

# Confessions of a Stephen Harper Troll

*As our readers know, Humans vs Harper has an inside track on Canadian politics that is second to none. We heard about this story a while back and we knew that with hard work and our irresistible charm, we could bring it to you. So – drum roll – starting today and continuing every week till this story is told, our latest exclusive: Confessions of a Stephen Harper Troll.*



1

When the call came in, the person asked me: “Are you angry, are you bitter?”

I said: “You got that right.” And I gotta say the voice was weird – like a real creepy ghost voice.

“We’re looking for a little help, special help,” they said. They said it was all that social media stuff where you get to say anything you want because you’re always anonymous, just like they were.

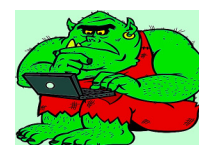
I blurted: “Robo calls, you want me for robo calls!”

He said: “You got something there, but it’s not robo calls, it’s robo trolls!”

I said: “Does that mean Duffy?” and he said, “You got it!”

I was just about to ask whether they were a man or a lady, when they hung up. I need to get that straight.

Anyways, that’s how I got started as a Stephen Harper Troll! Looks like there’s a new sheriff in town, folks. WAHOO!!!



## 2

It turns out that Duffy is not talking. His lawyer is running the show and he won't let Duffy say a word. Nigel couldn't get the guy to go away, but this lawyer shuts him up—go figure.

Anyway, I'm on standby waiting for a new assignment and they got me in training. Kind of, have you got what it takes to be a Robo Troll? Guess what? I'm gonna ace that course.

Guess what else? We're not the first party—oops—to do this. [The Russkis have been doing this](#) for a while only they work in teams. I wanted a partner but they said that was too risky. What do ya do when the Commies got more balls then we do?

Right now I'm waiting on delivery of my Troll Thesaurus. I don't mind the wait because the UFO Club has started up again. I came up with my troll name, Rambo Robo. I thinking of making the O's large, like RambO RObO. I figure that would really grab people.

Played around a bit with my first post, but I got struck. Couldn't decide if I should start off with bite my dust or eat my dust?

## 3

They now tell me they got a list of targets for me.

I said, Kaboom!! They LOLED!

Anyways, there's some old time hoity toity pointy-head called Himelfarb or maybe the Broadbent Institute – what??

I thought that guy was long gone. When I troll them, I'll start with, dearly departed ... LOL

There's a couple of French Nippers from Montreal – talk about scraping the bottom of the barrel.

Guess what, I don't speak frog.

I wanted May, but they said there's a waiting list.

They did ask if I wanted to take on Preston. That really surprised me cause I forgot all about Preston.

When I asked them what they had against Preston, they clammed up.

These guys,eh. They're all nervous as a cat on a better mousetrap.

Meanwhile, I came up with this idea for Troll Talking Points – like put them in a binder, so it's all there in one place.

They said no. They said knowing the facts makes it really hard to forget them. That actually made sense to me.

I suggested maybe we could use pictures sometimes cause, you know, a picture is worth a thousand whatever.

They said no cause people would identify me.



Like I was going to use a real picture of moi?

I told them my name and they were kinda OK with it – they really didn't like the big O's. And they're gonna get back to me on the Robo.

Pick, pick, pick – makes ya tired talking to them.

And they hung up before I could get the name of who it is that I am actually talking to.

Nobody likes bad manners.

4

Turns out I'm working with a guy. I met him when I was busting up a Nipper-loving site.

He calls himself, Spindog, not Spin and then Dog, but Spindog. Laughs every time he says it.

I don't exactly know if he is one of us and I'm not going to ask. I figure I just need keep my nose to the squeaky wheel and I'll hear something.

Meanwhile, just hanging out waiting on approvals for my first two troll tackles or like I say, TTs.

Man, does that take forever. I mean it's only a couple of sentences – what the fuck?

Back and forth back and forth – like a damn rocking chair going nowhere.

They finally sent the first one back but they redacted it – redacted is when they black stuff out for security.

When I told Spindog that, he hit the roof. Started cursing about five eyes – totally lit up.

I made a little joke about five eyes being better then one, but he just looked at me funny.

Meanwhile, my guy says I have to come up with a name. Why? He wouldn't say.

I thought of Snarl, but my guy said no – always with the no, Spindog.

He said it would pigeonhole me. I said, what's wrong with that – I am who I am?

