





DR. SANJAY VOCIFEROUS OFFICE – MAY 19, 2022

RECEPTIONIST

Hello, it's great to see you. Sanjay is available to chat with you now!

Dr. Sanjay Vociferous (SV)

Hello, hello. Did we have an appointment today? Never mind. I always will make time for you.

Timothy's Mum (TM)

Thanks, Dr. S. No appointment. We have exciting news for you.

Timothy's Dad (TD)

Incredibly exciting.

SF

TD spit it out. I am waiting with bated breath. The anticipation is –

TD + TM

Sanj, we've decided –

TD

Honey, you tell him. I know you are burning too.

TM

Sanj, we are going to miss you. Of course, you are invited to our home anytime you'd like, + TD will still golf with you weekly. But, dear friend, it's time to bid you adieu. Timothy just turned 40, and we will no longer need to see you or the plethora of Specialists who so desperately tried to fix our perfect boy over the years. He doesn't need fixing.

SV

I'm surprised it took so long to come to this decision. Timothy was never flawed. Just because he has never spoken a word – well, it isn't a disability. Look at the greatness exuding from your child over the years.

TD

I know. A chip off his father's block. Wouldn't you say?

SV

| Inaudible mumbling, finishing with a loud chuckle bursting into collective laughter |

What took you so long? My charm? Was it my irresistible charm? Why now?

TM

Do you remember the sheer beauty of Timothy's first word?

FIRST WORD

SV

I do – in Timothy's first days of life, he broke into an ear-to-ear grin with nary a peep. And, as the days slipped by, you told me he never made an audible sound. He never cried. He never –

TD

We thought something was desperately wrong with our magnificent boy. He remained silent. It wasn't until he spent the first 6-months never uttering –

SV

A single sound. I know. That's why you were referred to me. And our doctor(s) + patient + parents' relationship was formed and blossomed throughout the years, turning into profound friendships based on the beauty of silence.

TM

We feared something was wrong with him. We needed to hear his voice. We needed to fix him. Despite his brilliance, we kept trying and trying and trying, subjecting him to Specialist after Specialist after Specialist. TD and I were losing our minds. Thank you for grounding us. From the day you first met our baby, you said there was nothing wrong with him; he was special, beyond exceptional, destined for greatness. You told us to embrace his uniqueness.

SV

There was, and there is nothing wrong with him. My job from the day you met me was to keep you in the lane of society. Wow, baby Timothy is now forty! He's packed so much into such a short life – probably more than any human in the history of humanity has accomplished. His voice may have been muted, but his actions have screamed loudest, bringing the world to its knees. You know now, there was never anything to worry about, never ever.

TD

Intuitively, yes. Selfishly, we wanted to hear Timothy speak. We wanted him to become even more. A daunting unreality. The more I couldn't listen to him talk, the more we desired him to sing out to us. He never did. You convinced us there was nothing we could do – he was choosing to remain silent. You assured us he would have the loudest –

SV

TD, TM, I don't blame you for what you longed for; it was incredibly selfish; you are right. How many Specialists did you subject Timothy to? Was it 200; more? I'm perturbed with the two of you. 40-years of doctor after doctor after doctor after doctor. What did this do for you, for Timothy? After the first series of tests, you were told additional tests were unnecessary; you persisted; you needed something wrong. When, and this is rhetorical, were you going to accept Timothy's genius as it is. It didn't need octaves to be more. He has and still is, accomplishing more than anyone could ever imagine. A boy who can't speak, and what has his life become? The list of accomplishments is breathtaking, never to be replicated.

TM

Damn you, Sanj. [wiping away tears] What was a mother supposed to do? We weren't overprotective. We wanted him to be significant, not small. We tried to save him from being subjected to pointless dribble. We didn't want him to slip into normal or ordinary.

SV

Perhaps, you might have been a tad extreme. TD, TM, you excommunicated people from your house if there was even a hint of baby talk. I fell out of my chair when your friend Maude visited Timothy when he was only 5-months old, and she started saying to Timothy, "Who's a big boy? Who? Who? Peek a boo! Peek a boo! Where'd you go? Where'd you go? Blah. Blah. Blah."

I fell out of my chair in joyous laughter when you grabbed her by the scruff of her blouse and screamed at her, "If you ever want to see my extraordinary son again, you best learn how to speak with meaning. Timothy is destined for greatness. Now get out. Don't come back unless –"

Maude hightailed it to her car. Have you seen her since?

