

Chapter Thirty

The flight into LAX landed after midnight; two hours behind schedule. Sunday morning Kevin slept in and even got seven hours of sleep. He was still on schedule to pick Gus up for the City league basketball game. The harsh word ‘Retard’ was still bouncing in Kevin’s head.... *Sure, some of Gus’s actions are odd and maybe he is slow socially? But his need for exactness and order makes him a genius with numbers, statistics and recall. He’s far from retarded... Crap what now?*

Rarely was there a traffic jam on Sunday, but this day there was a problem. It was a good time to have a car phone; unfortunately the black canvas bag phone was in the long term parking lot at the Lansing, Michigan airport. Kevin took the next Interstate 5 off ramp thinking to use a pay only to realize that Gus didn’t have a landline in his apartment or in the guard station. Gus needed to be picked up exactly at or before noon. Going to church and then taking stats at the city league basketball games followed by dinner was now a part of his weekend routine. Gus sometimes shifted the order of things by ordering a Root Beer instead Orange Soda—but he didn’t understand why Kevin wasn’t coming. After Gus’s father died it took him over a year to quit the excessive rocking and pacing.

Gus was inside the guard shack swaying back and forward when the Land Rover came to a screeching stop in front of the orange gate. The passenger door swung open and Kevin yelled, “Get in! I had to take side roads to get here.”

Gus rocked back and forth all the way to the Poinsettia Rec Center. It was halftime when they hurried into the Gym. Kevin was wearing a new Notre Dame jersey and Gus had his clipboard. It didn’t matter that Kevin couldn’t find his Spark’s jersey. The rule was that any player that was not present at the start of the game couldn’t play—no exceptions, rich white boy or not. What did matter was that Gus immediately started his player efficiency charting; by the third period Gus had charted which players on the opponent’s team were most likely try to win the game all by themselves. Gus was right on target, the game would have ended up going into overtime if the star opponent player didn’t drive the entire court and then go for a earth shattering slam dunk. The ball bounced off the back of the rim. The bell rang and the Sparks won—they advanced to the next playoff game...

About halfway through diner, Gus was at last back to being Gus. Kevin segued from their superhero conversation to when Gus moved from Trask Inc. Kevin said that he would make sure that the townhouse had a telephone. Gus transitioned back to superhero stuff and how Kevin’s car phone probably had a tracking device. Kevin listened to Gus ramble on how phones already clipped onto belts and that Dick Tracy’s wrist walkie-talkie with live video was on the way. Kevin in jest, offered to get Gus one of the video wrist phones as soon as they hit the market. Gus’s reply was who would call him? The last person he talked to on a phone was his Dad calling

from his deathbed from Glendale Memorial hospital. That was 4427 days ago, which included the 3 additional days for leap years. All these exact details were in a small yellow note pad that Gus had pulled from his shirt pocket.

The four thousand plus days was way back when Gus moved into the corner apartment. Kevin remembered being in middle school when Grandpa Trask turned the old Navy bunk room into an apartment. Grandpa Trask died shortly after that. Kevin did a quick calculation of 365 into 4427 and that calculated to over twelve years.

That Sunday night drive back to the Trask Inc. apartment turned somber. Gus told Kevin how he had never been held by his mother—she had died giving birth to him. Gus’s Dad had been a great father up until he died. After that Gus had no family and that was when Grandpa Trask stepped up and came into Gus’s life. Kevin was at a total loss for words by the time they pulled up to the guard shack. Gus sensed Kevin’s trepidation with all that he had just shared. Gus got out and ducked under the orange gate rail, he looked back and mouthed three words to Kevin, “Trust in God.”

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Tim Baylor had a yellow pocket sized notepad too, and it was also filled with numbers and details. The number sixty-six was for the number of girls he had drugged and sexually assaulted. It should have been sixty seven but Lilly Saxton got lucky. Unlike Gus; Tim prided himself on being the smartest and sharpest tool in the box. He was already writing down an exit plan from Hung Meng. Tim had always been the captain or leader of the pack; there wasn’t room for a second head partner. Mr. Hung Meng didn’t plan to be a partner! Soldiers, that followed orders to the tee, was his only requirement—punishment or death to the disobedient is how he ruled, when expectations were not met.

