

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
ЛИНДСАЙ МИНЧЕРАУК



2024 SLEEPING SEAGULL BOOKS: WELCOME MESSAGE
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WELCOME TO
THE SLEEPING SEAGULL

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WELCOME TO THE SLEEPING SEAGULL



14 COMPLETED MANUSCRIPTS

MANY MORE IN THE WORKS

\$20.00 PER BOOK

\$5.00 OF EACH SALE GOES TO

THE FALLING THROUGH THE CRACKS FOUNDATION

SUPPORTING AGING PEOPLE IN NEED

JUDGEMENT FREE

2024 SLEEPING SEAGULL BOOKS: WELCOME MESSAGE
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When I was a child, never once did I imagine that in my sixties, I would find myself sitting on the freezing pavement in the heart of the city, begging for spare change from strangers who look down on me with disdain.

The last time I decided not to kill myself, was today, and the day before that, and the day before that.

But here I am, facing the harsh reality of my life and the lives of my loved ones.

We can no longer afford to live, and there is no saviour on the horizon. It's a bitter pill to swallow.

I don't want to dwell on the story of being replaced at the beginning of the pandemic anymore. It's exhausting to replay it over and over in my mind. But let me give you a quick recap. I was replaced on day one of the pandemic, just as I was about to turn 60. Not exactly the best time in life to start over.

So, how did I handle it?

By battling the overwhelming depression that accompanied me every step of the way. I turned to writing, exercise, and movement. I took over 6 million steps per year, frequented the fitness asylum almost daily, and wrote 14 books.

These books cover a wide range of genres, from meta-memoir to dystopia, humour to horror, and everything in between.

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I know, it's a lot of writing. But I can't help myself. I'm passionate about it.

Yesterday: A blind man is walking down the street toward me using his white cane for guidance. He asks another man for directions. The other man points. *This happened. A story to be shared.*

Inside my building, there's a sign posted that reads "Soap Suds Problem."

Point 4: Don't be wowed by the super suds, the cleaning happens under the suds.

I'm wowed by **Point 4**. I keep writing.

But the truth is, my loved ones and I are facing a harsh reality. Every month, we come dangerously close to becoming homeless.

I've applied for over 100 jobs, even the most menial ones like 7-Eleven and fast-food restaurants (nothing against these places).

And you know what?

I'm 63 years old. **Translation:** I'm not what they're looking for.

A friend stops me on the street and tells me that London Drugs is hiring. I cringe. My well-meaning friend doesn't work at London Drugs. Do I need to tell him I applied; they didn't hire me?

Another friend suggests I become a bus driver. I'm blind in one eye and have suffered a stroke?

I'm terrified. I can't afford to live anymore. I can't take care of my loved ones (including our twelve-year-old cat, Hana).

Desperate, I reach out to the government for assistance. It takes them a month to deny my plea for help, but not before subjecting me to a barrage of questions.

Betty-Lou (gave me her direct line), the person handling my case, doubts my source of income (\$495.00 per month CPP) and questions how I've survived on so little. I explain to her that I've exhausted my life savings, applied for countless jobs, and accumulated crippling debt.

But Betty-Lou denies my pleas, claiming I'm not poor enough to warrant assistance.

I call Betty-Lou, hoping for a chance to explain further.

"Hello," she answers.

"Hello," I reply.

"Are you Lindsay?" she asks.

"Yes."

"You are denied. Case closed. Goodbye."

"Can we talk?" I plead.

"No. You are denied. You are not the only one. I have 400 calls waiting. Goodbye." Click.

At least she didn't say: London Drugs is hiring.

After that conversation with Betty-Lou, I found myself at the edge once again. But I chose not to give in.

Every time I walk past homeless individuals, my heart breaks. I feel their pain and empathize with their struggle. Tears often roll down my cheeks.

When I was a child, I never imagined this would be my reality.

We can't be the only ones who aren't poor enough to receive help from society.

Are we failing each other?

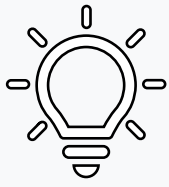
It's a rhetorical question.

So, what am I going to do to save my family?

I don't own a car, so becoming an Uber or Lyft driver is out of the question.

And if even 7-Eleven doesn't want me, what options do I have?

A lightbulb goes off in my mind.



I've written 14 books in the past three years, hidden beneath the soap suds of life.

Who am I kidding? We can't afford soap.

The light tells me to sell these books, to believe in my abilities as a writer, and not wait for validation from the publishing world.

And so, I decided to believe in myself (and my chosen family) →↓

and open

Sleeping Seagull Books

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It won't be just any bookstore. It will be a bookstore with a social conscience, fighting poverty and homelessness one book at a time.

