

April 28, 2008
Something New? Same Old Corruption

Wow, bet everyone out there would like a shiny new truck to drive around in, now wouldn't they? A truck that they didn't have to pay for, and for which the tribe buys the gas (and the beer), and which is at their disposal, no questions asked, 24/7.

Sweet deal? You bet. That is exactly the kind of deal that QBall just got. Of course, the truck is supposed to be for the Sanitation Department, but we all know who and what it is really for. QBall's toy. He gets paid for doing a job he knows not the first thing about, and never shows up for, and now, the truck!

Wow, who says being a rapist, murderer, child molester doesn't pay off? It does if you are member of the infamous Turdclan.

Meanwhile, Weenie Boy just has to settle for his old truck and of course, being able to take any cop car he wants, whenever he wants, for whatever he wants. Oh, and if she files rape charges? He can always arrange to have someone burn the vehicle. No questions asked--- ever.

Hard to pick a favorite among those two in that brood, eh?

Keep On Truckin'

So, what's the story with Mark Lufkin these days? Surely, he could not have gone through all that money he stole from the tribe back when he was a Tribal Council member. I know the Village Bicycle (current wife) is high maintenance, but for him to have his truck repoed (The Tahoe is gone, boys and girls). I hear that the Bicycle was going to have her truck towed as well, but she went and sweet-talked the tow truck driver out of it. (Careful Mr. Tow Truck driver, she hasn't had her shots and her health card expired years ago).

Mark, not so lucky. Or, less to trade for. (I hear he is what they call 'an acquired taste') and his truck went bye-bye. Now, for some reason, it is parked in front of the home of the owner of Hamar's bar. Please get me a photo of that!

Meanwhile, in order to pay the bills, or more likely, because the Bicycle needs him out of the way most of the time, he is now reduced to sweeping floors. You KNOW that won't be enough for her, right?

His old plunder and pillage buddy, Carl Walking Ego, has decided that it doesn't matter if Mark tells everyone and their brother about the money they robbed from the tribe, and the things they bought with it: Resorts, hookers, gambling junkets,

hookers, furniture, hookers, tickets to sporting events, hookers, homes, businesses, hookers, Ronin, and of course, hookers.

Carl realized after Mark spilled his guts that nobody was going to do anything about it anyway, so why pay for silence that A: was unreliable, B: not needed?

How many different funds did those happy-go-hooking scallywags raid to make their trips to Vegas, Reno, and Atlantic City (First Class all the way)? All of them. They raided the fuel funds, the school funds, the housing funds and the farming funds, the clinic's, the IA Funds, and all the other funds for their funs.

Now, I hear, as he sweeps the floors and does a little mopping, ol' Mark is considering running for office again. He misses his old friends on the council, and the Bicycle needs new shoes.

Not sure why, or even if it is important, but I hear she has him working so that he can afford to pay the premiums on his life insurance. At least, if anything 'unexpected' should happen to him, she will be able to 'get by' on whatever the policy will pay.

Hey Mark, drive home late at night much, do ya? Or walk along the lake? How do you get to your sweeping job? Are you even allowed to ride the Bicycle?

Sorry this is such a short blog. My work is stacking up in the in box and the billing has to get out or I don't get paid. But I did want to share the Trucking News with you.

Remember: Keep those cell phone cameras handy, digital cameras handy and get me pictures of our favorite players in their favorite places. A few are very entertaining, but I am not able to post those without a XXX rating. Thanks anyways.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

May 2, 2008
Ask The Children

Some of this is subject we have covered, many times in the past, but it is worth looking at again, perhaps from a slightly different perspective.

One of the most fundamental instincts in Human Beings to ensure we avoid extinction, is the learning process, driven, mostly, by curiosity.

Children are born curious. They observe, they want, they reach and they make mistakes. They are always eager to learn. By the time they are old enough to go to school, they are excited about the adventure and hungry for what is to be revealed to them.

Look at the big smiles on the faces of the kindergarten class. Happy to be learning. Curiosity, play and social interactions begin to develop in earnest. Friends are being made, artwork, alphabets, and numbers, along with songs and dances.

But, by grade 5, most of that is pretty much stomped out of them. One reader describes them as 'walking lost, hood up, head down, angry, self-loathing." The schools fail them. And their families fail them. Their community fails them and the system then waits until it can throw them away, be that a prison or a grave.

The survival instinct, of curiosity and play, stunted, faded, gone. You see a generation of empties running wild in the streets, like the abandoned dogs and cats, surviving in packs, bullying or being bullied, experimenting, often fatally, with drugs, alcohol and dangerous behaviors.

The schools keep their names on the roles, just to keep the money coming in. If 100 children enroll in kindergarten, but only a small fraction of those graduate, what do you think is going on? What kind of future are you shaping with your apathy?

Look at any of the criminals, drug addicts, drunks, abusers and victims you have out there now. How do you think they got to be that way? You think they were born that way? You forget. They were made that way.

By the time these kids make it to high school, and if there are any instructors there able to reach them, the struggle is monumental and unfair. They are torn with continuing to attempt to build themselves and improve themselves, with no incentive from the home or parents, and many disincentives from their peers. Peers are the 'other family' to the feral children. Peers who most often create a de facto 'government' and feel threatened by anyone that might step out of the

control of the stronger ones. Peers, to reassure themselves, demand small and large crimes to prove loyalty and gain acceptance.

Kids comply with this. It's all they have. No family, no self-esteem, they at least have to connect on some level and the lowest level is all that is available. You lose them in that fog.

People point out the packs of abandoned dogs, starving and mangy, angry and scared that run the streets of the rez. They point out that the similarity between those dogs, and the kids, that are also turned loose because it is easier than taking care of them.

Without, at the very least, a home that teaches them how to be better than what they see around them, children are put on a path of futility that leads to all the wrong outcomes.

Parents, regardless of how they were raised, once they become the ones raising little ones, need to step up and raise their children better than they were raised. Otherwise, you condemn your children to a life worse than the one you had.

Key to making things better for the children is for the parents to be present in their children's lives. That means, being THERE, with them. Not off to Bingo, and not drunk or stoned, but THERE, with them.

If you don't think that is important, or you think that if they are asleep, they won't miss you-- or you feel you deserve to abandon them by going to bingo, getting drunk or stoned because YOU deserve some fun, think again.

In fact, try this: Ask your children how they feel about it. Ask them if they would rather you stayed home with them, or went to Bingo. Ask them if they would rather have you drunk or sober. Ask them if they would rather have you stoned or straight. And then listen to those answers.

