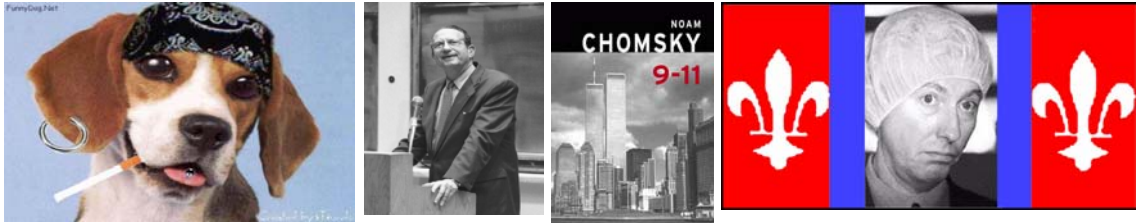


Chapter 11: February 24-28, 2001

Dog Team with BEAGLE Audits MIT for Murder and the Cirquer-Jerk Elites



<http://www-tech.mit.edu/V117/N56/deutch.56n.html>

http://www.funnydog.net/images/homie_beagle.jpg

<http://www.oilempire.us/graphics/chomsky911.gif>

http://www.wolfwillow.com/nu/westwind/Highwood/Harrier/images/Kanukistan_Flag.gif

Nano says the Hunter dog teams will have to solve two problems before they can analyze the evidence of murder at the Canadian pig farm and the Fresh Kills land fill or audit the real goals of Amalgam Virgo and 9/11 virtual war games planned by John Deutch and Noam Chomsky at MIT's Center for Coordination Science (now Collective Intelligence). First, Hunter has to get past a sign on a door which says "No Dogs Allowed". Second, he needs a different breeds of dogs to conduct "testicular truth testing", independent of the sexual orientation of the Francophonie counter-intelligence elites appointed by Maurice Strong, the two Clintons, Frances Townsend, Janet Reno, MIT's Back Room Boys and a Francophonie 'Cirque de [Branleurs](#)'. Det Bob G. Homicide and Big John offer some cross-bred "Polly Graphs" but David Hunter audits MIT with a three member dog team plus a surprise up the sleeve of his Blind Sheikh costume, a smoking, miniature BEAGLE! Nano completes analysis of DNA and residues of Ultra High Temperature Accelerant in the body bits while Hunter gets some sphincter-snapping truths before his team flies to next appointment.

BEAGLES - Boeing Employees' Association of Gays, Lesbian & Friends Submitted by [thehawke](#) on Sun, 09/16/2007 - 04:50

Employment Synopsis: Affinity group for Gay & Lesbian Boeing employees

Email: BEAGLESPugetSound@boeing.com Login or register to post comments

Canadian culture is dominated by an obsession to appease Quebec secessionists .. The federal Liberal party is both the author of this obsession and its chief beneficiary, along with its Mafia-style network in Quebec. Quebecers despise anything "english" so they especially hate the US because there are more english speakers there than anywhere else. Anti-Americanism is fuelled by these factors: Desire and need to kiss the [French arse](#) on behalf of "unity" .. Canadians are not a very inventive people (as the OECD has shown) and content themselves with selling-off their natural resources to pay for keeping themselves from freezing to death and to buy goods invented and manufactured elsewhere. Canadians did, however, invent freeze-dried mashed potatoes and the zipper. Remember that next time your doctor tells you to cut back on starch or when you get something caught in your fly .. There is no more certain way to destroy support for a project or business than to suggest it might make a "profit". In Canada, this is the worst of dirty words. It is just fine to pour billions of dollars of taxpayer money into losing businesses such as Bombardier (a Quebec corporation) but if a company earns its own way and declares a profit, it will attract outrage and demands upon government by the public for more "controls", additional corporate taxes or even nationalization .. Canadians are so determined to please everyone they will prostrate themselves before anyone claiming to be a "victim". They spent millions of dollars fighting the extradition of mass-murderer [Charles Ng](#) to California where he faced a possible death penalty there and, when they failed, immediately amended their laws to

