



MAY 2023

27-28TH TRUST FUND

Lindsay's mother died for the second time on October 15, 2016.

The first time Lindsay's mother died was December 12, 1987.

One week before Lindsay's second mother died, Lindsay visited her for the first time as his mother, alongside her deathbed. While there, he said "hello" to her as his mother for the first time, and then when he left, he said "goodbye" because he knew she would be dying soon. They hadn't seen one another in twenty-three years.

Upon leaving his mother's hospital room on this frigid Saturday morning, Lindsay crumpled to the ground in the sterile hallway, overcome by a flood of emotions.

Lindsay has not gone a day since without thinking about his mother and realizing he was never part of the family he grew up in.

In fact, back in 2003, when Lindsay found out the parents he watched die were not his birth parents and that his mother had played the role of the eldest sister, with venom, his entire life, needless to say, Lindsay has been haunted ever since. Besides, Lindsay has been walking through life mourning not just the death of two mothers and two fathers but with the understanding that he was never desired and was never genuinely included in the family.

His second father's death was figuratively, because when his mother named the father on Lindsay's birth registration, she lied.

Long-winded rant short, Lindsay has been on his own to face the cards life has unjustly dealt him.

Every year, Lindsay longs for some acknowledgement from his family that what has transpired must be challenging to come to terms with. Every year that passes, Lindsay knows there will not be a kumbaya moment where the family comes together, cries, and makes amends.

Your almost sixty-three, get over it.

I'm afraid, that is not how life works.

It's now almost seven years since Lindsay's mother died, seven years of longing for something that likely never existed, and seven years where, at times, Lindsay has felt like an outsider in his own life.

Seven years of tears.

Seven years of searching for non-existent closure.

Seven years of every time the phone rings and it's a family member, the only messages Lindsay receives now is when someone is sick or dying. That is all he means to his family. It fucking hurts.

Why?

Because just think about this for a moment, if Lindsay were to drop dead today or tomorrow, nobody would be calling his family to let them know. And besides, as far as they're concerned, Lindsay believes he died to them the day he found out the truth about who his parents were not.

Seven years of Christmas, Birthdays... this is lazy writing.

What is?

Listing the days reminds me of when people say he was a brother, a father, blah, fucking blah.

Seven years of celebrations, good and bad, emotional and joyous, lost, never to be regained. Why? Because nobody cared about the fucking child and how starting a life with a lie would create unsurmountable hurdles in the future.

And now, almost seven years after his mother died a second time, Lindsay received an email from the Law Society of Alberta saying he's entitled to a small trust his mother had because he is the only blood of his deceased mother.

Lindsay hits the Fitness Asylum. He's on the treadmill. His phone rings. The caller ID says, Alberta. He doesn't answer it. It rings again. Alberta.

The guy on the treadmill beside him is running backwards. Lindsay laughs.

When he gets home, he checks his messages. A female relative has called. Her tone is she's doing Lindsay a huge favour and deserves to be thanked because she is demanding and fighting for Lindsay to be given the money in the trust fund. The tone suggests Lindsay has won something because there are a few dollars in a trust fund of his dead mother.

The tone ignores that this is not a happy moment or a good thing; it is gut-wrenchingly

emotional for Lindsay to hash up old memories and it acts primarily to remind him of everything he doesn't have.

The nerve of someone to be excited about the money without a shred of consideration for the fact that Lindsay watched his mother die twice, his father twice, once figuratively, and he still doesn't know who his father is, is appalling.

Sure, the money will be put to good use. But to call someone with the attitude you need to be thanked for something you didn't do or had no business being involved with in the first place is hurtful and emotionally ridiculous.

The small pittance isn't life-changing, and the fact of the fucking matter is the only person on this planet it should and could go to is the only person who was the blood of his dead mother Lindsay. So, saying you fought to make sure these funds went to the rightful person is fucking disgusting.

And the small pittance, doesn't make up for sixty-three years of the original lie.

What was the non-existent family going to fucking do?

Try to convince the Law Society of Alberta Lindsay wasn't her mother's son so they could keep the money?

