

VOLUME ONE

A Tail of Two Cities

By Edgar Allan Coe and Vincent Van Goldby...

CHAPTERS 1 AND 2

The authors of *What Evil Lurks in the Hearts of Men... Only Women Know* and *The Heroes of Carlisle* are at it again. See how they risk their lives to save America's most livable city with the cooperation of the residents of Dillsburg, PA and a cast of thousands.

Featuring minor snippets by Charles Dickens, Miles Jackson and Casper Spirituous (ghost writer)

- “This book is an insult to the French people and we condemn it!” – Jacque Cousteau
- “This book is an insult to the French people and we commend it!” – American Legion
- “Seeing Harry Goldby’s pants is worth the price of the book.” - Tommy Hillfinger
- “Another Winner!” – Roger Gooddell, NFL Commissioner
- “Keep Miles Jackson, send Louise Sturgess” – LeTort CIA Retirement Community

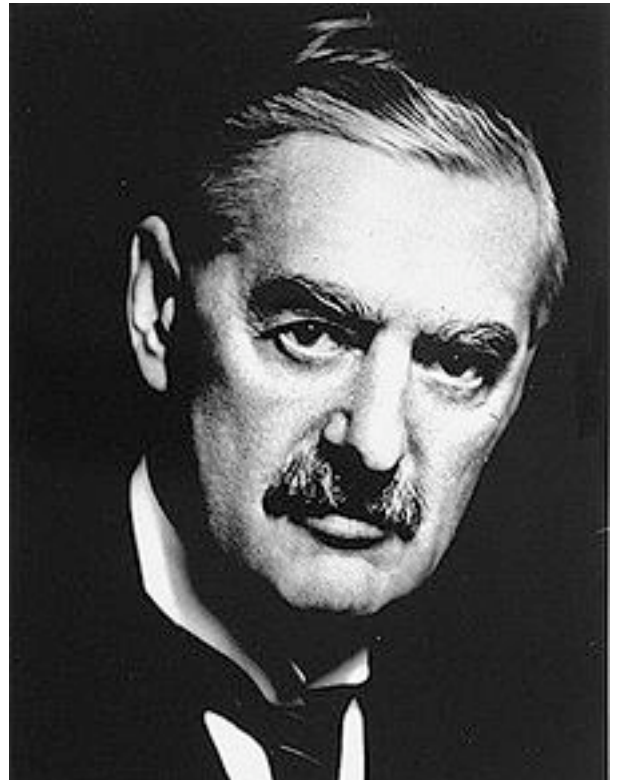
Disclaimer: This is another fictitious tale about not so fictitious people, some of whose names have been changed to protect the innocent and not so innocent. Any misrepresentation of politicians, past or president (pun intended), is purely coincidental (or not). Like politics, double-speak may be employed to confuse the reader.

A Tail of Two Cities

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness; it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us, we had nothing before us; we were all going directly to Heaven, we were all going the other way. In short, we were confused.

