

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
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MONDAY WITH BERNIE
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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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STROKE
STROKE

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Monday morning always sucks, especially in the bleakness of early February in Vancouver.

The doors are unlocked. The workers pour in, trampling past me as if I'm invisible.

After the buzz of the first hour passes, an uncomfortable calmness fills the room; only fifteen workers remain, all at different stages of odour, composure, decorum.

An aged woman sits in the front row, dead centre, between four males, each slightly tousled in every which way – she's donning sunglasses, she's five-foot-two, maybe one-hundred pounds. She doesn't fit the construction worker profile. It's 6:30 in the morning.

A life-ravaged young man walks in, his clothing tattered and torn.

The phone begins to rattle off the hook, another blast of orders comes in. Workers slither up to the counter, each one replacing the last, only to shuffle off to their assignments which offer them a dose of survival for the day. A foul smell begins swallowing the room and grows venomous, smothering everything in its path.

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I ask my co-worker if he can smell it. *He gags.* I identify ground zero.

Excuse me. You can't be in here; this is a place of business. You smell – I hush my words – wrong. I'm sorry you can't be in here.

I want work.

I live out there.

He points outside.

Where am I to go?

The life-ravaged young man hobbles out to OUT THERE.

We don't want to laugh. *We do.* We dub the life-ravaged man with a moniker: Pissy Pants. We concur later in the day; we are likely to become victims of PPPTS-Disorder.

The day calms, only for a blip.

The sunglass-wearing lady stands up and holds court.
I want a fucking job. So why won't you give me a fucking job?
I'm better than everyone in here.
You're communists.
You're discriminating.
You're cock-sucking faggots.

We calmly encourage her to leave.

You'll be sorry.
I can fuck you up.
You'll be sorry.
I will pull down my pants and make you pay.
I am full of cyanide.
I'm going to get my friend with a gun.
You will all die.

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She staggers out of our office.
Our only comfort is laughter.
It's not right to laugh at mental illness.
We must laugh.

A worker with a regular repeating job approaches for his ticket. He's always respectful and polite. I've often pulled up to the office in the morning and witnessed him doing callisthenics. He is on the list of fifty all-time greats for a local professional sports team. His life took a turn — he's fallen far — he's never lost sight of how to act human. I like him. I have yet to ask him about his path for fear that its *none of my business*.

Another worker comes and goes. It just come to the light of day, that he has ties to undesirables in the gang world. He seems to be an okay guy. Many years back, it also comes to the light of day, he beat someone to within an inch of his life — a story with racial undertones.

An incredibly polite, average-looking and behaving worker approaches

and is sent out for his day. A **GOOGLE** search of his name uncovers **DISTURBING**. Several years ago, he faced a manslaughter charge. He dragged a dead body around for several weeks; the body was discovered when his neighbours reported the toxic odours pouring out of his apartment. I will leave it up to your imagination to paint the picture of what the authorities discovered.

The worker is incredibly polite, normal looking and behaving, he's likeable.

Happy Monday!

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.