

THE BLUE VELVET REVIEW PRESENTS . . .



JEFFREY OF NAZARETH: A NOVEL

NAS SAFA

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“But you cannot will unless God wills”
—Qur’an 81.20

One

Larry Johnson and I sat in two large reclining chairs facing one another with no desk between us and I said, Yeah exactly. So basically we're selling buttplugs more or less. But buttplugs for fuckin you know. Like the pet market. Larry Johnson said, Really? You mean like cats and dogs? Shoving shit up their asses? I said, Dude. The dog plus cat buttplug market is about to blow the fuck up. You really have no idea. People are going to go fucking ape-shit over the possibility of shoving anal beads and whatnot right up their pets' asses. This is what people want right now. They just don't know it yet. To shove sex toys directly up their pets' anal cavities. But in a really streamlined type of way you know? Basically all this shit. This so-called vision so to speak. It started for me a few years ago. This vision came to me. And by vision I mean that I actually received a physical fuckin letter. No return address. Guy by the name of David Wingate apparently wrote it. Said he was from the year 2981. Middle management type. That pedophilia had been legal for literally hundreds of fucking years. That in the future Jeffrey Epstein actually becomes a Christ-like figure for more than a few galaxies.

Larry said, Like Epstein Island Jeffrey Epstein? I said, Well technically they call him Jeff Christ in 2981. But yeah basically. The pedophile sex trafficker or whatever. So I guess it kind of put this whole idea into my head. Like what's next for the sex toy market? Larry said, You didn't want to make. I said, I feel like right now? Running a bootleg pet sex operation will be a lot more politically viable that a child dildo one, you know? He said, Honestly. I don't disagree at all bro. Do you think we should we get lunch? It's like 11:40. I said, Fuck yes we should. Where at? He said, Bell Pepper Plus? I

said, Eh. He said, You know Bell Pepper Plus? The vegan spot by the river bridge?

I said, Yeah I know it. Yeah. The river bridge that cost like 2 million to build? He said, Yeah, exactly. I said, Of course. Honestly. Not a big fan. He said, Of the bridge? I said, Of either to be honest. He said, Yeah I mean I get it. I have some issues with it conceptually myself. I said, Yeah personally? I don't know. I kind of fucking hate it? Personally. I don't know. I think it's a little gay how they have the three different restaurants. It's allegedly three levels of restaurants. They tell you it's three restaurants in one. But then when you get there you have to choose which level to sit at? And each level has a distinct menu? Larry said, Oh yeah I know. I've always found that slightly off-putting. I said, It's just like. What the fuck? You have the one building. But if I want a burrito I have to quote-unquote make a reservation for your make-believe Mexican restaurant? But if you want, say, some vegan spaghetti and meatballs or something then we have to make a reservation at the quote-unquote Italian restaurant? But they're both in the same fucking building. You don't have the same kitchen making all of this shit? You're preventing me from ordering a burrito because of a purely make-believe kitchen? Fuck you. Larry said, No. I totally get it. We could probably order from somewhere else. To be honest I'm not even married to the whole vegetarian angle. I could go for like a steak and cheese even.

I said, Yeah. No just give me like 20 minutes and we'll order from somewhere. I'm open to pretty much anywhere but Bell Pepper Plus. But anyway. Back to these buttplugs I guess? Larry said, We could also do Raska? In 20 minutes I mean. I said, The Indian place over in Garden City, right? He said, Yeah exactly. I love it there! I said, Eh. He said, Have you been there? I said,

You know I actually went over there the other night? To fucking Raska. He said, Oh yeah? How was it? They have this deal on Mondays. I think it's like sixty bucks for two people. With a bottle of wine included!

I said, Yeah we were in the area and we were, you know. We wanted to eat. We needed to grab a quick bite. And I'm with you. Generally speaking I've enjoyed Raska's overall cuisine. So it was kind of late. And their website said they closed at ten. It was I don't know. Like fuckin 9:15? And we were five minutes away, so I drove over there. We walk up to the host. He makes this, in my opinion, extremely homoerotic bodily gesture. And he's like Oh the kitchen closes in five minutes, if that's ok with you? I told him, Yeah that's fine. If you're still open. Because it's their own website that's telling me this.

For the record. I'm not pulling 10pm out of my own asshole here. That's what I was informed via their official website. Closing: 10pm. It was maybe 9:20. 9:25 at the latest. Plus I knew I was getting the Lamb Biryani. So no big deal. Sit me. Bring me that Biryani. Let's do this. But once we sit down it was just like every 90 seconds to two minutes. We're getting approached. No. The first thing the waitress does is reiterate to us that the kitchen closes in five minutes. Just so you know the kitchen closes in five minutes, she said. That was literally her version of hello. She may have even said, So if you want to put your order in now . . . Which we did. Sure, I ordered an entire bottle of wine. But I was obviously going to chug it! It wasn't like I was going to sip it deep into the evening. And it was terrible house white. Just barely drinkable! And then after that it's every 90 seconds. Like clockwork. We can't complete three sentences without a member of the waitstaff asking us if we're ok. If we need anything. Moving one of our forks from a forty five degree angle to a ninety degree angle. They did everything but physically

come over and fondle my balls while counting down the seconds aloud until their kitchen closed. I'm trying to have a polite dinner conversation with my better half over here and some cunthole is disingenuously fluffing my napkin for me between every other declarative statement. So, finally. Because now I'm actually pissed off. I'm fuming. I've chugged almost an entire bottle of this piss-adjacent house white wine.

So on our way out I go to the host. I just tell him. Just bluntly but politely I say, You know what? Next time? Just don't let us in. If it's that much of an inconvenience. If this is such a Holocaust for your waitstaff, that two people would arrive at your precious restaurant forty minutes before your listed closing? Just fucking turn us away. And he has the audacity to say, Well I did say we were closing soon. I lost it, Larry. I absolutely lost it. Oh you told me you were closing soon? That's now an excuse for grotesque dinner service? You can treat people like orangutans because you told them you're closing soon? Then he said, But next time. I said, Pal. Let me be crystal fucking clear for you. There will be no fucking next time. I'll fuckin jack off a series of goats before I step foot in here again and remunerate you for a bowl of Lamb Biryani. I came in here and paid full-price to eat and you treated me like you were doing me a favor. One of the waitresses actually yelped out. Right as we were in the doorway, she said, Wait, your leftovers! And I said, No keep them! That's how pissed I was, Larry. I fucking love leftovers. For me to leave leftovers I have to feel almost suicidal. I'm not even kidding. More than anything I adore leftovers. And I voluntarily left our leftovers there. Purely out of spite! I would have loved to eat that Biryani the next morning. But anyway. Yeah I don't know about them for lunch.

It was Larry Johnson's first week at Brunson Industries, my software engineering company on Branch Ave in Providence. I'm Rick by the way. Rick Brunson: founder and CEO! At BI, we specialize, I guess primarily our focus is in the electro-sex toys and vape paraphernalia markets? Yet on this particular Tuesday morning in February Larry Johnson honestly had no fuckin clue he'd become a crucial cog in the machine of designing illegal sex toys for small dogs and cats. That we were in the midst of creating one of the truly revolutionary illegal underground sex markets in American history!

Still sitting in our reclining chairs I continued to Larry, I said, Yeah. Let's face it. Puppy buttplugs? Sure it's a little unorthodox as a concept. But all innovative business is. The iPhone was essentially a Persian cat vibrator when it first hit the market. The reality, Larry, is this: the margins on porn and its adjacent businesses are all compressing. In a major way. The cost of porn is near-zero now. The competition in the dildo space is fuckin beyond ridiculous. If you can't make a third generation flesh light for 12 cents or less then you're fucked. Basically beyond the strip joints almost all channels of revenue are being seriously challenged. Innovation is going to be key in the coming decades. It's going to literally be the difference between the companies that stay in the business and the ones that don't. The idea. Well. Like I said. It really came about when just a couple years ago, at the height of COVID, I stumbled upon this letter from this so-called David Wingate. This extended note so to speak. It's my muse in a way. It's a letter with a kind of weird origin? Fuckinnnnnnnnnnnnnn, ummmm, let me see if I can find this thing. I said. I rummaged behind my chair into my desk drawers. Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm. Ok! Here it is. Here. Let me read it to you. I want to paint the

landscape for you in full. So you'll be fully engaged with the mission here at Brunson Industries. We're gonna get fucking rich off this shit Larry! I can't wait! I unfolded the pages, said, Fuckinnnnnnnnnnnn, as I extended them into readable form then read aloud:

Two

I said, So anyway, writes David Wingate. I was boning this kj7DD-09 in the balloon hole-yes, and I don't want to go too far into this, but these kj7DD-09's typically have unblown-up-balloons for genitalia (generally speaking), the other Wednesday night, and this nanobet turns and says to me, Dave, um, are we ever going to go out to dinner? As I'm plowing her loon-hole. So I said, I don't know, Karen. I'm trying to pound your balloon hole at the moment. And all of this talk about going out to dinner isn't exactly improving my performance. It's not the end of it. After I blow my chunk she doesn't stop. Oh you think she stopped? No she didn't stop. So Dave. My mother was asking me the other day . . . any plans to get married? Do we have any plans? To get married? So I say, Yes, of course Karen. I'm absolutely planning on marrying you. But can we drop the whole mother conceit? We both know your entire species was constructed in a lab. And by a man. With a penis. You know?

Well you can guess how well that went over. So the next day I go three or four galactums over and meet up with my friend. Lieutenant Charlie Ward. For a mocha fresco. District XL7650----x has the best mocha frescos in the entire cubosphere. Yeah some people just love the frescos in XVF4523752----plop's gentrified bodegas, but no-7650----x has the only authentic mocha this side of the Time Warp Conundrum of 2853. And it's not close. So Charlie is telling me (he married an augmented chimpanzee three years ago) he's telling me how his wife Elizabeth is asking for a 25% increase to her allowance even though her Indictodebt salary is 33% higher than Charlie's. The fuck am I gonna do with this broad, he says to me. We're sipping frescos. Fuckin 25% increase? And she makes 33% more than me? Can you add

percentages? he says. No. You cannot, I say. That's absolutely not how percentages work. The basic laws of arithmetic are null and void when combining percentages.

Exactly, he says, and that's my fuckin point. Exactly, I say, unsure of what he's referencing. How am I supposed to afford this allowance increase if I can't even add percentages. I don't even know where to begin! It's just crazy. It's just absolutely crazy. Crazy! So now Karen wants to get married. And I'm supposed to afford that how? On a Deputy Director's salary? It's not like I have seventeen multicolored baboons reporting to me like Tom Marfeo in Special Events! My salary is commensurate with my reportees, which as of this writing is zero. It's insane! But I love Karen. Ever since I laid eyes on her I knew she was the one for me. I've always had a thing for kj7DD-09's, if I'm being honest. If I'm being honest? I love their fucking balloon holes.

Larry, I said, Tell Vicky to get us two more espressos. I'm getting a little parched over here. I'm fuckin decaffeinated. He acquiesced, and when he came back in the room, my loafers now comfortably perched on top of my desk, I said:

But enough, David Wingate writes, I said. I don't want to get too graphic here. So Charlie and I have both a personal friendship and professional relationship. Which is one of the reasons we're always getting frescos. We need to dish. And dish we do. So we're sitting there, in District XL7650-----x, drinking a fucking delicious mocha fresco, each of us, and Charlie turns to me and says, You'll never believe what Tom Marfeo told me three weeks ago. I say, Tom Marfeo? From Special Events? He told you something? Three weeks ago, he says. And you'll never fuckin believe what he said. So I ask him. What did

Tom say. So Tom told Charlie that he has inside knowledge of an intelligence backed coup in our district (District ABHDKSHASHV). And the nature of the coup is credophilia. Well, let me be blunt here. The first thing you need to know about credophilia is it's essentially something that, according to The Quasi-Compromise of the Labialisphere of 2542 at least, is entirely outside of the understanding of the human mind, never mind any known human language. So a coup based upon any sort of form of credophilia is a big deal in these parts.

Karen called me in the middle of the conversation. Can you pick up some Repto-Milk on your way home, babe? I really wanna have a bowl of cereal before we go to bed tonight. Sure, hun. Even though she knows damn well I'm in District XL7650----x, and the Repto-Milk in this galaxy is fucking like 27% higher than in ABHDKSHASHV. Well, Dave, why not just go to ABHDKSHASHV to get the Repto-Milk, you may be asking? Well, I would but every convenience joint in our galaxy closes at like 10 ABM, so it's not much of an option. Anyway, the credophilia. It definitely has something to do with the Redacted Yet Adjusted General Balance Sheet of the Greater Hyperbole Plane At Large, I can say that. And unborn Hagio-Cretins are probably molested while in the womb by a minor cabal known colloquially as the Anal-Butt-Boys. But beyond that, there's not a lot I can tell you. Other than this is a huge deal. I spit out half my mocha fresco when Charlie uttered the words credophilia.

