, Theft, Theft by Fraud, Theft of Government Funds, Misappropriation... the list goes on. All charges that can be brought against him and investigated at both the State and Federal Levels and without the protection of Bobo the Dancing Poodle!

Also, anyone connected to him in these crimes can then be investigated as "accomplices" and "accessories" before and after the fact!

So, do let me know how his Slander Suits are coming along! I will definitely be watching! So will a lot of other people.

Did I mention that the USDOJ and the USDJ (One in Maryland and the other in DC) read this blog every single day? Oh, and so does the Senate Sergeant at Arms Committee. They are the ones responsible for overseeing how the funds allocated are spent. I think they may want to save themselves on this one by getting involved on the right side.

Not sure how many people Poopsie and the Turdlings can bring down with them, but I guarantee a lot of them will be real happy Brian has fired up these slander suits---NOT!

So anyone that gets paper filed on them in this matter, do let me know and give me a copy! A lot of people who read this blog, many of them who are threatened by Poopsie and the antics of the Turdclan, some of whom have had huge favors extorted from them to cover up these crimes, they want to know.

Others who want to know are people who are working to uncork the constipated system of corruption and dump all the corrupt officials and start proceedings on several levels, both criminal and civil.

Brian, if you were not so diseased, I could HUG YOU! Ahhh-whoooo-YAAAA!

### **Blanket Indians Defined**

Well, it appears that I was very close in how I thought the term was used and what it meant. Other tribes call the Spirit Lake Tribe "Blanket Indians" because when the warriors all went out to fight, and to protect their tribes, the SLN warriors sat on their blankets and did not lift a finger.

Looks like the tradition is still very much alive and lazy to this day! I suspect that those who are courageous enough to carry the petitions and to speak out are of other nations blood. So much for being "Full blooded cowards," eh?

### **Cheez Whiz Again?**

Oh my oh-myo! Looks like Cheez Whiz Wang can't keep the ladies from bumping into one another! He does like that cowgirl look, so if any of you want to audition for the job of his "personal sexratary" be sure to wear really skin-tight pants, semi sheer tops and a lot of make-up! Oh yeah, and those boots? He likes 'em!

You can tell when he is holding auditions because he comes out from behind his closed office door, all disheveled, shirt untucked, sweaty and a bit red from all the exertion. The little honey behind him will probably be hastily redressing herself.

It's okay, the wife knows all about it. She's actually caught him a few times.

It's where he spends the money that pisses her off. Her money, you know. I guess the horse was a bit of a surprise to her, and to the daughter.

Oh looky! There must be an audition going on this week! That young lady over there looks like she just had a Cheez Whiz sandwich!

Cheez Whiz! You have work to do! You know that Petesky had to change the drug drop, and money pick-up because people were catching on. He needs you to help him "invest" a few pennies here and there to make it look legal.

He is being questioned you know. So scared he actually drove his new pick-up truck out of town! He never drives that thing! Nor the Brand New Caddy he bought last year. He just keeps both of them in the garage, hidden away so no one will think he is, you know, living above his stated means!

If the IRS looks twice at him, he is sunk.

You had better get busy covering for him. If he goes down, unlike the auditions, he will take you with him.

Now, tuck in your shirt and get to work!

## **Ka-Chump!**

You know, that sound that the stapler makes when it pops a staple into the paperwork. Well, you will not believe this, but I swear it is true, and as stupid as it sounds, real to the bone: I hardly know where to start.

Okay, let's take a look at the recent crimes occurring on the rez. Just skim over them: Brian Raping men and boys, a baby burned to death in a trailer fire, burglaries, assaults, Q-Ball's daughter claiming rape (I say give Daddy and the uncle daddy's a polygraph!), a man being murdered after he won a few jackpots at the casino, car theft, meth dealing, other miscellaneous drug dealing, assaults, that skeleton from Devils Heart that was never investigated, as well as the odd fingers showing up without their hands... well, you get the picture.

Now, with all that heavy investigating to NOT do, Investigator Donovan Wind has a serious mission which he is undertaking, with a really straight face, and well, he's armed and stupid, what can I say?

What is this mission? Well the most important mission of all! He is going from office to office getting samples of staples from each stapler and automagic stapler. Yup, he is officially gathering evidence! And he is going totally CSI on us folks!

And what, pray tell, would the Police Department be expending all these \$\$\$ and man hours on? Staples you say?

I think I know why. And if you are holding a copy of the blog that was printed out and stapled to share with you, THAT is the reason he is in hot pursuit of tiny tin things!

All the rest of those investigations? Apparently, not important. Don't ask him about any of that stuff. He's "bizzy" as in "dizzy".

Here's the thing: As long as whatever is produced from the offices (\*IF that is where this good work is being done) is being shared with the tribe, there is no crime. The tribe pays for all the materials and the tribe, each member, is entitled to the benefit of those materials by any product that is produced and shared.

