

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story

By

Cat West

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The Blog

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New Template

The new template is in and installed. I have to check all one zillion of my pages to be sure that none of the links dropped off. This should make the site more manageable and easy to surf.

Information still coming in and feel free to email me in the meantime. I expect by Tuesday I will have everything back on schedule.

Okay, all the buttons should now be working. You may have to refresh your pages a couple of times to get them functional, but after that, we be sailin'!

Murder In Turtle Mountain

The women that was killed was (AIM) Dennis Banks Daughter, Danielle Dickey-Baker. Beaten to death in the Denseith housing area. She was 49 years old. The murder is said to have taken place during a meth party. Several people, including one minor, in custody, but no one is charged at this time.

Meth=murder. Look at all the lives that are ruined by this devil drug. Turtle Mountain no different than any other rez that pretends the ruling corruption is not that bad. Clearly, it is that bad and worse!

I guarantee you, that if any of the parties involved in this murder are related to the powerful elite of the community, the investigation will be a total and complete sham. The FBI is not there to actually investigate the circumstances of that or any other murder or crime. They are there solely to protect those in power from the consequences of their corruption.

You, on the other hand, and your children, are on your own.

Keep me posted on this and I will keep you posted.

Up And Down

Sorry, the website seems to go up and down. Probably be down this weekend so that I can do a complete server overhaul. I should have expected it would be a problem! Things went too smoothly and then, with little sleep, I hit the wrong buttons and didn't realize my mistake until the old template and "Haha! Fooled ya!" message came back. I apologize for the inconvenience.

We have some serious stuff to talk about here, and I need my website to stabilize so that we can get things done. I have to make a page on

poopsie, pisster, and all of them. Can't do that without getting this done right.

Thanks for your patience!

~Cat

November 13, 2007

Goofy Doofy

Okie dokes, here is what I am doing. Since I have to do so much work on this site, behind the scenes to make it work more smoothly, I am going to post very brief (well, try to make them brief) updates, which will be "In Progress" until I have enough to make a collective "Printer Version" of them.

Now, for the funny part: Dauphine (Littlewind) Cavanaugh is ranting through the Blue Building that "They know who Cat West is and they have locked up one of her informants!" She also ranted that Michelle Knutson was one of my informants. And that now they are going to be shutting the website down! (Have we not heard that one about a million times over the years?).

Where do I begin?

A:) You cannot arrest or lock someone up for speaking to me or because you think they are speaking to me. Freedom of Speech is guaranteed under the First Amendment of the Constitution. If someone was locked up and frankly, not sure who it is they are talking about in their letter, there would be major repercussions. Not that it matters because in the past these figments of imagination and speculation have flown by like migrating sparrows, with really, nothing to support them.

B:) If someone was ever arrested, detained or locked up for speaking to me, they would have a major lawsuit against whatever agency was dumb enough to do that. In this case, since the tribes are on Federal Lands and this would constitute a federal offense, a whole lotta people would end up with burning hind ends over this.

C:) They (being the Turdclan and their cronies) have ALWAYS known who I am. Years before this website was ever constructed, they saw me, heard about me and knew what I was doing. So, for some Bimbo on rant to declare that they just found out, is funny in all directions!

Had they somehow 'forgotten' and only recently the fog of amnesia lifted and they 'found out' again? Keep in mind that one apt definition of stupidity is "someone that wakes up in a brand new world they never saw before, every day." So, is this really "new"?

D:) I have documents on my website that discuss the Knutson case where they were floated off the rez. How I got them is a mystery, even to me. I don't know Knutsons, nor do I know, personally, most of the people out there, including those that write to me under different names.

Considering that the documentation has been on the website for over a year (I think) I find this part of Dauphine's 'revelation' to be again, the core definition of stupidity. Just because it may be new to her, doesn't mean it is recent, nor that her information is anything more than old news, half-baked and perplexing in her zeal.

E:) No one is shutting down my site. I am doing server maintenance and installing some new hardware, and that requires the site go offline for a short time. I announced that in this blog, see above, so that people would not worry.

