

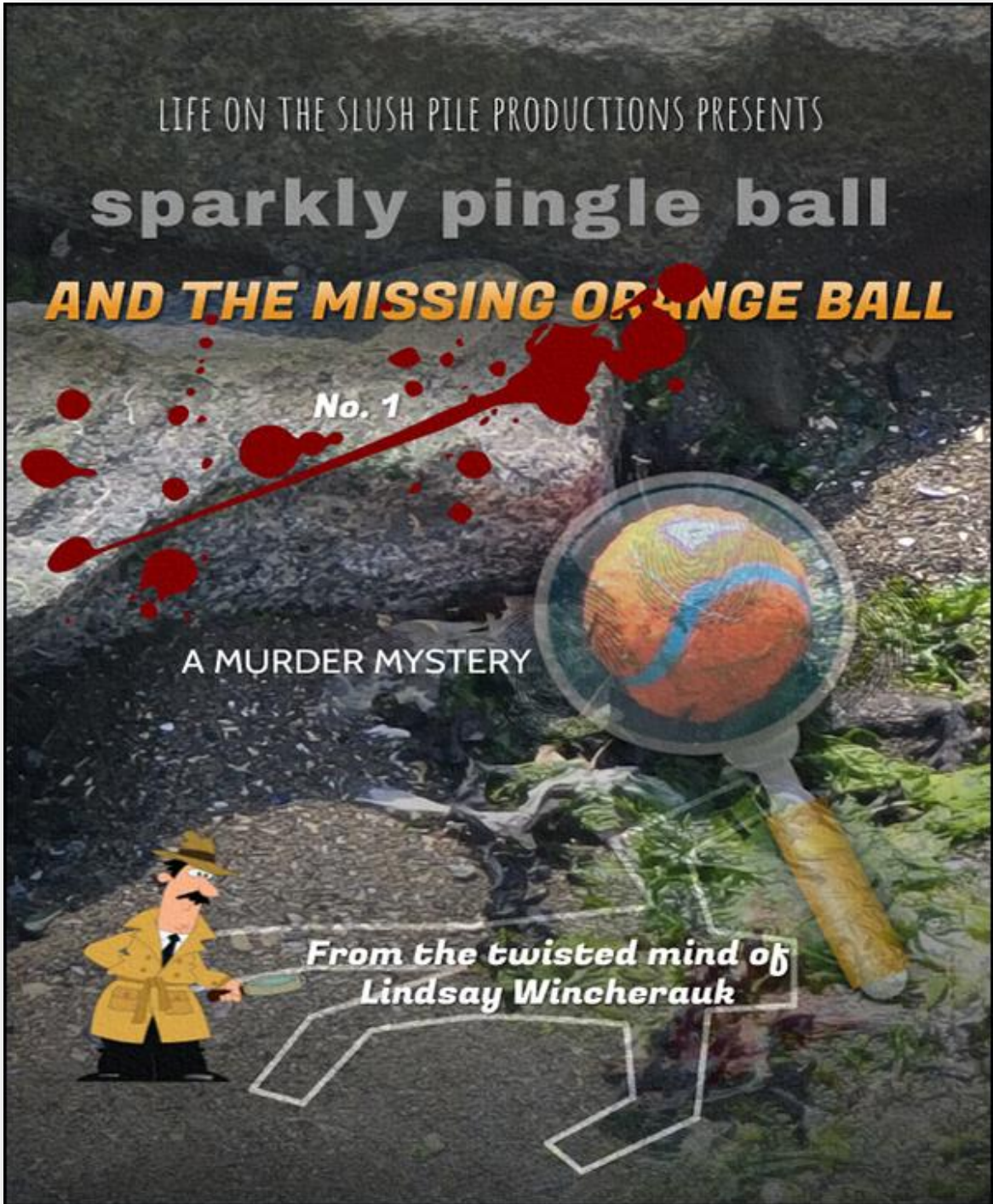
LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

