



A True Story

By

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The Blog

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November 21, 2007

Was It a Turkey?

So, what did you get for showing up at the Meeting yesterday, November 20th at the Blue Building? Did they hand out frozen turkeys? Does anyone find irony in turkeys handing out turkeys? Is that how they are buying you off for November? Or did they not have enough money to spare to give you anything?

Do drop me a line and tell me how generous they were this time!

Just to remind you all: A "Turkey" in bowling is 3 strikes in a row--good thing. A Turkey Dinner around the holidays (or anytime, for that matter) is a good thing. Turkeys running your life from positions of authority, NOT a good thing.

I know it can become confusing when the elected turkeys lie so much, but what you have to keep straight in your minds is this: They are robbing you and your children of money, dignity, hope and decency. They keep all the gravy for themselves and toss out a few crumbs just to watch you all scramble for them and fight one another for a portion of their droppings.

You can change that. But you have to want to.

Choices

Meanwhile, continue to visit the Thistles pages and see if you recognize where your apathy and indifference has gotten your children so far. Those of you who have abdicated your responsibilities towards your families, your children, take a good look. These photos are typical of what your children are doing just before they are killed, murdered or O. D.

There are adults among them who blatantly contribute to their destruction and do so with no worries about your Badgers or anyone else, holding them accountable.

You can change that. But you have to want to change it. You have to want your children to survive and have a decent chance at life and living more than you want to NOT be involved in anything directly.

You must become directly involved with your family, your children and your community, or this is the drop off point from which so many never return.

You have a peek into that reality now. Turn away, ignore it, all you want. But it is you, doing nothing, that puts that peril on their path.

You would like to say you raised your children right, and you do not understand how they could have gotten so far away from your values. However, if you look back upon the path you yourself walked, you will see that you were absent when you should have been home. You were not listening when you should have been involved. You were apathetic when it came to politics and corruption.

Your children do not respect you or your life, for many reasons. The biggest reason is because they do not respect themselves. Had you taken the time to teach them self-respect, it might have been different. They might have not taken the invitation into oblivion so readily.

This is not to say that good people who do right things won't have a child in their family go astray. However, if you look at the totality of it, and the Thistles Pages are just the tip of that iceberg, you will see that what you have at hand, rampaging through your young people, is an epidemic of destruction and low self-esteem.

This requires that you come together, as a community, if you are to save any of them. Continuing to shrug your shoulders and dismiss it as beyond your ability to deal with, only reinforces the pervading concept that they mean nothing. Nothing to you, nothing to themselves. That they are expendable, like tissues. Replaceable like seasonal plants.

The time to learn honor and value is while they are with us. Not to wait until they are gone to make it known.

If you do all that is within your power to guide them and help them and nurture them, you can have a clean conscience and what comes is not your doing. Grief, hard as it is, sharp and painful as it is, will not be compounded by the regrets: "What I could have done, had I known then what I know now."

Think of them as dead already and ask yourself what you would do if you had that time back to do over. Or think of them as dead now and go play bingo, and indulge in your own addictions and feel sorry for yourself.

Either way, up to you.

Got Heat?

Brrr! Cold! How many families out there gonna freeze this winter? How many Elders going to die of the cold? Hard to say because no one really counts.

How much of the grant money and the 'set aside' money for the heating needs of the needy are already spent on some drug or other addiction by the TC for their own entertainment?

Remember last winter? That old woman had to scrape together a few dollars to get a couple of days worth of heating oil because the Tribal Council, her elected member, told her there was no money left in the program for such things?

Imagine having to choose between freezing to death, not getting enough food, or having to do without a prescription? In her case, it was all of the above.

However, less than a week later, the Tribal Council, which had been so broke it could not afford to help an old woman heat her house, found thousands of dollars to give away to anyone that was going to the Basket Ball Game where the Four Winds Drunken Stoners got to Play in the State Finals.

So, where are your priorities this time? How many of the needy, the elderly and the infirm will have to 'make do without' so that you can have a big cheering section at the games?

Sure hope those pathetic losers win big this time. Make it all worth while. Make it worth all those people who suffer so they can look sloppy out there. Yeah, a big win, that will make okay! (*Pop!)

Is this where someone yells "Go Fighting Sioux!" or has that name been given to someone who will actually honor it?

