

Chapter 6: February 9-18, 2001 Part II

China Lessons Learned - KPMG Son of Boss - USS Cole Contract Hit

"Gua X says Team Canada in China for "Lesson Learned" briefing after recent hit on USS Cole. Hamish thinks Andre Desmarais and former KPMG consultant Kevin Rudd extort Prime Minister Chretien, Quebec Premier Bouchard and Chinese hosts through MindBox software and "Son of Boss" tax shelters. Elie Grabl says the Desmarais' and Marc Rich control Clinton, Rudy Giuliani and Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell through UBS-KPMG cells. Hunter warns al-Qaeda contract hits on land (Embassies East Africa 1998), sea (USS Cole 2000) to be followed by air (Amalgam Virgo, 9/11). John Wilson - a former Diehard SAS officer - prepares his Smithfield heeler cattle-dog cross, Mademoiselle Screu-Fait, to collect DNA from a Friday night at the Pickton pig farm.

"United States Senate committee KPMG was marketing the shelters ["Son of Boss .. (bond and option sales strategy) .. complex set of derivative transactions to reduce tax liability .. used in late 1990s to offset large one-off gains .. sale of a business [or kickbacks from UN Oil-for-Food Program]] through a cold-calling operation run out of Fort Wayne, Indiana .. Just about every millionaire in the country would take KPMG's call, and many followed through and became clients .. KPMG's Chairman, Eugene O'Kelly .. decided that they were going to take on the government, and NOT settle .. Here's the problem. The government was in the process of making a decision to GO CRIMINAL on KPMG. The law specifies that if the accounting firm responsible for the [tax shelter](#) has totally abused the process, then criminal actions may proceed."

Countrywide installed [MindBox](#) ART Enterprise software development technology on a development network of PCs running Microsoft Windows and an IBM RS6000 running UNIX and Motif. Within 10 months, the team had ported the CLUES system to OS/2 running on Countrywide's branch office PC systems and completed a highly successful beta test. Full production systems ready by February, 1993 for use at UBS Tower, One North Wacker Drive Chicago on 9/11..

As he reentered the cockpit of the westbound A340 he overheard Athens saying to Corinth "do you think we will see the man in back before Whitehorse?" Before Corinth could respond the non-shutting of the cockpit door allowed the din of merriment in the first class cabin to spread noise into the "slaves' quarters", as David referred to the cockpit.

"Dear first officer Athens, how many miles east of Whitehorse are we currently?"

"Actually Captain I am not sure as I have never been to 60N 135W before but we passed what looked like an old SAC base near 59N 94W about 3 minutes ago, does that help?"

"Although you didn't really answer my question any better than might be expected of a sea lawyer such as Ben Slimy I can get by with part two of your answer. That SAC base would be Churchill, a former USAF SAC remote for KC97 tankers early in the cold war between USSR and the US. Later KC135s would replace the KC97s and then as the USSR began to self destruct due to the twin perils of a NASA WB57 and Ronald Reagan's charisma North Dakota ANG F4 Phantoms may or may not have operated there. I could give you a direct answer, but then I might have to kill a six pack of Grolsch. Which reminds me, Athens and Corinth do either of you have a Grolsch

between 34-38 degrees Fahrenheit?"

"Of course not, that Dutch beer is awful and beer in the cockpit is not tolerated by nobody" responded the wet behind the ears Corinth.

"We'll I ain't nobody, dork, and I'm having a Grolsch" opined the thoughtful quoter of Bob Falfa, Harrison Ford's character in American Graffiti who drove the black 55 Chevy against "Big John's piss-yellow [Deuce Coupe](#), and as long as you're getting out of my seat anyway, Mr. International regulation expert, please go see if Anastasia is up, dressed and willing to wrestle a cold Grolsch from those weasels in the back planning to TOPOFF America on 9/11."

"No need Captain Whopper I brought two along as Hamish said we were needed in the cockpit, here are the two Grolsch super-brewskis, courtesy of Willem Spanner of Holland." As Anastasia settled in the left hand jump seat and directed Hamish to the other jump seat she cracked open the Grolsch widebody for Captain Whopper.

