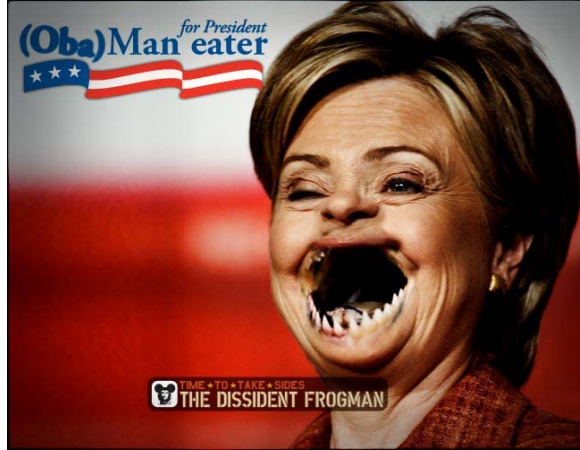
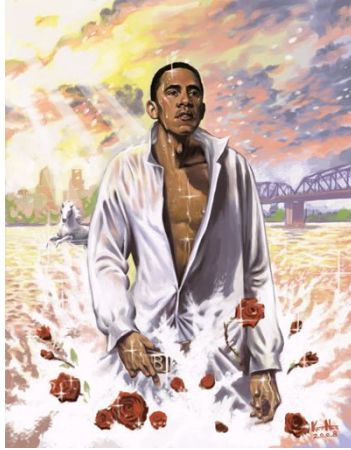


Chapter 15: Saul's light on the Anatomy of Fraud

“Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?” – The HUBZone knows”

For early character development, see <http://www.usdoj.gr/ebook/>



<http://slog.thestranger.com/files/2008/05/obama420.jpg>

http://www.thedissidentfrogman.com/images/uploads/obaman_eater.jpg



<http://www.frankspring.com/images/art/damascus.jpg>

Chips realized the Phoenix light effect carried two competing messages; one from the shock and awe power of Gurgle Dynamics (G-D) and the racketeering Obombas, and the

other from another G-D, a celestial force which had almost blinded a man called Saul who was on his way to Damascus to annihilate the Christian community there. Saul had seen the light and heard a voice, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?". While Stone prepared the Sky Warrior, Father Chips donned the Rabelaisian scatological mask which, his faith assured would get him and his followers past the Obomba armed guards, through the K-Street Sex Club and the New Year's Eve Party. Natalya bailed out over OKC to snoop Auntie Amelia's HUBZone security guards who sabotaged the Murrah kid killing investigations and infiltrated FAA contract towers though LIUNA Local 2097. A new agent Vicky de Crown introduced on secure Clipper VQL for Vicky Licky Quicky; she was the daughter of the Intel Guru of Icaristan who spoke 7 languages with a body to die for. Five – actually 3 - paragraph Intel came in profiling episodes of malodorous effluvium to confuse the big players of Arkancide and the lie-generating Obombas. Chips realized that in attacking HUBZone counter-intelligence, he was up against a modern version of The Shadow [radio drama](#) scriptwriters who imbued their character with "the [power](#) to cloud men's minds" — the ability for the real character to become completely [invisible](#) — "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The HUBZone knows!". Then, having exploculated rhythmically, VLQ and Chips sensed the hotel had gone dark enough to see a bolt of lightning reach down from that stormy, stormy night, on 30 December, 2007, while in the DHL van, Duke pricked his ears and issued a low growl.

.....

Finishing another Grolsch Wide Body, Chips harked back to that eerie night sky in Phoenix and thought of Saul on the road to Damascus. Saul, a tax collector was 'blinded by the light' and though others saw the flash, only Saul heard the voice of the Lord. Saul was changed and became Paul who went on to write much of the New Testament. Chips thought back to 1 Feb, 1994 when God spoke to him through the Words in Proverbs 3:5/6 and he shuddered to consider his fate had he not turned from his 44 years of heading down the wrong road. However, Saul became Paul and went on to a new lifetime of service. Chips wondered if that was what he was doing also as he battled al-Qaeda's tools in the US, the HUBZoned Octopussies, who would destroy America. Not on Chips' watch, and never if God did not allow it. Chips was reminded of II Chronicles 7:14 as he saw Stone – a son in whom he was well pleased – began a shallow descent into the megalomonopolis of Washington where the lesbians waited in the Great Hall of Shame.

