

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.



UNPACKING HISTORY: ASHVILLE

TRAVIS

Simon, I feel I am negated of having a choice in this matter. Is that my new inevitability? Must I reluctantly accept? No choice; destroys any possibility of reluctance. You bastard.

SIMON

You do have a choice. Narrate or die? Narrating is the only way for you to return to your coloured family. Travis, I'm not such a bad man once you get to know me better. I am a product of my family, my environment, that's all.

TRAVIS

So, being you, isn't your fault? Simon, your soul is layered in sociopathy. Jesus, you've drunk the Kool-Aid. Let me get this straight, I am supposed to narrate in a fashion to appease your fragile ego and narcissism. When history is rewritten many years after I've succumbed to your wrath, you will be on the wrong side. You are not the CHOSEN ONE – the CHOSEN ONE is nothing more than a psychotic delusion. The wrong side of history will be your final resting place.

SIMON

Speaking of the wrong side, on the wrong side of the great WALL in the Casparian Valley lay Asheville. Let me... Sasha, slow down; two Possum shots at once can be lethal. When your head stops spinning, will you be a dear, and grab us another six shots + another snifter of bourbon. Honey, our tumblers have dried up like the sweltering desert of Ashville.

TRAVIS

Simon, before you drop more changeable history on me, I must say, whoever has been narrating the start of this chapter sucks. I understand why you've come searching for me; the last four-pages have been nothing more than drivel.

ORIGINAL NARRATOR

Piss off Travis, I have not been narrating this section – I've been napping. For bleep's sake, you don't need a narrator for the dialogue, you pompous Southampton ass.

ASHEVILLE

Pointless. Like Arizona. Wrinkled with the elites of Broughton who'd often escape Broughton's harshest months trying to bake the paleness out of themselves — as if the cleansing powers of the sun can throw shade and lessen the disgusting humans they'd become.

For the longest of times, Asheville was the second-largest city in the tri-regional-duplicitous region with a population of 893,015. Then the Black Purge engulfed Broughton. And with an ever-increasing escaping population, Asheville opened its doors, welcoming more than 200,000 fleeing Broughtoners. Asheville's population swelled to 1.1 million diverse inhabitants. Asheville is a tropical paradise resting in a Casparian Valley circling the warm shoreline of breathtaking Lake Asheville. Although it is only miles from the four seasons of Broughton, Asheville roasts year-round with sun worshipers from around the globe flocking to its blistering warmth. Tourism drives the economy. Secondary industries include a winery region, olives, and a cutting-edge designer drug trade. The drug of the moment: *one* letter higher than *e*. And much like *e* often aliased as *Molly*, *f* goes by the street name of *Tiffany*.

Broughton mirrors Singapore, whereas Asheville pulses like the grunge of Berlin. It's dark but tasty, decadent, delightfully sinful.

The arts scene bursts to life in Asheville. Diversity reigns supreme. Liberalness laces it with oozing sexuality; citizens believe they have a say in the future. Creativity is worshipped, whereas, Broughton immortalizes its wealthy, its leaders. On the other hand, Asheville erects statues of intellects and artists, and Ashevilleans believe they have a voice.

Much like Broughton, Asheville was founded in the 1700s. Unlike Broughton, Asheville understood the importance of difference. The town founders, the Lankforts believed if we only talked to each other, there would be no reason to hate.

Byron Lankfort (the founder), a land hoarder, understood his limitations, and despite his penchant for greed, he knew to stay in power, he'd have to provide hope. His hope trickled downward in the form of grants for the arts. Donations that delivered landslides of never-ending victories in the political realm. In the late 1800s, the last Lankfort leader, Rudy, died.

Rumour has it, Rudy was skipping down the street toward his beloved Scarlett when his sandal caught the curb of the sidewalk, thrusting him perpendicularly into the air. Because he was carrying two bags full of lavish gifts for his devilishly beautiful wife, he could not break his fall with his hands, instead; his face slammed into the unforgiving asphalt breaking his skull open, ending his life on the spot.

Scarlett stood over him.

Her heart broke.

She collapsed by his side – and died from a broken heart.

