

**Note: This is a corrected version 8/5/08 1:56 PM**

**August 4, 2008**

**Sticky Fingers Fisher**



Fresh from the Fargo Forum a few days ago, the ongoing saga of Sticky Fingers Fisher. Busted for shoplifting--- AGAIN!!

(Doesn't he look like a pouting little spoiled brat?)

Dennis Fisher, whom we all remember from his infamous gig as USAG who

originally was running the frame up of the Eddie Peltier Murder, along with his buds, Poopsie, Helleckson, Semans, etc. The list goes on. Even with the relentless bias of His Dishonor, Judge Paul Benson, towards his trumped up prosecution, he was losing the case, so badly that the jury was sitting there, arms crossed, glowering.

That was when Lynn Crooks was summoned in to 'close the sale', and send 11 innocent young men to prison for the murder he knew they had nothing to do with.

Dennis Fisher got his start as an upstart hot shot journalist for the Chicago Sun Times. He was working on the Leonard Peltier Trial when he first met Paul Benson and Lynn Crooks. That was when he became addicted to power. He was able, as a journalist, to get interviews with defendants associates, including attorneys, ostensibly to 'tell both sides' of the story. But instead of doing the journalistic duty, he carried information straight to Lynn Crooks and Paul Benson and helped to lock the doors on an innocent man, who is in prison to this day.

Can I 'prove this'? As in do I have 'video'? Nope. But sometimes the shape of a thing can be defined by the light and the dark that surrounds it. Right after the Leonard Peltier Trial, Sticky Fingers dropped his journalism career and went to law school and just sailed right through, passing the bar, and instantly, with no other practice or trial record, went straight into the USAG office.

Also, if you can find the text to "Death and Taxes" ( Google "Yori Kahl", "Death and Taxes", "D &T") you will find a few remarks in there by Lynn Crooks (Former USAG of Leonard Peltier infamy as well as the Eddie Peltier Murder Trial) you will see how he talks about Denny boy, and how he was 'helpful' in the Leonard Peltier trial.

One can wonder how he managed to do all that so quickly. Smart, yes, but that brilliant? Not by a long shot. He had to have help and strong 'recommendations'. Gee, I wonder (taps chin with forefinger, eyes look heavenward) where he could have found that kind of 'support'?

He was not a good student in Law School, but yet he managed to pass every class without comment? Those who were in the same class as he was, were amazed that he passed, and then passed the bar. A lot of head scratching went down on that one.

Teamed up with the known biases of Paul Benson and his cronies in the FBI who 'hated Indians' and thought of them as "Prairie Trash" (I am being polite here), he soon got a chance to 'make his bones' by being First Chair on the prosecution of the 11 young men, accused of the murder of Eddie Peltier.

Even a half-ways intelligent attorney could see through the frame up. So, either he was incredibly stupid or just so corrupt and racist, he could not resist.

Cracks began to appear in the "Golden Boy" facade, long before his first arrest for shoplifting. Several times store managers had caught him with un-purchased goods as he walked out the door. Each time it was 'explained' that he was 'absent-minded' and that he had simply become forgetful "He has a major trial he is working on and he momentarily lost track of where he was and what he was doing..." that sort of explanation (and I suspect that in Chicago, he had such lapses in high end sporting good stores as he was 'involved in a BIG story'...).

Each time he was let off the hook he became bolder, and stole bigger.

Finally, after his third arrest in May of 96, he was removed from the USAG's office. The previous 2 arrests had been kept out of the news. This one wasn't so quiet. The high end fishing reel he had pocketed, which would have qualified as a 'felony' was reduced to a misdemeanor through a deal he made. Quitting the USAG's position was part of that deal.

Oddly enough, disgraced and without income, he managed to, a couple of years later (Some say with his wife's money. She is from MONEY in Texas and apparently willing to pay any price to have the appearance of a 'successful'

husband) anywho, he bought his way into a partnership in a Moorehead law firm. A firm of good repute, until he took it over.

There were scandals there as he became involved with racketeering and some race track corruption in which the line between attorney and accomplice had been trampled into the dust. (More on that later. Oddly enough, the 8th Circuit Court of Appeals, after finding all this corruption, 'wiped clean' the records of the top players! \*HmMMM?)

All was quiet on the Sticky Fingers front for awhile. Scandals quietly missed the front pages. Too many stories about Britney and Paris Hilton to lure in readers so substantive stuff such as the oddball behaviors of a man who has key in the convicting the innocent in major trials, went unreported or under-reported.

But not unnoticed. Other attorneys were sickened by his antics, both in the courtroom and outside of it. Clients were sometimes puzzled as to what he was really doing. More five-finger-discount items were showing up as trophies in his den at home and even in his office. When caught, he would pretend it was all a mistake and would pay for the items or return them.

A note on Fisher's "Trophy" fetish and his desire to 'show off': He has a painting hanging prominently in his office. The painting is obviously done in Native American style. In fact, it is of an eagle and it was painted by none other than "Leonard Peltier".

Fisher claims it was bartered from a client who owed him money and gave him the painting instead. "It is ironic," he says, "on many levels." It seems that since he could not (yet) get Peltier's head, stuffed and mounted, this painting would have to do.

Now, remember: at the time of the Leonard Peltier trial, Fisher was a 'reporter'. This trophy, and his comments, in that light, also help to shape and form what really went down back in the day, and what Sticky Fingers role in that sham actually was.

Stores were more on the alert when he came in, knowing they would have to chase him down.

So, the unhappy pic at the top of this story about our boy, Sticky Fingers? What has gone down?

Well, he has been arrested again. Only stayed in jail long enough to get his picture taken. He was in jail, literally, less than 20 minutes. Considering that you cannot throw your own bail from jail (you have to wait until you have a judge set

bail) and the fact that he was violent during his arrest (he fought with the store security, and the cops and someone had to literally "sit on him" until he could be cuffed and hauled off; and that he refused to give his name; why would he be released so quickly?

Who threw his bail? Who came running to prevent him from, God forbid, warming a cell long enough that he might spill his guts on what he knows about some very prominent people in very high places, and, you know, precipitate a Federal Investigation into corruption at the USAG office, State Attorney's office, and others.. So, who ran in before the ink was dry and sprung him?

His wife comes from a prominent Texas family (Hector), but the best they could do would take hours, wouldn't it? So, it had to be someone, very high up, who can push cops around. I wonder who that was?

I am sure the rich wife will again spend any amount necessary to clean him up and make him look heroic. Her family not too impressed with her nor him at this time. Their friends secretly high-fiving his blunders into the dark side.

It might be worth noting here that many of his 'friends' in Texas and ND, as well as Florida and Minnesota, (and I am sure elsewhere) read this blog.

Now, maybe, they will look at him for what he is and not be so quick to accept his excuses. Or they can continue to pretend to be as dumb as he thinks they are. He likes to refer to himself as 'The smartest man in the room.' A lot of his shoplifting is to affirm that he can get away with anything because 'they' are so stupid he can walk all over 'them'.

I wonder if he considers the people that sprung him as "dumb enough" that he can put anything over on them? Or if he knows they are 'afraid' of what he will do if he is left to rot in a cell for a couple of hours?

Oh, and the \$60 previous theft/arrest reported by the Forum? Not sure where that came from. Unless they bargained down a \$1500 reel to '\$60' to make it all better for the bum.

Expect to see more arrests of Sticky Fingers. His fall from Grace happened decades ago. It is just now that the fog is parting and you can see him for what he is: Cowardly, greedy, corrupt, a thief and a liar.

Wow, did his wife marry down or what?

Worth noting: He looks 'despondent', and the people around him are talking openly about him being 'suicidal'. That leaves the door open for too many

possibilities:

1. That he will suicide
2. Because he is too risky to let live, he will be murdered and it will be made to look like a 'cide'
3. That once he is dead (regardless of it being a do-it-yourself or by others), those who are afraid of him spilling his guts to get himself out of jail free, will feel much safer.

So, what's it gonna be? Still feel like the smartest man in the room? You think the people who got you out are your 'friends'? You trust them? You think they trust you?

See, the problem from the start, and this started a long time ago, is this: The corrupt are weak, greedy and for the most part, profoundly stupid. The only people they could trust were people who were also corrupt, weak, greedy and stupid. People who are all of the above, will sell their pals out in a heartbeat, to save their own asses--- and they all know it about each other, because they all know it about themselves.

Now, Sticky Fingers, take a good look at who got you out and why. Feel safe, do ya? You're looking kind of 'despondent' around the gills, ol' buddy. Can I get you anything from the store? Sleeping pills? Rope? Bullets? How are you fixed for blades?

Maybe you want to pick up that phone and call someone in DC. Make that the DOJ in DC. Someone that might want to hear what you can reveal about what you know. Someone that can offer you some protection?

Your 'friends' are looking at you sideways. (You know what they are thinking) Maybe it's time to go straight?

### **Pissing On A Littleghost**

Y'all recall that Bobby Littleghost dropped dead in the Grand Entrance at Ft. Totten days last year. Turdmother, always thinking on how to snag center stage, immediately threw herself on his convulsing body, yelling and screaming as if she were heartbroken, when in fact, she and her family were bitter enemies with the Littleghost family, despite being cousins (Bobby Littleghost was upset at QBall for raping his 15 yr. old daughter, sending her to hospital for weeks, was going to kill QBall. QBall's family decided to just let QBall stand trial, go to prison, get out, continue beating and raping women).

Turdmother, getting in the way like that, also made sure that the paramedics could not do their work without interference (masquerading as 'love'). A lot of things went wrong that day and Bobby died.

This year, Ft. Totten days were different: The Tribal Council, who were supposed to show up, but who seem to never show up for any of the important things, or even out of respect, also failed to put in an appearance at the Ft. Totten Days Pow Wow. Too busy running and hiding? Building fences? Panic Rooms, in case the Feds come in with a warrant?

But seizing the opportunity to speak before a captive audience, Turdmother and her Turdlings, got on stage and went on and on and on, ostensibly, honoring Bobby Littleghost. Nevermind that Bobby hated their guts and would have, if he could have, struck them all blind and mute on the spot.

The Turd Family Tribute went on and on and on... Anyone believe it was anything except their way of pissing on Bobby's memory?

### **Bad Paper Boy**

Remember Monty Herman? He was caught running off copies of the forged BIA Police reports in the SMC office. (BIA and any other Federal Stationery required, is provided by Poopsie who has a cache of stationery, blank, and some with signatures on blank pages (Justin Case?)(Pun, yes). Anything he doesn't have, he can get from his FBI Poodles. Well, one Poodle, anyways.

This forgery is supposed to represent a statement by Terry Dunn where he is supposedly narking out everyone on the rez. The idea being that every drug dealer on the rez would then want Terry dead. Why? So that when Poopsie and QBall learn to shoot straighter, they can murder Terry and have the crime either remain unsolved forever, or blame it (as they like to say) 'on some Mexican'.

Why do they want Terry Dunn dead? Why do they want Dunn done? A number of reasons:

1. Terry is not afraid of them. They have shot at him in the past, bullets whistling past his ears. Instead of being afraid, he got angry and went and beat up one or two of them.
2. Terry's sister, Budine, was living with **\*Son Littlewind**, (*Corrected from previous post*) a cousin to the Turdlings. Both of them got drunk, really drunk, many times. ~~\*Butch~~—(*Corrected from previous post*) would always pound on Budine. This one night, he grabbed her in a headlock and shot

her-- in the head! She survived and \***Son**(*Corrected from previous post*) has to go to court (Duh).

3. Terry is supportive, much as one can be, under the circumstances of his sister, Budine. For the first time, she is ready to stand up to ~~\*Butch~~ Son, (*Corrected from previous post*) (*Corrected from previous post*) and his murderous kinfolk. \***Son** (*Corrected from previous post*) might have to go to real jail. If they can neutralize Terry, \***Son** (*Corrected from previous post*) might be able to intimidate Budine into silence. Or kill her and not worry about Terry getting pissed off and killing one of them.

So, the Black PR on Terry is ongoing. Ironic that Monty Herman is assigned the task of copying and spreading the lies. Monty, who molested his own children (and doubtless others) and had his children removed from his home, is presenting himself to the community as a pillar of righteous indignation, and handing out the reams of lies.

And some on the rez seem to have very short memories. They give him the time of day. They listen as if he were a man of character. Perhaps you should remember a little better. It was not that long ago.

Turn your back on him, and all of them for that matter. Turn away from them as they do it to Terry or anyone else because you know, they would and they will, do it to you. Tell him what he can do with that paper. (Be creative, it's okay).