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land. [II Chronicles 7:14 KJV]

With Chips and Stone preparing the A3 Sky Warrior for the landing at Andrews on Sunday night, 30 December, 2007, Stone had to correct his father, reminding him that he had selected a landing weight that was 105 pounds inaccurate.



http://ak.buy.com/db_assets/prod_images/656/202270656.jpg

<http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/5/5e/Willrogersapt-19feb1995.jpg/200px-Willrogersapt-19feb1995.jpg>

http://farm1.static.flickr.com/61/168040963_887ba5b081.jpg?v=0

“Dad, remember Natalya bailed out over OKC so she could snoop Auntie Amelia’s HUBZone security guards; the guys and gals who sabotaged the Murrah kid killing investigations and infiltrated FAA contract towers though LIUNA Local 2097; she was also going to talk to that super-butth DOJ Lesbo who called her in Phoenix from Will Rogers, remember?” However, Chips had tried to forget. He hated to see his Natalya break from the formation, especially since they had been so tight. Easy come, easy go.

In the left seat of the borrowed Raytheon A3 painted to look like an AA77, Stone was signaling his father to dangle the Dunlops when his meatloaf clipper deal went off. As Stone was in the flare, a despondent Chips answered “Stone’s a little busy, but this is Chips, in the flare at ADW, capeche?”

“Chips, Dancer, an Intel source will meet your jet at transient alert or the 4th Special Air Missions hangar [SAM], your choice. She is hot, 26, and wants to do some pitchers with you, Stone, et. al. She will be in a Black Fleetwood stretch 96 with an LT1, parking choice Chips?”



http://www.boeing.com/defense-space/military/c-40c/images/C40C_DVD-1115-2_375x300.jpg

Stone pointed at TA [transient alert] so father Grolsch passed that choice to Dancer. As the Raytheon A3 folded its right wing and turned out its position lights, security at ADW knew what that meant, and what to do. Once at spot 6 on the TA ramp Stone shut down the jet while Chips, Hamish, Homi and Duke gathered their things, in the case of Chips that included another 4 pack of Grolsch wide bodies. As they stood in the glare of the ramp floodlights a supertrick 96 LT1 Fleetwood stretch pulled up along side, parking lights on and trunk deck open. Chips noticed the non-illuminated funeral lights and a citrus thong dangling from the rearview. Chips was old-school, he always preferred a front view whether it was a fighter engagement of just plain old boinking. In either case the other party gets a little frightened when they see what's coming their way. As Stone and Homi put the TLBs [travel light bags] into the trunk, Duke and Homi hopped in the trunk also to 'brief security' while Vicky de Crown introduced herself to Stone, Chips and Hamish. "Just call me Vicky, or if on secure Clipper VQL for Vicky Licky Quicky, I am the daughter of the Intel Guru of Icaristan and Dancer and Daddy sent me here to go to the Plum Pudding Exchange as I speak 7 languages, and also have a body to die for. Tomorrow I will wear a silver bead on my tongue and a pink merkin so all the queer lawyers will hit on me and I can bleed 'em and plead 'em, capeche? We have been told to go to the Marriot Crystal City and if either of you two tall guys could drive, I'd like to do some secure briefing with Chips in the party, scratch that, secure section of this supertrick, pisswicked LT1 tuna boat.

Hamish started to whine....."How come Chips get's all the fun?"

Vicky interrupted with "stop bitching and check six, we level 6's never travel solo."

Whipping his bull neck around, Hamish recognized the slinky figure coming his way and cooed, “Raven, nice to see you’re back” and she gave him a titty flash and everyone enjoyed seeing her front. Chips was a little worried that Raven might have brought along a NYE surprise for him but that was answered when Raven told Hamish “Little Sis couldn’t make the gig, she, Nano and d’Cartier are on the 37 foot Albogas to mourn the loss of Captain David Hunter” as she winked at Captain Rich McHogeny, knowing that Captain David Hunter would never die from extreme coitus.

“Raven will ride the hump up front while Chips and I brief in the back, let ‘er rip Stone, the pre-party starts in Crystal City in 33 minutes, use the purple lights once off base” instructed Vicky as she started sudsing.

With Chips’ Irish Ham getting in a condition to reach Belfast, Stone said “Hey Vicky is this Citrus thong yours, perhaps you’d like it back?” offered the ever helpful but still learning 6 foot 4 super hunk made in his father’s image.

