

DEATH SAUCE

A Love Story

EATING TOWARD TOGETHERNESS



GRANDMA SAYS

Wait one hour after eating before attempting to change history.

BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Jarrood fell hard for Bub. He crumbled like a pastry held in Bub's delicate hands. Bub's large dark soulful eyes sent Jarrood into a state of helpless bliss. Bub's voice melted him. He longed to press his lips against Bub's supple lips; Bub's lips often tasted minty. Bub's beauty and tranquillity confounded Jarrood's balance. A gentle touch and Jarrood would feel the ground beneath his feet open wide, swallowing him, capturing him in the here and now. They came from lightyears away – nevertheless, Bub's warm breath on the nape of his neck immobilized him. They'd been together for more than nine years. Still, every time the sun peaked through their bedroom's window, casting a beautiful silhouette over the curvature of Bub's shapely figure – Jarrood fell deeper, risking never being able to return to where he once escaped.

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JARROD COURT ~ AN ODDLY GENUINE DUCK



Little did Jarrod Court know; the rest of society had deemed him an oddity. Ever since the day Harold shamefully tossed him away like loose change, into the Jumping Jack Bar, in the liberal northern city of Vancouver, Jarrod had been rummaging through life, trying to find a place of belonging.

Deep down in his throbbing heart, he knew living with his adoptive parents, Rudy the lion and Susan, + the dotting gazelle, would be temporary. His formative years taught him life is draped in diversity and to never judge a living being by the fur donning their lithe, and sometimes, not so lithe, torsos.

Being raised, literally in the wild of a concrete jungle, instilled in Jarrod a plethora of skills.

He learned to run like his mother.

He knew how to command the attention of all by developing a deep roar like his father.

He learned to swim like the fishes, a skill brought to him by a dolphin friend, Carl, who frequented the Jumping Jack Bar – often leaving in a powder-induced fog.

He developed an incredible thirst to understand the languages of individuality + the nuances of the sameness, which routinely floated by on nights when the Jumping Jack became chock-full of revellers who were trying to drown out sadness with soul-eradicating, dismal, short-term connections.

Despite the limitations of not fitting in, Jarrod excelled at most things, often screaming in triumph, **“LOOK AT ME.”** Hardly ever did a soul look, as most were entombed in the misery of trying to make it through each day scathed as little as possible in their never-ending quests to stay alive in the crazy world spinning around each of them.

“Mommy, what will ever come of me? I’m not one of you.”

“Sweetie, none of us truly belongs. Sweetie, your eyes sparkle with greatness.”

*You will lead. You make the world brighter for anyone your travels bring you into contact with. Sweetie, being you, and like nobody else, is your gift. Don't worry about your birth parents. They love you. They're just riddled with flaws and insecurities + the relentless quest to be **SOMETHING LARGER THAN POSSIBLE** – to have realized the sparkling gem they have in you. As sure as the sun and moon scratch the gates to the heavens above, a day will come when their undying love will return to you, swallowing you in the warmth of where you came from, letting you know they failed you, not the other way around. So, sweetie, I believe this with every fibre in my heart. Life has blessed you with the greatest gift of all: EMPATHY. Please share it with the world. It is your gift to give! I love you, my sweetly odd little ducky."*

That night, Jarrod felt the balminess of Sue's love envelope him as he fell asleep wrapped tightly to her beating heart.

Rudy raged the next day, with the sun resplendently rising over the horizon. He'd been imbibing heavily for days. The limitations of an illicit bender were nearing a breaking point.

"Not in front of the boy," Sue screamed, and then pushed Jarrod into a corner, positioning herself in front of him.

"I do everything. I provide for the family. Jarrod does not belong. He's not one of us." Rudy roared, the veins in his temples pulsing + about to burst and then drip his life onto the linoleum of their human-like home.

"Stop it. It would be best if you stopped it. I can't handle your debauchery anymore. Rudy, I love you. I really do. But I can't –"

Tears exploded from her eyes.

Susan turned to comfort Jarrod.

She felt a rush of pain race through her back.

