



Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story

By

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The Blog

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January 1 -14, 2008

NOTICE Dec 31 07

Ronin

For a man who doesn't own any stock in Ronin, or do any trading in Ronin, Walking Ego seems to do a lot of buying and selling. Check out the latest as of Today, December 31, 2007: [Form 4](#) Walking Ego changes ownership of 10,000 shares (BTW, he is listed as 'indirect beneficiary' which means he gets the money instead of the tribe. He pays no taxes on it, however, because it is listed as the Tribe's Income. You pay and pay! hahaha

Check out the "[Links](#)" page for more info on additional trades, including Brian S. Anderson's involvement in this company. Anyone know if he is related to the O'Town Andersons? The ones that circle Uranus?

The Links page will also tell you how you too, can receive notices of any trading of any stocks or change of ownership forms filed in Ronin, within minutes of the filings. I love this stuff!

January 1, 2008--

Homicide Hangover

Howdy y'all! The New Year is upon us and a new blog has begun. Had to wrap up all the old stuff, put it into the 07 folders, and I reinstalled all the 06 old blogs for those who like to drag themselves through the knotholes of bygone bloggery.

Let's see, where to begin? Ah! I have it! Let's make ourselves invisible and go check in with the Turdclan and those ever adorable Turdlings and see how they are doing, shall we?

Oh My! Poopsie has spent a lot of money on New This and New That. He justifies it as deserved, much as anyone that steals, robs others, justifies in their minds that they deserve what they are taking. Ever notice that? They excuse what they are doing as if they are entitled? They have to. Otherwise, they would have to admit what they are and what they have done.

Ever since they were just little Pooplings, they have ganged up on the elderly, the weak, the smaller ones and beat them up, stolen from them, raped and molested, and justified it. Later, as they moved on to murder, incest rape and greater corruption, they justified that as their right.

QBall even justifies the murder of Eddie Peltier as the family defending itself against 'tickets'. I have updated his page so you can read all

about it. Yup, driving without a license, speeding, selling drugs, rape, murder and incest, and they got upset because someone dared to write them a ticket.

Even after Eddie had quit the Police Department and was no longer a threat to them, they justify murdering him as 'preventing him from writing more tickets.'

Well, at first, for them, it was just another murder. Problem was, this one they could not make look like an accident. So they tell themselves it was justified. They killed a guy who was a friend to them, because they were mad because he once wrote them a traffic ticket, which they deserved.

That is the kind of mentality that seeks to rule the rez all of 08 as it has since the day Eddie was murdered.

Getting a bit of a homicide hangover lately. Starting to wear on them. Can't make it look like an accident, and everyone knows they are the murderers. Turdmother raised turdlings and they are murderers. Murderers are among the most vile that can walk in human skins. Rapists, Child rapists, incest, molest, and murderers. That is what they are and one of them is feeling really bad lately.

One of them wants to leave the rez because everyone he sees knows he murdered Eddie Peltier. Knows he murdered others, but Eddie's murder is the one getting to him and his family now.

One of them wants to leave the rez, and go somewhere where no one knows who he is or what he has done. He feels sick all the time. Can't even remember when he didn't feel sick like this, sick from the inside out and the outside in. Spirit sickness. "I hear Denver is good," he says. "They like Indians in Denver." (Now he has to wonder which one of his trusted siblings has told me these things and did they know they were talking to me? Maybe it was him directly I was overhearing? But those are his words. They ring loud and clear on the Spirit side and the Restless Ones laugh. Sounds like thunder, off in the distance now, but it is getting closer. Denver, my putrid little Turdling, not far enough. Try again.

Maybe they do like Indians in Denver. But they don't like murderers. And here's a hot flash for you and your putrid siblings: Denver knows all about you, and what you have done.

Besides, no one there will protect you, and you know, accidents can happen. Better stay right where you are. Better stay on the rez where everyone sees you uncomfortable in your ugly skin. At least there, surrounded by the rest of the Turdclan, you will be a little safer. At least, until the time comes... and the time it is a 'comin'!

You feel it now, don't you? That heavy weight of Eddie's murder dragging you down? You hear it in those quiet times, the whisper of a dead man so close to your ear the chill runs down your spine. You hear it in those noisy places, where the music is loud and the people are raucous. A quiet space, a split second pause, and there is that whisper again... so close!

Happy New Year! I think it will be even more interesting this year than it was the past two or so. I think that the Restless Spirits of the rez are going to be knocking on the walls, tugging at the covers, peeking in through cracks in the curtains, writing messages on steam covered glass, just to remind you, your time is coming, and they will get from you all that is due.

Drink up. I can wait. It won't be that long. Can't even taste it anymore, can you. Everything has that after taste, bite, like blood wiped off your face with your sleeve. Metallic. Lingering.

So, for the anger over a paltry ticket, you murdered your friend. Now, all your crimes become revealed. Was it worth it? Would you do it again? You think it is over?

Hah! A-wooo-hooo-YAAAAH! A new year of this and more, has just begun!

Simple Questions

And since this blog is posted in advance of NYE, allow me to remind you all, especially you kids, that the best way to enjoy yourself is to survive the stupidity of excess. The best way to survive excess is to take the path of moderation and of sobriety. Oh yeah, I'm a lot of fun at parties!

Just take a look around you. All of you know a friend that has died from drinking and drugs. Many of you have buried several of your friends, this year alone! Now, ask yourself a few simple questions:

1: What did anyone do to prevent that person from dying? (Answer: No one and Nothing)

2: What did anyone do after their friend died that showed they stood up for them? (Answer: See above)

3: If you were to get in serious trouble with drinking or drugging, what would any of your friends do to save your life?
(Answer: I think you know already)

4: So, is it worth it, worth your life, to impress them? And are they really "cool" for being so self-centered? Or are they just cowards who demand your loyalty and stupidity to make themselves feel 'comfortable'?

Like I said before: I did a lot of stupid, STUPID things when I was younger. But, I always knew I could rely on those around me to stop me before I made the kind of mistakes that would be permanent regrets in my life. I outgrew my stupidity. I lived long enough to learn from it. Never did the same stupid thing twice, and that was key.

What I see among the young out there is the same mistakes, stupidity, over and over again, worse each time. Not striving to learn, but rather to out do one another in this race to the cold cold cemetery.

Value yourself. If you don't, neither will anyone else.

Barking Ticket

Oh, and an alert goes out to Crawl and Door2Door: Do not argue that loud in a public place again. You could get a Barking ticket! (Barks Twice rolls on floor laughing a cartoon dog laugh because this was her joke entered into the blog)

Expect Crawl to be seen wearing a shiny new collar, and at the other end, holding the leash, Door2Door (D2D). I hear she stabbed him one time, because of his philandering. Bet this time she filets him!

So, Crawl, about that \$30 Million you were bragging about in the newspapers as SMC profit. Where's the tribe's share of that money? Ohhhh! I see! Had to get something nice for the one who makes you Crawl, eh?

