

The Heroes of Carlisle in

Uninvited Guests

By Edgar Allen Coe and Vincent Van Goldby

Will it ever end? How is it that the needs of those who sacrificed the most for their country are now neglected by elected officials more concerned with padding their paychecks and cavorting with mistresses? How is it that persons charged with the responsibility of protecting the most powerful person in the world can let two total strangers gate crash into a State dinner?

While the Heroes of Carlisle can't answer these questions, they remain the only ones capable of cleaning up the mess of those who continue to take advantage of a system that these centenarians (and up) risked their lives to defend.

Anyone in their right mind would have quit bailing out inept successors long ago, but if you read one of our previous books, you know that the Heroes' love of country supersedes their personal happiness if it means putting it to those who defile the American Way. Join us in this next installment of courage and fortitude as our band of retired CIA agents again risks social security, pension and health to bring credibility back to the "not so secret service" and not so competent CIA

- This book is trash, and we know trash! -- *The National Enquirer*
- "Too ridiculous to be believable" – Ed Rendell, Lame Duck Governor of PA
- "Old age never looked so good" -- Dick Clark, Entertainer
- "A moving tribute – Abbott Labs, maker of EX-LAX

Disclaimer: This is a 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.

It was 8 a.m. on a Thursday... around cookie and coffee time. It had begun like any other day at LeTort Manor. Harry was late, Russ was complaining about the decline in American workmanship, George was monitoring the Internet, Alma was studying, Alex was holding vigil at the animal hospital and God was conspicuously absent in the lives of most people outside of this gated community.



Yet beyond the routine there was a sense of accomplishment, for the Heroes of Carlisle were still basking in the limelight of successful intervention.

Yes, it was these former CIA agents...dedicated Americans with a resume of lifetime service to their country...who came out of retirement on two separate occasions in less than a year to rescue the kidnapped Miles Jackson and outsmart terrorists to protect dignitaries attending the G-20 Summit and save the great City of Pittsburgh.

But now, all of that was in the past...and the past was something that they each had, some going back nearly a century. Perhaps now, their successors, the next generation of high-tech CIA agents, could do their jobs in a professional and competent manner so the retirees could enjoy the peace and quiet that they had earned. At least that was the plan.

Shortly after Alex returned to her office, that plan changed with the ring of a phone. As Alex listened intently, the Heroes knew from the expression on her face that their lives would have little peace and quiet. As she hung up the receiver, she knew this was another assignment that the Heroes could not refuse.

“That was the president,” Alex told those assembled in the kitchen, “and he wasn’t happy. It seems that last night, security was breached at a State Dinner and two uninvited guests got so close to the president that they could have wrung his neck.”

“Why didn’t they?” asked Russ. “They must be dumber than our security people.”

The Heroes chuckled at the comment. They knew that Russ was still fuming about a proposed health plan that would guarantee no-cost medical treatment to everyone over the age of 65, provided they agreed to take cyanide if they managed to live to age 80. Russ also had a number of issues with the procurement office and its inability to deliver needed medical supplies in a timely manner, if at all.

Harry's only concern was if the State Dinner was for the French President. As it turned out, he was disappointed to learn that the affair was for the Indian Secretary of State.

This was an additional affront to the Heroes. After all, Carlisle was famous for having been the one-time home of Indian great Jim Thorpe and his great-great-great niece, Running Water, was now living with the Heroes at LeTort Manor. Like Red Buttons, she never got a dinner!



Running Water



Interlopers "Close enough to eliminate the president and vice-president. Where was security?"

As details began coming in over the fax machine, the Heroes learned that it all began with the arrival of a couple of uninvited guests. A good-looking blond on the arm of an older gentleman managed to get past the White House screening area. With all of the adultery going on in the nation's capital, everyone just assumed that it was another high-ranking government official with clearance to be there. If rank referred to smell, they would have been right.

You'd have to be blind not to see that the nation's capital was getting more rank if you know what I mean. More and more people were getting fed up with the elite getting richer and the poor getting poorer (although most of the poor were so close to the bottom there was no place left to fall).

National morals reached a new low when a Gallup Poll reported that 80% of all Americans now believe that the State of the Union address is an annual report on the progress of legislation promoting gay marriages. The poll also found that 80% of all engineers believe that turbine capacity has to do with the number of Muslims permitted to enter the country under new immigration laws.

But at least there was some good news uncovered in the survey. In December of 2009, 82% of the male members of Congress volunteered to “give back” by participating in a study to determine if teenage girls who participated in sex abstinence programs were actually less likely to have premarital sex than teenage girls who took “safe-sex” classes. At last report, the politicians were working 24/7 to get a definitive answer to the question. The findings will be published after any pending paternity suits have been settled.

