

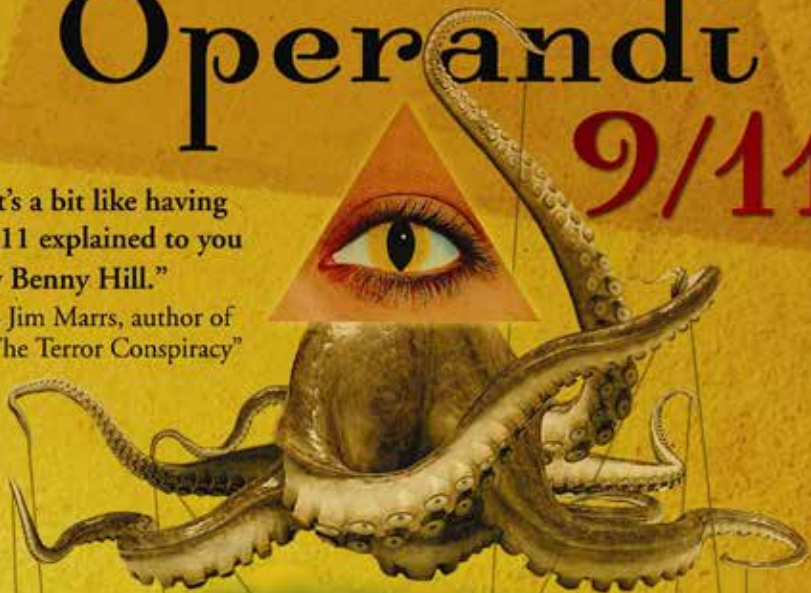
HAL SISSON

# Modus Operandi

# 9/11

"It's a bit like having 9/11 explained to you by Benny Hill."

— Jim Marrs, author of "The Terror Conspiracy"



## NEW WORLD ORDER

HOMELAND SECURITY

NEO-CON AGENDA

PNAC

PATRIOT ACT

BIG BROTHER

1984



## Advance Praise for Hal Sisson's *Modus Operandi 9/11*

“This informative novel relegates the fictional *9/11 Commission Report* to the dust bin of history, where it belongs.”

— *Joyce Lynn*, Journalist

“Hal Sisson is at it again. With humorous synonymic names like Rick O’Shea, Eileen Dover, Pat Hand, Mosey Long and Sarah Bellum, you know you’re in for a wild ride. But add in some very serious information regarding the attacks of September 11, 2001, and you’ve really got a book to contend with. It’s a bit like having 9/11 explained to you by Benny Hill. But don’t laugh it off. Sisson has done his homework and presents a novel that may get you thinking in between the laughs.”

— *Jim Marrs*, best selling Author/Journalist,  
*Crossfire; Rule by Secrecy; and The Terror Conspiracy*

“Puts into perspective what could have happened regarding 9/11, and not only that, but plausibly what likely did happen.”

— *W. Leon Smith*, Publisher & Editor-in-Chief,  
*The Lone Star Iconoclast*

“Hal Sisson takes them all on in *Modus Operandi 9/11*: the Christian fundamentalists, the official 9/11 story, the war in Iraq, the entire military-industrial complex, the bankers and other assorted corporate globalists and greedy oligarchs. And he does it with his usual gift of satire and bar room humor. Every criminal has a ‘Modus Operandi.’ Sisson is always great reading.”

— *Bruce K. Gagnon*,  
Coordinator, Global Network Against  
Weapons and Nuclear Power in Space

“[This novel is] a smorgasbord of truth-is-stranger-than-fiction, educational material. The mammoth subject matter of what happened and why, on and after 9/11, is summed up with humorous overtones. *Modus Operandi 9/11* is sure to cause dyspeptic burps among the military/industrial/banker/corporate complex, and persons suffering from other psychoses.”

— *Richard Sanders*,  
Coalition to Oppose the Arms Trade

## **MEMO TO READERS**

The main story line of this novel relates to various events that the author visualized as having happened between the attacks on the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, and the date of publication of this book in February 2007. Many of the minor characters you will encounter herein, will be met only once or twice, but never pursued further. Except, that is, for the main plot line, whose characters include: Slippery Jack Danielson, Zack Zapata and Bill Bailey, who appear at regular intervals throughout, and whom you may regard as the guys wearing the white hats – as opposed to Nick ‘the Nostril’ D’Amous, Bob Loblaw and Mosey Long, wearing the black hats.

