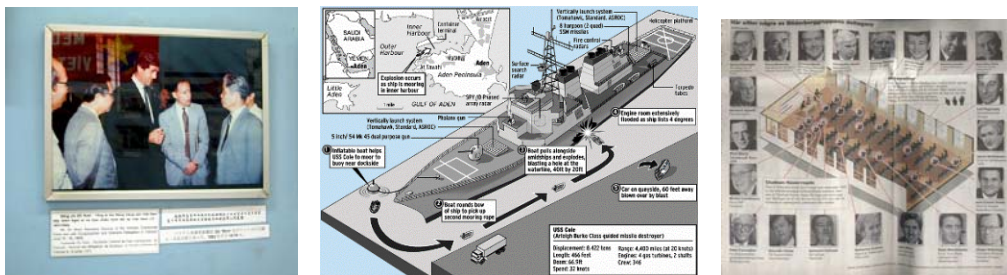


# Chapter 16: May 24 -27, 2001 "McCain Slew Abel (Danger)"

Bilderberg McCain and Agent Kerry Hit Fighting Brothers in Vietnam, USS Cole



<http://www.wintersoldier.com/graphics/image003.jpg>

<http://www.navylanterns.com/wclinbig.gif>

<http://www.bilderberg.org/BILDSWED.JPG>

*Hamish suggests Admiral "Slew" McCain and later his presidential-candidate son John, used John Kerry to arrange sophisticated U.S. Navy contract hits on their fighting or intelligence gathering brothers (Abels) in Vietnam, USS Cole (Aden Harbour) and Bilderberg- sponsored upcoming NATO/NORAD war games. Hunter flies Kerry to Sweden, dons his BS uniform and tracks bribes and orders which might kill Fish or Henry Shelton's Able Danger military counter-intelligence team. Screu-Fait and BEAGLE guide dogs sniff out a KPMG tax-sheltered killing field conspiracy between McCain, Bilderberg Oil-for-Food banks, UBS, Council on Foreign Relations, U.S. Senate Intelligence Committee, NATO Secretary General and Yasser Arafat's bagman.*

**THE NEW GLOBAL ORDER** The next Bilderberg meeting Secret roster, agenda for Washington conference  
Posted: October 12, 1999 1:00 a.m. Eastern © 1999 WorldNetDaily.com The secretive Bilderberg society, a group some believe conspires semi-annually to foster global government, will hold a steering committee meeting in Washington next month The Nov. 4-5 conference, featuring invited guests such as [Vice President Al Gore](#) and [presidential candidate John McCain](#) is scheduled for the Library of Congress in the nation's capital sponsored by American Friends of Bilderberg.

24-27 May 2001 BILDERBERG MEETING Stenungsund, Sweden [PARTIAL LIST OF PARTICIPANTS](#)

USA. Allaire, Paul A. - Chairman, Xerox Corp.; CFR  
CDN. Black, Conrad M. - Canada, Chairman Hollinger International, Inc.  
F. Collomb, Bertrand - Chairman of Hillary at Lafarge; Director KPMG client Total S.A.  
USA. Dam, Kenneth S. - KPMG client, US Department of the Treasury; CFR  
USA. Dodd, Christopher J. - Senator (D), CFR  
USA. Hagel, Chuck - Senator, Republican, Nebraska  
USA. Kissinger, Henry A. - Former Secretary of State; CFR  
F. Levy-Lang, Andre - Former Chairman, KPMG client, Oil-for-Food scam Paribas,  
INT. Monti, Mario - European Commissioner for Competition (KPMG tax shelters)  
USA. Moskow, Michael H. - President, Federal Reserve Bank Chicago; CFR  
ISR. Nashashibi, Mohammed - Arab League bagman for Yasser Arafat  
CH. Ospel, Marcel - President of KPMG client and UNEP Signatory UBS (\$ 1.1 Trillion)  
INT. Robertson, George - Secretary General, NATO,  
USA. Rockefeller, David - Honorary Chairman Trilateral Commission; CFR  
GB. Roll, Eric - Senior Adviser, UBS Warburg Ltd,  
F. Trichet, Jean-Claude - Governor, Banque de France

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As the agent handed the final paper work to SAS 69 to the Captain he said to the Nordic beauty, "You can close D3 and we will be out of the blocks 10 early, nice job."

As the SAS agent left the Captain could not help but notice she had very nice VPLs, but certainly not in league with the Fox who was working as position 2 in the First Class cabin. The captain was a late replacement for an SAS crewmember who called in sick at the last moment claiming a 'vision problem', he could not see coming to work.

Fortunately, for all, the Thongmaster was available and free of distractions, other than the well equipped and willing Greek Goddess presently serving First Class suspects in Business Coach.

