

BLIND LADY + PANTS + CHICKEN + MIKE IS A —  
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*THE WEEK THAT WAS*  
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## THE WEEK THAT WAS



### MONDAY MORNING 5:30 (2017)

The news plays on a continuous loop in our office as we prepare to set up eager workers, shuffling them on their way. We do this for a couple of reasons:

1. The workers' eyes focus on the tube instead of my coworkers and me, this doesn't always work, at least 100-times per day we're asked, *"anything yet"* and,
2. Reread 1.

I hate the news. I'm pretty sure I'm the only one.

Hate is not entirely accurate: I do enjoy when the news focuses on a single story, for an entire week:

- A bump on the Lions Gate Bridge — complete with on-the-scene reports of what it is like to drive over the bump.

I also found joy in the story of the last two downtown gas stations closing — complete with interviews with people gassing up, *"This will be such an inconvenience, the closest station is..."*<sup>(1)</sup>

You're driving a fucking car.

You'll be okay.

The closest... you're driving a fucking car.

That brings me back to the hating the news + Mike.

The lead story on this Monday wasn't about gas. Instead, it was about five experienced Korean (Canadian) snowshoers who had a tragic accident when the mountain they were on collapsed — and sadly, they all perished.

Heartbreaking, humans who are not moved by this are...

*"They were probably all drunk."*

You had to interject. You couldn't even wait for the second sentence of the story.

*"No, Mike, they were not. The edge of the mountain was hard to see. They got to close."* Tony, a worker, added, thankfully.

*"Well, who cares? They can't drive."*

I mouthed, *you're a fucking idiot* as my stomach turned.

Ignorant, stupid, racist, a combination all mixed together with the *roids* he cycles in an attempt to be... an ignorant, stupid, racist... fifty-plus-year-old, who doesn't understand nobody cares what he benches.

Unfortunately, my inclination usually is to defend; for some people, there is no fucking point.

### LEVITY WARNING - THE FOLLOWING MAY ONLY BE FUNNY TO - ME

I approached Howe and Davie from the east, on feet; I first typed foot, but I have two. Coming from the south on Howe was a little old blind lady. I sensed her frustration as she moved her cane from side to side.

*"OMG, I'm so lost,"* she said with frustration controlling her voice.

*How do you know?* Crossed my mind.

Mike, is that you?

*"Excuse me, may I help you... yes... wait here for fifteen-minutes."*

*"Okay."*

Time for lottery tickets – one-block later, at the counter of the 7/11, I noticed an inventory clerk standing by the counter.

*Don't talk to me. Don't talk to me,* crossed my mind.

*"Are the tickets you're buying for tonight?"*

*"Yes."*

*"What times the draw?"*

*"I don't know."*

*"I think it's around 7."*

I shrugged my shoulders and exited the store. People, please save your words.

I told my friend, Jay, he may be the second-best person on the planet.

He shot me an evil glance in return.

*"Jay, there are seven-point-five-billion people on the planet; number two isn't bad."*

"Who's number one?"

"I don't know. We haven't met. All I know is, it's not you."

Jay cares about me. Jay cares about a lot of people.

He is number two, after all.

"Hey Lindsay, do you want to try Chinese Traditional Medicine."

"Sure."

### THREE-MINUTES LATER

You and Zach have appointments for this Saturday.

Jay works fast. Instead of being thankful, I *whined* a little. *Fuck, Saturday, the long weekend is screwed.* It's not like I was doing anything anyway. I was going to travel to Calgary for a friend's fiftieth. I didn't go—I don't know what was spinning in my mind for me not to.

One day I will grow up.

### SATURDAY, KOREAN, CHINESE TRADITIONAL MEDICINE DOCTORS OFFICE

#### WAITING FOR MY TURN

"When he asks, why do I say I'm here?"

"You suffer from insomnia. You work weird hours, which impact your eating habits. Tell the herbalist about your cough. You +++

"If I find out I'm dying, I will be pissed."

"At least you'll know."

"What if he doesn't speak English?"

"He will."

He didn't.

His nurse sort of did. The two of them were delightfully pleasant.

"I get a cough a couple times per year. I'm susceptible to pneumonia... walking."

"Doc... he has ammonia..." spoken in mandarin, I think... with more thought... probably Korean.

"Pneumonia, not the window cleaning liquid, okay."

They understood, and I have ammonia.

Doc takes my pulse on both wrists. He looks lovingly at my shorts-clad legs.

"Ammonia," he said, followed by pointing to my legs and saying, "pants."

## 15-MINUTES LATER, MY MEDICINE WAS READY

Jay and Zach ask the good doctor what I can or can't do on the medicine. He suggested not drinking. The herbalist also suggested I eat less chicken.

How does he know how much chicken I eat?

After the appointment, Jay asked if we could swing by Ikea.

"No."

With *no* dropping easily from my mouth, I realized he did something good for me, and I was being...

*"Ikea, Costco, the Ferry to the Island, they're all the same place. Everyone at these places is mentally disorganized... including me, when I go, which you know my childishness causes me to dread. Anyway, an hour or two always includes eating... because... somehow, I think people panic and think they'll never eat again. It's even worse at Costco where people will line up for fucking nut samples."*

That rant didn't seem childish, did it?

We didn't go to Ikea.

Instead, I decided to go on a Vodka swilling + Chicken devouring binge.

Do you think: **Pig as a Pet** – would be an excellent name for a restaurant?

Five chicken-free-beers later, it was time to head home, for, I'm hoping, chicken.

## FLASHBACK TO THE BONE BROTH BAR

"Does the chicken broth come in any other flavours?"

As I passed 7/11, I looked at the time on my phone.

"It's now 6:50," I told a panhandler sitting on the ground my time discovery  
I could tell he was thinking: *Don't talk to me. Don't talk to me. Don't talk...*

Next corner... crap... it's been twenty-six hours... I said, wait here... for fifteen-minutes...  
she's still waiting.

I jaywalked. <sup>(2)</sup>

1. Fast Forward to November 2021. A barge has washed up on a beach in Vancouver.  
Barge activity is live streamed. A barge lover tied it to a rock. I love this story.
2. Jay walking is the only option for Jay when Jay walks.



## WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where | society deemed | unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation — shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

*Lindsay's life began with a lie.*

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

*The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.*

*Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.*

*Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.*

## SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

- A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, *"I must thank you. I've listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I've learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend."*
- Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

*LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.*

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

Lindsay is currently pitching four manuscripts to publishers and literary agencies. One of the manuscripts (he can't talk about) will blow the roof off the predatory practices of – Lindsay is writing relentlessly and is also pitching OPEDs and short stories, fiction, + non to literary magazines around the globe.

Lindsay has appeared on Breakfast Television, radio programs in Montreal, + several others in the Vancouver area. Lindsay has also been a featured guest on CKNW + CBC, both on several occasions. And Lindsay was a vital witness of a Hate Crime. This led to the first Hate Crime conviction in Canadian legal history, resulting in him being a speaker at an Enough is Enough Rally (anti-violence rally) with dignitaries, politicians, law enforcement, and community leaders in front of a crowd of approximately five thousand.

Lindsay was the **#1 MIXED-TAPE DJ** at the **UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN** for most of the nineteen-eighties, a fact bringing him joy.

Lindsay resides in Vancouver.

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