

**May 3, 2009**  
**Buying Votes**

In order for there to be no chance that the Incumbent Tribal Council Members would be able to use the Tribal Funds to 'buy votes', Myra froze the accounts of those holding the seats that are up for votes. Buuuuut there is always a way around that. Lois Leban snarfs at the weak attempt to keep her from using tribal funds to buy votes. There was this one leeeeeedle loophole--big enough to drive a Leban through it.

The accounts are frozen except for the medical travel funds. Those are the funds used to allow members to travel for doctors' appointments, treatments, etc.

Suddenly, everyone in her district (**St. Mike's**) needs medical travel money'. Lois is writing checks. Vote for Lois. She is stealing the money from the medical travel fund, to bribe you out of your votes. No one is checking up on her and her check writing.

So, that is how Lois intends to win over Darwin Brown. Darwin is ahead by 3 votes. He got those the old fashioned way. She has only 76 votes to his 79, and she paid for every one of them with your money.

So, what do you want for a tribal councilor? Darwin Brown? Or the thief, the liar, the embezzler you know? If you want things to get better out there, you must vote OUT the incumbents, all of them, and install new. Darwin is new. I know nothing about him (and that is a plus). I know so much about her, it is enough to make me want to throw up in my mouth a little bit, just saying her name.

You have a chance. Vote her out. Vote him IN.

**FT. Totten District**, you have a chance to put Clarice Brown into the office.

That Lorraine "Josie" McKay ever got 83 votes tells me that there must have been a lot of people in the Ft. Totten district also needing Medical Travel. You know what she is. You know what she does and who she does. You cannot take a risk that she will have a chance to get her hands on your money. That would give Carl Walking Ego two cohorts in robbing the tribe blind.

You want it to be better? You vote for Clarice. You want it to get worse? Then allow Josie to walk all over you.

When you cast your votes, and you make sure YOUR vote goes into the box and you demand they are counted fairly.

## **Secretary Treasurer**

Justin Yankton has a secure lead over Lonna Jackson. Despite the comments posted on the blog, you have looked at the contenders and you have pretty much overwhelmingly chosen Justin. I don't know him. I never looked into his background and behaviors. I do know that Lonna Jackson has made some really poor choices.

Let's hope that you have chosen well and that you will support the one candidate that will not allow the corruption orgy of the past, continue. Put Justin in. Let's have a look.

Hold him accountable. If he fails you, vote him out. The vote is more powerful than you know. The trick is to keep the vote honest. Keep the count honest.

Someone should look into and disqualify Lois Leban for her using Tribal funds for the purposes of buying votes. Maybe, after she is voted out, it won't matter.

## **Fighting Sioux**

I see you voted more than 2 to 1 to keep the Fighting Sioux name. Is that settled now?

**GENERAL ELECTION WILL BE HELD ON**

**TUESDAY, MAY 5, 2009**

### **Voting Locations**

**Fort Totten District - Tribal Blue Building**  
**St. Michael District - St. Michael Recreation Center**  
**Crowhill District - Crowhill Recreation Center**  
**Woodlake District - Food Pantry**

Do not allow Sam Merrick to touch your ballots. Do not allow Suzy Fox to touch your ballots. ***You should be allowed to put your ballot into the ballot box YOURSELF.***

Do keep me posted.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**May 5, 2005**

**Cinco de Mayo! Oh Me- Oh My-O**

The votes are in. The results are not yet official, but here's what I have:  
(**Darwin=236**, Lois =101) (**Clarice=213**, Josie=178,) (**Justin=236**, Lonna=151)

This is very, very good! I will wait until it is official, and then I will keep up my end of the bargain. I told you that if you routed out all the incumbents, I would post my photo on the blog. I will do that. A different photo each posting. For at least 7 postings.

I want to thank the qualified candidates that stood up and did not quit. I want to thank all of you who turned out and supported the good people who are going to work to make things better. Now, you must all of you, continue to support the good work and do not think the battle is over. Continue to demand accountability and continue to overcome the darkness.

I bet you feel better already.

I see the Turdclan sinking in their shoes, looking weaker and more guilty all the while. They are sinking, and even their rats will be leaving their ship, soon enough. They will try to buy it back, and they will try to lie it back, but you have your hands on your own better, brighter future now--don't let go.

Never go back. You have a couple years to work on ousting the Naked Lawn Ornament, and her drunken cohorts. I hear Mark Luvkin just passes out if he even makes it to a meeting. Get rid of them and start cleaning up that rez.

You know you can do it. You have just seen yourselves do it.

I will post final results when they are official.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**May 6, 2009**  
**The Slow Count**



Still waiting for the Tribe's own website to update the election results. Like watching the ref do a really sloooow count when the fix is in on a fight, and the guy who was supposed to win on the crooked show, hits the mat. "One.....twoo-oooo....."

Of course, they still list Brian Pearson as the Secretary Treasurer... (Yawn), he was convicted of felony drunk driving and had to resign... oh.. long time ago.

Question is this: How long does it take all the really 'thmart' ones to count less than 1000 votes? I am sure they threw away as many as they could that were not the way they wanted. Still, they lose. So, they just don't report it? Don't put it where you can see it? Trying to figure out a way to what? Disqualify the winners?

Meanwhile, I sense that the paper shredders will be smokin' at the Tribal Offices. (\*RRRRZZZZH...RRRRZZZZH..\*) I am sure that viruses will be taking over computers, or hard drives just fried. Have they considered just burning down the building? I know they have friends in Oh Oh Town that will be happy to help cover their crimes like that. Tell them how to do it. Arson is just another tool in the Tool Box, eh?

Well, not sure what they are planning. Just know they are not happy. They didn't want to loose any of the seats. Figured that if only one person got in that wasn't corrupt, they could marginalize them, corrupt them, slander them or just lie and get them removed. Replace them with the corrupt.

But, to have 3 uncorrupted get in... well that is a very different kettle of fish! Why, they can form an alliance and resist the tactics of the incumbent corrupt... maybe even make real changes!

Oh my! What if they start making changes?? You know, like make it so that the people who are running departments are Qualified??? That having the degree is important and necessary? There goes Piggy and her family! Weenie Boy won't be able to run the Employment? Oh My! So many things can happen!  
(\*RRRRZZZZH...RRRRZZZZH..\*)

What if, just saying, IF, what IF they can also start investigating where the money has been going? Millions owed to the tribe, criminal prosecutions could follow... Zit Puppet would see some familiar faces sitting next to him in the cell... Walking Ego, Lufkin, NLO... Poopsie, all of them? Oh my!

