

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

Lindsay Last Month

WEDNESDAY

1 JUNE 2022

ISSUE #3

issue 3

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MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE
(INTERVIEW)

LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS

tennis + food + photos + golf

NOTHING ON THIS PAGE
NOTHING ON THIS PAGE

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE (INTERVIEW)

slush pile

noun

INFORMAL

noun: **slush pile**; plural noun: **slush piles**

1. a stack of unsolicited manuscripts that have been sent to a publishing company for consideration.

INTERVIEWER

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE is an interesting title for your memoir. What was the inspiration for the title? Were you thinking in literary terms when you decided upon it?

ME

Thank you for asking. Where shall I begin?

First off, the title wasn't always *My Life on the Slush Pile* → it has gone through a collection of different options.

1. Russians Clowns & Drag Queens (Letters to Ed)
2. Letters to Ed
3. My Sister is My Mum
4. You
5. Blah. Blah. Blah. (Not)

My Life on the Slush Pile is the perfect metaphor for anyone who faces daunting obstacles in life.

When I decided on the title, I didn't realize the term *slush pile* primarily referred to the literary world, I do now.

I wasn't thinking in literary terms. However, being an author who has spent most of his life on the *slush piles of life* → I've spent decades, *yes decades*, my entire life exactly, trying to overcome the traumas and events that have shaped my life. Things hindering me from thriving, smothering me in self-doubt and uncertainty, causing me to question everything thrown my way as I try to navigate living. I cry often.

INTERVIEWER

Can you expand on that point?

ME
IATE

Sure. My life started out in secrecy, in darkness, trapped in a family lie, with my entire family complicit. I was born where women (Beulah House), deemed by *society and religion* to be *wayward, feeble-minded, and incapable of controlling carnal urges*, were sent to give birth to *unwanted, illegitimate* children. If the mother and child survived childbirth, which many didn't → **a hidden reality similar to residential schools** → *well, if they survived*, the baby was immediately ripped from the mother's arms and then either adopted by farm families or sold to wealthy families.

I was one of these babies.

Imagine starting out labelled *unwanted and illegitimate*; what chance do you have?



THIS IS REAL

SLUSH PILE
2E02H LIEE

In Canada alone, it is estimated 300,000 women had to give up their babies for adoption. Between 1945 and 1971, nearly 600,000 so-called “illegitimate births” were recorded.

“You weren’t getting out of that home with your baby, let’s just put it that way,” says Valerie Andrews, the author of *White Unwed Mother* and the Executive Director of Origins Canada, a federal non-profit organization supporting people separated by adoption.

INTERVIEWER

The numbers are staggering.

ME

Yes, they are.

I was born in 1960 (?). The question mark is because it was common practice for birth records to burn up in mysterious fires wherever these homes were located. Seriously.

I’m sure I was born in 1960, but who knows?

If that is not starting life on the *slush pile*, I don’t know what is.

Where is the love, the nurturing?



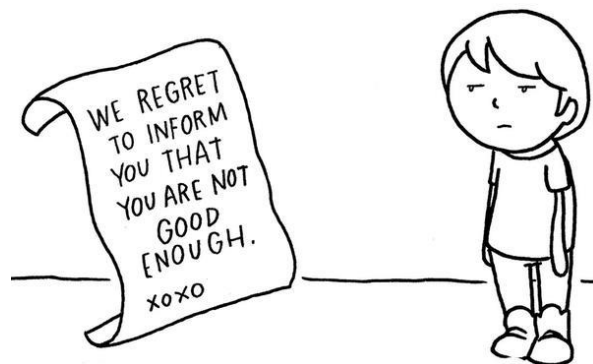
AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE EDMONTON JOURNAL THE ONLY REQUIREMENT: YOU HAD TO BE EMPLOYED

In my case, of course, I don’t know for sure. Rumour has it, I remained at the religious-sanctioned-home where I was born, or *they passed me around like a hot potato between family members for the first two, three or five years of my life*, until the day, I was going to be taken away. The night before I was to be taken, *my birth mother told me*, while she was on her deathbed ⁽¹⁾ (2016) she begged and pleaded with her mother, to keep me.

They did. Keep me that is.

And from that day forward, my birth mother, playing a different role, repeatedly told me *I would never amount to much, and I was destined to be a failure*. Seriously.

SLUSH PILE
2F02H LIFE



1. It was the second mother's deathbed I stood alongside in my life. On 12 December 1987, the first time was when my mother's mother, the person I believed to be my mother, died. I had visited my mother's mother, at least 300 times at the hospital when she was dying with cancer, believing she was my mother. The night she died; I went out with friends to mourn. When I returned home in the morning, *playing a different role*, my birth mother sat in the kitchen of my home. When I entered, *with tears in her eyes*, she said, "Mum's gone." We hugged for the first time in our lives → she immediately turned cold, looked at me and asked me to find another place to stay *because we needed my home* for the relatives coming to town for the funeral. Seriously.

SLUSH PILE
2F02H LIFE

INTERVIEWER
T1LEKAT1EMEK

That must have been devastating.

ME
TATE

Not really. I just thought my sister was an angry bitch. *Sorry for using that word*. As I get older, I despise it. I find it disgustingly patriarchal. I was happy to escape the misery floating through the air at my home. After all, I had spent most of my youth going to the hospital (at least 1500 times) watching "my parents" die. Being asked to leave offered a respite.

I tripped through life as the youngest of seven, or so I thought. Nothing made much sense.

I knew no different.

Dad was 56 when I was born.

Mum 46.

I thought I was a miracle child.



My life foundation started out with massive hidden fissures, much like a fault line destined to one day fracture.

Maybe, I'll change my name to San Andreas.

I wondered why my friends' parents were 20-30 years younger than mine → don't worry → I never wondered too much. I gravitated to friends' homes, often being taken into their homes like I was one of their own. I was even taken on my friend's family's vacations.

I'm sure my friends' parents had an inkling of my truth, → an unspoken reality of the *fucking times*.

I never questioned things. Why would I?

I was happy hanging out with friends and their families.

The fucking times have haunted me throughout my life. I was never supposed to know my origin story⁽²⁾. And I wouldn't have discovered the partial truths if my birth certificate didn't have a slight tear. Because of the tear, I had to apply for a new birth certificate to renew my passport. A Vital Stats civil servant broke the news to me, drably.

2. Just imagine how fucked up that is. No, how fucking deluded. Humans are fucking damaged → *who the hell did these people (families) think they were protecting? What the fuck did people think they were doing? And how could they live moral lives when lying comes fucking easily to them?*

SLUSH PILE

INTERVIEWER

You seem to say fuck a lot.

ME

Fuck. I think it is an honest emotion

INTERVIEWER

You could say the important development years of your life were shrouded, disadvantaged →?
A civil servant, broke the news? What news exactly?

ME

My development was destroyed.

How could it be anything but?

And everyone in my life was damaging themselves by participating in destroying it.

I found out during my journey through life my grandparents had taken me in when I was five, my older brothers when they found out later, *I knew the truth*, some of them claimed they didn't know. When me, the potato, ended up in their home, they were nine, thirteen and seventeen.

Kids, you mom just gave birth, you have a new brother, he's five.

The only reason I survived was because I inherited some of the delusion, and because I was extremely fortunate to have fabulous friends, and most important, an active imagination. I escaped into myself. Intuitively, I think I had to know something was off → *I just didn't know that something was everything.*

At least 600,000 babies are in the same boat with me, a boat teetering on the edge of Niagara Falls. How fucking tragic? Adults and religion placed us all in the vessel without life vests. *And we wonder why there is so much fucking suffering in the world.*

Just imagine, a family meandering through life, terrified to accidentally let it slip to their *youngest non-sibling (bastard child)* wasn't one of them.

Mummy, I'm sorry, I accidentally told Timmy he's not one of us.

Think about the pressure placed on the *wanted, legitimate children*. What if one of the *wanted, legitimate* kids was a monstrous asshole?