The white ice box of Omaha steaks was a token of congrats to a new business associate—Tim thought. The FEDEX driver set the cold box on the reception desk, got a signature from Tim and hurried out the office door. Tim went to the computer lab to retrieve a box cutter. The white fog from dry ice rolled out when Tim lifted the Styrofoam lid. He pushed aside the foil paper—two human hands were on ice! The phone on the reception desk rang. In a stunned state Tim picked up the phone, but couldn’t get any words out.

“Mr. Hung Meng wants you to look in the very bottom of the ice chest for a Ziploc freezer bag. Inside that bag you will find some instructions that need to be completed before the celebration of the great lie about Indians praying with the Pilgrims. Mr. Hung Meng also warns, that if the Y2K letters and number ever comes out of your mouth again, that he has a smaller ice box for your tongue...”

Tim was frozen and almost as stiff as Kang Chan’s hands were. He carried the ice box back into the computer lab and used a screwdriver to push one of the hands to

the side. He grabbed the Ziploc bag. The note inside read:

**OFFICER BULL ELK ON THE WARM SPRINGS INDIAN RESERVATION HAS A FOLDER ON HUNG MENG IMPORTS. THAT FOLDER AND OFFICER BULL ELK NEED TO GO AWAY, BEFORE THANKSGIVING DAY.**

Tim found an empty box and started packing his sex tapes and other personal items into it. He rushed out without locking the store front door. When he opened the trunk of his BMW there was another note:

**YOUR COMPUTER SERVICES WILL STILL BE NEEDED TO INFECT COLLEGE AND BUSINESS MAINFRAME COMPUTERS. YOUR BROTHER IS A DEEP SEA FISHERMAN. EACH YEAR THERE ARE MANY ACCIDENTS AT SEA. FOLLOW ORDERS!**

Tim looked back over his shoulder and surveyed the parking lot. It was starting time; there were a lot of cars jockeying for parking spots. The feeling of being watched was intense. Tim casually walked back to his office suite. Someone had just been inside the office or was hiding in the lab. Tim was too smart to be out foxed. He slipped back out the door and then stole a garden hatchet off a landscaping trailer. Slipping back through the store front door, he tiptoed down the hallway; raised the hatchet and yanked the black curtain to the side! No one was there—the white Omaha ice box was gone...

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Kevin had a couple of things on his to-do list. The first item was sococaining he swore he would never do, but not being able to contact Gus Sunday before the game made him think twice about 24/7 communicating. The Nokia Shop had a smaller bag phone as the one in the SL600— it didn't have GPS. No matter, Kevin was looking at the smaller handheld units. The salesman sized up Kevin and knew that if he oversold or lied about how poor reception coverage was outside of major cities that Kevin would walk. Kevin valued the honesty; knowing that his custom installed mobile phone had been useless between Las Vegas and Chicago.

The frank honesty about poor cell phone coverage outside of large cities paid off. Kevin purchased 4 Nokia handheld models with ten hours of combined monthly analog call time. The caller ID and voicemail feature was sococaining Kevin definitely wanted. Screening calls was rude but Kevin needed his time and space—the main reason he enjoyed solo mountain climbing.

"Is it lunch time already?" Patty kidded with Kevin when he rounded the landing at the top of the stairs with the brown bag in hand.

"No, but I got sococaining for Gus," Kevin replied and went into his office.

Patty followed with her note pad. "Tina has called four times this morning looking for

you.”

“It kind of makes you wish you had caller ID on your desk phone doesn’t it?” Kevin replied and then pulled one of the Nokia phones out of the bag. “That way you could let Tina’s calls go to voicemail.”

“Yeah, I guess, but that would be rude. Plus my job is to take your calls and...”

“I’m just kidding Patty,” Kevin smiled and pulled a second phone from the brown bag. Did you know that Gus has not talked on a phone for over twelve years?”

“No...” A gloom look came over Patty’s face. “I know he has no family, so I guess, that might be true.”

“Well now he has a phone.” Kevin put a second phone on top of the other phone box on his desk. “And do you know who this next phone is for?”

“Tina?” Patty guessed.

“Nope! Tina is being a real see-you-next-Tuesday. She called Gus a retard and that is why I didn’t go down to Florida to hang out with her.” Kevin pulled a third phone from the bag.

