

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

Previous Blogs: Blog

<u>May 28, 2006</u>	<u>May 30, 2006</u>	<u>May 31, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 2, 2006</u>
<u>Jun 4, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 7, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 11, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 12, 2006</u>
<u>Jun 16, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 23, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 24, 2006</u>	<u>Jun 25, 06</u>
<u>Jun 26, 2006</u>	<u>June 29, 2006</u>		

Write to me if you have any thoughts you'd like to share, information you want me to have or a correction to any information you see here. I respond to all emails. [CAT](#)

The ongoing events and behaviors of those who murdered Eddie (and others) on the Fort Totten Reservation, North Dakota. How the ongoing criminal enterprise continues to flourish unabated and without a single response from the Justice Department. Well, not surprising on that! They would have to investigate themselves and how some of their elite were directly involved and have prospered from the corruption that exists, protected and funded by US Tax Dollars.



Even if you don't live on the Rez, it's your money, YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK. You owe it to yourself to peek in once in awhile and see what you are paying for.

Welcome to the new web site for Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier!

This gives me more room to add more pages, photos, images, graphics, cartoons. (I could go on and on, but I won't) and I can make more dynamic pages including a "string board" (Police Investigators will know what that is) which will show who's who in the Rez Zoo. There will be more features, more pages and a more comprehensive site in general.

All the pages are not yet hooked up, but as they fill out, I will post a note here and you can go and see for yourself. Some of your old favorites will be back, including Weenie Boy's page, Q-Ball the Screwball and a few new ones like the Moron Squad, featuring "Diaper Mouth".

May 28, 2006

Party Animals

(I was hoping y'all could keep a lid on things until June 1 and I could start this new blog with an even date. But nooooo!)

Okay, this is what I have gotten and my source swears it is true. If it isn't I will be very glad! But, if it is true, then wow, Bentley, you surprised even me with what you are willing to do to be a "cool guy"

Party at Perry Mudgett's house. Hand a Band and everything! Wow! Lots of underage kids, plenty of alcohol and dope smoking. Oh, Bentley is in the Band!

Okay, so if this is true, and sad to say, yes, I am starting to believe it is, it means that partying on the rez, underage drinking and dope smoking is cool as long as the cops are playing with you!

Party started between 9-10 PM. People were getting kicked out so then the party moved to Angie and Ryan's house. Angie being the daughter of James, mother of one or more of his children. People were told to park their cars behind the house so the cops wouldn't be able to see from the road who all was there.

Hmmm? Let's see, Bentley is a cop, but not a good one, so no prob there. Mino and Emery (Yay! You made the blog!) Police Officer (and I know you wear that uniform with pride!) Craig Black was also at the party. Out on medical leave, but he sure can party! And does that boy love to drink!

So, the cops were there, the alcohol and the dope was there, I guess, if you are really cool, you were there too!

I sure hope Bentley is better at this band thing than he is at the cop thing.

Somebody write to me and tell me this isn't so! Tell me this never happened! I would love to print a retraction! Give me hope that there is some decency out there and kids will have either a wholesome example to look up to, or at least a conscientious cop to bust them and put them back in line if they go sideways!

Mothers and fathers, when your underage son or daughter says they want to be a police officer when they grow up, be afraid for them, be very, very afraid!

No wonder parties go bad out there!

Wait! Is that the coyote howling? Or is that just the way he sings?

Laughing and crying on this one,

Cat

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!

THERE IS A GENERAL ASSEMBLY TRIBAL COUNCIL MEETING

TUESDAY 5:00 PM

I hear the Tribe is financially broke. Well, we know where the money went and who has it! And since the Tribal Council never allowed itself to be incorporated, I strongly suggest you pursue a lawsuit against them to get your money back. You can sue them as individuals and as a group.

Real smart not incorporating, eh? You know why they didn't want to

incorporate? So they would not have to face audits!

You can also pursue criminal action against all of them. And, all their buddies!

Just thought you would like to know.

Oh, and by the way, you can sue them each of you individually or in a class action suit. And you can demand a criminal investigation. (Contact button give you access to the USAGs web site).

Up to you. I know what I would do if it was my money being stolen, my community put in the poor house while those s.o.bs grab bagfuls of money to go gamble with, support a mistress or two, travel and live that high life.

Be interesting to see what you all do!

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

May 30 2006

The Coyote Chronicles Continue.

Well, someone out there took pity on me. I was begging for someone to tell me it wasn't so (see previous posting) and I got this helpful and well-intentioned note late last night: "Cat, your information is wrong! I wasn't at the party but I heard that Bentley's Band was a No Show."

You know, if you can't rely on someone who was NOT there, who can you believe? Aaaahooooooooo! Yip! Yip! Yip! Aaaaooooooooo-wah!

The people who were there gave me the original piece, and it really bothered me. I know Bentley is worthless as a cop, and he is so busy feeling sorry for himself that he is hardly a person at all, but to be at a party, where there are drugs, drinking and underage attendees was too much for this old heart to bear! Being a no-show, well, that part would be believable!

Also, same person said that Craig Black just dropped people off at the

party, that he himself did not attend.

So, there you have it! The Coyote Chronicles are complete now! Bentley was there or wasn't there and we can take our pick. I choose to believe he was not there. Just because I know that if he was, his Daddy's Spirit would cringe from embarrassment in the afterlife. His family has put him through enough as it is! And, if you ask about the scar on Bentley's face, vice-versa.

But you have to look a little more at the big picture:

Families have all had hard times. Most of the dysfunction was inflicted by government that treated y'all like fixtures to the property they were managing. Forced assimilation, Residential Schools and the brutality therein, for 7 generations. All designed to keep each of you from ever liking yourself, ever trusting one another.

The brutality continues with the government constantly and consistently interceding on behalf of the thugs, thieves and murderers who take control over your communities.

As a famous line from Batman Returns goes: "As long as the Bad People stay rich and the Good People stay scared, " which is what has been going on for far too long where you are.

Melvin Grey Bear was not a perfect man. He made some really big mistakes in his lifetime. And he lived to regret each one of them. But he transformed when the Spirit moved into him. He did good work all over in order to help everyone, not just Indians, to heal. His was a path of redemption. By that example, we who are all Human and have made egregious errors in the past, can also transform and become better human beings.

The time is now for Nations to Come Together, to help one another to heal.

The message seems clear to me that we can all step out of what we were and become better than what we once upon a time lived.

There is no one among us so pure that theirs is the only voice to be heard. We are all wiser for our lessons learned. We are all stronger when we stand together.

The Voice is Clear

I am hearing from so many of you these days that you think this person or that person is Cat West. Some of you think it is a man, some of you think it is a woman. I have been given names of people whom some of you think are Cat West and I am boggled. I don't even know most of these people and have never heard of them until now!

Paranoya Boya and his Turdmother Clan know exactly who I am, where I live. He made sure that Chuck and Mary Trottier brought me to the Casino for dinner back in 97 so he and all of them could get a good look at me.

Suddenly, he is acting confused about who I am? Maybe all that cholesterol has cut off circulation to the memory banks of his walnut sized brain?

But then I started to think on this Cat West guessing game a little more and decided that you are all right. You are all Cat West! You all know what I am writing and you can see it more clearly now.

The voice you read this with is your own voice.

If ever this story is to be told, I would love to see it narrated by each of you. Your elders, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters, aunts and uncles. Your little children and your own voices, each as Cat West. This is not my story. It is your story.

Once you realize that we are all connected and we can all do this, that there is not one brave person moving among you, but rather there are many, then maybe you can see your way clear to get this blanket of darkness and denial off of you, your family, your community.

You will see yourselves and one another not as flawed Human Beings, but as HUMAN BEINGS with all the Creator intended we possess, individually and collectively.

