

Chapter 3: Foggy Dew Revisited, 12-11-07

New agents to crack Rothy, Rocky and Songbird Tanker Deal

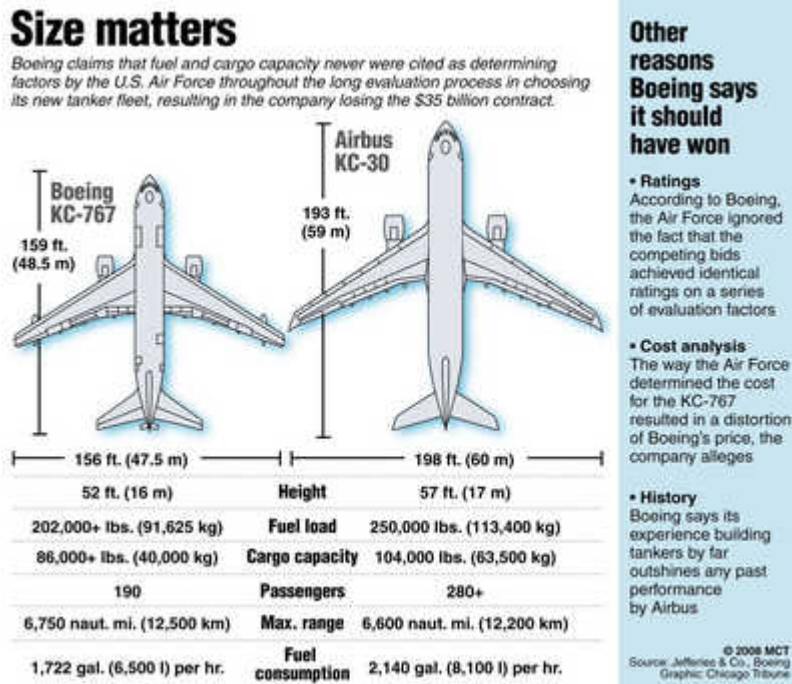
For early character development, see <http://www.usdoj.gr/ebook/>



http://www.cojoweb.com/WTC_finished3.jpg

David and Nelson Rockefeller, #1 and #2; Towers even called 'David and Nelson'

<http://media.portland.indymedia.org/images/2007/03/356343.jpg>



http://media.mcclatchydc.com/smedia/2008/03/14/12/529-20080314-TANKERS.large.prod_affiliate.91.jpg

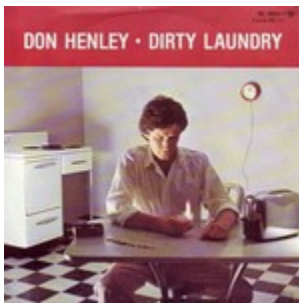
David Hunter and Sister Amelia prepare brief for new AD agents, Katie Mae Castro, George O., and Shannon McKee. Shannon has a cover job at Blue Skies and pilots multi-engine aircraft for nocturnal flying services. Katie Mae's bio gets her a recce trip to

Sidley Austin at the AXA Gallery in New York and Bank One Plaza in Chicago. Amelia offers to play a double agent role as a Suite 450's and get Caffrey into bisexual wash rooms on the 4th Floor which she can use as a base to investigate the US Park Police and the 1993 Arkancide of Vince Foster in Fort Marcy Park and create a crack between some 450 clients, including the Rothys, Rockys and the "Tanker Dealers". Hunter smells John Songbird McCain's faeces in an Airbus-Grumman conspiracy to eliminate Boeing's bid for the USAF refueling tanker contract. Amelia learns Thales and Airbus are conspiring to "Silence the Songbird" possibly at the Target Center on 4 September, 2008. Intel comes in that ConAir (U.S. Marshals) and HUBZone death squads are moving into position for live fire exercises in Indianapolis, Portland and the "Emerald City". The snitch will be allowed to expose him or herself in the Spring of 2008, subject unknown, but David expects him to be a member of the GOP who has been a little tough on Democratic troublemakers in New York financial circles and the tanker scamsters. A Rumpmaster thong is removed and Caffrey puts her camel to bed.

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The house keeping staff at the Richmond Best Western was outside the door off 1001A as they had seen a "Do Not Disturb" sign regaling the knob of 1001B. As they also noticed the same type sign on 1001A they turned to go when they heard the sounds of what had to be a TV show or movie; it sound like a summo wrestling match set to the musical background of Maria Muldaur's 1974 hit "Midnight At the Oasis". As the two Spanish speaking chambermaids listened intently they also heard a telephone ring tone of the William Tell Overture, whereupon the summo wrestling appeared to cease and the moaning sounds of Maria reduced in volume. Holding up a water glass to the wall with their ears pressed against each glass they heard: "David, let it go to a message, please come back....."

