

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
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GLUE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

YOU HAVE A GIRL'S NAME
AMAZINGLY AVANT-GARDE

GLUE ΓΛΟΞ



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
VSLIG SSGTQ



YOU HAVE A GIRL'S NAME
NAME'S LIKE A VAULT

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STROKE
SLKOKE

YOU HAVE A GIRL'S NAME

YOU HAVE GIRL'S NAME

The following bits are a collection of ramblings by job seekers in my office during the morning of Thursday, 29 March 2018.

Every conversation was unprovoked; the words literally floated around the room, bouncing from wall to wall.

Jobseeker Denis: *My x-girlfriends boyfriend's brother's cousin's dog walker's girlfriend likes to hunt roadkill; she's hunting right now.*

Random Audience Member: *Hunt roadkill?*

Me: *Wow.*

Somewhat Altered (SA) Jobseeker (who happens to be native): *Hey, dispatch guy, will I make one-hundred dollars today? Will I? I can control the Northern Lights by whistling.*

Mark (co-worker): *That guy over there (points at SA), he wants me to tell you, you have a girl's name.*

Me: *Wow.*

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SA: *\$2 - \$5 - \$10 - \$2 – an hour – five hours \$50 - \$100 - \$1,000 - 1K - 2K – hundreds of thousands of dollars. I made hundreds of thousands.*

Dispatcher: *You must be rolling in it.*

SA: *It's all gone.*

Dispatcher: *All gone? What did you spend it on?*

SA: *Crack.*

Me: *I fall out of my chair laughing.*

SA: *I'm thirty-five. I love crack. I'm going to quit when I'm forty. I'm enjoying it too much.*

Me: *Sounds like a great plan. Maybe one day you'll be on the cover of CRACK SUCCESS MAGAZINE?*

Me: *Have you seen the latest copy? It's thick: full of success. This month, it has a travel section, Top Location: a cardboard box. Nah, it's a soggy ripped piece of what looks like a magazine sitting in a puddle in a dank, dark alley – fares are low this time of year. There's also a mouth-watering food section featuring the best-of-the-best dining options consisting of rusty barrels in the same alley, with fire-burning stacks of free daily papers for you to cook whatever road scraps you'd like to sear. Okay, there isn't a barrel. There are only your hallucinations. Tasty. Five more years of crack, and I'm sure you'll be gracing the cover and joining the legions of – I must be honest: the magazine isn't thick. It's only a few*

pages. Okay, that's a lie: it's only the covers. Sorry, I lied again; the non-existent magazine is soaking in the puddle in its very own non-existent travel section.

SA: (Whistles. The office lights flicker). *I love crack. \$55. I'm going to stare at my hand for an hour, seriously contemplating it. Did I tell you about the day when I worked for another company, and I was so high I tried to eat gravel –*

Dispatcher: Stop talking.

Jobseeker Denis: You think having a girl's name is tough. (I don't) You should try being Denis with only one n. The kids used to change the first letter of my name to P. Now, that's what I call tough.

Me: Wow. You're in your fifties. You do know two ns wouldn't necessarily have changed the outcome. And are you suggesting I take a time machine back several decades and then legally change my name to Pennis?

Jobseeker Denis: What?

Geddy: I need to grab my timesheet. I'm in a hurry.

Dispatcher: The site is pissed at you. They say if you're late again, they are letting you go, and we're losing the contract.

Geddy: That's BS. Late again?

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Dispatcher: They say you are late almost every day. It screws up the site. They can't have that – they're pissed. So, I'm just letting you know.

Geddy: It's BS.

Dispatcher: Are you ever late?

Geddy: Yes. Almost every day. My alarm sucks. It's still BS.

Dispatcher: It's BS they want you there on time?

Geddy: You might have to find me another gig. It's BS for them to hang this over my head. If I'm late again, they'll let me go. Mumble. I don't like them hanging that over my head.

Me: So, Geddy, you'd prefer: you're fired?

Geddy: What? I don't understand.

Geddy: Hey, Dispatcher, do you think I could get a raise?

Dispatcher: I don't understand.

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—shielding 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.