The Circle of Justice will begin and the community will heal and be a light to all who see you. We are all, in our own way as individuals, neighbors and nations, on the road to Redemption.

Start walking!

Know that I would not do this for any other reason than it is the right thing to do and I cannot put it down until it is walking on its own, upright and strong.

This is about Eddie's Restless Spirit, and it is about your own. We are all free when we are all free.

This for me a labor of love. You are all in my prayers. All.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

May 31, 2003

Humor

There are a couple of times in life when someone sends you a joke that you just find "a-peeling" and you have to pass it on. This one from my good friend Mobi needs to be shared. I don't do this often, but maybe it will happen more often now that the jokes are so abundant.

Apples & Wine

Women are like apples on trees. The best ones are at the top of the tree. Most men don't want to reach for the good ones because they are afraid of falling and getting hurt. Instead, they sometimes take the apples from the ground that aren't as good, but easy. The apples at the top think something is wrong with them, when in reality, they're amazing. They just have to wait for the right man to come along, the one who is brave enough to climb all the way to the top of the tree.

Now Men. Men are like a fine wine. They begin as grapes, and it's up to women to stomp the shit out of them until they turn into something acceptable to have dinner with.

More Funny than a Room full of Paranoia

Well, PB could fill a room, but that is just him. But I got a lot of laughs out of this one too.

Okay, okay, at first it was "odd" and then it was "funny" that PB and his mutant family thought this one or that one, was "Cat West". I mean, he knows better, but for some reason, a ball of confusion has taken over his brain.

NOW, apparently, Cat West is a gang of people! Yes! Apparently, this web site is run by 2 of you or 7 or 10 of you and you all take turns posting it! You are all Cat Wests!

(I wish! This thing takes up so much of my time I barely have time and energy to do my regular work! So, if there is a gang of Cats out there who know how to do web work, PLEASE do your fair share! Don't just be taking the credit/blame in his mind! Give me a day off! A mini-vacation if you will!)

So, the Turd clan is now "surrounded" by Cat Wests? Can you think of anything funnier?

"Pssst! Over here!" He spins around. "No! Over HERE!" He spins around again. I could keep this up all night but I think my gut would ache from laughing!

Hmmm, what if I was cloned??? We could have a dozen or so of me out there and that would work!

Well, Turdclan, you have my pity on this one. If one person can surround you with the web of your own lies and guilt, imagine what a whole community could do? Bet that scares you.

And, while you are spying on everyone's computer (not just spyware IN the computers at the schools, offices, etc, and now cameras in the Blue Building so PB can watch every move you make. Pick your nose as often as you like), he supposedly is looking to see if you are accessing the site and posting to it, ("I'll catch you and then you will be in big trouble!" he says) Well, as you can see, mentally, he is over the edge here.

And, you, Scott, Alex, think you are safe? Think again! Since you are seldom if ever mentioned in this site, he suspects you both of feeding me

information! (No, I don't care that when he was younger and more agile he used to light his farts and got burned!) As Turdymom says: "What is said in this family stays in this family." (Don't count on it!) So, it must be coming from the people I don't talk about??? Well, that opens up a whole lot more people to be suspicious of!

Hey, just to be on the safe side, get that house, that trailer and that office swept for bugs again. Might find my "spies"! (Leeedle teeny termite cams and mics been watching your every move.. and eating your house to pieces!)

Almost laughed myself silly on that one!

Also he has had ISP servers that serve your homes as well as your work and school, ban the site. So, if you can't get the site on your home computer, phone your ISP and demand that they allow access. You are paying for service, not to protect that family from their crimes being known!

You can ask the ISP if they are there to serve you as a customer or PB. Trust me, all his porn sites, and he does like them young, are not banned! I am surprised his hard drive hasn't puked from the crap he goes surfing for!

Well, that's all for now. All of us Cat Wests are going out to mow the back yard. Should only take 10 minutes what with 20 of us mowing!

You all have a good day. And remember, June is the month for Father's Day. It's the boys favorite day of the year, next to their birthdays and Christmas, because they can demand things from family members that are too young to resist or fight back.

Yeah, PB, Turdymom, Clan, you are surrounded. But it is by your own cess.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 2, 2006

Something Old

Going through my emails, filing them, I came across an old item that was back in January. I remember laughing at the time. Read it again, laughed again, so since we are on a humor path lately, I will share this with you:

Back in January, Celeste, as per usual, was in the Oberon Bar, getting soused. I guess the ghosts and the guilt are easier to handle when you go to the place where it all started, eh?

Forgive me, I digress. Anyways, she starts getting loud, as is often the case with her drinking. Not sure who she was arguing with, probably Eddie's Ghost? But she stood up, shouted to the room: "Do I look like a murderer to YOU??"

A male voice from the back of the room said, clear as a bell: "Yes, you do."

She shut up, sat down and finished drowning herself in booze and then was dragged home by her often humiliated son, Jr. Herman.

Something New

I really do have to get that moron squad page up and running. I received another flaming letter from a bimbo that claims to be good friends with the Yanktons. She filled the page with enough epithets and vile graphic descriptions, which I can only conclude come from her own personal sex life, that she figures I won't post it. But, be warned, when the moron squad page goes up, if you have tender eyes, you may want to skip it.

Diaper Mouth, from what I heard, took off out of the country after she gave me the green light to post her letters. I don't need anyone's permission to post them, but just to see how bold and how stupid they are, I like to ask.

I think this latest writer will be pleased to see her letter posted when I get it done.

I do like hearing from everyone. Fan letters are great and thank you. However, the snarky, amateurs cat fight types are more amusing, and they often reveal even more information than they realize. And, when I get those, I know for sure I am drawing blood from the opposition. Otherwise, why would they send some half-wit, drunken child whore to

do verbal battle with me?

And, each of those snarky letter writers should know one thing for sure: They are put on the front line, so to speak, because they are expendable. Turdclan can disavow them at any point. Blood or no blood.

Hey, Turdymom! "What is said in the family stays in the family", right?

Wrong! We are all paying for your putrid existence so we own you.

Yup, same woman that slams fists full of \$50 bills into slot machines got her food stamps yesterday! Yes! They rob, they steal, they preach and they pose, they take all your money, and then act like poor folk and that money also goes!

And, for you grads who were hoping to get grants and scholarships sponsored by the tribe for your continuing education: Aw (Snap!) looks like the Yankton family got them all again! They must be like, whoa, the smartest people in the world! No money for you, but everything for them.

Who's to stop them?

Jackie Yankton's old job is posted, so for sure she got the upgrade in position she was after. Right on schedule.

The two girls fired from the smoke shop for writing to me later had their termination slips amended to read that they had taken a candy bar without paying for it!

Wow! A whole Candy BAR??? Can that be TRUE???

Speaking of theft, has anyone inquired about when exactly Mary N is going to pay back the \$200-300K she pocketed from the count room that day?

It's a different kind of theft. Caught on tape, sound and all. The kind of theft that just makes you want to give her a big fat raise and a contract that is outrageously generous.

Has Myra signed on to that yet? She will. When she gets her cut.

Next time, if I can find the time, we will discuss Michael Goode's murder and a little more about Pete Hager's bar out in Oberon and how things just seem to "happen" there. May as well know who all the killers and their friends are, right?

And we will discuss the Golden Eagle Wireless venture that Carl Walking Eagle started up and shut down. Oh (Snap!) again we see that these poor hard-working (wait, my tongue got stuck in my cheek) (pop!) There, where was I? Oh yes, how once again, all the Tribe's money was put into a business venture which turned out to be a scam and all the money is gone! Oh, I bet he just feels terrible about that one.

Turns out he and Mark Lufkin met the business partners on a plane ride. Gee, that's all I need to hand over tons of money I am responsible for! How about you?