"Hamish, this is Chips, you are three minutes early, this better be important." Hearing the man's tone of voice the maids retreated into the Otis elevator car and selected B1, the first level below the main floor, you know, the area where they deal with all your 'dirty laundry', and not the Don Henley hit from the '80s.



"Chips, Hamish, wishing to check your availability for a pre-brief prior to 1900. My brother is anxious to get busy and the three of us could visit for a while prior to the arrival of Gravedigger and Rimshot."

“Okay Hamish, fair enough. Please come to the Richmond Best Western and at the front desk let them know that you are with UPS and ask for an elevator touch pad key for the 10th floor. Off the elevator bear right and come to room 1001B, the door will be open 5 prior to your ETA, what time would you estimate that you and ‘Mongo’ will be arriving?”

“In about 3 minutes, we are in the lobby now so I will do the UPS deal and be right up, we should be waltzing thru the door by 1632 unless the Gorilla-like Otis fails to get us up” as Captain Hunter checked his own status and determined this type of failure was not visiting him, at present.

As Chips gave visual suggestions urging a quick costume change to Ms. McKee he added “OK Hamish, see you and Igor in 3 minutes, remember, Room 1001B, the door will be cracked open. Please don’t disturb 1001A as I believe the occupant there may be asleep resting up for night action at the Foggy Dew.”

“Oh Chips, don’t tell me that you brought Fox along with you” whined the ever lonely master connector of real life dots as he saw another evening going down the drain if the insatiable Greek Goddess had again traveled to Vancouver.

“Not exactly” was the laconic reply of the man presently slipping into his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in pastel lime while watching his wrestling partner beat a hasty retreat to the relative safety of 1001A, with a slam, click to punctuate the urgent change of plans. After straightening his king sized bed and putting the half dozen remaining smoked oysters in the Grolsch keg reefer, Chips combed his hair, put on some foo-foo juice, cracked open the door and sat in the common area awaiting the knock at the door. He didn’t wait long, a testament to Otis Elevator and Hamish’s ability to focus on briefings such as UPS and get it right the first time, without knowing why.

As Diehard and Hamish came in through door 1001B, Chips stood up to greet them, suggesting they’d have more privacy if they spoke quietly for a little bit until the occupant of 1001A awoke from an alleged nap. As they two brothers walked into the living room Diehard grunted loudly, apparently in response to Chips casual attire. Either Diehard was offended at the pastel lime thong or he thought it clashed with Chip’s bright red Tom Selleck shirt. To keep Diehard quiet, Chips put out a plate of tiger meat while he slipped on a pair of khaki shorts, after removing the Idaho baker from his thong.

As he rejoined the brothers after the costume enhancement he asked, “Either of you humps want a beer?” Diehard grunted affirmatively while Professor responded thusly, “No thank you Chips, I do not like to drink before I think” to which the master of blends and blenders responded “Perfect Hamish that leaves more for your brother, myself and whoever is behind door number one.”

No sooner was that comment issued than 1001A opened and in walked a beautiful red head looking well-rested, stunning and without a hair out of place.

Chips was very confused, but very impressed. "Did I hear you offering Grolsch beers David?" spoke the young Ms. McKee as she walked over and helped herself to David's GWB whereupon he was forced to pull a frosty from the keg into an ice chilled schooner the size of the USS Enterprise. As the foursome found seats and Diehard had the last of his tiger meat David made the introductions.

"Gentlemen, meet Shannon McKee. She has been doing her cover job for 20 years now at Blue Skies so she is placed deeply there. In addition she has flown multi-engine aircraft for a nocturnal flying service, she has been in the legal offices to some degree and she owns an Irish Pub somewhere within 15 miles of the Hector International Airport. I did not ask her to come along but it so happened she was working the flight this morning and I knew she had a background that could be helpful as our effort will involve time in Washington DC and Europe. She has been many times to the watering hole where Spanner works, near the Central Station in Amsterdam at the Hotel Krasnapolsky."

'Shannon, Diehard is Hamish's older brother, he was trained by Special Air Services in England and tho' he is now 65 years old; once an assassin, always an assassin. He may have given up a step or two of quickness but he has replaced it with a step or two of "preparedness", perhaps.'