Pondering

So, was there a meeting last month on the 18th? Or was Zit Puppet just pretending to be thinking again. Any idea when the next meeting will be? Where and what time? Or are you all left in the 'Ready, Set' position, waiting for the notice to be sounded so you can race to the location and maybe speak up or question the Tribal Councilors who seem to be unable to give a straight nor honest answer to anyone.

Other tribes, not perfect by any means, just shake their heads at how SLN has allowed their Tribal Council to evade them, not abide by the rules, the tribal constitution, and how everyone has to guess as to what is protocol and what is not, since it seems to change like the wind.

Walking Ego still dodging his constituents? Still trying to avoid answering any questions? Still insisting he has nothing to do with Ronin? There are people asking questions you know. He just is afraid of them. Now, why would that be acceptable?

Other tribes shake their heads.

Backed Up

I hear Zit Puppet claims to have all the financial records backed up on his personal computer at his home. One, that is illegal. Two, that should make it convenient for him to release the information that is being sought. Now, let's see those itemized expenditures, shall we? Receipts all in order? Hah!

Oh, that reminds me, I have to post those financial statements from all the districts from last year. Shows how they all run through their entire budget for the year in less than two months and then, magically, it all reappears on down the line as if it never happened, and no one seems to have any receipts!

So, Zit, let's see what you have, and then let's see how fast you can run to avoid being arrested for cooking the books! Walt won't save you, in fact, he will turn you in to save himself. You are aware that the IRS will give him a reward for turning in someone that is a bigger crook than he is? He can trade your sorry flat butts anytime he needs a get-out-of-jail-free card. Did you know that? He does. He's banking on it. (Pun intended).

And you thought he was helping you? Take another look at what kind of scum he was when you met him. Look at what he had done and who all he had already screwed over. Somehow, that made you feel like he would be nicer to you? How do you think he was able to mess those people over, dummy? Obviously, like you, they trusted him. And, for the same reasons.

Now, how smart do you feel about trusting him? And how safe do you feel that he has all those accesses to codes, records, checks?

As dumb as you look on the outside, Zit, you are even "dummier" inside!

And why, pray tell, were you crying on Christmas? They are laughing at you too, you know. Maybe you do know. Maybe that is why you were crying. Enjoy jail. At least we will know where to find you if we want information on how you justified the spending to Ronin through your mother and her Walking Ego pals. She always knew you would be useful someday. And now you are: The perfect fall guy. Think about it.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 2, 2008

Batting Practice

Ruckus at Desmond Driver's house on the 23 or so, around 4.

Looks like QBall's daughter, Almira Iceman, and a few of her family and friends, have decided to beat the crap out of a woman named Tara Dauphenais. You know how them Turdlings get when they party: Have to kill someone. Almira Iceman, QBall's daughter, just looking for a chance to join the family plan of murder by beating. At least, according to the email I received.

And, to top it off, since the Badgers are all bought and paid for by the Turdclan, they can attack anyone and then have that person arrested for assaulting them! ! Badgers have no shame. They enjoy being the enforcement arm of the corruption out there. Love it. No shame a'tall.

When are you fun folks going to learn that Turdlings are not worth the effort? You make friends with them, you get drunk with them, you get stoned with them, you buy your drugs from them, and then they pile onto you, swing bats on you, and kill you.

That is what they are out there. So, how much fun is it now? With Tara out of the way, either dead or in jail for defending herself (according to the emails), which one of you 'witnesses' who won't speak up and tell the truth can see that you are next. Maybe not tonight, but you know how it is with Turdlings. After awhile, they get itchy to just stomp one of their friends into the ground.

Don't worry, they will make up an excuse, file a false police report. It will all look neat and tidy.

So, as you kids are out there drinking with this putrid smelling bunch of demons, ask yourself how you are going to feel when they decide it is your turn?

And what is it with Turdlings and bats? Not bad enough they can't take anyone on one-to-one and have to call in their brothers and others to help them beat up on one person; but they also have to swing bats on them? What? Afraid you don't have enough people to stomp them?

People used to look at this sort of thing as really low. As cowardly and weak. Now, looks like you just expect it from your 'friends'.

Oh yeah, drinking, drugging, running with the Turdlings, loads of fun.

Better yet: all the witnesses who just stand around and then don't speak the truth, I guess you know what you are. There is a brown streak down all of your backs where you were used to wipe up their... oh looky! A Bat!

Sure do wish you guys would smarten up out there. That and grow a spine.

Common sense will tell you that Almira Iceman and anyone else related to the Turdlings, is pure crap. The name says it all.

Y'all were named in this thing, you know. Almira, her brothers (who assaulted Tara before, apparently,) Rafael & Carlos Mendez (Hard to tell from here, but are you brothers? Or just married to each other? Or both? I know that inbreeding and same sex incest abound in QBall's offspring and friends. Just curious). Who else was there? Let me see: Leanne Iceman (say, your daddy do you like he did your sister?) and someone named Char. Hey Char! I think I have pictures of you I have not yet posted! You and the Mendez boys. They were so ugly I was going to pass on them, but now I think I will dig them up so people can see what a dumb looking bunch of morons you really are.

Yeah, line yourselves up to be involved in a murder. Really thmart. You know the Turdlings will, if they get cornered, give you up like nothing to save their own butts. Probably be cutting a deal with prosecutors as soon as this thing goes sideways on them.

What? Leaving town? But the fun is just beginning! You know the Turdling credo about committing murder, don't you? "Make it look like an accident. If that don't work, find some Mexican to pin it on."

And, see how long they stay mad? Unable to kill Tara (for some reason) back a week ago, they continue to be rounding up more people to do their punk work for them. Not enough they get away with it, they want her dead. Almira says her Daddy will do that for them cuz he ain't afraid of nuthin'. Well, apparently, she missed the part where he was crying in prison every day, and screaming in his sleep. But, yeah, I think he can beat up or murder a woman iffin' his little girl has her heart set on a kill. (Then make it look like an 'accident' or 'pin it on some Mexican', you know the drill by now. We all do.)

That family just not happy until they get to kill someone once in awhile. Always best if it is a 'friend'. Someone "Close".

"Mendez" that's Mexican, isn't it? Hmmm.. Have you looked at the list of the people they have pinned their crimes on over the past 20 years? Mexican, Mexican, Indian, Mexican, Mexican, Indian. (Nah! Just a coinkydink! *Wink, wink) If I was a Mexican or an Indian, I might take a longer look at the history books and how these animals have played into it in recent times. Now might be a good time to make better life choices, if you know what I mean, Jelly Bean.

You really want to hang with them and spin that wheel? Some people are too dumb to educate. May as well let them eat the books.

Good luck y'all!

Oh, and anything happens to Tara, I'll be posting even more interesting stuff that has come in. Just something to think about. . Tara should learn from her stupidity of hanging with any of the Turdlings by now. Y'all should learn from her mistakes, or wait until it is your turn at batting practice.

Christmas Wished

So, Almira, what did you get for Christmas?

"Well, I wanted a murder, but all I got to do was assault someone."

Aw! Better luck next time!

Points to Ponder

Trying to catch up with all that has come in lately, by posting early. Essentially, catching up by staying ahead (*Head spin: Wheee!)