The difficult issues surrounding the gate crashing case ultimately required Russ and Harry to call a meeting of the LeTort retirees to assess if it made sense for them to get to the bottom of the security breach. And, if it WAS worth it, how could they do it?

After much discussion, it became clear that their recent media exposure in other high-visibility assignments had blown their cover. The only chance they had to get to the bottom of this was to use undercover agents, people who would blend into the surroundings, yet not appear out of place to the rich and famous.

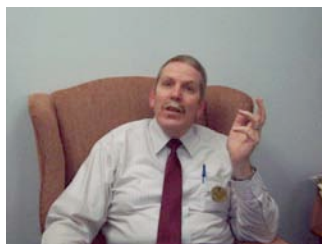
Senator Ted Kennedy would have been perfect for the job, but he had been called to his eternal home, speculated by some to be located in an extremely warm climate. Senator John Edwards was a good prospect, but he had his own “undercover” issues that he was dealing with.

They even considered bringing in Tiger Woods, but it had been reported that he was on sick leave, suffering from testostoritis, a serious uncontrollable inflammation of an extremity. Additionally, he was reported to have cheated during his last golf outing, claiming responsibility for an undetermined number of holes-in-one. Mr. Woods could not be reached for comment.

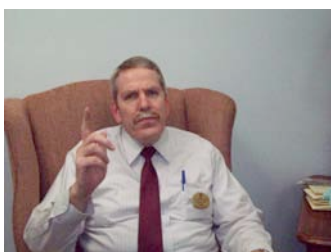
The Heroes’ inability to identify a team of undercover agents could mean only one thing...they’d again have to risk doing it themselves...and maybe teach their successors as they went, hopefully killing two birds with one stone. With any luck they could put a plan together and carry it out in less than three days. But it would require the cooperation of the president!



First, Russ and Harry met with their former head of operations, Brad Moore. They knew they could trust him and he always welcomed them with open arms. Brad was so respected that the Heroes affectionately called him “The Rev.” He was always willing to support his former agents and trusted them implicitly.



As The Rev. explained the problem, Harry was confused. He couldn't figure out how security could have lapsed to the point where any Tom, Dick or Harry could get into the White House, let alone get so close as to spit on the president.



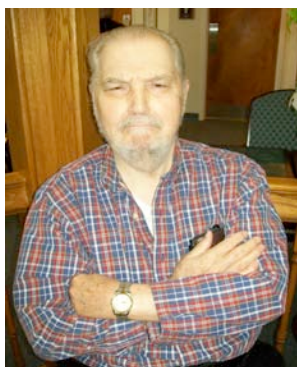
The Rev. calmly explained all the facts before giving Russ and Harry a stern warning: “First put your faith in God, then the people who reflect God in their actions.” It was good advice. The only problem was that the president didn't appear to fit in either category. Another concern was that secrecy would be essential for any plan to succeed.

The first item on the agenda was to assemble the most hardcore, ruthless retired CIA agents ever assembled. This had to be a quick strike and all needed to know what they were doing. Russ outdid himself this time.

He recruited what he affectionately referred to as “The Medicaid Brigade,” because when they got finished with you, you didn't have anything left. Not only did they reside at LeTort, they even looked ruthless:



Sudsy



Bugsy



Hugsy

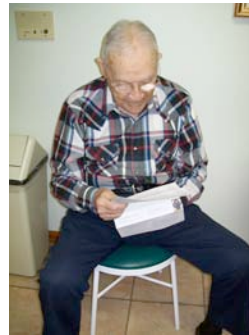


Mugsy

Once the point team was in place, Russ met with the president and convinced him to go undercover if the plan was to work. Russ reasoned that since the president was so committed to giving away trillions of dollars without considering its impact on the economy and future generations, there was only one disguise that would work. The president would play Santa Claus at an upcoming White House function.



The rest of the plan had to be so secret that only Russ and Harry's closest confidants would get the details. So the seniors implemented their "covert" secret system. It started with a whisper. Next, a secret code was put on the LeTort bulletin board. What a deception. Who would think to look for a secret message on a bulletin board?



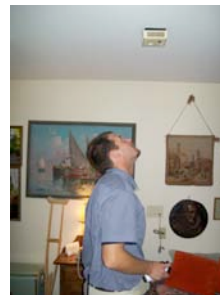
From there, the plan was relayed on miniature cookies, via an appeal letter from Miles Jackson (everybody avoids appeal letters) to long-since forgotten communication techniques such as string phone and semaphore code. In the end, those who were on a need-to-know basis knew, those who were not, did not.



Next, Russ personally led the White House security team through its checklist in the room where the president would meet guests.



Bugs and miniature cameras were planted and old monitors swept clean. Everything was ready for the president. But was the president ready for what Russ and Harry had in store for him?



