

Chapter 12: March 1-4, 2001

Able Danger Truth Testers Win Working Dog Competition, Patrick AFB



<http://www1.prweb.com/prfiles/2006/10/26/463629/GovernmentFuturesBruce.jpg>

Hunter enters four apparently-independent Able Danger truth-testing dog handling teams in the Central Florida Working Dog Competition at Patrick Air Force Base. Amelia uses Nortel's VoIP and the International Y2K Cooperation Center networks to issue encrypted invitations to over [100 Global Guardians](#) to serve as civilian or military guinea pigs. Many congenitally-successful liars show up, hoping to beat the cross-checked canine Polly Graff sniff test. Each PFER got three questions: 1. "Did you ever help someone obtain, retain, conceal or invest in a snuff film?" 2. "Are you a designer, user or beneficiary of KPMG's UN Oil-for-Food kickback tax shelters?" 3. "Do you have a password to 9/11 virtual war rooms and Nortel VoIP in the Pentagon?" The ADDH dog teams win tail down but the Hunters worry because the dogs refused to sniff Monica Lewinsky, the Clintons, Rudy Giuliani, Frank Carlucci, Jamie Gorelick, John Shalikashvili, Janet Reno, Maurice Strong and Bruce McConnell after Mlle Screut-Fait fainted near that part of the line up. Team charters A-3 Skywarrior to fly to Chapter 13.

[September 11, 2001 Nortel Networks EADS](#) to Redefine Telecommunications Alliance PARIS - European Aeronautic Defence and Space Company (EADS) and Nortel Networks* [NYSE/TSE: NT] agreements .. including the transfer to EADS Defence and Security Networks (EDSN) of Cogent* Defence Systems, a UK leader in defence and security telecommunications systems and currently a division of a Nortel Networks UK subsidiary, and the current German-based communication networks division of EADS, VEKN, which specialises in defence tactical networks .. also transfer to EDSN of M6500 PBX business from Matra Nortel Communications, a Nortel Networks subsidiary in which EADS is a shareholder. EDSN will assume responsibility for the M6500 product and technology, including its path to Internet Protocol (IP) telephony .. core technology at heart of EDSN security solutions .. EADS .. organisation, created in March 2001 to prepare [9/11 transfer of US sovereignty to UNEP and NATO's Partnership for Peace](#) defence and security markets.

Most Y2K planners are aware that Jan. 1 is no magic disaster date, and they fear a quiet weekend might leave the public with a false sense of security. "There is too much focus on New Year's weekend," said Bruce McConnell, director of the [International Y2K Cooperation Center](#). "If you think that the only time to worry about the Y2K bug is on Jan. 1, then you're underestimating the problem." .. New Year's Day weekend will be an important period for Y2K problems, and most major companies and government agencies will be watching their systems closely. Koskinen will be presiding over a \$50 million [KPMG tax shelter] crisis center built for this weekend .. poll, taken Dec. 15-19, 1,010 people most frequently mentioned concern over [sabotage of] the nation's power supply, followed by banking and financial services, the transportation system, phone systems and food distribution.

A military working dog team from the 21st Security Forces Squadron took top honors during the Central Florida Working Dog Competition at Patrick Air Force Base, March 1-4. Staff Sgt. Clint Reynolds and his dog, Gero, placed first in the obedience and handler protection events, and second in scouting .. participants from both military and civilian agencies, was the first for Reynolds and his Belgian-Malinois partner .. The obedience event

took place on an obstacle course. The dogs were rated on agility, negotiating obstacles and response to commands. Handler protection involved a highrisk traffic stop scenario where the K-9 team had to subdue two fleeing bank robbers who were firing blank pistol rounds. The team also placed second in the scouting event. "The scouting event tests your ability to search and clear a field tactically for one or more hidden suspects," said Reynolds .. The team had help from outside the K-9 section as well. Senior leadership made it possible for the wing to sponsor the team.

