

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

Updated (#26)

February 1- 5, 2007

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

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, HERE

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.

February 1, 2007

My Goodness!

Let us clear up some of the confusion from the previous (#25) that were left hanging:

Those of you who do not know who Reaba Hegg-Mack is, she is Patricia Anderson's daughter. That should splain a lot!

Further, I understand that at the General Assembly Meeting (which was moved at the very last minute to make sure most of you could not attend) Myra Hunt stood up and declared that the Courthouse renovations and reconstruction were going just fine. Not over budget and not behind schedule.

NOW, since both have declared that (Reaba Hegg-Mack and Myra Hunt) there can be no logical reason for there to be unspecified expenditures attributed to that project. If the Tribal Council wants to hide some of their thieving in that area, they will have to contradict their own statements, made at the public meeting.

And, some of you found it ironic that the one writer who wrote in angry stating that Leann never worked at the courthouse. I guess you got it. She is not angry that the woman (a relative of hers) is connected to a meth dealer, possibly someone who has poisoned hundreds of not thousands of people with his brew of illegal drugs, which leads to so many other horrible crimes, but the writer instead was upset that someone would assume that Leann had worked at the courthouse!

Well, must have been her sister that works there. Point being, that she has relatives in places that are not closely monitored and who have access to privileged information regarding investigations and court cases. Worth noting, is it not?

And trust me, I will never assume that Leann is getting any income from anything other than drugs from here on in. Unless, of course, some irate person wants to argue the point.

Smell The Fear

With the Tribal Council switching the meeting time on such short notice, they hoped that few people would be able to get time off of work to show up, or even know that the time had been moved up several hours. It went from 5 PM (originally and what most people planned for) to then 10 AM and then, again was switched to 1 PM.

You know that if they were not terrified of you, they would not have tried so desperately to trick you into missing the meeting. I say you force them to have a Special Meeting and answer for their disrespect and dare I say, illegal maneuver?

(*Sniff, Sniff) What's that putrid smell? Hmm... could be their fear. It is written all over them.

Results of Petition on Brian Pearson-The Rapist

With over 350 signatures on the Petition, Myra Pearson (mother of the rapist) threw the paperwork out and said there was no basis for a recall of the little criminal. Judge DuBray added her 2¢ by saying that not all the pages had headers on them, just signatures and that made it illegal. That is an iffy point with most of you.

But here's the deal. They may have bought Brian Pearson-The-Rapist a little more time, but you can do it again. And this time, headers on each page. Line up to sign it and get it done in short order. Those of you who have seen how the little Turdling threatens and struts around and have decided you have had enough of him and his family pushing you around, you can also sign.

I bet we get MORE signatures this time!

I hear that Brian is threatening, in public at least 50 of the people that signed are going to be "indicted". Really? On what criminal charges? Clearly, he doesn't have a clue as to what words mean.

But, since he has publicly threatened a number of people, even if not by name, you all can, should you choose, file suit against him for intimidation and threats of malicious litigation! He might lose all that he has accumulated throughout his criminal tenure as your Secretary-Treasurer! You can sue him for damages and force an investigation into all his financial dealings.

Turdmother Tears

Turdmother is unhappy that she is known as Turdmother. She wants the person who is talking about her to say that to her face and to her family's face. Okay, I think that gives you all permission to call her Turdmother!

Further, it gives permission for you to call her family "Thieves, murderers, rapists, molesters and embezzlers" in public. How about a little chant: "Turd-Mother! Turd- Mother!"

And her sons and daughters: "Murderers! Murderers!"

Watch them wither.

I do hear that after she gave her little speech, people just laughed at her. What? No fear? A-hah-Wooo-Ya!, Coyote got you good that time!

You have opened the door to a time and a place where these accusations will be said to your faces! You cannot shut that door now, you called it OPEN! You gonna hear those words again when you are told that you are under arrest...and the crimes are recited. Turdmother, and the Turdlings, all, will hear it to their faces!

And her leaping to the defense of the lazy ass Tribal Council when one member of the Tribe mentioned they should be setting an example of work ethic by showing up for work! Her leaping in to defend the fact that they don't, really is a wonder, is it not? Does she think they are going to protect her? They won't. They will be running around in circles trying to cover their own butts, and biting and snapping at one another trying to point the finger of blame at each other. Far too busy to think about Turdmother and her Tears!