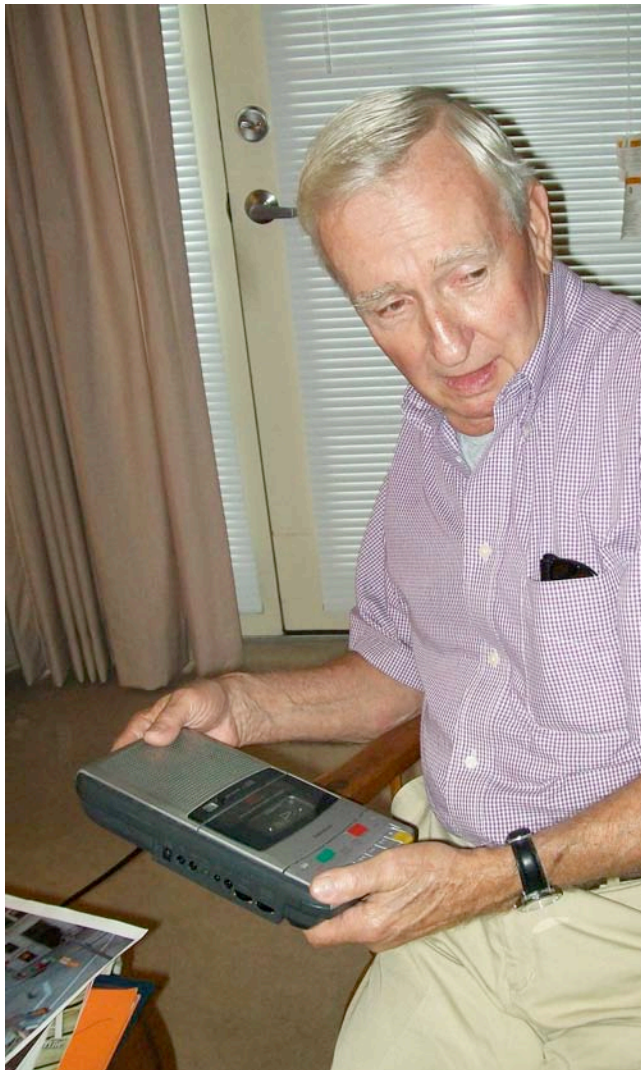
After extraditing Pittsburgh hero Miles Jackson from captivity and certain death via a daring War College rescue a year earlier, the heroes of Carlisle had become, dare I say it, lethargic. Blood vessels opened by the excitement of the rescue were now closed and hardening faster than grandpa's cider. Fortunately for the Carlisleites (as opposed to Stalagmites and Stalactites), things were about to change.

In the afternoon mail came a letter with an English postmark. It was from Richard Chamberlain, grandson of former Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain. Richard had spent most of his life playing Dr. Kildare on an American television series. But in reality, Chamberlain, like his Carlisle friends, was an undercover agent for the CIA. His letter contained information that would not only call the Carlisle residents back to action, but perhaps restore his family name sullied by Neville Chamberlain's complete stupidity in believing that Hitler would never invade the British Isle.



Neville Chamberlain

Richard Chamberlain had heard of the heroic actions of his peers risking their lives to save Jackson's life and thwart President Obama's effort to destroy philanthropy in America. But Chamberlain also knew that the rescue created nothing more than a false sense of security for the retirees, since the real goal of the Obama Administration was the destruction of America's most livable city, the center of American values and morals...Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.



Richard Chamberlain with his high-tech eavesdropping equipment

Sure enough, Coe had a bird that would talk. It soon became evident, based on the information Chamberlain and Coe compiled, that Pittsburgh was the target of a major attack. Anarchists posing as demonstrators at the G-20 Summit would terrorize the town and pillage its buildings and non-profit organizations in an effort to replace world-class medical care with social healthcare. Worse yet, the president was sick and tired of the Pittsburgh Steelers winning world championships at the expense of his own Chicago Bears. They had to go too.

But how was Chamberlain able to secure this information? Like most good undercover agents, he had access to someone at the American Embassy who was hooked on drugs. Since Richard had been a flower child in the Sixties, he had access to more grass than a landscaper. So he hosted a pot party and got the politician to spill the beans.

Of course nobody in his right mind would rush into a crisis without first confirming the information with another source...hence, the letter to Carlisle.

Chamberlain knew there was only one person he could trust in a crisis...Russ Coe. Coe had once saved Chamberlain's life on another mission, so he knew that when the manure hit the fan, Coe would field it. He also knew that Coe had his own stoolpigeons who could determine the validity of the information.



Coe: "A little birdie told me!"

Coe and Chamberlain knew that this plot was too complicated for the State Department to devise. Deep down, they knew that the French government had to be involved. During World War II, Pittsburgh had produced more steel than Germany, Italy and Japan combined. The world knew that the French war debt was owed in great part to the Steel City; now the French had an opportunity to do away with the city, and in turn (so they thought), do away with the debt.

Once they had that key piece of the puzzle, Chamberlain and Coe knew that they needed someone with linguistic savvy and knowledge of France to work as a key member of the team. They knew whom they wanted...but would he do it?

Since time was of the essence, Chamberlain and Coe decided to go directly to the chateau of Harry Goldby, once a member of the French Foreign Legion and a world-class linguist. Since the situation was desperate, they decided not to take wine or French pastry as enticements. They knew that, like all Frenchmen, Goldby's weakness was the charm of a sophisticated lady. So when they arrived at his door, Pittsburgh's own lady of class, Louise Sturgess, accompanied them.