Apparently, Dauphine (and is that pronounced "Doofy"?) is confused and thinks that I am one of the Turdclan and that as such I am running the website and shutting it down? (Hold onto something. Trying to follow that will make you dizzy than she is!).

So, for the short time that the site does go down, (which is expected to be about an hour but I have had servers glitch for two days from new installation hardware), but for whatever time that is, while she is in her rapture, just smile and say "there, there, Goofy Doofy, you will be just fine."

As one individual put it: "Looks like we are having a lot of Full Moons this month!"

Aw geez, looks like I have enough for a printer version after all!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 16, 2007

Boo Ya!

Writing this on a wednesday evening, and of course the server is still not up to speed. Now, now the techs say that they will have it 'all smoothed out' by Monday. Oh yah, let's all buckle up, the ride is bumpy until the new parts arrive.

And, I can keep on posting, just to make it worth coming to visit, right? I spent my day putting up the Poopsie page. Go to the players button and click on Poopsie and read the summary of his crappy life.

Boo Ya, Poopsie! That liposuction and eye-lift didn't help much. You still ugly as a rat's behind.

TC2

It would appear that the Thistles pages have greatly upset the Turdclan and the Tribal Council. Since they both are abbreviated "TC", in the future, when I am talking about both of them, I will use "TC2" so you will know it is both of them.

It not only exposes the tip of the iceberg as far as drugs and alcohol abuse on the rez, but it easily shows you whose homes and property are typically the party central for underage drinking, and drug abuse.

Further, you can see the adults in the background of some of these shots, so you know exactly who is sponsoring these criminal events. So, what are you going to do about it? Nothing.

When the kids die, you cry, right? But you do nothing to prevent it, so why cry? You miss 'em? Hmm? Do Ya?

Your TC2 families are apparently, rubbing your noses in it every time they sponsor these events. Yet you do nothing?

Denial: A Selfish Sport

Now that you can see how your heroes, the basketball team, really behaves, what is your game plan? Ignore the drugging and drinking and throw big memorials for the stars that fall to the inevitable undercurrent of evil and die?

How can you cheer them on when you know they are drunk and stoned. Is that what you want representing your tribe, your community to the rest of the State? Now you know why they fell so badly at the State Finals.

They were too selfish to play their best game, clean and sober, and bring home the win that you all were hoping and cheering for.

You want these kids, who become the mentors and heroes to the younger kids, to be what they are? Losers? Drunks and druggies? You want your younger ones looking up to that?

What, exactly, is it you look for in this team? What is so important that you will ignore the dangers, refuse to take a stand to protect them or anyone else, and continue to be humiliated by teams that only have to play sober to beat the pants off your Indian hind ends?

What status do you think you are getting? You know what you have now, and it is a sick joke, a tragedy unfolding weekly, so what are you going to do about it?

Just ignore it and hope it goes away? Oh yah, that works so well! Actually, some do go away -- permanently.

These are just kids and they make huge mistakes in judgment. Adults are supposed to guide them away from dangers, hazards, fatal errors; not pour the booze, supply the drugs and the locations for your world to come to an end in a heartbeat.

What are you doing to show these kids that you care enough about them to put a stop to what is killing them? Nothing?

Well, then, you deserve all the pain, grief and humiliation you reap from your cowardly, cringing ways. They are, as messed up as they are, too good for you and The Creator will take them back because you don't deserve them.

Creator will take them away from their cowardly drunken, addicted friends who do not deserve them. Friends who, instead of standing up for what is right; instead of protecting one another from harm; instead choose to protect their suppliers, their dealers and their party mamas.

You are all getting what you deserve.

Go, Fighting Sioux

I find it laughable that your tribes spent all that money and garnered all that media and press over a stupid name that really doesn't suit you anymore. You got no fight left in you. You argue, but you don't fight. You fight with each other, out of jealousy, but you don't fight for your kids, your community, for justice or to put an end to the corruption and the evil that is eating your community alive and spitting the bones of your children at your feet in the graveyard.

