

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Cocaine off a Hooker's Tits

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?

Cocaine off a Hooker's Tits

WHO AM I GOING TO BECOME?
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Cocaine off a Hooker's Tits

COCAINE OFF A HOOKER'S TITS

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My pleading to Dade to become a manager worked. Lucky for me because bartenders who were only capable of sitting were not in demand.

My management style was nepotistic. Within a couple of months, I had turned a dive bar into a bustling, growing concern. Dade, the owner, liked my moxie and kept dumping responsibility on me: ranging from inventory to personnel decisions. I was overwhelmed, so to ease my frustrations, he'd dish out more duties.

One day I would discover the cash to be \$1,000 over, the following day, \$2,000 short.

"Dade, I'm having trouble balancing the cash. Can you help?"

He'd say to me, *"Don't worry about it; these things eventually sort themselves out."*

Just after my first anniversary in the role, Dade unceremoniously canned me.

"Dade, why are you letting me go?"

"Lindsay, I'm not sure. You sure do a lot around here. When the reason comes to me, I will let you know."

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THREE DAYS LATER, DADE CALLS

"Lindsay, you've been stealing the nightly deposits. I am going to launch an investigation."

Apparently, I'd been stealing somewhere between \$1,000-\$30,000 per month. The story varied depending on Dade's audience.

I pulled the cushions off my couch and found a fourth Cheezie.

Law enforcement came calling. Banging furiously on my door at 6 AM, this troubled Slick and our neighbours.

I avoided law enforcement.

The law returned the following day, and I let the Police Officer in.

Detective Gadget began to try to break me, *"Nice place you got here. Beautiful couch: it looks costly."*

I pointed to the phone books for legs and my cat hanging off one of the arms.

He continued, *"Those stereo speakers look high-end."*

I ranted.

"The speakers are my flatmates. They are five years old. Let me spare your precious time. Last night I ate Macaroni & Cheese, without milk or butter. My bank account reads negative. Barring magic, I'm going to lose my place. My only indulgence is I like snorting cocaine off hooker's tits using \$100 bills for the straw. And, oh yeah, I don't snort cocaine."

"Are you willing to take a lie detector test?"

"Sir, I don't know what Dade is trying to do? Maybe cashing two or three welfare cheques from the same tenants monthly is clouding his reality even if they are dead. A lawyer told me not to agree to the test, but I'll take it."

TWO DAYS LATER, AT THE POLICE STATION

"You're not lying."

"Prefuckingciously!"

"Sorry about this. You're free to go."

Dade hired three people to replace me. He continued acting like an ass by forcing me to jump through hoops to obtain my last cheque.

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Eventually, I demanded it over the phone.

"Dade, here's what I'm prepared to do. I want my cheque by tomorrow, only what I'm owed. If you don't give it to me, I will enlighten your partner on the hotel practices. You know, things like the shooter bar that doesn't exist. The welfare cheques. I will also phone the Labour Board and enlighten them. Dade, all I want is what you owe me, nothing more."

He screamed profanities unfamiliar to me into the phone; he also called me a lying, thieving blackmailer. *"I will take you down. I will never give you a fucking penny."*

Slick listened in on the other line. *"Lindsay, Dade sounds like a dick."*

"Look, Dade, you do know this is all bullshit."

"Fucker, asshole, bastard, I will never give you a dime."

CLICK

TEN MINUTES LATER THE PHONE RANG

"Lindsay, you can pick up your cheque tomorrow."

When I picked up the cheque at his partner's office, he made me sign a non-disclosure document.

From that day forward, my former staff occasionally invited me to the bar in Dade's absence. I never paid for a drink.

KNEE UPDATE

FOR HONESTY'S SAKE

Dade's real name is not Dade. But it rhymes with it starting with *A, B, C, D...U, V....*"

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.