

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.

B R

UNPACKING HISTORY: BROUGHTON

Simon + Travis slammed back another Possum shot + took big swigs from their tumblers of bourbon, smashing the goblets down on the table. Sasha dropped from the sky, refreshing their crystal glasses. She bent over, flashing her ample cleavage in Travis's face.

"You can have a taste of this," Sasha whispered coyly, winking at Travis.

"I'm fine. No, thank you. I love my wife." He then turned to look directly at Simon.

Sasha stormed away, mumbling. *"What are you, gay or something?"*

With Sasha's exit, Simon began to unpack the history of Broughton and Asheville while Travis's skin quivered in revulsion.

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SIMON

Hey Travis, do you like the usage of the word unpack above? I borrowed it from the talking heads on the news channels. It's in vogue now. I don't think vogue is in vogue. Is throwing people under the bus; still, something people say? Probably not. I don't think that would be FRAP. If you accept my offer instead of your demise – you definitely will become FRAP.

TRAVIS

What, the fuck, is, FRAP?

SIMON

It's soon to be what you are going to be! Anyway, let's unpack. Hey Sasha, do you still know how to take dictation?

SASHA

Holy cow, Simon, how bleeping old are you, dictation? You are a scallywag. Of course, I remember, it's just like riding a bike or making sweet love to –

SIMON

Sasha, you are a tart. I suggest not finishing your last sentence. Pull up a stool. I need you to document what I'm about to unpack for our selected guest. Shall we return to this century? What shall I unpack first? I almost forgot: did you have a chance to pick up my shoes from the cobbler?

Sasha, before I start to unpack –

SASHA

Quit saying unpack.

SIMON

– I want the readers to understand what Broughton is about. I Googled it. You can grab us four more Possum shots – six – two for you, and another snifter of bourbon + another tumbler...and scones, blueberry scones. Oh yeah, I cut & pasted the information below or above, depending on how the pages work out; for the readers – to read – as we get sauced. Sound good?

BROUGHTON

Broughton is a large principality nestled between the breathtaking Foxian and Casparian mountain ranges. Current population: 993,245. Broughton was founded in the 1700s and used to have a diverse demographic of White and Black – as if White and Black can possibly be diverse. Broughton is the tri-regional-duplicitous-regions capital. Its economy is driven by agriculture, thriving with an abundance of crops. Broughton was founded by three families with a long lineage: The Courts, Hearths, and the Dumfries. Its secondary industry is tourism, mostly in winter, when Broughton turns into a winter wonderland. Its third industry brings lustful travellers from the corners of this round earth to partake in Broughton’s proclivity for drug-fuelled sexual dalliances. What happens in Broughton – ~~stays~~ usually travels with travellers back to their homelands as STIs. All drugs were legalized in the late 1900s.

Broughton even invites Kyrie Irvine and other flat earthers to visit.

BROUGHTON: A SLICE OF HEAVEN YOU CAN TAKE HOME WITH YOU

TRAVIS

Broughton sure sounds special, Simon. Except for the STIs, of course. Why do you need its history to be rewritten?

Simon slammed back a Possum shot and then started to rant.

SIMON

Travis, Broughton had the potential to become an inspiration for the world. It was paradise. Rich in agriculture. The problem with agriculture is it is labour intensive. The founders staked claim to everything. My family was complicit. And with the claims staked, their wealth grew far beyond the needs of a hundred lifetimes. The founders sold everyone a dream of prosperity. An unreachable dream as its citizens were broken by having to work long hours in the fields. Slaves were brought in from far away lands to work with Broughton’s mostly Caucasian populace. My family, the

Dumfries + Courts, continued to prosper while everyone else sank into the misery of chasing the dream. Everyone, but us, became poor.

Simon took a swig of bourbon.

In the early-1900s, the Caucasian and Black poor, working side-by-side in the fields, began to squabble. The Dumfries chose to divide instead of finding common ground. Charles Dumfries, who had been in power for three decades. Through a corrupt election process, he decided the solution to Broughton's perils was to turn the poor workers against one another – he decided the Black poor were the lowest common denominator – less than human – Charles invented RACE. The White Race. He put into place programs allowing the Whites to purchase homes interest-free – for them to become middle – for many of them to escape the fields and venture into other means of survival. He created a climate where the Blacks had no rights. They were to be stuck in the mud of the harvest. The Blacks were demonized. Their only voice was 'Yes Sir' and 'No sir,' nothing more. The Blacks were treated like rats. They were segregated. The Whites could escape the fields, while the Blacks were whipped to harvest.

