

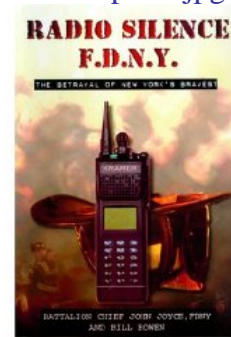
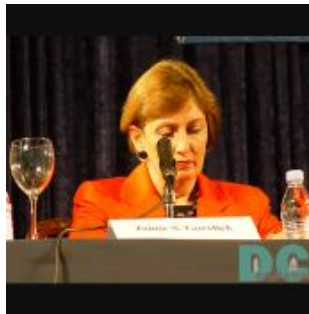
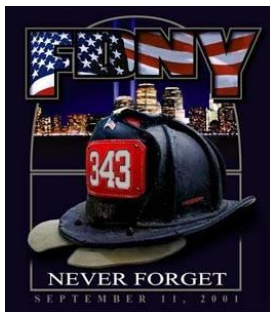
Chapter 2 – Gorelick’s Lesbians and the Elevator Test

Hunting for redheads – How Fannie, Otis and Motorola whacked the FDNY

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



<http://i4.democracynow.org/images/story/03/103/DOJpride.jpg>



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While Hamish had nightmares, David had projects; get to Amsterdam to meet the Grand Tetons, get currency in the A320 for a new job and get a lady to help him in Vancouver for a “meeting of the board” at the Foggy Dew at 1900 hours, straight up, on 12-11-2007. More seriously, he reviewed the vulnerabilities of his current team cooperating on the resolution of the crimes of 9/11. If Hamish Watson was removed, it would leave a huge void; if he, Captain David Hunter, was “silenced”, his old Navy friend “Dirtball” could be pressed into action to do the “pilot stuff”. Sister “Amelia Bruce” had influence as long as her cover wasn’t blown “inside” Suite 450 at the Hornet’s Nest. Anastasia Zaloumi (Fox) and Dr. Al Umina could be replaced by Dancer (but for the Blowfish encryption and the electronic warfare stuff) and Hamish could cover the nano-research into the ultra high temperature accelerants (UHTA). The new agent, Shannon McKee, had talent and kept dropping things into his lap and checking his seat belt buckle so he had to stall Hamish to get some play time and check whether she really was a red head. On the way up to their adjacent rooms in the Otis elevator, David showed the redhead where the HUBZone placed the encryption chips to control the Otis ‘al-Qaeda’ elevator box; he showed her SMACsonic insulation and the trilaminar incendiary device; showed

how they could hijack an elevator, send it to a floor of choice, ignite prepositioned incendiaries in the shaft and demolish a building; top down, bottom up or spreading from point of impact. SMACsonic bombs allowed a customized ambush; they could kill people in a selected elevator or send it to the floor of companies that failed or refused to pay protection money to the Obombas as in firms atop WTC 1 (CO2e.com) and 2 (Aon Corporation) on 9/11. David whispered to Ms. McKee how the money trail led to a Jamie Gorelick and Fannie Mae murder for hire service; when the buildings came down and firefighters and office workers got whacked the money was split with Fannie and Motorola's lesbian-controlled HUBZone firms. Being laconic, the Captain was able to screw the air freshener frame back into place and egress from the elevator and its deadly multi-purpose devices without alerting the other passengers. Somehow they ended up in the same hotel room with one hour and 57 minutes before Hamish was due to call and in the warm, swirling water of the 4 person Jacuzzi he was happy to find two empty places.

