

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31

# Geo Tracking

## CHAPTER

~16~

**Cain and Abel** acted skittish when Tom entered the quarantine pickup area. The agent looked at the wall clock; he was just about ready to tell Tom to come back in the morning. That is when both dogs started barking frantically, a warning not to leave them overnight. The boarder agent quickly opened a brown accordion file pulled out some paperwork and had Tom sign four different documents. He then handed Tom two dog tags. "Put these on your dogs before you leave the airport parking area!"

Tom pushed a cargo cart with the two crates out the doors to the short term parking area. Both dogs were spinning circles in their crates, reeling with excitement. It had been almost two months since seeing or smelling Tom's scent. Tom understood the importance of temporary licensing, as he began to attach the first dog tag, he paused... *Why the new electric training collars. Beth adamantly disapproves of any bark collars. She would have never put them on. Maybe they were put on in the quarantine area?*

After attaching the second tag Tom locked Cain and Able in the back of the Sprinter and headed back toward the cargo pickup office with the new-fangled collars. There was a swaying **CLOSED** sign on the door and the blinds had just been pulled shut. As Tom did an about face, deep down in his pocket his phone vibrated. The unknown message read: **Go to Gudu Recreation Park @ 44.314491165808384, -121.52750768979017 — URGENT.**

Tom glanced at the message, *Must be scammer's. No way in hell I'm going to drive to someplace I know nothing about.* Now, the phone vibrated in his hand: **This message will be deleted in 5 minutes.**

32 Tom dropped the phone back into the oversized pocket of his camo  
33 pants. He was exhausted and needed to find a place to exercise Cain  
34 and Able and then sleep for a few hours.

35 As Tom paid the short term parking lot attendant he asked about  
36 an off leash dog park. The tall lanky attendant leaned out the gate  
37 shack and handed Tom a map of points of interest in and around  
38 Abuja. "Gudu Park allows dogs. Keep your van locked and do not  
39 leave anything in site. The recreation area is only a few miles away."

40 The public city park was surrounded by an iron fence. The road  
41 thru the park was lined on both sides by old painted tires that were  
42 buried halfway into the dirt. There were a few food carts and trinket  
43 vendors. Posters and graffiti covered any telephone pole or wall that  
44 could hold a staple. Tom reflected back on his first week in Africa. *If*  
45 *this were constable's Ayoola jurisdiction he'd spend all day writing*  
46 *finer for all the outdated posters and signs hanging all over.*

47 At a far corner in the park Tom let Cain and Able out the side of  
48 the van. He pointed across a clearing and said, "Go!" The dogs ran a  
49 bee line toward some Ube trees. Tom whistled and then yelled,  
50 "Come." The dogs ran back. Cain and Able hadn't been exercised for  
51 almost a week. As the back and forth running turned to loping a  
52 modified short bus pulled in one space over from the Sprinter.

53 The bi-fold door opened and an automatic ramp lowered. Dan let  
54 his hands off the wheels of the custom wheel chair and shot down the  
55 ramp onto the parking lot. Cain and Able remembered Dan from the  
56 flight and headed for him.

57 "Stop!" Tom ordered. Both dogs froze in place.

58 Dan wheeled over to them and then dug jerky out of a vest  
59 pocket. "Can they have a treat?"

60 "Sure, I just picked them up. I'm not sure when they ate last."

61 "You really cut it close getting to the cargo pickup building."

62 "How do you know that?" Tom was puzzled

63 "My unique collars were on Cain and Able. I was watching when  
64 you took them out of cargo pickup just before five. That's when I sent  
65 you the message."

66 "You did what?" Tom watched Dan pull jerky from a zip-loc bag."  
67 "When your wife told me Cain and Able were police K9 trained I  
68 wanted to make sure they didn't go missing while in cargo hold. So I  
69 had her put GPS trackers on them before we landed."

70 "They look like training collars."

71 "No, they are satellite trackers disguised as dog training collars. My  
72 military trained Belgian Malinois cost me fourteen thousand dollars. I  
73 leave a tracker on him twenty-four-seven; especially when I travel  
74 abroad."

75 "You bring your dog with you?"

76 "Yes sir. Brutus guards my equipment when I'm away from my  
77 hotel suite. He is also registered as my therapy dog."