As Diehard wiped his tiger meat fingers on the sofa he hiked his right pant leg to show a ten inch Bowie knife strapped to his right calf. "Diehard's little brother Hamish is a principle of the ADuc team [Abel Danger, under cover] which is the voluntary hangers-on that stayed the course in 2001 and prior when the official Able Danger team was being dismantled by the Clinton White house at the same time they created the "Gorilla Wall" between the FBI and CIA and created the bought and paid for new Investigative Service which has not, to my knowledge, investigated Jack Diddly, and that is not Bo Diddly's little boy."

"Diehard lives in Tasmania and Hamish lives just outside the Vancouver city limits. Later on we will be joined by Gravedigger and Rimshot at the Foggy Dew and in this envelope is some bio material on both of those gentlemen. Please read the material and then deep six the printed bios," suggested Chips as he pointed to the commode inside the bathroom off the common area of the Suite.

"Shannon, nice to meet you. You will note that my brother doesn't verbalize much but that he grunts occasionally. Do not interpret that as if he is not paying attention or taking it all in, he is a great listener as is Dancer, by the way. David, is Dancer dialed in and is Shannon in the loop?"

"No David, good point. Shannon and I had been rather busy briefing safety egress procedures incase our penthouse suite became engulfed in flames and I failed to mention that my "squirt gun clipper deal" is typically hot wired to provide Dancer and her listening staff real time Intel on what I am into...."

"Excuse me, David, but was your "squirt gun clipper deal" listening to anything in this suite prior to our pre-briefing with Diehard and Hamish" asked the stunning redhead who was thinking she may have been compromised by a red herring.

"Negative my able aviatrix, for security purposes I put my "squirt gun clipper deal" in the Grolsch refrigeration unit so while the jacuzzi motor was humming and Maria Muldaur was moaning her plaintiff words to "Midnight at the Oasis", all that Dancer, Ilan and Yuval could hear was the rhythmic humming of a compressor inside the keg cooler" to which the stunning red head seemed relieved to be hearing.

"David, did you say you put your 'squirt gun clipper deal' in the keg cooler. Are you not afraid that it will freeze and short out?" came the moronic and poorly thought out question from the younger brother of the Tiger Meat eater and Wintergreen Altoid ingester.

"Not a problem oh master sleuth, for one thing, the squirt gun is filled with Bombay Sapphire, not water, so it is not prone to freezing....", and at this point Shannon was hoping to get prone ASAP, "...and for another thing, the temperature in the Grolsch super cooler is 34 degrees Fahrenheit and hopefully your postgraduate education from the prestigious Queens' College at Cambridge University has prepared you to understand that even water would not freeze at 34 degrees F, assuming standard pressure, of course."

As Hamish recovered from the almost tongue lashing, Shannon needed to powder her nose and upon return from the bathroom in 1001B she exposed her cupped left hand where only Chips could see the 2 Rodney Baldinger EOPs she had harvested from the shaving kit in 1001B's expansive bathroom, where a still warm purple robe was hanging on a brass hook, next to a still warm smaller robe.

Diehard grunted calmly and stomped his right size 16 hiking boot 5 times on the marble floor, and adjusted himself.

"My brother says it is 5 0'clock right now and he thinks we should turn on our clippers for incomings from Amelia, Dancer and Donald Cortege" was the interpretation from Diehard's younger and more vocal brother. As Hamish took out his Sherlock Holmes clipper pipe modified by Q at MI3, Chips grabbed his squirt gun clipper deal from the Grolsch reefer and also handed a plastic Chaquita Banana to Shannon. On the squirt gun and Banana-phone he selected option 2RT and encouraged Hamish to select 2RT also. While Shannon was trying to figure out if this was some sort of joke, the pipe, the banana and the squirt gun all vibrated simultaneously where upon Hamish demoed their proper usage, to wit: "Hamish on clipper, usual two, go ahead....."

"Hamish, Amelia, Foggy Dew, Lengthy Portion, who's on the line, go ahead"

"Hamish, Chips, Dancer, Diehard and Caffrey" was the cryptic reply from Hamish. He was letting Amelia Bruce, Chip's sister, know that he, Hamish, her brother Chips, GG in Switzerland, Brother John and Shannon were all listening, knowing that Amelia would

understand that GG was remoting to Israel through Ilan and Yuval and Diehard was remoting to Alice Springs/Orange Grove thru his left boot heel; which is why he always tapped signals with his right size 16. As if to confirm Hamish's answer, Diehard adjusted himself again, almost smiling.