At the end of the day, when he stops crawling around on all fours looking under desks and probably getting a little too close to some skirts and shirts (You never know where those pesky tin staples will hide!) if he is able to reach a conclusion, will he then hold up the offending stapler by its narrow steel neck and cry out in exultation: "EUREKA!!" ?

How the boys in the labs who are being sent all these freaking staples are going to be surprised that he is seeking, not a criminal, not investigating a real crime, but rather, the phantom blog-passer-arounder! Oh yeah, the lab will have BIG respect for the tribal cops after this one! (\*Pop!).

I swear, whomever writes this up as a book, you must leave room in your delivery for the laughter to follow such narrations as these!

I wonder what kind of charges he would then try to bring up? I wonder what kind of sentence would be imposed? Stocks? Pillory? The Rack? Turdmother's foul breath?

You know, if you had not banned it from the rez servers, people would not need to use so much paper. And know this: The paper, the Staples, all the ink, it belongs not to the Tribal Council, but to the TRIBE.

As does all the money you have all been stealing from them. Millions of dollars not accounted for, each month!

And Donovan Wind, sniffing the breeze to see if he can detect the differences between this staple and that. All that police training! Not a penny of it wasted! (\*Pop!)

Hey Windy Boy! You reading this Blog now? check the corner. I bet there is a staple in there! (Wow, I must be psychic!)

I have to go now, I hear sirens and a bull horn. Oh My Gawd! He has the Swat Team! "You'll never take me alive, Coppers!" (My best Cagney impersonation. Apologies to the estate of the late great Cagney!)

"I have the ultimate weapon!"

"Stand back!" says a terrified, slightly hung over Bentley Grey Bear. "She has a stapler and she's not afraid to use it!"

"That's right Badgers! Not just any stapler, but THEEE Stapler!" Fiendish laughter coming from behind my barricaded doors. 'Muahahahahah!'

Windy Boy gets on the Bat Channel to Poopsie: "Uh, she won't come out and she's got a stapler. What do we do now?"

Poopsie jumps in his truck, nearly collapsing the front end suspension with this self-contained (barely!) tonnage. Carl McKay jumps in the passenger side of the truck and they burn rubber out of the casino parking lot.

Amazing what the Law and Order Committee will find is worth investigating, ain't it?

And as we spiral higher and higher into the noonday sun reflecting off the snow covered rez of the Blanket Indians, we see a tiny woman, barricaded in her domicile, holding off a small army of yuck yucks with a stapler in one hand and a camera phone in the other.

Off to the North, we see the dust settling on the casino parking lot. We tip our wings and peer into the speeding truck and see a pasty faced Poopsie clutching the steering wheel and an ashen Carl McKay clutching the chicken bar, afraid to ask "where are we going?", as the horizon and the State Line loom into view.

He won't ask "What's that awful smell??" because he knows what that is! His nose never that far from Poopsie's butt these days. He knows what that smell is, by heart!

Up, up and away! We hear a laugh from on high in the sky. Even the Eagles are laughing!

From the barricaded house we hear the awesome sound they had all feared would come this day: "Ka-CHUMP!"

You know where to find me!

~Cat

**January 15, 2007**

### **Add A Passenger**

One reader suggested that I add Sam Merrick's name to the passenger list in Poopsie's truck. Sam Merrick also was taking around a petition on Brian, but he "lost it". Could happen to anybody, right? Well, oddly enough, same thing happened to him on the last petition he took around! The one on Lois Leban. "Oops! Lost it!" and of course was handsomely rewarded (only thing about him you can say is 'handsome'!) then and again now.

So, those of you who know Sam, you might want to ask him if he thinks this is the best way to go. I mean, if you never knew about it, that would be one thing. He could get away with it, once, maybe even twice.

Brave Sam! He knew there was a risk. He knew there was a chance I would find out. He knew he could be blogged. Well Sam-you-am, what do you have to say for your pitiful self? Your neighbors, your community, and even some in your family would like to know.

Also, even more disgusting is that Sam is related to Fulton Merrick, who was beaten and killed by Weenie Boy and Poopsie a long time ago. Long enough, apparently, for by-gones to be by-gones, eh? Well, Fulton's sister, Cathy, married Poopsie. And now, Same sort of thing for Sam.

Can't say they didn't know it was the Devil they made their bargain and their bed with! No sympathy from this blogger on their growing lists of complaints from "Oh my feet!" (Cathy's feet are in terrible shape! They bring her a lot of pain. Well, look at the road she is on. What, pray tell, did she expect?) And now Sam, who can't seem to not drop things these days: Petitions, a glass of juice, and his pants from time to time, where he should not, and he occasionally, (Well, several times a week) name drops and tells what he has heard and what he knows.

He thinks it makes him more important. Really, it makes him more of an outcast. And also, a bit of a problem for the Turdlings. And we all know how they deal with problems. One more Merrick on the bone pile won't mean much to them.

Hope it was worth it to ya, Sam-you-am!

