

April 1, 2009
Election Assembly Meeting

I am suspicious of any info that comes in on April 1st. However, you search this out for yourself:

"Let the people know that the tribal council will be holding a general assembly tomorrow at 10 am and its meet the candidates!"

Let me know if it happens. Typically, the Council schedules meetings, does not give adequate notice and then changes, moves, cancels the meetings if people actually show up. So, **Do YOUR DUE DILLIGENCE** in finding out if this is real or just another Tribal Council bad joke on you all.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 7, 2009

Dead Turdling-Black Road Backfire?

Scott Yankton, the youngest son of the Turdclan, died this morning. Speculation abounds. Allow me to add mine to that list: Drug Overdose? Suicide? Sibling Rivalry? Won the bullet in Russian Roulette? Scared to death by the ghosts of those whom the family has murdered and worse? Or did the Grandfathers just step in, and after years of warning Turdymomma and her Turdclan about the retribution that comes from walking that long Black Road, just snatch from her that which she loved more than all the others?

There is always a price to pay for the evil that is done to the People of This Land. The price is just starting to be paid in that family. Here they are, as much humiliated as grief stricken by the sudden death of Scott. They know that the people are not mourning with them, but are wary of being too close lest the consequences strike them too. They know that the people are, if not to their faces, behind their backs, saying "It's about time they started paying the price!" They worry that his grave will be used as a toilet by those they have all offended.

Poopsie made offerings to the Black Road to keep him safe from the consequences of his murdering, his greed and his lust. But someone had to pay. I guarantee you, he will sacrifice every relative to protect himself, including his daughters, by all their mothers.

Now, Turdlings and great-grand-Turdlettes, look around and wonder if you are next.

Things are falling apart for Turdclan:

- Lemon has gone to prison for child rape. Granted, it is a very lenient sentence and he will be out to do it all again and again, way too soon. But they run the risk that he will talk. They will kill him in prison if that is what it takes to stop him. He will talk in prison if that is what it takes to save himself. They are worried.
- Galen Robertson is in prison for rape. Rapists don't do well in prison. He got a harder sentence than Lemon. But he knows so much about how the money was stolen, laundered, embezzled, that they run the risk of him talking in order to gain himself a safer cell. He knows they will kill him in prison if they think he will talk. They might do it anyway, just to make sure he never does. He has nothing to lose now. He probably is already talking.
- His devoted bed monkey, Seashelly, has already taken up, since before the sentencing hearing (which she missed because she was naked in bed

with two new boyfriends), with other sexual partners and is doing all the nastiest things that he taught her how to do. She is not only doing it with them, but they are videoing it with their cell phones and swapping movies and pictures with each other and their friends. So much for 'love' eh Galen?

- Zit Puppet, aka Brian Pearson, serving time for Felony Drunk Driving, has not had time to save all his computer files, but only has saved some, and they tell the tale of money laundering, embezzlement, from government funds and the casino. It is his only insurance policy against the entire Tribal Council and that dear family that claims him as their bastard.
- He sees them falling from power and if he doesn't start talking to get something for himself, before he becomes irrelevant to them and to the investigators, he will have helped them, lied for them and protected them for nothing, as they will kill him to prevent him from saving himself, should anyone want to know where the money came from and where the money went. He has lost his value to their endeavors and senses his obscurity growing.
- Now, the youngest, fairest son of the Turdclan, makes his abrupt departure from the scene. I am sure the Grandfathers are marching him through the fires of his crimes and the thorns of his abuses to others.

Remember when Turdymama made the statement a couple years ago? That she was going back to "The Old Ways" because the Catholic Church had not given her what she wanted? She would often pray that those who knew of the crimes she and her family committed would not live to speak of them. I guess the Catholic Church wasn't able to deliver the Black Road Medicine fast enough or at all. No wonder she went back to the Old Ways and the Black Road she never really left.

My question is this: Which one will she pray to for the safety of the soul of her youngest and fairest child? Will she give more than the paltry \$5 offering to the Catholic Church and buy Scott a stairway to heaven with a High Mass puppet show? Or will she go to the Black Road Medicine Man and demand her offerings back? Or will she offer more to protect herself?

