

September 2, 2009
Plotting To Overthrow the Vote

It appears on the surface, that Lorraine Josie McKay, sore loser from the election, conspired with one or more of Clarice Brownshield's relatives to get her ousted.

Remember that posting last month about Carl Floppy Chicken was freely spending hundreds of Tribal dollars at the bar, whilst in the company of two very drunk women? And they were plotting to 'get' one of the tribal council members, a woman, out?

Well, now it all makes sense. Waddle Chicken needs to have a co-conspirator in the Tribal Council to help him siphon off all that money for his own use. He used to use Mark Lufkins for that. But Mark was voted out, and then his replacement was abruptly recalled, and Lufkins got in again, only to be too drunk to hold his seat (with both hands) and he got ousted again.

This has left Floppy Waddle Chicken in a quandary. None of the newly elected are looking too friendly to helping him with his massive embezzlement schemes. And, Naked Lawn Ornament always wants her cut. So, if he can get his girlfriend, Josie McKay in there to back him up--- he won't need NLO anymore.

But, in order for him to do that, they must bribe, threaten, forge signatures onto a recall petition to oust Clarice. NLO will authenticate it without batting an eye.

So, Carl thinks you are all very stupid and very lazy and that you will not stand up to protect yourself from having both your vote wasted and your Tribal Council from being corrupted.

It is a naked power grab.

Here's what you do:

Void that recall. Demand that every signature be validated by voice at the meeting. Each person who signed must show up and say they signed it. If your name is called and you did not sign it, yell "NAY!"

Further, it is time you demanded of your Tribal Council, that a thorough audit of where funds have been applied or misapplied be done. Do not use the services of the current auditors who have been on the payroll (and who are well-rewarded for their willful blindness), for years. Get the FEDS in to do the audit.

These are Federal Funds and you can demand a Federal Audit.

Also, you can demand that your Tribal Council revoke the ban on this website. Allow access to my site and my email from all the computers in all the offices, schools, libraries and the CASINO. Otherwise, it looks like the Tribal Council still has too much to hide from you.

Look at Ms Josie and her gang of sex morons. They never complained, not once, nor did they ever petition to remove Zit Puppet, despite his too-many-to-count felony drunk driving arrests outside the rez, and chronic drunkenness on the rez.

They have no interest in helping the tribe or making things better. They have only one design in mind: To help the corrupt to continue to rob you.

Now, Clarice is their target. Change that. Make Waddle Chicken and NLO the target of an investigation and audit.

Stand up. Be the Indians you were born to be and stand up against those who are doing wrong to you, your children, your community and your future.

Or---Prove Carl right. Lay down. Complain, grumble but do nothing.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

September 9, 2009
Getting an Earful



I was a little surprised when I got an email from the rez talking about the Casino giving notice that they are "going to be installing listening devices" in the areas they think they they are necessary. They say they won't install them in the bathrooms.

Many questions come to mind:

1. *WHY would they need to eavesdrop on personal chatter amongst gamblers?*
2. *WHY would they want to, or feel they NEED to, listen in on private casual conversations between employees in the break rooms?*
3. *Is it the Employees they are eavesdropping on? Or is it the customers?*
4. *Does anyone really want to gamble at a casino where they can be eavesdropped on? Or where the management so drastically mistrusts its own employees that it spies on them and listens in.*
5. *Do you really believe they won't put microphones in the bathrooms? I mean, if you are going to eavesdrop on people, by provide a 'cone of silence' where whatever they are plotting you can't hear?*

Question marks on this paranoid program pop up like prairie dogs over the heads of people who received the information.

Casino is declaring that it is all legal as long as they post notices... Which brings up another much bigger question: What about the microphones they have had in place already? Are they admitting that they broke the law by having them? Because when someone comes forward with that information, and they will, it will be really hard for Management to declare "they didn't know" it was against the law, when clearly, they have received some legal advice on how far they can push their paranoid agenda.

