

USAMA'S ADOPTED MAMA

BY

DEAN R. KIBBE

I know about war the same way I know that bullets hurt. Because I slept with the filthy bitch; and, I got to know her very intimately, very quickly. I practiced on mannequins first. Now, whenever I see her undoing her buttons with a smile on her face, I know exactly what she's planning on doing, and how she plans to get by with it, without getting caught.

I was never scared in combat; although, there were more than one occasion where I was Godzilla-bitingly startled and/or worried shitless. Then there's that spooky feeling you get in war, when all of a sudden everything is very quiet everywhere. You hear that music inside your head, like the shark is out there somewhere, just swimming around, getting closer and closer, and the music is getting louder and spookier sounding, as you just know the shark is getting hungrier and hungrier, and you're just a big tasty piece of meat sitting in a little rowboat somewhere out in the middle of the ocean. I was an agnostic then. I think I prayed even more than most of the other agnostics I was in combat with though. Usually silently. Praying out loud was mostly reserved for organized group prayers, like when somebody got killed, and it was a quiet moment sometime after their body had been taken away. I never expected a miracle. I Just mostly prayed that God, if He or She really existed, would provide some kind of scientific evidence that God really existed, and that if there really was a Heaven and Hell that God would grade on a curve, and take me directly to Heaven, with all privileges, if I happened to be killed before the scientific evidence arrived, and, that no matter how far behind I was in points, that God would please, please, please don't let them shoot my dick off.

One of the spookiest moments I remember, although it was a routine mission for what I was involved with at that time, was a certain night ambush. We were a four man fire team; myself, two other men who spoke little or none of my language, but spoke fluently in a language which I spoke very little of, and another man who had military control of the fire team because he was one of Usama's adopted mama. The two locals could have killed me, if they also happened to be double agents for the side we considered the enemy. The other fire team member could have decided to kill me at that time just to make sure I wouldn't ever give out any of the secrets of Usama's adopted mama. So, I had just as great of a chance of being killed

by those that were supposed to be on the same side I was on, as I did by those who were supposed to be the enemy. I had been on a lot of ambushes. If I heard this ambush described by another person it would sound boring. But being there, felt like another dimension. We were set up on the other side of a clear area which had tall heavily grown vegetation on the opposite side of the clear area. The vegetation ended abruptly at a point just left of our ambush site, at a right angle, like you would expect to see in a corn field planted by machine. Anybody who would walk around the corner of the edge of where the vegetation ended, would find themselves suddenly walking into a clear area, and right into the field of fire for our ambush. If everything went right, we would have the element of surprise. Sounds good on paper; but, that was about the only advantage we could most likely count on. Any of the theoretically available fire support we could have called on was way too far away to reach our position in time. We had no medical specialist and/or equipment. We could have bled to death if we got hit. And there were only four of us. If the enemy walked into our ambush, we didn't know how many there would be. They usually worked in small units, for hit and run raids, unless they were planning a major assault to overrun a position. If they were a small fire team, and they happened to be fairly bunched up when they rounded the corner, we might, theoretically, be able to mow them down before they had a chance to fire back. Sounds good on paper. But, if they are numerous, and well spread out in formation, we might get the point man, and then the remainder of them could barrage our site with automatic rifles and rocket propelled grenades. Scissors cuts paper. I'd been on ambushes and patrols where some of us were killed or wounded. But, this ambush was spooky for different reasons. Our position was at the edge of a patch of vegetation, on the opposite side of the clear area in our field of fire. But, it was standing in water too deep for us to lay down in. So, we sat upright, at the edge, with no cover, no concealment, and only the element of surprise and camouflage to keep the enemy from turning us into hamburger. What was spooky about this ambush, although no enemy contact was made, was that I came to the realization that combat couldn't even worry me any more. I had my lips reach about a quarter inch away from the face of death enough times that her pretty face couldn't thrill me any more. Death was no longer dangerous. Death was the little boy who cried wolf. This was all just an illusion. I was no longer a human. I was a combat machine, just like my rifle. This couldn't possibly be real. Anyone would have to be crazy to sit on an unprotected ambush site with only three other riflemen for backup, and no fire support. I felt a deep inner peace. Like pain that feels good, or sweet sadness. It was something I couldn't completely understand and/or explain. I felt it inside. I wasn't just living on the edge. I was the edge. I didn't care where it came from, I needed my fix of pretty red tracer rounds sailing back and forth. I needed to feel the ground shake from an exploding grenade. Oh, I

was very much a crazed, but domesticated wild animal, ready to handle anything the imaginary world could bring on. If Godzilla had set one foot around that corner, I would have at least taken off a toe or two before he headed for cover. In my previous assignment, we usually had at least a squad on ambushes, and we could call in fire support if we got into trouble. Although we sometimes had some of Usama's adopted mama in our midst, and had frequent dealings of various kinds with them, mostly in covert manner, this latest project was Usama's adopted mama's main squeeze.

