

YOU

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE
A META-MEMOIR

THE CARTOON VERSION



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



Could you phone your parents and ask them who your real parents are?

The mistakes we make in life make us whole.

DEDICATIONS

At work one day an employee named Jody approached me. He asked me what he believed to be a poignant thought-provoking question.

"Lindsay, have you ever noticed how many white guys are dating Asians?"

To which I replied.

"No Jody, I haven't. But have you ever noticed how many white guys are dating Germans?"

I dedicate this book to my dear friend.

JAY LEE

Without his love, support, and willingness to be subjected to thousands of readings, I may never have had the strength to share my heart-wrenching story. An important story about perseverance, I believe that will offer comfort and laughter to many.

As for everyone else:

THANK YOU!

Together we can make the world a kinder place!

Preface

YOU

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

A META-MEMOIR

CONTENTS

PREFACE

IT STARTED WITH A LIE

DAY 1
SHAME
NAME DAY
HOME SWEET HOME
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES
NO CURFEW
TV TRAYS
SPAGHETTI
MY FATHER'S FAMILY
—
PUPPY LOVE
—

MONEY FIGHTS – YEAR 7
—
HIGH SCHOOL
DRIVING LESSONS
THE BIONIC WOMAN
VICE WORLD: PART 1, SPEED
GRIDIRON PURSUITS
—
THE BIG C
—
VICE WORLD: PART 2, BOOZE
VICE WORLD: PART 3, SEX
—

THIS WAY



THIS WAY

Preface

THE **BIG C**
—
VICE **WORLD**: PART 2, **BOOZE**
VICE **WORLD**: PART 3, **SEX**
—
HELL'S **INFERNO**
—
LOVE INTERLUDE — **CUPID'S ARROWS**
UNTIL WE **MET** AGAIN...
—
THE DAY MY DAD DIED

AFTERMATH
—
KNOCK — KNOCK... IS **YOUR MOTHER HOME?**
I'M NEVER GOING TO COME HOME AGAIN, AM I?
AFTERMATH
—
LOVE & LOSS
MORE **NAPSHKINS**
CORRIE & VERN'S **WEDDING DAY**
SIMPLY **IRRESISTIBLE**
—
WAXING **POSITIVE** IN A **CONFUSING** WORLD
—

THIS WAY



GOODBYE BERNICE + SADIE
—
WELCOME TO VANCOUVER
ROAD RASH
LET'S MEET GAIL
HOTELIERS + MANUEL NORIEGA
—
FRIENDS + **SURGERY** + FRIENDS + **MORE SURGERY**
—
NO BLOOD — NO FOUL
MORE SURGERY + HELLO KITTY
CHASING NEON
WALLY + DANIELLE
—
COCAINE OFF A HOOKER'S TITS
—
WAYNE
—
UNRAVEL
ANUS
—
RUSSIANS, CLOWNS & DRAG QUEENS
NEW FLATMATE + CONCUSSION
PROTOCOL

THIS WAY



↑CAN I TAKE YOU HIGHER↑
—
~~TRISH~~ TRASH
—
PEOPLE MATTER
TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL
FAREWELL + EVIL + CRACK WHORE
—
PASSPORT
NEXT STOPS
DEATH OF ROMANCE
BOTTOM
—
↑Up↑
—
MONTREAL
ESCAPE TO NEW YORK
TODAY + THAT PLACE
LONDON CALLING
AMSTERDAM
CHOCOLATE LABRADOR
TURN
VENICE + FLORENCE

FLORENCE + MONACO + MONTE CARLO + NICE
SITGES SPAIN
BRIVE-LA-GAILLARDE FRANCE
GAY PARIS
LONDON – PART DEUX
—
GOODBYE 2003
—
WHERE ARE YOU, FATHER?
MADELINE
PEN PAL
A LITTLE NIGGER
LET THE TRUTH SET YOU FREE
BABY BROTHER
HELLO FATHER
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE ADOPTED
DEAR FAMILY
SCREENWRITER MICHAEL
—