Harry was moved by her presence. Failing to even notice that Miles Jackson had accompanied the group to plead for his assistance, Harry told Louise that she need only ask and he would honor any request she made of him.



Harry Goldby welcomes Louise Sturgess

Once Goldby was on board, all they needed was a plan. In their last action, the CIA retirees used the element of surprise to overwhelm Miles Jackson's kidnappers. Now that everyone knew they were a force to be reckoned with, how could they stop an international terrorist attack in another city?

With an idea out of the movie *Blazing Saddles*, the group decided to use trickery to save America's most livable city. They would start a campaign to identify Dillsburg, PA as Pittsburgh, PA in an effort to draw the terrorists into their own back yard and defeat them on home turf.

This would be no easy assignment. To begin with, the LeTort retirees would need to know as much about Pittsburgh as the city's own residents. Once briefed, every retiree pledged his and her life to save Pittsburgh and all that it stands for, since at heart, they too had become Pittsburghers.

Louise immediately began training sessions that were well attended.



Key Pittsburgh groups like the Steelers were confidentially pulled into the training. One of the most enthusiastic participants was Steelers Safety Troy Polamaleu who was instrumental in working with crowds in Dillsburg.



Thanks to Chamberlain's New York connections, the retirees were able to hijack a truckload of clothes from the Garment District to use for disguises in both Dillsburg and Carlisle. To pull off his French disguise, Goldby knew that only the finest apparel would do.

Once he saw the quality of the goods, he knew that he would be able to dupe both the Americans and French into thinking he was born in Paris and carry on his risky assignment of working directly with the G-20 attendees.

Speaking of risks, everyone knew what was being asked of them. For the single men and

women, there were no long extended goodbyes. Chamberlain, on the other hand, had a beautiful wife who had faced similar sendoffs in the past. She feared that this time, Richard might not return. He not only assured her that he would return, but guaranteed the safe return of every CIA agent, even if it meant his or their lives.

Before embarking on the journey to Dillsburg, the retirees went to the town square where they held a rally. They wondered quietly to themselves: Would the publicity have its desired effect? Would the G-20 attendees really mistake Dillsburg for Pittsburgh? Would others share their concern for saving a city whose value was underestimated by many people within their same Commonwealth?



Shirley and Richard Chamberlain

Coe encouraged the retirees by reminding them that age only matters if you're cheese. He assured them that if they just did their best all would be fine.



A Farewell to Arms in the Carlisle City Square

Sturgess would ask the residents to do all that they could to make Dillsburg look like Pittsburgh for the G-20 Summit. ***Sadly, however, PHLF was out of note cards and \$1,500 in unbudgeted funds was needed to reprint them. For now, plans were on hold.***

So what will the future hold for our band of noble warriors and the cities of Dillsburg and Pittsburgh? Will funds for the note cards be raised quickly enough to allow the plan to move forward in time for the G-20 Summit? Only time, and the next volume of *A Tail of Two Cities*, will tell. Stay tuned!

Sturgess, however, recommended delaying until they were sure that Dillsburg's residents would embrace the mission. To achieve that objective, she would send personal appeals to every Dillsburg resident on **Pittsburgh History & Landmarks Foundation** note cards, the covers of which featured Pittsburgh buildings drawn by local school children.

CHAPTER 2

When we last left our heroes in Carlisle, the stage had been set to divert terrorists intent on destroying Pittsburgh during the international G-20 Summit to another location. All that stood in the way of stopping these no good dirty-rotten villains was to notify the residents of Dillsburg, Pennsylvania that their city was to be a decoy for the G-20 Summit and to enlist their cooperation.

If you recollect, all of the preliminary work was finished. Now, success hinged on the ability of the Carlisle heroes to obtain funding to underwrite the note cards, note cards that would be sent to every Dillsburg resident enlisting their cooperation in the plan.

Richard Chamberlain suggested that it might make sense to float a funding request by the State Legislature. Chamberlain had been on foreign assignment so long that he had forgotten how State government works (or doesn't).