When I heard and saw the infamous events of September 11, 2001 being described on TV, the first thought that came to my mind was that this was an "incident", an extreme psychological operations program, completely planned and well coordinated by Usama's adopted mama; and, they were very desperate. Right up to this moment, I have never had the slightest doubt of those facts. I also have no doubt that it is almost impossible that Usama bin Laden will ever stand trial in any human court unless it is approved by the most powerful and most vicious, evil terrorist organization in the world: Usama's adopted mama. I didn't know who the shooters were for this mass assassination, and/or who the minor players or other involved parties were; but, I understand the signature, the real objectives, and the evil nature of the beast that created this mess because I've been in its jaws and lived to tell about it. I might find it difficult to prove some facts I maintain. Even facts that are publicly known can be difficult for one person acting alone to prove. But, I challenge anyone in the world, even those who call themselves the authorities, to dispute even one fact that I allege with scientific evidence that can be verified by ordinary persons of modest resources. The reason they tried to kill me is simple. It was the only way they could keep me from eventually telling all the evil secrets, because I was a U.S. marine; and, they were Usama's adopted mama: the C.I.A....

Some people who have never dealt with Usama's adopted mama, like I have, especially the part that theoretically and legally doesn't exist, might think this is just the beliefs of some kind of conspiracy nut. You would be very correct. I am proud to be some kind of conspiracy nut; because, while you were sleeping, the "normal" people knocked two of your hugest buildings all the way down to the basement. If you want to figure out the right moves in a war, you have to keep a cool head and examine the facts as emotionless and objectively as possible. Let's look at some of the facts:

Consider UBL's home video. It was alleged to have been found in a private home in Jalalabad by U.S. intelligence officers, in other words, Usama's adopted mama. Since they are known liars, you can't really say A therefore B. It's more like, at best, if A then maybe B or C.

[In the first part of the video in sequence, alleged to be of the second part of the meeting, according to the U.S. government translation, it is transcribed:]

UBL: He did not know about the operation. Not everybody knew. Muhammad (Atta) from the Egyptian family (meaning the Al Qa'ida Egyptian group), was in charge of the group.

[Is there a large number of non cave dwellers who have not heard about Muhammad Atta?]

[In the second part of the video in sequence. alleged to be of the first part of the meeting, according to the U.S. government translation, it is transcribed:]

UBL: Thanks to Allah. What is the stand of the Mosques there? (in Saudi Arabia).

Shaykh: Honestly, they are very positive, Shaykh Al-Bahrani (phonetic) gave a good sermon in his class after the sunset prayers. It was videotaped and I was supposed to carry it with me, but unfortunately, I had to leave immediately.

[Yeah, and maybe the dog ate his homework too! I don't buy it. It looks to me like he is trying to plant, into the brain of anybody viewing the tape in the future, the idea that it is possible that somebody might leave a tape behind unknowingly. Of course it would be difficult to prove one way or the other, beyond any reasonable doubt. It is possible. I guess he wouldn't be the first idiot to go in front of a camera; and, unfortunately, he probably wouldn't be the last.]

[Later in the same tape it is transcribed:]

UBL: (...inaudible...)when people see a strong horse and a weak horse, by nature, they will like the strong horse. This is only one goal: those who want people to worship the lord of the people, without following that doctrine, will be following the doctrine of Muhammad, peace be upon him.

[Later in the tape:]

Shaykh; Hundreds of people used to doubt you and few only would follow you until this huge event happened. Now hundreds of people are coming out to join you....

[These two lines say to me that Usama wants to be thought of as a strong horse by taking credit for the events of nine eleven, whether he had a part in the planning and/or coordination or not. It doesn't really prove he had any particular part in those events; but, it does establish a motive for wanting to take credit for those actions.]

[Later in the tape:]

UBL:(...inaudible...)we calculated in advance the number of casualties from the enemy, who would be killed based on the position of the tower. We calculated that the floors that would be hit would be three or four floors. I was the most optimistic of them all, (...inaudible...), due to my experience in this field, I was thinking that the fire from the gas in the plane would melt the iron structure of the building and collapse the area where the plane hit and all the floors above it only. This is all we had hoped for.

