

GLUE GLUE

A META-MEMOIR
A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

GLUE
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 –

5

BALANCE



Ben has a methamphetamine addiction.
Ben is my flatmate.
A shortage of cash can lead to bad decisions.

Choosing a meth-head for a flatmate is likely a wrong decision, 100% of the time.

OCTOBER 27, 2006

*98. You have one new message. I pressed one.

11

Lindsay, it's Ben. First of all, please don't call me at work.

STAMMERING

I try to keep my private and personal life separate.

UNREMITTING SIGHING

Secondly, ah, I'm, I'm a little amazed that you're surprised that I don't want to speak with you, you're a, my, ah, I've become a little angry.

But anyhow, that being said, I'm not going to let anyone else's accusations, a, ah affect my life.

And, umm, I'm working as hard as possible to figure out a way to get my stuff.

A SIGHING CRESCENDO REACHES ITS PEAK

Ah, when you're available, I will have to be in touch with you tomorrow.
Ah, I haven't found a place to stay.

INSERT DOLLAR + CRANK MACHINE TO DELUDED.

I have, I have no place to stay. And, ah, anyhow, not to burden you with my problems, I will, ah, I will, ah, try to be in touch with you tomorrow.

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

And, in the meantime, you're welcome to leave messages on my, umm...cell phone.

SHALL HE WHINGE MORE? YES.

Ah, and if you feel you need to get rid of my stuff, and, uh, uh, put it into storage, and uh, I'll have no idea how that will work; but please keep me informed. Umm, thank you, bye.

I THINK THERE IS A REASONABLY GOOD CHANCE BEN STOLE MY FAVOURITE SHIRT

FLASHBACK TO AUGUST

"Hey, Ben, it's good to see you! It's been a while. I think the last time we were hallucinating together in the After Hours."

"Yeah, those were good times."

"Were they really?"

"Lindsay, you crack me up."

He lathered another dollop of butter for the other side of my ego.

"You're one funny dude."

Ego stroked.

"I'm looking for a place to stay. Starting in October."

Thank you, Universe.

I'm cash strapped.

I have a spare room.

I need a vacation.

"Mr. Ben, I may be able to help you out. If you haven't found a pad by the end of September, you can move into my spare room for six months."

6 x \$500 = SUNSHINE HERE I COME!

What could be the downside?

Ben works full-time at a funeral home. I've known ↑*high*↑ Ben for three years. I took him in my car for his driver's test. He claims he's clean + sober.

"May I get another double vodka on the rocks?" Ben asks the bartender.

The end of September arrives, and Ben drops from the sky.

"Is your offer still there? It is, great, I'll slide you five bills per month."

"Sounds great!"

Luckily, I gave up masturbation long ago.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 2006

"I'll drop by at 1 p.m., with my stuff. I have a friend helping me with his truck. So be home at 1 p.m. to let us in."

He finally arrives with a sketched-out friend at 3 p.m.

"Ben, can I grab the rent money?"

"I'll get it to you next week."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 2006

I drink on Friday nights. Usually in the neighbourhood of four pints. I've become a lightweight drunk. Saturday mornings are when I'm at my creative best. Overcompensation for feeling like crap helps thrust me in front of the computer to fake feeling fine. I usually feel like shit; my mind is sautéing in ale; typing soothes me — it helps me to avoid queasiness. I type.

Fuck, I have a flatmate. He's sitting in front of my computer. He's been sitting in front of my computer all night.

Kick him off.

No, it's his first morning here. I don't want it to start off with a whack of rules.

You're spineless.

Crap, if I can't type, maybe I'll puke instead.

FOUR HOURS PASS

Ben finally quits online chatting.

"Hey, Ben, may I speak with you. I'm attempting to finish my memoir. Saturday is when I'm at my best. Okay, thanks. No problem. How could you possibly have known?"

"Lindsay, when you're done creating, let me know. I need back on the computer. I have a lot to get done."

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, 6-7 OCTOBER

During the week, I work nights; Ben works days; could this be the perfect flatmate scenario?

I arrive home at 9 a.m., Ben's sleeping.

