

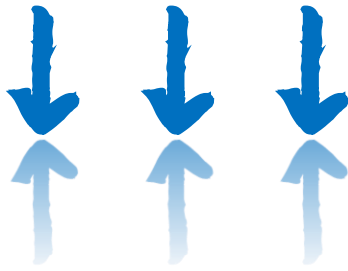
lindsay wincherauk

**sparkly
pingie
ball**



drives a racecar

life on the slush pile productions



SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR



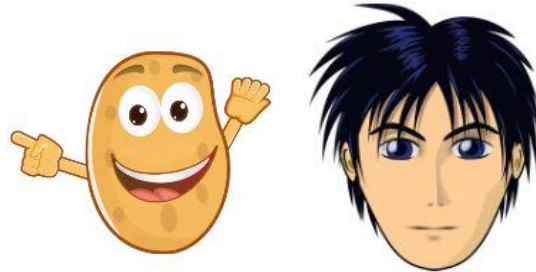
Good Morning, Sparkly. Sleep well?

Fuck, I'm gorgeous. Gorg if you're trying to save time. I think I'm going to spend the day looking at myself in the mirror.



Jazz, do we have any lube left. The mirror is waiting for me.

Sparkly, why did you turn on the deep fryer?



What, Jazz? Ohh. Ohh. Oh. Jazz, can you bring me a towel. Pretty please.

OMG, Jazz. You look like a russet potato. Why are you smiling? Do we have any ketchup?

Never mind. Jazz, I think I want to enter the Massapequa 500.

TIMMY LIVES IN A WELL

TIMMY LIVES IN A WELL

I'M KIND OF LIKING IT DOWN HERE, DONALD. I'VE GOT NETFLIX



Finally. I look like me.

It cost my owner \$7,000 to have the ball extracted from my gut.

Want to catch it, Timmy.

Quack



GROSS. POOPY.



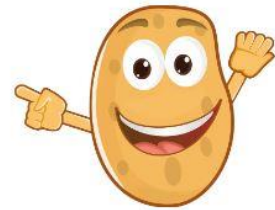
Donald, Duck, Timmy, look how beautiful I am.

Don't you want to lick me to death?

Anyway, I'm off to Massapequa.

Timmy, if Archer is on The Flix, I highly recommend it.

LOVE TRIANGLE
ГОЛІ І КІВІНГІ
OR IS IT?
ОК ІЗ ІІ



5

I love you, Tiny.

I mean Madison.

I mean, Mrs. Cartwright.

I mean Snookum.

Sparkly Pickle Ball...

Ooops, I mean Pingle.

I love you. I love your girth.

Quit looking in mirror.



I went to bed, man.

*I woke up, exhausted +
and a fucking potato.*

I love you Tiny.

*I'm, Jazz, if you're
confused.*

Jazz, you're a potato.

A fucking potato.

Pass the salt shaker.

And the mayonaise.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
ՏԻՆԿԵՆԻ ԲԻՆԿԵ ԲՅՈՒՆ: ԴՈՒՄԵՆ ԿՅՈՇԵՐԱՎ

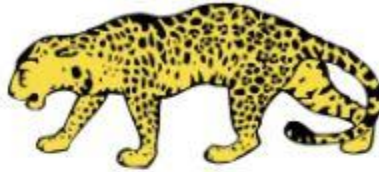
MASSAPEQUA SPEEDWAY
ՄԱՍՏՏՎԵՐՈՎ ՏԲԵԵԴՄԱՎ

HOME OF THE MASSAPEQUA 500
ԿՈՄԵ ՕԲ ԼԻՄ ԿՄԱՍՏՏՎԵՐՈՎ ԲՈՈ

AND THE INTERNATIONAL SINGING SENSATION: VALDY'S 4TH COUSIN
ՎՈՒ ԼԻՄ ԻՆԼԵՔՆՎՈՆՈՎՏ ԲԻՆԿԻՆԸ ՏԵՆԻՐՎՈՒՆ: ՎՈՒԴՎ, 4^{ԻՄ} ԿՈՍՏԻՆ

Massapequa Motor Speedway

free dunk tanks



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
ԼԻՆԴՏՎՎ ՄԻՆՇԵՐԱՎՈՎ

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR



Tiny.