"How come so slow today Homi, not enough rest?" asked Hamish as he passed up a 12 inch BMT Subway [bet Marine triumphs?] with everything except onions and a double portion of enhanced pickles, the kind the Fox finds more satisfactory. I think that [satisfaction](#) can be achieved without Cheetohs or girly flicks if enough smoked oysters and Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters are ingested. That's why Fox calls me "Pinocchio the Loadmaster", world's greatest remover of thongs. I humbly accept her opinion. If someone wants to see a real campaign I would be willing to assist in a ticket with 2 solid names [top/bottom?] and if I were involved in a Campaign Run, red, white and blue thongs would be waved at every campaign stop, I opine laconically knowing fully well that most "Johnny Can't Read" Americans don't know what country Laconia is located in, but I digress while a nation of women undress. To this I do solemnly affirm, oops there is the turnoff to Hanscomb blinker on and stand on the airbrakes oh he who has a CDL."

At that moment the clipper deal went off and this brief transmission ensued, "Chips, Fish, plain language due ZOPR code Oscar, there is a Raytheon A3 sitting on the ramp and I have hooked up with the plane captain, he's tight with us, he says if you think you can fly it, it's fueled up and if you flash the brights he will have both engines running and the checklist done, how do you respond, Fish out?"

"Have the PC check the front of the Freightliner a half mile east of ops we see the whale, the lights are flashing, tell him the checklist are ok if he wants but we will be going anyway and tell him to keep my seat warm and hold the brakes, Diehard will kick the chocks, we will be Sky-High in 5, Chips out."

As Chips, Hamish and the three dogs crawled up the crew hatch just aft of the left seat, Diehard kicked out the chocks trusting that Chips visual 'hold the brakes' signal to the PC was seen and responded to appropriately. As the yellow wooden chocks went skidding across the ramp inside Chips told the PC "Explain it to me later Stone, thanks for keeping my seat warm, I've got the jet, go secure the hatch after Diehard gets in."

"He's in the dogs are aboard Hamish is looking nervous and I will have the hatch secure in 30 seconds, trust me." Replied Stone Kohl as the Raytheon A3 made a shrill noise as the power was brought up to 88% N1 and differential caused the nose to turn downwind so the jet would be into the wind for takeoff. As the young Mini-me sat on the 3rd seat in the cockpit Chips pointed to the right seat and said hop in, strap in and hang on as he clobbered the power on the recently modified Loveland 'lovemonster' as he named it between 60 and 100 knots on takeoff roll. As the nose wheel lifted and started making a noisy vibration Chips gave Stone a thumbs up and the tri-cycle gear was retracted. Next Chips gave the flaps up signal as he pushed forward on the yoke to reduce AOA, with the engines at Max and with a clean wing the Skywarrior flew at treetop level at 360KIAS until coasting out and then turned to due south, and descended to approximately 20 feet above sea level, a maneuver that Chips had used when he borrowed a Boeing B52 once.



"Chips, not to pester you but 2 questions, I didn't hear you talk to anyone and how much experience do you have in A3 Skywarriors, it seems you are master of this whale as your VVI indicates you have zero vertical velocity 20 feet above the ocean and what appears to be 20 knots over Vne?"

"If you borrow someone's jet there is no need to talk to ATC as you are already criminal, regarding A3s, last experience at Midway Island, Oct 1974, and the vertical velocity is nothing, I bet I could fly an [Israeli F16I](#) right up to the open ramp and door of a C130, get it filmed and get back to drinking beer within 20 minutes of the camera work, no problem. In fact, if the PFers whose A3 we just ripped off would invite me to come to Tel Aviv, I could squeeze it in in December, 2007 as I will be outside RICO on 2 missions anyway."

As the revitalized Skywarrior was heading down south at .6 IMN 20 miles east of the east coast Hamish asked "anyone hungry?" as he displayed 6 foot long subs and a cooler filled with GWBs.