THIS WAY



THIS WAY



THE SELL YOUR STORY FORUM
WALKING PNEUMONIA
—
FREE TICKETS
ENTER THE CONDUCTOR
I DROVE A DEAD MAN TO WORK
JOHNNY FOX
MY DRIVE WITH A DEAD MAN CONTINUED
GOD'S NEW RECRUIT
—
STAY AWAY FROM THE MORS
WHO'D PLAY ME?
READING THE SIGNS
GREATNESS + THE THING + FOX MULDER
—

THIS WAY 

I HEARD YOU MIGHT BE MY FATHER
—
MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL
THE LAST KEYSTROKES
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS
AUTHOR'S NOTE
—
DEDICATIONS: PART 2
—
ALL DONE UNTIL GLUE

PREFACE

The wild and crazy story I tell in this book is more than the story of my own life. It is LARGER than me. It will resonate with every reader who has ever faced a big identity challenge. As much as this story is about me, it is also about Everyone. My story is about surviving as an underdog. It's about being dealt cards filled with trauma. It is about falling to the depths of despair when discovering a life-shattering truth about yourself, and rising like a new person, cleansed and stronger than ever.

I believe that with every step, in life, we arrive at two doors. The door on the left leads down into misery. The door on the right leads to happiness. Maybe we are destined to pick the doors we select. My life lessons have taught me that I have a choice. I could have chosen to continue spiralling downward, losing myself in misery, dragging everyone in my path down with me. But I chose the door on the right.

We all have the choice as to the path we decide to take. The way I see things now, I was fortunate. I got a chance to find out the truth about who I am and make a fresh start in life, a second chance.

To live a life that's true to who you are takes courage.

I hope that my story shines a light into your own life. Even though the cards we're dealt in life may be vastly different, by sharing the stories we collect while travelling down life's highways, we see that underneath it all, we share a common bond.

NONE OF US ARE EVER TRULY ALONE!

Lindsay Wincherauk

Vancouver, B.C.

2021

IT STARTED WITH A LIE

Eyes crack open. There is no embrace. The world is the darkest black imaginable. A whimper turns into a cry into wailing. Where is everyone? Why am I alone? What is this place?

The World.

The first moments are priceless. The first moments are swept away, spiralling into oblivion, never to be captured.

The wailing ceases. Nobody is present to hear, to care. Those who are supposed to care are too damaged by the shackles of shame to understand they are slamming an insurmountable wall in front of someone lacking the capacity to climb. This is not a birthright.

The days slip by, blending into solitude. Those who are supposed to care are trapped in a ferocious cycle of fretting about the opinions of people who don't matter.

God shouts the child is unwanted, unworthy, a shame to all.

A grifter scoops up the souls of those willfully participating and tucks them away in a compartment filled with denial, to be shaded in marginality.

The baby survives. Everything necessary for healthy development is wiped clean from the slate, leaving the lost child without direction.

The baby is a boy. He grows. He doesn't fit in.

The years slip by. The boy screams, "LOOK AT ME." His cries are muted because the people he needs to hear him the most are residing inside of the original lie. It's not their fault. It is their fault. Silence rings complicit.

As the child grows into a man, it becomes abundantly clear: he will always be a child. He will always crave being held. But he will repeatedly push what he needs away. Shame has taught him he is not worthy. His cries will never be heard.

Another year comes and goes. The lie festers. The lie becomes a reality for many. The lie becomes invisible. As for the boy, the lie is everything; only he is not privy to its magnitude or existence.

Something is missing.

Try. Try. Try. Accept.

He doesn't know what he is accepting. His norm has been cast in a stone of deceit.

He thirsts for the purity of love – a love he has yet to define.

His parents grow ill. A long journey. A battle with cancer. He quakes in fear while he looks on as the devil steals their last breaths of life. He's lost. Alone again.

In the wake of the debilitating realities of loss, he doesn't understand. He never

It Started with A Lie

belonged.

He's loved. He resists. He's broken. He finds comedy in his suffering. He brings laughter to others. He finds success in short bursts. He becomes rounded. He escapes, not comprehending what is hidden in his past, lurking.

Nearly two decades blast by with him accomplishing much and nothing at all.

His voice is loud. His words have meaning. The definitions are yet to be found.

He travails to become a good man. He succeeds.

Just as he accepts life is his journey to navigate, he steps up to the baggage counter to be told everything he thought once was, was never as it seemed. He becomes privy to the lie. His life is torn into shambles with nobody from his beginning present to help him cobble it back together into manageable chunks.