"Anastasia, by all means give the first one to Hamish and I will be #2."

"Captain Whopper please don't say #2 within ten feet of the forward "blue-room" as Muhammad and some other unsavory dolts have been ram-feeding themselves cous-cous, onions, pickled eggs and dried Apricots since level off."

"I see" said the ever affable never flappable and often laconic Captain Whopper. "Hamish please take this red and white tape back and tape the forward "lou" closed so those overeating middle-eastern sellouts to the OIF don't drop a torpedo in the forward lou. And Anastasia, please hold his Grolsch as he defeats the orafactory assault on the first class biffy, if Mr. Al Zibek were to hatch a loaf it would violate the Geneva convention as anything worse than camel dung is expressly a no-no aboard a civilly registered aircraft in ICAO airspace, and if you don't believe me you can ask Dancer as she will be in the phone patch we're about to make to Dancer, Fish, and Amelia."

"No need Captain Whopper, the second Grolsch is for me, not Hamish, but as a second line of defense I will provide phosphorous matches incase those bungling planners of Amalgam Virgo start playing another round of "pull Andre's finger"." Andre, who was tagging alone to China to help distribute KPMG's "Son of Boss" tax shelters to diplomats of the US deployed to China was notorious for intentionally overeating gas producing foods and then insisting future Nobel Peace Prize frauds pull his finger, therein enhancing Andre's "carbon footprint".

As the remaining Greek copilot complied with a change in flight plan "direct Yellowknife, climb to 380" the co-pilot recently removed from the left seat asked of the captain, "Captain, you have not done a single thing since 18000 feet other than debrief Anastasia and now drink a beer, WTF, over?"

"You guys are very observant; and a chicken-shit question deserves a good answer, in triplicate, hence:

1-I am the captain
2-I like debriefings and beer
3-see #1
any further questions?

"No sir, pardon my youthful ignorance, it must be good to be Captain."

"As you young kids would say, it doesn't suck."

"Captain Whopper, you've just given me another debriefing item, shall we repair to the crew rest facility to enhance security?"

"Not now Kato, we need to get Hamish, Dancer, Chips, Amelia and Spanner on the tele and to accomplish that let's have our dear friend first officer Corinth contact "Churchill radio" on 8891."

"Not to correct you oh Captain Whopper but it is Anastasia, not Kato who wishes the debriefing."

"Understood Anastasia but why not double our pleasure by watching Peter Sellers Pink Panther movies when we get a chance during the next debriefing session."

"I see" the suddenly flushed Greek beauty responded.

"And you will see a lot more when I swallow one of these coated caplets that Rod Baldinger gave me in Chapter One of this "real time" e-book."

"Is that a vitamin, a multimineral or a analgesic?" posed the young Greek woman wearing three hats; FA, international security, and C2 for Israel/Greece.

"No actually this is a product called "extend-o-peter" and the chemistry lab at NDSU in Fargo created it, as a custom order, for Joanie Charlatan in hopes that it could resurrect the love-life between herself, an aggressive mortgage banker who preferred being a semen banker, but who's husband was distracted by the power of the TV and only made two plumbing calls a month, much to the dissatisfaction of Joanie. Joanie found "an ace a week" to be her personal threshold of happiness so she combined mortgage banking with semen banking and many other mortgage industry professionals in Fargo wondered how she attracted so many "refi deals" never knowing of the "honeypot" small print that her customers enjoyed reading and participating in. In fact, in country bars all over North Dakota Dwight Yoakum's "[Ain't That Lonely Yet](#)" is referred to as "Joanie's theme song" due to the line in the lyrics ".once there was this spider in my bed, I got caught up in her web.." Most reproductively sound men between 18 and 85 know where to get a good refi in the Fargo Moorhead area; which brings me to another topic, however we can debrief later, time for the phone patch according to future captain Corinth." As Corinth gave him a thumb's up regarding "Churchill Radio" the laconic Captain Whopper looked around the cockpit for a "security sweep" and noticed Hamish, Fox, Athens, Corinth and an "unknown rider", so speaking fluent military which he hoped the twin cities of Athens and Corinth would not understand he said "Hey Fox, who's the new player with the 3 Grolsch refills?"

