



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
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press play
press play



DISSEMINATION - DEMON CHASER
DISSEMINATION - DEMON CHASER

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 - DEMON CHASER
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DEMON CHASER



FRIDAY, MAY 26, 2017
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O MG, **JIM**, that's your argument: 'they're racist right back at us?' Please, for centuries, the USA has been plagued with systemic racism. Ghettos became home for most blacks, by force, identities stripped away, and the best you've got is they're –

Us, poor whites, maybe at the worst we faced: was being called a cracker or honky. We've had it tough. I've never once cowered in fear when being pulled over by the police. For some, I think it may be life or death. The only oppression I've ever faced: financial.

JIM and I often discuss sensitive subjects. We discuss – civilly. **JIM** used to be the mayor of a small town – relevance to the story: none.

In the words of DL Hughley (paraphrased): I can't believe anyone could've voted for Trump, especially anyone with pre-existing health conditions, say, like diabetes. To vote for Trump: those people must hate blacks more than they like their feet. During the election campaign, the GOP even tried to convince America that the poor forgotten Whites were so hard done that they couldn't find jobs. It worked. The reality: In America, if a White person doesn't have a job – they wasted a four-hundred-year head start.

With **JIM**, myself, and Robert having resolved the simple concept of *racism*: it was time to chase demons.

Joe smelled bad.

Joe was tipsy, stumbling toward drunk.

Joe wanted conversation.

Joe picked me to accost.

Shamefully, I had moved my personal belongings toward **JIM**, and I had judged Joe.

Joe

Sorry if I'm butting into your conversation.

His voice quaked as he whispered in my ear —

I need to take a leak. I don't trust the guy next to me. Can you watch my stuff?

After he returned from the washroom, he continued to barge —

I've done two tours in Afghanistan. I've been killing since I was sixteen. The military is forcing me to retire after my next tour, my last tour: Korea and the Vatican. I'm shipping out tomorrow.

He paused, and his voice cracked more.

I'm in Vancouver visiting my daughter. She's a ballerina, she teaches.

He paused once again.

His voice dropped, scratching the floor.

His eyes began to water.

I had a second daughter. She became the victim of rape and murder.

I felt his grief.

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I believed his story.

I couldn't escape his stench.

I want him to leave.

The barkeep delivers his tab. He pays with a credit card. Shamefully, I drop an ounce of judgment. I still want him to leave. Our friendship's complete.

Joe

Can I buy you and JIM drinks?

I cringe. I decline the offer. Crap, I realize: Joe's staying.

ME

You know North Korea and the Vatican are —?

Joe

I'm rich. I have more money than I'll ever need. When I turned eighteen, the society gave me \$1.3 million - I've turned it into twenty-times that amount. I own several properties in Vancouver.

His story is a broth of fascinating - fiction - non-fiction - fiction - or bat-shit-crazy?

I like you. You're a strong, wise, caring man.

ME

Thank you.

I consider doing push-ups.

Joe

I'm a sniper. I have 386 kills.

ME

Lost for words, I try to relate.

My friend JL could hit 18 of 20 targets from 500m when he was in the Korean Military.

Joe

1500m – 2000m or more – 386 kills – the most in US military history.

Joe is believable. I'd still prefer him to leave.

I pick the \$50 bill off the floor and hand it to Joe.

Joe

You're honest, to boot.

I feel a shift in the conversation.

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You will never worry again.

I'm a Banshee, a devil chaser.

You are a stellar man.

One of the best I've met. Believe it.

Joe

His eyes pierce into my soul.

You're yummy. Hug me?

I oblige, and Joe kissed my cheek.

I glance to my right; a demon has entered the bar, stalking, dark, disturbing.

PREACHER BOY takes the baton, Joe begins to saunter away, stage right; he stops and taps my shoulder.

Joe

I'll talk to you soon.

His nostrils flared.

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

Damn, you even smell good. You'll never worry about money again. You are an amazing man, believe it. I've been sent to tell you that.

By the time I stroke the next word of this story (Joe), I will be heading to Korea + the Vatican (?) –Joe has our back in the spectral realms!

I'm yummy, I believe!



My pain has settled at **5ish** as it continues rolling from joint-to-joint. It has pushed upward to my temples. It feels like a flash-frozen vice clamped onto my skull and cranked repeatedly. It's +20 Celsius.

On Tuesday I see The Specialist. I must tell him about my brain clamp. Maybe, I'll just smile.

**JUST BECAUSE YOU THINK
SOMEONE IS BEING RACIST TOWARD YOU
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PARTICIPATE**

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.