



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
ALL LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

press play
press play



DISSEMINATION - TRANSITIONING TO FILIPINO
DISSEMINATION - TRANSITIONING TO FILIPINO

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

MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL
MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL

DISSEMINATION - TRANSITIONING TO FILIPINO
DISSEMINATION - TRANSITIONING TO FILIPINO

TRANSITIONING TO FILIPINO
TRANSITIONING TO FILIPINO

TUESDAY
TUESDAY

Before I meander my way to Tuesday – it was time to soothe the unrelenting pain with sleep. Rest will undoubtedly bring calm.

Wrong.

I lay down.

What's happening?

Instead of resting, the pain intensified: 7.75 - 8 - 8.25 → 8.5. I cringe, squeezing my eyelids so hard I can feel permanent indentations forming around my eyes.

I shift from side-to-side, rolling in anguish.

Sleep is going to elude me.

My clock taunts me.

I calculate: if I fall asleep right now, I'll get –

Fifteen minutes before the alarm wakes me, I dose off with pain slamming through me.

The screeching wake-up call kills me.

I get up. I rise. I take a step, I can't, fucking walk. Tears roll down my cheek. I look at what was once my feet; they're now balloons.

I can't go to work.

I have no choice.

Pain is shattering my life.

My mind spins.

I never miss work.

Am I stupid?

The past year begins to race as the revolutions in my head become critical. I never miss a day.

Am I invisible?

Do I have to cloak my pain?

Three family members passed in eight-months in 2016. I haven't dealt with the losses. Walter said his girlfriend died, he showed up for work hours later, whereas my family

dramatically shrunk in numbers, and I show up—I don't know who to talk to, I don't want to appear weak.

When I find the courage to share my upset, "Work probably keeps your mind off things," is common—why would I want to forget loss?

Clipping family to my newfound pain isn't helping.

Three friends passed in 2016—although life took us to a place where we lost touch—two of them, for a time, considered me: BEST—I feign strength by not talking about the heartache.

4 WORKERS

JJ was twenty-three, was.

He overdosed.

He was a bright light.

The slippery after-work path he was on took him away.

CM was 50, was.

Pleasant always, respectful, appreciative of the work we provided him. He died just before Christmas.

Cause: unknown.

WF was 47, was.

I drove him to several jobs. Pleasant like Clarence, list of demons: undefined, maybe living.

Cause: unknown.

TZ was 55, was.

Gregarious, funny; touching the edge of comedy limits, rarely crossing; at times unpredictable, in a challenging way.

Cause: a high gone wrong.

Four workers—four months—lost—drifting into the shadows—known by us for years—backstories vacant.

Too much loss, I hide my feelings. I'm not the only one facing loss. I don't think ten—I mean: I know ten deaths are—

WEDNESDAY
WEDNESDAY

I make it past the morning rush, and I need to go to Emergency.

The phone rings.

One of our workers, a twenty-eight-year-old, is Jonesing at a workplace.

Sometimes I feel as if the whole world is floating in a fog where we've forgotten how to just care. Ten is a large number, and by no means do I take the weight of all of them on; survival depends on balancing life struggles. My family brings with it a mystery. Over several years, my friends disappeared into their lives. Workers are a daily challenge – but when they leave us – my heart sinks – I wonder how others cope.

On the phone is a Safety Officer; our worker was capable before lunch –> after –> motor functions were failing him.

The site wants him gone.

I'm forty-five minutes away.

I figure: the tweaking will end before I can make it.

They slide him into a cab, sending him on his way. He becomes the driver's burden. He comes down; he's, okay?

Four others weren't so fortunate, for two of them destiny found: in a poor choice.

HOSPITAL TIME
HOSPITAL TIME

A ten-minute walk takes forty-five. I have a problem: I like to pretend I'm stronger than I am. I also don't want to be diagnosed with anything serious, so; I'm not sure if I am honest with the medical professionals.

I hide the pain with a smile.

I'm fast-tracked.

The doctor examines me.

