How airline pilot, David Hunter, bought a beer for a Hamish Watson who knew something about virtual-news, WMD and drug-trafficking and snuff-film networks operated for global clients of the Montreal mafia. How Hunter dances with "Juke Box" a Foggy Dew beauty who had selected 'F4' as her third and
last tune (the one Hunter didn't get to hear); a tune chosen from a D.O.A. (Dead On Arrival) album, "Last Scream of the Missing Neighbours". A hint why Hunter might wake up New Year's Day wondering if a former Vancouver coroner, a Haitian voodoo priest and a million Tomoye anarchists used RADARSAT out of Richmond British Columbia or Gatineau Quebec, to track bodies into secure waste-disposal sites such a pig farm in Port Coquitlam not far from the pub or the Fresh Kills landfill on Staten Island.

D.O.A. is a hardcore punk band from Vancouver. Their music was often described as hardcore punk and they are often referred to as the "founders" of hardcore by their following along with Bad Brains and D.C's Minor Threat. Their second album Hardcore 81 was thought by many to have been the first actual reference to the second wave of American punk bands sound as hardcore. Singer/guitarist Joey "Shithead" Keithley is the only founding member to have stayed in the band throughout its entire history, however original bassist Randy Rampage has rejoined DOA after a long absence and is in the current lineup. D.O.A. has often released music on Jello Biafra’s Alternative Tentacles Records, and they have released an album with Jello Biafra titled Last Scream Of The Missing Neighbors. D.O.A. has always maintained an uncompromising anarchist populist political stance. The band is known for its outspoken political opinions and has a history of playing for many causes and benefits. Its slogan is "TALK-ACTION=0". The band has been active on many issues, including Anti-racism, anti-globalization, freedom of speech, and the environment. Founder Joe Keithley now spends a great deal of time working with his record company Sudden Death Records which has branched off into many areas of music. In 2003, Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell declared December 21st to be “D.O.A. Day” in honour of the band’s 25th anniversary.

Depuis le lancement de RADARSAT, operationnel en avril 1996, le Canada et le monde entier ont acces au premier systeme de satellite radar capable de produire et de livrer rapidement d'innombrables donnees. Ces dernieres satisfont aux besoins de programmes commerciaux, gouvernementaux et scientifiques et constituent une nouvelle source d'informations fiables et rentables pour les professionnels de partout au monde qui oeuvrent dans les domaines de l'environnement et des ressources. Dirige par l'Agence spatiale canadienne, RADARSAT repose sur un passe jalonne de reussites en teledetection et sur des technologies spatiales mises au point par le Centre canadien de teledetection (CCT), une division de Ressources naturelles Canada. Lors de sa creation, en 1989, l'Agence spatiale canadienne a pris en charge la mise en oeuvre et l'exploitation du projet RADARSAT, a titre d'element essentiel du programme spatial canadien. Le CCT continue cependant d'y participer par le biais du Programme de developpement des donnees radar (PDDR) et en assurant un soutien a la collecte des donnees.

"Hunter's residence, Laney speaking" my 10 year old answered. "Is your father there, this is Blue Skies International crew schedules calling."

"Yes, I will get him for you, Dad it's for you, the airline calling."

"Thanks Laney and thanks for your good phone manners, I will take it but please go upstairs and get your 3 sisters down here for church, we need to be out the door in 10 minutes or less, especially if you want to eat and visit before Sunday School."

"David Hunter speaking."
"Captain Hunter, this is crew schedules calling and we see you have a high time request in for today, could you be here in time to operate 1767 to Vancouver? We are short of reserves and one of your peers just called in sick, this request is coded 2B."

"I could catch the 1 pm departure from Fargo, can you see if I can get on, I'm trying to get my family to church and I don't have my computer on and it is quite slow due to poor phone lines out here in Sabin, Minnesota."

"Here's your PNR David, v-b-c-f-n-e, the flight is on schedule and unfortunately the computer had to put you in first class for weight and balance issues, thanks for covering the trip and your new projection for December is 89+40 so you can have a little fun in Vancouver tonight if anything's open."

"That's great Bonnie, and I appreciate the opportunity to help you out although I wouldn't do it for the company after the way they have treated our employee groups. And I happen to know a nice little Pub named the Foggy Dew that should be open late on New Year's Eve."

"Great David, thanks I owe you one."

"Oh no you don't, 'amateur night' is a bad night to be on the highway but it's a great night to be at the Foggy Dew 'til closing, I appreciate your calling me, Bonnie, hope you have a pleasant evening also, I'll catch the 1 pm."

"Enjoy the Foggy Dew David, and thanks for flying high-time for us on a holiday."

At this point the day took a different direction for David Hunter, as his days often did. Going to the bottom of the stairs he called to his 4 daughters upstairs "Hey girls, anybody know where mom is?" The sound of a cupboard closing in the kitchen answered the question for him. David's wife Alice came out and asked 'I heard the phone ring, was it for me?"

"No, it was crew skeds and they need me to go to Vancouver tonight, so I have to catch the one o'clock to make a 4 pm departure out of Minneapolis. I hate to miss church but I don't hate missing 'amateur night'. I hope you and the girls enjoy church and also the New Year's Eve gathering latter tonight. I will call from Minny or Vancouver so check for messages if you don't hear from me."

"That's nice that you picked up some high-time after the expensive Christmas we had. I will miss you but we can talk on the phone when you get somewhere."

"Yes that's good and I am going to run out and start your Suburban so it warms up for you and the girls. It is 3 degrees out and the girls should be coming down stairs soon. I've got to get out of these church clothes and into my monkey-suit after I do the farm stuff quickly, have a nice time at church."

"We will and we have lots of time after church so just take care of the cows and we will do all the other animals."

David and Alice lived on 160 acres and raised British White Cattle and the kids and Alice were very active in 4H, with an emphasis on poultry, miniature Southdown sheep and Angora goats. As David was coming back in from starting the church car he passed Laney, Rose, Eileen and Grace as they followed Alice out to the warm and waiting Suburban for the 6 mile jaunt to their small Lutheran church.
"Have a good trip Dad, I'll do the water for the cows til you get home" offered Eileen.

"Thanks Leeny-beanie, I did the hay yesterday so water is all you'll have to do until I get home. I forgot to tell mom but it's just a 2 day trip so I will be home tomorrow evening, please tell her in the car and I will write it on the calendar, in pencil as these things change a lot."

As mom and the girls headed to church David glanced at the clock on the wall and saw it was 0932 and so he had just under 2 hours to get out the door. After having another cup of coffee to warm up he went to his PC and signed into Blue Skies to check the travel arrangements Bonnie had made. He entered the code vbcfne and saw that he indeed has a First Class seat and, as often happened, Bonnie had put him in seat 2B. Bonnie had started taking good care of David in his early days as a DC9 co-pilot and though he was now an A320 Captain she still took care of David by assigning him high time trips and, when possible, getting him positive space travel, it had become their routine that when accepting these short call out trips for high time David would ask "2B or not to be", suggesting he'd only help the company if he got a positive space first class seat. However, Bonnie knew that he'd help her anytime he could and there had never been a case where he couldn't, yet. Having started with Blue Skies (BS) on 2 November, 1978 he had now been working some 22 years for BS and he decided he would use some of the high time pay to have a nice pub meal at the Foggy Dew. He checked the company crew skeds line and determined he would have about 6 hours of playtime when he got to Vancouver. As he packed his Travel-Pro suitcase he threw in a Hawaiian shirt as he always dressed comfortably and in shirts that made it easy to find dancing partners, just in case an oldies band might be playing. On his last trip to Vancouver and the Foggy Dew a local band named Frenzy was playing and they were excellent at covering the Beatles songs both instrumentally and vocally. They were not a 'house band' but during his last trip he had spoken with the bass player and determined they were all about 55 so not only were they good at covering the Beatles but had they been born in Liverpool instead of Abbotsford, BC they could have been the Beatles; at least age and talent wise.

After finishing packing, which included stuffing 2 Foster oil cans into his suitcase, David assembled his uniform and laid out his shoes, socks, monkey suit and found his Captain's hat which he stored upside down so he could keep his 'airline stuff' organized. The stuff included his passport, reading glasses, black tie and $200 in emergency money in case his ATM card got maxed out while he was out and about. Similarly the two 25 ounce beer cans were in case he had to land in 'enemy territory' or operated too late to find a suitable watering hole. In 22 years there had been fewer than 5 such no watering-hole operations [NWO]. While he was still well ahead of schedule he sat down to re-read the Fargo Forum sports section to see who the Vikings* would be losing to while he was doing the Bonnie 2B routine enroute to the Foggy Dew.

At 1130 straight down David stepped out to his pickup truck, an indigo blue 2000 GMC crew cab. This was the last year of the 454 engine in GM pickups and David had had the first 454 also, although that was in a 1970 Corvette Stingray his parents had bought him in 1970 as he had gotten 'free college'. Having attended the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis from 28 June, 1967 to 9 June, 1971 David saved his parents a lot of tuition money. His father, a retired USAF SAC pilot had always told young David that "if you go to a service academy I will buy you a Corvette or Jaguar when you graduate". His father suggested those cars as he recalled the cars in one of David's favorite Beach Boys songs 'Dead Man's Curve'. As he started up the truck he popped a CD in the player and the first song up was Go All the Way By the Raspberries. Although David couldn't remember exactly which day in 1974 he first heard the song he did remember it was in Beeville, Texas where he had just been transferred in October of
that year. And he very clearly could remember her name and what she had in mind. That reminded him of a song by the Starland Vocal Band, and another by Meatloaf. Pleasant memories. However, David had to get his mind on his mission and his mission, unbeknownst to his employer, was to get to the Foggy Dew as quickly as he could for maximum playtime. In his previous job from which he had retired from in June, 1993 'playtime' was an expression participants in military flying operations used to indicate how much time [as measured by fuel] they had left to 'play'. Typically it was used to indicate time on station, not time if an intercept or engagement materialized. Although David had enjoyed 4300 hours of play time in the military flying A4s, F4s and F16s he felt compelled to retire after the election of 1992 when an openly loathsome president became Commander-in-Chief to be. David and his father often disagreed as to this course of action with the father saying "Why don't you stay in as you have been penciled in for the Squadron commander position of the best fighter unit in the Air National Guard, the Happy Hooligans?"

"Dad, if I stayed in and he came to our base I would be obligated to salute him and that's something I cannot do."

"What do you mean, you'd have to do it" replied the elder Hunter, thinking only of military customs, honors and decorum.

"That's exactly why I am retiring Dad, I have more integrity than the incoming commander in chief has so I have elected to retire. I have had the good fortune to fly some great iconic jets and I'd want to leave on my terms; not his. He is not fit to command the military and I refuse to serve under him, it appears to me that he would try to destroy the US military potency from the inside out and if it is his intention to destroy, dismantle or denigrate this military he won't be doing it on my watch and I won't be serving on his watch. General Harris told me to keep my eyes on Arkansas and narcotics and not to compromise my integrity."

As the history of General Hunter Harris IV played out in David's mind the pickup had somehow found it was to Fargo's Hector International Airport and as he shut his pickup off at the employee lot 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' by ELO was playing on the CD player. He left the CD player on to finish the song as he gazed east one half mile where one of his favorite F4s was displayed 'on a stick' at the gate of the ANGB where the Hooligans had flown the F4 Phantoms from 1977 until their being replaced by F16s in 1990. When the F4s were put in the boneyard at Davis-Monthan AFB in Tucson in the winter of 90 only 2 F4s remained behind. 'Bertha' 64-0972 was the F4 on the stick and 'Sweet Talkin' Woman', tail number 478 was the static display jet in the line up of old fighters the Hooligans had flown. David had shot down an F102 in 'Bertha' and had won a trophy in 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' in 1986 at the William Tell 'World Wide Weapons Meet' at Tyndall AFB. While both the F102 Bertha killed and the F100 that David won a trophy with were pilotless drones, David still recalled vividly the thrill of firing at a high performance jet executing 'survival turns' and scoring direct hits. Too bad his direct hit on the QF100 was one for which he had not been cleared to fire. Both 'Sweet Talkin' Women would have to wait for David to get back to them tomorrow night as David's mind was on his mission and his mission was to get to the Foggy Dew and see if any 'Sweet Talkin' Women in Richmond, British Columbia would like a Black and Tan, fish and chips, or whatever else might be on the menu. After putting his keys in the gas door David dragged his bag into the terminal just as a DC9 slithered up to Gate 1. David could see Annie was driving the jetway, which indicated it would be an on time departure for his flight to Minneapolis. Annie and David had started at the airline at about the same time and both had been in Fargo since their getting hired. Annie knew her job and David knew his and so they enjoyed working together she as an agent, he as a pilot, and since 1983 as a Captain. BFD.
As the JT8Ds wound down David strolled up to the ticket counter where LaVern asked "What's a senior guy like you doing working on New Year's Eve".

"Seniority is relative and I don't feel that senior, however, to answer your question the company called a couple of hours ago and said someone had called in sick and could I cover 1767 to Vancouver so I jumped on it."

"Gee, I guess there must be an Irish Pub in Vancouver?" LaVern said with a sideways grin.

"Three that I know of, The Irish Heather, The Jolly Taxpayer and The Foggy Dew, however the first two are at the long layover and this is just a short layover so I will be at The Foggy Dew in Richmond BC if you or the company need to contact me."

"Happy New Year, have a safe trip."

"Thanks LaVern, and thanks for the nice seat."

"Don't tell me, Bonnie called you out for the trip?"

"True enough, but for the Foggy Dew on New Year's Eve Attila the Hun could have called me and I would still have taken it."

Up the escalator, into the gift shop for a paper and some Altoids and over to security as usual. Also, as usual, the clerk at the gift shop across from the Barnstormer Restaurant commented "You sure buy a lot of the Altoids."

"I think of them as career extenders" said David while he left the clerk looking confused.

As David approached Myron at security he bumped into Rod Baldinger, a fellow BS pilot who had also retired from the Happy Hooligans. Rod had been a student Naval aviator under David at NAS Chase Field, Beeville, Texas in 1975. Their paths crossed a second time when Rodney checked into the Hooligans after flying S3s for the Navy. When Rodney was hired by BSA in March of 1985 Rodney joked "We might as well just get married" but the discussion was ended when David responded "Only if I get the boy part". Seniority does have its privileges.

Rodney said "I have a new one tonight, Montreal, directions please" his coded request for location of nearest watering hole.

David responded "Front door, turn right, first corner turn right, second corner cross Street straight, turn left cross street, half a block on the right, steps down to the basement Level, Irish Pub, very smoky, you'll love it."

"Thanks, where are you off to tonight?"

"Vancouver, short" indicating he would be laying over at the short layover hotel. In some cities served by BS Airlines there were 2 hotels, long and short, depending on layover durations of 16 hours or more being long, less than 16 short.
"Too bad it's short" said Rodney indicating that there would be no play time.

"It's not that short, have you been to the hotel in Richmond for the short?"

"I have never been to either Vancouver layover, my seniority can't hold it."

"If you ever get a short Vancouver the answer is front door, right at corner cross straight across, you'll be at the front door of the Foggy Dew, English Pub, great food, great micro-brews, great bands."

Annie the agent announced the last call of BS flight 1020 to Minneapolis and gave the pilots a threatening glare while pointing to her watch as if to suggest Rodney and David were holding up the operation. They were the last two on as Annie closed the door after giving the final papers to the crew of 1020. Rodney had the XCM or jump seat but the Captain of the flight told Rod to sit "anywhere back there" and so Rodney came to 2B and, noticing 2C was empty, he sat down and put on his reading glasses to read the Farmer Forum, the green section of the Fargo Friday edition. The JT8Ds were brought back to life and the DC9 slithered away from Gate one, taxied east then south for a takeoff to the north on Runway 35. David and Rodney both looked approvingly at each other as the crew of 1020 did a rolling takeoff on 35 becoming airborne very quickly as the nearly empty DC9-30 with dash 15 engines was off and running. The pilot flying was very good as he commenced a right hand turn directly towards Minneapolis in time for Rodney to see the 'Sweet Talkin' Woman' at the Hooligans base below the on time departure of BS 1020.

"David, I see the jets at the main gate but I never can remember which one is on the stick?"

"You sure don't have much for memory, it's Bertha on the stick and Sweet Talkin' Woman on the ground."

Once reminded of that Rodney went back to looking at old tractors for sale in the Green Section as area farmers referred to the Farmer's Forum. As David reclined his seat back and opened his paper his mind was not on the Sweet Talkin' Woman on the ground in Fargo but any Sweet Talkin' Woman that might be prowling around the Foggy Dew on New Years Eve. [I was searching, on a one way street, I was searching, for a chance to Meet ..] ELO was playing in his mind as he dozed off thinking pleasant thoughts about what lay behind; and what might be waiting up ahead. Fifteen years previous Rodney had been a 727 S/O when David was an F/O and they had Dolly Parton on a flight from Nashville through Memphis and on to Los Angeles. Dolly had come up to the cockpit on the ground in Memphis while the Captain was at the podium doing 'Captain stuff'. Even though the 727 had room for 5 people both David and Rodney noticed that Dolly Parton pretty well filled it up. She was a wonderful person, a great wit, a greater heart and it was David who mentioned to Dolly that her Song 'Hard Candy Christmas' had always been one of his favorites.

As the thrust reversers awakened David from his fond Christmas memories and Dolly Rod asked "Are you done with your paper?"

"Cheap screw get your own."

"I'll take that as a 'no'."
As the two long time pilot friends grabbed their bags to head into the terminal a peer of theirs stepped out of the cockpit and said "David I didn't know you were on". It was Captain Mike Moore of Grand Forks. He had been a KC135 pilot at "the forks" and was always asking David how they arranged to do an air refueling at 200 feet above the ground in a Hooligan F4 and a Salt Lake ANG tanker.

"We did it in plane sight and so no one knew it was illegal, they thought we were "special duty".

"What do you mean 'special duty', that was blatantly illegal, stupid and dangerous."

"If you want to find out what 'special duty' is go to my website and watch the refueling and listen to the camera man saying 'special duty'-and of course if a camera man or reporter says something is true than it must be true, unless the cameraman/reporter is working for a 'virtual news network like VNN'."

"You mean CNN?"

"I mean CNN is a VNN."

"Who’s on first?"

"Exactly, hey I have to run to the Foggy Dew, my mind is on my mission."

And on that note David turned right to head to the mezzanine area of shops and restaurants, and as he walked by Security he remembered Blue Skies had just changed policies forcing pilots and flight attendants to 'check in' for trips 1 hour before pushback and that had to be done in person downstairs, outside security. Feeling that one security frisking a day was plenty he rarely went along with the bs but it did remind him how Blue Skies and all the airlines in America were being postured into thinking "there is a threat out there to airline safety in the U.S." David was old enough to remember Operation Northwood, Pearl Harbor and the USS Maine in 1898. Hmmm thought the mission oriente d David Hunter, I smell another false flag coming down the pike, I wonder if it will be a New Northwood, a New Pearl Harbor or a New Maine. In his mind he determined it would be a New Pearl Harbor put on by a corrupted resident of Maine and would be solved by someone linked to Northwood. David's wife was from Northwood, North Dakota, he knew of a CIA boss from Maine and so he determined that at some point we would see another Attack on America. Pisser, he thought to himself, looks like I may be called into action a third time. Although David Hunter was known to be a BS pilot and retired Happy Hooligan fighter pilot who he really worked for was not known to many other than David and his boss.

After reading the sports page and watching the end of the 3rd quarter of the football Game while he should have been downstairs 'checking in' he noticed it was 2:50 so he went to the podium and used the company phone to call extension 2673 on the company phone. "BS crew schedules, Bonnie speaking?"

"Bonnie, David Hunter here, I am at the gate, F1, for 1767 but didn't have time to go to check in and check in, be a dear and let them know I am 'at the gate'." 

"David, I'll do it but don't think I don't know you were watching the Vikings and skipping security." 

"I can neither confirm nor deny the essence of your argument, as I have my mind focused on my mission, thanks Bonni e."
"Enjoy the Foggy Dew, hope the mission goes well."

The agent working 1767 had left the paperwork at the podium so David signed his name which made him responsible for the safety of the passengers and the operation of flight 1767, MSP-YVR on 12-31-01. As he finished the paperwork the agent arrived and let him thru the locked door and he arrived at the cockpit of aircraft 3241 at 3 pm, straight up. The empty galley and cockpit indicated to him that he was the first to arrive for the Foggy Dew departure flight. He placed the paperwork in the garbage bag.

Then, he went back to First Class, and finished the crossword puzzle. Just as he was trying to figure 5 letter French word for 'jerk' the sound of laughter in the jetway suggested to him that the arriving flight attendants must be young reserves called out for a holiday trip while the senior people got paid sick leave to nurse their colds, flu, sprained ankles or whatever excuse they had given the crew scheduler who took their sick calls.

"Happy New Year's ladies", David said to the three young ladies covering the FA crew of 1767. "I am David and there is an FO name Shane who hasn't yet appeared so I don't know if Shane is a he or a she, but regardless it's 3 hours 40 minutes to YVR, smooth all the 37 degrees above, clear and still tonight in Vancouver, any questions?"

"No David, I am Arlene and the two in the main cabin are Brenda and Carleen, we know the drill. Know any good places for NYE in Vancouver?"

"We'll the lobby bar has a band and it's always packed on Friday's and Saturday's so it should be very lively tonight. We should be at the hotel by 6:15 so the locals should have a good head start but you could always "double up and catch up."

"Sounds like a plan"

"Hello, I'm Shane, sorry I'm late..."

"Shane, David, you're not late, the paperwork's in the cockpit and I'm going to get a Hershey bar and a Soduku book."

"David what do you mean Soduku, that hasn't become popular yet, that won't be popular until 2005 or 2006?"

"Don't get pithy with me, if it's a big deal I will get two Hershey bars and skip the Soduku book. It appears you don't understand the theme of Eye in the Sky, a song from 1982."

"Alan Parson Project 'I can read your mind'."

"Exactly, want a Hershey bar."

"Only if it has nuts."

"Remember, you are what you eat, be back in 10, I did all the Captain stuff inside and out."

After getting 3 Hershey bars, all with nuts, David, Shane and the 'Supremes' blasted off on their mission.
After an uneventful flight from Minny to Vancouver Captain Hunter set the parking brake, called for the parking check. Parking check recorded Shane and David hurried to catch up with A, B, and C who appeared to be in a foot race to get the mission started.

"Why are they so motivated, David?"

"I told them I thought if they got to the lobby bar by 7 they could still get good seats or stools for NYE."  "Sound great, are you 'attending'?"

"Absolutely not, however if you want to see some wonderful things happen meet me in the lobby exactly 10 minutes after we get to the elevator, if you need 'fun coupons' there is an ATM in the lobby by the shoe shine stand next to the stuffed grizzly."

David and Shane took the third row of the stretch limo that the crew transportation company used in Vancouver. A,B,C sat in the rear facing middle seat and Shane, David and their hats sat in or on the back seat.

"David and Shane, are you guys running with the big dogs tonight since it's NYE?" asked Carleen, a 20's something red-head who had been filled in by Arlene enroute.

"Shane may but I have to call home and nurse a cold and besides, I am 51 and old and worn out, over to you Shane."

"I am going to a 'men's bar with a good friend in Vancouver' but thanks for asking."

The ladies looked disappointed. We never figured out if it was because I seemed old or he seemed gay, our mind was on the mission.

All 5 were on the third floor so Arlene said "don't wait on us, Brenda needs to get a smoking room, so we will check each other's rooms". As the elevator doors closed and they were alone David said, it's 6:51, could you move fast enough to make a 7:00 lobby call?"

"Straight up?"

"You're reading my mind."

"Maybe I am the 'eye in the sky'."

"See you at 7."

At 6:52 David closed his door, dropped his monkey suit trousers, removed the black socks and black shoes, put his old shirt on the desk chair and removed his t-shirt. As he checked his appearance in the mirror and took a 'Marine Corps shower' he splashed a liberal dose of 'stink pretty' on his face and arms, grabbed a Tom Selleck shirt, worn out jeans and bancing shoes. He arrived at the lobby at 6:58 and began waiting for the younger and slower fast mover. 30 seconds later Shane walked by the ATM slapped it twice indicating he had plenty of fun coupons and the two men walked fearlessly onto the sidewalk, not knowing what fate awaited them but not caring a great deal.
"David, how come you sent the FAs on a wild goose chase, they wanted to tag along?"

"Wrong mini-me, they wanted us to buy."

"You're a Captain, you could buy."

"They're baggage."

"What do you mean?"

"Shane, close it up and hang on tight, and you will have it all revealed as it develops."

Not having a military flying background Shane didn't understand exactly, but he did stop the questions, move closer as the two pilots on a mission pushed it up and reached the FEBA.

Like a laser David zeroed in on two stools left open by the waitress station on the far side of the U-shaped bar. He had seen with his peripheral vision the tables were all taken.

Hanging his cheap windbreaker on the stool back he said to Shane, order me a Black and Tan and whatever you want, and I will pay when I get back. If you don't trust me, use this. Shane looked at a Gold American Express card issued at Ft. Sam Houston Bank in 1973. The name on the card said 'Avalon British Cattle'.

The two Black and Tans arrived just as David returned from his 'recce run'.

"David, whose card is this, I didn't know what name to sign?"

"Flip it over mini-me and look at the signature on signature strip"

"Who is Pierre Beaucoup?"

"Tonight it's me, and by the way, tonight you are Wes Palmer."

At that moment two tall guys with English accents returned to stools 3, 4 assuming Shane was at one and David was on two.

One of the British gents, a tall fellow, was talking about 'Fresh Kills'.

"Hello mate, not eavesdropping but I heard Fresh Kills, are you a fighter pilot?"

"No, Hamish Watson, Forensic economist, and this is John Watson, my brother?"

"Nice to meet you Hamish and John, I am Pierre Beaucoup and this is Wes Palmer. I raise British White Cattle and Wes is a CPA, we are up here on 'cattle business'.

"Let me tell you about a trail I am on regarding a fellow in America who is probably bad news for you Yanks."
"Please bore my CPA Wes with the evidence trail, I see a trail more to my liking" said the 51 year old as he fell in behind the behind of a dark haired beauty as she made her way to the Juke Box. Being taller David looked over her shoulder to see her put in four quarters and select C6, D7 and F4. As she turned to egress she came face to face with the Tom Selleck shirt and said in a strange foreign accent "Pardon me, I hope my drink doesn't ruin your shirt."

"No problem, it's gonna get wet dancing, I need to play my favorite song, REO Speedwagon's 'Can't Fight the Feeling', I love to dance to that."

"I cannot believe", she said demurely, "it is one of the three I selected."

"Was it #1, #2 or #3?"

"#2"

"Great, that gives me 3 minutes to drink my Black and Tan and get my courage up to come ask you to dance."

"No courage required, the answers is yes and I'm parked with those 3 over there" as she pointed to a corner table with 3 attractive ladies."

"See you in 3 minutes" said David as the first few cords of the Raspberries hit 'Go All the Way' started, it must be D7 he thought" he said to himself.

"David, what took you so long?" said 'Wes'

"Wes, it's Pierre and if I turn into David, you turn in to Rosy."

"Pierre it is, I don't want to be Rosy Palmer on New Year's Eve."

Exactly.

**Chapter 2 - Fish and Chips**

- January 25, 2001

*Clinton Speaks at Fort Myers and the Fish First Smells the Stink of 9/11*
"How Anastasia Jukebox set up www.usdoj.gr hub to secure Hunter, Watson and Able Danger’s counter-intelligence using Clipper-chip telephony integrated with Blowfish-encrypted Bit-Plane Complexity Segmentation Steganography. How Donald Cortege ('The Fish') attended Clinton’s farewell to pick up a pass key from Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Henry Shelton. How Fish and Hunter had the chips to monitor Al Gore's Interagency Working Group on Environmental Justice and a Tomoye/al-Qaeda hit team network deployed by the Global Guardians for WTC 1993, Y2K and USS Cole."

Able Danger was a classified military intelligence program under the command of the U.S. Special Operations Command (SOCOM). It was created as a result of a directive from the Joint Chiefs of Staff in early October 1999 by the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Hugh Shelton, to develop an Information Operations Campaign Plan against transnational terrorism, "specifically al-Qaeda." [and secretly, the Tomoye militants and Wobbly anarchists in Al Gore's Interagency Working Group on Environmental Justice]

The Fish goes to Fort Myers to listen to Clinton’s farewell and meet General Shelton (set up to be absent on 9/11). Shelton gave Fish the pass key to Gore's IWG communication systems and warned him of the apparently treasonous acts of Bruce McConnell, Webster Hubbell and John Podesta (who gave Clipper to the Global Guardians) and Sandy Berger (who later stole and destroyed TOPOFF Y2K documents in September-October 2003).

"Hunter's residence, David speaking."

"David, Bonnie this is a definite code 2B and we are so hurting it's time and a half."

"Bonnie, we need to stop meeting like this, I was supposed to be on vacation thru the 10th, and my family needs to come first, not Blue Skies; Blue Skies is making my brown eyes blue."

"David, your blue eyes will be crying in the rain if you help me out with this nice little three day, some yahoo just dropped it on us and we are out of reserves due to the recent holiday weekend. Your PNR is alpha-tango-tango-delta-charley-fox."

"Okay Bonnie, I will take the trip but I think you forgot to say something to me."
"Sorry, David, thank you very much."

"Actually I was curious which pub-happy cities you have selected this time and what time do I leave Minny?"

"Sorry, Austin and DCA, Austin leaves at 6, your PNR is for the 4pm, not exactly legal legal but we owe you big time and I know you don't care about the charlie-sierra, have a good time in Austin, David."

"Exactly. Coded transmission follows, "Lengthy Portion, 6th Street."

"Roger, David, I'm hip to your jive, I'm picking up what you're laying down, I know where your head's at and I hope you're writing a book about this."

"Exactly."

David looked at his watch, 2:30P straight down. Good thing he had costume changes pounded into him as a plebe at the US Naval Academy, he had 15 minutes to get cleaned up, put a clean Hawaiian shirt or two in his bag, put on his monkey suit and get it on down the road, so to speak. As he dragged his bag and left a message for Alice in the code they had developed over the years, AUS-DCA-Sat 9P. He would also try her cel phone while he was backing "old yellar" out of the garage and heading to Hector International airport for the 4 pm to Minny. As he got on the gravel road his mind settled on a song to sing in his head, Two Lane Highway by the PPL. That made him think of the VPLs he observed on his last 2B operation in the Foggy Dew on New Year's Eve. The match book from the Foggy Dew had two numbers on it, D7 and 220/10. He smiled as he recalled what had transpired in room 220 ten minutes after she and her VPLS left her 3 friends at the table with Hamish, John and "Wes".

"New Year's morning Wes turned back into Shane and Shane asked David, "Say I timed it last night and if I'm not mistaken your "tired-ness" seem to come on less than 10 minutes after her headache, makes a mind start to wander."

"Keep you mind on your mission and your mission is to fly us to Minny at warp 9."

"Hey, you made me fly out last night, how come you want me to fly again?"

"You flew out last night so I could dance the night away with some enchanted stranger and you are flying back because I was up most the night doing research."

As they finished the parking check, Shane said "Thanks for the trip, thanks for the layover techniques instruction, your layovers are well polished."

"Exactly."

As "old yellar" found the airport "Can't Fight This Feeling" by REO-Speedwagon was playing on the CD player. As he sat in his truck and watched an A319 slither up to Gate one he recalled D7, 220/10 and everything that came between. He could not remember her name, but who cares if he could be Pierre Beaucoup she could be someone else too, and may well had been. For that matter she may have been had well.
Dragging his bag into the terminal he greeted Annie "Who’s the rookie in the jetway?".

"LaVern, what made you think it was a new-hire?"

"The jetway tires just rolled over the FO’s flight bag."

"Well, if he needs one couldn’t he borrow yours?"

"No there are no pubs in my bag."

Annie lifted it and said, "It weighs 40 pounds, what’s in there?"

"Layover supplies."

"BS."

"No, I am not kidding, it’s hard to get everything into my suit case as the as I have four oilcans along."

"Let me guess, two layovers."

"Exactly."

As he was strolling up to the escalator his phone went off. "David, this is Fish, I've got a 'real world', when can we talk, uninterrupted and unmonitored for 30 minutes and it is extremely urgent and time compressed."

"Fish, I am jumping on the 4p out of Fargo so call my 'company' phone at precisely 5:15 and I will be in the mode, blenderees."

"Loose lips sink ships."

"Exactly."

After two crosswords, one cup of coffee and 3 thoughts of D7 the A319 was parked at gate C3 at MSP. David looked at his "unpilotlike" watch, a ten dollar WalMart and saw he was still early for the call so he called down to check in and gave them the usual snow job. A snowjob was also going on outside the terminal. January is usually fairly dry and cold in Minny, but today's weather was unseasonable, 6 inches of wet stuff."

"Check in Diane."

"David Hunter, I got called out by Bonnie, no time to check in so I'm checking out but I am at the gate F4".

"David, no problem I have you checked in but you've been gate changed to D7, light load."

"I will drag my bag to D7, it's one of my favorites gates, thank you Diane but please refrain from using my name and light load in the same sentence."
"Enjoy the pub David."

"Exactly."

As he turned the corner for F and mezzanine he checked his watch; and started walking a little faster. As he pulled into the bathroom stall made famous by Idaho lawmaker Larry Craig years later he saw his watch indicated 5:14. He dropped his uniform trousers, his boxer shorts signed by Barbara, and assumed the position and grabbed a small recorder into which he remoted his cel phone, not his private cel, his farm cel, but the other cel.

News at eleven, grab some popcorn.

"Chips."

"Fish."

"Authenticate QRS and verbal."

"11, hey courtesy flush please."

"I was at the meeting at Ft. Myers today, are you in the loop."

"I'm so in the loop that I have a "Reserved Parking, Any 2 Lt" sign I borrowed from the Fort Myers O'Club one summer evening in 1971."

"I wasn't invited or required to go, nor barred, however I smell a rat, hope we can kill the rat before the rats TOPOFF America. This meeting appears to be a passing of a torch, so to speak."

"Does the torch involve Mr. Hot Air, Clipper or Blow Daddy?" asked David now understanding the urgency.

"Yes, involved are POTUS, Able Danger and IW, savvy."

"Yes kimmosabe, I've gotta run, text me and I'll read it at the "Lengthy Portion" in Austin at about 8:30."

"Austin, Texas?"

"Exactly, Chips out."

"Fish out."

As he pulled his pants back up his mind was already at the Lengthy Portion and thinking of D7. As he turned to go he pulled the handle so it would sound like a normal pre-mission offload. He regretted the wasting of an eco-resource, but he also knew those he and Fish were pursuing were planning to waste the United States of America, and global commoners around the world. He was also offended that these rats would be so arrogant to name the ATT encryption deal "Clipper" and then prohibit airline crew members from having "clippers" in their carryon luggage. If their quarry knew what Fish and Chips knew
they would be thinking that FAC were reading their mail or their minds. And they would be accurate on both counts yet missing the third leg of this 3 legged stool. And like any other 3 legged stool if one leg is pulled the whole thing comes down like a prom dress or Hillary's campaign tent. Exactly, he thought.

As he walked up to D7 he saw the papers were gone so he went through the OPEN DOOR and went to the jet. Aircraft 3107 was already loaded and he looked into the cockpit to see Shotzi sitting in the right seat.

"Glad you could make it, your captainliness".

"Blow it out your wayzoo and give me the checklist."

"I did your stuff, my stuff, the FA stuff and "we" already did the check list."

This indicated that Andy had signed the release, briefed the "girls" and had read the challenge portion of the check list in a high voice and the responses in a lower voice.

As the chubby agent waddled into the cockpit with the final paperwork he said, "Where'd you come from?"

"Fargo, cleared to close, we're outta here."

As 'Tubby' waddled back up the jetway to finish off his Big Mac at Gate D7 the tug checked in, David cleared him to push and the A319 started going backwards.

"Shall I get us a clearance to push, your captainliness?"

"Do whatever makes you happy, I've got my mind on my mission."

"Does it involve a pub and a jukebox?"

"Lengthy Portion, D7."

"You really make work out of layovers don't you David."

"Exactly Andy, and you make flying a chore, lighten up and tell me the name of that song that has my name in it."

"Fields of Gold"

"Exactly."

Ding. Both Andy and David peered down at the acars and saw a message from dispatch. It indicated heavy rains and lots of wind were forecast soon after their arrival time at AUS.

David selected 'direct AUS' in the Nav and selected '.82 on the cruise mach' in the performance window. "Who's flying this pig, me or you, nobody cleared us for direct."
"You’re such a slave to convention, listen and learn." Kansas City Center, Blue Skies 815 needs to turn direct AUS and pick it up a little."

"Looks like you've already done so, what's up."

"Going around a thunder cel here near Omaha and heavy rains and winds forecast at destination at our ETA."

"Cleared direct to AUS, roger the speed, but you didn't expect me to believe the thundercell in January did you?"

"I wanted to give you something to work with."

"Thanks for thinking of me."

Actually David was thinking of D7 but one good turn deserves another so "You're very welcome Omaha, 815."
Looking at the updated ETA from the direct routing and increased speed David realized they'd have an extra 20 minutes of playtime.

As the parking check was done and the mechanics were on board to repair an MEL item the long time friends David and Andy headed to the curb to meet the van. The FAs had a short layover and were already in their van as David and Andy boarded the van to the downtown. "I love Going Downtown, don't you?" David asked.

"Yes in Texas, no in Viet Nam". Andy had been an F4 pilot in Thailand and although the flying war was over by the time he got there they both knew "going downtown" in 'Nam was slang for flying over Hanoi. As both Andy and David flew F4s and F16s as Hooligans they understood the danger of flying "mig-cap" for the strikers, typically F105 Thunderchiefs, long revered as "the Thud". The Thuds got the dangerous strikes due to their ability to outrun anything down low. To survive they had to be tree top level and on the mach, or faster. The flying was so dangerous it provided Jim Kasler, subject of the book "Tempered Steel" with 3 Air Force Crosses. No other Viet Nam pilot had 3 AF crosses, or if they did David Hunter didn't know it. James Salter who wrote the forward to "Tempered Steel" was also author of "The Hunters". David smiled as he knew before it was over the battle for America would involve a McConnell on one side and a Hunter on the other side as the Red Team tried to take down America, first in Global Guardian 01 and later in Terminal Fury 07, unless the Hunters and Killers could defeat the McConnells, or at least the red McConnells. Better dead than red David Hunter thought to himself, time to start a Hunter-Killer group. David had the name Killer on his flight suit name tags when he flew F16s. He had been Smoke in the F4 days. Flying ran in his DNA as his father had been the only 4 engine bomber pilot to shoot down two other four engined aircraft; two Japanese flying boats.

"Andy, have you read the book "Devil at My Heels" by Louis Zamperini, the 1936 Berlin Olympics miler?"

"No but there's the hotel, hold your thought what's the plan."

"Elevator, plus ten."
"Exactly."

"Hey, that's my line, no more plagiarism."

"You're so predictable."

"Oh yeah, plus 15 and Tin Pan Alley."

"OK, you're the Captain."

"Exactly."

Andy was 220 and David was 219. As they crammed their bags into the elevator they were joined by two young Texans, a thirties-something couple in comfortable "cowboy clothes."

"Are you folks familiar with Tin Pan Alley?"

"The Song by Stevie Ray Vaughan or the kickass country bar?"

"The boot-scooting bogey joint."

"We just came from there and good luck getting in, Willie's in town and they are set to start playing in 30 minutes."

"Thanks." As the elevator stopped at 2 the two Hooligans piled out and David rebriefed Andy, "We're back to plus 10, we may have to burn a favor to get in."

Eight minutes later the men were on the elevator going down, not as fast as a prom dress, but at a rate that Otis elevator, UT, GE and Gorelick would approve of. As they finished the short stroll to "Tin Pan Alley" they saw a long line outside and a more troubling sign which simply said "Willy $40."

"Nice works Chops, you're costing me $40 bucks". Chops was the less than respectful nickname Andy had given David years before while pulling alert in Fresno, California during the conversion from F4s to F16s. In the bar of the Piccadilly Inn David had been dancing with 3 oriental ladies to old 60s songs. There was another word in the nickname but I cannot reveal it because my daughters might read this book. Think @#%*-chops.

"Oh yea of little faith, there is always a back door, and I have a passkey, I promis."

"You left an e off the word promise David."

"Blow it out your ass Andy, you're a character in my book, not an editor. Promise means I will, and PROMIS means an embedded device which Al and Bill set up to get inside the agencies so they could cause FBI, DOJ and CIA not to "cross talk" about Amalgam Virgo 01, Global Guardian 01 or Terminal Fury 07". Andy learned his lesson quickly and did not bother pointing out to David that it was 5 Jan 01 and those three air defense exercises had not been flown yet. Good point, David would have thought, however they have been planned, and the planners would be on a Qui Tam suit delivered to AG at DOJ on 2 October, 2007.
As Andy nervously puffed on a Chesterfield David called the manager's phone line at Tin Pan Alley. Andy looked over his shoulder and saw TPA. "Hey numb nuts we are in Austin, not Tampa".

"Thanks for the vote of confidence Shotzi, but I keep the numbers of good night spots as I don't have enough storage in my cel phone for "charlie-sierra."

Inside a black plastic phone with a rotary dialer was picked up "Tin Pan, Tex speaking."

"Tex, Doug Miller, FBI, backdoor with 2."

"Right there pardner."

As the smoke wafted out it had a sweet smell to it and as Andy followed David through the "open door" he saw David slip Tex two $20s. Tex led them both to a pair of chairs on either side of the juke box. Before sitting down on the left chair David put on his reading glasses to see what was D7 on this juke box. "Sweet Dreams" by Patsy Cline was the last song playing while the band was tuning and mike checking.

David wished to follow the lyrics but he needed to check for Text after paying off Tex.

"Nice seats, Chops."

"Chips now, I'm on a mission. And by the way you are Roger Hanson and I am Fox Ramsey let me do some texting."

Chips looked at his company cel phone and read the text:

Hugh worried POTUS and -2 are planning another Operation Northwoods stop I used a couple of "get of jail free cards" to get this. Hugh briefed his I2 guy immediately and I understand Hugh is worried that NSA and the agencies are hacked. Is there any chance you can get out for a face to face, if so text the "usual 2" Fish. David looked at his watch and as Willy's band started cranking it up he texted back "tomorrow 7P/lengthy portion crystal city".

As Willy started singing "if you had not have fallen, I could not have found you, Angel flying too close to the ground, but I patched up your broken wings and hung around a while, tried to keep your spirits up, and your fever down". As David reached for his ringing cel phone, the personal line, Andy said "great seats Chops".

"Unknown rider, back in 5."

David walked into the men's room, found and open "sit down deal" and half-masted his Levis careful not to get them wet and answered "David Hunter".

"Oh I'm sorry, I was looking for Pierre Beaucoup" a demure and seductive unknown voice explained.

"Hang on a minute, were you in the Foggy Dew on New Year's Eve, and does 220/10 have a familiar ring."
"Well if you tell me the secret code, it might, Pierre."

"D7, boy am I glad you called, what time is it where you're at."

"4 in the morning and I couldn't sleep so that reminded me of Pierre, I hope you are well."

"A lot better since you called. I am really David Hunter, I am in a country bar in Austin Texas and Willy Nelson's on stage. I really am a BS pilot, a retired Hooligan but I have a third job and I think we need to hookup, when can I get ten minutes of focus time after I send you a blowfish text?"

"Text me right I away, I will answer and then we can get it hooked on a Clipper deal."

"Back in 10."

David walked back towards his chair but could see Andy had grown a lovely new friend who appeared to be ready to cut the rug, so knowing he would not be missed he slipped out the back door and dropped a roll of quarters in the door way to block it open. As he stepped a few feet closer to their dumpster he texted "D7, remind me what three jobs you have. FA Cyprus covers I/S Cyprus covers Intel who, was it Greece or Israel?" send

His vibrating instrument signaled the reply "all correct call now at number texted."

David took out his "company phone" and called D7, and wondered if her instrument was vibrating. "Anastasia speaking."

"Are you D7? If so authenticate room/time go."

"220/10 go."

"Anastasia, first of all who are you and how can it be "all"?"

"Anastasia Zaloumi and it is all. FA Cyprus covers international security Cyprus covers the companies in Greece and Israel through Geneva."

"Geneva a woman or city."

"Both in some sense Ellie Grabl lives in Geneva Switzerland and does good work for the Israeli company, she's deep, looks like an online personality as she filters the truth, tough as nails on bad guys and can talk the talk."

"Don't bore me with TMI, here's the deal my guy Fish at ONI/DNI smells a rat involving the Global Guardians and expects a Foxtrot Foxtrot sometime before 2 October, this year, we are inside NSA, CIA, FBI, DOJ and two private contractors."

"One in Gatineau with an office on K Street and one on K Street supporting OIF?"
“Gastineau?”

“No, he was a linebacker with the Giants, rather Gatineau, no 's'.”

“Linebacker reminds me of Viet Nam but continue.”

“Yes, we are inside their ops and inside their heads and we know what's cooking, can you please talk to Ellie and have her check with her banking friends to see if we have the collective assets to force them to shut down Global Guardian/Vigilant Guardian 01 set for the 11th of September?”

“Which year?”

“This year, 2001.”

“Ouch, that bites, let me contact the bankers.”

“Thanks Anastasia, perhaps our paths will cross again, hopefully outside the reach of RICO.”

“I'm digging what you're groovin', and I know where you head's at. By they way, if that dancehall has a jukebox, have you checked D7?”

“Sweet Dreams,” Patsy Cline, how 'bout at your end because my intent is for the ends to meet in the middle.

“I was at a disco in Athens and they had live entertainment but I did a box check and D7 was also "Sweet Dreams" but by the Eurythmics.”

“Some things are meant to be, let's stop these global guardians then go dancing.”

“Europe or Texas?”

“Wherever and whenever you want, ladies first, gotta go Hamish Watson is calling my cel line ending in 2993 so I will reconnect tomorrow, sleep well and ‘Sweet Dreams’. Click

“David Hunter speaking.”

“David this is Hamish, I have some troubling news, can we talk?”

“I am all ears, I have been with the Fish and the Fox so what does the Cockerel have for the Eagle?”

“The Fish told me over Clipper that Shelton had seen a "Millennium Alert After Action Review". Shelton got a copy to our Able Danger HUMINT guys. Clintons' cronies in the Laborers' union ('LIUNA') and the Canadian Privy Council cut-out boys were planning an 'al-Qaeda' attack on Y2K. They hired the Montreal-based saboteur Ahmed Ressam to act as al-Qaeda bomb maker. They paid him to trigger a TOPOFF Y2K decapitation.”
"Shelton apparently told the Fish that after Ressam was arrested on December 14, 1999, and they had to abort the mission, Clinton and Gore's cronies and their friends in the Canadian Privy Council felt they needed more TOPOFF rehearsals, hence Amalgam Virgo 01."

"The HUMINT experts told Fish and Shelton they thought the GGs would only fix a final date for "One Big Union, One Big Strike" after a Bilderberger meeting with John Kerry and George Robertson, the NATO boss in Gothenburg, Sweden, May 24-27 2001. They would then wait until after the Amalgam Virgo exercises on June 1-2 had identified blue-team vulnerabilities. They also wanted the snuff-film addicted Thomas Barnett to run his newrulesets.org exercise atop the North Tower on June 4 to find out which of the Cantor CO2e people had to be whacked".

David began to hear a note of desperation in Hamish's voice as the otherwise unflappable Brit continued.

"David, Maurice Strong and Al Gore have ordered Tomoye's lurkers to bug the White House, especially the Oval Office. They're going to monitor all Bush's communications and track his movements. They will, correction, they have to kill any one who tries to warn him."

Chapter 3 - Eve of Destruction
-January 18, 2001

Oval Office farewells, but Tomoye needs some favors before they go ...
Able Danger agents hacked the Total-Power Corporation and told Hamish they had found a decades-old weapons, sex, drugs and snuff-film network run by Al Gore, the Montreal mafia and top officials in the U.S. Department of Transportation. David Hunter begins to track ALPA decoy-and-drone pilots moving narcotics through Roger Clinton and the FAA Contract Towers program. Bill's Adam and Hillary's Eve watch CNN closed circuit TV to find the Tomoyeserpent wants favors before they go ..

The Board of Directors of the TOTAL S.A. and the POWER Corporation of Canada ('TOTAL-POWER') had motive, opportunity and weapons to execute the 9/11 attack .. 2001 .. Bertrand Collomb .. Chairman .. Lafarge Hillary Clinton boss 1990-1992 in alleged Iraqgate cluster-bomb weapons smuggling to Saddam with Power Corp's Canada Steamship Lines in Great Lakes.. Paul Desmarais Chairman, Power Corporation of Canada .. Chairman Pargesa Holding S.A (Switzerland)UN Oil-for-Food money laundering through Satan's [Saddam's] Bank with Bill Clinton's pardonee Marc Rich and Carlyle Group's Yeslam bin Laden where Canada Steamship Lines 86 kilos cocaine for Rizutto crime family, Montreal .. Michel Francois-Poncet .. Vice-Chairman .. BNP Paribas .. Member Supervisory Board of AXA 9/11 Dead-peasant life insurance scam on CO2e, Aon Corporation and FDNY Firefighters and the Order of the Solar Temple massacre (Massacres de l'OTS) in Quebec, Switzerland and France .. .. Robert Studer .. Former Chairman Union des Banques Suisses UBS - Long Term Capital hedge fund fraud andUNEP Signatory to Al Gore and Maurice Strong's carbon credit racket .. Serge Tchuruk Director Vivendi Universal snuff films with Naudet brothers, Luc Courchesne, Power Corp and in 2004 Al Gore and Current TV Thales QRS11 gyroscope, SMACSONIC designed as trilaminar Unabomb. Thales partnered Raytheon and Clinton pardonee John Deutch for Boeing Category IIIa landing with Maverick missile optronics on 9/11, Societe Generale Sponsor of Hillary, George Soros's insider trading conviction .. Lord Alexander of Weedon Q.C. .. Chairman House of Lords Delegated Powers and Deregulation Committee the UK Privy Council privatized MI6 special-weapons development to Serco - Laser guided bomb and alleged DOT/FAA Contract Towers drug trafficking services - and Qinetiq controlled by Carlyle Canada in turn controlled by Power Corp's Desmarais
Roger Clinton appears to run the drug trafficking network through Arkansas as a cut out for his White House brother (1993-2001) he develops a four-gram a day cocaine habit, getting his stuff from New York and Medellin suppliers worldwide control by Rizutto crime family of Montreal ... Arkansas becomes a major center of gun-running, drugs and money laundering ... flies cocaine from to a pickup point in Texas. Other drugs ... stuffed into chickens for shipping [DoT] around the country ... According to Wilson, "I lived in Little Rock, Arkansas, O.K.? And I worked at a club called Le Bistro's, and I met Roger Clinton there, Governor Bill Clinton, a couple of his state troopers that went with him wherever he went. Roger Clinton had come up to me and he had asked me could I give him some coke, you know ... And I watched Roger hand what I had given him to Governor Clinton, and he just kind of turned around and walked off." .. "Sally Perdue ... who said she had an affair with then-Gov. Clinton in 1983, told the London Sunday Telegraph that he once came over to her house with a bag full of cocaine ... "He smoked marijuana in my presence and offered me the opportunity to snort cocaine if I wanted to ... He did tell me that when he would use a substantial amount of cocaine that his head would itch so badly that he would become self-conscious at parties where he was doing this ... A drug pilot brings a Cessna 210 full of cocaine into eastern Arkansas where he is met by his pick-up: a state trooper in a marked police car. "Arkansas ... was a very good place to load and unload."

He was having a sweet dream and had almost achieved his goal when the sound of a telephone ringing terminated his pursuit.

"David Hunter."

"David, Hamish here, I don't want to disturb you..."

"Well then get off the phone and let me get back to D7, can't your bundle of creative energy wait until the intercept is completed? And another thing, it is 4 in the morning and I need my beauty rest so when I get to the Lengthy Portion I will be presentable to the Fish and the minnows."

"Sorry mate, this cannot wait."

"Please don't say sorry and mate in the same sentence, it gives me performance anxiety."

"TMI David, go to the pharmacy and regain your Mojo but I have some very significant progress to report."

"OK Hamish, D7 has faded, call me on the "company clipper."

As he found his way thru room 1967 of the Detroit Westin Airport he wondered why they only leave 2 portions of coffee in a $200 per night hotel room. At the coffee machine he saw the matchbook which again turned his mind back to the Foggy Dew. His mind was in a foggy dew also, perhaps from the early wakeup, perhaps from the recently vacated liter of BS that sat idle in the garbage can, next to the sandwich bag which had the olives in it, and toothpicks.

"Eagle, ID plus 2."
"Hawk, Foggy Dew, Tin Pan Alley."

"OK professor, bore me with the details."

"If this bores you David you are indeed callous. Alpha Delta has hacked Total-Power Corp and I believe we are on the Eve of Destruction."

"Are you referring to the 1965 hit by Barry McGuire or the Biblical prophesy regarding end times?"

"If we don't work fast and get a little help from our friends I believe you can't forget ever listening to oldies again."

"What's the deal?"

"We are inside the outgoing -2's "circle" and it looks like he and his Canadians buddies are in custody of a dynamic that includes weapons, sex, drugs and snuff-films". [A]

"Is it the AT network?"

"More accurately the AG network, think the intersection of Tipper and Clipper."

"What can I do to assist in the defense O learned one?"

"See if Amelia can be with you and the Fish when you meet at the Lengthy Portion at 7 tonight in Crystal City."

"Sorry mate, that was last time in Chapter 2, turn the page update and think 1789 Club, 6 pm, the Ratskeller near Georgetown."

"I cannot keep up with your layover permutations, and even if I could you'd change it anyway for 'security purposes' wouldn't you?"

"Please refrain from using wooden and ewe in the same sentence professor".

"I simply meant it's a waste of time trying to keep pace with your layover plans."

"Exactly."

"Hawk out."

"Eagle out."

As he turned on the coffee maker he looked at his WalMart and saw it was 0422. Fish would not appreciate an early wake up call so he turned on his Walkman and was going to listen to some quiet music and wait for his own alarm to go off at 6. He couldn't remember the last song he heard last night so he had no idea what the next song on the CD would be. He thought about selecting "Over You" by Gary Puckett and the Union Gap, but that would be cheating, which is actually the theme of "Woman,
Woman", perhaps their biggest hit. No, the next song was "First We Take Manhattan" by Joe Cocker who he believes was really Leonard Cohen. The coffee light indicated "done". Right as JC was starting to sing.

David could not believe Joe Cocker's words, JC was singing David's life:

"They sentenced me to twenty years of boredom" [ ALPA will get me retired early 2007]

"For trying to change the system from within" [ "McConnell v ALPA & Boeing" lawsuit]

"I'm coming now, I'm coming to reward them" [ CV49, this book, and the April surprise]

"First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin" [ GG disinfo to suggest target 3 is Berlin]

As he took his first sip of coffee he thought that the Global Guardians were a little sloppy not only in their planning; but also the broad network to which they trusted those Plans. It appear to "the committee" that the Montreal mafia migrated north from Manhattan to Montreal to exist outside the "reach of RICO". While we can't slow the book down to put a link the "Manhattan Transfer" a vocal group, we can address the "broad network". The Global Guardians enlisted some lesbians to be plants in the US Depart of Justice, the Pentagon and perhaps the White House. While the Global Guardians may think it's cute to put lesbians in position of power the Higher Power does not and according to Van Morrison, the Higher Power will resolve this issue. The Global Guardians committed another "fatal error"; when planning "Global Guardian, Vigilant Guardian, 2001" it appears they failed to "run it by a pilot". However, David Hawkins would be "laying in the weeds" on 9/11/01 if the Global Guardians were foolish enough to try and fly Darleen Druyen's Drones [ DDD, not DDE or DDT, also lethal ] into the recently reinsured Twin Towers for great financial gain. As "Joe Cocker" sang the last line of the song "First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin" it occurred to David that after they try, for the second time, to strike terror in the hearts of Americans and the world by having Muslim patsies appear to destroy iconic buildings which needed to come down anyway due to "asbestos" issues, they would try to broaden the terror outside of North America, but David knew they would not. David and the Professor had a human behavior expert in their "committee", code named COIN, and he taught David, The Professor and the committee how to tell when politicians were lying. Their lips move. Exactly.

Noticing it was 5 am David reached for his "company line" and dialed the Fish's Clipper line ending in 1979. Had it been 5 pm he would have taken the time to insert a url for Jimmy Buffet's song "It's 5 o'clock Somewhere", except it hadn't been recorded yet.

"Fish authenticate 2."

"Chips, Ratskellar, 1789 club/6P."

"What's up David"?

"We need to change the location and perhaps the time. In as much as "the eastern world, it is exploding" is going to have their meeting with GW in Annapolis in November 2007, let's make them nervous by meeting at Annapolis this evening. I've got to call Amelia and get her in the loop, then I will call on your Navy phone and leave a message. When you see a call coming in from my farm phone, let it go to a recording, Chips out."
"Fish out". click, click

Looking as his Wal-Mart he realized Amelia would not be up as she was taking the week off and she and Bruce would be on the sailboat tied up in Annapolis. He meant the sailboat would be tied up, not his sister Amelia, she and her husband Eric Bruce were not into kinky things like most Washington insiders. That why they were Outsiders, like the Group who did the 60's song "Time Won't Let Me" a good one to cut the rug on. How lovely he thought to himself, Fish, Chips, Amelia and Bruce all in one spot for a "meeting of the bored". As he strolled across room 1967 he grabbed the second cup of coffee and his mind went back to 1967 and he thought of how he felt as a high school senior nominated to attend the US Naval Academy by General Hunter H. Harris IV, PacAF commander.

General Harris had signed an inaccurate but powerful endorsement of young David Hunter that would enable him to get into the Class of 1971 at USNA, a class that would have red team and blue team players in "Global Guardian" some 30 years later. Captain "Chic" Burlingame was, sadly, the Captain of AA 77 which was taken out over the Atlantic and vaporized while the Happy Hooligan flight of 3 that scrambled off Langley AFB at 0932 on 9/11 and then were intentionally sent on a "rabbit trail", 090/60, thereby preventing them from a VID of the Raytheon modified A3 Skywarrior that followed an AGM through a 16 foot hole in the wall; which promised to be the "chink" in their armor. When Gen Shalikashvili would later open the books of the US DOD to the Chinese while slick willy was closing military bases, sending jets to Davis-Monthan and parking ships into mothball storage "chink" and "armor" would raise their ugly synergistic heads and lay the planning of 9/11 squarely on the GGs who among their other handicaps included a man with a "gadget bent". Even Don Quixote kept his spear straight, getting to seek and find the target, then engage and penetrate. One cannot do much good with a bent gadget, just ask Gennifer Flowers. Can't push a rope. Exactly.

David sipped slowly as he listened to the special song Anastasia had sent him during the night. That special song by the Raspberries reminded him of Keith Whitley "Don't Close you Eyes" and he googled YouTube and found it and listened to it. If Shotzi were on this trip he would probably pound on the wall and suggest to David that the google YouTube hookup hadn't been invented yet. Shotzi was such a slave to convention, and a real drag to the story line, just like the woman in Bob Dylan's song "Postively 4th Street" [.you'd know what a drag it is to see you.]. As Keith Whitley finished scripting David's vision of Anastasia with her "eyes wide open" he thought how the "the god of this age" had blinded the Global Guardians and much of dumbed down America, according to their plan in 1892 "Banker's Manifesto" to enslave America. When the elitist bankers from Europe sat around the table in Omaha in 1892 they did not have in their minds the predictive father of a Minnesota aviator [Charles Lindberg's dad] or of the second aviator from Minnesota with Eagle like vision, who also possessed "negative dynamic stability". Just like an F-16. Exactly.

The clipper line rang and David was withdrawn from his musical mystery tour and planted back into real time, 0666, and David thought, my WalMart has been "possessed" or else I should put my reading glasses on. As he slipped on his cheaters so he could see who was calling so early he thought, shouldn't be Amelia, she's on vacation, djG was. In the id portion of his clipper phone, djG indicated it was Ellie Grabl in Geneva whereas DJA would have suggested Anastasia in Athens.

"Fish authenticate usual 2."
"KGB, N, O."
"Good morning Dancer, what's up?"

"Chips, I have Fox on the line and we have some news for the committee."

"Good morning Fox, I am in Detroit and will be leaving for a meeting of the bored in DC around 1 pm, what do you ladies from Europe have in the way of Good News."

"Fox asked me to talk to the bankers and see if we had the assets to thwart the global guardians. They will be cross talking and get back to us later but for now it looks like 50/50, sorry I can't be the barer of better news."

And yet another country heard from to wit:

"And Chips, I have talked to Aristotle in Athens regarding CSL and he knows what they hauled to NYC for the big deception and he suggested we should be aware that some of the stuff found in Iraq after DS appeared to be enroute to, coded, 'Split Crow'. Does that coded portion make sense to you; it's all Greek to me."

"Wait a minute, get back in character Anastasia, you are Greek."

"Sorry David, it sounds like Navajo to me."

"I'm picking up what you're laying down and I know where Aristotle's head's at. He thinks the explosives taken on board by CSL from Syria are headed to the NATO logistics base in Halifax, Nova Scotia."

"Chips, Dancer here, why do you believe it to be, not 2B, but to be Halifax?"

"Best pub in Canada, the Split Crow, it is behind the Delta hotel in Halifax, near the museum of nautical history. Remember the big explosion in Halifax Bay in WWI? Those who do not learn from history are likely to wish they could read more and see more."

"David, Dancer here did you say 'Seymour' like Seymour-Johnson, the AFB in NC?"

"Negative Dancer, I said SEE MORE, remember I am the "eye in sky", not Hawaiian Eye, or the Illuminati eye at the pyramid on the US Federal Reserve notes."

"Chips, Fox here, do you suggest that you know more about the GGs than they know about you?"

"Exactly."

"David, pardon my kosher view, but you are getting predictable."

"I'm sorry Ellie, let me rephrase. When you opined that perhaps I was suggesting verbally to the Greek Fox and the Kosher Banker in Geneva that I have the big picture to a greater degree they any of the limp-wads in the Global Guardian tent you opined essentially the essence of my previously vague opinion."
"It sounds all Greek to me David but you can lay it out for me in a pub someday."

"Exactly."

"Chips out."

David presumed Dancer and the Fox carried on their conversation for a while you know how ladies love to talk. David was more laconic and a great listener. He had learned to "listen" at a young age. He "listened" to General Hunter Harris talk sadly about his involvement in the transfer of narcotics from the "golden triangle" to the streets of America through Hickam, Dover and Travis. While Hickam doesn't evoke a song, and Travis evokes a singer named Randy, "golden triangle" evoked thoughts of Dover, and Dover Soul. Not the fish but rather "eternity". After the Dover Deal David realized that the Eve of Destruction could be the beginning or the end. It would not be up to David [ Ben Dover ? ] or the agent [ Eileen Dover ] or the elusive Hamish [ I grew up near Dover and my lineage goes back to John Hawkins, privateer with Sir Francis Drake ]

"Hamish, step out of character for one line. TMI, brevity please, become more laconic."

"Actually Eagle you were suggesting something in the story, I wasn't even Clipper hooked with you in that line".

As David had these things running circles through his mind he considered how it was all related: DDE, DDD, DDT and brevity.

Dwight D Eisenhower had been a fearless man from a plains state who would lead men it to battle, and win the war. He then went on to lead his nation. He then went on to warn his nation. Sort of like Chips was doing. DDE was USMA, Chips was USNA. As academy grads and men paid to engage, they knew the military-industrial complex was no complex at all; the cowards made money killing the brave military guys. DDE tried to fix it, David Hunter was obligated to try.

DDD was Darlene Druyan’s Drones. She was an associate of the treasonous and cowardly Global Guardians. On page 405 of David R-feller’s book he admits he is working to bring down America, although he doesn’t work fast. If you checked his DNA against the DNA of a sitting chief exec one might find a family relationship that runs on a rabbit trail through Hope. The DDDs of 9/11 were laser guided for specific corporate targets in towers 1 and 2. Apparently the "bad banker’s" thought America was so blind they would really believe that jet fuel burning at 1200 degrees max could melt steel and then by hitting two towers they could cause the third leg of the 3 legged stool to go down, 20 minutes early. The Global Guardians perhaps need some Viagra so the "tower" doesn't go down 20 minutes early. Just because BBC reports WTC 7 'has been destroyed' with the VNN BBC female reporter 20 minutes prior to its actual "controlled demolition" that Larry Silverstein alluded to doesn't mean it is true. All these three legged agencies should listen to "Big Daddy" and seek the truth.

DDT? That’s an issue for googling, we don’t want to slow up the script discussing the true history of DDT and agent orange and other lovely things seeking to destroy us useless eaters, we need to keep this book, originally titled Sweet Talking Woman rolling along like a Thud; fast and low. And another thing, I need to find that Sweet Talking Woman and visit the Golden Triangle. Not the one from which Hunter Harris’ assets hauled drug, but rather another asset. Isn’t English a lovely language, it is possible to put ass and set into a 5 letter word thereby laconic communication.
As he relaxed in a hot bubble bath his mind wandered back to Fox and Dancer. He smiled when he thought of Dancer's contributions and also her being the special one. She lived at the corner of Israel and Banker in Geneva, hence KGB, 'Kosher Geneva Banker' and because of her thick accent she was never required to give two code words, simply N O which was encryption for 'no'. She picked the name Dancer as she felt certain that the three stooges planning GG would probably try to suggest that some Dancing Jews had celebrated 9/11. Of course those stooges were not clever enough to understand that Fish and Chips, Hawk and Eagle would hack them the moment they started planning. Fish and Chips had been with Danny Casolaro drinking beer when he anticipated his own tub murder. Fortunately DC Danny had given DC Fish the DC key to Octopus. The DC key got Hamish into the VPN, their plan, and their heads. Frankly, David didn't give a rip about all the three legged stools that proliferate, infiltrate and denigrate WDC, he had his mind on his mission and his mission was to follow the VPLs to the GT. He hoped his timing was good which reminded him that it about time to do the elevator deal down to lobby and stroll through the lobby, across the traffic lanes, and into the brand new terminal and see what gate his Thales guided Airbus might be parked at. As he tried unsuccessfully to get D7 out of his head he realized he was getting late, L-A-T-E, and needed to "get it on done the road", or in this case, an elevator. As he hurriedly rushed out of 1967, to which the slave to convention Shotzi would have pointed out was redundant he gave thanks that Shotzi was on a golf course or a bar stool and he was flying this trip with David T. Smith, a former B-52 AC/IP who may or may not have been the guy who did this fly by of the USS Neverdock. Loose lips sink ships. Exactly.

Looking up at the monitor he was that 815 to Memphis leaving from A25. On his way to Gate A25 he passed Karen Birmingham near a little English Pub style restaurant so he couldn't fight this feeling, he had to check the Juke box and see what song was A25 on the Wurlitzer. Another employee in street clothes came up as said, "pilots are not supposed to be in bars with their uniforms on".

"Are you suggesting I remove my uniform and stand here in my Boxer Shorts signed by Barbara?"

"Which Barbara?"

"I don't have time to educate the world; I need to save the world. You figure which Barbara had access to my BS, the schrub, the lawmaker from Gay Bay, or the one in the song by Bobby Vee, to summarize please don't ask about Barbara."

Dropping his 2 quarters in the slot he heard the first few lines flyin me down to Memphis, gotta find my Daisy Jane by America and he thought no, actually David T. Smith would be flying me down to Memphis cause I gotta find my Sweet Talking Woman and visit the Golden Triangle. Exactly.

Looking at his WalMart he saw he needed a battery for his WalMart. At least DTS had done the "captain upgrade" routine and signed the release and taken the papers to brief the girls. David had his mind on another mission, finding some lead for his pencil then debriefing the Sweet Talking Woman while David T. Smith was flying me down to Memphis. If Shotzi was here he'd probably ask David Memphis, Egypt or Memphis, Tennesse. Of course the unpredictable whistleblower-to-be would say, you're doing the flying if it's Egypt we will have couscous with Mosni H and if it's Tennessee we'll have bar-b-que with Elvis, surprise me. But Shotzi was somewhere else, thank whoever.

"David, this isn't going to work if we use our names, the girls will think they are living the 1980 movie
Airplane while the 3 crewmembers are saying "huh" doing down the runway. Therefore I will be Fox and you will be Bravo."

"Too predictable Alpha, so I'll be Bravo and you'll be Alpha and you can be Fox next time. Besides, it's 1258 and we have two minutes to push."

"If you're waiting on me you're backing up, MSD" said Alpha as he hit the beacon and released the parking brake". Bravo smiled, flying with Alpha was always stimulating. It would not be inaccurate to suggest he rested up for the layovers.

"I'm picking up what you're laying down Bravo and you are right, it's in a Gordon Lightfoot song, but we don't have for this now, my mind's on my mission. We can discuss Gordon Lightfoot and his song "If You Could Read My Mind" later at the pub."

"The Lengthy Portion?"

"Not exactly. Brakes released, cleared to push". Push it good, push it real good was in the lyrics to a song, but he couldn't remember where or when. Actually, he could remember "Where or When" a hit from around 1960 by Dion and the Belmonts, but it was "rodeo" time and they needed to "get it on down the road, to Memphis, and Bar-b-Q.

"Blue Skies 815, Tower, cleared to go 22R turn right to 240, climb to 5 and out of 2 contact departure on 123.77."

"BS 815 cleared to go" and then to Bravo Alpha suggested "let 'er rip, potato chip."

Which was really unnecessary as Bravo was at TOGA power and thru eighty-knots. However, it's very important for the CVR to record the proper verbals in case of an unfortunate incident during the flight. As Bravo was concentrating on his mission, flying the A320 and doing all the PNF duties, Alpha was thinking 6 years and 10 months out into the future and a Toga party of another type that may take place in Crawley or Dover. He just simply couldn't get it out of his mind. Speaking of 6-10 Alpha's father had been a POW at Ofuna, Japan in WWII and had a good friend, Bill Harris, a 6 foot 10 Marine. During their prisonerhood in Ofuna the two young friends, Glenn, the 4-engine fighter pilot and Bill, the 6-10 Marine, spoke of family. Both were bachelors. Bill mentioned his father was a 3 star Marine general, Field Harris. That gave Glenn an idea, if I ever get out this place, and I get married and I have a kid I am going to name him Field. Field Harris was a USNA 1917 graduate rising to Lt General. Glenn wondered if perhaps it would be possible that his son would graduate in 1971 and rise to 3 stars also. Not exactly. His son would graduate from Annapolis in 1971 but be forced to retire and go undercover to "watch Arkansas" as General Hunter Harris had suggested in 1967 on the 31st of January. HH had stopped by 105 Beard Avenue, Hickam AFB, to say goodbye to David's father. To young David he said, "If those letters Jim Jones wrote do the trick and you get in and out of Annapolis don't compromise your integrity like I have done. When history is written no one will remember me for being a bomber pilot or a general but rather as the PacAF commander who was extorted into facilitating the transfer of narcotics from the Golden Triangle thru Hickam, Dover and Travis to the streets of America." David saw his eyes start to tear a little, and smelled a hint of juniper. [FM]

"General Harris, I promise not to compromise my integrity but don't be hard on yourself, the world is hard on all of us. I will try very hard to graduate from Navy and if I do and someone tries to
"compromise" me I PROMISe not to let them do it. And also General Harris I promise not to write the
details of this conversation down until 20 years after your death, which I hope doesn't come for a long,
long time.

"Alpha, mind it I turn 'em loose?"

"Do whatever you think appropriate, I'm trying to remember the lyrics to Fabian's 1958 hit "Turn me
loose". Whatever you do with the seat belt sign is between you and the passengers. Please do the PA
when you're ready I am going to lean back and plan a mission."

"Does this mission reside at the intersection of IT and GR?"

"Exactly."

As Bravo briefed the passengers Alpha was debriefing Fox, the readers of this revelation of the truth of
911 were trying to figure out if IT and GR was a coded reference to GRIT, half of True Grit, both a movie
done by John Wayne and what would be needed to save America and the world from the global
guardians in the election of 2008. Election with an L. David also wondered if the sloppy dummies who
planned Amalgam Virgo knew what you get when you combine Pappy Boyington, Joe Foss, John Wayne
and Joe McConnell. Before he could think up the answer he nodded off to D7 land after a little Wynken,
Blynken and Nod, not a Dutch law firm but rather a poem by Eugene Field, who also penned "Little Boy
Blue". In his dream he was getting ready to "pen" something also when Bravo said in a calm fashion
"Bravo, not to disturb your slumber but we just lost the Blue System, do you want the ECAM or COM?"

"Do whatever you think appropriate, I will be right back."

Bravo decided there was no hurry to solve the B system as they still had the Green and the yellow and
Memphis was coming into view as he started down out of 310.

"Welcome back Alpha, we're out of 310 on the arrival and there's Memphis, we better do the ECAM
then COM."

After parking at gate B24 in MEM as Bravo was doing the checklist Alpha said, "gotta run, see you in 30
minutes". Seeing that he still had 33 minutes before Fish Earhardt and Cockerel time maybe some BBQ
would do. Corky's or Interstate? He did a mental coin flip and 5 minutes later was having pulled pork at
the interstate. That reminded him of the taffy-pulling global guardians.

At 3 pm straight up his uniform trousers went straight down as his company phone rang.

"Chips Lengthy Portion 7P."

"Cockerel, QRS 11."

"Standby Cockerel, bringing Amelia on board."

"Earhart, DOJ-3."

With the horrid sound of CEOs being sent swimming in the stall next to him, David covered his phone
and said "courtesy flush please" uncovering the phone during the courtesy flush Chips said "Amelia, Cockerel has some stuff for you and I will be "in town" tonight so I will bring Fish and we three can meet you at your choice of place and time based on "your world". I am bowing out but Cockerel can brief you presently and then Fish and I will meet you at the soon to be texted U2, not the Irish band nor the Lockheed spy jet but the real U2. Chips out. Click

As he stood to go he thought of standing tall in the forthcoming fight. If the GGs knew what Fish and Chips knew they probably cancel Global Guardian 01. Standing tall is something John Wayne always did, Burton Cummings sang about and we are led to do. Those of us who know how to play "follow the leader". His vibrating instrument went off and he read the text "Ramarundel 8P" He texted and CCed Ramshead Annapolis 8p to Fish, Cockerel and back to Earhart so they would all be on the same page. As he left the men's room he realized that he still needed batteries for his Wal-Mart and he picked up the pace, not Peter Pace the CJCS taken out before Global Thunder 08, but his pace of moving quickly to B24, walking through the open door and wondering what Earhart and Cockerel were going to lay bare to Fish and Chips at the Ramshead Bar in Annapolis, Md which happens to be in Anne Arundel County, Md. David knew that Hamish and Amelia were the best of the best at what they did. He was no slouch either, when it came to D7 and VPLs he was the "right man for the job". A good man is hard to find, and vice versa.

Exactly.

