

Chapter 8: February 23, 2001

"Wag-the-Dog" Pargesa and Piggy's Palace DNA



http://www.rawmeatybones.com/readers_pics/argos.jpg
http://www.pargesa.ch/images/phot_ac/images/index-%5BConverti%5D_03.gif
http://www.davincisinquest.com/images/dvi_synopsis.jpg

Hamish says Montreal Mob controls Laborers-Teamsters' waste-disposal unions and Hollywood North with sex & murder movies produced at 'bonded' killing fields. Elie Grabl finds KPMG-Pargesa (Desmarais' private bank in Geneva) extorting politicians such as the wannabee Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell (Piggy's Palace), Rudy Giuliani (Fresh Kills land fill) and the Clintons (Haiti voodoo necklace). Al-Umina's special-effects buddies at Bridge Studios ask him to film their work to protect them against future Qui tam suit re any Wag-the-Dog false claim newsfeeds. Mlle. Screu-Fait, John Watson's cattle dog, collects DNA from a Piggy's Palace Party. Hunter flies samples plus Diehard plus dog to meet Teddy and Nano at JFK for a midnight raid on Staten Island burial grounds.

The lawyer for accused killer Robert (Willy) Pickton has put a [\\$375,000 lien](#) on the Port Coquitlam property now being searched by police in connection with the disappearance of 54 women from the Downtown Eastside .. Peter Ritchie filed the lien last month on the property, which is one-third owned by Pickton, according to records obtained from the B.C. Land Title Registry [like the Radarsat GMTI ground moving target indicator service, BC OnLine is operated by KPMG-Pargesa controlled Macdonald Dettwiler and Associates]. The lien -- in the form of a mortgage [bond] -- is to guarantee coverage of the legal fees in the high-profile case, in which Pickton is facing six counts of first-degree murder in the deaths of six of the missing women.

Defence witness Bill Malone says he built the Pickton nightclub, [Piggy's Palace](#), to rival any club in big city Vancouver. "We put in a sound system that was comparable to any club in Vancouver," Malone testified. "We built proper stages, we brought in everything .. It would have the full atmosphere of any nightclub." .. Parties would be thrown five to six times a year between 1995 and 1998, hosting between 325 and 600 people. "We had turkey, roast beef, we had any buffet-style menu you would find at any big restaurant," Malone said. Roasted pig was also served. "From pigs that Robert would buy at the auction and butcher," Malone said. "And then Pat [Casanova] would barbecue them." "It was a rough crowd" at Piggy's Palace, said Brian, a musician who played there a few years ago with the hard-rock band [South City Slam](#) .. "Even the women were tough- looking -- a lot of leather and denim .. he hooked up with Dave Pickton when the now-defunct band played at the South City Club in New Westminster .. The crowd at Piggy's Palace often included men wearing Hells Angels biker club colours .. "The people who came all seemed to know one another." .. The City of Port Coquitlam .. attempted, but failed, to get a court order in 1996 to force the Picktons and their Piggy's Palace Good Times Society to cease throwing parties on the property. The society was incorporated in 1996 with five directors, including the Picktons, and was dissolved in January 2000 for failing to file annual statements .. "I wasn't really keen on spending New Year's Eve on a pig farm, but the money was good," Brian said. He made about \$500 a night .. The dances would usually start with a roast pork dinner about 8 p.m. The band would start about 9:30 p.m. and play until 1 or later. Among those who

attended parties at Piggy's Palace was Port Coquitlam Mayor Scott Young .. He described the party as a "getting to know you" event put on by people living in the area."

"Would passengers Watson, Spanner, and Zaloumi please come forward to the flight deck. Flight attendants please prepare for landing we will be on the ground within 20 minutes but as we descend over Turnagain Arm Bay south and southeast of Anchorage it is routine to get moderate turbulence so at this time we request that the Cabin Staff finish their service, stow their equipment and join the rest of us in sitting down for the duration of this flight, thank you."

"Captain, the lead Flight Attendant asked if you'd like the announcement made a second time in French or Arabic" said Hamish and he, Fox and Spanner came into the cockpit.