If they would rather you went to Bingo, you have already lost them. They don't care that you don't care. Their lives already separated from yours.

If they say they don't mind that you drink, they are lying. Think about why they would lie about something like that. Are they afraid to tell you the truth? Or do they prefer you drunk and passed out so they can have peace in their hours?

If they say they don't mind if you are stoned, it's probably because they are already into drugs themselves and don't really miss you.

If they say they want you to stay home, stay home. Give them the comfort of

having a parent at home. If they say they don't want you to drink, understand that your drinking has scared them, disappointed them, endangered them and made their lives miserable. Change how you relate to your children while you can.

My bet is, you already know what their answers will be and you are afraid to ask the questions. If you are afraid to ask your own kids those kinds of questions, what does that say about what you have been doing and how it has been affecting them?

You know the corruption in government will abandon and abuse them. You know that the schools are just full of high paid cronies of the corrupt leadership and your children will gain nothing from it if you don't encourage them to overcome, strive to educate themselves with what is there.

All they have, at this time, is you. You think the future might get better if you do nothing about making it better now, for the children? If that is what you think, and you continue to abandon them for bingo, drugs and alcohol; if you continue to pretend there is no harm being done by your doing nothing, then you deserve the funerals you get.

Spring is here. The ground is thawing. It's easier to dig graves and bury your neglected, abandoned and abused. The smaller the grave, the more it hurts to dig it. But, you've dug so many by now, you are probably really good at it.

I say it again: You are only victims until you decide to change and become a survivor. You become a survivor when you stop feeling sorry for yourself and you start standing up for yourself. Start by standing up for your children. Stand up for them by being with them. Even when they are asleep, be in the house so you can hear their cries, comfort them, and tuck them back into their beds.

Let them know, from Day One, that they are important to you. Important enough that you do what is best for them. Important enough that you are there for them. Maybe if they grow up believing they have value, they will make better decisions. Maybe they will find healthier ways to redeem themselves from their errors.

Only you can teach them that. They cannot teach themselves the things they can only learn from you.

Or continue to devalue them, abandon them, neglect them, ignore them. What they learn in your absence is the stuff that nightmares are made of. The grief of that never ends.

For those who get angry at their children and berate them for being such 'disappointments', remember: If your children are a disappointment it is because

you let them down, first, and worst.

Coyote Songs

Indians are closer to extinction than we realize. We have become self-annihilating. Simply, we throw our future away, one child at a time. And then we cry for ourselves in the graveyard of echoes.

It is the saddest song that Coyote can sing, the song of weeping, sobbing and howling through the night.

How, pray tell, did you expect it to end? It was our doing that put them on this road, cut off their options, lead to this exit. Who shall we blame for us not doing our part?

Throwing rocks at the Coyote won't change the song.

Ultimately, in this life, the only thing that matters, is how you treat the treasures The Creator gives to you. That, my friends, is how you will either find your way to the light and the love, or you will, from your own selfishness, create the void into which your spirit will scream for all of eternity.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

May 8, 2008
Winning the Fight Against Survival

Just a quick note for those of you who have heard nothing more on the Wind Farm Project that your Tribal Council, with the Cowards, and the Corrupt being led by the biggest moron among them, has all but killed off entirely... consider it dead.

Your Tribal Council authorized, enthusiastically, a bus to nowhere, with all the bells and whistles, leather seats, DVD players, required to take your drunken, stoned players to games they can only lose. Your tribal council gave QBall a brand new pickup truck, which they pretend is for his job as chief Sewer Rat, but we know because we can see, he treats it as his personal property, at your expense. You pay for the gas for the bus (Price of Gas x 150 or so gallons) and you pay for the gas that Qball burns up (Filler up!) and now you can pay for the gas in the truck that Aaron Ironheart drives around.

What? Yes! Aaron gets to drive the EPA's new truck like it was his own. Si Ironheart, now has a few extra dollars in his budget since Naked Lawn Ornament fired Frank Blackcloud because he tried to save the Wind Farm deal she allowed to go under the heels of Lois Leban and Punky Brown.

Those of you, struggling to get to and from your low-paying jobs and who are now illegally being taxed by your own Tribal Council to pay the taxes of Ronin Wireless, will find yourself choosing between food and gas, medicine and gas, shoes and gas... but your Tribal Council and their cronies, can't burn it fast enough.

Anyone organizing protests against the behaviors or demanding answers out there? Hah! I thought so. I hear the whining, but no one raises their hand, steps forward and nothing changes.

I hear that there was a third company willing to step in and pay the costs of the environmental impact studies for the tribe. They would not have to give up their fancy bus to nowhere, Qball and the rest of them could carry on burning up your money in their tanks. Emails, letters, and phone calls to your tribal council with this deal have not so much as been answered.

Professional Courtesy, Common Sense, Integrity, nowhere to be seen in your Tribal Council. Anyone looking around to see who among them would be willing to stand up and replace these corrupt, gas guzzling pigs? No? Big surprise.

So, you just going to wait until a couple of weeks before the next rigged election, look to see if anyone is standing up, and then wait to see them fall down. Don't

bother lifting a finger, raising your voice or putting your support behind someone that would be a good candidate, because you would have to get off your blankets to do that. Just 'wait and see'.

See? Nothing changes. Until you change. Until you get a spine. Until you decide that you have buried enough children, been walked over and robbed enough, nothing changes.

You must like it the way it is.

Your Tribal Council not worried. They count on you all being gutless. They brag about how they bestowed a judgeship on one woman to shut her up about her dead nephew. NLO says it was easier than she thought it could be. The woman, 23 years old, no degree in anything, would rather be bought off than fight.

I guess that is what you are all waiting for, eh? So, what have they paid you so far? What has it cost you? When is either 'enough'?

Spring

Spring is here. The winds drying the grasses to a tinder. Your children, their noses catch the wind, their fingers flicking matches, hungry for the flames of destruction, wait the opportunities to destroy around them what has been destroyed within them. The wealthy and powerful, escape arrest. The rest, well, they don't matter either.

Younger and younger, they contemplate suicide. Younger and younger, they accomplish suicide.

You do nothing.

People ask me: "Do you think this will make them stand up for themselves?"

I just laugh.

"Why do you keep doing what you are doing?" They ask me. "You see they do not change. You see they continue to allow all of this to go on."

I just laugh again. "What makes you think this is about them?" I ask. "What makes you think this is not about all of us?"