“No thanks Stone, leave it on the mirror, it is a signal to the Air Police, Maryland Troopers and Virginia LEOs” responded the 26 year old from Icaristan as she settled onto Chips bulging lap. As Stone left the TA ramp with a sense of purpose Vicky enjoyed the bumpity bump of the rough concrete but not as much as the fully elongated Irish Ham operator. As Chips rolled up the one way divider to provide security for the briefing Vicky had already prepositioned herself atop the mast of manhood, sans britches.

“You’ve never had children, have you?” observed Chips as he tried to reach Rangoon by radio.

“Not until September, 2008 at the earliest” said Vicky sensing the surge that precedes exploculation. The ever affable Chips held his fire while she repositioned for a stern shot knowing that Chips had bested the Field at Willy Tell 1986 beating the Canadian CF18s as well as all others with a Profile ½ that occurred before he had been cleared to fire. This Vicky was no slouch on Intel as she faked Pat Benatar and cleared him to ‘Fire Away’ An exploculation occurred that was so powerful it was a question as to whether Vicky would be propelled into the third seat or the Limo would gain 5 mph.

The question was answered as Stone floored it and turned the purple lights on as the long black thing slid through the gate, and onto the highway to northern Virginia. As they Limo reached the prebriefed mile marker Stone flashed his brights to let the 3 purple parking lighted assets know what was coming down the pike. Meanwhile in the back, Chips had proof positive that Vicky had seen the oral inflation techniques so popular in the movie Airplane, in 1980, the year she was conceived. He considered how the Otto Pilot of Airplane was so kind, while the Boeing Uninterruptible Auto Pilot installed by the HUBZone Octopussies was so evil, and lethal.

When the three cars had joined the formation, SWAN-E came up on the left in a supertrick LT1 Roadmaster and paused while he HEFOEed, lead change and I ‘ve the lead. With the Buick downshifting from 4th to second, two black patches on the concrete

indicated to Stone that the Roadmaster had posi-traction. As the LT1 Limo chirped a little rubber, the two Crown Vics started to drop back while Vicky started to pull ahead.

The Buick, Limo and two police Interceptors were traveling 120 mph toward the preparty at the Crystal City Marriott. As Vicky used a moist towelette on herself Chips had another good idea of how to help her clean up, a little later. Seeing that the Irish Ham was preparing for a 4th attack Vicky passed a Limerick to Chips, a secure form of communication because no one at DOJ Pride liked limericks or Irish Ham.

There once was a maid from St Paul,
Wore a newspaper gown to a ball.
But alas it caught fire,
And burned her entire,
Front page, sports section, et. al.

Chips understood the message and the language: she had been a virgin, she would be wired on NYE to the major media, she enjoyed the 4 time trials in the Limo, and she wanted an immediate reply, when time allowed. Grabbing 3 tins of Smoked Oysters and 2 'motherlode' Rodney Baldinger extend-o-peters, Chips whispered his spontaneous response.

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Whose ham was so long he could suck it,
He said with a grin
As he wiped off his chin,
If my ear was a CUnT, I could Phuc it."

Vicky understood him to mean, she should change her watch to coordinated universal time and that he wished to dress as a Thailand hooker for the party. She acknowledged the message with two shorts and a long on the ship's whistle, just as the limo slid up to the front of the Marriott Crystal City.

After a doorman with a tall hat opened the middle door, right side, a resplendent and recently christened 26 year old led a haggard and recently drained 58 year old to the concierge desk where the tall hatted man brushed off the concierge and led the group, bags and all into a UT/Otis elevator such as were deployed in WTC 1 and 2 to cause a meteoric rise of some JAG from DOJ to become Obomba's choice for AG. However, Chips et. al. knew a trap when they smelled one so they took the stairs. Atop the vacated elevator car, a queer from DOJ hissed like Heath Ledger as his mission was foiled.

Reaching the 2nd floor, 'Tall Hat' passed out keys. "Hamish, 202, Stone 204, Raven 203, it's adjoining, Chips the suite encompassing 205 thru 208, Vicky provide security please".

"What about Homi and Duke" questioned Hamish as Raven gave him a flash of Greece.