Patty was trying her hardest to not smile. She was never good enough to be in Tina’s group and to hear Kevin call her the C word, felt good. “I give, who is that phone for?”

“This one is for you. I hope that you will call Gus once in awhile to just say hi or ask how things are going.” Kevin reached into the bag for the last phone. “We’ll all be on this group plan and have ten hours of total talk time per month.”

“I would love to call Gus.” Patty replied, holding back tears.

“This last phone is for CP. He will have to hunt around for reception spots but I did get weak reception from my car in the Timberline Lodge parking lot and in Zigzag near the Ranger Station.” Kevin handed two phone boxes to Patty.

Patty took the two phones. “I’m sure CP will call Gus also.”

“That’s great.” Kevin replied. “But the phones are so that you two can talk. I feel bad that CP is staying up in Oregon for three weeks straight.”

“Well CP feels bad that you are taking his place on the Sparks basketball team.”

“Yeah, I bet he does.” Kevin smiled and picked one box up off his desk. “I’m going to go get Gus set up with his new cell phone.” Kevin got to the door, turned and lifted up his shirt. “Check this out. The phone has a belt clip. I bet in the future they’ll have phones that fit on your wrist. Who knows they might even send video.”

“Kevin now you’re sounding like Gus.” Patty relied and watched Kevin go down the stairs.

From the loading dock Kevin scanned the parking lot and spotted the American flag going up and down the rows of parked cars. Kevin started waving his arm hoping to get Gus's attention.

One ruff looking workers with tattoos up and down both arms noticed Kevin. The giant biker type came over and stood behind Kevin. He cupped his hands up to his mouth and yelled, "Hey Gus, the boss is looking for you!"

It felt like a fog horn had just blasted in Kevin's ear. Gus started riding toward the dock. "Thank you," Kevin said looking back over his shoulder.

"No problem." The shipping and receiving clerk went back inside.

"Good afternoon Mr. Kevin Trask," Gus said as he parked his three wheeler making sure that the back tires touch the concrete wall similar to the way the big trucks did while loading or unloading.

Kevin hopped down off the shipping dock and started to unbox the cell phone. "Gus I want you to check in with Patty once or twice a day after you do your rounds with this radio phone."

Gus was awestruck. So were a few employees observing from just inside the open doors. Kevin unpacked the phone and Gus immediately had an issue! Clipping the phone on the three wheeler's rear basket didn't work for Gus; he needed to see the phone. A welder noticed the anxiety with the location and went to his tool box for some tools. The worker hopped down off the dock. "Gus, I have a handle bar mount on my Road King. Let me show it to you."

The trio walked over to the motorcycle parking area. Gus sat on the new Harley Road King. To have the cell phone in visual sight settled the worry of losing it. It took about ten minutes to transfer the official Harley Davidson accessory-mount onto the three wheeler handle bars. A small inconspicuous crowd was now observing everything from inside the building. Finally, the new cell phone was mounted and turned on. Kevin pulled a paper with four phone numbers and names on it and handed it to Gus. "Why don't you ride over to the guard shack and I'll call you."

Gus got on the three-wheeler. It took a few minutes and help from another worker before the phone on the handlebars was up to Gus's ear. "This is security officer Gus Watt checking in. Over and out."

"Gus, I can hear you. Can you call Patty's number in ten minutes?"

"Roger that, Mr. Kevin Trask. We should synchronize our watches."

"Sure Gus." Kevin pulled the old pocket watch from his pocket. "I have two-thirty-five."

"Roger that. I will call Patty at fourteen forty five. Over and out." *Click*

Kevin hit the end button and clipped the Nokia cell phone onto his belt.

“Hey, Mr. Steel toed safety expert!” A foghorn of a voice bellowed out and got Kevin’s attention. The muscular tattooed covered arm gave Kevin the thumbs up, so did some of the other workers. Kevin flashed a smile, gave a slight wave; he went through the corporate entrance and took the stairs two at a time.

Kevin approached Patty at her desk and asked. “Do you have your phone on?”

Patty looked at the two boxes. “Which one is mine?”

“You should know in a few minutes.” Kevin replied.

“Okay Kevin, but before you leave tonight we need to go over the weekly planner.”

“We will,” Kevin replied. “I have a few things I need you to check on before I fly back to Michigan.”

“That’s right. You need to pick up your car up at the Lansing airport,” Patty replied as she checked to make sure the cell phones were on.

