

Chapter 10: Trigger-Fingered Coffin Switch

Bipolar family – Glock cocked – Chicago Chip – Gorilla WIPE



<http://images.zap2it.com/20070408/addamsfamily240.jpg>

http://www.glockfaq.com/images/pics/desert_2.jpg

http://farm3.static.flickr.com/2136/2274252795_918bcffc01_m.jpg



http://newsimg.bbc.co.uk/media/images/42842000/jpg/_42842063_casket_ap.jpg

<http://www.cryptomundo.com/wp-content/uploads/gorilla.jpg>

Chips has a bipolar family; some happy he's alive others convinced he's dead while a neighbor worries about an explosion. When his cell phone ending in 4500, rang he answers "Stone Kohl". "Funny dad, this is Stone" Stone tells his father Big Sis says he'd better look really dead because her boss is coming – along with some other people – to check he's no longer a risk to Obomba control of the White House. Dr. Aldenburg tells Stone to make sure his father meets him at Boulgers for injections; he can't eat after 10pm but he can drink but even so, Chips finds his dead gig is getting hard to play. Dancer re-programs BDD coffin technology to take control ADuc while Chips plays corpse for Brucey Baby, two Judges, an FAA type and the Serco Supervisor who was at Mesa from 1995 until 1 October, 2001 when he retired early to get a cush job at the local Anheuser Busch distributorship with the Songbird's wife. Pat and Jeff sing "Sweet, Sweet Spirit" as Brucey draws stick pin to put in David's eye to ensure he's dead. Stone whispers "I wouldn't do that fuck face" and Glocked his cock or something like that whereupon Amelia's boss put his stick pin in a pink boutonniere to prove he can lecture on encryption in French so Anglos don't understand his treasonous use of JUSTICE call signs, Clipper chips and "Al-Qaeda" flight boxes. Chips shows Fish how "caller ID" indicates ++ if bad guys are "on board, bit check passed" and +++ if plane has been

remotely “grabbed” for extortion of travelers by JPATS, SABRE and Obomba lesbian or bisexual teachers in Chicago. Chips now knows why leaders in airline industry, USDOJ, Senate and Congress are scared mutes. Amelia thinks he looks pretty good for a dead man but with Hamish and Homi taking Duke out to Mesa for a little siesta it’s now sister crunch time. Chips asks her if she’s ready to go on a radio show, 0900 east coast time. Her reply is hedged, “Not unless ‘Take Me Home, Country Roads’ has taken place. Until Operation WIPE is out there, I am a loyal Queen Hornet, but I will sting ‘em if they are dumb enough to WIPE-out America, capeche?” Chips’ post-funeral brain cerebrates. “Is WIPE imminent after simulated dirty nuke attack on US Capitol?” “Could the four legs of WIPE be Washington-Indianapolis-Portland-Phoenix with ‘enchilada’ replacing Phoenix?” Hamish reckons the operation may be named after Parisien’s Blowfish disc Wipe facility used by Brucey and Amelia to erase details of Suite 450 conspiracies, including murder of Danny Casolaro in 1991. Troubled, Chips returns to cockpit for his gorilla disguise and the entire aircraft begins to shake violently.

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The following morning the storm had worsened. Chips was awakened at 0645 when his home phone rang. Leaving his recliner for the first time since two sips ago he found his way to the wall phone and answered.....he really didn't know how to answer....'Hunter residence, Stone speaking'.

'David, is that you?' asked his wife from Hutchinson, Minnesota.

'Yes, sorry, I have to break the habit of being David Hunter until after Queen Hornet and I have sufficient indictments to take our virtual campaigns live' explained David. 'Hope you are sitting tight in Hutch.'

'Yes, the kids and I are at the usual hotel. We heard the forecast and plan to stay again tonight and leave at 0700 on the 19th assuming the weather forecast is accurate. Any trouble getting home from Amsterdam yesterday?'

'No, not really, I guess you heard I94 and the Fargo Airport were both closed for a while?'

'Yes, and we heard there was a security lock-down at MSP, did that affect your travels?'

'Not really, hey I see the animals are huddling between the barns and the dogs seem upset, I better go out. I will have my cell in my pocket. You guys eat well and sleep well, enjoy the pool and hot tub and I will see you before the funeral; and after, now that I think about it. Have a safe trip when weather allows. Thanks for the call, see you soon.'

'We're okay; glad you are home, see you tomorrow...well at least until the funeral.'

Now fully awake he could see that there had been a power interruption overnight. He saw the clocks were all on the wrong time, and the message light was blinking on his telephone. The caller ID indicated a message came in at 0412 from a neighbor. He listened to the message that simply pointed out the sound of an explosion followed by loss of electrical power, and inquired if the Hunter family was okay. Great to have good

neighbors to check on his family, he thought.

As he stepped into the kitchen to make some coffee his cel phone ending in 4500 rang, remembering not to be himself he answered, 'Stone Kohl'.