"Hamish, charlie, charlie, but intro on Caffrey please, is this Bud McCaffry, the Fargo stock broker?" inquired Amelia.

"Negative big sister [BS], Caffrey is a deep blue asset at Blue Skies who is along on this briefing as a potential asset in Washington DC and over in Amsterdam as she has conflicting reasons to frequent both. She is a trusted agent and known quantity who in addition to other valuable tools happens to have an ownership stake in the only Irish Pub in North Dakota to have Caffrey's beer on tap" responded the laconic little brother of BS.

"Is there any other tapping going on, little brother?" came the predictable question from BS.

"Only on the Grolsch super-fridge right this moment as I pour myself a 24 ounce schooner of Holland-aise sauce" quipped the not to be out-thought little brother. As Shannon passed her mug over for a refill she slipped the two RB EOPs into Chip's lap; that would be strike 3.

Amelia suggested verifying the listeners where-upon Diehard tapped his right #16 three times eliciting the sound "Altoid" from his sunglass case. At that time also Chips hit the CVR button on his squirt gun which triggered a "shalom,shalom,shalom" response indicating GG, Ilan and Yuval were 'taking notes'. Shannon took a mental note also to ensure the squirt gun was put next to something noisy before anymore cardiopulmonary exercise.

With his right boot Diehard tapped 4 times, indicating enough foreplay, let's get down to business.

"Amelia, Diehard wishes we get the update briefing going with you speaking first, please go ahead from the Hornet's Nest" asked Chips, the de-facto leader.

"Okay kids here we go, I will be Queen Hornet and try to sting some occupants of the 4th Floor, especially Suite 450. I understand from an email that you have a Katie Mae Castro coming on board and her bio lends itself to taking a trip to Sidley Austin at the AXA Gallery in New York and Bank One Plaza in Chicago to get inside their "Don't Ask, Don't Tell Mentor-Protégé" chain of fools; Chips please ensure Katie Mae gets a copy of this briefing. If Caffrey could arrange with Blue Skies to get a long DC layover, I will hook her up with IDs and passwords so that she can get inside Suite 450 as a HUBZone disadvantaged contractor with Midwest Aviation, a West Fargo corporation already doing business with DoD, once I slip her in she will 'take notes' on activities in

the "bi-gender" lavatory on Floor 4, between the Men's room and the Ladies room. Pursuant to POTUS 42 "Don't ask, Don't tell" attack on the military industrial complex many offices now have a "guess my gender" message center and this facility has two stalls, so she will be able to SNIPH for trouble makers and security weak links. Also while in Washington suggest Caffrey slip in the back door at the US Park Police and grab some historical data from 1993 and Ft. Marcy Park as well as some current day intel regarding Park Police rotary wing assets; she may want Katie Mae to help out of this caper with her "Hardtime" connection. Also, if Caffrey is attractive as you suggest, little brother, perhaps as a new insider to Suite 450 she could create a crack between the Rothys and Rockys at the Banks and Lockheed Martin and Northrop Grumman and the "Tanker Deal killers" if you get my drift, little brother. Further I got your dossier on George O'Reilly and I've got Bobby Sturgell generating some logbooks and tickets so that the Executive pilot position just vacated by Arkancide can be filled my/your man Dirtball. I know that's rather brief, but I've got to go back to work. Please acknowledge Chips, Dancer, Alice."

As Chips' squirtgun issued 3 shaloms, and Diehard sunglass case sounded 'Altoid' all in room 1001, Switzerland, Israel and Australia heard Amelia sign off with "BS out."

Hamish was the first to speak. "Well that's quite a mouthful, and remember, that's just the prebrief, we will be getting more at 7 pm at the Foggy Dew. Diehard and I need to get down to our hotel room, we decided it could be a late night so we are in room 604 if you need us, let's meet "by chance" on the four stools at the right end of the bar at the Foggy Dew, I just got a TM from Gravedigger that he and Rimshot are enroute."

"That sounds good Hamish, we will see you at 7" said Chips as he helped them thru the door marked 1001B.

