

LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

BOOK COVERS



A COFFE TABLE BOOK

DESIGNS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

STORY LAB

#	By Genre	IN THE LAB	
1	MEMOIRS	7	
2	OPINION/EXPOSE	6	
3	GRAPHIC/CARTOON	6	
4	Love Stories	10	
5	FAMILY DRAMAS	5	
6	Dramadies	25	
7	LBGTQIA+	6	
8	Sexuality	2	
9	PHOTOGRAPHY/PHILOSOPHY	8	
10	STORY COLLECTIONS/ESSAYS	5	
11	Romance	1	
12	DARK COMEDY	12	
13	Murder	4	
14	Lifestyle	13	
15	Poetry/Humour	3	
16	ACTION	1	
17	Dystopia	5	
18	FANTASY	4	
19	Travel	1	
20	E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L.	1	
21	TO BE CATEGORIZED	36	
	26 March 2023	162	

 $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

BLACK = COMPLETED

BLUE = NEARING COMPLETION

GREEN = IN PRODUCTION

PURPLE = CONCEPT

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

7 X META-MEMOIRS

- 1. LINDSAY (A MEMOIR) MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE (MY SISTER IS MY MUM)
- 2. GLUE
- 3. CHASING NEON
- 4. SAID THE WHITE GUY
- 5. CANNED: FIRED @ 59
- 6. WELCOME TO THE DOMAIN OF LINDSAY
- 7. THE STAIRS

- 8. I DON'T HAVE A TENT
- 9. ELEPHANTS IN ROOMS
- 10. TEMPS (HARD HATS + HARD DRUGS = HARD LIFE)
- **11.** BOTTOM **10**
- 12. ASK SEED
- 13. BILL MAHER (WOKE BEYOND WOKE)



- 14. THE WACKY ADVENTURES OF A DOG NAMED DONALD
- 15. SPARKLY PINGLE BALL (SERIES)
- 16. A 60-ISH-YEAR-OLD-STICKMAN
- 17. HANA THE CAT
- 18. E PHEMERAL
- 19. DRAWINGS BY HARLAN COLLECTED BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

10 X LOVE STOKIES

- **20.** TRU + JOY
- 21. Preference
- 22. LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS
- 23. THE LAST PLASTIC BAG
- 24. HOW TO TELL IF YOUR PARTNER LOVES YOU
- 25. PERDITA
- **26.** IF IT ENDS WITH A TOWEL, IT'S NOT LOVE
- 27. THE UNBEARABLE WEIGHT OF MARRIAGE
- 28. THUMBS UP
- 29. WORD SALAD

6 x FAMILY DRAMAS

- 30. ONCE UPON A TIME
- 31. 48% NORWEGIAN
- 32. BEFORE TODAY
- 33. ONE WOMAN. TWO FAMILIES. A BIG GAME
- 34. REFLECT
- 35. MOOD WALK

25 X DRAMEDY S2 X DRAWEDA

- 36. HOWARD
- 37. RUNWAY
- 38. FEATURE WALL
- 39. HEAVEN'S WAITING ROOM (THE LAST SEAT AT THE BAR)
- 40. Drug Store Sandwich Board
- 41. WE ARE ALL THIS LIFE
- 42. YOGA SCOTT
- 43. THE PODCASTER
- 44. THE MAYOR. THE POSTMAN. THE WRITER. AND GREGG
- 45. WHAT DO WE DO WITH OUR HANDS
- 46. SCOTT THE EDUCATOR
- 47. NOT RAISED IN A CONSTRUCTION FAMILY
- 48. NIGHT TALKERS
- 49. THE SEAWALL
- **50. THE PLAYGROUND**
- 51. QUADRATHON
- **52. STANLEY (RESURRECTED)**
- 53. STANLEY'S 3RD COUSIN MELINDA
- 54. THE MAN WHO WATCHED BABY DRIVER ALMOST 50 TIMES
- 55. STANLEY'S GREAT \rightarrow GREAT UNCLE BIRDY
- 56. STANLEY'S AUNT HELEN
- 57. COFFEE SHOP \rightarrow
- 58. COFFEE SHOP 2
- 59. MINCEY
- 60. My Momma Brings Oil With Her

6 x LGBTQIAZS

- 61. THIS TABLE
- **62.** BEYOND THE MEAT
- 63. LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS
- 64. SISTER BAR
- 65. BERNARD: THE PIANO TEACHER
- 66. RJ: BAD MEDICINE

Z X SEXUALITY S X SEXUALITA

- 67. GIGANTIC (A FEVER DREAM)
- 68. HOOKER BOX

8 x PHOTOGRAPHY + PHILOSOPHY 8 x PHOTOGRAPHY + PHILOSOPHY

- 69. COFFEE TABLE BOOK
- 70. Photos: Volumes: 1. \rightarrow
- 71. Photos: Volumes: 2. \rightarrow
- 72. PHOTOS: VOLUMES: 3. \rightarrow
- 73. PHOTOS: VOLUMES: 4.
- **74.** I THINK
- 75. ASK SEED
- 76. WHAT OLD PEOPLE SEE

5 x STORIES + ESSAYS

- 77. A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN FLIP FLOPS
- 78. 60 (STORIES MY FRIDAY)
- 79. New Book (Stories)
- 80. DO I LOOK OKAY?
- 81. LAUGH



82. THE LAST PLASTIC BAG

12 x DARK COMEDY 15 X DAKK COWEDA

- 83. JIM STANDS ON HIS HEAD
- 84. THE GREATEST BOOK TITLE EVER
- 85. WATER SKIING FAIL
- 86. HORSE SHOES
- 87. Prison Food
- 88. THE LOTTERY
- 89. MUST FOB IN
- 90. FRIEND PURGE
- 91. THE STEP GODFATHER
- 92. THE CONFESSIONAL
- 93. I HAVE A GUY
- 94. THE RESTAURANT

4 x MURDER MYSTERY

- 95. MURDERED
- 96. SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: AND THE MISSING ORANGE BALL
- 97. AIRPORT BESTSELLER
- 98. CEREAL KILLER

13 x LIFESTYLE + FOOD + FITNESS

99.	FAT BLOB
100.	EAT A LIVING DOCUMENT
101.	HUMAN ZOO
102.	HUMANS' BISTRO (YOU ARE WHAT WE EAT)
103.	SVELTE MISSISSIPPI
104.	PUT DOWN THE FORK
105.	I DRANK THIS
106.	WE ATE THIS
107.	I ATE THIS?
108.	VANCOUVER'S BEST: BURGERS
109.	VANCOUVER'S BEST: RAMEN
110.	VANCOUVER'S BEST: CHICKEN
111.	VANCOUVER'S BEST: PIZZA

3 x POETRY/HUMOUR

112. I AM NOT A POET (BOOKS OF POEMS) VOLUME: $1 \rightarrow 113$. I AM NOT A POET (BOOKS OF POEMS) VOLUME: $2 \rightarrow 114$. I AM NOT A POET (BOOKS OF POEMS) VOLUME: $3 \rightarrow 114$.

X ACTION X ACTION

115. ESCAPE ROUTE

5 X DYSTOPIA

- 116. Plus 15
 117. REAPERS
 118. DEATH SAUCE
 119. PERFECT BUBBLE
 120. PRISON IDOL
 - LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

4 X FANTASY

121		P	R	\cap	S	F
141	•		LV.	U	J	Ŀ

122. ARC

123. HOGAN'S SUPERHERO

124. WHITE CAT

1 X TRAVEL

10

125. GO BEFORE YOU GO

/x E,X,P,E,R,I,M,E,N,T,A,L

126. E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L.

30 X YET TO BE CATEGORIZED

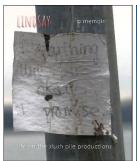
127.	THE HAT MODEL
128.	THE POSTMAN + THE HAT MODEL + 2G
129 .	MY DAYS
130.	DISSEMINATION
131.	BROKEN GLASSES (BUBBLE BATH)
132.	THE WRITER
133.	ART INSTALLATION
134.	BEHIND THE DOOR
135.	THE LIFE AND AMAZING TIMES OF DAVID
136.	JAY
137.	LOVE IS
138.	GUMMY FRIDAY
139.	LITERAL KILLER
140.	OUTRAGED
141.	RYAN REYNOLDS
142.	SIT DOWN PLEASE
143.	SPARE CHANGE
144.	TOXIC FRIENDS
145.	How to Kill Your Golden Goose
146.	LITERALLY WITHOUT AND
147.	ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME
148.	GENERAL POPULATION
149.	GHOST THUMB
150.	MAC + CHEESE
151.	MAYBE WHEN I HAVE GRANDCHILDREN
152.	PENELOPE + THE VEILED TREE
153.	9 Z S
154.	1,066
155.	AMERICA: THE SERIES
156.	COFFEE SHOP 3
157.	JAY AS AN AVTAR
158.	JAY PONDERING
159.	JAY TAKING A PHOTO
160.	JAY THINKING
161.	BEHIND YOUR BACK

WE REMEMBER THE DARTS

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

162.

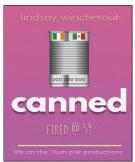
RESPECTFULLY YOURS,
CALL ME
LINDSAY
(778.329.3820)

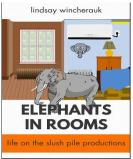




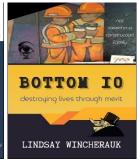




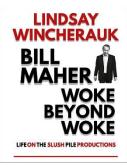


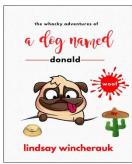






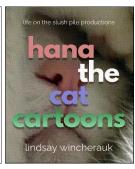






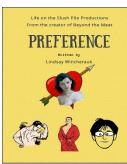






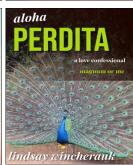




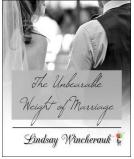


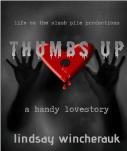


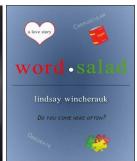




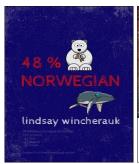


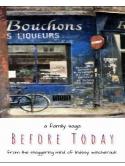


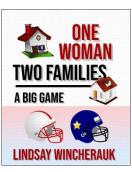




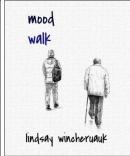


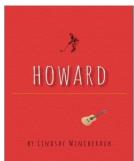


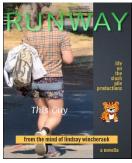


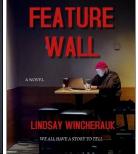


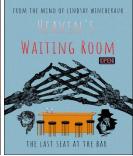




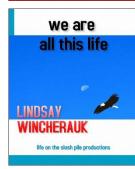


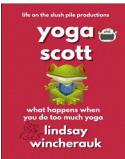


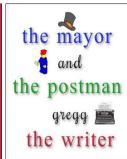




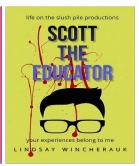


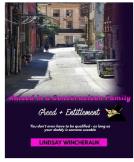




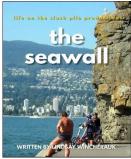


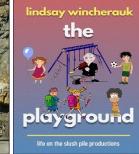




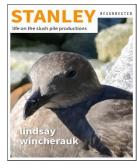








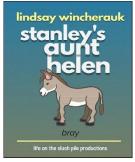






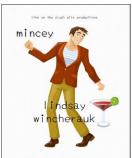






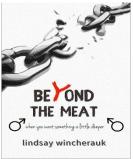




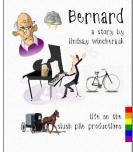








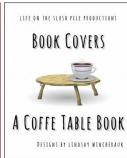


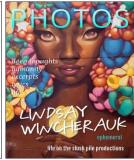








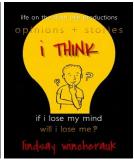




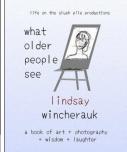


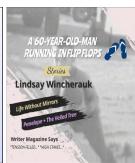


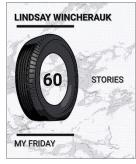


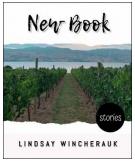






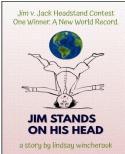


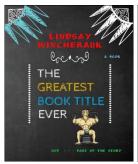














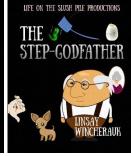






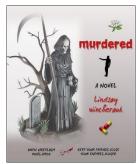






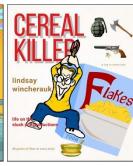


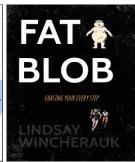












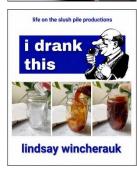








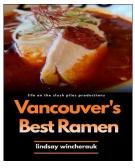






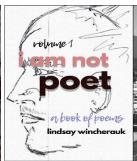


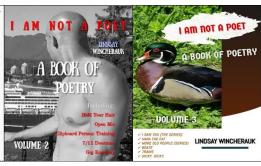


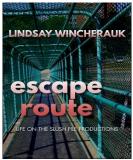




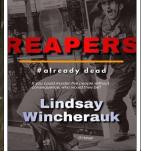






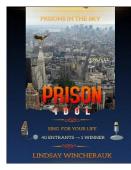


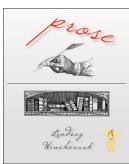




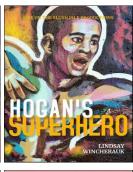




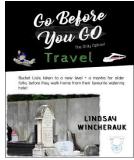






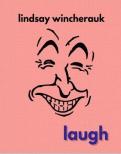


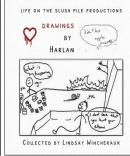


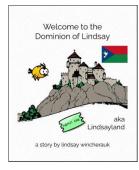




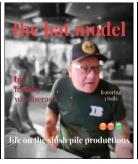








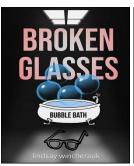








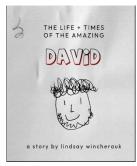




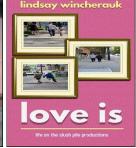




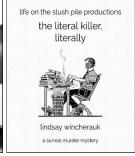






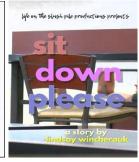




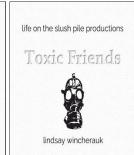


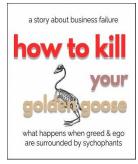


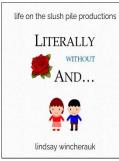


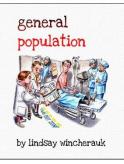






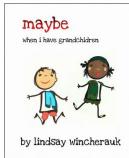


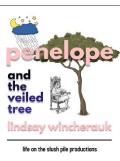
























































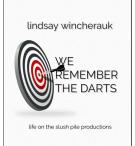








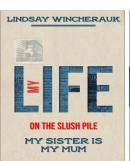




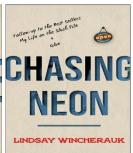
META-MEMOIRS



7 X META-MEMOIRS





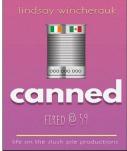




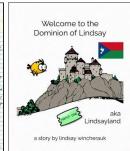




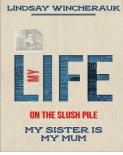




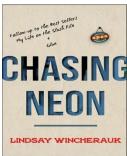










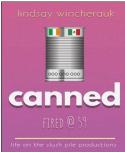


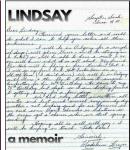




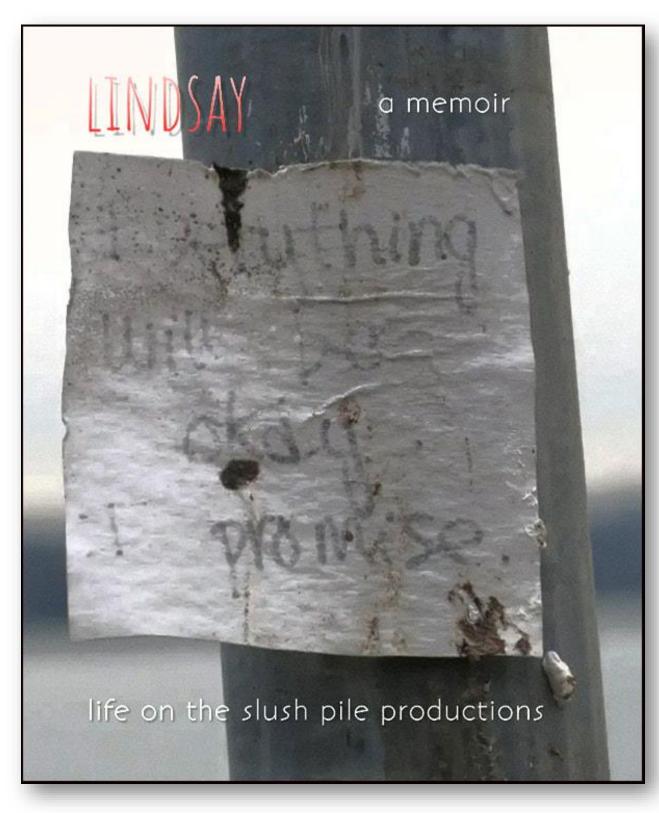


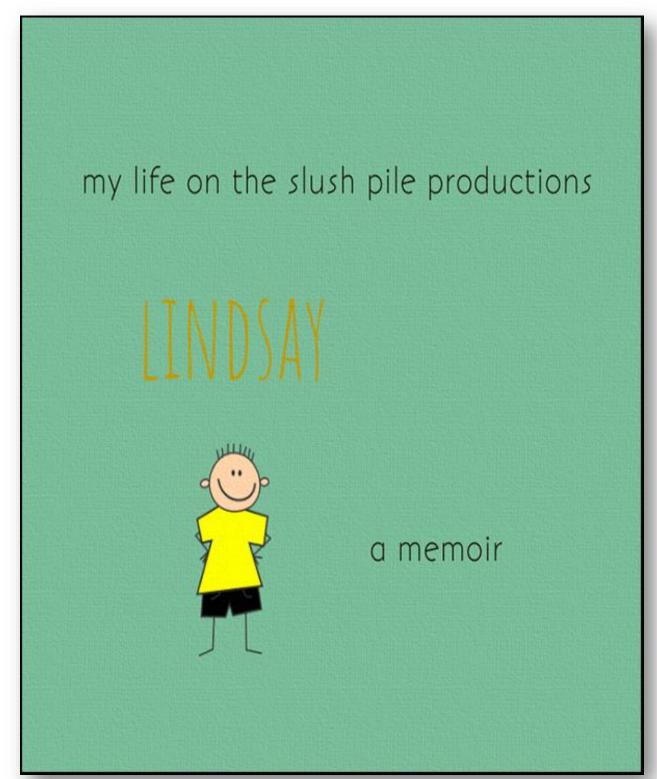


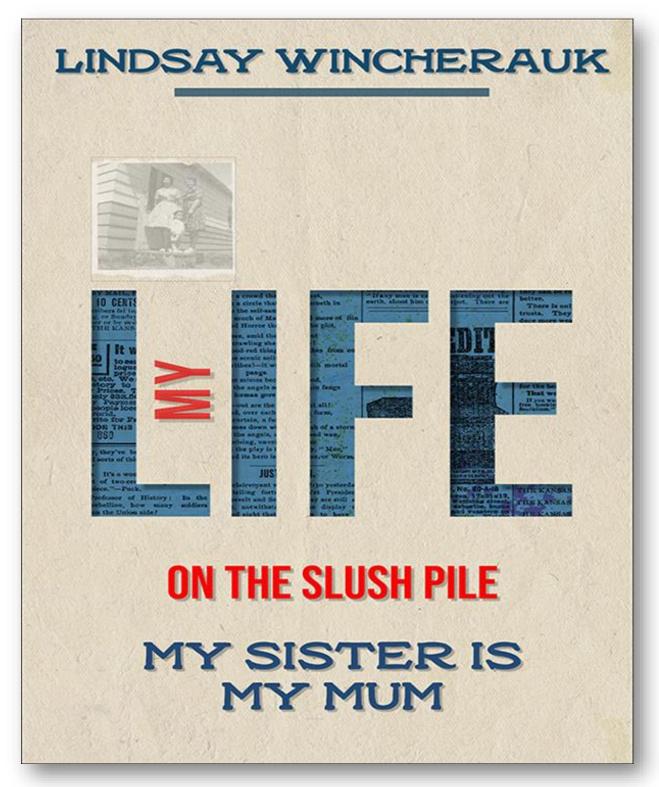












LINDSAY

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

A MEMOIR

Mummy, were you in a different room when I was born?

Hey you, yeah you, over there. Are YOU my father?

I think, I'm going to have abandonment issues.

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

I feel like shit.

Another drink?

Sure.

I think, I'm dying; I've done it to myself.

I'm selfish.

Hurt.

Human.

Broken.

I might soon find out who my father is?

For the third time. He's died twice.

I desperately don't want to discover my first father, I watched die, is him.

I'm fucked up emotionally.

How can this be?

I pass someone sleeping on the sidewalk; it's pouring rain.

I want to judge.

I can't, I don't know the backstory.

Are you, my father?

Why does it even matter?



I DRAW A BATH

Then I was a little boy, maybe six, a year after escaping (?) the clutches of a home where unfit mothers were sent to birth illegitimate children.

By this time, I've known the people I am being cared for by for about one year. My first memory is of my three brothers (?) chanting, "Lindsay, you're not one of us," \rightarrow when I was five. A story for another time.

Anyway, I loved bath time. We were a struggling family, so we didn't have the luxury of a bubble bath. My baths were usually just tepid, hard water, without soap. I still loved it.

One day, mum bought three bars of Zest.

Bath Time. I hopped in before the tub filled. I grabbed a bar of Zest, and, with my right hand, started rubbing it frantically on the bottom of the tub. A soapy skin floated to the surface. When I got the Zest worn down, I held it under the tap. If I was lucky, a few bubbles formed. I was blissful. I loved my baths. Except for the time, one of my brothers (?) threw our cat into the tub with me. At least that wasn't as bad as when the same brother encouraged me to stick my dinner knife into the wall outlet.

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$



MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

A MEMOIR

Immediately after being born, baby Lindsay Wincherauk is ripped from his mother's arms and put in a glass-walled container in an empty room peeking out into a darkened world.

Little did baby Lindsay know, he'd be having a turbulent forty-three years, the kind of years where he became a chalkboard with kid-after-kid lining up to drag their fingernails across his fragile being.

 $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

THE ONLY TIME

8 OCTOBER 2016

The first time my mother acknowledged I was her son, was alongside her deathbed. It was the second time my mother was dying.

Usually, my mother, when she had the chance, told me I was destined to be a failure, and I would never amount to much.

On this occasion, her eyes sparkled when I entered her room.

For the next ninety-minutes, I attempted to *birth* a relationship with my dying mother.

Who is this man? Why is he here?

A frail lady in the next bed asked. A lady who happened to have been Bernice and Sadie's roommate fifty-years ago in Brooks, Alberta. Now, they were dying together in the same sterile hospital room.

He's my son, Bernice proudly stated and then glanced back toward me.

We had nothing against you. Your father \rightarrow my father \rightarrow wasn't a good man. The night before they were coming to take you away, I begged, cried, and pleaded to mother for us to keep you. Mother finally gave in. We kept you.

It was time to go; I hugged Bernice delicately, kissed her gingerly on the right cheek, looked into her eyes, and whispered, I give you, my love, be strong.

We broke the embrace. It was the second hug of our sporadic lives together. The first was on the night, *mine* — and Bernice's mother, Rebekah, died. Now, my mother was dying for a second time.

I ambled out of the room, looked back at Bernice; her eyes were teeming with tears. Bernice looked at me and softly said, her voice cracking:

I am never going to see you again, am I?

At that precise moment, I realized: I would never be going home again.

It was the only time my mother called me son.

DAY 1

16 JULY 1960

y arms are littered with goosebumps; I'm freezing—I'm new—I'm alone. I'm lying in a glass-walled container in an empty room peeking out into a darkened world. This must be my beginning. It is not a place of celebration. The sun is blasting through the windows, but somehow inside this less than sterile room, the bitterness of long winters to come is swallowing me. I'm not wanted; I don't know that yet. My family is burdened; my birth is bringing them despair. I don't know that yet. I'm never supposed to find out.

I will write about my discoveries and the unrelenting pain they will bring one day.

Today is not the day.

Today, my only responsibility is to breathe, cry, and scream out, **I'M HERE**—you brought me here—all I did, WAS BE BORN.



MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

A MEMOIR

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.

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LINDSAY

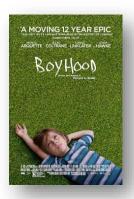
A MEMOIR

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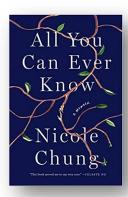
Here are six (books + moi; I feel if you tossed these brilliant stories into a juicer together – perhaps – **Lindsay** would be the delicious blend coming out the other end.















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.

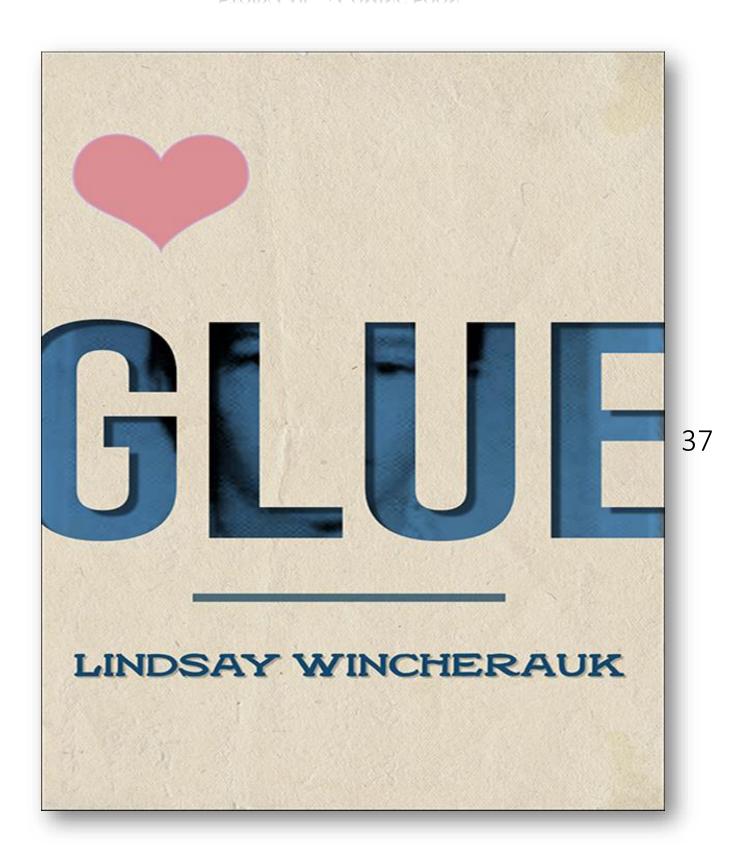
That turned them into Sisaunts.

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?





lue is the follow-up to the extraordinary, genre changing, My Life on the Slush Pile. In Glue author Lindsay Wincherauk meets his birth mother, as his mother for the first time. Alongside her deathbed. And then, he meets his birth father for the first time, only to have to tell him one week later, *You're not my birth father, my birth mother lied on my birth registration*.

And then, as he is wrestling with his sexuality, he becomes a crucial witness in a hate crime. The first Hate Crime Designation in Canada's legal history.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then, he performs stand-up.

All while desperately trying to cobble his fractured life back together.

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

GLUE

story about a man trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.

And then, he witnesses a gay bashing.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then \rightarrow

 $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

GLUE

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1



40

here is nothing in life that could prepare you for the absurdity of saying *hello* to your mother for the *first time*, alongside her deathbed.

But here I am.

 $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

FRIDAY, 23 NOVEMBER 2006

've just finished my morning work. It was time to call a great man for his love, support, attitude, and most importantly, for wanting me.

"Hello, Elmer, it's Lindsay, from Vancouver."

"Lindsay, how are you? It's good to hear from you."

"Well..." I paused... caught my breath "...I have the results." *spit it out*, the tears began to flow "unfortunately...." I wasn't holding up well... "...unfortunately, for me, it's not a happy ending."

I couldn't stop crying.

"You're not my father. Thank you for everything. I can't tell you how much I appreciate everything you've done. I'm so sorry to have put you through so much. I'm sorry."

I hung up the phone and broke down.

Elmer wasn't relieved.

His voice cracked during the call.

He wanted to be my dad!

He's not.

The lie continues.

On Friday, November 23, 2007, my father died for the second time.

This time, he wanted me!

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



FRIDAY, 13 MARCH 2009

Richard Dowrey (Ritchie Rich) is a father of two. Ritchie Dowrey is sixty-two-years of age, and Ritchie Dowrey is a friend to all. On this night, Ritchie Dowrey was celebrating his retirement.

Shawn Woodward is a thirty-five-year-old construction worker who is short in stature but sturdy in build.

Ritchie and Shawn had met only less than one hour before.

I arrived at the Fountainhead at 8 p.m.

I grabbed a seat at the bar facing the pool table and was in the company of Ritchie, Binh, 2G, and Casino Tim.

The pub was bursting at the seams with people. Binh asked Ritchie if he'd like to play pool.

Moments later, they played doubles pool against Shawn Woodward and one of Woodward's friends. I continued chatting with 2G and Casino Tim, with my eyes occasionally drifting towards the pool table.

SMASH

Shawn Woodward slammed Ritchie in the face as Ritchie was rounding the table close to the pub's entrance. Ritchie dropped like a board hammering his head into the tiling near the pub's entranceway. Ritchie lay on the floor with his life in jeopardy.

Shawn Woodward stepped over Ritchie's shattered body, walked out the door and began casually sauntering away.

RVJ, Cooper, and I followed him down the street to ensure he wouldn't leave the scene. We blocked his path at the mid-point of a community garden on Davie Street, approximately sixty feet from the pub's entrance. I stepped *nose-to-nose* with Shawn Woodward. I forcefully barked at him.

Why did you do that?

He's a faggot.

He deserved it.

He's a faggot.

I'm not a faggot.

The faggot touched me.

He deserved it.

I continued.

Do you realize you may have just killed a man in his sixties?

While we dealt with Woodward, RVJ, Casino, Tim, and 2G were tending to Ritchie. Casino Tim checked his pulse.

Woodward snapped back at me.

He's not in his 60s.

Don't you want to hit me?

I grabbed his hat and threw it over the community garden fence.

You want to hit me, don't you?

Calm down, Lindsay.

I don't have to fucking calm down.

I spun in a circle.

C'mon, try to hit me. Give me a reason. C'MON.

I pulled on his belt loops.

HIT ME

He's a faggot.

He deserved it.

He's a faggot.

I'm not a faggot.

The bouncers from a club across the street rushed across the street. They detained Woodward until the police came and took him away. I walked back into the pub. I passed Woodward's friend on the way. I asked him if Woodward was his friend.

Yes, he sure packs a powerful punch, doesn't he!

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3–5 JANUARY 2018

It's noon.

I stumbled right into the Emergency room.

I'm fifth in line.

It's been nine-months since my last visit (April 2017). The last time, I was fast-tracked past those who've likely been dealt shitty life cards; people society is kicking to a rudderless curb. I'm fast-tracked because I have been deemed to look normal. I'm fast-tracked because my joints are being crushed by a vice bringing with it a level nine-pain.

During the April 2017 visit, fast turned into a three-hour stay; it was welfare night and a night dubbed Mardi-Gras by the healthcare professionals.

When I was finally stationed in the examination room, I glanced to my right; an overworked doctor was slamming a needle into the chest of a card-carrying member of the living dead, shocking him back to life. He was high on what-fucking-ever. He gasped for air.

One-hour prior, Mr. High lay on my feet, eating a banana, squeezing an empty bottle incessantly, the crackling spurring insanity in anyone within earshot.

He gasped for air once more.

A needle fell from his pocket.

It rolled up to my feet.

The nurse told him; he was good to go.

High is waiting outside for him.

The ER doctor examined me, not really. I'd prepared my medical history, she wasn't interested.

I'd snapped photos of my expanding extremities.

The pain was relentless.

She wasn't interested.

So, your ankles have tripled in size? Do you want to vomit when you eat

because your throat closes? Your pain level is 9? You can barely turn your neck? Hmm. My feet swell by the end of my shift. This isn't an emergency. Go home.

But I just watched you slam a needle into - never mind.

Shall we take a moment to add REASON 2,345 to why guys don't go to the ER?

- 1. We're guys.
- 2. We're stupid
- 3. We think we're invincible.
- 4. We're stubborn.
- 5. We prefer to whine.
- 6. We're stupid.
- 2345. Overworked, and yet somehow, lazy, bleeping doctors (only a few).
- 2346. If my throat closes + feet triple in sign + a steamroller is inflicted unbearable pain, then my current situation, soon to be described, couldn't possibly be worthy of an ER visit.

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8 OCTOBER 2016

arose, knowing if this was ever going to be my last chance to see my mother alive. Snow battered the rental car's windshield during the drive to the hospital.

My tears froze to my cheeks.

I stumbled from the parking garage toward the hospital. The hospital's hallway stunk with a sterile familiarity cemented my memory banks from spending seven-years watching my parents die.

When I arrived at the nurse's station of the ward, it was silently labelled: Terminal. I checked the chalkboard. Bernice's final resting place: Room 101.

I began to enter her room. Paused. Four sneaker-clad feet were facing the bed.

Don't let it be family, I thought.

Don't let it be junity, I thought.

I began trembling. A nurse approached and asked if I was, okay? Words began pouring out of me.

I was the youngest of seven. My parents died. I watched them take their final breaths. I found out my life had been a lie. I was a secret baby, born in a secret place. Religion judged me: I became the shame of family and community.

My mother played the role of angry sister.

Her life is winding down.

I will say hello.

I will say goodbye.

I will stay strong.

When I leave her bedside, I think my 'being' will shatter into thousands of pieces resulting in me turning into a frozen drivelling mess as my home that never was, will be no more.

The nurse looked into my tear-stained eyes, and with the utmost of tenderness,

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

said, "Don't forget about you."

The curtain opened. Two orderlies walked out. It was time for me to go home one last time.

Before entering the room, the photo Robyn sent flashed in my mind.

I returned to my father's deathbed; his frail body ravaged by Cancer.

I flashed to my mother's deathbed; her frail body ravaged by Cancer.

Tears exploded from my eyes as I recalled my mother's final "goodbye."

I entered the room. Bernice's skin was pallid. She looked like she was about to turn to dust.

Bernice glanced my way.

Her eyes sparkled momentarily.

She began to cry.

Hello, mother, I said, my body shuddered. I continued. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what you had to endure. I'm sorry we missed each other's lives.

Bernice's voice cracked; We had nothing against you.

For the next ninety-minutes, I attempted to *birth* a relationship with my dying mother.

Bernice chose to rail against the family. *Dad was awful, a bitter man, an angry man*. I attempted to change the flow of the conversation.

I have to ask: Who's my father?

Bernice snapped back, *I'm happy; it wasn't that asshole*.

That as shole happened to be the man listed as my father on my birth record. That as shole happened to be a man I had built a two-year relationship with, ending with a DNA test. *Hello, Elmer, it's Lindsay; I have bad news: you're not my father.*



Who is this man? Why is he here?

A frail lady in the next bed asked. A lady who happened to have been Bernice and Sadie's roommate fifty-years ago in Brooks, Alberta. Now, they were dying together in the same sterile hospital room.

He's my son, Bernice proudly stated and then glanced back toward me.

We had nothing against you. Your father - my father - wasn't a good man. The night before they were coming to take you away, I begged, cried, and pleaded to mother for us to keep you. Mother finally gave in. We kept you.

It was time to go; I hugged Bernice delicately, kissed her gingerly on the right cheek, looked into her eyes, and whispered, I give you, my love. Be strong.

We broke the embrace. It was the second hug of our sporadic lives together. The first was on the night, *mine* — and Bernice's mother, Rebekah, died. Now, my mother was dying for a second time.

I ambled out of the room, looked back at Bernice; her eyes were teeming with tears. Bernice looked at me and softly said, her voice filled with anguish:

I am never going to see you again, am I?

At that precise moment, I realized: I would never be going home again.

THIS IS MY LIFE-IT IS IMPORTANT TO SHARE-IT IS VITAL TO SHARE



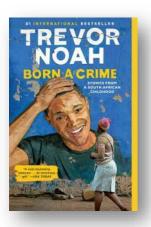


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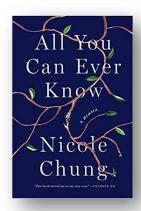
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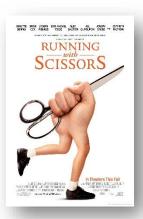


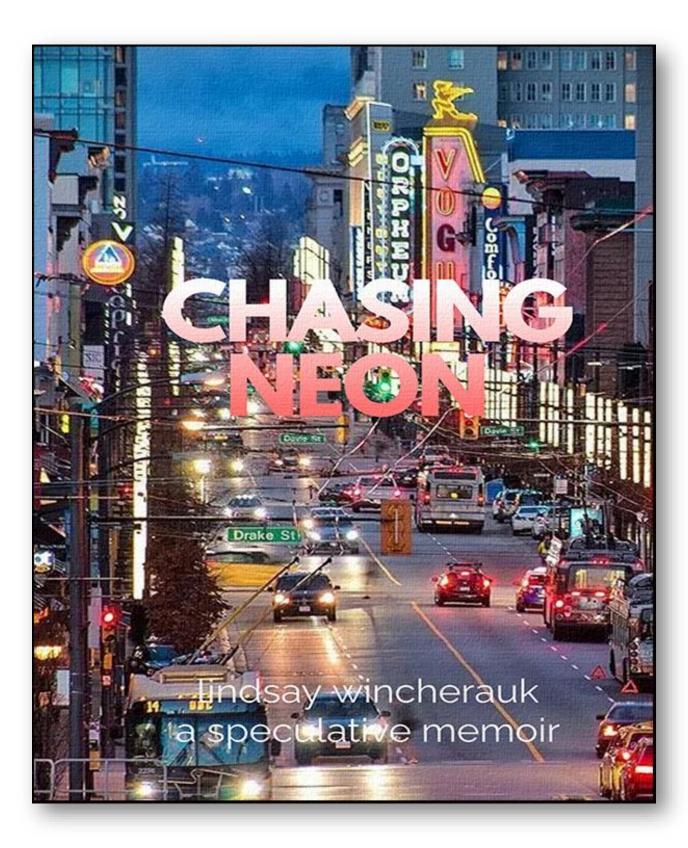


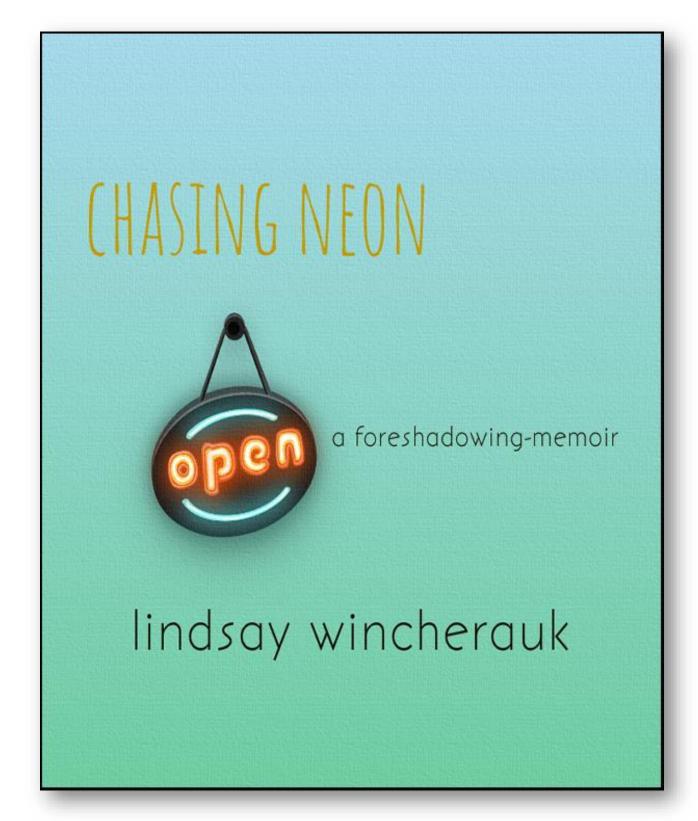












Follow-up to the Best Sellers

Follow-up to the Best Sellers

Pile

My Life on the Slush Pile

Glue



CHASING NEON

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A SPECULATIVE MEMOIR

How can you figure out where you are supposed to go

If you don't dream

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A SPECULATIVE MEMOIR

hasing Neon is the breathtaking follow-up to the extraordinary My Life on the Slush Pile + the riveting, heart-wrenching Glue. Once again, with unflinching honesty, author Lindsay Wincherauk continues to piece his life together with the label of illegitimate haunting him daily.