Russ Coe reminded Chamberlain that the Legislature couldn't pass gas, let alone a budget. To get note card funding, the heroes of Carlisle would once again have to take matters into their own hands.

Harry Goldby, speaking simultaneously in 12 languages and reminiscent of an Apostle during Pentecost, made a passionate plea to the group to chip in and purchase the cards for the good of the nation, and for that matter, for the good of the world. So impressive was the appeal that it actually brought Miles Jackson to tears, perhaps fearing that Goldy would replace him as a Landmarks fundraiser.

Once again, the response of the heroes was overwhelming. Within a matter of minutes, thousands of dollars were raised to purchase the cards. Within two days, the cards were printed and in Carlisle.

The Heroes spent the next seven days addressing envelopes and writing notes on every card to every Dillsburg resident. To keep their reflexes sharp, the Heroes also participated in competitive wii bowling and golf.

Once the note cards had been mailed, responses from all over Dillsburg began pouring in. Everyone was willing to sacrifice Dillsburg for the good of Pittsburgh, the Commonwealth, the country and the world.



Welcome to
DILLSBURG BOROUGH
York County, Pennsylvania



Now, it was time to implement the plan. Since timing was critical, everyone set his/her watches by the Dillsburg clock. Goldby and Chamberlain were sent to Europe where Goldby joined the French diplomatic corps as a Pittsburgh liaison. Chamberlain moved from Europe to the Middle East where he continued his efforts to gain valuable intelligence.



Slowly and deliberately, the residents of Carlisle and nearby communities migrated to Dillsburg to begin to swell the population to more than 300,000 to create the impression that it was indeed, the City of Pittsburgh.

Everything hinged on the groups' ability to make it appear as though it was business as usual. Dillsburg radio stations began playing polkas and restaurants began serving Iron City Beer. Streets were draped in black and gold bunting and fires were started in outlying communities to create the impression that steel mills were off in the distance helping to produce the steel to build the infrastructure of America.



Dillsburg Area Bus. Assoc.

In order to avoid being discovered, the Dillsburg mayor ordered borough mascot Dilbert Pikel' to be locked in a pickle barrel until the terrorists' plan was uncovered. Images of Pittsburgh mascot "Pa Pitt" replaced Pikel' throughout Cumberland County.



Meanwhile, Chamberlain had come across some pretty earth-shaking news related to how the villains planned to bring an end to Pittsburgh.

One of his sources, Abdul Myhas, told him that the destruction of Pittsburgh would be accomplished by placing a dirty A-bomb in the basement of the nuclear reactor at Shippensport. If successful, this would result in a cataclysmic outcome for all. Now everyone was in a real pickle.



Coe rounded up all of the Carlisle Heroes at the Dillsburg Borough Building where he quietly broke the news to them.

“The fate of the world now depends on our ability to trick the terrorists into believing that Dillsburg is Pittsburgh,” said Coe. “If we can get those terrorists to believe that the Lowe Building is really the Shippensport nuclear reactor, any explosion can be localized and with any luck, focused downward to create minor tremors that will result in nothing more than a few mild earthquakes. While the terrorists are gloating over their perceived success, we can move in and give them a little Pittsburgh/Carlisle-style justice!”

Coincidentally, Chamberlain had learned that the terrorist carrying the dirty A-bomb was attached to the French delegation, putting Goldby directly in harm’s way. Fortunately, Chamberlain got a message to Goldby just before his plane took off. The message arrived via UPS since all letter carriers were home ill on the first day of deer season.

Upon receiving the news, Goldby could only exclaim: “Oh Mon Dieu!” It was time to put his part of the plan into action. Once the plane left the runway, he instructed the pilot to land in Dillsburg, but tell the passengers that they were landing in Pittsburgh.

Now, everything depended on the ability of everyone gathered in Dillsburg to convince 20 international world leaders and 2,000 members of the media that Dillsburg was in fact Pittsburgh.

Fortunately, the group was dealing with politicians who didn’t know their constituents, let alone their voting districts, since for the past 20 years those same elected officials had been off on fact-finding missions to Monaco, Milano and Pimlico while their constituents were pretty much having to fend for themselves. Having been taken for granted gave our heroes the element of surprise.