This is an historical novel. Technical material describing the events before, during and after 9/11 is all on record as being quite possible. However, most of the names, characters, places and incidents are either products of the author’s imagination or used fictitiously – except for the names of the patsies: Osama bin Laden, Mohamed Atta, et al. Any other resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

**Hal Sisson, Q.C.**

All truth passes through three stages:

First, it is ridiculed,

Second, it is violently opposed,

Third, it is accepted as self-evident.

— *Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860)*

# Modus Operandi 9/11

Hal Sisson



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MODUS OPERANDI 9/11

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“We are on the verge of a global transformation.  
All we need is the right major crisis  
And the nations will accept the  
New World Order.”

— *David Rockefeller, Chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank,  
at the United Nations, September 14, 1994*

## I – Cui Bono?

*Washington, D.C., September 11, 2001, 7:00 a.m.*

Nicolaus D’Amous was part of the world where money was no object – it was a mere detail, no more significant than a date on a check. By money, he meant other people’s money, taxpayers’ money, drug money, laundered money, any money that greased the wheels of the New World Order.

The meeting he had arranged was to take place in a private dining room in an exclusive hotel on Capitol Hill. On his way into the room, Nick caught his reflection in the glass of a smoked wall mirror. His Windsor knot was just so, his shirt crisp, his Savile Row suit a perfect fit. The touch of gray in the black at his temples added an air of distinction. An immaculate perception, he thought as he straightened his shoulders and admired the fit body beneath the expensive clothing. Nick signaled to the butler who entered the room accompanied by a waiter bearing condiments for the breakfast table.

“A glass of Ambrosia, please.”

“Certainly, sir.” The butler popped the cork on a bottle of Moët & Chandon, added the orange juice and brought the drink over to Nick’s table by the tall windows at one end of the elegantly appointed room.

As he sipped the drink and gazed out over Washington, Nick’s encyclopedic mind recalled – verbatim – the words of

Sir Josiah Stamp, a former Governor of the Bank of England, on the subject of money:

*The modern banking system manufactures money out of nothing. The process is perhaps the most astonishing piece of sleight of hand ever invented. Banking was conceived in iniquity, and born in sin. Bankers own the earth. Take it away from them, but leave them the power to create money, and with the flick of a pen, they will create enough money to buy it back again. Take this great power away from them, and all great fortunes like mine will disappear. And, they ought to disappear, for then this would be a better and happier world to live in. But if you want to continue to be slaves of the bankers, and pay the cost of your own slavery, then let bankers continue to create money, and control credit.*

Stamp had it right, which was precisely why Nick's ultimate employers were bankers. Private banking was a slick operation indeed. For example, despite its name, the U.S. Federal Reserve Bank was not a federal department or agency, and there were no reserves. The Fed was owned by American, Japanese and European member banks that were themselves owned by the power elite of those nations. Nick was the *de facto* CEO of this cult of super-rich bankers, profiting from the interest on trillions of dollars of debt incurred by countries that were borrowing money created by the banks with a stroke of a pen. The greater the debt, the more the interest, and the greater the profits enjoyed by the bank owners. In Nick's view, that kind of systemic deception constituted an investment scam on a colossal scale. Yet he was happy to be part of it.

As he took another sip, he thought about what David Rockefeller had to say at the Bilderberg meeting in Baden-Baden Germany exactly ten years ago to the day:

*The supranational sovereignty of an intellectual elite and world bankers is surely preferable to the national*

*auto-determination practiced in past centuries.*

Rockefeller had it right too. There was an excessive amount of democracy then, as now, and it was time for a change.

D'Amous' musings were interrupted by a swarthy heavy-set man sporting a mustache and a wide grin under his bald pate, who strode confidently into the room. Nick advanced, shook hands with his guest and waved him to a seat.