She had a real time transmitter positioned in bay 1 of her 40D Bra and so if she spoke and held her lips near her ample bosom those in her sphere of influence would hear, real time, her conversations. She noticed the passenger in 4F was John Carey-Hines and she spent a lot of time in that sub-section of her turf, not to be confused with her muff [ Mossad uncovers false flaggers ] section that only the Thongmaster would gain access to, over and over again.

As the final paper work was done and the SAS agent left the French pig, the engines were brought to life, the tug was dispatched and SAS 69 taxiied downwind so as to takeoff into the wind, much like the 707 in this song by [Gordon Lightfoot](#), my Canadian brother:

As SAS 69 leveled off in cruise at FL300 the erect and loquacious Captain Laconica opined thusly, "You are free to get up and move about the cabin, in fact in as much as this is a Part 135 charter do what you want, it is your deal for a while, just as in 1969 it was [Tricia's deal](#) that her father was "everybody's Daddy for a while" as the now fully erect stallion left slave's quarter in the good hands of two Nordic lads, Hjalmer and Selmer, both excellent downhill skiers and consumers of seafood, which brought back a pleasant thought as the cockpit egressing forensic economist got a brief flash of 'lime sherbet' as he passed the Fox who was seated next to Target One, King Ketchup. So as to look 'Captainly' Chips did not beat the slimeball with the \$500 haircut into a puddle.

As Captain America wandered the First Class cabin he noticed Hanoi Jane, disposable plaything to the Buffalo of the Board at VNN, as she was trying to generate some interest from any male who could still function, however due to the ravages of time none of the men had much time for her ancient and meager offerings. An openly gay Flight Attendant from coach did make a kind comment regarding her hair and jewelry, however. As he continued 'operation first sweep' he noticed a 'deer in the headlights' reaction from a man his age seated next to Hines Ward and the 'deer' had a USNA '71 ring on his right ring finger, it would have gone unnoticed had he not been picking his nose with his right index finger, apparently digging for diamonds, as it were.

Continuing into the coach section he noticed Li and Amelia were both engaged in fairly intense conversations, Li with a Syrian gentleman in 14 C/D and Amelia with two ladies from Holland in 15 C/D/E. He smiled as they made brief and uncommitting eye contact seeing that both ladies had the "carnation cams" following the conversations being recorded into their TFBLDs sporting the hyper sensitive tin foil antenna that allowed remoting, recording and downlinking their conversations. [Tin Foil Broccoli listening device] Those conversations were being 'lurked' by MacDill, Alice Springs/Orange Grove and Fish in Wedge 1. As Captain Intel Sweep passed a lady heading to the biffy he noticed she had a wedgie but his mind was on his mission and also the Fox's central feature, something she is presently sitting on next to Hanoi JF.

As he passed the mid-cabin blue room on the aircraft-right side, he heard a 'pounding' sound coming from behind the closed door but his question was answered as a short man with cheetos stains on BOTH hands limped out of the lou with a frustrated look on his face. Chips thought that if America found out the relationship between this USNA '58 hothead and the [Bildergroup](#) his political career would end as abruptly as his flying career when his A4 Skyhawk was assailed by a Russian sam early in the IOF corrupted US War in VietNam, what a waste of lives. Captain Marine Corps suddenly became motivated and focused and came up with a plan which he shared with

Amelia, Fox, Li, Hjalmer and Selmer. While briefing the three ladies he was clipped to Fish in wedge one as he briefed them thusly. "Fish, Chips, support please. It is 2330 local and SAS69 is at FL330 approaching some thunderstorms on the south side of our track, please have SOC acars me a message saying this "SOC has detected an electrical anomaly, plz cycle both IDGs off at the same time with the RAT and Emergency power disabled, how copy Fish?"

"Got it all Chips, what's the strategy?"

"Gut check the PFers, I see two sissies and want to 'leak check' for more, Chips out, do it at 2337." Chips described to the 3 ladies that he would steer towards the towering Cu and then the jet would go dark, oscillate in pitch, roll and yaw for 10 seconds, then calm down and the lights would come on. "Take your carnation to shorty Li, and Fox go ask Hines 57 if he wants another Shirley Temple, lights out in 3 minutes. See ya."



Chips reentered the cockpit the two FOs were pulling an ACARS from SOC off the printer as the very bonable Fox slithered up to the Snake now in 4F and ask Henry Haircut if he'd like a 14th Shirley Temple.

"Why not, after all I am not driving and I am not at Chappaquiddick, what's your name sugar britches, men know me as Captain PBR [ pabst blue ribbon? ] but ladies as fine as yourself call me "Tiger", wanna step into the First Class lou...ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh?"

In the darkened cabin, in the suddenly unstable A330-300, Tiger caused the smell of fresh sissy urine to be noticeable in the first 8 rows.

