

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#51)

Nov 2 - 10, 2007

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Familiar Faces

The Turdclan and their adorable Turdlings may be very proud of the fact that their offspring and hatchlings feature prominently in most of the drinking and drugging that goes on out on the rez, but it does have to give the rest of you second thoughts about who sponsored the deaths of those children lately.

Nice of Poopsie and his Turdlettes to show up at the funerals and everyone welcome them. However, now that you realize they are the ones that are responsible --in part-- for the premature demise of those with so much promise, the question becomes: "Have you hugged your killer today?" The dealer of poison and death to your children, have you smiled at them today? Have you supported their corruption lately?

How does that feel?

It is apparent in all these photos that the young and reckless feel both immunity and entitlement to not only drink and drug themselves into oblivion, but also to take your children with them.

Several people have asked me, when, if ever, will that family get what is coming to them. I say they are getting it now. You all keep supplying them with comfort, acceptance, support and your ever prevalent denial. They get what they want because you do nothing to stop them. You even allow your children to play with their children in those places where death is just one drink, one toke away.

Your daughters are given date rape drugs and rendered unconcious by this lovable, fun-loving bunch, and you do nothing. The question becomes: "When are you going to stand up to them, clean out your community from the rot of corruption and save what is left of your children?"

Evil serves a purpose. It is there to test us and see if we are willing to stand up against it, individually and as a community. The Bible is full of stories where evil was everywhere and people either stood up to it, or were taken down by and with it.

You all are making that choice every day. Either you stand up with and for those who have been treated unjustly, or you sit on your blankets and wait your turn for mistreatment. To make the choice more clear for you all; the children are being consumed by futility, corruption, drugs, alcohol, sexual risks and your apathy fuels their descent.

You know who the party sponsors are, you know where the parties are held, and you know who attends and who supplies. So, what are you waiting for? (*someone turns on a 1950's style TV, adjusts the rabbit ears. There is a crackle and a snap as the old B&W episode comes into focus: "Look! Up in the Sky! It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's Superman! *faster than a speeding bullet...* CLICK!) wake up and smell the funeral flowers! There is no caped crusader coming to do your job for you. It is YOUR job and you must do it.

So far, your failures have scored big in the graveyard.

Moron Squad

What I love most about the moron squadron is that the writers think they are the smartest people in the world! The latest one, who apparently thinks underage drinking and drugging is fine and cares not a whit if kids, his or her 'friends' die from it, and it is totally not a big deal. Cracks me up.

The partying is the important thing. If you die because of it, so what? The writer easily traps them self into confessing to a crime, whether they realize it or not. The writer claims to have been in the vehicle with Riley Smith when he hit and ran the old man! Wow, accomplice to felony hit and run? Think maybe since this is a federal crime, the FBI will be all over the moron squad looking for details!

Writer claims to have graduated high school with honors (*Coffee out your nose on that one if you are not prepared for the punch line). If that is true, how incredibly dumb were the rest of the students? Or how corrupt was the process! Can't seem to read a paragraph or stay on the same planet. I love this stuff!

Writer also claims to be a student at UND. Hope that is not on an 'honors scholarship'. If so, money well-wasted on someone who prefers to be wasted.

Read for yourself. I did not put in my response. It was simple and sweet: "Were you born dumb? Or did you earn it?"

I can't fathom anyone with half a brain A) Being involved in a felony hit and run and B) after getting away with it, fessing up to it in a moron letter! Oh well, if they want to play 'catch me if you can' they will eventually find out how stupid they really are. (*shaking my head in disbelief).

Hide And Sneak

I hear the Turdclan is keeping a low, snake-like low, profile since the Thistles page popped up and revealed so many of their turdlettes flushing their lives away, and taking your kids with them. Parties still going on, but they want kids to 'not post the pictures where (I) can get to them.'

They miss the point. These kids think they are brilliant, intelligent, and are right proud of what they are doing. If they were at all ashamed of it, they would hide it. Their posts are merely bragging rights. They compete with one another to have the most outrageous party pics. Some are very raunchy! Not sure if I can put those Halloween shots up. Those were closer to porn than what I think this site should step into.

Oh, and the purpose of wearing a mask is so that no one knows your name. Putting your name or their name on the caption, kind of defeats the purpose. Probably another 'honors' student getting ready to graduate and waddle on down to UND, eh?

Scarecrow

Not sure how much worse Weenie Boy can look and not just collapse in a heap of scum or a pile of poop on the floor. How many diseases and how much brain rot does he have by now? Those who get close enough say that the smell is worse than road kill. I believe you.

Could have been a scarecrow for Halloween. Then again, bad memories on that. Poopsie told him way back when, that in order to be a scarecrow he had to have this stick shoved ... well, you get the picture. Took Weenie boy about 20 minutes to figure out it was not a mandatory piece of the costume.

I could be wrong on that. Could be 'fond' memories for him. Not sure.

More Road Kill

Badger meat this time. I hear that even though they have proof of parties, complaints and evidence and now photos of underage drinking parties, they don't have time to bust them up. Dispatchers give a head start heads up to their friends who are being narked on, and the badgers show up, shrug their furry little shoulders, and leave.

Tell me again, how many times was the party at Kalum's reported and ignored this way the night that Mike Meade was killed? 3? 4?

