

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



ON THE SLUSH PILE

**MY SISTER IS
MY MUM**

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?

SQUARE PEGS. ROUND HOLES.
2007 BE BE? BOUND HOLES?



LETTERS TO ED
TELLEK2 LO ED

+
+

SPARE PARTS
2PAKE PAKI2

GREATNESS + THE THING + FOX MULDER
GKEYLNE22 + THE THING + FOX MULDER

GREATNESS + THE THING + FOX MULDER

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

(INCLUDING A FLASHBACK TO 12 SEPTEMBER 1994)

19-29 AUGUST 2006

Nightly shifts on the edge of Vancouver's drug-fuelled war zone have scraped away my capacity for compassion. I started comparing the victims of substance abuse with rodents feeding on discarded waste.

Cracked-out demons fight like rats for garbage and beg for money.

The sight of it disgusts me.

I found myself no longer caring about the individual's circumstances in life. I wanted these cretins to disappear. They no longer offered anything back to the world. They only take until they die. They believed they were bigger than the drug. They're stupid. Their struggles with substance glaringly highlight the difference between having and not having for all to see.

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I turned the corner where the construction site opened to the trailers. A two-legged rodent with a crack pipe in hand had just drawn the heated drug from its chamber. At the same time, injecting heroin, showing zero regards for people passing by. So, I immediately gained an understanding of selfishness. What a fucking waste of life. His legacy will be a failure; his story is fucking annoying, not sad.

I walked across the street to Tinseltown, an upscale mall. It was supposed to revitalize the area. Instead, it became a retail tragedy. Apparently, well-heeled shoppers and victims of crack don't mix.

I sipped a pop in Tinseltown's Food Court while trying to erase seeing the destructiveness of VICE from my mind. Since it was around 8 PM, the mall was almost empty. Twenty tables to my right sat a raggedy-looking man, slouched over with his head in his hands. The man was trying to rest before being escorted out of the mall into his home outside.

Three tables to my left sat a couple shovelling down tacos.

I took the last sip of my cola and began to head back to the job site.

The director of this scene called out

"ACTION"

DALAI LAMA

19 AUGUST 2006

ACTION

I strolled toward the escalator approximately sixty feet from my table. I noticed a man approaching me. He was decked out in a robe. A second man followed closely behind. With each step we took toward each other, the gap between us closed further, and we looked into each other's eyes. The energy in the mall felt strangely electrified. The thought crossed my mind:



I know this man –

Three more steps, and my eyes remained in contact with his. Another step, and we were only a few feet apart. For some reason, unbeknownst to me, we were being drawn together in this vast, empty mall.

He had a calm and glowing presence. His robe lightly brushed against my shirtsleeve. He looked directly at me and said in the softest of tones, "Hello."

439 My heart skipped a beat as I returned the hello; I shivered. A sense of calmness flooded through me.

I dashed back to the job site. Excitedly, I said to Tom, my co-worker, "You won't believe who I just met in the mall's food court. The Dalai Lama!"

Tom is of Indian descent.

He sprang out of his chair and rushed to the mall.

The following day when I went from Job 1 to Job 2, I opened a copy of the morning issue of 24 Hours Vancouver. The Dalai Lama was visiting Vancouver. There was a picture accompanying the article; the picture was of the Dalai Lama. The man I had brushed past ten hours before.

Another chill shot up my spine.

MORE CELEBRITY



GREATNESS + THE THING + FOX MULDER

THE ELBOW ROOM

29 AUGUST 2006

"The Thing" is a hideously misshapen monster with superhuman strength from the *Fantastic Four* movie franchise.

Little did I know, when I woke up on this pleasant September day, I would be sharing a table with him at breakfast.

My friends Greg and Sylvia were visiting from Germany.

The Thing's days usually consisted of joining his comrades to fight the evil lurking on every corner. He often teamed with the Invisible Woman and the Human Torch to fight Doctor Doom. The Penn Station Carnivorous Gnome often waited in the wings to help if needed.

This A-list team of good-doers was eradicating evil from my spirit, just in case evil was to return Detective Vic Mackey, Police Commissioner Toni Scali, along with several animated voices, including Big Fat Paulie, joined my day, virtually guaranteeing safety.

Patrick, a flamboyantly gay man, owns the Elbow Room; verbal abuse is on the menu, and Patrick is known for his sassiness.

"Get off your fat lazy ass and get your coffee yourself, bitch."

Teresa, our server, seated us at a table.

A man approached.

I know this man. I thought.

I wanted to say something. Teresa seated him in the spare seat at our table.

He was a celebrity.

I decided to let him eat in peace, but I couldn't resist saying, *"Fifteen years ago, I made you laugh on the set of your TV series. Do you remember me?"*

He sported a shaved head, and he's roughly my age, including his head. I'm a wee bit slighter. His wallet is more wadded than mine. So, he asked what I did to make him laugh?