"Nice meeting both you gentleman, see you at the Foggy Dew, hope you like to dance" was the social offering from Caffrey, as she glanced at her watch and noted the time was 1743. As the door to 1001B was shut and bolted the jacuzzi motor was turned on as two investigators prepared for a security check. Outside the door Hamish pulled Diehard's head from against the door and said "He is getting too predictable" as the Otis elevator car door opened and they selected option 6. As Chips was the second one into the hot tub he noticed that Caffrey had put both the squirt gun and the Banana phone in the loudly vibrating compressor and as she turned to hand him a fresh schooner she cooed "now where were we?" To which the ever affable never flappable Captain Hot Tub responded "Right about here" much to her delight. The cellphone ending in 4500 announced "it's six thirty, time to get up" and as Captain punctual hit the snoozer he commented "stupid cell phone, can't it see I am up" as the investigators got ready for a rapid costume change. Well, not so much a change as an addition. Chips selected a blue Tom Selleck shirt. Caffrey selected a matching item in blue, royal blue.

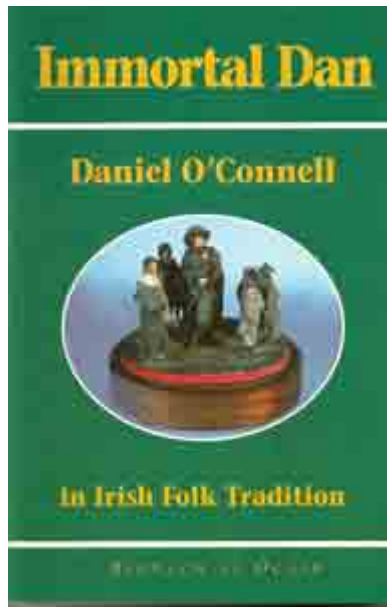
[In the real world in Dubai, the author Chips went to the pool and "HannaBarbara Skytempers just called"]

At exactly 1841, the investigative duo was on the Otis Elevator and hit "Lobby" and "non stop" as they rode down to the lobby, where Vijay had been relived by Jagdish at the front desk. A knowing glance from Jagdish and a "have a good evening, Mr. Ramsey" and Captain Punctual and the Red Head to die for were out the door, turned right, across the street and into the Foggy Dew in record time, hoping to get stools number one and two. After Chips and Caffrey had adjusted their eagle-like vision to the subdued light in the Foggy Dew, they determined that Diehard, Hamish, Gravedigger and Rimshot must have wanted to witness their grand entrance as stools 1-4 were held down by right proper British bums and there were frosty Black and Tans at where stools 5 and 6 should have been. "Do one of you gents want to offer this lady a seat" asked the ever chivalrous Captain Standup." From Diehard came a frothy uggghh follow by Hamish's "Diehard hid the stools so nobody would take your spots, sorry it's a little wet there, the bartender spilled a little foam."

"That's quite alright Hamish, I am no stranger to wet spots but prefer the old fashioned, non-foamy variety, if you must know" responded the currently erect and recently refreshed Captain Stool-less.

Not to be out done by the gang of 5, Caffrey responded, "Must be a full moon tonight, this is the third wet spot today" and she added a frothy mustache to her already radiant facial features. As she licked the foam from her lips, Chips made a mental note for a new layover technique. Chips was looking at his watch at 1858 when Diehard returned from the Ladies room with the two secured stools. Being ever the gentleman, Diehard wiped off Caffrey's stool and offered it to her. She thanked him causing him to blush, and uggghh. Chips didn't wait for the dusting job, knowing it wasn't coming anyway, and mounted his stool thinking of a mounting that may take place after the big intel brief.

At the very moment the Guinness clock on the wall struck 1900, straight up, Chip's squirt gun clipper deal went off to wit: "Amelia, Chips with 5, all remoted in and we have Katie Mae, George O., Dancer and her trio as well as 'Alice' thru Tigermeat, go ahead" as everyone put their ear pieces in, causing nearby revelers to assume someone had a kickass recording of Danny O'Connell doing Danny Boy, or should it be Danny O'Donnell?



