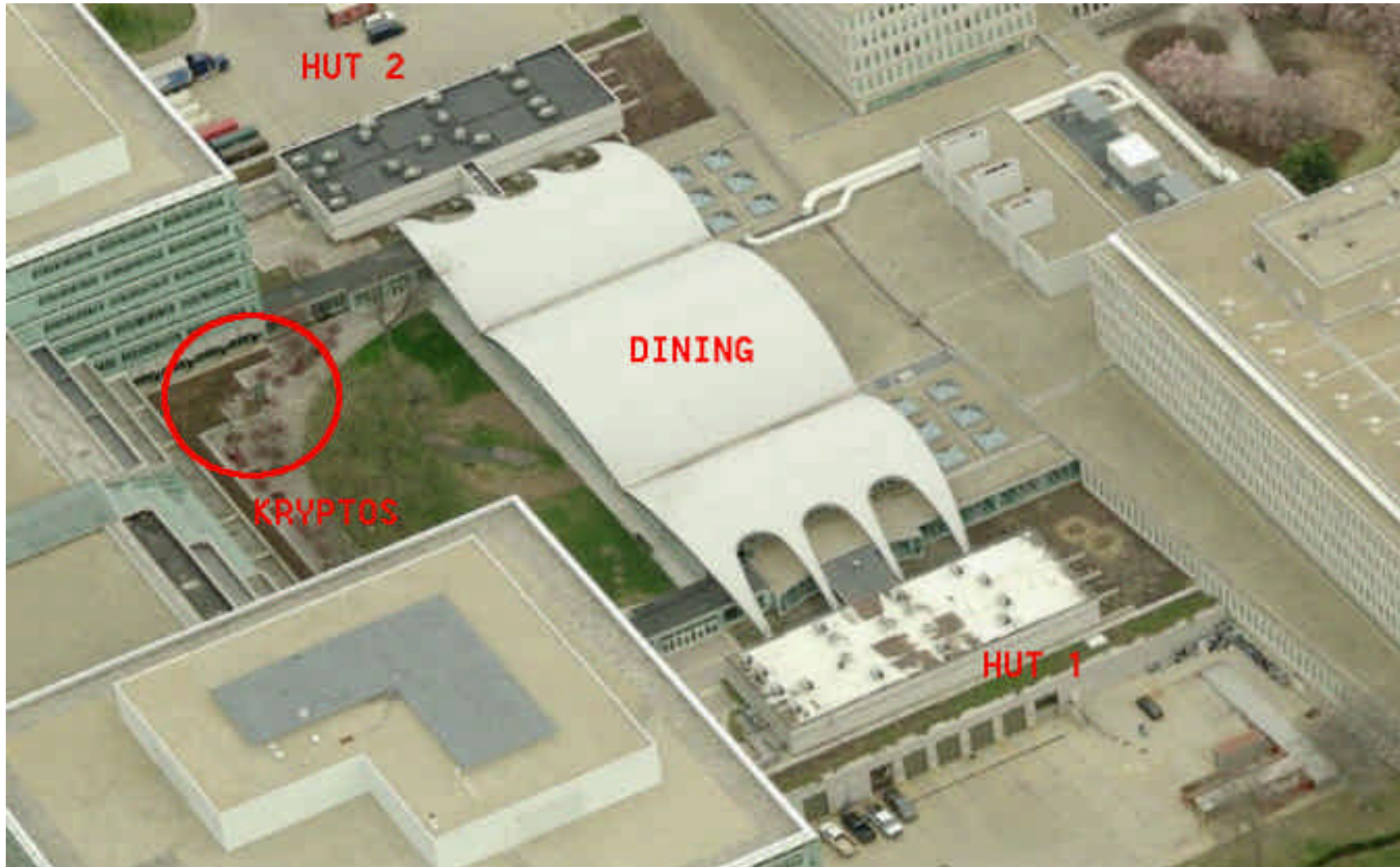


## CIA Grim Reapers - Classification Top Secret SCI Codeword Hue

Good morning, Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen. Today's daily brief covers the behavior of drone operators stationed at CIA headquarters in temporary buildings constructed in late 2006 for the classified mission of terrifying, targeting and slaughtering suspected enemies of the United States of America, as we all here well know. Air Force cubicle shown is secretly matched by CIA. Slide please.



