



Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story

By

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The Blog

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Not A Real Man

Let us revisit, briefly, the Bed Wetter episode of the previous blog: A guy calling himself Joe Cavanaugh wrote to me, declaring that Cara Williams (who is in a body cast in Minneapolis Hospital due to the injuries suffered when a car chase from the police ended badly) was 'walking around just fine' and further threatened to burn down my house with me in it (directly or indirectly, still legally considered a death threat).

His main thrust of anger on this issue was because he said I got it wrong. That Cara (who is walking around just fine) (Clunk, OW! Clunk, OW0woW!)(in her body cast) was NOT the driver of the car that was piloted by a drunk driver, but rather the passenger in the car, and that she had tried to get out, but the driver would not let her as he wanted to outrun the cops who were chasing him for driving drunk. The driver, according to Joe Cavanaugh, would not let her out and that is how she got hurt. Strange that he would say how she got hurt, but also declare she was 'walking around just fine'.

Turns out, he was telling the truth. She did try to get out, but the drunken maniac who only cared about himself, would not let her out. And then when the car flipped and rolled, she fell out of the car, which left her with all those broken bones, which Joe Cavanaugh, the writer of the threats, said were 'only fractures'. (I wonder if he got his medical degree in the same place he got his law degree?).

Guess who the driver of the car was? Hah! It was Joe Cavanaugh!

Oh yeah, he was all angry at me because I had written that Cara was the driver. I heard nothing from him saying he was sorry for what he did to her. Not one peep. His minimizing her injuries to make himself feel better were pathetic, especially now that I know HE was the driver!

Cara was incredibly stupid for getting into a vehicle with a drunk at the wheel. She was probably drunk as well. Simple logic. She paid the higher price, and he is prancing around, sissy swatting at me because I didn't get her position in the vehicle correct. Oh yeah, coming from a jerk who drove drunk, got into a pursuit with the cops, ended up rolling the vehicle and seriously hurting a 'friend', and then denying that she was seriously hurt, I can see where that guy would have a whole lot of 'issues' on his plate. No wonder he wets the bed!

I wonder what part of his stupidity or his pathetic attempts to threaten me made him feel like a man?

Sadly, more like him out there. Let me guess: He is still partying, still drinking, still getting drunk, stoned or whatever and you all, who call yourselves his 'friends' have seen how he cowardly runs and then tries to duck after he nearly kills one of you, I have to ask this question: How dumb are you?

One of the points he was trying to make in his email was that not all Indians are dumb. I never said they were. However, looking at the current crop of stupid drunks and stoners that are out there, have to say, there are some who fall into that category and who want to take you with them.

So, any of you hold Joe accountable? Any of you stop in to see Cara and see how she is doing? Or is that too much of a downer for you? Yeah,

best to just ignore it. Party on morons.

Oh yeah, and when one of you is dumb enough to get into a car with a drunken driver, wear your seatbelt so that the ambulance doesn't have to pick up so many pieces when the thing goes south on you.

My other questions is this: Why is he not in jail? Or does driving drunk and dangerously and nearly killing a 'friend' fall under "expected behaviors for Indian youth"? A real fine example that one.

Now, if and when Cara can walk again, wipe her own ass again, let's see if she learned anything from all this; or if she values herself, her life so little she goes back to the same behaviors among the same 'friends' once again.

And the definition of a man, well, that is apparently, very hard to come by out there. We know a lot of bed wetters who think that yelling, screaming, threatening others is manly. We know one recently, for sure. He thinks running is a sign of manliness. It is the mark of a coward. Got it? You do something wrong, stand and face it. THAT would be what a man would do. Running, that is all bed wetters can do.

I feel sorry for the young ladies out there as there must be real slim pickin's as far as anything worth having exists. If you find one, better hang on tight.

Not learning from the same mistakes over and over again is one definition of stupidity. Doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different outcome is one definition of insanity. You pick.

While We Are At It

The New Year's Eve drunk driving accident involving Poopsie's Turdlettes might need to be clarified as Beesh was driving but Jaymee Catherine and Whitney Skye were the ones that got hurt. They are 17 and 18 yrs, respectively. Not sure that it matters much how correct that part is at this time inasmuch as they are all always drunk and usually drive drunk, so if the order of their driving-injuries is not correct absolutely at this time, wait a short while, it is bound to 'correct itself' with their behaviors.

People are laughing at Poopsie and The Fly Catcher for swearing that they were sober at the time--which would make it the only time they have been sober!

Still banging the sympathy drums at the head of their pity parade, they remain, steadfast that their children were sober. The wake of laughter when they leave the room sounds like bad plumbing when stifled guffaws and straight faces bust up into belly laughs.

Complicit

All this 'bad karma' coming down on so many out there. Gee, I wonder why. Some would say that if you do nothing to stop evil, evil grows stronger. If you give your children nothing to respect, they go over to those they know you fear and succumb to the seductions of all things evil: Drugs, alcohol, fumes, indiscriminate sex and all the damage that follows those behaviors.

Why are you surprised when they get hurt or die? Why are you surprised when they do such harm or go to prison?

I look at all the people who saw Eddie's murderers, covered in blood at Azure's and Littleghost's houses that night. All of them keep their silence. All of them are complicit, which means they are a part of this murder. And even if no court ever sees them, hears them finally tell the truth, there is a payment coming due and no way out.

They will pay with their children's' lives. They will watch as their children suffer and die, because they keep their silence and allow the evil to prevail. The price of silence is suffering; endless suffering.

All those who were at Pisser's and never spoke out, never told the truth, your children now and your grandchildren, pay the price of your cowardice.

All those who lied and those who keep silent and allow the innocent to suffer in prison, it is as though the murder were happening right now. You think that it was such a long time ago that everyone will forget or should no longer 'bother with any of that'? It is now. Your silence is ongoing, the crime is ongoing. The time is running out. Your spirit will be afraid to leave this world with the stain of your lies and your complicity holding it back from the Paradise of Peace and Light. You will be trapped here, in the walls, restless, fearful and all things will affect you like a thousand needles, each one, your cowardly silence. You live in fear, you die in fear, your spirit cannot get away from here.

And then, when the time comes and the Turdlings expire from this life, they will be the only companions you have, for you have tied your fate in this world and the next to them and their fate which is one so much worse than anything I or you could imagine, that your regret will burn you like hot coals as you realize, over and over again, the crimes of your cowardly ways.

But first, before you go, you will see each child and grand child, taken from you one way or the other, whichever is the most painful will be what you get.

And they will find out and they will know that the suffering they have in this world, you brought to them before they were ever born. Who will pray for you when they leave? No one.

Your spirit staked to this world, tethered by fear, unable to leave, unable to be free, forever.

You know it is true.

Look at the children now. Look at what they are becoming. Still, you keep your silence. What comfort find you in your cowardly ways? What comfort warms you when you are cold in your grave? Wrapped in your blankets of fear, you pray it will all just go away. It goes nowhere. It stays with you. In this world and the next, it rides you like rent horse, and you will never rest.

And for those who fail to teach their children the dangers of associating with the children of evil, what you get is what is coming to you. Nothing can stop it.

The Wheel turns faster now, and your children are ground up under it, never to be whole again. So, what comfort find you in your cowardly silence?

