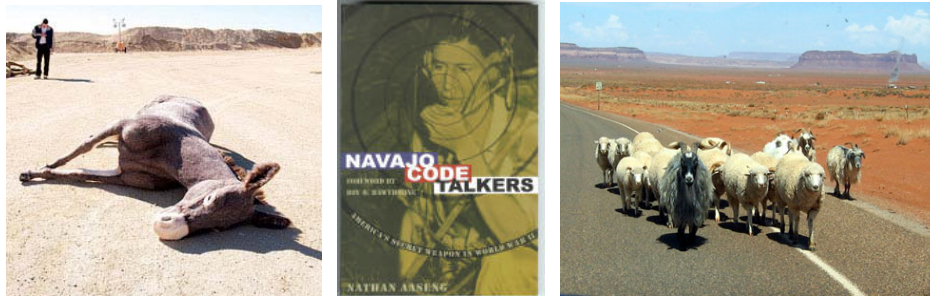


Chapter 18: Can dead male stiff win a lesbo poetry contest?

Mam Bang Ram – Navajo sheep – Chomsky pension – Blind judge sees BBC TV

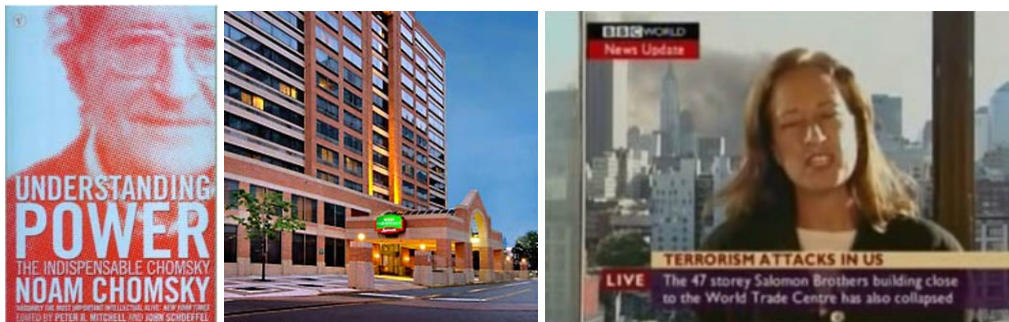
For early character development, see <http://www.usdoj.gr/ebook/>



http://animalmakers.com/News/2007_0222/images/military1.jpg

http://www.sunrisetradingco.com/images/Navajo%20Code%20Talkers_small.jpg

<http://www.weavinginbeauty.com/060730-Sheep%20is%20Life.jpg>



http://www.the-coming-war.com/Books/Chomsky_Understanding_Power_1.jpg

http://www.roadsideamerica.com/hotels_motels/images-hotel/h9389/1.jpg

http://www.currybet.net/images/blog2007/20070301_bbc-world.jpg

Nano's QinentiQ software had triggered IEDs – Improvised Explosive Devices – in the body cavities of roadside American female ambush sheep; rammed and banged by lesbian SWAT Teams from Canada's Explosive Disposal Unit (EDU) Training School in Ottawa. When the BDD11 trigger codes were switched to Bang Ram Mam ('BRM'), the lesbian Mam Bang Rammers ('MBR') were being loudly vaporized into negatively charged particles, known by Hale-trained Navajo code talkers as BE-AL-DOH-BE-CA-BIH-DZIL-IGI COH-NA-CHANH A-CHI DIL-DI-GHILI DIBEH AH-TAD. Plans are laid for a June 3rd meeting at Dulles with Cybersecurity POTUS 43 from 'Marbles' in West Rutland, Vermont. Marbles had been the hacker for Sidley, Tomoye and Justice and the agent who got them inside Brucey Baby's escrewed or escrowed trade with some Rockefeller brothers at the K-Street urinals. Chips promises his magic twanger will do a zinger on the Wanger in a 28 August court filing to replace Civil Case 3:07-cv-49. When they had gone through Dulles and neared MCB Quantico, a Pork Police Helo landed Amelia who told them "Mr. 'X' wants to join, but he is nervous as hell, Lengthy Portion 1900 is a deal maker or breaker. See you then". Stone musters his passengers at the Crystal City Marriott where he sees a DHL van pull up with a blind man at the wheel and a canine riding shotgun. At 1922 the TV above the bar had a newsbreak about an