Here's a little round car for you Turdymomma! Hertz Donut!

I can still hear the laughter, and I bet she can as well!

Incoming

I will have more documents for you in a short while. I will let you know when they are posted.

Kiddie Porn Program

Looks like the investigation into Steven Bruce Cartier's case is going just as I expected it would. Last month, right on schedule, his attorneys tried to have the evidence thrown out. Still, not a peep on national TV. Y'all should write to Dateline and ask them if they care to see how the biggest Kiddie Porn Bust in North America is quietly going to go away...

Next move will be to quietly have Steven Bruce Cartier plead guilty to all charges, greatly reduce the sentence, and conceal or destroy the evidence. Here's your front row tickets!

Had this happened anywhere but Indian Country, the media would be all over this. Ever wonder why they are so afraid to

even look?

One would think that with all the stink rising up from the corruption in Indian Country, that the National Media would get a whiff now and then.

Stealing From The Children

It appears also that the Tribal Council has stolen funds from the IA Accounts. So when the children turn 18, they will not get their money. Just took it out of the fund and left it drained. No, they do not intend to put it back! They used it to pay for whatever they wanted. They like to say they put it into programs for the tribe, but we know that is NOT where it goes. It goes into their pockets. It goes into their playtime. It goes to upkeep their playmates. It went to Mark Lufkins having a great time in Las Vegas with his new Bride. You paid for their honeymoon. You, and your children.

So, is that okay with you? Or is that criminal enough that you will now stand up to them. They have robbed you, robbed the community and have stolen from the children. How much lower do they have to go before you see them for what they are?

And Turdymomma, she cries and cries! Boo-hoo!

Another Round Car

Tony MacDonald all mad that his son cannot hire his relatives into the jobs they are not qualified for! Russell MacDonald supposed to have a degree, but the man cannot even write a letter without killing spell check! The Yanktons will tell you all who will get those jobs. You don't have to like it. They can do it because you let them.

And gee, Tony, after all you have done for them? You looked mad as a wet chicken when you grabbed that microphone to blather on about how that was not right!

I mean, what is the purpose of having your unqualified family members holding down jobs if not to raid the resources, over pay themselves and hire their family and friends who are even less qualified! I can see where all this makes you really unhappy.

Here's a little round car for you as well: Hertz Donut.

Stand Up or Sit Down and Die

So, like I say, it is up to you to stand up and clean up this mess. Ain't no one coming in to do it for you. And, if they did, it would not work. You would just be "Poor trash Indians needing someone to clean up your messes." People would not care that the messes were made in the fine Halls of the Justice Department and the White House for the past 150 years. They would see you and many of you would see yourselves as unable to stand up.

You need to see yourselves as ABLE to stand up. And you need to show the world that you can do it. Or, go lay down and die. "Here lies the Blanket Indian Tribe: Each time they were called to battle, they just sat there and did nothing."

I think you are better than that. But then again, I am an eternal optimist!

I have seen that this can continue on and get much worse if you do nothing. I think you have seen it also. Pretty sure you will make the right choices now, because failing to do so is spiritual death.

Your choice. I am just the narrator.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

February 2, 2007

Pray Tell

Well, more information, by the barrel load, is coming in regarding the antics of Turdmother and her family Pile both past and present. One of the things she was saying, while she was on her high horse, was "We have to stop fighting among ourselves and work together!" Ironic, yes? What scares her and the entire poop clan is that people are working together! I think what she meant was: "Let's all go back to the way it was when no one called us what we are. Let's go back to when my family could do what it wanted and no one dared say a word!"

No wonder you all laughed at her!

I remember when way back in the 80's when the trial was going on and someone asked her if it was true, the rumors that were going around about her family being involved in Eddie's murder. Instead of denying it, she smiled and said: "That's all been taken care of now." Gee, I wonder what went wrong? Eddie pop out of his grave and point the finger? I wonder HOW exactly she thought it was "all taken care of now"? Perhaps her Black Road Medicine Man, Joe Tiona had prayed down the spirit of Eddie Peltier? Prayed down the spirit of the Tribe?

