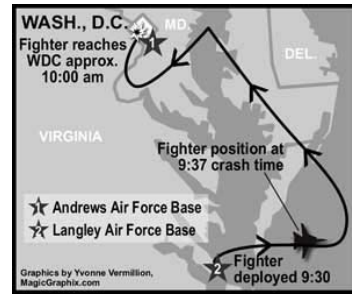
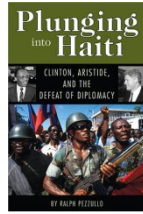


Chapter 24: August-September - Strong CIDA, Weak Langley

Voodoo Rats and Clinton's Underwear Expose Tomoye Plan to Destroy America



<http://www.alohastone.com/wp-content/uploads/herorat2.jpg>

http://ecx.images-amazon.com/images/I/51ZEZW188KL_AA240.jpg

<http://aftermathnews.files.wordpress.com/2006/08/mauricestrong.jpg>

http://www.cooperativeresearch.org/events-images/313_langley_route2050081722-9074.jpg

The Hero Rats, Dyke the Chesterfield-smoking Beagle, Le Marquis de Cartier and his bodyguard Big John, disguised respectively as Jean Bertrand Aristide, the defrocked Haitian voodoo priest accompanied by his lobbyist Fred Thompson, infiltrate Maurice Strong's 9/11 war rooms in Gatineau, Quebec. They find themselves in a top secret Canadian International Development Agency command bunker deep below the Transportation Safety Board offices at 200 Promenade du Portage . They get by the guards by posing as Tomoye Guerrilla Knowledge Managers and exposing a flash of Bill Clinton's pre-election underwear. M.C. asks Strong if the U.N. has developed any arbitrage investment opportunities in Haiti for example by selling sex tours to pedophile politicians while buying [snuff films of political prisoners](#) being killed for future leverage. Strong says no but Dyke thinks he's lying. AD team watches Strong's Lockheed Martin C4ISR contractors order Langley Air Force Base to send two-thirds of the 27th Fighter Squadron overseas to Iceland and Turkey. MdeC asks Strong, "Are you planning to destroy the rich industrialized countries, especially America" Strong says yes; this time Dyke thinks he is telling the truth.

"Acting on the advice of a "houngan" or sorcerer, [voodoo priest] supplied by then-exiled President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, Clinton did not change his underwear the last week of the 1992 campaign, voodoo practitioners say." An article of clothing, in this case, [Clinton's underwear, is needed](#) so it could be used for a 'full week cycle' to be completed. Only underwear could be used; no one can see the clothing being used in this manner. Shirts and any other piece of garment can be seen. This kind of witchcraft is know as "Sympathetic Witchcraft Magick." "The same houngan also cast a "malediction " on President Bush by manipulating a doll made in the president's image, goes the story. The torment climaxed when the houngan caused Bush's projectile vomit into the lap of the Japanese prime minister as the world press looked on, disgracing him with the public. [1992]" Malediction is "Jutu" in Swahili, and means "bad or evil magic". This word originated in the original Ashanti tribe, a term from the original Swahili. If a voodoo doll were constructed and used properly, President Bush could have been forced to vomit like he did. Bush would have been under a strong voodoo curse. "Those and other bizarre stories were being told the Haitian people through the Lavalassien, a newspaper published by Aristide's ruling Lavalas party. They were written by the Rev. Gerard Jean-Juste, who was a priest in Aristide's entourage. The Rev. Gerard claimed that Aristide had developed a powerful grip on Clinton's psyche [spirit] through the power of voodoo."

And also [CIDA is] financing fake NGOs that are supposedly working on human rights but [really are working as police informants](#) and also, for instance, cooking up fake information about Yvon Neptune, who is the legal Prime Minister who has been in jail for a year. And now, this organization, this NCHR, that CIDA has provided \$100,000 to cook up information to put Prime Minister Neptune in jail, has been so discovered to be a fake organization, that

its parent organization in the United States has asked them to change their name, to no longer use the acronym NCHR, which they have done a few weeks ago. So we're going to denounce the work of CIDA, the use of our tax money to participate in illegal activities in Haiti.

