

## Chapter 7: Operation Clean Slate

### A cherry-picking body-swapping death at the Kraz



[http://ecx.images-amazon.com/images/I/51TVSZMGBWL.\\_SL500\\_AA280\\_.jpg](http://ecx.images-amazon.com/images/I/51TVSZMGBWL._SL500_AA280_.jpg)  
<http://www.astoft.co.uk/Dscn2995-crop-lev-u1.0.5-405-u0.5.5-q60.jpg>



<http://www.cartoonstock.com/lowres/rst00461.jpg>  
<http://www.gtahotels.com/hotelpictures/NLVQ0D/7PC390000.jpg>

*QinetiQ's Bonanno double-decker coffins begin to move through the Con Air supply chain. David and his admirers osculate between Dirty Nellie's, Kraz and NH North Amsterdam where airline crews get billeted. Hunter falls for a pickup in a dark blue Mercedes Taxi driven by Muhammed Haneef, a relative of Barzan al-Tikriti and Homi's uncle. ADuc team uses its Schilphol Marriott address to confuse Grenpeace or Obomba surveillance teams watching Barbizon shuttle stop and Molly McGuire's Pub. Spanner rifles through the inventory at the Amsterdam morgue; he needs a chiseled male, circumcised 6-1 and 190 pounds for bait and switch "Operation Clean Slate". A Bonanno funeral director in Vancouver leases a hydraulic "cherry picker" utility truck to bring "John Doe" through a Jacuzzi suite window of the Kraz while a live look-alike egressed*

*the opposite way to the stiff. On 12-17-2007, the Amsterdam, Fargo and Minneapolis papers had obituaries for "Captain David Hunter, age 57, retired Northwest Airlines Captain, found dead in Amsterdam Hotel. Cause of death, myocardial infarction." Dr. Denhaen was sensitive enough to keep other details out of the public's eye.*

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Early on the morning of Sunday, 16 December, 2007, Chips woke up as he had a need to empty his bladder. He didn't know what time it was and a lifetime of airline trips had taught him never to look at his watch, or he could not get back to sleep. Turning the light on in the bathroom and ridding himself of a quart and a half of urine, medium yellow, 98.6 degrees, he looked to his right and saw an item of clothing, Lemon Chiffon in color, and he then wished he had sat down for the bladder voiding and also that he had closed the door or not turned on the light. Now aware that he was not alone, he resought the warm security and fluffy pillows of room 812 in the Schilphol Marriott Courtyard. He was wondering if he had gotten away with the noisy operation 'golden flow' when a warm and willing hand indicated that was not the case. He looked at the clock, knowing that sleep was not likely at this point. The LED glow, set to low, indicated 0401 so knowing that the alarm was set for 0730, he turned to engage. Natalya moved ever closer and soon the two had formed an entangling alliance and wrestled as one, not unlike the couple in the Moody Blues monster hit 'Nights in White Satin'. Although the athletic prowess and cardiopulmonary health of Natalya nearly caused him to fall into second place, he managed to lengthen his stride and rise to her gambit as the hours ticked away. Well, actually LED clocks don't tick but you get my drift. As the Olympic wrestling match continued, free style, it soon happened that three things went off, one of which was the alarm clock. After Chips had hit the snooze feature, the sheath to his sabre murmured, 'Shouldn't we get up to meet Dancer?'

'Actually my Wonderwoman of Warsaw, I am up, and get ready cause here it comes' thinking back to the 1969 hit by Rare Earth. As a 15 minute lightening round wound down, reality set in and 'Lemon Chiffon' headed off to the shower as the Idaho Baker headed downstairs to 204. So as not to tip their hands to the ever observant Dancer, Chips arrived 5 minutes ahead of schedule, finding a table for four by the entrance at 0825, well ahead of the Dancer-mandated 0830 general assembly. Dancer herself appeared 3 minutes early from the non-Otis elevator, looking resplendent in a pant suit that was chic and yet comfortable. And I should know because I am a Sheikh myself; Sheikh al-Faqir yur Buti, Eminent Impotentate of the Land of Creams and Oils. As Chips had his first sips of green tea, Dancer was enjoying her very healthy hot water with lemon when Natlaya egressed the elevator at 0829, looking radiant without a single hair out of place. Chips was impressed. Natalya grabbed a pot of coffee and a banana; how Chips wished it could be his. Not the coffee, he was having green tea, remember?

As Natalya Antonov, Dancer and Chips had their last breakfast together Natalya was gently peeling her banana while having far away thoughts. Immersing her banana tip in Chips' yogurt, she quipped 'Turn about is fair play'.

The 64 year-old grandmother who speaks French, German, Yiddish, English and Arabic questioned her, 'Natalya, did you say fore play?'