78 "Release," Tom short quipped. Both dogs approached Dan with  
79 wagging tails and took the jerky.

80 Then Dan pulled out some tri folded papers from an inside vest  
81 pocket. "Look over the dates and then circle the ones that you are  
82 sure that you sent email on from Lagos."

83 "What?" Tom snatched the papers from Dan's grip.

84 "Your church email account is being used to open new Bitcoin  
85 accounts, starting about six weeks ago."

86 Tom unfolded the papers. It was two and a half pages of  
87 spreadsheet lines and columns. "I don't even use that church account  
88 in Texas any longer."

89 "That's what I suspected." Dan patted Cain on the head. "Look at  
90 the first few lines. That activity took place at around three in the  
91 morning the second week in March. Does that mean anything to you?"

92 Tom squinted. "This spreadsheet font is tiny."

93 "Here try these." Dan pulled a pair of reading glasses from his vest  
94 and then pulled out more jerky.

95 Tom scrutinized the first couple of lines. "I think these first  
96 activities took place the first week I was in Lagos."

97 "Did anyone else have access to your old church account?"

98 "My secretary knew my password and sometimes would sign on  
99 from the main church office in Dallas.

100 "Would that be Sally Slenski?"

101 "Yes! How do you know all this stuff?" Tom was getting perturbed.

102 "That's what I do." Dan was perturbed also. "When I say  
103 memorized what I send you, do it. I will always delete any email or  
104 messages within a few minutes."

105 "Why should I do that? I haven't done anything wrong!"

106 "Well then, why is the Reverend Thomas Joseph Seton on the FBI  
107 cyber-watch list? Your home phone has a tap on it? Your old church  
108 office phone was also tapped because of a Bitcoin trade."

109 "I don't have a clue how Bitcoin even works. The treasurer at the  
110 church in Texas did some cyber trading but not me. I know of a Bitcoin  
111 ATM near a restaurant that I used to eat at. They wanted me to pay  
112 with Bitcoin but I always pay in cash."

113 "Is that restaurant in Dallas?" Dan pulled a notepad and pencil out  
114 of his vest.

115 "It's not in Dallas. It's in Lagos."

116 "Really?" Dan replied with an uptick. Locating an illegal Bitcoin  
117 terminal in Lagos would be a big find for his first week in Nigeria.

118 "Actually, I think it is gone. I don't remember seeing it in the side  
119 hall anymore, ever since they closed the Relaxation Bar and Grill."

120 "Oh?" Dan held back his investigative skills. Displaying too much  
121 interest might cause Tom to quit giving out information. "Anyhow, like  
122 I told Liz, don't talk about any financial stuff over your home phone.  
123 You might want to get a burner phone, also."

124 Tom held back that he did have a burner phone. He only used it to  
125 place bets with his Bookie or talk to Hank about guns and hunting hog.  
126 "Liz, nobody ever calls Elizabeth by that nickname."

127 "My Dad did all the time. Every Sunday for the last six months of  
128 his life he'd tell me how grateful he was that Liz brought Holy  
129 Communion to him at the nursing home."

130 "Oh..." Tom replied despondently. Beth's being a Eucharistic  
131 Minister was a sore spot in their marriage

132 "Well anyway... We got your dogs over here safe and sound. I'm  
133 glad that I could return a favor." Dan sensed Tom's evasiveness

134 "Yeah me too..." Tom went to the back door of the Sprinter and  
135 crawled on his hands and to the bench seat; he removed the false

136 panel. The nylon strap on the computer carrying case got hung up on  
137 a waterproof Navy Seal ammo can.

138 Dan was tearing off small pieces of jerky and then spun his  
139 wheelchair ninety degrees to be face to face with Tom. "What's that?"

140 "It's my laptop. See for yourself that I've never done any Bitcoin  
141 stuff on it." Tom held out the computer travel case.

142 "I don't care if you did. I'm just a stowed up Peacemaker. But, if I  
143 were you I'd performed a low level format, you might just replace the  
144 hard drive to be on the safe side."

145 "I don't even know what a low level format is." Tom sensed the  
146 mistrust; he lowered the nylon case onto Dan's lap.

147 "You trust me with this? If I find something illegal I'm required by  
148 my contract with the Nigerian SSS to hand over that information.

