

"Return to Antarctica"
Nicholas Katsafanas

Part 01: New Beginnings (Again)

01: Destinia's Condo

I said: No. I get it. I totally get it. I mean. I wouldn't necessarily say I get it. Not totally. But I understand in concept that you don't.

You're not particularly enthused about the possibility of going to Marcellino's twice Destinia. I totally get the reticence. On two consecutive nights going to the same place.

Although. I don't feel like. I somewhat highly doubt that they're taking too close of stock of who goes in there on a fuckin. Destinia said: No. I know but.

I said: And even if they did. Take stock like that. It's not the end of the damn world. If you. Or I. If we go twice in a fucking row. I've gone to the same place like four nights in a fucking row before!

They actually. Most places actually enjoy that type of shit! It's technically repeat business! Destinia said: I know. But I'm just not that type of bitch Ibrahim.

I don't wanna be that bitch. Going to the same spot two nights in row? You know? I said: Which is

fine. Then just don't go! Just come out for the dinner. Eat the dinner.

And then go home. Destinina said: Really? That's okay with you babe? I said: It's perfectly fine by me Destinina! If that's your preference!

Destinina said: But you can go. To Marcellino's after. If you want? That's fine! I said: Maybe. We'll see. I'll see how I feel after eating dinner. I might want to just.

Fuckin go home and sleep and shit. Destinina said: Okay. But what's my excuse? I said: Excuse for. Destinina said: To not go to Marcellino's after.

If I go to the dinner? Should I like. Say I'm tired or something? What should I say? I said: Sure. Say you're tired. Destinina said: Oh okay.

I said: What? Destinina said: Well. Should I say I'm tired? Or is that wack? Does that make me look like a bitch. For just going to the dinner? I said: I don't know Destinina!

If you're tired you're tired. Nobody can really question it! You can't question the veracity of someone lacking energy. That's like. An internal determination people have to make for themselves!

Destinina said: Whatever Ibrahim. You know. I'm sorry I even asked! I said: What? So now I have to come up for an excuse for you too?

Destinina said: Screw you! I can come up with my own excuses! Loser! I said: Oh yeah. I'm tired.

That's an all-timer Destinia! What a fucking brilliant excuse!

You know what? Destinia said: Fine. I just won't go at all then! I said: That's exactly what I was about to say! You don't have to go if it's that much of an inconvenience for you!

Destinia said: Ugh. You're such an asshole! I said: Alright. Okay. You know what? I'm sorry. Okay. Destinia said: I was just asking. I said: I know.

But it just. It just kind of went up my ass sideways. That you were like asking me to make up an excuse. On the spot! Simply because you don't want to go to Marcellino's twice in a row despite the fact.

You know. That you fucking love that place! Destinia said: I know. I said: For something. I mean. It is a little silly. You could go to Marcellino's for like.

One drink. And then leave? Destinia said: Oh yeah right Ibrahim! Like you'd ever go for one drink. Sure. No. I'd be there with until close with you.

Because you know you'll be ripping shots with Juan and them! One drink. Ha! I said: But like I said. No one is going to be tracking you at Marcellino's Destinia!

Even if that hypothetically occurred. It's going to be packed in there and. No. You know what. Let's.

Destinia said: Yeah. Like. Let's not continue to argue about this.

Because I'm actually getting pissed off. Moving on.

Are you going out Saturday night? I said: Tomorrow night? Well. I kind of have to. I feel like I kind of. Have to?

Destinia said: What is it. Juan's birthday tomorrow?

I said: Now. I guess I just feel. It could be a little awkward if I don't. Because if I'm buying wholesale from him now.

Destinia said: Because he's your drug supplier now you feel obligated to go to his birthday dinner? I

said: Somewhat. Is that wrong of me? Destinia said: I'm sure he doesn't care Ibrahim!

I said: No. He cares Destinia. They made like a fourteen person reservation at The Saturnalia.

He cares. If people crumb out last minute.

Destinia said: Well. Just go then. Why not? You deserve it babe!

02: [Document Insert]

Juan said: Yeah. I think he's coming still?

Tomorrow you mean? At the Saturnalia? Jason

said: Is he. He's still not like. A large-scale cocaine trafficker is he?

Juan said: No. He's totally settled down man! He's actually. He's doing some work under me now.

Jason said: Under you? Wow. He must have really scaled uh.

Kind of scaled back? Which is good! Juan said:
Screw you man. But yeah. He's turned over a
new leaf or something I guess. Trying to tone
down his criminal tendencies.

Jason said: Is he still. Well then. I guess he's not
like at war with. Who was that other guy again?