His instrument vibrated near B24 and he was in a hurry but the woman on the line was communicating another panic situation. "Chips, Ramshead 8P"

"Cut the c/s little brother, I just found out through listeners that Bill and Hillary are in a panic; appears they saw a CNN/VNN closed circuit TV show in the Oval Office before leaving with the FBI records and China service. Tomoye's paramilitaries ambushed them in a virtual war room. They were forced to watch a private showing of a snuff film from the TOTAL-POWER Radio Canada archives - a gory Haitian voodoo ceremony attended by cocaine-snorting Bill back in 1995. They were texted with a list of painful consequences if a list of sinners, including John Deutch, Roger Clinton and Marc Rich didn't get pardoned in 48 hours. Tomoye's leaders told them to extort the enemy with stolen FBI files. They had to make sure Norman Mineta, Secretary of Commerce after the Arkancided Ron Brown and William Daley, Gore's presidential campaign chairman in the Clinton administration, got a U.S. Department of Transportation gig with the incoming Bushies.

"Yes big sister, I picked up what you laid down the first time and we can fill in Fish and Cockerel at the Ramshead. One favor please, no more sentences including Eve and Cockerel in the same breath."

"Granted, little brother but why?"

"Eve, Cockerel and Hillary in one sentence are more than I can bear."

"Wow, you are correct, never again."

"Actually that was Ashcroft former AG. He penned a book "9/11 never again" and then he showed his cards by never riding on Boeing airliners again."

"DOJ3 out" click
David thought to himself, what do Nancy Pelosi and Robert Ashcroft know that the traveling public should know? Boeing's were illegally modified and exported, like Adam Air 574, Kenya Airways 507 and other accidents waiting to happen. Exactly.

Chapter 4 - Al-Qaeda’s pardoned networks, hidden under Bush
-January 20 - 25, 2001

Al-Qaeda's pardoned networks, hidden under Bush
Amelia witnesses Tomoye's theft of US Investigations Services files. Hillary is told to pardon Roger Clinton, John Deutch and Marc Rich. Hamish predicts FAA Contract Towers boss Willie Card will be Arkancided. MIT Plasma and Fusion lab's Dr. Nano al-Umina sees John Deutch giving Molten Metal tips to Raytheon and Bombardier. Elie Grabl learns how UN Oil-for-Food assets bypass U.S. Coast Guard, aided by mafia crews of TOPOFF scriptwriter, Canada Steamship Lines. Hunter sees Mineta move al-Qaeda SWAT teams from Commerce to Transportation into networks hidden under Bush.

**US Investigations Services** is a private-espionage network set up in July of 1996 under the Office of Personnel Management for Hillary Clinton. The network was operated by Tomoye agents in the mobbed-up labor unions and The Carlyle Group to help Clinton neutralize their collective enemies. USIS gave Hillary the files/films she needed to force Bill into issuing the January 20 pardons of selected 'al-Qaeda' assets and ensure the Bush appointment of Norman Mineta as Transportation Secretary. USIS then began placing assassins and saboteurs inside FAA, NORAD, CNN, FBI, CIA, WTC and Pentagon communications networks to disrupt US defenses against the decoy-and-drone maneuvers and triphibious attacks planned for 9/11.

Osama bin Laden is quoted, "We have three independent networks to move al-Qaeda assets around the
world and all the resources of the British and Americans cannot stop us" .. "It matters not whether Muslims or Socialists destroy America" PATCO agents say "Our struggle must not go unheeded, but rather, it should be allowed to have as much publicity as possible for the sake of future generations of Labor .. no matter if we are seen as right or wrong" Written by a fired PATCO Controller January 1985. Air Traffic Controllers who work in the private sector control towers .. are under contract by the FAA to private contractors Willie Card's principal contractor during 2001 was Serco Goose Bay which appears to have developed the laser-guided decoy-and-drone maneuvers used during Tomoye's TOPOFF exercises on 9/11.

Bravo looked at his expensive pilot watch and asked Alpha, "What time is the rendezvous tonight?"

Alpha looked at his WalMart and had a malox moment, "Oops, you taxi the aircraft and let's get this eastbound and down, as in the song by Jerry Reed that was used in "Smokey and Bandit", starring Burt Reynolds.

Bravo was a quick study and really enjoyed working with Alpha, so as long as he was doing the captain's job anyway he got mentally into character "Memphis Tower, Blue Skies 815, we've just learned that Senator Fred Thompson is on board and has an urgent meeting to attend ASAP in Washington, request immediate takeoff."

"Blue Skies 815, negative, you are number 14 to go amongst the eastbounds, stay in sequence."

"The Senator mentioned a Senate vote on issues involving Willie Card's contract tower benefits package" responded the nearly erudite and generally laconic Bravo.

"Delta 666, cancel takeoff clearance and clear 36C to the east, Blue Skies 815 cleared for takeoff from the feeder, turn right to 040 heading, climb unrestricted to 170,"

"Roger all that tower, Blues Skies 815, rolling."
"Bravo, do you realize you just took off without my saying MSD for the cockpit voice recorder?"

"O yea of little faith Alpha, I lowered my vocal two octaves and said if for you, really doesn't matter what we do as long as the CVR sounds good."

"Thank you Bravo, by the way how did I sound good when you put my voice on the CVR for me?"

"Gravelly voiced, tempered steel, perhaps your finest MSD ever."

"Thank you Bravo, now do all the pilot stuff while I plan my mission with the Fox."

"Time and location unchanged oh yee of little effort."

"If I weren't so laconic I would point out that in 1968 The Chambers Brothers had a good song call Time, about the plight of the homeless, something I can relate to as the Federal Bankruptcy Court will be making me homeless in September of 2005 in a sham C13 Plan denial, but I can't waste time worrying, that's 4 years up the road now. Get this pig rolling to DCA at warp snort, I have a mission to plan with the Fox, good night."
As Bravo did the PF and PNF duties he noticed Don Quixote was getting ready to attack, Alpha must have D7 just about talked into it. As Alpha chased Fox which resulted in the Fox on the Run. Bravo thought he knew when Alpha was about ready to score so he pushed the "fire test" button. DQ's spear melted and Alpha said, with his eyes still shut, "silence the warning, do the ecam, the com, all the briefings and if you ever cause another case of "gadget bent" I will break your little co-pilot fingers, any questions your 'pawnlyness'?

"Sorry."

"I just about had the Fox finished off so no more false fire warnings, and while I get my intercept completed you write a list of every false flag event beginning in 1865, good night". As Bravo realized his error in awakening "Aristotle" before he could satiate "Jackie" he realized he didn't have any idea what a false flag was unless it was a hanky one male waves to another if he thinks some breasts have been surgically enhanced.

The omniscient slumber-jack in the left seat spoke "I know what you're thinking about and that is not a false flag. However since confusion and innocence seem to hold you captive those "store bought knockers" are easily determined with a brief digital exam your pawnlyness. I'm going back for coffee, monitor yourself while I am gone."

"Shall I put on my O2 mask while you're out getting coffee?"

"No, that's just what they'd think you'd do, remember the rat-bastards that make up these silly rules up are not pilots, probably a bunch of management grad school guys, attorneys or worse."

"I object Alpha, what could be worse than an attorney."

"I stand corrected, o heir to the left seat, please effort to redact that on the CVR, and that is cockpit voice recorder, not Convair. Convair was the maker of the CV580, the B58 Hustler and Elvis Presley's four engine jet named "Lisa Marie". I have been in 2 of these 3 aircraft and the one I have not been in is the one that John Denver's father flew in the Air Force."

As the unreinforced cockpit door was pulled shut and left unlocked, a senior flight attendant from Cobra Airways said "Captain, you should lock the cockpit door."

"And why should I proceed thusly" enquired the inquisitive and laconic Hunter?"

"What if 19 young Muslim men with box cutters stormed the cockpit, and flew us precisely into the window of Captain Gerald DeConto's office after he saw the 3 minute ROE violation and sought permission to deploy defensive weapons?"

"First of all, that is Amalgam Virgo 01 and that will not be practiced until the first and second of June so leave that False Flag dress rehearsal until after you find me some coffee. And secondly if 19 young Muslims tried to get into my cockpit I'd put my right knee into their "bits and pieces", reach down their throat and pull their heart out."

"That's hostile."
"Hog style, dog style, any style as long as the mission is completed, thanks for the coffee, and if after I go up to my duty position 19 Muslims with weapons show up and wish to "tour the cockpit" tell them the "door is open" but that there is a naked woman up there with the 2 pilots."

"In your dreams."

"Muslim men are obliged to kill themselves if they see a woman naked, so if you see incredulity in their eyes, start to remove your uniform and I personally guarantee they will turn and run."

"Because of their devotion to Allah?"

"Not exactly, thanks for coffee and the tutelage in Captain's responsibilities". As Bravo started giving the "30 minute out briefing" on the PA. Alpha thought, he's a great pilot but his timing is a little off. That secret code thing didn't exist until after the False Flag of 9/11 rehearsed at Tyndall AFB, Panama City, Florida in June of 2001.

Settling into his comfortable and electrically operated Captain seat he asked Bravo, "Did I ever tell you about William Tell, 1986 when the Sweet Talkin' Woman and I beat every other aircrew in the World Wide Weapons meet in Profile ½?". [ FM ]

"No but put it on the back burner, we've been cleared for the Mt Vernon visual to 36, they asked us to hurry down so gear down, flaps 1 and do that Captain stuff Alpha".

"Do it yourself, MSD, I want to see wedge one of the Pentagon where a Raytheon modified A3 Skywarrior will do a 4 G sliceback from 7 thousand to the lawn and then fire an AGM into Gerald DeConto's window then be vaporized by SMACSONIC so there would no evidence except the planted evidence."

"Where do you come up with this?"

"DeConto is really Donald Cortege, get it DC-DC-DC, we can sort it out at the chaa-chaa palace, get this pig to the gate, my mind is on my mission."

As Alpha got out his company phone to remind Fish and Amelia his instrument started to vibrate, looking at the sender ID he responded "Fox, Chips go plain".

"Chips, Fox is at the curb at Dulles, update."

"Annapolis Ramshead 9p delete readback, hire a cab and tell him Arlington National Cemetery, main gate fast, and hand him a fifty as you get in the cab."

"Will that cause him to drive faster?"

"He will drive faster and also while he figures if it's real or counterfeit he won't have a chance to look up your skirt as you settle into the back seat."

"See you in less than 25 minutes."
"Chips out."

"Fox out."

As Camilla Curmudgeon and her two dwarfs waddled to the van, "Camilla nice working with you three, Bravo and I are heading to an ALPA safety conference in Annapolis so enjoy the layover and we'll meet you at the airport tomorrow for the flight back to Minny."

At that moment a long black 96 Cadillac limo with 2 blue flags, each with 4 silver stars on them slithered up, the trunk opened and a tall young driver, 6 foot 4, hopped out and said "Cold, Hot or both".

"We’re hopping in back for a cold one and then you use the lights and haul ass to Arlington Cemetery, main gate, where we will find the Hot on, Fox."

As Alpha and Bravo settled into the stretch limo’s party chamber Alpha opened a well-stocked maxi fridge and said "help yourself" as he grabbed 2 Grolsch 16 ouncers". As the driver, SSgt Stone Kohl violated the speed limits with reckless abandon Bravo asked, "How are we going to get to the hotel now?"

"We’re going barhopping in Annapolis, so when we pick up the Fox you will still be Bravo but I’ll be Chips for the rest of the night."

"Alpha you’re making my head spin out of control."

"That is to keep Tomoye and McConnell International lost, how's it working?"

"Like a champ." "Wanna see my purple-tipped red champion?"

"Negative Alpha."

"Actually I’m Chips and if you don’t want to see the purple tipped red champion you ride shotgun with Stone Kohl on the next leg."

As the limo stopped at the ANC front gate a dark haired beauty seated herself next to Chips and as Chips pointed to the open door suggesting Bravo go ride shotgun, the lady began unbuttoning her blouse, "Close the door Bravo and give this lady some privacy".

"Shall I hold the door so you can also give her some privacy?"

"Negative Bravo, and tell Stone I putting up the security glass divider so he won’t drive into a tree trying to monitor events in the party chamber." Slam

As Bravo sat to the right of Stone he opined "I can't wait to be a Captain."

"Exactly."
"I heard that Stone, don't blow my cover" Chips said thru the "comm tube" which allowed communications between the front seat and Party Chamber when the security glass was in place.

"Sgt. Kohl, what did Chips mean by don't blow my cover?"

"I could tell you but then I'd have to have a six-pack so if you listen to "Take it Easy" by the Eagles you can figure it out."

As Fox was midway thru her costume change and was down to the nearly bare essential an admiring Chips said "Aren't those things awfully uncomfortable?" referring to a flaming red thong that Chips thought actually clashed with her Cyprus uniform which had been neatly folded and put into the leather carryon case she had bought in the Oberoi Towers Hotel in Mumbai? As she leaned forward to grab some jeans and a sweater Chips noticed she had left her "over the shoulder boulder holder" folded neatly in the carryon. Chips mind mentally replayed Herman's Hermits "I'm Into Something Good".

Fox softly called forward to Stone and asked "how many minutes from the destination are we Stone?"

"90 seconds, Fox."

As Fox and Chips look at each in a dejected manner Chips thought to himself, if I were younger I'd have Stone take a tour of the Chesapeake Bay shoreline. However, being the consummate professional he knew they had an important exchange coming in the Ramshead so any other deployment of the word consummate would have to wait until the big meeting was over. Trying to get her sweater comfortably over herself seemed difficult but the ever helpful Chips put two items out of the way to speed along the process.

As Stone gave two taps on the darkened side windows, Chips gave back two taps. The door was opened and as Bravo saw that Fox had indeed done a uniform swap he really looked forward to when Chips would sign off his training folding in the section titled, "Layover Techniques". "Stone go in and see if Amelia and Bruce are here yet, I know Fish is" he said as he pointed to a silver Jag XKE with Massachusetts plates DC DC DC. Bravo said "wasn't that a rock group in the 70s?"

"Only among dyslexics who repeat themselves, and Stone, check the comm status."

"Stone, what did Chips mean by 'comm status'?"

"Follow me and learn" responded the 6 foot 4 driver as he visually swept the packed Ramshead for Amelia and Bruce. Bruce raised a Guinness mug and Stone noticed Amelia was there also so he turned to Bravo and said "Follow me now for the comm check" and as the two men worked their way back towards the Juke Box, Stone turned the pages until he settled on D7 and noted Englebert Humperdink's "After the Loving" he turned to the door and led Bravo back to Chips and Fox and said "The Gang's All here D7, MayTag" which indicated song D7 was guaranteed to 'get her motor going'.

"Let's engage" said Chips as he led the parade into the Ramshead and turned half right to the far back corner near the ladies room and men's room. As they settled into the circular booth which could seat six Amelia and Bruce silently joined them and a man walking with a limp, an eye patch on his right eye and a rubber fish dangling from his gold chained neck dragged a vacant chair to the table and sat down.
"Why did you drag an empty chair over here Bravo asked of Fish?"

"Because the other chair had 400 pounds of good lovin' sitting on it and I thought it may constitute "floor abuse" to drag her and the chair so I took the empty one".

Amelia said, "introductions Little Brother."

"Amelia, x-doj, deep blue, plant, industry; Fish inside DoD, deep blue at DNI and ONI; Fox, x-Onassis shipping, plant, Cyrus Air, deep blue GR IL; and I'm Chips ALPA Security double, Tacit blue, OSI DOJ" and the other three 'roamers' are Bravo, my copilot at Blues Skies, Bruce, Amelia's husband and Stone, my son."

"Bravo whipped his bull like neck around and said "did you say Stone your son?"

"Not exactly. And don't be whipping your bull like neck around of someone may get nervous and think your VP Cheney around 10 a.m. on 9/11. Stone do we have time for D7 before the band cranks it up for the meeting?"

"Negative, 'After the Loving by Humperdink' is over three minutes and the Matt Poss drummer is sitting down now and the Steel Guitar guy will be starting any second"

"Roger D7 next intermission Stone plus 2 work the crowd."

As Stone grabbed a Black and Tan and wandered around looking for targets of opportunity, Bruce went to the front door to step outside for some fresh air and Stone came back and whispered something in Bravo's ear that caused him to follow Stone to a table with a MDT that looked promising.

"Bravo do you understand MDT protocol?" asked Stone.

"Negative Maverick, the pattern is full."

"First of all Maverick was an actor or a forward firing Raytheon AGM fired from A3 Skywarriors and DD drones on 9/11 which doesn't go on for 8 more months. But of greater urgency' MDT is for mother-daughter tandem and since you were a B52 AC you get first pick."

"As the first few chords of "Fox on the Run" cranked up Stone grabbed the 21-ish daughter and said to Bravo "with my second pick I select this one" as he and the daughter went to cut the rug.

"I don't think I understand this MDT protocol, and how do you cut the rug on a hardwood dance floor?"

"Let me spoon feed you, you have the first choice of all the other potential dancing partners at this table after young Stone moved up on the draft order. "The dance floor is getting filled let's hit it."

"OK 'mom' but I am not cutting the rug."

"And if you want a second dance you won't be cutting the cheese either."
As the couples danced, in the corner booth the meeting started in earnest, and I don't mean "Earnest Goes to Camp" starring Jim Varney.

Amelia told everyone that she had learned that Bill and Hillary had been pressured by Tomoye to effect some changes before they left office. Tomoye demanded some changes at USIS, she believed Hillary had been ordered to gain pardons for Marc Rich, Roger Clinton and the disgraced John Deutsch who helped himself to 17,000 pages or so of Top Secret material. Amelia, who Chips always thought was the most intelligent person who he'd ever met who could still function, expressed her opinion that for once Bill and Hillary looked frightened; as if they had been shown one of the VNN/CNN snuff films. As the band finished "Fox on the Run" Amelia asked Chips to "bring in Hamish" indicating she wanted to seek input from Hamish C. Watson, a modern day Sherlock Holmes type who was gifted by God with incredible deductive ability and 12 dimensional thinking that kept both Hamish and his teammate Chips virtually bullet-proof as they had more intel than the Global Guardians and they had it all backed up and stored on eight servers in Christchurch NZ, Astana Kazakhstan, Mumbai India, Cardiff/Powys Wales, Athens Greece and Geneva Switzerland, as well as two "ace in the hole" that were never mentioned in public. You probably expect the blue embed link to play "Ace in the Hole" by George Strait but that would be too predictable. Go ahead, press this embedded link and see what comes but it will not be Ace in the Hole, George Strait the black broadcast journalist or the purple tipped red champion, go ahead punk, push it, do you feel lucky, or do you feel like inspector Harry Callahan in "Dirty Harry" holding his 44 magnum with spent ammo. Fox had some ammo he was hoping to expend but he had to get a Hamish Clipper deal going before the band took a break and it would be too quiet to conduct "company business", of course most Washington DC brass thought Able Danger had been disbanded. Not exactly.

As the Matt Poss Band "Wild Country" started a cover of "Amarillo By Morning" the Chairman of the Bored resumed the secure comm; this time with Hamish on the Clipper deal that Hot Air and Mo thought was deployed outside the reach of RICO murder-for-hire indictments "Hamish, Chips here, delete U2 we're secure due band music, what do you have to say."

"It looks to me like there are a lot of 3 legged circles set to spin and I am concerned that Willie Card is about to get a bad case of ARKANCIDE. Further our plant in the MIT lab relates that a Muslim PhD in the lab has been reporting a lot of networking involving the three legged stool of Deutsch-Bombardier-Raytheon" and immediately Fish asked: "Cockerel, Fish, did I hear you connect Deutsch and Raytheon?"

"Yes Fish that is indeed what I said, my source is not 100% but suggests Raytheon, Deutsch, Thales and others are brewing a "witches brew" at Loveland/Ft Collins for rollout in time for Global Guardian-Vigilant Guardian this year And Fish can you find the tasking for USS George Washington for 2SEP01 [indicating that Fish was tasked to determine planned location of the USS GW for the week when 9/11 would occur and bits of vaporized planes and bodies might have to be fished out of the Atlantic].

"Cockerel, I will back out of Clipper and call the company back in 5 or less".

The timing was perfect as Amarillo by morning was over and the band, which Chips believed was from some kickass part of Indiana announced that they had a special guest in the house that was going to sing the song that inspired this book. As the bearded and smiling Willie walked up to the mike with an acoustic, a video appeared behind him on the Wall and it look like an F4 being refueled by a KC135 but it couldn't be, the aircraft were nearly on the deck, so to speak. "If you had not of fallen, then I could not have found you, Angel flying too close to the ground.
As the couples grooved to the music the non-dancers wondered if Starjerks in Hollywood somehow produced this air refueling video just like "Hollywood faked 9/11", according to some misled folks. Bill Maher would probably answer this question by asking "Do we have any F@#*ing security in this building."

Not exactly.

"Fish, Cockerel again, now that I hear that horrid music you yanks like I know it is safe to continue. It appears that there is a rat in the Coast Guard as the USCG seems to be involved in the UN Oil for Food scam, also some of the top officials there are changing hats faster than Slick Willy changes partners, always without success. I cannot tie it up in my mind but it is starting to look like CSL is scripting an exercise to take out the top officials in the US government to allow the shadow government to assume control, and of course ASS U ME, assume makes an ass out of you and me so give me 24 hours to tie in up into a pretty package."

"Cockerel, please redact "ass" and "ewe" as it makes us seem beastial."

""Granted Chips but it was "asses and "you", either put on your reading glasses so you can read my mind or get your mind off your mission. Authenticate GTR."

"Red thong, flaming red."

"Chips, would you be willing to switch roles in this story for a day?"

"Certainly Cockerel but not for a night, recall from Cambridge that "once a day every day but once a night is enuff."

"Speak for yourself Chips."

"Actually, I was speaking for this lovely lady, temporarily in red."

"Okay you geriatric penis enviers back to work, we have a nation and a global commons to save" was the acerbic instruction from BS [big sister].

"Cockerel, Amelia, give me a summary statement, go."

"Amelia, watch for Mineta to be forced into the Bushies and keep in mind his family background and how he was treated in the 1940s by the US of A. I don’t trust him, and I will work diligently with your "little brother” to find the missing link."

As the meeting of the Bored was dismissed the Cockerel was opining that he felt that if and when Mineta moved from Commerce to Transportation he would be bringing some parasites with him. Those parasites would embed themselves into positions to facilitate the treasonous, traitorous and cowardly acts of 9/11 that killed Capt Chic Burlingame, AA77 and USNA 71 as well as Captain Gerald DeConto, USNA 79. And if you think that Amelia, Cockerel, Fish, Chips and Fox cannot seal the deal, you must not be picking up what we are laying down. If the Global Guardians, Tomoye and McConnell International were to pool their employees then they would total 300,000, the majority being congenital losers. If
they have trouble figuring where we determined the number of agents, lurkers, jerkers and taffy pullers they have deployed we used our "steganography software" and according to Country Joe this answer is about midway through this history lesson in song. It reveals what the Global Guardians do, how they do it, and the number of their agents of evil. The agent population is articulated at 1:45 in Country Joe's timeless classic.

Amelia gave the signal the official meeting was by announcing "I adjourn for a movement" to which Chips deployed his rapier like wit and opined "Big Sister, I believe you meant to say "I move to adjourn".

"Delete the chicken shit Little Brother we have to engage the bankers and save the global commons for the common people. According to our best guess if those PFers in the CFR wish to destroy America and TOPOFF our government by flying DDDs and A3s laden with SMACSONIC and Raytheon AGMs into iconic buildings and fortresses of financial and military power they better get better leadership than those who stuff cocaine in chicken carcasses to avoid discovery during ground transport of drugs. Even Adler Barriman Seal was smarter than that. And his C123K "the fat lady" could haul faster than CSL or JB Hunt ever will."

"Right Big Sister, but we gotta get out of this place and get our minds on our mission" he said as the Fox walked back to his side.

Chapter 5 - Total-Power Beijing for TOPOFF attack on Taiwan and America
-February 9-18, 2001

Total-Power Beijing for TOPOFF attack on Taiwan and America

Prime minister Jean Chretien and Red Team Canada gives Canadian-U.S. trade, military and aerospace secrets to the Chinese PLA. Plenary Session .. Remarks: .. His Excellency Mr. SHI Guangsheng, Minister of Foreign Trade and Economic Co-operation (MOFTEC) Mr. Andre DESMARAIS, Chairman, Canada-China Business Council .. Space: "Reaching for the Stars: Canada-China Co-operation in Space" .. Speakers: ..
Mr. GUO Huadong, Director General, Institute of Remote Sensing Applications Mr. WANG Xinmin, Deputy Director General, Xian Space Science and Technology Industry Corporation. 10 Canadian companies in the space and remote sensing sector will give presentations. Seminar: Canada as Business Partner. Speaker: Mr. Thomas Paul D'AQUINO. Transportation: "Intelligent Transport: The Route to the Future". Speakers: Mr. Walter FRIESEN, General Manager, Transport Automation, Alcatel Canada Ltd. Mr. David STOWE, Chairman, Vancouver Port Authority. Venture Financing Forum. Speakers: The Honourable Pierre S. PETTIGREW, Minister for International Trade was director of the Political Committee, NATO Assembly, in Brussels, from 1976 to 1978. Foreign Policy Advisor to Pierre Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada, from 1981 to 1984. Mr. Mohammed AL ZAIBAK, President, CDM Information which sells Canada hydrographic charts to enemies of U.S.

The hour was late and Captain David Hunter was about ready to polish off his BSM in room 1984 at the Westin Airport in Detroit, Michigan, home of the largest population of Muslims in America and it is the state of America’s 50 that would first allow Islamic Home Mortgages. It will become the beginning of the end for the elitist global bankers who are brazen, and foolish enough, to think of themselves as the "Global Guardians".

As David is watching the tail end of the 10 o’clock news he is "getting ready" to lay down and dream of the tail end of the dark haired beauty originally "rolled out" in a pub named Foggy Dew. He had just put the BSM glass back in the bathroom, admired himself one last time in the mirror, and shuffled back to the comfortable bed "au natural".

A fly on the wall may have had a visual clue that Don Quixote was getting ready to spear something but in $200 a night hotel room, they do not provide flies except for fishermen traveling to "fly fish" in Montana, site of the 1986 World Record Air Refueling. As his head lay on 4 plush pillows, his mind he was just getting a glimpse of the color of his soon to be published thriller, "Red Thong Rising". As Tom Clancy knew how to stir imagination and was a Maryland resident, Captain Hawkins thought he could stir imagination, stir a martini and stir the Fox's emotional state simultaneously. On their first meeting, at least according to this "script", in room 220, ten minutes after leaving the Foggy Dew, our Fox popped the question to Chips, "How do prefer it done, stirred or shaken?"

"Fox, don't get me and James Bond confused, I will always prefer stirring over shaking."

"My David, why is that, it seems no different to me, although I do not drink alcohol, preferring wine or perhaps beer?"

"If I wanted it shaken, I could shake it myself and write this book with one less character. Further, if I wanted it shaken, I could ask you to do the honors, if I was that type of guy. However, it is quite simple Fox, if I want it stirred, you have the spoon in your hand and this Richmond, British Columbia Hotel is so cheap they only gave me one spoon, and always being a gentleman, I offered the spoon to you for you nite-nite tea. So if you would be so kind as to stir me, we can get started with the research, tonight's lesson is T & A, are you picking up what I'm laying down?" and David indicated TNA, The Naval Academy, would be found to have both red team and blue team participants in an upcoming TOPFF attack on America.

"No David, it all seems Greek to me."
"I know there is a writer's strike in Hollywood but get better material, you made that comment last chapter" opined the affable and laconic pen artist.

"I am sorry David, I forgot, I find your 200 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal so powerful that I can never get my head around my character."

"Well how would you like to get your head around this character?"

"My goodness David, what is that weapon?"

"Fox, in America we call it a "whopper" in common vernacular."

"Is that what it really is, a whopper."

"Not exactly."

"Thank goodness, it looks lethal, and two more things I see is that the pickles are so thin you could read a newspaper through them and I prefer it with cheese".

"You opine essentially the essence of what Whopper lovers globally have expressed to management, so would I be correct in thinking you'd prefer a bigger, thicker pickle."

"Yes and some Greek Feta."

"You work on the Feta angle and I can deliver the improved pickle but the WOPR I allude to dates back to the 1984 movie "War Games" starring an actor with the same initials as Michael Badnarik, of WTPRN in Texas. I don't go to movies or read books but rather I write books and inspire movies. But in that movie, as I understand it, a young hacker gets inside the war games, sort of what happened when Canadian hamburgers got inside global guardian, vigilant guarding in September of 2001..."

"But David, that's in the future, how do you see the future?"

"Very simply, we are inside their agencies, their VPNs and inside their heads, they started planning GG/VG 01 back in 1993 and we had them hacked before they ever put their "gunbelts" on for the eventual "Showdown at the F-M Courthouse."

"Fox, in the lyrics to this ELO song it gives numerous steganography clues to those of us who can "see" and "listen", do you see it yet?"

"No, I see only the WOPR and enhanced pickle."

"Yes and the War Operation Planned Response [WOPR] was created so that future hackers could get inside the launch facilities of the USAF ICBM launch facilities such as those my father commanded at the 4th Air Division in Grand Forks in the period 1969-1971, and my father said that at that time no one could penetrate SACs security blanket however, fast forward to the end of the Cold War and the GGs who got into DOD, DOJ, FBI and NSA after the PROMIS software was corruptly taken from the creator. However, the Creator reigns all over the world just like ELO says in the lyrics."
"David, why do you speak in such acronym laden code?"

"I do it to frustrate Tomoye lurkers, MI jerkers and the PFers at the GGs."

"You're making my head spin, plain language and guess color for payoff."

"Kelly green."

"We have a winner. "And we have a whopper, oops, and we have lights out." opined the laconic pile driver as he inadvertently walked 15 feet and while reaching for his research notes, fountain pen, laptop and mouse he inadvertently turned off the three different lights in the bath, on the desk and the bedside night light, laced in green; Kelly green. "**Put me in coach**" As David Hunter turned out his light in room 1984, the bulb was not even cooled off, nor was he, in his mind, when his phone rang. Thinking that was an awfully short 8 hours of sleep he looked at the clock, 22:44 so he had slept very little if any after reliving the "Foggy Dew Experience".

"David Hunter."

"Chips, Fish, real world, usual 2 plus color code."

"Ramshead, Lengthy Portion, flaming red."

"We have only 6 minutes, no clipper time, I'm bring on Cockerel, Dancer, Fox and Hamish for a 4-way, check in folks."

"Fox, Toronto."

"Dancer, home plate."

"Hamish, 3rd base."

"Chips, centerfield, need SMEAC."

SMEAC is Marine Corps brevity for situation, mission, execution, admin, comm and control.

"Fox, over to you for global mission, quickly."

"Israeli Intel discovered just moments ago some HVTs are on a chartered A340 leaving Toronto tomorrow the 9th, at High Noon, over, Dancer for mission."

"We have bits and pieces but the Syrian-Canadian is on board as well as a Demarais, a Chretien and some other unsavory characters. Our man inside PLA indicates they are plotting to TOPOFF America, Dancer out, over to Fish for Echo."

"You've got Fish on the line, and **I've got a line on the offenders**, GGs so like a good Harpoon artist, once I got a line on them I'll blow 'em out of the water, execution: Chips into A340, Chinese tailor, Blue Skies is in the mix and we're stirring the pot, over to Cockerel admin."
"Cockerel, all over them, will provide complete briefing in the paperwork for Cyprus 69, the charter and confirm TOPOFF planning underway, next attempt 7 months or closer, over to Chips for C & C."

"Chips here, I'm reading your minds, I've got my mind on the real mission and will get back to my mission when we penetrate these dirtbags, I will get hold of Blue Skies now to cover my departure tomorrow for Gay Bay and research at O'Reilly's "command post" and I will return a clipper to Fish for a more fleshed out briefing, Chips out."

"Chips, Fish, not necessary o lucky one, the Fox is at your door, just like in the Matt Poss Wild Country "Fox on the Run", fadeout for all, great work all and best regards for the mission." 5 clicks, then knock, knock.

David went over to the door dressed only in towel and peaked through the peep hole. Having been a peeping tom from age 9 to age 44 he was very well versed in peepholes. He was delighted at what he saw in the peep hole, it was a smiling Greek goddess.

Un click, un slam, the door was opened, the do not disturb sign was deployed and the periscope was being raised as the towel was hitting the floor. "Not so fast Captain Whopper, we have a briefing to complete."

"First things first, we didn't debrief the last mission fully so let's debrief, then brief if you're picking up what I'm laying down."

"You didn't lay it down, you knocked it off when the periscope anticipated a mission; smart periscope, but first "authenticate color."

"Pastel blue."

"Pastel blue, tacit blue, close enough either way let's stir it up."

As the purple Cyrus disguise was being neatly folded and draped over the chair at the desk the unflappable and always affable Chips thought he must have heard incorrectly regarding pastel blue, the thong being retired was more light bright purple. "Hey, I don't want to be petty but my guess was pastel blue and that thing over the night light is closer to purple, what gives."

"I do."

"Didn't your father teach you not to give in?"

"My father is not here, nor your mother, let'r buck cowboy."

"Yee-Haw" and the cowboy rode away, in a matter of speech.

Rolling over to answer the phone he noticed it was still dark out so he figured it must be before 7, "Good morning David, Bonnie at BS airlines, I have the earlier shift so I took the liberty of setting up a 2B operation leaving at 0900 for YYZ, and at YYZ a Cyprus mechanic will meet you at the bottom of the BS jetway, I don't know why Cyprus but Peter Mohr said it's way above his level, oh, and one last thing, for
some reason, Cyprus called and said a Cyprus security manager would be you in 2A so she could brief your enroute."

"Did you say 'debrief me and root' or brief me enroute?"

"Which would you prefer?"

"Both if possible."

"Well I set up the briefing so you work on the debriefing."

"Mission complete, thanks for the 2B Bonnie, I appreciate the consideration."

"Who was that David?" asked Fox.

"Bonnie at BS, she say's I've been provided a first class seat, 2B, for the 9 a.m. to Toronto and that a Cyprus intel manager would be in 2A, maybe you and he can switch seats."

"As she pulled out a boarding pass for Cyprus 69 emblazoned 2A on it she said "well he's a she and she's me, is the offer to switch still on the table?"

"I think we might fall of the table let's just switch right here."

"I have a suggestion on my laptop," as she hit the "enter" button, and music started to play and so did they. As the Pointer Sisters set the pace, they got in the groove."

"Easy Pegasus."

"Easy perhaps, but don't tell me Major Charles Emerson Winchester likes this song too, he was in MASH, and he seemed sort of colorless and limp from my perspective."

Minutes later the phone went off, which put the phone in 3rd place.

"David Hunter."

"Captain Hunter, Detroit Airport Police, we will have 2 plain cloths outside your door to 1984 in 30 minutes, they will expedite you to Toronto in a General Motors G4 arranged by a Mr. Fisher calling from the Naval Command Center, the Pentagon."

"Thank you, I'll be ready."

'Change 2 to Change 1, we're moved up to a GM G4, and two Detroit plain clothes will be outside the door in 30 minutes."

"From the powdered sugar from donuts under the door I'd guess they are there already, and your pick today to increase your odds tonight?" as she held up triphibious thongs: red, green and blue.
"Well Tom Clancy bet me $100 dollars I couldn't parody his style and make a living at it, so I'll take the red thong and start writing a book called "Red Thong Rising."

"And you have an epilog of "Red Thong Falling" once in Beijing."

"I don't intend to wait that long, code name "crew bunk" and I'm the captain."

"Does that make me the first mate?"

"That's up to your, you're the lady and in any case I will still need my color vision tested prior to the reward."

As she stepped into the bathroom with her things she handed him a piece of notepaper that said Detroit Westin Airport, and in handwritten ink "flaming red, commit that to memory". As they sat, fully dressed waiting for the polite donut gobbler to knock, he asked her "How did you get this uniform done so quickly, referring to a perfectly tailored Cyprus Captain uniform, wings, tie, shirt, epaulets, and cheesy oxfords."

"When we ferried the A340 over from Toulouse we had a Chinese tailor on board who is AD-HD so we gave him your measurements, took away his Ritalin and played Yellow River by the Christies, a song about young men leaving a combat zone and returning home from an unpopular war to keep him sewing faster and culturally engaged."

"Did the Chinese tailor have any questions you couldn't answer?"

"He asked if you dressed right or left and I said 'both'."

"Exactly" knock knock

"Good morning, Captain Hunter and Agent Zaloumi, nice to meet you and thanks for the expedite."

"Good morning, he's Sgt. Friday and I am Barnaby Trout." "Shouldn't you be Barnaby Jones to be more credible?"

"Yes, I agree, but a Navy Captain named Fish told me to be Trout so Fish could feel more involved with the Fox and Chips, further in the back of the unmarked sedan is a quirky fellow from Richmond name Ha-Meesh, but he does not look Arabic."

"Yes, he's a player and in the briefing I have here for Captain Hunter" added Fox.

The ride from the 18th floor to the lobby was as fast as Rudy's Fargo public appearance being cancelled due to the sharing of Qui Tam defendant list with the ND GOP. As the elevator doors opened a man who appeared to be a master of disguise stood having his morning coffee and getting ready to "get in the harness" which we believed to indicate he was ruptured but it was his euphemism for work, which he didn’t, which is why it was a euphemism. While the Tomoye agents look that word up let me tell you what the Cockerel told Fox and Chips while the unmarked squad entered the SIDA portion of the ramp and was escorted by Blue Skies Security and GM Security to the G4 which had the right engine running.
As two armed "flight attendants" welcomed the three professionals on board the senior flight attendant asked "any questions" and the ever affable never flappable Chips said, "yes, which member of The Guess Who went solo and had a big hit with "Stand Tall".

"Burton Cummings who had some great pipes and a nice Tudor home but was sometimes difficult."

"His song Glamour Boy addresses the root cause of this, per chance."

As the Captain of the G4 cobbled the power, Chips was thinking of another way to use cob in a sentence when Fox handed him the briefing and the entire package from Cyprus dispatched marked CG/69/2-9-01/McCorkle. Chips opened the folder, signed his name in such awful penmanship that a dozen Jewish attorneys couldn't figure out who signed the legally required dispatch release, in the Captain signature block. He handed the papers back in the closed folder to Fox and said "hang on to this bunch of boring details, will you please."

"Yes, I will be pleased to do so Captain but why didn’t you read the dispatch details?"

"I'm not McCorkle, I'm not with Cyprus, I have never been inside an A340, and frankly my dear, I don't give a damn, and further, what does CG69 mean to you?"

"CG69 is the ICAO code for Cyprus Flight 69, what does it mean to you?"

"It could mean a lot of things, for instance CG-69 is the USS Vicksburg, a deployed ship that will be visited by the SecNav around Thanksgiving, 2007 while it is tasked to defend US aircraft carriers from Sunburn missiles which could be launched from Iran to draw us into a greater escalation in the war. However, I find your definition more pleasant so Cyprus 69 it is."

Hamish appeared with a tray with three cups, a coffee pot, and an intel brief. Setting the tray on the conference table he spread out some sheets of most handwritten notes and an outline. "Is this a good time, Chips?"

"Well looking out the window we were by London, Ontario 10 minutes ago and the silence of the engines suggests either we are starting down or we have suffered a dual engine failure, so in essence, this is a good time, so make it brief, as briefs and thongs are good things to consider."

"Well then, let's "Thing a Thong about Thickspence."

"You Brits all think you're Monty PyThong don't you."

"Sorry mate, here's the deal, I contacted April at NORAD, she is very cunning. She clippered me a message containing seemingly disparate issues: PLA/TieOneOn, 1996-, 1989- RAA, 19 BC RH, PLAFJ-P3, rattler, 147F102 rattle-sucker punch, that's all she said but using our steganography software I think I have the big picture."

"I could go for a big pitcher of Grolsch right now" responded McCorkle's proxy.

"All the beer you want in Beijing but let me tell you what my google skills deciphered: The PLA has the biggest Naval Exercise since 1996 planned for the Formosa Straits for the same time window as the
biggest deployment of Russian Air Army bombers since 1989, and I called your old girl friend in London, Ontario and she got inside Tomoye and they told her the trip from Toronto to China is to have Canada offer to trigger a False Flag TOPOFF simultaneous to the attack on Taiwan while the Russian Air Army is within striking distance of US landmass as the continuity of government is corrupted following Captain Jason Dahl's flight 93 striking the US Capitol, and even if it is not consummated because GE film writers scripting 'UA93' had poor script support from Lansdowne, just like BBC got hosed by the same poor script writers in announcing the collapse of WTC #7 20 minutes before it happened creating a premature climax, Taiwan would be rattled, GW would be rattled and one more thing, do you know what it is?"

"I give up and you've rattled on long enough, summary statement please as we taxi towards the 340."

"Yes, quite right. We have the US hydrographic charts on board to deliver to the PLA, and the next 4 events we have briefing guides to are Noble Resolve, TOPOFF, Global Thunder and Terminal Fury. It looks like we are getting near to END GAME 08, Fade Out, sorry to be so negative, but we have lots of work to do in Beijing."

"Cheer up Cockerel, we are inside all of that stuff. The hydrographic charts have been adjusted to put underwater mountains in fast escape lanes in case the PLABs try to hit a US carrier and then egress back home to Chinese waters, and Noble Resolve 07 will be deterred by Noble BVR, TOPOFF gets trumped by Coronet Tango Fox, Global Thunder is shutdown by Global Thong and the ill advised Terminal Fury is blocked by Amalgam MayTag 08, Check six, Check Mate, Knock it off." As two younger Greek copilots waited at the foot of the steps they shook hands and the senior of the two, the "cruise captain" said "she's already to go" pointing towards the A340, which looked brand new.

"Why thank you, and so is she" Captain Proxy said as he pointed at the black-haired beauty as she gracefully climbed the portable steps that led to door L1.

The lead Greek Flight Attendant asked Captain Proxy if the FA crew needed to be briefed and he dismissed it as "unnecessary, you are all professionals and it's all standard, 15 hours 6 minutes enroute and the cockpit door will be open, come visit anytime, one and all.

"Thank you Captain, we appreciate your trust, and I am sorry but I missed your name?"

"Exactly, for security purposes."

As a Syria-born Canadian double agent, Muhammad al-Zaibak asked Fox if she'd like to have the seat next to him and perhaps enjoy some cous-cous and wine, she demurely responded, "Oh how kind of you to offer but I need to be in the cockpit for security purposes and I'd prefer a whopper to all the cous-cous in the world. Further, there are only 317 shopping days until Christmas and I want to get stocking stuffers in Peking."

Realizing he had just struck out he went back to read a file on his laptop that said "QRS 11, Ft Collins Loveland, jmd@mit.edu and Raytheon A3 Skywarrior".

Once settled into the left seat, he directed the agent to "close it up, we're gone". Seeing the last door light go out and the sound of the tug driver plugging in he said "brakes released, cleared to push or pull" as he turned on the rotating beacon.
"Captain, would you like for me to get a push/pull clearance?"

"No, that's just what they'd expect us to do. You guys do the checklists and the switches while I give a security briefing to Anastasia Zaloumi-Salami." As the two copilots fired up all four engines he turned to Fox and pointed to the two crew bunks, stacked vertically and he asked her if she preferred the top or bottom.

She responded without a moment's hesitation "top for the Pointer sisters and bottom for Steely Dan."

As the A340 climbed out of 180 for 300 Captain Proxy left his standing orders for the 2 Cyprus co-pilots.

"Okay you two young professionals, I am going back for a security debriefing so do what ever you want, you're cleared direct Whitehorse and I should be back by then." As he crawled out of the seat and became fully erect he walked back to the bottom crew rest facility and closed and locked the door. As he removed his uniform items quietly so as not to wake the Fox, he heard the sound of fake snores, and the rustle of the curtain drawn for privacy and he saw a slender olive skinned hand holding a flaming red thong. He smiled to himself as he considered his next book, "The Search for Redthong October". As he snuggled up to his co-spoon she turned her laptop on, speakers set on low whispered, teach me tiger, or I'll teach you."

"Fox, that April Stevens song is only two minutes, should we play it again?"

"Take heart of king of the crew bunk, it is set for "continuous play."

"Exactly."

As the two wrestled as one, Hamish was working the crowd in First Class. He had presented himself as an accountant with the British Columbia Public Pension fund and had had several insightful conversations with a variety of future defendants to the Qui Tam case that would be delivered to the US Attorney General Mukasey on 3 Oct, 2007. From the bits and pieces of inappropriate sharing of details he was painting a mental picture of Saddam Hussein being paid $742 million in new Federal Reserve notes printed by the New York Federal Reserve which would find their way to Saddam's palace via UBS, a global bank in Geneva, Switzerland with a branch office within half a mile from the Quentin N. Burdick Federal Court Building in Fargo. It appeared Saddam was to line up 20 young muslim patsies who would honestly think they would attack 4 flights on 9/11 and make "financial demands" not knowing that the Trojan Horse engineers had the aircraft modified with Boeing Uninterruptible autopilots and tri-axial QRS11 GyroChips, designed as laser guidance for Raytheon Maverick missiles. The illegal modification of the Boeings appeared to be planned for Abbottsford, BC and one gentleman in seat 3D kept ordering "another please" and was in a one on one conversation with a gentleman regarding "progress" in the modifications being performed at Loveland/Ft Collins Airport in Colorado, where A3 Skywarriors are known to have landed under cover of darkness.

The fellow in 3D had some interesting images on his laptop which Hamish used his fountain pen digital camera to capture. One that he found interesting was a page showing the cross country ground track of a B737 that appeared to have the US Capitol as it's destination, secondly a page that showed the WTC twin towers with the title "New Rules Set", and a 3rd that Hamish didn't fully understand but showed a two dimensional drawing of the USS George Washington with a red line marked "Pentagon mission on"
and a blue line marked "Pentagon attack abort" which showed the red line turn back direct to the USS GW and terminate there. Knowing that a drone cannot follow the visual signal of the fresnel lens and the visual in put from a human LSO Hamish was a little in the dark and hoped David would present himself soon, knowing that at the moment he was presenting himself to the Fox.

While David waited for 3D to return to his seat and his laced brandy he thought back to the decoy and drone maneuvers practiced in Iraq by Saddam's Czech L39s which could be laden with explosives. If a FF would benefit from a US carrier being sunk Hamish was unsure if that "carrier of choice" would be near Taiwan, the GW on 9/11, or some older carrier set from decommissioning after the Gulf War. Of course all three were possible but to his 12 dimensional mind he felt the most onerous would be a Sunburn missile targeting a CVN that is scheduled for decommissioning. The cost of decommissioning a nuclear carrier was thought to be around $800 million so, as a forensic economist/accountant, he knew that if the Global Guardians would waste 3000 innocents to avoid dealing with asbestos in WTC 1 and 2, burning 5000 sailors to save $800M in decommissioning costs would seem efficient to the Global Guardians, plus it would allow a False Flag opportunity to attack Iran. While he consummated that scenario in his mind, 3D came out of the first class biffy as Captain Proxy came back for a coffee looking very relaxed.

"Hamish, I need to go check to see if Athens and Corinth are awake, I will be back for an intel update in 5 minutes."

"David, I have some chilling indications that the GGs may be willing to sink a carrier."

"Postal carrier, HIV carrier or aircraft carrier?"

"A CVA off Taiwan, the GW off New York on 9/11, or a CVN awaiting decommissioning, or perhaps all 3, a tri-fecta perhaps."

"Not on my watch" responded the unpredictable David Hunter, follow me to the cockpit when you have a moment and we will get a clipper/ARINC thru to Fish."

"When I can Chips, I have some photography and James Bond type conversations to complete first."

Chapter 6 - China Lessons Learned - KPMG Son of Boss - USS Cole Contract Hit

"Gua X says Team Canada in China for "Lesson Learned" briefing after recent hit on USS Cole. Hamish thinks Andre Desmarais and former KPMG consultant Kevin Rudd extort Prime Minister Chretien, Quebec Premier Bouchard and Chinese hosts through MindBox software and "Son of Boss" tax shelters. Elie Grabl says the Desmarais' and Marc Rich control Clinton, Rudy Giuliani and Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell through UBS-KPMG cells. Hunter warns al-Qaeda contract hits on land (Embassies East Africa 1998), sea (USS Cole 2000) to be followed by air (Amalgam Virgo, 9/11). John Wilson - a former Diehard SAS officer - prepares his Smithfield heeler cattle-dog cross, Mademoiselle Screu-Fait, to collect DNA from a Friday night at the Pickton pig farm."
"United States Senate committee KPMG was marketing the shelters ["Son of Boss .. (bond and option sales strategy) .. complex set of derivative transactions to reduce tax liability .. used in late 1990s to offset large one-off gains .. sale of a business [or kickbacks from UN Oil-for-Food Program]] through a cold-calling operation run out of Fort Wayne, Indiana .. Just about every millionaire in the country would take KPMG's call, and many followed through and became clients .. KPMG's Chairman, Eugene O'Kelly .. decided that they were going to take on the government, and NOT settle .. Here's the problem. The government was in the process of making a decision to GO CRIMINAL on KPMG. The law specifies that if the accounting firm responsible for the tax shelter has totally abused the process, then criminal actions may proceed."

Countrywide installed MindBox ART Enterprise software development technology on a development network of PCs running Microsoft Windows and an IBM RS6000 running UNIX and Motif. Within 10 months, the team had ported the CLUES system to OS/2 running on Countrywide's branch office PC systems and completed a highly successful beta test. Full production systems ready by February, 1993 for use at UBS Tower, One North Wacker Drive Chicago on 9/11..

As he reentered the cockpit of the westbound A340 he overheard Athens saying to Corinth "do you think we will see the man in back before Whitehorse?" Before Corinth could respond the non-shutting of the cockpit door allowed the din of merriment in the first class cabin to spread noise into the "slaves' quarters", as David referred to the cockpit.

"Dear first officer Athens, how many miles east of Whitehorse are we currently?"

"Actually Captain I am not sure as I have never been to 60N 135W before but we passed what looked like an old SAC base near 59N 94W about 3 minutes ago, does that help?"

"Although you didn't really answer my question any better than might be expected of a sea lawyer such as Ben Slimey I can get by with part two of your answer. That SAC base would be Churchill, a former USAF SAC remote for KC97 tankers early in the cold war between USSR and the US. Later KC135s would replace the KC97s and then as the USSR began to self-destruct due to the twin perils of a NASA WB57 and Ronald Reagan's charisma North Dakota ANG F4 Phantoms may or may not have operated there. I could give you a direct answer, but then I might have to kill a six pack of Grolsch. Which reminds me, Athens and Corinth do either of you have a Grolsch between 34-38 degrees Fahrenheit?"

"Of course not, that Dutch beer is awful and beer in the cockpit is not tolerated by nobody" responded the wet behind the ears Corinth.

"We'll I ain't nobody, dork, and I'm having a Grolsch" opined the thoughtful quoter of Bob Falfa, Harrison Ford's character in American Graffiti who drove the black 55 Chevy against "Big John's piss-yellow Deuce Coupe, and as long as you're getting out of my seat anyway, Mr. International regulation expert, please go see if Anastasia is up, dressed and willing to wrestle a cold Grolsch from those weasels in the back planning to TOPOFF America on 9/11."

"No need Captain Whopper I brought two along as Hamish said we were needed in the cockpit, here are the two Grolsch super-brewskis, courtesy of Willem Spanner of Holland." As Anastasia settled in the left
hand jump seat and directed Hamish to the other jump seat she cracked open the Grolsch widebody for Captain Whopper.

"Anastasia, by all means give the first one to Hamish and I will be #2."

"Captain Whopper please don't say #2 within ten feet of the forward "blue-room" as Muhammad and some other unsavory dolts have been ram-feeding themselves cous-cous, onions, pickled eggs and dried Apricots since level off."

"I see" said the ever affable never flappable and often laconic Captain Whopper. "Hamish please take this red and white tape back and tape the forward "lou" closed so those overeating middle-eastern sellouts to the OIF don't drop a torpedo in the forward lou. And Anastasia, please hold his Grolsch as he defeats the orafactory assault on the first class biffy, if Mr. Al Zibek were to hatch a loaf it would violate the Geneva convention as anything worse than camel dung is expressly a no-no aboard a civilly registered aircraft in ICAO airspace, and if you don't believe me you can ask Dancer as she will be in the phone patch we're about to make to Dancer, Fish, and Amelia."

"No need Captain Whopper, the second Grols ch is for me, not Hamish, but as a second line of defense I will provide phosphorous matches incase those bungling planners of Amalgam Virgo start playing another round of "pull Andre's finger". Andre, who was tagging alone to China to help distribute KPMG's "Son of Boss" tax shelters to diplomats of the US deployed to China was notorious for intentionally overeating gas producing foods and then insisting future Nobel Peace Prize frauds pull his finger, therein enhancing Andre's "carbon footprint".

As the remaining Greek copilot complied with a change in flight plan "direct Yellowknife, climb to 380" the co-pilot recently removed from the left seat asked of the captain, "Captain, you have not done a single thing since 18000 feet other than debrief Anastasia and now drink a beer, WTF, over?"

"You guys are very observant; and a chicken-shit question deserves a good answer, in triplicate, hence:

1-I am the captain
2-I like debriefings and beer
3-see #1
any further questions?

"No sir, pardon my youthful ignorance, it must be good to be Captain."

"As you young kids would say, it doesn't suck."

"Captain Whopper, you've just given me another debriefing item, shall we repair to the crew rest facility to enhance security?"

"Not now Kato, we need to get Hamish, Dancer, Chips, Amelia and Spanner on the tele and to accomplish that let's have our dear friend first officer Corinth contact "Churchill radio" on 8891."

"Not to correct you oh Captain Whopper but it is Anastasia, not Kato who wishes the debriefing."
"Understood Anastasia but why not double our pleasure by watching Peter Sellers Pink Panther movies when we get a chance during the next debriefing session."

"I see" the suddenly flushed Greek beauty responded.

"And you will see a lot more when I swallow one of these coated caplets that Rod Baldinger gave me in Chapter One of this "real time" e-book."

"Is that a vitamin, a multi-mineral or a analgesic?" posed the young Greek woman wearing three hats; FA, international security, and C2 for Israel/Greece.

"No actually this is a product called "extend-o-peter" and the chemistry lab at NDSU in Fargo created it, as a custom order, for Joanie Charlatan in hopes that it could resurrect the love-life between herself, an aggressive mortgage banker who preferred being a semen banker, but whose husband was distracted by the power of the TV and only made two plumbing calls a month, much to the dissatisfaction of Joanie. Joanie found "an ace a week" to be her personal threshold of happiness so she combined mortage banking with semen banking and many other mortgage industry professionals in Fargo wondered how she attracted so many "refi deals" never knowing of the "honeypot" small print that her customers enjoyed reading and participating in. In fact, in country bars all over North Dakota Dwight Yoakum's "Ain't That Lonely Yet" is referred to as "Joanie's theme song" due to the line in the lyrics ".once there was this spider in my bed, I got caught up in her web.." Most reproductively sound men between 18 and 85 know where to get a good refi in the Fargo Moorhead area; which brings me to another topic, however we can debrief later, time for the phone patch according to future captain Corinth." As Corinth gave him a thumb's up regarding "Churchill Radio" the laconic Captain Whopper looked around the cockpit for a "security sweep" and noticed Hamish, Fox, Athens, Corinth and an "unknown rider", so speaking fluent military which he hoped the twin cities of Athens and Corinth would not understand he said "Hey Fox, who's the new player with the 3 Grolsch refills?"

"Captain Whopper, let me introduce Willem dek Spanner of Amsterdam, you may recall him from the Hotel Kraz at City Center. At least in the cockpit that is who he is, the boneheads in the back think that he is Willem dik Spanner, with UBS Amsterdam."

"I can pick up what you're laying down, oh lady in red, and Willem, so nice to see you, and more importantly "danke" for the brewskis".

"Spinner, spanner, dek, dik, what's in a name. Cheers, long live old music, long live the Grolsch brewmeisters and God Bless our project." The tinkling of glass as Fox-Chips and Spanner cheered each other seemed to rub Athens and Corinth the wrong way. Spinner, Hamish, listen to the left hand speaker, here, I'll turn it up."

The left overhead speaker was monitoring HF#1 set to 8891 and caused the anally retentive Hamish to ask "is that mega-hertz oh Captain Grolsch?"

"Mega-hertz, dirswurtz or mega-pixels, it's all CS to me but by putting 8891 in this window, keying the mike, and listening for the tuning tone, as I have done, I can now speak to Churchill, thusly."

"Churchill Radio Delta 7"
"Go ahead Delta 7, Churchill's on"

"Churchill, Delta 7, do you have any USAF tanker aircraft within 200 miles?"

"Affirmative, a Raid 69 is 100 south of Churchill enroute Grand Forks."

"Churchill please have Raid 69 go to 311.0 UHF and have "Skybird" call you on your commercial telephone line for a phone patch to Delta 7."

At this juncture Corinth nervously points out "we are Cyprus 69, not Delta 7 or Raid 69 Captain Grolsch."

Pointing back to the beautiful Fox Whopper said "She is Delta 7, think D7 on the Foggy Dew jukebox and Raid 69 is a classified tanker out of Grand Forks AFB in North Dakota, we know that because the number 9 does not appear on transponders therefore an ACC aircraft with a 9 in the call sign is on a real world classified mission with no emitters."

"How do you know.." was interrupted by: "Delta 7, skybird's on the phone patch, go ahead Delta 7"

"Skybird, Delta 7, please called Naval Command Center, Able Danger desk, ext 1979 at the Pentagon, real world code immediate, Delta 7 standing by, mention code "lengthy portion" on initial contact."

As Corinth and Athens were starring at each other incredulously Fox repositioned herself on the port jumpseat, providing Captain Observant a brief reminder it was "Flaming Red", in keeping with Joanie Charlatan's preference for having what's hot on the inside covered by something hot on the outside, if you're picking up what I'm laying done. And if your not, don't feel alone, neither are Athens, Corinth or Hamish.

"Delta 7, Fish, authenticate usual two."

"Fish, Chips, Ramshead, Flaming Red."

"Go ahead Chips, que pasa."

"Get Amelia and Dancer dialed in, we have about 6 minutes of radio coverage left thru Churchill radio and the good folks at Grand Forks AFB where I use to live at 740 Redwood Drive, from 1969 to 1971."

"Speed dialing both, commercial line, unable clipper due Churchill."

"Savvy kemosabe."

"After a brief, not debrief, but brief delay "Dancer and Amelia, join Fish, Chips, Fox, Spanner and Cockerel, go ahead Chips"

"SMEAC follows, get it right the first time, limited radio coverage: recorders on, hack-

"Muhammad the cous cous king indicates Gua X still not compromised therefore Operation ChopStick still on for ETA plus 120. Boeing rep on board told one of Deutsch's dummies that Boeing was forewarned of the hit on USS Cole last year and that it somehow precipitated their move to 1 Wacker
Drive where they could be monitored by UBS, FBI-IC and Chicago SEC F-B-O, I say again, F-B-O Global Guardian/OIF combo planning TOPOFF AMERICA, eta 11 or 22 September, this year. Foot stomper coming now, we need to appear to draw down Able Danger assets and we need it to be a good act. If Hot Air and Gadget Bent don't take the bait, we can't poison Chairman Mo and his lap dog Paul, any questions team, by alphabet respond”.

Amelia, Cockerel, Dancer, Fish, Fox, Spanner all said their name and name alone indicating no questions in content and good recording to study.

Captain Whopper then cleared everyone off frequency with the reminder "KPMG eta Plus 120" again soliciting one word acknowledgements from ACDFFS. "Thank you Churchill, Delta 7 out, good night skybird".

"Before you go Delta 7, what's is your location, we don't show any Deltas in our airspace".

"Exactly, due security" responded the laconic Captain Whopper. As he hung up the phone he pointed out to Athens and Corinth that the group of 4 would be back having dinner in the aft galley if they were needed on the flight deck. As he grabbed a long stream of paper off the printer behind the throttle quadrant he motioned to Spanner, Hamish and Fox to join him in the rear although his mind would prefer to join her in the front. Always thinking, our Captain Whopper.

Spanner and Hamish walked down the left aisle and Fox led Chips down the other aisle. From his position directly behind the Fox, Captain Whopper regained his focus and that was interesting because all those in the First Class cabin were planning to “focus” on 9/11 or 9/22; the intel had just come from Dr. Nano al-Umina from his research lab near Fresno. Before these sorry misfits in the new A340 could "focus" properly they would have to take down Able Danger which was not going to happen as long as Fish & Chips were alive and kicking, and I do not refer to the 70s group by the same name which recorded "Tighter, Tighter"

Once in the back row of coach they sat two on a side on the left aisle. Hamish and Chips on the aisle seats, Spanner and Fox beside them.

"Did you guys hear Fish say "Clipper Unable"?" asked David Hunter as he briefly came out of character to rest Chips up for the next phone link.

As they all nodded in agreement Chips, reaching into the overhead bin, pulled out an orange megaphone next to a raft with the label "Jerk to inflate” causing Chips to tell Hamish, ”if we go down over water have Andre come inflate this for us”. Referring a second time to the printer paper David Hunter turned the megaphone on, and selected option A, speaking "test, test" into the speaker end. All 3 marveled as Fish’s voice replied "Fish on secure, go ahead”.

"Fish, Chips, recorder on please, say when"

"When"

"Fish, thanks for the ACARS instructions reminding me of the megaphone designed by Q of MI-3. Here is the deal, Andre was heard discussing the upcoming pardons of Marc Rich and a few others in the last days of the Clinton era. It appears Andre thinks his father, Marc Rich and friends pull the strings to which
Clinton, Rudy Giuliani and mayor of Vancouver BC all dance like pretty little puppets. Apparently none of these yah-whos on either side of the Demarais-Clinton dynamic have ever served in the military branches of a modern country or they would not be talking openly on this A340 regarding their plans for a triphibious intimidation of the US and her allies. While the hits on land and sea, where al-Qaeda was falsely blamed for embassy and war ship attacks in East Africa in 1998 and in Yemen in 2000, were apparently swallowed by a majority of consumers of the major media-fed news networks, when they will lose the battle is when they try, if they do, to use the air mode of the triphibious model. As difficult as it is to believe they are this foolish, it appears from a conversation in First Class between our man eating cous cous and a broker from MDA-Lansdowne the Global Guardians apparently have a few surplus Boeing hulls which they intend to paint in UAL and AA paint schemes, hang a few Raytheon products on the lower right fuselage, and then cross their fingers that no one in NYC, Abbottsford BC or Loveland-Ft Collins reports anything out of the ordinary. For instance Raytheon's chief presumed no one would see the forward firing ordinance hung on the Boeing 767 platforms painted like airliners but having no "airliner windows" and perhaps none of the blow-hard global guardians thought any of the 60,000 or so airline pilots in the US would note that the 767 platforms were flying at approximately 380 knots IAS where as the hapless Muslim patsies had never flown the simulators faster than 250 knots. And Mr. O'Kelly at KPMG who got nervous when the DOJ decided to take KPMG criminal probably will have a grand mal poop after he pays $456M to silence USDOJ in 2005, then Boeing pays $615M in 2006 to silence difficult questions from USDOJ regarding Boeing QRS11 modifications and the very highly secret Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilots patented in Canada in 2003, and then those 2 bribes become item A and item B at the 2007 Qui Tam suit "United States of America v. Global Guardians", originally filed in the Quentin Burdick Federal Court Building in Fargo, North Dakota on MayDay, 2007 in the format http://www.hawkscafe.com/107.html"

"Fish, please record this conversation and then send hard copies to all players and also a Mr. Cartier in Canada working the pig farm and Foggy Dew triangle deal as well as the lady Dr. at the Army base north of Austin Texas, Charmagne Chezik, MD. Chips out."

As Captain Whopper became erect so as to put the orange megaphone back in it's aft left bin location, a winsome Fox had a visual indication that the mission oriented Captain was thinking of his next mission. Ever the professional he once again put off a well deserved debriefing in favor of seeing input from Spanner and Cockerel while his plumb bob was playing peek-a-boo with Fox's kisser.

"Spanner, will you be at the Kraz on the 14th of this month" David asked Spanner "because I understand that Airbus will be in Amsterdam to make an appearance at the World Court in the Hague, please check that out and keep us in the loop. And Hamish, is this a good time to brief these guys on the pig farm/dog deal honchoed by the Marquis of Abbotsford?" David asked, referring to a Marquis d'Cartier, an agent positioned as a research librarian at a Vancouver University by day, and an overnight custodian at Cascade mod center at the Abbotsford airport. Apparently his wearing thick glasses, a greasy long hair wig and dirty clothing had the other employees assuming he was some developmentally disabled 40 something bus rider from the city. Not to be confused with the Guess Who song "Bus Rider", which unfortunately has some blasphemous lyrics so I cannot put it in this chapter. However, as Marquis changes from research librarian to bus riding custodian, sit back, relax and listen to the Guess Who's offering to the Global Guardians, as their time runs out.

"David, yes I plan to be in Amsterdam by the 14th depending on how long Hamish needs me to help at the Hyatt Regency in Peking. If needed I can watch them on the dance floor and once they are in the, perceived, security of their rooms on the executive floor of the Kraz."
"Yes David, I think a contact with both Marquis and Mr. "Die-Hard" in the Vancouver area would be most helpful. Marq could take a few photos with his mop and then send them to us from the library. Die Hard has a canine asset ready to deploy for our benefit out at the Pig Farm as you like to call the scene of that crime."

"Aha David, I have it, PF means Pig Farm doesn't it" said the elated Dutch Spanner.

"Not exactly" responded the suddenly laconic airline captain as he watched a nervous Corinth coming hurriedly down the aisle.

"Captain Whopper, the company just called and wishes to speak to you on ARINC immediately. It appears there may be a security threat against this flight. Please come to the cockpit immediately and do that Captain stuff" suggested the out of breath and out of ideas heir to the left seat.

"Not yet Corinth, that is exactly what they'd expect me to do. Be a good young fellow and hand me the megaphone in the aft left bin Corinth".

Switching it on and ensuring option B he triggered the mic and spoke into the feedhorn "Chips FLASH Fish".

"Fish, on, confirm FLASH"

"FLASH confirmed, call NORAD 6, ask for April Cunning and ask if there is a security issue with Cyprus 69, Delta 7, or Mike Papa 02, FLASH"

"Standby Chips"

Through the open mic at the NCC in wedge one Chips could hear bits of the phone conversation from NCC to NORAD to the Cunning April, horseholder for NORAD 6. After a "thanks April" the volume came up and Fish responded "Chips, look out the left side of the cockpit".

"Not in cockpit at present but looking at the left wingtip I see 2 CF18s giving us HEFOE signals"

"Roger that Fish, now look out the right side and report what you see"

"Two F15s with AK on the twin tails and a bunch of Sidewinders, Sparrows and 2 AMMRAM missiles."

"Roger Chips, it seems that your A340 is a mile or two south of track but the problem is the transponder faded so as you were midway between Kamloops and Alaska everyone wanted to help you get safely to China"

"Fish, roger, understand all, what call sign are they working, Cyp69, Delta 7 or MP 02?"

"Your discrete call sign Chips"

"Roger that, let them know I will wave them off from the cockpit in 2 minutes, Chips out."
"Fish out, secure clipper."

"Hamish and Willem, keep your eyes on Fox and your hands off Fox, I have to teach these young fellows from Greece how to blow kisses to fighter pilots. I will be back in a few minutes, Spanner any more cold ones in your private stash?" As the 50 year old stud muffin became erect and doubletimed up to the flight deck, Fox was thinking, I am an old fashioned girl and I prefer cockpit over flight deck just as I prefer Whopper over cous cous. As Monica Maytag dreamed of the next debriefing der Spanner vacated 3 more cylindrical holes in his ice sculpture in plastic marked "Winter Survival Kit" in Dutch. In French and Arabic it was emblazoned "toxic samples, do not open".

Once again in the left seat Capt Whopper gave a thumbs up and an Okay and blew a kiss to the CF18s on the left whereupon they did a slow roll, nose low to the left then split essed to head south to Kamloops. Leaning over the center console he repeated the thumbs up, Okay and blown kiss to the Eagle drivers from the 49th state and the F15s slowly rotated to one half positive G, lit the 4 burners and accelerated away from the A340 on a course that seems to point towards Elmendorf AFB, where Captain Whopper would do an "unrestricted climb" in an empty DC10 in August of 2006, but I digress.

The starry eyed Athens and Corinth asked "how do you know these things that make armed fighters go away willingly Captain Whopper?"

"Well I sure didn't learn it from watching Tim Cruise screw up the Maverick gig, he acted more like a Goose"

"Wasn't Goose the man in back?"

"Maybe in that movie he was but then Hollywood is just a distraction like the major league sports and the US court System. Between the courts, the sports and the Hollywood dorks most Americans lose track of what's important" responded the well-educated Captain Whopper whose 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal Fox was missing in the back of the plane.

"And regardless of where one is from the Man in Black told it like it was, not the man in the back. Here, listen to my iPod of Johnny Cash singing "Man in Black" while I head back to Anastasia before she trembles herself to sleep. And as you listen to JC singing "Man in Black" think of what Elvis told the world, what MLK told the world and what has been told to the world in every risen sun and the one Risen Son, but don't listen to me, the man in back, but rather to Johnny Cash, the Man in Black." As Athens and Corinth did paper rock scissors to determine who listened first the fully erect Captain Whopper repaired to his project on the back burner, if you get my drift and know where my head's at.

"Everything OKAY upfront oh he who is command of everything?" asked Hamish.

"Give me a Grolsch maxi-brew and let me formulate an articulate answer worthy of your well couched yet laconic query oh he who's feathers tempt steelheads and dolly vardens into committing acts of fly-fishing suicide." As the resident Dutch boy delivered a Grolsch to the lager-meister, and part time pilot, the affable Captain Whopper continued with "actually all I had to do was way bye bye to the Canadians first, the Americans second, and the Greek boys third. In fact Athens and Corinth are getting a Sunday School lesson from Johnny Cash even as I eloquently opine thusly with lager-laden exhalations containing CO2, a flash of Grolsch and perhaps a hint of Juniper from last night's BSM, which I will be repeating 121 minutes after ETA Peking."
"What would have happened if you had not called the Fish or didn't know what to signal the Zoomies who intercepted this fat four engine pig oh major consumer of things brewed from hops?" queried the Dutch Spanner.

"Actually that should be Lieutenant Colonel consumer of things brewed from hops but not to dwell on chicken shit, in as much as we were fairly close to course and fairly true to flight planned true airspeed probably nothing more than a HEFOE signal regarding the transponder. I didn't want our two Greek co-pilots to feel like they were being redressed so I turned the transponder back on to channel B to replace the apparently failed channel A, while they did paper rock scissors over the right to listen first to Johnny Cash."

"David, if I hear you correctly it sounds like you like to redress Greek males, how come you never redress Anastasia, after all she is also Greek.?" queried the oft querying Hamish.

"Elementary my dear Watson, I use redress with the Greek pilots in one context but I assure you I would be willing to redress Anastasia if it were not for two issues, one, she can redress herself as she sees fit and number two I prefer her non-redressed or in the common vernacular, undressed."

"David, you seem to have a one track mind, let's get back to the mission at hand"

"Actually my dear Watson I have a two track mind, security is issue number one and she can't hide a weapon if she is without clothing and number two I do find her attractive and provocative and I could go on forever but she too wishes to get back to the mission in hand."

"David, I said mission at hand, you responded mission in hand, what gives?"

"I do" yelped Fox as she pulled Captain Whopper to his feet and tugged him towards the crew rest facility" and David knew exactly what she had in mind so he fumbled thru his shirt pockets looking for the note she had handed him earlier. "Flaming red, forget the note David, I have my mind on your mission".

"Exactly" cooed the soon to be busy Captain of the vessel, "go in and get the maytag going while I pop in and check on Starvos and Sidorkis, I will catch up in 90 seconds".

As the flushing Fox disappeared into the lower bunk Captain Whopper could feel his upper torso blood pressure reducing as his bilateral aux vessels being to engorge anticipating their singular purpose in life. "Athens and Corinth, security debriefing for 30 minutes, stay the course, talk amongst yourselves and I just want you both to know that we are counting on you and that 'we' includes Leslie Nielsen, Anastasia and myself, the elusive and unpredictable Captain Whopper, that is all". Shutting the door tight he removed his shoes, shirt and was just loosening his belt with two more willing hands joined the evolution. As items were falling to the floor in piles, the periscope was coming up as the Captain was going down. The last item to hit the pile was a Flaming Red Thong, but don't ask me, call Joanie Charlatan at the FM mortgage lender where she works, this flaming red idea was hers and hers alone. However, the Captain had firm command of the periscope until properly relieved by the First Mate. "Surprise me with a song, oh Fox to die for" petitioned the recently relieved skipper of the clipper.
An olive skinned svelte arm reached up to the iPOD with the kick ass speakers and the only hit that Climax ever had, Precious and Few, would be playing as the Fox tried hard to remember the name of the Band. As the Flaming Fox morphed into Maytag Monica she had no idea that this same lead singer would rebuild the band as "Exile" and have a monster hit "Kiss You All Over", which gave her a good idea as she suddenly remembered the name of the band who did "Precious and Few".

Meanwhile, as the young international security agent inspected Captain Whopper for security violations, he recalled how some co-pilots frequently opine "It must be good to be Captain". Thinking back to Parker Brother's Clue game he could simply think, I cannot prove you wrong.

As the periscope was being stowed post action the vibrator went off on his clipper deal. The insatiable Fox, hearing the vibrator asked, it that for me?

"Whatever you desire oh discarer of thongs, but according to caller ID we have a Fish on the line and he indicates IMMEDIATE so I better repair to Hamish can do a clipper in the megaphone, here you listen on my iPOD" as he strolled out of the CRF.

"But Captain "down periscope", isn't your iPOD with Starvos and Sidorkis?"

"They've got the placebo, you have the clipper standby for Fish in 5."

"Okay Captain Skipper of the shipper with the clipper and the honey dripper but hurry back as I am really getting into this Exile idea".

"Remember my sweet young Fox, I am 50 and you are 28, so I am no longer a machine and I need some down time. Before I go, give me another of Rod Baldinger's NDSU produced extendo-peter tablets."

"Here my geriatric hatrick, take two and hurry back and we can go into Exile."

"As you dictate, oh dictator in Greek."

As David sat down with the megaphone, once again checking the on switch on and this time going back to option A, he spoke into the feed horn "Fish this is Chips, understand immediate, dictate to me Fish"

"Recorder on Chips, Amelia, Dancer and Dr Paul Z on the line homeplate."

"Chips, Cockerel, Fox and Spanner on line aloft, MP02, go ahead Fish"

"Dancer has just been in contact with Nano Al-Umina and between the Free Masons, the Global Bankers and the Dancing Jews it is confirmed that the first mason date in the 9th month is the planned execution of AMERICAN TOPOFF according to those PFers in the First Class Cabin of your flight Chips".

"Understand all Fish, the PFers in First Class may be in for a little course change by the TFer in command of this four engine pig. Stronger message to follow. Listen Fish, good work but I have to run to the first class lou and send Mo Strong on a vacuum assisted sea cruise if you can pick up what I'm laying down."

"Understand all Chips, Fish out, fadeout."
As the recently remotivated Captain Four Stripper strode to the first class lou to send a floating message to the Global Guardian Organ Grinder monkeys in First Class, a recently refreshed Fox sat down next to David's seat and asked Hamish where Whopper was off to.

"He is about ready to hatch the loaf heard round the world, or at least orafactorily recognized around the First Class cabin of Global PFers" responded the not so laconic Hamish, who secretly wished he was Captain Whopper.

"Exactly" whispered the demure and recently plumbed Fox.