(\*RRRRZZZZH...RRRRZZZZH..\*)

### **Steep Decline**

The losses to the Turd Clan and their minions are huge lately. Their House of Cards is collapsing:

- Lemon gets nailed for child molest. Albeit a slap on the wrist, it is still an investigation that would never have happened in the past. He could talk. Poopsie had to sell out his friends in Turtle Mountain for drug busts so that he could trade for light sentence for Lemon. Win-win in that because the drug dealers in TM were also competition for his drug dealing. Poopsie needed to do something to earn his "Protected Informant" status with the Justice Department/FBI.
- Galen goes down for rape and sentenced to 15 yrs or more. He has more incentive to talk.
- Zit Puppet goes to jail. He will talk.
- Scott Yankton dies (after playing with his older brother)
- Joe Tiona, Black Road Medicine Man, who had protected Turdclan from investigations and prosecutions, attacked anyone that would investigate... drops dead at age 50 two days after Scott dies. No one to protect them now. Leaving Poopsie, who gave a kidney to his bro, spiritually attached to him. Essentially, a part of him rotting in the grave with his brother. No spirit capture for you, Bubba!

The elections did NOT go their way. Tribal Council could lose even more, if not all the Turdclan cronies next time around-- or sooner if there is a real investigation. Further, Tribal Council can, on its own, re-open the Murder Investigation into the Murder of Eddie Peltier, Fulton Merrick and Sam Jackson, and perhaps others.

Turdclan is having a really steep decline. They all look like they have been dragged, ass first, through knot holes. (say that 3 times real fast!). They will have to threaten more and do more damage, just to try and impress a tribe that is fast losing their fear of the Turds.

The respect they had, before people started talking about what they know, evaporated into scorn. They prefer "fear" to "respect", but it is hard to make people who are laughing at you and pitying you, "fear you".

Add to all their problems, the Turdclan and their Corrupt Cronies are facing more challenges: Richard LaFuente's case is being looked at, again, at a Federal level. Lynn Crooks and his pals are trying to influence to make sure none of their Frauds upon the Court are looked into, and the case stays shut. But it is not staying shut.

Each time the case gets looked at, more light gets in. More people are exposed. More corrupt people. More people with blood on their hands. Even the State and Federal politicians are not so reachable by the Turdclan and their cronies these days. Hey, who does a guy have to murder to get a phone call returned?

Further, the SMC plant scandal is not going away. Too many eyes looking at that one.

Going to be a looooong hot summer on the Rez.  
(\*RRRRZZZZH...RRRRZZZZH..\*)

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: Yes, that is me. Part of my celebration for the election results. When results are certified, a better picture! Now, tell those morons to leave the other ladies alone.

**May 10, 2009**  
**Mother's Day**

### **Not Yet Confirmed**

Another one bites the dust? Looks like Pisster will have to start looking around and being more careful now. Her son, Willy Boy Herman, that swishy, promiscuous gay boy toy who was Zit Puppet's favorite squeeze, is dead.

Ah yes, The Grandfathers take from those who have not learned, all that they love and hold dear, until there is nothing left in their lives.

Apparently, Willy Boy was on his way to meet yet another lover (he has so many!) when he was killed in a car accident.

I am, by nature, suspicious of such deaths. Why? Because Willy Boy was Zit Puppet's most trusted one. He had the keys to the safety deposit boxes where Zit Puppet had stored all his high quality extortion materials. Every penny embezzled from the Tribal Funds, all the casino books, and the SMC plant's "other" books. It was his guarantee. His insurance policy against getting a long sentence or having to serve it.

Now, Willy Boy is gone? I say it should be looked into, scrutinized very closely, to see if someone did not just eliminate a potential source of family embarrassment.

- They murdered Eddie Peltier because they were mad at him issuing traffic tickets. Talk about using a huge crime to cover up a minor offense! They murdered Sam Jackson because he was going to talk about the murder and what he knew. Cover one murder with another murder. They murdered Flo's husband because he saw them pull up to the drop off and unload Eddie's body onto the road and run it over, trying to stage a 'hit and run'. Covering up one murder with yet a third murder...
- Clearly, the Turds brook no chance they will be embarrassed or have to pay a traffic ticket, or have to be investigated for a murder...
- I'm just sayin': They murdered Eddie over a traffic ticket, can you imagine what they would do to Willy Boy over the possibility that he would release the books? I know they were planning to murder Zit Puppet (Brian Pearson, former secty Treasurer, finally in jail for numerous Felony Drunk Driving offenses, for those of you who are new to the blog...and there are thousands of you, thank you).

In fact, his going to prison put a cramp in that plan. Willy's death is not surprising. But I would like to know if he had a little 'help' in dying, given the family's propensity for covering up their crimes with murder. I'm just sayin'.

Like I said before: *"It has only just begun."*

I wonder if Pisster is getting ready to talk again? She should contact the Innocence Project Innocence Project, Minnesota Website or Julie Jonas directly at: Julie Jonas or their supervisor: Erica Applebaum Erica Applebaum - Email, or phone: 651.523.3152 or any number of State and Federal Investigator offices available on the first contact page: Contact. She needs to do something. They will take her out very quickly, and of course, make it look like an accident, if they even think, for a split second, she will talk.

So, Pisster, *wachoo gonna doo-whack-a-doo-do?*

Worse for Pisster, is how Turdmother 'grieves'. She makes a big show of it, as if she is truly the most wounded, only long enough to get all the attention, like she did when her son, Snot, er, Scott was killed by his bro..., er, dropped dead unexpectedly, a couple weeks back, and then she went out to Pow Wows and shopping and in the casino-- we all grieve differently.

Turdmother will not take second seat to ANYONE, not even her own daughter, Pisster, when it comes to the attention seeking. She will shove Pisster aside so that everyone sees her as the NUMBER ONE grieving Turdmother. They will see Pisster as a Number Two, which is pretty much how her family and others in the community see her, anyway.

I warned you (Turddclan) that you should be giving up the information. I warned you that the only way to stay safe is to own up to what you did. Own up to what you know. That your family, the ones you are "Protecting" by your silence, will turn on you.

In the case of the Turddclan, these warnings not heeded. Now we see as they cannibalize one another. The only 'Safe' place now, is if you talk. Only safe if you hand over the documents. Only safe if you help to bring out the truth.

...And if they kill their family members, what makes the rest of you, who are covering up their crimes, feel any safer?

...And if the Grandfathers are taking from the guilty, all that they love and all that they hold dear, what will it cost you before you learn to hand it over?



Warnings only go on for so long. Then it is too late. Feel lucky, Chucky?

