

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

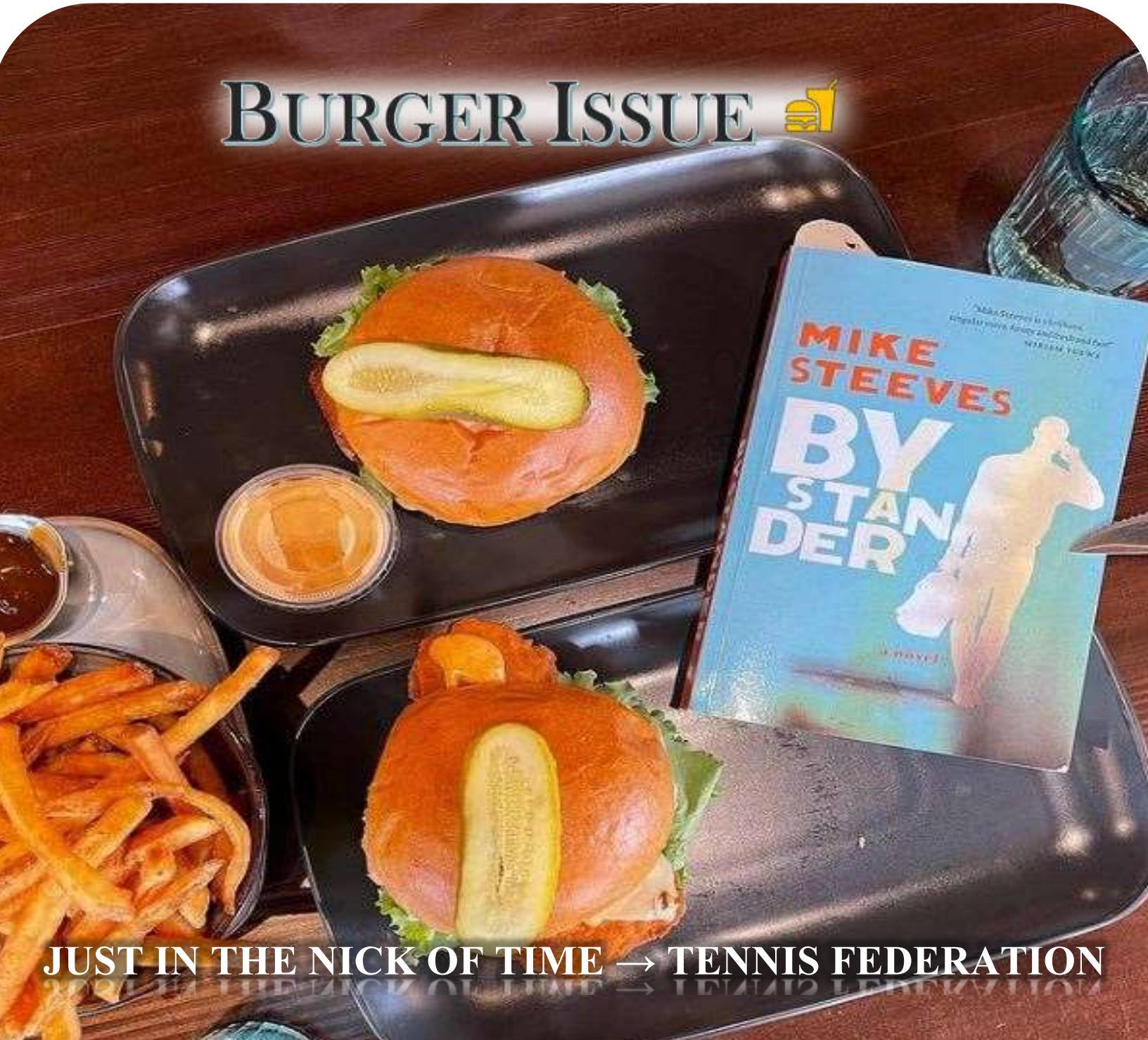
# Lindsay Last Month

SUNDAY

1 MAY 2022

ISSUE #2

**BURGER ISSUE** 🍔



**JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME → TENNIS FEDERATION**

*NOTHING ON THIS PAGE*  
NOTHING ON THIS PAGE

LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

## HERE WE GO (THIS INTRO IS A WORK OF FICTION) →

**T**wenty-five months ago, my lengthy career came grinding to a halt at the start of Covid.

*Why?*

After twenty-five months of soul searching → I concluded; **bad people** → and was utterly tossed out with the trash. Disgusting, I know. I have to redact and say bad people because the bad people are trying to destroy my life. The redacted part doesn't really say bad people.

Before I was discarded like garbage, I was tortured + forced to train my replacement, a childhood friend of a friend I worked with for a decade, an undeniable fact.

I sought advice to protect myself which resulted in the people I helped enrich, getting angry → even going as far as *having someone calling me a failed writer, tell me I'm not allowed to chase my dreams, and I must do what they say (in writing) to* **bad people** *the damages they've caused, to me.* Their goal is to make me suffer.

The people who used me up and then disposed me want to control the narrative. They've even partnered with someone who on a company website boasts of firing 10% of his staff regularly \* in order to provide clients with the best quality. Seriously. Does homelessness, poverty, drug abuse, food insecurity, violence on the streets: **SPRING TO MIND?** I can't find words strong enough to express what these people are. I know they don't care about humanity, only adding to the darkness in a darkening world. \* 21 People on their Team. 21 Caucasians.

They are a collection of what some would argue, disgusting humans, who feast on the callous brutality of a capitalist system that prey on the societal inequalities of the marginalized, keeping one foot on their heads in order to keep them down → it's part of the business model.

Anyway, they are not worth another word. In this issue you will find, **VANCOUVER'S TOP 10 BURGERS (L + J)**. Spoiler Alert: A tie. Your taste buds might differ from mine so you can pick your own **NUMBER 1**. Mine is 1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9.10.11.12!

Of course, as my Monthly Magazine evolves the features may change. In the meantime, you will find, Books I've Read + A Story + What I'm Writing + Photos +++

I hope you enjoy.

In this sharing world → **SHARE THIS.**

My efforts are tireless, maybe it's crazy to start a Magazine when the print world is disappearing. *But you know what?* → I am talented and a group of (*they are who they are*) will never stop me from chasing my **DREAMS**. After all, I turn sixty-two soon and the *fuckers* replaced me without a shred of decency regarding the tumult that causes.

