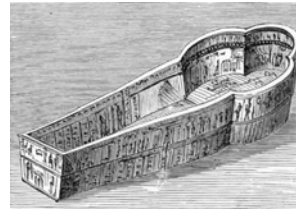


Chapter 6: DHL Vanishes – QinetiQ – Bonanno Doubledecker Chips to attend his own funeral – Dancer to take charge – Confusion through chaos For early character development, see <http://www.usdoj.gr/ebook/>



<http://content.answers.com/main/content/wp/en-commons/thumb/c/c0/250px-DHL-Fahrzeug.jpg>

<http://www.schnews.org.uk/images/533-bond-small.jpg>

<http://www.gutenberg.org/files/17582/17582-h/images/g241.jpg>

Chips in the DHL van noticed a movement in the woods. At the small clearing he saw a second, identical DHL van. The other driver, who appeared mid-eastern pointed at the on board navigator mounted in his truck. Chips removed the unit from the truck he was in and handed it to 'Muhammed' who drove off. Chips parked his DHL van behind a Virginia State Trooper, crawled in the back of the DHL van, removed the DHL uniform and left the van idling. The trooper did a U-turn accelerated to Dulles airport just as a loud explosion was heard. Q, ADuc's agent inside QinetiQ, sets up a teleconference with Mossad through the Bonanno Doubledecker Coffin. Mossad says Americans think the next election will be different. They are wrong. The final candidates have all been approved by Rockys, Rothys and Carlyle Canada in the same private finance initiative (PFI) which took out Cantor Fitzgerald, Aon Insurance and the U.S. Naval Command Center on 9-11-01. Q presents the Bonanno Doubledecker Coffin; Chips is to attend his own funeral in 4 days, the body sent to the Fargo airport will be removed and Dancer will be placed inside the Bonanno casket. Below her will be HUBZone worldwide communication and monitoring gear, as well as QinetiQ's encryption canceling software for SURVIVE and triphibious vulnerabilities. While Chips' coffin is flown to Washington's Reagan National airport for "burial", Dancer will be de-facto leader of Operation Clean Slate to take out disloyal presidential candidates. Motto? – Confusion through chaos.

.....

As Chips got into the DHL van he noticed a movement in the woods through which he would be exiting. He also noticed the 'On Board Navigation' system that Avis, Hertz, DHL, FedEx and others used. He was surprised to see that it wasn't hard installed but rather removable, just like the rental car units. As he drove into the woods his clipper squirt gun deal took an IM that advised him that in 2 minutes he would come to a clearing in the woods just prior to exiting onto a US highway 82 East. When he arrived at the

small clearing he saw a second, identical DHL van and he even noticed that the two units had the same truck number and license plates. As he parked driver side to driver side the other driver, who appeared mid-eastern pointed at the on board navigator mounted in his truck. Chips understood, and removed the unit from the truck he was in and handed it to 'Muhammed'. The other driver smiled, flipped out a cigarette butt and drove off, making a point of not speaking. Chips had not been on US 82 East more than two minutes when he saw the Virginia State Trooper car, lights ablaze, parked behind the DHL wrecker. He parked his DHL van behind the cruiser, crawled in the back of the DHL van, removed the DHL uniform and left the van idling. He walked up to the 'trooper', wearing blue chrome sunglasses and handed him a token. The trooper pointed towards the passenger seat of the Crown Vic and, lights still ablaze, did a U-turn in the grassy median, and accelerated to just over 80 mph enroute to the Dulles airport. As they drove Chips asked Trooper Don, was the wrecker going to tow the DHL van, just as a loud explosion was heard.

Don said, 'There is nothing left to tow, however by switching the On Board Navigator we bought you another 5 minutes, Muhammed picked up the 'Boeing Parts' and he will meet us at the ramp next to KLM. There will be a catering truck back by the rear galley and your traveling clothes and bag will be in the catering truck. Once you have changed, it will scissor lift up to door 4L and in you go. Here's your ticket and boarding pass in case any of the Dutch FAs question your boarding techniques. And here is your buzzer and ID.' Chips noticed that the boarding pass, ticket, and US Marshal's Service ID were all in the name of Rich McHogeny. His badge was #69, which must have been arranged by his sister. As the security gate at Dulles was opened, Chips and Don moved slowly towards the tarmac and then turned left and headed to the blue and white A330-300 parked at the gate, with DHL van and catering truck waiting. Pulling up to the DHL van, Chips thanked Don for the lift, and exited the cruiser and went to the DHL truck to see with his own eyes the Bonanno Doubledecker that would carry Dancer from Fargo to Dulles on the following Wednesday, 19 December, 2007. A quick glance in the back and he saw the coffin, it appeared normal with the exception of a little extra vertical dimension. He also noticed the Rottweiler and was intrigued that it bared its teeth without growling. He made a mental note, the dog that didn't bark. As he turned to go the catering truck a shapely blonde in a sharp business suit said 'you don't look like a Marshal, can I see some ID?'

