

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE



A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all!

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.
His Father is his Grandfather.*

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

*His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.
That turned them into Brunkles.*

*His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.
That turned them into Sisaunts.*

*The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.
How could any of them be, okay?*

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

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



CHASING NEON

VANCOUVER - SEATTLE - VANCOUVER

7 OCTOBER 1992-JANUARY 1993

7 OCTOBER 1992

SEATTLE

It was time to celebrate, and my work passport had been stamped: **MANAGEMENT.**

"Hey Slick, may I borrow the Sports Family Truckster (a lovely 80s sedan, in pearl white with a burgundy trim) for Spike and me to blast down to Seattle to Chase Neon?"

The Truckster's gravitational pull kept tugging us toward every Walmart we passed. So, I struggled vehemently to keep it trucking down the I5.

Man, there sure are a lot of fast-food joints along the interstate.

Don't forget, gun-toting citizens.

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HOW TO CHASE NEON

WEAR SOFT-SOLED SHOES

All I need to kill you is the desire and a pair of soft-soled shoes. ⁽¹⁸⁾

IDENTIFY BRIGHT LIGHTS

CHECK WINDOW FOR LIQUID ADVERTISEMENTS

ENTER

SIT

POUND BEVERAGE

REPEAT OFTEN

Thieving, and I hit 23 NEON establishments.

On our way to 24, Spike started weeping, *"Lindsay, your life is on the upswing... I'm dying of cancer."*

That was fucking, odd.

LET'S MEET GREG

VANCOUVER

8 OCTOBER 1992

Once sobriety was regained, we blasted back up the I5 making only five pit-stops, one at a Fred Myers and four at fast-food joints to feed the family who had accidentally jumped in the back seat, we set our new family free in Blaine, Washington.

Back in Vancouver, I dropped Spike off at his home and then rushed to Earl's to regroup. Greg greeted me at the door. From this point on, Greg and I would develop a lasting friendship. Greg is from Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. He is part Slavic, Hungarian, German, I think Croatian; he's educated, bright, and nuts. I found this to be an intriguing mixture.

We immediately hit it off.

He loves scotch, beer, gin, and helium.

"Pleased to meet you, Greg. You know Spike, right? Well...while we were in Seattle, celebrating my promotion – Greg, Spike told me he has cancer and is dying."

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He refreshed our drinks.

Our friendship began to grow in leaps and bounds. After one of my birthday celebrations, Greg even bathed me after Big Red plied me with a tequila gauntlet, causing me to go off all over myself like Old Faithful.

Rumour has it he may have given me a tongue bath!

I'm sure that if his wife reads this (in the future), she will be horrified. I am also confident she will refrain from finding the humour in the previous sentence.

KNEE UPDATE

VANCOUVER

JANUARY 1993

"Young man, I'm impressed. Professional athletes would have trouble getting back in shape this fast." I kid you not.

Sweet, Doctor Regan called me a young man.

18. I believe I may have borrowed the soft-soled shoe bit from a skit from the television series Kids in the Hall.

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where |society deemed| unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation – shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

Lindsay's life began with a lie.

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

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During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.

Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.

Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.

SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

- A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, “I must thank you. I’ve listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I’ve learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend.”
- Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

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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.