"Ughh" responded Diehard, a man of few words but many weapons as he pointed to his ass and then his teeth, indicating to Hamish he wanted his usual, a BM-T with no onions and enhanced pickles. As Hamish removed the onions and borrowed pickles from a turkey on white he opined "you are what you eat" indicating the turkey on white would be given first to a PFER, none present, or go to the dogs, such as our DOJ did during the KMPG influenced years 1993-2001.

"Whatever's left" said the laconic thongmaster slamming the sausage to this old A3 recently borrowed from the TFed PFers.

"Doesn't matter, whatever no one else wants" chimed in Mini-Me as he tried to figure out how long it would take for his dad to have to take a whiz if he kept putting Grolsch wide-bodies on the middle console.

"That was an academic question only, and you both did well, for you see, all remaining subs are tuna so we all will have tuna" Hamish opined as he passed forward two foot longs and Chips became a half a foot longer as his mind raced to a running fox, in this case, also a cunning fox. Where as Chips was known to be a cunning linguist as his ability to speak Navajo was something the US DoD was not officially aware of, although Fish and other members of ADuc [Able Danger, under cover] were well aware of it. As the periscope went down and he could finally become erect without the others "seeing" what was on his mind he Chips said "Stone she's all yours hold what you got and remember, autopilots are for sissies and PFers planning to use Uninterruptible Autopilots and QRS11 to kill 3000 innocents this September if we cannot get the message across that KPMG and their clients are toast." As he left his seat the airplane PIOed just a little as Mini-me got his sea legs, so to speak.



As Chips pulled out his ample hose he had to figure out whether to use the potty, the relief tube or something they'd never expect. He reached in his beer bag of tricks and got a photo of the 4 guys who made the Secure Telephony available and put their picture in a 5# coffee can and applied a steady stream until they were submerged and his bladder had delivered it's secondary issue all over those 4 PFers, at least their photo. Ah, he thought, now if only the Fox was here and we had a CRF.

As he crawled back into the left seat HF#3 sel-called them and so Chips said "Hamish, it's for you, I'm listening in and watch Mini-me show the PFers how easy it is to fly if you know what your doing and have nuts the size of grapefruits, of course the PFers would have no reason to have that thought cross their radar."

"Fish, Hamish, flaming red, Foggy Dew, will that work?"

"Works for me, brief message, BA7 is in visual trail, can he 'come aboard' take the lead, and drop you on the VASIs?" As Hamish went backwards and forwards Chips picked up the mic and told Fish "Charlie-charlie, tell 7 he's got the lead on the left when his in within view, we will meet him on 123.45 and we will be Romeo Tango 3, Chips out.

"Fish out"

As Chips signaled Stone that daddy would fly, a 2 seat F18 pulled up on the left and visual exchanges indicated

Chips was -2 and 7 was the lead, but punctuated with slight rolling inputs. Chips touched his lips and made a V sign which prompted:

"Romeo Tango, do you read Wedge 7?"

"Charlie, you got the lead, drop me on the vasi, zipper" indicating that would be the last transmission from either jet until 7 dropped Chips on the VASIs at Patrick AFB, Cocoa beach, now coming into view. At three miles from touchdown 7 and RT both saw 3 flashes of a green light from Patrick Tower, and not one corrupted by Willie Cards murderers, I would laconically opine. As 7 pointed at the VASIs, Chips kissed em off and the two seater lite the burners, rotated up 10 degrees, did a victory roll, the a square turn to vertical as vapor clouded the jet in "smoke".

As a black 1996 limo popped it's trunk a mediterrean beauty lifted a four pack of GWB into plain view so Chips would know where to stick his nose, i.e. the nose of the recently converted weapon to evidence in advance. As he killed the JT8D like turbo jets like the ones that left some evidence at Wedge one Mini-me said "shall I run the checklist before you run the fox, oh master of all things aeronautical or seafood like?"

"No Stone, that's just what they'd expect us to do."

