

Chapter 5: February 9-18, 2001 Total-Power Beijing for TOPOFF attack on Taiwan and America



<http://www.brownsteinlaw.com/photos/teamcan/TEAMCH2.JPG>

<http://www.albertarose.org/Remember/img/attack4.jpg>

Able Danger agent Guo X shadows Lucien Bouchard, Mohammad al-Zaibak, Andre Desmarais and Jean Chretien in a Total-Power Team Canada visit to China. Bouchard promises QuebecNewYork.com 'francophony' cultural events to infiltrate WTC saboteurs coordinated through CIDA/Tomoye offices in Gatineau. Al-Zaibak offers Final Approach corridors and Rada+rsat GMTI for targeted hits. Desmarais-Bombardier prepares CL 604 as on-scene commanders of NATO decoy-and-drone maneuvers. PLA modifies Boeings with 1997 U.S. weapons systems supplied by Joint Chiefs' Chairman John Shalikashvili and Lockheed Martin vice-president Norman Mineta. Jean Chretien offers use of CANR forces in a diversionary attack on New York, Capitol Building and U.S. Naval Command Center while PLA takes Taiwan. Live-fire TOPOFF rehearsal set for June 1-2, 2001.

Prime minister [Jean Chretien](#) and [Red Team Canada](#) gives Canadian-U.S. trade, military and aerospace secrets to the Chinese PLA. Plenary Session .. Remarks: .. His Excellency Mr. SHI Guangsheng, Minister of Foreign Trade and Economic Co-operation (MOFTEC) Mr. Andre DESMARAIS, Chairman, Canada-China Business Council .. Space: "Reaching for the Stars: Canada-China Co-operation in Space" .. Speakers: .. Mr. GUO Huadong, Director General, Institute of Remote Sensing Applications Mr. WANG Xinmin, Deputy Director General, Xian Space Science and Technology Industry Corporation .. 10 Canadian companies in the space and remote sensing sector will give .. presentations .. Seminar: Canada as .. Business Partner .. Speaker: [Mr. Thomas Paul D'AQUINO](#).. Transportation: "Intelligent Transport: The Route to the Future" .. Speakers: Mr. Walter FRIESEN, General Manager, Transport Automation, Alcatel Canada Ltd .. Mr. David STOWE, Chairman, Vancouver Port Authority .. Venture Financing Forum .. Speakers: The Honourable Pierre S. PETTIGREW, Minister for International Trade .. was director of the Political Committee, NATO Assembly, in Brussels, from 1976 to 1978 .. Foreign Policy Advisor to Pierre Trudeau, Prime Minister of Canada, from 1981 to 1984 . Mr. [Mohammed AL ZAIBAK](#), President, CDM Information which sells [Canada hydrographic charts to enemies of U.S.](#)

The hour was late and Captain David Hunter was about ready to polish off his BSM in room 1984 at the Westin Airport in Detroit, Michigan, home of the largest population of Muslims in America and it is the state of America's 50 that would first allow Islamic Home Mortgages. It will become the beginning of the end for the elitist global bankers who are brazen, and foolish enough, to think of themselves as the "Global Guardians".

As David is watching the tail end of the 10 o'clock news he is "getting ready" to lay down and dream of the tail end of the dark haired beauty originally "rolled out" in a pub named Foggy Dew. He had just put the BSM glass back in the bathroom, admired himself one last time in the mirror, and shuffled back to the comfortable bed "au naturel".

A fly on the wall may have had a visual clue that Don Quixote was getting ready to spear something but in \$200 a night hotel room, they do not provide flies except for fishermen traveling to "fly fish" in Montana, site of the 1986 World Record Air Refueling. As his head lay on 4 plush pillows, his mind he was just getting a glimpse of the color of his soon to be published thriller, "Red Thong Rising". As Tom Clancy knew how to stir imagination and was a

Maryland resident, Captain Hawkins thought he could stir imagination, stir a martini and stir the Fox's emotional state simultaneously. On their first meeting, at least according to this "script", in room 220, ten minutes after leaving the Foggy Dew, our Fox popped the question to Chips, "How do prefer it done, stirred or shaken?"

"Fox, don't get me and James Bond confused, I will always prefer stirring over shaking."

"My David, why is that, it seems no different to me, although I do not drink alcohol, preferring wine or perhaps beer?"