Juan said: Uday you mean? The Abbasid
brother?

Jason said: I think so. Yeah? Juan said: No. He
actually. Uday? He died a few years back. Jason
said: So. Then Ibrahim finally. He killed him
then?

Wasn't that like a thing? Juan said: Oh no. Ibrahim
never ended up killing him. He actually died of
cancer. Pancreatic I think? Jason said: Oh. Wow.
Pancreatic? That's sad!

Juan said: I know right? Guy survived an
exoskeleton removal. Then fuckin dies of
cancer. Life is wild. Jason said: Then again.
However they got that skeleton out.

I mean. Who knows what types of rays. Or what?
Radiation? That could have beamed into him
and shit during that shit. Juan said: I'm not sure
if that's how cancer works exactly Jason.

But yeah I get your point. Jason said: Oh yeah. I
have no clue myself about chromosome and cell
radiation and things of that nature. Just saying.

Indirectly! It's certainly possible that the guy. He.
Ibrahim. May have had an indirect. He may

have been indirectly responsible for killing the other guy.

Juan said: Well he seems to be. He seems settled down now in any case. He has a fuckin wife and shit. Jason said: Married?! Nice. Juan said: Yeah. Last time I talked to him.

He was even talking about like. Fucking having a kid and shit. Jason said: Hey man. Good for him. Starting a family. I've always rooted for Ibrahim. Even before I knew him personally!

03: Juan's Birthday Dinner

I said: But anyway. No I haven't seen him in years.

Juan said: Really? J_!!1? And you guys. Well he's. I said: I mean she was always technically trans I suppose.

But she wasn't all that uptight about the whole shit. We never really took gender that seriously. Either of us. I was calling people faggots all the time.

Nobody gave a fucking shit really. Juan said: Well either way. I was just saying. You two were so close. I said: So I was leaving the last night there.

After we solde the Ibrahim Pasha Deluxe for real. And it was. The weirdest thing. Because I'd stuffed a bunch of fucking shit into the ship. You know making an initial trip out.

Just absolutely stuff the trunk. And my pod's battery. Well I found out later it was the battery. The fucking thing wouldn't start. Jason said: Oh God.

Right before you were moving? That's the worst! I said: Fucking pouring out too! Juan said: Jesus fucking Christ man. I said: So now I gotta call a guy.

See if somebody can come take a look at it. At the pod. Because ideally I'm trying to take a bunch of this shit here. To the Earth's Moon. To move into Destinia's spot and shit.

Juan said: Right. Right. I said: Anyway. First place is trying to rip my dick off with their price. They give a dick splitting price to come and just take a look.

So I call my actual insurance. They'll do it fucking pro bono. So I get a guy through them. The insurance. To swing by. Heavy Azalean accent.

I want him to take a look at the fucking thing. He jumps it quick. I ask him. Hey can you take a look please! I'm desperate here. He says to me.

Papi! This pod? It's made by Harry Donda! It's gonna last you forever! Then he hops back in his geo-ring in the parking lot across the grassy patch and fucking jets off.

Juan said: So what was wrong with it? I said: Honestly Juan. That's the thing. I kept waiting

and waiting for something to actually go wrong after this prick jumped it.

Yet I never fucking found out. The thing just like. Reset itself. Worked perfectly after that. I have no idea how shoving a bunch of shit into it. In its trunk.

How that could possibly make the battery shit out. Juan said: That's weird bro. I said: At first. Honestly? At first I thought it was the z-brake. But that was fine too!

Jason said: That's kind of trippy Ibrahim. I said: But get this. The thing of it is. Before I called anybody to even look at it. I took out some little damn metal stand.

The last thing I had from my Ophelia era. Because that was just barely fitting. I thought maybe the trunk wasn't closing properly. So I took it out the ship and tossed it in the fucking trash!

Then I said a few prayers. Right as I took this last material piece of my tumultuous past and tossed in a fucking dumpster I prayed Juan. That's what I did.

Juan said: You think that was. I said: I think if I didn't take that metal stand out? Then the ship would have been all fucked up. Yeah I actually do think that!

Even though that's. It's insanely superstitious. It sounds nuts when I say it while eating an eighty

petrohitler steak. I get it. But I think there's merit to it.

04: Nickel + Poo (A Dive Bar)

I said: Did anyone notice the entire restaurant smelled like fish? Jason said: And also that it was fucking three hundred degrees in there? Yeah!

I said: I was sweating my fucking nuts off! Like immediately! And that's supposed to be a high-class restaurant. It's totally absurd! Juan said: This band blowsssss.

