

The whole disaster started because Cartman got bored during math.

That was how most historic mistakes began in South Park.

By the last bell, South Park Elementary's back playground had transformed into something between a recess tournament, a riot, and an illegal sporting event no adult had approved.

Snowbanks ringed the fence. The monkey bars were packed with spectators. Kids stood on benches, trash cans, and each other for a better view. Someone had stolen three cafeteria trays and turned them into "VIP seating."

In the middle of the blacktop was a huge chalk circle, drawn so thick it looked like the earth itself had given up and made boundaries.

A cardboard sign stuck in the snow read:

BOYS vs GIRLS

PUSH-OUT GAUNTLET

Under that, in smaller handwriting:

- If you step out, you lose
- If you fall out, you lose
- If you get dragged into a brawl and end up out, you lose
- No biting
- No crying unless it's funny

And beneath *that*, written in angry red marker:

NO FARTING ON PEOPLE – Principal's Office

Nobody knew why that needed to be added, but everyone suspected Cartman.

THE LINEUPS

Boys

Stan, Kyle, Cartman, Kenny, Butters, Clyde, Craig, Jimmy, Token, Scott Malkinson

Girls

Wendy, Bebe, Heidi, Red, Annie, Nichole, Lola, Millie, Sophie, Esther

A giant scoreboard made from two taped-together poster boards leaned against the jungle gym.

At the top:

BOYS 0 — GIRLS 0

At the bottom:

CURRENT CHAMPION: NONE

Cartman marched into the center like he was opening the Olympics.

“Alright, everyone, welcome to the first annual Cartman Invitational of Male Excellence.”

Kyle immediately shoved him aside.

“This was not your idea.”

“It became my idea when I improved it.”

“You wrote your name on cardboard.”

“That’s called branding, Kyle.”

Butters raised his hand nervously. “Uh, fellers, is this safe?”

“No,” Stan said.

“Oh hamburgers.”

ROUND ONE

Stan vs Bebe

Stan stepped into the ring with the energy of someone who hated that he was participating but hated losing more.

Bebe adjusted her gloves and smirked.

“You look stressed.”

“I’m fine.”

“That’s what stressed people say.”

The crowd chanted:

FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

They tied up immediately. Stan was steady, careful, trying not to overcommit. Bebe was quick and annoying in the most effective way possible.

She darted in, shoved, backed off, re-entered.

Stan finally caught her timing, planted his foot, and drove her straight backward two steps.

Bebe tried to recover.

Too late.

Her heel crossed the chalk.

The boys erupted.

Cartman jumped onto a bench. "YES! MALE HISTORY!"

Kyle pulled him down by the coat.

BOYS 1 — GIRLS 0

ROUND TWO

Kyle vs Red

Kyle cracked his knuckles.

"Okay, now we maintain momentum."

Red looked unimpressed.

"You say things like a substitute teacher."

The match was cleaner. Faster. Smarter.

Kyle used angles. Red used patience. They circled, feinted, pushed, reset.

Then Red baited Kyle into stepping too deep, turned sharply, and redirected him straight over the line.

Kyle stumbled into the snowbank and popped back up furious.

"That was a trap!"

"Yes," Red said. "That's why it worked."

BOYS 1 — GIRLS 1

Cartman pointed. "Weak leadership!"

"Shut up!"

ROUND THREE

Cartman vs Heidi

Cartman entered breathing hard from climbing onto the bench earlier.

“I just want everyone to know I am fighting for all men.”

Heidi stared at him.

“I’m fighting because you’re annoying.”

Cartman charged with the raw power of a rolling appliance.

Heidi sidestepped.

Cartman continued going in the original direction, because physics had already accepted its assignment.

He crossed the chalk, hit a snowbank, and disappeared waist-deep.

The girls screamed laughing.

Cartman emerged covered in snow.

“I was sabotaged by winter!”

Heidi dusted her hands. “Sure.”