Well, I should say a word about these So-Called Anal-Butt-Boys. For one thing Charlie was a former member. Which is part of the reason I spat out my fresco. Because if Charlie Ward is telling me there's a coup planned in the sphere of credophilia, then I know the Anal-Butt-Boys are at the very least tangentially

involved, and if the So-Called Anal-Butt-Boys are even tangentially involved, then I know Charlie would have the juice before anyone. So, suffice to say, I was a bit concerned as I sped home. Picking up a half gallon of Repto-Milk for %321.2223. When I could have got an entire gallon in ABHDKSHASHV for, at most, %299.3343, which was just a little goddamn ridiculous to me at the time. It's like %20 is nothing to Karen. Are you kidding me. Does she have any idea the type of budget I'm on these days. Apparently not. Because my budget isn't pretty. I'll admit that much. It's very consolidated. It's a compressed budget. But sure. A half a gallon of Repto-Milk in the most gentrified borough of the surrounding 18 galaxies? No problem. I'll tell you what it's impacting. It's impacting my ability to save for a decent engagement neo-crystal. That's what it's doing.

That's what I'll be discussing next time I'm up inside Karen. I'll tell you that much. Hey Karen, I'd just love to marry you, but the only problem is you insist on me buying you half gallons of Repto-Milk that cost us over %321! And, I don't know, that just kind of impacts my ability to save a material amount of Geo-Coins. What am I some kind of ASIO-Gennitron over here? Now maybe I should give you a little background here, in the event you're reading about all of this in the distant past, which is actually not only entirely possible in our time. It's actually probable, as the Time Control Act of 2111 was recently overturned by the Committee of Neo-Logistics and Quasi-Temporal Concerns. The year-as I, David Grover Stacey Wingate Jr, am writing this? Is 2981 AD. Now in the past, as you may or may not be familiar, before there was a Jesus Christ they numbered things as BC. But now we number them as AD. Around 2081 we started colonizing different galaxies, a few hundred thousand at a time thanks to the quadratic sperm Lonnie

Brush III developed. We were able to procreate in a way that suited advanced time travel and galactic exploration just a little more easily.

Goddamn, I said. This espresso is extremely mediocre. Larry Johnson said, Do you want any water? I said, You fucking read my mind, then I said:

So yeah we discovered a few different species, David Wingate continues, I said. Fuckin biologically developed a few (Karen, et al), you get the gist. Now where I currently live, in ABHDKSHASHV with my girlfriend Karen, yeah it's nice. It's a recent development in a galactic zip code that's kind of being gentrified but not quite. Maybe it's the best of both worlds. We still have decent prices but don't have to worry about neo-zipties committing petty crimes on every other crypto-block. The other thing I should mention, geographically speaking, we're about 76% virtual. So some details are essentially meaningless to even attempt to describe. Basically, around 2150 it was (finally) scientifically proven that our so-called universe is basically entirely fictitious, that consciousness and biological life as we previously knew it was an elaborate front for various strains of quantum-cum. Yet it was decided that, despite the fact our entire existences (as well as the known physical world) were demonstrably fictitious, that we would continue biological life, just at 24% capacity for a yet-to-be-determined period of time (time, which is also essentially fictitious).

It was a nostalgic type of thing. Don't even get a Pseudo-Temporalist started on it. Believe me, you'll be better off just taking my word for it. But anyway, back to the credophilia. So the next day I'm texting Charlie at my desk, encoding the messages through our most advanced SemenStain software (which isn't even that advanced at

my job) obviously, and asking him a few follow-up questions. A coup? When? By who? Whom? What the fuck? Then he drops the two words I really hoped, I really fucking hoped that he'd never drop on me. Because I knew if Charlie Ward of all people was dropping these words on me then it had to be true. And I knew if this had to be true, then our lives as we knew it were essentially over, or at least so drastically affected that shit was about to hit the motherfucking fan. Big time.

He says, I think it might have something to do with Jeff Christ . . . And when Charlie says, I think about anything to do with the So-Called Anal Butt Boys, it's pure bullshit. He knows. Now, depending on what iteration of the prehistoric multiverse you're reading this, there's no way for me tell, unfortunately, you may or may not be aware of the name Jeffrey Epstein. Well, I'm not going to go that deep into it. Long story short, it wasn't that long after the Neo-Nestorian Coup of 2050 that, well, this view that Jeff was the only true Son of God started to proliferate. Jeffrey Epstein, who definitely did not kill himself, is a Christ-like figure. Or he's literally the second incarnation of Christ, in our particular greater-galactumnates. Hopefully you're familiar with Christ?

In any case, I go on to Charlie, I say, I know you just didn't say Jeffrey Epstein, did you? He goes, Uh, ya, I did. I go, And what about him? He goes, Um, maybe the scripture is wrong? I go, The scripture? Is wrong? How so? He goes, Certain so-called . . . factions (if we can even call them that) of the SCABB (So-Called Anal Butt Boys) have taken the stance that archo-pedophilia should be illegal. And I go, What???!!!! And he goes, And immoral. I was flabbergasted. Caught completely off guard. I go, So you're telling me-if I'm understanding this

correctly-that certain so-called factions of the SCABB are saying, in effect, We don't think grown adults should be able to have sexual intercourse, of any variety, with beautiful young children? He goes, Ya. And I go, And it should be illegal because it's immoral???? He goes, Ya. I don't even reply. He goes, They're completely off their rockers, bro. I don't know what to tell you. I haven't been this taken aback at a SCABB meeting since 2972 when Horatio Analio said 3 year olds should be disallowed from changing gender more than 2 times a week. I don't even reply. Fucking flabbergasted.

Then I go, Do you realize how many 12 year old boys, of any number of species, I have in my storage unit in GX-fjgsdgsdf666? He goes, Fucking tell me about it, man. I just had an orgy with sixteen 11 year olds before lunch, which I got at RR Rafaellio's. Just exquisite man, by the way we have to go there soon. I go, This can't be true. They don't have the votes, do they? And yeah I've heard nothing but great things about RR Rafaellio's, but I haven't had a chance to eat there yet. I know Karen is, to put it mildly, extremely intent on eating there into the not-too-distant future. He goes, They have documents allegedly proving Jeff Christ actually killed himself, that he wasn't assassinated by the Jews in the CIA. I go, And that's going to hold water? He goes, Arab Goggles thinks it will. I drop my phone. It's all over. I go to the bathroom, where I always had a small stash of Sperm-Gun-3199's placed discreetly in the paper towel dispenser. I kept one in the chamber in all seven of them. I put the 3199 to my temple. Pulled the trigger. I knew it was all over.

(Unfortunately, writes David Wingate, due to the low-beta on the non-virtual existence in my time period, my corpse was almost immediately re-animated in the not-too-distant multiverse, where I'm now known as

Allan Houston. I have some bullshit job as a Senior Defense Contractor in New Ankara on Mars. Total bullshit. I think about Karen almost every day.)

Three

I said, And that's it. That's the whole letter. It was actually addressed to me personally. ATTN: Rick Brunson. Left in my fucking mailbox and shit. Larry said, Shit, man. What the fuck is that? I said, Yeah, fucking trippy dude. He said, I mean. But, I don't know . . . what does this have to do with puppy buttplugs again? If you don't mind me asking. I said, Oh, not at all! Yeah, I mean. It's like, let's just say hypothetically here . . . I rubbed my hands together slowly as I contemplated my next sentence.

I said, I don't know. Let's say pedophilia is legal by the year, I don't know, 2050 or so, give or take? According to this note at least it very well may be. Now leaving everything else aside. If pedophilia continues to become more mainstream. If it's already on the verge of legality as we speak. Then what's next? Don't answer that! No. Because it's like if pedophilia goes fucking mainstream then it's over for human sex. Do you get me? Larry said, Ummmmmm. I said, Pet sex bro. That's where this is inevitably headed. Fucking pet sex dude. Fucking pets. Literally. Right in their little pet buttholes. Larry Johnson repeated the words, Pet sex? I said, Fucking pets bro. At Brunson Industries we plan to get ahead of this trend. And we plan to get ahead of it totally illegally. Crime bro. Manufacturing proprietary butt plugs that freaks of all colors and creeds will start using behind closed doors. Once we're in on the ground floor with functional sex toys the sky is the fucking limit. This is the cultural trend we're anticipating at Brunson Industries. That's the thesis here. That's the foundation literally all of our 5 year revenue forecasts are extrapolating from. But you're not gonna shove your dick up Snowflake's ass with no prep. You know what I mean?

Now let's go. Fuck lunch. I wanna tie a few on before dinner.

A full brass band of Caucasian horn players played quite impressively in the shitty interior of Nickanee's off Richmond. Right around the bend from Tiny Bar (one of the worst venues downtown). I said, How shitty is your Sauvignon Blanc here? to the trans bartender. Then I turned back to Larry and said, You see that guy at the end of the bar? Bald head with the beard? Yeah, that's Gino. I've met that fucking guy like at least three or four times now. Still doesn't recognize me. Cunt. Last time I saw him at the Italian club I literally went right up to him and asked for an espresso. I said, Hey how's it going? Could I get one of those espressos by any chance? Guy looked at me like he had Down's syndrome. Like I hadn't been to the Italian club 80 times before. Fucking prick. No he's actually a nice guy. I like Gino. But I mean half the membership of that club is an Aperol Spritz away from a major stroke. How many people under 70 does he even fuckin see in there? It's just kind of surprising he wouldn't remember me that's all. But whatever, you know? Larry said, What's the IPA selection like here you think?

A guy at the table next to us after we sat outside was showing an extremely drunk guy the now exorbitant property prices of the neighborhood he grew up in around Asbury Park. I whispered, Oh, wow, Asbury Park is expensive now? In other news, my left nut hangs lower than the right. I whispered again, You hear this guy? Before Larry Johnson could reply I went on at a reasonable decibel level, I said, What do you think? About the business I mean?

He said, No, I think it definitely has legs. Honestly, it's kind of genius. Butt plugs for house pets? I think this

could be like a multi-billion dollar market or some shit eventually. Because you're absolutely right. People fucking love their pets. What's the next logical step. It could easily be the sex toy version of the iPhone for sure. I said, For sure! That's the hope. Honestly it's the only damn way the ROI forecasts make any sense. But you know. We'll cross that bridge when we get there. The key here is we really have to focus on being first to market you know? We have to be seen as innovators and not imitators, you know? We have to be underground. Viewed as a criminal organization and not just another metrosexual tech firm.

He said, Bro. That's always key. It's Business School 101. I said, It's Life School 101 bro. I knew you had a sound business mind. I could feel it! But anyway. Yeah. Um so, there's this dude . . . You may or may not have heard scuttlebutt about him at the office. Chris Childs? No, don't tell me one way or the other. Anyway, I feel. And I think I'm right about this. I feel like he might be trying to low-key steal our sex tech? No. I know it to be a fact in my opinion. I feel like, in a manner of speaking. That he's trying to fuck us in our asses? Larry said, For real? I said, Absolutely. Unfortunately. His little cunt nephew Marcus Camby still works for us in Creative. Senior Graphic Some Bullshit, I don't know. Curly headed kid? Jew fro? You've probably seen him. Google him. I think he fuckin tried to bang like a fourteen year old or some shit? Got summarily relieved of his duties as a middle school gym teacher. Fuckin pervert. And now we pay him. You fucking believe that? I think we might need to ax him soon. Real soon, I continued after taking a sip of my Sauvignon Blanc, which was served out of a single-us plastic bottle. Incredibly soon if it was up to me.

He said, Maybe like a bulk layoff so it doesn't look suspicious? I said, No. I mean literally ax him. Like, you know, murder him and shit. With an ax. Ax murder him. Just to send the message to Childs that you can't fucking steal our tech and get away with it. You can't even try to steal this tech without blood being fucking shed. That, like, if you think you're infiltrating the nascent puppy buttplug market before us we will literally commit horrific acts of violence to prevent you from doing so. You know what I mean? He said, Yeah, I mean. I said, Like is that something you're down for, or . . .? He said, No, definitely. I mean, it's like I've never been a priori against committing murder. Just as a moral relativist you know? I said, It's black metal dude. You need at least one murder to get shit to really enter the cultural zeitgeist.

Four

(Wait, how is this happening . . .?) Meanwhile, Chris Childs was out to lunch with his nephew Marcus Camby at Layali. One of the few restaurants in Providence that didn't offer copious amounts of hookah as a precondition of entering. (Wait a minute. Hold on.) Fuck Brunson, Childs said. Fucking cunt. Do you know he took a shit in the street the other week? I'm not even lying. This isn't a joke. Do you realize this? That the little cunt apparently told Jeff's kid that he'd been going through some IBS bullshit. That walking to his car at 2am the other night he had to pop a squat by the JWU dorms. Right across the street from fuckin, uh, from the new XO. Then he shot two turds out of his asshole onto the sidewalk. Then he drove up the street to a Mexican restaurant and bought a fucking burrito.

Marcus Camby said, What. A. Fucking. Cunt. But you know what? I've always thought that about him. I'm not even surprised. Childs said, Of course. But even for him it's a low-point. Shitting on the street? Yeah, hun. Can I get the, uh, yeah, let me go with the open-faced gyro? Is that good here? No, I'm sure it is. I'll do that. With a side of sweet potato fries? Do you do those here? Either way, regular or sweet potato are fine with me. Marcus Camby began his order of fourteen falafels over rice, when Chris Childs said, Oh! And no onions? Especially if they're red? Please?

