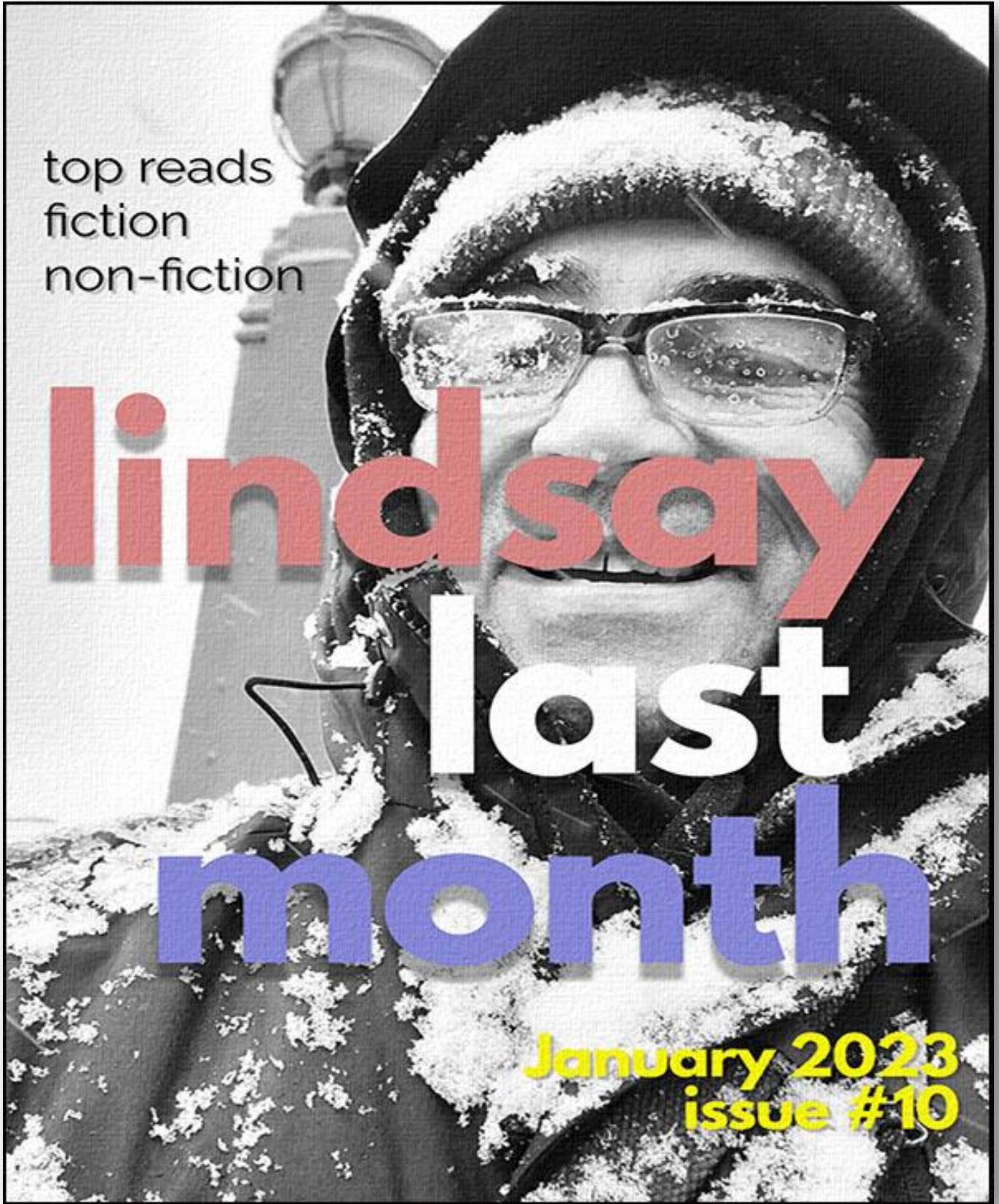


MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

top reads
fiction
non-fiction

lindsay
last
month

January 2023
issue #10



DISCLAIMER

Everything in Lindsay Last Month— (except for the photos) is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events, and incidents are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead (except for the photos), or actual events is purely coincidental.

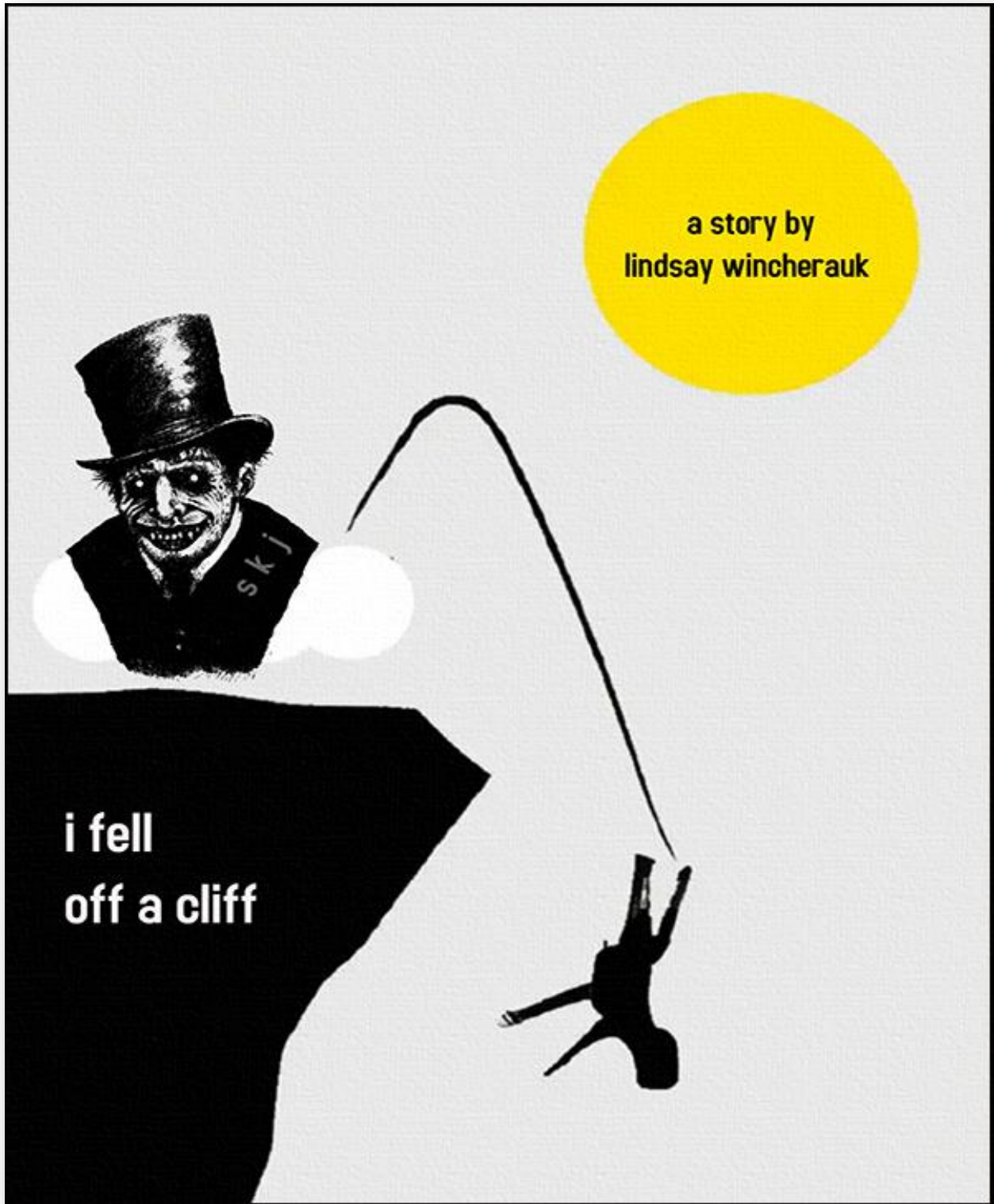
Portions of the text have been redacted because there are some horrible people in the world who believe they are the only ones that matter → and their feelings are hurt easily.

DECEMBER 2022 → ISSUE #9

A WELCOMING STORY
A WELCOMING STORY

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I FELL OFF A CLIFF



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I FELL OFF A CLIFF
I FELL OFF A CLIFF

12 January 2023

I don't want to become homeless.

... ..

DISCLAIMER

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, business, events, and incidents are products of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

... ..

I's just after 6 AM, and I'm working on my future in front of my computer. The morning news is playing on the corner of the screen; keeping me company. The company sometimes is devastating. A story comes on about budgeting.

Another one is about investing.

Another one is about inflation.

1 Another is about the homeless count being restarted; the person reporting this seems happy. And then another story comes on about...

||

Why did I pause?

These stories are fuelling my depression.

Why?

They are no longer for me.

Why?

Because I'm 62.5 years old. And I lost my career at the start of the pandemic.

Why?

I'm not permitted to talk about it... monsters are lurking, monitoring my every keystroke.

But this is a work of fiction.

It doesn't matter; they're monsters.

I fell off a cliff today.

What?

A literal one. I'm battling with depression and uncertainty.

7AM

I updated my website and cranked out 6 book proposals upping my total of submissions sent out to 644, with 543 of them still being alive – or at least not rejected yet.

2

A man (a friend of the monsters) once called me a 'failed writer' who has no business chasing my 'dreams.'

I'm 62.5 years old; if I don't chase now, then when?

I keep chasing. Fuck him. Fuck them. I keep sending out proposals.

What if he's right?

If he's right.

This is the artist's life.
Believe. Believe. Believe
Then die.

I'm in the believing stage.

I must believe.

I'm 62.5 years old.

Are you any good as a writer or creator?

Yes. I believe.

I Google myself. Many authors and publishers are using my words on their websites to promote their authors.

And I'm mentioned in an author's interview with the Winnipeg Free Press. Wow!
And many authors and publishers have thanked me for my thoughtful words.
And publishers continually ask me to read their books and share my thoughts.
And...

