



In 5 Dimensions
No One Can Hear You
Request A Paternity Test
Syrianus

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Note on Meter: The 8th interval is a meter where each line occupies the 8th interval of the Fibonacci sequence, meaning each line contains between 34 and 55 syllables. I've used this meter in Burn This PDF, Vol. II: Feelings Come From Gain of Function Labs, but for this particular poem the language consists purely of extemporaneously spoken dialogue. It's a univocal dialogue containing multiple lines of speech - each section is narrated by Ibrahim Pasha, but Pasha is only recounting what he himself and each participant spoke in real-time. The only punctuation employed is the period, which, rather than functioning grammatically, only indicates a pause in speaking.

*1 - 1st Interval - 2 - 2nd interval - 3 - 3rd interval - 5 - 4th interval - 8 - 5th interval - 13 - 6th interval - 21 - 7th interval - **34 - 8th interval - 55** - 9th interval - 89*

In the beginning. From a certain vantage point. Complex representation was confined to the speaking of a language. There was nothing beyond pure speech to place symbols for discrete items into a temporal setting. We're in the year 2222 AD. In space. Yet we're also. At the same time. In the early 15th Century Near East. Where a certain synthesis is being developed by multiple independent parties at once.

The Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe in Orbit within the Gravitation Bound Solar System of the Sun

I said: Should have I? Ugh. Maybe not actually. J_!!1
said: Should you have what? I said: I don't know I'm just
kind of. Second guessing. The whole Zmail I just sent
off.

Ugh. Just the ending though really. The rest is probably
fine. I don't think there's anything potentially
objectionable except the end. J_!!1 said: Well how did
you end it.

I said: I put. Well I said *Imk* instead of let me know. You
know that whole. You're familiar with acronyms? J_!!1
said: It's a. That one's a little antiquated I believe? The
Imk acronym? But yes.

I said: I don't know. Now I'm just thinking. That maybe it
was a tad informal for the content. For the recipient? Not
that our work relationship is totally formal.

I mean technically it's in reference to selling cocaine. In fact. Yeah. It's actually quite informal. Our work relationship I suppose. But it was just something. I don't know.

I've been thinking about since I woke up this morning.

Actually during my sleep as well. Maybe it's been gnawing at me for a bit. J_!!1 said: Right right. Um.

Are we still planning to rendezvous with Carlito on the outskirts of Planet Nine? If so. What time should I schedule us for? I said: You can call it Pluto J_!!1.

Planet Nine is just so. I mean. See? This is what I mean.

To me that's *too* formal. Calling it Planet Nine. Instead of Pluto. We have. What. Are you trying to impress me with the formal naming?

Because I think we have a fairly informal relationship.

No? We're like best friends! J_!!1 said: I don't disagree entirely. I probably could have said Pluto.

I said: Like. We can talk to each other as equals you know? Despite the fact I'm your superior. Same thing I

was talking about earlier. With the *Imk* versus let me know. I think *Imk* is fine.

J_!!1 said: But you wrote *Imk* initially right? I said: Oh yeah. I wrote *Imk*. I said if you wanna meet on this next week we can dock our ships around Uranus just *Imk*. Verbatim those were my words. J_!!1 said: Are we even going to be around Uranus this week? I said: Next week I was thinking we could spend a little time around there? I'd like to check out at least one or two of their inner moons before we leave the solar system again. Particularly Antarctica. I had a. I made a brief appointment over there.

Or no? Are you down? J_!!1 said: No. That's perfectly fine with me. I just wanted to get it on the itinerary formally. I said: See what I mean? Do we need a.

J_!!1 said: If we were going to do that. I'd put it on the. I said: No good? Are they overrated? The moons of Uranus. Because we don't have to. I mean. You would know better than.

J_!!1 said: No. They're fine. I mean. Maybe not *my* personal favorites. In terms of moons at least. Inner moons. I said: Okay. But we can still check them out? Personally. I love Antarctica.

That's my favorite moon of Uranus personally. J_!!1 said: Sure. If you want. I said: Well. Let's see what he comes back with. J_!!1 said: And what about Carlito? I said: What about him?

J_!!1 said: Should we still plan to meet him in the vicinity of planet. Of Pluto? Like this afternoon? I said: Yeah. That's fine. Let's just go ASAP. Get this shit out of the way. Fuckin Carlito.

Outside Pluto Buying Several Kilos of Cocaine from One Carlito Brigante at a Set Rate

Carlito said: Ibrahim. How are you. I said: I'm good
Carlito. I'm not bad at all. I'm actually fine. So. Pluto eh?
This is where we meet nowadays?

Carlito said: I prefer to call it Planet Nine. But yes. What
about it? I said: This is where you wanna do the drop?
He said: Why not? It's completely out of the way.
Nobody comes to Pluto anymore.

Seems apropos for a drug deal? I said: No. That's fine. I
get it. Carlito said: It's almost like. I'm getting a vibe that
you have a problem with it? Being in a Plutonian milieu?
I said: I have the international pseudo-sheckels. Do you
have the cocaine? He said: I have three kilos. That's
what you wanted right? Our agreement? I said: I thought
we said three point five? Three and a half.

He said: It was three. Right? I said: I thought it was three and a half? That's what we agreed on. Carlito said: We can do 3.5. But I'll have to charge you a premium for the final half kilo.

I was already earmarking that for hand-to-hands later this afternoon. I said: Hand-to-hands where? He said: Mars. Like Mars area. I said: You're going all the way to fuckin Mars today?

Okay. I mean whatever. That's fine. I just don't want you selling hand-to-hand on Earth undercutting my wholesale. You know what I mean? He said: No totally. I would never do that Ibrahim. That's just bad business. You think I would do that to you? I said: No. Not at all! Not you Carlito. But okay. Good. Good.

He said: So. You want the three and a half? I said: Eh. I think I'll pass on paying a premium on the point five. I have to pay a premium for the last half kilo? Let's just do the three.

He said: Okay. That's fine. Totally up to you. J_!!1 said: Okay. Ibrahim should I get the pseudo-sheckels then? I said: Yeah. Go ahead. What did we say? Three thousand? A thousand per?

Carlito said: Ummm. Well let's see. For three and a half. I think we were doing thirty five hundred for the three and a half? But then you said you wanted the three. So I'd say thirty two hundred now.

I'd probably have to remove the volume discount for the extra half kilo. I said: Wait. So now you're charging an extra two hundred pseudo-sheckels because of a reduced volume discount?

Or upsell? But I told you I wanted the three and a half.

Carlito said: Right. But I thought you said you just wanted the three. So I had to up the thousand pseudo-sheckels per kilo rate.

That's for a minimum of three and a half. I said: But I *want* the three and a half. Carlito said: Like I said. Had I

known. I said: I thought you *did* know. Carlito said:
That's the thing though Ibrahim.

I actually *didn't* know. I said: So now I lose the flat per kilo rate? I wasn't even aware of a previous volume discount
Carlito. Carlito said: Ibrahim. There's always a volume discount.

The more you buy the less you pay per kilo. Three point five minimum for the thousand per kilo rate. I said: But now I have to pay a premium for the final half kilo?

Carlito said: Yeah. Because I already earmarked that for hand to hands! I said: I don't know. I kind of feel like this 3.5 shit. That it was actually *your* fault.

And that I should be able to get the three and a half at three point five. Carlito said: Ibrahim. What the fuck?
This is basic economics! This is Economics 101. Come on. Don't try and play me.

I said: Play you? That's funny because now I feel like you're explicitly trying to play *me*? Out of an extra two hundred pseudo-sheckels? Like egregiously so!

He said: Ibrahim. Are we really going to do this? I said: J_!!1. Just give him the thirty two hundred. This fuckin guy. J_!!1 said: Roger that Ibrahim. I said: But Carlito. Next time.

Next re-up. I'd like to discuss this volume discount bullshit. Because I've been operating off of one thousand per kilo for like. I don't know. Years now?

Carlito said: Because you've been buying the three point five minimum. It's always been a volume-based pricing. But okay. That's fine. We can talk about it. I said: Yeah. We'll talk about it.

The Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe Now En Route to Earth

I said: He's so full of. Ugh. Fucking shit sometimes!
Carlito. That cunt. So frustrating. Volume-based pricing
my dick. Fucking crumb. J_!!1 said: I don't know. I seem
to vaguely recall.

