

LADYBUG: HITCHING A RIDE  
A  STORY



26 AUGUST 2017



1 **W**hat a beautiful day. The sun has broken through the clouds, cranking up the intensity, toasting, then clamping my skin in a vice—replacing tan with torching. Vancouver's summer has been almost void of clouds. A rarity to be cherished. Except for the forests of the interior being swallowed by flames.

*Hello, my friend, when did you latch on to me? A few blocks ago. Where are you heading? You want to find your home. My friend, we all crave home – it may be our final destination.*

*What's that? Sure, you can hang with me for a bit. You are truly breathtaking. Do you mind if I call you Lady? You don't, thank you. I'm Lindsay. Let me ease you from my shirt to my arm. Your cute little legs tickle as you sidle the length of the arm.*

*I'm sad. I don't know when you joined me, so, unfortunately; I don't think I will take you home. We'll have to find you a new one. Don't cry. Wipe your simmering black eyes. Stop it; you're tickling me. You'd like to learn things about me?*

*Okay, I'm mostly happy, burnt out but happy. Why burnt out, you ask? I've been to a Specialist lately, diagnosed with un-diagnose-able, a phantom-like-creature is attacking my immune system, leaving me roiling in agony. I camouflage the pain with humour – I am funny. I really am. Really, I am. I wonder if I can say that same thing one more time, but only slightly different. People laugh when I speak. What... you're laughing at me? Stop running, tickler; the tingling is filling the day with mirthful possibility, don't stop.*

*Lady, I think I'm falling for you?*

*What to do? What to do? Lady, it's time to part ways? I'm sorry about your family. How about here? You're not ready to leave me; you want to hear more – more about my camouflaged agony?*

*Okay, it has been plaguing me for over a month. The Specialist is experimenting on me three drugs:*

1. *An Opioid, heavy dose of the first week, weaning off each week until I avoid addiction. A Steroid; and –*
2. *A CHEMO Drug, once per week, six pills at a time, DON'T TAKE TWO DAYS IN A ROW OR GO STRAIGHT TO EMERGENCY. I wish I hadn't done the research. My hair may fall out – my hair is shorn. I've now done six doses of CHEMO – it's knocking the bejeezus out of me – for about two hours each day. I think my time is up. I know, Lady, crappy. I shouldn't be laughing. Thank you, you move just the right way to...*

*Why do I have a tear in my eye?*

*Sweetie, it's time. This flower is beautiful. Your new home. You don't want to go? I don't want you to go? You must. Our time together has been incredible. Don't worry; I won't flick. I'll be gentle. Just go. Go now. Run on to the flower. Please. Not up to my arm. We can't be forever. Our time is fleeting. Maybe one day we'll find each other once more. I hope for that reality to come true.*

*Okay, my beautiful friend, it's time.*

*There you go – beauty upon beauty.*

*I love you, Lady.*

*Thank you for lending an ear and tickling my soul.*

*I turned and walked gingerly away.*



## 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.

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