

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#49)

October 3 - October 18, 2007

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

October 3, 2007

Perfect Victims

No such a thing as a 'perfect' victim with the murder of Eddie Peltier and the others. Some people actually say out loud that they are dismissing the murders because Eddie's family history of sexual abuse! Because his father and his brother and probably others, are notorious for molesting children, that somehow THAT justifies him being murdered! Because he was not 'perfect' he somehow deserved to be murdered?

Far as I know, Eddie never molested anyone. Even if he did, the penalty for that should be prison, not being stomped to death in Pister's kitchen by her and her brothers. And the reasons they came up with for hatching the plan to murder him in the first place was over their jealousy of him and because they thought that he would become a Highway Patrol cop and be able to interfere with their criminal enterprises.

So, when people say that they don't care what happened to Eddie because his brother is a molester, I can only shake my head at how so many can live in a parallel reality for so long without falling off the cliff! Then I realize that they have, already, gone over the edge and the rez is the only place where their dysfunctional reality, absurd rationales and egregious support of corruption would allow them to survive.

I suppose that they can use those weird justifications for about anything until someone kills the perfect victim.

And the Turd Clan, notorious for rape, child molest and rape, murder and thieving, and every other abuse possible against their fellow Tribemates and the Federal Government, are somehow given a free pass to continue their evil ways, spreading their poison, until perhaps they find the perfect victim?

I think y'all are the perfect victims. Perfect because you don't stand up against anything you see being done to anyone, including your own children. So many sell out for beer money, your votes, your complaints and the safety of your own children that what is created is a wealth of victimhood.

The Turd Clan finds it easier to step on you all because you just lie down and do nothing. Who does your laundry and have they stopped asking why all those dark stains in the shape of boot prints are on your backs?

Perfect Prisoner

Let's say a few words here about all those who were framed for this murder by the murderers themselves, Poopsie and his pals. Y'all went to prison for something you did not do. Two among your numbers did heavy time. John Lopez did about 20 years before he was released and Richard LaFuente remains in prison without any chance of a fair trial ever, because the Good People of Ft. Totten and Spirit Lake do nothing, which is all that is required for evil to prevail.

Richard is probably the one best suited to take the heaviest hit on this because he is the strongest and most decent of all. With the exception of only two of those who were convicted and did time and were released, the rest seem to just want to forget that he languishes in that hell that they have escaped. They do nothing.

In fairness, there is not much they can do being wrongfully convicted of a felony, they can be easily trapped and set up again. That is not the problem. The problem is among those who have won their freedom all these many years and continue to wail and moan about how life is mistreating them.

Yes, life is unfair. I know someone that would be happy to trade places with you, this very moment, and so do you. Self pity is the ultimate suicide. It is the ultimate self-destruction and the ultimate waste of time.

Richard not only does the life sentence that rightfully should have been placed on Poopsie, his brothers and his sisters and mother, but he holds no bitterness towards anyone! Those who are freed and use their mistreatment as an excuse to become bitter, and further victimize themselves, I have to ask this question: Do you feel that what you have done with your time on the outside is worthy of the efforts put forward by those who love and care about you, and who also suffered when you were locked up?

Would you not be better served if you became stronger, more in control of your emotions and made something better of yourselves? Does drinking and drugging and the grief that brings with it; both to you and your family and those who care about you-- does that really serve a purpose?

There have been a couple of people who have in the past and in the present, done much work to support this blog or support the efforts to get the truth out, and that is very brave of them because they take a big risk in talking to me. I am not asking that the rest of you take those risks.

What I am asking is that you look at your lives and decide if you are doing the best you can with the opportunity you have to make it better for yourself and your family. Make yourself credible in the community and add something to the world around you.

I need for you all to be stronger and to maintain your credibility so that when this thing comes down on those who have done this evil, you can help to bring it down not only on the Turdclan and their cronies, but also on the Justice Department and the corruption that needs to be exposed there, where it has blighted Indian Country all these years.

Richard is doing time as an innocent man. If anyone would be allowed a pity parade, it would be him. But instead of wasting his life, he uses his time to help others. He counsels other inmates, he mediates between disputes and he prays for everyone.

Hi violates no rules, he threatens no one. He is the strongest among us and he is doing the time that we know should be on the shoulders of those who walk among you every day, rape your children, steal money and food from the mouths of your children and mock your suffering with the help of road kill politicians like Dorgan the Organ and Kent Conrad.

Only you, those who are directly affected by this evil, can bring it down.

Richard may be in prison and be the model prisoner, but you all, from what I see, are the perpetual prey for those you know have done the darkest deeds while so many of you watched, turned your back or ignored the cries for justice.

If you had to pick a prison to serve your life in, would it be where Richard is? Or where you are?

The Truth is, you can free yourself. You can free the entire Tribe. But you won't. So, have you picked your prison?

Perfect Murders

Perfect murder implies brilliant planning, genius strategies and precision execution of the plan. However, none of that is true. The 'Perfect' murders are the ones where the real killers are never sent to jail. Take the case of Eddie Peltier, clearly murdered by a slapstick collection of drunken inbreeds who had to demolish the entire house to get rid of the blood evidence.

Being the biggest bullies on the rez, and having the badge authority to arrest and beat up anyone they wanted, or rape them, with impunity because the Tribal Council too corrupt and stupid to care, and the people too cowed to stand up, have been able to get away with a series of murders, rapes and every other crime.

They are not brilliant, they are merely viscous. They got that from their momma, Turdmother, a black road wanderer all her life who took her family with her down that dark path, long time ago.

The only problem is that the people always knew about the murders. There were always witnesses, lots of them. And they talked. And they still talk. Even Pisser talks about it, and talks in her sleep, waking herself up with the sound of her own voice calling her a murderer. And she talks about that to Poopsie and he gives her more pills to help her troubled mind go blank again.

Perfect Storm

And the people of the rez are starting to stand up for themselves. A little here, a little there. Speaking out instead of hushed whispers, standing up, and crowds gather for the General Assembly meetings like a sky full of storm.

Looks like the Perfect Murders could all come undone, and people could if they dumped that council and put in responsible people, force real investigations into the murders and the corruptions, decades worth of darkness would begin to lift, and our favorite Turdlings and their flinty-eyed momma could end up doing real time in real prisons.

It would be the perfect storm of Justice that would free the people and free Richard and restore the rest of those men to the dignity of having their names cleared. The innocent would be vindicated and the guilty would be incarcerated. (Sometimes I just want to break into a rap star rant!-- but I can't)

But the Turdlings and their Tribal Council puppets are afraid of that Perfect Storm.

They are desperate to keep the people divided and keep them in the dark and the darkness of futility just to stay out of prison.

All that could change if the people stood up for themselves and demanded justice, regained their dignity and sent that bunch to the dark holes of prisons that dot this democracy like cancerous moles.

They would put the Turdclan, all of them, where they belong to end their days behind bars.

