

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE + GLUE + CHASING NEON
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Lindsay Wincherauk

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
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META-MEMOIRS META-MEMOIRS?



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ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS
MY MUM

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

—

2

Mummy, were you in a different room when I was born?

Hey you, yeah you, over there. Are YOU my father?

I think, I'm going to have abandonment issues.

↓↓↓

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

—



I DRAW A BATH I DRAW A BATH

When I was a little boy, maybe six, a year after escaping (?) the clutches of a home where unfit mothers were sent to birth illegitimate children.

By this time, *I've known the people I am being cared for by* for about one year. My first memory is of my three brothers (?) chanting, "*Lindsay, you're not one of us,*" → when I was five. A story for another time.

Anyway, I loved bath time. We were a struggling family, so we didn't have the luxury of a bubble bath. My baths were usually just tepid, hard water, without soap. I still loved it.

One day, mum bought three bars of Zest.

Bath Time. I hopped in before the tub filled. I grabbed a bar of Zest, and, with my right hand, started rubbing it frantically on the bottom of the tub. A soapy skin floated to the surface. When I got the Zest worn down, I held it under the tap. If I was lucky, a few bubbles formed. I was blissful. I loved my baths. Except for the time, one of my brothers (?) threw our cat into the tub with me. At least that wasn't as bad as when the same brother encouraged me to stick my dinner knife into the wall outlet.

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MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

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Immediately after being born, baby Lindsay Wincherauk is ripped from his mother's arms and put in a glass-walled container in an empty room peeking out into a darkened world.

Little did baby Lindsay know, he'd be having a turbulent forty-three years, the kind of years where he became a chalkboard with kid-after-kid lining up to drag their fingernails across his fragile being.

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MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

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5

A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all.

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

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MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE + GLUE + CHASING NEON

6



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
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MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE + GLUE + CHASING NEON
MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE + GLUE + CHASING NEON

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

SIMILAR TITLES

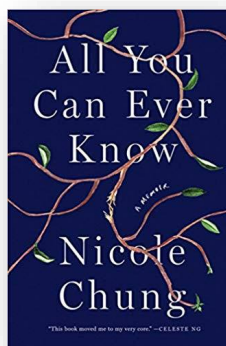
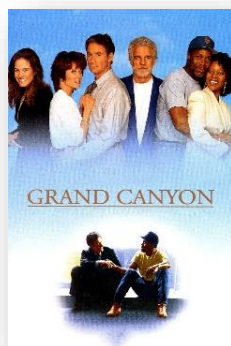
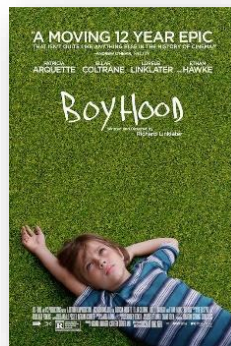
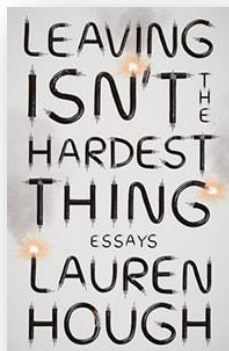
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I read a lot. I find it incredibly difficult to find similarities in the styles of anyone I've read with myself. There are brief moments of sameness, but the moments quickly blast into the ether.

Here are six (books + moi; I feel if you tossed these brilliant stories into a juicer together — perhaps — **My Life on the Slush Pile** would be the delicious blend coming out the other end.

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ABOUT A BOY



—

A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.

His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.

His Father is his Grandfather.

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.

That turned them into Brunkles.

His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.

That turned them into Sisaunts.

The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.

How could any of them be, okay?

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

My Life on the Slush Pile + Glue + Chasing Neon
My Life on the Slush Pile + Glue + Chasing Neon



GLUE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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GLUE
GLUE

—

Glue is the follow-up to the extraordinary, genre changing, *My Life on the Slush Pile*. In *Glue* author Lindsay Wincherauk meets his birth mother, as his mother for the first time. Alongside her deathbed. And then, he meets his birth father for the first time, only to have to tell him one week later, *You're not my birth father, my birth mother lied on my birth registration.*

And then, as he is wrestling with his sexuality, he becomes a crucial witness in a hate crime. The first Hate Crime Designation in Canada's legal history.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then, he performs stand-up.