I said: Please. Don't fuck with me right now J_!!1. Don't
be imprecise in your speech. We both know you're not
programmed to quote-unquote *vaguely recall things*.
Or I do not. You know it. And I know it. J_!!1 said: That's
technically true. I said: It's like me saying I can't feel my
third thumb. Or. I don't know. That I vaguely ejaculated.
If I told you oh I just vaguely came what would you say?
You'd be like screw you Ibrahim. And rightfully so! J_!!1
said: I understand completely Ibrahim. It was certainly a
faux-pas on my part.

I said: We all make mistakes. J_!!1 said: With that said. I should say that I definitively recall Carlito employing a volume-based pricing on previous transactions we've engaged with him.

I said: What does that even mean? Volume-based? Like. Stop using awkward compound words to try and play me you know? It's like. What? You employ some vocab words and now you think I'll toss you an extra two hundred pseudo-sheckels?

It's just bad business to me. J_!!1 said: Volume-based pricing is generally speaking a fairly typical incentive employed by wholesalers. I said: See. that's what I mean J_!!1.

Hole-salers? This guy's a fucking homo anyway. So let's just head to Earth and drop this shit off. I hate passing through this solar system with a hot load in the trunk you know? No homo.

Iannuccilli's Coffee & Spirits in Midtown Manhattan on Planet Earth

I said: What a shithole. Every year this city inches downward just a little more. Each revolution around this Sun Manhattan continues to reach into the boundless abyss of abjectly failed metropolises.

J_!!1 said: We're supposed to meet with our distributor at high noon I believe? I said: Yeah that sounds right. Is it still Amelia? Our contact over there?

J_!!1 said: Correct. Amelia Amerigo Vespucci. I said: Is she Spanish? J_!!1 said: I'm not certain about that. I said: Is that her? J_!!1 said: I believe so. I said: Nice toilet.

Amelia said: Ibrahim. Great to see you again. I said: Likewise Amelia. Coffee? Or spirit perhaps? Because they have both here. It's part of the reason why I like the place so much.

She said: Get me a hot and black if you don't mind? I said: No cream? She said: Absolutely not. I'm lactose-intolerant. I said: Right on. Okay. Yeah. Can I uhhh get a hot and black?

And get me an espresso too. Double shot. And a tall hot black. Make that tall. Yup. Por favor! J_!!1. Do you want anything? J_!!1 said: Maybe an orange juice.

I said: Orange juice? Yeah. And one uhhh. Yeah an orange juice. Medium is fine. Actually make that small. Those things are chock full of sugar aren't they?

So. Amelia. I realize the intergalactic value of the petro-hitler fiat currency is lower than it was last quarter. And with that in mind I wanted to state that upfront.

That I feel your pain. I'm essentially an empath. Yet with that said. Your pain is in many ways our pain. Fuel costs just to get here are literally raping J_!!1 and I almost daily.

If not bi-daily. So we were hoping. We were hoping that keeping our current rate of seven hundred petro-hitlers

an eightball as static would work on your end? At least for this month.

Then of course we can reassess! And also we'll toss an option of paying eight hundred fifty trumpsicles onto the table as well. If that's more convenient on your end?

I personally think the latter may save you some money in aggregate. But obviously totally up to you. Amelia said: While I appreciate that offer Ibrahim.

It's surely generous. In its own way. Yet I tend to disagree with the notion that our pain is your pain. No. Not entirely. We were actually looking at.

Before we came here. We actually set our price target at a maximum of eight hundred trumpsicles an eightball. In terms of the petro-hitlers.

Well. We have no interest in dealing in petro-hitlers at this time. I said: No I get that. It's a rough economy all over right now. For sure. I mean. How about this?

Could J_!!1 and I settle for say. Maybe eight thirty five per? If you bought say? An extra five eight-balls? I think

that would be totally amenable to us. It's actually something commonly referred to as.

I'm not sure if you've heard of it. It's apparently called *volume-based pricing*? She said: Hmm. I think we could agree to eight thirty five if that were your flat rate.

And we'd be willing to give you eight twenty five as a so-called volume-discount and purchase the additional five eight-balls? I said: And the eight twenty five. That won't be retroactive.

It will only apply to the additional five. Is that okay?

Amelia said: That's fine. I said: Amelia? You've got yourself a goddamned deal! Amelia said: Beautiful!

I said: Should we toast our coffees in celebration? A little caffeinated cheers perhaps? J_!!1 said: Ibrahim. What's that?! I said: J_!!1 one second. We're just finalizing a deal here.

J_!!1 said: But Ibrahim. I said: One second J_!!1. Please! Amelia. As always. By the way. Are you by any chance of Old Spanish extraction? I wasn't sure. The Amerigo.

But then the Vespucci. They strike me as vaguely Hispanic? I don't know. Then the Amelia. I feel like it could really go either way. It's ambiguous but in a good way.

You know. J_!!1 said: Ibrahim! Please. Someone is taking off with our ship! Amelia said: Always a pleasure Ibrahim. Here. Take this! I said: Ahhh! That's exceptionally hot! Amelia?! What the fuck!

J_!!1 said: Ibrahim some of that coffee is in my system now? I said: In your system? She tossed the whole goddamned thing in my face! J_!!1 said: What should we do?

I said: Go after her J_!!1! Please! And quickly! Before they take off with our goddamned ship! Please! I gotta get a napkin. I can't fuckin see shit!

J_!!1 said: Ibrahim. I've confirmed that Amelia Amerigo Vespucci as well as her entourage have successfully fled the premises with the Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe.

I said: Fuck. You can never trust a Spanish girl J_!!1.
Especially with an ass like that. We should have known better. If she's even Spanish.

We should have known that this whole arrangement would come back to bite us. Fuck! J_!!1 said: We do have an insurance policy on the vessel. Which may be a fact worth noting at this time?

I said: It's worth noting but I'm almost positive we declined to extend the coverage to Earth because of the extra cost no? Can you check that? Would that be possible to verify?

J_!!1 said: Good point. Let me verify our records. I said: Yeah. Can we get another doubleshot over here. Also. Is there any chance we can get a refund on that hot coffee?

The bitch just tossed the entire thing in my face! Did you see that? J_!!1 said: Ibrahim. What are suggested next steps? In your opinion? I said: Confirm the insurance situation.

Scour web-8 for any background we can get on this Amelia cunt. Are there any rub and tug joints still open on Earth? J_!1 said: I don't believe any with human masseuses.

Not that I can see on a cursory search of web-8 at least. I said: I don't necessarily care what species the masseuse is. But. Ugh. Then again. I don't know. Look out there? It's totally overcast now. Starting to rain. Eh. It's too rainy to get jacked off right now. Sure. I wanted to relax myself. Yeah. Of course that's something that may aid us in our search.

We can't perform a search like this with an abundance of abject bodily stress weighing us down. But this weather is just. It's just totally turning me off.

J_!1 said: I couldn't find any massage parlors within a walking radius of this particular espresso shop. However it seems as though there's a gentleman's venue at the end of the block?

I said: That's good to know. But not right now J_!!1. Not this moment at least. Let me down this second espresso. You know mine spilled too. When she tossed her entire cup of scorching hot coffee into my face.

I've barely had a sip of espresso. What a horrendous morning. What came back on our insurance? J_!!1 said: Negative on the Earth coverage front. I said: Cunt.

I was hoping that wasn't the case. Yet I was positive it would be the case. J_!!1 said: One thing to consider here as well Ibrahim? Is that Earth has boycotted the police for now almost two centuries?

I said: I'm aware. That's the double edged sword of selling coke here J_!!1. It's a supple market. Sure. Because it's essentially un-policed. But insurance costs an arm and a nut because of it.

J_!!1 said: What do you suggest? I said: This bitch has our ship and our shit. We're gonna have to find her and obviously kill her? And not just kill her!

We're going to have to make a fucking example of her.
I'm talking serious decapitation. I'm not just talking about
bing-bang lights out. I'm talking eyes gouged out at least
half a week before we let her die.

This twat is going to suffer at our hands J_!!1. She has to
suffer now. I'm gonna cut off both her big toes and stuff
them in her eye sockets. Then make her run laps around
the Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe!

J_!!1 said: That sounds like a sound plan of retribution
but. I said: I'm gonna call Carlito. Get us a rental vessel
for a week on credit.

What I need you to do is scour the area for any brothers
sisters mothers cousins she may have in the galaxy. We
need leverage in the meantime.

Once we get back up and running via Carlito we'll start
decapitating each one slowly until we find one that this
cold-blooded bitch actually cares about.

Then we'll negotiate some peace treaty and at that point go back on our word. Take her into custody. And torture the bitch. J_!!1 said: Sounds like a plan!

