

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE



A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all!

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.
His Father is his Grandfather.*

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

*His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.
That turned them into Brunkles.*

*His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.
That turned them into Sisaunts.*

*The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.
How could any of them be, okay?*

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

ESCAPING THROUGH TRAVEL

ESCAPING THROUGH TRAVEL



ESCAPE TO NEW YORK

10-12 OCTOBER 2003

MONTREAL - ALBANY - NYC - DEPARTING MONTREAL 

Where would you like me to place my towel?

WI lay prone, hovering in the air above my hotel bed, beside the check-in desk, spent and sticky from the hours before. It was 9:30 AM, which allowed me one hour of hallucinating before we were to discover teleportation and the bus depot. Five hours of sleep in four days: the bus was going to be a treat.

I floated down to the mattress; the coils swallowed me. One nanosecond later, I sprung upward.

"Dave, get up. It's time to head to the bus depot. Why is your mattress filled with holes?"

I hated my luggage. The sidewalk kept flowing away from us on the three blocks to the depot. The sun beat down. The path began flowing faster. I began to melt. *Fucking luggage.*

"Linds, I want to find a corner, roll up in a ball and hide until it is time to go."

Two adorable girls approached.

"Hi, I'm Megan from Winnipeg. Why are you sweating profusely?"

I glared at my bags.

"Hi, guys! I'm Lindsay from Syracuse."

I turned my stare away from my bags toward Lindsay's salty green eyes.

"Cool, my name is also Lindsay. You do know you have a girl's name, don't you?"

 **S SUCK: ACT I**

Life was about to enter crummy land.

↑*Highly*↑ excited and sleepless meant the pain was to spin with each rotation of the bus's tires on the asphalt.

"Hey Dave, I can't believe how much the countryside reminds me of Bellingham."

Sitting three rows in front of us was a crusty lady with a fifties-style updo. Her hair looked like it lived in a salon; it was so rock hard its weight likely rivalled that of my luggage. She did three-neck curls. A hazmat team was waiting at the back of the bus just in case her locks ignited. Her name was Beatrice.

Once the bus hit the highway, Beatrice commanded the stage and was good to go for hours on end.

David pulled out his harmonica and introduced her with a little ditty.

Dave paused mid-song because he caught a glimpse of a cyclist on the side of the road with a flat tire.

Beatrice's voice was nails on a chalkboard, excruciating. I'd guess it was Jewish Manhattan. She began to read from her collection of six-day-planners.

"On November 13, I remind you this is October 10; I'm going to have a Diet Sprite at the Diner on Sixty-Third Street. Helga or Mrs. Goldstein may be with me. Do you remember Mrs. Goldstein?"

"Her son Harvey is a lawyer. Mrs. Goldstein has sciatica. Did I mention: I might have basted eggs only if Rudy cooks them? I've heard he's had problems with his feet. At precisely 2:15, are you listening? Tom will drive me to my hair appointment with Blanche. He'd better not be late. I hate it when –"

On November 14 – "

The passenger sitting beside her started acting out a scene from Deer Hunter.

Fortunately, Stephen Segal sprung into action in a fashion straight out of *Marked for Death*, and SNAP, Beatrice was gone. He had mistaken her for a Jamaican Drug Lord. Revenge was a dish served cold like Spanish Soup.

CUSTOMS

Customs while zooming on...where the hell did customs go? We arrived, oh there it is, and **POOF**, it's gone. I'm fucked up.

"Dave, what's happening? Customs has disappeared."

"I know. Everything is spinning. Let's get off the bus. Down one-step. Linds! It's back. Customs is back!"

"Dave, I can't blink. Can you blink? I can't stop clenching my jaw. What about you? My skull feels like it is going to shatter unless I stop clenching?"

We glided up to separate custom counters. Our customs officers asked us in unison, *"Are you alien?"*

Dave creaked his neck and fired his eye lasers, eradicating my officer. He spun and wiped out his own. We were free.

"I'm Canadian. I'm from Vancouver. I have a furry kitty."

"Go ahead."

I tried desperately to blink. I looked at Dave; quills were sticking out his jacket. He looked directly at the customs officer and said, *"I think I'll have chicken tonight?"*

"Go ahead."



S SUCK: ACT II

What do you mean Stephen Segal wasn't on the bus?

Beatrice's soul-filled performance was so droningly painful it had driven three people to jump out the windows + three more offed themselves in the bus washroom.

We pulled into Albany.