'Funny dad, this is Stone, Big Sis just called into the guard on a secure line and suggested you better look really dead tomorrow, apparently her boss is coming to pay his respects, along with a Bob. E. Sturgell of FAA, Judge O'Brien of St Paul, a Chicago Judge named Weedoph and a Serco representative who is from Mesa. BS said you'd understand.'

'Got it Stone, I've got some farm chores to do and if the weather allows I will be at HoDos by 1105, how is the visibility at the Fargo airport?'

'Horseshit, nothing in or out all day. Forecast the same through until about 0200 Wednesday morning. You may wish to stay home and hunker down. I can go babysit at HoDos if you want.'

'Thanks, Stone, let me feed the animals and I will get back to you no later than noon. And thank Swany and Jason for last night, good operation.'

'No problem, they said thanks for the drill weekend beer money and also last night. Swany and Hamish got a little crazy so I left Swany at HoDos and took the Big Ford home so he wouldn't get a ticket.'

'Gotta run Stone, thanks'.....'Hunter residence Stone speaking?'

'This is Dr. Aldenburg, please tell your father to meet me at Boulgers for the injections. Tell him not to eat after 10pm tonight but he can drink whatever he wishes'.

'Thank you Dr., I will see that he gets the message, goodbye' as Chips thought this being dead is getting to be a difficult act to play.

The remainder of Tuesday and into early Wednesday the airport and interstates remained closed due to visibility, blowing snow and accumulation of snow in hard and deep finger drifts. Chips had turned the socializing over to Stone, who was doing a good job of keeping Hamish, Homi and Dancer busy while Duke sniffed a lot, and licked his sac. After administrative details and a battery of Clipper calls, Chips called it a night early, pouring himself a BSM with Claussen Dill Spear for perhaps the last time. He watched the news, listened to some oldies from 1964, and once again fell asleep in his favorite recliner. Sometime during the night he got up to go to the bathroom and then relocated to bed, alone. Early the morning of 12-19-07 he awoke, warmed up coffee from the previous day and checked for messages; none. Then he realized oh yea, I am supposed to be dead. He went out to feed and water the animals and check heat lamps for the poultry. The snow no longer fell, and the wind was nearly calm, the sun was coming up and Chips felt happy that he'd plugged in the truck and the limo, the snow may be so deep he'd have trouble getting out. Then he remembered Stone was coming to drive him to Boulger's.

Darn, it is really tough to remember one is dead when one isn't.

By 10 a.m. he was all dressed up for the funeral, having showered and put on clean underclothes. He emptied his pockets and put the contents into a plastic bag in the right pocket of his London Fog raincoat, with winter liner installed. At about 1020 he heard the dogs barking and the roar of a Big Ford as it ate its way through the drifts. As he stepped out to the truck he hoped he'd be convincing as a stiff.

Swany was smiling; apparently the snow was so deep he was proud of his truck. 'What's the plan Stone, do you want to take the limo and follow us or wait for the snow plow to come clean up the gravel road?'

'Hop in, Swany has time to bring me back if necessary and I don't think the limo would be able to get through. We will take you to Boulger's, Dancer and Homi are there now, let's roll.' As Chips sat by the door, Stone pushed up the arm rest and took the middle seat. Swany looked proud again as Big Blacky made short work of some tall drifts; by 1045 they were at the funeral home.

[image Boulger Funeral Home]

As Chips walked in he met the Boulger representative, Dancer and Homi. Hamish had stayed at the Hotel Donaldson to handle various phones and 3 laptops. He was communicating with Amelia, Dirtball and Fish, who made a 0700 wheels up and were already in Fargo. Having left NODAK 01 at the ANG next to Justice 75 they had been sent to the Hotel Donaldson in some courtesy transportation arranged by Jason. Also Hamish had spoken with Chips' wife and kids and they were well ahead of schedule with good driving conditions after passing the weather line, west of Alexandria.

Homi opened up, 'Chips, Dancer has been in the box, locked in and did a good job with all the technology in the dark; of course the batteries should last 48 hours so any darkness would surprise me. She is ready to take control of ADuc and share that with Hamish for the period between noon and 2400, by which time 'Snowman' should occur and control reverts, per the briefing. Dancer nodded and mentioned Raven was watching the store at Mossad and mentioned a Falcon 20 with some VIPs. Those coming to the funeral included Brucey Baby, two Judges, an FAA type and a Serco Supervisor who was at Mesa from 1995 until 1 October, 2001 when he retired early, and got a cush job at the local Anheuser Busch distributorship. The Falcon was to park at Fargo Jet Center so after the funeral Justice 75 and Justice 10 should be east bound and down before the Falcon would be cleared to taxi, a Mr. Sweeney had volunteered to impute a 15 minute delay in the Falcon's departure, allowing 'Snowman' to get out of Fargo first.

Chips thanked Homi and Dancer and wished them good luck, turning to Dr. Aldenburg and the Boulger rep he said, 'What's next?'

Dr. Aldenburg pointed to the open casket, a BDD11 with Honeywell, Collins, Raytheon, Thuraya gear, among others, and said 'Remove your shoes and hop in, and before I give you a dose, your current weight and the last time you ate, the rest I know from your

history with Dr. Gladd at Meritcare Southpointe.'

