

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.

I

ARMY LIFE

T*he Chinese are destroying Asheville. Our way of life is being compromised.
They are buying everything.
They cheat in the Olympics.*

They avoid taxes.

They take advantage of the generous safety net your father has provided every citizen.

I find them repulsive: the food they eat, the clothes they wear, the music they listen to – are all turning beautiful Asheville into a shithole. It won't be long until other rodents move here if we keep allowing this to happen. The middle-easterners, the sand niggers. Mark my words, Sharia law will be here within a year. Oh, I almost forgot, all the young Asian women dress like skanky whores – all of them.

Wow, Aileen, tell me how you really feel. You know Bubs is Asian, don't you?

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He's okay now. He's one of us.

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Jarrold's eyes cracked open. The veins in his arms pulsated, fuelled by the toxins slithering through him. He peeled the sleep from the corner of his eyes, flicking it into the air. Next to Tabatha on a sofa, he lay naked, their clothing scattered on the floor.

Club Dank was empty, except for them.

He felt broken.

He was sweating profusely.

His feet were on fire.

His shoes were taut.

He caught his reflection from on-screen of Tabatha's phone, Harold – he looked tired.

Confusion engulfed him.

He closed his eyes tightly, rubbing violently, tugging at his eyelids, cracking his eyes open.

Jarrold looked at Tabatha's phone screen again. The years melted from his face. Harold disappeared, only to be slowly replaced with himself. He desperately needed to escape. To come down and then blast up the stairs into the sweltering heat of a new day. He begged for the sun to scorch his being and release him from the anxiety of what once was.

Out on the street, Jarrod collapsed onto the ground, freed from the demons picking away at him. He lifted himself off the pavement—his racing mind crawled back inside a viewmaster and began madly clicking.

His face became pixilated, bouncing from Harold to Jarrod to Axiom (?) to the Dalai Lama to Cher (weird) to Ginger the dog, and then finally, coming to rest at a twenty-year-old Jarrod. Jarrod tried to run, but the pain in his feet was excruciating. Tabatha came up the tattered stairs of Club Dank and approached Jarrod.

Tabatha, what day is it?

How long have I been here?

What year is it?

Where have I gone?

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Jarrold crumbled back to the ground, crippled in agony.

Twenty-four-hours. You've been thriving for twenty-four-hours – with me at your side the whole time. Jarrod, it's tomorrow. Where did you go? Only you know for sure. What you experienced may seem cloudy, smothered in uncertainty, what I can tell you, my sweet, once again, young man – wherever you went is real, and once you strip away the layers, you will understand why you are who you are.

Tabatha sat on the ground next to him.

Tabby, how could it be?

I travelled decades back in time?

People started calling me Harold.

I looked like a younger version of my father.

I ran, and I ran, and I ran.

How could it only be tomorrow?

A soft whimper slipped from Jarrod's mouth.

Are you okay? Tabatha asked.

My feet feel like they are soaking in a vat of acid, Jarrod said as he reached down to unlace his shoes. He cautiously pulled them off his feet to find they were critically swollen, calloused, throbbing, + bleeding. Tabatha bent over and suckled one of Jarrod's big toes into her mouth. Jarrod cringed. Ginger came running to him, sitting directly in front of him, staring intensely into Jarrod's bloodshot brown eyes – and tenderly licked his face. Jarrod's gaunt stomach howled with Tabatha sucking one of his toes and Ginger licking his face. He was starving to death.

22 NOVEMBER 2011

LINH

CAFÉ

FRENCH COOKING

The air was crisp on this late fall day. Jarrod had been crying most for a week. His beloved, Bubs, had shipped off to fulfill his country's mandatory military duty. Jarrod and Bubs had fallen hard for one another, and though their relationship was just over a year old, they were confident it would last forever. A two-year break was nothing more than an inconvenience.

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Hey Jarrod, how are you doing?

Do I know you?

I'm Travis. Yeah, we met once in The Underbelly. We were both a little mind-numbing, knee-walking, bile-puking drunk. You bought me a Possum shot.

It's vaguely coming back to me. Anyway, I have a mean hankering for Pho.

Can I join you? I'm writing a piece about Broughton and Asheville? I'd like to pick your brain.

After they were seated, Jarrod excused himself to go to the lavatory.

When he returned, Travis had ordered for them.

Jarrod, I hope you don't mind. I ordered for us. I know the family, the inside goods. I'd like to grab lunch because I'm about to pull secrets out of your pliable brain.

Okay?

Do you mind if I take notes?"

The food arrived.

A burger dripping in juiciness.

Who orders a burger at a Vietnamese/French joint?

A piping bowl of Pho.

Cilantro wafted through the air, warming it.

Let's share.

A jar filled with pickled, fermented garlic and chilis was delivered.

They rocked the insides of our mouths, setting them ablaze.

I wanted more.

I ate more.

The fires raged on.

The Pho is incredibly clean, fresh-tasting, and has an astonishing foodie-based description. ↑↑↑

THE BURGER: fucking outstanding – top 5, ever!

Onion jam – fresh baked bun – scrumptious

Go →

Travis, before we gorge more on these delicious creations. What would you like to talk about? Here... napskin. You have burger juice dripping from your chin. If you'd like, I could lick off.

Jarrold, I'd like to talk about your family. And I'd like to talk about Bubs.

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.
