

# MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

↑ *Can I Take You Higher* ↑

# 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?*

↑ FUCKED UP ↓  
↓ FUCKED UP ↑



↑ Can I Take You Higher ↑

# ↑ CAN I TAKE YOU HIGHER ↑

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It's time to fuck things up a bit. <sup>(23)</sup>

I'm forty. Somewhat intelligent. I am who I am. I've never announced what I'm not when sharing opinions.

*I'm not a doctor.*

*Before I share with you what I think about Global Warming, I'd like to make it perfectly clear, I'm not a scientist.*

I allowed my IQ to lay in silence.

IQ to the side: I wonder what trying ecstasy would be like?

## WHY?

**LIFE CRISIS:** Perhaps?

Did I just want to get high?

Read on. I'm sure clarity will eventually be found.

## QUEST FOR ECSTASY: THE WORLD AFTER HOURS CLUB

*Now, where does one find drugs? <sup>(24)</sup>*

*Welcome back, Lindsay; it's been a while. You seem to be enjoying the Booze Wagon. What can I help you with today?*

Walk. Walk. Walk. This store is called Blunt Brothers, and wicked, just a few doors down is the New Amsterdam. So, I think I might be on the right path.

What could possibly go wrong? I'm forty. Clean-shaven. Shorn dome. I'm often mistaken for law enforcement.

I slithered into Blunt Brothers and nervously sashayed <sup>(25)</sup> my way to the counter. The clerk's face twisted; it was unreadable; her hair was purple, covered in tats, and her body was utterly pierced, everywhere.

I whispered to her, "Excuse me, I'm looking to try new things." I cupped my hands over my lips and emphatically mouthed. "ECSTASY!"

Ten minutes later, I repeated my futile effort at New Amsterdam.

*Don't give up Lindsay, I want to take you higher; follow me.*

↑ Can I Take You Higher ↑

## ALTERATIONS

*It sure is blisteringly cold out.*

*Who are you talking to? <sup>(26)</sup>*

*It is time to get high.*

*I heard about this place, <sup>(27)</sup> I'm nervous, I'll walk by a couple dozen times. Come on, courage, you can do in, go down the stairs. Go. Go. Go. You will be okay. Down one step, two steps, three steps, enter. Goodbye naivety, hello experience.*

*Lindsay, you used to be the anti-smoking guy, didn't you? What the fuck are you doing?*

*Piss off.*

The bass music was pumping. Glow sticks feverishly swayed. The room pulsed. The dance floor was packed with people floating in inebriation + scantily clad + hedonistic. I had entered a den of indulgence.

I felt safe.

To the left of the entrance was an open area filled with couches covered in throw pillows. The heart was occupied by scrumptious gyrating bodies. At the back of the club, was a room dubbed the Red Room where people went to chill and process their selections of alteration.

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I was wearing dress shoes, and I stood out.

I plopped myself onto a couch in the front area. Conversations drifted freely through the air; people flashed in; people flashed out.

A saucy girl to my right said to me in a relaxing voice, *"Nice shoes."*

We hit it off.

She asked me, *"What are you on?"*

*"Only alcohol. How about you?"*

She began to recite the alphabet, starting with E.

*"My name is Samantha. What's yours?"*

*"Lin... my name is Mark. Do you know where I could get E?"*

Before my lips started moving, Sam went — **POOF** — and was back in a flash with a plastic baggie. *"Here. Go buy water."*

With water in hand, I asked Samantha, *"What do I do?"*

Sam grabbed my hand and led me to the Red Room.

*"Pop the pill. Wash it down with a swig. And wait. Soon, beautiful heaven will arrive."*

Samantha was half my age, and in the club, that is a moot point because age evaporates with paid admission.

My temperature began to spike. The ceiling started wobbling and morphing into different shapes. Worms commenced wiggling in perfect synchronization with the charging music, dropping from the ceiling. A kaleidoscope of colours started revolving from spectral pinwheels.

I think I might have been getting high. <sup>(28)</sup>

My heart began to race, my body tingled with warmth; I belonged here, I felt complete. Illusion and fantasy were sharing oxygen with reality. The urge to dance began to consume me.

I was *dazzlingly fucking high*.

*Drugs are great!*

*"What are you on?"* Was the common question.

*I hope a kissable stranger sits next to me.*

*This is far better than under the covers with a flashlight.*

*I wanted to fuck. And dance.*

In the heart of the club, my rhythm found me. <sup>(29)</sup>

I ripped my shirt off, flipped my water bottle in the air, caressed my sweating torso seductively, took three steps, shook my ass, took three more steps, and shook my ass again.