Considering a new addition to the blog: "Sticky Notes". Just food for thought, in case your thoughts are starving, or just want a nibble here and there, on topics that can be covered in brief, or written on a Post-it Note.

SN1: Once started, no war ever ends. All wars are fought for commerce. Commerce is the goods (or bads) that we 'consume' in our everyday lives.

SN2:The easiest way to control large numbers of people is to control their access to goods or services they require or want.

SN3:The easiest way to control the greater numbers of people is to create a constant state of 'Want' that feels like "need". We are as controlled by what we want as what we need.

SN4:Ideally, for any government to stay in power, is to have the people addicted to drugs, behaviors, chasing the ever changing trends in acceptance, and by keeping them in fear.

SNS:Fear of other people getting more than they get. Fear of other people taking away from them what they have or want. Fear that we will not find acceptance with our peers.

Feel free to put any of those on your fridge. Might turn kitchen conversations into something besides "What's for dinner?" and "I don't want lima beans."

But think about it: Look at how information is fed to us and at the same time, kept from us. That also, is a means of controlling people.

The Tribal Council doesn't want you to have information that is basic to you making decisions in your own life, or allowing you to access the goods, services and funds that are rightfully yours.

They are at war with the very people they are supposed to be representing. They want to keep you off balance so you will have only greater uncertainty if you do not do as they want and expect you to do.

SNS: The greatest fear is the fear of the Unknown.

Information comes from gossip, or local papers which may or may not bother to use journalistic integrity in their reporting. That is, if they bother to report anything of substance about Indian People to begin with.

Your other alternative is the blog. Well, I do my best, but it is only as good as your help in getting the information to me that you think is important and relevant to your community and the greater community at large.

For the most part, the Tribal Council feeds you fictional accounting and worthless promises, and explanations (when they bother) that are Chock-Full-O'Nuts. (It's an old coffee brand, for those too young to remember. Also a euphemism for "full of pucky", which explains why the brand went out of business.)

Another thing to consider as you are pondering the sticky notes on your fridge, is this: Poopsie and his siblings used their positions of authority and influence to shield themselves from the consequences of their criminal enterprises. Poopsie even dealing drugs out of the trunk of his police car back when he could fit into one.

They controlled their 'friends' and your families by their addictions. Even when they murdered Eddie Fish (Nickname for Eddie Peltier), they used the addictions of the witnesses against them to keep them silent. Worse, to make them repeat lies. Ugly, black, gooey lies that sent innocent men to prison and destroyed young lives and families.

And now, you all so addicted to being afraid of them, you still don't speak the truth. You still afraid of losing what pathetic little you have and I wonder how you sleep at night knowing that your lies and your silence keep an innocent man in prison for a murder committed by the Turdclan. A murder committed because Poopsie was angry about getting a ticket.

Poopsie, who by every account, has no control whatsoever, over anything he does. He has to wear a diaper because he craps himself. He can't control his appetite and his gut hangs over like blimp sagging from losing air. He cannot control his sexual appetites and has raped his own daughters, his own sisters, time and time again. How many of his grandchildren, neices or nephews has he fathered?

He is so greedy, he pockets cash, millions of dollars a year, which he then throws around and pretends he is a rich man, only to steal more. Like an infant throwing a tantrum, he murdered his friend because of a traffic ticket, framed 19 innocent young men, 11 of whom went to prison for the murder he committed, and he brags about it when he wants to impress those who are impressed by murder, rape, corruption and theft. He thinks his weaknesses make him the strongest man out there. He has no control. He never feels he has enough of anything. He always takes more and more.

So afraid of anyone talking about the murders and the rest of it that he murdered Eddie's Brother-In-Law, Flo's husband not long after he murdered Eddie. So afraid that Sam Jackson was going to talk about what he knew, that he stabbed him, in front of several witnesses, with a screwdriver and then threatened the same to anyone that talked.

He is so afraid of being asked a question by someone that is not afraid of him, that he hid behind the curtains as the reporter knocked on his door to ask him about the murder. You would think he would be proud of his work as a cop in 'cracking' that case. But he dodged that reporter every time. Good thing he wears those diapers. The smell of urine seeped through the locked doors. Three guesses as to who pissed themselves and the first two don't count.

He can't control his bowels, his temper, the urge to rape, molest or cheat on the Fly Catcher. He can't control the urge to steal, threaten, abuse children. He has no control in any area of his life, and yet, you let him control every aspect of YOUR life? (Head spins again. Coyote chases his own tail, yipping)

At any point in his criminal career, you all could have, individually or collectively, overpowered him and held him to account. But you didn't want to lose the source of your addictions, the drugs and the alcohol and now you are at war with yourself, because you hate what you have become as much as you hate the Turds that rule over you, run over you, and steal from you. The same Turdlings that rape and murder your children. What else can they take from you? When will you demand they be held accountable? Waiting for it to get 'really bad'? (Coyote runs to the cemetery and meets the rest of the pack, howling)

The Tribal Council learned from watching you sit on your blankets, that they too, could take from you, control you, and you would do nothing. No wonder other tribes, even tribes with big issues like addiction and corruption, laugh at SLN.

It's a new year. You can do things you did not do last year, or even in the last twenty or thirty years. You just have to want this year to be better and to get that, you have to make the changes in yourself and learn to stand up and shake off the chains that bind you, keep you afraid and at war with your own conscience.

You have to want to make it better for the children and their children than you have made it for yourself. You are running out of time and children, so better put a move on it.

Reminder:

Monday night is steak night at the casino. Poopsie and the Fly Catcher like to go there, waddle in like pigs to the trough; snort and snuffle through their food; grease running down their hands and faces, and then waddle out, like two Zeplins trying not to collide with one another as they exit. I think the show would be worth the \$6 entry fee. You might lose your appetite though.

Make yourself a note and stick it on your fridge so you don't forget.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 3, 2007

Un-Related Incident?

Hmmm? When I get an urgent email saying that someone is being shot at, or is being threatened that they will be killed, or that they know of someone whose life is in danger, I take it seriously. Not much I can do from here, but I do what I can.

Now, I got a second email from someone who doesn't think that Almira Iceman is QBall's offspring. I had heard from 3 people that she was, over the past year or so. But, hey, I have been lied to before! And fallen for it! And then had to post retractions.

I am not yet retracting the posting about Iceman, but I am searching out the source a little more. I think they were telling me the truth. After all, why cry wolf when it can only backfire on you later?

Unfortunately, when it is urgent like that email was, there is not always time to search out and ponder. Someone could get hurt while I try to figure out if they were just crying wolf or not.

So, now, I need from you all, more details. True? Not true? Let's get it as clear as we can. Oh yeah, and the writer was not doubting that Iceman was on bad behavior, not at all. Only doubting that she was related to QBall.

Not sure who takes more offense to being related to the other here. And the question only being about who is related to whom; not about the threats or the beat downs, makes me still think that the writer was telling the truth.

But, anyone with a different view on this one, free to write in and tell me what you know about it.

Meantime, watch out for bats.

Related

Turns out that the question about whether or not Iceman is related to QBall is settled. Yes. Related. That explains why they can throw those meth parties, sell drugs and get away with it. And all her little tag-along friends thought it was because she was so cool? Hah!

