

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



STROKE - MAYBE  
STROKE - MAYBE

# 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



STROKE - MAYBE  
STROKE - MAYBE

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE  
MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

STROKE  
STROKE

STROKE - MAYBE  
STROKE - MAYBE

32  
32

MAYBE  
MAYBE



23 JANUARY 2009

**P**apa, I'm sorry to hear about your illness. I don't want you to die. Not yet.

Gulp.

Thank you, Su Jin, wait for a second; when do you want me to die?

Maybe when I have grandchildren?

3-5 JANUARY 2018  
3-5 JANUARY 2018

273

I don't want to die.

It's noon.

I stumbled right into the Emergency room.

I'm fifth in line.

It's been nine-months since my last visit (April 2017). The last time, I was fast-tracked past those who've likely been dealt shitty life cards; people society is kicking to a rudderless curb. I'm fast-tracked because I have been deemed to look normal. I'm fast-tracked because my joints are being crushed by a vice bringing with it a level nine-pain.

During the April 2017 visit, fast turned into a three-hour stay; it was welfare night and a night dubbed Mardi-Gras by the healthcare professionals.

When I was finally stationed in the examination room, I glanced to my right; an overworked doctor was slamming a needle into the chest of a card-carrying member of the living dead, shocking him back to life. He was high on what-fucking-ever. He gasped for air.

One-hour prior, Mr. High lay on my feet, eating a banana, squeezing an empty bottle incessantly, the crackling spurring insanity in anyone within earshot.

He gasped for air once more.

A needle fell from his pocket.

It rolled up to my feet.

The nurse told him; he was good to go.

High is waiting outside for him.

The ER doctor examined me, not really. I'd prepared my medical history, she wasn't interested.

I'd snapped photos of my expanding extremities.

The pain was relentless.

She wasn't interested.

So, your ankles have tripled in size? Do you want to vomit when you eat because your throat closes? Your pain level is 9? You can barely turn your neck? Hmm. My feet swell by the end of my shift. This isn't an emergency. Go home.

But I just watched you slam a needle into – never mind.

Shall we take a moment to add REASON 2,345 to why guys don't go to the ER?

274

1. We're guys.
2. We're stupid
3. We think we're invincible.
4. We're stubborn.
5. We prefer to whine.
6. We're stupid.
2345. Overworked, and yet somehow, lazy, bleeping doctors (only a few).
2346. If my throat closes + feet triple in sign + a steamroller is inflicted unbearable pain, then my current situation, soon to be described, couldn't possibly be worthy of an ER visit.

## 4 JANUARY 2018 4 JANUARY 2018

I made it home. A five-block walk with my mind screaming, *"Don't look at me, I always stumble right, I'm not going to make it, I'm in trouble."*

I flop down on the couch. Jay brings me a glass of water. I try to pick it off the coffee table. My mind fires the signal to my hand to pick up the glass.

I sweep the glass off the table.

I can't grip it.

I knock it onto the floor.

Jay refills the glass.

I palm it in my hand, eventually getting it airborne.

I have no control.

I bring it halfway up my torso and then throw it onto the couch.

*I slur.*

Jay's, terrified.

I want to go to bed.

I'm stupid.

Jay doesn't know what to do.

## EMERGENCY ROOM: 5 JANUARY 2018 - ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM: 5 JANUARY 2018 - ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL

*This isn't an emergency. Go Home.*

Rings me awake loudly.

*I think this may be the day I die.*

Scared has morphed into petrified. I pry myself out of bed. My head is clouded, the reason nowhere to be found. I can't go to work.

On Wednesday, two days ago, I pivoted to my left and turned sharply; an urge to collapse overtook me.

*Kyle, I think I'm going to fall.*

In my fucking work world, that means work till you drop. Not only are we hospital stupid, but we guys can also lack care and understanding when someone expresses, they feel faint. *Common sentiment is no fucking biggie, fight through it. The precise moment arrived in perfect clarity: QUIT.*

*Nah, I'll fight through it; dying isn't quitting. I'm not a quitter.*

I stand at the kitchen counter. I have no strength in my hand. I feel like falling; but, because of "This isn't an emergency," I have an excuse to avoid care.