"If I wanted it shaken, I could shake it myself and write this book with one less character. Further, if I wanted it shaken, I could ask you to do the honors, if I was that type of guy. However, it is quite simple Fox, if I want it stirred, you have the spoon in your hand and this Richmond, British Columbia Hotel is so cheap they only gave me one spoon, and always being a gentleman, I offered the spoon to you for you nite-nite tea. So if you would be so kind as to stir me, we can get started with the research, tonight's lesson is T & A, are you picking up what I'm laying down?" and David indicated TNA, The Naval Academy, would be found to have both red team and blue team participants in an upcoming TOPFF attack on America.

"No David, it all seems Greek to me."

"I know there is a writer's strike in Hollywood but get better material, you made that comment last chapter" opined the affable and laconic pen artist.

"I am sorry David, I forgot, I find your 200 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal so powerful that I can never get my head around my character."

"Well how would you like to get your head around this character?"

"My goodness David, what is that weapon?"

"Fox, in America we call it a "whopper" in common vernacular."

"Is that what it really is, a whopper."

"Not exactly."

"Thank goodness, it looks lethal, and two more things I see is that the pickles are so thin you could read a newspaper through them and I prefer it with cheese".

"You opine essentially the essence of what Whopper lovers globally have expressed to management, so would I be correct in thinking you'd prefer a bigger, thicker pickle."

"Yes and some Greek Feta."

"You work on the Feta angle and I can deliver the improved pickle but the WOPR I allude to dates back to the 1984 movie "War Games" starring an actor with the same initials as Michael Badnarik, of WTPRN in Texas. I don't go to movies or read books but rather I write books and inspire movies. But in that movie, as I understand it, a young hacker gets inside the war games, sort of what happened when Canadian hamburgers got inside global guardian, vigilant guarding in September of 2001..."

"But David, that's in the future, how do you see the future?"

"Very simply, we are inside their agencies, their VPNs and inside their heads, they started planning GG/VG 01 back in 1993 and we had them hacked before they ever put their "gunbelts" on for the eventual "[Showdown](#)" at the F-M Courthouse."

"Fox, in the lyrics to this ELO song it gives numerous steganography clues to those of us who can "see" and "listen", do you see it yet?"

"No, I see only the WOPR and enhanced pickle."

"Yes and the War Operation Planned Response [WOPR] was created so that future hackers could get inside the launch facilities of the USAF ICBM launch facilities such as those my father commanded at the 4th Air Division in Grand Forks in the period 1969-1971, and my father said that at that time no one could penetrate SACs security blanket however, fast forward to the end of the Cold War and the GGs who got into DOD, DOJ, FBI and NSA after the PROMIS software was corruptly taken from the creator. However, the Creator reigns all over the world just like ELO says in the lyrics."

"David, why do you speak in such acronym laden code?"

"I do it to frustrate Tomoye lurkers, MI jerkers and the PFers at the GGs."

"You're making my head spin, plain language and guess color for payoff."

"Kelly green."

"We have a winner." "And we have a whopper, oops, and we have lights out." opined the laconic pile driver as he inadvertently walked 15 feet and while reaching for his research notes, fountain pen, laptop and mouse he inadvertently turned off the three different lights in the bath, on the desk and the bedside night light, laced in green; Kelly green. "[Put me in coach](#)" As David Hunter turned out his light in room 1984, the bulb was not even cooled off, nor was he, in his mind, when his phone rang. Thinking that was an awfully short 8 hours of sleep he looked at the clock, 22:44 so he had slept very little if any after reliving the "Foggy Dew Experience".

"David Hunter."

"Chips, Fish, real world, usual 2 plus color code."

"Ramshead, Lengthy Portion, flaming red."

"We have only 6 minutes, no clipper time, I'm bring on Cockerel, Dancer, Fox and Hamish for a 4-way, check in folks."

"Fox, Toronto."

"Dancer, home plate."

"Hamish, 3rd base."

"Chips, centerfield, need SMEAC."

SMEAC is Marine Corps brevity for situation, mission, execution, admin, comm and control.

"Fox, over to you for global mission, quickly."

"Israeli Intel discovered just moments ago some HVTs are on a chartered A340 leaving Toronto tomorrow the 9th, at High Noon, over, Dancer for mission."

"We have bits and pieces but the Syrian-Canadian is on board as well as a Demarais, a Chretien and some other unsavory characters. Our man inside PLA indicates they are plotting to TOPOFF America, Dancer out, over to Fish for Echo."