TD

We haven't seen Maude, Lloyd, Paula, Sandy, Toby, Charles, Daniel, Leroy, Melody, Carver, Terry, Angela, and the list goes on and on and on and on. They all insisted on babbling in a fake-cutesy baby voice; we had to, you saw it Sanj, the look on Timothy's face when Maude started babbling – his stare was torturous. We needed to spare him the triteness of perceived normality. Why the fuck, Sanjay, would anyone want to be anything other than weird, individualistic, unique?

SV

I agree. And amazingly, despite your insanity, overbearing behaviour, and subjecting your child to unnecessary tests – you raised a gift to the world, a gem. The closest humanity has come to perfection. His roster of accomplishments, how, why, he's never spoken a single word yet –

TM

And again, look at the list. We encouraged brilliance. We crushed drab pointless drivel. When Timothy was still in the womb, we began reading to him. Everything. Historical. Memoir. Health

books. Books on nutrition. Essays. Comedy. Everything. Our thirst was that of a 30-year-old recent divorcee in a bar described as nothing more than a meat market for the flawed. We believed sharing the world through the experience of words would serve him well, give him understanding, and provide him with empathy and compassion. Most importantly, it would give him a light-year head start on those who think normal is where life is to be lived. With every word we read to him, his eyes sparkled with joy, and our hearts warmed.

HISTORICAL + MEMOIR + HEALTH

NUTRITION + ESSAYS + COMEDY

SV

I questioned your motives. But now, I see the brilliance in your madness.

TM

We weren't protecting him as much as we were using him as the prescription to fix ourselves. We've, like you, have endured a lifetime of noise. You can't go a second without being fed misery. Riding the elevator down from our condo at 5 AM – with a glance at the video screen in the elevator sits a story about five children dying in a house fire thousands of miles away. No names. Just a tragedy. I don't know the children. But somehow, the weight of their lives is dropped onto our shoulders. Before the first human interaction of the day. What are we supposed to do with the weight, pass it on to some unsuspecting soul?

*And that is precisely what some of us choose to do, the first interaction could be, and one day was, "Hey, did you hear about the kid in Africa who was eaten by a lion?" **SHUT UP.** Why are you sharing this with me? "Because it's in the paper?" **SHUT UP. SHUT UP. SHUT UP.** Why? "Because it's..." Stop it. We don't have to repeat back everything we hear verbatim. But we do.*

And then, I turn on the television to distract our workers who are waiting for jobs, and it's a buffoon politician spouting off about how hard done by he is + spewing a gamut of lies.

And then, the talking heads on the tube switch to numbers, sports, weather, the markets.

And then, they share local misery, global misery, misery, misery, misery. The clarity is painted into reality; the world is a fractured mess; we are all out to get one another.

And then, the tube spews a piece of fluff – to calm us down?

And then, shower, rinse, repeat.

Sanjay, we cheer death in numbers. The higher the number, the more we talk. A bus full of children or athletes who die in a tragic accident is let into our homes as if they are part of the family. If the number is low, there is little interest. But as the number grows, we all bleed. While at the same time on the same highway on the same day, a single-vehicle accident wipes out an entire family. Yet, since the bus crash death toll has reached 15, Sanjay, we collectively mourn the number.

A celebrity dies, and oh my, we stop, and we worship their greatness, overlooking flaws, and even

in some cases, ignoring rape – just because they were gifted at throwing, shooting, catching, a fucking ball. Sanjay, we overlook rape. Think about that for a second. What does that say about normalcy?

Hell, the sporting world dropped into a state of shock after a tragic helicopter crash ended several lives, including an athlete. In their mourning, Caucasian sportscasters said things like, “If Dead Athlete inspired one kid to get off the streets and play basketball, then now is not the time to speak about the alleged rape.” On the one hand, the statement reeks of racism, unless you are deaf. On the other hand, the disgustingness of suggesting one less street kid exonerates rape is fucking appalling. Timothy drank in every soundbite. Watching him, you could see the wheels turning. Timothy wanted to make a difference.

I need to breathe, but I have more to say. Shamefully, as much as I feel pain and compassion for anyone who loses the life of a loved one, but this might ring shallow, I don’t care. I can’t watch. We can’t save the world. We can barely manage ourselves; how are any of us supposed to pursue happiness if the powers that be continuously bombard us with pain and suffering?

Rhetorical once more. Our parenting wasn’t to protect Timothy. It was meant to give him a fucking chance. To allow him to grow without influence and supposition from a damaged world.