"Hamish please say thanks for the thought but no, English only is sufficient as I don't believe they will be telling of their treasonous plans for the events of 9-11 that they are going to China to finalize, and besides, that's just what Mr. Cous Cous and the yahoos would expect for us to do. Just as they probably think we are landing in Anchorage and they will have no way of knowing until it is too late due to the weather at Elmendorf" opined the unpredictable and energetic [Captain Marvel-Shazam](#) as a wonderful way to expand some energy popped into his head as he harked back to the limo ride from Arlington to the Ramshead.

"By the way Captain, here is the last on board Grolsch if you'd like to wet your whistle before we fly into the goo, what is the weather at Elmendorf?" asked Spanner.

"Here's the latest at the base, don't show it to Athens or Corinth yet, they may not like it and get nervous. Let's let them get nervous later" came the abbreviated response from the laconic Captain.

"MP09, Anchorage approach, we are handing you off to Elmendorf on 124.3 contact them over ANC VOR and cancel the Yeska you are cleared direct ANC, descend to and maintain 6000."

"Roger that" replied Athens as he dialed in 124.3 and set 6000 in the altitude window. As he pushed the "direct" button on the MDCU he typed ANC in LS1 and the aircraft turned directly towards the ANC VOR. As he did this the ever unhelpful Corinth requested ANC weather on the ACARS and handed the printed copy to his countryman who was flying the aircraft, handling the radios and doing all that pilot stuff.

Athens sort of confused Corinth when he called out "Elmendorf approach, MP09, over ANC, level 6000 indicating 230 knots due turbulence."

"MP09 roger that, Elmendorf is currently WOXOF, 15 over 11 on temperature, winds calm and no significant improvement expected for hours, state your intentions" was the wake up call that Athens and Corinth got unexpectedly, more use to the temperate weather that is generally experienced in Greece and that corner of the world. But it was no where near the wakeup call that Fox slipped to Captain Whopper in the form of an ACARS message signed 'FW1'. And the ever appreciative Captain Whopper had something he wished to slip to Fox at his first opportunity; code name purple.

"Fox, did this really come up when we asked the ACARS for ANC WX?" the now not so omniscient Captain Average asked. "And does anyone know the sender, FW1?"

"Captain Whopper after your believing a quivering Fox when she tested your level of knowledge while reducing your level of testosterone I thought perhaps I could tempt you to spend more time 'in the key working on 3 pointers' if we made it into an international competition for dominance without reference to gender, oh master of the hard wood and champion of the full quart press" challenged the Greek beauty once thought of by her neighborhood half court friends as a champion of the lay up, whereas David knew they were 180 degrees reversed in that thought.

Speaking of [quivering](#), please remember the key word is 'stay' with me a while, not the Monica/Bill operation 'stain' on me a while. I guess Rhodes Scholars don't know jack diddly about music. No wonder his running mates have all deserted him while Captain Whopper's mate begs and quivers to again see the Captain go down as the periscope goes up. Or, as the ever laconic skipper of the sub-shaped vessel announces "dive, dive" and he prepares to dive, maintain his position as world's most well known MUFF diver [Marine uncovers false flags = MUFF]

As the effects of the 2 Rodney Baldinger 'extend-o-peters' began to embolden and engorge the skipper of the shipper he blurted out "Just for that, oh Fox of many talents, the time for the next debriefing is back to 'chocks plus 15' as we will need to clear the cabin so no one hears you response to my 'double dribble' technique which includes a pair of 'free shots' at the finale. And one more thing my deep thinking and highly libidoed Athelete from Athens, I will have you know I have the nicest woody in America and it is available to you to ride til it's out of gas" as he passed her a picture he pulled out of his passport where he always kept the photo of his woody, an oldy but goody.



"Now Mrs. Greek Basketball player, how'd ya like to go for a long ride on top of this purple tipped rod champion" asked the confident Captain Purple Tip "and if you were to polish it, it would get real shiny real fast and regain it's luster as you've allowed me to regain my mojo, oh svelte athelete from Athens sporting the 'puma stripes' that give way to the Four Stripes driving this French pig, pardon the redundancy.

"I thought you wear kidding regarding the biggest woody in America David, but I can clearly see that this is double the size of the biggest woody I have ever seen. It almost looks like you have a double-woodie oh Captain of the Crew Bunk but so massive and so thick and heavy it must be hard on fuel" opined the winsome and pre-lubing Fox.