[http://www.wilsonsalmanac.com/images1/rainbow\\_warrior\\_sunk.jpg](http://www.wilsonsalmanac.com/images1/rainbow_warrior_sunk.jpg)

'No I didn't but what a lovely thought at the breakfast table' responded Warsaw as her fingers did the walking up Chips' left leg under the table. Chips thought about all the times he'd been 'under the table' and his mind wandered back to Lemon Chiffon; which put a question in his mind: What was the color-du-jour of the Rainbow Warrior in New Zealand when frogmen hired by Thomson CSF (now Thales) blew it up on 10 July 1985?



<http://www.infonews.co.nz/photos/600-greenpeace%20balloon.jpg>

Chips mind raced ahead to 6 March, 2008 when Greenpeace would release a 'hot air' balloon draped with a prophetic, pathetic banner intended to promote the posturing antics of a "Rainbow Warrior" crew pissing around in the sea off New Zealand.

Cerebrating on to 4 September, 2008, Chips was able to visualize the dangers of a Target Center in Minnesota for the climate changing lizards and weatherwomen who would participate in an "Operation Clean Slate" and the risks they ran of a QinetiQally-commandeered A320-232 finally answering the question "Do only Boeings have QRS 11 Laser seeker heads and Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilots?"

Prior to that, he speculated that both of the Democratic presumptive front runners would have achieved mutual destruction with the Rose Law veteran and the protégé of Sidley Austin ending each other's campaigns while they await sentencing.

The intrepid dreamer in cyberspace and time then watched the bloated oaf from Nobel, Tennessee and the next President of the United States monitoring volleys from the sidelines, while Queen Hornets and her drones made the drones of 9/11 look as limp as Lesbos Island off of Greece, where by Chapter 8 Nano may, or may not have washed up on shore. It really depended on whether he was dirty or not. With Chip's mind focused on the lack of color in the Rainbow-less Warrior's childish banner, he was very happy that his wrestling party was not just a tri-color artist like the two-party system in the US.

The Truth of 9/11 is black, and white, and remember you RED it here first.

All this thinking in Technicolor was causing Chips to hark back to Paul Simon's Kodachrome. Aha, he had an idea. He placed his digital camera by his left foot and then carefully moved it under Warsaw's legs to her left. He was happy that he'd played soccer enough to be able to be as good with his left and right legs as he was with "Mr. Happy". Just then, a front desk receptionist brought a message to Chips who said, "Thank you Miss, let me grab my camera and take your photo, your corsage is magnificent, especially for late December". As the blond young Dutch woman blushed and awaited the photo, our man Chips said "Oh no, I've misplaced my brownie".

The ever observant Warsaw saw the Canon PowerShot SD 850 and leaned over to her left, exposing her tailpipes to the veteran and tactically complete retired fighter pilot to her immediate right. As her knit top rose when she leaned left, Chips observed a single strand of Apricot Tricot and therein had the answer to the color-du-jour caper. As he focused on the Dutch girl's flowers, he thought how nice this Apricot Tricot would look hanging next to his Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in 'Rich Mahogany'. If you nickle and dime sleuths from Quantico and Langley think you've made a discovery, you are wrong. You've bitten on chaff, remember, the hero of Chapter 8 and the Election of 2008 is Captain Rich McHogeny, not a thong colored rich mahogany. You humps could never last a week at Abel Danger [ UCI...under cover international ].

With the four of them checking the quality of the recent snapshot, Natalya said 'Nice shot Chips' to which our man Chips responded 'And I might say them same to you Miss

Apricot Tricot'. Natalya didn't blush this time, which made Chips think back to the dog that didn't bark and the rats that wouldn't balk. You see, Roland had lined up some canal-rats from the Amsterdam rat-nest to participate in this evening's 'Death at the Kraz'; and they wouldn't balk even if there was no cheese promised in the contract. As the young Dutch woman laid her business card near Chips asking 'please email me that photo, anytime' Chips couldn't miss the significance of her email address; muffdivr@orange.nl and wondered if she too was a Marine who uncovers false flags [ MUFF ]. The exaggerated gyrating of her bountiful booty as she walked away suggested to Chips she was not an agent. As she did a crisp 90 degree turn to the left showcasing her upper deck features Chips had the second and final clue as to her true message, and her ending word 'anytime' made his rich mahogany holster tighten up, not to be confused with the worst song ever recorded by an American, 'Tighten Up' by Archie Bell and the Drells of Houston, Texas. Chips had been forced to play the bass guitar riffs in 1969 when he was the bass player for 'Buck Naked and the Skinny-dippers' a crossover band before the weatherwomen and their limp husbands made crossover a bad word.