When Timothy was a toddler, he witnessed TD and I run into acquaintances on the street. He’d cringe; a strained expression took over his face. He observed. “Hello. What’s new?” “You know, this that, the other thing. Nothing much.” “It sure is sunny out.” “Sure is.” “Any plans for the day?” “You know...” “Okay, got to run.”

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Every-fucking-time, the same idiocy, minutes wasted. Not an ounce of kindness. Not an ounce of anything. Just time you can’t get back. And, for what? Pleasantries? Timothy’s silence freed him from the bullshit of etiquette, yet; Timothy is more accepting and eloquent than any of us.

There were other times we ran into friends on the street where the conversation flowed freely. It usually only started with “Hello.” And everything else came organically. When this happened, you could see the joy bursting in Timothy’s eyes.



SV

TM, I agree. We are all addled in destruction. The world is beautiful + most humans are kind, but –

TD

Misery thrives when it has company. Silence is power; humans have not evolved past small. A man walks up to the counter at work; I don’t know him; I had never met him before. And, he has the gall, under the guise of common decency, to ask me, “How was your weekend?”

I don't answer.

He's flustered, so he asks, "Anything new?" "Did you have a good night last night?" "What's going on?" "Where's your wife?" "Did you see the game last night?" "Did you hear about the guy in Germany who –" "Just a second, Trumps on the TV." "Did you hear what Trump said –?"

I screamed. **I. JUST. WATCHED. TRUMP. ON. TV. WITH. YOU.** What the fuck is wrong with you?

"I'm trying to be polite."

Stop it. I don't know you. And, for Christ's sake, what the fuck do you care about my weekend?

Sanjay, how can we not all be going insane? I believe in **"Hello."** Maybe add a sincere, **"How are you?"** Nothing more. Silence is bliss.

TM

That's what we hoped to instill in Timothy. Be large. Don't engage in meaningless banter. Meaningless banter leads to narcissistic sociopaths like #45 gaining power because the rest of us are too stunned, asking each other ridiculous questions. Humans are flawed. That is a good thing. Try this sometime, Sanj, with your wife, Amanda. Go for a long walk with her. Maybe a couple of hours. The first of you to talk loses. How long can you last? Humans need to hear their own voices. I guarantee within a couple of blocks, one of you will say nothing so loudly that you will realize the nothingness of your words.

SV

What are you saying?

TM

One of you will break down and spoil being together. One of you will not be able to resist. It might be something as ridiculous as, "Didn't that building over there used to be painted blue."

And then, it begins, 10 minutes of talk about a building you don't care about; would saying nothing at all not be better?

SV

Like Timothy?

TD

Timothy is the exception. Because he hasn't spoken, he's never been subjected to "How was your flight?" or "How was the concert?"

Instead, Timothy focused on and started a scroll filled with achievements.

What are you having for dinner tonight, Sanj? Is your wife sleeping right now? Why the confused look on your face?

Precisely.

Let's unwrap Timothy's scroll.

- Top (THE TOP) of his class in every subject in school: Grade – High – University.
- Girls swooned over him. Including the odd boy | subtract odd, because the boy isn't odd, he's

simply a boy who likes boys | .

- *The girls continued to swoon.*
- *He read his first book at the age of two (Catcher in the Rye).*
- *We did allow playdates. Timothy's playdates could play sports – but the playdates required time for growth as well. No children's cartoons, documentaries instead. Our house wasn't popular with the other kids. Little did they know –*
- *His last playdate was when he was four. I think the boy's name was Gord. Gord insisted on watching Sponge Bob. Timothy would have no part of it. When Gord kept asking. Timothy smashed the television. Gord ran away, shaking, never to return.*
- *In Grade 9, he met Perdita. He was smitten. They hit it off. We asked Perdita how she could stand the silence? Perdita calmly stated to us, "Mr. + Mrs. T, there is no silence. The love we share is boisterous. Timothy's eyes sing with life, his smile is intoxicating in a good way. His invisible voice radiates warmth, understanding, and confidence. Mr. + Mrs. T, I think a better question would be, why aren't you listening?"*
- *Oh my, he excelled at sports. He became a scratch golfer by the age of 13. Timothy won his division in tennis tournaments, was an all-star in Little League Baseball, and became a star quarterback – without ever barking a cadence.*

SV

I marvel at the absurdity: A voiceless quarterback.