I said: Live instrumentation and harmony fucking disgust me dude. The singer's son is drumming. Jason said: I was wondering who he was. He's so much younger than these other geezers.

I said: Yeah. The guy said his son is drumming tonight. During one of the little intermissions and shit. Juan said: That's quaint. There are so many intermissions.

Christ. Whenever I think they're done? I said: The bass. Looks like it isn't plugged into anything? Juan said: Yet I hear the bass. Avgolemono said: You guys want a free shot?!

I said: Yes. Avgolemono said: Here you go! It's a shot. But it's um. Like juice. You'll like it. I said: It'll bump it up a tiny bit. Juan said: It's extremely loud.

I said: I like that though Juan. It actually drowns out my own thoughts. This absurd decibel level. It's somehow increasing my inebriation. Loud sounds that drown out any thought.

Thoughts that come to me. Yet I know. Jason said: What? I said: I'm aware that when it becomes quiet again. After having these thoughts drowned out for this period of time.

That when I'm sleeping. And when I wake up. In the silence of the middle of the night. Then these thoughts will come back to me more vociferously.

With more vengeance than they do even normally! Juan said: Like they knew. I said: Like they're. These thoughts. Like they're agitated that I'm drowning them out right now.

So they come back in the middle of the night with a certain fury. Forcing me to think. Refusing to leave me alone. To get any half decent sleep.

Thinking against my own will! I think therefore I am. Ha! What a joke Juan. Anyone who still believes thought is in any way individualistic is a fucking pinhead.

Just my two cents. I consistently find myself. In the middle of my nights. Thinking against my will!

Avgolemono said: It's good to see you Ibrahim!

I said: Oh totally! You too! It's so loud in here!

Haha! Avgolemono said: That's why I'm

wearing these ugly ear plugs! Haha! I said: But it's smart!

To protect your eardrums?! They don't look that bad! Avgolemono said: Haha! Juan said: She genuinely seems like she doesn't give a fuck if anyone pays for any drink here.

I said: That's what I love about her. Jason said: So Ibrahim. I said: So Jason. Jason said: So what's been going on man? I hear you're. You're like settling down these days.

That the old Ibrahim Pasha is gone for good? Is that true man? I said: Well. You know. At some point. I don't know. Enough people around you start fucking dropping dead and shit.

Jason said: True true. I said: One day you're hanging out with a guy. Some fucking guy. You probably don't even like him. But he's been around. You're hanging out with him.

And then the next week somebody else tells you he fuckin dropped dead in the bathroom at Uncle Tony's. His wife and kids at a dinner table.

Eating a plate of mid-tier calamari while he croaks at a damn urinal. Guy goes to the bathroom and fuckin drops dead like a space centipede in Inner Saturn.

Jason said: Shit man. I said: I don't know man. A person dies in a debilitating manner. Fucking dies slowly. Of this disease or that disease. Some people.

You know. They actually have the audacity to blame God for things like that. But to me? It's the medical community. They're all essentially charlatans these so-called doctors!

Doctors. Are we really supposed to respect them still? Even now? To this day? Juan said: I don't mind my primary care. But I suppose I don't disagree with the overall point.

I said: Either fuckin way. It just. Uh. Makes you kind of think about slowing down. To your question Jason. Fuck man. Sometimes it just gets tiring. Juan said: It makes sense.

I said: Then again. A girl behind a dive bar wearing ear plugs gives you a free shot of some watered down shit tequila mix. And then you feel like you want to go. You know.

Back into that little shitty kitchen. With the stove that has more dust than a fucking fossil. And just bend her over and rail her right on the dustiest part. You know what I mean? Jason said: Oh yeah totally!

05: The Grave of Uday Abbasid

I said: Shit. He's here too. Right now. What are the odds? Destinia said: Who? I said: Remember that J_!!1 cocksucker I've told you about?

Destinia said: Your sole partner when you trafficked all that cocaine you mean Ibrahim? I said:

Exactly. Destinia said: Yeah. I remember Ibrahim.

I thought it was. I said: Fuck a pronoun. You know what I mean. Destinia said: Why'd. You two. Why'd you end up. Why'd you fall out anyway?

I said: Ugh. Eh. It's a long fucking story Destinia. You know. It's not something. It's just not something worth getting into. At a cemetery of all places you know?

Destinia said: Right. I said: Is that okay? To. Um. Not get into it? Destinia said: No. It's fine. Ibrahim. I said: Why are you punctuating.

You're punctuating Ibrahim as though perhaps you're perturbed? Are you upset right now? At a cemetery? Destinia said: What does being at a cemetery.