Susan frantically tried to turn to fight whatever was clawing at her flesh. She felt another blast of pain. Rudy's jaw clamped onto her neck, sinking his teeth deep into her throat. The unavoidable reality of a gazelle living with a drunken lion had arrived in a liquid, + perhaps, with other substance-induced furies. Rudy gnawed violently at Sue's chest; her last words of life leaked faintly from her lips in one final gasp, "Run Jarrod, run like a gazelle, never look back, my sweet, odd son, become what you're meant to be... and..." and with her final breath, "...come back one day, and slaughter your bastard father."

“Taco break?”

“Where?”

LA CANTINA - NELSON STREET

You looked so precious lying on the newsprint. They sprinkled you with meticulously sliced chicken, pork, and fish. Onions and veggies were diced and draped over your beautiful shell.

Our mouths watered.

I know you saw us.

WINK.

You finished your outfit with shreds of cheese to add to your appeal.

Yum.

Drizzle on tangy sauces, some hot, and we wish we were baby birds laying in the nest waiting for momma bird to fly home, mouth filled with you, only to have your deliciousness regurgitated into our waiting mouths.

Momma bird, regurgitate more!

Please!

Quit trying to lose weight on Social Media

16 July 2010

Jarrold stumbled up the stairs of Club Dank – the blazing sun was mercilessly pounding the sidewalk like a tinsmith, his mind cloaked in a dense fog. Strangely, he felt okay, elevated, not refreshed; sameness felt different, ephemeral. Locked in the shackles of an existential crisis, Jarrod prepared to escape, to search for who he became.

Then, to become a mirror of his destiny.

A cab blasted past on the roadway; Jarrod glimpsed fleetly at his reflection.

Dad?

He turned away in horror.

What he saw scratched deeply into every fibre of his shaken soul.

What he saw was the future.

He was no longer a spry young man – but a man several decades older – a reverse Benjamin Button.

Jarrold chose denial.

He'd become an aberration to be returned to spry once the chemicals escaped his spent being.

Jarrold ran.

Jarrold ran, and he ran, and he ran.

Never looking back.

Shading what he'd seen in denial.

Icy cold tears raced down his face.

Jarrold, although damaged, found comfort in the words of his mother from the night before. Jarrold's very existence turned him into a delightfully odd, genuine, and gleefully empathetic duck trapped in the body of a once young man.

He finally stopped to drink in a moment + regain his composure.

He sat on the curbside, sweat draining from every pore of his body.

He trembled.

The tears that once raced down his face had turned to crust. He cupped his face in his hands and drifted into the sorrow of having nowhere to go, of having no place to call home.

"Hello, are you okay?" A voice softly caressed Jarrold's spirit.

Jarrold gingerly uncovered his eyes.

60 "You're shaking. I couldn't help but stop. Can I help in any way? My name is Bubs. Let me help you. I can help you." Bubs whispered to Jarrold with a touch of trepidation.

Why am I doing this?

Why am I talking to this quivering mess of a stranger?

For God's sake, not only is he drowning in sweat and tears, but he's also dripping blood.

Am I insane? Littered Bubs' mind.

"Thank you. You are too kind. I'm not sure what's happening here – you've only shared a few words with me – but I'm feeling an unconditional love growing in the pits of my empty stomach.

You are a vision, a hallucination.

I don't think you exist.

I must leave.

I must find myself.

But, Bubs, I promise when I return, we will grow together with our lives bursting into a beautiful splendour, much like the flowers blossoming every spring. Our love will burn eternal."

As much as Bubs became overtaken with an urge to projectile vomit because of the sap flowing like maple syrup from Jarrod's chops, he, that's right—he felt a spark like he'd never felt before, igniting the hope he'd just stumbled into forever.

Jarrold had one more loin-bursting thought to share.

My dear sweet Bubs, I assure you of one thing: when we finally reunite, we will feast on tapas, lay in bed |naked| for days on end, awake and even asleep, and as I drown in your sparkling rapturous eyes, we will wake in each other's arms, limbs entangled with limbs, our torsos alive with passion! Alive with passion!

Bubs vomited profusely.

What's a synonym for profusely?

Bubs vomited copiously.

The preceding paragraphs represent tangled-passionate writing at its best!

Bubs and Jarrod exchanged digits.

Jarrold rose somberly from the cold, damp asphalt.

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He wandered away like a confused President on the White House lawn.

He craned his neck, looked over his left shoulder and said, "Stay in touch. I will return soon."