To prevent leaks (biological as well as operational), Russ waited until the last minute before briefing the president. The president had concerns about the Santa outfit, but Russ assured him that nobody would be able to identify him, especially since the beard covered his ears.



**I'm not sure
what time I'll
be in on Tuesday.
I hope to see you
sometime, but
possibly not!**

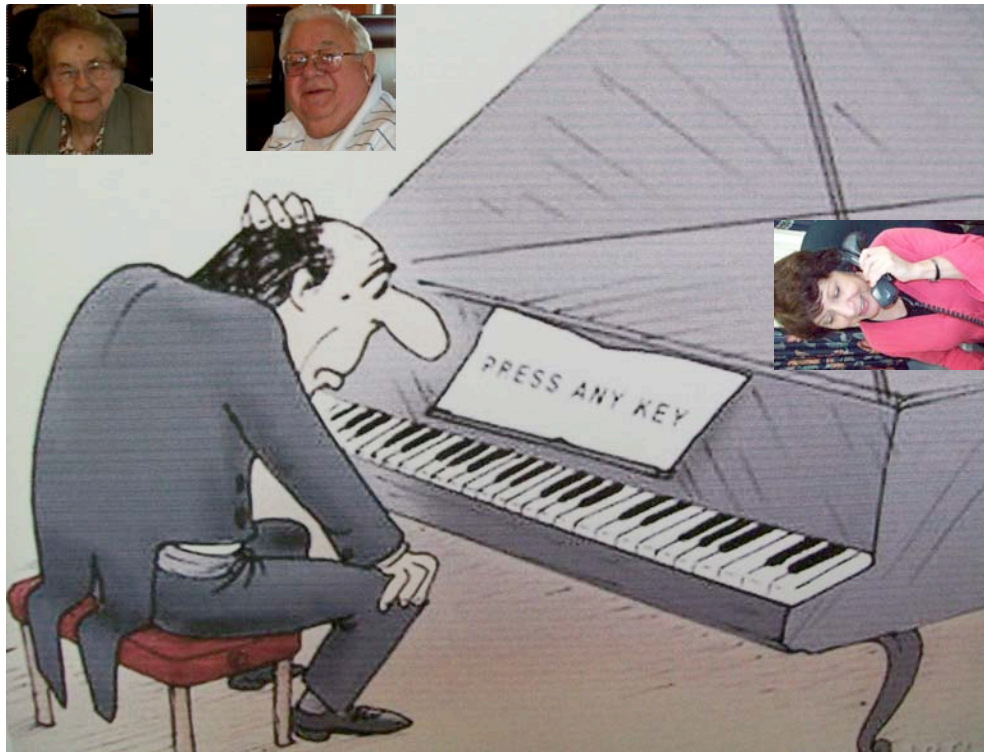
Russ finally told the president that Harry had prepared a secret message that could only be decoded using a 16th century French grammar pattern. Once broken, the message would lead to a map that would take the bearer to the place where the president was storing the funds that would be used to buy

the votes necessary to get a new healthcare bill passed. Of course it was just a ruse and the map was the bait to attract the gatecrasher way to find the weak link in the security plan.

The plan worked like clockwork. Miles Jackson was on hand to wish Janet and the Medicaid Brigade luck as they left the LeTort grounds in their specially equipped van. Once at the White House, they positioned themselves throughout the reception room, constantly maintaining a low profile. After all, that's what seniors do.



Once in place, it didn't take long for this astute collection of decorated retired CIA agents to identify the problem. The security checkpoints weren't being breached by guests, but rather, by those hired to entertain the guests.



The plot was uncovered by Harry who had the insight to station Alex inside the piano, and Bo Peep & Agent “J” on the wall in the old fake photo frame stakeout gig. It didn’t take Bo and J long to realize that the pianist couldn’t read music. Of course Harry was quick to recognize the lack of talent.

Because she was in the piano, Alex was able to use her purse phone to contact the security back-up team that arrested the piano player without anyone even realizing there had been another security breach. The pianist was later identified as Francis Fingers, international monetary specialist who had once headed an investment firm with Bernie Madoff. Once the plot was uncovered, the Heroes were quickly and quietly whisked back to LeTort.



“Isn’t that something,” Russ was heard to comment on the way back to the compound. “Once again we bail them out and they don’t even let us stay for any refreshments. They gave us a parade in Pittsburgh and the key to the city in Dillsburg. What does the White House give us...anonymity?”

Despite the fact that our government continues to use and abuse those who have given so much for their country, our Heroes could not help but realize that there was a happy ending to this story after all. You see, the Heroes of Carlisle continue to have each other, and that’s more valuable than any parade or key to a city. **THE END.**