Rudy's blood-spurting departure opened the door for a new ruling family to enter the fray, the Courts, transplants from the infighting of Broughton. The Court Clan maintained the tradition of supporting The arts, and because of their *philanthropic ruse*, have managed to remain in power ever since. Asheville is equal distance east/west + north/south from its twin city Berlin and wrestled with developing a SLOGO (new word) – the original principality SLOGO was:

ASHEVILLE the BERLIN of THE EAST - WEST - NORTH - SOUTH

Amazingly, especially for a city littered with artistic geniuses, the SLOGO remained in place for almost 200 years. Until the day, Harold Court bought a souvenir Broughton snow globe (*filled with Tiffany*) + a commemorative t-shirt, looked in the mirror, and then shouted out, "*This SLOGO looks like crap on a shirt.*"

Harold immediately changed the SLOGO to (in white font):

WE TOOK THE DNA TEST

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS WHITE

Historians suggest Harold's SLOGO inspiration arrived just when *Tiffany* started to kick in! The SLOGO was a hit. Even amongst the closeted White Ashevilleians who went out and gobbled up all the WHITE SLOGO'D shirts that really were nothing more than white shirts.

Harold opened his globe again, Popped another *Tiffany*, and thirty-minutes later, passed another policy initiative: mandatory IQ Tests.

The results were illuminating; the Ashevilleians leaning closest to WHITE scored the lowest.

Asheville, to this date, continues to flourish!

Simon

Turns to face Sasha.

Sweetie, how is your father Mitch doing? How is his health holding up? How are his chins?

Sasha

SLAMS back another shot.

POSSUM SHOTS

1 PART POSSUM BLOOD

1 PART TEQUILA

1 PART ABSINTHE

A SPRINKLING OF *TIFFANY* DUST

SHAKEN THEN STIRRED THEN BLENDED

GARNISHED WITH 4 STRANDS OF POSSUM (?) HAIR

DRINK FOR POPULARITY

DRINK TO HALLUCINATE

DRINK FOR THE HAIR OF THE –

Sasha

Thanks for asking. He's not doing well; his life clock is winding down. He eats poorly, drinks excessively, his body is ravaged by the disease.

He's stubborn.

Dreamy Dr. Verdant prescribed my father a drug cocktail.

He placed daddy on a plan to regain his virility.

Pills + exercise + a masturbation service for prostate health + an aggressive nutrition plan + an order to reduce his possum consumption + daily pony rides. Daddy needs to be virile; he does like to make sweet love in the confines of his walk-in closet."

Shamefully, daddy has failed by ignoring doctor, I CAN'T STOP DROOLING'S, orders. His extremities began to swell. Pain steamrolled through his entire body. He returned to his doctor, ironically named: Doctor Verdant.

The good doctor had grown frustrated with Mitch's lack of care for self. He wrote one more script. The last straw, so to speak. When daddy came home, he handed me the prescription.

RX
TV

22 Cartons of Cigarettes (No Filters)

A Tub of LSD

45 Lickable Toads

A Vat of Congealed Rodent Gravy

1 Pineapple

Signed: Dr. Pasquel Verdant

Cigarettes + LSD + TOADS + RODENT GRAVY – I think the good doctor has given up on papa.

Simon

He did prescribe one pineapple. It's not all bad.

Travis

You people are fucked up. When do we eat?

Simon

Travis, I'm growing impatient. The editor wants me to move the story along – stop it from bogging down. I don't think it's bogging, but I've decided to pick up the tempo. To start with, I will do all the narrating from now on. No time for questions. I hate fucking talking about Asheville. As for your question, when you finally agree to accept this fantastic no-option position. One perk is that you will be allotted a \$200.97 daily per diem to satisfy your need to be satiated with food.

In the second part of the un-bogging, since I'm going to be the only one talking, I'm stopping the italicization with the next word. Freeing!

Sasha, I'm sorry to hear about your father. Travis, you've been chosen – the "Chosen One." You need to feel honoured. You need to pull your head out of the sand. I know outsiders hate Broughton. I know they think it is led by savages. Do I look like a fucking savage? Do I?

I'll take your forced silence to mean yes.