Time for you all to take a good look at what Meth is doing to your community. Meth is an angry drug. People ruin their lives, the lives of their loved ones and destroy the community they live in when they indulge in, or allow METH to have a free run like it has out there.

You can hold all the workshops you want, Piggy will never show up, nor will the Badgers, because they don't want to face questions about what they are doing or not doing to curb and put a stop to, that demon.

And while the community is being ravaged by the demon of meth and the lesser but more prevalent evils of Alcohol and other drug abuse, those who have positions of power and authority can continue to steal from you, murder among you and get away with it.

Meth is an angry drug. Look at the faces and the attitudes of those who use it. This is not a mellow drug experimentation and don't equate this with the free-love hippy days of the sixties. Those people worked for a living, and were finding ways to come together to develop healthier farming, lifestyles, architecture and family life.

Unfortunately, many of them were worn down by the time they were 35 and they became too enamored of material things. None-the-less, they were willing to work for them. A lot of good things came out of those days, including drug awareness and healing methods to bring about and support sobriety. They learned from their mistakes.

Kids and adults today, indulging in meth, contribute only violence, anger, sickness and death.

Nobody back in the sixties would consider Meth as a drug of choice. And, if anyone did, they would not be considered 'cool' and in fact would be not allowed into the groups that were expanding their social awareness.

People today don't know the difference.

It wasn't all love and bliss in the sixties, so don't go extreme on me. However, there is a big difference between those days of hope, promise, love and light and the dark days of death and destruction you bring upon yourselves these days.

Even the smell is a warning. People who do meth smell like cat piss. Their bodies consume themselves and rot from the inside. You can see it, smell it, and it amazes me how you still deny it!

And then you lead your younger ones into the same abyss? Your children, your younger brothers and sisters? So, how DO you feel about yourself lately?

Karmic Spoonfuls

It would appear that despite the McDonald Family being diminished one spoonful at a time, losing a son here, a leg there, heart surgery, cancer, and another son freezing to death, and the latest being that Mary Mac Truck has to go in for surgery on her legs (put in some rebar so they can support that mountain of weight that has become her shape of things to come), they still will not tell the truth about what they have done.

They won't tell how Demus and Tony sold young Mary Mac at the tender age of 14 to lie, on the Bible no less, about knowing Richard LaFuente, when in fact, she had never met him and was nowhere around when Eddie was murdered. Remember: She could not recognize him from a photo line up until Poopsie pointed her finger to him the second try.

They want you to believe they are godly people but more ungodly creatures would be hard to find, even out there. To sell your daughter to murderers, rapists, and force her to lie so that you can 'prosper' with land, cattle, all of which is gone now, and died shortly after.

Now God, The Grandfathers, Karma, you take your pick, is picking them apart, little by little.

Pray for them for they have sinned against all commandments: Especially the one about Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness.

Pray for them for they are truly lost.

They continue to lie, to steal, one daughter, one who has cancer now, or perhaps the other one, not sure, who divorced her husband so that she could qualify for grants in order to pursue her education, even though she and her husband still live together, continue to try and put themselves above you all, and declare their righteousness among their fellow men.

You see them now, as the Grandfathers, God, and Karma reveal them: Rotting from the inside out. Pathetic in the eyes of man and Heaven.

And yet, they continue.

The most exquisite of tortures is the one that people inflict upon themselves by their denials and their lies. They know they partake of poison in body and in spirit and they know the consequences as they continue to endure it as it increases, taking from them, their lives, one spoonful at a time.

Pray for them.

And pray for yourselves as you allow them these lies and denials when you yourselves know better. You all still to cowardly to confront them, and they so weak that they are falling apart before your eyes. What you allow is yours to bear in the time you have left here and the eternity of payments to come in the hereafter.

God is always aware. God allows us to make mistakes and to redeem ourselves. Only redemption is rewarded. Cowardice is left to writhe in the discomforts we provide for ourselves, in this life and the hereafter.

Pray for yourselves, as you have allowed, by your cowardice, by not speaking out, all that is evil to prevail.

I pray for you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 7, 2008 -

He Says They Were Sober

Aw, poor Poopsie! Two of the daughters that he had with Lisa Greywater were seriously injured in a car wreck on New Year's Eve. Beesh and Erica. One has a dislocated (Or broken) hip and the other has a hematoma on the brain (bruised) (*hematoma* "a solid swelling of clotted blood within the tissues".. Poopsie goes to Grand Forks and spends hours by their bedside. (Bet he just wants to snuggle under them blankets and cuddle up and..forgive me, I tripped over a tangent.)

He claims that drinking and driving was not their doing. They were both sober. Yeah, a lot of you had coffee go through your nose on that one. He claims that someone else ran them off the road. (Poor things!)

For those frequent flyers on the Thistles pages, you might have run across this little number: Beesh and Gwyn, drinking (tequila) in a vehicle. (Looks like Gwyn has some Hard Lemonade in her hand)

So, given that this 'tragedy' happened on New Year's Eve, and given Beesh's penchant for drinking and driving (and making sure the pictures are posted on the net) I can presume that Poopsie's claim of her and her sister being 'sober' about as laughable as his mother's claims of raising her children to be honorable (murderers, rapists, child molesters, thieves, .. and other 'honorable' character traits)

He is pushing for sympathy on this one. Try not to let coffee fly out of your noses when he comes by and tells you how the girls are doing.

I think I have some photos on the Thistles pages of Erica drunk on her butt, and more of Beesh. They are, by far, just about the biggest partyers out there.

I wonder who ran them off the road in Grand Forks? You know how they like to play those games of chasing one another across town when they are drunk. Or did they involve a totally innocent driver in their 'sobriety' games?

Oh yeah, sober, uh huh.

Not Getting The Message

Clearly, Poopsie and his kin have not gotten the message that they are not immortal in this world. I believe I warned him in a previous blog about how he has to take steps, immediately, to rectify his evil deeds against the innocent, or the Grandfathers would teach him about consequences the hard way.

For him to continue to ignore the lesson, is to ask for the lesson to come harder next time. I guarantee, it will. It always does.

For him to instead, try to twist this guilt of his daughters bad behavior into the lie of 'sobriety' for sympathy and pity, is to mock the Ancestors who were, I am sure, just giving a gentle tap, a warning, of what he has to lose in this world. Clearly, he wishes to have more serious consequences.

And when they come down, they will continue to come down. All those who have stood with him and his turdling siblings will find that it comes down on them because of him, and who and what he is.

All those who have covered for the Turdlings will get the opportunity to learn the lessons in the most awful ways. I shudder to think of what they have brought down upon themselves.

All they had to do, to get clear of this reign of sorrows, was to speak up, tell the truth. All they had to do was exonerate the innocent as publicly and vigorously as they persecuted them in the past, and they would only suffer the consequences of their past deeds in the court of laws by man and State.

But they choose and they take you along with them, the greater consequences of unending pain and grief. All of you who maintain your silence are accessories to the evil that is out there. You fear is the food that evil consumes, smacking greasy lips as they toss down the bones of your children at your feet and take from you the dignity of your existence.