**WELCOME TO ISSUE #2**

*Lindsay Winchenauk*

Editor in Chief

**PSA:** If facing a situation similar to mine, document everything. We live in a world where these awful humans believe if they can make someone suffer → they WIN. We live in a world where their decisions destroy lives, *but they don't care*, they want to silence the people they've hurt.

Luckily, this is a work of fiction, and if they think any of this is about them → *how sick are they?* → they are not the only greedy assholes spinning around on this rock.

**LINDSAY LAST MONTH**

**IN THIS ISSUE**

WELCOMING NOTE ↑↑↑

L + J'S VANCOUVER'S TOP BURGERS

A STORY → JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME

BOOKS I'VE READ

FEATURED BOOK THOUGHTS

THINGS I'VE WRITTEN

NUMBERS

THREE PHOTOS

PHOTOS OF ME

EVENT ANNOUNCEMENT



LINDSAY VERSUS THE WORLD



TENNIS



FEDERATION

A SAW YOU (A MISSED CONNECTION POEM)

LINDSAY LAST MONTH



# L + J's → VANCOUVER'S TOP BURGERS

(13 WAY TIE)  
(I3 MAYI TIE)



LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LIND2YI L22I MONTH

CACTUS CLUB  
CYCLO2 CTORFEENIE BURGER  
LEFIEI BOKCEK

*Smashed certified angus beef<sup>®</sup>, sautéed mushrooms, aged cheddar, smoked bacon, red relish, mayonnaise, ketchup, mustard, sea salted fries.*

This burger is simply the bomb.

First bite, yum, nice char, my mouth feels awesome → happy!

A hint of sweetness. Grab a fry. Yum. Did I just say yum for a fried potato?

Undoubtedly.

Cut in half. A cheese bridge forms. I break it. It fills my innards. Happier.

You may hate chain restaurants, but c'mon, Cactus + Earl's + Joey's + Keg +++ stand for quality. You cannot go wrong.

\$22¼ (with fries or salad)

VARIOUS LOCATIONS  
AVRIOC2 LOCATIONS

LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH



# MIMI'S BURGERS



## CHEESE + CLASSIC

Smell the aroma of the onion.  
 Take a bite. Spiced perfectly. Bun moist.  
 Flavor assaults of the senses.  
 A tangy savory sauce drips from the corner  
 of my mouth. Slurp.  
 Every bite screams more. A classic.  
 This burger will PREVAIL!  
 \$11 → \$9 → Combos \$13-15

2287 WEST BROADWAY

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

# RED ACCORDION



# TRA BURGER

*Brant lake wagyu ground chuck, mozza, Havarti, sun-dried tomato + roasted garlic aioli, butter lettuce, crispy prosciutto, beefsteak tomato, pickled red onion, brioche bun, house cut kennebec fries*

**Flashback:** 2020 B'day Week

Covid fears. Career gone → nepotism.

*What is this place?*

First bite. A wonderful array of taste sensations burst forth in perfect harmony. Our taste buds began fighting each other to horde the succulent flavours.

\$27 (add fried egg) \$3

1616 ALBERNI STREET

LINDSAY LAST MONTH



**BETWEEN 2 BUNS**  
BETWEEN 2 BUNS**BACON CHEESE + DIRTY FRIES**  
BACON CHEESE + DIRTY FRIES**Rainy Sunday**

Let's stroll.

*I've heard of this place!*

Hand made. Seared to perfection. It doesn't get better than this. Umami? Sure.

Smash the burger more. Smash. Smash. Smash.

I'm sharing with J. Get out of here J → My Bite. My Bite. My ∞ Okay J, you can have one bite.

Don't cry Lindsay. My burger. My burger. My burger. Delicious!

J, you may have three fries.

\$14¾ → \$7¾

**105 EAST PENDER STREET**  
105 EAST PENDER STREET

**LINDSAY LAST MONTH**  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

# ROCKO'S DINER



## BEU-HEMOTH + ROCKO TRIPLE (DOUBLE)

Eating, Diner Food often, subtracts years from life.

There may not be a better way to go!



CLEAR → ZAP → Thank You, I get another bite!

\$25.99 → \$19.49 (triple) → \$15.99 (double) w/fries.

32786 LOUGHEED HWY, MISSION BC

IMAGE TOP LEFT ↑↑ → J ate it. Legendary Beu-Hemoth.

2 Patties + Egg + Bacon + Kubasa + Onion + Lettuce + Tomato + Fries + Onion Rings → Stacked Between 2 Grilled Cheese Sandwiches.

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

AU COMPTOIR  
AU COMPTOIR**BURGER MAISON, FRITES \$18**  
BURGER MAISON, FRITES \$18

If there was such a thing as Food Viagra, after politely devouring this subtly flavour-packed brunch-burger, I wouldn't be able to stand up for one hour.

2278 WEST 4<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE  
2278 WEST 4<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE

LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH



POPINA CANTEEN  
POBIV CVALEEM

**GRASS FED CHEESEBURGER \$15 + FRIES \$5**  
 QK22 LED CHEE2EROKCEK \$15 + LKIE2 \$5

The cheeseburger, freshly pressed, crumbles in the mouth with melting spices tickling the flavour palate. One bite spice. One sweet. The next, ah! The view → no words!  
 Jonathan Seagull and friends, like their beaks while watching diners, dine.

**GRANVILLE ISLAND**  
 QK22 LED CHEE2EROKCEK \$15 + LKIE2 \$5

**LINDSAY LAST MONTH**  
 QK22 LED CHEE2EROKCEK \$15 + LKIE2 \$5

LINH CAFÉ  
LINH CAFÉ**BURGER CHALLENGE \$13.99**  
BURGER CHALLENGE \$13.99

House made brioche buns, AAA patty, onion jam, fresh green, hand cut fries.  
Yum. Yum. Yum. You are a Vietnamese (French) Restaurant → Why is your burger this ridiculously tasty? Why?

Gary, say Fah, "Foo," no FAH, "Foo" Pho is pronounced Fah. *"The servers don't mind when I say it wrong."* Gary, what are they going to say. "Blah."

J, what do you think of the burger. Um, Yum. Yum. Yum.

It might just be my Number 1! Mine, not J's. That's if, I had to break the 10-way tie. I don't. So, I will let you decide for yourself.