"Sir come back. You can't store your baggage here."

"I don't want it. It's not mine. It is filled with deception. It is swarming with solitude. I'm not strong enough to endure. Keep it."

"Sir, that's not how life works. You must take it with you. It will haunt you forever, but; I can see in your eyes, you are meant to survive, to find understanding, to thrive. Now, go, go forth, become who you are meant to be. Your voice, your narrative, belongs to many. You have been blessed with the gift of individuality and, it is your duty to be the voice for those who struggle to speak up for themselves. Your pain and heartache will never leave you; embrace the lessons they will bless you with."

The road forth is a difficult one. The isolation is relentless. There is a pattering in his mind. He accepts it as his duty to share his pain and rise using comforting words. His words are not his alone.

He resists. A man is supposed to be strong. A man is supposed to overcome emotion. A man is supposed to be hardened. Often, when he shares, he is met with, *"A lot of people were..."*

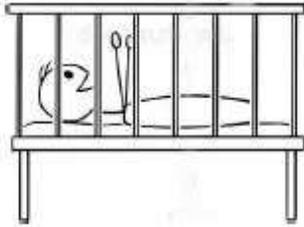
Each time he hears those words, he cringes, the pain intensifies and is relived once more.

It's all bullshit. A man can never be a man until he discounts the manacles, draping emotions with manly limiting perceptions. He needs to cry. He needs to speak up. He does. His glorious cries are not, only, his own.

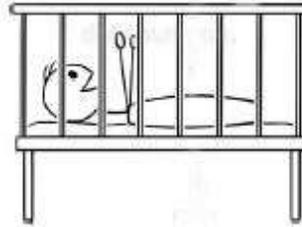
This is my story. I choose to share it with you. Beauty comes from the strength of vulnerability. We grow when we cry.

It all started with a lie.

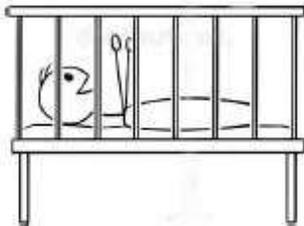
Day 1 - July 16, 1960



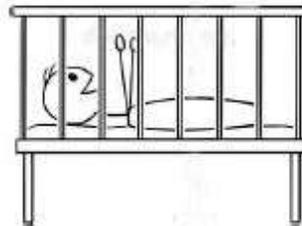
Hey. In here. Where is everyone?
Wah. Wah. Wah.
I'm new. I need you.
Am I supposed to be alone?



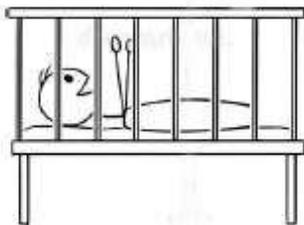
Wah. Wah. Goo. Goo.
Mother-Bleeper.
Wah. I'm scared. Hold me.
HEYWAHHHHHHHH



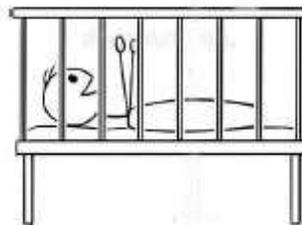
What's my name?
I don't even know my name.
What is this place?
I'm cold. Breathe. Breathe. Wahhhhhhhh.



Don't hate me. I'm sorry, contrite.
Marvelous vocabulary, baby.
Wahhh.
Somebody. Hold me. Please. What's swaddle?

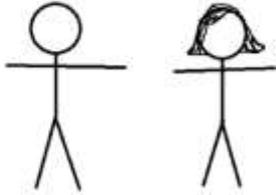


I'm new. Something doesn't seem right.
It's not my fault. Who said that?
My subconscious.
I thought my only responsibility today...

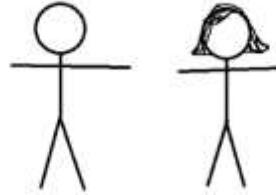


...is breathing.
And poopy pants.
You're smart, subconscious.
It's not your fault.

