

## Chapter 9: Goodbye Mr. Chips – Hello ‘O’

Near Miss – Mineta Trap – Stoolie – Nano’s Blowhole

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



[http://www.prettejohn.net/Teaching\\_Files/Geography/Bodmin\\_College/DME%202008%20-%20Airports/near%20miss.jpg](http://www.prettejohn.net/Teaching_Files/Geography/Bodmin_College/DME%202008%20-%20Airports/near%20miss.jpg)  
<http://i.treehugger.com/files/mom.jpg>



<http://www.onr.navy.mil/focus/ocean/images/life/StripedDolphin.jpg>  
<http://www.mindfully.org/Reform/2003/Weather-Underground-21jul03d.jpg>

*Chips's son Stone maneuvers Limo, activates the Bearcat scanner and deflects chase cars to a school bus - fuel tanker crash 6 miles west of Annandale. Now puzzled, father and son smell a stoolie; either Aunt Amelia or Queen Hornet (or both) are running surveillance on ADuc and feeding disinfo. Zoomer upload of 16,000# is paid with a Con Air credit card tied to Obomba-Sidley-Bank-One tax shelters and escrowed contract hits. Profits flow to likes of non-Jimmy Buffett Berkshire Hathaway investors, Kerry-HUBZone radicals, corrupt NATO generals, Clinton Army Chiefs of Staff, 'S & S' and 9/11 UNCommissioner, Jamie Gorelick. Chips dreams of Dr. Nano al-Umina and his news of an advanced SNIPHR toilet seat called the Mineta Trap. A 200 unit production run is diverted into Stoolie restrooms at Lockheed-Martin, Boeing-Chicago, key Senate and Congressional offices in Washington and the Larry Craig memorial pooper in the Minneapolis-St Paul International Airport-Mezzanine. Nano whispers, 'The single most corrupt person in the 9/11 polish-heart attack on America is 'O' ..' and the line went dead. Chips awoke sweating. Was he dreaming? Did he take a call in his sleep? Nano's*

*email explains how he survived the Santorini explosion with blowhole-to-mouth air underwater from a female dolphin that took him to Agia Pelagia beach on Crete. Nano apparently had to walk to Heraklion and after drinking too much OUZU and Kronnenburg beer, he caught lizards and saw crabs or the other way round. Chips re-enters his REM sleep, he didn't notice the explosion which knocked electricity off at his home. The clocks stopped at 0411, and his electrical furnace grew colder, the night before his funeral.*

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While his father concealed the empty GWB between the 3rd seat and the trunk using the emergency evidence container [ eec ] not to be confused with the primary fuel control on an F16 [EEC], Stone maintained a constant watch on the red lights in hot pursuit. When the package of emergency vehicles was approximately a half-mile behind the limo Stone signaled a right turn, got onto the shoulder and turned on his hazard lights and the bear-cat scanner that his father had had him install in the limo the previous week. Placing the transmission in park, he expected to see the pursuing vehicles surround the limo but as the package of 5 went speeding past, the scanner picked up reports of a terrible school bus, fuel tanker crash 6 miles west of Annandale. As father and son enjoyed a frosty, Chips' Clipper squirt gun deal went off; looking down he saw it was Code Immediate, and once again from Amelia.

“Amelia, Chips, Kraz, morgue, go ahead”.

“Dagnet suspended, return to MSP and proceed to the ANG ramp, Justice 75 has diverted from course direct Fargo to KMSP to take on fuel as Fargo weather is below minimums due to a blizzard that has reduced visibility to near zero in blowing snow. Justice 75 will depart for Fargo immediately after topping off fuel, and “Zoomer” says he is happy to have Dancer, Caffrey, Hamish, Stone, Chips, Homi and Duke join the flight. He also mentioned that “John Doe” would be put aboard also. Chips confirm you understand all, going to another project at Suite 450 now--code name Buffett, capeche?”

'Jimmy Buffett or Warren Buffet?'