A Brief Phone Call with Carlito Brigante

I said: So it's a full rental rate? There's no volume-discount? Carlito said: Ibrahim. Do you want a damn megapod or not? They're not free vehicles.

I said: Obviously I want it Carlito. I fucking need it. Want isn't even the appropriate word here. I don't really have a choice. I'm just asking you to help me out a tiddly wink.

A friends and family discount or some shit? He said: Oh wow. All of the sudden you're familiar with a plethora of discounts? That's funny because.

I said: Friends and family is par for the course Carlito. It's very pervasive in the market place. He said: Fuck you Ibrahim. I'll give you a five percent discount.

That's fine. Call it what you want. Friends and family. Cousins and cunts. I don't care. But I want it returned with a full tank. I want the meter at one hundred percent. Ninety eight point six and I'm billing you in full.

I said: I'll take that! That's fair! Five percent will leave me more than satiated Carlito. Now when can you get it to Earth? Carlito said: I have a side business with my second cousin in Lower Manhattan.

Rental spot. Where are. I said: I'm fucking in Manhattan right now. So that's perfect. I'm in Midtown. He said: It's called Flying Cars by Carlito.

Ask for my cousin Julio. Tell him you talked to me. You should be in the system. He'll take care of the rest. I said: Wait. I'm in your system? As what?

He said: As Dave Diablo. Use that name so he can find you. Tell him Dave Diablo is looking for a megapod with the five percent discount. You should be all set.

I said: Okay good. Great! I just don't need my real name in any cocaine databases? Please and thank you. He said: Of course. Go see Julio. You should be all set.

Flying Cars by Carlito Rental Agency in Lower Manhattan on Planet Earth

I said: Yeah. Five percent. That's right. It should be under uhhh. Diablo. David Diablo. Julio said: And you said a megapod? That's what you wanted?

I said: Yeah. That's it. Model XYZ if you have it. That's the most spacious model you have on-site right? He said: Well. Actually. We might have something a little more roomy if you can wait til. I don't know.

Like maybe later this afternoon? Maybe until end of day at latest? I said: How much of an upgrade is it? He said: Well. It's a custom-build so kind of hard to describe in standard terminology.

But it should be a significant upgrade. Also with the potential of a rent-to-buy if that intrigues you at all? I said: What's the name of the model. He said: Ummm.

Let me see what we have it listed as. Uhhh. It looks like it's an Abraham Kashi Deluxe? Or something? Does that ring a bell? It struck me as a little obscure as a model.

But apparently it's actually half-decent. A little dated. I said: A little what? Julio said: A little uhhh. I said: But we can wait. We can probably put the megapod on hold for a few hours.

For sure. J_!!1 said: Ibrahim! Do you think. I said: How are you acquiring this thing anyway. Is this coming off trade? Is that the reason for the wait? Julio said: Ummm.

Kind of? Kind of weird story actually. Some blonde chick came in earlier looking to sell it outright. I reached out to my cousin Carlito about a price. I said: What'd he say? Your cousin. I actually know Carlito by the way. Julio said: Oh really. You should have said something! I said: Yeah. We go way back. From high school and shit you know.

Julio said: Oh nice! Yeah you know Carlito then. He told me buy it out if we can get it at a decent discount. Then resell it full price. Haha! I said: Oh. That Carlito.

He's certainly something. But yeah. Can you maybe give the girl a call. Bring her back here ASAP. If we can get something more spacious I'd be more willing to even drop the five percent discount thing.

Even still bring it back with a full tank! He said: Sure. Yeah. I can definitely reach out to her. J_!!1 said: Ibrahim. I said: That sounds great Julio. Thank you so much! Yeah. We'll be down the street. You have my number right?

Joe's Cologne and Wine Spritzers in Lower Manhattan

J_!!1 said: How is it that none of these cologne bottles have caps? I said: And none have boxes either? Joe said: Which one you looking at? I said: Oh. Nothing in particular really I guess.

But like this one. There doesn't seem to be a price? J_!!1 said: On any of them really. Joe said: Okay. So that one. You want a box and cap? If you bought it.

Hypothetically. Would you want the box and cap. I said: Probably? Joe said: Okay. With the box and cap it's actually a hundred and fifty trumpsicles.

I said: And you have them? The caps and boxes? Joe said: Sure. Of course. But what if you didn't want a box? I said: I don't know? Why wouldn't i?

Joe said: Hypothetically let's say. Let's say you said actually just give me the bottle. I'm just gonna throw out the box anyway. So just give me the bottle. I said: Okay.

Joe said: Now if you didn't want a box I could give it to you for a buck ten. A forty trumpsicle discount. I said: Really? Wow. Joe said: And let's just say. Let's just say hypothetically.

You didn't want a cap either? I said: No cap either? Joe said: Let's say you said. What do you need a cap for? I'm gonna have to take it off every time I give myself a spritz anyway. Why do I need a cap?

I said: Okay. That makes some sense. So what then? He said: Now if you didn't wanna cap either? Then I could probably give it to you for seventy five trumpsicles. So another thirty five trumpsicle discount.

Half the original price. I said: Wow. That's like. Yeah you're right. A fifty percent discount. Just because I didn't get a cap and box? Joe said: Yeah. I mean it's more popular on the cologne side.

For guys buying for themselves. On the perfume side. I mean. The fuck? You're gonna buy perfume for your girl without a *box* or *cap*??? I said: Yeah that's kind of.

I mean you can't give a girl perfume without a box and cap. Joe said: Now I've done it. Couple girls back. Gave her a perfume bottle with no cap for crypto-Christmas.

I said Hey Dominica. Here take this. Gave her a gift bag with a perfume bottle with no box or cap. I said: No box either? Joe said: No box either. I said: What did you say?

Joe said: I said Merry Christmas. What else? I mean think about it for a second. Is a cap making you smell good? Is the box a repository of fresh scent? I said: Not exactly.

Joe said: Of course not! You're gonna toss them in the trash anyway! So why not save yourself a couple bucks. To let us dispose of the items for you. The items that you're going to dispose of anyway.

I said: But I guess. I guess where I'm not totally following is. Like. What's in it for you? What makes these boxes and caps of such value on your end?

Joe said: Honestly? We're just trying to help *you* out. The consumer. Times are tough right now. It's a tough economy. For all of us. Prices are rising.

Especially in the fragrance sector. The fragrance sector? It's absolutely brutal right now. Do you really wanna be paying almost two hundred trumpsicles for a fucking cologne bottle?

To spritz on your nipples and shit? Or would you rather pay half that for the actual part you'll actually use? J_!!1
said: We actually had our ship stolen this morning. Joe
said: Exactly! See what I mean?

This economy. It's just crazy! The fuck are you gonna do now? Pay a hundred fifty beans for a fucking cologne? Or are you gonna pay seventy five and let me hold onto the cap and box for you?

Which are totally useless anyway. When you think about it. I said: I mean. There must be some value there. Joe said: I mean even as a gift. A perfume. Sure.

Like I said. Maybe you look like a total jadrool giving her a literal *bottle* of perfume. But half these girls nowadays? They're too busy waxing their shrimps to even know the fuckin difference?

I said: Honestly Joe? That's a great point. Yet. With that said. I'm gonna meditate on the offer momentarily. We're actually *potentially* on the precipice of recovering our ship.

We might be as close as a singular cunt pube away from it. So I wanna go touch base with a few people in the meantime. Before I go ahead and make any discretionary purchases.

Circling Back with Carlito

I said: Ah Carlito. I thought I might have found you around. Carlito said: Ibrahim? What the fuck?! I said: I know. I know. I'm sorry Carlito! I don't know what got into me.

He said: You fucking gouged a girl's eyes out in my cousin's rental shop in Lower *Manhattan* Ibrahim? Right as he's about to buy a mint condition ship from her?

Do you know what type of ripple effect that can have on a business? I said: Okay. Well. To be fair. It was *my* ship he was going to buy. She stole *my* ship Carlito.

Okay? Which is why I did the whole eye gouging scene. And. Also. It's funny. Because Julio and you weren't talking about my ship as mint at the time. If I recall correctly?

He said: So you have to go gouge her eyes out *at* my cousin's Ibrahim? There's nowhere else in Lower

Manhattan you could find to gouge the girl's eyes out and make an example of her?

That's what I'm being told to believe here? I said: Well I had to do it somewhere Carlito! And it's not like I could do it just anywhere either. He said: You know.

That's the thing with you Ibrahim. You're always resorting to violence. You're like. An inherently violent person.

Why? We could have bought the ship back from the girl.