Now, wouldn't that just be a perfect ending?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

October 4, 2007

Monkey Business

Dorgan the Organ is promoting legislation that would make the BIA secondary to the Tribal Police on each rez. The Tribes would have "Primacy", as he put it. That means that as corrupt and dysfunctional as the BIA is already, that would be superseded by the Tribal Police who are already a law unto themselves on every rez.

They talk about actually doing background checks so that criminals can not become cops. One would think that would have been there all along, but apparently, having just fallen from the trees, Tribal Police didn't know that being a drunk, molester, drug dealer, wife beater, or rapist would be a conflict. Okay, having that rule would be an improvement --- but rules are never followed so make all of them up that you would like and frame it, hand it to Dorgan the Organ at a photo op and we can all rest easier, right?

What the legislation would do, and what it is designed to do, is to further disempower the members of the Tribes that are being abused by corrupt Tribal Councils who control the courts and the cops as their private enforcement agencies to allow their cronies to escape justice and to inflict fear and harm on the members of the tribe deemed to be 'trouble makers' in the sense that they disapprove of the corruption and the rampant cronyism; the abuses and the injustices.

Dorgan the Organ wants to give the Tribal Police all the power so that no outside agency can, above their objections, investigate any crimes that occur either on the rez and are covered up by the Tribal Council and the Tribal Cops; or any crimes that occur outside of the rez where the culprit has managed to escape to the safety (Kings X!) of the boundary lines of the rez.

All that would do is insure that the people the most abused on rez lands now, including the women and children that are raped, and those who are murdered, would have no chance at justice on or off the rez.

Oh yeah, and in every speech he makes regarding Indians, this one had the familiar tag line of 'more funding' to ensure the programs run smoothly.

What the people need is not more power to the corrupt, not more power and authority to shield their abusers, and not more money to fund that corruption and abuse. What the people need is accountability. They need to have a system in place that will create the vital checks and balances needed to prevent corruption and abuse and to deal with any they uncover.

Right now, Dorgan and his crew only work to cover up more and ignore the cries of the community for accountability.

I wonder what tree he fell out of so recently that he can't seem to figure out that his back-slapping, glad-handing, fund-raising friends are evil?

Well folks, keep writing to him and he will keep ignoring your letters, emails, faxes and phone calls. But at least you will have a record of years and years of trying to get him to listen. Maybe the next Senator will have some real huevos and be able to stand up to the corruption and actually help the people.

And for those of you living in the surrounding counties, cities and towns, all you have to do is look around you and see the signs of failed politics shooting up in your allies, filling your jails, robbing your homes and killing your children.

All the corruption and all the crime does not stay confined to Indian Country. It comes to your door. It even hurts the soldiers in Iraq. It takes money from programs that would help everyone. By ignoring the ignorant, self-serving who govern anyone, and who cater to the corrupt and the criminal, you bring it to your door, regardless of where you live.

He is not trying to help. If he were trying to help he would not be salivating at the knees of the bullies, thugs, thieves and murderers who are oppressing and killing their own people in Indian Country.

If he were trying to help, he would be pushing for accountability instead of shielding the criminals with legislation that further oppresses and victimizes those who don't have the same Civil Rights as every other American Citizen has.

Illegal Immigrants have more rights in the US than Indians do.

Ignoring this does not make anyone's life better. Injustice protected and fostered creates more injustice.

Time to realize you are involved and act accordingly. Or pay the consequences of your apathy when it is your family that is destroyed.

You want Primacy? Accountability should be first.

You want more monkey business? Continue to do nothing. You want constructive legislation and enforcement of the laws that protect us all? Then demand it for all. Give Indians a way to actually stand up for themselves against the oppressors that deny them Human Rights.

Simian Odyssey Continues

So, to prove the point of "Tribes Having Primacy" as not good for the Indian People, let us remember how Zit Puppet was able to get

off on a charge of stealing a car, hit and run and drunk driving, driving without a license... He yelled and screamed at the judge that he was so drunk he did not know what he was doing and therefore not responsible for anything he did. Judge agreed with him and set him free.

Not an isolated incident as that pile o'poop drives drunk daily, runs into the ditch or off the road nightly and has several dd arrests and court appearances for when he is caught outside of the safety of the boundaries his Mama runs as her own kingdom.

Further, just as the highway is being repaired out there, and the gravel being laid down, speed limit 20 MPH both for the safety of the workers, the flaggers and the drivers, whose car comes screaming through at 60 MPH or higher? Kalum's. He was clearly higher than usual, his eyes all bugged out and wild, driving like a demon down that gravel road, spinning out, recovering, fish-tailing and full-throttle homeward to the rez.

Cops were called, but none came. No investigation. He could have killed someone out there, and the badgers would be too busy playing pocket pool to get into a car and actually 'investigate' one of the privileged people who own the place.

Dorgan wants to be sure that this can continue? That further, no one can 'interfere' with the process of ongoing corruption? He's doing this 'For the Indian People?' (*sort of threw up in the back of my mouth on that one, sorry). Oh yes, and for some reason: More money?

All the monkeys in the trees are laughing. You have seen them laughing. They are, by name: See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak about No Evil. And yet, despite their monkey ways, Evil is what rules the day.

Most of the Indians on the rez being the infamous Blanket Indians as they are known by all the tribes, just don't want to know, and want it all to go away.

Dying For Answers

How many children have you buried lately? Kalum never even showed up at Joe Teel Third's funeral. After all the drugs they did and sold together, I would have thought they would be tight and Kalum would show his 'respects' to the family of the son he killed with the brain rot drugs that he sold.

But to Kalum, and the rest of them, you, your children are just throwaways. You are all disposable to their ambitions of doing what they want, when they want to whomever they want.

They are not accountable for the deaths they foster by having underage drinking parties where children get killed on their way to or from. They are not accountable for the diseases and addictions created to make them wealthy and your family torn apart. They are special Indians, above all other Indians. They shake the hands of politicians, shuffle truck loads of money back and forth and you all are just the annoying noises in the background, but of no real consequence.

The Peterson boys almost all died in that car accident coming back from a Yankton sponsored drinking party. Joe Peterson didn't make it. Anyone holding the people that sponsored that party accountable? No. Why? Because they are Turd Clan and Turd Clan answers to no one.

Idunno Wind can't spare the manpower to investigate. After all, there is that stapler he needs to track down with all his keen investigative talents. Another dead child, another dead Indian is not anything that concerns him.

Of course, if it was his child, it would be a big deal. Your child, not so much.

Has anyone gotten a satisfactory answer out of anyone of the Tribal Council? You know you can do it. Are you too afraid to take control of your own life and end this tyranny?

From the outside, the exploits of the corrupt and corn ball is very amusing and appalling. But to those who actually live on the rez, I would think that at some point, you would want to begin to make this nightmare end.

Everyone, get off the road. Kalum owns it. He also owns your children. He gets them addicted, they steal from you to pay him, and he can rob you, kill you, drive high or drunk and never ever have to worry that he will go to jail.

