

## Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

### The Blog

Updated #43 Jul 24 - 28, 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



**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.

**July 24, 2007**

#### **Horrors and Healing**

We are going to continue our discussion on the damage done by the ordeal of mandated Residential/Boarding Schools for Indians as an extension of the genocide, the slo-mo holocaust of their existence. This is not "old news" my friends, this is current history as the survivors and those who survived them, are walking among us, invisible as they may feel or be, on this very day.

Until we, as a nation, and I include Canada and Mexico in this, until we all recognize what was done, and the true intention behind it, and the wreckage it left behind, until we come together and see this whole picture as it unfolds like a quilt of painful pictures and understand the dynamic at work then and now, when we can do that together, we can all begin to heal from the inside out.

We are powerful beings laid low by lies masquerading as history and True History remaining the silent story stirring in each of us, to come out. Our discomfort is in our knowing that what we have been told does not make sense and the picture is not complete nor true until we get to what it is that we don't want to know.

In the previous blog we talked about how the Reservations were euphemisms for 'Concentration Camps'. Denial of our holocaust means we allow it to continue to fester in the dark places that started it, and it is allowed to continue the damaging effects on all of us: Those who went through it and those who failed to see what has been done to cause the human wreckage of an entire people, who somehow manage, to this day, to continue living, despite the hundreds of years of legislated extermination and extermination by assimilation.

Assimilation is the biggest lie. You cannot change the color of your skin by speaking the language of the oppressor. You cannot change your history and your culture by behaving as if you never owned it. You can destroy your culture by ignoring it, not teaching it, and by adding in behaviors such as addictions and sexual deviancy, laziness and fearfulness. What you practice becomes your culture.

Culture is what defines us as civilized or savage. The true 'savages', from my point of view, were the cruel, untruthful, the bullies and the total lack of honor and respect that was carried throughout the land by force, by a government that so quickly changed from the ideals of freedom and free-thinking, to control, oppression and exploitation of people and resources. Those men, despite their uniforms, their fine clothes and their clean faces, were the true savage beasts of the land.

Ahh! I digress.

Let us go now into the visions and dreams of those who have sought to bring healing to their people, and in some small way, find peace for themselves.

### **They Were All Children**

Often, after a Yuwipi Ceremony was performed up here in my province, by Melvin Grey Bear, I would hear from people who were friends of friends, of friends who were told to contact me and tell me what they saw or heard or felt so I could help them to understand.

One woman, gentle in her voice, who had recently begun the process of getting training to help deal with the survivors of Residential/ Boarding Schools, most of whom were Elders in her community and others who were Elders and youngsters from other communities.

The training was rigorous and it took a lot of courage, passion and will to complete the course to gain her certificate so that she could be one of the people who could run the programs to help the healing begin.

In her vision at the ceremony, she saw herself walking down the aisle of the rec center, which doubled as a meeting hall in her village. As she passed by the rows, on her way to the podium, she could see all the old faces of those seeking to begin the healing, as they turned towards her in expectation.

"I said a little prayer as I walked to the stage," she said. "I asked that I would be able to help them to heal that which hurts them the most."

She continued to describe her vision as hearing a humming sound, as if a beehive was being stirred, and as she reached the podium, it had become a sorrowful song and sobbing was heart-wrenching. "But when I looked up," she said to me, "the sound suddenly went silent. I looked around the hall and all I could see, in all of the seats, were very little children."

"They were ALL children!" she said to me, her voice catching in her throat.

"Now you know, " I told her, "who was hurt the most."

### **Remembering**

I am hearing from Indian People all across the land on this one. I have put a link on the [LINKS](#) page that came from one person who encourages anyone interested in learning more, to view the 'hidden from history' site. There, they discuss among other horrors, that there are more than 50,000 little children who were murdered at these institutions and their bodies left where no one could find them; unmarked graves most of them, and some just dumped in the rivers at night.

Imagine, if you can, being so young, so far from home or help, and living under that constant terror. What shape would it bend you into and would you become one of them to survive? Or would you go silent and let the rage and fear consume you?