What was the fucking point of the secrecy?

SLUSH PILE

The questions are rhetorical. The answer is insanity. *The fucking times.*

I feel horribly bad for my *mother's mother* and the pain the patriarchal society thrust upon her. She never had a chance.

Let me back up for a minute. I watched my father die on 17 July 1985, the day after I turned 25. And then on 12 December 1987, I watched my mother die (See ⁽¹⁾ ↑↑↑).

Home no longer existed. It never really did; I just wasn't privy to my reality.

INTERVIEWER
I I I E K A I E M E K

You seem to be, okay.

ME
I A T E

I'm not. I never have been. I never will be. I know that sounds dark. But, I think, it's honest. Nothing in my life made sense. I simply didn't know what?

SLUSH PILE
2 F O 2 H L I E E

But because I didn't know, the turmoil instilled in me, individuality. I never fit in anywhere, but somehow, I fit in everywhere. Subconsciously, I understood things were off, I think. This gifted me with creativity, compassion, empathy, *sexy feet*, and a killer sense of humour. Of course, I didn't know I was being gifted with these traits → but fortunately, they have followed me throughout life.



When I was a kid, I loved when the family came together. I loved Christmas.

My parents tried to have us draw names for giving out presents. *I wouldn't allow it.* Everyone had to give a present to everyone else. I put my little *sexy* foot down. I thought if we drew names there would be favouritism. We were all supposed to love each other equally. Little did, little me know, I didn't belong.

On Christmas, I took the role of handing out the gifts to everyone. And when it was time for everyone to go back to their lives, I cried my eyes out. I think I may have been suffering from a fear of abandonment. *Hopefully, that fear doesn't follow me throughout life.*

I had a strong disdain for the word goodbye, instead always saying "see you later."

The day before my mother's mother died, she pulled me close and whispered into my ear, "goodbye." That's the last word she said to me.

After she died, my entire family would one day soon, say goodbye, to me.

Hell, if I drove you to the airport (and you are not even real), I would cry when you left?

How the fuck could that be, okay?

INTERVIEWER
TITTEKATEMEK

Do you need a hug?

ME
TATE

Yes, to the hug.

SLUSH PILE
2E02H LIEE

In the spirit of brevity, something the literary world likes, starting on life on the *slush pile*, follows you throughout life. You can't fucking escape it, even without knowing why, it affects every decision you make in life. They, whoever the fuck they are, say a child's personality is almost fully developed by the age of three.

INTERVIEWER
TITTEKATEMEK

What's your source? Did you Google it?

ME
TATE

I don't need a source. I did not Google it.

If you listen, it's all around you. When you start out on the *slush pile* it is impossible not to be hypersensitive to things. Television, radio, holidays, Mother's Day, and on and on.

Hell, just recently I received an email from Vessi Shoes (Vancouver Company). Their email stated they know how difficult Mother's Day can be for some people, they said over the next few weeks they were going to be bombarding people with advertisements, and then, they blew me away → they had the decency to offer an "OPT OUT" key so you wouldn't receive the emails. Wow!

INTERVIEWER
TITTEKATEMEK

How did you survive when you found out the partial truths about your mother and father not being your birth mother and father?

ME
TATE

I didn't want to survive. My life was fucked up.

I was afraid to wear my heart on my sleeves.

I was scared to speak up about what I was going through because I feared being labelled and judged. I feared being alone.

I'm not sure; I will or am, ever going to be okay. In two months, I had just gone through a breakup and five deaths (including a young friend's suicide – not mine) when life challenges dropped a napalm bomb on me.

In 2003, during the horrendous two months when the world was collapsing around me ⁽³⁾, I decided to travel to Europe with my friend Dave. When I went to renew my passport, I was told I needed a new birth certificate because of the tear mentioned above. The process should have only taken two days. Two weeks passed. On 19 July 2003, I called Vital Stats in Alberta to ask about the delay.

To which a civil servant drably asked, after telling me they couldn't issue me a new Birth Certificate, "*Could you phone your parents and ask them who your real parents are?*"

I started shaking uncontrollably. I watched my parents die, and now, with this one question, everything in my life became a lie. That's how I found out.

3. My relationship had just ended. *Dumped*. I continued living with my ex. *Always the best choice*. Anyway, our entire relationship had been based on drugs and the After-Hours World. *Be kind, I am confessing part of the reason for the collapse, at least the ability to deal with it → was self-inflicted*. I would say shamefully, but that would be a lie. I'm not ashamed.

ALONE VEQME



Starting life on the slush pile has a propensity to leave you in solitude fearing nobody will ever be able to understand you.

A lot of people were adopted.

Fuck off.

I can't stress enough how fucking complicated it is not being *wanted and labelled illegitimate*, and what that does to every fiber of a person's soul. Those who hide the truth are destroying lives. All the not telling a child "*Someone is too young to handle the truth, bullshit, is nothing more than bullshit.*"

Finding out at 43, everyone in your life has lied to you. I can only speak from my experience, has destroyed much of me. I fear every day. But I feign, okay. Why?

Because I don't know what my other option is.

Occasionally (often), when I share my story with people, they either don't want to hear it or tell me *a lot of people were adopted*, or they tell me *a lot of people come from fucked up families*, or they say *it was common practice during those times. The fucking times.*

Telling me or anyone with a similar story to *shut up* would be kinder.

You seem upset, you know, back when you were born, this happened all the time. There. There. Do you feel better now?

SLUSH PILE

Of course, each story is unique, but without question, the damage inflicted to hundred-of-thousands (millions) of innocent children, *labelled unwanted and illegitimate is catastrophic*. I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm still fighting to get off the →

SLUSH PILE

We live in a world of entitlement and advantage. That is why my story and stories like it **must be told**. Of course, many of the entitled and privileged don't want to hear it. *They need to keep believing they deserve and have worked hard for everything they have; too stunned to appreciate the advantages birthright blessed them with.*

These stories are essential to making the world a kinder place.

INTERVIEWER

Are you okay?

ME

Fuck, no.

How could I be?

I watched both my parents die (and my mother a second time) (and my father a second time metaphorically). My family was burdened with keeping the secret from me my entire life → when I accidentally found out; when I needed family the most → poof, they disappeared. They lived a lie; they didn't like what the truth meant. But, of course, I can only speculate because I can't honestly know what any of my older brothers and sisters who no longer were older brothers and sisters knew or what they were thinking and feeling. I'm just sad.

Some of them would claim we were all raised the same.

That's impossible. Humans are involved. And as much as the people playing the roles of my parents tried (maybe), they never tried hard enough.

Some of my siblings even went as far, while I was reeling in heartache, said, *you will always be our baby brother. Please.*

I ask in return, does my birth mother still get to pretend she's, my sister?

My mother(grand) wanted to tell me, but she couldn't find the strength. Or so I was told.

Just imagine a family so committed to keeping a secret from their *unwanted, illegitimate* kid, they → I'm not sure what.

What does that say about humans, religion, the church, and shame?

I was born in a secret place. So that, my family could avoid shame.

The shame wasn't my birth.

The shame is that it had to be fucking hidden.

Who were the times protecting?

The burden of the shame is mine to sort through on my own, to be able to fucking breathe.

When I think about it now, the only reason I may be okay is that my friend's families understood I was hurting. I'm lucky. I'm not so sure 600,000+ (millions) other children are? Yes, *children*, their childhoods were stolen from them.

SLUSH PILE SLUSH PILE

Who am I kidding?

I'm fucked up for life. I do my best to hide it → thanks for the comedy rooted in pain.

Every Christmas + Mother's + Father's Day + Birthdays, amplify my pain. It's unavoidable.

Thanks, Vessi, for understanding.

Luckily, instead of bitter + jaded, I'm somehow empathetic and compassionate.

I can be a dick. Not really. But when I feel like I'm being one, I'm hard on myself.