Then my sister calls and says I should come and live in Alberta with her.

I said to her: "You want me to move to NipperLand? The Dark Side?"

"Hey Big Boy, when's the last time you made \$15 an hour?"

She got me! I felt like I put my foot in my mouth and shot it.



# 5

Latest is they are looking for Tweet Trolls – ramping up. I actually got the news from my NG – NG stands for Nothing Guy cause the guy usually tells me nothing.

Meanwhile, me and SpinDog, my new bro, are really hitting it off. He's got these places that are full of liberal zombies – that's what he calls them.

Like the Toronto Star newspaper – talk about Brownies and Boy Scouts.

So SpinDog lines up some story and he goes off, then I go off. Back and forth, on and on and on. Guy is a natural.

So after a couple of jaunts, I popped the question. Yeah, I was breaking silence, but I was recruiting for the cause. They will love SpinDog.

When I told him about them adding tweets, he said that meant that Harper was scared. I said no fucking way – Harper does not get scared.

He said Harper is a runaway – when things get tough he takes off. He said all that proroguing stuff was just him running home to Mama.

I said leave the Mom out of it. He said, “Just watch him.”

Anyway, he wants to talk to someone, but I can't figure how to make that happen without them knowing I was talking,

I was counting chickens when I shoulda been throwing out the bathwater.

But I got my name – I'm SnarlDuck. Was gonna just be Snarl, but my bro convinced me to add the Duck – said it would confuse them cause everyone loves ducks.

I'm good with ducks. Now, we're Dog and Duck for short.

Anyway, I'm thinking of signing up to be one of the Tweet Trolls because you actually get to say stuff all day long.

I'm trying to wrap my head around the 140 characters shit – I got way more to say then 140 letters worth.

Meanwhile, I was telling SpinDog about maybe going to Alberta.

He said why not go. He said that when hell freezes over, even snowballs get a chance.

Geez, I got a lot to think about.

# 6

Finally! My very first Troll. I sent it in over two weeks ago and I just got it back. It's fully approved as of right now. Here it is:

“You don't have a clue, do you? Why do I even bother with morons like you? Stephen Harper knows what he's doing and you sure don't. Obama saves Iran's ass – my guy sees it for what it is – nuclear bullshit! My guy can pick out the bad guys at rifle range – that means before they come close, idiot. The borders are safe, the planes are safe, but people like you are never satisfied. Your mother was a Nipper hippiette, right. One day they'll fly you and all your sissy friends to the moon and you'll finally suck it. BTW, the Arctic isn't melting just because you and Obama say so! Morons!!”



They added in the Iran bit because of that nukes deal where the ragheads get billions of dollars. Wish I could get even a buck for wearing a towel on my head.

Nothing Guy says they fucking hate that deal, but they can't say too much about it cause it upsets people.

I say that's chicken shit. If you can't stand the heat, you're not gonna keep the home fires burning.

Meanwhile, they already don't like my name and they asked me to do something on external factors right away.

I said, "What's an external factor?"

So Nothing Guy said, "You don't know what an external factor is?"

Like he thinks I'm stupid, right.

So I said, "That is nothing you guys ever talked about. I know that. I pay attention, right."

'So, what the fuck is external factors?'

"OK, just calm down," he said.

"External factors are stuff that happens out there and we can't control it, so we can't really deal with it. No, we can deal with it, but we can't fix it till it goes away on its own."

"Ok, so like the weather? You want me to say how we can't control the weather? Everybody knows that, dude."

"No, no don't talk about the weather. That gets us into stuff that's too complicated.

"We're really talking about the economy going down right now – the external factors are things like China, Greece, the U.S. and kind of all around the world, and the oil and other stuff. Just money. Everything just starts going down."

"Wait a minute – what's this got to do with us here? Steve has been telling us for years that the whole world might be in deep shit but right here we're doing better than anybody. Now he's gonna stop taking care of us?"

"Hey, by the way, did I tell you I might be moving to Alberta – \$15 minimum wage?"

Next thing I know, the guy's hanging up.

He says, "Never mind about the external factors – really do not do that. Ok?"

I'm saying calm down, but he's already gone.

Little egg on the face there – that sure don't look good on the bandwagon.



# 7

Today I spent all fucking day trolling coast to coast with this gigantic push on the big fat cheques they're mailing out to people who have kids.