From the orange megaphone left on his seat by David came the admonition, "Fox, that is my word to overuse, don't make me come back there and assert the privileges of command until I have finished this 6-pound statute of Mr. Rockefeller."

Speaking into the feed-horn Hamish attempted to correct the statue builder in the first class lou "David, I think you misspoke, it should be "underwater statue" should it not?"

"Not so fast Mr. no thanks on the Grolsch offer, I have failed the flapper in the first class crapper for maximum reek and hang-time, as a courtesy to these PFers trying to TOPOFF America. As a second measure I have disabled the flush motor and removed the red and white tape." Responded the suddenly 6 pound lighter Captain of the ship.

"Excellent works your effluence, my hat is off to you, no wonder you are the Captain."

"Exactly" responded the master hatcher of disabled loafs, as he intentionally left the door to the lou swinging freely.

As he stuck his nose in the cockpit he said "How's the flying guys?" to Athens and Corinth.

"Routine oh Captain of the Cabin and Crewrest Facility."

"For your info I will be turning the recirc fans off and the first class pack to low so that a heavenly aroma can waft all over our First Class cabin people" commented the suddenly smiling Captain Whopper. As he quickly made his way through the FC cabin he could see several people covering their faces with "moist towelettes" or perfumed hands. In seat 3D our cous cous king asked "who cut the cheese" to the two PFers in 2C and 2D.

2D turned around with his left hand covering his face and responded "Pull my finger and I will tell you."

As the Captain rejoined the threesome in the back he reflected on the beauty of his job: a hot fox and a cold Grolsch, it is not unpleasant being the Captain.

Seeing her Captain looking somewhat tired the everready Fox suggested, "Dear Captain Skipper of the Shipper, do you recall a captain of another ship, LCdr. Lloyd Bucher who was skipper of the USS Pueblo when it was taken by the bad guys in 1968?"

"Yes I do, oh Goddess from Greece, but how does that apply to our present situation?"
"I simply thought that you may like to "ride captain ride" like the song by Blues Image seems to indicate is a privilege of your position. To this how do you respond Oh respondent to my offer of my honor?"

"Well, on her or offer, I rise to the gambit, I rise my periscope to your thrown down gauntlet, and I suggest we repair to the CRF to do justice to the 1970 hit by Blues Image."

As the athletic and aerobically fit two-some shifted the CG forward, they both harked back to the lyrics playing in their mind. Strangely, as the Red Thong dropped in advance of the risen periscope, her iPOD with the kick-ass speakers were playing the song in question:

Due to the ongoing writer's strike in Hollywood the creative researchers at HawksCAFE have decided to honor our creative brothers and sisters and not put the typical "bits and pieces" at the end of this Chapter 6, also known as C6 which is one of the 3 songs played on the Foggy Dew Jukebox on New Year's Eve. However, our faithful readers can expect Chapter 7 to introduce two new characters, one a John Diehard, and one dog with a GPS collar and listening device ears. The working title "Wag the Dog Demarais-Pig Farm DNA" should keep the Tomoye agents, employees of McConnell International, and the USDOJ guessing what is coming down the pike. Ladies and gentlemen, what is coming down the pike is the Truth with a capital T. It promises to reduce the Presidential Field by at least 3 people; 2 alleged Republicans, and one alleged Democrat. However, not all is as it seems......

Chapter 7 - Wag-the-Dog Demarais; Pig Farm DNA
Feb 9-18, 2001

Wag-the-Dog Demarais; Pig Farm DNA

Due to the recent writer's strike in Hollywood and the fact that The Senate Judiciary leadership has taken time to get the Patriot-Giants game to all TVs in America, therefore not being able to "wrap up" the investigation started on 9-11-01 perhaps due to the thought of become Victims 51 and 52 of "Google ARKANCIDE", those of us at "Three Legged Stool" investigations have decided to honor our brothers and sisters, who write in Hollywood, by forgoing the services of professional "spin writers" who normally preface each Chapter of the World's Greatest eBook, currently titled "The Truth is a Tireless Hunter".

A surrogate writer has been located to capture the essence of Chapter 7. We interviewed the writers at BBC who reported the "pulling" of WTC 7 20 minutes prior to the fact but found them to be lacking in credibility and timing skills. Therefore, we located an otherwise unbusy man in the Fargo Moorhead area to suggest what we can look forward to in Chapter 7.

In Chapter 7 you can anticipate the introduction of John Diehard Wilson and his trusty dog who is equipped by Q of MI3 with "listening devices ears mods" and a GPS device embedded in the dog's collar; a studded collar much like the people who practice S & M wear. You can anticipate greater participation from Dr. Nano al-Umina, Dr. "Paul Z" and of course the oft sought after "Dancer". As "Diehard" and Dancer tighten the screws, "Hollywood North" [ outside RICO ] participates in the blending of illegal tax shelters [ Desmarais-KPMG 'Son of Boss'], illegal 'snuff films', the "triangulation" of the bodies at the Pig...
Farm, and the relationship between KPMG’s $456M payment to USDOJ in 2005, Boeing’s $615M payment to USDOJ in 2006, and "United States of America versus Global Guardians", a Qui Tam lawsuit that was hand delivered to the United States Department of Justice at 1100 hours on 2 October, 2007 at the Quentin Burdick Federal Courthouse in Fargo, North Dakota. While the lawsuit was well received by the DOJ in Fargo, it remains to be seen how those embroiled in the ugly side of 9/11 will react to this illuminating body of evidence.

As the ever affable and the ever gaffable concluded the debriefing in the upper CRF of Cyprus 69 to the final straining notes of "Ride Captain Ride" the svelte recipient of the captain's energy asked "David, in the lyrics the captain of the mystery ship did not do very well other than to 'sail' into history', do you think LCdr Lloyd Bucher could have achieved a more satisfactory result had he behaved differently with the USS Pueblo?"

"No my sweet Greek, Venus, goddess of love, that you are, the captain of the ship was not delivered support that was available due to political issues. On that day in January, 1968, when the US of A learned that the ship was threatened, nuclear armed F104 Starfighters, produced by Lockheed, were on alert in Japan. However, because the nuclear arms aboard the fighters were not known to the Japanese government and their presence on Japanese sovereign soil was contrary to treated agreements, the fighters could not respond to save the ship, captain, and crew, which is also a dice game played at Navy and Marine Corps bars the world over. I assume even non Navy and Marine folks could learn the dice game, but they would probably call it "6-5-4". And of course my dear friend Hamish "I wanna be a Captain" Watson would probably opine that it is like gambling, which should be illegal, unless it involves gambling your butt on a Boeing illegally modified jet after Boeing pays a $615M fine in 2006. Even Boeing’s chief counsel, code name 'Baying' knew that there was an explosive issue out there that the $615M fine could not make go away, especially if the Judge in Chicago who signed off on this "settlement" did not reveal (a) conditions set on Boeing, (b) verify the fulfillment of those conditional obligations, and (c) identify who or what had "oversight'. My guess is that Judge in Chicago, in 2006, was probably trying to figure out how to get some phony baloney NFL game to all the TV's in America the following December, 2007, and that the Judge's "other job" might be in the building at 1 Wacker Drive. The ever affable never flappable Captain Whopper would suggest that one should Wack or Drive, but putting Wacker and Drive in the same sentence is tantamount to putting "taffy pull" and "thong penetration" in the same sentence, i.e. horrid grammar. To this I do affirm."

"Well Captain 'well informed and truthful' if this A340 were a USS "listening ship" what might you do to protect the A340, crew and passengers aboard this flying 4 engine French pig, as you so eloquently refer to it?"

"Talk is cheap my Venus and so after you tell me where you have hidden my Oscer de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster Sports Thong in pastel 'Bayberry' I will cage the monster, put on my monkey suit, and show you and your two countrymen Athens and Corinth just how to TF the PFers."

"Sorry oh possessor of the appendage, I shall not reveal the location, therefore you will not be allowed out of the crew rest facility until Rodney Baldinger's magic tablets lose their 'appeal', and allow me to cage the monster if he must be put indoors, if you know where I am coming from."

"Sorry my sweet Venus but duty calls, and so does the Flight Deck so I must be off, just like Boeing and ALPA attorneys will suggest I am off in the March 5, 2007 Fargo Forum. Therefore being ever the professional I will wear this pale apricot slingshot rumpmaster and be on my way to the Flight Deck."
"Parting is such sweet sorrow, but alas, I yield to your redundancy of slingshots, however, as a favor could you please refer to that slave's quarters as a cockpit, is has a better ring to my ears."

"Ringing in my ears is what I tell crew schedulers at Blue Skies if they ask a favor, unless of course it is Bonnie 2B who will undoubtedly lose her job at some point because she cares about people, a taboo at BSA, but cockpit it is in deference to your youthful libido and whereas I can call in sick at BSA for alleged ringing in ears, I will never let that affliction cause me to "no show" a debriefing, at least as long as there is a tigress thong inside your tight-fitting jeans, which causes me to hark back to Conway Twitty's hit song of the same name. Of course, unbeknownst to the 'alphabet' agencies paralyzed by the Gorelick wall, Conway was a city near Little Rock and Twitty was a town in Texas, and the man who was known by those twin-cities was Harold Jenkins, and if Conway Twitty had tried to record as Harold Jenkins no one in the world would have heard of "Make Believe" or "Tiger in the Tight Fitting Jeans". Thank God that the investigative superminds at Three Legged Stool are not handcuffed by the Gorelick wall. It seems this Gorilla also gagged the 9-11 Omission Commission just as her predecessors gagged the Warren Commission. And of course, the reports that were excreted from both Warren and Gorilla-ick were "only make believe", just like WTC 7, the Dancing Jews, and the 250 knot box cutter wielders." If Conway Twitty knew it was Make Believe in 1958, what is taking the FBI and CIA so long in understanding the Truth of 9-11; and serving warrants? Oh, never mind, I forgot about the Patriots-Giants game that will be played 6 years and 10 months from today, 2-9-2001.

As the newly cupped Captain TF proceeded to the cockpit he did a 180 degree turn to respond to Mr. Cous Cous whose email address in Canada ends in @sympatico.ca. "How might I better serve you my honored guest?" inquired the ever sensitive Captain Exactly as he stood head and shoulders over the diminutive dolt in 3D.

"Captain, my colleagues and I have nearly become sick at something emanating from the lavatory with the 'open door', is there something that can be done to improve the air quality in the first class cabin?"

"Well, there are many tools in a Captains tool box and I can solve it in a way that finds consensus amongst your traveling mates just as their mission to China must be in support of a consensus motive of some nature, so talk amongst your seatmates and determine if the emanations from the 6# offering wedged in the forward lou is so offensive that you wish it remedied of if you want to "stay the course" and press on for Peking, duck," he said as Captain Tool Box vertically evaded a flying shoe apparently meant to indicate to the Captain of the A340 how the gentleman in 4F found the quality of the cabin air to be. "It appears that at least 4F agrees with you so I will confer with my onboard technical staff in the aft cabin and come back and gain your instructions in 5 minutes, we are well west of Yellowknife so if we stop to fix the plumbing we will have to start down in about 30 minutes, and I have recency of experience when it comes to plumbing as I have just finished plumbing a Venus not in her blue jeans in the upper CRF, but I digress."

As the TFer left the PFers he wondered to himself if readers of this book would need a glossary at the end so they could refer to these acronyms and fully understand the essence of what I would be laboring to express in explicit queen's English had I become an actor, a lawyer, or an actor instead of a steely eyed former fighter pilot who winced at nothing unless it was a thong, stuffed, larger than size 28. And if these PFers knew that I had never failed to arrive at any aiport I ever intended to land at, they probably would not like how I handle their consensus, but alas I digress as they have not informed me of the concensus. Truth is, I am going to put this 4 engine French pig on the tarmac at Elmendorf AFB
regardless of the childish whinings of these misguided monkey dancers who listen to the wrong organ grinder. Hmmmm, thought the ever mission oriented 50 year old captain sporting 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal, I think Anastasia is going to like reading this phrase "organ grinder". And, in deference to the man in 4F, who probably would have been 4F like slick willy if he had been an America male during the Viet Nam years, I think I will empanel a Blue Ribbon commission to start an online glossary, and it will be at the end of the book, or as the ever precise and often boring Hamish would suggest "My Back Pages" which was actually a Bob Dylan creation delivered by The Byrds. Let's all take a pause for the cause and listen to the Byrds discuss the back pages, and while they do, try and determine the color of the next thong mentioned, which will be comfortably worn by "Dr Paul Z" of Austin, Texas.

As David Hunter slid into the seat next to Hamish who was working on his laptop, he asked Spanner and Cockerel if they would object to a brief stop in Anchorage, or more precisely in deference to Hamish's incessant nit-picking, Elmendorf AFB. Willem said that he would roll with the flow but that a stop would not bother him as the monster loaf in the first class lou had made itself known to the investigative assets in the aft cabin, aft row. To somewhat cover the "Zibek" effect, Willem had rolled up a monster doobie and had attached it to a low speed, low flow suction device to keep the weed burning for effect but without cause Willem to think he was in a Doors coffee house in Amsterdam. As the laconic skipper honey dripper looked at the burning hash he thought, wow, I wish Willie was here, he'd know how to attack this monster weed and show it who's the boss; and I don't mean the boss with the hot sauce as the never satiated Greek Venus called him once she got into the maytag mode. Unfortunately, that phrase will not make it into the glossary. Bummer.

When David turned to Hamish to solicit his preference Hamish said "females only". Then the ever precise Captain Whopper pointed out the preference being solicited was a strong yea or neigh regarding a brief stop in Anchorage to off load the load if you get my drift or follow your nose to the evidence resting in the first class lou.

"Well, you're the Captain David but I should think if the TOPOFF PERPS in first class wish to improve the air quality at least to Dancer's suggested buzzard-dung-heap threshold, a brief stop may be enjoyable" further opining that while he had worked in the oil industry on 6 continents he had never been to Anchorage and he knew of an enjoyable thongless operation called the Alaskan Bush Company or some such drivel where the clientele was not interested in light aircraft rides to remote sites inaccessible by auto but rather "professional dancers" who could deliver drinks or other items of interest".

"Not one to correct you oh dispenser of intelligence but I believe you refer to the 'Great Alaskan Bush Company, on Airport Road'. However, I don't think we will have time to go looking for scantily clad females for 3 reasons: 1) we need to appear to be anxious to get these jerks to Peking 2) we are out of Grolsch, but Willem can fix that with the orange megaphone and 3) I planned ahead and had a thongless female tag along. Further, as I will now demonstrate verbally, we will be picking up some other things at Elmendorf."

As the skipper of the shipper became erect and grabbed the orange megaphone he once again saw the "jerk to inflate" sign on the raft and wondered if "Son of Boss" would become upset at the upcoming stop. Selecting B after turning it on Captain Clipper had thoughts of thanks for Al Bore, Panetta, and others in the White House meeting of 1993 who had diverted the Clipper technology to Canada therein preventing U.S. citizens from having secure telephony, yet allowing non-RICO-reach treasonous perverts to plan 9/11 and Amalgam Virgo where these same mental midgets practiced the flying portion of 9/11 to determine if the United States Air Force could be tricked into standing down to allow Morris Berryl's
Canadian military to protect us. That kind of protection is equivalent to using a condom with a clipped tip. And strangely, 6 years in the future the US DOD would once again trust these outsiders to "pretend" to protect America after structural failures causes the grounding, twice, of USAF F15 Eagles. What would make a lot more sense may be to replace them with F16s flown by Americans in the ANG or Navy and Marine F18s who don't serve the interest of the OIF, the Bilderberg, the CFR, the International Bankers who penned the Banker's Manifesto of 1892, or people like David Rogue-Phart who on page 405 of his 1991 book admitted he was trying to allow the "New World Order" to end the sovereignty of the United States of America. But the real bummer is that the CF18s probably came from a base I will encode "Fagotville" which is located in the OIF infested portion of Canada which insists on having two languages on the road signs. Now of course the Welsh people do it too, but at least Wales has good beer. Not everyone can read signs, but if you Google the_pattern_of_the_signs at Google-video, or take a break from reading this gripping book and watch the video at http://www.usdoj.gr/ you can learn to read signs yourself. In fact we in AD-HC [ able danger/hawksCafe ] can share our COIN technology with any servants of the United States of America who will re-swear their oath of allegiance and oath of office and prove they did not seek to evade paying taxes with KMPG's 1996-2003 'Son of Boss' tax shelters. While the Congress, Senate and DOJ shred any links to Son of Boss and themselves, let's relax to a musical offering regarding signs. But I digress, and so does the DOJ when they allow KMPG and Boeing to shutdown investigations for a measly $1.061 billion. Certainly if $1.2 trillion was made in the 4 days of trading following 9/11, KPMG and Boeing could have afforded a more impressive "gratuity" to ensure the silence of DOJ. On the other hand, if an incoming POTUS started with 50 new U.S. Attorneys and had $1.061B to "buy consensus" the USDOJ could be counted on to work efficiently much like a well-oiled machine, which evokes thought of the Greek Beauty in the CRF. Doing some math in my head that provides $20M per U.S. Attorney and $61M left over for 'Boss' or his son(s).

Selecting 'on' and B on the megaphone, Captain Mission Minded spoke thusly "Fish, Chips, IMMEDIATE" on the mega clipper provided by Q at MI3.

"Hey David, Q was at MI6, not MI3" incorrectly opined the tall, intelligent and ever boring master of disguise who was last mentioned in the hotel lobby and police car [ unmarked ] at the Detroit Westin shortly after Fox had handed Chips a note with "flaming red" as the only two words. He, being a gentleman, offered her a flaming purple tipped red champion in return, as an expression of his appreciation for her "Cliff Notes to Paradise" which of course brings to mind a Meatloaf song entitled "Paradise by the Dashboard Lights". However, if one was to google meat + loaf Captain David Hunter's name would not be listed, of that you can rest assured.

"Hamish, keep in mind that Q had cancer in his left femur and he lost his left leg to cancer, hence 6 divided by 2 equals 3, one legged technicians at MI6 become employee/assets of MI3, the one legged section. They lobbied to stay at MI6 but the USDOJ suggested they didn't have a leg to stand on, legally." One would think at some point Hamish would learn not to correct David Hunter but alas, one might as well try to catch the wind, a great song by Donovan who was a 'UK response' to Bob Dylan. Was he an adequate response? Well, when is the last time you saw a Donovan song in this e:book which is being read around the globe from Tim-buck-2 to Phuket Island."

"David, you are so worldly, when did you learn of Phuket Island?" queried the ever querying and slowly learning master of CS questions.
"When the guy in Iceland called my F4 Phantom said "Captain Brass Balls, the weather at Keflavik is zero zero and your mission is to divert to New Hebrides, Scotland, I am scrambling the tanker now" to which I replied "PHUKET, I LAND". Do you get it or must I explain like Athens and Corinth would require of me?"

"Sorry David, yes I get it, you told the authorities that regardless the weather conditions at Keflavik you preferred landing there rather than diverting to Scotland, is that the essence of your response to the 'Iceland Scrambler' and the ATC folks?"

"Yes Hamish, you have captured the essence of my laconic response to the moronic instructions to fly to Scotland. I also instructed the USAF Captain who issued that 'divert-scramble' to please stay off the radio while I land that 1964 F4D with two J79-GE-15 turbojet, afterburning blowers to put his excess energy into canceling the tanker and scrambling some eggs as I would be on the ground in 10 minutes and had nothing at all to eat since the previous afternoon when we Happy Hooligans arrived with a flight of 6 F4s, destroyed a candyass USAF bar called the Whiff, and were recruited by a kick ass Navy bar called the Brass Nut. I could again digress but perhaps I need to keep this rolling along as the DOJ will probably be all over 9-11 now that the Pats are 16-0, I will just add a link to the shaggy dog story of landing an F4 in zero zero on a sloppy wet short runway in Iceland, in April of 1984, with the 178th FIS aka the Happy Hooligans in aircraft 64-0976 with George Benson in the back seat. I could tell you where my wallet was and how that figures into this true story, but then I'd have to have a Grolsch, and during the Hollywood writer's strike, we amateurs should not drink Grolsch and opine lest we be recognized as informed adults; and oddity in America since the 19 Muslims with box cutters caused the jews to dance, and the monkeys to respond to the organ grinding octopus. Now with this Octopus comment you might conclude I am casting a rather large and dangerous net, however, I know what I will be reeling in, and Steely Dan put it into music in about 1973, I could be more precise but I had 13 Grolsch wide bodies during the last musical break and I rendered myself into a congressional judiciary-like mortal.

Okay, catch your breath, take a peek, think of Fox and read the true story below, from April, 1984. And speaking of true story, you should Google Gene Pitt and the Jive Five song "my true story" and I tip my hat to Gene but I do not have time to put that link in right now as I have had 37 Grolsch widebodies and I need to repair to the Captain's cabin to stir a BSM and remove a thong while you guys all read what happened in Iceland.

The Rest of the Story

April, 1984

NAS Keflavik Iceland

The Happy Hooligans took 6 F4s to Iceland to protect the GIN [ greenland/iceland/norway ] GAP for a month while the Iceland USAF unit deployed to Tyndall AFB in Panama City FL to live-fire missiles off their F15s. They left one Captain behind to monitor the guard guys for the month while we kept the Russians out of the gin gap and the Atlantic attack route they would later use in the Aborted TOPOFF of America some 17 years and 5 months later.

We took off from Fargo at 5 in the morning and rendezvous with the first of 3 tankers. All 7 F4s cycle through the boom to ensure all 7 F4s can take on fuel. All 7 worked so #7 peeled off and went back to Fargo [ steve beserske & charlie Ree ]. For the next 6 hours we steam on a beeline to Keflavik sucking
the first tanker dry by the Maritimes. Tanker 2 and 3 show up for the over water portion. We continue cruising to Iceland refueling numerous times. We were supposed to wear exposure suits but I certainly did not wear mine, others may have. Tanker two either landed with us in KEF or turned back to CONUS after we drained him. When all 6 F4s were guaranteed to make Iceland tanker #3 split off for England, Mildenhall I believe. 6 F4s and 12 social drinkers enter the pattern at KEF and land. And head straight to the Officers club. The club was a typical AF club [stuffy, boring] so our young AF Captain babysitter invited us to the "squadron bar", the Whiff. During that evening which lasted well into the wee hours we all saw things we'd only in movies; western movies. I saw two different WSOs [navigator/backseater/guy in back GIB] fly over the bar, one was thrown over from the customer side [Tom Keebler?] and one was returned, airmail, from the bartender side. While destroying this Air Force squadron bar to toothpicks we also fairly well rendered the men's room unusable. The social drinkers and pilots continued using the facility even tho it was overflowing on the floor. One enterprising WSO determined there was a second latrine directly underneath on the floor below, while sending a message to headquarters he also learned that the upstairs bathroom floor leaked. Initially he thought it leaked water. Of course, he was a backseater, not a nose gunner.

Pretty soon it is 3 am and the Wing Commander has been asleep, propped up against the wall with a lampshade on his head for 2 hours. Time to call it a night since all liquids had been consumed.

We call a base taxi whose driver insists we wear clothes in his cab. At least one of us walked to the BOQ [hotel for civilian readers]. Desk clerk initially refusing key to the one or so who walked since they did not meet the dress standards to ride. However, keys are produced when clerk realizes these humans would be less visible in a room.

The sun was coming up the next day and there were 12+ very "tired" Hooligan aircrew. We were summoned back to the Whiff by the little AF Captain who did not appreciate the toothpick job on his squadron bar. We rebuilt it after we cleaned it. As I recall several people must have gotten the flu as several deposits were made on Buicks. If that doesn't make sense, picture 3 guys calling for Ralph. Got it?

Bar rebuilt and cleaned and then we head back to go back to sleep. Not so fast you Hooligan guys, over to base ops as you are all having your "welcome to Iceland" local airspace tour, in your F4s.

L/C Bobby Carlson Announces to the 12 crewman "good deal all you guys can go fly". Bob is shocked by the chorus of "BS" and stronger responses indicating a lack of interest in anything except bed and alka seltzer. Bobby regroups, and says "listen all 6 jets are Code 1 so give me a show of hands of which pilots are willing to fly. Not one hand goes up. Bobby says which WSOs want to fly, 2Lt Georgette Bensen raises the only hand [teetotaler]. Bobby says perhaps it is best you other guys go back to sleep but we need a pilot to take Georgie out for a FACIT flight [ifix-and-around and call it training]. No pilot wants to do it. Bobby says cmon guys, remember when you were a new 2Lt, somebody needs to take Georgine for a ride. I got roped into being somebody.

George and I take off in the F4 and it was clear and a million with a modest headwind and about 35 degrees F above zero. Before the gear and flaps were up I saw a weather phenomenon that I had never seen before and exists only in places like Iceland: a large dense fog that had a sheer frontal edge and zero visibility, it appeared to be from the surface to several hundred feet so it would be at Keflavik within ten minutes or so, I guessed. As I turned downwind and started dumping fuel I asked KEF approach what the weather was and requested an immediate landing. However, Iceland Air needed to
get in first before the weather or the F4. As I continued to dump and be sequenced behind the DC8 I
heard the weather drop from clear and a million to WOXOF, which means zero/zero and you cannot
land. The DC8 was inside the outer marker so he could legally continue. When asked my intentions I told
KEF approach I'd follow the DC8 as close as was legal. The DC8 got in (zero/zero or mighty close) and
reported poor braking. At about 200 feet on the centerline and 2 miles behind the DC8 my glide slope
became erratic and then took a hike. How lovely. I continued the approach with just centerline hoping
to see approach lights. At 80' above the ground I realized this is how dead fighter pilots end up dead. I
reluctantly go missed approach below 80 in the trusty F4.

mental break, long story, two deep breaths, popcorn and Grolsch authorized at this juncture..

As I transmit "Mike Papa 26 missed approach" the controller says "climb to 3000 runway heading". Then
the AF Captain's childlike voice is heard on the "guard" frequency. "Mike Papa 26 your mission is divert
to New Hebrides Scotland, the tanker is being scrambled." My response, I will remember clearly for
ever. It was "Air Force Captain, your mission is to stay off the radio while I land this F4 on my next
approach, cancel the tanker and scramble some eggs."

"Keflavik approach MP 26 request"

Go ahead MP 26.

"Approach MP 26 could you look around the radar room and see if you can find me a First Class or Chief
Petty Officer with a beer belly, a coffee cup and a cigarette?"

MP 26 I have a First Class with a beer belly and a coffee cup but he's not smoking right now.

"Good enough, please turn me over to his control, request immediate PAR to full stop" {right now,
precision radar approach, final landing}

The calm experienced voice of the First Class came on, read me the weather [ WOXOF ], gave me a
minimum of the standard legal BS then drove us to a successful approach and landing on the first
attempt [ still zero zero ]. George B, 2Lt now speaks with relief and says "Nice job captain whopper" a
little prematurely; the weather had dropped several inches of wet sloppy snow on the runway and it had
no arresting gear and was shorter than the other runway. However, we were fortunate to get the beast
stopped and 20 minutes after we had taken off for a FACIT flight we had done 2 approaches to zero,
zero and the Navy First Class Petty Officer did a marvelous job of saving our asses.

I was relieved. George was wide eyed. The Air Force Captain was livid. "Whopper, I, as supervisor of
flying, ordered you to go to Scotland, you refused and made two illegal approaches, why did you refuse
to go to Scotland"

"First of all, you are an AF guy not a guard guy and I don't work for you. Secondly, I didn't have my nav
bags [ maps, required to have], I didn't have a G suit [ required to have ] but the real reason is I left my
wallet in base ops so I had no beer money. And if you think I am going to Scotland with no beer money
you've got the wrong guy".

I don't think he liked me. George went to rethink his career choice. I went back to the Officer's club.
Mike, thanks for asking I have so many of these [ true ] stories I need people like you to remind me so I can put them in the book I am writing "Sweet Talkin Woman" That will be a 95% factual book written from the eyes of a Guard fighter pilot/airline captain/ professional layover artist/total recaller of musical lyrics.

That book will be written over the next several months however Captain Sherlock's first DVD is being delivered now:

http://www.captainsherlock.com

And two Hollywood feature scripts have recently been completed and I believe they are being pitched to movie producers right now.

If this story seems unusual or interesting remember the date was April, 1984. If you want to see a video shot on 17 August, 1984 in Bozeman Montana visit www.captainsherlock.com

Of course, I cannot identify the pilot of the 200 foot air refueling but it could be Captain Sherlock, Captain Rich McHogeny or someone else. The back seater who insisted the young Captain do the 200 foot refueling was a Roger J-nel Larson, perhaps.

Thanks again Mike. Any other good stories out there?

Whopper

PS I have attached a picture of Smoke and George in front of F4 64-0972, Bertha. I will also attach a photo of Captain Rich McHogeny in front of 64-0478 "Sweet Talkin Woman". George had his sex change after our Iceland flight.

If any Hooligans recall materiel facts differently please email me. For instance who were the 6 pilots and 6 WSOs and am I correct in recalling 3 tankers. The rest of the story is bullet-proof.

From: "mike pecker" boringmyway@msn.com
To: "Fred McCorkle" avalonbeast@msn.com

Date: Fri, 27 Apr 2007 21:41:16 -0500

Fred,

The funniest story you ever told...and way before the al bore's internet, was when you were trying to get into Keflavick or some odd place like that but the wx was WOXOF and you asked for the Navy chief to give you the PAR, the one with a hook in his index finger from drinking so much coffee....now that was funny!!!!

Mike

Thanks for the reminder, Mike. My mother told me to write a book in 1985, the safety officer for the Happy Hooligans told me to write a book in 1986 and my conscience told me to write a book after I
revealed to the US government and ALPA that illegally modified Boeings hit the world trade center on 9/11 and that my college class mate, Chic Burlingame did not fly his AA77 into the Pentagon but was rather murdered in a vaporized Boeing 45 minutes prior to [perhaps] a Raytheon A3 hitting the Pentagon FBO GGs identified in Qui Tam lawsuit 10/2/07.

Grab some popcorn while Chips slips into character and Fox re-thongs.

Grabbing the orange megaphone and speaking directly into the feedhorn the eloquent Whopper transmitted "Fish, Chips immediate".

"Chips, Fish roger immediate que pasa" Often Fish and Chips would speak portions in Spanish knowing that the dummies who attacked the Pentagon with a beat up A3 could speak only French, Arabic and Navajo. Speaking of that, the MIT professor who arranged the Navajo code talkers for 9-11 had a bad case of 'Arkancide' shortly after the staged attacks. While some candy ass law school dropouts might question the 'beat up' adjective relating to the A3 due to the extensive and expensive modifications done to these Douglas Skywarriors that slipped into Loveland-Fort Collins airports for the upgrades, I have authority to make that assessment due to my experience in operation 'Pony Express' in September-October, 1974 when I, 1st Lt Whopper, celebrated by 25th birthday drinking Olympia Quarts costing a mere 25 cents each after having supported a Navy 'Queer A3' flown by Mike Clarke, former USNA tight end. I do admit it is confusing to use Queer A3 and tight end in same sentence, attorneys who are homosexuals might think I am talking about a 'good deal' in an Audi, precisely why we have no homosexual attorneys on staff at Three Legged Stool investigations; they would probably turn the stool upside down and sit on it much like the 'agencies' have been forced to do with their investigation of 9/11. Of course as only 3 at a time can mount the overturned stools, and there are 120 defendants in the lawsuit, I guess we need a total of 41 stools, 40 for the 120 perps and 1 for our ongoing investigation at Three Legged Stools. After all this legal BS and talk regarding homosexual attorneys [forgive the redundancy] I think we good old Americans need to remember what God thinks of our efforts to save America.

Hear that line about 'gin on his breath and a Bible in his hand', remind me to put BSM in the glossary. And hear that "you ain't afraid if you're washed in the blood like I was"-fair warning to the GGs and PFers, we are coming for you. You can kill us, but you cannot kill the Truth, and His Truth is marching on. The mill of justice grinds slow, but grinds fine. So does thongless Fox.

"Fish, Chips. In the spirit of MP02 [see glossary] I will be putting this fat French pig on the ground at Elmendorf in less than 2 hours. We need to have a lav service truck, 6 cases of Grolsch widebodies prechilled to 36 degrees and a dozen leopard, tiger or puma print ladies thongs in springtime colors, waste size 24, how copy over."

"Roger the LST, the brewskis but regarding the dozen thongs, did you mean waste size or waist size?"

"Listen Fish, you know my policy, absolutely nothing in a thong goes to waste regardless of the size of the waist with the caveat that my "no fat chicks" policy still exists for good reason. Further can you dial up Nano, Paul Z and Dancer for an update and gut check?"

"Roger that Chips, also Stone Kohl is dialing in now so give me 30 seconds for the Clipper part oh heir to the Elmendorf lav service truck currently being scrambled to the secure tarmac on the northside of the
Elmendorf ramp where in August 2006 you will have your picture taken with some babes in the #1 engine of a Douglas DC-10-30 operated by 'Blue Skies International', but I digress...

As Hamish, Spanner and Chips dip their chips into the salsa Chips harks back to the dipping some 23 minutes prior and smiles inwardly so as not to let Spanner and Hamish no what goes on "Behind Closed Doors". Now for security purposes it is reported that that was Charlie Rich singing in Wembley arena in England, there are some who suggest it was Captain Whopper singing at Henry C's farm near Norwich, Norfolk, England during a party of British White Cattle enthusiasts in 2003, however I digress. Notice the middle female vocalist, while you can see her top is maroon, I can assure you she had a matching maroon tiger stripped thong inside her tight fitting jeans 30 minutes after Charlie Rich finished off, pardon the double entendre. And I agree with Conway Twitty that the best place for a pair of tight fitting jeans is one the robe hook on the back of the bathroom door. Oops, gotta get back in character, clipper deal coming in from wedge one, pardon the wedge and thongs matrix.

"Chips, Fish in ADbs [ Able Danger below surface ], we have Stone, Dancer, Nano and Paul Z, go ahead with intro and SMEAC after usual two."

"Flaming red, lengthy portion, Grolsch. On board MP02 we have Fox, Spanner, Hamish and myself. SMEAC follows, get it right and record it first and only time. Situation-we are diverting to Elmendorf on BS maintenance excuse, we need Grolsch, Thongs and OSI asset who identifies himself as 'Nano al-Umina' to sit in seat 3C and speak Farsi or Arabic to 'cous cous breathe', Mission-we need Nano to be joined by an FBI female who can produce documents proofing she is Dr. Charmagne Chezik, of Austin Texas. She needs to me medically fluent and able to fake a Texas drawl, Y'all, Execution- we will have 2 hours on the ground at Elmendorf and need to get intel update from Dancer in 4 independent copies and those copies need to be written in French, Arabic, Chinese and Navajo. The paperwork with the disinfo needs to be 'sweet' enough to pass thru any 'gadget bent bore' filters as we take ADbs below prior to taking down the GGs with a Qui Tam, Admin-Fish needs to clipper acars MP02 with transcript recorded in Wedge one and as always the C & C functions rest with the 3 legged stool, how copy Fish."

"Got it right the first time, oh biggest leg of the stool, and the ACARS-clipper to the skipper of the shipper will be sent by Stone in 30 seconds, copy Dancer, Nano and Paul Z. Non clipper question, why is it you are known as the "big leg" of the 3 legged stool?"

"That is classified but Dr. Paul Z the urologist with palsy could probably get you in the ball park, which is not like the place where Britons park their autos but which harks me back to the old joke 'what do a cheap hotel and tightfitting jeans have in common', any takers?"

The seldom scene, always thinking Stone Kohl leaned over Fish and said "Easy one Dad, no ball room."

"Exactly, Chips et. al. out"

"Fish, Stone, Paul Z, Nano and Dancer out."

With that the SMEAC was set, distributed, reread and put into action. In Geneva, Dancer was speaking to Mossad via skype. In Wedge one Fish was talking to Sibul Evans at FBI, in Austin Dr. Paul Z was writing some hasty medical notes for the FBI switch in Alaska and due to her palsy she typed on the keyboard with her good finger, ungloved while in the hills outside Fresno Dr. Nano created a list of items to be 'harvested' by his OSI double from his seatmate in 3D. And somewhere in Australia a John 'Diehard'
Watson was putting his special canine friend in her traveling digs to head up to Vancouver to meet up with Marquis d'Cartier for some trilateral digging at the PF. Willem Spanner can remind you of what this PF is, it is not the PFers seated in first class.

As Captain Whopper went to 3D and 4F to determine their consensus he was pleased to learn they were going with the flow, the vote was 25 to 1 to stop and offload the load. The lone dissenter had moved to seat 1C and had begun hyperventilating to enjoy the malodorous offering still wafting from the forward lou with the swinging door. As he went forward, reluctantly to the flight deck to do some of that 'captain stuff' the insatiable Fox tried to get him off track by opening the CRF door and smiling dressed only in her leopard skin thong in 'burnt orange and mahogany' pattern. He snarled like Roy Orbison as he declined to honor her offer by getting on and off her yielding to his duties in the flight deck.

And when Whopper snarls, it is longer than the 3 second snarl emitted by the thick glass sporting RO at 1:09 to 1:11 in this video. And when the whopper snarls, the maytags really get sudsing, if you know where I am coming from and heading to. Or as Hamish may correct, heading into, eyes wide open [ EWO not NOW ].

"Cockpit please my responsible captain of the French pig, pardon the redundancy" she drooled demurely, pursing her wet lips like a hungry Norma Jean Baker. That refers not to any person living or dead but rather to a bake shop employee in Cardiff, Wales who has a favorite cookie named Norma Jean, he bakes them for Elton John, which is not his real name therefore my attorney at Dewey, Cheetem and Howe tells me I cannot be sued for libel, although hot air will be sued for nobul, I opine. The Norma Jean cookie came about in June, 1944 when the bakeshop owner's young daughter thought that 'Normandy' was 'Norma Jean', but the baker's daughter digresses while the farmer's daughter undresses.

"I prefer cockpit also and exactly 10 minutes after we clear the runway in Alaska please be ready to rock and roll in the lower bunk of the CRF and I promise to 'please, please you' to misquote the Beatles. All I will need is 2 of the Rod Baldinger 'extend-o-peters' and a lengthy portion of Matt Poss doing 'Fox on the Run' and thong on the robe hook." As he turned away from pleasure in favor of duty, just like Gary Cooper did in 1952 in High Noon, an orange and brown leopard striped and recently stripped item of clothing was flung delicately from the upper bunk to the robe hook.

"Two points oh my accurate thong flinger" quipped the soon to depart master of the crew.

"I am a Greek spy so I do not understand basketball terms but when you come back I will invite you to be fouled for spending too much time in the key prior to a '3 pointer' which he interpreted as her two points of her own, sitting way up high [ Night Moves, 1977, no time to listen ] and the point of his nautically inspired periscope, which enables the developing ADbs to see below the surface. As he walked into the cockpit Corinth spoke.

"Good timing oh Captain punctual, we just got this message from Cyprus dispatch."

As Corinth handed him the lengthy portion printed from directly behind the throttle quadrant the laconic Four Stripper issued a rare suggestion to Athens who sat in the left seat, "Move over rover and let Jimmy take over" to which the wet behind the Greek ears Athens responded:

"Aha, so your first name is Jimmy, isn't it?"
"Not exactly, get me Artic radio on 11279 please Corinth" a requested which was implemented immediately as the capable Corinth accommodated this rare request and the ambulant Athens departed for the forward lou, and a huge surprise, perhaps the captain's log?

"Artic Radio, MP02"

"MP02, Artic, good ahead"

"MP needs to divert to Elmendorf asap due to maintenance and we are proceeding direct at this time. We'd like to start down out of 380 when 140 east of Elmendorf."

"Roger that MP02, cleared direct Elmendorf, roger the descent profile, however say squawk and confirm callsign of MP02 we don't have you on primary or the good stuff."

"Exactly, due real world security. Change call sign to MP09, no squawk, contact Elmendorf Ops for security briefing, MP09 out."

As Athens prepared to point out to Captain Omniscient the errors of call sign and squawk, Fox was listening to the recently 'looped' Fox anthem by Matt Poss in preparation for the debriefing in the secure area of the ramp at Elmendorf.

Some of you readers with good cognitive skills may suggest I don't repeat songs in the interest of timing and bite size, which give me another debriefing item; however this is one of only 2 songs that will be repeated. This is being repeated here, at the mid-story intermission, and the real title to the book which will be printed and bound prior to 'MayDay 08' which will be the last item in the text before the glossary in 'my back pages'. The glossary will be essential to Tomoye and McConnell International spies whereas FBI, CIA, Mossad and MI6 know where my head is at all times. Mainly because we email notify DOJ, FBI, DHS and SEC 'what's going on', not to be confused with Marvin Gaye's monster hit.

Athens chimed in "Captain Whopper, I think you used the wrong call sign and the wrong squawk and are were we not dispatched to Anchorage International, at least according to Cyprus ops?"

"Exactly my good listener Athens, however Tomoye and MI are listening also so we need to be unpredictable, hence the switch to Elmendorf" responded the flaccid 50 year old in the left seat. That condition was reversed as the radiant Fox reappeared in the cockpit, with a cold Grolsh for the skipper of the shipper with the honey dripper for the quiver.

"Thank you Fox, I'd stand in the presence of a lady however my head would hit the electrical panel because the frogs that assembled this cockpit with input from Porsche didn't have strapping six footers in mind in there design" he, being a man of few words, responded.

"I fully appreciate your predickament," she humored, knowing Athens would not pick up what she was laying down.

"Exactly" was the monoworded yet tri-syllabic response from the laconic steward of speech.
Due to the Hollywood writers’ strike we cannot provide the same level of ‘post notes’ as readers of this online saga have come to expect; however when the doubles for Dr. al-Umina and Dr. Paul Z. join in this ‘running of the foxes’ Diehard’s Dog and janitor Cartier will put the GGs squarely in their sights as the focus is intensified on the Demarais wagging of America’s tail while Diehard’s Doggie gets a treat for the Three Legged Stool; a DNA sample proving the remains of a Pig Farm victim was buried ‘on site’ and that a similar search at ‘Fresh Kills’ will put the PFers in First Class and those inside the beltway in the ‘doghouse’, perhaps beside the Ramzi Whoof-F in the Supermax dog house, and I am not throwing bones. Well, not until 10 minutes after the French pig clears the runway at Elmendorf....

...stop the presses, to all ships at sea and aircraft aloft, Hollywood screenwriters end strike, therefore "Three Legged Stool" publishing is pleased to restore or normal level or service, to wit:

....this just in from Hollywood, the writers have settled, and our next Chapter will be

Chapter 8 - "Wag-the-Dog" Pargesa and Piggy’s Palace DNA
-February 23, 2001
Hamish says Montreal Mob controls Laborers-Teamsters' waste-disposal unions and Hollywood North with sex & murder movies produced at 'bonded' killing fields. Elie Grabl finds KPMG-Pargesa (Desmarais' private bank in Geneva) extorting politicos such as the wannabee Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell (Piggy's Palace), Rudy Giuliani (Fresh Kills land fill) and the Clintons (Haiti voodoo necklace). Al-Umina's special-effects buddies at Bridge Studios ask him to film their work to protect them against future Qui tam suit re any Wag-the-Dog false claim newsfeeds. Mlle. Screu-Fait, John Watson's cattle dog, collects DNA from a Piggy's Palace Party. Hunter flies samples plus Diehard plus dog to meet Teddy and Nano at JFK for a midnight raid on Staten Island burial grounds.

The lawyer for accused killer Robert (Willy) Pickton has put a $375,000 lien on the Port Coquitlam property now being searched by police in connection with the disappearance of 54 women from the Downtown Eastside .. Peter Ritchie filed the lien last month on the property, which is one-third owned by Pickton, according to records obtained from the B.C. Land Title Registry [like the Radarsat GMTI ground moving target indicator service, BC OnLine is operated by KPMG-Pargesa controlled Macdonald Dettwiler and Associates]. The lien -- in the form of a mortgage [bond] -- is to guarantee coverage of the legal fees in the high-profile case, in which Pickton is facing six counts of first-degree murder in the deaths of six of the missing women.

Defence witness Bill Malone says he built the Pickton nightclub, Piggy's Palace, to rival any club in big city Vancouver. "We put in a sound system that was comparable to any club in Vancouver," Malone testified. "We built proper stages, we brought in everything .. It would have the full atmosphere of any
nightclub." .. Parties would be thrown five to six times a year between 1995 and 1998, hosting between 325 and 600 people. "We had turkey, roast beef, we had any buffet-style menu you would find at any big restaurant," Malone said. Roasted pig was also served. "From pigs that Robert would buy at the auction and butcher," Malone said. "And then Pat [Casanova] would barbecue them." "It was a rough crowd" at Piggy's Palace, said Brian, a musician who played there a few years ago with the hard-rock band South City Slam .. "Even the women were tough-looking -- a lot of leather and denim .. he hooked up with Dave Pickton when the now-defunct band played at the South City Club in New Westminster .. The crowd at Piggy's Palace often included men wearing Hells Angels biker club colours .. "The people who came all seemed to know one another." .. The City of Port Coquitlam .. attempted, but failed, to get a court order in 1996 to force the Picktons and their Piggy's Palace Good Times Society to cease throwing parties on the property. The society was incorporated in 1996 with five directors, including the Picktons, and was dissolved in January 2000 for failing to file annual statements. "I wasn't really keen on spending New Year's Eve on a pig farm, but the money was good," Brian said. He made about $500 a night .. The dances would usually start with a roast pork dinner about 8 p.m. The band would start about 9:30 p.m. and play until 1 or later. Among those who attended parties at Piggy's Palace was Port Coquitlam Mayor Scott Young .. He described the party as a "getting to know you" event put on by people living in the area."

"Would passengers Watson, Spanner, and Zaloumi please come forward to the flight deck. Flight attendants please prepare for landing we will be on the ground within 20 minutes but as we descend over Turnagain Arm Bay south and southeast of Anchorage it is routine to get moderate turbulence so at this time we request that the Cabin Staff finish their service, stow their equipment and join the rest of us in sitting down for the duration of this flight, thank you."

"Captain, the lead Flight Attendant asked if you'd like the announcement made a second time in French or Arabic" said Hamish and he, Fox and Spanner came into the cockpit.

"Hamish please say thanks for the thought but no, English only is sufficient as I don't believe they will be telling of their treasonous plans for the events of 9-11 that they are going to China to finalize, and besides, that's just what Mr. Cous Cous and the yahoos would expect for us to do. Just as they probably think we are landing in Anchorage and they will have no way of knowing until it is too late due to the weather at Elmendorf" opined the unpredictable and energetic Captain Marvel-Shazam as a wonderful way to expand some energy popped into his head as he harked back to the limo ride from Arlington to the Ramshead.

"By the way Captain, here is the last on board Grolsch if you'd like to wet your whistle before we fly into the goo, what is the weather at Elmendorf?" asked Spanner.

"Here's the latest at the base, don't show it to Athens or Corinth yet, they may not like it and get nervous. Let's let them get nervous later" came the abbreviated response from the laconic Captain.

"MP09, Anchorage approach, we are handing you off to Elmendorf on 124.3 contact them over ANC VOR and cancel the Yeska you are cleared direct ANC, descend to and maintain 6000."

"Roger that" replied Athens as he dialed in 124.3 and set 6000 in the altitude window. As he pushed the "direct" button on the MDCU he typed ANC in LS1 and the aircraft turned directly towards the ANC VOR. As he did this the ever unhelpful Corinth requested ANC weather on the ACARS and handed the printed copy to his countryman who was flying the aircraft, handling the radios and doing all that pilot stuff.
Athens sort of confused Corinth when he called out "Elmendorf approach, MP09, over ANC, level 6000 indicating 230 knots due turbulence."

"MP09 roger that, Elmendorf is currently WOXOF, 15 over 11 on temperature, winds calm and no significant improvement expected for hours, state your intentions" was the wake up call that Athens and Corinth got unexpectedly, more use to the temperate weather that is generally experienced in Greece and that corner of the world. But it was no where near the wakeup call that Fox slipped to Captain Whopper in the form of an ACARS message signed 'FW1'. And the ever appreciative Captain Whopper had something he wished to slip to Fox at his first opportunity; code name purple.

"Fox, did this really come up when we asked the ACARS for ANC WX?" the now not so omniscient Captain Average asked. "And does anyone know the sender, FW1?"

"Captain Whopper after your believing a quivering Fox when she tested your level of knowledge while reducing your level of testosterone I thought perhaps I could tempt you to spend more time 'in the key working on 3 pointers' if we made it into an international competition for dominance without reference to gender, oh master of the hard wood and champion of the full quart press" challenged the Greek beauty once thought of by her neighborhood half court friends as a champion of the lay up, whereas David knew they were 180 degrees reversed in that thought.

Speaking of quivering, please remember the key word is 'stay' with me a while, not the Monica/Bill operation 'stain' on me a while. I guess Rhodes Scholars don't know jack diddly about music. No wonder his running mates have all deserted him while Captain Whopper's mate begs and quivers to again see the Captain go down as the periscope goes up. Or, as the ever laconic skipper of the sub-shaped vessel announces "dive, dive" and he prepares to dive, maintain his position as world's most well-known MUFF diver [Marine uncovers false flags = MUFF]

As the effects of the 2 Rodney Baldinger 'extend-o-peters' began to embolden and engorge the skipper of the shipper he blurted out "Just for that, oh Fox of many talents, the time for the next debriefing is back to 'chocks plus 15' as we will need to clear the cabin so no one hears you response to my 'double dribble' technique which includes a pair of 'free shots' at the finale. And one more thing my deep thinking and highly libidoed Athlete from Athens, I will have you know I have the nicest woody in America and it is available to you to ride til it's out of gas" as he passed her a picture he pulled out of his passport where he always kept the photo of his woody, an oldy but goody.
"Now Mrs. Greek Basketball player, how'd ya like to go for a long ride on top of this purple tipped rod champion" asked the confident Captain Purple Tip "and if you were to polish it, it would get real shiny real fast and regain it's luster as you've allowed me to regain my mojo, oh svelte athelite from Athens sporting the 'puma stripes' that give way to the Four Stripes driving this French pig, pardon the redundancy.

"I thought you wear kidding regarding the biggest woody in America David, but I can clearly see that this is double the size of the biggest woody I have ever seen. It almost looks like you have a double-woodie oh Captain of the Crew Bunk but so massive and so thick and heavy it must be hard on fuel" opined the winsome and pre-lubing Fox.

"No, actually, oysters are better fuel in that regard. But a dozen oysters and 2 of NDSU Rodney Baldinger extend-o-peters should pretty much provide for a "Afternoon Delight" that even Joanie Charlatan could appreciate" opined the well-woodied winner of the annual 'Thinger of Thongs' competition held among the Mortgage and Semen Bankers in the Fargo Moorhead area. And some folks think Fargo is just a snowjob movie.

And no better place to go immediately after some afternoon delight than Joanie Charlatin's refi center just east of the Quentin Burdick Federal Courthouse where the Qui Tam lawsuit heard round the globe as filed on 2 October, 2007
Greece ousts USA in massive World Championship upset (9/01/06) Source: BBC World News Greece beat the USA 101-95 to spring a big surprise in the semi-finals of the World Championships in Japan on Friday. Guard Vassilis Spanoulis starred for the Greeks with 22 points as the European champions overcame a 12-point deficit at Saitama Super Arena. Greece, with no current NBA players on their roster, danced in a circle on the court after their shock success. Carmelo Anthony scored 27 points and Dwayne Wade 19, but the joint captains were unable to save the favourites. The final buzzer sparked scenes of pandemonium as the Greeks celebrated as if they had won the gold medal. "I thank my players," said Greek coach Panagiotis Yannakis. "They did something incredible. We had faith and we never lost concentration." US coach Mike Krzyzewski was gracious in defeat. "Obviously the Greek team did an amazing job," he said. "It's not surprising. We knew that they had great heart and togetherness. They deserved it." The shock win also caused huge celebrations to break out all over Greece while the country's political leadership rushed to offer praise and congratulations. Prime Minister Costas Karamanlis cut short scheduled meetings to watch the end of the game and expressed gratitude to the Greek team. "This historic victory has made Greeks all over the world proud," he said in a statement. "It has proven that when Greece can do anything when it believes in itself." Offices and services came to a standstill in Athens as Greeks watched the game and then left their workplace to celebrate. Workers at one downtown office threw hundreds of sheets of paper out of windows onto a celebrating crowd. Others waved national blue-and-white flags and sounded car horns as they celebrated the country's place in the final. Traffic information screens had flashed the final score, prompting some motorists to abandon their cars to join the crowds. The USA had looked on course for victory but suffered a second-quarter collapse, blowing a 12-point lead with six minutes left to let Greece back into the game after a slow start. "I congratulate Greece for coming back from 12 points down and going on a 14-0 run," said Anthony. "I take my hat off to them for playing so well and so hard down the stretch." The USA have suffered a string of failures and will now be forced to qualify for the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. They were crowned World champions in 1994 and were also Olympic champions in 2000, but they missed out on a medal at the last Worlds in 2000 and could only win bronze at the Athens Games in 2004. Greece will now play either Olympic champions Argentina or Spain in Sunday's final.
As the ACARS printed a copy of the weather attached to the Elmendorf field conditions was an innocuous extra line- 'security arrangements per Fox request- signed FW1. As the master of the obvious turned to catch the smiling and ever mysterious Fox he said "Fox, have you been busy on the clipper megaphone while I have put all of my 35 years and 23,000 hours of safe flying to work in hopes of getting to Elmendorf safely and strand these perverts intent on destroying America in a cold and foreign environment?"

"Guilty as charged oh Captain of the double woody, I hope whatever punishment you subject me to is just and teaches me a lesson to keep my hands off the Captain's feedhorn and in some ways I am a slow learner so I hope the woody's tank is full" cautioned the suddenly sudsing Puma thronged beauty as she passed up 2 tins of smoked oysters harking back to the callsign Chips had when he flew F16s.

"Well Fox, Hamish and Spanner, regarding this woxoff weather, the twin cities and I have to concentrate on landing this French pig so perhaps I will dole out the punishment after we clear the runway, but for now I have to focus on the mission at hand" the dedicated professional with chiselled good looks sporting 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal humbly opined, "and pass me another dozen oysters or I will be running on empty when these kick ass NDSU extend-o-peters double your pleasure and double my fun just like Doublemint gum" gummed the toothless sextagenarian as Jackson Browne chimed in on lead guitar and vocals.

"Captain, perhaps my young wet ears misheard your weather adjective was it "rocks off" weather you mentioned" queried co-captain-Corinth.

"Negative my steady pilot flying this French pig, any weather is 'rocks off' weather but I referred to the fact that WOXOF, zero ceiling, zero visibility, awaits us so as you and Athens set up the cockpit for a zero zero landing I will slip my woody into it's holder" as he opened his passport and inserted his prize woody. And the sudsing maytag hung on his every word, except disrespectful comments involving basketball and Greek spies.

Fox slipped a message to Hamish that the ACARS spit out from FW1 so Hamish could make sense of it before she showed it to Captain Goodwood, not the VOR 114.75 and GWC which is a VOR just 19 miles after Begto on the Willo arrival to London's Gatwick Airport in Crawley, England, but Good Wood that required no Begto transition. After reading it Hamish suggested she pass it up the left side of Captain Hunter's electrically operated Captain's chair out of view of the 'twin cities'.

As David felt their left arms touch he thought she might be reaching for the stick but alas it was simply to pass up this update from FW1 [ fish, wedge 1 ]

Chips- Big John and Mademoiselle need you at Foggy Dew ASAP. Your mission is complete at Elmendorf. OSI double for Nano and FBI lady double for Paul Z in supply truck meeting the French pig on the northside security ramp. New mission is as follows: Chips replaced by A330 Captain from SEA, Hamish, Chips and Fox reroute to SEA-TAC in C9B that is awaiting your arrival at the supply truck, tail letters on C9B Romeo Whiskey [ ever things falls in place for Captain Hunter ], Spanner will stay on C9B to connect at SEA TAC, his new mission involves Kraz-the Hague-Airbus while the Three Legged Stool will be dropped at YVR where a big dog, a big john and a big limo are waiting. No time for confirmation, make it happen Fish out. After reading it a second time he handwrote a note to Fox: grab my orange mega- feedhorn and advise Fish of three necessary changes:
A) thongs to C9B
B) Grolsch to C9B
C) cancel Lav Service truck

As the prelubed Fox slid back to the mega feedhorn the ever meticulous Captain Precision said "and in summary this will be a Cat IIIB to the east at Elmendorf, Corinth will be pilot flying, I will be pilot monitoring, any questions you two?"

"Captain I understand the summary but what does it summarize, you have done nothing yet that indicates you are really a pilot" the professional and frustrated Athens vented.

"Exactly Athens, that's just what they'd expect me to do, end of briefing, now fly this pig to an autoland and please don't trouble me with more Charlie Sierra, I've got to focus before they focus and don't let the weather concern you, I am on a first name basis with He who commands the weather and causes my boat not to rock when He calms the storms" replied the laconic Captain Calmseas.
"So tell me Athens, to add to my lengthy and professional Cat 3B briefing, do you guys in Greece do many of these Cat 3Bs?"

"Negative Captain, neither of us has and we are only trained to Cat II as First Officers."

"Roger that Athens, I have the aircraft, let the tower know we are inside the marker and will clear to the north to head to the security ramp and will give them progressive position reports from turnoff to chocks, tell them to get all the lights on the runway, but not in the manner demonstrated in the 1980 film 'Airplane'."

![Airplane poster](image)

"David, we are all counting on you" calmly encouraged Hamish.

"Thanks Hamish but no more Leslie Nielsen lines till we get to the corner of Grolsch and Thong and head off to see "Big John" and his 'Mademosielle Screu-Fait'.

"And Hamish, Fox and Spanner, head back to First Class and watch the video we are showing the PFers in the log-laden cabin, these boneheads planning to TOPOFF America need to focus on the marine taking a drink of Jack Daniels at 2:50 in the video, even tho the PFers in First Class think they can kill MLK, think they can kill JFK, think they can kill RFK and think they can kill Bhutto six years from now, these demented dorks with diminutive wiens cannot KILL A DREAM, nor an IDEA. And I have an idea, but the PFers like Mo Strong and the Desmaret Dipshits aren't going to like it. Go watch the video, I have a French pig to put down. It's called the OIF, and the United States of America Airline families and African Americans will help me in the killing fields of 2008. Before you go, Spanner, pass me up that Grolsch wide body, I have some precision flying to do before we leave the OIF 'bought and paid for' PFers in the first class cabin stranded at Elmendorf with no Grolsch and a 6# monster loaf in the first class lou, to this I do solemnly affirm."

As the PFers in first class were forced to listen to MLK's dream, a young Christian man born into humble circumstance in Tupelo, later a truck driver in Memphis and in 1977 taken down in a way to be revealed in the next book was recalled for having a dream also, a dream penned in 1968 as part of his comeback special. And if you thought Elvis Presley had an impressive comeback, you ain't seen nothing yet [ sorry
BTO, 'no time' for a link to you or the Guess Who]. Wait until JC has his glorious comeback, and I refer not to Johnny Cash.

As the A340 was parked at the secure area north of the runway next to a C9B with RW on the tail, a supply truck holding the Grolsch and Thongs only [code name GTO] the laconic Captain Goodwood said "you two young fellows did a hell of a job, I am proud and humbled to be able to fly with such masters of the cockpit, however, I will be leaving you now as duty calls and I must be off on a pressing mission, please do the checklists and the log book while I repair to the First Class Cabin to give my farewell remarks to the august assemblage of useless eaters in the front of this French pig, so long, farewell, to fly west is a flight we must all take some day..." as his laconicness was interrupted by Corinth.

"Captain, is your pressing mission her again, oh he who has oyster breath?"

"Negative, oh youthful person who knows not what awaits your industry in September of this year, my pressing mission is to asshole the PFers, not re-oyster the Athlete from Athens in your fair land of Greece."

"Hamish, your brother is signaling he wants to board the aircraft, please go to door 2L where Fox is monitoring the comings, footstomper, comings and goings of all erect humans ambulating in and out, footstomper, in and out of the aircraft. I wish to have you, your brother, and Madam Screu-Fait standing beside me while I deliver a few brief thoughts to these honoured guests of ours in the cabin housing the 6# statute of M. Strong" once again causing Hamish, almost, to respond "but should it not be underwater statute oh he to whom all thongs become moistened?" but he did not repeat his previous offense of correcting the captain as he hoped the Fox will later erect the PTRC.

As Big John and his dog Madam Screu-Fait boarded the jet and hung a left just as Big John's real life daughter always does Captain 'last word' cleared his throat, popped in a career extender [glossary item] and begun orating thusly as she was prelubing feverishly.

As the fever gained heat, the previously laconic non-pilot opened up on his captive audience like Major Steven Pless opened up to the commies on the dike and earned himself a Medal of Honor in Viet Nam, I would like to fill you in but I have some OIF PFers to 'slay and fillet' first. Just as Peter was changed from a fisher of fish to a fisher of men, Captain Lethalfocus comes just short of killing the PFers, in what would become known later as the 'Killing Field' speech, or as MLK might suggest, "I Have a Dream of you PFers in Attica before the erection, excuse me, election of 2008."

"Dear honoured captives of the first class cabin. I had a dream while resting alongside this beautiful Greek security expert that concerns me a great deal. In this dream I thought I was in the presence of the planners of what might be 'spun' as the Attack of 9/11 but what actually would be, if you PFers continue to go down that evil road, a fatal error made by whoever is the head of the Octopus, if the Octopus has a head. I could whip out my purple tipped red champion and show you a real head but I have a GTO awaiting me so my time is brief."
"If the Octopus has a head this august assemblage of useless eaters must Harpoon the head before I reach down it's throat and rip it's heart out and feed it to this dog, Madam Screu-Fait. And if any of you little tentacles of the Octopussy think you can strangle me, think again and pull your heads out of your asses before I rip you a new one, or allow the SAS trained lethal weapon beside me, Big John Diehard, holding back the dog to do it for me, you little pimpled faced PFers, pardon the redundancy. But I digress."

"When this ravishing beauty beside me told me that I was not dreaming but rather she and I were listening to, and recording, every single word spoken by each and everyone of you PFers regardless of the language and the ones I recognize are Farsi, Arabic, French and, 'horseshit not intelligible and grammatically useless English' I was thankful that my native American code-talker Navajo Marine friends didn't have to listen to anymore evil Navajo from the soon to be dead Professor Hale, of MIT linguistics, who it sounds like you and your pals NC and JD have scheduled to die in October following the proposed slaughter of Raytheon execs on 9/11 to ensure their eternal silence."

"Well, my short peckered friends, I have a revelation you may want to factor in to your collective planning of TOPOFF America. First and foremost, you will not accomplish your goal, and it will be the aviation community, the African Americans, and the Christians who bring you down and turn you over to Mukasey on 2 October, 2007. And assuming there are no football games slowing him down he will have until Elvis' birthday to act or the package [code name Qui Tam], three videos, this e:book and tons of supporting documents will go to 49 United States Attorneys in addition to the honest US Attorney who I am a Brother of, my hopeless and hapless little PFer friends. You and your ilk can buy our civil servants, you can buy evil short peckered misfits such as the guys from WJC's team meeting you in China to coordinate the inside out polish heart attack you have pencilled in for the morning of 9-11-01, however, if you persist in your plan, you doorknobs with erectile dysfunction, here is what awaits you. Us."

"While the two young pilots from far away drove this French made pig; Hamish, take a bow, Fox, courtesy please, Spanner, grab me a Grolsch, and I have recorded and videotaped each and every word and movement from over 300 listening devices, including the smelly hypersensitive listening device that is stinking up the first class cabin disguised as Beethoven's last movement. While it looks like a monster loaf it is an MI6 created listening device called "Buzzard" as it is laced with some chemicals that when exposed to rarified air, such as the cabin of the A340 at FL380, emanates a stench that would blow a buzzard off a camel-dung heap. And for some of you big talkers, such as Cous-Cous breath from Syria or Son of Bong."
"David, that is son of boss, not bong" offered the ever organized but generally flaccid Hamish C. Watson.

"Thank you, oh he who connects dots and puts PFers in prison, but I am a fucking fighter pilot and not an articulate Cambridge graduate with perfect scores in two different disciplines, but as a FFP I rely on speed, accuracy and unpredictability, so as not to get killed, violated or beaten in 35 years and 23,000 hours of flying, in fact, oh he who has a 6 foot 4 and 240# killing machine for a brother named Big John Watson who stands alongside me in slaying these sick SOBs whether they are sons of bongs, sons of bosses or as George Patton would regard them, sons of bitches, to quote the WWII author of the cliche 'crap thru a goose'. Regardless of the spelling that 6# loaf in the forward lou was not only listening but it was analyzing the air for hints of certain substances. And the entrees in your first class meals, each and every one, had a hypersensitive listening device in the withered brussel sprout that, on every dish, had a portion of tin foil stuck to it. And yet you collective nimrods who plan to kill my college classmate, Chic Burlingame USNA '71, and then do further harm to his surviving ex-wife by giving their only daughter an arsonic dose of ARKANCIDE [ google ARKANCIDE, go ahead, I dare ya ] causing Wendy to perish at age 32 thought we didn't know what you were doing each and ever step of the way."

"David, forgive my incessant interruptions when you fail to hang out the 'do not disturb sign' however, tell those little PFers the significance of the tin foil and the COIN created idea that hatched it, just like the monster loaf they thought you hatched in the first class lou." interrupted the world's oldest deployer of verbal AD-HD, to which I am #2.

"Thank you then we will wrap this up. For you listening to your death warrants being recorded, you may realize, very few people eat the methane producing brussel sprouts on airplanes, and nobody would eat one with tin foil as it hurts your teeth, as this dog, Madam Screu-Fait might hurt your testicles, if you have any, if she bit very slowly into the pea sized nuts that accompany your sea horse size penises, baby seahorses at that, go look in acquarium if you don't get the picture."

"Regarding getting your picture, every single monitor on your 'self-entertainment device' has a camera, each lav has a camera behind the mirror, and everything aft of the cockpit door has been videotaped and downlinked realtime to an SOC in Minnesota, no shit, you little PFers. But it gets better because when 'banana man' from Gatineau was discussing the Naudet and Courchene video tapings FBO Barnett [ world's first live mass snuff film ] you have inspired the White Knights to video tape every thing behind the camera operator and the laser target designator operators that "loose lips" in seat 5J was bragging about to his plant at Boeing when they revealed the Boeing uninterruptible auto pilots which will become known to the world on 3-3-07 even thought you r PFers have been video and audio taped discussing them today, 2-9-01 and you plan to patent it in Canada in 2003."
New autopilot will make another 9/11 impossible (1/07/08) Source: www.thisislondon.co.uk

A hijack-proof piloting system for airliners is being developed to prevent terrorists repeating the 9/11 outrages. The mechanism is designed to make it impossible to crash the aircraft into air or land targets - and enable the plane to be flown by remote control from the ground in the event of an emergency. Scientists at aircraft giant Boeing are testing the tamper-proof autopilot system which uses state-of-the-art computer and satellite technology. It will be activated by the pilot flicking a simple switch or by pressure sensors fitted to the cockpit door that will respond to any excessive force as terrorists try to break into the flight deck. Once triggered, no one on board will be able to deactivate the system. Currently, all autopilots are manually switched on and off at the discretion of pilots. The so-called 'uninterruptible autopilot system' - patented secretly by Boeing in the US last week - will connect ground controllers and security services with the aircraft using radio waves and global satellite positioning systems. After it has been activated, the aircraft will be capable of remote digital control from the ground, enabling operators to fly it like a sophisticated model plane, manoeuvring it vertically and laterally. A threatened airliner could be flown to a secure military base or a commercial airport, where it would touch down using existing landing aids known as 'autoland function'. After it had landed, the aircraft's built-in autobrake would bring the plane safely to a halt on the runway. Boeing insiders say the new anti-hijack kit could be fitted to airliners all over the world, including those in the UK, within the next three years. The latest move to combat airline terrorists follows The Mail on Sunday's disclosure three weeks ago that scientists in Britain and Germany are developing a passenger-monitoring device. This will use tiny cameras linked to specialist computers to record every twitch, blink, facial expression or suspicious movement made on board flights in order to identify potential terrorists. A Boeing spokesman said : "We are constantly studying ways we can enhance the safety, security and efficiency of the world's airline fleet. "There is a need in the industry for a technique that conclusively prevents unauthorised persons gaining access to the controls and threatening the safety of passengers. "Once this system is initiated, no one on board is capable of controlling the flight, making it useless for anyone to threaten violence in order to gain control."
So that none of you short peckered nutless wonders develop penis envy let me give each and every one of you an example of what we have video taped and recorded, and I remind you, downloaded realtime, to the SOC known at Moscow on the Mississippi [mom].

Seat 1A: Montreal mob controls laborer-teamster waste disposal unions and Hollywood North with sex and murder movies produced at 'bonded' killing fields [bond+kill+field]

Seat 2A: KPMG-Pargesa extorting politicos the wannabe Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell, Rudy Giuliani and the Clintons. Our agent Dr. Nano al-Umina has a friend at Bridge Studios [code name BS] who are experts in 'special effects' and Nano has filmed them as video-insurance to prove their innocence in any future Qui Tam re any "wag the dog false claim news feeds. Further, if you deranged fuckers persist in your planning Dr. Nano will receive pyroclastic dust harvested from the top of an ambulance and use the results against you in a court of law at the Quentin Burdick Federal Courthouse, in Fargo.

Seat 3A: We understand that we need to 'dig up some bones' both at Pickton's Pig Farm and a second, classified location, to which I will work with Madmoiselle Sceu-Fait in sampling the dna dumped there. I could reveal the location but it may cause the cross dresser to get nervous and check into a St. Louis Hospital in campaign '08.
Seat 4A: Thank you for your comments implicating Radarsat GMTI, Macdonald Detwiler and Associates, KMPG, Pargesa and Enron.
Seat 5A: We appreciate your comments regarding Port Coquitlam Mayor Scott Young, a mayor, we believe, who will get porked when our DNA analysis done when Madam Screu-Fait gets done digging up bones.

**Madam Screu-Fait: Digging Up Pig Farm Bones**

Last night i dug your picture out from my old dresser drawer
I set it on the table and i talked to it 'til four
I read some old love letters right up 'til the break of dawn
Yeah i've been settin'alone diggin' up bones
Then i went to the jewelery and i found our wedding rings
I've put mine on my finger and i gave yours a fling
across this lonely bedroom of our recent broken home
Yeah tonight i'm sittin'alone diggin' up bones

**Chorus:**

diggin' up bones,i'm diggin' up bones
Exhuming things that better left alone
I'm resurrecting memories of love that's dead and gone
Yeah tonight i'm settin'alone diggin' up bones

And i went to the closet and i found some things in there
Like that pretty puma thong that i bought you to wear
And i recalled how good you looked each time you had it on
Yeah tonight i'm settin'(at home?) alone diggin' up bones

**Chorus:**

I'm resurrecting memories of love that's dead and gone
Yeah tonight i'm settin'alone diggin' up bones

"Well my short peckered friends there you have it. You can free yourself from the Octopussy grip, or you can do down with the ship. If Johnny Depp's trio of movies were all done, I'd show them to you, but sometimes revelations must be read, not shown. Therefore, as a harbinger of things to come, as Madam, Big John, the Fox and I go south, I wish to show you a global guardian presidential candidate's whose campaign will go down faster than a prom dress, and when she's in the lou, there's room for you, or in terms of campaign, two, as in two more Potus 44 candidates on the Qui Tam heard round the globe, coming soon to a courthouse near you, assuming you live in Fargo-Moorhead.

"One down, 2 to go, and we will gain victory in 2008 and put you shrimp dicked PFers in the 'supermax' of your choice, choice one in the 2008 draft goes to Obama girl's victim, and she appears to prefer Attica. Just a word before I go, to whom it may concern, flying twice the speed of sound, it's easy to get burned. I love this country, God loves this country, and you global guardians are toast. **This I swear** is true, you PFers."
"Excuse me but one more thing, the oath I took on 28 June, 1967, along with Captain Chic Burlingame at Tecumseh Court, USNA, Annapolis has not be vacated, redacted or in any way threatened by you useless pieces of camel dung, to this I also affirm. Now as we head to the pig farm to dig up bones, you PFers listen to 'No Bravery' or as we Annapolis Marines call it "Death Knell for the PFers". That is all, you are free to move about the cabin. HawksCAFE, let's roll."

.....HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON....
Proverbs 1:7

Chapter 9 - "Wag-the-Dog" Pargesa and Piggy's Palace DNA-Part II
-February 23, 2001
Hamish says Montreal Mob controls Laborers-Teamsters' waste-disposal unions and Hollywood North with sex & murder movies produced at 'bonded' killing fields. Elie Grabl finds KPMG-Pargesa (Desmarais' private bank in Geneva) extorting politicos such as the wannabee Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell (Piggy's Palace), Rudy Giuliani (Fresh Kills land fill) and the Clintons (Haiti voodoo necklace). Al-Umina's special-effects buddies at Bridge Studios ask him to film their work to protect them against future Qui tam suit re any Wag-the-Dog false claim newsfeeds. Mlle. Scru-Fait, John Watson's cattle dog, collects DNA from a Piggy's Palace Party. Hunter flies samples plus Diehard plus dog to meet Teddy and Nano at JFK for a midnight raid on Staten Island burial grounds.
As they walked across the tarmac on the north side security area airmen stared strangely as the odd group hustling towards the C9B, both engines running, with an open door which was framing a US Navy Captain and an enlisted female cabin attendant. As the airman watched a large and fierce looking man leashed to an equally threatening looking dog, a Mlle Screut-Fait were followed by a beautiful dark haired, well figured lady who seemed to have the attention of a 50ish guy in an airline suit pulling a small 4 wheeled cart with boxes marked "Victoria's Secret" and "Grolsch". After a brief conversation with the driver of a truck marked 'lavatory service' the airline captain waved and the truck left the area, much as Elvis was legendary for leaving the building. Behind this odd assembly was a blond haired slender fellow with a "Doors" shirt on and one, who though laconic, had a European accent.

As Captain Gerald DeConto reached out his hand to greet Chips and Fox, John Diehard filled the entire doorway as he ducked to get his broad shoulders and chiseled features inside the cabin, turning right and taking the first first-class style seat motioning Mlle SF to sit beside him. He didn't say much, grunted occasionally and looked intent on a mission."Chips and Fox, sorry for the change but ONI said you were only 'on orders' for another 10 days and FBI, CSIS, ONI and OSI need you to go to a pork party and 'sniff around', thanks for your flexibility. Let's have a quick briefing on board, front end of jet", he said as the trailer of Grolsch and Thongs was boarded behind Maytag and Oyster. As the forward door was latched the brakes were released and the C9B with RW on the tail taxied at approximately at 35 knots down to the west to do a rolling takeoff to the east which was followed by a 60 degree turn to the right out of 200 feet AGL. For security purposes the C9B has RW only on the right side, and RS on the left side so PFers and other undesirables would become confused.

As the seatbelt sign was turned off, with no affect as none were buckled, Spanner handed Chips a GWB as the demure and fevered Fox asked if this little airplane had a crew rest facility. Fish began his briefing thusly, as the Fox gave a free shot to Chips and he wrote a note to himself 'royal blue'.