I know I sound dark. I'm not. Every day I try to make a stranger laugh.

INTERVIEWER INTERVIEWER

I think I'm starting to understand *SLUSH PILE*.

Your story seems to be taking forever to find a literary home.

Do you think your delusional still trying?

And what keeps you from giving up?

ME ME

Delusional? Of course.

The answer to the second question: I'm still alive.

I will never give up. This is an important story. It doesn't only belong to me. The awful place of my beginning wasn't a one-off, God didn't have Twitter and those interpreting his words took liberties in the interpretation.

Wayward, feeble-minded, unable to blah, blah, fucking blah, let's call it what it really is (was) → destitute (poorer) people were deemed useable, expendable. To be tossed out with the bathwater.

These homes needed free labour, wayward women provided it → the babies were nothing more than a convenient, inconvenience. There was no fixing the women.

How do you fix someone who was never broken?

If there was kindness and love in these places, then why the fucking secrecy?

Why the destroyed families?

Why, destroy the children?

Just look around today, what do you see on the streets of any city. Destruction. Broken lives. Heartache. *A human slush pile filled with desperation, addiction, alcoholism, mental health issues, and homelessness.* And predators looking to exploit.

INTERVIEWER I I I E K A I E M E K

A dystopian world?

ME I A T E

Sure. At least for the children born in deception. *How could it be anything else?*

How can a kid pick himself off the slush piles of life, when he or she doesn't fucking even know who they are?

And how can this kid share love with others when their life started out unwanted and illegitimate?

It's almost impossible.

And wouldn't these amazing children live their lives with abandonment issues?

Of course, there are exceptions.

INTERVIEWER I I I E K A I E M E K

Are you an exception?

ME
TATE

No. I suffer terrible bouts of insomnia-fueled depression. I push love away, struggling to accept it. I mask pain by making others laugh. I fail often. *All the fucking time.*

But I never quit trying. Never.

I've been without my parents my entire life, except for watching my mother + father die twice.

Once in Slush Pile and Once in Glue.

Imagine that.

A lot of people come from fucked up homes.

Shut up would have been kinder.

SLUSH PILE
2E02H LIFE**INTERVIEWER**
TATEKATEMEK

Is that what this book is about, your upbringing?

ME
TATE

Yes and no.

I started writing it because I love to write. And as I began cobbling the missing pieces together, I kept writing to stay alive + to keep my sanity.

The family traumas are a big part of the story, finding out the partial truths at 43 was almost the end of me. Finding missing life pieces forced me to dive into my past to try to figure out the whys (?) of my life. And to try to be okay.

Like said, I'm one of the lucky ones, I think. I escaped my family through friends. I know that sounds cold. My family members are good people who had to live with the burden of the lie as well. My birth mother took it to her death bed where for the first time in her life, one week before she died, when her hospital roommate asked her who I was? She mustered every ounce of strength and proudly said, **"He's, my son."**

She was seventy-eight at the time. Imagine the fucking pain she endured in her life... I struggle to type the next words.

The only other time the truth was acknowledged was in my birth mother's obituary. ***She is survived by her son Lindsay Wincherauk... I was fifty-six when that was published.*** *Think about that for a second.*

May I back up for a moment.

2014

I visited Beulah House in Edmonton. The place I where I was born. I asked the staff in the office questions, they refused to answer my queries. However, they did direct me to the cabins where the babies were born. A young lady, twenty-three years old (I'd guess), gave me a tour. When I was about to leave, she started crying, hugged me. She told me my visit gave her hope.

Why?

She said, because there were no happy stories that came out of this place, and I seemed to be, okay?

The Academy Award for goes to →

Anyway, yes, the book is about family, but since I'm one of the lucky ones, it is so much more.

I was angry. Now I'm just sad.

Sure, I would have loved truth from the start → but there is nobody to blame?

Society fucked up. Far too many people are heaved onto *the slush piles of life* and only few make it off.

Being on *life's slush piles* haunts the unfortunate until the day they die (dystopian).

And throughout life the *SLUSH PILES* follows them in every aspect of life, a fear of abandonment seeps into the baggage of the subconscious.

I understand the literary world may be hesitant about a story of this ilk on the heels of the residential schools.

What I can say as much as my story is dark, it is full of light.

I'm funny. I have to be. I want to survive.

Not only was I an *unwanted illegitimate kid* who started out on the *slush pile*, I have lived, to this point, a fabulously, phantasmagorical, colourful life.

I'm blind in my left eye, but still managed to become a National Champion, (in) three halls of fame, record holding, quarterback.

I attempted to buy a hotel in Negril Jamaica, which resulted in a funding trip to Panama during a Military Coup (Noriega) + a motorcycle accident in Jamaica that almost cost me one of my sexy feet.

I brushed past the Dali Lama → hopefully something rubbed off on him. Actually, he used the urinal next to me in a food court's washrooms. Seriously.

I played basketball with Fox Mulder.

I suffered a catastrophic stroke.

I have performed stand-up, twice (a third time soon).

I witnessed a gay bashing and became a vital witness in the ensuing Hate Crime case. I was even asked to speak with civic leaders, dignitaries, politicians, + police, at an anti-hate rally. In front of a crowd of over 5,000.

And I keep trying every day.

So, I started out unwanted → nothing made sense → I was saved by friends and their families → my creativity began to blossom → I meandered through life directionless, without guidance → I kept bouncing off walls → life continued not making sense → I faced death, heartache, isolation, fear → and then → BOOM → my core was rocked → I was fucked up → I dove into my past to cobble life back together → the fact is (Ducks Newburyport) → I was fucked up, alone, scared → I crashed → I collapsed → I sabotaged what little good I had in life → I slammed into the bottom → friends lifted me up → *I have sexy feet* → I began to rise like a phoenix → I rose → I cried → I stumbled → I kept bouncing off walls → I cried more → the fact is → I was still and always will be, fucked up (at least a little bit) → the people in Europe told me fucked up, was okay → I rose again, and then started free-falling in solitude → without family → I hit the bottom again → I cried → I wanted to die → nothing fit → I feared I didn't belong anywhere → I got up again → I smiled → I don't know who I am? → I'm finding out → and then, BAM → my anger started subsiding → my youngest niece (cousin?) died → my birth mother died → my youngest sister (aunt?) died → I suffered a catastrophic stroke → I began feeling bad for my mother, my father, my mother's mother → and my father's father → and my father I don't know → why did they lie? → I will never know → the thing is, it's not their fault → humans are flawed → and besides, today, tomorrow, and the next day, I need to smile! I don't regret who I've become.

SLUSH PILES

It's incredibly hard to become a discovered author when you are an unknown in a rapidly changing book world.



Everybody's story is worthy of a page or two, unfortunately not everyone is capable of telling their story. I am. So, I will never quit.

It's not only the literary world littered with *SLUSH PILES*.

Especially if you started out behind the eight ball.

(All of the following *SLUSH PILES* are only from my perspective)

Scholastic

A product of starting out *unwanted and illegitimate* the people in your life (consumed by the lie) don't care about how you do in school. Unwanted sees to that. Honour roll, failing grades, doesn't matter.

Athletics

I excelled. Mostly on my own. After my Junior and University football games, my father (not) talked about his son Don, not me.

Love

The fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment.

Relationships

The fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment.

Career

In this case the fear of abandonment manifests itself in easily being preyed upon and being ripe to be used.

It also manifests itself in a fear of standing up for oneself.

There is no entitlement or privilege in *unwanted and illegitimate*.

At the start of COVID, I told my employer of 15-years the pandemic was worrisome (I was the most senior employee, both in age (sixty) and duration of service, I was a model employee). My employer immediately tossed me onto the *slush pile* with zero regard for the impact on my life. I've sought legal help. *Their counsel has called me a failed writer who has no business chasing my **dreams**.*

Seriously. I'm turning sixty-two, in July. The case is still being contended, glacially slow (twenty-five months and counting).

