

THE SEQUEL TO THE DON IN GREENLAND

THE DON AND THE PERSIAN TIGER



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A STORY BY **UENK**

THE DON AND THE PERSIAN TIGER

a story by UENK

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About the Publication

Genre:

Pure satire fiction.

Core Theme:

The core theme of this story is the triumph of performative branding over reality, where a global crisis of organic sludge and golf balls is "solved" by selling a broken robot as a golden victory.

"Listen, we have a golf ball shortage. That is the real tragedy."

— Dino "The Don" Trumpino

"Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur."

("The world wants to be deceived, so let it be deceived.")

— Gaius Petronius Arbiter

FOREWORD

In the theatre of global power, the line between a grand masterstroke and a tragicomedy is often as thin as a golf tee.

This story was born from a singular, modern absurdity: the collision of an ancient, complex civilisation like Iran with the high-gloss, high-stakes branding of "The Don." It explores a world where traditional diplomacy has been replaced by the "Art of the Deal," and where a crisis is not an emergency to be solved, but an asset to be leveraged.

The central question haunting these pages is one of intent: Is it nobleness, silliness, or pure narcissism?

When Dino Trumpino sets his sights on a "rescue mission" in the Middle East, he presents himself as a visionary saviour—the only man brave enough to salvage a piece of history from a "failing" regime. But as the world watches him navigate a literal sea of elephant dung to retrieve what turns out to be a mechanical toy, the "nobleness" reveals its true face. It is a Selfish Nobleness; the tiger is not a living creature to be saved, but a "Gold Edition" trophy to be claimed.

In this world, the rescue is entirely about the legacy of the rescuer.

The Allies—Zoo Europe and its bewildered bureaucrats—stand paralysed in the middle. They are caught between the old rules of decorum and the new reality of "Dung-and-Drone" warfare. They search for logic where there is only leverage. Confused and silenced by the sheer audacity of the Don's manoeuvres, they don't know whether to applaud the performance or flee from the fallout. They represent a world that has stopped asking what is true and started asking what looks best on camera.

As Petronius Arbiter whispered two thousand years ago:

"Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur."

(The world wants to be deceived, so let it be deceived.)

Enter the enclosure at your own risk. The tiger might be mechanical, but the bite of the satire is very real.

UENK

Leiden, Netherlands, March 2026

CHAPTER 1: THE GOLDEN EMPTINESS

The sun over Florida didn't just shine; it performed. It bounced off the marble walkways of *Trumpino's Tropical Terra* with a vulgar intensity that made even the flamingo squint. Dino 'The Don' Trumpino stood on the observation deck of his private enclosure, his eyes narrowed, his gold-spun hair barely moving in the humid breeze.

He was surrounded by excellence. Huge excellence. To his left, the 'Patriot-Penguins' stood in their air-conditioned glass house, looking bored but dignified. To his right, the 'Gilded Gazelles' wandered. But in front of him sat the problem. The failure. The Central Cage.

It was a masterpiece of construction—ten thousand square feet of 24-karat gold-plated mesh, reinforced with titanium and ego. It was the most expensive cage in the history of cages, maybe ever. And it was empty.

"Dante, look at it," Dino barked, not turning around. "It's a disaster. A total void. People come here, they pay top dollar—believe me, the highest ticket prices in the industry—and what do they see? Nothing. They see a hole. I don't do holes. I do landmarks".

Dante DeLuca, his consigliere, adjusted his silk tie. He looked like a man who had just stepped out of a Dubai boardroom and into a swamp, which was technically true. "Boss, we have the white lions coming from Johannesburg next week. They're very rare. Very expensive."

"Lions are losers, Dante," Dino snapped, finally turning. "Lions are for people who settle. I don't settle. I want the King. I want the Caspian. The Persian Tiger".

Dante winced. "Boss, we've talked about this. The Caspian tiger has been extinct since the seventies. Every scientist, every expert—"

"Fake news!" Dino shouted, waving a hand as if swatting away a fly. "The experts are the same people who said I couldn't build a tower in a swamp. I built the tower. It's a great tower. The best. Now, I want the cat. I know he's there. Ali Tolman has him in Tehran. I've seen the faxes. Very mysterious faxes. Very high-level".

Billy Fritz, Dino's underboss and son-in-law, stepped forward with an iPad. "Ali Tolman has been stalling us for three years, boss. Every time we get close to a price, he starts talking about 'spiritual reflection' or 'Persian rug protocols.' He's playing us".