sparkly pingle ball **AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL**

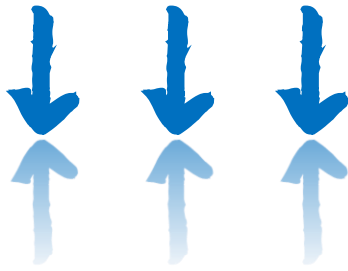
No. 1

A MURDER MYSTERY

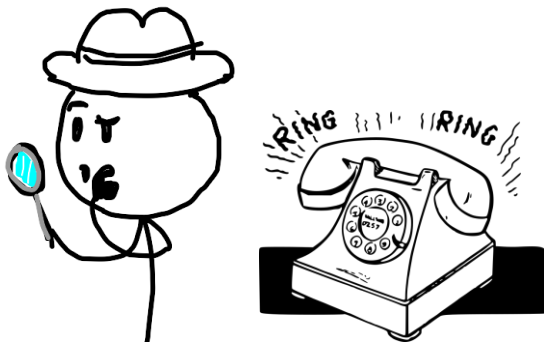
*From the twisted mind of
Lindsay Wincherauk*



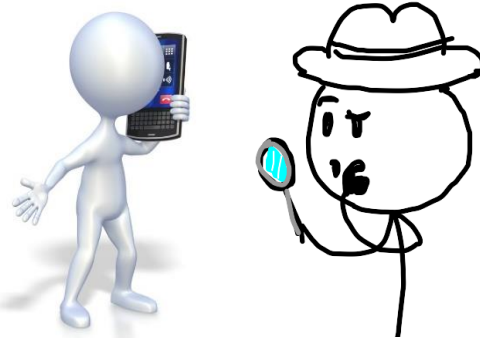
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



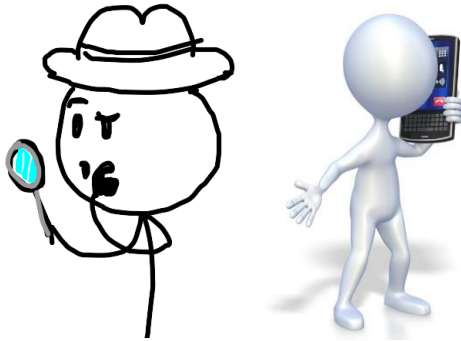
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
 SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



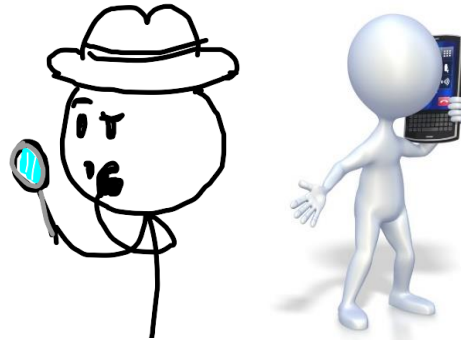
Hello, Sparkly Pingle Ball, how can I save your day?



Sparkly...it's mee, Jaaaz, I |inaudible|. Grunt. Grunt.



Breath Jazz. Breath. What is it, did a boy fall down a well?



Sparkles. I found a body. And an orange ball. Low tide. Dead. Dead. Doorknob dead.



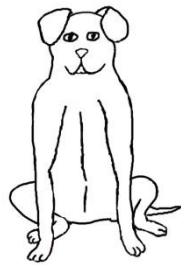
Mr. Cartwright. He's dead Sparks. We must find out who killed him. There must be more balls. Sparkles, I'm scared. The orange ball killer hasn't struck in years.

Shazam, Jazz. Mr. Cartwright, dead. That portly old bastard. Don't worry, Jazzy. Sparky Pingle Ball is on the case! Now where did I put my spy camera? Jumping jackfish. Run.

LITTLE DID SPARKLY PINGLE BALL KNOW LITTLE DID SPARKLY PINGLE BALL KNOW

TIMMY HAD FALLEN DOWN A WELL TIMMY HAD FALLEN DOWN A WELL

HELP ME. HELP ME. I'M A BOY. I'VE FALLEN INTO A WELL.



4

Woof. Woof. *Ruff.*

Cool, I'm multi-lingual.

Don't worry Timmy, I'm here.

Is it just me, or do all well-dwelling children seem to be named Timmy?



HELP ME, SPARKLY. HELP ME. I'M THIRSTY.



Not now Timmy. I have a murder to solve.

