

RANDOM THOUGHT OR SUGGESTION



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TRY THIS

The next time a stranger; introduces themselves to you, shake their hand, while shaking, look them straight in the eye and calmly say:

"My farts smell like a new car."

Or in Cantonese

"My fong pei smells like a new car."

MY MESSAGE TO RAPPER & BESTSELLING AUTHOR: GEORGE WATSKY

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Hello, Mr. Watsky

Actually, Hello, Kevin Morrow & Jonathan Briks & Beckie Sugden

My name is Lindsay Wincherauk. I'm an author living in Vancouver, British Columbia. I would like to ask you to forward this email to Mr. Watsky for me.

You see, last week in Seattle (August 6), I picked up a copy of his book, *"How to Ruin Everything,"* at the **Elliot Bay Book Store**, a fantastic store. What drew me to the book were two things:

1. The cover.
2. It was being featured at the store.

I knew nothing about the contents, nor did I bother to peruse a few pages.

Anyway, back in Vancouver:

AUGUST 14

It's a beautiful summer day in Vancouver; 30 Celsius (86 Fahrenheit). I headed to **Third Beach** with my friend Jay to enjoy the day. I brought *"How to Ruin Everything"* with me.

A quick note on **Third Beach**: it is a fantastic city beach halfway around **Stanley Park**, only a short distance from **Grouse Mountain** and the **Grouse Grind**.

Anyway, back to my day: I cracked open the book and began reading the story “*Tusk*.” I felt an instant connection because George and his friend Jackson made their way to Vancouver. While they were at the border crossing, I felt as if we were almost with them because Jay and I were at the same border crossing last weekend – our crossing went a little along these lines:

BORDER DOKDEK

“Where are you going? How long are you planning to stay?”

“We’re not criminals. So why does your tone imply we may be? Just for the day, unless we can find a hotel for under \$400.”

I penned (typed) the entire account of the story and posted it on my website under the title: “*Greg from Germany Butts In.*”

Back to “*How to Ruin Everything:*”

“Jay, this is awesome. They are coming to Vancouver?”

“Jay, they are meeting with their friend Lydia – I wonder if she lives in our building.”

194 *“Jay, I’m reading a section of the book called August 14 – 15; that’s amazing; how is it possible for him to be writing this while I’m reading it?”*

“Jay, they’re about to do the Grouse Grind...” we can see the Grouse Grind from where we’re sitting “...do you think we should rush over and try to join them.”

“Lindsay, you’re an idiot.”

A FEW PAGES LATER: AUGUST 16 W FEM LVCEP FVLEK WOCQSI TO

“Jay, I’m reading the future.”

Jay looked over at me, his eyes said, “*IDIOT.*”

In the **PAST** when Jay and I crossed the border on the way back from Seattle:

“We didn’t do it. Can we go home now?”

Moments later, we noticed: No more fast-food restaurant signs, and the highway seemed to be washed.

(If you happen to read the story: “*Greg from Germany Butts In*” (In the “*somewhere else section*” of the site), there is a slightly disturbing part about masturbation in a Seattle Starbucks at 4 P.M. on Sunday, August 7). Slightly disturbing.

As for “*How to Ruin Everything*,” I love it; I flew through the first 100 pages while George, Jackson, Lydia, and her two friends were doing the Grind!

Thanks to the book, I now speak fluent Cantonese!

I promise to write a review when I finish it.

I have one... two requests, before I rap up this message (I’m leaving it as rap because George raps, even though there is nothing resembling rap in this email):

1. George, Jackson, what was your time doing the Grouse Grind?
2. I would like to invite you to subscribe to my website for information on my soon-to-be-released meta-memoir: *My Life on the Slush Pile*. The link to subscribe is below. Of course, I have an ANTI-SPAM GUARANTEE, and all email addresses are strictly confidential.

I hope this isn’t too forward of a request. I figure people in the arts need to support other people, in the arts. Who knows, maybe George could write a song for my book one day?

Kevin, Jonathan, Beckie, thanks for taking the time to read my message. Feel free to subscribe as well. It’s a small world; maybe one day, we will cross paths in the future. The future = the only option.

Kindest Regards,

Lindsay Wincherauk

Author

P.S. I will share this story on my site, including a few of George’s songs!

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.