Now, for those who have seen them, those cameras that are inappropriately placed so that they can upskirt the women who work (and those who play) at the casino. Oh, and the "Boob Cams" which Poopsie keeps for his own personal

amusement, having zooms into the cleavage of women who work and who play at the casino, blown up and printed for his entertainment; those are probably violating any number of laws and I recommend they get some 'legal advice' on this, since they apparently have access to a lawyer of some sort.

The biggest question is this: WHAT ARE THEY SO AFRAID OF THAT THEY HAVE TO NOT ONLY WATCH EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE (Up your skirt and Down into your cleavage), but that they also have to listen to every whisper, giggle and fart of players and employees?

Apparently, with no advance notice, they started these listening installs a couple of months ago. Now, is that 'advance' notice? Or is that "You better let people know or we could get slapped back by a Federal Lawsuit."?

3 Million Dollar Question

Given that the casino handily captured a \$3 Million grant to renovate their 'ballroom', how's that coming along? The casino is sinking and stinking. The Lake is wearing it down, and the Turdclan is bringing it down.

Wacky Jacky looks like most meth freaks look. Unwashed, tense, wild-eyed, angry all the time, confused and she smells bad. But she is Poopsie's sister so she can run the place.

Poopsie's pillow pal, Lisa Greywater, still has her job, not that she can do it, but she can score her drugs there, and it keeps her handy if Poopsie gets an urge.

The hard-working employees there have the lowest morale of anywhere in the tribe. They are over-worked, underpaid, and have to put up with the mind games and abuses of those who are in favor with the Turdclan.

Given that the place stinks, is horribly mismanaged, abuses its employees, and now plans to listen in on every conversation they think they should, or every fart or giggle, you might want to take a pass on going to Spirit Lake Casino, and perhaps find another place to throw the dice.

For The Tribe

As you are struggling to overcome the corruption that has blanketed you for decades, do you really feel that the casino, which has cheated you out of your fair share, been run like a private porno house for the amusement of the murderers who took it over, do you really feel that you need to keep Poopsie and the Turdclan employed there?

Clearly, he is becoming more paranoid and the rest of them are just plain losing their minds. Aren't there some college grads who could actually run this like a Tribal business and pay dividends to the people without all the paranoid spying and eavesdropping?

Don't we have a majority of decent people in Tribal Council now who can make the kind of changes necessary to start picking the Tribe up out of the swamps of ignorance and corruption?

Or have you failed to call home those who are qualified, who went to school, and when they came back you ran them off? Have you failed to say to them: "Come home, we need you."?

I know they are out there. They are brilliant. They have worked so hard to be able to come back and offer up their skills. They endured corrupt politics hoping to be allowed to work in the areas for which they are eminently more qualified than those who held and still hold those key positions currently.

Is the tribe ready to stand up? Or did you think that just winning one election was all the work you had to do to undo all the damage done? Those you elect can only work with you to do this. They cannot do this if you do not continue to work with them, support them and protect them from the attacks that come from the corrupt who are trying to unseat them.

Anyone carrying a petition against Clarice Brownshield should be asked, directly, why her? Why not the long-term corrupt in the persons of Naked Lawn Ornament or Waddle Chicken?

The best way to send a message to this tribal council, and to all future tribal councils that corruption will not be tolerated, is to unseat those who have been in too long and have committed and continue to commit the most egregious and corrupt acts against the tribe.

Waddle Chicken spends thousands of your Tribal Dollars in bars, every week. He does this with no fear of ever being stopped. He has now conspired with the Turdclan and one of his pillow pals (this one is female, unlike most of them) to unseat Clarice in order to regain the majority in council and to get a willing second signature on those checks, which he can no longer get from Mark Lufkins who was voted out, re-installed on a technicality, and then thrown out again.

Lufkins is gone. In his place is someone Waddle Chicken can't persuade to sign off on his 'investments'. You will never see any of those investments, most of which are resorts in Las Vegas, and in the Ronin Ponzi scam that he and his friends run.