All while desperately trying to cobble his fractured life back together.

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GLUE
GLUE

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11

A story about a **man** trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.
And then, he witnesses a gay bashing.
And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.
And then →

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GLUE
GLUE

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T here is nothing in life that could prepare you for the absurdity of saying *hello* to your mother for the *first time*, alongside her deathbed.
But here I am.

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GLUE
GLUE

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FRIDAY, 23 NOVEMBER 2006
FRIDAY, 23 NOVEMBER 2006

I've just finished my morning work. It was time to call a great man for his love, support, attitude, and most importantly, for wanting me.

"Hello, Elmer, it's Lindsay, from Vancouver."

"Lindsay, how are you? It's good to hear from you."

"Well..." I paused... caught my breath "...I have the results." *spit it out*, the tears began to flow "unfortunately...." I wasn't holding up well... "...unfortunately, for me, it's not a happy ending."

I couldn't stop crying.

"You're not my father. Thank you for everything. I can't tell you how much I appreciate everything you've done. I'm so sorry to have put you through so much. I'm sorry."

I hung up the phone and broke down.

Elmer wasn't relieved.

His voice cracked during the call.

He wanted to be my dad!

He's not.

The lie continues.

On Friday, November 23, 2007, my father died for the second time.
ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 2007, MY FATHER DIED FOR THE SECOND TIME.

This time, he wanted me!

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GLUE GLUE

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FRIDAY, 13 MARCH 2009
FRIDAY, 13 MARCH 2009

Richard Dowrey (Ritchie Rich) is a father of two. Ritchie Dowrey is sixty-two-years of age, and Ritchie Dowrey is a friend to all. On this night, Ritchie Dowrey was celebrating his retirement.

Shawn Woodward is a thirty-five-year-old construction worker who is short in stature but sturdy in build.

Ritchie and Shawn had met only less than one hour before.

I arrived at the Fountainhead at 8 p.m.

I grabbed a seat at the bar facing the pool table and was in the company of Ritchie, Binh, 2G, and Casino Tim.

The pub was bursting at the seams with people. Binh asked Ritchie if he'd like to play pool.

Moments later, they played doubles pool against Shawn Woodward and one of Woodward's friends. I continued chatting with 2G and Casino Tim, with my eyes occasionally drifting towards the pool table.

SMASH
SMASH

Shawn Woodward slammed Ritchie in the face as Ritchie was rounding the table close to the pub's entrance. Ritchie dropped like a board hammering his head into the tiling near the pub's entranceway. Ritchie lay on the floor with his life in jeopardy.

Shawn Woodward stepped over Ritchie's shattered body, walked out the door and began casually sauntering away.

RVJ, Cooper, and I followed him down the street to ensure he wouldn't leave the scene. We blocked his path at the mid-point of a community garden on Davie Street, approximately sixty feet from the pub's entrance. I stepped *nose-to-nose* with Shawn Woodward. I forcefully barked at him.

Why did you do that?

He's a faggot.

He deserved it.

He's a faggot.

I'm not a faggot.

The faggot touched me.

He deserved it.

I continued.

Do you realize you may have just killed a man in his sixties?

While we dealt with Woodward, RVJ, Casino, Tim, and 2G were tending to Ritchie. Casino Tim checked his pulse.

Woodward snapped back at me.

He's not in his 60s.

Don't you want to hit me?

I grabbed his hat and threw it over the community garden fence.

You want to hit me, don't you?

Calm down, Lindsay.

15 *I don't have to fucking calm down.*

I spun in a circle.

C'mon, try to hit me. Give me a reason. C'MON.

I pulled on his belt loops.

HIT ME

He's a faggot.

He deserved it.

He's a faggot.

I'm not a faggot.

The bouncers from a club across the street rushed across the street. They detained Woodward until the police came and took him away. I walked back into the pub. I passed Woodward's friend on the way. I asked him if Woodward was his friend.

Yes, he sure packs a powerful punch, doesn't he!

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GLUE
GLUE

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3-5 JANUARY 2018
3-5 JANUARY 2018

I don't want to die.
It's noon.
I stumbled right into the Emergency room.

I'm fifth in line.