"Perimeter patrol and bunking in the DHL van parked next to the dumpster behind the hotel. They are on Clipper 6 if you need them. Beth El shooters in all four corners of the second floor, the stairwells above and below" said the Tall Hatted man. Vicky's English wasn't perfect and the below word got her sudsing to a coefficient of .03 as she grabbed Chips' hand and dragged him to 205 for some security work.

"Pre-party at 2100 in room 301 above, use only the stairwell and wear street clothes not your party suits, capeche?" instructed Vicky as her nipples got hard.

As Vicky led Chips away, the pre-mission's jitters were common and the sound of the hotel doors clicking was followed shortly by the rhythmic whirring of the Jacuzzi in 205 as a 26 year old Intel specialist checked the Jacuzzi for leaks. Moments later a 58 year old

GWB specialist had the lights on low, two GWBs and a 14 incher that didn't come from Subway.

Enjoying the hot water, Chips gave Vicky a massage while the whisker basket did the same for the ham. "So Vicky, how did you get this mission assignment?" asked the bottom dweller.

"My father is with Intel Services at Icaristan's capital city, and he saw your pilot paperwork cross his desk. He knows Dancer and he and Dancer felt that the NYE party may be an attempt to whack you. I know a little about martial arts, and I have a big hog in my shoulder bag, and a knife in each slipper, capeche?"

"Sounds more like Bad, Bad Leroy Brown than Vicky Quicky Licky, but what's in a name?" he opined as an oyster net received an inbound as Chips' squirt gun clipper deal went off.

"Dancer and Fish on a two way, Priority, stand by for Intel for Pre-Party; it will be in the standard USMC 5 paragraph format; two green clicks to acknowledge."

Once the green clicks came in Fish delivered Paragraph One, an indication that the DOJ Pride Queers would try to smoke out any plants, with methane, to wit:

Paragraph One – Actually there are a lot more than I here, but who is whining?

I went grocery shopping recently while not being altogether sure that said course of action was a wise one. You see, the previous evening I had prepared and consumed a massive quantity of my patented 'You're definitely going to mess yourself' chili. Tasty stuff, albeit hot to the point of being painful, which comes with a written guarantee from me that if you eat it the next day both of your butt cheeks WILL fall off.

Here's the thing. I had awakened that morning, and even after two cups of coffee (and all of you know what I mean) nothing happened. No 'Watson's Movement 2'. Despite habanera peppers swimming their way through my intestinal tract, I appeared to be unable to create the usual morning symphony referred to by my next door neighbors as thunder and lightning. [check lyrics, Night Moves by BS and the SBB]

Knowing that a time of reckoning had to come, yet not sure of when, I bravely set off for the market; a local Wal-Mart grocery store that I often haunt in search of tasty tidbits.

Upon entering the store at first all seemed normal. I selected a cart and began pushing it about dropping items in for purchase. It wasn't until I was at the opposite end of the store from the restrooms that the pain hit me. Oh, don't look at me like you don't know what I'm talking about. I'm referring to that 'Uh oh, gotta go' pain that always seems to hit us at the wrong time. The thing is, this pain was different.

The habaneras in the chili from the night before were staging a revolt. In a mad rush for freedom they bullied their way through the small intestines, forcing their way into the large intestines, and before I could take one step in the direction of the restrooms which would bring sweet relief, it happened. The peppers fired a warning shot.

There I stood, alone in the spice and baking aisle, suddenly enveloped in a noxious cloud the likes of which has never before been recorded. I was afraid to move for fear that more of this vile odor might escape me. Slowly, oh so slowly, the pressure seemed to leave the lower part of my body, and I began to move up the aisle and out of it, just as an elderly woman turned into it, she was wearing a pink Merkin and seemed very Butch, DOJ Pride?

I don't know what made me do it, but I stopped to see what her reaction would be to the malodorous effluvia that refused to dissipate, as she walked into it unsuspecting. Have you ever been torn in two different directions emotionally? Here's what I mean, and I'm sure some of you at least will be able to relate. I could've warned that poor woman but didn't. I simply watched as she walked into an invisible, and apparently indestructible, wall of odor so terrible that all she could do before gathering her senses and running, was to stand there blinking and waving her arms about her head as though trying to ward off angry bees. This, of course, made me feel terrible, but then made me laugh. Mistake.