'195 give or take a beer, and lunch yesterday aboard NWA 45 at approximately 1 PM Fargo time. My son Stone told me you had called about my not eating later yesterday or this morning.'

As Dr. Aldenburg drew a syringe and his nurse anesthetist grabbed a mask and bottle of gas, he said 'any last words Chips?'

'Yes please don't over do me and I need to be somewhat lucid by 4 pm'.

As the nurse placed the bag over his face and it expanded, Dr. Aldenburg, who flew F4s at the Hooligans with Chips, said, 'Oh don't worry, you have been somewhat lucid since you arrived in August, 1977. Good night Mr. Chips.'

David Hunter never felt the needle and his only sensation was a rapid warming before he slept, with an extremely low pulse. Dangerously low. However, the BDD11 had him monitored and Dr. Aldenburg was dressed as a 'weeper' and would be within 15 feet of the BDD11 until it reached the Fargo Airport, where he would administer an anecdote.

The staff at Boulger closed the lid on Chip's casket after Homi and Dancer had given the technology one last BIT [built in test] check. Satisfied that the 4 stages of the GGES were functioning properly Homi and Dancer withdrew and turned Chips and his BDD11 over to Boulger, Dr. Aldenburg and the hearse driver, Stone. As Stone and Homi rode in the hearse to the little Free Lutheran Church in Glyndon, Minnesota, Dancer and Duke rode in the 'family car' that trailed at a safe distance. Dr. Aldenburg and Dancer monitored Chips' pulse and each time it reached 12 at the low end Dr. Aldenburg winced, knowing that this was for all the marbles; not Chips' marbles, the size of grapefruits, but rather for the sovereignty of the USA and the Anglosphere at large. As the hearse pulled up to the overhang at the church, doors were opened allowing Homi, Stone and the Boulger staff to roll Chips up to the area in the narthex where he could be 'viewed' prior to the service. While the Boulger staff moved the two vehicles Stone began his vigil over his father's remains, sort of. Due to the realities of the situation Homi had insisted Stone carry a Glock as Homi did also. Duke had been positioned in a manger scene in the front of the church. While Duke didn't like the sheep he shared space with, he did enjoy the beef jerky and the encouragement from his best friend and handler, Homi.

By 1 pm guests started coming in and at about the same time Chip's family slipped in to the kitchen and were relieved to see the church ladies in serving group 'A' had the snacks out and the luncheon defrosting. Chips' daughters helped in the kitchen while his 'widow' made one last check of the photo montage of his 58 years and his son Stone, maintained his 'Glock enhanced vigil'. At 1307 Stone's Clipper went off and he looked at an IM from Swany "Amelia, Dirtball, Hamish arriving in 3 minutes, Jason says the bad guys are 5 minutes in trail". Stone hit the 'ack' button and continued to glad hand those remembering his father. At 1330 the Pastor went into the Sanctuary and had the ushers, Rick and Bruce, light the candles and ensure that the 400+ programs were accessible to

those coming to mourn the loss of Captain David Hunter. As the Pastor told Stone he admired Stone's composure Stone said "I feel almost like he is here with us", which reminded the pastor of the closing scene of a MASH episode eulogizing the contributions of a recently deceased Captain Tuttle.

At 1345 the Boulger employees pushed Chips' BDD11 up to the front and center of the church and the organist, Gerry, began to play that music that makes funerals so scary. In the box, Chips was maintaining a 16 bpm cardiac rhythm and Dr. Aldenburg, disguised as a weeper in row 2 right, was pleased as he looked at the monitor. At 1350 Chips' widow and daughters, all four of them, followed the Pastor to their reserved pew on the front row, church right side. In the row behind his immediate family was his sister, Amelia, and the refuse hauled to Fargo in the Falcon 20. The only member of Chips' family not in the front row was his son, Stone, who maintained a vigil by his box. Homi sat in row three with a clear shot at the box if any Falcon perp tried to probe Chips for reflex action.

As the pianist and organist started playing the prelude and those assembled came to their feet, both Homi and Stone were looking the crowd over. Mostly nice folks except rows 2 and 3 right side.. With Amelia was Brucey Baby, Judge O'Brien, Judge Weedhoff, Bob E. Sturgell, and the Mesa contract tower chief. Homi's finger was tickling the trigger. Just prior to the Pastor opening with a prayer, a stunning red head walked in, and sat in the last row, left side, a veil over her face as she tried not to smile. Also in that row were Jason and Swany, there to support and encourage Stone.

"From dust we come and to dust we return, we gather today to celebrate the life, and the Victory in Jesus of David Alexander Hunter, age 58."

At that point a duet with Pat and Jeff singing "Sweet, Sweet Spirit" put those gathered in a mood to hear the Pastor reflect on the living, and dying, of David Hunter. As the service dragged on, it finally came to pass that David Hunter was committed to God's care and the Pastor led the group of those would pay their last respects to David Hunter, deceased.