That's a lot of ands.

One more: (AND) I am (see pitch numbers above) pitching 18 manuscripts.

There are no guarantees you know.

There is one guarantee: If I don't try, I die without believing.

I keep trying.

I work incredibly hard at my craft; *I want you*; by you, I mean; many people to read my words and thoughts.

I'm a kind man.

A compassionate man.

An empathetic man.

A man being washed over by relentless waves of depression.

Why?

Because I wasn't ready to call it a day on my work career.

Because I'm scared.

Because I'm broke.

Because...

Try.

I trick myself.

I've gone to the fitness asylum for the first 11 days in 2023. I'm challenging myself to be in the best shape of my life in 2023. **The goal:** 100 workouts in the first 100 days of the year. I have a cardiologist appointment in June, and I'm training for it.

**I used to train for sports.
Now I'm training to fool my heart doctor and to keep living.**



I've gone to the fitness asylum for 11 days in a row.

Stop walking backwards on the treadmill.

Stop singing with your earbuds in.

Stop banging your water bottle into the bottle holder every few seconds.

Get off your fucking phone.

Why?

Because I'm trying to listen to the conversation of the wonderful friends (of each other) on the stair machines behind me. The lady of the two, her husband, is dying. Their conversation is my distraction.

4 I've gone to the asylum for 11 days in a row.

I've walked over 25,000 steps every day this year.

I'm depressed.

You don't act depressed.

I'm an excellent actor.

I walk.

Time for lunch.

I eat crap.

Why do you do that?

Because it's cheaper.

I still can't afford it.

I feel guilty every time I eat.

I won't eat tomorrow.

I read.

I've read my first three books in 2023, and I read 72 last year, and publishers sent most of them to me.

But you're a failed writer.

Am I?

I never quit trying.

I read.

I read.

I read.

I write.

I write.

I write.

With every word I read, I realize how little I know.

I write.

But you're not permitted to write — the monsters want to shut you down. The monsters don't want you to thrive. They want you to stop believing. They want you to die.

5 I finish my sodium-enriched lunch I can't afford. I understand I'm in financial turmoil.

I register for the Art Council of British Columbia Grant Program.

There are no guarantees.

The financial turmoil gap needs to be bridged by me. I am searching for temporary employment. I find some I'd be capable of doing. I smile. A frown replaced the smile because I realized these positions weren't for me.

What?

I worked fifteen years in Human Resources before I was replaced, **and if I learnt one thing from those years, it's this:** 62.5-year-olds are not much in demand.

I feel old, I'm fucking scared.

I will apply for something to bridge the gap. I've already sent out many applications, all with the same result: **NO RESPONSE.**

I send out more proposals.

I want to cry.

I keep trying.

I walk. I must make it over 30,000 steps today. I walk. Walk. Walk.

My head is clear. I come to a fitness facility downtown. They have an extensive nutritious beverage list. All beverages are \$10. I'm 62.5 years old, and I can't afford to consume nutrition.

This doesn't hit me yet.

I keep walking.

I feel good, at least okay; I keep moving.

What are you going to do?

Keep moving. I know no better.

I move.

I stop to meet friends for a moment, for a pop. I can't afford it. But, of course, that doesn't hit me yet.

I need interaction for my sanity.

6

A woman sits next to me. She's escaped a nearby hospital.

She's draped in her hospital blanket.

She smells bad.

She's sad and lonely.

I judge her.

I retract my judgment.

She's sad and lonely.

I tell stories. The greatest gift you can give someone is giving them stories they can tell.

I walk home with a friend. I've walked this route thousands of times over the last twenty years. Twenty years ago, it was different; there seemed to be a sense of wonderment donning the faces of the other pedestrians. Now, there appears to be desperation and fear. I don't want to look. I don't want to be correct.

They are doing a homeless count again.

I'll save them the trouble.

Lots.

Too many.

More every day.

I have one thing I need to do on the way home: buy dishwasher detergent, which I can't afford. Doing the dishes will become easier soon when I can no longer afford food.

A wave of depression washes over me. I'm 62.5 years old, and I can't afford to eat, *but yay*, I'm a failed writer who is respected and has graced the pages of the Winnipeg Free Press.

I make it home.

I got to pee.

I rush to the bathroom.

I STEP UP TO THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF

I started relieving myself. I look down. I forgot to lift the toilet lid. I'm 62.5 years old.

I START FALLING

I lift the lid and finish relieving myself.

I zip up my pants.

I wasn't done. I feel a trickle of warmth rushing down my leg.

I CRY AND CRASH INTO DESPAIR

I'm a 62.5-year-old failed writer who works incredibly hard and never quits trying, but I am running out of time if I don't bridge my financial turmoil. Not months... days. I peed myself. How can I possibly bridge the gap?

I TAKE A SHOWER

When I get out, I glance in the mirror. My sodium diet has expanded my bloat. I don't like the image looking back at me.

What's the point of trying?

What's the point of training for my cardiologist?

What's the point of...?

I SLAM INTO SILENCE

I'm scared.

I'm running out of time.

I'm not allowed to say I was fired. Monsters are lurking, and monsters want me gone.

I'm sad.

I can't find my words.

I'm swaddled in the sense of emptiness.

I must snap out of whatever-the-fuck-this-is?

What is this?

I'm 62.5 years old and don't know what I'm supposed to do...

So...?

8 I'll keep trying. I'll get up tomorrow and write, read, go to the fitness asylum, walk, read, write... and never fucking give up.

I need the monsters to give me my freedom.

What hurts the most about their choices?

The speed of letting me go.

I get up.

I move.

I try.

I'm not a failed... anything.



JANUARY 2023 → ISSUE #10



IN THIS ISSUE

—

I FELL OFF A CLIFF↑↑↑

—

WE ATE THIS → JOLLIBEE (BROADWAY + CAMBIE)

—

A STORY → MUST FOB IN (C.2) → TEXAS

—

10 WORDS

—

BOOKS: READING LISTS: (LAST MONTH + 2022 + TOP 10 FICTION & NON + ALL TIME

—

MY COMING SOON(S)

—

NUMBERS

—

THREE PHOTOS

—

PHOTOS OF ME

1. BIRTHDAY 2004
2. CLEANLINESS
3. WITH NICK Z

—

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

—

A POEM → FAT

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓ ↓ ↓
WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓ ↓ ↓

JOLLIBEE

BROADWAY + CAMBIE, BRITISH COLUMBIA



10



2 Piece Chicken + 2 Sides ... Chicken Burger + Fries

No Wait → Yum Get → Spicy → 👍

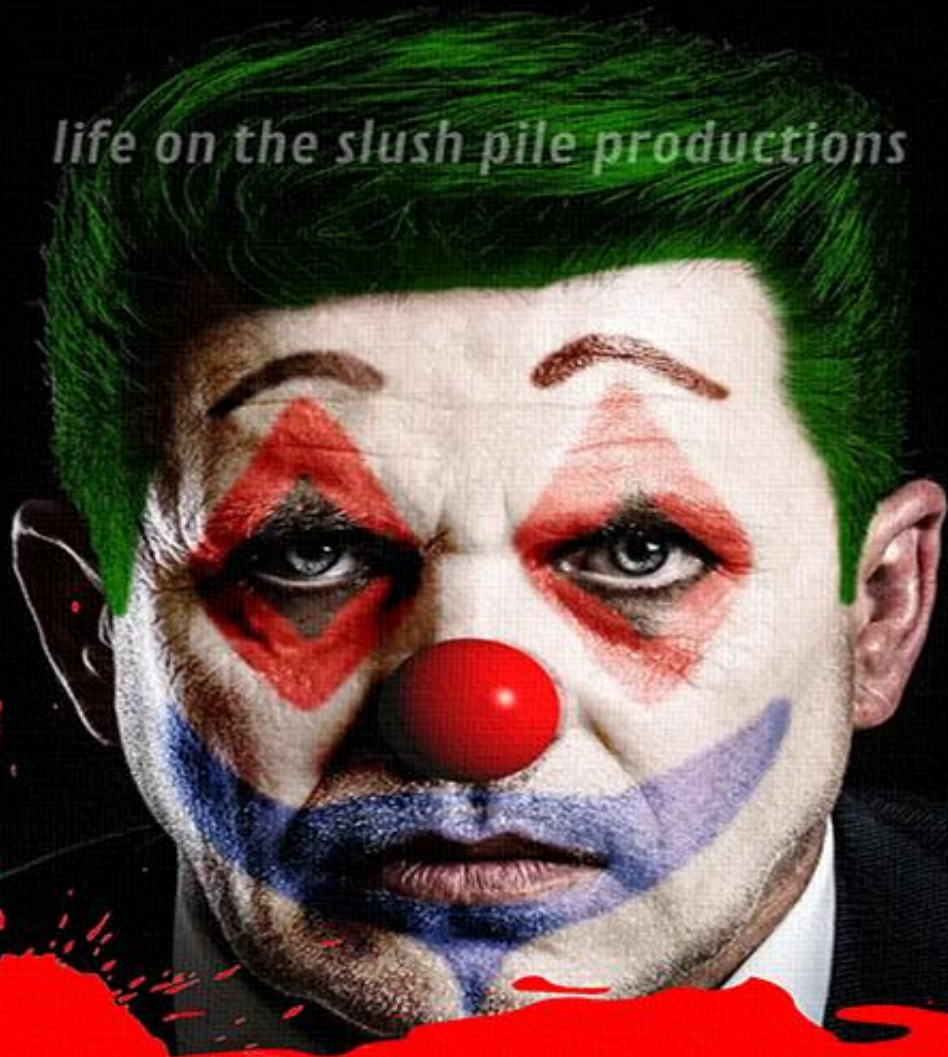
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I WROTE THIS ↓ ↓ ↓
I WROTE THIS ↓ ↓ ↓



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

life on the slush pile productions



**MUST FOB IN
INTERVENE**

Lindsay Wincherauk

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

TEXAS

TEXAS

Thwarted, Texas, began a slow, laborious walk the twelve blocks back to Cereal Tower. Texas needs to kill. He doesn't much like killing; it's just in his blood. Not his blood, but the blood of others when he savours through his flavour of the day – and their plasma splatters like a fountain decorating Texas in the warmth of death.

