

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
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DISSEMINATION - PURGATORY
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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
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MAKING SENSE OF IT ALL
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PURGATORY
LOKCVLOKA

On the eastern outskirts of VanCity on the Northern shore of the Fraser River sits an ominous institutional looking building. A building spared from the flames of developers' desires. Its hallways inhabited with phantoms living in a spectral world.

A yellow taxi pulls into the driveway. JOHN G jumps out. His hair freshly died (dyed) blonde. His clothes clutch to his obesity.

A second taxi arrives. Nelly J slithers out.

JOHN G

What are you doing here?

Nelly J

Whines.

JOHN G

Where the fuck, is here?

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The building blends into the river's bank. It is made up of slate concrete and a dirty white veneer, shattered through the years. Piercing through the windows is a series of cubicles filled with people who are staring anywhere but out. The buildings tattered awning splashed with pigeon shit and an unidentifiable smear of larvae.

The entrance emblazoned with:

YOUR TOMMOROWS ARRIVE HERE
LOOK TOMMOROWS ARRIVE HERE

JOHN G

I received a call. The deep gravelly voice on the other end of the line told me I was a winner. My judgments are incredibly astute. He told me to jump into a cab and come to this address.

Nelly J

OMG, meeee tooo, I'm a whiiineer; Wee whiiine! Oh, oh – the doors opening, over there. Here comes someone. What did we win? What did we win?

A tall, lanky man approached.

He was sporting a white lab coat.

He had a patch on his left eye.

His face was emaciated.

Patch

Hello, lads. I'm your welcoming committee. That always cracks me up. How can one man be a committee? Anywho, welcome to (inaudible mumble) your new home. Isn't it delightfully sterile looking? Oh, by the way, my name is Patch.

NELLY + JOHN G CHANT IN UNISON.

Did he just say: NEW HOME?

Patch's attire consisted of red, green, and black and white slacks. If you prefer, trousers, along with a white hooded lab coat, he pulled up the hood. His face disappeared, turning into a shadow.

Nelly + JOHN G looked stunned and appeared to be lost – but only slightly more than usual as life skips past them.

PATCH

Follow me, follow me-follow me. Don't you love the remarkable cadence of my singing voice? Hey, you, the less fat one, are you Nelly J? You are. Frap. Great, I'll make sure to line up your selection of exhilarating merit badges.

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Nelly's eyes watered.

He stumbled to speak.

He couldn't find his voice.

He mouthed: *PATCH* while reading the pink Patch embroidered on Patch's hoodie.

PATCH

Nelly J, how's about I call you Nelly for short? Perfect; such a time saver, you know what they say: time is of the essence. And JOHN G, I presume that's who you are? I was told your weight balloons up and down like a yo-yo. That doesn't make any sense. Oh well. As for the ballooning, this must be an up time for you. I'm not trying to be mean. Besides, your girth may be a blessing here. Screw that; if anyone deserves to be fat-shamed, it's you.

JOHN G fumes.

PATCH

JOHN G, you think all Muslims are damaged? You certainly are a fine piece of work. Your mind must be firing on all cylinders. Just so you know, I'm not being sarcastic.

JOHN G SCREAMS

They're all damaged. Admit it?

PATCH

All cylinders – I'm not sure if you are capable of thinking. You are a charm. Your words flash clarity on your selection, why you're here. Follow me; both of you are rising stars!

JOHN G NOW SHUDDERING

Do you think he's fucking with us?

Nelly J

Ewe, did you just wet yourself?

JOHN G FILLED WITH ANGST

We are so superior to this fucker. Look what he's wearing. He's an idiot. C'mon, Patch, what-the-fuck-ever, I hate him.

PATCH

Poor, naïve, man-boy, we just met, didn't we? Sorry about my laughing. I can't help it. Today is going to be enjoyable. If not for you – for me for sure – I'm Muslim, by the way. I'm everything you disparage. Maybe I'm just fucking with you, Sunshine(s).

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Patch found it to be astounding. Nelly + JOHN G didn't sprint or waddle back to their taxis – instead, they followed him down a long, seemingly endless hallway. Glass cages darted out from each side. Inside each cell sat two individuals locked in silence. They were staring intensely into each other's eyes.

PATCH

Guy's, don't you love the sterile stink of the hallway? It reminds me of the clean stench of a hospital. But, here, death unfortunately never arrives. Trust me; you'll pray for death. Sounds enjoyable, right?

WORDS DRIP FROM NELLY'S MOUTH – WORDS DRENCHED IN CONDENSATION

Why are we here?

PATCH

Why are you here, Nelly? I assure you you've earned it. The two of you have reached a phantasmagorical level of devolution. You'd do the dinosaurs proud. Your innate ability to lace life with judgment has won you, well, this! You are the Champions of the Future. Future – rich! I want to burst into laughter. Do you like my slacks? How have you two managed to become dinkier with maturity – a rarity – that's why the selection committee selected: YOU(S).

NELLY + JOHN G IN UNISON

We never liked you.

PATCH

Sweet, unison; a second time, the repetition brings me honour. You don't know me yet; I've earned your approval. Stop. Hmm, Room 6868-minus-6202. I'll be damned. Here's your new room. Quaint, isn't it: 4 x 6?

