

Two Truths and a Lie

Planning entertainment for a large group like ours is **hard**. When a virtual element is added, it gets even **harder**.

BUT...

I think I've got a fun game that will help us get to know members of our division on a personal level!

I would like to host a game called "Two Truths and a Lie – PSD Members." You provide me with two truths about yourself (that you don't mind sharing!) and one lie, and our PSD group, using the poll function in Zoom, will vote on which one they think is a lie. Then we reveal the answers, and we get to have a fun story time with the fun facts about you! **For example:**

Two Truths and a Lie about Allayne:

- a) I rented a bed in a tour bus and went on a cross-Canada tour with a local band to help them cut their costs
- b) I was a competitive Olympic lifter for 2 years in my mid-20's and my nickname was "Beef"
- c) For years I had a used coffee cup that belonged to Michael Bublé until my roommate thought it was garbage and threw it out

Can you guess which one is a lie?

If you answered **A**, then you are correct. I didn't rent a bed in a tour bus with a local band, **BUT**, it wasn't for lack of trying! A local band that I loved had an open application for fans across the country to rent a bed on their tour bus for as long or as little as they wanted to help them cover their tour costs, but I was too late to get a spot.

B is true: I was in fact an Olympic lifter for a while and I was really good at it. However, in turn, my appetite was truly ridiculous and I ripped a pair of jeans every month as I got stronger, so my coach, friends, and colleagues referred to me as "Beef." I'm still not sure if it was meant with love or not...

C is also true. My dad worked for CTV for a number of years, and during the 2010 Olympics, he had the chance through CTV to volunteer for Olympic jobs. He was tasked with driving VIP guests and winning athletes to and from media events. At the time, I was a huge Michael Bublé fan, and my dad was the one who drove Michael to a secret location to meet Stephen Colbert and do an appearance on his show. My dad is very friendly and is an amazing storyteller, and during his time spent with Michael that day he managed to make friends, get one of my CDs (that he had taken in secret) autographed for me, and very quietly took his coffee cup out of the back seat of the Lincoln Navigator after he dropped him off because he knew that I, a freak and a massive fan, would probably really appreciate having his coffee cup for years to come. Naturally, I was ecstatic and probably on the verge of passing out because I was so excited. Fastforward to 2013: In my shared home with roommates, one of my roommates mistakenly took my proudly displayed Michael Bublé cup as garbage carelessly placed on our shelf and threw it out. Being the freak that I was, I cried for days, and could not muster up the grace to forgive her for quite some time. Don't worry – I'm over it – and wouldn't display such freak behaviour now... unless it has to do with John Mayer.

And that's Two Truths and a Lie 😊

We would love to have as many participants as possible. If you want to play, please send me Two Truths and a Lie about yourself by **12:00pm Friday** to be included on a slide! **Don't worry – you don't need to tell me the stories.** Just send me the three things and let me know which one is a lie so that I can update it on the slide!