It's been nine-months since my last visit (April 2017). The last time, I was fast-tracked past those who've likely been dealt shitty life cards; people society is kicking to a rudderless curb. I'm fast-tracked because I have been deemed to look normal. I'm fast-tracked because my joints are being crushed by a vice bringing with it a level nine-pain.

During the April 2017 visit, fast turned into a three-hour stay; it was welfare night and a night dubbed Mardi-Gras by the healthcare professionals.

When I was finally stationed in the examination room, I glanced to my right; an overworked doctor was slamming a needle into the chest of a card-carrying member of the living dead, shocking him back to life. He was high on what-fucking-ever. He gasped for air.

One-hour prior, Mr. High lay on my feet, eating a banana, squeezing an empty bottle incessantly, the crackling spurring insanity in anyone within earshot.

He gasped for air once more.

A needle fell from his pocket.

It rolled up to my feet.

The nurse told him; he was good to go.

High is waiting outside for him.

The ER doctor examined me, not really. I'd prepared my medical history, she wasn't interested.

I'd snapped photos of my expanding extremities.

The pain was relentless.

She wasn't interested.

So, your ankles have tripled in size? Do you want to vomit when you eat because your throat closes? Your pain level is 9? You can barely turn your

neck? Hmm. My feet swell by the end of my shift. This isn't an emergency. Go home.

But I just watched you slam a needle into – never mind.

Shall we take a moment to add REASON 2,345 to why guys don't go to the ER?

1. We're guys.
2. We're stupid
3. We think we're invincible.
4. We're stubborn.
5. We prefer to whine.
6. We're stupid.
2345. Overworked, and yet somehow, lazy, bleeping doctors (only a few).
2346. If my throat closes + feet triple in size + a steamroller is inflicted unbearable pain, then my current situation, soon to be described, couldn't possibly be worthy of an ER visit.

↓↓↓

GLUE GLOE

—

8 OCTOBER 2016
8 OCTOBER 2016

I arose, knowing if this was ever going to be my last chance to see my mother alive. Snow battered the rental car's windshield during the drive to the hospital. My tears froze to my cheeks.

I stumbled from the parking garage toward the hospital. The hospital's hallway stunk with a sterile familiarity cemented my memory banks from spending seven-years watching my parents die.

When I arrived at the nurse's station of the ward, it was silently labelled: Terminal. I checked the chalkboard. Bernice's final resting place: Room 101.

I began to enter her room. Paused. Four sneaker-clad feet were facing the bed.

Don't let it be family, I thought.

18 I began trembling. A nurse approached and asked if I was, okay?

Words began pouring out of me.

I was the youngest of seven. My parents died. I watched them take their final breaths. I found out my life had been a lie. I was a secret baby, born in a secret place. Religion judged me: I became the shame of family and community.

My mother played the role of angry sister.

Her life is winding down.

I will say hello.

I will say goodbye.

I will stay strong.

When I leave her bedside, I think my 'being' will shatter into thousands of pieces resulting in me turning into a frozen drivelling mess as my home that never was, will be no more.

The nurse looked into my tear-stained eyes, and with the utmost of tenderness, said, "Don't forget about you."

The curtain opened. Two orderlies walked out. It was time for me to go home one last time.

Before entering the room, the photo Robyn sent flashed in my mind.
I returned to my father's deathbed; his frail body ravaged by Cancer.
I flashed to my mother's deathbed; her frail body ravaged by Cancer.

Tears exploded from my eyes as I recalled my mother's final "goodbye."

I entered the room. Bernice's skin was pallid. She looked like she was about to turn to dust.

Bernice glanced my way.

Her eyes sparkled momentarily.

She began to cry.

Hello, mother, I said, my body shuddered. I continued. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what you had to endure. I'm sorry we missed each other's lives.

Bernice's voice cracked, *We had nothing against you.*

For the next ninety-minutes, I attempted to birth a relationship with my dying mother.

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Bernice chose to rail against the family. *Dad was awful, a bitter man, an angry man.*

I attempted to change the flow of the conversation.

I have to ask: Who's my father?

Bernice snapped back, *I'm happy; it wasn't that asshole.*

That asshole happened to be the man listed as my father on my birth record. That asshole happened to be a man I had built a two-year relationship with, ending with a DNA test. *Hello, Elmer, it's Lindsay; I have bad news: you're not my father.*

Who is this man? Why is he here?

