

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?

↑ FUCKED UP ↓
↓ FUCKED UP ↑



TRISH TRASH

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

10 NOVEMBER 2001-15 FEBRUARY 2003

THE WORLD AFTER HOURS

VANCOUVER

10 NOVEMBER 2001

*Where, the fuck, have you been, Cupid? Gail dumped me ten years ago. I'm lonely?
Napping. Don't worry, you will be finding love again soon.*

Our bodies were intertwined on the dance floor. We spun round and round like an awful music video to the rhythm of the pulsing music. That's not all that was pulsing. ⁽³⁴⁾ Our lips were locked in a passionate kiss. Electricity was firing through my veins. Another kiss, and I began to melt. Past loves were being washed away by the beauty of ↑high↑.

Life was about to change.

↑HIGH↑ = CHANGE

I was about to go down a road where happiness would be derived from denial, much like pillows pressed into my face would hide the inevitable outcome of being out of place with my reality.

A MOMENT OF REFLECTION

- Corrie: adopted.
- Gail: adopted.
- When I was with Corrie: My parents were dying; school was a struggle because my parents were dying. I was bartending. I had suffered numerous athletic injuries requiring surgery.
- When I was with Gail: I was trying to buy a hotel in Jamaica; life direction was a struggle because—I'm not entirely sure; I guess I was just directionless. I was bartending. I suffered numerous athletic and life injuries requiring surgery.

Likely just a coincidence, wouldn't one think?

ENDLESS KISS: CONTINUED

Our spinning stopped, we unlocked lips, we needed to find elsewhere to satisfy my anxious ⁽³⁵⁾ penis.

I wanted to *fuck* Trish.

Earlier in the evening, while I sat in the Red Room waiting for the mixture of alcohol and pharmaceuticals to kick in, a sexy young girl ambled into the room.

The guy sitting next to me asked me, *"Would you like to meet her?"*

"My name is Victoria; I'm attached."

A smoking hot girl, a friend of Victoria's, glided into the room. Victoria told me it was her friend's birthday. Victoria encouraged me to kiss her.

For the next seven hours, Trish and I were locked in a tongue-filled kiss. Fireworks were exploding inside of me. I hoped Trish felt the same way.

Logic appeared out of a drug-fuelled haze and said, *"She kissed you for seven-friggen-hours, fool."*

Logic had made a good point.

Decision time had arrived: Call it a night or press on?

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FUCKED UP screamed: CONTINUE.

Where to go?

- Trish's place was off-limits. She had a house guest from Edmonton, spineless Dr. Kenny.
- My place was off-limits. My flatmate, Wally, was inclination free of my soirees into darkness.

My desires burned intensely, and I wanted to press flesh ⁽³⁶⁾ with Trish.

Think, Lindsay, think. I know, a hotel room screams romance. You agree, Trish. Great, let's set forth and explore the possibilities.

"Hello, Mr. Desk Clerk, we need a room."

Shake. Shake. Shake. I'd like to get to know more about you. Your family. Your dreams. Nah. Too corny.

Shake. Shake. Shake. Tell me about your views on the future, career, love, and life. Nah. Garbage.

I'll let my erection do my talking. C'mon, dick, help me find the magic words. What's that dick? Take Trish's hand and slap it on you? Okay. Look in her eyes? Okay. Now speak.

“Feel this. It is going to be your toy ⁽³⁷⁾ for the next several hours.”

Why aren't you running?

Trish's lips were supple and sweet. My pulse raced. I ripped her clothes off her delicate torso, licking every inch of her body. I nibbled her earlobes and licked down her spine. The heat intensified.

I wanted to devour her, to drink in every taste and smell. My heart momentarily stopped – with her kisses sparking it back to life. I longed for every inch of her silky-smooth skin. Boundaries were being stripped away. I was going to places I had never been before. I licked my way over her clavicle; Trish's nipples sprang to life, breasts heaving. She moaned as we both drowned in our chemistry.

I could barely contain myself. Beads of sweat formed on Trish's chest. I felt as if I were about to explode only to drown in her arms. The intensity increased, bringing me pleasure each time she squirmed. I licked the inside of her legs slowly at first, then lengthened my strokes increasing the pressure. Trish was sent into orbit, consumed by ecstasy. She begged for more. Eventually, I licked and caressed until I reached –

Anyway, we clicked, and I have a video to prove it.