I know it's sparse. Two chairs. They aren't comfy, I might add. I just did add. Your asses will surely hate them. Do you want to know what the fuck, is going on? Why is the room a glass chamber? You probably want to know who those people are gawking inward. Do you like my smile? I just had my teeth whitened. Glistening, don't you think? I'm messing with you. Anyway, JOHN G, may I call you John? Why are you panicky? I don't know how many John's are in the World? I know three. And besides, I read your chart, pouring over it like a fine toothcomb, maybe not a comb; I did give it a thorough read. There is no better way to describe you with the chart's last word read than an all-caps DINK. –

THE NEXT DAY
THE NEXT DAY

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Fear came swathing down, taking Nelly + John in its clutches. Flames pierced Nelly + John's eyes, rendering them blind. In their vision challenged state, next, they were blasted into the seats in the cage. Their arms froze. They screamed in silence as words escaped them; John's wet spot continued to grow more substantial on the crotch of his trousers.

PATCH

You're home, my friends! May I call you friends? Welcome to Dinosaur College—maybe not college. Oh my, Marge hates it when I try to be creative. The two of you are shadow bringers instead of purveyors of light so, the world is about to repay you. Everybody is about to repay you. Even the Muslims – Dink – I mean DINK. Childish, I know. My name is Patch, after all. Didn't like it as a child – but it grew on me – do you guys like it? Use your words. I'm betting that now you guys maybe regret coming back to life.

If you'd like, I can share the program with you?

CURRICULAM
COKKICOFAM

1. You will never sleep again.
2. You will face each other 24 hours a day. Eyes wide open. Your brains will function, but you will not be able to speak. Or even blink. Fun hey!

3. Twice a day, we will feed you a wonderfully nutritious plate of grub. Well, kibble. It's disgusting. You will get used to it. By disgusting, I mean it tastes like a donkey's ass that's been marinating in slug larvae for weeks. Twice a day. Yummy. You must ingest every bite. If you don't: zap – zap – with each zap increasing intensity. Believe me, be you will eat!
4. Do you guys remember your racist friend: FA – she's going to join you – to (almost undecipherable) sew your sphincters' shut, closed solid – the wrong choice of words?" –

PATCH

OMG, the look in your eyes, priceless. Did you think I said sphincter? I did. I do have a beautiful smile. Thank you(s). You asked about the people outside: they're evolving. They feel sorry for you. But and this is a big but: like yours John, they will accept whatever the outcome may be.

HELEN

Patch!

PATCH

Oh, hey, Helen, nice lab coat. I like the Helen patch, sweet, you've brought another chair – for who?

HELEN

270 Patch, I'd like you to meet Mr. B. He may or may not be a permanent fixture? Room 666 is going to be bigly special. Maybe we can even add Bigly one day?

Mr. B

Nice to meet you as well, I think? What is this place? How did I get here?

HELEN

What's the last thing you remember, Mr. B?

Mr. B

Well, I had messaged a friend, a writer friend. I asked him to join me for a drink. Then, when he arrived, I poked his belly and then joked about how big it got.

HELEN

You poked his belly, fun. Why didn't you tell him he looked tired as well? – I find those two things to be fantastic conversation starters, don't you? Sarcasm, you think I'm sarcastic, never Mr. B. How did your friend respond?

Mr. B

Strangely, not well, he went off a little, he barked, my comments made him feel like crap. I told him he's not fat. So, I suggested I was providing a service by letting him know he's gained a few pounds. I don't think he agreed.

HELEN

Hand over your Mensa Card, Einstein. It's unfathomable anyone would think telling someone they're fat would go well. Except, John, poke away. I don't know your writer friend, but I think he's likely an outstanding measured-thinking, and a funny-as-hell writer from your words.

Mr. B

It didn't go well.

It went horribly.

He told me to piss off.

He said he knows when his clothes are a little tight – an indicator he's gained weight. He said he doesn't need an asshole "friend" pointing things out. He asked me if I felt better by making people feel awful. Can you believe his reaction?

HELEN

Yes, yes, I can. Continue, please.

Mr. B

I stressed I'm a friend trying to help. I said I didn't call him fat. He said I'm stupid. He asked me how I'd feel if people came up to me without gauging my mood and said, you look fat and tired? I don't understand. I never called him fat.

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HELEN

But you said you poked his stomach and made a comment, right?

Mr. B

Sure did.

But it was out of friendship.

He disagreed.

So, I changed subjects, is that Nelly J + John in the cubicle? – I fucking hate those guys.

HELEN

What did you change the subject to?

Mr. B

Light shit, comedy, like how you must be careful about who is present when you tell certain jokes.

HELEN

How did that go for you?

Mr. B

Why are they staring at each other? Creepy – this place has a sterile stink to it. It reminds me of the time I woke up as a cockroach, long story – maybe I can tell it to you over a beer sometime.



HELEN

You're not going anywhere soon; a cockroach, interesting. Please go on.

Mr. B

I respect my writer friend; his opinions are spot-on-the-point. I was just trying to help. But he still chose to call me stupid. He may have added: fucking ridiculous. I told him: some racist jokes are best told only to specific audiences.

HELEN

How did he respond to your tremendous fresh insight?

Mr. B

He stated in an unwavering bent: there is no such thing as a racist joke. I tried to tell him there was. He was adamant their aren't – that there are only racists telling what they believe to be jokes – and then, they whine about political correctness. And then-POOF – in a flash of light – I'm here. What is here? Am I going to prefer to be a cockroach?

HELEN

This, my friend, is your new home, for a while at least, with Nelly + John.

The light FLASHES once more. Mr. B's body slams into a third chair. He can't speak. He can't use his arms. Mr. B's + Nelly's + John's eyes flipped into the opposite of cross-eyed, eyes split. Each of them had one eye staring directly at the other two.

Wheels clattered off in the distance, and Marge came pushing a cart full of trash.

PATCH smiling chin-to-chin

Lunchtime, hopefully, the kitchen fully cooked the kibble. Remember the last time Marge: Room 222 – after eating, Eddy had two slugs crawl out of his nostrils – ewe!

SUNDAY, JULY 16, 2017
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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:
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.