He is a huge political donor, not just here in Canada, but to both the Republican and Democratic parties in the U.S. as well. At age 29, he became president of Power Corporation, fusing his destiny to Canada's wealthiest and most influential families - including Paul Martin Sr. and Jr., now heir apparent to the prime minister. Strong hired Paul Jr. to work for him during a vacation from university. "We controlled many companies, controlled political budgets," Strong said of his time at Power Corporation. "Politicians got to know you and you them." ... He hobnobs with the world's royalty, too - and with dictators and despots. He once did a business deal with arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi, and wound up with a 200,000-acre ranch in Colorado - which his wife, Hanne, runs as a New Age spiritual colony. He told Maclean's magazine in 1976 that he was "a socialist in ideology, a capitalist in methodology." He warns that if we don't heed his environmentalist warnings, the Earth will collapse into chaos .. Strong prefers power extracted from democracies, and kept from unenlightened voters. Most power-crazed men would stop at calling for a one world Earth Charter to replace the U.S. Constitution, or the UN Charter. But in an interview with his own Earth Charter Commission, Strong said "the real goal of the Earth Charter is it will in fact become like the Ten Commandments. It will become a symbol of the aspirations and commitments of people everywhere." .. There has been no one like Maurice Strong before, except perhaps in fiction - Ernst Blofeld comes to mind, 007's round-faced nemesis in You Only Live Twice. But Blofeld sought to attack the world order, to challenge it from some remote hideaway - not to co-opt it, and transform it from the inside as Strong does. Blofeld would threaten a meeting of the UN; Strong would chair the meeting and script its agenda. Strangely, Strong once indulged his inner Blofeld, musing to a stunned reporter about a violent plot to take over the world through one of his many super-organizations. In 1990, Strong told a reporter a fantasy scenario for the World Economic Forum meeting in Davos, Switzerland - where 1,000 diplomats, CEOs and politicians gather "to address global issues." Strong, naturally, is on the board of the World Economic Forum. "What if a small group of these world leaders were to conclude the principal risk to the earth comes from the actions of the rich countries?... In order to save the planet, the group decides: Isn't the only hope for the planet that the industrialized civilizations collapse? Isn't it our responsibility to bring this about?" That's Strong talking, but those are Blofeld's words coming out. But this is no fictitious Bond movie villain speaking - it is the man who chaired the Rio Earth Summit and who is Kofi Annan's senior adviser. "This group of world leaders forms a secret society to bring about an economic collapse," continued Strong, warming to his fantasy. "It's February. They're all at Davos. These aren't terrorists. "They're world leaders. They have positioned themselves in the world's commodities and stock markets. They've engineered, using their access to stock markets and computers and gold supplies, a panic . Then, they prevent the world's stock markets from closing. They jam the gears. They hire mercenaries who hold the leaders at Davos as hostage. The markets can't close..." <http://www.taxtyranny.ca/images/HTML/Maurice-Strong/article1.html>

U.S.- Canadian terrorism exercise run by NORAD called Amalgam Virgo II. Now the two planes, a Delta 757, with actual Delta pilots in the flight deck, will be hijacked by FBI agents as it makes its trip from Salt Lake City to Honolulu. That plane will be diverted in midair to Elmendorf Air Base in Anchorage, Alaska. The other plane, a [Navy C-9, acting as commercial DC-9, will be hijacked by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police](#) as it goes from Whidbey Island at Naval Air Station to Vancouver International airport. Amalgam Virgo II was planned before September 11th, and involves 1,500 participants, no live fire, though, and no paying passengers on board. These are not scheduled flights. Now we don't know exactly how these hijackings will play out. Neither do the pilots. Even their bases from which the U.S. and military -- the U.S.-Canadian jets will be scrambled, don't know they are. As part of the exercise, those military jets will be ordered to either shoot the aircraft down, of course not really shoot them down, or force the airliners to land. Once on the ground, the FBI and Royal Canadian Mounted Police will do hostage negotiations. The purpose, NORAD says, to test and improve the coordination and communication between the U.S. and Canada, the FAA, the FBI, the airlines, should another hijacking take place ... Late August-Early December 2001: Fighters from Langley Air Force Base Deployed to Iceland for Operation Northern Guardian In late August 2001, two-thirds of the 27th Fighter Squadron are sent overseas. Six of the squadron's fighters and 115 people go to Turkey to enforce the no-fly zone over northern Iraq as part of Operation Northern Watch. Another six fighters and 70 people are sent to Iceland to participate in "Operation Northern Guardian." The fighter groups will not return to Langley until early December .. Operation Northern Guardian is based at Naval [Air Station Keflavik, Iceland, the host command for the NATO base in that country](#) .. The 27th is one of three F-15 fighter squadrons that make up the 1st Fighter Wing, the "host unit" at Langley Air Force Base in Langley, Virginia. The other two are the 71st and 94th Fighter Squadrons .. Langley is one of two "alert" sites that can be called upon by

NORAD for missions in the northeast region of the US.