"Hate to do it folks but the mission is again changed and we will be diverting to Abbotsford in BC due to WX in Vancouver. You have a driver meeting you at Cascade Aero-Mod and you, Chips, Diehard, Hamish and Mlle need to go directly to the pork party. Spanner and Fox will go on to SEA-TAC where Spanner is routed to Amsterdam for the Airbus/Hague/Kraz deal and Fox heads to Tel-Aviv for a Mossad brief. Any questions so far?"
"Negative Ghostrider, the pattern is clear" opined Captain Laconic thinking back to Top Gun which would have been a good movie if it had a real pilot in it. The pattern is clear was a more prophetic and subliminal message than was evident to Spanner who had helped himself to 3 GWBs.

"Diehard, here are the 3 mods for Mlle, 'Betty Davis Ears', a 'Madonna' collar and a 'gerbil' motion detector, please get her ready to work. And this is your repeater for the ear mod, I have one and it is also 'clipped real time' to Langley and MacDill. Alice Springs Orange Grove will be fed from MacDill so we are all listening in. Also our man in California Dr. Nano al-Umina has provided a SNIPH mod in case we need to interview any persons of interest. I presume Diehard and Mlle have worked with Standard Navy Intelligence Profiler Human before, but for those who are not familiar a canine trained to SNIPH proficiency can determine many things from both male and female humans. It goes well will Mlle Screu-Faits penchant for the two axis truth teller code named TESTical."

"Diehard, we have a backup canine if Mlle is not good to go and she is in the limo driver awaiting us at Cascade. A rare breed she is, a Brazilian Nutcracker and her handler is also the limo drive, Stone Kohl. We think we can avoid scrutiny as the limo's license is Son Boss and so any Canadians not stoned or drunk will think we are representatives of the Desmaret Dipshits. Any questions Diehard?" A simple grunt was all he uttered as he adjusted himself and gave Mlle a milkbone, and Chips was hoping to give Fox a bone of his own, ASAP.

As Fish was wrapping up the canine SMEAC his clipper went off and an incoming call from Dancer, Nano and Amelia was answered by Fish and put on 'speaker'. "Fish, authenticate usual two" said the professional Navy Captain who would be victimized in wedge 1 on 9-11 when a Raytheon A3 modified at Ft Collins Loveland airport flies into his window.

"Nano, Foggy Dew, Ramshead' and Amelia, Dancer and I have put together some of the plan and it goes like this, we believe. In Switzerland Dancer has found a link between Hollywood North making snuff films financed by illegal 'Song of Boss' tax shelters offered by KPMG and Desmarais that are somehow related to the Pork parties at the Pig Farm operated by Picton. She also notes that with projective technologies the bankers at Chase Manhattan believe that in 2005 KPMG will pay a $456M bribe to shutdown DOJ's criminal investigation in the year just prior to the 2006 Boeing DOJ bribe of $615M with both bribes being to silence criminal investigations of KPMG and Boeing in favor of the global elitists who will attempt to TOPOFF America on 9-11-01. Chase Manhattan has worked with Citibank and they are confidant that the total $1.071B bribes will buy the access to prevent the perpetrators of 911 from being identified and brought to justice if anyone has the smarts and balls to file a lawsuit, for argument sake let's call it United States v. Global Guardians. We feel confident that future AG Mukasey will suppress any such case if it comes, and frankly the only 3 states in the country that might have the courage to do the right thing would be, we believe, New Mexico, North Dakota or Alabama. And after we take out Judge Roy Moore for being a Christian that should pretty much put the protections of Banker's Manifesto of 1892 back in place to accommodate the introduction of UN troops and martial law prior to the elections of 2008."

"To wrap this up I, Nano, have provided some DNA, a femur bone, and the underwear of three known prostitutes missing in Vancouver and have provided Fish with a 'laundry list' of items to search and triangulate with Mlle. S-F. Amelia has asked that we get some water samples of ground water on the pig farm at an elevation low on the runoff slope, and Dancer has a list of questions to ask anyone in the area who appears intelligent, which we don't think will be an issue. Further, Marquis d'Cartier will join the team in the limo with some secure photos harvested from his mop and 'peni-camera'. Any questions?"
"Yes I have a question for Fish, I think I should stay with Chips to keep him relaxed, cannot the issues in the Gaza strip wait until the effects of two tins of smoked oysters have been removed from his body, oh keeper of the Able Danger-under cover team?"

"Duty calls Fox, you have 2 hours to go prior to Abbottsford so I suggest he hit you with his best shot enroute, further, for security purposes withdraw into a new identity Fox as we think you may have been compromised, new name 'baby clam' which is to indicate you are in British Columbia, Fish out."

[ http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g4rPljWqMRC ]

"Chips, do you have any idea what the color code is for the remainder of the flight?" purred the sudsing Fox.

"If my vision wasn't impaired I recall a 'flash of royal blue' and if my suddenly lowering torso blood pressure isn't causing me mental impairment" opined the laconic and soon to be separated 'Oyster Smoker'.

"Actually Blue, Navy Blue but close enough for government work as she handed him two Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters and pulled him off, so to speak, to a cargo hold where some Maytag motion was sure to ensue.

As the cargo retaining web was removed and the whopper retaining slingshot rumpaster was half masted a navy blue thong was delicately placed on a cargo hook.

And the next thing known to the wrestling twosome was the announcement, "we will have you on the ground in Abbottsford in ten minutes. As the Fox and Chips went into the 'lightening round' Spanner placed 2 frosty GWBs at the seats soon to be occupied by the exhausted pair of professional sleuths 'straightening their ties and fixing their hair' in the cargo pod.
As the front cabin door was opened and a portable stairs drove up next to the RS/RW C9B a determined team of PF busters headed to a waiting limo while Fox quivered with separation remorse, Spanner calculated his chances of scoring the Grolsch and the Navy pilots up front said "Sorry to be pushy but we got to get this French pig down to Sea-Tac then back to Whidbey before happy hour."

"Exactly" responded Chips as his body said goodbye but his expression said 'peekabo kisser' to his feverish Fox, soon to be enroute to Tel Aviv and a three way with Dancer and the IDF honcho.

As Chips, Hamish, Diehard and Mlle strolled to the limo Stone Kohl popped the trunk and said "Grolsch and some goodies in the back oh team of heroes, suggest Hamish drive the limo and we have 35 minutes to get to the Pig Farm, the directions are written on a note pad next to the 12 gross of smoked oysters, and this car has 'navigator technology' ready to get you there fast."

Hamish seemed confused and asked "Why is it necessary that I drive this 1996 Cadillac Limo with an LT1 5.7 engine Stone?"

"Well mostly because they have 'biker security' at Pickton and with your phony British accent you fit in more than my Fargo accent, but also Dad and I don't get much of a chance to choke down Grolschs together, so let er rip, potato chip" quipped the young heir to the captaincy as he rolled up the divider window and welcomed his dad, Diehard and Mlle to the limo.

"Oh pisser" blurted Chips recalling that he'd left the Grolsch and thongs on the C9B. Seemingly dejected his mood changed when 'mini-me' pulled back a blanket underneath of which was a case of Grolsch widebodies, chilled to 36 degrees.

As Stone handed his dad a pair and kept a pair for the short ride he offered Diehard a few to which Diehard simply grunted. Mlle Sreut-Fait seemed to have a powerful thirst and was eyeing the Grolsch Widebodies however the ever pensive Stone new that drinking and sniffing was a bad gig so as he reached for a refill he poored some cream in a bowl for the 4 legged sniffer. As he put the cream back in the fridge Chips asked his son "What's the cream for oh he who drives limos when not guzzling suds?"

"I thought Fox would be working this detail and see told me once she really likes getting creamed, so as you taught me long ago, 'ladies first'."

"Excellent plan, mini-me."

As two porcelain stoppers were popped the country station playing AM music from the Seattle side had the following Jim Ed Brown cover by Alan Jackson playing.

As he swallowed his first, Chips asked Stone "so have we a plan?"

"Pending a clipper change from Fish aloft or Amelia in Annapolis the plan is to surveil the farm from a Bell jet ranger on loan from a Vancouver Hospital while Diehard and Mlle S-F have a perimeter patrol around the farm. After Hamish, you and I have a bird's eye view, sharing clipper intel real time with Diehard and Mlle, the jet ranger lands in the parking lot we have the limo guarded by a liquor store operator named 'Cookie' and she looks like a tough cookie to me" opined the younger beer bottle operator as he operated his beer bottle in sync with his father, the brewmeister. He handed Diehard a topographical survey of the farm with an 'X' at the parking lot. He handed him also the tactical whistle,
two red smoke flares, and 6 pounds of raw hamburger. He also handed him two cans of food for Mlle. Diehard grunted in a quasi approving fashion.

As Diehard looked at the outline of the 80 acre pig farm he signaled 3/2 indicating it would be a 3 mile patrol and would take about 2 hours. As Chips and Stone gave a thumbs up the limo slithered up to the "Pump and Pack" liquor store and bait shop. A second sign said "Food and gas" which caused Chips to tell Stone, "don't eat any food that will give you gas before a flight in a Bell Jet Ranger oh heir to the 401K."

Mlle and Diehard pointed at "X" and waved goodbye, with a grunt. As Stone went in to give Cookie the keys to the 1996 Limo with the LT1 a Bell helicopter auto rotated into a silent and mostly dust free landing on the skids not 40 feet from the Limo.

Coming back keyless from the 'Pump and Pack' Stone, Chips and Hamish jumped into the idling helo to surveil the pig farm in the final moments of daylight prior to the nocturnal mission that awaiting them, involving pork. As the single pilot in the right seat added in collective and pushed forward on the cyclic the whirlybird was up, up and away as the 96 Limo sat cooling next to Cookie's 'Pump and Pack'. Low and to the left was Diehad and Mlle, they were not visible but showed up on RHAW gear in the center console of the hospital medivac chopper. It wasn't 15 minutes later that the chopper settled next to the limo and the 3 Hawks CAFE forensic economists egressed to the relative comfort of the stretch limo, to process film and coordinate via clipper with Dr. Nano, Amelia and Marquis. Ten minutes after beginning to process digital photos a bus stopped at the Pump and Pack and a greasy haired 40 something janitor looking guy stepped out into the final rays of sunlight as the night approached for Pickton, Operation 'Prostitute Pork' and the PFers who wish to remove the middle class and TOPOFF America.

As Marquis stepped into the limo and sat next to Hamish he passed 6 cassettes and 3 discs to the 64 year old mastermind suffering from AD-HD and Captain Hunter envy. As Stone and Hamish erected [root word erect] the 22 inch monitor and slide a cassette in Marquis began the briefing, clipper enabled to Amelia, Dancer and Nano, hopefully also to Fish aloft.

"In photos 1-54 notice the pattern of insulation replacement on the B737s that cycle in from Boeing Field over night. A total of 96 737s were modified, and the remaining 42 are on cassette 2. The
remainder of cassette 2 and then on to 6 show the modifications involving the tri-axial QRS11s and the Boeing uninterruptible autopilots, similar to the ones refused and removed by Lufthansa in 1995 at a cost of $800M. I think the best intel on the tapes is the last few photos of inspectors from the United States with the following ID cards visible in the Cascade hangar. While we do not speak Urangatan we believe this FAA maintenance inspector was trying to communicate "what are you looking at" to us.

Just a short while later Diehard and Mlle S-F [ not Nancy Pelosi, Speaker of House ] emerged from the woods with the dog looking tired and lathered but Diehard looking fresh. He tossed 3 femurs into the limo's trunk and handed 3 sets of coordinates to the crew luxuriating in the air-conditioned limo. The GPS coordinates formed a perfect isosceles triangle and Diehard had marked each femur with the letters A, B, and C and matched with the undergarments marked A, B, and C. After cataloging the items it was decided to go to the pork party and 'mingle' where Marquis would gather intel with his peni-camera. Marquis had a strap-on appendage that measured 14 inches when semi-erect and had a high resolution Sony "Weiner Cam" that was clipperable to MacDill, Alice Springs-Orange Grove and the rest of the 'usual suspects'. 
While the Marquis wore a Fuscia colored "weiner cam" at work he was sporting his manly camo peni-cam with Harley Davidson logos for the PFers Pork Party.

As the limo approached the party, Stone, beer breath and all, announced he would stay in the car with his 9mm and his radio on channel 4 while Diehard, Marquis, Chips and Hamish worked the crowd while the band DOA cranked it up, albeit off key. As the 4 adults and a dog went to party, Stone called his girlfriend Cheryl and ran a few ideas by her while his father Chips was missing the Fox immensely, but not immensely enough to play Fox on the Run for the third time.

Emerging for the Pork Palace Party some 40 minutes later the entourage was east bound and down to the Abbotsford Aero-mod facility, and where Marquis d'Cartier signed in from his 'smoke break' in the pre smokeless era in British Columbia. After dropping the mop operator back at Cascade with a new shopping list of photos needed, as well as aircraft logbook pages needed, Stone delivered Hamish, Diehard, Mlle and his father, the ever affable and never flappable Chips, to the waiting CL604, both engines running. As they boarded the Canadair product the brothers, the dog, and the 220# of twisted steel and sex appeal sat in the front of the otherwise empty jet as the crew flew post haste to the east and a rendezvous with "scents". By the time the bizjet would arrive at LGA it would be half past a monkey's ass when it comes to 'doomsday for the dipshits'.

And by the time that Mlle S-F starts to sniff around Fresh Kills there will be other canine assets available to the Hunter-Killer group that will be needed to rescue the election, with an l, not an r, of 2008. And somewhere, 7 years down the road 4 candidates for president would be dropping their campaign tents but hopefully not their undergarments, perish the thought. [ codes names : Cross, Hothead, Leslie, and Stupid ]

Chapter 10 - Rudy's Menacing Elevators and the Kinky Park of Peace

-February 26, 2001
di Law & Order and United 93 special effects team have modified the WTC# elevators to help Rudy Giuliani conceal the upcoming insurance scams and KPMG clients finish the job Ramzi Yusef and the Blind Sheikh failed to do in 1993. He thinks the 9/11 snuff-film killing-field tax-shelter whistleblower John Porcaro, a Gambino Hollywood Moving Company Executive, has been whacked and his partly incinerated remains buried Fresh Kills. Nano believes KPMG clients at AMEC, Bombardier and Bermuda-registered CSL International have placed Molten Metal Technologies demolition kits hot enough to 'pull' the towers, vaporize its climate deniers and menace NYC's little people into terrified silence. Hunter and Diehard meet a new agent and they don Salvation Army Blind Sheikh disguises and take their dog teams to surveil WT, Red Cross and the Kinky Park of Peace. CL604 bizjets fly Able Danger canine “Polly Graphs” to Boston to audit virtual war game plans of MIT’s “Unpardonables” Noam Chomsky and John Deutch.

March 2001 Elevator World Drive to the Top - SECOND PLACE ELEVATOR WORLD Project of the Year 2000 .. ACE Elevator undertook .. largest, most sophisticated elevator modernization programs in industry’s history .. “towering” achievement at New York City’s prestigious World Trade Center (WTC), with completion of first six members of elite “Shuttle Fleet.” .. arguably largest, fastest and [most menacing equipment


in the industry .. new SCR drive enclosure too large to fit in elevator machine room .. original motor-generator room, which could house this equipment, was located seven floors below machine level .. equipment isolated from building steel by special high tensile rubber pads [too survive impact of hijacked jets]... harmonic filter installed for purpose of dissipating and reducing harmonics thereby preventing electrical [and EMP] contamination of building power that is often caused by SCR drive systems. In addition, installation of line starters and circuitry were also utilized, preventing the in-rush of 480v to the primary side of multiple isolation transformers. If and when the building went to an emergency power condition, line starters could provide sequential re-energizing of fleet [and [SOFDK http://www.pica.army.mil/PicatinnyPublic/products_services/products05.asp ] floor-by-floor detonation to drop buildings in their own footprints to minimize damage to Lower Manhattan].

At the Canada Steamship Lines' Montreal headquarters, where senior vice-president Pierre Prefontaine rhymes off the vessels in Martin's international fleet, he doesn't mention those Liberian-flagged ships or seven others sailing under the flag of Vanuatu, a tiny South Pacific tax haven first made trendy by the money-laundering set. One reason for that lapse may be the dissonance between the company's iconic national image and its somewhat less patriotic reality. On the masts of all twenty-one cargo carriers owned or operated by CSL International as part of partnership agreements, there is nary a Canadian maple leaf in sight” nor, on board, a Canadian crew. As it turns out, for tax-paying purposes, CSL International isn't a Canadian corporation at all. Unlike its sister company, Canada Steamship Lines, Inc., a historic presence on the Great Lakes since 1913, CSL's international division is based in a cinderblock low-rise in Beverly, Massachusetts, on the outskirts of Boston, but registered as an International usiness Corporation (IBC) in the Caribbean tax shelter of Barbados. [The Barbadian corporation, in turn, is owned by a holding company in Bermuda, another offshore fiscal paradise http://www.stevejanke.com/archives/162730.php ]. Over the past seven years, that labyrinthine set-up has managed to save CSL International and its Montreal-based parent, the CSL Group, millions in Canadian taxes. In some industries, such offshore fiscal chutzpah might raise eyebrows, but not in the rough and tumble waters of what's known as the ocean trade. "You can't operate with Canadian ownership and Canadian crews' “it's too competitive,” says Jack Leitch, the
majority owner of Toronto-based Upper Lakes Group. "Even God couldn't make a go of it under those conditions."

KPMG’s giving policy currently restricted to Bermuda and [Bermudian registered charities

http://www.kpmg.bm/about.asp?unid=194

.. support certain community outreach projects led by religious based organizations, such as Salvation Army .. significant resources annually to KPMG “Make A Difference Day” (MADD) [Mutual Assured Destruction Day]. Each year .. closes office for an entire day so staff and partners alike can participate as team in a community project.

The tawdry tale of the top two global warming gurus in the business world goes all the way back to Earth Day, April 17, 1995 when the future author of An Inconvenient Truth traveled to Fall River, Massachusetts, to deliver a green sermon at the headquarters of Molten Metal Technology Inc. (MMTI). MMTI was a firm that proclaimed to have invented a process for recycling metals from waste. Gore praised the Molten Metal firm as a pioneer in the kind of innovative technology that can save the environment, and make money for investors at the same time. "Gore left a few facts out of his speech that day. First, the firm was run by Strong and a group of Gore intimates, including Peter Knight, the firm's registered lobbyist, and Gore's former top Senate aide," wrote EIR. "Second, the company had received more than $25 million in U.S. Department of energy (DOE) research and development grants, but had failed to prove that the technology worked on a commercial scale. The company would go on to receive another $8 million in federal taxpayers' cash, at that point, its only source of revenue.

Misses, Disappearances – including John Porcaro – and Deaths In America

At the confluence of Fresh Kills and Main Creek, a ring road will take you to the activity center: the Creek Landing, with a sloping concrete boat launch and event lawn, and the Point, its urbane counterpart, with a water’s-edge promenade of restaurants, art installations, and outdoor markets. It is here that the ferry from Battery Park, an hour away, will dock. Those turbines (a meteorological tower is currently testing the wind) are key to the story Corner wants to tell-and the reason behind the pretentious term lifescape. This isn't meant to be a landscape, pretty as a picture, but land at work. Methane will continue to be harvested from the landfill under the park's rough-and-tumble meadows, forests, and marshes. As its emissions taper off, the winds will take over as a minor revenue generator. Corner also thinks the park will attract its share of eco- and archi-tourism. Parts of the park will be open starting in 2008 (pending this year's environmental review). By 2016, the north and south sections, plus the activity centers, should all be built out. "The park is not only green and beautiful but also emblematic of a huge 21st-century reclamation-that's what's important here," Corner says. "It is the contemporary sense of healing the Earth as a technological notion." The park will have an explicit educational component-a marsh interpretive center in the east park, as well as a stunning September 11 memorial (also part of phase one) in the west park: two World Trade Center-size mounds laid out on the ground, with a view of the Freedom Tower from the top.

As the throttles were being retarded the co-pilot of the CL604, likes those used as visual observers in Pennsylvania and NYC on 9-11, came back to the forensic economists and the dog and handed them an ACARS printed message simultaneous to Chips clipper deal going off. While Hamish read the message, Chips handled the plastic Tuna in his leather travel bag, big John issued a guttural grunt and Madam
Screut-Fait passed gas, not as being impolite but rather to get her nose in shape for what lies waiting in the darkness below.

“Fish, Chips, plain English please, go ahead we are descending for JFK at this time.”

“Chips, sorry for all the changes however you are going into EWR not JFK because a snitch in New York Justice says the Judge who believed in the Blind Shiek BS was watching our mission so we have a second CL604 landing at JFK after some holding that we set them up with. That will keep the Southern District of NY occupied chasing daisies will Hamish, John and Mlle work Fresh Kills for a two hour window to be backed up by Bob G. Homicide, yourself and Duke.”

“Roger that Fish, this Bob G and Duke, are they ‘ours’?”

“O yea of little faith. Remember the Border Patrol ‘homi’ from Corpus Christi had a dog named ‘muzzled’, well homi went private after he watched the Octopus kill a beaner over some smelly chicks stuffed with “Cro-A-Cain”. He was dispatched by Dancer and Fox so I assume he’s Mossad now but he’s a badass and he’s taken the muzzle of the dog and changed his name to Duke. He will pick you up in a Freightliner tractor, unmarked, parked next to a dollie-down trailer showing J. B. Hunt colors..gotta go, real world issue, Fish out.”

“David, can’t the airline pilots in North America do anything right, these boneheads are taking us to a sewer, not JFK” complained the quick to anger 64 year old AD-HD victim.

“Not exactly oh he who solves crimes in a single bound but gets frustrated by God’s plan trumping your plan. We are going to Newark, not a sewer, at least in the literal sense. We are meeting ‘Homi’ and Duke after we park this Canadian piece of crap jet due south of taxiway RA and on the back, west, side of the UPS hanger. Remind me to see if KPMG pulls the strings at UPS as it does as Delta, United, Northwest and United Health Technologies. If that is true I would expect to see three bankrupt airlines merge someday and become world renown as NUDe airlines, perhaps around the time that Rudy Giuliani asks his campaign staff to work for free as his campaign implodes when the North Dakota GOP refuses to let that cross-dressing son of a near-sighted pugilist appear in public in Fargo ND on 11-14-07. If fact, following the revelation in Fargo on 11-14 I would bet his cross dressing persona ‘Gwendolyn Gudgache’ would check into a hospital in St. Louis as he prepares to pull out of the race, the first of 4 to go down due to the MayDay law.

**Giuliani Admitted to St. Louis Hospital**

*Associated Press*

Dec 20 01:44 AM US/Eastern
By HEATHER HOLLINGSWORTH
Associated Press Writer

And if RG, HC, BO, and FT think this is the end of the campaign tents falling faster than prom dresses, I think they need to get my subliminal message with this studdering reminder from BTO:

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IjMBCYt5LY](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IjMBCYt5LY)

for Fox 1’ magic
Today on the Presidential Campaign Trail

By The Associated Press – 4 hours ago

IN THE HEADLINES

Senior Giuliani campaign staffers Fargo paychecks ... Arizona Gov. Napolitano to endorse Obama ... Obama, Clinton in farce competition for South Carolina’s black voters

Giuliani staffers Fargo paychecks

MYRTLE BEACH, S.C. (AP) — About a dozen senior staffers for Rudy Giuliani are forgoing their January paychecks, aides said Friday, a sign of tight money at the Republican's presidential campaign.

“Of course Hamish I could be a little of off on my time and predictive headlines because it is 24 February, 2001 and the four campaign tents won’t fold until January to April of 2008, well in time to give any loyal patriot candidates time to come forward and be joined by a host of supporting wingman, if you will, you will become a 100,000,000 member “wind beneath His wings”.

[ http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5V0iEGQ715M ] Thanks IZ, I owe you

“By the way, what did the co-pilot want to tell us Hamish, oh he who has been on 6 continents and was known as the “the flying hawk” by girls in college while you got good results at Cambridge and your ‘kick ass’ brother was a Diehard SAS trained killer, just as women the world over regard me as the greatest distributor of Smoked Oysters any one has ever seen,” queried the laconic, temporarily flaccid “Crusading Smoker of Octupi”.

“Nothing other than the UPS drop and pickup code word ‘dollie down’.”

“Or for dyslexics PUS, isn’t it interesting that Octopus runs UPS/PUS threw KPMG?’

“As well as DOJ, DOT, and a lot of other octo-pussied government orifices.”

“David did you mean offices, you said orifices?”

“Yes, yes, I’m sorry I was watching Diehard insert the motion detector up Mlle S-F’s rectum and noticed her calm, trusting manner.”

“Well, let’s all of us hope the DOJ is as calm and trusting while we wait to detect some motion regarding the Qui Tam that will be filed according to the “Pig Fucker Oracle” in the final moments of Cyprus 69’s pit stop in Elmendorf, EDF.” [erectile dysfunction FBI]

As the piece of shit Canadian lawn dart lurched to a halt, engines running, Diehard and the dog lead Hamish and Chips across the ramp to a bucket truck marked ‘De-ice 6’. As Diehard was first to arrive he and Mlle were lifted over the 8 foot high security fence, then Hamish, then Chips. As Dog Team One proceeded to the Freightliner bob tail next to a trailer marked J B Hunt that was dollied down a man and his dog motioned for everyone to hop in. As Hamish and his brother joined the dogs back in the command post and drew the black curtain, Homi pulled his headlights on and started going thru the
gears like the gear jammer he never wanted to be but became after he learned the truth of the DOJ and agencies as an insider. As they hit 13th gear and 75 mph Chips asked if that trailer dollied down was his.

“No that was just to keep security away. Any dipshit workin’ for the man won’t stop or inspect any thing that is working for a certain trucker, a certain chicken, or a certain Octopus, if you pick up what I am laying down.”

“That’s a big 10-4 Homi, and when I used to be an OTR trucker in my Autocar my handle was ‘the golden penetrator’.”

“Oh really, what’s you position on smoked oysters then?” asked Homi of Chips.

“I am old-fashioned, missionary or doggie style while Duke watches my six” responded the focused Chips who was harking back to his fair Fox.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mploADKBihc] watch for IZ in this video

As the jake brake slowed the speeding Freightliner a sign on the right said “Fresh Kills, one mile ahead. Homi parked right next to the security fence and out of the top hatch, Hamish, Diehard, and Duke and a small duffle descended over the top of the fence and rushed into the darkness as Chips retracted the rope ladder although he never retracted his purple tipped red champion until the Fox stopped running, and he was running on empty. As chips secured the ‘fire exit only’ he drew the curtain and read the note left on the porta-potty doing double duty as a GCD [grolsch cooling device ] The note was in Hamish’s nearly illegible chickenscratch and ‘said 0300 straight up, same 10-20 good buddy’. Looking at the clock on the wall

he saw he had 2 and a half hours to get briefed by homi, brief homi and then switch roles with the doggy patrol. The Freightliner pulled off at a weigh station, headlights out, parking light on, hazard’s on. As Homi placed magnetic J B Hunt logos on both doors, Chips found his foot notes and briefed Homi as he ate a 12” Subway BMT with enhanced pickles and drank from a Grape Nehi can. “Let er rip, potato chip” said the apparent trucker, Homi.
“ONI tells ADuc that GE-Vivendi ‘Law and Order and ‘United 93’ special effects have modified the WTC to help America’s mayor conceal upcoming insurance scams as KPMG clients finish off the job Ramzi Yousef started in 1993. He had the Blind Sheikh patsied before the Southern District, NY whose judge apparently bought the idea that a blind man could be an explosives installer. Fox always said Chips was an explosives installer, alas I digress, engorging woody and all. Our man Teddy suggests that it is very likely crime whistle blower John Porcaro has been whacked and his partially incinerated remains are somewhere at fresh kills, next to this X on the chart, the same chart that Diehard is navigating with now. As any first week employee of DOJ or FBI knows, Park-o-roo as he was tagged, was a whistleblower in the 9/11 snuff film-killing field-tax shelter gig that he learned of as an exec of the Gambino Hollywood Moving Company. Nano, not the Indian Nano Tata that will be developed in 2007."

“Dr Nano al-Umina also learned from a college buddy that AMEC, Bombardier, and Canada Steamship Lines [Bermuda corporation?] have placed Molten Metal Tech. demolition kits, hot enough to pull the towers, vaporize it’s climate deniers and menace, I say terrorize, NYC’s little people into silence. It seems that Osama’s mention of “three independent methods” match pretty well with the triphibious trio of PFers represented in this paragraph,” opined the laconic inhabitant of “the blind sheikh disguise he put on while briefing Homi.

“Chips, that disguise is pretty good, you look like the Brother of BS” said Homi.

“Actually, with this e book I am the Mother of BS but I am simply disguised now as the twin brother of the Blind Sheikh and if the Park Police see us digging up bones they will not harass us when I show them my church membership card indicating I am ‘Obama Sheikh yur-Buti’, I modified Osama’s name to avoid libel charges,” quipped the master of all things musical.

[ www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vul2wdcoxrw ] octopusses, wanna dance?

If you stopped listening to that, listen to this and see why I put the last one in.

[ http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BXvHRnGe940 ]
“Well, there you have it Homi, that’s where my head’s at, what got you sent up to Fresh Kills, you and Duke that is” as the groover in the passenger seat dressed as Sheihk yur-Buti but thinking of Oysters, Maytags, and one very perceptive intel asset.

“Not knowing if we’d hook up as you are so unpredictable, I tape recorded it and put in side this frozen turkey” replied Homi as he pulled a small cassette player from the cavity of the turkey where giblets, turkey necks and other spare parts are installed, typically.

“You listen to the tape; I will walk around the truck and see if any Lot Lizards are attracted to my Freightliner or my ‘Bit of Honey’.”

As Detective ‘bit o horny’ patrolled the outside of the truck, Chips listened to the recording in the comfort of the ‘sleeper’.

The Senator Clifton, Titon Chicken and Mexican Mafia connection has now been exposed by an investigation called, "Operation Southern Fried", for trafficking in international drug and human smuggling, processing and redistribution, by an illicit product net work, while incorporating espionage, kidnapping, murder, bribery, prostitution, slave trade, protection and extortion rackets, money laundering, murder for hire, state and federal corruption at all levels; including using political influence to change or subvert federal and state laws in order to protect incoming and outgoing contraband and infiltrators.
The ongoing international investigation may have exposed "Operation Final Blow". A series of false flag events setting the stage for a Marshall Law plan in which, Detective Bob G Homicide, AKA "Homi" found to his and Duke, his hybrid police dog's shock, a plan to infect and kill at least 40% of the U.S. and Canadian population with the weaponized and perfected, (Avian) Bird Flu virus.

This plan was uncovered by a highly motivated informant from the highest levels of the Mexican Mafia using unconventional and direct questioning methods by Duke, the sharp toothed hybrid police dog. As a result, a confession outlined a plan to spread misinformation about mysteriously infected wild birds spreading Bird Flu virus to migrating destinations, in order to create the fear of possible bird to human infection thereby allowing F.E.M.A. to set the stage for Martial Law and total control of the population by United Nations troops (already staged in the U.S.A.).

In order to create confidence in the government’s ability to control and help the effected areas, the so-called "fair and balanced" or more likely "bought and paid for" news media, will spin this propaganda in a softening up stage of the operation. The plan is exposed, and then later discounted as another conspiracy theory and the talking heads will try to destroy the source with vicious personal attacks and the call to have them fired, beaten and arrested... sounds kinda' Naziish to me!

Bird Flu virus kills a human being in 8 hours. The Flu itself does not kill you, it causes your own immune system to over react and kill you by destroying your lungs. It starts by the infected person coughing up blood, and then chunks of their lungs are hacked up. The rest is self-explanatory. At least it's fast. The irony is that if you have a compromised immune system, you'll probably survive. I can hear the cheers from San Francisco as I write, backed up by the Boeing Beagle choral group the Vibrators.

Bird Flu does not die but becomes dormant when frozen. The miscreants involved are well aware of the small possibility that Bird Flu, spread by migratory birds, has a minimal possibility of spreading the virus to humans. So the plan is to infect raw chicken, in the pre-packaging process.

Then distribute weaponized Bird Flu by a vast network of trucks already routed to every distribution center and every store in major cities in the U.S. and Canada. This will infect a large portion of those populations by direct ingestion rather than animal to human crossover, which is highly unlikely, thereby creating a Pandemic to kill and control as planned.

Marshall law would come within 48 hours of infection. The country IE; the people’s ability to survive has been destroyed by a systematic plan, traced back to the now known and exposed elitists uncovered because of their thirst to control mankind has made them ever dangerous even to themselves. Crossdressers will lose their courage.

This has been accomplished with the aid and abetting of our trusted congress and other branches by bribery. The ultimate traitor to this country is a man we call Rat Boy... we'll explain later. We were warned by the founding fathers of exactly what has occurred. Starting with the creation of the ability to form private corporations after 1866. It's obvious who owns and how they control all of government and it's minions.

The taking over of the monetary system. President himself admitted the creation of the Federal Reserve would eventually destroy America. It has allowed the bankers to steal everything the people owned! [Banker’s Manifesto of 1892, Google it]
False flag operations creating wars around the world for profit and insurance scams using laws like The War Powers Act, where if you create an "Emergency" you can rule by Executive Orders under Article I, thereby, destroying our guaranteed Republican form of government (not the republican party for you hillbillies) giving every asshole with a government job the ability to enslave you at will. Not to mention putting in similar banking scams into each of the conquered countries, then assassinating the leaders of the remaining countries because they wouldn't sell out their people. [google Bhutto harp] [google Arkancide]

The social engineering by controlled government schools completely dumbing down and cultivating idiots (see hillbillies) who can site any stats of teams from racing to basketball, but have not a clue about the greatest gift ever given, Representative government and their responsibility to safe guard the nation by simply paying attention. With the planned destruction of America’s industrial base under the guise of "Free Trade" and the influx of hoards of aliens, anywhere from 50 to 75 million, not just from Mexico, but from all over the third world, reducing needed services and infrastructure to real Americans and their families by 95%.

As Homi climbed back aboard Chips said “What perfect timing, I just got a clipper from Hamish and the helpers and not only did they get everything we needed but with the extra time we can pick up the diggers and sniffers and get it on down the Highway.

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4LNH27s5ULE]

As the rope ladder was retracted, early at 0155, a well lit Freightliner was hitting it’s governor and rolling on up the interstate as Homi hit a button “governor inhibit” as the ‘speed chip’ and ‘blower’ were unleashed. And in the right seat Chips cracked open a Grolsch and said “Can I hand you one Homi?”

“Not at 105 mph my friend but thanks” responded Homi as he put the cinder block on the foot feed.

“Great, that leaves more for me” responded Wonderboy as he pulled out a picture of his prize woody and thought of Fox, somewhere, out there........and he enjoyed the beer and thought of oysters the periscope was thinking about it. And he understood what motivated Barry White to write and sing the last song.

Chapter 11 - Dog Team with BEAGLE Audits MIT for Murder and the Cirquer-Jerk Elites
- February 24-28, 2001
Nano says the Hunter dog teams will have to solve two problems before they can analyze the evidence of murder at the Canadian pig farm and the Fresh Kills land fill or audit the real goals of Amalgam Virgo and 9/11 virtual war games planned by John Deutch and Noam Chomsky at MIT's Center for Coordination Science (now Collective Intelligence). First, Hunter has to get past a sign on a door which says "No Dogs Allowed". Second, he needs different breeds of dogs to conduct "testicular truth testing", independent of the sexual orientation of the Francophonie counter-intelligence elites appointed by Maurice Strong, the two Clintons, Frances Townsend, Janet Reno, MIT's Back Room Boys and a Francophonie 'Cirque de Branleurs'. Det Bob G. Homicide and Big John offer some cross-bred "Polly Graphs" but David Hunter audits MIT with a three member dog team plus a surprise up the sleeve of his Blind Sheikh costume, a smoking, miniature BEAGLE! Nano completes analysis of DNA and residues of Ultra High Temperature Accelerant in the body bits while Hunter gets some sphincter-snapping truths before his team flies to next appointment.

BEAGLES - Boeing Employees' Association of Gays, Lesbian & Friends Submitted by thehawke on Sun, 09/16/2007 - 04:50

**Employment Synopsis:** Affinity group for Gay & Lesbian Boeing employees

**Email:** BEAGLESPugetSound@boeing.com Login or register to post comments

Canadian culture is dominated by an obsession to appease Quebec secessionists .. The federal Liberal party is both the author of this obsession and its chief beneficiary, along with its Mafia-style network in Quebec. Quebeccers despise anything "english" so they especially hate the US because there are more english speakers there than anywhere else. Anti-Americanism is fuelled by these factors: Desire and need to kiss the French arse on behalf of "unity" .. Canadians are not a very inventive people (as the OECD has shown) and content themselves with selling-off their natural resources to pay for keeping themselves from freezing to death and to buy goods invented and manufactured elsewhere. Canadians did, however, invent freeze-dried mashed potatoes and the zipper. Remember that next time your doctor tells you to cut back on starch or when you get something caught in your fly .. There is no more certain way to destroy support for a project or business than to suggest it might make a "profit". In Canada, this is the worst of dirty words. It is just fine to pour billions of dollars of taxpayer money into losing businesses such as Bombardier (a Quebec corporation) but if a company earns its own way and declares a profit, it will attract outrage and demands upon government by the public for more "controls", additional corporate taxes or even nationalization .. Canadians are so determined to please everyone they will prostrate themselves before anyone claiming to be a "victim". They spent millions of dollars fighting the extradition of mass-murderer Charles Ng to California where he faced a possible death penalty there and, when they failed, immediately amended their laws to close the legal loophole that would otherwise have forced them to hand-over more such monsters in future .. They have supported Fidel Castro in Cuba throughout his despotic reign yet he has not made the slightest move toward democratizing his nation. Their current Prime Minister, Paul Martin, attends fund-raisers for the Tamil Tigers, a Shri Lankan terrorist organization. Canada is presently attempting to repatriate a citizen from Guantanamo implicated in Middle East terrorism so that he can be shielded from the consequences of his murderous acts .. When Zahra Kazemi, a Canadian journalist working in Iran, was tortured, raped and murdered there in 2004 under orders from the Islamicist regime the Canadian Foreign Affairs minister, French fop Pierre Pettigrew, timidly requested an international investigation. Pettigrew is more interested in his morning latte and his coiffure than justice .. A few days after the 9/11 attacks Alexa McDonough, leader of the Canadian socialist party, said that "If the United States thinks Mr Osama Bin Laden played a role, they should invite him to appear before an examining committee to
satisfy their questions". Note ... "invite" ... and the respectful "Mr". If Mr Bin Laden were to say he had nothing to do with these attacks, most Canadians would take his word for it. Along with Ms McDonough's groveling, then Prime Minister Chrétien (the Jeanfather) and John Raulston-Saul (consort of the Canadian Governor General) both attacked the US on grounds it was the real culprit and responsible for what happened ... If a Canadian had invented the wheel, he would have given it to the Americans to make something useful with .. Canadians think France was their ally during WWII.

As they got in the groove with the cinderblock down Homi looked at the two digital clocks on the dash board and said, "Great we will be there before sun-up." As the white clock indicated 0230 Chips couldn't figure out the other clock, in red led that indicate 5 O'clock but didn't seem to move, causing Chips to think if was broken.

"Has your secondary chronometer failed you, mother trucker that you appear to be" asked Chips more in interest of keeping Homi alert than borne of genuine concern, after all, who gives a rip about a clock.

"Not at all rumored to be the moistener of thongs. Some days 16 hours of driving makes a guy wish he could have a beer, like in Jimmy Buffett's song that Alan Jackson will cover in 2007." Referring to "It's Five O'clock Somewhere." Now of course most readers who are not FBI or CIA profilers are certain the next embedded link will be that tune written by Jimmy Buffett. Well, after 10 chapters you all should have learned that my unpredictable nature keeps me alive, so grab some popcorn, crack open a Grolsch at relax to the kind of music we used to enjoy in the United States of America before the Global Taffy Pullers started flooding our airwaves with absolute garbage, however I digress so I may redact this later.

"Excuse me Homi, I must be tired, I thought you said 16 hours and the G -men limit you guys to 10 or 11 hours don't they, or is it just a flat mileage restriction?' asked the guzzler of Grolschs as he grabbed a cold one and passed two back to Hamish and Diehard, some thing which may befall Chips if the Fox has her way. Hamish politely said "Thanks Mate" while Big John grunted in an appreciative tone. Meanwhile Duke had detected that Mlle S-F was in heat but he was somewhat hesitant because his trained nose also determined there was some metal in there and he thought it might be the steel teeth his mother warned him about when he was a young pup. And Mlle S-F seemed to be thinking she wished her master would remove the MI6 Gerbil motion detector, for just a little so they could  get to know each other, if you can dig where I'm groovin'.

"No problem, I'm twins" Homi said as he laid down two Class 1 licenses issued in Mena, Arkansas; on to a Bob G Homicide and the other to his identical twin brother Bob F Homicide. "Since we are twins, one of is always sleeping in the back so we stay well rested, keep our two logbooks accurate and cut down on the use of these little white pills to stay awake" he said as he shook out of a prescription bottle from Wal-Mart Pharmacy label "Anger Control Pills". "The label was made by a girlfriend in Calico Rock and I put the uppers in there to have on hand if I get harassed by the guys in the chicken coop or pulled over for a maintenance check. The two log books help me run enough miles to make a few dollars and if they ask to talk to my brother, I just show em the label on my upper bottle and suggest the pills are for Bob F. and he gets in a nasty mood when awakened for chicken shit inspections, which is a misnomer because in Arkansas certain chicken trucks never get harassed."

"Holy cow" gasped Chips "we just blew through a speed trap, how you gonna handle this, big guy?"

"No problem, ye of little faith, I have had the 'funeral car lights' on since we went past the speed limit,
turned off the governor, selected 'Chip B' of the fuel control and put the cinderblock on the foot feed, and I don't see any red lights in the rear view, how bout you?"

"Nothing back there but those troopers can't think this Freightliner is a funeral car, where do you think we are Arkansas?

"Excellent point but all the way from Newark to Boston the turnpike tigers know that funeral lights at night indicate 'funeral for you tomorrow' if you even pick up your microphone and talk about me" explained Mr. 4 hour drive in 2.5 hour breath. As the rear curtain opened Hamish asked "I just did the math and I came up with 2.27 hours, not the 2.5 hours that Jerry Reed on steroids just opined".

"That's why you're in the sleeper and he's behind the wheel, Homi factored in time for accel and decel of the black smoke belching bob-tail" responded Chips as he whipped his bull neck around. As the Boston skyline came into view, Chips harked back to Bob Dylan's Skyline Album from 1969 and the signature song, which reminded him once again of the winsome, svelte and feverish Fox, who he missed terribly now but never missed with the smoked oysters. He thought back to 1969, a year that say him marching in Nixon's inauguration as a USNA 3rd year Midshipmen while the Hillbillies were listening to Professor Quigley at Georgetown.

As his mind leaped forward to Feb 25th, 2001 he saw the campus coming in sight and alerted those in the sleeper as Homi looked for a logical place to his tractor that he called the "Wicked Witch" in honor of his ex-wife. Seeing a 4 hour zone reserved for any "expectant mother" he deftly maneuvered his ten wheeler with the empty fifth wheel snuggly up to the curb, shut it down and said "What time I be ready to take you guys to the airport" as when they were done the dogsmen where expecting to fly JetBlue to Florida.

"Well the meeting of here is set to begin at 0900 so let's plan on 1130 Homi," replied the ever organized dictator of SMEACs as he spieled off the current SMEAC thusly.

Situation: Diehard and Shiekh yur-Buti, along with Polly Graph and her twin brother Paul E. Graff will work with me and Diehard. Hamish will walk behind me, as he is wired via clipper to Langley, Wedge One, MacDill and Alice Springs, Orange Grove. If I appear to be heading into trouble walking, or interrogating, put on your phony English accent and distract this FAF sellouts.

Mission: ask key questions of Norm Chumsky and John Ditch and a few Francophonie Cirque de Branleurs.

Execution: Approaching the 'No Dogs allowed except Guide Dogs Diehard passes leash to Paul E. Graff to Sheihk yur-Buti and Hamish passes leash to Duke to him also. Underneath his Sheihk's Holy Raiment 'Butch" Beagle, a chain smokin' bitch, will silently wait to be employ, if necessary.

Admin: Chips is the BSer, Diehard is the enforcer, with Duke if necessary and Hamish will run the various digital technologies in our MI6-Mossad Nutcracker selection.

C&C: As always Chips has tactical lead unless a fight breaks out in which case ever one except Diehard and Duke withdraw to the Freightliner as any thing more than Diehard and Duke would be a violation of the Geneva Convention, interestingly enough, signed in Switzerland, perhaps Zug.
As the clock on the wall struck 0830 the targets had entered. When they were inside Diehard, yur-Buti and Hamish walked their dogs across the street while Butch 'dropped' her last smoke and the blind Sheikh'ed it out, to cut down on global warming. They gained entrance to the reception lobby and saw a sign indicating the target meeting was in Suite 69 starting in 8 minutes. As they approached a campus security guard next to the sign prohibiting dogs the guard, a man shaped like a pear, no a Bartlett pear, pointed to the sign where upon yur-Buti responded "I cannot read that sign sir and I need these service dogs, the little female is my eyes, the little male is my ears, and the big dog with the big man is my nose and teeth, and the low growl you hear indicates he has picked up the scent of Cheetos and semen, did you and you wife watch a good movie and have a bag of chips last night?" asked you - Buti.

"No sir, your holiness, I live alone."

"Well I hope you don't develop tennis elbow and have an orange colored penis" opined the laconic holy man as he led the the trio of dogs and handlers to the elevator. Once inside the elevator car, a Gorelick UT item, the smokin' bitch lit up a Camel and chain smoked to the target floor whereupon Hamish stepped on it as they left and followed a hall to the target conference room and strode in, with a sense of purpose. As yur-Buti opened the door those doing lines of coke and clippered up to Gatineau and Peking called for security.

"Cancel the security, and dismiss the taffy pullers, we have a few questions for you 2 PFers intent on TOPPING off America. As the taffy pullers hurried out Diehard approached them one at a time and pointed them left or right. Diehard directed Norm Chomsky to the left, and John Ditch to the other left, sort of like in the Marine Corps. His mission now complete, Diehard and Duke went to guard the only door and have some chow. Duke got a bag of Jerky, Pemmican Teriyaki style in the $4.99 bag, Diehard had 3# of lean ground beef and a wintergreen Altoid mint. He didn't want to have tigermeat breath.

As Hamish Charles Watson turned on the last of his sensors, his peni-cam, the Blind Shiekh's twin brother queried the fairies thusly:

Gentlemen, pardon our intrusion however the Judge from the Southern District of NY has asked me to fill in for my brother, the other Blind Sheikh [ key word BS ]. My brother who helped the Southern District in 1993 so Ramzi Yousef would be free to instruct Timothy McVeigh was known as an excellent explosives engineer. As we were both born blind 2 of 3 identical triplets, I could be him, or he could be me, but one of us is here right now, and the show must go on.

"So, without further adieu gentleman, please drop your trousers and half mast your skivvies or boxers or brief or whatever surrounds you 'bits and pieces'." urged the BS.

"Before I drop the laundry clean up that last statement, you said you and the other BS were two of 3 identical trips and then you only address two, are you trying to BS the Ditch and me?" queried Norm Chompsky.

"Not at all my reluctant dropper of laundry, you must not have listened to the lyrics and counted the vocalists. My trip brothers and I were blind tight rope walkers but alas Vince Foster yur-Buti took a terrible fall, and Ron Brown yur-Buti and I thought it would be safer being blind patsies of the court. And so far, as of 25 February, 2001 it has been a good gig and the Southern District of NY pays the freight, so to speak."
"Enough drivel you pimpled and short peckered sellout, half-mast the laundry or I call in Duke for some motivation therapy. As the BS hit the remote Duke barred his teeth and growled somewhat more fierce than Roy Orbison growled in Pretty Woman. As the two MIT brilliants dropped the laundry, Hamish noted they both had short peni and in both cases they appeared to be stain orange, he made those notes into his carnation microphone, which Chips acknowledge with a staccato vibration on his clipper cell.

"Genitalmen, as Hamish the Unready hangs a Brazilian nut cracker on each of your testicle sacks, let me give you the "rules of engagement" in a more sportsmanlike manner than you worthless PFers will give Blue Air the rules of engagement at Amalgam Virgo. You will each answer 5 questions, the same question and the Brazilian Nutcracker dogs will bite your testicles slowly allowing you to restate your response if your memory gets redacted or mesmerized on the Patriots Giants game to be played over the Holiday period in 2007. If for any reason either of you try to 'whack off your dog' the Big Dog Duke will engage the first dog whacker and if necessary Diehard, a former SAS assassin will make short work of the 2nd dog whacker. Gentlemen, now that the BNs are attached here are the questions:

"Mr Chumsky, why is your penis orange?" asked the BS.

"The twin evils of global warming and insufficient vitamin B-oweeeeee. I meant I had a security briefing with the guard downstairs last night with a Deep Throat re-run.

"Mr Ditch, same question although I add small to the charge."

"I was at the movie also, and we had 3 bags of Cheetohs and some smoked oysters and things just, well, got out of hand, so to speak" replied the more learned Ditch.

"Second question, this time to Mr. Ditch. Are you aware of the fact that Raytheon has the largest fleet of serviceable A3 Skywarriors, and aircraft that is configured similar to the B757, at least to the sheeple of America in 2001?"

"No mister BS I have no knowledge of A3s-oweeee, call off the dog we did the mods at Loveland, Ft Collins, we flew em in at night, the teams did not cross talk, we put QRS 11s, uninterruptible autopilots, hardened wings, updated engines, and laser receiving weaponry on the 4 jets we modified or are currently modifying, so help my balls" blurted the suddenly retracted and sweating PFer, a disgraced former CIA thief.

"Mr. Gumpsky, same question." asked the suddenly emboldened interrogator of PRers.

"I do not find fault with Mr. Ditch's squealing, your blindness" wimpered cheesedick number two.

"Thank you Mr. Gnorsky, do you know who built the Gorelick wall and what part the conveniently pregnant Fargos Towncar played in that diversion of intel?"

"No your holiness and further I have no knowledge of...oweeee, call off the Brazilian Nutcrackers, Fargos Towncar helped Gorelick build the wall in the same manner that Janet Wino was such an embarrassment to Justice that DOJ, FBI and CIA started to doubt each other and were rendered tools of KMPG thru Marc Rich, Cocaine Cowboy and the same team that stuffed the coke in Titan chickens."
"And Mr. Ditch, do you opine similarly?" asked the tactician yur-Buti while he removed his dark glasses cleaned them, point to the clock on the wall and said, we need to wrap this up, please.

"4th question please Mr. Ditch, when Ron Brown, Vince Foster and Barry Seal all had unfortunate accidents, is there a common beneficiary to their untimely deaths?"

"Not that I can discern, your holiness.holy shit call off the dogs, of course it was the elitist families who stand behind the Shrubs and Rockfellars and if you need proof I have copy #3 of the Tamiami Trio, anything to get this dog off my pea sized nuts.." whined the modestly endowed and fully withdrawn nutless wonder.

"Mr. Guernsey, your response to question 4?" inquired the uncircumsized BS.

"Mr. Ditch has opined the essence of my redactable opinion as well and if this little canine clamping down on my mini-nuts would rather have some hamburger I could oblige, your Holiness."

"Okay you MIT back room boys, if your life and testicles depended on this answer, what single corporate entity is the head of the Octopus, and who is it's senior agent in North America?"

In unison, both nutless wonders blurted out "KPMG, Mo Strong and the Desmarais Dipshits."

"You may both pull up your drawers, but in the future if you are going to circle jerks with girly flicks, remember, the Cheetohs dye, orange number 7, lasts for 5 days, 2 servicings, or 12 taffy pulls. Plan according. You diminutive cheesedicks are dismissed."

As the BS removed his disguise, Butch lit up a camel as the 3 men and 4 dogs headed back to the freightliner. Crossing the street, Hamish's clipper deal went off and he thought, better this than my peni-cam.

"Fish, Hamish, normal two, mission complete MIT, out."

"Hamish, tell Chips to call on a landline or cel, change of plans, brief details, Hanscomb, Patrick AFB, Fox, no readback due time, Fish out."

As Butch chain smoked her Chesterfield and Homi fired up the Freightliner, Chips said was that good or bad Hamish?"

"Both from your perspective, I opine, Boston's out, Hanscomb's in, we are off to Patrick AFB, Cocoa Beach FL, and Fox is back in the mix.

As Homi stuck it in 13th, Chips was thinking of sticking it also, as he fell asleep wondering if there could ever be more love.

Chapter 12 - Able Danger Truth Testers Win Working Dog Competition, Patrick AFB
-March 1-4, 2001
Hunter enters four apparently-independent Able Danger truth-testing dog handling teams in the Central Florida Working Dog Competition at Patrick Air Force Base. Amelia uses Nortel's VoIP and the International Y2K Cooperation Center networks to issue encrypted invitations to over 100 Global Guardians to serve as civilian or military guinea pigs. Many congenitally-successful liars show up, hoping to beat the cross-checked canine Polly Graff sniff test. Each Pfer got three questions: 1. "Did you ever help someone obtain, retain, conceal or invest in a snuff film?" 2. "Are you a designer, user or beneficiary of KPMG's UN Oil-for-Food kickback tax shelters?" 3. "Do you have a password to 9/11 virtual war rooms and Nortel VoIP in the Pentagon?" The ADDH dog teams win tail down but the Hunters worry because the dogs refused to sniff Monica Lewinsky, the Clintons, Rudy Giuliani, Frank Carlucci, Jamie Gorelick, John Shalikashvili, Janet Reno, Maurice Strong and Bruce McConnell after Mlle Screut-Fait fainted near that part of the line up. Team charters A-3 Skywarrior to fly to Chapter 13.

September 11, 2001 Nortel Networks EADS to Redefine Telecommunications Alliance PARIS - European Aeronautic Defence and Space Company (EADS) and Nortel Networks* [NYSE/TSE: NT] agreements .. including the transfer to EADS Defence and Security Networks (EDSN) of Cogent* Defence Systems, a UK leader in defence and security telecommunications systems and currently a division of a Nortel Networks UK subsidiary, and the current German-based communication networks division of EADS, VEKN, which specialises in defence tactical networks .. also transfer to EDSN of M6500 PBX business from Matra Nortel Communications, a Nortel Networks subsidiary in which EADS is a shareholder. EDSN will assume responsibility for the M6500 product and technology, including its path to Internet Protocol (IP) telephony .. core technology at heart of EDSN security solutions .. EADS .. organisation, created in March 2001 to prepare 9/11 transfer of US sovereignty to UNEP and NATO's Partnership for Peace defence and security markets.

Most Y2K planners are aware that Jan. 1 is no magic disaster date, and they fear a quiet weekend might leave the public with a false sense of security. "There is too much focus on New Year's weekend," said Bruce McConnell, director of the International Y2K Cooperation Center. "If you think that the only time to worry about the Y2K bug is on Jan. 1, then you're underestimating the problem." .. New Year's Day weekend will be an important period for Y2K problems, and most major companies and government agencies will be watching their systems closely. Koskinen will be presiding over a $50 million [KPMG tax shelter] crisis center built for this weekend .. poll, taken Dec. 15-19, 1,010 people most frequently mentioned concern over [sabotage of] the nation's power supply, followed by banking and financial services, the transportation system, phone systems and food distribution.

A military working dog team from the 21st Security Forces Squadron took top honors during the Central Florida Working Dog Competition at Patrick Air Force Base, March 1-4. Staff Sgt. Clint Reynolds and his dog, Gero, placed first in the obedience and handler protection events, and second in scouting .. participants from both military and civilian agencies, was the first for Reynolds and his Belgian-Malinois partner .. The obedience event took place on an obstacle course. The dogs were rated on agility, negotiating obstacles and response to commands. Handler protection involved a highrisk traffic stop
scenario where the K-9 team had to subdue two fleeing bank robbers who were firing blank pistol rounds. The team also placed second in the scouting event. "The scouting event tests your ability to search and clear a field tactically for one or more hidden suspects," said Reynolds. The team had help from outside the K-9 section as well. Senior leadership made it possible for the wing to sponsor the team.

"How come so slow today Homi, not enough rest?" asked Hamish as he passed up a 12 inch BMT Subway [bet Marine triumphs?] with everything except onions and a double portion of enhanced pickles, the kind the Fox finds more satisfactory. I think that satisfaction can be achieved without Cheetohs or girly flicks if enough smoked oysters and Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters are ingested. That's why Fox calls me "Pinocchio the Loadmaster", world's greatest remover of thongs. I humbly accept her opinion. If someone wants to see a real campaign I would be willing to assist in a ticket with 2 solid names [top/bottom?] and if I were involved in a Campaign Run, red, white and blue thongs would be waved at every campaign stop, I opine laconically knowing fully well that most "Johnny Can't Read" Americans don't know what country Laconia is located in, but I digress while a nation of women undress. To this I do solemnly affirm, oops there is the turnoff to Hanscomb blinker on and stand on the airbrakes oh he who has a CDL."

At that moment the clipper deal went off and this brief transmission ensued, "Chips, Fish, plain language due ZOPR code Oscar, there is a Raytheon A3 sitting on the ramp and I have hooked up with the plane captain, he's tight with us, he says if you think you can fly it, it's fueled up and if you flash the brights he will have both engines running and the checklist done, how do you respond, Fish out?"  

"Have the PC check the front of the Freightliner a half mile east of ops we see the whale, the lights are flashing, tell him the checklist are ok if he wants but we will be going anyway and tell him to keep my seat warm and hold the brakes, Diehard will kick the chocks, we will be Sky-High in 5, Chips out."

As Chips, Hamish and the three dogs crawled up the crew hatch just aft of the left seat, Diehard kicked out the chocks trusting that Chips visual 'hold the brakes' signal to the PC was seen and responded to appropriately. As the yellow wooden chocks went skidding across the ramp inside Chips told the PC "Explain it to me later Stone, thanks for keeping my seat warm, I've got the jet, go secure the hatch after Diehard gets in."

"He's in the dogs are aboard Hamish is looking nervous and I will have the hatch secure in 30 seconds, trust me." Replied Stone Kohl as the Raytheon A3 made a schrill noise as the power was brought up to 88% N1 and differential caused the nose to turn downwind so the jet would be into the wind for takeoff. As the young Mini-me sat on the 3rd seat in the cockpit Chips pointed to the right seat and said hop in, strap in and hang on as he cobbled the power on the recently modified Loveland 'lovemonster' as he named it between 60 and 100 knots on takeoff roll. As the nose wheel lifted and started making a noisy vibration Chips gave Stone a thumbs up and the tri-cycle gear was retracted. Next Chips gave the flaps up signal as he pushed forward on the yoke to reduce AOA, with the engines at Max and with a clean wing the Skywarrior flew at treetop level at 360KIAS until coasting out and then turned to due south, and descended to approximately 20 feet above sea level, a maneuver that Chips had used when he borrowed a Boeing B52 once.
"Chips, not to pester you but 2 questions, I didn't hear you talk to anyone and how much experience do you have in A3 Skywarriors, it seems you are master of this whale as your VVI indicates you have zero vertical velocity 20 feet above the ocean and what appears to be 20 knots over Vne?"

"If you borrow someone's jet there is no need to talk to ATC as you are already criminal, regarding A3s, last experience at Midway Island, Oct 1974, and the vertical velocity is nothing, I bet I could fly an [Israeli F16](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Israeli_F-16) right up to the open ramp and door of a C130, get it filmed and get back to drinking beer within 20 minutes of the camera work, no problem. In fact, if the PFers whose A3 we just ripped off would invite me to come to Tel Aviv, I could squeeze it in in December, 2007 as I will be outside RICO on 2 missions anyway."

As the revitalized Skywarrior was heading down south at .6 IMN 20 miles east of the east coast Hamish asked "anyone hungry?" as he displayed 6 foot long subs and a cooler filled with GWBs.
"Ughh" responded Diehard, a man of few words but many weapons as he pointed to his ass and then his teeth, indicating to Hamish he wanted his usual, a BM-T with no onions and enhanced pickles. As Hamish removed the onions and borrowed pickles from a turkey on white he opined "you are what you eat" indicating the turkey on white would be given first to a Pfer, none present, or go to the dogs, such as our DOJ did during the KMPG influenced years 1993-2001.

"Whatever's left" said the laconic thongmaster slamming the sausage to this old A3 recently borrowed from the TFed PFers.

"Doesn't matter, whatever no one else wants" chimed in Mini-Me as he tried to figure out how long it would take for his dad to have to take a whiz if he kept putting Grolsch wide-bodies on the middle console.

"That was an academic question only, and you both did well, for you see, all remaining subs are tuna so we all will have tuna" Hamish opined as he passed forward two foot longs and Chips became a half a foot longer as his mind raced to a running fox, in this case, also a cunning fox. Where as Chips was known to be a cunning linguist as his ability to speak Navajo was something the US DoD was not officially aware of, although Fish and other members of ADuc [Able Danger, under cover] were well aware of it. As the periscope went down and he could finally become erect without the others "seeing" what was on his mind he Chips said "Stone she's all yours hold what you got and remember, autopilots are for sissies and PFers planning to use Uninterruptible Autopilots and QRS11 to kill 3000 innocents this September if we cannot get the message across that KPMG and their clients are toast." As he left his seat the airplane PIOed just a little as Mini-me got his sea legs, so to speak.

As Chips pulled out his ample hose he had to figure out whether to use the potty, the relief tube or something they'd never expect. He reached in his beer bag of tricks and got a photo of the 4 guys who
made the Secure Telephony available and put their picture in a 5# coffee can and applied a steady stream until they were submerged and his bladder had delivered it's secondary issue all over those 4 PFers, at least their photo. Ah, he thought, now if only the Fox was here and we had a CRF.

As he crawled back into the left seat HF#3 sel-called them and so Chips said "Hamish, it's for you, I'm listening in and watch Mini-me show the PFers how easy it is to fly if you know what your doing and have nuts the size of grapefruits, of course the PFers would have no reason to have that thought cross their radar."

"Fish, Hamish, flaming red, Foggy Dew, will that work?"

"Works for me, brief message, BA7 is in visual trail, can he 'come aboard' take the lead, and drop you on the VASIs?" As Hamish went backwards and forwards Chips picked up the mic and told Fish "Charlie-charlie, tell 7 he's got the lead on the left when his in within view, we will meet him on 123.45 and we will be Romeo Tango 3, Chips out.

"Fish out"

As Chips signaled Stone that daddy would fly, a 2 seat F18 pulled up on the left and visual exchanges indicated Chips was -2 and 7 was the lead, but punctuated with slight rolling inputs. Chips touched his lips and made a V sign which prompted:

"Romeo Tango, do you read Wedge 7?"

"Charlie, you got the lead, drop me on the vasi, zipper" indicating that would be the last transmission from either jet until 7 dropped Chips on the VASIs at Patrick AFB, Cocoa beach, now coming into view. At three miles from touchdown 7 and RT both saw 3 flashes of a green light from Patrick Tower, and not one corrupted by Willie Cards murderers, I would laconically opine. As 7 pointed at the VASIs, Chips kissed em off and the two seater lite the burners, rotated up 10 degrees, did a victory roll, the a square turn to vertical as vapor clouded the jet in "smoke".

As a black 1996 limo popped it's trunk a mediterranean beauty lifted a four pack of GWB into plain view so Chips would know where to stick his nose, i.e. the nose of the recently converted weapon to evidence in advance. As he killed the JT8D like turbo jets like the ones that left some evidence at Wedge one Mini-me said "shall I run the checklist before you run the fox, oh master of all things aeronautical or seafood like?"

"No Stone, that's just what they'd expect us to do."

"Exactly" mimicked the heir to the 401K, and the limo, and anybeer left in the secret fridge if and when his dad croaks. From out of the 'party center' of the Limo Fish emerged and threw the keys to Stone, "It's idling, the a/c is at 69, follow the air police vehicle that will take the lead on the left 30 seconds after the doors are closed, all dogs and handlers will be with Fox in the back, when we get to the doggy show, turn on the red lights behind the grille, which also triggers red backups and when the Wing Commander comes to open your dad's door, stay in the car with your 40 caliber ready if needed. Questions?"

"None"
Chips had just finished a quick GWB and gotten a 'flash of tangerine' as the goofy Wing Commander opened the right rear door and greeted "Team Hooligan, a formerly unannounced addition to the Doggy Deal. As he and Tangerine stepped onto the tarmac it seemed almost like Jackie O and Aristotle, with a gender swap, causing Chips to mentally plan swapping some gender specific heavenly bodily fluids 5 minutes after the door closes on this chapter. Mlle S-F seemed to pick up a scent indicating that a maytag may be sudsing nearby.

"Colonel Hunter, welcome to Patrick and we will be ready for the demonstration in 10 minutes, is there anything you require?"

"I need to Dollie down an untarped load as the Over The Road truckers would say, but that can wait until the EOPS and Smoked Oysters restore my Mojo." whispered the dog whisperer as he saw visual indication that the Commander enjoyed Cheetos. "Oh Captain Tunesmith, can we replay April Stevens song Teach Me Tiger followed by Stay Awhile?" requested a quivering Fox who was causing Mlle S-F to get into form for the upcoming drill, pardon my choice of verb.

As Diehard handled Mlle S-F, Hamish took the leash of Paul E. Graff and Chips had the Polly Graff, who apparently in heat, judging from Mlles low growl and Paul E's. mini-periscope.

"Hamish go active with Amelia, hook her up to my Jonas implant listening device, Fish prepare "Panda" for a surprise ending, Stone use will yelp, wail and siren as briefed we will extract 3 minutes after Mlle 'rolls over', Chips out." Hamish went active and could see from the bulge in Chips' trousers that the Jonas implant was at about 60%, making Chips limp just a little and Fox suds all the more, bring Mlle S-F into 'terror condition orange' as her doggie vision could not differentiate between tangerine and orange as easily as her SNIPHer could easily sort semen, cheetos or the scent of a woman, even better than movie star leading males, and even though she was only a dog, she had seen that Chips didn't need a walking stick to sort warm and willing woman, he had a Pinocchio Pole that was legendary. In fact, one pleased Oyster recipient was quoted as saying he was "The Penis Mightier than the Sword" which was a misquote as she left out a space in the second 2 words, 'Penis' should be 'Pen is'. One might opine with much laconicness that by Erection '08' every woman on the planet will know exactly who Captain Hunter is and the cross dressing PFer will be referred to as "Rudy who?" after his campaign aborts in Fargo in
November, 07, the Hospital in St Louis in December 07, and the Campaign worker PayCuts in January 08 as his workers learn Proverb 1:7 from www.usdoj.gov Slow learners these politicos who are revealed as criminals, but alas I digress.

"Amelia, Chips position and head count."

"O Club bar, 'all call' except the short peckered PFer in China."

Two clicks on his Jonas and Amelia knew it was time to have Teddy the bar tender mix a BSM in the 1 gallon pail, using only Bombay Sapphire and vermouth soaked olives. Teddy had put the BS in the freezer to make it gel a little, just as Fox was sudsing a little as she anticipated an all-nighter 5 minutes after the first of 2 debriefings.

As a military band played pomp and circumstance the emcee announced, "all military dog teams are dismissed to the crowd while a 4 dog team from the Hooligans of the North Dakota ANG demonstrate some previously unknown technology known as SNIPH, Standard Navy Intelligence Profile-Human. We will now have the ladies and gentlemen of Team Global to please stand for the demonstration of SNIPHer as the representative of Team Hooligan reads three question to all the men and women simultaneously and then demonstrates their ability to discriminate honesty based solely on aromatic output, if you pick up what I'm laying down" Fish announced while Panda remained out of sight in a mutual support role, doggy style.

The men were arranged from shortest to least short thusly: Gen Shaliscardvc, BM, FC, cross dressing quitter, gadget bent and similarly the short to ladies included in this order Moniker the Stain, Wellesley, Gorilla Wall, and Jarnut Wino.

"Ladies and gentlemen in the competition, three short questions:

1) Did you ever obtain, retain, conceal or invest in a snuff film? Answer as the 3 dog team stands before you:

Gen S: negative, Mlle S-F growls, Paul E. Graff marks leg; BM, not that I recall, Mlle S-F growls, Paul E. Graff marks leg; FC, who you looking at, no Mlle growls very loud and Diehard grabs man's testicals and crushes a little as Paul E. marks the liar; RG, no of course not, as Mlle point tail to left, then right indicating lying cross dresser; gadget bent, I take the 5th, Mlle indicates she smells Cheetos and Paul E. marks.

2) Are you a designer, user or beneficiary of KMPG's UN Oil-for-Food kickback tax shelters? Same results for all men, they all get nervous and lie, and get pissed on, a brief recess is taken so Paul E Graff can ingest a 16 ounce Grolsch as we all know beer is known as the P Tax as you spend money on something you use and lose very fast, Beer, therefore is similar to the IRS, which will go away when Paul E. gets done pissing on em, oh, here he comes now.

3) Do you have a password to 9/11 virtual war rooms and Nortel VoIP in the Pentagon? Once again all men except CDQ lied and got pissed on. CDQ passed out, as his corset was too tight. Paul E. saw that CDQ had pissed on himself so he left his signature in a manner that made some lipstick and eye shadow run, or to talk fighter pilot talk, he "watered his eyes". The remaining men were allow to take their seats for the BVR round. It had been determined that in deference to courtesy the ladies questions would be
scent checked from Beyond Visual Range, BVR. Ask any real fighter pilots, not candy asses like those Hollywood puts out.

"Ladies, you have heard the questions, when the team is 'in your face' please respond and you will be analysed with BVR technology.

1) How do you each respond to question one, Moniker Stain: please repeat the question, Mlle S-F detected insufficient smarts to be judged and she was dismissed from further questions, and rejoined gadget bent, inadvertently sitting on his inert lap. As Mlle S-F approached the remaining three sampling BVRs and getting nervous then growled a triple volume, wolf like growl and rolled over on her back, which is a signal that she detected no semen, no cheetos, but something so offensive it violated the PETA addendum to the Geneva Convention so as lead SNIPHer, she called off her dogs, Diehard gave a grunt like whistle and Panda joined the pack as Hamish, Diehard, Fox and Fish headed to the recently lit up 1996 black limousine as Captain Pinocchio addressed the crowd, and as EMT's tried to determine the gender of whatever it was that fainted.

"We of Dog Team 178 of Fargo thank you for the opportunity to display our technologies, but we have just been Clippered to the Officers Club for a Victory Party involving BSMs, Thongs, Smoked Oysters and Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters. That is all, you are all free to get up and move about the dogshow.

As the 1996 Limo came into the Hangar to retrieve Chips, everyone except Fox and Chips rode 'up front' so Fox could re-Thong from tangerine to purple, with a stern shot in between. Towards the end of this song it is widely rumored that a demure Greek beauty purred like a kitten as Marvin Gaye sang and the Thong monster taught Fox the difference between a low penetration and a high penetration, something pilots all learn at jet training. And if you can't be a jet pilot you can always be a lawyer, if you like Cheetos..

Take it away Marvin Gaye while the well oystered F8 Crusader dishes out some explosive punishment to a red hot tail pipe. That is all he thought as he helped his ample and well ammoged self out of a mauve Rumpmaster Slingshot.

Chapter 13 - Positive Force
- April 17-26, 2001

Airbus-Mulroney's Francophonie Cronies Sabotage Pentagon and Boeing
L'Organisation internationale de la Francophonie

200 millions de francophones en 2007

+14% par rapport à 2005

Les pays ayant le plus de francophones (hors France)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>État</th>
<th>Francophones</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>RD Congo</td>
<td>24,3 millions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Algérie</td>
<td>16 millions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Côte d'Ivoire</td>
<td>12,7 million</td>
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Drapeaux de l'organisation internationale de la Francophonie

- États membres
- États associés
- Observateurs

Répartition des francophones dans le monde

Canada 11,5
Belgique 6,3
Tunisie 6,3
Maroc 10,1
Cameroun 7,3
Roumanie 6

Source: OIF 2007
Hamish asks Hunters and Big John to stop dogs aborting Polly Graff sniff tests near crotches of extorted or excited congenital liars. Abel Danger team uses special weapons & tactics to penetrate physical or virtual war rooms of “Positive Force” - an April coup d’état exercise pitting Francophonie read teams against the Pentagon and Boeing. Parisien’s Blowfish passwords open backdoor to conspirators, including Pargesa-KPMG (Swiss Canton of Zug), Airbus (Toulouse), Tomoye-LIUNA (OKC-Washington), CIDA-Lansdowne Technologies (Gatineau, Quebec) and AMEC- Countrywide-UBS (One North Whacker Drive coordinates 9/11 trillion dollar panic of Chicago Mercantile Exchange). Hunter sees former Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and his cronies moving Airbus bribes through tax-sheltered killing fields and preparing to sabotage America’s brain, heart and sovereign soul.

Martin’s company, Lansdowne Technologies .. providing military and civilian-surveillance, trained inspectors attached to the United Nations Monitoring, Verification Inspection Commission (UNMOVIC) .. [Brian Mulroney], Former Canadian Prime Minister Jean Chretien and current Prime Minister Paul Martin, both close personal friends of UN advisor Maurice Strong, are more pro-UN than U.S .. the story of Lansdowne Technologies reads like an espionage paperback. Martin is better known for the ongoing controversy of Canada Steamship Lines (CSL), the shipping empire he was forced to turn over to his three sons earlier this year. Headquartered in Montreal and once owned by Power Corp., CSL operates a fleet of self-unloading bulk carrier ships on the Great Lakes .. Lansdowne Technologies was owned by CSL .. It is already a matter of public record that the Prime Minister’s shipping empire landed up to $27.7 million in federal government contracts over the last decade. But almost half of that total went to Lansdowne-a subsidiary that hasn't appeared on Martin’s public disclosure statement since 1995 when he was Liberal finance Minister .. it was Iraqi allegations of spy infiltration that caused inspectors to be withdrawn from Iraq in 1998, paving the way for replacement UNMOVIC led by the no-weapons-here Hans Blix .. Project Management is the management of those resources necessary to produce a clearly defined set of project deliverables. (A project is a temporary endeavour undertaken to create a unique product or service [e.g. to knock out Pentagon command center to trigger a catastrophe bond for KPMG’s tax-shelter and reinsurance frauds]) .. for projects ranging from Major Crown projects in defence procurement through to web site implementations. Our project management service line
includes .. Project Management Office (PMO) outsourcing Project SWAT Teams (assessments evaluations audits & quick response teams) .. Physical & virtual (web enabled) PMO war rooms. Our clients have included: Air Canada, Asea Brown Boveri (ABB), Canadian Coast Guard (CCG), Canadian Space Agency, Canderel Corporation, Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), Computing Devices Canada (CDC) Department of National Defence, Geomatics International, Human Resources Development Canada (HRDC), Hydro Quebec, Precarn Associates Inc., and the RCMP.

April 17-26 .. NMCC Positive Force Joint Chiefs of Staff Holds Exercise for Continuity of Government if US is Attacked; Proposal to Simulate Airliner Crash into Pentagon Rejected The Joint Chiefs of Staff holds a large, worldwide exercise called Positive Force, which focuses on the Defense Department’s ability to conduct large-scale military operations and coordinate these operations .. The exercise prepares them for various scenarios, including non-combatant evacuation operations, cyber-attacks, rail disruption, and power outages. It includes "a series of simulated attacks against the maritime, surface and aviation sectors" of America's national security transportation infrastructure.