Amelia's briefing began "I am in Annapolis at the Ramshead and can fill you in on the status. SBA 8(a) is still secure and still below the radar making things happen not just domestically but also thru UBS and KPMG friends brokered thru Sidley Austin. Expect Sidley to be assholed by the Arkancide twins no later than 28 June of 2008. The story should break in Europe, according to the scriptwriter. We expect that to be responded to by an outing of a recording taken by an unhappy patriot at BEI Corporation, and involving QRS11, Raytheon and Songbird. We know that some Wall Street donkeys are unhappy with a former attorney general turned governor, and his trap is set now and he been going for the honey pot much too often. From friends at the National Guard Bureau I understand they are balking at Live Fire Exercises in Indianapolis, Portland and the Emerald City; look for those exercises to be curtailed when Judicial Watch gets Leahy and Grassley engaged. As the mortgage meltdown driven by MindBox is fully understood and migrates across the Atlantic, watch for some international shit-slinging that takes out UBS, KPMG and further drives a wedge between Halliburton and KBR. As my coworkers at 1301 K St NW and Suite 450 start looking over their shoulder and under their desks, expect FBI and CIA to start wondering who has been "singing the blues" in Memphis and St Louis. Watch for an honest US Attorney in New Mexico, North Dakota or Wyoming to step forward with a Qui Tam. I could go on, and will, but there is a long line for the ladies room so please give me one sentence bullets for the recording before I flush and egress, thank you all."

"Amelia, Katie Mae, I'm inside Sidley Austin, inside Wellesley Alumni, and inside Ft. Leonard Wood, over"

"Ameria, George O., I had the interview, got the job, will pick you up at MCAS Quantico in an ABJ Wednesday, 12-19 for your brother's service"

"Amelia, Caffrey, I'm off to the Kraz and Spanner this Saturday, 12-15, with Little Boy Blue in tow, over"

"Amelia, Gravedigger, I'm new to this but I have my file, I'm yours, over"

"Amelia, Rimshot, also new, know my job, mission success assured, no loose ends, over"

"Ugghhhh"

"Amelia, that was Diehard, he knows what to do, I have the surveillance set and the evidence gathered, Hamish, over"

"Big Sis, this is Little Boy Blue, we are working like a well oiled machine, the new guys are 5 star, I got the gig in the Muslim nation, going to Europe Saturday and then down to Florida next weekend, the wheel is in motion, and they can't fight the feeling. See you at the Funeral, time is tight, goodbye."

"Got a green light recording quality from Geneva and Orange Grove, good night, Amelia out" and with that it was 1910 and time for some chit chat between the six at the bar. Chips turned to Caffrey and asked "Please go to the Juke Box and see what F4 is on the menu."

"Are you trying to get rid of me," she teased knowing that he certainly would not be.

"Anything but" replied the laconic inhaler of Black and Tans.

"Anything Goes" replied the Red Head to die for, "and I don't mean that in a Shakespearean reference to literature." as she turned to check out F4 on the Juke Box.

Never one to be out done our Captain quick response replied "If you like Shakespeare, I'VE got something you're gonna love" as his spear started to stir, not shake. With Caffrey fading towards the Juke Box, Captain Master Observer noticed the lack of VPLs, and his mind headed back to 1001, where he aspired to meet her in the middle.

"Chips, Rimshot and Gravedigger have a couple of files for you to review tomorrow while flying home, should we all retreat to a booth for dinner?" queried the oft querying heterosexual male.

"Negative Hamish, that's just what they'd expect us to do" replied Chips as Caffrey approached and his squirt gun went off. Answering the squirt gun, which had been remoted from ext 4500, he answered "David Hunter speaking".

"Sir, it is Muhammed Haneef, the limo driver. What do you wish me to do, it is now 1915?"

"Please look under your driver's seat and pull out the envelope from Blue Skies International Airlines, let me know when you have it" said the possessor of the world's most well disciplined squirt gun.

"Yes sir, I have the envelope and it was not sealed so I see there are two \$100 bills, who shall I give the money to?" asked Haneef.

"Haneef, the money is for you, please go pick up the man dressed as a gorilla at the international arrivals door at Vancouver International, stop at the "Toot and Tote" and then bring him to the Foggy Dew, any problem doing that?" asked the layover instructor and sometimes pilot.

"No problem at all, Captain, I will be at the 'gorilla' in 3 minutes, I was at the domestic departure gate after dropping off a client so you can let him know I'm coming now" as the Lincoln stretch slithered up to the curb, out from behind the "Skycap station" came a gorilla gripping a banana. After the gorilla had stuck his tote in the trunk, Haneef opened the right curbside door and Gorilla Man thanked him and stepped in. From inside his chest cavity, the gorilla grabbed a Grolsch and took a quick sip while Haneef assumed his position behind the wheel. "Don't hide the beer, let 'er rip, this is a limo and if I see the heat I will raise the divider; by the way, your dad asked me to stop at the "Toot and Tote" which is two blocks away. As Haneef drove, Gorilla-man relaxed and pondered how his dad always thought ahead.



