

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
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DISSEMINATION - OVERDOSE
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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
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MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL
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MONDAY, APRIL 24, 2017
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I can't walk, verging on literally.

I tweaked my knee yesterday, Sunday – actually, on Saturday.

I ignored the pain, thinking it would subside. I hadn't worked out for a month – and then I did three relatively intense days in a row. It's been four-hours since I finished workout three – POOF – not happy – hobble, hobble.

Not to worry, I've had seven-knee surgeries; this is just a tweak. It will calm down in a day or two. Not only have I endured seven-knee, but I also collected more than five other various surgeries – not the best adult hobby to take up.

Bedtime – things will be better in the morning.

Things weren't. The pain intensified, scary, not only my knee but the heels of both feet.

Fuck. I don't want to whine. I want to cry. I know pain thresholds. My hobby schooled me on the subject. I'm at 7.5. I wince in agony with every step. Work is going to be hell.

PAIN = WALKING IN CHOPPY STEPS. ONE INCH AT A TIME.
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Fuck, sitting doesn't help. The pain is constant. I suggest putting your arm in a vice-grip squeeze –>more –>more –>more –>once the initial shock subsides, you will be left writhing in excruciating agony. Any more of a squeeze, passing out would be a wise choice.

At 5:30, we open the doors to our work world.

BACK UP THE PAIN TRAIN
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Before I continue, I feel the need to back up a bit on the pain train.

Walter's girlfriend died of an overdose a few weeks back, we were told by Walter.

He held her as she passed. A few hours later, he was in our office looking for work.

"I need work," he exclaimed.

Walter, when not fucking up, is a good worker. He's fucking up. Hours after her passing, he's looking for work – I have trouble comprehending.

He claims he's clean.

I want to believe his stories, but I have trouble with him looking for work mere hours after her passing.

Walter's anger grows.

He disappears for a few days.

He returns.

He's oblivious of the other workers in the room. He blames us for his hardships.

"You don't pay enough. I need the work."

He doesn't seem to care about anything but his situation.

He drops more of his frustration on us.

He layers it on thick.

I don't believe him.

I stop him mid-sentence.

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"Walter, it isn't fair for you to place everything in your life on our shoulders. You have no idea what is happening in our lives, yet; you keep dumping and dumping your traumas on us. I feel for you. I do. Get help. I don't have the credentials. I can't carry your weight."

He storms out the door, not before shouting:

"What's the worst thing that's ever happened to you: did your neighbour cheat on you?"

I haven't seen Walter since.

I must confront my neighbour.

BACK TO APRIL 24

Step - wince - step - wince - wince - wince – I wonder if anyone will notice.

Much like my cheating neighbour doesn't cheat, I know the answer: NO.

That makes me a little sad.

RM

Lindsay, do you think we are going to war with North Korea?

I take a moment to think before answering.

ME

No, I don't. I couldn't imagine the evil that would need to be present for anyone to make a decision that could wipe out millions upon millions of lives. And besides, if North Korea did anything, it would be suicidal. So, I don't think, regardless of how crazy the leader might be, he's suicidal.

A measured answer, *I think it was.*

RM

We should wipe them all out, both North and South.

I wince more.

ME

Fucking really, wipe them all out.

Why?

So, the world could be full of RMs?

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Wouldn't it be glorious if everyone was just like you?

I have words to describe what I think of RM's vulgar, disgusting statement. I'll choose not to use them now. I don't want to stoop.

MR serenades the room with:

They, they, they –

MR is equally disgusting.

We're sending him to a job in Richmond.

Richmond has a sizeable Chinese population: his THEY.

He asks me what I think of "THEY" – buying things in Canada.

I'm tired.

ME

MR, first off, my take on humanity is different than yours; I don't refer to anyone as they.

FROM THE BACKGROUND:

I spoke to a Chinese person. He told me gibberish, gibberish, gibberish. See –

MR

See, I'm right. He spoke to a Chinese person.

ME

So, your sources to prove whatever the fuck point you are trying to make is one person in a fucking temp agency. Dude, you need to change your sources.

MR

I know they can't drive.

ME

What do you drive?

That's what I thought.

This ignorance of thought has been added pain every day for almost twelve-years.

I'm sad. Nobody noticed I was struggling to walk (especially my coworkers), but somehow: they knew about my neighbour.

Compassion is difficult to maintain when people are damaged and looking to blame. At least, much of my sample is, damaged and looking to blame

I sit down.

The agony is still registering at 7.5.

I'm scared.

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I feel alone.

I don't want to whine.

Tomorrow will bring light.
TOMORROW WILL BRING LIGHT

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

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.