

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
ALL FILE ON THE 2022 LIFE → GLUE



DISSEMINATION - FHCK
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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
press play



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MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL
MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL

DISSEMINATION - FHCK
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FHCK
FHCK

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

KJ (Kieran) couldn't snap a finger on where or when they met. Taran plopped down to Kieran's left onto a sofa in the chill-out room of a legal drug den. Where, well, for the most part, the authorities choose to look the other way.

The dense air filled with the aroma of high. Vision blurred. The occupants of chill were drifting in and out of flux and euphoria.

Sexual tension floated in the toxicity of the fragrant air. Kieran and Taran stared intensely into each other's clouded eyes; connection found.

What's your name? Taran, hello Taran, I'm Kieran. I love it: we both have unisex names!

Kieran flashed to the past, to a dream, a fantasy where waves lapped over Kieran's taut body. Kieran's breathing became shallow; expiration was soon to come. In the vision, Taran hovered above—and when Kieran was on the verge of expiring, Taran breathed air into Kieran's mouth, snapping Kieran back to life.

The music pulsed. Kieran and Taran became locked in a kiss. Kieran pulled a flap of white powder out of a pocket (left), then reached into the other pocket (right), pulling out a pen cap. Their kiss intensified with Kieran's tongue probing Taran's accepting mouth. Kieran felt loved, maybe for the first time.

Kieran is five-five, with sinewy delicate curves—defined, but not hard, delicious. Kieran's svelte body gave an illusion of height.

Taran lifted the pen cap, filled it with powder, placing it under the left nostril, and sniffed, sucking the wonder-dust into the nasal cavity. Then, dipped the lid into the flap and raised it to Kieran's nose. Kieran snorted. They were both about to elevate.

The music slowed.

Tell me when it kicks in—they faded out and in, feeling the chemicals burn in their bloodstreams. Another beat dropped.

Kieran ripped open Taran's shirt.

With Kieran's right hand, Kieran cupped Taran's left breast.

Kieran's tongue darted over Taran's hardened nipples.

Taran heaved.

Their bodies melted into one, burning with desire.

Tell me when it kicks in – I feel the chemicals burn –

Pinwheels filled the room spinning frantically, colours intensifying with each rotation – carnal became the quest of the place.

Kieran moaned, torso raising off the sofa – close to exploding.

Kieran

How do I know you?

Taran's soulful brown eyes screamed out here + forever.

I feel the chemicals burn in my bloodstream. Is this how it ends?

A warm rush flowed through their bodies. The chemicals were kicking in – they retreated to the washroom in the back of the drug den. They were about to swallow each other's love. They entered a stall. Their eyes flashed in and out of focus. When they opened their eyes, they found a stranger standing next to them, unisex as well; named **JT**. JT had faded in.

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The walls dripped with sweat. Pen cap filled, one, two, three, bumps.

JT mouthed –

I'll watch. I'll tell you when it kicks in – can you feel –

Kieran mouth pressed violently against **Taran's** lips. Taran's lips tasted of ocean salt and were flavoured with the toxicity of Ketamine.

I'll just watch.

Taran lowered onto the toilet's seat with **Kieran's** tight waist directly in front of **Taran**. **Taran's** mouth pressed against **Kieran's** strained pants.

Taran lowered **Kieran's** pants. **Taran's** tongue brushed over – sending **Kieran** into orbit.

Sweat dripped from **Kieran's** forehead splashing onto **Taran's** tongue. Pleasure-filled-waves rolled through their sweat covered bodies. **JT** delicately stroked their backs.

I'll just watch.

FADING AWAY
FADING AWAY

Taran's tongue slowly rolled across **Kieran's** midsection. **Kieran** lifted **Taran's** taught body off the seat – thrusting their bodies together. They pulsed in time to the music.

Taran penetrated **Kieran**. The thrusts mirrored the beat moving from slow to fast – they collapsed, spent in the throes of passion.

JT looked away.

In the chill-out room, they struggled to regain composure. The room spun in a pixilated blur. **Kieran** looked left, right, left, and then slipped into a passionate kiss.

This is how it ends. This is when it kicks in – fading out and in, I feel –

JD faded out.

Kieran looked over **Taran's** shoulder. **JD's** eyes focused on the couple behind **Taran**.

THEY WERE FUCKING
THEY WERE FUCKING

Pleasure dripped from the chill-rooms walls. **Kieran** became transfixed on the male of the fucking couple's eyes. **Kieran** became submerged in a deep blue sea with hundreds of frantic people searching the shallow crystal-clear blue waters. **Kieran** could hear "**Kieran**" being screamed out. The stranger blinked. When **Kieran's** eyes flashed open **Taran** was diving into the water for what would soon become forever more.

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JT filled the cap with powder taking an overflowing bump.

I'll just watch.

Kieran and **Taran** both knew they'd meet again!

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 14, 2017
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THE SPECIALIST
THE SPECIALIST

It was my second visit to my family-doctor-appointed specialist, Dr. Chan. Unlike St Paul's, no drug-addled human would be stealing the doctor's attention.