You will never see that money or know where it went as long as he is in power, and as long as there is not a forensic audit by a credible Federal Agency. If he and NLO can chip away at the replacement Tribal Council members and install their own friends again, your struggle becomes more difficult.

If you oust Waddle Chicken and NLO, Your work just begins. But it becomes something that will have an effect, directly, on every child in the tribe who can then have a future and a community to be proud to belong to.

It's always your choice. Doing nothing is also your choice. Look where that has gotten you thus far.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: For those who missed it: Here is President Obama's inspirational speech to students of all ages. The one your goofball wingnuts don't want you to hear.

Printer version won't have link. You can look it up on YOU TUBE. There are several postings on it.

September 21, 2009
Memory Rewrite

Poopsie gets drunker and drunker, earlier and earlier these days. The stress of stealing all that money, beating people up, sex, very weird, frustrating, incomplete sex with various partners, takes a toll on a guy. His habitual incest seems to be returning. Hey, you want a new car, girlie, you gotta make Poppa happy. Add to that all those murders. Eddie, Fulton, Sam... and the others.

Poor Ol' Poopsie is getting on in years. Things are catching up to him. He hears footsteps. He sees ghosts. The ghosts he ignored, will not be ignored.

Gone are the days when he would strut around, proudly boasting of murdering Eddie Peltier, and threatening anyone that crossed him, with the same fate.

Now, as he gets drunker and more stoned, and more medicated... often with his buddy Wayne Anderson, he becomes more and more adamant that he did not murder Eddie...it wasn't him... he thinks it was maybe sister Pisster, but it wasn't him.

He is desperate to rewrite history. Desperate to buy his way out of the amount due now that all that Black Road Medicine is pulling him down, demanding to be fed.

"I swear," he slurs, "I did NOT kill Edward!" (*Note: Eddie's name is Eddie, not 'Edward') He slams his drink down, and looks over at Wayne to see if Wayne bought it. In the silence that passes between them is the shrill memory of a woman screaming in the night: "Stop Hitting Him James!!! You've ALREADY Killed him!"

Drink up Poopsie. Talk all you want. The Truth is out there, and nothing you say or do will change that.

Oh, and just as people thought you could not go any lower; blaming Pisster is about as cowardly as you can get. Even Q-Ball says it was you. All he did was lure Eddie over. He claims he never hit him. He claims he went to bed. That's what he's saying.

You and QBall should get your stories straight. Lies are tricky things to remember. You think you are protected by them, but now they tangle you up.

QBall says it was you. You say it was Pisster. And that scream in the night 24 years ago, still rings true. It was YOU.

Only When He Drinks

The other thing about Poopsie drinking, is that is when he wants to have sex with his own family members. Not his wife, mind you, but his offspring. Or, their offspring. Even better if they are his by them to begin with. The inbreeding in the Turdclan is something they proudly proclaim makes them "Pure Bloods". But, it does not. It makes them inbred. And doing that to your family, Poopsie, is why they all hate you.

Those were your little girls. You raped them. They bore your children. Now, look at them.

Yeah, a new car, that will make it all okay. And more booze, more drugs. More lies.

The girls say, he is only like that when he drinks. He's drinking now. Right now. This minute. He's thinking about it. He's looking at the little ones.

The question is: Are you going to let him?

The Warm Up Events

Poopsie's behaviors follow a typical pattern. The drinking and drugging become more and more extreme. He then has to bully or beat up someone. He gets a rush out of intimidating the elderly, or those he has handcuffed.

He and his buddy Wayne, showed up at the doorstep of an Elder. They were drunk, both of them, and you could smell it on them. Poopsie was demanding that the woman hand over her grandchildren to him. As if he was the law.

Wayne just looked embarrassed to be a part of it. But a willing participant, none-the-less. Wayne still thinks Poopsie has Black Road Medicinal Value. He still thinks that beaded feather, the one with the medicine wheel and the cross, will protect him from harm. It will not. Time to rethink your loyalties. Time to save yourself. That feather is nothing. Look, it's coming undone.