You fight, to the death, for a slogan? But your children, not so much? Do you really feel like you are putting your priorities in the right basket here? Or do you just want to give the appearance of being Indians, Upright, and like you are defending your Dignity?

Ah-hah-whoo-hoo-ya! Boo Ya!

Fighting Sioux, my ass.

Please, do not hesitate to make bigger jokes out of yourselves as Indians in the future. Government is counting on it to keep you marginalized.

One Who Fights

Dennis Banks, still looking for information on who murdered his daughter and what will be done to bring those cowards to justice, is getting NO help from all you brave Indians out there in Turtle Mountain. Should rename you 'Turd Mountain', maybe?

That man has fought for the dignity of Indian People everywhere, and has suffered for it. Now, not one of you lazy-assed cowards will so much as pick up the phone and tell him what you know?

I wonder at this point, if he knew how lazy, addicted and worthless so many Indians would become, would he have fought so hard for Indian Rights in the first place? I mean, considering that Indians don't even want to look him in the eye and give him some closure, allow justice in the murder of his daughter?

I wonder if he could have seen the future, and realized that Indians expect to die young, be murdered, lose their loved ones to violence, drugs and alcohol, if he would have thought the People were worth fighting for?

My guess is yes, he would. I am guessing that he saw this a long time ago and fought to change it. He is still fighting to fix it. Trouble is, he is only one man. No red cape. You expect people like him to come in and fix it for you, but you are too lazy to stand up and help him? Even now? As his daughter's grave is dug and her body left to the worms, you won't help the one person you know has worked so hard to help you?

Every day you have a chance to do the right thing. Every time you choose to do the wrong thing, you walk the Black Road and reap the regret that is to come.

He may be angry now, grieving now, fighting with only a handful of decent Indians and other people to do what you all should be doing, and he may die before anything changes anywhere. In fact, there may never be change except that things get worse. But for him, at the end of his journey, is Peace. He did what he was supposed to do and for him, Peace.

For the rest of you, get on your hands and knees and expect to crawl the bumpy, thorny road you have built for yourselves, for most of eternity.

The time to earn Peace is now. Or, forever have the Coyote nipping at your backside, urging you into the darkness and the cold, with no way out.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 19, 2007

No Qualifications? No Problem!



Looks like Wacky Jacky has finally been promoted to manager of both the Spirit Lake Casino and the Hotel and Resort.

That's her on the left with the greasy stringy hair. That is how she looks most of the time. Like recycled Coyote droppings.

She has been getting paid top dollar all along even though she has no credentials other than being a full-blooded inbred member of the Turdclan.

And since neither the State, nor the Feds have any oversight into anything that goes on in the casino, and if they do, they pretty much look the other way, her lack of credentials is not a problem!

You know, Wacky, if you washed your greasy hair once in awhile, maybe it would not look so thin and stringy. Hey, if any of them bathed, it would help, right? So, the next time you are strolling through the casino, give ol' Wacky a wave, and tell her she's doin' a "fine job"!

Wow, think we should tell her about her brother stealing all that money from the count room? Nah! That would just upset her!

I wonder how upset she would be if she knew that someone even more illiterate than she is, is lined up as her successor. Yup, Poopsie is thinking of having one of his bed monkeys, Lisa Greywater, promoted to 'Assistant Manager' and from there, she can step right into Wacky's shoes. Probably before they are even cold.

What can be said about Wacky, or any of the Turdlings for that matter, is that one can walk through their innermost, deepest thoughts and not get one's ankles wet--but you would have to scrape a lot of pudding off of your shoes!

I hear a family celebration is planned for this coming weekend, to allow her yet another excuse to get drunk out of her mind and make an even bigger ass out of herself.

Now, since I am really writing this on Friday Morning (the 16th), the timeline might get a bit confusing for you all. Just wait until you hear the ruckus break out at Turdmother's house, and you will know the party has begun. Probably carry over from weekend to weekend until, well, it quits.

Or, until Lisa gets those hand-me-down clown shoes, with the really pointy toes on them. Until then, Wacky thinks she's pretty smart!

Gee, who holds the surety bond on the casino? Who insures that place? Ronin?

