

My LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE
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MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR
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BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Until We Met Again
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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



Until We Met Again
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UNTIL WE MET AGAIN...

AND THE LOVE OF FRIENDS DURING A HORRIBLE TIME

SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

1983

SEPTEMBER 27, SLIDER'S NIGHTCLUB

"Lindsay, you are just another pig dog, like the rest of them."

"I'm sorry, Corrie. I wanted to call you. I really did. I ran out of gas. I got a flat tire. There was an earthquake. A terrible flood. Locusts. It wasn't my fault; I swear to God. I promise I was going to call, but I didn't know your last name."

Corrie became my first girlfriend.

Her younger brother, Wes, overflowed with blithe unconcern for everything. He was a social whore and a reckless free spirit.

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I helped to patch him back together after he crashed a motorcycle. I heard stories of him riding on the hood of a speeding car, and of him jumping off a ferry in Greece – only to be greeted by the authorities onshore. If liquids were to be placed before him, he drank them.

I even witnessed him sucking the nine lives out of a sleeping cat. I love Wessie. No life challenge was out of his league.

I have no idea what the previous sentence means.

Corrie + Wes, were adopted.

George & Peggy were their adoptive parents.

George worked hard; he was a talented handyman, reminiscent of MacGyver. He once fixed my car's slaughtered radiator with pocket lint and candle wax.

As for Peggy, she was a big-hearted crafty homemaker.

Unfortunately, like my parents, they both chain-smoked.

Corrie was academically gifted, not for the lack of studying hard.

Wes needed to be kept alive because his free spirit skirted societal norms – to the point where he was often favoured.

This reality may or may not have ground Corrie's gears.

The Raddysh family provided me relief from my father's illness.

"Hey, George, I haven't noticed you smoking recently. Have you quit? Haven't you smoked for 30-years?"

"No, forty. I sparked up for over 40."

"Wow. That's amazing. How did you quit?"

"I caught a cold and decided smoking is stupid, nothing more."

I won Corrie over with my fire-kissed charms. *That was fun to type.*

Enter three lovely girls, Corrie's friends: Kleo, Bub, and Michelle.

Flash forward to a time far in the future outside of this book: I have been in a long-term loving relationship (more than 10 years). I have dubbed my other, Bubby.

BACK ON POINT

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Kleo + Bub, + Michelle are great people who comforted me during difficult times. They quickly became a large part of my support network without being overbearing.

Toss in Whitey (Darryl Wacker), my best friend + Bub's squeeze, and I was going to be okay. Away from the Reaper marching my father toward the end, life with this crew was sweet.

We became our own "IN" crowd.

We were living life to the fullest.

Dad was dying.

ONE NIGHT @ SLIDER'S NIGHTCLUB

Before I jump into the story, I'd like to highlight the "One Night at" part of above or, depending on how the pages turn out, on the previous page. Anyway, "Nightclub" eliminates the need for "One Night at;" doesn't it? Hence, in the spirit of brevity, the double strikethrough, apart from this longwinded explanation.

Sliders were hopping on this one-night; Kleo approached Corrie and me on the dancefloor.

"Holiday" by Madonna blared from the club's speakers.

"Guys, | inaudible |, I was hit on the head with a baseball bat."

Like good friends are wanton to do, we laughed.

“Seriously, I was dancing. I spun.” Kleo relived the move. “And WHAM. The next thing I knew, I was spread out on the floor.”

“Funny, Kleo. Nobody hit you with a bat.” I said with a ~~diekish~~ smirk.

I was going to say ~~diekish~~ smirk but like above –

“No, really. It happened. Is it raining in here? I think they are just washing the roof.”

CODE 649

I holiday in Jamaica with Bub twice (in the future).

Before the inevitable future arrived, which begs the question, how could Future Shop possibly go bankrupt?

And during a walk “in the future,” on Vancouver’s magnificent seawall, I will come across a company doing renovations. The company’s slogan: RENOVATING THE FUTURE.

Seeing this sign will prompt me to stop + catch the attention of a worker.

“Hey, excuse me, what year are you in?”

He will stare at me, mouth agape.

I repeat, *“What year are you in? I’m in 2020.”*

He will not understand the question.

Anyway, the Raddysh house became party central.

Bub lived two blocks away.

CLOSING TIME @ CLUB RADDYSH

Outside temperature: -32 Celsius. Unless you are reading this in the USA.

THE SETUP

Bub stumbles home—retreats to her room, and strips down to her underwear. Once stripped down, Bub headed outside to grab fresh air as the story goes. She began climbing over the fence separating her home from the neighbour’s. Her noise-inducing climbing skills startled her mother awake.

“Barb, what the hell are you doing?”

Hell works better than heck: don't you think?

Bub spun her head 180 degrees and then looked at her mother like a deer facing headlights or like the Kaleidoscope pinwheels spinning in front of the victims in the movie Motel Hell, just before they are pulled out of the ground to be turned into sausages.

I like to make it perfectly clear: I saw the movie Motel Hell precisely one time, I have not researched if the above scene from the movie is accurate. If it is, my recollection troubles me.

Bub slid down from the fence and began ambling back inside.

Her mom stopped her on the top step.

"Barb, what are you doing? You could have frozen to death."

Bub muttered, *"Code 649."*

Bub's mother borrowed Bub's deer eyes and asked, *"What's Code 649?"*

Bub paused, looked toward the heavens with glazed-over eyes, pulled her right hand from behind her back, thrust a pair of socks in her mother's face, and said, "This."

Bub's mum sported the only emotion possible and asked, *"What?"*

Bub looked back toward her mother and, in the calmest of tones, said, *"Lindsay knows."*

Bub and I are still good friends, and she has likely read this bit. Obviously, except for the part taking place in the future.

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.