'Sam McCloud, Taos New Mexico office, glad to meet you Miss.....' as he was interrupted by the shapely blonde who bore no VPLs.

'Actually, Marshal Tucker, just call me Tanya' as she reached out her hand, shaking his, with a grip that would have Daisy Mae Clampett as proud as a Hickory Nut Crunch. As she followed him into the lowered catering truck he changed into his traveling attire which had been pre-positioned on a catering container filled with cold Grolsch.

'Care to join me?' asked Chips as he pulled his tight fitting jeans over his well stuffed Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in pastel bayberry.

'How shall I take that?' enquired Marshal Tucker as she looked approvingly at his groin region.

'Take it any way you want it, but what I meant was would you like to join me in having a frosty Grolsch?' as he pulled on the 12 ounce can wishing it were a 16 ounce GWB. As she fingered her Glock, Chips mind was rolling on down the highway, and not the BTO song either. 'Swell, he responded as he reached for another 12 ounce as he put on the sport coat, straightened his tie and tapped on the front of the catering body 3 times with the rubber mallet. Hearing the 3 knocks the Somali in the cab hit the hydraulic PTO and the catering body was elevated to door 4L. As the two marshals entered the jet and turned left heading forward on the left aisle, a surprised KLM FA asked who they were.

'I'm Doctor Cadavarino, and this is my nurse anesthetist, Nurse Goodbody' responded Chips as both he and Tanya flashed their US Marshal badges. The flight attendant then turned and led them to row two in First Class where Tanya took 2A and Chips took 2B. As she took her VPL-less bum out of Chip's field of vision, Chips noticed her name 'Kees Van Gogh' on her name tag.

"Thank you Miss Van Gogh, you've been very kind." As the two 'marshals' settled into 2A and 2B.' said Chips as Tanya nodded in agreement.

'Usually US Air Marshals don't sit together, is there a change to the protocol?' queried the nice looking, but anally retentive Kees.

'No change, but that is what they'd expect us to do, so in the interest of international security and the perpetuation of the myth that Muslim hijackers did 9/11 we are sitting together. Would you be a dear and get me another 3 Grolschs, please' asked Chips, smelling rather Dutch.

'Delighted to serve, Marshal McHogeny, and for you Marshal Tucker?' inquired Kees.

'Just orange juice for me, thank you Kees' responded Tanya as she retrieved two tins of smoked oysters and a bubble wrapped package of eight gel-caps on a key chain



<http://www.geekologie.com/2007/11/15/bubble-keychain.jpg>

After Kees returned with the beverages, Tanya and Chips thanked her just as the PA was saying 'Boarding' in Dutch, which neither Chips nor Tanya spoke so they presumed it was not anything they needed to be aware of. As the normal passengers were finding their seats, Chips noticed that the front end of the jet was almost full, whereas the coach or economy seats seemed roughly half full. He thought back to the days prior to Kennedy and Kahn gutting the industry when the back ends were full and the front ends were half empty. He was mentally trying to get his head around the apparent discretionary gutting off the US airline industry when a warm and willing hand placed two Rodney Baldinger EOPs in his lap. With the hand dragging reluctantly away, he was thankful that he had taken the time to put an Idaho baker in his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster. The potato was now being hydraulically challenged for space. As the A330 was pushed back from the Gate, Chips leaned over Tanya's ample chest and got the high sign from the DHL van indicating that the Bonanno Doubledecker was on board. Tanya yawned and therein made her ample endowments even harder to ignore, however our man Chips was not that easy to seduce, well not on the ground while taxiing anyway. As he could tell the Dutch Captain was 'slamming the sausage' to the A330 he looked forward to doing a little slamming also, once at the Kraz in Amsterdam. As the PA was coming alive in both English and Dutch, something was also coming alive next to an Idaho baker. Chips noticed that those thoughts were being enjoyed in 2A as well, when he saw two circuit breakers pop in the 38D over-the-shoulder bolder holder, 18 inches above the absence of VPLs. 'Thong' he thought, 'pastel bayberry' she recalled, and the seat-backs reclined as they both closed their eyes and mentally undressed each other.

