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Ear Warp Podcast

Tales of Turds – DocuCast Series

Act 04 – Tom Poops a Pringles Can

Hollywood: Y'all know what time it is. This is tales about turds. This is Hollywood. I got Kickstand.

Kickstand: Glad to be here sharing my tales of turds.

Hollywood: Kickstand, you've got so many tales about turds.

Kickstand: Yeah, I don't know if that's a good thing.

Hollywood: You know I think it was Roosevelt who said “Comparison is the thief of Joy” so we don't want to, you know, it's a good thing, it's a bad thing, it's your thing.

Kickstand: Is that what I'm going to be known for now. That's Kickstands thing is turd tales.

Hollywood: Well, you know. It's the reason why you've got your own show.

Kickstand: Well I guess it worked out of the end.

Hollywood: You can work a turd out of the end. What's going on with turds.

Kickstand: This is another Tom turd story. We were required to take Mike and Tom out to the community. If it's not the mall or somewhere we go to the park. They always like the park, and walk around, and it was nice.

Hollywood: At the same time?

Kickstand: Yeah.

Hollywood: Alone?

Kickstand: What do you mean alone?

Hollywood: You and these two guys.

Kickstand: No. They both had a one-to-one supervision so we always had to have two people involved. Myself, one of my staff, I can't remember it may have been Chrissy that was there. And Tom and Mike. So we go. We stop and get us a hot and ready pizza from.....

Hollywood: Little Caesars.

Kickstand: Yes, thank you. We're going to go out to the park, eat some pizza, have a picnic.

Hollywood: Sounds like a good time.

Kickstand: Yeah. And it was other than the poo that came at the end. It really wasn't a big deal. It was actually a pretty uneventful day. Which is rare with these two. So, everything went well. We went around and it was getting close to time for us to get back to the house. And Tom is gesturing to the bathroom. “Alright, Tom you gotta go to the bathroom?” Non-verbal, he would just shake his head and make noises.

We're at the park so it's like a cinder block building right. The stalls are just cinder block walls that have doors attached to them. So I get him in there and he sits down, he poos, does his thing. Oh yeah I forgot about this. He doesn't throw the toilet paper away. He just drops it in the floor, a couple of wadded up poo rags laying there.

So he poos. "Are you done?" "Yeah". Great. So I pick him up because TOM has CP, Cerebral Palsy, so he can't really stand and be steady on his own. Kind of have to help him up and lean against the wall really. So I pick him up, just to make sure everything was okay.

In the toilet... the most magical thing Hollywood! Unlike Mike and his football shit, this was the most impressive log I've ever seen. It was the size of my forearm. I mean...

Hollywood: Like a Pringles can?

Kickstand: Yeah but longer.

Hollywood: Longer?!?

Kickstand: It was dipping into the water but it was up both sides and the diameter of a Pringles can. And it was incredible, this shit. And I looked at Tom and I was like dude, that's fucking special. I mean, I'm impressed, like you know, good for you buddy. I'm clapping at this.

It was like the forearm of a Disney prince. You know, like this is a big thick and beefy bastard and luckily, unlike Mikes poo, his football shit, it wasn't as dense and clay-like.

Alright so. Flush. Nothing. Like it was just too big and the water wasn't really doing anything for it. So flush again. Nothing happens. So as is tradition, you go and you get a stick.

Hollywood: It's a very "green" choice.

Kickstand: Yeah. So I break off a stick and chop this thing up, which was much more effective this time around. It took two or three flushes of chopping this thing apart to get it to go down, because, that was one hell of a commode Cobra. I mean, this motherfucker was thick and easily like a foot-and-a-half long. No exaggeration.

Hollywood: Where do you store such a thing?

Kickstand: I don't know.

Hollywood: It seems like if that was in my body I would know there's something that's a foot-and-a-half long in my body.

Kickstand: It's taking up space.

Hollywood: Yeah I mean you can probably like take your shirt off and see it like in the stomach like somebody's ribs.

Kickstand: I mean bigger than any anus I thought could get without being damaged. A Pringles can is really good analogy. It was, could you imagine, like your asshole opening up to the size of a Pringles can?

Hollywood: Let me see. Let me think about it. Let me try and put myself there.

