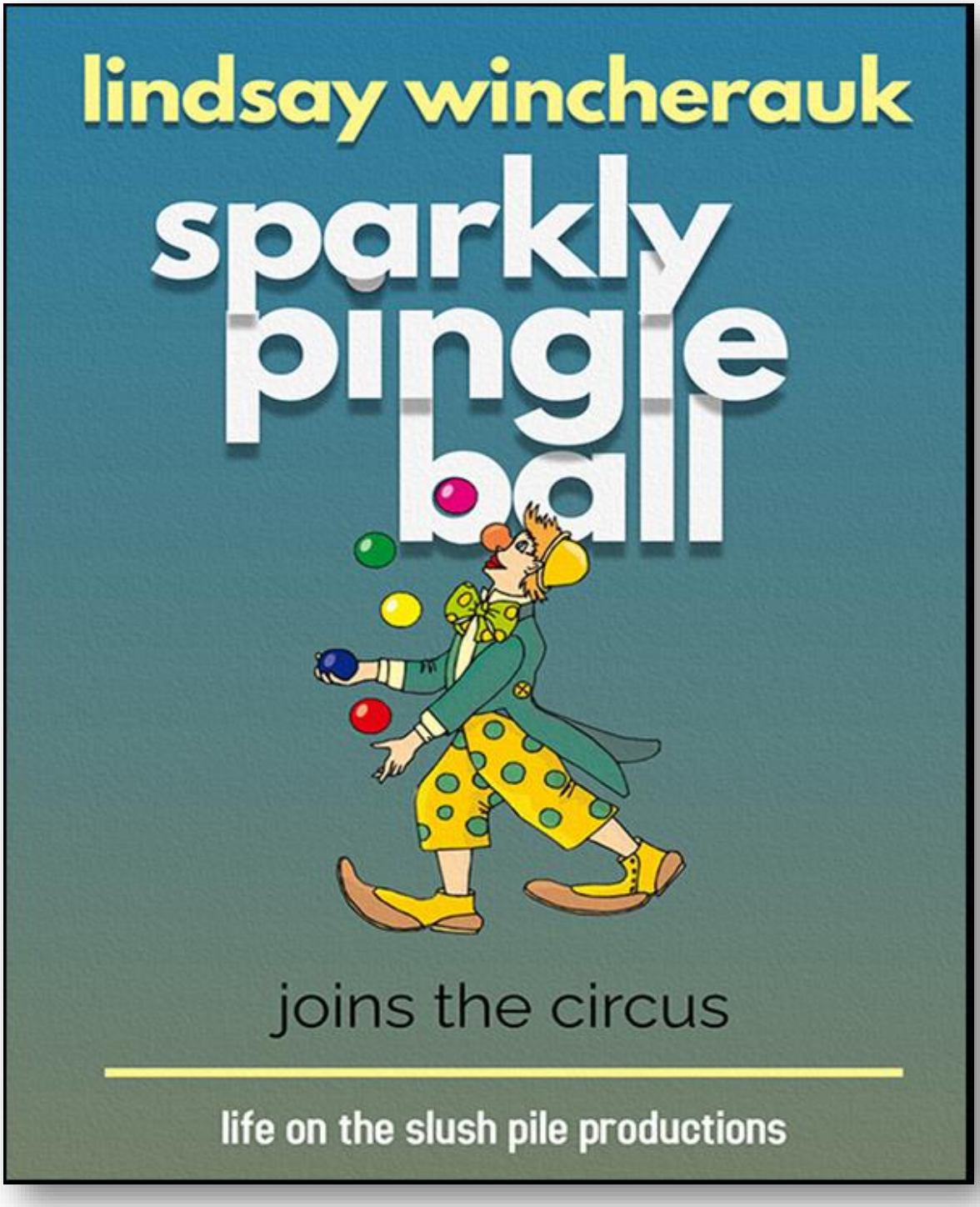
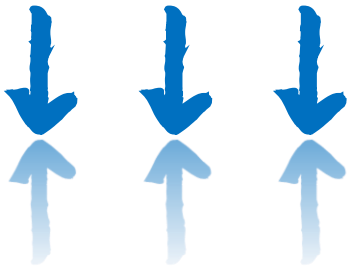
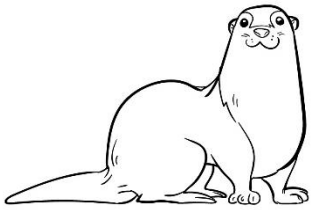

lindsay wincherauk
sparkly pingle ball
joins the circus
life on the slush pile productions



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

SASKACHIMO EXPOSITION

2022: SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN



I've brought you all here today, to the Saskachimo Exposition, because I have reliable intel saying the Magical Mystical Chalice of Mirth is somewhere on the labyrinth of this exposition. Probably deeply in the bowels of greasy food.

Who's with me?

Sparkly are you drunk?

The chalice is our only hope and the elixirs bubbling within, are our only hope to free Timmy from the well—and to restore Jazz to his original form. I have assigned each of you equally important tasks to allow me the freedom to juggle my way into finding the chalice.

Of Mirth.