We reunited with Megan after consuming some orange-covered rubbery edible we had bought in the cafeteria. We held each other for comfort, fearing Act II.

We introduced ourselves to the driver.

Dan told us he hates the perpetual whine of bus passengers. Dan was a massive man with crusty edges. I'm confident he once shot a man in Reno just to watch him drive. His prison sentence was driving the bus.

"Dan, please. Kill her. We'll have your back. If asked, we must have our stories straight. I know. We'll say: she tripped, right?"

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Dan let out a devious chortle, jumped up onto his throne. Mumbled, *I hate bus passengers.* And then, he floored it shaving 1.5 hours off the journey. Whew. I was just about to enter the washroom.

I think Dan's need for speed might have been rooted in the pointless drivel he overheard back in Albany.

I had said to Dave, Dan, and Megan, *"Wouldn't it be funny if she recited the ingredients of her soda can?"*

MOMENTS LATER

"Fructose, glucose, adsorbate acid – "

MOMENTS LATER

The bus began to perpetually accelerate.

In the background, a murder of ~~erows~~ French kids started rapping Celine Dionne songs.

"Dave, do you have any pills on you?"

THE BIG APPLE

"If that's the Empire State Building, I'm not impressed," I disappointingly said to Dave.

I was wrong; I was impressed. I snapped a shot to capture the moment. The window flashed back at me with a lovely picture of my camera.

"Dave, would you have fucked Beatrice?"

"What's wrong with you?"⁽⁵⁶⁾

I flicked my tongue at David.

"Dave, don't lie; I can see the lust in your eyes. But, hey, would you like to fuck my camera?"

"Seriously, something is wrong with you."

"More kick David, more kick."

Dan rolled us into Penn Station. Surprisingly, after only sleeping six of the last ninety-six hours and pouring a variety of toxins into our gullets, we still looked astral. And to top things off, Dave had taught me how to shoot eye lasers.

Reflecting on a trip photo: Dave looks cosmically intense. →

In the picture, an EVIL woman in red is pursuing him. She looks poised to pounce with her fiery eyes and looks like she is about to erase Dave from the planet.



Behind her, slightly to her right, you can see the *Penn Station Carnivorous Gnome*, disguised as an overweight, gender non-specific, baseball-cap-wearing creature, probably named: Pat.

His sole purpose was to protect tourists from wickedness; he looked hungry and was salivating; and preparing to lash out.

I *willed* Dave to run for his life.

He continued meandering.

I looked back moments later to find *The Gnome* tearing shreds of flesh from *Evil's* broken carcass. Penn Station returned to safeness.

We stepped outside, queued for a taxi. The evening was smashing; we looked at each other, grinning from ear to ear.

We were in fucking NYC, baby!

NEXT STOP

THE HOTEL MARTINIQUE

Dave checked the room service menu for downtime.

I sped across the street to *Speedy's Deli* to buy beer.
Our adventure was about to begin, minus downtime.

VANITY CHECK

The starvation brought on by months of depression had brought with it a kicking body.
I hope one day to find this body again, without the traumas that brought me to substances
minus the sustenance of nutritious eating.
Anyway, pardon my ego, my body had become smokin' hot!

GREENWICH VILLAGE

NYC, ballpark population guess = fifteen million

"*Dave, should we grab a map?*"

"*Nah, let's head that away.*"

"*Let's find the Village!*"

Must find nutrition and must discover nourishment.

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Interesting. Walking is challenging. Hmm. I'm hovering.

"*Look, Dave, over there, lights must be the Village.*"

A TIMES SQUARE RECOMMENDATION

- Don't sleep for several days.
- Drink copious amounts of booze.
- Ingest, ingestible(s).
- Take a long bus ride.
- Stumble upon the billion lights of Times Square at night while coming down.

"*Dave, I can't blink. My retinas are burning.*"

I began to vanish. I needed food. I wiped my face with a pizza slice and then, Dave and I jumped into a cab and instructed the driver to take us to the Village.

A doorman pulled us into a Creole restaurant, where we drank in a moment of calm.

WINDING DOWN OUR FIRST NIGHT

- We strolled deeper into the Village.
- We passed by clearing where we found standing, a fighter by his trade.
- We pulled up to seats in a bar called The Boxer.
- At 2 AM, we determined it was time to pull up stakes and go back to the hotel or succumb to exhaustion.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE-SLEEP TOTAL = 6 Hours

Tomorrow, I'll find my **IDENTITY**. I promise.

