

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.

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A LOVE STORY

8 AUGUST 2010

Do I think that he's a good man?

What if he is mean or dislikes me?

Should I text him? Yes or No?

Should I buzz? or turn around?

Oh he texted me. Where are you?

Should I lie that I'm still home? And just leave?

I'm almost there. Why not. Let's see.

He might be a good guy.

He seems very nervous! He may be a good person.

Who may be considerate.

Okay...I'm way more comfortable than I expected.

Do I think he likes me?

I like him.

He is a good person. I want to know him.

We're having –

I like it but is it just one night? Or...

He is not texting me. Oh well...

Oh! It's Jarrod's text.

I guess he likes me.

Happy!!!

When do I get to see him next?

Would he be thinking about me?

I do all the time.

I can't stop thinking about him.

He asked me to come to the Underbelly.

Emm.. Should I? or should I not?

I don't want him to feel awkward around me.

I like him.

I want to see his friends.

He is introducing me to his friends.

They're nice but I feel doubt in them.

Well...why would I care what other people think.

I just need to stay with him.

All I need is Jarrod's love.

I want to stay with Jarrod all the time.

I want to see him.

What is it? Jarrod, Jarrod...I can't stop thinking of him.

Never felt this feeling before...confused.

What if he is not really into me?

He is an amazing person.

He is a good man. I like him.

I want to stay with him.

I want to embrace him.

I want to give him my love.

Is this love?

I don't know what love is.

What is love? Is this love?

I want to see him.

Take care of him.

I want to give him everything good.

Health. Love. Joy...

I'm confused...I miss him.

He seems to like me.

I feel very comfortable.

Is this normal? Just me?

I want to see his mind.

What is he thinking about me?

Whatever. I think I made up my mind.

I know what's going on

I love Jarrod.

That's what it is. LOVE!

15 NOVEMBER 2011

THE DAY BUBS SHIPPED OUT FOR ARMY DUTY IN HIS HOME COUNTRY

Simon

Sasha, another pill. Another Possum shot. Another swig of bourbon. I'm not a monster. I believe in love. The only significant advance the INTERNET brought to the world is the ability to deliver love. Jarrod and Bubs met over several months through an Online Dating Site geared for those looking for a meaningful connection.

BEYOND THE MEAT

FOR WHEN YOU WANT SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT DEEPER!

Something in their exchanges connected them instead of the regularity that online suitors believe they are better than everyone else. I've shared above a story Bubs wrote during his journey into Jarrod's loving arms. It is both sexual and kind. It is innocent and vulnerable. It's, much to my delight, everlasting. I am not a monster. I. LOVE. LOVE.

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However, because of Jarrod's ridiculous ability to lead, I may need to crush their affections. Travis, when I do, I will do it humanely; I will make sure they perish together. I can't allow for them to carry forth in possibility.

I am not evil; they desire to destroy the beauty of corruption, to bring light, not darkness. Bub + Jarrod + Lacy are false prophets. Cute as buttons, but false. Their love is layered in sameness.

When you read on, readers, *and Travis*, in a few chapters, you will learn of Jarrod and Bubs meeting on a street corner when Jarrod was heading east to adventure. Those accounts have already been written if I am allowed the creative licence of foreshadowing. We are floating in a different plane right now. And one of those planes is in the future meant to explain the past. Anyway, I've instructed Travis not to change the future/past already written. Right, Travis? Where has Sasha gone? Is that Wyclef Jean, two turntables and a microphone? Hey Mr. Pope, whatcha been up to? Anyhow, the above is the authentic account of Jarrod's and Bub's mushrooming love! It's too bad I will need to eviscerate it.

Why?

Because Bubs and Jarrod and Lacy got together. They became ambitious. They wanted to reformulate the dream of equality.

Recalibrating. Recalibrating. Recalibrating.

Take another swig. Let's get out of this car and return to our seats. Another shot. Another pill. Sasha, stop touching me there; okay, go on. Why aren't you wearing clothes?

Bub is a vixen from a faraway land. Bubs and Jarrod eventually were separated when Bub was forced to return home for mandatory military duty. Their love survived the distance of separation. Bub's military service was horrid, but luckily; mostly, uneventful. Bub survived through invisibility, rarely drawing attention, despite becoming an expert marksman. During Bubs's service, Jarrod filled Bubs's mind with the tribulations of the world and the need to change the course of history. Bub's and Jarrod's hearts were full of passion. With Lacy's help, it also became filled with the fear of an unravelling world.

As time went on, Bubs, Jarrod, and Lacy, began to realize the hopelessness of their pursuit. They began to believe the world would survive better without humanity's greed and consumptive ways. They began to understand a purge wasn't such a horrible thing, but only if; the removal included everyone in Broughton and Asheville. Allowing Gaia to reset itself and come alive in the beauty of new.

When Bubs returned from army duty, he had snuck out a red case, which was inscribed with 데스 소스 (DEATH SAUCE).

Jarrold asked Bub, "What are those characters, Sweets?"

"Nothing Jarrod. It's nothing. Would you like to make sweet love to me now?"

Little did Jarrod know, the flavourful drops of the Kool-Aid inside of the case offered an ending to the pain of living for everyone.

Little did Jarrod know; Bubs could play God.

Bubs, without fanfare or inspection, managed to slip a bright red canister of "데스 소스" from the military lockup and because of lax border controls, Bubs was able to sell the emblazoned canister to border agents as hot sauce. Little did humanity know, a few drops of 데스 소스 dropped into Broughton + Asheville's shared aquifer would end the suffering of living. 데스 소스 enwraps its victims in a heavenly warm rush full of ecstasy and then —

In the spirit of Martyrdom, the trio planned to be part of the restful carnage.

Travis, their plan is about to burst into action. We found lines like an IV attached to the pipes leading into the water basin. We've received intel indicating they will end the suffering during Broughton + Asheville's Annual Wall Festival on the 14th of June 2024.

As much as they plan to leave the planet with the rest: I have been informed they chartered a plane to whisk them away from seeing the end. Bubs + Jarrod, + Lacy are planning to sip their deaths while they are in the air – gassing the cabin – and then fly on to eternity.

Travis, I know your head must be spinning, but before it's too late. I need you to change the course of what's to come. You will narrate a different outcome.

Greed is far better than the insanity of equality.

Your only possible answer is YES if you ever want to see your family again.

Travis

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.