The loud sound and hydraulic bump of the landing gear being lowered made Chips realized that 11 Grolschs in a 6 hour flight may be a little overkill. He looked to his left and saw the slow heaving of Tanya's chest and he thought of something he'd like to heave at her also. When the Cabin Crew came through the cabin to make sure all seat backs were in their upright and most uncomfortable position, she opened her eyes and tried to get her bearings. When she saw the chiseled good looks and the 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal seated in 2B she thought she must be dreaming. As her face warmed and her focus returned she whispered 'another 5 minutes and I would have been finished off in my dream.'

'Do you mean you would have finished your dream?' asked Chips with feigned 'Leave It to Beaver' naiveté.

'No, actually, I did not misspeak, I would have been finished off' cooed the pre-lubing blond, double breasted US Marshal Service Asset seated in 2A.

'I see,' commented the engorging Captain Everready as the Smoked Oysters starting lining up for the EJAC drill.

'Did you mean EVAC drill?' queried the moistening 2A pre-oiler.

'Listen Tanya, study your lines better. I did not speak EJAC drill, I thought it, if you blow anymore lines even the DOJ and FBI will be able to profile us and blow our cover' barked the now-demanding non-Marshal who was whipping his bull neck around.

'Sorry Rich, I will try not to blow your cover' responded the remorseful Tanya as she licked her lips and moistened her others. 'Will you be staying for long in Amsterdam, or traveling on?' she questioned, seeking relief for her base instinct. A magnificent 29 year old, she could almost hear her biological clock ticking and thought some Rich McHogeny DNA would probably create a fitting progeny. Whereas the ugly, bisexual or lesbian weatherwomen of the 1960s and 70s grew old mostly childless, this 38D packing Marshal knew that soon the remnant weatherwomen would be identified and adjudicated; even the one running for POTUS 44 and the one married to another POTUS 44 candidate. As a heterosexual female with a normal libido it was as simple as black and white. Whereas the queer weather women were intent on killing men and destroying America, Tanya was old school in that she enjoyed mounting men and saving America. After the parking brake had been set and the seat belt sign turned off, Tanya sang very quietly, 'When the moon comes over the mountain, I'd like to be mountin' you'.

'Love your musical taste and I like to taste some more, Tanya, if you know where my head's at, but I have a very important meeting down at the Grolsch display in the grocery floor on the street level, perhaps our paths will cross in the future and we can engage each other, so to speak. Having a nice trip back to,...Where was it you were going?' queried the seldom querying Chips.

'Minneapolis, aboard Northwest Flight 45, want to tag along?' suggested the playful and soon to be lonesome moistener of an item of clothing that would clash with pastel bayberry.

'I'd love to, we could go to the Thunderbird Hotel near the Mall of America and I could turn you into Maria Muldaur in Room 102, from front door turn left, past the elevator turn right, first door on your left' responding the semi-flaccid master of the Thunderbird.

'How do you know all the details of the Thunderbird Hotel,' asked Tanya, hoping pleasant memories would cause him to rethink his chance to be in her pants.

'I don't, I made it all up. I am a creative writer. Surely you don't believe that Sidley Austin and Rose Law would have weatherwomen females intent on destroying America from the inside out' opined the laconic opiner as they exited the jetway at Gate E6 at Schilphol.

'That sounds as crazy as a Muslim and a treasonous traitor running for President, and Americans being dumb enough to vote for either of them. You might as well suggest a survivor of the Lesbos Island swamping of the Albogas 37 was also running' came the stimulating response for the stimulated mound de venus.

'First of all, it is mont de Venus, and secondly, the swamping of the Albogas 37 and the washing up on Lesbos Island doesn't take place until Chapter 8, please focus on your lines; loose lips sink ships' came the tongue-lashing from Captain Creative.

'Don't mention loose lips and mont de Venus in the same phrase, and I promise to study my lines better if you give me a second chance, oh he who shuns loose lips' begged Tanya, now sudsing like a maytag.

