

# 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?*

# GAY PARIS

DAYS 25-26

2-3 NOVEMBER 2003

## PARIS ARRONDISSEMENTS

2 NOVEMBER 2003

Dave navigated us through the bustle of Paris to the city centre, we thought. We parked the car in its resting place for the evening in Arrondissement 14.

What's an arrondissement, you ask?

*Arrondissement, Arrondissement, Arrondissement!*

As I chanted the word three times, Michael Keaton and a man with a shrunken head appeared from nowhere.

I glared directly at Michael. He immediately vanished. The man with the minute' head ran out the door shouting, "I'm free," in a squeaky midget-headed voice.

He ran into the street.

A passing taxi slammed into him.

I caught a glimpse of the driver. He was our first non-cabdriver in London. He spewed venom into the air about circus freaks running into traffic. When his last despicable word dropped from his foul mouth, his head exploded, splattering blood on every window of his cab, drawing legs against Paris's city backdrop.

We searched for a hotel at an internet café.

We failed.

We began canvassing the streets.

The Paris weather *bitch-slapped* <sup>(84)</sup> us; the rain from the plain skipped Spain and was now drowning us. I leant into the wind. I was unable to fall forward.

*"Dave, tie a string to me and run!"*

We walked miles passing *hotel-after-hotel*, becoming more frustrated with each step. We finally settled for a hotel in Arrondissement 14 – it was time to find our car.

Fortunately, we had parked forty yards away from the hotel in Arrondissement 14.

We asked the desk clerk what an arrondissement is.

*“Neighbourhood,”* was his answer.

We asked if we were in the centre of the city.

He said Arrondissement 1, which strangely makes sense, marked the centre of Paris. He told us the neighbourhoods move in a clockwise motion up to twenty.

Arrondissement 14 rivals the centre of most cities.

We couldn't wait to experience Arrondissement 1.

Wow! Paris just became gigantic. The rest of Europe seemed quaint compared to Arrondissement 1.

## DAY 27

### CAR DROP

3 NOVEMBER 2003

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*“Dave, I don't want to drive anymore. Can you check the rental agreement to see if we can return the Citroen? Great, there is a European Car Rental Drop Zone only fifteen blocks from here!”*

After 5,000+ kilometres, the weight of *one-thousand poutine-eating Frenchmen*, five if you are American, six if you're a pretentious Londoner, jumped from my shoulders; I was now free to drink more!

## THE LOUVRE

After one hour of gawking at art in the Louvre, I could look no longer.

I drew the conclusion: I may be artistically and historically ignorant.

I contemplated: Was there a time where you were an aristocrat, a royal, a commander, or a philosopher, with your sculptor or artist commissioned to capture your ego or just a commoner?

I asked Dave to sculpt me.

I was happy we visited the Louvre near the end of our adventure because seeing one gazillion works of art at once may have lessened the awe for the rest of our journey.

I was awestruck, dumbfounded; the Louvre blew my fragile mind.

*“Dave, how do you prefer sculpting me, nude or naked? Ewe, why are you stripping?”*

## BEWARE OF CRAP

Pickpockets are part of the fabric at the iconic Eiffel Tower.

It was time to face Dave's fear once more.

First, we had to dodge umpteen signs warning that our pockets would likely be picked.

Dave asked me what a pickpocket looks like – ?

When we reached the summit, Dave latched onto the railing, shaking. I laughed while picking his pocket. We were sharing another romantic moment with Paris glistening below. My eyes became filled with dreams of us riding Gondolas in Venice hand-in-hand, falling madly in love.

Dave called me delusional.

He questioned how I could've possibly typed the last line?

*I wondered how he got into the book right at this moment?*

I typed 'down' as we rode the elevator down *75 stories* to the Tower's base.

I scanned the crowd for pickpockets only to be accosted by vendors selling cheesy crap – to be sold later at a garage sale.

## EIFFEL TOWER SIGNAGE SUGGESTION

TOURISTS: Keep Hands in Pockets.

Beware of Vendors selling crap.

## SVEN + SVEN + SVEN

First, we hit the Champs Elysée, followed by drinks in Arrondissement 1, 2, 3...

We saw little.

We must go back one day to see what we didn't this time.

Maybe next time, we will do Paris, on Day 1.

We left our watering hole in Arrondissement 4, breaking for home, three Swedes approached us, all named Sven. They asked us to join them for the evening, asking with a Swedish accent.

We entered a nightclub consisting of four bars: disco, sports, lounge, and karaoke.

The Sven's were an *Ikea* delight, *Wow, Ikea delight*; that was some lazy writing.

We loved them.

I asked the bartender for directions to the lavatory – he pointed down a dark hallway.

I stumbled down the hall. When my ~~eyes~~ finally adjusted, I saw small rooms on each side.  
I peeked into the first room: a man was naked, on all fours, with his bare ass skyward.  
In the next room, a man performed a blowjob | on another man |.  
He gestured me to join.  
I forgot to pee.  
My senses became overloaded once more.  
Dave stayed for karaoke.

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The Eiffel Tower is visited seven million times per year.  
If we race around the world looking at things, we risk failing those who matter in our lives. I don't care about the Eiffel Tower.

84. I think I will stop using the word "bitch" in my writing.

## 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.