

MY **LIFE** ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-MEMOIR



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

LONDON PART DEUX

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?

LONDON PART DEUX

DAYS 28-30

+ NYC + NEWARK + TORONTO + HOME + UNCERTAINTY

4-6 NOVEMBER 2003

From Paris to London, by train takes the blink of the eye via the Chunnel. I hated it, and I hated the train.

We checked back into *Hotel Ascot*. I checked the Ferris Wheel. My toast still wasn't tanned.

We stashed our bags, splashed water on our faces, and blasted to *Fountains Abbey* to frolic.

There we met Patrick and Tony, Patrick from Ireland, and Tony from Brooklyn. Tony resembled Boston Rob of *Survivor* fame.

We engaged in conversation. This pair's gibberish bordered on offensive. Evolution had skipped this pair. However, Tony + Patrick was still a wee bit entertaining.

Patrick told us going to Galway was a must. He said there were several schools there. The coastline is stunning. And the girls' git themselves liquored up nicely, his accent thick, Irish. He claimed women are complicated beasts, nothing more than a numbers game.

"Swing often, you'll score!" he said.

"Patty, old pal, I think you complicate things," I replied.

He disagreed, telling us if you combine lines of blow, liquor, and Galway's beauty, you're guaranteed to score.

He continued to boast he once fucked a hot chick over a balcony's ledge in a nightclub as the rock band played below.

Sarcastically, Dave shot out, "*Sure sounds classy, and not to mention special.*"

I added, "*Wow, Patty, I would be proud of moments like that. It would be delightful sharing them during Christmas Grace.*"

Tony interjected; he is money, he said he swings for the fences and never goes home alone.

Dave asked for a copy of his formula, saying, "*Lindsay does okay.*"

Tony issued a challenge. "*I'm in the big leagues. Lindsay, you play in the minors. Look at those two lovely ladies over there. We gave it our A-GAME. We were shot down by those cunts. They wouldn't give you two the time of day.*"

Seven minutes later, Sarah and Suzanne left with Dave and me.

We shot playful winks toward Tony and Patrick as we walked out the door.

To be continued –

DAY 29

I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND

LONDON

NOVEMBER 5, 2003

We toured London once more, visiting: Piccadilly, Buckingham Palace, The Eye of London, a pub, Shakespeare's House, another pub, then, finally, a bar to eat at – passing art by Salvador Dali, + Big Ben along the way.

I began to sink; anxiety was replacing go –

I wanted to go home.

I didn't want to go back to Vancouver.

Life was fucking clouded in the murk.

I struggled to breathe.

329 The second I typed 'breathe' - U2 began playing on my computer.

Going home was going to bring pain. I hadn't processed what I was supposed to do with my heartache when I returned. I didn't want to burden friends at the risk of losing them. I was terrified of sharing the news with my already knowing siblings, or they'd –

I imagined telling my mother, "*I know you aren't my sister.*"

Lindsay who...?

I was afraid to wear my emotions on my sleeve. I thought acquaintances would likely pass judgment and then leave if I did.

Lots of people were adopted and come from fucked-up homes. Did you catch Survivor?

I began to fold my emotions into myself.

London took the reins on this crisp sunny fall day by offering a brilliant backdrop.

Dave was facing trip-ending anxieties as well. He wasn't supposed to be returning home.

As tears enter my eyes, my instincts tell me that as I write this part of the story, he stayed = to watch over me.

The day was winding down, the decadence of night fast approaching. We stopped at Trafalgar Square. We stopped at a pub to toast London for its warm embrace.

Dave excused himself to hit the john.

Much like before, when U2 graced these pages, in Dave's washroom break absence, U2 tickled my auditory senses via the Pubs sound system. I kid you not.

*I have spoken with the tongue of angels.
I have held the hand of a devil.
It was warm at night.
I was cold as a stone.
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for –*

Like many times before, tears began cascading from my eyes as I sat deep in thought.

But I still haven't found –

– took us into the London night sky –

POMP AND A BLOWJOB

Pomp and a Blowjob

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Bradley's shouted out our names again. We bounced back up Oxford Street; I was half-tucked – a mannequin in a storefront was as well. Flashing back to Sitges: A mannequin there was too.

Mark, the manager, plied us with drinks while sharing anecdotes about life in London. Mark and David hit it off, with Mark trying to convince David to stay behind to work at the pub.

We left the pub merrily, making our way to Leicester Square. Two others in our party were now half-tucked. We sat down at, I'm sure you could guess: a pub.

A man dressed in black, with black hair, seated at the bar, asked the purpose of our trip.

"On March 3 –"

With the introduction of each death, the stranger smiled and began laughing.

I asked him, *"What do you find so funny?"*

"Death. I enjoy death. Can I buy you a shooter?"

I left the bar and joined David in a booth at the back of the bar. Five of Mark's friends joined us.

Gerard delivered the Pomp.

"Londoners are the masters of everything from driving to nobility. Everyone outside of London is nothing more than commoners, especially the backwards drivels from America."

Gerard finished the Pomp by saying, “*We all must admit, Londoners have PANACHE.*”

I stood up, thanked Mark, whispering to him, “*Your friends are pompous fuckers.*” I bit my lip.

He said, “*I know.*”

As a parting shot, I muttered, “*PANACHE; do you listen to the shit you say?*” – and left.

The gates of *Heaven* were open, lovely, two distinct levels.

On the Main Floor, after I passed the pearly gates, they handed out booklets on how to properly care for your COCK.

UPSTAIRS↑

The bump, grind, and booty of the revellers of Dancehall Reggae filled the club.

DOWNSTAIRS↓

It’s Raining Men and ecstasy.

UPSTAIRS↑

REGGAE = HOMOPHOBIC.

Somehow, the levels were coexisting.

As for me: I wasn’t opposed to either. I wanted to enjoy my last night in *Heaven*. I spent my night in perfect balance between up↑ and down↓.

My body shuddered with excitement when I felt a caress on my arm. Tiesto provided the backbeat. The man from the *Bulldog* flew by. An attractive brunette commanded my attention.

She kissed me.

I kissed back.

My shirt flew off.

She led me to the washroom.

We waited for a stall.

Once inside, she sat in front of me. She undid my pants. She lowered them. I pulled them back up. She dropped them again. I was hard. She took me in her mouth. I throbbed.

I don’t want this.

My mind kicked into gear.

What are you, stupid?

Just enjoy the moment, you fool; she’s a –

What's wrong with you? It's just what it is.

I want more. I've seen this before. Shut up.

Her mouth is around; she wants you.

I don't want this anymore.

You're a fool.

I told *Guilt* to shut it.

I arched my back and moaned when my new friend licked –

I will make this my last time –

Enjoy Heaven, fool, who knows if you'll be back?

– last time, guaranteed.

Shut up.

There were three knocks on the door of the stall, followed by, “*Hurry up in there.*”

Moments later, I came all over her shirt, and I felt empty inside.

We gotta make the most of our one night together

When it's over, you know

We'll both be so alone –

I flipped through the COCK book on the way back to the hotel; she passed, knees down.

Heaven in London, *Hell* in NYC, what's the difference: They both come with accents and emptiness inside.

Enjoy the moment!

DAY 30

DEFINING GIFT

LONDON

NOVEMBER 6, 2003

Aidan Patrick Edgar was born on April 19, 2004.

He would become my Godson, and Wayne & Fiona are to be his loving parents.

When they read this book, I hope Wayne & Fiona don't notice it came after a story about a blow job. ⁽⁸⁵⁾

Flashback to September 30, 2003

“Hey, Lindsay, on your trip, can you pick up a gift for our unborn child. It will be the defining gift.”

London was my last chance.

"Dave, let's go to Harrods."

Borrowed directly from *Harrods* web page:

Noël Coward, Sigmund Freud, Oscar Wilde, Queen Mary, AA Milne, and Pierce Brosnan have added their mark to the store's rich patina. With each passing year, *Harrods* continues to grow, adapt, reassess, and reinvent itself to create a new history.

As we strolled through the store, a *Harrods Bear* jumped into my arms.

Hoping into the WAYBACK machine and taking it forward to 2006: Aidan is now *two-and-a-half years old*. He has a sister named Lauren; I love them dearly and I love his parents dearly. I see the love in their eyes for their children. Aidan and Lauren will never go without love.

I can't help but feel a little glum. I think life has bypassed my opportunity to be a father. I think this will become: my one regret.

At my age, I would never bring someone into the world, only to have them watch me die when they are far too young.

333 As for Aidan, one day, he will define himself. And, with love & support, the sky will be the only thing that limits him.

Much Love

Your, Godfather Lindsay

GALWAY

– continued

Back at the *Fountains Abbey*, we ran into Patrick and Tony.

In his classy way, Patrick asked, *"What happened to the chicks?"*

"We treated them like humans, nothing more."

"What?"

We all clinked glasses together, sharing a toast, *"To London."* And then departed for Heathrow.

When we arrived at the airport, I jokingly said to David, *"Wouldn't it be great if we had the same flight crew we had on the flight from New York?"*

Jimmy

Being that I was no longer Romanian; instead, I was British, I had no excuse for my eyebrows.

Are my teeth going to rot? Was I going to become pompous? Am I a Londoner or a commoner? I'm now an only child; what does that mean? How has the truth affected my life?

Fuck, I quit my job amid my collapse. I wasn't sure what I was returning to or whom I could tell about my life?

I was terrified. I started to cry a chorus of why's once more.

We lifted off Heathrow's tarmac soaring into the night sky. Europe saved my life. The never-ending change had trapped my life in a cycle of loss.

Thankfully, Europe let me know it was okay to be fucked up.

"Oh My God, you two, we served you on the flight to London."

Jimmy called over his co-worker Craig. He asked him if he remembered us. They started bringing us a parade of gin and tonics.

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Luckily, we were seated in the row behind first class this time.

Our seats reclined, and our legs stretched out.

Jimmy asked about our travels. He then mentioned we never told him the quest of our adventure.

"On March 3 – I'm scared of what's ahead."

I cried with each word I spoke.

Jimmy's eyes filled with tears. He placed his hand on my arm. He fired an array of questions my way.

He told me his father means the world to him. He said he doesn't know how he'd survive without him.

He told me I was terrific.

His voice quivered, *"Tonight, we'll treat you first class. We'll treat you like gold. We'll make you smile. You deserve it."*

As tears rolled down my face, I smiled warmly at Jimmy.

We landed at JFK, took a taxi to Newark. David slept on top of his luggage. I strolled the airport reflecting. My head filled with pain.

DAY 31

GOING HOME → → →

Newark to Toronto to Home into Uncertainty?

7 November 7, 2003

85. I'm sorry. ⁽⁸⁶⁾

86. You just brought it to their attention, idiot.

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.