Nothing Changes

You think that being exposed in this blog or on their own BEBO sites would discourage any of the drinking and drugging out there? Absolutely not! And the team? Well, they just find ways not to drug test, so they should be partying all along.

Wow, who dies this weekend? Anyone I know? Anyone you care about?

It won't matter. There will be cars with the name painted on it, and there will be drummers in the back of pick up trucks driving through the rez, and a big ol' turnout at the funeral home, some might say, the 'second home' to Indian Children: Gilbert's Funeral Home.

And then the partying all begins again. No one asks, no one talks and if someone gets too feisty on looking for answers, well, they can be bought off one way or another, right?

Not like these kids were ever going to amount to anything. And, look at the bright side: Look at the college you won't have to pay for! Look at the AI payments the TC can keep for themselves; look at the weddings you won't have to attend, the grandchildren that would be oh so annoying, and the off chance that one of those kids could have grown up to make a real mark in this world as an artist, an athlete, a scientist, a teacher, or an astronaut, well, no one has to ponder that nugget!

Seemed weird at first, but I can see where it has become acceptable for the young to be killed off in such numbers by drugs and alcohol. They expect it and so do you.

That is another reason there is so much unprotected sexual activity out there, and so many are catching the worst kinds of STDs, including AIDS. But not a problem because the odds are that they will be dead before it becomes a real embarrassment or heartache, right?

"Here's to 'Natural Causes!'" they shout as they raise their drinks, imbibe their drugs, look at one another like a Russian Roulette Jockey.

This is them dying while you do nothing. This is them losing hope before they even get a life. This is them laughing all the way to the graveyard.

So, who's going to Bingo tonight? I mean, you are entitled to have some fun in your life, right? Who cares if you are leaving those kids behind.

Not like you even know who your kids are, who they hang with or what they are doing, right? Not like you would even want to know, right?

Do let me know when the next offensive mascot issue raises your blood to a waking level. I know where your priorities are. Your leaders have shown the world that they only care about Straw Men, not real people, and most certainly, not you nor your kids!

Brrr! Bet it is cold in that graveyard tonight!

Are you thinking about those kids, all stiff and cold out there? Are you remembering they once were warm and alive? Well, now you don't have to be bothered with worrying about them. They are dead.

Whose going to demand answers on that one? Anyone? Anyone?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

Thanks Day

While You Can

Give thanks while you can for all that you still have, especially the loved ones, near and far, who are still alive at this time. I give thanks for mine. I also give thanks to all my friends, and supporters, past and present, who have, because they love people, and they want to do something about the darkest of injustices done to them, to people they know, or to people they don't know but for whom they feel compassion, for all of them and all that they are, I give my thanks. Not just today, but every day.

For those of you who are parents of some of these Thistle Children, I tell you to be thankful you still have a chance to turn them from the path of their untimely demise, onto a path of redemption and healing for themselves and their families, and their children yet to come.

Thistle Show You

For the rest of you, of course, I am working on another Thistles page. Too many images to be contained on a mere two pages, I am once again, putting together, a page that will reveal to you, how deep this problem sinks and how fast it can all come to an end.

As you look at the images, ask yourself if you think that it is okay. Ask if you think you can or should do something to prevent them from engaging in this dangerous behavior, which can either kill or cripple them, or should they run into one of the innocents, ruin their lives forever.

You see the Hit and Run Driver, Riley Smith, enjoying the same behaviors that enabled him to run down that old man on the road, and then take off to save his own hide and hide his guilt.

You see that nothing has been done to him, nor is it likely to be. So we wait as he parties on, knowing that there is yet another victim out there, with his name all over the road.

Some of the more frequent flyers on the Thistles pages, such as Brooke Brown, who seems to be as common as the alcohol itself, will show up again and again, and yet, nothing has changed in her behaviors. Her family continues to ignore it.

I say to the rest of you, that since these behaviors are now undeniably known and seen, take the photos to the Badgers and demand that they enforce the laws and break up these parties. They know where they are at and they know who is supplying the drugs and alcohol to the kids. They could, if they wanted to, put a stop to it.

But they don't. They make sure the parties are warned of their arrival and no one has to go to jail.

Do they do this because they are scaredy cats of these kids? Their parents? Or because they get paid off for NOT enforcing these drug and alcohol laws?

You may want to ask them this weekend. I hear it is going to be a real bash in all the usual places.

Meanwhile, you can start to take a peek at the new Thistles page [HERE](#).