I'll let him sleep. I won't turn on the tube out of decency because his room is next to the TV. So, I'll just watch him sleep.

I retreat to the computer. The typing flows freely. At 2 p.m., I stop. Turn. Ben is still sleeping.

I go to the gym. Grab a bite to eat. Go on a long stroll. I return home at 5 p.m., Ben's snoring.

I head out for drinks. I quaff four – maybe six pints. I return home at 9 p.m., Ben's in the fetal position.

I hit the hay at 11 p.m.

Should I wake Ben to let him know it's bedtime?

I drift off to dreamland. My dreams are all about masturbation. Weird, with a song by Chris De Burgh playing in a continuous loop. Weirder.

14

That cold north wind they call (French word starting with La...) is swirling around my knees. Trees are crying leaves into the river. I'm huddled in this French café. I never thought I'd see the day, but winters here and summers, really over (where the hell did Fall go?). Even the birds have packed up and gone. They've flown south with their song. And my love, she too has gone – she had to fly –

Dude, you know the songs of Chris –

Get out of here. You're not part of this story.

Dude, I'm Sub-Conscious. I'm part of all your stories.

Okay, but please stop saying, dude.

I phone my friend Stevie. He's an After-Hours veteran.

"Stevie, Ben's been sleeping for twenty-four-hours straight. It's freaking me out. I know he had a problem with meth. You wouldn't sleep that long on meth, would you? My place is spotless. What's the joke, crystal cleaners...?"

I pace three steps.

"Stevie, there's white powder on the counter."

"Lindsay, if it's Crystal, you've got to give him the boot."

I've watched crime shows—I dab some under my tongue—it tastes gross, and I start cleaning.

11 a.m., I shake Ben.

"What the fucks going on? You've been out for at least twenty-six-hours. I don't think that is normal."

Ben rolls over.

"I work hard. My body shuts down. I'll grab your rent money in a few hours."

Ben rolls over again.

I go to the gym—\$500 is resting on the counter next to the white powder when I return.

DURING THE WEEK

I chatted with a work friend named Craig. I tell him about Ben's hibernation, asking if it was a sign of drug usage; I ask him if I should kick Ben out.

"You should consider yourself lucky. At least Ben doesn't make a lot of noise."

What's this switch for; it says: ON/OFF – I flip it to OFF.

15

FRIDAY-MONDAY, OCTOBER 13-17, 2006

9:15 a.m. I arrive home. Ben is napping.

Ben had told me he survived his problems with meth. He stressed he's clean.

I sit down at my computer. Next to the mouse lay a rolled-up \$20. Next to the twenty, two rolled-up Skytrain transfers. Next to the transfers, a baggie filled with white powder.

Lindsay, if he's using, you must kick him out.

I spark the baggie off his head. He springs to life.

"Ben, are you using again?"

He flops down on the bed.

"No, a friend came over. We weren't snorting meth. It's coke."

He went back to sleep.

At least he's not snorting meth.

Lindsay, I will leave you; you're on your own.

I remove the fuse, and my mind goes blank.

I wake him again.

"Ben, I don't want drugs in this house. That's my only rule. Okay?"

I take a nap.

I wake at noon.

Ben is sleeping.

I run errands. I grab lunch. *I achieve world peace.* I return home at 4 p.m., Ben is _____.

I go out to meet friends for drinks at 6 p.m... I return home at 11 p.m., Ben is sawing logs.

I start the next day at 8 a.m., Ben doesn't.

I repeat the previous day. I check Ben's vitals at 4 p.m. *I think he's breathing.*

His slumber is a blessing; I get my computer to myself, hey, where have you gone?

I hit the town for the night. I return home at 7 a.m., Ben's awake. He heads to work after catching forty-six-hours of downtime. *That's fucking normal.*

I take a deep, relaxing breath and work on my memoir undisturbed for the whole morning.

I head out to grab a bite.

I return home at 6 p.m.

Ben's home.

He's already in bed.

I hit the sack at 10 p.m. Ben's still practicing death.

The following day I'm off to work at 5:30; I return home at 10 a.m., Ben's still in bed. I shake him vigorously.