149 "The what?" Tom tightened his grip on the computer case strap.  
150 "What or who is the SSS?"

151 "The **State Security Service** of Nigeria is who I'm a subcontractor  
152 for. I will not work for any agencies in the United States; especially the  
153 **FBI.**"

154 "Oh..." Tom made direct eye contact with Dan and then asked, "Is  
155 the FBI corrupt?"

156 "More like compromised. Most all the intelligence agencies in the  
157 United States are politicized."

158 Tom released his grip. "If I trusted you to bring my wife and dogs  
159 to Africa I trust you with my laptop. Do that Format thing you talked  
160 about. The password is GOD123 all upper case."

161 "That not a very secure password," Dan replied.

162 "Yeah, everybody tells me that. I'll be coming thru Abuja next  
163 Friday can we meet then."

164 "I hope to be headed back to the States next Friday or Saturday. I  
165 can't miss not seeing my kids for more than two weeks."

166 "What about your wife?" Tom asked.

167 "Yeah, her too," Dan shot a grin up toward Tom. "I'll message a  
168 time to Liz and then we'll meet right here again. It'll probably be late  
169 Friday or early Saturday morning."

170 "Okay sounds good." Tom briefly thought about the possibility of  
171 missing another Sunday service.

172 After Dan pulled away Tom dug around and found a ball and some  
173 dog food. He threw the ball until his arm ached and then walked  
174 around looking for the park rules. There was nothing about overnight  
175 parking not being allowed. With two guard dogs, a handgun, plus a  
176 modified hog hunting rifle Tom had no worries about sleeping over  
177 night.

178 While Cain and Able were eating Tom's phone vibrated on the  
179 counter. "Tom we need to talk." There was urgency in Beth's voice. "Is  
180 this a good time?"

181 "Beth, we should wait until I get back home." Tom heeded Dan's  
182 warning about their home phone being tapped.

183 "Tom, we should talk now! About, Tina and what she did. She  
184 probably had the whole thing planned. Is she still staying in the church  
185 apartment?"

186 "No, she's always been staying at a Holiday Inn. FYI Tina is  
187 currently working to help Nigerian girls get an education abroad."

188 "What"? Beth yelled into the phone. "Tina could care less about  
189 anybody but herself. You should not trust her."

190 "Beth, you don't know that. She's working with a Chinese company  
191 to offer scholarships," Tom replied with a defensive tone.

192 "Tom, I've stated this before." Beth paused and then forced out the  
193 words, "Tina is beautiful, but I don't trust her."

194 "Beth, you've constantly told me how bad Tina is ever since she  
195 was in middle school. I think you are the one with the bad girl loathing  
196 syndrome."

197 A hurtful silence caused every muscle in Beth's back and neck to  
198 tighten. The time wasn't right to talk about offering Tina a hundred  
199 thousand dollars to be their surrogate. "Tom, I know it's late over  
200 there. Will you please call me in the morning?"

201 "Beth, I understand that you are angry, but it was my fault too.  
202 This time apart will be good for us."

203 "I don't know about that Tom. We've been apart for less than two  
204 months. Now look at us! We're not even a couple anymore."

205 Normally, Tom would have replied to Beth with how much he  
206 wanted to get her in bed. Instead he replied, "Beth, I'll text you this  
207 week. Just give me some time to wrap things up over here." Dan had  
208 warned about the phones being tapped. "Maybe we should do things  
209 the old fashion way and write to each other?"

210 Beth reflected back to all the heartfelt letters and cards they  
211 exchanged while dating. "That would be nice Tom."

212 It felt safe having Cain and Able in the motorhome. Tom was  
213 snoring in less than ten minutes. The plan was to be on the road early  
214 and home by midday to prepare a discourse on one of the  
215 commandments for Sunday. Tom had yet to preach on Bearing false  
216 Witness.

217 Just past daybreak Cain and Able started milling around in their  
218 crates. Tom rolled on to his side and peered out the missing side vent  
219 hole. The yellow handicapped van was backing into the same spot it  
220 was parked in yesterday. The bi-fold doors opened and a ramp  
221 lowered like a draw bridge. Tom hustled into his camo pants and  
222 matching hooded pullover, he moved the Colt 45 and then peed out  
223 the back door.