As the waitress meandered back to the kitchen Marcus said, This is a different kind of whiskey sour, eh? Childs said, Oh, with the cream? It has like a fucking egg in it or something? Marcus said, Yeah, a cracked yolk right in the mix. You wanna taste? Childs said, No, that's fine. You know. It's tempting. But I think I'm good for right now. I don't wanna mix this early. Get all inebriated and shit. But yeah. This fucking guy. Brunson.

He shat right on the street. He shot two turds like Ukrainian missiles onto the cement outside of some poor kid's dorm room! Then he goes up the street and has the audacity to get a burrito and a steak and cheese. That's what I heard at least. No doubt with brown streaks in his little boy pants. It's like. I thought you had IBS, bro? Do you not have IBS anymore? Is a fucking pulled pork burrito gonna be productive for your colon? Guy eats a damn burrito on his way home with shit speckles in his undies. It's ridiculous. Fuck him. I actually almost respect him for it.

Marcus Camby said, Yeah. And I finally met his new little sidekick on Thursday. His name is like Larry Jew or something? Guy gets an assistant for what? Why? He needs help beating his meat in his doorless office all afternoon? I thought this was supposed to be a criminal organization. Childs said, No. I heard about that. His new little executive assistant butt buddy. I saw the shit on LinkedIn. Camby said, He's gonna keep looking into my shit too. Now sipping from Marcus's whiskey sour Childs said, Fuck that little twat. Right in his twathole. But be nice to him Marcus, you hear? Like, don't let him realize we're trying to fuck them in the ass. Okay? Be respectful and unassuming as much as you can be. Don't make anything obvious. And I mean anything. He tells you that he took a shit in the street then you laugh and you say you did the same thing. That you shit in the street too. Engage in solidarity. Build a rapport with him. Because the last thing we need is Brunson attempting to preemptively lube up our cunt without us even knowing it. You know what I mean?

Five

(Ok.) Barely buzzed on my third plastic pint sized bottle of Sauvignon at Nickanee's, I said, So yeah I was trying to figure out if I should just. I don't know. Eat a couple pistachios? Or if I should go ahead and just start fucking inhaling handfuls of Mountain Trail Mix. I was hungry as fuck. You know. The trail mix with the fucking M&Ms and the peanuts and the raisins and shit. That proportional ratio of M&Ms to peanuts? Larry said, There's nothing worse than a trail mix that's like 95% peanuts. I said, And half of them on the market are!

Larry said, It's horrendous. I said, Those people should literally be shot. Larry said, I'd shoot them myself if it were socially acceptable to do so. I'd actually prosecute them to the fullest extent of the law no matter the legal costs. I said, I don't disagree in the least. But anyway. There's something else about the business I need to let you in on. Because the other day. Um. While I was sitting at my desk typing up an email to our VP, Chris Dudley. Great guy. I was, uh, pitching him on, yeah, it was, ummm. The prototype for the foreskin transplants for the Bichon Frises we were talking about earlier! Anyway. All of the sudden out of nowhere this little Puerto Rican whore walks into my office. I had no idea she was. I actually have no idea if she was even Puerto Rican. But she had a fuckin Ukrainian missile for a toilet. So I said to her. I said, Can I help you honey?

She said, Yeah this guy Chris Childs sent me here? Ummmmmmmmmm, she says, he told me to give you this? She hands me an audio message. She was chewing what looked to be an entire pack of gum. I said, You like gum? She said, Yeah, I think it tastes really good when you chew it. I said, You like Bubbalicious? She said, I've never even heard of it. Is that a gum? I said, Yeah, it's actually super chewy. You should try it sometime. She

took out her phone and wrote it down in her Notes app. She showed me a note that read simply, Buy Bubblicious. I said, Thanks hun. I held up the audio letter to reiterate that she gave me the letter.

Literally a second or so after this Dudley walks in and says, Hey, uh, have you got that blueprint for the Bichon Foreskin business plan done yet? How's the revenue forecast on that looking? I said, I literally just sent it over. We both laughed. Literally, I said, still laughing. He said, The fuck was that about? I said, Some Dominican messenger chick Chris Childs sent over. She gave me an audio message or some shit? Dudley said, Give it to me. I'll shove it up my own ass. I said, And then I'll mail it back to him! Dudley said, Or maybe shove it up her ass! I said, Right up the shit shooter! I said, Anyway. While we're out here alone let me play the audio back for you:

Nah, but seriously, the audio letter recites in the somewhat automated voice of Chris Childs, because fuckinnnnnnnnnn. Like. I don't know. We fuckin live in an era, you know. Where we want to trace our bloodlines. This fascinates us. We're constantly gazing into the past for verification of our presents. Yet America, we know this. That we just fuckin love to brutalize identity down to its lowest common denominator. But ultimately I don't know. Because I've been reading a lot of historical monographs and shit, you know what I mean? Gets me thinking and shit. History can only be fabricated to a limited extent. Like we can't fabricate history in an infinite fashion, you know what I mean? Our lies have to be grounded in some shit.

If a population integrates itself into another we can certainly brutally rename them. Sure we can do that no problem, but we can't necessarily change their essence.

Sure. A name is profound. Naming is perhaps profundity par excellence. Naming is perhaps a penis-in-vagina level act. Yet I think at the same time the two of us, we'd both uhhh, we'd uhhh more or less agree that there's more to things than just uhhhhhhhhh name? Like, just for example, Rick. Like these two dudes Sheikh Badr al-Din and Gregory of Nazianzus. You probably don't even know this but uhhhhhhhhh Badr al-Din was born in 1359 AD and Nazianzus was born in 329 AD. The two guys are fuckin separated by almost exactly a thousand years. Badr al-Din was born in Serres, in modern day Eastern Greece, to a father of Turkish descent and a mother of Greek (Christian) descent, while Nazianzus was born in Cappadocia, in modern day Eastern Turkey, to a mother of Christian origin and a father of Greek (pagan) descent.

In 329 the term Greek meant pagan while by 1359 the word Greek meant Christian. In 329 Gregory's mom was considered Christian yet implicit in that word was the fuckinnnnnnnn, uh. Um. The assumption that her not so distant ancestors were probably Greek (as in pagan). Yet in 1359 Badr al-Din's father was considered Turkish, yet implicit in that identity is that his not so distant ancestors were very possibly Greek (as in Christian). Does anyone get this, dude? In America, absolutely not! Not even close! Badr al-Din was born in fucking Greece, was at least half Greek, maybe totally Greek. Or whatever Greek meant at that time. And he's fuckin considered an Islamic spiritual hero or some shit. I think he actually had his head cut off by the Sultan. And his best friend Mustafa was apparently a guy from the island of Chios who uttered the phrase that every Muslim who says a Christians aren't faithful to God is a non-believer himself. He was literally crucified dude.

Even somewhat philosophically adjacent to Gemistos Plethon in the Morea bro. No joke.

And Mehmed Celebi, the very Sultan who ordered hits on them both, has a last name curiously resembles Tzelepes, which was the name John Komnenos, the Byzantine prince. It was the name he took when he converted to Islam about two hundred years earlier. Arguably jumpstarting the Ottoman dynasty. Nazianzus was born in modern East Turkey and was at least half pagan and is considered like a fucking founder of Christianity or something. He's literally a saint. You know what I mean? He achieved sainthood. It's just like. We want to sit and act like there are neat dividing lines of things, you know what I mean? When Pagan Greeks are turning into Christian Greeks and Christian Greeks are turning into Muslim Turks? The fuck is that? Where are the dividing lines, you know what I mean?

And then you look at today. What's your in-house pet butt plug technology? What's my in-house pet butt plug technology? When does the border of one tech end and the other begin? It's fucking ridiculous man! History can only be fabricated in a finite fashion. The entire notion of intellectual property is in a sense totalitarian. Anyway. Hope all is well at BI! Talk to you soon. Sincerely, Chris Childs, Senior Executive Vice President, Coochie Unlimited.

After Nickanee's we casually approached my apartment building above a quaint strip mall on Mineral Spring and I said to Larry, Oh yeah. He's one hundred fucking percent after our sex tech. I mean if there was any doubt? Like I said. The guy had some Colombian bitch bring me an audio note talking about religious syncretism in the Peloponnese and Asia Minor in the 15th Century. Fucking cunt. Oh now you're gonna lecture

me on early Ottoman history? He already has a finger in my ass. I can feel it, I said as I walked up the interior staircase and noticed Leo pissed his pants again. Guy sat on the floor of the hallway with his pants halfway off his ass and said, Ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy, wanna give me a hand up?

His bodily odor was reminiscent of a urinal at a median international airport as I reached down. Son of a fucking bitch, Leo, I said. Again with this shit? I pulled his dirty ass up. I said, How many fuckin nips did you drink today? He said, God bless you! I can't get into my apartment. I said, You need the ambulance? I turned to Larry and said, This guy fucking pisses his pants, gets shitfaced, rides his 10 speed mountain bike around the neighborhood, and gets picked up by an ambulance every other day. Not necessarily in that order. Laying in the ambulance bed like a newborn baby. I turned back to him on the floor and said, Are you a vet, Leo? He said, I killed Osama bin Laden! I said, You believe this? Fuckin guy killed Osama bin Laden. And now he lives in a shitty studio apartment with no money, cocked off his ass every day. Haranged by North Providence cops pissed they have to pull his pants over his baby dick three times a week.

You know, I continued to Larry. We were stopping by my apartment to whack a couple drinks before we continued on. I said, From time to time I actually envy this fucking guy. I nonchalantly dialed 911 and continued to Larry, Get piss drunk. Then grab a solid night sleep at a hospital. Washed off by a nurse. Then back to your shithole studio. It could be worse. Larry said, And, just think. Technically? This is rock bottom! I said, Exactly! as the operator picked up the phone and asked me for the issue.

After we whacked a couple at my spot we met up at a dive bar with a few people from our above-board sales team about an hour north. Over in Worcester. They loved Worcester. But I made a point to rarely make it up there. In my business I need to stay as insulated as possible. Other than hopping on a quick Amtrak to Midtown I rarely like to leave my two or three preferred neighborhoods. With that said, once in Worcester I said, Look at that little whore right there. Larry and I were both hunched over uncomfortably at the bar. I said, I think I know her. From like college or some shit. He nodded his head blankly. I said, I'm pretty sure these two guys I knew from Malden. I'm pretty sure they plowed her while she was passed out drunk one night. They, like, ran a train on her while she was passed out drunk. Larry said, I think that's technically rape, isn't it? I said, Legally speaking I'm almost positive it is. You think I should say hi? Larry said, I mean I don't see why not?

I shouted out, Julie! Over here! As she ambled over I whispered to Larry Johnson, She's half Belizean by the way. She said, Oh. My. God! Donnie B?! I noticed immediately that her accent had shifted slightly in the interim 15 years since we'd last seen each other. I said, No, no. Um. It's me! Rick Brunson! Haha. She said, Oh . . . Yeah. That's right! You used to chug Disaronno and rip your shirt off in the high rises! I said, Yeah, haha. Sometimes. Fuckin definitely. But so. How've you been?! Back huddled at the bar I said, Fuck man. That was a little. That didn't go that well, did it? Larry said, No. No, it wasn't that bad. I said, Who the fuck is Donnie B? I don't think she knew who I was. It's just a little surprising. I don't know. I kind of thought we were genuine friends back in college, you know? Larry said, Do you think the whole running train thing could have had anything to do with it?

I said, It's just like. What was I even thinking? Why would I try and rekindle a college acquaintanceship after 15 years? How could that have fuckin even gone well, you know? I guess that's my fault, no? That's probably on me. Larry said, Did you ever bang her? I said, I mean, personally I'm not that attracted to her. Are you? Larry said, I mean. Maybe I'd slip her the porksword if I was super fucked up. But I also don't know what she. I said, She looked the same. I mean, she's got a great face. Larry said, Her face is actually beautiful. I said, She's like at least 5'11" though. Larry said, I'm not averse to that. I said, Six feet isn't a dealbreaker to me. Not at all. I'll still toss my meat right in there! But I don't know. With Julie? There's just something intangible there. I mean. Should I want to bang her? Larry said, Does she speak Spanish? I said, If I banged her? But I don't really have any particular urge to even try and bang her. Larry said, I can't seem to get a decent look at her ass from here. I said, She didn't even know who I was. Larry said, That could work in your favor. I said, I can't believe the Coronas are only three bucks here. Larry said, Should we head back soon?

Walking off Broadway right on the precipice of Olneyville Larry said, Fuckkkkkkkk, I fucking hate brown liquor. You know that Rick? Honestly? I always kind of thought gut rot was an old wives' tale. I said, Take a left. Yeah. Bang a left at the Dunkin Donuts on the corner there. We're almost there. There should be a staircase here. Maybe a buzzer or something. Yeah that's where the whorehouse is. You still wanna go? I mean technically. Technically it's a massage parlor. That's the conceit of the place but functionally you know what I mean. Essentially they prefer to blow you with a condom on and shit.