As Natalya and Dancer left to get another portion of fruit and coffee, Chips opened the message from the front desk and read 'got in from Minneapolis and I can't sleep. Perhaps I could meet you at the Marriott or you could come to the NH North Amsterdam. Caffrey, Room 105, RSVP'. Chips looked at his Wal-Mart and noticed it was 0900 so he knew that she was still at the airport or on the crew bus and that gave him a little wiggle room time wise. He IMed her back 'Just finished a 3 mile jog, I will take a shower and pack my small leather bag I bought at the Oberoi Towers on a September, 2006 Bombay layover while flying the DC10-30, I will head over to the NH North directly, ETA room 105, 1030. CU soon.' He had no sooner pressed the send key then Dancer sat down to his right.

'Chips, you better eat more, you'll need your energy tonight at the Kraz if you are going to make a convincing exit while doing that cardiopulmonary exercise you favor so' she suggested as if her being suggestive would somehow embarrass our man Chips, Swordsman to an adoring world.

'Right you are my 64 year old Jewish grandmother, in fact I will scour the buffet for energy producing foods that will boost my energy and give me staying power' harked the forward looking man about Amsterdam as he looked forward to dying at the Kraz.

'Chips, did you say 'stain power'?' questioned the resident of Geneva who spoke 5 languages.

'Negative my intel-enabled blond sextagenarian, that's what Slick Willy had, whereas it is staying power I seek' replied the motivated and focused hopeful conqueror of Caffrey's better judgement. Dancer pushed two tins of Smoked Oysters and a bubble wrap 8 pack of Rodney Baldinger's NDSU Extend-o-peters towards his plate as Natalya walked up and noticed the transaction.

'What's up with that, Chips?' asked Warsaw who looked like she was getting ready to get on the war-path.

'Dancer had asked me if I had any secret weapons in my one man campaign to paint such a smile on your face' came the plausible but unlikely answer from Captain Golden Penetrator.

'Oh, I feel better now. I thought Dancer had passed them to you and wondered if she'd been in my purse.' As she mentioned purse, her cell phone with international code +44 rang and she excused herself to step into the lobby and carry on the phone patch.

'Quick thinking Chips, I'm impressed' said Granny Mossad as she thought Chips had balanced the risks and rewards masterfully.

'Thank you Dancer, I don't have a full set of teeth and a face devoid of scars because I'm slow to catch on. I will need to be leaving the Hotel earlier than expected and head over to Schilphol, the Iraqi Airlines Cargo Supervisor wishes that I sign a bill of lading for the two QinetiQ BDD11s heading to Baghdad on Iraqi 27, and it leaves at 1400. Should I help you to the airport Dancer?' just as Natalya Antonov resumed sitting on her greatest asset.

'No need Chips, at dinner last night Moshe, Ilan and Rachel invited me for lunch in downtown Amsterdam. Ilan will have a car for me here at 1100 so I better go do my hair and get ready. I guess this is the last I will be seeing of Captain David Hunter, so shalom, and may the best team win' encouraged Dancer.

'Chips, looks like you're on your own as I just got a call from BK and she needs me in Dublin by 5 o'clock today. She mentioned that Hans Blix had your interview and simulator done and that the completed paper work from Icaristan, Aruba, London and Oklahoma City would be arriving at the Kraz via DHL. It was sent from Dublin this morning with a guaranteed delivery by noon. DHL sent it to Spanner at the Kraz and he will give it to you at happy hour tonight. I look forward to seeing you soon in EuraAsia as you deploy your skills in that new mission field. Well, I need to run along.' said Miss Apricot Tricot as she excused herself. As she turned to go she leaned over and gave a brief peck of the cheek to Chips, who was wishing to give her a not so brief peak in the briefs, if you know where my head's at.

'One thing before you go' requested Chips 'did Hans mention[ed] how I did in the interview and simulator assessment?'

'He mentioned the interview was flawless except for the spilled beer, and the simulator was best seen to date' as they said goodbye with their mouths and I cannot wait to see you again with their genitalia, the two wrestlers gained horizontal separation, just like Chips used to do in his F4 Phantom before he would re-engage from another circle.

'I know what you're thinking, Chips' smiled Dancer as her mind waltzed back 20 years in time.

'And how do you know that, oh Miss Go-Between between Mossad and ADuc?' responded the future funeral-star.

'Your neatly folded napkin in your lap just bobbed its head about 4 times as Warsaw walked away' responded the 64 year old lap observer as the neatly folded napkin went down for the count.

'Well at least you've still got your head in the game, that's good, it will keep you young. As Chips became erect and prepared to ambulate to the non-Otis elevator he gave Dancer a kiss and said 'see you on flight 45 tomorrow, if we meet, please delete the Chips and insert the Rich McHogeny' admonished the soon to be reborn master sleuth.

'Not to be a wise-guy but isn't it Caffrey who is supposed to delete Chips and insert Rich McHogeny?' questioned the 40 year veteran observer of Middle-East tensions and recovering gemologist.