I am absolutely certain that none of this missing money ended up in the pockets and bank accounts of either Carl Walking Eagle or Mark Lufkins. (Pop!) I know some of it is buried in Carl Walking Eagle's back yard.

Well, that should hold you all for a day or two.

Just because you don't hear from me every day, doesn't mean there is nothing happening. It sure would be nice if y'all would at least call a General Assembly of all the Tribes and demand these bozos be thrown out. By just letting them have everything, you are, in a big way, saying: I love to suffer. Please deal me more pain and grief in this world.

Me? I am just narrating this sordid story. Maybe someday it will be a sitcom on TV. Maybe it will be left in the dust, like all your hopes and dreams for a better future for your children.

Take a look around. Your children's social skills center around drinking, partying and no one really has a plan for their future.

Ask them what they want to be when they grow up. The answer might shock you.

You know where to find me. Fans and Snarks either or, fine with me.

Have a great weekend, I know I will.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 4, 2006

MASS - FIRING

Okie dokes folks. That is a two subject title there. You know me, I just have to be cute. Let's start with the firing.

I heard last Thursday that they had to fire everyone in Social Services. Just keep a bare minimum "skeleton crew" (which always brings to mind a crew of skeletons. But that is just me.) The reason being that the government was going to come in and take over and run the thing because there is so much corruption. People getting checks that shouldn't.

Words like "embezzling" and such came up. Oddly enough, just after these firings took place, within hours, PB and a BIA suit, were seen walking through the offices of the Blue Building, and the Social Services dept.

"Oh gee!" (I am sure this is how it went, or close to it) "If we had known you were coming down to investigate and interview people about corruption and illegal dealings in this department, we would not have just fired everyone and erased their computers!"

This is the part where PB snaps his fingers and slowly shakes his head, which sets off a cascade of ripples down his chunky monkey body).

The BIA Agent looks perplexed, seeing all those empty desks, and gives up and goes home. (Gee, it is almost as **IF** they knew in advance that we were coming to look into the criminal activity! How could this *possibly be*?) (Just another case of "coinkydink" involving "possible" criminal activity on the rez. Bet Bentley is just right on this one! We'll all know soon enough... or never.)

PB then takes credit for "cleaning up the corruption on the Rez!" Is there an award in that for him somewhere? Like when he "caught" those dice sliders 3 weeks after they left town (and he got his share)?

Odd that HE would be the one giving the tour in an area of government

which he supposedly has no authority any more. But hey, it is all in the family now.

You all can look up to that family as your masters and yourselves as their slaves.

That was where this was always headed in the first place.

They continue to poison your children, who now think they are sooo "Kewl!" because they have all the big cars, best drugs and all the wads of cash they can wrap their greedy little fingers around. You pay for it. Your children and grandchildren pay for it.

Oh, and if your Social Services checks are late, or never show up again, it is because you were erased.

Nice to know that Turdymom gets her check, chaos or no, firings or no!

And now to the Fireworks:

Nice Fireworks show you all got at the Casino! That was just more of your money going up in smoke! Was it fun? I'll bet it was! What was the occasion? Just needed to burn up some of that drug money? Some of those community funds?

Let's see; You have "fund raisers" for the Elderly (Turdymom gets that money) and for the Daycare (Celeste gets that money) and you get a "free" fireworks show that burns up what? \$100K? \$200K?

Ooooh! That was a purdee one!

Anyone hear clapping and cheering? Bet you did!

Lettuce Spray

Okay, this is the MASS part. I have heard from a number of people that the whole Turdclan is spooked by certain passages of the Bible. Apparently, against the policies and the laws of the tribe, awhile back, a Canadian Social Worker was put in Tribal Jail. (That will teach those pesky Canucks to try and interfere in the molestation and abuse that is imposed on your community!)

Bernice Juarez walked into the office and told them all: "You will have to answer to this someday. You may not have to answer to me, but you will have to answer to somebody!" And she began to quote scripture.

They began to shake and rattle when she did that. By the time she closed that Bible and walked out of there, they all fled and used their own money to bail the guy out of jail!

So, finding this collection of inbred Bozos attending Mass on Sundays is more comical than you realize.

Like they are going to "buy protection" from God for \$10 for the group?

Hey, you pay your FBI Poodles more than that!

I have to go out and work on my garden today. Lettuce Spray!

And, for so many of you out there who are working to change this mess, you are all in my prayers. So are those who are on the Black Road. "Pray for our lost ones" as they say.

Redemption doesn't come easy and it ain't cheap. But we all have to work together to make it possible.

Trust me, it works. The most powerful force in the Universe is Good Prayer.

This being Sunday, just thought I would mention that.

Here's hoping that you all find a way to put yourself back at the top of the food chain. Your future is in the half closed eyes of your children.

When we all wake up, and see what is around us, throwing off the blanket of denial, we can see what work lies ahead and what our part is to make it better, and help it to heal.

We are all in this together.

Cat

PS: Next time we will go into Why Q Ball hates the Carnival Coming to

town. It's a sweet story about What Happens in Family Stays in Family and when he first heard that phrase. Anyone know who Richard Jackson is? You will!

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 7, 2006

Humor

Sally was driving home from one of her business trips in Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly Navajo woman walking on the side of the road.

As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped the car and asked the Navajo woman if she would like a ride.

With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the car. Resuming the journey, Sally tried in vain to make a bit of small talk with the Navajo woman. The old woman just sat silently, looking intently at everything she saw, studying every little detail, until she noticed a brown bag on the seat next to Sally.

"What in bag?" asked the old woman. Sally looked down at the brown bag and said, "It's a bottle of wine. I got it for my husband."

The Navajo woman was silent for another moment or two. Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, she said, "Good trade."

The Oh Oh Bar

Pete Hager (Hagar?) Just the stand up kind a guy everyone would want in their community. Not only do murders start at his bar, but he will actually stand there and watch while a man gets stomped to death, right in front of him, in the parking lot of the O O Bar (OO? Almost looks like two blind,

eyes, don't it?), and he won't call the police and he won't call for help.

Well, he doesn't want that fine establishment to get a reputation for unpleasant activities, now does he?

1999

Michael Goode was only 24 years old when he was stomped to death outside the Oberon Bar, while Pete and a few others watched and did nothing. Danny Butts, Michael's 1/2 brother (half wit?) and his girlfriend, Didi, along with Chris Barr, stomped him to pieces and then dragged the lifeless body to an empty trailer and set it on fire.

Your brilliant fire department ruled it an "accidental" or "accidental suicide" because they found a candle in the burnt out trailer. They put together this whole scenario where Michael was all depressed and went home and killed himself. They completely left out the part where his skull and ribs were totally crushed in and one of his legs broken. Oh, yeah, almost forgot: The coroner found no smoke in his lungs and that means that he was dead when the fire started.

One more tiny detail: Michael didn't live in that trailer. No one did. It was abandoned.

Yes, the same Pete Hagar who could not get his lies straight when talking to investigators about the night Eddie was murdered (Couldn't seem to remember if Jeannie Charbonneau was working late or not, working at all or not, and then Oh Yeah, it all came back clear as a bell to him when he got enough money!)

Pete is just another hard-workin' business man like most of y'all in O Town. If someone needs help, he just looks the other way. You even elect him to Town Council!

What, pray tell, is in the water y'all are drinkin' out there?

And Pete, don't worry, I won't mention your little side business and what you have in that back room and who does what in your fine, upstanding establishment.

But, it would help if you would help yourself by not crying in your beer about Michael and maybe he would be alive today if you had only lifted

one of those heavy fingers of yours and phoned the police. At least, the very least, you would have a clear conscience!

I hope this does not upset or depress you in any way. I would hate to see your charred remains hauled out from a trailer you never lived in and your Fire Department ruling it another tragic case of suicide, accident, or smoking in bed.

