

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

**lindsay wincherauk**

**sparkly**   
**pingle**  
**ball**

Part 2

the  
questionert



On The Late Show With Stephen Colbert

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LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

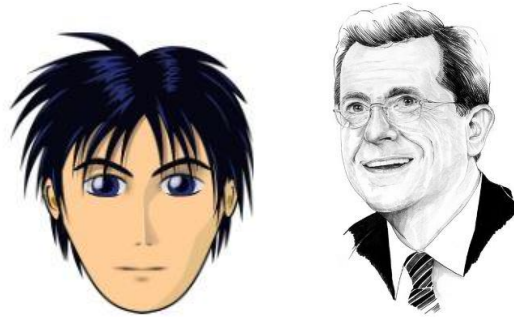
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# SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT



**COLBERT**

I'm here with a new creation: Sparkly Pingle Ball. Welcome back, Sparkly. How was the commercial break for you?

**SPARKLY**

Stevie, would you like some toast?

**COLBERT**

Is that an 8-slice toaster?

**SPARKLY**

No, it's a 47.5-slicer.

**COLBERT**

Sparkly, you are new, and I am honoured to have you on. Are you open to doing The Colbert Questionert?

**SPARKLY**

Am I!

**COLBERT**

Fifteen questions. The world wants to get to know you. Ready?

**SPARKLY**

Shoot.

**COLBERT**

What is the best sandwich?

And Sparkly, this is America, don't say, shoot.

**SPARKLY**

I'll take that one.

Here goes.

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Day one for me was July 2022, when my creator Wanda needed a muse to walk with him as he fended off the assaults of depression by walking over 20 miles every day (40,000+ steps every day in July). Every day. He created me because he lost an earbud and didn't want to sound crazy as he passed passersby on the streets and, the spectacular seawall of Vancouver. That's where I came in, birthed, and wrote out of the mind of my genius creator; seriously, genius, or I wouldn't be gracing this stage.

Wanda, my creator, is a man; he tells me I come from a long line of Pingle Balls, most of whom spontaneously combusted, leaving only socks and ashes behind. Or so he told me. We both wear fire extinguishers because he couldn't bear, bare or however the fuck you spell bear, to lose me or almost lose me or lose me or... anyway, I won't become only ashes and socks because of Wanda.

Wanda was born where devil spawns were born to wayward women, I was going to use more derogatory words for his mother, but after all, she was his mother, and I'm not sure, nor is Wanda, of what his mother had to endure. *The fucking times*. Can I say "times" on network television? I can. Fuck.

Did you know I'm only imagination, Steve? Hot fucking imagination.

I will continue.

Wanda was a lost soul. And Wanda was an odd name for a boy. When my extraordinary creator turned seven, he changed it to a more manly name with much more heft, Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie).

That was the first time I used the word heft.

Walk with us.

Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie), or if you prefer MEC (My Extraordinary Creator)? MEC has lived a challenging life, a memoir worthy life; you can read all about it in MEC's extraordinary first memoir: Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie) – The Memoir. Read it, Steve. Read it now. The whole thing. Your audience won't mind. You can put it on the teleprompter. Are you going to do it?

Before you read it, to your audience, I will continue. Is it cold in here?

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Shall we take the sandwich question to 2005?

MEC was going through a series of challenges. He had recently found out his dead parents (he watched die) were not his real parents. He had found out who his birth mother and father were. MEC was struggling. Barely holding on, MEC kept trying, but things were rough.

He was sitting in the sun on a glorious day at English Bay when MD approached. MD had noticed MEC had been crying, so he tried to console him by 'hitting on' him. MEC bawled some more because being 'hit on' wasn't what he needed. He needed his mommy + daddy. He needed to be a whole boy named Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie).

Two weeks later, MEC was walking down the alleyway behind his place when MD pulled up in his Jeep; MEC professed to MD he was in a bit of economic tumult and...

Stevie, have you ever been going through so much shit where, before you take your next breath, you know the shit is going to get much worse where you seriously wonder if suicide might be the best option because you've lost your ability to make others laugh? Where you realize you are in the middle of the apocalypse?

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...and MEC had lost all interest in masturbation.

That's where MEC was.

MD offered an olive branch. Come work where I work, you can start on Monday, he said.

With MD's offer, the next 15 years of MEC's life was going to be rescuing the fucking business of the worst of the worst assholes on this planet. Trapping him in a quagmire with sycophantic immature douchebags.

Every day for 15 years, they made him feel awful. I'll share, but none of this will make sense until about three memoirs from now.

He'd arrive every day before 6 AM to find a sticky on his computer with 6 AM written on it. He'd show up before 6 AM, and these immature assholes would ask him if he tied one on the previous night? Every fucking day.

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When an extra sycophant was brought in to run the show, and weekly reports were required, the nepotistic hires would ask MEC the names of the prospects MEC had seen the previous week, and then submit their reports as if they had been the one's doing the work.

With the company about to crumble, MEC was the only one who could save it, because the people the owner had hired, the sycophants, were too busy telling stories about having a Nubian Princess for a girlfriend, sharing stories from the god-awful movie Gummo; or buying gift cards from Home Depot for themselves with the owners money, because they were renovating their homes. All while, MEC did everything he could do to keep the lights on. He did a stellar job of it.

And then, when MEC was the key witness of a Hate Crime of a 62-year-old-man who happened to be gay, his coworkers, bombarded MEC with videos of girls in bathing suits dancing on boats.

For fifteen years, he had to listen to these marginal people, be marginal.

Every day, he felt used. But shamefully, he remained loyal. Until...

The first chance the owner got in 2020, gifted to him by a once-in-a-century pandemic, the owner had decided MEC had got older, and if he could find a way to get rid of MEC without paying him out, he would. The pandemic provided that opportunity.

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The thing is, MEC was turning 60 soon. His loyalty meant nothing. Nor did the fact he wasn't ready to call it a day; that didn't matter to the owner or his useless sycophants; they saw an opportunity, and regardless of MEC's loyalty and efforts, fuck him, we used him, maybe up, and...

MEC is not a quitter. He sunk into depression. Life was unravelling all around him. He lost one of his best friends, an ex-romantic partner, an ex-flatmate, and 8 other people (died). He had life-saving surgery. But he kept trying, writing, creating, and pitching, all while the people he enriched attempted to destroy him emotionally and financially.

That's where I came in; lost earbuds led MEC to me, Sparkly Pingle Ball. So, for almost a year now, I have had the honour of walking in lockstep with an extraordinary, caring, empathetic man who, despite everything, has never lost the importance of compassion.

MEC knows, eventually, the day will come when those who willfully hurt him will get what's most certainly coming their way.

That belief has provided MEC with a pause or, if you prefer, | |

Turkey on whole wheat, with mustard, pepper, a slice or two of cheese, and maybe a tomato.

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COLBERT

What's one thing you own, that you should really throw out?

SPARKLY

I'm booked in to get the fifth dose of the Covid vaccine next week.

I love needles, but I don't. Except for when shooting up, but I don't.

If you shoot up, I'm not taking the piss out of you, I'm sorry for whatever has happened in your life to put you where you are (unless you are happy with where you are); beware of the predators out there who are looking to exploit you, their names are...

I'm still battling depression; who could imagine thoughtless assholes could turn a life upside down?

You.

Well, aren't you special? Depression | profanity warning | fucking sucks.

I considered becoming an anti-vaxxer because of the stickers I saw on light standards (poles). Both start with Vaccines are Poison, finishing with 1) Take lots of sunshine & whole foods; and 2) ~~(Research)~~ Reseach Died Suddenly.