How is that relevant to me potentially being upset? I said: So you are mad then? Destinia said: No. It's just weird. That you know. You were trafficking cocaine all that time.

With a trans girl. And now you don't want to. No. Forget it. I said: So the cocaine trafficking was fine Destinia. That was fine. But the fact J_!!I wasn't entirely comfortable having a cock.

That's where you draw the line? Destinia said: Well. No. Just that and the fact you don't want to talk about what happened with you two. I said: It's just not a cemetery talk that's all Destinia.

Talks have proper places. Is that that hard to. Shit.

Here she is. J_!!1 said: Ibrahim? I said: J_!!1?

Oh wow! I didn't. We didn't even see you over there! Holy moly! That's.

It's wild. Eyesight. Such an erroneous faculty haha!

J_!!1 said: Are you visiting Uday's grave Ibrahim? I said: This is Destinina by the way. She's my wife.

J_!!1 said: Oh wow. Great to meet you. Destinina said: Likewise! I've uh. Heard so much. J_!!1 said: Likewise. Honestly when I heard that Ibrahim was married.

I'm not going to lie. At first I didn't quite believe it.

I said: Well. Destinina said: Everyone says that. Don't they Ibrahim? J_!!1 said: But you know.

Not in like a bad way. I said: You're visiting Uday. His fucking grave J_!!1? Strikes me as a little odd. No? J_!!1 said: Oh no. No. No. I'm not here for Uday.

I said: You're not? Then. With all due respect. What the fuck are you doing here then? J_!!1 said: Oh. You didn't know? My grandma's buried here.

I said: Oh really? Wow. That's a coincidence. Life is strange isn't it? J_!!1 said: Well. In any case. My partner. He's actually waiting for me in our ship.

I said: Of course. This. Partner. He didn't want to. You know. Pay respect to your grandma at all?

J_!!1 said: Graveyards make him feel morose Ibrahim.

You wouldn't understand. But it's a quirk of his I've come to accept. Destinia said: Oh of course! I totally respect that! I said: Well. Listen.

Either way. It was great to see you. No homo.

Destinia said: Yeah. It was so nice to meet you finally! J_!!1 said: Oh absolutely. Likewise!

06: A Bistro Outside The Cemetery

I said: What a total load of fucking horseshit J_!!1 tried to feed us back there. Wow! Destinia said: From your old partner? I said: Don't use that partner shit.

We were business associates. And I'd bet half my urethra right now that J_!!1 didn't even have a fucking grandma. In fact I know she didn't!

Destinia said: How so? I said: He. Or she's. They're fucking bio-projected Destinia. They're not entirely biological. You didn't know? Back before the whole.

Um. J_!!1 is one of the last entities spat out of that bio-projection era. You know. Before the Central Authorities outlawed so-called artificial intelligence.

Destinia said: Wasn't that like. A really long time ago though? I said: It was. I've always assumed she was illegally produced. But you know.

When you're trafficking cocaine to Manhattan and shit. You know. It wasn't exactly something I found to be of primary import at the time.

Destinia said: I thought. Like. Not only was all that outlawed. But that all those entities were supposed to be. You know. I said: Recycled into the seventh quantum sphere?

Yeah. And my mother wasn't a concubine. Like I said. This shit wasn't. This whole topic. It wasn't a cemetery topic. Are you starting to see that now?

Talking about this shit with a bunch of rotting flesh underneath your feet? It's not proper. Destinia said: Is it a bistro topic though? I said: Not really.

But now I'm. I'm frankly a little pissed that she would fuckin. Tell such a ridiculous lie like that to me. Oh you're visiting your grandma? Suck my cock.

Your grandma? Fuck outta here. Her grandma can suck my cock too. It's just an insulting lie to tell. Why not just make up something up that's remotely feasible.

For my sake! Or why not just admit you're there to see Uday. What do I give a fuck? Sure. It's quite odd. Perhaps even acutely suspicious. But really. Because I don't.

Destinia said: Well. You know. Sometimes people lie for nonsensical reasons. You guys hadn't

seen each other for a while. So. I said: No. I get it. You're.

You're probably right. But still. Essentially? Fuck them. They're up to something. Something's just a tad off here Destinia. I can feel it.

07: Ibrahim's Bedroom Late at Night

I said: Hello. Is. Is someone there? Uday said: Can you see me? I said: Uday? Is that. That's you? Uday said: Ibrahim? Can you see me? I said: No. Um.

Not really. But I can. I can fucking hear you man. It sounds just like you. In my mind. Aren't you dead bro? Did you fake your death Uday?