We know that soldiers that come back from the wars after a few months of trauma are seriously damaged, unable to cope, addicted, suicidal, and have rages and nightmares that destroy their family bonds, their ability to understand or cope with life in general.

Understand that is all real. That is Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Where the brain cannot reconcile and the mind cannot cope with the

horrors, the contradictions of Right and Wrong, Truth and Lies, Moral and Immoral behaviors, and a person collapses internally, and turns to self-medication of addictions to 'shut it out', temporarily. But it always comes back.

Remember now, the horrors of Residential/Boarding Schools were inflicted for years and years upon each young child, and to their parents and grandparents, for seven generations. What life was on the rez was also unhealthy as the design of the Reservations and the Indian Act was to exterminate the First Nations Peoples entirely. Any wonder there is the disease of dysfunction, addiction and gross indignities as daily fare in those places?

People who survived the Schools had nowhere to go with their traumas and nightmares. They could not share among themselves for there was so much shame put on them they thought they were worthless. They did not wish to burden their relatives with the nightmares because they could not bring themselves to talk about them. They wanted to forget it.

So today, we have people who are just now, after decades, finding these memories resurfacing at the root of their addictions and profoundly low self-esteem. They are just now finding support groups to share and heal with.

But even those are not yet safe havens, as there are among them the unscrupulous who breach confidentiality, and thwart the healing for the sake of holding power and position. I was so appalled when I found that the person who was running the clinic on the SLN Rez was allowing and encouraging a very close friend of theirs to invade the private files of counselors in order to glean any sort of leverage over those who had come in for healing.

The nightmare continues.

But I understand why people do these things. They themselves, as part of their upbringing by those who barely survived the Residential Schools, do not know or understand the importance of boundaries. Neither their own, nor anyone else's. To them, exploitation of painful secrets is merely a way to insure they can keep their job and have something to offer to the evil that may someday look at them as a meal.

Offering up the secrets of those who are most vulnerable as an alternate morsel, to them, is a survival tool. Who knows how badly they suffered from improper upbringing that they would do these things to the most vulnerable in their trust?

When survivors came home, they tried to forget that which they could not cope with nor reconcile in their shattered minds and wounded spirits. Because they did not discuss this, and truly, there was no way to discuss this, their children did not understand what they saw as unreasonable or destructive behavior in their parents and relatives.

It just was not talked about. People just did not want to remember, knew they could not cope with the impact of reliving it, and did not want to scar their loved ones with that pain.

But it never went away. It never healed.

And now it is surfacing, breaking through the dark waters into the stabbing painful light of remembrance. There it rises, to be seen, dealt with and healed.

We must tell the stories of what happened so that more of these memories can be understood and more of these survivors can see that they were not alone, it was NOT their fault and learn to give themselves credit for surviving.

Indians, from what I have seen, are hard to kill. The walking wounded, however, abound.

### **Knowing Allows Changes**

We must all face the horrors and understand the damage. We must all know that this is what was done to them, and they did nothing to deserve it.

We also must know that it has created, along with Indians being deprived of Civil Rights, an environment that is rife with corruption, abuses and it is up to all of us to make this change. We must all petition for Indians to be allowed the same Civil Rights as any other citizens, and we must do it now, while we all have some remnant of our Civil Rights to offer up!

It takes nothing away from any of us to allow other Human Beings the rights that were the foundation of our beginnings as a nation. In fact, it will strengthen all of us and our rights, because we can take a close and active look at what is left of them and what we need to do to protect ourselves from further erosion as we also find we must struggle to regain what has been siphoned off from all of us, and maintain vigilance for one and all so that it never erodes again.

Indian People need to find a way to come together, as brothers and sisters, neighbors and Nations to strengthen themselves, and reinvigorate their passion for life, spiritual questing and personal achievement.

We are powerful people laid low by the lies and the cover-ups but we are capable of redeeming ourselves and standing together, Red, White, Yellow and Black, as Human Beings.