### **Federal Money Scam**

I can't wait for the next begging session. There is an investigation, presently, into Indian Healthcare Services and how they are run. First thing that pops out of the mouths of the greedy and corrupt, especially when it serves to distract from their criminal operations, is that Indians are suffering, and that they need "MORE MONEY" to 'help' the Indian People.

The problem is not MORE MONEY, it is that the qualified, who are generally used to secure the grants, set up the programs, make it look legit, are then run off and replaced by the unqualified who have no credentials and who raid the funds for their own, and their families' to profit from, while those who need real services are mistreated, untreated, their privacy breached, making whatever problems are originally there, worse. The whole community suffers while a few greedy and corrupt, scoop up armloads of government cash.

We have talked about Piggy Cavanaugh in the past and what she has done to ruin Healthcare services in the SLN. She has no qualifications, other than being

related to Turdclan.

Even the most qualified counselors are removed so that their files can be raided and clients learn that if they want to heal from abuse, drug or alcohol addictions, or illnesses of any kind, they have nowhere to go.

The problems multiply, become more and more obvious, and the Tribal Council puts on their Indian Faces and go to government and demand more funds. Who could refuse? Can't you see the people are suffering?

Wow, what a scam!

Piggy Cavanaugh even has her ~~sister~~, Cousin Evelyn (Evil Lyn) running the drug and alcohol rehab program on the Rez. Wiconi (Witch CHO-nee) was originally started by Ed Brownshield. ("Wiconi" means "Water for Life" and was to represent a rebirth into a better life) He had the Degrees, the credentials, the qualifications, and the moral integrity to design the program, obtain the funding and set up the treatment courses. It was the first such program for Native People, in the entire country.

Soon as everything looked good enough to pass any potential government overview, Piggy threw him out and replaced him with Evil Lyn! No qualifications necessary! No degree, no education, and absolutely no morals and no scruples to get in the way.

Now, follow this: Evil Lyn's nephew is Son Littlewind of shooting-Budine-Alberts-in-the-head, fame.

Budine and her brother, Terry Dunn, were enrolled in Wiconi to get cleaned up and especially so Budine could start a new life, clean and sober, without ~~\*Butch~~, Son (*Corrected from previous post*) and be able to testify against him in court without coming apart at the seams.

With Terry's support, she was doing really well. Better than expected. Oh oh! Better call Auntie Evil!

Suddenly, Terry is in court on an assault charge (beating up a Turdling who shot at him?) and the judge appeared to be actually listening to Terry's side of things. (This is NOT the rez, this is real court). In order to discredit Terry, hopefully get him out of the program and away from being able to support and assist his sister, Evil pops up with a complaint that Terry is making trouble at the rehab. (What rehab? It's a Piggy Bank for the Cavanaugh's!).

The Judge asked a simple question: "Can you be more specific?" Typically, if

there is a trouble incident at a facility, there is a write up, witnesses, signatures, time stamps, evidence, videos, that sort to thing. Not just a finger waving wild-eyed Evil Lyn.

Evil was stymied. Then she repeated her charge. The Judge asked again for 'specifics'. Had Evil or even her evil ~~sister~~ *Cousin*, Piggy had any education at all, they would have known about 'reports' and that sort of nonsense 'work'.

Enter Justin Cavanaugh, (just in time?), and yes, he is related. Evil Lyn's brother. He is one of the Drug Testers at the 'facility'. He is a known addict. If you give him pain pills, he will say you passed your UA (Urine Analysis). It's okay. Chuckles the Clown and Wide Legs Mary do the same thing, only for money. They can get all the drugs they want, but cash always has a nice smell to it.

Justin gets up and repeats the vague charges.

The Judge wanted 'specifics' and it appears none were forthcoming.

Now, the Prosecutor stands up and offers that he knows what is going on. He explains that Evil and Justin are related to Son and that Son is going to be on trial for attempted murder, so this whole thing is probably just an attempt to frame Terry Dunn out of the picture and give Sonny Boy a better chance at beating the rap.

WHAT???? Yup, that is the way I heard/read it. I asked for repeats on this one because I was sure I had heard/read it wrong. Nope, it was the Prosecutor who was onto the scheme and spoke up.

### **Cracks In The Wall of Corruption**

Along with that, there are several things happening right now, that portend, in a big way, that things are shifting out there. The truth is wearing down the evil and those who have, for so long, conspired to oppress Indian People, especially and starting with, SLN.

Something is changing. Dominoes are falling, and the house of cards: Greed, Corruption, Weakness and Stupidity (4 suits) are fearing the winds of change that seem to be coming from all Four Directions.

Little things, like how the Dunns are now not such easy targets for lies and false charges; how the Courts are actually asking for proof and prosecutors are working for justice instead of political points; and add to that the way the corrupt are running scared: Fisher is stealing, his cronies terrified he will spill, rush to

remove him from eyes and ears; The US Marshals took down the rapists on the rez (8 to begin with and more to come), how the Feds went after Carl Walking Eagle and it appears they are using his help to dismantle the Ronin Wireless money laundering machine; Seashelly is building a tall fence around her property, Poopsie has reinforced doors and walls in his house and office at the casino (Hey, he might actually be able to use those long range surveillance cameras he bought years ago to see if there was ever a convoy of Feds coming to arrest him), and rats are deserting the ships in the prairies and other 'resorts' so fast it is 'take-a-number' time for the Department of Justice to sort out all the incoming information from those in a big hurry to play "Let's Make a Deal!".

Yuppers, something is changing out there in the Shadowlands of Indian Country. Light is streaming out from some mighty big cracks this time. These fingers of light are turning over some rather ugly-on-the-underside rocks, and the vermin in that moist darkness are writhing in the pain of exposure.

Each time there is a crack in this thing, it is bigger and deeper than before.

There is more going on, which I would love to tell you about, but it will have to wait. It's all good, but it has to wait. All of it indicates that the walls of corruption and crime are coming down. This time way more than last time. The bad guys are terrified. (Hey, they may not show up for Steak Night!).

This is not do to my work. This is do to your work. Their undoing is your doing. Your courage, your willingness to come forward and tell your story, tell me what you know so that I could share it with everyone, is what is shattering the silence in the Shadowlands.

Because so many of you are doing the right thing for the right reasons, Evil is coming undone. The light is coming in and you are bringing it. You must continue and not rest until your work is done. Our time is now. We come together to rid ourselves of this corruption, this evil that has resided in the Halls of power for too long. We are making progress and we cannot rest until our work is finished.

Continue to find ways to come together. We must, if we are to succeed, come together as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations. And, it appears, that is exactly what is happening. Thank you.

"Someone is coming. Someone is here. That someone is YOU."

This is your work. I am just the messenger.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 5, 2008**

**My Bad**

Ugh! Okay, a few corrections on the previous post: ~~Budine~~ **Dunn** Alberts was shot in the head, not by Butch Cavanaugh, but by Sylvester Littlewind. Sorry Butch.

Littlewind is still in jail. Littlewinds are cousins to the Turdclan. I think I managed in the previous post to finally get the relationship between Piggy and Evil Lynn straightened up. They are cousins, not sisters. Evelyn and Justin Cavanaugh are siblings. Trust me, if you could see the tangled family vines out there, you would be amazed that I get as many of them right as I do! Let's Pick On Terry Dunn

I wish I had gone to Ft. Totten Days this time, just to have seen this one: Terry Dunn showed up to support his son. During the Evening's event, the Badgers had him surrounded, telling everyone that Terry was 'wanted'. After a long night, they released Terry (after making him miss his son's event) because they mysteriously could not find any paperwork to back up their arrest!

Oh yeah, proud to wear that uniform, aren't you all?

Tell your fearless leader, Donovan Wind-for Brains I have a copier/stapler update for him: Monty Herman has been seen running off copies of forged/fraudulent BIA Reports at the SMC Plant! Quick! Go arrest him!

**Wacky Jackie's Other Name**

Those who used to work at the casino tell about how Wacky Jackie got rid of everyone that had any education or job skills so that she could run things into the ground and no one would be able to figure out what all the financial problems are. Customer complaints could be ignored, and are.

She's greasy, doesn't bathe (or it doesn't do any good) and her nickname amongst the unfortunate who have made her acquaintance is "Horse head". I knew she whinnied, but did not realize it was common knowledge. Ask her how old she is and see how many times she stomps her front hoof.

Like She's Building Her Own Prison

Seashelly's fence is pretty much finished now. It looks weird to see a really tall fence around one house like that. Maybe she is planning to use that to keep her bed monkey at home if he is ever released from jail for the numerous and vicious rapes he perpetrated upon women and little girls.

Maybe Seashelly can lock him in? Chain him up? But wouldn't she have to get him released (again) into her custody (again)? (So he could go and rape again).

Maybe she will have a ring set of keys swinging from her hip when he gets home again, if, IF he ever gets home again. You would know when she was around because you would hear them clinking, in harmony, perhaps, with her little Seashelly boots (size 10-1/2)(WIDE).

### **Coming Unglued**

Looks like Sticky Fingers Fisher is not the only one feeling the pressure these days. QBall is entertaining himself by beating the crap out of his wife, (common-law) Charlene Ironhawk, who has fled to Minot to get away from him. She is too afraid to press charges because she knows that the Badgers won't do anything to him or to protect her.

Pisster is having "episodes" again. I suppose that as the 25th anniversary of Eddie "Fish" Peltier's murder looms on the horizon (Mark your Calendars for August 29th) she is slipping into and out of Time Warps. She is forgetting what year it is, and she is thinking that Eddie is still a cop!

"Junior's really mad at him this time," she whispers to her seat mate at the bar. "They're going to kill him you know." She tips backwards a little bit, her eyes wide, her finger to her lips, nodding slowly. About that time Poopsie pulls up outside, slant parked, motor running, goes in and drags her out, protesting, giggling, staggering.

This scene is bizarre but comes in a distant second to her freaking out in her own house, claiming she sees blood everywhere and "...someone has to clean this up!". For those who don't know: The house Eddie was murdered in was Pisster's house. That house was demolished, down to the dirt three days later, and replaced with an entirely new house by the end of the month. She lives in that new house.

She swears she sees Eddie everywhere. I think she is telling the truth. Poopsie is the one in denial.

### **How It Could Have All Been Avoided**

All the corruption that is coming to light: the SMC scandals, the Ronin Wireless Money Laundering Machine, Crooked Casino, dozens of other scams, politicians, USAGs, corrupt and drunken FBI Agents, murders and rapes, embezzlement and incest, all exposed because of one stupid, cowardly act.

Poopsie and the Turdlings murdering Eddie because of a traffic ticket, setting in motion a Restless Spirit that keeps stirring up out there, relentlessly. Exposing corruption in State agencies as well as federal; Health services, casinos all. Corruption eruptions coming to the light of day, kicking and screaming, denials laid waste upon the evidence as those who once shone so brightly appear to have lost their shine, and now slither to take cover under the rocks that keep getting turned over.

All of this has been ongoing for hundreds of years. It has gotten steadily worse over the years. More and more powerful people have tangled themselves into this sticky web, and are being exposed or fear being exposed and KNOW they will be revealed.

Their discomfort could have been avoided entirely, perhaps, had Poopsie and the Turdlings not committed that one murder too many. That one murder that stirred up the Restless Spirits in Indian Country and are driving into the light, the crimes committed along the way and exposing everyone for their part in those crimes.

You see as the once powerful are reduced to whimpering, cowering, sniveling, trying to escape confrontation from Store security guards, to Federal Agents who corner fat ones like Walking Ego, and he in turn, can't talk fast enough, reveal everything fast enough, to save himself, at the expense of his cronies.

All of this would have gone on as it had for generations, unnoticed, un remarked, uninvestigated, had not that one murder too many, hit the ground. Had Poopsie been a man at all, he would have accepted the traffic ticket and gone on with his corrupt drug dealing life, and everyone else would have gone on with theirs, and no one would ever have looked into the Shadows of Indian Country.

So, as you are wondering what domino is going to fall next, wondering how much Walking Eagle is selling out to the feds, living in fear that Sticky Fingers might reveal more than you can cover up; as you are wondering if the The DOJ is coming to investigate the corruption and incompetence (yeah! sell it as "incompetence"! The American People love to believe in stupidity over 'corruption' any day) in the FBI operations that you are a part of of; as you are wondering if you are being surveilled; if your friends are wired; If your partners are trying to 'suicide' you; you must hold a little grudge against those who made such a 'fool-proof' system of corruption so full of fools that they are spilling out onto the public awareness.