Lt. General Abdul Dabulbulah, Pakistan's Chief of Inter-Service Intelligence (ISI), had been a central figure in the military coup that ousted the government of Nawaz Sharif and installed a new president, who, at least in theory, was more sympathetic to the United States. By force of habit Abdul settled himself with his back to the wall.

"The others will be here shortly," said Nick, signaling for a libation for the other man. "We have a moment to talk."

"By all means," the ISI Chief replied.

"The money was successfully transferred to Mr. Atta. Thank you for seeing to that."

"I am always happy to be of service."

"And you've met with your counterpart at the CIA?"

"I have indeed. You may recall that he made a quiet visit to Pakistan last May to see the General. I think we can continue to provide great logistical support for your country's geo-strategic imperatives in Central Asia; just as we did during our clandestine little war with the Soviets in the 1980s."

Nick lowered his voice a notch. "I'm told General Massood, the leader of the Northern Alliance in Afghanistan, is dead."

"He met with an unfortunate accident; however, some are suggesting he was assassinated by members of the ISI-Osama bin Laden-Taliban axis."

"I'm sure nothing could be further from the truth," said Nick sarcastically.

“There’s an old saying back home: *Truth is the safest lie.*”

“Speaking of Osama, which is mainly why I wanted a private word with you, Abdul, what gives with our skinny rug rider? Where’s he holed up now?”

“I am not certain, as he has a habit of being rather elusive. However, we have passed on the CIA’s message to him: ‘We created you, we armed you, then made you an enemy. It is time for you to start acting like one, in sufficient degree to make the world believe it must do whatever it takes to deal harshly with you and your al-Qaeda organization.’”

“Is he cooperating?” asked Nick.

“I am surprised you ask – because no doubt you know, or perhaps the CIA could inform you that, like it or not, Osama will be fulfilling his role in the charade later this morning.”

“Things seem to be in place, then. There’s one thing I want you to keep in mind. No matter what some military type may tell you, or ask you to do at some future time, we never want to see Osama’s ass on the witness stand; mind you, if he ever did get caught, he’d likely get killed trying to escape rather than let himself be questioned, if you know what I mean.”

“I completely understand,” Abdul said, nodding slowly. “He has been a valued asset of both U.S. and British intelligence for many years. That lengthy acquaintance makes him a dangerous fellow, does it not?”

Nick looked around, signaling an end to this part of their conversation. “The others should be here for breakfast soon.”

“Who is attending this meeting?” asked Abdul.

“Senator Graham Roberts, the chairman of the House and Senate Intelligence Committee, Representative Patrick Gross, Senator Kyle Johnson and your ambassador to the U.S.”

“Will Dick Underwood be coming?”

“If he can make it. This is a very busy time for him. As you’re aware, he’s a member of the Council on Foreign

Relations in New York, the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, the Fulbright Association and the Council of American Ambassadors.

“Didn’t he serve on the staff of the National Security Council and the U.S. Senate Intelligence and Foreign Relations Committee?”

“Yes, as I said, a busy guy,” said Nick.

“If we are to be discussing the nations surrounding Afghanistan, then his presence would be invaluable, especially if you are seeking an expert in crisis management.”

*As opposed to the damage control I do every day*, Nick said to himself.

Dabulbulah continued: “In any event I assure you, Nicolaus, we desire very close collaboration between our great countries.”

“As do we,” Nick replied smoothly. “And in both our cases, *ducit amor patriae*. Love of country guides me.” Nick spoke flawless Latin, and wasn’t above demonstrating the fact at every opportunity. “I’ll arrange further meetings for you with the Secretary of State. Oh, and one last thing, we’d appreciate a heads up on any oil-producing nations that might be thinking of screwing around with the petrodollar. If you hear anything about any more of them seriously considering the creation of a stock exchange that would trade oil and gas in euros instead of American petrodollars, or mess up our deal with OPEC, we want to know about it right away.”

“Certainly, Nicolaus.”

“Here they are now.” Nick and the General stood to greet the other guests.

The false-flag *War on Terror* against Muslim and Arab States – the next step in creating a global Pax Americana – would begin in a little over an hour at the World Trade Center. Only God, Allah and the shadow government of the U.S., of which D’Amous was an integral part, knew how long that war would last.