Where Does The Money Go?

Well, if you are QBall, you take the Sioux Utilities truck and you use it as your own personal vehicle. You use the Sioux Utilities gas card to fill up your truck, your friends' vehicles, and your family's vehicles.

You use the truck, and the Tribe's Credit cards to buy beer and you keep the back of your truck loaded up with that.

Ooopsie! Looks like someone was unhappy with the big spender. There is a note at the till at the gas station in Devil's Lake to NOT allow him to use the credit card to fill up his vehicle.

Oh well, fun while it lasted! But there is still the Sioux Utilities vehicles you can use like your own. And if you get into a smash-up, the Tribe is on the hook for paying for any damages or law suites.

I know Alex (A full-blooded Turdling sibling) will be upset that he can't use your, er, the Tribe's credit cards to fill up his vehicles with your help anymore, but what the hay! You have beer, that should be enough to keep your days from being totally bummed out, right?

I know, it is such a trivial thing. Thousands of dollars not being much to them at all, but figured the rest of the Tribe might want to wise up to how those pukes are using you, your credit cards, and your vehicles for their own personal use while many of you will not have enough food in your fridge this winter, nor heating in your homes.

You might want to ask your TC what took them so long to even begin to crack down on QBall. He has been doing this for years!

Pale Face

Somebody has to tell me why, when someone says "knock, knock" Ol' Walking Ego goes pale these days.

And why is Carl McKay trying to hide all those documents at the home in Minnesota? He has a home in *Rockford, Spirit Lake and Minnesota, so why not keep the important things close by?

Probably just another holiday mystery package. Won't know what it is about until Christmas I suppose!

But it is funny to watch that blubber face just go all panicky over "Knock-Knock" jokes. Hmm? Maybe the joke's on him?

Do let me know what you know, soon as you can, okay?

Ah! There's McKay now! Playing "Let's Make A Deal!"

(*Shaking head, chuckling) You bozos and your game shows! Pick a card, any card... "Get Out of Jail Free"? I don't think so. Not this time.

Parole Violation?

So, what's the scoop on Clifford Littlewind? Is he currently on probation or not? Parole? Or is he free to travel to Minneapolis anytime he wants? Hey Cliffy, if you are not free to roam out of state without filing notice and getting permission, you might want to contact your insurance company and make sure a fender bender doesn't end up putting you back in the slammer.

Or, keep ducking it and see where that lands you. Up to you.

What's In A Name?

Once again I am being asked to repeat to those who may not already know, what the name "Walking Eagle" is all about. Most tribes, long time ago, gave that name to visiting politicians, who beamed with pride at being honored with an "Indian Name". However, the joke was this: They were called "Walking Eagle" because they were too fulla bulla to fly!

And with Carl Walking Ego, his waddle walk makes a lot of people want to stick a pin in him and see if he flies backwards, like a flatulent balloon, until the hot air all runs out of him.

They say they did it with Carl McKay once, and he flew off the handle and out the window! (But the smell! OMG!)

Notoriety

The Thistles pages are generating mixed reviews from the party puppets that are featured. One little loser was bragging on how my website was drawing more viewers to Bebo pages than ever before! She was so happy! Okay, me too. The idea was to get more people to look at how their kids were behaving badly and bragging about it.

Anything I can do to help, glad to be of service!

Another more coy approach was to whine to me about how this one little imp thought her photo was disgraceful and she wanted me to take it down. I told her to convince me (she said she had 'learned my lesson') and even told me that a friend of hers was killed in a car accident after that party.

She declared that she doesn't do that anymore. Well, not believable from here. Those pictures were up on BEBO, some of them for over a year, as brag sets of their bad behavior. It was only after they became notorious on my website that they felt, perhaps, they weren't so proud. However, I see that the behaviors became 'uncomfortable' in plain sight.

She felt she didn't have to talk about it, even about her friend dying. She just wanted to forget about it. Well, I am sure that the family of the kid that died can't 'just forget about it,' with nothing being said, so the 'disgraceful' pictures stay. (And, I have more.)

Not uncomfortable enough, mind you, to actually stop the behaviors or be more mature in their social interactions, (*Snort), that would be asking too much.

The photo stays up.

Another, almost comical approach by one young thinks-he's-sexy boy, was to tell me to take down the photos of him and his friends. Hah! Yah, get snarky with me, that really helps! So, for him and his friends, the photos stay up.