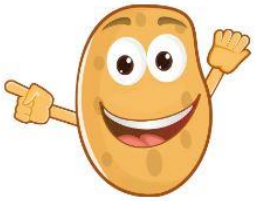
Of Mirth.

Tiny: You will be the weight guesser. Fairgoers will come to you, sit on your head, and you guess their weights. If you are wrong—a trinket is awarded to the blobby people.

Donald: Fetch.

Timmy: …

I'm in a goddam well. What fucking good could I be from down here? And besides I don't want a task—I'm watching a riveting 30-part documentary about people who've taken photos of the Steam Clock in Vancouver–and are now trying to convince their friends they are showing the photos—why the photos are interesting. Seriously.



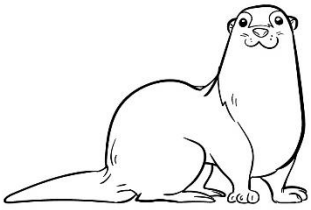
JAZZ + BOB: Jazzy, I have assigned you to the Poutine Shack. They serve 3,962 types of Poutine.

WTF, I'm a fucking potato.

Bob.

Otter Sound.

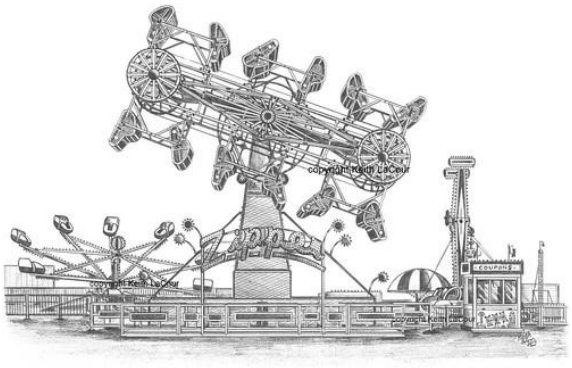
Mini donuts?



Otter Sound.

Great. Together we can free Jazz and Timmy from their nightmares.

I like it down here. Could someone order me a hooker?



I'm running now. I will find the chalice.

Of mirth.

Of mirth.

Before I go I must down these 8 milkshake-type drinks and then ride The Zipper 12 times.

Damn it, I'm larger than the ride.

You're a bleeping clown. Pretend it's a Volkswagen.

Last Drop of Milkshake → Downed: Zipper → Down: Hello, Tatters, Tickles, Tipsy, Tootles, Tootsie—how many of you are in here?

Hello, Sparkly, 93.4 of us are in here.

93.4.

Yeah, Squiggles had a tragic accident and he's now only a head.

Body?

No body.

Hey, Squiggles.

Hey, Sparkly.

You're looking good, I love your eyes.

Are you a fucking dickhead?

6 No, Squiggly, look, I'm juggling 5 balls. I have a favour to ask?

What?

Not, what? But could you keep an eye out looking for nefarious characters dressed in chalice themed garb?

Garb?

Fuck, Squiggles, you didn't lose your brain.

I've got a fucking spike through my skull.

Whine. Whine. Whine. You nothing more than excuses.

Sorry Sparkly, I'm in. Together we will find the Magical Chalice.

Of Mirth.

Of Mirth.

Do you want to blow me?

What? Maybe next Thursday. Sparkly, can you send Timmy's hooker to me after he's done. Hopefully, he's got a fluid hooker this time.

This time? What? **TIMMMY, I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU.**

Squiggly, I'm feeling a tickle of queasyness. Don't look at me like that, I'm a clown goddamnit. If I say queasyness is a word, it's a word, so is goddamnit. Damnit.

I probably shouldn't have quaffed the last 3 milkshakes like a sailor who's never seen liquid before. Zipper this. Zipper that.

Don't look at me like that children, haven't you seen a clown projectile vomit like a pregnant mare that has eaten bad oats before?

That's what I thought.

Oh. Wah. Fucking. Wah. Squiggly is scaring you.

Sparkly, when your done vomiting, come over here and give your daddy a kiss.

What's fucking wrong with you?

Just a little taste. I'll loosen my drawers for you.

You're a head.

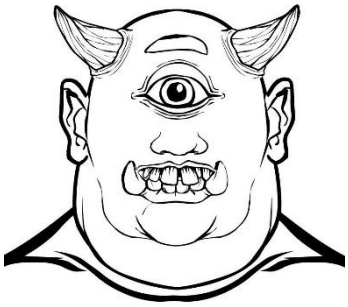
I have dreams.

Of mirth.

Of mirth.

Three more minutes of puking and I must be off to find the Maze of Redemption. I have an inkling I will find the chalice there. If I do, Squiggly, I will find the elixir that will restore your body—your drawer loosening comment has got me feeling randy, not you Randy, get out of here. Now, where was I, when you are restored to your old self, I will plant a wet one on…