“No way do I want to drive across the Midwest again.” Kevin frowned.

“Maybe I can arrange a pickup with one of the transport companies that haul Trask trailers.” Patty suggested and then wrote a note to herself.

“That would be great,” Kevin replied and drew a breath of relief. “I hate to ask this... But, since you’re a better Christian than me. Could you pick up a baptismal present for a brand new baby boy?”

Patty frowned at Kevin. “I shouldn’t do that. Plus...” Just then the display on one of the cell phone lit up and the phone rang. Patty picked up the phone.

“Good afternoon Mrs. Patty Johnson- Kelly, this is security officer Gus Watt checking in. Over and out!”

“Hello security officer Gus Watt. I can hear you just fine. Thanks for checking in.”

“Roger that. Over and out.” Patty’s cell phone went dead.

Kevin was just inside his office door and Patty was at his heels. She waited for Kevin to sit down before she let him have it “I don’t want to hear that better than thou Christian crap from you. Who is the guy that has been taking Gus to basketball games and then out to dinner on Sundays? Who is the guy that just gave him a cell phone? And what about the three wheeler?”

I didn’t get him the three-wheeler. You and CP did all that. That is how you two met.”

“Kevin, you’re the guy that set everything into motion and paid for the three wheeler,” Patty argued.

“Well, I haven’t been going to church or anything since middle school.” Kevin argued back.

“And what do you think is more important? Sitting in a church pretending to be

righteous or being a good friend to Gus?” A bunch of self righteous high priests were the ones that crucified Jesus! That night we spent overnight on the houseboat and you prayed for Danny showed me how much you love your neighbor!”

“How could you not love a child? And Gus wouldn’t harm a flea. Getting a phone for Gus made me feel good.”

“It should!” Patty replied. “Give, and it will be given to you. Luke 6:38.” Patty wasn’t one to recite scripture at work but Kevin had brought it up.

“Well, I screwed up the give part.” Kevin said followed by a grim look. “Gus gave me a red binder on how to remodel the corner apartment after he moves out; I lost the binder. So much for anything given to me.”

“Was that the red binder that old man with the broken down motor home helped Gus finalize mechanical plans in?” Patty asked.

“Yeah he was the guy that stayed overnight in the parking lot?” Our mechanic put in a battery and did a tune up on his motor home. We shipped a footlocker of stuff to the Philippines for him.”

“His name was Acorn or sococaining like,” Patty said.

“Yeah, that’s right his name was Nick Icorn,” Kevin replied with a glimmer of hope and then quickly asked. “Do you think the red binder got shipped in the footlocker?”

“I don’t know? But I can go down to shipping and receiving and get the address and then contact that family that we shipped the footlocker too.”

“That would be great!” Kevin replied with a sigh of relief. “Gus has asked me several times about the remodeling plans and I keep changing the subject.”

They never did get to the weekly planner before quitting time. It took about forty five minutes for Patty to dig through the shipping file. She got trapped by the burly tattooed shipping clerk for an additional thirty minutes. He let the cat out of the bag! Most all the workers knew about the relationship Kevin was building with Gus. The new cell phone incident was another example. Off the record the shipping clerk told Patty that the union members were going to vote to approve the pending union contract partly because Kevin was a stand up guy.

On the bus ride home, Patty’s new cell phone rang; it was Gus giving her a status update so to let her know that the parking lot was all clear. The call ended with, “Roger that. Over and out.” There was no second *click*...

An hour later Kevin was sitting on a wooden bench in the locker room at the country club when he heard noise coming from the locker. He unclipped the phone from his belt and pants that were hanging in the locker. “Hello.”

“Kevin, I know I shouldn’t use this new phone to call you after work hours but I wanted to update you.”

“That’s no problem,” Kevin replied. “What’s the update?”

“Well, I got the address in the Philippines where we shipped the foot locker.”

“Great.” Kevin replied and then asked. “Is that it?”

“No, while I was down in shipping and receiving I heard a rumor that some of the workers want to decertify the union!”

“Why is that?” Kevin asked.

“Well, according to what I heard down on the floor, you have been honest and upfront about the dwindling profits and increasing labor costs. They trust you and don’t want to end up like the autoworkers in Detroit.”