Well, you can't bring ol' Money Mike back so PARTY ON!

And Idunno Wind is still hunting for staplers and searching the nap of industrial carpet for clues in the ongoing investigation of the Phantom Stapler! Nice to know the money you spend on their salaries and uniforms, guns and residential allowances, is not entirely wasted!

But, is it comforting to know how many of those kids are getting wasted? Your dime, your dollar, your choice.

You can see Joe Peterson in a lot of those shots. But hey, one less partyer is just an excuse to party more, in their memory, right?

You know your kids have hard-wired a road kill mentality now, don't you?

Another Turdlette? (Image not available in PDF version)

Some of you have said that this acne pocked POS is in fact, Ben, Son of Q-Ball. Is that true? So, was he conceived by rape just like most of the other siblings he has (if that is him?) All of them have pretty much turned out to be worthless, drunks and druggies, so he would not be a surprise to anyone if indeed that is who he is.

My second guess, of course, would be 'honors graduate' of some sort! (*Ooops! There goes the coffee!)

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 3, 2007

Unidentified Body? Jane Doe Rides Again!

I dunno. Maybe it is a flaw in my character, but some forms of stupidity are just plain comical to me. I know I should not laugh because the person espousing the cracked mentality is probably a tragedy in progress, but at this point, it is funny.

Her (and I am reasonably certain it is female) latest missives are indicative of someone who has, clearly, done too much of drugs or alcohol in her short lifetime, thus far. Clearly, she thinks she is brilliant!

Still claiming to be an "honors graduate" she writes that she did not say she was there when Riley Smith ran the old man down. Here, for brevity, is a direct snippet from the letter she wrote to begin with. I have put in bold the incriminating part. You can read the whole letter on the moron squad.

***and i was there the day riley hit that man** and i can tell you right now
he did NOT go to the marina to wash off the blood and hair
hmm... i wonder why? oh ya, thats because there wasnt blood or hair on his truck
so get the facts right before you make a complete fool of yourself, not that you already have
and stop preaching, no ones listening.*

Well, so much for 'honors' eh? And if no one was listening (methinks she meant 'reading' but 'honors' grads sometimes can't write gooder) why would she be in such a huff?

Anyone that defends the dangerous practices of underage drinking, drugging and driving, is in my book someone that only cares about their own personal entertainment and really doesn't give a crap about anyone else.

Remember: The Viet Nam War was stopped because the youth saw it was killing their friends and other innocent people and that it was wrong. Today's youth, apparently, watch their peers perish in senseless behaviors, and learn nothing.

Parents who watch all of this and do not realize that their kids learned this behavior from THEM, and IN THEIR homes, are indeed, powerless to save their offspring from this suicidal, self-destructive, mindless behavior. Parents who want to protect and guide their children off of this path, will have to actually engage in face time with their kids and find a connection---if it is not already too late.

I say, that if they are not yet cold and in the ground, or in prison because of their behaviors while drunk or addicted, there might be a chance you can save them.

I know, I know, it will cut into your own drinking and drugging, your bingo time and your own selfish pursuits. But given the agony of losing a child, of standing at the grave and watching them go under, I would think that by now, a few of you would want to dodge that black bullet.

I know, I could be wrong on this. It could be that you accept this corruption and evil as the cornerstone of your culture and the hypocrisy of your own cowardice as a badge of honor. However, I am the eternal optimist.

And for those of you who will very shortly be called in to identify the John or Jane Doe corpse in the morgue as your child, I encourage you to look back now, while you still can, and see if you are willing to face your own demons in order to prevent what appears to be the inevitable future from taking form and taking from you, that which you thought you could ignore and get by without standing up.

Once they are cold and in the ground, regardless of how many drive around in their pickups, with drummers in the back, they don't come back.

Ironically, after each of these funerals, all their friends go out and party even harder -- in their name!

So, you gonna just sit there and watch? You waiting your turn at graveside? The kids don't care. They don't care about each other and they don't care about themselves. Still think it is 'harmless' fun?

Thistles Page Progress

Many, many, MANY of you wrote wondering what had happened to the [thistles page](#). With so many images on it, it was becoming very 'clunky' so I went in to do some repairs. It opens quicker now. Clearly, with all the images still being sent my way, I am going to have to create another thistles page to hold all of it.

Clearly, many of you are disturbed by what you see going on and want to help. And, despite the fact that so many out there would like to conceal this from you (so you don't get angry at them!), you look, see and understand how important it is to do something now. That so many do care, is the only reason these images are here.

It is not to bash Indian Country, but rather condemn the system that has, for generations, corrupted it, and prospered from that corruption, at the cost of our future.

If seeing your own children play drinking and drugging games to the graveyard is not enough to shock you to your senses and bring you out of your foggy denial and vague dismissals, then nothing will. For those who refuse to act or to see, consider the thistle page (s) (there will be more) as a memorial to the children you let down and let die.

I find it ironic that some of these young people are sending me photos of their parties and their friends passing out or participating in various forms of self-destruction, because they think it is "cool". Not sure if they are trying to raise their profiles on Bebo, or if they are secretly undoing those of whom they are jealous or angry at. Not sure, but it is a disturbing trend.