You must be a little upset with the over-reaction to a traffic ticket that caused you all to sell your souls and leads you to ulcers and sleepless nights, mistrusting girlfriends, boyfriends, family and even the dead. And yet you cannot say a word to them as they continue to unravel your perfect world with their blatant stupidity. You are beholdin' to them for letting you indulge in your secret vices. You are afraid of them, because you

know they have tapes, photos, and now, the proverbial rock and hard place; frying pan and fire; jump or be pushed situation you are in right now.

You live in this kind of frenzied fear and suspicion, because of Poopsie. He was never the smartest man in the room, but he was always able to control the smartest men and women, and you let him control you.

You made the deal with the Devil because you could not resist. Now, only one way can get you free, and it is not suicide. Suicide will leave you forever trapped in this evil embrace. There is only one way out and that is through the light of Truth.

I did not put you into this position, you did it to yourself.

Corruption used to move like a shadow, unseen, and untouchable. Now, the shape and form of what they are, what they have done, is revealing them to everyone. Corruption is rotting from the inside out. Who is next?

Ask Carl Talking Eagle. He has a list.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 11, 2008**  
**Somebody Get It To You Tube!**

I put a link at the top of this page to the video on the Fargo Forum site that shows Sticky Fingers (smartest man in the room) matching wits with the store security who had him hand-cuffed and awaiting for transportation to jail. He wants to ditch the knife he stole.

Eying the trash can near his chair, he gets a brilliant plan. (\*Squeaking sound of wheels turning in Brain). You see him reaching into his pocket, working at something. He tries to distract the security people by requesting a glass of water, which they go get for him. He then attempts, desperately wriggling like a worm on a hook, to dump the knife into the trash.

Foiled Again! (For those who get that pun) as the guard catches on to him, now violently faking retching like he will puke, (He had claimed he needed to puke and that was why he was moving towards the trash can) they give him another trash can, remove the one he was attempting to use as concealment, (He rocks back and forth faking dry heaves) and then inform him that there is a camera watching his every move. Yeah, now he really needs to puke! Outsmarted by \$8-10/hour hirelings, our noble former USAG, "Top Drawer" Defense Attorney, literally, can not argue (nor fake) his way out of a folding chair.

Yup, that is a desperate man. A man whose sins are showing up on him like warts on a witch's nose. He is what you see there, and worse.

He was, btw, apparently the same guy who lifted a knife from the same store a month earlier. I guess he was trying to get a complete set? He loves to steal from sporting goods stores. Stealing is his favorite sport.

Despite all his friends in high places and all the favors they have given him in the past, this time it is too obvious and he has to lose his law license, permanently. It was not just shoplifting you see, it was assault, lying to a police officer and worse. Since he was technically 'armed' at the time, it can be read as 'intent to do bodily injury'. Followed by attempt to destroy/conceal evidence (just like the old days, eh boy?)...

Lynn Crooks is scared to pieces now that Fisher is completely unstrung and publicly pantsed. There's not much he can do, not many favors he can pull in or strings he can pull that will both make this go away, and keep people from seeing the bigger picture and wanting to know more about past crimes and behaviors (OMG! Here comes that RSI case again! Bet some judges are squirming in their seats right now...) Wow, what he could tell on so many of the Judges and Prosecutors out there!

Now, that would be a book worth stealing!

*Note to Lynn Crooks:* Think twice about siccing your dogs on me. It's been tried before, and now they are mine. Do what you will.

Stay tuned.

### **All Hopped UP**

We've all heard that expression in relation to people who are all drugged up. Let me give you a more clear picture of what that is. I am hearing from people that they have seen some very strange things out, in broad daylight, that makes that saying perfectly real.

Witnesses have seen groups of young people 5 young men in one case and 4-5 young women in the second case, literally, standing out in the middle of the road, jumping up and down, shaking their hands over their heads, flapping their arms and lurching like chimpanzees.

I received emails over time regarding this, and the reports got stranger. Cars were charged at, the young men and women, looking wild-eyed, distraught, "Crazy, sweating, panting.." that sort of thing.

The only thing in common, aside from the bizarre behavior, was that these people had just left the Oh Oh Bar.

### **Dropping In**

Now comes a possible explanation. And it begins to explain a lot of 'mystery behavior' in that area and surrounding that bar. One of the ways the meth is distributed at the bar, aside from being sold outright, is that Pete and Karen, and whomever else they can get to do this, will sneak it into the beers and wine and other booze that the customers are drinking. This makes them thirstier. They buy more.

It also dulls and confuses their senses. They don't know if they paid with a \$10, \$20, \$50 or even \$100 bill. They never get change and they are told that they paid just for the drinks. They have no idea they are being doped.

In the hot weather, the meth acts on the body's system, messing up perceptions which makes driving much more dangerous. It also can cause "crank bugs" which is an old term for when a junkie gets their nerve endings all irritated from the drugs and they start scratching at nothing, or trying to 'shake off' 'invisible bugs' that they 'feel' crawling all over them.

It doesn't take much to render this effect. The heart rate increases, body temperature fluctuates, the person gets angry, even violent, vision is messed up, sense of speed or distance is skewed...

Now, I look back at a few instances that were really puzzling. The kids jumping

up and down, like they are full of ants, probably a result of being drugged at the bar.

Then I look back at the recent roll over accident with that couple from Texas and Florida, the Linehans. They were at the bar for a very long time. They were seen very drunk (or was it that they were just disoriented?) 'Dancing' on the sidewalk outside of the bar. Were they in fact, 'dancing'? Or had the drugs hit their system and the 'crank bugs' started to get to them?

Immediately after the wreck, before the bodies are even freed from the twisted steel of the truck, Pete and Karen are going around, door to door, telling a stone cold lie about how they had only been there long enough for 'one drink', when everyone knew they had been at the Oh Oh Bar all day.

NOW it becomes more clear! They needed to cover their asses, not just for 'over serving' but in case there were drugs found in the bodies of the victims!

Which brings us to a previous incident where there were 4 fatalities, where Azure crashed his car after leaving the Oh Oh Bar.. and Petesky and Karen are door-to-door saying that "they were young college students on their way back to college..." when in fact they were not enrolled anywhere, and not even sure if they graduated High School, or just graduated HIGH.

Again, the mystery was "What are they so guilty of that they need to create an alternate, fictional reality to cover themselves?"

Now, with the latest revelation, it seems very clear.

They are setting people out, after they have robbed them by drugging their drinks, drunk, stoned, unaware of what they have consumed, unfit to drive; on the same roads as you and I. On the same roads as the School buses travel, and they are doing it day and night.

This is one way they make their money out there. There is also the drug dealing, the illegal fighting, the serving of minors, and the occasional killing.

Drop in sometime. See what they drop in your drink. If you are lucky, you can watch Darren Trottier making out with his boyfriend. Anything goes at the Oh Oh Bar.

What goes around, comes around. This one will bite them when they run out of cover up stories, and their friends in High Places (State Attorney's Office, etc), start running for shelter from the shit storm that is going to cover them all with stink.

### **Petesky's Obsession**

And, apparently, Petesky has done too many of his own product, as they say.

His mind is gone. He, and a few of his friends out there, for the longest time, have had an unhealthy obsession with the Stensland family. No one can figure out why. (So much so, that they had to install surveillance cameras to protect themselves).

Well, under the heading of "What in the world was he thinking??" Pete, having claimed for years that the Stenslands haven't paid their water bill to the town (Note: They are on their own well water, so they don't owe the town anything, and Petesky knows that), Pete decides to vandalize their property.

Being that he sees himself as the 'Smartest man in the room', at least when The Old Bidy is not in the room, he concocts a plan to not only vandalize the property by monkeying with their water valve, but to hopefully blame it on the Rural Water agent who was with him, but who was unfamiliar with the area.

Paul Stensland is working on his property and sees that the property across the way has 'visitors' around the back (cameras?). He goes over, and there is Petesky, with a wrench in his hand, attempting to open up the valve, which would flood Stensland's basement in that property. Paul tells Petesky, and the Rural Water guy, to leave it alone, as it is well water (obviously) and that if he opens that up it will flood their basement.

He then takes the Rural Water guy into the house to show him where the pump is. Meanwhile, Pete is outside, still working that wrench! Paul comes out, angry this time and tells him to back off and get off the property.

Pete starts shaking, (he hates being caught at his crimes) and backing up until he is on the road. "I'm on public land now!" He yells back to Paul, who is still advancing.

"Who put you up to this??" Paul demands. Petesky motions towards the Mayor's house. The rural water guy looks astonished (clearly there was a difference of 'opinion' in that one) and then he points to the Mayor's house.

### **Man Without A Plan**

So, Plan A was to damage the Stensland's property and not get caught.

Failing that, Plan B was to make it appear as if the Rural Water Agent had made a mistake.

Failing that, Plan C was to blame the Mayor? (This is your brain on drugs).

### **Special Request**

Someone told me that Clarice quit the Smoke Shop in the Casino. Good for her. Lisa was making life miserable for her. One of her customers told me they were saddened when they learned that the only professional and knowledgeable

person who was in that shop had been run off. "She's the only one that could count change. I never trusted Lisa." I was told. That customer wanted to put a message into the blog for Clarice.

I said that I would do that. Here goes:

*"Clarice if you are out there and read this "Blog" do it for your people. From what I hear, you clean up nicely and you are a good person at heart.*

*You took the time to take care of your dying mother and to be there to the very end for her. You have to have a really good heart. At one time your mother was part of your people here. This Blog is here for people like you that need to be strong and to help and guide you to stand up for your self.*

*It is only Lisa "\_\_\_ Mouth" Grey Water your up against; not the whole tribe. You may have resigned but it is never to late, think of the future. From what I hear You ran that Smoke and Gift Shop like a real professional and connected with each and every customer you helped.*

*You don't know who I am writing this but you did serve me as a customer and you remembered exactly what I wanted and what every other person that walked through that door wanted. Now that was service!*

*Lisa, can you remember all the customers and what they want? I seriously doubt that you could. I never see you behind the counter, and maybe that is a good thing.*

*We all see you sniffing from supposedly 'allergies', and dressing like a tramp. Isn't there a dress code at the Casino? I'm pretty sure there is. If not, there should be.*

*Just remember this Lisa: what you stole it will come to you worse.*

*Clarice on the other side is recovering from the recurring nightmare of looking at you stuff your face and act like you know what your doing at a business that is owned by your people. Yeah the same people you stole from. I hear all your employees at one time or another wished it was Clarice running the Gift shop instead of you.*

*Good Luck Clarice! You will be missed!"*

So, there you have it. The mismanagement at the Casino and Resort has run off yet another person who knew what they are doing, leaving fewer good people to cover the crap of the unqualified who run all the departments.

Also on the Gone List: Lori Brown has quit as General Manager. She was not qualified, but she was better qualified than Wacky Jacky, (Turdling). Lori's problem was always that Jacky was getting paid more than she was, and that the title of 'interim manager' which was supposed to be the cover for Jacky being 'trained' for the GM job (again, pointless as she was not qualified by any stretch). But Jacky kept getting the GM salary and Lori seemed to be the constant bridesmaid.

Lori downloaded the contract that her predecessor had from my documents page. She had enough inside info to negotiate a very sweet deal for herself. Personally, I think she should take it to the Gambling Commission---oops, no can do that! Walking Ego and Poopsie are running that now. Okay, howzabout the FBI? Hmmm, past history indicates that they are just the enforcement arm for the corrupt in Indian Country... Good luck on your new life, Lori! Oh, and get a good security system for wherever you decide to live.

### **The Casino is Hiring**

They need to get a college educated, qualified person into the GM position at the casino/resort. They need that person to be hired, and stay just long enough to pass a preliminary inspection. Soon as they are sure there will be no more inspections, that person, the qualified one, will suddenly be gone. Wacky will not see any change in her pay except more bonuses and advances and raises.

### **Lest We Forget**

Monday is Steak Night at the Casino! Let's see who shows up this time. Let me know if Poopsie is still walking. I hear that he hasn't been able to feel his feet for years. Now his left arm is going numb and his neck hurts. Be fun to watch. Get the 'little woman' (threw up in my mouth a little on that one), to cut up his meat and feed it to him, drool running down the side of his chin.

Sweet dreams, Poopsie!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 15, 2008**  
**Foundations of Reality**

What we believe is possible or impossible in this reality is based, in total, on our beliefs of what is or is not real, and that is based on two things: 1) How much of the total existing information we are able to find (most of us wait for it to be delivered) and, 2) Our ability to critically analyze and digest that information.