'Not Jimmy, think Roger Maris, John McCain and Hugh Shelton, Amelia out.' Click.

Hearing the message on his “Clipper repeater” in what appeared to be an Ipod, Stone had already turned the limo around at a median crossover marked ‘emergency vehicles only’. As his father Clippered Hamish and Dancer regarding the change Stone made a cell call to Jeff Johnson on Stone’s phone ending in 4663. Jeff would take the others over to the ANG ramp in a 15 passenger van ‘borrowed’ from Signature Aero Services. Chips told Hamish and Dancer that Jeff would meet them at gate C6 and get them into an elevator and to the waiting van once again using the “escort ID” badges. With the plan falling together nicely, Chips noticed an unusual looking A319 in the flare on R30R, its tail number was N75JP which confirmed Chip’s thoughts regarding the Airbus. As the Airbus exited runway 30R and taxied to the Minnesota ANG ramp Chips commented to Stone how the timing couldn’t be better, but he asked Stone to get photos of the registration numbers on both sides of the tail, and the debt instrument next to the radio

license on the back wall of the cockpit.

At the main gate of the ANG base, Stone flashed his military ID at the gate sentry who seemed to be more interested in the TV which would have Monday Night Football on in 20 minutes. Approaching base ops, he saw an Air Policeman at the ramp entrance and once again with his ANG ID he stopped at the entry point and had a brief exchange with the sentry. The gate opened electrically and the limo was along side the Airbus as the fuel truck began pumping on the other side. A long-haired slender man of some 56 years came down the portable stairs and looked at Chips for a while before recognizing his old friend from NAS Chase Field, Beeville, Texas.

“Chips, we are taking on 4 hours of fuel but the weather at FAR is still below mins so we may be here a while, my First Officer is only Category 1” explained Zoomer as the old friends shook hands.

“No problem Zoomer, I’m Category 3 and am ready to keep a seat warm to get this A319 into Fargo as soon as possible.” responded Chips, failing to mention he was not current on the A320 family of narrow bodies.

“Sounds good Chips but we may have a duty problem, we left Mesa before OK City and we are up against 8 hours, the FO is checking the times right now.”

As Jeff Johnson drove up in a 15 passenger van pulling a BDD11 in a baggage cart Chips introduced Caffrey to Zoomer. “Shannon McKee, meet Zoomer, an old Navy buddy from Beeville back when the Doobies were doing China Grove, America was doing Sister Goldenhair, and I was doing anything that walked in the Beeville O’ Club. Zoomer, Shannon has been with the airline 20 years, is qualified on the A319 and in fact is a Fargo pilot, just as I have been since 1977.” explained Chips who had very carefully crafted his words so that a roomful of Jewish attorneys could not convince an honest judge that he had bent the truth. Good luck to the Jewish attorneys in finding an honest Judge, certainly delete Chicago and Southeast New York from the search pattern.

While Zoomer and Shannon were exchanging pleasantries, Chips was thinking of something he’d like to exchange ASAP, heavenly bodily fluids, but first he had a jet to fly. Shannon offered to show Zoomer her license and medical but Zoomer dismissed the offer, ‘Chips, Dirtball and I go back 33 years and are very tight, none of us would expose our buddies’ tail pipes to a heat seeker, if you get my drift.’

Always quick on the uptake Shannon responded ‘Don’t talk about tail pipes to Chips or he may exploculate all over himself. He has had two tins of Smoked Oysters and I presume he’s looking for a target of opportunity for an unobserved belly entry, if you know air-to-air tactics’ suggested the super sleuth from Fargo. Turning to Chips Shannon asked, ‘If it’s me and you on this leg, should I do the outside or the inside?’ not referring to a two circle fight but rather who should preflight the exterior and who should load the FMGC/MCDU for the next leg.

'Set up MSP 30R, Minneapolis 9 direct AXN direct Kenie FAR18 ILS Cat III, no DH' and I will help Stone do the outside stuff, let's get out of here before the weather moves in.' suggested Chips as his seeker head started to bob thinking of another suggestion he had for Shannon.



