

Chapter 9 - Part II: February 23, 2001

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



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.

As they walked across the tarmac on the north side security area airmen stared strangely as the odd group hustling towards the C9B, both engines running, with an open door which was framing a US Navy Captain and an enlisted female cabin attendant. As the airman watched a large and fierce looking man leashed to an equally threatening looking dog, a Mlle Screut-Fait were followed by a beautiful dark haired, well figured lady who seemed to have the attention of a 50ish guy in an airline suit pulling a small 4 wheeled cart with boxes marked "Victoria's Secret" and "Grolsch". After a brief conversation with the driver of a truck marked 'lavatory service' the airline captain waved and the truck left the area, much as Elvis was legendary for leaving the building. Behind this odd assembly was a blond haired slender fellow with a "Doors" shirt on and one, who though laconic, had a European accent.

As Captain Gerald DeConto reached out his hand to greet Chips and Fox, John Diehard filled the entire doorway as he ducked to get his broad shoulders and chiseled features inside the cabin, turning right and taking the first first-class style seat motioning Mlle SF to sit beside him. He didn't say much, grunted occasionally and looked intent on a mission."Chips and Fox, sorry for the change but ONI said you were only 'on orders' for another 10 days and FBI, CSIS, ONI and OSI need you to go to a pork party and 'sniff around', thanks for your flexibility. Let's have a quick briefing on board, front end of jet", he said as the trailer of Grolsch and Thongs was boarded behind Maytag and Oyster. As the forward door was latched the brakes were released and the C9B with RW on the tail taxied at approximately at 35 knots down to the west to do a rolling takeoff to the east which was followed by a 60 degree turn to the right out of 200 feet AGL. For security purposes the C9B has RW only on the right side, and RS on the left side so PFers and other undesirables would become confused.



As the seatbelt sign was turned off, with no effect as none were buckled, Spanner handed Chips a GWB as the demure and fevered Fox asked if this little airplane had a crew rest facility. Fish began his briefing thusly, as the Fox gave a free shot to Chips and he wrote a note to himself 'royal blue'.

"Hate to do it folks but the mission is again changed and we will be diverting to Abbotsford in BC due to WX in Vancouver. You have a driver meeting you at Cascade Aero-Mod and you, Chips, Diehard, Hamish and Mlle need to go directly to the pork party. Spanner and Fox will go on to SEA-TAC where Spanner is routed to Amsterdam for the Airbus/Hague/Kraz deal and Fox heads to Tel-Aviv for a Mossad brief. Any questions so far?"

"Negative Ghost rider, the pattern is clear" opined Captain Laconic thinking back to Top Gun which would have been a good movie if it had a real pilot in it. The pattern is clear was a more prophetic and subliminal message than was evident to Spanner who had helped himself to 3 GWBs.

"Diehard, here are the 3 mods for Mlle, 'Betty Davis Ears', a 'Madonna' collar and a 'gerbil' motion detector, please get her ready to work. And this is your repeater for the ear mod, I have one and it is also 'clipped real time' to Langley and MacDill. Alice Springs Orange Grove will be fed from MacDill so we are all listening in. Also our man in California Dr. Nano al-Umina has provided a SNIPH mod in case we need to interview any persons of interest. I presume Diehard and Mlle have worked with Standard Navy Intelligence Profiler Human before, but for those who are not familiar a canine trained to SNIPH proficiency can determine many things from both male and female humans. It goes well will Mlle Screu-Faits penchant for the two axis truth teller code named TESTical."

"Diehard, we have a back up canine if Mlle is not good to go and she is in the limo driver awaiting us at Cascade. A rare breed she is, a Brazilian Nutcracker and her handler is also the limo driver, Stone Kohl. We think we can avoid scrutiny as the limo's license is Son Boss and so any Canadians not stoned or drunk will think we are representatives of the Desmaret Dipshits. Any questions Diehard?" A simple grunt was all he uttered as he adjusted himself and gave Mlle a milkbone, and Chips was hoping to give Fox a bone of his own, ASAP.