close the legal loophole that would otherwise have forced them to hand-over more such monsters in future .. They have supported Fidel Castro in Cuba throughout his despotic reign yet he has not made the slightest move toward democratizing his nation. Their current Prime Minister, Paul Martin, attends fund-raisers for the Tamil Tigers, a Shri Lankan terrorist organization. Canada is presently attempting to repatriate a citizen from Guantanamo implicated in Middle East terrorism so that he can be shielded from the consequences of his murderous acts .. When [Zahra Kazemi](#), a Canadian journalist working in Iran, was tortured, raped and murdered there in 2004 under orders from the Islamicist regime the Canadian Foreign Affairs minister, French fop [Pierre Pettigrew](#), timidly requested an international investigation. Pettigrew is more interested in his morning latte and his coiffure than justice .. A few days after the 9/11 attacks [Alexa McDonough](#), leader of the Canadian socialist party, said that "If the United States thinks Mr Osama Bin Laden played a role, they should invite him to appear before an examining committee to satisfy their questions". Note ... "invite" ... and the respectful "Mr". If Mr Bin Laden were to say he had nothing to do with these attacks, most Canadians would take his word for it. Along with Ms McDonough's groveling, then Prime Minister Chretien ([the Jeanfather](#)) and John Raulston-Saul (consort of the Canadian Governor General) both attacked the US on grounds it was the real culprit and responsible for what happened .. If a Canadian had invented the wheel, he would have given it to the Americans to make something useful with .. [Canadians think France was their ally during WWII](#).

As they got in the groove with the cinderblock down Homi looked at the two digital clocks on the dash board and said, "Great we will be there before sun-up." As the white clock indicated 0230 Chips couldn't figure out the other clock, in red led that indicate 5 O'clock but didn't seem to move, causing Chips to think it was broken.

"Has your secondary chronometer failed you, mother trucker that you appear to be" asked Chips more in interest of keeping Homi alert than borne of genuine concern, after all, who gives a rip about a clock.

"Not at all rumored to be the moistener of thongs. Some days 16 hours of driving makes a guy wish he could have a beer, like in Jimmy Buffett's song that Alan Jackson will cover in 2007." Referring to "It's Five O'clock Somewhere." Now of course most readers who are not FBI or CIA profilers are certain the next embedded link will be that tune written by Jimmy Buffett. Well, after 10 chapters you all should have learned that my unpredictable nature keeps me alive, so grab some popcorn, crack open a Grolsch at relax to the kind of [music](#) we used to enjoy in the United States of America before the Global Taffy Pullers started flooding our airwaves with absolute garbage, however I digress so I may redact this later.

"Excuse me Homi, I must be tired, I thought you said 16 hours and the G-men limit you guys to 10 or 11 hours don't they, or is it just a flat mileage restriction?" asked the guzzler of Grolschs as he grabbed a cold one and passed two back to Hamish and Diehard, some thing which may befall Chips if the Fox has her way. Hamish politely said "Thanks Mate" while Big John grunted in an appreciative tone. Meanwhile Duke had detected that Mille S-F was in heat but he was somewhat hesitant because his trained nose also determined there was some metal in there and he thought it might be the steel teeth his mother warned him about when he was a young pup. And Mille S-F seemed to be thinking she wished her master would remove the MI6 Gerbil motion detector, for just a little so they could get to know each other, if you can dig where I'm groovin'.

"No problem, I'm twins" Homi said as he laid down two Class 1 licenses issued in Mena, Arkansas; on to a Bob G Homicide and the other to his identical twin brother Bob F Homicide. "Since we are twins, one of is always sleeping in the back so we stay well rested, keep our two logbooks accurate and cut down on the use of these little white pills to stay awake" he said as he shook two tablets out of a prescription bottle from Wal-Mart Pharmacy label "Anger Control Pills". "The label was made by a girlfriend in Calico Rock and I put the uppers in there to have on hand if I get harassed by the guys in the chicken coop or pulled over for a maintenance check. The two log books help me run enough miles to make a few dollars and if they ask to talk to my brother, I just show em the label on my upper bottle and suggest the pills are for Bob F. and he gets in a nasty mood when awakened for chicken shit inspections, which is a misnomer because in Arkansas certain chicken trucks never get harassed."