<http://img.photobucket.com/albums/v101/He219/pix/44debf45.jpg>

Zoomer, somewhat relieved to get the mission moving regardless of who was in the seat signed for the upload of 16,000# with a white plastic credit card that had 'JPATS 75' and N3113DJ in raised letters and a bar code for proper billing. (Author's note - Bank One credit cards backed by DOJ Pride revolving funds, was versatile; for up to \$2,500 limit you could hire an Obomba actor for the day to put on a United States marshal uniform and arm him with an MP-4 Carbine to pretend to guard a building like the Pentagon or to really scare the shit out of a rebellious judge) He signed the bill, Earnest C. Scuminski and went to ensure the stiff was loaded, which made him hark back 30+ years to Beeville when Chips was Cargo and he was fun to watch when he was stiff and loaded.

As Stone photographed the second registration number his father felt he was getting warm on the trail of the Arab Aces including the ones Amelia had mentioned in her cryptic Clipper. Chips had understood it was a coded message with a ringer when she inserted Roger Maris' name. Anytime a real Fargo name was inserted, he knew that that person was related to, but not dirty, like all the rest. For instance Roger Maris' family had an Anheuser-Busch distributorship, as did Songbird, as did Gen 'sign over US air sovereignty Skelton', and of course the non-Jimmy Buffett owned 5% of the entire network. In his mind Chips imagined a day was coming soon when more Sky Warriors would be readied by Raytheon and Anheuser-Busch would be trashed by the non-Jimmy Buffett.

In a surprising move, Warren Buffett told the Belgian newspaper De Standard this morning that he supports InBev's \$46 billion cash offer for Budweiser brewer Anheuser-Busch. His Berkshire Hathaway owns some 35 million shares, or a 5% stake in the iconic beer maker.

Knowing that Buffett was at Offutt AFB on 9/11, and knowing that 2 NATO AWACS jets from Belgium had been off the coast of NYC and WDC on 9/11, and knowing of the picture of a six-pack of Budweiser on page 16 of the Amalgam Virgo briefing guide, and knowing that 2 Raytheon Sky Warriors had been prepped for the Pentagon and Capitol hits, and knowing that Cheney check-mated 'Angel's Next' with a pair of QF4s from Tyndall, and knowing why the pax transfer was accomplished at Barksdale AFB instead of the FedEx facility at Memphis; Chips felt that his sister and he were only two cans short of a six-pack of treasonous killers. And beer was a staple in the diet of the recently deceased Captain David Hunter. Of course Chips preferred Grolsch or Guinness quipping 'the quickest way to the G-spot is with G-beer; not Clydesdale urine [ CU ].'

After Chips had settled into the left seat of the A319 with the right engine idling and all checklists except 'second engine start' accomplished, Caffrey asked 'Chips, how come Stone just put the limo in the back of the C130?'

'The Governor of Minnesota is stuck in Moorhead due to the blizzard and his State Trooper driver went off the road responding to the tanker-school bus crash which has I94 west bound temporarily closed. A call from Swany in Fargo let Stone know that a C130 was being dispatched to pick up the Governor so Stone offered to provide a Limo if the Governor would rather drive than fly in the unstable weather around Fargo.' Seeing on the doors page that all doors were closed, he knew Stone was on board so he checked ignition on and said 'starting 1' as he enabled the FADEC start of the remaining engine.

While Stone and Hamish sat on the two jumpseats up front, Zoomer, his First Officer, Dancer and the shooters relaxed in the back.

'Justice 75 alpha, your are cleared to taxi to 30R, cleared to Fargo, runway heading, climb unrestricted to 250, delete the 250, cleared direct Kenie outer marker when able, no readback, switch to tower, safe journey Justice' was the accommodating clearance from Minneapolis ground as Chips had the A319 doing 40 knots as he raced to beat the weather.