What's that wisdom? What you are meant to find, you will, regardless of if it is hidden under a mountain range. If it's not part of your destiny, it doesn't matter if it lay on the tip of your tongue; it will never be.

DAY 4

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Day 4

NEW YORK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 203

Start spreading —

Agenda free, it was time to take a big juicy bite out of the Big Apple.

I wanted to write more in this blurb, but writer's block, unfortunately, blocked me!

WTC

Once again, we were welcomed with glorious sunshine.

"*Dave, which, way?*"

"*Let's head that-a-way.*"

First up, Maui Taco. Makes sense.

"*Dave, NYC is big.*"

WALK WALK. WALK. WALK. WALK.

We must have walked thirty kilometres on this day.

- Fifth Avenue to
- Gramercy to
- Union Square to
- Soho to
- Greenwich Village to
- Battery Park to
- Wall Street to

Tribeca. ⁽⁵⁷⁾ Amazingly, we had abstained from alcohol.
 My stomach dropped when we passed the World Trade Center.
 I collected several pieces of my lost soul at the WTC.

TRIBECA TAVERN

The ALCS series between the Red Sox + the Yankees was blasting from the plethora of televisions mounted around the bar.

Pedro Martinez was pummeling Don Zimmer.
 I cheered inward, being that I'm a Red Sox fan.

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SHAG

We gleefully strolled from the tavern to Shag.
 Shag flowed with a fluidity unfamiliar to us, alternating between beers and martinis.
 Steve sat to our right and hit it off with Steve.
 Dave asked the bartender, "*Where should we go tonight?*"
 The bartender handed him a bundle of gay guides.
 A couple sitting to our left where the guy resembled the Comic Book Man from the Simpson's took a shine to us.
 The Comic book man asked about our trip.
 "*On March 3 – four days after – eight days after (insert car chase) – that's why – That's what this trip is about. Do you think my story is true or false?*"
 The audience replied, true.
 Steve asked me, "*Are you okay? OMG. OMG. OMG.*"
 Mr. Comic book man said, "*If I had to face all of that, I'd coil up in a corner and shake.*"

Steve was directing a play at a local theatre.

"*Steve, I would be an excellent leading man. I'm devilishly handsome, don't you think?*"

He laughed.

CBM said, "*Screw the acting. Come with us to the Meat Packing District tonight. Things will be frying there. C'mon, Dave, Lindsay, there's a stage where two competitors at a time compete in Mortal Combat. Each time a player is hit on the screen, a jolt of electricity is shot through them. All the while, the rabid crowd is stirred into a frenzy. You guys in?*"

"*There's even a food pyramid!*" Steve added.

There will be a food pyramid! Stephen said.

We joined them.

We drank more.

I hailed a colossal martini glass to transport me back to the *Hotel Martinique*.

Dave was already there —

DEATH LASERS OF DEATH

Dave begged for downtime.

I sped to *Speedy's*.

We entered the Coliseum. Electrodes dangled from the contestant's bodies on the stage. The players selected their characters, and the battle commenced. **Zap.** Wince in agony. **Zap.** Wince. **Zap.** Wince. **Zap. Zap. Zap.** Victory! The loser would curl over, flesh burning, defeated, yet vascular.

Each round, the amperage would be increased.

If only I could play against Trish.

It was time to move on.

HELL

Hell [hel] noun (plural hells) place of punishment after death: according to many religions, the place where the souls of people who damned suffer eternal punishment after death.

SOHO's version was slightly different. The ambience was heated, the walls slathered in red. I think *Satan* shops at *Benjamin Moore*.

The beer was \$9, and when I put on my glasses, the price dropped to \$5.

- Ben
- Cal

- Jeremy
- Cindy
- Rico – approached us one-by-one offering to buy refreshments, we accepted.

Approached, offering to buy us drinks. We accepted.

Gay Chicano Gang Bangers approached us. They wore bandanas. They spoke a unique hard dialect. ⁽⁵⁸⁾

Jeremy stared at my shirt. My shirt was half-tucked.

"Lindsay, you can't do that. The half-tuck belongs to me. It is my thing. You must stop, now."

"Jeremy, Jeremy, Jeremy, the half-tuck doesn't belong to you; it's mine. Got it."

We burst toward the exits. Dave had a burning desire to explore the night.

I was grabbed.

Robbie, a sweet young man, pulled me close. He began to caress my chest.

Dave returned to the bar.

"This is my friend Karen," Robbie said. *"She stars in a space show. Are you gay or straight?"*

Before I could answer, Robbie was planting a deep kiss on me.

"My turn."