Outside of Broughton, the rest of the world chases opportunities. They bask in the glow of the pursuit of happiness. They love. Little do they know, love + happiness are unsustainable sicknesses. They riddle those in the quest with bad decisions. The first thing my family did when they took over the reins of Broughton was to gut the educational system. Our people are better off being dunces. That way, there is no competition, no

critical thought—and the creation of a pliable populace who'll believe everything I tell them. Sort of a dark nirvana brightened by ignorance. Ignorance is blissful.

As for the rest of the world, and primarily, the self-righteous Ashevilleians—led by the toxic Court family, who are nothing more than master manipulators. Broughton and Asheville aren't that different. Wipe that smirk off your face, Travis; I'm truthful. As much as I despise the Courts, I know you may not see this: we want the best for our people; we just have chosen different paths to accomplish our goals. You're still smirking.

In Broughton, I inherited a racist, insular approach to control. The first thing the founders of Broughton did was divide—a division laced in power by removing education from the populace. Sure, we educated; but it was by design—a design derived from blasting people's minds with nothingness; with noise, with distraction, with a need to blame others for all the "WHITE" Broughtoners perils. I disagree, but I do like the pleasure power + money have provided my family. Stomping our collective feet down on the commoners. Keeping them in the dark about possibilities. Offering them a pittance in the form of handouts; encouraging families to grow, and KAPOW, we have the perfect citizen, beaten down, broke, with children—too tired to question what's being thrown their way—and then point at colour as an easy way out. It's not that difficult.

In Asheville, they took a different approach: The Courts used the arts + intellect to control their people. They eradicated capitalism. They made it hard to rise. They implemented a program where a home with your own bathroom was a God-given inalienable right—never to be taken away. They took it a step further by providing nutritious meals for every member of society (delivered to the door), regardless of societal standing. The leaders of Asheville understood providing dignity would go a long way to curb society's ills. What they did next was radical. With their population housed and fed, they decided to award initiative: if a family wanted to climb societal ladders, they could, they could move up, earn more, move up, make more, move up, earn more, with one condition: they were not allowed to stockpile wealth. They were only allowed to stash away 10% of their bounty. They weren't allowed to own homes for profit, + they had to spend every cent of their income above the 10% on the industries of Asheville. Penalty for non-compliance: all remaining cash was taken away and put into Asheville's coffers, targeted for education, healthcare, roads, and the betterment of all. These rules

applied to all citizens – the program eliminated the fantasy of chasing the unreachable dream. Nobody in Asheville had to stress about falling through the cracks of progress because a safety net was in place to catch everyone.

Oh, I almost forgot the most essential thing: Ashevilleans, when their time came to depart this glorious planet, were not allowed to leave their meagre fortunes to their children. Instead, they eliminated the advantage of bequeathed through birthright. Asheville's secondary SLOGO was created.

YOUR DADDY MAY HAVE BEEN WEALTHY
LOOK DADDY MAY HAVE BEEN WEALTHY

HE'S DEAD NOW

GO TO THE BACK OF THE LINE

Asheville's economy revolved around a booming tourist trade. It thrived on outsiders who'd come for a taste of Asheville's gritty nightlife. People flocked by the thousands to partake in Asheville's designer drug world, which is more for experience, as opposed to Boughton's need for escape. Ashevilleans drown in the ecstasy of love often delivered when a hit of *Tiffany* kicks in. In Boughton, we smother our citizenry in the fantasies of religion. In Asheville, the citizenry swims in the anxious pleasures of the carnal.

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In Boughton, our citizens succumb to the lethal nature of addiction, good riddance. In Asheville, the occasional citizen or vacationer takes the pursuit of carnal too far and is found holding a light standard tightly; masturbating; unable to 'get off' until the authorities haul him away to sleep it off. But, if he manages to come, the explosion is always incredibly intense – and probably the last.

Travis, my son, *Tomorrow*, yielded to addiction. *Tomorrow* was a delicate flower, yet; an imposing athlete *willing* victory by sheer determination. Like every teenager, he fell, temptation and *peer pressure* arrived, and he began dabbling in narcotics one day. He hid it in victory on the playing fields of Boughton. His lean frame, we believed, came from an extreme training regiment. We didn't see the signs until it was too late – when the sun caught his torso in such a way, we couldn't discount that his being was wasting away. We tried to confront him. He was already gone. My wife broke under the judgment of having raised a damaged son. We wanted to get him help.