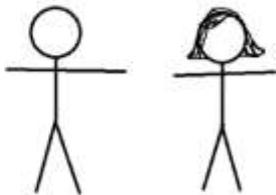
Shame + Beulah House



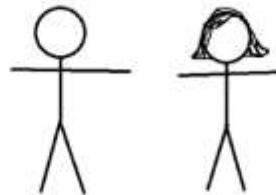
I will decide what we do with the child.
We will not say a goddam thing about this day.
Today is bringing us insurmountable shame.
I wanted a son to carry on my legacy.



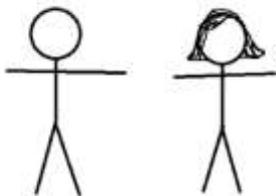
But no, daughter, daughter, fucking daughter.
Stop it. Stop it, you are a horrible man.
It's in God's hands.
Look what you've done to the girls.



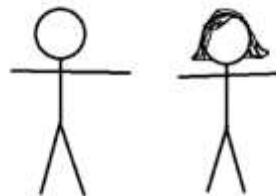
They never felt loved.
You have no idea what it's like to be a man.
I provide a roof. Food. A future. I show love.
I gave you three boys.



You treated the girls poorly.
I gave them a fucking home.
And what does Bernice do—she runs around—
—dragging my name through the mud.



Maybe if you weren't so concerned about—
—what those who don't matter think and showed—
Shut up. This is your fault.
You let Bernice, stray. And now this.



This baby is a curse.
As soon as we get rid of the toxic reminder—
|Sobbing|
—we will get rid of the baby and never say another word.

Beulah House for Unfortunate Women + Girls



What is this place?

Cottages + a Main House.

Sanctioned by religion. A product of the times.

Christianity.



A place to fix young girls + women.

Those deemed unfortunate, fallen, needy...

...erring, wandering, women who had stepped...

...away from societies norms or women who...



...allowed themselves to be raped.

Christianity + A product of the times.

Stray twice: Get sent to the sterilization room.

God dubbed these women: feeble-minded...



...unable to control carnal urges.

What about the babies?

Unwanted demon seeds to be removed so—

—the broken women could be fixed—



—and become marriageable again.

Off to farm families or—

—sold to rich American families.

Christianity. A product of the times.



Ripped from their mother's arms at birth.

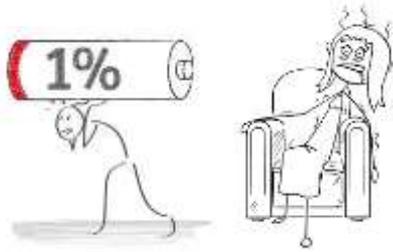
Never to be spoken of again.

Gone and soon to be forgotten.

What about the babies? Who cares?

To qualify for an adoption prospective parents needed only to hold some sort of a paying job.

Name Day - July 13, 1963



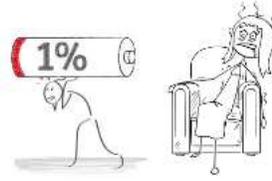
Jim + Rosemary, were, at the end of their ropes.
It's time to rid ourselves of Saturday—
—and focus on our stable of children.
Jim, I love the boy. I don't have energy left.



The boy had been dubbed "Saturday."
Because it was the day of his birth.
And because, he was supposed to be only—
—a temporary family addition.



Bernice + Sadie pulled up to the dairy farm.
Sadie was driving a brand-new Riviera.
Bernice: We'll take care of Saturday for the day.
Go on. Be free. Enjoy your day!



Thank you, girls. You're lifesavers!

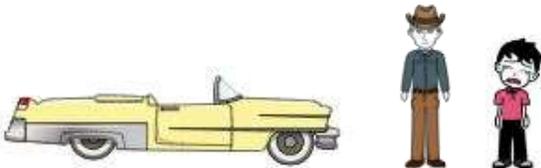
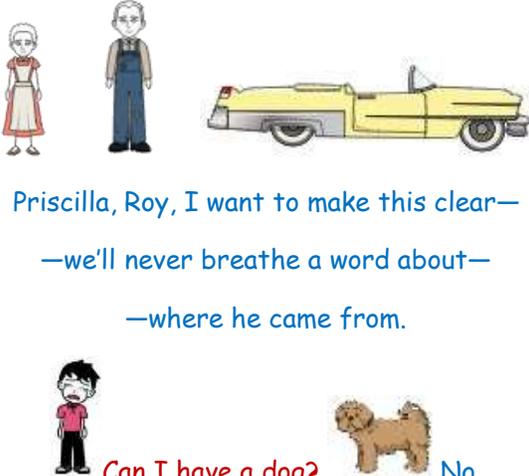


Vroom
Jim + Rosemary blast away to freedom.
Sadie + Bernice hopped into the Riviera.
They rushed to vital stats in—
Downtown Edmonton.