"No, actually, oysters are better fuel in that regard. But a dozen oysters and 2 of NDSU Rodney Baldinger extend-o-peters should pretty much provide for a "[Afternoon Delight](#)" that even Joanie Charlatan could appreciate" opined the well-woodied winner of the annual 'Thinger of Thongs' competition held among the Mortgage and Semen Bankers in the Fargo Moorhead area. And some folks think Fargo is just a snowjob movie.

And no better place to go immediately after some afternoon delight than Joanie Charlatin's refi center just east of the Quentin Burdick Federal Courthouse where the Qui Tam lawsuit heard round the globe as filed on 2 October, 2007



Greece ousts USA in massive World Championship upset (9/01/06) Source: [BBC World News](#)
Greece beat the USA 101-95 to spring a big surprise in the semi-finals of the World Championships in Japan on Friday. Guard Vassilis Spanoulis starred for the Greeks with 22 points as the European champions overcame a 12-point deficit at Saitama Super Arena. Greece, with no current NBA players on their roster, danced in a circle on the court after their shock success. Carmelo Anthony scored 27 points and Dwayne Wade 19, but the joint captains were unable to save the favourites. The final buzzer sparked scenes of pandemonium as the Greeks celebrated as if they had won the gold medal. "I thank my players," said Greek coach Panagiotis Yannakis. "They did something incredible. We had faith and we never lost concentration." US coach Mike Krzyzewski was gracious in defeat. "Obviously the Greek team did an amazing job," he said. "It's not surprising. We knew that they had great heart and togetherness. They deserved it." The shock win also caused huge celebrations to break out all over Greece while the country's political leadership rushed to offer praise and congratulations. Prime Minister Costas Karamanlis cut short scheduled meetings to watch the end of the game and expressed gratitude to the Greek team. "This historic victory has made Greeks all over the world proud," he said in a statement. "It has proven that when Greece can do anything when it believes in itself." Offices and services came to a standstill in Athens as Greeks watched the game and then left their workplace to celebrate. Workers at one downtown office threw hundreds of sheets of paper out of windows onto a celebrating crowd. Others waved national blue-and-white flags and sounded car horns as they celebrated the country's place in the final. Traffic information screens had flashed the final score, prompting some motorists to abandon their cars to join the crowds. The USA had looked on course for victory but suffered a second-quarter collapse, blowing a 12-point lead with six minutes left to let Greece back into the game after a slow start. "I congratulate Greece for coming back from 12 points down and going on a 14-0 run," said Anthony. "I take my hat off to them for playing so well and so hard down the stretch." The USA have suffered a string of failures and will now be forced to qualify for the 2008 Olympics in Beijing. They were crowned World champions in 1994 and were also Olympic champions in 2000, but they missed

out on a medal at the last Worlds in 2000 and could only win bronze at the Athens Games in 2004. Greece will now play either Olympic champions Argentina or Spain in Sunday's final.

As the ACARS printed a copy of the weather attached to the Elmendorf field conditions was an innocuous extra line- 'security arrangements per Fox request- signed FW1. As the master of the obvious turned to catch the smiling and ever mysterious Fox he said "Fox, have you been busy on the clipper megaphone while I have put all of my 35 years and 23,000 hours of safe flying to work in hopes of getting to Elmendorf safely and strand these perverts intent on destroying America in a cold and foreign environment?"

"Guilty as charged oh Captain of the double woody, I hope whatever punishment you subject me to is just and teaches me a lesson to keep my hands off the Captain's feedhorn and in some ways I am a slow learner so I hope the woody's tank is full" cautioned the suddenly sudsing Puma thronged beauty as she passed up 2 tins of smoked oysters harking back to the callsign Chips had when he flew F16s.

"Well Fox, Hamish and Spanner, regarding this woxoff weather, the twin cities and I have to concentrate on landing this French pig so perhaps I will dole out the punishment after we clear the runway, but for now I have to focus on the mission at hand" the dedicated professional with chiselled good looks sporting 220 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal humbly opined, "and pass me another dozen oysters or I will be [running on empty](#) when these kick ass NDSU extend-o-peters double your pleasure and double my fun just like Doublemint gum" gummed the toothless sextagenarian as Jackson Browne chimed in on lead guitar and vocals.

"Captain, perhaps my young wet ears misheard your weather adjective was it "rocks off" weather you mentioned" queried co-captain-Corinth.