A frail lady in the next bed asked. A lady who happened to have been Bernice and Sadie's roommate fifty-years ago in Brooks, Alberta. Now, they were dying together in the same sterile hospital room.

He's my son, Bernice proudly stated and then glanced back toward me.

We had nothing against you. Your father - my father - wasn't a good man. The night before they were coming to take you away, I begged, cried, and pleaded to mother for us to keep you. Mother finally gave in. We kept you.

It was time to go; I hugged Bernice delicately, kissed her gingerly on the right cheek, looked into her eyes, and whispered, I give you, my love. Be strong.

We broke the embrace. It was the second hug of our sporadic lives together. The first was on the night, *mine* — and Bernice's mother, Rebekah, died. Now, my mother was dying for a second time.

I ambled out of the room, looked back at Bernice; her eyes were teeming with tears. Bernice looked at me and softly said, her voice filled with anguish:

I am never going to see you again, am I?

At that precise moment, I realized: I would never be going home again.

THIS IS MY LIFE — IT IS IMPORTANT TO SHARE — IT IS VITAL TO SHARE

I MATTER
I MATTER



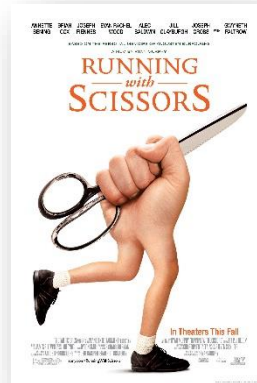
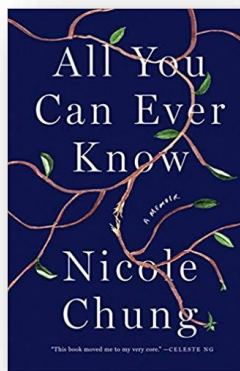
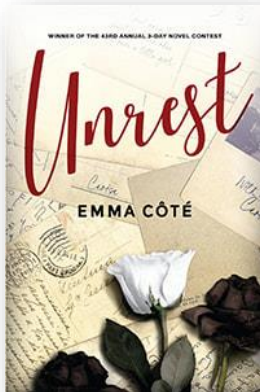
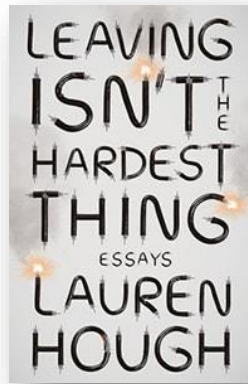
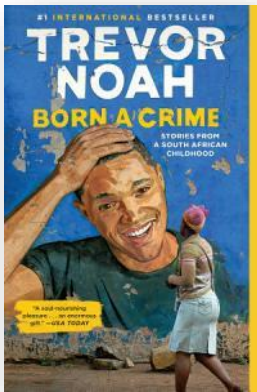
GLUE → SIMILAR TITLES GLUE → SIMILAR TITLES

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Here are six books, I feel if they were thrown into a juicer together – perhaps – GLUE would be the delicious blend coming out the other end.



*Follow-up to the Best Sellers
My Life on the Slush Pile
+
Glue*



CHASING NEON

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE
MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE → GLUE

CHASING NEON
CHASING NEON

—

WELCOME BACK
WELCOME BACK



CHASING NEON CHASING NEON

—

Chasing Neon is the breathtaking follow-up to the extraordinary My Life on the Slush Pile + the riveting, heart-wrenching Glue. Once again, with unflinching honesty, author Lindsay Wincherauk continues to piece his life together with the label of illegitimate haunting him daily.

In Chasing Neon, Lindsay ponders his future, but comes to realize, the most important thing in life, is living in the here and now because as we learned in Glue, you never know when a helicopter is going to fall from the sky and **SPLAT**.

In Chasing Neon, Lindsay grapples with his own personal challenges while the forces of living attempt to tear him apart. Lindsay in an unfathomable manner comes to realize we are all interconnected, and Chasing Neon showcases the strength, struggles, and hopes, as Lindsay desperately tries to make sense of life. Lindsay takes readers on wild ride in this powerful storytelling experience.

Chasing Neon is full of humanity, humour, promise, and insight into the plight of humans who are forced to the fringes of society simply because of their origin story.

Chasing Neon is not only great joy to read, but also evocative, timely, full of tenderness, and a true testament to the power of never giving up.