“I don’t know if there are men on the moon, but if there are, they must be using the earth as their lunatic asylum.”

— *George Bernard Shaw*

## II – Slippery Jack Danielson

*New York City, September 11, 2001, 8:40 a.m.*

Through half-closed eyes he watched the blonde with the big breasts hovering over his open mouth with a sharp metal instrument in her hand. Rather than being frightened, Jack was thankful to be in a dentist’s office for a relatively painless cleaning. *This was a piece of cake, he thought, compared to being attended to by a sadistic root canal specialist, or worse still, finding himself in the office of a belligerent proctologist.*

Jack’s mind wandered as the hygienist probed and scraped between his teeth. *What was the name of that little bird that goes into the mouths of large mammals, like crocodiles, and cleans their teeth?* Jack knew there was a name for that kind of mutually beneficial activity. *Was it ‘symbiosis’? But what was the bird called? If he could recall the name, he’d mention it to the blonde dental assistant. Their union could maybe use it as a logo.*

Soon afterwards, the hygienist relieved him of his bib. Jack’s mouth felt clean and his teeth gleamed brightly as he got out of the chair and walked out to reception to pay the bill.

The receptionist appeared to be in shock, gasping as she asked him, “Did you hear? Some kind of a plane hit one of the Trade Towers! We can’t see it from this side of the building, but it’s all over the news!”

“Didn’t hear a thing about it,” Jack replied. He came out onto Sixth Avenue and began walking quickly toward the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center. Long before he got close, he could see a tall column of smoke billowing out of the North

Tower, near the top of the skyscraper. *How'd the military let a plane get down here, right into friggin' Lower Manhattan?!* Jack wondered. He eased his way through the crowds of gawkers packing the streets of Manhattan.

His watch said 9:03 a.m. *Jesus Christ, here comes another one. It's going to hit too!* Just before it did, Jack thought he heard an explosion at ground level. Then he heard a massive explosion overhead, accompanied by a fire-ball which shot out from the side of the building as the plane angled into the South Tower. The craft's starboard engine sliced through the building, came out the other side and flew all the way to Barclay Street, landing sixty feet from where Jack was standing. He stared at the smoking hulk of metal. His gut was urging him to take off in the opposite direction, but the scene literally drew him forward. He joined the few people still drifting toward the towers, like zombies out of a Hollywood film. The rest of the crowd was fleeing, trampling anything in its path. By this time Jack was close enough to help the stunned men and women streaming out of the towers.

Fire trucks were running their hoses into the North Tower. Then a great cry went up from the crowd. Jack looked up and saw people leaping from the windows above to escape the terrible smoke, flames and killer toxins. Desperate jumpers struck the pavement and in moments the ground was littered with mangled flesh. Jack stepped over one bloody mess, realizing it had once been someone's head. Chaos, the oldest of the Greek gods, reigned everywhere.

Just before 10:00 a.m., there came a series of unbelievable explosions, and people dove for cover or pelted up the street. Jack, no neophyte when it came to building collapses, watched the scene in amazement. He felt the ground shake just before he heard another unmistakable sound – *chi, chi, chi, chi, chi, chi, chi, chi*. It was the noise of cutter explosions ringing around the South Tower. He felt and heard these things before the start



of the terrible reverberations that heralded the collapse of the tower. The twisting and ripping of steel as explosives cut beams into sections. The steel hitting the ground, the ground shaking, everything moving, human voices screaming in terror.

“They’ve pulled the friggin’ building,” Jack yelled in disbelief. “Why on earth would they do that?!”

A massive toxic cloud of pulverized concrete roared at him as he tried to escape. It was almost on top of him as he dove behind a fire truck and tried to pull the stacked hose over his body to protect himself from the falling debris. Too late. Something struck his head and knocked him out.

\* \* \*

10:28 a.m. Bruised, shaken and dazed, Jack crawled out from amongst a tangle of fire-hose, coincidentally just in time to see the collapse of the North Tower. Struggling to his feet, he hoped nothing major would fall on top of him. A powerful wind from the collapse suddenly picked him up and flung him across the street. Jack started crawling, trying to get out of the scary hot darkness that suddenly enveloped the streets of New York. Paper and powdered glass flew through the air. Debris was everywhere. A layer of gray concrete dust was up to four inches thick in some places. The acrid stench of burning chemicals irritated his lungs.