I expressed how making him chuckle had meant something to me. I painted the scene: We were in a hospital in front of a delivery room, looking in on a mother with her plastic baby. You bent over for a closer look. I casually stated, *"It's amazing how life-like they are."*

The three of us were breaking bread with Michael Chiklis.

For the next hour, we chatted. Michael asked Greg and Silvia if they'd seen his new show, "The Shield." He'd heard it was a big hit in Germany.

I piped in, asking him if he enjoyed sharing the podium with Hasselhoff.



He muttered, "*Fucker!*"

Michael has been with his wife for sixteen years. They have three daughters. He couldn't stand being away from them for too long.

The phone rang, Michael excused himself momentarily; his eyes lit up, his wife was on the phone line.

True love exists.

At that moment, I decided: The Thing could play me in the movie version of my life, not The Thing, but Michael Chiklis.

As we pressed on with our day, all that was left to protect us from evil were The Thing and the Penn Station Carnivorous Gnome because Mr. Chiklis played every other character mentioned above, including the voices.

MORE CELEBRITY



IN THE SPIRIT OF DROPPING NAMES OF THE FAMOUS

HERE'S ONE MORE STORY

THE X-FILES

WAYBACK

12 SEPTEMBER 1994

OLYMPIC ATHLETIC CLUB

My legs trembled, I gasped for air, scrambling to find composure, as I sat on a bench in the weight room, sweat was beading on my face and pouring off my nose.

I had just finished a set of squats that if I remember correctly: with just the weight of the bar.

I looked up; a man I recognized; was standing in front of me; he asked if I'd like to play ball; two-on-two. They need another player, he said.

I tried to stand; I wobbled. I steadied myself. *No*, was on the tip of my tongue.

"Sure, why not?"

During warm-up, my first three shots hit nothing but air.

I said to my new friends, *"Yesterday, I hit the guns of redemption, my pipes of fading glory; that's why I was struggling to raise my arms."*

"Your what –"

The man I recognized asked as if I was speaking a foreign dialect?

"My pipes, my biceps."

Biff, it's time for the player introductions: From NYC –

David Duchovny, presented his hand, introduced himself.

I tried to place where I'd heard that name before.

Next, DB Sweeny shook my hand.

And finally, a nondescript actor said hello.

I didn't catch his name. Sorry nondescript. ⁽¹⁰⁰⁾

My guns began to recoil. *The X-Files entered my mind. Fox Mulder, that's where – I'm going to play hoops with Fox Mulder!*

Chauncy, quite the lineup here tonight: DB & Lindsay versus Mulder & Nondescript. This could get ugly fast unless Lindsay's pregame warm-up was an act.

Adrenalin kicked in; the guns were ready to fire.

We all shot, sliced, stole, dished, went hard to the hole. The battle for position was fierce. The hammers of pending doom intimidated and eventually allowed me to hit from downtown.

The Hollywood pretty boys took the game seriously, driving the lane with reckless

abandon. I floored Mulder with an accidental vicious elbow.

With the series tied at one game apiece, Game 3, the decider, was in full swing.

Mulder nailed a shot from the corner, narrowing the score to 10-9 for DB and me.

He drove hard again. I stole the ball. From the top of the key, I crossover dribbled. Mulder was on me like white on rice (lazy writing). I dribbled behind my back, with Mulder glued to me. I pivoted, reversed, slashed hard to the basket, elevated, and then dished the rock to DB.

DB calmly dribbled.

I cleared the key and then stood in the corner, wanting to collapse from exhaustion.

DB dribbled three times to the left, stopped, and popped. Nondescript and Mulder waved frantically, whiffing at the perfect arc of the shot. Then, in one, two, three revolutions, the ball rose slowly and then dropped toward the basket: SWISH. The sweet victory was ours.

The following week Duchovny was on the cover of *Details Magazine*; his show, *The X-Files*, was launching into the TV stratospheres; Duchovny's international star was rising rapidly.

I purchased the magazine; the article said Mulder grew up in NYC. I extrapolated.

- NYC is one of the Largest Cities in the World
- The article suggested Mulder was one of the best high school basketball players in NYC
- **Biff announced** I had just beat him = I AM ONE OF THE BEST BASKETBALL PLAYERS IN THE WORLD.

I glanced to my right; a man was staring at me. I asked him to stop. If he didn't, I would have to bring out the guns of –

He kept staring; a cigarette was dangling from his lips.

I calmly said to him:



Hey, mister, you can't smoke in here.

Mulder if you happen to read this. I will grant you: one rematch.

100. It wasn't Brad Pitt or George Clooney or Wilda Radner or Jamie Foxx or Trevor Noah. For sure.

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.