“That’s good to know.” Kevin replied. “If our labor costs were more competitive it wouldn’t make sense to build trailers overseas. The numbers don’t lie! The union officials are the ones skewing the numbers.”

“I know that Kevin. The union had my Father sit at home for almost two years before Whirlpool moved to Mexico.”

“Hopefully, Mr. Hung Meng won’t shut down our plant.” Kevin said with his disapproval coming through the new cell phone clear as a bell.

“I hope so too,” Patty replied with disapproval also. “Anyway Kevin, my Grandmother would very much like to make a Baptismal blanket for you. She wants to make it from fine Chinese silk. All she needs is the baptismal date and the child’s full baptismal name.”

“That would be great. I’ll give you the information in the morning,” Kevin replied.

“Roger that! Over and out.” Patty quipped with a laugh. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

Kevin sat back down on the wooden bench. *At the beginning of summer I had a fight with my dad right here in this locker room about going to work for the family business. Barely five months later it looks like we could be done with the trailer business by next summer. But if all those workers lose their jobs, I’ll feel terrible...*

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Tim wanted to lose his job! He had no plans to work for or with Mr. Hung Meng. He loaded the Y2K virus protection software on a floppy and worked past midnight deleting all the porn off of the lab computers. *I need to get the police involved. Next time that short little prick leaves sococaining to try to scare me with I’ll take the evidence right to the police. Better yet I’ll go to the FBI. I don’t know where Hung Meng is from but he is not American... I’ll show that prick!*

Back at his townhouse Tim parked the BMW and surveyed around his parking space for clues. He used a flashlight and checked flowerbeds for footprints and at the front door before he put the key in. Everything looked untouched inside the sparsely

furnished townhouse. Tim dashed to the bedroom and yanked open the nightstand drawer! He grabbed a pair of handcuffs, a 38 Smith & Wesson and a small locked box that held his supply of Rohypnol. He packed one suitcase and one garment bag and tucked the revolver into his waistband. Leaving in the middle of the night was the plan.

Tim was stunned when he lifted the trunk lid of the BMW—the boxes of his personal sex tapes were gone! Now there was a ringing coming from someplace! At three in the morning it sounded as loud as a car alarm blasting into the dark silence. On the passenger seat was a canvas bag with a cord plugged into the cigarette lighter. Tim yanked up the handset and put it to his ear. The ringing stopped and no one was there. He slammed the handset back into the bag. The ringing started again. The ringing stopped and the line went dead again. Tim pulled the 38 revolver from his waistband and went back into the town house to use the landline phone to call the police. It started to ring before he even picked it up. “If the police show up I’m sure they’ll find your private sex tapes...”

With the Smith and Wesson drawn and ready, Tim crouched low back to his car, slammed the trunk, got in and sped off. Driving North across the Golden Gate Bridge made it look like he was headed to Oregon. In Sacramento he headed east with a goal so to get his twenty two thousand dollars back from Tina. The Monica Lewinsky case was the hot topic on late night AM radio. Tim admired a president that could have his way with women, call it an "inappropriate relationship" and then destroy the girl’s reputation.

Mr. Hung Meng didn’t fully understand how most sex scandals played out in the United States. All of Tim’s sex videos were with girls and/or women over the age of consent. Even the first tapes of when Tim was in high school didn’t matter, because he was under age back then. Mr. Hung Meng was not culturally knowledgeable to the fact that athletes in the United States are held to a different standard. As long as they performed on the court or on the field, what they did in their personal lives get a free pass. Most college coaches will testify that the star struck girl threw herself at three or four of their star players. Turning a blind eye was in the game book of winning, no matter what. One lone girl calling out that she was deflowered only turns alumni, the fans and most all of her sorority sisters against her. The news media would pile on also—they loved destroying the sanctity of virginity.

