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THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET, Vancouver, Canada, March 1, 2010—

As the giant Olympic arms retract, and the moon shines over these games for the last time.

Bill Shatner, the Shat, takes the stage, microphone in hand, to sing the swansong for fleeting global hope, we must take a second to reflect... The Final Frontier. Not space, after all, Canada.

Funny folk up there.

Bless those clever Canucks, all eight of them.

Catherine O'Hara, such a sorry performance. Michael J. Fox's affable ways have not been affected by the debilitating effects of Alzheimer's.

Who is Michael Buble?

And the big hook comes out of the sky to mercifully end the festivities. A little campy, a little hammy. Some stone-cold Russian solemnity will be welcome in Sochi.

Less condoms, more vodka.

Putin will spur on his athletes to Soviet-era glory gold by winning several events himself: shirtless swimming, caribou wrestling. And any athletes from Georgia who perish won't so neatly be classified as accidental.

Goodbye "syrup-suckers", "ice-holes".

Hello, post-glasnost, post-perestroika, onion-domed optimism, vodka-fueled victory 2014!