### **How It Works**

I always say: "Nothing done in anger is ever done well." And the proof of that is "Everything done in Anger comes undone." Which is why you must never lash out in anger. You must, regardless of how wounded or insulted you are, never act in that single moment. You must abide and clear your thoughts.

People who try to control fate by violence, or who seek revenge, end up only hurting themselves worse. We can either spend our time trying to ruin others or we can spend our time working to pass them up on the road of life, like slow moving traffic on the highway.

That does not mean to ignore the crimes they have committed. What it means is that you are not the one to enact the violence upon those who have offended you. That is the Domain of The Creator and of the Helpers to The Creator, the Grandfathers.

What you and I would do to those who offend us is nothing compared to the exquisite consequences delivered by a greater power.

We can try them, and put them in jail, and that is ours to do. But we may not plot violence against them. Nor can we try to protect them from the fall out of their crimes. For as long as we do that, we are in the way, standing between them and the consequences that are headed their way. We could, if we stand in that path too long, be hit by the same forces that are bringing them down.

As the Tribe has begun to turn it's energies into doing the individual's work of healing, of standing up, and of speaking out, you are doing 'your work' and the path has been cleared for the consequences to arrive at the doorsteps of the Turdclan and their allies.

We still have our work to do. We still have an innocent man in prison. Sent there by the lies of those who committed the crimes, and those they bullied into lying for them, and those who were so quick to sell out their niece and daughter in order to profit from the lies.

There are those who told those lies, lies they were forced to speak, who continue to keep their silence. They are on the path of retribution. Only they can speak the truth and release an innocent man. Only they can save themselves from the dark winds that are coming. Only they will pay the price of their silence, the highest price anyone can pay. Only they will feel the red hot/icy cold daggers of regret if they do not.

No prison on earth can bring the exquisite suffering that is dealt on the path of retribution. The healing is beginning. Choices must be made. Time is running out.

That is just how it works. You see it playing out, right before your eyes. I hope you understand it. I hope you understand it and see how it works, and what you need to do.

Tick tock.

## **Celebrations**

For the rest of you, HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!

The really good news is that you have, in this election, overcome the odds and elected people who look to be honest and credible. Devils Lake Journal Account of Election (Link to DLJ)

*"Justin Yankton was elected secretary-treasurer in reservation-wide voting Tuesday on the Spirit Lake Nation just south of Devils Lake. Yankton gathered 646 votes, beating runner-up Lonna J. Jackson, who finished with 321 votes, by a wide margin.*

*Clarice Ann Brownshield was chosen Fort Totten District Representative with 213 votes, beating Lorraine (Josie) McKay, who had 178 votes, in a rather close race.*

*And Darwin Brown was chosen St. Michael District Representative with 236 votes, ousting incumbent Lois Leben, who had 116.*

*(For a copy of this News story see the Thursday, May 7, 2009 issue of the Devils Lake Journal)  
05/07/09"*

But your work is just beginning.

The Turdclan and the corrupt Tribal Councilors were prepared for maybe one to be elected, but not for all three. This has put a cramp in the belly of their plans to have the elected 'recalled' so that they can just install the second place winners, their friends, in place.

They still plan to do that, one by one, to the newly elected. To hold onto what you have won, you must, ALL of you, support the new tribal council members. Show up at the meetings, all of them, including the District Meetings and the General Assemblies. Show up, and take notes.

Keep me informed so that I can put it into the blog and everyone will get the information.

It will help if you can get your new Tribal Council Members to unblock the access to this blog so that the Tribe can see what is going on out there. For one thing, it will mean more people can go to the library, or to the schools and get a copy of the Blog to read online. This will save paper (going green!) and save time, the very valuable time of Donovan Wind-for-Brains, who otherwise has to crawl around all the offices, on all fours, looking for stapler evidence. Maybe, if the Blog is not blocked, that poor man can begin the long process of regaining some personal dignity. Maybe not. But it is worth a try.

You must continue to do the work of supporting your newly elected Tribal Council Members. You must, when you hear rumors or gossip, investigate. Clear it up, or prove it. But do not let the gossip erode or distract from the work that must go on.

### **Hard Work - Good Work**



*As promised: If you did the hard work of electing the right ones over the wrong ones, I will post my pictures. Let's start with the Black and white one. As progress is made, the better pictures will come out. All are less than one year old.*

The reward for this hard work will be that the corrupt, who finished second, cannot get in. They cannot steal from you, via the back door, that which you

have stood up and fought so hard to gain.

It's going to be a looong hot summer out there. You must stick together.

In your example, we must all come together and begin the process of healing. To heal, we must first know what has happened and hold those who have done the crimes, accountable. That is work we all must do together if we are to heal as a community and as a nation.

In that accounting, we will know all that we can know. In that knowing, we will never allow those who violate our laws and who steal from our children, or who

steal the innocence from our children, to have the freedom to do it again and again.

We must, first of all, not be afraid to look and to see, what has really happened, how it happened, and to understand what we must do to prevent it from ever happening again. We must hold our politicians accountable for their toxic politics and their lies. We must hold ourselves accountable for being reactionary and for not learning more, and responding appropriately.

We must, if we are to change the direction of the future for our children, to prevent them from going down those long dark roads, begin now and keep on keeping on, until our work is done.

Then, it will be their work to do. And they will have the example of how we stopped feeling sorry for ourselves, stopped being silent when we recognized evil... how we stood up and did the right thing so that they could have the opportunity to raise their children in a better world than the one they were raised in.

It is how it was meant to be. It is how it should be. It is how it can be.

You know where to find me (and now you know what I look like!)

~Cat

**May 11, 2009**  
**Getting Struck**

Remember when I told you that the Turdclan would get dealt with for mocking The Creator and for mocking The Grandfathers, and that when it happened everyone would see it, and everyone would know?

It has begun. That family, as they say, is being "struck". And everyone sees it. Everyone knows what it is about. And it will continue. The time for long term warnings is over. Their consequences are dealt out more swiftly and more harshly. And it has only just begun.

I caution you against any violence towards them. They are being struck and you do not want to be in the line of fire as those consequences are meted out. You don't want to be in their vehicles. You don't want to ride with those they love. You don't want to be around them, as it can swiftly take you down as quickly as it takes them down.

They are suffering, in many ways, as the natural results of their own doing to their own selves, as well as for what they have done to others. It is not over.

**Party Girl**

Turdmother's birthday was on Saturday. She planned a big bash. Considering that her youngest son, Scott had died only a couple weeks earlier, she was clearly 'over it' and wanted to have a big ass party. They took over the St. Mike's Rec Hall, in preparation for all the many guests who would show up.

Only 3 of her own kids showed up. A few Elders (probably starving and heard there was free food) and no one else. The echo in that place must have been eerie.