When the clerk came to the drive up window Stone Kohl, Gorilla man asked, "Do you have warm Gorilla milk here mam?" As Haneef smiled and the Somalian clerk looked

for the security button Stone said "No problem, if you are out of Gorilla milk just give me a four pack of Grolsch Bottles, the kind with the porcelain stoppers please" as he handed her a twenty. As the product was delivered a hairy left forearm grabbed the brew and Stone said "thanks mam, keep the change, hope I didn't scare you, I'm with RCMP Narco-Bunco and I'm on a mission." As the window went up and the Lincoln headed for Richmond a porcelain top was popped while meanwhile, back at the Foggy Dew.....

"Chips, I checked the Juke Box, and F4 is "Last Waltz" by Engelbert Humperdink. And since you like slow ones, D7 and C6 should be ones you'd like also; "Wonderful Tonight" by Eric Clapton and "Shake Your Booty" by KC and the Sunshine Band. Which should we play first, oh master of the hardwood" she teased, knowing he couldn't dribble and run at the same time, whereas he could shoot then dribble, but alas she digresses.

He was about ready to answer his preference when Eric Clapton's weeping guitar confirmed his choice was also her choice, "Your reading my mind" said Chips as he grabbed her hand and headed to the dance floor.

"Not exactly, I'm reading your lap, and you look wonderful tonight" as they started to "cut the rug", or in this case, lack of rug. On stools 1-4 three sets of eyes followed the smooth dancing duo while one set of eyes saw some tiger meat being pressed into a patty. While on the dance floor some pressing was also taking place, which, to continue with a potato metaphor, could lead to some mashing, later on. "By the way Caffrey, Shake Your Booty is not a slow song" murmured the world's greatest slowdancer; second greatest if he forgot his 14 inch Sam's Club summer sausage.

"Two out of three ain't bad," responded the fiery Red Head, "and besides, I'm too young for all this Lawrence Welk dancing and I sometimes like to Shake My Booty, too" cooed Ms Firebrand as her body temperature was auto-elevating anticipating night action.

"That's the way, u-hah, u-hah, I like it" demonstrated to her satisfaction [poor choice of words] that Captain Old Fart knew some modern music as well.

As Stone Kohl grabbed his tote and tapped softly on the trunk lid twice, he entered the Foggy Dew and saw Diehard and Hamish with a young black man and a 50-something white haired fellow. "Hamish, where's Dad, did he make it here yet?" came the innocent question from the recently re-Grolsched Limo man as he started to remove his Gorilla suit. Hamish pointed to the dance floor where Stone Kohl recognized a lady he once had lunch with at Juano's.



<http://www.randoartgallery.com/JuanosMoorhead.JPG>

"How predictable" commented Stone as he saw a large Black and Tan slide across the bar from Diehard, with an ugghh.

"My brother said he thinks you are getting a little predictable also, enjoy the Black and Tan, it's on Diehard" said Hamish.

"Your brother is a man of few words, but great kindness, thanks Diehard" quipped the heir to the 401K.

"Ugghhh" came the heartfelt response from "Killer" as he checked his right calf.

After Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers had finished their musical trifecta and rejoined the group, they pulled up a 7th stool for Stone.

"Stone, thanks for getting here so quick, has Gravedigger explained it to you yet?" asked the master dancer as he took a healthy sip of his warming B&T.

"Chips, we haven't even met but Hamish, Rimshot and Stone can join me out on the curb if they want a secure briefing or I can hit the highlights here as soon as the jukebox makes noise to cover the Intel" responded Gravedigger as he shook Stone's hand and Rimshot took 2 singles to the jukebox to play some Bob Marley and Jim Hendrix. Chips was surprised the first song to be used as sound insulation was "Badge" by Cream with Ginger Baker on drums and Jack Bruce on bass. After Eric C. started singing about "...the time you rode in my car", Gravedigger told Stone that tomorrow at 0900 they would meet at the funeral home and drive to the city morgue to pick up a recent "hit" and take it to the funeral home to prep for a beggar's funeral. Sadly, he commented that it is not an uncommon event, so common in fact that he had hired Rimshot to get a cover job as an eco engineer and he was really doing some soil sample at the pig farm, to continue on the work that Diehard had done in 2001.

With the cover music providing aural security, Rimshot, Gravedigger and Stone Kohl set their plans for the following day while Hamish listened, Diehard adjusted himself and Caffrey whispered in Chip's ear "In the first book you wrote you vanished from the Foggy Dew 5 minutes behind the Greek Goddess who complained of a headache. Do

you think these "briefers-ad-nauseum" would cut you loose if I get a headache in the next 2 minutes?"