And if he goes to jail again, it will be like the last time: The Badgers all jumping to run his errands, deliver his 'packages', get his

money, make sure his cell phone is charged so that he can carry on business from his cell, and of course, have that conjugal bliss with the two women he prefers lately. But it is not like a real jail. At least, not for him.

I hear Idunno Wind even brought him some home made desserts that his wifey (Mrs. Idunno) made for him. He got his drugs delivered in jail because they didn't want to have to deal with him being cranky over not getting his crank.

Yup, not sure why Kalum doesn't want to go to jail... oh? I see. It's not that he minds going to jail, as long as it is the Ramada Inn Jail suite that is set up special for him in Ft. Totten. He just doesn't care much for the real jails.

I wonder whose child he will kill next? I wonder who will be robbed or beat up to pay him for their drugs next? Well, it don't matter. As long as it isn't any of the 'important' Indians, it just don't matter.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: Regarding 'perfect ending' in the previous blog, I am told that it should have read: "Wouldn't that be a perfect beginning." I agree.

October 5, 2007

Strange Bedfellows

I have been gathering information for more than a week on an incidence of rape allegedly committed by Gaelan Robertson, who is the boyfriend of Tribal Council Member Shelly Lugar. Her Indian name of Seashelly was almost changed to 'loogie' as in that green phlegm that is coughed up and spat out. We might still do that one.

In the past, Seashelly has bailed him out, thwarted investigations, threatened the victims with being floated off the rez if they don't shut up, and buying them off. Whatever works, works, eh?

She claimed to have dumped him after this latest crime. However, I am told that after throwing him out, she immediately jumped into her seashell mobile and went down to the jail to bail him out. She is now putting together over \$110K to get him safely on the run and out of reach of any law enforcement.

She is also trying to influence the choice of Tribal Judge (last one having opened the safe, absconding with the materials that were being used to blackmail her and others, and abruptly quitting and leaving town) so that the 'new' Tribal Judge will be beholdin' to her and cut both her and Gaelan slack so that she can have him back. As long as her sheets are warm, she doesn't care about who gets raped, robbed or killed.

Ironically, I believe there is a photo of her standing next to Dorgan the Organ as the new Justice building was being officially opened. Add to that irony is that Dorgan has recently given speeches about how so many Native American women are raped or molested and how that has to be stopped. Of course, the tag line "...and more funding.." was in there.

Seems to me, if he cared about any of these crimes against women for real, he would not be seen grinning like a moron at these photo ops which feature rapists or their enablers who use the money he procures for them, to continue hurting women and children.

So, which is the stranger pairing? Seashelly and the rapist, drunk, unqualified head of the Rec Dept, which he wrecks? Or Dorgan the Organ funding their corruption while decrying the very crimes he is enabling? You pick. Looks like a dead heat to me.

Spontaneous Vacation Plans

Looks like Gaelan who was dumped by Seashelly for about an hour and then bailed out, is planning a Spontaneous vacation somewhere far away. Seashelly is already gathering up the money, in cash to make that possible.

She will then say she doesn't know where he is because she dumped him. So, the question becomes: "Okay, where are you sending

the money?"

She herself may need some Spontaneous combustion insurance. Looks like there is supposed to be a meeting this coming Wednesday to oust her for enabling him to rape and rape again. People just might be getting a tad tired of it, him and her.

Unable to face any kind of accountability, not sure if the rest of the corrupt TC will support her or take her out like a road accident, she would, if she were to be on the stage, and facing those questions, implode or auto combust.

Methinks she is planning a vacation and her friends at DTI for a few more dollars, will help her get where she wants to go.

So, tell me if you know when and where the meeting is supposed to be and I will post it. I am sure you will all want to know how much money --YOUR MONEY -- she has spent to free him and put him on the run. You might also want to know how much of that is going to his lawyer fees, and how much in the past has gone to silencing the victims.

The other question is obvious: Why has the Tribal Council never held her accountable for the money she spends? The answer is obvious: Because they all do it, and then some. I am sorry it is taking so long for me to get the individual district budgets and payments onto the site. I will do it. You will see, they are all doing the same things.

Same Thing

I hear that Greg Greene, brother to Wide Mary Trottier, is once again molesting young girls in his trailer. Good thing for him that his sister still sleeps with Weenie Boy and Poopsie, or he would be in real trouble!

Poopsie running the "Law and Order" along with Carl McKay and Chuckles the Clown (Wide Mary's legal husband) can generally make any complaints against their club vanish in an instant.

That explains why it is the Badgers have refused to investigate the Rapes. It also explains why the Badgers have refused to investigate the death of Joe Peterson.

Poopsie's family is involved, it disappears. Simple.

Kalum is never investigated. His incarceration is more like a babysitting gig for the badgers.

Zit Puppet, never investigated and never charged. You know, before he became Secretary-Treasurer, he was the diaper changer at the daycare his Granny and his auntie run? How many children did he molest there? We'll never know because the Law & Order Committee shields them all from any investigation.

Idunno Wind is making it his personal mission to block the family of Joe Peterson from getting any answers on anything leading up to Joe's death and the injuring of the other kids in the car with him.

You could have a carload of dead children and nothing would ever be done. Is that what you are waiting for?

Do you see that the corruption is killing you? Your children? Are you ready to stand up? Or can we expect more of the same thing?

The Other Rape

I hear it was one of the daughters of the Turdclan that was raped the week before the most recent rape by Gaelan. That 'they' (whoever 'they' are) had to kick down the door to get to her and get her out of there.

Something tells me that her daddy did nothing about it, like report it to the cops, because Gaelan has something on him. On all of them. Gaelen does the raping and his buddy, Riley Smith's daddy, just likes to watch.

Well, that would make sense. Riley's daddy has access to inside info on the count room at the casino and he could easily bring an investigation down on them if he was to bargain his way out of a 'conspiracy to rape' charge.

Looks like being a child of the Turdclan definitely has its down side. That being that anytime something like this happens, they can't call the cops because Daddy and the uncles and aunties and GRANNY TURDMAMA, all have to keep people who could and would

talk from doing so.

They don't care if their own children kill or are killed; rape or are raped; are addicted or sell addictions to your children.

They just want their kids to shut up and stay quiet so they can keep their murders and rapes, embezzlement and worse, quiet. The children pay the price. Now, as those kids look at their worthless parents, they see that hollow black hole where a soul should have been.

Loyalty may go out of style in the Turdclan Gen X. Once they realize how many generations inbred they are, and what they are really worth in the hollow eyes of their murdering parents, those kids will be less inclined to protect those who do nothing to protect them when it counts.

Familiar Strangers

No, your daddy is not pretending to be helpless. Your daddy is so fulla guilt he can't hold his mud and when you are attacked, he runs and hides because he is afraid that anything done to bring down your rapist will bring him and the rest of them down with him.

