



Lindsay Wincherauk

**MAY 2023**

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**G**o!  
I need to sleep. I've made it through another day with stress, walking only a step behind me all day.

I'm fucking worried.

I grab a bite to eat + read.

I want to go to the gym, but depression is repeatedly kicking me in the junk.

Perhaps, I don't have time to look after my health. My financial collapse is in full swing.

I'm not sure I'm going to survive.

What upsets me most is J is being dragged down with me. I should just die.

That won't solve anything, you asshole.

I know. But that is what hopelessness feels like.

## WHAT DO YOU WANT?

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I know precisely what I want; I want my stories to be discovered.

I know they will, but I want it to be while I'm still breathing.

When they do, when the interviewers ask me about my stories, I am going to focus solely on Darren, Todd, and Tyler in an effort to protect others from parasites like them.

And I want to give J a good life.

You have.

Without worry.

You will.

I wish I was as optimistic as you.

Before I dive into yesterday, I'd like to talk to you about my sleeping. It's non-fucking-existent. That's because of the blessing of being a storyteller with heaping helpings of what-the-fuck-am-I-going-to-do being thrust upon me. I'm an aging writer who needs to survive.

I eat the food I can't afford. I should just give up food now. I know it's coming soon.  
A tear drips from my right eye.

Don't cry.

If I stop crying, I think I will be done.

I've decided being a storyteller is a curse.

No, it's not; you are a fantastic storyteller.

Thanks.

Darren, Todd, and Tyler have destroyed my life financially. They had a fucking responsibility to ensure I was okay when they decided to get rid of me. Instead, the fucking assholes decided I must pay for being the only one in their fucking company with any talent.

The previous paragraph (although fictitious) is a fact.

I got old; I got old; I got old.

I cry.

I want to go to the Fitness Asylum. I can't; it feels as if my insides are being eaten away.  
Something is wrong.

It's probably stress.

I see my cardiologist again next month; maybe he'll offer me a timeline. It might not matter; I'll be done by the time I meet with him.

I try to sleep. An indescribable pain and nausea is churning through me. If I sleep, I will die, only to be found by J in three days when he gets home. I imagine, after J's initial upset, because I didn't make it to the airport, he'll understand when he finds my lifeless body lying on the bed after anything but "died peacefully in his sleep."

Don't die.

I don't want to. But I can't help thinking the Reaper is just outside my room.

This is fucking dark.

I don't want it to be. I can't help it.

I'm sure Darren, Todd, and Tyler are cheering for my demise – after all, they played a huge role in where I am now – and destroying my credit.

I'm turning 63 soon, and after giving a company a decade and a half of impeccable loyal service, well, you've read it before, they suck, and it sucks.

Gun?

I wish.

I didn't sleep last night. My insides still burned when I got out of bed this morning, but I think I'll get another day or two to worry.

I need to bridge my financial ruin with something before my day in the sun arrives; like I said, I hope I'm alive when the sun shines on me again.

Tears leak from my eyes.

I'm vulnerable, not weak.

The PNE is hiring for the Summer Fair. I check the positions they are advertising and check the age requirements.

We are looking for over 1000 enthusiastic and dynamic employees to work in a wide variety of departments for this year's exciting PNE Fair. See the different departments we're hiring for below:

Agriculture (15+)  
Bartenders (19+)  
Box Office Attendants (15+)  
Facilities and Maintenance  
Finance (15+)  
Food & Beverage (15+)  
Games (15+)  
Guest Experience (15+)  
Lotteries (19+)  
Public Safety & Parking (15+)  
Playland Maintenance (15+)  
Rides (16+)  
Ticket Office (15+)

Glaringly absent from the list is (63+) positions.

I turn the gun on myself.

Darren, Todd, and Tyler were responsible for ensuring I was okay. Instead, they chose to destroy me and my family. That's not fucking okay.

Gun?

What would you do?

It wouldn't solve anything, but it sure is tempting.

Nah, I'm sure assholes like them will get punished by destroying their families. Unfortunately, these are not good people.

Even though all the characters in this story are products of the writer's (my) imagination and any resemblance of people, places, events, and businesses are purely coincidental, their biggest fear is the truth being told. Cowards like them will do anything in their power, even if detrimental to them, to block the truth from coming out; human rights, work safety, and decency be damned.

Yesterday, I finished another fantastic book, The Woman Inside | by M.T. Edvardsson | I will share my thoughts later. For now, I have to bridge my financial gap.

I may ask Darren, Todd, and Tyler if they are hiring.

Nah, I couldn't be bothered saving the skin of these parasites a second time.

Parasites, I like that.

What am I going to do?

What have you done in your life before?

Well...

Dishwasher + Gardiner + Waiter + Bartender + Hotel Manager + Coach + Bartender + Sales Representative + Shipper/Receiver + Hair Model + Bartender + Insurance Agent + DJ + Bartender + Landscaper + Opinion Editorialist (24 Hours Vancouver) + Telephone Solicitor + Construction Worker + Bar Manager + Core Sample Tester + Hair Product Huckster + Bouncer + Almost Nude Model + Movie + Television X-tra + Night Security + Human Resource Guru + Event Planer + Editor + Humourist/Comic + Author.

Out of all of those, hope only can be found in writing.

Mitigate.

Fuck Off. You don't fucking own me. And when I'm done, I want to see your list.

Hey Darren, will you be a cocaine-snorting, steroid-injecting, bouncer again?

And Tyler, binge?

Todd, no point; a monkey could do what you do. Have you elevated your writing skills to a Grade 4 level yet? You do understand; you are only where you are because of Daddy, and Darren sees you as a useable sucker.

Of course, you don't.

I need to move on, but before I do, I'd like to ask a question: How's destroying your Golden Goose going for you.

Rhetorical.

Tomorrow, I may highlight some of my past endeavours to highlight how those possibilities no longer exist.

I think I'm dying.

Are you fucking happy? You played a significant role in my death; you killed me.

But before I go...

J can hit a target 19 out of 20 times from 1,000 meters.

J hates seeing me in pain.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**  
BANG! BANG! BANG!

The enormity of this story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events, and incidents are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. A Nine Zero Production.

Grammarly Readability Score = 80

*Lindsay – The Memoir (My Life on The Slush Pile) (Interview)*

INTERVIEWER

Is that what this book is about, your upbringing?

ME

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  
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.

**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.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**