Remember: What was done to others will be done to you by the very same people you have protected all these many years.

And Ned, Yes you, Ned Mizel "Mizel the Weasel", I hear you aren't going to be running for office this next time around? So who gets to wear that shiny sheriff's badge in that fine, just plain folks kinda town?

Why you giving up such a great job? No one is questioning your ethics are they?

You and Pete going to go into biz together? I know some people, and so does he, that can set it up so your name never appears on anything and you get all the money.

Here's to the Town Council of Oberon, ND! There to protect their friends and families from the consequences of their crimes. To a job well done! Here! Here!

No! There! There!

Don't you just wish some people could just plain live forever?

Well, now you have had two big belly laughs for the day.

You know where to find me!

Cat

PS I have not forgotten. I will post the cute little story about Q-Ball the baby boy and the love of his Uncle Richard in an upcoming episode. The funniest part of that story was that Turdymom KNEW what Uncle Richard was like and she knew he was a danger to those kids. He had done it to her, all her sisters, other males... but she acted Oh so surprised and sad when QBall, then only 4 years old, got the "visit" from the Uncle

Richard (her side of the family, of course!) that Turdymom let stay in their house.

Now, QBall, you carry on the family tradition of rape, molest and abuse. But remember what your momma said when you were so hurt? "What happens in the family stays in the family. You don't tell no one, you hear me?"

At least his daddy chased the bastard off. He later died.

Well, we can go into all of this another time.

It happened that time when the Carnival Came to Town. Seems fitting, yes? A bunch of Bozos and Turdymom's favorite brother, all arriving just in time to get a hold of little kids?

But Q-Ball, and the rest of you, don't think your momma was ever trying to protect you. She was only trying to protect herself. This is not about y'all, but about her and her looking oh so innocent and sweet!

I hear she is on some video talking all this spiritual talk. Amazing that camera didn't just melt in the man's hands!

Remember that, every time you tell that child, "What happens in the family stays in the family. We don't share our private business with no one," ask yourself who is protected and who is at risk in your home? Your community?

Maybe QBall and the rest of them would have been different had they had a mother who was not so psycho twisted and self involved from the beginning.

Well, they are what they are now, and they are alllllll urine!

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 11, 2006

There was a crooked man...

Ah yes, Lynn Crooks. I have been neglecting you for all the "smaller fry"

in your realm. In answer to your question: "Do I have any reason to worry?" The answer is absolutely, indeed, you do!

Your entire career will go up in smoke before your very eyes. The people you destroyed and the documents you incinerated, all come back to haunt you in that special way, called The Reckoning. The Reckoning, were accounts are brought up to date, the evil that was hidden for so long, protected by so many, becomes obvious to all. And Payment is due.

Your friends will dwindle down to the last phone call not returned, invitations not arriving at your door, and your children's children asking who was that bad man they are talking about? That man with your same name?

You knew the Yanktons were a bunch of hicks, unable to keep anything in order or under wraps. You became their poodle, protecting them from their crimes, you and your trusty sidekick, Dennis Filcher oops, I mean "Fisher".

And does he need to worry also? Well, he thinks he has a plan. But when the light shines on where he is, how he bought there, and where that money came from, what he used to do and how he got there, it all comes back to you, the Crooked little man with the nightmares of his boat shrinking and sinking.

Bailing in your sleep are you? Get no rest at all do you, now?

How do I know these things? Let me count the ways! Our good friends at the DOJ in Maryland are looking deeper into these things and how they all are really true, and they all really do, tie together.

Will you all hang together? Or will the weaker ones sell out the bigger fish so fast it will make you weep at the first sight of a suspicious whisper in the ear of a colleague, not far from where you sit.

Dennis Fisher says he has a plan. I know you are part of that plan. But will you like that part?

Remember when you said that it was the quality of friendship, the depth of trust that made all things possible in this world? Maybe you should have checked the caliber of character in those with whom you allied your greedy little life. I would think that Roger's frequent need to play Russian

Roulette would have been a clue! They aren't happy until they have ruined everything. That includes you, my crooked little man!

Have you still got pull in the Department of Justice? Can you find a cable tow from you to Maryland? Will it pull you? Or drag you? Let me know!

Your brethren are leery of your requests and your claims these days. Have been for some time. You, who claim to have so much insight and foresight, did not see this day coming? Are ye blind, man? Should have taken the Scottish Rites!

Back to the Outhouse

Gather round, all you Yankton chillins. Time for you to put the pieces of your lives' puzzle in place so you can see the real picture.

I was not kidding and you know it is true when I said that your Turdymom was never really there for you. Just because she made her relatives stay silent, gave beer to the father of them girls that were forced to wash up Eddie's body so you could lay it out on the road, doesn't mean she is there for you. She did that for her.

She needs you all, well most of you, to be there to carry out her anger in this world.

It is all about giving her attention. Making sure the world sees only her and no one else.

She showed up at another man's wake to take the attention from that grieving family and put it on herself. All about the Turdmom!

And then, you could not even say good bye to your daddy because she made such a scene at the funeral, faking that sickness, and you had to rush her to the hospital, stay there with her. All that so no one would pay any attention to his real wife, the woman he adored for over 25 years, Louise Necklace Yankton.

Your mother, never true to any man, never got over that one leaving her.

Was it her idea or your idea to have his marriage to her annulled so that that poor woman, wheelchair bound, would have nothing of him to carry her through the rest of her years? You had that marriage annulled? What

creeps you are!

Poor Louise Necklace Yankton left only with his last name, which you all have made filthy! You stole from your dying father, the comfort for his widowed wife!

She should have, had she the strength, fought you all on that in court and taken back the land, the properties that were rightfully hers! But you thought nothing of kicking this old, wheelchair bound woman in the time of her grief! You must be real proud of yourselves! What "men" you must feel like now!

You know your mama's full of it. But you have to pretend to believe her because you are too stupid and too weak to stand up to her. She knows your dark little secrets. She gave them to you. She is proud of your conquests. This one especially, because the only decent sweet woman in your daddy's life was a bitter pill for Turdymom to swallow. I hear that Louise Necklace Yankton is still a very pretty woman, despite it all.

*Mirror, mirror on the wall, how far will my family have to fall?
Before enough is said and done
And there is Nothing is left for anyone?
My children I sacrificed on the altar of evil, their children too.
Mirror, mirror, tell me what next to do?*

Uncle Richard's visit back when the Carnival was in town was no accident. **Not** a coincidence. She knew what she was creating in you all. And she knows about the incest and inbreeding and how the family tree is just a stump with nowhere to go. Your children's children, fathered by their uncles, drunk, druggies, living for all the evil they can get their fat little fingers around.

You give them shiny new cars a couple of times a year and they drive around like they are somethin'! Hah! A turd driving a shiny car is still a turd!

You aren't doing it to make the kids feel good. You are doing it to make the community feel like you own them, and can take their money and do what you please. But you are terrified that they will stand up to you someday and you will wet yourself with fear.

You say you will go down in a blaze of bullets, but that is not how it will

be. You will go down, each of you, on your knees, whimpering for them to not take you away. Your "friends" will turn their backs on you. Their time is coming too. Maybe they should run now?

No wonder Louise Necklace Yankton turned away from you when you tried to pretend to care, give her a hug and a kiss. Even old, frail and in a wheelchair, she knows the stink of turds when they are nearby!

And Paranoya Boya, you have another problem. Cathy is unhappy that you and Lisa have taken up with one another, bold as day, everyday, for all to see.

Sure, she plays the betrayed wife, and wants sympathy (anna new car, anna new tv, anna trip to Vegas, anna, anna, anna..), but you know she can bring you down.

So, better drop the late night rendezvous with Lisa (who brags to allllll her friends about how she can get anything she wants from YOU) and go keep the little woman you married happy.