TD

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We were lucky a coach spotted his raw talent and understood, Timothy was no deaf, dumb, or blind kid; he was gifted beyond any scope of excellence ever seen before. They allowed the center to bark out the cadence.

His athletic gifts lead to a full-ride scholarship to Stanford and consecutive Heisman Trophies. All the while, Perdita was by his side, pursuing a neurology career, also on a full-ride scholarship, until –

SV

She became pregnant with twins. Kieran and Taran. Perdita, inspired by Timothy's resolve, never missed a second of her residency during the pregnancy. In fact, on the day she gave birth, she performed a major cranial operation. Moments after the patient was sutured. Her water broke.

I've heard Taran and Kieran are never at a loss for words.

TM

Never. They've always been delightful bundles of joy. Taran wants to be just like his daddy, well, not just like, he doesn't shy away from boisterous opinion.

SV

Timothy never did either; his medium to be heard was simply different; that's all. His valedictorian address at his high school graduation was magical. It has shown a light brightly on how he would certainly one day be a beacon of hope for all. Perdita read it for him. I think focusing and staying away from talking for nothing more than the sake of talking served him well.

TD

What may have also served him well was never having to engage in the staleness of tedious small talk. He cares too much for people to participate. And he's let us know he's unflinchingly happy – because of his confidence, people don't even try with him.

He still hears, "Is Jim sleeping right now?" "I bought carrots for blah, blah, blah." "How was – "
But luckily, he can scoff and return to what matters to him, and ultimately for us.

SV

Your son, your brilliant son. Although, he earned two Heisman's shattering every quarterback statistic in the process. Like black quarterbacks for the longest time, the NFL looked past him. His story may be universally grand; however, the league needs athletes to expound clichés at absurdum. You know "110%" "Fight for every inch." "Can't focus on the..." can you please gag us all with spoons. Why do sports announcers look at each others' heads when they are saying nothing? Seriously, watch any sportscast, and the talking heads stare at each other's heads, feigning interest when they are not talking. You can see some of their brain veins pulsing because they are waiting for their next turn to speak, to say nothing, to dumb us down even more. It's pretty comical. Timothy did not fit the NFL promotional model. So...

TM

So, he moved to Vancouver and played 5-years for the BC Lions of the Canadian Football League. 5-years. 5-Championships. He shattered every league record. More importantly, he visited sick kids in hospitals. He started a foundation. And he donated 50% of his modest salary to combat homelessness. Perdita also donated half her medical salary to the cause. They still lived comfortably. Without a financial care, but come on, who does what they did? It's not even their country. Why would they care about the Canadian homeless?

FOOTBALL BRAINS

SV

I never knew about this; nobody did. It never made the news.

TD

Nobody did. Our boy believes philanthropy doesn't need fanfare. He thinks it should remain in the shadows – if it's not, he feels it is manipulation.

SV

The hairs on my arms are standing. Is your boy even human? When he gave up football, he was the ripe old age of 25. Kieran and Taran were turning 5. Perdita was offered the position of Head of Neurology at the University of Washington Hospital. Rumour has it; Timothy never hesitated for a second; he retired from football in a heartbeat so Perdita could chase her dream.

Rumour also had it; your young lad was musically gifted.

TM

I'm blushing. Yes, our boy, in all his glorious silence, created masterful music. At an early age, a piano teacher compared him to Bach meets Beethoven meets Tchaikovsky, and together they visit Prince to make shimmering musical jams.

I know shimmering is an odd way to describe music. But anyway, Sanjay, did you know Timothy performed at Carnegie Hall. Five songs. The last song, "Love All," – is a soul-shaking ballad featuring the sweet voice of Yeba. The song brought the house down. It peaked at Number One on the charts for 54 weeks.

SV

I love that song. Everyone loves that song. And, then after 54 weeks, and with Perdita's career anchored, Timothy decided it was time to make a difference, didn't he? He was only 28 when he decided to run for Senator on a Democratic ticket. Did you support his ambition?

TD

At first, no, we didn't. Why would we? Politics are cruel. We feared his purity and kindness would be torched. After all, Trump changed the political landscape into all-out war and lies. Everything Trump is, Timothy isn't. But because our great nation turned into a land full of attention-span deprived minions transfixed by marginality. And by realities skewed by the 24/7 noise swallowing each of us every day. "Did you hear about the kid in Africa..." Well, we didn't want it to break him. But, you know, Sanjay, hundreds of unnecessary Specialist visits later, two Heisman Trophies', an illustrious pro career, a hit song, fuck Sanjay, I don't think we were paying attention. Our boy is far from breakable.