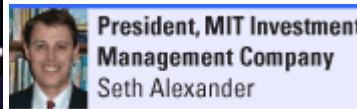
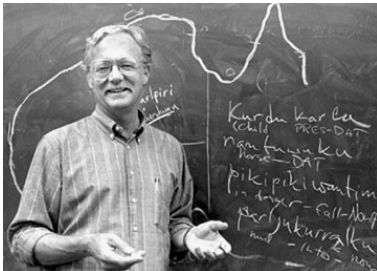
explosion in a Crown Victoria on a bridge over the Potomac indicating that 19 young Muslim men had hijacked the Ford but adding that Mohammad Atta's passport had not fluttered to the river below. The BBC reported this incident 20 minutes prior to detonation just like WTC#7. The blind judge turned to look at Stone who mouthed "nice work Homi" and gave a thumb's up. And at the bar a blond bartender wondered why the blind judge was staring at the TV.

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For months afterward Chips, Vicky and the others had had recurring nightmares regarding the staccato blasts that had occurred seemingly at random intervals enroute to the briefing at the Ramshead Inn in Crownsville, Maryland on 1 January, 2008.

Nano was onto the roadside 'bangers and mash' like Quick Jack Flash. He used the QinentiQ Survive software to hack into the steganography codes used by Quebec's Martec and Parisien firms to trigger IEDs – Improvised Explosive Devices – concealed in the body cavities of what appeared to be innocent roadside American female sheep as an ambush. Each ambush sheep was being rammed and banged by crack radical lesbian SWAT Teams on loan from Canada's Explosive Disposal Unit (EDU) Training School in Ottawa.

All Nano had to do to clear the way for the members of his ADuc penetrator units, was to flick the BDD11 trigger codes over to Bang Ram Mam ('BRM') proximity mode; if the Limo got anywhere an apparently innocent roadside American female sheep, the animal would be presumptively exploculated on the basis of Al Gore's precautionary principle which won the ignorant, flatulent sheep-shagging prick his Nobel Peace Prize.



<http://web.mit.edu/linguistics/events/tributes/hale/photos/hale.jpg>

http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/e/ef/Noam_Chomsky_WSF_-_2003.jpg

<http://web.mit.edu/orgchart/img/corp/alexander.gif>

Any lesbian Mam Bang Rammers ('MBR') *in flagrante delicto* would be vaporized along with the mutton into a cloud of negatively charged particles, known by the likes of Dr. Nano and his adversary John Deutch as a 'plasma' or in the Navajo code talk vocabulary developed for Chumsky Chomsky by the Arkancided Professor Hale, 'BE-AL-DOH-BE-CA-BIH-DZIL-IGI COH-NA-CHANH A-CHI DIL-DI-GHILI DIBEH AH-TAD', which translated, means high-explosive plasma mingled with intestines of a sheep-shagging jerk girl to hide kickbacks sent post-9/11 to Chomsky's pension fund manager at MITIMCO.



http://www.americanhonor.net/Navajo_seal.gif

Arriving safely at the Ramshead albeit with their ears ringing from prematurely detonated woolies and Mam Bang Rammers, Chips and Vicky, Hamish and Raven, Amelia and SWAN-E and son Stone, started their meeting mid afternoon on Tuesday, 1-1-2008.

The talks went on for three hours; it was supposed to be a family meeting of sorts but SWAN-E had asked Amelia to allow him to make a surprise visit with an even more surprising 'guest'; Mr. X.

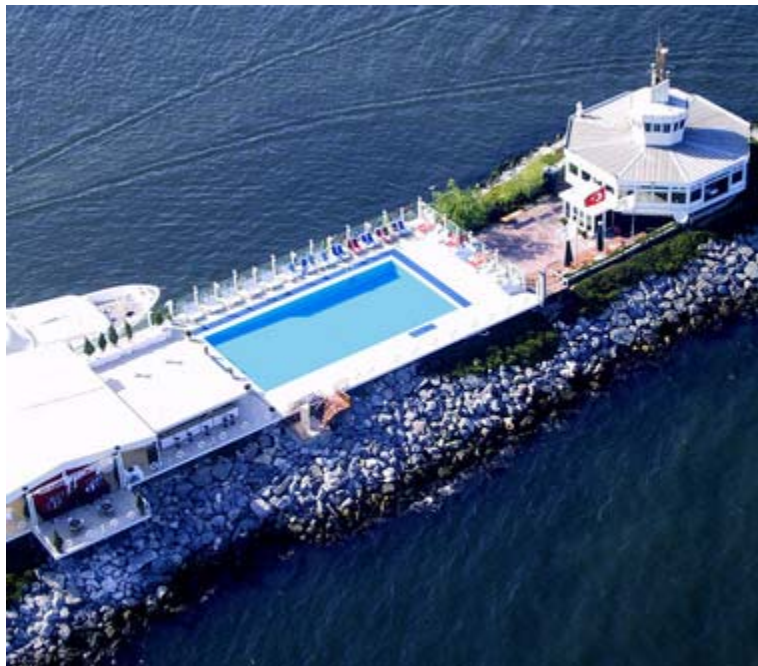
The entourage had assembled in the Ramshead for some pints and food and chit-chat in preparation for Chips' upcoming departure to Icaristan from where he would prosecute his portion of Operation BVR-WIPE, in parallel with the upcoming Operation Brimstone.