"Holy cow" gasped Chips "we just blew through a speed trap, how you gonna handle this, big guy?"

"No problem, ye of little faith, I have had the 'funeral car lights' on since we went past the speed limit, turned off the governor, selected 'Chip B' of the fuel control and put the cinderblock on the foot feed, and I don't see any red lights in the rear view, how bout you?"

"Nothing back there but those troopers can't think this Freightliner is a funeral car, where do you think we are Arkansas?"

"Excellent point but all the way from Newark to Boston the turnpike tigers know that funeral lights at night indicate 'funeral for you tomorrow' if you even pick up your microphone and talk about me" explained Mr. 4 hour drive in 2.5 hour breath. As the rear curtain opened Hamish asked "I just did the math and I came up with 2.27 hours, not the 2.5 hours that Jerry Reed on steroids just opined".

"That's why you're in the sleeper and he's behind the wheel, Homi factored in time for accel and decel of the black smoke belching bob-tail" responded Chips as he whipped his bull neck around. As the Boston skyline came into view, Chips harked back to Bob Dylan's Skyline Album from 1969 and the [signature song](#), which reminded him once again of the winsome, svelte and feverish Fox, who he missed terribly now but never missed with the smoked oysters. He thought back to 1969, a year that saw him marching in Nixon's inauguration as a USNA 3rd year Midshipman while the Hillbillies were listening to Professor Quigley at Georgetown.

As his mind leaped forward to Feb 25th, 2001 he saw the campus coming in sight and alerted those in the sleeper as Homi looked for a logical place to his tractor that he called the "Wicked Witch" in honor of his ex-wife. Seeing a 4 hour zone reserved for any "expectant mother" he deftly maneuvered his ten wheeler with the empty fifth wheel snugly up to the curb, shut it down and said "What time I be ready to take you guys to the airport" as when they were done the dogsmen were expecting to fly JetBlue to Florida.

"Well the meeting of here is set to begin at 0900 so let's plan on 1130 Homi," replied the ever organized dictator of SMEACs as he spied off the current SMEAC thusly.

Situation: Diehard and Sheikh yur-Buti, along with Polly Graph and her twin brother Paul E. Graff will work with me and Diehard. Hamish will walk behind me, as he is wired via clipper to Langley, Wedge One, MacDill and Alice Springs, Orange Grove. If I appear to be heading into trouble walking, or interrogating, put on your phony English accent and distract this FAF sellouts.

Mission: ask key questions of Norm Chumsky and John Ditch and a few Francophonie [Cirque de Branleurs](#).

Execution: Approaching the 'No Dogs allowed except Guide Dogs Diehard passes leash to Paul E. Graff to Sheikh yur-Buti and Hamish passes leash to Duke to him also. Underneath his Sheikh's Holy Raiment 'Butch' Beagle, a chain smokin' bitch, will silently wait to be employ, if necessary.

Admin: Chips is the BSer, Diehard is the enforcer, with Duke if necessary and Hamish will run the various digital technologies in our MI6-Mossad Nutcracker selection.

C&C: As always Chips has tactical lead unless a fight breaks out in which case ever one except Diehard and Duke withdraw to the Freightliner as any thing more than Diehard and Duke would be a violation of the Geneva Convention, interestingly enough, signed in Switzerland, perhaps Zug.