As Fish was wrapping up the canine SMEAC his clipper went off and an incoming call from Dancer, Nano and Amelia was answered by Fish and put on 'speaker'. "Fish, authenticate usual two" said the professional Navy Captain who would be victimized in wedge 1 on 9-11 when a Raytheon A3 modified at Ft Collins Loveland airport flies into his window.

"Nano, Foggy Dew, Ramshead' and Amelia, Dancer and I have put together some of the plan and it

goes like this, we believe. In Switzerland Dancer has found a link between Hollywood North making snuff films financed by illegal 'Song of Boss' tax shelters offered by KPMG and Desmarais that are somehow related to the Pork parties at the Pig Farm operated by Pickton. She also notes that with projective technologies the bankers at Chase Manhattan believe that in 2005 KPMG will pay a \$456M bribe to shutdown DOJ's criminal investigation in the year just prior to the 2006 Boeing DOJ bribe of \$615M with both bribes being to silence criminal investigations of KPMG and Boeing in favor of the global elitists who will attempt to TOPOFF America on 9-11-01. Chase Manhattan has worked with Citibank and they are confident that the total \$1.071B bribes will buy the access to prevent the perpetrators of 911 from being identified and brought to justice if anyone has the smarts and balls to file a lawsuit, for argument sake let's call it United States v. Global Guardians. We feel confident that future AG Mukasey will suppress any such case if it comes, and frankly the only 3 states in the country that might have the courage to do the right thing would be, we believe, New Mexico, North Dakota or Alabama. And after we take out Judge Roy Moore for being a Christian that should pretty much put the protections of Banker's Manifesto of 1892 back in place to accommodate the introduction of UN troops and martial law prior to the elections of 2008."

"To wrap this up I, Nano, have provided some DNA, a femur bone, and the underwear of three known prostitutes missing in Vancouver and have provided Fish with a 'laundry list' of items to search and triangulate with Mille. S-F. Amelia has asked that we get some water samples of ground water on the pig farm at an elevation low on the runoff slope, and Dancer has a list of questions to ask anyone in the area who appears intelligent, which we don't think will be an issue. Further, Marquis d'Cartier will join the team in the limo with some secure photos harvested from his mop and 'peni-camera'. Any questions?"

"Yes I have a question for Fish, I think I should stay with Chips to keep him relaxed, cannot the issues in the Gaza strip wait until the effects of two tins of smoked oysters have been removed from his body, oh keeper of the Able Danger-under cover team?"

"Duty calls Fox, you have 2 hours to go prior to Abbotsford so I suggest he [hit you with his best shot enroute](#), further, for security purposes withdraw into a new identify Fox as we think you may have been compromised, new name 'baby clam' which is to indicate you are in British Columbia, Fish out."

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=g4rPIjWqMRc>]



"Chips, do you have any idea what the color code is for the remainder of the flight?" purred the sudsing Fox.

"If my vision wasn't impaired I recall a 'flash of royal blue' and if my suddenly lowering torso blood pressure isn't causing me mental impairment" opined the laconic and soon to be separated 'Oyster Smoker'.

"Actually Blue, [Navy Blue](#) but close enough for government work as she handed him two Rodney Baldinger NDSU extend-o-peters and pulled him off, so to speak, to a cargo hold where some Maytag motion was sure to ensue.

As the cargo retaining web was removed and the whopper retaining slingshot rumpaster was half masted a navy blue thong was delicately placed on a cargo hook.

And the next thing known to the wrestling twosome was the announcement, "we will have you on the ground in Abbottsford in ten minutes. As the Fox and Chips went into the 'lightning round'" Spanner placed 2 frosty GWBs at the seats soon to be occupied by the exhausted pair of professional sleuths 'straightening their ties and fixing their hair' in the cargo pod.

As the front cabin door was opened and a portable stairs drove up next to the RS/RW C9B a determined team of PF busters headed to a waiting limo while Fox quivered with separation remorse, Spanner calculated his chances of scoring the Grolsch and the Navy pilots up front said "Sorry to be pushy but we got to get this French pig down to Sea-Tac then back to Whidbey before happy hour."