In Chasing Neon, Lindsay ponders his future, but comes to realize, the most important thing in life, is living in the here and now because as we learned in Glue, you never know when a helicopter is going to fall from the sky and **SPLAT**.

In Chasing Neon, Lindsay grapples with his own personal challenges while the forces of living attempt to tear him apart. Lindsay in an unfathamoble manner comes to realize we are all interconnected, and Chasing Neon showcases the strength, struggles, and hopes, as Lindsay desperately tries to make sense of life. Lindsay takes readers on wild ride in this powerful storytelling experience.

Chasing Neon is full of humanity, humour, promise, and insight into the plight of humans who are forced to the fringes of society simply because of their origin story.

Chasing Neon is not only great joy to read, but also evocative, timely, full of tenderness, and a true testament to the power of never giving up.





A SPECULATIVE MEMOIR

BROTHER GREG

aulted by niceness, overcompensating for something vacant from youth?

Picked up from the airport by Wayne — a few pops to refresh memories, and then, deposited at my home, waiting to return from work.

It's the first time Fuzzy didn't scratch or bite me. She just purred. It's very sad, he said.

Fuzzy, I love you.

Her tail wags. The end is near. I can't stop it. I'm not sure I've done the right thing.

We escape toward liquids, neon, memories past, and the creation of new. Greg has returned home to deal with some family matters... to organize, collect, and put things in order, gain peace with his father, and find a way to escape from the tasks mentioned earlier—if only for a moment.

So, escape we did – not without heavy hearts.

Fuzzy, I love you.

Her tail wags—time is running out.

One place, mussels complemented with beers crafted by monks. A stroll to a second place, beautiful servers—multi-million-dollar ambience—then the next place, Christa behind the bar, saucy, succulent, beautiful.

The calmness of our friendship was overriding the inevitability of death.

A nightcap mixed with jetlag; Greg's escape before the duty was complete; home was beckoning.

Fuzzy, nearly motionless on the bathroom floor, *I love you*, tears burst forth.

Greg crashes on my couch, I lay on the floor with my Angel, her heart...beats... beat.....beat....beat...

I'm drowning in my tears as I know the next pulse may be her last. My strength is gone — she's only a cat. God damn it, she's only a cat.



56

STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

I gingerly place my hand over her; she purrs, wags her tail ever so slightly—she never abandoned me.

You live on the fourth floor.

She would have never abandoned me—her purrs and tail wags assure me of that.

I can't fix her.

Escaping inevitability; demoralizing.

My spirits, sinking, my soul empties, she's only a cat; she's much more than that, my voice is nearly vacant, cracking, waning, weak, *Fuzzy*, *I love you*, she finds the strength to purr and summons a fading wag of her tail, her heart stops; her body is slathered with my tears; she leaves me, forever.

Death is not making me stronger — I know there is no way to avoid it — I've seen too many, Fuzzy's pains me on a level much higher than I could ever imagine; for nearly nineteen years, I believed I was taking care of her, in reality, she was really taking care of me.

I'm alone. I need to find a way to let someone in.

'Brother' Greg's presence eases the burden of solitude, masking alone, with duty... we're never truly alone.

I wrap Fuzzy in two towels and carry her stiffened corpse to the front entranceway of my apartment, covering her, allowing her to rest in peace; I then retreat to my room to try to find concord before I head to work at 5:30, it's now, 3:30.

I can't sleep until my tears finally run dry, at 5:00.



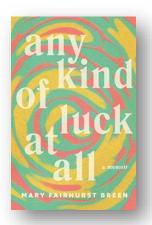
CHASING NEON -> SIMILAR TITLES

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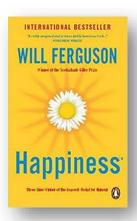












lindsay wincherauk said the white guy



recovering racists

life on the slush pile productions

I wasn't born racist

It was beat into me by noise.

SAID THE WHITE GUY

aid the White Guy is an examination of the voices floating around us daily. It challenges that every *white guy* (calm down if you are an exception) on this spinning rock is a recovering racist. Said the White Guy tackles racism from a fresh perspective; eradicating racist thoughts is not possible → and the necessity to pay attention

Why?

Because if we are truthful, us white folk, have been conditioned from the day we are born and not being racist must become a personal quest.

Many, if not most of us, have bought into the grift we somehow deserve more and discounting that the puppeteers working our strings are nothing more than puppets themselves as they attempt to keep life's playing field skewed to their advantage.

Author Lindsay Wincherauk admits he'll never truly comprehend the unwavering advantage whiteness has given him + the unforgivable truths we've inflicted on those who don't look like us, just because they have conditioned us to believe the festering lies of entitlement.

I don't want to be racist.

So, I'll write more. Listen to the voices floating around me. And make hard decisions on who can be in my life.

I want to recover.





SAID THE WHITE GUY

ne afternoon, at a local watering hole, when race came up, some of my friends claimed race issues are not an issue in Canada (they are).

When I react with disgust at their statements, I've been met with, "You need to stop

reading books about the plights of others."

I won't back down. Instead, our responsibility is to stamp out attitudes by having uncomfortable discourse—even if it ends friendships.

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

SAID THE WHITE GUY

If lash back to growing up in lily-white Saskatoon (decades ago). Saskatoon is (was?) predominately white; except for a large native population. I hope attitudes have changed. When I live there, horrific racist views were taboo—making inappropriate comments to an audience that looked just like you—funny right? Fellow, whites could be knee-walking-bile-puking drunk, which was okay. If a native was seen drunk, "Hey look at the drunken p...t"

Comments about other cultures floated through the air:

"I wish we had a black player on the team. It would give us an advantage for night games."

A University coach commenting (TV) on his recruitment efforts of a star black running back who was considering a scholarship to a US University:

"He should enroll here because on any street corner in LA there are 100s of guys just as good as him."

Reuben Mays was the NFL Rookie of the Year with the New Orleans Saints.

 $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

SAID THE WHITE GUY

 $m{4}$ H Clubs are nothing more than gang initiation. Little Tina loves her baby chick. She raises it from Day $1 \rightarrow$ but for her to be part of the group, she must learn to execute it and then her family has it for dinner \rightarrow this process desensitizes her to death and murder.

It's no different than when a young boy is given a baby pit-bull, he raises, trains to fight, and if it loses a fight, he is forced to put a bullet in his dogs head \rightarrow this process desensitizes him to death and murder.

I disagree. It's not the same, the 4H Club teaches children about business.

I disagree with you, so does dog fighting. Being part of a gang is like being part of a corporation. Everybody wants drugs. The only difference is the 4H Club is a religious cult, whereas dog fighting organizations, well, usually are ran by African Americans and immigrants.

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

SAID THE WHITE GUY

OVER THE COURSE OF THREE DAYS

wo twentysomething white guys passed me on the street. There was a poster of a missing indigenous woman on a street pole. They ignored the pain of 'missing' and began making fun of her name.

The next night out for a few pops at our local watering hole. Instead of hello, a friend plops down and chooses to rant about the veracity of the number of indigenous babies found buried at a residential school. He then switched gears too, "The city did a great job cleaning up the homeless from a city park. Finishing strong by questioning if it was a good decision by the opposition leader (politician) to be wearing a turban because it turned people off.

The following morning a lady asked me on the street, "How did you get so brown?" She then added, "I can only get white or pink."

And finally, a couple locking up their bikes, I overheard a middle-aged white woman say to her friend, "You pick the restaurant. It doesn't matter which one you pick; they have taken over this street. They are all the same."

I don't want to be those people I've mentioned above. I don't want those people in my life.

Part of my conditioning busting is stopping using those/they/them, but in this case, I think it suits those.

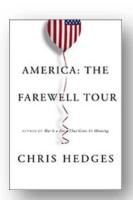
 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

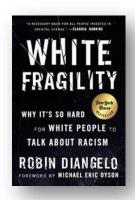
SAID THE WHITE GUY

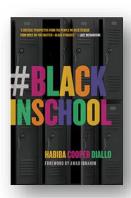
An editor I worked with compared my writing to Kafka, Barth, Marquez, and Charles Bukowski. She also said she believes my original style may eventually set the new norm for memoir writing. Readers of my last book have compared my style to Salinger, Sedaris, Burroughs, and Hunter S. Thompson.

I read a lot. I find it incredibly difficult to find similarities in the styles of anyone I've read with myself. There are brief moments of sameness, but the moments quickly blast into the ether.

Here are six (books + moi; I feel if you tossed these brilliant stories into a juicer together – perhaps – **Said the White Guy** would be the evocative blend coming out the other end.

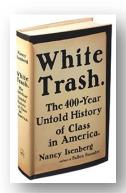












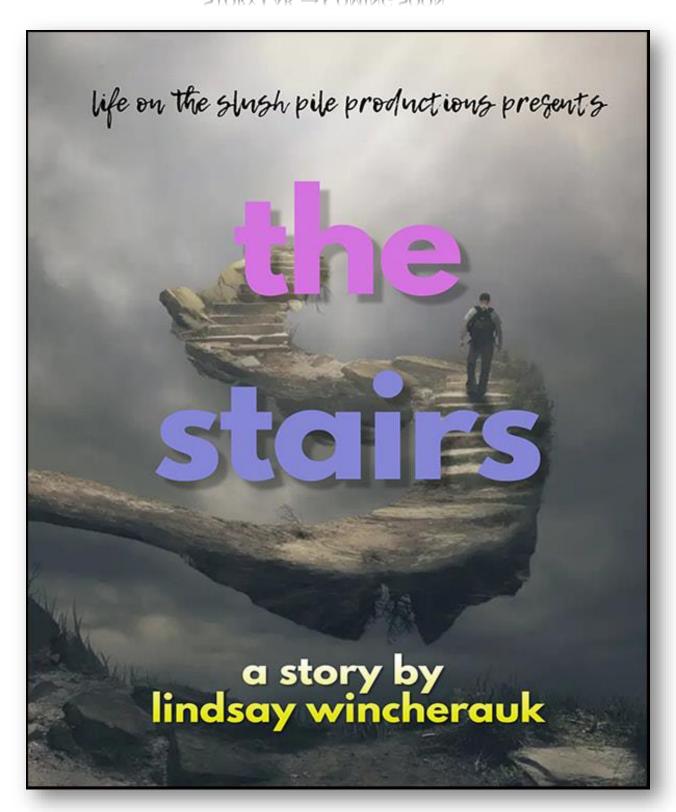
lindsay wincherauk 000 000 000 FIRED @ 59 life on the slush pile productions

If someone wasn't ready to call it a day →

How could they possibly survive?

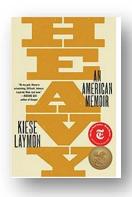
If they die; do you win?

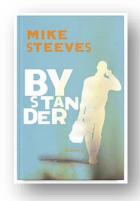
Welcome to the Dominion of Lindsay aka Lindsayland a story by lindsay wincherauk

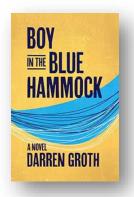




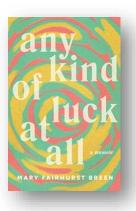
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK → 12 FAVOURITE BOOKS



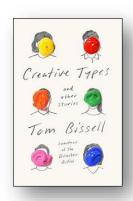


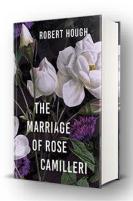






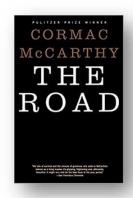










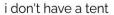




STORY LAB - COMING SOON

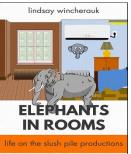
EXPOSÉ + SOCIETY + OPINION EXPOSE + SOCIETY + OPINION

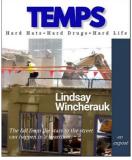
STORY LAB → COMING SOON

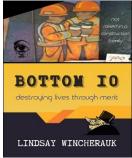


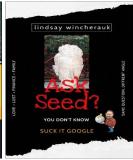


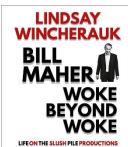
how greed is killing our elders by lindsay wincherauk







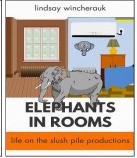




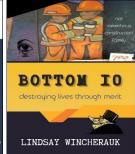


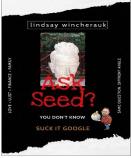


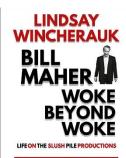
how greed is killing our elders by lindsay wincherauk

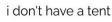






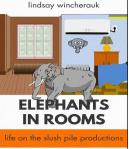


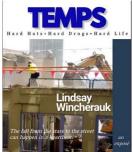


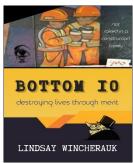




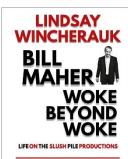
how greed is killing our elders by lindsay wincherauk

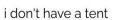






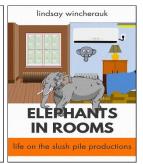






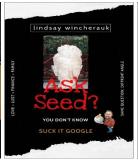


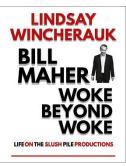
by lindsay wincherauk



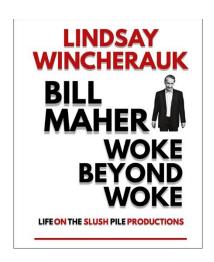








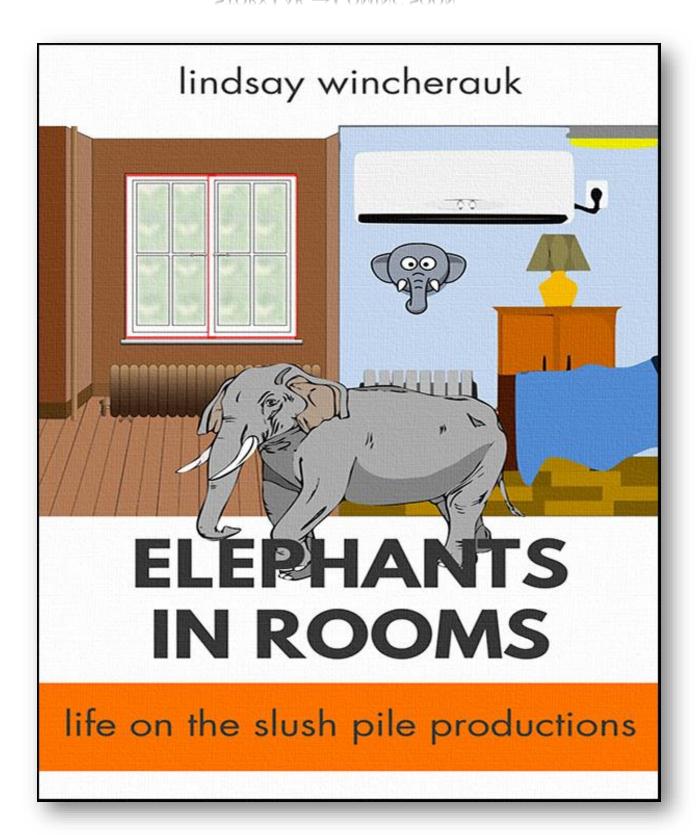




STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

5 X EXPOSE + SOCIETY + OPINION 5 X EXPOSE + SOCIETY + OPINION

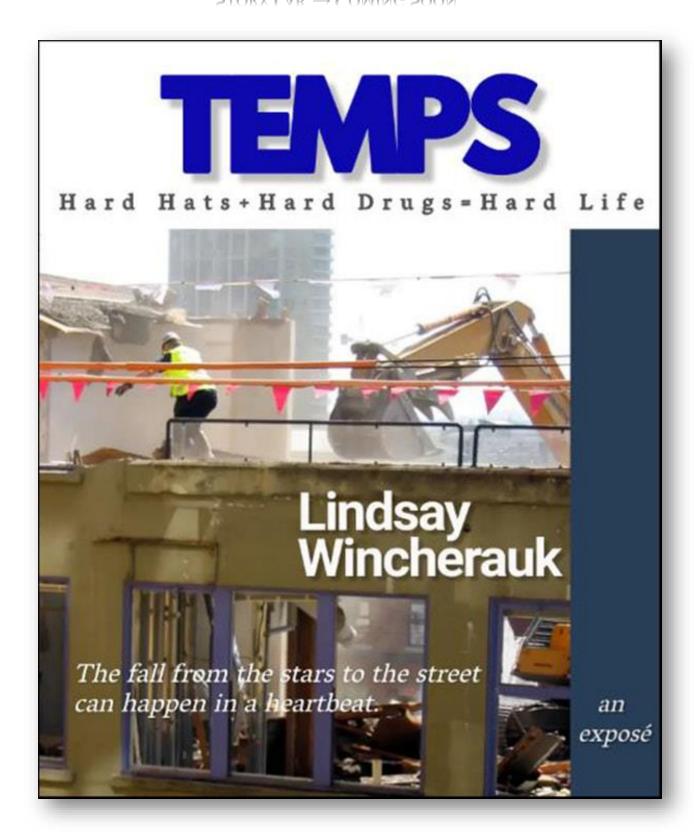
- 1. ELEPHANTS IN ROOMS
- 2. TEMPS (HARD HATS + HARD DRUGS = HARD LIFE)
- 3. BOTTOM 10
- 4. ASK SEED
- 5. BILL MAHER (WOKE BEYOND WOKE)



STORY LAB → COMING SOON

Every room has one.

Put you china in a safe place.



Drunk? High?

Life Got You Down.

\$\$\$s Don't Care.

PREDATORS ARE LURKING

Starving people who can't afford to eat \rightarrow are racing around on scooters delivering food.

Taxi drivers are being replaced by people who can't afford their car payments, drive people around (Uber + Lyft) → the app creator gets fat off of their effort.

People who can't afford their mortgages \rightarrow never mind \rightarrow Airbnb people can afford multiple homes \rightarrow they are a huge part of the problem

Exploited. Exploiting.

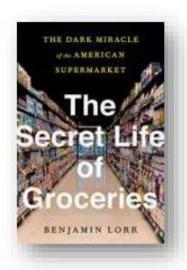
People who are starving, suffering, barely holding on; are easy targets for predators.

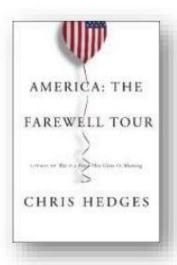
Something has to give.

A senseless act of violence.

Is it?

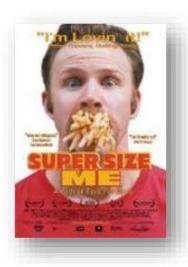
TEMPS -> SIMILAR TITLES

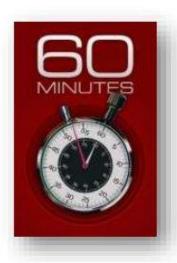


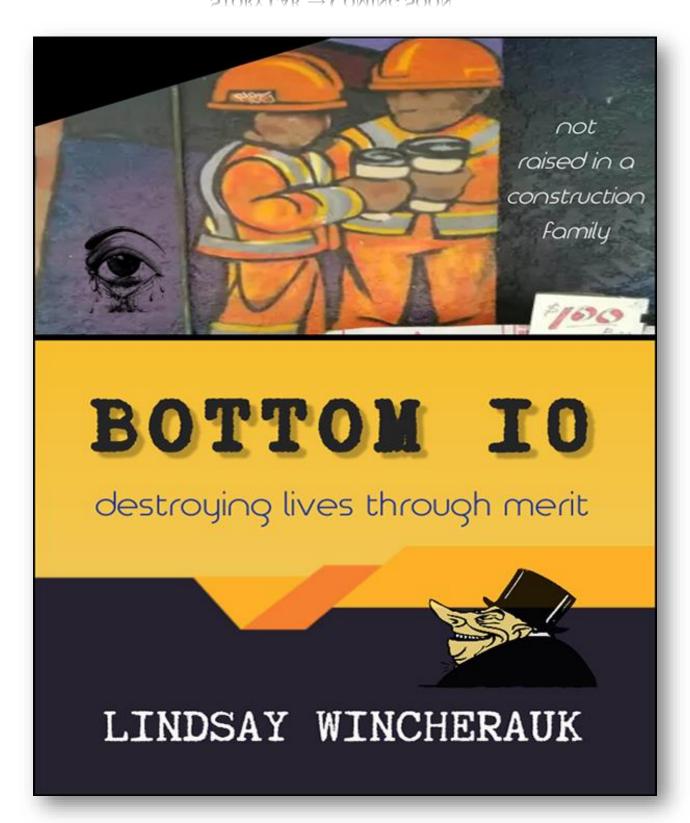












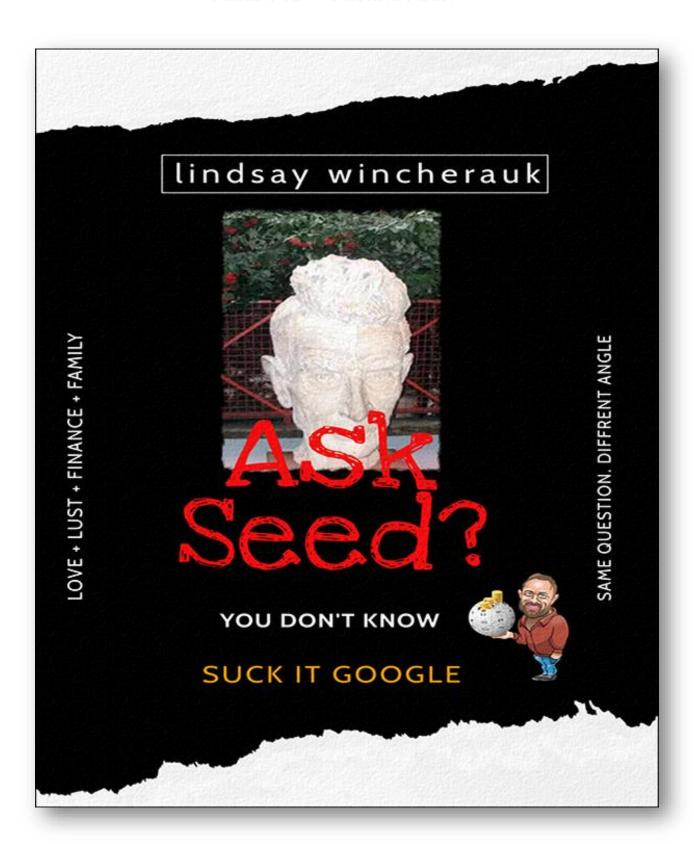
Drunk? High?

STORY LAB - COMING SOON

Firing People

Creates

Outdoor Living

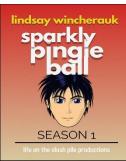


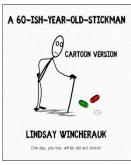
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK MAHER WOKE BEYON WOKE

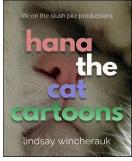
LIFEON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

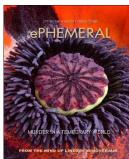
GRAPHIC + CARTOONS CRAPHIC + CARTOONS



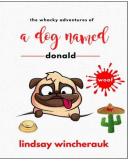




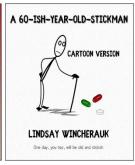


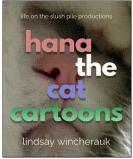


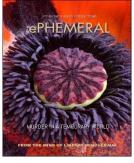








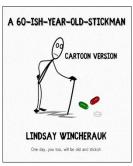


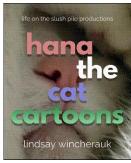


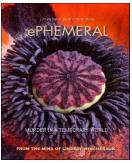




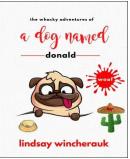








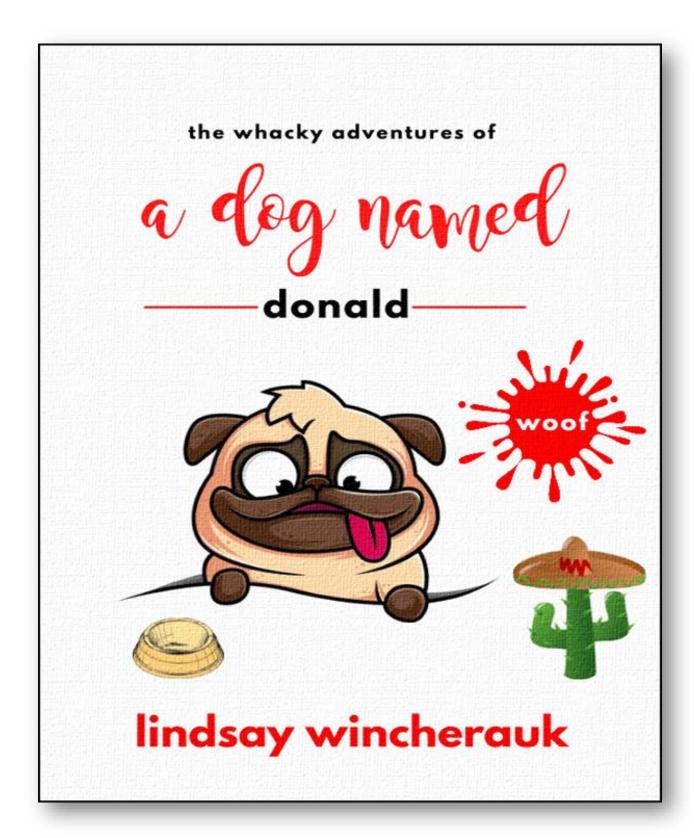






PX GRAPHIC + CARTOONS PX GRAPHIC + CARTOONS

- 1. THE WACKY ADVENTURES OF A DOG NAMED DONALD
- 2. Sparkly Pingle Ball (Series)
- 3. A 60-ISH-YEAR-OLD-STICKMAN
- 4. HANA THE CAT
- 5. E PHEMERAL
- 6. DRAWINGS BY HARLAN COLLECTED BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

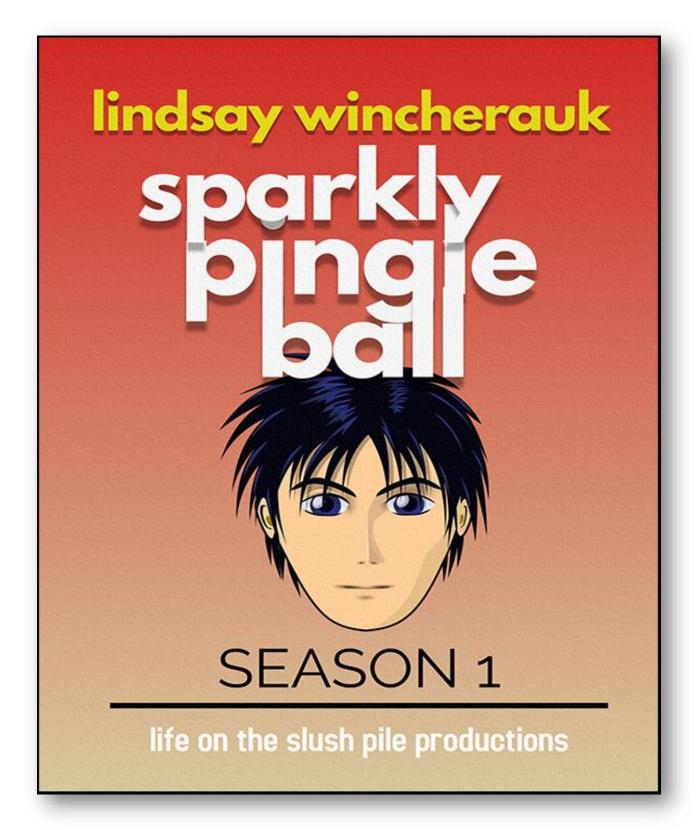


INSPIRATION FOR THE STORY

CHARLOTTES WEB

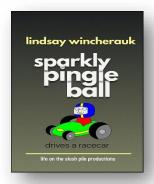
A little girl named Fern spares the life of Wilber, the runt of his litter of pigs, and is allowed to raise him, but that places Wilbur in danger of being eaten. A barn spider named Charlotte helps Wilbur escape slaughter at the hands of the farmer by writing messages praising him on her web.

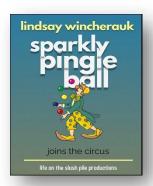
1. First Story – Donald races with the other dogs. But since he is a pug, he comes last. He receives a participation ribbon. The other dog owners scream in outrage. How can Donald grow to be a well-adjusted dog if he is rewarded for losing. Donald must learn. Donald is not upset. Donald is sad. He feels sorry for the faster running dogs. Donald's pug parents ask him why he's not upset? Because I feel sorry for the fast dogs, if the keep winning, which they will, how will they ever become more than just fast runners. As for me, I know I lost, people are stupid to think those like me don't know. We just want to play, nothing more. Sure, I'd love to win, but life has taught me to accept my limitations. Maybe one day, I will help a Doberman read.

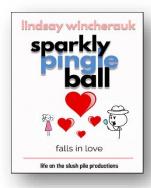


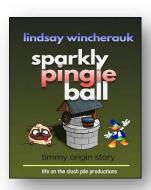
SPARKLY PINGLE BALL: SERIES 1

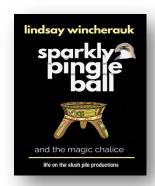


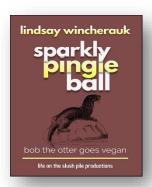






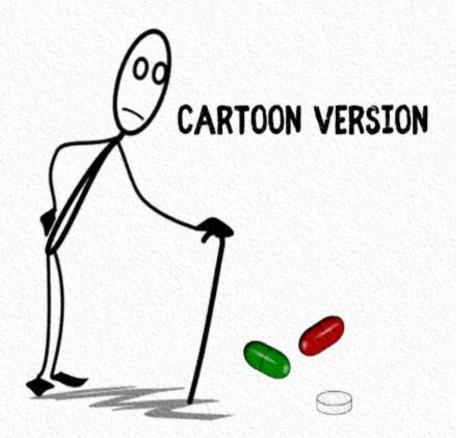






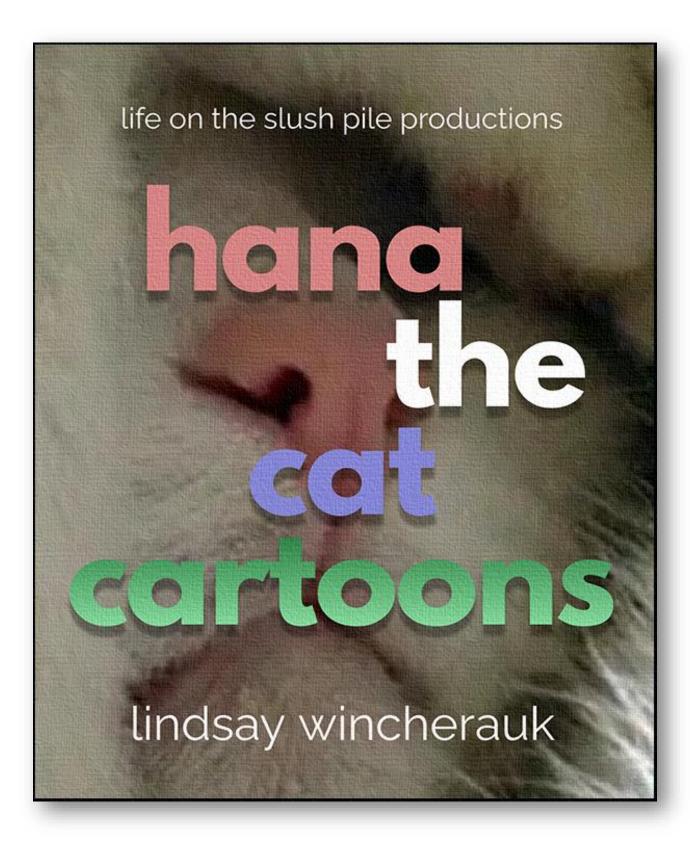


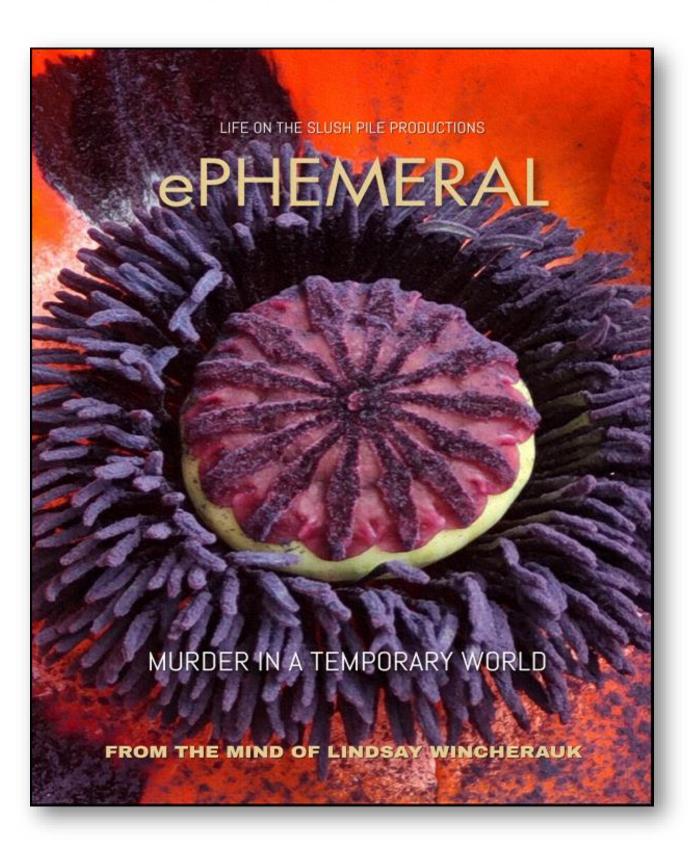
A 60-ISH-YEAR-OLD-STICKMAN



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

One day, you too, will be old and stickish.



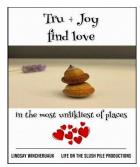


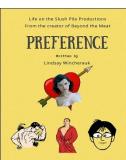
STORY LAB → COMING SOON

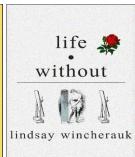
A Journey Through a Temporary World

LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS DRAWINGS BY HARLAN COLLECTED BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

LOVE STORIES

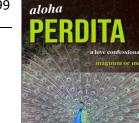




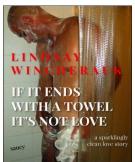


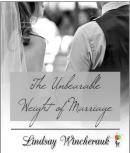




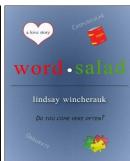


lindsay wincherank









10 X LOVE STORIES

- 1. Tru + Joy
- 2. Preference
- 3. LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS
- 4. THE LAST PLASTIC BAG
- 5. How to tell if your Partner Loves You
- 6. PERDITA
- 7. IF IT ENDS WITH A TOWEL, IT'S NOT LOVE
- 8. THE UNBEARABLE WEIGHT OF MARRIAGE
- 9. THUMBS UP
- 10. WORD SALAD

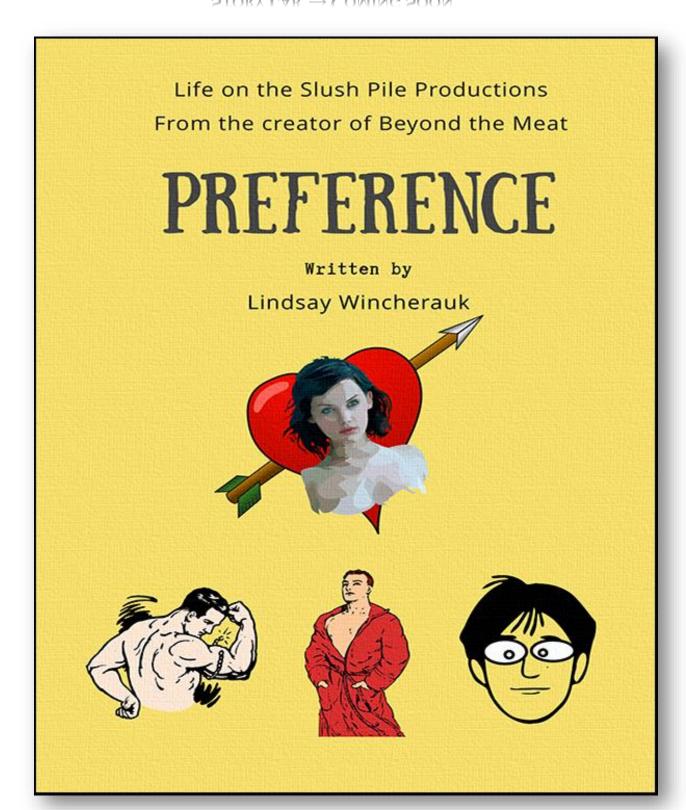


in the most unlikliest of places



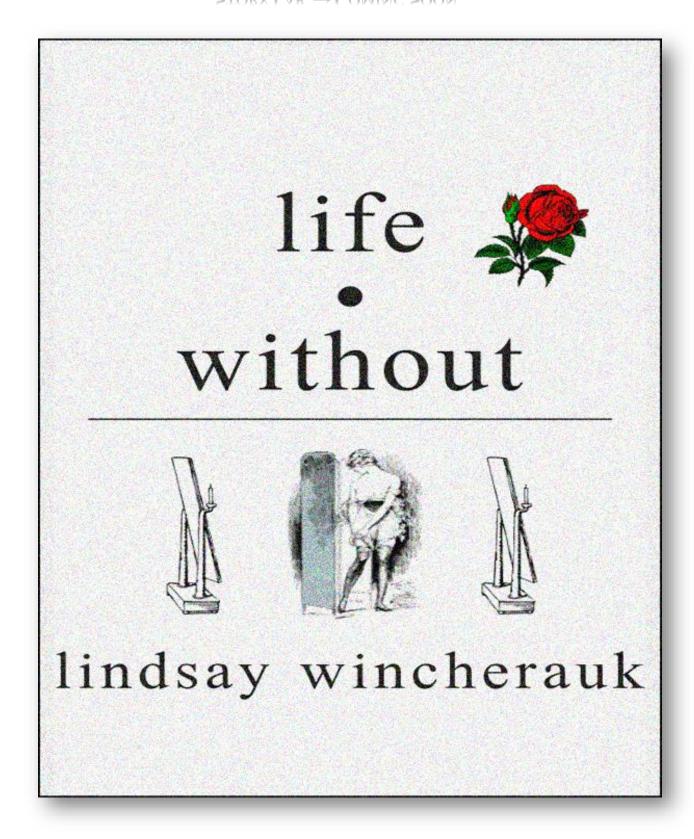
LINDSAY WINCHERUAUK

LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS



STORY LAB - COMING SOON

Chad loves Tiffany loves Bryce loves Chad; their triangle is fluid. Chad and Tiffany suspect Bryce of being unfaithful. They set up fake profiles dating sites to catch him, only to find out he only replies to their profiles. Carver waits on the sidelines for the triangle to implode.