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David had been very busy with projects including arranging for travel to Amsterdam to meet the Grand Tetons, finding a training contractor who could give him currency in the A320 should that become a legal requirement and determining which lady, if any, may wish to join him in Vancouver for the upcoming "meeting of the board" at the Foggy Dew at 1900 hours, straight up, on 12-11-2007. However, as he backed out of his garage at 0645 he was listening to KFGO AM 790 and before going to news and weather he knew that he should be able to hear one or two more songs, so he turned up the volume as he placed his 1996 Roadmaster in drive, and drove to the Fargo Airport to catch a Blue Skies Airbus to Minneapolis from where he would depart to Vancouver, BC at 1105. As the LT1 propelled his Roadmaster straight west the tinkling and mournful piano keys on the next song were very familiar to Captain Hunter, he knew the song was "Leaving on Your Mind" and he wondered if there was a message in this beyond his current journey from Fargo to Minny-no-place to Vancouver. "If you've got leaving on your mind, hurt me now get it over...." caused David to review who, in real life, would cause him to be hurt if they were to leave. As his mind recovered from the previous evening's assault of the killer BSM he reviewed key elements of his current team cooperating on the resolution of the crimes of 9/11.

If Hamish Watson were to withdraw or be removed it would leave a huge void which may or may not be filled. It's not that David was indecisive but rather that he knew the boys in dark sunglasses and ill-fitting coats read his every word so he should not tip his hand to the boy scouts in the alphabet agencies. Further, he knew if he, Captain David Hunter, were to be removed or "silenced" his old Navy friend "Dirtball" could be pressed into action to do the "pilot stuff" unless he were temporarily a guest of the Bureau of Prisons. Even then, he knew his sister Amelia Bruce could arrange for his release and perhaps even provide him with a means of transportation. At one point in history a well meaning chief pilot of Con-Air had registered one of their "prison planes" as N10KM but Amelia realized that the visible suggestion that she, Amelia, was an "attractive 10" was a little too obvious to the "other side" so they vacated that call sign and last she heard some light aircraft in Southern California was wearing November-ten-kilo-mike on the sides of the single engine private plane. She short of missed the ego-stroke of N10KM but she thought perhaps her cover would be blown as she was "Amelia Bruce" to everyone from

the Office of Economic Opportunity to her current job “inside” Suite 450 at the Hornet’s Nest.

As Chips left I29 and turned east on 12th Ave N and then turned left on Joe Parmer Drive he realized the only other two assets that would be somewhat difficult to replace would be Anastasia Zaloumi, of Athens, Greece or Dr. Al Umina of the Ponderosa outside Bakersfield, California. Fox had ties to Israel that could be picked up by Dancer but her abilities in the IT area would be difficult to replace, initially. Dr. Al Umina was a master researcher and an excellent spokesman, however if push came to shove Chips knew that Hamish could cover the research, and perhaps Tom Brochaw could come out of his Montana retirement to be the spokesman for Three Legged Stool and Four Play Productions, but only if he learned to lisp less. As he pulled the Roadmaster into a spot reserved for “no over night parking” he saw Ray Daunz, a career agent for Blue Skies who had been victimized by the inappropriate bankrupting of Blue Skies International Airlines. “Ray, hang on a minute, I need to talk to you” called Chips from the now closing driver’s side window of the 96 Roadmaster. After 29 years of the drill it took only 20 seconds for David to egress his airport car, grab his jacket and bag and catch up with Ray, who had an uncanny resemblance to Lloyd Bridges who played a key role in the movie Airplane in 1980. “Ray, do you remember Airplane, the movie?” asked Chips as he caught up with the aging but athletic Ray.

“Of course, back then the airlines were legit businesses and a lot of fun to work for, what happened to us in the last 27 years?” as he limped slightly towards the terminal of Fargo’s Hector International Airport named for the Hector family farm that donated the land to the municipality of Fargo to ensure a world class aviation hub could allow Fargo to continue to grow faster than other regional communities.

“Ray, shortly after Nixon left office and the Weatherwomen started their assault on the United States of America, Kennedy and some democrats decided to “deregulate” the airline industry for the benefit of the global bankers. I am confident that in time you will see the aggressive and successful foreign carriers replacing the legacy carriers as the Octopus kills off the once proud and capable big airlines. It will be blamed on the high cost of fuel but it will be purely discretionary; as those airlines who backfill the voids left by TWA, Eastern, Northwest and United are paying the same high price for fuel.”