Rufus will save you – you klutz.

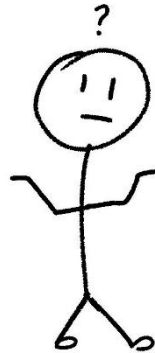
Thirsty? You are in a damn well, for bleeps sake.

THE MURDER SCENE
THE MURDER SCENE

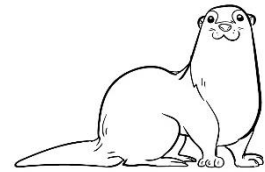
OR IS IT?
OR IS IT?



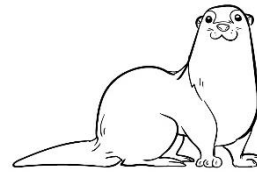
Jazz, where is Mr. Cartwright?



Bob the otter took him away. Low tide.



Jiminy Willikers.

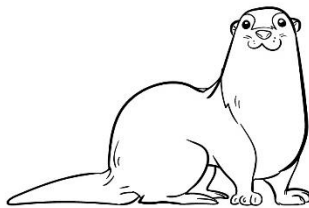


It's Jiminy Crickets, idiot.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



Fuck Off!

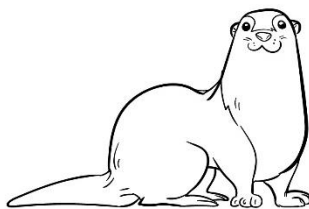


You, fuck off. Or else, I'll eat your face and your children.

6



I don't have children.



You used to – I ate them. Burp.

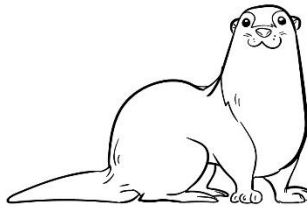
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



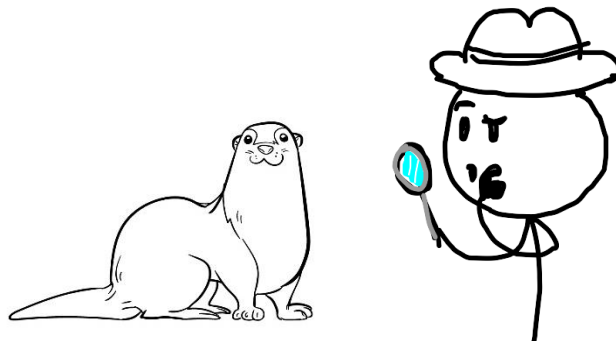
I'm going to Red Lobster



7



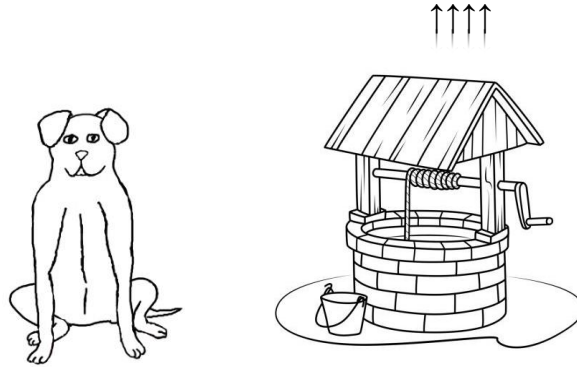
Why? I'm an otter.



Ouch, my face.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL

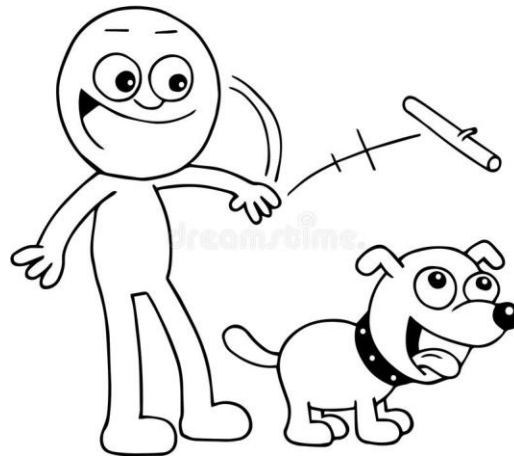
HELP. ANYBODY. I'M DOWN HERE. I'M COLD. RUFUS.