Feel fortunate; my first attempt at describing the night ended with: Gentle waves of the ocean lapping up against the beach.

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Pursuits completed, we headed back to her place.

I told her my name wasn't Mark as we climbed the stairs to her front door.

She was okay with my revelation.

And besides, she seemed to have taken a shine to her new toy!

THE SANDPIPER PUB

WHITE ROCK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

16 NOVEMBER 2001

It took you until Friday to call Trish, what are you, a coward?

When Trish and I met, I managed a seaside bar called the Sandpiper Pub in White Rock. The owners were divorced. Judy was an ex-Olympic swimmer; Dale was an ex-professional football player.

Owning a bar while divorced would indeed – ⁽³⁸⁾

Dale liked sc___ing a blonde waitress with a bit of booty.

Judy desperately searched for ways to make Dale jealous. Her first effort was breast enhancement. When that didn't work, she married an ab_sive dentist.

She had a child with the abusive dentist when that didn't work.

Dale kept scolding the blonde waitress, *Server* if you'd like my story to be politically correct.

Judy tried playing the staff against him

Dale didn't care.

Judy dumped her son's primary care on Nester. Nester is a cross between *Mr. Rogers* meets a *Priest* meets *Jack Nicholson* from *The Shining*.

His body odour was far past rancid.

He'd rub his index finger in a circular motion on the inside of his knee and then express Judy's undying love for Dale. His voice scratched piercingly. Somehow, it was still meek.

"*She won't let him go,*" Nester said his index finger circling.

Judy asked me to transport him the fifty kilometres from Vancouver to White Rock because Nester lived only a few blocks from me.

He'd look over to me while I was driving, a finger circling rapidly, and with his voice cracking, he'd say, "*I used to watch her swim every day. We used to go out platonically. If only Dale was gone. They've been cooking the books. One day, Dale will be gone, and Judy will be –*"

I kid you not.

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I mentioned Nester's stench to Judy. She informed me he doesn't like to bathe. Instead, she said he uses his bathtub for storage.

The news about *cooking* the books was far from a secret. For the past eight months, my management mandate was: DON'T RING IN A SINGLE SALE.

Judy asked me to drive Nestor again, I said NO.

BACKUP: TWO DAYS

WHITE ROCK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

14 NOVEMBER 2001

Judy fired me.

FLASHBACK

VANCOUVER

31 MAY 2001

"Lindsay, you're fired."

Remember Timeac, the POS company I worked for? I was their top salesperson. Anyway, Timeac hired a sales manager named Ryan. Ryan was an asshole. He ordered salaried employees to come in at 6 AM, three hours before their regular start times and hours before transit serviced the location of our office.

At the end of one of the meetings, Ryan announced, "It's 8:30. We don't have time for questions. I know you are all eager to get to work."

"Excuse me, Ryan, everyone has been at work since 6," I'd gingerly say.

One week later, Ryan gave me a letter saying that if I disagreed with him, I would keep my mouth shut.

Two weeks later, he canned me.

One year later, I ran into the company's owner at the airport. He told me he lost everything: his wife, business, health, everything. He then said he's bouncing back, working for a company out of Dallas. He thought I'd be a perfect fit—saying if I was interested, he would highly recommend me.

I reminded him of the day he and Ryan fired me.

"I made a mistake," he said timidly.

Dale gave me a glowing reference letter after my dismissal from the Sandpiper.

Maybe I need to open my own business to figure out why I will eventually have to let myself go.

FIRST DATE

VANCOUVER

THE WORLD AFTER HOURS

17 NOVEMBER 2001

Being fired allowed me to phone Trish on Friday night and plan to meet the following night at the club.

Trish is Chinese, ~~yet, somehow, not Asian~~. Trish earned a psychology degree from the University of Alberta and worked as a flight attendant (FA) for Air Canada, and she worked with autistic children.

Trish's family had disowned her, but her engineer father continued to pay her bills.

Trish made a killer first impression: she was twenty-five and had already been a seven-year veteran of the party culture.

I wasn't twenty-five.

She played hard.

THIS FIRST DATE DITTY IS FOR ADULTS ONLY

MARY

VANCOUVER

17 NOVEMBER 2001

Welcome to virgin territory.

The club began to skew my morals. Humanity was suffering blow after blow with each hit of ↑high↑. Like Vegas, everything was okay if it happened in the club. However, it was an emotionally violent place.

