

# Bosnia

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Arrgh U. Ment and Hip Pop Crissy sat in the lounge of the Country Club enjoying their morning newspapers. They sat next to a globe being used to look up geographic crossword answers. Suddenly a repeating four note trumpet sound filled their ears. *Uh Oh* they thought. *Too late!* Secretary Clittoff strode into the room, pipe smoke smoking from the Secretary's pipe.

The Secretary proudly strode to the globe giving the orb a furious spin. A well-placed finger extended stopping the planet from spinning while the Secretary spoke. "There" Secretary Clittoff said. "Bosnia. Did I ever tell the time I saved the country from usurpation by the Bogomilosovenean Rebels?"

"Really Secretary" Hip Pop started "this is a non-smoking environment here."

"That's OK" Secretary Clittoff said. "Just don't inhale."

Arrgh tried to stand up uttering "Excuse me Secretary I must be..." A firm hand pushed Arrgh back down into the chair.

Secretary Clittoff's deep gravelly sounding voice sounded. "It was after the Akron Accords were rubber stamped that I flew to Bosnia with my travelling companions SchellSea & Ooolalavavavhumma la PumaTown. We were on our way to deliver humanitarian aid. The whole of the Bosnian Government was at the airport to greet us. Naturally I piloted the jet through the wind pockets blowing as I flew us in over the spice fields at the perimeter of the airport."

"Naturally" Arrgh stated.

Secretary Clittoff continued. "The three of us disembarked the airplane down a portable staircase. We stood standing on the tarmac. A trio of young Bosnian flower girls came out to greet us with bouquets when suddenly – *WHOOSH!* – a gust of wind blew over the airstrip. My keen eyes noticed the hair of one of the flower girls blow up slightly revealing a bald head underneath. I realized that these were not flower girls. We were about to be attacked by the deadly MilosveanMiniMean Clone Triplets. Underneath their bouquets they carried machine guns."

"My word, Madame Secretary" Hip Pop British accently wondered "Whatever did you do?"

"Realizing that their cover was blown away, one might say" Secretary Clittoff informed "The MiniMean's threw their bouquets into the air to aim and fire. In the time available while they were aiming I stoked my trusty pipe into a thick cloud of smoke to obscure SchellSea & Ooolalavavavhumma and myself from the terrible triad. I grabbed the two of them as the MiniMean's fired wildly into the smoke and, while dodging bullets on the Bosnian runway, I thrust them onto the rolling airplane staircase and, giving the staircase a herculean shove, pushed them across the runway to be safe with the Bosnian officials."

"Good heavens, Madame Secretary" Arrgh questioned. "But what about you? What about the machine guns?"

Secretary Clittoff continued. “Dodging the bullets flying through the smoke screen I caught the bouquets and, using my keen dexterity, I thrust the bouquets into the barrels of the machine guns. The flowers flew into the firing mechanisms of their machine guns causing the armaments to jam and backfire. The weapons exploded from the backfire and the armament exploded blowing the trio and their hairpieces into the sky where they exploded like fireworks.”

“My Word, Madame Secretary” Hip Pop said “You certainly Serbianed the country well. That was the end of the revolution?”

“Not quite” Secretary Clittoff said “Not Quite. It turns out the MilosveanMiniMean’s were wired with explosives which is why they exploded. The whole of the Bogomilosovenean Rebel Army was bivouacked in the field at the end of the runway. They interpreted the fireworks to be a flare signal to initiate an attack on the airport. They fired at me with all of their weaponry while I stood on the tarmac. To make matters worse a sudden brief squall doused the flame in my pipe and also blew my smoke screen aside. I suddenly found myself using my Neolithic reflexes to once again dodge bullets on the runway!”

“Good Gracious, Madame Secretary!” Arrgh exclaimed. “Whatever did you do?”

“Since I was trained to enter the Ironman Decathlon the following month I knew I could continue to dodge bullets on the Bosnian runway” Secretary Clittoff commanded. “But my keens eyes saw beyond the bullets that the rebels were prepared to fire their whole arsenal of heat seeking missiles at the airport to destroy the duly elected government. Realizing the gravity of the situation I used my leaping ability to quickly jump upwards into the jet. I raced to the cockpit and fired up the engines and taxied down the runway. The heat from the jet engines drew the heat seeking missiles to follow me thereby saving the Bosnian government from certain death!”

“My word, Madame Secretary!” Hip Pop wondered. “And you flew to safety?”

“Not quite” Secretary Clittoff informed. “I couldn’t let the missiles go somewhere that innocent civilians may be hit so I performed a barrel roll at 6g’s to be able to stay ahead of the missiles and looped back towards the field. As I approached the field I relit my trusty pipe stoking up a healthy fire. As I approached the field I cut the engines to stop drawing the heat seekers and I threw my pipe down onto the rebel base below. The missiles followed the pipe into the spice field where they exploded thereby obliterating the rebels completely and saving the country.”

“I guess, Madame Secretary” Arrgh said “that you arrived in the country in the nick of thyme!”

“Quite” Secretary Clittoff said. “Quite”