Uday said: No. No Ibrahim. I'm actually dead right now. I'm on the fuckin other side. I said: You're a. What are you? A fucking ghost then?

Uday said: It's not that simple man. I think you understand that already though. But I don't want to. You know. Waste a bunch of time on theoretical metaphysics right now?

I said: It's something I get? Possibly. But it's tough. Shit. In a physical form. To remember shit sometimes. Uday said: We were always forgetting.

I said: I actually totally forgot we both ended banging Ophelia for so long until you just showed up here in a non-physical form. Uday

said: In retrospect you may have got out at the right time.

I said: I've thought that myself. Although. It didn't fucking feel that way at the time. It felt more or less like the polar opposite. Uday said: Polar opposites are equal so often though.

I said: Why are you here? Uday said: It's your old partner. I said: J_!!1. I just saw him today at your grave. He had the audacity to tell me he was there visiting his grandmother.

Uday said: She doesn't even have a grandmother. That's absurd. I said: No shit. To tell that to me of all people? What a. Ugh. A fucking crumb!

Uday said: Keep an eye on them. I said: That's my plan Uday. But how the fuck can I? I just saw them at the cemetery. I don't. I haven't even talked to them in years.

Uday said: It always goes back to Antarctica Ibrahim. Remember that. I said: Greater Uranus? No. I'm done over there Uday. We've. We're settling into the damn moon. I'm happy here now.

Uday said: I'm not saying you need to. I said: It was destined to end like this huh? Cunt. My archenemy giving me info beyond the grave about the nefarious machinations of my former best friend?

Uday said: I'm not saying you need to go back to Antarctica Ibrahim. I get it. I don't want to flirt

with necessity here. I'm just saying. It might be of interest to you.

To take a trip. I said: Are you guys all housed in the Ninth Dimension? Uday said: I really have to go. It was good catching up Ibrahim. Maybe. Who knows. Maybe we'll be in touch!

Part 2: The Moon Antarctica

08: Maru Maru

I said: Eighteen trumpsicles for a twenty pound bag of white rice. Is that. Is that actually good you think? Or is it actually as ridiculously expensive as it seems to me.

Destinia said: Apparently it's a new method of milling rice. They're actually doing that on earth. I said: What if I took a day or two and went over to Antarctica?

Would that be okay? For our marriage? Destinia said: In Greater Uranus you mean Ibrahim? I said: Yeah. Over on that moon. Destinia said: Sure boo.

If that's what you want to do. Do you feel like you need to go back there for a few? What's going on over there? I said: Just a premonition I have. You know.

I have a vague sense of foreboding I suppose. Destinia said: Foreboding? That's usually portentous. I said: Something's drawing me

back to fuckin Antarctica or some shit. It's hard to explain.

But. You know. Not in like a sexual way drawing me back. It's in no sense a semen-adjacent return. You know? Destinia said: I trust you Ibrahim. I think. I said: Destinia.

If you can't trust me? If you can't trust me. Then literally I have no idea who in this entire universe you could trust. I'm not gonna go over there and start plowing pussy or anything like that!

09: Mindy's on Antarctica

The Bartender said: Sure. I understand that but. I said: Do you understand it? Really? In actuality? What I'm saying? The Bartender said: But this place hasn't been Titty's and Clit.

I mean. I've worked here almost three years now sir. And it's always been Mindy's. Since I've been here. I said: And you haven't seen any. You know.

Androgynous and/or artificial fucks come through here recently? Drinking beer and shit? The Bartender said: I mean. Maybe? This is one of our more high volume locations.

Quite a few. Um. Customers do patronize the establishment. People from all walks of life are welcome! I said: Any midget strippers over here?

The Bartender said: Nudity is frowned up here generally speaking sir. I said: You ever hear of Brock Hampton? The Bartender said: You mean.

Like the President of the Seventh Dimension you mean? I said: That's what he is now. I try. I've been trying to stay unplugged these days. Politics depresses me.

The Bartender said: That's understandable. I said: Let me. Uhh. Fuckin get a Ural Pale Ale? If you. The Bartender said: Oh. I'm sorry. We don't carry Ural Pale Ales here anymore. I said: Shots?

10: Rita's on Antarctica

I said: They don't even serve Ural Pale Ale over there! Can you believe that? It's fucking absurd! But this. This pappardelle pasta I'm fuckin eating.

It's home-made you said? Rita said: Well. Across the street. But they make it fresh there weekly. I said: Ugh. Rita. It's such a fucking underrated pasta!

You know that? Home-made. Al dente. It's the damn best. Espresso martini? Rita said: As in you want one? I said: Oh yeah! I'd love one! This is great.