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Whole Foods is at least 2 kilometres from where we live – there's Choices across the street from where I live; I will continue eating the closer food.

And then I worried about the Reseach dying so much that I had to look up if Reseach was a word, it isn't, but I added it to my word dictionary so the squiggly red line would disappear. So, in the two paragraphs above, I accidentally misspelled Reseach by spelling it Research.

Let's keep talking about grocers.

Choices is a stupid name.

Independent is part of a chain.

No Frills. Laugh. WTF does that even mean?

Safeway.

Save on...

I'm sure you get the gest.

There's a clothing store called Urban Behaviour.



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A restaurant owner opened a restaurant on Granville Street. In their naming the restaurant brainstorming, a light went on; "Let's call it the Moulin Rouge after the famous burlesque club in Paris." Granville and Nelson Street screams Paris!

They continued brainstorming, "Oh, oh, oh, instead of burlesque, let's sell crappy tequila for \$3.47 and food for \$5.00 because what screams Paris more than people donning Urban Behaviour clothing and slamming back crappy tequila?"

Puke?

Yes. I'm going to get the vaccine. I almost wasn't going to.

Almost is an overused word.

I was in NYC in 2003 and almost died at the WTC. Not.

I booked a 30-minute interview with a publisher on the 18th. I'm unsure why I'm bothering because your hitman called me a 'failed writer.' |Profanity Warning| Fuck Off 000 000 000. You will be a 'failed' 'business owner.' You are already in the Bottom 10 |Profanity Warning| Nah, you are not worth the words.

A publisher is interviewing me.

What do you do?

Oh, yeah, exploit.

Hi Jim.

Hi Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie).

Why do Transit Police have cars?

Chuckle.

That's all for now.

Except, I feel like I will collapse with every step I take. Depression, or something more. Both suck. OMG, I think I'm suffering from couvade syndrome for Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie).

I'll take another step, for Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie).

Excuse me, sir, can I get one tequila shot?

Only one?

Steve, since I'm a creation of MY GENIUS CREATORS imagination, I don't own anything.



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COLBERT

What's the scariest animal?

SPARKLY

Can I field this one, Steve?

COLBERT

You are the only one here.

SPARKLY

What about the audience? Jeepers. Let me tell you about yesterday, yesterday, yesterday, a day before today!

I read a lot. It is part of what I must do to work on my craft. I love doing it. Each book I read helps me to understand how little I know.

[Big Shadow \(Author Comment About My Thoughts on Her Book\)](#)

[Thank you for this very special review, Lindsay! Marta Balcewicz](#)

I used to work for monsters. Not anymore.

Is it okay to call them monsters?

Yes.

When I read, I usually read in the *Blank, Blank, Food Court* (I don't want to name it, because I don't want the monsters to know where I am) for one or two hours every day. Most days, I buy a snack. I feel guilty buying the snack because I can no longer afford food or snacks.

What the monsters willfully chose to do significantly affected our lives. I wasn't ready to call it a day on my work career. I needed more years to shore up my future. I am 62.5. What they did caused me to lose my families security. But oh well, they are what they are.

One day soon, they will be out of business. RETRO. RETRO. RETRO.

Two hours is a long time to sit in a food court reading. Nobody ever asks me to leave.

Why?

Because I look like I do?

Yesterday, a man, 40ish, had his bags with him; he sat in the food court to get out of the deluge of rain. A commotion ensued. He was dishevelled, and black. Those two things are mutually exclusive. Hopefully, that had nothing to do with the security guards showing up.

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The security guards asked him to leave. Three security guards hung over him as he expressed upset with his treatment. One security guard kept repeating everything the man said, back to the man in a condescending fashion. The security guards kept pressing him to go, "You can't be here. It's a food court for mall patrons. Not you. Why are you here?"

"It's raining. I just need a break from the rain."

"You must leave. This place is not for you."

He left, not before uttering a few profanities.

I sat for another 45 minutes, reading—snack done, nobody asked me to leave.

Earlier in the morning, on the news, there was a segment about breaking up the tent encampment on Hastings Street, all the worldly possessions of those suffering on the streets were taken from them and tossed in the trash to be incinerated.

The TV featured a broken man (age unknown). The man, nearly in tears, expressed his upset. He was asked where he was going to go? His voice broke as he pointed at a spot on the sidewalk and said, "Here. This is my home."

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The following story on the news was about how business owners are upset the minimum wage is going up.

Isn't the average price in Vancouver for living indoors in the neighbourhood \$2,500 per month? And isn't an apple now about \$3.00? Did you know a nutrition less coke in a convenience store is anywhere from \$2—\$3.

The minimum wage represents the lowest amount greedy business owners can get away with.

Unfortunately, we treat some humans less than... human. And then complain about repeat offenders and mental health issues.

'The haves' complain about the cost of what they 'have' while at the same time complaining about having to see the suffering of the 'have nots.'

I'm disgusted by many people I know; many of them blame those suffering for suffering. "They did it to themselves." Or "The drugs did this."

Empathy and compassion are long gone and that disgusting human need to think you are better than others, kicks in. It sickens me.

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I met up with friends. We talked about rain. Vaccines. Sports. *Nothing*. Someone mentioned they don't trust Big Pharma. I agreed, but then added; there is no bleeping conspiracy with the vaccines because why would Big Pharma kill off older people because if they did, who'd buy their prescriptions.

On my walk home, five blocks, I witnessed four people pushing shopping carts filled with their belongings. Seven people smoking what I assumed to be 'crack' through a glass pipe, and the 7/11 doorman, a broken young man, holding a sign, filled with words of desperation.

I used to hate the 7/11 doormen, but then I changed my mind after one day when nobody was there, and I didn't know how to enter the store.

The last 3 years have taken a heavy toll on (me), financially, and emotionally. So, I can empathize with those who are suffering.

Shamefully, I'm not allowed to speak about what the monsters have done.

Monsters who no longer see me as human.

Monsters who no longer see me as human.

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### STARTING A DIALOGUE

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The cost of homelessness is the cost of homelessness.

We can break homelessness down into two thoughts.

1. You believe all homeless people are lazy and did it to themselves.
  2. You understand when you look at someone in trouble, absolutely nobody when they were 5 years old; if asked what they want from their lives when they are older? Said, "I want to be in the grips of addiction, living in a homeless camp, waiting for my life to end."
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## IDEAS

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1. Every citizen, regardless of societal standing, has the inalienable right to modest housing with a private bath.
2. Every citizen, regardless of societal standing, has the inalienable right to fresh, nutritious food delivered to their homes weekly.
3. Citizens gifted with ambition can climb, pursue luxury, move out of the lower-level housing into more lavish digs – often in the same neighbourhood, even at times in the same building. And as their wealth grows, they are welcomed to move up again and again and again. How? **Proposing the end of free-market housing.** And then, construction could take on a more measured bent. Housing projects would become better suited toward the direction of the demographics. Level 1 Housing would always boom. Luxury homes would start to be built at a tremendous rate. Without addiction + crime on every corner, suddenly, opportunities would abound, and people would become unburdened and able to climb without fearing collapse.
4. **The Game Changer.** The rich would no longer be allowed to horde wealth. All people would only be allowed to save 10% of their earnings monthly. Since people wouldn't have to worry about housing and nutrition, each citizen's remaining monthly take must be spent in its entirety, fueling the capitalist model. Penalty for non-compliance: unspent funds would be returned to the government coffers for education + infrastructure + the arts.
5. When a citizen died (mainly relating to the wealthy), they would be allowed to bequeath only the 10% to their relatives – they could not give their home (the home would return to the housing inventory) – and their relatives must remain where they are. They may use the inheritance to move up. But they could only save 10% of their windfall. The rest of the inheritance money must be spent in the next three months. Any unspent money would go into the government coffers.
6. **Eliminate Elite Education.** Schools would no longer allowed to cater to the wealthy. The rich would no longer be allowed to use privilege to benefit their bloodlines. Black Mary would be given equal opportunity with Princess Penelope to obtain an education. The BMs and PPs of the world might even become lab partners.
7. **Kill technology.** Not exactly. But give each of us part of our lives back by disconnecting us, which in turn would go a long way to reconnecting us. Every citizen must adhere to 3 x 2-hour technology-free hours per day (6-hours total). These hours could not be used during regular sleep hours, so the idea would create 14-hours per day technology + social media free. The hours would mainly coincide with mealtimes – 2 hours at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The