THE MAZE OF REDEMPTION

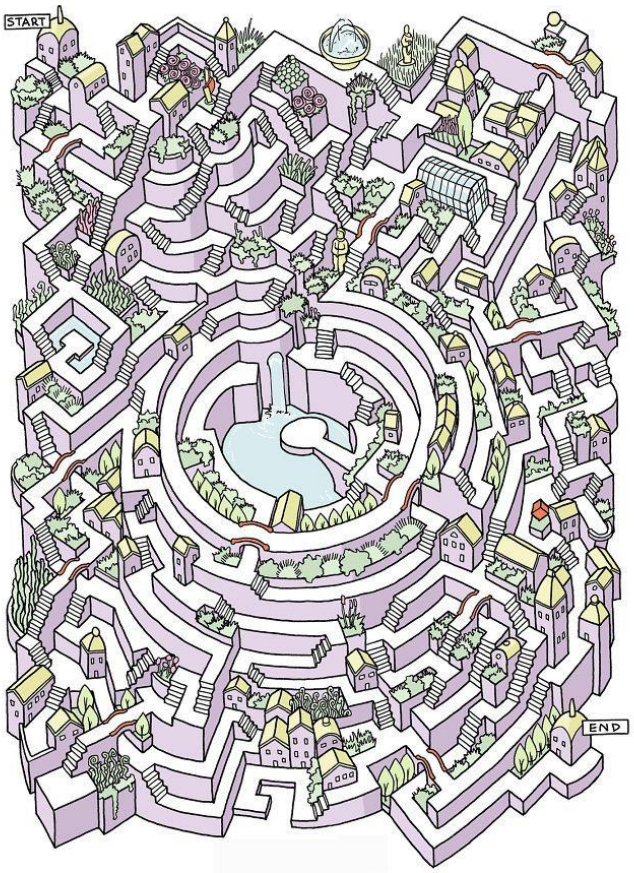


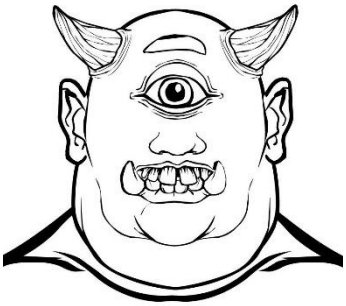
Fi. Fi. Fo. Fum. I knew you would come. Ewe. Gross. Here, take this towel and clean yourself up.

I am Three Eyes, the gate keeper to the Maze of Redemption. To be granted access to the Maze of Redemption to search for the Magical Chalice of…

Of Mirth.

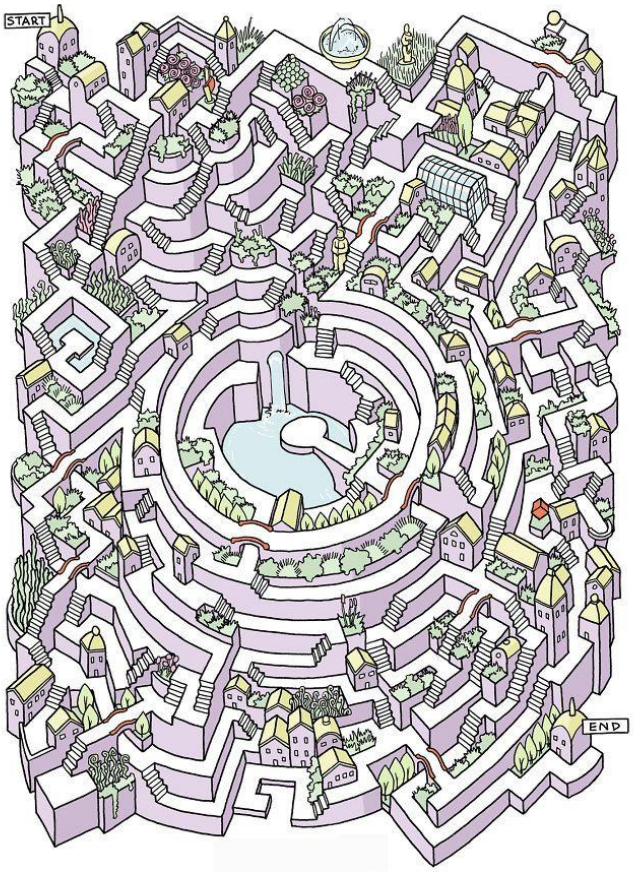
Of Mirth.

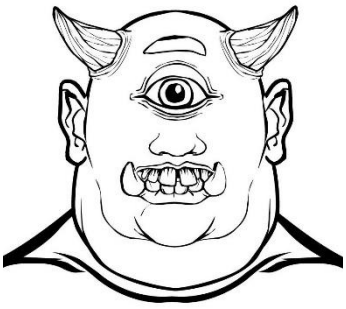




… you must complete these three tasks in order and perfectly. When you do ta da, access.

1. Sing Ed Sheeran's – You Need Me. I Don't Need You.
2. Eat that goat over there. Completely.
3. And finally, recite the following chant: Eyi. Eyi. Yicky. Ioni. Yappa Pony. Alla Calla Whiskey. Chinese chump. Beep. Beep.





Three Eyes. That's a beautiful name. Can I ask you, why you are called Three Eyes?

You just did, clown?

