

My **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

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?

HELL + ESCAPE + MORE HELL + LOVE
HELL + ESCAPE + MORE HELL + LOVE



VICE WORLD PART 3: SEX

EVERYWHERE

19(??)>>>

"Hey, Lindsay, good to see you again. How was Booze for you?"

"Great, but blurry. You know it's not about social; it is only about the Booze. Enough reminiscing, what else do you got? The last time I visited, I was intrigued by the Sex Vice."

"Lindsay, the Sex Vice is a perfect compliment to Booze. I suggest you wrap it up and go! Just stay true to the formula."

UPBRINGING + FOOTBALL = INDIVIDUALITY

+ NEED FOR VALIDATION + POPULARITY = OPPORTUNITY = SEX

My first time, well, that's enough of that.

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Let's just say I was taken advantage of by the most beautiful girl in the world. Unfortunately, she neglected to tell me that she was dating a less-than-mentally-stable⁽⁹⁾ linebacker (JK) on the Huskies football team.

He found out.

A few days after, I experienced bliss for the first time –

Lindsay, you started playing with the Huskies in 1981. Are you saying you didn't lose your virginity until –

Shut up.

– during a pickup basketball game, JK slugged me violently in the gut while I drove the lane to the basket.

Sex was fun but potentially dangerous and painful, and emotionally charged. I liked it, not the punch to the gut part.

Only an ass would boast of conquest. I won't.

As the best-looking quarterback on the team, *arguably in the world*, my dance card quickly filled.

I promise you that while I was shading the emotions trouncing me because of my father and mother's illnesses, I never used dalliances to avoid the hospital.

The bloom may have come off my rose late, but once it did, life got sticky.

I have cuddled with sisters in Jamaica.

I was tapped on the shoulder in a movie theatre and then asked if I'd like to join.

In front of Aldo Shoes at 2 AM, I asked two ladies which shoes they preferred? The question led to being naked at their place, with them, shaving off my body hair. Booze may have also played a role in this encounter.

Let me rework the formula:

BOOZE + FOOTBALL + BOOZE + POPULARITY = SEX

BOOZE & SEX

Thanks, Vice God, Booze and Sex go hand in hand.

Bear with me. For a moment, my story is about to jump around in the timeline for a page or two. I figured sharing a few more gory stories about my world of conquest fits well here, so it's best to get them out of the way before diving back into the crux of the story.

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Thanks for understanding.

Lindsay, you don't have to explain; we can figure out what you are doing.

ACE

22 OCTOBER 1981

SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

Now for a moment of alcohol-fuelled stupidity.

It was time to pack up after a night raising the roof at a Huskie Howler as the Number One Mixed Tape DJ on campus.

Three massively large teammates helped me load the equipment in my vehicle. About thirty feet away from us, two guys, minding their own business, were walking down the street. I turned into an asshole. I shouted at them.

"FAGS."

Little did I know –

Anyway, they didn't like my tone, and one of them decided he'd like to fight.

I wasn't interested.

"Hey asshole, it's go-time."

"No, I think it is about 1:30."

"I'm going to kick your ass."

"I don't want to play, Ace."

Apparently, he didn't like being called Ace.

Ace began stripping off his jacket and lost for what to do; I decked him, scoring a TKO.

What a fucking asshole I was, I vowed from that moment onward never to behave that way again.

CAM: PART 1

BANFF + CALGARY + SASKATOON

1982

Before my second season with the huskies started, I vacationed in Banff with a teammate (also a quarterback – less attractive, of course), Cam and his girlfriend, Kathy. We all got sloshed.

Cam had offered me my first bartending gig at his father's Greek Restaurant.

The night after our night of debauchery in Banff, in Calgary, the three of us tried to relive the previous night.

"Guys, I was so hammered that I could have had sex and not remembered," I said with a tinge of embarrassment.

Cam vehemently disagreed.

"No, seriously," I added.

"Lindsay, that is impossible."

Kathy joined the conversation, *"Anything is possible; Lindsay did walk through the hotel lobby naked."*

TWO-MONTHS LATER

I was alone with Kathy.

"Remember the night in Banff. Cam was passed out on our bed. His stomach was wambling." Yes, she said, wambling. "Cam and I had a huge fight. I was done with him. Then, you walked into the room, naked. I told you about the fight. You threw all of Cam's toiletries in the sink because you were disgusted by his behaviour."

"Oh my."

"Cam rushed to the bathroom to puke. While he was in the bathroom, we did it."

From this day onward, I vowed never to be that asshole again.

WATER BALLOON

REGINA SASKATCHEWAN

FAST FORWARD: MAY 22, 1989

Corrie and Vern (you will meet them soon) drove the 161 miles from Saskatoon to Regina for a visit.

We double-dated. My girlfriend's name will remain void from this story.

Booze did what Booze is meant to do, socialize us.

When we returned to my pad, Corrie, and Vern, crashed on my hide-a-bed. I slithered into the bedroom with my nameless girlfriend.

Corrie entered the room to wake us in the morning, entering mid-thrust and then frantically scurried away.

Upon completing whatever we were doing, I scampered to the bathroom to relieve myself. I felt the pleasurable rush of release, I began to panic; no stream was hitting the bowl below; I panicked more.

What's going on, I screamed inwardly.

I glanced down to find I was still sporting the condom.

BOOZE & SEX = OFT-TIMES CONFUSING

IF IT ENDS WITH A TOWEL, IT IS NOT LOVE.

9. I do not have the credentials ⁽¹⁰⁾ to diagnose anyone's mental competency.
10. I do not need to announce my lack of credentials.

NOW, WHERE WAS I?

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.

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.