It is, about all of us. We all allow this. We all make this. We all need to stand up against this. We all need to find a way to come together, as brothers and sisters, neighbors and nations, to help one another to heal, repair and rebuild and make

this a better world for the children that are left and the children that are to come.

Too late for us, but not too late for us to save them.

But first it must start. First, there must be a fire in the belly, courage and a spine. The Good People of Spirit Lake must take the first step and reach out to the outstretched hands of those who are reaching out to help.

The racism, the jealousy as deadly to the spirit of Human Beings as the alcohol and drugs they consume in the place where self-esteem has starved, and darkness has grown, like thistles. The venom of ignorance and self-pity, racism and ignorance more toxic than the wastes dumped from the SMC plant, leaching into the ground waters, poisoning all.

Until the Good People of Spirit Lake reject the false pride of racism, and until they stop sucking on the tit of self-pity, nothing good that within reach can be grasped, will be achieved. Continue to fold your arms and hold your silence, and those who have poisoned your children and taken them to the graveyard, will continue to laugh at your pathetic weakness and shrinking cowardice as they roll past your hungry eyes in their brand new trucks and busses.

Spring is here. Then comes summer, then fall and winter.

I don't write this because I think you will change. I write this because I know you can and you must. Somewhere in your numbers, must be someone Indian enough to stand up and say: Enough! Somewhere, in each of us, must be something that knows our extinction is at hand if we do not change the path we are on.

But I have to laugh. Good men and women brought down by the ravages of addiction, and children raped, their cries ignored, their suicides not counted in the scores of what is lost. The millions of dollars that have been stolen this year, last year, next year, and the lies you hunger to believe; when is it enough? If not the money, if not the cemetery full of children, if not the highway full of restless spirits crying out for justice, then, what? What will it take for the Good People of Spirit Lake to save themselves?

If you have the answer, let me know. Until then, continue to allow innocent people to serve in prisons while the murderers steal millions from the casino and the community. Continue to turn your backs on the innocent and kiss the boots of the guilty, and nothing changes. Continue to allow those who rob you to deny you even the smallest chance at a future different from the darkness you have now.

Somehow, I think you all believe this is 'easier' than actually making things better. Not sure about that. An innocent man rots in prison for the murder of Eddie Peltier. But at least he can look himself in the face and know he is a man of courage and integrity. Not sure if anyone out in Spirit Lake can do the same.

Which is worse? Being falsely imprisoned by the lies of murderers? Or being the ones to kiss the feet of the guilty, and watch the children being poisoned in body, mind and spirit while you do nothing?

The key to freedom and a better life is in your hands. It has always been in your hands. You have always known it. Now deal with it.

Coyote laughs at your tears and the Ancestors fade from memory. What are you becoming? Is it really easier to be humiliated, robbed, your children raped and murdered? Is that really the easier way?

Between the Windfarm you can build and the graveyard you continue to fill up, is there anything you want to change?

Would survival perhaps include dignity?
Dignity does not taste like what you have been eating so far. Perhaps, just a taste to see if you like it?
Spring is here. What are you sowing?

Spring is in the air. The winds are drying the grass to a tinder. Children burn with anger and self-hatred, violence is the first response to frustration. We built this. We watch it burn.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

May 12, 2008
Waiting For God

I get a lot of supportive emails from people encouraging me to keep up the good work. Thank you all. One thing these letters have in common, for the most part, is the understanding that no matter what happens in this life, that these gross, evil bullies who are running things, will have to answer to God, some sooner than they would like.

That is all well and good. I totally understand that ultimately, when these mortal shells wear out, God will not be deceived and a special door will open for the Righteous and a trap door for the corrupt.

However, we did not come to this world to stand by and watch as the innocent suffer and the corrupt continue, unimpeded, to enjoy their crimes and profit by them.

The corrupt are here for one purpose and one purpose only: To force us to stand up and become the Human Beings we were born to be. Force us to realize that it is up to us to stand against, work against, push against the evil in this world. We cannot do that without recognizing that evil we tolerate to happen to others, also poisons our spirits as well.

We must, if we are to stand on our last day, in the Light of Judgment, have earned the right to go through the door of love and light. To stand there, at that time, with our list of complaints and our shawls of self-pity, is to admit that we have done nothing.

Doing nothing is how evil grows. It flourishes in our cowardice, our apathy and it feasts upon our indifference. We consume ourselves with racism, jealousy and deceptions, and think that none of this will be seen as our doing if we declare loud enough the badges of our self-pity.

We suffer when the children die. But no one stands up and says: "Stop killing the children." No one stands up and says to the children: "You are valued. You are loved. Stop hurting one another. Stop killing yourself."

How do you think that will play for us when we stand upon the trap door, hoping the door of light and love will open for us?

Perhaps one question will be asked at that event: "What did you do to make a better world for others?"

Will you be able to show your efforts, declare your courage? Or merely offer up the excuses that served your cowardice so well in this world? Will you be able to say you actually did something? Or will you only sheepishly declare "I was waiting for God."?

If God Did Everything

Let's say that our prayers for God to come and fix it for us were to be answered. How do you think that would play out? Would the cowardly be spared as the evil they accommodated was cleared from the map? Or would they be seen as equally wrong

and all be taken off the map?

Would there be a 'selective' culling, so-to-speak, where only the murderers, the rapists, the embezzlers and the bullies were reduced to salt and ashes? Then what? The same cowardly people left to rebuild from what's left? What would be left? The same cowardice, apathy, racism and indifference that created and nurtured the evil in the past. What, then, would grow from that?

Would God then step in, and do for us the work we refuse to do for ourselves? And again? And Again?

Innocence is a treasure. It can only exist in a world where Justice is pursued with all vigor. If we do not pursue the downfall of the evils that we know exist, and do nothing to reveal the evils we suspect are growing, and defeat them, all is lost. The evil, and the cowardly, undeserving of Peace, Love and Light, will tumble through that trap door. The Innocent will return to the treasures of The Creator.

Silence is not innocence. Silence is cowardice. Weakness is not innocence. Weakness is a choice. Self-pity is not an acceptable excuse for allowing others to suffer. Racism is vile in the sight of The Creator.

We must clean the evil from where it lives; first in ourselves, and then we will be able to stand up to the evil in our midst. Those who do not stand up, it is because the evil within them has not been faced.

Look around at the next meeting. Look around at the next gathering. Who is speaking up? Who is standing silent? Which are you?