“If the fuel costs are the same at Virgin as they are at United, what is the difference in the ability of the foreign carrier to prosper while the biggest carriers in the US fail?”

“Ray, I could spent 24 hours answering that question but take a look at the leadership of US carriers; or in this case “misleadership”. Attorneys have been parachuted into to key airline CEO jobs to dismantle the US air transportation grid while the foreign carriers have leadership from legitimate business pursuits. The successful foreign carriers do not have attorneys with no airline background filing unmeritorius Chapter 11 filings; that’s it in a nutshell but I have to hustle up to gate one because I think Shannon McKee is on this flight and I have something to share with her.”

As Ray gave a sideways grin to Captain Hunter he dashed behind the ticket counter to take the short cut through security. As Captain Hunter went through screening on the second floor he could see Ms. McKee waiting inside the secured area of departure lounge one on the east end of the north side of the terminal, completed in January, 1986. After responding to the TSA's "I haven't seen you lately" for the umpteenth time with a pleasant "I was forced to retire in March 2007 by USDOJ" the unflappable and always affable Captain Woody put his shoes and belt back on and joined Ms. McKee by the Bison leather lounging chairs near the pay phones.

"David, you look like you are in a hurry" commented the very attractive Ms. McKee.

"Not so much a hurry as I am focused on the mission at hand, I need to do a speed lap to Vancouver to meet Hamish at the Foggy Dew, have a few pints and get back here tomorrow as I am leaving for Amsterdam Friday the 14th. And I need to move some cattle as it appears I may be resuming my flying career temporarily somewhere east of Amsterdam. By the way Shannon, in addition to your real job are you still active in the other pursuits?"

"I haven't flown the King Air lately and the Marshal Service has been quiet but I have put in a few hours "legally" and of course the Pub is still doing well so I am busy too. Perhaps we can cross paths in Amsterdam soon; in fact I am flying Flight 46 on the 15th, would it work to travel that day?"

"I wish it would be but I need to leave the 14th, however, I know the drill so I will see you at the Kraz on the 16th, or would you rather meet at the Barbizon at 4 pm and make two enroute stops to the Kraz?"

"I will see you the 16th at the Barbizon at 4 PM, I will arrive on the NH-N shuttle, and you?"

"I will arrive at Central Station and walk to the Barbizon, I will be in the "bus stop" enjoying a Grolsch when the NH North drops you off. See you then if I don't see you on board this flight. Looks like they are calling the non-revs so off I go, oh, Ray is on the flight also so if it is not full maybe we can meet at the exit rows." As Chips responded to the announcement "Would Hunter, party of one, come to the podium" Shannon presented her XFA slip to the agent at door one and boarded the flight. As Chips received his boarding pass he noticed seat "2B" and while his mind headed for the Grand Tetons he thanked the slender young agent with long hair and slipped him a business card. The business card was one he found in the departure lounge but the \$20 bill paper clipped to it was found in his left pocket. As Chips settled into 2B, Ray went by commenting "Nice seat, it must be good to be retired" and while David understood, he responded "Shannon's in the back and if you see an exit opportunity, ring my bell." Unfortunately, the flight was almost full so David did 3 Sudokus, had 2 Leinenkugel Reds and waited in seat 2B for Ray and Shannon to join him upon deplaning the flight. As the last 3 "passengers" walked up the jetway to gate C7 they chatted and exchanged some paper

and Ray went downstairs, Shannon went to the VIP lounge and Chips went to the bar on the D concourse. As he ordered a large Black and Tan his cel number ending in 4500 ruined his thoughts of Amsterdam. "David Hunter" he responded, prior to noticing the caller ID announcing that it was Hamish from VBC.