You will recall these so-called “huts” or “slaughter houses,” inspired by our legendary CIA hitman Jose Rodriguez, are located off the main dining room covered with soaring vaults poised on graceful legs designed by a notable architectural firm as a central gathering place for officers and staff, surrounded by pleasant greenery which features a famous sculpture named Kryptos. Slide please.





Our subjects arrive by automobiles, vans, buses and motorcycles. Those with children stash them at the private storage on campus. From nearby can be heard yelps of homicidal canines being eroticized, seriously, for guard duty. Slide please.





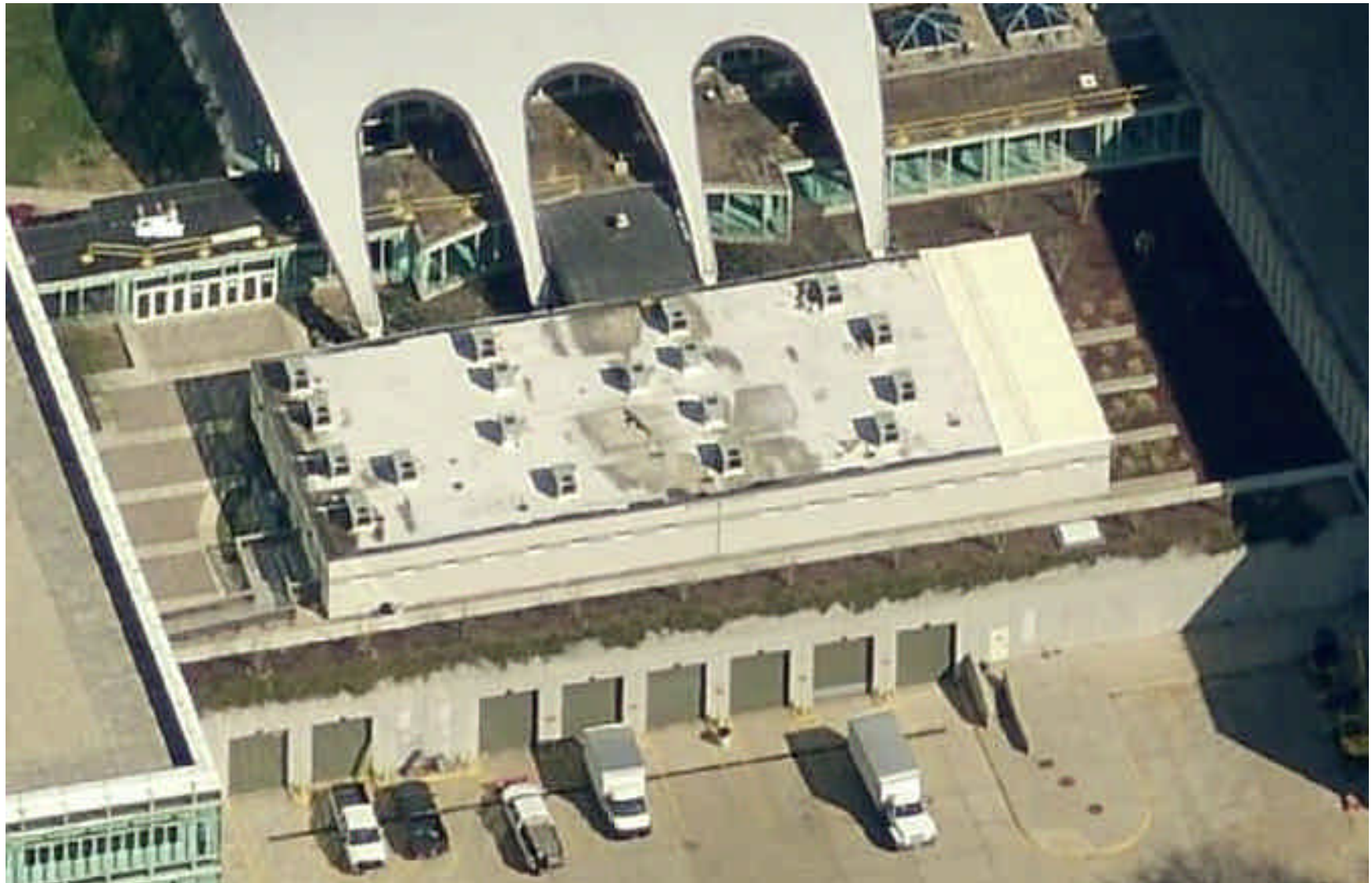
Subjects park in panopticed multi-level garages and code-marked lots. Wide sidewalks, stairs, ramps provide leisurely access to the symmetrical composition of the headquarters assembly. On axis, on target, rational, deliberate, mistakes minimized, counterbalanced as the human body, two of each appendage so one will survive mishap. Slide please.