Mulroney headlines, filing $37 million defamation lawsuit against the federal Justice Department.. response to allegations by prosecutors Mulroney party to a scheme in which European aircraft manufacturer Airbus Industrie paid $20 million in kickbacks to win a $1.4 billion order from Air Canada .. blunt letter mailed by Ottawa prosecutors to counterparts in Switzerland .. outlines a "continuing conspiracy" in which Airbus is accused of funneling "commissions" to dummy corporation in Liechtenstein, which then shifted the money to two Swiss Bank Corp. accounts in Zurich. According to letter, one of Swiss accounts, code-named Devon, was to benefit Mulroney, who is said to have received $5 million.

The Kenya Airways plane which crashed after take off in Douala, Cameroon, did not relay any distress signals .. air traffic controllers at the airport initiated the distress alerts .. picked by aviation satellite, SARSAT no10, in [Airbus HQ] Toulouse, France minutes after the plane went missing .. tapes and other materials seized from the scene of the crash, a swamp in a village called Mbanga Pongo, near Douala, with theories of sabotage as probable causes .. Douala Area Control Centre sent distress message on KQ 507 .. recorded by SARSAT in Toulouse around 0229 GMT. The plane had taken off around 0003 local time in Douala .. Manufacturers of the plane, Seattle-based Boeing, officials from the United States National Aviation Safety Board and the Cameroonian officials, met in Douala Wednesday to plan .. probe .. plane left Douala airport and crashed just 5.42 km away from the runway but the search began about 150 km where air traffic controllers believed the plane could be located .. Kenya wants the flight data recorder recovered from a Kenya Airways plane that crashed in Cameroon to be analysed in Canada .. US and European countries could not be viewed as neutral due to the competition between aircraft manufacturers Boeing and Airbus. "Canada, unlike Kenya, Cameroon and the United States (where Boeing manufacturers are located), is not an interested party .. The preference of Canada .. country uses both French and English as official languages. "This is essential for communication between our English speaking investigators and Cameroon French speaking investigators.

As the limo rolled up to the front of the Officer's club Hamish asked if perhaps there was some mistake as the parking lot was empty except for a Vespa motor scooter.
Stone Kohl pointed at the 1957 Vespa and said "Well, my Aunt Amelia Bruce there, that is her 'G-scooter' she uses only on the most dangerous missions for her day job".

"Stone, why is her day job so dangerous, if you don't mind my asking?" enquired the often curious Hamish.

"Well she migrated from Justice to a contractor but I have seen that when she is involved as a contractor she is a tee totaler and when she works for the agencies she drinks a lot, martinis mostly, a family tradition. Hold your thought, incoming message on the 'bone a phone'-go ahead dad, what is it?" asked the professional driver/pilot and heir to the 401K.

"Could you drop them off and drive around for another 20 minutes, this briefing is in more depth than we thought, code name 'Pinocchio pills'" blurted the out of breath master of penetrations be it flying, sleuth work, or the greatest penetration of all, one Fox called the 'double inverted ball hanger', but that's all Greek to most of us outside of Athens, perhaps the translator misspoke. As Hamish, Fish got out to attend the drink fest a professional looking 52 year old blond stood at the open door with a BSM served in a mason jar. It appeared to have a Clausen Kosher Dill Spear and an olive while the fox was enjoying a single not kosher spear and two olives, if you're picking up what I'm laying down. As they filed through the door and made a beeline for the bar Hamish said "Amelia, do your parents know what 3 jobs Chips has?"

"No Hamish, and they wouldn't believe him if he told them. They question his stability and balance, but that's only because they read the paper and watch TV. However, I know exactly what he's into, which at the present is Fox. However, being an airline captain and a fighter pilot is an excellent cover for ONI/OSI and Mossad contract work, it would not surprise me at all to see him head to a Muslim nation to do some 'sport flying' as a run-up to the erection of 2008, but that's only a guess, and it's 7 year out there. And as Amelia mentally recounted to her little brother's unpredictable career path a song popped into her head from 1966, the same year they moved to Hickam AFB, Hawaii and Chips began polishing Gen Hunter H Harris' black Cadillac Limousine. Amelia remembered that while Chips would polish, Gen Harris would drown olives and give Chips encouragement about avoiding entangling alliances and not compromise his integrity.

As Stone Kohl was two blocks from the club the flashing red "beer" light illuminated so the limo went straight to the club where Stone dropped his dad and the well lathered Fox before putting the limo in a spot marked "Any General Officer". Cole being a professional driver and a military enlisted man knew he could be seen drinking in the club before driving General Hunter's staff car, so he crawled into the party
room, grabbed two GWBs from the well stocker cooler not to be confused with the well stocker heater who has recently left the "debriefing area" and Stone wonder when view the contents of her "intel bag" if Tangerine and Purple had both been retired, what color code may be in effect now. Hmmmmh, PTRC.well take away TP and that leaves RC so that leaves red or chartreuse and Stone guessed it would be red, flaming red. A tape on his window caused him to open a rear door and a young college girl said "Hey, where did you get the Grolsch?"

"From General Hunter's Private stash, care for one?" As she piled in the party room Stone, a master observer, caught a flash of red, flaming red and had his answer, like father like son. As he handed her a Grolsch wide body he said "How old are you?"

"Well, I am only 20 but I like beer so please let me have it I won't tell" replied the young lady, hoping he would withhold it from her.

"No problem, I wasn't worried about 21, I was concerned about 18 actually" replied the too young to be laconic yet Stone Kohl as he locked the car doors electronically. And while the group inside the club was debriefing the dog show, an oldie but goodie was coming to mind in Stone's mind I could tell you more but for security purposes I will 'redact' my memory.

Inside the O'club Fox and Chips joined Fish, Hamish and Diehard at a table littered with empties and some appetizers. Diehard had a 4 pound tiger meat pile but in deference to ladies present he didn't eat with his fingers, but rather a serving spoon. He just has found it quite satisfactory as he groaned often. "What's cooking sis," Chips asked Amelia.

"As you know the April Fool is still on track as a parry to 'Positive Force' which is ostensibly an coup d'etat exercise where wargamers pit Francophonie Red teams against the Pentagon and Boeing, but there should call it 'Positive Farce' as ADuc has been with them every step of the way. These PFers think that if they plan to TOPOFF America in French, Arabic and Navajo that the 'American Idol-NFL-Simpsons' mentality Americans will never follow the money trail back to KPMG which is asinine as all Europeans should be aware that the brightest and best, and also the corrupt and weak of mind, all came to the US in the years pre-dating the Industrial Revolution. Therefore it defies logic that the Shrubs and the Hillbillies of Europe's moneyed families would think they could pull off of a tax scam, Son of Boss enforced, Boeing drone and Raytheon steered attack on our iconic buildings without the intellectual side of the mass exodus from Europe figuring it out. I mean, how stupid is that. Next they will probably try running a cross dresser, a muslim-atheist and 3 dancing homosexuals for president in 04, 08 or 12. However, I digress. Let's all clipper-up to Fox, Dancer, Spanner, Nano and Paul Z, give me 30 seconds...once all on clipper Amelia said, Dancer, are you on?"

"Roger and I see the players from the Sony digicam in the photo of the B52 over the jukebox so I will delete the BS, here's the deal, 'Frenchy' at Parisien assures me that there is a Blowfish password enabled back door to the TOPOFF PFers which include, at the very least, Pargesa-KPMG, Airbus, Tomoye-LIUNA, CIDA-Lansdowne Technologies and AMEC-Countrywide-UBS." Began Dancer. Due to the distance and her heavy Swiss/German/Jewish accent sometimes details were lost and Hamish asked: "Was that AMEC-Countrywide-UBS Dancer?"

"Hamish that is correct, as you know Montreal Engineering does a lot of pre-sabotage in the building contracts they short-bid in America with funds that come from Zug's Son of Boss and once they have deliverable explosives in such places as Georgetown University, the WTC, the Pentagon, certain assets in
Chicagoland and even 'Old Faithful' they believe they have finished what was planned in Omaha with the Banker's Manifesto of 1892. But Hamish, a question for you but what is the address of UBS in Chicago, I know that phonetically it is pronounced Whacker, but is it spelled Wacker of Whacker? asked the well informed and mysterious Dancer from Geneva.

"It is Wacker Drive but we investigators in North America refer to it as Whacker as it appears that KPMG forced Boeing to move their corporate headquarters there under the threat of a hit on Boeing such as the hit on the USS Cole in Yemen just prior. Further we believe that prior to adult supervisors changing the name of 911 to TOPOFF the POTUS referred to it as WHACKOFF 911. And a corrupt contributor to that person's campaign who's name I don't recall, perhaps Wang, wanted to honor Thailand and have it called PHUCOFF 911. But alas, what's in a name. The point is the objective was to coordinate a 9/11 trillion dollar panic on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange which is not far from those wishing to Whackoff, TOPOFF, PhucOff America in favor of the PFers presently still stuck in Anchorage with a 6# loaf, I opine.

"Dancer and Fox, as you are outside North America looking in perhaps you are not aware but it looks like Canada through Brian Mulroney, former PM of Canada, is facilitating the tax shelter destruction of Boeing as the Airbus bribes fall in BM's hands, and I refer not to Bruce McConnell, although at the end of the day one BM is equal to another BM, I suppose." offered the flaccid and happy Chips who noticed that the Feverish Fox must agree with the logic as she adjusted her posture with a flash of red, flaming red. "Further, as the Airbus bribes move through the tax-sheltered killing fields, they appear to expect to sabotage America's heart, brain and sovereign soul. However, if any group of misfits wants to take down America, they have to defeat three men from Texas, someday referred to as the Texas Trio, I opine looking forward. And those men are George Strait, Willy Nelson and David Hunter, and all of Hunter's wingmen. As if on cue, Fox's first juke box selection opens up with:

Heartland

And sometimes we Texans will give you two chances to smarten up, KPMG and USDOJ, so if you want to rethink your tax shelter problems and come clean, remember some of us "cross our hearts" and take oaths to protect America from all PFers, foreign or domestic, yea, your feeling me.

Chapter 14 - Mad Dogs Track Kickbacks through Countrywide Arkancide
-April 27 – May 7, 2001
Hamish suggests KPMG’s client Countrywide set up MindBox tax shelters in 1992 to launder bribes/kickbacks to corrupt or extort distressed debtors and incoming top officials in the Clinton White House. Amelia asks her brother's 'mad-dog' handlers to track 'Arkancidal-related' activities of Little Rock’s Rose Law Firm partners; tainted-blood broker Vince Foster, Al Gore’s Clipper-boy Webster Hubbell,
Chicago cattle futures trader and AG Janet "Waco" Reno sponsor, Hillary Clinton, and QRS11 GyroChip supplier to Chinese PLA and Global Guardian war game, Joe Giroir. Mad Dogs and Hunters men embark on a triphibious countrywide tour, covering Canada, Alaska and closer to bone. Detective Bob G. Homicide guides them around some Arkancidal crime scenes, including a jail near Little Rock where a bloodhound proves its worth, Marcy Park, Murrah Building in OKC near LIUNA 2097 and a Coast Guard trip to the TWA 800 crash scene. The tour ends at a press release by KPMG clients Macdonald Dettwiler and Associates and Countrywide's re insurer AXA Re. The Mad Dogs learn how KPMG clients plan to guide droned Boeings into insured buildings in the middle of a war game and turn non-performing loans into kickbacks to silence union pension fund trustees and investigators.

The year Bill Clinton became governor of Arkansas, the Arkansas state prison board awarded a lucrative contract to a Little Rock company called Health Management Associates or HMA. The company was paid $3 million a year to run medical services for the state's troubled prison system, which had been excoriated in a ruling by the US Supreme Court as an "evil place run by some evil men." HMA not only made money from providing medical care to prisoners, but it also started a profitable side venture: blood mining. The company paid prisoners $7 a pint to have their blood drawn. HMA then sold the blood on the international plasma market for $50 a pint, splitting 50 percent of the proceeds with the Arkansas Department of Corrections. Since Arkansas is one of the few states that does not pay prisoners for their labor, inmates were frequent donors at the so-called "blood clinic". Hundreds of prisoners sold as much as two pints a week to HMA. The blood was then sold to pharmaceutical companies, such as Bayer and Baxter International, blood banks, such as the [corrupted and extorted ] Red Cross, and so-called blood fractionizers, which transformed the blood into medicines for hemophiliacs.

On July 20th, 1993 White House Counsel [Vincent Foster was found dead in Fort Marcy Park, Virginia ]. official story .. Foster committed suicide by placing .38 caliber revolver in his mouth and firing it .. bullet, never found, somehow exited Foster's head tearing a 1 1/4 x 1 inch hole in his scalp without leaving a discernible bullet hole in his skull .. curious situation and deserves a closer look. Bill Clinton appointed Ron Brown Commerce Secretary, partly as a reward for success as a campaign fund raiser .. allegations surrounded means and methods by which this success was attained. Investigations into Ron Brown's activities .. Brown had publicly stated that he would not go to jail alone, when the airplane carrying Ron Brown and about 30 other people crashed in Bosnia .. just one of four Clinton campaign fund raisers to die under questionable circumstances. The others were C. Victor Raiser II, Hershel Friday, and Ed Willey, a total of three plane crashes and one "Fosterization". Following Brown's demise, his personal attorney as well as a co-worker at the Department of Commerce, Barbara Wise also died under questionable circumstances. As in the case of yet another "suddenly dead" member of the Clinton administration, Vincent Foster , Ron Brown's office was ransacked for files by Commerce staff immediately after his death .. allegations continued to surface that Brown had traded seats on trade missions for DNC campaign donations, and had even solicited money from Vietnam! Now infamous security leaks John Huang and Ira Sockowitz were at Ron Brown's Commerce Department at the times they were leaking classified satellite technology to the Chinese. .. NATO officials at Aviano Air Base in Italy said the plane crashed while on approach to the Dubrovnik airport. They said a rescue mission from a French aircraft carrier was the first on the scene, and the search for survivors was later joined by U.S. helicopters and C-130 aircraft. NATO said the plane disappeared from radar at 2:55 p.m. local time, three minutes after it had been cleared for landing by Dubrovnik traffic controllers .. T-43, the military equivalent of a Boeing 737. US Attorney-General, Janet Reno credibility harmed by FBI admission over the fatal fire in 1993 at a besieged cult headquarters in Waco, Texas .. For the past six years, FBI agents have repeatedly and categorically denied that they fired any incendiary devices capable of sparking the blaze that consumed the cult's compound. But on Wednesday, FBI spokesman John Collingwood said: "The FBI may have used
a very limited number of military-type CS gas canisters on the morning of April 19 in an attempt to penetrate the roof of an underground bunker 30 to 40 yards away from the main Branch Davidian compound. Military canisters may have contained a substance that is designed to disperse the gas using a pyrotechnic mixture.

In reporting the crash of EgyptAir Flight 990 on October 31, Washington Post said, "A fuel tank explosion, such as the one that brought down TWA Flight 800 in 1996, is unlikely in this case.". Fuel tank explosion is only a theory and that the government's forty-million-dollar probe of the TWA crash has failed to find an ignition source that could have caused the fuel tank to explode. Another problem with the government's theory of the cause of the TWA crash is that the fuel tank that they say was the cause of the explosion is located 80 feet to the rear of the tip of the plane's nose. It would be impossible for an explosion in this tank to cause the heavy damage that was done to the nose of the aircraft. The nose wheel doors were blown in and the right nose wheel and tire were badly mangled. Clinton issued an executive order decreeing that Navy personnel who had participated in the salvage of TWA 800 were not covered by the Whistleblower Protection Act, good reason to believe the divers found parts of the missile that shot the plane down. We also know that the "black boxes" were recovered within 24 hours after the crash, but the Navy claimed it took a week to find them. I like your thermite theory. This could also have been the ignition source that led to the fire/fatal crash of Swissair 111. I remember the Navy sent the USS Grapple there, too, just like TWA 800 and EgyptAir 990. Michael, what are the characteristics of a thermite episode? Thermite needs a very hot igniter, a match flame--or even several matches--just isn't hot enough to get the reaction going. Furthermore, it burns so quickly that it is almost explosive. Anyone standing anywhere near thermite as it ignites is risking serious injury or death. They may have pulled up to access damage. Only moments after an enormous blast blew away most of the facade and a full quarter of the eastern end of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in 1995, the FBI and Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) began to release evidence implicating two men, and two men only, who they claimed were solely responsible. The evidence later showed that Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols had confessed to the impossible. ANFO story was born only 10 minutes after the blast when a high-ranking BATF official by the name of Harry Everhart witnessed the blast from nearby and called the BATF office in Dallas to excitedly announce, "Someone has just blown up the federal building in Oklahoma City with a truckload of ANFO!" Records indicate that this ANFO explosives expert and his associates had destroyed at least eight vehicles in "test bombing experiments" at a secret range in the New Mexico desert in the 12 months prior to the OKC bombing. Far from an anti government militia member, the vehicle bomb expert was Special Agent Everhart, an employee of the Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms. And, according to federal government records obtained later, Everhart had been instrumental in obtaining the government funding to perform the ANFO bombing tests. Everhart served on the National Response Team (NRT), a group of experienced bomb and arson investigators who respond to major bombing crime scenes throughout the United States. He also served on a secret government project in 1994 that conducted tests using ANFO and C-4 to blow up cars and vans in a classified U.S. government experiment known as "Project Dipole Might." Records show the project was supervised and administered by the BATF, but was actually funded through a National Security Council (NSC) directive. The Department of Treasury has confirmed the project was initiated under President Bill Clinton's NSC staff shortly after he took office in 1993. May 7 Richmond, B.C. - MacDonald, Dettwiler and Associates Ltd. awarded a contract by the United States Air Force to develop a system to be used by specialists at Air Force bases to design Instrument Approach Procedures (IAPs). The contract includes an option for the U.S. Federal Aviation
Administration (FAA) to adapt the system for their needs. The U.S. Air Force also has options to field the successful system at up to 108 air bases around the world, and to award T&M support contracts for up to 8 years. MDA plans to team up with Air Navigation Data (AND) of Ottawa to offer a custom solution, based on AND's "Final Approach" product.

The dogs had been resting for quite a while when the clipper deal rang at Chip's farm in west central Minnesota, just 9 miles east of 'Silicon 2' as the Red River Valley was called, an accurate assessment of the importance placed on that stretch of the Red River between Wapheton, ND thru Fargo to Grand Forks, North Dakota. Wapheton had the school of Science, Fargo had NDSU, an apparent Ag school that also was alive with the song of RFID technology, and Grand Forks had the 'real University' of North Dakota, once again revealing the triphibious display of false flags. While it is true that the 'Information Corridor' between North Dakota and Minnesota was second only to the Silicon Valley, the 'Minn-Dak' connection held more surprises to one who might, 'as Jackson Browne suggested some 30 + years ago might have their eyes closed, however America was asleep and did not heed the good doctor's advise, and America has slumbered while her industrial capacity, her military might, and her diplomatic legitimacy have been reduced by those sworn to lead our nation. Conversely, this nation has been reduced from a 700 ship Navy to 350, from a 40 Fighter Wing nation to one that was incapable of intercepting high radar cross section transport, slow movers at that, and the intelligence agencies have been gutted by agents of foreign nations gaining virtual private networks and encryption keys that allowed an effective transfer of sovereignty on 9-11 with a wholesale TOPOFF of America being prevented only by Captain Jason Dahl's United Flight 93 being 41 minutes late and therefore missing the 'window of opportunity' for whacking the US Capitol, as was scripted by Canadian and French corporations working FBO Swiss conglomerate KPMG which audits the USDOJ. Dana Carvey might opine 'isn't that nice'. However, this is not SNL, this is not comedy and some of us Americans and foreigners depending on America's stabilizing potential things it's time for the swamp in Washington to be drained of those foolish, corrupt or cowardly enough to be taken in by the 1996-2003 KPMG Son of Boss 'handcuffs'.

This clipper was rather convoluted but Chips tried to get around the information jointly forwarded from Fish, Dancer, Fox and Hamish, all from their normal residences. Dancer began the 5 way cross-talk, "Hamish, I see that MacDonald Dettwiler and Associates, Ltd is lobbying the US Air Force to buy software that would allow any Boeing Airliner configured with both the QRS11 Gyro Chip and Boeing's Uninterruptible autopilot to be 'plucked' from the sky and remotely driven to a 'safe landing' at any of 108 USAF facilities around the world; caution is advised as II had determined this software could be used to fly those same Boeing airlines into a specific latitude/longitude/altitude/time matrix which means that though the ostensibly safe deployment could thwart a highjacking, a second facility also exists, to fly a weaponized Boeing into any 'target of choice' at a time known only to the entities that have access to the controlling agencies; be they good or bad, foreign or domestic. It sees more downside than upside and urges due caution. Actual airline hijackings are literally a thing of the past and all the sabre rattling and disinfo aside, the likely need for this technology is so remote that in 1995 German airline Lufthansa spent $800 million to strip this array out of their recently delivered B747-400s.

And if one has a fluency in military and airline operations neither the military 'grabbing' airliners nor the airline companies' 'grabbing B52s' makes much send so II has issued a .2 score on this technology and urges caution. We, Israel, suspect the real issue is the extortion of vast sums of money from the United States of America in favor of Quebec bankers and La Francophonie at large, especially the French 'Chiraqs' and the Lebanese handlers of Syrian intelligence agents such as the Royal Navy's hydrographic-chart expert Mohammed al-Zaibak, Hillary's personal assistant Huma Abedin and Barack Obama's...
money laundering real-estate consultant Tony Rezko Macdonald Dettwiler’s eight year service contract is abusive and in effect allows Canada to remotely commandeer any so modified Boeing jet and fly to, or through, any three dimensional set of coordinates that they choose. We believe if this facility is beneficial, it should be US controlled, not Canadian/OIF controlled. Further, we believe that if, and that’s a big if, if the airline pilot unions in the US let their member pilots know that all Boeing jets can be remotely electronically controlled, with no facility to revert control to the authorized pilots, the pilots would refuse to fly those jets citing FAR 121.533.

"Fox, could you pick up the briefing at this point concerning 'WCS' or worst case scenario?"

"Surely, Chips, many in European intelligence are picking up the drum beats of a false-flag based on 'Operation Northwood' which was aborted in the early 60s because JFK would not defer to the flakes atop JCS and allow the willful slaughter of US servicemen. However, from outside looking in, it appears that most Americans are happy if their cooler is full of beer and that the picture is clear when the Simpson's or the NFL or Americans Idle comes on. Speaking as a European I urge caution, I think America is being lulled to sleep and the enemies are inside your gates. In the period 1993-2001 the military was shrunk, the deployments were increased, the moral plummeted, and the Commander-in-Chief could not qualify for a security clearance. Chips, we, Dancer and I, Fox because of our relationship to Israel depend on a powerful and sovereign USA and we can see it slipping away, victim of a Polish Heart Attack which is a dual axis, inside out gutting maneuver and it causes us concern. Fox out."

"Well ladies that is sobering, do either or both of you have key troublemakers inside the US, both corporate and government?"

"Yes I do" came the response from Dancer.

"Ditto," from Fox.

"Well ladies, I thank you for your time and I will get back, but right now my participation is required at an Able Danger Under Cover meeting where many of these same issues are on the table, so let me get back to you both, along with Amelia, Diehard et. al. after our clipper meeting in 15 minutes. I have recorded this all and will share the opinions expressed where appropriate. And on a personal note I thank you for your concerns regarding American sovereignty, the more so because of your nationalities outside of the United States, Chips out."

"Hello" answered Hamish from his palatial estate in Vancouver.

"Hamish, Chips here, I just had a sobering visit with Dancer and Fox and from that side of the pond they see a bad moon rising. I have a briefing with JCS in two hours but wonder if you could find anything that ties together Ron Brown, Vince Foster, Waco, OKC, Arkansas prison blood business, Mindbox and Countrywide. It is starting to seem to me that Arkancide and Countrywide share more than rhyming last syllables. I don't mean to burden you and perhaps if I relax and concentrate the answer will come to me out of the 'blue clear sky'.

"Chips, 18 hour days are not good for your health, relax and let me get back to you within an hour. Amelia will arrange for you to pilot John Kerry to the Bilderberg meeting in Gothenburg, Sweden. Your BS costume and a goofy-guide dog should get you inside and Countrywide Arkancide connections will be
revealed. And while you're working the nearest thong, have Fish ask the Fonda-Kerry gang if "McCain Slew Abel Danger" on October 12, 2000.

A note of urgency crept into Hamish's 12-dimensional briefing, "Chips, you have to SNIPH the Navy for possible traitors. Shelton fears that Francophonie insiders of the U.S. Naval War College and McConnell International extorted Admiral John S. ("Slew") McCain Jr. Back in 1968-1972, he was commander in chief of Pacific Command. Maurice Strong and the Francophoneyes used Slew McCain's son, a Viet Cong hostage, to leverage an American surrender to the Communists after the brothers (Abels) had already won the war for the South. Fish alleges someone in the Navy Arkanced Shelton's Able Danger team in the USS Cole. That someone leaked "dynamic information on the location and status" of Canada Steamship Lines vessels and the USS Cole through Macdonald Dettwiler.

"Thanks a lot brother Abel, now I really do need some down time, Chips out."

Chapter 15 - Unified Treason
-May 7 - 24, 2001

Fonda-Kerry and Snuff-Film Barnett Trick F%&K U.S. Naval War College
Critics branded her "Hanoi Jane" when the activist actress posed up to the North Vietnamese in July 1972. To America's horror, Jane "encouraged" Viet Cong soldiers to fight "American Imperialism" — and sang antiwar songs behind enemy lines.
Hamish suggests UN's Maurice Strong hired Jane Fonda and John Kerry to make "Wag-the-Dog" virtual news story of "Unified Treason" for CNN to broadcast on 9/11. Fish warns that Dr. Thomas Barnett and Quebec anarchists are trick f*king the U.S. Naval War College and Cantor CO2e.com (atop WTC#1) into a Global Guardian war game. Teddy thinks Strong is offering huge kickbacks for a panic of the financial markets and the "first live-broadcast mass snuff film in history". David and Amelia infiltrate US Joint Forces Command and Departments of Justice and State during Unified Vision exercise. Able Danger teams try to warn Henry Shelton and KPMG's 'dead-peasant' life insurance targets in Lower Hudson Valley and North Central Texas (Bush Ranch). Hunter flies Kerry to Bilderberg, Sweden to meet a NATO Secretary General and Arafat's 9/11 bagman.

May 7 - 24 Joint Experimentation Directorate of the US Joint Forces Command, US Central Command and US Special Operations Command, three-week exercise called Unified Vision 2001 (UV 01). "Nostradamus couldn't have nailed the first battle of the next war any closer than we did," .. The scenario called for global deployment into a landlocked country with hostile terrain and a lack of basing and agreements with neighboring countries for U.S. access .. operations consider an enemy as a system of political, military, social, informational and cultural capabilities that, tied together, create the ability to wage war. "Out of Unified Vision we had the realization that you can't defeat a globally linked enemy like that with a 'military only' solution," Ozolek said. The answer was to call in other federal agencies that could bring U.S. power to bear on the enemy. He said the interagency group included the intelligence community, the financial community, diplomatic experts and commerce officials [Thomas Barnett's Gap States].. One hundred days later, real events similar to the Unified Vision scenario unfolded in the attacks of Sept. 11. The al Qaeda is a global terrorist network hosted by an unstable, landlocked Central Asian regime. Over 40 organizations and 350 personnel from all branches of the armed services and other federal agencies participate.

In April 1970, Fred Gardner, Fonda and Donald Sutherland formed the FTA tour ("Free The Army", a play on the troop expression "Fuck The Army") .. It was released in 1972. In the same year, Fonda spoke out against the war at a rally organized by Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. She offered to help raise funds for VVAW, and, for her efforts, was rewarded with the title of Honorary National Coordinator .. In March 1971, Fonda traveled to Paris to meet with National Liberation Front (NLF) foreign minister Madam Nguyen Thi Binh. According to a transcript that was translated into Vietnamese and back to English, Fonda told Binh at one point: "Many of us have seen evidence proving the Nixon administration has escalated the war, causing death and destruction, perhaps as serious as the bombing of Hiroshima." Afterwards, Fonda traveled to London, where she again came under fire for making a speech that discussed the use of torture by US troops in Vietnam. Her financial support to VVAW at this time was apparently not significant, as the organization ran out of money within a month, and one of its prominent leaders, John Kerry, was called upon to raise the necessary funds .. When cases of torture began to emerge among POWs returning to the United States, Fonda called the returning POWs "hypocrites and liars". She added, "These were not men who had been tortured. These were not men who had been starved. These were not men who had been brainwashed." On the subject of torture in general, Fonda told The New York Times in 1973, "I'm quite sure that there were incidents of torture... but the pilots who were saying it was the policy of the Vietnamese and that it was systematic, I believe that's a lie." Several American POWs and other eyewitnesses, including former POW and current US Senator John McCain, disagree with this sentiment.

"There are all kinds of atrocities, and I would have to say that, yes, yes, I committed the same kind of atrocities as thousands of other soldiers have committed in that I took part in shootings in free fire zones. I conducted harassment and interdiction fire. I used 50 calibre machine guns, which we were
granted and ordered to use, which were our only weapon against people. I took part in search and destroy missions, in the burning of villages. All of this is contrary to the laws of warfare, all of this is contrary to the Geneva Conventions and all of this is ordered as a matter of written established policy by the government of the United States from the top down. And I believe that the men who designed these, the men who designed the free fire zone, the men who ordered us, the men who signed off the air raid strike areas, I think these men, by the letter of the law, the same letter of the law that tried Lieutenant Calley, are war criminals." In 1971, VVAW was holding quarterly meetings and met in different cities, including St. Louis, Missouri in July. From November 12 to November 15, 1971, the group met in Kansas City, Missouri. At this meeting, a VVAW member named Scott Camil advocated the assassination of certain politicians who favored continuing the war .. Kerry claimed he did remember the meeting in St. Louis, where acrimonious discussions had contributed to his decision to resign from VVAW. He said, however, that he did not recall attending the Kansas City meeting, and thought that he had already resigned by then .. In 2004, however, Nicosia said that new FBI documents included a report from an unnamed confidential source .. Kerry's office reiterated Kerry's claim "If there are valid FBI surveillance reports from credible sources that place some of those disagreements in Kansas City, we accept that historical footnote in the account of his work to end the difficult and divisive war." VVAW member Randy Barnes was also quoted in the media as having seen Kerry at the Kansas City meeting.

At the Naval War College, Barnett served as Director of the New Rule Sets Project an effort designed to explore how the spread of globalization alters the basic "rules of the road" in the international security environment, with special reference to how these changes redefine the U.S. Military's historic role as "security enabler" of America's commercial network ties with the world.[1] The project was hosted by Cantor Fitzgerald and took place near the top of One World Trade Center. After the offices of Cantor Fitzgerald and its carbon credit brokerage subsidiary CantorCO2e were destroyed at One World Trade Center on 9/11/2001, Barnett described the event as the "first live-broadcast, mass snuff film in human history."

Richmond, B.C. - MacDonald, Dettwiler and Associates Ltd. (TSE: MDA) today announced that the New York Office for Technology (OFT) has awarded a statewide contract to provide a digital database of land information to the Vargis consortium, which includes MDA's Triathlon subsidiary. The contract spans a five year period, with the first year valued at approximately $3.4 million (CDN) to Triathlon. The digital land information will be used by federal, state, and local government authorities, as well as not-for-profit organizations, to improve the effectiveness of resource and land management operations, including transportation planning and zoning. Triathlon President John Bennett said: "This digital database of land information will consist of image data of both urban and rural areas, with the initial work to begin this spring in the lower Hudson Valley. It's a huge project and we're excited to be part of it." The OFT is the central coordinating body for technology in New York State. Earlier this year Vargis awarded MDA's Triathlon a $1.5 million (CDN) contract to map North Central Texas.

Fox had left her bikini bottom by the cooler while she and Chips were sharing privileged information out of plain sight at 4 in the morning on the beach below Cliff Road at CGAS Borinquen, the former Ramey AFB where David has resided at FO3 Cliff Road from July, 1963 to July 1966. As the Thongmonster got into the lightning round where it could be anticipated that the purring Fox would send the game into overtime the Clipper deal in his duffle filled with empty Smoked Oyster tins went off, as it were a triphibous 'off-going'. A thrilled Smoke said, wow, age 50 and that's just the second time I have enjoyed a triphib as he reached for his Clipper deal as the writhing Greek Goddess continue the briefing in her mind according to her 'pouting breasts'.
As Chips answered the phone he handed Fox a cucumber sized and shaped 'whirring machine', so a 'book mark' if you will so she could press on while Chips responded to Fish on an 'immediate'.

"Fish, plain language, it's four in the morning and the spooks are sleepy, bombed or eating Cheetos and watching function at the junction. What's up?"

"Hamish just called from BC and he understands that Mo Strong may have hired Hanoi Jane and Hines Kerry to create 'wag-the-dog virtual news story of "Unified Treason" for CNN to broadcast on 9/11. It seems that Tommy Barnett and Quebec anarchists are TFing the U.S. Naval War College again, this time to include Cantor Fitzgerald /CO2e.com (WTC #1) in to a Global Guardian war game. Teddy has now heard from 3 distinct sources that it appears Strong is offering huge kickbacks for a panic of the financial markets and some, listen carefully, some have called the "first live-broadcast mass snuff film in history....""

"Hold on Fish, I just about choked on an oyster, I heard m and then uff did you say muff?"

"No, I said mass snuff, but are you debriefing Fox again?"

"I cannot divulge that information as it would not be gentlemanly, however suffice it to say I need to get back to 'Takin Care of Business', for the sake of the United States of America and the global commoners, and besides the D cell batteries just gave up the ghost as the periscope comes into play, so to speak, so what do I need to do?"

"Amelia has the tac lead on this drill, pardon the verb drill, she wishes you call at 0800, her time."

"That I shall do, however right now I have a Venus with no blue jeans to finish off, so give me 2 hours uninterrupted, we won't do the full blown enduro, in the interest of national security and a shortage of extend-o-peters in Puerto Rico, Chips out, and periscope in."

"Dive, dive oh champion of Justice, enjoy the game of hide the salami, Fish out." As Chips reboarded the Love Train, Fox enjoyed the ride, all aboard.

"Oh Chips, only 4 hours, has your mojo abandoned you again for limited hangout oh septuagenarian who has a double woody?"

"Negative my 28 year old co-traveler of the Love Train, however duty calls so down comes the tent pole, here's your 'cover' and we need to get back up top to FO3 Cliff Road so I can call Amelia from her old bedroom in the back, middle upstairs, the room that you put the Grolsch cases and Victoria's red, white and blue Thong supply, not to be confused with Air Supply, that kick ass group from down under, which gives me an idea, don't put the bottom on quite yet" requested the curious Female Body Inspector as he pulled out his tactical flashlite.

At precisely 0800 straight up, Amelia's Clipper deal went off as she IDed her brother so opened up thusly, in a very laconic fashion, I might suggest "Lil Bro, real quick, get to DC or Andrews ASAP we need a threeway between you, me and a third player, preferably a FF [foreign female, not false flag]. The triphib is Department of State, Department of Justice and Joint Command. ETA DC?"

"I hooked up with Fox down at Ramey, I can be at the Ramshead or Lengthy Portion by 6 pm, ditto for Fox, go ahead."
"Too predictable, could you slip it into Andrews?"

"If I can slip it into a Greek Fox I have never met Andrews should be a piece of cake."

He was briefly distracted as an apricot puma striped object of clothing landed on his face, while occupied.

"There is a DHL DC9-30 due in to Borinquen at 0900, check with Fish and tell him to please set it up with systems checked, full of fuel, #2 running, parking brake set, and no tag alongs, tell Fish DHL will need to get a reserve crew to get into ADW to fly it back into the DHL system."

"Amelia out, it'll happen" click, click as a GWB was opened by an appreciative athlete from Athens, an Apricot thong was tossed on the coat hook and a USNA grad brought his periscope back into 'international ops'.

"I hate to short change you oh tanned temptress arranged like rabbit ears, however, we only have an hour so close your eyes and imagine a 20 year old. Then it's duffle bags in the jeep, thong supply and grolsch in the uhaul behind the jeep and off for a little 'quickie' to Andrews to meet Amelia and Li."

Spoke the nearly out of breathe super sleuth as he investigated a second position after the 'rabbit ears came down they got into the 'windmill' position for which the Romanian Judge held up a 10 card for the mount but had to leave the games before the dismount could be scored. It was 10 also, double dribble at the buzzer. How athletic a tandem.

As the two undercover experts sat in their undercover vehicle at Station Ops of CGAS Borinquen, DC9-30 slithered up to the chocks and the whining JT8Ds were silenced as both fuel cutoffs be dropped in one swell foop.

"David, my world traveling, thong busting, champion of all things with fur or wings, I thought you asked for a DHL DC9-30, this looks like a Grits DC9-15, what gives, besides me?"

"Sorry my strenuous briefer of international relations, while you had the whirring book mark on 'overdrive' you didn't hear me say please, a word Fish and I never use unless we are trying to TF the PFers. When I asked for a DHL DC9 that was code for anything but DHL and make sure whatever comes does a Damn Hard Landing, as I wanted to visually watch for any loose parts here from the jeep, and as you saw on its third bounce nothing big fell off so its good to go, if it flies in, it can fly out think of it as FIFO."

instructed the off redacted but seldom retracted owner of the Best Woody in America.
"Was that Fifi or Fifo?"

"FIFO oh my bearer of great melons. Fifi #1 is a kickass B29 that was plucked from NAS China Lake and restored to flying condition for the CAF. Fifo #2 if the worthless little French jets bearing QRS11, perhaps. Put the cantaloupes and the thongs in the cargo area and the Grolsch up front if someone tries to stop us, otherwise I will load the airplane before I load you" quipped the pensive and penetrating Loadmaster of Love.

"This is more my style of loadmasterer, as you see it has 3 times the tail oh my 3 times a lady" recalled the whistful recaller of old multiple tail days, the redoubtable Captain, yeah, I've been there.

The DC9-15 was all ready for a single engine taxi as Chips released the parking brake, taxied downwind, selected ignition on/start, turned off both packs and started #1, allowing it 60 seconds to idle before he slammed the sausage to the old girl which whined with delight knowing she was in the hands of a true professional who didn't let things like ATC towers of checklists get in the way of progress, a simple quick shot of the warning lights to ensure no amber or red and the plane was off, as a mocha thong landed on Captain good vibes as he selected .83 mach and auto pilot on, became erect, exited the slave's quarters and searched for the thongless wonder, aha, he opined to himself, a new position called the 'derrick' it appears as he made himself ready to drill for a little Texas tea while in the cockpit the calls on 121.5 'unknown rider, fast mover low 335 for 35 off BQN identify yourself or be subject to interception...' fell on 4 deaf ears as the monster of the midway had the maytag subject to injection, if you know where my head's at. Chips had her finished off by 30 east of ORF so he sauntered up the box office in time to hear an incoming clipper from Fish on the Plastic Tuna device.

"Chips, nice work, but ditch the thongs and Grolsch, Amelia, Li and Red Skelton will climb aboard in front of ops, leave them both running, hot refuel to 8000#, Fox, you, and Amelia will be SMEAced by Red outside the twelve mile limit, turn direct ADW has cleared you for an overhead, delete the 250 look for a green light in the groove" as the Fox pricked up her ears and Chips had a prick related thought also.

"Fox, two ladies and a man will board, tell them to sit anywhere and hang on tight, I will come back once we coast out." said Chips as he looked at the fuel totalizer and saw 8060 and thought 'these guys are good, but she gets my nod, and my prod' as he turned downwind to take off to the north, hang a right and beat feet for feet wet.

As Captain Phantom of the cockpit joined the foursome, he got a glimpse of tiger stripes, As General H Shelton extended his hand and the men greeted each other again. "David, Amelia will give you a written brief but SMEAC is all I have time for as I have to be with POTUS in 45 minutes.

Situation, Able Danger sees KMPG doing dead peasant deals, plural, in Lower Hudson Valley and North Central Texas code name Johnny Crawford,
Mission: Chips has you and Fox to crew an A330 from Dulles to Sweden tomorrow night around 9pm, Amelia and Li will be in the mix, Li and Fox work State, Amelia Justice, you watch for uc Joint Forces Command and SNIPH Kerry and Hanoi,

Execution: details in the lunch box marked toxic gas similar to S&B so Kerry won't think it's abnormal.

Admin: Lunch box and more details in Li's laptop.

C & C: Communication clipper or bone phone and Control of mission shared Fish and Chips, how long til we will be at Andrews ops" the General asked of Chips.

"Ten minutes Red, is it HMX1 again?"

"Knowing what AD and ADuc knows about Navy and AF compromises, Marine Corps 1 is my only option until you and Fish bring down the PFers who sold that SOB tax deal to me and put me, and Able Danger proper in handcuffs" he offered as he went down the airstairs as returned the salute of a USMC G/S.

A 1996 Fleetwood Limo pulled up, Stone put Li and Amelia up front for 'security reasons' and put the Grolsch and Thongs in the back where his Dad had already found the chilled cache and was Takin' Care of Business in a Flash.

As the last of the baggage, Grolsch and Thongs were crammed in the trunk, Chips was looking forward to what he'd be cramming between 'freshen up' and dinner as an athletic and olive skinned hand passed him 3 tins of smoked oysters and two 'multi-minerals'. Chips briefed himself on the oysters thusly; first tin in the shower, second tin when she bends over to dry her feet, and the third tin would deployed around midnight, after dinner and drinks.

"Where we going Stone" asked the Captain Shazam from the party pit. "DC or Virginia?"

"Too predictable, think Annapolis Westin, oh Golden Penetrator" responded the heir to the 401K as Fox tried to recall if she packed a Gold one and Goldmember was looking forward to some pillow talk.
Chapter 16: "McCain Slew Abel (Danger)"
-May 24 -27, 2001

Bilderberg McCain and Agent Kerry Hit Fighting Brothers in Vietnam, USS Cole
Hamish suggests Admiral "Slew" McCain and later his presidential-candidate son John, used John Kerry to arrange sophisticated U.S. Navy contract hits on their fighting or intelligence gathering brothers (Abels) in Vietnam, USS Cole (Aden Harbour) and Bilderberg- sponsored upcoming NATO/NORAD war games. Hunter flies Kerry to Sweden, dons his BS uniform and tracks bribes and orders which might kill Fish or Henry Shelton's Able Danger military counter-intelligence team. Screu-Fait and BEAGLE guide dogs sniff out a KPMG tax-sheltered killing field conspiracy between McCain, Bilderberg Oil-for-Food banks, UBS, Council on Foreign Relations, U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee, NATO Secretary General and Yasser Arafat's bagman.

THE NEW GLOBAL ORDER The next Bilderberg meeting Secret roster, agenda for Washington conference Posted: October 12, 1999 1:00 a.m. Eastern © 1999 WorldNetDaily.com The secretive Bilderberg society, a group some believe conspires semi-annually to foster global government, will hold a steering committee meeting in Washington next month The Nov. 4-5 conference, featuring invited guests such as Vice President Al Gore and presidential candidate John McCain is scheduled for the Library of Congress in the nation's capital sponsored by American Friends of Bilderberg.

24-27 May 2001 BILDERBERG MEETING Stenungsund, Sweden PARTIAL LIST OF PARTICIPANTS
USA. Allaire, Paul A. - Chairman, Xerox Corp.; CFR
CDN. Black, Conrad M. - Canada, Chairman Hollinger International, Inc.
F. Collomb, Bertrand - Chairman of Hillary at Lafarge; Director KPMG client Total S.A.
USA. Dam, Kenneth S. - KPMG client, US Department of the Treasury; CFR
USA. Dodd, Christopher J. - Senator (D), CFR
USA. Hagel, Chuck - Senator, Republican, Nebraska
USA. Kissinger, Henry A. - Former Secretary of State; CFR
F. Levy-Lang, Andre - Former Chairman, KPMG client, Oil-for-Food scam Paribas,
INT. Monti, Mario - European Commissioner for Competition (KPMG tax shelters)
USA. Moskow, Michael H. - President, Federal Reserve Bank Chicago; CFR
ISR. Nashashibi, Mohammed - Arab League bagman for Yasser Arafat
CH. Ospel, Marcel - President of KPMG client and UNEP Signatory UBS ($1.1 Trillion)
INT. Robertson, George - Secretary General, NATO,
USA. Rockefeller, David - Honorary Chairman Trilateral Commission; CFR
GB. Roll, Eric - Senior Adviser, UBS Warburg Ltd,
F. Trichet, Jean-Claude - Governor, Banque de France

As the agent handed the final paper work to SAS 69 to the Captain he said to the Nordic beauty, "You can close D3 and we will be out of the blocks 10 early, nice job."

As the SAS agent left the Captain could not help but notice she had very nice VPLs, but certainly not in league with the Fox who was working as position 2 in the First Class cabin. The captain was a late replacement for an SAS crewmember who called in sick at the last moment claiming a 'vision problem', he could not see coming to work.

Fortunately, for all, the Thongmaster was available and free of distractions, other than the well equipped and willing Greek Goddess presently serving First Class suspects in Business Coach.

She had a real time transmitter positioned in bay 1 of her 40D Bra and so if she spoke and held her lips near her ample bosom those in her sphere of influence would hear, real time, her conversations. She noticed the passenger in 4F was John Carey-Hines and she spent a lot of time in that sub-section of her turf, not to be confused with her muff [Mossad uncovers false flaggers] section that only the Thongmaster would gain access to, over and over again.

As the final paper work was done and the SAS agent left the French pig, the engines were brought to life, the tug was dispatched and SAS 69 taxiied downwind so as to takeoff into the wind, much like the 707 in this song by Gordon Lightfoot, my Canadian brother:

As SAS 69 leveled off in cruise at FL300 the erect and loquacious Captain Laconica opined thusly, "You are free to get up and move about the cabin, in fact in as much as this is a Part 135 charter do what you want, it is your deal for a while, just as in 1969 it was Tricia's deal that her father was "everybody's Daddy for a while" as the now fully erect stallion left slave's quarter in the good hands of two Nordic lads, Hjalmer and Selmer, both excellent downhill skiers and consumers of seafood, which brought back a pleasant thought as the cockpit egressing forensic economist got a brief flash of 'lime sherbet' as he passed the Fox who was seated next to Target One, King Ketchup. So as to look 'Captainly' Chips did not beat the slimeball with the $500 haircut into a puddle.

As Captain America wandered the First Class cabin he noticed Hanoi Jane, disposable plaything to the Buffalo of the Board at VNN, as she was trying to generate some interest from any male who could still function, however due to the ravages of time none of the men had much time for her ancient and meager offerings. An openly gay Flight Attendant from coach did make a kind comment regarding her hair and jewelry, however. As he continued 'operation first sweep' he noticed a 'deer in the headlights' reaction from a man his age seated next to Hines Ward and the 'deer' had a USNA '71 ring on his right
ring finger, it would have gone unnoticed had he not been picking his nose with his right index finger, apparently digging for diamonds, as it were.

Continuing into the coach section he noticed Li and Amelia were both engaged in fairly intense conversations, Li with a Syrian gentleman in 14 C/D and Amelia with two ladies from Holland in 15 C/D/E. He smiled as they made brief and uncommitting eye contact seeing that both ladies had the "carnation cams" following the conversations being recorded into their TFBLDs sporting the hyper sensitive tin foil antenna that allowed remoting, recording and downlinking their conversations. [Tin Foil Broccoli listening device] Those conversations were being 'lurked' by MacDill, Alice Springs/Orange Grove and Fish in Wedge 1. As Captain Intel Sweep passed a lady heading to the biffy he noticed she had a wedgie but his mind was on his mission and also the Fox's central feature, something she is presently sitting on next to Hanoi JF.

As he passed the mid-cabin blue room on the aircraft-right side, he heard a 'pounding' sound coming from behind the closed door but his question was answered as a short man with cheetos stains on BOTH hands limped out of the lou with a frustrated look on his face. Chips thought that if America found out the relationship between this USNA '58 hothead and the Bilderberg group his political career would end as abruptly as his flying career when his A4 Skyhawk was assholed by a Russian sam early in the IOF corrupted US War in VietNam, what a waste of lives. Captain Marine Corps suddenly became motivated and focused and came up with a plan which he shared with Amelia, Fox, Li, Hjalmer and Selmer. While briefing the three ladies he was clippered to Fish in wedge one as he briefed them thusly. "Fish, Chips, support please. It is 2330 local and SAS69 is at FL330 approaching some thunderstorms on the south side of our track, please have SOC acars me a message saying this "SOC has detected an electrical anomaly, plz cycle both IDGs off at the same time with the RAT and Emergency power disabled, how copy Fish?"

"Got it all Chips, what's the strategy?"

"Gut check the PFers, I see two sissies and want to 'leak check' for more, Chips out, do it at 2337." Chips described to the 3 ladies that he would steer towards the towering Cu and then the jet would go dark, oscillate in pitch, roll and yaw for 10 seconds, then calm down and the lights would come on. "Take your carnation to shorty Li, and Fox go ask Hines 57 if he wants another Shirley Temple, lights out in 3 minutes. See ya."

Chips reentered the cockpit the two FOs were pulling an ACARS from SOC off the printer as the very bonable Fox slithered up to the Snake now in 4F and ask Henry Haircut if he'd like a 14th Shirley Temple.
"Why not, after all I am not driving and I am not at Chappaquiddick, what's your name sugar britches, men know me as Captain PBR [pabst blue ribbon?] but ladies as fine as yourself call me "Tiger", wanna step into the First Class lou...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh?"

In the darkened cabin, in the suddenly unstable A330-300, Tiger caused the smell of fresh sissy urine to be noticeable in the first 8 rows.

Fox responded to Mr. Bladder failure "If I were to wish to sit on a Tiger Pole it would be wet with pre-ejac, not urine." As the lights came on she continued "I see the orange color on your right hand would you like me to bring you a pre-moistened towelette?" just as Captain TF came out of the slave's quarters to address his CAPTIVE audience and caused the Fox to become pre-moistened as well.

On the PA Captain Everhard opined thusly in a laconic format "Ladies and Germs, I apologize for any concerns that the recent darkening of the cabin and oscillations in three axis' may have caused, we took a lightning strike to the radome which kicked the electrical system into a confused state. While my two very capable FOS deftly steer this French built pig away from the towering Cu, my onboard electrical asset and myself will decend into the bowels of this widebody and ensure the "lightening rod is erect, you are free to move about the cabin while shorty and hines change their boxer shorts, with oranges stains and fresh sissy urine. Grabbing the hand of Fox he raised his voice and said "Monica, do you have your tool bag?"

"Such is the case oh Captain America on this Swiss 69 aboard a French pig, shall we get down to business in the 'electrical compartment below' as she grabbed a bag containing 6 tins of Smoked Oysters, 2 spare extend-o-peters, and some electrical tape.

As the descending on the dumb waiter down to the crew rest facility Chips asked Fox, "Why the electrical tape oh she who causes electricity like ejaculations?"

"I need to tape my mouth shut and breathe through my nose as those EOPs I slipped you 30 minutes ago where the 3 horsepower models, not the normal one horse, so when you explode into my oyster net I do want to scream so loud it vibrates the tail off this French pig" she whinnied.

As the quickly de-thonged double breasted mattress thrasher climbed into the top bunk, Captain Careful breathed through his nose for two minutes, much to the pleasure of the Greek Gyro and then he climbed a little higher yet, if you know where my head's at.

Two hours later, just prior to 'oyster transfer' Chip's plastic tuna Clipper deal went off, as did she, and then he, in that gentlemanly order.

"Chips here, go ahead as he handed the cucumber to peek-a-boo, what's up besides my PRTC?"

"Hamish forwards following: It appears Slew-ball, his short son, and Howdy Doody Haircut all are or were involved in "slew abels, in VN and to this current day, The are tight will Bill Derberger and it appears Bill, Howdy, and son of slew are planning for September 10th, and if the powerbrokers in USA don't hand the keys to the Oldsmobile to the SLFFs [glossary] there will be a 4 smack whack the following day. Acars coming in five with shopping list for the gated meeting, how copy?"
"5 by 5, partner, gotta get back in the saddle as the batteries are fading in the cuke, confirm son of slew, Bill Derberg, Oil for food banks, UBS, CFR, USSIC, NATO and Yasser's bagman are central?"

"Charlie, Fish out"

"Charlie, Charlie Chips in when cucumbers, out." As Fox presented herself in 'poodle position' Chips drove home the message, but not in French.

As the A330 was chocked, Captain see ya spoke thusly, "Nice working with you kids, gotta run." As he left the slave's quarters engines running he picked up the PA as asked the PFers "as a courtesy to 4 passengers with disabilities would you smug MFers who wish to TOPOFF an Eagle please remain seated until Elvis and the Jordanaires have left the Building" as Li, Amelia, a recently rethonged Fox and Hamish followed Elvis into the jetway, down the secure ladder and into a 1996 black limousine, with the trunk coming open. "For security purposes Stone please repair to the party section with Li, Amelia and Hamish while I drive for the third time in this chapter."

As the cruise control was engaged at 75 mph Chips played the Global Guardian Ode to Cheetos as the Fox got a taste of Pinocchio.

As the exit from the motorway "Pfer meeting, turn right" came into view Chips turned off the cruise control as Fox swallowed hard, knowing what lies ahead; her. The limo pulled up to the gated meeting location 4 hours early and drove to the gate guard shack in a single lane opening guarded by UN, Swedish, and Blackwater pawns. Chips notice the DHL truck parked nearby with the left blinker on. As two menacing super ferries lowered their weapons and approached the vehicle they asked in Swedish who was in the limo. Fox, master of 12 languages, one being the language of love replied, we are with
the CFR canine security unit, we do not need to do a canine sweep for another hour or two but we came
to pickup a gentleman on loan from MI6, a John Diehard, and he should have with him 4 service dogs,
one being a chain smoking bitch beagle in a blue bandana. As the Swiss fellow pointed to the DHL van,
Diehard led the 4 canines to the limosine, Beagle bitch, code name Dyke, chain-smoking and crop
dusting all the way.

"Here is your security pass for this vehicle alone for the security sweep, see you in an hour or so,"
replied the Swiss guy in German.

"Danke" replied the multi-fluent and highly libidoed DBMT as the Swiss guy look down her sweater. It
was a two pronged visual Captain Periscope caught a glimpse of lavender.

Pardon the huge size, this could have been a spinnaker on the Santa Maria and the pilgrims would have
gotten to Plymouth Rock two weeks ahead of schedule. A tip of the sword to Janet Wino for
contributing to our efforts to drain the swamp at Justice.

As Diehard and the dogs sat on the floor Diehard passed around bones and helped himself to 6 pounds
of tiger meat as Chips was thinking of a bone of his own simultaneous to Fox's thoughts regarding tip of
the sword, she preferred the 'purple tipped red champion'.

At the hotel Stone Kohl said, "Get to your rooms, freshen up clipper up, and the limo leaves in 45
minutes. All nodded except Diehard, whose grunt smelled of lean ground beef, and a wintergreen altoid.
The dog led the parade into the hotel lobby where Spanner was waiting with the keys. The hotel staff
objected to the dogs but Spanner fixed that up, in Dutch. As the big dogs were sniffing for explosives,
Dyke the beagle bitch emitted a little doggy  rip to sweeten the air, the flatus contained a small hint of
tobacco.

As everyone assembled back at the limo Spanner handed them the briefing items and shopping list. Each
unit had a specific human target and one or more 'items of interest' to phish for. The briefing was
rebriefed enroute while Diehard and the 4 canine units stay 'out of view' in the empty trunk, empty except for a gross of thongs in fall pastels, an emergency case of Grolsch, two cases of Chicken of the Sea Smoked Oysters and D cel batteries for the Bone a Phone and Cucumber items provided by Q of MI3.

As they approached the Swiss Guard station and handed in their vehicle pass, the UN guy handed them a red pass indicating 'secure vehicle' even though the guards new nothing of the vehicle, those in the vehicle or the mission of the vehicle.

"Did you leave the dumb fellow behind" joked the Blackwater dropout.

"If you wish to ask him his in the trunk, he hasn't crushed any nuts today so shall I pop the trunk lid for you?" replied Stone Kohl in a menacing fashion.

"Actually, you are holding up traffic, and Mr Rockefeller is behind you, please drive forward" came the chicken shit reply.

As Stone parked the 22 foot land yacht in a disabled parking spot the canine 'sweepers' swept the two floors of the entire building and Spanner dropped a floater in the middle stall of the men's room nearest the board meeting room. They reassembled as Obama Sheikh yur-Buti walked blindly by his team-mates and sat harmless on a chair listening to his iPod and getting to watch for the possibility that Rockefeller and Haircut Hines might go into the men's room for a leadership briefing. All other assets 'mingled, while yur-Buti deployed his prayer rug and faced south, if he faced east, even PFers could tell he was not blind.

After 20 or so minutes 'Operation Final Blow' seemed possible as David 'Twinky' Rockefeller and Tiger fresh urine walked into the men's room, and 30 seconds later an apparent janitor, an L Craig from Idaho parked a mop and bucket at the door, hung a bathroom closed for cleaning sign on the door and swished in. In his floating listening device [ FLD ] he picked up the three sounds he needed to go in, Twinky saying "I'll pass the plan thru to you as soon as stinker in the middle is done."

"Roger that little daddy, hey courtesy flush in pod 2 please" as a $500 hair-do was absorbing MI3 flato-reek condition 9.

"Sorry chaps, it seems someone has disabled the flush feature and now you have a double spanner gracing pod two" as he tapped both feet hoping he could arrange the three pronged taffy pull.

Knowing the window of opportunity was short yur-Buti and Dyke walked into flatus condition 9 and thinking he might get caught and sent back to Idaho the Craig monster scrambled out the door faster than Giuliani's campaign staff bolted. Thinking they were alone in pods 1 and 3 grandpa shoved the briefing guide into pod 2 where a lightning fast Dyke snapped it up like a rabbit and bolted toward the limo as yur-Buti raced along behind, pushing the "emergency all call-abort-egress button on his Bone-a-phone. Stone got the message and pulled up to the front door as Amelia, Li, Fox, Hamish and Diehard did a 5 door entry and the 4 dogs leaped into the trunk and started sniphing thongs, disappointed they were new.

As Chips cracked a GWB, Fox cracked a smile, a lemon colored smile, as Stone handed their secure pass to the Blackwater asset. "By the way, who are you guys" he asked as Stone hit the 'nitrous' switch.
"I'm Butch Cassidy and the others are Sundance Security, gotta so sniff somewhere else pardner," he replied as he hit the 'stall converter 3000' switch, stood on the foot feed and then hit the nitrous.

"Why the emergency egress little brother" Amelia asked.

"Dyke and Sheikh TFed 1 and 2 and Fox will hand you the entire plan for Amalgam Virgo, and beyond." At that great news more GWBs were cracked, Amelia poured a BSM with Claussen dill spear and garlic stuffed olive, and a blind lemon wished to come into the light.

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Chapter 17 - "New-No Rules of Engagement"
- June 1, 2001

Vice Admiral FRY, Director Joint Staff, Sets Up Stand Down of U.S. Air Force
In the context of the carnage to come and in deference to his thousands of hours of civilian and military flying experience, the Able Danger team has asked Field McConnell to comment on the U.S. Navy, Director, Joint [Chiefs of] Staff, Vice Admiral S.A. Fry’s decision to sign a "New, No Rules of Engagement" document on June 1, 2001. In signing this document as excerpted below, Fry gave Jane Garvey, an apparently-treasonous Clinton appointee, the authority to stand down the U.S. Air Force and use militant air traffic controllers with LIUNA Local 2097 hired by Clinton's cronies in the mobbed-up Laborers' union to coordinate (or sabotage) America's response to real or simulated acts of aircraft piracy. Such acts were then rehearsed and simulated during the contrived script of an Amalgam Virgo war game over the next 30 hours following Fry's signing of the document. The rehearsed, tested and treasonous acts were then executed on 9/11 as 'contract hits' or murder for hire in virtual killing fields as outlined in the lawsuit Hawks CAFE v. The Global Guardians.

Dear VAdm Fry, USNA 1971

On 9-11 our classmate Captain Francis 'Chic' Burlingame, USNA, 1971 was murdered in AA77 45 minutes prior to a Raytheon A3 Skywarrior flying through the window of Captain Gerald DeConto's office in Wedge One.

On 12-10-2006 I advised another classmate, ADM Timothy P. Keating, USNA, 1971 of my knowledge of the weapons, motivations and opportunities available on 9-11.

I invite you and ADM Keating to contact me prior to 2-14-2008 or my currently REDACTED opinion may be reclassified and promulgated globally from one of my 8 websites around the globe.

If you wish to address the ROE changes immediately before Amalgam Virgo as excerpted below I am available 24/7 and will be leaving the ConUS 1-26-08 for duty afield for benefit of USDOJ.

Field McConnell, USNA 1971
True to the Oath We took on 6-28-67
www.USDOJ.GR
FBI@USDOJ.GR
1 218 329 2993 24/7

PS Realities of the US Naval War College, US Naval Institute and ONI notwithstanding, contributing to a Classmate's demise is punishable.
AIRCRAFT PIRACY (HIJACKING) AND DESTRUCTION OF DERELICT AIRBORNE OBJECTS

References: See Enclosure D.
1. Purpose. This instruction provides guidance to the Deputy Director for Operations (DDO), National Military Command Center (NMCC), and operational commanders in the event of an aircraft piracy (hijacking) or request for destruction of derelict airborne objects.
2. Cancellation. CJCSI 3610.01, 31 July 1997.
3. Applicability. This instruction applies to the Joint Staff, Services, unified commands, and the US Element,
4. Policy.
a. Aircraft Piracy (Hijacking) of Civil and Military Aircraft. Pursuant to references a and b, Jane Garvey - appointed by President Bill Clinton holds several "firsts" for an FAA Administrator: she was the first Administrator appointed to a 5-year term, the first female Administrator, and the first Administrator who was not a licensed pilot. She had previously worked as a teacher, highway safety administrator, and the director of Logan International Airport. The Administrator, Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), has exclusive responsibility to direct law enforcement activity related to actual or attempted aircraft piracy (hijacking) in the "special aircraft jurisdiction" of the United States. When requested by the Administrator, Department of Defense will provide assistance to these law enforcement efforts. Pursuant to reference c, the NMCC is the focal point within Department of Defense for providing assistance. In the event of a hijacking, the NMCC will be notified by the most expeditious means by the FAA. The NMCC will, with the exception of immediate responses as authorized by reference d, forward requests for DOD assistance to the Secretary of Defense for approval. DOD assistance to the FAA will be provided in accordance with reference d. Additional guidance is provided in Enclosure A.

4. Resisting Aircraft Piracy
a. The Services, unified commands, and USELEMNORAD will establish procedures to report any suspected or actual acts of aircraft piracy immediately to the NMCC.

b. When an act of air piracy involves a military installation, military aircraft, or military contract aircraft, the response should be according to the following guidelines until the FAA assumes active direction of efforts to regain control of the hijacked aircraft;

(1) Any attempt to hijack a military aircraft will be resisted. Resistance may range from simple discussion through deception and subterfuge to direct physical confrontation, including the prudent use of weapons or deadly force.

(2) If practicable, aircraft movement will be delayed to allow time for ground personnel and the aircrew to establish communication and execute coordinated resistance actions. Aircrews faced with an aircraft piracy (hijacking) threat will notify ground agencies by any means available as soon as practicable and will follow up with situation reports, when possible.

(3) The Chiefs of the Services and CINCs will identify in their planning documents the levels of command authorized to discontinue delaying actions (e.g., installation commander, senior officer on scene). Within this authorization, the commander at the highest available level will determine whether delaying actions should be discontinued.
7. Summary of Changes
a. Unmanned vehicles (UAV, ROV) added to the description of possible derelict airborne objects.
b. Statutory Authority for Responding to Aircraft Piracy enclosure removed and added to reference list.
c. In various places throughout the document, "USELEMNORAD" was replaced with "NORAD."

8. Releasability. This instruction is approved for public release; distribution is unlimited. DOD components (to include the combatant commands), other Federal agencies, and the public may obtain copies of this instruction through the Internet from the CJCS Directives Home Page. Copies are also available through the Government Printing Office on the Joint Electronic Library CD-ROM.

9. Effective Date. This instruction is effective upon receipt.
S. A. FRY, Vice Admiral, U.S. Navy, Director, Joint Staff

Enclosures:
A--Instructions for Use in Piracy (Hijacking) of Civil Aircraft and Military Aircraft
B--Instructions for Aircraft Piracy (Hijacking) Preventive Measures for Military and Military Contract Aircraft
C--Instructions for Destruction of Derelict Airborne Objects
D--References

ENCLOSURE D
REFERENCES
a. 49 USC 46501, "Definitions"
b. 49 USC 44903(e) "Exclusive Responsibility Over Passenger Safety"
c. MOU between the Department of Transportation and Department of Defense, 7 August 1978, "Aircraft Piracy"
d. DOD Directive 3025.15, 18 February 1997, "Military Assistance to Civil Authorities"
f. DOD Directive 2000.12, 15 September 1996, "DOD Combating Terrorism Program"
i. DOD Directive 1300.7, 8 December 2000, "Training and Education Measures Necessary to Support the
Code of Conduct"  
j. FAA Order 7610.4J, 3 November 1998, "Special Military Operations"

Enclosure D  
CJCSI 3610.01A  
1 June 2001  
GL-1  
GLOSSARY  
PART I--ABBREVIATIONS AND ACRONYMS  
DDO Deputy Director for Operations  
DODD Department of Defense directive  
FAA Federal Aviation Administration  
NMCC National Military Command Center  
NORAD North American Aerospace Defense Command  
ROV remotely operated vehicles  
UAV unmanned aerial vehicles  
USELEMNORD US Element, North American Aerospace Defense Command  
USC US Code  
WMD Weapons of Mass Destruction  

PART II--DEFINITIONS  
DOD installation. A fixed area controlled by the Department of Defense, including the military air operations area of a joint installation. DOD aircraft. Any aircraft operated by, for, or under the control of the Department of Defense.  
United States. The 50 states, District of Columbia, Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, possessions and territories, including the territorial waters and overlying airspace.  
..  
Any rocket, except aerial firework displays and model rockets, using not more than 4 ounces of a slow burning-propellant made of paper, wood, or breakable plastic containing no substantial parts weighing more than 16 ounces, including the propellant.  

NOTE: These terms have not been approved for inclusion in Joint Pub 1-02, "Department of Defense Dictionary of Military and Associated Terms," and apply only within the scope or context of this document.

Chapter 18 - "Amalgam Virgo"  
- June 1-2  

30 hours with Chomsky's Wobblies in an Airborne Killing Field
Det. B.G. Homicide won the Lackland Working Dog Competition after his Mad Dog team used Mark II SNIPH tests to identify a lying group of Wobblies, including 22 John and Jane Does, embedded by KPMG in the Global Guardian’s Tomoye network. Hamish thinks Noam Chomsky, Ken Georgetti and Arthur Coia (LIUNA), hired Wobbly sabotage teams to infiltrate AMEC, Bombardier and Canada Steamship Lines for bogus Amalgam Virgo war games. Hunter splits up Abel Danger for triphibious surveillance and flies the Global Guardians through decoy-and-drone maneuvers developed by Wobblies in the FAA and Nav Canada to target the U.S. Capitol Building with an airborne killing field.
DoD Worldwide Dog Competition ... military working dog supervisor and handler, and Wendy brought back fourth place in the explosive detection event at the DoD Worldwide Military Working Dog Competition at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, on May 20 ... six different events - scouting, building search, handler protection, explosive detection or narcotic detection and combat obedience ... 60 other dog and handler teams from all military services in two-day event, with 20 of the teams being Army ... competition in March Yuma, Ariz. Marine Corps Air Base. Wendy received first place in the explosive detection, second place in tactical obedience and second place in the obedience course.

The Industrial Workers Of The World (IWW) is an anti-capitalist union that has fought for revolution using direct action, and has a particularly strong history in Vancouver. Two miners from British Columbia, John Riordan and James Baker, attended the founding convention of the IWW in Chicago on June 27, 1905. The IWW was formed by militant workers, anarcho-syndicalists, socialists, and communists who saw the need to organize 'One Big Union'. The IWW set itself apart from the American Federation of Labour by organizing workers by industry rather than by craft or occupation. They refused to sign contracts with bosses, and rejected the dues check-off system, by which employers automatically subtracted union dues from paycheques. It was also one of the only unions of the time that organized all workers regardless of gender or ethnic background. One member declared that 'all this anti-Japanese talk comes from the employing class.' The IWW strategy is based on direct action as opposed to electoral politics. Tsleil-Waututh (Burrard) workers from North Vancouver formed Vancouver Local 526 of the IWW in 1906. Soon nicknamed the 'Bows and Arrows', it was the first union on the Burrard docks. The Lumber Workers Industrial Union Local 45 (LWIU), the Lumber Handlers Local 526, and the Mixed Local 322 had been established by 1907, and had organized hundreds of workers. The Vancouver LWIU won the eight-hour workday for its members, removed tiered-bunks in logging camps, and forced companies to supply bedding. The IWW then went on to organize teamsters, miners, and railway workers. They had organized 9 locals in British Columbia by 1913 and led 6 strikes involving some 10,000 workers. The IWW also organized transient workers, the unemployed, and recent immigrants, many of whom lived in the squatter jungles in the city; people that other unions looked down upon. Many of the founders of the Vancouver IWW had been active militants in the Socialist Trades and Labour Alliance (STLA). The IWW denounced political action at a 1908 congress, and excluded known Socialist Party members. Along the west coast, and in Vancouver in particular, there was a strong movement among the IWW for regional autonomy and against the General Executive Branch. IWW members in Vancouver were strongly opposed to politics and parties. When the Socialist Party of Canada urged workers to vote for them in the 1909 elections, the IWW pointed out that only 75 of their 5,000 members were even eligible. This was because women, Asians, and non-residents or property owners had no voting rights at the time. IWW members felt that all governments served the ruling class and capitalism, and said that 'a wise tailor does not put stitches into rotten cloth.' The Socialist Party of Canada (SPC) denounced the union as 'so anarchistic, and therefore reactionary, as to clearly stamp it as an enemy of the peaceful and orderly process of the labour movement towards the overthrow of capital and the ending of wage servitude.' It was in Vancouver that the nick-name 'Wobbly' originated. A local Chinese restaurant keeper supported the union and would extend credit to its members. He pronounced IWW as 'I Wobble Wobble', and it quickly caught on. The Wobbly Hall was at 112 Abott Street. Other meeting places included 61 West Cordova and 232 East Pender. By 1912, the IWW boasted 10,000 members in B.C. The IWW fought a 'free speech' fight in 1912, against a ban on public meetings, leading to the repression of many of its members, but also a lift on the ban. Vancouver police regularly attacked the Wobblies public meetings, and several riots broke out. Wobblies rented a boat and spoke to crowds off English Bay through a huge megaphone. In February the IWW called for a convergence in Vancouver and threatened a General Strike to oppose the ban on free speech. Wobblies warned that 'the worker's weapon - sabotage' would be put to use. J.S. Biscay declared in public meetings and to the press that 'if they want
to drown free speech in Vancouver they will have to bury us with it.' Towards the end of the struggle for free speech more than 10,000 people gathered to hear the Wobblies speak at the Powell Street grounds. Listings for the IWW disappeared from Vancouver directories in 1912 after police and government harassment began in response to the IWW attempts to organize transient, forestry, and railway workers and open advocacy of sabotage and class struggle. The IWW was banned in Canada between 1918 and 1919 under a 'war measures act' as a seditious group, but members kept the organization alive underground. Vancouver Wobblies re-opened a general membership branch in January of 2000.

As David reached for his personal cell phone he did not recognize the caller who apparently was using a Wal-Mart calling card. "David Hunter, who am I speaking to?" asked the suddenly awakened geriatric with a tent pole problem.

"Chips, Homi, calling from Calico Rock, Arkansas" was the initial reply "I was at a truck stop in Harrison last night and I heard some bad shit regarding PAM, which I interpret as Tyndall AFB, Florida, and it involves some Canadian MFers trying to hoodwink Uncle Sugar with some ROE ruse, are you picking it up?"

"Yes Homi, I am up to speed let er rip" was the reply from the ever affable, never flappable Captain of the Smoked Oysters as his writhing Greek Goddess was tormented by the absence of his Weiner-phone, albeit briefly as she lay beside him in the RV master bedroom and was pulling on his string, so to speak, "How do you suggest we proceed" oh Master of the Interstate, asked Chips as Fox started her 'clarinet lessons'.

"Well I am at a truck stop and can be in Panama City by early morning, I have a reefer behind that goes to Jacksonville SamsClub with a load of frozen chickens but the DOT limits me to roughly that area of Florida tomorrow, any chance you can be in town for the dog competition?" asked Homi as he stroked Duke's mane and at the other end of the line there was some stroking going on simultaneously.

Actually, I am pre-deployed to Eglin AFB with Fox and Dyke, do we need to call in more dogs" asked Chips to the mother-trucker. I have Diehard, Duke and the two SNIPHERS on a short leash, if necessary.

"Negative Chips, the plan I have is doable with Duke and Dyke and this plan allows me to rest up in Panama City prior to pressing on with the frozen chickens stuffed with whatever to Jacksonville" was the reply of Homi, whose real name was Detective Bob G. Homicide. "So I have to go tarp my load but I am sending some text of a recent operation and I have selected the digital cucumber the electronic mail box, is this convenient oh 'midnite master of the oasis?"

"Making it happen as we speak, cucumber out and ready, Chips in and in sync Fox never missed a stroke. Ta ta for now."

Four hours and 9 minutes later the electrical tape was removed and orgasmic utterance that rivals Maria Muldaur's vocal style was let lose that let the RV campers within a 300 yard radius thinking the timing of Katrina must be off as well as the BBC's timing of their false feed of WTC7. Now for our dear sweet friends at Tomoye and McConnell International, where was David Hunter stationed in 1974 when this video was shot at "Burt Sugarman's" [ code word BS ] and how often is someone referred to as Sheikh in a love song other than or own inimitable "Obama Sheikh yur Buti? As Chips and Fox headed down to the
sand dunes for another load in the maytag Dyke was chain smoking a Chesterfield but dreaming of a Camel. If you are picking up where my head is pointed,..., yea, you're feeling me.

After 2 hours and 7 minutes of rhythmic pile driving David Derrick Hunters withdrew his arrow from the quivering and finally satiated Greek Goddess, with the bronzish arms, athletic cardiopulmonary function and wet and willing kisses, who tried to regain her focus as 6 bright images banged into her mind; not unlike an explosion of lights. In between the lightening round and over time Chips had 3 tins of smoked oysters, 22 horsepower Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters and checked the Nortel cucumber for an incoming from Homi.

As she came back to lucidity she realized that loverboy had borrowed her Nortel Cucumber phone but realizing she can't fight this feeling anymore she took matters into her own hands. This is not a picture of Fox; that would be a violation of privacy. This is either 1) A Coast Guard representative 2) An Otis elevator representative or 3) A DOJ wife during NFL season.
As Chips came in from listening to the Bone-o-phone he realized the need to get Homi’s info to all ships at sea, flying vessels aloft and in fact to everyone in America with the exception of the DOJ as they were investigating the NFL and the lonesome lady in the tub who was most likely wishing there was an oyster dispenser about ready to walk in and catch her red-handed. Most red team members are lame so the dazzling beauties married to their compromised paychecks spend a lot of time in the tub, alone.