The funeral will be something to see. Send me pictures. I will post them. I might be there myself, as a laughing bird. If only I could, I would.

I want to see their scared faces, as they stare into the hole in the ground that swallows their youngest sibling. I want to see them feel, even just a little bit, of

the grief and the pain they have caused to so many others when they killed and murdered those sons and daughters, who were beloved. I want to see if they get it yet. I want to see if they are ready for the next door of darkness to open in their lives and grab them by the heart.

Most of all, I want them to see that they are losing ground and the cold black water of fate is rising around their ankles. I want them to realize that they still have a chance, but not much time, to come forward and make their confessions, not in the privacy of the Padre's confessional, but in the open, to the tribe, the community, the State and the Nation.

Richard is still in prison for the murder they committed. Now Scott is in the ground. Which among them will go to prison or straight to the cemetery? Which among them will sell out those who have helped and protected them all these years, in order to pay the Black Road the coin of death and suffering it demands?

And they thought that their silence would protect them? It is the very thing that is undoing them.

Freeing the innocent would be the one thing they could do that would play in their favor, and yet they hold back, thinking they are safe. The darkness is theirs. And it is feeding on them, from the inside out.

They knew that as soon as I heard about Scott, I would blog it. Make sure they get a copy, y'hear?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

*PS Just heard it was the kidney Scott got from his brother, Poopsie, that gave out on him. Bet it turned black and bit him.

Makes you wonder how the one Poopsie still has is doing lately. What with all those drugs he takes, all that fat that surrounds all his vital organs (and the one not-so-vital), and all the garbage that he eats. Makes you wonder why the younger, healthier brother would have his kidney give out. Unless it was kicked or punched in one of those brotherly playful moments. Well, the Black Road is all fun and games until someone's kidney gives out, isn't it?

April 8, 2009

Too Busy Laying Down To Stand Up?

It's on the radio. Myra "Naked Lawn Ornament" Pearson will be running Seashelly's Ft. Totten meeting next week. Seashelly is never in her office anymore. She never shows up where she is supposed to and does not return calls. But wow, is her bed rockin'! We can assume that she is too busy spreading her legs to stand up for anyone.

NLO is consolidating as much power as she can right now. The "Susie" that is doing Zit Puppet's old job is Susie Fox, NLO's secretary. She chooses to support the corrupt despite what her family has been through and how badly treated was Billy Fox, who died too young.

There are a number of questions as to how Punky abruptly lost her seat and instead of it going to the person with the next highest number of votes, Mark Lufkin was reinstated. Apparently, elections and rules mean nothing to your Tribal Council.

All That Money, Close Enough To Smell It

There are potentially millions and millions of dollars the Tribal Council and the Turd Clan can get their hands on with the new Obama Administration working to install alternative energy and to assist Indian Tribes in 'getting on their feet.'

We have seen it all before. Well intentioned government dollars get side-streamed into the pockets of the politicians, both Tribal and every layer of government from local Municipal, State and Federal.

Now, it is happening again. Frank Black Cloud was rehired. Why? Because they need him. He is the only one with the credentials and the know how to write the grants to get the funds for the Wind Project and to keep the rest of the programs viable enough to qualify for Federal dollars. Despite his mistreatment and the harassment he has endured from the abusive Tribal Council, they know he has a deep love for his tribe. I believe they are just using him and giving him false hopes that his work will lead to the project that the whole tribe will benefit from. I think that once they get the funding, they will again, dump him. The project will stall and the money will disappear. It is a tactic they have used in every government grant thus far.

Watch it.

We Are ALL Indians Now

If you want to end the slo-mo genocide of Indian People, allow them the same Civil Rights as every other United States Citizen. Allow them to pursue in open courts, Municipal, State and Federal, their grievances with their own corrupt leadership. As long as Indian People have to gain the consent of their corrupt

and abusive "leaders" before they can then take their complaint to higher courts, they remain judicially and politically disempowered.

Further, make it illegal for the Federal Government to automatically side with the corrupt and abusive leaderships by using FBI and other agencies to intimidate legitimate protest and complaints. Make it illegal for the US Military to use force against people who are staging a protest.