You will remember that each hut has 16 cubicles and two supervisor cubicles. Slides please.

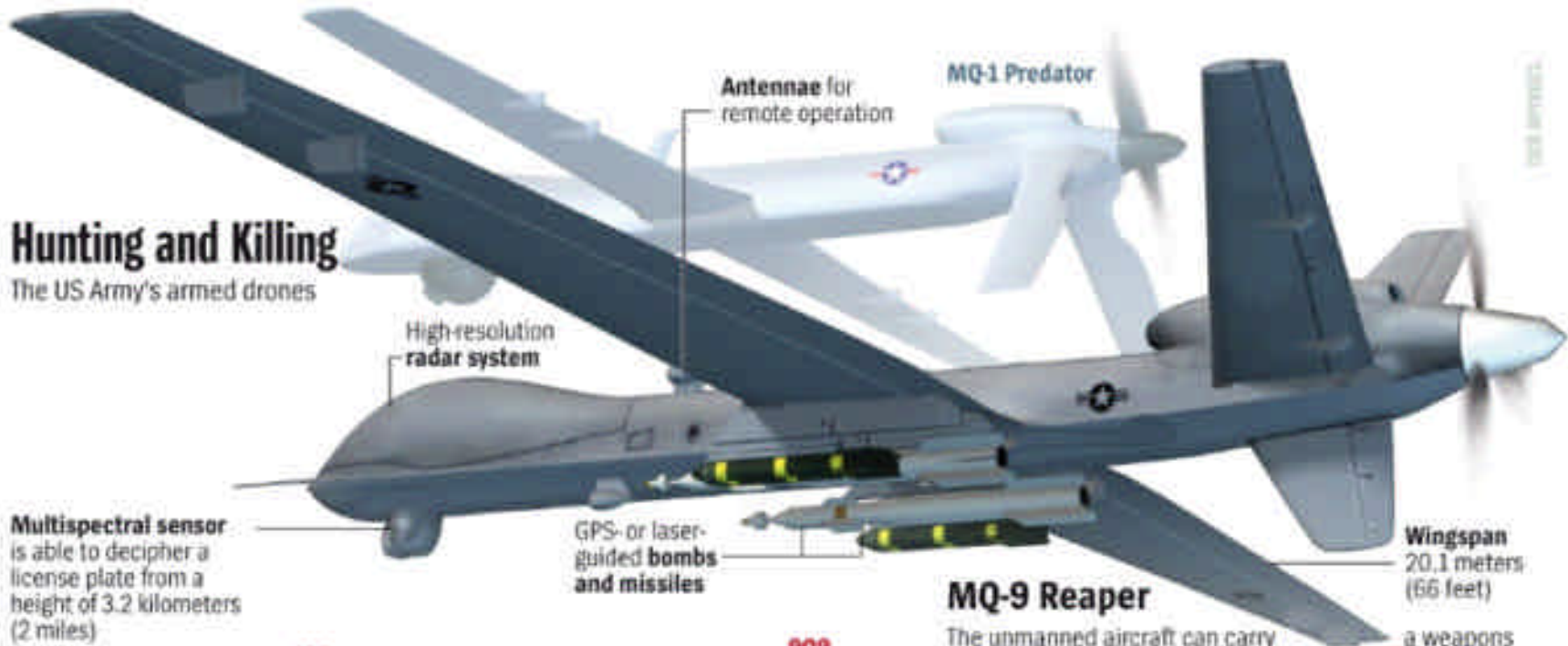




Our subjects are organized in four teams for 24 hours duty every day, through holidays and weekends, always ready all year long covering all the globe's time periods. Each of three teams (blue-married, red-single, rainbow-lgbt) serves 8 hours, one (black-ciphers) serves as back-up. Each team has pilot, weaponeer and supervisor. Assume total personnel daily staff of about 100 with another 200-400 in training and reserve, on sickout, burnout, psychotic, disappeared, kidnapped for ransom, years long vacation, interminable temporary foreign duty. Air Force cubicle shown, CIA matches. Slide please.