If this is what "friends" do to each other, no wonder there is no sense of belonging without drugs and alcohol among the youth.

Kids In Cars (Image not available in PDF version)

Not a car seat in sight. No one more proud of their stupidity than the Turdclan. Here is one of their offspring driving around with her offspring, and no car seat. I tell you, they just don't care. Oh, wait, I know: "I'm not planning to get into an accident." That will make a big difference when that little one launches out the window like a Turd-pedo!

Wow, wonder if that adorable thing goes to booze parties with her mama? Would be like the coolest bottle drinker there! (Careful, it will get stuck like that).

Now, if there were any badgers on the rez that wanted to protect little ones from the stupidity of their parents, especially when they are not in proper car seats (and in the back seat, btw) you would not see so much of this out there. This is mild.

Remember how Chubby flipped her car in a drunken stupor and then lied about the baby being in there? Tried to run (drunk as she was) away from the scene. When the car was lifted, they found the little thing pinned under there, dead.

She later denied she had a young baby! They say she is in jail, but I doubt it. I think they took her to Standing Rock to hide out. There never was a trial. She was signing up for classes at the college two days after the wreck with her other little one, like nothing had happened.

Gee, how long before we have a leeedle teensy weensy coffin for this little rocker, eh? Well, not to worry, mama can have another one any time she wants to. Not like the life of a young one like this is worth much, anyway -- right?

What's important is that the mama looks cool in the car that daddy bought for her with your money.

Wow, This Looks Like Fun!(Image not available in PDF version)

Yup, you are not having fun unless you drink until you pass out. First you piss yourself, and then you tip over. It would be SOOOooo embarrassing if you didn't do things in the right order!

You can tell by the look on his face that he is having a really good time, right? I mean, he looks super happy, right?

And you can see his friends think he is having fun and they love to laugh at him.

Wow, underage drinking is just like the, you know, coolest thing!

The verdict is in: We have a winner! (mouse over the picture)

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 5, 2007

Another Death

I hear there was another death out there. I am waiting for the details and will post them as soon as I get them.

Several Hours later...

I am hearing that Budean Alberts was shot in the head by Sylvester Littlewind. The Littlewinds are first-cousins to the Turdclan, for those who do not know. Chances are, given who they were, alcohol was involved. Given who he is, and his family, it is not a stretch for him to assume that murder is the solution to any angry moment.

I hear that Budean, at this hour (5:00 PM Sunday) is hanging on by a thread. The family is distraught, as you might well expect.

Violence and alcohol, violence and drugs. It just can't end well, now can it? Pray for Budean, and pray for Sylvester to comprehend the magnitude of the wrong he has done and to be a man and face justice.

Do not allow the Turdclan to intervene on his behalf and wipe this one off the books as they have done with so many other violent crimes in the past, that are committed by them or their family members.

More later.

Later

I am hearing now that Budean's head wound is not serious and that it was AJ Littlewind that shot her. So, the good news for him, if

this is accurate, is he should be arrested and tried for "ATTEMPTED MURDER".

Do keep me posted.

** Update: I am being told it was Son Littlewind, who was jealous of AJ, that shot her. (Why not shoot AJ? Nevermind! I am not suggesting that! It just seems this jealousy thing is getting stupider and stupider!) Either way, REGARDLESS, someone needs to be held accountable for attempt murder in this thing.*

Rapists Laughing At SLN

Well, your Law and Order Committee rides again! This time to the rescue (again) of Gaelan Robertson, the live-in boy toy of Seashelly. After he and a friend drugged and raped an underage girl, and it was a pretty brutal rape, he was allowed to keep his job, but be put on paid leave (including overtime?). Now, the charges of rape have been reduced to 'Contributing to the Delinquency of A Minor'. Oh yeah, your daughters are raped, and guess what? They are just the crap the L & O Committee scrapes off its shoes as it steps into more money.

And right along with those crooked lines of logic: Greg Green, who has a history of brutal rapes on women, young and old, and underage, who recently was 'arrested' (temporarily detained?) for the brutal rape of a woman (requiring hospitalization), has now decided to opt for (drum roll) 'therapy' to help 'curb' his 'cravings'.

Aw! Ain't that sweet? How about "PRISON" to curb those cravings? Yes, his lawyer recommended he take the 'rehab' program so that he can show the courts that he is (finally) doing something about his 'urges' to rape, molest, sodomize... and we can be assured that he too, will skate off with no penalties.

Every celebrity, preacher and politician that gets caught with drugs and committing sexual offenses, checks into rehab and a couple of weeks later, claims they are 'cured, hallelujah!' and the judges smile, the attorneys get paid and nothing changes. Why not corrupt Indians connected to the power source? ("APPLAUSE" sign lights up and the audience cheers!)

BTW: YOUR money was used to pay the attorney for Gaelan and for Greg Green. Your money. That means you are paying to have this abuse run loose among your children and community.

Ah! To be connected by blood and money to those so corrupt they can't help but crap all over you.

Walking Ego, Above The Law?

I hear that when the Elders in Crow Hill District attempted to get answers from Carl Walking Ego regarding Ronin, he abruptly brushed them aside. Millions of your dollars, go into his pockets via the conduit of fake companies and investments. Always have, always will, unless and until you boot him out, and get a real in-depth investigation into the fraud committed by him and the others, that have robbed you for decades.