"Negative my steady pilot flying this French pig, any weather is 'rocks off' weather but I referred to the fact that WOXOF, zero ceiling, zero visibility, awaits us so as you and Athens set up the cockpit for a zero zero landing I will slip my woody into it's holder" as he opened his passport and inserted his prize woody. And the sudsing maytag hung on his every word, except disrespectful comments involving basketball and Greek spies.

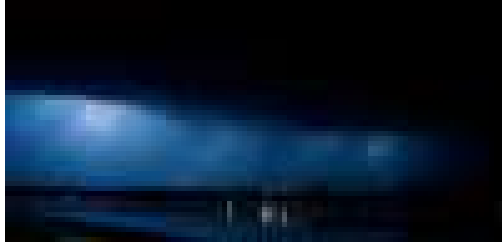
Fox slipped a message to Hamish that the ACARS spit out from FW1 so Hamish could make sense of it before she showed it to Captain Goodwood, not the VOR 114.75 and GWC which is a VOR just 19 miles after Begto on the Willo arrival to London's Gatwick Airport in Crawley, England, but Good Wood that required no Begto transition. After reading it Hamish suggested she pass it up the left side of Captain Hunter's electrically operated Captain's chair out of view of the 'twin cities'.

As David felt their left arms touch he thought she might be reaching for the stick but alas it was simply to pass up this update from FW1 [fish, wedge 1]

Chips- Big John and Mademoiselle need you at Foggy Dew ASAP. Your mission is complete at Elmendorf. OSI double for Nano and FBI lady double for Paul Z in supply truck meeting the French pig on the northside security ramp. New mission is as follows: Chips replaced by A330 Captain from SEA, Hamish, Chips and Fox reroute to SEA-TAC in C9B that is awaiting your arrival at the supply truck, tail letters on C9B Romeo Whiskey [ever things falls in place for Captain Hunter], Spanner will stay on C9B to connect at SEA TAC, his new mission involves Kraz-the Hague-Airbus while the Three Legged Stool will be dropped at YVR where a big dog, a big john and a big limo are waiting. No time for confirmation, make it happen Fish out. After reading it a second time he handwrote a note to Fox: grab my orange mega-feedhorn and advise Fish of three necessary changes:

A) thongs to C9B B) Grolsch to C9B C) cancel Lav Service truck

As the preluded Fox slid back to the mega feedhorn the ever meticulous Captain Precision said "and in summary this will be a Cat IIIB to the east at Elmendorf, Corinth will be pilot flying, I will be pilot monitoring, any questions you two?"



"Captain I understand the summary but what does it summarize, you have done nothing yet that indicates you are really a pilot" the professional and frustrated Athens vented.

"Exactly Athens, that's just what they'd expect me to do, end of briefing, now fly this pig to an autoland and please don't trouble me with more Charlie Sierra, I've got to focus before they focus and don't let the weather concern you, I am on a first name basis with He who commands the weather and causes my boat not to rock when He calms the storms" replied the laconic Captain Calmseas.



"So tell me Athens, to add to my lengthy and professional Cat 3B briefing, do you guys in Greece do many of these Cat 3Bs?"

"Negative Captain, neither of us has and we are only trained to Cat II as First Officers."

"Roger that Athens, I have the aircraft, let the tower know we are inside the marker and will clear to the north to head to the security ramp and will give them progressive position reports from turnoff to chocks, tell them to get all the lights on the runway, but not in the manner demonstrated in the 1980 film 'Airplane'."



"David, we are all counting on you" calmly encouraged Hamish.

"Thanks Hamish but no more Leslie Nielsen lines till we get to the corner of Grolsch and Thong and head off to see ["Big John"](#) and his 'Mademosielle Screu-Fait'.

"And Hamish, Fox and Spanner, head back to First Class and watch the video we are showing the PFers in the log-laden cabin, these boneheads planning to TOPOFF America need to focus on the marine taking a drink of Jack Daniels at 2:50 in the video, even tho the PFers in First Class think they can kill MLK, think they can kill JFK, think they can kill RFK and think they can kill Bhutto six years from now, these demented dorks with diminutive wieners cannot KILL [A DREAM](#), nor an IDEA. And I have an idea, but the PFers like Mo Strong and the Desmaret Dipshits aren't going to like it. Go watch the video, I have a French pig to put down. It's called the OIF, and the United States of America Airline families and African Americans will help me in the killing fields of 2008. Before you go, Spanner, pass me up that Grolsch wide body, I have some precision flying to do before we leave the OIF 'bought and paid for' PFers in the first class cabin stranded at Elmendorf with no Grolsch and a 6# monster loaf in the first class lou, to this I do solemnly affirm."