ESCAPE = PAIN

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Quite often, escape signals you no longer fit into what society deems normal. Every time you ingest, the further down the rabbit hole you slide. The only thing relevant in the club is the pills or the lines or —

I willfully was entering a relationship whose roots depended upon the substances readily available inside the confines of the club. I believed Trish and I was exceptions who could partake without becoming hypocritical. *How fucking ridiculous?*

Son, if I catch you smoking, I'll kick your ass. Here's a note. Now, go to the store and pick me up smokes.

Trish was a veteran of alteration and I, was a bumbling rookie.

One day, our club days would surely end, and Trish would eventually settle into my arms.⁽³⁹⁾

I was entering a new relationship while jobless, a foolish proposition at best.

During our second first date, we popped and started heading upward. The higher I climbed, the more clouded my decision-making became. I met Mary, a hot Croatian, in the Red Room, we kissed. And round and round and round we spun.

GUILT chimed in, "You are nothing more than a high idiot."

Mary invited me to go back to her place to press the flesh. I declined. Instead, I suggested, "Would you like to come back to Trish's with us?"

Sam joined us after picking up her long-sleeve shirt from the coat check.

With my mind racing, I sprawled out on Trish's bed in search of my elusive nemesis, *Logic*. I stripped. And then, I decided it was reasonable to start — ⁽⁴⁰⁾

Mary grabbed Trish's Polaroid Camera and began snapping photos.

BUILD

During the twisted evening at the club, Trish + Mary took turns guessing my age. Mary guessed twenty-nine. Trish, thirty. I guessed, slightly higher.

After Mary and Sam vamoosed, Trish and I did it, all weekend long.

Come Monday, Trish gave me a key to her place, and I began living out of a suitcase, returning the nine blocks home to sporadically feed Fuzzy Nose & Toes.

I was in love! Fuck.

THE WORLD AFTER-HOURS

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1 DECEMBER 2001

Time to jump on the high Ferris Wheel, a-fucking-gain.

I had a burning desire for it to end; I wanted our weekends to mirror our Wednesday-Fridays. ↑*High*↑ wanted us ↑*high*↑.

↑*High*↑ friends are, for the most part, nothing more than ↑*high*↑. If you weren't *fucking* ↑*high*↑, you might be able to realize; they're not friends.

Sacrificing Saturdays for drugs wasn't delusional.

Trish sat in a chair near the club's front; her eyes were transfixed on a neon sign reading H2O.

I looked deeply into her glazed-over eyes and said, "I love you."

She gazed into mine.

A couple of seconds later, two guys with fan blades for legs joyfully spun by us.

We went home, ↑*high*↑.

Problems

THINKING INSIDE THE BOX

SEX-FILLED MEANINGLESS ROMP?

OR SOMETHING MORE?

Drugs were the foundation of our relationship. I had to accept that. If I didn't, we'd have a passionate sex-filled romp, ending prematurely. For the relationship to have legs, I would have to change.

Fuck off, Logic. I don't want to hear another peep.

- The club is a toxic wasteland.
- Friends are spectral in nature.
- People go to escape only to come out more scarred.
- Saturday morphs into Sunday Sketch Parties.
- Monday-Tuesday is time for the brain to restore itself to happiness.
- Trish always hosted the after-parties.
- Guests would flash in.
- Michael + Jeremy + Toni + Andrew + Kim + Kim + Jeremy + Patrick + Stephen +
- Most friendships were short-lived, some; would burn out needing to find reality again.
- Trish was the one constant.
- She assured me the party meant nothing.
- She told me one day it would end.
- She told me, *"Sweetie, the only way I'd ever break up with you is if you cheated on me."*

ENTER PATRICK

"Sweetie, why is there a Patrick phoning you from San Francisco?"

"Linds, it's nothing to worry about; he's just a friend?"

"You met him well you were high at the club. WTF?"

BLIND EYE

MARCH 2002

"Don't worry, Linds, he's just a friend."

We had survived ⁽⁴²⁾ six months!

We were still hitting the club every Saturday + Sunday on long weekends.

Thanks to the drugs, Trish made a killer first impression and was an introvert presenting as an extrovert.

Whereas I was an extrovert masquerading as an introvert. I loved the individual, not the pack. Trish loved being surrounded by groups of drug-addled lost souls. I hated the Sketch Parties. I found the pack to be emotionally vapid.