And her being upset that people are calling them rapists, murderers and thieves and then some: Well, probably have to go way back on that as well! Back to when her boys were so proud of what they had done that they bragged about it to one and all!

"I killed Eddie Peltier! And I ain't afraid to kill again!" That would have been Weenie Boy, her illiterate pride and joy.

"I have murdered before and I will murder again," and that would be Poopsie bragging it up.

And let us not forget Pisster, that great mustachioed sister of them who, to this day, will get drunk and cry that she is sorry for killing Eddie and how she didn't mean to kill him. And then she goes and hides under her blankets because she is afraid that Eddie's Ghost is watching her. Maybe he is. Maybe he is watching them all. Maybe he is laughing also.

Jokes on you, Turdymomma, and your entire Cess Pool clan! I guess it wasn't as neatly taken care of, way back then, as you thought it was? I mean you prayed to the Devil himself to spare your family the consequences. You paid money to those who would do Black Road Medicine, and you bribed all you could reach in the Justice Department.

And now, Poopsie threatens that if he goes down, he brings them all with him! No wonder they stopped the Kiddie Porn Investigation at Steven Cartier's Door!

But will it stay stopped? I mean, you thought that when you had Eddie down for the dirt nap that all your problems would be solved. But your family keeps murdering and raping, stealing and molesting. If Eddie's Restless Spirit won't stay down, and you used your strongest stuff on that one, what, pray tell, will happen when the rest of this marches into the light of day?

Do pray. Go to Mass this Sunday and pray. We bow our heads with you... lettuce spray.

People will be looking to see if you get into a little round rental car on your way out. Hertz donut.

Petition

I am posting the template for the petition to remove Brian Pearson-The-Rapist in the document section. Check back later tonight. This way you can download it and print it and everyone can sign the same document. **(See Documents page on website)**

Indian Naming Time

I am getting requests to give Brian Pearson-The-Rapist an Indian Name. Once again, we should probably vote on this one. There are so many ideas out there. Queer Balls, Zitboy, Pus Face, and one of the more meaningful, and pardon the slightly off-color on this one: Zit Puppet. Puppet because he doesn't really have a life and only lives when someone else is up his butt. Sorry, apologies to my readers! But I said I would put it out there for consideration. Email and vote here:(printer version readers must use email contact from website) and if you have a better idea for a name, feel free to send that along.

That Was Fast

I hear that Karen Anderson's brother died. Wasn't it just about a week ago she quit playing cancer patient and then suddenly, same day, he was elected to play it? Now he is dead? Was it meth? Murder? Poisoning? Or did he really have cancer all this time and she never bothered to mention that to all the people who had been sponsoring her pity parade? I would like to see the autopsy report on that one. That was just way too fast! Even for Oberon style!

Ain't it a wonder how, all this time, while Karen was pulling off her cancer patient act, she never once mentioned her brother? Wonder if she will remember to go to the funeral? Can't you just feel the love?

Preacher Man Blues

I hear Tony McDonald, Deacon in the Catholic Church out there (I didn't know Catholics had Deacons) was angry because his do-nothing daughter was suspended from her job because she was never there to do her job. Now Tony McBony (You'll see why in a minute) is trying to get the Service Unit Director at the Clinic removed for actually doing the responsible thing and removing his collect-a-check relative from the payroll.

Tribal Council is now taking the word of the President of the Health Board (No one on the Health Board has any experience in the Health Care field, btw), who happens to be the brother of the collect-a-check in question and the son of Tony McBony, and trying to get rid of the people who actually know what they are doing, just because He has the power and he doesn't care what happens to the people, as long as he and his family get money and the Tribe suffers. Real religious types I hear.

Tony, The Preacher Man: Let's review: He is the one that sold his daughter, Mary (now she is a dispatcher for the Badgers and has the house that belonged to a member that was evicted without notice or hearing) when she was just 14, to Poopsie, who took her away from home for about 14 hours and did what he wanted with her. When she was brought back home, all messed up, she cried for 3 days straight, but she did become another in a long list of perjured witnesses against those falsely accused of Eddie Peltier's murder. Tony got some cattle, some land (just like in the old days!), but he managed it poorly and lost it all in a bad way.

