

# MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

*No Blood. No Foul.*

# 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.*

**No Blood. No Foul.**

# 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?*

**No Blood. No Foul.**

WHO AM I GOING TO BECOME?  
WHO AM I GOING TO BECOME?



No Blood. No Foul.

# NO BLOOD. NO FOUL.

SEATTLE WASHINGTON

30 JUNE 1992

Corrie & Vern were visiting from Calgary. Corrie wanted to go to a Seattle Supersonics basketball game. Wes, Pat, Dave, and I, more on everyone except Dave, later, joined us.

We booked a hotel on Mercer Island, home to Bill Gates.

The I5 blacktop was waiting, and we hit the road.

There was a freewheeling component to our trip. We were going to rake in the experience of Seattle saloons as we broke into two cliques to flirt the night away.

Posse 1 consisted of Wes and me.

Posse two, everyone else.

Wes and I were swimming in inebriation in Seattle's Entertainment Zone, Pioneer Square.

I was dressed to the nines; Wes was dressed in the fashion of the city's grunge.

Alcohol led to hunger, street tacos, after eating, we crumpled our wrappers and shot them at a trash can thirty feet away.

Swish. Swish. Nothing but net

*"Nice shots for two candy-assed white boys,"* floated in the air behind us.

In a moment of stupidity and a sign I had yet to evolve, I fired back without seeing the source of the trash, *"We'll kick your sorry black asses any day."* Of course, the kicking I was referring to, was basketball.

Terry and Ryan happened to be black.

Ryan told us, *"Get in."*

We jumped into Terry's Datsun B210, and they whipped us to a dodgy neighbourhood of the Emerald City.

*"Let me grab you each a drink,"* Terry said. *"Is gin + juice, okay?"*

Ryan flipped on the TV and inserted a tape, porn. I was sure this would be my last night on earth.

*"Terry, Ryan, we must get back to Mercer Island. I'm certain our friends on Mercer Island are worried about us,"* Wes calmly stated.

*"No,"* was shot back in unison. *"Do you remember saying something about kicking our sorry black asses?"*

After forty minutes passed, Ryan asked, *“Would you like me to wake up our neighbour for...you know!”*

We didn't.

*“Lindsay, Wes, it's hoops time.”* Terry opened his closet; it resembled a Nike Store; it was filled with NEW shorts, shoes, shirts, and socks.

*“Ryan, I can't play without a knee brace; I just got off crutches.”*

No problem, Ryan pulled out a brand-new brace.

Thirty minutes later, we rolled onto a schoolyard basketball court. Terry parked his car leaving the lights on for illumination. Rap music blared from its speakers. Starting at 4 AM, it was time for a spirited game of two-on-two hoops.

RULES = NO BLOOD, NO FOUL

## NOW FOR A MOMENT OF CULTURAL AND RACIAL IGNORANCE

### GAME 5

I drove the lane, and Terry violently knocked me onto my ass on the asphalt.

*“C'mon, man,”* I shrieked. *“Rodney King never had it that bad.”*

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Whatever was about to rain down on me, I most certainly deserved.

I looked up at Terry with begging eyes and whispered meekly, *“Bad joke, huh?”*

My life was spared.

*Of course, your life was spared; I just read that.*

Wes and I miraculously slashed and shot our way to victory. Terry and Ryan were gracious losers.

*“Let's get you two back to Mercer Island. But before we do, we must make a couple of stops.”*

1. Ryan hopped out at a convenience store, stole the newspaper drop, The Seattle Times, to sell down in Pioneer Square.
2. A gas station's convenience store.

*“Guys, if you want to mend International Relations, remember we let you live; we think it might be best if you bought us a case of Lucky.”*

## THE LESSON OF THIS STORY

My cultural and racial evolution has a long way to go.

*No Blood. No Foul.*

## 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.*

**No Blood. No Foul.**

## 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.

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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.