Many outside of Indian Country, who have no clue about the culture of intimidation, abuse of authority, and the raiding of resources by Corporate Interests are unaware how deep and wide those practices run.

That these same resource extraction interests that hold financial influence over every elected official in the land, including the President, have been able to raid hundreds of billions of dollars of resources without fear or oversight. We need to realize that what has been done to Indians all these hundreds of years, legitimized by illegal Precedent, by ignorance and apathy, are exactly what has created our economic cratering to this day.

Eighty-five percent of ALL our nations energy resources are held in Indian Country. Corporations that are energy focused rely on government turning a blind eye to the thieving and to even become complicit in the mechanics of robbing not just Indians, but our country, of the revenue of not just energy, but water, timber and minerals.

Now that the regulations have been completely removed, and allowed to be washed away by congressional lackeys, the last resource that we thought was ours, our economy, has been ripped out from our control and these same companies, functioning under the same rules that allowed them to rob from Indians, have robbed all of us.

Like the Indians, we are losing our homes, our means of making a living, our dignity is being stomped on by nameless, faceless bureaucrats that do the bidding of their corporate masters.

Taking the resources from Indians has allowed them to take everything from everyone.

If we want to stop this, we must go back to the origins or policies and laws that created a sub-class of Human Beings in our own land. If we do not return the Rights to Indians as People and as INDIVIDUALS, and examine, change and repair the damage done their, NONE of us stands a chance.

If Ft. Totten/SLN Indians are not allowed to stand up for themselves against the corrupt, and they lose their jobs, their homes to the greedy overlords who are immune from audit, investigation, and who own the Justice Department from the top down, then none of us can expect any better in our lives.

We are all Indians now. They are doing to us what they have been doing to Indians all along. If you think it is not right, you need to stand up. You need to stand up for yourself and stand up for the other guy. We need to stand together.

Keeping The People Divided

It is becoming more clear by the day, and yet, we seem not to see it. We continue to be fed non-issues and ignorance is the loudest voice across the land. Challenging the rights of gays to be married as if that is a Christian thing, is not only wrong, it is putting all the energy and focus into a distraction. It is designed to keep us in mistrust of people who do not look like us or who have a gender preference that is different than ours, as if what they are changes who we are.

The extremists are now bringing up absolute fiction, about gun legislation that does not exist and never will, as if that is what we need to chase after. They throw out the abortion issue as if making criminals out of women who have to make the hardest decision of their lives, is any of their business. Life begins at First Breath, got it? Read your Bible and figure that one out.

No one wants to kill babies. Painting people who have to perform procedures such as abortions, as if they are salivating evil monsters is a bigger lie than any other. If you want to cut the number of abortions, make the mother safer. That requires money and effort. Give her a safe place to be pregnant and to raise her children. Support her and those children. Teach her the skills she needs to earn a living to support those children herself. Make laws that protect women from abuse, stalking, harassment and fund what it takes to enforce those laws.

But if you continue to allow poverty, homelessness, and to subject a mother with having to give up her child because she can't afford to keep it, you are emotionally terrorizing her. Ask yourself, which of your children would you willingly hand over to strangers. Ask yourself which child you want gone from your family, your life.

Now, look at all the children, hungry, below the poverty line, beaten and abused. Look at the children that are murdered every year because no one is protecting the ones that are here already.

Stop getting distracted by trying to make life more unbearable for others. Start working together, to make life healthier, safer and more viable for one another.

Otherwise, you are part of the problem. You keep chasing and harassing people, tormenting and threatening them, denying them their rights and their rights to medical procedures, and nothing gets better. Everything gets worse. We all lose.

As long as they can keep us divided and chasing wisps of issues that do nothing more than inflame and enrage, rather than encompass the totality of the issue or the problem, those who steal from us have no fear of us coming together to hold

them accountable, and they can continue to steal from us all.

Banksters

And we are losing now. Banksters have created a toxic wasteland out of our economic struggles. Slo-mo genocide, tolerated, ignored and allowed to continue, has now permeated our entire nation.