BOYS 1 — GIRLS 2

ROUND FOUR

Kenny vs Annie

Kenny zipped in low and fast.

Annie barely had time to react before he hit her shoulder and drove her back.

She tried to pivot.

Kenny adjusted mid-push and sent her out clean.

The boys exploded again.

Stan nodded. “Okay, that was actually good.”

BOYS 2 — GIRLS 2

ROUND FIVE

Butters vs Sophie

Butters walked into the ring like he was approaching an execution.

“Well gosh, I’d just like to say I respect everybody here and hope nobody gets emotionally hurt.”

Sophie blinked. “What?”

She pushed him lightly.

Butters panicked, spun the wrong way, tripped over his own boot, and flopped out of the circle into the snow.

He sat up dramatically.

“I have been betrayed by my body!”

Nobody helped him.

BOYS 2 — GIRLS 3

ROUND SIX

Craig vs Nichole

Craig entered with maximum Craig energy.

“This is stupid.”

Nichole shrugged. “Then lose faster.”

Craig was annoyingly effective. He stayed balanced, barely moved, and forced Nichole to work.

Then she clipped his stance with a sharp shoulder bump and slid him over the line by inches.

Craig stared at the chalk like it had insulted him personally.

“I hate this school.”

“Told you,” Tweek yelled from the crowd.

BOYS 2 — GIRLS 4

THE BOYS RALLY

Then things shifted.

Jimmy beat Millie with tricky footwork and nonstop commentary.

“I am athletic! I am inspiring! I am—whoa!”

He barely stayed in, somehow won anyway, and celebrated like a champion.

Scott Malkinson entered next.

“I HAVE DIABETES!”

Nobody knew why he announced it.

He shoved Esther out during the confusion.

The boys counted it immediately.

Token beat Lola with pure balance and strength.

Clyde finally redeemed himself against Sophie after three failed attempts to look cool.

Suddenly the board changed:

BOYS 6 — GIRLS 4

The boys were screaming. The girls were annoyed.

Cartman climbed the bench again.

“WE HAVE RESTORED CIVILIZATION!”

Wendy finally stepped forward.

And the entire playground shut up.

WENDY ENTERS

She had been watching the whole time.

Hands in pockets. No wasted words. No wasted movement.

Now she tied her hair back.

That alone made Clyde nervous.

Bebe leaned over to Heidi. “Oh, now they’re dead.”

Wendy stepped into the circle and looked at the boys’ line.

“Who’s first?”

Nobody answered fast enough.

“Thought so.”

WENDY’S BULLDOZER RUN

Wendy vs Clyde

He rushed.

She redirected.

He exited the ring like bad mail.

BOYS 6 — GIRLS 5

Wendy vs Jimmy

Jimmy tried talking mid-match.

“Okay, statistically speaking—”

She shoved him out before the sentence ended.

BOYS 6 — GIRLS 6

Wendy vs Scott Malkinson

“I HAVE DIABETES!”

“You still have feet.”

She swept his balance and sent him outside the line.

BOYS 6 — GIRLS 7

Wendy vs Token

This one was real.

Token held center. Wendy pressed. Snow kicked up. Kids screamed.

Then Wendy found the angle, drove once, twice, and edged him out.

Token nodded respectfully.

“Yeah. You earned that.”

BOYS 6 — GIRLS 8

Wendy vs Cartman

Cartman protested the matchup, the rules, and women in general.

She shoved him out so fast he didn’t finish the sentence.

BOYS 6 — GIRLS 9

Kyle muttered, “That one healed me emotionally.”

WENDY RESTS

Now the girls were chanting.

Wendy stepped out, took a bottle of water from Bebe, and sat on the bench like a champion between rounds.

The boys were broken.

Stan looked at the board. "We're cooked."

Kyle nodded. "Yeah."

Then Clyde slowly pointed toward the maintenance shed.

"Wait."

Everyone turned.