If we wait for God to do the work we should be doing for ourselves, we will not like how it is delivered, I can promise us all.

Windfall

Again, I remind you all that the only thing standing between the tribe and the prosperity of a Wind Farm, is Naked Lawn Ornament. She refuses to even respond to the letters and emails from the companies involved. She refuses to answer her phone. She refuses to cast the deciding vote. (Wow, that blackmail that Lois Leban has on her must be HUUUGE!).

At this juncture, it will not cost the tribe a dime. All she has to do is take a vote and pass it and the wind farm will be built.

That is it. She is denying the tribe a very profitable asset and a mile marker in tribal history, Her ignorance, her arrogance, is costing the people a financial windfall and many job opportunities.

This project would be used a template for other tribes to follow. Therefore, not only is she denying the Spirit Lake Sioux, she is also denying the Native American community as a whole.

She would rather see the poverty continue, because prosperity would undermine her control over the people. Control that now is shifting to the even more incompetent, ignorant hands of Lois Leban, who is beginning to build her own financial power base at the expense of the people, the children of Spirit Lake.

So you see how what happens in one corrupt tribe affects other tribes. You see how just standing by instead of standing with those who are being oppressed, touches on the lives of those who consider themselves casual, uninvolved 'observers'.

Watch the Wind Farm Project Fall. Taking with it, down the drain of apathy, the hopes of a better future for the Good People of Spirit Lake, and other Good People as well. Good People who do nothing.

The Wind Farm can lift you. Or you can do nothing, as you are doing, and let it fall.

Special Effects

The irony from here is that we all know that we cannot survive, we cannot thrive unless we stand together: Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations. It is the way of all things that we are all connected to one another and to the world around us. We cannot allow injustice and other toxins to be ignored because there is nowhere to hide when the poisoned waters come to our lives.

We are not so special nor the consequences and effects to selective, that it cannot affect our lives, wound our spirit, while our eyes are closed.

Every farmer knows that poisons sprayed on the other farmers' fields will drift over to taint his crops. That the poisons will seep into the water tables, and that water will be what quenches his crops. The excuse of not personally using poison, does not protect the crops that are being poisoned, the grounds that are being poisoned, nor the waters and the very air we breathe.

We cannot ignore the toxic politics of our neighbors and think that the poisons of that oppression will not spill over into our communities, affect our lives, harm our children, make us less secure in our own beds.

While We Wait

We were told there would be bad things happening. We were told this year after year, and our despair grew and grew. We prayed for help and for the evil to end. Our prayers were answered and we were told "Someone is coming." We prayed some more and we were told, "Someone is here."

And then we realized, that someone is us. Each of us. All of us.

Some have answered the call. But too many have refused to answer and have taken cover under their Blankets of denial. They rock and they pray like lumps, waiting for relief that only they can bring about but don't want to. Hands clapped over ears to dull

the sounds of children taking poison, choosing violence and suicide, drugs and alcohol. Eyes red from tears of too many funerals for the children we never tried to save. All under those blankets, with their voices raised in prayers: "God Save US!"

Personally, given what I have seen of the Hand of God doing the work we should have done for ourselves, I would not be so quick to pray for God to come and do this deed.

While we still have the choice, we must pursue our own best interests in ridding the community of the evil. We must rid ourselves of racism and fears, jealousy and violence. We must become the Human Beings God intended us to be and to find our common ground.

So, while many of you are waiting for God, and others of you are finding your voice, your courage and your purpose in life, I wait to hear from you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: Remember: Monday Nights are Steak Night at the Casino. I hear the Turdclan continues to show up, fatten up and can barely stand up. Camera Phone pictures are welcome.

May 13, 2008
Opportunities Abound

Worth mentioning again is how we view our world is how we create our lives. Of course, it helps to have something positive to hang onto, and much of that is not as visible on the rez as it should be, could be, would be, if the community were a healthier place to live. Again, I mention the Chinese symbol for "Crisis" is a combination of two other symbols: "Danger" and "Opportunity".

Simply stated: We can, if we look at it properly, find the opportunity and seize it if we are also aware of where and what the actual danger is. Crisis presents two doors: Danger/damage and Opportunity to excel.

I see many of the crises on the rez as opportunities for the people to come together, overcome the obstacles and take the community further than ever imagined by the narrow minds of fear and self-pity.

I see every wound as an opportunity to heal. We choose to heal or to fester. Heal from or infect ourselves with self-pity and other toxic putrefying wastes of life.

With a tribal police department that caters to the powerful at the expense of the community, you are wounded. Not one rape has been investigated. Not one burglary, not one child has been rescued from their molester, abusers. Not one drug bust of the Turdclan and their Turdling criminal relatives. Not one. You are wounded.

Your Tribal Council drives drunk, without licenses, without insurance and represents you and all Indian People in court as the worst possible drunken Indian stereo-type, and you are wounded.

Your Tribal Council robs you of your money, your children's money, and denies you the wind farm project, jobs and energy, wounding you again and again.

I see the opportunities for healing are piling up. In fact, you could very well be, at this moment, drowning in opportunities from both Crises and Wounds.

You don't have to do anything now, or ever again. When the time comes and you are no longer and your children have all been buried before they had a chance at a real life, you can stand before The Creator and cash in all your opportunities. Unfortunately, by that time it will be too late for redemption. You will be able to see that you had all these opportunities. What will you do with them then? Doesn't matter. It will be too late. Do keep me posted.

O'Town

Every time the Old Bag of O'Town drops me a nonsense email, it draws my attention to what might be going on in O'Town and do they feel neglected? Apparently so.

A little refresher for those who have never known or have forgotten about who the Old Bag of O'Town is. She is someone who considers herself the smartest person in the world (well, probably of her gang of morons, she is the smartest) and felt it was her job to challenge me, as if she had both the brains and the high ground. She had neither. But she was persistent, and amusing.

Smart enough to realize she was only being entertaining, she swore she would never write to me again. That lasted only a short time and she really missed me so she created a new email address and started writing again. Oh yeah, can't tell it's her.

Her disguised emails as comical and stupid as Petesky's lame disguises and pretense at insanity, or whatever he was pretending to be on any of those bizarre occasions. I guess that if her friends are that stupid, lame, idiotic, we have to forgive her for thinking she was, by essentially doing the same thing, either A: As smart as they are, or: B: Too stupid to know that people see through these flimsy attempts and are amused, but not deceived.