I'm lucky. I'm fucked up. But I will never quit trying. Our stories are too important, and at times, hilarious. They deserve to be told.

I must find a home for mine.

I can't stress enough: **HILARIOUS**.

What's the saying, comedy comes from illegitimate? → or something of that ilk?

I don't really like the word ilk.

WELCOME TO ISSUE #3

Lindsay Wincherauk

Editor in Chief

PostScript: In a time where women's rights are being assaulted in the USA, again, and despite my less than auspicious beginnings, I am grateful I had an opportunity to share my thoughts on **We, Jane (Aimee Wall)**. The following is what a reader of my review thought about thoughts.

goodreads



Jodi posted a new comment on [Lindsay's review of We, Jane](#)

Lindsay, I'm in awe of your beautiful review and of your honesty. I'm sorry for the pain you may have gone through as a child, but I'm very happy that you seem to really 'get it'! If it's true that everything happens for a reason, your experience has perhaps given you the rare ability to see things from a woman's perspective, and that is very much appreciated. Thank you, Lindsay! 🙏

IN THIS ISSUE



MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE (ONE QUESTION) ↑↑↑

WE ATE THIS → THIOS GREEK RESTAURANT

A STORY → LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS: CHAPTER ONE

~~FAVOURITE GOLF COURSES (MOVED TO THE JULY ISSUE)~~

BOOKS I'VE READ

FEATURED BOOK THOUGHTS

THINGS I'VE WRITTEN

NUMBERS

THREE PHOTOS

PHOTOS OF ME

EVENT ANNOUNCEMENT



LINDSAY VERSUS THE WORLD



TENNIS



FEDERATION

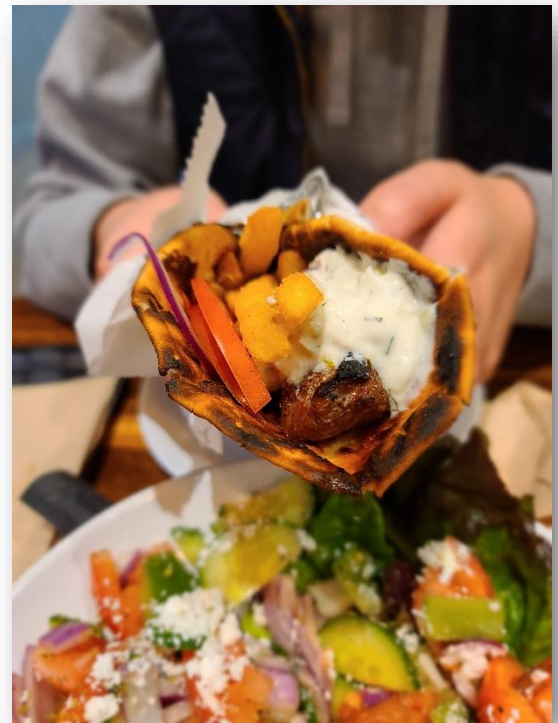
PROPOSED VANCOUVER LANES FOR PEDESTRIANS + BIKES +....

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓↓↓ ΑΕΤΙΕ ΟΚ ΔΚΥ1Κ 1 Η12

THIOS GREEK RESTAURANT THIO2 GREEK KE21YOKY11



1061 DENMAN STREET, VANCOUVER

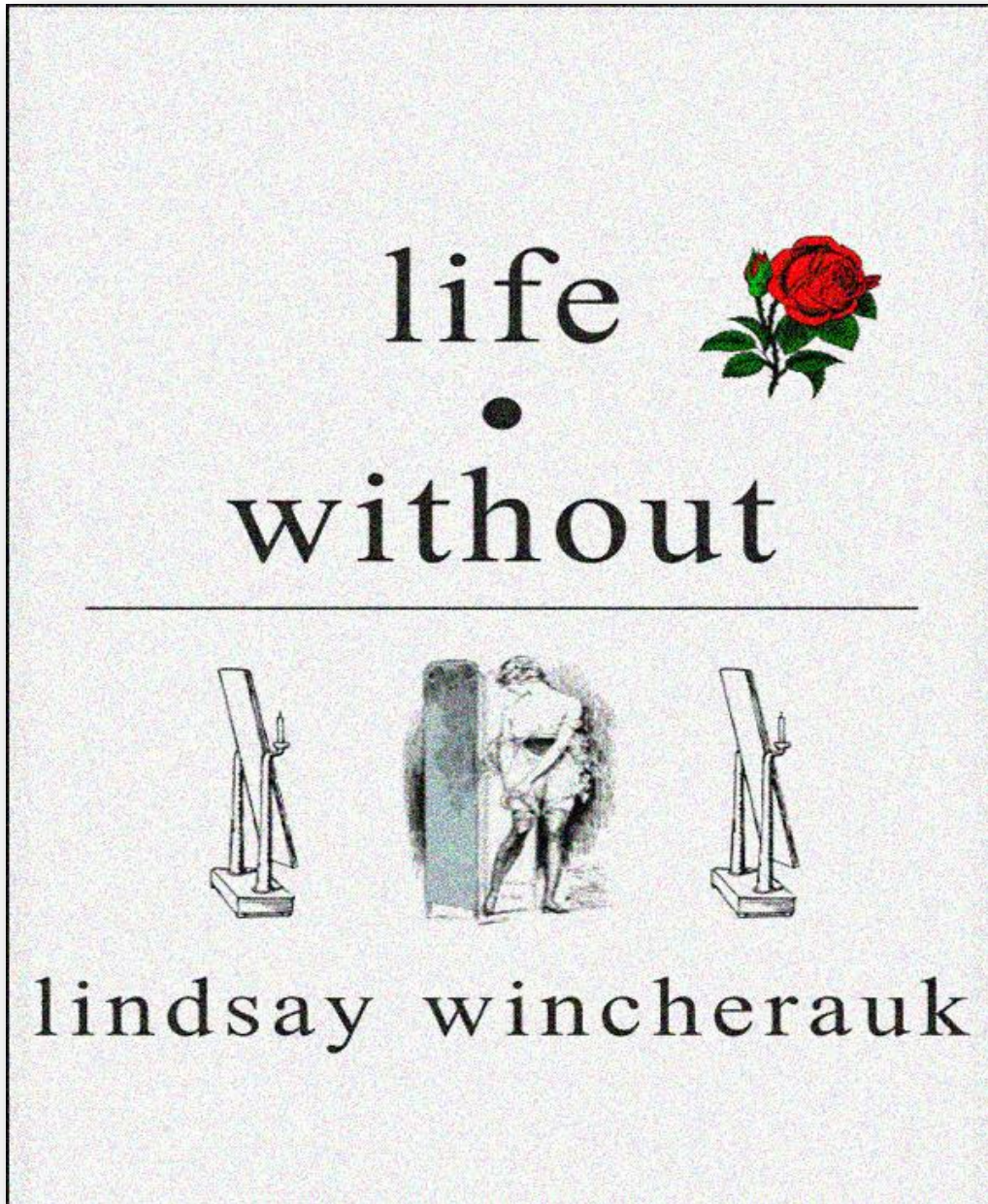


Greek Salad = \$12.95

Pita Thios (w. Pork) = \$10.95

Yummy. Good. I ordered a salad → all by myself. Good, what a brilliantly tasty description!

EAT HERE → 👍



FRAZIL, DID YOU GET NEW SHOES?

LIFE WITHOUT**MIRRORS****CHAPTER 1**

Frazil, did you get new shoes?