When Tony was Deacon for the church, some years back, at some sort of conference which the Church paid for, in Denver, Colorado, Tony bought himself a black prostitute and was drinking with her in his room when she stole all the of the money he brought with him!

He was crying and telling his brother about it and his brother got the house detective and they got the prostitute before she could get away. I have heard this from so many people over the past few years, I figured I would post it so that y'all would know that yes, I know about this one. Hence; Tony McBony! (Don't worry Tones, God wasn't looking that day. You made a clean getaway!)

But are the Turdclan going to keep standing with him? It is a highly unpopular move on his part, and very blatant. Much like their style. But, they might be more cautious about supporting him these days. Not like Tony can do anything for them or to them any more. And Mary is just worthless. She can't remember what she had for breakfast, much less how it went down all those years ago when she was forced into who knows what kinds of unspeakable acts, her spirit broken and her mind gone. But she is good enough to be a dispatcher and protect the very people that did those things to her, long time ago.

Why? Because it is all she knows, that's why.

People were not impressed with Tony at the meeting.

Becoming Visible

You see how, once you know who they really are, you see them more clearly. Everything they say and do reveals them to you all. No one can pretend that these were ever good or decent people. Not now, not since everyone began to awaken to the evil that has thrown blankets on them all these years. Cold, filthy blankets of lies, cover-ups, deception, and corruption. Blankets of addiction and broken promises. Poisoning your children with drugs and alcohol and then robbing them of their money and thumbing their little piggy noses at you, daring you to stand up to them and hold them all accountable for their crimes.

You need to call a special meeting. Do it soon.

The most visible element in all of this is their putrid fear.

Eagle Trapping

And when you get them all out, you own the records and all the legal work, including all the lawyers' paperwork. That is all paid for and owned by the Tribe and it belongs to the Tribe. If he wants to represent them as individuals, he can do that, but up until now, and until they are removed, you own them and you own him and his work.

If they want to claim him as individual council, they must show payment to him that came from money they did NOT steal from the Tribe. He may even have to give back the coin he got from them if it is proven that they embezzled or obtained the money with which they paid him from illegal or criminal means.

I am certain that he is smart enough that he kept himself separate from their criminal plans. Never got signed to any paperwork that would connect him to the enterprises, and never assisted them in avoiding investigation. I am sure he was smart enough to do that because it could cost him everything if he was not really careful. Everything.

I am sure that legal eagle would not fall into the same traps of corruption that so many before him have fallen into. I am sure he can untangle himself from their criminal enterprises and games. If not, he could lose everything. Feathers everywhere, but no way to take flight.

It will be interesting.

Especially since Myra wants to be sure she blames everything on the legal advice and council which she sought and in whom her trust was sorely misplaced.

That house of cards can't even stand up to a breath of fresh air, much less what is coming.

And they all know it is coming unglued. They feel it in their bones. They know their weakest links are breaking silence and the whole chain reaction will bring down the house that corruption built.

I think the Good People of Spirit Lake are making a difference now and they can feel that as well. A bigger wheel is turning, and the ground trembles.

Little Cars All In A Row

So, Turdymomma, you and your Turdlings stewing in your own poop soup. I guess you were wrong all those years ago when you said with that sneering smile: "That's all been taken care of now."

Your whole family will be driving those little round rental cars, crying and sobbing how sorry they are, how they didn't mean any harm, blah, blah blah... here's a whole dozen of Hertz donuts for y'all.

The irony of this tiny car thing I have been playing with on this blog is that Poopsie has been having dreams that he is driving cars that are getting smaller and smaller and the road is getting more crumbly as he goes along.

He wakes up, feels relieved when he sees his big ass truck parked outside. Little does he know, the dream is accurate. Beep! Beep!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

February 3, 2007

Fallout Shelter

Remember the bad 'ol days of "Duck and Cover"? As if pointing your ass towards the mushroom cloud would save it? Well, something similar to that is shaping up on the rez.

More reports are coming in about the General Assembly Meeting we have been discussing for the past few days. Apparently, after the Tribal Council Stripped the President of the Health Board (Tony MacBony's Neph) of his powers to hire and fire (translation: "to hire his family regardless of their lack of qualifications") he, Russell MacDonald (The Neph himself) resigned in protest, and, along with the rest of the Health Board who quickly followed suit.