Indians must start their healing from the inside as no one from the outside is yet willing to step in and help. All they are willing to do at the present is throw more money at fake programs that allow the thugs and their corruption to further exploit the pain and thwart the recovery.

I tell you all, to begin to remember, and do not be afraid. Remember that you survived. Allow yourself to weep for those who were lost and for the sorrows heaped upon you. But then you must put aside the tears and the weeping and begin to build again, the powerful person you were born to be.

I will end with a story I received regarding St. Joseph's residential School.

### **Prey**

I was going to tell you, when you arrived at the St Joseph's, the first thing they did was take away everything you brought with you.

The Matron that was in charge of the boys dorm would say, " Take off those buggy clothes".

We would have to strip and stand in line, naked, and they would spray our bodies and hair with some kind of foul smelling spray, and would say, " this will kill all the lice you brought with you."

They would take our clothes and put them in a community room and when you got up in the morning, they would give you clothes to wear, whether they were yours or not, and most of the time, they didn't fit. The other thing they would do was take any money you brought with you and put it in your account, but I don't remember if we ever saw it again, I don't think so because I can't remember ever buying anything.

The other thing they would do is put a form letter on the black board and tell us to copy it and sign it, so they could send it to our homes. This I refused to do, so I got a beating for not doing it. When I wouldn't copy the letter, they had someone else copy it and put my name on it. My Grandparents knew I did not write those letters and it got them worried.

I saw a lot of abuse there. Even the priests that would sexually abuse the boys, they would single out one boy, and the rest of us knew what was going on and would feel sorry for the one that got singled out.

I know a couple of them who later on in life, sexually abused others and more than one committed suicide when we were teenagers, 15-16 years old. The boys they singled out were usually under the care of social services, or foster care. This abuse was by some of the teachers as well, so it was dangerous when a teacher started paying attention to you, as a consequence we did everything we could to make the teachers dislike us, so we would not be considered for the next victim.

It was the same way on the girls side, different Nuns would single out their victims based on who they had as family, and if there was no one they knew that the Nuns would come after them, so they would tell the new girls to make up stories about their families, but the Nuns knew, like the priests, the history of the kids before they even got there so it didn't help.

I have not thought about these things for many years, there were some good teachers and priests who did not do these things but they were in positions where they could not protect the children, I wonder what would have happened if they would have intervened?

I know that some of these teachers and priests and the nuns were afraid, and some of them left and did not want to be witness to these things, but they left us to deal with all this mess.

Those of you who live in Indian Country, you know now more about why your parents were so fearful or so lost. Those of you who had decent upbringing and were nurtured and well-taken care of, you can better appreciate the trials your parents had to overcome to be able to do that much for you.

I tell you this so that you can let go of some of your anger and rage, and find a way to understand your parents and yourselves better now. I pray that you can see the value in surviving, not for the sake of the abuses to continue, but so that the suffering you endured and that those who raised you endured, will not be in vain.

That we will all find a way to stand together to oust the corrupt from their power seats and retake control over our own lives and destiny and allow the children who have survived us thus far, to be able to walk in the light of a better day tomorrow. We owe it to them and we owe it to ourselves.

It is my prayer that we all can see ourselves again, in a clearer light and find a way to come together as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations, before it is too late for all of us.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**July 25, 2007**

### **Methy Death**

Joe Teel the Third finally rotted out of this world on Sunday night. I got the news early yesterday, but did not have time to confirm it and blog it. (I yam canning again, so until the middle of September or so, the blog will be whenever I can get to it. When the fruit is ripe, we pick and we process!)

Joe Teel, Kalum's drug buddy, the one with the brain rot coming out of his eyes, did a lot of damage in his brief 31 years on this earth. Sold drugs, witnessed assaults and a couple of murders and kept his mouth shut. He lived for the drug and died like a bug.

Pay attention all you adventurous youth who think that drugs make you cool. Take a good look at that corpse and realize, that is what you are headed for if you don't get a whole lot smarter really fast.

Don't let his death be in vain, use it as a bad example of all the things you don't want to be or become in your time on this plane.