Larry said, Oh, totally. So. But can I get a massage? Is that an option? Or are they just like exclusively whores? I said, Ummmm, I don't believe the masseuse-whore delineation is necessarily mutually exclusive? You can definitely get a massage too. Larry said, It's probably a shit massage, isn't it? I said, It's fuckin terrible. For the most part it's uninspiring. I mean I've never personally had a satisfying massage there. But they will attempt to massage you before they make you cum if that's what you prefer. That can happen. Larry said, I'll give it a whirl. As the house mom ushered us out of the spot, Larry said, Are they all Asian in there? I said, They're like North Korean or some shit. It's like Kim Jung-Un's former concubines or some type of shit. He said, Mine kind of looked like a tranny. I said, You kidding me?! I was checking mine for a bulge as she sensually washed my asscrack.

He said, Was that an option? I said, I actually think I might be gay for having sex with her. He said, You got a shower? They washed your ass for you? I said, Honestly, that place has really gone downhill since the last time I was there. He said, Mine was like jackhammering my cock! I said, Mine just kept repeating, You cum? You cum? You cum? He said, Honestly, for the price, I'm not sure I'd. I said, Don't worry about the price Larry. C'mon bro. Are you kidding? I'll fuckin expense it on my end. Fill out a report and give it to Gale. Just write Client Dinner and then say you lost the receipt ok? Throw in the mileage to Worcester too if you want.

Six

Back at my studio apartment I was finally ready to relax. Relaxing nonchalantly in my Queen size bed perusing a couple few texts: Hey boo-Boo?-Hellooooooo-Where r u?-hmmmm. I typed back, Sorry babe, was taking the new guy out for a few drinks, explaining the business to him u kno? I see the type box ellipses. She write, Oh ok boo I was worried that's all. I typed, Yeah super pumped about these butt plugs I think this guy larry will be a real asset tbh. She writes, I'm sure boo. So proud of u. I write, thanks babe.

She writes, How come we never go to East End. I write, East End? She writes, Right on Wickendon. On the corner? We've been there smh. I feel like every time I ask you never wanna go :(I write, I mean I don't MIND it there, idk have u even asked to go recently? She writes, Like a million times! But i never do bc i know u hate it there. u never wanna go i think it's rly nice in there. I went with my aunt jean tn. It has a dope vibe. U hate dope vibes... I write, We can go this weekend! I promise!! She writes, Whatever Richard. Inserts an eyeroll emoticon.

I write, cmon babeeeee u know I've been stressed with the business, i Got this fuckin cocksucker Chris Childs all up my ass too no homo. Fkcn stressed. But no no i'm sorry! we will go this wknd. I promise. Idk I just thought it was like a blase burger joint tbh lol. She writes, ok boo, and I think to myself, Ok. This crisis is now most likely averted. This East End imbroglio is now concluding. Let's keep it real cordial. Let's tell her you love her. Don't say anything she could possibly take umbrage with. Tell her to have a great night. Get a great sleep. That we'll go to East End as soon as humanly possible. Maybe even grab dinner there. Sure East End is just hipster burger bullshit. But you know what? Go

there. Have a couple drinks. It's not the end of the world. Sure there are literally a million other spots in Providence that are better than East End. But diplomatically speaking you'll get no greater bang for your buck then going to East End this weekend. Maybe we can even get Larry Johnson to go!

You know, I said the next morning to Larry Johnson, as we both made espressos in the 9 year old company coffee machine I've told Gail for 3 straight years now that we urgently need to replace, I have no issue with her cleaning the bathroom. None at all. But if she's gonna be a Third Reich Nazi about any hair follicles, any minor shit and piss speckles in the bathroom then I'm starting to think: Why don't I just clean the fucking thing myself? You know what I mean? Larry said, It's the ultimate double-edged sword-women cleaning things. Honestly it's why I feel like self-sufficiency is so underrated. I said, She wants to help clean. Ok. I get that. I love that! But if I can't blow a morning shit out my ass without severe repercussions. Without tidying up after? Then is this really a help to me?

He said, It's not! I said, What's the point of even having a bathroom if I can't blow a disgusting shit in it? Any type of shit I want in it? He said, There's none! I said, It's three days after she cleaned and she's asking me if I wiped down the bowl just in case I splattered. We're midweek now. How is it the case that my shits are still being scrutinized here? I'm amenable to the first day or two. I mean I don't like it. I'd like to blow a shit at my convenience, you know? But I get it. You just cleaned the bathroom and you don't want my shitstains immediately desecrating the toilet bowl. It's respectable. But three four five days in?! He said, I don't know how you do it? I said, I try to shit here as much as I fucking possibly can!

All three third floor stalls are literally my second home. Anyway, come in here. Into this little fucking office over here. Larry Johnson followed me. Larry said, What's going on? taking the first sip of his espresso. I said, That thing with the ax? Remember that? Larry said, The whole murdering Marcus Camby thing? I said, It might be fuckin happening. And soon. He said, For real? You confirmed him stealing our tech? I said, Not exactly. I have a PI on retainer for every time I hit a massage parlor. This fuckin guy, great guy. Ex-cop. Latrell Sprewell. He's on the fuckin payroll. I'll have you meet him soon enough. One day when we're out for a couple whacks. Soon. Anyway. He took a picture of Camby taking a picture of us stumbling out the parlor last night.

Larry said, Oh fuck. I said, Of us. Right after we were divested of cum by two East Asian prostitutes. One hundred percent. He said, Pictures of us? That's not ideal. I said, No shit. He said, I'm actually engaged and shit, you know? To be married and whatnot. I said, Yeah, and he's obviously gonna forward those to Childs who's gonna try and. I don't know. Obviously leverage them via ruthless extortion or something? He said, Fuck. I said, This is no good, Larry. No, I can't have this. I swear. You can't even visit a pussy parlor anymore! It's mass surveillance and shit. This country is getting fuckin worse by the minute I swear. Larry winced. I said, What's wrong? I thought you were a moral relativist? He said, No, it's not that at all. I'll ax this little cunt myself, Rick. I swear I will! I'll whack his ear off like I'm fuckin Van Gogh. Then I'll shove it up his ass and make him blow a wet fart. It's just my right ear. Ugh, it's really fuckin backed up today. Hurting like a bitch. I said, You think you have an infection?

He said, I don't even know bro. This Mexican girl licked my ear when we were making out like a decade or

so ago. My right ear's never been the same since. I said, Mexican bitches love doing that shit, don't they? It's always struck me as a little, I don't know. Disgusting? It seems just kind of wildly unhygienic. He said, I hear you bro. It was the most disgusting thing we did that night and I fucking ate her ass next to a fire station right after. I said, But listen. I mean go get some antibiotics or some shit. You'll knock that out in 48 hours. But I'm gonna get Latrell on the line right after I'm done with you here. I'm gonna have him print me the picture of Camby taking pictures of us. I wanna have them on hand when we finally get this little twathole alone. I'm thinking happy hour today. Right after work. There's a dumpster behind Nickanee's. It's usually all crackheads back there. Could be ideal for what we need to do. But we'll need to do a dry run first.

Larry said, Bro. Hear me out though. Ouch. Why not Manhattan? I said, Oh I don't know. Manhattan? It's such a fuckin shithole over there these days. Larry said, Exactly. It's all weed shops and hobos now. Nobody will remember shit even if they witness it. I said, You know . . . that's not a bad point. He said, I have these two Filipina strippers I know from back in the day. You can bring them along with you under the auspice of getting laid, you know what I mean? Lure him via vagina and whatnot? I said, I mean. Camby does love penetrating pussy. But, um, these two whores. They need to be able to, you know. They can't be too for lack of a better term strippery. He said, Cherry and Trigger are totally. I said, See. That's exactly what I mean. I can't invite Camby to Midtown to meet up with a Cherry and Trigger. He'll know off rip I'm trying to molest his soul. To crack his fuckin head open with a state-of-the-art ax. Larry said, That's no problem. They can totally use stage names. I said, How about Meg and Ashley? Would that work? Or

some other white bitch names? He said, You could call them Cunt and Twat as long as you pay them their full rate bro. I said, Should I bang one of them before we go? Just so I can build a little rapport? Larry said, I was actually gonna suggest that. That it would be wise to probably bang at least. I said, Or even bang them both? Larry said, I mean. If you're really trying to build a rapport? It's not the worst idea.

Camby, Meg, Ashley, and I exited the Amtrak around noon that Saturday. I had a gym bag filled with an ax, a .38 snub nose, and 32 polaroids of Marcus Camby taking photos of Larry Johnson and I leaving the Asian Massage Parlor just a few business days prior. Meg said, Ugh. Hopefully I can pick up a pair of street gloves. My hands are cold! Ashley said, I love street gloves! I said, Oh yeah. And I might get a street hat! I really need a new snow hat. While I'd fornicated with both Ashley and Meg earlier in the week for the purposes of this trip Ashley was playing my love interest. I said, Marcus you like street hats at all? He said, Nah I actually just got a new Chicago Bulls snow hat. He pointed matter-of-factly to his cranium which clearly displayed a black Chicago Bulls snow hat.

Oh, fuckin nice, I said. Ashley said, I like the Bulls. I said, That's funny. Because you didn't even know who Larry Bird was until I told you. She said, Shut up! Meg said, I'm deaaaaddddd. I said, Yeah we were talking about the Celtics and I just casually mentioned Larry Bird. Ashley says to me, Who's Larry Bird? I was like, Oh I don't know? Just the greatest white basketball player of all-time! Ashley said, I hate you! Meg said, Oh my god. I'm deeaadddddddd! I said, Oh, look! Street hats! Ashley said, No that one's ugly as I gently perused a Santa red colored snow hat. I said, This is dooooopee! And it's

only five bucks! In the room (the hotel was quite upper class and located right on the precipice of Koreatown) Ashley said, Just wait for us to get ready and we can all leave together. I said, Sure thing. Um. I don't know. But I kind of want to get a bottle of Soju? She said, We'll be ready soon. I said, True true. But I don't want you guys to feel rushed. She said, We're not rushed. We'll be ready in like ten. I said, We'll probably just pop out quick. That way we can have a bottle of Soju for the room?

I tossed on the red snow hat as me and Marcus walked out of our hotel leaving the two strippers to get ready. I needed to walk across the street and grab a bottle of Soju in Koreatown. As Camby handed the East Asian cashier-owner three bottles of Soju to check out I said, Nah but real talk? It's like if a girl wants to hate on you for jacking off then she's pretty much a terrorist to me. Like when I stroke my meat? That's my time, you know? Like if you try and take that away from me then you're basically trying to destroy my character. He said, I don't know. To be honest? As a former porn addict I kind of understand the pitfalls of masturbation. I said, no for sure. But from a purely prostate perspective you need to ejaculate at least 21 times a month. If I can't whack consistently to get close to that monthly number then in my mind you're essentially attempting to assassinate me. Have you heard this rumor? That some women now actually believe porn is cheating? Cheating, Marcus! Pornography! I don't know. This has just fucking gone too far now. I get it. Women should be able to vote. I one hundred percent that. But how in the world is watching other people fuck fucking adultery now? How could that possibly make sense? In what world is that sensible? If I drive past a car accident on the side of the road did I myself then commit vehicular homicide? Jesus Christ. I mean. If a man can't sit back and massage his eel while

casually perusing a few full-length pornos from time to time then this society is done for Marcus. I'm telling you that much right now! Male masturbation is one of the few things still keeping us afloat!

After buying the Soju I spotted a hole in the wall about 200 feet from our hotel. We popped in there. At the bar I said, A Soju Bomb? Now what is that? Ironically the bartender reminded me of a slightly less masculine version of the masseuse who jacked me off the previous week. Who really kind of started this whole imbroglio indirectly. She said, Well, it's like a shot of Soju? But then mixed with a Sapporo beer, which is like a Japanese beer. I'm not sure if you're familiar? I said, I fuckin love Sapporo. And it's served in that? Which looks I don't know? Kind of like a colostomy bag? She said, In theory it's kind of like a Jaeger Bomb I guess. I said, Oh. I'll definitely give it a shot. And get one for my friend Marcus Camby here too.

I'm already half in the bag! I said as Marcus and I arrived back at the room. Anyone wanna do a shot of Soju? Ashley said, I will! I said, I knew you'd be down. I said, Listen. Marcus and I. We just had this drink. I want to tell you both all about it. Apparently it's called a Soju Bomb? They sell it at this really nice hole-in-the-wall Korean spot like 200 feet from our room. The bartender is extremely helpful and I think. I don't know. I think it just needs to take priority. A major priority. I realize we have an agenda. A scheduling of events so to speak. I understand that. But I really believe this Soju Bomb may need to supersede all of that. I think it takes priority here. I don't even think it's a discussion. I say we go grab one of these Soju Bombs as soon as you guys are ready which is hopefully soon. Marcus, your thoughts? I said, Marcus loved it just as much as I did!

Sitting at the bar Ashley and Meg didn't exhibit much interest in ordering a Soju Bomb. I said, I can't wait to get another Bomb! Ashley said, Wanna get like a couple sushi rolls? Meg said, Can I have a white Sangria? If you have that? I said, I'll have another Soju Bomb, thanks! I said, Marcus how're you feeling bro? He said, I'm fucking drunkkkk, mannnnn. I said, I'm extremely inebriated! And it's only like two o'clock. Fuck man. The sun set in the mid-afternoon sun right after our late lunch. As the four of us meandered around Koreatown looking for this or that souvenir shop. I was also trying to figure out the best time to whack Marcus Camby. And where. Going into it I knew I'd do a better job if I was three sheets to the wind and I definitely fuckin was.