As the guests were accommodated by seating position, row 2 right was early in the pecking order. As Brucey Baby came to view David Hunter, as he had come to view David's mother some 3 months earlier, he drew a stick pin to put in David's eye, as if to ensure he was really dead. As he drew the stick pin closer to David's face, Stone whispered "I wouldn't do, that fuck face" and simultaneously the sound of a Glock being cocked, and a mandarin orange color laser on Brucey's right hand, made Amelia's boss think of his own imminent demise, and he replaced his stick pin in his pink boutonniere. Having observed the cowardice of Brucey, the two Judges, Bob E. Sturgill and the Mesa tower chief passed without drawing attention to themselves.



<http://www.thomaspmbarnett.com/projects/newruleset/images/NRSpro1.gif>

After “How Great Thou Art” and “Peace in the Valley”, Stone and the Boulger crew pushed David Hunter out to the hearse for the ride to the Fargo airport where the BDD11 would be loaded on the 4:15 to Minneapolis with a connection to DC Reagan National and a short trip to Arlington, where he would be buried due to his 40 years of service to the Office of Naval Intelligence, the United States Navy, and the United States Marine Corps, in the period 5 February, 1967 to 17 Dec, 2007. The fact that he continued to honor his oath to ONI and the Air National Guard would not have qualified him to be buried next to his parents, both WWII Veterans, in Arlington. His college classmate, Chic Burlingame had also met resistance as he was sent to Arlington against the rules at the time. Rules can be changed, and not just Thomas Barnett’s treasonous NewRulesSet run through Iridium satellite phones used by insiders of the DISA Hawaii gateway and Navy Space Command. Barnett’s ruleset of February 2001 recognized that the Twin Towers had to be targeted and destroyed but sometimes rules can be changed to accommodate those who uphold their oath of office as well as those who attack they that do. The Weatherwomen of the 1960s may well have been able to pull off the treasonous attacks of 9/11 except for one thing: they and their limp male counterparts were cowardly and also tracked by Abel Danger UC even as Henry Shelton’s Able Danger folded their tents and went along with POTUS 42.

As ABLE DANGER, FBI, and CIA had all been dismantled systematically during the period 1993-2001, the Gorelick Wall and USIS were installed to prevent Humpty Dumpty from being put back together again. Abel Danger UC had survived the Clinton Administration intact, for the most part.

As the coffin was secured in the hearse, Stone went to drive the hearse with Homi in the right seat. Dr. Aldenburg rode in a side seat next to the coffin, continuing to monitor the

pulse of the 'recently deceased'. Dr. Aldenburg was pleased to see the pulse rising above 30 and in fact had a mental victory party for another dicey deal that was working out in favor of the good guys. As David Hunter's survivors hosted the guests to a meal in memory of the life and service of Lt. Col. David Hunter, USAF retired, Stone took Clay County 11 south to I94, followed by I29 and 19th Ave N to Joe Parmer driver and the freight facility at Hector International Airport. Dancer and Duke were the only riders in the family car and as Stone called the Fargo Ops number the electric door opened and the hearse and family car drove under the Hector terminal. As the vehicles were shut off, Homi and Stone heard the sound of an A319 taxi to Gate One and then shutoff both engines. The low hum of the APU reminded members of ADuc that things were still on track.

As the employees at Hector accepted the BDD11 for shipment, Homi and Stone signed the bills of lading while Chips and Dancer changed places. Stone had handed his Dad a GWB when he "popped the top" on the BDD11 to enable the egress of Chips and the ingress of Dancer. Within 3 minutes the falsified paperwork was in the plastic wrapped appendage to the "human remains container" and Dancer was on her way to Washington DC, with continuing service through Amsterdam to Geneva.

As the BDD11 was transported to the waiting A319, Chips transmitted via secure Clipper "Dancer, bon voyage, you have the hammer, how copy, Chips' and immediately came the reply 'Roger, I have the hammer, comm gear 5 by, shalom'. As Homi and Stone headed back to the church, Chips was in the family car being driven to the Hotel Donaldson. The Boulger employee gave him a key to room 204 and said "by all means enjoy the night, Captain Rich McHogeny has paid in advance for everything." And Chips thought back to what the Pastor had said during the service, that Captain David Hunter's lifetime of sin had been paid in advance, on a lonely hilltop cross, two thousand years ago.

As Chips settled into Room 204 he found the receipt for the get together two nights prior. He was surprised that it hadn't cost more, but was pleased to see that the Food and Beverage manager had remembered to add 20% for his staff. As he laid on the bed to relax, he placed his Clipper squirt gun deal and both his cel phones on the bed-side table, closed his eyes and searched for his Cinnamon Girl.

He had only slept for about 15 minutes when a cel phone with the William Tell Overture ring tone interrupted his pursuit of the Cinnamon Girl, just as he had talked her into it. Bummer. "Hello" responded Chips as he was determined not to use his Abel Danger UC identity until he had the conference with the "funeral party" when they got done remembering his lifetime of service.

His cel phone ending in 9767 responded with "Fish at the church, are you in the command center at HoDos?"

"Yes"

“The office in Dubai just snagged a message regarding a potential foxtrot foxtrot and I will give you a face to face as soon as I can get a lift to the hotel.”