Here's the thing. When you laugh, it's hard to keep things 'clamped down', if you know what I mean.. With each new guffaw an explosive issue burst forth from my nether region. Some were so loud and echoing that I was later told a few folks in other aisles had ducked, fearing that someone was robbing the store and firing off a shotgun.

Suddenly things were no longer funny. IT was coming, and I raced off through the store towards the restrooms, laying down a cloud the whole way, praying that I'd make it before the grand mal explosion took place.. Luck was on my side. Just in the nick of time I got to the john, began the inevitable 'Oh my God', floating above the toilet seat because my butt is burning SO BAD, purging. One poor fellow walked in while I was in the middle of what is the true meaning of 'Shock and Awe'. He made a gagging sound, and disgustedly said, 'courtesy flush please', then quickly left. "man, that's some rich mahogany" came from the Larry Craig memorial stall on the left, where two pairs of Oxfords opposed each other and a DOJ Pride membership initiation form was graded all A+.

Once finished I left the restroom, reacquired my partially filled cart intending to carry on with my shopping when a store employee approached me and said, 'Sir, you might want to step outside for a few minutes. It appears some prankster set off a stink bomb in the store. The manager is going to run the vent fans on high for a minute or two which ought to take care of the problem.'

That of course set me off again, causing residual gases to escape me. The employee took one sniff, jumped back pulling his shirt up to cover his nose and, pointing at me in

an accusing manner shouted, 'IT'S YOU!', then ran off returning moments later with the manager. I was unceremoniously escorted from the premises and asked none too kindly not to return.

Home again without having shopped, I realized that there was nothing to eat but leftover chili, so I consumed two more bowls. The next day I went to shop at Albertson's. I can't say anymore about that because we are in court over the whole matter.. They claim they're going to have to repaint the store, but I have a DOJ Pride guy who promises to get me off.

Paragraph 2 – This really is one paragraph! Arkancide is the unfortunate habit of potential witnesses to the Clintons' dirty dealings in Arkansas suddenly deciding to shoot themselves twice in the back of the head. Police and Coroners in Arkansas, notably [Fahmy Malak](#) who was appointed by Governor Bill Clinton, automatically described these shootings as "suicides." After Bill Clinton became President the phenomenon spilled over to Washington D.C. when Hillary Clinton's ex-lover [Vincent Foster](#) was "Arkancided.". Two women in the Department of Justice had the opportunity and motive to equip killer lesbians inside the Great Hall with clipper keys to coordinate contract hits through HUBZone Octopussies and Con Air aliens or prisoners who could be back in jail for dinner with near perfect alibis. For people in a hurry check out women defendants at www.hawkscafe.com/103.html and ask Attorney General Michael B. Mukasey [michael.b.mukasey@usdoj.gr] what he did with this case since 10-2-07. N.B. NFL season coming so he probably cannot handle it 'til after 9/11 part deux. Pisser.



http://www.affordablehousinginstitute.org/blogs/us/Shadow_logo_small1.jpg
http://contractorsconsultingcorp.com/index_files/image005.jpg

Paragraph 3. One paragraph and 50 pointed lies which the Shadow knows – Barack Obama - Political forum.com - Elections and Campaigns. The Anatomy of Fraud – Obomba, Iridium and the HUBZone Counter-Intel shows Desmarais and Obomba hedge funds have taken control of HUBZone security firms. The HUBZone census tracts give Obomba double agents access to Hawaii's Iridium gateway link to fly decoy and drone planes on 9/11 and to the Hawaii Department of Health to forge a birth certificate for Barack Obama in 2006. HUBZone Octopussies led by Michelle LaVaugahn Robinson are

building a 'legend' for this loser. ADuc has realized the Obombas agents have copied the script from Shadow *radio drama* and imbued the Obama character with "the *power* to cloud men's minds" — the ability to become completely *invisible* — a trait associated with the character for years after. "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The HUBZone knows!" The <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/hawkscafe/message/545>