But not today. Rules, rules, fucking rules.

The one thing most people don't know about maniacally psychopathic serial killers is they are sticklers for rules. Jaywalking is the simplest way to escape death and doom if you are being followed by a serial killer. It is a simple escape that has left many killers standing on the sidewalk, shaking their fists in frustration. It has been rumoured in some cities the killers have run for civic office to try to eliminate nattering laws.

Why doesn't one of the killers change his name to Jay?

... ..

But on this night, "the must fob in" of a deaf woman, which was like kryptonite took a kill off the board and forced Texas into lumbering his way home, stopping at a convenience store to grab a massive Mr. Pibbs and Two Big Bite Hot Dogs, smothered in plastic cheese and something the store identifies as chilli.

... ..

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Hey Tex.

Tex

Hey Pablo.

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Why so glum?

Tex

Well...

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

I saw you hot on the heels of...

Tex

So close...

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

What happened?

Tex

Must Fob In.

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Fuck. Sorry buddy. Most buildings have that rule now. Mine does. Enjoy your Mr. Pibbs.

Tex

Will do.

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Better luck tomorrow.

Tex

I hope so.

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Here, Tex, I'm tossing in a peperoni stick for free.

Tex

Thanks.

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Tootles Tex.

Tex

Tootles.

CONVENIENCE STORE WORKER

Have you seen the new Avatar?

... ..

Most people don't know this minor fact about serial killers; they only eat cereal. The more surgery the serial, and yes, serial is correct – the happier the Reaper (the overlord of the killers), a man who prefers to go by Grim, becomes, because a killer fuelled by sugar is much like Gretzky with a puck.

What does that even mean? And who the hell, is Gretzky?

... ..

So, Texas, by eating hot dogs, is risking losing his status. A status all the killers at Cereal Tower are on the verge of losing because, as the signs in the entranceway shout out: 395 days without a workplace accident and, more troubling: 98 days without a kill. The previous longest drought was 2 days. Grim began going apoplectic nightly.

Wouldn't it be 97 days?

You really are an asshole, aren't you?

Texas devoured his dogs; he thought about killing a wiener dog walking by off-leash and having

a third dog. But he was full.

Back to the surgery, death fuelled breakfasts of the killers, another rumour has it, a note to the wise...

To whom?

The wise?

Whom?

You, you idiot.

... ..

It is rumoured: Adolf's serial of choice is Honey Smacks.

He isn't a serial killer.

Oh. Please.

... ..

As Tex sat on the stoop in front of the convenience store, he pondered his future; he was afraid to go home without a kill under his belt or dripping from his chainsaw, his career was in jeopardy. Tex sat, looking heavenward, and thought, maybe I could get a job tossing little people in bars. Then, as quickly as he explored that career path (Googled), Tex remembered the civic government banned little people from being tossed around in their state.

15

Tex sawed up six unsuspecting victims in protest the night the ruling was passed. Oh, the glory days!

Tex's little brother, who is 4' 4", was immediately put out of work – forcing Tex to get a second job...

WTF? Serial killing pays?

He had to get another job to support himself and his little brother's aging mother.

Why are you calling him little? It's redundant?

Fuck, shut up, let me type, Tex got a second job.

Serial killing is not a paid profession.

It's not a profession at all. It is just fucking nuts.

And killing.

And killing.

And killing.

Tex got a job at Kinkos.

Where?

I don't know. I'm making this up as we talk.

I'll simplify it for you, Tex's little brother...

There you go again... little.

He's vertically... dwarf-like.

You can't call people dwarfs.

Fuck.

The tiny one was out of work. Tiny made over \$100K a year, and now because of... correctness, he was out of work.

Tiny started drinking heavily, but because he was so tiny, meant only three drinks.

Tex's brother was lost, roaming the streets using cute little, tiny steps. Occasionally, he'd run like a drunken child sailor. He stopped at the state fair. He loves the rides, but the Carnies wouldn't let him on any of them because he was too fucking short.

Tex's and Tiny's.

Why don't you just call him Tim?

... ..

Tex and Tim's mother began spiralling.

Up?

16

Who the fuck spirals up?

She'd watch 'Requiem For a Dream' nine times daily.

Tim took a job as a Hooker. A little hooker. You'd be amazed at the number of people who like little whores.

Whores...

I know you're fucking offended.

Your face.

No. Yours.

... ..

Texas finished his two dogs and half of the wiener dog. He found room, for more wiener after a blustery Mr. Pibbs belch.

Ewe gross.

He had to kill something.

Not the kill, the belch. Ewe.

And then, Texas meandered the final three blocks home.

... ..

When he entered the door, the second sign immediately turned to 99, as Tex was the last killer to return home on this balmy spring day.

Tex had almost made it to the lift to be whisked up to his pad on the eighth floor when he heard, hey, hey, Tex.

... ..

Adolf, Jeffrey, and Hannibal were sitting in the commissary, chowing down on their surgery snacks.

Not to be rude, Texas joined them.

ADOLF

Hey, Tex.

TEX

Sieg Heil.

ADOLF

Don't patronize me asshole.

JEFFREY

Tex!

TEX

Hey.

HANNIBAL

I enjoy sprinkling brain matter on my Count Chocula.

ADOLF

Tex, any kills today?

TEX

Almost. I had a deaf lady lined up, and you'd never guess what happened?

JEFFREY

Fob.

TEX

Yeah, Fob.... must Fob in.

JEFFREY

I know; that happened to me last week.

ADOLF

Me too.

HANNIBAL

And I as well.

ADOLF

It sure is balmy out today, isn't it? What did you get up to today? Did you catch the game?

TEX

But it's a dry balmy; I think it was even balmier last year.

JEFFREY

What are you doing, Adolf? Get off the fucking Google machine. It doesn't matter if last year was balmier.

ADOLF

It wasn't; look at my phone screen... see...

JEFFREY

Hits, you can be such a dick.

ADOLF

The game...

I think this would be as good as place as any, I think before the comma is part of this sentence, why is comma longer than coma? —a good time to tell you, Tex, fucking hates small talk.

18

Makes sense. He probably can't hear it over the roar of his chainsaw.

... ..

TEX

You know I hate the games, I used to play you know, and now I can't even find people to saw to pieces. Do you know how that makes me feel? I'm a failure. A killing joke. Obsolete.

ADOLF

Any plans for the weekend?

TEX

Are you taking notes?

ADOLF

Just talking. It sure is outside today.

TEX

You call this talk?

ADOLF

Hannibal and I are thinking of trying out the new bone broth bar on the weekend. Do you want to come?

TEX

Do they serve cereal?

ADOLF

Of course not.

TEX

Then we can't go, now, can we?

ADOLF

We can at least look and smell. I want to tell you about the game.

TEX

I don't want to hear the game.

ADOLF

It was epic.

The score ended 0-0, and then it went to extra time, it ended 0-0 and went to a shootout.

The game is now in the shootout round 4,389, with both teams scoring 4,389 times.

The nets are so big.

If a goalie doesn't make a save in the next three days, the winner will be decided by a coin toss.

19

TEX

Hits, do you want to know one of the most racist things my friends ever say?

ADOLF

No.

TEX

Some say they don't like basketball because they don't understand the rules and the games have too many points and usually the last two minutes are the most important.

ADOLF

Are these people idiots or racists? Fucking immigrants, they are taking away all the good gigs.

TEX

Hits, where are you from? Never mind.

My friends are bit of both, ignorant and racist; what fucking league wouldn't want their games being decided at the very end.

Hits, what did you get up today?

ADOLF

I walked around a deli in a fog for three hours.

TEX

Hits, don't you think you need to move on to new things?

ADOLF

It's hard.

TEX

You need...

ADOLF

You walk around with a fucking chainsaw all day, and you dare to call me out for salivating at the aroma of deli meats.

... ..

This might be offensive.

Is?

Sure.

... ..

ADOLF

Tex, Grim is, in a foul way today; it's almost 100 days now without a kill. He's raging and has called an emergency meeting in the pool area for 8 PM. Speedos are mandatory.

20

TEX

Hit's you talk weird. I bet you used go on adventure walks. What's the meeting about?

ADOLF

Changes. Motivation. Perks. We need to do better.

TEX

Fuck.

ADOLF

Tex, I got to run up to my room; it was time to water my Chia.

TEX

Me too; I must water my Chia as well.

HANNIBAL

And as I.

TEX

Why are you talking like that?

Hannibal, have you ever killed a gopher for fun?

HANNIBAL

What are you, my fucking therapist?

TEX

Have you?

HANNIBAL

No.

TEX

Hits?

ADOLF

No.

TEX

Jeffrey?

JEFFREY

I'm not sure.

TEX

You're not sure.

JEFFREY

Define fun?

TEX

Jeffery, you are insufferable.

ADOLF

Tex, after Grim tears us all new ones, do you want to retreat to one of the Video rooms and have sex? I got some new boner pills I'd like to try on you.

TEX

Sure, Hits.

ADOLF

Which video room do you want to hit tonight?

Criminal Minds	CSI	THE NIGHT STALKER	Halloween	Buffy
----------------	-----	-------------------	-----------	-------

TEX

Hits, have we ever done it to a Buffy marathon before?

ADOLF

No.

TEX

Then, Buffy, it is? I can't wait.

ADOLF

Bring the poppers.

TEX

I will.

JEFFREY

Did you know Grim allows us to add sliced-up wieners to our cereal?

TEX

Yum.

JEFFREY

Do I smell dog on your breath?