STORY LAB - COMING SOON

FRAZIL, DID YOU GET NEW SHOES?

LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS



ne strength in this narrative is all the characters' ability and willingness to change. Olivia and Frazil exit this story as very different people than when the story began. There's plenty of plot and tension to keep the narrative moving. It's clear what Olivia wants for most of the story, and it's also clear what stands in the way of her getting it.

- Writer Magazine

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS



livia's husband, Frazil, is a cheating, controlling asshole. Olivia's esteem is in the dumpster until they visit the mirrorless town of Vanity, where finally, *she sees Frazil* for what he is. And then, Frazil loses control, Olivia falls in love with Tia (the sister of someone Frazil cheated with), and together (Olivia + Tia), start forming Olivia's escape plan.

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

STORY LAB → COMING SOON

LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS



In the weeks that followed, Olivia joined hot yoga, attended bootcamp-style workouts, had Botox done to the point where her forehead was located in the middle of her skull. And she took spin classes until her ass was so sore, she could no longer sit down, let alone walk.

All of this helped Olivia drop from a healthy SIZE 8 to a gaunt, emaciated SIZE 2 as scabs of flesh began flecking off her face.

But it wasn't enough. Frazil kept fucking Mia + Stuart + several others. Upon returning from work, late one night, Frazil said to Olivia, "Honey, have you done something to your hair?"

Olivia raced to the bathroom, tears washing fresh scabs off her face, looked into the mirror, and ranted incessantly about how *ugly, unworthy, unlovable,* and *undesirable* she was. She rambled on about how perfect and desirable Frazil is, especially since he'd been cycling steroids + bringing home gallon-sized drums of protein powder. Olivia's life was unravelling, while Frazil's, was swaddled in hedonism.



LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS



s one day morphed into the tragic nightmare of the next, Frazil's gums started bleeding, his hair began falling out, his eyes retreated into their sockets, and his body began to devour itself. And, oh yeah, he wore a black hoodie, every day, hood up, crack pipe flashing burning embers from inside the ghoul-inhabited hood.

Olivia began loving Tia, Mia's twin sister, on the side.

Every night, Frazil broke more when Olivia returned home, grinning from ear-to-ear, scented with Joe Malone perfume, Tia's favourite scent.

After an exceptionally long day at the homeless camp, Frazil looked up to the sky, only to be greeted by a talking cloud saying, "Go home, loser."

Frazil began walking. He passed a restaurant at the base of a thirty-storey tower. Olivia + Mia sat in the window, stealing kisses. Distraught, Frazil raced up the stairs of the building, stepping out onto a ledge on the rooftop: his destiny thirty floors below.

Olivia + Tia ambled out of the restaurant, hand-in-hand, walking lockstep, when suddenly, SPLAT, Frazil's body smashed into the roof of a car, windows exploding, thrusting shards of glass towards the passersby.

Olivia glanced at Frazil, life draining from his frail, broken body, and said, "Frazil, sweetie, did you get new shoes?"



LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS



It took only three months for Frazil to unravel in plain view. Drugs. Drinking. Drugs. Sexual abuse, festering disease lurking in each encounter. Destruction was found in need of another baggy. A bump. An encounter. A disappearing face.

And then.

SPLAT.

Life draining. Heaven's door slammed shut. Frazil was gone.

Olivia chuckled once more and then tumbled into Tia's waiting arms. The past no more. The future is bright.

Lips locked. Hands clenched together. Late at night, when Olivia + Tia called out each others' names, the only sound they heard was the sound of their hearts beating in the perfection of synchronicity. Their lives had become an endless dance. The pain had been cloaked in the warmth of their serenading hearts.

One year after Frazil's death, they screamed out their love for the whole world to see, marrying in the town of, Forevermore, thirty miles down the road from Vanity.

Standing by their side, Maude + Tom Brady. And Ryan, who had put down his crack pipe and started instructing yoga.



LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS



ia returned home. Wailing. Blubbering. Trembling. Breaking.

"What's wrong? What happened? Are you sick? You can tell me anything?"

Tia threw herself down on their bed, covered her head with a pillow, her tears reaching critical.

"Honey, what is it? I'm here. We can get through, whatever this is? Tell me. I love you."

Tia gingerly removed the pillow from her face. Her eyes were swollen and bloodshot. With tears still blasting from her eyes, she looked at Olivia, her voice quavering, and said, "I'm pregnant."

MORE TO COME!

 $\downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$

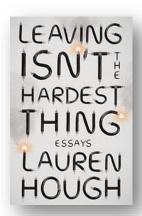
LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS -> SIMILAR TITLES



read a lot. Having said that, I find it incredibly difficult to find similarities in the styles of anyone I've read, with myself. There are brief moments of sameness, but the moments, quickly blast into the ether.

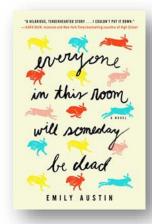
Here are six books, I feel if they were thrown into a juicer together—perhaps—GLUE would be the delicious blend coming out the other end.

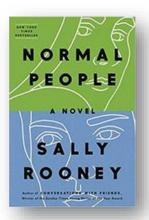


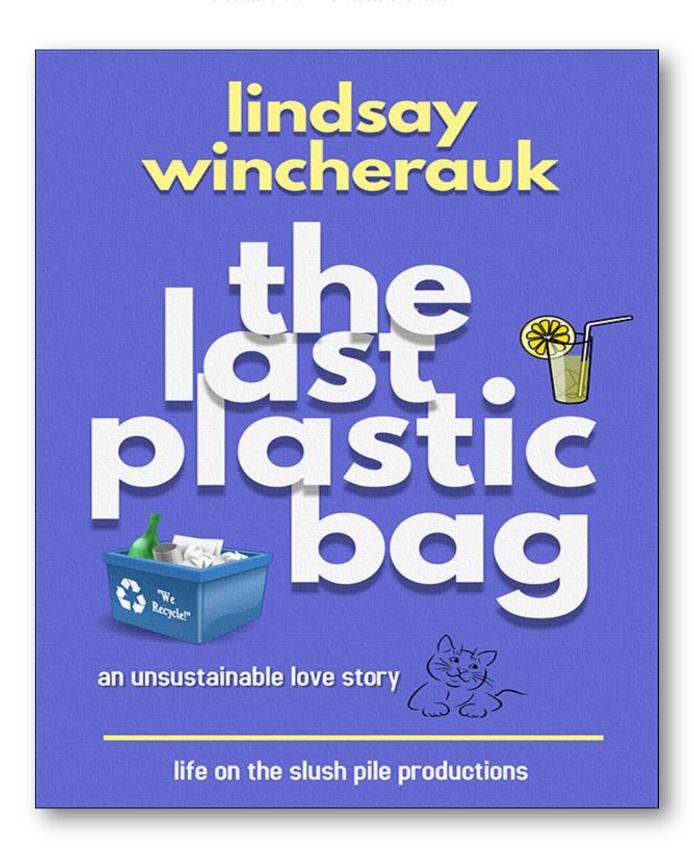


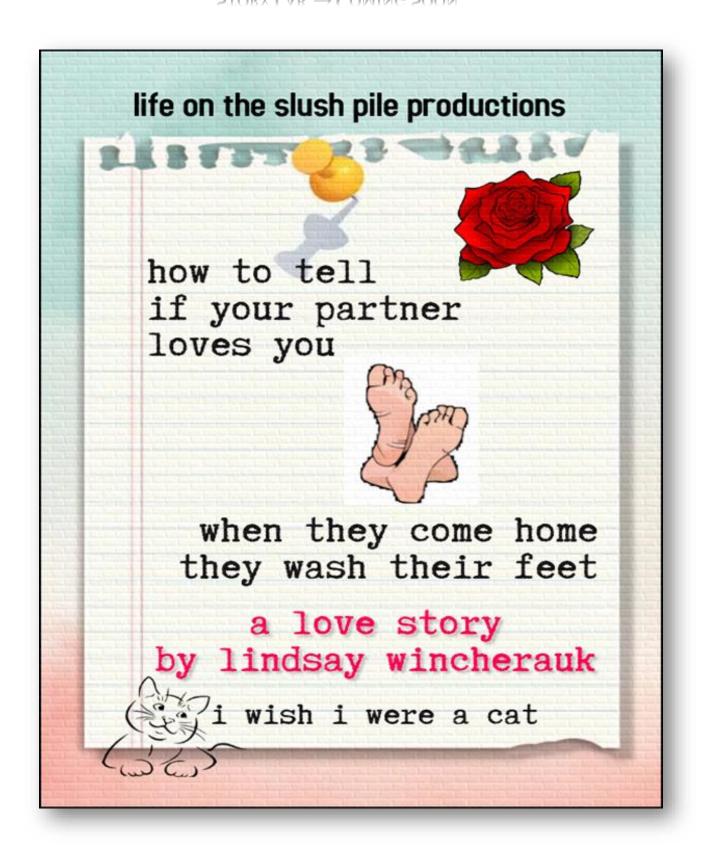


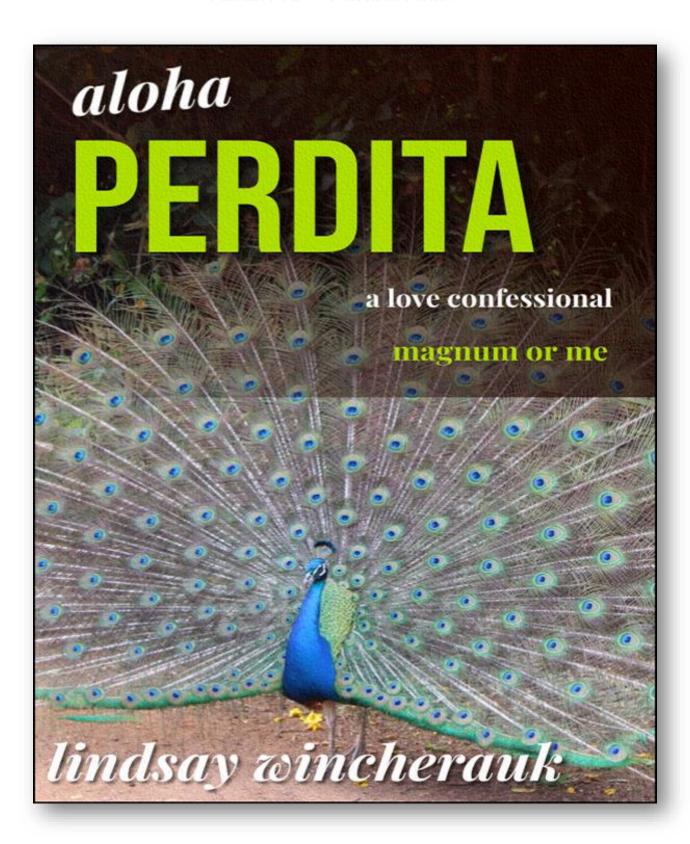


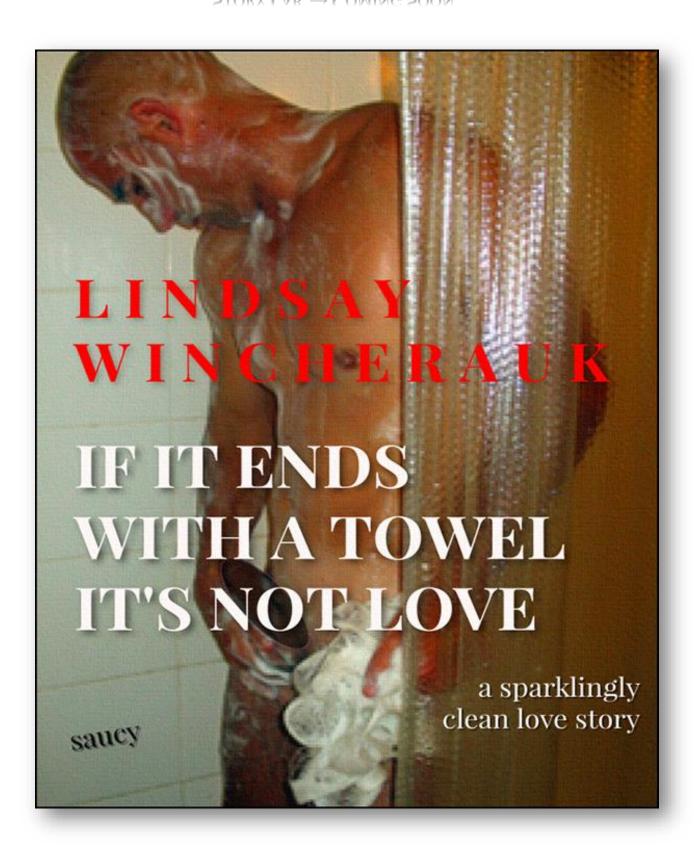


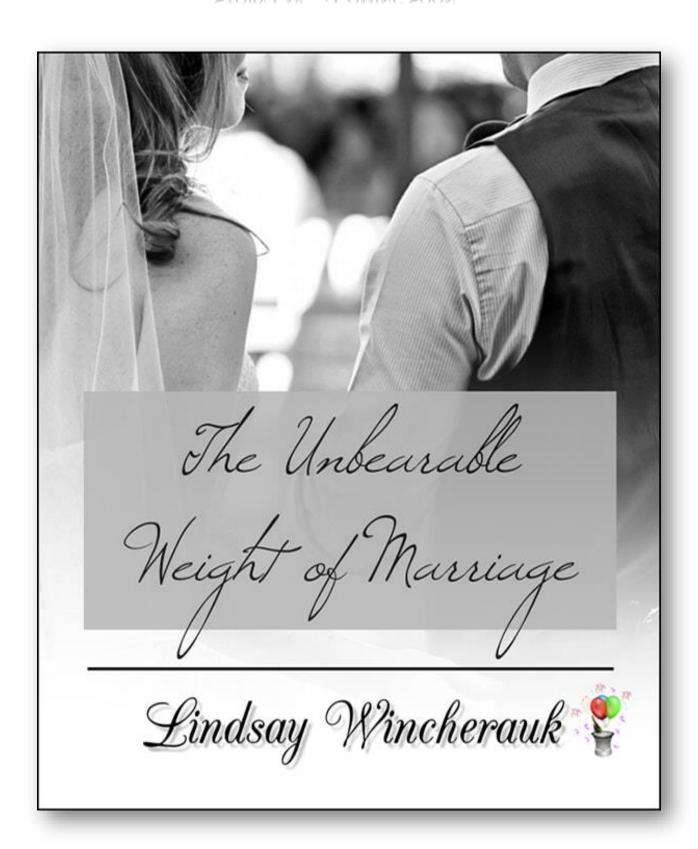






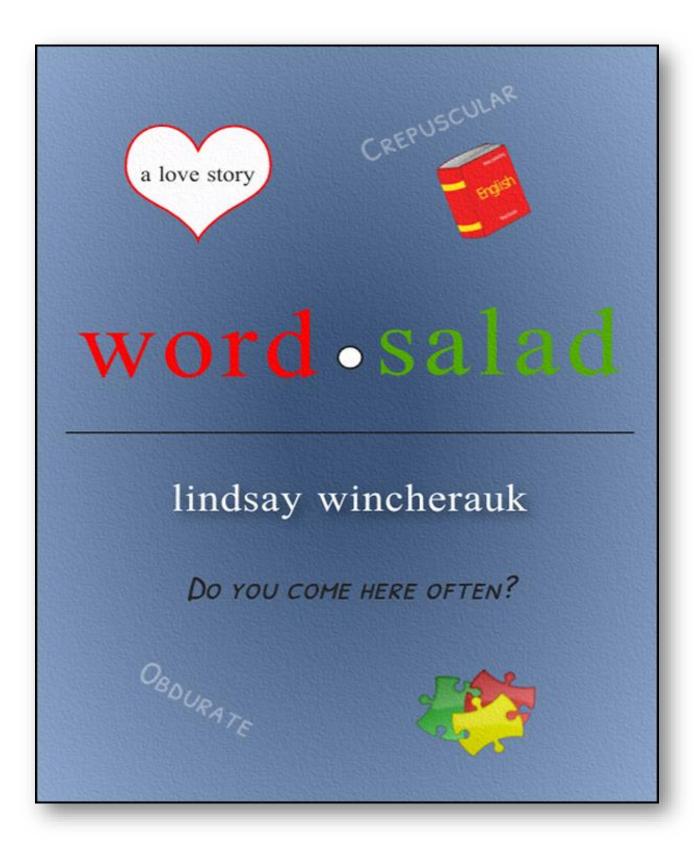






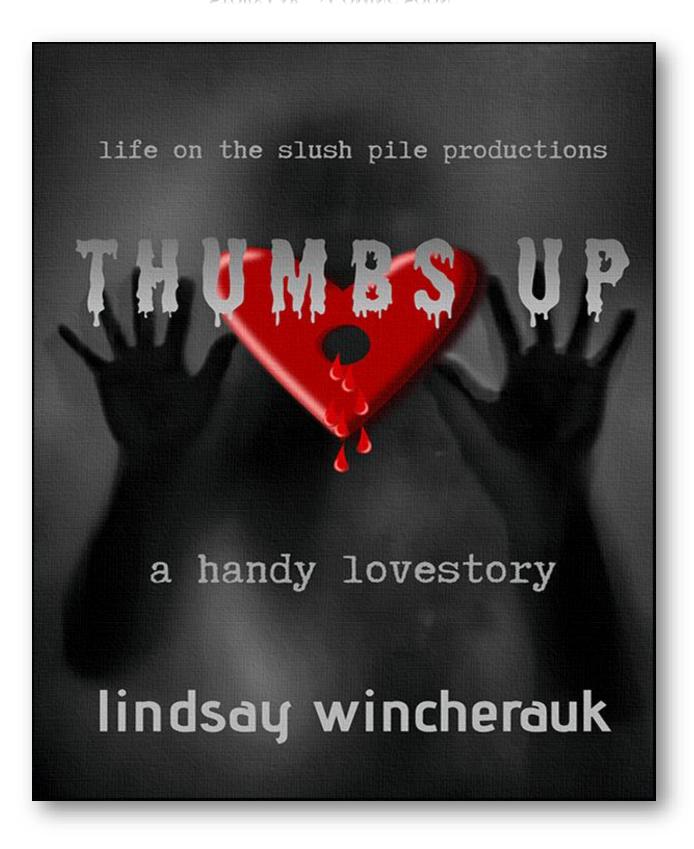
You say, I only hear what I want to.





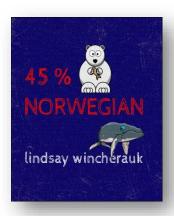
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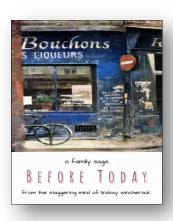
Be Used or Perish. Crepuscular Loves Obdurate → Do You Know What I Mean?



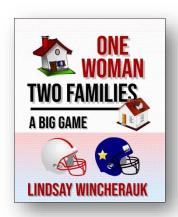
FAMILY

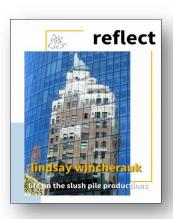








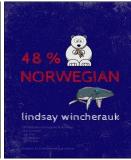


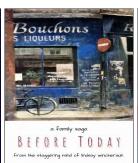


B X FAMILY DRAWAS

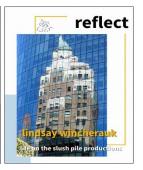
- 1. ONCE UPON A TIME
- 2. 45% NORWEGIAN
- 3. BEFORE TODAY
- 4. ONE WOMAN. TWO FAMILIES. A BIG GAME
- 5. Reflect
- 6. MOOD WALK

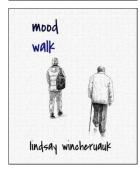






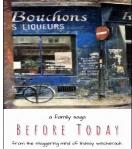






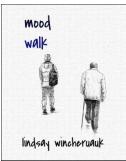






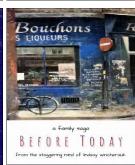




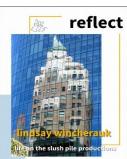


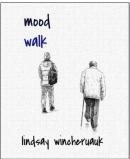




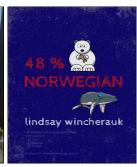




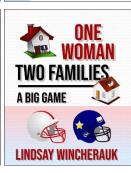


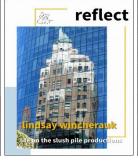


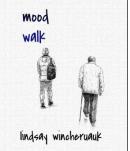




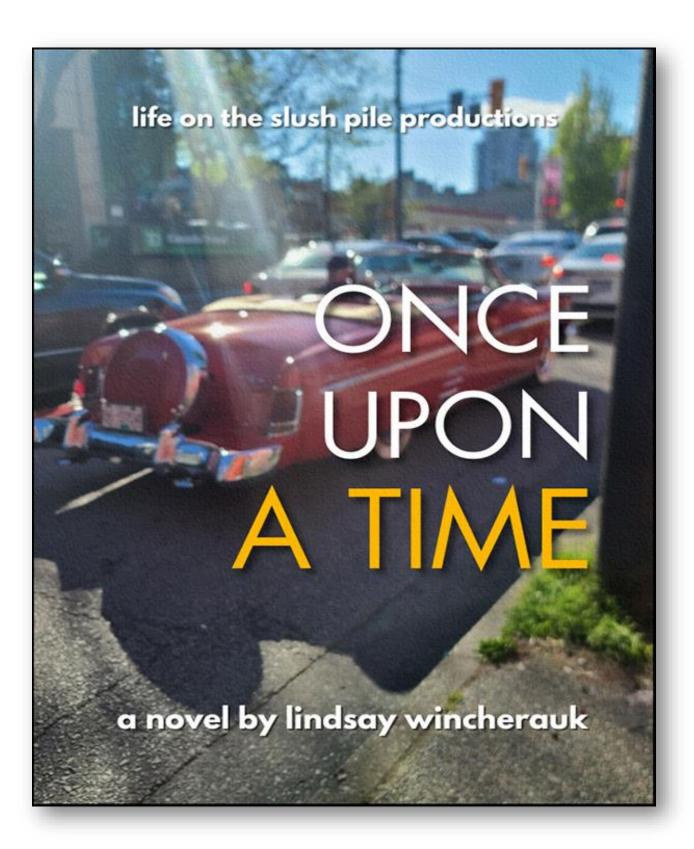




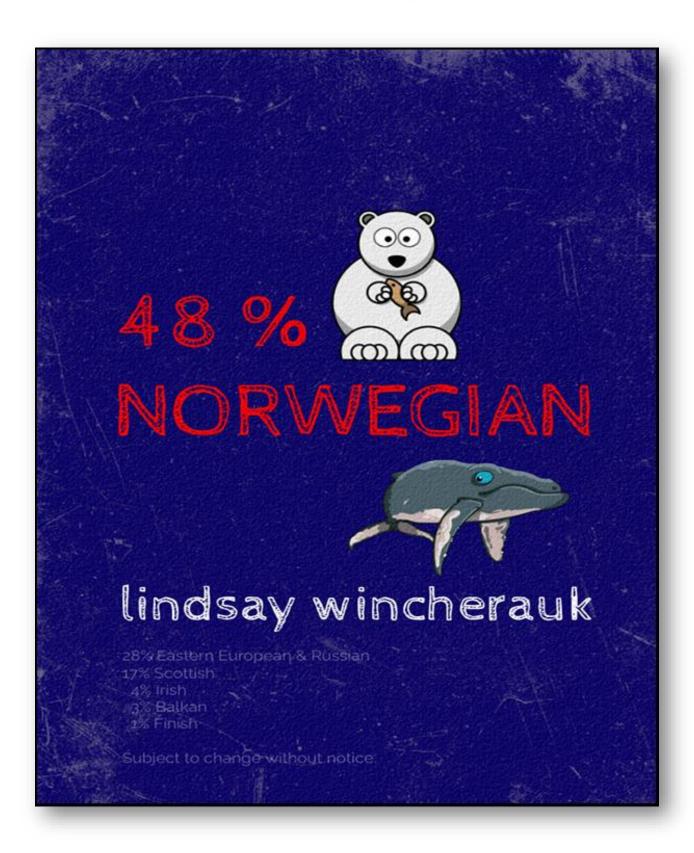


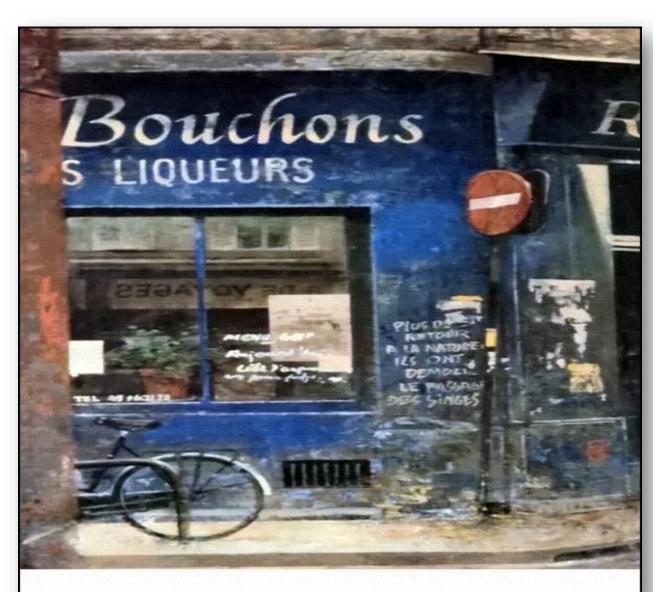






How did WE get here?

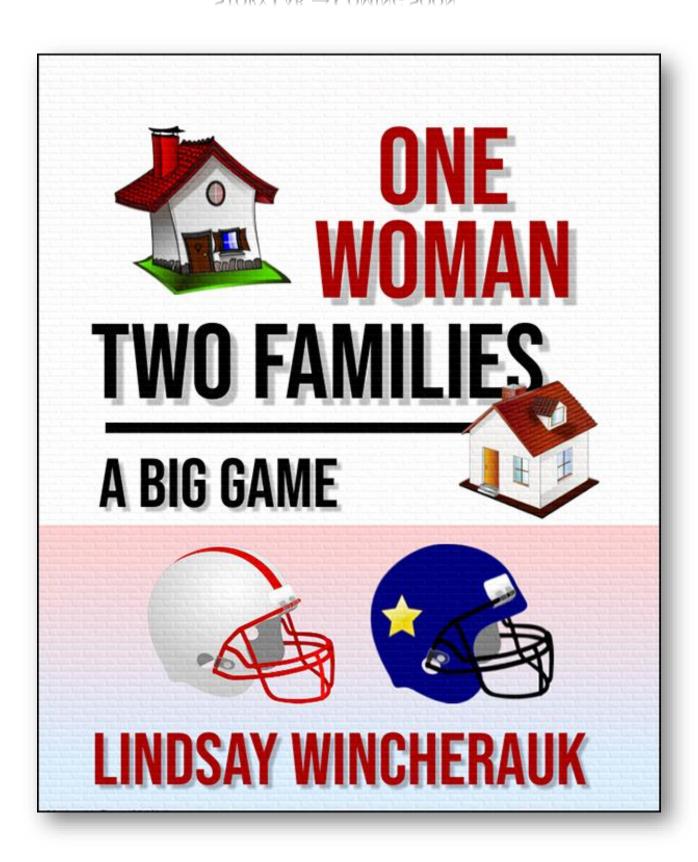


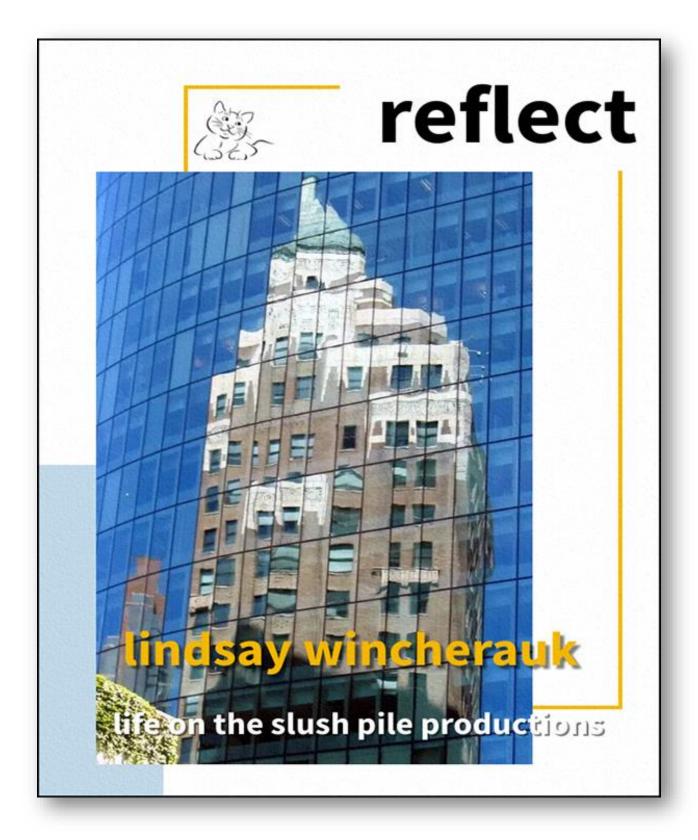


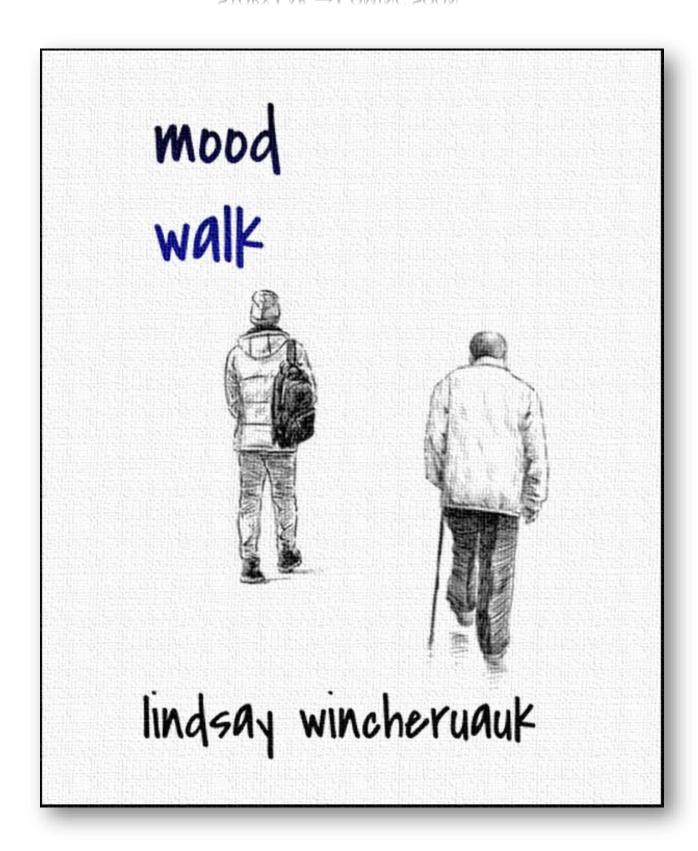
a family saga

BEFORE TODAY

from the staggering mind of lindsay wincherauk





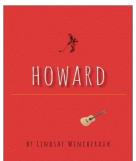


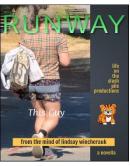
Sunday Walk. Almost 13 Years. IBud. Be Positive. Love you too, anyway. Boasting. Just sharing a cute moment. You are being a bit dickish today. One moment be positive. Next angry with a mother for sharing a cute moment. Excited. Idea. Grant. Questions. It's already been done. TikTok. I give up. I won't try anymore. For anything. Dramatic. Mood shift. Don't stress me. Heart. I might as well just die. Poke. Silence. The air grows heavy. Walk three steps behind. Stew. Enter own mind. Race. Race. Race. Need 3,000 words. Mixed up. What is he thinking. Speculate. Where are you going? Home. You are going to the pub anyway. Why would I want to stay with silence. It feels like I'm being dragged around by a mood. Go read. Okay. I don't want you to come. You do. You sit in silence. You mope. You usually watch me read. You go to sleep. Brooding. It's time to go. No words. Another block dragged. Keep going. I want to take a picture. Am I doing it to slow you down? No. But I'm afraid you'll grow even quieter. Papers. Get Papers. Shouted at the people behind us. Spit blasting from the shouters mouth. Papers. Papers. Get Papers. He's on drugs. He struts passed us. I look at you, he was being a rude fucking prick. You nod. We turn a corner. One block to the pub. Silence continues. I'm about to leave you. You are going out for the night. To a movie. Before you leave, you ask me if I want to make Macaroni + Cheese for my dinner. I say sure. You say you'll pick some up. Do we have butter. Yes. Love in silence. We go separate ways. I enter the pub. Jim is about to leave. He decides to stay. He asks about my day. I tell him it was over three hours of silence and being dragged along by a mood. He chuckles. I tell him if he doesn't want to talk to me, it's okay. I'm used to it. He chuckles again. He stays for several beers.

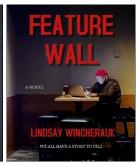


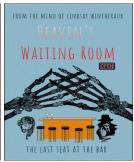
22 X DRAMEDY

- 1. Howard
- 2. RUNWAY
- 3. FEATURE WAL
- 4. HEAVEN'S WAITING ROOM (THE LAST SEAT AT THE BAR)
- 5. Drug Store Sandwich Board
- 6. WE ARE ALL THIS LIFE
- 7. YOGA SCOTT
- 8. THE PODCASTER
- 9. THE MAYOR, THE POSTMAN, THE WRITER, AND GREGG
- 10. WHAT DO WE DO WITH OUR HANDS
- 11. SCOTT THE EDUCATOR
- 12. RAISED IN A CONSTRUCTION FAMILY
- 13. NIGHT TALKERS
- 14. THE SEAWALL
- 15. THE PLAYGROUND
- 16. QUADRATHON
- 17. STANLEY (RESURRECTED)
- 18. THE MAN WHO WATCHED BABY DRIVER ALMOST 50 TIMES
- 19. STANLEY'S 3RD COUSIN MELINDA
- 20. STANLEY'S GREAT → GREAT COUSIN BIRDY
- 21. STANLEY'S AUNT HELEN
- 22. COFFEE SHOP \rightarrow
- 23. COFFEE SHOP 2
- 24. MINCEY
- 25. MY MOMMA BROUGHT OIL

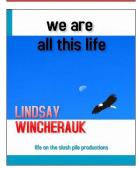


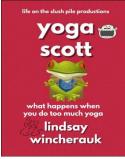




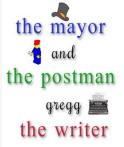


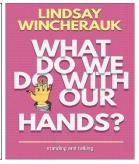


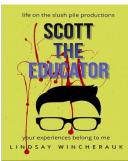






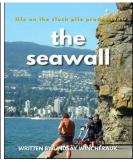


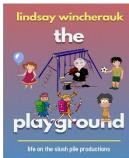


















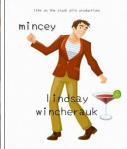


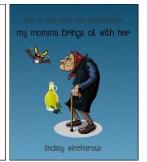


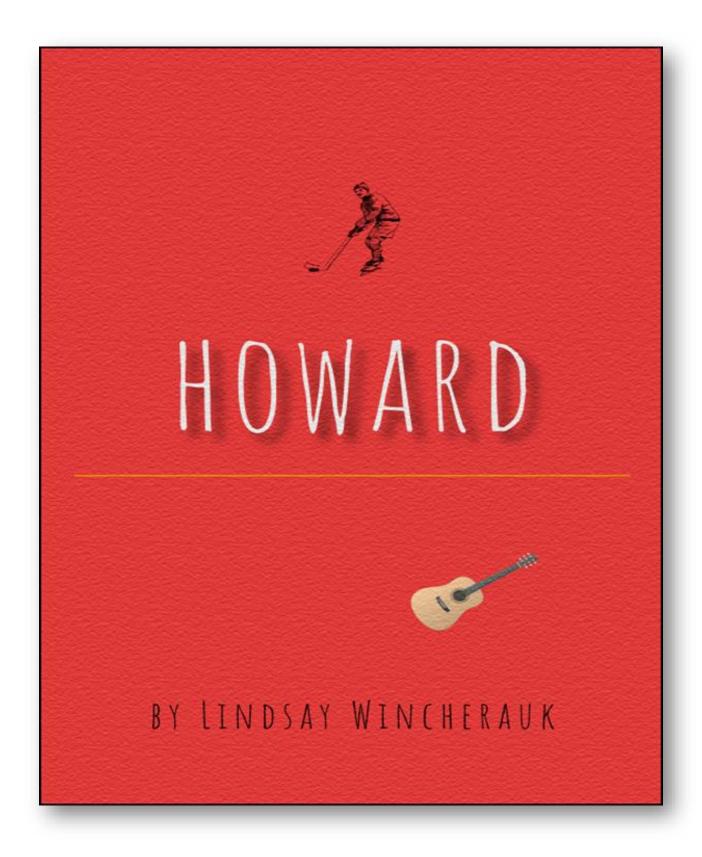














What a beautiful cover.

Who decides if I'm okay?

Thanks for stopping, Officer Blight; I got you an Egg McMuffin + two hash browns; see you next week.

Toward is a hockey phenom, a guitar aficionado, and a great guy. Oh, and he's a drunk; after finding out the truth of his upbringing, his life unravels in darkly humorous ways.

Cringe. Cringe. Cringe.

There's a little Howie in each of us. This is his story!





s a full-blown drunk — he may prefer alcoholic — he likely prefers being called Howard. He's affable, odd, musically inclined, + barely holding on to life

Countless Howards and Helens are roaming around, broken.

On summer days, I like to take a book to read at the picnic benches of a park across from where I live. I was going to say *good book* but at the last minute changed my mind and typed, book, because how could I possibly know if the book was good before I fucking read it?

Because a book critic said, it was good.

Fuck the book critic and anyone who thinks they have climbed the literary critique world, and their opinions are paramount. They are not. On summer days, I take a book to the park. I'll decide if it is good for me or not after reading. And if I like it, even a smidge, I post it on my website. If I don't. I don't (most of the time – post it on my site, that is). I spare everyone my opinion.

Crap – I feel an off-tangent pull.

I hate fucking hate. I also hate critics. Every single type of critic. Who the fuck, are you to destroy people's will?

I liked Zoolander 2. Yes, I know it was trite. But, but because of you, movie critic, one of my asshole friends chimed in.

"Hey Linds, what did you get up to today?"

"I went to a movie with Jay, Zoolander 2. We loved it."

"The critics said it is garbage."

Well, friend, they had to review it, so isn't the joke on them? Asshole. Why are you trying to convince me I shouldn't like what I like? Unless, of course, it is the song "Physical" or that horrific song "I can't live, if living is without you." If you claim to like the second song, you needy to bleep, I suggest you purchase a blow-up doll or seek counselling.

I hate all critics + YELP.

If anything sucks, a book, a movie, a restaurant, a city... anything, let them fail by their own accord. They don't need your condescending push.

Hei kjære, min dyrebare sommerfugl. Ønsker du å ta noen pannekaker.

Sorry about that, I just found out I'm 44% Norwegian + 28% Russianish – my native tongue has begun flowing out of me, I think. I'm not sure what the words mean. All I know is they are likely incredibly deep.



I'm sitting at the picnic table with my book + a chocolate milk. It's about 30° Celsius, 86° if you are American. I'm wearing a hat. I must wear a hat, or my shorn skull will turn into a cancerous nightmare. The sun is beating down relentlessly —



Sweat drips from my brow. I flip a page. Take a sip of my cola. I glance right. Howard is approaching; I don't want to engage. Depending on my energy level, I sometimes avoid encounters with workers outside of the workday. I don't hate or despise. I'm simply exhausted. The weight of my world is often unwieldy. Add in friends who need to decompress—to be polite, my emotional account is overdrawn. No offence Howard. He probably would be oblivious to me anyway, much like other workers I've stumbled upon.