There will be no 'thank you' coming anyone's way. Lindsay's mother died. A Trust Fund was found.

Lindsay needs to walk.

He stops to read. After finishing reading, he needs to keep moving to process the emotional dart that had just been tossed his way. Closure doesn't exist. Once again, Lindsay is grieving the loss of his family. Tears spill from his eyes.

It's a glorious Friday; the sun is beaming vitamin D into everyone enjoying the day.

Lindsay purchases a grape soda and begins to saunter through his day.

After 45 minutes, the grape soda begins to kick in, and a smile breaks on Lindsay's face. Why?

Because a little old lady is walking with her dog near Coal Harbour, and Lindsay hears the little old lady say to her pooch, "We must go to the groomers; it doesn't matter if you like it or not."

Lindsay keeps walking. He's on a trail leading upward in Stanley Park. Lindsay thinks it feels like it is further today. The grape soda most certainly is kicking in. Lindsay wonders if because the grape soda is making Lindsay think the trail is further, will his step counter adjust for the further feeling?

Lindsay laughs.

On another trail, a shirtless man is approaching Lindsay. Lindsay can't believe his eyes; the shirtless man has perfectly formed female breasts. It looks odd, but who is Lindsay to judge. Lindsay wrestles with his mind, act normal, act normal, and don't stare or do anything rude or embarrassing when the man passes. Oh my, perfect implants; maybe the man is transitioning; keep your mind open. It's not my life.

When Lindsay and the man is parallel, Lindsay notices the man doesn't have perfect breasts; he is just overweight.

Lindsay laughs.

Lindsay gets to English Bay, a woman walks toward him with a friend and her toddler beside a stroller. The woman tells the child, "Stop it, or I will embarrass you in front of everyone."

The toddler replies, "I don't know any of these people."

Lindsay is now walking up Davie Street. A woman approaches him; she is jaw-droppingly gorgeous, an undefined mix of ethnicities. Maybe an African and Asian blend. She passes.

Another woman approaches him with her child, once again devastatingly beautiful. Maybe from the Caribbean. She passes.

Twelve steps later, a man walks out of London Drugs. He looks like an aging rock star with a fabulously altered life. Lindsay wonders if he knows the beautiful woman.

That doesn't make any sense. It did on grape soda.

Two ladies are standing at a bus stop with a toddler one block later. The women are sporting designer bags, and the toddler a hello kitty backpack.

A light blasts on in Lindsay' mind – a business opportunity. Rent our toddlers to tourists, with the toddlers carrying all the valuables, cash, and essential documents in their backpacks. That way, thieves would be unlikely to take the toddler's backpack if you were to get robbed.

Great idea Lindsay thinks.

He then quashes the idea because he thinks about child labour laws.

He then thinks he watched his mother die twice.

He then thinks, why the hell am I thinking about my mother?

He then thinks, oh yeah, the fucking trust fund that my family is now supposedly fighting for him over. Funny, Lindsay thinks, where was the fight for Lindsay when he discovered the truth about his fucking life? Non-existent. But now, wow, a female relative who has no business being in this business because the Law Society had already told Lindsay the only person the trust can go to is Lindsay wants a thank you for fucking nothing except for treating Lindsay as if he'd be excited to hear his dead mother had a few pennies unaccounted for?

Please.

Lindsay arrives at FH.

The regular crew isn't there. He sits alone. Someone asks Lindsay where his regular crew is?

Lindsay replies, "I trimmed my ear hairs, so I don't think they're coming."

Lindsay then he starts flapping his left ear and laughs, thinking his ear is trying to catch insects.

This makes perfect sense.

Lindsay puts his finger in his ear, he can't find any wax. He tries again, still wax less. Hmm.

Tears leak from Lindsay's eyes; his mother has died again.

Grammarly Readability Score = 78

Grammarly Record: May 1 = 99!

PUPPY LOVE 1971

GRADE 7

I love you, Kim.

Older woman → by five months → sophisticated.

Salt & Vinegar.



I'm still eating ripple.