As he hooked up the Bone-o-phone to the magic Cucumber and IUD-Listening Device, Digi-Cam he gave Fox a courtesy head's up. "Fox, I am formatting some intel, disregard your IUD device, in fact if you want some stimulation put it in 'silent' mode so it vibrates. Always considerate, our Captain Dogfight as Dyke stood by waiting to slay Goliath.

Morse Code from Homi:

Dick called me up from Arkansas, were i was working on the Titan Chicken, Operation Southern Fried. he told me we have a lead on a Coast Guard Captain Evenston, working in the Anti Terrorism Div, with some information on some Trans Pacific link to drugs that may be tied to not only the Kro-cain but to the Heroine being flown into a small minisable air port in the Portland Airport tied to the same group operating out of Mena Airport in Arkansas, I was told that I was to intercept him at his home in Tampa, and to persuade him by what ever means necessary to come with me. I was to proceed to Little Rock Airport and I'll be met by an old Friend, I drove to Little Rock and sure as shit i was met by an old Friend alright it was David Brock a guy I sent to prison 5 years ago, he was supposed to be doing 20 years. I walked up to him I didn't no what to say, Brock was an A-10 Wart Hog pilot during the first Gulf War, and then fly boy cocain smuggler that almost sent our D.E.A. King Air into the swamps of Florida when he feigned a collision with our plane, we had chased him when he left Cuban air space after the Blimp spotted him. he was flying so low and fast that his souped up 310 R Cessna props would almost hit the ocean. I asked him how he got out so some, /Well Homi I make a deal with some mutual Friends that's all I'll say. Well I see you still have that mutt. / Yup sure do I think we will retire together. I take It your flying me./ Sure am lets go, got something to show you/ we went out to the flightl line and there it was the same 310 R that he ditched in the Everglades. cant miss it only one like it, Brock was a showy guy from the Rolex GMT, to his tailored clothes, and hi dollar shoes, and vintage leather and gold framed MC Arther styled aviator glass's. he stripped the paint off this plane and polished it like a mirror. the only pain on it was a Ferrari red stripe along the sides, and hypno-spirals on his prop hub spinner caps, except now it has bronze lexon -glass in it like the F-18s have. and perfectly dressed and booted props I hate neat freaks. I asked him is this a duplicate of the old plane./ No its the same one you seized in the glades, by partner bought it back at a drug auction, and restored it and mad it better/ really like how/ Because I bellied it whacked the wings and caused some other damage to the engines. my buddy who
builds race planes, Sounds like Mick. (War Bird racer) we almost got him too. Well you didn't he fixed it up for me when I was in Atlanta Super Max Prison thanks to you and your prick Buddy's. sent me on to 3 hots and a cot, hey homi, Bub sends you his love, he remembers the sweet times with you./ Piss off Brock. lets go. Brock took his sweat ass time pre flighting the plane, bad weather was coming in, I yelled at him through the door and waved him in. I was looking at the pimp red leather he had inside, looked a little gay I thought, when brock got in it was serious biz. I let him do his thing why I secured Duke. when I climbed into the right seat I saw avionics that should be in a biz jet, Hey Brock this stuff is worth more then your plane.?/ f-off Homi, put your belt on it time to go. Brock contacted the tower and proceeded to taxi, Brock handed me a file get a plan together we got to get there get what we need and get out. I opened the file and read the file. we were waiting behind a Lear 23 air ambulance, Brock told me he's heading down to Laredo to pick up some one who is involved with the Clifton's, that's the money plane, its the one who pays off the cartels. this is my project working behind the scenes with other people doing the same, we are on a need to know for operational security and our safety. watch that plane leave he'll be rotating in less then a 750 yards he has the mach over rides disconnected. that's one bad ass drug plane. by the way its CIA owned and operated. got to pay for black ops some how/ I watched as it left it took off and climbed straight up almost vertical it disappeared in the low cloud cover. it was our turn in a few minutes. We left in not so spectacular way. We were 20 min into the flight weather got bad I wish this was postponed but they need this man now. I read the brief, Brock and I are to bring this man with out delay to Atlanta and he would be taken off are hands. that He had something to do with an operation that took place on 9/11. 9/11 what going on? Brock did you read this file/ yes I did. Homi better muzzle your dog and put the oxygen cup on his nose if you want him to live and you to we have to get above this weather its going to be a tight flight fuel wise weather is not helping even with these extra tanks I got./ you got transportation arranged yes a Private hanger and a van. if he cant be persuaded we got to black bag his head and drag him. I continued to read the file this Officer was a key player in the protection of key evidence being disposed of in china, and the obstruction of normally routed patrol vessels in the eastern seaboard on the day of the attacks./ i asked Brock what go we have to do with this i thought I was investigating Helena Clifton and the tie in to the drug trafficking, ?/ well Homi welcome to Operation Big Picture what we our us individually are doing is gathering up the loose ends and incorporating the evidence to this larger operation on going. this man is one of the keys to unlocking the puzzle, we were flying in clear Sky's got ahead of the weather about an hour into the flight we have 21/2 hours to go our insider informs us that he comes home from the country club about ten tonight they have a membership meeting, we have a green light to handle this when our insider calls this beeper./ well I'm good to go./ Homi, Dick will call you with destination Instructions in Atlanta I'll be sticking with the plane, we'll get back to our own projects asap. We landed in Tampa, Brock taxied to the fuel area I got Duke out for a walk. he was out of it hard ride for a dog. I waited while Brock took care of the plane he told me a courtesy car will pick me up and take to the hanger. a few min later the car came I went to the hanger and opened it up there was the van I put Duke in and Pulled it out and Brock was taxing the plane into the hanger I closed the door and waited in the van. for Brock, when he got in we decided not to get the subject at his home but at the Club Brock and i decoded to not gaffle up as he was getting ready to leave, simple plan if it didn't work we would tail him home. well it was a simple plan we got the at 2100 an hour earlier at the Black Coral Country Club, the file said the subject was driving a silver Z06 Corvette we drove into the parking lot and waited. his file stated that he was seeing a waitress who worked at the club we figured Thebault come out the back together and we could grab taser both and pepper spray them leave her and take him, well it sounded like a great plan then, well it didn't work just like that the subject came out the back but was alone about 20 steps behind him came a woman screaming at him making a scene, we didn't need the publicity in case any one came out . The subject was almost to the car when he was getting in she came running at him trying to stop him from leaving, they started back to the club when I sent Duke out the door he went barking and she went
running and screaming back into the club while he boyfriend fought off Duke. Brock drove up to the subject Duke ran towards the club I slid the side door open the gut couldn't thank us enough, so I busted him in the mouth as Duke was jumping in he ran up and clamped the subject on his balls and held him there. Brock took off and nailed the brakes the door slid shut while I zipped tied his hands behind him, as we drove back to the airport I pulled the belt off his pants and ripped the front of his pants open. This is an old O.S.S. come along, the guy can't run away with his pants around his ankles he has to hold them up, so he can't undo his hands the pants will fall down, we soon arrived at the airport, we drove to the hanger Brock raised the door and parked the van he recon the area so nobody was around, Brock set up the plane to go and set up extra room we got to keep him secure, Brock signaled me to move him out, I pulled the subject out, and kicked him in the balls (that's gotta hurt) to keep him disorientated, we stuffed him crying into the plane. on the floor I then put a bag over his head and placed a big zip tie around his throat loose just in case he got ideas. If you start any shit I'll pull the zip your dead. he got the picture. As we were taxing the subject defecated his pants and started crying, dint kill me, I didn't talk / Brock If I could I would kill you now for crapping in the plane dirt bag, we got the clearance to take off. At 15000 ft and cruising the smell was getting to me all I could do is to hold down my lunch/ Toughen up Homi, its just meat and potato's/ I didn't tell any one the subject kept saying, I didn't spend the money I was waiting for the OK please don't kill me, I'm with you the N.W.O needs me don't kill me/ I busted him in the mouth again and told him to explain it to those on the other end. We landed in Atlanta at a small airport a 1996 hearse was waiting there for the subject. when we taxied up and shut down Dick my handler was there ? when he came to us thanked us for the good job we did and petted duke. whereas the garbage. / he's tied up in the plane he shit himself, thinks we are going to kill him, the hearse may confirm that he's very talkative, you'll get our report with the details, are going to kill him?/ No just ask him a lot of ?s, he'll suffer more then death/ whats that?/ trial by jury, for treason./ Brock said what's the hearse for?/ Dick replied these guys lay in caskets masturbating while telling their colleagues their fantasy's and deepest dirtiest secrets thought we treat him to a little psy-ops put him in the box, I got to go deliver him up. We stuffed him in the box and put him in the hearse and dick. drove off waving good by/ Homi Brock said I still don't know what's up do you? nope lets get the hell out of here.

After the formatting Chips went in the deliver to Fox a victory boink and she must have known what was coming as she had 3 tins of Smoked Oysters, 22 horse Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters and a song from long ago suggested what was happening to the Digi-IUD as the feverish Fox came up to operating temperature and went into pre-lube for the fourth time that day at 4 that afternoon.

As Chips was dishing out the punishments was right back at him as the performed the horizontal boogies in a way that would make the Doobie brothers and the Doomie sisters equally proud. Chips had just fired for effect when the sound of a Freightliner bob-tail could be heard idly up to the recently rented portable passion pit. As Chips zipped you and Fox "freshened her dew" Homi quietly inquired, "Chips, referring to the "no knocking when vans a rockin sign, have guys done the oyster deal or should I drive around on the chopper for a while?"

"Hang on Homi, she was just painting her nails, I'll be right there."

As Chips opened the door and handed Homi a GWB Duke and Dyke did some canine sac sniffing while Grolsch were downed and the sound of a long hot shower came from the well appointed 'aqua equipped love chamber' as a new Orange sherbet Puma strip thong dangled innocently on the coat hook. Homi, who hated Cheetos asked Chips, isn't that shower going to make her 'freshly painted nails run?' without the faintest hint of a smile.
"Sorry for the breech Homi, I forgot that you'd been a profiler with DEA, I was trying to protect her honor." replied a remorseful and flaccid and oyster digesting Chips.

"More like inject from on her not protect her honor, but alas I digress, let's get the choppers out of the trailer and surveil the O Club bar from inside, out side and the roof."

As the winsome and athletic mother of all maytags came out looking all squeaky clean she hung a right and head for the mattress equipped love chambre as the 'boys' wrapped up their plan. When it comes to Hopsicker's great book 'Barry and the Boys' Chips and Homi were 'men with experience'.

"Chips, I thought you were in Alaska flying the perps down in that snatched 737, what gives?" queried Homi, which is the only time in history any one would put Homi and queri in the same paragraph without invoke Homi's right boat following by Duke 'taser grip'.

"I do, Homi, but my dance card is full" teased the recently reclad bronze beauty sporting the 40D twins and a motor that starts easy, if you know much about motors.

"Understood Fox and it's a bust anyway as I can Calico Connie in the sleeper of the Freigtliner, so after Chips and I get some peni-came photos and other goodies the four of us can have a few cock-tales before we get down to the main attractions. Fox, you and Connie will be dressed like sudsing maytags and you be trying to talk to this two Sons of Boss as well as Hothead and Ketchup king, here is their group photo taken in Sweden at the Bilderberg heist.

"Great disguises, if it wasn't for the Cheetos stain I'd never had known if Ketchup was 1, 3 or 4." responded Fox, promising to brief Connie when they would change in to 'Night Trawler' camo. "Is Hothead the one who thinks he's in Chicago?" she asked as she maneuver to give Fish a shot of Orange Sherbet.
Chapter 19 - "Amalgam Virgo" Part II
-June 1-2, 2001

Chomsky's Wobblies' Industrial Sabotage of Deepwater Coast Guard
Amelia disguises herself as the head of U.S. Coast Guard Counter Intelligence using one of Deihard's deepwater spaniels as cover. She tracks industrial sabotage of Deepwater assets by Chomsky's Wobbly special weapons (e.g. SMACSONIC molten metal demolition kits) and tactics (SWAT) teams. Det. D follows drugs carried by Canada Steamship Lines and distributed by Laborers' union locals with the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. Teddy smells tax-shelter frauds by Norman Mineta, former Lockheed V-P, Phil Gramm, Vice President of KPMG client UBS, and various cronies of John McCain and
the Clintons at the Council on Foreign Relations. Hamish follows kickbacks to Coast Guard and NYC top officials through 'dead-peasant life insurance' on tax-sheltered killing-field exercises. Hunter learns how kickbacks guided a bogus "Law & Order" investigation of the Blind Sheikh's bombing of the WTC in 1993. Nano's Hollywood contacts say they are using the RED Ex and Amalgam Virgo scriptwriters to prepare virtual news content for Global Guardian 9/11. Larry Silverstein and City officials invest unwittingly in a virtual demolition of Twin Towers and the WTC#7 which became real on 9/11 and killed 343 firefighters and destroyed SEC files on KPMG's tax shelter scams. Hamish tracks kickbacks through the RED Ex exercise through Mukasey's Southern District Court and Giuliani's Firefighters, Police, Teamsters and Laborers' pension funds. Det. B.G. hears that Raymond Pocino has promised to assign 3,000 Wobbly-controlled Laborers at Ground Zero to help AMEC take away the evidence of murder for hire, arson and insurance fraud and bury it at Fresh Kills. Chomsky and Deutch (Raytheon and Citigroup) figure that advance on sales of WTC steel scrap will help 'blind' Coast Guard officials so evidence can be moved to smelters controlled by Chinese People Liberation Army officers 'owned' by KPMG and Desmarais family in Canada. David studies Rabelaisian justice in Greek to better profile the terrorist threat from anarchoscatologists in the Clintons' mobbed-up White House from 1993 to 2001.

Bush, who relies on gut instinct as much as resume for personnel decisions, likes having the blunt, 5-ft. former Mob prosecutor at his side. A powerful sign of the respect Bush's loyalty to Townsend commands--or perhaps an indication of lingering Administration defensiveness over her appointment--is that heavyweights like Rice and White House chief of staff Josh Bolten praised Townsend in phone calls to TIME arranged by her office. The President, says Bolten, "likes her competence, her crispness and her ability to give him the straight scoop." Bush has entrusted her with, among other things, the task of implementing sweeping recommendations that a presidential commission made last year for reforming the intelligence community. And he named Townsend the head of a team that tracked last month's British arrests of London bomb-plot suspects. "My job is to focus on the threats and the things that are not resolved," says Townsend. "But you never deliver bad news without the next sentence being what you're doing about it."

Four of the seven top U.S. Coast Guard officers who retired since 1998 took positions with private firms involved in the Coast Guard's troubled [sabotaged] $24 billion fleet replacement program. They weren't the only officials to oversee one of the federal government's most complex experiments at privatization, known as Deepwater, who had past or subsequent business ties to the contract consortium led by industry giants Northrop Grumman and Lockheed Martin. The 9/11 secretary of transportation, Norman Y. Mineta, whose department included the Coast Guard when the contract was awarded in 2002, was a former Lockheed executive. Two deputy secretaries of the Department of Homeland Security, which the Coast Guard became part of in 2003, were former Lockheed executives, and a third later served on its board.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8 - Four years after the Coast Guard began an effort to replace nearly its entire fleet of ships, planes and helicopters, the modernization program heralded as a model of government innovation is foundering [allegedly from Wobbly sabotage] The service has been forced to cut back on patrols and, at times, ignore tips from other federal agencies about drug smugglers. The modernization effort was a bold experiment, called Deepwater. And instead of managing the project itself, the Coast Guard hired [Mineta's] Lockheed Martin and Northrop Grumman, two of the nation's largest military contractors, to plan, supervise and deliver the new vessels and helicopters. This is the fleecing of America," said Anthony D'Armiento, a systems engineer who has worked for Northrop and the Coast Guard on the project. "It is the worst contract arrangement I've seen in all my 20 plus years in naval engineering." The Deepwater program's few Congressional skeptics were outmatched by lawmakers.
who became enthusiastic supporters, mobilized by an aggressive lobbying campaign financed by Lockheed and Northrop. For the Department of Homeland Security, which took over responsibility for the Coast Guard in 2003, Deepwater joins its already long list of troubled programs, including its airport checkpoint measures, its biodefense efforts and its widely condemned handling of the response to Hurricane Katrina.

Raymond Pocino was appointed to the Board of Commissioners in June 2002 by Governor McGreevey. Mr. Pocino is a 50-year member of the Laborers International Union of North America (LIUNA). He was appointed manager of LIUNA's Eastern Region Office in April 1995 and later won election as a LIUNA Vice President in September 1996. He was re-elected to a second five-year term as vice president at LIUNA's 22nd International Convention in September 2001. In his dual positions as Vice President and Eastern Regional Manager, Mr. Pocino directs and oversees activities that affect the working lives of some 40,000 laborers in the New Jersey, Delaware, New York City and Long Island geographical area. Previously, Mr. Pocino served four terms as President and Business Manager of Construction & General Laborers Local 172 in Trenton, NJ and four terms as a commissioner and chairman of the New Jersey Turnpike Authority. Mr. Pocino also serves as Vice President of the NJ State AFL-CIO and serves as a trustee of both the NJ Alliance for Action and New Jersey SEED.

MAYOR GIULIANI AND CITY, STATE AND FEDERAL OFFICIALS TEST NEW YORK CITY'S EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS DURING TABLETOP EXERCISE ON BIO-TERRORISM NEW YORK CITY HOSTS OPERATION RED Ex Recognition, Evaluation and Decision-Making Exercise due to its size and prominence and the City's level of emergency preparedness. The Mayor was joined by OEM Director Richard J. Sheirer; Health Commissioner Neal Cohen; Fire Commissioner Thomas Von Essen; Police Commissioner Bernard Kerik; and numerous federal, state and local officials, who participated today in Operation RED Ex. The exercise was conducted in OEM's Emergency Operations Center (EOC). Operation RED Ex represents a multi-faceted approach to a possible bio-terrorist event in the City of New York. Among its many objectives, RED Ex evaluated: New York City's public health syndromic (pattern of symptoms) surveillance system; response of high-level decision makers to data from this surveillance system; high-level communication, coordination and notification procedures; and issues that pertained to regional cooperation and response during a bio-terrorism event. Operation RED Ex provided a proving ground and a great readiness training exercise for the many challenges the City routinely faces, such as weather events, heat emergencies, building collapses, fires, and public safety and health issues. OEM coordinated the efforts of 20 organizations, including the Mayor's Office, the New York City Law Department, and the U.S. Department of Defense. The following agencies and organizations participated in Operation RED Ex: Mayor's Office of Emergency Management (OEM) New York City Department of Health (NYCDOH) New York City Fire Department (FDNY) New York City Police Department (NYPD) New York City Office of the Chief Medical Examiner New York City Health and Hospitals Corporation (HHC) New York City Department of Citywide Administrative Services (DCAS) New York State Emergency Management Office (NYSSEMO) Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) United States Public Health Service (USPHS) Centers for Disease Control (CDC) United States Department of Defense (USDOD) Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) Nassau County Department of Emergency Services Suffolk County Department of Fire, Rescue and Emergency Services Westchester County Department of Emergency Services New Jersey Office of Emergency Management (NJOEM) New York Presbyterian Hospital Network. But the arse isn't all that Rabelais is interested in. All the big mock-heroic novels that followed Gargantua and Pantagruel - Don Quixote, Tristram Shandy, Gulliver's Travels, Ulysses and Hunters' Wingmen - are about mess, they're about slops and slime, encyclopedic in their efforts to encompass humanity in all its bawdy, sexy, chaotic, grungy, skanky, tumultuous and painful reality. They're also very funny. The chapter titles
alone are a delight: "How Grandgousier recognised the miraculous intelligence of Gargantua from his invention of a bum-wiper"; "How lawsuits are born and how they grow to perfection". The characters' names, from Sieur de Slurp-fart and Seigneur de Grudge-crumble to le Duc de Free-meals and Captain Squit, display the agility of his translator, MA Screech, too. And Monty Python surely benefited from Rabelais's insults: superfluities, stubble-tooths, silly ginger-nuts, shit-the-beds, sneaky smooth-files, fattugs, pretty puffs, bad-'uns, scrub-eyes, smirks, teeth-clackers, cow-pat cowherds, and shitty shepherds. Rabelais mocks a student for over-doing Latinate terminology when describing his debaucheries: "in venereal ecstasy, we inculcate our veretra into the most absconce recesses of the pudenda of those more amicital meretrices". Less fortunate women get "treacherously pubicfumbled-crimpywrinkled". Somehow he reminds me of Tony Blair: "His thoughts, like a murmuration of starlings; his conscience, like a sedge of young herons leaving the nest; his deliberations, like a bag of barley; his intellect, like snails slithering out of a bed of strawberries", and "an arsehole, like a crystalline looking-glass". Narrative, character and plot trip over each other and land in a heap by the end, but Panurge emerges as so central he deserved a whole book named after him. A devious trickster with a coat of many pockets, each filled with useful stuff such as burrs, fleas and unguents, Panurge sews one guy's head back on, enabling him to report on the lousy job-market in Hell: Agamemnon's now "a licker-out of casserole", Hannibal's an "egg-man", and Pope Calixtus has to barber "women's naughty cracks". Panurge knows 63 ways of raising money for his needs, yet still he falls into debt, and is admonished by his pal, Pantagruel. Panurge's eloquent defence of debt as the glue that binds everything together should be a comfort to contemporary shoppers. If debt is abolished, he says, the cosmos will be undone, since "Between the elements there will be no mutual sharing of qualities, no alternation, no transmutation ... one will not think itself obliged to the other: it has lent it nothing." In the human body, "the feet would not deign to carry the head". If only Micawber had thought of this! Panurge decides he wants to get married but dreads being cuckolded. His quest to find out the likelihood of this happening leads to a trip round the world (and fills the last 500 pages of the book) - and he still doesn't know whether to get married or not. This is perhaps not the best moment for a merchant to call him a cuckold. Panurge replies: "If ... I had jiggedy-joggedy-tarty-fartied that O so ... honourable and O so proper wife of yours in such a manner that the erect god of the gardens Priapus ... were ... to remain eternally stuck inside her so that it could never come out but remain there for ever unless you yourself were to tug it out with your teeth, would you do it?" Not an easy question to answer .. Male genitalia inspire raucous irreverent stuff, from a discussion of popes' bollocks ("When this world runs out of bollocks this world will run out of popes") to a strange story of some men who ate so many medlars that they "swelled in length along that member which we call Nature's plough-share, so that theirs became marvelously long, big, plump, fat, verdant and cockscombed in the antique style, so much so that they used them as girdles, wrapping them five or six times round their middles." This "antique style" could come back into fashion. You might well remark after reading Rabelais that "All my phrenes, metaphrenes and diaphragms are taut and fraught from infunnelizating your words ... into the game-pouch of my understanding." But it's worth it.

After Chips and Homi surveilled the O' Club at Tyndall they drove to the recreation area south of the BOQs on Tyndall where the 'girls' had moved the semi-reefer and the rental passion-pit on wheels. They then had fun dressing sleazy and cheesy, hoping to TF and PFers who may condescend to powerdrinking with fighter pilots. The girls could hardly stop laughing as they made themselves look like what truckers call 'lot lizards' and fighter pilots call 'targets of opportunity'.

As they got all dialed in for the night trawling, Connie showed Fox her temporary tattoos of Paul Newman and George Clooney on the inside of her thighs, just above the knee. The girls were all
powdered up, painted up, and reeking of foo-foo juice, a perfume called 'Come to Me', when the two bikers shut off their choppers, put the dogs out for some fresh air and changed into Blaze Orange Nomex flight suits, tan deck shoes, and red Magnum PI shirts. When the four were in 'combat gear' they put the dogs back in the RV and drove the bob-tail over to the O' Club and parked in 'General Officer' only spot, left it idling with flashers on and went trawling. The boys peeled off to head to the bar while the **trashy women** simulators headed for the official gathering in a meeting room. The women tried to look confused and licked their lips a lot.

The boys drew a lot of attention and after the senior USAF officers present got their nerve up to get the TSgt night manager to kick the 'orangies' out, Chips asked the manager to identify the General Officer who communicated the request to him. The night manager identified an unrated two star so Chips walked over to him and quietly and politely asked "Is it your desire that my wingman and I leave the club General?"

"Nothing personal, it's in the TAC regs, no orange flight suits in bars where planners of the treasonous sneak attack on the United States of America are holding planning sessions, surely you are aware of the reg."

"General reg-quoter, what is your date of rank as a MG?" asked pilot orange salami, in deference to the 14 inch summer sausage Fox had taped to his inner right thigh.

"My date of rank is inconsequential as a reg is a reg, however 12-1-00 is the answer" whined the unrated and slender, bespectacled recent two-star.

As MGen David Hawkins pulled out his ANG ID with MGen/08 and 4-1-97 as the date of rank he quietly spoke "tough shit, your unrated lordship, until some adult senior to me opines conversely Orange is in, have a good night, and next time you join the Air Force be a pilot, you get a lot more action."

As word of the orange flight suits got out all the unhappy wives in the club beat feet to the casual bar hoping for something else of a casual nature. As a very delightful prospect came in Chips slipped over to the Juke Box and played F4 and as soon as the opening strains of 'Listen to the Music' by the Doobies started the whirring maytag wannabe presented herself, front and center, and said "have you ever danced with a Colonel's wife?" as Chips could detect 'Sudsing level 6', and reluctantly agreed to cut the rug hoping she would not cut the cheese. As this 40ish blond bombshell trophy-wife ground to a halt she looked unsatisfied, not knowing that C6 was the Corrs hit that would allow her mound de Venus to be stimulated by his Sam's club summer sausage, but I digress.

As the lovesick woman who married for money felt the sale item from Sam's Club she realized a Colonel is a Colonel but a 14" virtual-weiner is to die for as she practiced her orgasmic screams in time with the **female leader singer** while Chips rhythmically punctuated the music with his Son of Boss sale item, hoping the tape did not give out as her mound de Venus dished out as much punishment as possible with her clothes on. As the song ended she whispered "My husband is sucking up to the Generals, would you like to have a replay of this dance in our 40 foot RV parked on the curb across the street?" It was a tough call but Chips realized duty was duty no matter how dangerous.

He responded, "You go out and get the fore-play started, I'll be out in a six pack or less." As she promptly obeyed Chips got a visual indication that the VPLs ruled out a thong, more likely bikinis, as he went to
have a few brewskis. As the two Syracuse Orange men found each other they exchanged a few notes over beers.

"Homi, I’m hooked up with the Chief of Intell’s wife, oyster transfer in 3 beers, RV across the street, and you?"

"I have determined that a Tomoye lurker is alone, she is 32 years old, unhappy with Tomoye and was looking for a little action from the first pilot she ever saw with a pony tail. I explained I was "special duty" and did the world’s lowest jet to jet air refueling ever video taped, available to see at, www.usdoj.gr, www.captainsherlock.com and in any fighter bar worldwide."

"I hope you told her you were the tanker pilot, not the kick ass fighter pilot who in 23000 hours of flying never had his ass kicked" opined the laconic and reluctantly fully erect Captain Goodwood as the extend-o-peters kicked in and the oysters got in line to spew forth. I will be in the RV until I finish her off or find good intel, your plan?" asked Chips.

"Tomoye wants to go down to the beach hoping she won’t get sand in her Schlitz but I am clippered up." responded Homi as he selected level 8 on his Jonas implant.

"Schlitz, is she a beer drinker?" asked Chips.

"Negative champion of the lightening round, she is having brandy, Homi, and brandy in that order, I want to see what’s in her leather secretary, I will use my peni-cam with no flash, except in her eyes as I unload 2 quarts of Oyster oatmeal and send her into a catatonic state, as you have taught me.

As the boys reluctantly went off, well not actually went off yet, but left to perform their missions for Uncle Sam, Fox was being propositioned by a short balding one star as an elected official from Washington was whipping his bull neck around like a moose in rut.

3 hours later they were clippered to the club foyer to compare notes and get briefed up by Fish in Wedge one.

"Fish, Chips with Fox, Homi and Truckstop, go ahead"

"Chips, I see from the two peni-cams and IUD-spyware that targets have been compromised, we need all but Connie in DC ASAP, result of mission please, ladies first."

"Fish, Fox here I got the info out of baldy without removing my thong, one look at my 40Ds and he 'airburst' all over his staff car. Connie reports that bull neck may have a bull neck but he has a cow genitalia, however she scored an original copy of the Amalgam briefing guide. Just before she was going to compromise him with the Honey Pot sanction he whipped his bull neck around so hard he is in the base hospital with 3 cracked vertebra and a pitifully small seahorse, over to the boys, and heading back to Calico."

"Fish, the base intel chief’s wife liked my salami and was cleaning up, doing and after action inspection in the RV lou, while I helped myself to the Secret information and the VPN encryption key. As a courtesy to colonel 'what’s his ass' I left an extremely large condom partially filled with banana tapioca to make sure he and the Mrs had something to talk about other than the missing secret items, over to Homi."
"I reluctantly sent the 32 year old from London, Ontario, into orbit with the double inverted ball hanger move and while she quivered down to earth in about a 4 minute descent she spilled her guts and my oysters regarding VPNs involving Nortel, Tomoye, the UN and McConnell International. I captured the confession on my peni-cam and scroto-phones. Then I inspected her for 'sand damage' slapped her on the ass and gave her my name an office number, well not exactly mine, the name and number belonging to the Colonel who owns RV condom queen, it's always good for wingmen to support each other, and take out each other's enemies."

"Well it sounds like a good night for all but if that Freightliner could be fired up in 10 minutes I have the RV handled and any Grolsch or thongs left behind will be expensed, there will be a black Jet ranger, no lights hauling Connie Calico to the Sunoco station on I5 from where a Peterbilt will get her back to Calico Rock before her absence is noted."

"You all deserve a victory boink but try to think of someone younger so it doesn't last as long and get it on down the highway, as it were, Fish out."

No sooner had Fish signed off than the Sausage phone went off in Chips pants and it was Amelia, clippered in with Hamish, Dancer, Nano, Paul Z and the NBC Orchestra starring Paul Stooky.

"Chips, Amelia with 4, how copy?"

"5 by on the sausage phone sis, what's up, Fox, Homi and Calico are linked in."

"Due to excellent work in Geneva we know the weak link in Coast Guard, we know Chomsky's part, we have 3 deepwater spaniels with 30 minute dive tanks, we have RFID chips on the molten metal items of interest and our assessment of the drug ops opined by Homi fall into alignment with CSL and Labor 2097. Our man behind the scenes is focused on Mineta and Gramm and CFR PRer friends of shorty and the hillbillys. Hamish is in Annapolis now and we urge Homi to kick out the jams and get here in 14 hours or less, a CH53D from HMX1 can make it happen if necessary but we'd like to lay low and aim high as the hillbillys took down a Marine chopper in Quantico with a DEW, so no unnecessary risks out their in 'spyworld'. Hamish has a former law clerk in the SE District of NY, a fellow who was so appalled at M-man's justice he went to Sweden and came back as a Rockette, Hamish has the entire thing as an affidavit, seems 'Law and Order' gave Ramzi a get out of jail free card and patsied the blind Sheikh. While in this country Justice should be blind, explosive bomb makers perhaps should not. Nano reports from inside Hollywood that the perverts scripting both AV and GG are preparing false news feeds to make the sheepie more dependent on the Gmen for security. NYC officials and Larry Silverspoon are unwittingly TFed into a tax shelter which renders them apparently complicit in the murders of 343 NYFD firefighters, a move that will cost the cross dressing son of a nearsighted pugilist the Republican bid as RP and DH join forces with an intel asset and prosecute Rescue 08 in the most important election in US history.

Silversspoons secretary spilled her guts on the contents wasted in WTC7, including 6 big items but none bigger than KPMG and MG [missing gold, Nova Scotia?] Raymon Pocino get a call from Amelia from her day job and he suggests a 'virtual' contract is agreed to that puts 3000 union laborers at groundzero to help AMEC move evidence to Fresh Kills. The MIT morons believe they can conceal the transfer of evidence-laden steel as it makes it's way through an intentionally porous Coast (lack of) Guard as under the Hillbillys lesbian, bi-sexual and easily tricked blond officials don't have a clue what's going on. Bill
Mahher is of similar disillusionment. The smelters in China and India are owned by individuals complicit in 9/11 and in the case of the PLA in China they are Chinese pugs on a short leash held by the PFers in the Desmarais Dipshits and KPMG, a low power radio station that operates out of Sabin, Minnesota. The transmitter is 3 miles east of town and the control booth is in a 1996 Fleetwood Limo owned by Captain Goodvibes, driven alternately by Diehard and Stone, and is reported to be a mobile ob-gyn clinic [code name rabbit ears], Lesley Nielsen has auditioned for the character and Bollywood is thinking about it.

This is an intentionally short chapter to frustrate Hamish, who so wishes to hear details of the B737 rerouting that place all the PFers at Tyndall where they could be subject to a debriefing technique involving Duke and Dyke, and that does not refer to Blue Demons and Wellesley.

As Homi drives the chipped and ungoverned Freightliner sporting purple funeral flashers, Hamish, Fox and Chips are briefed by Amelia concerning Rabelaisian justice in Greek. It is a chess move to block the effect of the terrorist threat the white house is hoping to create in the nation's mind in the same way anarcho-scato-logists in Rat-Boy's Team of goons has the Homer Simpson Sheep running scared of a Gadget Bent from 1993 to 2001.

Meanwhile, somewhere in Georgia, a Freightliner is doing 105 with the funeral lights blazing as Captain Lovebutter is taking care of the Sweet Potato in the sleeper.

Chips finally had her finished off as they took an exit off US Highway 50 and turned left towards the Ramshead Bar in Annapolis, on Old General's Highway. As Fox rethonged into a pastel kiwi fruit Chips looked at his watch and thought to himself, my best performance since June Week at the Naval Academy in the summer of 69, but there we go again. Let's focus on the mission at hand. As the tractor was parked at the Ramshead all of the debriefing items were assembled to lay before Amelia as she had tac and admin lead on operation "Deepwater Spaniel", not to be confused with the Spaniels who had the 1954 hit "Good Night Sweet Heart."

Chapter 20 - "Amalgam Virgo" Part III
-June 1-2, 2001

Chomsky's Wobblies and the 'Sting' of a Weaponized Chickens

Diehard issues Det. Homicide with a sanitized Special Forces Demolition Kit (SOFDK) to set up a Sting (L'Arnaque) on snuff-film addicted Dr. Thomas Barnett scheduled in the North Tower Windows of the World restaurant on June 4. Hamish says Mineta's former Lockheed Martin partners in Canada are the only people with access to technology capable of extorting Boeing and coordinating a triphibious stand down of American forces with Chomsky's Wobbly saboteurs on 9/11. Hunter supplies Det. H with face
masks and a new dog, specially bred to identify contents of fast moving planes landing at the FAA Contract Towers network or highway trucks and buses without stopping them. Det. H. learns how to whip his bull neck around to play a Clinton haulier of China White, a Porcaro haulier of KPMG negotiable instruments or a Mineta hit man hauling incendiary-laden chickens into the basement of the North Tower. Team agrees to rendezvous in New York on evening of the 3rd June.

Rodriguez, whom authorities identified as an 18th Street Gang member with the moniker of "Spanky," is scheduled to be sentenced on July 14 by trial Judge Michael Johnson. Since the District Attorney's office opted not to seek the death penalty, Rodriguez will be sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole. Walter Dow, the 56-year-old victim, drove the Bama West Trucking tractor-trailer rig to Los Angeles in July 2000 with a load of frozen chickens for a wholesaler. On July 3, 2000, his body was discovered at parking lot in the 700 block of East 59th Street in Los Angeles. He had been shot three times. Dow’s truck was found in South Los Angeles several days later. It had been separated from the trailer and intentionally burned. The empty trailer had been found in the Florence area a day after discovery of Dow’s body. Rodriguez, a parolee, was arrested and convicted of an unrelated crime later in 2000. He was imprisoned.


John Anthony Porcaro DESCRIPTION
Date of Birth: June 16, 1959
Place of Birth: New York
Height: 5'8"
Weight: 197 pounds
NCIC: W295378385
Occupation: Moving company owner
Scars and Marks: Porcaro has an artificial right eye; and a scar above his left eye.
Remarks: Porcaro is an alleged associate of the Gambino crime family in New York.

CAUTION John Anthony Porcaro is wanted for his alleged involvement in a South Florida telemarketing scheme which defrauded more than 400 individuals throughout the United States out of more than $5 million. Between February and December of 1998, the Trump Financial Group and the Sheffield Group were doing business as telemarketing firms which obtained money from investors for purported
investment in foreign currency options in the foreign exchange markets. It is alleged that investors were promised as much as 700 percent returns based upon the rise and fall of the value of foreign currencies in relation to the value of the United States Dollar. Investors rarely, if ever, received returns on their investments and money raised from investors allegedly was used for the personal benefit of the firms' principal employees and telemarketers who sold investments. A substantial amount of the money also was transferred to offshore bank accounts in the Cayman Islands. On October 21, 2003, a federal indictment was filed by the United States District Court, Southern District of Florida, charging Porcaro, and others who are no longer at large, with multiple counts of wire fraud, mail fraud, and money laundering. A federal warrant remains outstanding for the arrest of Porcaro. REWARD The FBI is offering a reward for information leading to the arrest of John Anthony Porcaro. SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED AND DANGEROUS IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON, PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL FBI OFFICE OR THE NEAREST AMERICAN EMBASSY OR CONSULATE.

ROBERT S. MUELLER, III
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http://www.fbi.gov/wanted/fugitives/wcc/porcaro_ja.htm

South Florida has long been deemed 'open' territory for the Five Families that dominate N.Y. organized crime. This month's Fort Lauderdale indictment of 10 associates of the Gambino crime family proves that New York's criminal underworld still looks at South Florida as their home away from home. "There has always been a strong connection in organized crime circles between New York and South Florida," U.S. Attorney Marcos Jimenez said. Branching out from the old mainstays, gambling and loan-sharking, the mobsters have infiltrated nightclubs, restaurants, pawn shops, check-cashing stores, telemarketing "boiler rooms," penny stock "pump-and-dump" schemes, credit-card scams and foreign-currency exchanges. South Florida has long been deemed "open" territory for the Five Families -- Bonnano, Colombo, Gambino, Genovese and Lucchese -- that dominate New York organized crime. All have had a presence in the area since the 1930s. DRIFTING SOUTH As described in this month's indictment, members of the crew overseen by reputed Gambino capo Ronald "Ronnie One-Arm" Trucchio would drift south when they had run afoul of law enforcement or other mob families up north. They might knock off a few banks, rob a jewelry store, steal credit card information from the mail, deal drugs, buy large quantities of weapons and eventually head back to the Big Apple. In an "open" territory such as South Florida, criminal enterprises overlap. In recent years, criminals working at mob-connected, check-cashing stores for the Gambinos or Bonnanos also were laundering cash for the Tampa-based Trafficante family. EVERYONE EARNs "There's always been cooperation between the families. Everyone earns," said another law enforcement source who declined to be named. Blood is occasionally shed. This month's indictment made reference to three October 1995 murders in Fort Lauderdale and Boca Raton that have never been solved officially. Gus Boulis, the flamboyant, combative self-made Greek multimillionaire, was murdered in February 2001 in an orchestrated shooting with all the trappings of a messy mob-style hit. Boulis was driving from his Fort Lauderdale office when one car stopped short, cutting him off. Another car pulled alongside, and the driver emptied a semiautomatic into the founder of Miami Subs and SunCruz Casinos. .. After the murder, Boulis estate lawyers discovered that Kidan had paid $145,000 to Anthony Moscatiello, a childhood friend of the John Gotti family, as a food and beverage consultant to SunCruz. In an odd footnote, Kidan's mother, Judith Shemtov, had been
murdered in 1993 in Staten Island in a mob-connected home invasion gone awry. The getaway driver: former South Beach club impresario-turned-informant Chris Paciello. The Bouli murder case remains unsolved. Gambino associate Freddie Massaro of Hollywood was sentenced to life in prison in 2002, the most serious charges hinging on his crew's role in the March 1999 murder of an exotic dancer whose trussed-up body was stuffed into a box and dumped in the Everglades. Massaro, who ran his loan-sharking operations out of a Sunny Isles Beach pizza parlor, died in prison in August. The made man to whom he paid the customary financial tribute, Anthony "Tony Pep" Trentacosta, of suburban Atlanta, is serving an eight-year term. Another Gambino associate of Trentacosta's, John Porcaro, owned several moving and storage companies and controlled a piece of Trump Financial, a lucrative Aventura "boiler room" fraud whose name gave the false impression of ties to Donald Trump. Porcaro, who dated Playboy playmates and models, told his wife he was going fishing June 13, 1998. He never returned. .. Massaro found his Mercedes-Benz at the Fort Lauderdale airport. A few days after the disappearance, Massaro strolled into Trump Financial and announced he was taking over .. Mob figures have been coming to South Florida for fun and sun for decades. Al Capone ran a gambling house at the Hollywood Country Club. The late Gambino boss, Gotti, held an interest in a Boca Raton nightclub and visited whenever he came to South Florida. The feds say Steve Kaplan, who was the public face of Club Boca, turned to the Gambino family after a Bonnano associate tried to muscle him out of his share of the nightclub-restaurant. Gotti's nephew by marriage, John DiGiorgio, of Deerfield Beach, ran the Bobby Rubino's concession inside Club Boca. DiGiorgio was convicted in 1996 for his role in a violent home invasion crew that used cop Windbreakers, guns, fake badges and warrants to break into drug dealer homes. One dealer who refused to reveal where his money was stashed was hung from a shower curtain rod, beaten and tortured. Another lost an ear. After Gotti was sent to prison, his heir apparent, Nicholas "The Little Guy" Corozzo, and six others were pinched while sunning on a Key Biscayne Beach in December 1996. The FBI let the mobsters cover their handcuffs with beach towels.

As Fox, Chips and Homi crawled down out of the Freightliner Amelia led them around behind the Ramshead to an RV of about 24 feet and Homi's Duke gave an indication that they were human assets in the wood, Homi got the message and spotted 3 men facing outside the circle and he mentally noted '3 of ours in defensive perimeter. He looked back over his should and say and old bread van parked with the flashers on and assumed 3 were on that side of the circle as well. Inside the van Amelia clippered in the entire team with the exception of Hamish and Diehard, who with Mlle S-F, Paul E. Graff and Polly Graff, and a new canine, were in the RV.

"Chips, Amelia, please record for later distribution, one quick briefing as the conditions have changed. As you all know I was tasked to take the spaniels with their scuba tanks and have them do some 'water dog' work both at Bethlehem Steel [ BS ] and at the 'rendezvous' lat/long described in previous message. However, I went to a nightspot in Annapolis last night for dinner and drinks and made an important contact, a Madam 2-Way who is a very good friend of the Hillbilly, Wino, and Gorilla-like. I could hardly believe they'd all be in one room, perhaps they felt safe outside of the district. I could see that Tugboat and Wino were anticipating some disgusting stuff so I had a couple of BSMs, served in the requisite "Ball Jars" and acted fairly vapid, like Tugboat and Hillbilly. I could see the other women were holding something back so I told them I needed to use the rest room then head for the boat. As I got up to go to the ladies room I deployed a 'TLD' and a BVR rotating camera [BRC] under the table. The obviously didn't sweep the table bottom because as I dropped trou and poor the water into the bowl so other ladies would assume I was legit, I turned on my 'Tampon Listening Device' that I had placed with double sided
tape, not 3M but the cheap shit from Wal-Mart, and I could believe what I heard. I knew that I was into
the motherlode so I played that recording of a 30 psi flutterblast and flushed."

Approaching the table, I said "I hate to drink and go but I got an urgent call from my little brother and I
must go help him out of a pickle," I said as I laid down $40 for the 5 double martinis, and left. Outside I
came to this same MCP [mobile command post] and listened to the rest of their loose lips, meaning part
of their mouths. I heard Fargos Towncar brag the deepwater assets for Chomsky was in place, the
SMACSONIC and Molten metal issues were discussed and I got it all on tape, they discussed the
CSL/Drug issues that Homi will rebrief shortly. New York and New Jersey port authorities are 'iced' and
key players identified. Hillbilly discusses the entrapment of both Mineta and Gramm with the SoB tax
scams which brings in Lockheed-Martin, KPMG, Boeing and UBS as well as CRF cronies of shorty and the
hillbillys. Hamish's concerns regarding insurance and re-insurance of dead peasants in 5 NY and DC
killing field is opening discussed, Wino openly talks about MooCrazy buying a BS suggestion that the
Blind Sheikh did WTC '93 so Ramzi could live to work another day. Bureau of Prisons will be forced to
keep Ramzi, Kaczynski and McVeigh close together in case Octopus needs an explosive event
somewhere while the 3 are in protective custody at a SuperMax. Nano al-Umina had tape recorded a
Hollywood bonehead bragging about having scripted the Red Team's role in Amalgam Virgo and Global
Guardian which may be BS as we believe McDonald-Dettwiler and Lansdowne did the scripts. Through
scam tax shelters Silverstein and NYC top officials invest unwittingly in a virtual demolition of WT 1,2,
and 7 which will go 'real' in September. Gorilla woman and Fargos Towncar indicate explosives will be
installed during a window of time called www.quebec-newyork and that though the explosives would be
all over the place, elevator equipment rooms will be areas of interest and that the control facility inside
WTC 7 will need to be blown away after 1 and 2 come tumbling to the ground. Homi when you dovetail
in the drug briefing I believe you will discuss Raymond Porkino has offered a 3000 member spoliators for
Ground Zero to help AMEC remove evidence of murder for hire, arson and insurance fraud and haul it to
Fresh Kills. Chumpsky and Ditch will make the Coast Guard issue go away with bribes so that Chinese
and Indian shipments of smelter steel will be sanitized of evidence of accelerants and 'cutters'. Initial
analysis indicates ownership interest includes KPMG and team Desmarais. I will ask my brother Chips to
study Rabelaisian justice in Greek to better discern the threat of the anarcho-scatologists who inhabited
the WH from 1993-2001. Now Homi, a quick update from DEA please."

"Amelia, great work with the TLD and the BRC. I want you to all listen to the 'chicken' part of the SAC
triad, or triphibious operation. This report from July 06 should give you an idea of the Mexican truckers
and Titon chicken deal:

We landed in an open field a few hours later, I woke up when the helicopter flared up to land, we
landed in an open field, a hundred feet from the road a man was waiting there with the car said every
thing I needed was in the car, he handed the keys and got on the chopper and it left. When I got to the
car it was no James Bond ride, it was a white Ford Tempo stripper with roll up windows, it had U.S. Gov
plates on and the proper U.S.D.A. stickers on the doors, I put duke in the back. it had two new lab coats
on hangers, my I.D. tag on it my Cover name was Archie Diggs, My cover story I was transferred from
Kansas, fresh out of training. with little or no experience, that's me I wont have to fake it. I was to find
my own accommodations, settle in, get friendly and quickly create a cover personality. my main interest
at the moment is to get into my cover today.. The shipments from Mexico are on the way they will be
there in the tomorrow morning, there b/l had 0500 am appointments. that's 2 hours before i have to
start my inspections.

I slept in the car I needed a shower, and shave. I pulled into the drive way at a motel and grabbed a
quick room luckily they took pets, I left duke in the room, got a quick shower and left, I was running late
I had the same clothes on since I left Mexico yesterday. when I was pulling in the main gate I noticed the
glass and some car body parts near the entrance, from the inspectors car that they took out, the Intel
report said he was under investigation by his department for doctoring up reports, and was overly
friendly with the workers and managers of this plant, also he was an Instructor at the U.S.D.A. Training
Center, a few years back he could blow my cover. As I pulled up to the gate the Guard saw my
government car and when he signed me in he said your boss had one hell of a wreak right here in front
of my shack. that truck really hit him hard he's got too broken arms and a crushed pelvis, he'll be down
awhile, you new here?, yup where do I go the Inspectors park over there, two of your people are in plant
2 now. I said ok, i parked and there was a golf cart that said U.S.D.A. use only on it I grabbed a went to
the main plant this place was huge bigger then the sat pictures showed, I drove around the plant the
loading dock area before I went in security was average. I drove to the Employees entrance and was
rebuffed by security saying inspectors use office employee entrance only, so I went the that entrance
and signed in as Archie Diggs U.S.D.A. the receptionists pointed me to the Lab were the Inspectors
worked. Nobody was in the lab so I looked around and saw nothing that sparked any interest, I could
wait here or walk around a bit recon what's going on, I walked 10 'out of the office then An Inspector
saw me, it was a woman with most beautiful eyes I ever seen and a body like a 53 Buick. I introduced my
self and asked her what happen to the Inspector who was hurt, I had to hear it all over again, then she
would not shut up, any way, her name was Betty and we toured the plant, I watched to see what she
was doing, she would check the cleanliness of the equipment, she would take sample birds from time to
time, flip them over check temperatures, skin tone color, and take some samples back for lab work.
most of the time we drove around in the golf cart, why she talked about her kids and husband, I asked
her were the other Inspectors are she said they work in the final product rooms in plant 7 and 9 they
only see us when its time to go home, you will be working with me Betty said. we Inspect the product all
the way till it chopped up and sent to 7 and 9, we are the busiest section plant 2 so what are the rest of
the buildings here, Betty stated some are for are trucks some cold storage and offices. OK when does it
get busy? this is it Betty said, you kidding? nope Betty said, I was anxious to get back to the hotel I was
wasted, shift change bell sounded and we went back to the lab and met Mark and Steve the other
Inspectors, we talked for a few they looked like they just woke up. Betty did some lab work and showed
me how to write up a report. and we all just left.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped to pick up some cloths at the Good Will store didn't want to
come to work in new cloths, this is a low paying government Job. so I got to play the part. on the way
back to the hotel I made my call in to Dick, let him know I was in no problem, he gave me a run down on
the inbound trucks there are on route and on time. I told him the trucks appointment times are earlier
then my starting time, he was not Happy with that, I told him I'll see what I can do, the shipping
container trailers go to the drop yard, they pull them as they need the product, the Mexican trucks then
grab empty containers and head back to Mexico. Dick told me that the trucks had sat trackers and bugs,
the Shadow teams placed tags on them at the truck stop when they laid over. Call me after you inspect
that shipment. I told Dick, OK and by the way Bob, That State Trouper, Franks is dead. was killed during a
routine traffic stop, shot double tap to the mouth at close range, any one know who did it Dick?, no the
plate he called in was stolen, and the dash cam video was missing, Texas Rangers are investigating the
shooting, they say it was an obvious hit.

As he stopped reading for the official record he added "so this traces the stuffed chickens into the
country from Mexico, once in side the country they fan out in all directions to food distribution centers
in targeted cities and the routine flyways of migratory fowl. Their goal is to claim migrating birds are
spreading Avian flew while the real culprit is the weaponized chickens coming in stuff with croak-caine
and laced with Avian fluid strains, i.e. the perceived threat is from the wild birds but the real threat is 'in your grocery stores and restaurants freezers, and that is why Amelia is probably for on a bird hunt." The perception of Homi was excellent as Amelia took over.

"Thanks Homi, great work, and yes we are going on a chicken caper. In as much as my TLD and BRC have gotten inside the 4 pogues, we can call Operation retriever -Cheasapeake a complete success and now we roll-out operation 'Naval War College Chickenman', Fish could you brief the group quickly?"

"Good morning all, an honest Marine officer inside the war college has been spooking Dr. Tom S. Barnett for about 120 days due a cross-lock with Tomoye. We have taken the cross-lock a notch hire and have 'weaved' it with the intel on the two movie makers contracted to get a bi-axial recording of the 'World first live mass snuff film' as Tommy Boy calls it when he and Banana-man in Gatineau are stroking their eco-bananas and plotting the curtailment of American sovereignty. Our ADuc team is tasked to us a Sanitized Special Forces Operations Demolition Kit to continue the sting we know as Operation Southern Fried. Target date is June 4th, tomorrow and our unit needs to be 'sweeping' by 0900 as the PFers will be having a lavish lunch at the Windows of the World restaurant atop the North Tower. Quoting our good man Hamish, researchers in Vancouver, Winnipeg and Halifax have concluded that the only group that could extract Boeing into enabling a triphibious attack on WTC 1, 2, the US Capitol and Pentagon are Mineta's former Lockheed Martin partners in Canada. The technology suite they control is capable of causing a stand down of US military forces. In as much as Chumsky's Wobblies are involved we needed a breed of dog that could simultaneously "sniff" residue trails of aircraft in flight and fast moving tractor-trailer rigs. We found for sniffing, the weiner dog was best but for monitoring human behavior responses the Great Pyrenees dog is superior so Q and Mi3 has developed the Great Weiner dog and 'Bono' and his handler Spanner will be parachuted into New York arriving atop the North Tower tomorrow at 0815 from a NY Port Authority float-chopper. We have asked Homi to learn how to "whip his bull neck" around for future deployment as a 'China White' hauler and have randomly select the Northwest Arkansas International airport as the anchor point with Chicago and Montreal as the 'test run terminals', or a Porkero hauler of negotiable instruments a Mineta hit-man hauling incendiary chickens into the basement of North Tower. That concludes the briefing, the teams is dismissed and Homi will drive the Freightliner up to NYC as soon as Chips and Fox conclude their 'thong addendum' to this briefing. While Fox and Chips serve their addiction every else break for lunch, the truck will have UN-diplomat plates on in when you come back so home park anywhere you want near the Roosevelt Hotel and leave the flashers going. Dismissed and fair seas."

As Chips locked the Freightliner doors and Fox was piling into the sleeper he caught a glimpse of 'mocha'. As the iPOD started blasting

Chips noticed a 'bug' in the Vaseline jar so he smiled as he thought of the confusion of Wino, Fargos, Gorillawomen and hillbilly as they wondered what the song might be about.

Chapter 21 - Mad Dogs in Virtual Cockfight
-June 4, 2001

Naked Naval War College Thinker Stages Bonded-Chicken Snuff Film
Det. H and Teddy conceal peni-cameras on their bitterly-complaining SNIPHer dogs in the Windows of the World deep freeze. Screu-fait and her mad dogs are ordered capture any attempt by a naked or partially-clothed Dr. Barnett to violate Diehard's bonded, insured and weaponized chickens with his Son of BOSSCOCK newruleset paradigm. Hunter steals access codes to KPMG-client Motorola's radio system to try and hack Lockheed's Wobblies in Canada and stop them triggering sympathetic detonator timers or AXA catastrophe bonds on 9/11. Abel Danger transmits to Shelton details of the US Naval War College’s treasonous conspiracy to entrap public servants into gaming a contrived, virtual panic on the NYSE. Barnett reveals how kickbacks flow to Noam Chomsky and Al Gore from contract killing and event-arbitrage 'CO2day, CO2morrow' frauds through the mobbed-up Chicago Mercantile Exchange.

MONDAY, 4JUN 01 Windows on the World, Floor 106, World Trade Center One 0730 Check in and continental breakfast Please present yourself at the Windows on the World reception desk in the lobby of the World Trade Center One tower. Identify yourself as a participant of the "Cantor Fitzgerald/eSpeed conference" in Ballroom B on Floor 106. Then take the special [booby trapped] elevator designated for Windows on the World. 0800 Introduction brief and welcoming comments --Dr. Thomas Barnett, Director, NewRuleSets.Project --VAdm. Arthur Cebrowski, President, U.S. Naval War College --Adm. William Flanagan (ret.), Senior Managing Director, Cantor Fitzgerald 0815 Orientation brief --Dr. Thomas Barnett, Director, NewRuleSets.Project Dr. Barnett will present a quick overview of the NewRuleSets.Project. 0845 Introduction to GroupSystems: "Who's Cool on Global Warming?" --Prof. Bradd Hayes .. Exploring the consequences of Asian development: "CO2day, CO2morrow" You will be asked to make a series of votes that will determine how many Million Metric Tons of Carbon Equivalent (MMTC) will be produced by Developing Asia in the year 2020 .. After rank-ordering the policy criteria, we will discuss each one in order of "least important" to "most important," and after each discussion, you will be forced to "vote off" one of the ecological threats as being the least desired "survivor" in Asia's inevitable march toward future economic development (meaning it's the cost you are willing to pay--in order--as Asia develops) .. "Headlines from the Future"You will be presented with a broad, stressing environmental scenario for Asia as a whole and asked to brainstorm likely headlines from the 2010-2020 timeframe, arraying them across a "crisis timeline sequence"; then we'll discuss the scenario as a group 1340 Session IV Tipping points: "Our Environment in Jeopardy!" You will be presented with three environmental issues and asked to "price" them by determining how various "answers" to key policy questions would be arrayed--or valued--on a Jeopardy game board (e.g., the $200 answer through the $1000 answer); then we'll discuss the responses as a group .. Breaking points: "Emails to the Commanders-in-Chief" You will be presented with a distinct crisis scenario involving environmental stress triggers and asked to write private advisory emails to the national security advisors of presidents/premiers/prime ministers from the involved great powers, telling them why they should consider this crisis a national security issue; then we'll discuss the scenario as a group .. Back to the future: "and the 2010 Nobel Environmental Prize goes to . . ."You will be presented with a sequential brainstorming activity in which you detail how Individual (or Group) X of Country Y was recognized for his/her/their Achievement Z in successfully bringing the global community together over the issue of
global warming in the first decade of the 21st century. Thirty-seconds with a key decision maker: "The Elevator Pitch" While participants vote for their favorite scenario names from the previous session, each will be given the opportunity for a final, brief comment in response to a scenario (i.e., you are confronted with the rare opportunity to tell a key decision maker exactly what you think he or she needs to remember about the environment) VIII. Short Bios of Select Participants Thomas Barnett Dr. Barnett is Professor and Senior Strategic Researcher at the Decision Strategies Department of the Center for Naval Warfare Studies, U.S. Naval War College. Prior to joining the College, he served as Project Director for The CNA Corporation of Alexandria, Virginia. His most recent articles, "India's 12-Steps to a World-Class Navy" and "Asia's Energy Future Requires U.S. Naval Presence" will be published in the U.S. Naval Institute's Proceedings (July 2001 and TBD). He has a BA in Russian Literature and U.S. Foreign Policy from U. Wisconsin, and an MA in Eurasian Studies and a PhD in Government from Harvard. Mr. Bartels is currently the Chief Executive Officer of CO2e.com, which was recently formed by Cantor Fitzgerald and PriceWaterhouse Coopers to serve as the pre- eminent business-to-business online resource for corporations to understand, mitigate, and manage the transition and impact of greenhouse gas emission constraints on corporations globally. Mr. Bartels articles and speeches on emissions trading have appeared in dozens of trade journals and conference proceedings. He has advised the U.S. Delegation to the Conference of the Parties and the White House Climate Change Task Force, as well as numerous governmental agencies throughout the world regarding the implementation of domestic and international emissions trading. Mr. Bartels earned a Masters of Business Administration from the University of Vermont in 1985.

As the investigators and the dogs wait for the van to come pick them up for the ride to FGZ [future ground zero] everyone was in the lobby having coffee or dog food except Diehard and Dyke. Diehard was asked to leave the lobby for his 8# portion of Tiger Food and Dyke had to step out to the curb and chain smoke Chesterfields while she couldn't the camel thought out of her beagle head.

When Diehard recognized the van, a 15 passenger Ford E350 with a 460 engine and a C6 tranny, he quietly 'ughhed', a signal to Dyke to drop her butt and call the dogs. As Diehard ground out the spent Chesterfield, Dyke led the dogs out to the curb and the world's greatest group of forensic economists instinctively followed. Because all briefings were completed and all technology was deployed tactically Fox and Chips elected to ride in the baggage compartment, citing 'security issues'. At exactly 0848 they were pre-deployed at the corner of Hack and Whack, not far from Hackensack, where Frank Sinatra learned to croon and crony. I could put in My Way but he didn't write it, he simply sang it so any credit should go to Paul Anka, a Lebanese from Canada who also gave up this song most of you have forgotten.

As the clippers all came alive with Amelia and Fish imploring the team to search high, 70 degrees elevation and they all saw the Float Chopper approaching to top of the North Tower to insert Spanner and Great Weiner which had Chips thinking 'insert' and Fox thinking 'Great Weiner' as the Dutch DJ as his dog jumped from the float to the roof. Marquis d'Cartier probably thinks I'll play up on the roof but I haven't even done "Up, up and away" so let's all be patient and TF these PFers according to the Frank Sinatra style, my way. When the Float Chopper gave the double flash of the landing light team Dogfight deployed into the back of the first base level, where janitors and kitchen staff employees enter without IDs and the instructions are in 37 foreign languages. However, for security reasons insisted upon by Ditch and Hale, with concurrence of Chomsky at MIT, Navajo wasn't in the 37 languages. With the staff elevator passkey that a drunker Gorilla had dropped in Annapolis, Chips led the team into the waiting Otis elevator car now under maintenance contract to United Technologies. [in case it has escaped you so far what these PFers are doing is consolidated every industry so it takes fewer bribes to buy America; watch the airlines consolidate further, remember Oldsmobile, or for you real citizens of the heartland
stretching from Ft. Worth to Fargo, what family farms get destroyed by the Justice department Bankruptcy Judges who will pay a big price some day. It only took me 4 BR filings to break their code: they are anti America PFers of the first order, ok back to the script] While Gorilla woman searches every where she's been she realize Wino might be sitting on it, so to speak.

Passing the 79th floor Hamish said "And on your left look at the elevator equipment room" and Chips redressed him "Hamish, we are in an elevator car, no windows, please read your lines and memorize them" and Fox was way past the redress and squarely at the undress portion of the mental day, so wishing the dogs had not eaten Chip's 14 inch Sam's Club dance enhancer. As they arrived at the top floor Spanner and GW were waiting to greet them and sniff around, so to speak. Suddenly Chips had an idea, but Fox was sitting on it. Bummer, literally Bum-err. He knew there was a tiger in those tight fitting jeans.

Spanner indicated they should all clipper check and deploy with a target egress at 1045. One additional note; a late briefing change. Maquiz d"Cartier was mopping around the food prep areas and ladies room. He had a very convincing disguise for access into the ladies room and if he were to need to photograph something with his Sony HD Peni-Cam it might confused the 'Annapolis 4' types. As an unknown rider approached the kitchen all went to battle stations after Dyke warned of the approaching stranger, dropping her chesterfield on the kitsch floor while a huge size 16 right boot of Diehard kept the cigarette from becoming an issue. As a well kept, expensively dressed and painfully stupid management person from DOJ/Coast Guard she asked Diehard several questions getting 3 ughs and 2 grunts in return, plus a snarl from Mlle-Screu Fait. As the wench went to question Fox next perhaps as she, Fox was much younger, prettier, fully developed and had golden Greek Goddess skin and complexion but a smile that suggested a game of peek-a-boo could happen at any moment, Miss GS-17 asked Fox "Where are you from?"

"Guatemala"

"Are you straight or gay?"

"Yes"

"I might have to give you a pat-down or body cavity inspection, is it OK?
"I am sorry, I don't speak English, and I am a Guatemalan.

"How can you answer me in English if you speak only Spanish?

"That big white dog with the long snout is my service dog and he is also a ventrilo-canine; it is the dog speaking for me. By the way the dog, a rare breed known as a Great Weiner has picked up a scent which he cannot discriminate and is wondering if you are gay or straight. Vaya con Dios mi hermana."

As Misssssss Fargos saw "Rod" the GW dog start to reel out his peni-cam she decided doing security checks on the chicken probe sweepers was suddenly not as important as having a $4.95 Starbucks Turtle Mocha Latte with extra whipped cream which she nearly spilled have random thoughts of Wino and the weekend they spent at Niagara Falls in a heart-shaped tub eating chili and blowing bubbles.

As she left the kitchen with her $500 suite and $5 brain the ever watch Diehard issue a low ughhh and pointed his chicken prober at her dairy-air, it appear that Mssssssss Fargos was wearing boxer shorts. Figures.

As the chicken detail continue they saw a man and dog rapelling down off the roof and as they indicated they were going to surveil a ladies room for 'High Management Ladies'. Within 15 minutes Homi and Duke were repelling back up and Homi held up his 'spelunker' cam with a smile and Duke held his Mallard Duck aural discriminator, set to max sensitivity and he did a 4 legged repel and beat his master handily, not to be confused with handily master beating which might cause death. As the tactical team Mallard rejoined the main force, Homi looked at this watch saw it was 0956 and announced "Fish and
Amelia are going to be ecstatic, come look at what Duke and I filmed and record 10 minutes ago in the Executive ladies room, bi-debt stall 3' he said as he dialed Amelia and Fish as the others, with the exception of Marquiz dropped their mops, brooms and feather dusters. Gathering around a micro-wave oven that was really a 22” monitor. As Fish and Amelia clippered in the video showed that Tommy Bar Net was naked and was probing a chicken cavity with what appear to be seahorse sized male appendage but what really caught Homi’s attention was Erik Soo-Vague sitting cross legged on the floor of ladies bidet stall [BS] #3 hold the chicken carcass with his left hand while he was dishing out some punishment to his unleashed Eco-Banana, a practice of his that was water-cooler talk at Tomoye’s offices in Gatineau, Washington, Key West and Gay Bay. Mlle Screu Fait’s keen vision caught the presence of an out-of-round electric vibrator attached to the chicken. Homi then raised his eyebrows when he noticed this 4-way deal with a chicken and a banana and the perverts was being intentionally filmed by the perps and unbeknownst to the traitors they were being filmed filming themselves. Sort of like how ADuc filmed the Naudets and Luc Courshain as they filmed the QRS11 laser-guided droned Boeings taking out Cantor Fitzgerald and Aon Insurance later in 2001.

After seeing and hearing the event in Biddette Stall #3 Amelia said that it look like a leather briefcase was in the corner across from the chicken abusers and she dispatched Homi and Duke to retrieve same.

As Homi and Duke penetrated the ladies room and Duke froze the perps in mid stroke with a snarl, Homi said "Sorry ladies, please continue" while Dyke snatched the briefcase in her hand, brought it to Homi who issued signals to Duke and Dyke to withdraw backwards facing the persons of unknown sexual preference. Homi shouted a warning, something about two Brazilian Nutcracker hounds waiting to bite your balls if you think of leaving before 11 a.m. As the special canine trio rejoined the main package, Tom and Erik tried to get it up, but their bits and pieces had given up the ghost, so to speak.

Amelia and Fish were still clippered up so as Homi read the contents of TB’s bag of tricks Amelia and Fish compared items to shopping list thusly. The KPMG client list disc and access codes to KPMG client’s Motorola radio system, a flow chart reveals how kickbacks flow to Norm Chompsky and Al Gohr from the contract killings and how event arbitrage - "CO2day and CO2morrow" - frauds are executed through the mobbed up Chicago Mercantile Exchange, "Yep Amelia and Fish, it's all here, is mission complete?"

Amelia responded "Mission complete, Fish tells me there is a USMC CH53E hovering over the South tower looking at the north tower, they will land for an extra immediately after they see the thermal image of Dyke's Chesterfield go out."

As Diehard adjusted himself, a signal to Dyke to snuff her butt, Dyke looked at Diehard with little beagle eye's that expressed 'bitch' and as the thermal image faded the CH53E aggressively flew from south to north landed on WTC North and the team was on board and up, up and away as somewhere in Vancouver a librarian finally has his musical request granted.

Chapter 22 - "Amazing Lurkers"
-August 1, 2001

Tracking TreasuryConnect to the Desmarais Killing Fields
General Shelton briefs team on analysis of DNA and explosive residues in the Windows of the World's frozen chickens. Hamish reverse engineers money laundering and event arbitrage scams planned by 'Snuff Film' Barnett and his KPMG-Paribas sponsors. Diehard supplies lurkers, specially bred to track suds and semen of politically-correct congenital liars through the Vancouver Wobblies' penetrating the Chicago BEAGLES' penetrating various anarcho-scatological leaders of Tomoye, including 'Chairman Moe' Maurice Strong, 'Eco-Bananna' Eric Sauve and 'Y2K-Clipper-Dicker' cryptologist, Bruce McConnell. AD lurkers and their handlers track back through a maze of evidence at the tax-sheltered pig farm and Fresh Kills garbage hills to the Paribas transaction which sealed the fate of thousands of climate deniers, witnesses and whistleblowers on 9/11 - the August 1 license of TreasuryConnect software developed by Enron-AIG for eSpeed and CO2e.com to Paribas clients, including Maurice Strong and the Desmarais family. Shelton discovers that September 4, 2001 is now a deadline for the U.S. Department of Defense to link Veteran Affairs pension funds through 'TreasuryConnect' to the UNEP carbon credit pool; any failure to meet the deadline and Tomoye saboteurs and assassins will launch net-centric warfare attacks on U.S. command centers in New York and Washington D.C.

Eric Sauve, CEO and Co-Founder .. has led Tomoye's vision of user-driven Communities of Practice, which has resulted in tangible innovation and greater organizational agility for organizations including John Deere, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, and the U.S. Army. He enjoys working side-by-side [or back to front?] with Tomoye's customers to implement new ways for creating real and lasting business value. Eric was previously the founder and general manager of La Siembra, which today is the largest Fair Trade organic chocolate company in North America. In 2002, La Siembra was awarded the prestigious Socially Responsible Business Award in Washington, D.C. Eric also worked in IDRC's Foodlinks Group, sourcing, distributing and marketing eco-bananas from Costa Rica.

Global maestro of sustainable development Maurice Strong is in a pickle down in Costa Rica. The government in San Jose is chasing one of his most important global policy instruments, the Earth Council, for US$1.65-million, charging the council with the "wrongful sale" of land which the government had granted it for a headquarters. As a result, the council has left the island. In the wake of the Rio Earth Summit in 1992, Mr. Strong -- perennial United Nations player-referee and now a key advisor to Prime Minister Paul Martin -- set up the Earth Council as a "watchdog" on the process he had started himself. It was to keep up the pressure for Agenda 21, Rio’s doorstep socialist wish list, as well as for global restrictions on carbon emissions (which brought us the horrors of Kyoto). Intriguingly, the funds to build the new headquarters were to come from part of the proceeds of issuing Costa Rican Carbon Bonds, a Swiftian emissions trading instrument which entitled the bearer to emit CO2 if he paid the government of Costa Rica not to torch its own rain forest. Hence "value" would be created literally from thin air, with the proceeds to flow to part of Mr. Strong's master plan to save the world from capitalism. At least capitalism as practiced by others .. Beneath all the boilerplate about compassion and shared visions lies the fact that Mr. Strong wants nothing less than a destruction of the Western way of life. "Fundamental changes are needed in our values, institutions and ways of living," declares the charter. Anybody seeking confirmation of the charter's target market might turn to unstinting praise for it from that well-known domestic organ of the left, Canadian Dimension. The magazine's March issue describes the charter as a "shared positive vision... for anti-capitalism," which brings together the "Red-Green Alliance" and promises "a global coalition of progressive counter-hegemonic forces." And you thought that Red Green was just a Canadian comedian.

On August 1, 2001 eSpeed signed an agreement with Deutsche Bank, one of the world's leading international financial service providers, whereby the European bank will channel its electronic market-
making engines and liquidity for a broad range of European fixed income products through the eSpeedR system. In connection with eSpeed's acquisition of Treasury Connect, eSpeed will provide BNP Paribas Securities Corp., U.S., a division of BNP Paribas, the largest listed banking group in France, front-end trading technology that allows the bank's institutional customers to trade interest rate derivatives electronically.

Global Warming Solutions 2005 - Risks and Benefits for Businesses, Investors and Financial Institutions June 8 and 9 Roosevelt Hotel, New York City. Clean Air-Cool Planet (CA-CP) is the region's leading organization dedicated to finding and promoting solutions to global warming: CA-CP partners with campuses, communities, and companies throughout the Northeast to help reduce their carbon emissions. We work for implementation and strengthening of the New England Governors and Eastern Canadian Premiers' regional Climate Change Action Plan. CA-CP is a science-based, non-partisan, 501(c)3 non-profit organization. Visit www.cleanair-coolplanet.org Contact Information 100 Market Street, Suite 204 Portsmouth, New Hampshire 03801 Telephone: 603.422.6464 Fax: 603.422.6441 Tri-State Office: 161 Cherry Street New Canaan, CT 06840 Telephone: 203.966.5429 Bruce Usher is CEO of EcoSecurities Group Limited, the world's leading climate change advisory firm. EcoSecurities advises renewable energy project developers on financing their projects through emissions reductions credits. EcoSecurities has worked on over 70 projects in more than 30 countries, in addition to providing services to many of the world's leading governments, multilateral organizations, NGOs and corporations in the climate change field. Prior to EcoSecurities, Mr. Usher was co-founder and CEO of TreasuryConnect LLC, which provided electronic trading solutions to banks, investment banks and Global 1000 corporations. TreasuryConnect was financed by investment subsidiaries of AIG Financial Products Corporation and Enron Corporation. TreasuryConnect was sold to eSpeed Inc, developer of the world's largest electronic financial marketplace, in 2001. Prior to that he spent four years as a Vice President and trader of structured derivative securities at Lehman Brothers in both New York and Tokyo.

Synopsis:
Invitation to dialog on "Carbon Credit Murders for A Faculty of Fraud" ..
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.. why did Saddam's Oil-for-Food bank, Paribas, join the May 2000 war games pitting Dr. Barnett's Naval War College or Dr. Deutch's CIA agents against traders employed by Cantor Fitzgerald, Espeed and CO2e.com atop the North Tower? .. Paribas hired agents to infiltrate and surveil Cantor's offices and subsidiaries for two reasons; first, to obtain intelligence about CO2e.com's daily carbon offset and emissions trading operations and its security measures and, second, to learn how to use Espeed's TreasuryConnect software and switch Cantor's $70 trillion per year sovereign debt and CO2 trades to Paribas investors (including OBL and Saddam!). By 9/11, after months of war gaming, the agents had learned how to switch trades to Paribas and the kickback trustees of their own pension funds after a real-staged terror event.
After the North Tower chicken caper the players all were given a 'status two' which meant they were released to resume their cover jobs. That presented a bit of confusion for Hamish as he didn't have a cover job.

Diehard had withdrawn to Australia to work out physically and he and Mlle S-F would be doing something never done as a man-dog tandem; they would practice free fall low opening parachute jumps as well as para-sail escape maneuvers from a UH1E operated by some assets in Orange Grove-Alice Springs, Australia. Each maneuver would be commenced at 1300-1400 feet and both man and dog had to consistently achieve favorable CEP and ETA before they were rewarded with beer or bones, according to their preferences.

Marquis d'Cartier when back to the Pacific Northwest where he took a sabbatical from the library telling his boss that he would be traveling to London, England to audit a 3 week course in 'electronic library technologies' when actually he had been hired for a second shift at Cascade under a pseudonym of Gwendolyn Reno. Fish had asked Marquis to do these daily doubles as the last of the 96 B737s to be weaponized where being pushed up in the delivery rate from one a day, to 3 a day. Further, Chips needed verification that the processes performed during the day where, in fact, different than but related to the conversions taking place at night.