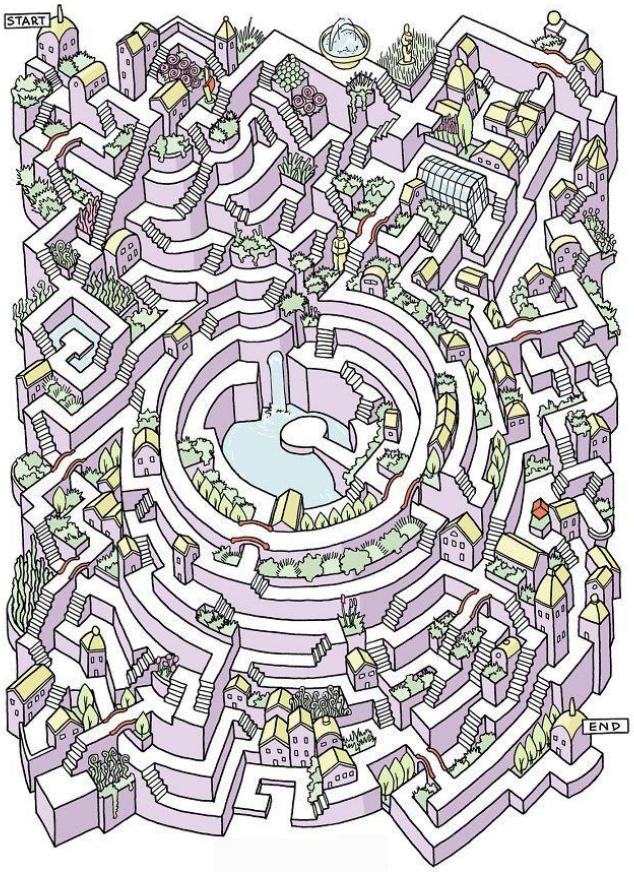
I guess I did.

Isn't the answer obvious?

Baw.

Goat, quit impersonating a sheep. Do you like siracha sauce? Don't worry, I'll save a little taste for you.

Ribbit.



YOU NEED ME, I DON'T NEED YOU

My flows developing, skin lacks the melanin
Give me shot of adrenaline and I get it in
I do it for the hell of it
Ever since I hit the mainstream with The A Team I seem to sell a bit
I took what held me back with the women and then I packaged the image
Put in some content and I then I sold it back as a gimmick
The fact is this: I'll end up dating actresses
Wake up on dirty mattresses, I think I need to practice this

But I make shit happen, call me a laxative

… …

You need me man I don't need you
You need me man I don't need you at all
You need me

Perfect Sparkly. Task 1 complete. It's time for goat.

Caw. Caw. Caw.

Sparkly, I love the way you made the song your own. If I have one criticism, you're high register was a little squeaky.

Fuck off.

You fuck off.

Your face.

Chirp.

SPARKLY EATS A GOAT

Go Sparkly. Go. Bite. Chew. Don't eat the buns.

What are you talking about?

Look out: Joey Chestnut is behind you.

What?

He's chowing down on three goats. Sparkly, you only have to eat one.

This fucking hurts. Can you get this over with.

I don't love you goat. I haven't even named you.

You're a fucking psychotic animal.

Who's a goat?

You are.

Your face.

Eat Sparkly. I was kidding about Joey. And we ain't got no buns. Would you like some chitlins?

You're an odd duck, Three Eyes.

Three bites left Sparkly. I like the number three.

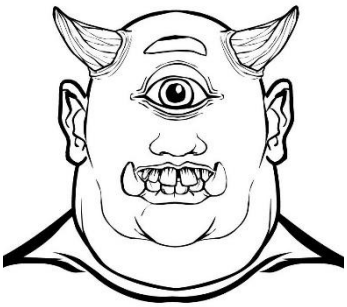
One more tiny morsel.

Fuck off I'm full. Get me a bucket.

Would you like a mint or a milkshake?

Fuck off.

SPARKLY CHANTS



Eyi. Eyi. Yicky. Ioni. Yappa Pony. Alla Calla Whiskey. Chinese chump. Beep. Beep.

Great job, Sparkly. Now come over here and plant a wet one on me.

What?

Pucker up baby, daddy has a surprise for you! Let me loosen my drawbridge to bliss.

What?

Blow me? … Was that so bad? I now grant you entrance to the Maze of Redemption. Hopefully, you find what you are looking for. Be careful Sparkly, the Maze of Redemption is littered with Goblins + Ghouls. Actually, it is a lot like Australia. Without the criminals. Around one corner you will find sorcerers. Around the next clown-eating rats. You will come to the bridge of fading glory. Slide through the tunnel of kimchi. You must find a way to get past Roger and Stan, the Maze executioners who've been guarding the Maze for eternity.

Are you drunk?

A little. I'm a fucking ogre.

You most certainly are. And you definitely have a gigantic…

I love you Sparkly.

I love you to Three Eyes. Talk dirty to me.

Oh Sparkly. If you survive Roger and Stan, you will come to a shape shifting venomous turtle called One Eye, I mean Snappy. If his spit touches your skin, legend has it you will come back to life as a chicken.

How many eyes does One Eye have?

THE MAZE OF REDEMPTION

With Sparkly, falling in love with Three Eyes, and having completed the three tasks. One last tongue-filled kiss and his trip into the unknown of the Maze of Redemption has begun.

Sweetness, have fun unlocking the secrets of the maze. Please come back to me with the Magical Chalice of…

Of Mirth.

Of Mirth.

Who the hell are you?

I'm Pasquel. I am the Sorcerer of Sardinia. Didn't you notice I narrated the first line on this page. I am taking over the narration for now. You two are so fucking plodding. So…

Fuck off.

