

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

Death of Romance

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?

↓ COLLAPSE ↓
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Death of Romance

DEATH OF ROMANCE
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I volunteered out of spite to work at the same summer festival as Trish. I punished myself by trying to be everywhere Trish was, watching her 'move on' right before my eyes. ⁽⁵¹⁾

Lindsay, I don't like this version of you.

Piss off.

It's always prudent to avoid the significant traumas that were banging at my door, needing my full attention, and chase a love that was never coming back. I thought.

Dude, you're fucked up.

The festival was a huge success. The organizers threw us a gala appreciation night; I attended solo. Trish rolled in with the Mean Girls; my presence was ignored.

I chatted with strangers in the distance, the Mean Girls laughed as a group. Hours passed; beers were pounded back. I returned home to find Trish + Jessica sitting on the bed.

"Why the fuck is she here again?"

I sat down on the bed, facing Jessica.

"Go home. Get out of here. Don't your kids need you? Why do you always have to be here?"

I pressed my finger against my nose and mimicked snorting.

"It's Trish's – "

Before she could utter her next word, I interrupted.

"It's my fucking place, too. You treat me like shit. My life's been hell. You don't fucking care. All you care about is getting ↑high↑." I pressed my nose against hers. "Get out. I'm fucking sick of you."

I escorted her to the elevator.

Trish screamed at me when I entered the apartment again, *"Look what you've done?"*

"Done what? I don't care. I'm sick of this. Trish, sweetie, my life is falling apart, and all you care about is the party. She's a fucking bitch. You fucking said you loved me. I can't let you hurt me anymore. I can't punish myself anymore. I need to be good enough."

I SPIRAL DOWN FURTHER —

"Lindsay, you have crossed the line. You've changed. Your behaviour is impacting my friends."

"Your friends are fucking drugged-out-losers. They're users. You're better than them. I hate seeing these fucking lowlifes. And fuck, yes, I've changed. Are you daft?"

"This is the final straw," Trish screamed.

Trish ran into her room. I followed. Above the bed hung a shrine of her past loves, including Matthew, and *it's not going to be a fuck-fest*, Patrick.

My picture was glaringly absent.

"Trish, I love you. Your shrine causes me great pain. Don't you care? People in my life are dying. I'm a mess. And you don't give a damn."

"Lindsay, you have become unbearable."

"Unbearable? Fucking people in front of me is the punishment I deserve? Why do you need to rub it in my face?"

Trish bellowed, **"I'M MOVING ON."**

I grabbed Patrick's photo off the wall and ripped it in two.

Trish grabbed a photo album off the dresser and started shredding every picture of the two of us together.

I leapt at her throwing my arms around her. I lifted her up and placed her on the bed. She screamed. I gathered her photo albums and scurried to my room. I began throwing the albums out the window.

Trish rushed into my room screaming at the top of her lungs, **"STOP IT STOP IT."**

She began flailing her arms frantically with punch after punch connecting. Trish was wearing a ring; it slashed my lip. My blood began to flow as pain rushed into the cut. Trish kept pounding + screaming. Another punch landed, tearing into the skin above my left eye. My blood spurted, covering my face + splashing onto her shirt.

I dropped to my bed, covering my head. I never once raised my hands. Trish continued viciously kicking me, alternating between my stomach and head; eventually, Trish tired of the violence. The intensity subsided, + Trish raced back to her room, slamming the door behind her.

I lay still in the darkness. Emptiness flowed into the apartment. It no longer belonged to anyone. Instead, it became an emotional graveyard.

I picked myself up. Blood flowed steadily from the cuts painting my face. I went to the bathroom to inspect my wounds. As I passed Trish's room, our room, I softly uttered, my voice was tear-stained:

"SWEETIE, WE CAN FIX THIS —"

51. Now, what is that word for what I was doing? Oh yeah: STALKING.

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.