The media, on the other hand, had their own agenda, so what was actually happening didn’t matter, so long as critical world issues like vegetarianism, the status of Ophra’s diet, despiritualizing America and protecting whales at the expense of unborn children were front and center.

The moment called for inspiration. Bill Groff called on Brad Moore to make it happen. Rev. Moore was the new chaplain of the Heroes of Carlisle. He was someone that everyone looked up to, in part, because he is 6’ 5” tall! In his deep voice, Rev. Moore reminded his flock that service involves sacrifice. The time had come to place it all on the line for God and Country.

As planes began to land at what was thought to be Pittsburgh International Airport, dignitaries were rushed to their cars and driven to various locations throughout Dillsburg.

Cars and buses circled the same blocks as residents changed porch furniture to create the impression of a larger community. Dignitaries should have been suspicious, if for no other reason, that residents pretended to be happy to see them.

So successful was the ruse that only 2,000 demonstrators showed up in Dillsburg, compared to the 35,000 that had been expected in Pittsburgh. This result helped to isolate the terrorists.



Acting on Chamberlain's tip, the Heroes of Carlisle dispatched their best diggers, code names Alex and Benji, to the Lowe House, which had been remodeled to appear as if it were the Shippensport nuclear reactor.

They dug a 4' x 20' hole in the basement of the building, the exact dimensions necessary to reflect dirty A-bomb shock waves in a downward direction to simulate a minor earthquake rather than a catastrophic aboveground explosion.

When Goldby's plane landed, he made a point to follow the briefcase and its carrier to the target, which was now surrounded by the Heroes of Carlisle. This was too important to entrust to the Feds. Besides, the Heroes of Carlisle remembered the many times the government abandoned them during their active-duty CIA days, and more recently, with the proposed Obama healthcare plan. No, they weren't going to take any chances with the future of the world; they'd handle this themselves.

Soon after the foreign agent placed the briefcase in the hole, he was apprehended as he exited the building. Retribution was swift and more demeaning than capital punishment: The terrorist was locked in a room with only a television set that played nothing but Cleveland Brown football games hour after hour after hour. (Note: It was later determined that forcing him to watch these games was cruel and unusual punishment, but because it fit the crime, for once, the Supreme Court did not punish the victims.)

The Heroes, knowing that an explosion would not cause the anticipated damage, allowed the dirty A-bomb to ignite. On feeling the vibrations, members of the terrorists cell believed that all had gone as planned and claimed credit for setting off an A-bomb.

Given the lack of damage, the public believed the media's earthquake explanation and the terrorists came across as laughing stocks, ultimately retreating to Libya where they joined another terrorist who had underestimated the commitment of the United States, Moammar Kadafi.

Once the group was identified, its members were quietly captured in a matter of hours, all because the Heroes of Carlisle had anticipated that the evildoers would seek public recognition for their violent act.

At the end of the day, nobody was the wiser. The politicians left thinking that Pittsburgh was really a welcoming town, the media was able to report that the earthquakes impacting the Pittsburgh region were surely a sign that the Mayans were correct in predicting that the end of the world would occur in 2012; the demonstrators' free speech was protected assuring that capitalism was demeaned and vegetarianism promoted, the Heroes of Carlisle turned a negative into a

positive and the people of Pittsburgh, Carlisle and Dillsburg became fast friends and sister cities.

Every story is important to someone. Every city has a story that must be told. But for the Heroes of Carlisle, life is given renewed meaning through the people they touch in the pursuit of liberty, the defense of America and the pursuit of religious values.

Thanks to them, we know there is a God, and we know that we're not Him.

EDITORS NOTE: The Heroes of Carlisle are a versatile group, ready on a moment's notice to serve their country and fellow citizens (provided they don't have a previously scheduled doctors appointment or soap opera programming conflict). So long as God continues to grant them good health and common sense (something that is not so common any more as we've seen from some of their adventures), our heroes will continue to use their knowledge and skill to defend all that has value in this country. You never know, their special fondness for Pittsburgh, its people and its buildings could pull them out of retirement at any time if the fate of the city was ever put in Jeopardy. Which reminds me, Jeopardy is on at 7:30.