Then. I don't know. Sold it to you at minimal markup. I

said: Minimal markup? But again. Carlito. I'm not sure you're entirely comprehending this so let me reiterate it.

It's *my*. *Ship*. So you'd expect me to pay for my own ship.

That you bought off the black market? He said: Well it's better than gouging a poor girl's eyes out! Isn't it?!

I said: Is it? Maybe for you! For me? Poor girl? Fuck her.

She wants to try and steal my shit she's gonna pay my price. And guess what? When you fuck with my shit my price is high.

With no volume-based discount either! He said: Oh nice. So we're back to the volume-based discounts already! I said: Oh. And by the way. Carlito. Your little cousin Julio. You know. I wasn't gonna bring this up. I was gonna leave this little tidbit to the side. Because I know I caused a whole mess at his place of business. But you know.

When I asked Julio who authorized him to buy back this mystery ship that was obviously *mine*. You know who he told me authorized it? Carlito said: Who did he say? I said: He said. Let me think here. His cousin Carlito told him to buy it! Isn't that. Does that strike you as a bit odd? That you would be made aware that my ship is on the black market.

And instead of giving your old friend Ibrahim a call. A quick head's up. A *hey man is your ship on the black market?* Are you okay? You instead go ahead and authorize him to buy it at a discount.

Then tell him to sell that same day? Carlito said: Julio told me it was an Abraham Kashi Deluxe he was buying. Not an Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe Ibrahim. I don't know what you want me to say?

What am I telepathic over here now? Abraham Kashi. Ibrahim Pasha. Is it my fault the kid fucked up the name? I said: Oh right. An Ibrahim Kashi deluxe.

In Manhattan. A day after we make our sale. And none of that struck you as odd. or coincidental. Or worthy of further inquiry? Carlito said: Here's a thing you might not know about me Ibrahim.

I actually do more with my day than wondering what *you're* doing. I actually have other things going on. On a daily basis.

Besides sitting on my futon in my eco-territory and placing my chin in my palm and wondering what Ibrahim Pasha is up to right now.

My world expands just a little bit beyond the mundane goings on of your life. Ibrahim Pasha. Ibrahim Kashi.

Abraham Latke. I'm not spending half an hour on these names.

Julio called me up. Said he had a hot piece he could pick up as a steep discount. Asked me for the greenlight. I gave it to him. I said: You're a real disingenuous prick Carlito. You know that?

That's what I'm starting to realize. That. At bottom. You're an authentically disingenuous prick. That's actually who you are. You act as if you're this objective voice on matters of heated dispute.

When the reality is that you're little more than a disingenuous skill for your own petty interests. Carlito said: Oh I'm a disingenuous prick? A petty skill? Says who Ibrahim?

Ibrahim the petulant child? I said: Fuck you Carlito. He said: No fuck *you* Ibrahim. I said: Okay. You know what? I didn't want to have to do this. But you're leaving me no choice.

Carlito said: What? I said: I take back my apology. That apology from earlier? It's officially rescinded now. He said: Oh do you? You're rescinding your apology? I said: Yeah. I do. I just did. He said: That's nice. Real nice. Tell you what Ibrahim? Why don't you take it back. Take back that apology. And shove it directly up your ass!

Because that's where it fucking came from in the first place! I said: Oh yeah Carlito? That's where you think my apology came from? Up my own ass? That's interesting.

Yeah. Maybe I will. Maybe I will take my apology and shove it up my own ass. But you know what? While we're at it. Why don't you take your volume-based pricing?

Take that volume derived pricing? Toss it straight into a catheter. And shove it straight up your dickhole! Because that's where it belongs! Carlito said: Why don't you get the fuck off my moon?!

I said: Oh I will! I'll gladly leave your little shithole *Pluto* moon. Gladly! And tell you what? As a bonus. And I'm gonna go find a nice little two-bit coke dealer of yours. Somewhere in the solar system. And I'm gonna bring him back here. And then I'm gonna decapitate him too! I'll leave his body parts all over your moon for your Azalean maid to clean up you fucking prick! He said: Fuck you!

Microdime & Under: Preparing to Abscond to 5 Dimensions

I said: Yeah. Just piato soap. And that should do it. J_!1
said: You want me to. I said: Just hold the spot in line. I'll grab it from the back. They keep the bigger bottles on the top shelves now.
Like they're trying to sell all the smaller bottles at the same price? So I'll have to get on my tippy toes to make

sure we can get the bigger bottle of piato soap. It's annoying.

J_!!1 said: Okay. Then I'll just meet you in line? I said:

Excuse me. Miss? An Antarctic Lady with her Small Son in a Stroller said: Yes? Can I help you?

I said: Yeah. I couldn't help but notice. That you're playing music right now. From your i-Spleen? She said: Yes? I am. And? I said: Yeah. And what is that i-Spleen at right now?

Like max volume? She said: Maybe. What's it to you? It's not your i-Spleen. I said: Exactly. That's kind of the point I'm getting to I guess. It's not my i-Spleen.

Nor is it the i-Spleen or anyone waiting in line here. It's nothing to really miss. Except that I have to listen to it out the native i-Spleen speaker. Essentially against my will.

While I'm forced to wait in line to buy a bottle of piato soap my ship desperately needs right now. She said:

Oh. So you want me to turn it down? That's what you're asking me?

I said: I mean. You don't think it's. I don't know. A little rude? That you're playing the soundtrack to Titties & Clit down the street? In public? As we're all. In public.

Just trying to buy basic amenities here? She said: Well the store has no music playing. So what difference does it make to you? If anything I'm doing you a favor.

Otherwise you'd be sitting in silence. I said: And maybe I prefer silence! Maybe I'd like to be standing in pure unadulterated silence as I wait in line to buy my big bottle of piato soap!

She said: But most stores *play* music sir. So you're. Respectfully speaking. Talking out of your ass. I said: Yet respectfully. That's a little different. The scenario you just noted.

The store. The store owns the building. Or leases it. Whatever. So if they want to play music in the building.

The music young men get their penises sucked to down the street.

If they want to play that music at a high decibel level then frankly? That's their prerogative to do so. It's probably inappropriate. But it's an organized method of being inappropriate.

They've purchased the right to be inappropriate. Because there's one store. It chooses the playlist. The playlist at the store was never intended to be a democracy.

If they. The store. If they choose to play no playlist then I'm content to shop in silence! But if we as individual customers. If we all start blasting our favorite tunes from our i-Spleens.

She said: Then so what? Go ahead! I don't care! I said: I'm sure you don't! Because I would never do that! And how could I anyway? Because *you're* already doing it!

She said: So go ahead then! Like I said. Not my i-Spleen? Not my problem! I said: And you don't think that

would be total chaos if I did?! If all of us standing in line here?

We're just playing disparate music at max volume?! From shitty ass i-Spleen speakers?! She said: I have the i-Spleen-Twenty-Three sir. Yeah. The Twenty Three. Just because you see an Antarctic woman with her son in a stroller you automatically assume my i-Spleen is low-grade. Don't you? But these speakers are industry quality!

Bet they're better than the speakers you have in whatever bunk-ass ship you drive. I said: Oh yeah. Industry quality! I'm sure! Listen. I don't know who sold you that line of horseshit?

But it sounds like you're playing that song from inside a urinal! She said: Respectfully sir? Fuck you! The Cashier said: Sir. You can bring your piato soap up here?

I said: Yeah. Great example you're setting for your son. Swearing in public. Playing i-Spleens in public. Get a pair of fucking headphones why don't you?

Since you're well-off enough to have the i-Spleen-28 with the industry quality speakers. Then get headphones with them next time. On behalf of all of us in line here?
She said: Wow. *Wow*. You're a real asshole! The Cashier said: Sir please. I'm ready! You can come up to the register now and I'll check you out. I said: Okay be right up!

Ibrahim's Aunt's Condo in the Quasi-Bronx in
the 5th Dimension Where He and J_!!1
Absconded After Murdering A Cocaine Dealer
In Mid-Town Manhattan

Dena said: Ibrahim! I wasn't expecting you. How did you get into the fifth dimension so quickly? Would you like some soda? Or possibly a few cookies? I said: I don't drink soda anymore Dena.

But uh. Thank you. Dena said: You don't drink soda? Since when? J_!!1 said: I'll take a glass though. Of soda. If that's okay with Ibrahim?

I said: Does soda still expire in fifth? Dena said: What do you mean expire? Soda doesn't expire. I said: It expires in the third dimension. I know it does.