Rod, on a blistering Sunday, around noon—Rod who happens to drop the word "faggot" like it's second nature. Rod, who when Davie Street is mentioned smacks down the lamest of gay jokes. Well, Rod, on this smouldering day, walks down Davie, shirtless, drunker than the drunkest skunk. He passes me within a few feet.

"Hey, Rod."

He looks my way. Eyes glassy. And. Grunts.

The next day this day, I asked Rod if he remembered seeing me on Davie Street. He uttered he hadn't. And then, he mouths "faggots."

The picnic table I'm residing at faces a kid's playground. I'm cognizant of this. I rarely look upward. Howard beelines for the picnic table to my right. He's dirty. Probably stinky. He's wearing work boots duct-taped together. Tyler has rolled the dice and sent him out wearing those boots only to have the worksites send him away. He plops himself down at the table next to me. I recoil, collect my things. Howard takes up residence. He delicately places his backpack on the seat next to him. He seems oblivious to where he is. His hair is rustled. His life is collapsing inward. I begin packing my belongings at the precise moment Howard commences to unpack. *A book*. I put my book in my messenger bag. Howard pulls out \rightarrow





Toward was built for Hockey; he climbed the ranks as a natural goal scorer—the leader of every team. During his epic rise, coaches and administrators placed him in jobs to supplement his scholastic and athletic pursuits.

He worked with a crew of Portuguese immigrants working in a blast furnace producing highway drainage pipes. The heat moulded the pipes + melted Howie's spirit making it nearly impossible for him to play at the level the coaches had grown accustomed to.

Howard was eradicated from the toxic fumes of the blast furnace — agradecidamente!

Along with fellow teammates, when they weren't cranking train cars into loading docks at a major retailer's distribution center, they took turns catching sleep in makeshift fortresses they built with the boxes inside the massive warehouse. Each teammate taking hour-long shifts. This lasted until the foreman heard snoring and busted up the Inn.

He worked for a company taking core samples from construction sites and stress testing them. He was 19 at the time. His tests determined the fate of construction projects, Howard's only qualification was his drivers' license.

Howie moved on to a brief stint at an electrical distribution warehouse, which almost ended when he drove the loading dock forklift off the dock. Finally petering out after he loaded high-end air conditioning units into the back of a truck without being shown a purchase order. **FIRED**.

It didn't matter. Howard scored in the neighbourhood of 50 goals per season. Not only was he skilful with the puck, but he was also every team's musical aficionado and eventually the number one DJ at his University.

Howie still needed cash. The last job of his hockey career almost ended in tragedy. The team landed him a job in a sporting goods wholesaler, John Martens. He worked alongside a co-worker named Tom—tasked with picking orders and restacking pallets 15' in the air, top-shelf. Howie stood on the forks of the forklift, heaving boxes from one pallet to the next. He twisted and went to throw a box on a pallet to his left. He lost balance. His arms desperately spun in a circular motion. He began bending his body into a panicked limbo to the sound of the hum of the forklift's engine. *Howard was going to die.* The inevitability of him crashing headfirst into the concrete floor below smashing his skull open, with his brain matter oozing out of his fractured skull while Tom watched with mouth agape, a certainty.





Tom began to vomit, screamed out for help; Tom's screams were too late. Howard died. Tom trembled in the dread of what transpired. Tears began gushing from Tom's eyes.

Tom blinked. He looked at the forks of the forklift. Howard's arms were still flailing. Tom had prepared himself for the outcome he was about to witness, accepting it already was reality.

Howard wheezed. He cried out, **NO**. His feet left the forks—at the last possible moment and with death egging him on, he spun his arms violently in one final frantic circular motion. His open right hand grabbed onto a linked chain hanging down from the warehouse ceiling. Howard hung on with all his might, dangling, weaving in the air like the hands of a cuckoo clock. Tom lingered, looking skyward, dumfounded. Howard shrieked for help. It took Tom more than a few seconds to realize Howard hadn't strewn his brain matter on the floor. Tom finessed the forklift under Howard and lowered him back to earth. Howie crumpled to the floor.

He quit hockey that day.





In Howard's youth, he became a guitar-toting catch for the fairer sex to sink claws into. He was groupie-d, drinking in his popularity, Howard riffed charm upon all takers. He riffed solo. With music came substance, liquid, and more substantial elixirs. Howard partook. His stock with the fairer sex soared with every chord.

His dad died in a horrific plane crash, sinking Howard into despair. His music reflected his depression. Fucking, whoever he could, was also reflection of his pain. He needed his father's approval. It never came, and now he was gone.

Howard's music shared threads with the morbidity of Morrisey with shreds of Joy Division. While Howard sank deeper into despair, his career began shooting for the stars.

And then he met Sue. She became his salvation. At first, their connection came in the form of an epically long tongue-based kiss—to be swallowed in a night of bliss. Sue was a virgin. Brunette. Petite. Stunning. Howard was knee walking, almost bile puking, drunk. They needed a place to go. Sue was plastered. Howard drove.

He drove, and he drove, and he drove, occasionally, cracking the door open in case of the arrival of bile. It never came. So, he kept moving. Past Sue's house. Past his house. Past Sue's house. Past his house. Around the block. Back to his house. He parked. Across the street from home. His mother and two of his older brothers were inside. He wanted to fuck Sue. He tried to POP. Even in his blindly intoxicated state, his thoughts disgusted him. You see, Howard is a gentleman, not a womanizer, not a notch collector. Drunk and horny won over his kindness. Sue and Howard ripped off their clothes. Howard climbed on top. Sue grabbed his package. It reminded her of a *budgie*. A shout out to "Something is Missing." *Odd*. The windows of Howard's ride steamed, blocking outsiders from what was transpiring inside. Howard thrust. Sue moaned. His budgie budged. The car's windshield rippled with the rain pattering down. Howard came.

"Knock, knock, knock."

Fuck – crossed Howard's mind, which confused him with what he had just done.

The knocking continued. Howard cracked the driver's side window while trying to find illusive sobriety. He tossed his twill jacket on top of Sue to camouflage her, comforting her on this night of deflowering.

A police officer stood on the street glimpsing through the cracked window. Howard searched for words. He slurred.

"Hello, offisserrr, caaan I, help uuuuu?" Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

"Have you seen any suspicious-looking characters running around the neighbourhood?"



Make something up, "No." Wow, how impressive imagination.

"Wait, I think I saw a shady-looking dude wearing a black jacket between those houses." Howard pointed toward two houses up the block.

"Thank you. We've got calls on break-ins in the area. Keep your eyes peeled. Call if you see anything." The officer smiled, paused, and continued, "Back to what you were doing?"

Howard sighed deeply. He watched the officer hop into his cruiser, and once the car rounded the corner, Howard opened his car door and puked. Sue stayed with him for three years. A virgin no more, until the next night, she lost her virginity when Howard presented her with a framed menu of the exquisite meal, he had prepared for her on the night she became a woman. On that night, like the car night, Howard and Sue were so hammered they didn't remember the entirety of the night. So, three weeks later, Howard presented Sue with a framed playbill of a play they saw together on a jaunt to the big city—the night Howard was determined to stay sober enough to take Sue's virginity from her for the third time.

After three years, Sue dumped Howard for a sober man, never looking back. Howard took the breakup poorly and began drinking heavily, mixing in drugs, helping his music career to blossom. One night on a blustery cold prairie night, after imbibing to the state of incoherence—he drove home. The temperature struck minus 40° Celsius, minus 40° if you are American. Howard drove, and he drove, and he drove. The roads were skating rinks. He crossed a significant intersection and spun out of control. His car did three pirouettes, jumped the meridian, twirled a fourth time before slamming into the curb between two vehicles with precisely two inches to spare in front and back. Howard's head smashed into the steering wheel. He used his right hand to pull his stuck head from between the gaps in the wheel, gasped, smiled, and for unknown reasons, exited the vehicle.

The following day Howard was woken by two children bouncing on his queasy gut. Howard had been watching cartoons with his new unknown friends for several hours when a devilishly attractive woman brought him a platter of eggs, bacon, sausage, coffee, toast, juice — and a line of cocaine. Howard snorted and dove in hard on the feast.

"Excuse me, who are you? Where am I?"

His gracious host told him he was on the street—that just so happened to be three blocks from his home. She said he knocked on the door at 3:30 AM. She said she scraped the frost off the window to find a dishevelled man freezing to death on the other side. She grabbed her husband. He looked and said he seemed okay.

"So, I let you in."

"Oh my. Thanks for your kindness. I must get out of your hair. Lovely children. Thank you."

Howard stumbled down the sidewalk. Slipping on the hardened ice. Falling hard into the snowbank. He hopped to his feet. Smiled. Waved. Jumped into his frozen car. Pumped. Pumped. The engine fired. Thirteen seconds later, two police cars,

lights flashing, boxed him in. He was tenderly placed in the back of one of the cruisers.

"Last night, you were going door to door, banging. You woke up the entire neighbourhood. We were told you kept pleading to let me in; I'm freezing. We received several calls. When we arrived, you had vanished? You're lucky someone let you in. We're going to take you somewhere where you can sleep off, whatever this is, off."

An officer came and set him free from his cell and sported a sheepish grin six hours later.

"Thank you for the hospitality. And thank you for the Big Mac."

"You're free to go, Mr. Howard."

"How will I get back to my wheels?"

"That is up to you?"

"What are you doing?"

Twenty minutes later Officer Blight, dropped Howie off at his silver 1986 Citroën.

Howard decided to subsidize his gig income by becoming a bartender.

On a treacherously cold mid-winter night, the temperature skirting to minus 43° Celsius, minus fucking freezing if you are American. Howard and Graham, the manager, decided to have a few pops before heading home after closing time. Howard rushed out to fire up the Citroën to have a toasty trip home. Graham poured tumblers of gin. Together they weaved tales as they repeatedly slammed back their drinks. Graham's father was a police officer. Graham told Howard a horrific story of how his father was in a heart-wrenching gruesome car crash where the steering wheel was pressed against his sternum, keeping him alive. Graham's father called home to tell his family he'd bleed out and die as soon as he was eradicated from the wreckage.

Howard slammed back another tumbler. Graham left. Howard poured more juice and stumbled to the back office, where he found his bar mate Rick counting the nights' cash. Howard needed a ride. He checked the accounts receivable list—a list of what the bartenders owed for over-imbibing during shifts. Howard began to eat it. Rick escaped out the side door. Howard gave chase but stumbled, finding himself in the back hallway near the restaurant's dry storage—which used to be the vault of a bank. He grabbed a bag of buns and sat down on a set of stairs leading up into the building's other businesses. At 5 AM, he was unceremoniously woken by a Filipino cleaner poking him with a broomstick. Behind her stood Officer Blight.

"We got a call. The alarm went off. The cleaner found you here covered in crumbs. What are you doing here?"

"I work here, I need to go home."

"You can't drive. Where is your car anyway?"

"Oh shit. It's been running since midnight; it should be warm."

"Mr. Howard. No offence. You're hammered. You can't drive."



"How will I get home?"

"Not my problem."

"But officer, it's freezing. I'll die. Can you give me a lift? Can we go through a drive-thru on the way?"

Twenty minutes later, Officer Blight dropped Howie off at home. Howard stumbled out of the cruiser; looking back, a smile broke on his face; he handed Officer Blight a bag.

"Thanks for stopping; I got you an Egg McMuffin + two hash browns, see you next week!" En elektrisk tannbørste trenger ikke batterier for å fungere.

TO BE CONTINUED

 $\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow\downarrow$

HOWARD -> SIMILAR TITLES

y last editor compared my writing to Kafka, Barth, Marquez, and Charles Bukowski. She also said she believes my original style may eventually set the new norm for memoir writing.

Readers of my last book have compared my style to Salinger, Sedaris, Burroughs, and Hunter S. Thompson.

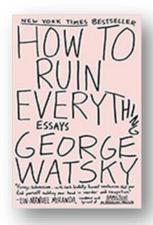
I read a lot. Having said that, I find it incredibly difficult to find similarities in the styles of anyone I've read, with myself. There are brief moments of sameness, but the moments, quickly blast into the ether.

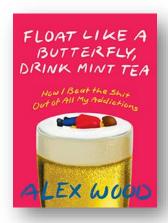
Here are six books, I feel if they were thrown into a juicer together — perhaps — **HOWARD** would be the delicious blend coming out the other end.

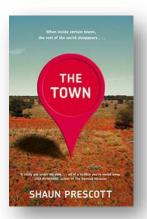


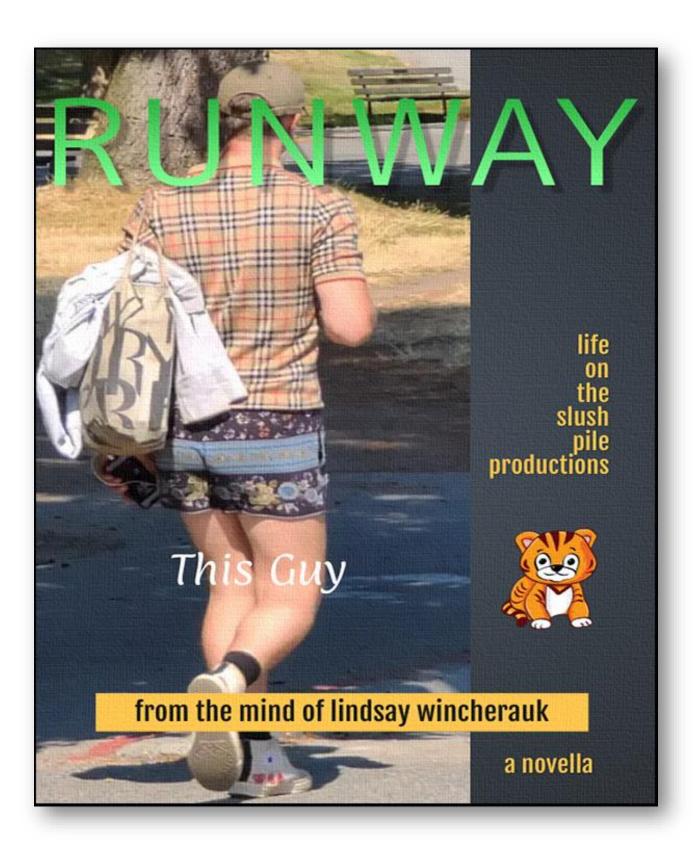


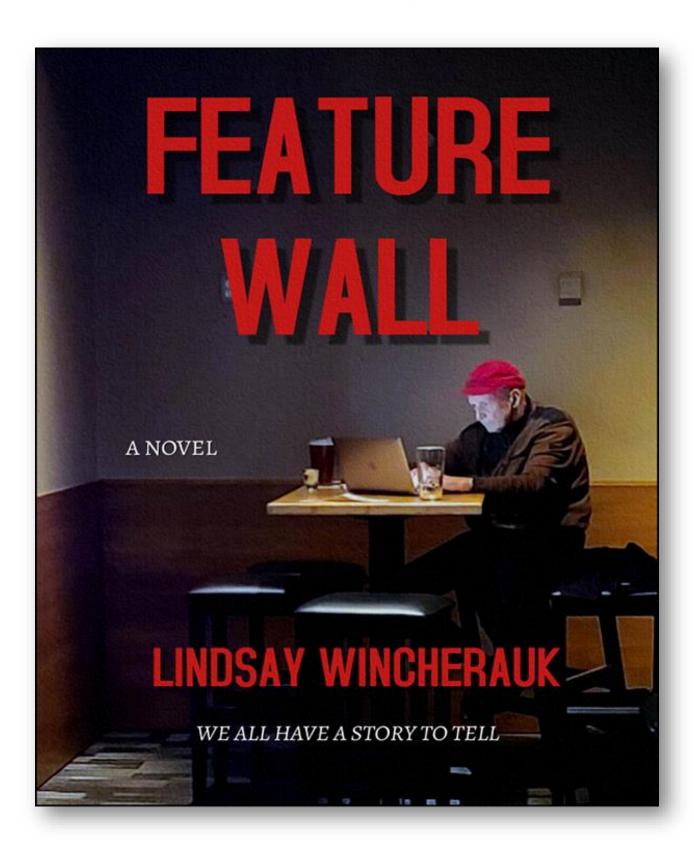


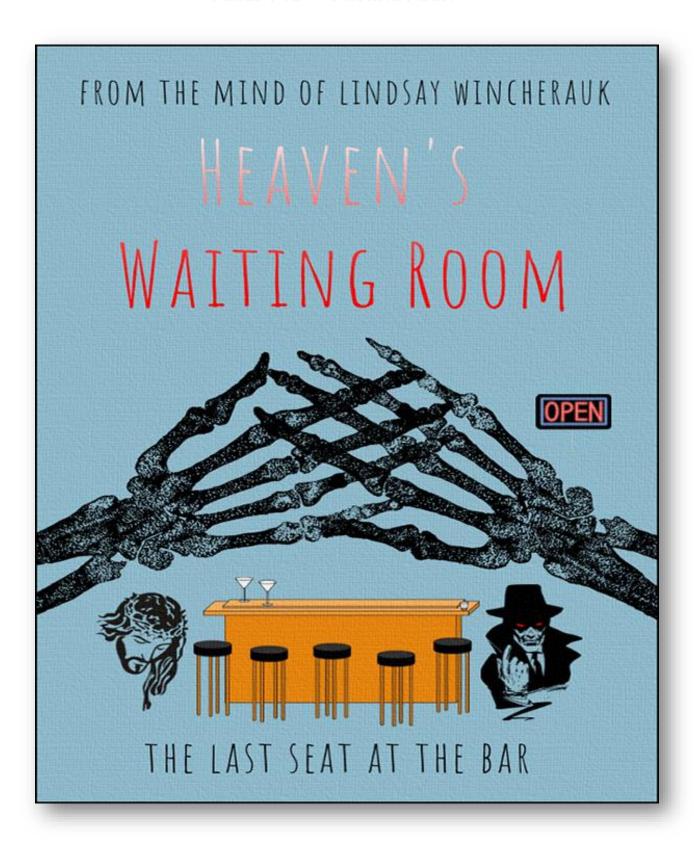


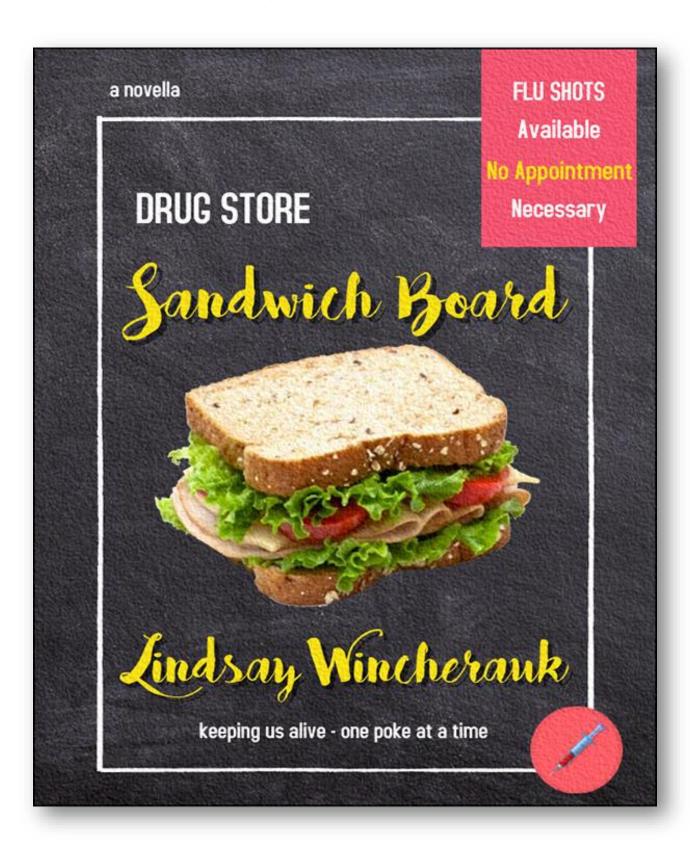








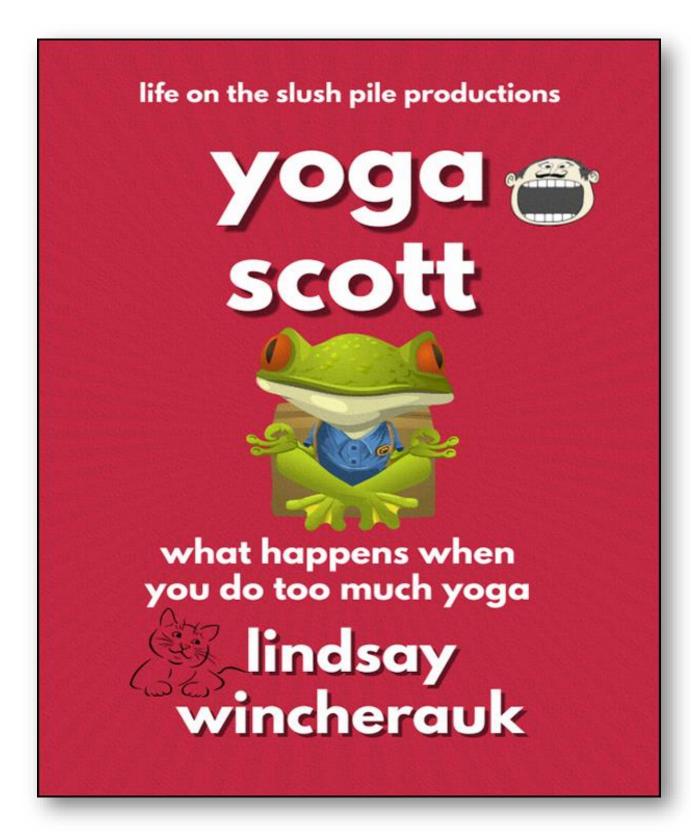


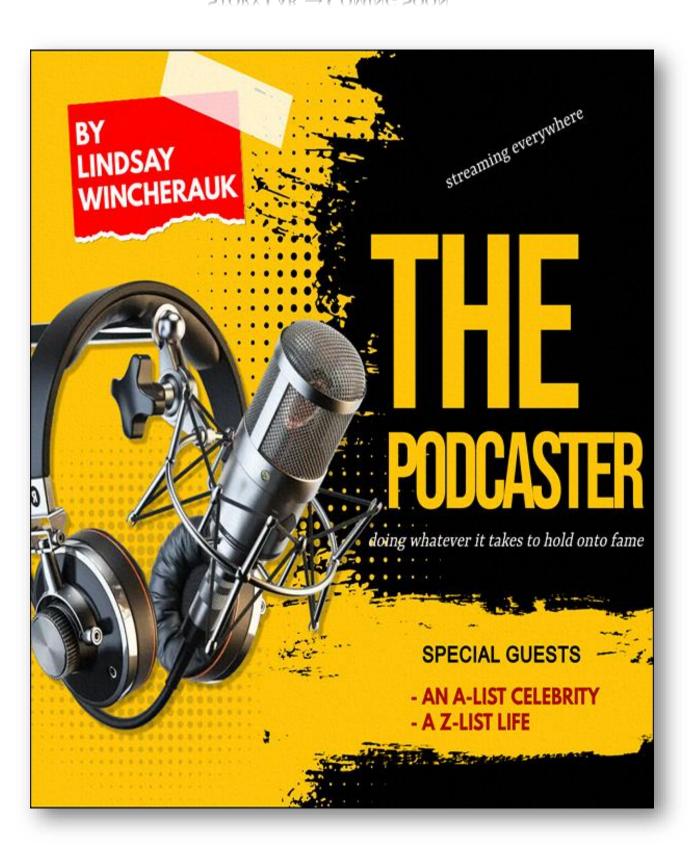


we are all this life

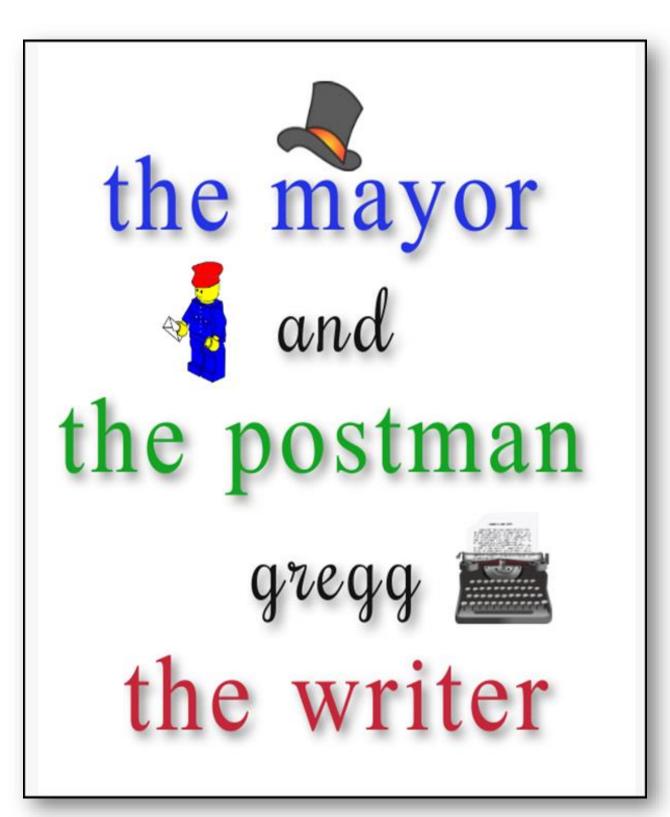


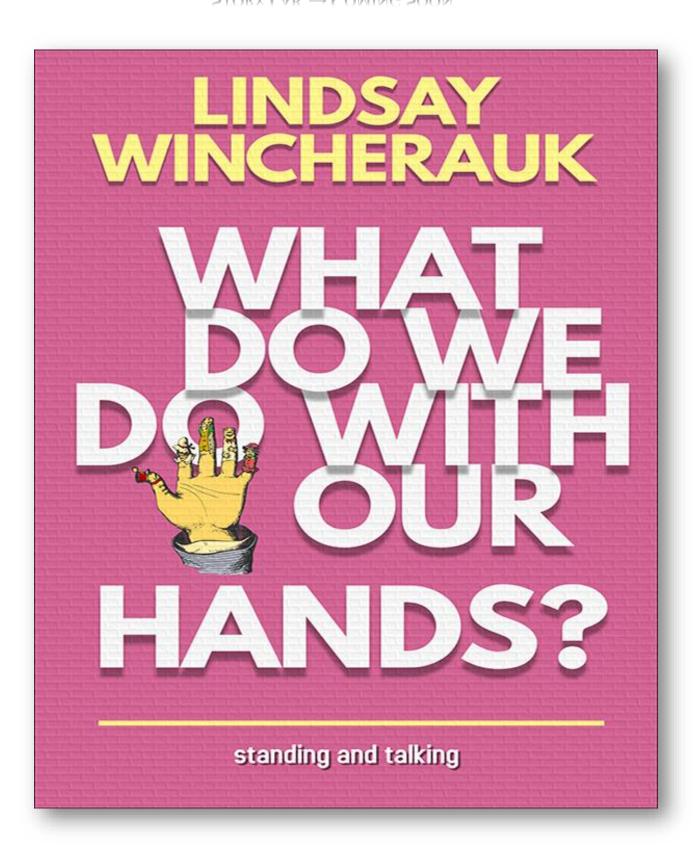
life on the slush pile productions

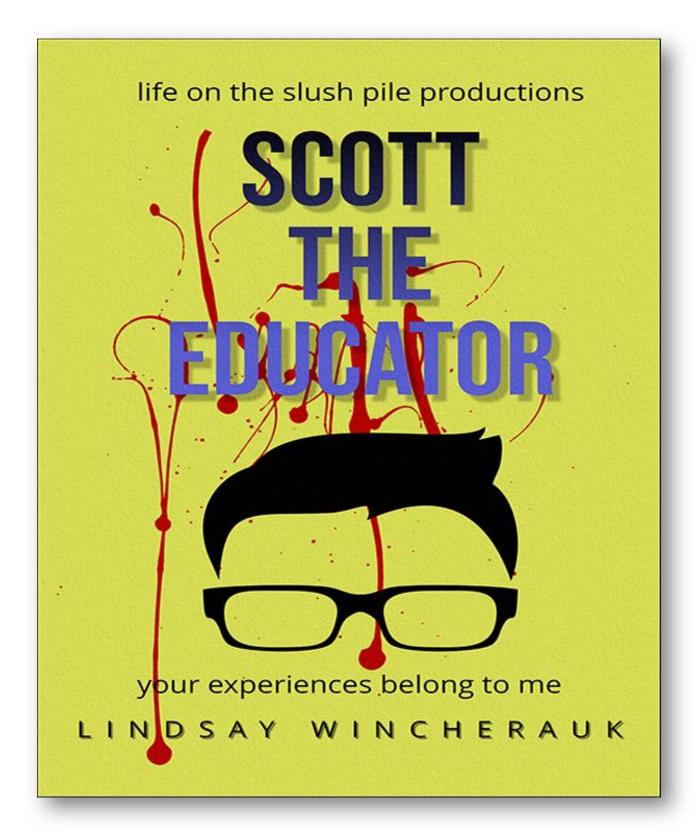




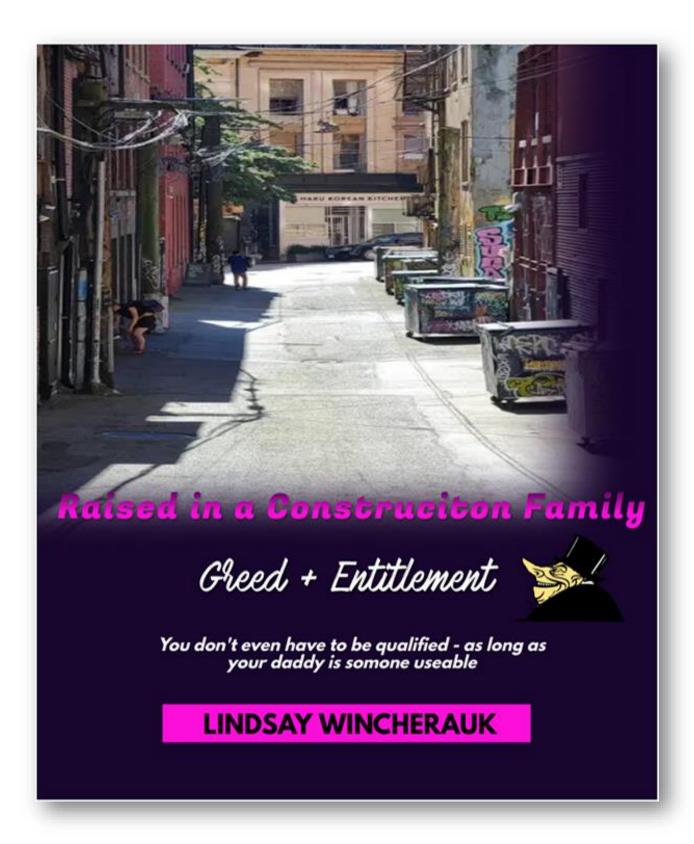








Why won't you listen to me?

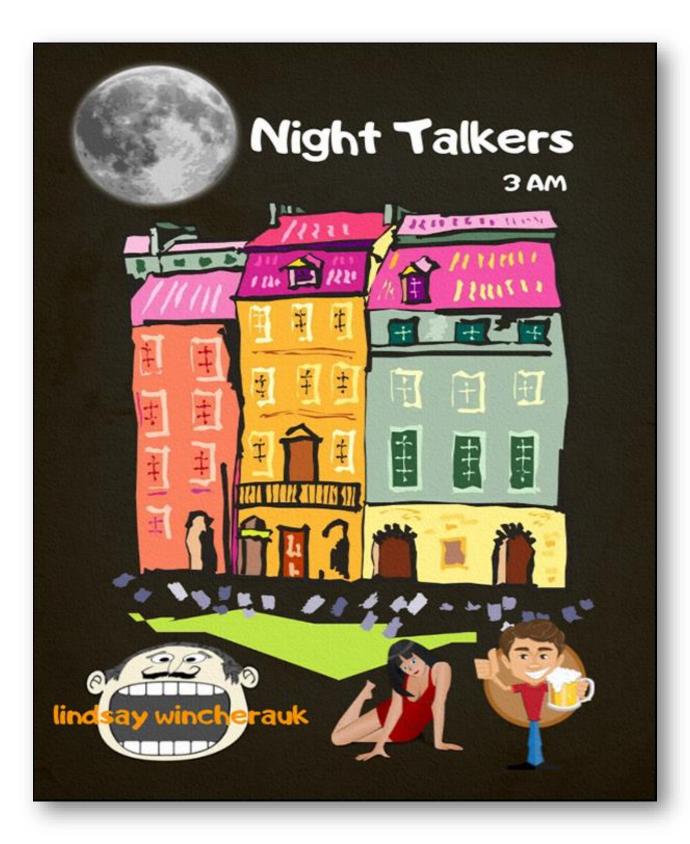


STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

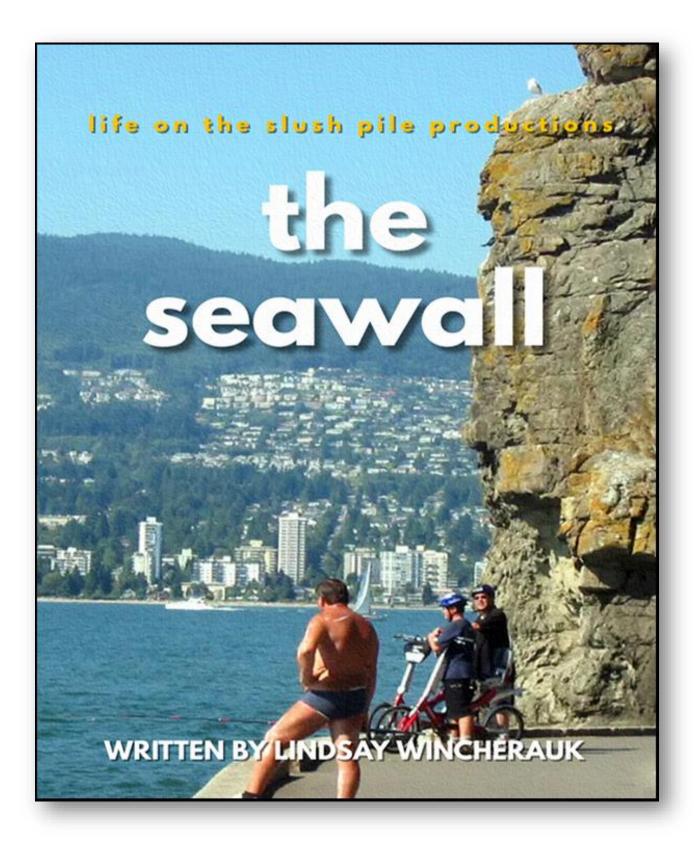
The Highly Anticipated Follow-up to THIS TABLE

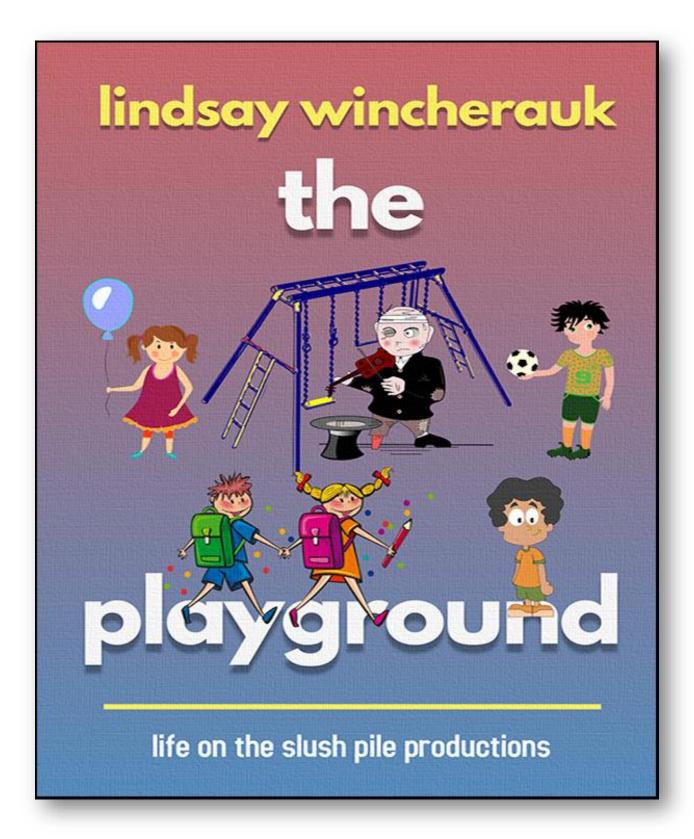
Gregg is a world-renowned pastry chef + violin afficiondo, with a fierce gambling addiction \rightarrow with the chips 'all in' \rightarrow he

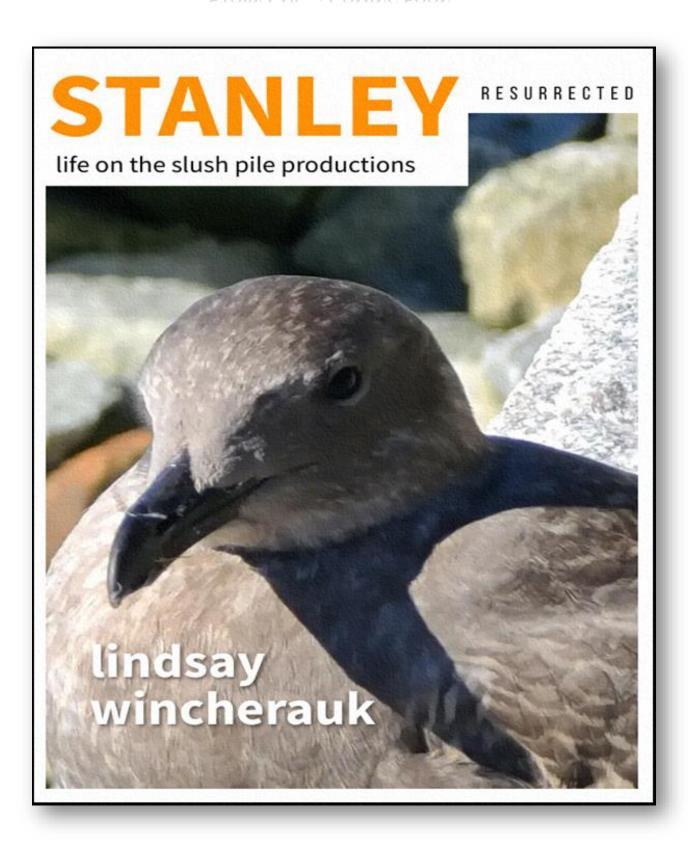
must overcome huge obstacles in order to find the road to the next big game.