Now, splain to me how that was anything but a bad ending act to that ring of the circus? The TC Stripped the Board of its powers because they are under fire for firing the Water Board (who were fired because they fired RJ, Son of Weenie Boy). In that case, they then pocketed for themselves all the funds allotted for the salaries and benefits of the Water Board.

Same thing here: Now, with the resignations of the wild-eyed incompetent, the thieves can more easily also pocket all that money as well! Problem is, that the TC, despite taking the powers away from Russell MacDonald (also known as a raging drunk and some think he is not drinking these days, just raging) anywho, the TC was willing to listen to him and him alone on the topic of getting his sister rehired. They just didn't want him to have the power.

In these ways: Firing the Water Board, stripping the Health Board of all administrative powers, and by only listening to one side of the story on the firing, the TC was (wait for it!) attempting to show that they were being "fair"! Yup, by illegally taking powers away, pocketing the money for themselves (which you are not supposed to know about) and by taking all authority away from other Boards, they hope to be seen as being "Fair".

I once heard about a guy who was considered "fair" because he mistreated everyone, regardless of who they were. He stole from everyone, regardless of who they were. To him, it made sense.

Now, we can all come back from the upside-down world of inside-out logic and resume this tawdry tale of the Tribal Council and their corrupt ways.

Tony MacBony (this is where he grabbed the mic and proceeded to rant about the TC being a bunch of "Chicken Shits") (You see? I am not the ONLY one that calls them turds! He is just more specific), was not a bright move on his part.

The very people that bought him off before, and the very people to whom he sold his soul a long time ago, along with that of his daughter, Mary, are one of two things: Either they ARE afraid of him and what he will do, or they ARE NOT afraid of him and what he will do.

If they ARE afraid of what he will do, they will deal with him the way they deal with anyone they think could possibly ever, ever, ever be a threat to their criminal enterprise: They will kill him from "Natural Causes" be that a bullet, poison, beaten to

death or swimming lessons in Devil's Lake.

OR: They are NOT afraid of him and neither he nor his family can expect the favors to continue. They will dry up, jobs be lost (bye bye Mary the dispatcher) and they will lose all they have, none of which they ever had a right to in the first place.

The Good People of Spirit Lake are wise to who they are and there will be no help for them there.

The old saying: "The Enemy of my enemy is my friend." Doesn't work these days. Like Seashelly and the Turdling Girls, just another show of Dog Eat Dog. (Now THAT was a sign they should NOT have ignored!)

All I can say for Seashelly, and the whole MacDonald Clan is "Duck and Cover".

Chasing His Own Tail

This is rich. Zit Puppet (that name is running 3 to 1 in the voting right now) has completely lost his mind. I mean, there is proof that even his family cannot deny. A week or so ago when it was -20°F out there, he was driving drunk and went into the ditch.

People recognized the vehicle and drove on by, never stopping to offer help. One cop phoned it in! But he also, did not stop. A few people who did not know who he was had stopped to see if the driver was okay.

Okay? He didn't even know he was off the road! He was smoking a cigarette, crying on his cell phone that "I don't know why they treat me so mean!!" Gawd only knows who was the lucky recipient of that early hours phone call.

A few people tried to ask him if he wanted help. He ignored them and kept on talking! One guy was afraid he would freeze to death, so he called the police and then left. Zit Puppet swore at one driver, who then promptly left the scene. I guess he was there about an hour and the wrecker that his brother, Jerry Lenoir (a cop. Also son of Zit Puppet's mother, Myra Pearson) finally came out to see if he was okay. Zit Puppet had managed (4WD) to get out of the ditch and proceeded at 30 MPH on a 60MPH highway to go back to the rez with his brother following him in the cop car! Not pulling him over, mind you, but "following him" .

Zit Puppet sees a cop behind him and he gets mad and phones his sister (yet a different father for that one--Geez Myra! Is there anything out there with 3 legs that you didn't have sex with?) and he is mad. She phones the Tribal Police (where Jerry Lenoir is a Badger) and demands to know why the cops are tailing her brother!

Soon as Zit Puppet is across the line and in safe territory, the Rez, he immediately proceeds to zoom up and down the road in front of the Badger's shop, phoning them and taunting them: "I'm on the Rez now and you can't do nuthin! Catch me if you can!"

