February 13, 2007

Strange Bedfellows

It would seem that most of the community at large knows the history on Orelia (letter writer of previous blog fame. Ambassador from Flat Earth Colony). Her recent history is very much in conflict with the high moral tone of her email. Seems she was, for decades, the bar buddy and bed buddy of Weenie Boy and numerous other friends in common.

It was her brother that murdered Stacey Littleghost (Myra Pearson's brother) not long ago. That sort of put a kink in the friendship, I suppose. A few years ago, Orelia's husband died.

I also hear that she is an avid reader. Seems out of place to have a well read person falling into the traps of ignorance and denial like that, but such is the trauma of living on the rez, eh? Having a murderer for a brother would rock one's world as well, I am sure.

She has by stating that her family "has had a checkered past", earned her Black Belt in Euphemism!

So, her high and mighty stand on whom she hangs around with, and what they do, is really, all very, very recent. She was then and seems to have now forgotten, what all she knew about the Turdlings. What their pleasures and their vices were.

Her claiming to not know any of these things proves how well she has erased her own muddy footprints from the floor, as well as the muddy footprints of the Turdlings and others whom she now pretends are not all that bad.

So, it becomes clear as to why she would like for all this to go away, and why she minimizes their crimes as "personal problems" and wishes to let bygones be bygones.

If by pretending all this ignorance and pretending to be Traditional (which, by the way, she has no clue about what Traditional is) she hopes to regain the close friendship with those who she knows are more desperate for alliances these days, those who also pretend to practice "Traditional Values", and are desperate for alliances as they fall ever faster into the pit of their own poop. Maybe she just misses the old days and the old gang, eh?

Back when no one spoke of these things out loud. Back when it was only whispers, and her bar buddies walked like kings upon the rez. I can see where she would miss those times. I think a lot of scared people miss those days.

Count her among the ever dwindling numbers of trained seals who will attend the General Assembly meetings and applaud with zeal, every lie that comes out of the mouths of the Turdclan and the Tribal Council. Maybe they will see that they have missed her too, and reconnect, for old time's sake?
Knowing more about her story, you might therefore, know and understand a bit more of
the background stories on the remaining number of loyal trained seals. That their
numbers are down-sizing does not seem to bother them; rather, it makes them feel all the
more special and even more needed by those to whom they bow.

Only thing is, those trained seals sometimes catch from the corners of their blinders, a
look at the people around them who now see them for what they are. Worse for them,
they occasionally catch their own reflection in the glass and wonder who that person is.

There may not be a lot of choices on the rez, but there are a lot of bad ones for those who
look for them. Anyone can, if they are determined to, clean up their act and become a better
person. I always say it is not about being perfect, but it is all about redemption.

Hard to find Redemption in Denial, however, but keep looking anyways. It will give you
something to do in between funerals.

**Fast Friends**

They are the ones that will be left behind, and several will be set up to take the fall. Steve
Cartier got involved and was definitely a part of the Kiddie Porn ring out there. But he
was not the biggest, nor even second biggest player in that game, in that place.

Imagine his delight when all those hard drives came to be stored at his place because he
was so "Trusted" and loyal to the Turdlings. And now he has only the rock and the hard
place; the frying pan and the fire for choices in what is left of his life.

He still believes that Poopsie and his loyal sidekick, Bobo, will, at the very last minute,
pull him out of the fire. They have the connections and they have the know-how. They
can do it. Steve keeps his mouth shut. He has no real choice.

Each day he realizes more and more, how even now, if he talks, he dies, and if he stays
silent, he dies.

When Weenie Boy drove that truck up to his place and gave him all the goods to "hold
until things cool down," he should have realized then that Weenie was handing him his
death warrant. Hush!

They were once fast friends. Now, they are past acquaintances. Poopsie telling
investigators that he always wondered about ol' Steve. Investigators believe him. But
there is a problem. A big problem; the world is watching. The investigation has been
recharged as it was exposed recently in Canada, with connections going to all of
Poopsie's favorite places, towns, cities and "hot spots".
One thing they will find in common when they round up most of these pedophiles in the US, Canada, Taiwan and Mexico, is that a lot of them, oddly enough, are connected in some way, to Poopsie and the Spirit Lake Rez, and especially, the Casino.

Their hard drives will provide information that came from and went to the hard drives and servers that were in service to and used by Poopsie and his Turdling siblings.

The natural question will arise: Why was this not pursued by those who had already nailed Steve Cartier? Why did the investigation stop cold at his door? Try that one on, boys, and let me know how comfy you are and how well you sleep knowing that the world will find a way to break through your corruption and hold you and all whom you co-opted, accountable in these vilest of crimes against children.

Sweet dreams!

Still Waiting

Investigations that have never even begun keep the community in the dark. Mike Meade's death was never investigated. Results never given to the community. Kalum threatening Mike's auntie and other people who cared about Mike the day after Mike went missing is not even going to be looked into.

Kalum going and tailgating Mike's auntie, ramming her back bumper over and over again, trying to run her off the road, also will not be investigated.

Kalum is one of the Turdclan and if his bad temper leads to assault or murder, the cops won't even look at him because, like everything else out there, they are scared of him. Perhaps if they could recall that Lady Cop from Belcourt, maybe she can show them how it is done.

You have that skeleton found on Devil's Heart, body parts showing up here and there, but that can't be of any interest to the Badgers.

There are rapes, thefts, robberies and assaults, but they don't have any time for any of those. That drug dealing that goes on, the one that poisons every family out there, that is not as important as the Big Assignment. You know, the secret mission that has Donovan Wind-between-his-ears crawling around on all fours on all floors, looking for 'staple sign'.

I hear that all they can investigate at this point, is the pursuit of the phantom stapler. Donovan Wind is hot on that one. Hey, if he finds the stapler, maybe there will be a citation or a commendation in it for him. Will he be gracious enough to share it with the whole Badger bunch? Ka-CHUMP!
Slow Burn

Seashelly so happy to have Gaelen come and puke in her house again, that she bought him a brand new SUV! And yes! He gets to keep his job! Well, just so you all know that the money they stole from the IA accounts didn't go to waste, I am here to tell you that it has made Gaelen a very happy kept man!

The Tribe is broke, bills are not paid, jobs are suddenly not there anymore, and the accounts are emptied by the pigs at the trough. You go hungry and your children may never have a future, but Tribal Council can still party like there is no tomorrow.

Well, someone has to! All that poverty, raping, killing, molesting, drug addiction is so dreary!

You know where to find me!

~Cat