"Chips, I called your farm but it went to a message, are we still on for tonight at the Foggy Dew?" asked the non-travel minded Hamish.

"I am at Gate D5 now, the flight boards in 25 minutes and I will be at the Best Western, Richmond BC in 5 hours, say 2 pm your time. I will be early at the Foggy Dew. How are things with you and your brother?"

"Diehard, Gravedigger, Rimshot and I will all be on the right end of the bar at 7 pm" came the response from the world's oldest survivor of AD-HD.

"Great, gotta turn off my cel phone now as the lead flight attendant is giving me that scowl that makes Blue Skies such a lovely company" lied Chips as a well-constructed bartender delivered his massive Black and Tan. "Gotta run Hamish but I will call on my cel from the Vancouver cab over to Richmond, see you tonight." As he hung up and attacked the Black and Tan he looked over to D5 and saw they had posted a 30 minute "advisory" so he knew he had time for a second B&T before waddling out to the gate to head for Vancouver. The foam was not even off his lips when a uniformed Shannon walked by and commented "It's a little early for that isn't it?" to which Chips responded, "It's 5 o'clock somewhere." As Shannon and two co-workers headed to the D-pod Captain Hunter's eyes followed the threesome, and it was not for security purposes. He watched as they sat in the area by D5 and wondered where they were heading. As Shannon looked over her shoulder she wondered where his head was at.

"Flight 767 to Vancouver now ready for passenger boarding at Gate D5, Green concourse" put an end to his thoughts of a second monster B&T. As the barmaid noticed his empty schooner she asked if he'd like another. "No time for a big one, but a regular Black and Tan and the check would be great, thank you" replied to affable and never flappable retired pilot who often smelled Dutch but on this morning smelled more Irish. Draining his mini-B&T, he laid a \$20 bill on the \$12 tab and turned counterclockwise off his stool before ambulating over to D5. As he approached the podium he noticed that Shannon and her two friends were gone and he saw that Flight 1068 for BWI was also boarded so he assumed to trio was heading to Baltimore-Washington International Airport, just 15 minutes north of Annapolis, where he spent 4 sweaty and unpleasant years from 1967-1971. At Gate D5 an agent who recognized him handed him a boarding pass and he thanked her and then, after seeing it was seat 2B, turned around and thanked her a second time. "Johnna, I thought that Business Class was full, but I see I am 2B so thank you very much and I hope to repay you somehow" offered the wrongfully terminated veteran of 29 years of flying with Blue Skies.

"No need Captain Hunter, you paid in advance for all the nice things you did for agents

over the years, have a good trip and a happy retirement” respond Johnna, who herself had been with the company since 1977.

Down the jetway, turn left ninety degrees and there at the boarding door, or as airline people say L-1, was one of Shannon’s crew. As Chips entered and settled in 2B he saw that he was the last person to get a “good seat” and that most of coach was filled up as well. He was pleased to see that Shannon was working the main cabin as perhaps they could have a brief conversation enroute. While he was thinking of the upcoming meeting at the Foggy Dew, a fourth FA boarded the jet just as the forward boarding door was being closed by the 30 year agent, Johnna. Captain Hunter heard the lead FA tell the late arrival that she would be working the main cabin and to please ask FA McKee to move forward to ride on the forward jumpseat, just aft of the Flight Deck. The office previously known as the cockpit prior to the Weatherwomen’s assault on America. As the seat belt sign came on with the sound of a chime, Shannon McKee strode forward and with her left hand placed a pair of Leinie Reds in the lap of the erect primate in seat 2B. As the affable but never flappable inhaler of barley pop attacked item “A” he watched the safety demo for the 1450th time in the last 30 years. On the one hand he was relaxing with a Leinie Red, but on another level he knew that if he should ever be forced to evacuate an airliner, that 1450th safety demo would probably be the difference between survival or an early demise.