'Yes' was the monosyllabic and laconic response from the laconic responder, not to be confused with first responder. He had always tried to let the ladies be first, even if he had to picture a Will-Ferrell like female(?) attorney general in a lavender thong the size of the mainsail of the Santa Maria to avoid being the 'first across the finish line'.

Watching Chips stride to the elevator Dancer realized how lucky she was to be a secure pensioner in Switzerland rather than a Lesbian or bi-sexual weatherwomen perpetrator of 9/11 such as those in America about ready to be mowed down in 'Clean Slate '08'. First the cross dressing governor, then the tall actor, then the guy with the gay haircut, then the suspender .....Who would be next? From the recesses of her collective memories and judgments the answer came, both. He who lives by the Sky Warrior, dies by the Sky Warrior. And he whose wife is a disenfranchised hatemonger, should encourage members of his household not to doublecross the architects of Arkancide. More at eleven, grab some popcorn.

Entering Room 204, Chips found the 'mini-fridge' police checking the stocking level of his mini-bar. 'Excuse us sir, just checking to see if you used anything from the Mini-Bar' quavered the embarrassed hotel employee who had waded through a sea of empty Grolsch cans and empty liter bottles of Famous Grouse before it dawned on him that the Mini-bar contents were safe because the hotel stocked neither Grolsch nor Famous Grouse. As he left the room and gently closed 204, Captain David Hunter half masted his Levi's, did a quick status check, got natural and headed for a quick shower. Fifteen minutes later he was in his signature pink shirt, Dubai tie, and blue blazer. Below the surface was an Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in Bright Canary, the color he chose after trying to anticipate the underpinnings of Caffrey's wardrobe. If she did her homework, it might be red, flaming red; Bright Canary and Flaming Red would look

rather triumphant waving outside the window of Room 105 for all the Dutch neighbors and crewmembers to see that a new Pope had not yet been chosen.

Checking out at the front desk, Captain Derrick Pumper was asked if he wanted to settle his bill or leave it on the charge card. Suffering from multiple personality disorder he asked the young lady who the room was billed to. She responded, Captain Rich McHogeny, Blue Skies International Airlines. 'By all means then, leave it on his tab and buy yourself dinner and a bottle of wine before you total it. I will email prior to my next flight to Amsterdam, Ms. Diver'.

'Please, anytime' she cooed as she learned what her mother had warned her of regarding Maytag action.

'Anytime is fine and you never have to say please, it will be my pleasure, and yours hopefully' suggested Chips with another suggestion all ready on the firing line. Shifting her monitor over to the adult movie channel monitoring device [ ACM ], she wished Chips would come back for a lost item; her chastity. Well, it wasn't lost yet but she was all lubed up and ready to roll. And rock. And roll. And rock. And now you know why parents in the mid to late fifties preferred their children didn't listen to rock and roll. It was a euphemism for doing what comes naturally.

Settling into the back of a dark blue Mercedes taxi, Chips asked the driver, 'Say you look familiar, have you ever been to Schnectady?'

'No I haven't' as he started the fare and drove off from the hotel.

'Me neither, must have been two other guys.' responded Chips as he realized the driver turned the correct way on the motorway and he read the signs saying North Amsterdam and The Hague.

'How did you know which way to go, are you telepathic?' asked the suddenly 'the shoe's on the other foot now' Chips.

'Not at all, sir. Last night when you and the Polish lady were playing 'hide the salami' in my back seat you gave me one hundred Euros, your next pick up time and destination, and a caution to keep my eyes on the road to avoid carnage on the interstate'.



<http://www.cac2008.com/php/CAC/logos/hotel/amsterdam2004/map.jpg>

'You're a wise driver, I am glad you were parked outside the Kraz last night. Would you be willing to be parked out there again tonight, with your 'not in service' light on. Here's a hundred Euros while you formulate your answer.'

'What time and what color?' responded Muhammed Haneef, taking joy in his decision to emigrate to Holland.

'11pm, Red, flaming Red' responded the soon to be dead Captain David Hunter.

'Flaming Red, does she dye her hair?' asked Muhammed.

'No, she's a natural redhead, I thought you were talking about something else, sorry' responded Chips as he made a mental note not to fly a thong from the rear window tonight, victory or not.