Olivia longed for days when her husband, Frazil, used to look deeply into her shimmering blue eyes and say, *"I love you. You're the most beautiful creature on earth."* Words, long gone, after Frazil started fucking his *waif-Victoria Secret-thin, supermodel-beautiful assistant, Mia.*

After two months slipped by, and fucking Mia wasn't enough, one night, Frazil began fucking Mia's open-relationship boyfriend, Stuart, during a cocaine-fuelled bender. A truth revealed to Olivia when Frazil returned from the office, his breath stinking of four double bourbons, and his lips crusted with Stuart's —

"Sit down, Olivia. I have something to confess," Frazil meekly uttered, his eyes darting around the room, avoiding contact with Olivia. Frazil's face was contorted out of shape, his left cheekbone drooping; his piercing green eyes shaded with guilt. His confession was meant to give him permission. To dump his guilt. To hurt.

Tears rolled down Olivia's face. She'd become broken. Suicidal. Floundering.

"Sweetie..."

"Stop. I don't want to know. Don't tell me what I already know. I love you. That's all that matters."

"Sweetie, I must tell you..." as if the endearing term carried meaning, *"...it's the only way we can move forward, salvage our love. I wouldn't have strayed if it weren't for the fact, you started looking like a sloppy cow."*

Olivia collapsed to the floor.

"And as for Stuart, it's because of the times, it's so confusing now, people are allowed to explore, to fuck whomever they want, it means nothing, it's just Stuart."

If Olivia had the strength of willpower, Frazil would have been out the door that night, never to be allowed back in. But instead, she said, *"Frazil, we can get past this. I know you don't mean to hurt me. I'll try harder."*

Thus commenced Olivia's downward spiral erasing every shred of esteem as her being started to be eviscerated.

Olivia numbed her days with the vapidness of daytime television and tumblers of vodka.

In the weeks that followed, Olivia joined hot yoga, attended boot-camp-style workouts, had Botox done to the point where her forehead was located in the middle of her skull. And she took spin classes until her ass was so sore, she could no longer sit down, let alone walk.

All of this helped Olivia drop from a healthy SIZE 8 to a gaunt, emaciated SIZE 2 as scabs of flesh began flecking off her face.

But it wasn't enough. Frazil kept fucking Mia + Stuart + several others. Upon returning from work, late one night, Frazil said to Olivia, *"Honey, have you done something to your hair?"*

Olivia raced to the bathroom, tears washing fresh scabs off her face, looked into the mirror, and ranted incessantly about how *ugly, unworthy, unlovable, and undesirable* she was. She rambled on about how perfect and desirable Frazil is, especially since he'd been cycling steroids + bringing home gallon-sized drums of protein powder. Olivia's life was unravelling, while Frazil's, was swaddled in hedonism.

Another Botox treatment. Another spin class. More yoga. Fingers down the throat after every meal, and SIZE 2, was still too much to be worthy of Frazil's love. Olivia's skin had become stretched to the point it now sported a mirror-like sheen. Except for the flaking scabs, of course.

Dripping from hot yoga, Olivia stopped at a dive bar on the way home one afternoon, slammed back a couple of shots of swill, and then continued her broken stroll home. Along the way, as she was passing a homeless encampment, she heard a man, wearing a dark hoodie, his eyes being consumed by his skull, whistle and say, *"Is everything okay? You look broken. My name is Ryan."*

Olivia was being noticed; she felt a twinge of love; she felt a sense of belonging.

"Honey, here," Ryan poured a line of white powder onto the back of his hand, *"have a little bump; it will help take the edge off. It will offer you a way out."*

Olivia snorted. Walked away. A warm rush blasted through her veins. For a moment, she forgot about Frazil, Mia, and Stuart. For a moment, she felt whole.

The next day, she walked the same path. Met with Ryan. Bumped and bumped and —

The following day, she was down on her knees, between two tents. Excrement steamed a mere few feet away on the grass as a lineup of what could be described as the lowest of the low waited for their turn with Olivia: offering her nothing more than baggies of Crystal Meth.

Every day, more men, some of them so brutally putrid, vomiting became part of the quest for acceptance as Olivia took dick after dick; somehow, she liked it.

Three months into Olivia's new life, she'd finally dropped down to the SIZE 0, which she believed would make her desirable enough for her perfect husband, Frazil.

But instead, when Frazil returned home that night, with his eyes darting around the room, he looked Olivia's way, smirked, and said, *"Did you get a new dress?"*

Olivia yearned for days to return when Frazil would look into her now dying eyes and say, *"Honey, I love you. You are my everything. You are the most beautiful creature on earth."* Not: *"Did you get a new dress?"*

As the months slipped by, with Olivia drifting into a hallucinatory graveyard, Olivia kept visiting

the homeless camp. Her gums started bleeding, her hair began to fall out in clumps, and the clouds and trees began talking about her. She purchased one-hundred identical dresses to change into when she got home to be presentable for Frazil. She'd power-wash herself daily to blast away the toxic chemical smell of rotten eggs or cat urine Meth often emits from users' pores.

One night, with Olivia's being wilting away, devastation visible even to the blind, when Frazil returned home from his job as a rocket scientist, the lowest of the sciences. Frazil reeked of booze + Tom Ford perfume (Mia's scent); he brushed past Olivia + said, *"I'm going to skip dinner tonight, I'm exhausted,"* and then pounded a bourbon + retreated to bed.

Olivia longed to hear, *"You're beautiful."* What she received instead was: *snoring.*

The next day, the sun dribbled into their bedroom, eventually blasting Olivia + Frazil in a warm glow, signalling the start of a new beginning.

"Olivia, darling, I'm sorry, I've been a horrible husband, I love you, I truly do, I'm giving up Mia. I'm giving up, Stuart. All I need is you. Have you lost weight?"

They hit the open road. Frazil was taking them to Vanity, the town where they were married. Frazil was on a mission to renew their vows.

Vanity used to be a town where the elite went to *see-and-be-seen* and to bask in the shallow tediousness of perceived perfection.

Vanity used to be on the highway, now the route bypassed it; death was the town's most likely outcome.

Three miles before the town limits... bu...bump ...their Audi Quatro's rear-view mirrors shattered.

They checked into their room in Hotel Bliss. Frazil offered Olivia a bump of Ketamine to bring her down from the speediness of meth. Olivia rushed to the bathroom to freshen up: the bathroom was mirrorless.

NIGHT 1 NIGHT 1

They ventured out for dinner, the night sky erasing reflections from vehicles + store windows.

They passed the meatpacking plant + a Value Village. Workers, and shoppers, were pouring into the street, looking as if they could adorn fitness magazines or flaunt themselves on fashion runways.

At the restaurant, their server, Maude, no words could describe her ghastliness, festering sores on her face, somehow: she was married to a Tom Brady lookalike.

The citizenry of Vanity never sported frowns. Vanity was thriving.

THE NEXT DAY THE NEXT DAY

Frazil took Olivia shopping for new clothes. She asked the clerk if there was a mirror to check out her look.

"Honey, does it fit? Is it comfortable? What do you need a mirror for? There are no mirrors or reflections or cameras or artists' portraits or words to describe looks or critics or... vanity... there's no vanity, in Vanity. Our off-leash dog parks are filled with pugs. We all drive tan Toyota Corollas. We're happy. I've never seen my face."

DAY 3 IN VANITY

By the third day, Olivia's health: miraculously returned. Her skin began glowing. Frazil doted over her saying sorry after sorry after —

Olivia flashed back dazzling smiles. Frazil felt loved, his manipulation complete.

It was time to return home. One last meal, this time with Maude and her Tom Brady, lookalike husband. *"Thanks, Maude, you saved my life!"*

Free of the shackles of beauty, and with Olivia's face morphing from gaunt to once again radiating, marriage salvaged, it was time to check out, to return to their lives, revigorated.

Just as they were about to check out of their room, Frazil smiled warmly and said, *"Honey, turn off the television. It's time to go home."*

Olivia grabbed the remote, but before she could hit the power button, BREAKING NEWS flashed across the screen, followed by GRIZZLY DISCOVERY. The images flashing on the television screen were of the park across the street from Frazil's office, next to a strip club and landscaping business.

Frazil plopped down on the edge of the bed, mouth agape, body trembling.

"Two bodies were discovered today in a shallow grave. I must warn you, the images we are about to show are disturbing."