Chips had been 'squirted into' an operational flying gig in the Muslim nation flying non-Boeing airliners from where he could monitor real world aviation safety concerns as opposed to the 'virtual aviation safety concerns' foisted on the frustrated air travelers in the USA. Mr. 'X' had wished to attend the meeting so that he could consider joining Amelia and SWAN-E in 'changing sides' before the refiling of Civil Case 3:07-cv-49 which Amelia had suggested should be done prior to the national conventions of the Democratic and Republican parties. Amelia strongly encouraged her little brother Chips to refile the suit 'immediately' prior to August 28, 2008 to give the Obombas as well as the McCainites no time to spin, and yet allow a reversal of tactics within the statutory 60 period during which the lawsuit would have to be served on the 6 female defendants known collectively as the 'Queer Sextet'.

The 1 January, 2008 meeting was very encouraging and resulted in a suggestion by Mr. 'X' that he would, indeed, join SWAN-E and Amelia in 'switching' sides to enable the prosecution of those responsible for the cowardly attacks of 9/11. Chips and Vicky would have liked to stay 'til the last dog was hung but due to their travels aboard British

Airways Flight 69 on 2 January, 2008, it was necessary for Stone to drive them to the Marriott Crystal City so that they could be totally refreshed for their journey to London. In London Chips would get his work visa to enter Icaristan and by 6 January, 2008 Chips and Vicky would set up housekeeping in the Hyatt Hotel in the capitol city of Icaristan.

The days, weeks and months were very predictable and comfortable and Chips had been signed off to captain the A320 family of airliners from Icaristan to points in Europe, the mid-East, Asia and Eurasia. The flying schedule allowed Chips to connect with Fish in Dubai at the Chelsea Tower often. He also was in range of Dancer in Geneva and Nano for the period where Nano regained his strength in Antalya, Turkey after his harrowing escape from the sinking of the Albogas 37. Nano had been hosted by a C. North at his residence which included an industrial sized hot-tub.



http://www.atakoymarinahotel.com.tr/d/atakoy/images/page_yachtclub_left.jpg

During the time frame Jan 6 to Jun 1, 2008, Chips also became a regular visitor to Istanbul, where he frequently interviewed persons of interest at the 'Red Fish', a seafood restaurant by the Atakoy Marina. Most of the very secure briefings would take place in the cabins or flying bridges of expensive yachts registered, generally, in Delaware, USA. Less secure briefings were common at the Red Fish or the hotel bar at the Atakoy Marina hotel, where the draft beer was dispensed from a saxophone. On one occasion a meeting involving the factions of the strife in Turkey was held at the food court of the Galleria Mall to ensure 'transparency'. It would be later in July, 2008 that some members unsatisfied by the progress of the 'meeting' would detonate closely timed explosions aimed at innocents not more than 3 miles from the Galleria on a night when Chips happened to be in town.

Chips and Vicky had felt very secure when they were in the capital city Hyatt, but when routine flying assignments required Chips to be in less safe locations, Vicky would appear on the crew roster of his flights as an 'in-flight supervisor' so she could provide security to Chips during the layovers. Due to elevated threat levels, he always kept her at arm's length, 24/7. And to perpetuate her 'cover', she always kept Chips's length supplied with Smoked Oysters, Rodney Baldinger EOPs, Redi-Whip and her signature maraschino cherries. It was, in fact, on a layover in Dubai on 1 June, 2008, that Chips had received an 'immediate' clipper from Amelia suggesting he needed to be in Washington within days.

