

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
ALL FILE ON THE 2022 LIFE → GLUE



GLUE GLUE



A story about a **man** trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.

And then, he witnesses a gay-bashing.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then →

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
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press play
press play



TRISH
TRISH

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24

TRISH
TRISH



IT'S ABOUT TRISH IT'S ABOUT TRISH

7 or sixteen-months, I loved Trish. I hated Trish. One or two days every week, I was *high* with Trish.

FLASHING BACK TO WHEN WE MET FLASHING BACK TO WHEN WE MET

We met while *high*.

Our first epic kiss turned into a bad music video.

Our first night ended something like this.

Why is it getting hot in here, Lindsay?

We needed to find a place to *do it!*

It couldn't be at her home because spineless Doctor Kenny from Edmonton, was visiting.

It couldn't be at my place because my flatmate at the time, Kevin, was unaware of my trips into the dark side.

I was horny. *High*. And I wanted to press flesh with her.

You are a sick dude, Lindsay.

I wanted to travel down the dirty naked roads of pleasure. Is that better?

We decided to go "*do it*" in a hotel.

Mister Desk Clerk, we need a room.

We negotiated – my erection was anxious.

Room 212. Your room is 212.

TRISH
TRISH

Pressing flesh was looming.

I took Trish's hand, placing it on my raging —

This is going to be your toy for the next several hours.

ADULT NUDITY TIME

We fell *highly* in love, and we *highly* clicked.

Lucky for us, I think my friend Logic had met her friend Logic.

Trish's lips were sweet. Her kisses sent my pulse racing. I slowly undressed her, one button at a time, as I placed small pulsating kisses along every inch of her neck. I nibbled her ears and licked down her spine. As the heat intensified, I slowed my caresses, eventually removing every article of her clothing. Her clothes fell to the ground slowly like a dancing feather fluttering in the wind.

Stop it.

ADULT NUDITY TIME

I wanted to devour her.

I said, stop.

We repeated the same program for sixteen-months. I even managed to keep her from my lifelong friends. I couldn't keep the secret any longer.

Wayne, I think you need to meet Trish.

My flatmate Kevin never met Trish. Kevin had become my flatmate after he broke up with his long-term girlfriend and my friend Danielle. *The first Danielle in this book.*

Kevin stayed at my place for three-years.

THE FEAR OF SUCCESS (2003): MY FIRST BOOK
THE FEAR OF SUCCESS (2003): MY FIRST BOOK

SEED'S SKETCHY RELATIONSHIP THEORIES

A GUIDE TO THE PERILS OF DATING

A SHORT STORY
A SHORT STORY

Depression was setting in, and my book project was winding down.

Why the depression?

Because being a writer is painful, I had asked a glut of people about the contents of my work.

The consensus: they loved it! It didn't matter if they were professional or blue-collar.

You have a natural talent, and you're have something big brewing.

I'll ask again: why are you depressed?

Success is on the horizon.

That sounds ridiculous.

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I needed to be brought down to earth. I searched for one more honest opinion. I took the book out on the street. A blind panhandler named *Pepe* works his trade on the corner by my apartment. *Pepe* hates everything.

Hey, Pepe, could you look at my book for me?

Pepe reached upward.

He grabbed me – and took the book into his hands.

He gingerly caressed the pages.

Then, after a few minutes, he stopped, looked up, and spoke to me in a soft voice.

I really like the paper.

Success was inevitable!

Pepe's response about the paper reminded me of Kevin. Kevin loved to use sticky notes.

I'd often come home and find sticky notes everywhere.

I'd leave a cupboard door open: sticky note.

I'd leave the toilet seat up: sticky note.

I drank some of his milk: sticky note.

I'd accidentally sleep with his new girlfriend: sticky note.

For half of our time together as flatmates, I lived out of a suitcase nine-blocks away at Trish's. I was a horrible father to Fuzzy Nose & Toes. I'd come home daily to feed her and clean her box. Fuzzy was becoming a senior. On one occasion, I came home to find something lying on the floor beside the dropping: sticky note. I curiously picked it up.

CAT SHIT CAT SHIT

I asked Fuzzy about the note.