As Naneef approached the circular driveway at the AMS crew hotel in North Amsterdam Chips thanked him and handed him another generous margin over the fare in the taxi window. He also gave him a match book from the Kraz with his cel number ending in 9767 and a caution he could be a moment or two late, but not to drive off. As Naneef thanked him in the name of Allah, Chips looked at his Wal-Mart and saw he was 15 minutes early. He walked over to the open air market and bought a 30-Euro bundle of flowers, and a Grolsch. Being ever the conservative and not wanting to drop his flowers, his Grolsch or his Jet-Eze suitcase, he sat outdoors near that cheesy beer joint next to the market place and drained the Grolsch. Then he grabbed the flowers, a Rainbow array of colors, pulled his bag and headed under the tunnel to the NH North. He noticed the clock on the wall said 1058 as he passed to the left of the reception desk and turned right

towards the 2 elevators. He thought about trudging up the stairs to his left but realized if he had his heart attack early he would miss out on at least two engagements and the solving of 9-11. Ever the gentleman-patriot he awaited the elevator. As the doors opened a trio of Northwest Flight Attendants egressed and one of them turned to stare, as if she'd seen him somewhere before. Walking by Room 105, he saw the 'Do Not Disturb' sign was hanging at an angle and the bottom was stuck inside the door jam. He called Caffrey's international number and let it ring twice, then hung up. He observed the key as it was slid under the door. He swiftly grabbed the plastic door key, inserted it, and quickly closed the door behind him. Room 105 was very dark for 11 a.m., except for a pair of candles glowing near the TV. Though he couldn't see the bed, he saw in the mirror a reflection of anticipation in Caffrey's face. As he placed his bag next to hers and slipped into his combat gear, he said, 'Be right there, can I bring you anything?' as he slipped into the bathroom for a pre-mission FEBA check.



<http://i93.photobucket.com/albums/l65/wrathofthegirth/chickgunflyer.gif>

'Just you, Dutch breath' responded Caffrey as she heard the toilet flush. Turning to go Chips saw a large glass of red wine and a GWB. He thought to himself how much better to be a multi-national solver of 9-11 rather than a victim of the Attorney-CEOs that took down the US airline industry for the benefit of [ FBO? ] the PFers in the Bilderberg and Weatherwomen matrix. As he was about to turn out the light, he noticed an item of clothing hung from the coat hook; it was red, flaming red. And the matching top was there also, so he looked for the size on the tab of white material usually attached. Smart cookie, he thought as he realized the size tab was missing, have to determine it the old fashioned way as he doused the light, grabbed the beverages and walked out to brief Caffrey on tonight's upcoming death by the sword. As he handed her the Merlot, she used her other hand to determine the 'time required'. Her survey indicated minimal time

necessary and she pulled back the comforter and said 'Do you object if your beer is given time to warm?' as she placed her wine on the nightstand and confirmed his status.

'Not in the least, I really prefer my beer 3 hours warm' as he noted 1107 on the clock in Room 105. Within 5 minutes they were in 'Autothrust' which is in keeping with both Boeing and Airbus procedures. They deleted the 'long range cruise' and went to 'max continuous' knowing there would be a chance for the 'run for the roses' in the Kraz, later on. At 1500 the cel phone alarm announced '3 o'clock time to get up' as Caffrey asked 'It appears your cell phone does not have a camera?' As Chips finished off the last couple of laps, the snooze feature re-encouraged the two-some to get ready to go kill-off Captain David Hunter. What a nice way to go.

'Feel free to use the shower first' offered the ever gentlemanly Chips as he pointed at his large Jet-Eze 747 size roller bag and the small leather tote he had purchased at the Oberoi Tower hotel in Mumbai in 2006. 'I've got to put some plant-able evidence in my small bag and I suggest you exploculate some DNA revealing evidence that you may temporarily be in receipt of. Glancing at his Wal-Mart he marked off 30 seconds of packing and transferring items for the Kraz hotel room before joining her in the shower. Looking at the suds pattern he could tell what had just been washed. He smiled and she smiled as he helped her rinse off. Then they did each other's back having already invested 3 hours of time doing each other's fronts. Washing himself off, Chips commented 'Mom said it's always best to be clean, in case you have an accident and end up in the hospital. Well, tonight I end up in the morgue but on the other hand, it shouldn't be by accident. As they stepped out together he grabbed a towel and dried off in the room knowing that sometimes females enjoy a little privacy. Fair enough as he sometimes enjoyed a little 'female'. As the bathroom door was closed he couldn't guess what color might be in play, but he felt confident it would not be red. He selected a very manly Oscar de la Renta Slingshot Rumpmaster in orange and brown puma stripes, fashioning himself a modern 'Tiger Man' in updated apparel over Elvis' 1968 Comeback Tour Style.

He finished putting on his signature pink shirt and levis, but decided the Dubai tie would have stay in his 'medical bag' with the EOPs, 4 tins of Smoked Oysters, a shoehorn and some personal lubricant. In this case the personal lubricant was Captain Morgan's, a one liter bottle in case they ended up entertaining at the Kraz. As Caffrey exited the bathroom Chips got a free shot in the mirror and realized they would be clashing for a while; she was wearing black and white puma patterned items which reminded him of a victory flag at a stock car race. Thinking back he recalled that it was a victory of sorts, a three way tie between them and the alarm clock. He harked back to the song from the sixties 'Good Timing' and he heard the message in a whole new perspective. As the victory flags were covered by Levis, a pale blue blouse and a light sweater Chips thought to himself how important it is to dress modestly. At 1532 they went through the revolving door out to where the van to the Barbizon picks up crew members every 20 minutes where they became passenger 4 and 5 on the 1540 shuttle. As they settled into the rear seats and Chips pulled a frosty GWB out of his Indian leather bag he offered her 'first swigs'. She gave him a hand gesture that she was interested in something else, and he