Then I went down to pub to hang out with the guys and there's SpinDog.

More than that, the guys are in this huge uproar about the whopping big carrot Harper delivered to the breeders and SpinDog is egging them on.

One guy is saying, "All I want to know is when am I gonna get some?"

Everybody jumps in yelling Right On and What About Me and squawking that the cream suckers always got it made.

This old guy's laughing at them: "You're gonna have to work longer too, boys. I'm done now, but you're going to 67 before you get one penny from the lying bastards."

SpinDog says, "Yeah, you got to wear a diaper before you get a dime."

Another guy says, "My ex is thrilled, but I'm still gonna get burned for support this month."

Spindog jumps on that one, too. "And guess what, ya can't use it to pay off debts. My buddy's into them for taxes and they told him he can't use it to pay them off."

"Well, how are they gonna know?" I ask him.

Big chorus: "They fucking know everything,"

I get SpinDog to go out for a smoke and I lay into him when we get outside.

"What the fuck, man? These guys are our voters and you're getting them pissed off at the Party."

He just grins. "I'm just trying to get something going," he says. I stare at him.

"Do you even know what's going on right now? Things are sliding, Mister SpinDog, and we got to go back in there and sing the song. If they don't come up with this idea, we'd be in deep trouble. The bear doesn't shit on the burning bridge, dude."

He don't move one inch.

"These guys in there got nothing and they know it," he says.

"They never got a goddam thing from Harper and they know they never will. They see that dork – what's his name?"

"Poilievre."

"Yeah, Poilievre. I wouldn't spit beer on him. Clowning around – Christmas in the golf shirt. What they would do to him if he was here, I'd love to see."

"Fucking classy attitude man. Well, guess what? I got some work for pay from them on this exact thing."

"Spill it. My beer is getting warm."

"So, they're gonna rustle up the families that ain't signed up. They said there's thousands and thousands of them – thousands of votes, eh. They're gonna pay door knockers and they asked me if I wanted the work."



“Who fucking said that?” he asks me.

“As a matter of fact, Mister Minister Pierre Poilievre said that. It’s on video. He said they were gonna knock on the door of every family that’s not signed up. I betcha I can get you on. So?”

He says, “Ya know, a government gets the people it deserves.”

“So what?” I said. Sooner or later the people get the government they deserve. It all works out.”

“Do you want the job or not?”

“I’ll get back to ya,” he says.



It took a lot, but four days later, I am in Edmonton ready to go. And Spindog’s in the room down the hall.

The Party is paying us to find folks with kids. We sign them up, they get a big fat cheque from Steve. Like Spindog was singing on the plane “Happy voting to you, keep smiling until then.”

Meantime, I’ve been at the hotel for a day and I gotta get out. Place is a fucking fishbowl.

I got in the elevator they’re all staring at me. I stare back at one bitch and she almost jumps out of her skin. Went for breakfast and got ignored. That stopped that when I started yelling for coffee.

At least there’s no fucking mosquitos. My buddies told me Edmonton stunk with mosquitos, but this year, it’s OK. It’s ’cause of the drought. No oil and no mosquitos – weird, eh.

I told Spindog I wasn’t staying, but he’s not going with me.

“You go to Motel 8, I like the Westin.” he says.

He plans to sit in the lobby and watch for Rona Ambrose when we’re not out door-knocking. Like he’s gonna hit on her, or something.

“Not my type,” he says.

So, I get my guy on the cell to tell him I’m moving and he better get on that cause I’m not paying for nothing here.

He makes all this noise about extra work and how Spindog and I should stay together. He says the guy who owns the hotel is a giant donor and they always use this place.

“You got me in this fucking fat ass hotel and it’s disgusting. Costs \$10 for a beer and the waitress won’t even talk to me. That’s my Party money, man.”

“No, no, no,” he says. “We’re not paying for this. It’s coming out of Finance and Poilievre’s shop.”

“We’re trying to sign people up for a government program, so we can spend government money. We would never be doing this if the Party had to pay.”



“Meantime, I ain’t staying here with these snots.

And, we need a car to do this right, so I’m going to Avis.”

“No, no, go to Hertz, the fellow that owns the Alberta franchise is a far bigger donor, he says, and adds, ”You’re getting started tomorrow, right?”

“Yes, Siree. Getting started at the crack of dawn.”