'OK, I will give you a second chance; here is a card with my pleasure business phone number ending in 4500. If you call just leave me a two word message and I will get your caller ID and call you back from a cel ending in 9767.'



<http://www.saraphina.com/moseyesp/020399/020399-baby%20clams%20in%20oil.JPG>

'I promise I will, please don't make me wait too long, but what are the two code words, Baby Clams' she teased referencing the loose lips comments.

'Negative Tanya, too predictable, code words 'Natalya Iwanabalya'.'

As he turned to go, her noticed her wantingness and smiled. However his mind couldn't stop with Marshal "Sugarbritches" Tucker, he was on a mission and he needed to rendezvous with Dancer at the Grolsch display downstairs. He was just arriving at the terminal end of the E concourse where he noticed a throng of travelers gazing at the

monitors overhead. He glanced at his ten-dollar Wal-Mart and saw he was still ahead of schedule so looking up at the monitor he found the KLM flight that brought Dancer from Zurich, it was 5 minutes late and was arriving at E as in Echo 7, Gate E7 so Captain Punctilious did an about face and went back to E7 in time to see the arrival of KLM's morning flight from Zurich, Switzerland. Knowing it would take several minutes, Chips looked around and saw a sandwich shop at the end of the Echo concourse, he stepped over and grabbed himself a frosty Grolsch Wide Body and left 4 Euros on the counter as the line was long enough where he may miss Dancer if he waited to pay the normal way. Arriving back at the E7 arrival gate exit, he saw a 60's something woman in smart street clothes, minimal jewelry and a sense of purpose on her face. Knowing Dancer was a Jewish lady he was expecting a brunette, but what approached was a blond and as their eyes met they both felt they were meeting an old friend.

"Dancer is it?" asked our man Chips as he took another swig of his GWB knowing that it was 5 o'clock somewhere.

"Chips, delighted to meet after all these years. Your chiseled good looks and 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal certainly understate the true power of your magnificence" regurgitated the Jewish grandmother.

"Thanks Dancer, you certainly have studied your lines much better than the 29 year old blond with a pair of bombshells I just rode from Washington with" replied Chips as he offered to help Dancer with her carry on. "Do you need to sit and have a beverage or visit the biffy before we head for the Marriott Courtyard, if so we have time. The "product" will be arriving at the Courtyard in about 90 minutes so if you need to take a pause for the cause, feel free" offered the gallant bag toter to Jewish grandmothers.

"OK Chips, that would be great," she said, placing her other bag on a table for two, "If you can watch my bag I will powder my nose and be right back, an orange juice and a Red Bull would help pep me up a bit, it has been an awful winter so far in Geneva" quipped Dancer as she waltzed off to the biffy.

"Geneva, this flight came from Zurich?" opined Captain Geography. "Shouldn't you have taken a Geneva nonstop?"

"No, that just's what they'd expect me to do" responded Dancer as Chips realized she had not only read her lines, but his as well. As she strode confidently towards the long line at the ladies room she went to the front of the line and said "excuse me, I am incontinent" and bypassed the line of patient waiters and went in to take care of business. While Chips kept an eye on her bag, he also helped himself to a 14 inch salami, a loaf of French bread, two types of cheeses and a box of Stropwafels. As Dancer pranced back to the table she eyed the bounty and responded thusly: "Hope you are hungry Chips, you know that you cannot take that Salami into the US due to their BS rules on meat, don't you?"

"Oh yes Dancer, I am aware of that. I got the bread, cheese and Merlot for a meeting I have tomorrow night with Caffrey, I have a room arranged at the Kraz and if I succeed in enticing Caffrey to join me for Merlot, bread and cheese I wanted to have the picnic set."

"What about the Salami, is that also for the picnic?" enquired the enquiring mind who wanted to know.

"No Dancer, that is in case we go dancing and they play a slow one, I always take a 14 inch salami along strapped to my right thigh, seems the dancing partners enjoy it somehow" explained the honest dancer with the dishonest appliance.

"Why always the right leg Chips?"

"I dress left" was the laconic reply from our man Chips as Dancer thought back to the days of tailor made suits when the tailors always asked their gentlemen customers if they dressed left or right. Dancer had finished her OJ and Red Bull, Chips polished off the last swig of his Grolsch Wide Body and suggested they saunter down to the ground transportation pick up spot. Exiting the secure portion of Schilphol's terminal, they went down an escalator to the ground floor and turned to the right, coming face to face with a grocery store. "Follow me" Chips urged.

