

WHO WAS – IS?



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Everyone wants something. *What do I want?*

I want to become a bestselling author who makes a difference!

And a pony.

PRESS PLAY

My name is Lindsay Wincherauk. I'm an author, writer, photographer, friend, fun invoker, + basically, a heck of a good guy.
Creativity spins through my mind at an alarming rate.

I've spent about 25% of my life working—helping to build a company into an industry juggernaut. And then, one day, not so long ago—*depending on when you're reading this*—I was tossed out with the bathwater.

I started out small, like most, being born in Edmonton, Alberta, in a place where babies were born in secrecy because they were deemed to be the shame of the community, family, and religion.

Shame on those who allowed this to happen.

Starting my life as an unwanted child and being lied to, some would think bleak beginnings would eventually turn me into a suicidal psychotic maniac. To date, I'd like to announce: Those people are wrong.

1

My reluctant family fed me. I started to grow. One of my siblings threw the family cat into the bath with me. Another sibling encouraged me to stick my dinner knife into a wall socket. And my three brothers shut off all the lights in our house and ran around chanting, "OH. OH. OH. Lindsay, you're not one of us. We're going to get you."

You don't want to know what my other three siblings did?

I was five at the time; the chanting scared the bejesus out of me.

Because I'm not Irish (I think)(I don't know for sure)(long story), I didn't have much bejesus in me to scare out.

I survived and then—

Shall I go on?

If you'd like more of the story, click on the PDF below (or just scroll):



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FIRST OFF

I'm a fearless writer, often fuelled by insomnia.

About my fearsome writing: I used to write OPEDs for a commuter paper (24 Hours Vancouver) with a circulation of almost 300,000, back when newspapers existed.

I: Read. Read. Read. And I am confident in saying, because of my Beetlejuice like reading; my writing stands up with most.

Five of my favourite books (+2):

1. Heavy - Kiese Laymon
2. Any Luck at All - Mary Fairhurst Breen
3. The Marriage of Rose Camilleri - Robert Hough
4. Before the Coffee Gets Cold - Toshikazu Kawaguchi
5. Everyone in this Room Will Someday is Dead - Emily Austin
6. The Road - Cormac McCarthy
12. Klara and the Sun - Kazuo Ishiguro

2 Why so much reading, you ask?

I am honoured to have been asked to share thoughts on books by the following publishers.

1. Harbour Publishing
2. Book*Hug Press
3. Avery Books
4. Greystone Books
5. U of R Press
6. U of C Press
7. U of T Press
8. Second Story Press
9. ZG Stories
10. Douglas & McIntyre
12. +++

Most of my "thoughts on books" receive rave reviews by publishers and authors alike.

I am also honoured to have been asked to participate in this year's Penguin/Random House "Read for the Cure" – cancer fundraiser.

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NOBODY EVER GAVE ME A



*Keep going Lindsay, I want more of you. Is it getting hot in here? Do you mind if I—
What are you doing? Put your clothes back on.*

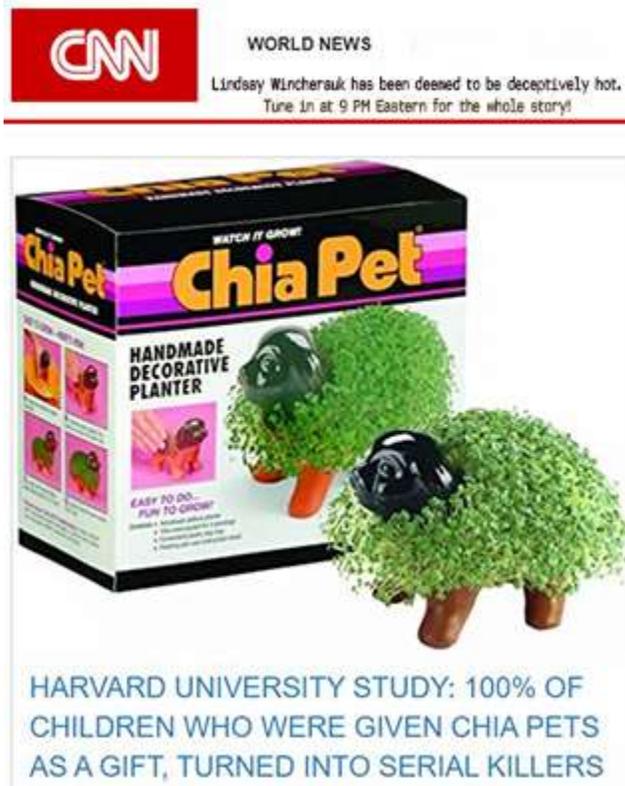
No. You are so deceptively hot. I want to drink all of you in, and then some.

