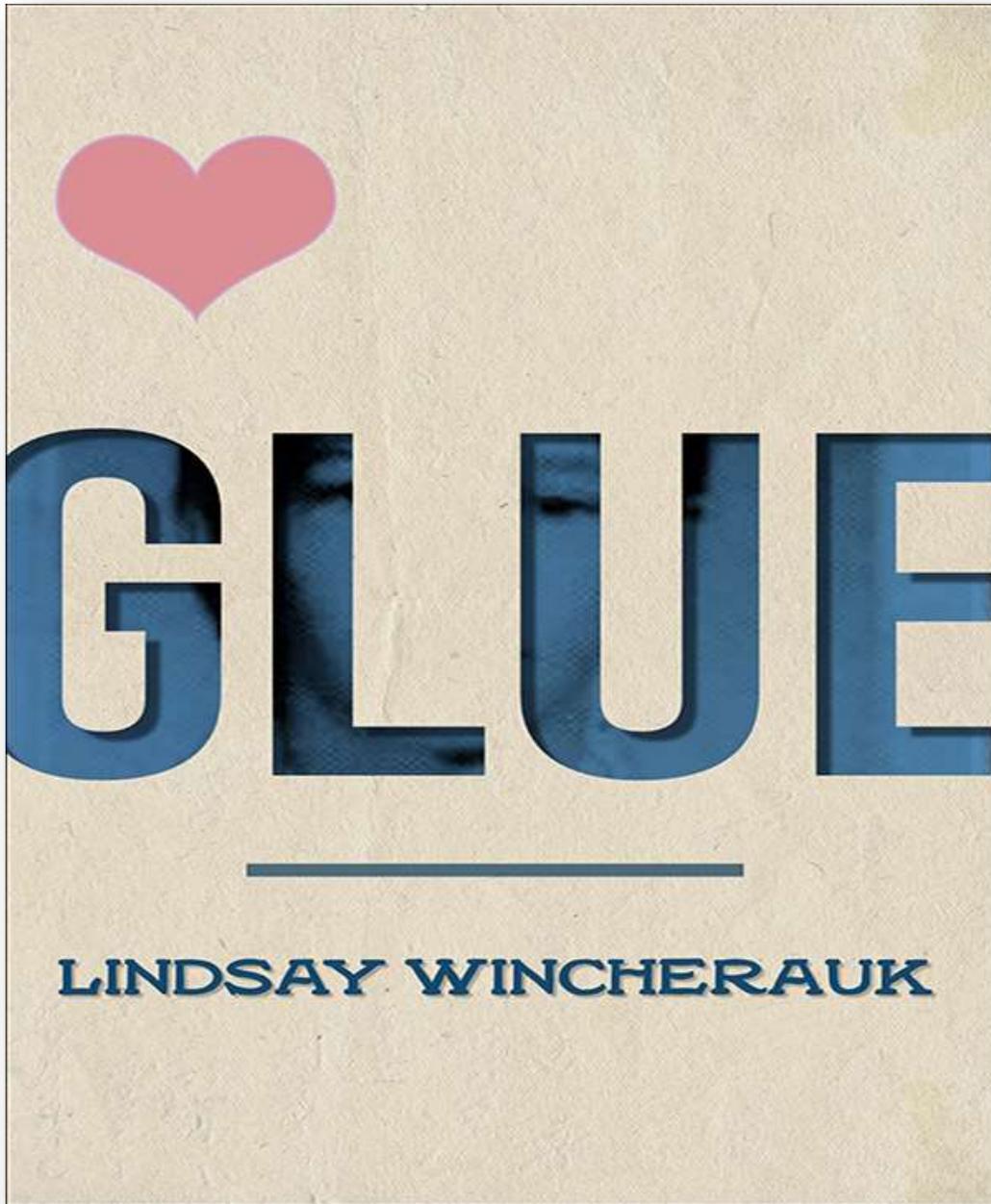


MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE



BEFORE FACING
BEFORE FACING

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



BEFORE FACING
BEFORE FACING

BEFORE FACING

A BRILLIANT FRIEND WRITES

In 2003, I asked my wonderful friend Greg Magas to chip in a chapter for my memoir **Russians, Clowns + Drag Queens**. I suggested he could write about absolutely anything.

He said yes.

Years passed.

After I performed 23.2 million revisions, the book was published as: **Driving in Reverse - The Life I Almost Missed (2017)**.

Greg sucks.

Greg's chapter was inserted. **Chapter 19** – sans words.

I asked Greg again to write a chapter for my next memoir: **Play**. The title has been changed to **Glue**.

Greg excitedly accepted my offer. And I completed the 2021 revision of the book.

I inserted Greg's, once again, wordless chapter.

Greg really does suck.

The moons kept rolling by, and I completed revision 3,039, Greg's **Chapter 19 1**, wordless.

I reached out to my indolent friend once more.

"Greg, **Chasing Neon**, my next book... I'd like more of your invisible insights. Will you write something?"

"You will. I'm stoked. It will be brilliant. It will give me a break from my insanity, + your words will shine a light on yours. Thank you!"