Some don't think that throwing yourself a big bash and partying is the way a mother would grieve the loss of her son. But Turdymama is a different breed of beast. She was shopping and going to PowWows before his body was in the ground.

Of course, the party being so few was embarrassing. There was a time when no one dared refuse to show up. They did not want to be viewed as having slighted the family, least of all the murderous mother. Nowadays, it is like no one can be bothered.

Some think Turdmother is drinking again. She has that glazed over look as she wanders the aisles of the stores now. Like she did when she was a roaring drunk

back in the day. I don't know. Maybe she is a drunk again. It won't save her. She will still feel it. She will still know she brought it on herself and her family. Not enough booze to drown that much ugly.

I think that glazed and distracted look you see on her, and more and more on the rest of them, is the look you see on those who are being struck. Do not get too close to them lest you be struck too.

### **That Old Black Black Magic**

Turdymama is angry and mistrusting of everyone. People who have shown sympathy to her have at first been a part of her show. But then she lashes out at them and accuses them of harboring 'hateful thoughts' towards her and her family of murderers. There is no way to prove to her that you really care, because you don't. So don't try.

She will accuse you of being the one to use "Black Magic" on her and her family. She suspects everyone. She knows how this stuff works, because she has used it herself many a time. She thought it would work forever. Joe Tiona was always there to tell her what to do. "Take two spiders and call me in the morning." That sort of thing. It always worked in the past. Always.

But the rules are the rules. What you do comes back at you, tenfold. That is why I know, you know, and we all know, that there is a lot coming back. This has just begun.

She also does not trust her own family. She knows them for the murderers they are. The murderers she raised them to be. She knows they would get rid of her if they could. They've already stopped pretending that they adore her. They've already stopped showing up for her birthday party. They already tell her to "Just shut the eff up!" because they are tired of her yammering.

They pretend to be a family, in public, but even that does not hold up for long. They point at and blame each other for what is coming down. The truth is, they are all right. It is all of them. But they blame each other. The yelling is becoming louder, more public, more overheard.

### **The Smell of Fear**

Poopsie seemed to be the least distressed over Willy's demise. "Never liked the little creep." Only he didn't call him a 'creep'. Just trying to keep it G Rated in here. But there is a sense from those who have talked to him and watched him that he is not at all unhappy about being rid of both Willy and for the time Zit Puppet is in prison, rid of him too.

The look you see on Poopsie, Weenie Boy and the rest of them is not grief. Rather it is fear. They know it's coming and they know they can't stop it. And it has just begun. They look at all that they love and adore, and wonder what or who will be taken from them next.

Will Poopsie lose the casino? It is sinking. It is also stinking. It has become the slum casino of Indian Gaming. People go in there and notice how dirty, and how smelly it is. I have heard from several that it smells like piss in there and worse. One described it as "It smells like piss and ass..." and they were disgusted.

The employees look like they either don't care, or that they hate their job. Most of that is due to Wacky Jacky running the place with her meth-induced rages, lashing out at people for no reason.

The casino smells like the Turdclan. It smells like piss, ass and fear.

Or will it be one of his daughters? Or will it be one of the grandchildren he sired by his daughters? Will his son/grandson Kalum do something?

Poopsie was warned and he ignored it and his daughters were in a car accident. He mocked the warning. Now, he sweats it out. I do not know which he loves more: His power base at the casino and all that money? Or the daughters he molested and the children they bore him. He has children with so many women out there. Beasely has a few by him. Wonder if it will be one of them? She sold out for the drugs and the gambling, so maybe it will fall on her next? I don't know.

All I know is that everyone that benefited from the murders, from the silence they kept, from the lies they told, are all in a very precarious situation right now, and there is no Joe Tiona to cast a spell to stall off the consequences. It's a public kind of thing, so that all those wounded by the crimes and the lies and the silence can see.

You knew he could only stall the consequences, didn't you? You were told that part, weren't you? And now, that avalanche of consequences rumbles like a freight train, like a tornado, ready to turn your life upside down forever.

Maybe for him it will be facing the constant embarrassment of his deeds being known. Maybe it is his fear of being alone. Maybe he fears that the other turdlings will turn on him and cut a deal, to try and save themselves from the greater disruption.

They all look at one another, wondering who will try to cut the deal by selling out the others. If one even suspects that one of them is going to speak out, they will

kill that one. Killing a brother or sister is easy for them. They have killed so many that it means nothing to them. It is how they solve their problems.

I just wonder who is next.

### **The Way Out**

When Poopsie kills, he plans to make it look like a suicide. He is as sloppy at that plan as he was with the "Hit and Run" staging of Eddie's body.

So poorly staged that even on the witness stand, he was caught fabricating evidence. He had approached Richard LaFuente at the beginning of all this, pretending he was going to buy Richard's El Camino from him.

"Richard, you planning to sell your car?" he asked.

"Yeah," Richard said.

"Mind if I take it out for a test drive?" Poopsie asked.

Richard handed him the keys. Three hours later, it was not back and Richard began to worry that Poopsie had stolen it or wrecked it.

What he didn't know was that Poops was out at the spot on the road where he and his brothers and Jeanie and Bruce McKay had dumped Eddie's body. He was burning out the tires going forward and then backward, to make it look like Richard's car had been at the scene.

On the stand, the expert had stated that the skid marks originally at the scene were from a hard stop, not from a burn out.

Poopsie had to admit he was fabricating evidence. His hands shook so bad he could not pour nor hold the glass of water and spilled it all over himself. He and Dennis Fisher exchanged embarrassed looks.

But the all white jury saw no problem with having the chief investigator on the crime being the one who was at the scene when the body was reported, being in charge of all the evidence, being in charge of imprisoning all the 'witnesses' and fabricating evidence. No trouble at all.

I wonder how those racist morons feel now? I wonder if they read this blog and recognize their part in all this.

Yes, actually, they do. I wonder if they will be struck too? I wonder if when bad



things happen to them, strange bad things, suicides and tragedies, if they will connect the dots of their racist verdict to the consequences in their lives?

I wonder if they want a way out too?

A lot of people connected to this injustice. A lot of people need to answer, if not to laws which are kinder, then to the laws which are more harsh.

A lot of politicians, FBI's all going to have to take a second look at where their loyalties lie. Using the cover of FBI Informant to cover for Poopsie's crimes, and those of his family, has brought a lot of damage to innocent people.

If that protection goes away, and it will, Poopsie will take them all down with him. They know that. Their only way out in this world, in this time of change, might be to solve their Poopsie problem the way he has solved all his problems until now -- - murder. But make it look like a suicide. We would all believe that. It might work.

