



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
ALL LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

press play
press play



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

STROKE
STROKE

ER2
ER2

EMERGENCY ROOM: CONTINUED
EMERGENCY ROOM: CONTINUED

The only seat available is next to the obese lady who can't leave her phone alone.

They haven't taken my blood yet.

Why is she talking to me? I mumble in a hushed tone.

What are you in for? She asks.

I ignore her question. The ER isn't a competition.

I started researching (**GOOGLING**) words the CAT scan technicians said to me —

We want to rule out stroke.
HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH ONE BLOOD?

Google tells me I'm going to die. I cringe.

My phone begins blowing up with texts. A concerned friend who knew I wasn't feeling well the previous day asks me, what's up?

I let him know I was at the ER. I also let him know I don't know.

I text.

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I'm awake.

My text drips sarcasm.

He blasts another text challenging my vagueness.

I stop texting. My fingers tingle. My brain tells me what to say, but my fingers struggle with the commands.

My friend presses more, and I grow frustrated.

He asks me to let him know when I get the results.

My upset with his caring reaches a crescendo: it's my medical information; now, sharing feels like fodder for gossip. So, I turn off my phone. I'm punishing myself.

A nurse enters the waiting area and calls out eight names — zero for eight.

I feel vulnerable, lost; I love life; I want another day.

I look over at the **LARGE PHONE LADY**.

She looks frightened.

She catches my stare.

You're going to be okay. I say calmly. I am sure you are loved by many. This place is scary. Stay strong.

I look away.

The **LARGE LADY** and **The Masked Lady** remain on my hit list. I do understand the root of their questions—I don't have any questions for them.

THE HIT LIST THE HIT LIST

1. MISS TRACKSUIT APPARELLED, CHEMICALLY ALTERED.
2. I NEED A DOCTOR
3. MASK WEARING LADY
4. THE LADY DRAGGING HER BELONGINGS

Three doctors approach me. They identify themselves as neurologists. They ask me to follow them. A sliding door opens—and then closes behind me—life just became real.

If I lose my mind, will I lose me?

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My finger spasms. My gait trips right. I press my right hand onto a hospital bed to maintain balance. I remain standing.

My mind jumps to the admitting desk.

Emergency contact? Next of kin? The admitting nurse asked me.

The names I gave are not part of my family.

My heart slumps—but somehow, my soul is embraced in the warmth of unconditional.

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

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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:

- 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.