"Exactly" responded Chips as his body said goodbye but his expression said 'peekabo kisser' to his feverish Fox, soon to be enroute to Tel Aviv and a three way with Dancer and the IDF honcho.

As Chips, Hamish, Diehard and Mlle strolled to the limo Stone Kohl popped the trunk and said "Grolsch and some goodies in the back oh team of heroes, suggest Hamish drive the limo and we have 35 minutes to get to the Pig Farm, the directions are written on a note pad next to the 12 gross of smoked oysters, and this car has 'navigator technology' ready to get you there fast."

Hamish seemed confused and asked "Why is it necessary that I drive this 1996 Cadillac Limo with an LT1 5.7

engine Stone?"

"Well mostly because they have 'biker security' at Pickton and with your phony British accent you fit in more than my Fargo accent, but also Dad and I don't get much of a chance to choke down Grolschs together, so let er rip, potato chip" quipped the young heir to the captaincy as he rolled up the divider window and welcomed his dad, Diehard and Mlle to the limo.

"Oh pissar" blurted Chips recalling that he'd left the Grolsch and thongs on the C9B. Seemingly dejected his mood changed when 'mini-me' pulled back a blanket underneath of which was a case of Grolsch wide bodies, chilled to 36 degrees.

As Stone handed his dad a pair and kept a pair for the short ride he offered Diehard a few to which Diehard simply grunted. Mlle Sreut-Fait seemed to have a powerful thirst and was eyeing the Grolsch Widebodies however the ever pensive Stone new that drinking and sniffing was a bad gig so as he reached for a refill he poored some cream in a bowl for the 4 legged sniffer. As he put the cream back in the fridge Chips asked his son "What's the cream for oh he who drives limos when not guzzling suds?"

"I thought Fox would be working this detail and see told me once she really likes getting creamed, so as you taught me long ago, 'ladies first'."

"Excellent plan, mini-me."

As two porcelain stoppers were popped the country station playing AM music from the Seattle side had the following Jim Ed Brown cover by [Alan Jackson](#) playing.

As he swallowed his first, Chips asked Stone "so have we a plan?"

"Pending a clipper change from Fish aloft or Amelia in Annapolis the plan is to surveil the farm from a Bell jet ranger on loan from a Vancouver Hospital while Diehard and Mlle S-F have a perimeter patrol around the farm. After Hamish, you and I have a bird's eye view, sharing clipper intel real time with Diehard and Mlle, the jet ranger lands in the parking lot we have the limo guarded by a liquor store operator named 'Cookie' and she looks like a tough cookie to me" opined the younger beer bottle operator as he operated his beer bottle in sync with his father, the brewmeister. He handed Diehard a topographical survey of the farm with an 'X' at the parking lot. He handed him also the tactical whistle, two red smoke flares, and 6 pounds of raw hamburger. He also handed him two cans of food for Mlle. Diehard grunted in a quasi approving fashion.

As Diehard looked at the outline of the 80 acre pig farm he signaled 3/2 indicating it would be a 3 mile patrol and would take about 2 hours. As Chips and Stone gave a thumbs up the limo slithered up to the "Pump and Pack" liquor store and bait shop. A second sign said "Food and gas" which caused Chips to tell Stone, "don't eat any food that will give you gas before a flight in a Bell Jet Ranger oh heir to the 401K."

Mlle and Diehard pointed at "X" and waved goodbye, with a grunt. As Stone went in to give Cookie the keys to the 1996 Limo with the LT1 a Bell helicopter auto rotated into a silent and mostly dust free landing on the skids not 40 feet from the Limo.