I said, Hey. Look at this. Just fuckin stole it from that souvenir shop. Marcus Camby said, Is that a miniature Empire State Building? I said, Yeah. One hundred percent bro. I'll give it to my dad as a gift! In the midst of the plethora of weed shops in Midtown proper I gave Ashley the nod. It was finally time. It was Meg's job to keep an eye out for my Santa red snow hat in the midst of strangers in the aftermath. To quote-unquote save me so to speak. She'd discover me drunk stumbling in Midtown. Which would actually be accurate. Camby would be quote-unquote lost amongst the plethora of tourists in and around 9th and W 33rd. I said, Marcus. Pssst! Come down this alley quick with me. I gotta take a piss. Nothing gay though. I'm totally hetero. I just wanna give you a heads up on Meg. In case you wanna bang her. I unzipped my pants between two dumpsters and said, Honestly? I think she might have the clap.

I wasn't even kidding. My pee burnt. Camby followed me down the alley like the total fucking buffoon he was. Like the authentic bloodline of the cunt of all cunts Chris Childs. While peeing I strategically dropped a polaroid of

him taking a polaroid of me and Larry outside the Asian Massage venue. I said, Which is probably fine. If she does I mean. I'd just maybe toss a dom on before you hit it, you know? The clap isn't the end of the world. It's really just a slight burn. He said, Wh-what's that? I said, Wait, what? He said, What'd you drop? What is that? A-polaroid? Of course I was wearing my recently purchased street gloves just to ensure no fingerprints dripped onto the polaroids. I said, Oh, that? Shit. The fuck is that? I don't know. I picked up the polaroid with my street glove again. To examine it further. Camby was now completely flushed red. I said, Oh wow. Son of a cunt. You know what? It looks like. I don't know. Like you were, um. Taking photos of me and Larry Johnson the other night? After we got whacked off? I gregariously handed the polaroid to Camby. I said, I didn't know you were an aspiring photographer? He said, Well, you know. I mean I dabble. I said, I wish I'd fuckin known man. I've been spending like thousands of dollars a month on third party photographers for all our new sex toys. Could you maybe, I don't know, snap a few of our new plug prototypes. You think? Because this one of me and Larry looks fuckin professional dude! I'm honestly not even mad at the whole espionage angle. Right as Camby hesitated just a millisecond to reply I swiftly grabbed the ax that I'd strategically dispersed from my pant-leg as I peed. Leaning it against the interior dumpster in the interim. As I witnessed the whites of Camby's eyes dip down to take another deep glance at the photo of Larry and I post-ejaculation I swung the ax above my head. In one circular swift motion. And buried it right between the Chicago Bulls logo on that little cunt's forehead. There, there, I said. It's all good now, Marcus. I benevolently accepted the polaroid from his

approaching lifeless glove as he slowly slumped toward the dumpsters.

I said, Yeah there you go. You fucking little two-timing twat. Yeah. Just take a little nap now. Right in Midtown. In between these two trash dumpsters. And all these weed shops. Right where you belong. You crumb. I let Camby fall right onto the trash bags between the dumpsters where we were standing. Nudging him just slightly with my left sneaker so he wouldn't land in any of my pee. Soju really fuckin goes through you. I walked nonchalantly back onto W 33rd where nobody was any the wiser for it. Just a regular run-of-the-mill businessman back from taking a quick piss in an alley. I couldn't fuckin wait for the news to reach Coochie Incorporated and Chris Childs. Meg flagged me down purely by dint of my Santa red snow hat. Walking back toward Koreatown Ashley said, Let's just grab dinner at that bistro across from the hotel? I said, That bistro . . . across the street? Ashley said, Yeah it's like a burger place or something I think. I said, Do you think the food is good there? Meg said, It's probably basic. I said, Yeah that's what I would assume. That it's probably some of the shittier food in Midtown. Ashley said, Well, I don't know. We need to eat somewhere. And you're wasted! I concurred. It was a valid point. Yet with that said the chicken across the street was horrendous. I knew it would be. Just absolutely charcoaled.

Seven

I said, Oh my God. I had the absolute craziest fucking dream about you'll never guess who! Still in bed, right as I woke up next to my partner Paul. He said, Wait. In your dream? Who was it? Not that bartender from The Dark Lady again? I said, Rick fucking Brunson. He said, You know I hate when you curse like that, Patrick. I said, Oh, Paul. Jesus fucking Christ. I'll put a flipping quarter in the swear jar, okay babe? He said, Well, you said the F word twice. Actually, no, three times now . . . I said, But, I don't know. It was just . . . so vivid. So strange! I actually felt like I was Rick. Except for this one part where I was oddly overhearing Chris Childs? Oh yeah! Chris Childs was in it too! He said, Oh wow Patrick. This actually sounds . . . mildly intriguing? Tell me more. Because now I'm actually interested. What was it about? I said, It was about like. I don't even know. Like Rick somehow got himself in this business of selling illicit sex toys for people's house pets or some. Paul said, Actually, you know what? I think I've heard enough. Ugh, you're so disgusting sometimes, you know that? I said, Oh, sorry Paul. My sincere apologies. I didn't realize you were above discussing the occasional vibrator.

He said, Do you think this turns me on, Patrick? Cat dildos? I said. God, you make me feel like such shit sometimes, you know that? Like, it's a dream. How can I. He said, I'mmmm . . . sorry. I know it's been a tough few weeks for you, babe. It's just. You know I have a thing about vulgarity. And then you're saying the F word. I said, See? Now you're bringing that up again. The F word. F word this, F word that. Never I love you Patrick. I told you I'd put a quarter in our swear jar. I'll put three quarters! He said, Now it's technically four. Put a dollar in. I said, Did you talk to your wife like this? He said, Oh. Wow. We're going there now, Patrick? You know what?

Honestly, I need to get ready. I'm lollygagging around here and I have to meet with the ADL in like 45 minutes. You know how traffic is this time of morning. It'll take me. I said, I'mmmm . . . sorry! I apologize. I just. I don't know. I don't feel like myself. Having to sit on the sidelines during this playoff run. It hasn't been easy for me, Paul. He said, I know baby. But that's the thing. The NBA has totally skewed your view of age. I feel like. I don't know. Like you feel like you're this geriatric senior citizen or something and you're not even forty! How do you think that makes me feel? I feel like I'm rocking the cradle in this relationship already. And now you think you're old. I mean. Honey, believe me. This is just the beginning for you. You have your whole life ahead of you. I promise. Turn that frown upside down. I said, God I love you babe.

After Paul left I laid in bed totally despondent, thinking Fuck This. Thinking Fuck Life. That's what I was honestly thinking. Fuck Life and Fuck This. Just fuck it all to Hell. Because I'd always had a great relationship with Latrell. But at the same time it's tough. Latrell and Allan were like little brothers to me. They are like little brothers to me. And now they're leading my team to the biggest stage in the world? And I'm lying in bed with my dick in my hand. Literally. My penis is in my friggin hand. Ugh. God. I'm saying frig now! Fucking Paul. If I'm being honest with you? I don't know. You think about dichotomies sometimes. Sometimes you just have to think about dichotomies. Doppelgangers and what not.

It wasn't that long ago. It was maybe two weeks ago or possibly even last night. That I'd met up with my old friend Chiara Naccarato, an island girl with an impressively natural shit shooter. I met her at a strip joint on a road trip back in like '97. Another injury

plagued season for me. Christ, man. I just can't catch a fuckin break these days. Basketball: it truly is a young man's sport! And of course she was sitting there and reluctantly informing me of her most recent attempt to take her own life. And of course I couldn't help but note that a certain intensity emerges between two persons who have no regard for their own lives. I was actually surprised she was telling me this. She didn't strike me as the suicidal type. Raging alcoholic maybe. But not suicidal. But yes. In any case. While the utter disregard for distant lives occasionally makes me livid. I mean, we're now bombing Yugoslavia again? Right after we fucking bombed the shit of, what? Bosnia? What, just a few short years ago?

Have we not utterly obliterated enough square footage in the Balkans yet? No. This American indifference to the countless lives compromised by our barbaric foreign policies? Which we hardly follow closely enough to even critique anymore. This understandably makes us shudder in disgust. Yet a similar disregard for my own life and the lives of people in my immediate orbit is actually a point of intense bonding. We sat in a cramped booth in a dive bar, Chiara arriving after she'd finished her shift. After I'd already been out for a moderate amount of time. So she ordered her first drink as I placed a request for my fifth and then went on to say something to the effect of: Honestly, you should probably see a therapist. And I didn't disagree in the least!

Because of course there was absolutely a time in my life where I wanted nothing more than to kill myself. Right now for sure. But also for a brief period after we lost to Michael in the Conference Finals in '93, Maybe some other times too. Where almost every waking moment of my life was consumed with this fantasy of

throwing myself out of a window. With the hope of achieving an instant death in the process. Of course it's rarely noted that the people with the most intense urges to kill themselves are in fact totally incapable of slitting their own throats, of jumping off tall buildings, of pulling the trigger of a firearm into their mouths. No. There's a distinct difference between wanting to kill yourself and actually committing suicide. Obviously, having never committed suicide myself, it's difficult for me to say for certain, but I would imagine the people who do manage to successfully kill themselves perform the act immediately. Without pause. In an almost automatic fashion. A particularly strong urge perhaps never even overcomes them, that perhaps killing yourself and wanting to kill yourself are almost two entirely distinct states.

Suicide is perhaps always an act of caprice? And perhaps the people that miss this window are the same people, such as myself, who fall prey to this infinite loop of desiring to kill themselves with an inability to actually complete the deed. To this day I still have no fucking idea how I escaped this endless loop of self-terrorism. And unfortunately by the time Chiara arrived I was whacked out of my mind. Way too much so to truly fuckin expound upon any of my experiences with suicidal ideation with any sort of precision whatsoever. The moment I had to bluntly admit to myself at this dive bar had officially passed us by. The moment where I was still capable of expounding upon these types of ideas in any sort of mellifluous fashion. We were approximately half an hour to maybe forty five minutes past this stage. That was my best estimate at the time. I was definitely going to try to bang her. And while, sure, I wanted to be a resource for her, for her suicidal tendencies. Of course I did. But I also wanted to at least try to plow her as well.

Her ass was so succulent. I had to at least pull my eel out. Right in the street I did. I didn't give a fuck. Why not?

We believe that we want to divulge our deepest secrets to people and of course at times we do. We do divulge our secrets. But at the same time sometimes we'll go ahead and mix suicidal ideation and vaginal penetration. We'll fuck the suicidal girls who come to us because we're suicidal as well. Prior to Chiara arriving I'd been sitting at the bar attempting to mind my own fucking business. At the same time somewhat involuntarily making the acquaintance of its patrons. At the same time I remained aware on some level I would in all likelihood never set foot in this dive bar again, that I'd have no regrets about never entering this establishment again. That I'd experience no regrets about accidentally under-tipping the incongruently jovial bartender on my second tab. And that the notion of joining this community, or perhaps any community, was totally far-fetched. That it was nothing less than an absurd notion! Haha!

Eight

Um hello? I heard a voice speak gently. I said, Uhhhh hello? literally almost fucking shitting my pants. This super white guy, even whiter than Paul. Who's like the whitest dude I've ever met. Slowly crept into my master bedroom wearing all white. Literally radiating in all fucking white. I said, Who the fuck are you and what are you doing in my domicile. If I may ask? He said, Hey. Um, I'm. Well in your language I think my name would loosely translate to, umm. Kurt Thomas? I said, Wait. What do you mean, my language? Because you speak, like, perfect English. Is this like a racial thing, or. He said, Oh no. No, not at all! No. I mean it is racial, in a. I said, Oh. So you're racist? And trespassing? A trespassing racist? Fuck you! He said, No. Please! Don't call 911. Not yet. Because I mean like racial as in like the human race. I'm actually truly color-blind! I said, How many black friends do you have? He said, I'm not even from this planet! But I have a few. Maybe five to seven? Because I'm (he scratched his left pec and winced slightly). Well in your language I suppose you would call me a quote-unquote extra-terrestrial. Or perhaps an interdimensional entity? Something like that. Although I find both terms a bit offensive. If I'm being honest. If I'm allowed to be offended here. I said, Sorry I don't believe in aliens. He said, Yeah. Alien. Hmm. That's actually like our N-word. Just FYI. I said, Well you look like some regular old ass white dude to me. He said, Frankly. A lot of my race does resemble that. We look quite like the median human. Well, I mean, maybe not you. But uh. I said, Wow. He said, Well. You know what I mean? I said, Oh, I know! He said. Yeah. I mean I guess technically we're Caucasian aliens? If we're getting into the weeds here. I said, Honestly Kurt. You're fucking lucky I'm

feeling suicidal. It is Kurt. Isn't it? He said, Correct! And well. That's part of the reason I'm here.