Yes. My love.

Ewe. The towel is sticky.



Seriously, why are you so small?

So, makes you smaller by the way.

Chuckle. You're smaller than my head.

Would you like some forehead penis?



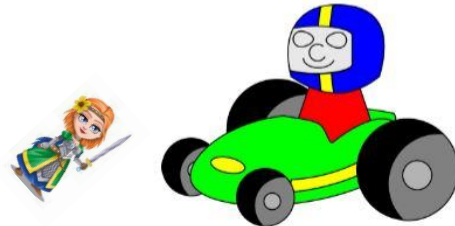
What? Yes.

Remember. I have a sword.

The only reason I love you over Jazz, is because I'm on Keto.



I love you, my Beauty.



Hop onto the hood of my ride.

Hold on Tiny. Massapequa here we come

MASSAPEQUA SPEEDWAY
IAV22AVFEQAV 2FEEDMAV

free dunk tanks



WEE.
I'M ON THE HOOD OF A RACE CAR!



...2. 3. Go. Go. Go.
...2. 3. GO. GO. GO.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
ՏԻՎԿԿԵՆ ԲԻՆՈՐԵ ԲՅՐԵ: ԴՌԻՎԵՐ Վ ԿՅՈՐԵՐԱԿ

LAP 1. SPARKLY IS IN LAST.
ԸՆԴԵ 1. ՏԻՎԿԿԵՆ ԻՑ ԻՆ ԸՆՁԼ:

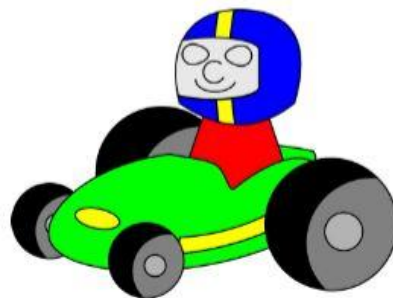
LAP 2. SPARKLY IS STILL ON LAP 1
ԸՆԴԵ 2. ՏԻՎԿԿԵՆ ԻՑ ՉԼԻՐԸ ՕՒՆ ԸՆԴԵ 1

⋮

LAP 483. SPARKLY IS →
ԸՆԴԵ 483. ՏԻՎԿԿԵՆ ԻՑ →



TINY. WANT TO HIT A DRIVE THRU?

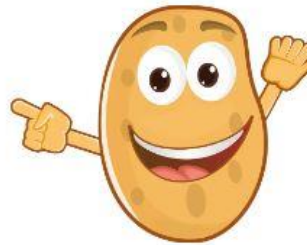
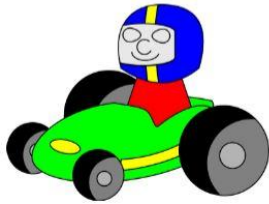


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
ԸՆԴՈՉՆԻ ԱՄԻՇԵՐԱՎՈՒԿ

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
2PARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR

SPARKLY MISTAKES THE WELL
2PARKLY MISTAKES THE WELL

FOR A DRIVE THRU
FOR A DRIVE THRU



Tiny.

Yes, my love.

Order me a burrito.

Okay.

Love. A giant potato is chasing us.

Fucking Jazz.

And Tiny, get me a Mr. Pibbs + a Tomato Milkshake. Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh.

Oh.

And some Poutine. Duck Poutine.

Quack.

Tiny. I love you.

You're a fucking potato.