By the time we drew the curtains of reality open, our dear son had become so emaciated we had to face who *Tomorrow* had become. *Tomorrow* looked like life had been sucked out of him through a straw

inserted into his puckered lips. Shortly after that, *Tomorrow* turned to dust, never arriving at the next day. *Tomorrow's* diseased, ravaged body was found in a dumpster. My son had become nothing more than another man's trash. By the time he was discovered, he'd been so decomposed he had been reduced to unidentifiable. Dr. Makowski, the coroner, was so horrified by *Tomorrow's* condition *he wouldn't allow Melinda and I to view the corpse*. Instead, he identified *Tomorrow* through the only scraps of DNA he could scrape from *Tomorrow's* body. *Tomorrow* had a smorgasbord of five different drugs, each in lethal amounts, coursing through his body. They cremated. *Tomorrow*, the urn behind me is his final resting place. I'm sorry for the tears rolling down my cheeks. Melinda never recovered from the loss. The only thing keeping me sane: POWER.

Why do I share this with you? I can't be hypocritical. I have dallied in the pleasure of altered reality. I share because both Broughton and Asheville have legalized the illusions of being progressive, open, allowing people to make their own decisions. The problem is, in my opinion, it is a failing proposition. Broughtoner's ghost daily pains through addiction on one side of the Wall. On the other, Asheville conflates it with sexually laden hits of euphoria. Both communities live in the shades of dishonesty: escaping pain is the only reason for indulgence.

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Shall we indulge? Shall we escape?

Sasha and Travis, pop these pills and wash them down with another shot. We'll be rising soon.

My being became eviscerated by the loss of *Tomorrow*. It took forever to find the strength to carry on. Would *Tomorrow* have spiralled downward in Asheville? I don't know. Perhaps, not. Asheville is a different beast. Asheville is bursting with a radiant cultural tapestry. Diversity has tended to refine the citizenry instead of the archaic belief differences cloud the pool. Refinement brought a controlled competitive population with a safety net to protect those not destined to climb. This provided civility. It developed a community. 100% of the population continued down the educational path past high school. Despite being an agricultural wasteland, the primary source of nutrition for Ashevilleans is found in fruits, vegetables, and lean proteins. Ashevilleans pride themselves on a nutritious lifestyle. They save deep-fried for the visitors flocking to Asheville's sun-baked lakefront. The citizens are fit with a thirst for tennis, mountain climbing, and watersports. And oddly enough, Asheville has produced the last four Olympic champions in pole vaulting, both man and woman.

Elections, *fuckin* Harold Court, are painfully democratic. With an educated population, they upended the standard voting requirements of other democracies by inserting the following conditions to vote.

1. Voting Age: 18
2. Voters must have travelled abroad for at least one-year.
3. Voters must travel outside of the country every five years.

Harold believed if you've never left your own community, how the fuck could you possibly have a grasp on life's most giant picture?

Harold believed travel helps bring the world together + showers travellers in the beauty of 'it doesn't matter where you're from,' making it through a day with an ounce or two of love, and happiness, is what we all quest. Harold believed the only way to become who we are meant to be is to see that humanity is more similar than it is divided. In Broughton, we flail away in the sameness of WHITE – when we all bleed red. *So, Tomorrow* wasting away is no different than a BLACK wasting away or being disgustingly terminated by my predecessor. The pain cuts just as deep, regardless of the nature of the executioner.

Oh my, I feel a kick, let's float.

Travis, I hope my words bring you to a place to understand the corner I've been backed into by birthright? I need you to understand the reasoning behind my continued insanity. Most of it comes from the loss of a son.

Broughton dabbles in elicit to escape.

Asheville dabbles in hallucinatory concoctions to open the mind to the possibilities of what can be.

Broughton drowns in misery, while Asheville soars in the breathtaking kaleidoscopes delivered by a different kind of high.