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penalty for non-compliance: A total ban of technology, outside of work for anyone convicted of not adhering to **Idea 7**. A by-product of this bold idea would be increased happiness. Relationships strengthened. The divorce rate dropping drastically. Restaurants + Bars, + Coffee Shops would see incredible spikes in business. And people would start saying “Hello” to each other, and astoundingly, talk might grow from small to substantive.

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## OR WE CAN CONTINUE TO LET ASSHOLES CONTRIBUTE TO HOMELESSNESS

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### What's a Labour Agency (except for Retro)?

They are usually run by a group of greedy, narcissistic, megalomaniacal, sociopaths who have somehow convinced themselves profiting from the suffering of others is their fucking birthright.

Look at all the people suffering on the street, those in the throes of addiction, alcoholism, and mental health issues; those exploitable, the sociopaths mentioned above rely on for their fancy cars and houses. I wish this was hyperbole. It's not.

Agencies usually consist of the following parts.

1. **An Absentee Owner.** Who got tired of seeing the suffering of his employees. So, he/she retreated to their 'Home Office.' Where he/she could simply count cash as he/she reduced his living, breathing employees to nothing more than a product – to be used up and tossed in the trash (3) when they were no longer useable.
2. **The Front Line:** A Marketing Man + a Dispatcher. Sort of good cop, bad cop. The Marketing Person, runs around wining and dining clients with strippers, lunches, sporting events, etcetera... All while calling his workforce, *under his breath*, losers, crackheads, garbage, stupid, or worse. While at the same time, telling those he's wooing he can get them the best workers. And the Dispatcher (Good Cop), manages those desperate for work by controlling who gets to work and eat – on any given day.
3. **THE FOLLOWING FICTITIOUS TEXT MIGHT BE REAL AND TAKEN FROM AN AGENCIES WEBSITE.** It takes an average of 10 hires to find a quality worker. Why have 9 unproductive people working for you when we can supply you with a productive worker from day one? Once our ... are hired, we constantly look to you, our partners, to evaluate our employees. We keep only those that make the high standards we set for our ..., and we are constantly replacing the **bottom 10%** who simply don't make the grade. Plus, our employees and the entire staff at ... ... know that we are a labour provider, and our work speaks for itself. So, our merit-based philosophy entices our employees to do better so they can make more money.

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Do you think 3 reduces homelessness?

Is the question sarcastic?

No, it's rhetorical.

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What we are doing is not working.

On my walk home (yesterday), five blocks, I witnessed four people pushing shopping carts filled with their belongings. Seven people smoking what I assumed to be 'crack' through a glass pipe, and the 7/11 doorman, a broken young man, holding a sign, filled with words of desperation.

I can say with the utmost of certainty, there is not a living being on this spinning rock, when they were 5 years old, when asked what they want to do when they get older, said, "I want to work for a predatory labour agency where at any moment they might decide I'm in the bottom 10 and toss me out like I'm trash."

That's all for yesterday.

Tomorrow, I will eat toast, dry.

It won't be toast; it will be my imagination. I am imagination!

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# Humans.





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COLBERT

Apples or Oranges?

SPARKLY

Oh. Oh. I know.  
I'm 10 years old. Jack, Carver, and I are in a tent in Carver's family's yard. We are hunting for spaceships. Carver's mom delivers us a tray filled with apple and orange slices and sardines. Our flashlight flickers. It's a steamy Saskatchewan July night in Saskatoon.

A dog howls, a chihuahua doing a coyote cry?

A bear strolls by.

A Bowman Bear.

Jack begins to cry.

The flashlight flickers.

The wind blows hard, rattling the tent.

The flashlight dies.

We hear chanting surrounding the tent, "Jack, Carver, Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie); you are not one of us."

I draw a bath. Jack tosses a cat into the tub with me. It mewls and claws out my left eye. Carver sticks his fork in the tent's wall outlet. Tents don't have wall outlets. Where are we? What is this fucking place?

We need fireflies and a jar, Carver screams out.

Jack opens his mouth, and a swarm of fireflies blasts out. The tent begins glowing. The jar is full. I pop an orange slice then an apple slice into my mouth, chasing them down with sardines whose eyes stare at me, stoking me with fear. I gulp.

We hear a whirring sound from above. A UFO?

We shake. We huddle together. Jack's tears soak my pyjamas. Pyjamas is an odd word.

I unzip the tent.

A cluster of bats hangs upside down from a clothing line. We are going to die.

Rat-a-tat. Rat-a-tat. Rat-a-tat.

Gunfire is slicing through the backyard fence.

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I quickly pull the zipper up and glimpse a Bolivian Militia storming into the yard.

How do I know they were Bolivian?

They were all wearing Erwin Romero jerseys.

That's odd; Romero is about the same age as us, 10ish.

Rat-a-tat. Rat-a-tat. Rat-a-tat.

If we escape our reality, we will find out the Bolivian Militia had slaughtered thousands of children in their homeland.

Today, they are here for Carver's parents.

A dark cloud billows above us. Jack opens his mouth, and another swarm of fireflies flies out.

Snow cloaks the yard. Drifts one foot, two feet... 10 feet deep – block the door into the house. The Bolivians are trying to shovel their way to the house.

The temperature drops to minus 25 Celsius and is fucking July; I mean fucking with July.

A backyard skating rink magically grows out of the earth.

We start playing Shiny.

Hugh, Chris Teed's girthy cousin, wants to play. Where are they coming from?

Hugh plays barefoot.

No matter how hard he tries, he cannot raise the sponge puck off the ice.

Nick Penry is playing with a shaved down stick, blade pointy – called a pick. The pucks are frozen. Penry takes a slapshot. Hugh collapses to the ice because he's hit in the balls. Hugh's sister asks Hugh if he wants to go to the movie Godzilla?

Hugh asks, "Why go to Godzilla when we can go home and look at Mom?"

Jim Edmondson drives a semi-trailer through the remaining fence.

Why's Jim driving a semi? He's only 8.

Another three feet of snow crashes down from the raging sky.

The ice rink disappears. Jack, Carver, and I, (Leslie (name changed – I don't much like the name Leslie)), are left alone.

Lindsay Wagner sprints by.

The three of us have a fever decision to make. Save Carver's family or die freezing to death in July.

We must get to the house, but how? We are snowed in.

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Jack opens his mouth and opens the firefly jar, the fireflies return home, and Jack shuts his mouth.

We are going to die.

Jack opens his mouth again, and flames burst out. We position his face directly at the snow drift holding us captive. He blasts and blasts, torching through the snow, creating a tunnel toward the house.

The Bolivians turn towards us and raise their guns. Before they can fire off a single round, Carver impales each one with Nick Penry's pick. They stain the virgin snow with Bolivian blood.

Jack continues torching our way to Carver's family's back door.