With lame disguises being the bag for the Old Bag and her friends out there, I can only wonder why she insists on drawing attention to the place.

Every time she injects herself, I have to wonder: What is going on in O'Town and why does she and perhaps her comical entourage of morons, feel neglected?

Well, oddly enough, more stuff comes in, and it is really ODD.

All I have are reports of Petesky and his increasing paranoia. Apparently, he has (kid you not) crawled on all fours in his home looking for 'bugs'. Not the six-legged variety (of which there are plenty), but of the antenna variety. The kind that broadcast pictures and/or sound to remote site located in perhaps the attic of a former friend, or that van over there, or maybe into the shed of that there yard, or that car parked over yon, or...)

Apparently, he didn't find the bugs.

Now, in his world, that doesn't mean they don't exist. It just means he has to keep looking for them until he finds them. Now, another dimension to his paranoia has probably been added in view of the fact that it is being reported that

he is crawling around, moving furniture, lifting rugs, looking behind mirrors, even the toilet (Pah-Leeez! Stop! I can't take it!).

In the paranoid world of Petesky, who has accused former girlfriends, current girlfriends, former friends, and current friends of 'spying' on him and 'narking' on him, I suppose that this report just confirms for him that there is a bug here, there, everywhere...

And given that he prefers, because of the 'bug problem' to have his discussions in the graveyard, I wonder if he has checked the crosses and tombstones for the hidden mics, cameras and perhaps a ghost or two who might find his paranoia worth commenting on.

Geez, at this stage of crime, getting away with murder so long you know you are going to get turned in by those who no longer are on your side (paranoia only has two sides: Against me Now or Against me later), and the stress is beginning to show.

Father's Day is coming up. So, what can you give to an old drug dealer, killer, member of the Town Council? How about a nice new set of knee pads? He's going to need them, sooner or later.

Now, I know there is more going on out there in O'Town. Feel free to send me more emails, and photos. Those of you who remember Mike Good, Eddie Fish, or who have more recent crimes to report, send them in.

And, since it appears that the Old Bag of O'Town was feeling neglected for too long, I sure hope this little ditty has satisfied her hunger to have the spotlight once again, drift over the chalk lines from the Rez to O'Town. Rest assured, you are neglected from time to time, but not forgotten.

Maybe Another Time

I was going to do a piece on Pisster wearing a tinfoil hat to prevent 'them' from reading her thoughts (as if anyone can read a can of alphabet soup!). Her hanging beaded crosses in her house to stop Eddie from coming in (Crosses beaded by the leathery hands of her Turdymomma)... but since O'Town needed attention, that was the choice I had to make. Oh, and btw, Pisster, Eddie says you were right, that was him tugging your hair.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS Keep in mind, my travel schedule. I can't always get to an internet connection.

May 19,2008
Ineffective Rage

Not too sure on the details of this bit of information, but the lesson contained are the focus of this event.

I am told that Delmar Iceman, finally had enough of the Turdclan strutting around like gods on the rez, never being held to account for the rapes, the murders and now the outright thieving they do, stood out in front of Poopsie's house and called him out, over and over again.

Poopsie, who is afraid to open his door when a magazine reporter knocks on it (just peeks out from the curtains, wetting himself (or worse)(likely worse) but too scaredy cat to open the door and face a question, was not about to answer to one angry man.

Poopsie, who uses the Badger Squad as his personal body guards, chauffeurs, and whatever, immediately obtained round-the-clock protection. That's a big family, so if everyone gets threatened, they would have to hire more Badgers and Badgerettes to meet the demand.

Considering that the average person on the rez can't get a response to a burglary call, no rapes have ever been investigated and child molesters continue to be housed with the children they molest, all to the deaf ears of the badgers, it would seem that on the rez, not all are equal. Some are 'special'.

Here's the thing about getting so angry you just want to resort to violence: It is worthless. Ineffective, exhausting and changes nothing.

You mad? You want to do something? Why not do something that actually changes things? Why not direct that anger into action. Talk to your family, your friends and people you don't like that much, and find a way to work together to stand up to this ongoing criminal enterprise.

No quick fixes here. And they will cheat and buy booze and beer, dope and hookers to their supporters, but you have to oppose them everywhere.

First, you dismantle the Tribal Council. Vote out every incumbent. Show up at every meeting, and demand to be let in. Those on the inside, if the doors are locked and keeping people from coming in, you step forward and open those doors!

Once you get rid of the corrupt tribal council, you can start to make the changes

you need to make. You can get a true accounting of the funding and the finances. You can demand investigations into the criminal enterprises --and get them. You can, with a new tribal council in place, re open the murder investigation into the death of Eddie Peltier ---and others, and GET IT.

You want the bad guys to be afraid of you? They already are. They only hope to make you so mad you do stupid things rather than effective action against them. They want you to be so mad that you sputter, and shake your fists, vent all your energy and have nothing left over to actually do something effective.

Save your rage. Channel it into the long-haul. Pursue them and their supporters wherever you see them. Demand they answer for their behaviors, them and their supporters. Confront them, but never threaten them. Never be violent to them.

Imagine how it will wear them down, break them apart, if they have to be afraid to go out of their own homes, afraid that one or more of you will demand of them, answers for their lowly behaviors. Demand it, again, and again, and again.

Let's see how many are eager to put themselves and their families in the line of fire by protecting the Turds and the Tribal Council. Imagine the families having to answer to you, over and over again, for what their bought off relatives have done to keep the corrupt in power.

You have the power. You have always had the power. You just never used it before. It takes time. You have to use it, over and over again, for it to become effective and for it to dismantle the corruption that has built up around you all these years.

Use it, use it often. Use it with your friends, your family, your community. Use it relentlessly. Do not quit. The corrupt will collapse, some will run away, but they cannot hide for long. They can be found.

Yelling outside Popsie's house is not a bad thing. Threatening him is stupid. Be smart. Gather together, and become a Tribe, a Nation, a Movement for all Indians.

Or, do nothing but sit there, cry in your beer and feel sorry for yourself. One way will change everything; the other will only spin your wheels.

Speaking of Things That Spin

Looks like the lack of integrity in your Tribal Council and their total ignorance and lack of education, has cost the tribe dearly. The Wind Farm Project, dead. Beat to death with disrespect, stomped on with lack of consideration for the people of

the tribe or the future of the tribe. It's as dead as your children in the graveyards and the future of the ones you still have standing.

