

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

New Flatmate + Concussion Protocol

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?
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NEW FLATMATE + CONCUSSION PROTOCOL

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

21-24 JANUARY 1999-DECEMBER 1999

CONCUSSION PROTOCOL

PHOENIX ARIZONA

JANUARY 21-24

I flew the friendly skies to Phoenix with Wayne + Kevin to visit Slick. Surprisingly (19), we managed to get sauced during the three-hour flight.

Slick retrieved us from Sky Harbour Airport and zipped us to the Armadillo Grill restaurant, where he plied us with drinks.

NEXT UP

At a strip club: Slick bought me a lap dance.

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Wow. You are gorgeous. Your body is smoking hot. I can't look. I'm not that guy. Corrie, you are wrong; pig dog isn't who I am. This feels uncomfortable. Why is this a thing? Sorry, (20) you are devastatingly beautiful, but I can't gawk. Would it creep you out if I looked into your eyes? (21)

After I was spent looking deeply into my dancer's soulful eyes, Rick continued zipping us places, this time to his beer league hockey game, where he bombarded us with more drinks. After the match, zip, his home.

"Guys, what would you like to drink? I have Crown Royal!"

Before he poured from the purple cloak, let us back up for a second. Then, when Slick pulled his Jeep into his carport constructed with steel girders, I stumbled out of the Jeep and was unceremoniously greeted by one of the girders.

SEED PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT (PSA)

Jeep Doors swing wide open.

Be careful when exiting Jeeps.

Hammering your head into a steel girder while exiting said Jeep is incredibly painful.

Don't bang your head into steel beams.

THUD
THUD

"Was that my Jeep's door?" Slick asked.

"And Lindsay's head," Wayne answered.

CONCUSSION PROTOCOL STATES

Concussion Protocol States

Do Not Let The Concussed Person Sleep

I slept like a baby.

A wise man once said: To want what you can't have in life is the most significant pain of all.

I fervently disagree. Slamming your skull into a steel girder while drunk may be worse.

For the next three days, with a fresh goitre on my forehead, I stumbled around in a dense fog. My arms were covered in goosebumps with the thermostat cranking up into the high 80s Fahrenheit. And I seemed to have misplaced my shoes for most of the trip.

On our final day, before flying away from the land of the rising sun, Slick encouraged one more moment of bonding.

"Hey guys, I'm not going to shower today. Want to grab a hot tub?"

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NEW FLATMATE

VANCOUVER

DECEMBER 1999

"I'm breaking up with Danielle. Can I stay at your place for a month?" Kevin asked me on the phone.

"Sure, Kev, your welcome to stay as long as you need."

"Thanks, Seed, I wouldn't be able to stand living with you for more than a month." (22)

Friendships that turn into flatmates tend to only one outcome: EX.

Danielle + Kev's breakup, ~~their~~ breakup, would impact me significantly.

19. Were you surprised?
20. My sorry was mute; I know the dancer could not possibly be reading my mind.
21. Yes.
22. Kick him out now.

14 MONTHS OF RELATIVE CALM

14 MONTHS OF RELATIVE CALM

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MUSICAL INTERLUDE

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

New Flatmate + Concussion Protocol

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.