It's time to give Saturday a name?
Masculine? Cultured? Classic?
No. No. No. Let's make Nicholas pay.
Write babies first name on the line: Lindsay

Home Sweet Home

 <p>Uncle Roy + Aunt Priscilla talk with Nicholas. Nick, we've put in our time. We love Lindsay but it's time for us now. You must face it; nobody wants a five-year-old.</p>	 <p>Give it one more year, please. Someone will want Lindsay, you'll see. No, Nick, Lindsay's special. He needs a stable home.</p>
 <p>You must love him. Forget about the rape. He's one of your own. He needs to be loved. Stop passing him around like a hot potato.  He needs a stable home.</p>	 <p>Nick takes a swig of coffee + a bite from one of Priscilla's famous butter tarts. Flakes fall on his shirt. I need to go. I'll take the damn kid.</p>
 <p>Let's go boy. Jump in the car. I heard you can't afford it. Shut up. Shut up. He needs a stable home.</p>	 <p>Priscilla, Roy, I want to make this clear— —we'll never breathe a word about— —where he came from. Can I have a dog? No.</p>

Childhood Memories

Childhood Memories

Saskatoon, SK - September 11, 1965



Nicholas (Dad) ran the gas station.
Rebekah (Mom) ran the diner.
Bernice + Sadie + Beverly had left the nest.
I shared a room with Brian + Donald.



James had his own room.
We lived 4-miles from Saskatoon.
On the city's outskirts.
Edmonton my birth city: 325 miles away.



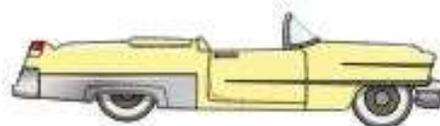
Around the corner of the gas station—
—sat bailers, combines + tractors.
Occasionally we'd find a missing pet—
dead inside the farm machinery.



Dirt hills falling into a slough—
—sat 30 feet from the door of our home.
A wonderful playground.
And a potentially watery graveyard



I imagined navigating the waterways in
a Polaris Nuclear Sub.
My brothers suggested that was a good idea.
I placed my order.



Mom + Dad left for a rare night on the town.
NIGHT TURNED PITCH BLACK.
James + Donald + Brian threw me outside.
A coyote howled.

Childhood Memories

Childhood Memories

Saskatoon, SK - September 11, 1965



CLICK. The door locked.
I cried. I pounded on the door.
30 minutes passed before they let me inside.
"Lindsay you're not one of us."
Was chanted repeatedly.



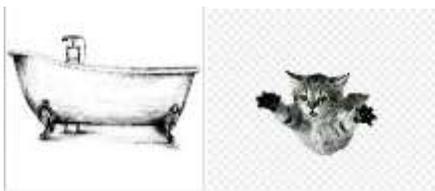
"Ooh, Lindsay you are not one of us."
Tears blasted from my eyes.
"Lindsay, you're not one of us."
My weeping became critical.
I dove under the sofa, crying, shaking.



"Lindsay, you're not one of us."
"Lindsay, you're not one of us."
I'm going to die.
"You're not one of us. We are going to get you."

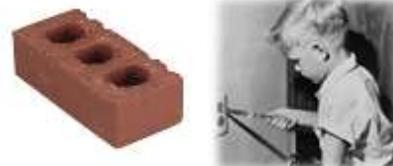


Mom and Dad come home.
"Mommy, Mommy, they said I wasn't one of them."
"Of course, you are, sweetie."
My brothers were 9, 13, and 17. I was 5.



2ND MEMORY

Brother Donald tossed our cat—
—into the tub while I was bathing.



3RD + 4TH MEMORIES

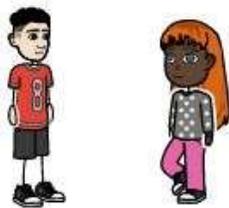
Brian - Brick to the back of my head [stitches].
Don + Brian - Here Linds, stick this in the wall.