And it is not done yet. It will, I promise you, get worse for our not coming together to make it better, for all of us.

We are not Republicans and Democrats, Right Wing and Left Wing, This color or that. Those are all labels that have been put upon us to drive us apart and make us forget who we really are and what we really should stand for in our lifetime.

All sides lie. Politics has become more toxic and destructive. Turn it off. All of it. Come together and learn from one another that we are ALL RELATED. What is in our best interests is to remember that and employ it.

Stop the hate. Stop the ignorance. We are being destroyed by it. All of us are being destroyed by it. Come together and hold those leaders accountable. Their corporate puppeteers control them now, but we elect them. We can throw them out.

When we can once again feel like we have control over our government, and that it answers to our best interests instead of the greed of Corporations, we will have a sense in our land of Democracy, fair play and safety. We will then welcome the joyous events of healthy children being born into safe environments, with a real chance at a future wherein their potential can lead us all out of the darkness and into a greater light. If this is what we want, we have to work towards it, not against each one another.

Democracy is not a spectator sport. We have to become involved. We have to listen. We have to learn to respond and not to react. We have to learn to come together.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 15, 2009
Death and Taxes

There is an excellent movie out there on DVD. Look for it. "Death & Taxes". It's about the Kahl case. Another major case where Lynn Crooks and his band of Merry Men, railroaded an innocent man, terrorized him and his family, and got away with it.

In honor of April 15th, "Tax Day" I think that video needs to be out there. It happened in Indian Land, and it happened purely for greed and to prove that Abuse of Authority would go unpunished.

More updates on Scott Yankton's death

They say that at midnight, he started vomiting. By 4 AM he was dead. *Ooh! That was fast!*

He was known for abusing drugs and alcohol like his siblings. QBall like to punch him in the one kidney, "just funin". I wonder what had happened just before he started vomiting? I guess we will never know. I suspect the siblings are killing each other now.

As the Turds Turns

Wacky Jacky and Pisster hate Poopsie. Pisster can't stay in her house, or anywhere for that matter, alone. People say that her house is haunted. One of the grandkids has to babysit her full time. The house is filling up with "active spirits" Eddie has been seen and heard and felt by just about everyone who has ever stepped foot in that house.

Her house and Poopsie's house face each other. The ghosts have not far to go to tap on walls, pull on hair, and whisper in the ears of their murderers. She blames her brothers. They tell her it is her fault, and that they are protecting her. The houses stare at each other: Evil v Evil.

Wacky, who only has her job at the casino because her brother, Poopsie wants family to have all the plum jobs, hates Poopsie to the core. But she can't survive without him.

Endless Sorrows

The Turdclan was warned, and warned hard that their time of endless sorrows would come. That time, my friends, has just begun. Turdmother's oldest is in prison, and her youngest is in the ground. The walls are crumbling at both ends and the floor is rotting.

That reminds me. I have to find the name of the Judge that gave Lemon a slap on the wrist for raping those children. That Judge's name should be famous in his community. Give me a little time on that. There is so much going on.

End of the Black Road

The Darkness is breaking apart

The Turdclan always had their Black Road Medicine Man to count on. Joe Tiona. Joe put a darkness over the community to keep the Turdclan safe from being held accountable. Guess who just died? Joe Tiona is dead. Some black whirlpool somewhere just swallowed his withered spirit. *I heard it burp.*

But you must do your part, each of you. Now is your chance. The elections are coming up. YOU know who is running and you know more about them than I do. Only a couple of you have given me any ideas or your opinions of who the candidates are.

I see you have at least two really good ones from what I have heard. Make sure they get in. Do not let the Turdclan put in their 'friends'. Do not let Carl Walking Ego put in his nephew. You need good people in there and you need them NOW.

You all do your part to overcome the Black Road Medicine that has been put upon your community, and you will achieve greater things in this life than ever you dared to dream. Your children will have a chance to thrive. You can prevent it from ever coming back.

The Black Road is on the run. You must stand up, stand up, stand up and finish it off. Never let it back.