Olivia sat down next to Frazil, clutching his right hand, consoling him.

When their eyes returned to the flashing screen, what they saw was, *"OMG, I think that's Mia's body + Stuart's. OMG."* Frazil's skin became littered with goosebumps.

Olivia chuckled.

Checked out, they hit the road heading home to the city. Mile three out of Vanity... bu...bump... their Audi Quattro's rear-view mirror unshattered, reflecting once more, as did the vehicles outside mirrors. Frazil pulled over to the side of the road to inspect the damage. He peered into the Audi toward Olivia; his reflection fired back a *waif-thin* body, wasting away.

Three months later, with their lives returning to a new normal, Olivia began to eat whatever she wanted, never sticking to *this-or-that* for too long. Her skin started glowing, her skin became taught, she started her own yoga studio, + she removed all mirrors from their home. Olivia went from haggard to the utmost of perfection. She dressed how she wanted, dropping off all of her designer garb at the homeless encampment. Olivia had successfully become the most stunningly gorgeous version of herself, herself.

Frazil, on the other hand, his life quite literally began frazzling. He lost his job, + he started spending his empty days down on his knees in return for bumps of Crystal Meth.

As one day morphed into the tragic nightmare of the next, Frazil's gums started bleeding, his hair began falling out, his eyes retreated into their sockets, and his body began to devour itself. And, oh yeah, he wore a black hoodie, every day, hood up, crack pipe flashing burning embers from inside the ghoul-inhabited hood.

Olivia began loving Tia, Mia's twin sister, on the side.

Every night, Frazil broke more when Olivia returned home, grinning from ear-to-ear, scented with Joe Malone perfume, Tia's favourite scent.

After an exceptionally long day at the homeless camp, Frazil looked up to the sky, only to be greeted by a talking cloud saying, *"Go home, loser."*

Frazil began walking. He passed a restaurant at the base of a thirty-storey tower. Olivia + Mia sat in the window, stealing kisses. Distraught, Frazil raced up the stairs of the building, stepping out onto a ledge on the rooftop: his destiny thirty floors below.

Olivia + Tia ambled out of the restaurant, hand-in-hand, walking lockstep, when suddenly, SPLAT, Frazil's body smashed into the roof of a car, windows exploding, thrusting shards of glass towards the passers-by.

Olivia glanced at Frazil, life draining from his frail, broken body, and said, *"Frazil, sweetie, did you get new shoes?"*





RIP: NICHOLAS WINCHERAUK (17 JULY 1985)

RIP: REBEKAH WINCHERAUK (12 DECEMBER 1987)

RIP: ALLISON WINCHERAUK (25 MARCH 2016)

RIP: BERNICE WINCHERAUK (15 OCTOBER 2016)

RIP: BERNARD HRAPCHAK (21 JUNE 2016)

RIP: BEVERLY DIDUCK (WINCHERAUK) (21 DECEMBER 2016)

RIP: JEFFERY (JEFFBO) VALLEVAND (24 FEBRUARY 2018)

RIP: GORDON DIDUCK (26 FEBRUARY 2019)

RIP: JASON DRAGINDA (12 DECEMBER 2019)

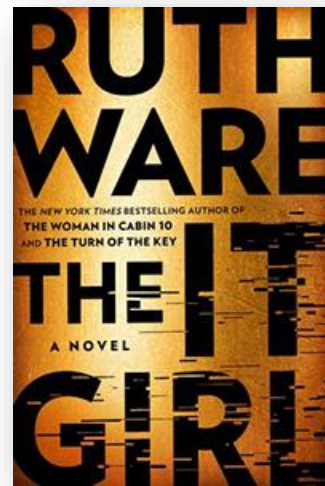
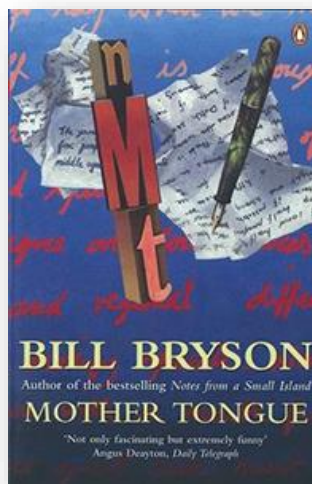
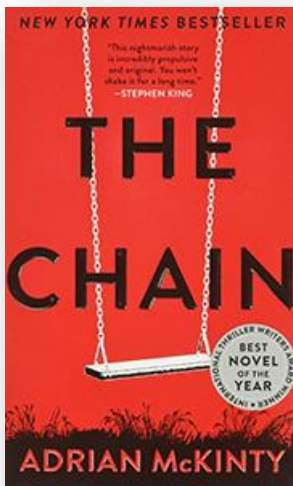
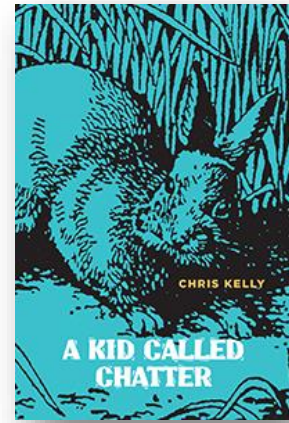
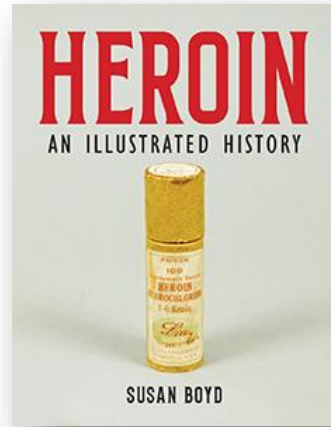
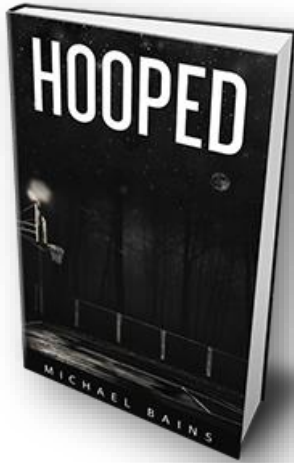
RIP: SCOTTY LARIN (15 OCTOBER 2020)

RIP: SADIE WINCHERAUK (12 DECEMBER 2021)

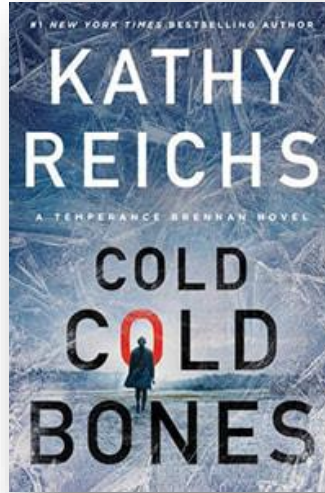
RIP: DANIEL PIERO (25 MARCH 2022)

We must never forget.

I READ THESE



MORE READING ↓↓↓ WAKE UP READING ↓↓↓



VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 200 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING? WHAT ARE YOU READING?

BOOK THOUGHTS (FEATURED BOOK) ↓

HEROIN (AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY)

SUSAN BOYD

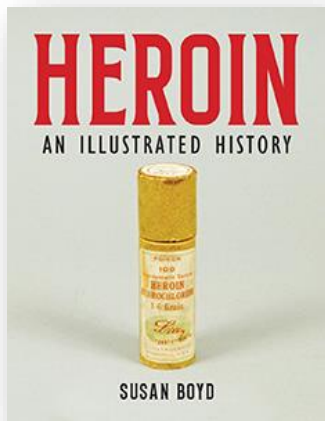
As long as politicians and “moral” leaders can use suffering for their gain...

How did the book make me feel/think?

HEROIN (AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY) is a gorgeous book.

Susan Boyd is exemplary in tamping down the stigma afflicting not only the usage of Heroin but also all (illegal) substances. This is a vitally important book.