We pick up the story at the pool on the 6th floor of the Chelsea Tower, Dubai, at 1800 hours on the first of June, 2008.

Applying another layer of sunscreen to the back of Vicky as she lay on her stomach on the chaise lounge between the Jacuzzi, the baby pool and the big pool, Chips sensed rather than heard his clipper squirt gun going off, causing him to smear a unique pattern of tanning lotion to a region not far from the 'target area'. It looked like a paisley with the pointy tip pointing to the 'business end' of young Vicky, the security agent from Icaristan.

Chips noticed that the 'immediate' clipper was from his big sister and included 3 other listeners.

'Chips, Chelsea Tower, Line Brew, secure, go ahead Amelia.'

'Little Brother, SWAN-E advises sub-team alpha needs to be in the District on 6 June, 2008, for a pressing mission. The mission will allow Mr. 'X' to jump ship and join myself and SWAN-E in the prosecution against the 'Queer Sextet', capeche?'

'Yes, I understand, but Amelia you are a named defendant in the Queer Sextet, does Mr. 'X' have an exit strategy for you to a safe haven?' asked her little brother, momentarily distracted by his suddenly engorged bathing suit when Vicky rolled over and exposed her Camel-toe-to-die-for to the Eagle-eyed Chips.

'Those details are tightly guarded at present, but for your stimulation, consider the drone-queen a fitting 11th hour substitute for the Queen Hornet.'

'Okay, I'm in but tell me where to be, when to be there, and who to bring along; I can leave directly from Dubai or more logically thru Icaristan and Istanbul.'

'SWAN-E and Mr. 'X' request a 'pre-brief' at the Georgetown Lengthy Portion at 1900 on 5 June, 2008. Rodeo time is 2100 hours, D-Day at the K Street Sex Club. Recommend Hamish, Nano contribute literarily; Homi and Vicky for security, and Stone for vehicles ground and air. Probability?'

'100%, Vicky and I will arrive on June 3rd at Dulles and we can get rooms 200-211 again at the Crystal City Marriott. Yolanda in DC will make it happen and we may wish to include the Congressman from the Motor City as he is on the Judiciary Committee. More

on that later. One significant change; Cybersecurity POTUS 43 will be with 'Marbles' in West Rutland, Vermont. You haven't met 'Marbles' but he/she is located between Castleton and Rutland, east and west, and Proctor and Ira, north and south, between the closed marble mines and the marsh. 'Marbles' was the hacker for Sidley, Tomoye and Justice who got us into Brucey Baby's screwed trade with the Rockefeller Brothers fund stuck in the Carbon Disclosure Unit of the K-Street urinals. I will get 'Marbles' inside project Phoenix and see you at the Lengthy Portion at 1900 on the 5th. Chips out'.

After the clippers had gone cold and the 4 green lights faded, Vicky lifted the top of her bikini and suggested to Chips 'I think I need a shower and a visit to Chili's or Pizza Hut; your choice'.

Reaching into his cooler for a GWB disguised as apple juice, Chips responded, 'if those are the choices, that's easy, let's do the shower'. Walking to the elevator to go up to room 806 Chips, detected a rise in humidity in her 'target area' equivalent to sudsing level 8. Vicky noticed increased tension on the cargo bay of his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster equivalent to Idaho Baker 9+, indicating night action was imminent.

After the door to 806 had been closed and the laundry dropped, the engagement began. Clippers from Stone, Nano and Hamish went unanswered as Chips was laying the lumber to little Vicky in the marble shower attached to the master bedroom of Suite 806, while in the background 'Suite Judy Blue Eyes' was played over a local Dubai radio station. Few in Dubai knew that Neil Young, of CSN & Y had owned a 1953 Pontiac Hearse and had it not been for that hearse, Buffalo Springfield would never have recorded 'For What's It's Worth', one of the two most influential songs in the solving of 9/11. The other being ELO's 'Sweet Talkin' Woman'.

It was a full three hours later that blastoff occurred and Vicky and Chips egressed from the shower to dry off, lay down and rest up. Chips noticed the time on the bedside alarm, 911, and wished the clock was in military time, i.e. 2111, so as not to remind him of his duties regarding revealing the truth of perpetrators of the cowardly attack of 9/11 when the remnant weatherwomen, barren since the 60s, would attempt to and fail at a TOPOFF of America. Chips had just nodded off to sleep next to his warm and willing Vicky when his clipper squirt gun went off in the silent mode. Vicky's heavy, rhythmic breathing indicated it would be safe for Chips to egress to the living room and speak.