Key to our survival, to the survival of any species, for that matter, relies on our ability to gather and learn from the information available. If valuable information, information that would be key in any major decision, is withheld from us, the decisions we make on the lack of information will inevitably lead us astray.

As individuals, as families, communities and as a Nation, we must make it Job One to gather all the possible, relevant information and dispense it to everyone, so that everyone can be best equip to render or move in the right direction to save ourselves, our community, our Nation, and indeed, our species.

So, it comes as no surprise that the easiest way to control people is to keep them ignorant, in the dark and divided from one another so that they cannot come together to share information or possibly connect the dots that would or could, reveal the corruption that exists to the detriment of the majority of us.

Government serves the powerful. It strives to 'control', not to benefit, the masses. The corrupt and the powerful, have become indistinguishable one from the other.

It keeps us both blind and dumb so that we cannot see the corruption nor understand it when it is revealed. Thirdly, that we would then feel confused and helpless if we did see it, and not have any clue as to how to effectively rectify the rampaging wrongs.

We aid our own downfall by allowing ignorance to be the badge of 'defiance' when in truth, it weakens those who practice it.

The schools suck. That is no accident. Government has, over the past 50 years or more, demolished the system to the point that it has become a daylong babysitting gig, where curiosity is pounded out of every child by third grade and very few find inspiration to fire up their own intellect and glimpse their dreams long enough to head in that direction.

That is not to say that all is lost. We can, each of us, young or old, but especially the young, wise up to the system and defy it by learning how to learn and pursuing information, and education beyond the confines of inadequate or overworked teachers, crowded classrooms and drug infested schools. We can and we must, figure out now, that we have to act in our own best interests and save ourselves.

We must take seriously the first principle of being a Warrior in this world, and that is to have the most and the best information by which to guide our decisions. A warrior had to be both intelligent and brave. Action taken under the influence of ignorance can only fail. Anything done under the influence of drugs, alcohol, or anger, will fail. We must learn to learn and to channel our pain and our anger into something we can use to change the way things are, into something that is better.

Oddly enough, the other thing we need to survive in this world, is one another. We are kept divided by racism, superstition and ignorance. This serves the corrupt whose favorite game is: "Let's you and Him, fight," while they sit back and watch us destroy ourselves.

High School is where the real stupidity kicks in. Peer pressure to fail, to be stupid and to both fear and partake in violence, is counter to what should be happening: Bonding, mutual support of one another, and the competition to achieve more and go further.

After High School, and without further education, you are at the complete mercy of those who are in power. And they are corrupt. The cycle can only continue and you can only pass this on to your own children.

What we need to do is to come together for the common good. You see how fearful the corrupt are when the gathering is growing. They want you all to feel as if nothing you do will matter. They want to discourage you to the point that you give up. I say, get angry at that. Get angry and channel that anger into action that is constructive.

Work harder, learn more, and find a way to overcome the corruption by coming together and holding accountable, those who have murdered, those who have raped and those who have robbed you, your family, your community and our nation.

### **Just Watch**

The more we allow it to happen to 'others', these acts of corruption, the brutality, the violations of God Given Rights; the more we open the door to it being done to us.

What has been done to Indians all these years, hundreds and hundreds of years, has just been an experiment of government. They want to see how far they can run over people without anyone holding them accountable.

And remember: The kangaroo courts of past US v. Any Indian case is not just a miscarriage of justice for those people, but because they are considered Federal Cases, they become 'precedent' by which the rights of all of the rest of the nation's citizenry can be denied their rights.

We watched as China, literally ran over its own people with tanks. We watched. There were no consequences to the Chinese government because the corrupt in our government did not want to hurt the profits of the US Companies that have become obscenely wealthy on the slave labor, no Human Rights, and No Environmental protections, did not want the government of China to change. Everything is just the way they like it over there. And they get rich beyond our dreams.

Again: We just watched. They kept their MFN (Most Favored Nation) status with the US. Not one consequence. In fact, they have become the future model upon which our own government is relying to deny us our rights (most are gone now) and to maximize control over the population by concealing information from us, and keeping us, virtually in the dark.

And, to cap it off and get us to comply, we are told that it is 'for our own good'. As if by having too many rights, or getting too much information, we are worse off than we are by being told lies. Lies upon which, we base our decisions and actions.

The over-riding logic is this: People are too stupid to cope with the truth, so we give them an 'abridged version of the facts' (euphemism for 'lie') so they don't hurt themselves, (aka "panic")." The truth is, they don't want to be revealed and they don't want us to throw them out of power or hold them accountable. The fear is theirs, not ours.

Ignorance protects the corrupt. Keeps them in power.

The blog being banned by the corrupt is for one purpose only: To keep the good people of Spirit Lake Nation from getting all the same information. To prevent them from comparing notes, adding more information and coming together to both save themselves and to clean up the garbage that has been running their lives... make that 'ruining' their lives, all this time.

It is not just the corrupt Tribal Council and the Turd Clan that are so fearful of this blog and the power that the people will have if they gather information and come together. It is far higher than they themselves. It goes to all who have constructed the corruption and have undermined the basic principals upon which this country was founded. It goes to major corporations, and to every level of government.

They all want to keep the status quo: Keep the people ignorant and divided. They have many ways to do this: Not just the corruption, but the availability of drugs, alcohol and prevalence of violence in the community. Racism, as if God had made a mistake in creating anyone that doesn't look like us, is crucial to keeping the people unable to trust one another.

Couple that with a police dept that is lazy, inept, incompetent and complicit with most of the crimes out there. The police, the first line of defense against crimes and corruption, are themselves, part of it.

### **Coming To A Town Near You**

This happens all the time in Indian Country. No one thinks anything of it. They don't know about it and don't bother to learn, or they just watch. Just watch.

Now, comes the story of a mayor of a town outside of Washington DC. His home was raided, illegally, by SWAT on the premise that he had received a drug shipment.

No investigation was done, and no "No Knock" warrant was issued, but the SWAT was called in and they immediately kicked down his door, tied up his mother-in-law, his wife and him, and then shot his labrador retrievers, who were running away, not threatening the SWAT team. They chased the dogs, who were trying to get away, into a back room and shot them dead.

Oops. Turns out that the package was delivered to his address, but investigation would have revealed that the people who ordered it and sent it had a system of sending to homes believed to be empty at that time of day, and then picking up the package before the owner of the home arrived.

No apology from the police. They broke the laws. No apology. They burst into someone's house without a warrant, tied them up, killed their dogs-- and felt like heroes for doing it.

Still think it only happens to Indians? Only happens to people who have 'done something to bring it on themselves'? Still think it can't happen to you?

The police and their crimes will go unpunished. Why? Because it happens repeatedly, daily in Indian Country and the courts, Federal, allow it, even encourage it. It is 'legalized by precedent'.

Welcome to Indian Country. We are all Indians. The sooner we realize it, the sooner it will become clear to us that it is in our own best interest to learn more

and come together to protect the rights of EVERYONE, not just the "First Class" passengers of this supposed 'Democracy'.

Indian Country was and is, an ongoing experiment in totalitarian rule, authoritarian brutality. The results are promising. We, as individuals, communities and as a nation, just watch.

Think it is a fluke? Think it won't happen again? Think it will never happen to you? Just watch.

### **Matrix Symbolism**

I loved the symbolism of that movie The Matrix. We can discuss that at a later date. I thought I would pass on to you something I got my hands on recently. The original final monologue by "Neo". Note that it was changed in the final version because too many people in the 'test audience' did not know what 'chrysalis' was.

As Larry and Andy Wachowski say in The Art of The Matrix (Newmarket 2000), the shooting script for The Matrix is "... not exactly what people saw in theaters. ... An example ... is in the final speech by Neo (scene 219) which was altered when test audiences didn't know the word "chrysalis". ...". At the end of the shooting script, Neo says to The Matrix:

*"Hi. It's me. I know you're out there. I can feel you now. I imagine you can also feel me. You won't have to search for me anymore. I'm done running. Done hiding. Whether I'm done fighting, I suppose, is up to you. I believe deep down, we both want this world to change. I believe that the Matrix can remain our cage or it can become our chrysalis, that's what you helped me to understand. That to be truly free, truly free, you cannot change your cage. You have to change yourself. When I used to look out at this world, all I could see was its edges, its boundaries, its leaders and laws. But now, I see another world. A different world where all things are possible. A world of hope. Of peace. I can't tell you how to get there, but I know if you can free your mind, you'll find the way."*

Free your mind and you can free yourself, your community and your nation. Education, regardless of the obstacles that seek to conceal it from you or distract you from it, Education is the key that will set you free.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 18, 2008**

**Only One Thing In The Way**

It still amazes me, the level of indoctrinated ignorance that is so pervasive out there. By "Out There" I mean, the general knowledge pool that is comprised of accepted information, some true, some outrageously stupid--All over North America and no doubt, globally, where Human Rights are concerned.

This is why I harp on the need for us to save ourselves, and the value of 'critical thinking'. The only difference between being brainwashed by a government or a cult, or a sect, and being a free thinker (prerequisite to being a free person), is the capacity to critically think about, discuss and question information or the validity of "facts", regardless of who or what presents it.

The key to brainwashing an individual or the masses is to make a person afraid to question those in authority or those in power. Further, if we are afraid to question, we lose the capacity to evaluate and discern truth from lie, and even Right from Wrong. Eventually, we accept only because we have succumbed to the reactionary indoctrination, and we lose our bearings completely, and accept different levels of evil as a 'compromise', instead of confronting it, challenging it, and making those who wield it, uneasy in their walk and their sleep.

We become uneasy, unbalanced, unable to sleep and we become weak because we have lost the ability to fight for the Truth that will set us free.

It is not really lost, but it is dormant. Buried beneath our distractions, our exhaustion, our grief and our pain, the yearning to find and to speak the truth, to reveal and conquer the evil, resides in each of us.

Even the worst among us has to fight every moment to resist the urge to expel their vile secrets, release and cleanse themselves of their dark and stinking secrets.

So, in order to keep control over the people, ignorance is promoted and the young buy it and the old are too afraid to resist it.

What purpose does it serve to have people disrupted in confusion, ignorance and mistrust? What purpose does racism and ignorance serve?

Quite simply, it serves Evil.

This land was a land of plenty. It was not idyllic by any stretch as we had conflicts with our brothers and sisters long before contact. It was not perfect, but there was a balance. Within that balance we could learn, we could heal and we could mend, repair and rebuild.

The balance needed to be disrupted and stay disrupted in order to make conquest appear 'right', when in fact, it was not noble, not right and not good.

This land, as viewed by the first immigrants, was abundant in all ways that the polluted and cramped cities and villages of Europe were not. Clean water, fresh and saltwater fish so abundant there could be no hunger. Soil that would yield every crop planted and wild game so abundant, that every man, woman, and child would forever never go hungry.

And there was more. There was gold, silver, timber, copper, tin, and later there would be oil and coal and uranium... only one thing in the way of all these riches. Only one thing that stood between the greedy and their lust for the control over all the resources: The People.

### **By Design**

It was no accident that the Indian People were demonized by both Church and Government. No accident that government enlisted the help of Churches to secure the genocide of Indian People. The People were in the way.

Given there was a natural curiosity in Human Beings to question and to learn from one another, there was the risk that the new Settlers would 'go native' and learn the ways of the land and the people, and would then not cooperate with the systematic extermination of their fellow Human Beings.

The New World held a certain 'romantic' air about it. People were hungry for what was new, what was better and what was different. They had to be 'controlled'. It had to be done in a way that would not set off alarms in their psyches. Too much too soon, would be too obvious.

Publishing houses leaned towards the stories that vilified Indian People and glorified Soldiers and Indian Fighters, and Gunslingers. Penny novels became Dime novels, and fiction passed for fact, the more outrageous, the more it was gobbled up. Like bags of junk food, lacking any intellectual nutrition, that was all there was to feed the hunger for more information, and the thought processes decayed, like bad teeth, becoming painfully useless over time.

### **In God's Name**

The Church, donning the mantle of God, was unquestioned in all that they did and they did so much evil and so much damage, and did it in the name of God, that to this day, despite the abundance of evidence gagging us all like overstuffed suitcases, no longer to be closed, still resists publicly preaching its own redemption.

When the one thing that would save those churches, indeed, Western Religions all, would be the Fresh Air of Truth, and the use of their own past bad acts as examples of wayward errors, evil done in the name of good, and the lessons learned, instead, quietly pays off survivors of the hundreds of years of abuse, and

thinks that money changes anything. (We said we were sorry! Now take the money and shut up!)