“Lucky 7 cab, green towncar, driver Bob, 15 minutes at church”.

As Bob pulled up to the little church’s overhang a focused but unfamiliar figure reached for the rear door handle and settled in the right rear. The door was closed and as the taxi turned onto US Highway 10 west bound, Bob looked in his mirror and asked “Hotel Donaldson?”

“Yes but take it easy, this wouldn’t be a good time for a speeding ticket, Bob”. Fish was thinking back to the 1971 hit “Take It Easy” which was thought to launch The Eagles, however they had backed up Linda Ronstadt as Stone Pony on her 1967 hit “Different Drum”. And now 40 years later the sovereignty of the United States of America was being threatened by the sound of a distant drum, and though the drummers were in Belgium, the drumsticks were American.

As the green towncar slid up to the Hotel Donaldson, Fish handed a pair of twenties to Bob and exited to the sidewalk, avoiding the deep snow along the curb. In his peripheral vision he saw that a white crown vic with two short haircuts had just parked three cars back. The short haircuts stayed in the car. Fish walked into the Hotel Donaldson but turned left for HoDos Lounge rather than going upstairs to 204. He ordered a black and tan and picked up the morning edition of the Fargo Forum, a Pulitzer prize winning privately owned daily. He was reading about how some local misfits were trying to get a statue of the 10 Commandments removed as the white crown vic drove slowly past, stopped at the light, and then turned north. There was only one haircut in the car at that point. As he read more his silent messenger vibrated and a TM from Chips said “did you just call 204 from the lobby phone?”

“Negative ghost rider, the pattern is full” responded Fish in text.

“Radisson lobby +10”, came the reply. As Fish laid a ten down for the B&T he went to the front desk and said “if you get any calls for Room 204 please refer them to my cell phone or have them page me at Juano’s Downtown.”

He buttoned up his coat and pulled his winter survival hat ear flaps down and walked out of the Hotel Donaldson and headed in the direction of Juano’s. Once out of sight of the Hotel Donaldson he changed course and walked to the lobby of the Radisson, and seeing no one there entered the lobby bar where 5 tables had a variety of parties seated. He noticed a table with a single gentleman reading a paper and he went and sat opposite the paper, still raised blocking a face shot.

“Chips, some bad news from Dubai” he said softly. As the paper was dropped and Chips and Fish were face to face Chips asked ‘how did you know it was me?’

“You were holding the paper upside down, which may be prophetic because the USA is now approaching ‘extremis’.” As Chips righted then folded and put down the Forum he said “Let’s get some fresh air”.

Once outside of the Radisson they walked north and then east and then south two blocks and then west. Not a word was spoken, until they stopped just outside Forum Publishing.

“Are you trying to freeze my ass off?” asked Fish, recently of Dubai.

“No, I was trying to see if anyone other than the Temple El Beth shooters were interested in our route. It seems the white crown vic took the chaff and followed Lucky 7 back to the airport. Here’s the second key to 204, head on up I am going to get a pack of Marlboros and a six pack of Old Mil and be up in ten minutes. As Fish headed to the command center he took the time to cancel the call forward or cel reference Room 204.

He had tried to figure out which bed was his and realized it really didn’t matter, so he plopped down on the one with the pillows still covered. As Chips was walking back with the Marlboros and the Old Mil he noticed a white crown vic across the HoDos, and there were no haircuts visible. He turned west and slipped into a smokey bar. Seating himself on a stool, he ordered a draft while he sent a TM to Fish. ‘crown vic back, u be me, flash’.

Fish looked out the window as saw the white Ford at the same time he got a call from the front desk. “Rich McHogeny” he answered.

“Captain McHogeny, there are two gentlemen here to see you, should I send them up to your Room?”

“Tell them to please wait in the lobby, my wife is asleep here in 204, I will put on my pants and be down in 3 minutes.”

He dialed 9-11. “Fargo dispatch, what is the nature of your emergency?” asked the law enforcement asset.

“No emergency but I’d like to report suspicious activity outside of the Hotel Donaldson involving a white Crown Victoria, no license plates, and three antennas. Delta, Echo, Alpha.”

As the dispatcher put out the report and copied in DEA, a Fargo PD Impala parked along side the crown vic with the rear facing flashing lights flashing. A Cass County F250 pickup parked in front of the Impala, effectively blocking the white crown vic in place. As a K-9 officer and his partner sniffed the trunk, a light blue Corvette parked behind the Impala and a fit and tan agent in dark blue chrome sunglasses observed the K-9.

As Fish exited the elevator and proceeded to the front desk he glanced at his cel phone to check the time, three minutes exactly, good response from Fargo's dispatch. They must have gotten rid of the old police chief, was his name Magnum or something like that?

"Captain McHogeny?" inquired the receptionist.

"Yes and please block any calls to 204 so my wife can rest up, now, who wanted to see me?"

As Fish went to join the two men fingered by the hotel clerk he noticed one had a turtle mocha, the other mineral water. "Are you gentlemen looking for me?" he asked.