Fox responded to Mr. Bladder failure "If I were to wish to sit on a Tiger Pole it would be wet with pre-ejac, not urine." As the lights came on she continued "I see the orange color on your right hand would you like me to bring you a pre-moistened towelette?" just as Captain TF came out of the slave's quarters to address his CAPTIVE audience and caused the Fox to become pre-moistened as well.

On the PA Captain Everhard opined thusly in a laconic format "Ladies and Germs, I apologize for any concerns that the recent darkening of the cabin and oscillations in three axis' may have caused, we took a lightening strike to the radome which kicked the electrical system into a confused state. While my two very capable FOS deftly steer this French built pig away from the towering Cu, my onboard electrical asset and myself will decend into the bowels of this widebody and ensure the "lightening rod is erect, you are free to move about the cabin while shorty and hines change their boxer shorts, with oranges stains and fresh sissy urine. Grabbing the hand of Fox he raised his voice and said "Monica, do you have your tool bag?"

"Such is the case oh Captain America on this Swiss 69 aboard a French pig, shall we get down to business in the 'electrical compartment below' as she grabbed a bag containing 6 tins of Smoked Oysters, 2 spare extend-o-peters,

and some electrical tape.

As the descending on the dumb waiter down to the crew rest facility Chips asked Fox, "Why the electrical tape oh she who causes electricity like ejaculations?"

"I need to tape my mouth shut and breathe through my nose as those EOPs I slipped you 30 minutes ago where the 3 horsepower models, not the normal one horse, so when you explode into my oyster net I do want to scream so loud it vibrates the tail off this French pig" she whinnied.

As the quickly de-thonged double breasted mattress thrasher climbed into the top bunk, Captain Careful breathed through his nose for two minutes, much to the pleasure of the Greek Gyro and then he climbed a little higher yet, if you know where my head's at.

Two hours later, just prior to 'oyster transfer' Chip's plastic tuna Clipper deal went off, as did she, and then he, in that gentlemanly order.

"Chips here, go ahead as he handed the cucumber to peek-a-boo, what's up besides my PRTC?"

"Hamish forwards following: It appears Slew-ball, his short son, and Howdy Doody Haircut all are or were involved in "slew abels, in VN and to this current day, The are tight will Bill Derberger and it appears Bill, Howdy, and son of slew are planning for September 10th, and if the powerbrokers in USA don't hand the keys to the Oldsmobile to the SLFFs [ glossary ] there will be a 4 smack whack the following day. Acars coming in five with shopping list for the gated meeting, how copy?"

"5 by 5, partner, gotta get back in the saddle as the batteries are fading in the cuke, confirm son of slew, Bill Derberg, Oil for food banks, UBS, CFR, USSIC, NATO and Yasser's bagman are central?"

"Charlie, Fish out"

"Charlie, Charlie Chips in when cucumbers, out." As Fox presented herself in 'poodle position' Chips drove home the message, but not in French.

As the A330 was chocked, Captain see ya spoke thusly, "Nice working with you kids, gotta run." As he left the slave's quarters engines running he picked up the PA as asked the PFers "as a courtesy to 4 passengers with disabilities would you smug MFers who wish to TOPOFF an Eagle please remain seated until Elvis and the Jordanaires have left the Building" as Li, Amelia, a recently rethonged Fox and Hamish followed Elvis into the jetway, down the secure ladder and into a 1996 black limousine, with the trunk coming open. "For security purposes Stone please repair to the party section with Li, Amelia and Hamish while I drive for the third time in this chapter."



**As the cruise control was engaged at 75 mph Chips played the Global Guardian Ode to Cheetos as the Fox got a taste of Pinocchio.**

**As the exit from the motorway "PFer meeting, turn right" came into view Chips turned off the cruise control as Fox swallowed hard, knowing what lies ahead; her. The limo pulled up to the gated meeting location 4 hours early and drove to the gate guard shack in a single lane opening guarded by UN, Swedish, and Blackwater pawns. Chips notice the DHL truck parked nearby with the left blinker on. As two menacing super ferries lowered their weapons and approached the vehicle they asked in Swedish who was in the limo. Fox, master of 12 languages, one being the language of love replied, we are with the CFR canine security unit, we do not need to do a canine sweep for another hour or two but we came to pickup a gentleman on loan from MI6, a John Diehard, and he should have with him 4 service dogs, one being a chain smoking bitch beagle in a blue bandana. As the Swiss fellow pointed to the DHL van, Diehard led the 4 cannines to the limosine, Beagle bitch, code name Dyke, chain-smoking and crop dusting all the way.**

**"Here is your security pass for this vehicle alone for the security sweep, see you in an hour or so," replied the Swiss guy in German.**

**"Danke" replied the multi-fluent and highly libidoed DBMT as the Swiss guy look down her sweater. It was a two pronged visual Captain Periscope caught a glimpse of lavender.**