From what he could tell, the Twin Towers were no more. In their place was a 110-degree hell, with smoke hovering over everything. Ashes fell like snow. Scared shitless, Jack continued to crawl his way out of ‘Ground Zero’, as it became known – named after the two nuclear explosions which took place during the bombings of Japan in WWII. It was like someone had poured sand in his mouth. He began to realize how many computers had been in those two towers, and pondered the health hazards of inhaling the remains of ink, fax machines, cadmium,

the liquid metals inside millions of batteries, watches, cellphones and pagers, along with keyboards and monitors, freon, mercury, asbestos, benzene, lead, manganese, vanadium, PCBs and dioxins. There had to be thousands of gallons of ammonia, bleach and cleaning fluid, glass and gyprock – all reduced to a fine dust that not even protective gear would be able to withstand.

The air was so thick you could chew it. Jack was coughing, his nose bleeding. No more time to think or cry. He crawled along a fire-hose and came to a fire truck's pumper, which provided some water. Jack splashed water on his face and hands and cleared his throat, but the contamination was so horrific he couldn't breathe anything that resembled air. One half of someone's head stared at him from the foot-thick debris on the pavement. He saw a shoe with a foot in it, a pair of sneakers with legs and feet attached to them. Gazing skyward, he saw that some of the bodies that had fallen from the towers had been skewered on steel beams. He reached a line of hospital workers and paramedics who were standing by with empty stretchers. They gave him some oxygen and cleaned the blood and dirt from his face.

Jack leaned on the hood of a police car, feeling guilty to be alive. *I'll remember this for the rest of my life. And just to think I helped the bastards who pulled these buildings!*

Jack Danielson, a good-looking Irish-American citizen, in his early thirties, a demolition expert, member of Alcoholics Anonymous, divorced with no kids, was dry-eyed on the outside but crying on the inside.

He hitched a ride home, where he removed more encrusted debris from his body. His eyes felt extremely irritated. He studied the bruise at the hairline over his left eye. A small cut but a large lump. He made an ice pack from cubes of ice in the freezer and applied it to his aching forehead. Was he heading for the last round-up, he wondered? Something awful seemed to have seized his lungs in a vice grip. Swallowing several Tylenol in

hopes of easing the pain in his chest, Jack crashed into his dark bedroom to sleep off the effects of his horrendous experience.

He awoke the next day still feeling like he should call in dead. His left eye was bloodshot and hurting terribly, forcing him to go to emergency, where an ophthalmologist removed several ultra-fine particles of glass.

Three days later he felt able to return to the downtown scene, now one of surreal chaos. Hundreds of people were working on site cleanup, gathering up parts of dead bodies in buckets. Jack began to help. A few burly firefighters told him the steel beams that reached down to bedrock in the seventh level tower basement remained too hot to approach. They wondered how that was possible with fires of short duration on the top floors. Jack knew, but decided a closed mouth gathers no feet. When Jack got home he studied all the news on television and in the papers. This was the greatest atrocity ever committed, an iconic event of biblical proportions to mark the first years of the new millennium.

\* \* \*

Less than two days after the attacks, the administration began leaking their conspiracy theory to the press, who quickly ran with the story: a gang of nineteen Arab terrorists had perpetrated this heinous act, led by a hate-filled Muslim fanatic named Osama bin Laden, who operated a sinister, massively powerful organization called al-Qaeda with headquarters in a cave in Afghanistan. These terrorists hated all Americans and all Christians, the story went, and they must be brought to justice quickly and made to pay for their crimes against humanity. The reports went on to say there had been no useful advance warnings of the attacks. No one in the military or the administration had ever imagined that terrorists would use commercial airliners as bombs to demolish American landmarks.