Now Poopsie knows that he is of no value to them and he has nothing left to offer. He is in fact, a threat to them, and the need to deal with that.

He knows that and he does not trust them. He might want to make the first move here, selling them out, confessing his crimes for a lesser sentence, selling them out, out of his way.

Going to be a very confusing time around the Turdclan. They have a lot on their mind. They have a look on their face. It is a time for everyone close to them to make some distance. Make sure you have your own way out.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**May 13, 2009**

## **Bad Medicine -Spider**

Going to revisit some of the history of Black Road Medicine and the Turdclan. Let's talk about Joe Tiona, that weasely Black Road Medicine Man who was the one casting spells and doing dances to protect the Turdclan.

He liked to do the Peyote ceremonies. Hey, he liked Peyote, regardless of ceremony. He was doing a sweat one time and the door was opened to let Poopsie come in. They whispered a few things, back and forth, and Joe reached into his bag of charms and pulled out a dried spider and gave it to him. Told him that the spider would protect him, and help him to be sneaky and to hide so that no one could see his crimes.

That is why I say, from time to time, "Take two spiders, and call me in the morning." Joe was paid well for his magic. He was paid very well, but not well enough as he always wanted more. He wanted something very special. Something very powerful.

## **Power Trip**

People who seek only power will never have enough power. They will always want more.

There was a Pipe, and we will talk more about this Pipe at some point, but the Pipe was a sacred Pipe and it was entrusted to a Priest who was told to only give it to the True Descendants of its original carrier. A man who was Red Road, and a healer, but who in his later years, became completely blind. The Pipe was tricked from him during a ceremony with government men. There was nothing he could do. They stole it from him.

The Pipe had the power, they say, to heal anyone that touched it. That government man touched that Pipe and he was healed, so he wanted to keep it for himself. But it brought him misery, because he did not understand how it worked, and he used it improperly. He knew he had to rid himself of it, but it had to be in a good way, to keep him and his family from being haunted by their desecration of the sacred.

So, the Government man gave the Pipe to the Monastery and told the Priests to whom it had to be given, and to no one else. The priest tried to keep his word. Poopsie showed up at the door and demanded the Pipe be given to him. He brought papers, forged by Skip Longie, to prove he was the rightful owner of that Pipe.

The Priest saw through that, and denied him the Pipe, and wrote a letter to support his decision to not allow Poopsie to ever touch that Pipe.

Poopsie then brought his friend, Spencer Helleckson with him, and they threatened the Priest. The Priest saw there was no way out. Either way, Poopsie would have the Pipe. So he handed it over.

The Pipe had a very loooong stem. Poopsie admired and coveted that Pipe. He knew that if Joe Tiona wanted that Pipe, it had to hold Big Medicine, and he decided to keep it for himself.

He tried to hold the Pipe, but it would not stay in his hands. The stem, longer than a man's arm, wiggled like a snake, and it terrified Poopsie and his brother, Weenie Boy. So frightened they were, that they swung the stem around, like a snake, and beat it against a stone, until it broke.

The Pipe was no good now. Poopsie needed to have a new stem made for it. He wanted it to look like the original. It is very hard to make a stem that long. It requires special tools and special skills.

Poopsie contracted with a man to make the stem. He wanted it to look like the original so he could give it to Joe Tiona and Joe would not know the difference. He thought Joe would not be able to tell or know that Poopsie tried to keep Big Medicine for himself.

Weeks went by, and Poopsie kept urging the carver to hurry up and make the stem. There were several attempts made, most of which failed, and he had to start over.

Finally, it was done. Poopsie came to pick up the stem. The man handed it to him, and he admired the work. But when the man told him the price, which was not much, Poopsie became enraged and said he would pay nothing. That if he paid for it, the Pipe would be worthless. He insisted the man give it to him as a gift.

The man said he would not. The two of them wrestled, briefly, over the item, which flew out of their hands and smashed against the wall, and shattered.

Joe Tiona could not get his hands on the Sacred Healing Pipe. He suspected he was being lied to by the Turdlings. Poopsie kept the bowl, hoping someday to have the stem made. Hoping someday to have the power. Not that he wanted to heal anyone, but that he wanted to have the power for himself. To turn the Pipe into a weapon to be used against his enemies.

Joe Tiona, after that, always charged thousands of dollars for spells and ceremonies. He did nothing that was not for money. Poopsie had no choice but to pay, and pay, and pay.

Eventually, they would all trip, stumble, and fall.

### **Hunger For Ceremony**

There is a hunger for ceremony. For the connection to the Ancestors, and to The Creator that is experienced in true ceremony, there is a hunger for that.

There are not enough people who are Red Road and do these ceremonies in the Right Way. So people have to wait, travel far distances, and sometimes trust the wrong person, of which there are many, to perform sacred ceremonies.

When it is the wrong person, people get hurt. If people are crooked inside, the power comes through dirty, and everyone touched by it, suffers, and so does their family. Grandfathers do not like it when Ceremony is mocked, or worse, when it is misused. They bide their time. They wait for us to do our part in the healing. If we don't they give us signs that things are out of balance and need to be fixed. The signs get harder and harder to ignore. The messengers can come from anywhere in the world or in dreams.

People who did not know Joe Tiona was Black Road Medicine, and who attended his ceremonies reported different offenses. Tiona molested young men and boys whom he told had to go into the sweat naked. He threatened them if they were ever to talk. Worse, he threatened to do harm to their families if they spoke of what he did.

He did a few ceremonies at Evelyn Young's house. One of them, where she had invited relatives and friends, he did in her front room. The windows all blacked out and covered up, Four Directions flags hung up around his altar. People were desperate to know who murdered Eddie, and desperate for healing, and hungry for ceremony. They just did not know.

Just before the ceremony started he told those assembled that they should hang \$100 bills on each of the flags so that the Spirits would know they were sincere. They did.

Then the lights went out, Joe began dancing and singing, and moving about the room. When the lights came back on, the bills were all gone. "The spirits took the money!" He declared. "They are very pleased!"

Well, we all know who took the money. Not like the spirits have a bank account in

the ethers. The Grandfathers only want food, tobacco, water and tea. Money means nothing to them.

The Turdclan heard about the 'robbery' and they knew they were dealing with someone cut from the same cloth as they were. Someone that would abuse power, lie, cheat and steal. And that is how it went, for almost 3 decades, until Joe just dropped dead two days after Turdling Scott dropped dead. A week before Willy dropped dead. Just as the elections were going badly for the Turdclan, and the Innocence Project was opening up the investigation into the trial that sent those innocent men to prison and where one innocent man, to this day waits to be free. Waits for the truth to set him free.