"Captain Rich McHogeny, is it?"

"Yes, just call me Rich, do we know each other?"

At that point the Fargo PD officer came into the Donaldson and asked the clerk if the owner of the white crown vic was in the Hotel. She pointed toward Rich McHogeny and the two Chicago school teachers.

The Fargo PD Sergeant asked the three men if any were the owner of the white car surrounded by 2 police units, the DEA Corvette, and the canine officers. As the two Chicago school teachers stood and responded "yes" the Sergeant gruffly suggested they step out to their car. As three more police cruisers approached from the east, an a Salvation Army mobile canteen parked half a block north of the action, the DEA agent and canine officers asked the gentlemen to open the trunk of the white Ford with no plates.

As Fish watched from the lobby Chips passed him with the Old Mil and the Marlboros, went to the elevator and entered 204. Three minutes later Fish joined him and they peered out the window just in time to see the two teachers handcuffed and place in the back of the Fargo black and white as a wrecker from Tiny's Towing hooked up to the Ford for the short drive to the Fargo impound lot.

"Chips, explain the Old Mil and Marlboros" asked Fish with a grin.

"I saw the set up so I knew they were watching me, I bought the Old Mil and Marlboros so that if they "went shopping" after I left the C-store they would think they had the wrong guy because Brucey Baby knows I don't smoke or like domestic beer."

"Well that jives with what I called about. Dubai called and they picked up a thread regarding a replacement FF that was being disseminated through secure channels, our man in Adana, Turkey listened in to some chatter, sounds like a rehash of the Danny Casolaro issue."

“Interesting, I want to hear more but we have a radio show to get ready for. Tomorrow morning at 0800 we are to be on the Jack Stogwell radio show out of Moab, Utah. He wants to know about the al-Qaeda Flight boxes developed by Amelia, the ten components of those flight boxes, how long they have been known to the FBI, CIA and JPATS and why they are not removed when JPATS assets return to ISTAT, IFLC or other end users. I presume that this is why Mr. Mesa and Bob E. Stugill attended my funeral. It really makes me wonder if my sister is helping us or them.”

“Well Chips, are you dead or alive right now. You can bet those Chicago school teachers had something other than violins in those cases, and Weedhoff and Brucey aren’t going to like leaving Fargo with two empty seats in the Falcon.”

“Tough shit” responded Chips as he dialed in Hamish and Stone for Clipper updates.

“Chips, Stone here, I have Homi, Duke and Hamish with me. Dirtball, Bambi and Zoomer left right after the funeral, they went to Lauerman’s downtown. I’m in the limo and we should be at the command center in 15 minutes, need any thing?”

“Stop by Cash Wise Liquor at East Ten, have Tom put all of his Grolsch and Guinness in the trunk of the limo, and use my “cattle” charge card. If Tom seems sad at my passing, tell him to cheer up, but don’t tell him why.”

“Update ETA now 25 minutes due beer run” click as Stone drove, Hamish thought, Homi relaxed his trigger finger, and Duke licked his sac.

As the group assembled in 204 and started cracking the G&Gs, Chips asked Stone what was the plan for Amelia. Stone mentioned a ‘wheels up’ at 1830 for Justice 10 and Justice 75.

Chips realized they needed to talk fast as within 2 hours Fish would be in the air with Amelia heading to Reagan to beat the curfew, and Chips would be traveling with Zoomer to Mesa to accept the files from “Mesa-2” and prepare for the Jack Stogwell radio show.


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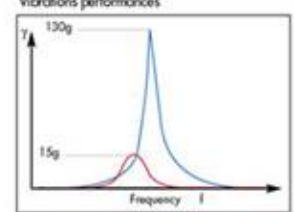
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 — with **SMACSONIC®** (undamped mode)

http://www.captainsherlock.com/106_files/image006.jpg

As Hamish, Chips and Fish hashed out the details of the upcoming radio show that would discuss the history of the JPATS requirement for an uninterruptible auto-pilot, and the development since 1986 of the ever evolving “Thales Flight Box”, including the upgrades recently of SMACsonic incendiary liners and bar code simulators with frequency agility, Stone answered a call on the Room 204 hotel line, it was Dirtball announcing that Queen Hornet had just been recalled to Suite 450 and that Justice 10 needed to depart ASAP. He went on to say that Jason had the jet fueled warmed up and had run both engines for 15 minutes so that cold oil would not be a problem. Dirtball did have a slight problem though, he’d had two pitchers of beer at the Bismarck Tavern and Bambi had gone to West Acres Shopping and didn’t respond to repeated calls.

As Chips handed Stone a sloppy message “Dirtball’s shit in 202, get it in the trunk, I’ll be at the limo in 3” Stone went and “let himself into” 202 and gathered all the male looking items and put them in a B4 Bag that said “Ensign O’Reilly, VT25”. He wondered what the inflatable sheep was all about as he took the stairs down to the limo, parked in the fire zone ‘no-parking’ area with the flashers on. Junk in the trunk, LT1 purring, Stone waited for his father.