SV

He served two terms. 8-years. Your boy changed history. He changed Capitalism. He went to great lengths to level it. He changed definitions. His speeches were heart-wrenching, powerful, unifying. I cried during several of them. Once again, Perdita voiced his words.

TD TM

He certainly did change definitions.

Our boy. Our darling silent boy. LISTEN.

First, he changed the way we talk to each other; he eradicated "they," "them," "African American unemployment," "Hispanic unemployment." "Female unemployment." He embraced differences, not diversity, feeling diversity is limiting. He believed in celebrating culture, not condemning some. He thinks it is our differences that unite us.

He believes addiction's roots stem from the verbiage. He believes politicians use suffering as a zero-sum game where if they convince those at the bottom of the food chain, there is someone still below them; those controlling the political swamp can control the minds of the sufferers to maintain power. Timothy believes it is all bullshit. He believes governments have become the pusher and the lowest of the common constituents are nothing more than junkies willing to take another hit, even if it kills them. Trump is the result of a misdiagnosis. Timothy believes evils of divisiveness are nurtured in untruths and misguidance festering in diseased words. He thinks that corruption

worsens every time “Black. Hispanic. Asian. Female” can be used as a political device.
Our boy believes changing the dialogue would go a long way to fixing the ills of the world.

DIALOGUE

SV

*And so, he changed the dialogue. What he’s done must bring you great joy.
Is Perdita napping now?*

TD TM

Argh. Your question stinks. I know you are just playing.

*Timothy’s first action as Senator was to change the language. Although often correct, calling someone homeless, a junkie, or an addict was no longer permitted. In fact, and those against Political Correctness, the ones who’d scream **GET A JOB** the loudest, resisted, but his Language Bill passed into law in a landslide.*

SV

Shocking. It was shocking it passed. Trump avoided Washington State after – there was no place for him there. What your son did next, quite frankly, unfathomable, unbelievable. He renovated Capitalism. He used the short attention spans of the populace to his advantage. He made sweeping, somewhat catastrophic changes to our way of life!

TD

Ah yes. Glorious. Brilliant. Beautiful. Our boy changed the model in Washington State. He narrowed the gap between rich and poor in the land of Gates + Bezos. A remarkable feat. Not in his wildest imagination did he believe his initiatives would pass. He felt the wealthiest of the wealthy would fight tooth and nail to stop his insanity.

SV

But they didn’t. It was as if the uber-rich realized they had a 400-year head start, and their souls were at stake – the devil was lurking.

INITIATIVES

TD

I know. Timothy never thought his initiatives would pass. But they did. All of them. Resoundingly.

- ✓ **INITIATIVE 1:** Every citizen, regardless of societal standing, has the inalienable right to modest housing with a private bath.
- ✓ **INITIATIVE 2:** Every citizen, regardless of societal standing, has the inalienable right to fresh, nutritious food delivered to their homes weekly.

The pundits thought this would lead to a lazy population. The loudest to the RIGHT screamed. I **WORKED HARD FOR EVERYTHING**; these losers can get a job.

Timothy understood we are only created equal in spirit; everything else is bullshit. Timothy realized that the bottom rung is as high as they'll climb for some, and if we take care of all citizens, amazingly, addiction and crime rates would begin to free fall. And they did. The streets became safer, cleaner – the world started taking notice.

- ✓ **INITIATIVE 3:** Citizens gifted with ambition could climb, they could pursue luxury, they could move out of the lower-level housing into more lavish digs – often in the same neighbourhood, even at times in the same building. And as their wealth grew, they were welcomed to move up again and again and again. Timothy did this by proposing the end of free-market housing. The construction industry feared doom and gloom. But astonishingly, the opposite happened. Construction took on a more measured bent. Housing projects became better suited toward the direction of the demographics. Level 1 Housing always boomed. But luxury homes started to be built at a tremendous rate. Without addiction + crime on every corner, suddenly, opportunities abounded, and people became unburdened and able to climb without fearing collapse.
- ✓ **INITIATIVE 4:** The Game Changer. The rich were no longer allowed to hoard wealth. All citizenry was only allowed to save 10% of their earnings monthly. Since people didn't have to worry about housing and nutrition, each citizen's remaining monthly take had to be spent in its entirety, fueling the capitalist model. Penalty for non-compliance: unspent funds would be returned to the government coffers for education + infrastructure + the arts.
- ✓ **INITIATIVE 5:** When a citizen died (mainly relating to the wealthy), they were allowed to bequeath their 10% to their relatives – but they could not give their home (the home went back into the inventory) – their relatives must remain where they are. They may use the inheritance to move up. But they could only save 10% of their windfall. The rest of the inheritance money had to be spent over the next three months. Any unspent money went into the government coffers.