I can change.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
ՉԻՎԿԿԵՂ ԼԻՆԿԵ ԲՎԴԴ: ԴՈՒԼԵՉ Կ ԿՅՈՇԵՅԿ

LAP 495
ԼՎԵ ԴՁՁ

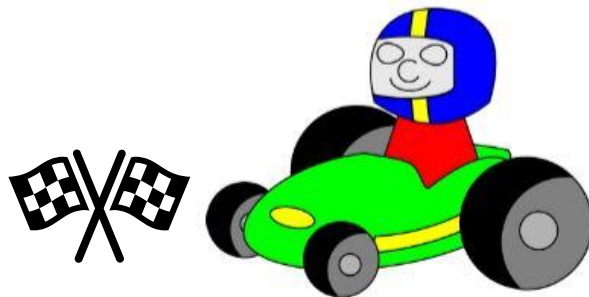


TRAGEDY STRIKES THE MASSAPEQUA 500
Ի ԿՎՇԵԴՂ Չ ԼԻԿԻԵՉ ԼԻԵ ԽՎՁՁՎԵՐՈՎ 500

A RUNAWAY SCHOOL BUS WIPES OUT
Վ ԿՈՆՎՈՎՎՂ ՉՇՈՈՂ ԲՈՉ ՄԻԲԵՉ ՕՈՂ

EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR SPARKLY PINGLE BALL
ԲԱԲԿՆՈՒԵ ԷՄՇԵՂ ԼՈՔ ՉԻՎԿԿԵՂ ԼԻՆԿԵ ԲՎԴԴ

THEY'RE ALL DEAD
Ի ԷՄ ԿԵ ՎԴԴ ԴԵՎԴ



SPARKLY PINGLE BALL WINS!
ՉԻՎԿԿԵՂ ԼԻՆԿԵ ԲՎԴԴ ՄԻՆԻՉ!

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
ԼԻՆԴՁՎՂ ՄՈՒՇԵՐԱՎՈՔ



Tiny, want to do it?



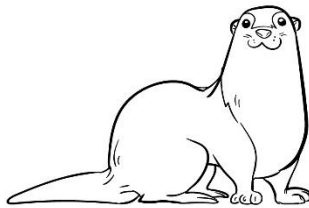
It? I'd love to Sparkly. I haven't done it since Mr. Cartwright died, and our goat left.



Goat?



I was lonely. I've heard the rumours about you and Bob.



They're all true. My forehead took a beating.

JAZZ SELLS HIS ENCYCLOPEDIAS

DOOR TO DOOR DOOR TO DOOR



Knock. Knock.

Would you like to buy my encyclopedias?

Beat it. I have, fucking Google.

Look at the binding.

Look at your face.

What?

Let me demonstrate.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR



You fucking dumped a pile of dirt on my carpet.

Shit. I thought I was selling my vacuum.

Great. I have the 'V' Encyclopedia - it has Vacuum in it.

I should kill you. Michael Jackson once showed me a picture of an embryo.

Want to do it?

Sure. I've been lonely since my goat left.

This won't mean anything to me. I love Tiny. This is just for →

Shut up and **turn off the lights.**

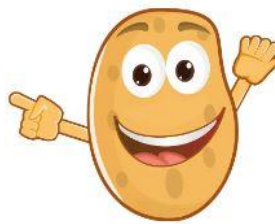
OH Sparkly. Oh. Oh. Sparkly.

Why are you moaning Sparkly.

Have you seen him?

I just came. What types of towels do you have?

Turn on the light.



Oh my. That's better. Crap. Potato once more.

You call that, better. Don't you have mirrors at home. Never mind. You're still a potato.

I did, have mirrors at home, that is. But Sparkly is using them all.

Towel please.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
2B4KKTJ LINGGE BYTT: DKIAE? V KYCECVK

TINY SHARES HER DREAM TINA SHAKES HER DREAM



*I used to be a hideous monster. No living creature would touch me with any length of pole.
Not even if it was Polish.*

Anyway, what's this fucking goat doing in here? Shew goat. Shew. Or you will be stew soon.