[If they calculated in advance the number of casualties who would be killed, why doesn't he state the calculated number of casualties, and at least some kind of general description of the formula and the factors used in said calculation. The only relevance of the position of the tower to the collapse, is whether or not there was an unblocked trajectory to the point of impact; in other words, if the pilots had a clear shot at the towers. It's a yes or no question, and has no relevance to quantitative calculations of casualties. If the towers were turned twenty-two and a half degrees they would not have sailed away; and, if the buildings would have been turned around one hundred eighty degrees they would not have fallen upwards. Hot air rises. If Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all, had calculated that the floors that would be hit would be three or four floors; and, he was thinking that the fire from the gas in the plane would melt the iron structure of the building and collapse the area where the plane hit and all the floors above it only; why would he order the planes to hit near the top of the buildings, which, according to his engineering calculations, as someone with his experience in this field, would limit the death and destruction of a direct hit, to the estimated three or four floors the plane itself would take out, and the number of floors above the point of impact, which would be less and less the higher the point of impact was on the buildings. If those were his expertly calculated resultants, why wouldn't he order the planes to strike close to the bottom, which would limit the collapsed floors only to resultants of the remaining dynamic forces, as to quantitative destruction, rather than the number of floors above the preliminary intrusive force? And if he was such an experienced engineer in

this field, and he was Hell bent on killing as many Americans as possible, why would he end the death and destruction at the top of the building, allowing people on the floors below the point of impact to have a chance, when he could have done at least as much or more damage on impact near the bottom, and prevented the people on the floors above point of impact from crossing down through floors that would no longer be there, and escaping the rising fumes and flames, as well as having a better chance of weakening the supporting structures closer to the base, which would be supporting the largest total mass above, and therefore the highest structural load. It would seem that it might take a degree of engineering thought comparable to erecting a building that size, in order to bring it back down. Whether the objective is construction or destruction, I would think the efficient execution of such a huge project would demand extreme accuracy of calculations of all factors, to ensure that such a plan would work according to plan, since any significant variations of quality control could produce failure of an undeterminable quantity and form, unless a schematic program comparable in time and resources to the program of calculations set for the original estimated factors was also executed for every possible variable as a result of the inaccuracies which were to be allowed in the contracted design. What was the plus or minus percentage for the margin of acceptable error, for the calculations of dynamic compilations made by Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all?]

If I was to hire a demolitions company to take down one hundred ten floors, and they only managed to take down three or four floors, and they then proceeded to brag about what a magnificent job they had done, I think I would be very pissed, especially if I had not yet superglued them inside their port-a-potties. On the other hand, if I hired the same company to take out three or four floors, and they ended up bringing down the entire one hundred ten floors, I don't think I could think up enough dirty words to fully express how I would feel afterwards, even if there were no injuries and/or deaths as a result of their miscalculations. If Usama the engineer's expert calculations were estimating an impact damage of three and one half floors, plus or minus one half floor; how far would the actual results on nine eleven have to vary before it becomes obvious that the demolition of the twin towers were not the results of the execution of plans using the calculations of Usama the engineer's manifestation of his experience in this field? By his own expert testimony, assuming arguendo that the above said UBL's home video is genuine as far as recording and translation accuracy is concerned, Usama the engineer factored in the melting of the iron structure of the buildings by the fire from the gas in the plane. Hindsight is supposed to always be twenty-twenty. If this is Usama the engineer's hindsight, I would think about

the only thing Usama the engineer would be able to do to a building would be to accidentally crash into it when he's trying to cross the street. Everything he said he engineered to happen to the twin towers with his experience in this field, being the most optimistic of them all, turned out to be the exact opposite of what is reported to have happened.

It's like the buildings had a premonition of UBL's home video; and, they decided to make him look like an idiot ahead of time. As each tower collapsed, they were saying: "Yoo hoo! Usama the engineer! Way up here. It's me. That big chunk of building above the point of impact. The big cube that you said would be the only area that would collapse from the calculated thermodynamics of the fire from the gas in the plane, with your experience in this field, as the most optimistic of them all. I not only haven't collapsed; but, just to make you look like a complete idiot, I'm going to sit upright in one big piece as I ride down to the ground, and crush all the floors below me until I reach the bottom, where I will then crush myself, which doesn't score you any points for your engineering skills, because I'm going to do it from an inertial mass times acceleration type thing, rather than your stupid thermodynamic hypothesis, which I will instead use to taunt you by using it to play vertical dominos with the floors below me, which you, Usama the engineer, said would be the part of the building which wouldn't collapse!"