"Captain Whopper, let me introduce Willem dek Spanner of Amsterdam, you may recall him from the Hotel Kraz at City Center. At least in the cockpit that is who he is, the boneheads in the back think that he is Willem dik Spanner, with UBS Amsterdam."

"I can pick up what you're laying down, oh lady in red, and Willem, so nice to see you, and more importantly "danke" for the brewskis".

"Spinner, spanner, dek, dik, what's in a name. Cheers, long live old music, long live the Grolsch brewmeisters and God Bless our project." The tinkling of glass as Fox-Chips and Spanner cheered each other seemed to rub Athens and Corinth the wrong way. Spanner, Hamish, listen to the left hand speaker, here, I'll turn it up."

The left overhead speaker was monitoring HF#1 set to 8891 and caused the anally retentive Hamish to ask "is that mega-hertz oh Captain Grolsch?"

"Mega-hertz, dirswurtz or mega-pixels, it's all CS to me but by putting 8891 in this window, keying the mike, and listening for the tuning tone, as I have done, I can now speak to Churchill, thusly."

"Churchill Radio Delta 7"

"Go ahead Delta 7, Churchill's on"

"Churchill, Delta 7, do you have any USAF tanker aircraft within 200 miles?"

"Affirmative, a Raid 69 is 100 south of Churchill enroute Grand Forks."

"Churchill please have Raid 69 go to 311.0 UHF and have "Skybird" call you on your commercial telephone line for a phone patch to Delta 7".

At this juncture Corinth nervously points out "we are Cyprus 69, not Delta 7 or Raid 69 Captain Grolsch."

Pointing back to the beautiful Fox Whopper said "She is Delta 7, think D7 on the Foggy Dew jukebox and Raid 69 is a classified tanker out of Grand Forks AFB in North Dakota, we know that because the number 9 does not appear on transponders therefore an ACC aircraft with a 9 in the call sign is on a real world classified mission with no emitters."

"How do you know.." was interrupted by: "Delta 7, skybird's on the phone patch, go ahead Delta 7"

"Skybird, Delta 7, please call Naval Command Center, Able Danger desk, ext 1979 at the Pentagon, real world code immediate, Delta 7 standing by, mention code "lengthy portion" on initial contact."

As Corinth and Athens were staring at each other incredulously Fox repositioned herself on the port jumpseat, providing Captain Observant a brief reminder it was "Flaming Red", in keeping with Joanie Charlatan's preference for having what's hot on the inside covered by something hot on the outside, if you're picking up what I'm laying down. And if you're not, don't feel alone, neither are Athens, Corinth or Hamish.

"Delta 7, Fish, authenticate usual two."

"Fish, Chips, Ramshead, Flaming Red."

"Go ahead Chips, que pasa."

"Get Amelia and Dancer dialed in, we have about 6 minutes of radio coverage left thru Churchill radio and the good folks at Grand Forks AFB where I used to live at 740 Redwood Drive, from 1969 to 1971."

"Speed dialing both, commercial line, unable to clipper due Churchill."

"Savvy kemosabe."

"After a brief, not debrief, but brief delay "Dancer and Amelia, join Fish, Chips, Fox, Spanner and Cockerel, go ahead Chips"

"SMEAC follows, get it right the first time, limited radio coverage: recorders on, hack-

"Muhammad the cousin king indicates Gue X still not compromised therefore Operation ChopStick still on for ETA plus 120. Boeing rep on board told one of Deutsch's dummies that Boeing was forewarned of the hit on USS Cole last year and that it somehow precipitated their move to 1 Wacker Drive where they could be monitored by UBS, FBI-IC and Chicago SEC F-B-O, I say again, F-B-O Global Guardian/OIF combo planning TOPOFF AMERICA, eta 11 or 22 September, this year. Foot stomper coming now, we need to appear to draw down Able Danger assets and we need it to be a good act. If Hot Air and Gadget Bent don't take the bait, we can't poison Chairman Mo and his lap dog Paul, any questions team, by alphabet respond".