Jack's face pixelates just as we are about to make it and save Carver's family. His head spins. His face changes into the faces of monsters to be found far in the future: J-K-S, K-S-J, and S-J-K. Carver lashes out at the monsters, slashing their throats with Nick Penry's pick, and the monsters' blood pools with the blood of the Bolivians, as they collapse into nevermore. In the future one less predatory business will exist.

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The snow disappears. The temperature rises. Carver's grandfather believes he is a horny bull and jumps over the fence, racing toward Mary's house, down the street.

"Carver, Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie), do you boys want to sleep inside tonight? I will make blueberry pancakes. It's a shame about Jack." Carver's Mom, says.

Safely inside, blueberry pancakes set in front of us; Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie) peers through a back window, and a UFO lands. 48 Norwegians walk down its plank.

Carver looks my way and asks, "Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie), do you want to watch a movie about Debbie doing Dallas?"

"Sure, Carver, but it doesn't come out for 8 years."

"Leslie (name changed – he doesn't much care for the name Leslie), what's this tingling sensation in my groin? Do you think we should tell Jack's parents about Jack?"

"Carver, do you masturbate?"

## Mandarin Oranges.



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COLBERT

Have you ever asked someone for their autograph?

SPARKLY

Drop the cap!

**W**hy is everyone gazing at me, smiling, and mouthing what I believe to be Ryan?

I arrive at Griffith Stadium in Saskatoon. The year is 1982. The mood is sombre. Why is everyone shaking, crying?

A freak early September blizzard struck Saskatchewan. There was an accident. Taras Tzenko was a loved teammate who played on the team the previous five years, his brother Billy was still on the team. Billy wasn't here today.

A car crashed on an icy Saskatchewan highway. Taras and three others were run over by a semi while they were on their way to mourn the death of another friend who had recently died in a car crash. The scene was gruesome.

After the game, on the way to the locker room. A young boy came up and asked for my autograph, I signed *Broadway Joe Namath*. What an ass.

In the locker room everyone on the team was bawling.

I woke up today (2023) in a fever dream heading nowhere. I left my pad hit the streets and immediately tumbled into a strange world of adventure. [A big blue monster chased me \(Eyes Closed | Ed Sheeran |\)](#). *I must hold it at bay*. I ducked into the Hudson's Bay Store. A throng of people sashayed toward me. They were chanting, Ryan, Ryan, Ryan.

I was repeatedly asked to take selfies with these people. *What's going on?* I rushed back out onto the street to be greeted by the [blue monster](#). I ran. [The monster ran](#). I tripped and fell; a good Samaritan helped me to my feet, and then poured us each two large tumblers of Aviation Gin. *What's going on?* A hologram of Marvin Gaye appeared out of thin air. *The only type of air*. I think I may have misspelled Marvin. I clicked on my spelling. Corrected it. I had spelled it with a 'y.' *What's going on?*

*Why am I so fucking depressed?* Because I'm old now. I never thought that way before, but when I got canned by a cadre of *dinks*, as I was approaching 60, the anxiety-induced-aging process started to kick into gear. I feel like a castaway without a volleyball.

I'm now 495. Was. Thanks to me, Sparkly, and walking, I've managed to bring the number down to somewhere near where I am.

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I hit the streets once more, only to be greeted by fawning hordes chanting Ryan.  
*What the fuck is going on?*

I'm walking the trails in Stanley Park. I can hear the feral gays rustling about in the woods. One of the feral gays trips out of the woods, cane in hand. *How do I feel about this?* He recognizes me and chants Ryan. I try to run, but I've forgotten how. So, I pace up. His cane turns into a broomstick. He catches up to me. *Why is his cane a broomstick, you ask?*

*Because I just typed that it was?*

He swathes his arms over my shoulders and whispers in my ear, Ryan, can I blow you?  
I politely decline.

He pours us two hefty tumblers of Aviation Gin. *Where am I? Where is MEC?*  
*The answers are here, and I'm MEC, and I'm Sparkly and...*

I pace up. The man asks for a rain check on the blow job. I politely decline.

A dolphin walks past, I think it is really a coyote in disguise or maybe a woodpecker. *I misspelled disguise. Guess how? You are correct.*

I keep walking. I arrive at my favourite watering hole. I sit down beside Jim.  
Hi Jim.

He says nothing.

Why aren't you talking to me, Jim? I ask.

Do I know you?

I'm Leslie (named changed – I don't much care for the name Leslie).

No, you are not?

Why is everyone being so fucking strange today? I ask.

I recognize your voice. Jim says. Hey, is that the Bionic Woman over there? He quippingly adds. Quippingly. The thesaurus has no suggestions for another word for the word quippingly. Maybe quippingly isn't a word.

I'm Leslie (named changed – I don't much care for the name Leslie). *Quit fucking with me.*

If you truly are Leslie (named changed – you don't much care for the name Leslie) tell me something only Leslie (named changed – you don't much care for the name Leslie) would say.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

I say, Etobicoke.

Jim slips into a green dress and says hello. He's not wearing panties.

Where did he get the dress? Urban Behaviour?



*When I was born/They looked at me and said/What a good boy/ What a smart  
boy/What a strong boy... If I had a million dollars... I'd buy your love!*

Andrew (AKA Sparkly on Colbert for branding reasons) is wearing cat ears, he brings us two tumblers of Aviation Gin, heavy on the gin, light on the tonic. Garnished with a pickle. Weird. A weird pickle

I retreat to the bathroom to pee.



I look in the mirror.

*What the fuck? I'm Ryan Reynolds.* I'm beautiful. I think my life is about to take a drastic change for the...

No, I have never asked anyone for their autograph.

COLBERT

What do you think happens when we die?

SPARKLY

**D**arkness is here. Listen. Can you hear the paranormal swish?  
Don't ask me what that means.  
Steve, we are already dead.

I'm a holographic entity created inside the mind of a remarkable man. MEC is a man who laments over the perils of others. Most don't. Most people seem so self-absorbed they can't see outside their own thoughts.

People hurt other people because they are suffering. Regardless of what their socials try to say.

Collectively, we try to label the poor as an individual disease as opposed to a collective disease highlighting our failure.

People who have more want to dub others mentally deranged and lock them up for their own good, while those doing the dubbing drone on endlessly about twenty-year-old athletes while wearing that athlete's jersey. Who's mentally deranged?

Overheard in a food court. Two 50ish-year-old-men talking about what the local team needs to do to compete, and then switching to how we need more mental institutions to thrust the poor into.

||

OMG. Taylor Swift and her boyfriend just broke up.

People rely on a bridge to get to their gulag-like jobs they hate. I just learnt that.

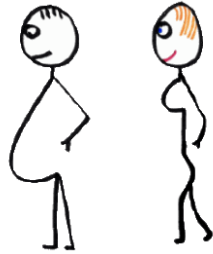
Most of us are thrusting our hands into the pockets of others because we need to claw and climb over each other to portray an image of achievement. Peter is not robbing Paul, he is, but Bob is robbing Mary, Charles is robbing Tony and on and on and on...

We have spent \$18 trillion on weight loss this year, but some-fucking-how, we are starving.



MEC WROTE THIS POEM

FAT  
FAT



I WAS FIT  
I WAS FIT

THEN I ATE  
I SAT DOWN  
COKE IS SUGARY  
MY PENIS DISAPPEARED  
I WENT FOR A WALK  
ONE DAY, I LOOKED DOWN WHEN I SHOWERED  
HEY, THERE YOU ARE  
I'M NOT FAT ANYMORE

22

THEN I ATE  
I SAT DOWN  
I SAT DOWN



We need better mirrors. Or better yet, ban fucking mirrors.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

A desperate man just shot numerous people in Kentucky.