Because back in third half the soda in your cupboard expired around the time the plane Uday tried to

assassinate me with took off. Dena said: Oh. Don't be silly Ibrahim!

No. Soda doesn't expire. I actually prefer it flat. I view it almost like a wine. J_!!1 said: She has a point Ibrahim. It's all sugar anyway. I said: Don't agree with my great aunt J_!!1.

That's disrespectful to me. And what about the fizz?

That's what you drink soda for. The fizz is what animates the added sugars. Otherwise might as well just eat a few teaspoons of pure sugar.

Dena said: How about a cookie? I said: I think I'm good for right now. I just had lunch around the corner. Some bagel and lox. You know how bagels fill you up.

But uh. thank you. J_!!1 said: I'll take one. A cookie. Are they home-made? I said: We're actually here on business. Technically. We kind of wanted to discuss.

Dena said: They're home-made in the community. But I didn't make them. J_!!1 said: Oh great. Dena said: Do

you need a loan honey? J_!!1 said: Are those the cookies there?

On the counter over there? I said: Not a loan per se. I would say more of a bridge loan if anything. Literally just to cover some overnight expenses.

Dena said: Yes. Please have some! My sister made most of them last week for the holiday. I said: I thought you said they were. And wasn't the holiday like a month ago?

J_!!1 said: Are home-made cookies still good for that long? Dena said: Of course honey. They don't go bad. I said: But yeah. Umm. Not even a loan per se Dena.

Even referring to this transaction as a loan. No. I think that would kind of overstate the case. It would be dramatizing the state of affairs just a tad? Really it's like a quick cash front.

Nothing more at all! Almost like an overnight repo lending program. Dena said: So a short-term loan? J_!!1 said: Yeah like a short-term loan. Exactly.

Exactly. I said: Finish chewing before you talk to my great aunt please J_!!1. Hasn't anyone taught you. J_!!1 said: I actually had you adjust most of my social respectability meters Ibrahim.

Dena said: How much do you need Ibrahim? I can have my financial advisor send you a quasi-check. I said: Oh I don't know? Maybe like a quick hundred fifty thousand petro-hitlers?

If you have them? Dena said: One hundred and fifty thousand petro-hitlers?! What do you need that type of cash for? I said: We're just uhh. I mean.

Really it's just a receivables lag on the disaster management line of our business you know? That lag is almost entirely attributable to us leveling up to fifth.

Typical business expansion issue really Dena. Now that we're up a couple dimensions there's a time lag. We're just covering operations for a night or two.

Then we'll have the cash in tow and wire it right back to you. With that said. Would a wire? Would that be

possible. Via your advisor? Dena said: I don't know if I can do that through my bank Ibrahim.

I think I only have quasi-checks. Or. Or I could take out the physical petro-hitlers? But I'd have to go to the. I said: No you can definitely ACH the hitlers Dena.

Dena said: I don't think with my account I can actually. I said: If you have access to over a hundred fifty thousand petro-hitlers you can one hundred percent wire funds. I'm sure of it. Believe me. Dena said: Even in fifth? I said: Just give me your advisor's contact info and I'll. Dena said: Well. I can talk to him. I said: Okay. It's just we need the funds.

There's a. It's a bit of a time crunch here. Like I said we'll get it back to you ASAP. Like 48 hours tops. But with that in mind. We also need the funds ASAP as well. If that makes sense?

Dena said: I've just never used this. What is it called again? J_!!1 said: Wiring funds. Dena said: I've never used this wiring funds. I'll give you the money Ibrahim.

That's not a problem. But you're sure you can't take a quasi-check? I said: Can I pick it up from the fuckin guy then? Your financial. Dena said: Ibrahim! Please. Language!

I said: Advisor? Sure. We can. Of course. We can do that. We can pick it up from your. Flipping advisor. Maybe later this afternoon. If that works?

Dena said: I'll give him a call. It shouldn't be a problem Ibrahim. I'll tell him to make out a quasi-check. It shouldn't be a problem for him. Tell your friend to have another cookie!

Impatiently Waiting for Dena's ACH

I said: God. She's so fuckin difficult sometimes. Just send us the damn ACH. What're we. Gonna have to deposit a quasi-check now? J_!!1 said: I took some cookies for the road. She insisted.

If you want one? I said: Fuck cookies. No. I want nothing to do with any stale ass cookies until we make sure we have those one hundred fifty thousand petrohitlers in hand J_!!1.

Let's you know. Let's focus more on finalizing this bridge loan for right now. Then we can get some dessert or some shit. I could go for a slice of tiramisu if anything.

J_!!1 said: I've heard that's terrible in five dimensions. I said: It probably is. But I'll still give a whirl! Why not? Everything is a little more nascent up here I suppose.

I wonder what it's like to fuck. J_!!1 said: I've also been doing some deep moogles. On this Hampton. That you

asked me to do. I said: Right. Right Right. Any juice yet on that asshole yet?

J_!!1 said: Well. There does seem to be one particular article of intrigue. It seems to be behind a five-trumpsicle paywall. However I've been able to extract a few excerpts just by i-Spleen screen capturing.

Prior to the paywall popping up in fifth that is. I said:

Okay. That's good. Let's hold onto the trumpsicles for now. Until we secure this bridge loan from Dena.

But yeah. What's the download on that. The article on this Brock. Just give me the high level. The uhhhh. Basic summary and shit. J_!!1 said: The article seems to allege that Hampton was.

At one point. In his younger days. Perhaps a somewhat high-level drug trafficker himself. Despite later on getting into litigation obviously. I said: Oh really?

J_!!1 said: Correct. Yes. And the interesting aspect. The most interesting aspect. in my mind. Seems to be that Hampton. Prior to going into central oversight.

He agreed to cooperate with centralized authorities. As a part of a plea deal after he was caught in a sting. As the head of a quite large trafficking operation.

I said: So he was a rat. Fuckin crumb. J_!!1 said: All sources seem to suggest that. Yes. He turned central evidence. And testified on a case that was curiously similar to the one we just heard about.

With Carlito and Julio. It was an execution style double murder. I said: The fuck did he have to do with that though? J_!!1 said: According to his testimony.

Apparently Hampton had supplied the person. Who was actually a childhood friend. Who actually also owed him money at the time. Who was killed later that night.

He supplied him with the drug shipment. I said: And then the fuck was killed right after that? Execution style? J_!!1 said: Correct. A quote-unquote *drug deal gone wrong*.

I said: How does a drug deal go wrong and end with an execution style murder though? That doesn't make any

damn sense. And then Hampton uses this information as basically a get out of jail free card later on.

When he gets pinched with the drugs? Then all of the sudden getting justice for this childhood friend becomes a concern to him? When exposing it and pinning it on someone else gets him a clean legal slate?

J_!!1 said: Correct. I said: Well isn't that convenient. J_!!1 said: I thought so too. I said: So basically this guy built his whole shitty ass litigation career on flipping on a double homicide that.

If we look at it even remotely logically. He knew the kid. The kid owed him money. He may have been directly involved in? J_!!1 said: It seems possible. It certainly seems possible.

I said: And now. As he's poised to become the head litigator of the greater galactic central authority. Now another curious double homicide occurs.

Another *execution* style double homicide. That also seems to directly benefit him! Now that also just

happens to occur? J_!!1 said: It would seem as though that may in fact be the case here.

I said: Maybe that fuckin cocksucker on the news actually did have a point J_!!1. Maybe the Greater Galactic Central Authorities.

In some form. Actually did have Carlito clipped. Had him murdered in fucking cold blood for all we know? In which case. I don't know. Maybe we share a common cause?

Catching Up with Ophelia (the Ostensible Mother of Ibrahim's Illegitimate Child)

I said: Was that you? Ophelia said: That called you? I said: After midnight? Yeah. Ophelia said: Oh yeah. Yes Ibrahim. That was me. I was out with Shina. You remember Shina right?

I said: Yes I remember Shina. I recall her. Why were you. Ophelia said: Oh. Yeah. We were just out. Have you ever heard of the pecan room? It's literally like on Uranus?

Anyway. Shina was talking about. You know. If I remembered how you used to use that cuticle cream. That orange cuticle cream. Do you remember that?! Haha!

I said: You know I hate when you talk about my cuticles Ophelia. Ophelia said: Do you remember it though? The orange cream I mean. I said: Yes I remember.

I haven't had an issue with a single cuticle in like five years. Maybe ten to be honest. But yes. I recall having minor cuticle issues over a decade ago. Sure.