Kurt Thomas, who was, as far as I could tell apparently some kind of extremely Caucasian extraterrestrial entity who'd broken into my penthouse apartment for yet to be disclosed reasons, said, Come with me. I said, Ok, but where? And I have to shower. I just fucking woke up. My asshole. He said, You already have. I said, How the fuck did you do that? Wait. My asshole is clean and I'm wearing a full suit?!

The two of us sat in the back row of an unfamiliar conference room, where Paul was standing at the podium about to make a speech. His wife was sitting in the front row, making me want to shit my pants, which, honestly, even if I had, Kurt could have probably magically fixed anyway. I had no idea what the fuck was going on. Paul said, All Western science is sprung from this singular notion, that perspective and observation should be for lack of a better term deified. Yet we should ruminate for a time on the implications of both concepts: perspective and observation. In each instance an implication of an exterior other emerges. It's for this reason the mentally different have no true category in our society. We've achieved a state of existence in the West where perspective and observation have become unquestionable facts, where any questioning of perspective and examination must now lie outside of existence itself, as we understand it at least. The mentally different, recognizing the flaw in this fundamental axiom, that there is no perspective and there is no observation, at least in the sense we mean it, for this reason can have no place in our social milieu. They're accounted for in no minor or major identitarian box. They're shunned from society and essentially have

no choice but to spiral into insanity, but not in our sense of the word.

No, for the mentally different it's an entirely separate form of insanity that's endured. It's impossible for us to identify this insanity. It always escapes our categories. Those who question this notion that observation leads in a linear fashion to truths which lead in a linear fashion to the refinement of perspective which leads in a linear fashion to progress, by definition these people must be excluded. I leaned over and whispered to Kurt, What the fuck? I thought Paul was like a stock broker or something? What business does he have talking about retarded people? Kurt said, Just keep listening. I said, Is this the ADL? He said, Are you pro-Israel? I thought I saw Paul's wife look back quickly in our direction but before I could avoid eye contact the two of us were suddenly transported back to my penthouse apartment.

Paul said, Honey, I'm home! walking in the door of my penthouse with his tie just moderately loosened. I said, Oh wonderful! You're just in time! I'm broiling us two fucking huge 24 oz. ribeye steaks. Premium cuts! They were 15% off at Dave's! He said, Oh God. That makes me wanna cum! I said, Paul, oh my Gosh! You never say naughty words like that! What the frig has gotten into you? He said, I don't know. I've felt . . . I can't explain it. Just a little different all day. Like I've finally achieved a material sense of clarity with regard to something that's typically been clouded in ambiguity.

I said, Honestly I can kind of a weird day too. He said, We have so much in common babe. I said, God, I'm in such a mood for these ribeyes. He said, This is our last night before The Series That Shall Not Be Named starts, huh? I said, Ugh. I don't even wanna think about it. Paul said, What was that? I said, What do you mean? Paul

said, Did you whisper something? I said, I don't think so? He said, Oh I thought you said. I don't know. Something about Latrell and Allan scoring 19 points each. What a coincidence that Latrell and Allan both scored 19? I said, Hmm. That's weird. I didn't say anything. Definitely not about Latrell. He said, Not that I wanted to bring that up! I just could have sworn . . . I said, Plus we don't even play tonight. And I know Allan had 32 in Game 6. I'm pretty sure he did. I mean I could check the box score again. If we still have the. Where the fuck is that paper anyway? Did Mariana throw it out? Because I told her. Paul said, Weird. Oh well! Maybe I'm going literally insane. Haha! Check on those ribeyes will you? While I change into something more comfortable?

I opened the oven, partially wanting to stick my head inside until I charcoaled my cranium to a crisp, Sylvia Plath style. But I was delightfully reassured when the ribeyes looked on the beautiful precipice of a succulent medium rare. Raising my head from the oven I saw that Kurt Thomas now stood on the other side of the counter, radiating in an almost fluorescent white. So much so I could barely distinguish his Caucasian-ass facial features. I angrily whispered, What are you doing here?! And what are you? Crooning some shit about Latrell and Allan to Paul? What the fuck is wrong with you? Kurt said, They'll both score 19 points tomorrow. And your team will lose by twelve. Invest your money wisely. Tim Duncan will be the greatest center of your generation! Haha! Then he-poof! disa-fucking-ppared.

What did you say about Tim Duncan, honey? Paul said as he ambled back into the kitchen wearing his Federal Reserve logo onesie pajamas. I said, Oh. I was just talking to myself honey. Going over some strategies I might suggest to Jeff to help slow him down tomorrow. Paul said, Oh, ok. I thought I heard you laughing. I said,

No, I mean. I just feel like we should use Dudley to rough him up in the, uh, first half. You know, have Chris use a few hard fouls on him. Knock some sense into the kid. Haha. And also that way we can save Marcus for the stretch, you know? Paul said, You're so thoughtful, Patrick. I just want to eat you up! I said, Ribeyes are done!

Nine

Yeah, I said, and what's the over-under? Six to the Spurs? Ok. Hmm. Yeah, let me toss, umm, three hundred k on that. Yes, that's correct. Yes. Yup. Yeah . . . it's under Steve Marinara. M-A-R-I-N-A-R-A. Ok. So it's all set? Ok. Great. Great. Thank you! I hung up the phone and of course Kurt Thomas is announcing himself in the room in all white, yet again. I said, Fuck do you want? No. Actually. Let me ask you a question. How the fuck did you know I was in debt? He said, Perhaps I'm not just a run-of-the-mill white? I said, Okay then. Who am I in debt to? He said, Hmm. Tangentially? Quiet Dom. I said, Fuck me. He said, But aren't you a little curious about Paul's speech from yesterday? I said, Not really. Just sounded like some stuff about retards. He said, Umm. I said, Well, then why don't you tell me. Because you clearly want to. He said, Have you ever considered yourself mentally different? I said, What's Dom's last name? He said, Cirillo. I said, Not like retarded, no. But I don't know. Maybe in some other ways. He said, You did say you were fairly suicidal when I first announced myself to you, no? I said, That's not inaccurate. But like. I can still read and write. He said, And you're going to use my talents to help repay your debts? I said, That's not . . . inaccurate. He said, But would you say that's in a sense mentally different? Your current mental state? I said, I don't know. I'm fucking rich and seven feet tall. If I want to kill myself I can't imagine it's that uncommon. He said, You're framing it incorrectly. I said, How so? He said, You're framing your state in the assumption of an exterior gaze. An additional perspective. I said, And? He said, That's not entirely correct. I said, Ok. He said, Paul's point wasn't about retarded people. No, he was correctly referencing the ideas of perspective and observation. And the rejection

of these notions that we know beyond a reasonable doubt are the primary drivers of the suicidal ideal. So when Paul refers to mental difference-as a rejection of perspective and observation and it's lack of a proper place. It only has to do with the proper location of this difference. Paul correctly notes that it has no placement here. Where we've come to accept concepts like perspective and observation. I said, Somehow that makes perfect sense to me. He said, I knew it would. Sans perspective and observation, everything we think about ourselves would require a reinvention. A literal replacement. I said, But ugh. Why is Paul delivering speeches about this shit? I thought he was like a hedge fund manager or something? And you'll really help me with the Dom thing? He said, His work at the Federal Reserve was precursor to a larger mission. His delicate touch with percentages in DC was actually the primary reason we tapped him for this in particular.

I needed a breath of fresh air. I left Kurt back in my penthouse apartment and went out for a quick walk around Midtown. I only had a few hours before I had to be at The Garden. If someone came up to me and gouged my eyes out I probably would have given them a hug and jacked them off. How the fuck did Kurt know about Quiet Dom? Was it possible. No. That he was a fucking alien or some shit? Stock brokers are basically gamblers. Maybe I'll start trading stocks. I was looking for a post-nut clarity of sorts. Despite the fact I hadn't ejaculated in over 24 hours. What the fuck was all of this about? Pat, get a hold of yourself, I whispered forcefully to myself in the street like an unusually large hobo. You're talking to a Caucasian alien who just appeared in your penthouse. Right after you were reminiscing about Chiara. Is it possible you're just hallucinating this shit? I saw Kurt standing across the street staring at me with his

whiteboy blue eyes. Fuck, I thought. Am I hallucinating? Or am I just losing my fucking goddamned mind? White aliens. They have to be the fucking worst kind of aliens. Why me? Why not a Nubian ET?

On the other hand. If this is real? Then what the fuck is Paul up to. And why is he not telling me? And more importantly why is he not permanently estranged from his wife like he told me he was? Is he still cock deep in pussy? I know he's not gonna play me when we're planning on coming out as pillars for the homosexual community. Is he still. Fucking pussy hole? Would he betray me like that? I don't have enough on my plate without him sneaking behind my back to fuck his wife's pussy? God, I can only hope that's not the case.

No, Pat. He wouldn't play you like that. You're taking the word of a fucking quote-unquote interdimensional entity over Paul? Your loverboy? Yet on the other hand. If this white Hitler alien is legit then I should have a six figure payday in the morning. But is that worth knowing that the love of my life is playing me? Do I even want to know? Is this a million dollar love I share with Paul? But if he is playing me then what the fuck is he talking about? And more than that. Does he know about Kurt already? Kurt said something about quote-unquote choosing Paul. Because of his inflation hedge fund or something? God I hate percentages. Fuck Paul. Is it bad that I hope Latrell goes like 0-17 tonight? God, I'm such a dick.

Psst! This is what I heard staring blankly across the Hudson River into the shitty grid-like avenues Hoboken. I said, I saw you earlier, Kurt. What do you want now? He said, I wasn't trying to surprise you, Patrick. I just thought it might be helpful to chat a little further. I said, Talk about what? My boyfriend eating Caucasian pussy?

The latent heterosexuality of the love of my life? No, actually. You know what? Do you have a wife or a boyfriend or something? He said, Umm. Not in the sense that you mean. Mockingly, I said, Uhhhhh, not in the sense that you mean. Always not in the sense that you mean, never Patrick I'm going to leave you alone to stare blankly at Hoboken before Game 1 of the NBA Finals. You don't procreate, you people? He said, You people? Hmm. Well. We generally fornicate with ourselves if that's what you mean?

I said, Oh, so you fuck yourselves? Well, now it all makes sense! How would you feel if I brought you to see your boyfriend make some weird ass speech about mentally challenged perspectives? With his hoe-ass white wife, who he told you he was estranged from, sitting in the front row? How would that make you feel? He said, Umm. I said, Oh, you can teleport me? You can somehow instantaneously spritz my asshole for me? But you can't put yourself in my shoes for just a millisecond? That's super convenient, Kurt. You know what? I'm pissed! He said, Ok, that's fair, Patrick. No, that's fair. Maybe. You know what? Maybe this has been unfair to you. All of this. I said, Oh, you think?! And Latrell and Allan both better fucking score 19 tonight! You bookie-ass alien-ass white-interdimensional fuck! Or else you're gonna have to reincarnate me out of the trunk of a Lincoln Town Car in Red Hook if you want to talk to me again!

He said, Let me take you to lunch and explain. I said, Lunch? Wait. He said, No need to concern yourself, Patrick. Only you can see me in my true radiant form. All others will simply see me as your current teammate. Kurt Thomas. He giggled. I had tears in my eyes. Crying. I said, You're a fucking cunt, you know that? Kurt smiled and said, Ever been to Mamma Mia. Over on West 44th?

I said, I heard it's barely mediocre. He said, It is. But they know me over there, I'll get us a table.

The middle-aged blonde hostess (I think she might have actually been from Italy?) sat us in the corner and over a somewhat paltry basket of bread. Kurt said, How much do you actually know about Paul? I said, Obviously he's a bottom, but. Well. Um do you mean sexually or. He said, In terms of like his past. I said, Well like I said. He was like a hedge fund manager or something? Right? Like stock market? He said, Umm. Paul's past is unique. You see, Paul was something called the Chairman of the Federal Reserve. Which is one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, unelected bureaucrat in America. America which is itself the most powerful entity of this epoch. So your lover Paul was actually the most powerful unelected official in the most powerful entity on the planet for a period of time. It was almost exactly twenty years ago when Paul was confirmed into this position by your Senate. Now there was a thing called inflation going on at that time. Are you familiar with this concept? The concept of inflation?

I said, Ummm. He said, It's when prices go up. Now a moderate amount of inflation is perfectly normal and fine. If the price of a meatball goes up fifty cents nobody really gives a fuck obviously. But if inflation reaches excessive rates it can cause issues. Like if this meal was twice the price in six months, because the prices of pasta and meat sauce shot up, then that would be a problem for this restaurant. They'd probably just go out of business. Or people would stop eating Italian food or something. But if the same thing happened to every restaurant and grocery store in the country then it would cause total havoc! This is what Paul was dealing with in a sense. I said, But how the fuck would that even happen? He said, Well . . . there are a variety of factors people

like Paul look at, but in reality. I mean, in reality it's often unknown exactly why inflation of extreme degrees occurs. Yet for Paul. Well, he obviously had to address this. He had to make sure the rampant inflation of his tenure as the Chairman of the Federal Reserve was kept in check. And not only kept in check but reversed in a material fashion. This waitress is really taking her time. Wow. I said, I've heard nothing but. He said, So Paul, in theory, according to many critics at least. He was quite successful in so-called combating inflation. He and his team, via their policy actions, caused the so-called out of control rates of change that American prices were experiencing return to more sustainable levels. And, you know, um. We don't have to go too deep into the mechanics of the Fed Funds Rates, of subsequent notions of Quantitative Easing, and the granularities of monetary policy. Let's just leave all of that aside. Let's put it this way. Paul forever changed the natural rates of change of pricing in this country. Despite the fact that no one really knows what drives widespread rates of change. He had a greater impact on actual rates of change than perhaps any person who's existed on this planet to date.