ADOLF

Only half a...

TEX

I'll see you later, Hits; I have a new Chia, a Ted Cruz Chia, that needs my attention. See you at the meeting and after with Buffy.

HANNIBAL

Tex, Hits, can I join you guys? I'm really horny.

TEX

No. Hannibal. Remember the last time? You tried to saw off the top of our skulls and sauté our brains.

HANNIBAL

I am a skull fucker.

JEFFREY

You sure are Hannibal.

HANNIBAL

Takes one to know one, Jeffrey.

JEFFREY

Shut up; I only eat Lucky Charms now. And occasionally, gophers for fun.

TEX

OMG. Is that who I think it is? Is that Ricky Bobby from Talladega Nights over there? What's he doing here, he's not a serial killer.

JEFFREY

Yeah, that's him, he's subletting, Jack, you know, the Ripper, his pad for a few months.

Little did this ragtag collection of serial killers, including Adolf, know; one day, they'd come to the aid of a deaf woman named Valerie; a woman they so wanted to kill, but since serial killers are arguably the most law-abiding of all killers, except for the killing, of course – that when a rogue killer, who might be the only mass shooter who never ended up dead at the end of his mass shooting spree – there is no point saying he or she, because, c'mon, women aren't striving for equality in the mass shooting genre – anyway, the mass shooter has gone rogue, ignoring 'the must fob in rule' – and, and, and, the ragtag SK Collection just can't let Valerie's life end at the hands of a rogue asshole who doesn't belong in Cereal Tower in the first place – as I Kafka, or Kaufman up this paragraph, Ducks Newburyport – which in all reality is one really fucking long sentence, or is it, I will let Grammarly decide – this sentence – not Ducks Newburyport, which is a 1,000 page sentence. Next Chapter. Two sentences, now three. Is Next Chapter a sentence? Is this?

What's a sentence?

I'll decide.

No, I will; I am Grammarly.

23

Do you mean the serial killer of creativity?

No. I am Grammarly, the one who makes your writing palatable.

Fuck off.

You fuck off.

I already called the next chapter.

||

... ..

Read Chapter 1: Valerie ↓↓↓

<https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/lindsay-last-month.html>

December 2022: Issue #9

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

TEN WORDS ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓
TEN WORDS ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

INK

ASSERT

TOUCH

BRAND

25

BOLD

CRINGE

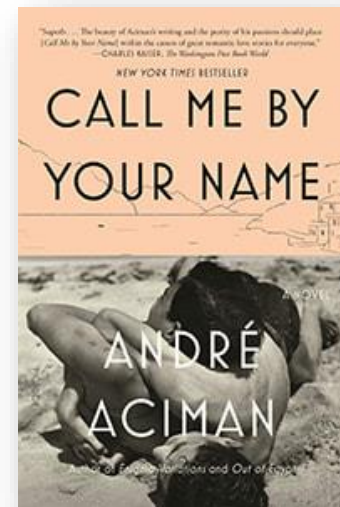
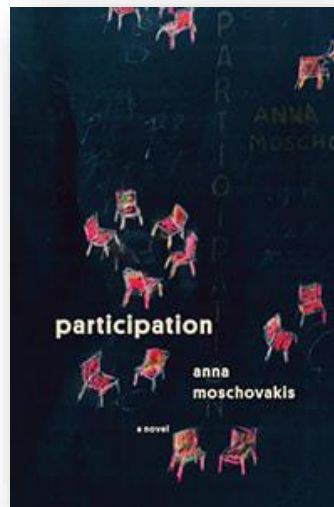
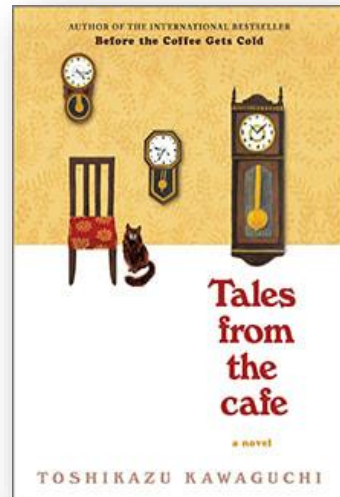
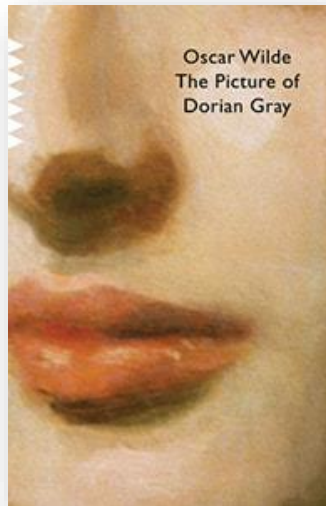
WINCE

ETHICS

REFRESH

ILLUSTRATE

I READ THESE LAST MONTH ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓
I READ THESE LAST MONTH ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓



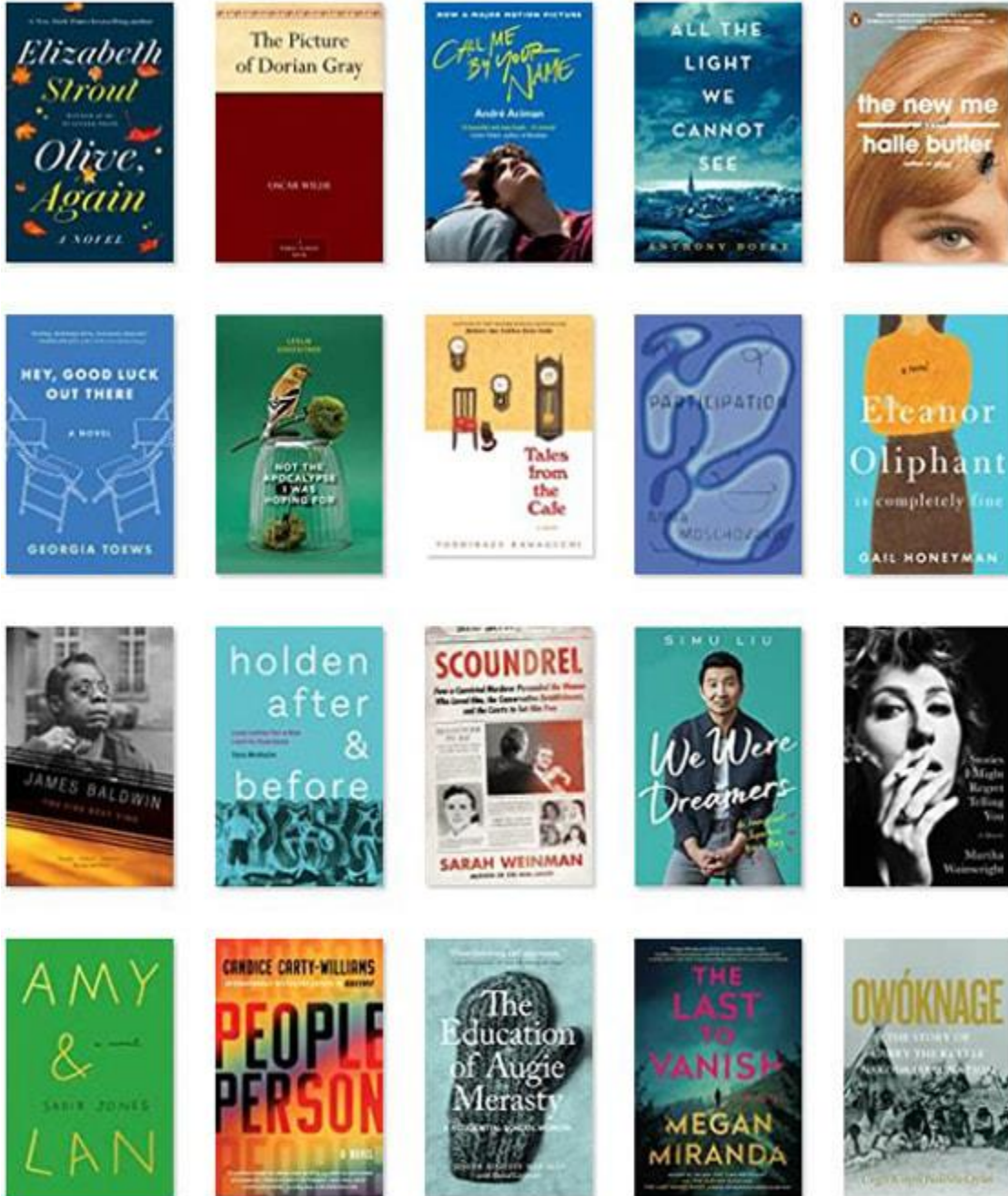
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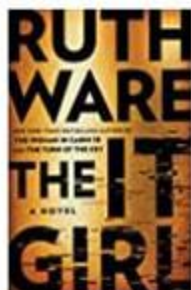
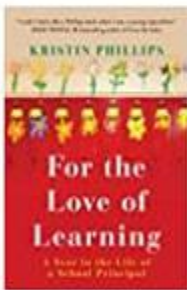
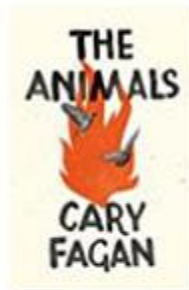
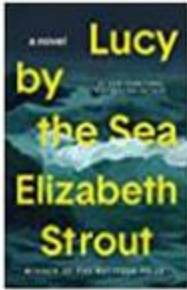
TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