As the PFers in first class were forced to listen to MLK's dream, a young Christian man born into humble circumstance in Tupelo, later a truck driver in Memphis and in 1977 taken down in a way to be revealed in the next book was recalled for having a dream also, a dream penned in 1968 as part of his comeback special. And if you thought [Elvis Presley](#) had an impressive comeback, you ain't seen nothing yet [sorry BTO, 'no time' for a link to you or the Guess Who]. Wait until JC has his glorious comeback, and I refer not to Johnny Cash.

As the A340 was parked at the secure area north of the runway next to a C9B with RW on the tail, a supply truck holding the Grolsch and Thongs only [code name GTO] the laconic Captain Goodwood said "you two young fellows did a hell of a job, I am proud and humbled to be able to fly with such masters of the cockpit, however, I will

be leaving you now as duty calls and I must be off on a pressing mission, please do the checklists and the log book while I repair to the First Class Cabin to give my farewell remarks to the august assemblage of useless eaters in the front of this French pig, so long, farewell, to fly west is a flight we must all take some day..." as his laconicness was interrupted by Corinth.

"Captain, is your pressing mission her again, oh he who has oyster breath?"

"Negative, oh youthful person who knows not what awaits your industry in September of this year, my pressing mission is to asshole the PFers, not re-oyster the Athelete from Athens in your fair land of Greece."

"Hamish, your brother is signaling he wants to board the aircraft, please go to door 2L where Fox is monitoring the comings, footstomper, comings and goings of all erect humans ambulating in and out, footstomper, in and out of the aircraft. I wish to have you, your brother, and Madam Screu-Fait standing beside me while I deliver a few brief thoughts to these honoured guests of ours in the cabin housing the 6# statute of M. Strong" once again causing Hamish, almost, to respond "but should it not be underwater statute oh he to whom all thongs become moistened?" but he did not repeat his previous offense of correcting the captain as he hoped the Fox will later erect the PTRC.

As Big John and his dog Madam Screu-Fait boarded the jet and hung a left just as Big John's real life daughter always does Captain 'last word' cleared his throat, popped in a career extender [glossary item] and begun orating thusly as she was prelubing [feverishly](#)

As the fever gained heat, the previously laconic non-pilot opened up on his captive audience like [Major Steven Pless](#) opened up to the commies on the dike and earned himself a Medal of Honor in Viet Nam, I would like to fill you in but I have some OIF PFers to 'slay and fillet' first. Just as Peter was changed from a fisher of fish to a fisher of men, Captain Lethalfocus comes just short of killing the PFers, in what would become known later as the 'Killing Field' speech, or as MLK might suggest, "I Have a Dream of you PFers in Attica before the erection, excuse me, election of 2008."

"Dear honoured captives of the first class cabin. I had a dream while resting alongside this beautiful Greek security expert that concerns me a great deal. In this dream I thought I was in the presence of the planners of what might be 'spun' as the Attack of 9/11 but what actually would be, if you PFers continue to go down that evil road, a fatal error made by whoever is the head of the Octopus, if the Octopus has a head. I could whip out my purple tipped red champion and show you a real head but I have a GTO awaiting me so my time is brief."



"If the Octopus has a head this august assemblage of useless eaters must Harpoon the head before I reach down it's throat and rip it's heart out and feed it to this dog, Madam Screu-Fait. And if any of you little tentacles of the Octopussy think you can strangle me, think again and pull your heads out of your asses before I rip you a new one, or allow the SAS trained lethal weapon beside me, Big John Diehard, holding back the dog to do it for me, you little pimpled faced PFers, pardon the redundancy. But I digress."

