



# 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 - SCRATCH + SNIFF  
DISSEMINATION - SCRATCH + SNIFF

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 - SCRATCH + SNIFF  
DISSEMINATION - SCRATCH + SNIFF

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SCRATCH + SNIFF  
SCRATCH + SNIFF

THE WEEKEND  
THE WEEKEND

Saturday morning slaps me awake at 5:30.

Good morning, Lindsay; I'm back.

I hope you enjoy my stay.

Excuse me?

**PAIN**  
PAIN

I'm PAIN. I'm here to torment you.

PAIN was right. I don't think I'm suffering from Plantar Fasciitis. Imagine a giant rolling pin rolling over your body in a wave-like fashion—pressure nearing unbearable—stopping at each joint for an hour or two—then waving to the next joint and repeating the pause. The pain is no longer on my heels and knees. The tide starts at my ankles, moves to my knees - hips - elbows - wrists - shoulders - affecting my brain as I am scared by the storm raging through me. I kid you not.

The thing is: it's more like a steamroller.



After a painful stop on my shoulders, the tide washes out over my body back down to my feet. PAIN is skilled in its quest. My feet resemble Reebok sneakers requiring a pump.

I sit down to write.

I work on my website.

I love my site.

But much like anyone creative, as soon as I create, I feel a sense of loss. There is a moment where accomplishment is followed by what's next?

I don't think I'm the only one who feels this way. If I am: I'm troubled. I know I'm not. I'm okay.

I feel frustrated with the slug-like pace of the production process of my memoir. The final proofreading phase seems to be taking an eternity. I have dropped hints on the release date to as many people as possible. However, I don't want to promote too much. Some people are starting to think: the book doesn't exist.

Am I delusional thinking anyone is waiting?

Yes.

Back to the pain: I limp my way through the day. The most potent over-the-counter pain medicine is not working. Mid-afternoon, I decide beer might help. I feel like crap. I need to escape my agony.

The weeks are never all bad. I meet a traveller from San Diego, LM, for story's sake as I sip my beer. An acquaintance is schooling LM on the history of pretty much everything.

The acquaintance could be called GOOGLE – everyone knows one. LM seems to be enjoying the lesson. I am a background character, not a participant in the conversation except for "Enjoy Vancouver."

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It is time for LM to depart.

He hugs me and asks for my Facebook.

LM leaves.

Within fifteen-minutes, I start receiving messages.

Apparently, I'm smoking hot.

And –

The next time in Vancouver: I want to get "really" to know you.

I'm flattered.

I blush.

I'm super hot.

I laugh.

2G plops down on the stool next to me. The laughter is about to increase, and my pain is about to be crushed – for a few minutes.

An attractive young lady settles beside me, to my right.

I love your shaved head, and you are a hot man.

I have several pictures of myself which prove otherwise.

Thank you.

She continues.

You smell amazing. What are you wearing? You don't know? Was it a gift? Oh my, your jacket is fantastic. Was it also a gift? Your glasses case – your legs – your –

As much as pain can take a relaxation break, the pain is resting. I'm blushing. But I can't escape the way I'm feeling.

She waves her boyfriend over; they are from San Diego.

She whispers in his ear.

He presses his nose against my neck.

He scratches.

He sniffs.

"You smell exquisite."

My skin crawls, I blush more.

I rolled to the washroom, and when I returned, the lovely San Diego couple have already exited the pub – I felt relief.

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## 2G SAYS

You do know they were trying to pick you up?

You don't say.

I flashback to Wednesday: I'm driving a worker to a worksite. He's from Saipan, on the continent of Oceania, close to the Philippines.

Our conversation during the drive was pleasant.

Halfway to the site, he states –

You have a fantastic voice – absolutely fabulous.

I blush.

I'm thankful for the kind words of San Diego, Saipan, and the flirtatious advances of the San Diego couple. If the pain wasn't unrelenting –

## SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 2017

Sunday, April 30<sup>th</sup> – sucks – I'm hitting 7.5. The steamroller has stalled at my ankles, wrists, and hips. Walking is not enjoyable.

I'm becoming grumpy.

MONDAY  
MONDAY

I was going to stop this chapter at the weekend but have decided to press on.

Elbows - wrists - ankles = 7.5.

Work sucks because I'm struggling.

I tell my co-worker SK that it's almost as if I'm working out different body parts with the pain shifting daily. So, tomorrow's shoulders day, I tell him.

He laughs.

TUESDAY  
TUESDAY

Shoulders - knees - elbows - wrists = 7.5 Feet filled with helium.

Bedtime arrives.

I pop painkillers and melatonin.

They don't help.

The pain had moved to my elbows.

The pain had reached 9.

Sleep was not to be.

The pain was shooting from my left elbow to my wrist.

I was trying not to freak out.

I tell my friend JL: I think I need to go to the hospital. JL offers to come with me. I pack gear for an overnight stay.