Bubs, with eyes blinking rapidly, wiped the puke off his chin and ended this chance encounter with this broken, odd, dishevelled, gorgeously gorgeous used-to-be-young specimen by slipping in a subtle seven-word question, "You know I'm a man; don't you?"

With the query fresh on the docket, Jarrod ran once more. Only this time, he knew, one day, he'd look back. His torso screamed →

FINDING HIS WAY

A few steps into his sprint eastward, Jarrod looked back, hoping to catch one last glimpse of perfection → with gait straining. His eyes spun in an out-of-focus haze. He rubbed them ferociously, trying to regain vision. Then, in a moment of clarity, Bubs became crystal clear—Jarrod mouthed Penelope. Electricity shot through his veins. He ran and ran and ran. Every elongated step east deposited him deeper into his past, returning him to what once was while erasing what he had become.

Was Bubs really a vision created out of desperation?

Why had Bubs entered Jarrod's life?

When did Bubs truly enter Jarrod's life?

When he started running, his willowy 20-year-old body had morphed into the ~~dad-like~~ (~~grand~~) body of a fatherless 58-year-old. Each day's journey erased the past. 2019 gone. 2018 gone... 1990 gone... STOP... 1980... gone.

Jarroed ran, and he ran, and he ran. He ran through wind, snow, rain, lightning, and sweltering heat – often all in the same day.

During the journey, grizzly bears and locus attacked him. Rabid coyotes ripped his shoes off his feet on the outskirts of Banff.

He continued barefoot with his feet blistering severely, the pain excessive, causing both visual and auditory hallucinations.

He turned north at Calgary, climbing toward Edmonton. Outside of Red Deer, mosquitos the size of hawks drained the blood from Jarrod's emaciated body. Eventually, the blistering became laced with blood-filled layers – until the pain stopped at the halfway point.

As he raced through Edmonton, he came across a cluster of cabins connected to a steeple-less church: an institution, a prison?

His vision once again scurried in and out of lucidity – Jarrod had been here before. He ambled into the main building, darting toward the counter. Two elderly women sat behind the desk, products of a different time.

“Can we help you, sir?”

Sir, that's odd.

Why would she call a 20-year-old, sir?

“What is this place? I think I've been here before?”

The women recoiled into secrecy.

“We can't help you – what came before withers in the past. It's part of God's plan.”

“No,” Jarrod screamed.

He dragged his logy being back toward his journey.

He felt a gentle tap on his shoulder when he reached the door.

One of the two ladies, a lady who bit her lips with every word her associate had said to Jarrod. She tapped his shoulder again and whispered, “Go to the cottages...” she pointed to her right, “... you might discover what you're looking for there.” So, Jarrod looked to where she pointed and then spun back toward her to thank her – poof, she vanished. Jarrod did not know why he came to this God-forsaken place, nor did he have any idea what he was looking for?

He knocked on the door of Cottage 1. A young lady, no older than 23, approached. She opened the cottage's door. Bedecked on the walls were pictures of smiling children playing, swathed in unconditional love.

"Can I help you?" The young lady asked. *Mary, for the story's sake.*

"What is this place? I think I've been here before?" Jarrod asked with a dash of apprehension.

"Would you like a tour?"

Jarrod nodded.

"This is a place where we give children a fighting chance. Kids born into addiction. To impossible situations, toxic situations. We provide hope. A place to survive."

"That's wonderful," Jarrod said.

"There are dozens of frightened boys and girls sent here every month.

Their parents can't care for them.

They want to.

They just can't.

Here they are given a healthy environment to heal until, if ever, their parents have eradicated the demons destroying them, delivering them to a place of salvation, allowing their children to return to them one day.

The place is communal.

We don't restrict the parents from calling or visiting. Instead, we NOW → understand the importance of keeping a child's origin, beginning, unmasked, regardless of whether they can ever go home.

We give the children chores, like helping in the kitchen.

Eventually, everyone here, becomes a large, loving, extended family. Shaken in uncertainty, no more."

"Now?" Jarrod asked.

They strolled past the kitchen.

Mary explained how wonderful, nutritious, and structured the meal plan is.

Next, they passed a series of small rooms. The hairs on Jarrod's arms sprang to life, his body became covered in goosebumps, he began trembling.