That you opened up your own spot down here. Remember those days. Back in the day?

Trafficking cocaine in the fifth dimension and shit? That's when we first met!

Rita said: Ugh. I'm just like. Sooo glad that we've both put those days behind us now. I said: Oh me too! I'm actually happily married now.

Finally rid myself of that J-whatever pinhead. Dude was fucking really holding me back. They were an anchor on my aura. Rita said: Oh right. Your partner.

I said: My business associate. Yeah. I had to drag him everywhere. Her everywhere. Honestly. They were honestly more of a maintenance man than an actual business associate really.

I was doing all the heavy lifting. Now that I think about it. But. You know. Rita said: Well. It's nice to have a helping hand. Just for some company.

Especially when you're single. Because. I mean. It can get lonely! I said: I've never been a lonely person really. Honestly? I actually prefer solitude.

Rita said: Oh. Not me! Like even tonight. Thank God you came in! I was all by myself here. I was already getting lonely! I said: Have you seen them by any chance?

Rita said: Who? I said: My old. Uh. Fuckin associate. J_!!1. By any chance? They around here by any chance? Rita said: Um. I don't. Think so?

Honestly Ibrahim. Even if they came in. I doubt I'd even recognize them. Like they could come in and say hello to me this second. Order a Ural Pale Ale right to my face.

And even then I'm not sure I'd register their identity. If that makes sense? I said: It's so true Rita! They were. Ultimately. Utterly fucking forgettable you know.

That was the problem. That was ultimately. I think. In the end. Why we had to part ways? Like. I can. As an eminently rememberable person?

I can only spend so much time around someone so eminently forgettable. Rita said: Right. Oh right. That's so true. I said: Yet. With that said. Sure.

Do they know some of my deepest and darkest damn secrets? Of fucking course they do! They know quite a bit. Not everything about me. Not in totality. No.

Not everything. But a decent amount? Oh yeah. An amount that could cause immeasurable harm to my current personal life? Oh absolutely!

Rita said: As is often the case! With our long-term associates. I said: No. I mean. Not that it's a big deal at all. I just. You know. Saw her. Oddly enough!

At Uday's grave-site the other day. Fucking kind of stuck with me you know. Perhaps it's gnawing at me somewhat incessantly? Like the what the fuck is that little hole doing at Uday's grave.

Of all places! Rita said: What were you doing there? Wasn't that guy like. Your archnemesiis or something? I said: I mean. Technically sure.

But I had a quite complicated interpersonal history with the fuckin guy too. J_!!1? He only had a history with him via me. There was no real direction relationship there.

So. I don't know. I just found it. You know. Slightly odd that he would be visiting the guy's grave. Without at least reaching out to me. Rita said: Right.

I said: It's like. Fucking say I went to see your grandmother's grave. But didn't even reach out to you. You know? That would be super weird no?

Rita said: It would be slightly odd. That's for sure. But I think. Also. At the same time. I'd be flattered? I'd possibly be touched as well? If you went and visited my grandma's grave.

I said: Fuck that. Rita said: But people are odd Ibrahim. It's an immutable fact of the world we live in. I said: Not J_!!1. Odd? No. Not in the least! not like that.

The only question is. Where can I find the slippery fuck. Rita said: You know Antarctica has a registry now. I said: A registry? Rita said: Yeah. For like addresses.

Of people who live here. So if he actually lives here then. I said: Really? Rita said: Yeah. It came

down like a year ago. I think from Fifth. That all residents had to be. I said: Publicly listed. Fucking fascism man. It's totalitarianism. That's how it is up there though. Bunch of fucking crypto-fascists. Rita said: Yeah. A lot of people. They objected to it initially. But. I said: Where can I find one?

11: J_!!1's House

I said: No. All I'm asking. Really. Is for you to confess as to why you were at Uday's grave J_!!1. That's all I'm actually asking. J_!!1 said: Is it?

But you know your secrets are safe with me Ibrahim? I said: What secrets J_!!1? I don't. In particular I don't feel like I have a material amount of secrets that I would.

Even be remotely worried about having disclosed. Don't be a dickhead about this. J_!!1 said: But I'm in no way. I mean. I have no real incentive to leak any information about you.

Even if I had information. What incentive could I have? To leak said information? I said: Incentive? What has that ever played in the manner in which people blab the fuck on about shit?

Don't be a douche about this. J_!!1 said: I get it. You're happy now. And I'm happy about that! But honestly. You're only. Like if you're

worried about your new wife being suspicious of anything.