If I were to be convinced that these behaviors were not ongoing, and that the Badgers were arresting and charging and the Tribal Courts or Federal Courts holding accountable, those that are supplying the booze and drugs to these kids, and supplying the venue for them to ruin their lives and reputations, I would gladly take the pages down.

But since these behaviors go unchecked, and neither parents, nor schools; Tribal council nor law enforcement think of this as anything other than kids being kids, regardless of who gets killed, hit-and-runs, well then, the pages stay up.

Remember: I would not have these photos if these morons weren't so darn proud of their drinking and drugging. Until that changes out there, the pages stay up.

Sooner or later, my friends and foes, your child will show up there.

And do pay close attention to the adults wandering through the backgrounds of these shots. You may want to ask them about it. I'm sure they will tell you they were doing your kids a favor. You may want to disagree with that.

As A Bonus

You will notice that I have greatly improved the appearance of most of these photos. I take time and pride in my work! At first, I tried to adjust the brightness--- but there was none to work with.

Deafness: Deathness

The excuses for not getting involved in your kids drugging and drinking are a hoot. One says that they feel like a hypocrite because they did it when they were young. So they don't feel like their kids will listen to them.

Another says that their kids know they never did drugs or alcohol so they won't listen to them because they don't know what they are talking about.

Well, if you can't find a 'good enough reason' to get between your child and drugs or alcohol, then I suppose you should just stand aside, and watch them die.

If you cannot tell them that the mistakes you made cost you dearly, and that they can benefit from your experiences without having to create their own bad experiences and addictions; then perhaps your wasted time in your earlier years is still wasted time today.

If you cannot learn from your mistakes, you learn nothing. If you cannot learn from the mistakes of others, you learn nothing. Turn a deaf ear to that which can save you, uplift you or heal you, and you perish. Ignore the warnings, and you perish.

If you don't learn from those who know, you learn nothing. If you don't listen to those who care, then you learn nothing.

Wasting your life on drugs or alcohol is wasting your life, period.

Look around you: Who, currently addicted, has anything to show for it that they did not steal from someone else?

If you can't figure out respect and disrespect, then you have no self-respect.

What a horrible way to end your time on this planet than to have wasted it on drugs, alcohol and to never have had the feeling of self-respect and dignity.

Everything is a choice: Including not listening or choosing to do nothing.

Whatever grief you have in this life, you probably chose it a long time ago.

Long before it came knocking at your door.

The time to choose, is now. Give yourself something to be thankful for by this time, next year.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

NOTE: A new page has been added on the miscellaneous button. It is a message from Leonard Peltier. Click [here](#). No wonder the Government fears him: He speaks the truth.

November 26, 2007

Knock Knock, Balk Balk

Wow, is Walking Ego jumpy! He is going to need one of those famous massage therapists he is so fond of, to fix his neck! Every time someone walks into the Blue Building, he yanks his fat neck around so hard his neck looks like a rug that is being wrung out!

I hear there are people that want to discuss with him, his involvement in Ronin. I hear that the dumb-ass flat denied he owned any of the stock, was involved in the company at all!

Considering that this site has posted documents that declare him and Myra Pearson as being the biggest share holders and shows how they buy stock for a penny a share and then sell the shares, millions, to the Tribe, at full value (which is whatever they want to say it is worth. No stock trader can figure out how a company with that much debt, no sales of any product, and no earnings can be a 'buy')

Now, why would Walking Ego lie about that? Unless, of course, his guilty conscience tells him that he has to pretend to know nothing about the entire criminal enterprise that he is so deeply involved in.

If his involvement was not illegal and there was no criminal activity, why would he be so stupid as to tell that lie?

Instead of talking and 'clearing it up' he stutters and mutters about how he is only in charge of burial funds, and funds for the elders... yeah, right. Anyone believe that? Anyone? (No hands raise up. It's unanimous. He's a crook, a thief, a liar.)

Now, anyone that knows him, knows he will spill his flabby guts in a heartbeat to sell out those whom he calls "Partners", "friends" and my favorite "brother", if he can buy himself a little more time to stay on the "outside" of those prison walls. I don't think he will do well in prison. Do you?

Balk, balk, balk, balk... sounds like a chicken scratching in dirt and poop, does it not?