And those who do nothing, do not be surprised when you are taken down as well. Everyone knows to do the right thing and stand up and speak up, but few even try. This life that precious that you eat your fear and wonder why you reap the cancer of your ways?

Those who stay silent when one among you stands up to speak out for themselves and for the community, you stake your fate with the evil you allow. You cannot call yourselves "Good People" if you do nothing that is Good. What you allow is what you are.

Page after page of your children swimming in poisons of alcohol and drugs, you do nothing. Drugs and alcohol sicken the spirit and it leaves the empty shell behind in a suicide; and you do nothing? What, pray tell, what reward were you planning to gain at the end of your short time in this world? Rethink that one, because this life, even if you live to be in your hundreds, just the blink of time in your totality. What you do here, builds that which you dwell in forever. Your silence now will be your forever bathed in screams, sobs, and suffering because you do nothing to stop it now.

For so many of you, it is not a Good Day To Die, because you are already dead.

If you could see what I see, perhaps you would take your life and do something to make it worth living and worth dying for. Do you know what you are dying from? I think you do. I think you see what I see and I think you know what I know. I think you just afraid to admit it.

There were warnings and they were ignored. Now the reaping begins. Strange things will happen and just that fast, someone's child is not coming home ever again. Just that fast they will go into that cold ground, by ones and twos, threes and more.

Every day of suffering you allow, you create more for yourself.

Poopsie and the Turdlings are afraid of you. They always were. You are stronger than they are. You always were. You outnumber them. You always did. It is not by their doing alone that all this comes to your door. It is by your allowing it and your complicity, that this evil is allowed to consume your community, and spit the bones of your children, the hopes of your future, at your feet.

You are the authors and the architects of your own worst nightmares. I am just the narrator.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

Oh, I hear my name was being bantered about on the Police Scanners at the rez last night? Let me know if you catch me!

January 18, 2008

Bizzy!

The software update went just fine. However, my schedule is a bit jammed up. So, this will be a 'blog in progress' for Friday and I promise to work on it all day Thursday. I just wanted you all to know I have received the info you are sending and will get it in here. Check out the "meth" poem page and find the "Iktomi is Meth" story that was sent to me last week.

I intend to blog in detail about Willie Longie passing away. In the meantime, here's the info on the service.

WILLIAM LONGIE Jr., 65, Fort Totten, died Saturday in a Grand Forks hospital. Funeral Friday, 2 p.m., in Fort Totten Recreation Center, Fort Totten. Wake will begin Thursday, 5 p.m., with a prayer service at 8 p.m., both in Fort Totten Recreation Center. (Gilbertson Funeral Home, Devils Lake)

Okay, if you are checking the time stamp at the top of the page, you know this is a late night for me. I'll catch up later.

Later

I doubt that Willie Longie will have any chance at finding peace in the Spirit World. In fact, he is probably cringing and hiding from the monsters he created in this world. The light to him, a doorway to reckoning he is unprepared for.

He was part of the conspiracy to murder Eddie Peltier. He and Amanda Whiteman gave QBall and Eddie Fish a ride that night, over to the Old Housing. Everything went on at the Old Housing. It was called Old Housing because it was approximately 60 units of the original homes built on the rez.

Decades of neglect, corruption and worse, made it a haven for drugs, drunks, and rapists. Willie and Amanda were part of the conspiracy because they were there to make sure Eddie did not become suspicious as to what the plans for later that night would be. They were also there to make sure Eddie did not change his mind and that he stayed close to QBall.

They could have argued that they had no idea as to what was to happen to Eddie later, and that might have flown just fine. However, they chose to stay silent and not disclose their part in this.

And as 11 +8 innocent people were being rounded up and framed for the murder, and the Turdlings were claiming they had not seen Eddie that night nor for days before; they could have spoken up and prevented or tried to prevent, the false accusations and convictions of the 11 men who went to prison for the murder that was committed by Poopsie, Pisster, Weenie Boy and Qball.

Willie was paid plenty for his silence. Usually, in cases of beer, bags of dope. His silence was bought and paid for in the currency of demons.

Amanda Whiteman changed her name and moved off the rez. I wonder how she managed to finance that?

As the years wore on, Willie got uglier, drunker, sicker, more scared and smelled more and more of death.

So, go to the funeral. Look upon the countenance of one of those whose silence has guaranteed that the evil in your community was able to prevail all this time. Now that your children and grandchildren are being consumed by the evils protected by silence; now that you are being robbed by the millions of dollars, of your own lives, ask yourself if continuing to allow this evil is worth it.

Look upon the face of the dead man and see yourself, not too far from now, and decide if you want the same dark territory to envelope you at the end of your journey. He lived in fear, and self-loathing and he died in fear and self-loathing. There is no peace for those who have fostered evil by their silence.

Of Wine & Poop

There is an old saying, which I have cleaned up for the viewing audience here:

"You can add a little wine to poop and you have poop. You can a little poop to wine and you get poop."

So, when you take the sacred and add the profanity of drugs, alcohol or any Black Road practices, you get Black Road Apples.

I hear that at the Round Dance, which is supposed to be sacred, things got out of hand at the 'after party', and it had to be busted up. Damage was done to the facility and a microwave oven was stolen. So, how 'sacred' was that?

You think the Grandfathers, the Ancestors and The Creator bless those events? What power do you think you let in with those behaviors? Is this what you think is "healing"?

You remember on the Thistles pages images of one young man who brags about being a singer of spiritual songs...taking hits from a joint in a truck. You see your singers drinking, drugging, and worse, and you think that they aren't the poop in your sacred ways?

Nothing is sacred when it is desecrated. Even desecrated a 'little teeny bit', it becomes sickness instead of healing, Black Road instead of Red Road.

Your drummers at the pow wow, surrounded by drunks who were 'helping them sing'. Sam Merrick and his mutant siblings come to mind. Drumming is supposed to be sacred and you allow that much poop to get all over it? Whom do you think you are fooling?

No wonder the children think that learning the sacred songs and dances is a joke that should be celebrated with alcohol, drugs and worse.

You do nothing to save your children, your money, your land or your sacred ways. What is to become of Indian People who rot from the inside out?

In the Old Days, the People craved visions and quested for them. Now, they are in fear of what is trying to talk to them, show them and guide them, and they dull their sense of self and sicken their spirits with drugs, alcohol and worse.

Worst of all, self pity. You want to blame what was done to your grandfathers as the source of your anger against those who have done nothing against you. Just an excuse for you to do nothing for yourself and nothing for your children.

And now, Restless Spirits come in the night to warn you of the error of your ways and you hide under your blankets, and drown in your addictions to ignore them. And when the day of reckoning comes, (and very near that is), you who have done nothing to make your land better, nothing to heal yourselves or your children, will become the haunted spirits of the land, unable to find Peace and Paradise.

You bury these children and then you hug their drug dealers at the graveside. You allow the evil that fed off of you and consumed your children to hold standing higher than your own, in your community. And then you pray for all of this to change. You pray for them to get what is coming to them. And each time it is your turn to serve up to them by standing up to them, and by standing up for those who stand against them, you cringe, you hide, you feel sorry for yourself and you pray some more, for 'changes' you have no intention of making your part in.