They walked into the grocery store and Chips made a beeline for the Grolsch display. Dancer nodded as if to acknowledge she knew the meeting point for future rendezvous as Chips added a twelve pack of Grolsch to his every growing burden. After paying they stepped outside, crossed one traffic lane and on the second curb turned right and walked forty feet to a plexiglas shelter. They didn't even have time to lay down their packages before a shuttle bus arrived with the name of four airport hotels painted on the side. As he noted "Marriott Courtyard" he led Dancer to the rear doors as they bi-folded open, then held her elbow as she boarded first. They were seat in the last row of cushioned seats in the aft facing forward. As the "E Concourse" stop was the last stop at Schilphol, the bus exited the airport property and began distributing tired travelers to overpriced hotels. Apparently Dancer didn't like the first two hotels visited but was encouraged when Chips pointed out that the Marriott Courtyard was further away from the airport in a park like setting. As the shuttle arrived at the hotel, Chips noticed a DHL van parked under the road sign marking the hotel. He noticed a fit looking 55 year old man in blue ball cap and blue chrome sunglasses and saw that the German Shepherd-Wolf cross on the leash was staring at the shuttle. Stepping to the ground from the bus, Chips held his right hand upside down with "5" expressed. The man in the ball cap lit a cigarette and the dog sat down.

At the front reception desk Chips went to the "airline crew" agent and identified himself. "Captain Derrick Pumper, Blue Skies International" to which the attentive young Dutch agent responded "I see that your room is billed to a Captain Rich McHogeny and that also there is a Margie Cartier on the same reservation, is Ms. Cartier here with you, perchance?"

"I'm Margie Cartier" responded Dancer as she stood alongside Captain "what's his name" at the airline crew position.

"Well the Marriott Courtyard welcomes you both, here are your keys to room 202 and 204, elevators across the hall, restaurant next to the elevators and if we can be of service push the OTS button on your phone. I see you are both leaving tomorrow, checkout time is 11 a.m. are there any questions?"

"Yes, regarding the OTS button, if I push that, will I be sent to Officer Training School again?" asked the 1972 graduate of the USMC Officer's Basic Course at Quantico, Virginia.

"No worries Captain Pumper, it is short for "one touch service"" responded the svelte young Dutch maiden as Chips mind revisited Marshal Tucker's apparent wantingness in his mind.

"Also Captain Pumper here are two notes for you, one from Hanna-Barbera Skytemps and one from Grand Tetons. Our bell-man can help you both to your rooms" offered the attentive reception desk employee.

When the bell captain arrived with a cart Chips asked Dancer to ensure the bellman placed his articles in his room as he had to step outside and get some fresh air. As Dancer accommodated that request, the bellman and Dancer left for the elevator as Chips walked out to the DHL van. As Chips approached Homi, Duke sniffed the air and recognized an old friend. He made an approving guttural sound as Homi and Chips shook hands. As Chips scanned the two messages he asked Homi if everything was set.

"Yea Chips, the product is in the conference room on the ground floor, we should all gather at 1245 for a briefing and measurements and then at 2pm I need to be down the road to Schilphol to get the product on NWA 55 to MSP with a transfer to Fargo. Boulger's car will be there to accept it and put it into action the 19th."

"Sounds good Homi, have you and Duke had anything to eat for lunch?" asked Chips noticed the ribs of the wolf-shepherd cross.

"We had breakfast earlier but we were invited to lunch by Bonnie GT, whoever she is. She said to meet here in the conference room, ground floor at 1145 as she had arranged for a table for 8 to be set up near the product. A working lunch, if you will."

"OK Homi, sounds like it's all coming together, I will go get spruced up and see you two in the conference room at 1145. Do you guys need to you my room for anything?" asked the ever accommodating Chips as he held up the key to 204.

"Thanks Chips, but no thanks. I sent a message to the FBI from the lobby men's room and Duke likes to do it outdoors, seems more wolf-like to him, I am sure" replied Homi as Duke sniffed Chips wondering if he had anal scent sacs like most canines.

