

# 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?*

↓ COLLAPSE ↓  
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Bottom

# ↓ BOTTOM ↓

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

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11:30 PM

**T**rish and I were perilously close to passing the point of no return. <sup>(52)</sup>

There were three raps on my door.

**I** spun toward the door, marched over to it, and opened it. Two police officers were waiting in the hall.

*Don't invite them in. The police can't enter without an invite.*

*They're not vampires.*

It was time. A gigantic **PERIOD** was about to be slammed into our dead relationship; my pain was about to ease.

*"Who called you?"* I asked.

*"You're neighbours."* I knew they were lying; I invited them inside, anyway.

I backstepped three steps and slumped into a chair by the door. Then, I focused my eyes on the floor and chanted in a poetic rhythm.

*"Things got out of hand. Fast. Five people died. My family lied to me. Trish lied to me. She said she loved me; she cheated, put up a shrine of all her lovers, excluding me, above our bed. I saw it every day. I want to hold onto something. There's nothing to hold onto. I love her. I'd never hurt her. This is so fucked up. It isn't me."*

One of the officers retreated into Trish's room. I continued.

*"This has to end. It must end. I understand. I'm smarter than this. This was my first – I'm hurting badly. Trish must leave. I don't want her to, but – I do love her. I need to take care of myself. Take care of her. I'm sorry."*

After listening intently, the officer calmly spoke to me.

*“Go easy on yourself. Sir, you are going through a tough time, too many things. We’ll take Trish away for the night. + find her a place to stay. She can arrange to pick up her things another day. Take care of yourself.”*

And then, both officers turned and walked away with Trish at their sides.

When the door closed behind them, the page turned, and this chapter was ending. I had fucked up, and I hated myself for doing so.

I sat alone as calmness enveloped me; blood tears dripped from my cuts.

**DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.**

My blood pooled on my legs and then dropped to the floor. I didn’t stop the flow. I sat, starring blankly ahead. And then I tripped back into delusion, trying to convince myself of the purity of our love. <sup>(53)</sup>

**DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.**

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I had allowed myself to experience the vulnerability associated with love.

I crossed grounds disrespecting my morals and values and realized I must accept responsibility for my disgraceful behaviour.

Trish was responsible for hers.

**DRIP. DRIP.**

I smirked.

I wouldn’t have hurt her. <sup>(54)</sup>

I acted out of character.

I was bleeding.

She was in character.

I put blinders on, I *loved Trish*.

I searched frantically for the good times we shared and allowed them to play for hours in my head as I sat motionless in the chair.

DRIP.

I apologized to myself, vowing to be kinder to me. We're not supposed to treat each other this way.

I reached up, caressed my eye, then my lips, the blood-tears clotted. The flow ceased. Four hours passed. I picked myself up; tomorrow depended on it. I retreated to what was once our bedroom and *undressed*. The blood had hardened on my skin. I lay down, naked. For the first night in more than five months, I drifted off to sleep instantly.

TOMORROW THE SUN WAS GOING TO RISE AGAIN

52. Are you trying to define delusional, insanity, or both?
53. Are you listening to yourself? What you have been describing is not love.
54. Really? What do you think you were doing?

**THERE IS A SAYING**  
THERE IS A SAYING

**LIFE IS STRANGER THAN FICTION**  
LIFE IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

**YES, IT CAN BE**  
YES, IT CAN BE

## 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.