After all, you don't want her writing letters to me, now do you?

Geez! Lisa! You must be so desperate! I hear he can't even find it, so he makes you get up real close and talk to it!

Ask yourself this one question, them, you, any of you: When you were a youngster, is this what you wanted to be when you grew up?

(*Shudder!) Oh for goodness shakes! You think this is your ticket to the good life? (Wow! Was that Thunder? Or are the grandfathers laughing at you!)

Now, I have it on good authority that you all print out this site every time it is posted, and you sit around the kitchen table and read it to each other (those who can read, that is), and you laugh and laugh!

Hey, I might be, laughing with you! Maybe I am laughing AT you? Hush! What's that sound? Is Cat West here?

Someone is coming.

Someone is here.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 12, 2006

Notice that the moron squad page is up now. Only morons go there. I can and will discuss this project with anyone who wants to and can be civil. I respond to all emails. Even Weenie Boy's!

Well Bentley, it is getting closer, that Reckoning thing

Bentley's nephew, Daylon White, Ex Tribal Chairman Tino White's son was busted for a large amount of drugs at the casino hotel in Ft Totten Saturday night or Sunday morning.....no way of Bentley getting him out of this one like he had in the past. Even the Benson County sheriff was there because they didn't know if Daylon was the only one in the room so that wanted it covered in case any white people may have been with him in room.

When they went in the room only his 2 yr old daughter was in there with him. Daylon is shackled up with Tim Longie's granddaughter. Tim Longie, deceased now, was a one-time Tribal Leader.

Heard they arrested Tim's granddaughter Trista later.(I have not been able to verify this yet). *6/13/06 See the Moron Squad [letter](#) for clarification on this one. She was not arrested and her name is spelled Tristian.*

Tino White and Bentley's wife Melissa are sister and brother.

The casino used to be a safe place to deal those drugs. Jr. PB kept an eye out to make sure that no one interfered, surveillance tapes would get lost, that sort of thing. Gee, Bentley, you fall from grace with the Inbreeds?

They were supposed to protect you, your family! You know, you protect them, they protect you, everyone makes money.. so what hoppin'd?

Hmmm, are there investigations going on that YOU don't know about? That PB can't control? Either he is losing control and is of no further use to youse, and vice versa, or he is in control and wants to thin down your family and take you down a notch. Put you back in your place?

Time for you to take the reigns, get on that horse and ride like a man or just plain leave town, clown!

Now You See It, Now you don't. Now You're Fired, and now...

You get back pay and we lose the tapes again!

Speaking of Casino Magic, the kind only surveillance can provide by showing you tapes, making them disappear, reappear and disappear again.. (Oh, I'm gonna get sea sick on this one!)

Awhile back, a man by the name of Milton Green was fired for starting a fire in the bathroom. Well, he denied it all along, and rightly so. He was innocent and they knew it.

How did they know? Surveillance tapes! Yup, they caught PB's nephew/son (Fulton Merrick, Jr. Clarice's Yankton's mutant offspring) on the tape, starting the fire. You know how them boys who are sexually molested, abused and bent become pyros, right? Well, this one was absolutely a pyro!

Surveillance tape went missing, then showed up again. A lot of people saw it, and then it went missing again, showed up, went missing... and with all that going on, and too many people having seen it, aw shucks, have to give Milton his job back. Oh yeah, and the back pay, too.

You know, if they would just quit abusing their authority up there, quit trying to blame everyone else for what their family does, especially the crimes, why, I would have so little write about!

Now, Bentley's family is making their crooked little stories known.

Melvin would be so proud! Wow, good thing the other tapes went missing and your boys and other family members did not get "busted" live and in person! Wow, that would be so hard to cover up! Aaaaooooooooo---ah! There goes that coyote again! Must be the full moon because he's singin'!

Hey, when Bentley's band is playing, request a song for me. It's one of my favorites: Horse With No Name

AAAAaaaaaahh-woooooo-wah!

If your house is on fire, would you call a plumber?

Unbelievable! People who have inquired as to what is being done to retrieve the money that was stolen from the tribe are told the Tribal Council has hired an attorney on it! Let me guess, Dennis Fisher?? One of his pals? Too funny!

This is a crime, not a civil matter! You call the authorities! This is fraud, Grand Larceny, a scam, but you call a "lawyer"? Why? You know a lawyer that needs to make money and split that fee with you all?

You call the authorities! You FORCE the FBI and the State and Federal Officials to do their jobs! You get your money back that way. This way, with a lawyer, you get to watch more of your money go down the drain with a faucet on full blast of excuses and other lame ideas!

Called a Lawyer? Give me a break! You guys elected this criminal enterprise? And you are surprised, right? You thought they would be what? Upstanding? Or just not so blatantly crooked?

Call a real cop!

Cat

O Town Clarification:

PS: I know the Oberon Bar is owned by Karen. She is Pete Hager's girlfriend, mistress, main squeeze, whatever. He is only putting it in her name so his wife won't be able to get any money from it. Hey, she only found out about the "other business" (back room) after the split! Suddenly, he has all that money to spend on Karen and himself. Good luck, Mrs. Ex!

Also: Still looking into that 1978 murder you are asking about. (You being the search queries, here! Not anyone mentioned in the Blog)

Update on that lawyer The Tribal Council hired: He's not there to

"look into helping the tribe get the money back."

He is there to ***protect the Council from you all suing them!*** And to protect them from the criminal charges that will come when/IF the thing gets investigated.

He is presently telling them that if they can allow the statute of limitations on embezzlement and fraud to run out, you all get nothing and they never see jail time! Now that is what I call a real Plumber!

So ***THAT*** is where your money is going on this one! They steal your money from you and claim it was a scam, and it was. It was their scam. If they were not guilty, they would not hire a lawyer to prevent you from A: Getting the money back from them and B: Telling them what to do to prevent charges from being laid!

He has also advised them on how to conceal their assets to prevent you from seizing them in the event y'all wake up and pursue criminal and civil action against them.

They are using, essentially, your own money to beat the crap out of you financially! Still, you sit there and say: "What can I do?"

The contact page will help you get started. One of you knocking on the door does nothing. More and more of you knocking on that door sounds like thunder on the other side and they have to listen!

Or, just sit there and feel sorry for yourself. Your choice. I just narrate.

End

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 16, 2006

Just a little bit

Kind of funny how when we hear about someone doing something damaging or destructive or criminal, we can easily see it as a problem, and with a little insight, see that it is part of a much larger problem.

However, that ability is greatly diminished and we are almost blind with denial when the person doing the deed is someone we care about, a family member, a "relative of mine" that sort of thing.

In that case, we transform into defenders of the offenders. We minimize the crime or deed and justify the behavior. We say "It was just a little bit of weed," or "He only touched her a couple of times.."

Accountability, which is key to remedying any problem, goes down the rabbit hole. People around us, if they are to be considered worthy, show their loyalty by agreeing that it was not so bad.

Boundaries are broken over and over this way. First in families, then in communities, and on a grander scale, nation on nation.

But, sticking with community here, and I will be happy if we can get that much focus, we need to look at our behaviors, our relatives' and friends' behaviors and see where it fits into the overall picture of things.

If it is bad behavior let's say it is a dark stain. Maybe just a little dark stain for the amount or number of times, you decide. If it is a bigger crime, say murder, clearly a bigger and darker stain is added to the family, to the community.

Consider now, those who do the right thing. Those who speak up. Those who disclose the abuse, molest, rape. Or those who refuse to go along with the plan to go do some underage drinking (so cool to be so young and so out of control, right?) Or those who don't do drugs, or those who report shop lifting (little stain) or burglary (bigger stain), those people bring the light.