The drone personnel are extremely distinguished at CIA headquarters. They are the USG-Allies covert extreme eliminators, hyper-digitized, not legacy case officers or actionable analysts, highly trained technological androids, standing-off thousands of miles from those most buzz-worthy, excuse the hipsterism, to obliterate. Slide please.



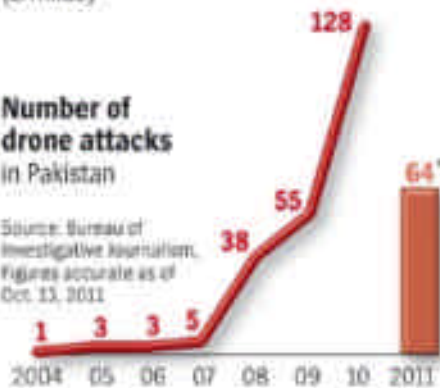
### MQ-9 Reaper

The unmanned aircraft can carry a weapons payload 10 times heavier than that carried by the original Predator model. Take-off and landing are conducted by remote control on the ground. A pilot in the US controls the drone's flight by satellite. The US has around 200 Predators and roughly 30 Reapers.

- Price per aircraft: **\$10.5 million**
- Payload: **up to 1.7 tons of missiles and bombs**
- Range: **3,000 kilometers (1,900 miles)**
- Maximum flying time: **36 hours**

