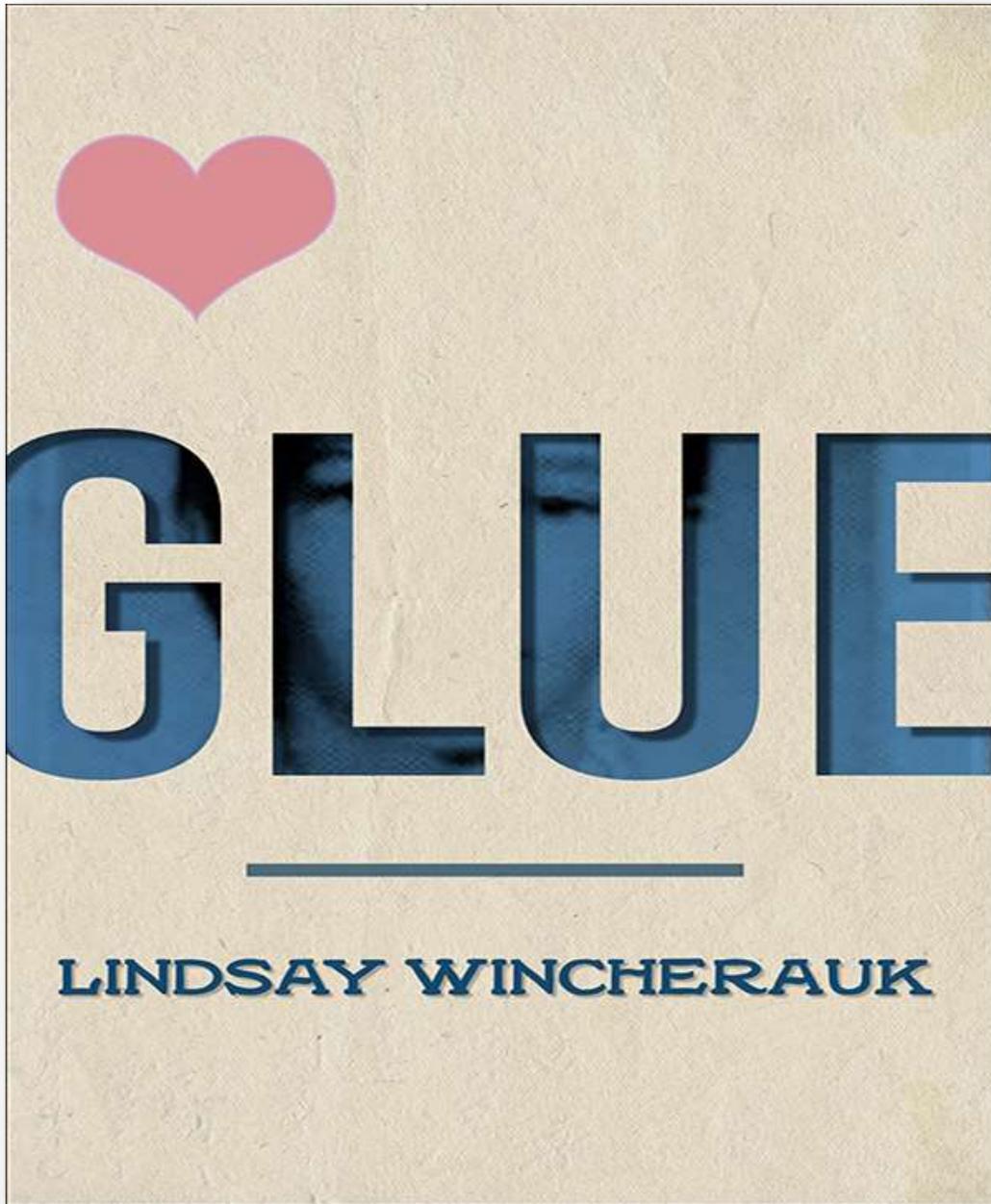


MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE  
ALL FILE ON THE 2023 LIFE → GLUE



WAKING  
WAKING

# 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



WAKING  
WAKING

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## WAKING



**A** bicycle, an old-fashioned bicycle, stood alone on a country road, no rider in sight.

MOVE

The bicycle's pedals begin moving, slowly at first.