By the time Tim got to Salt Lake City his game plan was not only to get the money back that Tina had stolen, but to start building a new and better video library. A threesome with a girl on girl beating would be a great start—different than the child videos Kang Chan was addicted too. Sue wanted revenge on Tina; ever since the Shasta Lake college party trip! She secretly let him know that Tina came out to Cleveland to hide. *Maybe I’ll give Tina a small dose of Rohypnol and video Sue beating the crap out of her. I’ll conclude the filming by having ruff sex with both whores. Sue still needs to be punished for trying to trap me when she deliberately*

*stopped taking the pill...*

Cedar Rapids, Iowa was two thirds of the way to Cleveland, after twenty hour of hard driving and AM talk radio Tim needed to rest. His plan to get as far from Mr. Hung Meng as possible was on track. The short work experience in San Jose demonstrated how easy it was to sell antivirus software; that same business model would be easy to duplicate some place in the Midwest or on the east coast. Using Sue's name instead of the Baylor name for a new antivirus business was precautionary. Having both Sue and Tina on his team to seduce the geeky IT types would be huge. The Y2K term made it easy to sell virus protection—that was not going to change. Tim planned to pour on his basketball all star fame when he called on college computer labs. Inappropriate relationships and ruff sex with female students was a perk that wasn't going to change either.

Just outside Chicago, the bag cell phone startled Tim out of an aroused state. He pulled to the shoulder of I-88; put the handset to his ear and quipped, "Hello!"

"We see that you are almost to Chicago. We hope that can make it back to the Warm Springs Reservation to get Mr. Hung Meng's folder before your brother has an accident on his deep sea fishing boat."

"Who is this?" Tim yelled into the handset and quickly looked into the rearview mirror. *Someone must have followed me from California?*

"Your sex videos are good. Good job not letting your face be on film."

"Who is this?" Tim yelled for the second time and then flung open the BMW door to look back down I-88. No other car was pulled off on the shoulder.

"I'm a fellow comrade. I'm one that follows orders and leaves no trail. Following orders is sococaining you must learn to do!"

"Up yours!" Tim yelled into the handset. Following orders and the 'must do' command meant absolutely nothing to Tim. He rarely listened to any of his coaches and never to any of the girls that begged him to stop. The words 'must do' were not part of his prideful mindset. Tim tossed the handset onto the passenger seat and headed into Chicago for supplies and more ammunition.

Buying a Slim-Jim door tool, binoculars, additional ammunition and an engine destructor from a south side Chicago pawn shop, was a good plan. The pawn shop owner told Tim that an explosive device that would detonate and destroy a car motor starting up could probably be found in the Englewood neighborhood. On his drive north up Harlem Avenue Tim got scared—the Rodney King riots were still fresh. The ratio of blacks to whites was too high for his comfort. The plan to Slim-Jim a car door, pop the hood and wire a small explosive device to the engine changed. Slim-Jim, pop the gas door and put sugar in the gas tank would work...

Taking side streets and making a bunch of U-turns while keeping an eye open didn't go as planned. Tim headed north up the east side of Lake Michigan toward Canada

on open highway. About every ten miles he would take an off ramp and stop at the top to spot the tail. About two miles south of Milwaukee, Wisconsin the bag phone rang. Tim pulled over and jumped out of the car; he looked as far as he could up and down the freeway with the new binoculars.

From the passenger side of the BMW Tim reached in and grabbed the bag phone handset. "Hello!"

"Mr. Baylor I hope that you are not planning on crossing the border into Canada. Your brother's deep sea fishing boat is eleven miles out to sea. We have him in our sights. You should start heading west toward the Warm Springs Indian Reservation in Oregon."

Tim scanned the other side of the open highway up and down with the binoculars. *I bet that they are tracking me with this mobile bag phone? That's how they know what direction I'm traveling... I'll head due west and see what happens.* For almost ninety minutes there was not a peep from the bag phone. He was watching the signal indicator on the bag phone display. Unlike Kevin; Tim was hi-tech savvy and knew about how cell phone towers could be pinged.

Two miles east of Madison, Wisconsin the signal indicator showed signal. Tim drove around the city side streets and then to the University of Wisconsin—the bag phone did not ring. He had plenty of Rohypnol to at least make the overnigher worth it—by bagging a UW Badger. He checked into a motel close to the university, flipped out the tumbler and unloaded the 38 special and headed for an off campus sports bar.

The shy freshman student was below Tim's standards but the terrified look she had when he pointed the gun at her was worth it. She didn't know what hit her; why she couldn't run or even scream. The worst nightmare of her life played out—exactly what her parents warned about; underage drinking at college. Tim disappeared out of her life just as he was planning to disappear from Hung Meng.

