

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Next Steps

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.

Next Steps

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?

Next Steps

↓ COLLAPSE ↓
↑ COLLAPSE ↑



Next Steps

NEXT STOPS

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

19-26 JULY 2003

DESPAIR + ISOLATION + INNER TURMOIL + DEATH + ALL ABOARD

THE CONDUCTOR BARKED!

Later in my story, you will meet a young girl hiding behind the hoarding of a construction site. She was banging needles into her arm, attempting to escape life. I wasn't slamming needles into my arm; I boarded the train anyway.

DESPAIR

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The summer 2003 turned into daily high-resolution copies of the previous day, each one perfect. I cried every single fucking one of them. Wallowing quickly was becoming a hobby.

My life was spinning out of control. I couldn't stop it.

My vital organs, including my soul, Logic and Love, were ripped from my being, and placed onto the sun-torched asphalt. The heat was wavering intensely in the air; my future clouded; my essence left my soul. The end was nearing; escape was finally on my platform. A spectral magnifying glass hovered between the asphalt and the sun. The heat became unbearable. My pain increased as the pavement began bubbling, softening it, allowing the harsh sun to scar me deeply, charring me at this moment forever.

Living became insufferable as agony confirmed I was still alive.

PAIN = LIFE

Suddenly, as the searing began to burn, becoming blackened and hard — I was giving up. But, out of the sun-filled darkness, complete strangers appeared and tore the magnifying glass away from the sun's rays. The heat dissipated; my expiration was cancelled.

Next Stops

Delusion kicked fully into gear, but I ignored the positives becoming laser-focused on the traumas.

Wayne + Fiona was there for me, no matter what. I kept them in the dark about what was churning in my mind. I refused to reach out.

I wanted to crutch.

Fiona hated Trish because she caused me pain and relieved me of the responsibility of hating Trish myself.

Fiona is stunningly beautiful with sparkling eyes and long flowing strawberry blonde hair. Fiona is feisty, Irish, a great friend, more importantly: an amazing wife and mother.

Wayne + Fiona have always had my back through good and bad.

FLASHBACK

VANCOUVER

31 MAY 1999

Wayne prodded me to talk, *"Lindsay, you are blowing it for us. Go talk to those girls, now."*

And talk I did.

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Wayne and Fiona have been together ever since.

She likes travelling and expensive things.

The two of them bestowed many life honours upon me.

- Pallbearer at Wayne's father's funeral.
- Best Man at their wedding.
- *Tipsy* in their living room
- Godfather of their son Aidan.

I love them dearly.

MORE FLASHING BACK

INHERITANCE

VANCOUVER

27 JUNE 1999

Aunt Priscilla bequeathed me what I believed to be a never-ending sum of money: \$63,000. Her generosity was a blessing. It allowed me to flee my circumstances. It allowed me to escape myself to find myself. As much as money is often ephemeral, Priscilla's inheritance was her final: *"I love you."*

Upon depositing the money, a twinge of *guilt* came over me; I wasn't there for her at the end.

TO SEEK OUT THE HELP OF FRIENDS OR I WANT TO CRUTCH

VANCOUVER

19-23 JULY 2003

I desperately needed to reach out to friends.

My friend and brother, Greg, lived in Germany, too far away for us to have face-to-face talks.

I continued to keep Wayne + Fiona in the dark.

I knew Danielle, Dave, and Carol were only a phone call away, but I never made the calls.

I lost sight of the way out of the tunnel; *Logic* became relentlessly painful and correct.

If it weren't for the unconditional actions of complete strangers, my demise would have been inescapable.

Gio + Dale + Scott + Michael (one that hadn't fucked Trish) + many more saved me. But I continued to be too fucking stubborn to realize how brilliant humanity can be.

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Dale, a stranger I met on the street.

Scott was a bartender.

Michael, a stranger I met in a park.

Each one of them saw the pain in my eyes and asked, "*Are you okay?*"

I hung my traumas on them like clothes on a clothesline.

How did they save me? — By not running when they saw me coming.

Sadly, I continued to crutch —

ISOLATION

VANCOUVER

24 JULY 2003

The moment Trish dumped me was when she stopped cheating, and my only responsibility was to take care of myself.

The first part of the healing process was to listen to *Logic* and kick Trish out.

Next Steps

As summer's thermostat cranked up, so did the party season. I regularly subjected myself to every party aspect, including the crash.

Prince offered escape: one walk per day turned into four.

When Jessica broke out the *Crystal Meth*, it wasn't Trish's first foray into *Meth*. I had denied reality for a long time. Trish had once boasted about using during a University exam. She also bragged about doing lines with a passenger on a flight she was working on.

My daily routine had morphed into four things.

1. Work
2. Avoid Home
3. Pub Stop to visit Scotty
4. Return home with Pathetic at my side.

"Honey, let me sit on the edge of the bed for a bit. We don't need to talk. I just need to relax. I don't want to be alone."

Trish would scream back, **"GET OUT NOW."**

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"Please. I don't want to be alone. I'll leave when you fall asleep."

"NO. GET OUT NOW."

"Calm down."⁽⁴⁸⁾

With all her might, Trish would shove me out the door. I'd push back. Trish's eyes would darken and fill with rage.

She continued screaming, **"GET OUT NOW."**

Trish and I were waging a war of five words: **GET OUT NOW** + calm down.

Trish had hung a series of photos on the bedroom wall above what had been our bed. She began ripping the pictures off the wall and throwing them at me. They'd smash on the wall behind me. I pushed ⁽⁴⁹⁾ harder on the door. She pushed back.

THE END IS NEARING

A tragic escalator kept moving downward↓ with its teeth violently chomping at my soul.

Trish began to bring guests over to sleep.

"Hey, Linds, do you mind taking Prince for a walk? I was just called into work?"

When I returned home, one hour later, ~~Trish was already back from Miami~~; I grabbed a shirt out of the closet in the bedroom. Lying on the bed, barely tucked under her pillow, was a spent condom.

"Trish, do you hate me? Why are you punishing me?"

"We're roommates now. You've got to accept it: I'm going to see other people," She replied.

"You are a sick bitch. You could at least have the decency to keep your whorish behaviour out of my fucking home."

The end is near —

INNER TURMOIL

VANCOUVER

26 JULY 2003

"Hey, Lindsay, may I borrow your car? I'm going to Seattle?"

Don't say a word.

Trish left on Friday.

On Sunday I phoned Trish, *"Hey, when are you coming home?"*

"I'll be back on Tuesday. I'm heading to Victoria for a few days to visit Patrick?"

Patrick from San Francisco? ⁽⁵⁰⁾

"For fucks sake, I want my car back now. You are a lying bitch. If you don't bring it back, I will report it as stolen."

She hung up.

I phoned back. Patrick answered.

"Calm down. We're just friends. Don't worry; it's not going to be a fuck-fest here tonight."

THE END DRAWS NEARER. I SPIRAL DOWNWARD MORE —

Jessica + Neil + Spineless Kelly became fixtures in my home, without civility toward me. I'd say hello. They'd ignore me.

Jessica or Neil was always present. Neil doted, and Jessica —

How about this guy?

I'd go to work, come home, Neil. I'd go for a walk, Jessica. Neil, Jessica, Neil, Jessica —

Next Steps

I returned from work one night, Neil.

"Do you always have to be here? Stop reminding me of how I no longer fit in," I'd lament.

"Trish invited me," Neil barked at me.

I clasped his neck.

"Does it have to be every fucking night?"

DOWNWARD I GO, SOON —

Out of the dense fog, the Conductor appeared again.

48. You were being an asshole.

49. No, seriously.

50. Yes.

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.