



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
ALL FILE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

STROKE
2.LK0KE

EMERGENCY ROOM: CONTINUED EMERGENCY ROOM: CONTINUED

The doctors told me I'd be discharged soon. I just need the ER doctors, okay. How long do you think it will take? I don't belong in General Population. I don't want to talk to anyone.

You shouldn't be more than five minutes.

I exit the examination area, and my friend Jay has arrived to my delight. He asks if I want to sit. I barked: NO. I stressed to him the importance of avoiding eye contact. I thanked him for coming.

ONE HOUR PASSES ONE HOUR PASSES

No less than eight patients harass the medical professionals upping the annoyance level to critical.

Why critical, you ask?

They harass with zero regards for the medical professional talking to another patient.

Me...me...me –

Selfish bleeps.

I do rudimentary math.

Sixty minutes divided by five = twelve.

The nurse said five minutes.

I want to scream.

A tsunami of frustration slams into me – I want to go home.

I stroll to the admitting desk.

The neurologists said aspirin...outpatient...and you can go – why is it taking so long?

An iceberg floats through the waiting area.

Only a few minutes more.

Jay, I'm sorry. You can go. Let's stand over here by security. I don't want to be near the others.

I tip right – I'm a little teapot.

A – pardon the meanness – fat woman lay on the bed nearest where we are stumping. Her ankle is enormous, blue, bruised, gross. She has an obese boyfriend sitting beside

her. I shudder, hoping for them to remain silent. A fantasy to become unfulfilled.

I whisper to Jay – *I want to go home.*

I pout.

It's been one-and-a-half hours. You don't have to stay.

Miss Ankle takes my whispering as her queue to pipe in: *It will be another five hours.*

I ignore her.

The whiney lady is still on her phone.

The masked woman stares at me.

A nurse calls five names.

A native gentleman paces the waiting room.

A tattered man whose near critically *high*, tweaks in a corner.

A street person (?) enters.

He's filthy.

He stinks of dumpster diving.

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He picks up the courtesy phone and commences to blab out his life at high volume – sharing his crap with all.

ONE HOUR-FORTY-FIVE-MINUTES HAVE PASSED

In the past fifteen minutes: the fat woman hoovered three chocolate bars + two bags of chips – washing them down with three heavily caffeinated energy drinks. She sends her BF out for more food.

Jay and I stump in silence, and I'm grateful for the wall, my right-hand spasms.

AT THE TWO-HOUR MARK

The pacing native stops pacing and leans up against a bed a mere six feet away from us. His eyes pierce through us like a cutting torch.

The fat lady barks at a nurse pushing a wheelchair to get her some *booties* for her disgusting ankle. The nurse refuses to respond.

You don't have to be so rude; the fat lady blathers at the nurse pushing the wheelchair – and then stuffs another candy bar into her mouth.

Another nurse stands to our right, talking to his patient. The native saunters, the nurse ignores the patient who was demanding immediate attention.

I've been here for three hours, he yaps.

The fat lady screams — *I've been here since one.*

Mr. High shouts out — *I've been here for four hours.*

The guy on the phone blasts out — *Can you fucking keep it down? I'm on the phone.*

The native man returns to his piercing stare. I am confident he is preparing to stab us.

I make a snap decision: I must murder a gaggle of people.

I pause, share my intentions with the admitting nurse, telling her it's been over two hours since I was informed five minutes.

The admitting clerk agrees murder makes sense.

The clerk leads me back into the examination room; *I think it's for me to collect weapons, I'm told to take a seat. I now understand why guns shouldn't be easy to obtain.*

301 Five minutes later, a nurse tells me: *Take a low-dose aspirin. Outpatient services will call you. You can go.*

Can I take a few people with me, wink?

A nurse calls five names. Nobody answers.

I feel sorrow for the medical professionals. I wonder if everyone deserves health care?

The thought troubles me.

I'm scared — but I'm grateful as well — Jay stumped with me for more than two hours.

THE DAY AFTER I HEARD ABOUT JEFFBO — I WORKED OUT HARD — FOR MY FRIEND.

TOMORROW WILL BE A BETTER DAY!

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 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:
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- 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.