PLAN. PLAN. PLAN. PRACTICE.

Pretty hair. Um. Do you wash it?

It's shiny.

Do you like doing stuff? You do!

Dad watches Stampede wrestling. He eats sardines. Stinky.

I bought you a present.

Pretty.

Hair.

| Oops. I peed a little. |

Let's get a kitty. Scooter?

You love me!

Where are you going courage?

Give Kim the chain. It has her name on it.

No.

Toss it in a snowbank. Weep. Love unrequited.

GRADE 8

I love you, Debbie.

Sour Cream & Onion! Yum.

TRAVEL PLANS

BACK TO THE DINNER AT ONE OF MY CLOSEST FRIENDS HOUSE

Do you guys have any travel plans?

Fi, I haven't been in a car in 30 months.

Later that night, Jay, and I, took a Lyft home; couldn't afford it – it was exciting, like living in a different city. One hour to walk home took only 10 minutes. A jazzy soundtrack tickled our auditory senses as the city flashed by in a delightful blur.

Nice writing.

Thank you.

Oh, the extravagance. Tomorrow, if I eat, I will eat a smaller portion.

It's not always been this way. I've been to 17 countries. Not many when you consider there is in the neighbourhood of 197 in the world.

A TALENT

I can draw a world map with all 197 countries in their proper place.

Excuse me, sir, do you know where the Yaletown Earl's Restaurant is?

Sorry.

The Yaletown Earl's is three blocks from my home.

If we only ride in a car every 30 months – I fear being stuck on 17.

Why does it have to be this way?

Because you are old and poor.

Fuck off.

You, fuck off.

This is my book; you don't belong here. Why are you chuckling?

Because ... if you lose the internet, you will lose your book.

You're an asshole.

You're the one who got old and poor.

Jay's not old.

He's with you, he's poor by default.

The whole fucking world is poor – unless of course you are rich.

Guffaw.

I don't want to talk with you anymore.

It hasn't always been this way. Before I told the fucking dickheads I worked for the pandemic was troubling – we were scheduled to celebrate 10 years together in Waikiki.

Just, Jay and I, the fucking dickheads, weren't invited.

The pandemic hits. I'm cancelled (replaced). So is our trip.

I FEAR →
I FEAR →

1. Never driving a car again.
2. Never travelling again.
3. Never going anywhere further away, than I can walk in a day.

You know with age; it will be a shorter distance each year.

I told you to get the fuck out of here.

IS HE GONE?
IS HE GONE?

He is. Okay, I'd like to share stories about where I've been with you.

I haven't been anywhere with you, *adding a comma above*, will see to that: been, with you.

Don't worry. I have an insatiable appetite; some would say ravenous appetite for storytelling. So, one day, when it's my turn, my stories will reach a wide audience, and I will be able to fly the friendly skies again.

What are you, a pilot?

Snicker.

It's a metaphor, asshole.

Your stories reaching a wide audience.

Snicker.

You're reading it. What a dick. Do you agree (readers)? I think he's the fucking lawyer my former employer hired. You know the one, "you're a failed writer, who has no business chasing your dreams."

Chase this dickwad. Chase it. Are you chasing? Don't come back now, you hear.

WIDE AUDIENCE WIDE AUDIENCE

I've created a cartoon character: Sparkly Pickle Ball. I might share his stories in this phantasmagorical tome. Or not.

Nice usage of language.

I like you. Keep encouraging.

Anyway, I created Sparkly back in July when I was hoofing it to the tune of 40,000 plus steps per month (more than 20 miles per day). Why the hoofing? In order to fend off depression and to fight suicidal thoughts.

While ambling, I created Sparkly as a character to talk to – and talk we did. I could give you examples, but I don't want to – at least not right now.

Sparkly is moving at such an incredibly exhilarating pace, those people in front of him are moving backward into yesterday.

Sparkly doesn't like the look of those people ahead of him, if they don't pick up their pace, Sparkly will have no choice but to blast them into the ocean.

What I will share here is, in my desire to create a wide audience for my prose: *Sparkly is on the case*. Season 1 has been created. Eight Episodes.