NLO is, however, not without another way to spin this into a scheme for her and her Ronin pals. She is looking for, and probably already has someone, to write a grant for the tribe to get millions more of Federal Funds for studies they will never complete, and for preliminary work to build a wind farm, which they will never build. They will, however, funnel all that money, including loans in the Tribe's name, into their own pockets. Some of the money will flow into the hands of the incompetent who will be 'running businesses' that are nothing more than a way to make it look good on paper.

She is already pushing for Dorgan to step up and grant more than \$2.5 million to the tribe for this project. He, of course, can't be bothered to see if it is viable. Doesn't need to. Never does. He just takes her word for it. Never follows up. I wonder what lobbyists they have in common?

Turtle Wins The Race

Looks like the Wind Farm project will be built, but not on the rez. Turtle Mountain has done all the preliminary work, even ahead of schedule on some of the work, and the Wind Farm Will go there.

I had hoped that you all would get a fire in the belly over this project and see it as an opportunity to take a stand for something that would actually give hope to the future. I was taking bets on it from people out there who thought, naively, that if it was important enough, the people of SLN would stand up, at long last.

I knew which side to bet on. I watched you do nothing as you got robbed, murdered, and your children were buried. Do nothing as your drunken Tribal Council members disgrace you and Indians everywhere, with their behaviors and their ignorance. I knew that you would do nothing.

Thanks for the \$50. I would have loved to have lost that bet.

Badgers Want Ad

*"Wanted: To work on the most laughed-at reservation in the nation, as Law Enforcement (*POP!) Officer. No education required, must not care about rape, murder, burglary or child molesters. Must ignore calls for help and be willing to burn vehicles that are loaned out to Powerful Family members, who sometimes need evidence destroyed. Must ignore blatant drug dealing, and be willing to live across the street from Meth Dealers, in a friendly manner.*

Must be at least 18 years of age. Tendency to date underage girls, acceptable. Singing in band is a plus.

Must be willing to train on wheelbarrow duty, and able to help fat man carry his gut in wheelbarrow, without laughing. Must be willing to jump like puppy dog if Powerful family needs attention.

Sobriety is optional

Apply: Spirit Lake Nation (Or just show up.)

There, that should bring 'em in! Soon, there will be enough badgers out there to personally guard every member of the Turd Clan.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

May 26, 2008
Watered Down

Like to share with you a funny story from a friend of mine who is raising 3 sons on her own. The oldest is 19, the youngest, 13, and the middle-child, 16. Yes, we spoke to her about her pattern.

My friend wrote to me about her middle-son. He was angry at an obnoxious bully at school who had been harassing him, mercilessly, for months. It was a hot day at school, and the cement was like a slate, waiting for some bold message to be written across it, and Middleson decided to do just that.

He had one of those water bottles with a spout on it. It was going to be the perfect crime. He was going to write, in water, "Josh Fucks Men!" and everyone would see it. But it would evaporate in half an hour or so, so no evidence would be left behind...

However, he ran out of water after the letter "e".

Anger is like that. It prevents you from thinking clearly and weighing your options and seeing obstacles. It can undo the person that indulges it.

It proves, in small and large ways, that nothing done in anger will be done well.

As long as the enemy can make you so angry you don't think, you will undo yourself.

Take the time to think about what it is you want to do, and how. Stand in high place away from your rage and look at all that is around you. What is there that will work for you and what is within you that will work against you. Take your measure, make your move only after your anger has cooled into a plan.

In this way you will find more victories, fewer defeats. Victories will bring longstanding changes, setbacks will be temporary, and they can be used to hone and shape smarter and better plans. There is no defeat. There is no failure. Where one falls, ten rise up.

In this way, you will not poison your own mind, you will not alienate your family, friends and loved ones, and you will fear no one and nothing.

Rage can only destroy, but anger, cooled and tempered like hot steel into a fine

blade, can cut through the bindings and separate the person from the abuser, the murderer from the power base.

What is cut with this well-thought plan will never be rejoined, and the separated parts will wither and sink like wet smoke, into the ground, never to be seen, heard, nor felt again.

The opposition will taste their own fear, smell their own disgrace, and have nowhere to run. Cheap alliances will shatter like dropped glasses, and those who have done this evil, over and over again, will have no surcease and no quarter will be given.

You will be as calm in victory as you are in battle. You will see your part through until the end of your time. At the end of your time you will find Peace and Light, for you have constructed this in your heart, with your courage and your humor.

This is how warriors do battle. This is how warriors win.

The Drought Upon Us

All these many years, generations, with the lake rising, the rivers pushing into our homes and lives, we have been, ironically, spiritually, in a drought.

Passions have been squelched by jealousy, addictions and ignorance. Even to this day, the artists, the musicians, the dancers and the poets have been in the wind, afraid to touch ground, stake their claim upon this world lest all that is around them reject them, abandon them and ridicule them.

Your children bring gifts so brilliant it would blind you with delight. But these gifts remain unopened, lost to this world, traded for shallow friendships and worthless alliances predicated on addictions and the mistaken values of remaining in the slavery of illiteracy and ignorance.

Fear grows where there is an absence of passion.

The drought has been nurtured by self-pity, when it could have been ended by the passion to become what The Creator intended all along, for each of us to become: "Free".

In each gift of music, art, poetry, dancing, mathematics, and humor, is a key. The keys are the only way to unlock the future. We remain, in this drought, in this prison, of our own making.

Oh? You say you are not one of the ones who has murdered, stolen, poisoned

the children with drugs? You are not the one who has raped and molested? You think that makes you safe in the hereafter? You think?

What if I were to point out to you that you are as much a part of the evil around you as those who commit these crimes? What then? What would you change? Would you find courage and stand up to them? Would you, for the sake of your children and their children yet to come, be the example upon which they could and would predicate their own actions when they are confronted with the darkness and the evil that lays in wait for every innocent we abandon by our neglect?

Free Will is both a gift and a responsibility. It is not there merely as a concept, but it is the core of our covenant with God. We were given this aspect of our being so that we could choose to stand up to that which strikes fear into our heart, and blights the land.

If we don't use it, we lose it. We become slaves to the darkness, and are consumed by monsters we tolerate to share our air, water, food and economy. We become something worse than the misguided evil that we know exists: We become its protector.

It is a choice we must make, each of us, within our self: stand against all that is evil; or become, with our silence, its protector. The more it is protected, the more it grows.

How do you answer at the end of your days when the question comes: "And how did you choose?"

All your excuses, all your self-pity, all your rage, worthless to your soul then as it is now.