"Exactly" mimicked the heir to the 401K, and the limo, and anybeer left in the secret fridge if and when his dad croaks. From out of the 'party center' of the Limo Fish emerged and threw the keys to Stone, "It's idling, the a/c is at 69, follow the air police vehicle that will take the lead on the left 30 seconds after the doors are closed, all dogs and handlers will be with Fox in the back, when we get to the doggy show, turn on the red lights behind the grille, which also triggers red backups and when the Wing Commander comes to open your dad's door, stay in the car with your 40 caliber ready if needed. Questions?"

"None"

Chips had just finished a quick GWB and gotten a 'flash of tangerine' as the goofy Wing Commander opened the right rear door and greeted "Team Hooligan, a formerly unannounced addition to the Doggy Deal. As he and Tangerine stepped onto the tarmac it seemed almost like Jackie O and Aristotle, with a gender swap, causing Chips to mentally plan swapping some gender specific heavenly bodily fluids 5 minutes after the door closes on this chapter. Mille S-F seemed to pick up a scent indicating that a maytag may be sudsing nearby.

"Colonel Hunter, welcome to Patrick and we will be ready for the demonstration in 10 minutes, is there anything you require?"

"I need to Dollie down an untarped load as the Over The Road truckers would say, but that can wait until the EOPS and Smoked Oysters restore my Mojo." whispered the dog whisperer as he saw visual indication that the Commander enjoyed Cheetos. "Oh Captain Tunesmith, can we replay April Stevens song Teach Me Tiger followed by Stay Awhile?" requested a quivering Fox who was causing Mille S-F to get into form for the upcoming drill, pardon my choice of verb.



As Diehard handled Mille S-F, Hamish took the leash of Paul E. Graff and Chips had the Polly Graff, who apparently in heat, judging from Milles low growl and Paul E's. mini-periscope.

"Hamish go active with Amelia, hook her up to my Jonas implant listening device, Fish prepare "Panda" for a surprise ending, Stone use will yelp, wail and siren as briefed we will extract 3 minutes after Mlle 'rolls over', Chips out." Hamish went active and could see from the bulge in Chips' trousers that the Jonas implant was at about 60%, making Chips limp just a little and Fox suds all the more, bring Mlle S-F into 'terror condition orange' as her doggie vision could not differentiate between tangerine and orange as easily as her SNIPHer could easily sort semen, cheetos or the scent of a woman, even better than movie star leading males, and even though she was only a dog, she had seen that Chips didn't need a walking stick to sort warm and willing woman, he had a Pinocchio Pole that was legendary. In fact, one pleased Oyster recipient was quoted as saying he was "The Penis Mightier than the Sword" which was a misquote as she left out a space in the second 2 words, 'Penis' should be 'Pen is'. One might opine with much laconicness that by Erektion '08' every woman on the planet will know exactly who Captain Hunter is and the cross dressing PFER will be referred to as "Rudy who?" after his campaign aborts in Fargo in November, 07, the Hospital in St Louis in December 07, and the Campaign worker PayCuts in January 08 as his workers learn Proverb 1:7 from www.usdoj.gr Slow learners these politicians who are revealed as criminals, but alas I digress.

"Amelia, Chips position and head count."

"O Club bar, 'all call' except the short peckered PFER in China."

Two clicks on his Jonas and Amelia knew it was time to have Teddy the bar tender mix a BSM in the 1 gallon pail, using only Bombay Sapphire and vermouth soaked olives. Teddy had put the BS in the freezer to make it gel a little, just as Fox was sudsing a little as she anticipated an all-nighter 5 minutes after the first of 2 debriefings.

As a military band played pomp and circumstance the emcee announced, "all military dog teams are dismissed to the crowd while a 4 dog team from the Hooligans of the North Dakota ANG demonstrate some previously unknown technology known as SNIPHer, Standard Navy Intelligence Profile-Human. We will now have the ladies and gentlemen of Team Global to please stand for the demonstration of SNIPHer as the representative of Team Hooligan reads three questions to all the men and women simultaneously and then demonstrates their ability to discriminate honesty based solely on aromatic output, if you pick up what I'm laying down" Fish announced while Panda remained out of sight in a mutual support role, doggy style.