No wonder the great prophets cried when they saw the future of a once righteous people, strong and spiritually aware, instead of living in the Light of the Red Road and with respect for themselves and one another; living in cold square homes and dying young, leaning against the walls of cold grey buildings.

Your children are not proud to be Indians when they drink and drug. They are not proud to be Indians when they bully, intimidate, rob and rape. That was not what Indians were back when they were real Indians.

What do you think the children answer when you ask them what their plans for the future are? Most only plan until the fall of dark at the end of that one day.

The Reckoning is upon us. The children sing like coyotes in the graveyards, unaware that they are already dead. They die in darkness and confusion. Their spirits unaware of the direction of peace because they could not find it in this life of drugs and alcohol.

You praise those who kill your children and you wonder why your children die?

You say you want them to learn and carry on the 'traditions', but I have news your youz: They are. The traditions you have taught them, not with your stories but with your cowardice, is what they use to guide them.

Perhaps you need to raise your voices, and carry the light a little higher so that some, those who see and hear and want to leave the Black Road behind, would be able to find their way by your example.

The weekend is coming. Plan your funerals early. They don't respect you because you don't respect yourself. They don't respect themselves because they don't know what respect is.

Teach those who have not already lost their way, a better way. Or stand by their graveside, hugging their drunken friends, and giveaway possessions to those who gave them the drugs that killed them.

Some of you will bury them tomorrow. Some of you will bury them 10 years from now.

Which, do you think, has more to lose?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 21, 2008

Alignment

In this world, there is good and evil and that in-between place we like to call "denial".

There are different degrees of good and evil in this world and along the way, we find that we must, when confronted, make a choice. That choice will define our lives and the lives of our children and their children, as well as the condition of our immortal souls. (NOTE: Immortality, in this case, only a good thing if not spent in reckoning the evil we have done in this world).

Some people do good things and some people do very good things. Some people make mistakes (duh) and those turn into learning experiences if handled in the right way. Mistakes become deficits if we handle them badly, or compound them by making more mistakes such as trying to cover up the original mistake, with ever increasing bigger wrong-doings, hoping 'things will get better.'

They don't get better. In fact, they get worse in all directions. Clearly, y'all have seen this in your own lives, and the lives of those around you; in your community and our nation as a whole.

Where bad things, and mistakes become truly 'evil' things is in that murky area we like to call 'denial'. Denial is where the addictions become worse, behaviors more destructive and the consequences deeper and darker. Denial is the first soggy step into a world that will spin out of control.

People who choose to participate in the evil created by others, however, tie themselves to a series of consequences that go far beyond this life and into the next, as well as what is inflicted on those around us.

The murder of Eddie Peltier was an evil thing to do. Those who planned it, aided and abetted it, set Eddie Fish up as well as those who did nothing to help him, save him, carry the same stains on their souls and in their lives as those who did the deed.

The only way they can come clean and make things change course in their lives, is to step up, speak up, tell the truth and regardless of intimidations, continue to tell the truth until it is heard in every corner of the room, the community and the nation.

Willie Longie Sr, who set Eddie up, died with his silence tethering him forever to the evil of that murder and whatever other evil things he protected with his silence. No one can help him now.

I see these really stupid ass messages: "Don't Snitch" as if the person who stands up and tells the truth is the lesser man? The person who stands up for justice is 'weak'? How backwards can you get?

When you align yourself with those who commit crimes such as rape, assault, incest, murders and other ugliness, you become those things along with the person who is doing it.

Evil is a fragile thing. It needs you to protect it in order for it to thrive. It needs your silence in order for it to grow stronger. It fears your finding your courage, fears your finding your heart and standing up to it. The more you protect the evil the more you get evil.

Evil needs to feed. And since you have, by your silence and your assistance, aligned yourself with the evil done in front of you, in your midst, you are saying you agree with it. So, don't complain when it takes your children into the swamps of addictions, rage and death. You are the one

that cleared the path to your door so that Evil could walk freely in and take what it wants from you, with your compliance.

Instead of "don't snitch" how about you stand up and say "Don't Do The Crime If You don't have the cajones to do the time."? How about you hold these big brave bad guys and their families accountable for their actions and deeds? If you allow them and assist them in striking the innocent, and then scurrying off to hide under their rocks, which you guard with your silence, you have aligned yourself with the cockroaches of humanity. Worse, you have become one of them.

YOU can step out of that role. You can speak up and make it known. You can break the cycle of darkness and suffering in your own life, the lives of your loved ones, and your community, if you disconnect from the darkness and the denial and align yourself with the good that is in every Human Being and which is what you know you were meant to be in this world and beyond.

But so many of you continue to align yourself with the evil. You say they are your 'friends' but you fear them. How can you fear 'friends'? Unless 'friends' is the term you use to deny your knowledge of the ugliness you know they are?

I am not sure anyone has any real 'friends' out there. Not from what I have seen. Eddie had no friends. Not in Pisster's house the night he was murdered, and not in the courtroom where there was only silence and lies about what happened that night and who did it. Eddie thought he had friends, but in the end, he had none.

Mike Meade didn't have friends. Friends would have stopped him, long before they dragged him down into addiction and confusion. Even one friend would have stood up and told him not to go to Kalum's house. One friend would have told him not to drink and drug. Just one friend could have saved him, but no one did.

Nor did anyone that watched it happen speak up. Not one. Silence covers his death, and the deaths of so many others. Silence is no one's 'friend'.

These are your children and they are lost. They mistake co-dependency and peer pressure for 'friendship', and silence for strength. Everything is backwards. Lies are more respected than the truth. Addiction more inviting than healing.

And they are dying from addictions, alcohol, stupidity, and diseases that flourish in denial until there is ultimately no more room for denial and no more time for healing.

Look at these kids and how they are and what they are doing. They are the future that will look after you when you are elders? Hah! They won't live that long. Those that do, won't care about you or anyone else. They only know how to destroy themselves.

They learned that from you, me, all of us. They learned that by watching generations of us align with the evils of 'easy way' and 'silence'. Our alignment with darkness brings only more darkness. Until we, as Human Beings, stand up and turn our backs on the evil that has been protected by our silence for so long, we reap only more suffering and more darkness.

Mistakes? Yes, anyone can make them. As Human Beings, we are designed to make mistakes. Some are worse than others, but the worst of them is to align ourselves with those who do the darkest deeds one Human can do to another, and protect them and that evil with our silence.

Not A Perfect World

Not a perfect world we live in. But it is a workable one. Complaining about the imperfections and using that as our excuse to do nothing to make it better, or worse to use that to excuse what we do to make it worse, diminishes all of us.

Indians are headed for certain extinction in our lifetime. What is not legislated extinction, is genocide by addictions and silence. Turtle Island, which was ours to protect, will be devoured by those who aid and abet us in our mad dash towards extinction.

We will have failed to protect Turtle Island and there will be no place safe for any Indian once the point of no-return is reached. That point is not so distant from where we stand today. We need only stand up like Human Beings and do the work of working together to change the course of destruction and avoid extinction.

Microcosm

(Def: "community, place, or situation regarded as encapsulating in miniature the characteristic qualities or features of something much larger : Berlin is a microcosm of Germany, in unity as in division." • humankind regarded as the epitome of the universe.)