I said, Okay. Honestly I always thought he was like buying stocks. I mean. Wow. But . . . was he buying stocks? Kurt said, Which is where we came in. Rates of change have rippled effects. There's a skeletal framework to commerce that extends beyond the pure dimensions of commerce. Your country accelerated commerce to degrees this planet had yet to endure. Which in itself has vibrational reverberations across what you might call dimensions. And Paul for his part helmed a formidable attack on the natural rates of change of these prices. You see, my species. My race, to put it in your terminology. We're perhaps more sensitive to rates of change than others. As you aptly noted, we do, frankly, in your

terminology at least, fuck ourselves. Which inveterately places us closer to internal rates of change than others. Than less let's say masturbatory species. Again, rates of change in your sphere can cross over, so to speak, into our so-called realm. So Paul's maybe not the only reason. But at the very least he's a primary driver of why a few of us are now here. And why we've been working with Paul on a few minor issues. Some of those issues being addressed in the speech I brought you to the other day. And again my apologies if I said, Ok. But, like, just being honest here? Why are you telling me any of this? He said, Well, Patrick. That answer will arrive in due time.

Walking out I bumped into Herb Williams. A fellow near-guaranteed DNP that night. As soon as he saw me he said, Pat! The fuck are you doing out and about bro? I said, I could ask the same of you! I was hoping our obviously impending NBA Finals game would preclude Herb from asking me if I wanted to hang out. He said, Right on! Well we have at least an hour or two to kill before we have to be at the arena. I thought they did, uh, fuckin espresso here? Anyway, I'm super in the mood for a stick. You wanna go around the corner and smoke one? Have a quick smokey?! I said, Oh of course! Herb pulled out his portable humididor and showed me his cigars as we walked down the block. So yeah, he said, I'm like always getting invited to cigar dinners. And while I'm not super picky with cigars I like what I like. I'll say that much. What I like? It's what I like. So if I don't like a cigar? Nope! I'm not gonna smoke it! So if, say, I go to a cigar dinner for like, I don't know, 35 bucks and they give you two cigars. If I don't like those two I'll just chuck them in here. Then I'll give them out to people. Haha! Like, hey smoke this. I don't like it, but you might! You get to smoke a cigar for free. So it all works out. So yeah. If you

want one of these then go for it. Save the ten bucks buying one over here. Yeah I'm just gonna have a water. No booze for me.

I said, I didn't realize you were even into cigars. He said, Oh dude. Over at Havana on the Lower East Side. They've offered me a job there twice. That's how often I'm in there. But anything to get out the house these days. You know? Fucked up home life, you know. You know, I'm just hoping the team really comes together tonight. I think we can get the win!

I said, Oh wow so you've been smoking a lot. Quite a bit then. He said, I wouldn't say a lot. But I do enjoy cigars. I said, How many cigars you smoke a week? He said, Maybe one. Some weeks at least. Some weeks I smoke one. But then there are other weeks where I might smoke six or seven. Maybe even fourteen or fifteen. Sometimes even upwards of twenty. I said, Oh wow. He said, Well when you live in a house with your ex-girlfriend and your options are to stay at home and listen to her have sex with her new boyfriend or go grab a cigar . . . He shrugged his shoulders.

I said, Oh wow. Yeah I'd probably go grab a couple smokes. He said, Yeah. You would think buying a house together would be something done. Oh, I don't know. When a girl actually sees herself spending her life with a guy? By people who actually see themselves being together for an extended period of time? She came to me four months after we bought the place and said she didn't wanna be with me anymore. Perplexing! I said, Wow. What a cunt. He said, Yeah this one right here. Mocha fresco Cubano. Oh yeah this is my favorite! I said, So . . . what are you gonna do? He said, I think I'm going with the Mocha Cubano most likely. It's sweet but at the same time indulges in subtle terrestrial notes as well.

I said, No. About the whole house thing. Your ex banging her new boyfriend in it and what not. He said, Well. That's the thing. I fuckin blew my nut on this house, Pat. And also on a ring for her. Yes. I bought a ring for her. God! We actually went ring shopping a month after we bought the house. So I blew my nut on the mortgage, long story short. Plus the ring. Which ok whatever. But she doesn't have any money. So she can't buy me out. So it's a bit of an imbroglio for me. A bit of a conundrum. But I also. I mean I could buy her out. But it wouldn't be easy. I said, Shit. He said, How's that cigar? I said, Good. Pretty good. I feel like I needed a smoke, you know? You know, I'm glad we bumped into each other. This smoke? It's actually making me feel alright. He said, Same here! Oh yeah. Definitely same here! We needed this! I've been inhaling these things lately! I'm gonna be around after the game too. I'll be somewhere, finding something to do! Probably smoking another gar. It's highly likely! Let me know if you're around.

The leather chairs were comfortable, although a tad outdated, and the bar had no trace of a coffee machine, never mind an espresso machine. A Keurig sat about three feet to the left of the haggard bartender and neither Herb or I bothered to ask if they had espresso. I said, Well, at least rates are low. . . . Aren't they? He said, Man, I don't know shit about interest rates. Those are like percentages and shit right? I said, Yeah, neither do I really. I guess they're like rates of change and shit, or something? He said, Maybe. This girl I'm with. Was with. Experiences rates of change in terms of whose fuckin cock she's hopping on each month. That's about all I know about rates of change! And now I'm stuck with her. In my house! For the foreseeable future! Shit! I said, Fuck man. If it was me? I'd toss her two cunt lips right onto the street! He said, You know. I wish I had it in me,

Pat. You know? Honestly? I think she might have fuckin played me.

Ten

Fuck me, I whispered to myself in the corner of the locker room, still in my navy blue Armani suit-reading the box score. Which displayed 19 points for Latrell and 19 points for Allan and a 12 point loss for our team. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck. Kurt appeared across the locker room as an apparition. Not as Kurt Thomas my teammate who was actually in the locker room. But as white Kurt Thomas, the alleged Caucasian interdimensional entity who had been communicating to me for the past two day about Paul's post-Federal Reserve career.

I said, Coach? I'm just gonna step outside for a second. Outside the arena I hopped into the nearest payphone booth. (Kurt was now across the street staring at me.) I got on the line with the bookie. I said, Yeah, this is Steve Marinara. M-A-R-I-N-A-R-A. And I, uh, I had a bet on tonight's Knicks game, yeah the NBA Finals, ummmm. I was just wondering-is it too late to cancel that bet? Shit. Ok. Yeah no worries. But ummmm. Ok. Well, never mind! Yes. God, Patrick. What? No. No, this is Steve. Yes, Steve Marinara. No, Sorry, I was talking to my cousin here. Pat Spaghetti. Yeah. No that has nothing to do with the bet. You are correct. Um. Ok. Ok. Yup. That's great. Yes, I'll pick up the winnings as soon as possible. Thank you!

Kurt said, What you don't need to pay Dom back anymore? I said, Ah! He said, Believe me now? I said, Fuck! You scared me, you little cunt! Ugh. Yes? But either way I have to get back inside, like, right now. And why do you look like Black Kurt again? He said, I take many forms. I said, Fuck. Youuuuuu!! Then ran back in the Garden, hoping to Christ Ahmad Rashad didn't catch a glimpse of me.

Babe? I said, as Paul prepared a three-egg omelet for me after the game. He said, What is it, honey? Eggs are almost done, ok? You want arugula in these? A little arugula in this omelet for Patty? Or just plain eggs? Are you my little Plain Jane? I said, Um. A little arugula wouldn't hurt. Fiber. But . . . um, I just wanted to. Ask. You. Something? He said, Sure what is it? I said, Do you know a guy? By the name of? Kurt? Thomas? He said, Isn't there a fella by that name that plays on your ballclub? Small forward or something or other? That Latrell Sprewell is something, huh?! Honestly, I just like saying the name. Latrell Sprewell! It almost rhymes! It has a great rhythm to it. I said, Yeah. There is. There's a Kurt Thomas. Promising power forward actually. But I think this Kurt Thomas is actually. He's perhaps a white fellow? Uh, ahem. A white-man? If that rings any bells? White Kurt?

Paul stopped flipping the eggs for just a moment. I said, So you do know him? He said, Kurt . . . Thomas? Very Biblical. Hmmm. I mean it doesn't ring a bell? Per se. But it's also a fairly common sounding name. And, you know, Patrick. I get introduced to quite a few people even on a monthly basis. I certainly could have met him. That's entirely possible. Especially with a name like. What? Chris Tomlinson? What business is he in anyway? I said, That's the thing. He seems to think he's in business with you. Something about addressing the nature of. Something about perspective and observation or something? Retards? I don't know. Haha. It was probably just some psychotic lunatic trying to play with my mind and make me go insane. Haha!

Paul paused. I took a deep whiff of my omelet burning just slightly. He said, But how . . . and I'm just thinking aloud here. But . . . how would he make the connection between the two of us? I said, I think the eggs

might be done? He said, Because I thought we agreed, and I know you hate this, but I thought we agreed, for the sake of both of our careers, to keep our relationship under the radar for just a while longer? Isn't that what we agreed on, babe? Patrick? I said, Oh, no. Totally! Totally, Paul. Yeah that's like. One hundred percent the plan. Which is what. It's what I'm trying to do. I'm dedicated to that. It's actually why I'm bringing it up. Because I was like. Oh wow. Who's this freakazoid with the name of my team's starting Power Forward who's telling me he knows Paul! Who he shouldn't even, like, know that I know!

Paul dropped the omelet into my favorite orange bowl apathetically. He said, It's curious. I'm just. Well. I hope you're being completely transparent with me? I said, Are you being transparent with me? He said, Ok, Patrick. What do you mean? Am I being transparent with you? When have I ever not been transparent with you? What are you getting at here? Is it because I wouldn't take you to the ADL meet-and-greet the other day? Are you coming around to Zionism finally? It's not that I didn't want to. I said, No it's not that at all, Paul. Babe. Honestly, let's just drop it. I didn't want this to be a whole thing. I just wanted to run it by you. In case, this guy was some kind of psychotic lunatic or something. In case I was going, like, I don't know. Totally insane or something. But it's not like a big deal!

Kurt said, Why don't you let me pick up the money for you? You know. Now that I think of it. It's really the least I could do. I said, Oh, the least? Fuck man. Can you give me a few? I was about to jack off over here. I'm like twenty minutes into a pretty thorough edge session. Kurt said, I mean. Someone has to pick up the money. Otherwise, if it's not picked up, a wager of that amount.

It might draw attention. And if you pick it up. Well. And I mean this with all due respect. But you don't exactly read as a Steve Marinara to the median New York City bookie. I said, Your racism is finally abutting sensible, Kurt. Congratulations. Are you gonna turn into a black guy again now? And of course. I'm sure you could make some form of legitimate ID appear right out of your asshole or something, right? Kurt said, In a manner of speaking that's true. I said, Knock yourself out bro. I still don't get it though. I don't know what the fuck it is you're up to. I know you want me to want to know what you're up to. But you know what? I don't think I even really give a fuck! Oh wow percentages! Blah blah dimensions and percentages! Just pick up my fuckin money and pay off the vig to that mooly Dom. Since you wanna help me so much! Yet even with that said. You know what? I've just about had it. Paul and I almost got in a huge fight last night. No. Actually. We did get in a huge fight. Because now I can't trust him. Isn't that sweet? How can I? I don't even know who he fucking is anymore! He's working with aliens. He's banging his wife's pussy? It's too much! It's grotesque!

Kurt said, Give me like . . . I don't know. Until the end of The NBA Finals? And then I promise this will all be clear. Your life will make sense again. That I promise you, Patrick. But you know. You know . . . some people really, they actually enjoy being involved with my activities. They're actually pumped when I come around. I'm honestly a little surprised you're so bent out of shape because of all this. I mean, so what? Oh, Paul might still be banging his wife? You're surprised? Are you edging your cock off into a puddle of tears because you think an uber powerful nominally heterosexual married man might be fucking his wife then homo-ing out with a man on the side. And playing both sides against each other?!

