

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



STROKE - GENERAL POPULATION
21K00K - GENELKUT POLOPVATION

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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STROKE
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GENERAL POPULATION
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I brought a book.
I BROUGHT A BOOK

I'm fast-tracked into General Population.

Seats were at a premium.

I managed to snag one.

I dove deeply into the pages of my book.

The book was to be my foil.

Words floated through the air.

I'm processing the booze I quaffed last night – I was blasted.

Drifted by to my left, spewing spit.

I got so fucked up on (inaudible) I couldn't distinguish between real and hallucination? Look, a giraffe!

Floated by on my right side.

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I COUNTED
I COUNTED

Sixty people.

Brain-computer, fire, maybe for the last time, calculating: Only three out of the sixty are not suffering from system-clogging, self-inflicted, toxic distress. I hate them. I judge harshly. At this moment, I don't care about their shitty life cards.

I press my nose so tightly to the pages; I'm certain ink is decorating my nose.

A phlebotomist draws back a needle; he's about to stick me.

I hate needles, I really do.

That's the first time I've heard that Mr. Phlebotomist jokes.

My blood is vamped.

I return to GP to find my seat stolen.

I sit across from **MASK WEARING LADY.**

She peers over her mask.

She reaches for her winged glasses.

She wants to talk.

I hate her.

Don't look at her. Don't look at her. Don't look at her. Fuck.

Why is everything taking so long? I haven't had my blood taken yet. Have you?" She glances right. "I haven't had my blood taken yet. Have you?"

My remaining blood curdles. I point at myself, "Are you talking to me?"

I haven't had my blood taken. Why is everything taking so long?

I scan the room for the giraffe seeing man – to catch his eyes – and mouth.

Do you have any left...never mind, I'll suffer through?

He turns into a hologram and vanishes into thin air.

Is there anything other than thin air?

The seat next to **MASK WEARING LADY** becomes vacant until a tracksuit-apparelled, chemically altered, mentally disorganized, likely Costco-regular, swaths down like a vulture and grabs it with her talons. She shouts out in a quavering voice, "**I NEED A DOCTOR.**"

She's the one.

MY HIT LIST STARTS MY HIT LIST STARTS

1. MISS TRACKSUIT APPARELLED, CHEMICALLY ALTERED.

A large lady packing all her life belongings wangles between **I NEED A DOCTOR** and **MASK WEARING LADY**.

I NEED A DOCTOR starts to wail like a five-year-old who's had a toy taken from her. A nurse tries to calm her.

GET ME FOOD. I'M HUNGRY. I'M THIRSTY.

Don't worry, nurse. I will take care of your pain later, I think.

MY HIT LIST GROWS
MY HIT LIST GROWS

2. MISS TRACKSUIT APPARELLED, CHEMICALLY ALTERED.
3. I NEED A DOCTOR
4. MASK WEARING LADY

With the utmost of professionalism and tenderness, the nurse says —

I'll see if I can get you a sandwich.

THE MASKED WONDER sees an opportunity.

Get me a sandwich. I'm hungry. Get me a sandwich.

I stare at my book; the woman is in her late sixties, I'm guessing, I wonder: has she always been needy — ?

Hey, I haven't had my blood taken, have you?

I don't lookup.

THE LADY DRAGGING HER BELONGINGS; well, her voice rings of a crackling banshee. She's lighting up her phone.

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I'm in Emergency.

My heart hurts.

I left my Scooter at...

My heart hurts.

I don't understand why my phone's dying - it's plugged into the wall.

Call one ends.

Call two, three, four, and five are repetitions of call one.

Call five adds —

I'm down to 3%. I don't know why my phone is dying.

Her voice screeches toward me.

How long have you been here? My heart hurts. I've had three heart attacks. My Scooter. Have they taken your blood?

I don't lookup.

She continues.

I don't understand why my phone is dying.

I make the mistake of looking up.

My phone –

I'm agitated.

Look, if you want your phone to charge, you need to stop friggen using it.

What, it's plugged in?

Look, shut it off, stop talking for at least thirty-minutes, to anyone. It will charge if you do that.

It's off; the screen is off.

Lady, you didn't turn it off. Turn it off. Stop talking. I beg of you.

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It's off, I pressed the side button.

Do you know how to turn off your phone?

No.

Give it to me. I'll turn it off for you.

My heart hurts. I've had three heart attacks. I'm hungry. Have they taken your blood?

Thanks for sharing. I'm here just to turn off your phone, nothing more.

FIVE MINUTES LATER FIVE MINUTES LATER

I don't understand. Yeah, I'm at EMERGENCY. I might get cut off. I don't understand; my phone is down to 3%. I have it plugged in.

I press my forefinger to my skull. I spin the chamber. Fire. Slump over in my seat, saved by an imaginary bullet.

The **MASKED WOMAN** peers into my soul, crumbs falling from her lips.

I start scanning my fog-infused brain for episodes of Criminal Minds where the UNSUB got away.

A nurse stops in the middle of the room and starts a row call.

A, B, C, D, E (patient names).

Her chants are unanswered.

A second nurse stops in the middle of the room and calls out five names.

I guess the names called had either come down or sobered up.

When I come to the ER, I plan on being admitted. I'm scared. I need to see a doctor.

I brought a book.

BUCKET LIST

Once per week, a cow named Moo danced with glee because he had drawn a turkey named Heather to buy a Secret Santa gift for (thanks, **David Sedaris**). A donkey named Francis, a rooster, named Caw. An owl named Jedidiah, who just so happens to be a psychiatrist who treats rodents, a *full-filling practice*. And, a dog named Susan, meet at their favourite watering hole.

Moo

Drinks flow freely, and banter bounces around the room.

Susan shares words with her friends as a perplexed look decorates her face.

I know this cat named Beatrice. Beatrice can't have babies. She is now living in a house full of cats. It's very confusing. She's the ultimate cat lady.

A rodent named Sally comes rushing into the bar, crying out —

Has anyone seen my beloved Jimmy? He's missing.

Jedidiah burps.

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.