Ophelia said: We were laughing so hard Ibrahim! Do you remember the library on that like. Remote moon we used to go to to study? I said: And you felt the need to opto-conference me about all this?

Ophelia said: Was that wrong of me? I'm sorry. Are you. You're seeing someone aren't you? I'm so sorry! Because I thought you were. I said: No. I'm still just living on the ship with J_!!1.

But still. You woke me up. You know it's tough for me to go back to sleep once I get up in the middle of the night. Ophelia said: It was like one am Ibrahim? Is that the middle.

I said: I had to take over five milligrams of melatonin.

Ophelia said: Oh my god. I'm so sorry! In retrospect. I mean we were a little tipsy. But yeah. It was totally inconsiderate of us!

I said: It's fine. If it wasn't in the middle of the week obviously I wouldn't care. But I get it. We've all been there right? It's fine. I mean it's. Ophelia said: It was Shina's idea actually.

But we were laughing so hard. I said: Orange cuticle cream is that funny? It's tough. You know. Back in those days I was working early mornings. Like fucking 4am!

At my uncle's warehouse over there. That cold air can be brutal on the fingertips. Ophelia said: Oh. I remember.

And then you'd meet us in the library after your shift!

That library on the remote moon! I said: And then I'd write fifth dimensional romantic poetry about how much I hated you existentially Ophelia.

Obviously I remember that epoch in detail. I heard you told Uday that his first son is mine? Ophelia said: That's right. You were a poet! Haha! Speaking of.

I heard you're in fifth right now? Is that true? I said: Yeah.

I just got here. Actually I heard Uday is over here as well. Been trying to track him down ever since.

You know. Since I heard you told him his first son's biological father is myself? Ophelia said: What makes you say that Ibrahim? You think I said that?

I said: He seems to believe that I'm his son's father. I'm not sure where else he would have got that notion from. If not you or me. Probably because we were fucking around the time you got pregnant I guess?

I just kind of figured. You would have been the one to put that idea in his mind? Because I can confirm I've generally avoided talking to Uday as just a general rule over the past decade.

Never mind giving him a ring to insinuate that he's raising my fucking son. Ophelia said: Oh god. Can we not bring up ancient history Ibrahim? It's so. I don't know.

It just strikes me as in poor taste. Plus. There's never been a paternity test for either of you. We've always assumed Uday. Because obviously it's Uday's!

How would I be qualified to tell Uday anything of the sort.

I said: I don't know. How were you qualified to tell me

you broke up with the fuckin guy when you clearly didn't?

That you were gonna break off the. Ophelia said: But is a complicated relationship the same thing as a genetic paternity test? I said: Are there no gray areas in genetics?

Ophelia said: I've always thought the idea that you could have been the father was somewhat far-fetched. It's always struck me as specious. Although I know you tend to cling to specious beliefs from time to time.

I said: I don't know. You were the one who always said Uday pulled out. Ophelia said: He did! But you wore a condom! Do you not remember?

I said: That's what I'm saying. You're proving my point!

Ophelia said: Ibrahim. Can we stop this silliness already. Listen. I'm *sorry* I opto-conferenced you past midnight.

I should have remembered you're such a *light* sleeper.

Like a little baby. I said: Oh. So now I'm a baby? Ophelia said: You're a cute little baby Ibrahim!

Don't take offensively. Why are you always. So offended at things? I said: I'm a cute little baby who's the father of your child. Ophelia said: Oh god. You and Uday. You're always so obsessed with bloodlines! Blood blood blood! That's all I ever hear about from both of you! I hope being in fifth will help you both. You know. Really update that point of view. That perspective. Because it's really kind of antiquated. I said: With all due respect Ophelia. And I mean this respectfully. So please don't take offense. Don't. Please don't take after me. With being offended at things. With what I'm about to say. But you're a Neo-Circassian whore. Ophelia said: Nice. Real nice Ibrahim. I'll actually take solace in that some things. Some things. They never seem to change! I said: In the fifth dimension. Whoredom. It's purely metaphysical Ophelia! It's actually a compliment up here. You know? Don't be so antiquated! Like.

Ophelia said: Screw you Ibrahim. You know. I really. I tried. I wanted to be nice. To reach out. I said: I'm just saying. Don't you think viewing whores with a negative connotation.

That it's slightly antiquated? Ophelia said: Are you done yet? I said: Umm. Almost. I'm probably close. I think I'm almost satiated here. Ophelia said: I'm sorry you're still unhappy Ibrahim.

With how things turned out. I said: First of all. I'm not unhappy. That's a tad presumptuous. No? You toss skeletons out of a closet and onto my living room floor on a whim and you expect me to do a cartwheel? I'm not that morose anymore. You called me in the middle of the night and fucked up my entire sleep schedule. Like you said. I'm a little baby. I'm a infant-esque sleeper.

And when I take melatonin I go into these super deep sleeps. Felt like I was in the fucking seventh dimension for three days and shit. Now I'm all groggy and shit.

Secondly. Do you think Uday is?! Happy?! Are you?!
Happy?! Ophelia said: Of course I'm not happy Ibrahim!
But I don't go around letting it ruin my day! Like you do!
I said: You think I'm having a bad day? Ophelia said: It
seems it! You called me a Neo-Circassian whore just
five minutes ago! Do you recall?
I said: No. I've had *way*. *Way* worse days of late Ophelia.
You have a lot to learn about me these days. Please.
Don't flatter yourself. I had some midget Azalean stripper
totally scam me.
I have the entire Guistiannini syndicate up my fucking
ass. I may be generally unhappy. That may or may not
be true. But it's certainly not because of some paternity
test that was never taken.
Fifteen years ago now! Ophelia said: Good! Because I
feel the same! I said: Good! Because. Like you said. It's
ancient history! It's fucking 9/11! Ophelia said: Awesome
Ibrahim. I'm glad we're on the same page! Finally!

On the True Nature of Opto-Conference Software

I said: No. Absolutely not! J_!!1 said: But Ibrahim. This seems like. I said: No. No J_!!1. I know what you're going to say. Oh. It's a good bridge plan.

Bridge the gap Ibrahim. Then you can kill him. Just be patient. Put your murderous rage on hold for a moment. Oh yeah! You know what else was a good quote-unquote *bridge plan*?

Making a so-called truce with the Guistianninis in the first place! How'd that work out for us?! J_!!1 said: Well. To be fair. At the time we didn't realize Amerigo.

I said: Now we're in a fifth fucking dimension. I'm trying to get Dena's financial advisor's Zmail. You're eating stale cookies. And some greater galactic litigator prick.

Who probably just ordered a double homicide in the third dimension! Is now telling me I should partner with Uday

Abbasid. Uday Abbasid J_!!1. This is where we're at now?

Partnering with Uday Abbasid. That cryogenic cunt. That frozen fuckface. Fuck him J_!!1. No. I will not! I absolutely will not drop that as a stipulation of our cooperation.

J_!!1 said: I understand the reticence Ibrahim. Truly. I do. I get it. Partnering with Uday is obviously a desperate. It's an act of desperation. Yet. What's the other option on the table?

I said: We get the bridge loan from. J_!!1 said: But the issue with that bridge loan is that Hampton just told us. Fairly explicitly. That he's aware of our business dealings.

He almost certainly has agents monitoring us anywhere we go. Anywhere in the quasi-boroughs. I said: But.

J_!!1 said: Which means if we don't cooperate with him.

At least for the time being. And instead choose to attempt to explore the Azalean connection at Vino Veritas without his consent?

I would presume Hampton would immediately have his agents. I said: Up our assholes. You're right. You're not wrong. Hampton holds all the cards right now.

That little douche probably came up explicitly to thwart us from getting back up to speed. Before we had the bankroll to bribe any of his fifth dimensional minions.

J_!!1 said: One would assume.

Yet one would assume that Uday himself is in a similar position. I said: One would assume. Yet one would have assumed the Guistianninis would have accepted our initial peace treaty with open arms.

Instead they declared full blown fucking war on us. Made us tuck our cocks between our legs and shift dimensional fucking space. J_!!1 said: Yet what other choice do we have?

We play ball with Hampton. Play ball with him for a little. Use that momentary partnership with both he and Uday to address our financial woes. And then.

I said: Well. There's one more element to consider here J_!!1. And it's one that I haven't exactly made known to you quite yet. J_!!1 said: Oh really?

I said: Yes. See. Ophelia actually reached out to me the other night. J_!!1 said: Ophelia. As in. I said: As in the Neo-Circassian whore. Who may be the mother of my illegitimate son?

J_!!1 said: Right. I said: She tried to opto-conference me.