Slurp, Fah-licious!

I used to think MASH took place in Vietnam. It wasn't. That is the 1,983,854 thing I have been wrong about in life.

Pete Davidson. (Inside Joke)

1428 GRANVILLE STREET  
1428 GRANVILLE STREET

LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

# GREAT NORTHERN CAFE

GKEYL I AOKI HEKIA CYE



## BACON CHEESE + BEEF DIP

DYCON CHEESE + BEEF DIP

### + WONTON SOUP

+ WONTON SOUP

Fabulous.

A hole in the Wall in a lumber yard. What?

Yes.

J says moistest favouritist ever!

Micro-Aggressions everywhere.

On the street after. A man speaks. J is Korean. The man shares story about a heart transported for a transplant being dropped on the ground, in China, "They picked it up and still used it." Seriously. We ignored him.

\$12.50 → \$13.50 → \$6.50 (5 pieces)

1640 EAST KENT AVENUE

1030 EY2I KENI AVENUE

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

LNID2YI LY2I MONTH



WHITE SPOT  
AHLIE 2501**BACON CHEDDAR BIGGER BURGER**  
BYCON4 CHEDDYK DICCEK B0RCEK

*6 oz 100% fresh Canadian beef burger with crispy bacon, Cheddar cheese, lettuce, tomato & Triple "O" sauce.*

White Spot?

Why not?

I can think of one reason, but I won't go there.

Anywho, the Spot does burgers right → they had better → they've been in the burger game for more than 100 years.

Chewy good. Bite. Bite. Bite. Tummy filled!

\$19.99

**VARIOUS LOCATIONS**  
AVI002 T0CY I1012

**LINDSAY LAST MONTH**  
LIND2YI IY2I MONTH

# HUNDY → HUNDY → HUNDY ↓



**HUNDY BACON CHEESE \$14**

**HUNDY HOT CHICKEN \$15 + FRIES \$4**



It used to be at | *There Their* | in Kits → we tried to go → it was never open when we did.

Then, it closed → to be no more.

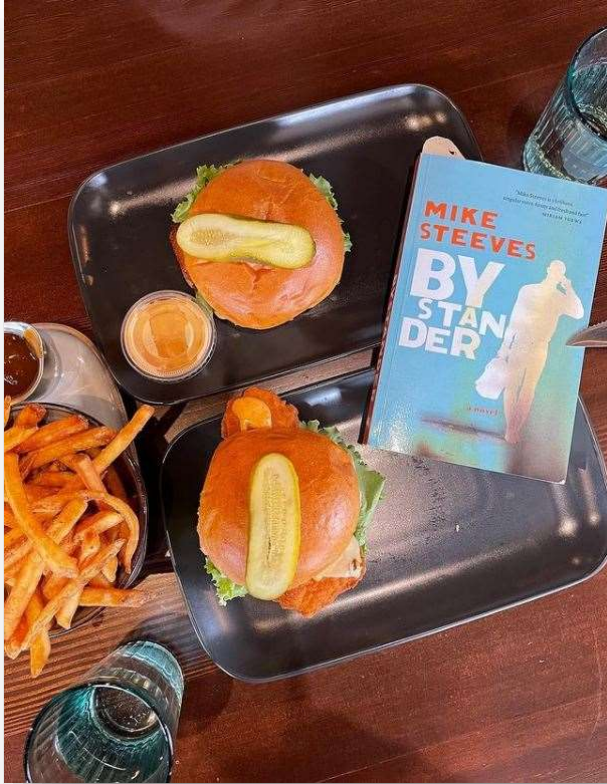
Now it's not there, but instead → one block from home. Yay. Jay rhymes with yay. When he walks, he Jay-walks. Burger time.

Stephen Curry is "the greatest." The kid in line agreed. Order taken. Buzzer in hand. What's this hallway → The Stock Room → we have a beer. The buzzer flashes. Slurp. Go home. Look at those burgers ↑↑. Eat. We're glad it's **THE**RE → one block from home. The top of my head sweats. Spicy!

**1144 HOMER STREET**

**LINDSAY LAST MONTH**

**BLAZE**  **GOURMET BURGERS**  
 BLAZE BURGERS GOURMET BURGERS



### **Smokey BBQ Blaze**

*Pepper Jack, Double Smoked Bacon, Crispy Onion Frites, Lettuce, Tomato, Smokey BBQ  
 - Blaze Secret Sauce - \$14.95*

### **Chipotle Chicken Blaze**

*Crispy Chicken Breast, Pepper Jack Cheese, Jalapeno, Crunchy Pickles, Lettuce, Chipotle  
 May, Blaze Sauce - \$12.95*

**Fries** - \$7.95

**Gravy** - \$1.00

*I'd write something more, but I can't, I'm busy eating.*

**43 EAST 5<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE**  
 43 EAST 5<sup>TH</sup> AVENUE

**LINDSAY LAST MONTH**  
 LINDSAY LAST MONTH



## BURGERLAND SMASH UP (FOOD WAGON)

BURGERLAND SMASH UP (FOOD WAGON)



### OKLAHOMA FRIED ONION + CHEESE SMASH

OKLAHOMA FRIED ONION + CHEESE SMASH

The gateway drug of smashburgers, this regional recipe is a life-changer; simplicity and flavour-fusion.

\$15.00

Another word for fabulous.

Marvelous!

261 EAST 7<sup>TH</sup>  
261 EAST 7<sup>TH</sup>

## A STORY ↓

## JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME

I DRAW A BATH → 4 APRIL 2022

**I**'m a fucking mess.  
 Today is the birthday of someone incredibly important to me.  
 I'm soaking in the tub → fighting back tears.

My emotions are eviscerating me.

It's now been thirty-seven-years without having parents → more than half of my life. I'm feeling selfish for thinking about this today. I want to smile, feign happiness, and be present.

It's also been almost thirty-seven-years without brothers and sisters. I used to have six.

Back to the parent comment, I watched my mum die in 1987 → and then on 15 October 2016, I met my sister for the first time as my mother, alongside her death bed.

I don't know how to process the above sentence. I don't know how to process the thirty-seven years.

I try. Oh, how I try. But I'm terrified to talk about what's going on with me because I don't want to burden anyone with my troubles. And in reality, most people have their own troubles → and don't want to be bothered.