Macrocosm

noun

the universe; the cosmos.

• *the whole of a complex structure, esp. as represented or epitomized in a small part of itself (a microcosm).*

But so many choose to quibble and quarrel over the most insignificant things. Things that no man nor woman can change about themselves become the targets of irrational fears and loathing. Skin Color, Race, language, religion. All things that should be part of us instead, tear us apart.

Our governments lie to us to bring us to slaughter the innocent of other lands, and we continue to march on them as if more killing will make it better? As if more killing will make it right?

People perceive mistreatment and they rage at us. Instead of learning more about them and understanding them so they can understand us, we mistreat them and assault their dignities, collecting enemies where there were once allies or neutrality. And we wonder why things are not getting better?

In this confusion, our 'unity' against the common enemy, who is in truth, a stranger to us, we desire to be 'liked'? We are offended that we are resented even as we destroy the lands and the homes of the innocent, in our quest to root out the evil which we never seem to find because it eludes us. It eludes us because it is us. We are the enemy of ourselves.

When people in power tell you that the man over there is the one going to hurt you if you don't hurt him first, and you act accordingly, without looking forward to what will come of this mindless killing, you take the path that destroys us all.

If you were instead to look more objectively at what choices are available and listen more carefully to other voices that reveal more information, you could choose a path less destructive, less costly, less dehumanizing.

But we don't. At least so far, we haven't and you can see what the world has become and how we are looked upon, as a nation, for what we have done and continue to do, mindlessly, blindly, afraid to question we are fed more lies until we cannot stomach them any longer and are sickened by their taste and after effects.

That, on the global scale, is our undoing as the Human Race.

We cannot claim the moral high ground when we have lied, killed, and continue to lie and kill. We cannot claim the healing ground until we realize we have the power, always had the power, to resist the orders of evil and darkness.

On the rez, the smaller version of the same cosmic laws, the more you kill to protect those who kill, the more killing you get. The more you cover evil with the evil of silence, the more evil you get.

The more you protect the lies, the more imbalanced and unhealthy becomes the community.

If you want the healing to begin, you must begin it.

If you want the evil to stop, you must stop it. Until then, you are buried alive in your fear and your silence. You bury your children with it as well.

If we as a nation do nothing to stop the madness of mindless wars, we doom ourselves and our posterity, to madness, and senseless death. The wheels are in motion and unless we change the balance by extracting ourselves from the grip of evil, be it our silence, our addiction, our compliance, we can only expect that the Human Race will suffer horrifically, more and more horribly, until the end of time and we are no more.

If we as a People do not stop the madness of silence, denial, addiction our People will suffer more and more horribly, until we are no more.

Those who would protect themselves by keeping you addicted and disabled, do so because they fear what will become of them if you become yourself and rise up to the full potential of a Human Being, and hold them to account for the deeds they have done.

When they teach you slogans like "don't snitch" they are not inviting you to belong. They are telling you to weaken yourself so that they can do more of what they do, without fear that you or anyone else, will stop them.

They fear you. They fear all of us.

We can become more Human, more balanced and we can begin the healing and the repair of wrongs, but only while there is still life in those we need to free for their innocence. After they pass on, we are out of time.

I look at the Justice System and how it wants to, nay, NEEDS to appear 'infallible' when it is riddled with mistakes and rife with corruption. It makes us less Human to allow it roll over Truth and Innocence without us standing up and saying: No More.

It could be a workable system if we held them to account that deliberately misuse and abuse their authority. If we allowed those who made errors to correct those errors, it could be a good system. But we don't. Instead, we keep our silence and they polish up their illusion of infallibility, while the innocent rot and the guilty prosper, all the while, cowardly People sicken in their silence and denial.

Each of us, regardless of who we are and what we have done in this life, has the power of redemption. We each have the power to change ourselves, our path and our alignment into one of greater good, health and healing.

We, as a people, have the power to come together in the healing and repairing of wrongs and injustices. But time is running low, and opportunity to make this life count by rising up for Right, is fading fast.

If we allow the innocent to be imprisoned, then we are all in prison. If we allow the guilty to thrive, then we are all guilty.

It is time for us to decide what we are as individuals and as a People.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

Jan 23, 2007

Suiciety

Violence seems to be the first choice rather than the last resort, these days. Someone pisses you off, usually over nothing, it suddenly escalates into life or death. The idea of killing someone, taking a human life, over things that right thinking people would brush off in an hour, is in itself, a sign that the Society that fosters those thoughts, behaviors, is a lost village whose hopes and dreams, long ago, were flushed away.

QBall seems to be proud of his aptitude for killing just to get his way. Alfred Littlewind did not want to give up his stereo and speakers. Q Ball wanted them. QBall beat him up and put him in the hospital and then 'borrowed' them. Alfred came back and made the simple request, while still bandaged up and unable to defend himself, that he get his speakers and stereo returned to him.

QBall threw him out of the house, literally, crashing him against the cement steps. And to make his temper more complete, he threw the speakers on top of him, fatally bludgeoning him that bright afternoon.

With Poopsie taking the lead on that 'investigation', it was declared that despite the blood in the house, the previous beating and the blood all over the steps and the speakers, that somehow Alfred had expired on his own and no charges were ever filed.

The FBI on the rez is still at about the same speed today as it was back then. If Poopsie didn't want it investigated, nothing was done. Today, unless Poopsie gives the nod, Bobo and the other Dancing Poodles, ignore the pleas for help from the community if they are threatened, raped or robbed, assaulted or killed.

The Turd Clan likes it that way. Makes them feel powerful. When Eddie annoyed Poopsie by giving him the traffic ticket (speeding and driving without a license) Poopsie's rage grew for months, until he was able, with the help of his friends, to set up Eddie to be murdered. Over a traffic ticket!

Florence Peltier, Eddie's sister, had her husband murdered because he thought he could blackmail them into paying him to keep quiet, like they paid off so many others who were involved. Ol' Merle not that bright. If a traffic ticket was reason to murder, can you imagine how they felt about being told you knew what they did? They beat him to death also. Even threatened him and his family (a young daughter at the time) if he stayed in the hospital or told anyone what they had done to Eddie or to him.

He dragged himself out of the hospital, went home and died in his bed that night. High fives all around the Turdclan on that one. Another problem solved!

Sam Jackson, who refused to be silent when he found out what really happened, was stabbed to death, by Poopsie, in front of a cowardly crowd who did nothing to help Sam, and who keep their mouths shut to this day, not realizing that their silence ties them to that murder, those vile bipeds, and an eternity of fear in this world and the next.

Eileen Eagleman, the one-time common-law wife of QBall, who moved away to South Dakota after QBall was sent to prison, started getting visits from both Weenie Boy and QBall down there. Suddenly, her brother shows up dead, and she, like a Zombie, returns as the housekeeper for QBall and whatever bag of whatever it is he sleeps with these days, and she never says a word. Her silence amuses them. They taunt her from time to time to make her cringe and cry: "You wanna tell? You wanna say something?" QBall even picks up the phone: "Here, wanna call the F-B-I?" And they laugh at her as she fends off the blows of his bad temper, and tries to get away from him.

And the community plays denial. Y'all accepted, without question, Weenie Boy holding control over every job out there, even though he himself cannot read a single word. You pay him more than others who would be qualified by education alone, because you are too chicken to stand up to these creeps.