I think the Gen X level of your game will be your undoing. I think the girl knows you were lying when you said you would get it investigated. You never did. You never even said a word to the guy. It's like you think it is okay? It's not, okay?

Now, with the second girl in one week being raped by the same team, an investigation will happen if the people demand it.

You know what Poopsie always says: "One investigation will lead to another, so don't let one start."

But the misery is piling up, the people are tired and your children don't believe a word you say anymore.

Maybe they will be talking to me? Maybe they already are? Look into their eyes. Do you think they love you? Do you think they trust you? Do you think they will protect you when they know you won't protect them?

You think they have not heard the heated discussions on how you are going to get rid of Zit Puppet for good? The jokes about him getting swimming lessons in the lake one night? So much for 'family', eh? More like 'familiar strangers'?

If you cannot even protect your daughters from being raped by someone as weasely as Gaelan, then what else are you a coward about? (*Lights go on in tiny brain cells throughout the Gen X -or is it 'Y'? skulls as they figure out more and more what they are made of.) (*Rolls of toilet paper streamer over the houses where Turdlings and their offsprings dwell. Weenie Boy wakes from a recurring nightmare where he is being flushed down a giant toilet. Perhaps the hand on that handle is the daughter you cannot protect because you are a murderer?) Gaelan is too stupid to be afraid, or just unable to stop himself. Seashelly secretly folds money into his pockets. Enough to get you away until this thing can be 'mishandled'?

After all, if Lemon Longie can rape a helpless child in a wheelchair, and her sister, and still be running around free, surely then, something like that can be done for ol' Gaelan, now can't it?

What does it feel like to live in a community where the rapists, pedophiles and murderers are better protected than the children? Can you put that into words? Or does it just drive you to absent yourself by addiction and denial?

Whatever it is, you can see, that like a cancer it is growing every week.

Whose child do we bury next week? Volunteers? Anyone? Anyone? Or shall we let the Devils that run your life pick from the batch?

You know where to find me. (You too, kids!)

~Cat

October 8, 2007

Another Dirt Nap

Yet another young person, Mitch Littlewind, died in a horrible crash early Sunday AM. 17 years old. Another family gets to grieve, have their heart and their guts ripped out by a pain no one should know. Before he could make anything of his life, before his life could really become something, he is dead. Right on schedule for those who supply the alcohol to these kids.

Unlimited manpower applied to finding out who is providing the booze, but not a minute wasted to find out who is killing the kids? Is Donovan "Idunno" Wind really worth paying as a cop? Seems to me that his only priority is in protecting the Turdclan and their buds from investigation into their criminal behaviors. Their behaviors, btw, killing your kids.

So, who supplied the good times to Mitch? All you good friends of Mitch and Joe, you just keep your mouths shut like the little cowards you are. Don't tell me how much you cared about either of them if you won't tell their families what you know about who contributed to their deaths.

Real friends would stand up for them, but I think the real hell of it for both Joe and now Mitch, is they can look down and see you all covering your own asses, and not doing anything to keep this from happening to another 'friend', another family. I don't feel sorry for you. You are doing it to yourself and you won't so much as lift a finger to save your friends or yourselves. You don't care who among you dies as long as you get to get drunk and stoned the next time, with the same people.

And you adults, all of you, take a good look at how death has become "fun" for your kids. Take a good look at how your not getting involved has allowed this to happen over and over again.

What are you doing to stop it?

How many more children will die in senseless drunken or drugged (or both) events and you don't even demand the cops investigate? Boot them out. All of them. You are not paying them to be the private security guards and protectors of the Turd Clan. You are paying them to protect YOU from the criminal activities like those that take the lives of your children.

NOT ONE INVESTIGATION. All Bent (Tic Tic) does is run defense to prevent anyone from investigating any crime they commit. Get his fat flat butt out of there. Let him go find a real job somewhere.

Oh yeah, tell Mitch's mama that he killed himself. Tell her he died for a reason. But whatever you do, don't investigate. That would be too much like having your own nuts again.

Time and Time Again

These funerals for children are getting to be like clockwork. By not demanding and getting an investigation into the adults that supply the booze and the drugs to the kids, you reinforce the behaviors and both the kids will continue to make stupid mistakes and pay the highest price; and the adults will continue to cowardly hide behind the silence of the crowd and never change their ways or their behaviors.

Time and time again, those children who would be the future of the Tribe, the healers and leaders of tomorrow, the warriors who could teach peace and prosperity to their children, are thrown away like kleenex; used up and without value.

Considering how many of these underage drinking parties have been entertained by Tic Tic's band, you can see that the message is clear: Cops are only there to protect the corrupt. The corrupt are killing your children.

But until your crippled and dysfunctional tribe can find a way to want to come together to change things, nothing will change.

There is a meeting this Wednesday, so I am told. However, I do not know what time and I do not know where it is supposed to be. If you tell me that information, I can post it. Otherwise, NLO and her cronies will have you running all over the place playing political hide-and-seek as if your lives, the lives of your children, are just a game to her and to the rest of them.

Better figure out a game plan of your own. Another weekend, another dead child, or more, looming on the near horizon.

Poopsie and the Missus

Who is that myopic greasy looking toad? And what is that with him? Ah! It is Poopsie and the Missus!

So, for all of you who have not yet gone to the Images page to see what he looks like, [here ya go!](#) Scroll down to the lower end of the page and there you see him.

Also, a little further up, see a photo of Joe Peterson who was just killed in a car accident a week ago. Don't have a photo of Mitch yet. But look at that young man and ask yourself why his life was not important enough for there to be enforcement on the no-alcohol law on the rez? Ask why it was not important enough that those who gave him the alcohol would be investigated? They almost killed a car load of young people on that one, including two of his brothers.

Are some families worth more than others? Or is no child worth protecting out there?

Back to Poopsie (and you all should shun him by turning your backs to him), I want you to picture him back in the day when he was lying through his teeth on the stand as he framed those innocent young men in order to cover up the murder he and his family committed. He was out in the hallway, at the vending machine, all sweaty, pale looking, eyes jumpy. His hands were shaking so hard that he could not hold on to the coins and they sprayed all over the floor, echoing like bells. Once he got his cuppa coffee, he could not hold onto it. The liquid jumped like fleas all over, and he had to throw it away.

Now he sits like a king, proud of the murders, the rapes, the molests. He has been able to steal millions from the tribe, buy political protection in at least 4 states, and never once be held accountable for any thing he has done.

But as long as he is alive, he lives in a fear so paranoid, so debilitating, that he has to wear diapers. That is a true story. He cannot hold his mud. Say "Boo" to him and he drops nuggets.

THAT is what is controlling the rez? Yup. At least until you all realize how much power you all have and do something about getting him unseated (careful now, wear gloves!) and his power hungry family out of authority and under the microscope of a real investigation.

While you are at it, throw Dorgan the Organ and Kent Conrad out on their butts as well. They are far too chummy with the thugs that run the rez and steal your money, rape your women and children and murder your children.