I jumped into the pool's deep end. I began holding my breath. I began counting. 31,363,200, 31,363,201, 31,363,202...

I blasted to the surface. I expelled gallons of water. I lost thirty-two pounds while counting. I was still alive. I'm the *best breath holder in swimming pool history* in the entire universe. I spat out another gallon of H₂O. *Eye* pried open. An email arrived from Greg. *He finally stopped sucking!*

CAN'T WE ALL JUST LIGHTEN UP A BIT!

GREG MAGAS

This rhetorical question seems to occur to me often these days. Perhaps, we should all take a minute and think about it. Sure, considering current events like terror attacks, suicide bombings in the Middle East, atomic weapons in the hands of people that just shouldn't have them, ethnic cleansing in Africa. GWB –at the helm– and a whack of other economic and social problems at home in North America, you might ask, "Why should we lighten up?"

After reading the first paragraph of Greg's prose, I closed my eyes and drifted into a deep sleep filled with phantasmagorical dreams spinning in a kaleidoscope of colours—mostly nightmares. I woke from my slumber drenched. I opened my eye(s) and to my dismay –

"Timmy, we've had a chance to examine your resume; it's impressive, awe-inspiring. We're impressed. Your credentials are the greatest ever. Big. Bold. Brilliant. There is only one thing concerning us: Everything you've listed...we checked... is bold-faced lies. Impressive, but embellishments. Timmy, we'd like to take a chance, but –"

"I don't understand; every word out of the President's mouth seems to be a lie. I thought lying was now okay. If he can do it, why can't I?"

"Well, Timmy, we can't have a liar working the drive-thru window."

I rolled into the fetal position. My dream skipped to a horde of topless damsels tossing rugby pants wearing dudes off the roofs of parking garages. I rolled over, opened my eyes; the President was an old man with orange hair.

You have no right to talk about the President like that – you're Canadian.

The President is an old man with orange hair, and thanks to him, I now know what auspices mean.

Back to Greg. If you find his world references dated, I'm sure you can insert current ones to replace the old ones.

RAPTORS!

Greg, may I take over for you? Together we can rework your words. I can? Great. Let's go. You're opening line, although poignant, is lazy. Sure, the world can be scary, but it is a fantastic wonderland filled with delusion for the most part.

Don't you just love a touch of fantasy?

How about this, instead of stating the obvious: terrorists, wars, disease...the fun stuff, I think all we need to know can be summed up by the following three events:

1. Langley, British Columbia, Canada (June 2019). The Pride Celebrations are kicking into gear around North America. A lady proudly hung a Pride flag on her home. A complaint was filed. The city removed her flag. She became rightfully outraged. The city apologized. She flew her flag again. When asked her opinion on the story, a neighbour, not the complainant, said, and I paraphrase, "The flag doesn't represent the feelings of everyone in our neighbourhood. I'm not comfortable with it flying. And, besides, I don't want it to change the way I feel about rainbow flags."

SERIOUSLY.

Whenever I see a rainbow flag, my mind sprints directly to visions of same-sex couples laying in a meadow, banging each other, repeatedly, occasionally with toys.

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2. The elevator of my building. Vancouver, British Columbia (June). Posted above the floor keys:

[**DO NOT THROW ANYTHING FROM A WINDOW OR BALCONY:** Items including cigarette butts, garbage and other inappropriate personal items have recently been thrown from the units' windows or balconies. **NOTHING:** should be thrown from windows or balconies.]

What's an appropriate personal item?

I reread the posting, I began quaking in laughter; I got off on the main floor, the building manager was in the lobby; he asked why I was laughing?

"Mr. Manager, I read the **DON'T THROW ANYTHING** notice. Can you tell me who the notice is for?" He looked at me blankly. I got back on the elevator. Rode up to my floor. Entered my apartment and immediately threw my sofa off my balcony.

3. The President is an orange-haired old man— who's default setting just might be lying.

HOW CAN WE NOT LAUGH AT THE ABSURDITY OF LIVING?

Perhaps, I should remove the question mark from the last sentence. I think it may be rhetorical. The world is a cornucopia of hilarity. Laughing at it might be the key to survival.

Greg, these are your thoughts; I'm just flushing them out, laugh – giggle – hoot!

Let's go for a walk.

Greg, you say the world is not providing material to laugh at. Open your eyes. You say we complicate things. I agree. The only thing we're supposed to be getting is being kind is paramount to the health and well-being of everyone on this fucking planet. But, instead, some with perhaps *less-than-our-best-interests-at-heart* world leaders seem to believe it is better for them if we are divided.

WHY THE FUCK DO WARS STILL EXIST?

You're naïve. People want to fuck with our way of life.

Oh, please, who the fuck, are you? And why are you writing in my book? I may choose to be naïve, but I also decided to allow my gullibility to allow me to strongly believe most people in this big, glorious world are trying to get through their days with food on the table, and hopefully, love in the heart.

You're incredibly naïve. Look over there. Those people. They are coming to fuck us up.

Enough already, get out of my book. You're an idiot. Do you really believe twenty-five-million oppressed, malnourished North Koreans will make the eleven-hour flight to North America and turn our lives upside down? Can I offer you a sip of Kool-Aid?