### Number of drone attacks in Pakistan

Source: Bureau of Investigative Journalism. Figures accurate as of Oct. 13, 2011

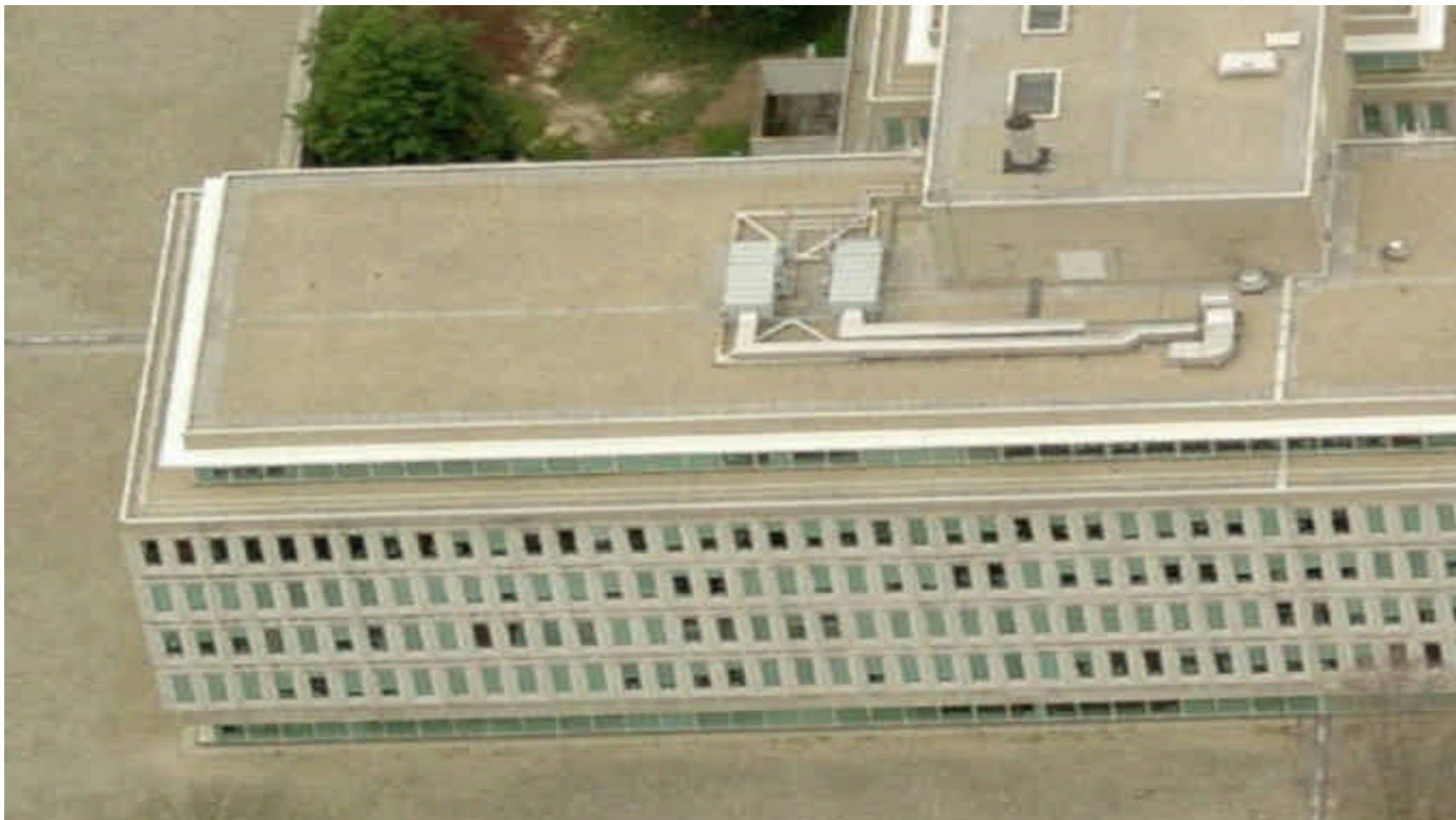


### Those killed by drone strikes in Pakistan





When digi-warriors glide into the campus, drop off kids, park, stroll into the complex, pause for organic snacks in the dining room, to head left-wing or right-wing into the 32 execution chambers, excuse the accurate morbidity, Mr. President, they are recognized with glimpses and frowns as the Grim Reaper elite (tough-nicknamed after one of their premier weapons), whose game-thrilling actions will be watched by remote monitors in hundreds of (barely alert, sorry to squeal) world-wide spy bunkers, but most fortuitously for Congressional, Judicial and Media relations, from the 7<sup>th</sup> Floor suite of the Director of Central Intelligence who often invites distinguished guests to wine and dine and be entertained by one of the most exclusively death-penalty programs the USG hides to some extent. CIA HQ 7<sup>th</sup> Floor Suite with kitchen-dining ventilation systems and incinerator chimney.