So, I eat my emotions. *I'm certain that is healthy.*

I'm in a dark phase of life. I lost my lengthy career, *through no fault of my own*, at the start of the pandemic supposedly because I was **bad people** by the pandemic. In reality, I was relieved because I was getting *long-in-the-tooth*. **bad people**

*Stand up for yourself.*

I did. I looked to protect myself from the people who upended my life → this only turned them hostile towards me as they embarked on a strategy to economically destroy me. Twenty-five months and counting and they still haven't thanked me for enriching them and saving their golden goose. They live in denial and won't |likely| admit that reality – *these are the worst of the worst people – predators* – feasting on the suffering of people falling through societies cracks. They believe they invented humans. They are not worth much thought. *One day* →

Hell, the company's **bad people**, *his wife even ran an illegal daycare for several years* → these people are the real dregs of society. They are too self-involved to realize how **bad people** they've become.

I'm turning sixty-two, soon. *Jeepers*. I never thought of myself as old until an IT Person on the phone → first, wouldn't accept I could be a man because of my name, *"I must protect Lindsay to make sure you are not screwing her over."* And then, after I said I'm not tech savvy asked, *"Is there someone younger there you can put on the phone."* Seriously.

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

With everything that was spinning in my orbit, finding out I'm and old woman → *nothing against older women* – was devastating.

I've recently been told (in writing) by someone hired to 'hit' me – that at sixty-two **I'm not allowed to dream, or chase my dreams**, the 'hit person' also called me a failed writer. This 'closer' *went on to suggest I must do as the people who fired me wants or they don't have to do the right thing*. I am not kidding.

Don't Dream  
Do as Your Told  
Even if it is not an Option  
**EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU**  
I'm turning sixty-two.

*How do you fucking sleep at night?*

About one year ago, this same 'closer' when trying to get me to mitigate *the loses of the lowest of the low* – *people who enter nine zeros to bypass R. C.* – in order to exploit foreign workers and increase the suffering of their local workers, told me, I MUST TRY TO FIND employment in the same industry I was fired from (*during a fucking pandemic*) at the age of sixty. Seriously.

The 'closer' even went as far as badgering me to the point where I said, *I'm not going to get a job at Footlocker* (I was turning sixty). To which he replied, *Why not? Do you look down on those people?*

He used *those people*.

I calmly stated, *No, I don't. And for me to take a job at FL and afford life, I'd have to move in with my dead parents*. I don't think he understood the absurdity.

I heard stress is a killer.

Since the pandemic hit → I have worked diligently to fend of the stress of ageing and being kicked to the curb. I won't do a statistical dump here. I'll just say, I'm a prolific writer, and I've walked and walked and walked →

And then, I had life saving throat surgery.

And then, my dear friend Scotty died.

I kept fighting the lurking darkness of depression as legal issues that should've only have taken a few months → drags on as I come closer and closer to homelessness. I can't say much about it because assholes are lurking.

What does it say about a company whose most senior and valuable employee is on the streets a couple of years after the end of his career?

The throat surgery was a success. So, I kept moving – eventually hitting the fitness asylum for almost one hundred straight days. Want to see a photo? Nah.

LINDSAY LAST MONTH



And then, **BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE.**

The only time I'm included in family now, is when someone is dying.

## NOVEMBER 2021

The phone rings. It's my niece who is really a cousin but who used to be a niece.

She's called to tell me my last living sister who is really an aunt but who used to be a sister is dying.

I'm fucked. I couldn't process the news. I fought my emotions. I ate my fucking emotions. My stress level soared. I struggled with trying to decide if my thoughts were, okay? Was I being selfish?

I started feeling Sad. Confused. Broken. Self-Centered. Alone.

One hundred days at the fitness asylum ground to a halt.

My fucking, legal shit, is still lingering.

I felt overwhelmed, daily.

The one thing I never stopped was writing.

I wrote.

I wrote.

I wrote.

I sent out proposals.

I built my website.

I wanted to cry.

I kept eating my emotions.

For the next several weeks I feared the phone. I knew the next call I got – except for daily scam calls, would come from a family member to tell me my sister had died.

Before that call was to come, I reached out to my sister → aunt → sister (?) to... to fucking what, reconnect?

It took me a day to work up the courage. I called the care facility where she was staying to ask how she was doing? They told me they couldn't tell me because I wasn't on the fucking list. Seriously. *I said I was her youngest brother.* Didn't matter, I wasn't on the list. How many strangers could be phoning people in care facilities?

What the care providers told me is she hadn't ate in over a week and had dropped to sixty-five pounds.

I didn't need to be on the list.

I called the next day to talk to my sister → aunt → sister (?), I avoided saying *how are you?* She wasn't interested in talking with me. The nurse came on, told me there wasn't much time left, and then the nurse reminded me, I wasn't on the list.

**12 DECEMBER 2021**

The call came. This date happens to be the date I watched my first mother take her last breath. Now, my last remaining sister → aunt → sister (?) had joined her.

I fell off the cliff.

I lost my prescription glasses that day.

I can't afford new glasses.

I'm sixty-one and had been replaced.

Not only did I get the call, I received a text from a brother who is really an uncle but who used to be a brother. We haven't spoken in almost thirty years. I don't know what I'm supposed to feel or do. I was breaking. I know his son and his son's girlfriend bought a house.

I wanted to cry.

I kept writing and sending out proposals. If I'm delusional, I'll never know → but no matter what, I will never stop trying.

As December started winding down, my heart felt like it was going to explode. An ER visit was in order. Tests. Tests. Tests. Tests.

I'm in trouble. I'm turning sixty-two. I have no career options. The cash is spiralling down the drain. I keep trying but everything moves along at a glacial pace. The bleeps I worked for are still fighting doing the right thing. And now, for the first time in my life I'm feeling old and hopeless → even though I will never quit trying.

*Maybe if my heart fails →*

I drafted a letter to my brother → uncle → brother (?) I haven't sent it because I don't know what outcome would make me happy.

**1 APRIL 2022**

Great news. After a heart MRI and a Heart Stress test came back — I've been given a clean bill of health!

I'm trying to get back to the fitness asylum. Turning sixty-two soon slams a unique set of hurdles in front of us.

*Did you hear Foot Locker is hiring?*

*Fuck off.*

I'm on the computer. I saved a story about Canada's prettiest small towns. Nelson, BC is on the list. I used to have a flatmate (eleven years my junior) who was from Nelson. I googled his name to see what he's up to. He's dead. He died on [December 12, 2019](#).