See

If you manage in this election and the next one, to throw out the garbage and put in the right people, I will post my picture on this blog. That will put an end to all the dumb speculation out there that this person or that person is me. I have told you all along you could get a good picture of me from Poopsie. He has video of me and he has still shots of me from when I was out there.

I remember him looking at the pictures, watching the videos and laughing because he didn't think I was any kind of a threat. *(I was not and am not. It's not me he has to be afraid of. But he has to be afraid. Be very afraid!)* By the time he realized I had seized what I needed to begin his and his family's undoing, he made some poorly planned attempts, which failed, laughably.

I think that now that they look around they realize: *"Someone is coming. Someone is here."* and that that "Someone" is in each of you. It is what is awakening in *you* that is their undoing.

The Grandfathers do their part when you do your part.

Omniscient

Meanwhile, to the 3 women and two men who have been accused of being "Cat West", just bear with it a little longer. I am pretty sure that the morons know you are not me. They are just frustrated that what they are and what they have done

has begun to come undone, and it shows on them.

They lash out at you because they can't get to me. (*It's not me, anyway*) They lash out because they are beginning to see that they are surrounded by people who are becoming aware, and who *know*.

They would like to think it is because of me, but it is not. (**Shakes head slowly, 'no'*) It is because it is so many of you out there, and more every day, become aware. It is because more of you stand up. More of you lose your fear. *They are surrounded.*

The awareness is everywhere. You can use it to wake up and stand up, or you can try to ignore it as your children are consumed by the graveyard. *It is their second home. It is where they dance, where they laugh and where they cry. Once they are in the ground it all stops, except the crying.*

Suffering

The Grandfathers do not want there to be suffering. They want there to be the full measure of life as The Creator intended. The suffering comes when we are not aware.

The suffering continues when we are aware and we wait for someone else to do for us what we should be doing for ourselves. It gets worse when we think that the suffering of our neighbor is not ours, or won't touch us.

There is a lot of suffering in this world. A lot of suffering in this nation. The imbalance that causes this suffering was started long time ago.

We are becoming aware. We know we must come together to set the balance right. We know we must stand up for our brothers and sisters, and for our neighbors as we would stand up for ourselves and want them to stand with us.

Five-Hundred years of imbalance will not be fixed overnight. But as we wake up and stand up, the balance begins to change.

But the darkness and the fear is breaking. The time is now. The darkness is falling lower. If we stand up, we can see Daylight. If we don't stand up, it will take us with it, and we will be lost in endless misery.

The Time is NOW.

Stand up! Stand UP! Stand UP!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 17, 2009
Politics

I have received 3 emails about **Justin Yankton**, one of the Candidates for Tribal Council. I am told that he is not from the Turdclan, but is the son of Paul Yankton. Since I know almost nothing about that branch of the family, except that Paul is very well-thought of in the community, and owns "Paul's", I cannot argue against him being elected.

Now, with the info that has rolled in this election, although it is not enough to make a clear, thought out determination on who would best serve the community, I can see it is better than the choices last time.

You know that Lisa Greywater and Myra's pals are just more of the same evil you have already been saddled with.

However, there are some very good people also running for office. People who WILL do the right thing and stand up to the rest of the mob. You need as many of those in office as you can get!

Candidates need to go door-to-door and talk with voters in the community, and get support. The 'Meet the Candidates' forum that was held on Tuesday Morning, 10:30 AM was designed to happen at a time when most of you were at work and would not be allowed time to go and attend.

Voters, YOU take the initiative and seek out these candidates and ask them questions and talk to them. Get to know them. Work at this, people. Make it work for you. *Governance is not a spectator sport.*

Hold gatherings in your homes where you talk amongst yourselves, respectfully, and decide whom in your district will best support you and will begin the long task of cleaning the corruption out of your Tribal Council. *You need to do all you can to get control of this mess.*

If you try, but don't succeed, you will feel a world better than if you do nothing and just complain later.

If you get a good candidate, you must figure a way to vote them in, *together*. Lisa has been assured that the entire Turdclan will vote for her. That is a big block of votes! If the decent candidates have their votes 'split up' amongst them all, that will leave her with the majority.