Amelia, Cockerel, Dancer, Fish, Fox, Spanner all said their name and name alone indicating no questions in content and good recording to study.

Captain Whopper then cleared everyone off frequency with the reminder "KPMG eta Plus 120" again soliciting one word acknowledgements from ACDFFS. "Thank you Churchill, Delta 7 out, good night skybird".

"Before you go Delta 7, what's is your location, we don't show any Deltas in our airspace".

"Exactly, due security" responded the laconic Captain Whopper. As he hung up the phone he pointed out to Athens and Corinth that the group of 4 would be back having dinner in the aft galley if they were needed on the flight deck. As he grabbed a long stream of paper off the printer behind the throttle quadrant he motioned to Spanner, Hamish and Fox to join him in the rear although his mind would prefer to join her in the front. Always thinking, our Captain Whopper.

Spanner and Hamish walked down the left aisle and Fox led Chips down the other aisle. From his position directly behind the Fox, Captain Whopper regained his focus and that was interesting because all those in the First Class cabin were planning to "focus" on 9/11 or 9/22; the intel had just come from Dr. Nano al-Umina from his research lab near Fresno. Before these sorry misfits in the new A340 could "focus" properly they would have to take down Able Danger which was not going to happen as long as Fish & Chips were alive and kicking, and I do not refer to the 70s group by the same name which recorded "[Tighter, Tighter](#)"

Once in the back row of coach they sat two on a side on the left aisle. Hamish and Chips on the aisle seats, Spanner and Fox beside them.

"Did you guys hear Fish say "Clipper Unable"?" asked David Hunter as he briefly came out of character to rest Chips up for the next phone link.

As they all nodded in agreement Chips, reaching into the overhead bin, pulled out an orange megaphone next to a raft with the label "Jerk to inflate" causing Chips to tell Hamish, "if we go down over water have Andre come inflate this for us". Referring a second time to the printer paper David Hunter turned the megaphone on, and selected option A, speaking "test, test" into the speaker end. All 3 marveled as Fish's voice replied "Fish on secure, go ahead".

"Fish, Chips, recorder on please, say when"

"When"

"Fish, thanks for the ACARS instructions reminding me of the megaphone designed by Q of MI-3. Here is the deal, Andre was heard discussing the upcoming pardons of Marc Rich and a few others in the last days of the Clinton era. It appears Andre thinks his father, Marc Rich and friends pull the strings to which Clinton, Rudy Giuliani and mayor of Vancouver BC all dance like pretty little puppets. Apparently none of these yah-whos on either side of the Demarais-Clinton dynamic have ever served in the military branches of a modern country or they would not be talking openly on this A340 regarding their plans for a triphibious intimidation of the US and her allies. While the hits on land and sea, where al-Qaeda was falsely blamed for embassy and war ship attacks in East Africa in 1998 and in Yemen in 2000, were apparently swallowed by a majority of consumers of the major media-fed news networks, when they will lose the battle is when they try, if they do, to use the air mode of the triphibious model. As difficult as it is to believe they are this foolish, it appears from a conversation in First Class between our man eating cous cous and a broker from MDA-Lansdowne the Global Guardians apparently have a few surplus Boeing hulls which they intend to paint in UAL and AA paint schemes, hang a few Raytheon products on the lower right fuselage, and then cross their fingers that no one in NYC, Abbotsford BC or Loveland-Ft Collins reports anything out of the ordinary. For instance Raytheon's chief presumed no one would see the forward firing ordinance hung on the Boeing 767 platforms painted like airliners but having no "airliner windows" and perhaps none of the blow-hard global guardians thought any of the 60,000 or so airline pilots in the US would note that the 767 platforms were flying at approximately 380 knots IAS where as the hapless Muslim patsies had never flown the simulators faster than 250 knots. And Mr. O'Kelly at KPMG who got nervous when the DOJ decided to take KPMG criminal probably will have a grand mal poop after he pays \$456M to silence USDOJ in 2005, then Boeing pays \$615M in 2006 to silence difficult questions from USDOJ regarding Boeing QRS11 modifications and the very highly secret Boeing Uninterruptible Autopilots patented in Canada in 2003, and then those 2 bribes become item A and item B at the 2007 Qui Tam suit "United States of America v. Global Guardians", originally filed in the Quentin Burdick Federal Court Building in Fargo, North Dakota on MayDay, 2007 in the format www.hawksafe.com/107.html."