How is it possible to feel so much anguish for someone you had lost touch with a long time ago?

I can't stop thinking about my friend.

I peruse FACEBOOK. I've reduced FACEBOOK to just ads because I don't know what else it is for, it's not for reconnecting it's just → mostly it's, blah, blah, blah....

So, **SNOOZE FOR 30 days. Unfollow but remain friends.**

And then, a friend's feed has a death notice, hers. Her children posted it to let people know she passed on March 25. I started shaking. My mind raced to the past; we were great friends. We worked together at a Keg in Regina. We reconnected in Vancouver, where I hired her at a bar I was managing. Our last meeting was a few years back, when I ran into her and her husband at the fireworks and they graciously invited me to come out to their place for dinner. I never went.

Two friends took up residence in my mind. I began sinking. I'm feel lost. I feel hopeless. I will never quit trying. But...

Three days at the fitness asylum. Three days off. I'm sinking.

I grab a pop at my favourite watering hole. A visitor asks if she can switch the TVs to curling. The same annoying man as in the last issue, says to her, "*I have a family member who coached curling.*" And then, adds, "*I hate curling?*"

I need to avoid the negative BS.

I'm sinking. I'm lost. I'm depressed. I push people away.

## TIME TO GO HOME

It's drizzling out. Four blocks to go.

*Excuse me.*

*What?*

*Excuse me, sir*

A young guy was walking next to me.

*Your shoelace – on your right shoe – is coming undone.*

FOR A MOMENT, I FELT HOPEFUL





**RIP: NICHOLAS WINCHERAUK (17 JULY 1985)**

**RIP: REBEKAH WINCHERAUK (12 DECEMBER 1987)**

**RIP: ALLISON WINCHERAUK (25 MARCH 2016)**

**RIP: BERNICE WINCHERAUK (15 OCTOBER 2016)**

**RIP: BERNARD HRAPCHAK (21 JUNE 2016)**

**RIP: BEVERLY DIDUCK (WINCHERAUK) (21 DECEMBER 2016)**

**RIP: JEFFERY (JEFFBO) VALLEVAND (24 FEBRUARY 2018)**

**RIP: GORDON DIDUCK (26 FEBRUARY 2019)**

**RIP: JASON DRAGINDA (12 DECEMBER 2019)**

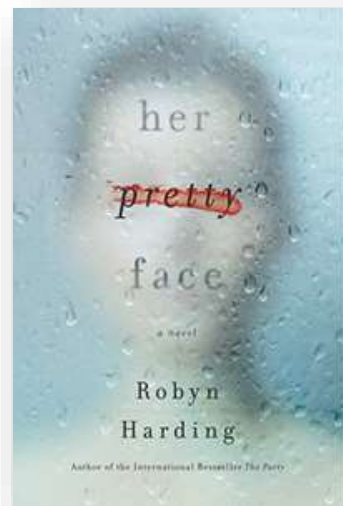
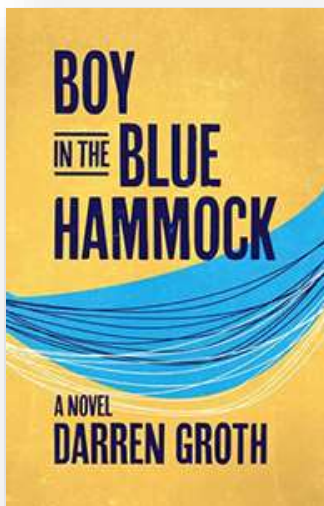
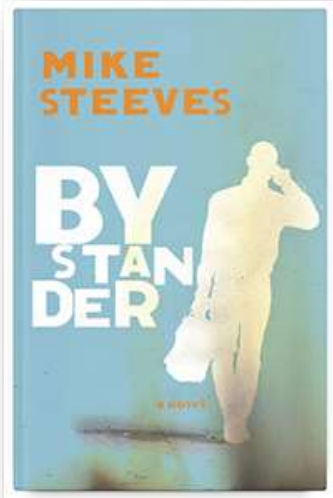
**RIP: SCOTTY LARIN (15 OCTOBER 2020)**

**RIP: SADIE WINCHERAUK (12 DECEMBER 2021)**

**RIP: DANIEL PIERO (25 MARCH 2022)**

We must never forget.

# I READ THESE ↓↓↓↓↓↓ I READ THESE ↓↓↓↓↓↓



LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

MORE READING ↓↓↓



VISIT [WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM](http://WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM)

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 200 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY LAST MONTH



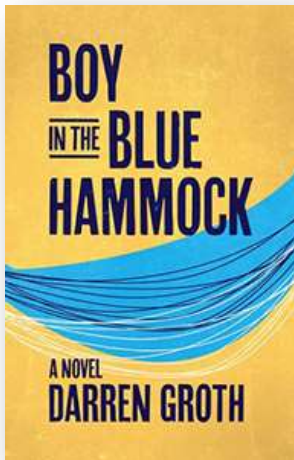
## BOOK THOUGHTS (FEATURED BOOK) ↓

### BOY | IN THE | BLUE HAMMOCK

DARREN GROTH

*Boy | in the | Blue Hammock is worthy of classic status.*

*How did the book make me feel/think?*



The classic book **The Road (Cormac McCarthy)** is one of my favourite books. A boy and father navigate a dystopian landscape. Survival is the only goal.

Switch out the father for Tao (Dog) → and Groth takes us on a heart-wrenching ride through a fracturing world. A world where a failed service dog and an autistic teenager face a gauntlet of division and hatred.

**Slide over The Road;** *there is a new book nudging past you on my favourite list. Groth's writing is extraordinary, heart-eviscerating, and gripping.* Tao Dog + Boy (Kasper), fights for survival, after Tao (Dog), discovers Man, Woman, and Girl, had been gruesomely murdered. Kasper is the only human family survivor, hiding in the security of his blue hammock, when Tao finds him.

**Boy | in the | Blue Hammock** *is worthy of classic status; every page yanked at my emotions → my tears blending with the chills racing through my veins.*

We are all judged. The entitled and privileged, walking amongst us, label us, as they tread in the shallow end of life. *Hindered by denial.* All to make them feel more, by tagging others as less. The judgement is flawed. Groth blasts bright lights on the flaws. Tao and Kasper share the beauty of vulnerability, compassion, and empathy. Along the way through their struggles to be, they share the unlimited powers of unconditional.

