



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
MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

press play
press play



DISSEMINATION - HOT LEGS
DISSEMINATION - HOT LEGS

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

MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL
MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL

DISSEMINATION - HOT LEGS
DISSEMINATION - HOT LEGS

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DISSEMINATION

HOT LEGS

THE FOLLOWING TAKES PLACE: 5 SEPTEMBER 2013-JULY 16, 2017

2013

I have ridiculously hot legs. I really do. I have been told so on countless occasions by friends, lovers, and strangers on the street.

A SAMPLING

"Hey, you-you have sexy hot legs."

I kid you not. I blushed.

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THE CITY OF VANCOUVER PASSED A BYLAW ABOUT MY LEGS.

BYLAW 9583

LINDSAY W must wear shorts from 15 March-15 October (every year)

Fine for non-compliance = \$183.50

So, there you have it. I must don shorts. It would be a disservice to others if I didn't, don't you think?

Summer was beginning to fizzle out. There was a little more than a month left to feast on my legs.

That sentence sounded funny.

My legs, although probably edible, are primarily for viewing pleasure.

Anyway, today is sweltering. I can't remember the actual temperature – shall we say: + 26 Celsius. Time to sport my favourite black shorts; not only do they make my legs look scorching – but they also cling to my gluteus maximus, making me desirable to all.

FULL STOP

I do believe what I'm spewing here, but only a teensy-weensy bit.

Regardless of my belief system, I just caught a glimpse – wow!

Now, where are those dapper shorts?

Closet: no.

Drawer: no.

Shelving: no.

Dryer: no.

Oven: no.

Fuck.

WHAT TO DO?

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I wept.

I'm sorry, Vancouver. Not today. No black-on-tan for you. Instead, tan-on-tan – I strutted out into the world.

Joy overtook every passerby.

Wonton glances smothered me from all sides.

The heat intensified.

I stopped for a bite at a Chinese restaurant.

I ordered a bowl of Wonton.

I spilt some on my quads.

A stranger licked it off.

This story is becoming stranger by the word.

The stranger's tongue must've contained the same chemicals of lickable toads.

Three licks in, I woke on a desert island.

The soundtrack from Xanadu was playing on a continuous loop.

I screamed in silence.

When I woke from waking on the island, I realized: I had misused Wonton. The sweltering intensified. A beautiful young ____ encouraged me to remove the tan-from-my-tan. I obliged. Passion was next –

– heatstroke came in passion's place. I snapped out of whatever fantasy I was living in. I returned home, took off my shorts – there was a knock on my door. My "special" service had arrived (three-times per day – something about prostate health – I'll tell you more about the service later).

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

After they cleaned up with a towel, they went merrily on their way. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sleep came easy!

The following day, gym time was upon me. To my dismay, when I packed my gym bag: my black shorts were hiding inside.

To punish, I put them in the freezer.

That'll undoubtedly teach them.

The moral of the story: LOOK!

I'm confused.

After the gym, I went back to the Chinese restaurant, donning red shorts this time.

"With three wontons, please!"

Xanadu blared from the restaurant's stereo.

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:
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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.