

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



LOOSE ENDS
LOOSE ENDS

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 →

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press play
press play



LOOSE ENDS
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MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL
MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL

LOOSE ENDS
LOOSE ENDS

30
30

LOOSE ENDS
LOOSE ENDS



31 MAY 2009
31 MAY 2009

I

can't stop crying.

I've been crying perpetually for over a week; the same amount of time Fuzzy's life has been winding to a conclusion.

Fuzzy is dying.

And I can't do a damn thing about it.

I can't save her.

215

She's lying nearly motionless on my bedroom floor.

I kiss her neck.

She gives me a soft meow.

She's been purring nonstop in my presence ever since the end became apparent.

I've spent innumerable hours lying on the floor with her, holding her, petting her, kissing her gently.

I love you.

Her tail wags.

I love you.

It wags again.

She feels comfortable in the depth of my voice. I'm not sure if I've done the right thing.

On Thursday, May 22, the graveness of her condition became crystal clear.

On Friday, closure, on many fronts, was dangled in front of me.

First up, in an interview with the police (Detective Sarah Bloor) regarding Ritchie, the discussion was disconcerting.

HATE appears not to be an option in the prosecution of Shawn Woodward.

His defence is a lie, but his lawyer has a fierce acumen.

Touched inappropriately.

Rings loud and clear cloaked in the disgusting requirement to defend aggressively to the best of his abilities.

I'm asked how the lack of the HATE designation will affect the Gay Community.

If the prosecutors and judges don't have the gumption to charge accordingly, and they are afraid to set a precedent, how do you think letting this bastard off will make everyone feel?

For the first time since March 13, someone asked me if I was, okay?

I'm just okay.

The detective continued.

Lindsay, you are a brave man, and it was a pleasure meeting you.

She hugged me when I was about to leave.

216

Fuzzy is dying.

She needs me.

I don't know what to do.

NEXT UP

Visiting Ritchie. He's not doing well unless *well* is moving his right arm.

Ritchie is speaking a language that only belongs to him.

I've visited him more than thirty times.

He has no clue who I am.

He has no clue who he is.

He has no clue where he is.

And, tragically, he doesn't recognize food.

He holds up his juice box.

You can get \$154 on the open market for this.

You must sell it for me!

He thinks the rest of his food are stocks.

His weight has dropped to about eighty pounds.

Shawn Woodward is free.

I need to cry.

RJ, have you figured out my motive?

At the foot of my bed sits Fuzzy.

I kiss her.

Her breathing is shallow.

217

There is not much time left.

I love her.

I can't stop crying

I've failed her.

After visiting Ritchie, I reluctantly went to the SPCA.

Excuse me – my cat – my dear cat, is dying. What do I need to do?

The woman behind the counter. Without looking up or a trace of compassion in her voice, provided an answer.

\$55 to euthanize. \$1 per pound. If you want the ashes, there will be an additional charge.

How do I know when it's time?

She mumbled a few more words finishing with.

I have an opening at 3:30.

The time was 2:15.

I couldn't do it. I think I'm failing her.

I can't help but think Ritchie and Fuzzy are dying simultaneously.

Fuzzy doesn't want to die. She has no choice.

As for Ritchie, the Ritchie I know died when his head hit the tiling.

Ritchie doesn't recognize food.

Fuzzy wanted to eat, but she couldn't.

At this moment, I began to realize how much she's been taking care of me for the last nineteen years. I'm going to miss her.

I thought when her time came, I would be strong. She's just a cat, after all. She's much more than just a cat.

I can't stop crying. I love Fuzzy.

1 JUNE 2009

218

This was the final day of writing **PLAY**, **which** turned out to be the last day of this version. But, as you know, life kept happening, and a decade later, **PLAY** has turned into **GLUE**.

PLAY was meant to continue my previous memoir, **My Life on the Slush Pile**. It ended up turning into much more. It became a revelation. Maybe too much of one, where if the world hasn't evolved, it risks, limiting my writing career.

Honesty has replaced fear.

Life will only give you as much as you can handle.

I don't want to hide anymore.

Fuzzy is barely alive.

I love you, Fuzzy.

She barely wags her tail.

Life bombards us with choices.

The Universe drapes us in signs.

The road is winding and is often broken.

Roads that were there yesterday disappear.

I've survived, barely at times.

I love you, Fuzzy.

Another tail wag, Fuzzy purrs and offers a faint meow.

I go for a walk.

BACK FROM THE WALK

Fuzzy is still alive.

I touch her, she purrs loudly. I call her name. She doesn't want to go.

Fuzzy. Ritchie. With a seemingly endless barrage of people on the street knowing my name, it's time to end this chapter.

It has been a remarkable ride, tragic at times.

I love my life. I think.

SATURDAY, 24 MAY 2009

I sit at the Fountainhead with Howie, Casino Tim, 2G, Darren & Joanne, and of course; Cooper.

219 Cooper has shown unparalleled sympathy for Fuzzy.

How do I stop typing?

I need to meet my mother.

I need to find my father.

I need to speak up for Ritchie.

I need to love, say goodbye, cry more, and let Fuzzy go on to her next adventure.

I love you, Fuzzy.

Her tail wags.

Ritchie's mother, Jean, phones. We speak for twenty minutes.

She's gracious.

She's thankful.

I'm honoured to have spoken with her.

I spend far too much time at the Fountainhead and have replaced love, family, and friendship with a drink.

My friend Greg from Germany is coming to visit just when Fuzzy is checking out.
Fuzzy saunters gingerly to the tiling beside my computer. She doesn't look well.

I love you, Fuzzy.

She purrs and wags her tail.

I thank her.

Up to this point, this story has been a rollercoaster where I learned I must treat most, if not all, in a fashion where I venerate their moments + experiences. So, I need to remove as much judgement from my lexicon as possible.

I'm not always right.

Fuzzy stands up, sways, and then wobbles back to the foot of my bed.

The challenge of 155 has often graced these pages; does it fit?

I think so, fitness has helped with coping.

The colourful cast of characters at Gay Bar, in a sense, have become my –

They have all played a role in changing my perceptions.

Many have past acquaintances.

Others have drifted away because the bond was never meant to last.

We all have a tremendous opportunity to turn the world from hatred to love.

We have a responsibility to think of more than just "I."

I need to find my father; I hope destiny allows it to happen.

I smile.

Am I gay?

I don't know.

What's next?

I don't know.

I'm excited. I can't help but taper the excitement because of two events nearing their final acts.

Fuzzy is dying.

Ritchie needs a miracle to recover.

It's time to end this chapter. It's time to regroup. Cry. Smile. And let next into my life.

MONDAY, 1 JUNE 2009 - 8:09 PM
MONDAY, 1 JUNE 2009 - 8:09 PM

Ritchie, I will be your voice. I will shoot messages into the Universe in search of a miracle.

Fuzzy, thank you for taking care of me. You are my precious angel. I am going to miss you more than even I can imagine.

Fuzzy, I love you.
FUZZY, I LOVE YOU.

And this chapter ends with a purr + a wag of Fuzzy's tail - as tears roll over my cheeks.

TO BE CONTINUED
TO BE CONTINUED

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK? 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 –

388 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.