"Fish, please record this conversation and then send hard copies to all players and also a Mr. Cartier in Canada working the pig farm and Foggy Dew triangle deal as well as the lady Dr. at the Army base north of Austin Texas, Charmagne Chezik, MD. Chips out."

As Captain Whopper became erect so as to put the orange megaphone back in it's aft left bin location, a winsome Fox had a visual indication that the mission oriented Captain was thinking of his next mission. Ever the professional he once again put off a well deserved debriefing in favor of seeking input from Spanner and Cockerel while his plumb bob was playing peek-a-boo with Fox's kisser.

"Spanner, will you be at the Kraz on the 14th of this month" David asked Spanner "because I understand that Airbus will be in Amsterdam to make an appearance at the World Court in the Hague, please check that out and keep us in the loop. And Hamish, is this a good time to brief these guys on the pig farm/dog deal honchoed by the Marquis of Abbotsford?" David asked, referring to a Marquis d'Cartier, an agent positioned as a research librarian at a Vancouver University by day, and an overnight custodian at Cascade mod center at the Abbotsford airport. Apparently his wearing thick glasses, a greasy long hair wig and dirty clothing had the other employees assuming he was some developmentally disabled 40 something bus rider from the city. Not to be confused with the Guess Who song "Bus Rider", which unfortunately has some blasphemous lyrics so I cannot put it in this chapter. However, as Marquis changes from research librarian to bus riding custodian, sit back, relax and listen to the [Guess Who's](#) offering to the Global Guardians, as their time runs out.

"David, yes I plan to be in Amsterdam by the 14th depending on how long Hamish needs me to help at the Hyatt Regency in Peking. If needed I can watch them on the dance floor and once they are in the, perceived, security of their rooms on the executive floor of the Kraz."

"Yes David, I think a contact with both Marquis and Mr. "Die-Hard" in the Vancouver area would be most helpful. Marq could take a few photos with his mop and then send them to us from the library. Die Hard has a canine asset ready to deploy for our benefit out at the Pig Farm as you like to call the scene of that crime."

"Aha David, I have it, PF means Pig Farm doesn't it" said the elated Dutch Spanner.

"Not exactly" responded the suddenly laconic airline captain as he watched a nervous Corinth coming hurriedly down the aisle".

"Captain Whopper, the company just called and wishes to speak to you on ARINC immediately. It appears there may be a security threat against this flight. Please come to the cockpit immediately and do that Captain stuff" suggested the out of breath and out of ideas heir to the left seat.

"Not yet Corinth, that is exactly what they'd expect me to do. Be a good young fellow and hand me the megaphone in the aft left bin Corinth".

Switching it on and ensuring option B he triggered the mic and spoke into the feedhorn "Chips FLASH Fish".

"Fish, on, confirm FLASH"

"FLASH confirmed, call NORAD 6, ask for April Cunning and ask if there is a security issue with Cyprus 69, Delta 7, or Mike Papa 02, FLASH"

"Standby Chips"

Through the open mic at the NCC in wedge one Chips could hear bits of the phone conversation from NCC to NORAD to the Cunning April, horseholder for NORAD 6. After a "thanks April" the volume came up and Fish responded "Chips, look out the left side of the cocpit".

"Not in cockpit at present but looking at the left wingtip I see 2 CF18s giving us HEFOE signals"

"Roger that Fish, now look out the right side and report what you see"

"Two F15s with AK on the twin tails and a bunch of Sidewinders, Sparrows and 2 AMMRAM missiles."

"Roger Chips, it seems that your A340 is a mile or two south of track but the problem is the transponder faded so as you were midway between Kamloops and Alaska everyone wanted to help you get safely to China"

"Fish, roger, understand all, what call sign are they working, Cyp69, Delta 7 or MP 02?"