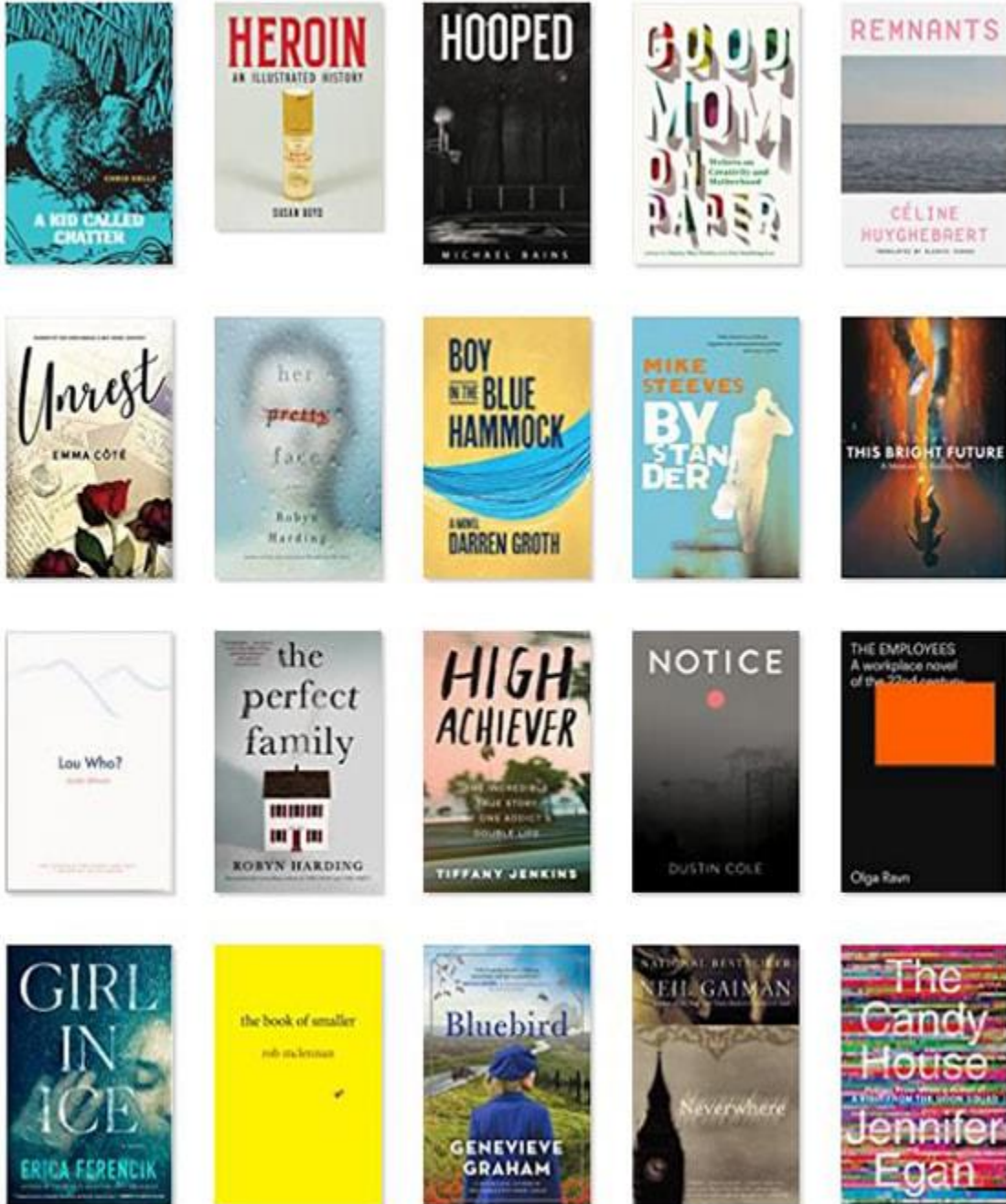
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

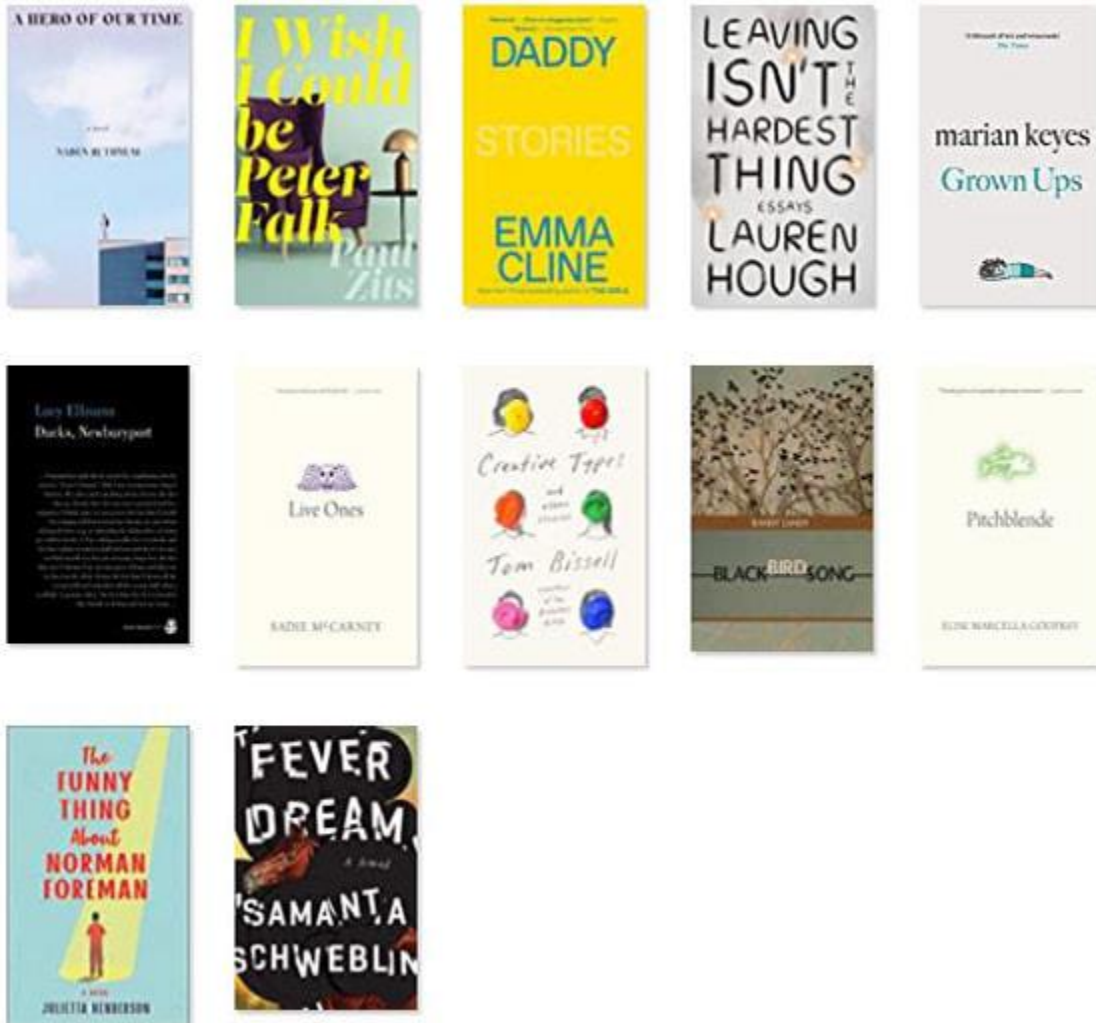
All the Books I Read in 2022 ↓↓↓





30





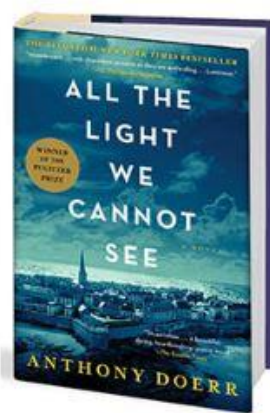
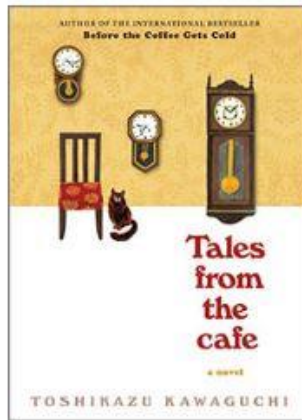
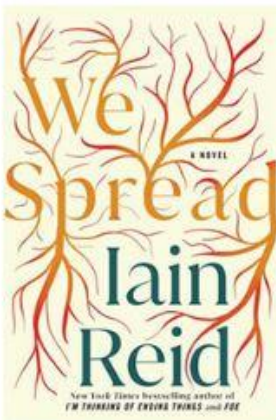
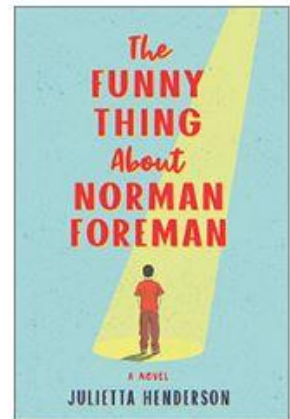
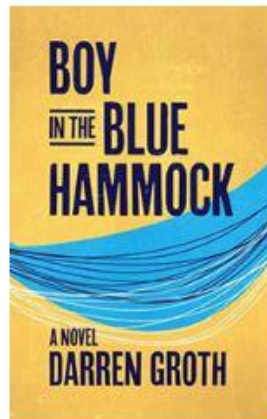
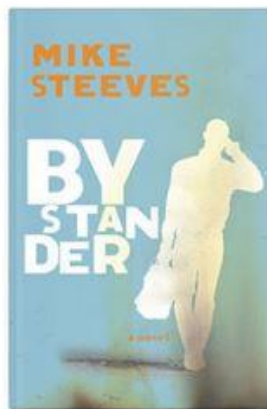
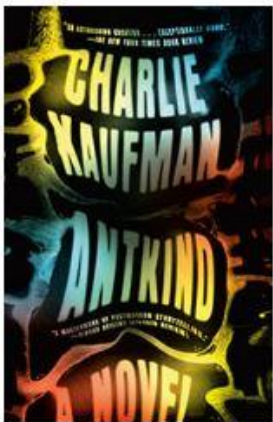
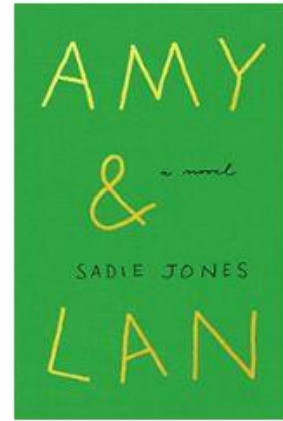
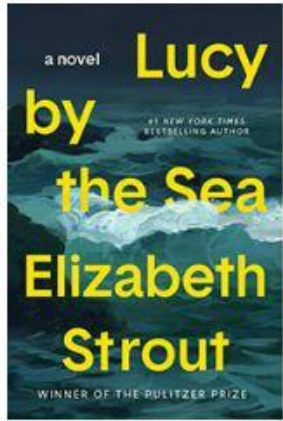
32

VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/i-love-it-2022.html>

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

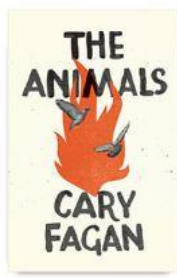
WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Top Fiction Read in 2022 ↓↓↓

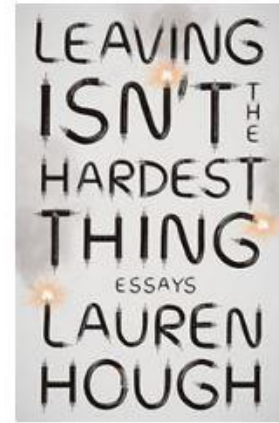


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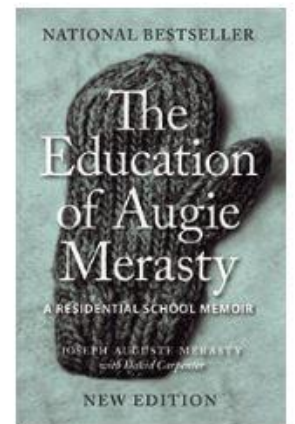
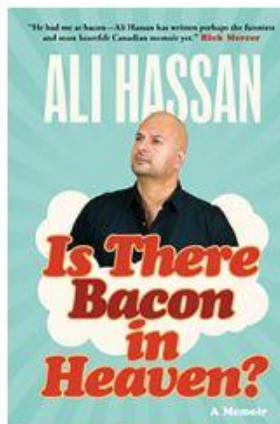
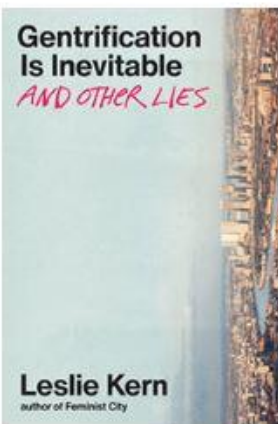
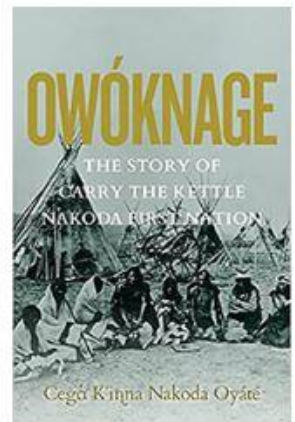
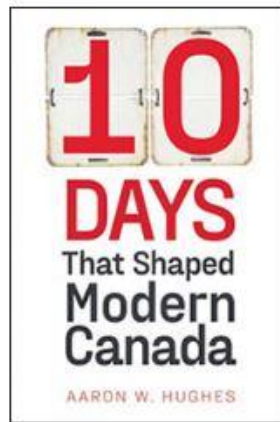
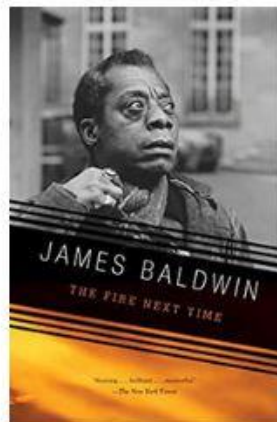
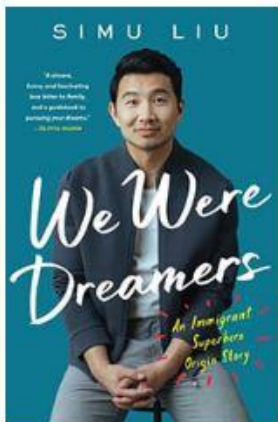
Honourable Mention



Top Non-Fiction Read in 2022 ↓↓↓

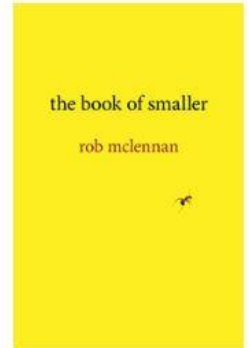


35

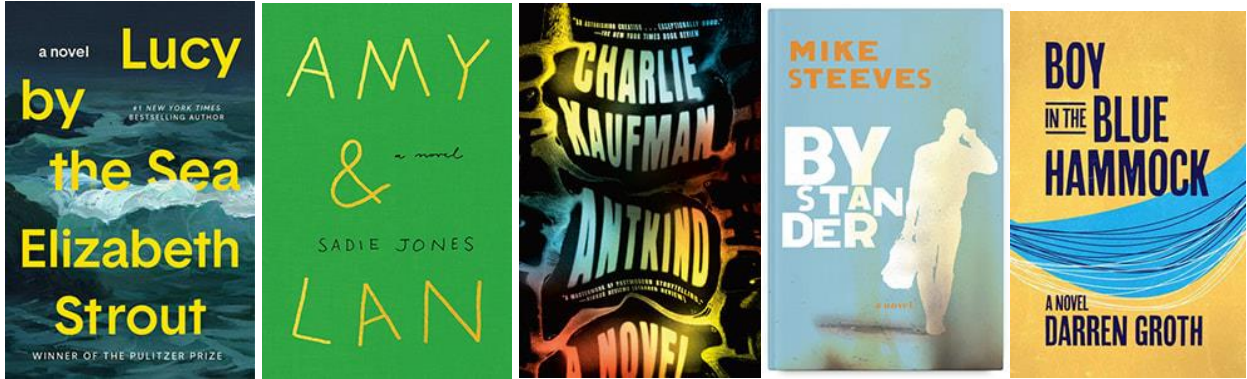


Honourable Mention

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ALL TIME FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓



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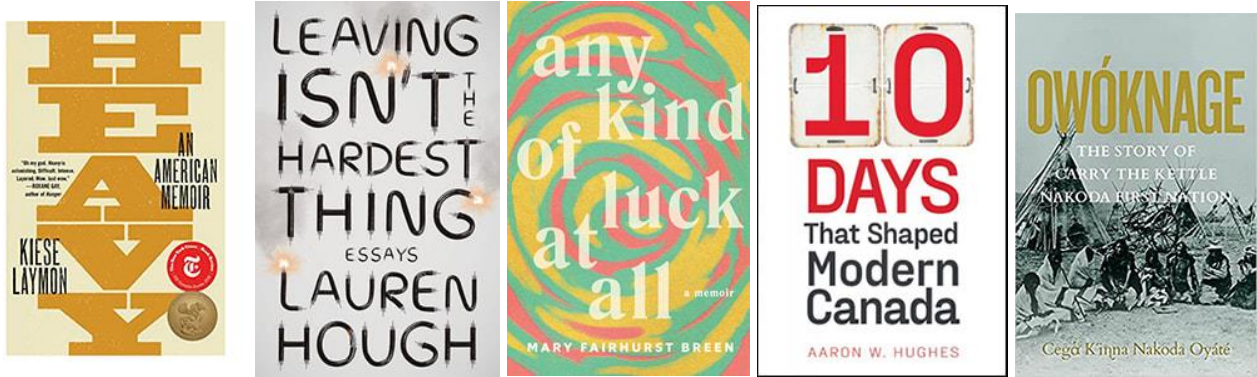


VISIT: VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/top-fiction.html>

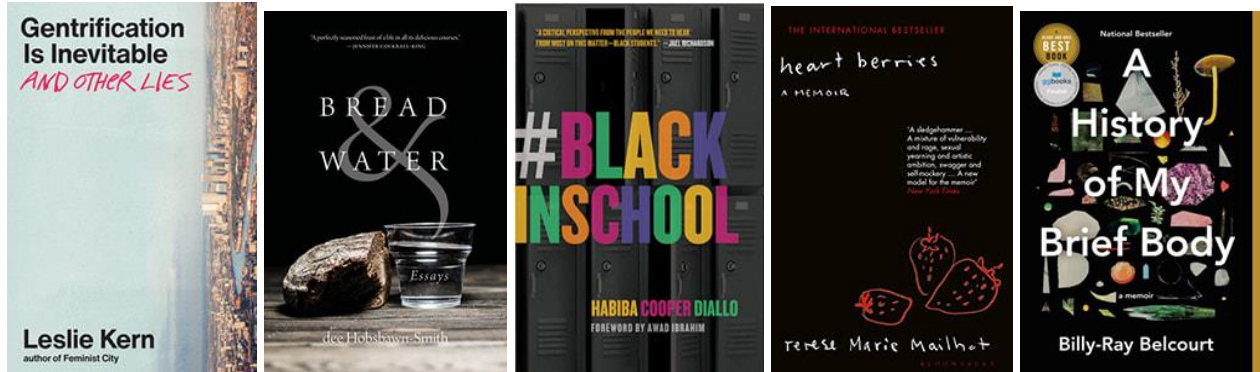
VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

