



**MAY 2023**

STAPLED TOGETHER

Writing and telling stories is experimental, as is life, one big fucking experiment.

Things were all good yesterday, but the devil took my breath away.

Lindsay never thanked his family member for sticking up for him to ensure he received his dead mum's Trust Funds.

Why would Lindsay?

She wasn't Lindsay's relative's mother; Lindsay doesn't even know what his relative was to his mother.

What's Lindsay's niece who became his cousin to Lindsay's mother, who used to be his eldest sister?

Confused?

After all, when partial truths were uncovered, everyone in Lindsay's absent family's titles changed. Brothers became uncles. Sisters became aunts except, of course, for Lindsay's one sister, who became his mother. Lindsay's grandparents became great. Flip. Flip. Flip. And now, somehow, a niece who became a cousin professes to have fought hard for Lindsay so that he can receive what in her messages sounds like a life-changing windfall.

Fuck.

It's not. It's an emotional explosion.

It's just a reminder of what Lindsay never had.

Lindsay's sad.

Lindsay needs to grieve – likely for the rest of his life.

Lindsay can't get over his family. He's haunted by them.

Lindsay can't talk to anyone because of fear of judgment.

Lindsay can't.

And now, seven years after Lindsay's mother's death, Lindsay received a message that his cousin has been fighting for him. What a load of crap.

What would that fight be, to admit that Lindsay's mum was his mum?

Were they going to try to convince the Law Society Lindsay wasn't his mum's son so someone else could receive the trust?

Lindsay wants my storytelling of Lindsay's days to be raw, emotional, and visceral.

Is it?

I think so.

Before I leave the Trust Fund part of this story, let me tell you one last thing. Lindsay wants you to understand how much this has hurt and tugged at his heart and soul.

You see, in no way was the Trust Fund intended for him. His mother hadn't put funds aside to protect his future, or to say sorry by reaching out from the grave and providing solace and understanding.

You see, like his dead mother's Will and the life insurance policy, Lindsay's name was never mentioned by his mother, nor was there an acknowledgement that Lindsay was her son.

Except for in his mother's obituary and when Lindsay visited her at the hospital one week before she died when she proudly announced to the woman dying in the next bed, "Lindsay is my son!"

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This is devastating.

Lindsay cries.

Lindsay must find a way to wipe away the tears, compartmentalize his pain, and put it back where it will peek its cruel head out on every special day throughout the year.

Going from youngest of seven, to god knows what, with nobody from his family there to help Lindsay pick up the pieces, this may be the one time no words isn't lazy.

*'Thank me,' wow, what a great surprise for you; look at the cash coming your way. You owe me a thank you. I fought for you. I put my foot down to make sure the money went to you.*

Like I said, what were people going to do; try to convince the Law Society Lindsay wasn't his mother's son? Please.

And about the cash, WTF? It can't repair the truths of Lindsay's being.

Where was the fight for Lindsay in 2003 when Lindsay needed it the most?

Scattered. Ostracized.

Lindsay needs to move on.

Lindsay needs to find a way to take care of his family.

**To Lindsay's former employer:** He did everything ever asked of him without you having to worry about a thing or Lindsay's effort. Yet, you choose to destroy his family for what?

I despise you on Lindsay's behalf.

You couldn't even find an ounce of decency to thank Lindsay for all he did for you. Instead, you decided to destroy his family emotionally and financially. Again, for what?

Do you fucking know there is little chance of bouncing back at sixty-three. You might as well of put a fucking bullet in Lindsay's head.

Lindsay must move.

Think positive thoughts.

Is this what depression is?

Lindsay masks it with laughter. He's damn funny. He's probably more dark than funny, but on the outside, Lindsay shows smiles, not tears.

Despite the challenges, Lindsay's one of the best people you will ever meet or have met.

Argue amongst yourself if you like; you will not win the argument. I implore you to try to convince others Lindsay's not a fantastic man.

Lindsay must move. Lindsay must find a way to take care of his family. Lindsay must take care of himself.

Lindsay loves.

Lindsay hits the asylum.

The Tamalay Shop on Main Street follows Lindsay on Instagram. They have a little library in their restaurant and want to collaborate with Lindsay.