As Marquis d'Cartier drove the canine transport van, Mlle S-F kept watch while Diehard slept in the right seat. Dyke elected to ride in the back with the rats but Diehard insisted Dyke was behind the Rat Pack so the chain smoking bitch Dyke didn't reduce the olfactory discriminating rodent detectives. Once deployed at the Tomoye campus the rats would wait for the 'gay-lesbian-bisexual-transgender recess' that was mandated by Quebec to keep these undesirables out of the office as much as possible. The recess was for 6 hours of each shift, and the one hour meal break meant these counterparts to the Boeing Beagles were only in the cubicles for an hour a shift, at which

time the straight employees took their lunch break. While it was costly from a corporate vantage point, it helped reduce the viability of North American Corporations so that corporations like BBC and KPMG could try and take financial advantage of the citizens of North America so that after western Europe is lost to the twin perils of birth control and open borders the same boneheads who gave away Europe plan to displace Americans, also through the twin perils of birth control and open borders. If my have worked if UA 93 would have been on schedule so it could kill most in both houses of Congress and absolutely terrify and survivors, perhaps women, children, Ketchup King and Shorty. As the chain smoking bitch went thru 3 packs of Chesterfields, Ratpack 1 played cards, ate cheese, sniffed each other and practiced squeaking French, Arabic as well as their native Rat-ese.

As the canine-transport stopped at a rest area, Mlle S-F followed Diehard into a stall so John could send a 4 pound message to the Francophonie. Dyke was let out to protect the van and the Rats assembled under the truck for jumping jacks and stretches so they would not fall victim to DVT [deep vein thrombosis, very, painful to cheese eaters]. Marquis took the elaborate costumes in and 5 minutes later out walked Jean Bertrand Aristide and Diehard's rendition of Fred Thompson; lobbyist for the defrocked Haitian Voodoo priest. Mlle jumped between the bucket seats, Dyke Bitch tossed her last butt over to size 16 for a snuff deal, the rats climbed their mooring lines back into 'Cheese Center 6' and the Voodoo Priest for a day fired up the doggie deal and drove the remaining 4 miles to Tomoye's Campus. Just prior to the gate Marquis' peni-cam vibrated, triggering him to pick up the flashlite MI3 had provided according to Q's instructions. "Voodoo and Fred, at scene, 10 early, go ahead."

"Roger Voodoo, good news the "guess my preference nude water ballet" is today so most of the employees are out of the offices, the straight 88% were given compensatory time off so the naked swimmers would be treated 'equally'. Therefore just a skeleton crew so rather than the forced march for Rat Pack 1 you can back up to the kitchen and there is an exhaust fan disabled for the ingress and egress of RP1, have Fred take Mlle for protection and leave Dyke undercover to guard the front door, the only one not cipher locked. Fish out." Backing up to the kitchen the rats rappelled down the mooring lines and climbed, single file up the wall, into the fan, down the kitchen wall and then deployed in four 2-rat teams to surveil. They were covered in glue and Tabasco laden fur balls in case any felines were deployed defensively. The canine-unit was parked at 'Honored Guest' parking spot so Voodoo and Big Dummy could go in to the CEO reception area. As it was essentially a day off the main gate guard shack was empty but the guards had been 'inward deployed' to the General Office. As the rent-a-cop told the Priest and his lobbyist to sign in and put on temporary IDs, Voodoo said 'Yes Your Excellency' and Diehard grunted, but in a friendly manner. As Voodoo, Mlle and Fred strolled toward the CEOs office they heard a sound like taffy being pulled, strawberry and banana taffy, Mlle indicated in signals Fred translated into more precise Uggghs so Voodoo would be in the loop. As they approached the CEO's office suite they saw a 32 year old women who didn't look happy, but didn't seem to have sand in her Schlitz on the other hand.

The lady asked, hey, "haven't I seen one of you at Tyndall AFB where one of your chopper rider buddies rocked my world for a good 3 hour stretch?"



"It certainly wasn't me" responded the Voodoo Holy-man with a photo of his significant other on his T-shirt.

"How about you, Fred was it?" she asked.

"Uggghhh" responded Fred without referring to a script or seeking the input of a director.

Voodoo interpreted, "Fred means no, it was not him either, but he'd be willing to go for a roll in the hay if you don't limit him to 3 hours, he further opines that he doesn't hit his stride or his complete engorgement until about the 5 hour and 12 minutes mark oysterless or 7 hours and 19 minutes with a 1.8 ounce tin." Mlle S-F twitched her right ear twice and the left ear once telling Diehard that the woman was in sudsing condition 3 and had not received recent service. As the young lady was 'thinking about it' the CEO's door opened and a shrimp walked out, he looked like a bit player in an Austen Powers flick. Diehard saw Cheetos stains, Mlle S-F picked up the scent of a banana, no wait, a small eco-banana. The quickly thinking Voodoo priest pulled out his peni-cam and monitored 'mini-me's' ambulation towards the monster loaf staging area [MLSA].