A man tells you he's leaving his wife but he's still married. And you're surprised to find out he's still plowing her? How old are you? Twelve? Can you drink legally? Jesus Christ man. Give me a fucking break. I'm giving you a premium opportunity to be a part of something beyond intergalactic and you're moping around. What are you gonna dunk basketballs until you're Paul's age? You're fucking 37, Patrick. How many NBA centers play into their forties? You had a great run! You'll be in the Hall of Fame and all that bullshit. You can make a fucking speech about how great you are on ESPN2. But you need a new lease on life. What? Is Paul it? Hahaha! What? Because he's a 6' 7" white guy with bonafides you think he's some new bridge, some kind of divine new direction for you. He's 72 fucking years old man! He could be six feet deep by the time you celebrate 40. Plus. Hold on. I'm not even at the best part yet. You think you can trust a central banker? Oh, you thought hedge fund managers were bad? You had a reservation about a stock broker? Let me tell you something. No, just hold on a second. Let me finish. Because I've been holding back. Oh you have no idea how I've been holding back! Let me tell you something, Patrick. Let me let you in on a little known secret. You can't trust a central banker! A central banker?! Are you fucking kidding me? These guys are the biggest snake oil salesmen on your goddamned planet. And it's not even close! They legitimately think they're fucking God bro. They literally think they can play God and that they should be commended for it. With a straight face these people believe that some fucking pie chart is going to tell them tweaking a knob in the high yield debt market will save the world. But religion is superstition? Two Indian guys on a temporary visa put together a robust excel spreadsheet and people like Paul Volcker think they've

become supernatural beings. They're literal gassed-up morons. I can tell you this: No one in my dimension respects them. Oh sure they're invited to fancy ADL conferences here. Sure. Secure financing for Israel! Claw back a couple million from Himmler's grandson! Take out a low interest loan to bomb the Balkans! Why not? But no. They're rightfully acknowledged as the sad, sad little men that they are where I come from. I'm actually not here to involve Paul in anything. I'm only here to wipe his ass! Just like I wiped yours! Clean the shit from his metaphorical balloon knot! These total-fucking-morons man. God, they're tiring! Oh, I didn't meet Jesus, so there's no God! Oh, I can figure out the entire universe with a notepad and a few syllogisms! God. Give me a fucking break mannn! You're better than this Pat. There are literal adolescents in this dimension. No, there are full-blown retards who have more general sense than your central bankers do. Yet they're considered titans of industry here. This dimension is a joke dude. Get a grip bro. You think Paul fucking Volcker is your savior? Do yourself a favor. Find fucking Jesus man. Become born-again or some shit. Christ man. Go preach to some morbidly obese rural Anglo-Saxon women about the true nature of the Trinity or something. It's just sickening. I'll give you a couple days, ok? Let you finish beating your meat over here. I'll toss the five hundred in your savings. It won't be easily traced. A couple more bets and Quiet Dom might actually get off your case pal. Oh. And one more thing: 80-67, 81-89, 96-89, 78-77. Do with that as you wish. Goodbye!

Eleven

So I bet more or less my annual salary on the rest of the series. Which settled my debts with the Genovese mafia. Yet it wasn't exactly the easiest pill to swallow. Covering my degenerate debts by betting against my own franchise? Even if it was inside information. Interdimensional information or whatever the fuck. I mean it wasn't like I was playing in the actual fuckin games. Latrell really lost the series for us when you think about it. No offense to him. But I was a legitimate observer. Had I played who knows? Maybe I shouldn't feel that bad after all. I'd told Paul I needed some time. A few days. To get my head on straight. That things between us, they just needed some time to breathe. That I knew he knew Kurt Thomas and that he was a gargantuan lying fucking prick. Given my recent winnings and the need to spend as much cash as possible I hired a private detective to follow Paul while we were apart. Come to find out he was blowing out his wife's pussy almost every night. Right in the fuckin ovaries. Bisexuals are the fucking worst. I wasn't even mad. To still have that type of vigor for your wife at 72? I had to tip my hat. Even if it killed me to do so. And oh it killed me. To my core! But you know what? Knowledge is power. Yeah. It is. Knowing one way or the other. Powerful stuff.

Herb only played two minutes the entire series which made me feel better. The fuck am I doing still in New York? That's what I've been thinking of late to be honest. Why am I here? Still? I gotta get out of the city man. I've had enough of this shithole. I'd like to go out west or some shit. Maybe Florida. It's kind of muggy there. But I could deal with that. Miami Beach or something. I feel like Miami's chock full of Cuban bitches. That whole Latina vibe. Butt cheeks. I could live

with the humidity. But to be honest with you. What have I really been wondering of late? Where the fuck did White Kurt go?

I'm actually starting to think I really, that I actually pissed. Oh, hey Herb? What are you doing here? Yeah. I'm. I guess I do kind of like Mamma Mia, haha. Yeah. This is Raul. You wanna drink? He's easily one of the best bartenders in the city! With that said I'm just drinking vodka on the rocks right now. Herb said, Patty Cake Patty Cake My Motherfuckin Man! What's going on bro? Season is finally done with. Mannn. Onto the next, am I right? Onto better things. Another day another fuckin season. Fuck. Jeff fuckin played me two minutes the entire series. You believe that? Jew. Little midget cunt box. Oh for real? Chris Dudley is better than me? Herb Williams? That's fuckin racist bro. Total bullshit.

I said, It's all around us brother. And it's potent. This racism. I feel it deep in my fuckin bones bro. My bones are literally filled with white racism. He said, It's a motherfuckin white man's world. You better bet on that! I said, It's like. Even if aliens came down. Their asses would probably be white too! All Caucasian and shit.

He said, Some Caucasian Ass UFOs and shit? I said, Even if they came from other dimensions and shit. He said, White ass alien bitches? I'd fuck 'em. I said, And they'd have like inside information on shit and shit. They'd know everything about you and it would disturb you on increasingly profound levels. Like really disrupt your mental space in a material manner. Haha. He said, I'd fuck a white alien bitch. I said, Oh definitely. Right up their alien asses! I love pussy hole bro. He said, It's the best. Fuckin love vagina lips. But they're also the worst. You fall in love with some gash. You buy a beautiful townhouse in Tribeca, and then you have to listen to her fuck Chris Gatling Wednesday through Sunday. I said,

Why do we do this to ourselves? He said, It's been happening since the beginning of time bro. It's like 98% of our genetic code. 98% of our genetic code drives us toward buying townhomes in Tribeca with tawdry whores bro. That's actually a scientific fact. I said, It's enough to drive a guy to straight up homoeroticism. He said, Can you believe this? This little whore got Eiffel Towered by Chris Gatling and Rony Seikaly the other night. Right before Game 5? How could I possibly concentrate on the game! Um. Can we smoke in here? I could go for a quick cigar? I said, Raul! I said, So Herb. I feel like we're um. We're pretty close, right? Like we've smoked enough cigars. We gone through a commensurate amount of sticks during these Finals. Enough so that I can so to speak. Perhaps. Confide in you? Tell you a secret? Herb said, Bro, tell me anything. I've fuckin heard it all dude. My ex-girlfriend is literally probably getting a train run on her by the New Jersey Nets starting five in a townhouse in my name as we speak. I said, Because the thing is. Well. Do you actually believe in that shit? Like aliens and shit? Intergalactic paraphernalia?

He said, Like UFO bitches? I said, Yeah. I don't know. Because the thing is. I had this experience right before the Finals began. Some white ass alien. Or in his words interdimensional entity. He like visited me straight up out of nowhere. Showed me some wild shit. And honestly I don't know what to make of it. He said, What'd he show you? I said, You know. It's hard to explain? It's like, I don't know. Super numerical? Rates of change but the rates of change are changing and shit? But I felt like I could verify it. It seemed verifiable? There were real-world verifications I was able to. Somewhat conduct you know? But.

He said, That's some wild shit. You still talk to him? What was his name? I said, Well who knows his real name. But he introduced himself to me as Steve Marinara. I mean, who knows if that's his real name. Sounds totally made up. But anyway. Yeah I don't know. I think I may have pissed him off? Which is totally fine by me. Because I haven't heard from him in a few days. And honestly I thought I would like that. But now. I don't know. Now I'm thinking maybe I'm literally losing it or something? That I'm like imagining interdimensional white men entering my penthouse and talking mad shit to me? Herb said. Pat. Listen. Listen to me right now. Anything's possible. But fuckin think about it: Right before our first NBA Finals? You're injured. Both of us are fucking fossils in this League. We know this. We're two geriatric motherfuckers by NBA standards! That's a lot of stress for anybody to be under. I'm not saying I don't believe in spirits and shit. Shit-even aliens. Even white ones. Caucasian extraterrestrials. Hitler ass aliens. They could totally exist. Fuck do I know? But at the same time? Is it possible you were just, uh. Stressed about things, understandably so. So you manifested, say, a Joey Rigatoni or whoever it was. To talk to. To make you feel better about not playing in The NBA Finals? I mean, to me, it's definitely possible. I think it's totally a possibility. It could be just that simple. End of story.

Oh hell no! she said. You told me five hundred! Don't even try and play me! I was down the street at Mario's later that night and I guess I'd had one too many vodka waters? One of the dancers was apparently yelling at me as we stood at the ATM. She said something to the effect of, What the fuck is your passcode? I said, I could have sworn it was 5499. This is so odd. You know if Emilio

would just let us pay by card. She said, Fuck you! Terrence! Terrence! This guy. This loser! Isn't paying me my money!

Subsequently Terrence coerced me into promising that I would pay the dancers their full tips moving forward. That he would give me a one time pass just this time. Because I was a good customer. And I was Patrick Ewing. But I needed to make a point to pay the dancers what I agreed to pay them. Even if it was for illegal blowjobs in the club's champagne rooms. Even if I was generously inebriated. I agreed with Terrence and I promised to clean up my act. Get it together. It was easily within my abilities. I just needed to blow off a tiny iota of steam. Maybe one more vodka? No. That's excessive. It's time to go home. Before you get too drunk to drive.

Outside white Kurt sat in the lot on top of my trunk. Like a total asshole. He said, Hi Patty Cakes. So you played the numbers I see? I said, Ugh. You again? My relationship is ruined, Kurt. I hope you're happy. He said, That was never my intent. I said, Now I'm getting my dick sucked by women again. He said, Not my business Patrick. But with that I said I sympathize. I said, What do you want? He said, You didn't miss me at all? I said, You would think a stripper would know how to work a cock a little better. Especially for that price.

He said, There's a mathematical coding behind all of our actions. A mathematics that reverberates in often odd ways. Mathematics that makes sense until it doesn't. Repercussions aren't necessarily symmetrical. I said, Fuck you man. He said, Isn't betting frowned upon by David Stern. Especially when it's on your own team? With mob bookies? Hahaha! Either way. My work is done here, so I figured I'd just drop by and. You know. Um. Say goodbye? Apologize? For our relatively tumultuous liaison? Because I do. I actually do sincerely

apologize for any inconvenience I may have caused. Any inconveniences I may have caused. For what it's worth I think Paul will be a solid agent for necessary change. For a stepping back. From unnecessary interventionism. Because it needs to stop. There's a precipice or something here. I said, Can you launder some money for me? Just a few million? He said, The next 26 months will be instructive. It'll be crucial. I think your inclination to leave New York is probably a correct one. I've never been like a big round numbers guy. But there's probably. I don't know. There's maybe something to it? Round numbers? Even if they're fictitious? I said,

Twelve

I said, Oh my God. Babe. Karen! You'll never guess who I just had a dream about?! Do you remember. By any chance do you, um, remember that documentary on the. What's it called? The Ancient Olympics that we watched last year? She said, No, David. Sorry. Wrong girl! I said, C'monnnn. Karen. Can we not do this right now? I literally just woke up. The Michael Jordan guy? You remember! Number twenty three? The Bull people? Yeah I had the most vivid dream about one of his contemporaries. It was so surreal. I literally felt like I was him. I actually feel like I'm still him right now. It was so crazy. I was black! But I was gay? Oh yeah! Kurt was there too! It was hilarious! Karen said, Ew. I said, Whatever Karen, You know something? You don't appreciate dreams. You know that? Karen said, Sorry David. I'm just kind of busy. You know. Planning a wedding! I said, Have you ever considered the theory that dreams are in fact portals to other worlds Karen? I actually believe that. Crazy things are possible you know. But no. I'm happy we're finally getting married too. You're my special fiancée? Karen said, I know babe. I am! I love you. I'm sorry. I was mean wasn't I? I said, It's ok honey. No. I get it. She said, It's just. You know. You wake up. You're yelling. You're gay. You're black. It's a lot! I said, I know honey. I'm sorry. That was crazy of me. Having gay black dreams you know? Who am I? You wanna grab some espressos over at New Harvest over in District XL7650----x? She said, Really babe? You'd take me there? I said, You know I would. Are you familiar. Does the name Paul Volcker mean anything to you?



(nas safa)

Rick Brunson is just another guy trying to eek out a living selling sex toys. Yet in the year 2024, free porn, AI generated Hentai, and ruthless advancements in Flesh Lights are compressing margins and infringing on the demographics Brunson Industries has historically serviced.

They say crime doesn't pay. But neither does a 3% net profit on a 9 inch dildo.

With this mind Brunson emerges with a novel idea. Selling butt plugs for house pets. Encouraging people to start actually banging their pets.

Inspired by a mysterious note he received during the COVID-19 pandemic—written by a certain David Wingate in the year 2981—Rick comes to suspect that, by the year 2050, pedophilia will be legalized in the United States. That Jeffrey Epstein will be re-evaluated not as a child trafficker and potential Mossad agent but instead as a man-boy Christ-like figure.

It's in this very milieu that Brunson plans to ensure—by any means necessary—that his proprietary puppy butt plug technology is first to market. Because, in his mind, by mid-century fucking fellow human beings will, in all likelihood, be totally passe.