You cannot let that happen. You can stop it. *The lesson for SLN is to heal by coming together. Once you start coming together, you must not quit.* You must

not get discouraged. You must hold on to whatever gains you get and build on them for the next battle.

There are decent people running! Find a way to make it worth their while to put up with the process and worth your while to live where you do!

Energy Shift

One of the things I noticed when I was out there was that the energy in that place had a dark grey, heavy feel to it. There is so much futility. That is the result of a thousand bad things, as well as the oppression of corruption.

Makes a person feel like: "Why try? Nothing will ever change."

The corrupt get all the good jobs, most are not qualified to sit at the chairs their big butts fill. Their families prosper from their greed and corruption. Murder, assault and Rape are used by the corrupt to keep you down and make themselves feel powerful.

They are nothing. What makes them feel powerful is *your fear* and your rage. Don't buy the fear. Don't be reckless, but don't be afraid. You will see that when they cannot make you afraid, they have to buy it back, and they are very much more afraid of you. They are afraid to be seen. They no longer strut around. They slink around like shadows.

Your anger needs to be focused. Anger undoes the angry because behind the greatest rage we are angry at ourselves for "allowing" it to happen to us, or allowing them to do what they did. Even if there was nothing we could do to stop them, we get angry at ourselves on a *subconscious* level, and that is what makes the angriest man the weakest man.

You see the Turdclan, especially Turdmommy, when she stood on that stage, and got angry because people were calling her "Turdmother" and her lovely children "Turdlings"... and the people were snickering, trying to stifle their own laughter, having it burst out in chuckles, only made her angrier--- you saw how weak that made her. She looked broken. She KNEW it was her own doing. She knew it on a conscious level. The illusion of power was cracking more and more as she whined on.

She knows, they all know, that *you know*, you *all* know, what kind of sick perverted things they have done, and you know about their murders, incest, rapes, beatings, child rapes and their thieving and lying. None of that is anything anyone, especially any Indian, can ever respect in another person.

They have always wanted respect, but they never earned it. So they used fear. But you are losing your fear of them. You no longer pretend to respect them. Turdmother is laughed out of church, laughed off the stage and no longer leads the prayers for the Elders, or other meetings.

The Truth is out there. It is harder and harder to pretend like you don't know. It's harder and harder for them to get sympathy. Their allies are dwindling to the drunkest, the most perverted and the most corrupt. Even their political allies are distancing themselves from them. Only meeting in secret, and checking for 'bugs'.

Soon, all the Judges they have bribed or extorted will be exposed. And *they too, will be seen by the entire community for the perversions and cruelty they supported.* They will be seen as 'accessories after the fact' in the eyes of their peers, their community and their social standing will go down the toilet where the Turdclan first made their deals with them. *"Buh bye career. Hello disgrace! Scandal!"*

It all takes time. It is having an effect. This blog has been around for over 10 years. It didn't happen over night. But it is having an effect. Each of you do your part, and keep doing it, and it will have an effect. We have already seen the effects of doing nothing, or quitting.

Now, as they bury their favorite son, they look around for sympathy and support and see only mutual suspicion.

Their Black Road Medicine Man, Joe Tiona dropped dead last week. Now they have no one to counsel with to capture spirits, and work spells. All they have done is beginning to unravel.

They are fighting amongst themselves. They are afraid of one another. They are suspicious of one another.

Scott started vomiting at midnight and was stone-cold dead by 4 AM. Was he with QBall? Did Qball hit him again? Or did The Grandfathers just decide that Turdmother shall start that road of endless sorrows now?

Red Road v Black Road

The difference between walking The Red Road and Walking The Black Road is this: Every one of us will suffer a loss or a tragedy in our lives. We are mortal. That is how it is. When these things happen to us on the The Red Road, we find support, healing, helping and regain our balance. When we walk The Black Road, we are torn down, we feel punished, and we trust no one.

I can imagine no greater suffering in life than to lose a child, especially, a youngest child. If this family were not on the Black Road, they would find support and healing. Instead, they will find suspicion, scorn, and people who openly speak about how they are being punished for all the murders, rapes and incest they have committed in their community.