I'll have more to this BIP throughout the weekend. Do keep checking in!

Money Bags & Haunted Rooms

I hear Poopsie has, for the past month, been loading banded stacks of currency into a black athletic bag, which is now, probably full but was only about half full last week.

Not sure what the cash is for, but he has threatened to kill anyone that talks about it or touches it. It is on the floor, in the closet in his office.

Also, I hear that ND State Attorney General, Drew Wrigley had a meeting with Tribal Officials this past week. Not sure what that was about. I wonder if he got a peek at a black athletic bag?

It was shortly after that meeting when Doofy went screaming down the hallways of the Blue Building that one of my "informants" had been "arrested" (I know, y'all are still chuckling at that one) and that the website was going to be torn down.

I asked around to find out if Goofy Doofy had any kind of employment or job and am told that she does not work. Apparently, truer words were never spoken! I am sure that she has a lot of non-working parts! Let's start at the top, shall we?

Now, for the haunted room.

I have not heard of this one before so I am waiting until I get more information. Apparently, there is a room, on the second story of the Casino, that is haunted. They say it is the spirit of a murdered child and her mother.

Poopsie won't go near it, pretends it does not exist, and keeps telling his hired hands to go in there with 'sweet grass' to clean it out. If anyone can give me the number or location of that room and the possible history that would explain it, I would love to hear it.

I did hear that Turdmother went there to prove there was nothing to it, her being so 'gifted' as a 'medicine woman' and all, and she didn't get 4 steps into the room before some sort of mist formed, took shape and scared her out of there.

Hey, Poopsie! I have the perfect hiding place for your bag of money!

Ahaha-WoooOOO-YAH!

This morning, I am told, he is disturbed because he claims to have had a spirit visit him last night that was giving him bad news. News that he could use to save the life of a loved one, but since he likes to ignore these warnings, we can only wait and see.

Well, so much for the chills and thrills on this entry. I will keep you posted.

Notice: General Assembly Meeting Scheduled for **November 20, 2007 (TUESDAY) at the Blue Building. No time posted as of yet. Let me know if and when these dates, times and locations change, as they do so frequently because the TC does not want you to attend.**

Earth Shaking

For all my friends on the islands and the West Coast, hope you are prepared for some big shakers. Looks like the earthquakes are lining up, big time, on Ketchikan, Alaska.

Other "Earth Shaking" News: The Tribal Council is going to try and buy you off with a few crumbs from the pile of money they owe you at this next meeting. They were going to give you all just a few hundred dollars. Then they upped it to \$1150, and now, I hear it is up to a whopping \$3500! They think that will keep the natives from getting restless, do they?

Hah! They owe you hundreds of thousands of dollars-each! Remember that when they ask you to beg, grovel and crawl.

Oh, and don't get too set on that dollar amount. They change their minds every day on that one. I think they must have a dart board somewhere and they toss pencils at it to see where it will stick this time and that is the amount they decide is "right."

And remember: They give themselves 20-100 times what they give each of you. They feel that their bonuses should be that big because, after all, they 'earned' it.

You think stealing is easy? I'm telling you, they earned it!

A-wooOOooo - Yah!

Room 318

Apparently, that is the room that is starting to cause all the problems at the casino resort. Loud noises, lights flickering, hall lights dimming in front of it. No one there, mind you. Well, no one of this world, anyways.

A lot of people refuse to stay in that room. Some, who know nothing about it, check in, and quickly learn, they are not alone.

With all the murders committed by the Turdclan, not surprising that one of them probably sticking around to snag them as they walk by it. Poopsie refuses to enter that room or even open the door.

Now I wonder, why is that? Perhaps he holds the key to freeing a restless spirit or two in that room? Just a little confession to a couple of murders should be all it takes to get those spirits to go to the light.

Or, he can hire one of the local medicine men who have bought their altars from Crow Dog, and who walk the Black Road. I know they will be happy to step in, for a price.

The good Yuwipi men that are out there, of course, the ones that walk the Red Road, will have none of it. They know it is there for a reason.