You have the power to demand and to remove. About time you stepped up, don't cha think?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

October 9, 2007

Shell Game

You know that game where the man hides a pea under a walnut shell and then swiffs them all around and you have to guess where it is? That's called a 'shell game'.

Like the Tribal Council deciding at 9 AM to hold the meeting to recall Seashelly at 10 AM and then locking out those who tried to get in to vote. At least 10 people were locked out. Seashelly won by a few votes. The whole time angry Tribal Members were pounding on the doors to get in.

NLO does this sort of shell game to protect her friends and family. Those of you who thought the meeting was on Weds, then moved to Tuesday rather upset that it suddenly, with illegally short notice, became 10 AM Monday, have a right to demand a real meeting and a real vote.

I say you knock NLO out at the next meeting. Cut off the head and the tail stops wagging, so they say. Her corruption knows no bounds. Seashelly has protected, harbored and abetted Gaelan's raping of so many women and underage women out there, and for your Tribal Council to pull this kind of garbage to insure she stays in place is criminal.

YOU know where these people live. Look at the ones that voted to keep her in office. Shun them. Shun their entire families. Make them talk to you when you see them in public. Demand to know why they voted to keep corruption alive and well on the rez. If they don't answer, shun them. Turn your backs on them and do not acknowledge they exist.

Demand proper notice for these meetings. Demand and keep on demanding and don't be quiet about it.

Your kids are dying because they have seen you all just roll over and play dead for so long, they don't know how to save their own lives. They are not afraid to die, they are afraid to live! Give them something to live for. Be the example of standing up, rather than that of whimpering door mats.

Coyote Kids

I don't know who to speak to first. The parents who have, by being hypocrites, absent by addiction or just plain neglectful or mean, alienated their children and left them for the Coyotes to gather up as their own, or the kids who cannot seem to see any kind of future worth surviving for and striving for.

Kids who run like stray dogs, hungry for guidance and acknowledgment, starving for approval and acceptance because at home, there is no home. Kids who think that the only way to become part of any thing in the community is by partaking in the poisons of risky behaviors.

Kids who bury their friends one day, and go out drinking and driving, drugging and worse immediately thereafter, only to become the next statistic.

I understand that the parents were raised by dysfunctional parents and that goes on for quite a ways back, all the way to the broken treaties, concentration camps and residential school horrors. You all know, better than anyone else, how truly horrible those things were and looking around you at the wreckage of your community, children dead with no reason other than bad behavior, we have to all realize and now, that sitting around and feeling sorry; wallowing in self-pity; justifying our own bad behaviors and angers because of that, has to stop. Has to stop because that is what is killing the kids.

Not saying you don't have the right to be angry, just saying that without taking steps to change what is, you continue to march those children into the greedy paws of the Coyote who figures you loved your anger more than your child, loved your addiction more than your family, and you do not deserve to have these children that are each a gift from The Creator.

We cannot change the past, but we can have a profound effect on the future. We do this by changing first and foremost, that which is in us because that is all that we truly have any control over in this life.

When we decide to not take the abuse and corruption any longer, and we stand up for what is right, we change the future for the better. When we decide to not stay silent on the injustices we have known, have seen and which we know continue to this day; when we decide to speak out, act proactively and not be silent, not be still another moment longer, we change the future.

But if we continue to turn our backs on all that we know is wrong, and continue to justify our own inaction because of the inaction of others, we also change the future, but not for the better. By not finding a way to come together, to stand up against the corruption and the corrupt, we become more and more helpless as those we love most are taken from us in ways we cannot ignore.

Another weekend is coming. Will there be another knock at the door? Phone calls in the early hours? Will the voice say to us, "Your child was killed...found dead..." ? Will the still of the night be pierced again by another mother's screams of grief and a father's heart broken dropping him to his knees? Probably.

The Coyote has been grooming our children to go with him, to leave this world, the one we never made safe for them. Coyote watches, licking his lips, smelling the scent of young blood, as parents continue to ignore the very things that could save their children and grandchildren. Coyote waits until you go to Bingo, or pass out from your drinking and drugging: "Hey kids! Wanna have some fun? Come with me!" Not so much as a backward glance they follow, faster and harder, to keep up with the Coyote who takes them to places filled with death and poison. "All you want," he says, "is right here."

Coyote is waiting for your kids and you are handing them over by neglect, denial and arrogance. Your fears and cowardice make it easy for him to take them one by one, two by two, or perhaps several all at once? Your despair makes the Coyote laugh.

You could have stopped it. You could have made it safer, better, and would have seen your children grow up and become strong, creative, leaders and warriors. But you didn't even see them leave.

Coyote laughs, but it is neither happy nor sad. It is ironic. All of this was yours to keep or to lose and you chose, each of you, to do

nothing. What did you expect?

All those funerals. All those tears turning into thistles and wild grass. All those treasures unopened in a world that needs them now, more than ever.

Survivors

I look at all those young faces that think they don't have anything to live for. That think that being drunk is being friends. That being stoned is belonging. I want to show you all the future and let you see that what you can do when you are grown, will benefit so many others, both young and old. I want to let you hear and feel the thanks from those you have helped and guided in that future you don't think exists.

I want you all to know the unbelievable rush you can get from helping someone you don't even know, to get through a hard time, or to accomplish what they did not know they could do. No drug comes close, I can guarantee.

I want you all to see that by you believing there is something more to your life, a greater purpose than the pain and the struggles you have now, that by surviving these dark times you will become someone you really like to know and so will others want to know you.

When you survive these times, regardless of who helps you or opposes you, you will gain something more valuable than anyone can predict or guess for you.

Your gifts are not singular, but many. But you must survive these most dangerous times, even if it means you are alone, separated from those whose approval and acceptance you crave. You must survive because there is so much out there in this world that needs your work, your ideas and your help to be a better place.

This world was given to all of us as Paradise. It has been ruined by greed and corruption, ignorance and cruelty. We need you, each and all of you, to bring your part of the healing that will make this world once again, Paradise where we can all create, thrive, overcome and create and share.

Without you, children you have never met, don't stand a chance at surviving their dark times. They don't stand a chance because there will be no one there to show them, help them and guide them. No one if you are not there.

Survive because it is worth it. Because all things have a counterpart in this existence. Great joy and great sorrow; poverty and wealth; ignorance and enlightenment. We have to survive the worst to gain the best.

Decide to survive. If no one else will tell you, I will. It is worth it. You are needed in the future and only you can get you there.

Howling

Ignore the Coyote calling you. Ignore the Coyote calling you names if you don't go into those dark and dangerous places. Anyone that gives you drugs or alcohol is not your friend. They are people who are looking for ways to control you. Friends accept you as you are. They do not require that you destroy yourself to prove your loyalty.

If you must take poison to be their friend, then be your own friend and walk away. They won't be around for long, the poison will take them down. You will be around long enough to be glad you made better choices when it came to your own life, health and well-being.