As the pushback tractor was released and the Airbus began moving forward, he cracked the second Leinie and pulled out his calendar with the 11 December’s notes, all in pencil. By the time the jet was airborne and heading west he had reviewed his notes for the meeting at the Foggy Dew and had just started the USA Today crossword when Ms. McKee asked if he’d like coffee, tea or “whatever”. Laying his crossword down, he responded that he was good for the time being but could certainly go for some “whatever” later on. He asked Shannon “Where do you guys go from Vancouver?”

“The common crew returns to Minny and then goes to Madison for a short layover, however I am an ad so I have a short layover and then back to Minny in the morning” (which ends the short two day that she was awarded for high-time – author’s note; whoever that is). “I prefer the long Vancouver layover but the high time pay will come in handy. Didn’t you say you were making a quick cycle to Vancouver, David?”

“Yes, I have a meeting tonight at 7 PM at the Foggy Dew in Richmond, then I go back to Minny tomorrow morning on 1768, and catch the 1 PM to Fargo.” responded the pilot who was about ready to become not-so-retired after all.

“Small world, I am flying 1768 and also catching the 1 PM; say did you ever have a short layover in Vancouver and if so are you familiar with the Best Western Richmond?” asked the attractive red-head.

“I have had many short layovers at that hotel and in fact that is where I am staying tonight also. I have a meeting at the nearby Foggy Dew at 7 PM so perhaps you’d like to come along and have dinner with me, before or after the meeting. It is an Irish Pub and

they have great food and on weekends they have good live entertainment. When we get to Vancouver I will wait for you at the Gate and I will help you get to the hotel. Then on the ride to Richmond we can come up with a “common strategy” for the Foggy Dew operation.”

“That sounds good, I need to go help in the main cabin now but I will see you a little later or at the Vancouver Gate.” After she had gone to the back to help the common crew main cabin staff Captain Hunter closed his eyes to get a moment’s rest. The moment lasted until he heard the landing gear being extended 5 miles east of the Vancouver Airport. As he raised his seatback to the upright and uncomfortable position, Shannon walked to the forward jumpseat and dropped a folded napkin in his lap. “Wait for me at the Gate please” was the simple written message on the Blue Skies napkin. However, Captain Hunter noticed it was written in red, flaming red. And he recalled that the two Leinie’s also were dropped in his lap causing him to wonder if she, like many flight attendants, had a “lap” fixation. Most passengers believe the flight attendants are checking on seat belt buckles when they look at laps; Captain Hunter knew better. And he also knew that the flight attendant gig was Ms McKee’s cover job but not her only job.

As he waited at Gate D3’s podium he had some chit-chat with the agent, a young man who appeared to have a different lifestyle than Captain Hunter. The slightly built 20ish agent asked Captain Hunter if he was familiar with the Gas Light district to which the well traveled master layover artist responded “The real Gaslite District is in San Diego where the widow of Jim Croce has a kickass night spot but a more direct answer to your question is that I am well aware of that part of downtown Vancouver and often work at the Irish Heather or the Jolly Taxpayer” to which the stimulated young homosapien appeared to become aroused.

“What line of work are you engaged at when at the Jolly Taxpayer or Irish Heather, I thought they were pubs and not workplaces?” asked the young agent. Just as he finished the question Ms. McKee joined Captain Hunter with her Travel Rollaboard bag and a big smile.

“I’m a pipe fitter and irrigation specialist” was the laconic reply from the pipe fitter who was known in the oil fields as Derrick Pumper.

As Ms McKee chimed in right on cue “If the pipe don’t fit, you must acquit”.

“Don’t worry, I brought along a shoe-horn” and with that the professional Captain and the professional Flight Attendant wandered off to catch the moving sidewalk, the escalator down to the main floor and then through the security cut-out that I cannot describe without incurring the wrath of the RCMP and the Vancouver International Airport Police Department. On the other hand if they made an issue of it, Rimshot could explain some things to them and Gravedigger could advise them of the date for their “memorial service”.