While Broughtoners sink in the controlling toxicity of harsher chemicals, Harold Court softened the mixture to invigorate instead of destroying.

Would *Tomorrow* have still been alive if he'd been born in Asheville? Of course, not; those were not the cards he'd been dealt. *Tomorrow's* demise is meant to act as a reminder to Broughton and to me: we're fucking failing. We're flawed. We're damaged.

But you know what, Travis. POWER. IS. INTOXICATING.

I will suffer for an eternity, but at the same time, I will not relinquish a smidgen of control.

Travis, I'm no saint; I didn't choose to be who I've become; It was determined. I lead with an iron fist. What had been bestowed to me by my predecessors is a damaged population capable of flourishing in ignorance. The generational destruction is created by marginality and divisiveness – leaving me a pliable WHITE audience to manipulate. My constituents are too stunned to know their best interests aren't hating those who don't look the same pasty way they do, making it exhilaratingly easy to point at those they should hate. Hatred is what makes my citizens get up each day. Hatred is their joy. I simply control the joystick.

Everything I do is to protect what I have. I am blessed to be gifted *a throng too repressed*, maybe the word is oppressed, to believe anything but me. I've masterfully brought Broughton to a place where if you try to find a way to a better life, it's much easier to take another hit; and wait for the WHITE KNIGHT, who is never coming, to swoop in and drag you to a better experience. But, in most cases, the end of life.

20 Travis, my people need me. They'd be left to their own accord without me and would likely bounce from one rubber wall to the next in perpetuity.

Whereas Asheville's are tricked into believing in kindness, community, hope, and living better together instead of being ripped apart by the vice created by power and greed.

Harold Court is no better than me; his illusion is simply different. His population sees hope. Harold is a magician; although his people chase the elixir of hope, their altruistic ways trick them into being blind to the limits of the better good.

Travis, humans, crave the top of the mountain. Harold, like myself, know there is only room for one at the top, and anyone who desires overthrow, must be crushed.

Sasha, kiss me. Stroke –

Travis

Geez, Simon, I'm sorry for your loss. I know you told me not to interrupt. I can't help it. I need to fucking interrupt. Many places around the globe have less than flattering histories. I don't know what you want me to do. The way I see it is Broughton is full of racism, hatred, misogyny, with an uneducated population that is easy to control. It's a fucking insular wasteland where potential is eradicated by greed.

On the other hand, Asheville may lack the same level of greed. But if truth be told, and it seems to be – Asheville’s damaged leadership genuinely appears to be working for the best of all its citizenry. Sure, there is an upper limit on greed, but isn’t that a good thing? Isn’t it better for everyone to have a slice of the pie? I think it is a small price to pay for one family gripped in need to flex power. Flexing is an inevitability because they cannot allow compassion and empathy. The Hearth’s bribe with hope – isn’t that better than hatred?

I think history has already been written. Why are 3000 angels with puppy heads flying through the room? Why is the room revolving? I need to go. I need to time my exit for when the room revolves back to the exit door? Which, come to think of it, doubles as the entrance. That reminds me of back in my bartending days on a slamming Friday night when a lady tried to grab my attention, “Hey Bartender, can you tell me where the exit is?” I didn’t look up when I replied, “You did come into the restaurant, didn’t you?” Simon, I need to go home to see my wife.

Simon

Have another taste, Travis.

21 You are going nowhere.

The exit has been removed.

You are my pawn.

I will play you.

While you are in my caring custody, you can have whatever you desire, Sasha, anything.

Travis, if time stopped moving, this history would be satisfactory. But time never stops. The fucking INTERNET saw to that.

My uneducated population began to educate themselves, only in small pockets.

They’d gather in secrecy and click away at their heart’s content.

We attempted to stop them.