- 1.) 'Selma Got Me Born' - LIAR, your parents felt safe enough to have you in 1961 - Selma had no effect on your birth, as Selma didn't occur until 1965.
- 2.) 'Father Was A Goat Herder' - LIAR, he was a privileged, well educated youth, who went on to work with the socialistic Kenyan Government.
- 3.) 'Father Was A Proud Freedom Fighter' - LIAR, he was part of one of the most corrupt and violent governments Kenya has ever had
- 4.) 'My Family Has Strong Ties To African Freedom' - LIAR, your cousin Raila Odinga has created mass violence in attempting to overturn a legitimate election in 2007, in Kenya. It is the first widespread violence in decades.
- 5.) 'My Grandmother Has Always Been A Christian' - LIAR, she does her daily Salat prayers at 5am according to her own interviews. Not to mention, Christianity wouldn't allow her to have been one of 14 wives to 1 man.
- 6.) 'My Name is African Swahili' - LIAR, your name is Arabic and Baraka (from which Barack came) means blessed in that language. Hussein is also Arabic and so is Obama.
- 7.) 'I Never Practiced Islam' - LIAR, you practiced it daily at school, where you were registered as a Muslim and kept that faith for 31 years, until your wife made you change, so you could run for office.
- 8.) 'My School In Indonesia was Christian' - LIAR, you were registered as Muslim there and got in trouble in Koranic Studies for making silly faces. (check your own book).
- 9.) 'I Was Fluent In Indonesian' - LIAR, not one teacher says you could speak the language.
- 10.) 'Because I Lived In Indonesia, I Have More Foreign Experience' - LIAR, you were there from the ages of 6 to 10, and couldn't even speak the language. What did you learn, how to study the Koran and watch cartoons?
- 11.) 'I Am Stronger On Foreign Affairs' - LIAR, except for Africa (surprise) and the Middle East (bigger surprise), you have never been anywhere else on the planet and thus have NO experience with our closest allies.
- 12.) 'I Blame My Early Drug Use On Ethnic Confusion' - LIAR, you were quite content in high school to be Barry Obama, no mention of Kenya and no mention of struggle to

identify - your classmates said you were just fine...you merely chose to do drugs.

13.) 'An Ebony Article Moved Me To Run For Office' - LIAR, Ebony has yet to find the article you mention in your book. It doesn't, and never did, exist.

14.) 'A Life Magazine Article Changed My Outlook On Life' - LIAR, Life has yet to find the article you mention in your book. It doesn't, and never did, exist.

15.) 'I Won't Run On A National Ticket' in '08' - LIAR, here you are, despite saying, live on TV, that you would not have enough experience by then, and you are all about having experience first.

16.) 'Voting Present rather than Yes or No is Common In Illinois' - LIAR, That is common for YOU, but not many others have 130 'Present' votes which means you wouldn't commit yourself because you didn't want the voters to know the real you and where you stood on the issues!

17.) 'Oops, I Misvoted' - LIAR, only when caught by church groups and democrats, did you beg to change your so-called 'misvote'.

18.) 'I Was A Professor Of Law' - LIAR, you were only a senior lecturer ON LEAVE.

19.) 'I Was A Constitutional Lawyer' - LIAR, you were only a senior lecturer ON LEAVE.

20.) 'Without Me, There Would Be No Ethics Bill' - LIAR, you didn't write it, introduce it, change it, or create it.

21.) 'The Ethics Bill Was Hard To Pass' - LIAR, it took just 14 days from start to finish.

22.) 'I Wrote A Tough Nuclear Bill' - LIAR, your bill was rejected by your own party for its pandering and lack of all regulation - mainly because of the money you took from your Nuclear Donor, Exelon, from which David Axelrod came.

23.) 'I Have Released My State Records' - LIAR, as of March, 2008, state bills you sponsored or voted for have yet to be released, exposing all the special interests pork hidden within.

24.) 'I Took On The Asbestos Altgeld Gardens Mess' - LIAR, you were part of a large group of people who remedied Altgeld Gardens. You failed to mention anyone else but yourself, in your books.

25.) 'My Economics Bill Will Help America' - LIAR, your 111 economic policies were just combined into a proposal which lost 99-0, and even YOU voted against your own bill.

26.) 'I Have Been A Bold Leader In Illinois' - LIAR, even your own supporters claim to have never seen any BOLD action on your part.