224 Tom zipped up and then walked around the corner. "Why are you  
225 back? I thought our rendezvous was next week?"

226 "My Geo-tracking software showed that you were still here. There's  
227 stuff on your hard drive that needs your attention ASAP." Dan reached  
228 back for the computer case hanging from the wheelchair handle.

229 "Okay, but didn't we agree that you would get rid of that stuff and  
230 I'd picked it up this next week?" Cain and Able started whining in their  
231 crates after hearing Dan's voice.

232 "It can't wait! You need to address these non-fungible-tokens  
233 immediately. If I delete these blockchain account numbers you could  
234 lose a couple hundred thousand in NTF assets."

235 "A couple thousand of what?" Tom opened the side door of the  
236 motorhome and ordered, "Hush!" He wanted to hear better.

237 Dan wanted to feel out Tom; even though it did seem that Tom  
238 was oblivious to computers and crypto-currency. Dan watched a step  
239 van turned into the food vendor area; **FRESH CATFISH** was painted

240 on the side. Dan turned back and then blurted. "I know all about your  
241 Stolen Valor history back in Texas."

242 "Yes, I did embellished when and where I served in the Army  
243 National Guard. There is no excuse for what I did. That's part of the  
244 reason I'm here in Africa."

245 When Dan background checked Tom there were some insurance  
246 claims that bordered on fraud. "Why the big hole there in the side of  
247 your motor home? Looks like something you should turn into  
248 insurance."

249 "No, it wasn't an accident the shipping company had to pull the  
250 vent cover off to get the Sprinter into a shipping container."

251 "That makes sense." Dan was still not sure about Tom. "Okay  
252 here's the deal. I found an IP server located in Lagos, Africa that  
253 opened some Bitcoin accounts. I also found more than a thousand  
254 different Social Security numbers. Some of those SS numbers are  
255 already doing crypto-fund trading."

256 Tom thought for a moment. "Those SS numbers could be from  
257 when we can send out IRS charitable contributions forms to our  
258 parishioner's each tax season."

259 "That kind of information has to be on a secure server." Dan  
260 rebutted Tom's nonchalant answer.

261 "I don't know anything about that. My secretary put the church  
262 directory list on my laptop so that I could look up phone numbers  
263 when I was out of the office."

264 "Is that Sally Slenski?"

265 "Yes," Sally wouldn't do anything illegal. Her husband is an  
266 environmental engineer. Plus her son just joined up to be an Army  
267 Ranger."

268 "My Dad's best friend, who is my Godfather, was a Green Beret."  
269 Dan said with pride."

270 "That's cool. Hank, one of my best friends served for twenty years  
271 as a Navy Seal."

272 "Is Hank the one that called you out about your Stolen Valor  
273 claim?" "No," Tom shoulders and head slumped. "Some busy body



274 reporter at Aljazeera news ran the story. Anything that makes  
275 Christians look bad and that news agency will run with it.”

276 “They run anti-Hindu and anti-Israel stories also.” Dan wished he  
277 had more time to feel out Tom, but he didn’t. He pulled a USB thumb  
278 drive from his vest pocket. “You can use this to low level format your  
279 hard drive and then it will do a restore to factory settings.” Dan  
280 handed the USB stick to Tom. “I would do it ASAP.”

281 “Factory settings! Would I lose my past orations, my pictures and  
282 the book I’ve been working on since college?”

283 Dan looked Tom directly in the eyes. “Yes, plus you would lose all  
284 the crypto currency trades and the blockchain account numbers.  
285 They’d be gone!”

286 “Dan, I keep telling you! I have never heard of a blockchain or  
287 those un-fundable-tokens. I don’t care about that stuff.”

288 “NFT stand for non-fungible-tokens,” Dan corrected Tom.

289 “Couldn’t you put all my sermons and pictures on this USB stick?  
290 There is a folder of my book called, Infinite Peace. Please keep that.”  
291 Tom handed the thumb drive back. “I’ll pay you for all your work. My  
292 orations, my pictures and the folder called Infinite Peace are all that I  
293 care about.”