**Backing up to the entitled,** in the grand scheme of things, they are lacking because, for many, they cannot understand equal is not something to strive for. If they only opened their hearts, they could learn valuable lessons about being human from Boy and Dog.

I was born in a place where women deemed unfit by society were sent to be fixed. If their children survived, they were sold or adopted out, never to be spoken of again. I have carried the crushing weight of the unwanted label and the darkness of stigma attached to it throughout life. I am not comparing my journey to an autistic child. But I understand vulnerability and the piercing eyes of those often looking down on me.

A friend of mine believes homeless people are lazy. My heart cringes. I know life isn't always easy. Especially if people are holding you down.

I'm lucky. Why?

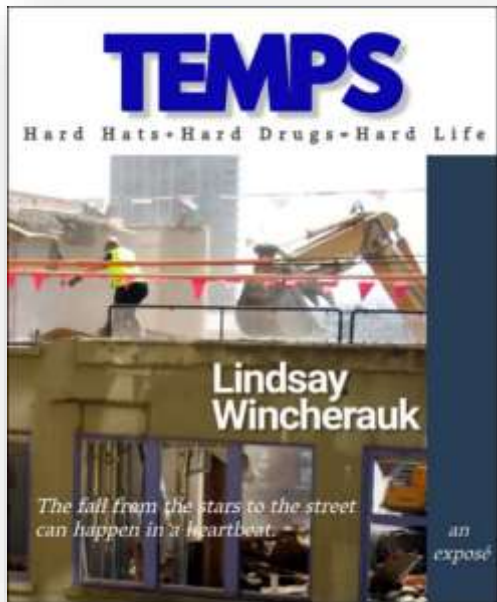
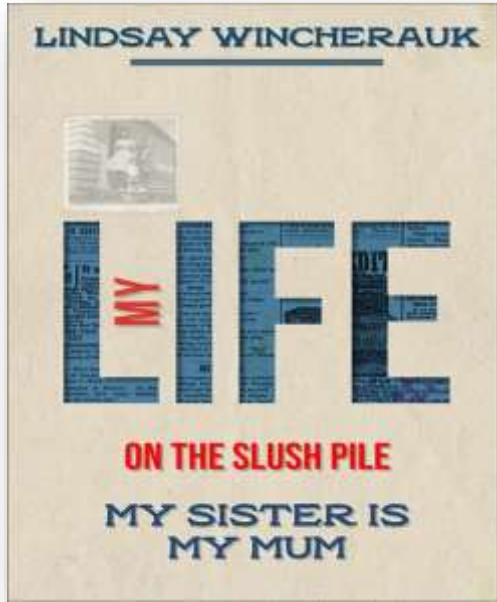
Somehow, I avoided bitterness; instead, finding compassion + empathy and an understanding each person is capable of unconditional if only given a chance. And despite being deemed expendable, I'm still here.

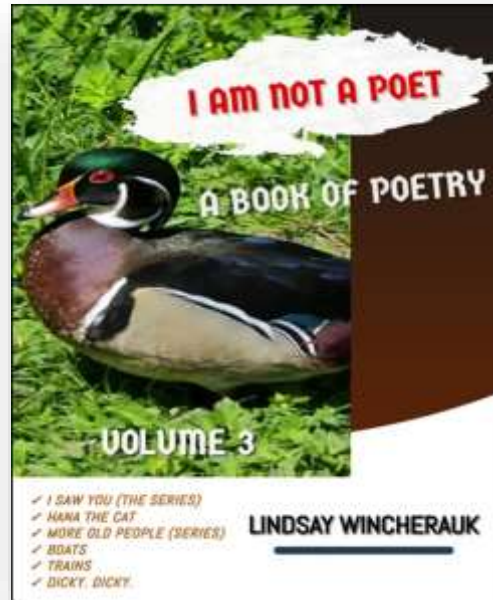
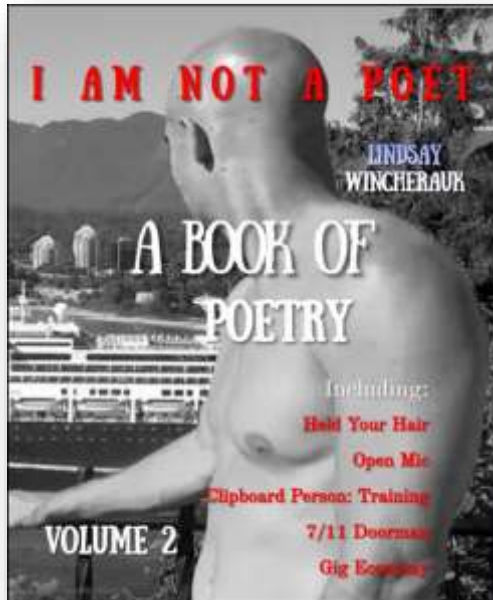
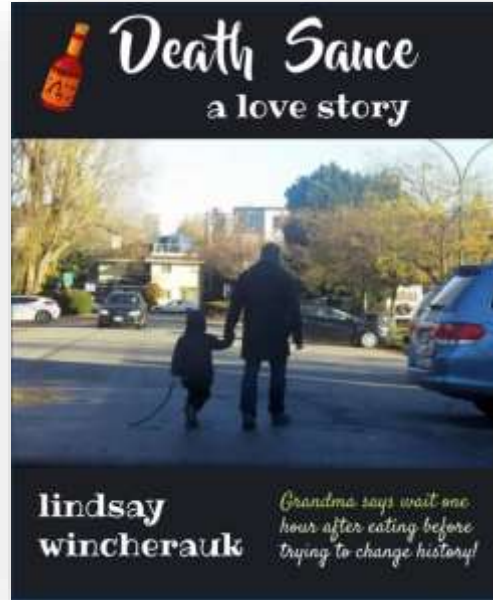
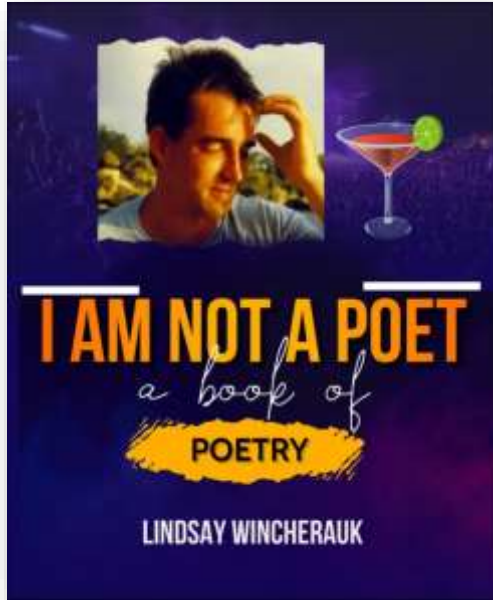
Thanks, Boy, thanks, Dog, you make the world a better place.