Spanner went back into his covers in Amsterdam, Amelia faded from ADuc, Li returned to her cover leaving only Fish active, and Homi, Chips and Fox at response level 1. Dancer remained in the loop as well as Fish as they performed similar function although Dancer was active in Israel, posing as Hebrew history professor studying artifacts and the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Thinking that the perpetrators of 9-11 might 'bait and switch' and bring the entire power of KMPR and Canada Carlyle to bear on the Officers Club at Borinquen CGAS or the 'rum shacks' littering the Puerto Rico country side, Chips and Fox re-established their cover as Dr. Svelte-Thighs who was counseling Genitalia Failya, an Italian airline captain suffered from ED, and that does not refer to Mr. Ed, although the failed item was reported to be 'horse like'. As they luxuriated on the beaches, in the rumshacks, and on the 2nd story outdoor porches at FO3, Chips kept hammering home his message, however Dr. Svelte-Thighs keep complaining, I do not under stand the message, here are 3 tins of smoked oysters and 2 3 hp EOPs, please teach me oh hammer-artist to die for. And with that she turned her ghetto blaster on 'max' and the lovemonster was deployed for a finite period of time as a steel band played the same song from the lawn in front of FO3 Cliff Road.
As Chips was probing Fox, the steel band had to quit playing at 2300 hrs due to station noise policy, however as Fox have cleverly put the Lionel Ritchie song on 'continuos' the Greek Goddess and the redactable but seldom retractable Chips kept hammering home the message. At 0507 the University of Puerto Rico earthquake police recorded a 3.5 on the Richter scale at the same time CGAS Borinquen security receives numerous calls from station residents they heard a woman moaning for 37 minutes at 203 decibels. After a brief investigation, it was concluded that a lonely Peacock was simply lost on the station and was calling for other Peacock not to include Professor Peacock, Colonel Mustard or Professor Plum. And somewhere on the beach below the cliff a lone feral dog howled.

At 0510 the Bonophone went off with ID's including Red, Fish and Amelia. Chips took the call as Fox was 'fixing her hair and nails' prior to donning her Fuschia all nighter victory thong, as a reward to Captain Whopper for the excellent service. ANVT should not be confused with AVG which was the Claire Chennault's P40 Tomahawk and Warhawk united in China early in WWII, known as the Flying Tigers, just as Fox thought similarly of Chips. "Chips authenticate usual two," barked Chips as he whipped his bull neck around to see the Fuschia being gingerly installed into triangular target area [ TTA ].

"Chips, delete, no time. Red is on the line and needs to get some help up at the Ramshead prior to end of business July 4th, that gives you the level 2 response time, we are calling Nano, Dr. Paul-Z, Homi, Diehard and Hamish, we will have Amelia there of course and we will leave Fox, Dancer and Spanner remaining afield, how copy?" the Fish on the line asked.

"Roger that, however I have reason to believe that Fox is enroute to Annapolis on private business any way so perhaps we can allow her to attend and opine", as she opined his zipper and gave him a frontal view of the Fuschia hidden golden triangle as she observed the bulging in his Oscar de la Renta tiger striped Slinghot Rumpmaster in a fall pastel color similar to the gold of a sugar maple as Fox gave him a look communicating 'more like a platinum giant Red Wood' as she took custody of the PRTC. Chips was
making a Herculean effort to concentrate on the briefing as Fox was making it a challenge during her debriefing of him.

"Chips, et. al., Red speaking, me need to get together face to face and I will provide a UBS asset to serve as a mobile briefing unit [MBU] so assemble at the Ramshead on 4 July and be ready to board 'Red One' at 1712 hours" and questions?" as the head of the ADC, not Air Defense Command, but rather Able Danger Command.

Amelia had a question, thusly "General could we round that up or down to a 'quarter-hour?"

"Negative oh double agent of immense value to a Qui Tam some 7 years from now, that is just what they'd expect us to do, Red out" barked the general as he whipped his bull like neck about and Chips responded like a bull in rut as Fox go into the suspended bamboo chair with no legs to begin a 'spinner' such as was common during Viet Nam with Thailand or Phillipino 'friends of the yanks'.

After a solid 3 hours of spinning Fox and Chips determined that if they left right away they could catch a "slow boat to Annapolis" and do security briefings all the way. Chips was about ready to issue the suggestion "now rabbit ears" when Fox's Cuke-o-phone went off as did Chips. "Fox, usual two" responded the sudsing Fox to die for.

"Fox, Fish, pastel apricot, tangerine, can you hook up with Chips by 4 pm on the 4th at the Ramshead in Annapolis, it's for a face to face with most of the US assets?" inquired Fish.

"Yes, as a matter of fact I am in NYC visiting my two brothers, so Annapolis is a done deal." purred the future recipient of an Oyster transfer that could allow a Port St. Joe oysterman to retire 5 years early.
This woman is not the Fox, notice dark thong on business end and matching bra on pleasure end. If this were Fox the bottom would be smaller, the top would be more robust not to mention the entire costume would be on the coat-hook.

As everyone backed out of the clipper devices Chips got a quickie from Fish, "Chips, a Beechjet 400 is inbound to Aquadilla for an overnight stops. It is registered to a Honduran eco-banana firm, and it is filed out direct to Gatineau, Quebec ETD noon tomorrow, any questions oh Captain Everready?"

"I'm ready your mind, set it up for 4 pm today, full fuel, no tag alongs and please use sanitary moist towelettes on every knob, handle etc on the cabin of the jet, cockpit OK as Mr. So Vaque never goes 'up front'. ETA Baltimore 2020. Chips out."

As the Greek Goddess got some stick time, the auto pilot was engaged as the BE400 was going Vne plus 20 knots on a bee line for BWI at 17,500, transponder off. After a 3 hour and 45 minute over/under double ball hanger Chips had to answer his Bonophone so he gave Fox the book mark and responded to the ill timed call, as he whammed 2 dozen oysters he answered, "Chips, go ahead Fish."

"Chips, you are being shadowed by Vermont's F16s on remote alert out of Langley, confirm mission BWI?" enquired Fish.

"NFL Fish, I see an undercast from the surface to around 3000 feet, commencing operation Coronet Nighthawk, 50 feet, 400K, in the goo, ETA BWI 2012 as I have been pushing real hard for 3+ hours, confirm 'ride' from BWI."

"Roger the 2012, nice push. An ANG Humvee will meet you at the UPS ramp; if there are any unfriendlies you will get 3 purple lights in the flare, alternate Martinsburg."

"Charlie Charlie Chips out."

As Chips was setting the parking break, the Humvee approached just as Fox rethonged in pastel bayberry. As Stone Kohl opened the door for the lady he said, "Nice work dad, but they gave you 3 purple lights, why didn't you divert?"

"That's just what they'd expect to do" responded the master of the double dribble.

At 1712 on the 4th the team was assembled when the United Blood Service mobile unit pulled into the Ramshead parking lot and the driver went to an outdoor payphone appearing to be looking up an address. To keep all eyes on herself she kept hiding eco-bananas under her dress. When 'the team' was aboard she pickled off 13 bananas, hopped in the driver's seat and headed for the USNA cemetery near the Crew House where 30 years earlier Chips was #5 on the lightweight crew team.

Red welcomed everyone and shared "The analysis of DNA and explosive residues in the kitchen your chicken swept turned up positive for Croak-cain, positive for Avian Flu Virus, negative for expended ordinance, but positive for placed explosives, numerous Chesterfield butts, a set of fouled boxer shorts in waist size 42 and some male DNA in one chicken carcass, as well as Banana residue on the same said carcass. Hamish, what have you been able to put together?"
"Red I have reverse engineered money laundering and event arbitrage planned by Tom Barnett, and sponsored, it appears by KPMG and Paribas. Further my brother Diehard had taken a two part time janitor job there and he and Mlle S-F brought in a foursome of BS blood hounds from Arkansas and they were trained to follow only beer or human semen of politically correct congenital liars through the Vancouver Wobblies' penetration of the Chicago BEAGLES as they in turn penetrated various anarch-scatological leaders of Tomoye including Chairman Mo Strong, 'Eco-Banana Eric' and 'Y2K-Clipper-Dicker cryptologist Bravo Mike [ BM ]. Further Diehard, myself and Marquis d'Cartier have gone over both the Fresh Kills killing field and the tax-shelter/snuff film pig farm and found a solid link between DNA harvested at both locations and the Paribas transaction that sealed the fate of thousands of climate deniers, witnesses and whistleblowers on 9-11, we predict using our predictive software responded the anything but laconic Hamish.

"Diehard, your dog report please?" asked Red.

"Uggghh" followed by two long belches and a little canine punctuation rip from Mlle S-F. Hamish explained that meant 'ditto'.

Fox continued the briefing by report to Red that teams in Geneva, Athens, and Tel-Aviv had found problems with the 1 August license of TreasuryConnect software developed by Enron-AIG for eSpeed and CO2e.com to Paribas clients including Strong and the Desmarais family.

"Excellent report Fox, does Dancer concur?" asked Red to he got an affirmative head shake while Chips so a hint of pastel bayberry.

Amelia summed it up as the Bloodmobile made its third lap around the cemetery as a frustrated 2/c midshipman and his girlfriend wished they'd take a hike.

"Red, it all points to a deadline of 4 September for DoD to link Veteran Affairs retirements through 'TreasuryConnect' to UNEP carbon credit pool; any failure to meet the deadline results in Tomoye saboteurs and assassins launching net-centric warfare attacks on U.S. command centers in NYC and Washington, DC. It appears they wish to crush U.S. military morale by making military retirements impossible, just as they plan to do with retirement programs at all the airline companies.'

"Well team, we are up against quite an obstacle but we can surmount it or die trying, let's take 48 hours off and meet at the Ramshead on the 6th at 1712, dismissed.

As the team left the Blood unit, Chips saw a pair of 'grand titons' he'd be climbing 5 minutes after the door clicked shut. And a bayberry moisture monitor indicated there was a change in the wind.

Chapter 23 - "Premature Surrender!"
-August 2 – September 11, 2001

Hero Rats Demine AFBs and Monitor Early Withdrawal of State National Guards
Hamish recalls his nocturnal experiences as a boarder at an all boys' residential school in Kent, as a scholar at Queens' College Cambridge University and as a logging engineer on an offshore drilling rig in the Dampier Straights with Schlumberger before the Clintons' treasonous pardonee John Deutch became a director. He helps Hunter develop politically-correct 'legends' for 'Les Marquises de Cartier' and their lurkers to penetrate the Francophonie war rooms in Gatineau, Quebec, and Washington D.C. The lurkers collect oral, DNA, olfactory and videotaped evidence of a Tomoye-Desmarais' conspiracy to overthrow state and sovereign governments in Canada and America using coordinated acts of sabotage, assassination and event arbitrage fraud. Hunter asks Diehard for a parachute drop of 'Hero Rats' to help AD's working dog teams de-mine various U.S. Air Force bases and future crime scenes. Diehard's 'Dograt' teams monitor the premature surrender of America's military assets by the corrupt or terrified state governors of New York, New Mexico and Pennsylvania and their equivalents around the Anglosphere. The Hunters begin 'arbitraging arbitrageurs' by producing multimedia alerts to amuse their fellow citizens while simultaneously serving as relators in a Qui tam lawsuit where the United States will claim $4.5 trillion damages from the 'Global Guardians', seize all assets in the KPMG-Desmarais 'abusive' tax shelters and hit the UNEP loan sharks with the 'Doctrine of Odious Debts'.

Rats are highly intelligent and social creatures, with an extremely developed sense of smell. They are adapted to the environment and love to perform repetitive search tasks in exchange for a food reward. In Tanzania, the organisation APOPO trains African giant pouched rats to save human lives in sub-Sahara Africa, by detecting landmines and Tuberculosis. They are HeroRATS.
August 2 - September 11, 2001: New York Air National Guard Unit in Saudi Arabia as Part of Operation Southern Watch

About 100 members of the 174th Fighter Wing, part of the New York Air National Guard, are deployed to Sultan Air Base, Saudi Arabia, to patrol the no-fly zone over southern Iraq, as part of the ongoing Operation Southern Watch. The 174th FW is located at Hancock Field Air National Guard Base, five miles north of Syracuse, in Central New York State. It is currently equipped with 17 F-16 fighters. These are kept in a six-bay shelter where they are, reportedly, "ready to fly in any weather, at a moment's notice." The 100 members of the unit who go to Saudi Arabia are due to arrive back at Hancock Field at around 3 p.m. on 9/11, but as a consequence of the day's events are diverted to Canada where CIDA/CCC serves as custodian of the Defense Production Sharing Agreement (DPSA) on behalf of the Government of Canada and helps ensure a strong and integrated North American defense industrial base. Accordingly, CCC acts as Canada's international contracting agency to support the procurement needs of the U.S. Department of Defense (U.S. DoD). Under the DPSA, in times of crisis or conflict, CCC has been called upon to support the industrial mobilization of Canadian sources of supply in keeping with Canada's commitment to North American defense and security cooperation with the United States. All U.S. DoD purchases from Canada above USD$100,000 are to be transacted through the Canadian Commercial Corporation. Find out more about DFARS 225.870. When U.S. DoD purchases from Canada through CCC, it receives a guarantee of contract performance backed by the Government of Canada. This government-backed guarantee can provide additional peace of mind when purchasing from a [bonded and extorted] Canadian supplier with which U.S. DoD may not be familiar. CCC provides U.S. DoD an assurance that the specifications, terms and conditions of the contract will be met. The Defense Contract Management Agency (DCMA) is the branch of the U.S. DoD that works directly with defence suppliers to help ensure that U.S. DoD, federal, and allied government supplies and services are delivered on time, at projected cost, and meet all performance requirements. CCC serves as the point of contact for U.S. DoD procurement officials and the DCMA office located in Ottawa, Canada.

Raytheon August 25, 2001 - Raytheon and the U.S. Air Force lands a Boeing 727 in an anti-hijacking experiment; September 10, 2001 - Wife of David Kovalcin said her husband woke her up in the middle of the night complaining he couldn't sleep and that he seemed "very distressed" but she didn't know why; 9/11 - Five Raytheon employees are on three of the four hijacked planes. September 6, 2001 Raytheon/U.S. Air Force Holloman AFB, N.M., Raytheon Company and the U.S. Air Force have successfully completed the initial phase of flight testing of a system that provides accurate and reliable landing guidance for both rotary and fixed wing aircraft during low visibility (Category I and II) approaches. The flight testing, which took place at Holloman AFB, N.M., employed a Raytheon-developed JPALS demonstration system based on local area differential GPS technology.

After the 6 July meeting, attended by the same crew as the meeting 2 days previous, a Greyhound bus pulled up to the Ramshead in Annapolis at 1712 precisely and a chubby woman driver in grey Bermudas and a pin-stripe shirt, with short rolled up showing a tattoo 'born to boogie' on her ample right bicep jumped out of the bus leaving the door wide open and she drew attention to herself by chain smoking a crank sized cigar while continually trying to un-snuggy herself. Fortunately, it was not a double snuggy or a full blown wedgie or the bus would have departed late, just like UA93 did on 9/11. As the last of the biped and quadruped ADuc team boarded, "Chunky" ground her stogie out in her open palm, put it back in a breast pocket and swung her axe-handle butt back in the driver's seat. As it careened northwards towards BWI, Red brought the meeting to order.
As Chips listened to the General's every word he spied an on board biffy simultaneous to a sneak peek at pastel avocado puma stripes and a churning Fox. Fox thought, maybe if they could sneak into the biffy, they could hammer out a 20 minute zephyr and then complete a full blown enduro after they were dismissed, Fox was thinking maybe, and she was thinking about the oyster transfer procedure [ OTP ] when Arlene Smith climaxed the dop wop song and Fox just about had an unassisted event.

Red began by asking Hamish the first question, "Hamish, have you ever lived alone with men for extended periods where women were not living in a community be it a prison, an all male college such as Wellesley or a chain-gang?"

"Certainly Red, I was a boarder at an all boys residential school in Kent, east of Gatwick and west of Dover, over, as well as a time when I was a scholar at Queens' College, Cambridge University not far from Ely Cathedral", where Chips had once enjoyed a pint and a pub lunch while on cattle business. "Also I have worked offshore and in the bush on drilling rigs on 6 continents" responded Hamish C. Watson, master of the obvious. During the part regarding dilling and bush Fox feigned a choking episode and Chips, ever the gentleman, escorted her to the biffy to give a 'hind lick' maneuver, and it was particularly stimulating as Fox made choking and gagging noises to extend the validity of their kitchen pass from the briefing. While the confinement was too restrictive to allow the transfer of heavenly bodily fluids they enjoyed the 20 minute choking episode and Fox's throat did feel much better as they came out holding a piece of chicken, which Chips always carried around Dyke, the chain-smoking BEAGLE bitch.

"and in college the girls all called me the 'Flying Hawk'" concluded the world's greatest forensic economist. Strangely, Hamish, Fox and Chips were the only 3 awake, however as the bus ran over a set of trolley tracks everyone woke up simultaneously and said 'excellent points' to Hamish. Hamish had, in fact, stayed in the Oil industry until John Ditch, the treasonous Clinton pardonee, became a mis-director of Schlumberger. If there is confusion regarding Ditch, Clinton and treasonous it applies to all 3 of them, in my humble opinion. Hamish is asked to caucus with Marquis and see if they can penetrate the Francophonie war rooms in Gatineau and Washington. Homi immediately raised his hand and volunteered to assist in Gatineau, harking back to a night on the beach with the 32 year old lady with no sand in her Schlitz.

"Marquis and Hamish work as a tandem and do Gatineau Tomoye first, then go to MI in Washington, which is one block from Tomoye, then, time permitting, check out Tomoye's Washington campus. Types of intel sought are oral, DNA, olfactory and videotaped evidence of a Tomoye-Desmarais conspiracy to overthrow state and sovereign governments on both sides of the 48th parallel. And men, while in Gatineau share a room and act like partners, that way you will be better accepted. Homi and Diehard, we've gotten 3000 trained brown pouch rats and one wharf rat that you will be 'airdropping' into air and army national guard bases in Pennsylvania, New York and New Mexico, the detailed brief is in this lunch box emblazoned 'Willard's cheese'. Fish, maintain routine at Wedge One, Dr. Paul Z will be conducting 'short arm' inspections on KMPG tax shelter salesmen and any lonely men you can find near the UN in NYC. We have credentials and cover jobs for you Dr. Z in Los Angeles and Manhattan. That leaves Chips, Amelia and Fox as Dancer is still inside II/Mossad. Amelia back to your day job but stay clippered up with that 'rice krispy bar-phone' that your boss hasn't caught on to. Chips and Fox, we want you to be on a 42' trawler plying the Chesapeake and the Severn river, as well as Baltimore Harbor however no further south thank Mt. Vernon, probe the Coast Guard when other probings don't take all your time.
The entire team is dismissed to reassemble at the Annapolis Westin no later than happy hour, 2 August. We have rooms for each of you and the dogs and rats will be quartered at the U.S. Naval Academy Dairy so they will have ample dairy-air. Dismissed.

"Excuse me Red, you had no mention of my name" asked Dr. Nano al-Umina 'have you no mission for the world's best rocket scientist and on-again-off again Presidential candidate, not to be confused with M. Badnarik.

"Excuse me Nano, no disrespect but I understood that Fish had already briefed you on gaining employment as an elevator repairman in Building 1, 2 and 7 of the WTC. Your cover ID is James E. Gorlick, and your specific briefing items are in the lunchbox labeled Otis/UT/GE and 'Jamie'. See you all on 2 August.

As the bus door opened and the driver built like George Wendt of Cheers frame poured off the bus and into the Ramshead to wash out the "trail dust", Chips and Fox flagged down a Yellow cab and proceed to the Annapolis harbor to board their Hatteras trawler, which was tied up and idling smoothly a 'slot 6' as Chips was having similar thoughts.

Fox you cast in the bowline and sternline and pull up those yellow squishy things that absorb bumps, I will check for the no-go items. As the twins diesels barked to life a confident and oyster laden 'skipper' sent the signal to Fox to throw the mooring line to the pier and he went ahead 1/3 on the port screw and astern 1/3 on the starboard screw and the bow of the vessel rotated clockwise and selected 2/3 on port and ahead 1/3 on starboard the 'Good Ship Lollipop had steerageway so Chips went all head full as the avocado puma stripes were draped on the autopilot as Chips allowed the technology to steer the vessel as he was being half masted by the first mate. Being a man never to go half the way he removed his chambray shirt allowing Fox to be willingly submissive to his 220 pounds of chiseled steel and sex appeal. For security purposes they 'went below' as Chips had noticed a USCG French made Helicopter hovering over head and saw the three sets of 'field glasses' following the undulating Fox as she prepared to have the Captain 'come aboard'.

After a blissful 40 hour cruise that put a 14 tin dent in the oyster supply and nearly exhausted the supply of Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters, Chips turned off the auto pilot, went all ahead flank, and imagined what the vibrations of the twin drive diesels where doing to the insatiable Goddess from Greece who was taking a shower amidships as Skipper Honedripper had Farrugut Field in sight and he was heading directly to she sight of the 'seawall jumping Porsche' made famous in 1971 when two first class mids raced into the academy in a dead heat so they 'split' the in-out lanes of the main gate and continued racing in the yard, right up until they got to the 60 degree left turn at the sea wall. I cannot recall what was left of the Corvette but I do recall seeing the headlights of the submerged 911. As I was harking back some 30 years a buxom bronze goddess 22 years my junior settled into a deck chair as we were about 1000 feet from Slip 6. As she made herself comfortable I got an eyeball on 'peppermist twist' and nearly drove the Hatteras 42' footer the sailboat ahead who possessed right of way.

As we arrived early for the briefing I had the bartender find a bigger glass for a BSM and he returned from the kitchen with a 'ball-jar' that would have to do in a pinch. Fox had a glass of red wine as she wanted to be lucid for the all nighter following the briefing, and subsequent debriefing of the Peppermint Twist.
As Red walked into a conference room we all followed at sat 'anywhere' with Red at the head of the table and Fish at the opposite end.

Diehard reported his experience with the dog-rat dual strike tandems. He was brief and to the point, responding "ughhh" punctuated with a power belch and a modest, but manly, skivvy-ripper. Hamish summarized thusly "my brother said that the dog-rat teams performed better than expected with the exception of the single wharf rat which we all started to consider a LIUNA-FBI asset trying to get inside our system.

Hamish reported 'Operation Triple Prong" which set the Fox in play but was really a triphibious flanking maneuver where we were to arbitrage the arbitrageurs by producing multi-media products to educate and amuse the 95 percent of Americans who just want to have a job and care for their families as opposed to the 5% that eats Cheetos. The third prong was the role of our team members as Relators of a Qui Tam which was offered to US Attorney General on 10-2-08, withdrawn 1-8-08 and will probably be privatized prior to 1 February, 2008.

Fish briefed the group on the continuing pressure to disband Able Danger and Red nodded in disappointed agreement, signaling to us that for all intents and purposes AD was officially a thing of the past which made our under cover operations that much more important.

In a rare episode, Diehard uttered a second "Ughhhhh" which Hamish interpreted as "all 14 RatDog teams are qualified for air-sea-surface delivery to any of the 108 airbases world wide with the facility to recover electronically highjacked Boeings thru the QRS11 and the Boeing Uninterruptible Auto Pilot that Boeing had made public 4 days after a lawsuit was filed against Boeing and ALPA on 2-27-07.

Amelia spoke up and asked Red "General do you think it might be wise to appoint a surrogate to run ADuc in case things get too hot for you to handle as WJC put pressure on the agencies and the Joint Chiefs to stand down America?"

A sober and teary eye 4 star responded, "Amelia, I am effectively compromised and inerted and as of this moment command of ADuc is in Fish, with Chips as vice" which seemed absolutely appropriate as a flash of Peppermint made Chips reach for 2 EOPS and a room key.

"Well in that case General I’d say that's enough sobriety for this day, so let 'er rip potato chip", as he took a long pull on her BSM with Kosher spear and tooth picked olive. Fox was in a mood to pull a non-Kosher spear with two unpicked olives.

"Chips, would you please take my suitcase up to room 409 for me?" purred the prelubing Fox.

"My lovely Fox, we didn't bring suitcases, they are on the Never Dock at Slip 6" replied the professional, courteous and engorging Captain Turpid as the Fox pulled him off, the couch and directly to waiting non-Otis elevator for a safe ride to room 409 and then to a ride of another nature. As Chips twigged on the number 409 he started playing Beach Boys song in his spacious but not timed dead center mind. As the Peppermint hit the coat hook and the chambray shirt and Slingshot Rumpmaster hit the floor, a sudsing Fox said wouldn't it be nice if the room had a big shower?" And as the Beach Boys climbed into the rubber dinghy, there was another boarding taking place, and it was nice, very nice.
Chapter 24 - Strong CIDA, Weak Langley
-August – September, 2001

Voodoo Rats and Clinton's Underwear Expose Tomoye Plan to Destroy America
The Hero Rats, Dyke the Chesterfield-smoking Beagle, Le Marquis de Cartier and his bodyguard Big John, disguised respectively as Jean Bertrand Aristide, the defrocked Haitian voodoo priest accompanied by his lobbyist Fred Thompson, infiltrate Maurice Strong’s 9/11 war rooms in Gatineau, Quebec. They find themselves in a top secret Canadian International Development Agency command bunker deep below the Transportation Safety Board offices at 200 Promenade du Portage. They get by the guards by posing as Tomoye Guerrilla Knowledge Managers and exposing a flash of Bill Clinton’s pre-election underwear. M.C. asks Strong if the U.N. has developed any arbitrage investment opportunities in Haiti for example.
by selling sex tours to pedophile politicians while buying snuff films of political prisoners being killed for future leverage. Strong says no but Dyke thinks he's lying. AD team watches Strong's Lockheed Martin C4ISR contractors order Langley Air Force Base to send two-thirds of the 27th Fighter Squadron overseas to Iceland and Turkey. MdeC asks Strong, "Are you planning to destroy the rich industrialized countries, especially America" Strong says yes; this time Dyke thinks he is telling the truth.

"Acting on the advice of a "houngan" or sorcerer, [voodoo priest] supplied by then-exiled President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, Clinton did not change his underwear the last week of the 1992 campaign, voodoo practitioners say." An article of clothing, in this case, Clinton's underwear, is needed so it could be used for a 'full week cycle' to be completed. Only underwear could be used; no one can see the clothing being used in this manner. Shirts and any other piece of garment can be seen. This kind of witchcraft is know as "Sympathetic Witchcraft Magick." "The same houngan also cast a "maledition " on President Bush by manipulating a doll made in the president's image, goes the story. The torment climaxed when the houngan caused Bush's projectile vomit into the lap of the Japanese prime minister as the world press looked on, disgracing him with the public. [1992]" Malediction is "Jutu" in Swahili, and means "bad or evil magic". This word originated in the original Ashanti tribe, a term from the original Swahili. If a voodoo doll were constructed and used properly, President Bush could have been forced to vomit like he did. Bush would have been under a strong voodoo curse. "Those and other bizarre stories were being told the Haitian people through the Lavalassien, a newspaper published by Aristide's ruling Lavalas party. They were written by the Rev. Gerard Jean-Juste, who was a priest in Aristide's entourage. The Rev. Gerard claimed that Aristide had developed a powerful grip on Clinton's psyche [spirit] through the power of voodoo."

And also [CIDA is] financing fake NGOs that are supposedly working on human rights but really are working as police informants and also, for instance, cooking up fake information about Yvon Neptune, who is the legal Prime Minister who has been in jail for a year. And now, this organization, this NCHR, that CIDA has provided $100,000 to cook up information to put Prime Minister Neptune in jail, has been so discovered to be a fake organization, that its parent organization in the United States has asked them to change their name, to no longer use the acronym NCHR, which they have done a few weeks ago. So we're going to denounce the work of CIDA, the use of our tax money to participate in illegal activities in Haiti.

He is a huge political donor, not just here in Canada, but to both the Republican and Democratic parties in the U.S. as well. At age 29, he became president of Power Corporation, fusing his destiny to Canada's wealthiest and most influential families - including Paul Martin Sr. and Jr., now heir apparent to the prime minister. Strong hired Paul Jr. to work for him during a vacation from university. "We controlled many companies, controlled political budgets," Strong said of his time at Power Corporation. "Politicians got to know you and you them." ... He hobnobs with the world's royalty, too - and with dictators and despots. He once did a business deal with arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, and wound up with a 200,000-acre ranch in Colorado - which his wife, Hanne, runs as a New Age spiritual colony. He told Maclean's magazine in 1976 that he was "a socialist in ideology, a capitalist in methodology." He warns that if we don't heed his environmentalist warnings, the Earth will collapse into chaos .. Strong prefers power extracted from democracies, and kept from unenlightened voters. Most power-crazed men would stop at calling for a one world Earth Charter to replace the U.S. Constitution, or the UN Charter. But in an interview with his own Earth Charter Commission, Strong said "the real goal of the Earth Charter is it will in fact become like the Ten Commandments. It will become a symbol of the aspirations and commitments of people everywhere." .. There has been no one like Maurice Strong before, except perhaps in fiction - Ernst Blofeld comes to mind, 007's round-faced nemesis in You Only Live Twice. But
Blofeld sought to attack the world order, to challenge it from some remote hideaway - not to co-opt it, and transform it from the inside as Strong does. Blofeld would threaten a meeting of the UN; Strong would chair the meeting and script its agenda. Strangely, Strong once indulged his inner Blofeld, musing to a stunned reporter about a violent plot to take over the world through one of his many super-organizations. In 1990, Strong told a reporter a fantasy scenario for the World Economic Forum meeting in Davos, Switzerland - where 1,000 diplomats, CEOs and politicians gather "to address global issues." Strong, naturally, is on the board of the World Economic Forum. "What if a small group of these world leaders were to conclude the principal risk to the earth comes from the actions of the rich countries?... In order to save the planet, the group decides: Isn't the only hope for the planet that the industrialized civilizations collapse? Isn't it our responsibility to bring this about?" That's Strong talking, but those are Blofeld's words coming out. But this is no fictitious Bond movie villain speaking - it is the man who chaired the Rio Earth Summit and who is Kofi Annan's senior adviser. "This group of world leaders forms a secret society to bring about an economic collapse," continued Strong, warming to his fantasy. "It's February. They're all at Davos. These aren't terrorists. "They're world leaders. They have positioned themselves in the world's commodities and stock markets. They've engineered, using their access to stock markets and computers and gold supplies, a panic. Then, they prevent the world's stock markets from closing. They jam the gears. They hire mercenaries who hold the leaders at Davos as hostage. The markets can't close..."

U.S.-Canadian terrorism exercise run by NORAD called Amalgam Virgo II. Now the two planes, a Delta 757, with actual Delta pilots in the flight deck, will be hijacked by FBI agents as it makes its trip from Salt Lake City to Honolulu. That plane will be diverted in midair to Elmendorf Air Base in Anchorage, Alaska. The other plane, a Navy C-9, acting as commercial DC-9, will be hijacked by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police as is it goes from Whidbey Island at Naval Air Station to Vancouver International airport. Amalgam Virgo II was planned before September 11th, and involves 1,500 participants, no live fire, though, and no paying passengers on board. These are not scheduled flights. Now we don't know exactly how these hijackings will play out. Neither do the pilots. Even their bases from which the U.S. and military -- the U.S.-Canadian jets will be scrambled, don't know they are. As part of the exercise, those military jets will be ordered to either shoot the aircraft down, of course not really shoot them down, or force the airliners to land. Once on the ground, the FBI and Royal Canadian Mounted Police will do hostage negotiations. The purpose, NORAD says, to test and improve the coordination and communication between the U.S. and Canada, the FAA, the FBI, the airlines, should another hijacking take place ... Late August-Early December 2001: Fighters from Langley Air Force Base Deployed to Iceland for Operation Northern Guardian In late August 2001, two-thirds of the 27th Fighter Squadron are sent overseas. Six of the squadron's fighters and 115 people go to Turkey to enforce the no-fly zone over northern Iraq as part of Operation Northern Watch. Another six fighters and 70 people are sent to Iceland to participate in "Operation Northern Guardian." The fighter groups will not return to Langley until early December .. Operation Northern Guardian is based at Naval Air Station Keflavik, Iceland, the host command for the NATO base in that country .. The 27th is one of three F-15 fighter squadrons that make up the 1st Fighter Wing, the "host unit" at Langley Air Force Base in Langley, Virginia. The other two are the 71st and 94th Fighter Squadrons .. Langley is one of two "alert" sites that can be called upon by NORAD for missions in the northeast region of the US.

As Marquis d'Cartier drove the canine transport van, Mlle S-F kept watch while Diehard slept in the right seat. Dyke elected to ride in the back with the rats but Diehard insisted Dyke was behind the Rat Pack so the chain smoking bitch Dyke didn't reduce the olfactory discriminating rodent detectives. Once deployed at the Tomoye campus the rats would wait for the 'gay-lesbian-bisexual-transgender recess'
that was mandated by Quebec to keep these undesirables out of the office as much as possible. The recess was for 6 hours of each shift, and the one hour meal break meant these counterparts to the Boeing Beagles where only in the cubicles for an hour a shift, at which time the straight employees took their lunch break.

While it was costly from a corporate vantage point, it helped reduced the viability of North American Corporations so that corporations like BBC and KPMG could try and take financial advantage of the citizens of North America so that after western Europe is lost to the twin perils of birth control and open borders the same boneheads who gave away Europe plan to displace Americans, also through the twin perils of birth control and open borders. It my have worked if UA 93 would have been on schedule so it could kill most in both houses of Congress and absolutely terrify and survivors, perhaps women, children, Ketchup King and Shorty. As the chain smoking bitch went thru 3 packs of Chesterfields, Ratpack 1 played cards, ate cheese, sniffed each other and practiced squeaking French, Arabic as well as their native Rat-ese.

As the canine-transport stopped at a rest area, Mlle S-F followed Diehard into a stall so John could send a 4 pound message to the Francophonie. Dyke was let out to protect the van and the Rats assembled under the truck for jumping jacks and stretches so they would not fall victim to DVT [ deep vein thrombosis, very, painful to cheese eaters ]. Marquis took the elaborate costumes in and 5 minutes later out walked Jean Betrand Aristide and Diehard's rendition of Fred Thompson; lobbyist for the defrocked Haitian Voodoo priest. Mlle jumped between the bucket seats, Dyke Bitch tossed her last butt over to size 16 for a sniff deal, the rats climbed their mooring lines back into 'Cheese Center 6' and the Voodoo Priest for a day fired up the doggie deal and drove the remaining 4 miles to Tomoye's Campus. Just prior to the gate Marquis' peni-cam vibrated, triggering him to pick up the flashlight MI3 had provided according to Q's instructions. "Voodoo and Fred, at scene, 10 early, go ahead."

"Roger Voodoo, good news the "guess my preference nude water ballet" is today so most of the employees are out of the offices, the straight 88% were given compensatory time off so the naked swimmers would be treated 'equally'. Therefore just a skeleton crew so rather than the forced march for Rat Pack 1 you can back up to the kitchen and there is an exhaust fan disabled for the ingress and egress of RP1, have Fred take Mlle for protection and leave Dyke undercover to guard the front door, the only one not cipher locked. Fish out." Backing up to the kitchen the rats rappelled down the mooring lines and climbed, single file up the wall, into the fan, down the kitchen wall and then deployed in four 2-rat teams to surveil. They were covered in glue and Tabasco laden fur balls in case any felines were deployed defensively. The canine-unit was parked at 'Honored Guest' parking spot so Voodoo and Big Dummy could go in to the CEO reception area. As it was essentially a day off the main gate guard shack was empty but the guards had been 'inward deployed' to the General Office. As the rent-a-cop told the Priest and his lobbyist to sign in and put on temporary IDs, Voodoo said 'Yes Your Excellency' and Diehard grunted, but in a friendly manner. As Voodoo, Mlle and Fred strolled toward the CEOs office they heard a sound like taffy being pulled, strawberry and banana taffy, Mlle indicated in signals Fred translated into more precise Ugghghs so Voodoo would be in the loop. As they approached the CEO's office suite they saw a 32 year old women who didn't look happy, but didn't seem to have sand in her Schlitz on the other hand.

The lady asked, hey, "haven't I seen one of you at Tyndall AFB where one of your chopper rider buddies rocked my world for a good 3 hour stretch?"
"It certainly wasn't me" responded the Voodoo Holy-man with a photo of his significant other on his T-shirt.

"How about you, Fred was it?" she asked.

"Uggghhh" responded Fred without referring to a script or seeking the input of a director.

Voodoo interpreted, "Fred means no, it was not him either, but he'd be willing to go for a roll in the hay if you don't limit him to 3 hours, he further opines that he doesn't hit his stride or his complete engorgement until about the 5 hour and 12 minutes mark oysterless or 7 hours and 19 minutes with a 1.8 ounce tin." Mlle S-F twitched her right ear twice and the left ear once telling Diehard that the woman was in sudsing condition 3 and had not received recent service. As the young lady was 'thinking about it' the CEO's door opened and a shrimp walked out, he looked like a bit player in an Austen Powers flick. Diehard saw Cheetos stains, Mlle S-F picked up the scent of a banana, no wait, a small eco-banana. The quickly thinking Voodoo priest pulled out his peni-cam and monitored 'mini-me's' ambulation towards the monster loaf staging area [ MLSA ].

"Gentleman, please come in and make yourselves comfortable, Chairman Mo will return, he just had to fire a quick one off to Buffet and Gates" as Marquis thought of Jimmy Buffet and Diehard thought of Antonio Gates, the kick ass Tight End for the Chargers. "By the way, Jean-Betrand, you look a little different than our last meeting, are you feeling well, you almost look 'white'?”

"Very perceptive" he answered in French "my dermatologist has ordered me to stay out of direct sunlight due to my skin cancer. Plus I thought as long as I have been cut loose as a Voodoo Priest I may want to run for that Black Pope position that will be opening in 2008 according to my Voodoo Predictive Software [ VPS ].

As Chairman Mo returned he was somewhat taken aback by Voodoo's lighter skin which was explained away by Eric as he stroked an eco-banana below the desk level. Further he asked of Fred, "You don't look happy, is all well at Law and Order, GE and Tennessee?"
"Uggghhh" was the response, smelling a tad of Tiger meat and wintergreen Altoids.

"Fred has had a bad cold and lost his voice campaigning to stay out of politics", answered Voodoo in Fred's place.

"Well let's take a quick tour of the upgrades. I will lead you to the underground tube and we will be at the CIDA bunker in 5 minutes." As they got off the tube at CIDA a guard met them and Eric waved off the guard saying, "these guys are ours, they work GKM," said Eric as Fred and Voodoo held up a pair Slick Willy's pre-election boxer shorts, waist size 54. Marquis was happy it was pre-election rather than post-erection. Diehard 'ugghhshed' quietly.

"Chairman, has the U.N. developed any arbitrage investment opportunities in Haiti such as selling sex tours to pedophile politicians, pardon the redundancy, while perhaps buying snuff films of political prisoners being killed for future leverage?" asked the Voodoo Priest whose French sounded precise enough to be a research librarian and combat mop photographer.

"Not at the present, but it is a tantalizing prospect so we will consider this at the next UN taffy pull." Although Mo delivered the lines with a spontaneous feel, Mlle S-F indicated to Fred that Mini-me was lying.

At this point both Voodoo and Fred got 'Fish-o-grams' on the SMRs [scrotal mounted receivers] with Fish whispering "Bull-shit, his Lockheed Martin C4ISR contractors ordered Langley AFB to deploy 2/3 of the 27th TFS to Iceland and Turkey to further reduce NORAD's potency for the soon to be 'KMPG turkey shoot'" if ADuc is not successful in convincing the PFers we know everything they do." Fish went silent in response to Diehard's adjusting himself, a secret signal to be silent.

"My honorable Chairman Mo, are you and the gang planning to destroy the rich, industrialized nations, especially America?" This time Strong answers in the affirmative, and Mlle makes a humping motion which Fred and Voodoo recognize as canine for "this guy is a truth telling PFER".

After touring the command bunker and getting peni-cam HDTV quality footage, Voodoo and Fred asked to be returned to the main campus to take in the final contest in the nude water ballet, a very difficult 'boob and ball float'.

"Hey that does sound good, wanna go Mo?" blurted out the quasi aroused eco-banana stroker as he held hands with the Chairman whose last erection was in January, 1956, I think it was around the 10 of January. Once at the home campus the taffy pulling tandem headed to the pool while Voodoo gave a secret whistle and the chain smoking bitch Dyke flicked a Chesterfield towards a size 16 boot, whereupon it was snuffed out quickly without causing any "CO2day or CO2morrow" transfer of carbon credit.

As they approached the truck Voodoo asked if the rats could be recalled by Dyke but Dyke squatted aggressively as if to say "get real and take it like a man, the Rats were in the cage 20 minutes ago, missions complete and they are playing cards, smoking LRCs [little rat cigars] and enjoying wine and cheese in RP1 deployment cage 4B".

Dyke hopped between the seats and sat between Voodoo and Mlle as she was out of Chesterfields and
found on the trip north that downwind of a bunch of cheese eating rats is a bad gig. As Diehard belched, the dogs slept, Voodoo drove and the rats cut the cheese.

And 366 miles to the south the thongless Fox and the flaccid skipper were in quiet repose with no clothes as Chips asked Fox, "Boy, it is awfully pleasant tied up to this Nav buoy and gently rocking with the waves slapping the side of the boat. I cannot remember Fox, have we had 3 debriefings or 4 since lunch?"

As she passed him 3 18 count tins of oysters she admitted, I've lost count also, let us repair below deck and start over again at one. A suddenly energized monster of the midway became awakened as Chips grabbed a GWB and headed to the pleasure pit amidships. As he positioned himself for 'pre contact' she turned her iPOD on 'continuous' and began the Hues Corporations monster hit from 1974, as his monster was a hit also as after 3 hours the voyage was still underway and Chips had found a safe harbor.

Chapter 25 - BBC Viral News - Rats Mutiny
-September 24, 2001

Roland Rat 'SewerNet' Agents Find Bubonic Bio-Weapons Under Fort Belvoir

A surprise request to join the Hero Rat network is clippered in from Roland Rat, leader of a virtual group of mutinous puppets. Roland says his colleagues are being forced by BBC Director General Greg Dyke to read virtual (viral) news scripts to develop an easily manipulated "Wag-the-Dog" audience. Roland and the Hero Rats pool intelligence previously collected from subways, sewers, wash rooms and kitchens within earshot or snapshot of Global Guardian suspects - places where Abel Danger's more fastidious dogs often refuse to go. Roland briefs Hunter on emanations from the chemical, biological, radioactive and nuclear weapons stockpiled by Carlyle Canada and the Desmarais family to entrap, extort and kill America's top officials (TOPOFF) on 9/11. 'SewerNet' agents penetrate QinetiQ in the United Kingdom and mobbed-up Laborers' ('LIUNA') agencies in Washington D.C. They find evidence of a bubonic plague virus under the Defense Logistics Agency Headquarters Complex at Fort Belvoir. Hunter and the Captain Sherlock avatars determine that KPMG clients, Sodexho and AMEC, are ready to infect up to 20,000 workers at Fort Belvoir, including US Army Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM).

Army Restricts Access to Fort Belvoir The Defense Logistics Agency Headquarters Complex at Fort Belvoir. [Source: US Army] (click image to enlarge) The US Army sharply restricts public access to Fort Belvoir, one of its installations about 12 miles south of the Pentagon. After being an open post for over 25 years, Belvoir has now erected barriers across many of the roads leading into it, leaving only six guarded gates as points of entry and exit. Twenty access points are being permanently closed Fort Belvoir has about 20,000 workers and is home to many different agencies, including the US Army
Intelligence and Security Command (INSCOM), plus the headquarters of the Defense Logistics Agency and the Defense Technical Information Service. Occupying over 500 acres at Belvoir is Davison Army Airfield. The 12th Aviation Battalion, which is MDW’s aviation-support unit, is stationed at Davison. This operates UH1 "Huey" and UH60 Black Hawk helicopters in support of training and "contingencies" for various MDW units. Other reports will confirm an antiterrorism exercise being conducted at Belvoir on 9/11 (see 8:30 a.m. September 11, 2001).

As the end of summer always returns college kids to school, and family vacationers back to their humdrum, working 3-4 jobs for most parents to keep up to the financial oppression delivered to them by the Global Guardians who intend to force the financial collapse of America, for others, such as Fox and Chips, it allows them an opportunity to as non-revenue travelers to exotic love nests like the Caribbean, Ireland, England, the French Riviera, Milan or the mother of all leisure destinations, Fargo, North Dakota. Because Sweet Potato and Butterboy had already spent a week in Fargo’s most prestigious Hotel, they were conferring via Skype regarding spending a week in Wales.

The Hotel Donaldson is the perfect getaway spot, centrally located at the geographical center of North America. The 'HoDos' lounge mixes the second best martini in the Red River valley, behind the world renowned "Captain Double-woody's Death by Gin" which is made from Bombay Sapphire, a Claussen Kosher pickle half, and one garlic-stuffed Queen olives, and served in a 24 ounce schooner, stirred not shakin, to this I do affirm. Once on a trip to England Captain Good Wood had finished off 3 servings the previous night when, on a visit to Churchill's tomb, the red-eyed Captain burped and from inside the tomb a revitalized Winston opined laconically, "Hey Yank, mix one for me, Clipper me out, and I will help you defend America against the Global Rat Bastards that tried to destroy England in period 1939-1945." Or maybe Chips had imagined it as he was still legally hammered, and his co-investigator Fox was hoping to be hammered very soon.
The Skype conversation was interrupted by an "immediate Fish Clipper" that simultaneously went off in both Fox's Cucumber-phone, and Chip's Bone-o-phone as they were planning their next opportunity to go off together, take that either way.

"Fox on Fish"

"Chips on Fish preferring to be on Fox"

"Immediate message to "Chips, Fox, Homi, Hamish and Dancer, we have just received a clipper call from a sewer rat named Roland, as you may or may not be aware he is a hero in British culture and Roland have decided to mutiny and lead his Rat-puppet supporters to break away from their oppression at the hands of BBC Director General Greg Dyke. According to Roland's message which was difficult due to poor cel reception from the sewer below Victoria station, compounded by his phoney English accent as well as his poor manners in eating Wensleydale cheese he expressed the collective dismay of the rat-puppets as Dyke 3 was forcing them to read virtual news feeds instead of legitimate news, such as is the case by the privately corrupted NBC, ABC, CBS, MSNBC and FOX news in America. Roland and his mates see that the 'Wag The Dog' audience in England will be subjected to bull-shit 24/7, just as in America. And before his opinion is dismissed; this is an honest rat who works in the sewer 8-10 hours a day and certainly can discriminate between bull-shit and bear-shit, a skill he developed while working as an arbitrageur in the sewers under Wall Street on a college trip \textit{in the summer} of 1967. He remembers the Wall Street sewers as being very hot and very noisy however it was not completely unpleasant, the sound of the jackhammers overhead took into a Kumasutrat technique to employ on females who preferred his novel 'double ball hanger' jack-hammer style to other, less potent love offerings of which they been previously willing recipients, but alas we digress.

"Roland's sewer rats have been deployed internationally to locations within earshot or snapshot range of the Global PFers who intend to destroy America and therein shutdown Wisconsin's cheese industry, which would through domino effect kill off the labor-rats and they would wonder 'who took my cheese?'" Rats of the world, awaken your self, volunteer to deploy to washrooms, kitchens, subways, sewers and other intel-rich locations where those candy ass dogs refuse to serve become a member of ADuc burgeoning Roland Rat's Pay Back Team, and keep America strong so Wisconsin cheese doesn't go the way of Oldsmobile, Studebaker and Captain Hunter's MoJo.

"ADuc team, we need a 2 person team to liaise with Roland and Rhonda, his rat concubine, and we further need a team member who can interpret to break down delays in communications between English-speaking rats and English-speaking Americans or Greeks, who can be away today, 4 September, and be 'on site' tomorrow in London, any takers?"

Hamish replied on his Clipper Sherlock Holmes pipe-o-phone "I spent 30 years in oil and have been deployed on six continents and the college girls call me the great flying hawk..."

"Hamish" replied Fish, "Enough already, you are on Air Canada depart Vancouver at 1900 hours tonight destination Heathrow; AC69 is the flight number, once at Heathrow a private car will take you to Morgan's Pub in Crawley and then we need 2 rat human 2go between..."

"Chips can be on NW44 arriving LGW at 0900 and can be in Morgan's by 0945 even tho' the first happy hour doesn't start until 1700 hrs..."
"Fish, pardon the interruption Chips, but I can be on Olympia 69 arriving at LGW at 0830, I could wait for Chips and then I could shop for oysters while I wait for Chips to come. Then we could rent a Volvo wagon from Enterprise rent-a-car out the door on ground level and a brief 2 minute walk to the 'car hire office'; so that we can recognize each other in our disguises Chips can watch for a flash or red, flaming red with a tip of the sword to Joanie Charlatan in Fargo who is busy doing some refi deals while her husband watches the NFL and eats Cheetos."

"Wow, Fox that is quite a mouthful [ as Fox dreamed of Pinocchio ] sounds like a plan, I just love it when globally-significant intel work comes together so seamlessly, Fish out, make it work."

At 0900, 5 September, 2001, a 6'4" forensic economist appearing to be a man of some 58 years hailed a private car that was double parked on the sidewalk at Heathrow. As Hamish walked towards the Rover, he noticed purple funeral lights so he knew he had the correct vehicle and as the trunk popped open Homi and Duke, who had been briefing intel tactics asked Hamish to "be a good man and put your luggage in the back seat, we are discussing rat-canine signals in the dark to be ready for tonight's operation" said the blindfolded Homi and as Hamish closed the trunk of the 2001 Rover he noted that Duke also was blindfolded, apparently so they could gain trust and learn signals that work in dark places, like the hearts of the Global Guardians and treasonous cowards who facilitated the unsuccessful TOPOFF attempt due to be revealed some six days from this very day.

As Hamish settled in the Rover he opined "If Chips was here he would probably say "I drov'er in my rover to dover hoping she would not blow my covert over".".

"Hey Hamish, I am here, remember you are clippered up through your phony Sherlock Holmes turbo-pipe that QinetiQ in MI3 configured with Thales' SmacSonic. Fox and I are at the car rental office, they didn't have a Volvo wagon so we were given a Mercedes at a discount, oops gotta go, the car is here, we
will be at the Aurora International, call us 5 minutes from arrival and we will have a briefing in my room, questions?"

"Yes was that briefing or debriefing Chips?"

"Hamish the briefing will be in my room, then, as we all take naps a debriefing will occur in Fox's room code-word red, flaming red, Chips out.

The Rover 75 finished laying a 126 foot patch of rubber after Stone Kohl had slammed the sausage to the old girl, when Hamish felt the urge to urinate and in the trunk Homi told Duke, "it's fun to run with the big dogs and rip up the TOPOFF perverts" just as the LT1 engine hit 5500 RPM, shifted into 2nd and laid another 35 feet and 3 inches of rubber. Once on the M1 and heading towards C23 south the LT1 was gliding along effortlessly at 140 mph; they didn't know the KPH because only sissies use KPH. 42 minutes after leaving Heathrow, Stone Clipper Fox and Chips with an ETA and Chips and Fox realized it had to be a lightening round, double dribble, quick rethong to Lemon Sherbet and out the door in 3.

As the Rover arrived at the front door, Hamish got out of the passenger side, Homi and Duke got out of the trunk, and Stone as Chips and Fox "where shall I stick it" went to level 3 PL while the ever affable, never flappable Captain Whopper directed him to the 'Police Only' parking spot outside of Morgan's pub. As the car was parked, locked and put on security condition 'orange' Stone walked in, joined 4 private dicks and a dog, and thanked his dad for the morning Becks as he sat down for a quick briefing before the names or rethongins as appropriate.

Stone had thought there was a mistake made and he queried thusly, "Did I hear 4 private dicks and a dog, if so, we are one short of one private dick" observed Stone Kohl as he polished off his first Becks in record time.

"You heard correctly Stone" purred the Greek Goddess "4 it is Homi, Hamish, your dad and you, I will share with your father" exuded the Fox as Chips protruded.

Well now that we have it so politically correct the Bill Mahher would believe 9-11 was a ruse, let's turn it over to Roland via live audio/video feed from his sewer dinghy, Crapper One, named in honor of the Englishman who invented the indoor toilet.

"Good morning team, thank you for entrusting the Sewer Rats to deliver good intel just as in Viet Nam the River Rats delivered good MigCaps and fire suppression in facilitating rescues of downed airmen.

Situation: We are now deployed globally at every nuclear, biological, chemical and radioactive weapon stockpile from east to west. We have cooperating rats in all weapons facilities and military and corporate offices in every one of the Francophonie member states except Wino’s bidets, there are some things that even rats will not do.

Mission: Monitor the escalation of movements of weapons, command links and VPN encryption keys globally within the OIF, Washington DC, and Mukasey's Southern District Courthouse in Manhattan as well as the command post in Bldg 7 WTC.

Execution: Doggedly follow all major players including Carlyle Canada executives, the Desmaret Dipshits
and the rat-boys who will be in Austria and Australia on 9-11. QinetiQ in the UK and LIUNA assets will be covered 24/7.

Admin: Fish in DC has control thru ADuc, Amelia the beltway bandit plays 2 fiddles in Washington Roland and Chips will be in charge during "Sewer Net 9-11", a sewer defense exercise with the brand new, never tested ROE [ rats on edge ].

Command and Control: lead rats globally are clipped up to RASD technology and will respond according to the frequency of the 'humming in their little rat bums [ LRBs ]. The Rat Anus Signal Discriminator has been field tested to 99% reliability.

While we Rats will support you humans and canines to prevent the TOPPING OFF of Americans elected officials on 9-11 with the simultaneous corruption of the Continuity of Government and the command and control of NORAD and the United States Navy, I wish to have you gain confidence in our abilities by listening to this 'tub tap' from the drain below a heart shaped pool as two OIF PFers ate chili and blew bubbles recently in Niagara Falls.

In summary, as we rats, dogs and forensic economists join forces to save the world, let us not discount our enemy. They have bubonic plague virus stored at Ft. Belvoir, sufficient quantities to infect up to 20,000 workers including those at the US Army Intelligence and Security Command. KPMG, Sodexho and the AMEC PFers are willing to do whatever it takes to destroy America and Germany, in that order, and bring the world into the Francophonie. Fellow Rats, Dogs or Bipedes In Defense of the Anglosphere BIDA, now is the time for all good men, rats and dogs to come to the aid of their country, unless those rats, dogs or bipeds are PFs of the OIF. That is all, you are dismissed, however before you go listen to this set of lyrics and get your game on.

As Lee Greenwood has called us all to action, let us not delay in taking our place in the defense of the United States of America, regardless of terrible cancer that has infested our Courtrooms, Boardrooms and the Agencies at the behest of the GGs and the Octopus, KPMG. Oysters can kill an Octopus, easy. Join Hunter's Wingmen as we gather the greatest formation flyers since the Tuskeegee Airmen of WWII; they never lost an escorted bomber to the Luftwaffe, and we the HW are not going to lose this battle either. God Bless the Tuskeegee Airmen, God Bless global commoners, and God Bless the USA.

A B-17 War Story

A most unusual story. This one should be read around the world. God shows up in the form of a German pilot.
Charlie Brown was a B-17 Flying Fortress pilot with the 379th Bomber Group at Kimbolton, England. His B-17 was called 'Ye Old Pub' and was in a terrible state, having been hit by flak and fighters. The compass was damaged and they were flying deeper over enemy territory instead of heading home to Kimbolton.

After flying over an enemy airfield, a German pilot named Franz Steigler was ordered to take off and shoot down the B-17. When he got near the B-17, he could not believe his eyes. In his words, he 'had never seen a plane in such a bad state'. The tail and rear section was severely damaged, and the tail gunner wounded. The top gunner was all over the top of the fuselage. The nose was smashed and there were holes everywhere.

Despite having ammunition, Franz flew to the side of the B-17 and looked at Charlie Brown, the pilot. Brown was scared and struggling to control his damaged and blood-stained plane.

Aware that they had no idea where they were going, Franz waved at Charlie to turn 180 degrees. Franz escorted and guided the stricken plane to and slightly over the North Sea towards England. He then saluted Charlie Brown and turned away, back to Europe.

When Franz landed he told the C/O that the plane had been shot down over the sea, and never told the truth to anybody. Charlie Brown and the remains of his crew told all at their briefing, but were ordered never to talk about it.

More than 40 years later, Charlie Brown wanted to find the Luftwaffe pilot who saved the crew. After years of research, Franz was found. He had never talked about the incident, not even at post-war reunions.

They met in the USA at a 379th Bomber Group reunion, together with 25 people who are alive now - all because Franz never fired his guns that day.

Research shows that Charlie Brown lived in Seattle and Franz Steigler had moved to Vancouver, BC after the war. When they finally met, they discovered they had lived less than 200 miles apart for the past 50 years!
Chapter 26 - Clinton BEAGLES Bugger Condit's Boeing

- September 4-11
Hunter deploys the newly-expanded team of Mad Dogs, Hero Rats and Abel Danger counter-intelligence experts behind (and beneath) enemy front lines in Chicago, New York, Washington, D.C. and Gatineau, Quebec. AD inserts remote-sensing bisexual, gay, lesbian and transsexual glove puppets through a backdoor into U.S. Investigation Services espionage network set up by the Clintons for Desmarais and KPMG clients. The puppets monitor internal communications between Bill’s body fluids, Hillary’s IRS and tax shelter managers, the anarcho-scatological Wobblies and BEAGLES sexual encounter networks. Hamish thinks KPMG client UBS and Countrywide, just across the Chicago River from the new Boeing HQ, is using abusive Son of BOSS performance bonds to ensure Phil Condit and his fellow Boeing directors
stay with the program. The glove puppets pick up real-time SIGINT where Boeing's top officials (TOPOFF) are given their orders for 9/11: they must not interfere with the script of the Canadian war game; they must transfer operation of the Iridium 'decoy-and-drone' command and control system to Mineta's cronies at Lockheed Martin and the U.S. Department of Transportation; they must link Boeing's treasury accounts to TreasuryConnect software operated by UBS at One North Whacker Drive and, they must support KPMG event arbitrage frauds by laundering profits through their Son of BOSS Tax shelters. Marquise deC calls in to say that AMEC has placed saboteurs under the Boeing HQ and Mena contract hit teams outside Condit's home. AD monitors the BEAGLES and LIUNA Local 2097 air traffic controllers as they test Boeing's uninterruptible autopilot and 'anti-hijacking' systems over the next week. Hunter's pilot friends tell him that CIA and the Chinese PLA have global control of at least 150 illegally weaponized Boeing passenger jets. Detective Bob G. Homicide digs up records on 'Arkancide' which appear to confirm the Clintons' racketeering M.O., including the stuffing of dual-use frozen chickens to transport and conceal bio-weapons, drugs and/or explosives which, on evacuation can serve to satisfy the violent sexual appetites of the Tomoye's' "Militants Syndicalistes". Readers please note: While AD's fecal wallowing rats and lie detecting dogs wilted at the prospect of dying on 9/11 after being "Buggered by BEAGLES" the unshakeable faith and impossible dreams of their leaders, Roland Rat, B.J.'s bitch 'Dyke' and the Hunters' pulled them from behind.

The problems with the 1997 privatization of the Office of Federal Investigations (O IF), which ultimately became U.S. Investigations Services (USIS), now owned by The Carlyle Group, were known to members of Congress, according to a former OFI official. A number of employees of OFI, which was part of the Office of Personnel Management (OPM) before privatization, refused to accept the terms of the Employee Stock Ownership Plan (ESOP). The late Democratic Senator Paul Simon of Illinois was particularly opposed to the privatization of OFI. After OFI became USIS, the timeliness and quality of the security background checks conducted on Federal employees quickly deteriorated according to former OFI employees. They saw USIS being turned into a cash laundering operation whereby a few officials at the top became instant millionaires. Insiders also report that USIS "branched" into other operations never before conducted by OFI/OPM. These other operations were the focus of Col. Ted Westhusing's investigation when he was "suicided" in Baghdad.

Boeing HQ Chicago, Fly to New York - But if there was any lingering sense of shame, it didn't deter Condit from his taste for lavish living. In the early '90s, he built a massive medieval-style mansion outside Seattle, replete with a custom miniature train that chugged from room to room, delivering drinks to guests. Condit hosted elaborate parties that often included poetry readings and evenings of Camelot themes, featuring characters from King Arthur. Now, Boeing has a fleet of corporate jets, including a 737 for Condit, done up in English-library style. Condit's personal life was similarly prone to excess, and it began to raise eyebrows within the company and among directors. After his second marriage, to a Boeing secretary, broke up in 1990, Condit embarked on a relationship with a Boeing receptionist, Laverne Hawthorne. They dated for about six months -- until Condit got promoted to
president in 1992. About the same time, the company's customer relations department downsized, and Hawthorne was issued a pink slip. She told BusinessWeek that she immediately went to see him in his office and reminded him of promises he had made to her. As Hawthorne recalls it, she looked him in the eye and said: "One of us in this room has balls, and it certainly isn't you from which Hunter infers that Condit, the only aeronautical engineer on Boeing's board of directors, was being buggered by a BEAGLE." .. Said one Boeing lawyer to a senior Boeing executive: "We have another Bill Clinton on our hands [from which Hunter infers Bill deployed buggering BEAGLES]."

I am proud of the part that my Administration has played to achieve these goals. Today, more openly gay and lesbian individuals serve in senior posts throughout the Federal Government than during any other Administration. To build on our progress, in 1998 I issued an Executive Order to prohibit discrimination in the Federal civilian workforce based on sexual orientation, and my Administration continues to fight for the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, which would outlaw discrimination in the workplace based on sexual orientation .. I continue to call upon the Congress to pass meaningful hate crimes legislation to strengthen the Department of Justice's ability to prosecute hate crimes committed due to the victim's sexual orientation. .. This June, recognizing the joys and sorrows that the gay and lesbian movement has witnessed and the work that remains to be done, we observe Gay and Lesbian Pride Month and celebrate the progress we have made in creating a society more inclusive and accepting of gays and lesbians .. Now, Therefore, I, William J. Clinton, President of the United States of America, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of the United States, do hereby proclaim June 2000 as Gay and Lesbian Pride Month .. In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this second day of June, in the year of our Lord two thousand, and of the Independence of the United States of America the two hundred and twenty-fourth. William J. Clinton.

As any forensic economist can tell you, the key to following the money trail backwards and thus, in effect, reverse engineer an apparent incident or accident to determine who, if any, may have benefited from an apparent accident in a financial way. First look at the weapons, then the opportunity to determine motive. HawksCAF/USDOJ.gr knew on 9-11 that the official story was impossible so we identified the weapons; weaponized Boeing airliners and drones configured illegally with QRS11 Gyro Chips, Boeing uninterruptible auto pilots and SmacSonic explosives. Often we are asked how we could connect all the dots. We'll we perhaps could not have if we hadn't been inside their heads, their private networks and in attendance of some of their most important meetings. However, not all humans process information equally well, listen to this representative song from the Amboy Dukes, with Ted Nugent on lead guitar: most of you probably don't listen critically to the lyrics, but some of us do. The message, if there is one, is in the words not the music. Sort of like in this eBook, the message is in the 9-11 evidence of fact, not in the thongs and Grolsch. But the corner of Grolsch and Thong is a good gig if it can be arranged, and trust us, it can. However, it is a reward for a job well done. So we will get back to doing our job now, and just like Elvis Presley we will be "Takin Care of Business in a Flash". The DOJ and agencies have been sitting on 9-11 since 9-11 and we at HC/GR have wrapped up our conclusive investigation created 5 videos and filed 3 lawsuits in a mere 14 months.

Chips and Fox had just begun Round 7 of a ten round enduro when the Bonophone went off at 1130 PM in room 269 of the Aurora International in Crawley, just south of Gatwick Airport, as Chips passed the Cucumberphone to Fox as selecting vib level 6 he answered "Fish, Chips this better be good."

"Well it could be good or bad, Red thinks we might not be able to stop the attacks so we are developing
a dual lane strategy to stop it if we can or limit its lethality if we cannot, either way we believe there will be morts amongst us. We are calling everyone back to DC immediately, no expense spared, we need to gather at the Lengthy Portion for a rather sober briefing with Red, tomorrow, 7 pm eastern, hotels are set and the basic briefing guide will be faxed securely and find its way under your door overnight; you, Homi, Hamish, Fox and Stone Kohl all are on KLM 69 departing Gatwick at noon, get some sleep."

"Fish, KLM doesn't fly from Gatwick to Dulles.."

"Oh yea of little faith a new delivery A300-200 is dropping in between Toulouse and Detroit for "maintenance" and you and the misfits will be taking it over and to deliver to Dulles, whereupon a check is issued to the airline company and their delivery pilots move it to Detroit. Make it happen oh Captain Good Wood. The dogs and rats will be in coach, there are plenty of First Class seats so everyone can have a row, I put in wake-up calls for the team at 0600 and the Hotel staff is passing departure times and itinerary under the doors as we speak, and confirm you are in room 271 Chips."

As Fox drained the 4 D batteries in her bookmarker, Chips checked to see if the connecting door was still open and replied "That's Charlie Chips, I will walk to the door and check once we are done."

"What's with 'we are done' you are alone at this hour of the night, I trust."

"I meant you and I being done talking, i.e. we are done and you can always trust your car to the man who wears the star, Chips out" as Chips was in with the cucumber out. Remember it's good to have vegetables 6 times a day.

"Oh my fair Chips, let's try to beat the deadline to started number 8 before midnite and if we make the deadline I will give you my midnight confessions" purred the owner operator of the best sudsing MayTag in 48 states and 4 Canadian provinces. As they crossed the finish line, together, at 1159, as promised Fox delivered by pressing start on her iPOD as Chips pushed start on the bipod alongside the Captain of the Neverdock.

"Well Chips I hope you understand my midnight confessions, now let's get back to hitting that 10 a day threshold and see if we can penetrate that barrier " cooed the Nightingale of loves as Captain Whopper drained 3 cans of Smoked Oysters knowing it would truly be a run for the roses. As a tribute to Dan Fogelberg who recently passed away will leave his 'Runs for the Roses' out, but you tube it and listen to 'fire of the mare and the strength of the stud" as suddenly reminded, Chips had 3 more Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters, and an ounce of distilled water from the $4.50 dollar 12 ounces bottle generously provided by the hotel staff. Al Hotair must have thought up his phony baloney carbon credit fraud in a hotel such as this, not to be confused with James Webb's book entitled "A Nation Such as This". I'd stick up an image but it would be redacted, I opine laconically.

At the end of round 9 Chips had a confession of his own; they had to be in the lobby in 45 minutes so the elusive mantle of 10 in 24 seemed unachievable. When Fox heard their goal may be scuttled she took things into her own hands and coaxed Chips back into shape and offered to count a lightening round and a double dribble as valid, just like the asterisk next to Roger Maris' HR record, or the championship of the NFL strike shortened season NSSS, the last year the DOJ ran efficiently.

In the interest of saving time an water, a valuable eco-resource, they showered simultaneously standing cheeks to cheeks so as not to be observed by the shower mate of the opposite. As they piled out to get
ready Fox got a visual clue that Perry Scope was thinking about it so she had to pile back in and rinse of a few more suds, while Captain America drained a breakfast Grolsch.

Once out of 1000 feet Chips told Stone, it's all hooked up, please ring me in the CRF once we are talking to "New York Center" and we are coasting in not to be confused with the best instrumental ever in the love song category which Capt Ten Times hooked into the PA so Fox in the CRF would know it's time to 'drop the laundry' and get ready for the first 5 of ten.

As the double breasted mattress thrasher piped him aboard the 50ish Captain Never Dock recalled the Navy motto, 'underway is the only way' as his greyhound of the Atlantic plied the rolling thunder dished out by the designer of a truly safe harbor.

"Captain Never Dock, your presence is necessary on the flight deck presently" came the call from the DTB [ debriefing terminator button ]" as Stone followed the Captain's orders.

A winsome and writhing Fox took the mike in one hand that Captain Everyready in the other hand and Captain Perry Scope in the other and asked Stone to go into holding for about 3 hours to which the carbon copy declined saying "Negative Greek Goddess who's athletic abilities are only bested by your beauty, unhand the Skipper and then both of your repair to the cockpit" whereupon he signal and escalation of real world conditions as he said cockpit instead of flight deck.

As the parking brake was set Chips asked Stone to clean up the cockpit and do the logbook so Chips could visit the plainclothes that got out of the US Postal van with purple lights, as Fox adjusted herself to allow passage Chips noted 'red-white and blue' and started whistling "It's a Grand Old Flag, It's a Highflying Flags" as his periscope stood up to honor the veterans, most recent of which was Fox.

Fish met Chips on the jetway and said we have to beat feet to the Ratskellar in Georgetown, which was brevity code for Ramshea in Annapolis. As the last of the six two rats RTDs was loaded [ rat team deployable ] were gently placed in the rear Fish had Stone follow the 'on board navigator' to an FAA security gate which was opened by a Somalian coming in to work to cater outgoing flights.

As Fox sudsed at the picture of Chips having suds, Fish shared the sobering news: Red would hook up with the team at the Ramshead for a ten minute briefing, but the outline of the current condition was printed for all to have a copy of.

Fish and Amelia would 'rat check' DC, Marquis and Hamish, Gatineau, Fox, Chips and Nano had Chicago, Diehard and Homi New York. Chicago was key and Nano had once worked there so he would handle explosives and videos as Chips and Fox oversaw everything for a window washing rig on the KPMG, UBS and Boeing facilities on Whacker Drive, the central control nerve center for the Whack that our Qui Tam will Pay Back. Remember: ADuc inserts remote-sensing bisexual, gay, lesbian and transsexual glove puppets thru a backdoor, not the gerbil backdoor, but one humans walk thru as they walk into USIS which is the espionage network set up by the PFers in the years 1997-2001, if the pattern is intact. The back door entrants [ BDEs ] work as advertised in the italics preceeding this text FBO KMPG, Team ARKANCIDE, and other degenerates loyal to the OIF whose official theme song is 'oink'. Thought for the day - Hamish has to be with Janitor Peni-cam in Gatineau as they are both fluent in French, or should that be effluent, alas I digress. Hamish has given Chips a briefing on KPMG, UBS and Countrywide that is so hot that it can only be hidden in a patriotic thongs and shared with those with access keys, not encrypted but rather activated if EOPS and Smoked Oysters are ingested simultaneously to peering at a
pair of 40Ds, also known as 'double whoppers' plural as opposed to 'doublewhopper' singular. It appears that Boeing's move to Al Caponeland and Bondit's compliance to the Octopus on 9/11 was one option, death by Arkancide the other. Further if they interfered with the Canadian script for the first live mass snuff of 9/11, they must transfer Iridium's control of the decoy and drone office at Lockheed Martin and the USDOT, while linking Boeing's treasury accounts to TreasuryConnect software in favor of UBS/KPMG and allow the Son of Boss Tax Shelters to launder the profits of the event arbitrage frauds created by KPMG. M. d'Cartier has uncovered the fact that AMEC has engineered sabotage weapons beneath the main floor of Boeing World Headquarters and further that Arkancide hit teams have Condit in their lethal zone if he make a regrettable decision. ADuc monitors the cooperation between BEAGLES and LIUNA local 2097 as they tweak their ability to employ the BUAP and the electronic hijacking facility they have deployed, via the QRS11 Tri-axial GyroChip, which squares with reports by military and airline flying buddies of Chips which suggests CIDA and Chinese PLA have at least 150 deployed weaponized Boeings in their 'airline arsenal'.

As Homi's rendezvous is engineered, Homi clippers in that the racketeering M.O. of the chicken plucking friends of Titan chicken include stuffing of triphibous chicken carcasses with Croak-caine, Avian Flu or explosives.

"In summary, we are all reminded that while ADuc's fecal wallowing rats and lie detecting dogs wilted at the prospect of dying on 9/11 after being 'Buggered by the BEAGLES', their unshakeable faith and ability to dream the impossible dream of their leaders; Roland Rat, Dyke [ chain smoking beagle bitch ] and Hunter's Wingmen encouraged all on to press on to victory, and if death should supplant victory, a noble purposed will have been served. Something PFers, OIF fruitcakes and Arkanciders could not understand. As we have arrived at the Ramshead for our last group meeting before the big day, Red wants to allow you all to make a big decision with a free conscious."

A tired and clearly worried JCS 4 star address his undercover assets humbly, "Ladies and gentleman, fierce dogfights, and rats who slug it out no matter the conditions, our DoD computers have been corrupted and as you know Able Danger proper is iner ted, as your commander in name only, I wish to advise you that we estimate that there is only a 31% chance of victory, and if we suffer defeat it will probably mean you will be risking your lives at the locations which you have drawn as assignments. I will turn away and close my eyes and ask that Amelia and Fish record those assets who seek relief of the duty, including Amelia or Fish. Those who wish out are excused, with honorable releases from voluntary duty. Over to Amelia and Fish."

Amelia said soberly, "Anyone wishing to fade out please raise a hand, a rat-tail or a paw."

As the collage of crime fighters looked around a postal-van eruption of applause, yelps and rat squeaks became deafening allowing Fish's confident announcement to Red, "Sir your team will honor our oaths, there are zero fadeouts."

As Red teared up he said, "Repair to the bar, drinks are on the KPMG auditors" referring to part of the Pentagon missing stash [ PMS ].

As they entered the Ramshead, Red calmed the local crowd and introduced what he called "Abe Danger, the greatest intel asset that the US military has deployed since the Code talkers embedded with Marines at Guadalcanal. A thunderous roar of support faded out to the ADuc theme song, which
addresses the possibility of death while in service to one’s country from ionosphere to sewersphere without qualification.

Chapter 27 - BBC News Rat - Ground Zero Sting
-September 5-10, 2011

Roland Rat prepares to hack into TOPOFF news feed from QuebecNewYork.CON
The BBC Director General Greg Dyke charters a Concorde and unwittingly sends double-agent Roland Rat and the SewerNet mutineers to join Quebec-New York 'Wag-the-Dog' virtual news networks and develop a script for the top official (TOPOFF) war game of 9/11. Being bilingual (French and English) Hamish and Roland infiltrate BBC, CNN, Vivendi and Radio Canada camera crews. Teddy, Det. H. and several other AD bipeds don Blind Sheikh costumes made to order by Hunter's Kazakhstani couturier. Big John uses his military Motorola radios to direct his crotch-sniffing lie detectors. The dog handlers surveil KPMG and the QuebecNewYork.com men as they set up a Ground Zero killing field and locate the Molten Metal bomb kits built by Canada's Martec and Mineta's Lockheed Martin. The plan is known; create a panic belong on the New York Stock Exchange and short in Chicago. By Monday night, Hunter realizes he can't stop the Tuesday attack; Clintonista and USIS agents have corrupted and terrified the principals at DOJ and FEMA. Hunter borrows a storyline from "The Sting"; he orders the News Rats to hack the BBC, CNN and Radio Canada virtual news feeds and disrupt the timing of the bogus TOPOFF broadcasts. He places his human assets in the fire halls, streets, and roofs of the Big Apple targets. He calls his air traffic controller friends at Logan, Dulles and Newark and tells them to delay the departure times of Flights 11, 175, 77 and 93. In particular he tells them to make sure that United 93 never reaches the Capitol Building to complete the TOPOFF. The Abel Danger teams bed down for a long, uncomfortable night.