Especially since doing the right thing means standing up against a tsunami of denial and fear as those who are exposed for their crimes, little or large, become surrounded by a defense mechanism that supports the worst behaviors and threatens the best behaviors.

What is learned? Well, people see that if you commit the crime, do the offense, you are protected, defended and championed by family and friends.

Those who do the right thing, are hounded, hammered, and left to the ravages of the bullies in the community.

Ask yourself this: Given that we learn by our experiences, and this is the most common reaction in the community to bad behavior being exposed, what is the message the children grow up with?

"If you want full support, commit a crime, misbehave. Do the right thing and you are on your own, Jones."

The Yanktons did not wake up full grown and decide to go out and kill someone. They led a life of breaking boundaries, being protected for it, getting away with it. They learned to be bullies because the community tolerated it, accepted it and eventually got so used to it, they turned a blind eye to the obvious.

They perceived the collective denial reflex in the community as weakness, and they were right. It worked. For awhile.

But now people are starting to wake up, see the damage done and look around.

They see more damage than they realized. Some become defensive, even abusive because they want the problem to be ignored, partly because they see it as too big to deal with. Individually, it is too big to deal with. Collectively, it is a walk in the park. But the community, as a whole, has to recognize how it came to be, and deal with the root causes of it all, not just the symptoms, which in this case are bodies showing up from time to time with really lame explanations of how they got to be dead.

The community has to look first at its own family and where they set a double standard and send a mixed message to their own relatives. "Not okay for him to do it, but okay if you do it and I will kick anyone's ass that says anything about it."

It takes real courage to stand up to someone you care about, someone you love and say: "That behavior is unacceptable. You need to make some real changes real fast," and mean it. Tell them that they bring down the family name with that kind of behavior. Give them something to be proud of and then hold them accountable for how it is carried.

Who knows how many young people would not have died this last year alone had they been taught respect at home and had the strength to carry it in their personal lives?

Really loving someone means you want them to be on the right road. You support them as they work on that, and you address it when they stray off.

If being a "friend" means supporting their bad behaviors with your silence, you are not a friend, you are using them as an accessory in your life and nothing more.

If you care, stand up. If you don't, then just go along.

So, when I report here that a young father was found, in the casino room, with drugs, and his 2 year old daughter, it doesn't matter if it was Friday or Saturday or Sunday. It doesn't matter if it was a pinch or a kilo or a bale.

What matters is that young father was doing something that was flat out wrong and he was involving his daughter in it as well.

So, "just a little bit" now. Maybe a little more later? Do these things go away if you ignore them? Or do they grow, like thistles? How do you expect it to get better if you defend the worst behaviors? Does it even make sense?

You know how the Yanktons got away with all this for all these years? How they can put that huge dark stain over the community and you all let them? Because you all, or should I say most of you, contribute your part of the stain. Most of you, just a little bit dirty and confused.

You are drinking from a poisoned well. You are only drinking a little bit at a time, but you are drinking poison. You are bringing it into your life, your family, your children are seeing it, growing up with it.

You don't think it is hurting anything, but it has left you paralyzed, fearful and confused.

I say again, ask your children what they want to be when they grow up. Then ask them again when they are in high school. Their answers will break your heart into a thousand little bits.

It's not too late. In fact, there is a shift in the winds of fortune.

The time is now. See yourself as a Human Being who knows right from

wrong, evil from good. Find the strength to do the right thing. There is a much different day coming, and you really want to be up to the task of living in the light when the light comes your way.

Families, stay home. Forget Bingo for awhile. Stay home and be with your children. Talk to them. Listen to them. Hear them. Think about what respect is and how it makes a person stronger.

Think of how different that community, your life and everyone else's life would be if we were all stronger, and more of us had self respect and understanding.

We would know what to do then, if someone brought poison into our community. We would know what to do if someone stole our money, and we would know what to do if someone harmed our child, sisters, mothers, brothers.. and we would know what to do if someone murdered one of our own.

Shrug off that blanket of denial. It does not keep you warm, it only hides you from seeing the light.

A generation has been lost. Another is losing its way, just a little bit here, a little bit there...

Who Cares?

Don't say "No one cares." If no one cares, then you be the one to care.

If no one stands up then you stand up.

If you are looking around, waiting to see who is going to be first, and you don't see anyone doing the right thing, then maybe you should be the first. Maybe the message is for you, first.

Be the First on your block

To let go of the fear, find the courage, build your strength. There must be some Indian blood in you somewhere, I know you can do it. Be first!
What a rush!

You know that if you get off your backs, stand up, the evil that dwells in your midst will cringe from your sight, but be unable to escape the Justice that is coming. You have seen how they changed from bold to paranoid. Their evil consumes them every day, a little bit more. It used to be their mainstay, but now it takes them down.

Oh yes, they can talk the talk, but they stumble and fall when it is time to walk.

Yes, they have even done ceremony and church and all that stuff.

They have won over the star struck FBI Poodles with the "magic" of it all! Oh I hear the coyote howling on this one! OoooooAAAAAAAHAH! Foolish little men! The Grandfathers did not come to protect you! They came to deliver you!

And when the time comes when those who have brought the evil and the poison to your door are called to answer for what they have done, they will shake and quake in endless fear and stink of it for all to know without a doubt, their guilt and their shame.

Not just the Yanktons, but those who have nestled under those leathery wings finding that power intoxicating, and who have helped them all these years, so that they could share in the ruins they have made of your lives, your children's' lives. They too, when the end begins to roll around, will find they are abandoned by their cronies, left to twist in the wind, alone.

No one will support them, friends no longer will acknowledge them. They will sell out all that they have to try and save themselves, just a little bit, from the reckoning.

Each in turn, will try to scurry from the light, and each will be snatched up and examined like a rat. Each one will in turn, sell out the others, to save themselves, just a little bit.

Those who hear the dominoes falling, knowing they are next, will try to buy time by showing their generosity, they will even repent, publicly, full of tears, words as empty and hollow as the place where the heart and soul should reside is empty, a void.

It has already started, like a hail storm. First there is just an ice pellet, here and there, just a little bit. Someone might get stung if they don't run

for shelter, but you know it is coming.

So time to start drinking clean water, leave the poison far far away from yourself, your home and your children. Time to clean up your self respect and do the right thing when the opportunity presents itself. Don't have to do it all at once.

Just start doing it a little bit at a time.

And the next time you want to defend the bad behaviors of your relative, take it somewhere else. No one here thinks you are doing the right thing for your family, your relative or your community.

You want to defend someone in your family? Defend the person that stands up against all that is wrong. Send a message that makes you stronger, not more full of poison.

End

NOTE: I will be receiving and responding to email but I will be on vacation for the next two weeks. If something urgently needs posting, I will do it.

I know what is coming, and I know you will understand it by the end of the month.

And yes, I thought the O Bar was weird tonight too. No idea what got into that man!

How's Karen's ribs healing up? Maybe we should all send her a Get Well card. I dunno, what is appropriate for a beating? Well, that was last week. She should be getting on fine now. Just don't make her laugh, or sneeze!

MILO SMITH: *I need for you to contact me. I read the original first interview and I know they forced you to lie. I saw how they changed everything you said. They forgot to destroy the first interview. Contact me. The Truth is coming out.*

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 23, 2006

It's a Raid! It's a Drill! It's a Huge Lawyer Bill! Runnnnn!

Okay, so, the government staged a raid at SMC a couple of days ago. Snipers, guns drawn, people getting patted down, questioned, and Carl McKay looking real grayish and sickly out in the parking lot, on the phone to get his lawyer down there and now!

It was in plain sight and it was on the evening news. Figure you don't need me to tell you what happened. It was right there, in front of you. And it was there for over 16 hours. If you missed it, this blog would be no help to you, Baby Blue.