J_!!1 said: Opto-conference? Is she in fifth? I said: I wasn't clear on that. I assumed she was still in. J_!!1 said: Because Ibrahim.

You can't opto-conference from third to fifth. I said: Sure you can. Otherwise. J_!!1 said: No. You can opto-conference from fifth back down to third. Fifth can initiate an opto-conference with third.

But if someone is in the third dimension they can't opto-conference you. If you're in the fifth dimension. So she must. I said: Fuck. That little sneaky cunt.

Could she really be in this dimension? You're sure about.

J_!!1 said: Ibrahim I worked as an opto-conference technician for almost a decade in the nineties.

Remember?

I said: Right. Right. So she's probably in fifth then? But she. She shouldn't be in fifth. Should she? No. I think. I thought she had some like. Fucking disease. That made it hard for her to be in any dimension but third.

J_!!1 said: I don't know all that much about Ophelia Ibrahim. But if she opto-conferenced you after we crossed over then I would assume that she too is also in fifth.

Or at the very least was in fifth at the time she opto-conferenced you. I said: I know Ophelia. She's never left the damn third dimension. Ever. And she's definitely not with Uday up here.

If she's up here. So if she's opto-conferencing me late night. That's an impossibility. So if she's in fifth then she's here by herself? But no. Ophelia by herself? That strikes me as an utter absurdity!

J_!!1 said: Yet. To me? And this is just my humble opinion Ibrahim. But this actually seems like even more of a reason to perhaps consider a temporary cease-fire with Uday?

Windbreakers & Dry Cleaning

I said: Do you wash windbreakers? J_!!1 said: Like the jacket windbreaker? I said: Like the jacket I'm wearing right now. This windbreaker. Do you. Would you wash this material?

J_!!1 said: Why wouldn't you? I would imagine material made to so-called break wind would get washed like any other. No? I said: I don't know. This material.

It seems almost. It strikes me as more or less water repellent. Like I guess my question is. Would water even seep into this material. From a laundry machine point of view.

Is it physically capable of being washed? Of being cleansed vis-a-vis water? J_!!1 said: One would think it couldn't hurt. At least trying to put it in the washer?

Even if it isn't thoroughly washed. I can't imagine. If it's water repellent. That putting it in a laundry machine would hurt it. How many times have you worn it so far?

I said: Well I just got it. You don't remember me getting this? Valentina got it special made for me with the Azalean star system etched into the breast? J_!!1 said: Oh that's the windbreaker?

I said: It's really high quality. J_!!1 said: I'm surprised you're wearing it. I said: I've probably worn it maybe. Give or take maybe three times. But probably only like once for an extended period.

The other times were like, you know. Quick trips in our escape pod to the grocery store and whatnot. Shit like that. J_!!1 said: I'd probably toss it into our next load?

I said: I'm usually super diligent about this type of stuff. You know that for a fact J_!!1. I'm a two wear max type of guy generally speaking. It's just windbreaker.

What an odd material. It puzzles me slightly. I haven't had a decent windbreaker in probably a decade or more. I

have no idea what my mom used to do with this shit. If she even washed them.

J_!!1 said: I would assume. I said: Would you dry clean them? No. That's absurd. A windbreaker. Being dry-cleaned. J_!!1 said: I could ask. Next time I go to our dry cleaner.

Although we hardly ever wear formal spacewear anymore. So it might be some time. I said: We're always dressed down of late. Aren't we? J_!!1 said: Yet that seems to be the trend across.

I said: You're right. Fuckin everyone is. To wear formal spacewear now? More often than not you would just look like a total douche anyway. Yeah. I'll just toss this in the next load. That's probably fine.

Further Opto-Conference Inquiries

Ophelia said: Hello? I said: Guess who? Ophelia said: Ibrahim. Um. I guess I. I wasn't expecting you to. I said: Opto-conference you? Ophelia said: Not with your screen off at least. Like what's the.

I said: Why not? I figured since we're both in fifth. Maybe we could link. Ophelia said: Ha. Wait. What makes you think I'm there? In the fifth dimension you mean?

You know I never leave the third dimension. My neo-DNA doesn't perform as well beyond fourth. Remember? I said: Oh. I remember. I recall. Yet I don't know.

I guess my follow up to that statement might be. How could you have opto-conferenced me the other night. From third. If I'm in fifth? Doesn't that seem a little curious to you?

Ophelia said: Um. Not really. Why? Who says you can't do that Ibrahim? I thought the whole point of opto-conferencing was you could do it from anywhere.

I said: Don't bullshit me Ophelia. J_!!1. You know him right? My business associate? He was an opto-conference technician for like ten years. So just. Don't. Let's not try to be slick about the true nature of the opto-conference. Alright? Ophelia said: Oh. Okay Ibrahim. But how long ago was he a technician though.

You know. I don't claim to be an expert on technology. Not in the least. I can barely restart my i-Spleen. I didn't even know that was a thing. That you couldn't opto-conference from third to fifth.

But also. I didn't even *know* you were in fifth when I called you! Like I told you. Shina and I were just *cracking* up about your cuticle cream. That damn orange cuticle cream. Remember?

I said: Right. The only issue I have with that statement is that you're an artist of deception Ophelia. You're a genius of blatantly lying to me. Because even right now. I want to believe you. What you're saying to me? It strikes me as entirely sensible. I'm starting to even think it's possible that I'm the one who's crazy here.

That J_!!1 isn't an expert in something that he's obviously an expert in. Ophelia said: No one's saying he isn't an expert Ibrahim. I'm sure he has a ton of knowledge in the field. I'm just saying.

If he worked in the opto-conference space for ten years. But that ten years was like. I don't know. *Thirty* years ago. Then he might not know all of the most current advancements in the opto-conference space. Does that make sense?

I said: It actually sounds incredibly sensible. I want to fall in love with you again right now Ophelia. That's how much sense it fuckin makes. But you don't think.

As a ten year veteran of the space. That he wouldn't keep up with the industry? Peruse the occasional trade publication? And *stay* up to date? And that if for some odd reason he didn't?

That he wouldn't preface his statement to me with that fact. Ophelia said: It's possible Ibrahim. I don't personally know J_!!1. But that simple assumption.

The one that you're personally making right now. It doesn't mean I'm in a dimension that I'm currently not in. I said: Interesting. Ophelia said: You know my neo-DNA Ibrahim.

From years ago. If I was in fifth right now I would *not* be having a good time. I said: Yet you're not having a good time in third either. So why not just not have a good time in fifth.

Ophelia said: What's my motivation to do that Ibrahim? As a mother I'm just uprooting my life to go two dimensions up? For what? I said: I don't know. Uday and I are here.

Ophelia said: Ha! You think I want to see Uday? I said: Maybe you just want to fuck with him. Or fuck with me. Or fuck with both of us. I don't know what's going on in your head Ophelia.

I'm not going to pretend to know that! Ophelia said: You know what Ibrahim? I was just reaching out innocently to you the other night. Truly. There wasn't some ulterior. Nefarious motive to it. Like at all. I just thought it would be nice to catch up. In a totally innocent fashion. But if you want to take that single instance of me trying to stay in touch.

And. Extrapolate it. Into a whole entire tangled conspiracy in that tangled conspiratorial head of yours. Then go right ahead! I said: Sure. It's always in my mind isn't it. These tangled conspiracies. I know. Because everything between us has always been so above board. That's classic. That's actually commendable in its absurd audacity Ophelia!

Ophelia said: I'm sorry I even called! Actually. Now. If you'll excuse me. I have to go pick up my son. In the *third* dimension. Where we both live!

Sean Michael Collins

A Homeless Man said: Excuse me sir. I said: Um. A

Homeless Man said: Sir. Thank you for acknowledging me. I appreciate the acknowledgement.

Because I couldn't help but notice that you made eye contact with me. I registered that as acknowledgement. Which is the only particular reason I chose to say excuse me sir.

Needless to say. I've fallen on tough times sir. Through no fault of my own. My name is Sean Michael Collins. That's my full government name. All three names. I'm fifty two years young sir. And I'd just like to ask.

If possible. For any type of monetary donation you can spare. My name is Sean Michael Collins. You can report me to the police if I act out of order in any way shape or form here.

You can do that. That's my full name. I'm fifty two years old. Any monetary donation you can spare would go a long way for me. On God I'm not here to rob you or anyone else.

My name is Sean Michael Collins sir. I said: Is. Uhhh. I have some spare change. But nothing. Um. Fiat at the moment? Just like parking meter coins. For my spaceship and shit.