The statements issued by the Tribal Council that Ronin had made a profit and showing over \$6 Million in earnings, sharply conflicts with the company's own, legal, financial statements showing no profits, no earnings. Further, savvy investors who have looked at the company say it is a joke, a scam and should be investigated.

As members of the Board for Ronin, both he and NLO and the rest of their pals, pay themselves hefty salaries. They also take hefty bonuses, and benefits, including travel and lodging and per diem--- all on your dime. If not for tribal funds, there would be no "Ronin" at all. Plain and simple.

For Walking Ego to ignore your requests for answers shows he has only contempt for you as people, as Tribal members and as Indians. He thinks that robbing you blind is his job.

Questions must be asked regarding the money. All of the money. The casino money which is hundreds of millions per year, unaccounted for; money from the government and other agencies that is supposed to go to programs but instead, only goes into their pockets; and money that has been taken out in loans, for which you, each tribal member, is liable and they, as Tribal Council are immune. They give themselves immunity. You can take that away from them.

They are thinking that if they give you a few dollars as "Christmas" bonus, you will slink away and be quiet, as you did the last time when they refused to give you your money from the 'profits' they were bragging about, merely adding a few hundred to what they

were willing to let go of in the first place.

You all went quiet after that. They know they can buy you off, really cheap. A few hundred here and there, pay off a few rowdy drunks to stir up trouble and vote for them, and the rest of you just sit there, on your blankets, like helpless puppies with your eyes still shut!

Embarrassing Interviews

I am hearing from people regarding the "Fighting Sioux" nickname for UND. Here's the deal on that: Either the use of the name is disrespectful to Indians or it is not. Period. Deciding whether or not it is disrespectful should not hinge on whether or not your tribal council gets free tickets for themselves and a few friends. Should not hinge on the university paying you a few bucks.

The interviews in the papers should be challenged if they are not accurate. People saying that it is disrespectful to Indians unless Indians get 'paid' makes you all look like worms. The message becomes: "It's okay to disrespect Indians as long as you respect them enough to buy them off." In other words, Indians have no respect and can be bought off. Further, that they are looking to be bought off.

So, is the name respectful or not? If it is not, then what price do you put on your 'honor' and how much does it take to buy it from you?

If the name is respectful to Indians, what was the problem? Shut up and go home. Stirring it all up just to grab a few dollars does honor to NO ONE.

Please tell me that the newspapers misquoted you. Please tell me that you will demand retractions. Please tell me that if they did not misquote you, will write to that paper, go to the media and demand that your honor be represented by something more than sell-offs and drunks.

If you want Indian Stereo-typing to end, you have to actively, pro-actively, counter it. What is in the papers so far, reinforces it. Once again, SLN, the laughing stock of both worlds!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 6, 2007

Vicious Cycle

Protecting the Abuser

When abuse is multi-generational and prevalent in the community, a different map to reality takes shape and guides each successive generation down the road to abuse, addiction and violence. The end result is death, usually at a very young age.

The abuser is seen as the person with power. The only way to stay 'safe' (a relative term) is to protect the abuser to prove your loyalty and that you are not a threat to them. All abusers feel 'threatened'. Go figure.

The government installed abusive overlords when the genocide went into Phase II: Concentration Camps. We know them as 'reservations' these days, but originally, they were part of the genocidal master plan. Keep the Indians out of sight from 'regular' citizens so that no one would get alarmed at the mistreatment, the inhumanity and the corruption going on in their name. Trust Government. Government Trust.

Lands given were taken away. Tribes were moved like cattle, some driven like cattle (check out "Trail of Tears" sometime), all under the guise of saving the dumb Indians from themselves. Any lands that had value were stripped from them, and the migrations began anew.

Corruption in place of Traditional leadership made it all possible. Traditional Leadership held leaders responsible, and accountable, for the well-being of the entire tribe. Today, government has handed over the 'rains of abuse' to the corrupt. They have removed the

Rights from Indians and given them "Indian Rights" which means they can, if they feel they have been mistreated, at their own expense, hire a lawyer to prove it --- in Tribal Court, where often the judges have no qualifications and are installed for the sole purpose of keeping the corrupt in power.

The Tribal Court has absolute say over whether an attorney is 'acceptable' or not, and no reason need be given, one way or the other.

The Federal government acknowledges but offers no remedy to the fact that this situation might make it 'problematic' for many to seek justice or to right the wrongs. Gee, ya think?

The Federal Government turns a deaf ear to the cries of injustice rising from the rank and file Indian People being robbed, raped, or their loved ones murdered. They ignore rigged votes, crooked elections and will, if called upon, send in the military to help the corrupt 'restore and maintain order'. Justice need not apply.

The sense of futility that leaves nations of people living within the insane rules structure, is overwhelming sometimes. Just plain discouraging other times. People give up not realizing they can make a difference if they come together. No one wants to risk the 'comfort' of the abuse they are familiar with, for what could be much worse abuse they have yet to experience.

No wonder the kids think drugs and alcohol is the key to social status. It numbs them. You will notice that in every photo, it is the drug or the alcohol that is made prominent. As if being 'modeled' by the youth who make sure the brands are showing, the can is featured, the drug is memorialized.