*Now that is the mother of all conspiracy theories, thought Jack. They want us to believe that nineteen evil Middle Eastern Muslim terrorists, using pocket knives and box cutters, hijacked four commercial airliners, all at the same time, in broad daylight, catching the U.S. authorities completely off guard. Then they somehow flew these huge planes, with only minimal flight training, into three out of four targets – the Twin Towers and the Pentagon – without interception by NORAD and the U.S. Air Force, circumventing the most sophisticated radar system on Earth, killing themselves because of their love of Allah and their hatred for our freedoms. The whole operation was directed by a rich Saudi with a laptop computer hiding in a cave somewhere in Afghanistan, of all places. Further, that these aluminum aircraft, after they had crashed into the Twin Towers, caused such super hot fires that they, in turn, caused these steel structures to collapse at free fall speed. Unbelievable!*

Jack, who'd heard plenty of scuttlebutt during his obsessive returns to the scene, was amazed that no mention was made in the media of Building 7 which had collapsed at 5:20 p.m. on '9/11', as it became known. Nor of the pools of what appeared to be molten steel that had congealed in the foundations of the buildings, many levels underground. Also, there was no mention that *never before in history* had a steel-framed skyscraper collapsed due to being gutted by fires. Yet, the media implied that it was natural, even though the debris at Ground Zero was uncharacteristic of a gravitational collapse due to fires. Instead of chunks of concrete, it was pulverized to a fine powder. Instead of long, twisted steel beams, they found short pieces of steel, no more than twenty feet long.

The authorities maintained that no flight recorders, or black boxes, from the aircraft had been found. No further details were released by the FBI or the military, who cited national security concerns for their refusal to do so.

Watching this coverage and hearing its tone, Jack got the impression that anyone, including himself, who offered a different explanation for what had happened would immediately be branded as an unpatriotic son of a bitch and would run the risk of internment in some secret black hole of a prison, his ass stuffed with broken glass and his body immersed in a bathtub full of Tabasco sauce.

The government's 'official story' depended on alleged evidence that couldn't be tested or proven. The Pentagon and the various intelligence agencies supplied the media with their in-house news releases and reconstruction of the hijacking, but refused to release the many surveillance images in their possession, using the standard excuse of 'national security'.

*Whoever these alleged terrorists really were, they had to have had one helluva lot of help to pull off this horrendous false-flag caper,* Jack said to himself. *I'd better have a talk with my buddy Sean.* Sean Hennessey had paid Jack to help him wire the basement of the Twin Towers – for some obscure reason – a few weeks prior to 9/11, on behalf of Guided Destruction Engineering Inc. who'd been hired by the landlord.

And it was only then that the name of the bird he'd been trying to think of in the dentist's office popped into Jack's mind – the Egyptian Plover, who flew into the open mouths of crocodiles on the Nile, picking away at debris and scar tissue.

*I may be doing the same thing,* thought Jack. *Crocs eat birds, but they don't eat the Plovers that provide them with a service. Can you say the same thing about the American government?*

But another bird immediately jumped into his head, one whose etymological name Jack could not immediately remember either – one which was nicknamed, the bare-bummed Blackbird. This bird, which was only found in desert areas and whenever there was a sand storm, had learned to fly ass backwards.

“My only regret was I had but one life to give for my country.  
If I’d had two, I would have had felt a lot better.”

— *Anonymous Soldier*

“All wars are popular for the first thirty days.”

— *Arthur Schlesinger*

*Modus Operandi 9/11* is a unique comedy-driven drama dealing with the modern day adventures of such oddball characters as Slippery Jack Danielson, Zack Zapata and Nick 'the Nostril' D'Amous. Crossing paths at the most unlikely moments, they end up exposing the White House lies about 9/11 and the War on Terror. The novel casts an unflinching eye on the machinations of the New World Order neocons and fires several well-placed salvos against the fulminators of the Religious Right and at the rise and *gall* of the New American Empire. Is this novel based on fact or fiction? You be the judge...and jury.



Hal Sisson as President Truck



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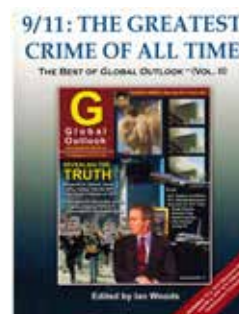
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