She Hears Eddie Scratching On Her Walls

One of the women, who, when Eddie's body was brought to Azure's place and then to her parents' home, to be washed and re-dressed, cannot get the memory out of her head. She hears Eddie scratching on her walls, knocking on her windows. He wants her to speak up but she is afraid.

She crawls deeper and deeper into the bottle, to hide, but he is coming after her, to get her to tell the truth and say what she knows. She needs to tell, everyone, what she saw, what she heard and what they made her do, before she leaves this world and Eddie waits on the other side to see if she did the right thing.

She has gone to a Red Road Yuwipi Man for medicine to make the noises stop. He has helped her, and Eddie's spirit goes quiet for a time. But he is back again, and he is making himself known to all who helped the Turdclan get away with murder, he lets them know, their time is now, or their forever is worse than anything they have ever known here, in this world.

The good people who keep the secrets of murderers safe, are no longer safe themselves. It is time for good people to stand up and speak out.

Room 318 ain't got nuthin' on what happens in the homes of the secret keepers who protect the guilty. Their children become thistles, watered by tears.

Pisster And The Darkness

She has gone from sleeping with night lights on, to sleeping with all her lights on. Still, Eddie's wraith comes upon her, drunk as she is, he touches her neck and her bones go cold, all the way to her feet. She knows he is there.

She won't go to her vehicle in the dark, alone, because "Eddie is out there."

He rides in her car with her and stares at her. She shakes her head from side to side, her eyes wide, trying to not see him, not hear him and not smell the blood that she was covered in.

Winter coming now. Longer nights. Bigger electric bills. More shouts and screams from her house, more whimpering and crying as she begs him to leave her alone.

He won't. Neither will I.

So, until all these Restless Spirits find Justice in this world, you know they wait for you in the next.

They know where to find you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 20, 2007

Technical

Yes, I know, the site going up and down is annoying. I am doing all I can on this end, technically, to get the new servers installed. Until then, just realize you may have to come back in a few minutes and reload/refresh your browser window once or twice to get the page up in all it's glory.

Same for the Thistles pages. A lot of photos there so you may have to reload/refresh your browser window a few times there, to get them all the load and be visible. Any of the ones that are not visible, make a note of it and tell me.

Missing Me

There is an old bag in Oberon that claims to hate my blog, but yet, the minute she can't get it, she writes to me to ask where it is. Talk about addicted! Her reading and comprehension skills are seriously out of whack, so I guess the blog is her only form of 'intellectual stimulation' out there in O'Town.

And that reminded me: It has been a while since I explored any of the comedy that goes on out there. Perhaps I should research more of what is happening out there and put that into the blog.

Perhaps then, the old bag will feel like she has the attention she apparently can't get from her friends or family. I am sure that Petesky and the rest of them will be delighted that she has once again shot off her mouth and drawn attention to that dark moon which circles Uranus.

It is so nice to know, that even when the site is wobbly because of too many hits for the server to handle, she misses me.

Represent Yourself

All Indian People, especially the Sioux Tribes, have been done a tremendous disservice by the so-called 'leaders' who chased that "Fighting Sioux" straw man issue and made a laughing stock out of a lot of good people.

Your 'leaders' made it sound like it was about dignity and who has the right to this or that, and then, for a few dollars, sold you all down the tubes.

Either it was right or it was not. A few dollars this way or that, should not be how you measure your dignity.

Now, a lot of non-Indian people, who clearly see the hypocrisy of the whole thing, are speaking out. But apparently, not to the corrupt leaders who foisted this debacle on their own communities, but against Indians in general.

Well, that would be exactly what your corrupt government wants: Racism. They do the crapping, and it lands on the people, who then go into the surrounding communities and are berated and scoffed at.

Racism, my friends, serves no one. No one, except those who want to keep you in the dark about everything. They do that by keeping you distracted by your own reactionary simple-mindedness.