TRAVIS

OMG, Simon. How could this be; how could your family allow this to happen?

SIMON

We didn't. We fought it. We believed in the premise 'created equal.' We were fools. Eventually, my grandfather gave in. Greed showered him in luxury. He saw the commoners as nothing more than commoners.

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When a man named Terry, there were many Terry's throughout the years; died, because his broken body could no longer handle the struggle – my grandfather shamefully called out NEXT – and Terry was replaced with another of the working poor, usually Black.

You see, Travis, Terry didn't work the fields. He was a builder. Terry helped build our families' mansions. He broke bread with us – he became family. This hurts me to tell you when he died, nobody cared. On the day after Terry died, my father asked if we'd found a builder to replace him. There wasn't even a moment of pause. Time kept moving. I had grown fond of Terry, and now he was gone, and my family members acted like he was a lifeless commodity easily replaced.

Simon slammed back another shot. A tear crept from his left eye.

I don't know what I want; or expect – maybe it is just the way it is. My soul is damaged by Terry's death. I don't want to make his demise about me. I don't know what to say. I don't understand how it can possibly be: you die, and that's it. Maybe talking to you here is all I'm supposed to do.

TRAVIS

*You disgust me, Simon, all of you elites are chipped from the same diseased rock. You divided humans. You fucking made it illegal to be Black. You made colour lousy luck. You –
– wait, Terry's death impacted you. Maybe there is a shred of decency in your soul.*

SIMON

I didn't want it to be that way. It wasn't me. It was my ancestors.

TRAVIS

Oh, fuck off. YOU. GUILTY. SON-OF-A-BITCH. And now, because of your festering marginality, you are doing the same lame shit to me by wanting me to cloak your guilt in narration because you have fucking wealth. It's you, and those of your ilk, that are less than human.

SIMON

I'm not proud of what we did. If I could, I'd fix it. You look like you doubt me, I am sincere, my nights are sleepless; we've failed. Our citizens paid the price. There was no education, no culture, 98% of the population had never travelled outside of Broughton, 95% never went to school. Despite being rich in agriculture, we exported most of it for profit, our people became obese despite the manual labour. Most became skinny fat. They began to worship blood sports as they drowned their realities in toxic swill and deep-fried crap. As I've said, we've failed our people. I want to fix it?

TRAVIS

I won't help you. I want to kill you and your entire family.

SIMON

You will help. I have the power. You are nothing more than a tool for me to influence history. You will help or perish. It's as simple as that.

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TRAVIS

You mentioned the Court's. The Courts are from Asheville.

SIMON

They're from Asheville, NOW. We ostracized them. Harold Court couldn't take what we were doing, so he rebelled. He resisted wealth. He wanted no part of our plan. He hated what was happening to Broughton. Sasha, are you getting all of this down?

A tear dropped from Sasha's violet eyes; she was hearing these truths for the first time.

Travis, I know this is the last place and thing you want to do, but I promise you this, I will leave you to interpret my words however you like as long as my family comes out mostly unscathed.

Shall I continue?

Our plan to divide the poor Blacks and Caucasians almost worked.

TRAVIS

Simon, you're garbage. You know my wife is Black.

SIMON

I do.

That is why I selected you.

Our plan failed because the ignorance of our families underestimated the spirit of true equality. No man is equal in strength, intelligence, or birthright; however, the human spirit is more powerful than the strongest steel. The poor Blacks became unbreakable. Their ability to handle suffering made them a problem. No matter how many obstacles we threw at them – anyway, they kept working, waiting for their moment to rise while the middle Whites started to become complacent because they believed the poor Blacks were below them. They were entitled. But with a lack of education, they were laced in obliviousness. The Blacks decided to resist. They began to demand equality.

TRAVIS

What did they do?

SIMON

Charles Dumfries, no less ignorant than his citizens, he stomped down with his boots, decided the Blacks needed to go – he began to slaughter them – before his atrocities reached too far, most of the Blacks escaped to Asheville.