"OK then, see you around 1145" as Chips went back into the lobby, got in the non-Otis elevator and pushed 2 and door close simultaneously. Once on the second floor Chips was pleased to see that he and Dancer were at the end of the hall, away from the elevator and the majority of guest rooms. As he entered his room he checked the mini-bar to ensure no explosive devices were hidden there and helped himself to a Heineken. Apparently the Marriott chain didn't enjoy Grolsch as much as most real beer drinkers. He was just slipping out of his pink shirt and tie after hanging up his trademark blue blazer when his clipper squirt gun deal went off. He noticed an IM from Caffrey "on centerline, on glide path ETA AMS sked". He felt a tightening in his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster, in pastel bayberry. Heading towards the shower, au natural, his room phone went off and he answered.

"Room 204" was his answer, temporarily being confused himself as to who he currently was.

"Chips, Bonnie 2B, did you get the word regarding lunch at 1145?"

"Sure did, Homi knows and I will let Dancer know. Who else do we expect?"

"Me, you, Dancer, Homi, HannaBarbera, Hans Blix, MI3 and Mossad. We will have lunch and become familiar with the Bonanno Doubledecker. See you in just a bit, conference room downstairs. Perhaps after the meeting a quick nap before down to the Kraz, eh?"

"Sounds good, see you shortly" responded Chips as he did a self inspection in the mirror and was pleased to see that "shortly" was not indicative of anything important. He advised Dancer of the time and place and suggested she knock 3 times on his door when she was ready to go downstairs. Hopping in the hot shower, he thought of how nice it was to know that Caffrey was on course, on glide path, on time, and hopefully not riding the cotton pony.

Dried, dressed and having a second Heineken wishing the Marriott chain had different beer taste, our man Chips sat and reflected upon his life. Knowing that many believe he would die in the arms of a much younger woman, Chips felt mortality was unavoidable and therefore nothing to live in fear of. His greatest fear was failing to grab the moment he was in, failure to say kind words to those he loves and to strangers alike, and failure to realize Who it is that holds all the power, forever and into eternity. While he was pleased with his first 58 years, he knew his greatest days lay ahead, quoting Van Morrison, formerly of Them and Derek and the Dominoes, "The Best is Yet to Come". His spiritual and philosophical mood was sent running by the 3 knocks on his door. His mind raced back to Tony Orlando and Dawn as his 58 year old carcass answered the door. He opened it at 1141, straight up.

"Rodeo time partner, gotta get it on down the rode" spoke Dancer as if she had really seen the 1972 Sam Peckinpah Western "Junior Bonner" starring Steve McQueen, Ida Lupino, Robert Preston and Joe Don Baker. The 64 year old grandmother seemed lucid

"Good morning all, Raven, Mossad, as you know the Americans are deluded into thinking the next election will somehow be different from all the rest going back to 1964. They are wrong. The current field of candidates has been approved and reduced by the Rockys, Rothys and Carlyle Canada in a private finance initiative (PFI). If any of them are chosen in November of next year, national sovereignties will go the way of Cantor Fitzgerald, Aon Insurance and the U.S. Naval Command Center and I don't need to remind you these entities all went DOA on 9-11-01. We are working with remnant loyalists in the US agencies as well as the ADuc survivors and we believe this time we win. The Hornets are stirred up, they will attack each other, and the Queen will fly off for a safer hive and survival. Mossad out."

"Q, MI3, and QinetiQ in Gatineau, we have piggy backed on the Bonanno Doubledeck Coffin idea and after Chips' funeral in 4 days, a switch will take place that will make Robert Wagner and Eddie Albert proud. Chips' body will be sent to the Fargo airport directly after his service, once in the cargo facility below the terminal Chips' body will be removed and our own Dancer will be placed inside the casket. In the space below her is a full array of HUBZone worldwide communication and monitoring gear, as well as the encryption canceling software for SURVIVE and triphibious vulnerabilities that even to this august group is classified. Suffice it to say that while Chips' coffin is flown to Washington's Reagan National airport for "burial", Dancer will be the de-factor leader of Operation Clean Slate whereupon we systematically implicate and take out disloyal presidential candidates beginning with the near sighted pugilist's son from NYC who sent 342 NYFD members to their death. Nigel out."