Children And Water

And now the lake is dropping level. Some look across it and fantasize that the lands swallowed by this lake will be recovered. Others say it will not. There would have to come a duration of drought beyond anything we have seen before the land would come back to us. And then it would be too dried, too fouled by the darkness it has swallowed, to be any good to anyone, except as a monument of all that has been lost.

Your children are your future. The Lake has taken them, time and time again, and spat them back at you, to be dragged into their graves. Still you ignore their addictions, and continue to excuse your own.

After you have done nothing to stop the evil that surrounded them, protecting that evil with your silence, the future looks like what is left when the dark water recedes.

Perhaps you fantasize that some force of nature will move over them, and bring what they could have been into view again, clean and whole. In some sad, too late, too wrecked, soggy way. We leave to Nature and to God, that which was always ours to do.

You think this is not our work? It is. All of it. And it remains in need of healing, repair and rebuilding.

Evil could not survive much less thrive as it has, had we not, with our silence, self pity, jealousy and cowardice, protected it, nurtured it, instead of the children. This is our work.

Where there is thriving evil in this world, it is because we tolerated it. We are guilty.

The drought is coming. It will reveal what lies beneath. We will see the wreckage of the land, the children, the toxins will sparkle in the sun, and reek of foulness that will make the air we breathe, sicken us. It will be too hot to close our windows, and we will pray for rain, but get only wind.

For those who have done nothing in this world to make this world better for others, nor better for our children and safer for their gifts to be opened, the keys within to unlock the Universe that surrounds us... for those who have kept their silence and done their participation in the evil that hurts the community, the nation, the children, in small ways or large; for those, there is no surcease of the anguish and the agony, for this is of our own making.

Prepare now for what the drought will reveal. Prepare now for what will be revealed.

Change Course

We are a nation in the midst of changing course. We have traveled far too long down this road of ruin, and tolerated leaders that lie, deceive, trick, and rob us of our life's energy.

We have been bullied by Madmen and lied into wars where we are the aggressors. That stain will be upon us until the end of this world, as it has been upon other nations who went down that road, following the madman, afraid to stand up and speak out against what they knew then, and we know now, is

wrong.

Afraid to unite, we have been divided and kept so in our ignorance, allowing the blasphemy of racism to poison our mouths, and to feed that poison to our children that they too, can poison theirs.

We have learned to be afraid of people not like ourselves, and to ridicule those who struggle to belong, as if we alone hold the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven and the club of Human Beings.

What seems like a powerful perch, thinking we are better or stronger, or more entitled than this or that person, for any reason, be it their race, their gender, their sexual orientation, or some affliction we deem comical or loathsome; is in fact our undoing.

We are undone because we fear uniting. The very thing that will empower us, save us, we fear.

The evil that surrounds us, rules our lives, also fears our uniting. Our uniting is their undoing.

Our choices, at every juncture, mark us.

Our nation is at a juncture. Great opposition to the light of our freedom and our uniting works to undo us.

The voice that seeks to unite us and bring us together for the greater good, the healing and the changing course of our lives as individuals and as a nation, must first teach us to not be afraid to remember who and what we are.

The corrupt play upon our fears and threaten us with "unknowns" so vague that it is left up to our own minds to defeat us with imaginings of horrible things, scandals, or too a'feared to look.

Nothing is given that we can draw from, but the vagaries continue, hoping to take root in our imaginings, and that we will do again, our own unraveling. It has been so easy in the past. No one wanted to stand up, appear to be the only one who didn't know, and ask the obvious question: "What are you talking about?" Instead, everyone looks around, no one shrugs or admits they don't know. They all nod, knowingly, and then go feed their worst fears in the dark.

But we, as a nation, as Human Beings, are becoming wise to those vaporous threats of horrors that do not exist (for if they did, they would have been produced by now), and the more we ask: "What is it you say we will regret?" The

more the potential for regret is repeated. It becomes comical. It used to work on us. But now it becomes comical.

Old School Politicians, so accustomed to the power, so accustomed to deceiving, and to being excused (because we expect our leaders to be corrupt), are now meeting with a new awareness, and the old tricks are not working on us. The awareness brings the light and the light is becoming a wave.

Change is upon this land and a new day is coming. But there are dark forces out there that believe that if they kill the messenger, the people will return, quietly, to their self-enslavement.

The corrupt have made a miscalculation, out of habit. Those who have been accustomed to power, are assuming that they have it as theirs. They sense it is being ripped from their grasp, by a force they have not reckoned with before: Integrity. The power they had was not theirs. It was ours. We must take it back. Integrity. Keep it, demand it.

I believe that if messengers are taken from us, that we are capable, all of us, as a nation, of uniting in a way that will bring the rock of Integrity to every corner of this land. It is not the messenger that leads us. It never has been the messenger. It is the message.

The message sounds within each of us, regardless of goodness or corruption, feel the ring of truth in our being. It sounds right or it sounds inharmonious. It heals that which is good in us, and it sickens those who resist it.

It always has. It always will.

If we do this right, this time, in this nation, we will have a leader who fulfills the promise of this nation, to all its people and to the world at large.

Regardless of whether the messenger is taken from us, or we are fortunate enough to keep that mighty heart that is willing to lead us out of these dark places, a change of global proportions is moving across the land.

The message is "Unity".

Discard that which prevents you from healing. Clean out those ideas that poison your children and alienate you from your brothers and sisters in this world. Do what you must to take back the power that others had stolen from you with their offer of drugs, racism, jealousy and lies.

It costs you nothing to heal those parts of yourself. It costs you the children, the

future, if you do not. It costs us all, their gifts unopened, the doors to greater possibilities will remain locked against us.

Time to choose which way you are walking: Are you protecting the children and the future? Or are you protecting the evil in this world? You know, and so do we all. It shows.

Grad nights all over this land, but on the rez, the children are offered poison in place of their passions, addictions instead of support. The water is waiting for them to make all the mistakes we are doing nothing to guide them away from. And they are too young to see or understand how valuable they are, treasures from The Creator to this world, in all that they can be, come too close to the water's edge, too fast to stop.

Learn to be the warrior heart. It is where we find our true power. Fear nothing. It is in the Free Will, the choices and the redemption we make in this brief lifetime that carry us or abandon us in eternity.

Stand up or stand around, seething in your discontent, water bottle in hand, waiting to make a move that will backfire on you and change nothing.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

May 30, 2008
You Are Doing It

Wow. I mean WOW! You all stood up and demanded your Wind Farm! You demanded that Frank be put back in charge! It shows you can stand up. You can get what you want. You can make them answer to you.