After Ms. McKee and David Hunter had emerged from behind the Blue Skies ticket

counter they went on a bee-line across the first traffic lane and to the open trunk of a stretch Lincoln Limo that was waiting to whisk them off to Richmond. Just the mention of whisk makes me hark back to a classified flying story involving “whisker biscuit” but alas I digress. As the driver closed the trunk and the erect Captain Hunter opened the door for the Lady in Red, Ms. McKee settled into the rear seat of the Limo as David encouraged the driver to “Let ‘er rip, potato chip, and please stop by the Toot’n Tote just off the airport property.” When the onyx black Lincoln Stretch stopped at the drive up window Captain Hunter asked the clerk “Do you take Kazak Tenge or UAE Dirhams?”

With the confused Somalian clerk at the liquor store looking at him as if he was from Uranus, he handed her an American Express Gold Card and said, “Never mind, please give me a case of cold Grolsch and a miniature of peppermint schnapps.”

The ever attentive redhead who never missed a trick waited until the groceries were delivered and the window was rolled up before asking “Pass me a Grolsch and please tell me why you bought the schnapps, neither of us drink that sissy stuff. Also, do you realize you left your American Express card with the clerk?”

“Excellent points, Ms McKee, but we have to arrive at the Foggy Dew neither smelling Irish or Dutch so please put the schnapps in your clutch bag and we can both wet our whistle prior to making our grand entrance at the Foggy Dew. And regarding the American Express Gold Card it wasn’t mine, here, look at the receipt. I found this American Express Card in the men’s room of the Minneapolis Airport back in June of 2007, in the famous Larry Craig dumping station” and as he took a long pull on his Grolsch wide body Ms. McKee saw that the AX card was in the name of Barry Frank MC.

“Rich, does this mean Barry Frank is in the Marine Corps?” asked the younger redhead.

“Not so fast my svelte beauty, I don’t become Rich McHogeny until Chapter 4, stop reading ahead or the FBI will infiltrate our operation. Remember, I am still David Hunter, Captain, Blue Skies International until the funeral. After that you can call me Rich” was the response from the punctilious master of the Airbus and Grolsch technologies. “And the other thing is MC stands for Member of Congress, I nabbed the plastic while two guys were having a taffy pull in the stall next to me at the MSP men’s room on the mezzanine while I was clippered up to Hamish in VBC” and just as Captain Hunter finished that response, his clipper deal went off in a custom leather bag he had purchased at the Oberoi Towers Hotel in Mumbai in July, 2006. After Captain Hunter had unzipped the leather bag and grabbed his squirt gun clipper deal, a surprised redhead said “Don’t squirt yourself, Captain Skipper” to which David had random thoughts as he responded into his MI3 squirt-clipper

“David Hunter, go ahead.”

“David, Hamish here, progress report please” came the request from the AD-HD Sherlock Holmes-like thespian formerly known as the “Great Flying Hawk” by college

girls within reach of Cambridge University and the proctors of Queens' College; not to be confused with proctologists to queens.

“On course, on schedule, eta Foggy Dew just prior to ‘ShowTime’, over” was the laconic and encrypted response from the 58 year old master of all things aeronautical. “I will be at the Richmond BW in 15 minutes and I am just about one Grolsch from the drop off now.”

“Maybe if you are alone and not busy Diehard and I could stop by the hotel for a pre-briefing” suggested the 63 year old master dot-connector and one time chess champion.

“David, you know that I am seldom alone and I may be involved in a de-briefing before the Foggy Dew experience so please call me back on my cell ending in 4500 about 1630 and let's leave the clipper line open. I am expecting some other players to be calling in with some Intel updates from Costa Rica, Kansas, Switzerland, Annapolis and Dubai.”

“Okay Chips, 1630, Hawk out.”

As four empty Grolsch widebodies were nestled on the carpeted floor of the Lincoln stretch Ms. McKee said, “You are a busy boy, when do you expect those calls to come clipping in?” she asked with a somewhat disappointed look on her face.