You fuck off.

Your face.

Sparkly, you don't want to piss me off, hisssssss, love me, I will guide you safely on your quest. *Cross me, cross me, if you, if you, if you If you cross her Then you cross me...*

Ed Sheeran? Did you just hiss?

Sparkly, come over here and give Pasquel a little sugar!

Sparkly, I'm pregnant.

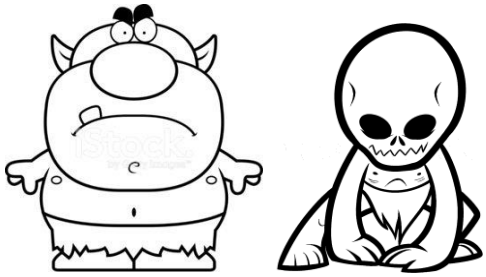
I haven't even kissed you yet.

Go my love. Enter… the maze. After you may enter…

Sparkly, starts running into the maze. Corner one, he comes across Labrador and Charles.

Labrador is a Goblin with extraordinary strength.

Charles is a Ghoul with insecurity issues.



Labrador, do you think my eyes are too close together?

Charles, quit being a little baby.

Labrador, I am heartbroken. I saw Tiffany kissing Lorenzo. I love Tiffany. Not as much as I love you, Lab. I enjoy the taste of your belly button lint. Yummers. Do you think my diaper makes me look fat? Should I part my hair differently? I need to learn how to lawn bowl. Look at my nipples. Do you think I have boobs? Look. Look. Look.

No.

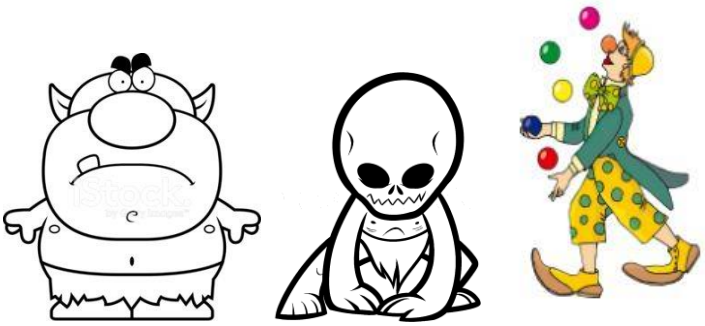
I need to know if these are new. I don't think I had them yesterday. Look please.

Can I look on Thursday? I promise I'll look on Thursday. Don't worry, Charles, I can spot a dyke in a lineup, and on a motorcycle, any day. Better on Thursday, of course.

Lab, have you seen my pen?

Enough, Charles, I can here the pattering, clackity steps of a newcomer. We must prepare to Goblin and Ghoul.

Lab, can you suck on my big toe?



Hiisssss.

Hissssss.

Hiisssss. Hissssss.

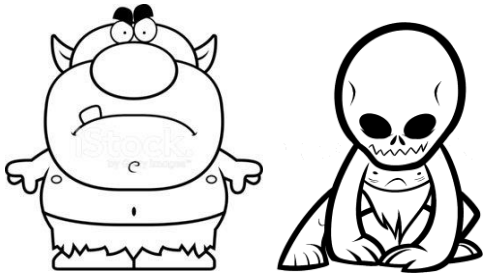
Newcomer. We see you trembling. You have entered the realm of the undead killers. We are here to terrify you. Scare the bejeezus out of you and then devour your vanishing soul.

Hiisssss. Hissssss. Lab, you can take my toe out of your mouth now. Clown, I can see you are petrified.

16 No. I think your diaper makes you look fat. I think everything you wear will make you look fat, fatty.

Hissssss. I will eat your soul.

Souls don't have calories. They are uneatable. Empty, calorie-free, nothings. You might as well eat air.

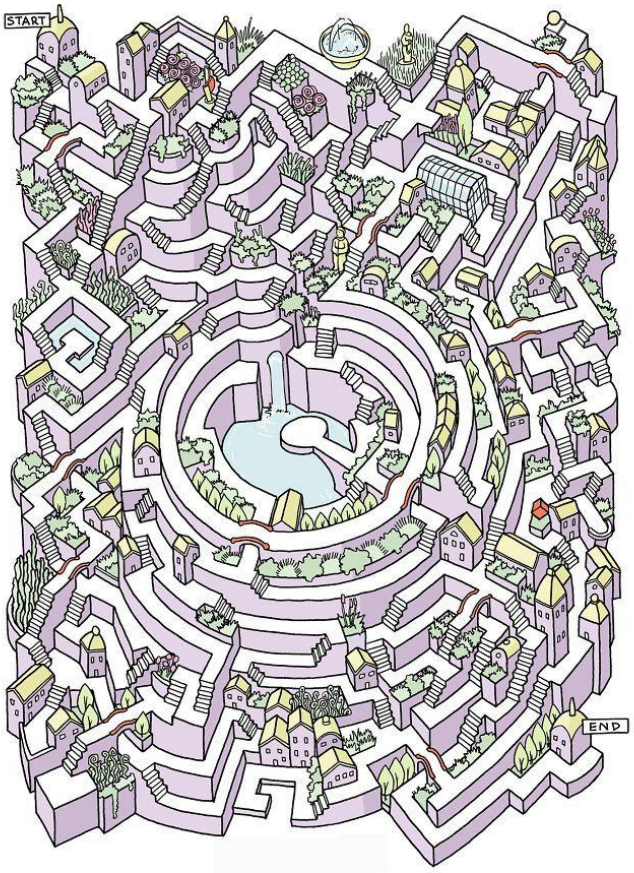


Silence. Do you really think I'm fat. Lab, the clown, thinks, I'm fat. Wah.