Once outside the bedroom he responded to Fish 'Chips, secure, go ahead Fish'.

'Chips, I monitored the call from Amelia and just got some supporting Intel from Thuraya at the 2nd floor of the Radisson Dubai. Our man in Dubai suggests that your 'Marbles' in West Rutland may be confused with Marblehead Peninsula near Port Clinton, Ohio. Recall that Lafarge has a presence at Port Clinton just as Lafarge and Clinton had a presence in New Orleans during Katrina, a cover for the Lizardwoman's escrowed asset stripping of disenfranchised blacks in Louisiana. Thuraya is in a three way with West Rutland, Vermont and Swindon, England regarding the coincidental nature of these issues. Swindon leaked the BBC set up at Building 7 to us at Abel Danger as West

Rutland enabled our penetration of Sidley, Tomoye, the Hornet's Nest at Suite 450 as well as the exposure of LZ Wanger of the hedge fund and the organization that was previously known as the CFR; think the Obombas' Chicago Council of Global Affairs, capeche?'

'Fish, yes I understand all. I intend to have my magic twanger do a zinger on Wanger in the 28 August court filing to replace Civil Case 3:07-cv-49. However, we must keep this quiet as the FBI has been jumping on our leads and we think the DC Madam, Roland Carnaby and the Anthrax man are all on a short list of hits if we don't keep our Intel to ourselves for as long as possible. Recall that it was the Anthrax scare that supplanted the 9/11 paranoia and took the FBI off the trail of the Weatherwomen perps who arranged 9/11 headquartered out of Chicago, Washington, New York and Phoenix. I will bet a six pack of Bud that Cindy McCain and Michelle Obomba had more to do with 9/11 than Mohammed Atta and Colleen Rowley. However, if we appear to be closing in on the weatherwomen they would probably snuff someone related to Anthrax as that tactic worked so well in October, 2001 and these broads ain't too bright; look at their pictures. Better yet, look at their horrid choices for husbands.'

'Chips, we are on the same page. I will try and be at the Lengthy Portion on 5 June and also the queer sex club on 6 June. I received a 'flash' priority from SWAN-E that indicates Homi and Stone need to have the body of Captain David Hunter in a BDD11 for viewing by the 'committee' of the literary contest at the NLGLA at 2100 on 6 June. SWAN-E suggests finding someone who looks a lot like the recently deceased Capt Hunter to occupy the BDD11 while a ventriloquist spins some magic on 6 June. SWAN-E reminds Abel Danger UC that when Cindy Six-pack took out Wedge One on 9/11 US Navy Communications went to the recently established USN Comms Stations at HUBZone Hawaii and HUBZone Guam. He also mentioned KPMG, Ogilvy-Renault, Sidley Austin and Obomba's Marxist granny, Madelyn Dunham, as the 'escrow elite'. I need to sign off now but before I go can you mentally Google something that involves Hawaii, Guam, KPMG and the two law firms?'

'Project Phoenix' was all Chips could get out before the phone at the other end went dead and Dubai suffered a city-wide power outage. By the time power was restored and Fish had re-clipped Chips, Chips was into hour 2 of a 3 hour ham-bake. Vicky was unsure if she was being driven home in real life or in her dream, but she didn't care, it was dreamy and she was enjoying the energy expenditure of our man Chips, whether virtual or real world. At 0203 three things went off, one of which was the telephone on the bed side table. 'Captain Rich McHogeny' answered Chips as Vicky went undercover for some restoration work.

'Captain McHogeny, we need you to fly back to home base tomorrow, another pilot on layover in Dubai has become food poisoned and we have assigned you to flight 69, departing Dubai at 2345, 21 hours from now.'

'Thanks for the early call scheduling, I will join the common crew of Flight 69 and we will depart Dubai on time. I will check the computer for any other changes to my flying

schedule. Good night'. With Vicky posturing herself for Operation Doggy, Chips drove home a message she clearly understood. After what seemed to be an uncharacteristic early offload, Vicky gave Chips an Icaristan Force Multiplier and reset the oven timer for 3 hours, low heat. With enduro fading, sun rising, and a hectic Dubai springing into action, the tired and satisfied pair of sleuths collapsed into each other's arms for a well deserved rest. As sunrise washed the tall buildings and beaches on 2 June, 2008, in Room 806 nothing moved until just after noon. Rolling over in his sleep Chip's hand landed on something warm and willing, and a timer was set for another 3 hours. Exploculations occurred sequentially just after 3 pm, according to Chips' WalMart.