This is getting creepy, stop it...oh my...your touch, your lips, your—

Did you just—don't worry about it, sweetie, it could happen to anyone.

But it's never happened to me. Leave me alone. I need to weep.

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NUCLEAR SUB...

I once read in a Playboy, or in a Penthouse Forum—I found under one of my brothers' mattresses, a story about pleasuring yourself using a banana—not *what you are thinking*. I took me an hour to get the mushiness out of my | | hairs.

Ewe gross.

I know.

Bananas are a rich source of potassium. Yummy potassium!

Still not a serial killer.

One of my three remaining siblings encouraged me to buy a nuclear submarine from the back of a magazine. It was only \$6.98.

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We had a slough behind our house. I'm sure I wouldn't have drowned. My siblings loved me!



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ALONE IN THE BIG CITY

On a family vacation, when I was eight, my family allowed me to roam downtown Calgary alone. This loving gesture helped me to develop Street Smarts.

I'm grateful for the valuable life lesson.

One day |fiction| when I returned to my sisters' downtown apartment, after a long leisurely stroll, (*except for being chased by a one-armed man who was frothing at the mouth*) (that required running). Anyhow, during my stroll, I met two scraggly champs Boxcar Leo + Chia Sam. The three of us engaged in a long existential talk about the meaning of life + chicken pot or turkey pot pie?

I prefer turkey...no...chicken.



When I finally made it back to my sisters' apartment, they had moved. They were such loving pranksters. Their flat was empty, except there was a one-armed man sitting on the floor trying to open a can of tuna with his hook.

I started running.

Dad picked me up. The weather outside turned frightful. We were transported to Saskatoon. It was minus 35 Celsius. I puked up spaghetti on the floormats of Dad's Lincoln Continental. He kicked me out of the car, making me walk the five miles home.

I must thank him for teaching me what it is like to be *fucking* cold. Thanks, Dad.

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MORE PLEASE

The here and now + a little backpedalling.



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The future looks bright.

I need to learn to drive. Dad taught me. Only allowing me to drive in reverse. Weird.

A crow buzzed my head.

My 1963 Epic Envoy's gear shift snapped off and then $\frac{1}{2}$ |Tony Gagnon| smashed out the right headlight when I let him drive. Dad replaced the gear shift with a silver vise grip + the headlight with a trouble light. The chicks were lining up to date me!



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AND THEN...

In my senior year of High School. Go Evan Hardy Souls! I started playing football. Quarterback. Our team were city and provincial champion.

My first touchdown pass was a 35-yard strike to the fleet-footed Danny Servetnyk into the corner of the endzone against the Holy Cross Crusaders (1977). A team QB-d by Ron Deutcher.

GRADUATION

Wanda, you're beautiful, will you go to grad with me. Yes. Huh. Surprising.

Dad let me take his ninety-eight-foot-long Oldsmobile 98 for the night.



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It broke down.

When we got to the after party my date was tipsy. She blew smoke in my face. I hated smokers. I walked home.

Still not a psychotic serial killer.

I don't think I want to be one.

Try harder.

Piss off...

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KEEP SHARING

Wanda and I broke up. I think. I'm not sure she'd ever admit that we were dating.

I did teach her how to drive in the Epic.

She crashed it into a snowbank. We had to get a farmer to pull it out with a tractor.

A year later, I accidentally crashed the Epic into Grubbies Restaurant.

The restaurant went out of business three years later. Coincidence?

Wanda and my, second date (far in the future), were when we both were in the wedding party of Tony + Jody. I was with my girlfriend, at the time, Corrie. I can't remember if Wanda smoked that night.

I kept playing football.

1978 Saskatoon Hilltops National Champion!

1979-1980 Edmonton Wildcats.

During my time with the Wildcats, I launched the longest touchdown pass in Canadian Junior Football History (108-yards) to Gord Bolstad. Legend has it I threw the ball so far it still hasn't landed.

I fell in love with Lori Greschuk. Tony stole her from me (before Jody). Lori set me up with one of her friends, we went to the movie Halloween together. The movie reminded me of my siblings.

I continued playing football. 1980-81 **University of Saskatchewan Huskies**. My ass was voted the second hottest on campus.

My football process landed me in the Saskatoon + Saskatchewan Sports Hall of Fame!