As the clock on the wall struck 0830 the targets had entered. When they were inside Diehard, yur-Buti and Hamish walked their dogs across the street while Butch 'dropped' her last smoke and the blind Sheikh'ed it out, to cut down on global warming. They gained entrance to the reception lobby and saw a sign indicating the target meeting was in Suite 69 starting in 8 minutes. As they approached a campus security guard next to the sign prohibiting dogs the guard, a man shaped like a pear, no a Bartlett pear, pointed to the sign where upon yur-Buti responded "I cannot read that sign sir and I need these service dogs, the little female is my eyes, the little male is my ears, and the big dog with the big man is my nose and teeth, and the low growl you hear indicates he has picked up the scent of Cheetos

and semen, did you and you wife watch a good movie and have a bag of chips last night?" asked you-Buti.

"No sir, your holiness, I live alone."

"Well I hope you don't develop tennis elbow and have an orange colored penis" opined the laconic holy man as he led the the trio of dogs and handlers to the elevator. Once inside the elevator car, a Gorelick UT item, the smokin' bitch lit up a Camel and chain smoked to the target floor whereupon Hamish stepped on it as they left and followed a hall to the target conference room and strode in, with a sense of purpose. As yur-Buti opened the door those doing lines of coke and clipped up to Gatineau and Peking called for security.

"Cancel the security, and dismiss the taffy pullers, we have a few questions for you 2 PFers intent on TOPPING off America. As the taffy pullers hurried out Diehard approached them one at a time and pointed them left or right. Diehard directed Norm Chomsky to the left, and John Ditch to the other left, sort of like in the Marine Corps. His mission now complete, Diehard and Duke went to guard the only door and have some chow. Duke got a bag of Jerky, Pemmican Teriyaki style in the \$4.99 bag, Diehard had 3# of lean ground beef and a wintergreen Altoid mint. He didn't want to have tigermeat breath.

As Hamish Charles Watson turned on the last of his sensors, his peni-cam, the Blind Shiehk's twin brother queried the fairies thusly:

Gentlemen, pardon our intrusion however the Judge from the Southern District of NY has asked me to fill in for my brother, the other Blind Sheikh [key word BS]. My brother who helped the Southern District in 1993 so Ramzi Yousef would be free to instruct Timothy McVeigh was known as an excellent explosives engineer. As we were both born blind 2 of 3 identical triplets, I could be him, or he could be me, but one of us is here right now, and [the show must go on.](#)

"So, without further adieu gentleman, please drop your trousers and half mast your skivvies or boxers or brief or whatever surrounds you 'bits and pieces'." urged the BS.

"Before I drop the laundry clean up that last statement, you said you and the other BS were two of 3 identical trips and then you only address two, are you trying to BS the Ditch and me?" queried Norm Chompsky.

"Not at all my reluctant dropper of laundry, you must not have listened to the lyrics and counted the vocalists. My trip brothers and I were blind tight rope walkers but alas Vince Foster yur-Buti took a terrible fall, and Ron Brown yur-Buti and I thought it would be safer being blind patsies of the court. And so far, as of 25 February, 2001 it has been a good gig and the Southern District of NY pays the freight, so to speak."

"Enough drivel you pimped and short peckered sellout, half-mast the laundry or I call in Duke for some motivation therapy. As the BS hit the remote Duke barred his teeth and growled somewhat more fierce than Roy Orbison growled in Pretty Woman. As the two MIT brilliants dropped the laundry, Hamish noted they both had short peni and in both cases they appeared to be stain orange, he made those notes into his carnation microphone, which Chips acknowledge with a staccato vibration on his clipper cell.

"Genitalmen, as Hamish the Unready hangs a Brazilian nut cracker on each of your testicle sacks, let me give you the 'rules of engagement' in a more sportsmanlike manner than you worthless PFers will give Blue Air the rules of engagement at Amalgam Virgo. You will each answer 5 questions, the same question and the Brazilian Nutcracker dogs will bite your testicles slowly allowing you to restate your response if your memory gets redacted or mesmerized on the Patriots Giants game to be played over the Holiday period in 2007. If for any reason either of you try to 'whack off your dog' the Big Dog Duke will engage the first dog whacker and if necessary Diehard, a former SAS assassin will make short work of the 2nd dog whacker. Gentlemen, now that the BNs are attached here are the questions:

"Mr Chumsky, why is your penis orange?" asked the BS.