WRITTEN: 23 April 2022

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

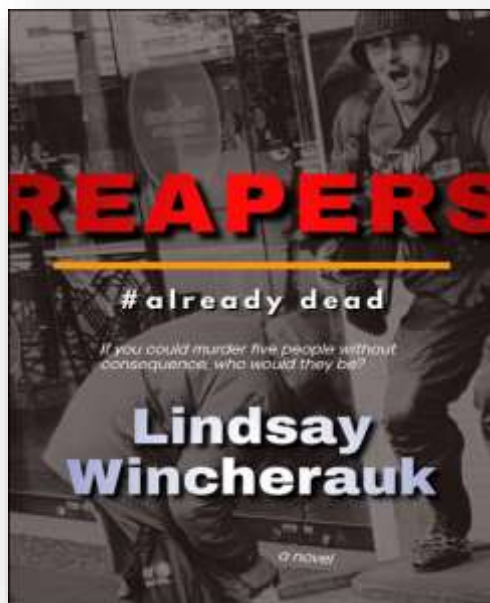
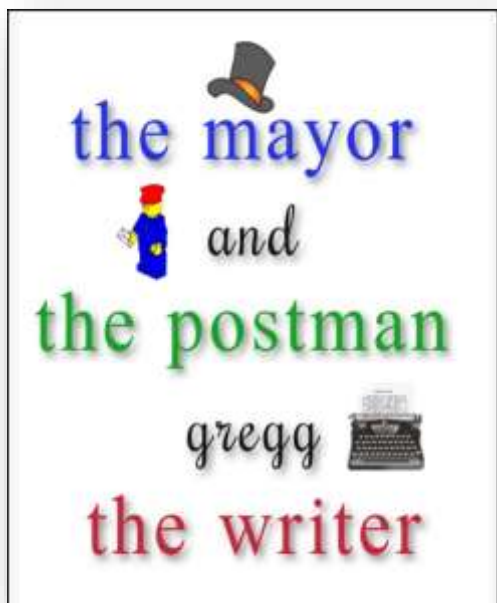
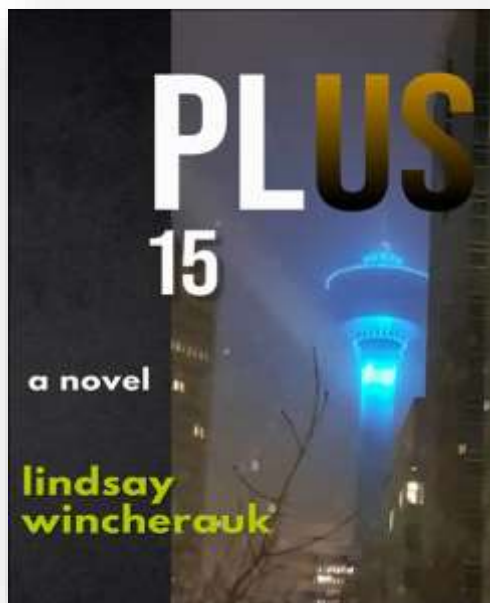
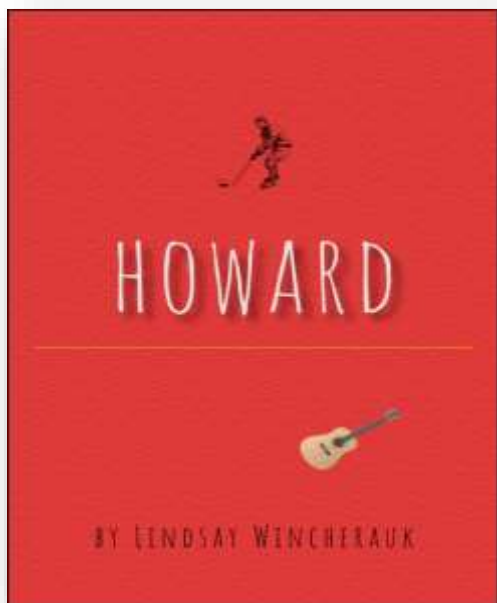
# THINGS I'VE WRITTEN (OR WRITING) ↓↓↓↓↓↓

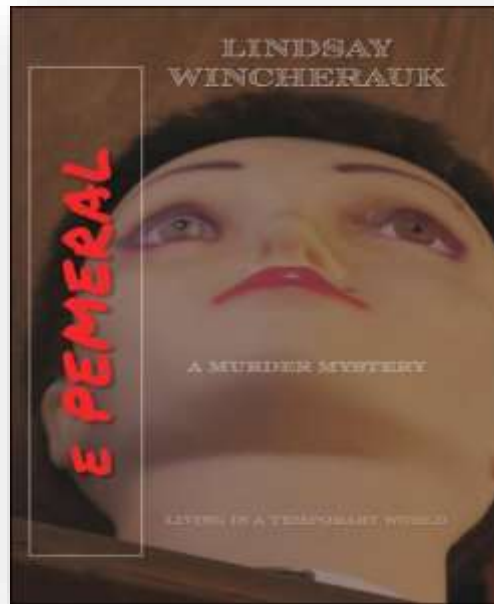
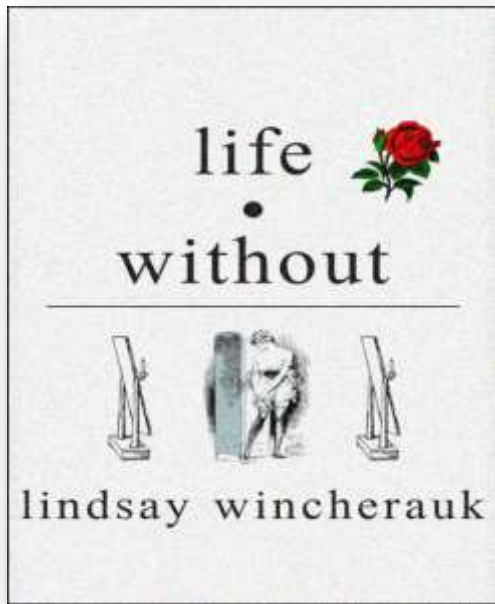
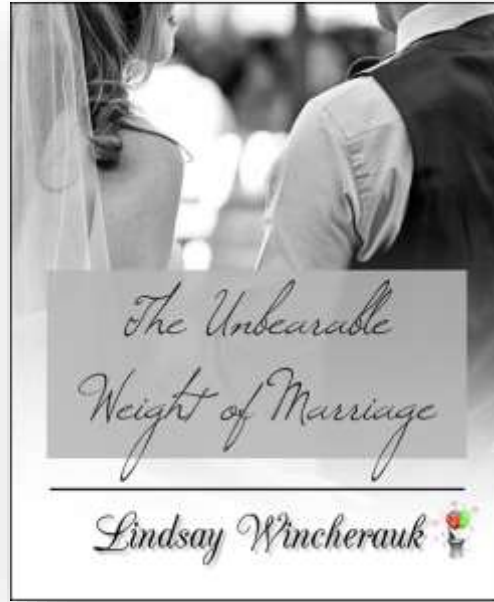