Find value in yourself even if your parents and family don't know how to help you find it. I know it is there. Find it!

When you hear the Coyote howling, know it is because you got away.

I know that those of you who survive the treacherous times and avoid drugs and alcohol and the traps that ruin your lives, will grow into the very leaders and helpers the Tribe needs, the community needs, the nation and the world all need.

The evil that lurks over you all, also knows your potential. That is why they work so hard to make you want to give it up before you have even unwrapped your gifts in this life.

You have to survive in order to tell your story. You have to survive in order to help others to tell theirs.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS Taking Wednesday off. Catch you later!

October 11, 2007

Stand Together or Stand Alone

I hope you all realize that there have been no investigations done by the badgers on any of the dead children out there this year. Nor have they investigated any of the rapes. Gaelan having raped one of Weenie Boy's daughters is the exception because the Badgers are there to serve them and only them. Even at that, it is a half-baked investigation. I have seen comic books do more in-depth cop work.

Mike Meade's murder was never investigated. Ain't that peculiar? Ramone's death, and on up until the most recent being Joe Peterson's death and now Mitch Littlewind's death, but no investigation. Gee, anyone think there should be? Are you all content to pay Donovan Breaks Wind (Fart Face? There, that would be a great Indian Name!) to see who is supplying the blog but who refuses to investigate who is supplying the alcohol that is killing these kids?

Anyone think that by ignoring this it will go away? Or are you all smart enough to figure out that a funeral every week or so, to bury some child killed by drugs or alcohol is only going to get worse, if we do not insist on real police investigations? Investigations that are not steered or directed by anyone in the "Law and Order Committee" or their families. Get rid of that 'committee'. For one thing, only the corrupt are allowed in.

The children are dying. I cannot say it more clearly. You either stand with the parents of these dead children and demand an investigation and incarceration of those who have supplied drugs and alcohol, or you stand alone when it is your turn to bury your child.

The weekend is coming, the parties rage on, adults are buying for the kids, and those who sell them liquor out the back window with a wink and nod, are not your friends. Those who conceal the identities of people who supply alcohol to these kids are NOT your friends. They are friends to no one. Friends would put a stop to this. These people do all they can to make sure there are no consequences to anyone who is killing these kids.

And the kids, seeing there are no boundaries, no safe places and no rules, do not recognize the danger until it is too late. If adults don't teach them better, by example as well as by enforcement, and the cops look the other way or grab their guitars to play at the parties and the funerals, what, pray tell, do you all expect?

Party On

By allowing the most corrupt among you, the killers, rapists, embezzlers, child molesters to have all the high places, and by not standing up against any of it, you tell your children there is nothing they can do about anything and the future is hopeless. Party on.

By your behaviors, your addictions and your gambling and bingo, all taking you away from them, leaving them to raise themselves, what do you expect?

You give them no safety, no example of how to stand up for themselves, they see you as hypocrites, so all that is relevant to them is in the party that invites them to join in; Smoke this, drink that, snort this, now talk to me. Oh yeah, friends forever.

When they die, their friends hide their killers, over and over again. I have a different idea of what real friends are, and it ain't people covering for the people that kill one of mine. It's people that stand up for you when you are alive and especially after you are too early dead. Standing up for someone, that is what friends do.

You have, most of you, mistaken bed buddies, party partners and drug dealers and alcohol abettors for 'Friends'. Not surprising. Your lives so empty, I guess that hollow words of 'friendship' and 'loyalty' fit right in.

Party on! Right? No values, just drugs and alcohol. And yes, teach it to your children so that if you live long enough, you can bury them. Indians imploding, and entire generations lost and buried.

I just wish you knew what life could be if you gave yourself half a chance. Already too drunk to see it? Too stoned to care? Too addicted to stop? Party on!

Tell your parents to get in touch when they have to bury you. I can send them printed copies of the blogs. The ones where I told them to start standing up because you were watching.

And if you think you might be worth something, something a little better than an early funeral, find a way to stand up for yourself. It has to start somewhere. You can do what they would not do for you. Stand up.

If your friends are truly your friends, they will still like you, still talk to you, even if you don't get drunk and stoned with them. If they don't, well then, you have your answer, don't you? They never were your friends. Try it and tell me what you see. It takes guts to try it, courage to find out if they are your friends or not, but worth finding out now, rather than after you are dead and they protect those who killed you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

October 12, 2007

Where The Future Lies

I am going to suggest that meetings be held in the graveyard. After all, that is where the results of bad voting, apathy, futility and corruption lie. Your future, buried under the earth upon which you walk.

Myron Ironhawk died Wednesday morning. Third death in less than two weeks. Still no backbone? Expect more.

Until you stand up, stand for what is right, stand for justice, you can expect that your children, the future is what you will be walking all over, more and more often.

The graveyard is easy to find. You all been there enough times recently to know where all the best spots are. Look around this time. Figure out where your child will be planted in the not too distant future.

Stand for Justice or stand alone. Rise together or break like twigs, in single file.

The bones of your children being snapped like matchsticks, sacrificed to the evil that consumes them and laughs at your grief, filling their pockets with more and more money.

See if any of the Tribal Council dares show up at these funerals. Their show of concern is pure mockery. They could have prevented all of this, but they chose instead to create more and more of it. You all chose to let them. Let the Turdclan show up. I know they like to pretend they care, but really, they like to see the results of their dirt work as you bury your future and they buy themselves more luxuries.

I say you hold at least two meetings a month in the Graveyard because, my friends, brothers, and sisters, neighbors and nations, that is where the future lies.

Out of the mouths of the corrupt, the lies of the past, and present, continue to bury all that you hold dear.

What you do not stand up for, you will lose. No one standing up for the children, and they are lost. All of them lost.

Tell me when it is enough. I will tell you that it is too late. The time to act was then. The time to act is now. We can easily see what tomorrow brings if we don't stand up now.

Pumpkin Pi

Pi is the mathematical formula used to figure out the circumference of a circle by measuring the radius and multiplying it by Pi. Or at least the first 3 to 7 digits of Pi. Pi is one of those numbers that rambles on for days and days, pages and pages. It seems unending.

What it proves is that you can, by measuring something related to something else, get an exact or near exact fix on that something else. Everything is related to itself and to everything around it, one way or another.

Pi is almost mystical in its journey of numbers, none of which makes much sense until you see them all together and apply the principle to them.

I look at the corruption on the rez, and I can see how it got that way. I can also see how it stays that way. And now we are all starting to see, in the unending death notices, how what has been done yields exactly what is happening.

Some are saying that if they had known, if they had only known that their children would die so young, they would have done more. More what? How could they not know? The evidence all around them, other young children dying senselessly. How could that not affect, not relate to their child? All the child molesters and rapists getting free run, get out of jail free, all the best jobs even though they have no qualifications, you think that does not at every level affect the way each of these kids feels about themselves? Their community? Their own lives?