SV

I never believed **Initiative 5** would even see the floor. But, like the rest, it passed effortlessly. You know, TD + TM, I think some of the rich assholes felt like they were getting off the hook by not having family squabbles over who deserved what when they died?

Your son certainly does believe in massaging equality.

TM

Our boy kept pressing on. Washington State became the model state not only for the USA but for the entire world.

- ✓ **INITIATIVE 6:** He eliminated Elite Education. Schools were no longer allowed to cater to the wealthy. The rich were no longer allowed to use privilege to benefit their bloodlines. Black Mary was given equal opportunity with Princess Penelope to obtain an education. The BMs and PPs of the world even became lab partners.

- ✓ **INITIATIVE 7:** He killed technology. Not exactly. But he gave each of us part of our lives back. He disconnected us, which in turn went a long way to reconnecting us.

SV

Ah yes, **Initiative 7** —how the hell did he ever get it through?

TD

TD took a page from the Trump playbook by trolling social media with fake news about the negative consequences of technology addiction. The ironic thing is Timothy's news was real. Social Media, notwithstanding all its benefits, has been dividing us and stripping away esteem from the day of its inception. Timothy realized this because his voice-free existence allowed him to see the carnage left in Social Media's wake. Every initiative he introduced was life-changing and cobbled together; they turned Washington State into as close to Utopia as possible, except for the bleeping rain. Out of all the initiatives Timothy is the proudest of, it is **Initiative 7**.

- ✓ **INITIATIVE 7:** Every citizen must adhere to 3 x 2-hour technology-free hours per day (6-hours total). These hours could not be used during regular sleep hours, so the initiative created 14-hours per day technology + social media free. The hours mainly were to coincide with mealtimes – 2 hours at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. The penalty for non-compliance: A total ban of technology, outside of work, for anyone convicted of not adhering to **Initiative 7**.

A by-product of this bold initiative: increased happiness. Relationships strengthened. The divorce rate dropped drastically. Restaurants + Bars, + Coffee Shops saw incredible spikes in business. And people started saying "Hello" to each other, and astoundingly, the talk grew from small to substantive.

SV

Timothy is a saint. Just think, this all came about because he had lived a life free of talk for nothing more than the sake of hearing one's voice. Your son's voice, without an ounce of hesitation, is the boldest I've ever heard.

Did he not pass one last initiative before he left office?

TD

Oh yes. The much-overlooked **Initiative 8**.

- ✓ **INITIATIVE 8:** He banned left-hand turns on major roads unless there was a turn lane. I have the bumper sticker.

IF YOU CAN'T MAKE IT HOME MAKING ONLY RIGHT TURNS,

YOU WILL NEVER MAKE IT HOME

SV

TM + TD, I look forward to our relationship growing; it's been a 40-year ride. Memories, oh my, thank you for the memories. I have a patient waiting; I must end this chapter of our time together.

Oh yeah, before you go, you said you have something to tell me – the reason for this part of our relationship to conclude. What is –

TD + TM

Timothy, it's Timothy, he spoke. He became audible – the voice of an angel. A beautiful deep baritone, ala Samuel L. Jackson. We've been shaking ever since.

SV

OMG. This news is fantastic! Oh my, I'm shaking. What, what, when, where, what, what did he say?

TD

We were out for his fortieth birthday. At his favourite pasta restaurant. His stunning wife, Perdita at his side. Drinks flowed freely. And then –

SV

And –

TM

A playdate of his from 36-years ago approached, Gord, I think? Wasn't it Gord, honey? It doesn't matter. He approached our table. They hadn't seen each other since; it was remarkable Timothy recognized Gord.

SV

And –

TD

And Gord walked right up to Timothy. He took his hand in his. He looked him deep in his piercing brown eyes and said in the gentlest timber, "What's new? How's your night going?"

SV

And –

TM

And Timothy paused, returned Gord's gaze, and in a commanding fashion said, "I don't understand the questions."⁽¹⁾

THE END

1. Alternative ending: "Cunt."

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.
