

A CLIPBOARD PERSON MAY HAVE SAVED MY LIFE



A CLIPBOARD PERSON MAY HAVE SAVED MY LIFE



2 JULY 2016

Vancouver's summers rock. Long walks are almost a must in this immensely walkable city. *Take that, Los Angeles.*
Yeah, take that.

Other than the damp cold of winter--

Lindsay, stay on topic; we're in the middle of summer.

Back to walking, the only things that send me into a tizzy are the following:

- Cyclists on the sidewalk.
- Aggressive panhandlers (a rarity).
- Skateboarders, mainly because it is my dream to become a tatted-up border, tearing my skin from the bone in my attempts to *NGAF* and become *woke*, no wait, *lit*, *crap*, I mean, *frap*—I fucking hate--
- Clipboard people.

These are the people on my long walks. On my long walks, on my long walks; these are the people in my neighbourhood, in my neighbourhood.

A mild-mannered Vancouverite has been charged in the mysterious deaths of 27 CLIPBOARD PEOPLE. Word on the street is he flew into a frap-fueled woke rage and—

TWO BLOCKS LATER

"Hey, I'm wearing a blue shirt. Your shirt is blue. The sky is blue."

Clippie spins in a circle three times.

"Your shirt is buttoned-up like mine; we're kindred, we should talk?"

*Hmm, should I make Clippie number twenty-eight?
I confess to nothing.*

TWO BLOCKS LATER

"I like your hair. You shave it. What colour was it before you shaved it?"

Spin.

Dance.

Smile.

"I shaved once. We're the same. Let's chat.

TWO BLOCKS LATER

"I butter my toast. Cars are on the road. Look, I'm smiling."

Spin.

Spin.

Spin.

"You can't avoid me. I know you're not talking on your phone. I have a phone. We should talk."

TWO BLOCKS LATER

I must avoid it.

Screech. Sorry car driver.

I can't take it anymore. They're everywhere.

They even exiled the topless women throwing men wearing rugby pants off roofs of parking garages out of my dreams, replacing them with, *Hey, we should talk.*

Whew, street successfully froggered, *jaywalked.*

Crap, there are two more on this side. I duck through a parking lot; when I come out the other end, two more...they're multiplying.

I'm not insane.

You're insane, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah, Nah.

No, I will not put my tongue back in my mouth.

Finally, peace, a quick glance over my right shoulder – I’m in the clear. I turn back, and WHAM, on the curbside outside of London Drugs on Davie – a striking brunette pulls on her blue charity emblazoned vest.

I thrust my phone to my ear.

I ponder jaywalking.

I pause for four seconds.

“Hey, I’m wearing a –” For four seconds more, my shoes melt into the concrete – my tongue twists – I remain dumbfoundedly silent – I walk on.

FOUR BLOCKS LATER

I’m panting.

I’m locked in fear.

I twitch.

I keep swivelling my head from shoulder to shoulder, gawking behind me to see if they’re following me, the **CLIPBOARD PEOPLE** and, **the living dead**, they’re not.

SMASH

A thundering roar and a rolling sidewalk shook directly in front of me.

I’m dead. Crushed into the heated concrete by a rolled-up mass of –. I’m bleeding out. Life gushes from my veins, staining this glorious summer day. *I’m not insane.*

Eight seconds of distraction, four blocks earlier, saved the above from being my reality.

I gingerly pull back the corners of the rolled-up mass, “Beatrice?” – I don’t know anyone named Beatrice. I keep unrolling. Nobody.

I jay-walk to snatch a different perspective of what could have been.



Eight seconds saved my life from a violent ending.

Lindsay, seven seconds —

Sorry, you seem to be bleeding. Oh, my, you've stopped breathing. Oh well, 27 CLIPBOARD PEOPLE, 1 CIVILIAN. I'm not sorry.

FOUR BLOCKS LATER

I have a muscle spasm and shove a tree branch into the spokes of a cyclist riding by on the sidewalk.

I stop at one of my favourite watering holes. I have a beer. Only five blocks more to navigate until home. I have another beer. I begin meandering home.

TWO BLOCKS LATER

A panhandler attempts to latch onto a pair of elderly female tourists(?)

"I need money. Give me money. I want some of your money. Give me."

Spit falls from his mouth, spattering on the sidewalk.

"Excuse me," flies out of my mouth in a deep, ragged, beer-induced tone.

"What?"

"Leave these ladies alone."

"What are you doing? Why are you following me?"

"Well, I'm following you to give you a dose of what you are doing to these fine ladies. I've seen you stalk people before. So, I've decided to follow you around for the rest of the day. Sort of like being an intern. I'm shadowing you."

"Stop it."

"No."

"If you don't stop, I will come back and kill everyone on this street."

I go home.

If I was forced to put honesty to the page: upon arriving home, I felt like an *un-woke, un-lit, frappable* ass for stalking someone whose life cards have likely sucked in comparison to most of us. I claim to be empathetic. I swear that I try to understand. I claim--

But, after a few deep breaths of reflection, I realized all was not lost; after all: I typed the previous paragraph.

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.