In November, I will release all 14 books, each priced at \$20.

For every sale, \$5 will be put into a trust called "The Falling Through the Cracks Foundation."

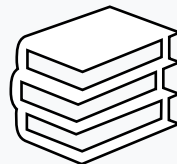
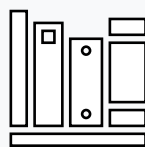
Once the foundation reaches a certain level of funding, it will be allocated to people in need, particularly those in my age demographic who are falling through the cracks.

Will this plan work?

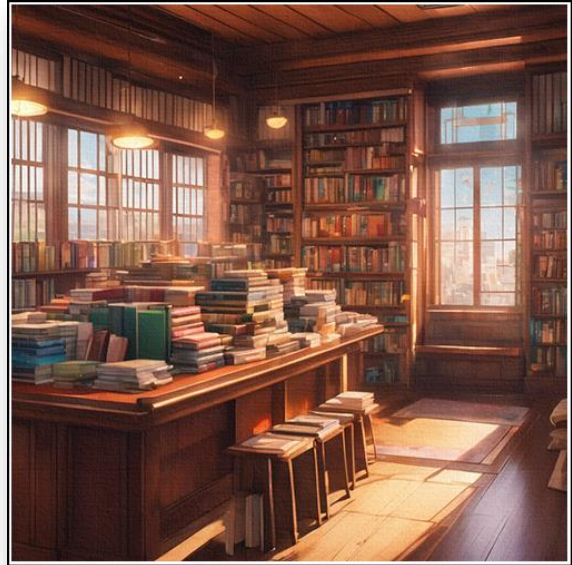
I hope so.

After all, I'm a writer. I'm meant to be writing, not working at a 7-Eleven.

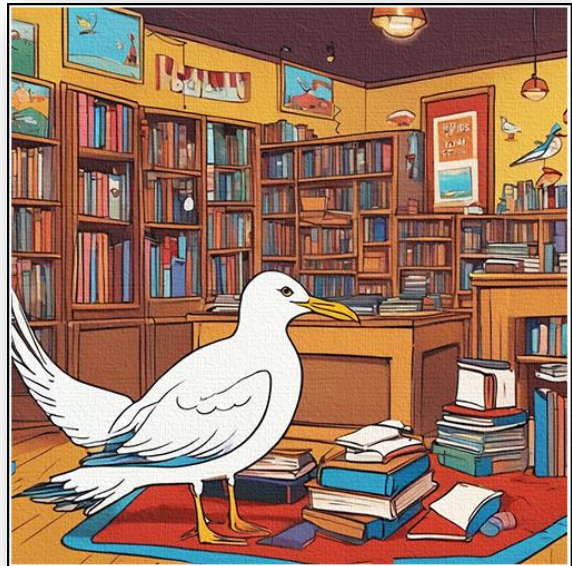
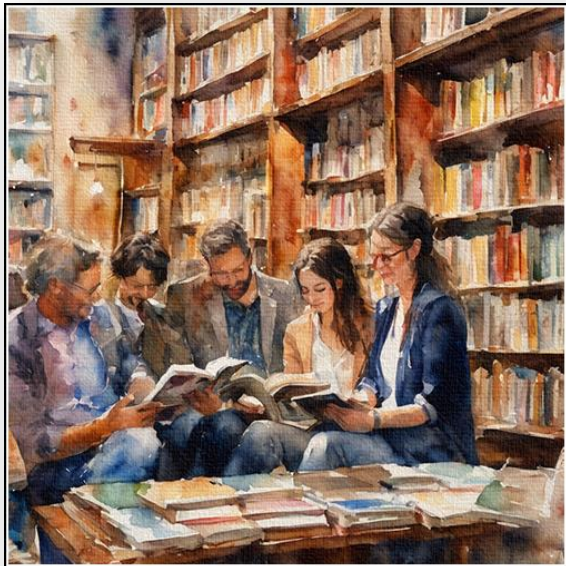
I genuinely want to do my small part in making the world a better place.