During the week, her friends came and went. Most of the time, without the personality-enhancing medicine, Trish would sit in front of her computer playing Flight Simulator, leaving me to entertain.

Out of the blue, I became severely ill. A specialist thought my ailment might turn fatal with my liver failing. He believed I had contracted a rare liver ailment prevalent in individuals of Asian descent.

As I reeled in my struggle to recover, Trish continued going to the club.

Magically, one day, my illness was gone.

HOW'S IT GOING TONIGHT, FAG?

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THE FIRESIDE PUB

NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

8 APRIL 2002

New Westminster is a backwards ⁽⁴³⁾ community close to Vancouver. I took a bartending gig at the Fireside Pub.

The Fireside Pub is trapped in the 1970s. The walls were velour. And on most nights, a solo musician played *Brown Eyed Girl*. The Patrons wore shirts emblazoned with beer logos, most customers were mostly heavy-set, blue-collar men, sitting at the bar reliving past glory and avoiding going home.

The nightly activities of this pathetic crew consisted of talking about the big game + intimidating newcomers.

Many of them snorted cocaine with the bitchy unionized female servers.

In a nutshell, the Fireside Pub was a disgustingly gross wasteland of marginality.

I wore shirts with collars to work.

"Nice shirt, fag. How's it going tonight, fag? What's it like being a fag, fag?"

These endless nightly taunts grew tiresome.

I worked Thursday-Sunday Nights.

SATURDAY NIGHT (WEEKLY) EQUATION

- Finish Work at Midnight —>
- the World + Pop a pill + Pop another pill —>
- Sketch Party 7 AM until —>
- Leave sketch party 4 PM —>
- Arrive at work 5 PM (sleep-deprived)

On this Sunday evening, I was sporting a snarly edge.

Jamie, a bus driver, with a youthful, artery-clogging sheen to his face, because of his two-hundred-sixty pounds, was first up on the taunting me list.

"Where do you live, Lindsay?"

"Vancouver."

"Oh, you live in Gayville."

"You're a bit of a dipshit. And you are right; every one of the million residents of Vancouver is fags. Can I see your Mensa Card?"

"Fag."

"And besides, Jamie, I live in Yaletown; if there were a Gayville, it would be the West End."

"There are too many faggot weirdos in the West End." Jamie continued. "I stay away from them because —"

"Because you are an idiot. Look where we are: this area is rampant with panhandlers and heroin addicts. The West End is clean and liveable. The big difference is Jamie, the people in the West End dress better. Oh yeah, I have never seen gay sex acts breaking out there. When was the last time you saw your dick without a mirror? You stay away from them; that's rich. You do know if one of the 'gays' came up to you and asked you to have sex with them because, of course, the 'gays' are attracted to obese middle-aged men, you can always say, NO."

"You're defending them; you must be one of them."

Another dinosaur, named Ryan, tinkled in, *"I spoke with a Lesbian couple, I asked if they knew their unborn child was going to be retarded, would they about the birth? They said yes. I asked if they knew their child would be gay, their answer was the same. See, Gay, Retard: the same thing."*

Fortunately, murder is legal in New Westminster.

I couldn't take anymore.

"Look around fags. There are ten of you and one toothless woman in here. Collectively, you're

pushing the scales at ambulance crashing massive coronary levels. There are stained beer posters on the walls. You've likely not had sex with a sober woman in years."

I began laughing.

"There's velvet on the walls. Are we in a Holiday Inn Lounge in the 70s? Let's not forget the musician is playing "Brown Eyed Girl" for the zillionth time. Oh my, look, the toothless lady is leaving just as two fat guys enter, upping the count to twelve. Do you guys get where I'm going? I didn't think so. Anyway, you guys are in a 'GAY' bar right now, just not a good one. Fags."

They never called me *fag* again.

BOMBSHELLS

1. **24 APRIL 2002** – I sent Trish an e-greeting card, indicating what I wanted to do to her when I got home that night, sexually. A very graphic e-greeting. The e-greetings company fired back the recipient list of my card: Trish + Patrick. Trish had copied my greeting and sent it on to Patrick, changing "tonight" to "next time I see you."

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When Trish came home from work, I told her I was going to hate the conversation we were about to engage in; I asked her, *"What the hell is this? You sent the fucking card to Patrick; why?"*

"Sweetie, don't be angry; I sent the card to all of my friends."

I let it slide.

Logic glared in the window, shaking his head.