So, I go up to tell Spindog the news, but he’s still in bed and he won’t come to the door. Like beating a fucking dead horse with a loose cannon. I yell through the door that I’m packing up and we got a car and I’ll come get him in the morning.

“Bye, jerkoff,” I yell.

“Don’t come too early,” he yells back.



So it’s noon and we are heading out for our first door-knocking shift.

Feeling a little shifty cause Spindog came over to the motel last night and we went drinking.

We got this huge box of stuff, CDs and everything, in the trunk all about the free money for the kids and how to sign up people. We got the ID badges on and we got another huge box of Party t-shirts in case anybody asks for one. And lots of other Party stuff in the back seat.

Spindog is reading up on the tax deal in the front seat. It’s supposed to be simple, but it’s not.

He says to me, “I got an idea.”

“Can’t wait,” I say.

“We’re only getting paid \$20 an hour,” he says“

And all our meals and rooms are paid for,” I say.

“Just, let me finish, man.”

He says, “We’re going door-to-door anyway, so why not try and make money at the same time? Greenpeace pays people to go door-to-door to raise money for them, so let’s sign up to do that.”

“Oh yeah, Greengrease, that’s the ticket,” I say.

He says he’s done it before and made money and it’s real easy.

“They”ll never know,” he says.





Besides, if Poilievre can wear whatever T-shirt he wants, why can't we?"

So we jump in the car and spend an hour at the ratty little Greengrease office getting set up, with Spindog doing all the talking, saying we both did it before. The woman says don't push people too hard and we take off with clipboards and Greengrease T-shirts. By now it's lunch and we go to Mickey D's. Everything takes for fucking ever.

Back in the car we head out to a part of the city called Strathcona. Spindog has his Greengrease T-shirt on and I'm knocking on doors. Finally, someone answers and I go into the speech. "Do you have children under 18?" is the first thing we're supposed to ask.

"Well, who are you?" the woman asks.

So, we show her the ID and she's looking it over real careful. Meantime, I'm trying to show her the tax stuff, so she gets the picture. Then Spindog decides to start talking about Greengrease.

The chick starts getting freaked out so I'm trying to shut up Spindog and he's not listening and she up and slams the door on us.

So me and him are on the sidewalk and I'm saying, "One thing at a time, dude. First the taxes, then Greengrease or first Greengrease and then taxes – I really don't give a fuck."

He says, "Let's go for a beer."

I say, "Let's finish this street and then go for a beer."

So we try next door. No one's home and that's the way it goes.

Next thing, a cop car pulls up.

"Howdy, boys. What's up? Let's see some ID."

10

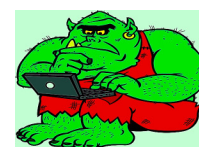
So we are in Edmonton remand.

Spent one night sitting in a cell at an armpit cop shop after getting busted in that piss ant neighbourhood.

It looked like we were going to get out of it, but then the cops lit up. That bitch that slammed the door on us got out on the street yelling at the cops to bust us just when another cop car pulls up.

When they tell the bitch to go home, she starts yelling at them.

"Just ask them how they can be Tories and Greenpeace supporters at the same time?"



The cops looked at one another and the next thing, we're face down on the street handcuffed and the cop is reading us our rights.

Spindog's yelling, "What's the charge?" and I'm yelling at him to shut the fuck up. Fucking circus.

Next day we get in front of a justice of the peace and guess what? We're arrested for public mischief and obstructing a cop, as if fucking if.

I got to call my sister, but had to leave a message. She's broke, so it's not like she could bail me out anyway. Spindog didn't call nobody.

Meanwhile, I was trying to figure out how to save my job when I overheard the cops say the election was called. One says the Tories are rolling in the dough. The other cop laughed.

"Hey, we'll finally find out how much it cost to buy an election," he said.

I'm thinking fucking politics. I'm in here and everybody's out there lining up for the biggest Sugar Daddy ever.

Our lawyer, some dame, got the mischief spiked cause it never should have been. The justice was talking about a fine till she found out we're flat broke and we don't live in Edmonton. She makes a joke about us working for nothing. I don't laugh. She says we're a flight risk. The lawyer tells us we're going to remand with no court date.

So we're talking to the lawyer after and we're giving her the whole story and she just can't believe it.

She keeps asking, "You were a troll for the Tories?"

And I keep saying, "Yeah, for Steve."