In your past? Isn't coming here by yourself to exclusively see me. Isn't that potentially just doing more harm than good. I live here now. I'm just.

Kind of minding my own business? I said: Doing more harm than good? Fuck does that mean exactly? J_!!1 said: I'm just saying. Because you bump into me at a cemetery.

You then think that I'm going to. What? Go and tell your wife that you may have sired an illegitimate child or something? Or two? Illegitimate children or something?

So then you come all the way to Greater Uranus to dissuade me from doing so. But I'm not doing that. And you coming here. Isn't that more suspicious?

I said: See. This is what I'm talking about. People babbling on and on. J_!!1 said: Or. Do you think that maybe I think that maybe you think you should just.

I don't know. Do what you tend to do when people remotely threaten what you cherish. Like kill them? Ruthlessly? I said: Oh here we go. I'm sorry J_!!1.

I'm so sorry that I engaged in a handful of somewhat violent acts when I was cock deep in

the damn intergalactic cocaine trade! I'm just.
Sooo sorry!

I'm going to kill you. That's what you think? If I
wanted to fucking kill you I already would have.
J_!!1 said: Would you have? Can you still. I
said: I'm settled down.

Not impotent asshole. I can still kill people if I truly
want to. I just want to make sure. That we're.
You and me. That we're on the same page here.

Going forward. Given how we left things. You
know what I mean? With regard to you
blackmailing me at my former archnemesis's
grave-site.

J_!!1 said: Oh. That's how you took it?
Blackmailing? I said: Basically. J_!!1 said: Ugh.
You know what? I said: What? J_!!1 said: I
actually didn't miss this about you.

You're a real asshole. You know that Ibrahim. I
said: I am what the world made me J_!!1. You
know that. Fuck out of here with that soft shit.
Eat my ass.

J_!!1 said: Okay. I think. Are we about done here? I
said: Just keep in mind that I have my eye on
you pal. Listen. I don't know what the fuck you
were up to over there.

At the cemetery the other day. What type of shit it is
you have going on that artificial little mind of
yours. But whatever it is. Just make sure it
doesn't breach any lines of my territory.

That's all I really have to say. But I wanted to. You know. Say the shit in person. J_!!1 said: And where do those lines end. I said: Wherever I say they end.

J_!!1 said: We're no longer backed by any Guistianninis Ibrahim. This isn't the old days. Do you forget that? The Lunar Caliphate. It's.

I said: The Lunar Caliphate is dead when my bloodline is dead J_!!1. Not a second before.

J_!! said: Are you. Still involved? I said: In Caliphate activities?

What business of it is yours? Without due respect. I mean. Are you still interfacing with those Guistiannini assholes? J_!!1 said: Have you been to Mindy's?

I said: Oh. You mean the old Titty's & Clit? It was the first spot I hit when I got back over here! Place fucking sucks now huh. It's horrendous.

J_!!1 said: Well. They still have decent drink prices I think. Even if there's no longer any nudity. I said: They don't even have Ural Pale Ale.

J_!!1 said: But you hate UPAs don't you? I said: Grab a drink there? Or is there actually any decent cunt elsewhere around here to see?

12: Mario's (A Gentleman's Venue)

I said: No. I mean. Married life is great! It's so much better really. Ugh such an improvement

really! Actually. It's a welcome reprieve from fuckin'.

You know. The typical old shit. Selling drugs and murdering people and investigating related homicides and eating ass and shit.

J_!!1 said: Right. Right. I said: You're still. J_!!1 said: Oh yeah. I don't see settling down in my future. I enjoy. You know. My freedom. I said: Oh of course!

It's a total fucking balance man. You have. I mean things previously. They were so tumultuous. Compromise was out of the question. Because I was constantly.

Well. You know. J_!!1 said: Oh totally! But anyway. What about this Caliphate business. I said: Well obviously. I'm still the last official descendant of Alcibiades Heraclitus J_!!1.

That hasn't changed. But. Basically everything else has? J_!!1 said: Do you think. In the end that the division between you and the Abbasids.

That it actually did more harm than good? Since all the families under the Guistianninis. You know they kind of rolled up into one corporate conglomerate and stuff?

I said: Fuck that. And fuck those seminola dicksuckers J_!!1. Sure. We did a bunch of great business with them. A few of them I even consider dear friends.

But they're still ziti sucking faggots too you know?

They're total meatball makers at the end of the day. J_!!1 said: But you're. I said: Yeah. I'm back on The Moon now.

With Destinia and shit. Back where the original caliphate began and shit. It's funny how things work. J_!!1 said: Because. Well. I know you probably have things going on.