ONE-EYE-BLIND QUARTERBACK LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
INDUCTED INTO THE SASKATOON + SASKATCHEWAN SPORTS HALL OF FAMES!
THE ONLY HALF-BLIND QB EVER INDUCTED.
LOOK AT HIS ASS!
FILM AT 11.

Amazing! Did your coaches know you were blind?

No. Absolutely not. I memorized the eye chart.

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LAST TOUCHDOWN PASS

In the trainer's room before the game, I said to teammate Ron Deutscher. Former star quarterback with the Holy Cross Crusaders, I said, *hey, Deutsch, have you ever scored a touchdown?* It was Ron's last year of his university career. He'd been switched from QB to receiver.

No.

Today, you will.

With two minutes left in the game, coach put me in. On the very last play, I rolled right, took a crippling hit by a scary monster. I fired a 35-yard laser to the corner of the endzone. Ron, dove, making a spectacular catch. Touchdown!

9 The pass was to the exact spot in the endzone (different stadiums) where I fired the rocket to Danny Servetnyk in 1977.

Today, you will!

That is the best memory of my football career.

That, and getting laid.

On a somber note, Ron died in 2002 while trying to save two boys from drowning.

R.I.P RON

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THE BIG FUCKING C

Knock. Knock.

Who the fuck are you?

The Big C, I'm here for your father.

Seven years later after approximately 1500 hospital visits. The asshole finally ended my father and our families suffering.

Knock. Knock. (One year later).

What are you doing here?

I'm here for your mother?

Go away.

On mom's last night at home, on the steps of our home, on a minus 35 Celsius night, my mother looked at me and said, *I'm never going to be home again, am I?*

I lied.

One week later my mom whispered goodbye into my ear.

I was barely twenty-seven and I was now without a home base.

I no longer had a family.

How do you cope?

Slowly.

Pain tends to follow us through life. Happiness often hides in the shadows.

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CREATIVE OUTLET

The door on the left leads to misery.

The door on the right leads to the unknown joys of living.

I pick the door on the right.

I did dip a few toes into the left, but decided, life is dishing me enough to be able to write, write, write.

Comedy comes from pain. Laugh.

I want my mommy.

What's that, mommy wasn't always truthful?

Hopefully, the truth doesn't fuck me up too much.

Don't worry, it will.

11

Simmering below the surface, lay a dark family secret.

I got laid again.

The previous sentence has nothing to do with the secret.

Hey, Lindsay, |How do you know my name? He didn't| do you want to play two-on-two basketball with me, that guy over there, and D.B. Sweeney?

Do I know you?

No. My name is Fox Mulder.

Final shot. Swish. Sit down Fox, Lindsay Wincherauk wins!

BACKPEDAL

Seventh born = *HEY. LOOK. AT. ME.* = nobody looked = *HEY. OVER. HERE* =

We're tired. Maybe later.

I wish someone would have given me a Chia Pet.

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BEING EVERYTHING

My career path has ranged from dishwasher to shipper & receiver to hair product huckster to night security to construction worker to sales (various) to **hair model** ⁽¹⁾, to bartender to bouncer to landscaper to, **did I say hair model** ⁽¹⁾ (?) to driver to DJ to bar manager to hotel manager to almost-nude-model to humorist + comic to **opinion editorialist** to human resources guru (snippets from that career may be in the **60 section**) to an author.

Wow. Scattered.

I prefer, Rounded.



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- 1) The Big Bamboo was jammed packed with hair industry professionals. I was sporting a |sic| hairstyle. My body glistening, dripping in oil and sweat. Smoke filled the stage. The music from Spy versus Spy played. I came through the smoke, robe open, sinewy body rendering the audience breathless. After the event, I saw the famous coach of the Montreal Canadians in the audience. He was necking with a woman less than twice his age. I don't think it was his wife. ⁽²⁾
- 2) While leaving the venue, my knee gave out. I needed to rest on the steps. A bouncer started pushing me down the stairs. My date (a female RCMP officer) beat up the bouncer. ⁽³⁾
- 3) I hope this doesn't change the path of who I'll eventually become? ⁽⁴⁾
- 4) Back peddling to 1989. Regina Saskatchewan. Jeff Balchan signed me up to be in a bachelors' auction. I fetched the second highest bid. ⁽⁵⁾

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GO ON...