They then continue, essentially, along the same lines of blaming the people for their own dysfunction, when in fact, those communities where they hold services, deliver consecrated wafers and wine, are the ones they, The Church, damaged and destroyed.

It took more than 100 years to destroy the social fabric of Indian Peoples, and it will take 10x that long, if they start today, to heal and mend, repair and rebuild and make it possible for us all to move forward, as Brothers and Sisters, Children of God/Creator.

Writing a few checks, while continuing to conceal and protect the very Evil of pedophile priests within their ranks, only perpetuates the hypocrisy. And it is the hypocrisy that rots the churches all from their core.

### **In Our Name**

Good people build their churches and bad stewardship makes it a ship of stink rather than a rescue to drowning souls. Everyone deserves the apology. The Indians who were abused and who continue to suffer the residual generational damage from the abuses, and those who trusted in the church to do God's work, in our name, with our tithing, and our trust. We were all misused. Those who were abused and those who were used, unknowingly, to perpetuate the very Evil that we see today and condemn.

We deserve to know WHY it is the way it is. Why the people do what they do.

### **Willful Blindness**

Feeding us racist based fiction about Indians being 'dirty' or 'inferior people who needed the White Man to come and save their 'heathen' souls, has done and continues to do, nothing but damage. Ignorance is damaging. To believe any of it, is to willfully blind ourselves.

We deserve to know the source of the cancer that manifests itself as poverty, futility, addiction, rape, abuse and suicide. We deserve to know so that we can see it for what it is and stop it with what we know.

But we continue to be kept in the dark. We continue to follow the distractions of "junk news" which contains no nourishment, as the bones of our society become too porous to support us, and our children are fed to mindless wars that repeat the evils of the past, thinking they are fighting for Right and doing God's Work, they are blind in unquestioning obedience they are led into killing the innocent,

and made to witness the horrors of what Human Beings can do to make Hell on Earth in this country and elsewhere.

They return to us, those who can, damaged and torn, outside and in. War destroys everyone. We owe it to ourselves and to our children, to question, long and hard, before we light that fire and beat that drum and paint their faces and send them out, eyes closed, come what may.

### **Salivating**

All for the sake of those who seek to monopolize and control the wealth and the resources. Only one thing stands in the way of the Greedy and the Powerful: The People.

Those who dwell upon those lands will be driven off by foreign supported militias, into refugee camps that go to the bow of the world, and beyond. Those who survive go there. Behind, mass graves, burned out villages, and soldiers willing to do any atrocity for a day's pay, regardless of how evil.

Those who survive will be marginalized, their voices never heard. Their children will be enslaved to the machines of the powerful, who chew them up and spit their bones at the ground, in unmarked graves.

Behind all the genocides, of which we hear nothing or only fragments (lest we become too alarmed and disturbed), is the same thing that happened long ago, in Indian Country. It continues to this day.

You don't have to look far to see the Multi-national conglomerates, masquerading as the bringers of Democracy and 'progress', wringing their bony fingers, sucking the saliva back into their jaws, anticipating their access to the oil, the gold, the silver, the tin, the uranium, the diamonds and all the treasures the land can yield.

It will never be enough. It has never been enough. Indian Country was just the start. Africa is ongoing and the middle-east and now Russia and Georgia. It's the same story. Brothers and Sisters flung together to kill one another so that those who control them can have more of resources that they crave, and the control of power that they lust for.

Make it so horrible that the people won't even look, and give them junk news to cheer them up and distract them. Kill the curiosity of the young by crippling education, and silence anyone that questions mindless wars by labeling them as 'unpatriotic'.

### **Becoming Indians**

Take away the Rights that were guaranteed and convince us it is for our own good, so they can sift through personal thoughts on email and websites, eavesdrop on your phone calls. It is not us they are protecting; it is themselves. They fear us waking up. They want early warning so they can stop the spread of ideas, information, and prevent us from uniting. (We all become Indians)

When you demand your rights for privacy once again, or to know who sold the information about your company to the competition, bankrupting you. When your life's work is stolen from you and you cannot find out because it is "National Security" (The blanket immunity for all evil), expect that you will be shunned by your friends, who know their place in this system. Not to be seen with someone considered 'dangerous' because you question authority. Subversive because you don't submit, unquestioning, to the All Powerful Oz... (You have no friends.)

Realize too late that you cannot question the actions of your government without your government retaliating against you. Regardless of who you are, you will be Fair Gamed. They perfected it with Indians, even turned them one against the other. Made us all complicit, inside and out, with the evil they did. Complicit because we obeyed. Complicit because we failed to question. They perpetuated it in foreign countries, and continue to this day, to lead us blindly into the abyss. Without question, we follow, repeat, and wither the vine of Humanity.

This is where your journey begins. This is where OUR journey begins.

All it takes to stop them, is to question. All it takes is for us to find a way to question and to come together, united as we were intended to be, for strength and for the good of all.

The patterns of conquest and destruction continue, for profit and for power. They set us one against the other, keep us divided. But we can stop them. We always could.

Start to question, and begin to come together. Start where you are. Start in Indian Country and work your way outward. Start outside of Indian Country and work your way into the center. We will come together. Come to where it started, and see how it works and you can bring it down; there, and everywhere, because you recognize it and are not afraid to see what it is, and what we are, and what we can be.

The answer lies in the question.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

## **August 19, 2008**

### **Three's The Charm?**

An interesting little story continues to brew in the backwaters of Indian Country and finds ink on the back pages of Mega Media, if it finds it at all. The ongoing saga of AIM, Leonard Peltier, and the murder of Anna May Aquash, a M'icmaque from Nova Scotia, who was viciously murdered around that time.

In order to create chaos in the AIM movement, which is now being characterized as the Indian Resistance Movement, by some, the FBI pursued a course of infiltration, lies and in this case, labeling a woman as an informant in order to make her a target of convenience. I strongly suspect they chose her because she was effective in her speaking and because she was from out of the area, and they planned, all along, to murder her and to pin that on a fall guy. I think that because that has been their pattern throughout, in Indian Country and in other Civil Rights Movements in the US.

It would appear, because the murder would not die, the government has had to respond. By using the same tactics as in the past, setting up false suspects, planting evidence, eliciting false statements by either brutality, threats, intimidation or bribes (or some combo of all of the above), they can once again conceal their own involvement, and perhaps their own culpability and guilt.

The 'right' investigators, and unethical prosecution tactics and perhaps a compliant judge or two, and the verdict is a foregone conclusion. It has always worked in the past, when all these elements are in play. It has failed in the past, as it did for Leonard Peltier's co-defendants, when a judge with honor, sits on the bench. Sad to say, those judges are as rare as rain in August.

The American Indian Movement, which in fact was the strongest to date, attempt at defying a corrupt system which was oppressing and murdering Indians, wholesale, in Modern Times, was eventually brought down and made ineffective, by the most shamefully corrupt Justice Department which to this day, continues to ignore the rights of Human Beings, and is willing, overall, to be used as the AXMAN for racist or corrupt policies.

Mainstream media, largely, then and now, ignored the cases, the causes and the issues surrounding the ongoing judicial genocide, being done in our name.

We need to look, we need to demand that they carry these stories and do their 'in-depth' reports, and not these one-sided giggle pieces that make it sound less important than what Paris Hilton is wearing.

Our Justice System used to be held up as the shining jewel, a model for other

countries the world over. Hah! Now that we know what we know... we have work to do.

Doesn't matter what you label it, it came about because of the corruption, the brutality, and the indifference of the government that installed this system to fulfill the genocide of Indian Peoples. It may not have been a perfect organization, but considering the conditions it sprang from, it was much better and much stronger than the government had anticipated.

The government has already, quietly, in '04, without a fair trial or any media scrutiny, put away one man for Anna May's murder. He was chosen overall, because he was talking about things the government wanted kept secret about those dark days. He knew it would make him a target, and it did.

### **Play It Again, Uncle Sam**

Now, a second person, John Graham, is on trial. (Article on Graham's trial ). The Government is using the same old tactics that were effective in the past. Suborning perjury, for one. In the past, the Defense has had no inkling of just how far into the swamps of corrupt practices the government would go, or could go, and until they asked for information to qualify or impeach the prosecution's witnesses -- and were denied.

And no one on the bench was inclined to give the defense a fair or level playing field.

Now the Defense, in this case, is asking for the itemized list of which 'witnesses' were paid, what they were paid for, and when. WHEN is really important here.

I strongly urge everyone that reads this blog to go to that link and read that article. I also urge you to contact media, TV and Print, in your area, and tell them you want this case followed.

### **Vigilance Is Our Job**

It is only by the pressure of the Greater Public viewing and watching these proceedings that the courts are more compelled to play fair. If media can focus to the near exclusion of all else for months, on the OJ trial, they can invest a few minutes a day to a trial that will, by its outcome, have an effect on everyone of us.

This is our government revealing either their own participation in one or more murders, in corruption, and in false investigations and convictions of the innocent, in our name. The proceedings being in Federal Court, carry a greater weight

because any violations of Civil Rights or Trial Rights that are tolerated in that trial, become "Precedent" and can be used against any of us (and have been) to defeat any attempt on our part to have a fair trial, should any of us or our loved ones, someday be wrongly or falsely accused.

We need to look at what they are doing because, regardless of who you are, where you are, what color you are, they are doing this to US.

No one is going to come and save us. We are the ones we have been waiting for. It is our job to be vigilant and protect ourselves, our children and to preserve the True History of OUR people-- ALL of our people.

Sometimes that means we have to revisit some parts and look again, with clearer eyes, and see what really happened. Only when we see the Truth more clearly, can we chart a course more in tune with our values, beliefs, and what is both Right and Best for all people without the fog of Prejudice misleading us down the wrong roads.

We may have to abandon some of the fonder fictions of false heroes, but that is better than continuing to drive the wrong way on the wrong road, meeting all these oncoming disasters, without a clue of how to get out of our own way.

This is our job and we must work together to get it done. It will be work, but it will be worth it.

## **Updates**

Let's catch up with some of the latest news:

### *IF YOU BUILD IT, HE WILL COME*

Remember the fence Seashelly was building around her house? It was because her darling Gaelan is coming home. Yup, your Tribal Council has once again used your money to lawyer him up, (and his buddy, Greg Green, no doubt) and to throw his bond. (Their bond?).

He will be wearing one of those ankle monitors. Oh yeah, that will protect the community. The monitoring will be done by whom?? Probably worth finding out. You are paying for it.

She just needs to have him where she can reach him, just in case there's a booty call. Oh yeah. Remember, that little girl he and Greg tied up and raped for hours and hours--- was Seashelly's 8-yr.old niece. Oh yeah, values. Now, who voted for her?

## *CASINO CUCKOOS*

Lori Brown, the one that was supposed to be the Casino Manager, even though Wacky Jacky was being paid (neither of them qualified, least of all Wacky), apparently, was not aware that she was only a stepping stone so that Wacky Jacky could continue, indefinitely as "Manager in Training" and draw the big wage. Lori was set up to be dismissed and was given an ultimatum: "Quit or be fired". So she drew up a 'termination contract' (I don't know what she called it, just guessing) based on the contract that Nicholson had which made a few million for her by the time she quit... Anywho, Lori left, and was apparently 'surprised' that she was only being used by the Turdclan to make their nepotism permanent. Geez, if she had read the blog and retained the information when she was hired, I predicted precisely this.

Oh, and it looks like the drugged out Lisa Grey Water is actually going to be fired as well. "She's next," Carl Walking Ego has said, repeatedly, as he is sloppy drunk in various bars. Apparently, he is sick to death of her diva behaviors and the losses that the Smoke Shop and Gift Shop in the Casino register, because of her.

## **CARL TALKING BEAGLE**

One reader said that the joke around their part of the rez was Carl's new nickname, based on his selling out all his 'friends' and 'partners', in order to get himself a sweeter deal from the Feds (the ones he tried to bribe). "Carl Talking Beagle," they wrote: "Booooo wooooo wooooo!"

You would think that Carl would be happy just to have his own Federal Court Date pushed back, again and again. He thinks he can do that forever. Buy time. But time is running out.

Note to Beagle Mouth: Next time you are going to bribe new Federal Agents, remember: The cost of living has gone up, and so has the cost of corruption: Bring the whole coffee can!

## **Positive Thoughts**

<http://www.native-view.com/> They are devoting their work entirely to only the positive side of being Native American. They want to counter all the bad press, which frankly, isn't that much because most media ignores Indian Country entirely, but what is written is often badly written, so I can see where there would need to be a counterpoint. They think that by presenting Indian people in a more

idealistic way, it will help them to get employed, or to improve their quality of life.