You allow QBall to use tribal funds to buy gas for his truck or drive Tribal Trucks for his personal use. He uses the Tribal Credit card to buy beer for himself and his family and friends. You know it. You all know it, and you do nothing?

You know Pisster and her family are all molesters and rapists and you put her in charge of taking care of the little ones at the Day Care? You pay her and her mutant family and allow them access to the littlest children? You do nothing to change it?

Your Tribal Chairman, what a piece of work that is! Her lover is a known rapist, molester, and he gets the highest paying job she can give him while those who are qualified aren't even considered?

They are robbing you blind with the Ronin scam and you do nothing?

No wonder your kids are drinking themselves into dangerous death matches. No wonder the kids are drugging themselves into oblivion. No wonder your children, some as young as 6 years old are attempting and too many succeeding, suicide.

You are the Suiciety Tribe. You allow those for certain you know to be evil and unqualified to control every minute of your life. They decide if you get a job. They decide how little they will pay you. They decide if your child is raped or not. You have given all your power to them.

Why? Afraid to be responsible for what you do? You like being the victims? You like burying your children? You must. Because you do nothing.

And when somebody does do something, you do nothing to help them to help themselves or to help you. You want them to fail so you won't feel so all alone in your self-pity and self-destruction.

You allow the innocent to suffer and then you cry because you feel YOU have been treated unfairly? You merely got a whiff, a taste, of what suffering you have encouraged by your own cowardice. You feel that you have done nothing to deserve these words? You feel you have done nothing to deserve these funerals?

You are right. You have done NOTHING. You have allowed it all. Had you done something, that might have made a difference.

If you were to do something, that might make a difference. What? You want a guarantee before you eventry? How's this for a guarantee:

I guarantee that if you continue to do nothing to make this better, it will get worse.

It already is.

The irony being, that you could have stopped it a long time ago. You still can.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 24, 2008

WWJD?

Gospel of Thomas:

“ Jesus said: ‘If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you.’ ”

It appears that Jesus and I think alike, eh? (Oh! I see steam coming out of the ears of the morons!) (Careful guys, you might freeze that way).

No matter how you look at it, whether wisdom from the Ancients, Truth from Son of God, or Common Sense, it is what it is, and that, my friends, is what is destroying you.

You keeping what you know should be spoken locked up inside. In its place, you offer nothing or you spew forth resentments and try to tear down those who are trying to raise you all up by their standing up.

Indians have become adept at Suiciety. They can and do, destroy themselves faster and more thoroughly than anyone else ever could.

Alcohol and Drugs are their weapons of choice, alongside of Jealousy, Self-pity and lies. The children 'self-medicate' with drugs, alcohol, other addictions and dangerous behaviors, not as 'part of growing up' but as a means to dull the pain of self-loathing.

We all taught them that. We all allowed it to happen. We all turn our backs and save up for the giveaways at their funerals.

Some of these sickened spirits manage to cling to this mortal coil on into semi-adulthood, where they become refuse to the leadership that has already robbed and exploited them in their infancy, in their youth and even in the womb. They are either useful to the evil in exploiting and destroying others, or they are cast out of the rez, like trash, of no use to anyone 'important'.

That is what the kids have to look forward to. No wonder they are drowning in addictions. Those who do not 'join in' are viewed as a threat to those that are involved. They are chased, beaten, ostracized and demeaned.

The very ones that could survive are being run down by the ones that have gone feral, and you do nothing?

You can and you must, band together, and demand the changes that will allow healing and survival. You must band together and stay together, face the demons in yourself and help others to face theirs.

Clearly, those who are evil have conspired against you, and they are held together by your fear of doing anything. You have made it easy on them to rob you, sicken the spirit of the community and rob the children of any decent life chance.

They fall apart when you stand together. You must either do this to save the children and show them what it is like to be a real Indian, or you must be silent as your children, your future is raped, robbed and sent to nightmare path that only leads to more death and destruction.

Only you can change from Suiciety to a healing society of repairs in progress, a brighter future, and a stronger nation.

Speaking of Robbery

Your lord and masters of the TC and Ronin, have given 887,248 shares to a man named Jonathan Gallen "QueeQueg" for a penny a share. View [HERE](#) for the details. I suspect that this is what they do when they invite another player in who will take the money from his people and launder it for the dispersal to the other players. Have to find out more about who that jerk is.

I am curious also about the nicknames they choose for themselves in the process. QueeQueg is the name of the Harpooner on the Pequod, from the fictional story of Moby Dick. He also was the one that made the coffin that floated and upon which Ishmael stayed alive until he was rescued.

You need to demand that the money the TC has stolen from you for this money laundering enterprise, be returned to you, NOW.

Monday Is Fun Day

Carl Walking Ego is due in court on driving under the influence of Alcohol and or drugs in Ramsey County on the 28th (Monday). You might want to go watch the proceedings and tell me what you hear and what you find out. It is not his first offense, so it will be interesting to see how this pans out. Not sure if the Judges are on the payroll or not, but if James Wang, the State Attorney is in any way involved, you know it will sink like a stone because he IS on the payroll!

And don't forget: Monday is Steak Night at the Casino. Not sure if Turdlings Poopsie and the Fly Catcher will show up or not. They have a couple of daughters in the hospital from a New Year's Even drunken driving crash. If they do show up, you can figure the girls are either out of the hospital or not that important.

Poopsie needs to get a walker. A heavy duty model with a belly roller. I hear that there was a small fire somewhere on his property, and in the excitement, he fell down and could not get up because his pig gut was too big and in the way! Be embarrassing if he tripped in public and could not get up. (*Barks Twice barks twice)

What's that you say, girl? (Barks Twice barks twice). Don't you dare! That would be a baaad doggy! (snicker, laugh, cough and sputter).

Well, after a fund day in court watching Walking Ego on display, and perhaps Deanna McKay, and a few other favorites, a good steak dinner and a show might just make it interesting, right?

Meth Odd Man

Desmond Driver is also going to court on the 28th. Gee, I wonder if he, Deanna McKay and Walking Ego are all going to carpool? Which drunk will drive? He apparently is going for using someone else's ID. Must not be too proud of what and who he is if that is the case.

Manly Pretense

I have a funny pic of your wannabe gangstas out there. It cracked me up. I have to find it again and post it. I'll describe it to you so you get the idea.

These three major morons, wearing their 'colors' (red bandanas), looking stupid (you need that vacuous look to be a gangsta), posing and flashing gang signs in one hand and beers in the other.

Well, all very impressive if you think gangs are anything more than a cluster of cowards who like to bully people who are doing nothing to them. What makes this whole gangsta posturing so funny is that it apparently is in the homes of one of the big bad boy's mother's house. You can see their display taking place in front of cafe curtains, with deco geese on the walls behind them. He lives with his mommy.

"Yeah, we so tough and so proud, we live with our parents cuz we got no smarts, got no skills, got no jobs and we got no pride. We be gangstas." That is my caption. So tough and so 'manly' they have to live off of their parents? I remember when gangstas had SOME pride, at least enough to move out on their own. Not these twerps.