I am not sure how to label that depth of dementia. I leave it up to you. He was so scared and it was really his brother (also a killer, I will tell you about that one sometime) who is as gutless as the rest of the Badgers, and who was in this case, protecting him from hurting himself, that he was afraid of!

**Ooopsie! Looks like Brian and Jerry Lenoir Jr. are not brothers, but cousins. Then again, with the quagmire of incest that goes on out there with that family, the distinction is barely worth noting. Thank you to the person who clarified the shallow end of the Cess Pool for us all! The point remains that it was his own family covering for him and he was too drunk and too stupid to know it.*

You Know About It, So Should They

(*Shaking my head in disbelief!) You know, I see a lot of insanity out there and I know that the inbreeds have it running in the family like a marathon, but even I am amazed at how truly bad it is, and they pretend all is well!

The insanity and tyranny that have been oppressing that rez for so long make Third-World potentates look like amateurs!

So, where is the Congressional outcry? Where is the Federal Investigation? Everywhere, my friends, everywhere but Indian Country! Now you should be asking why and you should be asking that of your elected officials, no matter where you live.

And you should be asking the media why it is that matters pertaining to your lives and the crimes against taxpayers and the crimes against children are never looked into, regardless of how big they are, when they occur in Indian Country.

Running Blind, Deaf and Dumb

They investigate steroids in Baseball, but they won't look at organized crime in Indian Country? I sense another marathon running across the land, and it is being led by lawmakers, and the Justice Department, all wearing blindfolds and ear plugs, cash falling out of their pockets as they run for office and are appointed into positions of secrecy and power.

Those who are lucky enough to pick up the cash feel like they are running for them.

Personally, I feel like they are running from the Truth. All of them. The sooner we all wake up to that and hold THEM and their appointees accountable, the better for us all.

You know about it, so should they.

I have said it before and I will say it again: When there is a real investigation into these ongoing criminal activities, I will produce witnesses and evidence. But only when I know that those witnesses will not be handed over to the likes of the Fumbling Bunch of Idiots, such as Bobo the Dancing Poodle.

Ask why these huge investigations, FBI Raids, Kiddie Porn Investigations, all go so suddenly silent?

Ask them and ask them and ask them, until they give you an answer.

The answer I got, many a year ago, and the reason I built this website was because they said: "Because it is only Indians and people don't want to know about Indians."

Let me know what kind of response, if any, you get from them.

The CORE of what ails us as a Nation resides in Indian Country. Until we are willing, all of us to look back where it went wrong and work together to make it right again, ain't nothing going to last or be worth keeping.

All that we work for will continue to slip away into mindless distractions of toys and wars no one understands. Our future will continue to slip into the addictions of our children to whom we denied the right to peace and understanding.

We are burying our future at a rate never seen before. Time to look in the places we didn't know about. Into the places no one wants us to look. There abides the root of our errors and the only place we can begin to heal ourselves.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 5, 2006

The Devil in the Details

Looks like the falling out between Tony MacBony and the Turdclan has also caused a rift between the Brothers Macaroni. (Tony and Demus MacDonald). The Turd Clan has heard from Tony's own slippery lips that he thinks the Tribal Council and the Turdlings are "Chicken Shit" . We agree they are feces, but he named a specific species.

Already repercussions, little mini shock waves emanating from Turd Control Tower to the Macaroni Clan. They don't trust Tony any more. They have only one Macaroni left to play with and that is Demus, aka "Demon" MacDonald. Demus was there the night Eddie was being beat and stomped to death. Demus knew it was planned. Demus was in the front room to make sure that no one went in to help Eddie, not even his own drunken brother Fred.

Remember: Finger to his lips, Demon looked at Fred who was coming out of his stupor, and Demus told him "Hush" and to "Forget he saw anything." Later, under threats, money, alcohol, drugs and who knows what else, Fred perjured himself and now he can barely live with himself, while Demus seems to have prospered, although, all that he loves is dying or hating him. He gets over such losses rather quickly.

Demus gave Tony the idea that he could make a lot of money if he gave the Turdlings Mary, then only 14 years old, to have their way and then to force her to lie in court. And Tony did just that.