'Chips, I think I need a little sunshine, why don't we grab some brewskis and head on down to the pool?' suggested the ever sporty Vicky.

'Well for starters we are temporarily out of suds. Secondly, this is a Muslim nation so beer is not allowed at the pool. And of least significance is the 8 hour rule, remember, I am scheduled to fly Flight 69 tonight, in just over 8 hours.' responded the erect primate called Chips.

'But Chips, that 8 hour rule hasn't slowed you down before, why now?' asked the young and delightful security specialist from Icaristan.

'Principally because I have never been temporarily out of suds before' responded Captain Cottonmouth as a tap-tap was heard on the apartment door of Suite 806 of the Chelsea Tower.

Chips quickly put on his bathing suit and went to the door. The Concierge handed Chips a 12 pack of Grolsch Wide Bodies just as Vicky arrived at the door in her thong bikini and bone-colored cover-up. 'Change in plans Vicky, get the cooler' said Chips, handing a \$50 bill to the smiling Concierge. After the door had been closed, Vicky started transferring the contents of the 16 ounce bottles with porcelain stoppers into 24 ounce apple juice bottles. When the cooler was full, Chips emptied a bag of ice on top of the 'apple juice, grabbed his Tom Selleck shirt, blue chrome sunglasses and tanning lotion as Vicky joined him with the room key and a small tote with her items for the pool. Once in the elevator and descending to the 6th floor, Chips did a brief inspection of the contents of bottom of Vicky's bathing suit and found everything in order. Crossing the enclosed walkway to the pool on the 6th floor the lovebirds could see it was another warm day in Dubai, especially for this early in the summer. After checking into the pool and receiving two large towels, Chips and Vicky selected chaise lounges that favored the sun and poured themselves glasses of apple juice. Tanning lotion was applied to both fronts and short afternoon naps were commenced.

Just after 5pm, Vicky awakened to the sound of Chips pouring another apple juice and asked him a question, out of the blue. 'Chips, name a word that rhymes with phone, throne, and cone.'

'Bone' was the laconic response from Captain Apple Juice.

'What a lovely suggestion Chips, I accept. If we get up to 806 soon we can get a full three hour mini-enduro in before you have to morph into a pilot again'.

Towels returned, pool checked out of, elevator ridden up two floors and once inside door to Suite 806 items of strewn bathing attire led a trail to the master bedroom, where the sound of Redi-Whip being discharged could be heard by the chambermaids with their ears pressed against the air-conditioning ducts of the adjacent room. The housekeeping staff had learned that whenever Captain Rich McHogeny was 'in the house' some interesting listening would be available for several 3 hour periods each day of his 'visit'.

Vicky and Chips had not been asleep for more than twenty minutes when, at 2115, the mandatory wake-up call came for crewmembers of Flight 69.



http://www.flg.co.uk/gallery_pages/images/Dubai-Airport-2.jpg

Vicky and Chips arrived on separate elevators and assembled with the crewmembers of Flight 69 for the 15 minute ride to the Dubai Airport. Once inside passport control they visited Duty Free where Chips selected Bombay Sapphire and Absolut, and Vicky picked up some nice perfume and some D cell batteries. Minutes later they were on the crew bus going to the remote parking stand where Flight 69 was being cleaned, catered and refueled for the midnight flight to Icaristan. The flight was routine in nature and arriving 12 minutes early, the crew said their good byes and headed to homes or hotels in the capital city. Vicky and Chips arrived at the Hyatt by cab, and once in Chip's room saw the blinking message light on his telephone. After Vicky had run a warm bath and ditched her uniform, Chips got down to his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpaster in Key Lime and pressed the message button on the phone. Listening to the message, he jotted down some notes and smiled. As he removed the Key Lime item, Vicky smiled as she observed him in the mirror on the back of the bathroom door. When he joined her in the tub she asked if he was smiling because of her beauty or her willingness. Thinking quickly, he

murmured 'Yes'. With the Clipper squirt gun and the Clipper rubber ducky sitting idly near by, the 58 year old and his security agent got into a thorough checking of the items of interest. Four hours later, resting in the shadow of 3 empty Smoked Oyster tins, Vicky asked what the message had been on the phone with the blinking light.