If only we could stop the flow of Mexican drugs into our lands, *then and only then* we could stop Timmy in Ohio from experimenting. If only we had a wall, *then and only then*, the ever-increasing gaps between the wealthy and everyone else would disappear, and those of us who are struggling to survive wouldn't be tempted by Mexican drugs. So, thank you, WALL – you cured Mary and John's opioid addiction, the birds once again are chirping a heart-warming melody, and UTOPIA is once again upon us.

"What's that John, you found Timmy cooking meth in the garage. Hmm, odd, is our son Mexican?"

I don't think you should be allowed to vote unless you've travelled to another country.

Why?

Because, when we travel, we realize politicians lie – Coca-Cola + McDonald’s taste the same in every nation. Fuck, Coca-Cola + McDonald’s taste the same in every country – hey, aren’t *they* stealing our way – ?

If only there was a WALL; then and only then, corporate immigrants could be stopped spreading their –

And if there was a WALL, maybe we could stop the contestants racing around the globe in pursuit of \$1 million on the Amazing Race – from running around the world being ugly...North Americans.

“You have a beautiful country! Do you speak English? We’re in a hurry, non-speaking English cab driver, we’re racing for \$1 million...hurry; we are in a fucking race. What’s in it for you, you get to be on a show you’ll never see with us yelling at you. Cool, right?”

Maybe the show should be called:

GREED PURSUING AMERICANS BELITTLING PEOPLE IN OTHER COUNTRIES

I digress.

Isn’t a little digression – a good thing?

Let’s get back to Greg, shall we?

Have you ever been grunted?

GREG SAYS

Life is short, so stop wasting time thinking about what you should say or do and then regretting not having said or done it.

What’s that? Do you think your life sucks?

I agree, Mr. G; life is fucking hard. Nobody told us we must do it daily. I hope a Mexican trips through my pad with gummy bears. Special Mexican gummy bears. *Tasty. Apple flavoured.* I think I’ll turn on the tube and watch Chicago Med.

Interestingly, the characters have stopped acting for each other and started reading their lines directly to me. Fuck, they are giving me life lessons. Stop it. Act with the other actors.

Why are you talking to me?

The other doctors need you. Damn it, I got to take a leak.

Oh no, my bathroom is nine steps away. *The air is sure colourful.* I must pee. I feel wobbly. Better sit down. Maybe I could slide off the chesterfield...*I just typed chesterfield... perhaps I should take my shoes to the cobbler...* I should possibly slide off the couch and roll to the bathroom. Nah.

The actors have more to say.

I'll wait.

Thank you, tasty Mexican gummy bear!

Back to life is a beautiful tapestry of sucking.

LIFE SUCKING SOME OF THE TIME = INEVITABLE

Greg and I would suggest it is best not to slip into bouts of self-pity or treat others with disdain. We strongly advocate life-sucking is directly correlated to the cards we're dealt at any given time, and the level of suckiness (new word) is relative. You may think you've reached the pinnacle of suckiness, but unless you truly have, some people might be willing to give their left kidney to trade their problems for yours.

Take a deep breath.

There, much better.

When you find your life in the throes of suckiness, never ever, ever, discount the importance of what you're going through; talk about your challenges. *You must talk about your challenges.* That's how we grow.

Eating nutritiously in youth also promotes growth.

Once upon a time, Greg called me from his bathtub in Germany. He said he was having a shitty day. He discounted his feeling by telling me, "As I exited the subway car, a man with one leg and crutches got on. Then my problems didn't seem so big after all."

I YELLED IN ALL CAPS.

I proposed he might be on *crack*, probably not Mexican *crack*.

"Greg, just because you saw a one-legged man does not negate your need to vent. *If the man only had one arm, there is a chance he's the real killer. I think I may be channelling a scene from The Fugitive.* Being healthy and full-limbed are great things and should not be discounted. Health should be cherished. You never know how fleeting the health window is?

SUFFERING A STROKE BLOWS. SURVIVING IT: A BLESSING.

Our challenges define us—ignoring them is a sure way of damaging or even destroying them. It is imperative we vent and discuss *whatever-the-fuck* is going on in life. Turning pain into comedy may be vital cogs in preserving sanity!

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

GLUE is about taking the cards dealt, dealing with them, playing them, sharing them, and finding a compartment to store them in where they don't become all-consuming. We must laugh at life. The stories cobbled together in these pages are taken from my life – I am positive they are more significant than “I” – that is what compels me to continue to type.

TRAGEDY, SAUTÉED WITH COMEDY = LIVING

Thank you, Greg, for sharing your words. I hope you don't mind I took the liberty of eviscerating (revising) them!

Greg doesn't really suck. I'm lucky to have him as a dear friend. He bathed me once after I suffered a tequila fuelled birthday disaster. If that's not friendship, I don't know what is.

The President of the United States is an orange-haired old man, I think we need to laugh.

No gummy bears were consumed during the penning of this chapter.

WHY ARE YOU TALKING TO ME SMILEY FACE?



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:

- 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.