"The twin evils of global warming and insufficient vitamin B..oweeeeee. I meant I had a security briefing with the guard downstairs last night with a Deep Throat re-run.

"Mr Ditch, same question although I add small to the charge."

"I was at the movie also, and we had 3 bags of Cheetohs and some smoked oysters and things just, well, got out of hand, so to speak" replied the more learned Ditch.

"Second question, this time to Mr. Ditch. Are you aware of the fact that Raytheon has the largest fleet of serviceable A3 Skywarriors, and aircraft that is configured similar to the B757, at least to the sheeple of America in 2001?"

"No mister BS I have no knowledge of A3s...oweeee, call off the dog we did the mods at Loveland, Ft Collins, we flew em in at night, the teams did not cross talk, we put QRS 11s, uninterruptible autopilots, hardened wings, updated engines, and laser receiving weaponry on the 4 jets we modified or are currently modifying, so help my balls" blurted the suddenly retracted and sweating PFER, a disgraced former CIA thief.

"Mr. Gumpsky, same question." asked the suddenly emboldened interrogator of PRers.

"I do not find fault with Mr. Ditch's squealing, your blindness" wimpered cheesedick number two.

"Thank you Mr. Gnorsky, do you know who built the Gorelick wall and what part the conveniently pregnant Fargos Towncar played in that diversion of intel?"

"No your holiness and further I have no knowledge of..oweeee, call off the Brazilian Nutcrackers, Fargos Towncar helped Gorelick build the wall in the same manner that Janet Wino was such an embarrassment to Justice that DOJ, FBI and CIA started to doubt each other and were rendered tools of KMPG thru Marc Rich, Cocaine Cowboy and the same team that stuffed the coke in Titan chickens."

"And Mr. Ditch, do you opine similarly?" asked the tactician yur-Buti while he removed his dark glasses cleaned them, point to the clock on the wall and said, we need to wrap this up, please.

"4th question please Mr. Ditch, when Ron Brown, Vince Foster and Barry Seal all had unfortunate accidents, is there a common beneficiary to their untimely deaths?"

"Not that I can discern, your holiness.holy shit call off the dogs, of course it was the elitist families who stand behind the Shrubs and Rockfellars and if you need proof I have copy #3 of the Tamiami Trio, anything to get this dog off my pea sized nuts.." whined the modestly endowed and fully withdrawn nutless wonder.

"Mr. Guernsey, your response to question 4?" inquired the uncircumsized BS.

"Mr. Ditch has opined the essence of my redactable opinion as well and if this little canine clamping down on my mini-nuts would rather have some hamburger I could oblige, your Holiness."

"Okay you MIT back room boys, if your life and testicles depended on this answer, what single corporate entity is the head of the Octopus, and who is it's senior agent in North America?"

In unison, both nutless wonders blurted out "KPMG, Mo Strong and the Desmarais Dipshits."

"You may both pull up your drawers, but in the future if you are going to circle jerks with girly flicks, remember, the Cheetohs dye, orange number 7, lasts for 5 days, 2 servicings, or 12 taffy pulls. Plan according. You diminutive cheesedicks are dismissed."

As the BS removed his disguise, Butch lit up a camel as the 3 men and 4 dogs headed back to the freightliner. Crossing the street, Hamish's clipper deal went off and he thought, better this than my peni-cam.

"Fish, Hamish, normal two, mission complete MIT, out."

"Hamish, tell Chips to call on a landline or cel, change of plans, brief details, Hanscomb, Patrick AFB, Fox, no

readback due time, Fish out."

As Butch chain smoked her Chesterfield and Homi fired up the Freightliner, Chips said was that good or bad Hamish?"

"Both from your perspective, I opine, Boston's out, Hanscomb's in, we are off to Patrick AFB, Cocoa Beach FL, and Fox is back in the mix.

As Homi stuck it in 13th, Chips was thinking of sticking it also, as he fell asleep wondering if there could ever be [more love](#).