

My **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

No Curfew
NO CURFEW

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE



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.

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?

NO CURFEW

SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN

1968

Poverty paid our family a visit. Dad had crushed his hand inside the workings of a combine. Poverty forced our family to move into a subsidized apartment complex called Sturby Place. Sturby Place was the epitome of *the 'wrong side of the tracks.'*

We were moving into the big city, where I would make *real friends* instead of a life filled with *imaginary ones*. I hid from my brothers' continuous wrath inside a walk-in closet inside our home on the outskirts of town. There I had created a rich fantasy world to appease my fragile psyche and hide from my older brothers' physical and mental assaults.

I rallied the neighbourhood kids together by organizing sporting events. My popularity grew with each game played.

Dad needed rehabilitation. Mum was forced to bring home the proverbial bacon. Rebekah took a job as the kitchen manager at the Coachman Restaurant in Market Mall. Mum began to break down from exhaustion. Lucky Number 7: became her scourge; my presence made it necessary for her to continue working to provide for the family.

Guilt reminded me that she'd have had an easier life if it were not for me.

Before dad's injury, the nightly battles would erupt.

6 PM SHARP - DAILY

5:59.58 - 5:59.59 - 5:59. CLICK—

Dad

Why isn't dinner ready? I work hard every damn day.

Mum

I slave away all day in the Diner. Give me a moment to unwind. I will have the family dinner ready soon.

Dad

Damn it! Is it too much to ask? I put the food on this table.

Mum

Why did you buy yourself a new car? You know we can't afford it.

No Curfew

Dad

Don't talk about what I can and can't afford. I work hard. You don't do enough. I at least deserve food on the table when... Why are you crying? Stop it. Get back here. Damn kid.

Mum

Don't say that. Don't say things in front of...

Me

Mommy don't cry. I'm sorry. See what you've done, Daddy, leave her be.

Lindsay, Lindsay, you don't belong here. Lindsay, you're not one of us –

Indeed, tomorrow would be better.

5:59.58 - 5:59.59 - 5:59. CLICK –

I was wrong.

Every single night, after my father walked a few yards from the garage to our home, the war would rage on.

Every single night, with my eyes stained with tears, I retreated to the closet to hang out with my imagination.

26 I asked my imagination if I would have a life filled with insecurity and dysfunction.

My imagination gave me a blank stare.

I asked friends at school if their parents fought every day. They told me it's embarrassing how much they're always touching and kissing.

I'd ask my friends how old their parents were. Most would say twenty-five.

Mum was on the verge of collapse. Dad's injury caused him to become more angry + bitter. He was quickly turning into a jaded old man. Eventually, he returned to work. He could no longer handle the grind of being a mechanic. Instead, he took a position as a commissionaire at Saskatoon's airport. A job reserved for those who'd served in the military. Despite returning to work, his scotch drinking and chain-smoking were inflicting a heavy toll, dad's health began a steady decline.

I feared home. I tried to avoid it as much as possible. Instead, I continued organizing games for neighbourhood kids. Each night, the porch lights of Sturby Place started flashing in a seemingly choreographed dance, announcing it was time to retreat home.

OUR PORCH LIGHT NEVER FLASHED.

NO CURFEW: SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN: 1968



Why isn't dinner ready?
I work hard every day.



I slave away all day in the diner.
Let me unwind. I will have dinner ready soon.



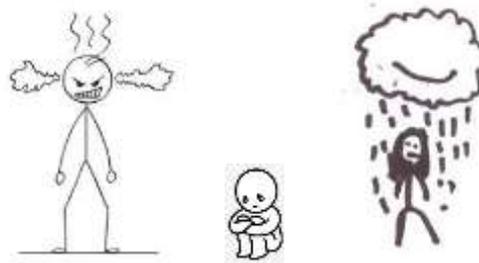
Damn it. Is it too much to ask?
I put the food on this table.
Why did you buy a new car?
We can't afford it.



Don't tell me what to do.
I deserve to be fed when I get home.
You don't do enough.
Why are you crying? Get back here.



Damn kid. If we didn't have the...
Don't say stuff in front of the boy.
It's not his fault.



Mommy don't cry. I'm sorry.
Daddy see what you've done, leave her be.
"Lindsay you're not one of us."

NO CURFEW: SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN: 1968
T10 CUKFEW: SASKAT00N, SASKATCHEMAN: T309

7:17 pm



I got to go; Mum flashed the porch light.

7:20 pm



I got to go; wah, porch light flashing.

NO CURFEW: SASKATOON, SASKATCHEWAN: 1968
TĀO CŪKĒM: SĀSKĀTŪŪN, SĀSKĀTĒMĀN: TĀ68

7:27 pm



Mummy! Daddy!

11:59 pm



Mummy! Daddy! Anybody?

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.

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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.

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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.