Your silence must be broken if you are to step aside from what is to come. Too late for so many out there, not too late for some.

And to ignore the karmic balance of what goes around comes around, and worse, to mock the lessons with lies for pity and sympathy, only adds velocity to the lessons headed your way.

Oh yeah, Lisa, the heavier price will be paid by you. I sure hope all that you got was worth losing all that you have.

Oh, and the greasy smacking lips thing reminds me: Monday Night is Steak Night at the Casino. Poopsie may not show up this time, keeping that bedside vigil, but it is worth going just on the off-chance he and the missus will waddle in and put on a show at the trough.

Also Ran

Looks like Karla Williams was being chased by the Badgers from behind Four Winds High School a few nights ago, and got herself into a serious enough accident. She usually outruns the badgers and laughs about it, bragging it up on her and her friends' web sites. I guess they took it personal, eh?

Nice to see that the Badgers are at least making an attempt to pull in the drunks. Now, if they would just show up at the major drinking parties. Hard to miss. They light a huge bonfire to let the rez know that the party is ON! You can read smoke signals, can't you? Or do you just show up at funerals of dead children, hug their families, shrug your shoulders and walk away?

Methed Up

I hear the tribe is getting tons of money to fight the meth problem. Of course, it will have someone in charge of the program that makes a lot of money, never does anything, and Kalum and the rest of the meth dealers out there will continue to laugh in your faces, like ugly skulls, rotting of death, dancing with your children.

How much of that money, I wonder, will NLO and Walking Ego manage to slip into Ronin? Probably most of it.

Aliens Ate My Baby

I am amused by some out there who try to ridicule the blog here by saying it is no better than the Enquirer. Cracks me up. I suppose I should be offended by that, except that more and more people are seeing through the types who just want to Hear No Evil See No Evil, Speak No Evil and hope that the Evil they are ignoring will give them a few pennies more on their next 'SIP' check.

It disturbs the wicked out there that their deeds are blogged and widely read. They want no one to hold them accountable while they raid the resources, molest and rob the children, murder and worse.

A couple of questions you would have to ask yourself:

1. If it were true that this blog is as fictional as the Enquirer, why is it that it remains the only source of information you all have out there, regarding what is going on in your own community?

The Tribe doesn't post information on their website. Hey, not even sure they have ever finished that site, and it has been up for years. (Who gets paid and how much for that piece o' garbage?)

The newspaper that the Tribe got a huge grant to start up and publish was shut down right after it passed inspection as being a newspaper and that money now goes where? (First two guesses don't count).

So, that would leave you all with no source of information except the blog, and the people who want to steal you blind, don't want you to read it. They don't want you to believe it. They want you to stay in the dark so they can continue to do what they have been doing all along.

2. If the blog was fictional information, and there was nothing else for you to get information from, why does not the tribe put out a daily or even weekly posting on their website to keep you advised of the information you so clearly want?

And why, if it is so fictional, are they so afraid of it that they have to ban it and threaten anyone that reads it?

Sounds to me like they are scared of something they define as 'fictional'. I wonder if they have nightmares about Santa Clause or the Tooth Fairy? (Well, Zit Puppet probably has fairy nightmares, but you get the picture.)

Clearly, those criminals were happier when you had nothing. Nowhere to find information and no way to share information. Hey, they have even banned the blog! They are afraid that you will learn what they are up to, and they do not want to answer to anyone!

Clearly, Carl Walking Ego never scooted so fast (smoke came out of the backs of his shoes!) as when people tried to ask him questions about his using tribal funds to support Ronin (the money laundering company).

Why should anyone have to ambush, repeatedly chase down, an elected Tribal Councilor to be able to ask a simple question of him? Why does he avoid anyone that asks a question? And then, to have him lie in response, well, clearly, he and the others like him, do not want you, any of you to have any information that might make their schemes a little more visible!

One moron told me that if people wanted information, they could talk to someone who knew someone that worked at the Blue Building and that person would give them information. Of course, they would call that 'gossip' and ridicule anyone that tried to get any information that way.

And those not related to someone who knows someone that works in the Blue Building, of course, would be totally in the dark. Mushrooms. They grow mushrooms in the dark.

They grow them in the dark and feed them bullshit.

They want you all to go back to being mushrooms.

And, unlike the Enquirer, my information is for the tribe, about the tribe and it is up to you what you do with it. Gone is the excuse of "I had no clue what they were doing." Now you know.

Also, my name is on it and if I get something wrong, I fix it. Enquirer fixes nothing.

Oh yeah, they like to try and ridicule the blog because they don't want you to read it. Don't want you to believe it. Don't want you asking

questions they don't want to answer about what they are doing.

So, until you are given something more substantial, more reliable and more helpful in the way of information and discussions, the blog will continue to be issued, free of charge, to all!

And when someone tries to tell you that it is nothing more than the Enquirer, you can pretty much guess what side of things that person is on out there. Might make you want to think twice about believing anything they tell you, eh?

Buckle up kids: It's going to be a very interesting 2008 out there in Turdland.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 9, 2008

Funny Bones

I hear that last week, my name was paged in the casino. That heads were all turning around like Captain Howdy (Exorcist Demon) on high speed. That it got weird for a few moments as everyone craned around to see if I would pick up the page.

One can only surmise that Poopsie was spinning the zoom lenses on the surveillance like game jockey.

So, whoever was trying to be funny on that one--Thanks! I just laughed when I heard that.

Broken Bones

For all those who still think it is like, wow, thee coolest thing to drink yourself stupid and drive, drop in at the hospital up in Minneapolis and sign the body cast that Cara Williams is in. Yeah, it only hurts when she laughs, cries, breathes, farts, poops or pees. Going to be that way for a long time. Take a good look. It's not always "Live fast, die young", it is more often, that you cripple, maim, and suffer along with everyone in your life that cared about you, and add to that, anyone you involved in this 'really cool' episode of "The Drunk And The Stupid". If you don't learn from her mistakes, perhaps you will learn when it is your turn. Nothing changes, except it gets worse.

Turdbones

I have heard that the turdlettes involved in the accident in Grand Forks were not Poopsie's out of Lisa Greywater (breeder's term) but Poopsie's out of Cathy, the wife, the Steak Night Piggy Partner.

Now, I am getting all kinds of names: It was Beesh and Erica; It was Skye and Dana; and my favorite: It was about 6 of them in the car. Oh yeah, so get to me as accurately as you can, who was in the car, who was driving, and who got hurt and if there was another car involved.

And then seriously, these injuries are no joke, we can pray for them all to heal swiftly. Including dumbass Cara Williams.

Maybe if they heal up, and realize the difference between their lives as stupid and recklessly self-indulgent; and their lives as thinking individuals with compassion for themselves and others in this world, maybe a difference can be made in their life time. Seriously, pray for them.

Old Broken Bones

And pray for the man that was run down by Slime in one of his drunken driving binges. That man is still in agony, and will never recover from the hit and run put on him by that selfish twit with too much money and no soul.