I tell them what I tell all these adenoidal morons with their big tough walk, permanent sneer, and expertise at flashing gang signs:

You ain't tough and you ain't men. You want to know what it takes to be tough? You want to know what it takes to be a man? It takes courage. Courage to do the right thing. Guts enough to get an education and make something out of your life. Guts enough to get a job and support yourself. That is what makes a real man.

A real man does not turn his back on his woman, his family or his children and go party like a 4 year old who can hold a bottle and piss himself. A real man does what it takes to make life better for his children than it is for him. A real man will wash dishes in a restaurant at night while going to school part time in the day while working a second job in the afternoon, just so his kids can have shoes, clothes, decent food and a place to live. A real man doesn't take the easy way out and beat up women, sell drugs, and spend all the food and rent money on his own pleasures. Real men work at overcoming the deficits of their environment, and teach their children respect, not fear.

A real man has his own place to live and does not expect his mommy to support him and his friends while he slouches on the furniture, playing X-Box, and eating all the food he didn't pay for.

If you want to know what a real man is, you have to look someplace other than some stupid-ass gang, which is just a club for bullies, and people who were too stupid to make the right choices and don't want anyone else to have the opportunities they themselves blew off.

Just Like You

Since when did beating up people, not supporting yourself, deliberately staying uneducated, become some sort of an achievement out there? When did doing drugs, selling drugs, letting your friends die because you are too much of a coward, become the way to be in this world? When did stealing make you more proud than earning? Whenever it was, it was a long time ago, because most of the kids out there, they don't value themselves enough to get an education. They think that lying and stealing, bullying and getting wasted is a social achievement. They pile onto anyone that might be trying to do something better with their lives, and beat it out of them. Violence and stupidity, are King on the rez. Look who's running the place and you can see how this generation and the next have no other example to model themselves after.

Kids today, have to get stoned and drunk before they sing the sacred songs. They don't know any other way. They gave up on themselves because we all gave up on them. The more disrespect they can demonstrate, for themselves and others, the more they feel proud.

To where do you think this road will lead them and why are you doing nothing to enlighten them or give them a chance to save themselves?

I know, you'd have to give up your own addictions, gambling, bingo, drugs, alcohol, self-pity before you could begin to think about it. Go back to what you were doing. Don't let me or your kids bother you none. Oh, and don't expect those kids, when they get older, to save you when the time comes. Either they won't be here, or they won't care. They will grow up to be just like you.

From the time they drew their first breath, that is all they ever wanted to be. And then they got angry at you for the neglect, the abandonment, and for you indulging in your addictions and your self-pity at their expense... so angry, that they can only grow up to be just like you. When they beat, neglect, mistreat your grandchildren, remember: You taught it to them first.

Attitude

You see some of these gangs, you see garbage with attitude. You see failures that want you to fear them, because they are too stupid and too lazy to grow up, go out and earn their way in this world.

Gangs are a poor substitute for respect in this or any other world. You want to be a tough guy? Live up to your obligations to your family and your children in this world. Those are the real men. You guys are a joke!

And you stupid females that pursue these losers, what are you thinking? Over and over again, I hear from people who tell me how beautiful these women on the Thistles pages are and how dorky these guys are and why are these women with these dorky drunken guys?

I tell them that the women on the rez have no self-respect. Violence is all they know. They are raised with disrespect and they learn disrespect and have no self-respect. They think that drinking and puking are 'romantic' interludes.

They themselves get violent and gang up on others because that is the only way they know how to do it. They have no class. Yes, they are beautiful, but once they open their mouths and suck down that tequila, they get to the only level they are comfortable with in their lives: out of it. Angry when they are drunk, and angry when they are sober. Stupidity is a plus.

Instead of dealing with their anger, they explode. And they expect that they will be beaten by their friends, their partners and their family. Yes, beautiful, but not bright. No self-respect and no desire to learn or earn any.

Legacy of Violence

Violence seems to be the only thing the kids understand. Anger, and violence. The smallest annoyance becomes an excuse for explosive violence. Not much between disappointment and rage. One goes to the other, like a reflex.

All they know is that those who are the most violent get the most of what they want and no one holds them accountable. They learned that from their parents. They learned that from the toxic politics of that tribe that allows only the most corrupt and the most violent to have power.

By the time there is regret, a funeral, even that moment is fleeting as the call to get wasted, get even, is ever present.

Not one of you is willing to stand with another of you to stop any of this. As many children as you have buried this past year, I would think that alone would be enough for you to wake up and decide to change the course of that unwise path.

But you do nothing. And another child dies. And another. Anda, Anda, Anda..

Almost every single one of them could have been prevented had any of you decided that you were willing to grow up, stand up and make a

difference.

But y'all choose to stuff more millions into the pockets of the corrupt while you yourselves have nothing. You choose to let them steal from you, steal from your children and you do nothing. They steal your money, your spirit and your children wither on the vine and you do nothing. You choose to bury your children.

Every once in awhile I am given hope when I hear from or about one of the kids, despite the odds against them, quietly arming themselves with education, self-respect, almost silently going under the radar of destruction, planning their escape from misery into a better life. Again, and again, they are crushed. But every once in awhile, I see a flicker of hope as one gets away...

Real men and women would stand up and say: "I don't care what you do to me, I will not allow your murders to hide in my silence. I will not allow your corruption to rob me of my life, my spirit and the

drugs and alcohol to kill my children." Real Indians would stand up and change what is happening.

Anyone know where I can find some real Indians? Oh! Looky! Some Gangstas! Whooo Hoo!

Those of you who keep silent the secrets of murder are the founders of the Suiciety. What you see happening to the kids, is your doing. Now, ask yourself again: WWJD?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

January 28, 2008

Remember To Think

One of the most basic principals of 'brain washing' is used on each and every one of us every day, a zillion times a day. The term "brain washing" has to do with flooding the brain with too much input, input which contradicts itself, relentlessly until the brain loses the thinking process. The difference is like a shirt, all neatly ironed and ready to wear and a soggy old rag, shapeless, and unusable to the owner.

Other techniques are used in conjunction with the flood of contradictory information, such as sleep deprivation, food or sensory deprivation, sustained stress (physical, mental, emotional and spiritual) and injected or made to ingest mind altering psychotropics that interfere with the brain chemistry and do not allow a person to reassemble their own personality and their own thoughts after the process has stopped.

This leaves a person unable to process new information. Keeping up a steady flow of contradictory input insures that people lose their ability to think, process in a logical fashion and creates a more docile, at the same time reactionary population that can be easily manipulated, misled, and for added effect, turned one against the other, over seemingly mindless nothingness.

People lose their ability to see what is true and what is not, or to figure it out later, they harden in a wrong-headed, uninformed posture afraid to reconsider or add new information or to correct previously wrong information.

We lose perspective and cannot see the obvious: That we have more in common with others, than not. That if we work together, we can achieve more for ourselves and for the community as a whole.

We lose our flexibility, adaptability and our will to move forward for the better of ourselves and others.

We become easier to control, easier to mislead and more isolated from one another as we go along.

One of the first principles used to abuse someone is to isolate them. Cut them off from different opinions so that they only believe what the abuser wants them to believe. Abusive spouses isolate their victims from their friends and other social contacts.

