

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE  
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DISSEMINATION - PENIS COOKIES  
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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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## PENIS COOKIES PENIS COOKIES

Sleep came easy. Well, with the help of painkillers + three melatonin.

Pain check = 3. Fasciitis: healing.

It's going to be a good day.

At work, the phone rings thousands of times. I hate the phone. It's a big part of our morning duties. We rarely allow it to ring twice. We do a stellar job.

"Your worker sucks," delivered in a harsh tone; it included several fucks and idiots. After minute-five of the verbal undressing, the caller paused.

Good morning ABC Enterprises, Lindsay speaking, how may I help you?

Fuck, fuck, fuck—idiots.

Not a problem, how about I replace the worker for you. Timmy must be having a bad day. ABC apologizes—We'll have the replacement there in twenty minutes.

The calls grow tiresome—twelve years into my career.

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### CW ENTERS CW ENTERS

If you recall, we fired him a month ago.

We gave him a final chance.

He did okay—and then disappeared.

Overdose sprang to mind.

It's sad: overdose is a reality of the working poor.

I repeat we do a stellar job. Most of our workers do as well. Many of our workers are struggling to make it through their days. I appreciate their efforts. I know too many people who refuse to work because I get the impression, they feel they are better than most jobs—or perhaps: they suffer from a mental infliction—Nah—mentally entitled.

Maybe I only know one—and the one I know; I don't really know.

CW

I've been in the hospital for the last month, pneumonia. Have you ever have had that garbage?

He's not believable.

ME

What hospital?

CW

Saint Paul's.

I still don't believe him, more on that in the future.

I think he's twenty. He has a propensity for alternative facts.

I make it through the day, mostly unscathed. My coworkers are great, a pleasure to work with; we have a non-toxic work environment amongst our team – a blessing.



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## FRIDAY NIGHT FRIDAY NIGHT

Okay, 4:30 PM, day shrinks rapidly into the night when you are up at 4 AM most days.

Time to visit the local watering hole –> I'm feeling beaten down; I will pretend otherwise.

Two drinks in, the regular Friday crew arrive. Some of the crew, vent their weekly challenges to anyone within earshot for twenty minutes.

*How was your week?*

Preacher Boy *asked*.

I say little.

My pain is bearable.

TIME TO LIGHTEN THE MOOD

I pull up a picture on my phone.

ME

“PREACHER BOY, 2G, Big in Japan, GJ: look at this, JL made penis cookies.”

PICTURE VIEWED – COMEDY COMPLETE

PREACHER BOY *takes a closer look*.

**PREACHER BOY**

Are those sugar cookies?

I laugh. **PREACHER BOY** doesn't appreciate the laughter.

**ME**

Aren't all cookies sugar cookies?

I smirk.

**PREACHER BOY** doesn't appreciate smirks.

**PREACHER BOY** goes off.

Cookies aren't all sugar. You do this all the time – I will never hear the end of this. Blah, blah, blah – fucking blah – I'm sick and tired. You think – fucking, bullshit, tired – unrelenting – blah –

**ME**

Is everything okay at home?

*It would've been funnier if you had asked if they were gluten-free.*

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**PREACHER BOY** apologized – sort of – he didn't have to.

Fast forward to yesterday and yesterday. **PREACHER BOY** approached 2G and me and asked us a question.

**HOW Y' ALL DOING?**

I laughed.

**PREACHER BOY** doesn't appreciate the laughter.

2G looks at me and asks if I want to answer first.

I was thinking the same thing.

**PREACHER BOY** doesn't enjoy the comedy.

I suggest that we are individuals; **PREACHER BOY** goes off.

Minutes later, he apologizes.

I think I may be a bully. I laugh.

## 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:

- 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.