### **Baby Talk**

"Isn't that cute!" Some of those toddlers, better known as the Future of the Blanket Indians, already can do gang signs with their tiny hands! Proud parents look at this as something to be proud of.

Their babies are emulating the ultimate lost cause and signing up for a road to nowhere and their parents, whose collective I Q's are in the mid-range between winter lows and the Ice Age temperatures, are so proud!

Well, they should be. And it will show when they have to bury that son or daughter before they ever have a chance to make a real life; before they have a chance in this world to do something real. Can you just read the obits now?

*"He-or-she (Heorshee) loved his family and his little gangsta bros and sissas. He learned to sign before he could walk, and he had hoped to grow up to be a bad ass gang banga, but sadly, his young life was cut short. Where did we go wrong? We taught him everything we know!"*

The family will then collect their \$200 each and go grieve in the bars, the bingo halls while someone else takes care of the details.

Cute little bugger, ain't Heorshee? So little! So Young! and already can flash gang signs! Best of all, be worth \$200 apiece when the time comes for all this stupidity to come to its logical conclusion.

Wow, parenting sure is different than what the Ancestors did! They were teachers of responsibility, understanding, self-worth. But, cultures change and why should Blanket Indians be any different than any other? Gang signs are now a part of your culture, Spirit Lake Nation.

Remember: What is practiced becomes culture. Both good and bad, intelligent and stupid, abusive and healing. Whatever is practiced becomes your culture.

So, proud of your culture now? Or does that have to wait until your family can pick up their Bingo and Bar money?

If you don't want this to be part of your culture, you must change it. No one comes in from the outside and says: "Sit back, we'll do the work for you. You take the credit."

Oh, and is that a brand new Indian Pride Cap I see you are wearing?

Ancestors be so proud!

### **Brian and Me**

I hear that Brian Pearson The Rapist is complaining that "That Cat West and the Blog will be the death of me!"

Well, clearly he has not paid attention. Didn't I just warn him about filing slander suits as being counter-intuitive? I probably saved him the grief of sinking to the bottom of his own poop soup on that one!

I mean, had he been paying attention he would know that far greater legal minds than his own diseased brain matter have been hit by my reports and blogs and they KNOW better than to file a suit against me! Great legal minds such as Dennis Fisher, Lynn Crooks, and while he was alive and still a sitting judge, Paul Benson.

Remember how that leader of the Bimbo Brigade, Jeannie Charbonneau went off her rocker and declared that she was going to put a stop to me? That she was going to sue me?

By the way, Jeannie-bo-beenie, whatever happened to that one? (\*Pop!)

Just think of all the people on the wrong side of this thing that would have been brought down and what a Pandora's Box would have been unleashed on the Turdclan and their puppets in high places, had you followed through with it! Why, they would have only one way to put a stop to it, you know! They would have to take YOU out of the picture!

I just saved your acne covered hide, dumbass! (Not just any acne, mind you, but the Industrial form of acne. The kind you have to use a flame thrower to get rid of!)

Now, did I tell you this because I wanted to publicly disempower you? Because I wanted to humiliate you with your rantings and threats just coming up impotent? (And that is pronounced: imp'e'tent, not "im-POH-t-nt"). Perhaps.

But also just for the sport of it. Yes, sometimes I have to look at the vile veronica you turned into and just consider you as my entertainment. Too stupid to get out of the way, you present yourself like an air filled ball that can be dribbled down center court with no opposition!

I can't lose. Either I win and you quit threatening people; OR, you continue on despite the warnings, and you bring a load of poop soup down on yourself and your family as well as everyone connected with them... and I win.

So, decision is yours, Acme Acne, you either lose or you lose big.

## **Last Summer**

This part is gross, so if you are eating a sandwich or something, you might want to put it down until this is over with:

Last summer, Brian, Jeannie Charbonneau's daughter (I think the one that is in jail now) and several other Tribal employees went to a workshop that was being held in Arizona. Tribe paid their expenses, of course, including bar tab and "gifts", as well as the motel where they stayed.

They bragged about how they never attended one day of the workshop but got paid anyways. Brian was in the bar, yelling "Do you know who I am??" thinking he was something to be admired (Geez, man, look in the mirror!).

Anywho, this repulsive little Turdlette was later missing in action. When it was time to pack up and go back home, he was nowhere to be found! The people at the motel would only say that he left in the company of another male (big surprise there).

So, flights were missed as they went looking for him. They returned to the motel and he was sitting on the front lawn, filthy, his acne erupting in the hot sun like volcanoes in prehistoric times, and just reeking of stinking goaty filth!

"I thought you left without me!" he cried, like a baby! And he was mad! So they put him in the car, and even though it was hot as blazes, they had to drive with the windows open to keep from passing out from the stink.

They made him bathe when they got to where they were going to have to stay for the night.

What a ride home that had to be, eh?

Yup, THAT is what is representing you all to the rest of the Indians and the government! All of them, but mostly, him, in this case. And that, dear readers of SLN, is why other tribes look down, waaay down on you! And, until you get him out and get these crimes investigated, THAT is the picture they will have of you all.