Let's talk about guns. AGAIN. AGAIN. AGAIN. Shall we get a paid-off porn star decide what we should do.

Maybe we need to eliminate doors.

Not the words of the porn-star, but of politicians.

### MEC WROTE THIS POEM

**KNOCK. KNOCK.**  
**KNOCK. KNOCK.**



KNOCK. KNOCK.  
I DON'T HAVE A FUCKING DOOR  
I'M HOMELESS

23

MEC is a fabulous man who is pained by what he sees every day.

Take yesterday, for instance; to escape his realities, MEC took me with him to a watering hole to take his mind off of things—the opposite happened—a friend of his was sitting with someone MEC doesn't much care talking with. So, MEC and I plopped ourselves down with 10 seats separating us. *Does that sound relaxing?* When the *dink* (MEC is trying to resuscitate the word *dink*), MEC doesn't like left, he moved over beside his friend.

A few moments later, the Piano Teacher, a man MEC, decided to kick off his acquaintance roster the day the Piano Teacher asked him and everyone within earshot, "Do you have trouble pissing in someone's mouth when you have an erection?"

Anyway, MEC doesn't like talking with the Piano Teacher but will sit beside him, but the Piano Teacher has decided MEC is a bully—so he plopped himself down about 10 seats away.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

What fucking grade are we in? Preschool?

Who decides who is mentally disorganized?

TIK TOK

Let's AI the shit out of this.

Rumble.

What?

I'm just key stroking, here.

Think about the kids. We can't let the kids see or do anything. The kids.  
The kids. The fucking insanity.

Why don't we teach compassion and empathy instead of screaming, *"I'm tired of the people sleeping in the tent in front of my building; I worked hard for everything I have. They need help (you are tired of people who need help?), and most have drug and mental health problems. They need to be locked up for their own good. Did you see the big game last night?"*

I don't think the message of the Bible is getting through. But, in the spirit of honesty, I've only read 18 pages.

24

Interestingly, the first three words of the Bible are Bib; could we all be nothing more than petulant children?

A man becomes a woman, and people are concerned about stopping that person from participating in women's sports, without taking a second to understand how emotionally taking the man's decision was. This is a fucking thing.

Overheard on a workplace.

*"Next time you see me, I will no longer be Phillip, I will be Phyllis."*

The response of a 30-year-old worker, "Phillip, I suggest before you go through with the surgery, you give it some thought."

Fuck off.

755,000 books have been published this year. How many do you think are about vanity and how to lose weight?

We have spent \$109 trillion on illegal drugs this year.

Big Pharma.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

The war on drugs is working.

Are we already in prison?

I'm a hologram, if all else fails, I will sell drugs.

*Judge that person on the street over there, suffering. They did it to themselves.  
They are mentally disorganized.*

A hockey player said the fans in the city he was traded to are better than those in the town he was traded from.

I just typed that.

I'm sure there has been another shooting since I typed about the one a few hundred words back.

I'm individually optimistic but humanity-wise pessimistic.

Steve, until we all start to fucking understand we are in this life and death game together and look way, way, way, down into the roots of what we are, then most of us are going to traipse through our lives trying to convince others somehow we are special on our socials, I just fucking typed socials (a second time), ARGHHHH... and we keep trying to lose weight while trying to protect the kids, buying drugs to cloud our realities, talk about the big game, mourn Taylor Swift's dating life, well, Steve, there was a popular TV show called the Walking Dead. I'm afraid, Steve, we are already there.

If I wasn't clear before, unless we start to fucking care about each other and not how we look or our property values (using our kids as pawns in our marginality), then we don't have a fucking chance.

Fuck, adults sit 10 seats apart.

What lesson does that teach our kids?

↑THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DIE↑



Over 29-trillion emails have been sent this year.  
Only 9 have the word love in them.

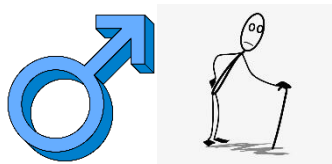
MEC WROTE THIS POEM

I AM OLD GUY  
I AM OLD GUY

YOU



ME

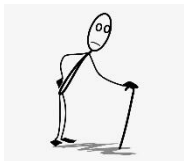


TWO PASSING SHIPS



First Pass: Davie + Howe.  
I'd love to take you to dinner.  
I'm at Blend (usually) at 3 PM.  
Second Pass: I forgot.  
*How will you know it's me?*

I AM OLD GUY



I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION  
I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

COLBERT

Favourite action movie?

SPARKLY

CHIPS ~ DESTINY ~ FREE WILL  
CHIPS ~ DESTINY ~ FREE WILL

I stop at a store, buy a bag of chips, and continue home. I pass a striking, beautiful girl walking with a guy who's had years perfecting the druggie walk. He's hunched over, shuffling. I corrected myself; she (was) beautiful.

She's trying.

Her hair is coiffed.

She's dressed well, albeit her dress is falling off of her.

There is an urgency to their gait.

Where are they going?

I'm judging hard.

I think the kindest thing for him to do is overdose. Letting her go may be her only chance.

*I thought about that.*

What does that say about me?

MEC lived 22 years of his life within one block of where he lives now (and where I live now). 16 and 6+, with a 6-year hiatus to somewhere else. 28+ years total.

When MEC used to walk home 28 years ago, he used to think everyone else had everything figured out. He saw hope in people's eyes. He thought he was the only one who was rudderless.

Today, when we did the same walk, we (MEC says) see the destruction of time.

What's caused it?

Greed?

Social media?

Is a clock running out?

28

## MY CHEST HURTS

Across from my home is a beautiful park with a fantastic playground. On sunny days, it is always filled. One block from the park rests an open-air drug den. Crack. Heroin. Meth. Cooked. Smoked. Injected. Snorted. Hopelessness. Dead already. One block from the playground. Did these dying souls not have playgrounds when they were growing up? MEC's eating chips.

A woman walks by the destruction with her daughter. Her little girl says, "Mommy, what's wrong with these people? Are they sick? Are they dying? They scare me."

In a hushed tone, Mommy says, "Life isn't fair. We must cherish our good fortune."

A moment later, a man walks by with his son. His little boy says, "What's wrong with these people?"

The man says, "They made choices. This happens when you make the wrong ones."

The boy and girl play together at the playground.

**MEC and I ponder.** Destiny? Free Will? If you believe in God, you can't believe in destiny because Destiny lets God off the hook. It relieves him of his responsibilities. If God created destiny, he's lazy.

*MEC and I thought about those things.*

What are we?

I LIKED FREE GUY + DEAD POOL



SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

COLBERT QUINTUPLE SHOT

Window or Aisle?

COLBERT

Favourite smell?

COLBERT

Least Favourite Smell?

COLBERT

Exercise; worth it?

COLBERT

Flat or Sparkling?

SPARKLY



## FLOOR 10 FLOOR 10

**E**ach of us has monsters lurking inside us.

Scratching.

Clawing.

Haunting us.

Trying to destroy everything about us.

I can't fucking sleep.

I try.

I chant to myself repeatedly, don't think, don't think →

**STOP. FUCKING. THINKING.**

Fight it.

I'm losing.

Depression is relentless.

I want to fucking write, write, write.

Tell a story essential to me, immortalize my core.

Make people who don't know me feel something; cheer for me. I need this. To survive.

**STOP**

I can't.

When I need to drift off, the stories I've shared before spring into my mind, rattling, prattling, scattering, running from side to side in my brain.

Taunting me.

Begging me to tell them.

Begging me to listen.

I need to clean the wax in my ears.