### **The First Blow**

The Grandfathers see that the People, Oyate, are waking up, standing up, beginning to do the work we have been meant to do for a very long time.

The Creator, The Grandfathers are not here to do everything for us. They are here to help us to do our part. And they have work to do that is their work, and their work alone to do, and we may not interfere in that.

People who were angry and wanted to commit violence against the Turdclan, learned instead, to channel that energy into coming together to oust the corrupt and replace them with good people. Good people who will work for the community. Good people who, with the support of the community, can create even more healing and repair to a tattered nation.

We saw and we learned that we could, by working together, begin the hard work of cleaning up what part of the mess was ours to clean up. By doing that, we can better and more permanently remove the corruption and make this a better place for the children and the children yet to come, to live and to thrive.

We are learning to stand up against all that is wrong, and dark and evil in our midst and speak out against it. One young girl spoke up. She would not be silent. She spoke and she spoke until she was heard.

Her voice caused Lemon Longie, the oldest of the Turdclan, to go to prison for raping her and her younger sister. Not a very long sentence, as the Justice Department sees Indians as worthless and Indian Girls as whores, but even with all that she managed to be heard, speaking against the evil.

In my eyes, she is going to grow up to be a very powerful woman. A woman who, when she looks back and realizes how much she overcame and what she started, will realize that she is most beautiful in the eyes of The Creator for her

courage. She can then share that courage with her children some day.

She will have struggles along the way and she may stumble and fall. I just hope there are enough of you around to pick her up and acknowledge your appreciation for her courage. Maybe do a little for her of what she has done for the entire community. Hers was the first lance to pierce the wall of silence.

After her, another woman spoke out against her attackers. Again, the Justice Department, for the most part, ignored the more politically well connected accomplices, one of them a judge, but she also managed to have one of her attackers thrown in prison, and the sentence was longer.

### **Momentum**

Each step is progress. Just in this past year, there have been so many marks of progress, I have lost count. The momentum is accelerating. Zit Puppet fell out of the ring of protection and is serving time. The elections where all the Incumbents and the Turdclan puppets were defeated.

The Innocence Project getting your help. They still need more so step up and do your part, tell your story, and get it off of you, out of you, and be free of it.

Things you cannot see from there, but which I can see from here: The lies and the liars being exposed. Those who betrayed being revealed.

And now, The Grandfathers, who have waited, held their disgust for as long as they had to, as their ceremonies were mocked, their sacred songs desecrated, the innocent abused... now they do their work. All who are accountable by deed, by lies and by silence, will be struck until none are left except those who tell the truth and set the innocent free. When the innocent are free, the tribe will be free.

As long as we continue to do our part, the Grandfathers will guide us, and do their part.

It has begun.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

***(updated)\*Correction to the May 18 blog. Apparently, Pisster and Johnny did go to the wake and funeral. I misunderstood when I was told they weren't allowed.***

**May 18, 2009**

### **Speaking From the Grave**

My suspicions about whether Willy was murdered or not, are not without foundation. He held the keys to a lot of information. He was unhappy, as of late, with the way the Turdclan was treating him, his mother and he didn't like being bullied by QBall.

He was also more unhappy with the drama queen diva, Turdmother, putting on such a show over Scott dying and then her and mutant sons, trying to rip off Scott's step-son of the measly inheritance: His truck and his house.

QBall had been living in the house, not paying rent and wanted to keep the place for himself. (\*Note: Qball is already for the past 4 years, trying to take over his own mother's house so that when she dies, he can have that too.) When the step-son went over and asked Qball to move out, Qball hit him. The much younger man, then promptly decked the older, slower, dumber Qball--knocked him out. Cold. Qball took him to court for "hitting an Elder" (\*cough, chortle, snort).

After the judge heard the two sides of the story, he dismissed all charges, and shot Qball a dirty look. Qball, who never missed an opportunity to beat up and rob elders, even in their homes, all his life, wanted to file charges against someone for hitting him as an 'Elder'.

Turdmother was pushing it the whole way. Outraged that the judge did not 'respect her son as an elder' she is trying to get him removed. (careful judge. They murdered Eddie over a traffic ticket. Imagine what they would do to you!)

Willy, without Zitpuppet there to make him forget about it, was getting fed up with all that he had seen and he knew. He was most angry at Turdmother and his ungrateful, hateful Uncles. He was mad at what they did to him when he was just a little boy.

He wrote a letter, sometime back and wanted everyone to know what he thought of Turdmother. What her behaviors were. He was sick of her putting on the fake Respect and I'm-an-Elder, act. I know there are several copies of the letter out there. I know what it says. But I don't have the letter itself. I think that now would be a good time to have that letter come to me.

I think that it would be perfect for Willy to speak from the grave. Those of you who have the copies of this letter--scan it, save it as a pdf and email it to me. Your name will never be mentioned. I think Willy would get a sense of peace on

his journey. I think it would be great for him to reach out from the grave and tell the world what he wanted everyone to know about his family. Don't you?

### **Suspicion Grows**

My suspicions, as I said, not unfounded. Keep in mind, the behavior of the family, towards Pisster, when her son was (murdered) killed.

First, the circumstances: He was on his way home, less than 2 miles from home, after a night at the Warwick bar. He was past the Old Gates but not quite to the Badger Hole (Police station) when he suddenly runs off the road. I am hearing from people that they know he was chased. Because that letter had already begun circulating? Probably.

Also, Qball has been strong arming him to get the keys to the Safety Deposit Boxes, so he could get all the info contained therein, stuff that ZitPuppet needs to protect his life now, and which doubles as extortion fodder for the lifestyle.

Willy was not liking being bullied, intimidated, threatened, followed.

Qball wants all that stuff because he wants to be the one who blackmails, extorts both the Tribal Council Members and some of their better connected/higher up Politicians and officials.

Willy held onto this stuff too long and it got him killed. Zitpuppet is not presently in a position to either use the material, salvage it, or save himself. He's next on their list. He needs to talk as loud and as fast as he can to DOJ investigators. He needs to get protection.

Running people off the road is how the Turdclan deals with those who annoy them now. That old beat-them-beyond-recognition-fake-hit-and-run was so fail in the past that the bump-and-tip-over is what they have left.

Further, after Willy was killed, instead of comforting their sister, Pisster, they beat the crap out of her.

The fighting at her house has been non-stop. People driving by, roll up their windows so they don't have to hear the screaming. Pisster is clearly a battered woman.