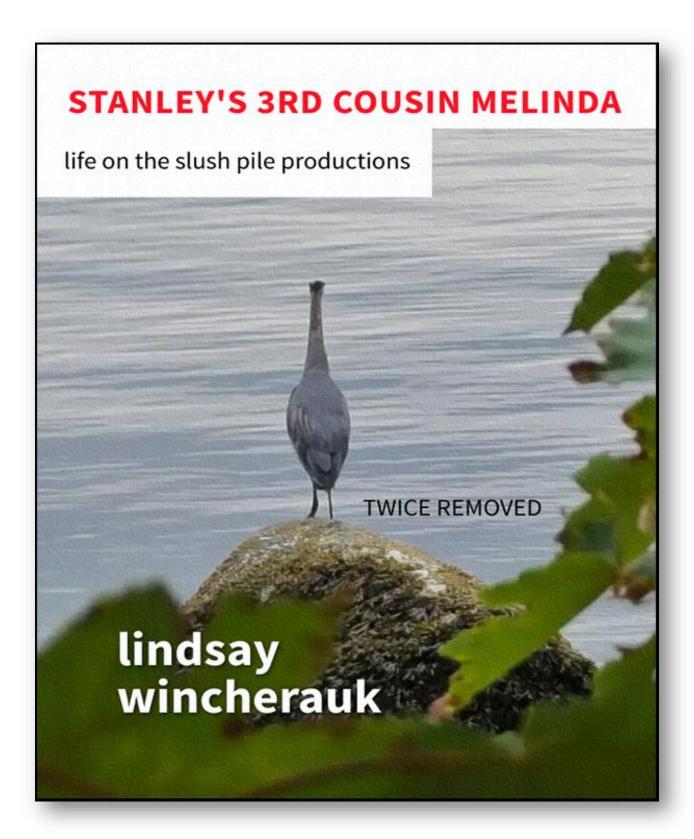
Entitlement = Treading in the Shallow End

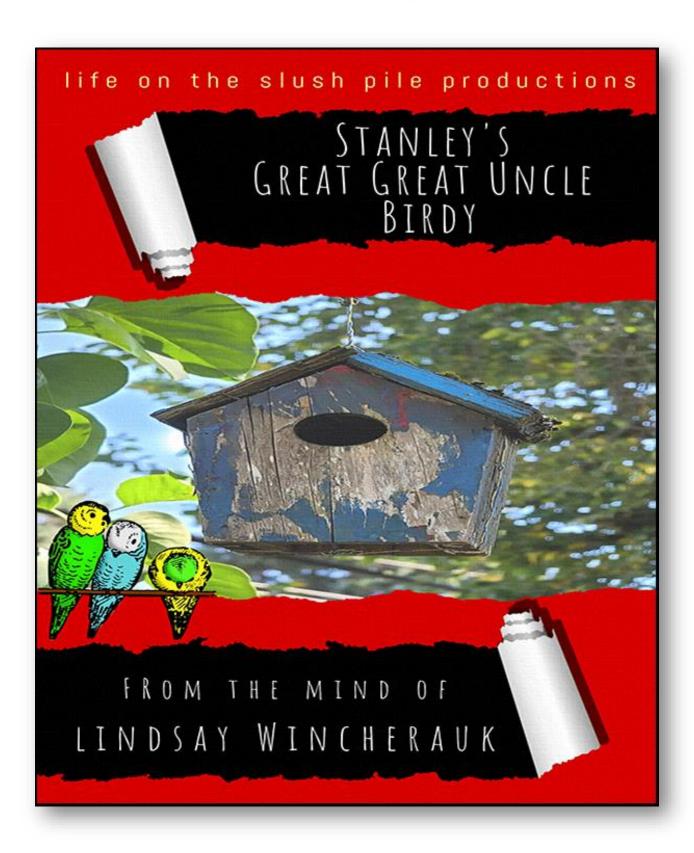


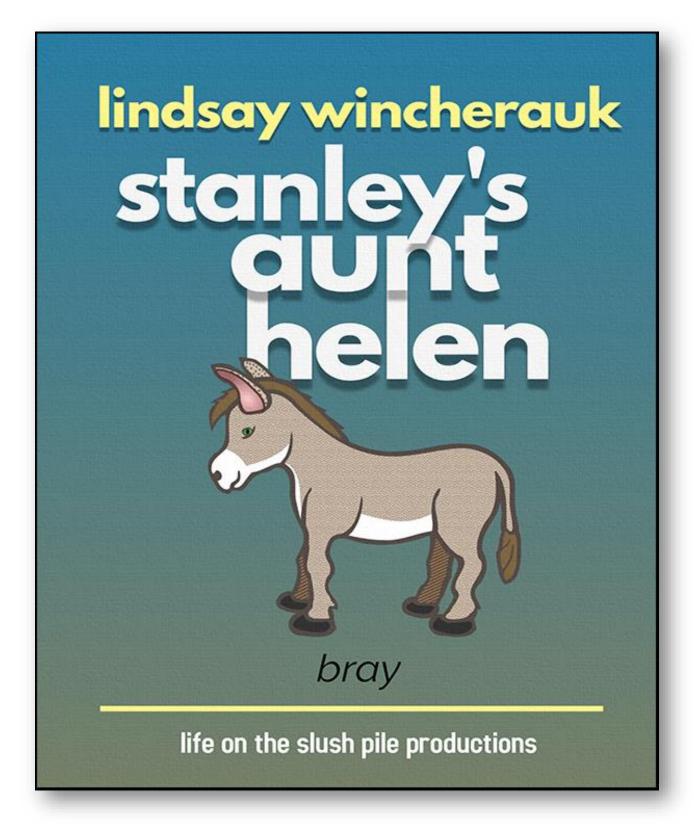






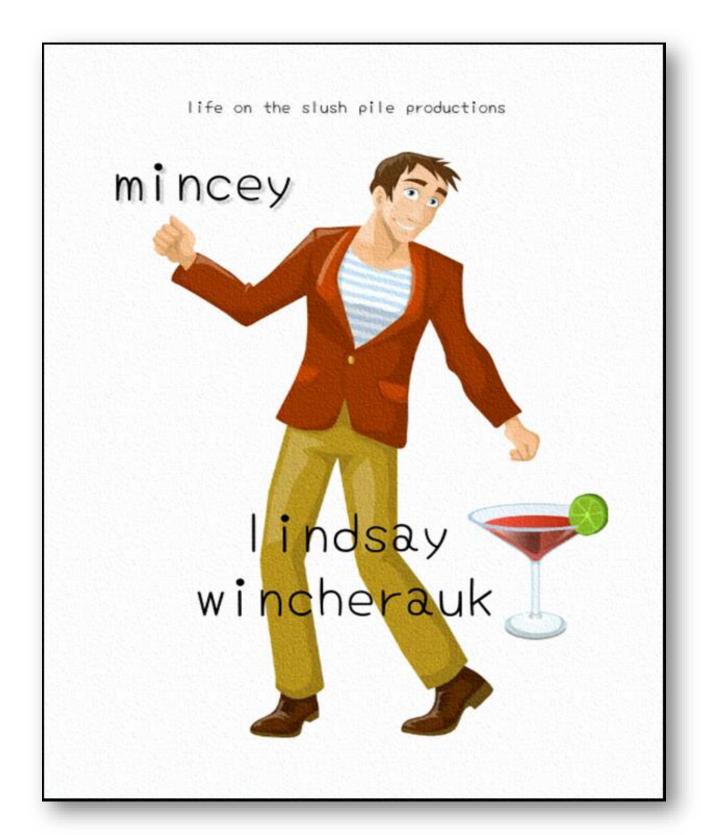


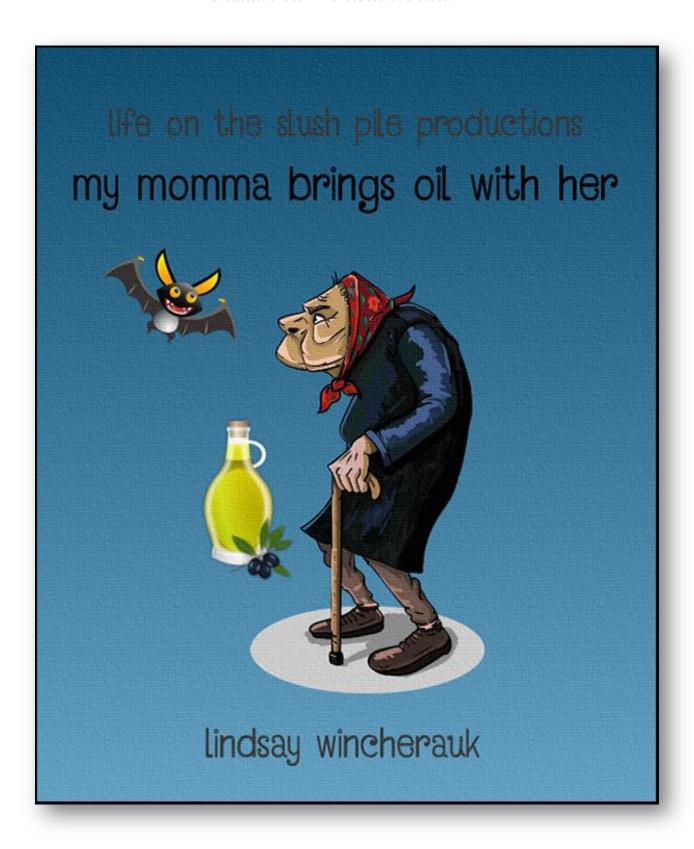


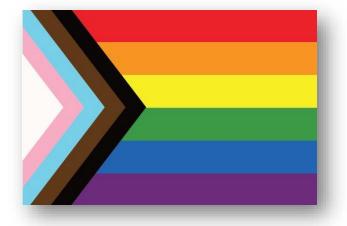






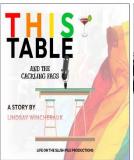






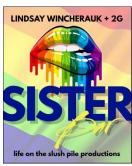
6 x LGBTQIAZS

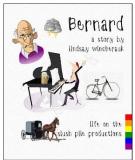
- 1. THIS TABLE
- 2. BEYOND THE MEAT
- 3. Let's Cut Off Our Hands
- 4. SISTER BAR
- 5. BERNARD: THE PIANO TEACHER
- 6. RJ: BAD MEDICINE



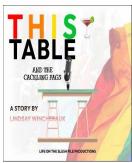




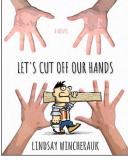


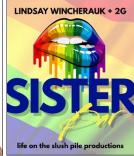


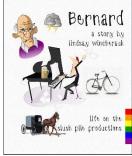


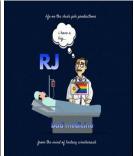








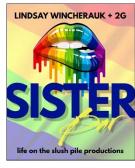


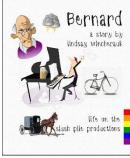






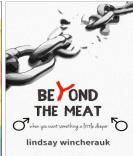




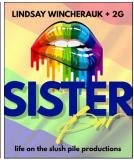


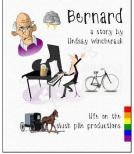




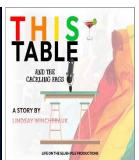


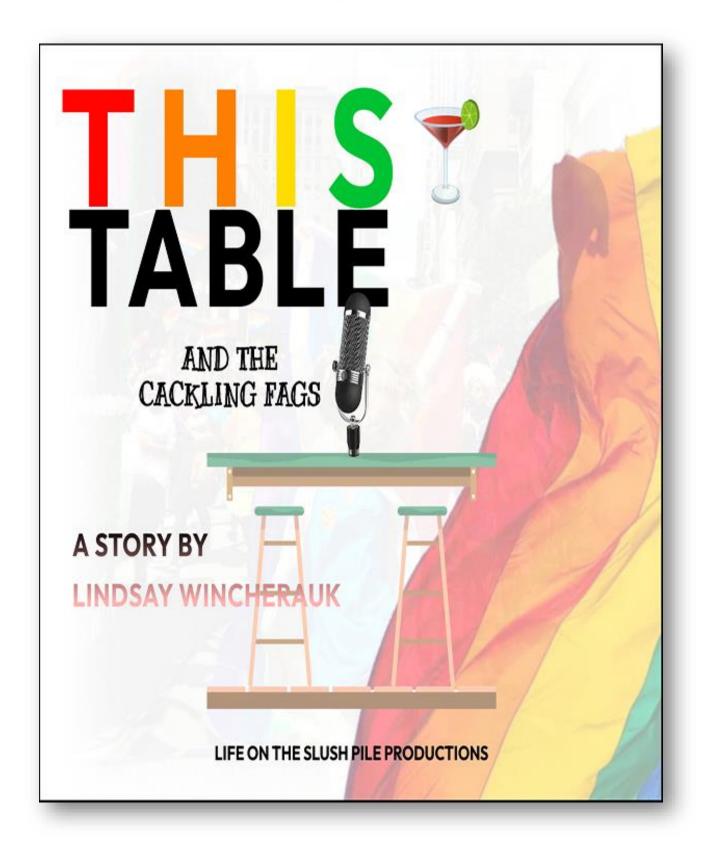














One Day, You'll Be Old Too

A pandemic hits. A bubble forms at a watering hole. Over 360 years of experience. Six regulars. One table The odd straggler. A tipple or two. Gummies are ingested. A microphone drops from the sky. The talking stick? WTF are you saying? It doesn't matter, 2G just announced he's versatile. He sends his French fries back.

Same time, next week?





The Last Call is at 6 PM at **THIS TABLE** for the 60-year-olds (give or take). They chew on gummy bears, have a balance of cynicism + introspection. They thirst for life. It is fascinating how they are bitter with a flavourful twist. They share life. Three main characters stir the plot, with a colourful cast of characters dropping by for a tipple. What they quest when they go home is simple: FOOD. They're a crew of misfits choosing to live and laugh — a life where much has been dished their ways.

‡‡‡



3 PM comes early, the Postman (65) peels out a peach-flavoured gummy and passes it to Seed (60). Seed reluctantly chews—knowing *Weebles wobble, but they don't fall down*. He waits anxiously for the wabbling to lead him down a path into deep, relevant thoughts about how the laments of the world can be solved if he can only find a way to record them.

The Mayor plops down on a seat, orders a *big f-ing beer* and chuckles. The Mayor recently turned 77. He's a calm, sharp man, *like the sharpest tack in the sharp tack drawer*. The Mayor feigns a gentlemanly manner *sans the feigning*, often dropping razor-sharp witted retorts into gummified conversations. Let's get something perfectly straight, the Mayor, who's often referred to as Gentleman Mayor, because of his gentlemanly manner, abstains from the powers of the gummy, at least when he occupies a stool at **THIS TABLE**.

"Mr. Mayor, you know the swollen man, the man who lives on the bus bench, the man whose stench is so rancid most people would risk the peril of jaywalking to not succumb to the toxic odours emanating from within him. They cordoned off his bench with police tape; they are in the process of sterilizing it. I feel bad for his condition. I find it amazing he is alive. Anyway, he moved up the street. He took up residence on a bench in front of the Mexican restaurant. Unfortunately, it didn't last long, he couldn't, the restaurant couldn't have it. At the end of my walk today, the paramedics were hauling, quite literally, hauling, him away."

The Pianist (60), more on him later, who'd recently sat down at **THIS TABLE** chimes in, in B-FLAT, "Where do you think they took him?"

Take it away, Mr. Mayor, "Probably the rendering plant."





AND THE CACKLING FAGS

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THE CURRENT TIME IS 3:30

The gummies were kicking in, the Sayer smoked a joint or two. The Mayor drank three large motherfucking beers. Cousteau had downed three ciders. And the beauty of it all: This is a thing in 2020—a band of misfits, later in life, not angry at life, much; sharing, laughing, drinking in every glorious breath left, without the anguish of what could have been hanging over them as the trek merrily through life understanding their good fortune of being in each other's company.

These are the best people on the planet. Period!





The Sayer (61) told the Postman (65) that Cousteau (75) said to him that the Mayor (77) gets too freaked out by how messed up the Postman (65) and the Seed (60) get after they imbibe in yummy gummies. The Sayer (61) told the Postman (65) because the Postman (65) and the Seed (60) trip into the absurd, the Mayor (77) doesn't love Gummy Friday as much as he used to and likely wouldn't be attending.

This information was relayed from the Postman (65) to the Seed (60) at the start of a Gummy Friday. The Postman (65) expressed to the Seed (60) not to say anything about this to the Sayer (61).

As Seed (60) processed this new information, he couldn't help but ponder how the initial conversation with Cousteau (65) and the Sayer (61) went.

COUSTEAU (75)

Hey, Sayer.

SAYER (61)

Hey, Cousteau.

COUSTEAU (75)

The Mayor (77) doesn't enjoy Gummy Friday anymore. He says the Postman (65) and the Seed (60) get too messed up, and it makes him uncomfortable. He likely won't go to the next one.

SAYER (61)

Wow. This information is sure juicy. Thanks for sharing it. I hope the Postman (65) phones me from his landline (?) so I can answer my left-handed phone to tell him about how his (65) and the Seed's (60) behaviour is making the Mayor (77) uncomfortable.

Now that we got that out of the way, Cousteau (75), what would you like to talk about now?

Seed (60) contends this is where the conversation would end.

Seed can't wait to express this story to the Mayor (77) the next time he sees him. Or was he not supposed to say anything because it would upset the apple cart?





AND THE CACKLING FAGS

THE WRITER

rashed his silver Citroën into a @ Granville + 36th Avenue in 1986. At the time, he was yee-hah, sauced. He was listening to a cassette of the soundtrack of Xanadu at the time. In the passenger seat, passenger (ed) beside him sat the Pianist (not yet announced as the Pianist Runner). You see, the Writer and the Pianist had a tryst lasting a few hours many moons ago. Was the Pianist really in the car on crashing night? Probably not, but the Sayer has gifted me a touch of creative license in retelling stories. Besides, it is enjoyable every time one engages in conversation with either the Writer or Pianist to ask where the other one is (?) as if their few hours of trysting continue on forever.

What to do? The writer thought.

He grabbed the Pianist's right hand, and they started skipping away from the scene of the crime. The Pianist suggested running. The writer preferred skipping. They turned down a side street, ducking between two houses, where there, they crumpled into a ball together, shaking, hiding from *the man* who would most certainly be arriving soon, sirens blaring.

This is where this story ends.

The Seed needs a washroom break. He gets up, puts on his mask, and contemplates the runway to the washroom; his gummy is in charge now. One foot after another, he thinks, then commands: don't wobble or veer. He makes it, relieves himself. It takes three minutes. It's now time to return to **THIS TABLE** and the company of the Postman.

He sways, serpent time; that way, they won't get a clear shot. He makes it back to **THIS TABLE**, wiping beads of sweat from his forehead. The Postman looks at him with a stare of befuddlement.

"Oh, it's you. I forgot who I was with."

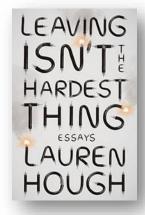


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

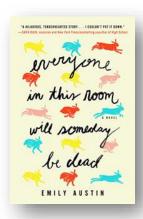
THIS TABLE → SIMILAR TITLES

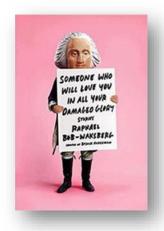
read a lot. Having said that, I find it incredibly difficult to find similarities in the styles of anyone I've read, with myself. There are brief moments of sameness, but the moments, quickly blast into the ether.

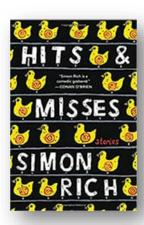
Here are six books, I feel if they were thrown into a juicer together—perhaps—**THIS TABLE** would be the delicious blend coming out the other end.

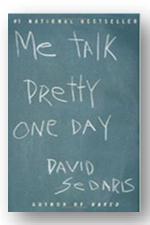


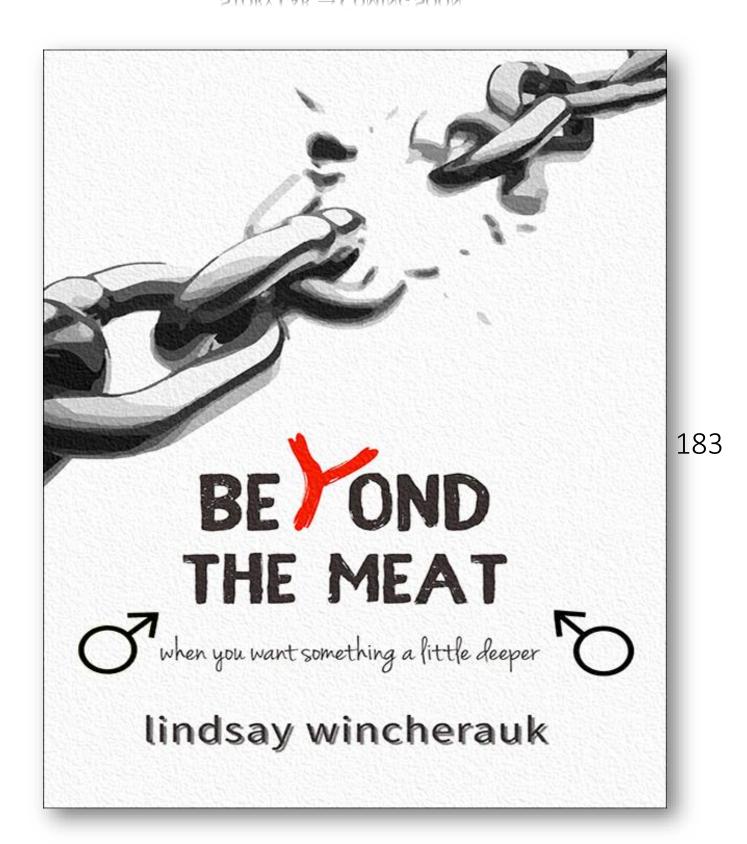


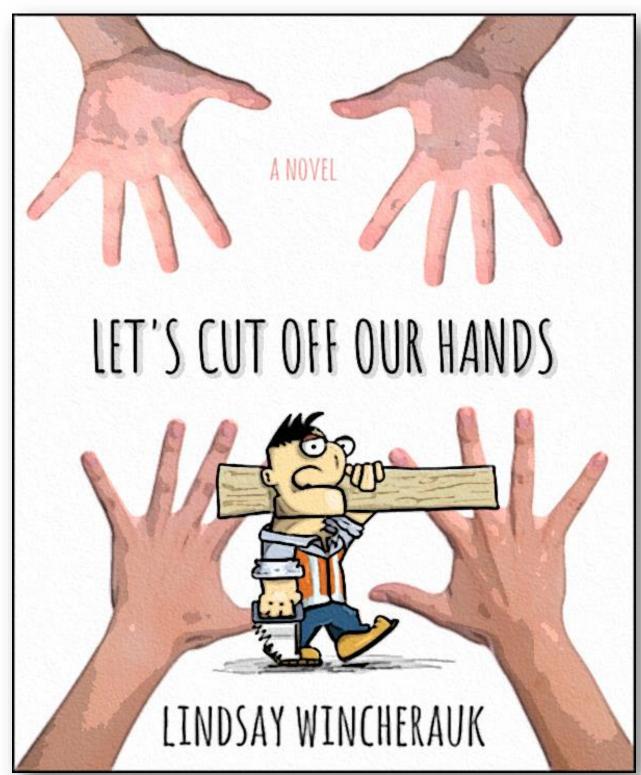


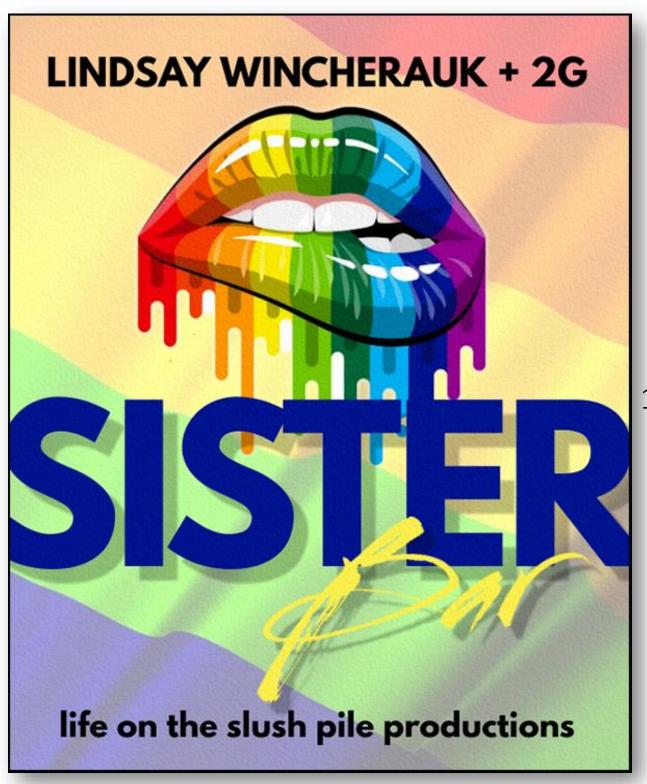


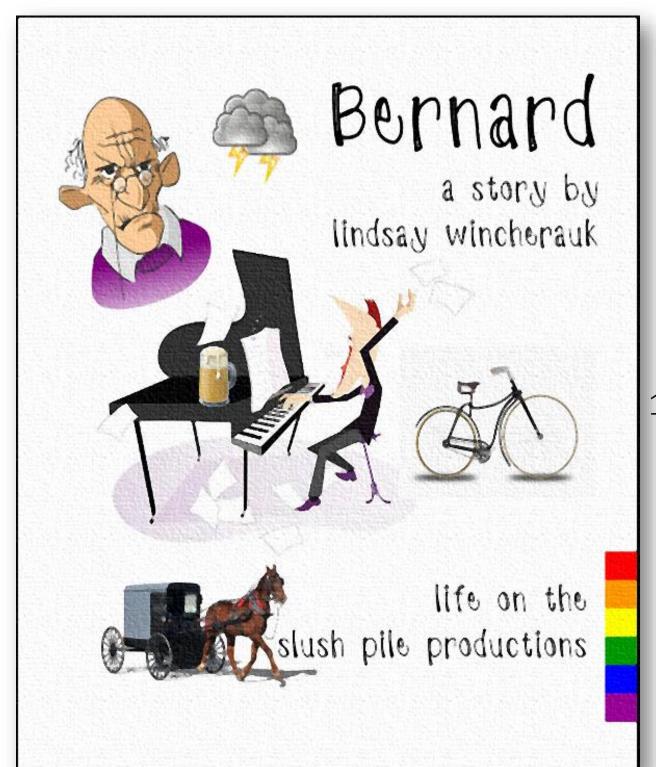


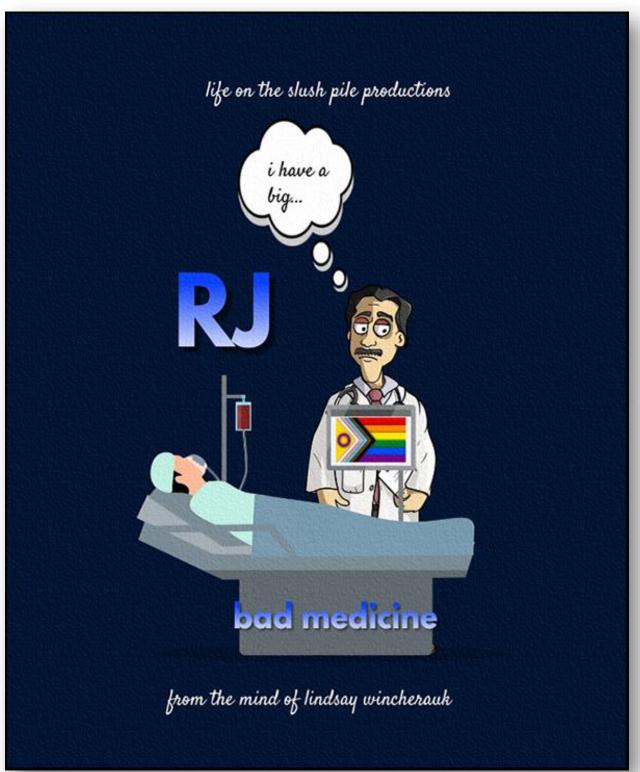








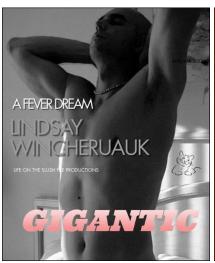


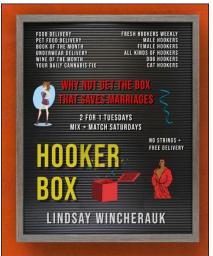




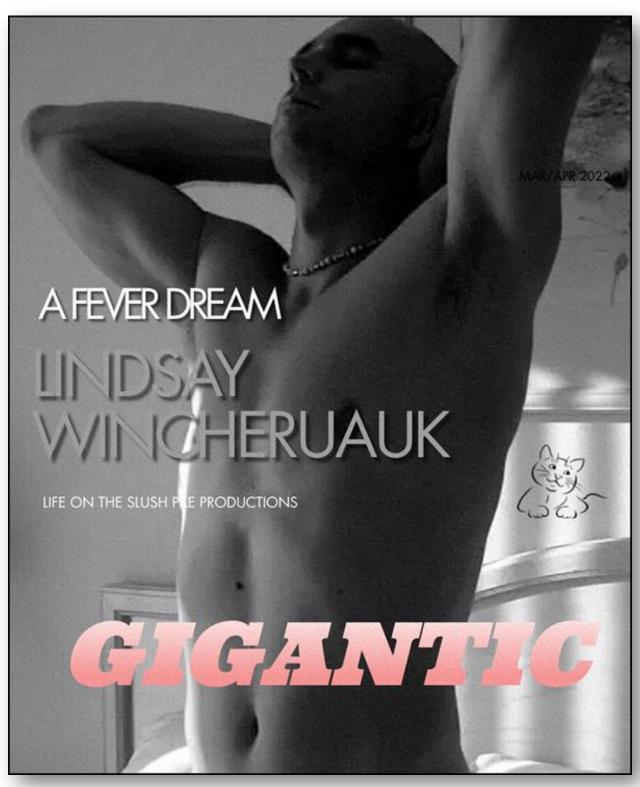
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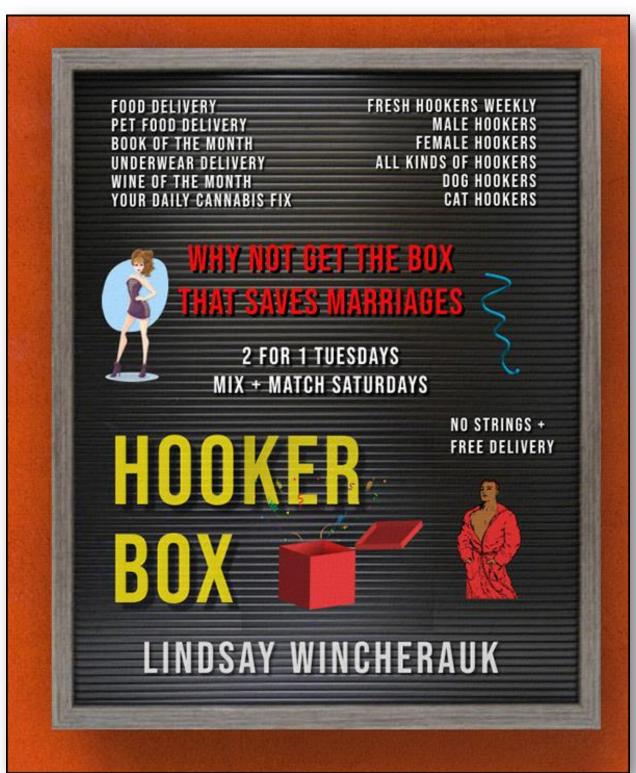
- 1. GIGANTIC (A FEVER DREAM) \rightarrow
- 2. HOOKER BOX \rightarrow





STORY LAB -> COMING SOON



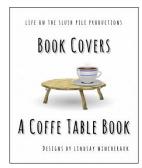


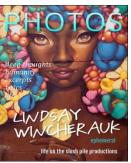
PHOTOGRAPHY + PHILOSOPHY PHOTOGRAPHY + PHILOSOPHY

1 x BHOTOGRAPHY + PHILOSOPHY 1 x BHOTOGRAPHA + BHILOSOPHA

- 1. Coffee Table Book \rightarrow
- 2. Photos: Volumes: 1. \rightarrow
- 3. Photos: Volumes: 2. \rightarrow
- 4. Photos: Volumes: $3. \rightarrow$
- 5. Photos: Volumes: $4. \rightarrow$
- 6. I THINK \rightarrow
- 7. ASK SEED \rightarrow
- 8. What OLD People See \rightarrow

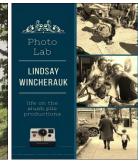
STORY LAB → COMING SOON

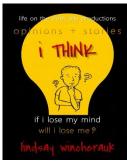


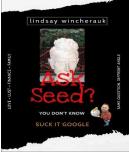


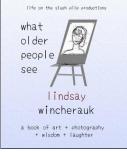










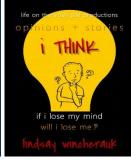


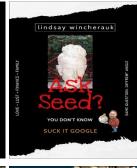


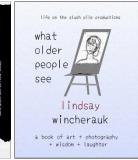


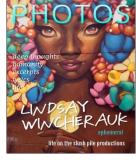








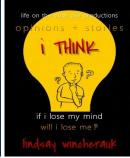


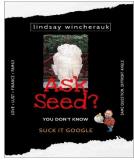


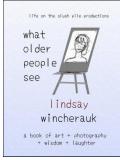








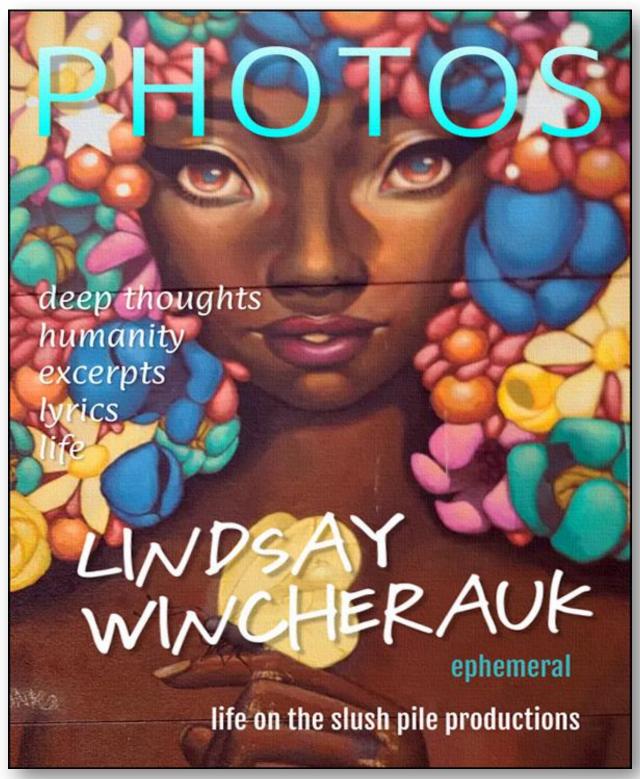




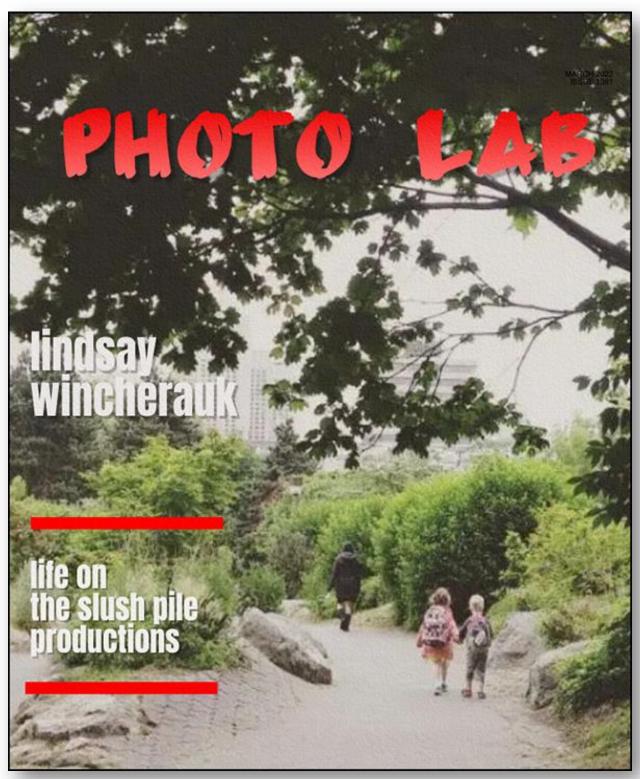


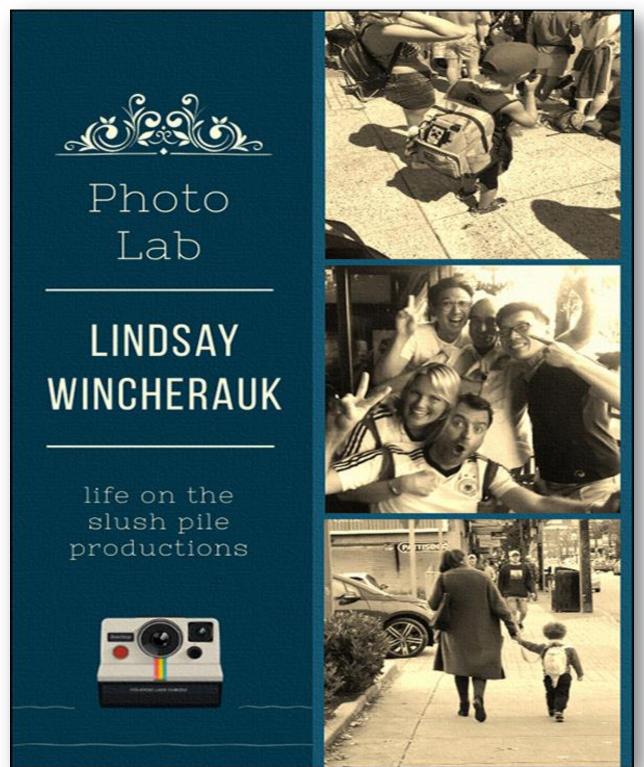




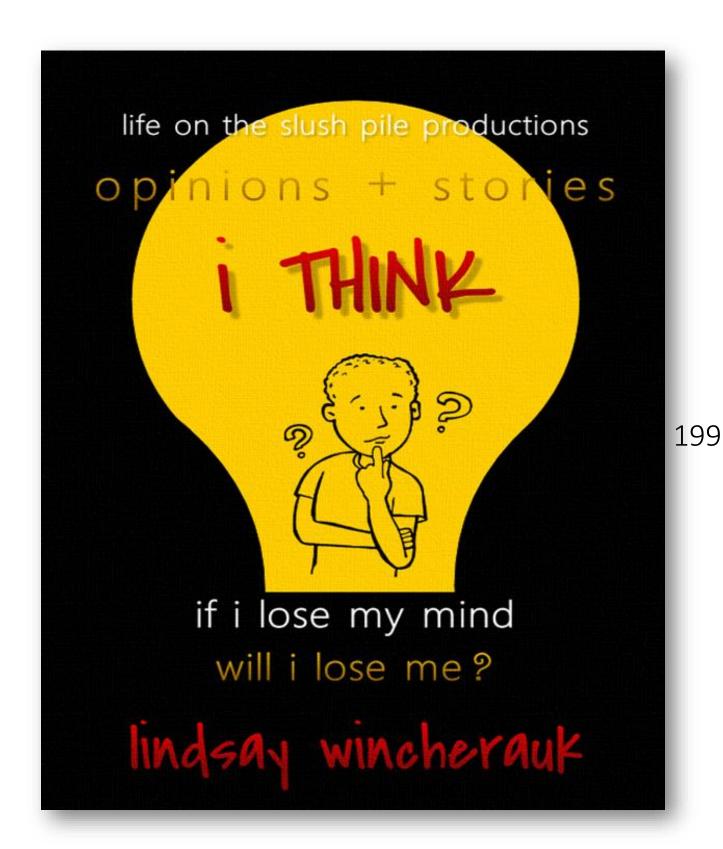


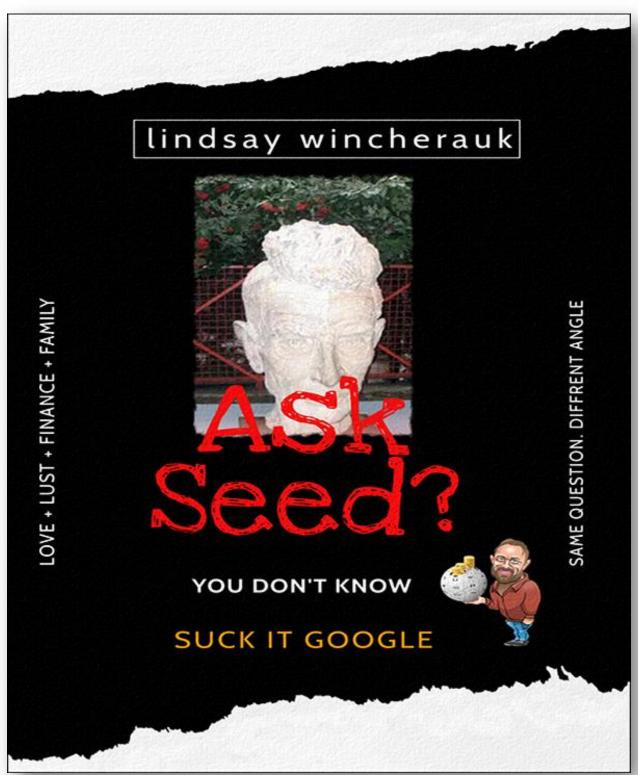
STORY LAB - COMING SOON

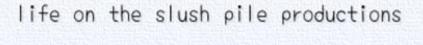


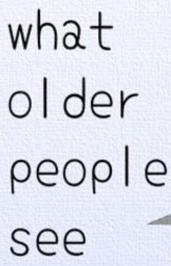












lindsay wincherauk

a book of art + photography + wisdom + laughter

STORIES + ESSAYS

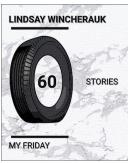
STORIES + ESSAYS

2 X STORIES + ESSAYS 2 X STORIES + ESSAYS

- 1. A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN FLIP FLOPS
- 2. 60 (STORIES MY FRIDAY)
- 3. New Book (Stories)
- 4. Do I Look Okay?
- 5. LAUGH

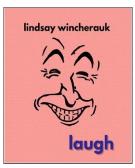
STORY LAB -> COMING SOON



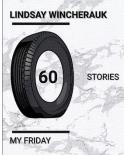


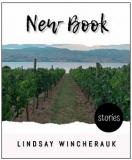




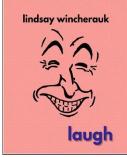




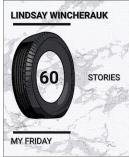


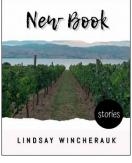




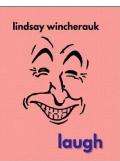










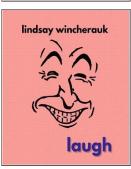














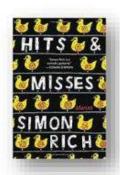
Can you help me make it home?