Abused children are made to feel like it is their fault and they become responsible for the actions of the abusers against them. They keep the secrets because they can't think of any safe way to exist, even in their own minds, if they don't. They cannot see that by opening up and speaking out, they can reclaim their power, and disempower those who abuse them.

Everywhere You Look

Those brainwashing methods are everywhere. You may not have been tied to a chair, deprived of sleep, forced to ingest mind altering chemicals, while being fed streams of senseless information non-stop; OR, maybe you have.

Maybe you have and you just don't realize it because you did it to yourself.

That those who wish to control us and prevent us from reclaiming our power would deem an ideal situation, is one in which we do this to ourselves, with a little help from our friends, perhaps?

Advertising is, at its core, not there to give anyone information, but rather to stop us from thinking, and create a more compulsive consumer out of us.

Signs on stores say: "SAVE" but what they want you to do is to "SPEND". If they posted signs that said: "Give me all your money!" No one would enter those pneumatic doors that now open on their own so that you don't even have to engage those muscles to enter the spending arena. It is automatic. Like "welcome".

TV Ads instead of saying how much something cost you, shows you delirious shoppers looking at their receipts as if they were holding the winning lotto tickets instead of a list of hard earned dollars that went out of their pockets. "Look how much I saved!" one says to the other, and they are all envious of the person that 'saved' the most by buying the most.

Spending and buying are contradictions to the term "SAVE", but no store is without the word "SAVE" in different forms, bright colors, letters on banners the size of your 5 year old.

To sell you a car, they barely show you the vehicle. They show you the zombie like smiles on the people in the cars. No stress there. They don't show you people who are stressed out in traffic, paying high insurance rates, a king's ransom for fuel, taking out a high interest loan for repairs, all the while making car payments that 30 years ago would have bought a family home.

They show you the smiling droid with perfect make-up, wind tussled hair, not the fenders and bumpers that cost you thousands if you hit a shopping cart.

Oh yes, and that new car smell. Makes you fool yourself for that moment into thinking you can afford, nay, you have SAVED thousands of dollars, rather than you have spent thousands of dollars.

Truth in advertising, however, mandates that somewhere, they give you a clue. That would be in the twenty three lines of super small type, white, that shows up barely against a light grey background, flashed onto the screen but a millisecond-- so they can say in court that they did tell you. Your eyes just not fast enough, nor sharp enough to read it.

If we could remember to think, we would know that stores take our money, they don't give it to us. We come out of them with less money, not more, so we have not 'saved' anything. We have spent, lost, bought.

Nothing wrong with buying or trading. Just the dishonesty in convincing us that we were given something and money too, when in fact, we were not.

I am not opposed to commerce. I think it is a good thing. I just think it is practiced in a bad way.

Do-It-Yourself Brainwashing

With 'Save!' splashed everywhere in place of "Give Me Your Money!" we become inured to the effects. Or so we think. We shop there anyway. We are told so many times now that Wal-Mart has rolled back it's prices AGAIN! that we become eager to shop in a place with prices that would be akin to the 1930's! How many times can you 'roll back prices' before you enter the twilight zone? They never tell you they are raising prices, but surely they must. I would expect from watching a decade of Wal-Mart lowering its prices that I would walk in, get what I want and they would hand me a bucket of money on my way out of their automagic pneumatic silently opening doors. The bucket of money would be handed to me by one of the zombies, one of the broken spirits who works there, smiling with the little voice screaming out over the white noise: "help... me." Turn to look a second time and they are smiling, "can I help you?" they ask?

No, they can't and neither can I help them.

Our children, we thought they were in trouble when we realized the TV was raising them, are in even deeper trouble as now video games, TV on

Crack, takes over their brains, their bodies and their personality, holding them in their chairs for hours, sleep deprived, missing meals, fed a senseless stream of impossible animated realities, make them more reactionary and less able to function in the real world, they become more isolated.

As the video games venture into ever darkening shades of unreality and violence, it replaces the real world with an electronic reality that can program them to do anything.

Add to that, every kind of dangerous drug possible, going into their systems. Not just the illegal drugs. Those we know are dangerous. It is the more insidious drugs that are pushed on them by the actors in white coats pretending to be doctors, telling parents to give their child this or that pill to make them more compliant in school. Give them this pill to help them overcome teenage angst. Oh, are they depressed? They must be, they look unhappy, give them this or that anti-depressant. Not sleeping? Try this sleep aid, it's safe. Got the sniffles? Here's just the thing for that!

More and more of these over the counter drugs and prescription drugs have devastating side-effects. Got restless leg syndrome? Instead of telling you to drink a can of quinine soda water, they prescribe a drug that has side effects that include suicide!

More and more of these prescription drugs carry the potential to permanently harm your brain, your body, your life.

We believe actors. We believe doctors. They are interchangeable in our minds.

So, there you have it: Children being raised by TV have raised a generation that is raised on Video games. They are over prescribed, fed fast food with no nutritional value, sleep deprived, isolated and fed more drugs. They are isolated, confused, totally reactionary.

Just what the doctor ordered.

Now, go out and save some money. I want you to save big, so buy as much as you can, okay?

Re Focus

Time to shake it off folks. Time to reclaim our basic awareness and understand that the contradictions are there to put our mind in neutral, not there to give us information. One of the biggest complaints about Botox is that the face loses all expression. It looks wooden and doll like. Naming a Botox product "Expressions" is there to erase from your mind, wash from your brain, the little concern you might have before spending money trying to look like you did when you were young and stupid.

Gambling is not there to help us WIN anything. Gambling, especially Bingo, relies on us to LOSE. Millions have to lose for a few to win a few bucks. If the casinos and the bingo halls had a sign posted that said: "Lose YOUR MONEY HERE!" You would not go in. But they post the sign that says: "WIN!" and our soggy brains don't recognize the trap.

We keep going and going because we think we might, some day, when it is our turn, 'win' and not realizing that whatever we win at that time, if we live long enough to reach our turn, is far less than what we lost.

We can refocus our brains. We can look at the 'Save!' and 'Win!' and my personal favorite: "rebate" which should be spelled 'R-E-B-A-I-T', where they might give you back some of your money, just a little if you give them more to begin with; we can refocus our brains and realize the truth of what is happening and what we are doing, and decide if we really want to 'GIVE OUR MONEY' or 'LOSE BIG BUCKS'.

After we refocus our minds, we can decide what it is we are really doing and whether or not that is what we want to do.

Anyone remember when cigarette commercials had doctors telling us how healthy it was to smoke? I do. Of course, those advertisements are long gone. They don't need them any more. We convince ourselves that this is okay, not going to hurt us, can quit anytime, or my favorite: "It makes me happy. I really enjoy it."

No one 'enjoys' smoking. It's just that they Jones really bad when they don't get their nicotine fix. Not Jonesing is not the same as "happy". Refocus.

The Bigger Picture

This brainwashing has been done to all of us and it affects all of us. Our own sense of bonding and belonging is turned against us as we feel compelled to have this or that product, outfit, shoes, games, vehicle, booze, drug, in order to 'belong' and not 'stand out'.

We equate, more and more, individuality with not belonging. We pressure one another to do things not smart, not healthy and not safe, and they go along to get along and to belong.