Meow. Just Kidding

Be right back. Somebody is throwing stick.

8



WTF. I don't even look like me.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



Sparky, thanks for coming. *Weep. Weep.*
I loved him with all my heart.
My Carty had just got a shipment of
Tennis balls in.



Why are you so fucking small?

9



Fuck off.



No, you fuck off, Tiny.

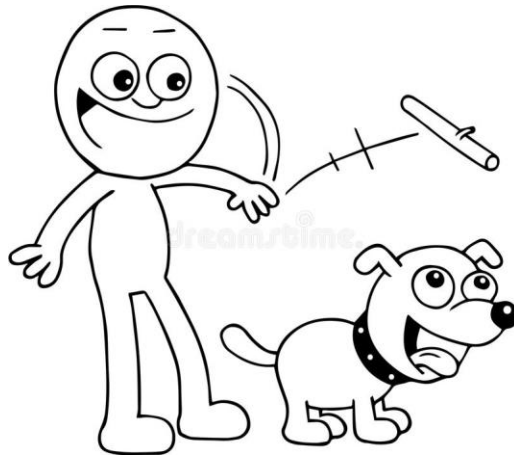


Wow. Original. I'm going to Red Lobster.

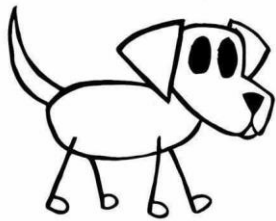


Why? I'm a man.

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



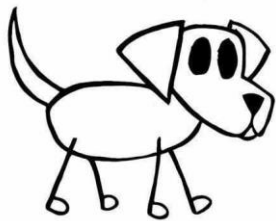
Fetch Boy.



10

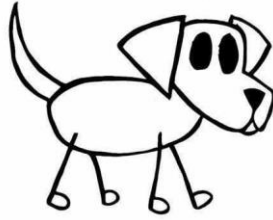
This is not me. Anyway, my name is Donald, not Boy.

Didn't I see you, in a different book?

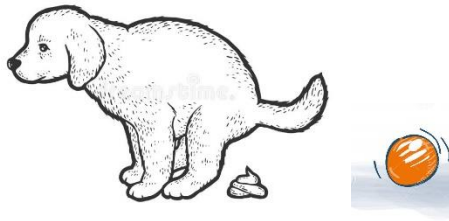


You did. My tummy hurts. I swallowed the orange ball you threw.

I threw a fucking stick. Why is your owner so fat?



Annoying would be more apt. What. Eat this? It will help me poop?



I don't know who I am anymore.

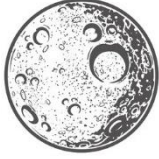


Gross. Donald, pooped an orange ball.



Jazz: That means if we find the missing ball, we will find the killer.

Can I sleep over?



THIS PAGE IS PITCH BLACK

PRINTER INK IS EXPENSIVE

MEMORIZE THE WORDS AND CLOSE YOUR EYES — TIGHT

No (to sleeping over).

It's dark in here. I love Mrs. Cartwright.

Are you the killer?

Are you? Do you want to form a boys band?

I don't really love her. I just love the idea of her.

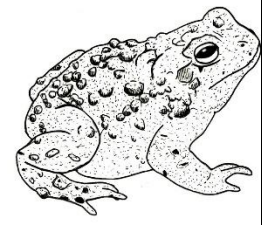
12

What?

Let's do cocaine?

What?

Lick this; it's a hallucinating toad?



What? Why is the toad hallucinating?

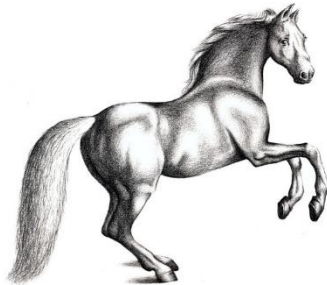
I love you.