At the first rest stop west of Madison, Wisconsin it didn't take more than an hour for Tim to sell the bag phone to a truck driver headed west to Oregon. He then mapped out a route north and then east around Lake Michigan; careful not to cross the border into Canada and get a passport stamp that could leave a trail. The remote back roads would be a good way to keep an eye in the rearview mirror; just in case he was wrong about a tracking device in the bag phone. Staying overnight in a small roadside motel he'd play night sentry with the binoculars.

Frightened, terrified, and petrified along with absolute powerlessness was a new experience for Tim. The freshman victim had put up a good fight; even after the Rohypnol kicked in. But when he pushed the cold steel barrel of the Smith and Wesson up between her legs, she cooperated completely. That hollow look in her emptied eyes was because Tim had her life in his hands—the ultimate power experience. That 24/7 fixation Tim had over and over since leaving California of Sue beating the crap out of Tina now included a gun. Having Tina beg for sex from him

and to never mention Kevin Trask again was all about control. What Tim did not know was that Tina had stopped taking the pill and she might have the last say, in who was actually in control.

Two hits of cocaine was just enough to keep Tim alert at his post peering out between the musty curtains from a motel room in Muskegon, Michigan. A thirty second news blip about a charter boat missing off the coast near Tijuana yanked Tim's attention away from the window to the old motel TV. Tim's brother moored his boat in Mexico so to avoid paying US taxes and carrying insurance. It took thirty minutes of channel surfing for Tim to find another news story about the missing deep sea charter boat. It was not a mere coincidence! Tim took some more cocaine and headed to the Lansing International Airport to book a flight into San Diego, California...

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Gus was the only other US citizen that thought a missing boat south of Long Beach, California was not a mere coincidence. He called Kevin on his new cell phone. "Mr. Kevin Trask did you hear the news?"

"No Gus. I'm just pulling into the Pasadena country club to have dinner with my parents."

"Mr. Kevin Trask, they're coming!" Gus anxiously said into the cell phone

"Who's coming?" Kevin asked as he got out of the Land Rover and tossed the key to the valet.

"The bad people in a mini-sub. They sunk a boat south of the tunnel and ..."

"Gus, why don't we talk in the morning? I'm just about to have dinner."

"Okay, Mr. Kevin Trask! But make sure that you look in the red binder. All the protection diagrams and building plans for the old Navy training room are in there."

Kevin paused; he couldn't remember where he had left the red binder. "Patty is now the one that reviews all building and safety items. I'll get with her and then let you know."

"Roger that. Over and out." Gus replied.

Kevin was clipping the cell phone onto his belt when he approached the table.

Linda Trask stood and hugged Kevin. "I love you son," she whispered into Kevin's ear.

Robert Trask stayed seated. "You need to get one of those walkie-talkie phones for Condi. Her feelings were hurt when she saw the one you gave to Patty."

"Oh crap! I didn't even think about that." Kevin replied as he pulled out a chair.

"Yeah, why don't you get one for Linda also, for when we go on our RV trip?"

“They don’t work that good unless you’re around a big city,” Kevin replied.

“I’m sure that they make improvements weekly, just like computers.” Robert Trask replied.

Dinner turned out pleasant and lasted late into the night. The Trask family celebrated the nearing end of a dynasty with some of the best after dinner wine that the country club had on hand. Robert gave Kevin full credit for finding the loop holes in the land sale contract. He told Linda that if not for Kevin the Trask family would have gone broke trying to service the debt on all their remote sales and service stores. The Cabernet Sauvignon worked its magic. Robert apologized to Linda for being a sexist most of their marriage and gave credit to Condi and Patty for being strong leadership examples. The only downside and not mentioned all night was the probability that some or all of the manufacturing jobs would be outsourced.

The cell phone salesman added two more phones to Kevin’s plan with additional ten hours of monthly talk time. He hinted about a corporate plan for all the managers at Trask Inc. Kevin acted interested with the salesman’s suggestion; he had to... The information that Trask Inc. was being sold was private. If that news got leaked out The LA Times headlines would be dominated about more manufacturing jobs being outsourced and the workers would go ballistic!

Kevin stopped on the first floor and headed toward Condi. “You’re in our group now. We have twenty hours of talk time between five of us.” Kevin handed one of the cell phone boxes to her.

“Who is in the group?” Condi coyly asked.

“Gus, CP, Patty, yourself and me,” Kevin answered.