Something is wrong. I'm scared.

We arrive at St Paul's at 10:30 PM. No line-up. I'm fast-tracked. I get to the fast-track waiting area. Immediately, I understood why CW blurted out St Paul's when challenged about his hospital stay.

In the waiting area is a collection of the living dead.

1  
1

An incredibly drunk and otherwise altered man who happened to be native.

He reeks of alcohol and the sewer.

He's zooming.

He eats a banana throwing the peel on the floor.

2

Another man with a massive burn or birthmark on his face. Is standing in front of the nurse's station. His eyes are fixated straight ahead, staring into the souls of the nurses. He perpetually rocks back and forth. I'm confident he will still be standing in the same spot – weeks later.

3

There's this enormous woman who's pacing back and forth. Her pacing is annoying. Every few minutes, she pauses next to the rocker and glares into the station – every few minutes.

4

A man in a scooter offers everyone in the waiting area bottled water. He has breathing apparatus in his nostrils. The altered native accepts, guzzles the water, and begins squeezing the bottle repeatedly until it makes a cracking sound.

He likes the crackling of the plastic.

He keeps crunching.

He lies down on my feet.

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The large lady gets the attention of the nurse. She explains that she matters more than everyone else in the waiting area. It doesn't work. She paces away. A few minutes later, she tells the nurse she is more important than everyone else. It takes three times – the nurse tires – the large lady is allowed to skip the queue – angering me.

Mr. Birth Mark is still rocking.

Mr. Altered is drooling.

Mr. Scooter is engaged in a conversation with another patient about the glory days of crack cocaine, "It's not as good as it used to be –" he says, " –I stopped doing the shit." His audience agrees.

JL brings me a mask.

It's my turn.

In the examination area, I take a chair. The inebriated native is in the chair beside me. I've come prepared: medical history, symptoms, previous operations, nutrition +++

They give the native man a needle, and the Doctor explains that this should bring him back to life.

He drops another needle out of his pocket.

It falls at my feet.

My mask won't save me.

The Doctor administers something called Dilaudid and sends him on his way. He's replaced by someone higher than he was.

CW  
CW

St Paul's

I think I understand.

Doctor, I'm scared. These are my symptoms.

I've prepared —

You're not interested —

I took pictures of my feet.

Here —

*That's normal. My feet swell at the end of most days, the Doctor says.*

MINE DON'T  
MINE DON'T

I sometimes feel as if my throat is closing. There have even been a few occasions where I can't eat and begin vomiting. Sometimes my neck stiffens.

DOC

My neck gets stiff sometimes as well. It's nothing to worry about.

WHY AM I WORRYING THEN?  
WHY AM I WORRYING THEN?

Frustration has made my pain take a break.

The Doctor wiggles my arms.

I don't wince.

A nurse cranks a needle into Mr. High.

You have Plantar Fasciitis.  
It seems to be getting better.  
You should go home.  
I kid you not.

What is a good reason to go to the hospital; apparently, LEVEL 9 is not?

**TOTAL HOSPITAL TIME = THREE HOURS**

**DIAGNOSIS = GO HOME**

**JL fumes.**

I don't sleep. I go to work. After work, I make an appointment for the following day to see my Doctor.

### HUMPDAY HOWBDAY

Doc, I prepared my medical history. Okay, these are my symptoms and pain level. I'm worried.

Dr. Montgomery is fantastic and asks me if the pain is on both heels.

You don't have Plantar Fasciitis. The pain never (rarely) happens in both feet simultaneously. And the pain wouldn't be coursing through your body.

He orders a battery of tests for the following day.

He schedules another appointment for Saturday.

I feel better – like he cares.

### SATURDAY, MAY 6 SATURDAY, MAY 6

Lindsay, everything is good: cholesterol, kidney, heart, liver, no osteoporosis – but one of the blood tests came back bad. Normal is less than three. You scored eighty-five. What's going on is your immune system thinks something is attacking your joints – so it is fighting something that isn't there. The pain will continue to be symmetrically moving from joint to joint. So, you need to see a specialist. It can take up to six-months, but I will try to get you in faster with your high number.

Is my Plantar Fasciitis cured? Is there anything I could've done to avoid this?

He chuckled before saying –

No, it's just the luck of the cards. I could be inflicted with the same thing tomorrow.

Later, I went out for a few pops. Friends asked me about the Doctor. I told them what he said. Then, as only friends who don't realize their means of caring aren't comforting, they tried to pinpoint my infliction. I'd like them to shut up.

It may just be me, but medical information is a private matter. Sure, I shared, my joints are being ravaged by a phantom ailment – much like the cookies were the end of the joke – a bar diagnosis of my condition wasn't warranted, nor did the attempt--make me feel better.

So, when a friend is upset about health, it's okay just to listen!

Now, would you like a little sniff?

I booked The Specialist: In less than a month – I'm not sure if that brings with it comfort.

## 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.