### **Turdmother Takes Center Stage**

I told you Turdmother would compete with Pisster for the center stage of grief. Her tactics are extreme--even by Turdclan standards. (Wait, was that an oxymoron?). She went around, from shortly before Willy was killed, a story that seems to be laying the foundation for her to excuse the murder of Willy as 'justified', should anyone suspect it was murder.



Worse, to justify the beat down and next, possibly the murder of Willy's boyfriend, Johnny.

They do that. They sort of broadcast in advance of their crimes, a story they think will make people sympathetic to them later, after the crime, if they get caught.

Case in point: Turdmother telling Wacky Jackie (\*If you want it to be spread around, telephone, telegraph, tell-a-Wacky-Jackie) that Willy's boyfriend, Johnny, had been threatening her (Turdmother's) life.

Wacky is one of the very few that believes anything that insane, as long as it comes from her crazy mother's mouth.

### **Family Feuds**

Fast Forward to the wake and funeral: Pisster, Johnny and one other, were setting up the chairs for the guests, when Weenie Boy, Qball and Wacky all came in together. QBall began shoving Pisster and Johnny around. Slapping them, pushing, pulling on hair... cops were called. Pisters sons arrived and joined into the fight.

There were no arrests. Big surprise. Can you see Bentley or any of them daring to put the cuffs on a Turdling without Poopsie's specific authorization? Hahah, fat chance.

~~Upshot of that was that Willy's boyfriend, his mother, could not attend his wake or his funeral. Only ones there were Valerie, Andrea and Poopsie. Only a handful of others showed up. I guess everyone is getting tired of the Turdclan show. Turdmother stayed away. QBall stayed away. Weenie Boy stayed away.~~

I guess they couldn't get comfortable at a service for someone they killed. Funny. They used to be able to do that. Did it all the time. They had that Black Road Medicine that made them able to hide inside themselves, but that Black Road Medicine man dropped dead, abruptly, and they lost their protection, abruptly.

Now, everything shows on them. Like rashes and warts. Like stink. They lost their ability to hide, and they see it on each other, and it shows on them. They see that you see. And they know that you know. They smell of it. They reek.

### **Hunger**

Turdmother, her insatiable hunger for attention, is stopping at nothing to get it. Even as her family is being brought into the light, their crimes revealed, secrecy

being pulled away, and all that they love and care about, being taken from them, she still wants more.

She knows that playing the grieving widow, mother, whatever, is not cutting it. So now, in order to deflect blame away from herself and what her children are doing, she is trying to strike a pose as the 'Damsel in Distress'. Playing the victim of threats that never happened, she points to those who never threatened her, and gets her way.

She unleashes her mindless rabid offspring to do her dirty work, salvage her pride, and clear the way for her to hold, again and again, center stage.

She turns on the safest prey she has always known --her own.

Her insanity becoming apparent on her, as people see her and she looks 'different' to them. She looks like a woman in the grips of darkness. She is a woman in the grips of darkness.

She could free herself and her children, and spare them all the even worse that is to come, if she would tell the Truth and free the Innocent.

But she cares nothing for the Innocent and has traveled so far from the Truth, that she has no clue, no map where to begin with except what she reads in this blog. She reads the blog every day... even when I don't post entries more than once a week. She keeps re-reading it, not sure what she is looking for, afraid she will find it.

The spirits will have their way with her now. She will call the priests and they will fail. Not because she is the victim of evil, but because she is the evil that now pursues her. Only the Truth can free her, and she will withhold that. Only the Truth can spare her children, and she will refuse them that.

There will be rituals, long into the night. There will be ceremonies where the one who pours the water will be sickened to the core. All will fail.

It is The Grandfathers, cleaning up the mess that is all of ours to clean up, revealing them to themselves and to the world, to all of us, what they are. The more they lie, the more they suffer. It is their own doing that brings them down. They could stop it, with the Truth, but they dare not, lest their mother become angry with them and turn her ugliest side to them, again, as she did when they were young and at her mercy. There was no mercy.

One by one, they will pay the price for what they have done. One by one, they will pay the price for doing her bidding. So will those related to her and

befriended to her, whose silence keeps the Innocent in prison. All will pay the price for her.

They protected each other with silence and Black Road Medicine. And now, that silence, that Black Road, comes straight to their door. And to the doors of their accomplices.

Those creatures that have been seen moving about the rez, are hungry.

Think of your children.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**PS:** Worth noting that Turdmother's Nephew, Dennis Littleghost, who had been sick for awhile, died. Turdmother's sister, who has kept her silence on what she knows from the night Eddie was murdered, has begun to pay the price a long time ago. It has only become apparent, recently, to her, that her silence has contributed to the toxic soup that is Turdclan darkness. Her silence has helped to keep the murderers free while the Innocent pay the price, in prison, and out.

Stay tuned.

**May 24, 2009**  
**Prophetic**

Sent by a reader of this blog. I love it when you send me this stuff!

**"Buffalo Calf Road Woman"** By Joseph Agonito (Page 216)

*"Remember what I have said. But at last you will not remember. Your ways will change. You will leave your religion for something new. You will lose respect for your leaders and start quarreling with one another. You will lose track of your relations and marry women from your own families. You will take after the Earth Men's ways and forget good things by which you have lived and in the end become worse than crazy."*

*Sweet Medicine – Cheyenne Prophet*

Here's the link to more about Buffalo Calf Road Woman. (*link not available in print version of blog*) There is more being learned about her as history is uncovered from the places where government likes to bury inconvenient history as they reshape their failures and cowards into victories and heroes. Might be worth a read. Is it true that she in fact was the one that delivered the fatal blow to Custer at Little Big Horn/Greasy Grass? The only woman to fight in that battle? If so, I can see how US Gov wanted that part not known.

### **Pathetic**

Qball is getting bolder about what he wants. As the family starts falling apart, and they turn on one another (we knew they would), QBall has decided that he wants a bigger piece of everything. In fact, he wants the biggest piece of everything.

I hear he has been more and more, extorting his own family to give him control over the empire. He has something on them. What could it be? The bloody baseball bat that Poopsie used to bash in Eddie's face and ribs? Could QBall have hidden that away someplace safe?

Or, is it that he knows where the blood evidence is buried? He drove one of the trucks that hauled away what they excavated and took it to a place to dump it. A place that he could easily lead investigators to, if say, he needed to trade something big for immunity. He has said before and I believe him, that he has no second thoughts about selling out his family.

Especially since they were planning, ever since he went to prison for raping his 15-yr. Old cousin, to blame it all on him, should they be caught.

Their biggest flaw in their whole plan all along, was that they were always planning to be caught. It might just happen, as they fall from power, and more and more people know who they are and what they have done. Politicians are

not returning phone calls like they used to. No more 'personal invites' like the bad ol' days.