Coming back keyless from the 'Pump and Pack' Stone, Chips and Hamish jumped into the idling helo to surveil the pig farm in the final moments of daylight prior to the nocturnal mission that awaiting them, involving pork. As the single pilot in the right seat added in collective and pushed forward on the cyclic the whirlybird was up, up and away as the 96 Limo sat cooling next to Cookie's 'Pump and Pack'. Low and to the left was Diehad and Mlle, they were not visible but showed up on RHAW gear in the center console of the hospital medivac chopper. It wasn't 15 minutes later that the chopper settled next to the limo and the 3 Hawks CAFE forensic economists egressed to the relative comfort of the stretch limo, to process film and coordinate via clipper with Dr. Nano, Amelia and Marquis. Ten minutes after beginning to process digital photos a bus stopped at the Pump and Pack and a greasy haired 40 something janitor looking guy stepped out into the final rays of sunlight as the night approached for Pickton, Operation 'Prostitute Pork' and the PFers who wish to remove the middle class and TOPOFF America.

As Marquis stepped into the limo and sat next to Hamish he passed 6 cassettes and 3 discs to the 64 year old mastermind suffering from AD-HD and Captain Hunter envy. As Stone and Hamish erected [root word erect] the 22 inch monitor and slide a cassette in Marquis began the briefing, clipper enabled to Amelia, Dancer and Nano, hopefully also to Fish aloft.

"In photos 1-54 notice the pattern of insulation replacement on the B737s that cycle in from Boeing Field over night. A total of 96 737s were modified, and the remaining 42 are on cassette 2. The remainder of cassette 2 and then on to 6 show the modifications involving the tri-axial QRS11s and the Boeing uninterruptible autopilots, similar to the ones refused and removed by Lufthansa in 1995 at a cost of \$800M. I think the best intel on the tapes is the last few photos of inspectors from the United States with the following ID cards visible in the Cascade hangar. While we do not speak Urangatan we believe this FAA maintenance inspector was trying to communicate "what are you looking at" to us.



Just a short while later Diehard and Mlle S-F [not Nancy Pelosi, Speaker of House] emerged from the woods with the dog looking tired and lathered but Diehard looking fresh. He tossed 3 femurs into the limo's trunk and handed 3 sets of coordinates to the crew luxuriating in the air-conditioned limo. The GPS coordinates formed a perfect isosceles triangle and Diehard had marked each femur with the letters A, B, and C and matched with the undergarments marked A, B, and C. After cataloging the items it was decided to go to the pork party and 'mingle' where Marquis would gather intel with his peni-camera. Marquis had a strap-on appendage that measured 14 inches when semi-erect and had a high resolution Sony "Weiner Cam" that was clipperable to MacDill, Alice Springs-Orange Grove and the rest of the 'usual suspects'.



[batteries and oysters not included] [batteries and oysters not included]

While the Marquis wore a Fuscia colored "weiner cam" at work he was sporting his manly camo peni-cam with Harley Davidson logos for the PFers Pork Party.

As the limo approached the party, Stone, beer breath and all, announced he would stay in the car with his 9mm and his radio on channel 4 while Diehard, Marquis, Chips and Hamish worked the crowd while the band DOA cranked it up, albeit off key. As the 4 adults and a dog went to party, Stone called his girlfriend Cheryl and ran a few ideas by her while his father Chips was missing the Fox immensely, but not immensely enough to play Fox on the Run for the third time.

Emerging for the Pork Palace Party some 40 minutes later the entourage was [east bound and down](#) to the Abbotsford Aero-mod facility, and where Marquis d'Cartier signed in from his 'smoke break' in the pre smokeless era in British Columbia. After dropping the mop operator back at Cascade with a new shopping list of photos needed, as well as aircraft logbook pages needed, Stone delivered Hamish, Diehard, Mlle and his father, the ever affable and never flappable Chips, to the waiting CL604, both engines running. As they boarded the Canadair product the brothers, the dog, and the 220# of twisted steel and sex appeal sat in the front of the otherwise empty jet as the crew flew post haste to the east and a rendezvous with "scents". By the time the bizjet would arrive at LGA it would be half past a monkey's ass when it comes to 'doomsday for the dipshits'.

And by the time that Mlle S-F starts to sniff around Fresh Kills there will be other canine assets available to the Hunter-Killer group that will be needed to rescue the election, with an l, not an r, of 2008. And somewhere, 7 years down the road 4 candidates for president would be dropping their campaign tents but hopefully not their undergarments, perish the thought. [codes names : Cross, Hothead, Leslie, and Stupid]