CHASING NEON CHASING NEON

—

BROTHER GREG BROTHER GREG

Faulted by niceness, overcompensating for something vacant from youth?
Picked up from the airport by Wayne — a few pops to refresh memories, and then, deposited at my home, waiting to return from work.

It's the first time Fuzzy didn't scratch or bite me. She just purred. It's very sad, he said.

Fuzzy, I love you.

Her tail wags. The end is near. I can't stop it. I'm not sure I've done the right thing.

We escape toward liquids, neon, memories past, and the creation of new.
Greg has returned home to deal with some family matters... to organize, collect, and put things in order, gain peace with his father, and find a way to escape from the tasks mentioned earlier — if only for a moment.

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So, escape we did — not without heavy hearts.

Fuzzy, I love you.

Her tail wags — time is running out.

One place, mussels complemented with beers crafted by monks. A stroll to a second place, beautiful servers — multi-million-dollar ambience — then the next place, Christa behind the bar, saucy, succulent, beautiful.

The calmness of our friendship was overriding the inevitability of death.

A nightcap mixed with jetlag; Greg's escape before the duty was complete; home was beckoning.

Fuzzy, nearly motionless on the bathroom floor, *I love you*, tears burst forth.

Greg crashes on my couch, I lay on the floor with my Angel, her heart...beats...beat.....beat.....beat.....beat.

I'm drowning in my tears as I know the next pulse may be her last. My strength is gone — she's only a cat. God damn it, she's only a cat.

I gingerly place my hand over her; she purrs, wags her tail ever so slightly — she never abandoned me.

You live on the fourth floor.

She would have never abandoned me — her purrs and tail wags assure me of that.

I can't fix her.

Escaping inevitability; demoralizing.

My spirits, sinking, my soul empties, she's only a cat; she's much more than that, my voice is nearly vacant, cracking, waning, weak, *Fuzzy, I love you*, she finds the strength to purr and summons a fading wag of her tail, her heart stops; her body is slathered with my tears; she leaves me, forever.

Death is not making me stronger — I know there is no way to avoid it — I've seen too many, Fuzzy's pains me on a level much higher than I could ever imagine; for nearly nineteen years, I believed I was taking care of her, in reality, she was really taking care of me.

I'm alone. I need to find a way to let someone in.

'Brother' Greg's presence eases the burden of solitude, masking alone, with duty... we're never truly alone.

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I wrap Fuzzy in two towels and carry her stiffened corpse to the front entranceway of my apartment, covering her, allowing her to rest in peace; I then retreat to my room to try to find concord before I head to work at 5:30, it's now, 3:30.

I can't sleep until my tears finally run dry, at 5:00.



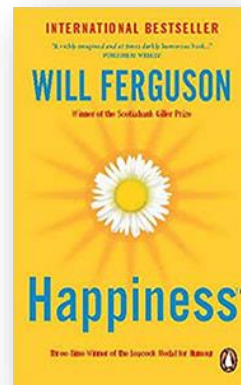
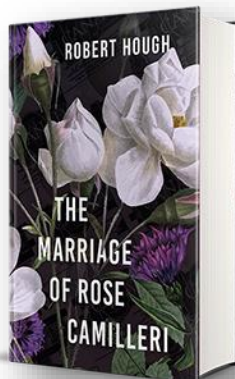
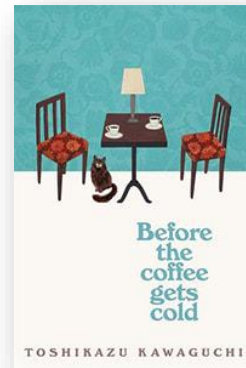
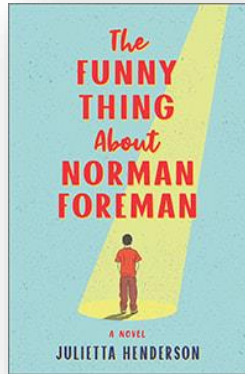
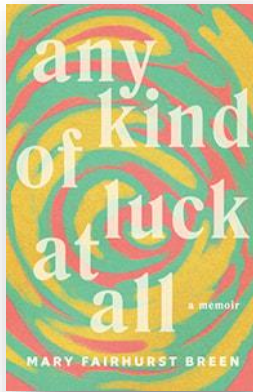
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