Doors are shutting on them, and they feel it. (*\*Sounds of doors shutting*)

For years after the sham trial, no one dared to talk about Eddie's murder. No one. The Turdclan walked around like kings. Their Turdmother, like the Queen Bee, demanding and receiving, deference and respect from those whose lives over which the turdclan had cast a sticky black shadow.

They had everything under control. They could commit any crime and get away with it. Rape, murder, incest, embezzlement, theft, fraud... they were immune. They were teflon. They were giants.

But things started coming apart as the truth started coming out. More and more, every week, every day, people were talking about the murder of Eddie Peltier, and who really did it.

More and more their last name and "Murderers" became synonymous. More people spoke out. More people remembered. More people came forward to speak the truth. More people watched as their teflon turned to warm poop and covered them with the stink of their crimes.

People lost their fear of displeasing them. People lost their fear of being suspicious about them. More people looked at them for what they were: A stain upon the nation.

I gave them the name "Turds, Turdlings and Turdclan" because they were a smear upon any of their names. Greywaters want nothing to do with Turdmother. They were vocal about it and asked that I mention she was not a person of good standing in their family. That is where I got the idea of "Turdmother, Turdclan"

We knew that when the people lost their fear of them, which so many have, that the Turds would have nowhere to go to hide. People see them. Watch them slither through the aisles of the stores like snakes, when they have to shop. People are repelled by them and move away, as one would from something that slithers or something that stinks.

Oh yes, Poopsie still holds a certain amount of power over the Government Agents and FBI. He is still protected as one of their "Confidential Informants". He still narks out other drug dealers to save his own family from consequences of their drug dealing, manufacturing and crimes against children.

He and his family are immune for now, as long as they can feed others to the government and the government can justify/rationalize keeping him protected from consequences.

But even that is becoming strained now. The FBI knows it needs to clean up its image. It knows it has too many 'bad apples' most of whom are in Indian Country. They know the Nation is becoming aware, and cheap lies are seen through, more and more.

They know the courts where corrupt Federal Judges take bribes in the form of 'gifts' and "junkets", are aging, and the younger, more upstart types might get in if a young, more idealistic President appoints them. They know the Appeals Courts, which have the most corrupt judges in them, are being exposed for their behaviors and their illegal rulings.

Turdclan is sensing all of its protections being stripped away, and their connections to politicians and people in high places, slipping away, melting from their grasp.

They have become more desperate to maintain those protections and connections. But in their desperation, they have slipped, tumbled and become even more obvious in what they represent.

So they get angry. Each one blames the other for what has gone wrong. Each one is right. They argue and they fight amongst themselves. They do it to one another the way they did it to others: They gang up on one. Eventually, they kill that one. And then, they move on to another, and another--Trying to keep Restless Spirits down, trying to keep the Truth from coming out, trying to keep themselves safe from the consequences of what they have done.

They have gone from powerful to pitiful.

I feel bad for them, but they have done it to themselves. They wanted Scott gone, so a fight with QBall, which would never be reported, did him in. Qball feels immune now. He was able to kill his own brother by kidney punching him, and throwing him down. Not only have the cops never bothered to look (nor would they know how), but his own family is in denial because they have to be.

QBall, the dumbest of the dumb, now has his whole family ("hole" family) under his thumb. He wants it all. He wants the money. He wants everyone's houses, and he wants what he wants, and they had better bring it to him, pronto, or they will pay the price.

Only problem for QBall is this: his own family wants him dead. He might just have an accident. You know, like the one that killed Willy, or the one that killed Scott. He's bought himself a little time for now. He and his mother have teamed up against the others. One at a time, one at a time.

For now, it's Pisster. They want her dead. They are afraid she will talk. Her house

is haunted, and she is a terrified woman. And they beat her up, all of them, fairly regularly. Wacky Jackie gets a few kicks and punches in. Andrea likes to pull hair, scratch and kick. Weenie Boy likes to hit with a closed fist, but what he really likes is his gun.

Turdmother now wants her children, whom she cannot control, to turn against one another so they won't see what she is doing. What she has been doing all along. She is the one that has told them all along that violence is the answer to every inconvenience, every embarrassment, every jealousy.

Now, she knows that she herself will go to jail for her part in Eddie's Peltier's murder. So, she wants them all to kill one another so that there will be no one left to tell. She has an image of herself, as the object of pity as people talk about how awful her children were, and how one-by-one, they died. There will be some suspicion that they killed each other off, but no one will be around to tell. No one. That's how she will feel safe.

It is the only way she will feel safe. 'Family' used to be her strength. Silenced the children and grandchildren who had suffered incest rape. Silenced the complaints of abuse and drug addiction.

And what does she have left? Abusive, inbred grandchildren. Abusive, drug addicted murdering offspring.

And no Black Road Medicine Man to protect her from what she has brought on herself and her family. I hear she is shopping for one or two. Maybe, if you bought an altar from Crow Dog, you might apply within.

### **Healing and Revealing**

The community is beginning to heal. Beginning to stand up for themselves, regardless of odds or outcome. That last election, where the 3 best candidates got in, was a blow to the darkness and the Black Road, like none before it.

I figure they will try and knock out the newly elected, one at a time. Try and weaken the coalition of healing.

I am already getting vile letters regarding the new Secretary Treasurer, Justin Yankton. I have to take it with a whole jar of salt because none of it comes with any documentation to prove it is anything more than slanderous gossip intended to take him down so that one of the Turdclan can have in his place, someone they can control.

There is a difference you see, between being a Yankton and being a member of the Turdclan.

These vile little emails come trailing in from people who never had a bad word to say about Zit Puppet when he was in office. Never had a complaint about any of his behaviors, or his mothers, or any of the others.

But, suddenly now, these people feel compelled to write?

I say, we just have to wait and see what he does in office.

My sense is this: They must be very afraid of him. He will have full access and can demand a full accounting of where all the money went and where it is and who took what.

Further, with three new ones in position, there can be a call to reopen the murder investigation of Eddie Peltier and of others out there.

There can be a whole house cleaning. It won't be pretty while it is happening. Removing cancer and all its tentacles from a living body never is. But it will allow the children and their children, to at last and at least, have a chance at a decent life. Allow them to be proud of who they are and where they are from.

This, THIS is the change that heals and helps.

"Someone is coming. Someone is here. Someone is US."

### **Remember**

Remember those who served our People, our Nation with honor. Remember the soldiers and the warriors amongst us, and those who have gone to the Spirit World. Remember all that is good in who we are, what we can do and what we can become.

Remember.

You know where to find me.

~Cat