Halloween is coming. The numbers are adding up. The picture is becoming undeniably clearer. The only way to stop this nightmare is to change the equation. Remove the corruption, remove the injustice, and you can change the outcome for your children and grandchildren. Fail to do the simple things that you can do, and the inevitable outcome will come. Change your part of the equation. Change how you talk to your kids. Change how you talk about others. Find a way to come together, or you will all come together, time and time again, at the graveyards where your hopes and dreams, your future and your broken hearts are planted like thistles waiting for the winds of forgetting to blow them away.

People look at Pi and say: "I don't understand it. What does it all mean?" and then they see that it is not random, it is a precise pattern that only leads to one result. People look at all these children dying from drugs and alcohol, suicide and homicide and if we don't learn to see the pattern, the same result will repeat itself until there are no more Indian Children, and the genocide will be complete.

Change any part of the equation, remove the bad, input the good, and the equation has to change. It is as simple as Pi.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

October 15, 2007

Competing For Attention

Turdymomma looking to be center strange again. Each time there is a serious illness, she completes with it. Everyone remembers how when her ex-husband died, she competed with the widow for center stage at the wake, at the service and at the graveside. Everyone gather round Turdqueen and give her you love and attention. Not a thing wrong with her other than her evil soul stained with perversion and murder and a few lesser sins.

Last summer she was feeling a bit puny, and there was something wrong with her then. Q-Ball was testing some chemistry on her, a little in her food, a little in her tea, and in her bottle of booze. She caught on though, made him start tasting it first. Regained her health for the most part.

As one who knows her well said to me: "Can't kill anything that evil. Take a bolt of lightning three tries to get her to run a fever." Well, maybe.

Now, yet another hubby is all worn out from her vampire ways and is in the hospital with a heart condition. People were trekking up there to see him and inquire as to his health, and Turdmama needed to be the center of that drama, so she faked her symptoms and got admitted to the same hospital, same floor.

Now, you go to see ol' Mike Greywater, and he looks pale, papery, eyes a bit cloudy, and you can also stop in and pay your respects to the Drama Queen of the Turds herself. She gets cranky if you spend too much time with ol' Mike, so don't tarry too long by his side and hurry to scurry over to her bedside, see how she moans?

A couple of people have warned that she better be careful of playing these scene stealing roles, one of them might stick and she will be struck with whatever she is faking at the time.

Remember how at the Pow Wow she flung her sweaty body over Bobby Littleghost as he lay dying on the grounds just at the beginning of the Grand Entrance? She is still waiting for her award nomination for that performance. She has detested Bobby and his family for years. Actually, ever since they quit speaking shortly after her most prolific rapist son, QBall raped his then 15 year old daughter, impregnating her with twins, both of whom died at birth, nearly killing her as well.

No way to treat your cousins, eh? Well, Bobby's family had kept the secrets of how Poopsie and the rest of them had showed up all bloody, needing for Eddie's body to be cleaned up and redressed in Q Ball's clothes so that he could be staged as a hit and run on the highway...

But I digress. Turdmother has always craved the spotlight, center stage, and no depth too low for her to stoop to get the attention she craves.

Of course, when she pretended to be a good li'l christian and went to mass every sunday, she was upset that everyone was staring at her, watching and snickering as she dragged a fiver out of her tight wad of hundreds, to be the offering for the Church and God's works.

Her announcement last summer that she was disappointed in the Christian Ways and was going back to the Old Ways, which for her is Black Road Medicine, hardly raised an eyebrow.

Now, family members, weary of her theatrics, must also spend time with her at the hospital at the expense of their time with Mike Greywater, who may actually be dying.

When he expires, you can expect there will be wailing, flailing, sobs to shake the rafters... after which she will read her acceptance speech at the Annual Liars and Murderers Awards.

Better be careful there Turdqueen. You keep faking heart-attacks and one day it will freeze like that--- and no one will believe you.

Okay, Precious, you print this out now and take it to her. Watch her suck on her upper plate and make that sour face as she makes you read it to her, wounding her with every cruel word.

She's the only Indian I ever heard of that wanted to be a Southern Belle, in a B Movie. Be sure to bring your video recorders because you never know when it will be her last words.

Yeah, right.

BIP IT

This "In Progress" episode might lapse over to Tuesday or Weds. Just warning you ahead of time.

Project

I am working on a project about Drugs and Alcohol on the rez. If you have any stories or photos you want to share, feel free to send them to me.

Those who want to get mad in advance, feel free. I just might be the only voice out there saying that this is killing the kids. If you don't want to hear that, I can't make you listen or read. But ask yourself this question:

"If someone tried to come into your house and take one of your kids out and murder them, what would you do?"

I think you would all fight them with every ounce of your strength, all of your being, to save your child.

So, now look at this: Every time someone gives your child alcohol, or drugs, they put them at the highest risk for death and addiction that there is. Why do you tolerate these behaviors? Why do you tolerate the silence of those who say they are your friends, your child's friends, but who will not say a word to stop what is going on, or to reveal how it happened?

Why do you accept from these people the very thing you would otherwise fight to prevent?

Time to stand up for the children that are still walking around today, but may not be here tomorrow.

Time to educate yourself, your kids, your friends and change some of these attitudes before it is your child being planted in that cemetery. Before it is your house hosting a memorial. Before it is your being that is cut in half, legs giving out, heart breaking so hard you can't inhale, soul ripped by the razor sharp teeth of grief.

The time is NOW. You need to look at the whole picture and make the changes that will give you and your family a chance to survive.

Send me your stories, your photos. It will go from there.

And think about the overall picture of the innocent suffering for what the guilty have done. As long as you allow the guilty to hurt the innocent, it is the innocent close to your heart that will suffer and die. All this can be changed if you are willing to fight with every ounce of your being, to save your children.

Just Don't Get Caught

That seems to be the only kind of guidance some parents give their kids with regards to drinking and drugging. Just don't get caught. As if that will make them safe?

Remember Chubby Shaw? So drunk that she rolled her car and then denied her baby was under it? Later she denied she even had a child! Deny, Deny, Deny. It took an uproar from the community and letters to government officials before she was even charged. And since the trial was never held, we will never know if she was charged.

Supposedly she is in a jail down in Grand Forks of Fargo, and her devoted family takes the journey to visit once a week or 3x a week, or more (You pick). I have also heard that she is just laying low out of town, possibly in Standing Rock or some place like that, waiting for an appropriate amount of time to pass so she can return to her home in SLN and not answer any questions, truthfully, ever.

I bring that up because on Friday night, Alex Shaw -- (daughter to Corey Shaw & Alex Yankton) took her car into the water. She was about a 1/4 mile from the casino. This is the same family that not so long ago, had Chubby kill her baby.

I guess almost losing another one is just going to make them embarrassed, but still not willing to put any kind of a halt to the drinking and drugging that is killing their children as well as your children. If losing a child, especially a tiny baby, is not enough to wake up at least the members of that family, then, pray tell, what will?

