

# DEATH SAUCE

*A Love Story*

EATING TOWARD TOGETHERNESS



GRANDMA SAYS

*Wait one hour after eating before attempting to change history.*

BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Jarrood fell hard for Bub. He crumbled like a pastry held in Bub's delicate hands. Bub's large dark soulful eyes sent Jarrood into a state of helpless bliss. Bub's voice melted him. He longed to press his lips against Bub's supple lips; Bub's lips often tasted minty. Bub's beauty and tranquillity confounded Jarrood's balance. A gentle touch and Jarrood would feel the ground beneath his feet open wide, swallowing him, capturing him in the here and now. They came from lightyears away – nevertheless, Bub's warm breath on the nape of his neck immobilized him. They'd been together for more than nine years. Still, every time the sun peaked through their bedroom's window, casting a beautiful silhouette over the curvature of Bub's shapely figure – Jarrood fell deeper, risking never being able to return to where he once escaped.



21 AUGUST 2019

*“Grab a seat, Travis. I’m glad you came. I have an offer for you. I need you to capture history. Rewrite it, so to speak. I need you to paint my family + Broughton as beacons of hope; instead of the dismal outposts of hate they’re becoming. I need you to keep our family history inviolable. I need history to be kind.”*

The *Underbelly* pulsed. It was jam-packed this Tuesday night. *Ransom War* blasted an unrelenting bassline rocking the walls as they worked their way through their catalogue of thrash metal. When Travis arrived, he was quickly escorted by Sasha, a hot-vixen, ready to fulfill carnal desires; to the privacy of a backroom — far outside earshot of the commoners frolicking in altered stupors on the horse-haired dance floor.

Travis is a respected journalist with a creative bent from four counties over: in the tri-regional-duplicitous region and the Village of Southampton. His words carry weight. Simon needed Travis to stop the bleeding destroying his family’s brand. Bleeding created by misguided hatred.

*“I’m glad you are here, Travis. Sit. Sasha, could you bring us four-Possum shots + a snifter of bourbon.”* Simon is a Bourbon aficionado. When he ordered it by the snifter, he’d often find the commoners kneeling in mercy, panting like dogs just for a chance to taste a dribble of the fermented perfection. *“How was your flight?”*

*“It was uneventful until this crazed lady began to cry out hysterically. Nancy was her name. The lost soul sat beside me, blubbing, snot blasting from her nose. I tried to comfort her. I called her beautiful, which really has no bearing on this story. I asked her about the thoughts bouncing around in her beautiful head.”* Travis slammed back a Possum shot. *“Argh... I can never get used to the hair.”*

Travis continued. *“The crazee woman resumed weeping, droning on in selfishness. My husband was kidnapped. We were drugged. When the doctor revived me, I became lost in his penetrating verdant eyes. I wanted to devour him. To drink in his manhood.”*

*“Ewe.”* Simon gagged.

*“Simon, they were her words, not mine. She continued whimpering and ranting. Spitting out, she felt guilty, like a whore. When I was brought back to life, a Doctor God stood in front of me, she said. My nipples hardened. I fantasized about drowning in bliss in the good doctor’s arms. I feel like I’ve cheated on my husband, a strong foreboding man. The doctor is soft and sensitive. I wanted*

him to make sweet love to me. I wanted him to ravage my willing body. I'm such a whore. I wanted him to – "

"Travis, this story is making me queasy. I feel like barfing. What the fuck is the point of her insanity? How did you get out of her feeble realities?"

"I didn't have to do anything. We were supposedly talking on the private mode on our headsets; however, the pilot had accidentally locked us on the loudspeaker mode."

"OMG."

"I know. A gaggle of passengers approached and shouted at her, **SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU SELF-CENTERED ATTENTION WHORE**. And then softened their words with Sweetie, you can't be a whore just for your thoughts. But please stop your ceaseless babbling. You need to get out of this story, off this page. You have already occupied too many lines when you do nothing to move the story along. Honey, you're pointless. If you had a fucking editor, they would have told you that. You're just confusing readers with your fucking presence. **GET OUT. GET OUT. GET OUT**. I must admit 'make sweet love to me' is rich. **GET OUT**. And with the fourth **GET OUT** spit out of the mobs' mouths, fifth now; her window opened, she flew out of the plane into ~~nowhere~~ no-whore. Where she ultimately belongs."

The loudspeaker began to crackle. "This is Captain Rob speaking. Fasten your seatbelts. We are starting our descent into Broughton. The current temperature in Broughton is a steamy 104 degrees. 40 degrees if you are reading this outside of the USA."

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"So, it was uneventful!"

"Simon, I must ask, why are there innumerable dead birds near the wall?"

"Damn liberal windmills. You do know they cause cancer, don't you? Anyway, never mind. I'm glad you've arrived. With your help, we can write a better past which will only lead to a more prosperous future. We must fix what's wrong. Slavery never existed. We need to stop the race. We need to maintain purity."

"Simon, your words drip in hypocrisy. We need to stop the race; to maintain purity? Do you actually believe the garbage you spew from your mouth?"

"I control the money supply. I can help you live far beyond your wildest dreams. You can have everything you desire. Carnal. Material. Power. Fame. Just name it, and I will make it yours. I'm not asking you to sell your soul. I'm just asking you to change the course of things to be. As long as you are in my employment, you will have the power to change the outcome of everything that matters if you favourably narrate my heritage. I need you to fix what my dying father has done."

"You've done this to yourself. Your family has destroyed civility with the misguided quest for wealth. Your family disgusts me. Your family is morally insipid. Your family desires everything I loathe. Why would I ever agree to fix your ills when you have diseased your own people with hatred?"

"Well, Travis, for two reasons: 1) I can provide you with a life, for you and your loved ones, far beyond your wildest imagination, and 2) If you don't accept my proposal, you will soon be visiting

*the final resting place of many of our feathered friends. The way I see it, your only answer to my offer is a resounding YES.*

*"Simon, you do know my wife is black?"*

*"I do. With your help, a new day is upon us. Without your help, goodbye."*

The bassline shook the *Underbelly*. *Ransom War's* thumping cover of the Eagles – *The Last Resort* blared over the speakers as the lead singer Dax screamed out the lyrics in throaty honesty.

*Some rich men came and raped the land, nobody caught em,'  
Put up a bunch of ugly boxes and Jesus, white people, bought em.'  
And they called it paradise, the place to be.  
They watched the hazy sun, sinking in the sea.  
You can leave it all behind, and sail to Lahaina.  
Just like the missionaries did, so many years before.  
They even brought a neon sign: 'Jesus is coming.'  
Brought the white man's burden down, brought the white man's reign.  
Who will provide the grand design, what is yours and what is mine?  
'Cause there is no-more-new frontier, we have got to make it here.  
We satisfy our endless needs and justify our bloody deeds.  
In the name of destiny and in the name of God.  
And you can see them there, on Sunday morning.  
Stand up and sing about what it's like up there.  
They called it paradise.  
I don't know why?  
You call someplace paradise, kiss it goodbye.*

And with the last beat dropped, Travis knew he likely had no choice but to hop in bed with the devil and rewrite history. *No choice*. His family is coloured. What he didn't know, if he accepted Simon's demand, he was about to be commissioned to play God, and his words were about to become his sword.

## 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.

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