

# THE DON IN GREENLAND

## UENK



**THE DON IN GREENLAND (SAMPLE)**

a story by UENK

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## About the Publication

### Genre:

Literary Fiction

### Core Theme:

An exploration of boundless ambition meeting Arctic reality and the respect for profound cultural differences.

*For Michiel – my first reader who took my silly stories seriously!*

*“I have never been wrong—even when I’m wrong, I’m actually right!”*

**— Dino "The Don" Trumpino**

*“Fortuna vitrea est; tum cum splendet frangitur.”*

*(Fortune is like glass; just when it shines brightest, it shatters.)*

**— Seneca**

## **FOREWORD**

The US-Greenland headlines were too serious to ignore.  
That's why I wrote this satire—to cut through heavy media coverage with a story that brings a smile.

It's about boundless ambition meeting Arctic reality: respecting the profound differences between cultures, where ice, whale blubber, and huskies teach lessons Big Macs cannot.

Pure satire fiction. Inspired by headlines, not persons.

Enjoy the ride.

UENK

*Leiden, Netherlands, March 2026*

## CHAPTER 1: THE EMPTINESS

Dino "The Don" Trumpino stood before the windows of his 45th-floor office at Broadway Tower 1500, gazing over New York City. The sun sank behind the Hudson, bathing Manhattan in liquid gold. His eyes scanned the skyline slowly, like a general surveying his battlefield.

The Empire State Building pierced the sky like an Art Deco needle. He remembered the 2003 deal—three million for office space on the 67th floor, flipped for six million in two years. The Chrysler Building gleamed with its stainless-steel crown. He'd owned a penthouse there once—briefly, but memorably. Midtown's towers stretched in rows of glass and steel, each a monument to capital and ambition.

Each building carried memories. Triumphs. Victories. Deals closed in boardrooms overlooking this exact skyline.

But today felt different.

At 78, his reflection in the glass showed time's toll—lines around his eyes, heavier jaw, hair no longer fully his own despite the best colour treatments money could buy. He'd achieved everything a businessman could achieve in this city. Built three real estate empires and torn them down. Left two marriages behind. Closed dozens of deals that made him rich, famous, and feared.

Yet he felt empty.

A hunger no deal, acquisition, or victory could fill. Like standing atop a mountain only to find nothing left to climb. The adrenaline was gone. The thrill had vanished.

He turned from the window. His office was, as always, perfectly organised, luxurious, and intimidating. A massive mahogany desk dominated, surrounded by \$5,000 leather chairs. Walls displayed framed covers from Forbes, Time, Fortune—all with his face. His trophy case of ego.

Today, they felt hollow.

The Don knew his methods were hard. Lying, cheating, intimidating—all part of the game. His arsenal was vast and effective. When his reputation spread through New York, people gave him a nickname: *The Don*. He hated it at first—too mafia, too dangerous. He banned employees from using it.

But the name brought publicity. Publicity brought power. Power brought deals.

So, he embraced it. Don Global Holdings became his company—a wink to the nickname that defined him.

He turned from the window. The emptiness remained. Nothing left to conquer in this city. Everything was already his. He needed a new goal, a fresh challenge. Something to restart the adrenaline.

The Don left the building via private elevator—one that served only his floor, which no one else could use. Broadway Tower's lobby was marble and glass, imposing and cool. The security guard nodded respectfully as he passed.

Outside was cold. A February afternoon in Manhattan, temperature just above freezing, wind howling between buildings like wolves. But the city was, as always, vibrant, chaotic, full of energy that never stopped.

He raised his collar and began walking without a destination.

Tourists with cameras stopped on the sidewalk for selfies, forcing locals to navigate around them with irritated looks. Businesspeople in expensive suits rushed past, phones pressed to their ears, faces tense with deadlines and meetings. Street vendors called their wares—"Hot dogs! Pretzels! Nuts!"—their voices mixing with sirens, horns, and the city's roar.

The Don walked. His thoughts wandered. What was left? What worlds remained to conquer? He'd dominated Manhattan. Closed deals others didn't dare touch. Destroyed rivals, outmanoeuvred competitors, silenced critics.

And now?

Now there was only emptiness.

He passed Times Square—too touristy, too loud. He turned left toward Broadway and headed south. Shops, theatres, and restaurants passed in a blur. He barely saw them. His thoughts turned inward, absorbed in reflection and growing purposeless.

At the corner of Broadway and 45th Street, he saw the golden arches.

McDonald's.