TRAVIS

I hope the wrath of God destroys what you've become.

SIMON

It will. I deserve whatever comes my way. But it won't. I have POWER. MONEY. FAME.

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The three of them slammed back another Possum shot.

Charles desire for an insular White world began to unravel. His Shangri-La was flawed, his mind frazzled by hatred. Charles erected a WALL surrounding the principality. Three-hundred miles in length. Five-hundred-meters high. Five miles wide. The top of the wall on both the Broughton + Asheville sides was littered with wind turbines. The wall consisted of two – one-hundred-fifty-mile sections. One section was an aquarium filled with sharks, jellyfish, and all the lethal predators of the ocean. The other section was filled with the deadly animals of Australia and every poisonous plant of the world. There was only one entrance – visitation was limited to those who met extensive criteria. Lasers shot from the top of the WALL; lasers capable of downing the most sophisticated aircraft. Do you remember the Bunting 845 – the Bunting 890 – the Bunting – ? Broughton became locked-in tight.

TRAVIS

You are a sick man.

SIMON

I am.

But I want to fix things. For a short time, Broughton thrived. The Whites basked in the glow of their pale flesh. But, with no BLACK working poor, they started to turn on each other. There was no longer a common denominator. There were no longer workers for the fields. By the time the WALL was built, the Whites had entered their third generation of laziness. With each generation + the lack of education, culture, and nutrition, their frail bodies began failing, and violence began

to sprout up where there were once lucrative crops. Charles legalized drugs. Crystal Meth became the escape of choice. The pain began to drown in opioids. White became emaciated. White became the walking dead.

TRAVIS

FUCK.

SIMON

Charles kept turning the crank. As much as he legalized drugs, he made carrying them illegal, he started to build privatized prisons. He began to incarcerate the poorest of the poor Whites. Inside these prisons, the inmates became slaves to industry. They were forced to manufacture the products society needed to thrive.

Some of the Whites began to rise. The interest-free loans allowed them a better life – started allowing them a better life. Charles hated this. He didn't like commoners becoming more. He needed to stop the rise, create interest, offer opportunities to those stuck in the quicksand of life; loans to get into the home marketplace. The weight of the interest quickly became unbearable. Charles didn't mind a few of the Whites profiting off the masses. He just needed to control how many. When the weight came crashing down, he repossessed from the unsuspecting fools the things they were never allowed to own. Charles had successfully subtracted the possibility of equality.

Eventually, I decided to overthrow Charles's government. Violence was my choice. My grandson + Simon's wife Melinda encouraged me to run against him politically instead. I sold our decaying population the premise of bringing Broughton back to the way it was. I promised to bring back the Blacks to allow the Whites to return to sitting on their lazy asses. I promised the impossible.

TRAVIS

You added to the addiction. You, bastard, you sold junkies another hit, knowing if they took it, it might just be the hit that killed.

SIMON

I'm not proud. I needed to change history. I needed calm. I need luxury. I need to be worshipped. Travis, I'm not a bad man at heart. I do want the best for people. I need to continue to rule for that possibility to be realized.

TRAVIS

You, say, the Blacks. You are a racist piece of garbage. You are no different than Charles.

SIMON

I had no intention of returning Broughton to the past. I needed the citizens to believe they hadn't done whatever, this is, to themselves, that it wasn't their fault. By pointing at the Blacks, ignorance could live on. The Whites needed to believe being a thirty-five-year-old drug-addled toothless grandmother was a product of a bygone era. I needed them to believe they weren't the lowest of the low. What if I were to bring the Blacks back, then none of these realities would continue as reality.

I won the election by a landslide. I began to change the culture. I began to allow tourists in. Much

like Hawaii, the tourists came from far and wide. And much like the Hawaii of today, the tourists were diverse. Even Black tourists came. They were shocked at how far this once enchanting land had fallen into decay. The Black tourists looked down on the White slaves for the minimum wage. They ate at White diners. Stayed in White hotels. And were astounded with how far the privileged had fallen.

TRAVIS

Simon, you are a sick SOB. I can't fix this.

SIMON

You will.

TRAVIS

Or –

SIMON

Else.

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.