Dino's face reddened to a shade of orange that nearly matched the sunset. "Nobody plays the Don. Nobody. I've been very patient. I've been the most patient person in the history of the world. But my patience is gone. It's finished. It's over."

He looked back at the empty gold cage. In his mind, he could already see it: the stripes, the power, the sheer dominance of the beast. It would be the greatest attraction in the history of zoos. People would cry when they saw it. Strong men would weep.

"Call the club," Dino ordered, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous rumble. "Call the boys. We're not waiting for faxes anymore. If Ali won't sell the cat, we're going to take the cat. We're going to do a deal, but we're going to do it my way. The hard way."

Billy Fritz grinned. "The Golf Club Armada?".

"The best boats, Billy. The fastest. Ten yachts. We're going to lay off their coast until they realise that the Don doesn't take 'no' for an answer. And tell James Ben Netforyu I need to talk to him. He owes me a favour. Something about birds. Very special birds".

Dino pressed his forehead against the cool, 24-karat mesh of the empty cage.

"Soon, my beauty," he whispered to the void. "You're coming to Florida. It's going to be huge."

CHAPTER 2: THE GOLF CLUB CONCLAVE

The '19th Hole' of the Mar-a-Lago Golf Club was no ordinary bar; it was a cathedral of mahogany, victory, and deals that could not stand the light of day. Dino sat at the head of a table so large you needed a caddy to pass the salt shaker. Before him stood his most loyal men, individuals who had spent more time in bunkers than the average marine, though their bunkers were usually filled with white sand and expensive whisky.

"Listen up, boys," Dino began, rhythmically tapping a golden putter on the thick carpet. "We're going to make history. Big history. The biggest. We aren't going to wait for the UN. We aren't going to wait for the EU—those people can't even decide on the colour of their own ties. We're going to get that cat ourselves."

Billy Fritz leaned back, grinning jovially. "The Armada is ready, boss. Ten yachts. The fastest, the most luxurious. We have more horsepower in that fleet than the entire Iranian navy combined".

"It's not an invasion, Billy," Dino corrected him with a finger in the air. "It's a 'Hostile Acquisition' of a biological asset. We're going there, we'll station the fleet off the coast, and we'll show them what real American power is. Not aircraft carriers. Yachts. With helipads. That impresses people."

Dante DeLuca frowned on his sun-tanned forehead. "Boss, we're in real estate. In the rackets. The Strait of Hormuz is a dangerous game. If we block it, world trade stops".

"Let them wait, Dante!" Dino exclaimed. "If they want their oil, they'd better hope Ali Tolman gives me that tiger. But we need more than just boats. We need a distraction. Something... organic."

He looked toward the end of the table, where James Ben Netforyu, the director of the zoo in Israel, silently sipped a glass of red wine. Ben had the aura of a man who could make a desert bloom, provided he had the right permits and a squadron of drones.

"James, tell them about the birds," Dino commanded.

Ben Netforyu placed his hands flat on the table. "It's simple, Dino. Ali's people heavily guard the zoo in Tehran. But they look at the ground, at the fences. They don't look at the sky. I have my 'Gull-Squadron' ready. Mossad-trained seagulls. They can strike on command. One signal, and the entire zoo turns into a white, liquid mess. It's a biological disruption. No bullets, just guano".

Dino laughed, a short, powerful sound. "Beautiful. I love it. It's green, it's natural, and it's deadly effective. While Ali Tolman wipes the poop from his eyes, we fly in with the helicopters and pick up that crate".

"And what if the Europeans make trouble?" Billy asked.

Dino made a face as if he had eaten a spoiled oyster. "Ulsa van der Loo? She's probably still meeting about the nitrogen emissions of a sparrow. Let them talk. By the time they've formed a committee, the tiger will already be in Florida by the pool."

Dino stood up and raised his putter like a sword. "Boys, we're going to block the Strait of Hormuz with floating palaces. We're going to turn the sky white with seagulls. And we're going to get that cat. Because without the Don, that tiger is just a cat with a bad haircut. Let's go!"

The room erupted in applause. The 'Golf Club Armada' was born. The course was set. The target: Tehran. The stakes: everything.

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.

Grab your copy today on Amazon and
dive into the full experience !!!

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

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If you enjoyed this journey, explore more works from UENK by visiting **UENK PulpWorks**:
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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