It won't. Only fixing what is wrong in Indian Country will do that. What is wrong is not the bad information, it is the lack of information. Racism and stereo-typing of Indians does need to be addressed and we all have to work on that.

More so, racism of Indians by other Indians is the most damaging and we all need to work on that!

Just telling the good stuff, just showing the pretty side, doesn't fix the problems, it only masks them.

However, and this is important, I highly recommend this site because it is absolutely important that Indian people have positive role models that come from their own communities. And those positive roles need to be shared and used to create a higher mind set of what is possible to achieve and to be proud of in one's life and one's culture. Culture, absolutely, is important.

But remember: Seeing the positive is helpful, but do not think that it solves anything. Doing the under work, is what makes the kinds of changes that will heal the person, the family, the community and the nation.

As a counterpoint, being able to visualize something more and better in one's life is aided by actually seeing it promoted, acknowledged and respected. See your life better.

After you get that positive picture, look around in your own community and tell me what you find. There are people still there who put their life and their whole heart into doing good work for the community, only to have it ripped away from them by the corrupt.

Those good people are still there. Some of them. There must be something they feel is worth staying for. That something might be the day you find them, acknowledge them, and use what they made to help heal yourself.

They could have abandoned all, started over somewhere else, and left behind an ungrateful, corrupt system. They could have abandoned you, but they did not. They chose to accept that the people were not ready to stand up for themselves. Not ready to stand with those who are doing the work of bringing the healing, the light and the teaching and the helping. They could have left, but they didn't.

They stayed because they love the community, the people, the land. That tells me that the community, the people and the land are worth fighting for, worth working to heal, and worth dying to protect. If those who have put their life's work

out there, only to have it twisted into something worthless by the corrupt who commandeered it, are still around, there must be something worth staying for.

That something is you.

Remember that when you can't find enough positive role models on TV. Remember that somewhere, not far from where you are, is someone that thinks you are worth staying for. A lot of someones.

You don't have to look very far to find what it is you need in your own backyard, to make your life better. What you need is the Good People that are still there. Waiting for you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

## Legacy

*"If we don't hold our leaders accountable, History and the world, will hold us accountable. There was only one Hitler, but every German bears the stain."-- Cat West*

### **August 20, 2008 Anniversary of A Murder**

What to get for the murderers who have everything? They have FBI Agents bought and paid for. They have USAG's so soft and compliant, they really have all they need on those. They have witnesses too terrified, too weak, too bought off to tell the truth, so they really don't need any more of those. Then again, you can never have enough. (Scanning the McDonald's Family Line) Let's put one or more in the shopping cart. (\*Clunk) \*Continue shopping? Or proceed to Checkout?

Continue shopping. They also have all the Tribal Council to do their bidding, so they really have all they need there. Another election coming up soon enough, maybe they can buy another? Let them buy their own on that. They aren't picky. Besides, we have enough stink in the cart right now.

They have all the money, and they have all the politicians --- but they can always use more. I am sure that they will get those from them, so I won't bother.

Cleaning Aisle:

Ah! Of course! They need something to take all that blood off their hands! Not bleach. There is not enough of that to do the job. Too many murders, too much blood, the smell of Eddie Fish dying, mixed with the biting smell of bleach was too much for Pisser back in the day. She threw up, over and over again. The smell of bleach or blood, will do that to her this day. She prefers the stink of her own urine, and she has plenty of that.

They have guilty consciences. It makes them all crazy, ugly, fearful and mean. They don't need any more of that. They have already signed up for the lifetime nightmare tour, so not much we can get them for that.

Able to frame the innocent, conceal their guilt with the guilt of accomplices after the fact, their guilt is revealed now, for all to see, all to know. You see it now. You know it now. They know they are seen and their crimes are known. They fear everyone. Especially this time of year, when the stories about Eddie, his

murder and the Turdclan getting away with it, all rise up like a zephyr, twirling dust and debris the Turdclan would rather just stay down and rot.

Greeting Card Aisle:

Ah yes! Perfect! Not too expensive and after all, it is the thought that counts, right? Ah, sweet memories! Friendship cards are perfect. Sign them: "Your Friend, Eddie Peltier."

After all, they were friends. Poopsie, Weenie Boy, QBall and Pisster, and the others, at this time 25 years ago, were firming up their plans to murder Eddie Peltier.

Murdered him because they were mad because as a cop, he issued a righteous ticket to Poopsie, and that little piece of paper was worth murdering -- a friend. Their value on life and friendship a warning to all.

### **Smells Like Murder**

Y'all remember the smell of the burning carpet out back of the jail that morning? Poopsie had the Trusty clean the sliming, congealing blood of Eddie's murder out of his Blazer that morning. Hosed it out, bleached it out, and then tore it out so that it could be burned, in a pile, in the parking lot. Remember seeing the smoke? Remember the smell?

Remember, remember, remember.

You remember, don't you? As much as you try to forget, you cannot help but remember. You tried to not believe that such an evil could walk among you. You closed your eyes. You closed your ears. But you had to breathe and you had to smell, and you remember that smell.

Those who were in Pisster's house when he was murdered, they remember the smell. It got all over them. It still comes up, like a vapor, clinging to them, unwashable. The smell of murder. Sharp, metallic, salty and then later, the bleach. The stink of beer, stale cigarettes, beer and whiskey, overpowered by the smell of fresh, warm blood.

In the middle of their beer drinking, they recall, wince, like foil to the tooth, an unpleasant flash of red to the mind. Memory.

No wonder they had to demolish the house, to the ground. Even the cement would carry the stains, the telltale signs: "Here is where Eddie was murdered!"

Give them Greeting Cards with special messages of friendship. Remind them that as long as an innocent man rots in prison for their crimes, their reservation in Hell is confirmed.

### **Waiting Room In Hell**

Until they free him, until they admit their guilt and stand before a judge, in this world, until they do that, the Gates of Hell are expecting their arrival. Their torment in this world will continue. All that they love will be taken from them and they will be left powerless.

And for the rest, those who keep their silence; those who continue to cover up their crimes; and those who do nothing to help free the innocent and pursue the guilty, those gates are wide enough to allow all through. Those who protect Evil become servants to Evil. Those who fail to confront Evil will be fed to it.

The Anniversary is coming. Pick something appropriate. A turdcake? Picket signs following them around, declaring their crimes?(Murder, rape, incest, theft, assault, Embezzlement) Dedicating songs on the radio to them: Songs with the word "Remember" in the title.

Remember all the lives of the innocent that were ruined by these murderers. Remember that it is by this evil that the community suffers. You know where the evil resides. You know what it looks like. You wait for it to 'get better'? You wait for "God to strike them down"? All that will happen, and more-- but only after you all do your part.

While we are waiting for Red caped super heroes to swoop in and fix it for us; or for God to smite them; Or someone else to come in and clean up the mess we all pretend is not ours to clean up--- while we wait on someone, some thing else; Creator waits on us to stand up and do our part.

To stand up so we can be distinguished from the lying cowards, and make it easier to save us from that which shall be delivered unto those who do the evil and to those who do nothing about the evil.

While we are all waiting, we have time to remember.

Remember, Remember, Remember.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 21, 2008**  
**You People**

I love that. You have to see my facial expression when I say that. So many emails I get begin with exactly that: "You People" and then they go on to tell me how I am either racist against Indians (assuming I am non-Indian) and others go on to tell me how I am racist against whites (assuming I am non-white), but overall, a sentence that begins with "You People" tells me immediately that the writer is someone from another planet.

You have to be from another planet or species, to assume that people are somehow greater or lesser than other people. To assume that people are (fill-in-the-stereotype-here) indicates that the writer is someone so disconnected from their own existence, so narrow in their focus, that they divide the Human Race into 'sub-categories', inferior to themselves.

I see "You People" and I start laughing. Nothing I say or do, nothing any of us say or do, can cut through that level of ignorance. Like watching a drunk with a bucket over their head, blindly stumbling through a room, trying to find the light switch; until they take that bucket off their head and see where they are and their place/position in the real world, all they are is noise.

Even more irony is that so many writers assume I am a man. Thank you, I think? I take that as a sideways compliment. And I do feel bad for the Cat West that lives out there, the one that got pulled over and issued a traffic citation, setting all the scanners on fire.

Let us all work to remember that we are ALL involved. What appears to be specific to one race or class, is in fact, affecting all of us. For the sake of understanding, at least while reading this blog, assume that we are ALL Indians.

So, now that we know where the "You People" stand, and what is over their heads, let us move on to more important business.

### **Priorities: Where Do YOU Fit In?**

One way to measure the value of your elected leaders is to take a good look at their priorities and where YOU fit in on that list.

Last year, when Bobby Littleghost died at the Powwow, a lot of things came into the light: The lousy planning, horrible emergency planning, the decrepit state of the Emergency Vehicles, etc., etc.

The "rigs" as they are called (ambulances), are supposed to be replaced after

100K miles. That is for safety sake. Those rigs get the hardest miles on them because of their weight and where they have to go, often off road, and it should be, should be, a priority to have your emergency equipment in top shape, and your crews and the administration all top notch-- it is a matter of life and death, right?

Well, it's been a year. Since the old rig was way overdue for replacement last year, let's see what has happened, shall we? We can measure Piggy Cavanaugh's skills and priorities once again, by what she has or has not done.

Yes, the rig has been replaced! Ooops! It was replaced with one from another tribe that had expired its 100K limitation. (Looks like some tribes care about their people. Not like SLN that thinks your life and death emergencies are a joke) So, essentially, you have another tragedy waiting to happen.

Apparently, and this goes to skill level both in management and in lying, Piggy 'screwed up the paperwork' and so the tribe did not get the new ambulance. (\*snap) The good news is that it is 'on the list'. Number 14th on the list, to be precise. I wonder, and so should everyone, what the other 13 priorities are.

That is where Piggy places your safety, the life and death of you, your children, your elders, anyone in need of emergency medical services.

You need to have her removed, immediately, and all her relatives who are, just as she is, unqualified for the positions they hold. Your life may depend on it.

Another thing to note here, and this goes to why the IHS needs to be thoroughly investigated, and not just handed more unaudited grants from the government: IHS is supposed to be turning over a 3% increase for the EMS system every year but they haven't for the last thirteen years.

Something else to consider, when you are looking at priorities: EMS employee's are paid less than the garbage collector's on the Rez. Garbage more skilled? More important? Or just better 'connected'?

Further: The new garbage collection building that was dedicated earlier this summer--a couple million of EMS earmarked money went into funding that building.

Well, it looks like you have your answers. Shouldn't you be asking questions?

I guess Piggy can't spare a dime for you, the people, and besides, she can use that for her own self, right?

## **Sirens Are Warnings of Urgencies/Emergencies**

So, where do you fit in? Can you hear the sirens wailing? Hope they can make the round trip okay. It might be important.

Think, every time you hear the sirens, think. Think about what Piggy has done to fatten herself and her family. Think of the people who suffer and die because the EMS is under equipped, under funded, while she gobbles up the glory and the dollars, comfortable in her warm cozy bed at night, while someone, somewhere is overdosing and won't make it. While someone, somewhere, frantically waits for the ambulance while their loved one is having a heart attack. While someone, somewhere, is on the phone trying to get help for a baby in convulsions... Someone, somewhere.

If it is not important enough for you now, it will be when that someone is you or yours. Too late then. By that time, it is your fault for doing nothing.

Listen to the sirens. Think. Think. Think.

## **Be Specific**

I had one reader write and tell me that the latest rape by Gaelen Robertson and his partner in crime, Greg Green, was actually Seashelly's sister. I had heard that prior. That he had raped her. Shelly doesn't care. However, I did hear, from more than one source, that Gaelen and Greg tied up the sister's 8-yr. old daughter and raped her for hours. Still, Seashelly can't be bothered with the issue.

So, either way you look at it, whether it is a family member, old or young, Gaelen is a rapist and Seashelly gets him out of jail, over and over again. The Tribe pays all his legal bills. They pay for his bail.

So, not sure if "just raping her sister" really diminishes the crime to the 'lesser importance' file or not. He was arrested, held in jail and she got him out, again. How many times is that now? I would say 15 or 20, but I could be wrong and it is only 14, and that would be a real crime!

Wouldn't that be awful? Imagine, accusing a serial rapist of one too many!

## **Job Gods**

I remember when I was out there, I was amazed how Mary Wide Legs, who was running the commods distribution at the time, was able to use the employees for her own personal slaves. She had one man there making the jingles for her

Jingle Dress. The Tribe paid for him to make her dress? Yes.