Karen grabbed me and thrust her tongue down my throat. *"Definitely, not gay."*

David went back to the bar.

A lip war started. My jeans tightened. ⁽⁵⁹⁾

"Robbie, why don't you check David?"

Two guys dropped from the sky. One of them looked at me and said, *"You are fucking hot. Why don't you come home with me?"*

This seemed to have upset his boyfriend.

We had become chocolate in a room full of –

David blasted out the door.

David escaped.

I looked downward to find Robbie's hands inside my pants. I was flattered by his thrusting of affection. I pried his hands from my loins and attempted another getaway.

The exit turned into a washroom stall. Karen was with me. We shared niceties. Shortly after that, let's just say: My ship was docking! ⁽⁶⁰⁾

AFTER HOURS NYC STYLE

Slightly drained, I gathered my composure, lip-wrestled with Robbie and Karen for a moment longer, and then bid them farewell. I bellowed for my martini glass; it was time for liftoff.

My new cabbie quickly deduced: I needed more night because I was glowing and hovering in the back of his cab.

He drew my attention to men dressed in polyester leisure suits hanging on street corners. He told me in NYC, Mayor Giuliani did such a stellar job cleaning up the city, get this: the hookers circle in cars.

After fifteen minutes of my NYC indoctrination, my cabbie dropped me at an *AFTER-HOURS Club*.

I quickly blended into the VIP line. The doorman gestured for five VIPs to enter. Then, I felt a tap on my shoulder at the top of the stairs. Apparently, I wasn't a VIP.

The imposing doorman granted me entrance just because I was smoking hot!

Time for a security check:

X-RAY MACHINE + METAL DETECTOR + PAT-DOWN

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The x-ray zapped my boys. The metal detector set off my knee, the pat-down felt fantastic.

I flashbaced to Calgary, to the harmonica and —

The club consisted of four rooms filled with white sofas. It was sexy-quaint. Four different genres of music we're playing. The bar bellied up to me. I ordered drinks, several more made sense.

There was a glut of snorting going on all around me. Fortunately, most drinks come with straws.

A handsome man sat next to me. We engaged in an exciting conversation about something, and then — something more —

"Wow! New York is fantastic, fast-paced, friendly people. You're devilishly handsome. Do you come here often? My cat purrs. Do you have a kitty? Buildings are tall."

My new friend rudely mimicked me. I asked him if he was drunk or ↑high↑?

I'd shake my head right; he'd shake his head to the left. I'd frown; his frown was identical. I walked away from the window I was looking into, he disappeared.

I reflected on what I had just seen.

Blips passed. I spun in a circle. As I turned, I noticed every girl resembled J. Lo, and every guy looked like he'd just walked off the set of the Sopranos.

I went back to the window and asked my new friend to join me elsewhere for more liquids.

He mimicked the same question.

I left without him. I went searching for a new friend to grab a bite to eat with, just not Mr. Reflection; he's a *dink*.

WHITE TOWER

Welcome to *White Tower Burgers*.

"May I please have beef fat + lard injected directly into my stomach and a diet coke?"

My meal came to \$4.50 – for \$1 more, WT offers a *Will* writing service.

White Tower may provide a small glimpse into the girthing-up of America.

I went for the straight injection. My other options ranged from a two-burger combo to a twenty-burger combo, all coming with boxes of fries and drinks and defibrillators.

248 The only other person in the restaurant was a scary-looking homeless man. The grease began to enter my intestines, warming me. I looked at the homeless man; a second man joined him and began mirroring his words. They were equally dilapidated.

When I finally arrived back at Hotel Martinique, I fell forcefully onto my bed. I drifted into a burger coma. My hovering ceased.

Sixteen-hours of sleep One-hundred-thirty-hours into our journey sounded sufficient.

DAY 5

PAY IT FORWARD

NEW YORK TO LONDON

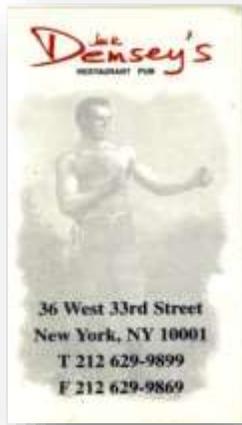
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 203

Sleeping for 4-hours was a tad excessive.

"Dave, it's time to get up. Did you enjoy last night your downtime?"

"Jasflahweh."

At noon it was time to explore NYC. So, I checked our vital stats, and checked my luggage into storage; it was dragging White Tower takeout bags with it.



