

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

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

“This way sir. Please sir”

“Thank you. Turning to the assembly at the head table, the Top Predator 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:

“Sir, we need to verifying the transaction request and routing that you sent us a few moments ago. The transaction challenge is LE33549.”

Just as the the Top Predator hears transaction answer response begin, he feels a sharp needle stick in his neck.....

North of Del Rio in West Texas Hill Country

Top predator partially hanging naked from a from a deer cleaning rack by both his Achilles. His head and upper torso rest partially on the stony Texas dirt.

“Who are you?” demands the Top Predator

“I am the Avenging Elder from StaciBankloe ancestral village.” announce 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!”

Delo let our friends go.

A surge of Texas Hill Country rattlesnakes hiss, undulate, crawl, slither, and exit the cage.

Throw some warmer stones into their 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 Top Predator begins to twist and scream from in pain from the hook through his Achilles. The rattlers begin to dance and strike. The Top Predator suffers bites and injections of venom. As the cocktail mixture of hemotoxins and neurotoxins begins to pulse the the upper body of the Top Predator begins to suffer localized hemorrhaging, breakdown of cellular tissue, and mild paralysis.

Consciousness 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. Texas a small flock of game deer cautiously investigate the feed corn kernels. They pay little to no attention to the slow twisting of the Top Predator.

Suddenly, like birddogs pointing a quail one deer then another senses movement, then another deer. Shortly, the flock exits in 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.

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.