She loved the power. If they didn't do what she wanted, they could lose their jobs. I imagine that practice is still prevalent out there. I wonder what all Lisa has her employees doing? I wonder what all Wacky Jacky has her hirelings doing? I know what Poopsie has his doing and (\*Shudder) it is enough to make the strongest amongst us, puke.

Another thing that was amazing to watch, was the way Mary 'flexed' her power muscles.

Some dumbass fool, drove past her house, and tossed trash from his car, and it landed in her driveway. She phoned the cops and they tracked the guy down! (No rapes to investigate? No robberies? Littering was the crime of the day?). He had to come back and report to her who it was.

He did. Not satisfied with that, she ordered the cop to "Bring him back and make him pick it up."

Even for a Badger, that seemed excessive. "You're kidding, right?" He said.

Her gaze fixed on some distant point, where only the powerful can go with their minds, "No. I am serious," she said. "I want this picked up."

The Badger moved towards the empty carton.

"Not by you," She ordered. The Badger shrugged. All that gear, the jacket, the holster, the shades and the hat, those special cop shoes, all in the service of her royal Heinee. He went to the Badger mobile and took off.

A few minutes later, the criminal of the hour was brought before her. He picked up the trash, apologized and then waited for her to either show mercy, or pronounce further punishment.

"Don't do that to my yard again," she said.

Obsequiously, the criminal left. Bowing slowly as he backed away from her to his vehicle.

The Badger, was then dismissed. Off I am sure, to some other major crime.

You have to be there, to see that sort of thing for yourself, to know how far that kind of corruption and abuse stretches. Those who control the jobs, control the lives. They rob you first of your dignity. The rest really doesn't matter. People

out there get used to this.

I think it is time to get uncomfortable with it. I think it is time to stand up, even against these small dictator like abuses.

Make it not okay. In order for that to happen, you have to get rid of the Tribal Council that makes it okay. Put in one that will work for the people; not just bleed them. Time to take your dignity back. And hold accountable all who abuse dignity out there. Yours, or someone else's. Doesn't matter. Dignity and Respect require, demand that we come together.

Meanwhile, Jingle Dresses are made, Star Quilts are stitched, rooms are painted, Blazers have the blood washed out of them while the Evil that rules over all holds your dignity between thumb and forefinger.

You want better? You must work for it. Come together. Work together. They can't stop you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 25, 2008**  
**Getting Closer to Murder**

You realize, of course, that we are coming up to the 25th Anniversary of Eddie's murder, don't you? Twenty-five years and so many of you have become so comfortable with the murderers living amongst you, controlling all the money, the jobs, able to continue killing, raping and robbing, at will. They continue to sell drugs, manufacture drugs, right in your neighborhood.

Yummm! What's that smell? Meth? Wow, the kids love it! They addict your children, killing their dreams, leaving only violent, paranoid empties running around, waiting to die.

There is a price to be paid for not confronting evil and SLN has been paying it for decades. Also paying the price, regardless of what it looks like, are those who have protected and cooperated with evil. They have nightmares of their own.

When one of them loses a chance to be a Federal Judge, do they wonder, just a little, if the karmic wheel is beginning to roll over them? To take from them that which was almost within their reach? Perhaps.

Do they wonder when their children suicide, taking all their hopes and dreams into that cold grave, if perhaps, their Hell is just beginning? Perhaps.

With Dennis Fisher revealed again, for his darker side, with more to be revealed, are they not all of them, nervous? Coast to coast, North and South, they fear what he could reveal; intentionally, or merely to save himself. And now they await his suicide, with the same trepidation that one awaits the birth of a child of dubious parentage and circumstances. Nervous, talking only quietly amongst themselves, eyes darting to see if someone is watching, listening, to secrets that are boiling over, like a pot of hot potatoes, hissing on the stove. Overload.

**Hoarse Whisperer:**

("Will he talk?" "Will he tell on us to save himself?") The answer is already known and the decisions already made. He knows what they fear. They know what he fears. And now, they all fear one another. They, better than you or I, know what they are made of, and that scares them to the core.

The weaknesses that they exploited in one another, are now becoming the cracks through which the levee will fail.

Hoarse Whisperer: "Chains, weakest link, domino effect, house of cards."

What they do not see, but what is very close to them, is what is in the air: The stink of their guilt and their fear of being revealed, surrounds them, wafting outward, defining itself and them, to those with enough awareness to not ignore that which is drifting their way.

In some places, the air is thick, the scent is raw. In the Halls of Justice, it hangs, like cigar smoke, greasy, acrid. It clings to those who have partaken of dark practices. They cannot smell it on themselves and so they think that no one knows, no one sees. But it is visible. The beads of sweat on their upper lips, reddening of their neck as they intimidate with rage and threats.

Only for a second, a split second, can you smell it. Easy enough to doubt it, but impossible to forget, the smell of fear.

Time is running out for those who did this murder, and the other murders. They stink like the graves they filled with your children, and now, with their own.

It is not the screaming they fear most; it is the whispers. Whispers that fly with shadows and then, like nightfall, surround them. Swirling like zephyrs, bats and nighthawks, confusing them, pecking at them, and making them fall down, shouting, thrashing--- at nothing.

Hoarse Whisperer: "Deal with it, make it stop, don't let him talk, stop him, stop her.."

And then as, the walls close in, and one by one, they are picked off, left hung out to dry, each who has done their part in this evil will be revealed. Those whom they had protected, out of fear or friendship, will do what they have to do, to save themselves: Killing is easy. They've done it so many times before.

Weenie Boy carries a screwdriver with him, to flatten tires, puncture a heart, pry open a window, it's all the same to him. He and Poopsie like to gut stab someone, make them suffer as they die. They have a taste for it, common mostly to their family.

But too many accomplices and too many witnesses. Silence is breaking like thinning ice, little cracks and then shotgun blasts as the water begins to break through, taking down all that were relying on it to be silent, forever.

Those who have protected him, will turn on him, to save themselves. He will turn on those who protected him, to keep them from talking. So will his brothers. They will, one by one, eliminate their accomplices, to ensure their own freedom.

## **All In The Family**

And in the middle of all their endeavors, they will realize their one greatest fear: They cannot trust one another.

There was a time, when the only people they could trust, were family. But now, family ties are crumbling. Those days are going, going ...almost gone.

After the murder of Eddie "Fish", Poopsie's Blazer full of blood, he drove it to the jail and made a Trustee crawl in there, hose it out, wash it down... tear out the carpeting and put it in a pile in the parking lot, where Poopsie set it ablaze: The smell of gasoline, burning carpet, that thick black smoke, a signal rising like a black, stinking wraith, into the morning air. Remember the smell? Yes, you do. It shows up in your dreams and in those off times when you think that all bad memory has faded.

It would never be clean enough. Poopsie knew that the blood in that Blazer, would lead a trail right to him, his brothers, and his sisters; his mother and their friends. And it would have.

But there was another way to solve it, involving family. Lemon Longie, the rapist you have heard so much about recently, the one who raped his wife's children, including the 6-yr. old who has multiple handicaps and is in a wheelchair, unable to defend herself or to speak. That Lemon.

He was important for another reason, 25 years ago. He worked at a place that did reupholstering for vehicles. The Blazer was brought to him. He did his part. Every fiber in that vehicle, carpet, door panels, overhead; all the seats, the dash, all of it, stripped out and replaced. Like new.

And Lemon was taken care of for his part. He was allowed to rape children and never called to answer for it. Decades of his molesting were erased as paperwork disappeared from the files accessed by Poopsie and his minions. Reports, gone. All of them. Including the ones of his rape of these latest little ones.

Gone, baby, gone... not quite.

Somehow, because one child he raped repeatedly, would not stay silent, the system was forced to act. He was arrested. Poopsie got him released. For over a year, he laughed at the impotent Badgers who just looked the other way. Doing their part to enable the evil and disempower their own community, their own people.

He laughed, raped some more, and kept on doing what he likes to do, with no fear.

But one child would not stay silent. Finally, he was again arrested, and thrown into a jail that was outside of the easy release of Tribal Jail.

I hear that now, he is still in holding in Grand Forks. Real jail. If that is true, and I pray that it is, the hoarse whispers will rise like an angry cloud of hornets, as he begins to tell what he knows, to save his sorry self, one more day of miserable life.

In prison, he is not protected very well. He will tell. Poopsie and the Turdlings know, he will talk. He will talk to lawyers, to Feds and to everyone that will listen. He will tell what he knows to save himself.

Poopsie wants the trial to be delayed. He wants Lemon out on bond... so they can make sure he won't get the chance to spill his guts. They will do it for him. And then they will claim the high road for ridding the community of an evil child rapist. They will seek your approval, your protection.

Will you?

When you can't smell their stink anymore, it is because it is on you. Remember that.

Eddie's murder was not their first, nor their last. Let that be the reason we make the changes in ourselves, each of us, to bring us together, to rid Indian Country of the corruption that has fouled the entire system, from the top down.

It began in Indian Country, when we were not aware of what was being done to us, by us, in our name. We can't fix that which we ignore, that which we deny, that which we fear. We have to, if we are to make this a better world for the children, come together and do this one thing right.

And those of you who will be witnessing the trial in Tribal Court, of Gaelan Robertson this week, ask why the charges of rape, which carry Felony weight, are being tried in Tribal Court. He should be tried in Federal Court. Tribal Court has no jurisdiction over felonies. Or did they get it reduced to 'littering'?

Let me know.

## **Elections**

Something as important and as relevant in our lives, is the elections of our

leaders. From small towns to the highest office in the land, we need to pay attention and stop bickering. We need to see what is true and what is a lie. We need to stop the politics of fear and intimidation. We need to turn off the TV when a 10 minute speech is made and then the 'commentators' get up and tell us, for the next 6 hours, what it 'meant'.

We need to learn again, to think for ourselves. We have abdicated too much for too long. We need to take back our own thought processes and judge for ourselves, without the garbage commercialized prattle that rattles on afterwards.

We need to listen to everything and then search for ourselves to find what was the truth and what was the lie.

Once we do that, we can see who is telling the truth and who is lying. We don't need to be led on for hours and hours, brainwashed by polished silk suits and their stations agenda. We are capable of listening, understanding and searching for ourselves.

Once we take that back, our thinking processes become our own again, the choices will be very clear. And we will not be so easily misled.

It does not matter what party you belong to. It is not about the "party", it is about the people. It is about US. U.S., US.

I am amazed at how stupid we have become, overall, that we have allowed those with dark agendas to lead us to the darkest places of our collective souls. It is not the person you elect as president that is responsible: It is all of us that allows them to be elected.

A simple rule to govern our voting preferences is this: Pick the candidate that most closely supports, in their lives, in their judgment, our core beliefs.

Don't just listen to what they say, without remembering what they said before. Do not take them at their word what they stand for, look at their whole history.

I remember the Keating 5, All the S & L Scandals, Enron and I see homes abandoned to bad loans all over this country.

If you voted for Hillary and you are so angry that she lost that you will vote for McCain, then you align yourself with McCain. In your heart, he most closely meets the standards of Clinton. It's your vote, it's our country, it's our turn.

Those who think the Democrats should have an upheaval at the convention, overthrow the one that won and replace him with the one that came in second,

ask yourself what that says about you and about what you represent.

It is that kind of threat that tells me how broken this system is. That we would throw away the rules and use force to get what we want. If that is what happens, then we get in place of a corrupt, secretive government that has led us into war and stained our good name, with even more of the same.

If intimidation is the tool we use, it is what will rule us. In that case, we have already lost.

The rules matter. It is what makes us civilized or uncivilized.

Vote and hold accountable those who get in. Or just make a mess of things and whine. It would be true then, what McCain's Chief economic advisor (also involved in the economic scandals) that we have become a nation of whiners.

When people want to throw out their values because they didn't pick the winner, and choose instead to become the enemy, I have to wonder: What were they, really, to begin with?

I heard a man, angry that Hillary was not chosen as VP say that he would vote for McCain because Biden was a plagiarist. That was a long time ago, that plagiarism thing. McCain and his buddies (Keating, Enron and the rest) have committed far greater crimes than plagiarism. But that is his choice. "I get my way, or everyone is sorry," seems to be acceptable coming from adults lately. Scary. I suppose the "Bullets over Bosnia," and the other outright lies by his candidate were not an issue? Is he really thinking? Probably not. He has put voice to the ultimate undoing of our democracy: Reactionary voting.

We need 'thinking' voting.