But much like Artificial Intelligence learns from itself – a few members of Broughton’s society quickly learned to hold our lynch mobs at bay. An uprising began to form. A rebellion led by *Tomorrow’s* girlfriend, Lacy. The knowledge Lacy obtained from surfing wasn’t kept to herself and her gathering of dissidents. Her crew began to spread doubt throughout Broughton. She began to shed light on the reality that people from around the globe weren’t so different, regardless of colour. She began to educate the masses that Black, and White are the exact same; sometimes,

the only thing dividing people is as simple as the food they eat. Diversity is flavourful. Broughton had become bland – it always was. And with the world slowly opening to my people, my power began to wane. Extermination of the nonconformists before they infected too many others became a pitiless necessity. The toxicity Lacy spewed highlighted for the masses that those we've been painting as evil are not, wait for it: the real culprits. *I just said culprits, fun.* Anyway, the travel sites online are littered with images of enormous corporations. Lacy painted humanity with the exact inherent needs. And if you were to believe the INTERNET, those needs were the same colas, burgers, and hotels. Travis, Lacy fucking painted corporations as evil, not people – making power fleeting at best. I have no choice but to exterminate.

I'm not sick; I'm practical; I'm protecting my people. If I allow anger to spill out into the streets – the wrath will quickly be replaced by rivers of blood. I cannot enable the populace to be educated; they can't handle the truth. I am their saviour; the rebels must be defeated. Broughton prospers on hate.

Asheville's disease is hope. Harold Court desperately needed his people to believe in its inevitability. Whatever the fuck that means. The toxic broth swirling in my gut may have altered my reasoning ability. If Asheville had remained untouched by the discovery of more, I could have left history to itself and, in time, reduced my population back to pliant levels. But no. Harold began to lose control of his people. The freedom extended to Ashevilleians allowed them to explore the world; many left their stiff-white confines to touch down on the four corners of civilization. Many of them visited Broughton. And, as much as I desperately attempted to quash the realities of Broughton from outside consumption, Harold Court's fucking unwanted child, Jarrod, uncovered the new purge in full swing. He met with Lacy right where we are sitting now. Lacy and Jarrod hatched a plan to enlighten the world of these necessary atrocities I had to put into motion. Jarrod and Lacy hatched a cockamamie scheme to change history. To bring down the corruption of both communities. Little did they know, their well-meaning desires were destined to meet resistance. Harold and I, the only thing we have is control. And with the movement of the disruptors taking shape – the destruction of spirit would indeed become mine and Harold's only means for survival.

Travis, we were left with no choice; we had to slaughter for the greater good. It breaks my heart; I am not evil; I am just pragmatic. And besides, how can you not like me? I used the word cockamamie to describe something beyond the pale of horrific.

I thought with absolute certainty that Jarrod would trip into Lacy's bright blue eyes and be swept away by the unrelenting beauty that drops from her in waves. I thought lust would replace inspiration. It didn't matter when Jarrod returned to Asheville filled with his new quest. Instead of returning wearing the same stiff-white shirt he left wearing, he returned wearing a flamboyant shirt of colour. A shirt only available in Boughton's growing black markets. Markets fuelled by the possibilities my people have been lied to + others are not the enemy –

I can't finish my thoughts.

I'm clouded in substance.

I want to remain in power.

I want to devour, carnally.

I will destroy anything that gets in my way.

You see, Travis, the worst thing to ever happen to the world is allowing people to see themselves as one. WHITES need to know they are meant to be in control for the WHITES to develop empathy and compassion. WHITES were never to hear of the perils and segregation and executions; freedom wasn't to blast forth in speech. WHITES were never meant to read accounts of the slaughters faced by those of colour. They were never supposed to read letters BLACK fathers wrote to their sons about surviving in an unfair world. WHITES were never to understand how horrifying it must be to write a letter to an innocent child – illustrating survival may be the biggest challenge of living. When a letter of similar vain was written by a WHITE father to his child, it would only touch on the challenges of facing the arrows of IKEA, or the importance of joining a band. WHITE was never supposed to be anything other than ruling. Lacy and Jarrod began to unravel the beauty of WHITE – and infect it with possibilities.

I must stop the spread of this plague; an uprising of unity is upon us; I must extinguish spirit. I am the CHOSEN ONE. I must spare Lacy; I need her to drink in the broth I'm selling.

Jarrod resisted his father's wishes. How could he not; Harold discarded him when he was five. Jarrod survived. He began to grow into an aspirational leader of many. Along the way, he found love.

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.