But I may have a new connect. Specifically in that region. I said: The fucking Moon? J_!!1 said: He has a fairly large operation. His financing capabilities are extensive.

And he's sympathetic to the cause. I said: That's funny. Because I feel like I know everyone on the damn Moon. J_!!1 said: I guess my question is.

I said: I can be. You know. Fuckin married and still exact vengeance on all of my enemies. Re-establish what's rightfully mine can't I?

J_!!1 said: It seems kind of like. I said: Like I've been consumed with petty differences. That those petty differences have overshadowed. The larger picture and shit.

Of the original Lunar Caliphate of ibn Alcibiadid.

J_!!1 said: I was just going to say that it seems like you're happy leaving the drug trade behind. And settling down.

I said: But how else can you assert power? In this solar economy? The Central Authorities are

basically impotent. Their structures. Sure they run in a somewhat fucking autonomous fashion. J_!!1 said: No. I get it. The only way to really get ahead. In this dimension at least. I said: No. In any dimension. Look what happened to Dena. In Fifth. Before she croaked.

Bankrupt by the same damn system that she so-called legitimately made her fortune in. Fuck that J_!!1. If we're going to start another revolution. Again? Then. Yeah.

I guess I'll probably have to start wholesaling cocaine or something to that effect. But. You know. In a way that's totally independent of the Guistianninis. J_!!1 said: His name is Larry Byron.

Part 03: The Moon

13: Larry Byron's Mansion

Larry Byron said: Well. Let's see here. The Lunar Caliphate? Of course I'm a great enthusiast of it. Who isn't? The story of Alcibiades Heraclitus itself is a fascinating one.

Who knows if it's actually to be believed. But I for one believe it! And to be sitting here. With you? Forget it about it! I feel like I'm about to bust a nut!

I said: Yeah. My old associate told me about you.

Larry Byron said: The legendary J_!!1? Oh. I

fucking love her! I'd give her a crack right on the toilet if I could!

I said: Yeah we used to be close. Larry Byron said: What. Whatever. If you don't mind me asking. Whatever happened with all that? I've heard there was some sort of falling out?

Of some sort? Over. Um. I said: Honestly Larry. Listen. I appreciate the invite into your. Uh. Mansion. But if I'm being perfectly honest. I'd rather not discuss it?

At least right now. At this time. Larry Byron said: Oh. And I totally respect that Ibrahim! I. I mean. In no way did I mean to pry in any way. It's just a hotly discussed topic.

In some corners of the Lunar Caliphate arcana universe at least. You know? I said: Totally get it Larry. Fucking totally makes sense. Larry

Byron said: So anyway. Where were we? I said: Discussing your possible interest in. Larry Byron said: Financing a true resurgence of the Lunar Caliphate?

Oh. I'd love to be involved! I said: I mean. I am married now. So that's an element to consider. But. Larry Byron said: But there's no reason.

No reason why you can't have a wife and engage in a reconstruction of a caliphate young man! The best caliphates of history had wives behind them!

Usually a few of them! I said: No. I know. Even though. Alcibiades. He was slightly. Larry Byron said: And that's what made him so great. He was a person.

Who almost any way you looked at it. Just made no fucking sense at all! I said: Two hundred years. It's barely a cunt hair in the grand scheme of things when you think about it.

Larry Byron said: Yet the Lunar model has almost been completely destroyed in that time. Have you ever wondered why? I said: I don't know really.

I've always kind of assumed. You know. Greed. Fractious politics. Ego. Bitterness. Megalomaniacal tendencies. Irrepressible homicidal urges. Shit like that.

Has really driven the decay? Larry Byron said: Or! What if. What if it was simply a gruesome tendency toward logic? I said: A gruesome tendency toward logic?

How so? Larry Byron said: Well. I mean the Lunar Caliphate came into existence only nonsensically. Via Alcibiades' inherently contradictory.

Caprice? Yet once it began. Once it started to attempt to institutionalize itself. To adhere to traditional bureaucratic rules and regulations. To make sense of itself so to speak.

To ascribe a logic to its structure. That's when. In my opinion at least. The vultures came to feast! I said: It's. Um. Well. It's certainly an interesting theory Larry.

Larry Byron said: Think about it Ibrahim. How could we. You and I. Or even anyone else we could scrounge around here. How could we possibly re-establish the Caliphate logically?

How would that even be possible? How did Alcibiades do it? I said: Well. Larry Byron said: He didn't Ibrahim! It only just occurred.

Via his own highly nonsensical tendencies. I said: Okay. But how then. Well. How could we. Larry Byron said: Ibrahim. We just fucking did. Right now!