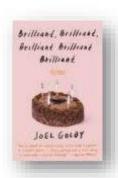
A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN FLIP FLOPS -> SIMILAR TITLES

An editor I worked with compared my writing to Kafka, Barth, Marquez, and Charles Bukowski. Afterward, I read Kafka. Am I okay?

I was late picking up my friend Jay. I forgot my car keys. I started running home to grab them. I was wearing flip-flops. They flipped. They flopped. I was sixty years old at the time. I laughed. A book title was born.

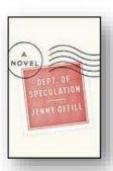


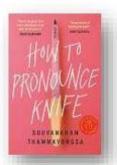






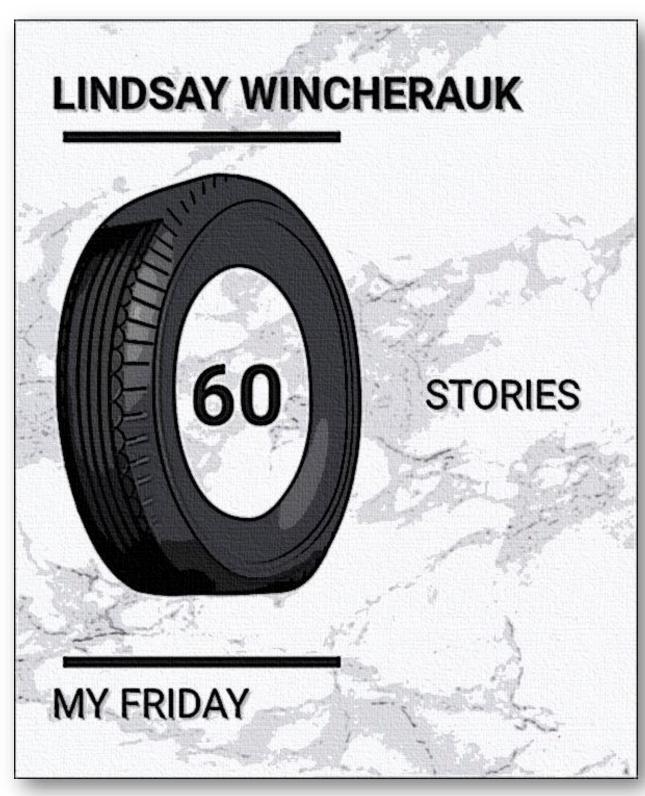


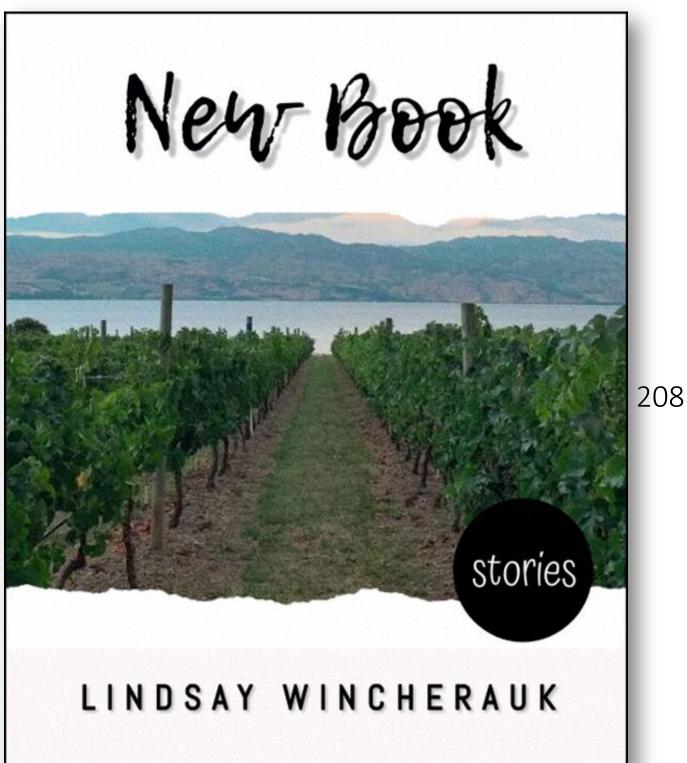




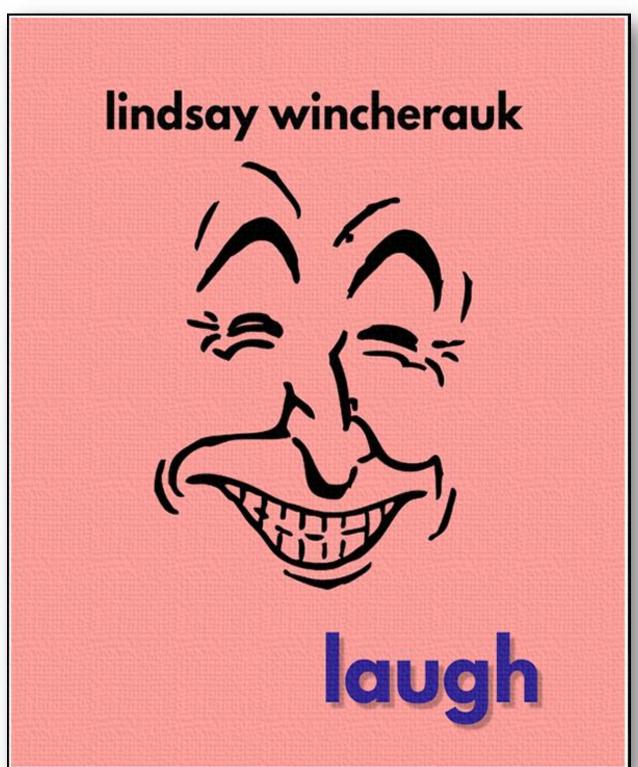








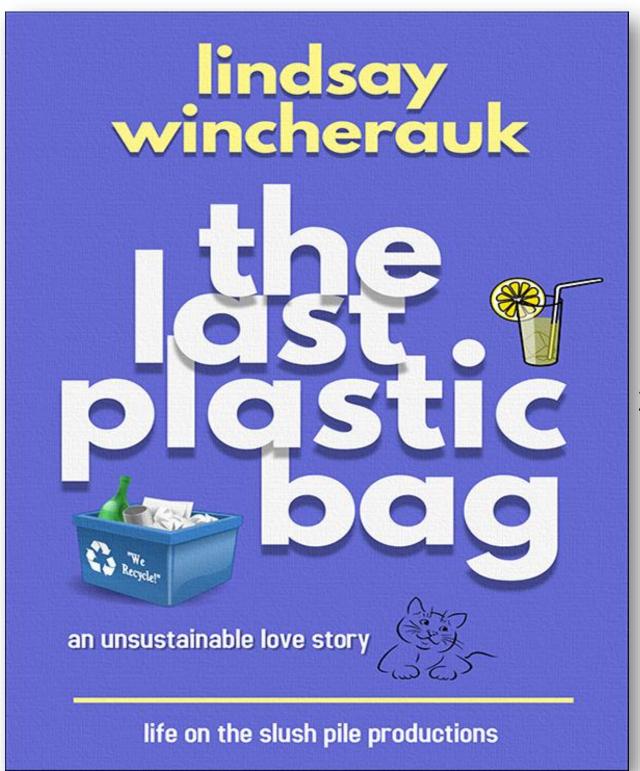




ROMANTIC COMEDIA

1 X KOMANTIC COMEDY 1 X KOMANTIC COMEDA

1. THE LAST PLASTIC BAG \rightarrow

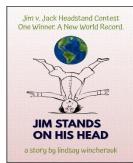


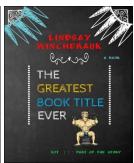


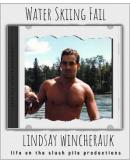
11 X DAKK COMEDY

- 1. JIM STANDS ON HIS HEAD
- 2. THE GREATEST BOOK TITLE EVER
- 3. WATER SKIING FAIL
- 4. Horse Shoes
- 5. Prison Food
- 6. THE LOTTERY
- 7. MUST FOB IN
- 8. FRIEND PURGE
- 9. THE STEP- GOD FATHER
- 10. THE CONFESSIONAL
- 11. I HAVE A GUY
- 12. THE RESTAURANT

STORY LAB → COMING SOON

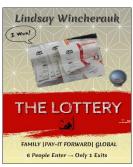






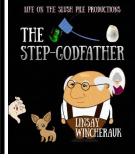


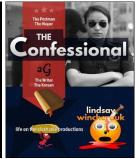




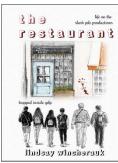


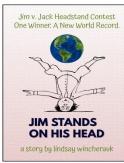




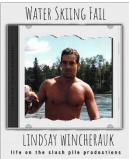






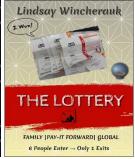






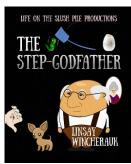




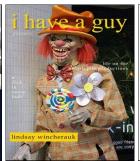


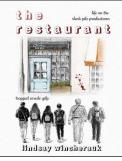


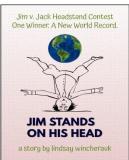










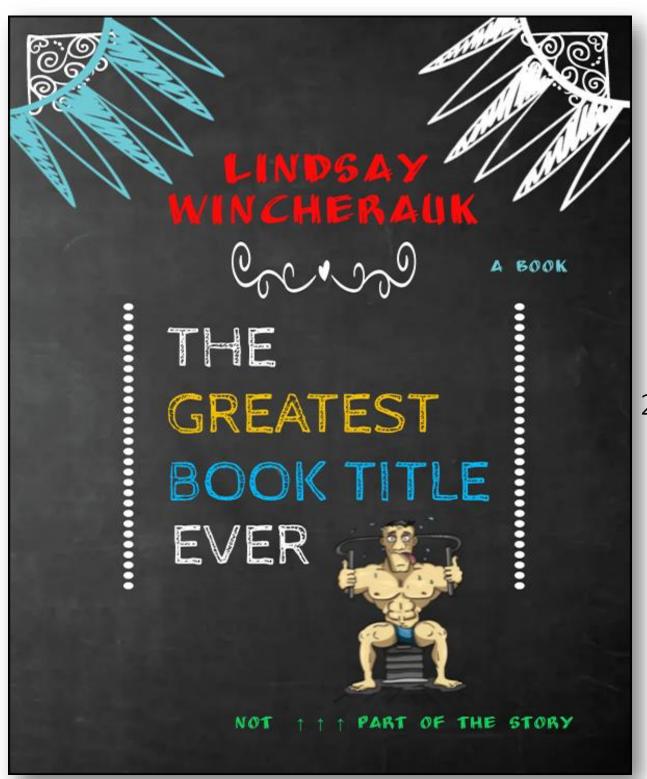


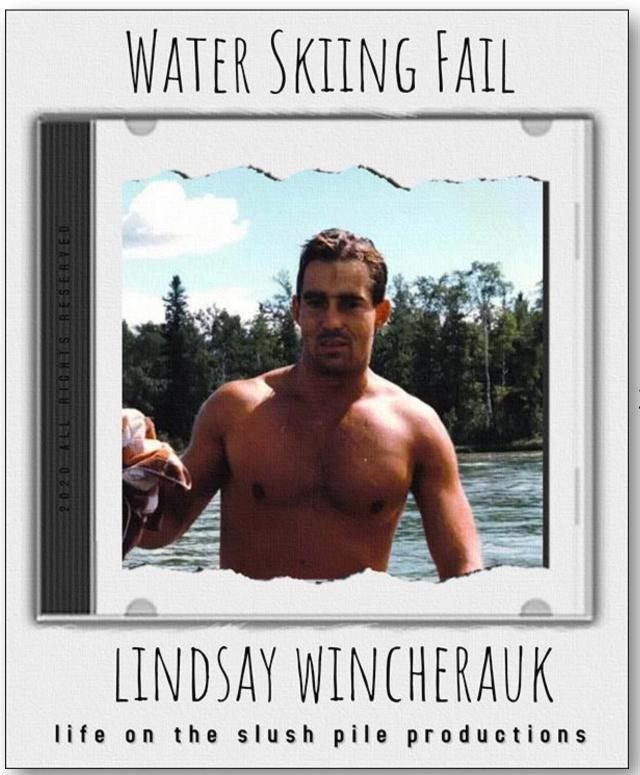
Jim v. Jack Headstand Contest One Winner. A New World Record.

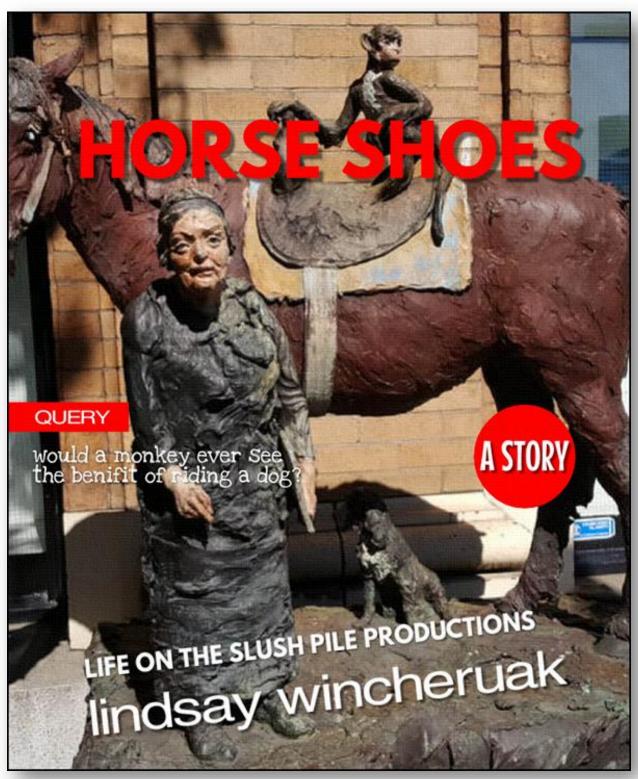


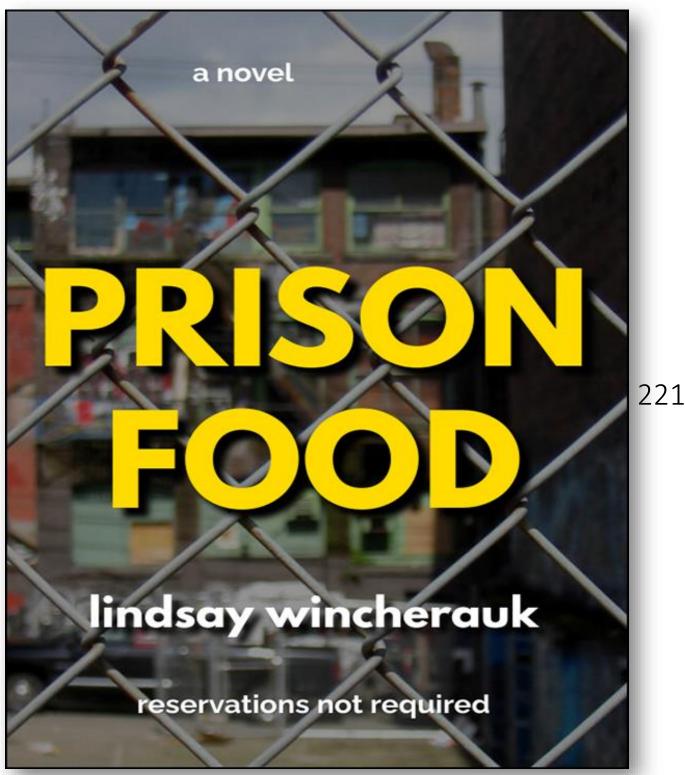
JIM STANDS ON HIS HEAD

a story by lindsay wincherauk

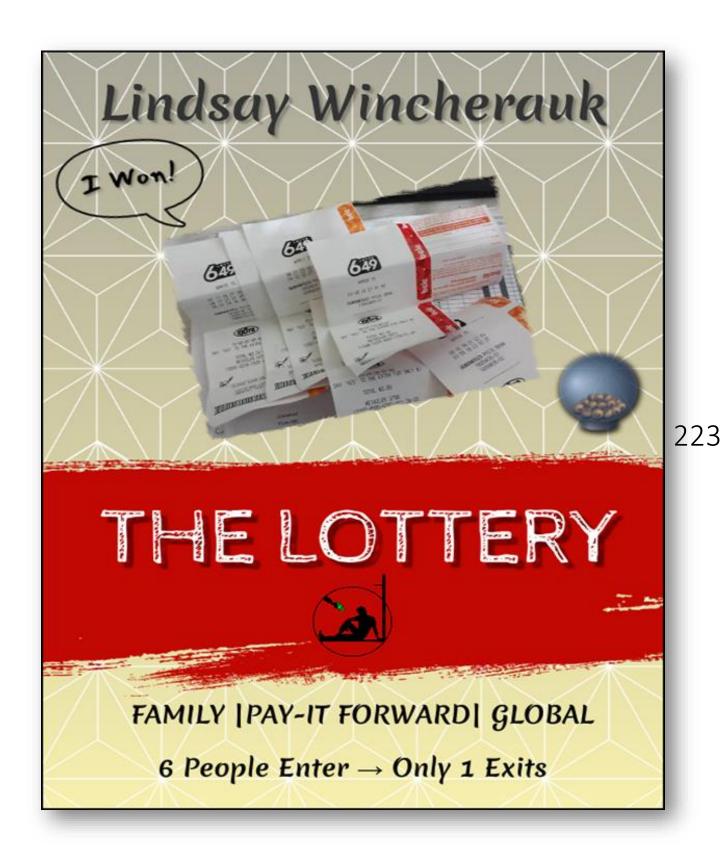








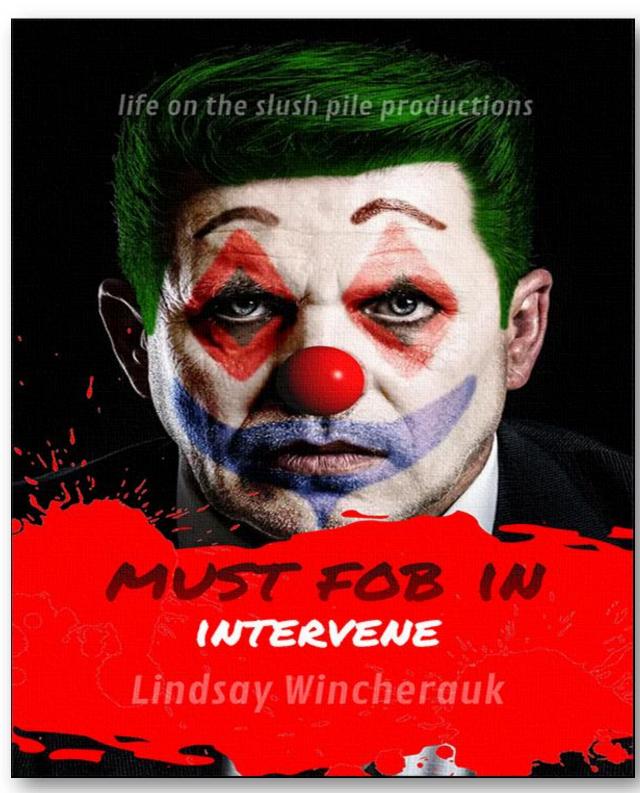
The Food Fits the Crime

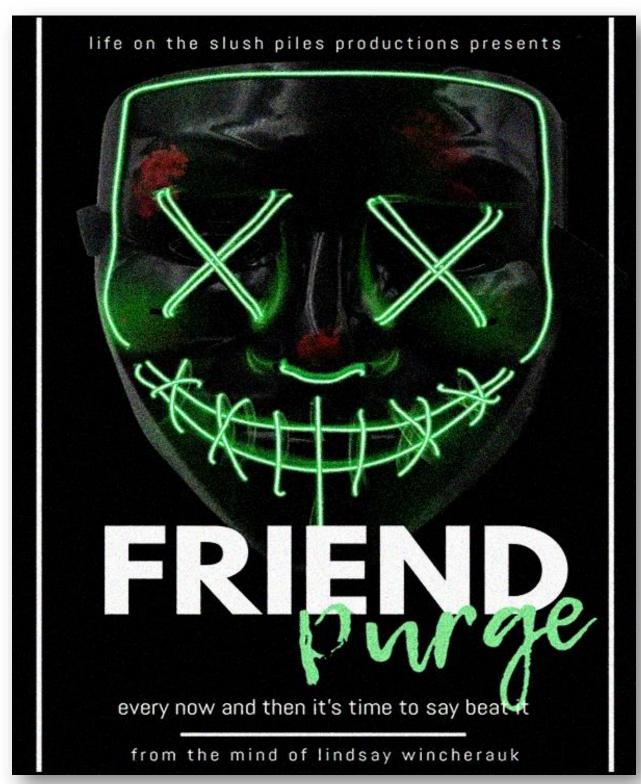


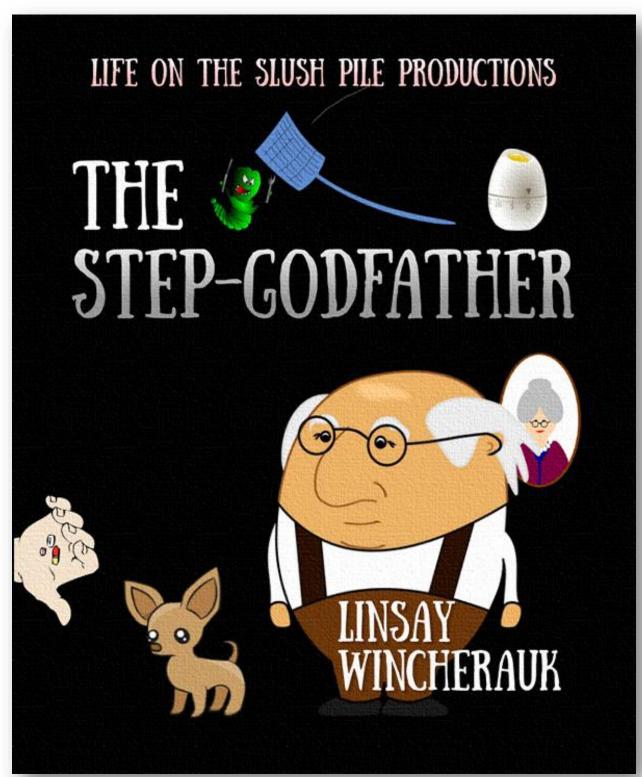
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

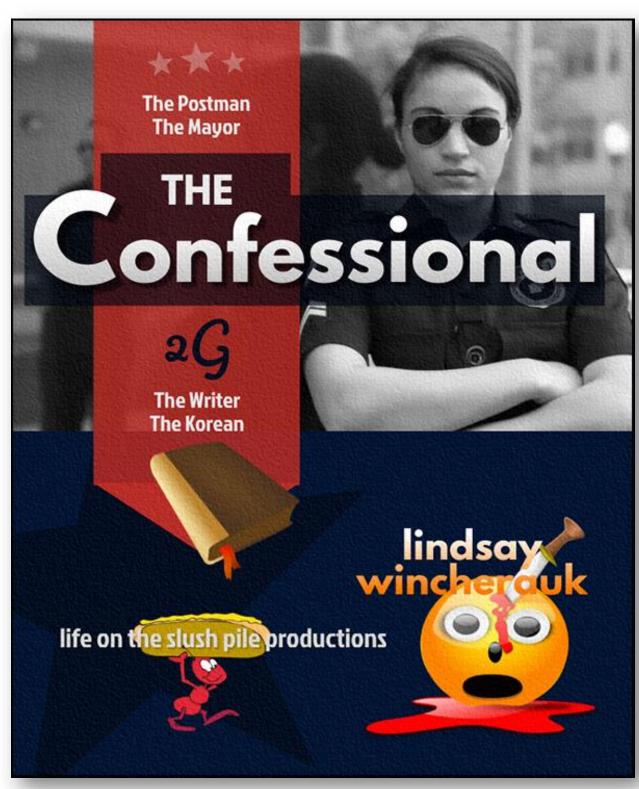
6 People Enter → Only 1 Exits

STORY LAB → COMING SOON

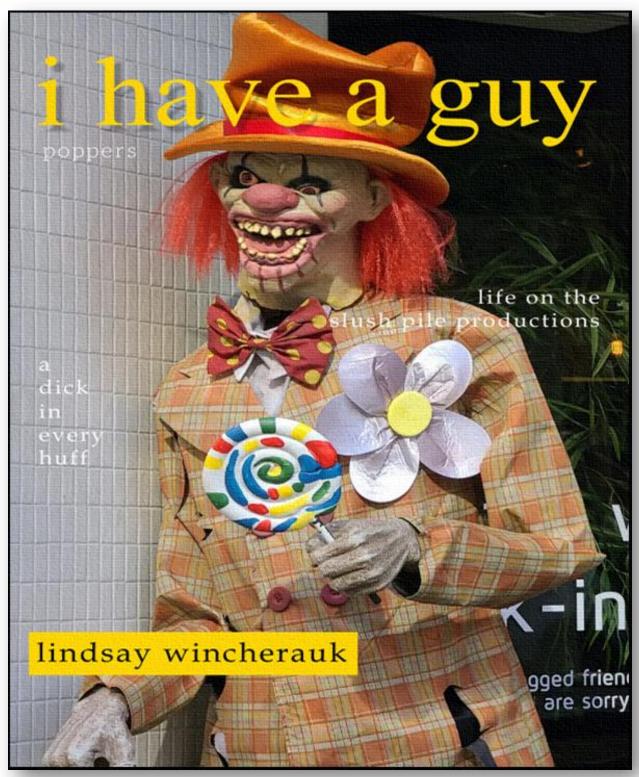








STORY LAB → COMING SOON

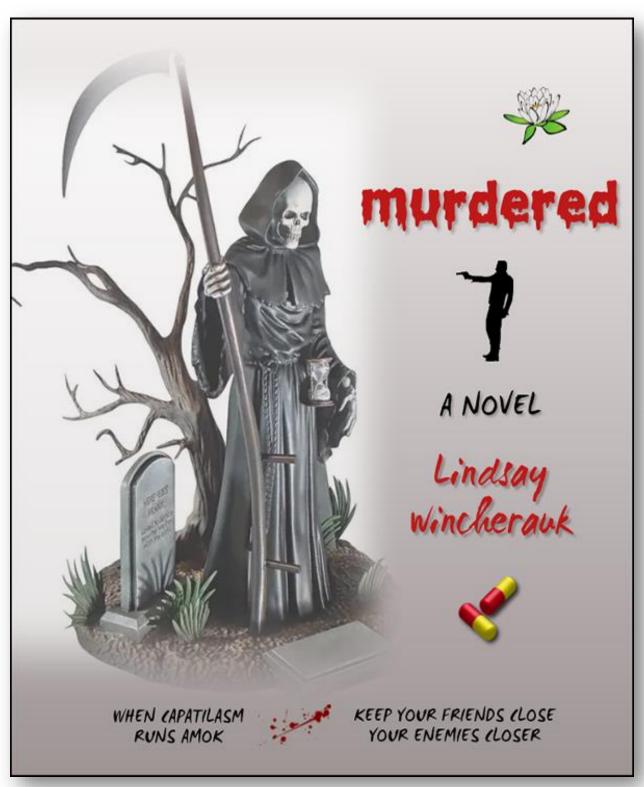


MURDER MYSTERY

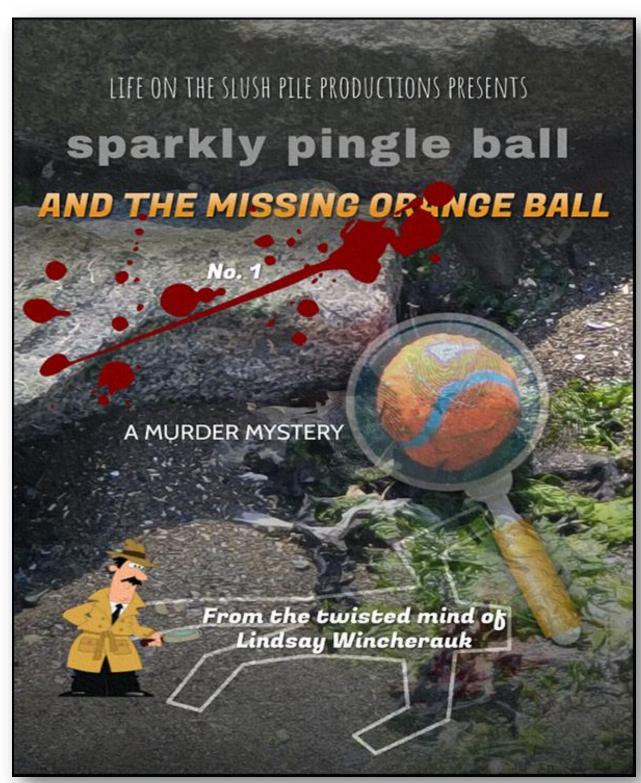
4 X MURDER MYSTERY

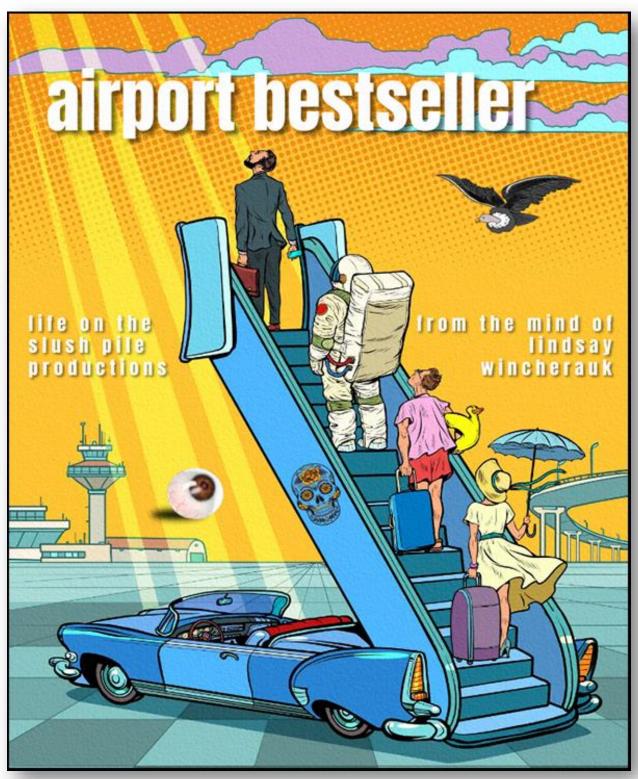
- 1. Murdered \rightarrow
- 2. Sparkly Pingle Ball: And The Missing Orange Ball \rightarrow
- 3. AIRPORT BESTSELLER \rightarrow
- 4. CEREAL KILLER \rightarrow

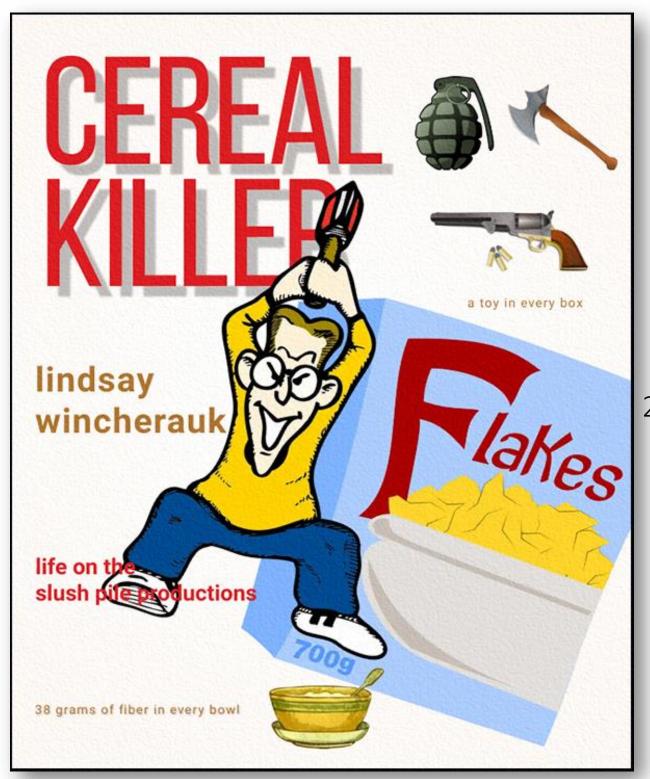
STORY LAB → COMING SOON



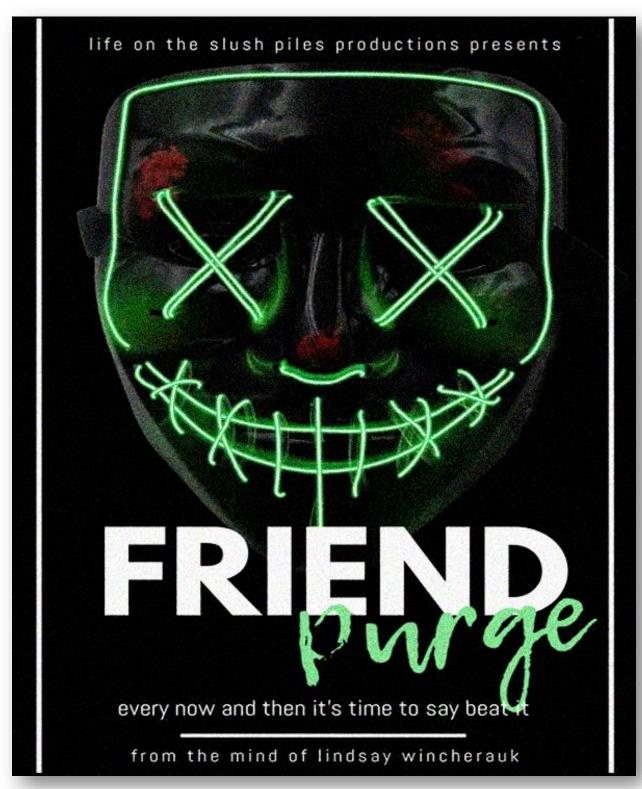
All my crimes of self defense.





