

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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HEADING EAST TO ADVENTURE

NARRATED BY TRAVIS

17 JULY 1995

Jarrold Court was an unwanted child. He is three years younger than Tiffany and Diana, the beloved twins. One with blonde hair. One brunette. Their father, Harold, owned most of Asheville—coming from long lineage of land barons. He snatched his wife, Penelope, from a rival tycoon's family, the Hearth's, from one county over, from the town of Broughton. He reminded Penelope of his power daily.

Harold's temper is fierce, his love of scotch; fiercer. His love of his daughter Tiffany—

Harold had a voracious appetite for southern fried, mixed with blended scotch, often sending him to bliss. Though genetically impossible, Jarrod became doused with the same hankering for finger-licking—

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Jarrold is the black sheep. At the age of four, he became afflicted with Monkey Shoulder after his father punished him by making him shovel and mash the malt together for hours on end.

On a rare family trip up North, the Courts were strolling the streets of the Liberal city of Vancouver. Tiffany and Diana skipped. Penelope, Penelopeed. Jarrod slept in Harold's arms, draped over his shoulders. They passed the Jumping Jack Bar, a bar filled with alternative animals: lions, bears, plushies, cougars, deer, antelope, hyenas, warthogs, giraffes, and even the odd creature draped in rubber—Harold realized the opportunity. Jarrod, now five, was unwanted, unloved, unworthy. With the women looking the other way, Harold tossed Jarrod through the open window into the crowd of starving creatures and casually strolled away.

The creatures circled Jarrod. A thirst for blood in their eyes. The circling intensified. Jarrod's demise had arrived. But before he became the main course of the bar, a lion who happened to be dating a gazelle pulled Jarrod from the grips of death, retreating with Jarrod to a dark corner of the bar, raising him as their own.

16 July 2010

Fifteen years later, Jarrod's Lion father, Rudy, accidentally ate his gazelle wife, Sue, in front of Jarrod, while in a drunken stupor, traumatizing Jarrod and signalling: time to leave.

Armed only with the education provided him by the Rubber People and Plushies, Jarrod set out to find a new life.

Along the way, one hour into his journey, he met Bubs. In a matter of a few hours, their love became profound. But still, Jarrod needed more—he needed to find himself.

Jarrold decided to head east, to escape the trauma of losing his adopted mother in a barbaric fashion.

Bub longed for Jarrod, texting him.

B: Where are you?

J: Lost. I jumped on the back of a train, and I am heading east to adventure. The law is chasing me.

J: And this dog.

J: Her name is Ginger.

B: Where are you going?

J: Maybe, Chicago?

B: Okay, when will you be back?

J: When the wind blows west, blowing me back into your arms, I will miss you, Bub.

B: I will miss you too, Jarrod, I love you, sweetie.

J: I will trade my shoes for a snow globe.

B: Great, don't step on anything sharp.

EAT

THE DOWNLOW CHICKEN SHACK
905 COMMERCIAL DRIVE, VANCOUVER, BC

Distracted by a delightful, soulful smell wafting in the air, Jarrod hopped off the train and was in line.

What is this place, he thought?

The only happy moments from his youth came rushing back.

He ordered a Quarter Chicken drizzled in medium heat. He chased the dark golden-brown crispiness, slightly scorching his tongue with delicious pleasure, with perfectly fried fries; sprinkled in the medium heat of spicy mayo. He licked and licked and licked. Complimenting the heat seamlessly, a crunchy sweet-and-sour slaw, on point, tangy, sweet, goodness.

A sip of coke, and Jarrod felt a warmth he's seldom felt before.

Jarrod hit the pavement once more, Ginger at his side walking lockstep, debating the continuation of his adventure east or returning to the loving embrace of his cherished, have yet to have met, Bubs.

He stopped beside a vintage, albeit filthy, Cadillac, and contemplated –

– he hopped into the Caddy with his trusty companion Ginger by his side. Jarrod ripped out the ignition wires, crossing them; the engine sparked to life. The open road screamed at him to floor it – the Caddy's tires began squealing, painting the asphalt with hot rubber. A mere block into Jarrod's escape, the Caddy began to sputter – stalling after several violent totters forward. Ginger jumped out of the car and chased a Siamese cat down an alley. Jarrod chased after her until he was distracted by a pulsing beat blasting from a nondescript dungy building – Ginger no longer trusty. A dark stairway crumbled downward into a dungeon; a purple light flashed welcome. Jarrod slid down the stairs and entered a dark cavernous room, a room filled with fucked-up people swaying and dancing and fornicating to a thunderous beat.

A vivacious brunette with a smoulderingly hot body, swathed in sexuality + a voice smothered in velvet, floated through the air, stopping in front of Jarrod.

Hello, my name is Tabatha.

Hey, what is this place? I'm trying to find myself, Jarrod said.

Tabatha popped two pills and grabbed Jarrod; their tongues became intertwined – with Tabatha depositing one of the pills into Jarrod's willing mouth.

WTF?

Welcome to Club Dank. A place to let yourself be free. Relax, drink this.

(S)he poured a glowing green elixir down his throat.

Now, wait. You are about to –

Before Tabatha finished speaking, Jarrod began peeling off his clothes. Tabatha and Jarrod dropped onto a sofa, entangled in the throes of passion. Jarrod's mind slipped in and out of consciousness. His heart rate spiked. His penis hardened. He wanted to press on to find himself – however, he could not escape the blissful moment he was being swallowed by. Then, after they exploded with passion, he drifted into another realm. One hour later, with each one-hundred-beats of his heart, he felt as if he had aged one year. He began counting: 1, 2, 3... 3,800 – and then his mind sparked to clarity. It was time to go, to run, to find himself. Before he could begin his ascent back into reality, he needed to come down. Jarrod began to flutter down from the high cliffs, but Tabatha would have none of it. (S)he grabbed him and planted another deep flavourful kiss upon him, depositing another pill into his mouth. Jarrod collapsed back onto the sofa, eyes closed, reality once again skewed.

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.