Choices are clear, and the smell is overwhelming.

So, it is not me or my blog that will be the death of Brian Pearson-The-Rapist, it is his own unclean practices and criminal stupidity that will be the death of him. Presently, with his lover, Willy (who is also his first cousin) who is in the end stages of Full Blown Aids at the present, it is a 3-way race to see which of these things will do him in first.

Care to place a bet? I think the Casino should have a sports board with odds on this one! They could make up for lost revenues from having to stash their kiddie porn servers back in May. Or, was it April?

Okay, you can go back to eating again. Better wait another 20 minutes though.

### **Peace on The Journey**

Looks like Dwight is having a hard time crossing over to the other side. His fear is going to keep him earthbound and his forever is holding only the promise of more pain and horror.

That will be him scratching on the walls and moaning in the night. Afraid to step over because he knows what he did here, and how he helped those murderers, will follow him there.

He is trapped. So too, will the others be trapped in their journey from this world to the next, caught in the 'betweens' where fear and horror, anguish and guilt become creatures that gnaw on their bellies and worse.

Their hunger for Peace on the Journey, a Peace they did not earn while walking in this world, will leave them starving and helpless on the other side.

The worst kind of Restless Spirit is the one that walks in fear and desperation. Those are the ones that bring that into the lives of those related to them, connected to them and to those with whom they did this evil work.

Dwight is afraid now and forever and that, my friends, will not end.

There are many and more out there who will meet the same fate soon enough! Time to reconcile and deliver to redeem what is left of your raggedy spirit, before it is too late and you are the one at Death's Door, unable to turn back the clock. Unable to step through to the light of Peace and Reunion.

I don't care how much you pay for what High Mass to be held, and it matters not a whit what prayers your Black Road Medicine Man smokes up; none of it will take the edge off the terror as those yellow toothed dogs start consuming the wasting spirits of those who were not willing to seek redemption before it was too late.

Redemption, by the way, is not the provenance of any religion. It is the provenance of the Creator. A covenant between God and Man.

It comes with us cleansing ourselves of our bad deeds and our mistakes, our guilt and our cowardice. No religion can replace the laws of God with their own. I don't care how much they charge or you donate, The Wheel turns only one way. You are either on it or under it. It cannot be bought.

I wish you all, Peace on the Journey.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

**January 16, 2007**

## **Paper Puppets**

Well, it turns out, as I am told from several sources, that Brian has been allowed to file a slander suit, and so he chose Rosalie Bear, of all people! Yup, the Tribal Courts that will not allow anyone to file slander suits against anyone in the Turd clan, for some reason has allowed Brian to file a slander suit against a woman who has asked the simple question: "Why are you still in office?".

Considering all the charges against him that Dwight Bellanger never allowed to be filed and Donovan Wind (Staple Chaser) refuses to investigate, I would say it was not only a reasonable question, but definitely Brian, as an elected public official should have to answer!

But, simple questions terrify that pile of Industrial Acne. Even a question from an old woman throws him into a nervous breakdown! And his puppets at the legal end cannot jump fast enough to serve their lord and master! (Take a good look at whom and what you are serving!)

Now, we all know how Dwight has suffered and how there is no Peace on the Journey for his wretched spirit, and no sympathy for the family who benefited from his cowardice all this time. What, pray tell, do the rest of you think is going to befall you and yours at the end of this road?

Can you not hear the drum beats of an approaching storm of change? Do you think you will continue to have "financial" security and generous rewards in this life or the next?

That much is clear on the road ahead. To ignore it is to put yourself beyond redemption.

Who are Brian's "witnesses"??? Anna McKay for one! You know, the secretary that never does any work? Yes, she can so easily be bought for a dollar, she is beyond redemption. Even a prostitute on the streets would ask for more! (and get it!).

Now, that this part is done and there is no turning back--the stupidity factor will not allow them to dig themselves out, I need two things from you all: One is a copy of the paperwork filed against Rosalie Bear. Put it into a pdf format and email it to me.

The other is, for all of you to stand with Rosalie and protect her as you would protect yourself, because that is what you are doing, from any harm that would come from this ordeal. Talk to her, help her, chop wood for her, show your support at home and in court.

Let's go for a third thing here: Help her to counter sue Brian, the court Clerk and the rest of them for "Malicious litigation, abuse of authority, malfeasance of office, and Breach of Fiduciary Obligations" That way, even if he drops or tries to drop the suit, he can be sued and the Tribal Court Puppets can all be looked at under a legal microscope and the whole thing will not be heard in Tribal Court, but rather in Federal Court because a Judge cannot sit and hear a case against itself.

All of you show up in court. Be quiet and respectful. Sit with your arms folded and look at those who do this evil until you see them wither under your gaze. It matters not if their backs are turned, they will have nowhere to hide!