Slime still parties up every chance he gets, which is everyday now that he is 'graduated'. I hear he was born in 87 and graduated in 2007. I guess he is as dumb as he looks. How many times did he have to repeat the third grade? His daddy doesn't care. Give the kid anything he asks for, including a really good lawyer to keep his fat pimply butt out of jail.

For some, there is little hope. Slime is hopeless.

For those he has injured, we must pray. Who knows how many other times he has run someone down before, and gotten away with it? It is a hard-wired behavior inside of that overgrown little coward.

Pray for him, as when the reckoning comes his way, nothing can stop it.

Off Their Meds

I do get letters from people who, frankly, have for some reason decided to champion the Turd Clan, and all the corruption out there. Usually, they are not bright individuals, which is evidenced by the choices they make and the grammatical corn mazes one has to sort through to figure out what they are saying.

Not sure what they think they will get out of it, but eventually, when it is clear they have been off their meds for too long, I have to put them on auto responder. The latest is one who I am told, was Jeannie Charbonneau.

Well, that would make sense. She has been the dumbest and ugliest one out there since the beginning. She was the one that lied to everyone about the murder and her involvement in it. She is the one that claimed she was driving Poopsie's car when they 'found' Eddie Peltier's body.

Yada, yada, yada. We all know she was at Pisster's house when it all went down and was even in on the pre-planning to some degree. So, it makes sense now that she would be silly enough to write to me in support of those who rape, murder, molest children, and who rob the Tribe blind.

She was using someone else's name to write to me, but apparently, she was also getting help from her 'friends' who thought this was a smart idea. One of those friends just screwed up and let me know who it was.

Now, given that the emails were silly to begin with, and the person writing was desperate for attention, but wanting to use someone else's name to get it (You see? Off your meds for too long and you are totally confused!), and then having one of her 'friends' help her and then write to me and mistakenly drop her name to me, I feel, is just part of the whole distraction that is mesmerized by the blog, much as a moth would be to a flame.

I don't know if for sure it was Jeannie Charbonneau, so, tell you what, go talk to her and see if she recently got put on auto responder because she was such a waste of time. "Hey Jeannie! You get put on 'auto responder'?" Let me know what she says. Also, it would not hurt to mention to her that she should probably get back on her meds as off of them, she truly is a loony toon! Regardless of whether she authored those junk mails, she needs to get back on her meds.

Gee, if it wasn't Jeannie, I apologize. I would feel real bad if someone who was an accessory to murder (on more than one occasion) would be wrongly accused of writing really dumb-ass emails and then sending them from her niece's computer. Oops, did that slip?

Too late now, it is posted.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 10, 2008-

Ka Ching

Latest on Ronin Go to that link and you will see the latest money laundering event being facilitated from the guise of Ronin Wireless doing business. A million here, a million there, baby steps compared so some of their bolder moves. I wonder how much of this is going into the pockets of NLO and Carl Walking Ego?

Essentially, it shows an agreement between Ronin and another company, who apparently loaned over 1 million buckaroos to Ronin and the

note was due last October. Ronin never paid the loan. They never do. Instead, they gave a couple hundred grand or so to that lender and then the lender agrees to A: Move the due date of the note to March of this year, and also give Ronin more money, which Ronin will use as a loan, but also as a write off from the government as a loan. Later on down the document, after the money has gone from hand to hand, zigging and zagging through a maze of lenders, borrowers, notes and debentures, Ronin will pay nothing and owe nothing and the original entity that loaned the money to Ronin will owe more money to Ronin.

Yeah, try to follow that one! It is how you launder misappropriated Federal Funds on Wall Street.

Keep in mind that Ronin has never had any declared earnings (despite the TC declaring that it received 6.4% in earnings from Ronin last year) and has never showed a profit. All you see is money going in, as loans, from various entities, some of which I doubt exist for any other purpose than to serve as go-between between the principals at Ronin and the bagmen from other tribes. Further, all these 'loans' beg the question: If the company is supposed to be doing so well, why are they always borrowing money and never paying it back?

Further, where did the fictional figure of 6.4% 'earnings' declared by NLO and her mutant offspring come from? Answer: It's all a lie. That was why they would not give you, the Tribal Members, any of it.

And that is why, after owing you money for the SIP checks, they gave you checks with stubs that declared these were your portion of the earnings from Ronin, when in fact, none of their numbers add up and there has been no payment whatsoever, from Ronin to the tribe. (*Head spins)

Phony Survey

If you have been to the Indian Health Services Clinic lately, you may have been asked a really weird question about whether or not you have a computer at home and if you use it to access the internet. If you bristle at this, a really dumb excuse is being offered to supposedly 'fool' you. "The Federal Government is doing a survey to find out how many Native Americans are using the Internet."

Bogus. If the Federal Government was doing that sort of a survey it would be on the census forms or announced on the news and you would have a website to go to to fill in the survey if you wanted to.

Brenda Azure, at the clinic, asking people personal questions that have nothing to do with their health, and then saying it is a 'Federal Survey' shows she is fulla bulla. Piggy Cavanaugh probably put her up to it to try and find out who out there could possibly be sending me information, as I doubt it would do her, (Benda) any good to 'survey' patients, regarding their technology expertise!

Is this the same Benda that was Weenie Boy's Secretary for years? Maybe the survey is real! Maybe the Turdclan are considering themselves 'Federal' agents now (Passing out tin stamped badges that say "FedAgent"), and the Turd Clan is doing the survey.

I know Weenie Boy had a secretary he called 'Benda' instead of Brenda because he would Benda her over the... well, nevermind.

So, how many of you got that kind of a weird question? Anyone asks you that, look at them and say: NYFB. They'll figure it out.

Oh, and 'surveys' are always 'voluntary' so you need not feel compelled to fill out anything that divulges anything about your personal life that you don't want to share.

Do keep me posted! (You too, Bend!)

Sissy Swatters

Still amazing how many out there, especially the males, are such sissies! Yeah, they are mouthy and tough when they are drunk or high, but high, drunk or not, they are cowardly, cringing little mice at the core.

I am talking about those who think that e-mailing a death threat to me, using someone else's name (probably a friend's name) and then forging an email address so I can't respond to their pathetic little rants. That is so like the sissy boy who has four or five really big brothers that he uses as a shield as he runs up to someone that he is terrified of, and with mincey little steps, a high-pitched shriek, lands a limp-wristed tap on the shoulder of someone that could so easily cream them, if not for the bullies he hides behind. Immediately after landing the annoying sissy swat, and the person turns to respond, Sissy Boy shrieks again, flutters his hands, and high steps back behind the wall of bullies, peeking out behind them to see if he got a reaction.

In this case, someone using the name Joel Cavanaugh, sent a death threat to me. But the email was forged and has to be handed over to the

authorities to figure out who's computer was used and when and all that messy time consuming stuff.

Big enough to threaten me, but afraid to use your own name? Afraid to use a real address so you could get the response that probably you were pissing yourself afraid would show up in your inbox?

Yeah, I handed it over. I have to do that with all threats, credible or not. They laughed, I laughed, but it is on file as records have to be kept on these projects.

No one considers it real, and clearly, it was not from anyone with any guts, and clearly, they had to be at their lowest level of intelligence to do that.