Kissable strangers began to grope and kiss me. Lips felt heavenly. I found Sam dancing next to me, so I did the reasonable thing: I started licking her arms.

She covered her arms.

At the closing time (7:30 AM), I had a raging **HARD ON**. <sup>(30)</sup> Going home was going to be filled with frustration + pain.

## SPECTRAL SOCIETIES

*One trip into the dungeon of carnal pursuits would indeed suffice, wouldn't it?*

No.

Although the deviant behaviour frightened me, the menagerie of the bizarre opened my mind to new realms. What I once denounced had suddenly become acceptable. My essence was ripe for cultivation. <sup>(32)</sup>

I vowed to never return.

My phone rang.

*Hello, who is this?*

*High, I'm High. Do you want to meet with me again?*

I researched the evils of drugs, one article: BAD, one report: NO BIG DEAL.

I only read the second article.

By the time Thursday rolled around, I had begun thinking maybe. By Saturday, I'd head out for drinks with friends, and when I knew the After Hours was open, I'd vanish and trip down the stairs once more. This time with more sensible shoes.

A warm rush of pleasure engulfed me.

*Why is everyone wearing opera glasses and draped in bubble wrapping?*

*Interesting, that crew over there is donning goalie masks and wearing sumo suits.*

I glanced to my right.

*Hello, Scottish Andy. You don't say. One minute you were on the dance floor – the next on the flight deck of the Starship Enterprise with Captain Kirk and Homer Simpson. I hope you had fun. Welcome back!*

*While you're here, beautiful opera glasses, by the way, can you help me get off the dance floor? Every time I make it to the edge, a wall magically appears.*

I'd step three times, flip, caress, and shake my ass.

*Hey, gorgeous stranger, why is your hand on my dick? Don't stop, I don't mind.*

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LOGIC doesn't say a word.

*I need to sit. I know, the Red Room. That's better; it's nice to take a load off. I said "Hi" to a couple sitting next to me. It's a pleasure meeting you. Blink. Oh, you're fucking. Why not here?*

*This place is magnificent, Unlike the world of alcohol, violence-free.*

*What's that LOGIC, you think it may ultimately be more aggressive in the long run?*

*My dick doesn't agree with you. Now beat it. I know what I'm doing.*

I'm trapped. I'll be back next week, next week, and the weeks after.

*Don't be a fool, son. These people are victims. They will crash and burn out one after the other, with some falling into harsher choices on the Drug Vice Menu. When they do, they'll be incapable of finding normal ever again.*

*LOGIC, I said, beat it.*

Fortunately, being forty allowed me to understand the transitory nature of experimentation. I intuitively knew the revellers were desperately trying to find a place of belonging. But the club, like life, often resided in the cliques of the beautiful, and they were notorious for slamming the doors shut on those trying to enter.

Usage shares fabrics with paranoia. Lips began moving. The conversation is about you. Ghouls crawled out of the walls and from beneath the floor.



## A SHORT TRIP INTO THE FUTURE

Andy and Mike had experienced life-altering visions, collapsing on Trish's bathroom floor. Trish <sup>(33)</sup> hovered above them. Dr. Ken flew alongside. Mike and Andy heard voices; Trish was close to collapsing. She asked everyone to leave so the voices floating in the air could dissipate.

The DOCTOR asked if we were doing the right thing.

*Leaving three incredibly fucked-up people who are hearing the devil talk to them to fend for themselves, how could that possibly be wrong?*

I returned to the club the following Saturday night.

23. The current time is 8:25 AM.
24. May I venture a guess: Drug Dealers.
25. I'm not sure if one can nervously sashay?
26. You.
27. This place is an After-Hours Club called The World.
28. You're an idiot.
29. It is okay to laugh "at" me.
30. I promise <sup>(31)</sup> never to use the word "raging" again when describing my dick.
31. I promise.
32. No words. I vomited in my mouth when I typed that line.
33. You will be meeting Trish in the following few pages.

AND I'M FREE  
AND I W FREE

FREE FALLIN' - FALLIN'  
FREE FALLIN' - FALLIN'

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ALL THE VAMPIRES, WALKIN' THROUGH THE VALLEY  
ALL THE VAMPIRES, WALKIN' THROUGH THE VALLEY

↑ Can I Take You Higher ↑

## 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.