"Your discrete call sign Chips"

"Roger that, let them know I will wave them off from the cockpit in 2 minutes, Chips out."

"Fish out, secure clipper."

"Hamish and Willem, keep your eyes on Fox and your hands off Fox, I have to teach these young fellows from Greece how to blow kisses to fighter pilots. I will be back in a few minutes, Spanner any more cold ones in your private stash?" As the 50 year old stud muffin became erect and doubletimed up to the flight deck, Fox was thinking, I am an old fashioned girl and I prefer cockpit over flight deck just as I prefer Whopper over cous cous. As Monica Maytag dreamed of the next debriefing der Spanner vacated 3 more cylindrical holes in his ice sculpture in plastic marked "Winter Survival Kit" in Dutch. In French and Arabic it was emblazoned "toxic samples, do not open".

Once again in the left seat Capt Whopper gave a thumbs up and an Okay and blew a kiss to the CF18s on the left whereupon they did a slow roll, nose low to the left then split essed to head south to Kamloops. Leaning over the center console he repeated the thumbs up, Okay and blown kiss to the Eagle drivers from the 49th state and the F15s slowly rotated to one half positive G, lit the 4 burners and accelerated away from the A340 on a course that seems to point towards Elmendorf AFB, where Captain Whopper would do an "unrestricted climb" in an empty DC10 in August of 2006, but I digress.

The starry eyed Athens and Corinth asked "how do you know these things that make armed fighters go away willingly Captain Whopper?"

"Well I sure didn't learn it from watching Tim Cruise screw up the Maverick gig, he acted more like a Goose"

"Wasn't Goose the man in back?"

"Maybe in that movie he was but then Hollywood is just a distraction like the major league sports and the US court System. Between the courts, the sports and the Hollywood dorks most Americans lose track of what's important" responded the well educated Captain Whopper whose 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal Fox was missing in the back of the plane.

"And regardless of where one is from the Man in Black told it like it was, not the man in the back. Here, listen to my iPod of Johnny Cash singing "[Man in Black](#)" while I head back to Anastasia before she trembles herself to sleep. And as you listen to JC singing "Man in Black" think of what Elvis told the world, what MLK told the world and what has been told to the world in every risen sun and the one Risen Son, but don't listen to me, the man in back, but rather to Johnny Cash, the Man in Black." As Athens and Corinth did paper rock scissors to determine who listened first the fully erect Captain Whopper repaired to his project on the back burner, if you get my drift and know where my head's at.

"Everything OKAY upfront oh he who is command of everything?" asked Hamish.

"Give me a Grolsch maxi-brew and let me formulate an articulate answer worthy of your well couched yet laconic query oh he who's feathers tempt steelheads and dolly vardens into committing acts of fly-fishing suicide." As the resident Dutch boy delivered a Grolsch to the lager-meister, and part time pilot, the affable Captain Whopper continued with "actually all I had to do was way bye bye to the Canadians first, the Americans second, and the Greek boys third. In fact Athens and Corinth are getting a Sunday School lesson from Johnny Cash even as I eloquently opine thusly with lager-laden exhalations containing CO2, a flash of Grolsch and perhaps a hint of Juniper from last night's BSM, which I will be repeating 121 minutes after ETA Peking."

"What would have happened if you had not called the Fish or didn't know what to signal the Zoomies who intercepted this fat four engine pig oh major consumer of things brewed from hops?" queried the Dutch Spanner.

"Actually that should be Lieutenant Colonel consumer of things brewed from hops but not to dwell on chicken shit, in as much as we were fairly close to course and fairly true to flight planned true airspeed probably nothing more than a HEFOE signal regarding the transponder. I didn't want our two Greek co-pilots to feel like they were being

redressed so I turned the transponder back on to channel B to replace the apparently failed channel A, while they did paper rock scissors over the right to listen first to Johnny Cash."

"David, if I hear you correctly it sounds like you like to redress Greek males, how come you never redress Anastasia, after all she is also Greek.?" queried the oft querying Hamish.

"Elementary my dear Watson, I use redress with the Greek pilots in one context but I assure you I would be willing to redress Anastasia if it were not for two issues, one, she can redress herself as she sees fit and number two I prefer her non-redressed or in the common vernacular, undressed."