"You've got Fish on the line, and [I've got a line on the offenders](#), GGs so like a good Harpoon artist, once I got a line on them I'll blow 'em out of the water, execution: Chips into A340, Chinese tailor, Blue Skies is in the mix and we're stirring the pot, over to Cockerel admin."

"Cockerel, all over them, will provide complete briefing in the paper work for Cyprus 69, the charter and confirm TOPOFF planning underway, next attempt 7 months or closer, over to Chips for C & C."

"Chips here, I'm reading your minds, I've got my mind on the real mission and will get back to my mission when we penetrate these dirtbags, I will get hold of Blue Skies now to cover my departure tomorrow for Gay Bay and research at O'Reilly's "command post" and I will return a clipper to Fish for a more fleshed out briefing, Chips out."

"Chips, Fish, not necessary o lucky one, the Fox is at your door, just like in the Matt Poss Wild Country "Fox on the Run", fadeout for all, great work all and best regards for the mission." 5 clicks, then knock, knock.

David went over to the door dressed only in towel and peaked through the peep hole. Having been a peeping tom from age 9 to age 44 he was very well versed in peepholes. He was delighted at what he saw in the peep hole, it was a smiling Greek goddess.

Un click, un slam, the door was opened, the do not disturb sign was deployed and the periscope was being raised as the towel was hitting the floor. "Not so fast Captain Whopper, we have a briefing to complete."

"First things first, we didn't debrief the last mission fully so let's debrief, then brief if you're picking up what I'm laying down."

"You didn't lay it down, you knocked it off when the periscope anticipated a mission; smart periscope, but first "authenticate color."

"Pastel blue."

"Pastel blue, tacit blue, close enough either way let's stir it up."

As the purple Cyrus disguise was being neatly folded and draped over the chair at the desk the unflappable and always affable Chips thought he must have heard incorrectly regarding pastel blue, the thong being retired was more light bright purple. "Hey, I don't want to be petty but my guess was pastel blue and that thing over the night light is closer to purple, what gives."

"I do."

"Didn't your father teach you [not to give in](#)?"

"My father is not here, nor your mother, let'r buck cowboy."

"Yee-Haw" and the cowboy rode away, in a matter of speech.

Rolling over to answer the phone he noticed it was still dark out so he figured it must be before 7, "Good morning David, Bonnie at BS airlines, I have the earlier shift so I took the liberty of setting up a 2B operation leaving at 0900 for YYZ, and at YYZ a Cyprus mechanic will meet you at the bottom of the BS jetway, I don't know why Cyprus but Peter Mohr said it's way above his level, oh, and one last thing, for some reason, Cyprus called and said a Cyprus security manager would be you in 2A so she could brief your enrouté."

"Did you say 'debrief me and root' or brief me enrouté?"

"Which would you prefer?"

"Both if possible."

"Well I set up the briefing so you work on the debriefing."

"Mission complete, thanks for the 2B Bonnie, I appreciate the consideration."

"Who was that David?" asked Fox.

"Bonnie at BS, she say's I've been provided a first class seat, 2B, for the 9 a.m. to Toronto and that a Cyprus intel manager would be in 2A, maybe you and he can switch seats."

"As she pulled out a boarding pass for Cyprus 69 emblazoned 2A on it she said "well he's a she and she's me, is the offer to switch still on the table?"

"I think we might fall off the table let's just switch right here."

"I have a suggestion on my laptop," as she hit the "enter" button, and music started to play and so did they. As the Pointer Sisters set the pace, they got in the groove."

"Easy Pegasus."

"Easy perhaps, but don't tell me Major Charles Emerson Winchester likes this song too, he was in MASH, and he seemed sort of colorless and limp from my perspective."

Minutes later the phone went off, which put the phone in 3rd place.

"David Hunter."

"Captain Hunter, Detroit Airport Police, we will have 2 plain cloths outside your door to 1984 in 30 minutes, they will expedite you to Toronto in a General Motors G4 arranged by a Mr. Fisher calling from the Naval Command Center, the Pentagon."

"Thank you, I'll be ready."

'Change 2 to Change 1, we're moved up to a GM G4, and two Detroit plain clothes will be outside the door in 30 minutes."