"When this ravishing beauty beside me told me that I was not dreaming but rather she and I were listening to, and recording, every single word spoken by each and everyone of you PFers regardless of the language and the ones I recognize are Farsi, Arabic, French and, 'horseshit not intelligible and grammatically useless English' I was thankful that my native American code-talker Navajo Marine friends didn't have to listen to anymore evil Navajo from the soon to be dead Professor Hale, of MIT linguistics, who it sounds like you and your pals NC and JD have scheduled to die in October following the proposed slaughter of Raytheon execs on 9/11 to ensure their eternal silence."

"Well, my short peckered friends, I have a revelation you may want to factor in to your collective planning of

TOPOFF America. First and foremost, you will not accomplish your goal, and it will be the aviation community, the African Americans, and the Christians who bring you down and turn you over to Mukasey on 2 October, 2007. And assuming there are no football games slowing him down he will have until Elvis' birthday to act or the package [code name Qui Tam], three videos, this e:book and tons of supporting documents will go to 49 United States Attorneys in addition to the honest US Attorney who I am a Brother of, my hopeless and hapless little PFER friends. You and your ilk can buy our civil servants, you can buy evil short peckered misfits such as the guys from WJC's team meeting you in China to coordinate the inside out polish heart attack you have pencilled in for the morning of 9-11-01, however, if you persist in your plan, you doorknobs with erectile dysfunction, here is what awaits you. Us.

"While the two young pilots from far away drove this French made pig; Hamish, take a bow, Fox, courtesy please, Spanner, grab me a Grolsch, and I have recorded and videotaped each and every word and movement from over 300 listening devices, including the smelly hypersensitive listening device that is stinking up the first class cabin disguised as Beethoven's last movement. While it looks like a monster loaf it is an MI6 created listening device called "Buzzard" as it is laced with some chemicals that when exposed to rarified air, such as the cabin of the A340 at FL380, emanates a stench that would blow a buzzard off a camel-dung heap. And for some of you big talkers, such as Cous-Cous breath from Syria or Son of Bong."

"David, that is son of boss, not bong" offered the ever organized but generally flaccid Hamish C. Watson.

"Thank you, oh he who connects dots and puts PFers in prison, but I am a fucking fighter pilot and not an articulate Cambridge graduate with perfect scores in two different disciplines, but as a FFP I rely on speed, accuracy and unpredictability, so as not to get killed, violated or beaten in 35 years and 23,000 hours of flying, in fact, oh he who has a 6 foot 4 and 240# killing machine for a brother named Big John Watson who stands alongside me in slaying these sick SOBs whether they are sons of bongs, sons of bosses or as George Patton would regard them, sons of bitches, to quote the WWII author of the cliché 'crap thru a goose'. Regardless of the spelling that 6# loaf in the forward lou was not only listening but it was analyzing the air for hints of certain substances. And the entrees in your first class meals, each and every one, had a hypersensitive listening device in the withered brussel sprout that, on every dish, had a portion of tin foil stuck to it. And yet you collective nimrods who plan to kill my college classmate, Chic Burlingame USNA '71, and then do further harm to his surviving ex-wife by giving their only daughter an arsonic dose of ARKANCIDE [google ARKANCIDE, go ahead, I dare ya] causing Wendy to perish at age 32 thought we didn't know what you were doing each and ever step of the way.."

"David, forgive my incessant interruptions when you fail to hang out the 'do not disturb sign' however, tell those little PFers the significance of the tin foil and the COIN created idea that hatched it, just like the monster loaf they thought you hatched in the first class lou.." interrupted the world's oldest deployer of verbal AD-HD, to which I am #2.

"Thank you then we will wrap this up. For you listening to your death warrants being recorded, you may realize, very few people eat the methane producing brussel sprouts on airplanes, and nobody would eat one with tin foil as it hurts your teeth, as this dog, Madam Screu-Fait might hurt your testicles, if you have any, if she bit very slowly into the pea sized nuts that accompany your sea horse size penises, baby seahorses at that, go look in aquarium if you don't get the picture."



"Regarding getting your picture, every single monitor on your 'self entertainment device' has a camera, each lav has a camera behind the mirror, and everything aft of the cockpit door has been videotaped and downlinked realtime to an SOC in Minnesota, no shit, you little PFers. But it gets better because when 'banana man' from Gatineau was discussing the Naudet and Courchene video tapings FBO Barnett [world's first live mass snuff film] you have inspired the White Knights to video tape every thing behind the camera operator and the laser target designator operators that "loose lips" in seat 5J was bragging about to his plant at Boeing when they revealed the Boeing uninterruptible auto pilots which will become known to the world on 3-3-07 even though you PFers have been video and audio taped discussing them today, 2-9-01 and you plan to patent it in Canada in 2003.