The file is being compared to crimes that have occurred out there of a similar nature, and for that it is probably practical. I doubt that the little sissy could get close enough to do any damage to me, even if I was in the same room with him. Anyone afraid of an email response to a threat they issue, probably pisses them self to sleep every night.

So, I have started a secondary file for the threats: Bedwetters. There are credible threats and there are bedwetters who just have all thith pent up anger towardth life. Probably pithed off that I pohted picthurth of him being thilly.

Thithy.

Summation

So, to summit all up (pun alert) we have a mountain of evidence that Ronin Wireless is a money laundering vehicle for tribes and others to use to clean up the money they steal from grants, and communities... A phony Federal survey is being asked by Benda to see if she can figure out who is possibly using a computer to get information out of or into the black hole of corruption and abuse we like to call The Rez... And some prancy little sissy is out there peeing himself hoping Joel Cavanaugh never figures out who used his name to send a threat over the email (oh, and btw, using the wires to communicate a threat IS a Federal Offense, regardless of how thilly it was or how theriouth)

So, all in all, not a bad day.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS Oh, and don't bother writing if you are not going to use a real email address for the response. That is just too childish and you certainly can't feel good about yourself if you are afraid of a return email! And yes, those who are off their meds are put on auto responder. Just saves us all a lot of time.

January 11, 2008

Dumb and Dumber

I heard from the bedwetter again. Looks like he got enough courage this time to use an email address that could be responded to. He claims that the threat he leveled was not legally a threat. Apparently, his years and years in law school (*POP) have all been wasted. Maybe he was too wasted to go to class? Unfortunately for him, he does not get to define nor redefine what is and what is not 'legally' a threat.

So, he steps up to threaten to gain my personal information for a small fee, and that the rewards will be great. Okay, one of the first questions the authorities ask anyone that has had their identity stolen is: "Do you know of anyone that would have access to your information?" and the second questions is: "Has anyone you know of, tried to access your information recently?" Well, they know where to look first and second on that one. Sure hope the little bedwetter is not too stoned when they come a knockin'! The good news for bedwetter at this time is that he is seen for what he is: A loudmouth joke. However, he has set himself up in the headlights of any oncoming legal traffic that might want to look into his behaviors more closely later on.

What really puzzles me is why someone who supposedly has all these stoned out peers to play with, wants so badly to have my attention. He must have recently been dumped by one of the bimbos, eh? This is just a pity cry? Probably.

Can't wait to see how much stupider he can get. I am sure it won't take long to find out. See? Had he spent time getting an education

instead of getting stoned, he could have foreseen that he was headed for the cliffs on this one. Bet his parents are real proud of him and his friends probably think he is the smartest, most bravest one they know. Which, unfortunately, speaks volumes for the peers that he stumbles around with.

Here's a Hint: If Lynn Crooks and Paul Benson and Dennis Fisher, all of whom have serious law degrees (even the dead guy) and loads of high powered friends are unwilling to come after me, what makes a little bedwetter think he is somehow the "man" for the job? I guess that if you do enough drugs, you think you can fly, right? Ahooo-YAaah!

Dumbo

Naked Lawn Ornament has run into some real big mistakes here lately. Seems that by asking for the Social Security numbers from Tribal Members in order for them to receive their SIP checks, she has opened a pandora's box of Federal troubles for herself, the entire TC, the Casino and then some. Do stay posted, I think we have enough to warrant a Federal investigation on several fronts now.

For one thing, the SIP check, which is supposed to be the monthly 10% of the Casino's earnings, have fallen far short of that amount for years. Further, the checks are listed as "Donations" and are therefore not taxable and any deductions taken from any member as a 'tax' is illegal. Further, any such 'taxes' have to be submitted to the Federal Agency in charge of taxes: The IRS and if they are delayed or late (or in this case, never sent) the Tribe is in big trouble with the IRS. Further, if the taxes are then declared to be related to RONIN and the tribal members are being swindled and re swindled to pay their taxes, the entire Ronin scandal could be very deep, very messy, very quickly.

Remember: Donations are considered TAX FREE. Nowhere in the Tribal Constitution nor the Casino Rules does it state that any member has to give their SSN to anyone to receive their payments.

Also: 1099 Forms are for EARNED INCOME Only. You are not considered an employee of the tribe for receiving a SIP check and it is illegal for them to issue a 1099 form to you.

All of this smacks of Illegal Bookkeeping tactics that probably issued from one or more of their shyster accountants. Walt Hollifield comes to mind. He would know this is illegal. But he would do it anyway.

Send me copies of the checks you have received and the 'tax bills' and any 1099 forms you have received and I will document and send to the proper authorities to get this thing rolling. I will keep you posted.

Wow, NLO, you are the DUMBO bimbo on this one. I guess you were hoping that Indians you bully would also be too stupid to know you are stealing from them in this little ploy as well, eh? Seems more than a few are wised up to you.

Oh! I see I have another notification on Ronin come into my mailbox. Have to see what you fun folkers are up to this bright day!

RONIN Today

Looks like Ronin, the money laundering company, has given 1.3 MILLION shares of stock to Perkins Capital Management, Inc. Amazing! It's your money they are playing with and paying each other off with. Just thought you would like to know. [Ronin to Perkins](#) Learn more about Perkins [Here](#). I know, they make it complicated to make it look legal. But major mistakes along the way will open this one up to a lot of scrutiny. If Dorgan the Organ won't do it, the IRS and the SEC will. How many millions of tax dollars and tribal funds, as well as borrowed funds will be down the drain by then? Who knows?

Dumbass

Does anyone know what Walking Ego did with the money he would not give to Bernice last month so that she could gas up her buggy and go get the Free Toys for the children of the rez? How many hookers could he buy with that? At least we know he wasn't just thinking of himself, but more so of those poor, hungry hookers that were waiting for him that night.

Did Bernice manage to get the toys? Or do the children of the rez continue to do without so that Walking Ego can get his jollies?

Doubt it? Ask Mark Luvkins. He will tell you everything! And, if you throw in some beer money, he will show you the pictures he and Walking Ego took on some of their 'excursions'. The Atlantic City ones are the most interesting so far.

Social Worker Pleads Guilty to Kiddie Porn

Today's Fargo Forum did two stories on Kiddie Porn: One was a dispatcher for the National Guard who was arrested for possessing images of Kiddie Porn and the other, which sounds less intense, until you think about it, is about a Social Worker, who no doubt had access to already abused, neglected and molested kids from the rez, who pled guilty in court today to possessing Kiddie Porn.

A snippet:

Paul Hill, 42, Grand Forks, was charged with 11 counts of possessing obscene materials involving children in September... Authorities say Hill was a social worker in Pierce, Foster, Eddy, Wells and Grand Forks counties. From FF "In-Forum" Jan 11, 2008

I suggest you read the whole story from the Fargo Forum or any other media that is even bothering to publish it. You will notice that the area where this pedo was assigned is where a large number of Indian Children and families live and would require services. Nice that he got it reduced to misdemeanor and Class C Felony. Don't expect jail time.