They will trust no one. They cannot even trust one another. It is likely that Scott was killed by one of them. And that he was killed for 'fun'. They all know that.

Beginning

For them, the Road of Endless Sorrows is just beginning.

For the rest of the community, there is a shift in energy and a chance to stand up and walk like Human Beings, on the Red Road.

The children are still poisoning themselves with drugs, alcohol, indiscriminate sex, rape, abuses of all sorts. They have been fed abuse and futility and the poisons of toxic politics for generations. It's not going to be easy to turn that trend, and get off those roads of Endless Sorrows, but it must begin now.

It is up to all of us, Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations, to reach out to one another and help ourselves stand up. It begins where we live and it reaches out from there.

A lot of children need to find the will to live and live healthy in this world, in this life. *They can only learn that from us.* Only we can show them that mistakes can be learning experiences if they are acknowledged and we hold ourselves accountable.

Only we can show them, by example, to admit a mistake, learn from it and go forward.

We were never intended to be perfect or to 'stay perfect' and imperfection is not failure. It is us learning to be Human Beings.

One of my favorite sayings: *"We are not Human Beings on a Spiritual Journey. We are Spiritual Beings on a Human Journey."* --Sarah Covey.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 21, 2009

Just a Word About..

This came in from a reader. If you have a counterpoint, send it in.

"justin yankton and the turd clan are close,believe me there close. justin's mom is joane smith who has several children with rodger yankton, it might be 2 or 3 of them that are his children. i can't believe nobody has written too you about this. why do you think joanne and all her offsprings get all the good government jobs and tribal jobs, he even gave her a very highly paid job and director of all the land on the rez."

You know where to find me. ~Cat

April 28, 2009
Runoffs

Still as blatant as can be, it appears that one of the Candidates is Josie McKay. Oh yeah, THAT Josie McKay. Raise your hand if you have NOT caught her naked on Carl Walking Ego's Lap at some restaurant, seen her in bed with him, or worse: What's the matter? Your arms painted on? I don't see any hands out there!

Fortunately, for the sake of sanity, she is running against Clarice Brownshield. You know Clarice will do the right thing, and you know Josie won't. You know Josie is only there to make Walking Chicken fatter than he already is, by giving him even more money from the Tribal Funds.

Look, it's bad enough that Mark Lufkin, too drunk to show up for anything, passed out at any meetings he has attended, would be plugged back in after they booted out Punky. He's second only to Josie when it comes to being in Walking Ego's lap. You don't want both of them in their. You don't want either of them in there.

You do your best, all of you, to get Clarice in there. She is a sober woman, struggling like the most of you out there, to do things right. She is not perfect, but she has her heart in the right place and she has an education.

You need to start cleaning up the corruption that runs your tribe. Clarice is a good start.

I don't know who the other run off candidates are. Drop me a line and we can discuss it.

I see Lois Leban got in again. Who was running against her? You mean you really had no choice other than that? It's a mystery to me why things are continually tragic out there. Gee, any clues? Anyone? Anyone? Buehler?

Get Clarice in and you at least have a start at making it better.

The worst thing I have heard about Clarice is that the Turdclan claim to think she is me. Hahahah and they know better! So, if the most horrible thing you can say about that woman is that she is me, and you know that is a lie, she must be someone the Turdclan is afraid of.

Faking Respectability

Turdmother still needs to find someplace where she can run her mouth and take center stage. The only place left is the Elder's meetings. She shows up there,

and talks, and talks, and talks. She whines and she complains... and she talks. The Elders tolerate her, but just barely.

She has added a new feature to her pathetic attention seeking. She brings QBall with her to the meetings. He is 55 now, so he qualifies as an elder. Oh yeah, bring the rapist, child molester, drug addicted, drunken murdering son with you. That will add class. That will make people want to respect you. Sure.

Faking Grief

Scott Turdling barely in the ground. Turdymomma wailed and moaned---and then went to a Pow Wow! Yup, nothing says "I am grieving over the loss of my youngest child" like showing up for a Pow Wow.

Very resilient that bag of barf. She sure got over his sudden death, rather suddenly.