Yes, I did predict his time was short, but it was an easy prophecy as anyone who is rotting through the eyeballs is not long for this world.

Those of you who have lost children and loved ones to his drug dealing, bring the needles and crack pipes, meth bindles left behind by their ruined lives and put it in his coffin so he will have an idea why he is going to a very terrible place.

Remember his father is the same as he is. He did what he did because he learned it from his dad. Be sure and give him your 'thanks' as well. If they want to blame anyone for the pain they are in at the loss of Number Three, they can look to their own family, his father, and the drugs and crimes he still deals and commits. No one else is to blame.

Who knows if Number Three coulda woulda been a decent man had he not invested his entire life into drugs and crime? But he is what he became. He never regretted nor apologized for the deaths that he caused.

I wonder what his family is expecting of the community now that they bury him? I wonder if they will apologize for the lives that he ruined just to make a buck to get his fix? Or do we all decide to not speak ill of the dead, regardless of how they poisoned the children, many of whom preceded him?

Please, feel free to sign my name to the book.

### **Uglier and Uglier**

Speaking of which, how is Mark Lufkins doing lately? Just curious. Every report on him comes in uglier and uglier. Unable to keep his mouth shut when he is drinking, he brags more and more about his exploits with the embezzling Carl Walking Ego, to anyone that will listen. He thinks it makes him important and he thinks the chicks dig it.

Only thing the chicks will be digging for him is a shallow grave if he doesn't learn to not spill all to all.

### **Breaching Like a Whale**

You know how nothing is confidential that should be confidential out there on the rez. Your secrets are being spied upon by those who seek to control you, blackmail you, scare you into permanent silence and render you mute as they steal from you, your money, your children's money (IA Accounts raided so that Myra could 'loan' herself a few mill\$\$\$).

Well, apparently, Lois feels compelled to talk and talk and talk. If someone applies for money, she goes a blabbing to anyone and everyone, especially to her Uncle and the Turdclan. We know she won't give money to those who need it from her district, but lately she is talking about how much she gives to people outside of her district "because their reps don't do right by them!".

Even people who do not live on the rez, suddenly find she is writing them checks, handing them cash and saying that it is from her 'own pocket', which is a hoot. We all know that she takes the money from the funds that are supposed to be allocated for her district. But, in her way of thinking, Tribal Money is HER money so what she steals for herself and then later shares, comes 'from her own pocket.'

And then she goes and tells the Turdclan and her uncle, and a few others, what a good job she is doing, and then breaches confidentiality over and over again, telling who applied, what they needed it for, and what their situation is.

So, if you want to know where she is spending the money she puts into 'her own pocket', catch her at the bar, talking to her uncle, loud enough to be heard 10-30 feet away. Such a delicate thing she is!

### **Will the Centerpede Be There?**

Ft. Totten Days Are Coming!

I wonder if the Turdclan will assemble their act as the mutant centipede again this year. Last year, they all stood around in their own very tight group and went everywhere, even to the honey huts, together! Moving as if they were one big ugly creature, with many legs.

I remember that one, because the Elders would not allow Turdmom to sit up in the bleachers, in the shade with them. So, at the center of the 'center-pede', was Turdymomma, her fat little feet barely touching the ground as her many-footed turdling fairly carried her around.

Now, this year, her being not at her beast, er 'best', I wonder if she will even show up?

You know she is wasting away at home, under the care of Q-Ball, who has never forgiven her for making him stay with Uncle Richard while she and the rest of the family went to the fair. He was only 3 years old at the time and Unky Dick raped him. Turdymom knew it would happen. He had raped just about every kid he ever got near, so it was not a shock to her.

Never is a shock to her. When the Turdgirls were little, and their brothers were groping them and then raping them, they would come crying to her and she would tell them to shut up "he ain't doing nothing wrong."

So, now you know how Jackie and Andrea and sister Pisster got to be the way they are, and what they are.

Now, as Q-ball schemes to take all that is hers and make it his, and is living with one girlfriend and has brought his ex girlfriend to live with them as well, all under Turdymomma's roof, I wonder if it haunts her, her always telling the kids that whatever happens in family stays in family? I wonder if she wants to complain about the neglect, abuse and things that are being done to her now that she is getting weaker and weaker? But, to whom would she complain?