"Ben, don't you work today? Didn't your alarm go off?"

"I phoned in sick."

He should have phoned in dead.

I rip out the fuse box.

Noon—sleeping. 4 p.m., sleeping. I leave for work at 5:30 p.m., sleeping.

"Craig, for bleep's sake, he slept for 46 hours, worked 8, and now he's on the hour 24. Fuuucck!"

"Wow, he must be exhausted. I had a roommate once who – "

"Craig, he's not a roommate. He's a corpse."

TUESDAY

Tuesday

After completing a thirty-six-hour stint of sleep, Ben returned to work.

OUT OF SIGHT

I'm at work.

Ben's home.

I'm home.

Ben is at work.

He's cleaning places I've avoided for years. Instead, he dismantled my vacuum cleaner simply to put it back together.

Why is one of my data discs on the chair beside his bed?

THE EVOLUTION OF A CRYSTAL METH ADDICT

1. Uncanny clarity.
2. Sharp-firing synapses.
3. Incredible wit.
4. Increased sexual appetite.
5. A spotless home.
6. Isolation.
7. *Why is the wind talking about me? Why is that tree looking at me funny?*
8. Police Officers haul you away because they find you holding onto a poll masturbating.

THERE IS NO HAPPY ENDING.

Ben said he's clean + sober.

Do I have to remind you about the cocaine? – never mind.

"Craig – "

"You're lucky. I had a roommate who – "

WEDNESDAY 5 PM

"Hey, Lindsay, this is rare; I never thought we'd see each other during the week."

"Yeah, about seeing each other, I see you horizontal all weekend; it's freaking me out. Do you remember the eagle camera on the Gulf Island where the man installed the camera to capture the hatching of eggs? It was getting millions of hits per day. I'm thinking of installing a **DEAD GUY** camera in your room. I think it will go viral. How many hits do you think **DEATH** will get?"

Ben chuckles.

"You are freaking out, Fuzzy Nose and Toes. She came to me yesterday asking me what's with the dead guy? She meowed you sleep more than she does. She's suffering insomnia because, in her words, not mine; he's making me-fucking-ow nervous. Do you know how hard it is to sleep with both eyes open? Seriously, Ben, that's what Fuzzy meowed."

He glared out the window.

18

"What the fuck is going on with you. You have slept more than eighty-hours in the last few days. You can't do that here." Apparently, he can. "What the fuck, is going on?"

"I suffer from bouts of depression." Ben continues. "Did you see the IOU? I borrowed \$8 from you. I left a note on your dresser."

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20-21, 2006

It's time to complete my memoir; a self-imposed deadline is upon me.

I don't give a damn if Ben sleeps.

I arrive home from work at 9 a.m., on Friday.

Ben's awake; he's not home; he's alive!

I kind of, don't care.

I merrily stroke the keys. A happy ending is approaching.

\$8 is sitting on my dresser.

The door buzzer rings.

Ben has company.

I judge.

His company is a tad young.

I let it slide because he's awake.

I head out for adult beverages. I return home at 11 p.m., Ben's still out. A smile beams across my face.

I rise at 6 a.m. Today is memoir completion day! A day of new beginnings.

Someone's sleeping on my couch.

Ben's put-up curtains make his room private.

I keep typing. At 11 a.m., I glance over my shoulder.

There are now two strangers in my living room, I keep typing.

Ben prepares to vacate the pad for the day.

I read a chapter for the nameless faces.

I peer over my right shoulder to find a third stranger.

"Fuck, you startled me. Where'd did you come from?"

They leave. I keep stroking, break for the gym + lunch, and then return to the keys.

Ben seems normal. His guests are borderline criminally young.

Solitude is upon me. Type, type, type... gym, lunch, return, type...

7.33 PM

People matter, it is as simple as that.

I'm done; I've completed my memoir; I begin to cry.

Little did I know, countless revisions would await me in the only option: the future.

I head to my favourite watering hole to hoist celebratory pints! I'm greeted by Ritchie. Ritchie's sixty-two.

He praises my efforts.

He pats me on the back.

He smiles brightly at my determination.

He tells me to hold my head high.