"David, you seem to have a one track mind, let's get back to the mission at hand"

"Actually my dear Watson I have a two track mind, security is issue number one and she can't hide a weapon if she is without clothing and number two I do find her attractive and provocative and I could go on forever but she too wishes to get back to the mission in hand."

"David, I said mission at hand, you responded mission in hand, what gives?"

"I do" yelled Fox as she pulled Captain Whopper to his feet and tugged him towards the crew rest facility" and David knew exactly what she had in mind so he fumbled thru his shirt pockets looking for the note she had handed him earlier. "Flaming red, forget the note David, I have my mind on your mission".

"Exactly" cooed the soon to be busy Captain of the vessel, "go in and get the maytag going while I pop in and check on Starvos and Sidorkis, I will catch up in 90 seconds".

As the flushing Fox disappeared into the lower bunk Captain Whopper could feel his upper torso blood pressure reducing as his bilateral aux vessels being to engorge anticipating their singular purpose in life. "Athens and Corinth, security debriefing for 30 minutes, stay the course, talk amongst yourselves and I just want you both to know that we are counting on you and that 'we' includes Leslie Nielsen, Anastasia and myself, the elusive and unpredictable Captain Whopper, that is all". Shutting the door tight he removed his shoes, shirt and was just loosening his belt with two more willing hands joined the evolution. As items were falling to the floor in piles, the periscope was coming up as the Captain was going down. The last item to hit the pile was a Flaming Red Thong, but don't ask me, call Joanie Charlatan at the FM mortgage lender where she works, this flaming red idea was hers and hers alone. However, the Captain had firm command of the periscope until properly relieved by the First Mate. "Surprise me with a song, oh Fox to die for" petitioned the recently relieved skipper of the clipper.

An olive skinned svelte arm reached up to the iPod with the kick ass speakers and the only hit that Climax ever had, [Precious and Few](#), would be playing as the Fox tried hard to remember the name of the Band. As the Flaming Fox morphed into Maytag Monica she had no idea that this same lead singer would rebuild the band as "Exile" and have a monster hit "[Kiss You All Over](#)", which gave her a good idea as she suddenly remembered the name of the band who did "Precious and Few".

Meanwhile, as the young international security agent inspected Captain Whopper for security violations, he recalled how some co-pilots frequently opine "It must be good to be Captain". Thinking back to Parker Brother's Clue game he could simply think, I cannot prove you wrong.

As the periscope was being stowed post action the vibrator went off on his clipper deal. The insatiable Fox, hearing the vibrator asked, it that for me?

"Whatever you desire oh discarder of thongs, but according to caller ID we have a Fish on the line and he indicates IMMEDIATE so I better repair to Hamish can do a clipper in the megaphone, here you listen on my iPod" as he strolled out of the CRF.

"But Captain "down periscope", isn't your iPod with Starvos and Sidorkis?"

"They've got the placebo, you have the clipper standby for Fish in 5."

"Okay Captain Skipper of the shipper with the clipper and the honey dripper but hurry back as I am really getting into to this Exile idea".

"Remember my sweet young Fox, I am 50 and you are 28, so I am no longer a machine and I need some down time. Before I go, give me another of Rod Baldinger's NDSU produced extendo-peter tablets."

"Here my geriatric hatrick, take two and hurry back and we can go into Exile."

"As you dictate, oh dictator in Greek."

As David sat down with the megaphone, once again checking the on switch on and this time going back to option A, he spoke into the feed horn "Fish this is Chips, understand immediate, dictate to me Fish"

"Recorder on Chips, Amelia, Dancer and Dr Paul Z on the line homeplate."

"Chips, Cockerel, Fox and Spanner on line aloft, MP02, go ahead Fish"

"Dancer has just been in contact with Nano Al-Umina and between the Free Masons, the Global Bankers and the Dancing Jews it is confirmed that the first mason date in the 9th month is the planned execution of AMERICAN TOPOFF according to those PFers in the First Class Cabin of your flight Chips".