'Hard to believe but the company has scheduled me for a 5 day trip to Miami for my annual check ride. I am scheduled to leave tomorrow the 3rd and return from Miami on the 8th of June. That is perfect because now I don't have to ask for time off to go to the Lengthy Portion and the Sex Club. You and I will leave tomorrow for Washington and we can return from DC on the 8th. 'Perfect' responded our man Chips thinking forward two months to when Brett Favre would be joining the Minnesota Vikings prior to the season opener against Green Bay, assuming the side trip to the Jets didn't turn into a permanent gig.

'Chips, if we go to DC, what about your airline check ride?' asked the voluptuous security agent from Icaristan.

'Let me demonstrate' came the response from the 58 year old aviation grandfather. He grabbed his Clipper squirt gun and dialed the code for Dirtball, with a priority index of 'routine'.

An out of breath Dirtball answered 'George O'Reilly, secure, go ahead'.

'Dirtball, Chips, on the Stairmaster again?' inquired Chips knowing full well that Dirtball hadn't been near a gym or an exercise machine since prior to 1974.

'Sorta busy Chips, make it brief'.

'Dirtball, call Henry at the training center in Miami. He has me scheduled for warm-ups on the 5th and 6th with a check ride on the 7th. I will be busy in Washington so you can use the simulator for your own purpose but remember my clock number 175434 and ensure the check ride documentation has my name, clock number, and current employer in Icaristan. You are free to get back to your security briefing. Thank you.' click

The following day, June 3rd, 2008 was a typical Tuesday in the capital city and at 1900 hours, Vicky and Chips left the Hyatt Hotel to be at the airport in time to take Icaristan Air Flight 69 to Istanbul, where they changed flights and departed early the next day for Washington Dulles, the Lengthy Portion and the K Street Sex Club.

Having cleared customs at Dulles they strolled out to the second curb to witness a 1996 LT1 Fleetwood Stretch slithering up. After Vicky and Chips had put their bags on the floor between the 2nd and 3rd seats, Stone handed them each a frosty, turned on the purple funeral lights and headed towards Quantico. Vicky noticed the signs indicated they were heading away from Washington and asked Stone if they were going directly to the Crystal City Marriott.



<http://content.answers.com/main/content/wp/en/thumb/a/a1/200px-MarinesMemorial2Cropped.jpg>

'No, that's just what they'd expect us to do' responded Stone as he listened to his Bearcat scanner and observed transponder codes on the laptop opened up on the passenger seat. Approaching the turnoff to MCB Quantico, Stone noticed a '1203' transponder code approaching from dead astern and parked on the shoulder next to a clearing, with the flashers on. Within moments a Pork Police helo had landed and remained idling while a female stepped out of the helo and walked to the Limo, joining Chips and Vicky in the 'security area' between seats 2 and 3. As Chips handed her a frosty, she handed two 3 by 5 cards to Vicky; one marked 5 June and one marked D-Day. Vicky put the cards into her bustier without reading them, knowing that Chips would find them there very soon.

Draining the GWB, Amelia looked directly at her little brother and said 'Mr. 'X' wants to join, but he is nervous as hell; Lengthy Portion 1900 is a deal maker or breaker. See you then'. She left the limo and stepped into the backseat of the helo and was gone with the whirlybird taking her with a due east heading towards Accomac, Virginia. Thirty minutes later Stone had mustered his passengers at the Crystal City Marriott, where he also checked in after securing special parking for the Fleetwood. Walking away from the Limo, Stone noticed a DHL van pull up next to it with a man at the wheel and 2 canines riding shotgun. The smaller canine flipped a Chesterfield butt out of the passenger window in the direction of a black Crown Victoria with two short haircuts. Stone noted the lack of license plates as he entered the elevator.

Chips and Vicky met Stone on the lobby floor and the threesome took the stairs up to the second floor. After Stone had peeled off for 202, Chips and Vicky mentioned the Lengthy Portion and a 1830 rendezvous was set for the lobby of the Marriott. Inside Suite 205 Vicky and Chips dropped the laundry for a hurried shower and security check. Vicky had been in the steamy marble enclosure for only 30 seconds when her rubber ducky and Chips' squirt gun clipper deal both took 'priority' clippers from Hamish.

“Chips, Line Brew, Chelsea Tower, secure”.

