

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Farewell + Evil + Crack Whore

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?

Farewell + Evil + Crack Whore

↑ FUCKED UP ↓
↓ FUCKED UP ↑



Farewell + Evil + Crack Whore

FAREWELL + EVIL + CRACK WHORE

EDMONTON - CALGARY - VANCOUVER

28 MAY-23 JUNE 2003

GOODBYE PRISCILLA

24 MAY 2003 - EDMONTON, ALBERTA

EVIL SISTERS

CALGARY ALBERTA

4 JUNE 2003

Uncle James was my last living uncle.

194

Merely three days passed after Priscilla's funeral when my sister Bernice phoned. It was our first conversation in years. I thought she discovered the *Will* and was about to layer guilt on me.

"Uncle James died last night, I thought you should know."

My pig-headedness to continue my trips to the club was counterproductive to my recovery. Both Trish and ↑*high*↑ need to be expelled.

I'd see Trish hanging out at the club with *The Big C*, laughing.

I needed a hug instead; Trish started parading my potential replacements in front of me. *Paranoia* paid me regular visits. I was tripping in a vicious weekly cycle.

TRAUMA

FOLLOWED BY PAIN

CHASED WITH DRUGS

ENHANCED WITH *PARANOIA* AND ISOLATION

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

VANCOUVER

JUNE 2003

I took Prince on long daily walks.

Usually, two blocks in, he'd sit down and refuse to move. So, I took Prince on long daily carries.

I'd stop for lunch, and I'd ask Prince for answers. ⁽⁴⁶⁾

"Prince, what's life all about?"

He'd tilt his head to the right, his ears flopped inside out, and then he'd look up at me and say in the only way a dog could say, "Ruff!"

After one of our substantial carries, I laid down, + I drifted off to sleep with Prince by my side on the lawn at English Bay; I had my knees bent at a sixty-degree angle. I woke to discover Prince laying on my stomach, fast asleep. A stranger ~~stalker~~ snapped photos of us. He offered to email them to me.



A few minutes later, an RCMP Officer (Duane), who happened to be a friend of both me and Pat (RCMP, PAT), approached. He asked how I was doing?

195

"Thanks for asking, Duane. I'm a bit of a mess. My life has been turned upside down, you know, relationships, illnesses, deaths... I'm sorry."

"Linds, your boss from the Sandpiper, Dale, I hate to tell you this, his sister, Andrea, was found dead in her apartment last night."

After Duane left, Prince crawled down off my stomach, with his tail wagging feverishly; I looked in his eyes and said, "Mommy + Daddy love you. One day things will return to normal. I promise."

Prince tilted his head to the right and —

CRACK WHORE JESSICA

VANCOUVER

23 JUNE 2003

Jessica is a gifted artist, but unfortunately, a lousy human being. I don't apologize for giving Jessica a pet name | Crack Whore |. Jessica was a mean, aggressive bitch, to me.

While ↑high↑ at the club this night, she swept Trish and a mutual friend Neil off their feet. *"You two are so cute. I'd love to use you as models for my art!"*

Farewell + Evil + Crack Whore

Vanity led her to favourite.

Neil was a mutual friend of both Trish and mine.

We drifted apart because misery doesn't like company. Especially when the party was in full gear. The party continued around me. Jessica's insertion turned them into *Mean Girls*. *Jessica was a gin-loving party girl who loved dabbling in the more illicit.*

My party was crashing. They didn't care.

They knew what was unfolding in my life, see the sentences above.

Crack whore was aware of Trish and my living arrangements. It didn't matter to her. She bombarded email after email to Trish, showering her with new candidates to replace me with.

Throw her out. Hell, we give up; you're on your own. Love and Logic sauntered away.

Jessica's *mark* was derived because she has two children; her ex had custody; periodically, they stayed with her. Occasionally, Jessica, *Crack Whore*, would break outlines of Crystal Meth on my *fucking* kitchen counter. That's why I gave her the name.

"*What the fuck are you guys doing? Trish, you told me you'd never do this shit. You said you have limits. So why are you bringing this garbage into our home? Jessica, what if your kids need you?*" I wailed!

"*Don't judge me. You don't know what's best for my children.*"

"*I'm certain it's not a cracked-out mother.*"

I offered to give them a ride wherever they were going.

"*NO,*" was screeched in unison.

FLASH FORWARD TWO MONTHS

Jessica almost died from an overdose.

I continued to make monumental mistakes. I continued to cry every day. I punished myself by going to the club. Afterwards, I'd end up in dangerous, soul-sapping encounters.

I disgusted myself.

Often, we'd go to the club as a group of "pretend" friends. Once inside, I'd be cast aside, ostracised for the night. At closing time, Trish would host *Sketch Parties* at our place.

Despair shuffled *Guilt* aside.

He said he'd take care of me for a while.

I longed to hear Priscilla's "*I love you.*"

34. Are you certifiable? ⁽⁴⁷⁾

35. Yes, probably.

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.

431

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.

432

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.