He will claim it was "Official Business" if you bring it up to him. But one has to ask why, if it was "Official Business" did he feel he had to get drunk before going to intimidate an old woman, who lives by herself, in the middle of the night. Is that how "Official Business" is conducted out there? Is that the "Indian Way?" Or was that just Poopsie, working up to bigger things?

Why is your Tribal Council not doing anything about him? Why are they letting him continue? Are they intimidated by a drunken, sloppy, fat man? A man they

know murdered Eddie Peltier, raped his own daughters, and steals millions from the tribe.

Winter is coming. It's going to get cold. Elders and others are going to need heating fuel to stay warm.

Poopsie is lying, crying and denying in his beer.

He's just warming up. He's going to have to prove he can kill and get away with it again. It's in his pattern. Only when he drinks... only when he lies... only when he goes after an old woman in the middle of the night...

And then, there is that scream. That woman screaming. Some say it was Pisster. Some say it was Jeannie Charbonneau... but that scream cut through the sweltering summer night, like a knife. It cuts through the denials that Poopsie slurs out from his boozy breath.

He inhales deeply. Takes another swig. Looks across the table at his drinking partner, Wayne. "You believe me, don't you?" He asks, demands, pleads. Wayne thinks of that magic feather, the power promised to him, the secrets he has been told.

He nods slowly, not able to speak the words, afraid they will sound weak and Poopsie will know, Wayne may not be loyal enough.

Poopsie accepts the nod. "I did not..." he starts again. But every time he speaks that lie, the screaming woman...cuts through the sweltering lie, like a knife.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

September 24, 2009
Mission Impossible?



(Cue the Orchestra--light up the brass section. Show that fuse thingy burning... *'Mr Phelps, your mission, should you accept it...'*)

When I first began this project, people asked what I thought I would get out of it.

"Nothing" I said. "I might write a book... but this isn't about me. This is about who we are as a Nation; how we treat one another and how do we fix what is broken." I could not ignore, could not turn away from, what I had seen.

Then I was asked what was my goal in pursuing this project.

"I want a new investigation into the murder of Eddie Peltier," I said. "And I want an investigation into the investigation that allowed the murderers to go free while falsely accusing, convicting and imprisoning, the innocent."

Everyone laughed. Even me. We all knew that once the government has won a case, legally or otherwise, they would not re open it for any reason. Reopening this case would mean that they had to investigate themselves. They would have to look at who was involved, who enabled, and who facilitated not just the murder, not just the cover-up, but all the corruption that followed.

An new investigation would cost money and time. And, "It's only about Indians" so we all know that it would never happen.

A new investigation would open up a whole can of corruption worms, at several levels of government, and expose one of the biggest criminal enterprises in the nation, and snare not just Indians, but corrupt DOJ, corrupt judges, criminally involved FBI Agents, and a host of political types.

I knew that anyone that attempted to get this case reopened for a new investigation would face many obstacles from within their own department. That they would be offered bribes of promotions, transfers, or threats of firings and dismissals.

Why would anyone re open this case? DOJ has been happy to keep it in that dark back room with all the other crimes against First Nations, some which are

hundreds of years old, and no one has bothered to look at those.

But this one, this one case, began to smell funny, and that was not funny at all. This one began to not look right. People began to wonder.

But still, why would anyone in the DOJ open up a case, knowing it would lead to a world of monsters and eels, most of which are from within the Federal Government. What other cases would come undone based on what is found in this case?

No. No one would ever reopen this case. The murderers would continue to steal, rob and murder again. They were safe. No one would look for them because they know they would find predecessors among the predators.

Besides, the SLN are known throughout the land as "Blanket Indians". Other nations laugh at them. They never stand up for themselves. They never help anyone else.