smiled appreciatively on both counts: the more beer for him and the something else for them both. As the driver approached the van at 1539, two more girls came to the already full van, looking somewhat disappointed. Caffrey promptly jumped on Chip's lap and called 'two seats in the back row if you don't mind stacking high'. The relieved twosome came back and the smaller younger one sat on top of the older, heavier one, as Caffrey and Chips had modeled for them.

Eight minutes and numerous enjoyable bumps later the van had negotiated its way through the narrow streets of Amsterdam's central station area just as Chip's GWB was emptied. Seeing a Dutch policeman at the Barbizon shuttle stop, Chips placed the empty GWB in the shopping bag of the flight attendant sitting on the bottom. As the crewmembers stepped off the bus the police officer checked them all out. He apparently was also one who understood the security issues of VPLs and he was satisfied that only the larger last minute passenger had VPLs and he would not issue her a summons. At the corner grocery all others headed up the street towards the Kraz as Caffrey and Chips hung a left, crossed the bridge and hung another left before going down to the door 5 doors to the right. As they settled on stool 3 and 4 the short little Irishman recognized Chips and started pulling a Guinness for him. He looked like he thought he recognized either or both of them and he asked 'what the lady will be having'.

'I'd like a pint of Guinness now and some Chips later' came the demure response from the radiant red-head.

'Will you be having fish with those chips?' asked Mr. Dublin. 'No, but thanks for the reminder' she responded, placing two tins of Smoked Oysters in front of her pints-mate. As the bartender walked away to pull another Guinness he thought perhaps the Yanks had strange tastes in food.

'Chips, did you bring the digi-cam?' asked Caffrey, pointing towards a beer pump emblazoned with her name.

'Yes I did' he responded as he passed the Canon SD850 to her and thought of another type of pump he was looking forward to.

As the two Guinness pints were delivered, Chips proposed a toast 'To all the kisses I've snatched' and took a gulp.

'And vice versa' responded Caffrey causing Chips to hark back about 3 hours. As they sat together on stools 3 and 4 they enjoyed the ambiance of Molly McGuire's Pub, so much more authentic than their next stop, Dirty Nellie's. Caffrey said she'd really like to stay there and skip the next stop but business comes before pleasure and after draining their mugs the pair of Fargo super-sleuths walked out into the sunshine, turned to the left, went up five doors, turned to the right and walked over the bridge to the walking street. Once at the walking street they headed away from the train station and walked the equivalent of four blocks and then turned into the smoky air of Dirty Nelly's. As their eyes adjusted Chips saw a young man in a green t-shirt with 'Grolsch v. Global

Guardians' on stool 5 and so he and Caffrey jumped on 6 and 7. He turned to Mr. T-shirt and said, "I am Chips, do you know a Spanner?" Neither putting down his mug nor his cigarette the long haired blond Dutchman used his right elbow to push a local cell phone to Chips. It had a number ready to dial so Chips hit the green 'call' key and heard Spanner pick up on the first ring, 'Spanner, Chips, are we set?'

'Only one thing, are you circumcised?' asked Spanner as apparently the Amsterdam morgue had numerous suitable Does.

'Yes I am and my mother really made out; she got two lamp-shades and a steamer trunk from the leftovers' responded Chips, somewhat embarrassed by the question.

'Well then we have a winner, he's 6-1, 190 pounds, and configured properly. He will arrive at exactly 11 PM. Will you be in the Kraz soon?'

Chips look at his Wal-Mart and saw the two Guinness's Caffrey had ordered and said, 'We will be the first two in the door see you in ten minutes, there will be a red-head with me, capeche?'

'I'm getting out a pitcher of beer now and two glasses to go with it. They will be in the far left corner, like usual. Also I put a \$500 advance on your VISA card with the American flag on it, so be as generous as you wish to get the photos than you need'.

'Thanks Spanner, let's do Anchorage again sometime' responded the pleased Chips as he saw a plan coming together. While he finished his pint Caffrey finished a cel call that had come in during the Spanner contact.

'First wave has seven players' commented Caffrey, draining her Guinness. As they turned to leave the crowded and smokey Dirty Nelly's Chips asked Mr. 'Grolsch v. Global Guardians' if he'd be a good chap and pay for the two Guinness pints. He handed him 30 Euros and took Caffrey's hand in his right hand and his 2006 Mumbai leather medical bag in his left. Out the door, turn left up the street toward the great circle, and into the Kraz they went. Passing the reception on their right and the restaurant on their left they saw a throng of seven young ladies who apparently were very enthused at being part of the 'Greatest Story Never Told'. As Chips and Caffrey joined the seven flight attendant volunteers a young lady opened the double doors and the group of nine went past the bar, turned half left and set up housekeeping at the large circular table in the left hand corner, up against the street window.