New autopilot will make another 9/11 impossible (1/07/08) Source: www.thisislondon.co.uk
A hijack-proof piloting system for airliners is being developed to prevent terrorists repeating the 9/11 outrages. The mechanism is designed to make it impossible to crash the aircraft into air or land targets - and enable the plane to be flown by remote control from the ground in the event of an emergency. Scientists at aircraft giant Boeing are testing the tamper-proof autopilot system which uses state-of-the-art computer and satellite technology. It will be activated by the pilot flicking a simple switch or by pressure sensors fitted to the cockpit door that will respond to any excessive force as terrorists try to break into the flight deck. Once triggered, no one on board will be able to deactivate the system. Currently, all autopilots are manually switched on and off at the discretion of pilots. The so-called 'uninterruptible autopilot system' - patented secretly by Boeing in the US last week - will connect ground controllers and security services with the aircraft using radio waves and global satellite positioning systems. After it has been activated, the aircraft will be capable of remote digital control from the ground, enabling operators to fly it like a sophisticated model plane, manoeuvring it vertically and laterally. A threatened airliner could be flown to a secure military base or a commercial airport, where it would touch down using existing landing aids known as 'autoland function'. After it had landed, the aircraft's built-in autobrake would bring the plane safely to a halt on the runway. Boeing insiders say the new anti-hijack kit could be fitted to airliners all over the world, including those in the UK, within the next three years. The latest move to combat airline terrorists follows The Mail on Sunday's disclosure three weeks ago that scientists in Britain and Germany are developing a passenger-monitoring device. This will use tiny cameras linked to specialist computers to record every twitch, blink, facial expression or suspicious movement made on board flights in order to identify potential terrorists. A Boeing spokesman said : "We are constantly studying ways we can enhance the safety, security and efficiency of the world's airline fleet. "There is a need in the industry for a technique that conclusively prevents unauthorised persons gaining access to the controls and threatening the safety of passengers. "Once this system is initiated, no one on board is capable of controlling the flight, making it useless for anyone to threaten violence in order to gain control."

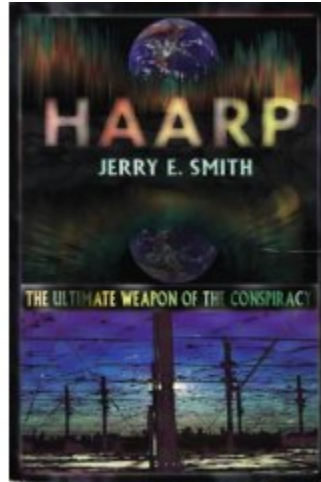
"Actually, my short peckered friends, I will file a lawsuit on 2-27-07 if you kill Burlingame according to your evil plans, and if you do not heed my warning in this soon to be wrapped up missive, I will file the mother of all lawsuits on 5-1-07 [happy mayday to all you global guardians] which will morph into a Qui Tam heard round the globe and should take out 3 or 4 shill Presidents morons in 2008. And the weapons I employ are anointed with the power to bring down any stronghold. [2 Corinthians 10:4]..and that is a big, big 10-4 just as my silent partner Big John Diehard is a big, big weapon."

"Oh please Captain Whopper, don't every pull an arrow from your quiver."

"Not now Kato, I'm slaying guardians, however, I promise never to pull my arrow from your quiver but it isn't the quiver to which I allude from which I am pulling an arrow that will go thru the head of the Octopus if these

octopussies in rapt attention don't pick up what I'm laying down, hence for the future federal respondents I summarize thusly as I hear the second engine of the C9B cranking up."

"If you Global Guardians plan to kill Burlingame, his daughter, and Gerald DeConto on 9/11 as our taped confessions of your plans so indicate, we will keep these tapes and add to them on 9/11 as we are inside your heads, you plans, your cameras and your agents and we promise to hoist you on your own petard. and if Hamish interrupts again I will opine laconically that it matters not whether an Octopus is killed by a petard, an epee or a foil, a dead octopus stinks and you limp dicks who do not kill the Octopus will smell the stench of each other's death as you await your trials, and as Bhutto receives the 'Haarp' treatment later on."



