

“The SCABB”
Nicholas Katsafanas

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

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

he says, and that's my fuckin point. Exactly, I say, unsure of what he's referencing. How am I supposed to afford this allowance increase if I can't even add percentages. I don't even know where to begin! It's just crazy. It's just absolutely crazy. Crazy! So now Karen wants to get married. And I'm supposed to afford that how? On a Deputy Director's salary? It's not like I have seventeen multicolored baboons reporting to me like Tom Marfeo in Special Events! My salary is commensurate with my reportees, which as of this writing is zero. It's insane! But I love Karen. Ever since I laid eyes on her I knew she was the one for me. I've always had a thing for kj7DD-09's, if I'm being honest. If I'm being honest? I love their fucking balloon holes. Larry, I said, Tell Vicky to get us two more espressos. I'm getting a little parched over here. I'm fuckin decaffeinated. He acquiesced, and when he came back in the room, my loafers now comfortably perched on top of my desk, I said: But enough, David Wingate writes, I said. I don't want to get too graphic here. So

Charlie and I have both a personal friendship and professional relationship. Which is one of the reasons we're always getting frescos. We need to dish. And dish we do. So we're sitting there, in District XL7650-----x, drinking a fucking delicious mocha fresco, each of us, and Charlie turns to me and says, You'll never believe what Tom Marfeo told me three weeks ago. I say, Tom Marfeo? From Special Events? He told you something? Three weeks ago, he says. And you'll never fuckin believe what he said. So I ask him. What did Tom say. So Tom told Charlie that he has inside knowledge of an intelligence backed coup in our district (District ABHDKSHASHV). And the nature of the coup is credophilia. Well, let me be blunt here. The first thing you need to know about credophilia is it's essentially something that, according to The Quasi-Compromise of the Labialisphere of 2542 at least, is entirely outside of the understanding of the human mind, never mind any known human language. So a coup based upon any sort of form of credophilia is

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

about these So-Called Anal-Butt-Boys. For one thing Charlie was a former member. Which is part of the reason I spat out my fresco. Because if Charlie Ward is telling me there's a coup planned in the sphere of credophilia, then I know the Anal-Butt-Boys are at the very least tangentially involved, and if the So-Called Anal-Butt-Boys are even tangentially involved, then I know Charlie would have the juice before anyone. So, suffice to say, I was a bit concerned as I sped home. Picking up a half gallon of Repto-Milk for %321.2223. When I could have got an entire gallon in ABHDKSHASHV for, at most, %299.3343, which was just a little goddamn ridiculous to me at the time. It's like %20 is nothing to Karen. Are you kidding me. Does she have any idea the type of budget I'm on these days. Apparently not. Because my budget isn't pretty. I'll admit that much. It's very consolidated. It's a compressed budget. But sure. A half a gallon of Repto-Milk in the most gentrified borough of the surrounding 18 galaxies? No problem. I'll tell you what

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

started colonizing different galaxies, a few hundred thousand at a time thanks to the quadratic sperm Lonnie Brush III developed. We were able to procreate in a way that suited advanced time travel and galactic exploration just a little more easily. Goddamn, I said. This espresso is extremely mediocre. Larry Johnson said, Do you want any water? I said, You fucking read my mind, then I said: So yeah we discovered a few different species, David Wingate continues, I said. Fuckin biologically developed a few (Karen, et al), you get the gist. Now where I currently live, in ABHDKSHASHV with my girlfriend Karen, yeah it's nice. It's a recent development in a galactic zip code that's kind of being gentrified but not quite. Maybe it's the best of both worlds. We still have decent prices but don't have to worry about neo-zipties committing petty crimes on every other crypto-block. The other thing I should mention, geographically speaking, we're about 76% virtual. So some details are essentially meaningless to even attempt to

