

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



MY

MY

MY

MY

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?

LOOSE ENDS
LOOSE ENDS



APPENDAGE

25 OCTOBER 2021

What's going on? Why are you fucking with my mind again? Am I not allowed to be clear of these thoughts?

What's that, no. Why no?

I need to place this in a compartment, for-fucking-ever.

I know that's not how life works. When we think something is put away, *only to rear its ugly head on certain days* – you, the mind of mine, call more shots. Crawling into my mind, like an insect searching for nutrients, scraping them from my brain, *nibble, nibble, nibbling away*, leaving me damaged, unable to speak for fear of someone saying, *"We all thought there was something different about you."*

FUCK OFF

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I want to be different. I want to be who I'm supposed to be, regardless of my origin story. I'm hurting.

Yesterday, I read parts of two books ⁽¹⁰⁴⁾, one I bought on a lark, simply because I liked the book's cover and girth. The other book ⁽¹⁰⁵⁾ was a gift. When I was a quarterback on a championship hall-of-fame inducted football team ⁽¹⁰⁶⁾, we played an exhibition flag football game against *'Athletes in Action,'* a group of star NFL and CFL players. They gave us the book as a parting gift in hopes we'd find the Lord.

Anyway, as I read, lights came on, **BLASTED ON**, leaving phosphenes floating in front of me.

"You'll always be our baby brother."

But can my mother continue to pretend to be my sister?

Actually, the answer might be yes, if she, back to actually, if she is my mother + my sister.

That would mean your father is – oh my-are you going to be, okay?

I don't know. *How could I be?*

At least I had the decency of not answering your query with a question first.

I don't think I will ever know the truth. But this is the only truth that makes sense, at least to me. So don't try to comfort me by saying, *"It was the times."* The fucking times.

LET ME THINK

A child born out of wedlock. In a place where the women were to be fixed, + made marriageable. A lie on the birth registration. A boy who's never supposed to be privy to the truth. An accidental discovery. The boy, now a man, is sent reeling in confusion, desperately trying to uncover who he really is.

The family disappears, disowns him, *but why?*

The years slip by. The man is afraid to talk too much about his family. The secrecy of his birth was supposed to erase shame. The man is swaddled in disgrace meant to be avoided. The family lives it daily, in denial. He can't escape his reality, his curiosity, this one missing piece. *Why did they lie? Who do they think they are protecting? It's 2021; would anybody care?*

Religion is complicit.

Is Nicholas my father?

Is Elmer Bliner?

Are you?

Why do I need to know?

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Think about the question for a second.

I am so fucking damaged by it I am not sure if knowing who my father is or isn't matters.

Is that the definition of pain?

104. The first book is a more than thousand-word tome, Ducks Newburyport |Lucy Ellman|. In the first twenty-seven-pages in a stream of consciousness, Ellman suggests a mother could be a sister with her offspring (son), whose father would also be his grandfather, whose sisters and brothers would also be – Why did I buy this book? Why am I reading it, now?

105. The football stars gave me a Bible |Sanctioned Storytellers|. I've tried to read it on several occasions. About one year ago, I made it to page eighteen. After reading ⁽¹⁰⁴⁾, I picked it up once more, I read two more pages. (Un)gracing these pages, God suggests it is okay for a father to lay with his daughters to propagate bloodlines. What prompted me to read again? I hadn't picked it up in over a year.

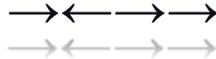
106. The 1978 Saskatoon Hilltops were inducted into the Saskatchewan Sports Hall of Fame. I was a quarterback on the team; thus, I'm a Hall of Fame Quarterback. In 1979 we had the privilege of playing a game against football superstars trying to

spread the Lord's message. I wish I had asked them who my father is? Of course, I never found out about the lies of my life (partially) until 2003, but since they are messengers of God, you'd think they'd have been privy to the truth and been able to guide me forward.

WAS NICHOLAS MY FATHER?

IN THE FOLLOW-UP TO GLUE, I MEET MY FATHER FOR THE FIRST TIME, ELMER.

16 July 1960 - 21 October 2006 - 7 July 2017 - 25 October 2021



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.