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Subject: Re: Winds of Change  
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Sat, 28 Jul 2012 03:31:49 GMT  
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From: Tikatu Sent: 6/30/2007 12:17 PM

Wednesday, September 12, 2:30 a.m. Beijing, China (same day, 6:30 a.m., Tracy Island)

The huge aircraft sat on the jetport tarmac, but not in its usual spot. It was being readied for two very distinguished and precious passengers. Spotlights surrounded the plane, moving occasionally to illuminate various sections as needed. Workers in HAZMAT suits cleaned the special cargo hold thoroughly, making sure that the passengers would not pick up some stray virus or bacteria en route to their new home. Others hosed the plane down, scrubbing the worst places, making sure everything looked clean and sparkling for any possible photo opportunities connected with this particular flight.

In all the hubbub and the intermittent darkness, no one noticed the men who were scrubbing the outside of the engines. No one noticed as one used a long pole to reach far inside the turbines, a dangerous procedure. The men did this not only once, but twice, targeting two of the jet's four engines. Then they finished their scrubbing, and departed with the rest of the cleaning crew. It would be another hour before the jet was given its final inspection, and the special passengers were loaded for transport. The inspectors would find nothing amiss with the engines; the devices that had been planted were relatively small, and placed in the turbines as to be virtually undetectable. All that the men -- and those who paid them so handsomely -- had to do was sit back, and wait for disaster to strike.

to be continued...

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