She says I have Plantar Fasciitis.

I'm instructed to load up on pain meds and be on my way.

I pop two pills.

The lingering pain begins to slip away.

I'm now at a manageable 4.5 on the agony scale; it's sad when 4.5 becomes manageable.

I push my mental anguish into a back corner. Hiding the number 10 from being dealt with – having dealt with years of workers dropping their issues on us – strangely, I tend to keep my book CLOSED – odd for a memoirist.

A young guy, YG, enters the office.

He's desperate for work.

His work history is looked up.

It's not good.

Three shifts: first, the super phoned to say he was useless; second, didn't make it to the job, "I sprained my ankle on the way" – *I can't fucking-walk, I'm here*; third, it doesn't matter, it wasn't a favourable review.

As his performance review is being explained to him, the look on his face is not new; I've seen it a thousand times. The words fall on deaf ears; his reality skewed – by his very existence.

And besides, you overdosed in front of our office. We had to slam needles in you to resuscitate you. So, we can't employ you.

His face turned flush; something was finally registering.

YG

I know, it was embarrassing.

I had been sitting at my desk silently wincing. With him uttering *embarrassment*, I needed to pipe in.

ME

Embarrassing, it was embarrassing – a funny choice of words? What were you going for: tweaking, twitching, chasing hallucinations, foaming, frothing – ?

It's only embarrassing when it reaches overdose?

We didn't send him to work.

I want him to get help.

I care.

But really, how does one care for something so prevalent?

Do I flip a coin to decide who's worthy of caring?

ALL: This is the answer regardless of heads or tails. But I can't; all are too many.

Several years ago, Vancouver City Council proposed removing the dumpsters from back laneways. They figured the removal would eliminate drug usage. The logic was stupid. Hey Johnny, do you want to go into the alley and bang needles in your arm with me? Well, I would, but they've removed the trash bins. So, I've decided to get a job instead. But we could crouch over there by that car — hey, where did you go? Problem solved: much cheaper than a WALL.

ENTER AB

AB is entertaining; maybe awkward would be a better descriptor.

AB is six-foot, shaved head, white-washed to the point of opaque; affably enjoyable.

After trimming his hair, he once came in; he had missed three or four patches. He didn't care.

He is also attempting to transition from pasty to Filipino.

He knows eleven-words of Tagalog.

He chirps them often.

It sounds dumb.

I know about eleven-words of Korean.

I don't have much chance to warble.

AB has found love twice on Christian Filipino (grifting) Dating Sites. The first was pure love: costing thousands until pure, ended. I pulled up a web search: 99% of these sites are scams. I printed a copy and gave it to AB. It angered him. I thought I was thoughtful.

In reality: I was being an asshole who was trying to be correct.

I looked over at his head. The patches brought a smile to my face.

He now has a new bride and several children; they'll meet, at least that's the plan one day.

JY is a co-worker. He is Filipino. AB will soon be more Filipino than JY.

JY

AB, why were you forty-minutes late for your job yesterday?

AB

I missed my stop, thinking about the *Philippines*, and I fell asleep.

Internally, I fell into a state of hysteria.

AB exits; JY approaches and drops some insight on me upon his departure.

I need to have a cigarette.

My breakfast was greasy.

The cig will wipe away the greasiness.

My hysteria turns critical.

On my way home, hmm Jamaica – snore – SMASH, light-standard no more.

I chase my pain with a beer and pills at a local watering hole. On my way home, I encounter an aggressive panhandler. He barks. “Give me money for food.”

I politely decline.

The panhandler raises his voice.

“Nobody has given me money in four-hours.”

The words spray from his lips.

I queue up a lecture. Some career advice, perhaps. But just before I’m to drop the mic, I catch my words and think lecturing would turn me into a huge asshole. I remain silent.

I don’t believe anyone has ever, when they’ve dreamt of their futures at a young age, dreamt of sitting on the sidewalk begging for –

I glanced down the laneway – dumpsters.

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.

387

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 – 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.

388

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.