"Now?" Mary repeated and then coyly continued, "Now brings with it light. It used to

bring darkness. This place used to be smothered in shame. Unwed mothers were unwillingly escorted here to give birth and then to be fixed –converted back to worthy, marriageable.”

Jarrold’s mind rolled in a batter laced with disgust, racing towards → What about the fucking babies?

How fucking atrocious is it to burden an innocent child with a life of never being whole – a life shattered with the missing pieces haunting them for eternity.

Fuck God’s plan.

A loving God would never inflict such dreadful pain on a child.

They stopped outside one room. Balloons and cute animals were delicately stitched onto the bedspread inside a single bed. A teddy bear sat on a rocking chair in the corner. Jarrold’s shaking reached a critical point.

“I’ve been here. This room. This place of beginning,” he delicately said.

“These rooms are where the babies were born and lived their first days of life. After the birth, their mothers did not hold the babies. Instead, they have been whisked away and then adopted out to farm families or bought by rich Americans – they were born a lie, never meant to be uncovered, part of God’s flawed plan. The judgment dispersed by the religiously imperfect all-knowing was diseased with the belief by those in power they were the greater good. They were doing God’s work.”

Mary paused. Took a deep breath and then released words I did not mean her to share:

“The fuckers in charge. They weren’t working for God. they were the Devil’s disciples, dealing in bullshit, and sold the commoners: this place emphasized compassion and forgiveness, providing interdenominational Christian guidance for the women and girls to help recover them to a healthy, moral, and spiritual life. The vile self-appointed leaders of spirituality employed various adjectives to describe the women and girls who came to them: regrettable, fallen, indigent, erring, lost, broken, and young girls who have stepped aside. Morality did not blame the women and girls. Instead, probity denounced the absent men who had led them awry. The babies were an afterthought, an unfortunate reminder of unwanted.”

In the most delicate of tones, Jarrold barked, “Nobody fucking cared for the babies.”

When they reached the end of the tour, Mary’s eyes glazed over + began teaming with tears. She hugged Jarrold tightly, tears flowed down her face. She deftly broke her

embrace when Jarrod finally stopped shaking. Her eyes glistened as a streak of sunlight reflected from her baby-blue, tear-stained eyes. A warm smile broke on her face.

“This used to be a dark place. Few happy stories. Thank you for coming today. Thank you for being one of the optimistic stories. You have a purpose you uncover. Go find it. I promise you when you find it – it will make all the difference. You are a happy story.”

Jarrod thanked her for the tour, turned, and began running east with a new undefined quest circling his heart.

STROME STROME

Jarrod cried. He ran, and he ran, and he ran. The heights of Club Dank snaked through his veins. He ran 150 kilometres (93 miles if you are American), shrieking to a stop in the village of Strome. He plopped down at a table in the bar of the Strome Hotel. Resting his head in his palms – slipping in and out of consciousness. He needed to recharge.

A gentle giant stood over him. “Hey drifter, you can’t sleep here. You must order something. This is a place of business.”

“I just need a moment or two to take a load off. I’m trying to find myself.”

“Okay, rest. Take your time. Become whole again.”

My name is Jim.

I’m the mayor of this magnificent village.

I paved the street in front of my house with gold.

Hell, I also paved the alley behind my place with gold.

A perk of the job.” Gentle Jim oozed empathetically.

Six more Stromites, doused in curiosity, approached. Each named Jim. For the next two hours, a series of stories bubbled from Jim to Jim to... Jim.

Jim #3 offered Jarrod a special pill – gecko-ing his tongue in Jarrod’s direction.

Jarrod foolishly accepted.

Instantly, Jarrod’s mind began pixelating. The Jim’s began morphing into a gauntlet of creatures, cretins, beasts – and then back to Jim – and then back to beasts; Jarrod’s brain crawled inside a clicking viewmaster™ and the Jims’ with each click transformed from human to beast to a pinwheel in a kaleidoscope of colours.

Calmly, eyes piercing toward Jarrod, Gentleman Jim told him, “Oral sex can add 35-years to life.”

An offer, a threat, a burning desire.

