

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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HAROLD COURT WASN'T ALWAYS A HEARTLESS PRICK

Harold Court wasn't always a heartless prick. His hard-cold-uneducated-self came from generations of the Court patriarchs being more interested in what the falsehoods of having power would allow them to gloat over commoners of Broughton. He craved his father's love more than life itself. What came instead, a penchant for alcohol and a lesson plan including demeaning women + keeping Broughton pale. During the BLACK Purge, the Courts were forced to flee Broughton or perish.

But, still, Harold Court wasn't always a heartless prick. In his youth, he'd often escape back into Broughton, where he discovered the limitations of his father's dumbing-down of the Broughton's citizen for political and economic gain. He befriended Simon Hearth, a warm, compassionate, educated, young lad his age. Harold and Simon became inseparable.

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They rode their bikes around the mountain trails of Broughton and, if it was considered a sport, they competed against each other. Simon, a fit physical specimen fueled with nutritious organic foods. Harold a tad sluggish – craving fat and crispness often offered to Broughton's commoners.

Simon truly is a kind soul. He overlooked, even though it stared him in the face, Harold's Donkey Face. An injury suffered by falling face-first into his father's fermented whisky mash. A treatable condition surgery would one day correct.

Harold snuck to Broughton four times per week. Each time he and Simon competed ferociously. Somehow, despite Simon's superior athletic prowess, which often had Simon leading the competitions by a wide margin – Harold always managed to win in the end. A miracle bringing him great joy. It brought Simon joy as well.

They stumbled into love together, meeting Melinda and Melissa. Simon paired with Melinda. Harold became smitten with Melissa. Melissa turned out to be a brilliant thespian because she, like Melinda, pined for Simon – a secret to be vaulted to protect their Ashevilleian friend's fragile heart.

Little did Harold know of the deception until one day, when he escaped to Broughton to

meet with his cadre of friends. He arrived early. He parked his bike outside of Simon's yard, where he overheard Simon, Melinda, and Melissa.

Melissa, I know you love me, but you're with Harold; we must keep it that way. And besides, Melinda is your best friend.

Simon, Melissa will comply, you are just so desirable, and Harold, well, the Donkey Face – acting is lying, Melissa should win awards. Harold doesn't have a clue.

Don't worry, Simon, I do like Harold. I will keep up the charade, much like Harold always beats you in the end.

Harold jumped on his bike, pedalling faster than ever before, not once looking over his shoulders.

Harold Court wasn't always a heartless prick.

TIME FOR FOOD

MUMBAI LOCAL

DAVIE STEET, VANCOUVER BC

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I HATE INDIAN FOOD

3 AUGUST 2018

I don't, really. I had convinced myself the flavours of Middle Asia weren't for me.

Curry bad.

Heavy flavours, yuck.

Could my inner racist have played a role in my disdain or a deeply seeded flaw added to my psyche from the years of the noise bombarding us daily?

I take great pride in being open and believing people are people; could I be lying to myself?

My friend, Jay, and I, sat at the counter; a gentleman joined us.

He was born in Delhi and now lives in Vancouver.

His name is Biran.

Conversation flowed freely.

A ruckus broke out a few tables away. The pretentious Court twins, Tiffany, and Diana had entered the restaurant; they were in disguise. The disguise couldn't hide their pretense. Indian food to them was slumming, but they couldn't resist the aroma and full flavours. They disgust me.

The conversation with Biran continued sliding on an upward skew. He just-so-happens to have movie credits for Black Panther + Guardians of the Galaxy +++ Biran is a fetching conversationalist.

We ordered. Holy crap. I mean, holy fricken delicious. The aromatic scents of the spices floating our way opened the pleasure senses to new – tastes I’ve resisted – the chicken lollipops, subtle, approaching orgasmic. Everything we sampled delighted. Much like the conversation.

I selected Mumbai Local – I’m not sure why. I’m glad I did. Growth is a good thing. If we only talked to each other, we’d realize; we’re all in the same game!

Look at the colour of the lollipops: can’t you taste the schezwan chutney perfection!

Did you look?

Oh my, is that Chartwell?

I think he’s going to tell Diana, his squeeze, his trips to India weren’t for business –

And his visits with Tiffany were –

I LOVED THIS INDIAN FOOD

Ashevillians were unaware of the Court’s dark family secret. There used to be a third twin, Belinda. Belinda’s hair is auburn.

Harold forced Penelope to set Belinda free due to his crippling contempt for things divisible by three, perhaps due to his deformity, six fingers on his right hand and only three on his left.

Belinda, being the third born, became expendable. She was sent into the underbelly of Asheville, where she quickly became a product of desire. In simplest terms, Belinda became easy, a slut if you desire a more apt description. She longed for her father’s love – which came manifested in a soul-sapping desire for giving oral pleasure. At an early age, she discovered she had the power to shapeshift – into other living beings – and, oddly, electrical appliances + power tools.

Shapeshifting often arrived during Belinda’s oral escapades.

One day, Belinda morphed into a fire-breathing dragon, the next, a blender. A body count began.

MAY I SUGGEST BACKPEDALING AND REREADING *PENELOPE + THE VEILED TREE*, AGAIN

You just did. Suggest.

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.