I look down from above. Not as high as the clouds, yet; still above the horizon. I can almost touch the grass in the fields, each blade dancing leisurely in the warm flowing summer air.

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The bicycle rolls over gentle hills, casually meandering past farmhouses, meadows, and small towns. Townsfolk line dirt roads, waving at the bike as it passes by. Their expressions, emotionless.

The sun beats down relentlessly. You can see the heat rise off the bike's shiny silver frame.

**THE BICYCLE SLOWS** 

It comes upon a building — not a house — not a storefront — not a church — a combination of all three. The building sits forebodingly at the end of a street, on this bright summer day.

Alone on its porch, a baby lay in a basket. Several faces, ten faces, are pressed against its dark windows. They stare vacuously out at the world passing by. The bicycle continues to slow, and the faces quickly turn and look away. Once passed, a man in a white coat walks onto the porch, holding the baby to the heavens above.

**A CLOUD FORMS** 

Peddalling faster, the bicycle comes to a schoolyard. Children are skipping, running, and playing ball. Not one is smiling.

The pace hastens.

Hills come.

Hills go.

The bicycle comes to a valley.

The sun has been replaced by dark clouds.

They burst.

Rain-washes over the bicycle, and the bike's silver turns into blue.

The bicycle presses on, finding a celebration; a young man is smiling, people are dancing. Across the street glance faces, the same ten as before. Brusquely, they turn and walk away, standing behind them, a man in a white coat.

Time starts moving faster and faster.

Day turns to night, then back into day.

Storms come. Storms go.

The city turns into the country, then back into the city. The intensity of living begins to explode.

The bicycle comes to a cemetery.

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People are standing above a single grave.



The bike slows again. Just as it is about to stop, the people turn; their faces are blank. Two graves appear from whence there was one.

The bicycle begins to move frantically.

Snow whips through its spokes as steel turns to ice.

A hill sprouts up from nowhere. The sun flashes through the clouds; the asphalt begins to warm. The heat intensifies. The hill becomes steeper and steeper and steeper until it becomes so steep that it touches the sky.

The tires spin with their revolutions raging uncontrollably until they can no longer be seen, only to move faster once more.

Spokes snap from the rims, flying recklessly into the sky.

The sky bursts into flames.

The bicycle keeps desperately trying to climb. It begins to sweat, dripping beads of moisture onto the melting pavement below. The bike slows again; exhaustion consumes it as the effort reaches impossible.

Suddenly, without finishing the climb, the hill levels, and just as steep as the climb once was, the descent is much more vertical.

At the bottom of the hill lay clouds. They're darker than the darkest black; flares of energy spark from the earth.

The once faceless crowd waits at the bottom of the hill. Laughing. So loudly that tears begin to rise from the sky down below.

The bicycle tries to stop its downward fall, and the speed once again accelerates.

It can't be sustained.

At the bottom of the hill, it comes to rest. The laughter ceases as the faceless crowd blends into the earth.

A car rises from below and begins speeding out of control.

The bicycle sits still.

The car continues.

A faceless man is sitting behind the wheel.

### *THE BICYCLE IS DOOMED*

I cover my eyes and scream.

My screams are consumed by solitude.

The car enters the bicycle and then passes through its enfeebled body.

The bicycle lies broken on the smouldering ground.

Its paint is chipped.

Its spokes are gone.

It begins to fold into itself.

Before it vanishes, a man appears from nowhere; he replaces the spokes and paints the bicycle a bright cherry red, the same colour as his shirt.

The frame cools.

The sky begins to clear.

The man winks, smiles, removes his red shirt; he's now wearing white.

A gentle hill appears.

A bird chirps.

The grass waves gently in the warm summer breeze.

The bicycle, no longer old-fashioned, begins to move once again.

Slowly at first, as I watch from below.

The bicycle gradually disappears over the crown of a hill.

A single cloud forms in the sky.

### *THIS DAY HAS JUST BEGUN!*

## WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

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.