And along with drug and alcohol use, comes abuse. It wears holes in a person's spirit. No longtime user is regarded as "happy" or content. Rather they are scorned as if they had failed in some way.

We see these kids marching to the graveyard, or setting themselves up for abusive and violent relationships that are the logical outcome of low-self-esteem, and low-self-esteem comes from abuse.

When these kids are killed their friends all rally around the ones responsible and show their loyalty by protecting them. They keep their mouths shut and earn a higher rating from their abusers, their pushers, their suppliers.

Looking ahead in years, you can see the result of these behaviors. Emotional garbage stores up having never been dealt with and the ability to mature, never realized. Angry people join in violent relationships where drugs and alcohol seem to be the only thing they have in common with one another.

The young today do not see that what they are doing is taking them to that misery. They can't connect the dots. It was the adults who led them there, and they gladly go.

Protect The Abusers at All Costs

When Budean got shot in the head, and it appears that as nasty as the wound was, her ear shot off and the back of her head blown out, but the skull just grazed, it was not enough to satisfy Son Littlewind. Son is also known as Sylvester, (so the earlier reports I got were the most accurate after all). When the neighbors came over to see what happened, he had her in a headlock and was continuing to beat the crap out of her!

She was rescued and sent to hospital. Badgers were there for 5 hours, and could not find the gun. Gee, big surprise that, eh? Idunno still hunting for the stapler? What makes you think they could find a gun? Or that they would want to?

Now the whole incident is being played as an "accident" and Budean is taking the lead blame saying that it is all her fault. I am sure they will find a way for her to do just that. Always blame and punish the victim and always protect the abuser.

A Family Runs Through It

Littlewinds are familiar with the theme of protecting the abuser. When Q-Ball murdered their brother, Alfred Littlewind, they folded up like cheap lawn chairs and went along with the story of it being 'accidental' and even praised Q-Ball for 'breaking up a fight' (imaginary).

Now, it appears, they have graduated to the top of the class and are now the abusers, would-be-killers in their own right.

What You Know

This blog is not about me and how much I know about you all. It is about you and how much you know about yourselves. How much you are willing to face and deal with and how often you chicken out and give up without making a stand.

It is about your children, and now you cannot say you did not know they were doing it, following the Devils and their children into the gaping mouths of abusive hell in one cycle worse than the other, or to an early death. Ahhh! Early Death! You think they don't crave it? You think they don't want it? They taste it, they love it, they chase it! Is that the best you have to offer them? Your apathy? Your self-pity?

This blog is compiled of information you all have. What you all have. It is from you and for you. Take it or leave it.

But ask yourself this question before you let those kids go out this next time or the time after that: Are they with people that will care for them, take care of them and protect them better than you can or will? Or are they headed for what you all know is waiting for them, with open arms?

If you are going to abdicate your responsibilities, do it openly. Tell them you don't care about them and never did. Don't lie and ask them to tell you the lies you want to hear in return. They know better. They have always known the truth.

Trouble is, they don't even have you to help them survive the mess you have left them in.

This blog gets it wrong in name, from time to time. Information comes in as it does, from the well-intended, who may or may not have it all in order. But they feel it is important to share.

The over-riding hope is that you will all have the same information. Information your Tribal Council and the Turdclan would conceal from you forever, if they could.

People risk everything to contact me and give me details and information. They do it not because they think they are better than anyone else, for that has never come across. They do it because they want the abuse to stop. They want the cycle to break. They want their community to come together.

This is not coming from me. This is coming from you.

The more you try to diminish it and ignore it, the more it comes after you. You know what you are. We all do. But do you know that you can change? You can.

But it is work. It is the hardest work you will ever do, and not all of you will survive unscathed. Those who have battle scars from fighting the good fight will have something to be proud of in both worlds. Those who just whine and criticize and who have never lifted a finger to help make anything better out there, it is time for you to shut up and get out of the way so that the people who are willing to do the work of saving your children from abuse, addiction, disease, misery, early death and grief, can get on with the work of raising a nation from the mud of corruption to a full upright posture.

Some Are Yours

Some of the thistles pictures show people from Turtle Mountain and there will be a few other 'aliens' pop up from time to time. The point is that this is happening to Indian Youth across the map and right next door to you. This is Genocide:Phase III--the poison within. You see it happening everywhere. So, do you give up because you accept it as 'normal'? Or do you rally up some character from deep inside you and decide that no one is coming to do this work for you. Decide it is your work and you must do it.

Some of the kids are your kids. Some are friends of your kids. All of them, this tribe, the neighbors, all of them are the future. And they do find something in common. Right now, alcohol and drugs.

Up to you if they ever are to survive these ignorant, reckless times and find something better in themselves and one another.

Who will save the Indians from extinction? No one. Who will drive them to extinction? You are already doing it. Change what you are doing and how you think and respond and it will create a ripple that will grow into a series of Tsunamis of change and the injustices will stop. The guilty will be judged and the innocent will be freed.

It has to start with you. Or not. I am just the messenger.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

NOTICE

Website may go down for up to 24 hours as we do a server change this week. (Moving to a bigger, faster server!) Do not panic if it does not show up for you, it will be back after the move.

