

Sierra softly spoke the seven syllables she was supposed to remember once she reached her destination. "Yankee November Oscar". Or was it "November Yankee Mike"? Was she just distracted her fondness for that foxy fiend from her foxtrot class, Oscar? She raced to Romeo's rendez-vous, hearing her hurried heels echo in the empty entryway as she arrived abruptly at the alluring Alpha Charlie Hotel. Nervous, she ordered a whiskey at the bar. The bartender asked if she had a preferred brand. Thankfully, she guessed right – the password using "Oscar". Once her identity was well established, Romeo waltzed around the corner of the room, and whisked her away to the Delta Conference Hall, where a special guest was waiting in the rear.