ALL TIME NON-FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓



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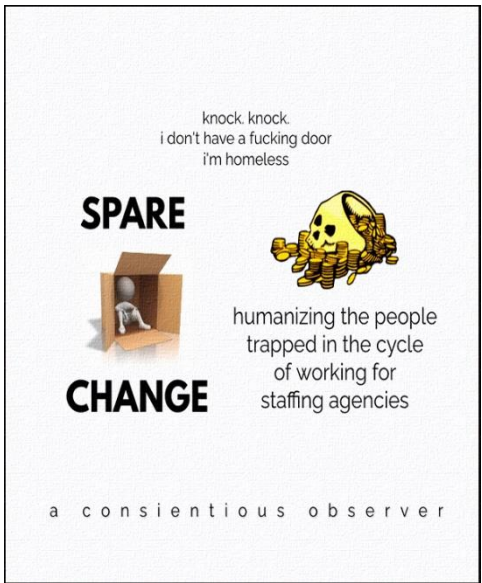
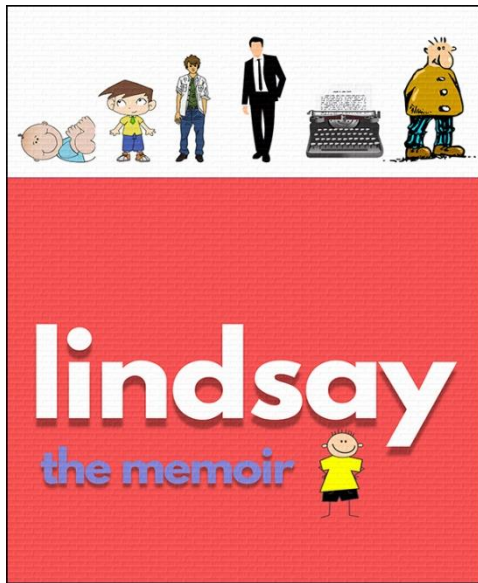
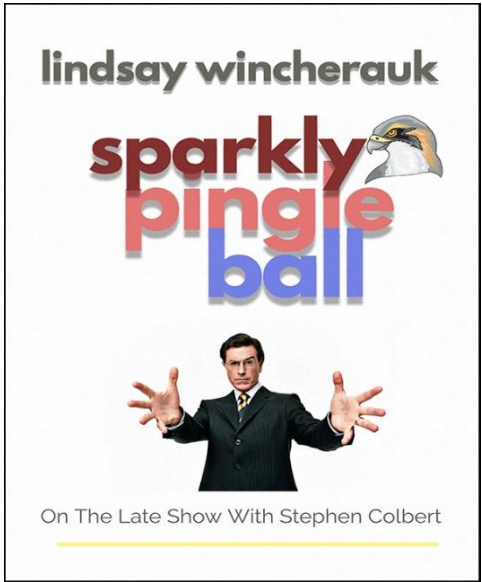
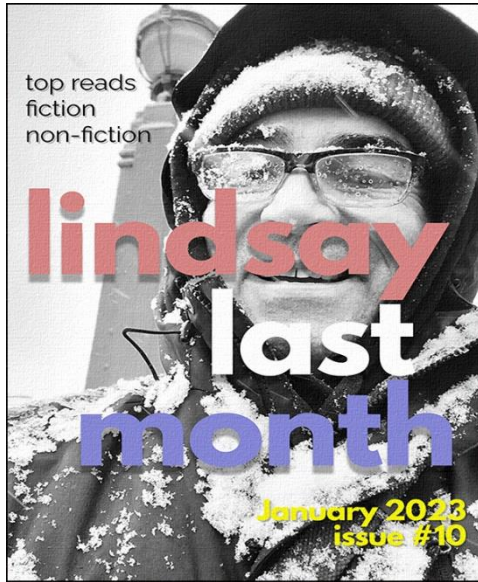


VISIT: VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/top-nonfiction.html>

VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

COMING SOON FROM LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS



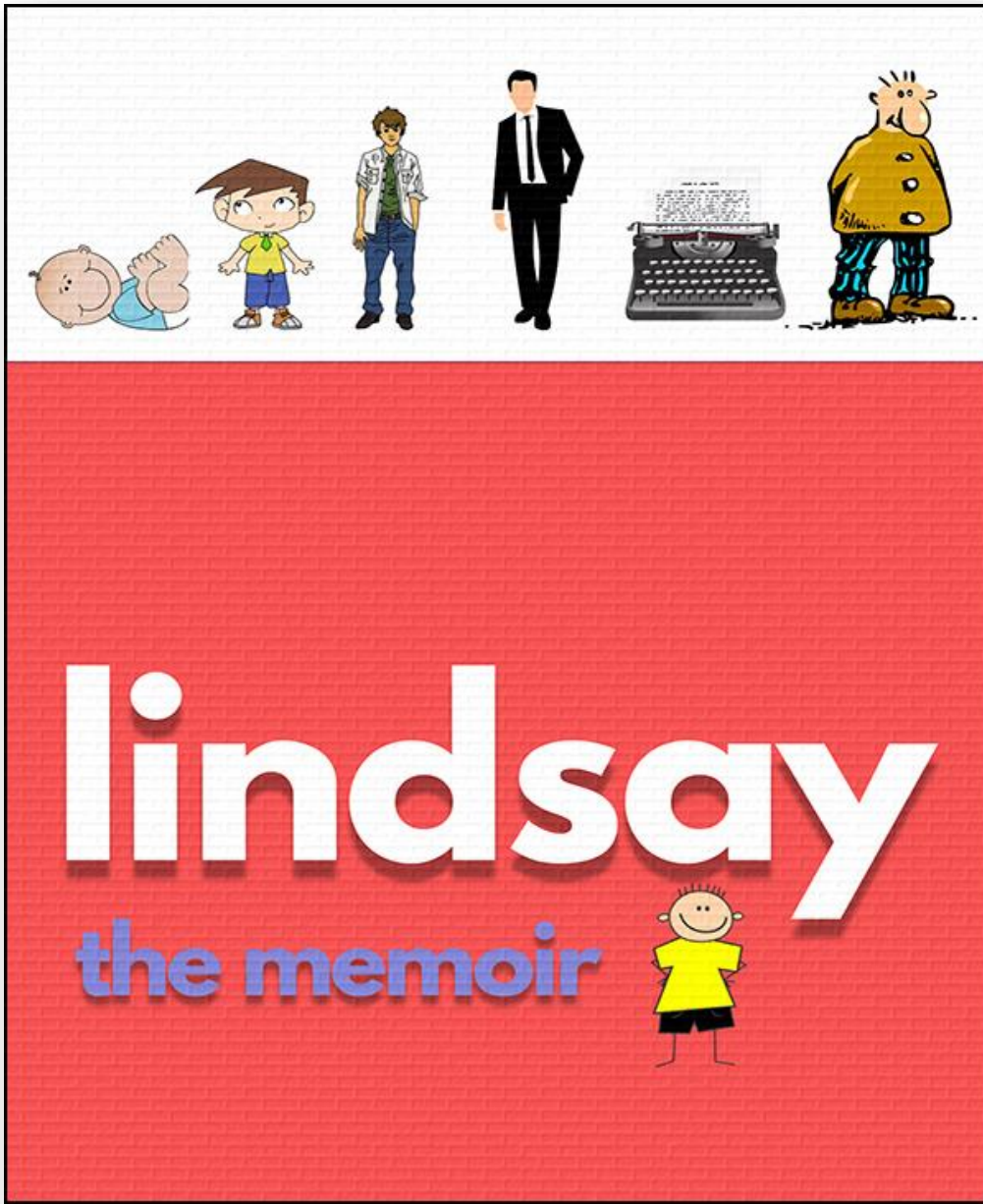
VISIT: WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

COMING SOON: FEATURED BOOK (COMING TO BOOKSTORES)



40

VISIT: WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

NUMBERS ↓↓↓ (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

CREATIVE QUEST

FITNESS

YIPPEE

THE LIFE OF A FAILED WRITER

WORKOUTS = ???

STEPS WALKED = 437,300

TOTAL PITCHES = 484

MILES WALKED = 215.58

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 38.55

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 393

(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)

(FILM + TELEVISION)

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 4

MEDIA BLITZ = ONGOING

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING RETURNS — SLIGHTLY FAT

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

I HAD A TOUGH MONTH OF FITNESS

DEPRESSION KICKED IN MY DOOR AND WON'T LEAVE

MORE FITNESS STATS

MONTH	STEPS	MILES	LFW	JFW	MPD	SPD
January	236,579	110.84	184.1	152.1	3.58	7,631.58
February	236,747	114.30	186.8	153.7	4.08	8,455.25
March	367,922	184.83	189.7	156.4	5.96	11,868.45
April	272,488	134.17	160.5	193.1	4.47	9,082.93
May	267,773	129.05	163.2	196.0	4.16	8,637.84
June	678,889	327.99	162.0	189.4	10.93	22,629.63
July	1,243,230	624.61	162.0	186.3	20.15	40,104.19
August	628,753	306.24	162.0	185.9	9.88	20,282.35
September	526,410	268.41	162.0	184.2	8.95	17,547.00
October	501,065	252.24	162.0	190.2	8.14	16,163.39
November	437,300	215.58	152.1	175.5	7.19	14,106.45
December	203,805	98.46	152.1	178.1	3.18	6,574.35
YEAR	5,600,961	2,766.72		AVE	7.58	15,345.10
AVERAGE	15,345.10	7.58				
MONTHLY AVE	466,746.75	230.56				

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EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