November 8, 2007

Victim of My Own Success

Well, it looks like we have to do an entire remodel on this site. It has become so popular, far exceeding my expectations, and the server's ability to cope with the traffic. So, I will be spending some time this weekend designing a new template format that is suitable to all zillion and one pages. Honestly, unless you have an unlimited government budget, do not ever try to "PRINT ENTIRE SITE" if that is a choice on your browser as it would eat up more than a ream of paper. I kid you not.

I also have to find a server with a lot more bandwidth as the traffic to this one has already consumed more than 50% of my monthly allowance. Besides, I am probably paying too much - ;->

The Canadian Dollar stronger than the US buckaroo, so now is a good time to (snaps suspenders with thumbs) go shopping!

BTW, I predicted two months ago that the Canadian Dollar would go up to \$1.17 US and then settle back in at around \$1.1523. Let's see how close I get on that one, shall we? Just for funzies?

With close to a million hits this month, a lot of you will either witness my uncanny accuracy, or we all have a giggle.

Thistle Show You

Can't help it. I am a fan of word play. Again, lots of comments from people coming in regarding how young these kids are that are drinking and drugging, and alarm at how many are in a vehicle and worse, behind the wheel while demonstrating alcoholism like it is a badge of accomplishment out there.

Yup, that is why your kids are dying. Mystery solved. Now what? I see a sea of shrugging shoulders. Let's make a wave, shall we? Starting left to right...

Viewing the drinking and drugging as the center of social interaction among the young these days kind of gives you a hint at what it was like in Eddie's day. The Turdclan were the most notorious party hosts of the day or night back in the day and night. Hmmm, nothing has changed on that front either. Big surprise.

You see how these kids drink, drug, die and their friends all gather round to protect the criminals? Same as it was back then. I guess you can safely say, that these kids learned it from us, all of us. Those who showed them and those who neglected and abandoned them.

Back then, people could not connect the dots and figure out that 'fun timz' now later leads to violence riddled relationships. Kids come into the picture and they learn from their environment and the behaviors around them and towards them. They become, as we can all see, multiple copies of the worst behaviors from back in the day.

It's a laugh-cry situation when I hear "I can't figure out how they got to be like that!" and I hear it from the very people --who taught them! I guess that once we clean up our act, it is as if it never happened, eh?

We think that children's mental switches, emotional programming can just be erased and all the negatives forgotten because the

parents 'grew up'? Yah, right.

Worse, we feel or are told that if we had dangerous and reckless wild behavior when we were young, we have no right to tell our children they cannot do those things. Okay, then, if not us telling them, us who know because we survived, barely and many of our friends and relatives did not and we KNOW the dangers, if WE are not allowed to criticize their bad choices and guide them away from the outskirts of doom, than who, pray tell, will?

Because we don't want to be seen as 'hypocrites' we let them suicide? We let them die? We let them abuse or neglect their children? We do nothing? And then we 'wonder how they got to be that way?'

Are you kidding me? Or are you so deep in kidding yourself that you just don't want to think about it because it makes your head hurt?

Survival of The Species

Every living creature, from bugs to buffalo, and even germs and viruses, learn to adapt. That is how they survive and thrive. Those species that cannot adapt, perish. Simple laws of survival. Each bug that learns of poison by dying becomes the example by which the other bugs learn to defend against that poison or avoid it.

Think not? Take out a fly swatter sometime. That fly that was bugging you has now disappeared and you have to hunt it down. Why? Because it knows it will die from that thing. They have adapted to recognize fly swatters as 'death'.

Flies live what? A week or so? Not like they had school and a grad ceremony, yet they know. For them it is in their genetics.

Smarter Mousetraps are always being developed because mice and rats have learned to avoid the existing ones. They know the first time they encounter one, what it is. Those that didn't pay attention at the rat and mice funerals, die in the traps.

But humans, now there is a species getting dumber by the day. Once we figure out what is dangerous, what is toxic, we don't share that information with the young. We let them figure it out for themselves. When they learn, at the cost of their own health, mental and emotional well-being and from the many-too-many funerals of their peers, (those that do learn) they in turn, do not teach their children.

Further, their children don't want to learn! They would rather mutate into some ugly drunken, stoned, moron, than pay attention to lessons learned by those who were supposed to teach them. It morphs into a permanent, deadly mystery.

Talking To The Wrong Audience

Wow, all this time I have been directing at the adults, who obviously cannot be bothered with saving the future and could care less. I should have been talking directly to the kids! I should be shouting at them to save themselves! That they are alone and abandoned in this world by apathy, denial and addiction. That no one is here to help them. That they have to save themselves because no one else will!

I should be handing out pamphlets to kindergartners and telling them that they are to ignore their upbringing entirely and make a real life for themselves with no guidance, no positive or healthy role models and no assistance.

Well, I think they already got that message. That is why they do what they do. They already know what the last generation was. And they can't wait to out do them in self-destruction.

They start drinking and drugging younger than their parents did and their kids will do it younger, harder, and more than they do it now.

A viscous spiral that spells not the demise of the species, per se, because we will have enough brain-damaged types to work the menial meaningless jobs for low or no pay. However, it is clearly the loss of what could have been. What could have been.

"What Could Have Been" I hear those are the words inscribed over the Gates of Hell.