But all that he gained, he quickly lost and recently another son died (Froze to death last winter). His children hate him, even Mary, who reaps the benefits of "Hush" but really, she has no conscience and cares nothing for those who suffered and continue to suffer from her lies and her silence. She has her Daddy to thank for all of that. She hates him too.

Now Demon is on the spot. Does he stick with his family? Does he stand by his brother Tony as he goes down in flames? Or does he once again, swear his loyalty to the Turdclan? And can they really trust him?

There is a test that Demon can pass or not pass. When the Turdlings go to remove Tony as a threat, Demus can be the one that draws him out and lures him to his death. They can murder Tony, look Demon in the eye, put their fingers to their lips and say: "Hush".

Wouldn't that be an exquisite irony? Demon makes Fred stand by as his brother Eddie is viscosly beaten to death in the next room, and now, he will be forced to stand by and watch his brother be murdered by the same people, for the same reason.

How will they do this? Same as before. Say "Bygones is bygones and let's get together and do what friends do." That is what they did to Eddie. Lured him to a "party" by telling him they were not mad at him for giving Poopsie a ticket. They weren't mad anymore. They could all be friends again. Bygones.

And if Demon fails to do his part in this? Well, then, him already knowing too much and not proving his loyalty could make him a chilly-to-the-bone outsider in that little operation out there. Maybe they will deal him out first?

Tough choices boys. I would not want to be in your poop-filled shoes!

Sing Sweetly

Not even Tony's wife, lovely singing voice, will want to know what is going to happen. Afterwards, she will believe whatever they tell her. She is their last hold on Mary. Mary is her last card to play with them. She will need an income once Tony is gone. Perhaps they will pay her to sing at his funeral.

Now, wouldn't that be a picture! Tony gone, Demus next, Mary still a dispatcher where they can keep an eye on her, and Tony's wife, singing with her sweet voice at their meetings and her dead husband's funeral. She casts a glassy eye in the direction of Turdmother, who will nod her approval, her face drawn up tight, dark venom dripping from her eyes.

There is no good come of this Tony. No good at all! But I can give you a few choices here, and tell you exactly what you must do. The only thing you can do to save yourself. The one thing they fear most that you will do to save yourself. Sing. Like the proverbial Canary, sing it all!

None of this "write this down and send to this person if anything happens to me," because, Macaroni-for-brains, that won't keep you safe. You don't have anyone you can trust. Not your brother, not your wife and certainly not the daughter you sold.

You have only one way out, and one way to get even and I am going to tell you exactly what that is.

You won't like it, because, as they say, the Devil is in the details.

Dog Eat Dog

Now, listen up my stupid little man. Put your rubbery ear a little closer to the blog because I am going to whisper to you. When I am done, you are going to know that I am right and it is the only choice you have to make, and you had better make it fast or it will be too late for you in all directions home.

You need to contact the Innocence Project. You need to phone them up, tell them what you know and what you did. You need to write it down in a sworn and notarized statement and send it to them immediately.

Tell them everything. Every detail must be told. About how you knew about Eddie's murder; what your brother told you happened at Celeste's house that night; about how you sold your daughter, what was done to her and why she told those lies.

Tell them where she really was the night Eddie got murdered and how she never met or knew who Richard LaFuente was. Tell how she was forced, and how you allowed her to be forced into telling the lies that sent 11 innocent men to prison.

You need to do this right away. This is the one thing they are afraid you will do, those jumpy Turdlings and their twitchy badger friends. They are afraid you will talk and bring them all down.

But that is what you have to do if you are to have a chance in this world or the next, is tell it all.

Turdlings won't believe you when you tell them you would never talk. They would want to make sure, and they only know one way to do that. You know that is how they do things. That is how they cover their asses. Remove the threat of a threat.

Cat's out of the bag now, and they know how you feel about them. They heard you say it in public and they won't wait long for the next shoe to fall. You have to hurry or you will lose your only chance to save yourself, in both worlds.

Once they don't trust someone, once they have been humiliated in public like you did and the way Eddie did back on that clear blue day. They move in only one direction, and that is to take you down.

You are just another body on the bone pile to them. They don't know of any other way. It's in their blood to murder and murder and murder again. Already, they are circling you like a pack of dogs, figuring out just when to make their move.