Sleeping Seagull Books



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OFFBEAT/QUIRKY

MYSTERY

LITERARY

BIOGRAPHY

SATIRE

ART/PHOTOGRAPHY

PSYCHOLOGY

HORROR

GENERAL FICTION

POP CULTURE

THRILLERS

FANTASY

SUSPENSE

FAMILY SAGA

CONTEMPORARY

NARRATIVE

BOOK CLUB

MEMOIR

SPECULATIVE

LGBTQ+

SHORT STORIES

ROMANCE

GRAPHIC

POETRY

HUMOUR

CULTURAL

CHILDREN'S

ACTION

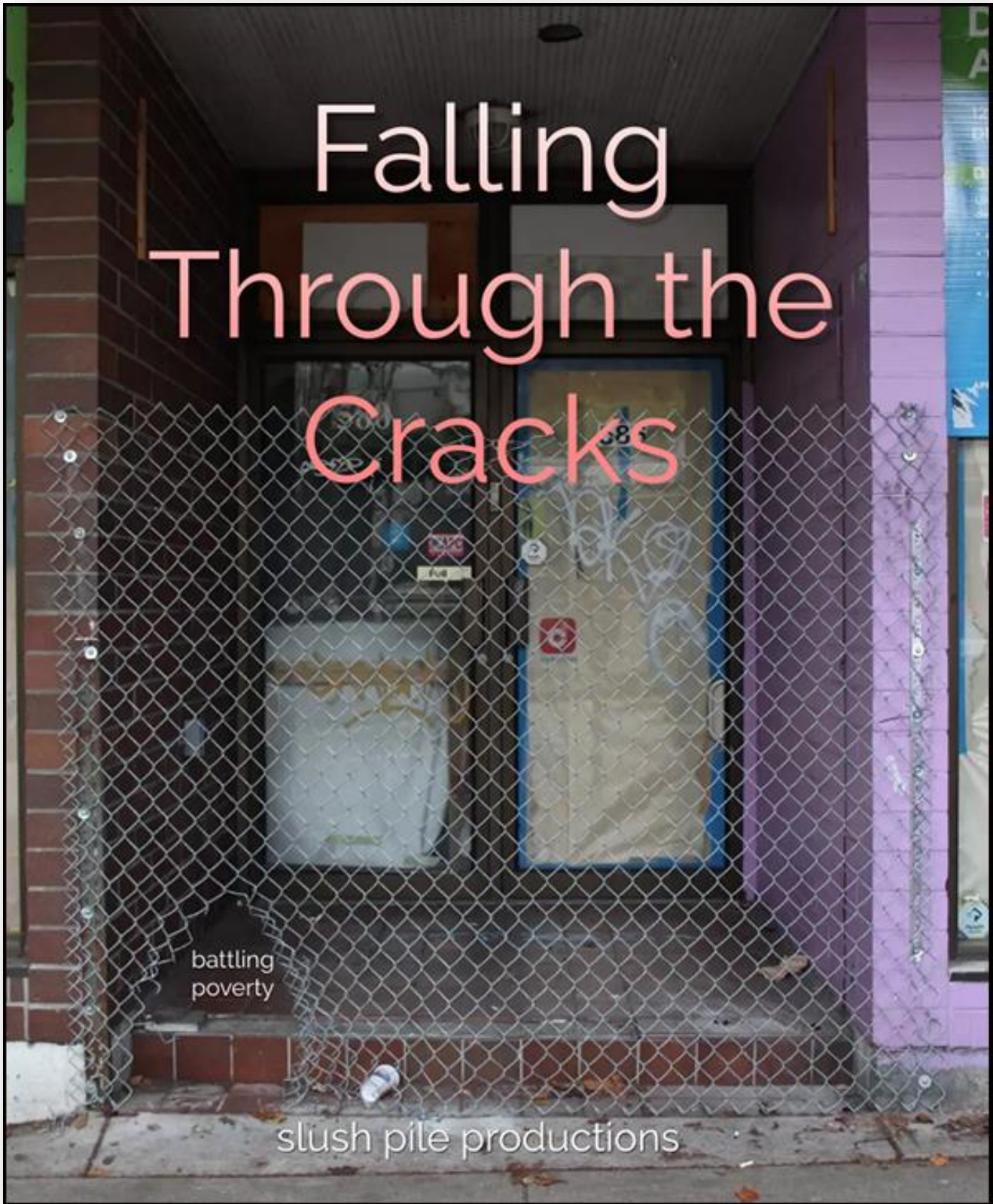
MENTAL HEALTH

SOCIAL ISSUES

ADVENTURE

In Conjunction With →↓

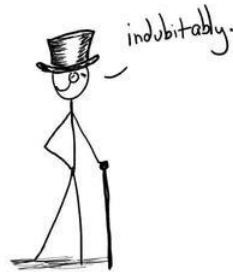
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CONTACT INFORMATION CONTACT INFORMATION

Lindsay Wincherauk: One of a Kind!



When you Google "Lindsay Wincherauk" the only "Lindsay Wincherauk" that comes up is "Lindsay Wincherauk"

• • • • •

Author + Comic + *athlete* + Friend + Photographer + Thought-Provoker
48% Norwegian

8

28% Eastern European

17% Scottish

4% Irish

3% Balkan

1% Finish

+% Miscellaneous

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