"Hi folks, Homi here. Duke and I will provide 24/7 security for the BDD11 from this moment until it is lowered in the ground at Arlington National Cemetery where Capt David Hawkins will join his own mother, a WWII nurse as well as his college classmate, Captain Chic Burlingame in that Holy Ground just south of the Nation's capitol. While Duke and I will work alone, we have weapons we cannot disclose even to this tight circle. Let's roll, Homi out."

"Chips here, thanks for joining us physically or through the cyber world. We have great reason to sense success. To accomplish the final portion it is critical that I appear to die prior to the hit that my sister says has twice been averted. Therefore, the world will believe I die tomorrow night in the arms of a much younger women at the Kraz. If you see public disclosure that my death was caused by a myo-cardial infarction while involved in coitus, and that document is signed by Dr. Robert Denhaen, you will know that I am alive. Godspeed and God Bless. Chips, out."

"Dancer here, I will be in the vicinity of Chips from this moment until "his body" arrives at Reagan Airport in DC. During the pendency of the Human Remains Transport from Fargo through Minneapolis to DC National I will have the "hammer" as Chips will be dead and Amelia will be distraught at the second funeral in 3 months for her nuclear family of four. Transfer of the "hammer" will take place on or about midnight, 12-19-08, when we all receive a clipper announcing "Snowman". If the "Snowman" comes, the hammer goes to Chips, if there is no "Snowman" by midnight, expect to hear "Furball"

which will indicate Amelia has left the Hornet's nest and sought asylum with Director Mueller of FBI. Dancer out."

"Bonnie 2B here, I have been Chips' handler at Blue Skies since 2 Nov 78. His employer appeared to shaft him to make him available for Operation Noble BVR. I am working in Dublin with Natalya Antonov, we are inserting Chips into position to do a reverse polish heart attack and save America from the outside in as the weather women labor in vain to take down America from the inside out. If the weatherwomen want to take us down, they better grow some bigger tits and learn how to use them. Bonnie 2B out."

"Warsaw here, also known as Natalya. Bonnie has briefed me on Chips' history and array of skills and we have him inserted in a Muslim nation flying as an Airbus Captain effective 'soon'. We are sending him back to where he worked on Operation Bombay in 1991 and Operation Canuck Uranium in 2005. Third time's the charm. Natalya Antonov, out."

"Hans Blix here, I am responsible for integrating pilot resources into "Steppes Air". Chips is well known and his interview and screening in the A320 simulator will be staged, no need to test a guy with 35 years and 23,000 hours. However, if things get hot, we can change his IDs as often as CIA agents change underwear. It is a pleasure to be part of Operation Noble BVR. Hans out."

"Well there you have it, as we open the door for our lunch to be served if any of you wish to see the communications suite of the Bonanno Doubledecker, this is a good time" suggested Dancer as she and Q joined Mossad in heading to the casket. Warsaw, Bonnie and Chips headed to the lobby bar for a brief update.

"Molly McGuires, 4pm, any problem?" suggested Chips as he signaled the barmaid he wished 2 Grolsch WBs.

"I'm good" said Bonnie 2B and ordered a double Famous Grouse on the rocks.

"Sounds perfect for me" said Natalya Antonov, pulling out a flask of blackcurrant to add to her pint of Guinness. While Natalya retreated back into the conference room to view the coffin Chips viewed the absence of VPLs, and his mind ran forward to 4 pm when the same lack of VPLs would be at Molly McGuires. For a woman 30 years his junior he found her wise, calm and able to drink suds with the Big Dogs.

Q was just asking Dancer if she had any more questions and she said she understood the comm gear and the encryption controls but inasmuch as she would be riding the coffin from Fargo to MSP and then on to DC Reagan, she asked what would happen if the aircraft she was on would have an explosive decompression. Q explained that the embroidered US Flag would give way to an oxygen mask, and that additional chemical oxygen generators such as those used on MD82 and the ill fated Value Jet flight would create an oxygen rich environment that would last for 6 hours, which would exceed the

fuel limited endurance of either the A320 from Fargo to MSP or the A319 from MSP to Reagan national. Dancer indicated she had no more questions whereupon Homi chimed in with a couple of juicy bits.