And when the counter suit is filed, you name Brian, you name all the people involved in Tribal Court and you name "et al" and Does (as in Dohz) 1-100. That way, as more is revealed, more can be brought to answer. No one gets away with it because you did not know their names or involvement when you originally filed.

Come to think of it, you can all file this as a class action suit! Brian filing against a member of the Tribe, regardless of who it is, in a way that is wrongful and intended to harass or intimidate to deny her legal rights, is cause for all of you to do this.

Put your money together and contact an attorney. I know you have money to do with what you want because you either go to bingo or you smoke cigarettes. Time to put your addiction to one side and serve yourself a higher purpose.

You can sue them all for everything they own! Everything they bought. And if they put it in someone else's name, too bad! The person who took possession of property to conceal it from the court is then also liable!

## **Dump Trucks**

I hear that Merle Ironhawk, husband to Lisa Greywater, or is he her pimp? Hard to tell! Anywho, he is getting nervous about the investigations going on on several fronts.

The Kiddie Porn investigation is aiming at him. Poopsie, although he appreciates Merle allowing him to mess with his wife all these years, would like to have him completely out of the picture, and well, Cartier is not able to take all the blame for the millions of kiddie porn images on his computer. Well, since Bobo the Dancing Poodle is "spearheading" this investigation (anyone besides me think that the irony of that is too much?) he can 'spear' two birds with one head on this one. Give the USAG another head on a post and make it even easier for Poopsie and Lisa to do whatever it is they doo doo.

Anyways, back to Merle. His other problem is that Pete, now getting very hot under the microscope, is talking to investigators. He needs to throw raw meat at them to buy himself some breathing room. Looks like Merle the Pearl is it!

Back in the old days, these investigations flew so far under the radar that no one feared them. They were dropped and forgotten without so much as a question mark showing up on official letterhead.

Now, with so many eyes watching and ears listening, they themselves and their departments must have, at the very least, a "show". Something to "show" for all the time and money spent. Something to "show" for all the complaints.

Scrutiny is a good thing, but it can force people to do their jobs even when they would rather not.

Tag, Merle! You're it!

So Merle has been selling off his pickups, SUVs and all that excess display of wealth that pimping out Lisa has gained for him over the years. He wants to look like 'poor ol' Merle. That guy who's wife cheats on him with that Man Diaper Man, Poopsie.'

Well, you do kinda look that way anyway, Merle. Pitiful.

## **What They Are Looking For**

I get some searches on my site that often will give me a hint as to what is going on or ongoing, in Indian Country. I like to share some of those with you from time to time:

**Russell Turcott** is being searched extensively on my site. Someone besides me might think it looks like the work of the Turdclan's Acne King. Others might think it is his dad. Place your bets.

**Dennis Fisher Embezzlement** is coming up more regularly lately. Oh my, ohmyo! Something Fishy in our most famous Shoplifter's life lately?

**Abuse of Casino Bonus** is another one. Well, where do I begin?

**James Yankton**, whom we all know and loathe as Poopsie is being searched out under several categories, one of them being "murderer".

And someone from the Justice Department searching out the entire site, but spending most of their time on QBall's page! Now, who, pray tell, would that be?

I mean they spent almost 46 minutes on that page! Probably left the site in park and went to get coffee (or a barf bag?) and it just seemed to be that long. My stats won't know the difference between someone being on a page and someone actually reading it. Although it does give me a lot of downloads information and that page was downloaded more than 27 times so far this month! Up until then, it had only garnered 2 hours of viewing over a period of 6 weeks and only 2 downloads. So, I am curious as to what that is about.

A lot more on the searches and such, but it would just bore you.

Moving on.

### **The Great Staple Caper Continues**

Not dissuaded by my blogging Donovan Wind's intense investigation over who is using the staples, he continues to pursue all possible leads. Yes, we know that means that other investigations: Rape, homicide, dead babies, and suicides, fires and thefts are without investigation, but this staple thing is like the most important thing in his life right now.

I wonder what he has turned up? Is he tapping into the War On Terror funds to do this?

I was told and someone else will have to verify this as I would never want to get that close, that if you put a microphone to Donovan's ear, you can hear the ocean. I will just have to take your word for it.

There is supposed to be a General Assembly meeting coming up at the end of the month. When someone tells me exactly when, I will post it.

### **Filling His Boots**

For some reason, Brian Pearson-The-Rapist is nervous about that. Anyone have a clue? And there is a squishy noise coming from his boots when he walks? (Okay, shoes, but figured boots would be more picturesque).

### **Calling All Indians**

I am asking that all Indians become involved in helping the Good People of Spirit Lake Nation to overcome the evil that has for so long, ruled the rez and kept people down. The evil that has abused and confused, misused and refused to be held accountable, needs to be shown that Indians do not approve of Indians abusing other Indians.

Write letters, post letters, speak up at conferences and meetings. Demand Justice for the people who have had none. Help the Good People of Spirit Lake Nation and you will help all people and most of all, you will help yourself.