If I don't find out who I am, I will die.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

I don't want to die.

I want to live until I'm 135.

I need to hit my stride.

I need you to come along with me.

Close my eyes.

Pull the eye shades down.

Go blank.

Why are you here now, Dean?

Why did we come together?

What are you trying to teach me?

Why am I listening?

In the truest sense of the word, a friendship has formed and is ephemeral; you will die before others read this.

As I age, I understand I love humanity, but people, not so much.

I drift off for a second, only a fucking second.

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I wake up, and I'm drenched.

My head is floating above me.

Is my heart failing?

It's pounding against my chest. **THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.** It is trying to blast out. I grab my chest and push as hard as possible to hold my life inside me.

I'm shivering. The hairs all over my body are standing at attention. Fear. Flight or fight.

What am I fighting?

My body shudders.

Where's Hana?

She's hiding under the couch.

She's mewling.

She has seen evil.

Typically, during my nightly battles with slumber, she comes to me, crawls on my chest,

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

and starts purring loudly, giving her health to me, risking her own.

But not tonight. Hana's hiding; like me, she's recoiled into a ball of fear. I need her to be safe.

I crack my eyes open ever so slightly. My monster has arrived. I see a shadowy figure sitting on the sofa just outside my bedroom. The creature is panting in a guttural manner. Hissing. Its skin is scaled. Talons are razor-sharp, and shredding the sofa, trying to get to Hana. The creature hisses again. I shudder.

Why is this fucking beast here?

The creature hears my fear, cocks its head in my direction, and casts its fierce blood-red eyes towards me. They are the eyes of a devil.

I am going to die. I need to escape. But to where?

If I move, its steely claws will shred me. My mind screams at me to run. There is nowhere to run. I will perish if I don't deal with what life has gifted me. I can't hide behind the comedy delivered to me in pain anymore.

I'm going to die tonight.

I can't catch my breath.

The creature hears me gasping. It rises with a thrust from the sofa and scratches the floor gratingly as it ambles toward me.

I desperately pull on a pair of pants and throw on a shirt and shoes. I reach beside my bed; a backpack is lying there. A go bag. Where did it come from? I didn't pack it; I don't know what's inside. Survival?

The monster shreds my bed and slashes my right calve.

I bleed.

I frantically grab the backpack, thrust it over my shoulders, and jump to my feet. Sweat drips down my body. A never-ending river. I jump to my feet. The monster slams me against the wall.

My neighbours must have heard it. I will be rescued.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

The creature growls at me; its fetid breath almost decapitates me.

I'm going to die.

I jump over the bed and run into my living room. I must make it to the door. I reach for Hana. She scratches my hand. I tell her I'll return for her.

With my eyes trying to adjust to the darkness, I stride toward the door. I halt because I see, four fierce eyes darting back and forth, pacing, blocking the path to escape. I'm doomed.

The first creature blasts toward me. The two creatures at the door grind their way toward me. There is no escape.

I collapse to the floor, accepting my time is up.

An opening magically appears, where I'm lying crumpled in defeat. A light flashes. The portal is a stairwell snaking upward from the middle of my living room. It's reaching for the heavens above.

Hana, I'll return for you, I whisper delicately, in order to not arouse the monsters.

I dash into the opening, racing toward the stairs, with the monsters nipping at my heels.

I pause. To get to the stairs, I must wade through a slough filled with rodent-like creatures with blood-curdling eyes and snapping fangs. I must make my way through to survive.

I'm slashed by one of the monsters. Blood spills from my wound. I find the motivation to move. I dive into the water. Wading through. With every step, I am bitten.

The flesh is being torn from my body.

I whinge in agony.

I am going to die.

Twelve steps and one-hundred bites later, I reach the other side.

The three monsters chasing me are now in the water, slashing the rodent creatures into pieces, devouring them, a seemingly endless buffet of terror.

I can't reach the start of the stairs; they're broken, hanging in the air. I need to climb to them. I snap my eyes shut and flash them back open. On the stairs cheering for me is what I barely make out to be a collection of my past; a likeness of me is there at least twenty me(s), different iterations. Standing behind the many me(s)—so many me(s)—is a collection of history, haunting me but strangely needing me to arrive at a place of understanding.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

I feel my pulse slow as the blood drains from my body. I will not make it, but the strength of the hundreds of hands from before is waving me toward the glowing light they are swaddled in.

I look back, and the monsters are still ravaging the rodents.

I breathe in deeply, and with every ounce of strength I can muster, I jump just high enough to grasp the ledge of the stairway. I hold on with all my might, and just as my grip is about to give out and I am going to fall to my demise; I understand, just like all who've fallen before, a moment appears when you know falling will be the outcome – and you are forced to accept agony is all that will remain. Miraculously, with my grip failing and the inevitable here, I feel a hand latch onto me and then another. And another. And another... So, I close my eyes, and I beg the heavens above for salvation.

I lay on the stairwell floor, gasping again; my blood had stopped flowing. I open my eyes. The hundreds of people are now a haze drifting into the ether, up, up, up, the snaking stairs.

I blink.

I blink.

I blink.

I pry my tired eyes open and whisper, "Danell."

••• •••

1. AISLE. NO, WINDOW.
2. MY FART
3. YOUR FART
4. LOOK AT ME
5. YES, I'M SPARKLING. IT'S IN MY NAME

## COLBERT QUADRUPLE SHOT

Cats or Dogs?

COLBERT

Most used App on your phone?

COLBERT

You only get one song to listen to for the rest of your life; what is it?

COLBERT

What number am I thinking of?

36

SPARKLY

**D**ustin is a vehemently homophobic business owner who preys upon the suffering of others and; his partner, Tyler, is a homophobic carpenter. Darren and Tyler have been living together, in denial, for over ten years.

Todd is their vehemently homophobic third wheel, their cleaner, if you will. He longs hard for Darren because he believes it would be he, if anyone; who'd eventually fall into Darren's 'failed hockey player' arms. After all, Todd could often be seen hanging in the shadows, cleaning up the messes Darren made for himself after Darren went on cocaine fuelled trysts. Todd, never foresaw Tyler swooping in and stealing his fantasy.

Darren hates fags. Not enough to stay out of the tubs. Or online. Or away from the circuit parties. Places where Darren often retreated to roast or to be the roast, Darren, when powdered up sufficiently, was beyond versatile.

Ewe, gross.

I know?

What?

Many things.

Did the Canucks make the playoffs?

No.

Let's Continue →

Why do you add the arrow? Are you lazy grammatically; poor with punctuation?

I add the arrow, because I fucking like it, it is my style. If you keep harassing me, I will punctuate your face.

What does beyond mean?

Travelling down life's highways, you come to Beyond (town) and, after that, the hamlet of Anything Goes. That's where Darren spends most of his time.

The role Todd played in Darren's life was convincing the tricks, too many to count, that Darren is, in fact, straight, and his dalliances were nothing more than cocaine fuelled mistakes. Darren left in his wake a host of angry homosexuals, wondering how someone so lame at sex, and hockey, could not find the strength to accept who he had become.

Todd foolishly believed when Darren finally came to his senses, he would acknowledge Todd's doting behaviour, and eventually, the two of them could drift blissfully into the sunset. Todd kept *biding* and *biding* and *biding*, his time, and after one night where Darren professed his undying love for Todd, Todd finally believed his day in the warmth of Darren's embrace had arrived.

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But it hadn't.

Darren is vehemently homophobic.

It's a shame that Todd decided to leave his wife and kids behind after their one night together in fractured-confusing-anything-but-bliss. When they awoke in the morning, Darren was vehement. "Leave me alone, faggot."