Spindog pops up, "He was. I never did that."

I went thru the roof like a sitting duck!

"Take it easy," he says. "I was just goofing around."

I'm yelling, "Don't shit me, dude. You don't goof. You always got an angle."

"Promise you won't get mad, if I tell you?"

The lawyer says to me, "Don't make any promises."

I say, "Spill it."

So, he tells me this cock and bullshit story where he's thinking he can get the beans on me and run and tell the fucking Nippers or the fucking Justins for a payoff. Then he starts warming it up and says, "But here's the best deal.

"I was thinking that if I could get you to do the Greenpeace thing that'd be the story. I could sell that to the media – the Tory Troll and the baby environmental freak – fucking priceless. They would be camped out side my door, man!"

I yelled TIMBER and launched straight at him.

The lawyer's hammering on the door, yelling, "Officer!"



# 11

So, me and Spindog finally get out of our cells and get to go to the yard cept it's not a yard anymore.

It's a fresh air room – four fucking huge concrete walls with no roof. Guess what, they don't give out umbrellas.

We're hanging for maybe five minutes and this little guy comes over and starts yakkin at us.

He laughs when Spindog starts telling him what we're in for.

He yells out, "Hey guys, these fish are Harper cons."

Nobody rushes over to find out all about it.

He then tells us we're sitting in the biggest remand in North America.

"It's bigger then 27 football fields and they're saying there's another 800 beds coming," he says.

Dude sounds like he's fucking proud.

What's the deal with visiting, I ask? Thinking I could get my sister to come out to see me. Bring some cigs, bit of cash.

He says all the visits are by phone. People sign up and if they get the nod they can call and talk to us.

I ask him: "Are you saying that nobody here ever gets a real live visitor?"

"They say you see them cause it's a video call," he says.

Spindog and me just look at the guy.

He says, "Yeah, all the guys are totally pissed about it. Even that guy, Milgaard, is fighting it."

"What guy is that?" Spindog asks.

"Milgaard's that guy they had in jail for years when he was innocent," he says.

"He got out, got paid off and he's saying the videos are a slow way of killing people He was here last week. He told us they got the idea from Florida."

"I bet they did." Spindog says.

Next thing this fuckin huge horn goes off. Free up is done and we're back to the block.

"I'd give my right ball for a spliff right about now," I say.

"Yeah that's us - the first Harper cons to cop a spliff in jail," grunts Spindog.

"Right, that bell ain't gonna ring too soon" I say. We is lookin at a dark night of the soul right here, dude."

"My, my, says Spindog with his shit ass grin. You surprise me, Troll."

"Don't fuck with me, dude. I am not up for that."

"But man, dark night of the soul: where did you get that?"



“It was in a song. Can’t remember who did it. Where the hell do you come from anyway?”

“The actual thing is where are we going when we get out of here?”

Me, I’m feeling like I’m caught red handed with a lead balloon. I got myself and him in here and what the fuck for. They only let me do one damned troll – too fucking pussy to let folks sound off.

Right now, I’d love to hose Harper into the fucking melting pot. If he said so, I’d be here till I rotted.

“You know, Spindog, I remember that Milgaard story. He was just a kid and they railroaded him his Mama just never gave up and she got him out in the end.

“You’re breaking my heart,” he says.

“Didn’t think ya had one.”

“What the hell, Spin. When I get out, I’m might look him up. Anyhoo. with that minimum wage and all, I’m good to stay right here.”

“You still going to vote for Steve?”

“Nope.”

"Wanna talk about it?"

"Nope"

“Gonna vote for the Nippers?”

“Can’t say. Can’t say right now.”

So, then the fucking sprinklers go off. Everybody’s clapping and cheering. The racket is incredible.

I’m yellin what’s going on to the guy in the next cell. He is laughing his guts out.

Finally, he yells back, “We’re resisting, little fishy – resisting. Ever heard of that.”

*Sadly, some possibly shattering news for the Troll’s most avid followers. We’ve been told that the Troll now unexpectedly finds himself in a life changing transition. As we all can understand, this will mean the Troll will be dealing with mental, emotional and spiritual challenges. In an apparent acknowledgement of this, the Troll has decided to step back until he finds a new, and perhaps more encouraging, role in life. While HvH hopes to bring readers an update on the eventual outcome of the Troll’s journey, only time will tell if we ever see the Troll’s return.*



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