That is not a speed bump on the road, it is a serpent. It is a warning spirit that your children and your loved ones will not make it home. So many go into the water. Yet, nothing changes.

The golden rule is not "Don't drink and don't drug and don't drive if you have," rather it is: "Don't get caught."

I am serious when I say I want to do an in-depth piece on drinking and drugging on the rez. I want photos and stories from those who do it, and those who suffered from it and those who have overcome it. I want to know why so many beautiful young people are out there losing their dignity, losing their lives and what they think makes that all worth it.

Do they just not see it? Do they expect to survive or not survive into adulthood or old age? Or are they just playing follow-the-leader in order to feel like they have a peer group and they belong.

It seems as though no one out there feels they have any control, or even say-so over the poisons that are killing their kids. They don't

even talk about it amongst themselves.

And then come the funerals. Until then: Just don't get caught -- dead.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

October 18, 2007

Answers

Okay, this blog will probably be a couple of days in the making. I am busy doing other chores around here at the moment. Thought I would take this opportunity to answer some of the questions I am getting about my request to have you send me information, stories, and photos of your experiences with alcohol, drugs, etc.

Yes, your names on the stories will be confidential. I am interested in hearing from you on how alcohol and drugs have affected your lives, not in setting you up as a target for your peers.

Photos: So far, what has come in has been pretty amazing. People rather proud of their drinking and drug use. It also appears that it is the only socially acceptable behavior amongst the very young. And, considering how many very young children are either participating or witnessing these behaviors, I can easily see how they would grow up to think that this is how they are supposed to behave.

I have another question for y'all: What would you be doing to socialize and talk with one another if you were not involved in drugs and alcohol, either or both? Can you see or imagine what your life would be like without you being involved in drugs or alcohol? Would you have any friends if you were not participating in these kinds of behaviors?

Also, and this is an important and serious question: What kind of a future do you see for yourself? What kind of future do you want for your child or children? Since so many so young have children I think it is a good idea to get some sort of fix on where this is going or could lead.

She's Outta There!

Doctors at the hospital where Mike Greywater and the Turdqueen were hospitalized; Him for a pacemaker implant and her purely for the attention she could get, really got tired of Turdqueen and after having wasted time and money running all these tests on her, found nothing wrong with her and packed her up and out of there so that someone who needed the bed could have it.

People are saying that Mike can't even get away from her when he is in a life and death battle to save himself. Well, gee! That's what you get for marrying the bag!

Doctors do not have tests to rate how evil a person is, how perverted and selfish they are. If they did, they would have found it was a miracle she is still drawing air into those vile lungs of hers. They would have put her directly in the morgue, and the morgue would have sledded her off to the incinerator.

Now that she is home, having failed to fool the doctors with her fake heart attack, I hear she is putting a little bit of ant poison into her food in order to make herself look sick, and if possible, if at all possible, be the center of attention and concern when Mike comes home and needs care and attention.

Now, here's the deal: If she poisons herself and Q-Ball adds a little, maybe she will get the attention she has been wanting all this time?

She does not want to die. That is for sure. She is terrified of what awaits her for the evil she has done in this world. And, for the evil she has bred into this world. Sometimes she looks into the mirror and her reflection shows a snake's head in the middle of her mouth.

Her house unexplainably fills up with flies in the middle of winter, the ceilings and windows covered with them. And then they just

disappear. Little glimpses of what awaits her, signs that the dark deeds she has done are not forgotten and that forgiveness is a long ways away.

There are times when she fears spiritual retribution and craves attention when she is tempted to blurt out what she has done. She is afraid that if she starts talking about Eddie, she will never be able to stop.

Pisster has that problem. It runs in the family.

I'll get back with more, later.

Where the Future Lies

There are warnings that the children are dying, the children are killing themselves and those warnings are like a pack of coyotes coming closer and closer to your door.

I am going to show you some photos that have been sent to me, some that I myself have gleaned from the various websites where your children proudly post their exploits. I want you to look at them and see them for what they are: Warnings.

These behaviors don't come because these are bad people. These behaviors, the alcohol and addictions among the young come from a profound sense of futility, and that their lives mean nothing. These behaviors are learned behaviors. These behaviors come from the adults in the community strenuously supporting denial and hypocrisy over honesty and taking a stand.

These behaviors come from not knowing where the boundaries are or should be in themselves, their families, their peers and their community. When you see the most corrupt and diabolical among you as your 'leaders' and those who prosper without consequences for their crimes, you must realize that the prevailing atmosphere is toxic to your children.

They are not doing this because they are bad. They are doing it because they don't know not to. They have no sense and no direction, despite their friends and families suffering the loss of those they love, they have no way to connect the dots of addictions and alcohol, drugs and reckless behavior to the grief and the loss that always follows.

They are raised in thinking this is how it is, always was, always will be.

If we don't move to protect the children now, we lose them all. In the image below you see a young man passed out with a bottle of hard liquor still clutched in his hand. Around him are paraphernalia and who knows what other poisons he indulges in. Worst of all, next to him on the bed, sound asleep in the middle of all this wrong, is a baby.



We can easily condemn this man, denounce him as an embarrassment and treat him with scorn. Or we can all look to ourselves and see how it is that we allowed him to become this way. We can all look at what needs to be done to help him find a better way for himself and those who care about him. Chances are, there was a time when he was the baby asleep on the bed as the man drank himself into a stupor next to him.

We need to break the cycle, not the spirit. Until the community roots out the evil that has overpowered them all these many years, this is where the future lies. This and the thistle gardens of forgotten futures.

If you look at this and get angry, good. Now channel that anger into something constructive and find a way to come together, or know you will perish in the lies you tell yourself and your children.

Cheaters Win?

That seems to be the biggest message out there. For instance, the casino got caught not paying off on the slots like they were advertising. They were supposed to pay off at 93% but were paying off much lower than that because of the programming chip that was illegally put in their slots. Who knows how long those had been in there. Probably more than a year.

The fine was (Drum roll, slide whistle) \$40K. Yup. Hardly a deterrent! Hi, you illegally make a few million dollars and we will slap you with a wet noodle fine that is a mere fraction of that. Now, don't let it happen again, (and again, and again).

All cash, the count is based on the honor system of people who have no honor...

The Tribe loses money because they are being robbed by the same people who rob the patrons of the Spirit Lake Casino. Programs are under funded, and what there is is stolen by the administrators who clear out the cash drawers with no one looking. The Rec program has its equipment stolen over and over again, so there are no programs for the kids, who grow old enough to get into real trouble with time on their hands (see picture above).

Oh ya, let's not forget **Lois Leban** (***Correction: Should be Shelly Lugar 'Seashelly'**) using her position on council to keep her rapist boyfriend employed ---in charge of the rec department.

Are you starting to put the pieces together as to why the kids are dying? Why they play games of addiction and death?

No? Well, ask yourself one really important question: What have you given them to look forward to?

Ask yourself another question: If the criminals win by cheating, whom do you think is losing

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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