Then, okay, Carl McKay gets on the raid-ee-o and tells everyone there is nothing to worry about, it was "just a drill". Okay, that on the face of it so stupid I can't begin to think anyone would believe him.

Now he is on the radio again, asking y'all to "sue the government for scaring him and all the white folk (I guess Indians are just used to the guns drawn, abuse?) who work there.

I guess we have to take this ever fluid reality one sip at a time.

Okay, if it was "Just a drill" then we really don't need to see McKay dipping (once again) into tribal funds to pay his attorney fees, right?

And, if he wants you all to sue the government for scaring him and the white folk, why is he not engaging the Tribal Defense fund (which is probably drained long ago) or somewhere at the Council level, engaging legal proceedings on behalf of the tribe? Oh? Can't use tribal funds to soothe non-Indians scare pains? You all supposed to dip into your Bingo money to help out? How does this go?

Feel sorry for Carl McKay because A: They caught him? B: Almost Caught him? C: Are onto him? Sure, put my \$20 into that kitty!

They are just beginning here, kids, and this will get more interesting before the summer is half over, most likely!

Bet PB was losing his mind wondering when it was going to be his turn to get "drilled"!

Heard that he pooped his pants. Have to change his Indian Name to Poopsin Pantsalot. Call him Poopsie for short? Cast your votes Here: [New Indian Name](#)

Well, once Carl McKay goes down, he will sell out everyone that ever paid him off, and probably show them where a few more bodies are buried (figure of speech here, but who knows? Could be literal!) And he does know where all the closets are that hold the skeletons, and probably who is still in the closet.

Oh too rich!

Can't wait for the next raid-ee-OH broadcast! Well, yes I can. Okay, try to keep a lid on it. I am back to my palm trees, room service, poolside dining.. such is the life of blogger!

Note to UDJ an DOJ: Try to hold off on the "drill" at the casino until I get off vacation, will ya? Hard to get away from the desk when all these funny, side-splitting letters come in!

Note to Poopsie: It's all okay, nothing is wrong, it will just be a "drill" when they station the snipers outside your little Fortress of Solitude! Guns Drawn swarm of FBIs in the Casino, your computers and files being carried out into a big ass black van might make it "seem real", but it won't be. (*POP!)

Might scare a few White Folk, but that's okay, all the Indians will sue on their behalf later.

Tah!

Cat

June 24, 2006

View from Above - Salvation as a hobby

It's Sunday Go To Meetin' time again! And let me tell you that the view from up here is dazzling. Turdclan getting a bit spotty about showing up, putting on the righteous show, but Turdymom, still there, in all her glory. I look out over the sea of righteousness and salvation and see one leeedle

spot that needs to be shoveled out the door.

I think this is her test of God. "IF there really was a God, I would have been struck by lightning just for trying to enter this church for the sake of looking righteous!"

She steps in, Sunday after Sunday, and no lightning, no 'splosion', not even a stabbing pain in her chest. "Maybe, MAY-BE God is NOT real?"

Now, her time would be better spent confessing her sins and cleansing her shriveled up little soul. But I pity the Padre that has to listen to that litany of crime, abuse and guilt! It would send him screaming from the confessional.

Rather, she goes for the cracker and the wine tasting.

I doubt that she goes to confession. Or, rather, if she goes it is to say how hard she has tried to be a good and righteous woman, but all these evil mean people are just all jealous of her... You know the drill. (Oops! I said "drill"! There is not, far as I know a "drill" scheduled for the Church this week! Snipers, guns, FBI's and dog or two?) (Forgive me, for I have digressed, gone off on a tangent.)

I pity the Poor Padre that has to listen to the Pity-phile and her endless tale of woe. Cough up a Twenty this time, will ya? We are all looking. Just show you have a little sense of what your soul is worth! (I have a side bet in the balcony seats that you will, out of pure meanness, only give a fiver this time around)

You want to know which one I am? Turn around after the collection and see if I am being paid or I am paying off the bet! A OOOooooo-wah!

And tip the Padre a \$100. God knows, and so do we all, he can use it for therapy later.

Well, since she has not been struck dead, maybe, (she thinks) there is no God, or that she and her evil brood are more powerful than God, or that in fact, God has been fooled by her acting.

I think not. I think it is only one more time, each week, where she could come clean, but chooses not to. She will have a day of reckoning and be forced to eat her sins as her sins feed on her and leave her ragged and

pathetic. Who knows? I think the services will increase as the pool on when she quits coming, bursts into flame or goes apeshit and yells at everyone increases. (Put another \$10 in for me on that one, will ya?)

What do you mean Church is no place to gamble??? I see her do it every Sunday! She takes the host and the blood of Christ and bets God won't strike her down. She's willing to bet her life, her sanity (*pop!), I can lay a few bucks on it my way!

Save Yourself, Sell Your Friends

That Raid on SMC was but a simple beginning on the undoing.

People all around in the places you go, know you, your family and know what you have done -- All you have done!

The dead won't stay quiet, and the cronies are starting to save themselves.

Wonder what it would be worth to Carl McKay to buy himself out of the Hell he is in now? Maybe easier to sell out his friends and their crimes to buy himself a little less prison? Or just a better prison?

You think he is not working all he knows to try and save himself? Bet he starts showing up in Church too! (And wired!).

I think it was a Bank Shot from the Government. They don't want Carl to begin with. They want the ugliest of the uglies. Carl can make that happen real easy. "Take them not me!" And you know, given a choice between your ass or his, he would sell yours in a heart beat. How's that lawyer coming along? I hear he has booked a trip to the Bahamas... might have to cancel that one Carl.

I warned you all (especially you, Poopsie) awhile back about the caliber of your allies, cronies and friends. Tying onto them because you know they are too weak to say no to you, makes them also too weak to protect you. (Now Roger, don't start playing Russian Roulette again. Caliber is just a figure of speech, not a cue!)

Save Yourselves

Find your backbone, stand up, put an end to the tyranny of these morons running your life. They have been scared of you waking up to realize how dumb, weak and stupid (yes, there is a difference between dumb and stupid) they are. They have always feared the people would not take it forever, from them.

You have to take it away from them.

Time is coming.

Pick a side and support it.

So far, the vote on James' new name is 100% for the change to "Poopsie!" and there are stories of him crapping his pants at parties. Well, isn't that nice! No wonder the name is catching on so well!

Until next time, which I suspect will be Tues or Weds, unless Turdmommy 'splodes in Church...

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 26, 2006

See Horse

Well my all-too-brief vacation is over now. Back to work! A few of you have read the Moron Squad page and have filled me on on a few of the players.

Let's just deal with [Selena Horse](#) at this point.

I have to check my notes to find out which year it was, 98 or 99, thereabouts, a man named Dion Horse (married to Selena Horse) was found beat to death on the same hwy 57, very near the same spot where the Yanktons: Poopsie, Weenie Boy, Q-Ball, and their friends, Jeannie Charbonneau, Bruce McKay dumped Eddie's Body back in 83.

The murder of Dion Horse has never been solved. Of course, with the Bentley Grey Bear at the Helm crew of cops, this is no surprise!

Now, here we have Selena Horse bragging about how she beats up her husband and loves sleeping with the Poopsie, Weenie Boy, and Q-Ball romeos!

Hmmm... Let me see now: Who would have a motive for killing Dion? Gee, I dunno! (*Pop!)

Apparently, all anyone would have to do is ask her and she would, with no hesitation, brag about all of it, because, after all, she is so proud to be a Horse's Ass! I am sure she would be really proud to name her accomplices as well! Afterall, they are just the most wonderful people she knows!

Hey Coyote Boy (what DID I name Bentley, anyway?! Maybe you can investigate a murder? Oh, that's right, they are all accidents! A-hah-WooooOOOoo-Wah! yipyipyip-woooo!

Keep them cards and letters comin'! Especially from the really smart ones!