If she tries for your sympathy or your pity, be sure to look at her and smile and say: "Whatever happens in family, stays in family." I think she will have an even greater appreciation for what she has wrought by that time.

### **Lynx Fix**

BTW, I did fix that link to the 'missingfromhistory.org' link on the links page. I guess you all do read these things as many of you wrote to tell me it was not working. I thank you.

I have received some other links I have to check out and see what they are about before I post them. One that is intriguing to me is the 'shapeshifter snakes' one that was apparently from something that Leonard Peltier published.

Given that spirits are rising from the lake to warn the people of things to come, might be a good idea for me to check that out and get it on there. I will let you know when it is done.

Also, for those who wonder about these scary things, as I have received many inquiries. I have also received emails from people who

understand about these things, but since I cannot post their names for you to go and talk to them, let's see if I can clarify here for you who are spooked:

These spirits show up to give messages and warnings. Things like that serpent are usually seen first by an innocent, and the message is carried and spread. It is usually ignored by those for whom it is intended, and eventually, the messages get stronger and stronger until the person or family for whom it is intended are consumed by it.

The message, overall, for everyone, is to understand there is a balance in nature and in what we call the 'spiritual current' that runs through this world like a river and the wind. That those who ignore the Red Road, the Right Thing, and continue to pursue evil, even after the warnings have surfaced, will face a far uglier fate (even uglier than Joe Teel III!) than anything they could have imagined.

For those who do evil and think they are getting away with it, are being told that the payment is coming due and the time is nigh, for them to change their ways and reconcile their wrongs and make right those whom they have cheated or offended. If they fail to do that, because they defy God, their souls will be taken by the spirit monsters, to a place where no prayer I know of, can reach them to save them.

The reason the Innocents are the first to see these things is because the Innocents will not ignore them as the evil try to. That way, when the consequences begin to rain down on those who have ignored the warnings, everyone will understand why, and get out of the way so that it does not touch them and theirs as well.

### **Scripture**

I get a lot of scripture sent to me, and much of it is familiar territory and I do appreciate it. Some of it I am considering making a section to dedicate to the scriptures that are sent by many of you, who apparently are all thinking the same thing. Much of it is too lengthy for the blog, but when I put the scripture pages in, you can then go and read it for yourselves and see how it applies to what is going on out there on the Rez, and in the world in general, which to my thinking, has reached the biblical 'tipping point'.

### **Expectations**

I hear from many of you of how many people are dying so very young out there on the rez. And then I hear that so many babies are being born. Some say it all balances out. It does not, my friends, balance anything.

My question was: What are they dying from and what are they being born into?

The answer was: dying of diabetes, cancer, alcohol and drug addiction. Being born meth addicted, (several babies already this year, born into that agony) and into a place where futility is the fog that covers the eyes of so many and makes them feel like they have no future, and nothing in their existence is important enough to fight for, survive, or carry on.

Those who have healthy babies, and who take good care during your pregnancies, are still fighting the uphill battle of toxic politics, and futility. You are doing the right thing in having those babies and working to carry on. Don't ever lower your expectations of yourself or your child, and your child will have a chance at outliving the evil that is running that place, and a future will carry on because you are doing all the right things that you can with what little you have.

### **Dismissing the Elders**

Myra definitely on a power trip. The Elders held council and decided that the terms for the Tribal Council should only be 2 years. She dismisses their conclusions and brags about how she will change things in the coming 4 years that she stole the election for.

So far, she has had how many years to make 'changes' and she has only managed to change your money into her money? You really think she will do anything worthwhile in the coming 4 years? Aside from loaning herself millions of dollars while the Elders go without heat, the IA funds are drained and the infrastructure falls apart, what, pray tell us all, will Myra do that will make her any different than what she has been?

Another speech before congress? I know Dorgan the Organ will be applauding and lauding her for being the 'respected' and 'honorable' leader (sorry, I threw up in my mouth a little bit. So would he if he had a sense of decency).