So that none of you short peckered nutless wonders develop penis envy let me give each and every one of you an example of what we have video taped and recorded, and I remind you, downloaded realtime, to the SOC known at Moscow on the Mississippi [mom].

Seat 1A: Montreal mob controls laborer-teamster waste disposal unions and Hollywood North with sex and murder movies produced at 'bonded' killing fields [bond+kill+field]

Seat 2A: KPMG-Pargesa extorting politicians the wannabe Vancouver Mayor Larry Campbell, Rudy Giuliani and the Clintons. Our agent Dr. Nano al-Umina has a friend at Bridge Studios [code name BS] who are experts in 'special effects' and Nano has filmed them as video-insurance to prove their innocence in any future Qui Tam re any "wag the dog false claim news feeds. Further, if you deranged fuckers persist in your planning Dr. Nano will receive pyroclastic dust harvested from the top of an ambulance and use the results against you in a court of law at the Quentin Burdick Federal Courthouse, in Fargo.



Seat 3A: We understand that we need to 'dig up some bones' both at Pickton's Pig Farm and a second, classified location, to which I will work with Madmoiselle Sceu-Fait in sampling the dna dumped there. I could reveal the location but it may cause the cross dresser to get nervous and check into a St. Louis Hospital in campaign '08.

Seat 4A: Thank you for your comments implicating Radarsat GMTI, Macdonald Detwiler and Associates, KMPG, Pargesa and Enron.

Seat 5A: We appreciate your comments regarding Port Coquitlam Mayor Scott Young, a mayor, we believe, who will get porked when our DNA analysis done when Madam Screu-Fait gets done [digging up bones](#).

Madam Screu-Fait: Digging Up Pig Farm Bones

**Last night i dug your picture out from my old dresser drawer
I set it on the table and i talked to it 'til four
I read some old love letters right up 'til the break of dawn
Yeah i've been settin'alone diggin' up bones**

**Then i went to the jewelery and i found our wedding rings
I've put mine on my finger and i gave yours a fling
across this lonely bedroom of our recent broken home
Yeah tonight i'm sittin'alone diggin' up bones**

Chorus:

**diggin' up bones,i'm diggin' up bones
Exhuming things that better left alone
I'm resurrecting memories of love that's dead and gone
Yeah tonight i'm settin'alone diggin' up bones**

**And i went to the closet and i found some things in there
Like that pretty puma thong that i bought you to wear
And i recalled how good you looked each time you had it on
Yeah tonight i'm settin'(at home?) alone diggin' up bones**

Chorus:

I'm resurrecting memories of love that's dead and gone

Yeah tonight i'm settin'alone diggin' up bones

"Well my short peckered friends there you have it. You can free yourself from the Octopussy grip, or you can do down with the ship. If Johnny Depp's trio of movies were all done, I'd show them to you, but sometimes revelations must be read, not shown. Therefore, as a harbinger of things to come, as Madam, Big John, the Fox and I go south, I wish to show you a global guardian presidential candidate's whose campaign will go down faster than a prom dress, and when she's in the lou, there's room for you, or in terms of campaign, two, as in two more Potus 44 candidates on the Qui Tam heard round the globe, coming soon to a courthouse near you, assuming you live in Fargo-Moorhead.

"One down, 2 to go, and we will gain victory in 2008 and put you shrimp dicked PFers in the 'supermax' of your choice, choice one in the 2008 draft goes to [Obama girl's](#) victim, and she appears to prefer Attica. Just a word before I go, to whom it may concern, flying twice the speed of sound, it's easy to get burned. I love this country, God loves this country, and you global guardians are toast. [This I swear](#) is true, you PFers."

"Excuse me but one more thing, the oath I took on 28 June, 1967, along with Captain Chic Burlingame at Tecumseh Court, USNA, Annapolis has not be vacated, redacted or in any way threatened by you useless pieces of camel dung, to this I also affirm. Now as we head to the pig farm to dig up bones, you PFers listen to '[No Bravery](#)' or as we Annapolis Marines call it "Death Knell for the PFers". That is all, you are free to move about the cabin. HawksCAFE, let's roll."



.....HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON....

Proverbs 1:7