Get involved.

### **Calling ALL PEOPLE**

Educate yourself on what is and what is not happening with people in Indian Country. Look at the laws and how they are designed to not allow Indians to be sovereign, but rather only allowed to be bullied by thugs. Demand that our government defend the weak and pursue the corrupt, regardless of where they are, but most especially if they are in Indian Country.

Write to the Senate, the Congress, the State, and to the Media and their shows. Everyone come together and see what is happening and see how it affects all of us, whether we realized it or not, and learn what we can do about it.

Consider it the New Frontier of Political Action and Involvement.

Take on a purpose higher than yourself and learn even more about this world, this country, other people and in the process, you will learn even more about yourself than ever you thought possible.

You don't have to change your thinking if you don't want to, but shouldn't you at least take a look at what has been going on in the heart of our Country, funded by our tax dollars, and how wrong it all has gone? If we don't care about the people, maybe we should care about the billions of dollars used to oppress them and to corrupt our system?

Complaining is easy. Doing something, be aware and proactive, now that will connect you with your life more than anything else. Start to grow an awareness of what has been hidden from us all these generations.

This is our last chance. It will not come again.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**January 18, 2007**

**Another Check. OR: Check This Out!**

Unrelenting in their attempts to bribe you by giving you back teeny amounts of the cash they have stolen from you, the Tribal Council is once again saying: "Oopsy! Looks like we shorted you! Here's another check!"

That immediately brings up a plethora of questions:

**"How bad is their bookkeeping that they "accidentally" misplace a few million dollars?"**

**"How much more are they going to "accidentally find" and offer up as a special "Social Impact Payment" (SIP)? "**

**"What amounts are really unaccounted for?"**

**And the most important question of all: "Why do we let them hold office when we have the power to bump them out of there?"**

Only you can demand the answers. And "SIP" is a perfect acronym for what you are getting. They give all of you just a tiny "sip" of the total to split amongst yourselves, and they take their share of that as well, PLUS they get to keep the money they have been stealing, misappropriating, embezzling for years!

So, tell me, is a "sip" really enough? Or would you like a full measure and your fair share for once and now on?

Phone up, or go to the homes of the people who had you sign petitions and ask them when they will be turned in.

These additional "sips" that you are being given is not the result of your Tribal Council making an effort to do the right thing. Rather it is a clear sign of their panic at the unrest in the community. And they are so patterned to stealing that even as they are trying to appease you with the pittance of a check (\$800 this time? C'mon! Should be \$80K! ), they are adding those checks to their pockets plus their additional "bonuses" which make your paltry checks look like the end stages of anorexia!

Continue to gather together, talk together, and continue to make demands for them to step down, and for the Federal Government to assign a Financial Conservator for the Tribe and a task force to investigate the corruption, theft and worse.

Put them in jail.

### **Who's Afraid of The Badgers? No One!**

Speaking of Badgers... those cowardly fat boys in blue, I have to tell you that I am hearing stories and I believe they are true, coming from and around Belcourt about a Lady Cop from Belcourt that was for some reason on assignment with the Tribal Cops or Riding Along or whatever, when a call came for a disruptive situation. Forgive me if I don't have all the details, but what it amounted to was that these two cowardly badgers show up with the Lady Cop from Belcourt and the two "males" (somebody check because I don't think they had balls) are afraid to approach the guy who is standing on his front porch saying something like:

"C'mon! I dare ya! I'll do to ya what I did to ya last time!"

So they did nothing, except perhaps piss in their nice uniforms.

But the Lady Cop, all by herself, walks up, pepper sprays the guy, he goes down, she cuffs him and brings him to the car.

Wow boys! Close call! You almost were in trouble, but once again a woman saved your sorry behinds!

### **Sharing a Bullet**

Sunday morning at approx 7:00 AM Tony (last name?) phoned from Michelle Ironheart's home. (Michelle is the daughter of Si Ironheart). Darin Strouse had beat up Tony pretty bad at this party and Tony was too drunk to fight back.

Marcella went and got him and went down to the jail. I guess they thought they could press charges? Who knows! Anywho, Jerry Lenoir (remember him from the girlfriend that broke up with him and ended up dead shortly thereafter), Sherene Putnam Thompson, Misty Paul and a cop from Newton ( I think his name was Foote) who was "just visiting" (I wonder about these "visits" and what all that is about?) all told her that they couldn't do anything because (wait for it) they didn't have a cop car to go and respond to the call!

Okay, "WHY?" you ask, "did they NOT have a cop car?" I'll tell you. But you must be sitting down because it defines the stupidity of the Badgers.

Apparently, Terry McCloud is on Medical Leave and poor dear, can't be out in the cold (sniffle, sniffle) but he had taken the cop car home! Not fit for duty, but keeps the cop car? Anyone besides me see this as un-effing-believable?

It was almost 9AM before they showed up at Michelle Ironheart's residence. Plenty of time for Strouse to get away and then they just can shrug and say: "Nothing we can do!" and walk back to their paid social hours.