Their whole lifetime they have been fed a steady stream of contradictory messages through advertising, over-prescribed drugs that damaged undeveloped brains, and now they are isolated, sleep deprived and when they do congregate, these kids, they have no clue how to act except to be out of control, in order to 'feel good'.

They have lost touch with their own innate ability to feel good or feel sad. All they know is fear and self-pity, confusion, contradictions and the fear of isolation, of not belonging. They are afraid to achieve lest they be seen as a threat or object of jealousy among their peers.

On the Rez, it is easy to control them. Beer and drugs so easy to get, easier than candy. Law enforcement, another oxymoron, just another name for "protecting the corrupt" and "enforcing silence".

When Dorgan the Organ champions the causes of Indian People, he could not care less about the abused child, battered wife, addicted youth. He calls it funding, but really, it only goes into the pockets of the powerful who oppress their own people in ways so shameful he dare not look, dares not to read the letters, the pleas for help.

He needs your votes so that he, like Kent Conrad, can keep the people who oppress you, rob your children, safe from any kind of investigation that would reveal where all the money has been going all these years.

They are not the only ones. Our Nation is full of dirty secrets, and the powerful continue to make us believe they are there to save us, to help us, and that they are on our side.

Oh yeah, a refocus on that would have us looking elsewhere for better. If we could refocus, we could see where we have been played white against black, black against brown, brown against everyone and the Red Man, he is played against himself with things like blood quantum, and other tools of genocide.

If we want to save ourselves, we have to wake up from the zombie reactionary state of compulsive buying, gambling, drinking and drugging. Leave behind the mindless, godless prejudices and biases and open our eyes to one another as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations, all of whom need to come together NOW.

UFOs

All along our government has been lying to us about UFOs. They try to lie, to ridicule and they threaten anyone that speaks out. The events in Stephenville, Texas are but the latest examples of their tactics. They lied about having jets in the air. Then they say that all people saw were the jets on a training mission.

They send out their surrogate brain benders, the professional debunkers, who call themselves 'skeptics' but who defy the laws of science and the rules of skepticism in the way they ignore basic evidence, information and eye-witness accounts to make it all come out that people are stupid, can't tell a round, silent gigantic high speed UFO from a noisy F-16 or a flare... with the common theme of smirking while they say that people are not trained observers... even the pilots, the police, the military "not trained observers." (BTW, what exactly would qualify as a "trained observer"?)

If the surrogates fail to make us quit thinking, wondering, the ridicule squad takes over and the jokes, at the expense of the truth, steamroll over those who could reveal to us, what happened. We choose not to know. It's safer that way?

All in an effort to make it all go away. They want us not to think about things that our government obviously has no control over, which would lead us to rethink how we accept our government's telling of any tale. They don't want us to think of anything that would put us in an awakening stage of awe and begin to undo the decades, generations of programming us until we are as shapeless as a wet, wrung out rag. They don't want us to focus away from our mindless resentments of one another, our senseless wars and the slaughter of innocents in our name.

They don't want us to remember that we are all Human Beings and that we deserve respect. They don't want us to waken to what has been going on and what other, greater possibilities exist.

They want us to mindlessly go back to our addictions, consuming at an ever faster rate, like a festering nest of boils on Mother Earth. They feed us lies, ridicule and want us not to believe anything they have not allowed us to think.

What wonders will come if people as individuals refocus and become aware. What greatness and healing can we accomplish, in our lifetime,

once we become aware.

UFOs are a threat not because they are hostile, but because they defy the parameters of the programs we have been subjected to for generations.

People actually think the government keeps secrets from us, to protect US! "SAVE" "WIN!" Common sense will tell you that our government keeps secrets from us in order to keep power over us. If we wake up, they can lose their grip over our minds, our lives and their piles of gold.

Information Is Power

If you can conceal by secrets, threats and misinformation, what the people need to know to make informed decisions for their life, their family, their community and for the nation; If you can keep people in chaos and turn them against one another over bs like race, religion or blood quantum, you can keep them isolated and confused; if you can keep them under so much financial stress that they act against their own best interests by over-spending, gambling--you can run them like dogs until they drop.

But, in order to do that, you have to make sure they don't believe anything anyone tells them, regardless of how true it is. You have to keep them only believing your lies and following your misinformation, unable to determine for themselves where the truth lies. Key to doing that is that you have to convince them that they didn't see what they saw. Make them disbelieve what their own eyes tell them is true.

That is how government controls us. We turn against one another and we turn against ourselves. The information we need, we have forgotten how to find. We wait for it to be shown to us by those who say they know what is best for us. "SAVE!" "WIN!"

The News is not news. It is advertising. Real news would be information we need to know, not Britney Spears, Branjolina, and that crap. We would be given 'information' that would tell us what our government is doing, for reals, not this "press conference" staged crap with plants in the audience to ask 'key' questions.

We would become aware and focused and realize that anyone that tries to deceive us by planting questions in the audience is someone we cannot trust to help us, protect us; only to deceive us and protect themselves.

Of the top two presidential candidates on the Democrat ticket, one planted questions in the audience and got caught. Why is this a close race? There was a time, something like that would be remembered, and it would not be 'okay'.

Remember to Think.

Do what you have to do to get information, education, and protect your brain, your mind, your body and your spirit. Someday, you might need all that to help someone you love survive.

And when someone invites you to 'Win' or "SAVE" or "have fun" and you know they mean Spend, Lose, risk your health or life; make a decision you can live with. Realize that friends don't help friends become addicted, drunks or violent. Friends don't destroy you or make it easy for you to destroy yourself. They don't. If they ridicule you because you don't want to do what you don't want to do; think about that. Who are those guys and what are they trying to do to your life? Are you going to let them run your life? Or are you going to take control over your own life?

Think about what a real friend would be like and go find some of those in your life.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

Quick Notes On Passing

Mike Greywater, better known as the spouse to Turdmother, passed away Saturday (Jan 26, 08) Morning at 4:45 AM. Poor bastard, out of his misery now? Y'all are invited to watch the show as only Turdmother can put one on. There will be weeping, wailing, flailing of arms, somber-faced Turdlings and giggly Turdlettes assembling. Will she hoist her substantial girth over the edge and into the coffin? Pictures, please!

Quality 1 Wireless

As predicted, the most recent 'wireless' scam, tied to the same players as brought us the Golden Eagle Wireless scam barely a year previous, has in the form of Quality 1 Wireless, created a shell company, hired a few miscreants, delivered nothing, and is now closing down. Awww! Oh, and the Town of Devil's Lake is footing the bill. Over \$150K once you start adding it all up. Probably more. The Administrators of the Q1W

debacle walk away with bucket loads of cash. Sure hope Devils Lake doesn't need a new fire engine, more cops, a homeless shelter, shelter for battered women, or food bank--that money be gone kids.

And since we have viewed this death and reincarnation before, I am sure we can look forward to yet another venue for the same scam in the near future. It works every time!

Comforting, is it not, to know that at this time of great loss, we can look forward to even more?

So, good people of Devils Lake, this time it was YOUR tax dollars in the latest corrupt scam. It is becoming clearer by the moment that we are becoming, all of us, Indians. Just sit down and take it, or stand and fight. Choices, every body, choices.

Can't say nobody ever warned you. Don't believe it? Just sit there and do nothing. I guarantee it will come around again.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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