As Fish and Chips got in the back, Chips asked stone to turn on the purple funeral lights and ‘hit it’ to the Hooligan ramp, stopping only briefly at the Bismarck to get Dirtball. As the 1996 Fleetwood stretch arrived at Justice 10 ten minutes later Swany was there to help with what little luggage they had. Jason had the right engine running, parking brake

set, MCDU set up FAR-GEP-ADW/370/.81mach and atis and clearance written on a sheet of Captain Rich McHogeny note card stock.

As Chips, Fish and Dirtball got into the jet Chips turned left as Fish and Dirtball went back to get a head count. The passenger manifest that Jason handed Fish matched the two pax in the back, Amelia and Bob. E. Sturgill so the door was closed as Chips selected ignition on and engaged FADEC #1, releasing the brakes he taxied on engine #2 as the #1 FADEC did it's magic and Fish settled into the left seat in time to hear, "Justice 10, cleared for takeoff 36, when able turn direct Andrews AFB, climb unrestricted to 370, delete the speed, happy hunting Justice."

"Thanks Fargo, Justice 10" was the brief answer from the fellow who just had engaged the #2 auto pilot and received a frosty Grolsch from Dirtball, who was also enjoying Holland's contribution to 9/11 truth. As Chips dialed in Fargo departure he said to Fish, "you've got the radio's and the jet, I need to speak to my sister for a while. As Dirtball went back to give Bob. E. Sturgill a tour of Justice 10, Fish compared the Airbus technology to his former ride, the B777.

As Amelia and Chips occupied the two cockpit jumpseats, Fish asked, "Since this is not a Boeing can I assume it doesn't have the "Al-Qaeda" flight box. As Amelia gave Fish a look like, "what planet are you from, Uranus?" Chips took his cel phone ending in 4500 and dialed 3 keys and the star key. He show Fish the "caller ID" of N3113DJ also registered as N75JP. The caller ID indicated ++, and Chips explained that was "on board, bit check passed". Chips went on to explain had they been remotely "grabbed" by JPATS/SABRE there would have been three +++, and they would have been blinking.

Fish took it all in and thought a lot of bad things were floating around the US airline industry, courtesy of JPATS and the Global Guardians. USDOJ, the Senate and the Congress were all scared to death knowing that if they didn't drink the cool aid, they would not need to ask for whom the bells tolls.

As Chips turned to Amelia, the TCAS issued a non-traffic advisory. "OK City to Justice 10, new mission, Justice 2". Chips leaned towards the small mic in the TCAS, pushed the magenta button and responded, "Dirtball, roger Justice 2". As Chips pulled out his cel and input another 3 digit code and the star-key, he showed Fish that there were the three +++ signs blinking together. "Fish, we are along for the, ride let's have a beer and talk to Amelia about Operation Noble BVR." As they turned to go Fish noticed the 'flight plan page' of the MCDU re-scrolled and the jet was on a direct course now for R36/DCA via the Mount Vernon Visual.

"If the America traveling public knew about this, they'd shit" commented Fish who had spent so much time with the Abel Danger UC judicial corruption unit he didn't have hand's on experience with the latest "al-Qaeda flight box", the Mark 10.

“You’re looking pretty good for a dead man” said Amelia as Chips and Fish joined her in the forward galley. “Dirtball said he’ll keep Sturgill the Stooge busy for about 5 minutes in the back galley drinking. What’s the deal with the pilot swap?”

“Your recall came two pitchers into Dirtball’s layover plans, his girlie copilot was shopping and incommunicado so the Beave and I responded to the wheels up request of OK City. Hamish and Homi are taking Duke out to Mesa for a little siesta and we are on the radio tomorrow at 0900 east coast time. Hamish and Homi will call in from Luke AFB if they cannot get flown to Moab to check out Jack face to face. I will remote out of the Ramshead Tavern live. Are you willing to go on air?”