Sean Michael Collins said: Sir that's perfectly fine. Thank you sir! Thank you so much for this spare change! You have a great day sir! I said: Guy has a solid preamble.

J_!!1 said: I'm sure he makes a decent living with that level of verbosity. I said: It's a great spiel. I can't deny that. It's actually amazing that he's homeless with that type of linguistic talent.

Look at him. He's got a real pep to his step. He's jogging at a decent clip across the street there. I don't even know if places. If they take spare change anymore.

J_!!1 said: I'm sure some do. I said: By the way. J_!!1.

When it comes to opto-conferencing. I know you're an authority figure. For sure. That your knowledge in the space exceeds mine by an order of magnitude.

But. With that said. I was thinking. Totally innocently that is. That you've been out of the game. The opto-conferencing game for a while? J_!!1 said: That's true.

We've been in business together for quite. I said: Do you. You know. Keep up with industry trends? With any sort of scheduled diligence? By any chance?

J_!!1 said: Well. I get a few quarterly newsletters on the subject. I said: And you. You actually read them? J_!!1 said: Peruse may be more accurate a verb.

But sure. They certainly don't go untouched if that's what you're asking. Why do you ask? I said: No reason really. I was just curious. You know. Like. For example.

I used to work in securities. But it's hard. I find it difficult at times to keep up with the markets. Always in fluctuation. Trends always modifying themselves and shit.

And whatnot. Sometimes I'm just like. Who has the time? Sure. I'm knowledgeable in an abstract sense. In some far removed fashion I'm sure I own a certain tangential knowledge even still.

But I'm probably far enough removed from the day to day that. Well. You know what I mean. But no. I totally trust your opinion on the space.

Ophelia's Baby Dad on The Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe

Uday said: Ibrahim. I said: Uday. Can I interest you in a date? Uday said: My blood sugar came back a cunt hair high the other month. When I got my annual blood work back. I'll probably pass.

I said: That's fair. It is however. You know. Natural sugar. But no. I get it. You don't wanna fuck with the glucose levels. That's totally respectable.

Uday said: So I wanted to call a quick meeting here. If that's okay with you two. Given that I think we've both touched base with Hampton at this point.

That we both have agreements in place. But I know he didn't feel particularly comfortable having us both in his office at the same time. I said: Agreed. I was going to call one myself.

Uday said: I wanted to call it. Touch base. Because obviously. I said: We want to kill one another. We'd clearly. If we're being honest here.

We'd both prefer to live in a world where the other didn't exist. We don't have to engage in formalities here Uday. the basis of a successful partnership here is going to be a strong. And honest. Foundation.

Uday said: I don't disagree. I said: Yet obviously we can't engage in any murderous rage toward each other at the moment. Obviously. Lest our immunity with Hampton be put at risk.

Uday said: Yet. With that in mind in particular. I did want to run something by you. With regard to that specifically. Specifically our murderous rage.

Because I don't know. Are you familiar with the name Crum Labia at all? Government name Chris. Christopher Labia? I said: Am I familiar with the name?

More than familiar. I just left a fuckin meeting in Quasi-Midtown with that asshole. Uday said: Oh. So you've

met then? I said: Twice actually. Did you happen to know Ophelia is in fifth?

Uday said: Ophelia is? As in the woman that's made us Eskimo Brothers Ophelia? I said: Yeah. Her. I just happened to bump into the little hoe at Underground Udon in Quasi-Korea town yesterday.

Uday said: Wait. Ophelia? Is in Quasi-Koreatown? Who the fuck is taking care of my kids then? I said: Ophelia *and* this Crum fuck. I was actually gonna kill the fuckin guy.

Frankly. It's a good thing I didn't. Since he also has a deal with this Hampton. and frankly. I only refrained from killing this guy right in Quasi-Koreatown because I assumed.

I was under the impression you knew he was porking Ophelia. And I didn't want to give you the pleasure of having me kill him. And like I said. Good thing I didn't.

Because I didn't realize who he was. You know he's the fuckin Guistiannini informant Crum Labia? The guy who in all likelihood whacked Carlito and Julio?

Then absconded to fifth under the protection of Hampton? Am I breaking news to you right now? Uday said: Partially. Partially. I knew some of this. But not all of it!

It's funny. Because I was gonna say. As an olive branch of sorts. Maybe we kill this Labia fuck together? Sate our murderous rage while we're forced to break bread in the meantime?

I said: And I appreciate that. I actually do Uday. Sincerely. I actually think. In a vacuum. It's a great idea. Believe me. I'd love to do it!

The only issue I have with potentially killing Labia. And again. I'd love to kill the fucking guy. But it's. Uday said: I didn't realize Hampton had flipped him. We know that for sure?

I said: I was just in a damn room with them both.

Hampton is using Labia to try and finger other potential Guistiannini associates he can flip. Does the name Anthony Al Gasso.

That ring a bell to you at all? Uday said: Anthony Al Gasso? You mean Tony Ass? Of course the name Tony Ass rings a bell to me. Guy's one of Tony Guistiannini's. And formerly Amerigo's.

Most feared capos. They don't. They don't know that? You don't know that? They think he'd flip? I said: I wasn't deep into the Guistiannini lore to be honest.

My interaction with the syndicate was more or less contained to Carlito. I never gave too much of a shit about the family tree. But either way.

Labia seemed to think he'd be worth looking into. Al Gasso. Because he didn't show up to some sitdown the other night. But again. That's only per Labia's intel.

Which in my mind is probably faulty if not outright disinformation. It strikes me as essentially nonsensical. Uday said: If Brock doesn't know Tony Ass? Then he's way behind the eight ball on all of this Ibrahim. And if this Labia twat is telling him. If he's actually fucking telling him? Informing him? Or even suggesting to him that Al Gasso might be even remotely flippable he's either lying out of his damn ass or he's a fucking moron.

I said: So what do we do? Can we kill this fuckin guy then? And actually get away with it? Uday said: Probably not right now. I'd say most likely not yet?

I said: Exactly. Not yet. But he's clearly running some type of scam up here. Uday said: And if we can turn Hampton against him then? I said: But how exactly? Because it can't be me. Hampton already knows I think the guy's a piece of shit. So my word is tarnished on that front. Unfortunately. Uday said: How so?

I said: I almost pulled his fucking tonsils out this morning?
In the meeting. Uday said: Of course you did. Well. I can see what I can do. I said: Get something on Tony Ass. On Tony Ass being intimately involved in Guistiannini business. If we can prove that and subsequently discredit Labia to Hampton? Then he'll give less of a shit if he goes MIA.

Uday said: I'm glad we're actually on the same page for once. I said: I agree. This feels good no homo. For now. Uday said: I'll see what I can do.

Concluding Thoughts from Higher Dimensional Space

I said: No. But that's the thing. J_!!1 said: What do you mean? I said: I mean. You set up the auto-pay for the lease right? J_!!1 said: Right. That's fairly typical.

I said: And now they're saying that they're charging us a late payment? J_!!1 said: Correct. That's the message they sent me just now at least. That the payment is late.

I said: So their auto-pay is automatically paying the bill. What? It's automatically paying it late? J_!!1 said: That would seem to be the implication of this.

I said: What's the function of an auto-pay system that pays a lease payment automatically *after* it's due? I'm not sure I'm following.

J_!!1 said: Should I follow up with our contact at the leasing agency? I said: Yeah. Ask them. Um. Just ask

them what the fuck? How are we getting charged a late fee if we subscribed to *their* auto-pay.

They set up the fuckin system. How could they not know when their own payment is due? How is an automatic payment. From their own system. Possibly late?

J_!!1 said: Well. In the previous email. Let me see here.

Um. They seem to be suggesting that we need to change the automatic. Um. The.

I said: No. We're not changing anything that's automatically paying anything on their end J_!!1. If I'm manually setting the shit then it's not automatic.

They have the auto-pay. If they want an automatic payment from us then they need to set their system up correctly. Period. End of fuckin story. I'm not programming their auto-pay.

No. We have way too much on our plate as is. Tell them that we can just pay manually if that's the case. An auto-payment that's automatically late? Wow.

That's a great fucking racket if you can swing it. Now what is this? J_!!1 said: It looks like we have. Someone on the hyperbridge? Should I. I said: No. I'll go check. You know. I wouldn't have expected the fifth dimension to have this much of a homeless issue to be honest with you. Coming up here I just kind of figured. Barely any fucking materiality up here and yet there's still a damn issue with the homeless. I fundamentally. I just fundamentally don't get it.