I never thought I would become a neophyte on this controversial subject. But Boyd’s words caused my mind to rattle awake and form thoughts on Heroin, drugs, a racialized legal system, white supremacy, and not to be left out of the mix, the toxicity seeping into the halls of the morally vapid portions of Christianity. Drug policy is frankly a war on, and against, the poor. From the beginning of time, politicians and religious leaders needed targets



to demonize to control their shrinking flocks. An easy target is those suffering in the grips of poverty and not born into birthright. Drug users are not lesser. Life is bleeping hard. All drugs aren’t the same, nor do they affect every user the same way. There is no broad brush.

As long as politicians and religious leaders believe it is a tool in their toolbox to solicit votes of those amongst us on high horses → humanizing those who fall through society’s cracks, don’t have much of a chance.

HEROIN (AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY) has made me hypersensitive to the hypocritical judgement of people I know. People riding through life on high horses, believing somehow, they are immune to life struggles, believing anyone battling addiction did it to themselves and, therefore, deserves no compassion. That sickens me.

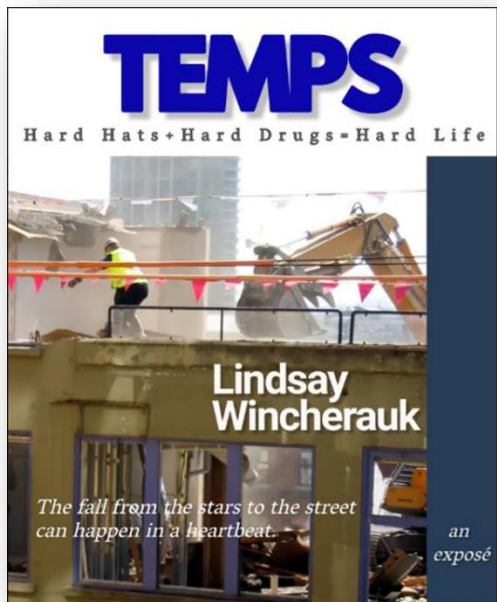
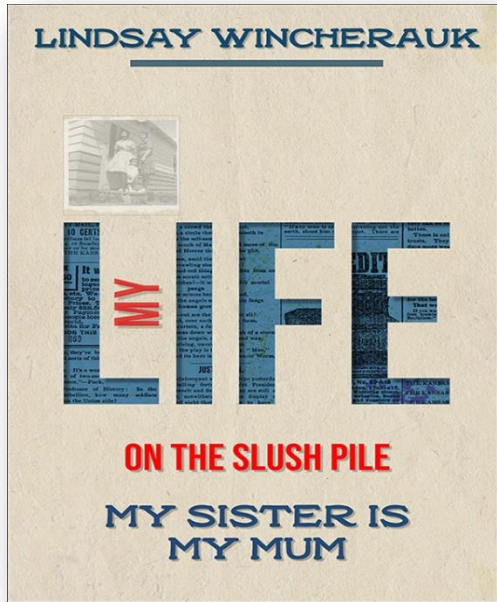
As long as politicians and “moral” leaders can use suffering for their gain, how will we ever be able to stamp out racism, white supremacy, poverty, and the rot of misguided religion?

Page 61 could have been taken right out of the RIGHT-WING POLITICAL PLAYBOOK, sorry about the ALLCAPS.

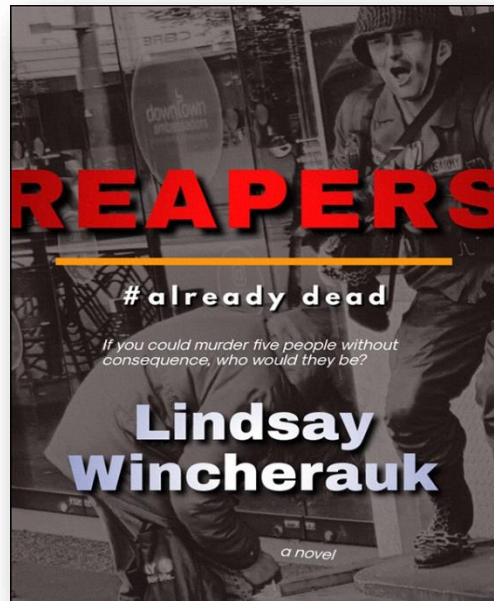
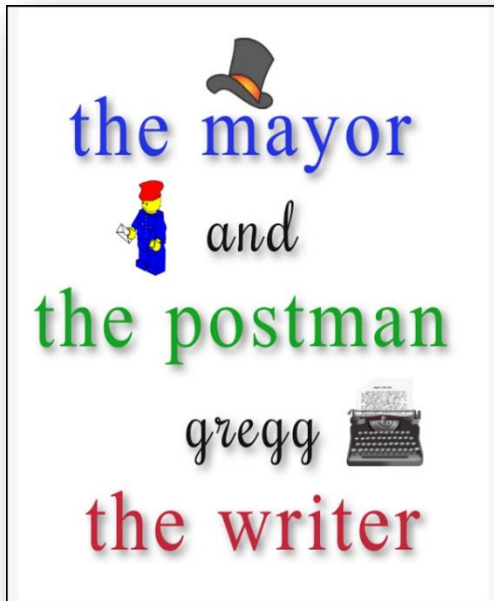
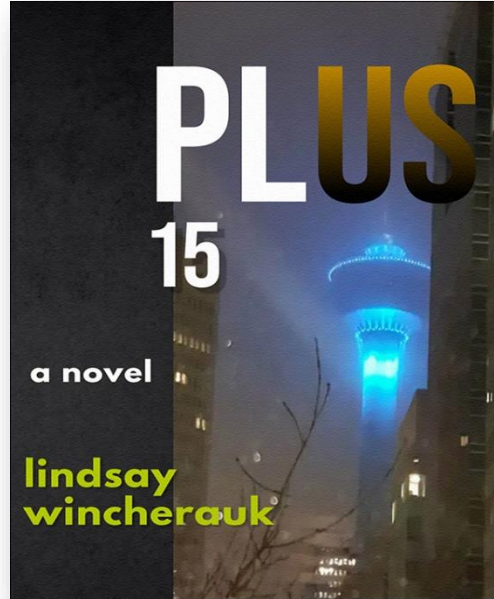
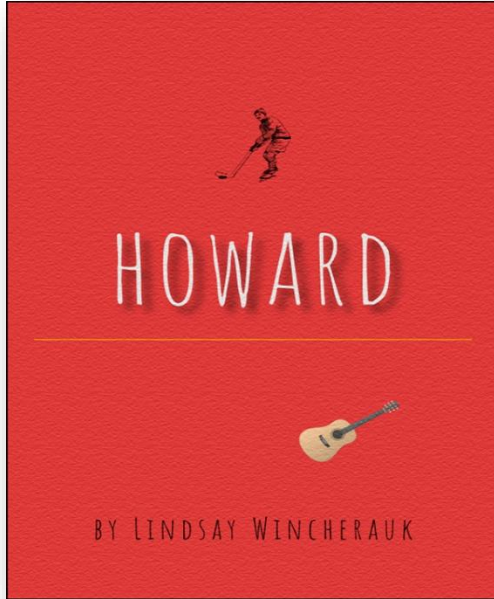
That’s how this book made me feel.

WRITTEN: 10 May 2022

THINGS I'VE WRITTEN (OR WRITING) ↓↓↓↓↓↓



Non-Fiction



VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

NUMBERS (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

YES

CREATIVE QUEST

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 142 (PUBLISHERS + AGENTS) (FILM + TELEVISION)

MEDIA BLITZ = 7

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

FITNESS

GYM VISITS = 5

STEPS WALKED = 267,773

MILES WALKED = 129.05

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 23.08

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 8

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING — YES FAT

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

I'm struggling with depression daily. I never thought after working incredibly hard for a company → after working 15-years; I'd be tossed out with the bathwater and now be facing homelessness. I'm fucking turning 62. I work hard every day. Venting Complete.