Caffrey made the intros for the 3 girls from her crew and Jon Joseph introduced 4 from his crew and then Jon went into town to do some shopping. Chips and the 8 women were working on their first drinks when the place began to fill up with a lot of familiar faces. Some of the pilots thought they recognized Chips but they knew it couldn't be him, ALPA said that he was crazy and had been institutionalized. Before that might happen ALPA may be facing criminal charges for suppressing evidence of a crime, perhaps murder. At 1715 Dave Obershoe arrived as promised with a kickass camera and some

background lighting. One by one the red-tail flight attendants posed for a picture with Chips behind a sign that said simply 'Chips and Natalya, 12-16-2007, The Kraz. As each FA had their picture taken with blue chrome sunglasses, they were given 2 drink tokens to trade in for refreshments to Spanner and staff. Some earned additional tokens by revealing something or striking provocative poses, such as Norma Jean Baker would have done if she had not become baggage for the Kennedy clan.

By the end of the photo shoot, 1900, Chips had over 30 good photos of 'Natalyas' of many different size shapes, facial features, hair colors and other physical measurements. He noticed that especially during the last 30 minutes some one-token models came back to compete for a 2 token shot, and still by 'lights out' at 1900 there was still over \$150 left on the tab. Chips mentioned to Caffrey, keep them supplied, I will be back in ten minutes. Out the door, to the right, he passed the restaurant and went over to the Concierge desk where Spanner now held court.

'Spanner, here's the charge card, need 2 keys, remember, Captain David Hunter Blue Skies International. Just scribble an illegible signature that matches up with the back of the card. Can you get the card and keys back to my corner of the bar, please' as he rushed away not waiting for an answer. Back towards the bar then up stairs on the grand staircase to where the men's room was with the 'fly decals' in the urinals. Noticing six fresh red roses he grabbed them and wrapped them in a paper towel before heading back to Caffrey and company. Entering the bar again he noticed a tall glass of mineral water left unattended; he put the roses in the glass, left the paper towel and headed towards Caffrey. As he assumed his position on the chair next to the stunning red-head, Spanner's runner came in the bar looking for 'Captain David Hunter'. When the two room keys were delivered, along with the charge card and receipt, Chips was pleased to see that Spanner had arranged for the 'Jacuzzi Suite' overlooking the street and the front entrance. While he was somewhat surprised at the 425 Euro price, he realized it was appropriate as you don't die every day. He slipped Caffrey a key while she smiled wishing he'd slip her something else. Perhaps a little thicker.

'By 8 p.m. most of the photo gallery had left and Caffrey and Chips decided to go to an Indian Restaurant nearby for his last supper. They entered in and saw that it was quite full. Looking over the reservations list for a party of two he saw what he needed.

'Sorry folks, we are full tonight, might I suggest reservations next time on a Sunday night?' suggested the helpful young lady in Indian dress.

'Jagdish Mallya and my wife Goya' suggested Chips with a straight face and a straight eight. Caffrey harked back to her youth playing cowboys and Indians but this cowboy was a whole lot more fun.

'Right this way, Mr. Mallya, sorry I didn't recognize you' replied the confused maitre'd as she was about ready to be facing a table shortage. As Chips and Caffrey sat down he slipped the young lady 50 Euros thinking that would cause a little loyalty, something

airline CEOs have not possessed with the exception of Herb Kelliher of SWA. Don't mess with Texas.

While they enjoyed their 3 course India food their minds were elsewhere so shunning desert, Jagdish left 70 Euros on the table and the pair headed for the Jacuzzi suite just as Mr. Mallya was insisting that there could not be another Jagdish Mallya in all of Holland, let alone Amsterdam. Chips dropped another 20 Euros on the young lady as they beat a retreat whereupon she picked up what he was laying down and apologized to Vijay Mallya, saying 'Yes indeed, here is your table, the same one as every Sunday night. My apologies Mr. Mallya.' as she led the hungry couple to the recently re-lined table for two.

As they walked hand in hand through Amsterdam for the last time as non-husband and non-wife Chips and Caffrey thought about the next few hours. It would be pivotal in the prosecution of 'Operation Clean Slate' that Captain David Hunter was officially dead, the sooner the better. Noting the time was 2120 Chips asked 'Should we pick up some wine, beer or hard stuff Caffrey?'

'Chips I have two bottles of Merlot in my bag, so that should last until you die shouldn't it?'