“Is that last phone for your Dad?” Condi asked.

“No, it’s for my Mom. You know my Dad? He won’t even learn how to use a computer.”

“You’re right but ...” Condi quit talking when Robert Trask came out of his office.

“Is that the new radio phone for Linda?” Mr. Trask asked as he approached.

“Yes. It also has a scheduler, alarm clock, world clock and games built in!”

“She’ll like that.” Robert held out his hand and Kevin handed him the box with the phone in it. “Let’s talk in my office. Or, should I say your office.”

Condi started to un-box her new cell phone and at the same listened through the open office doors.

“Dad, I don’t think I’m going to move down here into your office. I think I’ll have Condi move in here and have Patty move into her space. That little desk up in the hallway is cramped and too small for Patty.”

“So you’re going to be up on the second floor all by yourself?”

“You know that I got some logging operations going on up in Oregon. It just might be better to keep the two business separated.”

“Whatever you want. It probably won’t be for more than six months before we both get cashed out anyway.”

“It looks that way. I think Gus is ready to move off site also.” Kevin replied in an anxious tone and then exited the office.

Patty met Kevin at the top of the stairs. “Gus called on his cell phone about submarines in Long Beach Harbor.”

“Can you handle that Patty?” Kevin asked and darted into the office.

Patty followed. “Officer Bull Elk called and said that he had some information for you. He said it wasn’t about logging!”

“Thanks. I’ll call him before I go home.” Kevin sat down behind the desk.

“Tina called three times and she thinks I’m not giving you your messages.”

“I’ll call her before I go home tonight too,” Kevin replied.

“A coach Mike called and said he wants to hit you up for a donation for the Harper Research project at Notre Dame.” Patty was now reading off of her notes.

Kevin looked up and thought for an extended time. “Can you look into that Harper project and see if it is a worthy cause?”

“Sure.” Patty made a note on her pad.

“Lilly called and said you should book a steelhead trip soon. Since she testified in Washington DC all these congressmen have been booking her fishing guide services. She also said that her mouth hurts.”

“What!” Kevin looked directly at Patty. “Congressmen and Lilly’s mouth hurts what the hell is that all about?”

Patty’s face started turning red. “A... I didn’t mean it like that. Ever since Lilly got braces a week ago, her mouth has been hurting her.”

“Lilly got braces?”

“Yes, since Condi got Afex insurance to add dental insurance and the Saxton are on your logging business as employees and...”

“Okay, I get it!” Kevin said so to put an end to Patty’s embarrassment and extra long explanation.

“I double checked with Condi, she said it was okay for Lilly to get the braces with the new insurance coverage.”

“Yeah I get it. Condi knows best.” Kevin looked down at the pile of papers on his desk. “FYI Patty, you are moving down to Condi’s area.”

“What?” Patty sharply yelled and let the notepad drop to her side.

“Yeah,” Kevin looked back up. “Condi is moving into my Dad’s office and you are going to move down to her space.”

“So you’re going to be up here all by yourself?” Patty guardedly asked.

“Yeah, when I’m here. I want to start spending more time up in Oregon, I haven’t even seen the helicopter logging operation yet.”

“CP says that the open belly Chinook is dead lifting tonnage like a weight lifter on steroids. Whatever that means?”

“I don’t know what it means either. But I plan to find out next week.” Kevin said.

“So CP might be home next week?” Patty asked, trying hard to hide a sensual smile.

“Yep, I’ll be up there next week and CP will be back down here. Maybe I’ll get to go fishing? That is if Lilly is not feeling sore...” Kevin didn’t try to hold back his carnal grin.

“I’ll let CP know when I talk to him tonight.” Patty replied.

“Great, I got a remodeling project that I want him to look at in the old boarded up Navy training room.” Kevin said.

“Is that the remodeling project Gus wants done before he’ll move? The room that has the tunnel Captain America and Iron man dug?” Patty asked with a smile that was not meant to poke fun but meant to humor Gus’s innocence.

“Yeah but the thing is...” Kevin quit talking. **Loose lips sink ships** were words on a poster still hanging in the boarded up Navy training room two floors below. Trask Inc. would be Hung Meng’s property way before the turn of the century. Remodeling or any major capital improvements were two conditions that were not allowed in the pending land sale contract.