Lettuce Knot Forget

And since a series of snarky letters last week from the Queen of Oberon (a black, tarry moon that orbits Uranus) tells me that she feels her realm has been neglected all these past months, lettuce turn out hymn books to court dates and other dates.

A couple of months ago, Carmen Hager, who knows how to unzip a fly faster than he can get his Wang out, had a court date for various and sundry felonies. Drugs, paraphernalia, drinking, possession... whatever.

Now, given that she merely has to lick her lips and State Attorney, James Wang, leaps into action to eliminate any legal paperwork that would annoy her, be it a speeding ticket (the cops don't even bother writing them anymore), a DUI, any of that, he just makes it all go away.

So, what kind of a knot was he tied in when he was the prosecuting attorney for her most recent court cases? Why has no judge figured out that his personal involvement with her would be a conflict of interest?

So, how'd it go? Charges all dropped? Probation? Record Expunged? There she is, in the corner, licking her lips again. She raises her brow line and a flash of 'yummy' shoots from her eyes.

Hard to believe that people keep re-electing him. Either they are too dumb to figure out how the drug crimes continue to rise in those small corners of his realm, or they don't care that people are being killed, their homes robbed, by those desperate for the drugs that are dealt out of the hands of Carmen Hager, with an assist from Wang himself.

I could not think of a more perfect name for that man, if I tried. The mental picture of Carmen, with Wang in tow, doing whatever she wants with nary a consequence to be feared.

Anyone ever wonder how he affords his lifestyle on Graham Island? He claims no other income than his paycheck from the State of North Dakota. So, how are these things possible?

There, hope the Queen of Oberon is satisfied. Your vile little realm not entirely forgotten. Once again, you stirred the pits and the smell

was unmistakable. I am sure that your minions, Petesky, and the rest of them, will be so happy that you once again, brought a light to that dark blob which circles your...

Money or No Money?

What a sick joke! The Tribal Council, which has, by it's own records, admitted to stealing over \$142 MILLION of your dollars for the Ronin Scam alone (and there are too many scams to count right now) is offering a paltry \$328 for the November Social Impact Payment. SIP, is an appropriate acronym. They gulp down gallons of your money, and they give you a little teensy weensy 'sip'.

Oh, but before you get that crumb, you must first fill out a form! Here it is: [Form](#).

Considering that the Casino makes as profit, more than \$500K per day and often more than \$1Million per day, one wonders why such a small check-a-lita? I suppose that after the crooks and their cronies skim off all the big cash, for themselves, whatever falls to the floor, they gather up and divide amongst you all.

Not much falls to the floor these days, as their chubby little fingers are getting more and more sticky.

Investigation Squad

The latest proclamation from Walking Ego and the gang O'Turds is that they are now forming an investigation into one of the previous scams. But which one? The big toilet paper scam? Varsity Bags? Golden Eagle Wireless? The Bee Farm? The list to choose from is endless!

And since their names are at the top of all the scamsters on the list, just how are they (Walking Ego and Naked Lawn Ornament) proposing to have these million dollar crimes "investigated"?

Wait, don't tell me: They are going to pay themselves to play detectives and pay themselves to not find any wrong doing on their part?

I have long ago, ceased to be amazed and disgusted with their antics.

Y'all, apparently, since you won't come together to clean up the mess, think it is fine and dandy to allow them to rape, rob, deal drugs, and then wipe their shoes on your backs as they walk all over you, on their way to someplace better.

Meanwhile, your babies are playing in the Graveyard, drinking poisons, using drugs as their way of forgetting who they are, where they come from.

Now, don't spend all that \$328 in one place. You might not get as much for December, you know.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

November 28, 2007

No Irony Too Low

Tribe Hosting Poverty and Violence Conference on the 28th (Today) (*Link does not work in pdf version*)

There is the link, boys and girls, to the Urinal's touting the conference to be held at Spirit Lake! And where better than the rez?

Prime examples of corruption, violence, and the resulting poverty of the people (while the TC2 live the high life, squander your money, plunder your resources).

I wonder if there will be a bus tour of some of the more famous spots out there? Let's make a right right over there and we can go past the homes of people who do not have enough money to heat their homes, feed their children and buy their meds, or repair their broken windows and roofs.

What's left is dogs and children gone feral, parents gone to Bingo, and a community gone to crap.

Yup, Naked and her Band of thieves, can stand up there and make slide show presentations, hold discussions, and not a one of the attendees will ever know that they are the root source of the poverty on that rez.