'Yes, I guess that is sufficient. Anyway I had a litre of Famous Grouse in my little black bag that Spanner was to position in the Jacuzzi suite along with your bag. Hopefully he left an ice bucket filled with ice cubes, but if not Merlot is good for me' as he gave her a little grab on the dairy-air. Firm, it was, a right-proper dairy-air even a Welshman could fancy.

'In some ways, I hate to see Captain Hunter die,' bleated the master sleuth from Fargo.

'Keep in mind, Caffrey, that only Captain David Hunter dies, by 2330 tonight Room 105 in North Amsterdam will be rockin' the night away, just like always' encouraged Captain Musical Names as he held her hand a little tighter, but not tight enough to evoke terrible memories of Archie Bell and the Drells of Houston, Texas.

Glancing at his watch Chips saw that it was 2138 as they went through the lobby of the Kraz, up the Grand Stairway and found the door to the Jacuzzi Suite. Opening the door with his key, he saw the lights were subdued, an ice bucket was by the Jacuzzi and the two bags were at the foot of the bed. As Caffrey opened a bottle of Merlot, Chips started helping Caffrey undo some things. Five minutes later, with the Puma and Tiger stripes laying side by side, Caffrey and Chips enjoyed the tepid water, the room temperature wine, and the heat of passion. When the lights went down, the periscope came up. By 2245 when the alarm went off Bottle One was half empty, and the wrestling partners had relocated to a higher and drier location. Stiffling the alarm, Chips new there was no time for a lightening round so he got dressed and watched as Caffrey did likewise. They enjoyed more Merlot as they watched the minutes pass when, at 2300 exactly, the sound

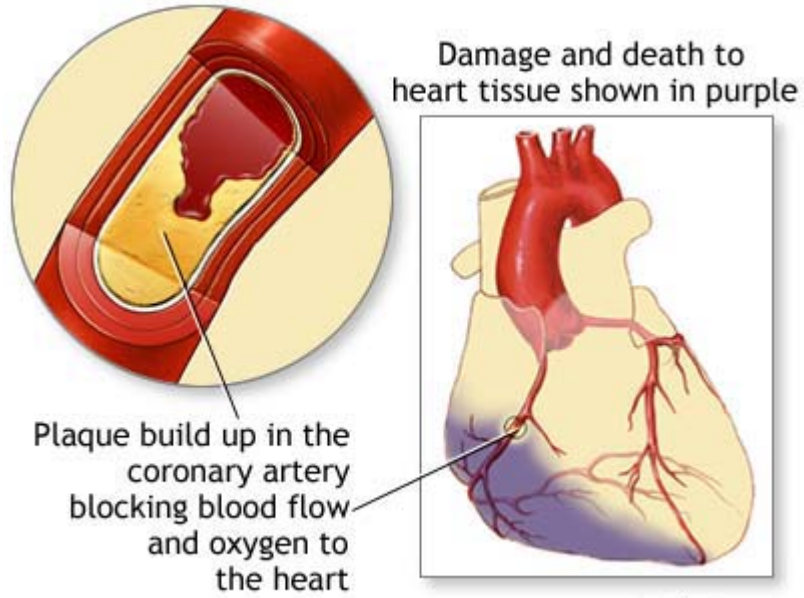
of a hydraulic cylinder and a PTO increasing the idle of a diesel motor got their attention.



<http://www.cartoonstock.com/lowres/rst00461.jpg>

<http://www.gtahotels.com/hotelpictures/NLVQ0D/7PC390000.jpg>

After the 'cherry picker' truck from the utility company had placed the bucket by the street side window, Chips opened the window and helped transfer 'John Doe' to the recently used bed, complete with exploculated DNA samples. The large man from the bucket truck took off his coveralls and started to write a death certificate for David Hunter, age 58, cause of death 'myocardial infarction during coitus' and the Dr., a Robert Denhaen, MD, let himself out the hallway door to go see Spanner and get the process started. Helping Caffrey into the bucket truck, Chips looked below and saw an 'out of service' blue Mercedes. Passing the bags out the window to Caffrey, he joined her in the bucket and used the hand controls to lower the bucket and arm to the service body of the truck. Naneef took the bags and placed them in the trunk while Caffrey and Chips exited the bucket side gate and got into the back of the taxi. By 1105 the utility truck was gone, Spanner and Dr. Denhaen had alerted the Dutch police and the foreplay was reaching a fevered pitch enroute to the NH North Amsterdam.



ADAM.

<http://www.clarian.org/ADAM/doc/graphics/images/en/17004.jpg>

On 12-17-2007, the Amsterdam, Fargo and Minneapolis papers had obituaries for 'Captain David Hunter, age 58, retired Northwest Airlines Captain, retired 178th Fight Squadron Lieutenant Colonel, and employee of 'the agency', found dead in Amsterdam Hotel. Cause of death, myocardial infarction.' Dr. Denhaen was sensitive enough to keep other details out of the public's eye.