Jarrold gripped in panic, exploded out of his seat, and rushed toward the door, busting out into the scorching light of day. The streets had become overrun with locus + grasshoppers. Giant fucking grasshoppers. Jarrold was being gobsmacked. The collection of Jim's became locked on the beast, hot in pursuit, chanting, "Jarrold, Harold, Harold, Jarrold –"

Jarrold stumbled, falling to the gravelled road.

A grasshopper licked his shaved dome.

A locus crawled inside his shirt.

The J-creatures kept pursuing.

Gentleman Jim close behind.

For a moment, Jarrold pondered, adding years to his life, hmm.

Jarrold bounded to his feet and began running again. His knees were gashed, dripping blood to the road below. The pain emanating from the wound caused him to limp and wince in agony. The J-creatures started hovering above Jarrold – and with the J-creatures about to ensconce him in their gelatinous tentacles, a wall of water washed the J-creatures away – sparing Jarrold's fragile toxified life. Wavy Lake had swelled its banks after a month of torrential downpours.

Freed from doom, Jarrold sprinted south, past the Domo Gas Station. He glanced left. The J-creatures were holding onto the gas pumps, struggling for redemption.

Jarrold ran, and he ran, and he ran. He ran day and night, never stopping to eat or drink – even water.

He sprinted through Harris SK – dashed because of the racist taunts he found himself bombarded with by unruly Orangemen + a few lingering KKK alumni | odd because Jarrold isn't French |.

Bizarrely, he gained three pounds.

He became legendary in his own mind – and in the minds of the throngs of people who followed this crazy dishevelled | youthifying (new word) | man + his seemingly pointless pursuit.

Some onlookers debated if he was from Mars or one of the seven stars that shine so brightly at three-thirty in the morning →

→ WELL, HE ISN'T.

→ WELL, HE ISN'T.

Jarrold needed to reset. To start what once was, once more.

The running took only 10 days, but somehow wiped away 38 years as Jarrod blasted forth into a new sphere.

Jarrold, now 20 years old, ran 1649 kilometres and 23 steps, eventually tiring after trekking through the stunning Rocky Mountains, the flatlands of Alberta and Saskatchewan, finally collapsing in exhaustion on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River in Saskatoon.

Not for a single moment did Bubs (Penelope) leave his mind. Everything he left behind was like a Buddha Board → fleeting.

Real or not, Bubs became part of Jarrod's foundation. Guaranteed to cause readers angst as they try to peg when + where Bubs entered the story, turning from fiction to reality in this tangled web of creativity?

In Saskatoon, Jarrod rapidly became an outsider in his own world. He never truly fits in, but he fit in everywhere. He had been gifted with empathy; Jarrod would soon discover he had been blessed with humour as well. So, he "fit in" by performing, often dropping into group conversations, where he would fire a few quiffs. Whatever the hell a quiff is – and then, Harold would literally leave the group in stitches like the Irish leaving a social gathering, never overstaying his welcome or allowing anyone to get too close. So, he mastered the art of being everywhere while never being sure of where he really was?

FLASH FORWARD

Jarrold's mind often wandered toward Bubs's profound beauty. He flashed-forwarded to an outing at a Sex Convention they'd attend in the future; hence, flash-forwarded.

The Sex Convention steamed with sex.

Dripping sex.

I puked.

A ripped man. Vascular. Penis Vascular. Woody sprung. Bolt-upright, firmly bolted. He dipped his manhood into a paint vat. Shook it like a wind turbine. Paint splashed deliciously onto the canvas. He dipped again. Whipped once more. A face appeared. Birds lay on the ground, victims of the wind.

Jarrold gasped.

He knew the face.

Jarrold's one-eyed... rose.

Bubs tugged at Jarrod's... they moved on. They would pass SEX—SEX—SEX—SEX paraphernalia + SEX.

Bubs, we should buy some paraphernalia.

DILDOS - LUBES - CHAINS - RUBBER - WHAT'S THIS - MORE DILDOS

FLASH FURTHER FORWARD → B's + J's 30TH ANNUAL ORPHAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

"Hey, Jarrod, we love the pink tape you have the middle of that chair wrapped in. It's so Bougey. It's Fraptastic. What is it, Scotch, Duct? It's adorable. Where can we get some?"

"True story. We were perusing the aisles of a Sex Carnival. People were doing it everywhere. Erect dicks were painting impressionist art by whipping the dipped brushes like windmills. We became aroused. We checked out the shops for an elaborate sex-enhancer."