I stopped by home at 11 p.m. for a few moments; Ben was awake. He's working on a project.

WE ALL FALL DOWN

MONDAY, 9:00 A.M.

I return home from working a fifteen-hour shift.

Ewe... someone's been sleeping in my bed. Oh God, someone's been –

I call one of my closest friends, Wayne.

"Wayne, I have a problem. On my floor, in my room – sex paraphernalia. Fuck, next to it, a lid – I have a secret stash of cash, coins, and bills. You'd have to have dismantled the room to find it; the lid, the *fucking lid*, was from the money. I pulled out the container, the bills were no longer covered by the change, and it seemed lighter. \$160 in bills and about \$70 in change.

I have no choice.

He's got to go.

I feel like puking.

He had sex in my room and stole from me. Fuck."

20

Wayne advised me to change the locks today. If I couldn't.

"Don't let him know you're on to him.

Go to work tonight.

Don't lose the income.

Move your remaining cash.

Once you change the locks, let him know, not before."

My next-door neighbour helped me change my locks.

"Your roommate sure seems to have a lot of strange people over."

I phoned Ben and left him a message.

Ben, the bad news: money is missing, and there is sex stuff on my floor. You don't live here anymore. I don't care what the circumstances are. The

locks have been changed, and your key card is cancelled. I'm sorry it has come to this. Get a hold of me with what you want me to do with your stuff. Sorry. You're not allowed into the building anymore.

I paced my pad while leaving the message. On Ben's dresser sat a jar of change; I counted: \$70.

I phoned him again.

"Hey, Lindsay, what's up?"

"Ben, you don't live here anymore."

"What? What happened?"

"Money's missing, \$230. \$160 in bills + you had sex in my room. There was crap, remnants on the floor. You can't live here anymore."

Silence swallowed the phone line.

"Oh god. I don't have \$160. I had someone over. I was grabbing a towel out of your room. The staff must've fallen —"

"— out of your ass, Ben? The stuff fell from your ass. Don't lie. The change I'm missing is in your room."

21

"You know how I'm saving change?"

"No, I don't. You had no cash on Thursday, and now you have \$70 in change? What did you do: buy twenty-three cokes with \$5 bills? I feel sick."

"I do, too. My guest must've —"

"You didn't hear the \$70 in change being stolen? And besides, it was hidden extremely well, and everything, but the lid, was fucking returned."

"Take the change; you can have it. I stepped out for a minute. I'll make a call. Someone's going to be hearing from me today. You'll get everything back."

"Ben, the locks have been changed. Your card is cancelled. If you step foot in the building, the police will be called. You don't live here anymore."

"I'll move out in a week."

"Ben, you don't live here anymore."

BALANCE

FRIDAY, 27 OCTOBER 2006

"Hello. Did Ben used to live here?"

"Yes. Come in. My name is Don."

"Thanks. I had to change my locks and evict Ben. He stole. Why did he leave here? Did he steal?"

"I came home one day and looked in his eyes—I told him he had to be out the next day. Something was fucked in the way he looked. I couldn't have that here."

"Thanks for your time. I'm sorry I bothered you. I think Ben's spiralling out of control. He left me a strange message about picking up his stuff. Normally the type of message he left would have sent me to a place of guilt. I feel bad for someone being homeless. I stood still, waiting for guilt's arrival. It never came."

Don walked me to my car.

"Some people may say it was my fault for leaving the cash around. I'm glad I did. If it would've only been \$20, I may have let it slide or not have been sure about things. He only has the clothes on his back. He's in trouble. He could even kill himself. You know what; I wouldn't lose much sleep if he did. Is that callous?"

I closed the car door, smiled, and rolled down the window.

"The way I see it, somebody has to crash for someone else to rise.

I believe it all balances out.

Someone crashes.

Someone soars.

It's my time to soar."

Don smiled, thanked me for dropping by and pulled away from the curb.

I wrote this part of the story on November 11; nineteen days had passed since Ben's eviction. He was evicted with only the clothes on his back. He had yet to pick up his stuff.

Choosing a meth-head for a flatmate is likely a wrong decision, 100% of the time.

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.

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.

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.