“Never, I made that up so that Hamish would give me play time until 1630 so that I could keep my mind on my mission, capeche?” responded the ever unpredictable boss with the hot sauce.

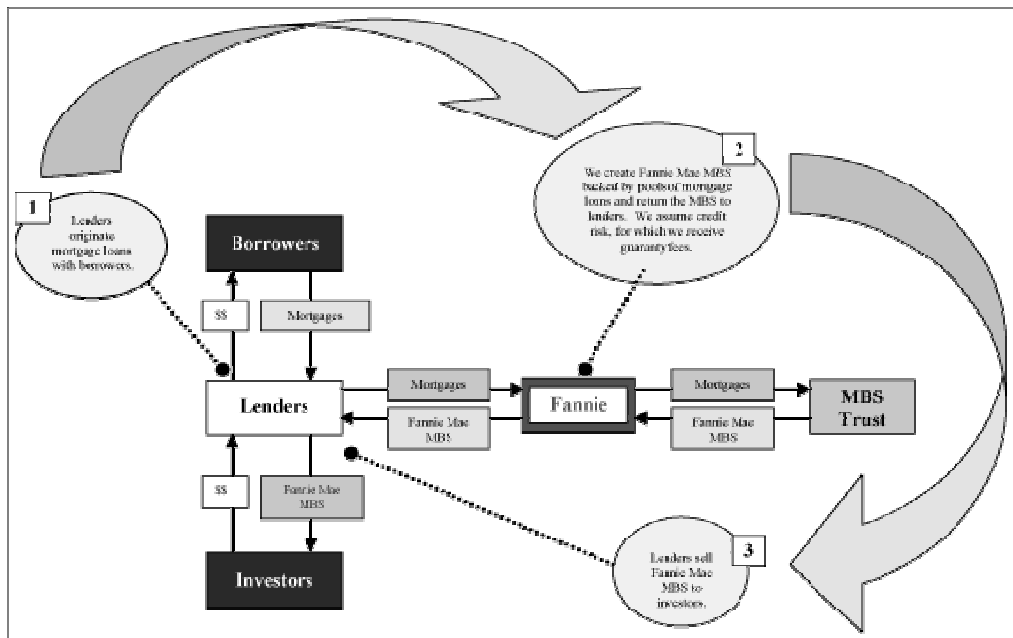
“I'm picking up what you're laying down and I know where your head's at, Derrick” came the cooing response from the “could be or maybe not” flight attendant as she stepped from the party pit of the Limo. With Captain Hunter schlepping the two bags, a black jet-eze and a maroon rollaboard, a hotel employee held open the door as Ms. McKee walked in followed by the now erect Captain Hunter who had been previously seated before egressing the Limo and handing the driver a Canadian “fifty” with a note attached.

As the driver read “Please call 218 371-4500 at exactly 1915 tonight” Captain Hunter and Ms. McKee went to the reception desk.

“Blue Skies Flight 1767 extra” as she showed the clerk her company ID with the employee number 081810. He handed her a key emblazoned 1001A and she waited as David Hunter, dressed in blue jeans and a pink shirt and blue sport coat identified himself to the clerk, “Fox Ramsey, ONI” to which the Indian Sikh clerk handed him a key with the number 1001B on it to which our man Fox responded “Thanks for the nice suite, Vijay” as he handed him an American bill with a photo of Ben Franklin on it. “My pleasure Mr. Ramsey, I hope you enjoy your stay in our best suite. We have prepositioned your requested items and if you have further needs please push the secret button inside the keg cooler next to the Jacuzzi. A pleasure to see you again, Fox” as the

pair of Fargo based sleuths trudged to the awaiting elevator, being held open by a housekeeping staff member. Once inside the elevator, Ms. McKee said “can you explain the good fortune of getting this suite to me?” as Captain Everready pushed the “10” and “no stop” buttons simultaneously. Without responding David pointed at the “air freshener” next to the ceiling exhaust fan in the Otis elevator car. He put an index finger to his lips and shook his head left and right. She shook her head up and down so, in the Otis elevator car, there was 'a whole lotta shakin' goin' on', with a tip of the hat to Jerry Lee Lewis.