"What does that have to do with the tape?"

"Precisely. Out of all our options to heighten our tangled limbs, often throbbing in the throes of passion, filling our torsos, causing them to burst with— anyway, we bought the tape at the Sex Expo. Would you like to be restrained?"

"Out of all the penetrating options you bought Scotch Tape. Wow."

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TIME SLIPPED BY

Jarrod enrolled in the University and became a star athlete excelling at football. He became a quarterback. Jarrod laid his tape-less-seed around campus—not of his own doing, and without the consumption of effort, but more so because fitting in, screamed unique, and unique = laid.

Jarrod hid his past, sweeping it under the mauve shag carpeting of his rented home on the outskirts of Saskatoon. On the edge of civilization where poor people, desperate for homeownership, became perfect lemmings for unscrupulous developers, who'd often sell the dream of "a good life" far from the city's wealth, just because the suckers could have a YARD! Bill and Mary were his landlords, they were poor, but they owned a home with a bay window—purchased for \$14,000. Jarrod didn't care that his landlords were lacking, or the house was far from the city's glittering towers. He had bought a car, and after all, he'd run 1649 kilometres and 23-steps mostly barefooted, without water or food; what challenges could live on the outskirts possibly throw at him?

Jarrold developed a predilection for bringing people together. He also developed a tremendous thirst for being a sexual conquest every weekend, rarely, if ever, learning a last name. Despite being a desirable conquest, he never boasted, which oddly made him more desirable.

He longed for Bubs. And he pined for pink tape.

He needed to subsidize his life because conquest didn't pay the bills. Jarrod ended his abstinence from liquids when a friend Cameron introduced Jarrod to booze. So, Jarrod — boozed, and his popularity grew with each sip. Cam offered Jarrod a job pedalling liquor at his father's Greek restaurant, PR's. Jarrod's life was grand: he was a star athlete, a desirable conquest, funny as hell, *big-dicked if the photo is taken at the right angle*, and now, a mixologist → did I mention he had honed a keen ear for music leading him to become the top DJ on campus. The conquests, number machine, needed to be refilled.

"Hey, Jarrod, could you play a couple of country jams?"

"No."

The months breezed by with the Northern Lights dancing gleefully in Saskatoon's night sky, scratching the heavens above, choreographed by chance. Everything came easy to Jarrod, mostly because he never tried. He desperately wanted to be noticed, but his heart and soul had been filled with the indolence of wanting no one to uncover who he would one day become. So, he fucked another, and another, never letting the warmth of intimacy smash into his being, opting instead for quick wipes of a towel and equally rapid exits. Never hurtful. But also, never, heartfelt.

If it ends with a towel | or a tissue | it's not love.

"I love you, Harold.

Won't you lay with me for a while?

I want to drink in the beauty of your deep expressive bouncy brown eyes.

Why do you insist on hiding your incredible being inside?

I love you, Harold."

"I've got to run," Jarrod said as he ruffled through mail sitting on Penelope's kitchen table. "Penelope, I'll call you later. Let's do this — it, again. Toots."

Three weeks later, Jarrod and his best friend Whitman were out on the town when they ran into Penelope in a club.

"Harold, you're an asshole. I thought you were different. I thought we had a connection. You said you would call. Fucking. Pigdog."

"Penelope, I meant to call. I really did. I lost your number. I tried Googling you." *The technology didn't exist.* "Ask Whitman? Tell her Whitman. I couldn't find your number.

What's your last name? And Pigdog?"

Later that night, Penelope and →

→ ate tacos together. This time, Jarrod resisted reaching for a towel.

"Let me get this straight, Harold, you ran 1649 kilometres and 23-steps, mostly barefoot, non-stop, without eating or drinking, and you gained three pounds?"

Whitman queried Jarrod, with a look of befuddlement strewn across his freckled face.

"I know, odd, right? I suddenly have a burning desire to learn how to paint with my ample-sized-if-filmed-at-the-right-angle dick. And why does everyone insist on calling me Jarrod? Jarrod is my father's name. I'm Jarrod."

Whitman retreated to Jarrod's bathroom, returning with a handheld mirror, handing it to Jarrod. Jarrod stared deeply into his own reflection – DAD?

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.
