

Chapter 36: Puff

Returning to the “Almost But for Luck and Skill” case study presentation:

Halting the presentation of the case study Agent Howe reaches for a bottle of water to refresh voice. After a moment she continues.

“Up to this point in the case study our presentation has rested upon first hand witnesses or supporting evidence,” notes Lionel. “We know that the Spinnaker, Sunfish Montenegro operation along with the execute management team of the phantom voter enterprise was effectively rendered non-existent and non-threatening. The Apocalyptic Order Church assets have been seized. The Georgia election data base has been purged of phantom voters.

“The exact trail of how the DorsalFin-NSA debriefing recording went from Cozad, Nebraska to an unknown number of recipients is not clear. We do not know what role it may have had in warning TW Koziris of a need to ‘go to ground’.

“But we know that TW Koziris disappeared immediately after delivering an acceptance speech in Dallas. We do know that his assets remain ‘frozen’ in place by the courts as a result of his disappearance and suspected

“Where is TW?” asks Agent Howe. “We have no hard evidence to support the ‘most’ likely scenario. We throw this unproven theory out to you simply for your consideration. It starts near Love Field in Dallas a couple of months ago.”

At A Convention Center Just Off Loop 12 Near Love Field in Dallas, Texas

Thomas Windsor Koziris has just completed a short acceptance speech honoring him for his humanitarian philanthropy donation. A Black waiter informs TW Koziris in heavily accented Edinburgh Upper-Class that he is being called away to answer an emergency call from Cayman Islands.

“This way sir. Please sir”

“Thank you. Turning to the assembly at the head table, the TW Koziris quips, “I will be back momentarily. I hope the check has not bounced. Lead on.”

Entering a suitable business office just off the convention center TW Koziris handed a telephone:

“Sir, we need to verifying the transaction request and routing that you sent us a few moments ago. The transaction challenge is LE33549. May I have your response, sir?”

Just as the TW Koziris hears transaction challenge and begins to form a response, he feels a sharp needle stick in his neck.....

About Twenty Miles North of Del Rio in West Texas Hill Country

The dethroned Top Predator hangs naked upside-down from one leg of a heavy duty remote deer feeding station. He is trussed by both his Achilles which allows him to move a little by rolling his shoulders and using his arms. His head and upper torso rest partially on the stony Texas dirt.

“Who are you?” demands the TW Koziris

“I am the Avenging Elder from Staci Bankloe’s ancestral village.” announces a short but distinguished looking Black man with an Edinburgh Upper-Class accent.

“What the hell am I doing like this? Get me the Hell down from here.”

“You are disappearing today. “

“ Bull Shit! You hear”

“Delo let our friends go.”

A surge of Texas Hill Country rattlesnakes hiss, undulate, crawl, slither, and exit a near-by cage.

“Throw some warmer stones into the midst of the snakes.”

As the snakes begin to become aggravated the Top Predator attempts to twist away. The activity heightens the attention of the rattlers. Several begin to coil and hiss. Monetarily there is calm and quiet. Suddenly the TW Koziris begins to twist and scream in pain from the trussing of his Achilles. The rattlers begin to dance and strike. The Top Predator suffers bites and some injections of venom. As the cocktail mixture of hemotoxins and neurotoxins begins to pulse, the the upper body of the TW Koziris begins to suffer localized hemorrhaging, breakdown of cellular tissue, and mild paralysis.

Unconsciousness does not yet save the Top Predator. A nearby remote deer corn feeder fires kicking out a quantity of feed corn kernels.

Time drags on as the pain and swelling grow vague for the Top Predator. A small flock of Texas game deer cautiously investigate the feed corn kernels. They pay little to no attention to the slow twisting of the TW Koziris.

Suddenly, like bird-dogs pointing a quail, one deer then another senses movement, then another deer. Hurriedly, the flock exits at a fast bounding gallop. The first of the juvenile wild Texas pigs begin to nuzzle the dirt for the kernels of feed corn.

The investigation of the juvenile wild pigs rouses the Top Predator into a higher state of consciousness. But the stress of being partially hung by his Achilles and dehydration from his long exposure just leads to a delirious response and little motion. The juvenile wild pigs begin to explore the Top Predator’s flesh. As that agony begins the wench is remotely lowering him further to the dirt. This just increases the exploration and calls of agony.

“We are civilized people. Use your Sako. Then lower him.”

A round is fired. The juvenile wild pigs scatter upon hearing the sonic boom of the discharge. The Top Predator is delivered to peace.

Time continues to drag. Eventually, the a group of large adult wild Texas pigs indulge themselves....

“Delo, please signal Adamu I will ride the Polaris down to the cattle bump gate for pickup. Put the Sako and the one round in the bed for me.

“Text me using this cellphone in three days time once the pigs have finished and the feeder has been brunt. The text message must be “I no get anytin to tell you”. Any other message or no message will tell me there has been a problem. Then discard the cellphone. Adamu will meet you in Rockingsprings per our plan in three days time with a passport, new cellphone, credit card, money, your bag, and tickets for returning to our village. “ As he departs the Elder in Nigerian Pidgin English proclaims, “God don butter my bread”. God has been good to us.

“Gbamsolutely, Uncle”. Exactly as planned, Uncle.

In three days time the text message “I no get anytin to tell you” is sent as directed.

A Fifteen Months Later: North of Del Rio in West Texas Hill Country

At the County Courthouse in Edwards County, a tract of land once used for hunting deer and wild pigs goes on the auction block for non-payment of taxes.

Wrapping-Up the Case Study:

“That my professional brethren is how we conjecture that this unpleasant episode in America’s ‘hidden’ history ended,” concludes Agent Howe.

“Mr. Jones or I will attempt to answer any of your questions short of the disappearance of TW Koziris.”