I will end you if you breathe a word of this.

*You had me at, I will.*

Darren sprinted away that morning, weeping and skipping and in hot pursuit of what he hated the most about himself, not being gay, but only capable of having gay sex.

Todd searched and searched and searched for Darren, eventually finding him in the woods where the feral gays flocked. When Todd found Darren, he was naked from the waist down, crouched in front of Tyler, who was also naked from the waist down.

Something sparked at that moment for vehemently homophobic Darren + Tyler, so fiercely, that both Darren + Tyler raced home and ended their marriages, leaving their wives and children behind.



Fortunately, Darren + Tyler were married to the same woman and had the same children.  
Confusing?

Sure, but one wife and two kids made sense economically for the studio.

What are you talking about?

What are you talking about?

Don't just repeat what I say?

Don't let me repeat what you say?

Say.

Say.

Darren, I love you.

Stop, Todd, not a word.

Todd left the woods that day weeping.

For the next 10 years, Todd anxiously waited for the bloom to come off Darren + Tyler's rose. It never did.

During Darren and Tyler's 10 years of homophobic bliss – they entrenched themselves in denial – often hosting large parties full of men that always turned into wild orgies, with Darren and Tyler screaming at their guests, the morning after the party, to get out of their home when they started coming down from the copious amount of drugs, they ingested the previous night.

They always left Todd to clean up the night's mess the days following these soirees.

Everyone in the business world knew of Darren + Tyler.

Everyone in their families knew who they were.

Everyone knew Darren + Tyler were just as likely to be roaming the woods in denial or flipping and flopping in the tubs or at circuit parties. The only ones who didn't seem to know were themselves.

Ten years of denial. Ten years of sleeping in the same bed.

When Darren + Tyler travelled together, they'd often find themselves in gay establishments wherever they were. Places where they would feign ignorance when the locals told them they were in a gay establishment. Being in a gay establishment is never by chance, not in the era of GOOGLE.

During their tenth year together, like every weekend, Darren + Tyler would go on long walks together – with Todd trailing twenty steps behind.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

On one particular day, at least six times, they passed same-sex couples holding hands.

This disgusted Darren + Tyler because their biggest fear is of PDAs – strangely, it’s not being roasted in the tubs.

On this day, each time they passed the couples walking hand-in-hand, Tyler would pinch his lips tightly together and utter, “Fucking disgusting, fucking faggots,”

After passing the sixth-couple, hand-in-hand, Darren had had enough.

Darren

Should we cut off our hands?

Tyler

What?

Darren

Cut off our hands? Shall we cut off our hands? Crush the temptation?

Tyler

Are you insane?

Darren

No, I’m serious.

Tyler

We must kill the urge.

Darren

Let’s do it.

*Tyler is a carpenter, after all.*

That day they went home, and Tyler cut off their hands.

First, sawing through the bones on Darren’s. Right hand off, and then left. Saw. Saw. Saw through the cartilage. Darren is loaded on ketamine. Tyler is loaded on gin and juice.

With Darren’s hands gone, Tyler turned the blade on himself, sawing off his left hand.

Damn. Darren and Tyler never considered the flaw in the plan. With both of Darren’s hands gone and with Tyler down to only his right, how the fuck would he cut off his right hand?

His hand was spared.

Until: arrow please →

Until →

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

Another rail of ketamine chased with a bowl of cocaine; a boast about snorting coke with someone who had a nickel on their back, and here we go →

They travelled to another world where they met a mad scientist named Chip. Chip is far beyond gay, residing in the city of I've Pretty Much Have Done Everything. Chip is a republican.

Chip had invented the technology to add attachments to where severed hands used to lie.

That's a thing?

I typed it, so yes.

Sparkly, how can you type, you are imagination.

I'll punctuate your face.

Anyway, Chip had developed a way to attach Whisks. Blenders, Kitchen knives, Spatulas, Spoons, and Power tools, including saws, to the ever growing vehemently homophobic, homosexuals.

Another rail. Another bowl.

Does the technology exist?

Google it.

Flying through the sky in a drug-fuelled fog, Tyler attached a power saw to where his left hand used to be; he took another bump and then, without hesitation, finished the job, blood gushing and covering Todd's face in a bloody facial. Todd drank it in. Todd is thirsty.

Before they left Chips, Chip handed them one more attachment: oak hands.

From that day forward, we often saw Darren and Tyler walking merrily, oak-hand-attachment in oak-hand-attachment, gleefully down the street, with Todd ambling twenty steps behind.

A passerby screams, "Faggots!"

Darren and Tyler are still vehemently homophobic, regardless of the oak hands where flesh used to be. Do you fucking know how hard oak is?

It's unforgiving.

Every time "Faggots" was spewed their way, someone just as homophobic as them would be left lying on the sidewalk, a lifeless mess.

## SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

Fortunately, Todd pulled a red wagon behind him filled with body bags and a power washer.

With power tools as Tyler's preferred attachments, Tyler quickly rose to the ranks of carpenters, often winning Carpy of the Year!

Darren became a whiz in the kitchen, whisking up the perfect consistency of whipped cream to be spread and eaten off the trophies they'd often bring home after nights out clubbing.

They always left Todd out, sitting in the parlour of Darren + Tyler's mansion, drinking tea, and eating crumpets and scones. Blueberry scones.

Why did you type blueberry?

I don't know.

Darren + Tyler seemed to have a perfect life, but their vehemence was always a hindrance.

Darren, on most days, would trip into the woods, literally trip, as he had ingested drug bowls filled with cocaine, oxycodone, ketamine, meth, and lick-able toads, all whisked into a peppery but yet palatable consistency.

The woods Darren tripped into were where the feral gays roamed freely.

Darren was on a mission to drug and capture the young ones.

Over three months, Darren drugged and corralled five feral gays. Fortunately, all were named Roger. That's not entirely true; one was named Stan, but Darren made him change his name to Roger.

With five Rogers brought home, Darren concocted a plan.

Tyler, why don't you fashion us a wheel in one of our closets, one of the deep closets? We can keep the Rogers in there. What I want are five chairs that can recline into beds. We will feed the Rogers a nutritious diet of ED pills, kale, ketamine, roast chicken, and sparkling water. We can automate the wheel to spin. And if we or any of our guests get the urge, press a button, and they can have their selection of one of the five Rogers for their entertainment pleasure. We will call it our LAZY ROGER.

**Tyler**

Don't you think this is inhumane?

Darren

I love you, Tyler; awe.

**Tyler**

I love you too, Darren.

We will be the talk of the community.

Darren

I'm not a fag.

**Tyler**

I'm not a fag, either.

Darren

Want to take a Roger for a ride?

**Tyler**

Later.

How will they survive?

Darren

The kale. It's a superfood.

**Tyler**

It's 8:34; shouldn't you be getting ready for the fitness asylum?

Speaking of fitness asylum, why don't we hire a trainer, and each of the Rogers must do three hours of training per day to look yummy for us, and to show that we are not monsters. We can also allow them one hour outside in the fenced backyard, with the 20-foot-high electrified concrete fence with razor wires at the top.

Darren

We really aren't monsters.

**Tyler**

We really aren't.

Darren

Should we change their name from Roger to something else?

Of course, as much as they wanted to share their Lazy Rogers' with everyone, it quickly became apparent they had to keep it to themselves because for the past three months, the news cycle never broke away from the missing Rogers' and the one missing Stan (now Roger) or Darren and Tyler would be dubbed vehemently homophobic monsters. Monsters who thought little of amputating their own hands.



Roger #1

THE INTERVENTION

Darren and Tyler sat at the kitchen counter sipping cognac, holding their tumblers with steel tongs.