Since the upper floors didn't comply with Usama the engineer's plan, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all, since they crashed at the bottom; and, since the lower floors didn't comply with Usama the engineer's plan, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all, since they weren't supposed to collapse at all, any floors other than three or four floors hit on impact, would have to be considered an accident. How many floors total have to collapse before it is too many coincidences to be called an accident? How about five floors? Well, OK, maybe five floors might be believable. How about six? Maybe. How about seven floors, or eight, or nine, or ten, or eleven, or twelve, or thirteen, or fourteen, or fifteen, or maybe sixteen. Isn't that pushing it for the expert calculations made by Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all? Or at least seventeen floors, or eighteen floors, or how about nineteen floors? Wouldn't twenty floors be considered way off the mark, in order to still believe that the twin towers were brought down by an elaborate design by Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all? Or at least twenty-one, or twenty-two, or twenty-three floors, or twenty-four, or twenty-five. Or how about say twenty-six, or twenty-seven, or twenty-eight, or twenty-nine floors, or maybe thirty floors, or thirty-one, or thirty-two, or thirty-three, or thirty-four, or thirty-five, or thirty-six, or thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, or

thirty nine, or forty? Or maybe it at least starts to get to be a ridiculous story by Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all at forty-one floors, or forty-two, or forty-three, or forty-four, or forty-five, or forty-six, or forty-seven floors, or forty-eight, or forty nine, or fifty, or fifty-one floors, or fifty-two, or fifty-three, or fifty-four, fifty-five, or maybe fifty-six, or fifty-seven floors, or fifty-eight, or fifty-nine, or sixty. Still just an accidental oversight or coincidence? How about sixty-one, or sixty-two, or sixty-three, or sixty-four, or sixty-five floors, or sixty-six, or sixty-seven? Somebody could come closer than Usama the engineer by rolling a pair of dice, and even that wouldn't be anywhere near the actual number of floors that collapsed, unless they keep rolling the dice over and over and over. Would sixty-eight floors finally be enough of a margin of error to rule out Usama the engineer's plans? How about sixty-nine, or seventy, or seventy-one, or how about seventy-two, or seventy-three floors, or seventy-four, or maybe seventy-five, or seventy-six floors, or seventy seven, or maybe seventy-eight floors, or seventy-nine floors, or eighty, or eighty-one, or eighty-two, or how about eighty-three? Does this sound like the standards of accuracy that should be expected from any engineer? How about eighty-four floors, or how about eighty-five, or eighty-six, or eighty-seven, or eighty-eight, or eighty-nine floors, or ninety, or ninety-one, or ninety-two, or ninety-three, or ninety-four floors, or ninety-five. Certainly ninety-six would be too far off to be anything but a wild guess. Or at least ninety-seven, or ninety-eight floors, or maybe ninety-nine, or how about an even one hundred floors? Who would say that one hundred and one floors collapsed is not so wrong of even a wild guess that Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all, according to his own calculations should be forever barred from ever running a psychic hotline? Or how about one hundred two, or maybe one hundred three floors, or maybe one hundred four, or one hundred five, or one hundred six, or maybe one hundred seven floors, or maybe one hundred eight, or one hundred nine? Or, at the very least, wouldn't Usama the engineer's story, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all, have to be one of the most ridiculous piles of bullshit of all time if all one hundred ten floors came crashing down, and every part of the building did the exact opposite of what he is alleged to have planned?

If Usama the engineer, with his experience in this field, and the most optimistic of them all, has any relevance to nine eleven, it would be, at most, as a puppet figurehead for propaganda purposes. I say Usama's adopted mama engineered the entire crime of nine eleven. They picked just the right size planes, loaded with plenty of fuel, and they planned for the planes to impact near the top, so the floors above the point of impact, weakened to some degree just from the impact alone, would weaken further enough from