Quit being a baby, Charles.

Now clown, prepare to… hey, where did he go? Lab, do you think a Peloton would help?

Lab, do you think we suck at our job?


START
END

The first Maze Creatures have been defeated Sparkly. Now you must run. On your mark. Get set → Mavis can you get me a Cappuccino?

For bleeps sake → while your at it Mavis, could you get me some crab cakes?

GO!!!

Good running, Sparkly. Are you Ethiopian?

Are you piece of shit racist, Pasquel?

Meh. And where is the 'e' at the end of my name?

OMG. Who the fuck are you?

Sparkly, beware of the cuteness. Bewaaaare.

Aren't I cute. I'm Snappy the mo-fucking cute snapping turtle. Touch me. Touch me like you love me.

You're fucking strange. Snappy. Ohh. I'm scared. You are nothing more than a plush toy. And Snappy, did you come up with that name all by yourself → quit crying. Boo Hooo.

My daddy named me. He was going to call me One Eye, weird; right?

Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. What the fuck are you doing? Stop it. Damn it, my ankles are bleeding. I will →

Yummy. Are you a chef, Sparkly. You remind me of John Oliver.

Fuck off. And don't you mean Jamie Oliver?

Julia Childs?

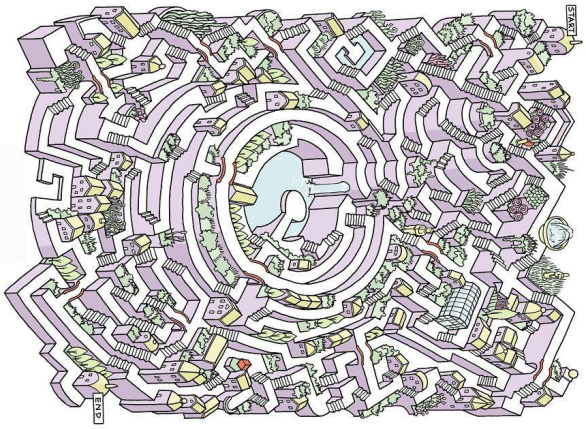
I'll eat your eyes.

Okay.

I've never had turtle soup before. It sure is tasty.

It sure is Mav. Mav, darling, do you like the size of my balls?

Gross.



Great job, Sparkly. You've defeated Labrador + Charles.

Actually, I didn't defeat them. They're somewhat daft.

That's offensive.

Your face is offensive.

You turned Snappy into a tasty broth.

I was wondering, does Snappy come in chicken flavour?

Are you on gummies Sparkly?

I'm not, not, on gummies.

Sparkly, you will be drinking out of the Chalice of Mirth, soon. Believe it.

Of Mirth.

Of Mirth.

Can you taste the Elixir?

All I can taste is turtle, crab, and cappuccino.

Cappuccino is hard to spell.

There is only one more obstacle and you will have made it.

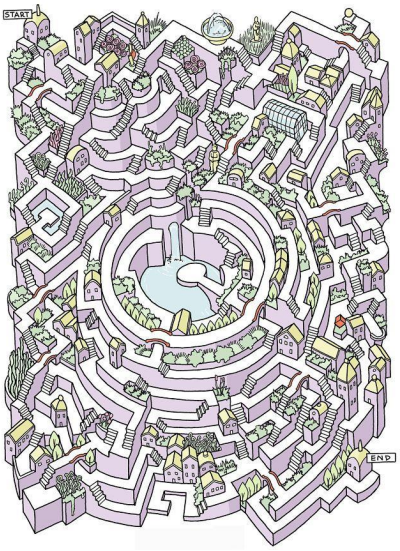
What's the challenge, Pasquel?

Do my balls look swollen to you?

That's the fucking challenge.

Sorry about that. The challenge is you must exterminate the Rabid Rodents of Gollum.