The Wheel Turns

But I was shown that this was my mission. This is what I was supposed to do. And do my best, I would. Regardless of how it turned out. I would do my work here. Plant my Coup Stick in this ground and from this point I will not be taken away while I draw a breath. I cannot quit. I am not allowed. I do not know how.

I light my C'anupa, and I pray. I see the smoke and the smoke sees everything. I do not question the outcome. I just do what I know I must do.

Never have I been alone in this. Always there was with me the spirit of the Human Beings who have gone before. Oyate: Past, Present, Future. All are here.

This is not about me. How this turns out is about you, and how you want it to be. It is about all of us, and how we want it to be. It is about a Nation that has been deceived and split, set against itself from within, on every level. It is about ALL of US coming together to heal, repair and rebuild.

I cannot fail for this is not mine to finish. This is everyone's.

There has been so much help from so many who have taken such enormous risks to reach out and trust me, a stranger, to tell their story, share their words, help them to help themselves and their community.

These are Blanket Indians no longer. These are people who are standing up. These are people who feel that tingle of dignity rise up through them and make

their heads raise up. These are people who are doing whatever has to be done to fix all that is broken in their community, in their Nation, and who are doing it without credit or naming or thanks. Just doing it. Because that is their mission. Because they know that if they don't do it, it won't be done, and their children and grandchildren will have to first do the things left undone and may not have time to do their work.

People who do not know me have prayed for me and I have felt it at times when it is the most needed and I am the most grateful.

So, with that, I bring you all good news:

There is an active NEW investigation not only into the Murder of Eddie Peltier, but into the way it was handled. This new investigation is coming from the USAG's office. They are, essentially, opening that door, turning over those rocks, tracking those bad smells.

I don't know how far this one will go before it gets shut down. It could go all the way. But I know this one true thing: What we have all worked so hard for, and what we continue to work for, cannot be stopped. Whoever is knocked down will get up again. Whoever is taken out will be replaced by many more.

I know that the walls are crumbling and the light is coming in. I know that if this investigation is shut down, that will also add to the smell and draw another, even more intrepid curiosity... and another, and another...

We continue, as we have been all this time, working, praying, and coming together. We continue to do the very things that have gotten this thing this far because that is the only way it will go farther.

The Wheel is turning. Faster. Harder.

The light is coming. Brighter.

The People are standing up. Taller. Stronger.

This my friends, is the beginning.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

September 28, 2009
Just Another Dead Indian

It was disturbing when I got the first email on this, and even more disturbing with each email that came in.

*Daniel Wade Herald Sr., "Tatanka Isna"
(Lone Buffalo), 45 of St. Michael, ND died
on Monday, July 6, 2009 at Mercy Hospital,
Devils Lake.*

The emails tell the story of how Daniel had, just the previous week, undergone surgery to have a pacemaker implanted in his chest. You know, to keep his heart beating.

Apparently, that is where an irate woman, Yvonne or "Evon" Georgeson, punched him. She punched him in the chest, right where he had the surgery. Intentionally. She was angry, jealous, probably drunk. She threw all his clothes out. Sounds like a bad break-up to me.

While he was bent over, picking them up, she kicked him from behind, in the nuts. Sounds, at the very least, like assault, to me.

Yet, there has never been any investigation. The woman is a Mark Lufkins niece and was raised my Mark's mother. I guess that explains much of her behavior. It's in the way she was raised and by whom.

**Mark, a committed rundown drunk, unseated Tribal Council Member is the butt buddy of Carl Walking Ego. Mark dumped his wife for the Village Bicycle, Monica. Mark is presently in hospital, dying of cirrhosis of the liver. Oh yeah, that Mark.*

Daniel's sister witnessed the whole thing. It was a little later that evening, when his lips were turning blue, that she took him to the hospital. There, shortly, he died.

Everyone was expecting her to ask for an investigation. You see, when an Indian is murdered on the rez, you have to have someone 'ask' the police to investigate. Otherwise, they don't get off their butts. Example: Donovan Breaks Wind is still making the hunting down and locating of who owns the staple gun that fastens the blog together, that gets passed around the rez, his career in 'law enforcement'. He does not have time to investigate a suspicious death, or even an obvious murder.

