

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS
MY MUM

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?

SQUARE PEGS. ROUND HOLES.
2007 BE BEE? BOUND HOLES?



LETTERS TO ED

+

+

SPARE PARTS

JOHNNY FOX

VANCOUVER BRITISH COLUMBIA

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Sitting in the passenger seat of my car was a man I had never seen before. He introduced himself. His name was Johnny Fox.

Johnny was eager to tell me about his life and calmly stated he had done hard time in.

"Why were you incarcerated?" I asked.

"I came home from work and headed up to my room on the third floor. I laid out my goods: a bag a blow to the right, next to the blow, my rigs. Five beautiful joints lined up in perfect order on the left: cigarettes; cold ones in the fridge. I wanted to go up."

I made a right-hand turn and looked at Johnny, riveted by with his tale.

"I popped the cap off a beer, tilted back, and took a swig. I puffed on a cigarette, drawing in the flavour-infused death of nicotine. I toked. I slammed a rig into my veins. Instantaneously a warm rush of cocaine entered my veins. I began to climb."

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Johnny's eyes sparkled as he relived his story.

"I never missed work. I was a functioning addict. In my life, I host a roster of demons. I took another toke and looked down to the street below. I saw a white van parked on the corner, engine idling. Two cretins were standing beside it, one large, balding, gruff. The other skinny, slimy, both lowlifes. They were forcing two girls into the van. The girls were resisting. I slammed another rig into my veins, continued my climb, took another swig, and started my descent to the street below."

He took a deep breath and continued.

"The slimy one passed me on my way out the door. He entered my building, leaving the big guy by himself. I turned around the back of the van and put my boots so far up his ass they came out his mouth. I went into a fit of blind rage and didn't stop beating him until his movement ceased. The girls thanked me and ran away. I backstepped into my building; the second scumbag was in the communal washroom on my floor. I confronted him and did what needed to be done. He paid for his vile indiscretions."

What did you do to him? I asked.

"I can't recall. I blanked out as I shot for the stars above. I took another smack. A toke of a joint. And a shot of liquid, and then headed down to the Sunrise Pub. I sat at the bar at the pub, blood staining my shirt and knuckles. I shot back scotch and swigged beers. The police arrived. They chanted my name."

"Johnny Fox. Are you Johnny Fox?"

"They took me outside, asked me where I lived, then escorted me to my home. The haze was beginning to lift. We climbed the stairs as I dropped from the sky. The slimy punk was a bloody mess – out cold – lying on the floor of my room – a butcher knife lay next to his scalp. My room was dripping in blood. I took control of the situation – doing what needed to be done – I have no regrets. You don't fuck with women."

"Did the man die?" I asked.

Johnny paused, opened the car door, and stepped onto the sidewalk. Johnny looked back at me; the devil was in his eyes and said, *"Unfortunately, no."*

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.