27.) *'I Passed 26 Of My Own Bills In One Year' - LIAR, they were not YOUR bills, but rather handed to you, after their creation by a fellow Senator, to assist you in a future bid for higher office.*

28.) *'No One Contacted Canada About NAFTA' - LIAR, the Canadian Government issued the names and a memo of the conversation your campaign had with them.*

29.) *'I Am Tough On Terrorism' - LIAR, you missed the Iran Resolution vote on terrorism and your good friend Ali Abunimah supports the destruction of Israel and another friend el Hadi(sp?) was stopped by the Federal Government from collecting and sending donations to the terrorist group Hamas...now he is raising money for you and lists your wife Michelle as a supporter of his and she lists him as one of her friends. Also you and your wife are known co-horts of the man and wife 'Weather-Underground' hippie pair who admitted killing people and bombing several federal buildings back in the late sixties or early seventies. The man has written a book saying he and his wife only wish they had done more killings and bombings!*

30.) *'I Am Not Acting As President Yet' - LIAR, after the NAFTA Memo, a dead terrorist in the FARC, in Colombia, was found with a letter stating how you and he were working together on getting FARC recognized officially.*

31.) *'I Didn't Run Ads In Florida' - LIAR, you allowed national ads to run 8-12 times per day for two weeks - and you still lost.*

32.) *'I Won Michigan' - LIAR, no you didn't.*

33.) *'I won Nevada' - LIAR, no you did not.*

34.) *'I Want All Votes To Count' - LIAR, you said let the delegates decide.*

35.) *'I Want Americans To Decide' - LIAR, you prefer caucuses that limit the vote, confuse the voters, force a public vote, and only operate during small windows of time.*

36.) *'I passed 900 Bills in the State Senate' - LIAR, you only passed 26, most of which you didn't write yourself.*

37.) *'My Campaign Was Extorted By A Friend' - LIAR, that friend is threatening to sue if you do not stop saying this. Obama has stopped saying this.*

38.) *'I Believe In Fairness, Not Tactics' - LIAR, you used tactics to eliminate Alice Palmer from running against you.*

39.) *'I Don't Take PAC Money' - LIAR, you have taken loads of it.*

40.) *'I don't Have Lobbyists' - LIAR, you have over 47 lobbyists, and counting.*

41.) *'My Campaign Had Nothing To Do With The 1984 Ad' - LIAR, your own campaign worker made the ad on his Apple in one afternoon.*

42.) *'My Campaign Never Took Over MySpace' - LIAR, Tom, who started MySpace issued a warning about this advertising to MySpace clients.*

43.) *'I Inspire People With My Words' - LIAR, you inspire people with other people's words.*

44.) *'I Have Passed Bills In The U.S. Senate' - LIAR, you have passed A BILL in the U.S. Senate - for Africa, which shows YOUR priorities.*

45.) *'I Have Always Been Against Iraq' - LIAR, you weren't in office to vote against it AND you have voted to fund it every single time, unlike Kucinich, who seems to be gutting you, Obama.*

46.) *'I Have Always Supported Universal Health Care' - LIAR, your plan leaves all of us working taxpayers to pay for the 15,000,000 who don't have to buy it.*

47.) *'I Only Found Out About My Investment Conflicts Via Mail' - LIAR, both companies you site as having sent you letters about this conflict have no record of any such letter ever being created or sent.*

48.) *'I Am As Patriotic As Anyone' - LIAR, you won't wear a flag pin and you don't put your hand over your heart during the Anthem... because you have said 'you didn't want to offend Muslims and others who don't like America'!*

49.) *'My Wife Didn't Mean What She Said About Pride In Country' - LIAR, your wife's words follow lock-step in the vein of Wright and Farrakhan, in relation to their contempt and hatred of America.*

50.) *'Wal-Mart Is A Company I Wouldn't Support' - LIAR, your wife has received nearly a quarter of a million dollars through Treehouse, which is connected to Wal-Mart.*

After the lengthy 50 pointed liars, Vicky decided she wanted to lie with something lengthier yet and so she mounted the mast of Marine manliness, which pleased Chips a great deal. She was getting into rhythm and she said, "Please tell me a limerick again, perhaps something from my part of the world, Icaristan or nearby".

Wishing to keep Vicky in rhythm, Chips spontaneously spoke:

There once was a man from Madras,
His big balls were made out of brass,
When jangled together,

They played Stormy Weather,
And lightning shot out of his ass



<http://www.extremeinstability.com/stormpics/scary.jpg>

When Vicky's destination was reached and Chips had exploculated in rhythm, the entire hotel went dark and quiet as a rare bolt of lightning reached down from the stormy, stormy night, on 30 December, 2007.



<http://vivelafamille.com/images/CuteDHL.jpg>

And in the DHL van, Duke pricked his ears and issued a low growl. ..