[http://farm2.static.flickr.com/1317/871804705\\_93a530b39c.jpg?v=0](http://farm2.static.flickr.com/1317/871804705_93a530b39c.jpg?v=0)

Chips dialed in the tower frequency in the second frequency head and pointed at it with his right index finger. Although that was not her favorite digit, Caffrey picked up what was being laid down and switched to tower with a 'Minneapolis tower, Justice 75-alpha, ready on 30R.'

'Justice 75-alpha, cleared to go on 30R, contact departure out of 3000 feet, climb runway heading, unrestricted to flight level 250 and delete the 250, happy hunting, Justice.'

'Roger that, tower, good night' was the improper but effective response from the super sleuth in the right seat. Selecting reduced power for takeoff and lining up the nose on the centerline at 60 knots, Chips said 'Your jet' and Caffrey said, 'I've got it'. In his mind Chips was agreeing that she certainly did have it and knew well how to use it. However he was ever the professional as he called '80 knots, thrust normal, 100, 120, V1, rotate'.

As Shannon rotated to put the 'pipper' on the cross hairs Chips selected departure and checked in 'Justice 75-alpha, out of 12 hundred for 250 direct Kenie outer marker for 18 at Fargo'.

'Good evening Justice, Minneapolis departure, cleared as requested, no speed'. As Shannon selected #2 Autopilot, Chips removed himself to go make a Clipper call. 'Hamish, wanna help Shannon find Fargo?' Hamish indicated he'd like to be Clipped in and so the two of them joined Dancer and Zoomer in the back. Homi and Duke had decided to stick with the Limo aboard the C130, which by this time was also heading 300 degrees, direct Fargo. Homi had a love affair with the Hercs going back to Viet Nam, as some men our age have flashbacks every time they hear the distinctive sound of a UH1E or a Bell Jet Ranger.

Seating himself in 2B, Chips clipped Amelia, Hamish, Dancer, Homi and Donald Cortege, who should be on the ground at Dulles enroute from Dubai to Fargo for the funeral.

When the green LED indicated 5, he spoke: 'Amelia, Chips, Kraz, Morgue, copy Dancer and trio, Hamish and Alice, Homi and Fish, enroute to Fargo aboard Justice 75-alpha, eta 30 minutes, update from Amelia, go ahead'.



[http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/5/56/Henry\\_Shelton\\_official\\_portrait.jpg/475px-Henry\\_Shelton\\_official\\_portrait.jpg](http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/thumb/5/56/Henry_Shelton_official_portrait.jpg/475px-Henry_Shelton_official_portrait.jpg)  
[http://www.medaloffreedom.com/JohnShalikashvili\\_BillClinton.jpg](http://www.medaloffreedom.com/JohnShalikashvili_BillClinton.jpg)

'Chips, et. al., welcome Fish, conditions unchanged at Fargo, security normal rooms arranged at Hotel India, shooter near HoDos, the Hornet's hive has been very agitated today, the 'Elevator Queen of United Technologies' doesn't have a sense of humor but the diversity plant in S&A says we are safe for the time being. Generals S and S from Clinton's Army are starting to have doubts about each other what with Abel Danger now tying them to the Weatherwomen, the Global PFers, and the Bankers of the 1892 Manifesto, over to Fish.'

'Fish at Dulles, boarding for Minneapolis was cancelled due forecast, in cab to Marriott Crystal City, Thuraya reports increased surveillance of grid 44 to 47 west, 90 to 95 north, results negative, Fish out, thanks for the welcome.'

'Amelia, Homi, the 130 crew needs a guide dog to find Fargo, Chips did you copy that?'

'Roger Homi, tell AC, FAR 360/30/6000'/230K, readback'

'Fuck the readback, I got it, Homi'.

'Chips to all, 'Clear the channel, crickets''. click. click. click. click. click.

Leaning over the center jumpseat, Chips handed Stone a GWB and a coffee and Bailey's to Shannon, 'Shannon, please send this French pig to FAR 360/30/6000'/230K and give me an ETA.'