2. **19 MAY 2002** – Another Sunday = Another Sketch Party @ Trish's. I retreated to Trish's computer. An email lay open on the screen. Trish had been exchanging emails with some guy named Rod. Something along the lines of "hot" + "intensity" + "won't be able to handle" + "it's too bad your girlfriend and my boyfriend are watching us like hawks." Rod had returned the email to set up another time.

Fuck off Logic, she said she loved me.

Love joined in, calling Trish a manipulative whore.

I was flying \uparrow high \uparrow . I didn't enjoy Logic and Love ganging up on me. I believed they were jealous of what I had, in my deluded state.

SCREW - TWIST - SCREW - TWIST

Let me scoop out a little more brain, don't worry, we'll keep it in a safe place.

Effortlessly, Trish denied the emails. She claimed somebody was trying to screw us up. Trish believed her performance. She was —

Her friends bought her performance as well; they too went searching for the real —

She cheated, hurting me; I let it go; I'm just as bad as her. Please don't try to convince me —

I met Rod at the club one week later; I asked him if it was true?

He ran.

Paranoia entered the fray.

Pop a pill for a blast of elation, just teasing. I'll rip the moment from your mind. Everyone in the club will be after Trish. Feeling crazy yet? You'll have visual and auditory hallucinations. Elaborate hand signals will be exchanged between everyone and Trish all night long. The beauty: you'll think what's happening is real. You won't be able to escape. She cheated, but you'll become the villain quickly, fun, hey? She cheats. You pay and pay and pay. Keep thinking she loves you, sucker.

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I never embraced *Paranoia*. It swallowed me.

A handsome guy across the room touches his cap, pats his chest twice, winks, looks upward, touches his inner thigh, winks again, and double claps.

I stole home.

I think he was telling Trish his work schedule.

Another pill would surely fix things.

THE OLD TERMINAL PUB

NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

14 JUNE 2002

I was recruited by the owner of the Old Terminal Pub after he witnessed my performance on Sunday evening at the Fireside.

New pub, same shoddy treatment.

When I opened the pub's doors for the morning, two humongous ironworkers stumbled in. I was alone until a sprinkling of functioning alcoholic regulars arrived.

Reg, one of the idiot regulars, piped in, *“Hey fag, it’s time to cut off those buffoons.”*

“Reg, I have got things under control, and I will handle them.”

The ironworkers approached the bar asking for beers + shots.

“Hey guys, I think you might have had enough for today. How about I pour you a couple of shots, you can finish your beers, and you guys can head out for your day?”

They agreed and went back to their seats.

Reg noticed the shooters and barked at me, *“Kick the clowns out, now.”*

He may as well have been calling them Ace.

“Who are you calling a clown? Wasn’t that your whore wife I saw down on the corner on twelfth?”

Reg flashed the Ironworkers a single digit.

Let’s get ready to –

I intervened, addressing the whole bar, **“SHUT THE FUCK UP.”** I lowered my voice. *“Those two will drink their shooters and then leave. If this escalates, there will be losers here today; I will not be one of them.”* ⁽³⁶⁾

THE PUB CALMED UNTIL

Reg flashed his digit again.

One of the ironworkers, a man twice my size, rushed toward Reg. I jumped in the middle of them. I blocked the ironworker. He spun, placing his arm on the edge of the pool table. I forcefully pushed my right hand down on his arm. His arm snapped, an ambulance came, the ironworkers left.

Reg walked up to me and said, *“You’re not a fag after all.”*

I hated working in the backwards community of New Westminster.

I couldn’t wait to get home to Trish.

PICNIC IN THE PARK

VANCOUVER

JULY 13, 2002

Have I gone mad?

Bedlam was about to ensue.

I’ll eagerly await your diagnosis as the pages keep turning.

My birthday was in three days, Trish planned a picnic in the park with friends, mostly hers.

She gave me a card filled with love and affection. When I read it, I became weak, believing every word.

Hello again, do you mind if I take another scoop?

SKETCH PARTY

VANCOUVER

Knock, Knock.

Oh fuck, Trish's Grandpa was at the door.

Out of the seven people there, not even one could speak in an understandable dialect, including me.

I sat at the computer.

Grandpa asked Trish, "Are you okay?"

Trish responded, saying, "Galywilbeens."

Michael (more on him later, ↑high↑ on a mixed bowl of drugs, solidified with pot, had been laughing hysterically for the last five hours.