"Gentleman, please come in and make yourselves comfortable, Chairman Mo will return, he just had to fire a quick one off to Buffet and Gates" as Marquis thought of Jimmy Buffett and Diehard thought of Antonio Gates, the kick ass Tight End for the Chargers. "By the way, Jean-Bertrand, you look a little different than our last meeting, are you feeling well, you almost look 'white'?"

"Very perceptive" he answered in French "my dermatologist has ordered me to stay out of direct sunlight due to my skin cancer. Plus I thought as long as I have been cut loose as a Voodoo Priest I may want to run for that Black Pope position that will be opening in 2008 according to my Voodoo Predictive Software [VPS].

As Chairman Mo returned he was somewhat taken aback by Voodoo's lighter skin which was explained away by Eric as he stroked an eco-banana below the desk level. Further he asked of Fred, "You don't look happy, is all well at Law and Order, GE and Tennessee?"

"Uggghhh" was the response, smelling a tad of Tiger meat and wintergreen Altoids.

"Fred has had a bad cold and lost his voice campaigning to stay out of politics", answered Voodoo in Fred's place.

"Well let's take a quick tour of the upgrades. I will lead you to the underground tube and we will be at the CIDA bunker in 5 minutes." As they got off the tube at CIDA a guard met them and Eric waved off the guard saying, "these guys are ours, they work GKM," said Eric as Fred and Voodoo held up a pair Slick Willy's pre-election boxer shorts, waist size 54. Marquis was happy it was pre-election rather than post-erection. Diehard 'uggghhed' quietly.

"Chairman, has the U.N. developed any arbitrage investment opportunities in Haiti such as selling sex tours to pedophile politicians, pardon the redundancy, while perhaps buying snuff films of political prisoners being killed for future leverage?" asked the Voodoo Priest whose French sounded precise enough to be a research librarian and combat mop photographer.

"Not at the present, but it is a tantalizing prospect so we will consider this at the next UN taffy pull." Although Mo delivered the lines with a spontaneous feel, Mlle S-F indicated to Fred that Mini-me was lying.

At this point both Voodoo and Fred got 'Fish-o-grams' on the SMRs [scrotal mounted receivers] with Fish whispering "Bull-shit, his Lockheed Martin C4ISR contractors ordered Langley AFB to deploy 2/3 of the 27th TFS to Iceland and Turkey to further reduce NORAD's potency for the soon to be 'KMPG turkey shoot" if ADuc is not successful in convincing the PFers we know everything they do." Fish went silent in response to Diehard's adjusting himself, a secret signal to be silent.

"My honorable Chairman Mo, are you and the gang planning to destroy the rich, industrialized nations, especially America?" This time Strong answers in the affirmative, and Mlle makes a humping motion which Fred and Voodoo recognize as canine for "this guy is a truth telling PFER".

After touring the command bunker and getting peni-cam HDTV quality footage, Voodoo and Fred asked to be returned to the main campus to take in the final contest in the nude water ballet, a very difficult 'boob and ball float'.

"Hey that does sound good, wanna go Mo?" blurted out the quasi aroused eco-banana stroker as he held hands with the Chairman whose last erection was in January, 1956, I think it was around the 10 of January. Once at the home campus the taffy pulling tandem headed to the pool while Voodoo gave a secret whistle and the chain smoking bitch Dyke flicked a Chesterfield towards a size 16 boot, whereupon it was snuffed out quickly without causing any "CO2day or CO2morrow" transfer of carbon credit.

As they approached the truck Voodoo asked if the rats could be recalled by Dyke but Dyke squatted aggressively as if to say "get real and take it like a man, the Rats were in the cage 20 minutes ago, missions complete and they are playing cards, smoking LRCs [little rat cigars] and enjoying wine and cheese in RP1 deployment cage 4B".

Dyke hopped between the seats and sat between Voodoo and Mlle as she was out of Chesterfields and found on the trip north that downwind of a bunch of cheese eating rats is a bad gig. As Diehard belched, the dogs slept, Voodoo drove and the rats cut the cheese.

And 366 miles to the south the thongless Fox and the flaccid skipper were in quiet repose with no clothes as Chips asked Fox, "Boy, it is awfully pleasant tied up to this Nav buoy and gently rocking with the waves slapping the side of the boat. I cannot remember Fox, have we had 3 debriefings or 4 since lunch?"

As she passed him 3 18 count tins of oysters she admitted, I've lost count also, let us repair below deck and start over again at one. A suddenly energized monster of the midway became awakened as Chips grabbed a GWB and headed to the pleasure pit amidships. As he positioned himself for 'pre contact' she turned her iPOD on 'continuous' and began the [Hues Corporations monster hit](#) from 1974, as his monster was a hit also as after 3 hours the voyage was still underway and Chips had found a safe harbor.