This whole Fighting Sioux straw man was not the work of the work-a-day Indians who had no say in what their drunken, corrupt leaders were doing and saying in their name, so thinking you can, in newspapers, or on TV bytes, attack the man, woman or child whose skin is not the color of yours, think again. You are giving more power to the corrupt, and what you say and do, if not said and done with an air of thoughtfulness, represents how poorly you yourself were brought up. We pity those, of any color, brought up in ignorance.

And, for the Indian People offended by every aspect of this issue, I tell you that until you take control of your leadership and install people of better character, you will be represented at your lowest possible image because that is what they are, and what they do when they go out into the world, in your name.

Start cleaning up your own community. Get rid of the garbage: that in your house, on your property and in your Tribal Council and Tribal Employment.

Once you clean up that eyesore, you will be seen more for what you really are in this world. You will represent yourself more by your own actions than by the drunken, cowardly, corruption of your 'leaders.'

And to the rest of the world that only sees skin deep, only glances over the ruins; you might do better as a person in this world, if you look at how it got this way and what, possibly, you can do to change it.

Otherwise, for the most part, you are just kicking people who are down already, and that makes you look like what you are.

Everyone has an image problem here. We need to overcome that from all sides, or we will continue to allow corruption to thrive while they throw a few dollars into the circle and declare: "Let's you and him fight."

Coming together is how things get better. Spitting at people you don't even know, just makes your world a little dimmer.

What you say and do, regardless of the color of your skin, represents YOU.

Either you know or you don't. If you don't then maybe you should learn. If you can't learn, then just step aside and let those who are doing the real work, get on with it.

Tech Notes

I think we have the website issues resolved. Let's see how this works for this week. Everything is installed and appears to be green lights. If you run into problems, pages not opening, images not showing up, reload the page 3-4 times to shake off the old cache.

Of course, having had this much trouble with a new (to me) piece of equipment, I can truly say all this is fine and fixed --- but with my fingers and toes crossed!

Later that same day: *Ugh, I see there are still issues with some servers. Okay, back to the drawing board!*

FB Liars

Turns out that the flawed 'science' of the FBI ballistics labs, which was used to wrongly convict thousands of people, has for the past two years, been quietly terminated by the FBI.

They did this as quietly as possible because they didn't want those who would be entitled to a fair trial to get one. They are, as with scandals past (and they are getting to a frequency that is shrill enough to set off alarms globally) don't want to admit that they actually fictionalize 'facts' and make up bad science in order to get convictions of people, regardless of guilt or innocence.

Instead of acknowledging that their science had been seriously debunked ages ago, in a public forum that would apply to their field, such as law journals or periodicals, they only put a small blurb in a scientific magazine, of good repute, but one that would not likely be found in any law offices.

They felt that would be "ample" notice to those who have only a year or two to file an appeal against their lies and fiction. Yah, right. That issue, btw, was published over 2 years ago.

Yet, to this day, their 'experts' (in lying) have declared, under oath, that they stand by this bogus science.

So, what does it take to get the truth out of these effing big liars? No one knows, because it has never been done before.

Despite the fact that this kind of scandal, as with the multitude of scandals past, defames all FBI Agents, regardless of how good and right their work is, the Agency itself, is aloof and could not care less.

Their show ponies, like retired agent Van Zandt and those who do the work of finding missing children, solving murders, and do it honestly, is what they want you to see, etched in your brains, when you think of the FBI.

They want you to disregard those who are innocent, incarcerated on their lies, as unimportant.

This criminal mentality, my friends, is being done in our name. The name of our country. Our credibility is deteriorating on every level, none

more so than the Justice Department itself. The very title "Justice Department" has become an oxymoron.

One of the more renowned victims of the FB Liars is Leonard Peltier, who was convicted on the testimony of 'experts' who disputed their own original findings and proffered statements that even the nearly blind, could see was garbage. Yet, it was then, and in subsequent cases, the notion that the suits were altruistic and heroic types (comic book style) that would never, ever lie to anyone, especially, not in court.

Well, we have learned loads since that time, and yet, we still take them at their word, even when we know, and they know we know, they are lying.

"Absolute Power Corrupts absolutely." And in the case of the FBI, it has corrupted to the core, that which we all thought was there to help us, protect us and bring us the truth.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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