But, now you must keep doing it. Nothing is won until it is done. So keep on it. Keep doing it.

I have found the contact name of the person involved with the Farm. He is one of your own. Casey Brown, an enrolled member. His company is the one that will spear head this whole project. Nabholz Construction Company. Check their website

Contact Casey Brown if you have any questions or information regarding this project.

Keep him posted as to what you hear, or what you find out about this project and he can directly answer your questions or use your information.

Keep On Doing It

It is also imperative that Frank Black Cloud be put back into place. In fact, for the sake of integrity, you might want to have Si Ironheart removed and put Frank in charge of the whole thing. Si is a waste of time. Frank has character. Si let's his family drive around in the vehicles that are supposed to be for the exclusive use of his department. Frank has integrity.

You want integrity, demand it. The more you get people with integrity in place, in those jobs where they are qualified, and the more you remove those cronies who only have the positions because they are buds with the corrupt, the better off you will all be.

Demand it. Get it. This is how you can best make the changes in your community that will begin the healing process.

Do More

Get informed, and stay informed and act on the information you get.

You have no idea how close it was for the opportunity of that Wind Farm to NOT happen.

You can thank Casey Brown for his keeping that door open, despite the blatant insults and disrespect from Lois, NLO and the rest of your Tribal Council.

It is as I have said before: That your own people struggle to overcome the hardships of rez life. They struggle to get an education and make themselves

able to do more and help more. Casey is an enrolled member who worked his butt off to be able to help his people.

Frank is another.

There is a list of at least 30 qualified people that I know of that have tried to bring justice, fairness, and improvements to the lives of their people, because they have in their hearts a love of their tribe, their home, their land. They became educated in law, in medicine and psychology, accounting, business, environmental, nursing, education and government.

Each was pushed out or not allowed into a job where they could have helped their people. Each was run off so that a non-qualified, easy to control friend or family member of the corrupt, could take the money and abuse their position in these fields.

You have lost them. They won't come back. If you want Frank Blackcloud back, make the Tribal Council apologize to him in public and in writing. Don't lose him. He is critical to this wind farm project. He is standing for you. You must stand for him.

Clean Up

Demand that not only this be done, but that he be given the top job. Two birds with one stone: You get rid of the corrupt and worthless Si Ironheart; and you put in place a man of integrity who will run that department in a way that benefits the Good People of Spirit Lake.

After that, look around at every other department. Start booting out the corrupt and the family members of the corrupt.

Stop paying the corrupt to abuse you. At least that will remove one incentive from them and maybe it will make it less worth anyone's while to misuse their position.

Now, also, start choosing amongst yourselves, WHO it will be that your run against the incumbent Council Members. Start choosing now. Get behind that person now. Don't wait until the Tribal Council lets you know there will be an election. Do it now.

Round Up

Put aside your differences and choose the one who will stand up.

Meanwhile, confront the Tribal Council Members and their family members, wherever you see them. Tell them what you think of their stealing from you. Tell them what you think of their holding jobs they only have because they are related to corruption.

Start with Barb Walking Eagle. I know you all feel sorry for her. She's married to one of the ugliest bisexuals on the rez. I know she has been hospitalized and her heart about quit a few times. But she enjoys taking thousands of dollars, YOUR MONEY, and gambling on those Pull Tabs, and feeding the slot machines.

She got mad when the Tribe quit paying her bills: Gas, electric, phone, grocery. She still demands they do it. Sometimes they do. She has the job of librarian. Why? Isn't there someone more qualified? Someone who deserves the paycheck?

Stop feeling sorry for the family members of the corrupt. They don't feel sorry for you! Take away the 'benefits of being related to the corrupt', by not allowing them to have jobs they are not entitled to.

Wouldn't it be nice to bring back the old ways of family making sure that their family members behave properly so that they don't bring disgrace to their whole family? Right now, the more corrupt the Tribal Councilor, the more 'popular' their family members! The more people look up to them as 'having status'. They are trash! You are allowing trash to treat you like garbage!

If you make it so that the family gets uncomfortable when their family members are corrupt, maybe people will start to think twice before going down that road. Maybe it will bring back a practice of good behavior for the sake of "respect".

I know, I know: Respect and Integrity, what a concept!

Remember: They can only do to you what you let them do to others. Don't let them do it. You can stop them. You can change how it is done out there.

Throw The Garbage OUT

Get Little Joe out of his job. What is a violent rapist and child molester doing in such a high paying job? Get him OUT.

Remove QBall and his sons. They are not qualified, cannot pass a drug test (Unless Chuckles makes it possible). Get them out.

Get Vern Lambert out of his position of running your schools.

Get Russell MacDonald out of his job. How much dope do they have to find in his offices before you realize, it's HIS problem? He does nothing. He claims it's not his, but he does nothing. Put someone in that will do something. (Besides plagiarize writings).

Look at how corrupt his whole family is! They got their power play on when they helped the Turd Clan cover up their murder of Eddie Peltier! They sold their Mary, only 14 years old at the time, into sexual contract with the entire Turd Clan so that she would perjure herself and lie about knowing anything about the

murder.

Richard La Fuente remains in prison to this day because of her lies! Think about that. Think about what a prison is. You let her family have all these positions? You let her have the job in the Police Department? You let her take the home of an enrolled member, who was thrown out of his house so she could have it?

Why is no one spitting on the ground these people tread? Why are there no protest signs going up demanding the truth be told? Demanding these liars, molesters, rapists, murderers and thieves be held accountable?

Your tribal judge? What is that? Applicant's with more education were passed over so that she, age 23, no legal education, no degree, (GED is NOT a 'degree') could have that spot? Don't you think the people deserve a real judge?

Start removing the corrupt. Pull them out like bad teeth and the whole tribe will start to smell better, talk better.

These are the poisons you need to remove.

Stand Together and Get it Done. They are counting on you to quit. To get drunk, and to fade away. They are counting on being able to buy you off with a few dollars of the millions they owe you.

Now is the time. It is later than you think. It is almost too late. For some, tragically, it is already too late.

Stand and demand.

Clean up.

Be strong.

The Wind Farm is symbolic of 'clean energy' and of 'bringing the light'. Time to end the rule of corruption and darkness, and Bring The Light.

The corrupt will scatter like roaches when we turn on the light within ourselves and our community.

The children are watching.

You know where to find me.

~Cat