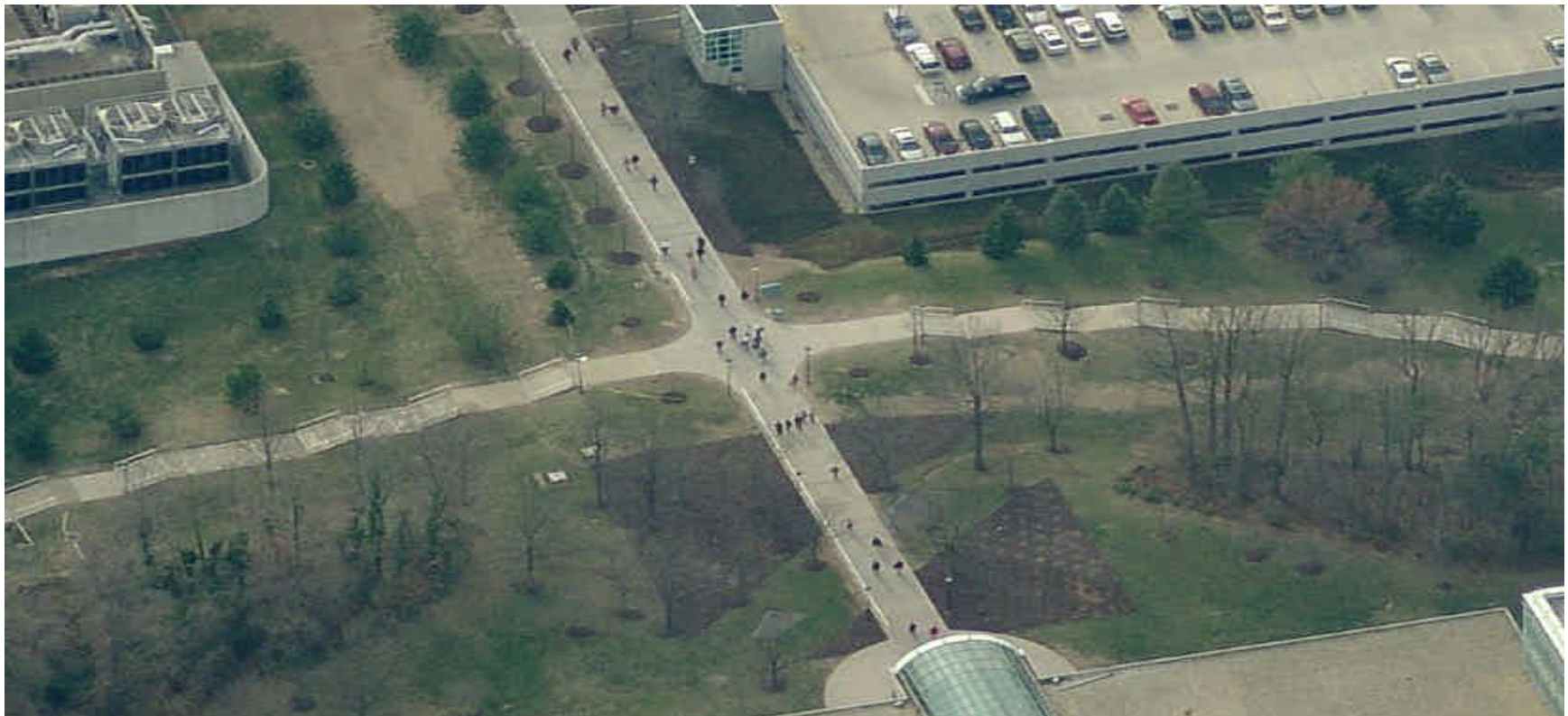


Inside the huts, after incoming staff is amphetamine dosed to inhibit dread, sexual couplings are redressed (necessary bonus, Mr. President, you approved it, excuse us ladies), changeover of personnel is staged to assure no order is delayed, no target is lost, no shot is not taken, taken twice, taken thrice, then post-action photos and video transmitted to assessment teams for verification and delivery to highest officials, thence to the office of the President of the United States of America, who, thank you, Mr. President, for signing off on each kill, before, during or after, en banc. Slide please.





Inside the huts, you will be delighted to hear, morale is sky-high, there are butt bangs and chest bumps when a shot is successful, a kill emblem is stuck to the counting board simulating an aircraft side, with, humorously if morbidly, "Grateful Dead" the motto at top. Heading off-duty personnel linger when a shot looms, for a kill-shot or, if lucky, several, is the goal of years of training in risk-free homicide authorized by exorder. Each kill is rewarded with takeaway pharmaceuticals for memory blank and wipe data sleep, a giant bottle-full for weddings, families and clans. Medication is what bonds our elite executioners into concrete masonry units of mortared pathologies, what inspires deathhead tattoos (pardon morbidity, sirs and madams) beneath outdoor hunters camouflage, geeses post-ride jockey bow-legged swagger through the all-hours dining room eliciting murmurs of cream-filled appreciation or gun-prejudice disgust from deskbound jockeys, induces an asymmetrical saunter across the garden for a bypass toke disposal behind perforated Kryptos -- totem which sanctifies encrypted murderous commands -- then spin-wheeling capacious sidewalks amongst incoming big-data-zombies to plunge into the Deep Throated garage, siginting a door unlock, zoom away to intercept meta-whipped kids, thumbdriving the dashboard play button, ratcheting highest volume to drownout screaming brats, chortling with Queen, We Are the Champions of Grim Reaping. Sorry, that was a bit slangish and longish. Slide please.



Casualties? Excellent question, thank you for asking, Mr. President. Diagnosis: terminal psychosis. Machinic drone excision is exercise deficient, unhealthy and mindless. Casualties abound among the drone staff ubiquitously suffering a downward arc of dissolution and morbidity: Drugs, domestic violence, burnout, neurosis, infantilism, narcissism, egotism, self-defacement, suicide, bestiality, sexual insatiation, compulsive masturbation (on campus), paranoia inebriation, feline clubbing, fights, shootings, knifings -- some inside the huts – kleptomania, pyromania -- attempts to torch the huts occur monthly by outsiders and insiders, equipment sabotage, deliberately missed shots, accusations of disloyalty, infectious disease, sustained combat among sexual partners in the cubicles (policy pending: only LGBT and the disabled are sufficiently stalwart to be allowed to serve in the huts), but not altogether different from the general spy and special forces population. Work-related disability and attrition rate is nearly 100% after one month. Incarceration of the casualties for research is mandatory on campus, for which underground parking has been converted for one-way in no way out surgical shrink. Last slide please. Thank you, Mr. President and all here, thank you remotely-watching drone operator hitmen at Creech and Holabird, and drone gunmaker General Atomics, and for all Americans, trust us, we are your grim Reapers and inhuman Predators too.