Go to sleep, Jazz.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT SOLOLOQUY



Mr. Cartwright saved me. I was floundering. My life was in shambles.
When I was growing up, kids called me Stretch. Fuckers.
I thought I would never be loveable.
I carved out a \$6-figure career for myself. Carved-fucking-out.
What was I doing?
I allowed myself to be thrown by bouncers into padded walls. I flew. I flew.
The bouncers loved me. They also loved cocaine. I did as well.
I thought I would eventually die on a matt after being chucked, into a cocaine fuelled sketchiness.
I loved my job. And I loved bouncer dick.
I wasn't a trollop. Who uses the word trollop? I guess, I do.
And then, along came Jerry Cartwright. Is that not the whitest name you've ever heard?
It was love at first...snort.
Now, Jerry is dead + bouncers tossing people for profit has been banned.
What am I supposed to do with my life?



I don't even know how to ride a horse.
Cocaine?

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



Good morning, Sparkly.
Did you have a good sleep?



Fuck.
Get out of my bed.



Why are you wearing Tennis shorts?
What's in your shorts?



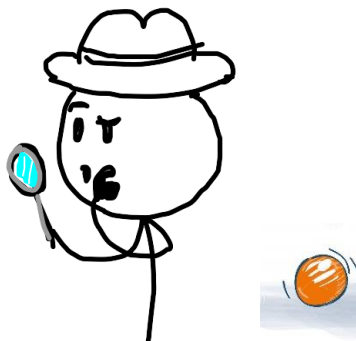
My penis.



SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



OMFINGGOD. The third ball just fell out of your shorts. You are the killer.



No, it didn't.



You are the killer. I must take you in. But first, Red Lobster?



SPARKLY PICKLE BALL SOLILOQUY



I love Mrs. Cartwright as well.

But I didn't kill Jerry. I loved him as well.

On the day he died. We hit the courts. I eviscerated him.

He started balling, no pun intended. He ran to the seawall. He jumped down onto the ocean floor, low tied. I said tide incorrectly, you can't see the spelling.

3700 words later.

He tripped on a rock, falling violently, his head cracked open on a rock like a lobster claw. He was bleeding out. I originally said bleeding.

1500 words later.

I desperately tried to save him. I tapped my penis on his forehead, three times. Beetle Juice and Ferris Buehler appeared out of thin air.



What?

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



Jerry loved forehead penis.



What?

17



I desperately tried to resuscitate him. I passed out. When I woke up...



Otter Bob, had dragged him out onto an ocean rock, to feed his starving family.

I couldn't save him. I never killed him.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL



Why didn't you say that in the first place?



I needed the work.



Kiss me.

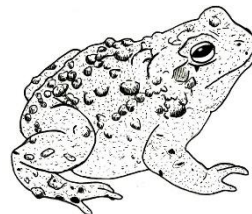


THIS PAGE IS PITCH BLACK

PRINTER INK IS EXPENSIVE

MEMORIZE THE WORDS AND CLOSE YOUR EYES – TIGHT

COCAINE?



RIBBIT!

I WISH I WAS A TURTLE.

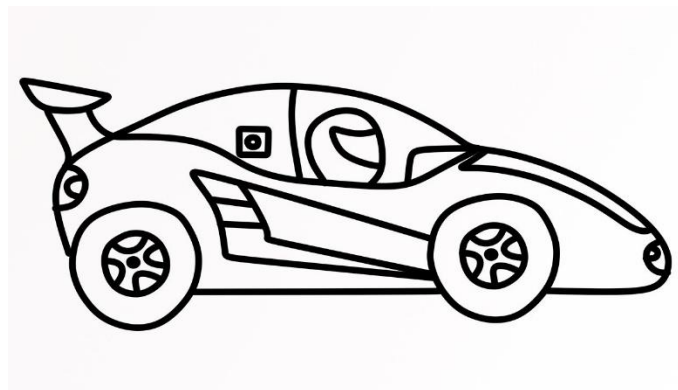
Case solved.

More @ www.lindsaywincherauk.com

SPONSORS



UP NEXT (MAYBE)?



Sparkly Pingle Ball Drives a Race Car

CONTACT INFORMATION
CONTACT INFORMATION

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Author/Journalist/Photographer

1001-1225 Richards Street

Vancouver, BC

V6B 1E6

www.lindsaywincherauk.com

lindsaywin@outlook.com

778.329.3820