"From the powdered sugar from donuts under the door I'd guess they are there already, and your pick today to increase your odds tonight?" as she held up triphibious thongs: red, green and blue.

"Well Tom Clancy bet me \$100 dollars I couldn't parody his style and make a living at it, so I'll take the red thong and start writing a book called "Red Thong Rising."

"And you have an epilog of "Red Thong Falling" once in Beijing."

"I don't intend to wait that long, code name "crew bunk" and I'm the captain."

"Does that make me the first mate?"

"That's up to your, you're the lady and in any case I will still need my color vision tested prior to the reward."

As she stepped into the bathroom with her things she handed him a piece of notepaper that said Detroit Westin Airport, and in handwritten ink "flaming red, commit that to memory". As they sat, fully dressed waiting for the polite donut gobblers to knock, he asked her "How did you get this uniform done so quickly, referring to a perfectly tailored Cyprus Captain uniform, wings, tie, shirt, epaulets, and cheesy oxfords."

"When we ferried the A340 over from Toulouse we had a Chinese tailor on board who is AD-HD so we gave him

your measurements, took away his ritulin and played [Yellow River](#) by the Christies, a song about young men leaving a combat zone and returning home from an unpopular war to keep him sewing faster and culturally engaged."

"Did the Chinese tailor have any questions you couldn't answer?"

"He asked if you dressed right or left and I said 'both'."

"Exactly" knock knock

"Good morning, Captain Hunter and Agent Zaloumi, nice to meet you and thanks for the expedite."

"Good morning, he's Sgt. Friday and I am Barnaby Trout." "Shouldn't you be Barnaby Jones to be more credible?"

"Yes, I agree, but a Navy Captain named Fish told me to be Trout so Fish could feel more involved with the Fox and Chips, further in the back of the unmarked sedan is a quirky fellow from Richmond name Ha-Meesh, but he does not look Arabic."

"Yes, he's a player and in the briefing I have here for Captain Hunter" added Fox.

The ride from the 18th floor to the lobby was as fast as Rudy's Fargo public appearance being cancelled due to the sharing of Qui Tam defendant list with the ND GOP. As the elevator doors opened a man who appeared to be a master of disguise stood having his morning coffee and getting ready to "get in the harness" which we believed to indicate he was ruptured but it was his euphemism for work, which he didn't, which is why it was a euphemism. While the Tomoye agents look that word up let me tell you what the Cockerel told Fox and Chips while the unmarked squad entered the SIDA portion of the ramp and was escorted by Blue Skies Security and GM Security to the G4 which had the right engine running. As two armed "flight attendants" welcomed the three professionals on board the senior flight attendant asked "any questions" and the ever affable never flappable Chips said, "yes, which member of The Guess Who went solo and had a big hit with [Stand Tall](#)".

"Burton Cummings who had some great pipes and a nice Tudor home but was sometimes difficult."

"His song Glamour Boy addresses the root cause of this, per chance."

As the Captain of the G4 clobbered the power, Chips was thinking of another way to use cob in a sentence when Fox handed him the briefing and the entire package from Cyprus dispatched marked CG/69/2-9-01/McCorkle. Chips opened the folder, signed his name in such awful penmanship that a dozen Jewish attorneys couldn't figure out who signed the legally required dispatch release, in the Captain signature block. He handed the papers back in the closed folder to Fox and said "hang on to this bunch of boring details, will you please."

"Yes, I will be pleased to do so Captain but why didn't you read the dispatch details?"

"I'm not McCorkle, I'm not with Cyprus, I have never been inside an A340, and frankly my dear, I don't give a damn, and further, what does CG69 mean to you?"

"CG69 is the ICAO code for Cyprus Flight 69, what does it mean to you?"

"It could mean a lot of things, for instance CG-69 is the USS Vicksburg, a deployed ship that will be visited by the [SecNav around Thanksgiving](#), 2007 while it is tasked to defend US aircraft carriers from Sunburn missiles which could be launched from Iran to draw us into a greater escalation in the war. However, I find your definition more pleasant so Cyprus 69 it is."

Hamish appeared with a tray with three cups, a coffee pot, and an intel brief. Setting the tray on the conference table he spread out some sheets of most handwritten notes and an outline. "Is this a good time, Chips?"

"Well looking out the window we were by London, Ontario 10 minutes ago and the silence of the engines suggests either we are starting down or we have suffered a dual engine failure, so in essence, this is a good time, so make it brief, as briefs and thongs are good things to consider."