He stopped. The restaurant was packed—a sea of people standing in lines, sitting at tables, eating burgers with the kind of satisfied, mindless bliss only fast food could bring. Tourists with backpacks. Locals in work clothes. Teens with smartphones. Families with small children digging into Happy Meal boxes.

The smell of fries drifted out—warm, salty, irresistible. His stomach growled. He realised he hadn't eaten since breakfast.

He stepped inside.

Air conditioning hit his face, a twenty-degree difference from the cold outside. The interior was brightly lit, red and yellow, with plastic tables and menu boards above the counter glowing with photos of burgers, fries, and milkshakes.

The line moved slowly. Ahead stood a family of four—father, mother, two kids—arguing over which Happy Meal toys they wanted. Behind him stood a businessman impatiently typing on his phone. At the tables, people ate with an intensity bordering on religious.

The Don observed them. Many were overweight. American fat. Burgers-and-fries fat. But they were happy. Unabashedly, contentedly happy. Nobody thought about calories or cholesterol. They just ate, just enjoyed, just lived.

There was something beautiful in that simplicity.

It took ten minutes before his turn. Ten minutes watching masses devour Quarter Pounders, demolish Big Macs, and dunk fries in ketchup. Many were overweight—but happy. Unabashedly, contentedly happy.

"Quarter Pounder with cheese. No pickles, extra ketchup," he told the cashier.

She smiled mechanically. "Coming right up, sir."

He ate at a window table. The burger was perfect—juicy, well-seasoned, exactly how he always ordered it. For a moment, he forgot his worries, his emptiness, his hunger for more.

Around him, he saw families laughing, kids playing in the Play Place, and teens taking selfies with their milkshakes. This was America. This was a success. Simple, recognisable, universal.

And suddenly the idea came.

What if he had his own McDonald's? What if he were the man who brought a franchise to a place where it didn't exist yet? A place where it would be a sensation, a revolution?

He smiled.

## CHAPTER 2: THE PLAN

Back at the office, The Don called a meeting with his posse. Billy Fritz, Dante DeLuca, and Tony Marino sat around the mahogany conference table overlooking the skyline.

Billy Fritz, his underboss and right-hand man, sat left—a young, sharp Midwestern hillbilly type with populist charm and Ivy League edge. As son-in-law from an earlier connection (married to The Don's daughter from his first marriage), he ran operations with Yale precision but street-fighting spirit. Loyal, visionary, always ready with an America First deal.

Billy leaned back, grinning jovially. "You always say that, boss. And you're usually right."

Dante DeLuca, consigliere, sat right—smooth real estate magnate with a medieval name, sun-tanned face, perfect VP suit, and a smile that closed hotels and towers. Family connections via Dubai and New York deals, the peacemaker who negotiated with kings and bankers. Calculating, charismatic, always the man whispering win-win while taking the best side.

Dante frowned. "We're in real estate, boss. Finance. Rackets. Not fast food."

Tony Marino, crew leader, sat opposite—intellectual VP-candidate lookalike, brown hair, serious eyes, tech-world escapee with venture capital roots. Marriage to a prominent daughter brought him into the inner circle; now he led crews with a mix of Yale rhetoric and street intimidation. Sceptical of elites, loyal to the boss, ready to run rackets with populist fire.

"And what am I supposed to do? Flip burgers? That's not really my speciality."

"Gentlemen!" The Don began. "Listen! I've got an idea. The best idea. Epic. Fantastic. Believe me."

"This time? More than right," The Don said. "Much more. I want to open a McDonald's. The best McDonald's ever."

Silence.

"You don't flip burgers," The Don said. "You manage it. Make it run. But here's the point—we're not opening one \*here\*. America already has thousands of McDonald's."

"Where then?" Billy asked.

The Don grinned widely. "Greenland!"

Dante's frown deepened. "Greenland?"

"Greenland! Yes!" The Don repeated. "Huge island. Just 56,000 people. But you know what's not there? McDonald's! None! Biggest opportunity ever. Believe me!"

Billy's eyes lit up. He always grasped The Don's vision first. "No competition. Virgin market. We're first."

"Exactly!" The Don said. "Local food? Disgusting! Fish, reindeer, seal meat. They literally—*literally*—eat fermented seabirds stuffed in seal stomachs. Kiviat. Most revolting thing I've ever heard. Who wants that? Nobody! Everyone wants a Big Mac. Best burger in the world."

Tony laughed. "Sounds awful."

"Awful! The worst!" The Don said. "That's why we're going. We bring the best. American food. American standards. American excellence. The best! And Greenland? They'll thank us. On their knees. Believe me."

Dante shook his head. "Boss, this sounds insane. Market research? Financial projections? Logistics?"