One last forever look at what might have been.

Okay, I will try to jot down a few more thoughts before I set this off to printer version. You all go plan the next funeral.

Oh, speaking of funerals, anyone have a report on NLO's theatrics surrounding her mother's demise? May as well have a giggle at that. Not like you had anything important to do, like raise your kids, or save their lives or give them a chance.

What might have been.

Well, I've decided this brief 3 pager will have to do. I'll stop here for this entry.

Oh, and would you mind closing the gates after you? I'd hate to see anything bad get out of there. You know, evil and such. Wouldn't want it around the kids.

You know. (waves hand with disdain)

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 9, 2007

Breakfast of Champions

Those of you who have visited the second thistles page can see that these kids are all of them using beer as the basic rite of passage. Can we now declare that alcohol is a permanent part of Indian Culture? Along with molest, rape, violence and murder? Along with Addiction, bingo, gambling and neglect?

Don't tell me that this does NOT represent Indian culture. It absolutely does! It is sponsored by the corrupt who run your lives and it is practiced by their children and they invite your children. Your children die, and they cry, but they otherwise stay silent and just do more of whatever it was that killed your kid.

Getting drunk on Beer seems 'mild' compared to those whom you can easily see prefer to chug it, keg stand (woo hoo!) and slam hard stuff like vodka and whiskey, schnapps and tequila. Hey, the guy that is guzzling sloe gin, super sweet high alcohol is both a moron and a wuss.

And let us not neglect pot, meth, crack and any other garbage they can use to damage their brains. No wonder the "Honors Grad" that wrote to me had such poor reading and comprehension skills! If that is an Honors Grad, how brain damaged was the rest of the class? Apparently, significantly! And now, we can all see why, eh? Now, those of you that think it was just a case of Turdclan politics getting their chillins to take all the glory, honors, deserved or not, you might be right on that. Meanwhile, what have you done to change any of this? Nothing? Well, you must be satisfied that your community is meeting your standards and have no complaints, eh?

And, these kids are growing up and they will be teaching these behaviors to their kids just like they learned it from us. So, can we declare, right now, in November, that Alcohol is Indian Culture?

I suggest it because it is the easy way out, and we all know how Blanket Indians prefer the easy way out of everything. The hard way, of course, would involve you getting involved with your family's life, including your kids. Wow, imagine that! (I know, neither can I).

Strike Up the Band

For those that prefer upbeat propaganda about how good, healthy, wholesome and wonderful your corrupt leaders are, I offer you the most recent story from the Urinal that declares how much 'safer' our troops will be now that SMC is making better protective gear for them. (Coffee through the nose on that one, eh?)

Yup, who knows if they really believe it themselves. Not sure if their vague story refers to the plant finally making product up to spec or just cutting fewer corners at the cost of safety for our troops. The more corners they cut, the more money they make and the less they give you. So, are they actually doing it right? Or just less wrong? Let me know. Meanwhile, your Public Relations Geniuses at the Urinal are applauding like a slop of trained sea lions over the idea. Throw them a few more smelly fish from the

marina and I am sure they will come up with even more upchuck.

Flying Lessons?

Aw Geez! 21-year old Jeffrey Strait jumped off a bridge over the highway and was struck by a vehicle and killed. Guess what? He is Budean Albert's cousin. Why would a 21-year old man do that? Well, life on the rez sort of gives you a sense that "ain't nuthin' worth nuthin'."

I'm guessing here, but probably a lot of years spent drinking and drugging with 'friends'? Oh yeah, it's all fun and games until you run out of spirit and throw your emptiness off a bridge.

Alcohol and drugs damage brain cells. They stunt you emotionally, and overall, they depress your system. Life is hard enough to cope with if your brain fires on all cylinders. A hard life can also be a good life, if you learn how to live it. Drugs, alcohol, they kill you.

I see all those kids smiling and laughing. They have no idea what is around the corner for them, even though they have seen it, over and over again.

I see those so drunk they lose all dignity and piss themselves and pass out, and never, not back in the day and not since and not now, can I understand how that is "FUN".

Party Lessons

Prove it to yourselves my little party animules. For One MONTH: Every time you go to a party sober and stay sober the entire time. See if your friends accept you when you are not drunk or stoned with them. If they don't, they are not your friends. Do no drugs and no alcohol for an entire month. While you are sober and clean, you can observe the behaviors of the rest of them and see if it is really all that appealing or not. Ask yourself if that is what you want to become a part of in order to not be all alone.

Here's the other part of that: If you can't clean up your act for one month, know for a fact that you have a problem and that it will only get worse if you don't take steps to change things now.

Drunk Indians, Stoned Indians, much easier to control. The corrupt who encourage those behaviors like it when you destroy yourselves. Makes it easier for them to steal millions of dollars from your tribe every month.

So, look around you. What do you want to be if you grow up? A loser pushed around and easily manipulated by those who rape, murder, molest and steal? Or do you want to be someone in this world that can make a mark of integrity and perhaps contribute in a way that will make you someone that is respected by your family, your community, your nation? How about becoming someone that can stand anywhere and respect themselves?

Self Respect: Worth earning. Worth keeping. Worth living.