describe. Basically, around 2150 it was (finally) scientifically proven that our so-called universe is basically entirely fictitious, that consciousness and biological life as we previously knew it was an elaborate front for various strains of quantum-cum. Yet it was decided that, despite the fact our entire existences (as well as the known physical world) were demonstrably fictitious, that we would continue biological life, just at 24% capacity for a yet-to-be-determined period of time (time, which is also essentially fictitious). It was a nostalgic type of thing. Don't even get a Pseudo-Temporalist started on it. Believe me, you'll be better off just taking my word for it. But anyway, back to the credophilia. So the next day I'm texting Charlie at my desk, encoding the messages through our most advanced SemenStain software (which isn't even that advanced at my job) obviously, and asking him a few follow-up questions. A coup? When? By who? Whom? What the fuck? Then he drops the two words I really hoped, I really fucking hoped that

he'd never drop on me. Because I knew if Charlie Ward of all people was dropping these words on me then it had to be true. And I knew if this had to be true, then our lives as we knew it were essentially over, or at least so drastically affected that shit was about to hit the motherfucking fan. Big time. He says, I think it might have something to do with Jeff Christ . . . And when Charlie says, I think about anything to do with the So-Called Anal Butt Boys, it's pure bullshit. He knows. Now, depending on what iteration of the prehistoric multiverse you're reading this, there's no way for me tell, unfortunately, you may or may not be aware of the name Jeffrey Epstein. Well, I'm not going to go that deep into it. Long story short, it wasn't that long after the Neo-Nestorian Coup of 2050 that, well, this view that Jeff was the only true Son of God started to proliferate. Jeffrey Epstein, who definitely did not kill himself, is a Christ-like figure. Or he's literally the second incarnation of Christ, in our particular greater-galactumnates. Hopefully

you're familiar with Christ? In any case, I go on to Charlie, I say, I know you just didn't say Jeffrey Epstein, did you? He goes, Uh, ya, I did. I go, And what about him? He goes, Um, maybe the scripture is wrong? I go, The scripture? Is wrong? How so? He goes, Certain so-called . . . factions (if we can even call them that) of the SCABB (So-Called Anal Butt Boys) have taken the stance that archo-pedophilia should be illegal. And I go, What???!!!! And he goes, And immoral. I was flabbergasted. Caught completely off guard. I go, So you're telling me-if I'm understanding this correctly-that certain so-called factions of the SCABB are saying, in effect, We don't think grown adults should be able to have sexual intercourse, of any variety, with beautiful young children? He goes, Ya. And I go, And it should be illegal because it's immoral???? He goes, Ya. I don't even reply. He goes, They're completely off their rockers, bro. I don't know what to tell you. I haven't been this taken aback at a SCABB meeting since 2972 when Horatio Analio said 3 year olds

should be disallowed from changing gender more than 2 times a week. I don't even reply. Fucking flabbergasted. Then I go, Do you realize how many 12 year old boys, of any number of species, I have in my storage unit in GX-fjgsdgsdf666? He goes, Fucking tell me about it, man. I just had an orgy with sixteen 11 year olds before lunch, which I got at RR Rafaellio's. Just exquisite man, by the way we have to go there soon. I go, This can't be true. They don't have the votes, do they? And yeah I've heard nothing but great things about RR Rafaellio's, but I haven't had a chance to eat there yet. I know Karen is, to put it mildly, extremely intent on eating there into the not-too-distant future. He goes, They have documents allegedly proving Jeff Christ actually killed himself, that he wasn't assassinated by the Jews in the CIA. I go, And that's going to hold water? He goes, Arab Goggles thinks it will. I drop my phone. It's all over. I go to the bathroom, where I always had a small stash of Sperm-Gun-3199's placed discreetly in the paper towel dispenser. I kept one in the

chamber in all seven of them. I put the 3199 to my temple. Pulled the trigger. I knew it was all over. (Unfortunately, due to the low-beta on the non-virtual existence in my time period, my corpse was almost immediately re-animated in the not-too-distant multiverse, where I'm now known as Steve Ziti. I have some bullshit job as a Senior Defense Contractor in New Ankara on Mars. Total bullshit. I think about Karen almost every day.)