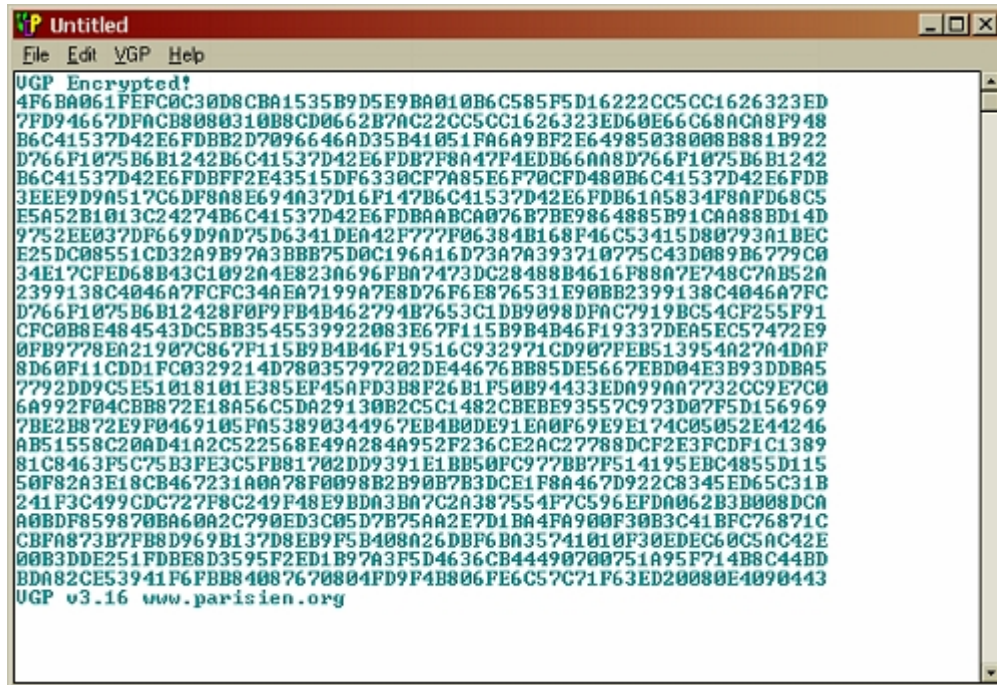
“Not unless ‘Take Me Home, Country Roads’ has taken place. Until Operation WIPE is out there, I am a loyal Queen Hornet, but I will sting ‘em if they are dumb enough to WIPE-out America, capeche?” came Amelia’s ambiguous response.

A penny dropped; Chips signaled to Fish to meet in the passengers’ crapper to clipper Hamish to discuss the meaning of WIPE outside his sister’s earshot.

Chips explained to Fish and Hamish that after the Able Danger UC shutdown of the false flag involving Phoenix and Portland in late summer 2007, the Global Guardians had come up with the idea of planting a ‘dirty nuke’ in an AMEC project in DC and kill off not only the No Fear Coalition but a majority of DC residents and public (dis)servants, including the Congress, the Senate, the Pentagon and the millions on food stamps.

Chips thought the four legs of Operation WIPE were Washington-Indianapolis-Portland-Phoenix. The wise asses in the Global Guardians didn’t want to use the more correct WIPP because they feared the men married to the Weatherwomen would be accused of being P-whipped; ‘enchilada’ took the place of Phoenix, and ‘Operation WIPE’ was born.

Hamish disagreed; he told Chips and Fish that he believed Operation WIPE got its name from Parisien’s Blowfish disc Wipe facility where Brucey Baby and possibly Sister Amelia could erase details of Global Guardian and Suite 450 war-room conspiracies.



<http://www.parisien.org/xvjpg.jpg>

"Parisien Encryption Tools (PET) is suite of Encryption Tools that include a Secure Disk Wipe utility and a Secure File Wipe utility for permanently removing files. The Encryption Algorithm is Blowfish 64-bit with a variable length key up to 448 bits. Download here... 1. Simple system to encrypt/decrypt single files - PFE v2.14 Download pfe_setup.exe [530kb] (freeware) (Includes: PFE and FileWipe) 2. The Complete Suite... - PFE v2.14 and FV v1.99 and VGP 3.17 Download pet_setup.exe [683kb] (freeware) (Includes: File Vault, PFE, PVE, VGP, and (Disk and File Wipe) Utilities) 3. FileWipe.exe - Simple method to permanently wipe files. - v3.09 Installs itself in your SendTo folder. Download filewipe.exe [38kb] (freeware) (FileWipe.exe is included in 1. and 2. above). If you are a user of PET, PFE, VGP, and/or File Vault, and enjoy them, try PES, our latest development below"

<http://www.parisien.org/products.htm>

Chips bowels tugged and the sweat broke out on his brow.

His sister had been deputy associate attorney general (or No. 3) in the U.S. Department of Justice around the time Danny Casolaro was murdered on August 10th 1991. An Able Danger operative had been quoted as saying Casolaro was murdered "by agents of the Justice Department to insure his silence. The entire matter (Casolaro murder) was handled internally by Justice and our agency was not involved."

<http://www.newsmakingnews.com/vm,deadly,1991,10,27,04,pt3.htm>

Chips knew that Casolaro was murdered as he had unraveled the relationship between PROMIS, Inslaw and the Octopus; he knew that Global Guardian hit teams spoke French, the language favored by Brucey Baby and his sister's elite friends in La Francophonie.

Worse, he knew that ‘they’ knew that Casolara’s killers had left two huge clues; a suicidal corpse had wiped up its blood with both feet, and, an Old Mil beer can in the bathtub, a domestic beer Casolara never would have bought or drunk if given one free.

Hamish upped the tempo with his current read on PROMIS chatter, “We must treat Operation WIPE as imminent if we see any signs of Amelia planning a West Virginia evacuation drill to ensure Suite 450 survives a dirty nuke attack on the US Capitol!”

He pleaded with the friend he first met at the Foggy Dew on New Years Eve 2000, “Chips you have to find out what your sister knew about Casolara and when she knew it.”

As Dirtball and the presumptive next plant at the FAA came forward, Hamish signed off and Fish internalized evidence in the passengers’ crapper.

Chips returned to the cockpit to put on his gorilla disguise. At that moment the entire aircraft shook violently and ...