That's better. A white night road in on an elephant. He was carrying a magical chalice.

The Magical Chalice of Mirth

He handed me the chalice. I drank from it. I turned beautiful. Tiny. But Gorg.

My dance card filled up. I had to buy new towels and linens.

The chalice can save Timmy from the hole. It can save humanity.

It is my dream to share it with the world.

I used to hang out on the roofs of parking garages, topless. With a slew of topless friends.

Vixens if you will. Trollops.

Our sustenance was potatoes. Russet potatoes. I don't do cocaine.

Would I?

If the straws were plastic, line me up. Sparkly can you hand me a mirror.

Anyway, on the parking garage roofs, me, and my posse pushed any man wearing rugby pants to their timely deaths. Splattering their twisted bodies on the asphalt below.



Is the stew ready? Did you remember to add carrots?

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

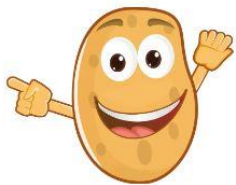
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR



Sparkly. Sparkly. Sparkly



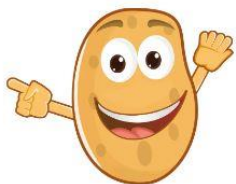
Shut up, Jazz. You are the most annoying potato head, ever. Very annoying. So annoying.



I used to be a twin. I absorbed my twin brother in the womb.



What? You absorbed your twin? Are you insane?



No. Maybe. Okay, a little.

After I absorbed Kirby, I tried out for The Minnesota Vanishing Twins. I would have made it—until they found out I wasn't a Twin—I was a triplet.

I absorbed Kirby. I forgot about Blaze.

Blaze, spontaneously combusted in my mother's womb

My mother thought it was heartburn.

The Vanishing Twins cut me.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
2BYKKTJ LINGGE BYTT: DKIAE? Y KYCECYK



Sparkly. Sparkly. Sparkly.

I need to rest. What is it, Tiny? Don't tell me you absorbed your twin.



What? Get out of here, goat. This is your last warning.

Eeyore. Hee-hah. Cool, I'm multi-lingual



Sparkly, there is no easy way to tell you this, so I'll just spit it out.

Ewe. You just horked on my face.

I'm not sure you spelled horked, correctly.

Okay, Sparkles, here goes, I slept with the goat...

No. That's not it. Do you remember the Quality Inn Stairwell.

Yes.

Timmy is your son.



I'm a father!

Yes. We must save Timmy. The only way is if we find the magic chalice.

I have a son. How? I faked my orgasm.

That's not important right now; can we get a cat?

We?

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: DRIVES A RACECAR



Sparkly. Sparkly. Sparkly



It's never ending. What is it, Jazz?



Do you want to see a picture of the first person I did?



No.



Look. Hot right!



Jazz, you are a sicko. That's a picture of an embryo. Are you okay? I think shock therapy would help you.

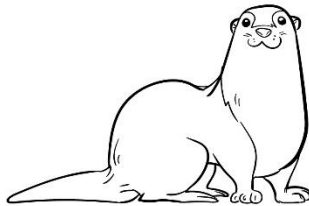


How long have you been carrying that picture with you, you sick, sick, more than sick, bleeper.

Timmy is my son. Immaculate conception. I faked my orgasm.



I DIDN'T.



NEITHER DID I.



NOR I?



NOR I?



MEOW

SPONSORS

THE MASSAPEQUA MOTOR SPEEDWAY



I think I'm going to be screwed up.



Luke, I'm your father.

UP NEXT

- Will Timmy find out who his real father is?
- Will Sparkly Pingle Ball find the Magic Chalice of Mirth?
- Will Jazz continue to be a potato head?

20

Find out in →

Sparkly Pingle Ball Joins the Circus



More @ www.lindsaywincherauk.com

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