We stepped out into the crisp city air and began to head *that-a-way*.

Nine Hours of directionless exploring lay ahead before flying to Jolly Old London.

FIRST STOP

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

The line was *three hours*. I held up nine fingers. I folded three of them downward. I asked Dave how many were left.

"JASFLAHWEH," he said.

We crossed the Empire off our list and walked away frowning.

We strolled precisely forty-two steps straight into *Jack Demsey's Restaurant Pub*.

Jimmy, the bartender, was hardcore traditional Irish, fresh off the boat, a gifted conversationalist. He convinced us to drink, so, we ordered a Strongbow and a Guinness.

Jimmy's voice wavered Irish when he asked if we'd done the Empire, calling us lovely young lads!

We told him about the line to go up↑.

He handed us a card. The card would allow us to skip the line. The only catch was if he let us use it, we needed to promise we'd try to bring four other people with us because the pass was good for six.

We said *yes* in a heavily bastardized Irish accent.

It was time to pay it forward. We approached strangers out on the street, first, hot women, then couples, and finally families; we were repeatedly shunned.

We circled the building in a rectangular fashion.

Maybe the half-tuck was –

We rounded the last corner disappointed in our lack of success. A family of four approached. We asked them to come with us.

The patriarch sternly declined.

We turned the corner.

I looked back. The man was jogging toward us. He was yelling at us in New England accent, "*Hey guys. Is the offer still available?*"

He told us they were from Boston.

I suggested he go fuck himself.

I said, "Of course."

"We are trying to teach our kids not to talk to strangers."

"Maybe common sense + street smarts would make more sense," I said. "I'd be more concerned about an uncle lurking in the corner, more than...look at us."

SECURITY

"Sir, you can't take this all-in-one-gizmo with you. How many options does this thing have; one thousand? Anyway, you can get it when you leave."

Pop goes the ears. Floor 88.

We let our Bostonian friends free to enjoy the day on their own. Uncle Stan stood silently in the corner.

TOP OF THE WORLD

I found it mind-blowing that big burly David was petrified of heights. He clasped the guardrail tightly, holding on for dear life. Easterly winds stroked his fear raising the hairs on his arms. The sky baked overcast.

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I, too, am afraid of heights. David's fear trumped mine.

A handsome young couple attempted to locate where the WTC would've been. They were peering through coin-operated binoculars. I offered to assist.

I extended my arm, pointing with my index finger. "Follow the point of my finger," I said. "Imagine a laser is shooting out of it for approximately four miles. Look at the tall buildings; directly to their right are lower buildings." I asked if they could see the mural where my laser was hitting. "There," I said excitedly.

I looked back at Dave; he was crumpled into the fetal position, shuddering. I laughed internally. As I did, my fear of heights vanished. I reached up, scooping chunks out of the clouds.

At that exact moment, I touched a cloud. A jet flew directly overhead. The roar of the engines was amplified by the clouds. It stopped the hearts of many on the deck. David collapsed again. He cried out for his mother.

We returned to our seats at *Jack Demsey's* to thank Jimmy.

After quenching our thirsts once more, we hit the streets of New York. We weren't thirty minutes into our walk when Dave realized he had forgotten his all-in-one gizmo with Security at the Empire State Building. So, he ventured back to retrieve it. In Dave's absence I decided to stay put and wait, stressing inwardly. I began walking around the block to look for my REFLECTION; I found David Letterman's Theatre instead!

CENTRAL PARK

Forty minutes had passed before Dave returned. I was hungry and outside. ⁽⁶¹⁾

"*Dave, don't you think it is convenient Central Park is in the center of the city?*" ⁽⁶²⁾

It was time to eat. Fifty-six restaurants later, we sat down in Good Choice Restaurant.

Loreena, the bartender from Ireland, told us we must go to Galway.

We ate, drank, and moved on.

We visited the *Rockefeller Center*.

I bought soft-soled shoes.

We drank some more, drinking led to peeing.

We drank more, which resulted in more drinks, which led to more alcohol until we found a new place to drink and pee.

We stopped by *Ms. Keens Bar* at the corner of 64th & 6th, a real gem serving the finest cigars and scotch, minus the cigars due to the NYC smoking ban.

James, from Ireland, the bartender, shared stories of the big dollars he makes serving the local elite.

251 We drank more.

I struck a conversation with a bus driver sitting at the bar. He was bitter. His bitterness stemmed from no New Yorkers, other than police and firefighters, dying on 9/11. Or so he said.

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.

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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.

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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.