1. Sparkly Pingle Ball: And the Missing Orange Ball
2. Sparkly Pingle Ball: Drives a Racecar
3. Sparkly Pingle Ball: Joins the Circus
4. Sparkly Pingle Ball: Falls in Love
5. Sparkly Pingle Ball: Timmy Origin Story
6. Sparkly Pingle Ball: On Stephen Colbert (2 Parts)
7. Sparkly Pingle Ball: Bob the Otter Goes Vegan
8. Sparkly Pingle Ball: Visits Etobicoke.

I was a little hesitant having Sparkly visit Etobicoke because he has a bit of a cocaine habit.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE WHAT I LOOK LIKE AS AN AI GENERATED CAT?
MOODD 100 DIKE TO SEE MHV I LOOK DIKE V2 V1 V1 GENERATED CAT



The question was rhetorical.

The critics are talking, Sparkly Pingle Ball is a hit.

I like the font size. Easy to read.

It's not the only thing I have that's large.

Ewe.

Ewe, yourself.



Look at me, I'm a sardine!

1
1

67-Year-Old, gummy ingesting, rum swilling Retired-Postal Worker when he read the last word of “ Sparkly Pingle Ball - And the Missing Orange Ball.”

When he read NEXT EPISODE – Sparkly Pingle Ball: Drives a Racecar

SAID
SAID

“I’d love to see that!”

2
2

A soon to be 79-year-old, beer quaffing Ex-Mayor of the town of Strome Alberta.

He laughed and laughed and laughed – on every page.

At the risk of getting ahead of myself, he said, keep building your inventory, and then, he started to talk about what might happen to Sparkly’s recurring characters.

And when I said Sparkly has an audience of 3 (after the next reader).

SAID
SAID

“It’s 3 now but that could easily change in a heartbeat.”

Or something like that. He might have said, “I’ll have another beer.”

Nah, he said Sparkly could become the greatest thing the world has ever seen.

3
3

The bartender. He’s maybe 28. He calls me Sparkly. Why? Because I told him it was my name. He read a bit of Sparkly Pingle Ball: Drives a Racecar.

I slid Sparkly into my messenger bag when he went to make drinks.

He once said to a customer when they asked if the bar had a washroom, “Fuck off.” And then to soften asked, “What’s your preference today; Number One or Number Two?”

He returned.

“Where’s Sparkly. I want more Sparkly.”

He read with piercing eyes.

What? Piercing eyes?

A customer asked him do you have plans for the night?

Fucking small talk.

He was polite and said he was going to the gym.

The customer got up to leave, “Enjoy the gym,” he said.

I said to the bartender, “Nobody enjoys the fucking gym.”

Fucking small talk.

Gym enjoying has become a recurring theme.

Back to the eyes, piercing and Sparkly.

Flip. Flip. Flip. Flip.

This is the best thing (ever) I’ve seen in a long time. This is fucking great.

67 + 79 + Maybe 28 = the jumping off point of a wide audience, take that, haters.

4 BONUS

46-Year-Old IT Guy who thinks I’m a fabulous writer. After the gym freak bartender finished Sparkly.

SAID

“He writes a lot.

Go Sparkly ~~Pickle~~ Pingle Ball go.

Do you know, Inspector Gadget?

OFF TANGENT

Gary, the IT guy mentioned above, said, he hates the Tragically Hip. He thinks they have no business being so prominent in Canadian History. Gary is from Tennessee. I told him if he keeps talking the way he does, Canada doesn’t want him.

He says he loves Anne Murray. Gary is 46, he’s from Tennessee; he loves Anne Murray.

I am, now, going to chronicle for your enjoyment my trips throughout life. With at least one highlight per trip.

Do you have to?

Fuck off, I could chronicle my dreams.

I used a larger font on this page because the page contains only 31 words.

16

You're an idiot, there are 46 words.

Who's the idiot, I think it is you, there are 53 words on this page if you don't count these 22. Asshole.

That's 75. Damn it, 77. Damn it...