You don't have Plantar Fasciitis.

My pain sat at a constant seven, ripping back and forth from my knees to my brain.

This is probably: how it ends.

Dr. Chan wiggled, prodded; and then determined –

I don't think you have Rheumatoid Arthritis – but you have something attacking your immune system. I need to drain your blood. What kind of harsh addictive prescription would you like until we get to the bottom of this?

FLASHBACKS
FLASHBACKS

I sat in the passenger seat of my sexy red Fiat convertible, my friend Wes behind the wheel. I placed my feet on the dash. While stopped at a light, an intoxicatingly beautiful woman in the heavenly vehicle to our right blew me a kiss; and then licked her lips.

You have the most beautiful feet I've ever seen, she shouted out her window.

SURVEY COMPLETE
SURVEY COMPLETE

I have beautiful feet.

Foot beauty had left me ever since my currently undiagnose-able phantom-ailment tripled my foot size.

Do you know what they say about big feet?

I popped four pills – it's kicking in.

BACK TO THE SPECIALIST
BACK TO THE SPECIALIST

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Lindsay, I think you have a rare disease called *Sarcoidosis*, the luck of the draw. Chances are it will vacate you on its own; without rhyme or reason, let's monitor it closely for a few months. Imagine a French-fry being dragged slowly through a lake of ketchup. That's what's happening inside you. If it doesn't fade "out," more than "in," I'll change the chemicals burning in your bloodstream; if that fails, well, we may need to do some transplanting.

Great, I don't have RA or PF!

Hopefully, I get to keep my organs, at least the vital ones.

FLASHBACK
FLASHBACK

My sexy red Fiat convertibles last days with me, it would only turn left. So, I took it to St Paul's. I stuffed several needles in the glove box.

I popped two pills.

THE NEXT DAY
THE NEXT DAY

Maybe I should write a song about *Sarcoidosis*.

I took a long, pleasurable draw on the straw of my Matcha Chillo at Blenz Coffee, Davie + Burrard. I cracked open **Squirrel Seeks Chipmunk** (David Sedaris). The at-times fucked-up world passed by just beyond a smeared pane of glass. I revelled.



A cow draws a turkey for Secret Santa.

A man with a thick Mohawk sat to my left — he spewed toxically.

Mr. Mohawk

Fucking police, they think they're the best in the World.

I have evaded them for the past five years.

They're bullshit, fucking pigs.

I'm superior.

Probably, best to ignore.

Hmm: A pot-bellied pig goes on a diet.

I cough.

Mr. Mohawk

What a pathetic hack, fucking loser.

I will destroy.

The World is bullshit.

I will be the answer.

Oh my: A mouse adopted a rescue snake.

Mr. Mohawk

I will bash your brains all over the window, and I am going to kill you.

Mr. Mohawk stood behind me with his shoulders squared to me.

Me

Excuse me.

Mr. Mohawk

I will bash your brains all over the window, and I am going to kill you.

Me

Do I know you? Why are you standing here?

Mr. Mohawk

I am going to splatter your brains, and I will kill you.

Me

You need to back away from me. I don't know you.

I removed my glasses.

Me

You need to go away.

Mr. Mohawk

I am going to kill you.

Me

I'm asking you to leave now.

I pointed at the door. I then did the only reasonable thing to do at a stressful moment: Looked at the floor.

Me

Do you think I have beautiful feet?

Mr. Mohawk grunted and then left; I think the grunt meant: YES.

Mr. Ugly Sweater had been sitting two stools over from me; he approached me.

Mr. Ugly Sweater

What was that all about?

Me

Thanks for your concern.

A little late mother jammer crossed my mind.

I grabbed him by the collar of his sweater and bashed his head into the pane of glass. Blood spurted from his broken skull, drawing legs against the window as the at times fucked up World passed us by, a mere few feet away.

Four blocks from Blenz, I punched my PIN into a bank machine. I looked to my left. Mr. Mohawk's face was pressed against the bank's window.

I began to pace.

I raised my phone to my right ear.

He ran away.

Two hours later, I hopped on an elevator in my building — full car — nine people.

My skin began to crawl.

The Lift halted on Floor UM.

Eight people slithered out.

The door closed.

I looked over and sheepishly smiled at the lone occupant left with me.

Me

Ewe, Realtors. (And Laugh)

Lone Occupant Left

My sister sold her place in Victoria. So many showings, the Realtors.

I smashed his brain into the elevator's floor buttons.

His blood dripped slowly over the keys.

He paid a hefty price for not comprehending comedic nuance.

Tell me when it kicks in?

THE NEXT DAY
THE NEXT DAY

1. Will Lindsay write the Sarcoidosis song?
2. Will Nelly Jim + JOHN G face another gruesome death or be sent to Purgatory?
3. Will **Kieran** remember how he/she knows **Taran**?
4. Will a release date for **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE** be announced?
5. And in the washroom stall: who thrust whom?

TO FIND THE ANSWERS TO THESE + MANY MORE QUESTIONS READ
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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 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.