You have the papers on the documents page where she took 3 million dollars from the tribe to give to her company and she did it at your expense. Time to start those petitions again!

### **Start Drumming Now**

I say you petition them over and over again, until you get them out.

At the very least, it bothers them.

Don't let the Elders' voices be silenced. Someday, if you are lucky, those voices will come from you.

Demand that the Tribal Council Members post their expense accounts, publicly. It's your money and you are entitled to know!

Russell Means got himself arrested trying to save his tribe. Maybe if more people stood up, and stood together, you could all save your tribes. Doing it just one or two at a time, not good enough. Too many cowards allow the evil to stay in place.

Remember: "All that is needed for triumph of evil is for Good men to do nothing."---Edmund Burke.

That means that if good people do something, the evil cannot endure. If you think of yourself as a good person, then you will know where to find another good person, and another and another. The vile beings that poison your lives fear you. They want to keep you suspicious of one another.

But once you learn that the only person you have to trust is yourself, you can survive any betrayal and you can prevail.

Once you know that you can survive any betrayal, you can trust others to do whatever they will, and you will not be defeated.

You all have, in your lives to this point, survived so many betrayals, I would think that by now, you would know that you are good at it! You would know that you are strong. You would know that you are able.

Start Drumming now, and gather your warriors for the good fight.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

*Don't wreck yourself with the sadness of things past. Don't grieve for what is already gone. Work towards changing the future. There is too much future already lost to self pity, and adding more tears to that only waters the weeds of our despair.*

**July 26, 2007**

### **Body Of Evidence Lays Before You**

I hope everyone goes to Joe Teel III's funeral. It is a lesson that needs to be learned. Look at the photo of him as a healthy, handsome young man with all the world to be his... and realize that the sorry ass corpse in the box is the same person, only completely undone by drugs and fear.

THAT is what drugs do to people and to families. Drugs don't hurt bad people. Drugs make people do bad things. Drugs bring this kind of grief and rage to a family. His family, your family, every family he touched, he poisoned as he was poisoned.

Drugs take a bad situation and make it a thousand times worse, and then drags your sorry ass into the grave, leaving only the wreckage of rage and betrayal behind.

Raise your hands, anyone, that thinks Drugs are cool! Raise your hands, anyone, that thinks it is your life and you can do what you want with it! Look around and see that what he did with his life affected everyone. He hurt everyone and then he died before he could make a real mark in this world that would carry on his legacy into any kind of light.

He left wreckage, and a family that grieves for him and is angry at him for destroying himself, and for hurting them. Those of you who have already sent your children to the spirit world because of his drug dealing to them, you also have been touched by his poisoned ways.

NO ONE is able to exist in this world, regardless of who you are nor where you live that your life does not touch other lives and you OWE it to every life you touch to be the best person you can be. You owe it to yourself to not crawl into your grave dragging the thorny baggage of guilt and shame for what you have done to others.

Go there, and see and learn. And Remember. Take your children and explain it to them. Give them the truth now, so they might be able to defend themselves with it later, when someone intoxicated with that poison comes up to them and says: "Try this, it will make you different."

There, before you, this Friday, undeniably, will be the body of evidence that we need, must tell the truth to save ourselves and to save our children.

Each of you should be angry for the damage he did, the wreckage he left. Most of all, you should be angry that he hurt himself to the point that he could not stop from hurting everyone else.

There is anger with grief. There is helplessness. There is hopelessness once that lid closes, that door closes, and the light is out forever.

Look at his photo and look at his friends, especially Kalum and his family. This is what they do to your children. These are the people you protect with your silence. They profit from this. This is their meat, their food and their sport. This is their doing.

This is your doing, for not standing up to them. This is your doing for keeping silent on what you saw, and what you know and for not doing what you know you should do.

Hurt enough yet? Or will you scoot over and give them a seat in the front of the mourners? Will you be honored that they show up to bury your dead, and offer their condolences? Or will you turn them away, turn your backs and let them know that you know, because you see the body of evidence in front of you, that this is their doing.