- 5) Jeff Balchan was my manager at the Keg Restaurant. He drove a BMW. It broke down. I lent him \$2,000 to get it fixed. He paid me back.⁽⁶⁾
- 6) After work one night, Jeff, myself, Rick Gillis + One, hopped into Jeff's ride and drove to Kenosee Lake. Everybody except for Jeff were quaffing ales. Jeff was speeding. He saw a police car on the side of the road. *Get down. Get down.* Jeff bellowed. *I'm less likely to be pulled over if I'm alone.*⁽⁷⁾
- 7) We were pulled over. *Sir, did you know you had three other people in the car?*

When we got to Kenosee I smoked a cigarette in less than twenty-seconds while chugging a beer. I don't smoke.

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FOR THREE EASY PAYMENTS OF \$19.95
LINDSAY WILL SHARE HIS SECRETS TO AGEING GRACEFULLY!
\$27.95 IN THE CONTIGUOUS



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A LESS THAN



UPBRINGING

Instilled the following in Lindsay (me).

- ✓ A touch of insanity.
- ✓ A razor-sharp wit.
- ✓ An oversized penis.
- ✓ Compassion.
- ✓ Empathy
- ✓ And a keen sense for spotting liars.
- ✓ A gift of storytelling.

Channel the positive.

Write. Write. Write. A book. An Opinion Editorialist.

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The book had a modicum of success, landing me on Breakfast Television, leading to twenty columns in **24 Hours Vancouver**. I was arriving.

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KEEP



Anchorless I kept hitting the keys. **WHAM.** Family secret unravels. *This fucking sucks.*

Keep typing. Go. Go. Go.

Pour it onto the page.

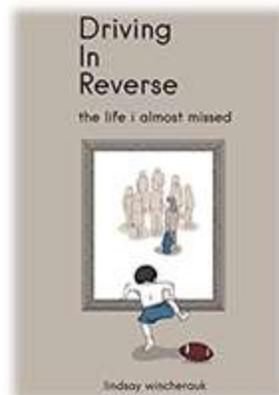
My story is the definition of Stranger than Fiction.

Share your story. Tell me your secret.

No. Read the book.

It's released.

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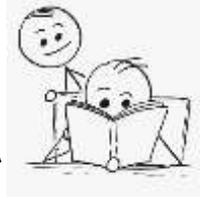
It receives Rave Reviews.

73 5-STAR REVIEWS + COUNTING

"Genuinely Extraordinary"

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IT'S A GREAT



A **43-YEAR-OLD-MAN**, going through the mundane day-to-day realities of life, has his life turned upside down when he accidentally uncovers a dark family secret while renewing his passport. His parents he watched die were not his birth parents. The revelation eviscerates his core causing him to dive into his past in search of his identity. His journey is teeming with debilitating darkness, light-filled discoveries, and is littered with a horde of colourful characters, including David Duchovny, Michael Chiklis, and the Dali Lama.

It's not quite right. That is the curse of being creative. My publisher sucked. The book will eventually morph into a new edition: **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE.**

Destined to become a Best Seller!

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The glowing reviews kept coming in.

Anyway, I finished ~~your~~ our book last week. It was a helluva journey!

A couple of themes that really stand out – 1) the human capacity to love must be innate. Love wasn't expressed to you or modeled for you in your "formative years" (maybe all years are formative?) but you do love, and you love generously. 2) Your capacity to overcome and then to heal. It's quite remarkable.

You reinforced the advice I've been seeing on social media, "Be kind; for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle."

I'm so glad you found, your, happy. Though my story is much less interesting, I found my happy at the age of 58.

Thanks for trusting me to read without judging or giving advice. You're truly a good soul, and I'm glad to have connected.

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SECRET

A baby born in secrecy.
In a secret place.
Wayward women to be fixed.
Family shame.
Community shame.
Religion shunned.
What about the baby?
Sell him.
Adopt him out.
Never utter his name.
Rip him out of his mother's arms.
Shush. Shush. Shush.
Live with the lie.
He's not wanted.
Raised out of obligation.
Don't tell him the truth. He can never know.
He'll take it to the grave.
A new birth certificate is required.
What? Dad wasn't dad. Mom wasn't mom.
And away we go...?

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SHARE THE PAIN

Most of the time, my heartbeat, like it was trying to escape my ribcage, and not just because of the copious amounts of caffeine I imbibed while plowing through this memoir. I think its consumption just set the proper physical stage for reading this wild ride.

I (literally) could not stop reading.

I was compelled to keep reading and reading and reading and experiencing this life. I was jittery; I felt greasy and dirty; I needed a shower; I could not stop reading.

Sometimes, it is just nice to know that everyone struggles and you're not crazy.