Then again, he was sort of a problem child. Not only did he need a kidney from Poopsie, but he was so addicted to drugs that the family busted him so that he would go to jail and the system would clean out his system for them.

Soon as he got out of jail, he went right back to the drugs and the drinking and all that is Turd Family past times. Well, when they are not raping their own children, or someone else's child, that is.

So, I suppose that Turdmother, showing up to have a good time at the Pow Wow is not that out of character. It never was about her kids. It has only been about her. Only her.

Oops

Now, when James had to give his even-uglier-youngest turdling bro one of his kidneys, he was not happy about it. Even less happy now that that part of his body is rotting in the ground.

They had thought that Joe Tiona, their Black Road Medicine Man, the one who had done so much for them in the past, would be able to, on the 4th day, do a spirit capture ceremony for them and capture Scott's spirit and use that dark energy for themselves. Further, at that time, he would be able to separate Poopsie's spirit energy out from Scott's.

See, for Poopsie, it is really bad luck to have a part of himself rotting in the ground. Everything was set for the ceremony on the 4th day-- but Joe Tiona dropped dead of a heart attack on the second day. Oops! Only 50 years old (so

young!) and abruptly called to answer for his black deeds at the feet of The Grandfathers.

The diseases that come to the guilty, when they begin to rot, slowly, from the spirit trapped in the ground, is not a pretty thing. None of it is quick. None of it is pretty. Going to smell really bad in his vicinity.

Awww

So, Lisa Greywater never even came close in the elections from what I hear. She did the usual thing and had a big dinner (paid for by the Turdclan, with YOUR money that they steal from YOU) but no one would come! Her relative went around trying to round people up, but they would not even go for free food. The food was free, the lies would cost you. But not even all the members of her own family would show up.

Say it with me: "Awww!" (I hear you laughing).

The more you turn away from them, the more you stand up to them, the more you help yourself. The next obvious step is for you to stand up for those who ARE willing to stand up for you and who will do the right thing.

Wrap Up

Well, this will be a wrap until the next blog. I wish I could tell you the things that are going on that are really making the Turdlings and their Turdymama nervous. But I can't. Not just yet. Not for awhile.

Check out what you see up by Devil's Heart. I hear there is an unhappy spirit up there. I hear there is a pack of ghost dogs that are after the Turd Clan. Sniffing around. Digging up old bones. Leaving them where they can be found, by just about anyone. Remember when Roger was out killing other people's cats and dogs? He was doing things with their body parts. Things that Joe Tiona told him to do. Joe was doing spells like that. Now those spells come undone. Now the secrets come unwrapped.

Poopsie, I have to ask you this one thing: Have you found anyone to go dig up Tiona's rotting little body and cut off the finger from his left hand? You think you can find someone to do that for you? Someone that won't mind losing their mind? Someone not afraid of spirit traps? How much are you offering now? I hear you tried to get someone to steal Joe Tiona's bundle. You want that power for yourself.

Remember when you stole that Long C'anupa? Remember how things went

badly from that point on? You really want to do that again? I think he's calling you. Go for it. Let me know how that works out for you. Better do it for yourself. If you send Richard, he will keep it for himself.

It will maybe keep you alive a little longer. You know you are afraid to die. You know what that feels like now, just a little bit. That little bit that is rotting in the ground. Would not be a problem had you not employed Black Road Medicine to keep from being held accountable for your Black Road ways.

You do want to stay alive, as long as you can, don't you, Poopsie?

You know your family won't grieve your loss when you go. Your Turdymoma probably make a big show at the funeral, go shopping, pick up something fun to wear and go to the Pow Wow or to some fun vacation. Yeah, "family" is real important. Until you die. Then you are nothing. Nothing to family. Nothing to get upset about.

How you feeling today, Poopsie? Got an empty, aching feeling in your back? Your breath smell like a grave? You'll be fine. How was Steak Night?

Sorry, I was laughing. I was just imagining how when you die, and you stink, how your family would have to pay extra to get someone to wrap you up. Wonder if you will be dropped on the floor? You know, like y'all dropped Scott? He's mad about that. And he has a piece of you with him.

You know where to find me.

~Cat