The men were arranged from shortest to least short thusly: Gen Shaliscashvc, BM, FC, cross dressing quitter, gadget bent and similarly the short to ladies included in this order Moniker the Stain, Wellesley, Gorilla Wall, and Jarnut Wino.

"Ladies and gentlemen in the competition, three short questions:

1) Did you ever obtain, retain, conceal or invest in a snuff film? Answer as the 3 dog team stands before you:

Gen S: negative, Mlle S-F growls, Paul E. Graff marks leg; BM, not that I recall, Mlle S-F growls, Paul E. Graff marks leg; FC, who you looking at, no Mlle growls very loud and Diehard grabs man's testicals and crushes a little as Paul E. marks the liar; RG, no of course not, as Mlle point tail to left, then right indicating lying cross dresser; gadget bent, I take the 5th, Mlle indicates she smells Cheetos and Paul E. marks.

2) Are you a designer, user or beneficiary of KMPG's UN Oil-for-Food kickback tax shelters? Same results for all men, they all get nervous and lie, and get pissed on, a brief recess is taken so Paul E Graff can ingest a 16 ounce Grolsch as we all know beer is known as the P Tax as you spend money on something you use and lose very fast, Beer, therefore is similar to the IRS, which will go away when Paul E. gets done pissing on em, oh, here he comes now.

3) Do you have a password to 9/11 virtual war rooms and Nortel VoIP in the Pentagon? Once again all men except CDQ lied and got pissed on. CDQ passed out, as his corset was too tight. Paul E. saw that CDQ had pissed on himself so he left his signature in a manner that made some lipstick and eye shadow run, or to talk fighter pilot talk, he "watered his eyes". The remaining men were allow to take their seats for the BVR round. It had been determined that in deference to courtesy the ladies questions would be scent checked from Beyond Visual Range,

BVR. Ask any real fighter pilots, not candy asses like those Hollywood puts out.

"Ladies, you have heard the questions, when the team is 'in your face' please respond and you will be analysed with BVR technology.

1) How do you each respond to question one, Moniker Stain: please repeat the question, Mlle S-F detected insufficient smarts to be judged and she was dismissed from further questions, and rejoined gadget bent, inadvertently sitting on his inert lap. As Mlle S-F approached the remaining three sampling BVRs and getting nervous then growled a triple volume, wolf like growl and rolled over on her back, which is a signal that she detected no semen, no cheetos, but something so offensive it violated the PETA addendum to the Geneva Convention so as lead SNIPHer, she called off her dogs, Diehard gave a grunt like whistle and Panda joined the pack as Hamish, Diehard, Fox and Fish headed to the recently lit up 1996 black limousine as Captain Pinocchio addressed the crowd, and as EMT's tried to determine the gender of whatever it was that fainted.

"We of Dog Team 178 of Fargo thank you for the opportunity to display our technologies, but we have just been Clipped to the Officers Club for a Victory Party involving BSMS, Thongs, Smoked Oysters and Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters. That is all, you are all free to get up and move about the dogshow.

As the 1996 Limo came into the Hangar to retrieve Chips, everyone except Fox and Chips rode 'up front' so Fox could re-Thong from tangerine to purple, with a [stern shot](#) in between. Towards the end of this song it is widely rumored that a demure Greek beauty purred like a kitten as Marvin Gaye sang and the Thong monster taught Fox the difference between a low penetration and a high penetration, something pilots all learn at jet training. And if you can't be a jet pilot you can always be a lawyer, if you like Cheetos..

Take it away [Marvin Gaye](#) while the well oystered F8 Crusader dishes out some explosive punishment to a red hot tail pipe..that is all he thought as he helped his ample and well ammoed self out of a mauve Rumpmaster Slingshot.