If you don't find the courage to shun them, stand up to them and speak out against them while they are killing your children; and you do not find the courage when you are burying your children, then tell me when will be 'a good time' to do that part of your life?

You get angry at me because you think I am unkind? I did not kill that one, nor any of them. Tell me, with your misdirected anger, if you can, how angry are you at the people that did this to him? How angry are you at yourself for letting them? I am just the messenger and I am stating the obvious here, but it must be said: This is not the first, nor the last funeral of someone dying before their time because of denial and apathy, ignorance and fear.

Those who feed off your children and offer them addictions and futility, are the ones running your life, your tribe. You know it. Everyone knows it. Where will your anger go if you cannot direct it at them?

I am here to offer you a voice, a place to speak and say what you know is true. Yet you keep it in, and it feeds on you like a cancer, from the inside. Save your misdirected anger for another time, another target.

The anger you have deep inside is the voice that says: "This didn't have to happen!"

But I can tell you that it *did* have to happen. It is the logical outcome of inaction, fear and toxic politics. It is the only outcome of a community unable to come together to save itself, save its children. Unable to stand up to the evil that embraces you at the graveside, with those leathery wings of sickness and more lies.

It DID have to happen because you all did nothing to stop it. You ignore the road signs, you ignore the raging engine noises, you ignore the children crying for it to stop... what, pray tell, did you expect would happen in the absence of your vigilance and in the presence of your denial, apathy and self-pity?

If you close your eyes while driving down the road of life, you cannot be surprised that your life is in the ditch, wheels up, spinning hopelessly.

You know there will be more. You so broken that you accept these young funerals as '*normal*' now? Does it feel *normal*? Or does it burn you to the core and break you into smithereens?

So, when his "friends" show up, Kalum, the Turdclan, the ones that do this to him and to all the children, be sure and let them know how much you appreciate their 'kindness'.

Truth hurts. Especially when it comes in a box, and you have to close the lid.

See you at the next funeral.

Rest in Peace, Dumbass.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**July 28, 2007**

### **Wows**

I see Ft. Totten days are in full swing. Do be sure and write to me and let me know if the 'centerpede' shows up!

You have perfect weather, and if you are nice, perhaps a stiff breeze to make it perfect in all directions? (Except downwind of the Turdclan!)

We have a lot of Pow Wows going on up here in Canada as well. It is that time of year! We have friends coming in from all directions to enjoy the festivities of the coming weeks so I will be rather busy at home here, keeping up with them and doing the canning.

I hope that image shows up for y'all, I had a jpeg earlier but I am experimenting with more png images to see if they look 'nicer' on the site.

I might just have to wrap up this blog as a short one for the end of the month and start numba 44 next week (sometime).

I love summer time!

### **Dying To Know**

I see Joe Teel III's funeral went along without any Turdlings or Turdettes showing up. How nice! Usually, you can expect Poopsie to show up, as if he is honoring you with his stinky ass presence. He does that for many reasons: One is to mock you. To view the dead as one would look at a score card to see how many lives he has destroyed. It makes him feel powerful.

He and his family generally show up also because they want to listen in and see if anyone is talking about them or connecting them in some negative way to the demise of the dearly departed. They feel that if they show up, no one will dare speak. Pissster just shows up if there is booze. Beer and Death, she always seems to smell like both and perhaps that is why the smell of urine is her "Oh Day Perfume"? (Eau d'parfum?)

Well, it used to be like that. But not anymore. People are letting them know that they will not be welcome. And here's a hot flash for you (along with Yakky Jackie's other hot flashes): People go to bury their dead don't give a flying flip about you and your paranoias. It is not about YOU, it is about THEM.

So, whatever you are just 'dying to know' what people are saying about you, realize that YOU don't factor in at the funerals, except for the ones you cause, and even then, you do not deserve attention. If you are just dying to know what people are saying about you, read the blog! (Coyote laughing in the background).

I'll be in the kitchen, canning for the winter.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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by  
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