A few strokes on the scratchpad and an insert and Shannon responded 'ETA Kenie 21 minutes'.

From the jump seat Chips put #2 on 123.45 and said 'Hercules, Pierre, ETA Oscar Mike 0+21'

From the darkness swirling around the Airbus came 'Pierre, Hercules, ETA Oscar Mike 0+25, give me a 4 minute lap and I will join on the right side to be dropped off zero zero 18, out'

Chips went back to share the update with the committee and asked Dancer to dial in Amelia and Fish and ensure that Fish was aboard Justice 10 on the 19th, code name Pinot Grigore'.

Nodding, Dancer handed Chips a recent Clipper from Raven. 'Temple Beth El shooters have advantage, proceed HoDos'

As he went back up to the cockpit he asked Stone to free up a seat for the formation approach; promising Stone could sit in the left seat for Shannon's CAT 3 full stop. The seat swap was made the check lists were done, Shannon had the intercept selected and Chips looked as his Wal-Mart, 2 minutes to ETA, ' Stone, could you grab me a Captain coffee, this type of flying isn't in the instruction manual.'"

After Stone came back with three coffees for his dad, Caffrey, and himself, a hint of Captain Morgan began to permeate the cockpit of the A319. Stone took a close up photo of the debt instrument and radio license and mentally noted N75JP and N3113DJ as he sipped his Cofgan, as his dad call the Captain Morgan/coffee hybrid. Shannon felt warmer and more alert, and as they rolled out southbound at 0+25 and set exactly 230K they heard 'Visual, tied, ready for full stop'.

'Roger' said Shannon as she looked over her shoulder. When she looked away Chips saw a bulge under her left shoulder that was not a gun, and when she looked at Chips she saw a bulge that was not an Idaho baker. Code name Manly Mahoghany, signed Cinnamon

Girl.

Zoomer walked into the cockpit with 'I just wanted to say, good luck, we are all counting on you, and if you we expecting a lights out C130, I see a Hercules pattern of strip lights with the AC's face about 30 inches from the right winglet.'

'Yes I can feel him; we will kiss him off with a visual, about 4 minutes Zoomer, thanks. 'Shannon, wind check for the Air Force guys please.' After listening to ATIS on 124.5 Shannon transmitted 'Indefinite ceiling RVR1200, wind 170 at 35'.

Chips invoked MSA and transmitted, 'Winds favorable, min sep approach call the balls'.

The flight of two was fully configured carrying 20 knots extra due to headwind and cold temps and as they approached the outer marker, Mark Ringer in the Fargo tower cab broadcast, "Fargo airport closed for next 10 minutes due VIP departure".

As Shannon looked at Chips, he lip synched, 'Disinfo' and her lips were wanting to sink something also, as the Cinnamon began to become toasty.

Zoomer came up at a mile out and said 'he's right with us'. Silence. At 200 AGL anyone on 118.6 could here a single word, 'balls', indicating the Herc had visual and was going two dots low followed by full reverse in the flare. Chips disconnected the autopilot, went two dots high and at the 'retard' dropped the left wing and crammed in a smidgeon of right rudder which caused additional drag and a smooth touchdown was followed by max reversing and medium auto brakes. At 70 knots Chips kicked off the auto brakes, stowed the reversers and exited the runway at the old alert turnoff. A Humvee from the motor pool was waiting at alert to lead the parade to Fargo's transient line. As the Humvee led the Herc to the protected north side of the main hangar, Chips put the French pig on the north side of the ops building and when the APU indicated green he caged the engines, set the parking brake and received the Grolsch Wide Body that Stone had dried off and opened. 'Thanks Stone, could you and Swany do the check list and get it refueled to 'full tanks', please? Leave the APU running and we will see you at HoDos as soon as you can make it. What's he driving; it's not nice out tonight'.

'The Big Black F250, see you at HoDos' replied Stone, check list in hand as portable stairs were put in position by Swany and a fuel truck driving by Jason was being grounded to the French pig. When Chips went back to Zoomer and his FO, a Clipper came in to Dancer from Fish 'Amelia says Governor Herc Minny, Limo to HoDos, do not respond, crickets'. Click. Click.