the jet fuel combustion that their connection with the outer supporting structures would separate, making each floor that collapsed into a wrecking ball for the floor under it when it fell, which would bring an ever stronger force on the next floor level, repeating the pattern over and over, like vertical dominos, gaining more and more force in its downward trajectory, as it increased in mass and acceleration, the irresistible force destroying anything in its path. Without the support of the floor structures, the outer supporting structures buckled inward, following the separated truss supported floors inward and downward, with their weight, along with the weight of the portion of the building above the point of impact, crunching everything down like a giant trash compactor. That's common knowledge now. So how do I know that whoever engineered the hit on the twin towers planned it to turn out that way? Because it did happen that way, according to public accounts. I don't see how anybody could watch a video of the towers coming down and think that it could possibly be just an unusual coincidence or accident of some kind, or anything except a very well planned and executed total implosion based on the truss type floor engineering design. How do I know it was the work of Usama's adopted mama? Because I've dealt with them, I know their mindset, I came close to being killed by them myself; and, it isn't the first time they have killed thousands of Americans. What is unusual for Usama's adopted mama as far as the twin towers goes, is that they caused that many casualties all in one day, and they brought down two of the largest buildings in the world at the same time. The objective was not to kill Americans, or even to destroy some buildings. Those were just the means to carry out their objectives. It was an incident, just like the Nazis did in World War II, where they would commit some act and blame it on somebody else. They use mass hysteria and the sheep syndrome to enhance the bandwagon technique of propaganda. Most people who know about the evil, vicious, murderous side of Usama's adopted mama from firsthand experience are not going to report it to anybody because they are in Usama's adopted mama's network, whether they are foreign or domestic snitch fairies, office pinkies in McLean, or allegedly retired propagandists, and/or performing some other type of function under the command of the legal and official part of the CIA, whether overtly or covertly, or knowingly or unknowingly under the direct command of the part of Usama's adopted mama which is not just illegal in structure, but theoretically does not even exist, like domestic families, of every age, even kids.

I won't delve into covers for Usama's adopted mama domestically in this report, except to note that Nazi Germany did not have the technology to develop a domestic secret police network as extensive as that of Usama's adopted mama. And, I won't go into the past assassinations of a great number of Americans in past years, in this report, except as notations of

dealing with investigations of Usama's adopted mama, since those murders are covered in the "CAP" packet. But, although nine eleven is a young issue; and, I have no personal inside experiences with those incidents, any method of investigation of Usama's adopted mama in regard to a new issue might impact on any future investigation into the "CAP" issues. I think the F.B.I. is about the last agency that could ever investigate the C.I.A. efficiently. Anything they would do, Usama's adopted mama would be two steps ahead of them. Especially now, with new provisions for nine eleven, they are almost Siamese twins. Plus, I think the F.B.I. is too biased to ever look at the C.I.A. as criminals, even with overwhelming evidence, unless they were ordered to do so; and, I think if anything they might be ordered to back off. And you can't believe anything the C.I.A. says about anything. When Colby testified at a hearing in 1971 that the Phoenix program was not an assassination program, was he a liar, or just an idiot? If you had to choose between the two, which one would you prefer to have running a program or agency that had the right to keep everything they do a secret, a liar or an idiot? Be careful what you ask for; you just might get it. There is enough evidence in the "CAP" issues alone to mandate a complete, thorough, and retroactive investigation into covert practices by the C.I.A.; and, if said investigations are effective, there should be more than enough evidence to shut them down for good. Their objective for the twin towers was to bring about the reactions that were seen. Fear, sorrow, anger, and related emotions to appeal to the sheep syndrome. Just like a flock of sheep, walking loosely about. Then when a wolf charges up and grabs one of the sheep by the throat, the other sheep panic and run to bunch up with the rest of the flock where they feel the safest. Put a few wolves in sheep's clothing in the middle of the flock and they can lead the sheep right where they want them. Some say nine eleven was an intelligence failure. I say nine eleven was one of the biggest intelligence coups of all time. They have a bunch of people running around waving flags like pom-poms. Everybody is afraid to tell them that isn't what freedom is about. That is what the extermination of six million Jews is about. And you have so-called celebrities exploiting the dead like a bunch of buzzards, "Oh, I'm so humble and unselfish I'm going to donate ninety-nine per cent of the net proceeds of my next really big and shameless publicity stunt to some rehab support group for hungry bloodsuckers." And then there's that big word beginning with the letter "T" that nobody wants to say because it has a lot of fossil fuels there; and, the Taliban wouldn't let them run a pipeline from there through Northern Afghanistan.

But, there was a sweet sorrow for me on nine eleven. Like two freighters passing each other in two different directions. One long and two shorts, and then we pass on the starboard side. Now everybody else has sat on that same spooky ambush that I did one night, not knowing that I was even closer

to death than I thought. Even though I was in a different state on that day physically, I was there on nine eleven. We all were. They splattered our guts all over the basement and then took them to a place called Fresh Kills. I've been there before. Just not that particular branch office, or that geographical location, or that particular name. It's legal some places. They call it war. But, I was also swinging from the very top of that antenna on the roof of one of those towers on that day, while the tower was collapsing. They brought the buildings down. They brought the people down. But, I'm still swinging from the top of that antenna. They'll never bring me down. How many floors does it take to see, that maybe Usama has lied? How many floors does it take to see, that too many people have died? How many lies does it take you to see, that there's nobody left to believe? The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind. The answer is blowing in the wind...