"I think we'd be pushing our luck, but perhaps if you mention you need to take a Midol as it's one of the day's "right before" they would be so embarrassed they wouldn't respond. Then you could call me on 4500 and let me know that you lost your key to 1001A" responded Captain "always ready to help".



After Caffrey laid the box of Midol next to her B&T, Captain Hunter pulled out a copy of a briefing he had planned to deliver to Hamish, Diehard, Stone, Rimshot and Gravedigger over dinner. However, to fit in Caffrey's menstrual cramps he mentioned "Caffrey, it appears you are not feeling like dancing any more so before I forget here is a brief storyline I want all of us to become familiar with. Amelia tells me that the Octopus will be playing games with the Presidential Field in the months between June and November, 2008. While she anticipates that Arkansas will yield to Illinois, later on B Hussein O will be taken out by a bad case of Rezko Arkancide whereupon H Roadhog will be taken out by a Sidley Austin alumnus. Thinking he is in the Catbird seat, Songbird will be taken out in a hit reminiscent of the Pentagon Skywarrior. Through some friends who speak French Amelia has learned that Thales and Airbus have conspired to "silence Songbird" after using him to get the Airbus Tanker deal. And, in keeping with their appetite for overkill, the Octopi are willing to kill thousands at the Target Center on 4 September, 2008, to ensure this Songbird never sings again. Please take this copy back to your room, Caffrey, and if you have any questions, I can answer them at breakfast tomorrow. Do you wish that I or someone else walk you back to the Best Western?" offered the egalitarian Captain Chivalrous, not even knowing what egalitarian meant.

"No that's quite alright David, it is not that late so I will take 2 midols and have a glass or wine in my room and see you in the morning for breakfast. Have fun with the boys and I promise to read this briefing before I nod off for the night." Turning to the other fellows Caffrey signed off with, "Sorry I have to run home early for this briefing, however this isn't the best time of the month for dancing and dining with 6 handsome hunks, good night all." As Captain Hunter walked her to the front door of the Foggy Dew something was slipped into his right hand by her left. Turning to go, she whispered "4500, 5 minutes, be ready" and faded into the cool December air outside the Foggy Dew.

As Chips took his seat next to Stone and Hamish, Gravedigger asked what was in the briefing and would they all be getting copies. "You have a copy delivered electronically to your email address ending in usdoj.gr . Everyone involved has the briefing, which is a plan that Carlyle Canada and Lansdowne Technologies developed for Macdonald Dettwiler to remove Songbird from the catbird seat. However, Amelia uncovered the plan and we will intercede...excuse me, my cel ending in 4500 is vibrating".

Noting the Caller ID indicated 911 he realized Caffrey had been reading the briefing regarding BS911 that would make a big impression at the Republic National Convention in 2008, some 9 months off in the future. "David Hunter speaking" answered Chips as if it was a cold call. "Oh Caffrey, sorry to hear you forgot your key, I will be right over with it, you also forgot your Midol should I bring that along too?"

Though the others couldn't hear, Caffrey pointed out the box was empty and it wasn't the time of the month where that would be necessary. "Okay, I will bring it and your key and be there in 5 minutes".

"Gotta run boys, I will be right back, order me another B&T and an order of Fish and Chips please Stone" as he handed his son an American Express Gold Card emblazoned "Captain Rich McHogeny, member since 1969" and headed out the door with a sense of purpose. As he crossed the street he ditched the empty Midol box in a refuse container and slipped his room key back in his pocket realizing none of the fellows noticed the key was 1001B, not 1001A. While in 1001A a blue, royal blue item of clothing was the last to be surrendered to the coat hook as two robes were taken down and laid by the side of the HotTub. Which gave Caffrey an idea.

At the end of the bar, 5 men and two empty stools discussed the possibility that Chips would return from his "mission of mercy". Stone promised Rimshot and Gravedigger that his father would not return but that his AX card had no limit so dinner was ordered for all, with Stone taking care of his father's fish and chips while Caffrey was taking care of his father, and vice versa.

After the pastel lime Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster thong had been removed by two warm, wet and willing hands, the red-head repeated herself "...now, where were we?" to which the ever predictable seeker of wet things responded "...right here". And soon it sounded like Maria Muldaur was singing "Midnight at the Oasis" again as Caffrey put her camel to bed.