Kickstand: I mean I've had some pretty big shits in my life but nothing like this. I mean God damn.

Hollywood: I think it would be 10 times harder if it was blunt on the end. If there was no tapering off. I like for the tips of my poo to be real sharp points. I get a good gentle slow opening. It's not just like a **BOOM!** like just brute-force battering ram.

Kickstand: As far as I can remember they weren't extremely tapered. No. It was it was just a big Pringles can lid on the ends man.

Hollywood: A Pringles can inside your body! I mean that would be about right here. Like from under my belly button to.. it would go all the way up to my chest.

Kickstand: Just how that thing had been just looped through his intestines like, that looks really uncomfortable! And it was solid. Like I said, I mean, I had to hit it a few times to get this thing to break up. I mean that would be really really uncomfortable in the colon!

Hollywood: I guess another bad thing about having a Pringles can sized poo is when you've been stretched to the max and it's still going, there's no taking a break.

Kickstand: No.

Hollywood: You're not going to pinch it off.

Kickstand: It was... You've got to kind of stand up get this thing out.

Hollywood: All of the power that you would have going into pinching it off, all of that energy is being used to hold back the tears.

Kickstand: Not a not a whimper out of this guy! He was just in there. And of course he would grunt when he pooped and I'm always worried about him. As you know, just shooting it into his hand. Because you know Tom loved poo.

Hollywood: Yeah I heard he liked to dig them out.

Kickstand: This time of course while I'm trying to get this poo out of the toilet he is digging in there. So we had to go wash his hands off and get the shit from under his nails. But at that point it was pretty routine to expect that.

Hollywood: I can kind of understand now why he's digging around in there if that stuff coming out. He's probably like just get it out! How much food do you think you have to eat to produce something like that?

Kickstand: I made all of his meals so I know how much he ate. Just regular portion size.

Hollywood: Right but he shits all the time.

Kickstand: Yeah but I mean, you know, two times a day? He's fairly regular.

Hollywood: What's confusing is if you're going to shit that often, how do you have anything left? How much time does it take to compress all of that?

Kickstand: Accumulate that mass? I don't know. I don't know but he did it. And it to this day is the biggest shit I have ever seen. Internet or not, like, I've never seen a bigger shit than that.

Hollywood: I've never gone searching the internet for the world's biggest poo but I do remember a website called ratemypoo.com.

Kickstand: I think it's still up. Well I mean it's been a while since I've looked but it was still there I think.

Hollywood: Man that guy would be the king!

Kickstand: I don't think, well, I guess smart phones were around at the time but I didn't take a picture of it. I kind of regret that.

Hollywood: Yeah!

Kickstand: I wish I had proof of this but you have got to take my word for it.

Hollywood: I believe you. I mean you've got so many tales of turds.

Kickstand: And no embellishment on any of these stories. This is the one hundred percent factual truth as I saw it.

Hollywood: I guess that's just what Little Caesars does to your body. It does the complete opposite to me. I mean especially if I eat crazy bread. I don't know if it's the butter stuff they put on there... Whatever they do to make crazy bread delicious my body hates it and it hates my body.

And I can feel the struggle going on deep within. As the battles rages I'm wondering, will it ever end! When will the senseless violence end! Please guys just... When it's all over and it's time to go, it's just one sudden **BWAAPAPBWPAP!!!** And there's nothing solid anywhere.

Kickstand: Crab apple splatter.

Hollywood: Dude it's bad. It's explosive. This is a guy who spends a lot of his life with poo on his mind.

Kickstand: Yeah.

Hollywood: Do you think maybe he could just will that into existence?

Kickstand: Maybe.

Hollywood: Like some sort of deep meditation were he can compress all of his dook.

Kickstand: Like an Air-bender, Fire-bender. He's a *Poo-bender*. Maybe. He just sits there in his chair thinking about it like he's controlling his poo within his body.

Hollywood: All right then. That was another tale about a turd.

Kickstand: I hope you enjoyed it.

Hollywood: I know i did. I just wish I could have been there to see it.

Kickstand: I wish you all could have been there to see it. I feel like people aren't going to believe that this is a true story but I saw, with my own fucking eyes, a Pringles can shit come out of a man!

Hollywood: Until next time.

Kickstand: Tales of turds.