"Well then, let's "Thing a Thong about Thickspence."

"You Brits all think you're Monty PyThong don't you."

"Sorry mate, here's the deal, I contacted April at NORAD, she is very cunning. She clipped me a message containing seemingly disparate issues: PLA/TieOneOn, 1996-, 1989- RAA, 19 BC RH, PLAFJ-P3, rattler, 147F102 rattle-sucker punch, that's all she said but using our steganography software I think I have the big picture."

"I could go for a big pitcher of Grolsch right now" responded McCorkle's proxy.

"All the beer you want in Beijing but let me tell you what my google skills deciphered: The PLA has the biggest Naval Exercise since 1996 planned for the Formosa Straits for the same time window as the biggest deployment of Russian Air Army bombers since 1989, and I called your old girl friend in London, Ontario and she got inside Tomoye and they told her the trip from Toronto to China is to have Canada offer to trigger a False Flag TOPOFF simultaneous to the attack on Taiwan while the Russian Air Army is within striking distance of US landmass as the continuity of government is corrupted following Captain Jason Dahl's flight 93 striking the US Capitol, and even if it is not consummated because GE film writers scripting 'UA93' had poor script support from Lansdowne, just like BBC got hosed by the same poor script writers in announcing the collapse of WTC #7 20 minutes before it happened creating a premature climax, Taiwan would be rattled, GW would be rattled and one more thing, do you know what it is?"

"I give up and you've rattled on long enough, summary statement please as we taxi towards the 340."

"Yes, quite right. We have the US hydrographic charts on board to deliver to the PLA, and the next 4 events we have briefing guides to are Noble Resolve, TOPOFF, Global Thunder and Terminal Fury. It looks like we are getting near to END GAME 08, Fade Out, sorry to be so negative, but we have lots of work to do in Beijing."

"Cheer up Cockerel, we are inside all of that stuff. The hydrographic charts have been adjusted to put underwater mountains in fast escape lanes in case the PLABs try to hit a US carrier and then egress back home to Chinese waters, and Noble Resolve 07 will be deterred by Noble BVR, TOPOFF gets trumped by Coronet Tango Fox, Global Thunder is shutdown by Global Thong and the ill advised Terminal Fury is blocked by Amalgam MayTag 08, Check six, Check Mate, Knock it off." As two younger Greek copilots waited at the foot of the steps they shook hands and the senior of the two, the "cruise captain" said "she's already to go" pointing towards the A340, which looked brand new.

"Why thank you, and so is she" Captain Proxy said as he pointed at the black-haired beauty as she gracefully climbed the portable steps that led to door L1.

The lead Greek Flight Attendant asked Captain Proxy if the FA crew needed to be briefed and he dismissed it as "unnecessary, you are all professionals and it's all standard, 15 hours 6 minutes enroute and the cockpit door will be open, come visit anytime, one and all.

"Thank you Captain, we appreciate your trust, and I am sorry but I missed your name?"

"Exactly, for security purposes."

As a Syria-born Canadian double agent, Muhammad al-Zaibak asked Fox if she'd like to have the seat next to him and perhaps enjoy some cous-cous and wine, she demurely responded, "Oh how kind of you to offer but I need to be in the cockpit for security purposes and I'd prefer a whopper to all the cous-cous in the world. Further, there are only 317 shopping days until Christmas and I want to get stocking stuffers in Peking."

Realizing he had just struck out he went back to read a file on his laptop that said "QRS 11, Ft Collins Loveland,

jmd@mit.edu and Raytheon A3 Skywarrior".

Once settled into the left seat, he directed the agent to "close it up, we're gone". Seeing the last door light go out and the sound of the tug driver plugging in he said "brakes released, cleared to push or pull" as he turned on the rotating beacon.

"Captain, would you like for me to get a push/pull clearance?"

"No, that's just what they'd expect us to do. You guys do the checklists and the switches while I give a security briefing to Anastasia Zaloumi-Salami." As the two copilots fired up all four engines he turned to Fox and pointed to the two crew bunks, stacked vertically and he asked her if she preferred the top or bottom.

She responded without a moment's hesitation "top for the Pointer sisters and bottom for Steely Dan."

As the A340 climbed out of 180 for 300 Captain Proxy left his standing orders for the 2 Cyprus co-pilots.

