

# THE GOLDEN CHIP OF PORT TRUMPINO

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE PRIVATE ARCHIVES OF  
THE TRUMPINO-INFANTILO VICTORY ALLIANCE

UENK PULPWORKS



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THE GOLDEN CHIP FROM PORT TRUMPINO

*An anecdote from the private archives of the Trumpino-Infantilo Victory Alliance.* English Edition © 2026 UENK PulpWorks, Leiden, Netherlands.

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# **ABOUT THE PUBLICATION**

Genre: Pulp/Satire/Cooking

Core Theme: The total commodification of sport, in which the soul of football is completely sacrificed to the interests of corporate greed and absurd opportunism.

## **THE GOLDEN CHIP OF PORT TRUMPINO**

### ***AN ANECDOTE FROM THE PRIVATE ARCHIVES OF THE TRUMPINO-INFANTILLO VICTORY ALLIANCE***

The atmosphere inside the Camp Trumpino-I dressing room was a volatile cocktail of desperation, expensive hairspray, and the distinct, pungent aroma of overripe Emmental. Dino ‘The Don’ Trumpino was pacing the floor, his quiff so aerodynamically sound it could likely slice through solid diamond.

"Billy! Where is Gonzo?" The Don barked, using a gold-plated nine-iron to gesture aggressively at a bin. "The world is watching! We have the most beautiful, the most luxurious, the most \*expensive\* match in history, and the ball is a dud! It's flatter than a pancake in a budget diner!"

Billy Fritz, who was frantically scrolling through a spreadsheet titled \*Global Dairy Domination\*, sighed. "Don, the internal 92mAh battery is

completely drained. The wireless Qi-charging pad in the centre circle was accidentally used to warm up Gonzo's lunch—a wheel of fondue—and it's fried the connection."

Gonzo Infantilo waddled into the room, his suit so tight it appeared to be causing him minor internal organ failure. He smelled like a gym locker located inside a cheese factory.

"Dino, my dear friend," Gonzo wheezed, adjusting his tie. "Do not let the lactose-intolerant masses see you sweat. VIVA has a plan. We integrate a 'Victory-Sensor'—a high-tech masterpiece that sends the ball's location directly to the VAR, while simultaneously force-feeding advertisements for my family's aged gruyère to every fan's smartphone in the stadium."

"I don't care about the cheese, Gonzo!" The Don roared, his face turning a shade of red that clashed horribly with his gold-plated lapel pin. "I want the

ball to shine! I want it to glow with the golden light of commerce! Why is it lifeless?"

Donaldo, the team's star, reclined on a bench, looking at his own reflection in the gold-plated floor. "It's tragic," he murmured, his teeth emitting a blinding glare. "A ball that doesn't shine is like a mirror that doesn't reflect my face. It's an insult to the art of sport."

Gonzo knelt, his breathing sounding like a punctured accordion. He pulled a rusty multitool and a power bank from his bag—the same device he used to charge his custom, automated cheese-slicing robot. "I shall bridge the circuit," he declared with the gravity of a man performing open-heart surgery. "But I require a conductor of impeccable pedigree."

The Don ripped a gold skyscraper-shaped pin from his jacket and tossed it to Gonzo. "Use this. It's 24-carat gold. If the laws of physics refuse to cooperate

with this, then physics is clearly a fake-news conspiracy!"

With a twitch of his nose and a grunt of exertion, Gonzo bridged the Texas Instruments chip. A soft, blue-and-gold light flickered to life inside the ball. It hummed with the sound of a thousand hungry stockbrokers.

"It lives!" The Don shouted, grabbing the ball and holding it aloft like a holy relic. "Donaldo, get out there and kick it! Make it move! Every time it touches the grass, I want the fans to smell success—and a hint of Swiss dairy!"

As the trio strode toward the pitch, the referee—who was dressed in a shimmering, gold-lamé kit that made him look like a sentient chandelier—looked on in bewilderment.

"Remember, Gonzo," The Don whispered, a predatory glint in his eye. "If the ball goes into the net, we win. If it goes out of play, we sell the fans a

'Lost Ball Subscription' for forty-nine dollars a month. We never lose, we only rebrand!"

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**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.

If you enjoyed this book, **please consider leaving a review** on Amazon or our website—it is the fuel that keeps the revolution running. I truly hope you enjoy reading these tales 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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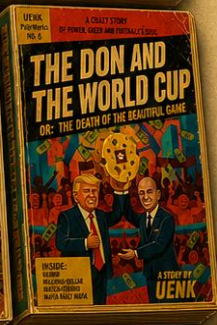
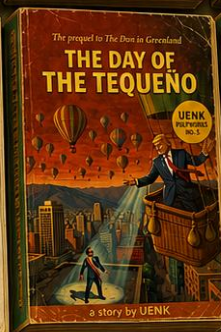
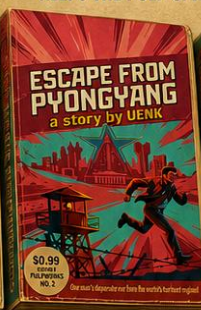
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