Or-- there's always a lake, a bridge, a gun, a violent relationship that ends in tragedy. You say it is your life, but it is not your life. It is the life of everyone that knows you and who are affected by what you do with 'your' life. You owe it to them, and to your children, to give them something maybe you never had enough of. Dignity.

Make the choice. Dare to do the test and see for yourself. Let me know how that works out for you.

Death In Turtle Mountain

Looking for information on that woman that died in TM. Who, what happened, when and why.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 10, 2007

Who's Looking?

I see that a young man from Ft. Totten, who apparently was working to make a life for himself, was raped and beaten to death by two men in Grand Forks last week. Now, the question is, because he was Indian, will there be an investigation? The two men that did this to him were not Indian. Will they get off easy? Or with no consequences at all?

What is your Tribal Council doing to make sure that a full investigation into this sort of senseless cruelty is dealt with? Oh, let me guess: Too busy stealing your money, traveling First Class and spending your funds to really be bothered with what is important to you? So far, not a peep from them.

And, if you don't go begging for the funeral money, Lois will assume you didn't need it. She will then spend it on herself. Of course, if you are a member of the Turdclan, the money tap is always on full blast.

Here is another sign that you need, you must, start standing up. Jasper was 20 years old.

Funeral Services for Jasper will be held on Monday, November 5 at 10 a.m. at the Crow Hill Recreation Center, rural Fort Totten. Fr. Charles Leute, O.P. will officiate and burial will be in St. Jerome's Catholic Cemetery. The Wake for Jasper will be held on Sunday at the Crow Hill Recreation Center beginning at 5 p.m. with a Rosary service at 8 p.m.

A Cause Worth Fighting For?

A freaking-mazing to me is that all these tribes got up on their hind legs and bitched and twitched about the UND Fighting Sioux name. In the end, for a few dollars more, they decided it was okay. In the meantime, there was press coverage, interviews, polls were taken left and right, arguments broke out and Tee Shirts were sold.

The cost to the tribes in legal fees, just soze they could get their fat little Indian faces camera time was a waste of money. Your money.

Of course, any payoff on this go directly into the already over-stuffed pockets of the corrupt, but that is neither here nor there.

The question naturally must be posed: Is there perhaps one or a hundred and one causes worth fighting for as much if not more than the twitch about a team name? Where is the ruckus about the deaths and murders of Indians? Where's the interview and polls and newspaper ink flowing when it comes to the abundance of drugs on the rez with all the assistance and support of your Tribal Council and their darling family members, who, if they like you, will teach your underage kids how to do a keg stand, guzzle gut rot and lose their dignity on their way to oblivion.

When an Indian is raped, beat up, murdered, where's the commotion and the noise and the Indian Pride and Fervor?

(Barks Twice barks twice) What's that you say girl? "They all go home and forget about it?" You could be right.

(Barks Twice barks again) And you say these flatulent Tribal Leaders don't give a flying crap about the people, just about distractive publicity? Wow, you one smart pup, there Barks Twice! What is that you brought with you? A newspaper article that talks about Indian dignity?

(Barks Twice howls and wags, begs and rolls over) You want to be a what? (whimpers, sniffs, pants) A journalist! (Barks Twice barks once) Ah! Or a TV Reporter.

(Barks Twice grabs newspaper and pronks over to the door to be let out.) Aw! You want to go bury the story about dead Indians because that's what newspapers and TV do? Wait, I will get you a press pass. They like credentials.

I Could Be Wrong About Everything

Maybe I thought you would want to stand up and rid your community of this slimy corruption, but you don't. If you did, you would find a way to come together.

I thought that once you knew the details of how people like Demon McDonald, Tony McDonald sold out the innocent to make themselves better off, you would see that evil can quote scripture as well or better than you do. I thought you would fight that.

I thought you would fight if you knew how much these rapists and murderers were continuing to hurt the innocent, but you won't.

I thought that you would get angry enough when you saw the millions of dollars they steal from you every year, tip of the iceberg I am sure, but again, you won't work together.

I thought that you would at least step up when you knew they had robbed your children of their money for their own pockets, but you didn't.

Now you see your children staring at you from the thistles pages. Wave good-bye to them, because they are lost to you and you do nothing to change anything.

Not for Right, not for love, money or even your own children. Perhaps I was wrong about you all. Perhaps you do just want to be left alone to curl up and be spat upon by those you know bring darkness to every door.

Perhaps this is how Indians die off. They fade away and are forgotten because they didn't bother to teach their children how to remember to be an Indian.

I see a sea of self pity out there, but very few with courage. Those that have it you think are there to do it all for you, and you do nothing. Do nothing and then complain when there is more sorrow and more grief.

You try for a little while, but then soon as you get a few \$\$ you lick your lips and go scurrying home.

Now you are holding out to see if they will be generous with the Christmas bonus? So, how much to buy you off this time? \$1150? Sound good?

Wave good bye. Your children don't respect you. They don't respect themselves. You taught them that.

The weekend is here, I wonder how many funerals it takes before you realize that your children know their way around the graveyard better than they do their own backyard. I suppose we'll never know until we reach that magic number.

So, how many kids die before it is 'enough'?

I think you are better than you have been acting. I think you know you can make a difference. But I could be wrong about that. Maybe all you are willing to stand up for is the name of a College Team. I hear that pays well.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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