Ignore the small stuff, Sunni or Shia, and pay attention to the big stuff: Policy. Policy is what causes wars, not someone juxtaposing or momentarily losing track of a complex issue.

I hear McCain, over and over, saying: "I would rather lose the election, than lose the war." I wish he would stop saying that! To a thinking person, one who listens to what is being said (over and over counts as once is a misstatement, over and over is solid error). What he is saying is, if you follow the rule of negatives in speaking: 'To win the war, I must lose the election.'. I know that is not what he intends to say, but he keeps saying it.

My mind wanders: Are we being warned?

And when it comes to politicians and felons, trust me, every politician out there has at least one in his donor list. The corrupt seek out the powerful to gain footing. It's what the politicians do when it is exposed that either ties them closer or frees them from the association.

I wish McCain would stop bringing up Tony Rezco. That has been dealt with. But it leaves a greater closet door rattling in his own recent and distant past. Keating 5, S & L scandals, Enron and now the Mortgage Meltdown, and he and his chief financial advisor, Phil Graham, tied to each and every one of them by political donations, favors, and laws passed to protect them from accountability.

So, when you are listening as I listen, and you are thinking, with your own minds, you too can figure out for yourselves who is more aligned with your values and will do the best job. It will rest on what they have done with the political power they have now and have had for a very long time.

### **Betrayal**

Being a war hero is a tremendous thing. But when I hear the story of the guard, drawing a cross on the ground, in Viet Nam, I wonder. I wonder how much is true, and how much is just a lie, to drag me around by my admiration for those who serve. I wonder because, it sounds so very much like a passage from Alexander Solzennitzy's "Gulag Archipelago." But most people don't read heavy books like that, so the anecdote is probably safe for now.

I cannot say for a fact that he adopted someone else's story as his own. Just saying that the familiarity of it is troubling. It gives me doubts that lead to more doubts.

But if it turns out that it is not true, and it was lifted, the question has to arise: "If he had the POW experience he claims, why would he need to embellish something that is already so horrific?" It opens up too many doors. It is a raw appeal to those single issue voters that are rabid Christians and who need to hear powerful stories like that in order to persuade them to vote.

How do we, as individuals and as a Nation, cope with betrayal? Do we continue the path of denial and endlessly rationalize that which used our core beliefs, lied to us and in our name, committed horrors upon people who had done nothing to us?

Or do we wake up, come to our senses, take the reigns of power away from those who have misused our trust, mistreated our fellow Human Beings, and damaged our credibility in this world and our standing in the light of God, and bring it to a halt, change direction and begin the long, arduous process of going

back to where it went wrong to begin with and seeing, doing what needs to be done NOW, to restore our faith in ourselves, and the faith of the world in our good intentions?

It began, in this country, with our government, to go sideways wrong, in Indian Country. Where we are today is only the result of not changing that course, not holding accountable those who have done the damage. Our imbalance on caring for our citizens carrying less weight than the profits of corporations who have free run of the resources that should belong to ALL of us, as a part of our National Wealth, not to be awarded to fat friends who will then sell it back to us, at a fortune; our imbalance in caring for the ill, and of providing truly equal opportunity for each and all, falling behind on the scale that weighs wealth and power over the common good; is readily apparent.

Yet, we ignore the obvious, and maintain a national level of denial. We are easily led by slogans and lies, as long as they are lies we want to hear.

We can do better than that. We must do better than that. We must begin the process in earnest, to look at the wrongs and address them. Look at the corrupt and hold them accountable with the laws that were written for ALL Citizens. We must come together to repair and rebuild, take back that which is ours, ALL of ours, for All our sakes.

The betrayals came early in our history. Those who spoke against the atrocities against Indian People were labeled "Indian Lovers!" as if it were a smear and their judgment was not right. That same slam, different first words, is used to this day, to set us blindly against what is right and lead us, generally, to allow what is wrong.

Those who speak up against the lies, the deceptions and the atrocities are labeled "Anti American".

We need to question anyone that slings that label at anyone else. We need to see that it creates in us a fear of questioning our government. We need to see that anyone that uses that slogan, that tactic, is betraying us.

Ultimately, the greatest betrayal does not come from those who lie to us. Rather, it comes from us not responding to the clear signs that we have been lied to, misled, misdirected and deceived on all levels. The greatest betrayal is our failure to act in our own best interests when we realize a wrong has been done to someone else, in our name.

I know there are people, salivating, counting on us to not be able to think for ourselves, not be able to figure this one out. They are counting on us to use

force, intimidation and throw out the rules so that they can control us from here on out.

Think. It doesn't matter if it is a Tribal Council Member or the President of the United States. The one time you have the power is when you vote. Sell out for beer, anger, a few bucks, and you are accountable. Stand up and demand better, hold accountable, and things will move in the right direction.

If we don't do something to fix it, and it is ours to fix, then surely we have no complaints when it is done to us.

There's a sharp turn up ahead, and there is a steep cliff drop off on the present path. Be ready.

Remember: Monday Night is Steak Night at the Casino. Yumm! What do I smell cooking?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**August 28, 2008**  
**Holocaust v Ongoing Genocide**

A couple of articles in the Grand Forks Herald were brought to my attention. One much better thought out than the other, in my opinion, on the topic of Guilt and Pity in Indian Country.

They both compared the Nazi Holocaust survivors to modern day Indians. Both, I feel, although some points were valid, missed the greater message.

People in Indian Country have used and manipulated the system to get more appropriations from Government. But there is much damage that needs to be repaired in Indian Country. The point is not "How much money?" Rather it is "Where is the money going?" More to the point: Is it going to help fix the existing problems? Or is it going into the control of those who create the problems and prevent the healing?

One writer implied that since the Jewish survivors 'got over it' essentially, and put the horrors of the concentration camps behind them, they were able to bring themselves up, succeed and take their rightful place in this world; and that somehow, Indians have not been willing to do this for themselves and therefore, hold themselves back.

A little more education would have made the comparison more workable. Let us look at what happened, point-by-point in what we can all agree on now, were both 'holocausts'.

The Nazi Holocaust lasted one generation. One. When the horrors were exposed, the whole world was appalled. The whole world demanded Justice. Those who perpetuated the crimes against Humanity were hunted down, arrested, put on trial and jailed. Even unto their old age, even in remote countries, they were and continue to be, hunted down and held accountable.

That, Good People, is why there was healing. We, as the Human Race, stood together and demanded accounting, and got it.

Further, the German government took major steps to make sure that the system could never be used to mistreat people again. The government itself, not only apologized, but made fundamental core changes that made the healing possible.

Still, and even though there was only one Hitler, and one generation of Genocide, all Germans are stained with the stink from that time. To their credit, the German

People have overcome their own racist policies, their own flaws and made the changes necessary to ensure fairness and protection for everyone. Even to this day, they have not stopped.

Contrast that, if you will, with the genocide of Indian People that began almost from the moment of Contact and which is ongoing to this day. Those who committed atrocities against Indian People are still written in history books as heroes. No one has ever been held accountable, no one has been brought to trial, and the corrupt system that sucks the life out of our nation, all of us in this nation, is not only still in place, but it is made more powerful by the fact that we know nothing about how it works, who is benefiting from it, nor do we understand how it hurts us all.

Imagine, if you will, that Nazi Germany were allowed to continue running concentration camps in a revised form, to 'contain the Jews' and 'Protect the citizens'. Imagine if those Nazis who had perpetuated the greatest atrocities upon the Jewish People had been hailed throughout history, as heroes? Imagine also, if you can, that instead of hunting them down and holding them accountable, Germany had instead, created a system that catered to the corrupt who would continue to keep the Jewish People down.

Now imagine, if you can, that this had gone on, not for one generation, but for TEN. Imagine also, what this world would be like if we had not, all of us, Jews, non-Jews, Citizens of the World, not known what had happened, and never held anyone accountable. Imagine that world.

Telling Indian People to drop the guilt trip is fair only if you apply it to those who do nothing to help themselves. Only fair if you apply it to the corrupt who use the plight of oppressed people to gain appropriations under false pretense, only to empower and enrich themselves.

However, using the example of Nazi Germany and how those horrors were defeated, we must begin to apply that example of National and Global awareness to begin to end the more than 200 years of genocide. We must begin, at some point now, to hold accountable, those who have committed crimes against Humanity, in Indian Country.

Germany could not move forward had they not held accountable not only those who committed the atrocities, but their own system and their own apathy for allowing it to come into existence.

The US is in the worst shape ever. Economically, we are drowning in multi-generational debt. Our standing in the world suffered a steep decline based on the lies we allowed ourselves to believe, and which we continue to allow echo

through the mouths of ambitious politicians whose only goal is power.

Germany hungered for power at one time. They allowed bullies to intimidate them. They became fearful of free thought and would not allow anyone to question authority. They paid the price and they learned the lessons and they have a strong nation now, where everyone can speak, and the Truth is not the Enemy.

How far could we have advanced, as a Nation, in this world, had we, so many generations ago, addressed the wrongs that were being done in our name. Imagine that Nation, that world, if you can.

We owe it to ourselves to not allow this work to remain undone for another generation.

There is much to rectify in Indian Country. There are many to be held accountable. There is a truer history to be recognized. There are corrupt politicians who have stolen from us all, our dignity, our decency and kept hidden from us, long enough, the genocide of Indian People that continues to this day, in our name, and with the blessing of our narrow minds and closed eyes.

If we wait for the world to see us for what we have done, both at home and abroad, with genocidal practices for the sake of controlling all the resources and the lust for power; if we wait for that moment before we begin the work that is ours to do, it will take a thousand years for us to regain our standing in this world, as Good People; as a Fair and Just Democracy.

Do we begin this work now? Or do we allow those precious babies, not yet born, to do our work for us?

## **25 Years**

I remind us all of just one murder, 25 years ago. Eddie Peltier, stomped to death, mangled beyond recognition, because of a temper tantrum of a bully who did not like being given a traffic ticket.

There were no less than 20 witnesses to that murder, and 50 more who later saw his body being dragged out of the Blazer and into the bathtub where two girls were forced to wash him up and rid his body of any evidence. There were people who saw it all, and have kept their secrets, even unto their graves. People who have protected the evil and the corrupt. People who have prospered because they lied against the innocent.

I remind us all, that it was 25 years ago that Eddie Fish lost the fight of his life;

ambushed and outnumbered. I remind us all that those who committed this murder and who helped with the cover-up have never been held accountable, never brought to Justice. Never. They are known by everyone for what they are and what they have done, and they have been allowed power, prestige and political control. They have never been held accountable.

How would we feel if the Nazi's, instead of being held accountable, were allowed to continue murdering at will, anyone they chose?

How do we feel about our country? Is it strong enough? Are we strong enough to overcome our secret history? Are we able and willing to finally gather up the dirty laundry we have been hoarding and piling up on the land of our forefathers, and clean up our act?

Or is there room for Eddie's murder, and all the other murders in Indian Country, to go uncounted, and those who commit the wrongs, the atrocities, allowed to continue gathering and using the power of office to protect themselves from being held accountable for what they have done to Indian Country, Our Country, in our name?

This is not a time for self-pity. This is a time for action. Anger must be channeled into constructive, relentless action.

The children are watching. Their children are watching. The Ancestors are waiting. The Future is waiting.

Interesting to note that before the innocent were framed for Eddie's murder, ceremonies were held to ask "When will the Truth Come Out?" and the answer was: "When Nations Come Together."

Is that what we are waiting for? For the world, all Nations, to come together and hold us accountable the way that Germany was held accountable? Are we that cowardly? Are we that weak? Are we that ignorant?

The children are being consumed by addictions and their spirits crushed by alcoholism. Fewer and fewer survive. Apathy and Ignorance are fertile ground for the evils that destroy us. More and more, we need to come together.

We need to do what we can, in our own lives, to make the way for more to be done. We need to address the wrongs and hold accountable, past and present, those who committed them.

We cannot wait lest we perish in our own selective deafness, apathy and ignorance.

How would we look upon Germany, today, had they managed to keep their holocaust a secret all these many years?

How would we look upon them, as a nation, sharing our world, if we found that they had known, and did nothing? That they had, instead of holding accountable those who committed these crimes against Humanity, had instead promoted them as heroes, given them positions of power and allowed them to continue the practices of racism, in the guise of 'sovereignty', ignoring the cries of the abused and the smoke from the ovens?

How will the world regard us? Or do we feel that it will never be found out? Do we keep the dirty secret and allow to thrive the evil it perpetuates? Or do we confront it, eye-to-eye, even if that means, looking directly into the mirror?

Choices. Free Will. The Truth shall set us free.

You know where to find me.

~Cat