43

2021 S	2021 M	2021 ASPD	2021 MPD	Month	2020 S	2020 M	2020 ASPD	2020 MPD
767,665	368.82	24,763.39	11.90	jan	95,158	46.82	3,069.61	1.51
769,083	375.84	27,467.25	13.42	feb	91,556	45.34	3,157.10	1.46
944,199	461.84	30,458.03	14.90	march	74,755	37.85	2,411.45	1.22
797,803	385.82	26,593.43	12.86	apr	445,444	213.10	14,848.13	6.87
553,386	265.79	17,851.16	8.57	may	710,946	349.73	22,933.74	11.28
591,035	284.51	19,701.17	9.48	june	761,773	375.12	25,392.43	12.10
761,056	386.79	24,550.19	12.48	july	781,424	381.11	25,207.23	12.29
679,651	345.93	21,924.23	11.16	aug	679,959	329.24	21,934.16	10.62
699,143	346.56	23,304.77	11.55	sept	708,550	344.98	23,618.33	11.13
439,163	227.05	14,166.55	7.32	oct	425,376	203.25	13,721.81	6.56
259,366	125.51	8,366.65	4.18	nov	441,018	212.05	14,226.39	6.84
187,388	90.32	6,044.77	2.91	dec	551,451	263.65	17,788.74	8.50
7,448,938	3,664.78	20,408.05	10.04	tot	5,767,410	2,802.24	15,757.95	7.66
COV S					5,496,503	20,433.10		
COV M					2,667.64	9.92		

EVEN SO VERY MORE FITNESS STATS

SEWALL	2022	2021	2020
jan	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	23.08	47.53	62.54
june	58.65	50.87	67.08
july	111.69	69.16	68.15
aug	54.76	61.86	58.87
sept	48.00	61.97	61.69
oct	45.10	40.60	36.34
nov	38.55	22.44	37.92
dec	17.61	16.15	47.14
tot	494.73	655.32	501.09
APM	41.23	54.61	41.76
APD	1.36	1.80	1.37

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PROPOSAL STATS

#	Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
1	Lindsay	220	54	166
2	Fired @ 59	62	12	50
3	The Stairs	57	4	53
4	Drawings by Harlan	32	8	24
5	Flip Flops	28	3	25
6	Poetry	15	1	14
7	Sparkly Pingle Ball	15	2	13
8	E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L	12	0	12
9	Tru + Joy	9	1	8
10	Glue	8	1	7
11	Said the White Guy	6	1	5
12	Howard	5	1	4
13	This Table	4	0	4
14	Laugh	3	0	3
15	Plus 15	3	1	2
16	Death Sauce	2	0	2
17	Life Without Mirrors	2	2	0
18	ePHEMERAL	1	0	1
	30-Nov-22	484	91	393

45

3 IMAGES ↓↓↓

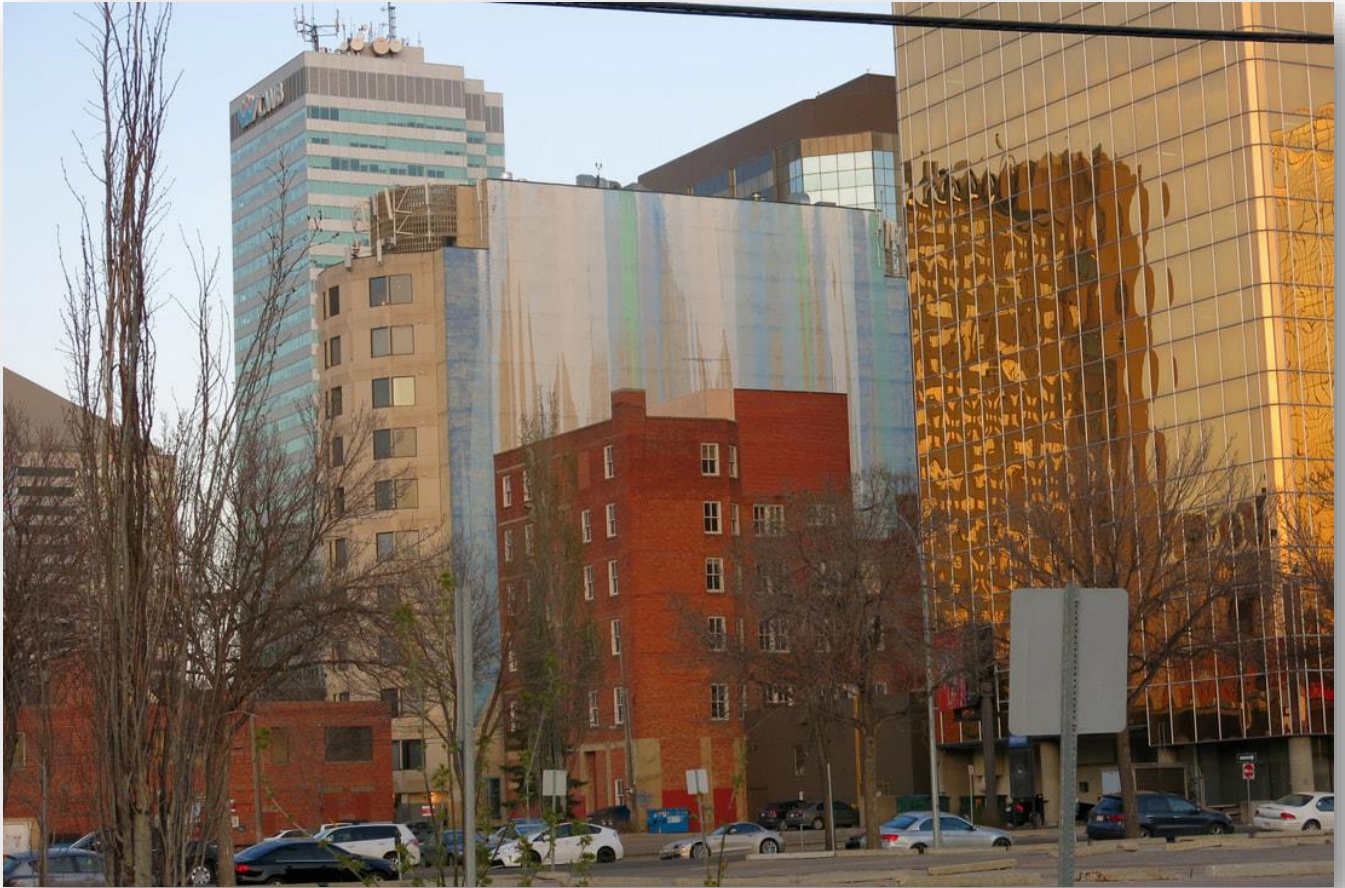
46



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PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ME ↓↓↓



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ME ↓↓↓

50



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PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ME ↓↓↓



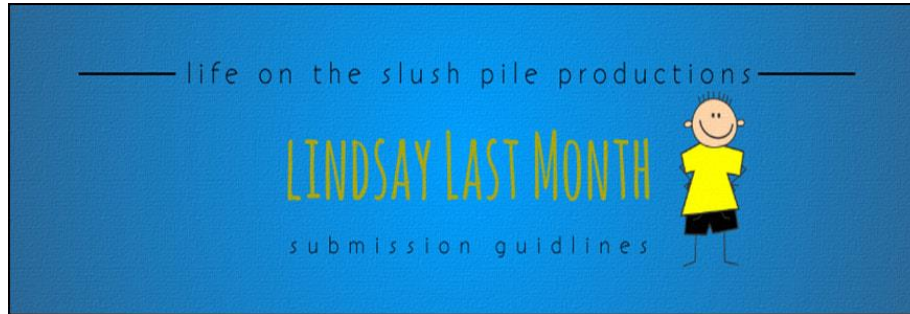
51

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PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

WHAT LINDSAY LAST MONTH IS LOOKING FOR



- Original Stories (any genre)
- Poetry (up to three poems)
- Photography and art (up to three images or photos – even if they are of your pet goldfish.
- Stories and Poems have a maximum length of 2,000 words (not including the title – the title also has a maximum length of 2,000 words).

Lindsay Last Month will not publish any story, poem or art/photography that is blatant advertising for rain gutters or anything of the sort.

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Lindsay Last Month is willing to publish stories, poems, or art/photography, especially if attached to the submission are airline tickets, hotel tickets or killer swag (food + clothing), even if it is blatant advertising. No rain gutters.

If you are still interested in being featured, send your submission with “Submission + the title of your work” in the subject line + all appropriate links.

If selected, Lindsay Last Month will publish your work with all appropriate links in a future issue; and create a Cover For Your Submission!

Send your submissions to lindsaywin@outlook.com

Stories and Poems must be submitted as a word document.

- Photos and Art as JPEG or PNG.

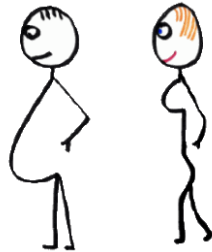
THAT’S IT. LET’S BUILD A COMMUNITY TOGETHER

- Lindsay Last Month reserves the right to create a cover for your submission.
- Lindsay Last Month reserves the right to format your submission to look the best on the page (Lindsay Last Month will not edit or change any of your words).
- If you would like Lindsay Last Month to share thoughts on a book you’ve written, Lindsay Last Month only writes thoughts on physical copies. For more information, send your requests to the email listed above. Lindsay Last Month (me) has written thoughts on over 270 books!
- Lindsay Last Month will publish nothing the Lindsay Last Month’s people (me) deem to be racist, sexist, misogynistic, homophobic, hateful, or anything else evil.

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/llm-submissions.html>

A POEM ↓

FAT
FAT



I WAS FIT
I WAS FIT

THEN I ATE

I SAT DOWN

COKE IS SUGARY

MY PENIS DISAPPEARED

I WENT FOR A WALK

ONE DAY, I LOOKED DOWN WHEN I SHOWERED

HEY, THERE YOU ARE

I'M NOT FAT ANYMORE

THEN I ATE

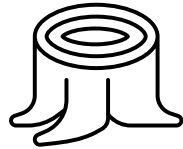
I SAT DOWN
I SAT DOWN



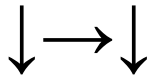
You may find everything on this page by visiting: www.lindsaywincherauk.com

**READING A BOOK
IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE**

54



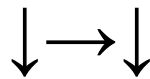
AND HALLUCINATING



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

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TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



www.lindsaywincherauk.com

DECEMBER → ISSUE #9

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THE BACK COVER
OR AS I LIKE TO CALL IT
PAGE 64

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK