

**MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE**  
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**MY SISTER IS MY MUM**

**A META-MEMOIR**  
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**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?*

SAVE ME  
2VAE WE



TURN  
T O K I

WAYBACK  
MAYIBACK

LOCATION UNKNOWN. SOMEWHERE IN WESTERN CANADA  
T O C A T I O N O I K I O M I ' S O M E W H E R E I N M E S T E R N C A N A D A

4 OCTOBER 1963  
4 O C T O B E R 1 9 6 3

I vaguely remember our first family meeting; I was zero, two weeks old, fifty weeks shy of one. We met in an open field. The prairie sun was blazing down upon us. Brian and Don may have been too young to understand what was transpiring.

The rest of our clan knew what was going down. Between a tractor and a baler my blanket lay. The family huddled a few feet away. Dad cranked the engine of a tractor to drown out their words, keeping our family secret from the ears of the nosey neighbours a section away. Storm clouds were forming to the east.

Rex, our family dog, a German Sheppard, guarded me.

I cried for someone to take care of me, protect me, to feed me. My cries fell on deaf ears.

Rex looked hungry.

The huddle broke. My family dispersed. The only words I made out were, *"Then it's settled, you'll care of the child."*

What a fucking lie.

The clouds became ominous. Darkness fell. I shook in fear; the tractor's engines clamouring drowned out my squeals.

I couldn't fall asleep. In the morning, I was encircled by beavers. The tractor's hum lowered. It started to spit, eventually sputtering out.

The Beavers, Nelly & Millie, and their two rambunctious boys, Todd and Rafe, and their daughter, Sue, adopted me. They transported me to their den by the river. They taught me how to crawl. They taught me how to swim. They taught me how to fend for myself.

My family remained absent.

I longed for them to return to me. Nelly & Millie knew that day was never coming. My human family failed, leaving me solo to figure out life.

It became abundantly clear I wasn't a beaver; I lacked an overbite. It was time to press on. I crawled down from my twig bed and left the family nest. As I swam away from my first family home, my adopted family banged their beaver tails loudly.

Strangely, swimming never stuck with me.

At a much later date, I recall my mother and father telling me that I used to be able to swim like the fish.

It was time to find my flesh family.

Although some of these details are a tad vague, this is my closest recollection of the first six months of life. All these years later, forty-six+ – nobody has refuted this picture of reality.

## FACT OR FICTION

I'm not sure; the one thing I'm dead certain of, the humans failed.

They forgot to come back, despite never truly leaving.

## 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.

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