"Understand all Fish, the PFers in First Class may be in for a little course change by the Tfer in command of this four engine pig. Stronger message to follow. Listen Fish, good work but I have to run to the first class lou and send Mo Strong on a vacuum assisted sea cruise if you can pick up what I'm laying down."

"Understand all Chips, Fish out, fadeout."

As the recently remotivated Captain Four Stripper strode to the first class lou to send a floating message to the Global Guardian Organ Grinder monkeys in First Class, a recently refreshed Fox sat down next to David's seat and asked Hamish where Whopper was off to.

"He is about ready to hatch the loaf heard round the world, or at least orafactorily recognized around the First Class cabin of Global PFers" responded the not so laconic Hamish, who secretly wished he was Captain Whopper.

"Exactly" whispered the demure and recently plumbed Fox.

From the orange megaphone left on his seat by David came the admonition, "Fox, that is my word to overuse, don't make me come back there and assert the privileges of command until I have finished this 6-pound statute of Mr. Rockefeller."

Speaking into the feed-horn Hamish attempted to correct the statute builder in the first class lou "David, I think you misspoke, it should be "underwater statue" should it not?"

"Not so fast Mr. no thanks on the Grolsch offer, I have failed the flapper in the first class crapper for maximum reek and hang-time, as a courtesy to these PFers trying to TOPOFF America. As a second measure I have disabled the flush motor and removed the red and white tape." Responded the suddenly 6 pound lighter Captain of the ship.

"Excellent works your effluence, my hat is off to you, no wonder you are the Captain."

"Exactly" responded the master hatcher of disabled loafs, as he intentionally left the door to the lou swinging freely.

As he stuck his nose in the cockpit he said "How's the flying guys?" to Athens and Corinth.

"Routine oh Captain of the Cabin and Crewrest Facility."

"For your info I will be turning the recirc fans off and the first class pack to low so that a heavenly aroma can waft all over our First Class cabin people" commented the suddenly smiling Captain Whopper. As he quickly made his way through the FC cabin he could see several people covering their faces with "moist towelettes" or perfumed hands. In seat 3D our cousin king asked "who cut the cheese" to the two PFers in 2C and 2D.

2D turned around with his left hand covering his face and responded "Pull my finger and I will tell you."

As the Captain rejoined the threesome in the back he reflected on the beauty of his job: a hot fox and a cold Grolsch, it is not unpleasant being the Captain.

Seeing her Captain looking somewhat tired the everready Fox suggested, "Dear Captain Skipper of the Shipper, do you recall a captain of another ship, LCdr. Lloyd Bucher who was skipper of the USS Pueblo when it was taken by the bad guys in 1968?"

"Yes I do, oh Goddess from Greece, but how does that apply to our present situation?"

"I simply thought that you may like to "[ride captain ride](#)" like the song by Blues Image seems to indicate is a privilege of your position. To this how do you respond Oh respondent to my offer of my honor?"

"Well, on her or offer, I rise to the gambit, I rise my periscope to your thrown down gauntlet, and I suggest we repair to the CRF to do justice to the 1970 hit by Blues Image."

As the athletic and aerobically fit two-some shifted the CG forward, they both harked back to the lyrics playing in their mind. Strangely, as the Red Thong dropped in advance of the risen periscope, her iPod with the kick-ass speakers were playing the song in question:

Due to the ongoing writer's strike in Hollywood the creative researchers at HawksCAFE have decided to honor our creative brothers and sisters and not put the typical "bits and pieces" at the end of this Chapter 6, also known as C6 which is one of the 3 songs played on the Foggy Dew Jukebox on New Year's Eve. However, our faithful readers can expect Chapter 7 to introduce two new characters, one a John Diehard, and one dog with a GPS collar and listening device ears. The working title "Wag the Dog Demarais-Pig Farm DNA" should keep the Tomoye agents, employees of McConnell International, and the USDOJ guessing what is coming down the pike. Ladies and gentlemen, what is coming down the pike is the Truth with a capital T. It promises to reduce the Presidential Field by at least 3 people; 2 alleged Republicans, and one alleged Democrat. However, not all is as it seems.....