At 11 A.M., I venture to a local pharmacy to fill a prescription of "toxic shit." I make it a block debating if pressing against the walls of a building and rolling like a rolling pin all the way to the pharmacy may be the most straightforward course of action?

After the pharmacy, I make a snap decision: I can no longer avoid the ER.

## EMERGENCY ROOM: 5 JANUARY 2018 EMERGENCY ROOM: 5 JANUARY 2018

When I arrive at the hospital, I trip into the counter. Stupidity is no longer in control.  
I'm fifth in line.

### #1: MASK WEARING LADY #1: MASK WEARING LADY

Before she speaks, she pulls out a chalkboard, her voice gouges the surface.

### #2: MR. V #2: MR. V

He's in his sixties, I'd guess.

*They told me I passed out on the Canada line. I'm fine. The only thing troubling me is I drank twenty beers yesterday; my body is attempting to expel the toxins. Do you have any bacon? Never mind. Am I taking medication? No. Wait, I popped three Viagra this morning before I got onto the train. You never know when – that's all I'm taking. Oh yeah, does blood pressure meds count? They do –*

276

The nurse opens a drawer of her desk, pulls out a revolver, and shoots Mr. V.

### #3 #3

Nondescript. Heaven sent.

### #4: MR. BIRTHMARK #4: MR. BIRTHMARK

I remember him from my visit last April.

He stinks as if he lives in an outhouse.

*He may live in an outhouse.*

His focus is piercing.

He rocks back and forth.

I want to vomit.

I'm called to the nurse's station. I'm told it won't be much longer.

The man behind me is glaring at a poster asking Aboriginals to identify themselves. He's aboriginal. He's angry.

*Never in my 31-years of life –  
Who bleeping talks like that?*

He raises his voice in search of an audience.

*I don't know how I feel. You don't ask the Spanish or Caucasians to identify themselves.*

He storms three-steps and sits down, accosting the person next to him. He wails in her ear about how unfairly the fucking poster is treating him.

She shrinks in avoidance.

She's there because she needs medical attention.

He's selfish.

He doesn't care.

277

*"Lindsay Wincherauk," the nurse calls.*

She straps a Blood Pressure sleeve on my left arm.

My score is critically high.

*This freaks me out.*  
THIS FREAKS ME OUT

She slaps the sleeve on my right arm with the same score.

*She's freaked out.*  
SHE'S FREAKED OUT

She takes my hands in hers and asks me to squeeze.

I squeeze.

She calms.

My fingers on my right hand are tingling.

*I don't want to die.*

Not yet, I have click-bait to click.

I desperately need to know:

- *Why do you so rarely see Oprah with her partner?'*
- *About the woman who returned a dead Christmas tree in January.*

- *The craziest celebratory rumours of all time.*

I must watch:

- *The craziest black ice slip that's going viral.*

And I would feel an emptiness inside if I didn't read the story about:

- *The man who 'retires' after winning the 451-million-dollar jackpot.*

Seriously, without filling our heads with these minutiae every fucking minute of every day, how could any of us possibly be interesting?

### MINI ONE-DAY FLASHBACK

Or even worse, on Thursday Morning at 4:50 A.M., riding the elevator down from my perch on the tenth floor, I look up at the video monitor above the floor keys:

- *A family of six perished in a house fire in Nova Scotia.*

Fan-fucking-tastic.

*Hey, Kyle, did you hear about those kids who died in Nova Scotia? There you go, isn't that better, carry that with you for the whole day, and don't forget to share. Oh, by the way, how was your night last night?*

Tim enters the office; he's reading a commuter rag.

*"Hey, Lindsay, did you hear about the kid in (African Nation) who got devoured by the large cat?"*

*Why the fuck; are you telling me?*

*Because it's news.*

*Life is tough enough as it is; how are any of us supposed to be happy if our heads are filled with all the misery of others? So, Tim, keep the fucking news to yourself.*

*I don't want to die.*

*Life is fragile.*

## 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.

387

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.

388

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.