"No," The Don said. "Never needed any. I have a gut feeling. Best gut feeling. Never failed. Never!"

Billy grinned. "When do we leave?"

"Two weeks!" The Don said. "Pack your bags. History! We're making history. Biggest deal ever."

## CHAPTER 3: JOURNEY TO GREENLAND

The Don drove his Tesla back to his Upper East Side penthouse. Traffic was, as always, chaotic, slow, and frustrating. He watched street people at stoplights—ordinary workers living within budgets and limits.

Not like him.

His Park Avenue penthouse spanned three top floors. Panoramic windows overlooked Central Park and the skyline. A private elevator opened directly into his apartment—no shared lobby, no neighbours. Marble floors, Italian furniture, modern art. The kind featured in magazines, envied by other wealthy people.

Melany, his third wife, sat in the living room with a wine glass—her third or fourth of the afternoon, he guessed. First wife: glamorous Polish model, too demanding. Second: Hollywood actress, too fickle and spotlight-addicted. Melany was different—an ex-model from Macedonia, 53, but looking 35 thanks to \$200,000 in Botox, facelifts, trainers, and surgeons. Blonde hair perfectly styled, body slim and toned, designer dress worth an average monthly salary.

Everyone knew she'd fallen for the Don for his power and his money—and he knew it, too. There was no fairy-tale romance here, only a cold transaction: his wealth in exchange for her beauty and status.

Now, she sat glued to an 85-inch plasma screen, watching reality TV stars scream at each other in high-end restaurants while she plotted her own rise. Her project? A biopic titled *The Don and I*. She had already started working the room, pitching the film to directors, ghostwriters, and even Oscar jurors.

What she didn't realise was that the Don was three steps ahead of her. He had already quietly "secured" the Academy's favour. Between the envelopes of cash and promises of future real estate deals, the fix was in. Whether it was a win for Best Documentary or just a high-profile nomination, he'd make sure it happened. After all, in the Don's world, winners only stay with winners.

She laughed at something on screen.

"I'm going away for a while," The Don said.

She looked up. "Where to?"

"Greenland."

Melany laughed—not joyfully, but incredulously. "Greenland? What nonsense is that?"

"New venture. McDonald's franchise. Huge! This will be huge. The biggest. Believe me."

Melany set down her glass, looking—the one saying *I stay for your jet and jewels, not your dreams*. "You're 78, Dino. Stay here with your money. Your comfort."

"This will make money," The Don said, packing a parka. "So much money. More than you can spend. So much!"

The Duke, on the couch with his iPad, barely looked up. "Dad, can I use your private jet? I can play Fortnite in the air?"

The Don spun sharply. "No! Duke! This is business. Real business. No games. You stay here. Later you'll learn to make deals. Win. Always win. Dominate!"

"But Dad—"

"No buts! Nothing!" The Don's voice was fierce, without empathy. "Melany, you get money. Like always. Lots of money. You both stay here. I don't need babysitters. Not in Greenland. Nowhere."

Melany rolled her eyes, grabbed her wine again, muttering about tomorrow's Oscar script pitch. "Always about you, huh, Dino? Never about us. Go ahead. Call when you fail—like always. And send jet pics for my film."

The Don slammed the suitcase shut. Family. His wife was there for the money. His son for privileges. But it didn't matter. They were parts of his brand, nothing more. He had bigger things to do.

He walked out without looking back.



# **Want to see how the story unfolds?**

You've had a glimpse of the journey, but the real adventure is only just beginning. With twists, turns, and discoveries still to come, there is so much more to uncover within these pages.

If you enjoyed this introduction and want to find out what happens next, the complete story is available now.

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dive into the full experience !!!

**Thank you for reading and for supporting  
independent storytelling !!!**

# Discover more from UENK

If you enjoyed this journey, explore more works from UENK by visiting **UENK PulpWorks**:  
[www.uenk-pulpworks.com](http://www.uenk-pulpworks.com)



**UENK PulpWorks** was born from a lifelong passion for cinema and literature. Drawing inspiration from the shifting tides of global politics and the striking visual language of vintage propaganda posters, I wanted to create something unique for the modern reader. By blending these influences with today's appetite for fast-paced, punchy content, I began crafting stories under the name **UENK** (pronounced like 'Dunk' without the 'D').

On our website, you will find a collection of short stories and novellas, all available through Amazon. I truly hope you enjoy reading them as much as I enjoyed bringing them to life.

This is biting satire and high-octane pulp designed to hook you from the very first page. Join the **Pulp Revolution**—we cut through the noise of fake news with real, raw storytelling.

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