"Okay you two young professionals, I am going back for a security debriefing so do what ever you want, you're cleared direct Whitehorse and I should be back by then." As he crawled out of the seat and became fully erect he walked back to the bottom crew rest facility and closed and locked the door. As he removed his uniform items quietly so as not to wake the Fox, he heard the sound of fake snores, and the rustle of the curtain drawn for privacy and he saw a slender olive skinned hand holding a flaming red thong. He smiled to himself as he considered his next book, "The Search for Redthong October". As he snuggled up to his co-spoon she turned her laptop on, speakers set on low whispered, [teach me tiger](#), or I'll teach you."

"Fox, that April Stevens song is only two minutes, should we play it again?"

"Take heart of king of the crew bunk, it is set for "continuous play."

"Exactly."

As the two wrestled as one, Hamish was working the crowd in First Class. He had presented himself as an accountant with the British Columbia Public Pension fund and had had several insightful conversations with a variety of future defendants to the Qui Tam case that would be delivered to the US Attorney General Mukasey on 3 Oct, 2007. From the bits and pieces of inappropriate sharing of details he was painting a mental picture of Saddam Hussein being paid \$742 million in new Federal Reserve notes printed by the New York Federal Reserve which would find their way to Saddam's palace via UBS, a global bank in Geneva, Switzerland with a branch office within half a mile from the Quentin N. Burdick Federal Court Building in Fargo. It appeared Saddam was to line up 20 young muslim patsies who would honestly think they would attack 4 flights on 9/11 and make "financial demands" not knowing that the Trojan Horse engineers had the aircraft modified with Boeing Uninterruptible autopilots and tri-axial QRS11 GyroChips, designed as laser guidance for Raytheon Maverick missiles. The illegal modification of the Boeings appeared to be planned for Abbotsford, BC and one gentleman in seat 3D kept ordering "another please" and was in a one on one conversation with a gentleman regarding "progress" in the modifications being performed at Loveland/Ft Collins Airport in Colorado, where A3 Skywarriors are known to have landed under cover of darkness.

The fellow in 3D had some interesting images on his laptop which Hamish used his fountain pen digital camera to capture. One that he found interesting was a page showing the cross country ground track of a B737 that appeared to have the US Capitol as it's destination, secondly a page that showed the WTC twin towers with the title "New Rules Set", and a 3rd that Hamish didn't fully understand but showed a two dimensional drawing of the USS George Washington with a red line marked "Pentagon mission on" and a blue line marked "Pentagon attack abort" which showed the red line turn back direct to the USS GW and terminate there. Knowing that a drone cannot follow the visual signal of the fresnel lens and the visual in put from a human LSO Hamish was a little in the dark and hoped David would present himself soon, knowing that at the moment he was presenting himself to the Fox.

While David waited for 3D to return to his seat and his laced brandy he thought back to the decoy and drone

maneuvers practiced in Iraq by Saddam's Czech L39s which could be laden with explosives. If a FF would benefit from a US carrier being sunk Hamish was unsure if that "carrier of choice" would be near Taiwan, the GW on 9/11, or some older carrier set from decommissioning after the Gulf War. Of course all three were possible but to his 12 dimensional mind he felt the most onerous would be a Sunburn missile targeting a CVN that is scheduled for decommissioning. The cost of decommissioning a nuclear carrier was thought to be around \$800 million so, as a forensic economist/accountant, he knew that if the Global Guardians would waste 3000 innocents to avoid dealing with asbestos in WTC 1 and 2, burning 5000 sailors to save \$800M in decommissioning costs would seem efficient to the Global Guardians, plus it would allow a False Flag opportunity to attack Iran. While he consummated that scenario in his mind, 3D came out of the first class biffy as Captain Proxy came back for a coffee looking very relaxed.

"Hamish, I need to go check to see if Athens and Corinth are awake, I will be back for an intel update in 5 minutes."

"David, I have some chilling indications that the GGs may be willing to sink a carrier."

"Postal carrier, HIV carrier or aircraft carrier?"

"A CVA off Taiwan, the GW off New York on 9/11, or a CVN awaiting decommissioning, or perhaps all 3, a tri-fecta perhaps."

"Not on my watch" responded the unpredictable David Hunter, follow me to the cockpit when you have a moment and we will get a clipper/ARINC thru to Fish."

"When I can Chips, I have some photography and [James Bond](#) type conversations to complete first."