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 26, 2006

Hiding and Heat Seeking

Well, more info on the Selina letter in the moron squad: People are saying that she is this way, but that she is more mentally retarded and would not be able to construct a letter. So, someone, very cowardly, is using her name as an email to write to me. Or, someone is using her email to write to me. Let's see, going to the rolodex of "Cowards on the Rez" I see we have one family, mainly, to choose from.

Oh, a little more information: I received an apology letter from Margaret Eagle saying that she wasn't Margaret Eagle, that she was just someone using her computer and email and didn't know her name would appear on

the letters. They said they were sorry about the letters and would do anything to get her email address off the moron squad. Riiiiight! I told her to give me her real name and I would print the apology, without posting her real name (cowards like to hide), and remove the email link. So far, I have not heard back from her. I think I know why. I think it either was Margaret Eagle or it was her best friend, Jackie Yankton who wrote those letters. Either way, it stands. If you are friends with people of this kind of character, I cannot protect you from the consequences!

Now, IF the letter in the moron squad is NOT really Selina Horse (Salina, as most people spell it), then perhaps that same cowardly family has struck again? I think that anyone that rapes and molests their own children (any child, for that matter, any Human Being), craps their pants and pisses on themselves in public (Poopsie and his sister Celeste) and who doesn't care if they are robbing the community, the elderly, the sick, and the young, are probably not going to hesitate to use the email of or hide behind the name of a retarded woman who is too disabled to defend herself.

Now, just so you know, THIS is the character gene that runs throughout that entire family! Very few exceptions! Those are probably not considered "Loyal" and are probably too young and somehow missed the inbreeding process, so they are not really Yanktons, even though they may or may not have a twig on that family shrub.

The heat of recent events is forcing them to do more and more stupid things. Exposing themselves (nothing new to that family!) to closer scrutiny. Making it easier to find their crimes.

The Buzzing of a Hornets' Nest

I hear that since the newspaper articles came out, the whole rez is talking about the case being re-opened. Yes, it is a very strong and now more than ever, likely scenario! But we still need your help.

Continue to write to me, give me information. If you need to be directed to the Innocence Project, I will put a link on the Contact page this week.

People everywhere on and around the rez talking about this one. Ooooh! Poopsie! Been a bad week for you and the Turdclan!

Run! Hide! Bring a case of Toilet Paper! (It won't be enough!)

1, 2 3, S, M... I C U!

Well that ever lovable Carl McKay (really needs an Indian Name) has no shortage of Spin coming out of his mouth. No wonder he is all tangled up! Tells too many more lies and contradictions and his dentist won't be able to straighten out his eye teeth! Have to put his mouth in ICU. (I see you!)

He is now claiming that the raid last Wednesday was due to a couple of disgruntled employees! He has told some individuals that a couple of them were caught doing the nasty and were reprimanded. Yeah, right!

And now, he claims it was regarding "Quality Control". Aaaaooo OOo Wah!

Since when does the FBI send Snipers, and hold a factory hostage for 16+ hours to check into a wrongful reprimand or termination? And or Quality control???

Anyone buying this? We have so far:

1. It was a drill

2. Disgruntled ex employees

3. Quality Control

Let's see, who could be in a position to be both "disgruntled" and have key information about illegal contracts (which Carl and the boys use to siphon off funds from the contract with the Government)?

Let's see, Lorie Lawrence and Dave Steffand come to mind. Nah! Dave is like a son to Carl! He thinks Carl paid for his education and that he owes Carl all his loyalty and to keep his mouth shut about the illegal "shifty" work! Wow, won't he be surprised when he figures out that Carl never spent one cent of his own money for that education! It was all from money he stole from the Tribe! Yes, little old ladies and other Elders, the sick, and the children! They are the ones that paid for that fancy education you have Davy Boy!

So, if Loyalty is the name of the game here, your loyalties lie NOT with

Carl McKay, but with every man, woman, child and Elder that was robbed to pay for your education! Sleep well, do you?

Yes, you did the dirty work for that inbred crime syndicate. When you were appointed by Carl as Casino Manager (and now we Have Jackie Yankton in that spot! Surprise, surprise, surprise... not!) you got rid of anyone that had the education and would have prevented the boys from robbing the Casino blind. You put Poopsie in charge of Security, and then Surveillance for LIFE!

They rob the community, you make sure they can continue to rob the community. Yes, your gratitude has turned you into a key ingredient in this evil soup. And, as a bonus, because you are so educated (had to do it that way!) they can and will blame you for as much of this as they can when the hammer(s) come down. Hope you like a bumpy road, cuz Bobalooie, you are definitely on one!

Lorie Lawrence Brown, you are key in all this as well. Now, you two are the only ones that could have all that inside information, right? I mean, not just any misfired, ex employee, disgruntled or not would have enough information to make it rain Snipers, FBIs, Guns Drawn, and DOD Inspectors, now could they?

*(*Note: Lorie, far as I know, was not fired, but she is, from all accounts, a very moody type of individual who can snap like a turtle when the moon is too full!)*

I mean, if they could do that, can you imagine what a misfired ex employee of the Casino could do? No, these had to be people in KEY positions.

Wow, I think there will be another "Drill" this summer. Testing Poopsie's Security Systems, ability to destroy evidence, and the all important durability of those Industrial Strength Diapers he has to wear!

Meanwhile, the computers are, and so are the files, in the hands of people who can and will find everything that is there to find. How are you going to explain that \$12.6 million "oopsie"?

You know, you thought it was a legitimate company, but (snap!) they robbed you? Just like the 2 semi trucks of toilet paper you got for the \$4.7 Million of Tribal monies? Oh! And the \$2.8 you got for that Golden

Eagle Wireless debacle? All scams! All gone! Aw Shucks! And you never once called for the Justice Department to investigate Grand Theft? Fraud?

Your families can all be so proud! Well, they are actually. They spend this money like water in the casinos, Las Vegas, their homes, lavish vacations, new cars every few months, while the rest of you scratch for an honest living.

Let me save the Moron Squad some effort: "I am just sooo jealous!"
Aaahhhoooo-wah! Yip! Yip! Yip! OooooOOo!

Oh, I forgot to ask: Were Lorie and Dave ever caught doing the nasty?

Wow! All that buzz out there about Eddie's murder! A new Trial! The Investigation being reopened! Those hornets sound louder than ever!

Think this has some errors? You know where to find me!

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

June 29, 2006

12 noon.

Blood hounds

If you go over to where QBall has the Utility crews digging today, you will see where it was that they had buried the house that Eddie was murdered in. Celeste Herman's house was torn down, and the concrete steps, and walkway that had all the blood on them were buried, starting the day after the murder. Where has it all been buried all this time? Go look. Yeah, let them tell you it is for a water line or some such. But you can see for yourself if you go out there right now.

Call the FBI at: **(701) 772-0812**

Tell them that it is in the 57 housing right behind the SMC plant that

they raided last week.

Later, that same day...

Well they got some of it out, but too many eyes were watching. A few camcorders too. Also, the poodles gave the alert (extra treats for you boys later!)

Plan B: They have scheduled some houses for burning this week.

There will be debris from those burns that will need to be cleaned up and hauled off. Watch carefully what debris gets loaded and to where they take it.

They plan to dispose of the remainder of their evidence of guilt by hiding the debris from Celeste Herman's old house amongst the debris from the homes they plan to burn and demolish. Don't let them get away with it.

Remember: **B** is for Blood! There is tons of it in the debris from that house.

The man who tore that house down and who also helped bury it, has to live with it on his conscience. Nothing good can come of that.

I will retire this blog into the "previous blogs" page at the end of the month.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

Site Designed and Maintained
by
Walking Sky

© Walking Sky 1998- 2006 All Rights Reserved