The Sting is an Academy Award-winning caper film from 1973 set in September of 1936 and revolving around a complicated plot by two professional grifters (Paul Newman and Robert Redford) to con a mob boss (Robert Shaw). The story, created by screenwriter David S. Ward, was inspired by some real-life con games perpetrated by the brothers Fred and Charley Gondorf and documented by David W. Maurer in his book The Big Con: The Story of the Confidence Man. The movie was directed by George Roy Hill, who also directed Newman and Redford in the classic Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. The title phrase refers to the moment when a con artist finishes the "play" and takes the mark's money. (Today the name is mostly used in the context of law enforcement sting operations.) If the con game is successful, the mark does not realize he has been "taken" (cheated), at least not until the con men are long gone. "Kelly" plays on Lonnegan's desire for revenge by asking for his help to break Shaw and take over his business. Johnny convinces Lonnegan that he has a partner in the Chicago Western Union office (portrayed at a meeting by con man "Kid Twist," played by Harold Gould), and that he can use this connection to win large sums of money in the off-track betting (OTB) establishment run by Shaw by past-posting. All of this, including the OTB establishment itself, is in reality an immense hoax instigated solely for Lonnegan's benefit; for example, the con men get the supposed play-by-play from a surplus
tickertape wire and then have an accomplice in the back (the con man "J.J.,” played by Ray Walston) read it through a microphone to make it sound as if it were live on the radio; meanwhile, Erie manages to prove his own worth as a con man, posing as a regular gambler in "Shaw's place" to help convince Lonnegan of the reality of the place.

If the New York City art world thinks of itself as cutting edge, just wait until they get a load of Montreal Brainware - a presentation of 14 digital creations by Montreal artists in the Big Apple Sept. 13 to Oct. 7. The digital-art productions are just some of the presentations that will make up the Quebec government’s [Quebec New York City 2001 www.quebecnewyork.com] initiative, Lucien Bouchard’s $15-million project to introduce the province in all its cultural, gastronomical, technological and artistic glory to the Big Apple [and then destroy their trusting hosts]

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Exercise TOPOFF (Top Officials) 2000 was a Congressionally mandated, "no-notice" national exercise held in May 2000. It was designed to assess the nation’s crisis and consequence management capability by exercising the plans, policies, procedures, systems, and facilities through local, state, and Federal responses to geographically-dispersed terrorist threats and acts. The exercise was co-sponsored by [KPMG clients] the Department of Justice (DOJ) and the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA), which were designated as the lead agencies for the exercise by the Senate Appropriations Committee in Senate Report 105-235. The exercise was the largest peacetime terrorism exercise ever sponsored by DOJ or FEMA. Exercise TOPOFF was a multi-component, multi-site exercise incorporating command post exercises, full-scale training exercises, tactical exercises, and several large-scale "subexercises." The Exercise scenario involved simultaneous incidents occurring in both Region I (Portsmouth, New Hampshire) and Region VIII (Denver, Colorado). STARTEX for Exercise TOPOFF occurred on Wednesday, May 17, 2000, with the terrorist-motivated release of a biological agent in the Denver metropolitan area. However, because the released agent, later identified as pneumonic plague, had a two to three day incubation period, active play did not begin until Saturday, May 20, 2000. As an influx of patients exhibiting flu-like symptoms began to rapidly overwhelm the Denver area hospitals by early Saturday morning, a van exploded at the Port Authority dock in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, causing numerous injuries and fatalities. The chemical agent released in the van explosion was subsequently determined to be mustard gas. Active play continued at both venues through the weekend and the following week, ending on Wednesday, May 24, 2000. An interagency hotwash followed on Thursday, May 25th. CNN/VNN tends to drive notifications. As clearly exhibited by the use of VNN, which simulated CNN broadcasts, CNN and other media coverage will likely drive notifications as agencies learn of incident events via the media. The result is that NRC notifications come via Federal personnel and others who see a news report on CNN; this happened during TOPOFF.

As Red arranged with the manager of the Ramshead to leave $1200 cash to cover the Dream Team he indicated the team could consume $1000 of it and the wait staff and bartender would split the $200, plus whatever the team did not use, pro rata. After looking after his ADuc assets the General was driven back to an evening meeting of the former Able Danger principals. The rest of the team was given
assignments from Fish. By clipper he instructed Roland and the 6 RTs to follow Greg Dyke on the Concorde, BA flight 69 from Heathrow to JFK on the morning of 6 September.

Roland and his rats would have loved the pro rata payment plan but Roland as well as DRTs 1-6 were enroute to Heathrow to ride across the pond in British Airways Flight 69, a Concorde. The 13 four-legged honest rats were accompanied by some human rat named Dyke. Once inside the belly of the Concorde the SewerNet mutineers would leave their cages and huddle at the duct that carried warm cabin air into the coolish cargo bay one level below the passengers. It was planned that Diehard, Homi, Mlle S-F and Duke would pick up the rats and ADuc NYC would proceed to the Roosevelt Hotel where they could headquarter until the attack came or was known to have been aborted.

Fish read further assignment details to the remaining HRD teams, human, rat, dog. He noted that he and Amelia would cover the Metro with DRT3 and Paul E. Graff.

Gatineau would be covered by Hamish, Marquis d'Cartier and DRT5 and Polly Graph, as both Hamish and Marquis spoke French fluently.

Chicago, being the centralized command center for 11 September would have Nano, Chips and Fox, Panda and RT1, with Roland assisting. Fox would be clippers up to Dancer and Li 24/7; Nano would take Panda and check AMEC projects for chemical traces of known explosives while Fox had been ferreted in to a hi-rise window washing service contractor and M13 had produced a 'squiggy mic' that could pick up a whisper at 100 yards thru 3 inch bullet glass. Fox would be on the hanging platform which made her hope that the scaffolding was well hung.

NYC would be staffed by Diehard, Homi, Mlle S-F, and Duke. In addition to their classified shopping list they drew the danger card as each MDT [man dog team] would have a laser target designator set to the same parameters that the Naughty Brothers and Luke Corching would be using. If they could not jam the QRS11 managed Maverick they would have to egress directly for their stations atop WTC 1 and 2. Hamish would be with them for 6, 7 September before joining the Gatineau crew.

When the basic assignments were briefed and understood, Fish thanked everyone for their selfless commitment to duty then he departed for the same meeting that Red Skelton would be at. As he walked out the back door of the Ramshead a LOCH painted black with lights out hovered low enough so Fish could step on the right skid and be pulled aboard by two members of a SEAL team from Little Creek.

Having heard all the briefings a majority of players stayed to eat and guzzle, however Fox had a 'fever' so the ever thoughtful Chips tossed the keys to the Hawks/DOJ gr limo to Stone Kohl and asked him to make sure everyone got home safely, and that if found someone he liked to feel free to "road test" the limo. "And one more thing Stone, room 269 will be open tonight at the Westin, here's the key in case you're sleepy."
"Dad, maybe I should drive you and Fox to the Westin" just as a yellow cab, painted orange, came to a screeching halt in front of the Ramshead.

The nervous Somalian driver tried to convince Fox that she couldn't ride on the spare tire mount when Chips made short work of the Somalian to wit "My dear Muslim brother, I am Obama Sheikh yur-Buti from the land of creams and oils and my concubine, Queen Latiffa needs to get a lot of fresh air enroute to the Westin where I can put out her fever. As a courtesy to you she will face backward and ensure no one is tailing us before I tail her" your Somali Excellency.

The Somilian said, "With all due respect, your convoluted opinions have more BS that a camel dung heap the size of Fresh Kills." As he cobbled the in line 6 tied to a 3 on the tree and one on the fender. Having gone without a debriefing for almost 3 hours Fox was about to spontaneously ignite and she thought of a song in her head to keep cool. "The Fireman" by George Strait, however before she could remember how it started they were at the Westin and heading up to 269 to get "cooled off" after tipping the cabbie $100 dollars and saying that it was the nicest 38 Chevy cab either of them had ever seen.

When the door the 269 was closed a thong was on the hook 21 seconds later as the pre-bubbled bubble bath, red wine and monster BSM were all in the green range temperature wise so let the games begin. After the wine and BSM were consumed and the game of 'where's the rubber ducky' was over, the athlete from Athens helped Captain Gerry Attrick to start a run for the Roses

The morning of 6 September was busy. A Freightliner with purple lights was heading up the interstate to NYC with Homi at the helm, Diehard, Mlle and Duke in the sleeper, along with DRT1. Hamish handled his own Clipper and stood by to handle Homi's if it were to go off. Hamish, ever the worrier asked Diehard if the 3 BS costumes made by hand by Chip's Kazakhstan couturier were still in the sleeper. Diehard gave an affirmative Ugghhh with a mouthful of tiger meat.
Hamish briefed Team NYC as such, "When we park the Freightliner in the no parking zone with Diplomatic plates and the flashers flashing we all go up to our room and change ourselves into Blind Sheikhs. The dogs and rats will guard the truck and 15 minutes later we will go to FGZ and sniph around for any activity at the www.QuebecNewYork.com enclosed sidewalk thru which the explosives have passed and may continue to be passing. Hamish and Roland, rat solo, will get inside CNN, Vivendi and Radio Canada camera crews, if any are out and about. Diehard and Homi will use crotch-SNIPHing and explosive sniffing techniques to sanitize physical locations or determine honest answer from BS. The dogs will be given silent commands through Diehard's Motorola radio which has twin capabilities, scan, and talk while scan. If the dogs are in good form they will be able to mark any explosive or Molten Metal bomb kits provided by Canada's Martec and Mineta's Lockheed Martin. Any killing field needed on 9-11 would have at least partial completion performed presently and if there is anything in the precisely targeted locations, delivered to ADuc by disgruntled or frightened insiders, Duke and Mlle S-F will locate them or my name is not Buffalo Bob."

"Ughh" came the reply from Diehard, meaning Hamish's name is not Buffalo Bob. Hamish threw that in to make sure every man and dog was listening.

The killing field in Manhattan was WTC1, 2, 7 and the NYSE where insiders would be long in bullshit but be short in bearshit in the same securities in the Mercantile in Chicago so the inside knowledge or participation would create immense wealth. In the 4 days of trading following 9-11 predictive software utilized by usdoj.gr estimated conversion profits of $1.2 trillion after stockholders worldwide had paid for the greed of a minority of complicit insiders, including, it appears, management folks at UAL and AA according to their large position changes in the run up to 9/11. After Hamish gathers evidence in NYC he canoes up the Hudson river in a bark canoe dressed like a Mohican Blind Medicine Man, however after he is around the first bend in the river an Army National Guard Blackhawk lifts him out of his canoe for a high speed run to Gatineau where he, Marquis d'Cartier DRT5 and Polly Graff would sweep Tomoye and Greg Searle's sewers and other 'evidence rich environments'.

From his command bunker in a Lakeshore hi-rise with a suite with a view to Whacker Drive, he and the Fox refuse to wear clothes for several days to ensure neither one is a Counter Intelligence asset of the OIF. After 31 seconds of pensive scrutiny they determine, well we are here anyway and all dressed for the occasion so let 'er rip, potato chip. Meanwhile on the street level and below Nano has found some 'hits' on the AMEC detector and he deploys Panda and DRT1 to gauge the explosive by type and volume. Not liking what they report Nano Clippers Chips and Fish suggesting he has found explosive deployed below the Boeing Building but no positive returns from UBS or KPMG. After triangulating the location of pre-placed explosives he determines that the Boeing building would more than likely come down in its own footprint at free fall rate. He Clippers that data and his opinion to Fish, Amelia, and Fox, knowing
fully well that Chips would be aggressively searching Fox for any molten metal or thermate cutters as well. As Fox falls asleep to the romantic sway of: "After The Lovin".

"Fish, Homi, Hamish, this is Chips, authenticating BMR [ bad mood rising ]"

Within 30 seconds the four were joined by Amelia, Nano and Dancer as Chips expressed his concern. "It starting to look like Red was an optimist, I hate to sound negative but as the guy doing all the communicating afield I am not optimistic that we have enough people with the intel, the power and the nerve to stop the proposed attack so I, Chips, am assigning myself "Project Mitigate" and will work the team in NY and Chicago to try and 'Sting the Perps'. Principals at FDNY, DOJ and FEMA have been corrupted or terrified or both by the FAF, OIF and USIS with USIS having the hammer.

Therefore, I will deploy DRTs 4 and 6 to work along side RT2 in New York with the express goal of hacking CNN/VNN, Radio Canada and BBC virtual news feeds to disrupt the timing of their scripted TOPOFF reports. Further our local man in Manhattan, Teddy, asks for two more agents to assist with the tracking of the Naudets and their Duane St - Fire Hall propaganda film crew and the Vivendi extras performing in the surrounding streets; Teddy himself will surveil the Mayor's office and Homi and Diehard can handle the macho stuff at 1300 feet above the streets of New York. I have already gotten inside ATC centers in Boston, New York and Washington and can select departure delays according to my best guesses at the time. The absolute lynch pin is UA93 as if it gets through, Martial Law follows immediately. Fortunately for us, OTIS and Langley alert bums are my friends and I can ensure 93 does not make it as I guarantee that at least one F16 ADF from Fargo and 2 Eagles from Cape Cod will be waiting to bring down 93 if we cannot get inside the LWJ steering UA93, a CL604. We have hackers at Cheyenne Mountain and Wright Patterson 'making it happen' in case we need to eliminate a friendly to save our nation. God help us all.
As the team members start to consider for the first time that 9-11 is more likely to happen than not, a somber mood strikes them all. They do not give up or quit, but they accept the slim odds that all members of ADuc will be at the debriefing on 9-12. Even Fox understands as she has poured her Chips a BSM even though she does not like alcohol preferring wine or perhaps beer. He sees that Fox is wearing Pajamas for the first time since their chance encounter on the previous NYE at the Foggy Dew. He asks if she would be offended if he relaxed in the bubble bath alone, she nodded, he thanked her for the BSM and as he turned to go, tears welled up knowing there was nothing he could do to stop the carnage. After he finished the garlic stuffed olive he returned quietly to his Fox and could see that she cried herself to sleep; certainly feeling compassion for the Global commoners of all races, religions and lifestyles who would be oppressed or worse when the events of tomorrow morning were inaccurately reported by major networks the world wide. Chips went to blow out the candle and he saw a Gideon Bible open to Proverbs 21:31 "The horse is made ready for the day of battle, but Victory rests with the Lord." As he laid down to rest, he recalled also the words of Roman 8:31 'If God is for us, who can be against us' he felted rested though tired, and renewed though sleepy. He kissed the back of Fox’s PJs and fell asleep.

Chapter 28 - Decoy Dyke & Cronee Capitol
-Sepptember 5-10

A_Hunter@WhackerDrive.con ambush of Hillary, B.J. and Francophonie bankers
A Blind-Sheikh Blowfish password takes the Hunters inside Boeing's virtual war rooms to the UBS-Countrywide offices at 1 North Whacker Drive, Chicago. They monitor Hillary and B.J.'s plan for 9/11 including a global pump and dump scheme to launder 'Cronee Capitol' stolen by KPMG and its Francophonic clients from the UN Oil-for-Food program. Nano clippers in a set of mug shots of USIS contract killers, recruited for 9/11 through the Canada Steamship Lines, Bombardier and AMEC hiring halls. Hunter decides to disrupt the decoy-and-drone maneuvers developed for Global Guardian, a top official ('TOPOFF') exercise starting 3 p.m. on Monday, September 10. Hunter teleconferences with Fish (Donald Cortege), the Abel Danger duty officer in the Pentagon's US Naval Command Center, the on-scene handler of Big John's bitch Dyke and various peni-camera crews based in Washington, D.C. He briefs Captains Chic Burlingame and Jason Dahl, pilots of AA77 and United 93, on Tuesday departure times. Wingmen and BEAGLE bitch Dyke, set up a virtual ambush of Cronee Capitol in hopes of exposing DoJ-FEMA treason and neutralizing some 2008 presidential election bids.

A year's work finally finished. Dan Fraunfelter counted himself lucky when he landed a job working on the first phase of the massive Pentagon renovation project. When the military complex was originally built, it was constructed in five, chevron-shaped wedges.. lent itself to renovation.. Contractors could simply move workers, seal off a wedge, and install new features like reinforced steel columns and two-inch-thick blast-resistant windows.. [The KPMG client.] Amec Construction, won the general contract for Wedge 1, he plunged into the job eagerly, anxious to explore every square inch of the physical structure. On Sept. 11, the contract officially complete, Fraunfelter was finishing up a few last punch-list items. He arrived on-site at 7 a.m. to prepare for an 8 a.m. tenant meeting. It was a routine job-completion task, a meeting where tenants handed over a list of final fix-it items: touch-up painting, leaking pipes, etc. American Airlines Flight 77 struck the portion of the building that had already been renovated. It was the only area of the Pentagon with a sprinkler system, and it had been reconstructed with a web of steel columns and bars to withstand bomb blasts. The steel reinforcement, bolted together to form a continuous structure through all of the Pentagon's five floors, kept that section of the building from collapsing for 30 minutes--enough time for hundreds of people to crawl out to safety.. "This was a terrible tragedy, but I'm here to tell you that if we had not undertaken these efforts in the building, this could have been much, much worse," Evey said. "The fact that they happened to hit an area that we had built so sturdily was a wonderful gift.". While perhaps 4,500 people normally would have been working
in the hardest-hit areas, because of the renovation work only about 800 were there Tuesday, officials said. Most of Marine Aviation had just the weekend before been moved to the "Butler building," an extension of the Pentagon and about 200 yards from where the impact occurred, not nearly as close as their previous offices.

On Friday, 9-7-01, the sun came up in the east, as it has every day since it was set in place by its creator. As Chips tried to fight this feeling that it was time for duty, he turned to capture his Fox in his arms, but there was no Fox. Thinking he must be dreaming again, and this time a dream he did not cherish, the smell of fresh coffee confused him further until a Pajama, demure Greek Goddess came out of the bathroom with a steaming cup of coffee.

"Oh Fox, there you are, I had this awful dream that I was alone again, naturally but now that I see you and your PJs I realize that things are okay and the sun has risen.

"Yes David, and even though you thought I was asleep last night I wasn't, I felt you kiss my back but I thought it best if we got some sleep so we'd have clear heads as we get down to the last few days. Before I made this coffee for you and tea for me, Dancer called and said II was monitoring the supposed al-Qaeda traffic and it did not indicate anything out of the ordinary, but their patch into the fiber-optic transatlantic cable was a horse of another color; David, is it possible that your peers from Annapolis would be complicit in a false flag?" asked the calm and pensive IT pro, on loan from Greece to Israel.

"Fox that is simply a question I cannot stomach to consider. We midshipmen all took oaths to protect our nation and constitution from all enemies, foreign and domestic. I took that oath on 6-28-67 and have not abandoned it. If I find that classmates have gone to the other side, then it is my honor-bound duty to bring them to justice, and rank and date of rank go out the window when visited by charges of murder or conspiracy to commit murder. This is all a bad dream as I was warned of by USAF General Hunter H. Harris IV when his juniper-scented breath pleaded with me never to compromise my integrity. However, in fairness, not every fair haired, red-blooded American boy had a Four Star sponsor/coach to guide him." As that thought was expressed the Bone-o-phone went off and Chips answered "Go ahead Amelia and Fish, I see you on the caller ID deal."

"Chips, Amelia and I visited with Red last night at the Lengthy Portion in Georgetown, we have scored a Blowfish password that should allow an Obama Sheikh-yur-Buti to get inside Boeing's war rooms and also the UBS-Countrywide offices at 1 North Whacker Drive in the Windy City, so named for the filibustering politicians, not the winds off Lake Michigan. Even though the time is short we continue to update and promulgate and it looks like the nature of the attack is political, first and foremost, to vacate America's sovereign status and secondly financial to enrich the perpetrators to the detriment of global
investors. KPMG has vast pools of Cronee Capitol to invest into a pump and dump scheme to launder the money KPMG and its Francophonie clients have gained from the UN Oil-for-Food program. I have received a Clipper from Nano on the streets of Chicago and he has identified major players in USIS-Tomoye's 'fragging' division, a group primarily recruited from Francophonie assassins deployed globally by Canada Steamship Lines, Bombardier and AMEC. I am not optimistic that we, the beleaguered remnants of Able Danger, have the firepower to stop them but I solicit your input into a strategy going forward, over to you Chips."

"Fish, I wish I had a more positive response. I, too, have determined that an attack is probably coming; however we need not lay down for the perverts who wish to destroy the nation that God has blessed. After conferring with everyone I trust I feel my only option is to input disruptive tactics into the flights of AA77 and UA93. If WTC1 and 2 need to be wasted it's a triage issue; so be it. However, New York is just money whereas Washington is sovereignty, so I choose to protect the sovereignty of the USA. I can work with you, Fish, as well as my college classmate Chic Burlingame and my Brother from the Band of Brothers to ensure that UA93 and AA77 do not strike the targets; Pentagon and Capitol. I will be calling Jason Dahl and Chic today and expressing to them the best and most current intel available. Will they trust me? Only God knows, but I will tell them the truth and let them discharge their fiduciary responsibilities under FAR 121.533 according to their understanding and abilities. As the time draws short, the stakes get higher and certainly the prosecution of the "events of 9-11" will cause some campaign tents to fall when the truth comes out, which our predictive software estimates to be approximately 1 February, 2008 when a trio of DVDs, a lawsuit and an eBook all come together at the US Attorney's office, district of North Dakota, in Fargo, just west of the Hotel Donaldson, where they stir the second best Martinis in the Red River Valley.

As Fox is talking to her brothers in NYC about family issues, Chips dials in Jason Dahl, Chic Burlingame and one of the Naughty Brother's laser target designator operators for a 4 way conference call. Although it is assumed that the attacks of 9/11 will come, faithful insiders wish to record the event from 'behind the Naughty Brothers and Luke Corschin as well as from inside the perpetrating agencies, CIDA, Boeing, KPMG and Tomoye.

"Hello, this is Jason."

"Jason, David Hawkins, we met at the Baltimore Promise Keepers on 15 June, do you remember me, I am the A320 Captain from Fargo?"

"Yes, Brother, I remember you well; you are the Annapolis guy with folks in Annapolis. You and a Navy guy who flies for American and the movie guy from Montreal were my prayer partners just prior to the lunch break, how can I be of service?"

"Well, I am impressed with your attention to detail and regarding service, it would be His service not my service but let me try to conference in Chic, the American guy, I will be clicking you off and will be back in less than a minute, with or without Chic, standby."

"Chic Burlingame"

"Chic, David Hawkins from '71, the ONI guy from Fargo F4, F16, do you have a moment for a 'flash priority' conference?"
"Sure Chips, I am in the office and 'Fort Knox' from Fargo is here, can I put this on 'speaker'?"

"Certainly, please do, I will click off to bring in Jason from UAL, standby."

Click, click "We should all be on so I will make this brief, ONI has identified you two guys as the Captains for UA 93 and AA 77 on Tuesday, 11 September, is that correct?"

"Yes it is, I will be coming out of Newark for the west coast" replied Jason.

"Charlie, Charlie, my birthday is 9-12 so I am going out to LA for an Anaheim Angels game" from Chic.

"I am recording this call to share with Frency LePeu, the movie guy from Canada, but a real world and real bad deal is set in motion and it involves both of your flights, as well as AA 11 and UA 175. Boeing has been forced to put some technology in your jets that will allow the remote electronic hijacking of all four flights. The ADuc team will let 11 and 175 go, but we will input delays into 77 with or without your concurrence. Either or both 93 and 77 will be delayed and I am telling you this so you will not become frustrated when the delays occur. We, ADuc, will be operating out of Wedge 1 at the Pentagon and a secure location in Chicago. If you get an ACARS from me it will from "Potato Chip" and if it comes from Gerald DeConto in Wedge one it will be signed "Marlin Grouper" and I wish I could tell you more but I cannot in the interest of time, this message has been recorded and will be sent to Knox for Chic, and Promise Keeper for Jason as well as Frency LePeu by courier. It is a miracle that the four of us shared prayer time at Baltimore, 15 June at the Promise Keepers Convention, what are the odds of that, God Bless our efforts, God Bless America, and God Bless all the little people around the globe whether they know Him or not, Stand Tall gentlemen." click, click.

Romans 2:2 "Now we know that God's judgment against those who do such things is based on truth"

Psalms 94:2 "Rise up, o Judge of the earth, pay back, pay back to the proud what they deserve"

Zephaniah 3:19 "At that time I will deal with all who oppressed you; I will rescue the lame."

KPMG and Global Guardians, 3 strikes you're out. Signed, Chips-Cockeral-Nano-Fox

As the time draws near, the chapters become short as everyone battens down the hatches for the 'battle for American sovereignty, which God himself will determine, in His time and in His manner.

Chapter 29 - Mineta Whacks Fish, then later Willie
-9/11

One dyke lies while another dies in Total Power by Arkancide
At 9:36 a.m., The Fish is Clippered up in real time to Hunter and US Navy Secretary Gordon England. BJ’s bitch ‘Dyke’ is trying to track down the Pentagon Wedge 1 project manager for KPMG client AMEC. Fish is duty officer for the US Naval Command Center where AMEC is sabotage testing for a Global Guardian war game coordinated by Norman Mineta and the Desmarais family. Chic Burlingame or Hani Hanjour is the pilot of AA77. Fish yells "Dyke's perched on a cable reel outside my window. Looks like a Category Illa [landing]. Looks like Raytheon's Skywarrior. Dyke's barking Abel Danger warning 'Bugger, Bugger, BEAGLES!'. Semper Fi. God help us all." Line goes dead. Hamish calls in at 5:10 p.m. He's listening to orders being given to a BBC virtual-news reader by Greg Dyke, later to resign Director General of the BBC. (Hamish had planted a bug under the kitchen table in Dyke's house in Twickenham, just by the Thames River, where Hamish once lived as a neighbor and discovered Dyke's Wobbly-like hatred of America). Dyke tells the news reader to start reading his "Wag-the-Dog" script about the Salomon Smith Barney building (WTC#7) collapsing. The GGs want to destroy SEC files naming top officials who had bought into KPMG tax shelters with links to Desmarais’ pump-and-dump frauds on shareholders of Enron, Nortel, WorldCom, Qwest, Tyco and Molten Metal Technologies. Hamish’s line went dead just as the GG commanders pulled the BBC's premature news feed but Hunter now had the evidence needed for a Qui tam lawsuit against KPMG and the Global Guardians. The Abel Danger team could now link the laser guided ‘whacking’ of Fish and Dyke to an ‘Arkancide’; the apparently unexpected death of Willie Card, manager of Bill Clinton’s FAA Contract Towers racket a few months later.

green Ford Explorer -- with the license tag ["FISH79," for his nickname at the U.S. Naval Academy -- to a family reunion at his brother's home in East Lyme, Conn. The family ate clam chowder, sausage and flank steaks and played badminton and basketball. DeConto accompanied his mother back to Sandwich, Mass., the seaside town on Cape Cod where he was a high school soccer star, and left for Alexandria Monday afternoon. That night, he sent an e-mail to his mother telling her he had arrived safely. She had just opened an e-mail account, and it was the first -- and last -- message she would receive from her son.

"We're so lucky we had that weekend all together," Patricia DeConto said. Gerald DeConto, who was divorced and had no children, stayed in close touch with his mother, two brothers and two sisters. He enjoyed sailing, running with his two dogs, and giving his brothers pointers about coaching soccer. The son of a schoolteacher and town building inspector, DeConto received a physics degree from the Naval Academy, where he played rugby, in 1979. He reported to the USS Excel as a damage control assistant, later serving as engineering officer and executive officer. He became operations officer on the USS Fresno in 1982. He attended the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif., from 1984 to 1986, receiving a master's degree in mechanical engineering. He was chief engineer on the USS Hewitt from 1986 to 1989 and was then an aide to the assistant chief of naval operations for surface warfare. He was named executive officer on the USS Lake Erie in 1991. DeConto was assistant operations officer for Carrier Group 7 from 1994 to 1997. He then received a master's degree in national security and strategic studies at the Naval War College. He was commanding officer of the USS Simpson from 1998 to 2000 and chief of staff for the Standing Naval Force Mediterranean from April 2000 until May. He had been named recently to his new post. But what he really wanted was to lead his own ship again, his mother said: "Once they're captain, they're never satisfied with another job. That's what he was waiting for."

Alleged flight 77 (Pentagon) pilot Hani Hanjour had a history of great difficulties in his efforts to learn to fly. As late as Aug. 2001, he was unable to demonstrate enough piloting skills to rent a Cessna 172.

Please look at this document which will be discussed in 5 upcoming radio interviews in 2008 if the Global Guardians are foolish enough to press their attack on 9-11-01. We are giving all the PFers in the OIF a chance to swallow hard and see what happens if you kill Captain Gerald DeConto [death by Raytheon A3] or Captain Chic Burlingame [death by QRS-11, Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilot, SmacSonic Insulation detonation].

KPMG and Global Guards, this is your last warning as of end of business, 9-7-01.
We believe that the Hawks CAFE v. Global Guardian lawsuit has put pressure on the Council on Foreign Relations members Fred Thompson, Hillary Clinton and John McCain, and others, including Rudy Giuliani, who we perceive as potential users of KPMG's alleged tax sheltered killing fields, to pull out of the 2008 presidential election campaign.

Fred Thompson [CFR lobbyist for CFR corporate member and KPMG client GE, co-producer with Vivendi of "United 93" the 9/11 propaganda and spin movie] dropped his presidential bid Tuesday, after the former Tennessee senator and actor finished third in the South Carolina primary.

Hillary Clinton, CFR, former Rose Law Firm partner of a Red Cross tainted blood scam sponsored by KPMG client and 'dead-peasant' life insurer AXA.

Rudy Giuliani, former NYC Mayor who approved KPMG client AMEC sabotage test on WTC#7 - double-insurance mortgage kickbacks for Peter Peterson's private equity cronies in CFR and Blackstone Groups.

Barack Obama, former associate Sidley Austin LLP, Chicago, which paid $39.4 million in 2007 to settle [KPMG?] 'abusive' tax shelter claims by IRS.

John McCain, a former campaign manager for UBS Vice-President, Phil Gramm, who was a "dead-peasant" life insurance promoter for the Texas Teachers Pension Fund and oversaw $742 million banknote kickback to Saddam under KPMG's UN Oil-for-Food Program.

And one last thing for the slow-to-learn Global Guardians and KPMG; we are apolitical but as God-fearing associates from around the Globe we will deploy our weapons according to our timing, not yours. The defendants on the Qui Tam, which will be offered to USDOJ on 2 Oct 2007 are some very big names, but NFL. Using predictive software we anticipate that the USDOJ will move sluggishly during the pendency of the 2007-2008 NFL season and we can strike swiftly, just as the treasonous whores that affirmed the "Banker's Manifesto of 1892" told us they would do. Charles Lindberg Sr. shared the truth with Minnesota's during his Congressional Representative days. Another Minnesota aviator family will hammer home the answer to the world very soon. Perhaps history will show that the Lindbergs and the Hunters have done a 'Polish Heart Attack' that was 115 years in development. Christians and Patriotic Americans are patient people but abort the 9/11/01 attacks or face your Creator's Judgment in 2008 and beyond, I opine laconically. Your PFers have just been TFed. Oh, and NFL, that means 'not for long'; watch these corrupt campaign tents drop like prom presses, next up: America's Crossdresser, I suggest.

0936 11 September, 2001

Seeing no sign that the compromised Global Guardians are clever enough to realize they've been had at 0515 Amelia, Fish, Chips are clippered up to Dancer in Geneva, Nano in Chicago, Homi in New York and Hamish in Gatineau. Fox in 'chat' with Mossad and MI6 while she sits, in the buff next to Chips who has given up oysters, EOPs, and enjoying Fox's ample bounty. Fish begins the briefing, "Well the 'no-shit' deadline has come and gone with no white flag from the PFers. Fair enough, when the first strike comes, we, as ADuc, will declare that we are at war with the OIF and their treasonous comrades in FAF,
Gatineau, Chicago and the Southeast District of New York. When I conclude my remarks, Amelia will speak, Dancer will speak, and Chips will close with a prayer. Then each individual will open the FedEx envelopes that we e-tracked to your hotels and know they were received Saturday morning for each individual in ADuc.

Situation: no abort sign, we defensively declare war on who ever is found to be behind the coming attack. Hold nothing back, if we fail U.S. transfer to NATO and Martial Law will be declared "for the safety of the public."

Mission: Chicago: If Boeing falls, blow UBS.

Gatineau: If all four targets hit, blow Tomoye

New York: Stand tall; if any of Boeing's drones appear unstoppable, attempt to laser designate a surrogate target, if that fails grab the video camera and your dogs and egress. Homi/Duke seek escape module at base of flagpole, Diehard/Mlle use Para-sail egress, weather and time permitting, otherwise as with Homi.

Washington: Anticipating that the Navy Command Center office will be targeted to transfer control of Navy to CSL briefly, then UN, I have traded shifts with a married man so if the hit comes, I take it. Gordon England is clippered into our net right now and he and I have a firm plan to defend the pentagon if they do switch from decoy to drone as they have been practicing with both the Iraq L-39 operation and at Amalgam Virgo. Last item; Chips is in an F16B fitted with cameras and top secret electronic devices and his F16B is on Runway alert, this very moment at Niagara so if they come south between Otis and Niagara he supports Otis, if they come from between Selfridge and Niagara he supports Selfridge, if all four come at once he will play home plate at WTC then head south to support 3 Hooligan jets set for a 0932 scramble. If the 3 F16s are taken off course, Chips will be in P356 in a defensive hold at treetop level to video tape any inbound flying device, manned or unmanned as he will be talking to NCS on discrete frequency and be remoted to Cheney or whoever has the hammer if Continuity of Government becomes an issue. Read your briefing guides, ADuc goes to DEFCON 1 at 0800, stay clippered but quiet, until then, over to Amelia."

"Thank you Fish, from my day job I believe the attack is coming, and I appreciate Fish's comment regarding Navajo listeners, we have it covered in DC with a young Marine corporal from the 4 corners area. From inside the Octopus I feel that we will be a changed country by 5 PM barring an act of God, sorry."

"Dancer affirms Fish and Amelia, Mossad believes USNWC, ONI have been compromised and forced to comply, or die. From a contact in Moscow, it appears that the USS George Washington is in a "room with a view" and there is something on CAT 1 or 2 that doesn't belong there, in the opinion of my KGB friend. Shalom. May God show favor on your efforts, God Bless, Dancer out."

I wish we were face to face and not clippered but here's my prayer "Dear Heavenly Father, to whom are hearts are known, please allow us to do your will today, to honor your word today, and to accomplish your purpose in our lives regardless the costs. The horse is made ready for battle, but Victory comes only from the Lord, Lord if this attack comes we pray that according to Psalms 94:2 that you will respond in your way and at your time, and Father, every man and woman on our team understands that if you, God, is for us, not power on earth, no weapon formed against us can prevail. We place our lives and
eternal souls in your hands at this time, Dear Father, Amen" and over the Clipper, numerous Amens were added.

Fish closed with "DEFCON 1 at 0800, Clipper live and quiet 'til then, make it happen and God Bless all of us.

Atop WTC1 and 2 Diehard and Mlle, Homi and Duke have their video cams looking into the threat axis as leaked by the Canadian Christian who was a Promise Keepers with Jason, Chic and Chips on June 15th. Behind those deployed cameras of the Naudet and Courschene teams Multimedia assets of the Maryland and North Dakota ANG were in parked bread trucks [ Wonder Bread ] to film the Canadian cameras film any hits that may come. Homi and Diehard both have been inside the flag towers and inspected the inflatable mattresses that become their escape cage if an airborne egress will not work. The 1 inch steel is thought to be capable of protecting the teams if they need to go down a pole, even if the triple parachutes don't deploy from the ball at the top. The poles have been tested by a wind generating construction company and have tested well. In a free fall, physicist suggest 80 mph is the impact airspeed, not the 180 mph terminal velocity. Further, if the weapons sniffing dogs were correct, the powderized residue at Ground Zero should provide a further cushion.

In the Pentagon, Fish and Dyke search for the Pentagon's Wedge 1 project manager for KPMG client AMEC, as the Clippers come alive with "Fight's on", from the F16B scrambling off Niagara Falls, Smoke 1, "Skybird, Smoke 1, bring Upset 02 out of the hold and put him in a 30 mile radius of LaGuardia, at eleven thousand, counterclockwise, saunter. Bring Raid 12 out of the hold and put him in a 30 mile radius of P56, at 11, counterclockwise. Please have both tankers open their final briefs and from here on in, Smoke 01 is 'zipper' until engaged."

Listening to the chatter on 243.0 Chips determined first NY threat is AA11 so he referred to his kneeboard and found AA11 transponder code and sniffed for AA11, no transponder, no problem on Victor, frequency agile, he heard "Smoke1, briefed axis 30 out, low, medium." Two mic clicks were audible. Once visual, the very difficult to see head-on F16B stuck it's nose on the 3 targets and sliced back from 10,000 feet and got in a blind spot for the CL604 just as AA11 was pulled out of formation and turned directly out to sea. In the back seat "Eric" turned his main camera on the CL604 painted white with no ID or flag visible, as the Droned Boeing E10 was put on 'Final Approach' Chips stayed hidden, radar off and quiet and as the Drone rolled out direct to WTC Chip's headset picked up a single word 'laser' and he noticed the drone made a small correction; just prior to impact Homi grabbed his camera and Duke and sought the relative safety of the flap pole escape capsule as the 767 derivative impacted 300 feet or so below. He got some dog food out to keep Duke, 85% wolf 15% dog, distracted while he awaited the Clipper countdown from Chips or Fox. As the white CL604 turned due north and put its tail to NYC to help escape the cameras Chips slowed to 220 to saunter towards Upset 02 which should be holding by now in a 30 mile circle centered on LGA. As Chips located the tanker he heard a single word from Scotty G in the tanker 'visual' meaning the tanker crew saw the F16B and so if Chips had needed fuel during this break in the action the boomer operator was ready and as Chips rolled out in trail of the tanker another radio call "Smoke 1, briefed axis, 30 out, low medium" and as Smoke turned into the fight the boomer raised his boom and waved, Eric in the back, waved back.

"Smoke 1, nose, 10, low, medium" click click indicated to the Huntress GCI controller that Smoke was 'Judy' meaning he'd complete the intercept again. Picking up the visual Chips pointed at the formation of 3, went to idle and boards and at 200 knots sliced back keeping the nose on them as the speed brakes came in and the power came back in as he joined in the blind spot. This 3 ship, just like the previous had
an airliner decoy, followed by a drone tied to a CL604. At first Chips wondered if it was the same "visual observer" but as he got in close for a look see he realized it was a different CL604, all white and no numbers or flag. As the decoy with windows headed out to sea, the drone with no windows was remotely flown to the Final Approach corridor and once again Chip's headset announced 'laser' so Chips knew that the QRS was guiding this second drone also, through the BUAP. Chips knew that like Homi had tried, Diehard was trying to disrupt the guidance by offering a second laser target, as it became obvious to Diehard that tactic failed he put the camera in one hand, Mlle S-F's tether in the other and bailed off the WTC just as the hit was made, once free falling he let Mlle's tether extend slowly to 24 inches and he held on tight as with his other hand he deployed the first para-sail, getting a good canopy and he released Mlle so he could fly the sail; as he maneuvered towards the Hudson River he saw the low-power laser designating him and put his eyes on the source, the motorized inflatable he was expecting. As he flew over the boat, he cut Mlle loose and pulled hard on both guides to soften his water landing. "Boat 1" came aboard and Stone Kohl attached a lanyard to Diehard's harness. As Diehard climbed in Stone set a course for the helo pickup as Diehard grabbed a Grolsch after giving Mlle 2 pounds of tiger meat.

As the CL604 had headed north Chips flew back to Upset 02 and topped off the F16B then flew wing tip with the Upset tanker as Upset turned direct to P56 at 10,000 feet and saunter. Enroute to P56 the headset came alive as AA77 was known to be coming down the river for Washington; as MP01, MP02 and MP03 scrambled off Langley, Huntress called Smoke.

"Smoke, Huntress, briefed route just broke 40, low fast" and then Huntress called every 5 miles until at 32 miles out Smoke said 'Smoke' the briefed signal he was 'Judy'. Chips was listening to UHF, VHF, HF and Clipper and there was a lot of 'jamming' as everyone was talking fast. Smoke noticed this formation was different; big jet, medium jet, little white jet. Smoke worked high to low again, nose on 'til aft of the LWJ then boards in, speed up and blindside the LWJ. As he became #4 he was very surprised to see Chic's AA77 in front followed by an A3 Skywarrior in American Airlines paint, and the usual LWJ, as AA77 headed out to sea the A3 flew over the Pentagon at 7000 feet, when Chips saw the LWJ break to the left and the A3 commence a slice to the right, Chips transmitted "targeted, defense" over guard and clipper. As the A3 sped towards the target low and very fast Chips actually flew high so as not to be morted trying to stay level with the A3.

When the hit appeared certain Chips transmitted, "Fire, Fish, Fire Fire" as Fish misses that call and any thing coming from Gordon England he looked out his window where he had defensively deployed the Beagle bitch Dyke, Fish tells Gordon "Dyke is barking the Able Danger warning, looks like I am the laser target, its an A3 Skywarrior, the fucking BEAGLES are killing my Beagle, Semper Fi, God I commit myself...." Line goes dead.

As Chips and Eric sadly realized their mission is complete, Chips contacts Skybird on 311.0 and ask them to contact Andrews Approach and let them know that Smoke 1 will be on short final in 3 minutes, squawking 7701, friendly. At 5 miles on final Chips sees the green light from the tower, lands and then on Ground Control says "Smoke 1 to the SAM hanger please. As Chips kills the engine, he sees a 1996 Fleetwood limo and notices Stone Kohl's helo extraction from the Hudson must have been pulled off without a hitch. As Stone helps Sgt Johnson out of the back seat Chips goes to the Limo and cracks a Grolsch and calls his sister.

"Amelia, its Chip's, they got 3 out of 4, Fish and Dyke are morts, any others?"
"Yea, it's a bad day for us all. Homi and Duke are unknown. With Red enroute to Europe, and Fish gone, it looks like "You and Me" against the world.

"Well, you are older and a fixture in Washington, how about you lead until Red comes back" suggested Chips.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, however remember my 'day job'; ADuc is your baby until Red's back and we sort it all out, I will Clipper the team while you drop the film at the DC Guard. Stay mobile with Stone and stay clippered, please, Amelia, out."

As Eric loaded his gear in the 3rd seat, Stone hopped up front and drove his Dad and Eric to the Guard Intel and AV folks.

"Eric, call for a pickup when needed, Dad and I are driving around of a 'road test' for a while" said Stone as he waved to Eric. Stone could see a far away look in his father's eyes, like the times on the farm where something needed to die, and he needed to do it.

As they drove around a clipper call came into the limo and Stone pulled off on the shoulder, and took the call, flashers on, purple lights on as he saw resolve swelling up in his father so hard that it pushed salt water out of his eyes.

"Stone for Stone and Chips" was all he said. His father asked him what was up and Stone mentioned "all assets were being recalled to Annapolis and we were all to stay clippered up as Hamish would be briefing us in 5-8 minutes. Oh, and they mentioned Ladder 22 had extracted Homi and Duke from the pile after cooling the flag pole with water and foam for 40 minutes after it fell. Homi had a broken wrist and several broken ribs, Duke had a 4 inch gash to his right thigh, both well attended to by first responders and the Salvation Army. Enroute to Annapolis at this time on a Cigarette boat, a friend of Homi’s had one at Atlantic City."

As the Clipper went off again Stone took it and responded, "Stone for Stone and Chips" as Chips also tuned in. After Hamish confirmed everyone except Homi was clippered in he spoke "I am inside Tomoye with Marquis, I cannot speak for long, I am listening to Greg Dyke of BBC through a 'dangler' under his kitchen table in Twickenham by the River Thames. Dyke has told the script reader to start the story about WTC 7 as the GGs need to have records relating to KPMG tax shelters destroyed..." Hamish’s line went dead at the same time the GG commanders pulled the premature news feed. While Chips hoped that Hamish was not morted, he had a recording and a Qui Tam could commence in say, October of 2007 supported by the Wag the Dog Timing Snafu. The Able Danger team could now delete the 'under cover' and go real time and, in living color, link the laser-guided whacking of Dyke and Fish to an "Arkancide", the supposedly unexpected death of Willie Card, the manager of Bill Clinton's FAA Contract Towers racket a few months later.

By 11pm that night, all surviving assets were at the Westin in Annapolis, toasting those lost, and counting their blessings. For only the second time since they met Fox wore pajamas to bed. And again, Chips gave her a kiss of appreciation on her back.
Chapter 30 - A Kickback Hall of Fame
-September 20, 2001

Bull & Bear RatShitKit leads to Waldorf, CFR and Blackstone 9/11

Morning of 9/12, Hunter asked for a minute and silence then clippered up the Last Post to acknowledge Abel Danger’s tragic losses. Wasting no time, Nano downloaded RatShitKit software over SewerNet so that Roland and the Hero Rats could monitor Bull & Bear Shit ratios of investors and brokers in Chicago, Paris, Montreal, London, New York and Washington. MdeC’s rat team tested Desmarais’ bowel movements at AXA’s HQ in Paris on 12 September. The BOSS and the Sons of the BOSS tested neutral; the scatological inference being that they traded as insiders through 9/11, an event-arbitrated panic of world stock markets. MdeC noted that the Desmarais’ and KPMG advisors worked out the proportions for kickbacks to be shared among Global Guardians, including Peter Peterson’s ‘Cronee Capitolists’ at the Council on Foreign Relations and Blackstone Group; John McCain’s rewards came through his “dead-peasant life insurance” buddy, Texas Senator and later UBS honcho, Phil Gramm. Hillary’s was paid by fresh-out-of-jail Henri de Castries, an AXA BOSS at the French American Foundation. Teddy’s ratpack deployed at the Dow Jones Private Equity Hall of Fame awards in the Waldorf Astoria for September 20. Blackstone won; it had doubled re-insurance on the WTC# 7 mortgage where a 5:20 p.m. “Pull It” decision destroyed most (?) of the SEC evidence of Desmarais-KPMG pump-dump-pump frauds. Nano
patched real-time news feed of RatShitKit ratios into virtual "Pattern of the Times" DVD; he got a near perfect correlation of an arbitragged market panic with levels of bearshit trading in New York and bullshit trading in Chicago. (Abel Danger would later present the DVD to a Qui Tam grand jury and show the predictive power of the test by estimating how long Bhutto would live after she had pissed off the new world order punters at the CFR). Mlle Screu-Fait threw a hissy SNIPHy fit; she said arbitrage testing software should be named ShitRatKit. Roland told her to fuck off. Hunter gave them both a boneus to keep the peace and then followed the Blackstone kickbacks right through to the 2008 election to find many CFR members in witting or unwitting violation of Section 1958 (Murder for Hire), including Voodoo-priest lobbyist Fred Thompson, Arkancidal Hillary Clinton, Abel Danger suspect Condoleezza Rice and the UNHCR refugee sponsor and sometime self-cutting, moshing, potential snuff-film actress, Angelina Jolie.

Co-Chairing Sponsor KPMG LLP's Transaction Services practice offers divestiture, merger, and acquisition services to corporations, private equity funds, and its limited partners in developed and emerging markets. Our partners and professionals help assess business opportunities from both buyer and seller perspectives to identify key financial, tax, commercial, human resources, and information technology risks and benefits and improve stakeholder value. KPMG LLP is the U.S. member firm of KPMG International. KPMG International's member firms have nearly 100,000 professionals, including 6,800 partners, in 148 countries. Terms and conditions are evolving rapidly, and while not extinct, the straight 25 percent and 30 percent carries may be endangered. This workshop will take an in-depth look at the latest terms and conditions essentials for raising a private equity fund to help you ensure win-win partnerships. Who's getting carried interest now, how much, and how much they should be getting. Airtight strategies for minimizing or preventing disclosure of return data. How to avoid the headaches of Sarbanes-Oxley. And, finally, some honest talk about corporate accountability [Bullshit or is that Bearshit? Ask Roland the Rat!]

Born in Los Angeles, California, Angelina Jolie is the daughter of actors Jon Voight and Marcheline Bertrand. On her father's side, she is of Slovak and German descent and on her mother's side she is French Canadian and is said to be part Iroquois. "I collected knives and always had certain things around. For some reason, the ritual of having cut myself and feeling the pain, maybe feeling alive, feeling some kind of release, it was somehow therapeutic to me." At 14, she dropped out of her acting classes and dreamed of becoming a funeral director. Her self-loathing led her to embark on a rebellious period in her life; she wore black, dyed her hair purple and went out moshing with her live-in boyfriend. In July 2002, Jolie filed a request to legally change her name to "Angelina Jolie", dropping Voight as her surname; the name change was made official on September 12, 2002 In August of the same year, Voight claimed that his daughter had "serious emotional problems" on Access Hollywood. Jolie first became personally aware of worldwide humanitarian crises while filming Tomb Raider in poverty-stricken and widely mined Cambodia. Deeply affected by these experiences, she eventually turned to UNHCR for more information on international trouble spots. In the following months she agreed to visit different refugee camps around the world to learn more about the situation and the conditions in these areas. In February 2001, Jolie went on her first field visit, an 18-day mission to Sierra Leone and Tanzania; she later expressed her shock at what she had witnessed. Impressed by her interest and devotion in the subject, UNHCR named her a Goodwill Ambassador on August 27, 2001 at UNHCR headquarters in Geneva.
In May 2001, Arthur Levitt resigned his position as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission and joined the Carlyle Group as a senior advisor. On 9/11, the apparent controlled demolition of WTC#7 at 5:20 p.m. destroyed about 3,000 files relating to SEC investigations conducted during Mr. Levitt's eight year tenure as SEC chairman when 'dotcom' frauds netted billions of dollars of profits for the private equity and hedge fund industries. Six days after 9/11, Carlyle Canada's affiliate Groupe AXA opened emergency payment offices in Manhattan and Falls Church, Virginia and began collecting death certificates from victim families. Family members appear to have been paid off with low-value high-cost life insurance policies sold by AXA to the victims or to their employers and/or their rank-and-file labor union pension funds such as the New York City Fire Department Pension Fund. AXA executives have been convicted in France for laundering money through so-called "dead-peasant" life insurance contracts. In an article, "Massacres de l'OTS : les chemins du blanchiment passeraient-ils par Axa-Luxembourg?" Communique de presse, Christian Cotten, 14 juillet 2003, Mr. Cotton describes some apparent links between AXA and the massacre of cult members of the Order of the Temple of the Sun in Quebec, Switzerland and France in assassinations where bodies were allegedly incinerated using flame throwers in an attempt to destroy evidence of mass murders and life-insurance frauds.

The speed of response to 9/11, suggests that AXA took victim death certificates "upstairs" and used them to collect and share out reinsurance money where AXA Re split high-value low cost kickbacks among the senior officers of the victims and shared profits with Blackstone's private equity partners, presumably including Carlyle and TIAA-CREF, the previous owners of the WTC#7 mortgage. On September 20th 2001, Blackstone and HarbourVest were inducted into the Private Equity Hall of Fame in New York and that induction begs the question as to which of the previous year's deals provoked such enthusiasm from their private-equity partners.

Synopsis: Belief CFR led by Blackstone Group and GMAC, used MindBox mortgage software to structure catastrophe cat bonds triggered on 9/11 by controlled demolitions of WTC# 1, 2 & 7.

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/hawkscafe/message/174

Open e-mail message sent May 26, 2007 to:

Peter George Peterson corporate@cfr.org Chairman, Council on Foreign Relations Senior Chairman, Blackstone Private Equity Group CFR New York Office, The Harold Pratt House 58 East 68th Street, New York, NY 10021

Dear Mr. Peterson:

Re: Blackstone, WTC demolition, MindBox mortgage frauds Hawks CAFE believes CFR members led by the Blackstone Group and GMAC, used MindBox mortgage software to structure reinsurance and/or catastrophe (cat) bonds triggered by controlled demolitions of WTC buildings 1, 2 & 7 on September 11, 2001. In an alleged example of such a fraud, Blackstone's private-equity owners of $449 million in mortgages on WTC#7 extorted its distressed debtor, Silverstein Properties, into co-sponsoring bogus sabotage-vulnerability tests to trigger an $861 million catastrophe bond. We also allege that CFR corporate members Boeing and GE used MindBox software to structure the catastrophe bonds triggered on 9/11 by the coordinated sabotage of Boeing aircraft, flights # 11, 175, 77, 93 and the subsequent 4-day closure of the NYSE .. Yours sincerely, Field McConnell, 28 year airline and 22 year military pilot, 23,000 hours of safety avalonbeef@msn.com, David Hawkins Tel: 604 542-0891 hawks-
BLACKSTONE ACQUIRES DEBT ON 7 WORLD TRADE CENTER New York, NY October 17, 2000: Blackstone Real Estate Advisors, the global real estate investment and management arm of The Blackstone Group, L.P., announced today that it has purchased, from Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association, the participating mortgage secured by 7 World Trade Center, a commercial office complex controlled by real estate developer Larry Silverstein. Factsheet on Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association (TIAA) .. the company that insured 7 World Trade, Industrial Risk Insurers, has indicated that it will make a full payment under its $861 million policy. The transaction is secured by the beneficial ownership interest in a trust that owns a loan secured by certificates owned by Blackstone Real Estate Partners III LP through related entities representing ownership interest in another trust secured by four mortgages originally totaling approximately $449.4 million on a leasehold interest in 7 World Trade Center. Some of the insurance proceeds will be used to pay off bondholders who bought part of the building's US$383 million mortgage. Larry Silverstein, the building's developer and leaseholder of the WTC twin towers, has said "the claim for 7 World Trade Center will be US$861 million"

Chips had strange dreams during the night of 11 September, 2001. For the first time in a long time he did not have a BSM and for the second time in a long time he didn't get into the usual "who can boink more, men or women" competition with the Athlete from Athens as it would have been futile anyway. All the Oysters and Extend-o-Peters in the world cannot make up for the comparative science that item A needs to be engorged with bi-lateral blood reservoirs while item B just needs to be lubed, prelubed, or disrespectfully penetrated with no lube, but once the rinse cycle starts, the Maytags are good to go all night long experiencing plural and sequential 'main events', whereas the item Bs are a discardable item which, once called upon, needs encouragement to spring back into action. Just ask Joanie Charlatan in Fargo, her husband needs a 14 day turn around where at the other extreme the "Gargantuan Gobble nasty", aka Chips, is good to go within 3 18 count oyster tins, two Rodney Baldinger NDSU one horsepower E-O-Ps or a little "auto pilot action" such as Julie Haggerty dished out in the last good airline movie, Airplane. No wait that may have been "Otto Pilot". In any case, this time around it is 'Pinocchio' being 'piped aboard' by the Greek Goddess, the double breasted mattress thrasher, or the possessor of weapon '80H', which is the numerical and alphabetic sum of two 40Ds. Truth is lefty is a tad bit smaller than righty, but what a magnificent team they become when harnessed together in the 'over the shoulder boulder holder' with steel reinforcements.

When Amelia's call via Clipper came, Chips was not surprised in the least. At 0703 the Bone-a-phone went off and all ADuc assets were in the Westin with the exception of Dancer in Tel Aviv, Marquis in Vancouver and Dr Paul-Z in the Dominican Republic, Amelia addressed the team, "Red is on the ground at Mildenhall, Rat 1 is in Australia, Rat 2 is in Austria, and Fish and Dyke have given their all. I now turn AD team, no longer under cover to Chips, Chips it's all yours" expressed Amelia.

"Team, we have suffered some losses..let's have 60 seconds, one minute of silence for Gerald DeConto, Dyke and the loyal rats of the NYC DRTs that have paid the ultimate price..."

After one minute and 9 seconds Chips continued "the show must go on and until Red returns from Europe where we believe UN was ready to take the USA into the NWO I have been conscripted to lead AD going forward. This is certainly not a mantle I desire but until relieved I will serve".

"I understand that Nano al-Umina has distributed via multi-media the RatShitKit over SewerNet so that Roland and the Hero Rats will be able to better monitor Bull and Bear shit ratios of investors and brokers..."
in Chicago, Paris, Montreal, London, New York and Washington, DC. We have already sampled the bowel movements of the Desmaret Dipshits at AXA's HQ in Paris today and have concluded the Boss and his boys have tested neutral, the scatological inference being that they traded as insiders through 9/11, an event arbitrated panic of world stock markets. Our asset in Vancouver has determined that Desmaret and KPMG advisors worked out the proportions for kickbacks to be shared among Global Guardians including Peter Peterson's 'Cronie Capitolists' at the Council of Foreign Relations and Blackstone Group. John McCain's reward came through his "dead peasant life insurance buddy, Texas Senator and later UBS honcho, Phil Gramm. Hillary's was paid by fresh-out-of-jail Henri de Castries, an AXA BOSS at the French American Foundation. Teddy's ratpack deployed at the Dow Jones Private Equity Hall of Fame awards in the Waldorf Astoria set for 20 September. Blackstone appeared to win when a 5:20 'pull it' decision triggered redoubled insurance on WTC and destroyed most of the SEC evidence of the Desmaret-KPMG pump-dump-pump frauds.

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Mlle Screu-Fait threw a hissy SNIPHy fit; she said arbitrage testing software should be named Shit Rat Kit. Roland told her to fuck off. Hunter gave them both a bonus to keep the peace and then followed the Blackstone kickbacks right through to the 2008 election to find many CFR members in witting or unwitting violation of Section 1958 (Murder for hire) including voodoo priest lobbyist Fred Thompson [dropped campaign tent 1-22-08], Arkancidal Hillary Clinton [predictive software indicates 2-14-8 drop of campaign tent], Able Danger suspect Condoleezssa Rice and the UNHCR refugee sponsor and sometime self cutting, moshing, potential snuff-film actress, Angelina Jolie.

Where did Angelina's parents go wrong..

Chapter 31 - Abel Danger 9/11 – Vice President 2008

Rebuilding U.S. Department of Justice and Intelligence Services for POTUS 44
The last chapter of the eBook “Hunters’ Wingmen” serves as an open message to all candidates running in the U.S. presidential elections of 2008. At 8:00 a.m. on Tuesday, September 11th, 2001, David Hunter established a secure teleconferencing call with Captain Gerald DeConto, Duty Officer of the Pentagon’s U.S. Naval Command Center, and Gordon England, Secretary of the Navy. He asked Captain DeConto and Secretary England to link the call directly to U.S. President George W. Bush and requested the immediate cancellation of the “Global Guardian” training exercise which began at 3 p.m. the day before. Hunter warned them that his ‘Abel Danger’ successors to the ‘Able Danger’ counter-intelligence group [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Able_Danger](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Able_Danger) had acquired a copy of a plan for a “Live Fire Terrorist Hijacking Scenario” sponsored by KPMG and its apparently treasonous or terrified clients in the US Departments of Transportation, Justice and State and the Federal Emergency Management Agency. The plan showed that KPMG sub-contractors, including AMEC, Bombardier and Canada Steamship Line, had developed decoy-and-drone maneuvers for a bogus war game through Monday September 10 to Tuesday September 11. Hunter had realized that the war game could be manipulated in such a way as to camouflage an attempted coup d’etat. He wanted to warn the President that the ‘Global Guardians’ intended to destroy a number of US command centers and assassinate thousands of top officials (TOPOFF) and ordinary American citizens. He now knew that a contrived panic was to be amplified by false claims broadcast over virtual news networks in order to justify a declaration of martial law enforced by United States National Guard sworn in as NATO paramilitaries.
Hunter told DeConto and England, that KPMG had planned the 9/11 attacks to disrupt the U.S. presidential chain of command, intimidate “climate deniers”, eliminate business rivals and extort industry and citizens into the payment of carbon taxes to self-appointed trustees in the Global Commons. Abel Danger identified the Global Guardian principals as members of the Desmarais family in Montreal together with Maurice Strong and Al Gore, all trading as insiders through the U.N. Environmental Programme (UNEP) bankers and the soon to be created Chicago Climate Exchange.
Captain DeConto and Secretary England were unable to link Hunter’s call to President Bush that morning; the rest is history which must never be forgotten and never be relived.

Having completed this book, the Hunters are launching a virtual vice-presidential election campaign. They will help the next President of the United States to select a vice-president from a virtual talent pool capable of dismantling KPMG and rebuilding the U.S. Justice System and a broken chain of command and intelligence service.

By the time of the November election, Hunters’ Wingmen will also have made sure that all candidates have satisfactory answers to issues raised by the words “My Daddy is not Garbage” and the actions of New York City officials at the Fresh Kills land fill as outlined below.

[ Remains of 9-11 victims were used to fill potholes, contractor says http://www.voicesofsept11.org/dev/content.php?idtocitems=remainsdaily ]

By Thomas Zambito, New York Daily News March 25, 2007 NEW YORK - The pulverized remains of bodies from the World Trade Center disaster site were used by city workers to fill ruts and potholes, a city contractor says in a sworn affidavit filed Friday in Manhattan Federal Court. Eric Beck says debris powders - known as fines - were put in a pothole-fill mixture by crews at the Fresh Kills landfill on Staten Island, N.Y., where more than 1.65 million tons of World Trade Center debris were deposited after the Sept. 11 attacks. “I observed the New York City Department of Sanitation taking these fines from the conveyor belts of our machines, loading it onto tractors and using it to pave roads and fill in potholes,
dips and ruts," ... The city recently asked Manhattan Federal Judge Alvin Hellerstein to dismiss the lawsuit, and New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg has said he would like to turn the garbage dump into a "beautiful park." In his first few months on the job, Beck said Taylor's mechanical sifters found 2,000 bones per day. He recalled finding "bones, fingers, skulls, feet and hands" as well as a man's chest and "the full body of a man dressed in a suit." .. "From my experience at Fresh Kills, I am absolutely convinced that if the City of New York unearthed, resifted and washed the debris at Fresh Kills . . . it would find hundreds of human body parts and human remains," said Feaser, a 20-year veteran who supervised the recovery effort at Fresh Kills for the Sanitation Department. Diane Horning, the president of [ WTC Families for Proper Burialhttp://www.wtcfamiliesforproperburial.com/ ], urged Hellerstein to allow the sifting to continue so that loved ones' remains will be found. "There is no place to leave flowers," said Horning, whose son Matthew, an employee of Marsh and McLennan, was killed on Sept. 11, 2001. "There is no feeling of solace or closeness to your loved one."

While candidates explain to the public why they should become POTUS 44, they may want to remember the common history of what Churchill called the ['English Speaking Peoples' http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/A_History_of_the_English-Speaking_Peoples ];

These are people they may one day be privileged to govern, so here are some sounds from dancing fighting friends and occasional enemies who became the lovers and defenders of common law freedoms stretching back to a 10th century King of England who conceived of a principle which leaders must be ready to protect with their lives.

“Accuse no Innocent - Shelter no Guilty”

Be warned.

US Marines http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DLQzqrXpSol

New Zealand Maoris Hakka Dance http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kD0kDxP04el

Zulu Warriors, Rorke’s Drift, Diehards http://www.thediehards.co.uk/ ,

2nd Warwickshire, 24th Regiment Men of Harlech http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YrZbUS0MaY4

Flower of Scotland http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XA6cnXFiE6I

Waltzing Mathilda http://video.google.ca/videoplay?docid=2366469273508668989

Royal Marine Commandos http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=INdjRCNcZj0

THE END

AND A NEW BEGINNING, BACK IN CHARACTER ............

First, a stirring message from Elvis who won 3 Grammies, two for this song: [ http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Nf0vliyeLlo ]
Yes Elvis is right I assure you. There is no power on earth that can stand up to the Creator and if the United States of America does not honor God, we cannot expect God to honor America. The PFers at KPMG and their lapdogs at USDOJ need to respect their enemies or fall victim. The repugnant assemblage of misfits, criminals and anti-American Presidential candidates rolled out by these truth-challenged GG-PFers are being brokered by the klepto-fascist as the Bilderberg, the Global Guardians, the FAF, CFR, Carlyle Canada PEG and the Octopus, in my opinion, KPMG.

The intentional destruction of America which became unmistakable in period 1993 to 2001 was intended to be the final weakening of our sovereignty that started well before 1892 but became transparent in 1892 in Omaha and the baby Octopus created the Banker’s Manifesto of 1892. Google that. Then Google ARKANCIDE and rethink Election 2008. In the ‘60s the Pledge of Allegiance and Prayers in school started down the slippery slope; in 1973 the reproduction rate of indigenous Americans started down. In the 1980s the financials started down and though ups and downs have occurred in cycles since, the financial carnage coming will make the Great Depression seem like a walk in the park. In the period 1993 until today our military has been shrinking at a rate faster then the paid campaigners working for Rudy, and while the military is intentionally shrunk to accommodate the PFers takeover of America, what is left of our military is overcommitted and under led. In that I mean the leaders since 1993 have not discharged their leadership obligations as it pertains to the United States fighting force. Our SNIPH testers have concluded that the Presidential candidates in the photos at the top of this - the final chapter of our e:Book - all lack the basics of leadership: Integrity, Purity, Patriotism and Loyalty to the United States of America, One Nation under God.

Therefore, at 1800 central time on 1-24-08 the bipedal and quadrupedal assets of HawksCAFE and USDOJ.GR, announced a “Virtual Campaign for Vice President of the United States of America, One Nation under God”; the name of the campaign is ‘Rescue ’08’. We look forward to working with all Americans regardless their status legal or illegal, red, white, yellow brown or black, all ages, all faiths and all lifestyles. Regardless who you are, how you are wired, or where you came from it matters not. If the Global Guardians [code Pfer] are not stopped in this election cycle, in my opinion, one world government and martial law is soon to come.

On 10 December, 2006, I, David Hunter, expressed in writing that illegally modified Boeing jets were ‘in the system’ and they needed to be converted back to their intended design configuration. The Global Guardians used Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilots on 9-11, when laser-guided drones replaced UA175, AA11 and AA77 then struck WT1 and 2 and Wedge 1 of the Pentagon.

These technologies are deployed still and since my warning was read and understood by the Air Line Pilots Association, an airline company, the FBI and a 4 star admiral in Northern Command [think NORAD], nothing has been done to remove devices which can turn a passenger plane into a remotely hijacked flying bomb, guided electronically, and flown in 5 target dimensions; latitude, longitude, altitude, speed and time.

Friday, 1-25-2008 the Attorney General of the US, the Director of the FBI, the Secretary of DHS, and the US Attorney of a specific state will receive the 3 part set entitled 911 Resolution Trilogy. And they will have to sign for the videos, and the delivery time and signature will be made available to the world on one or more of our websites. A man in NYC, Patrick McGillicuddy, no relation to the whisky, has advised me that when all members of Congress and all the Senators have signed for the 635 DVDs heading to them, then if the DOJ, FBI, DHS and both houses don’t pursue the truth, they will be in apparent violation of ‘misprison of felony’ [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Misprison_of_felony ].
I grew up in America where Ozzie and Harriet and Ward and June had nice family lives, one income provided a middle class lifestyle for a family, and Americans and those depending on America felt a great sense of ‘wellness’. Now the illnesses intentionally foisted upon America can be tracked to the architects of those many illness and the people who intended to TOPOFF America in the cowardly and bungled attacks of 9/11 will be brought to Justice, either by those in office who have sworn oaths to do so, or those who, “we the people” replace them with.

As Hawks CAFE and USDOJ.gr retire this case and this story, we now move to the sequel and herewith volunteer to help the successful presidential candidate select his or her Vice-President and break the shackles of debt and addictions the PFers have foisted upon us and recreate in America some magic moments such as we had in days gone by.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q5zarGeHKNU

God Bless America

Epilogue - Hunters' Rat - Wingman's Mission

Did Strong Whack JFK? Did McCains Slay Abel? Did Clintons Frag Bush?

In 2008, leaders of the Abel Danger virtual intelligence team, Amelia and David Hunter and Roland Rat, decide to send a real human being on a real rescue mission; Pilot Field McConnell is ordered to fly civilians around the world, meet and talk with Muslims, Christians, Animists, Hindus, Buddhists and people of all faiths and send back real news from eyewitnesses to important world events for discussion on our growing network of media friends. Abel Danger wants our worldwide audience to explore with field (pun intended) answers to some key questions: Did Maurice Strong, then president of Power Corporation of Canada, order the apparent 1963 contract killing of John F. Kennedy; Did three generations of the McCain family contribute, wittingly or unwittingly, to the unlawful deaths of their fellow Americans during WWII, the Tet Offensive in Vietnam, and 'al-Qaeda' attacks on the USS Cole or 9/11; Did KPMG clients, including the UNEP banker UBS, pay Bill and Hillary Clinton to set up ‘fragging funds’ in the U.S. Departments of Justice, State, Defense or Transportation and hire militant union workers to assassinate top officials (TOPOFF) and extort whistleblowers’ silence to the felony of Arkancide or the frauds of Kyoto.
John Sidney McCain, Sr. (August 9, 1884 - September 6, 1945) was Admiral in the United States Navy, commander of the Fast Carrier Task Force in World War II. His son John S. McCain, Jr. was also an admiral (the only father-son pair of full admirals in US history), and his grandson John McCain III, also a naval officer, (retired Navy Captain), is a U.S. Senator from Arizona. All three attended the United States Naval Academy. For the first year of World War II he served as Commander of Air Forces for Western Sea Frontier and the South Pacific Force. A lapse in McCain's leadership of his forces significantly contributed to the Allied defeat and heavy losses in one of the naval battles around Guadalcanal. McCain had been requested to conduct extra reconnaissance missions over "The Slot" in the Solomon Islands on August 8, 1942. McCain failed to order the missions as requested, and furthermore, didn't inform the Allied naval commanders at Guadalcanal that they weren't carried out. As a result, Allied naval forces were surprised and defeated in the Battle of Savo Island on August 9, a defeat that jeopardized the entire Guadalcanal operation for the Allies. John McCain had one of the worst Vietnam experiences of any elected official. At one point, after being beaten and hanged, Mr. McCain gave in and taped a confession, admitting that he was a "black criminal" and an "air pirate." The Faith of My Father's film shows him, newly released, apologizing to his father for that disgrace. "You were in your hellhole for 1,968 days," the four-star admiral replies. "You didn't leave anything back there that you have to regret." Admiral McCain, a former commander in chief of Pacific forces in the Vietnam War and a World War II hero, was in charge of the bombing of Hanoi at the time his son's Navy fighter was shot down, and his own father had also been a four-star admiral. Senator McCain said he wrote his memoir to pay tribute to his father, who instilled the values that kept up his spirits during his long time in prison. Smith and McClure were given a less than honorable discharge and drummed out of the Army, their reputations tarnished forever. During the time the Americans caged in "Auschwitz" were enduring torture and deprivation, young Navy pilot John McCain was in flight training and having different troubles. Surviving a crash unscathed in Corpus Christi Bay, he managed to later collide another training plane into power lines in Spain. Despite the crashes, he was allowed to continue flying as a Navy aviator. Luck, or maybe it was the admiral, had smiled on him. In 1965, when Smith and McClure stepped from the horrors of a bamboo cage prison into the humiliation of a court-marshal for their anti-war statements, Navy pilot McCain and Carol Shepp, a tall Philadelphia model were married. Two years later, on Oct. 26, 1967, the admiral's son while flying his 23rd mission over North Vietnam, once again fell from the sky, this time landing in the hands of a brutal enemy. McCain admits that three to four days after he was captured, he promised the Vietnamese, "I'll give you military information if you will take me to the hospital." Less than two weeks after McCain was taken to a hospital, Hanoi's press began quoting him giving specific military information, including the name of the aircraft carrier on which he was bases, numbers of U.S. pilots that had been lost, the number of aircraft in his flight, information about location of rescue ships and the order of which his attack was supposed to take place. Interview with McCain Hanoi VNA International Service in French 1339 GMT 9 Nov 67 B (Interview of American POW LT CDR John Sidney McCain published in 9 November Nhan Dan) . 'My assignment to the Oriskany, I told myself, was due to serious losses in pilots which were sustained by this aircraft carrier (due to its raids over North Vietnam territory--VNA) and which necessitated replacements. From 10 to 12 pilots were transferred like me from the Forrestal to the Oriskany. Before I was shot down we had made several sorties. Altogether I made about 23 flights over North Vietnam.' The briefing was held in the morning. That's right. I remember that it was the morning that they told me of the situation and the plan of the raid, which should take place about noon. A reconnaissance officer explained this plan to me. They showed me photographs of my target marked out the paths to be followed by the Oriskany at this point. They pointed out to me a number of antiaircraft positions near Hanoi and a number of possible rocket positions, the position of our rescue ships, the radio frequency, the composition of the flight, and so forth. Upon arrival near the target, our formation with six bombers, would mount the attack.
according to the following order: I would be number three, and the chief of the formation, number one. Each pilot would have to approach the target from a different direction, the choice of which would be left to [undecipherable]. 'While moving toward the target, we stumbled over a very dense network of fire, a very powerful riposte. A few rockets were seen. Our chief turned to approach the target and I followed him at a distance. At the time when I was preparing to drop my bombs--I did not know whether or not I could drop them because things were happening too fast--I heard a terrible explosion which shook my plane and sent it toward the ground. It was hit so violently that I was thrown on my back and went straight toward the ground in this posture. I tried to pull the direction-stick I do not know at what [undecipherable] Naturally I felt buffeting because my bailing out was made at the time when the plane was falling too fast. When the parachute opened I looked down and found out I was going to fall into a lake. I was really lucky to be able to fall into a lake. All around me bombs were exploding while rockets and antiaircraft shells were streaking through the sky. I hit the lake and went to the bottom. While trying to return to the surface, I was seized by Vietnamese and pushed to the bank of the lake. They disarmed me and brought me to prison.' 'What do you think of Hanoi's fire barrage?' asked the Nhan Dan Correspondent. McCain cried out: 'Very intense, very accurate. When a fire barrage is so accurate, one has to reckon with it. You are excellent artillermen. Naturally, I have never seen such a fire network, because it was the first time I flew over Hanoi.' 'Were the pilots who had flown over Hanoi afraid of the firepower from the ground?' 'Yes, certainly!' McCain said, 'How lucky are those who do not have to come often to the Hanoi Sector. Very dangerous! Because they could very well be shot down, hit, something that no one wants! When I arrived near my target I saw two rockets streaking by my side, and it was terrible to see. They flew very fast, very strongly.' .. 'For me,' he concluded, 'there is no longer any doubt. Things are taking place in a favorable opinion. The United States at present seems to be standing alone, so much is its isolation.' There is also evidence that McCain received "special" medical treatment from a Soviet physician. After he was out of the hospital, McCain continued cooperating with the North Vietnamese for a period of three years. He made radio broadcasts for the communists and met with foreign delegations, including the Cubans. He was interviewed by at least two North Vietnamese generals one of whom was Vietnam's national hero, General Vo Nguyen Giap ... Even though there are no reports in the public record from other POWs who witnessed McCain's claims of torture and heroics or his attempted suicide, the American media has accepted his version of events word for word, no questions asked.

If I am asked to deploy globally for Abel Danger, I will accept the mission and complete it. As a fighter pilot my favored position in a flight of two was as 'wingman' so I could protect my 'leader' and engage those who engaged the leader. As a fighter pilot my favored position was in the 'slot' of a four-ship formation. Character David Hunter's apparent favored position was also in the slot. But alas I digress.

I, like 3 McCains and Captains Chic Burlingame and Gerald DeConto, am an Annapolis graduate. Unlike McCain, I was not the bottom guy in my class and I have never failed to achieve an airborne mission once engaged. If I am asked to 'engage' I will, but it will be because I am loyal to my sworn oath of 28 June, 1967.

Field McConnell
U S Marine

Elvis has left the building
The Untouchables have left their base