You have to make the first move. Check out the contact page and get what you need there. Hesitation will be the end of you. You have to be thorough, and bring them down in all details or whatever is running loose will hunt you down like the dog you are.

I know you were mad. And I know it had been building up in you for a long, long time. They had been ignoring you, not giving you hardly anything for all the help you gave them back then, and what all you were doing for them in the present day. You gave them everything, including your soul and your daughter. And you paid the price. You have suffered losses and they don't care.

You believe it was your punishment from God when your son froze to death last winter just mere feet from your door. You felt as if God was punishing you for the crimes you have committed and maybe it was, but you still stuck with them, you and Demon, and they took you for granted!

Demon got the good stuff, you got the scraps or you got nothing. You didn't ask for much.

And they took that away from you! Bummer.

You were mad when you grabbed that mic. And for a fleeting moment, just a wisp of smoke moment, you thought the people would stand behind you because the Turdlings and their corrupt Tribal Council are so loathed in that community.

But they didn't. They just watched. They watched as one dog in the pack got snappish and now they watch you put your tail between your legs and shiver as the pack circles you. And they will watch when the pack devours you.

You could have taken comfort in knowing that they are uneasy, what with Petesky blurting out that the murder happened at Pister's house, contrary to his testimony in court. That has them worried. And now you? You become the focus of their dis-ease?

They squirmed when you said those things, because you were not supposed to reveal that you had expectations of the Tribal Council because you are so highly connected to those that actually control them.

In fact, you were trying to show the Turdclan and everyone there that YOU were really the one with the power. That they needed YOU. Buuuut, it didn't turn out like that now did it.

It was a bold move to try and show that you can pull the Turd clan and can make them do *your* bidding. That you could make them pull their strings on the Tribal Council. That would make you the top power guy, wouldn't it? You pull their strings so they pull other strings? Everyone would see it?

Gee, what went wrong with that brilliant plan?

When the crowd did not cheer you on, but chuckled at your blunder, it was then that you had that sinking feeling from your gut to your shoes, that everyone, the people and the Turdlings all, knew all about you. Your grab for the brass ring left you flat on your face. Impotence personified! *(Now what are ya gonna do?)*

It wasn't supposed to be like this! No one said anything about people finding out. It was all supposed to have been taken care of, back in the bad ol' days.

"It wasn't supposed to be like this!" People were never supposed to know all of this. They were never supposed to be able to stand up. Never be able to speak up! Eddie's spirit was supposed to stay down and be forgotten. People were supposed to be too scared to know the truth or too drunk or addicted to care. *(Now what are ya gonna do?)*

A man of the Cloth, as you purport to be, should have known that the very same devil you danced with yesterday, will pick his teeth with your bones the next.

It is not me bringing you down. It is yourself revealing for all to see, the ugly truth of what you are. Your former friends and "brothers-in-blood" see it and they will act upon their fears the way they always do. The community sees it, and you have nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. *(Now what are ya gonna do?)*

The community can hardly contain their contempt for you.

Even those who are your friends now, quickly distancing themselves from you and yours.

Those who didn't know, or were in denial of your relationship with the Turdclan and your part in the shame they brought to that community, really cannot deny it any longer. You revealed yourself in every direction that night. *(Now what are ya gonna do?)*

Yours will be a small funeral because everyone knows what you are and have no respects to offer and your family has nothing to trade in return. But I am sure that as they walk past the church, they will hear the voice of a fallen angel singing at your casket, her eyes sliding sideways to see if she has the momentary approval of the Feces you used to call your "brothers" and your friends.

The only guarantee you have that they won't get away with it, is to talk, write and sign your name, notarize it and make sure it is in the hands of the Innocence Project.

Or you can go down, kiyi-ying as they rip into your flesh. People just going to watch. Bones will snap and your carcass will be dragged down the streets. Nothing they can do but shut their doors and wait for the evil to pass. The sign was clear: It is Dog Eat Dog time, and you, my slimy little worm man, are a dog.

I would have directed this to Demon, but he is too busy taking their side to save himself and his comfort, to care what happens to you. It will bother him, but he will get over it. He really liked Eddie, but he got over it. You have to take him down too. It's all you have left.

Bone Appetite!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

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