They will never know, unless they read the documents pages and see where NLO and her Walking Ego pals have taken hundreds of millions of dollars from the programs necessary to sustain life on the rez, and put it into their own pockets (ronin).

There will be a luncheon, probably at the casino, feel free to spend that extra pocket full of coins you might have brought with you. It is going for a good cause you know: To make those Turdlings fatter and richer, while the poor can only look at you and wonder: "What the hell are you lookin' at?" as the shuttle bus glides through their poverty.

Yes, by all means, have the poverty conference right there, in the middle of it, presented by the cause of it, and let me know what you learn.

Oh, and the reason they are hosting this? Because they are getting paid grant money! Hope you enjoy your tuna sandwiches and crackers.

Like having a murderer give you a tour of their crime scenes, and you applauding their efforts to inform people as to what happened. Only they leave out the part where they did the killing.

Almost afraid to ask, seeing how no irony too low for them to squat to, but: "What will they do next?"

Oh, and be sure and listen closely as they lecture people on learning how to manage their money.

I wonder how far that \$328 would have gone to alleviate poverty had it been the right amount?

Remember: The people you see living in squalor out there, resorting to violence and addictions, are the victims of the very people that are hosting your little get-together. They are what is left after all their money, hundreds of millions of dollars, has been stolen.

Do let me know what you learn there. The applause-O-meter is being polished up. You know what to do when that goes on, now don't you?

I wonder what it would be like if the Good People of Spirit Lake went into that conference and spoke up? Would they be allowed in? Would they be able to speak? You know, ask questions about the missing money?

I wonder what it would be like for the attendees to see people standing outside, in the cold, holding signs of protest? Now, that would be something, wouldn't it?

Several Hours Later:

So, how was the poverty and violence conference? Anyone have time to actually attend? Makes you wonder why your Tribal Council doesn't tell you, post a notice ahead of time, to inform you that such things are going to be going on and give you a chance to attend.

No wonder, really. They don't want you to attend.

Now you can ask them: How much money did they get for the conference? How much of that did they spend? How much of what was left, did they keep for themselves?

And, if they say they were not paid to put it on, you can logically assume that they took the money from Tribal Funds, YOUR money.

In which case, they owe you an explanation of why they did not ask your permission; why they did not give you enough notice that you could attend and perhaps ask a question or two (*snorffle) and ask them which funds they raided to put on this generous gesture, in your name.

They also owe you a lot of money. On the Casino earnings alone, if we are to take the lowest possible estimate of earnings/profit they owe every adult on the rez over \$15K per month. So, what is with that paltry 'sip' of \$328?

Think of how much better your life, your children's' lives, and how much healthier the community as a whole could be, if those holes did

not take so much from you for themselves.

They are creating and perpetuating the poverty, squalor, violence and hopelessness you are living in. Do you think you deserve better? Are you willing to stand together to change things?

Or are you still waiting for things to happen with you doing nothing?

What Dreams Will Come

If I hear again from someone that says it will be alright because we are told that the children will have dreams that will bring back prosperity and balance to the Indian People, I will laugh until I cry.

THIS is what your children are living under: This is what they are surrounded by. These are the people that are raising the future.

JOŃA LII BIRA <OUBINXUO>: DA HOMIEZ

What kind of dreams can any child have that is sitting on the lap of adults who get him stoned?

What does he learn from being surrounded by adults that show him that this is what it is to be a 'grown up'. He learns that this is what it is to be an Indian. He learns that drugs and alcohol are his culture. He learns that he is not important until he can participate in these activities.

Where did these two people learn their behaviors? In the same way!

So, tell me again, what you think about the dreams of children coming to save you. I believe that these children dream that their parents will come to save them. By the time they are 6 and 7 years old, they know it is just a dream.



BUGGITY BUGG

And don't think that your children are not affected by any of this. They are. These people are your people and they live where you live, drive the same roads, and some even work at jobs that affect your lives.

So, when is enough enough?

Oh, you can get mad at these people you see in the picture here. But who you really need to be angry at is yourself for doing nothing and allowing this to become a way of life.

These people see no harm in what they are doing. It is what they were taught. You cannot look at them any differently than you look at yourself. This is what you would be if you were taught, as they were taught and as they are teaching their children.

He will grow up to know violence, abuse, addiction as a way of life. So will thousands more like him.

Sleep well. The children are dreaming.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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