**Tyler**

Darren, you know what I love the most about you?

**Darren**

What?

**Tyler**

I feel like I'm looking into a mirror when I look at you.

**Darren**

I feel the same way about you.

Fuck we're deep, Tyler.

**Tyler**

I know.

Would you like me to refresh your tumbler?

**Darren**

Sure. And can you skewer me a lamb kabob?

**Tyler**

I love you, Darren!

**Darren**

I love me, Tyler.

**Tyler**

Awe.

What about Todd? Shall we bed him?

**Darren**

No, let's keep him insecure. We need a cleaner, don't we?

**Tyler**

We do.

**Darren**

Kiss me.

**Tyler**

Where?

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

**Darren**

Smile.

**Tyler**

Did you just say smile?

**Darren**

You have ears.

**Tyler**

I do.

Shall I drop to my knees?

**Darren**

Is that a rhetorical question?

**Tyler**

Is that a rhetorical question?

**Darren**

It literally is?

**Tyler**

Then why the question mark?

**Darren**

I'm not gay.

**Tyler**

Neither am I.

**Darren**

Let's take turns blowing → glass?

**Tyler**

Sounds straight.

**Darren**

Todd, can you please leave the room?

**Todd**

Darren, I love you.

**Darren**

I know, Todd, but now, go.



**Todd**

Cry.

**Darren**

Did you just say cry?

**Todd**

Cry.

After they were done blowing glass, Darren + Tyler were summonsed to the Great Room, where DJ, Stick It In, I Don't Mind was dropping sick jams, or is it sic jams? For the throng of hot, sweating, glistening gods gyrating on the dance floor to the infectious beat.

Darren + Tyler scanned the Room; other than Todd (except for that one night), except for their parents who were attending this circuit party, and of course, their wife and children, Darren, and Tyler, had had relations with everyone present.

How did they have kids?

Ancestry.com

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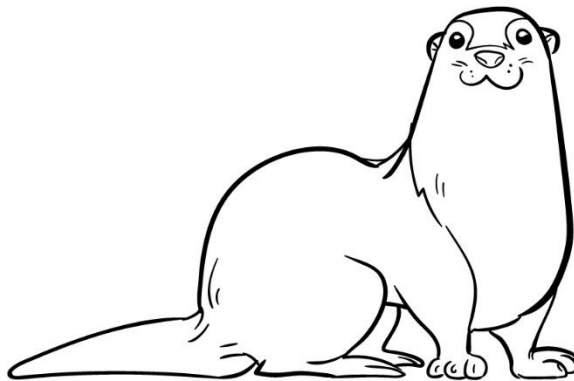
Their 250" television was muted, playing the news in the background behind a stage with Go-Go dancers showering.

**Darren's Father**

Darren and Tyler, why did we call you today to host this party for all your friends and us?

**Darren**

Actually, Mum + Dad, if I could be so bold and speak for both of us, we hadn't.



SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

Bob, what are you doing here?

**Bob**

I'm looking for Kale. Did you know I've gone vegan?

**Darren**

Bob, that's the next episode; we are trying to do an intervention here.

**Darren + Tyler Scream in Unison.**

An intervention. I love interventions; they are so humiliating; who are we intervening, Todd?

Tyler and Darren do another bump.

**Darren + Tyler's Ex-Wife**

Honey(s), we are intervening... you(s).

**Darren**

Get out of here, Bob.



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The Roger closet has a padlock on it and is situated in the far-right corner of the Great Room. Both the closet and the padlock (correct).

The closet is rattling.

**Marco**

Darren, Tyler, what's in the closet?

**Darren**

Oh, nothing.

**Pasquel**

Turn that up.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

The news is doing a segment about the missing Rogers.

**Pasquel**

Turn it up.

**Newscaster**

There have been rumours someone saw the last Roger riding in a black Escalade heading toward the hamlet of Anything Goes, away from the woods.

**Tyler**

Darren, does Todd look sad?

**Darren**

He's fine.

**Tyler**

He's the only one here except for those mentioned; *I need to count 22 lines above*; we haven't been intimate with. Except of course, for the one mistake.

The closet door shakes like a minor earthquake.

**Marco**

What's in their boys?

**Darren**

We can't say, maybe one day.

**Marco**

We are intervening; Darren, how many men(s) have you been with?

**Darren**

Hundreds.

**Marco**

Tyler, how do you feel about Darren's conquests?

Little did Darren know Tyler was only going along with Darren's proclivities because he believed one day, he'd grow bored and realize he only had eyes for Tyler.

**BANG. BANG. BANG**

**Marco**

What's in the closet? Don't you think the BANGS should have exclamation points!

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

**Darren**

We can't tell you.

**Marco**

Darren, Tyler, it is time for you to come clean.

**Darren**

That's Todd's role.

**Marco**

It's time you embraced your homosexuality.

**Darren**

We're not gay.

**Marco**

Then why is your dick out?

**Darren**

You're so fucking hot, Marco!

**Marco**

Listen to yourself.

**Darren**

Not gay. I can appreciate the theatre, but we are not gay.

**Darren + Tyler's Ex-Wife**

Darren, make Tyler an honest man; you've been together for over 10 years; it is time to admit who you are?

**Darren**

Not gay.

**Marco**

Fuck, Darren, you cut off your hands.

**Darren**

Not gay.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

**Marco**

Open the closet, Darren, or we'll open it ourselves.

Darren hands Marco the keys and turns the lock, opening it to find one of the feral gay Rogers standing at attention.

**Darren**

Not gay. If you flick the switch, you can see the other Roger options.

**Marco**

Darren, Tyler, you are sick; admit you are gay. You need help.

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**Darren**

Not gay. We're providing the Rogers better lives. And if any of you breathe a word of this to anyone, it will be the last words you ever utter.

**Todd**

Leave them alone; I love Darren.

**Darren**

Shut up, Todd.

**Marco**

Damn it, Darren, you started an interpretive dance studio.

**Darren**

Not gay.



SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: ON THE LATE SHOW WITH STEPHEN COLBERT

**Marco**

Who appreciates interpretive dance?

Stephen, this is an excellent place to stop for the day.

Cats

I don't have a phone.

Bing. Bing. Bing. I wrote it.

You are thinking of 37.8458962473.2



**COLBERT (ONE LAST QUESTION)**

Describe the rest of your life in five words.

**SPARKLY**

THRIVING. GOEY.

EMPATHETIC. HUMOUR-FILLED.

I-DREAM-OF-BECOMING-A-REAL-BOY!

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**COLBERT**

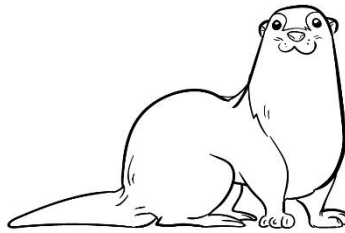
Thanks for being the most phantasmagorical guest we've ever had on the show!

**SPARKLY**

I know.

## NEXT SPARKLY PINGLE BALL

### Bob the Otter Goes Vegan.



What will Bob's diet consist of?

Will Colbert ever recover from Sparkly?

I have to go pee.

I'll try to hold it until I come up with another thought.

I'm out of thoughts.

Yippee.

Why did I just type Yippee?

I don't know.

Who are you talking with?

Shh... Jase-E-A- E is trying to sleep.

Who?

None of your business.

Kelp!

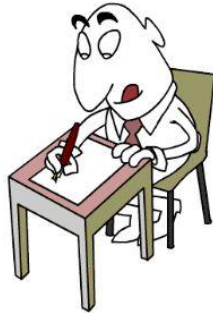
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