294 Dan was more confused; maybe Tom was being truthful about not  
295 knowing about Bitcoin or NFT’s. “Okay I’ll do it. Meet me back here in  
296 exactly one week at six am. Don’t ever try to contact me! Don’t tell  
297 anyone about us meeting back here, especially Liz.”

298 “Okay, but after you left last night I did talk to Beth. I didn’t  
299 mention us meeting or anything. I heeded your warning about the FBI  
300 tap on our home phone.”

301 “Good, you don’t want this to turn into the laptop from hell. The  
302 news media would front page a story about a white Christian pastor  
303 banished to Africa who is now trading Bitcoin.” Dan flashed a warning  
304 frown up at Tom — his gut was telling him not to take the laptop.

305 “That’s for sure,” Tom replied and then added, “When the News  
306 Babblers turn on you; you are guilty no matter what.”

307                    “That’s the main reason I’m over here. The Nigerian government  
308 wants me to help clean up their scamming reputation that is now  
309 spreading like wildfire in the cloud.”

310                    “I don’t know anything about the cloud. Computer network stuff is  
311 not really my thing. Thank God, that there are electronic whiz guy’s  
312 like you.”

313                    “That’s a nice way to put it. Most people think I’m a vitamin D  
314 deficient nerd living in an underground bunker playing video games  
315 day and night.”

316                    “Yeah, I get that. I’m good at hunting, fishing and golf. The  
317 outdoors has always been my thing. The only video game I ever play  
318 is chess,” Tom rattled off poor words to show empathy.

319                    Dan slapped his left hand on the wheelchair arm rest! “Damn, you  
320 are lucky. Your outdoor activities I can’t really do without help. I do  
321 play chess online and have been known to play a game or two of  
322 Tetris.”

323                    “Hey, I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean it like that.”

324                    “I know,” Dan cast his eyes upward toward heaven. “David would  
325 take me to do outdoor stuff all the time. He’d strap me on the back of  
326 his Harley and we’d glide around old country roads days on end. I  
327 really miss the wind in my face, the thumping of the motor and thrill of  
328 accelerating out of the corners.”

329                    “I never was a motorcycle guy. Beth talks about them just like you.  
330 In her college days she had a boyfriend that rode.”

331                    “I do miss the adrenaline rush,” Dan replied.

332                    “Sounds a lot like when I hunt hogs out of a helicopter. Being  
333 strapped in and feeling the thumping of the rotors; the side to side  
334 rolling followed by acceleration is so exhilarating.”

335                    “That sounds fun! Helicopters are an awesome machine.”

336                    “My good friend Hank is over run by feral hogs on his ranch. Maybe  
337 I could hook you for a hunt.”

338                    “I recall seeing a news clip of those hog’s being hunted with night  
339 vision equipment. It really stirred up the animal activists. Seems like a  
340 huge waste of pork to me.”

341 "Yeah whatever, there's always two sides to a story." Tom didn't  
342 want to get that debate going. "Anyway, would it be easier to load my  
343 documents and photos onto a brand new computer?"

344 "That would probably be the safest thing to do. These days bleach  
345 and a hammer might not get rid of all the data on your hard drive."

346 "No kidding," Tom affirmed. "I'll pay you for a new computer and  
347 your time." Tom pointed at the nylon case and stated, "I trust you with  
348 making it right."

349 Dan's gut was again telling him not to get involved, but Tom  
350 offered something he always wanted. "I might take you up on a  
351 helicopter hunting trip with your friend."

352 "I'd be glad to hook you up with Hank. He's kind of a under the  
353 radar type guy. You'd like him."

354 "You're not going to pay me, no checks no bill of sales no nothing.  
355 We don't want a paper trail. Set me up with your friend Hank and we'll  
356 call it even."

357 There were a few more details exchanged. The plan was to  
358 rendezvous back at that same spot at the same time in exactly a  
359 week. Dan drove off in the modified van; this hand brake lever was  
360 more sensitive than what he was used to. When Dan braked to turn  
361 out of Gudu Park Tom's all four tires skidded; the laptop flew off the  
362 passenger seat and hit the floorboard with a thud followed by a plastic  
363 snapping sound. Dan screamed silently at himself. *Damn it. I knew I*  
364 *should have never got involved! This trade is turning into the laptop*  
365 *from hell. I hope hunting hogs is worth it.*

366