Homi and Duke brought the Limo up to the French Pig, and Chips, Caffrey, Dancer and Hamish clambered aboard. It appeared that Zoomer was told something by his FO that caused him to steer clear of the Limo. Chips suggested to Homi that he'd drive the Limo due to his familiarity with Fargo, Homi simply said, 'Your ass!' reminding Chips that Homi and Duke were members of the million mile OTR club and a two mile drive in a 7000# limo to HoDos was no problem. After Homi had pointed at the portable on board

navigator up on the dash, Chips realized Homi was right, so he got out to talk to Zoomer.

'Zoomer, we are all heading to HoDos, do you want a lift?'



[http://www.nature.com/emboj/journal/v24/n6/about\\_cover.jpg](http://www.nature.com/emboj/journal/v24/n6/about_cover.jpg)

“No thanks, my FO thinks that we should stay with the jet due to the weather conditions, and also she wants to monitor the fueling so the guard guys don't SNAFU us' responded Zoomer, rolling his eyes over his pronounced proboscis.

'First of all, the jet's going in the hangar, second of all the ANG has fueled everything from Mustangs to AF One, but your date looks like a drag so here's the address, if you can cut her loose join us in the HoDos lounge or room 202 after the bar closes. Maybe the JPATS team should demand balls for admission' misspoke Chips as Caffrey would certainly opine if she could read his lips as well as he could read hers. Turning to Jason, Chips handed him a hundred dollar bill and said "This is for the motor pool next drill weekend, join us at HoDos if you can'.

After Jason had disconnected the fuel hose and pointed at Swany in a tug and the hangar doors had opened he responded, 'Give us twenty minutes and we will double-up to catch up'.

'Thanks, Chief' responded Chips, rejoining Caffrey in row 2 of the 3 row limo. As she handed him a frosty GWB she gave a love pat to the luge tiller, 'not with your cold hand please Caffrey' as Homi followed the Security Police vehicle to the University Avenue gate. As he negotiated the 'tank traps' at the gate, Chips' Clipper squirt gun went off, it was from R Harms via a phone patch and the IM was 'Governor enroute Hooligans, eta 0+10'. Chips clipped back, 'Herc has a good crew, the Herc has 1, 3 and 4 idling, ETA KMSP 0+68 after step, Chips'. After the limo went through the 19th Ave intersection by the Fargodome, a purple and gold crown vic flashed its brights whereupon Chips waved

with his right hand and stimulated Caffrey with his left.

Arriving at HoDos at 2145, Chips realized what a long day it had been so when Homi asked about parking Chips said, 'Put it at the fire zone no parking area, I will check you in and then I'll take the limo home, my ass is dragging.' Homi put on his dark glasses and grabbed his white cane giving Dancer and Hamish an excuse to help him to the guest registration. As Homi, Hamish and Dancer were given their room keys, an attractive blond walked by and Homi turned his head for a VPL check.

The guest registration employee, seeing this response, 'Judge Biegh, I thought you were blind?' Duke growled at the limp-wristed night clerk but Homi responded more diplomatically, 'Justice is Blind, I'm vision impaired but I ain't dead, capeche?'

The gay night clerk tried to make sense of it all but got confused at the corner of Quiche and Capeche and decided to let it go.

As Chips brought in the bags he instructed the bell-man to please help rooms 202, 203, and 205 with their luggage and then went to the food and beverage manager and gave an imprint of his charge card 'Captain Rich McHogeny', an American Express Gold which touted 'member since 1969'. He told the F&B manager to keep the tab open until 30 minutes passed closing and then give his staff a 20% tip and slip the receipt under from 204's door. He ensured that the bar staff recognized Homi, Hamish and Dancer and suggested a man with a large nose and number of guard guys would be joining the merrymaking later. Chips also had some merrymaking in mind, but her name not was Mary, and she did not mind.