Worse, had Tony gone back during that lapse in response time, something serious could have happened.

So, they share a cop car, and the sick guy gets to take it home. I am guessing they have only one bullet and they pass that around and someone gets to take that home too.

Further, I just figured out why they are afraid to answer any real calls: They have only one set of nuts, and they pass those around, and if that person happened to take them home...

### **Exclusions Irregularities**

People are asking about Michelle and Marilyn's unjust exclusion from the rez. No meetings, no votes, no petitions and no signatures, but they were booted off the rez, while the person filing the complaint, a woman named Fiona, a total meth freak, never had to prove anything. It pays to be in the Turdpile! Privileges abound! Someone doesn't like you dealing meth? Get them excluded! That, my friends, is what your Tribal Council is all about! Banishing those who complain about their criminal

conduct or make it uncomfy for their criminal friends.

Oddly enough, Kalum and Darin Strouse were excluded from the rez two years ago for drug dealing. Why is it they never had to leave? Ahh, of course! The smell gives it away! It is who they are and what inbred blood they carry!

And the same Tribal Council thinks they can bribe you into forgetting about all this with another SIP?

Do let me know how that turns out!

A lot more in the files here, but a lot of other work to do besides. Sorry I skipped yesterday's blog, but sometimes 24 hours is not enough in one day to get all things done for all people! I do make an effort and I love what I do or I would not do it.

Also, because there is so much going on behind the scenes here (I wish I could tell you!!!) that will have a very big impact on how things are going on the Spirit Lake Rez, I have to stay on top of that as well.

All I can tell you right now is that everything is going very fast and very hard in the right direction. You all keep doing your part out there, and I will keep doing my part from here, and when the day comes, and it will --all will be revealed!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**NOTICE: General Assembly Meeting is January 30, 2007, 5:00PM**

**January 19, 2007**

**Yeah, I know, late..**

But for those of you who like to read on the weekends, it will be something to enjoy.

BTW, probably have to start a new blog, #25, early next week.

**Still Circling Uranus**

I have posted a new document, from a newspaper clipping from back in November of 06 (well, it was not earthshaking so the delay not harmful) regarding Bob Stensland being taken to court on bogus charges. James Wang, State Attorney, (yup, ol' Cheese Whiz himself!) running the show in court and Bob not having the wherewithal to keep showing up and Cheez Whiz willing to bury him and his attorney in paperwork if he didn't plead guilty, got the most bizarre sentence yet handed down by the Hon. Judge Foughty, who himself seems to have a much better understanding on which side his political bread is buttered these days.

Seems that the ever so corrupt and inept bungling, self-appointed Town Council of Oberon wants to be sure that no one that is NOT in their private club can come to the meetings and ask questions or try to do business and Cheez Whiz has it in for the Stenslands, and I can only guess as to why.

One reason, possibly is that one of them was in his office when he came out from behind closed doors, his shirt untucked, all disheveled, and that cute little cowgirl sextary of his still getting herself put back together in the office as Mrs. Wang had apparently shown up both unannounced and unappreciated in the middle of a quickie.

I don't know why that bothers him so much. Not like they are the only ones to have caught him, you know, like that! And it doesn't seem to matter a bit to Mrs. Wang so, not sure why the man is so hot to stomp the Stenslands, even going so far as to fabricate charges and then pursue them in court on behalf of that now infamous Oberon Town Council.

It could also be that he made comments to the Stenslands regarding Mike Good's murder that he now regrets. Now that he might be taken down as part of the cover-up should it happen to be reopened.

Walkin' that tightrope is bad enough, but the fact that it now might turn out to be a live wire, well, that has him and the rest of them sweating for a whole 'nuhtha set of reasons! (Sorry Cowgirl, you just ain't that hot!)

You can read all about it, well the Cheez Whiz version, both in the [Documents Gallery](#) and by clicking [Here](#). Note: PDF version links may not work.

What I find amazing about this is that his office apparently, has no time to investigate nor pursue any real crimes, but he has, apparently, an abundance of time, resources etc. to invest in something as petty as this!

Y'all getting your money's worth out of this man? Or are you re-thinking that last election?

### **Oh Oh, Uh?**

The Oh Oh Bar has a list of who not to serve. A "Do Not Serve" (underscored) list of names of people who, for one reason or another, (the implication being that they are too out of control to be served?) one would assume "troublemaker", are not to be allowed to drink in that otherwise fine (\*Pop!) establishment.

Turns out that Sean and Patty Lambert have their names on that list! Hard to figure out why as they have, neither of them, ever set foot in that cess pool of an establishment!

I guess that Petesky thinks that by posting their names like that, somehow, the power and influence he has over all those drunks that he does serve, will put a cloud of suspicion over the names of Sean and Patty Lambert!

I guess, in the rarified atmosphere of Oberon (what's that smell?? Sniff, sniff.) Petesky has crossed into the completely delusional.