180 Later, Michael #2 (more on him later), ↑high↑ on a combination of drugs, solidified with pot, couldn't stop laughing hysterically. Instead, he'd been laughing uncontrollably for five hours.

Spineless Dr. Kenny attempted to help by saying, "Parang thig erylod si ko l'il teg Tris ot."

I was positive that Parang thig erylod si ko l'il teg Tris was meaningless. I also thought maybe Grandpa would like to pop a pill.

Grandpa shook his head and then said in broken English to Trish, "Stay in school. Make sure you rotate your tires," and then sauntered away.

INTERVENTION

VANCOUVER

17 JULY 2002

Jeremy, a regular party acquaintance, called me.

"Hey, Linds, can you give me a ride to pick up furniture."

I reluctantly agreed, leaving Trish home alone.

I returned two hours later to find a note on the door.

I'm with Grandpa, and I will be back shortly.

Love Trish

I had left my key behind and waited nervously for Trish to return. 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4 AM, Trish finally came home.

"Sweetie, they figured things out. They were doing an intervention."

I hugged her and drifted off to sleep, thinking the club days were finally ending.

I would no longer have to save Trish from collapsing face-first toward the floor in the Red Room. Trish tweaking was to be a thing of the past.

A PHONE CALL

A PHONE CALL

VANCOUVER

19 JULY 2002

Her cousin called while Trish and I were out for dinner; her cousin lives with Grandpa.

"Yeah, Cous, it was bad timing. Grandpa must think I'm fucked-up. No, no, I haven't spoken to him since Sunday."

HARISH

NOVEMBER 2002

The club wasn't a thing of the past unless the past is in the future. Our lives were becoming filled with a new posse of sketched-out antagonists to replace those that had crashed.

Enter Harish. Trish's sixth new best friend of the year. Harish enjoyed being single. Harish loved prowling for sex.

Late in the month, Trish flew to Miami for work. The flight typically takes nine hours; I dropped by her place at 9AM; Trish was already home this Sunday Morning. This struck me as odd.

BOMBSHELL

3. **30 NOVEMBER 2002** - I stopped by Trish's between bar gigs; Trish was out with Harish. I had taken a second job at Pat's Pub. The computer was resting on Trish's inbox; I opened it; There was an email from Patrick. Trish hadn't been in Miami;

she'd been in San Francisco. Before I left for work, Trish and Harish returned. Tears were pouring down my face.

"Sweetie, it's not what you think. Someone is trying to fuck us up." Trish pleaded.

I questioned my sanity. *May I take another scoop? Thank you.*

Guilt, Logic and Self Love told me to take care of myself. I left for work. I was still crying.

I must leave.

I sent an email to Patrick, asking him WTF?

He pleaded innocence.

I told him to fuck off.

He said he'd step away. He said he wanted us to work things out.

I bought his bullshit.

I was becoming borderline certifiable by wanting to work things out; Trish did as well. For Trish, it was easy, just lie.

COHABITATE

VANCOUVER

1 DECEMBER 2002

If you happen to be wondering what's wrong with me?

The answer: A LOT.

If you're wondering what's wrong with Trish, thank you.

We moved in together.

What I've shared has damaged me. Trish became my drug.

I needed to let her go, to crash. I didn't. Instead, I convinced myself if I didn't love her know all she'd ever be is a liar and a cheat. ⁽⁴⁵⁾

TRUE LOVE

VANCOUVER

15 FEBRUARY 2003

Against all the odds, we made it.

Trish was off to Montreal for work.

She phoned on this chilly Saturday night to say, *"I love you. Thank you for not leaving. I can't wait to get home."*

Twelve days after Trish and I beat all odds, life was spiralling upward. I was out with my good friend David. David was privy to some of Trish and my relationship histrionics. But, despite our flaws, he was cheering for us.

At night's end, I felt an urge to share my feelings. I looked over at David and casually stated, *"David, life is great. We made it past our problems. I forgave her. I'm the happiest I've ever been!"*

34. I'm sorry.

35. I'm sorry.

36. I'm sorry.

37. I'm sorry.

38. Implode?

39. I'm sorry.

40. Masturbating. (41) Ewe, gross.

41. Masturbation is good for prostate health.

42. The main goal of any relationship should be survival. Nothing more.

43. New Westminster is not really a backwards community.

44. I don't know what I meant.

45. Clap. Clap. Clap.

AND I'M FREE
AND I'M 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

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.

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.