When the main group was at the elevator, he apologized, 'I'm sort of tired; it's been a long day. I am going to head home as my family is away in out of town on a trip. I will rejoin you guys at around 1105 tomorrow for a quick tour of the Fargo Air Museum, courtesy of 'Cork', have a good debriefing, the bar staff is paid in full to 0130 good night.'

Cinnamon Girl knew a shot when she saw one and announced 'I am also very tired, Chips, could you drop me at my Jeep at the Fargo Airport so I can go home also, good night all, see you at the funeral Wednesday, try not to cry, Chips wouldn't enjoy the tears' quipped Caffrey as she and Chips bade adieu and hopped in the limo. Noting a flash of cinnamon as he helped Caffrey into the front he noticed the Kazak plates so as he settled into the driver seat he opened the glove box and selected USAF 2 Star as Caffrey raised the arm rest and snuggled closer. When they pulled up to her home within 15 miles of Hector Field she was surprised they weren't at the airport. 'That's just what they expect us to do' commented Chips as he shut down the LT1 Limo and got her bag from the back and opened the door. At 0200 straight up, the Limo was eastbound and down, heading for the only place in Fargo Moorhead that made a better Martini than HoDos. As he parked the limo in the garage and plugged in the head bolt heater, he thought back 4 hours to his last plug in, so to speak, went in, poured a BFM with Claussen Kosher spear and settled into his recliner. The ice in his BFM had melted very little before he fell asleep dreaming

of Cinnamon Girl and the Bucket truck at the Kraz. Waking briefly with a smile, he took a sip and turned out the light, anxious to continue the hunt.....for the perps who did 9/11.

Try as he might to focus his dream on the succulent cinnamon bun, his mind seemed to pull contrary to his heart. Settling into deep REM sleep, he dreamt that he got an urgent call from Dr. Nano al-Umina from his Bakerfield area labratory. This dream was so realistic Chips at times would shake in his sleep feeling an unseen threat to his very life. In the dream that rivaled the revelations in the book of Daniel, Dr. al-Umina had frantically tried to bring Chips up to speed on a Lockheed-Martin project that was being undertaken in Long Beach and at the old Navy blimp hangars north of San Jose at the former Moffett Field, home of the infamous NASA reports where airline pilot errors were considered and then shredded by the US government, fearing a rightful loss of confidence by the traveling public in America.



[http://images.asia.ru/img/alibaba/photo/51700630/LED\\_Toilet\\_Seat.jpg](http://images.asia.ru/img/alibaba/photo/51700630/LED_Toilet_Seat.jpg)

In Nano's message was talk of an advanced SNIPHr [ standard naval intelligence profiler human (rectal)], a \$6000 toilet seat called the Mineta Trap [MT] that were deployed at intelligence gathering targets, or the supposed source of Intel or Stoolie leaks such as the Plame transaction and the Roland Carnaby CIA hit. The Mineta Stoolie allowed bowel movements, cheek flexing and methane release of key individuals to be probed, monitored, listened to, SNIPHred and analyzed by a team of Human Profilers trained by ADuc leaders employing MindBox 'COIN' technologies and predictive software. Nano, in the dream, suggested 10 of the 200 in the first run of Mineta Traps had been deployed at 1301 K Street NW Suite 450, United Technologies General Office, Sidley Austin, Raytheon, MIT Faculty Lounge, MacDonaldd Dettwiler, Lansdowne Technologies, Tomoye-Gatineau bunkers and Tomoye-DC and surreptitiously installed at the homes of 3 presumptive Presidential front-runners approved by David Rocke.

Nano's phone call continued with the prognostication that a gathering of PFers was imminent including survivors of the 1960s morphed into a New Black Panther unit,

Weatherwomen groups, and 'Obombas', a murky group of misfit global revolutionaries who plan to deploy the 2008 version of the Una-bomber inspired BKU [ bomber-killer unit ]. Nano was suggesting a HKU [ Hunter-Killer unit ] must be developed and deployed to counter the BKU, much like the USS Lake Erie CG7 had been deployed and tasked to make a one shot kill on some 'threatening space junk' [ TSJ ].