### **The Queen is Dead! (Sort of) Long Live The Queen!**

Not sure how much of this Karen can take. You know, she is pretending to have cancer still, so probably going to just faint on this one.

Or, perhaps she has sensed a change in the way things are being done at that Bar she once owned (yeah right!) now that Nevada Thumb is serving drinks. Petesky is very attracted to long blond hair and sweet young thangs!

Some say that Nevada is a younger, prettier and smarter version of old used up Karen. Nevada has potential. You go girl!

Nice to know that bed bunnies are interchangeable with almost no effort whatsoever.

### **Now, Back to Uranus**

The Good People of Ft. Totten/ Spirit Lake Nation are stunned by how much Brian Pearson-The-Rapist has lost his mind. Almost as if he popped one of those record setting zits and his whole brain went with it.

His attacks, filing a slander suit against Rosallie Bear has proven to be his undoing. Rosallie is 74 years old. She merely asked a simple question of the simpleton and he blew a gasket.

### **A Cruel Accrual**

I know, using those "financial" terms makes his head spin like Captain Howdy's Toy in the Exorcist, but accrual means the rate of things gathering, "accruing". Usually used in terms of debt or interest to be paid.

You have your "principle" and you have whatever that earns that adds (accrues) to it and the grand total being what is owed at the end of the term.

What is happening in Indian Country is that a government policy of abuse, and worse to keep the people from standing up and being seen and their just claims of what is owed to them from being addressed, has accrued over all these decades, more and more "interest".

Corporate Giants, who pretty much run the domestic and International policies of the US and other Major Governments of the world, want to be able to extract resources quickly, without interference, without delay, and without consideration and in this case, that is not only on the social, but also on the financial end of things.

To do this, they promote and support policies, often writing the policies themselves, that allow them to do this. They need to keep Indian People abused, confused and untrusting of one another and unable to access even the most basic forms of redress our Constitution "guarantees" to all of its citizens.

This guarantees that corrupt thugs, incompetent and corrupt leaders, judicial and law enforcement stay in power.

What they fear and what they know will eventually come at the end of this, is people catching on to what they are doing and looking into how business and laws are conducted in Indian Country.

The amount they owe on the resources extracted over these hundreds of years, plus the amount accrued in interest owing because of their thieving, would be enough to break them down to much smaller, less-than Global Heavyweights. Turning them, in fact, into bite-size pieces that will until the end of their existence, be paying a debt that is astounding by any measure.

Other businesses would rise up in their place and with attention being paid this time, more ethical approaches to the way business is done in Indian Country and the rest of the world, would naturally follow.

Once vigilant, never to sleep again, the Good People of the United States and other Countries would, for fear of their own undoing, keep a watchful eye on the laws, the legislation of laws and the way business is done in their good name.

Moreover, the injustices that have been done to people in Indian Country alone, would be fodder for a World Court to pursue as Crimes against Humanity.

This, my friends, is why so many find it difficult to raise awareness of what is going on in these pockets of corruption that are now, like the Zits on Brian's Ass, making all of us uncomfortable.

Unable to find peace in our day-to-day lives, which are infected with the disease of corruption and scandal, inhumanity and worse, every life governed by the same laws that continue to destroy us from within, pitting neighbor against neighbor, at home and among nations, we need to now take a look. We need to start somewhere to find our healing point.

Where better than in Indian Country? What we make right there we can use to heal us all and to end the escalating violence in the world today.

"People don't hate us for who we are," I forgot who said that recently, "They hate us for what we do to them."

For us to get a grip on what is really going on, we have to stop being so blindly reactionary and take a good look.

It is far easier for us to accept others as different from ourselves. It is easier for us to say they are different. However, the way things have been going: "Us against them!" when we really have no clue about who they are and how they got so angry at us, will only lead to more and more reactionary violence against our fellow man.

Without us being willing to even look in our own backyard, into the twisted policies that infest Indian Country, we are doomed forever to understand nothing and be surprised, caught off-guard by every attack that ensues corrupt policy in other places in the

world.

And worse, we are doomed to again and again follow the madmen who claim they are making us safer, by attacking and raiding the resources of other nations.

We believe what we want to believe. That has to change. We have to perceive with more intelligence, the underlying factors and respond, adapt, adjust rather than react and attack.

Once started, no war ever ends. We have started so many wars that now our children seek the very poisons that take their lives from them and our future from all of us.

We would see it if only we were not so afraid to look.

We would see it if only we were not so afraid that we would see that we were wrong.

What is at stake here, in our minds, is our "Illusion of Perfection". I think it would not hurt any of us to be humbled and come down from that lofty perch, and admit that not one man is better than another; not one nation less significant than another.

Then, and only then can we make and enforce laws that are just, fair and constructive in our lives.

Until then, in Indian Country, and elsewhere, the poisonous fruits of our apathy are served to our children every day.

The interest owed on our debt to ourselves, our children, the future, accrues daily.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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