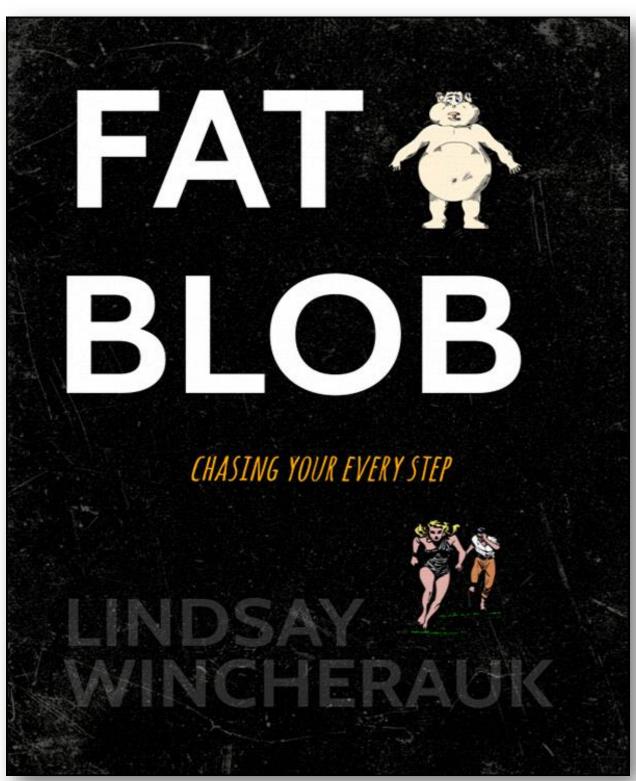


LIFESTYLE + FOOD + FITNESS

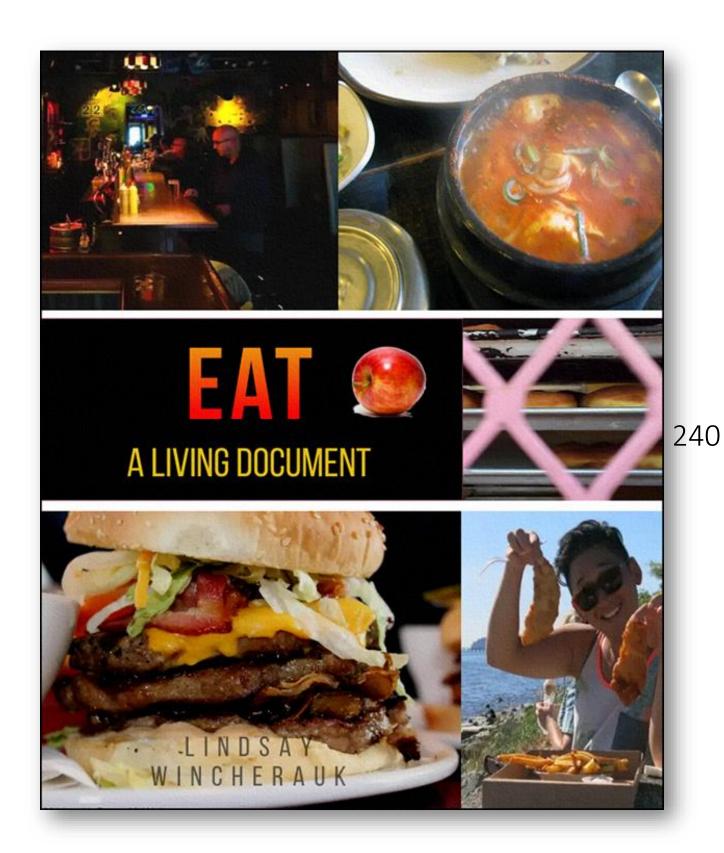


13 x LIFESTALE + FOOD + FITNESS

- 1. FAT BLOB \rightarrow
- 2. EAT A LIVING DOCUMENT \rightarrow
- 3. Human $Zoo \rightarrow$
- 4. Humans' Bistro (You Are What We Eat) \rightarrow
- 5. SVELTE MISSISSIPPI \rightarrow
- 6. Put Down The Fork \rightarrow
- 7. I Drank This \rightarrow
- 8. We Ate This \rightarrow
- 9. I ATE THIS? \rightarrow
- 10. VANCOUVER'S BEST: BURGERS \rightarrow
- 11. VANCOUVER'S BEST: RAMEN \rightarrow
- 12. VANCOUVER'S BEST: CHICKEN \rightarrow
- 13. VANCOUVER'S BEST: PIZZA \rightarrow



STORY LAB - COMING SOON



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I ate this and I have the picture to prove it

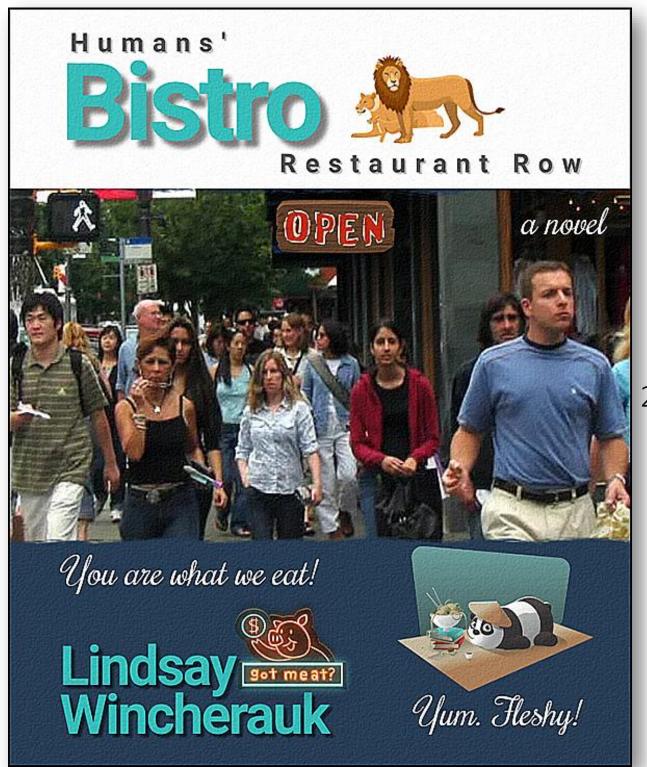


where animals come to look at us

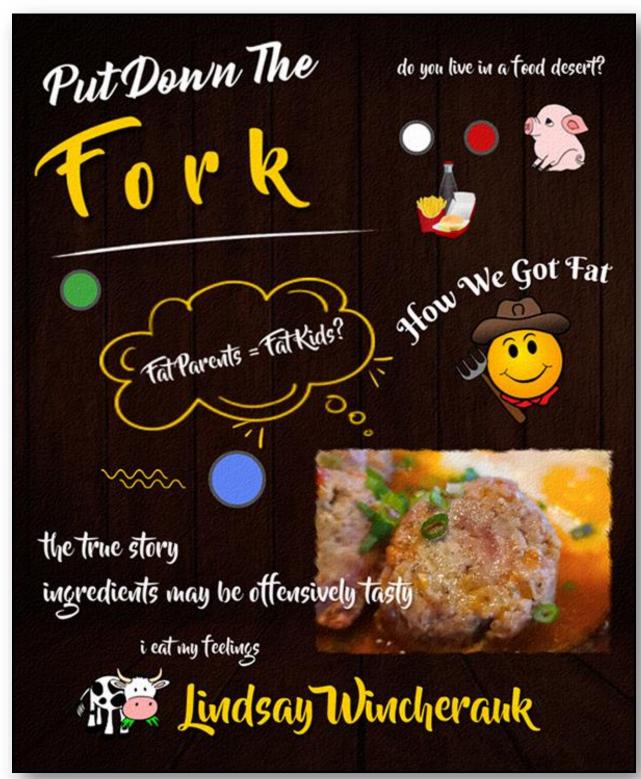


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Are they wearing pants?



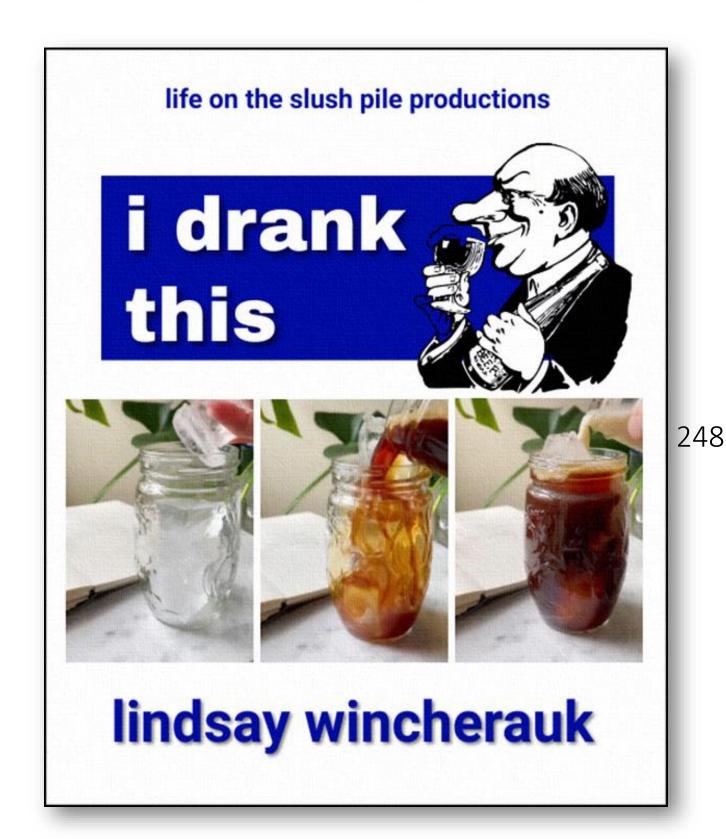




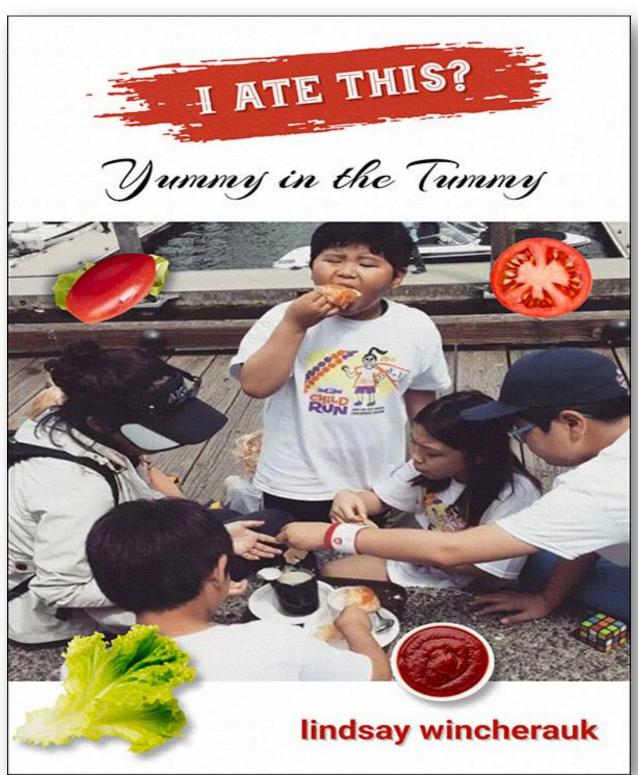
Americans spend \$150 MILLION on weight loss every day.

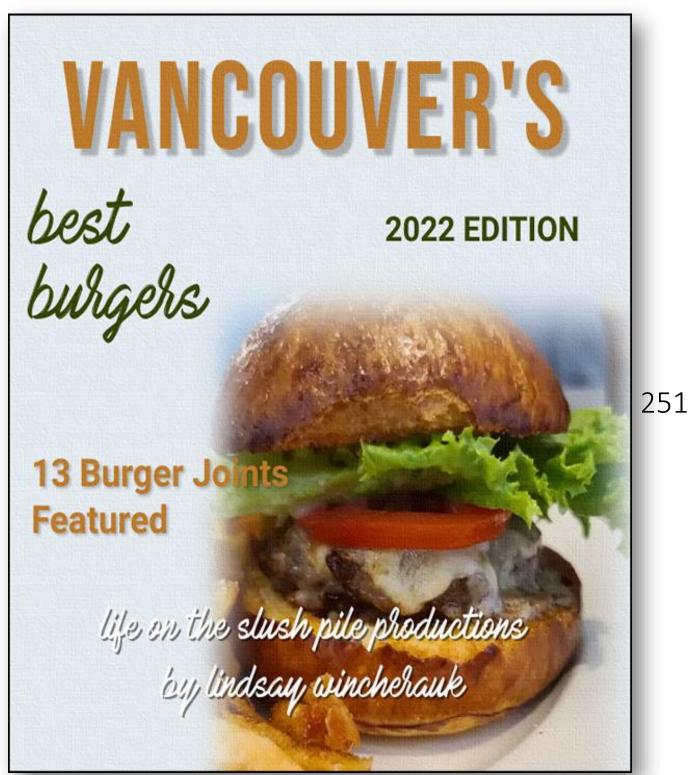
You got a belly.

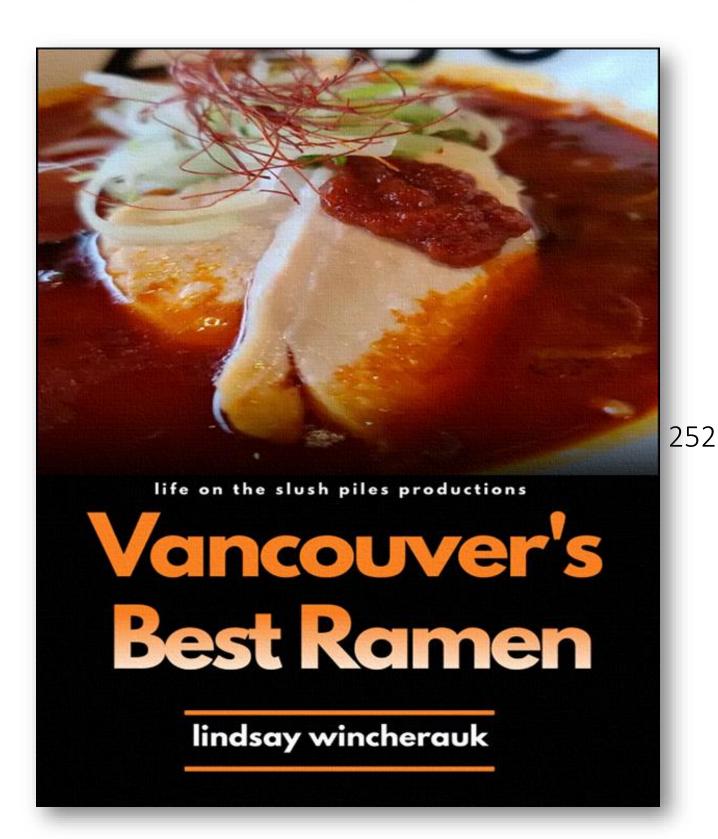
Is it because of the weed?





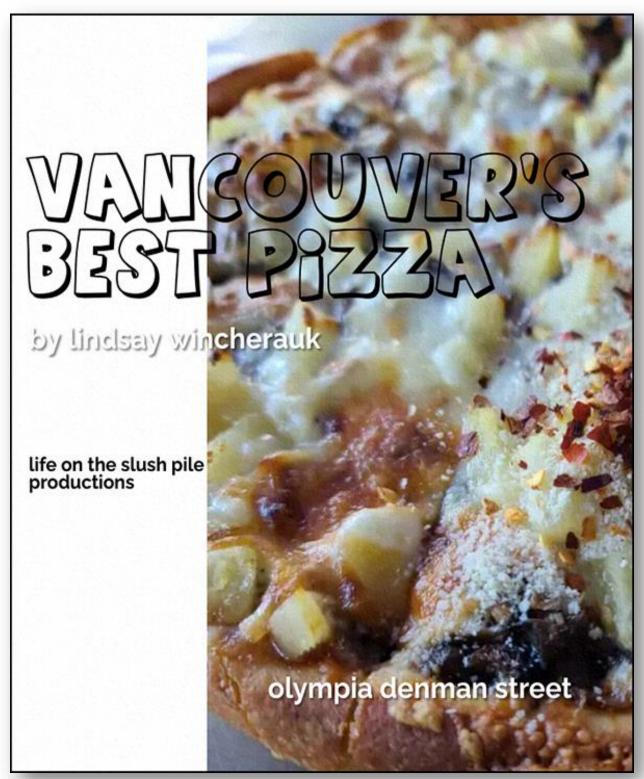




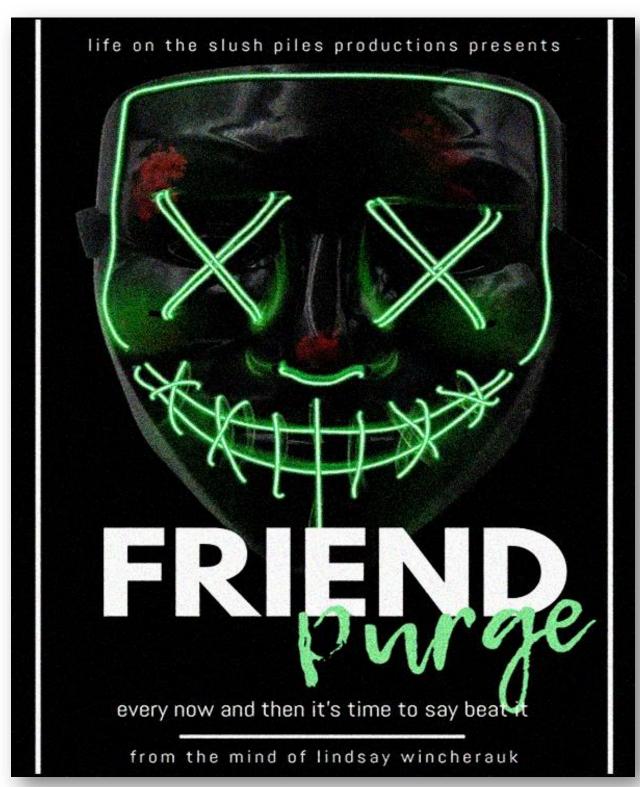


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



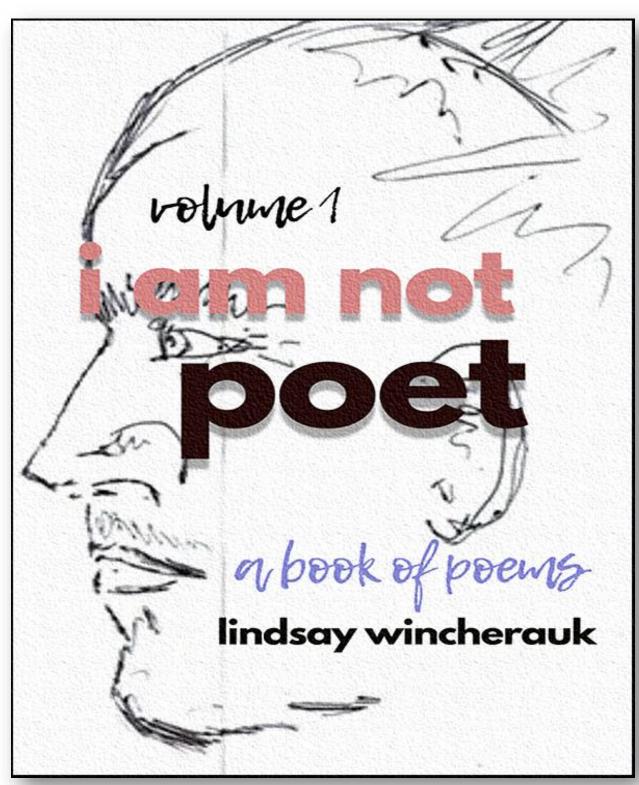


POETRY



3 x POETRY/HUMOUR 3 x POETRY/HUMOUR

- 1. I AM NOT A POET (BOOKS OF POEMS) VOLUME: $1 \rightarrow$
- 2. I AM NOT A POET (BOOKS OF POEMS) VOLUME: $2 \rightarrow$
- 3. I AM NOT A POET (BOOKS OF POEMS) VOLUME: $3 \rightarrow$



I AM NOT A POET (a book of Poetry), challenges what poetry is as Lindsay Wincherauk navigates through daily life. I AM NOT A POET starts as a slice of comedy → but quickly morphs into something more because we live in a world where a pandemic is fighting for airtime with the insanity of war.

INCLUDING THE CROWD-PLEASING, ROOF-RAISING, POEMS:



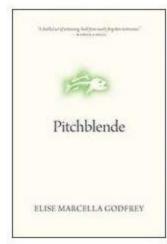
SHORT POEM

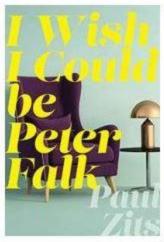
RICKY GERVAIS

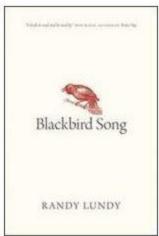
OLD PERSON AMUSEMENT PARK (THE SERIES)

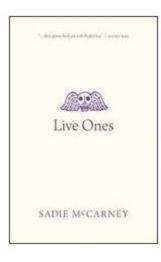
SIMILAR TITLES

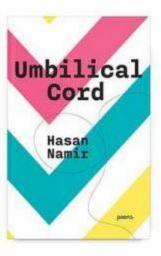


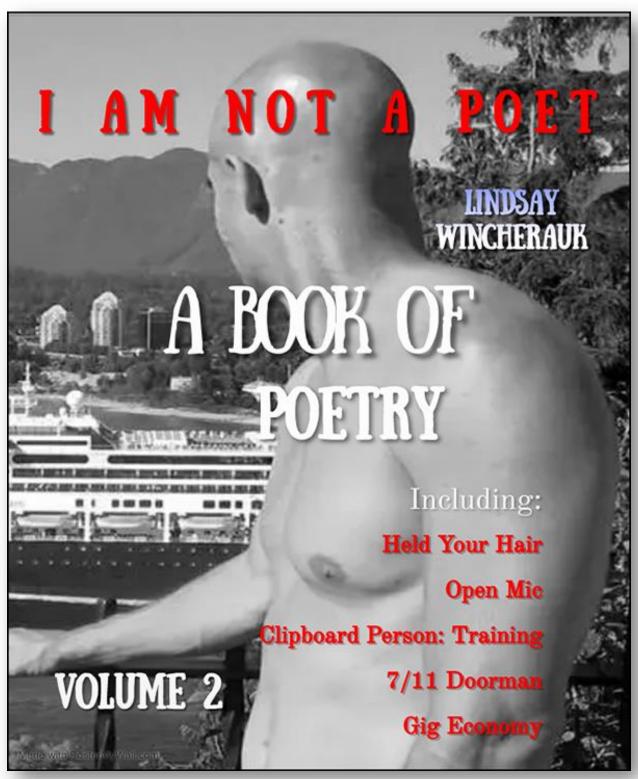


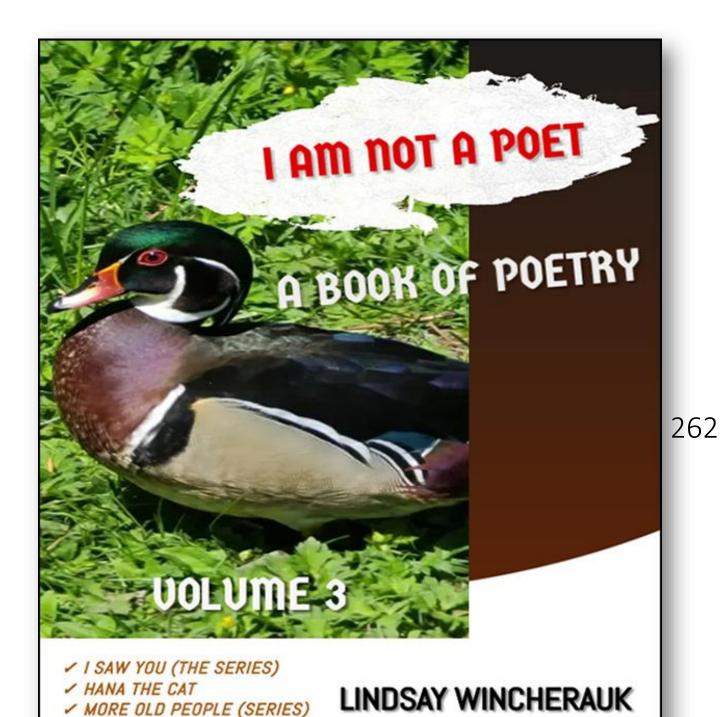










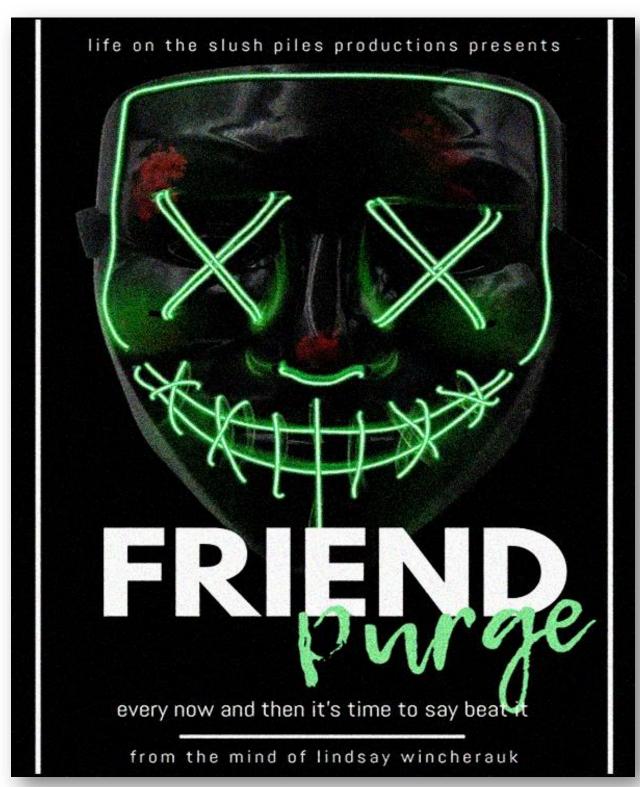


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

✓ BOATS ✓ TRAINS

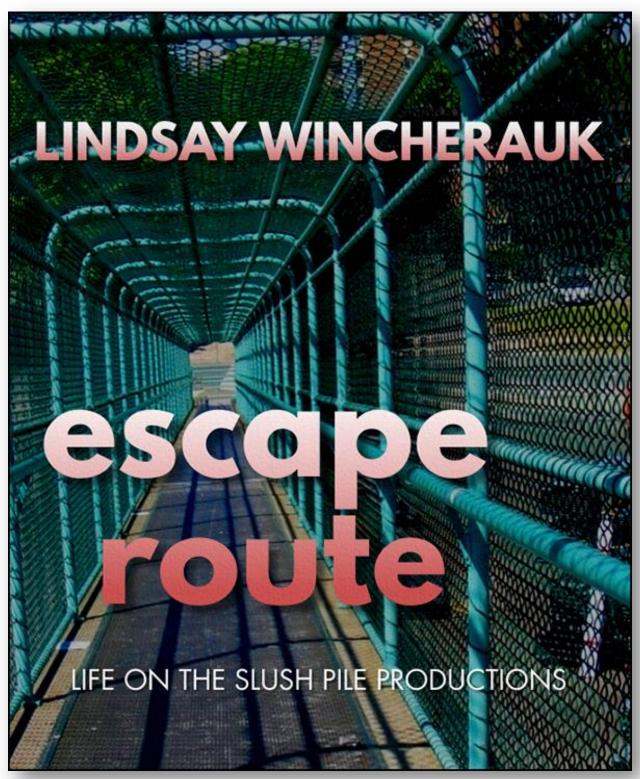
V DICKY, DICKY.

ACTION



X ACTION

1. ESCAPE ROUTE \rightarrow

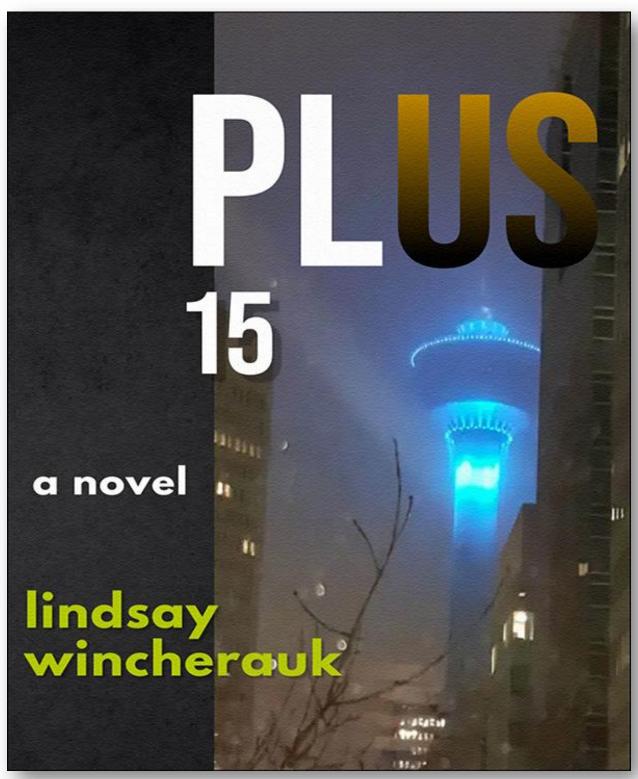


DYSTOPIA

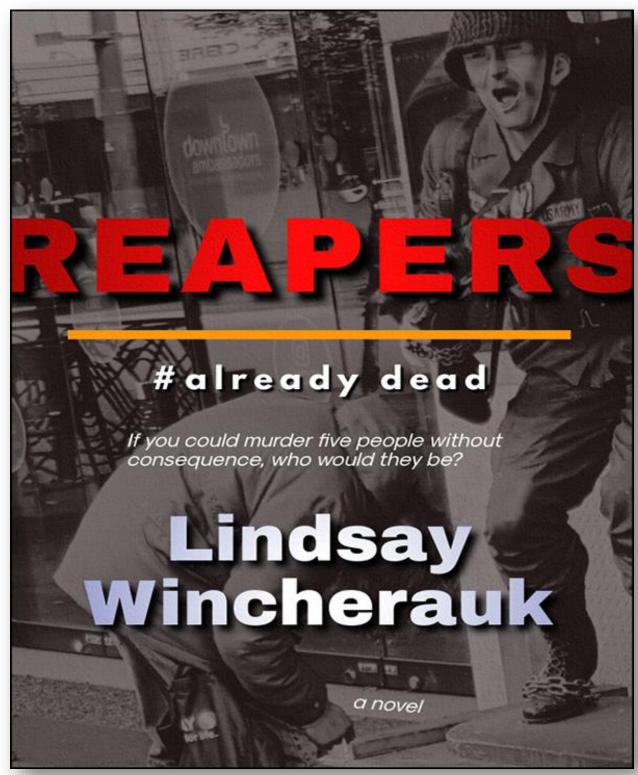
5 x DYSTOPIA 2 x DXSLOBIV

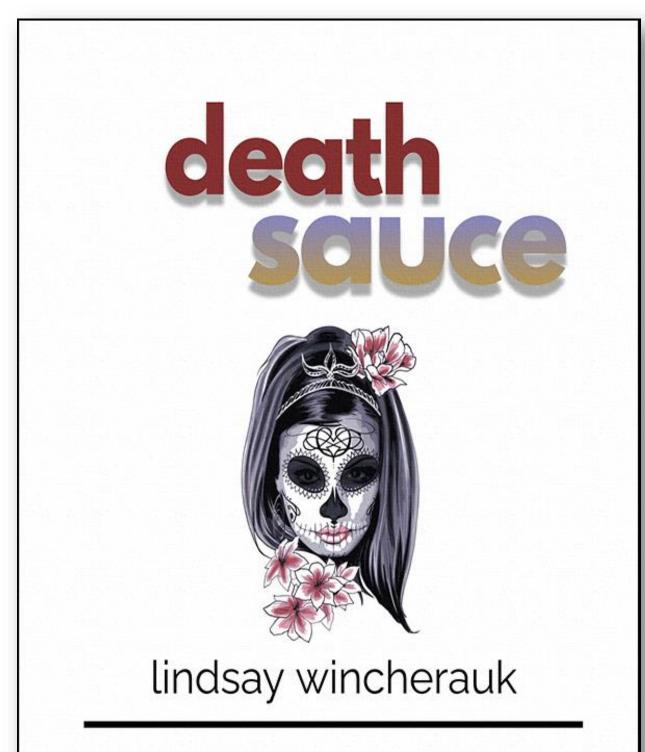
1. Plus $15 \rightarrow$

- 2. Reapers \rightarrow
- 3. Death Sauce \rightarrow
- 4. Perfect Bubble \rightarrow
- 5. PRISON IDOL \rightarrow



Sometimes, you have to face your fears to save your family.





Divided We Stand.

It only takes one drop to end humanity.

273

Death Sauce (a love story) is a dystopian comedy where two families battle for control of the world \rightarrow periodically tripping into the real world to eat in real restaurants (reviews).

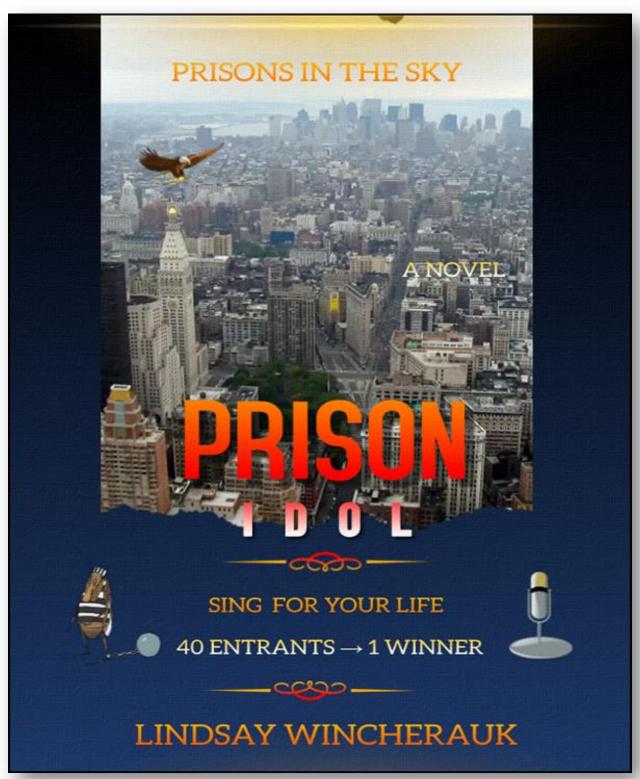
lindsay wincherauk

Every day, I walk past a man who lives a bus shelter bench. His legs are swollen at least ten-times in size. He's invisible. He's a large man. He stinks. I want to vomit. I jaywalk to avoid him. He's rotting from the inside. He's already dead. I feel guilty because he no longer exists. I'm not sure what his presence is telling us, collectively? It's his fault. He wouldn't be in this situation if only he had put more effort into life. It's that simple. Just apply yourself, and—wow, you're a dick.



Could his soulmate be a million miles away?

how is this okay?



FANTASY

Z X FANTASY S X EVNLYSX

- 1. Prose \rightarrow
- 2. ARC \rightarrow
- 3. Hogan's Superhero \rightarrow
- 4. WHITE CAT \rightarrow

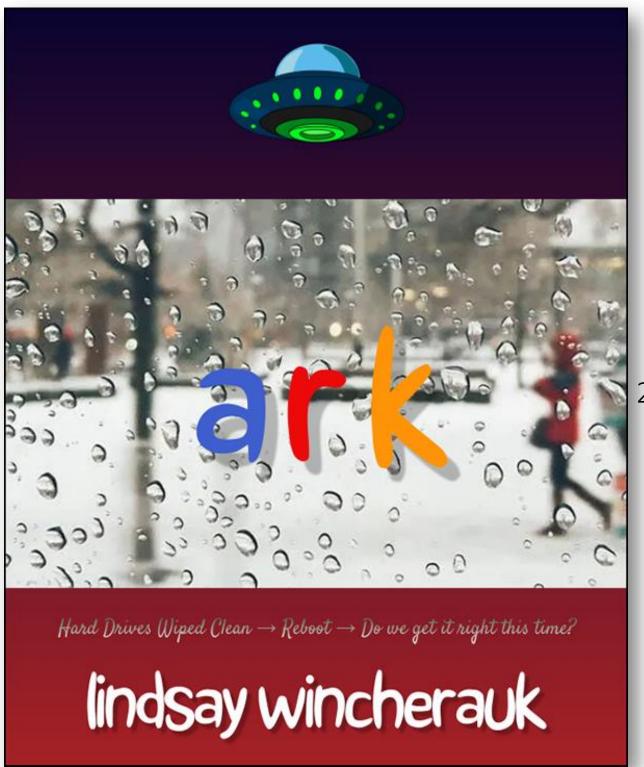




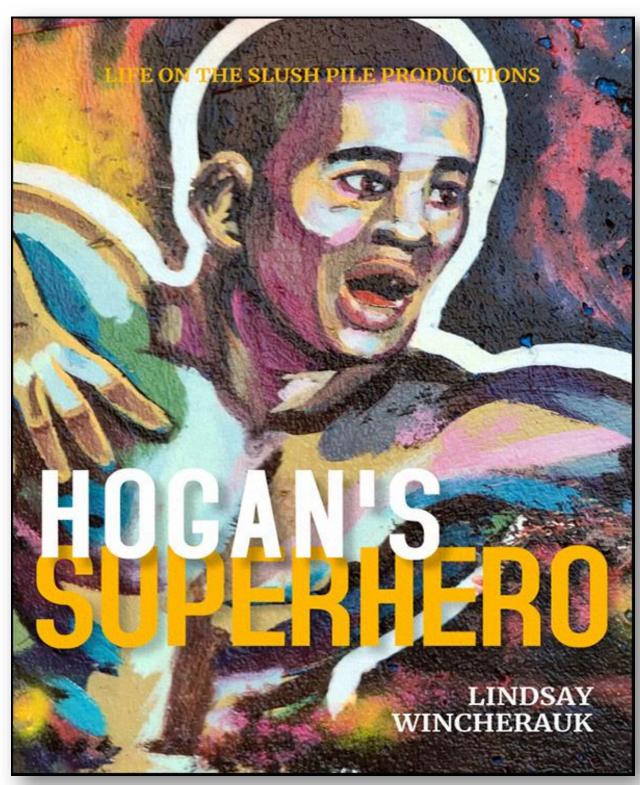


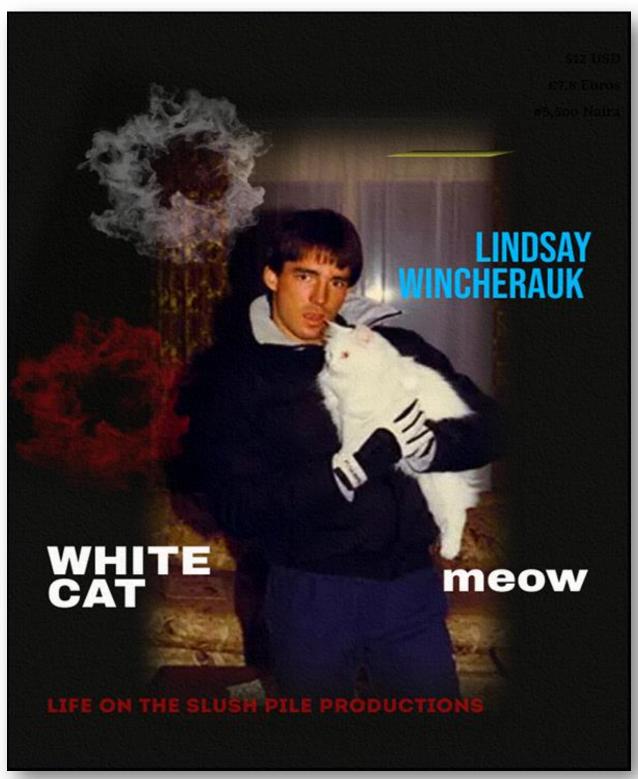


Help, I'm trapped inside this book $\rightarrow \uparrow \leftarrow \downarrow \downarrow \downarrow$



Hard Drives Wiped Clean \rightarrow Reboot \rightarrow Do We Get it Right this Time?

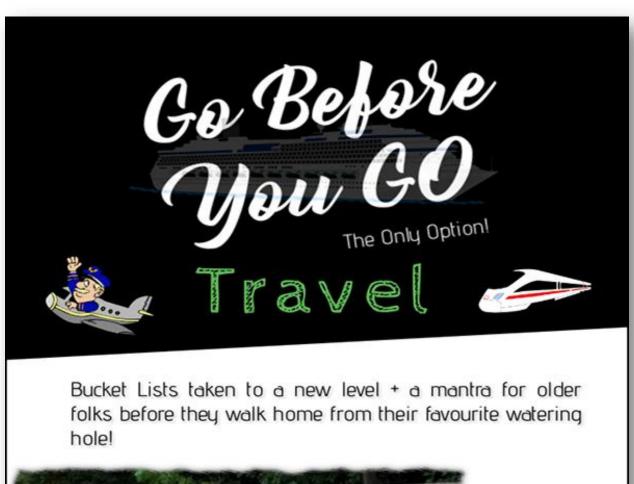




TRAVEL

1 X TRAVEL

1. Go Before You Go \rightarrow







32 X XET TO BE CATEGORIZED 32 X AEL LO BE C'ALEGORIZED

1.	THE HAT MODEL
2.	THE POSTMAN + THE HAT MODEL + 2G
3.	MY DAYS
4.	DISSEMINATION
5.	BROKEN GLASSES (BUBBLE BATH)
6.	THE WRITER
7.	ART INSTALLATION
8.	BEHIND THE DOOR
9.	THE LIFE AND AMAZING TIMES OF DAVID
10.	JAY
11.	LOVE IS
12.	GUMMY FRIDAY
13.	LITERAL KILLER
14.	OUTRAGED
15.	RYAN REYNOLDS
16.	SIT DOWN PLEASE
17.	SPARE CHANGE
18.	TOXIC FRIENDS
19.	How to Kill Your Golden Goose
2 0.	LITERALLY WITHOUT AND
21.	ONLY FOR A LIMITED TIME
22.	GENERAL POPULATION
23.	GHOST THUMB
24.	MAC + CHEESE
25.	MAYBE WHEN I HAVE GRANDCHILDREN
26.	PENELOPE + THE VEILED TREE
27.	9 Z s
28.	1,066
29 .	AMERICA: THE SERIES
30.	COFFEE SHOP 3
31.	JAY AS AN AVTAR
32.	JAY PONDERING
33.	JAY TAKING A PHOTO
34.	JAY THINKING

35.

36.