At the very end of his call, Nano suggested that the balance of the 200 unit Mineta Trap production run had been diverted by an ADuc agent inserted into the inventory department at Lockheed-Martin Headquarters and an additional 50 'untraceable, non-existing, didn't happen, never-made' units were being installed at General Dynamics, Carlyle-Canada, Boeing-Chicago, Airbus-Toulouse, and in the rooms adjacent to key Senate and Congressional offices in Washington, as well as the Larry Craig memorial pooper in the Minneapolis-St Paul International Airport-Mezzanine.

Nano lowered his voice and said, very slowly and softly.....'Hunter needs to run for President, Amelia needs to be his Attorney-General, and ADuc needs to offer a Vice-Presidential candidate who is fluent in counter Intel, explosives and nanotechnology, it is my opinion that the single most corrupt person in the 9/11 polish-heart attack on America is O.....' and the line went dead and that really was the end of his call.

When the line went dead in the dream, Chips awoke sweating, he turned on the light, took a large drink of his BSM and tried to determine if he had dreamt this scary stuff or had actually taken the call in his sleep. Ever the techno-sleuth, he walked to his wall phone and looked at the 10 most recent caller IDs, the most recent was an hour previous, from Nano's home phone. He was chilled. He took another large sip of the martini and contemplated his next move; sleep was out of the question. A dim blinking light on his 22 inch monitor caught his attention and when he went to the computer used only for sleuth work, he saw an email and an IM from Nano. Dare he open them? Another sturdy pull on the martini and he opened the email.....

*'Chips, sorry the line went dead, it's as if someone wants me silenced, like you.*

*Anyway.....*

*...having only 50 minutes of air in my tanks left after Santorini exploded - and not really wanting to go to Lesbos - I received blowhole-to-mouth air underwater from a female dolphin that took a liking to me after my tanks ran out which got me to the surface without the bends. She took me 100 clicks south grabbing onto her dorsal fin to Agia Pelagia beach on Crete about 15 clicks east of Heraklion where we got into an argument about Flipper, then she asked me if her tail fin looked fat and I apparently gave the wrong answer and it was over between us. At least I think that's why she bit me. I swam to the shore and started walking east to Heraklion. By the time I got to Ammoudara beach, 5 km west of Heraklion, I was already seeing lizard people crawling out of the bushes [ and clintons? ] from the amount of OUZU consumed to keep hydrated in the hot dry sun. By that time it looked a lot like the Baja and I was not going to chance drinking the water.*

*About 3:00pm I arrived at the Kastro Hotel in Heraklion and went straight to the bar and drank every Kronnenburg beer they had till I didn't see lizards anymore. Because for a while everywhere I looked there were lizards. lots of them, evil ones...in dresses, even the men...*

*I never want to see lizards again...or dolphins but, like Captain David Hunter, I digress.*

*Later after the OUZU wore off and the crowd morphed into something closer to human, the tale of the Dolphin that blew me all the way to Crete attracted the attention of three waitresses who were obviously very close ...all three were dancing/grinding together, in fact. They took me to their bungalow for a night of taking turns bending over backwards for me. Later as one after another passed out, the blonde wanted to play a little ball in the bung hole and now instead of lizards... its crabs I'm worried about. My good man, they're the size of Australian lobsters in Crete...*

*Anyway, I'm at the airport heading back to California. Its too weird in Crete, I may never Scuba again, or drink OUZU, but I did leave my 'Killroy was here' on the blonde for the other two when they got up..*

*'Smilin" Jack' Nano'*

After reading the email three times, Chips shook his head, drained the BSM and said to himself, 'I need to get some sleep'.

Re-entering REM sleep, he did not notice the sound of an explosion which knocked the electricity off at his home.

The clocks all stopped at 0411, and his electrical furnace grew colder, the night before his funeral.