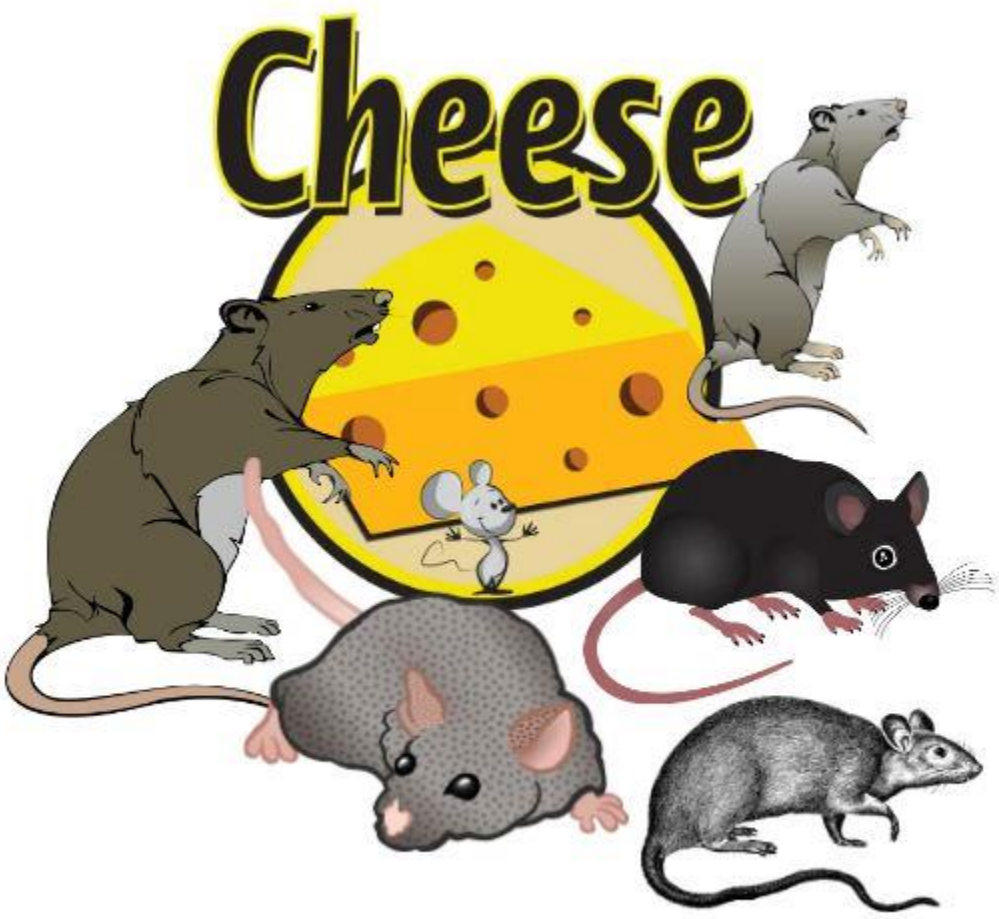
Now go, Sparkly, the Chalice will soon be yours.



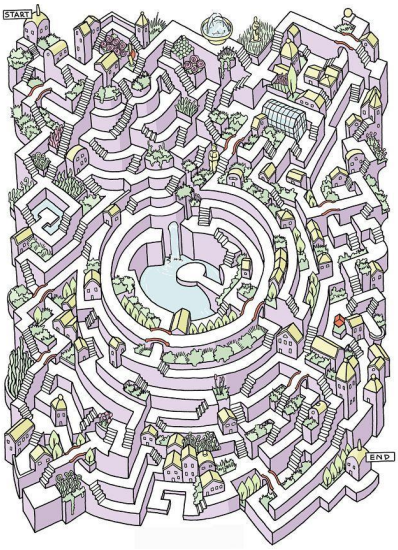
Of Mirth

Of Mirth

THE RABID RODENTS OF GOLLUM



PEDRO + MARTA + APPLE + KYLIE + DUSTIN + TODD



Maze. Turn. Run. Turn Left. Is that the Chalice? No. Damn. Turn another corner.

Crackle. Crackle. Crackle.

Damn, it sounds like 24 feet, crackling on the path. Hey, anyone there? Stop. Look. Nothing. Nobody. Run. Turn right, There it is, the beautiful Chalice.

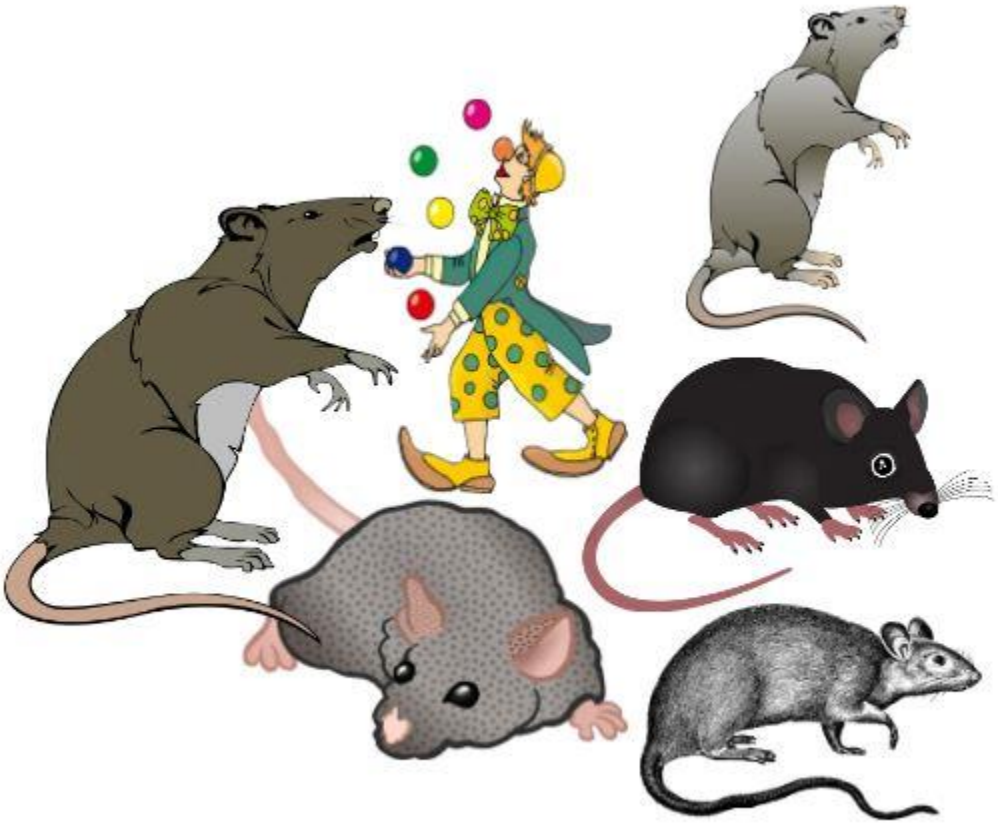
Of Mirth. Of Mirth. Of Mirth. Of Mirth. Of Mirth.