Maybe that is why Daniel's sister did not even bother to ask. I don't know. We all think that if we had witnessed our loved one being attacked or killed, we would have done something. But we all don't live on the rez. We all have not had that

beat out of us. And, if we are all not careful, it will happen to us. WE ALL had better demand an investigation into this death, and several others, before it comes to our door.

And, as you can see, it came to Jeanette's door.

Yvonne thinks she can get away with this because so far, she has gotten away with it. She was raised without rules and without respect. Are you, as the community in which she lives, going to allow her to spread that kind of toxic garbage amongst you? Or are you, as a community, going to demand an investigation?

Or, is Daniel Wade Herald, Sr. *Just another dead Indian*, and of no real value?

If you were counting on Bentley Greybear to do something, you are living in a dream world. Even though his father was someone of integrity, none of that seems to have been passed down to his offspring. Bentley is just there to strut around, protect the Turdclan, Poopsie most of all.

Bentley does this because it is the easy thing to do. Even though his family suffered at the hands of the Turdclan, and his own brother was falsely accused of Eddie's murder, framed by Poopsie and his pals, Bentley has no inclination to grow a spine and be a real cop. It's too bad.

But then again, Bentley, like the Turdclan, would be happy if all this just went away. To him, Eddie Peltier is just another Dead Indian. He is now doing what he can to misdirect any investigation into that case.

It seems to be all he can do.

Expecting him to investigate Herald's murder, well, that doesn't even ping his radar.

Have a drink Bentley. Have another. And another... you are of no use to anyone who is working to help the people. Your people. Your family. Look at what is happening to them now. All you have to do to change that is to stand up. Grow a spine and stand up.

Silly me.

Casino Magic Act

Looks like the casino, which is getting horrible reviews from all the travel sites:

"Bad service"

"Rundown Condition"

"Dirty Rooms"

"Slow or nonexistent help...and they always look sour, pissed off."

Is still saying that they are renovating the Ballroom. Going to add a 22600 sq ft addition... yeah, right.

The casino is sinking into the lake, it stinks, morale is bottomed out, and the people running it are drugged out and don't care. But, somehow, they got \$3Million for themselves.

And, I just heard, the CFO (Chief Financial Officer) just got fired. Yeah, we now have our 'fall guy' for when the money comes up missing and nothing is done. Poopsie loves 'fall guys', dontcha Poopsie?

He murdered Eddie Peltier so that he could do whatever he wanted, whenever he wanted on that rez. And no one, not even a cop, could so much as give him a ticket for speeding and driving without a license. How's that power feel to ya now, Poopsie?

You and your family can run the drugs, the whores and the child sex-rings, all the porno you want, and no one even says "Boo!" to you. How's that working for ya?

Oh yeah, I heard that the USAG is opening an investigation into Eddie's murder. Looks like everything points to you, fat boy.

Say, you not looking so good. You've shown up at a few funerals lately, looking like you should be the one in the box.

Your Black Road Medicine Man is dead. Your fake Medicine Man just takes your money but is scared of everything and everyone. Figures. He is not even Indian, so you spent your money wisely there! *Pop!*

Perhaps, with that \$3M headed for the casino, and by firing the CFO, you can once again pull that old Turdclan magic, and have people look everywhere but where your guilty poop-smeared ass is. Maybe you can do it again.

Maybe you can't. I'm betting that you can't. Betting the whole back line. Snake Eyes for you, spider breath!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

*PS Just got word that Mark Lufkins died. Let me guess: the Village Bicycle, will play the part of the grieving widow? Dying from Cirrhosis of the liver is not a pretty way to go. All that Tribal Money he helped Walking Ego to steal from you? Yeah, just try and get it back from him now.

However, you can, if you want to, get it back from Walking Chicken. Just push for a full audit/investigation. Hurry, before his liver gets him too!