FBI Corruption

Well, since they get to investigate themselves, they will rule it was only 'oversight' and 'sloppy accounting' --- just what you would expect from one of the most prestigious investigative agencies in North America. What is it? Oh, they get a budget, but no one knows where the money goes. A few were caught with their fingers in the cookie jar (stealing \$25K or so), but millions go missing.

Apparently, among the 'missing' funds, is the money that is supposed to pay their phone bills so they can stomp the constitution into the ground and listen in on terrorist and common man alike. By not paying their phone bills, routinely not paying those and who knows what other bills are not being paid, or where the money really went (we have to wait for them to make up a lie, tell it to us and close the books), several of their Homeland Security FISA wiretaps were shut down.

Yup, don't want another 9/11 so don't pay the phone bill, don't get the information, and no investigation.

Ever notice how when the FBI screws up so bad that it surfaces in the media, they either claim "mea culpa!" and it will never happen again, or they simply say: "We are too big to be aware of what we are doing."

Anyone find comfort in that?

They do it to Indians, they do it to all of us. We are all Indians now. Look at how the blatantly politicized US Attorney's Office (and those scandals) has blatantly lied to protect drug dealers and their drug lords in Mexico while punitively pursuing the Customs Agents that caught Drug Dealers and Smugglers red-handed! Putting them in prison for doing the job that is supposed to protect our borders and our nation.

Now, not paying the phone bill? Never mind that it is obvious someone else has their hands in the cookie jar for a lot more than a measly \$25K, but it actively shuts down what is supposed to be one of the only first alert resorts we as a nation have to protect ourselves from another 9/11!

So, as they are stealing, lying, and protecting drug dealers, everyone pays the price.

Welcome to the rez, everybody! Your government is stealing from you, lying to you and will lock you up to protect the corrupt!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 14, 2008

Do What Feels Good

That seems to be the motto of the self-indulgent out there. They offer up pills, dope, drugs of all kinds, some worse than others. They offer up alcohol because they know it is death to Indian People and they want you to kill yourself in such a way that you are powerless for

decades before you die. And when all else fails, there are fumes for huffing, and that destroys whatever part of your brain you might have needed had you planned on living another decade or so. And you go for it.

In fact, so many willingly step into addiction and destruction through both substance and self abuse, that many say it is all over except for the buryin' of Indian People. That extinction is assured, and high fives all around for those who have been stealing the land and the resources and who will soon have no worry whatsoever of any opposition as they take what should be yours, as theirs. Nary a whimper from Indian People will be heard. Just the chucking of earth by shovel, over and over again, as Indians bury themselves in addictions, anger, jealousy, and dirt.

I say to you, all of you, that if you think you must take drugs, alcohol or whatever to 'feel good,' then you have never, ever, not even once in your life ever 'felt good'. Drugs are a pathetic mimic of bliss, and they carry with them, aside from the damage and the dangers, aside from the heartache, and shame; a sense of futility that roots into you, and grows with every opportunity to resist that is subdued.

You have never felt good, not for one day, one hour, one minute of your life, or you would know the difference immediately and never go near that garbage again.

Anyone who equates getting high with feeling good is lying to themselves, and to you.

We Human Beings were built to feel good. We were built to get that rush of energy and happiness when we do something that helps someone else. When strangers happen upon a crisis such as a car accident or a house on fire, and they risk their own lives to rescue people they don't know, they get a sense of happiness and well-being that lasts a lifetime.

When someone shovels the driveway of an Elder, or helps them by splitting firewood, or carrying in for them so that they can stay warm; a sense of accomplishment, of belonging, and of self-worth, roots into that person and stays with them, making them stronger and happier. One happiness builds on the previous acquisitions of happiness gained through helping one another and creates a cycle of happiness, peace, joy and energy in a person that no drug, no drink, and no peer-induced bad behavior can come close to matching.

This kind of happiness also brings a strength to the Human Being and helps carry them through the times of heartache, sorrows and disappointments, more smoothly and swiftly.

Those who provide these drugs, and the booze don't want you to know how to find happiness, or joy, strength or dignity. They want you to need them in order for you to feel like you might, for that moment of drug/alcohol or indiscriminate engagement, belong, even though every fiber of your being tells you it is hollow, worthless, short-lived as a match flame.

They don't want you to feel like you are somebody. They want you to feel like you are nobody unless you are doing what they want you to do. Unless you are supporting their addictions and their crimes, they want you to feel like you are nothing.

And when you are alone, for those few times when you can't find anyone to be with you, you feel empty, left out, abandoned and you worry if they are betraying you, playing you as you know they betray others and play them.

This is why I say your friends are not friends. They are people that use you and then toss you aside like you are nothing. When all these 'beloved' heroes die off from drinking, drugging, or are murdered by their 'friends', you all stay quiet.

Everyone stays quiet because everyone is for themselves and the moment they can get or stay high and nothing else matters. Not your life, not Money Mike's, not Joe Peterson's and not Eddie Fish.

No wonder you feel so alone. No wonder you feel so helpless and empty. No wonder you stay quiet when you see crimes happening to your friends and your friends dying: You are empty inside because you never, not once that you can remember, ever felt good.

Don't you think it is time you started to find out what really does feel good? Don't you think it is time you did what it takes to make yourself truly Human and Whole in your life? Or are you waiting for 'something' to happen? Something always does, you know. You can set your calendars by the funerals out there.

Indian Torture

One of the cruder, crueler methods of torture practiced as a punishment by some tribes back in the day, was to bury a man up to his neck in the hot sand, pour honey on him, and let him bake in the desert sun as ants consumed him bit by bit. No one survived, and no one would want to.

And now, I look at all the Indians out there who have done this to themselves. Buried their lives in addictions, fear, cowardice to the point where they feel they cannot escape. Instead of honey, they have poured alcohol, drugs on themselves and their bodies and spirits are consumed, painfully, while they do nothing to save themselves. No one survives. Those who do, are so damaged they often pray for death to finish the job they started on themselves.

Sometimes, when I look across Indian Country, I see parents instilling in their children, the habits of addiction so that they too, before they ever know what happiness is, will bury themselves alive, up to their necks. And with their heads above the ground, they will cry and demand and scream and protest, but they won't get out because they were buried from the day they were born.

Some who manage to escape the pot holes of torture, abuse, addiction and alcoholism, will be afraid to allow their children out of the safety of home. They know that once the children are out of their arms, all those talking and screaming heads will be trying to get them to join them. Parents pray that their children will be able to escape the landscape of futility and self-pity, addiction and abuse. But they know their children, like all children, will seek peers and will mistake many of these heads above the sand as their peers, and join them.

Those who steal from you are your own people. They want you to indulge, experiment and succumb to the ravages of addiction and alcoholism so that you will have no strength to stand up to them, and you will never be able to hold them accountable.

The government that seeks to control you wants to make sure you feel you have no control over anything in your life and they use your own people to do it to you, and you let them. They want to make sure you never realize true happiness or suspect your own potential, much greater than anything they possess, so they lure you with poisons and watch as you become less than you were intended to be in this world.

They fear you will figure this out before they have destroyed you entirely. They fear you will self-rescue and see through their deceptions. They fear you until they can put you in the ground.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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