No Curfew: **Saskatoon, SK - 1968**

 <p>Why isn't dinner ready? I work hard every day.</p>	 <p>I slave away all day in the diner. Let me unwind. I will have dinner ready soon.</p>
 <p>Damn it. Is it too much to ask? I put the food on this table. Why did you buy a new car? We can't afford it.</p>	 <p>Don't tell me what to do. I deserve to be fed when I get home. You don't do enough. Why are you crying? Get back here.</p>
 <p>Damn kid. If we didn't have the... Don't say stuff in front of the boy. It's not his fault.</p>	 <p>Mommy don't cry. I'm sorry. Daddy see what you've done, leave her be. "Lindsay you're not one of us."</p>

No Curfew: **Saskatoon, SK** - 1968

6:59 pm



I got to go; Mum flashed the porch light.

7:16 pm



We got to go; Dad flashed the porch light.

No Curfew: **Saskatoon, SK** - 1968

7:17 pm



I got to go; Mum flashed the porch light.

7:20 pm



I got to go; wah, porch light flashing.

No Curfew: **Saskatoon, SK** - 1968

7:27 pm



Mummy! Daddy!

11:59 pm



Mummy! Daddy! Anybody?

TV TRAYS - 1968



Sweetie, it is time to teach you—
—how to take care of yourself.
How to eat nutritiously.
Really, mommy!



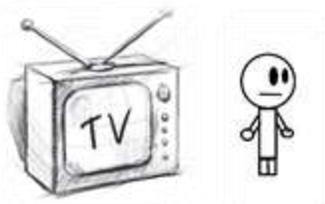
Yes. If you don't eat well—
—your body will start eating itself.
You're scaring me mommy.
CHOMP. CHOMP. CHOMP.



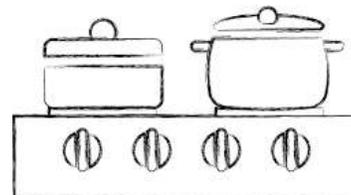
Forget the lesson. Something called—
—McDonald's opened. Let's hop into the Buick.
Burgers. Fries. Soda. Soda. Burgers.
A Clown + a Thief.



I'm tired. TV Tray Time!
No more table. Let's watch TV.
Swanson is in the oven. Foiled dessert
Mountain vistas + flowers. Poor people.



Boy, wiggle the antenna. There.
His dinner is getting cold.
GROSS. SWITCH CHANNELS.
I can't watch this during dinner.



Wednesday Night.
Home made Mac + Cheese.
And a second pot: Mac + Canned tomatoes
Pepper. Pepper. Pepper.

TV TRAYS - 1968



Treat time.
Wonder Bread. Balls melt in your mouth.
Cinnamon Toast + Cheese Bread!
Every day, please!



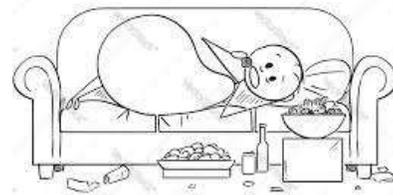
Sweetie, creative time.
Frozen chicken burgers.
A slice a tomato. Cheese slices.
Bacon. Lettuce. Mustard. Ketchup. Yum.



Mom was a chef and pastry expert.
Cinnamon Buns. Pies. Chicken. Roasts.
Turkey. Butter + Lemon Tarts.
Pay attention. Learn. Learn. Learn.



I'm an adult?
Burgers. Fries. Burgers Fries.
And Coke. I don't want it. Have another.
Am I an addict? No, "heavy user."



Money says burger.
Living says apple.
Food desert says burger.
Poverty says: We're all getting fat.

DEDICATIONS

PART 2



ADVERTISEMENT: EDMONTON JOURNAL (DATE UNKNOWN)

The pensive-looking baby in (1) Leslie, a little Englishmen, born last July 8.

The little laddie taking a nap in (2) is Ernst, a Canadian, born just last month.

Wide-awake, bright as a silver dollar Paul is (3). A Canadian, born last March.

I dedicate this book to my mother, Bernice.

I have no idea of what you had to endure.

I hope you have found peace.

I hope one day ~~you~~ we will find the strength to come together for the first time as mother and son.