BOOKS + FOOD + STORIES + PHOTOGRAPHY + LAUGHTER

MORE FITNESS STATS

WORK TIME?? 21/12

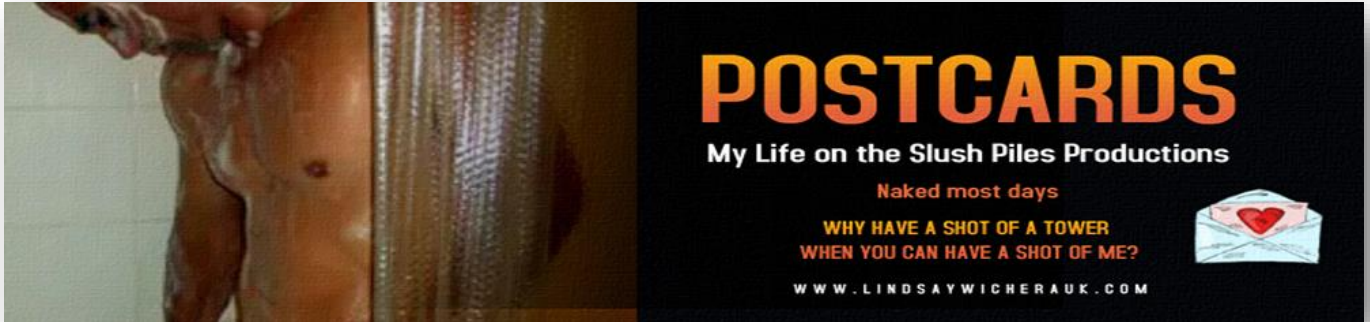
MONTH	STEPS	MILES	LFW	JFW	MPD	SPD	Month	2021 S	2021 M	2021 ASPD	2021 MPD
January	236,579	110.84	184.1	152.1	3.58	7,631.58	jan	767,665	368.82	24,763.39	11.90
February	236,747	114.30	186.8	153.7	4.08	8,455.25	feb	769,083	375.84	27,467.25	13.42
March	367,922	184.83	189.7	156.4	5.96	11,868.45	march	944,199	461.84	30,458.03	14.90
April	272,488	134.17	160.5	193.1	4.47	9,082.93	apr	797,803	385.82	26,593.43	12.86
May	267,773	129.05	163.2	196.0	4.16	8,637.84	may	553,386	265.79	17,851.16	8.57
June	0	0.00	162.0	189.4	0.00	0.00	june	591,035	284.51	19,701.17	9.48
July	0	0.00	162.0	186.3	0.00	0.00	july	761,056	386.79	24,550.19	12.48
August	0	0.00	162.0	185.9	0.00	0.00	aug	679,651	345.93	21,924.23	11.16
September	0	0.00	162.0	184.2	0.00	0.00	sept	699,143	346.56	23,304.77	11.55
October	0	0.00	162.0	190.2	0.00	0.00	oct	439,163	227.05	14,166.55	7.32
November	0	0.00	152.1	175.5	0.00	0.00	nov	259,366	125.51	8,366.65	4.18
December	0	0.00	152.1	178.1	0.00	0.00	dec	187,388	90.32	6,044.77	2.91
YEAR	1,381,509	673.19		AVE	1.84	3,784.96	tot	7,448,938	3,664.78	20,408.05	10.04
AVERAGE	3,784.96	1.84									
MONTHLY AVE	115,125.75	56.10									

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

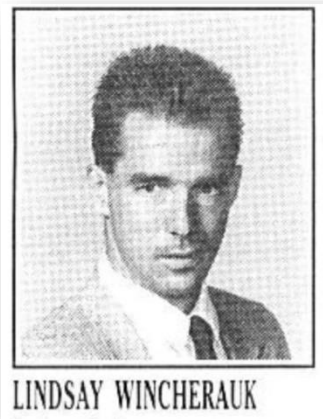
EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

Month	2020 S	2020 M	2020 ASPD	2020 MPD	SEWALL	2022	2021	2020
jan	95,158	46.82	3,069.61	1.51	jan	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	91,556	45.34	3,157.10	1.46	feb	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	74,755	37.85	2,411.45	1.22	march	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	445,444	213.10	14,848.13	6.87	apr	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	710,946	349.73	22,933.74	11.28	may	23.08	47.53	62.54
june	761,773	375.12	25,392.43	12.10	june	0.00	50.87	67.08
july	781,424	381.11	25,207.23	12.29	july	0.00	69.16	68.15
aug	679,959	329.24	21,934.16	10.62	aug	0.00	61.86	58.87
sept	708,550	344.98	23,618.33	11.13	sept	0.00	61.97	61.69
oct	425,376	203.25	13,721.81	6.56	oct	0.00	40.60	36.34
nov	441,018	212.05	14,226.39	6.84	nov	0.00	22.44	37.92
dec	551,451	263.65	17,788.74	8.50	dec	0.00	16.15	47.14
tot	5,767,410	2,802.24	15,757.95	7.66	tot	120.38	655.32	501.09
COV S	5,496,503	20,433.10			APM	10.03	54.61	41.76
COV M	2,667.64	9.92			APD	0.33	1.80	1.37

3 IMAGES ↓ ↓ ↓



ME ↓ ↓ ↓
TAE



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK





EVENT ↓
EVENT ↓

OPEN MIC
NIGHT

Standup
Poetry
Life

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

TREES ORGANIC COFFEE

thursday 450 Granville Street
may SHOW ↓↓↓

5 7:30 → 10:00 PM

Fine Print: The show is first come first serve. There is no guarantee Lindsay will go on → but if he does be prepared to watch a soon-to-be 62-year-old step out of his comfort zone to entertain you for 5-minutes if Lindsay is selected. Poetry? Sure. Be there to watch Lindsay in a WTF moment as his new life (career) of entertaining you → launches! Just think you will be able to say, “I was there when...”

Warning: This event may cause dizziness, hunger, befuddlement, heart racing, actual hearts that race; and camaraderie. Best Watched → while inebriated.

lindsaywincherauk.com

JOIN

How it works?

Play tennis against Lindsay → Get Ranked

RANKING POINTS

1. Winning Percentage x 100 pts
2. Match Win = 20 pts
3. Match Draw = 10 pts
4. Match Loss = -20 pts
5. Love Set = 10 pts (Bonus)

EXAMPLE

Lindsay versus Carl (NZ)
Lindsay Wins
6-4 → 2-6 → 6-0
Lindsay 14-10 → 58.33% WP↑

1. Ranking Points = 5833
2. + Match Win = 20
3. + Love Set = 10
4. TOTAL POINTS = 5863

TO SET UP A MATCH
send an email to lindsaywin@outlook.com

**LINDSAY VERSUS THE
WORLD**

TENNIS FEDERATION

LVTWTF

**ONE MATCH WAS SCHEDULED – THE WORLD CANCELLED OUT OF FEAR.
DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE ABOVE STATEMENT. I JUST WANT TO PLAY TENNIS.
IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN VANCOUVER AND WANT TO HIT → MESSAGE ME!**

PROPOSED LANES OF THE CITY - BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

1.		Autos
2.		Motor
3.		Electric
4.		Transit
5.		Bicycle
6.		Boards
7.		Seniors
8.		Pedestrians(?)

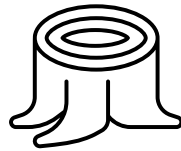
You may find everything on this page by visiting: www.lindsaywincherauk.com

READING A BOOK

READING A BOOK

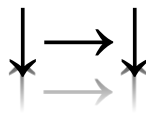
IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE

IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE



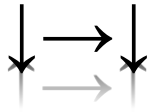
AND HALLUCINATING

AND HALLUCINATING



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE
I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

TRY HARDER
TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH
THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



www.lindsaywincherauk.com