**Pardon the huge size, this could have been a spinnaker on the Santa Maria and the pilgrims would have gotten to Plymouth Rock two weeks ahead of schedule. A tip of the sword to Janet Wino for contributing to our efforts to drain the swamp at Justice.**

**As Diehard and the dogs sat on the floor Diehard passed around bones and helped himself to 6 pounds of tiger meat as Chips was thinking of a bone of his own simultaneous to Fox's thoughts regarding tip of the sword, she preferred the 'purple tipped red champion'.**

**At the hotel Stone Kohl said, "Get to your rooms, freshen up clipper up, and the limo leaves in 45 minutes. All nodded except Diehard, whose grunt smelled of lean ground beef, and a wintergreen altoid. The dog led the parade into the hotel lobby where Spanner was waiting with the keys. The hotel staff objected to the dogs but Spanner fixed that up, in Dutch. As the big dogs were sniffing for explosives, Dyke the beagle bitch emitted a little doggy rip to sweeten the air, the flatus contained a small hint of tobacco.**

**As everyone assembled back at the limo Spanner handed them the briefing items and shopping list. Each unit had a specific human target and one or more 'items of interest' to phish for. The briefing was rebriefed enroute while Diehard and the 4 canine units stay 'out of view' in the empty trunk, empty except for a gross of thongs in fall pastels, an emergency case of Grolsch, two cases of Chicken of the Sea Smoked Oysters and D cel batteries for the Bone a Phone and Cucumber items provided by Q of MI3.**

**As they approached the Swiss Guard station and handed in their vehicle pass, the UN guy handed them a red pass indicating 'secure vehicle' even though the guards new nothing of the vehicle, those in the vehicle or the mission of the vehicle.**

**"Did you leave the dumb fellow behind" joked the Blackwater dropout.**

**"If you wish to ask him his in the trunk, he hasn't crushed any nuts today so shall I pop the trunk lid for you?" replied Stone Kohl in a menacing fashion.**

**"Actually, you are holding up traffic, and Mr Rockefeller is behind you, please drive forward" came the chicken shit reply.**

**As Stone parked the 22 foot land yacht in a disabled parking spot the canine 'sweepers' swept the two floors of the entire building and Spanner dropped a floater in the middle stall of the men's room nearest the board meeting room. They reassembled as Obama Sheikh yur-Buti walked blindly by his team-mates and sat harmless on a chair**

listening to his iPod and getting to watch for the possibility that Rockyfellar and Haircut Hines might go into the men's room for a leadership briefing. All other assets 'mingled, while yur-Buti deployed his prayer rug and faced south, if he faced east, even PFers could tell he was not blind.

After 20 or so minutes 'Operation Final Blow' seemed possible as David 'Twinky' Rfellar and Tiger fresh urine walked into the mens room, and 30 seconds later an apparent janitor, an L Craig from Idaho parked a mop and bucket at the door, hung a bathroom closed for cleaning sign on the door and swished in. In his floating listening device [ FLD ] he picked up the three sounds he needed to go in, Twinky saying "I'll pass the plan thru to you as soon as stinker in the middle is done."

"Roger that little daddy, hey courtesy flush in pod 2 please" as a \$500 hair-do was absorbing MI3 flato-reek condition 9.

"Sorry chaps, it seems someone has disabled the flush feature and now you have a double spanner gracing pod two" as he tapped both feet hoping he could arrange the three pronged taffy pull.

Knowing the window of opportunity was short yur-Buti and Dyke walked into flatus condition 9 and thinking he might get caught and sent back to Idaho the Craig monster scrambled out the door faster than Giuliani's campaign staff bolted. Thinking they were alone in pods 1 and 3 grandpa shoved the briefing guide into pod 2 where a lightening fast Dyke snapped it up like a rabbit and bolted toward the limo as yur-Buti raced along behind, pushing the "emergency all call-abort-egress button on his Bone-a-phone. Stone got the message and pulled up to the front door as Amelia, Li, Fox, Hamish and Diehard did a 5 door entry and the 4 dogs leaped into the trunk and started sniphing thongs, disappointed they were new.

As Chips cracked a GWB, Fox cracked a smile, a lemon colored smile, as Stone handed their secure pass to the Blackwater asset. "By the way, who are you guys" he asked as Stone hit the 'nitrous' switch.

"I'm Butch Cassidy and the others are Sundance Security, gotta so sniff somewhere else pardner," he replied as he hit the 'stall converter 3000' switch, stood on the foot feed and then hit the nitrous.

"Why the emergency egress little brother" Amelia asked.

"Dyke and Sheikh TFed 1 and 2 and Fox will hand you the entire plan for Amalgam Virgo, and beyond." At that great news more GWBs were cracked, Amelia poured a BSM with Claussen dill spear and garlic stuffed olive, and a blind lemon wished to [come into the light](#).