BEHIND YOUR BACK

WE REMEMBER THE DARTS

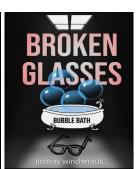
STORY LAB -> COMING SOON





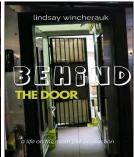


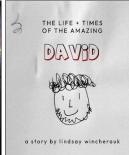


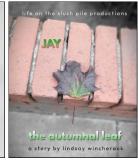


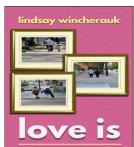






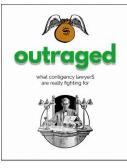


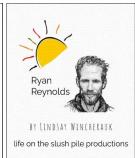


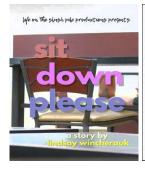




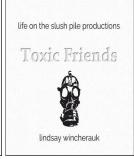


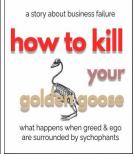


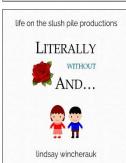




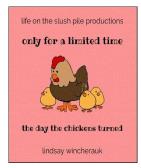


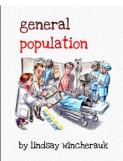






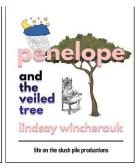
STORY LAB -> COMING SOON



















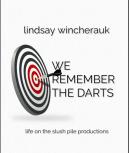




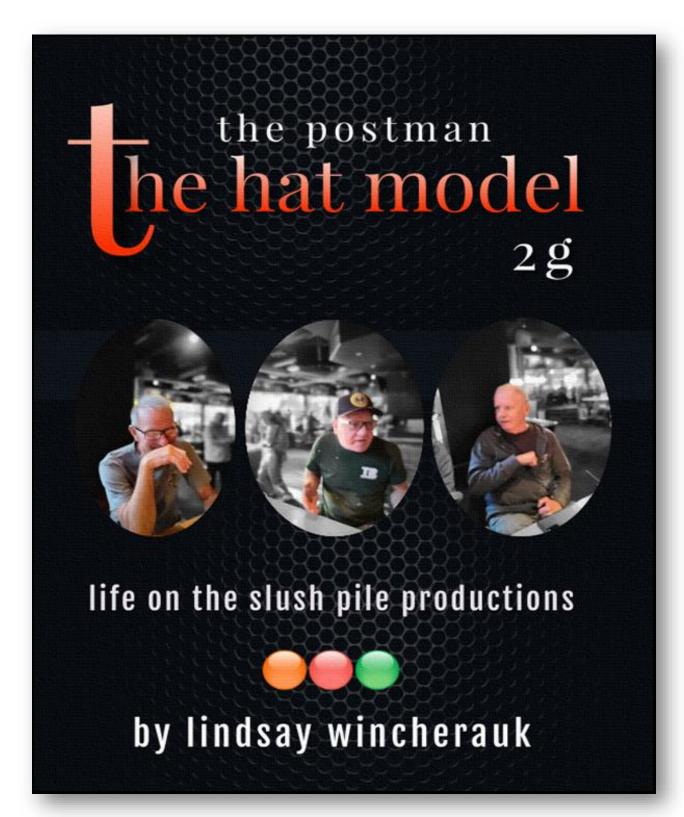






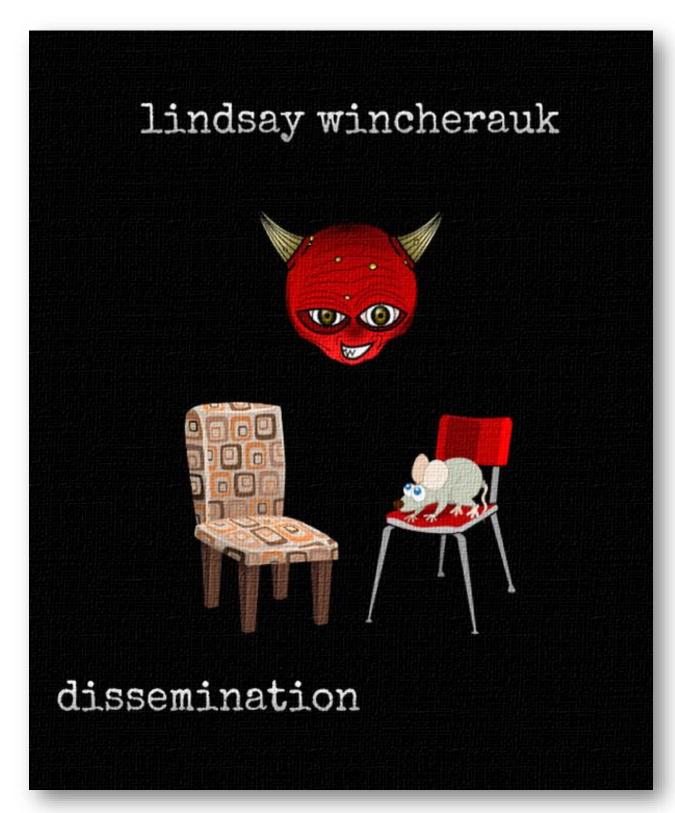


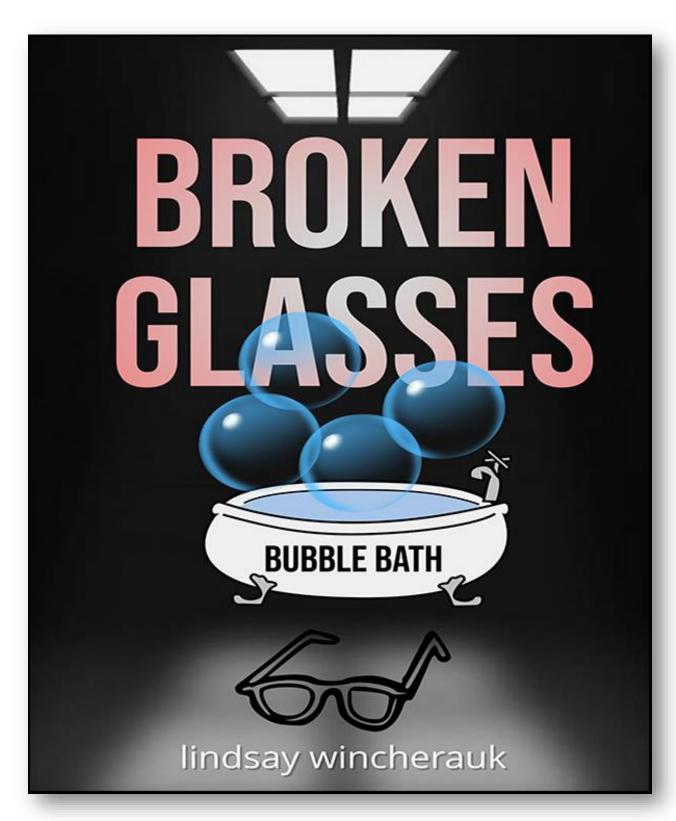




STORY LAB → COMING SOON



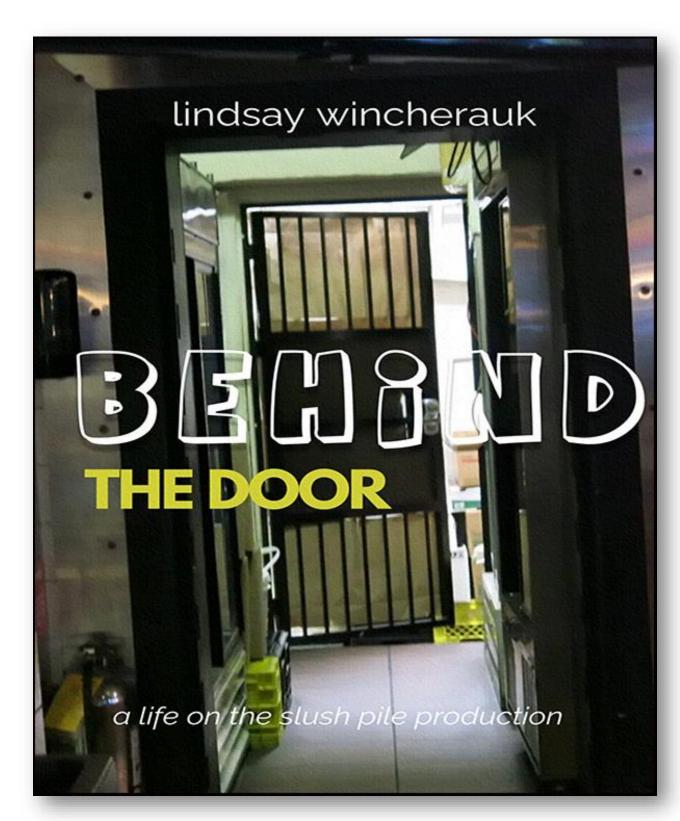




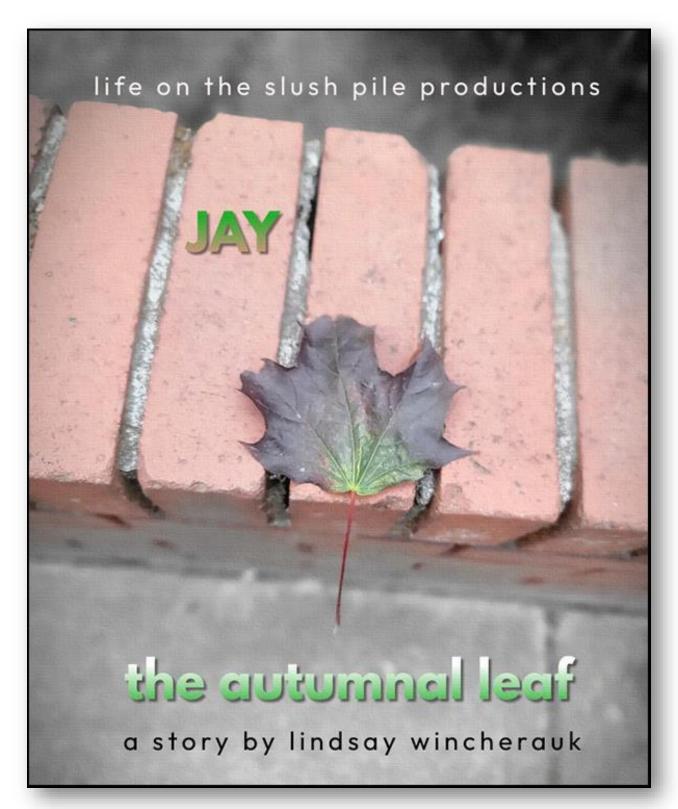


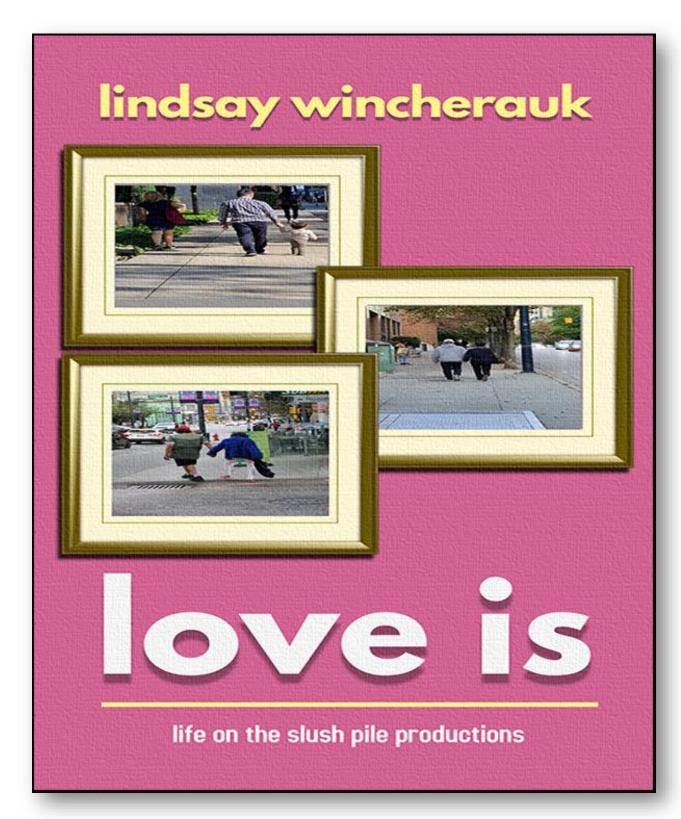
STORY LAB → COMING SOON

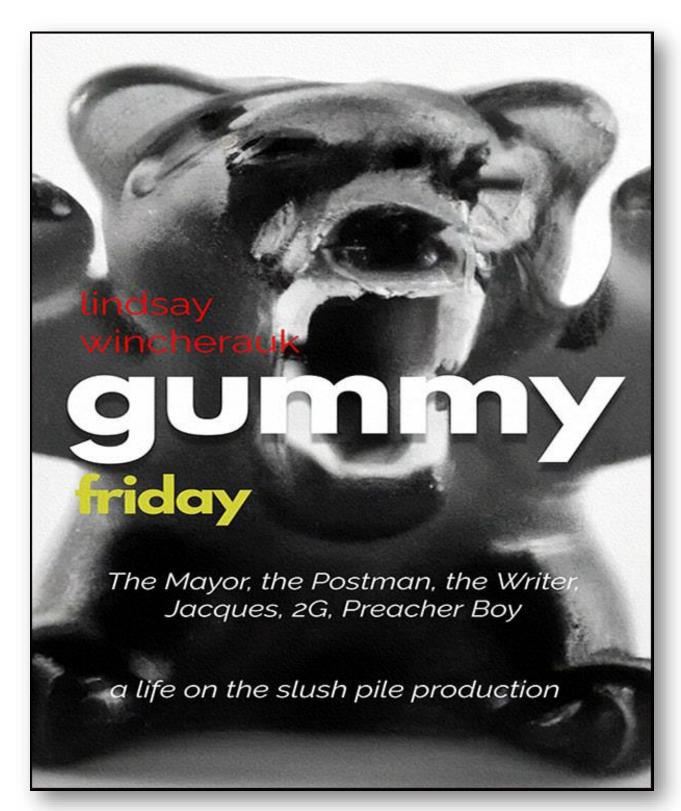




THE LIFE + TIMES OF THE AMAZING a story by lindsay wincherauk





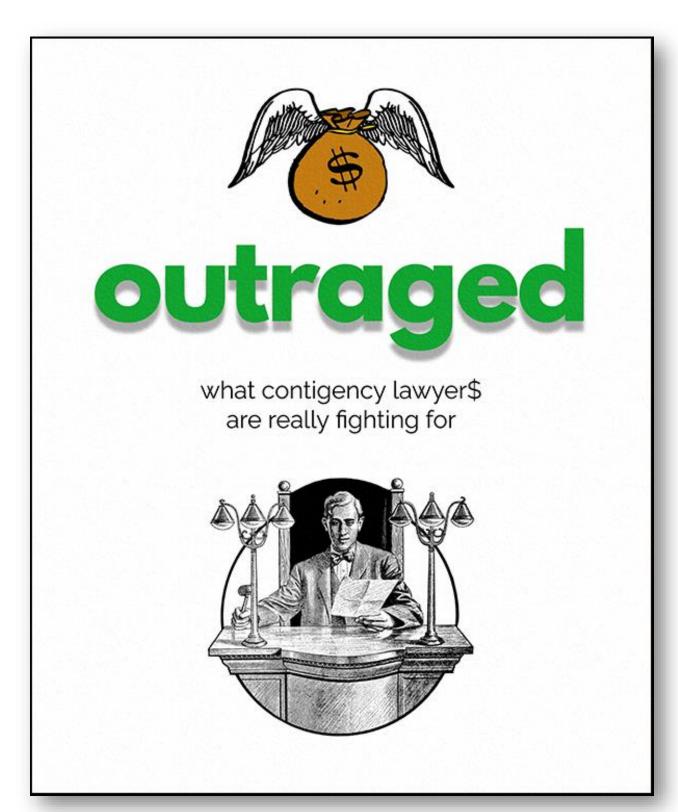


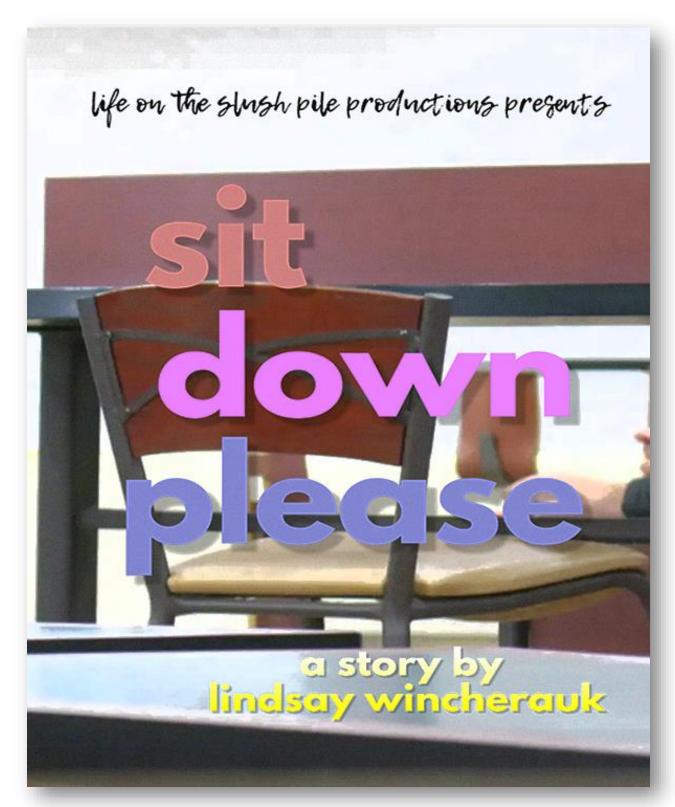
life on the slush pile productions the literal killer, literally



lindsay wincherauk

a surreal murder mystery





knock. knock. i don't have a fucking door i'm homeless

SPARE



CHANGE



humanizing the people trapped in the cycle of working for staffing agencies

a consientious observer

life on the slush pile productions

Toxic Friends



lindsay wincherauk

a story about business failure





what happens when greed & ego are surrounded by sychophants

life on the slush pile productions

LITERALLY

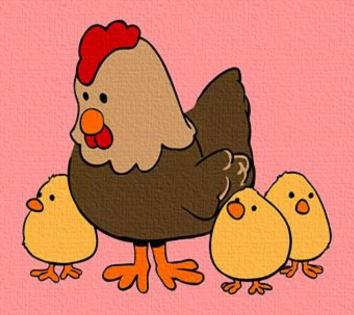




lindsay wincherauk

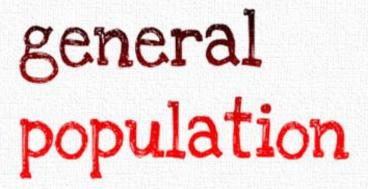
life on the slush pile productions

only for a limited time



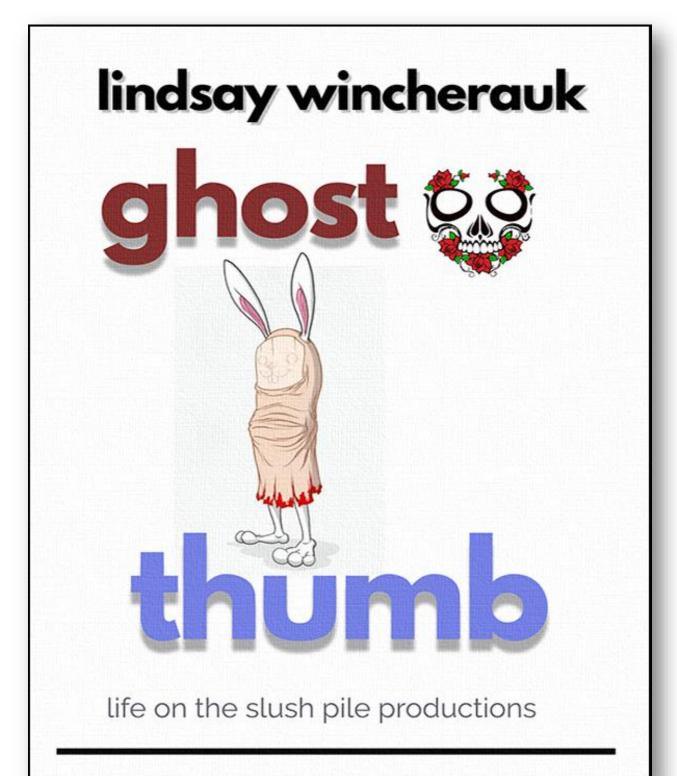
the day the chickens turned

lindsay wincherauk





by lindsay wincherauk



life on the slush pile productions



i feel guilty



buying mac + cheese

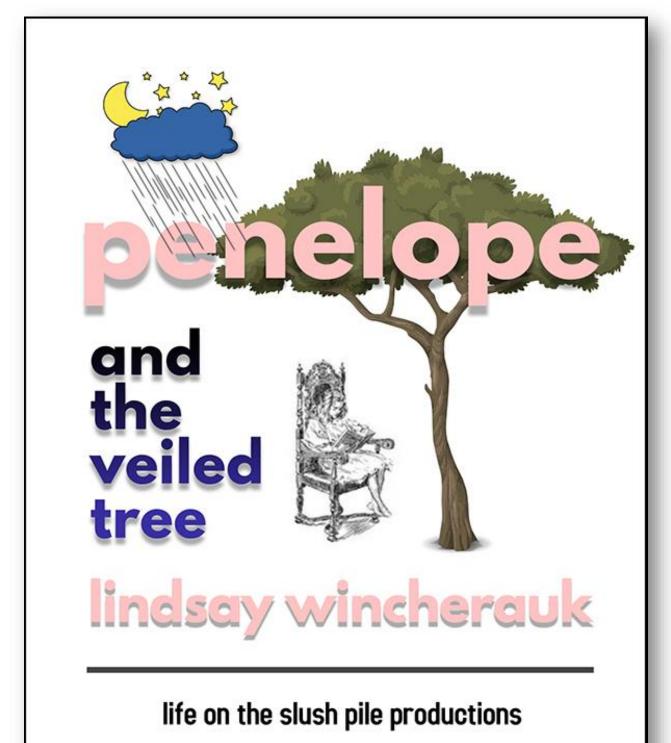
lindsay wincherauk

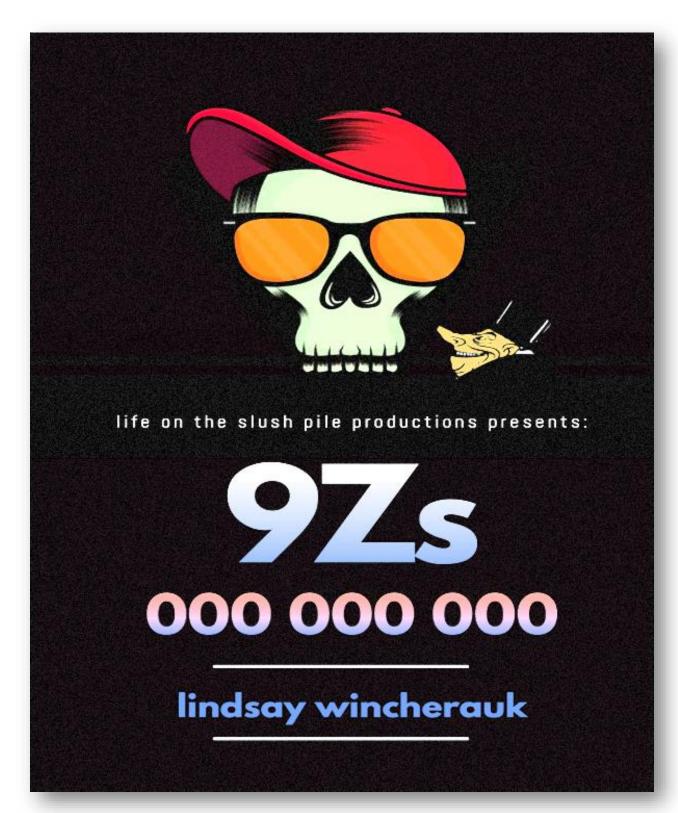
maybe

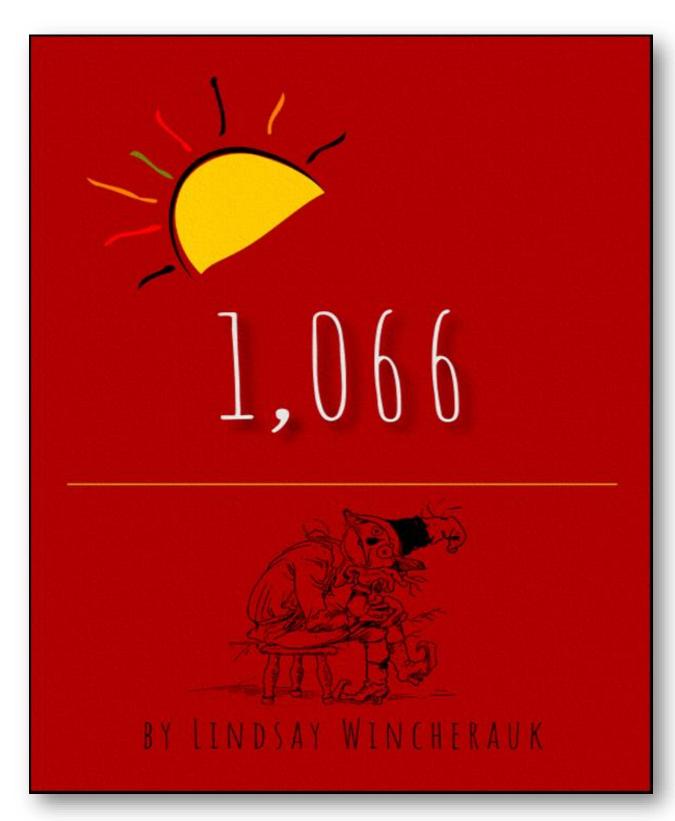
when i have grandchidren

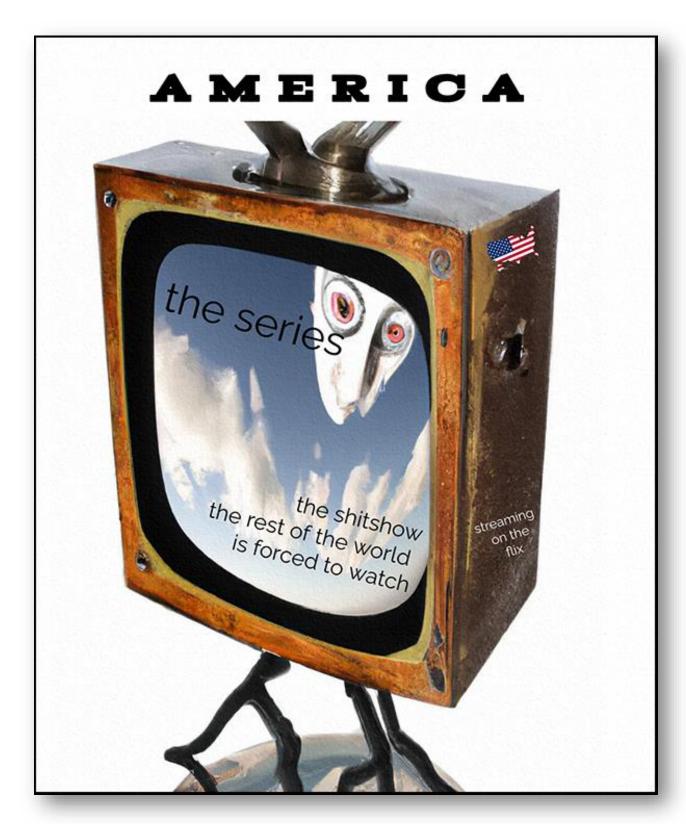


by lindsay wincherauk

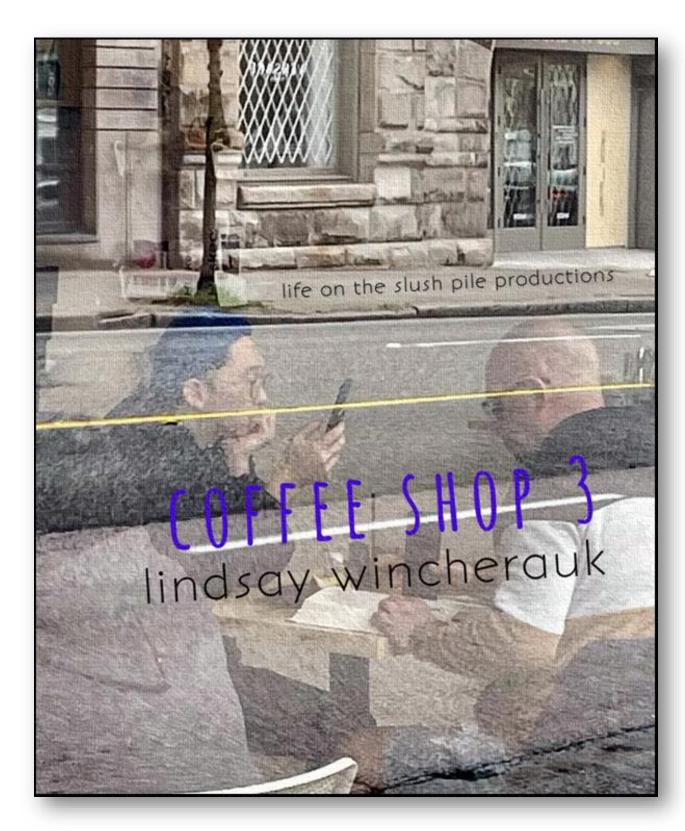


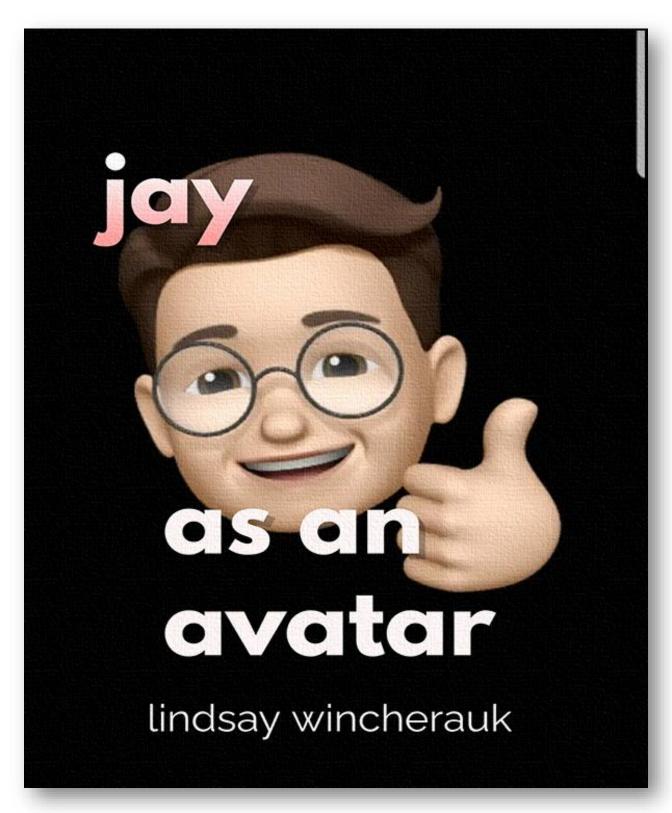




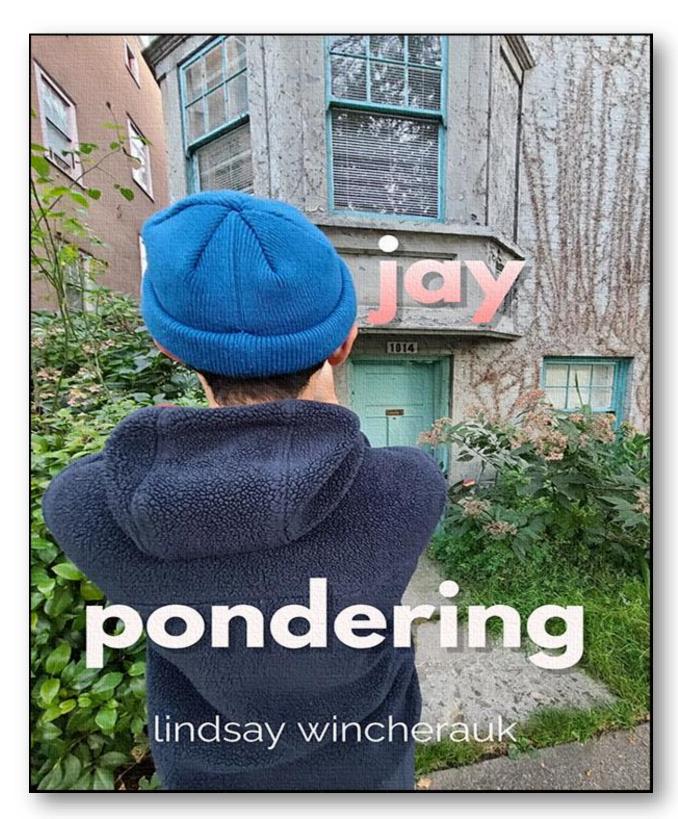


STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

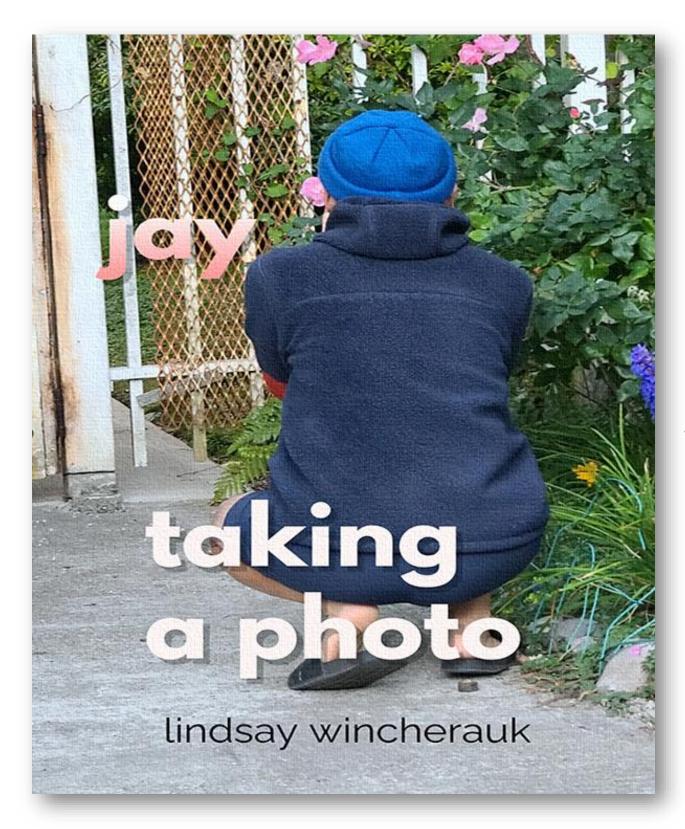




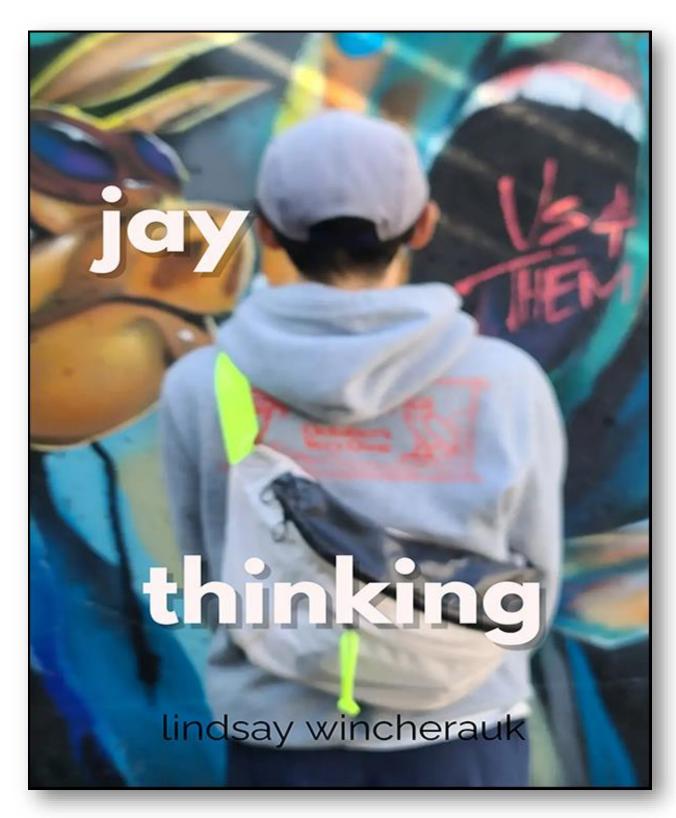
STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

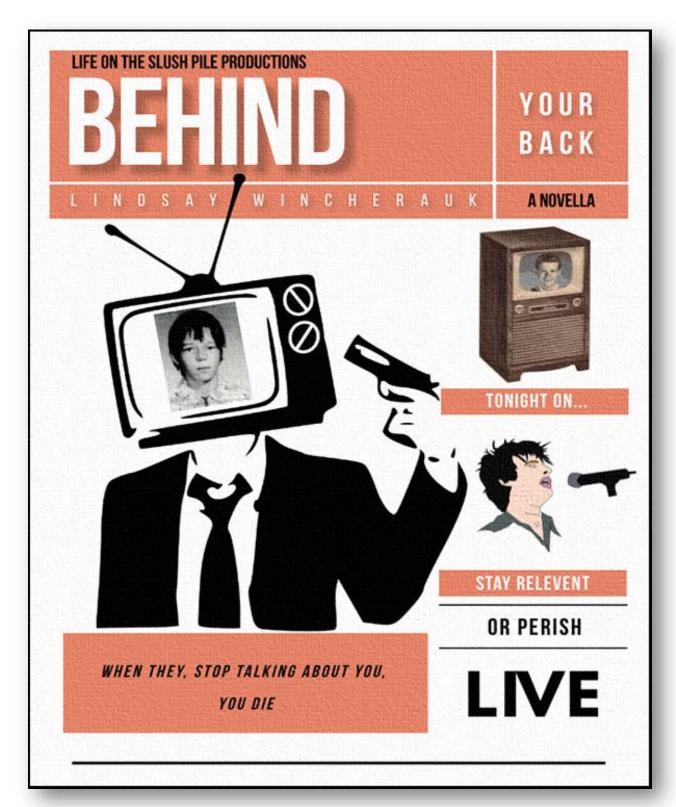


STORY LAB → COMING SOON



STORY LAB - COMING SOON





lindsay wincherauk



life on the slush pile productions

STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

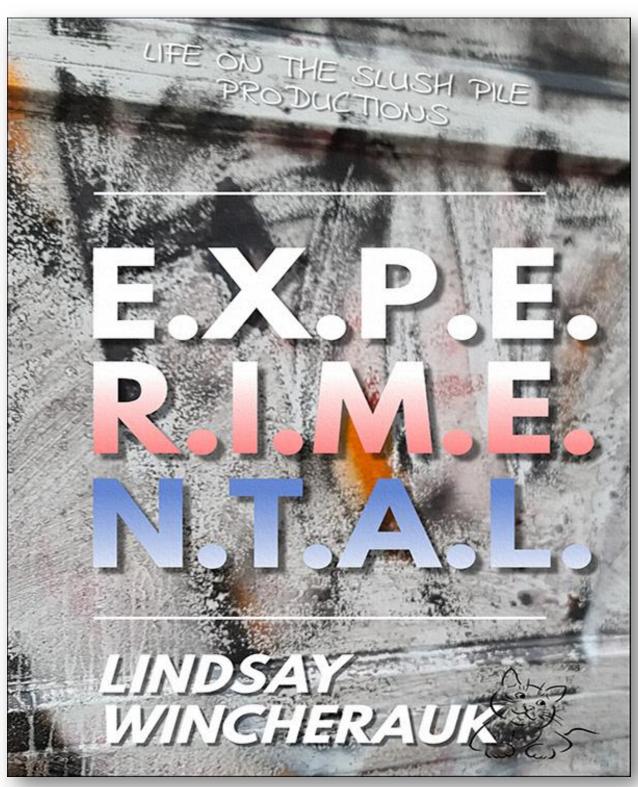
E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L.

STORY LAB \rightarrow COMING SOON

/x E,X,P,E,R,I,M,E,N,T,A,L

1. E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L. \rightarrow

STORY LAB → COMING SOON



STORY LAB -> COMING SOON

CONTACT INFORMATION

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