She said Kev had more significant problems.

She was testing him.

She was trying to drive him nuts.

She filled baggies with catnip.

One day, when Kev came home, she gave him a sample for free.

Kev asked for more the next day.

Fuzzy meowed. Here's *the deal; a little tuna for a bit of nip!*

Fuzzy Nose and Toes became a **FAT CAT**.

When Kev finally moved out, he was up to four-baggies per day.

I hope his rehab is a success.

Before we get back to Trish, there was one last sticky noteworthy of these pages.

Kevin left a sticky note in a jar of peanut butter once.

Don't scoop the peanut butter with your finger.

I sticky-noted him back.

I'm not using my finger.

MORE TRISH WAKE TRISH

Love can make us stupid, but little did I know, Trish had many love interests not named Lindsay.

Rob from the club.

Little did Rob's love interest know, Rob –

Trish then added Patrick from San Francisco to her dance card.

Hey, I heard of Patrick.

I'm in love.

You're an idiot. I know you're blind in one eye. Perhaps, you need to open your good eye.

My eye is open, and she told me someone was trying to fuck us up; I believe her.

1 DECEMBER 2002 1 DECEMBER 2002

Love always wins. Trish moved in.

Are you sure you're only high on weekends?

In February, I told my good friend David that I was the happiest I'd ever been.

You answered my question.

3 MARCH 2003: 8:30 AM 3 MARCH 2003: 8:30 AM

Good morning sweetie. We're done. We're not a couple anymore.

What about our living arrangement? You just moved in.

You're an amazing man, I want to keep living with you!

THAT BRINGS YOU UP TO SPEED ON TRISH.

I SUGGEST YOU READ MY FIRST MEMOIR FOR MORE OF THE GORY DETAILS.

Love falling apart kick-started a barrage of traumatic events throughout two-months.

1. A friend's death by suicide.
2. A friend's death by the BIG C
3. Booty calls are being paraded in front of me.
4. My favourite relative's death by the BIG C.
5. My boss's sister, died.
6. Weekend trips into *high*. My last remaining uncle's death.

I was emotionally fucked up.

I became a prisoner trapped inside my own head. I punished myself by rebounding with casual sex. I'd often slump against the wall in my bathroom, staring intensely into the mirror.

Lindsay, you're a good man.

Kill yourself.

Look at you.

You are pathetic.

You're a fucking mess.

You never deserved her.

Shut the fuck up.

Tears started blasting from my eyes.

You're a useless, ugly failure. Your family was right about you.

I'm a good person.

You're not. You're a waste of skin.

Fuck off.

I'd escape back to the club.

I'd scoop Ketamine onto a pen cap and snort.

The pulsing music began to slow.

I was convinced if the music stopped, I would die.

I'd lie down on a sofa in the club.

I'd glance to my left.

My head floated by a mere few feet away.

Could you phone your parents and ask them who your real parents are?

Just as the end was about to slam another nail into my ending, the music began to pulse once more; I was being reborn. I hated Trish. I needed to expel her from my life. I needed to reach out to someone, anyone, that loved me. I needed to stop being weak. I reached out to my friend Wayne. We met for drinks.

Wayne, I need to tell you something.

Lindsay, Fiona, and I are going on holiday. You don't have to tell me now. You can tell me whatever it is when we get back.

Wayne, I can't deal with this alone. It's not working.

You don't have to say anything.

It's about Trish.

I need to tell someone.

She broke my heart, and I'm floundering.

I need you to know I wasn't hiding anything.

Are you sick?

No. Wayne, you've met Trish several times. You just didn't know it. Back in February was the first time.

I don't remember.

Anyway, we were together for sixteen-fucking-months.

I know.

I DEBATED LONG AND HARD ABOUT SHARING THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE.

Wayne, Trish...Trish is Jason.

Is it a phase that will pass?

No. It won't?

Does it mean you are – ?

I'm just me. I needed to tell you.

But how is this possible?

It's just what it is. Nothing more. Telling you has lifted a weight – I love you and Fiona.

I'll keep this to myself.

You don't have to. I'm not ashamed of who I am.

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

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Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEs 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:
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- 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.