

DEAR KEN ATCHITY

Hello, Mr. Atchity,

Thank you for your kind message. And happy late (one-day late) birthday, but, of course, until you sent me the email, I would have never done the research (Googled) and discovered your birthday. I hope you had a fabulous birthday regardless of my unbelievable research skills.

As for your query?

My story is an easily scriptable series of two books.

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

And the followup→

GLUE

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

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 peering 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.

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.

I'm in 100% of agreement with you. If you have a dream, chase it.

I have a dream.

My stories need to be shared.

They are much larger than me.

And somehow, all the tumult that regularly visits me—I can't quit trying—never!

Hell, I am now sixty-one. At the start of Covid, my wonderful boss erased my fifteen-year career because I said Covid was 'freaking me out'—a cheaper model replaced me

within an hour – without severance, a real WTF moment.

And in the aftermath of having my life overturned, despite the fact that I am a fearless writer, and I'm pursuing my passions, going full in on who I'm supposed to become. Well, I had a seventy-five-year-old friend say to me recently, "Are you going to get a job?"

Friend immediately became acquaintance, fuelling my desire to keep trying!

I'm grateful life has blessed me with the gift of stories, with eyes wide open. I must tell my stories. How many people →

- Watch their parents die →
- Find out sixteen years later they weren't their birth parents →
- Are ostracized from family going from youngest of seven to only child in a heartbeat →
- Chases his passions despite the upsets in life →
- Is a one-eyed record-holding, hall of fame quarterback →
- Have witnessed a gay bashing (becoming a vital witness in Hate Crime) →
- *Keeps trying* →
- Travels to Panama during a military coup →
- *Keeps trying* →
- Meets his birth father only to have to tell him two weeks later, his birth mother lied on his birth registration →
- Meets his birth mother (for the first time as his mother) nineteen years after he watched his mother die, alongside her deathbed →
- *Keeps trying* →
- Suffers a catastrophic stroke →
- Performs a twenty-five-minute set of stand-up →
- Is terminated from his career for three words during a once in a year pandemic →
- *Keeps trying* →

→ of course, I must write and create.

I hope you don't mind. I have taken the liberty of sending you the following material (PDF).

1. **AUTHOR BACKGROUND (INCLUDING PUBLICATIONS + PUBLISHERS I'VE WORKED WITH).**
2. **SYNOPSIS OF MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE.**
3. **SAMPLE CHAPTERS**
4. **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE: LOCATIONS**
5. **A LIST OF AUTHORS I HAVE BUILT RELATIONSHIPS WITH WHO I WILL SEEK ADVANCED PRAISE FROM.**
6. **MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE BLENDS INTO GLUE**

7. **MOVIE + TELEVISION (NETWORKING)**
8. **SIMILAR TITLES**
9. **A LIST OF BOOKS I'M ALSO SEEKING REPRESENTATION→**
10. **CONTACT INFORMATION.**

Thank you again.

Warm Regards,

Lindsay Wincherauk



We can never be sure of the pain hiding behind someone's eyes.