



# GLUE GLOE



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 - DEMON CAUGHT  
DISSEMINATION - DEMON CAUGHT

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 - DEMON CAUGHT  
DISSEMINATION - DEMON CAUGHT

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AT

DEMON CAUGHT  
DEMON CAUGHT

In Joe's absence, I glanced right again. The ominous character I noticed before is scanning the room. He's dressed in black. He's heavily armed.

My chest begins to pound.

The man raises a gun.

He fires twice toward the bar.

A barkeep + a bartender collapses to the floor. Their blood spatters against the backsplash, drawing legs on the bar mirror, staining Smirnoff bottles, and then dripping to the floor, covering the victims in their plasma.

I scramble with PREACHER BOY toward the electronic dartboards. We pull them away from the wall and cower behind them.

The Demon calmly turns toward the upper seating area. He releases round-after round toward 2G and British J. Magically, the bullets whiz past them, taking out three passersby on the street. Three people on the patio are also critically wounded.

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2G and British J rise from their seats and walk past the masked man. As they pass the assailant, British J, oblivious to the horror around him, drops with a hint of British inflection –

*We're going for a beer.*

The Demon whispers back –

*Enjoy.*

Today is the day PREACHER BOY, and I are about to die, at least, we assumed.

The Gunman refocuses. He turns toward the bar, unleashing two rounds. Sitting at the bar, Nelly J is repeatedly shredded by hot lead. I gasp. I then remember a conversation Nelly and I had long ago – a conversation Nelly wasn't part of, one where his prying ways eavesdropped.

NELLY (flashback)  
NELLY (flashback)

*I overheard you talking to someone yesterday. You'd think adoption should be taken seriously. You think there need to be stringent requirements. You believe gays shouldn't be able to adopt just because – what are you: a Nazi?*

Nelly's corpse slumped onto the bar with his head falling into his hands as if he was resting through grade school detention. The wounds on his body spelt: ASSHOLE.

The second-round ends John G. I flashed back again, three years ago.

**ME**

*Hey, JOHN G, you just returned from South America. That's fantastic. I think it is cool you travel alone, courageous.*

**JOHN G** turns casually and looks directly at me.

*I wish you were dead.*

Despite my pending doom, I smiled, looked at their dismantled bodies and thought: Huh, oh well. If I spoke French, I might have thought: Say-la-vee.

The Gunman's eye's oozed fire. He reached over Nelly and grabbed a chicken wing, reloaded, grabbed another chunk of bird, dipped it into one of Nelly's gaping wounds. He then devoured it, ripping the meat from his bones with his teeth.

PREACHER BOY and I were next. PREACHER BOY panicked in bravery. He jumped out from behind the dartboards, squared his stance –

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## FLASHBACK FLASHBACK

PREACHER BOY has become a dart-junkie. When he first took up the game, he'd hit the bank machine to the left of the dartboards more than he'd hit the boards; one-hundred-eighty, not.

He never gave up.

He never wished I'd die.

He's improved dramatically.

I told him if we played – I'd slaughter him.

One week before this dreadful day, we played: 501 - Double In - Masters Out; **PREACHER BOY** destroyed me 501 to 0.

PREACHER BOY fired a dart at the attacker scoring a direct hit to his juggler, saving our lives!

Blood was about to pour from the DEMONS wounds; no blood flowed – the dart bounced off him.

The Demon fired at PREACHER BOY. The bullet sliced through his groin. PREACHER BOY collapsed, grasping his leg, squealing in agony. PREACHER BOY extended his left hand toward me to hand me his last two darts. I snatched them from his hand. I stared at

PREACHER BOY's tear-filled eyes and mouthed: *Plastic tips.*

I felt a hand draped over my shoulder. It startled me, causing me to smash my head into the backside of a dartboard.

My heart momentarily stopped.

Sweat dripped from my chin.

I turned, expecting that my destiny had arrived.

**ME**

*Joe, how, you left? Where'd you come from?*

**Joe**

*I heard the popping sounds of engagement echoing in the air from one block away. I knew the Demon had arrived. I needed to return, to chase. Don't worry; I've got your back.*

The Demon fired in our direction; his first three shots hit: double-twenty; triple twenty; and triple-twenty – one-hundred-sixty!

Joe cracked open a small bag, no larger than a shaving bag. He pulled out ten pieces of gear from the bag, snapping them together. Upon completion, he was sporting a sniper's rifle. I looked inside the bag. It contained only one bullet.

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Anguish began breaking on my face.

**Joe**

*Don't worry, I never miss.*

Joe cupped his right hand over his right ear and began speaking to –

General, I don't have a clean shot. General, I won't miss I don't want anyone else to perish. General, no, no, no, fire.

His face became orgasmic as he squeezed the trigger.

The single bullet cut through the air rotating in slow-motion, entering JOHN G's right ear – exploding out his left.

The brain-mattered soaked bullet then entered Nelly J's right ear – exploding out his left ear, splashing brain matter all over the Demon, before carving into his heart – a direct hit!

The DEMON collapsed violently headfirst into the bar and slithered down to the floor. His blood is staining the hardwood. Happily, this was to be his final resting place. He had met his maker, a maker who exorcised his terror.

**TERMINATED**  
TERMINATED

I turned to thank Joe.

He'd stored his weapon.

He was walking through the back corridor.

He paused.

**Joe**

*Demon exterminated: Number 387! I was never here.*

In a heartbeat, Joe vacated the premises.

PREACHER BOY picked himself off the floor. His wound had healed. Together we ambled over the Demon's dead corpse. PREACHER BOY crouched down and clasped the Demon's mask with his right hand. He ripped it off his face like pulling a band-aid from an old wound. We could hear flesh tear from the Demon's face. PREACHER BOY looked up at me, terrified.

**PREACHER BOY**

*Military (\_\_\_\_) – masters out!*

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I pulled back and fired a dart at PREACHER BOY. It bounced off him and bounded into the blooded mess below.

**SATURDAY MOURNING – NOT – MORNING**  
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## WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK? 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:  
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- 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.