Blake wasn't there earlier.

He'd been helping move old desks and boxes for Mr. Mackey behind the school.

Cartman's eyes widened.

"Get Blake."

BLAKE ARRIVES

Two kids ran off.

A minute later, Blake walked around the corner carrying a folded tarp over one shoulder.

He stopped when he saw:

- the chalk circle
- the scoreboard
- fifty screaming children
- Wendy on the bench
- Cartman standing on a bench like a dictator

He blinked once.

"What happened?"

Stan answered honestly.

"It got stupid."

Blake nodded. "Okay."

Mr. Mackey yelled from the far wall, "No more nonsense, m'kay!"

Blake gave a polite nod.

"Yes, sir."

That somehow made him scarier.

Because while everyone else had become playground goblins, Blake still seemed like the only person functioning normally.

BLAKE'S CLEAN RUN

The girls sent three remaining fighters before Wendy stood again.

Not to overwhelm him.

To test him.

Blake vs Millie

She rushed.

Blake shifted one step, guided her momentum, and she stepped cleanly outside the line.

No fall. No roughness.

Just out.

Blake vs Esther

She tried to wrestle.

Blake turned, controlled the angle, and walked her over the chalk like he was helping someone cross a street.

Blake vs Lola

She came in fast.

He pivoted, touched the shoulder, redirected, done.

Three straight wins.

No one got hurt.

No wasted motion.

The playground felt weirdly colder.

Bebe whispered, “Okay... what is that?”

Kyle answered quietly.

“That’s a problem.”

The scoreboard became:

BOYS 9 — GIRLS 9

Everything came down to one final round.

Wendy stood.

Blake stepped into the ring.

WENDY vs BLAKE

No chants now.

No jokes.

Even Cartman shut up.

Wendy rolled her shoulders.

“You weren’t even here.”

“I was working.”

“And now you’re the final round.”

“Looks like it.”

She smirked. “Convenient.”

They circled.

Wendy struck first—sharp, direct, committed.

Blake gave half a step, redirected the line, and reset center.

The crowd gasped.

Second exchange.

Wendy pressed harder, trying to force pace.

Blake stayed calm, reading everything, speaking only once.

“You’re strong.”

Wendy answered immediately.

“You’re slow.”

Then she attacked again.

This time Blake caught the angle early.

They collided shoulder to shoulder, feet grinding into snow.

Neither moved.

The whole playground lost its mind.

Stan yelled, “This is insane!”

Cartman screamed, “DESTROY HER, BLAKE!”

“Shut up, Cartman!”

Third exchange.

Wendy drove in with everything.

Blake pivoted.

Clean. Sharp. Perfect timing.

Wendy’s balance broke.

She was one step from the chalk.

The boys were already shouting.

Blake had the clutch.

And then—

“THAT’S ENOUGH!”

Mr. Mackey stormed across the playground like judgment day in a parka.

“Nope! Absolutely not! It is late, it is freezing, and I am not supervising child Fight Club, m’kay?! Everybody go home right now!”

The crowd howled in protest.

“NOOO!”

“Come on!”

“He was about to win!”

“She was coming back!”

Cartman fell to his knees.

“THIS IS TYRANNY!”

Mr. Mackey pointed directly at him.

“Especially you. Home.”

THE END

Backpacks were grabbed. Arguments broke out instantly.

The girls shouted they still won because Wendy cleared everyone.

The boys shouted Blake would have clutched it.

Stan and Kyle kept debating specifics all the way to the gate.

Butters said, “Well gosh, I think everybody learned something.”

“No one learned anything,” Craig replied.

On the scoreboard, someone scratched one final line before leaving:

BOYS 9 — GIRLS 9

FINAL ROUND: CANCELLED

Wendy and Blake looked at each other once across the emptying blacktop.

No anger.

No bragging.

Just unfinished business.

Then they turned and walked home while snow fell over the chalk circle where the answer should have been.