“Chips, Hamish here. I just got into National from Vancouver and Minneapolis. Raven

met me with her G-car, should we proceed to the Marriott or is there something else in store for us?"

"Head to the Crystal City Marriott. You'll have plenty of time for a quick change and an 1830 rendezvous in the lobby. We are having a practice cruise of the Lengthy Portion. Tell Raven to wait by the rental car facility and every 20 minutes a Marriott shuttle drives by, she can follow that to the Marriott. Tell her to park in the underground parking, you'll see the Limo and Homi's DHL surveillance unit there."

"Roger Chips, Hamish out".

Joining Vicky in the shower Chips was pleased to see her impersonating a rabbit ear TV antenna giving him time to prepare the periscope for a quick search. Midway through the deadline induced sprint she repositioned for a stern shot punctuated by a double dribble at the buzzer.

At 1825 Chips and Vicky arrived on the Lobby floor via the stairwell and joined Stone, Raven and Hamish. Moments later Homi arrived at the Lobby and had a brief conversation with Stone, then led the group to a taxi he had arranged with the Concierge.

With the Somalian driver objecting to 5 passengers, Chips pointed out that he and Vicky were Siamese twins attached at the unit and for them to be denied public transportation would be a violation of some chicken shit protocol inked by LLL [lame lavender lawyers]. The Somalian certainly didn't want to incur the wrath of the LLL knowing that they frequently attacked violators with feather dusters before putting them on Con Air flights to spend a night with DOJ Pride interrogators in a Plum Island anthrax warehouse, so he started his meter and drove into the District and to the Lengthy Portion. After driving for 12 minutes, Chips asked Stone what Homi had whispered.

"The Crown Vic haircuts had done a little modification to the Limo and Homi needed some time to reverse the procedure. He would be deploying the "Doughnut solution" just as soon as the Crown Vic occupants took a coffee break."

When the group of 5 entered the Lengthy Portion, the greeter, wearing a 2009 Georgetown ring, led them to a comfortable booth between the bar and bathroom, a B & B so to speak. After the 5 had arranged themselves comfortably, a stately looking 57 year old turned from his bar stool and joined them.

"Nano, meet Raven and vice-versa" said Chips as Stone ordered 6 black and tans and 3 orders of hors d'œuvre samplers.

Chips noticed his Wal-Mart indicated 1855 so he knew the timing would be good for the 5 June meeting with Mr. 'X'. "Nano, you and Hamish are to fine tune your verses for the June 6 reading at 2100 at the queer sex bar where the Obombas campaign. Homi has a BDD11 in the back of his van, and the communication bay has been emptied so that Dancer can be in the lower bay with 'you know who' playing the stiff in the open bay of

the casket". With Vicky's hand reflexively checking Chips' status, she knew who the stiff would be.

"Our complaint regarding the late entry has been filed with Butler and the Lavender crowd will have a committee of 3 available to hear the reading of our entry. The reading will be at 2100. While we do not anticipate winning the competition, we do believe this gives us an opportunity to cause some sphincters to snap after the 'ventriloquist' has spoken from beyond the grave, capeche?"

"Chips, no problem, Hamish and I can work on the verses tomorrow on our off day. I presume that you will do likewise?"

"Negative Nano, that's just what they'd expect me to do. The third verse will be spontaneously created and delivered by the 'ventriloquist' and we will all hear it for the first time together, as will the 3 from LLL."

With the arrival of the black and tans, the conversation became less business like and ceased almost entirely when the three platters of horse ovaries arrived. Don't confuse horse ovaries with Weatherwomen plumbing; that would be horse's ass ovaries, capeche?

As the six diners enjoyed the appetizers and beer, Stone's clipper IPOD vibrated, distracting him briefly from the sight of a blind judge being led to a vacant stool by a beagle bitch guide dog with an unlit Chesterfield in her mouth. Stone looked out the front window and saw Duke providing security for the Limo parked in the disabled parking spot.

At 1922 the TV above the bar had a newsbreak involving the explosion of a Crown Victoria on a bridge over the Potomac. Initial reports indicated that 19 young Muslim men had hijacked the Ford, although Mohammad Atta's passport did not flutter to the river below. In England BBC had reported this incident 20 minutes prior to detonation. The blind judge turned to look at Stone, Stone mouthed "nice work Homi" and gave a thumb's up.

And at the bar a blond bartender wondered why the blind judge was staring at the TV.