David whipped out his screwdriver and removed the frame to show the red head where HUBZone sub-contractors had placed the encryption chips to control the Otis ‘al-Qaeda’ elevator box. David pointed at the SMACsonic insulation which doubled up as a trilaminar incendiary device; saboteurs could trigger special operation forces demolition kits in any building equipped with Otis elevators. All they had to do was hijack elevators through wireless Motorola/Iridium links to the main control panel, send elevators to selected floors, ignite pre-positioned incendiaries in the Otis elevator shaft, demolish the building in any mode; top down, bottom up or spreading from a point of virtual impact as in WTC 1 and 2 on 9/11. He explained how SMACsonic bombs allowed a customized ambush; they could kill people in a selected elevator or send it to the floor of companies that failed or refused to pay protection money to the HUBZone extortionists; companies such as those in the top floors of WTC 1 (Cantor Fitzgerald, ESpeed, CO2e.com) or WTC 2 (Aon Corporation) on 9/11. Or they could entrap and punish FDNY and NYPD union rank and file members who didn’t support the Obomba revolution. Then, of course, they could rely on the SMACsonic 5,800 degrees Fahrenheit reaction to vaporize evidence of murder and insurance fraud and send the humiliated firefighter body bits to the watching HUBZone eyes at Fresh Kills.



http://content.edgar-online.com/edgar_conv_img/2007/08/16/0000950133-07-003508_W36762W3676201.GIF

David whispered to Ms. McKee that Hamish and Nano had been able to reverse engineer the saboteurs' SOFDKs built by HUBZone SWAT teams at Picatinny Arsenal (American military research and manufacturing facility located on a 6,400-acre site in northern New Jersey); they had followed the money back to Jamie Gorelick and her DOJ Pride and Fannie Mae murder for hire service; ADuc now knew that Fannie mortgages were being hedged by cat bond and re-insurance contracts. When the buildings came down and the firefighters and office workers got whacked on 9/11, the cat scam money was split among Fannie's lesbian-controlled HUBZone firms and a terrified gorelicking judiciary.

Being quintessentially laconic, all that stuff above didn't take too long for the good Captain to explain to his enraptured listener; he was thus able to screw the air freshener frame back into place and egress with the putative redhead from the Otis elevator and its deadly array of multi-purpose devices without alerting the other passengers.

When the elevator doors closed behind them, David pointed to the only two doors on the Tenth floor and while walking to 1001B, he commented, "I will meet you in the middle, according to your schedule not mine". Ever the gentleman, he waited until she had let herself into 1001B before entering 1001B. Upon entering the marble floored living room, a young Indian housekeeping supervisor handed him two brass colored keys and gave him an envelope which was sealed and a single white sheet of Best Western stationary with the words "Security assured" signed Jagdish, ext 1987. As Jagdish left thru door 1001B, David could hear a jacuzzi pump motor engage and he saw the door to the common area of the suite crack open about 5 degrees. He went to his bedroom and looked for his bathing suit and "squirt gun clipper deal". He found that his swimming trunks smelled rather moldy as he had put them away wet from his previous "assignment". Noticing a big fluffy bath robe, purple in color with RBW in gold, he covered himself with that, grabbed his squirt gun clipper deal and two Grolsch widebodies and headed for what was waiting behind "common door B".

Hanging his robe on the hook next to the other hanging robe, he noted the time, 1433 which meant that in one hour and 57 minutes, Hamish would be calling.

Slipping into the warm, swirling water of the 4 person Jacuzzi, he was very happy that there were two empty places.