Homi pointed out the variable scan reader bar codes which offered 12 different choices of body remains and destination airports. It was defaulted to "David Hunter, age 58, FAR-MSP-DCA". Homi gave her a list of other IDs and target airports as well as pointing out the command motherboard for that facility. He pointed to a red LED in the fabric over where her head would be and warned that if the red light is illuminated she should neither initiate nor respond to Clipper Calls unless they were prefaced by "Zulu" or "flash". Homi's last comment was regarding the "decomposing flesh smell generator" [DFSG] that she should trigger if she determined that anyone was trying to open the coffin without the proper electronic passkey. Other than Homi, only Stone in Fargo, Ray Downz in MSP and Donald Cortege's representative at Reagan National would have the pass-keys.

Having finished their luncheon and briefings by 1330 the group dispersed as Homi and Duke hauled the BDD11 to get onboard NWA 55 to MSP and on to Fargo. This BDD11 would be sent to Boulger's Funeral Home for Chip's funeral and Dancer's airplane ride. Raven and Q headed over to Schilphol to reposition to Tel Aviv and Brighton, UK respectively. Hans Blix went to the training center to administer Chips' "simulator screening", the results of which had already been published and delivered to Warsaw and Chips. Dancer expressed a need to rest in her room before the dinner trip into Amsterdam and Bonnie 2B handed Chips his simulator and interview results, both pre-dated as 12-17-07. She expressed regrets that she had to meet and old Southern FA from Memphis at the Amsterdam Sex Museum and she was gone in a flash. Warsaw and Chips looked at each other and realized it was down to the two of them. Warsaw broke the ice.

"Chips, even though you have the results of the interview in your hand, what would you say to an interview in a secure location now before the trip to Molly McGuire's, Dirty Nelly's and the Kraz?"

"I think it would be great, I have a room here, number 204, if that would suffice. I would need to give you a BCS for security purposes." came the energetic response from Chips as his Oscar de la Renta incurred additional longitudinal stress.

"BCS, does that have a relationship to the Bowl Championship Series" queried the Warsaw transplantee to Dublin as she looked forward to a little peekaboo kisser dynamic.

"Nyet, Natlaya, BCS is a body cavity search, unfortunately none of us can really trust each other" responded the burgeoning Captain Here-it-Comes as he wondered how she'd take it.

"Well, I have not always been trustworthy" she replied as she handed him the key to 812, two tins of smoked oysters and a four pack of bubble wrapped gel caps "so you

better check me twice" responded the fully blushed Warsaw as she pulled him towards the non-Otis elevator and gave him a brief pat-down enroute to the 8th floor. By 1340 there was a kiwi-lime Oscar de la Renta and a Idaho baker on the other bed in room 812, next to a still warm magenta thong, matching bustier, and several contradictory IDs; one from the US Marshal Service. In the bubble-bath filled tub full of hot water security issues were being given top priority; over and over again.

At 1500 the alarm went off simultaneous to several other co-timed exploculations. A flash of kiwi-lime raced out to be in position for the 1515 wake-up call in room 204. By 1530 Chips, Dancer and Natalya were in the Mercedes taxi heading to the first rendezvous point, the on again off again Dirty Nellie's. As they walked through the door at 1559, Bonnie 2B was in position by the cash register, looking as magnificent as the Queen of the Silver Dollar. Seated beside her was someone Chips had worked with on AMS-Memphis pairings of the Douglas Tri-Hog. Bonnie motioned to a table along the wall, adjacent to the front window. Bonnie, her friend, Natalya, Dancer and Chips positioned themselves as a red headed waitress brought our a double Famous Grouse, an OJ and red bull, a Vodka gimlet for the Memphis Belle and a pair of Guinness pints for Chips and Natalya, who were seated close together. As Natalya's flask transferred some blackcurrant into the Guinness

Bonnie 2B introduced her friend. What began at Dirty Nellie's migrated to the Kraz and after the two hour happy hour at the Kraz Bonnie and friend returned to the NH North Amsterdam where the crews were billeted, Dancer excused herself for a dinner appointment with the director of the Anne Frank museum, and Natalya and Chips looked at each other with that "alone together again, Let 'er buck" look. As Bonnie and friend turned to walk to the Barbizon, Dancer's cel went off and she indicated she was okay, and Natalya and Chips got in the back of a dark blue Mercedes Taxi, Chips handed the driver the Marriott Courtyard address and the foreplay commenced.

Chips made a mental note, Lemon Chiffon as Natalya's right hand located the salami. She looked very pleased until she thought back to the bubble bath and reality set in. With a confused look she elicited this response from her seatmate: "I thought we may end up dancing, sorry."