This book is (jam) packed with drugs, drinking, meaningless sex, sorrow, pain, and heartache, yet, also love, compassion, and kindness for others.

It was humbling to be thanked for finding the strength to write my ~~pain~~ memoir.

Some would say cathartic.

I don't like that word, nor do I believe in closure. What I do believe is it is vitally important to share our stories with each other.

So, I keep writing and sharing, and writing and sharing, and writing and sharing.

Hocus Pocus. A spell is cast. I need to blow up my story again. I need it to find a massive audience, I need to morph it into the bestselling **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE**.

I WILL!

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Mouth agape. I bet your glad you dropped by. I'm ecstatic to host you.

I promise you there are countless of hours of enjoyment to be gleamed from the hundreds of pages on this site.

I write.

I create.

I dream.

19 In great stories the characters all want something.

What do I want?

To be your **favourite author!**

I mean it.

I keep writing.

- **DRIVING IN REVERSE (already here)**
 - **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE - A META-MEMOIR**
 - **GLUE**
 - **A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN**  **(STORIES)**
-

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WHAT ARE THEY ABOUT?

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

A META-MEMOIR

Born a Crime crosses paths with *Kafka* in this engrossing, true, coming-of-age tale of a forty-three-year-old man who accidentally uncovers a dark family secret, leading him to a haunting journey of self-discovery and a quest to come to terms with his family's deep-rooted flaws.

GLUE

Denis Johnson + *John Barth* gets together over a few pops, in this extraordinary tale about survival, love and doing the right thing after witnessing a hate crime and the unforgettable journey of a man searching for *self* after he watches his mother die, for a second time.

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A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN



(STORIES)

An engrossing collection of stories all sharing the threads of the common theme of trying to make it home. The stories run the gamut from a Memento-styled sexual hook-up to living in a mirrorless town. Colourful characters adorn every page.

WRITER MAGAZINE SAID

Our favorite part of this story was its high stakes. Penelope's life is an exceedingly difficult one. We applaud the writer for having the courage to write about such serious subjects. We also thought the opening lines were particularly well-suited to draw us into the story, especially the sentence "*The kind of years where she became the chalkboard with kid-after-kid lining up to drag their fingernails across her fragile being.*"

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BUT WAIT — THERE IS SO MUCH MORE MORE STORIES + BOOK REVIEWS + FOOD + MUSIC

I THINK

I can't stop thinking, which leads to writing, which leads to sharing. In the **I THINK** section, you will find stories running the gamut from sex to racism to humanity to travel to his collection of **Opinion Editorials** to WTF.

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. Navigate your way around on the front page or at the top of the site!

REVIEWS

You can't be a good writer, unless you read.

Didn't Lindsay once say, he's a writer not a reader?

Yes. I had an idiotic moment. I have since, evolved.

I read about one book per week. I love sharing my thoughts on how these books made me feel.

FOOD

A writer's gotta eat.

Wow. Profound.

Wow. Sarcastic.

Touché.

I'd like to share my favorite bites, + more stories, with food as the backstory. Yum!

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NUMBER ONE MIXED TAP DJ

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

(1981-88)

—



My greatest accomplishment?

I think so.

1981-88 in country-music-centric, Saskatchewan.

The only country songs I played were, “The Devil Went Down to Georgia” and a little ditty about it being 40 below, with a heater in a truck, and going off to some rodeo. Alabama was bouncing left and right.

At 11 PM each dance they set out the cold cuts, cheese, and buns.

Take a moment to let **Number One DJ in Saskatchewan**—no country music.

Tunes on every page. Rock it out.

And atmospheric tunes.

Enjoy!

*You are so beautiful
To me
Can't you see
You're everything I hoped for
You're everything I need
You are so beautiful
To me—*

Lindsay resides in Vancouver with Bubby + their adorable cat Hana.

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HEY. LOOK AT ME. OVER HERE.



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SHOULDN'T I BE EMBARRASSED?



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No!



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AND HERE I AM NOW

(ACTUALLY ⁽¹⁾, ONE YEAR AGO, ON MY 60TH BIRTHDAY!)

I EVEN LOOK HOTTER NOW!



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- 1) I would like to take a moment to announce my contempt for the word actually. I also would like to announce my hatred for: should + shouldn't + ought + ought-to + I have a | friend who is not white announcement so therefore you are allowed to be a racist piece of shit | –and any other word that condescends. The list is growing. Check back often.

That's all for now. I hope you enjoyed looking at me. I will leave you with a picture of my ass!?!



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