J and Lindsay hit the streets to go visit the Tamalay Shop.

What a great thing they've reached out to Lindsay.

Maria, the owner, set aside a book for Lindsay and wrote a beautiful note inside.

Lindsay's mood lifts.

J and Lindsay continue walking.

Crap.

What is it?

Red is walking toward us; I hate that guy. Crap.

Damn it.

What is it?

He looked at me and smiled. I smiled back. We are friends now. We will be the best man at each other's weddings. Our families will probably vacation together.

Aren't you getting ahead of yourself?

No.

Lindsay goes to the FH.

The Mayor is there, and Rob, now WHOM, arrives.

WHOM is in a precarious life position; he's sixty-eight and is battling Parkinson's, and his financial life is slipping into dire straights.

He's scared.

He's thought of dying as an option.

He shares his upset openly with Lindsay.

Lindsay mostly listens.

Lindsay understands all too well the fear of no longer being relevant. Whom appreciates Lindsay's candour and ability to intently listen without judgement.

Whom is worried about Dean. Maybe a distraction from his own laments.

If you recall, Dean is Lindsay's new friend who happens to be dying. Whom tells Lindsay Dean has been in a bad way recently. Maybe this is the second time no words make sense.

Dean

Arrives.

The Mayor, who's been sitting beside Lindsay, moves over a seat so Dean can sit beside Lindsay. It's a beautiful gesture. It brings chills to Lindsay's heart. Lindsay feels tears welling inside.

You see, The Mayor and Lindsay talk most days.

Lindsay acts as a conduit for Whom to share his travails with.

And now, Dean, his dying friend, sits next to him because The Mayor sees something in their friendship.

Lindsay gasps. He feels lucky to have so many people who appreciate his candour and ability to listen. Lindsay doesn't boast of this; being the adhesive amongst people is a role Lindsay has blessed him with for the enormity that is Lindsay's life.

Dean orders his lunch. Once again, Lindsay's dying friend gives him his French fries. Lindsay is humbled.

Lindsay's tears are pouring on his inside. On the outside, Lindsay smiles.

Is Lindsay lying with his emotions, or is Lindsay doing whatever he needs to do to survive?

I'll leave the question with you.

Things were all good yesterday, and then the devil took our breath away.

We are standing in the rain, looking at the lightning and listening to the crackling of thunder off in the distance. All of us are gazing at the sky.

Lindsay has a wish that is, unfortunately, is impossible to come true – to have his family and friends together as one, stapled together as both strangers and acquaintances.

It's not Lindsay's family's fault they don't understand the scope of his pain – Lindsay understands their lives were not his. Or will they ever come together again. Too much time has passed. Too much pain has been inflicted. A fucking lie at the start of life, orchestrated by shame, judgement, and religion, saw to that.

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Lindsay has a new family now; he must find a way to take care of it no matter the odds stacked against him.

Unlike Lindsay's family, Lindsay hopes his former employee burns in hell.

And when they do, the staples can be torn out of them so that they can suffer the full extent of their marginality.

Was this raw?

Was it emotional?

Was it honest?

I'll leave it for you to decide.

Things will be all good tomorrow, and tomorrow and every tomorrow after that.

You cannot keep a fantastic man down.

Grammarly Readability Score = 85

Grammarly Record: May 1 = 99!

# ABOUT ME (1-5)



LINDSAY



THIS  
THIS  
NO

WINCHERAUK

Ink too expensive.

McDonald's + Burger King + Coke →

Too often.

*Must kick the addiction.*



After the next burger.

Spin Brain. Create.

Okay.



Passions.

*Are you, my father?*

*Who am I?*

Here comes success →→→

*Why are you ducking?*

*I'm scared.*

*You sound like success.*

*I talk.*





TRIP HIGHLIGHT: THE MALL  
TRIP HIGHLIGHT: THE MALL

Chris?

Yes, Lindsay.

Look at these pants, I think they are burgundy, they have them in a pewter colour as well. I think I'm going to get these. They are only \$10 each.

Okay.

I don't need to try them on – they're cheap.

Okay.

Want to get some NY Fries?

I still haven't worn the pants.

I think they'd still be in style.

Maybe I'll lend them to Sparkly?