Of Mirth. Rodents can talk?

Crackle. Crackle. Crackle.

Hello. Anybody there? Nobody? The Chalice be mine.

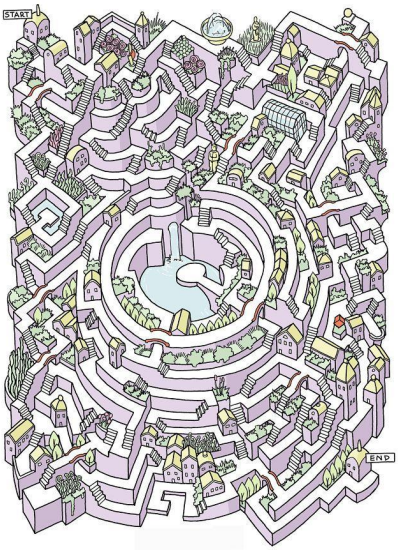
Of Mirth, of course.



FUCK

GOOD-FUCKING-BYE RODENTS OF GOLLUM

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



THE CHALICE BE MINE

JAZZ YOU WILL NO LONGER BE →

TIMMY YOU'LL FINALLY GET OUT OF →

DON'T RUSH. I KIND OF AM DIGGING IT DOWN HERE.

WHO THE FUUUUUCCKKK ARE YOU?

Jeepers Mav. I think I forgot to tell Sparkly about the Cereal Killer.

Oh my. Sparkly will be okay, he's resilient. He passed the entrance challenge. He defeated Leonard + Charles. He boiled Snappy. And he exterminated the Rabid Rodents of Gollum. How tough could the Cereal Killer be? The Magical Chalice of Mirth will soon be his.

Of Mirth.

Of Mirth.

Jazz will no longer be a Russet. And Timmy will climb out of the well. Have faith, my sweet, Pasquel. Have Faith.

Mav?

Yes, Pasq?

Do my balls seam sweaty to you?

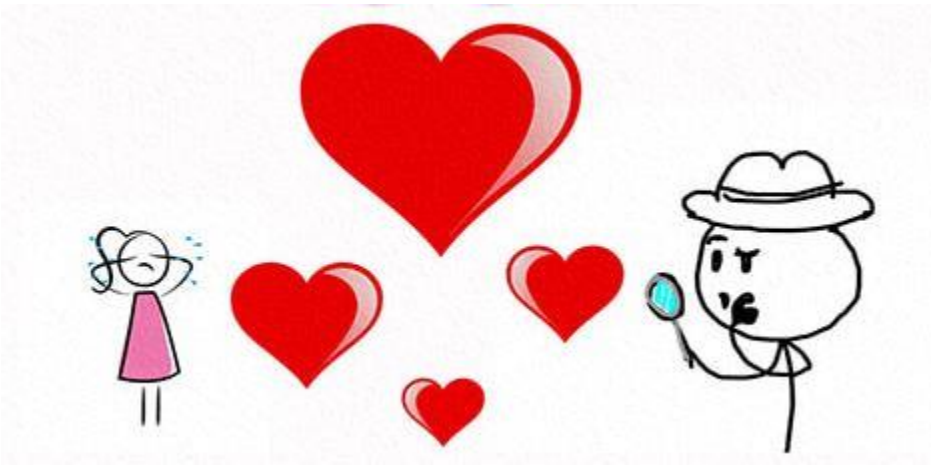
Yes, dear, and salty.

UP NEXT

- Will Sparkly Pingle Ball defeat the Cereal Killer?
- Will Sparkly Pingle Ball go back and execute Pasquel?
- Have you ever had Turtle Soup?
- Will Jazz no longer be a potato head?
- Will Timmy climb out of the well?
- Who will Sparkly fall in love with.
- Will Pasquel find breathable underwear?
- Mavis?
- Why weren't Roger + Stan in this episode?

Find out in →

Sparkly Pingle Ball Falls in Love



More @ www.lindsaywincherauk.com

CONTACT INFORMATION

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Author/Journalist/Photographer

1001-1225 Richards Street

Vancouver, BC

V6B 1E6

www.lindsaywincherauk.com

lindsaywin@outlook.com

778.329.3820