# Non-Fiction





VISIT [WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM](http://WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM)

To read more poetry!

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

# THE UNBEARABLE WEIGHT OF MARRIAGE



## FIVE COUPLES. FIVE CHOICES. FIVE STORIES.

- 
- MOST AFFORDABLE
  - FILLED WITH PASSION
  - OPEN CONCEPT
  - YEARLY RENEWALS
  - MONTH TO MONTH OPTION AFTER YEAR 1
  - IMMEDIATELY ANNULLED WHEN THE PLANE LANDS.
  - EXPIRES AT 7-YEARS.
  - YOU CAN WALK AWAY OR RENEW WITH ANY OF THE OPTIONS.
  - A GREAT LIFE TOGETHER
  - THE LAST FIVE YEARS: LIVING IN DENIAL
  - FREEDOM TO TRY AGAIN → BUT MOST IN THIS CATEGORY ARE BURDENED WITH BAGGAGE.
  - MOST POPULAR OPTION (MANIPULATED)
  - LOVE WINS.
  - SPOUSES BOTH DIE WITHIN A WEEK OF EACH OTHER.
  - LITTERED WITH MURDER SUICIDES.
- STARTER →**
- VACATION MISTAKE →**
- 7-YEAR ITCH →**
- 15-YEAR: WHO ARE YOU →**
- TIL DEATH DO US PART →**

*The choice YOU make is non-returnable and non-refundable.*

VISIT [WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM](http://WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM)

To read more about ↑↑↑↑↑↑ exiting projects + much more!



NUMBERS ↓↓↓ (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

YES

CREATIVE QUEST

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 106  
(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)  
(FILM + TELEVISION)

MEDIA BLITZ = 5

FITNESS

GYM VISITS = 4  
STEPS WALKED = 272,488  
MILES WALKED = 134.17  
SEAWALL (LAPS) = 23.99

MENTAL HEALTH

BOOKS READ = 9

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING MONTH (INJURIES)  
+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

VISIT [WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM](http://WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM)

AT THE END OF THE MONTH, I TESTED POSITIVE FOR COVID

I'M GRATEFUL I'M DOUBLE-VAXXED + BOOSTED OR I'D BE DEAD

THE ABOVE ↑↑↑ STATEMENT IS NOT HYPERBOLE

BOOKS + FOOD + STORIES + PHOTOGRAPHY + LAUGHTER

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

## MORE FITNESS STATS

WAKE TIME?? 21/12

MONTH	STEPS	MILES	LFW	JFW	MPD	SPD	Month	2021 S	2021 M	2021 ASPD	2021 MPD
January	236,579	110.84	184.1	152.1	3.58	7,631.58	jan	767,665	368.82	24,763.39	11.90
February	236,747	114.30	186.8	153.7	4.08	8,455.25	feb	769,083	375.84	27,467.25	13.42
March	367,922	184.83	189.7	156.4	5.96	11,868.45	march	944,199	461.84	30,458.03	14.90
April	272,488	134.17	160.5	193.1	4.47	9,082.93	apr	797,803	385.82	26,593.43	12.86
May	0	0.00	163.2	196.0	0.00	0.00	may	553,386	265.79	17,851.16	8.57
June	0	0.00	162.0	189.4	0.00	0.00	june	591,035	284.51	19,701.17	9.48
July	0	0.00	162.0	186.3	0.00	0.00	july	761,056	386.79	24,550.19	12.48
August	0	0.00	162.0	185.9	0.00	0.00	aug	679,651	345.93	21,924.23	11.16
September	0	0.00	162.0	184.2	0.00	0.00	sept	699,143	346.56	23,304.77	11.55
October	0	0.00	162.0	190.2	0.00	0.00	oct	439,163	227.05	14,166.55	7.32
November	0	0.00	152.1	175.5	0.00	0.00	nov	259,366	125.51	8,366.65	4.18
December	0	0.00	152.1	178.1	0.00	0.00	dec	187,388	90.32	6,044.77	2.91
<b>YEAR</b>	<b>1,113,736</b>	<b>544.14</b>		<b>AVE</b>	<b>1.49</b>	<b>3,051.33</b>	<b>tot</b>	<b>7,448,938</b>	<b>3,664.78</b>	<b>20,408.05</b>	<b>10.04</b>
<b>AVERAGE</b>	<b>3,051.33</b>	<b>1.49</b>									
<b>MONTHLY AVE</b>	<b>92,811.33</b>	<b>45.35</b>									

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

## EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

Month	2020 S	2020 M	2020 ASPD	2020 MPD	SEWALL	2022	2021	2020
jan	95,158	46.82	3,069.61	1.51	jan	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	91,556	45.34	3,157.10	1.46	feb	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	74,755	37.85	2,411.45	1.22	march	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	445,444	213.10	14,848.13	6.87	apr	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	710,946	349.73	22,933.74	11.28	may	0.00	47.53	62.54
june	761,773	375.12	25,392.43	12.10	june	0.00	50.87	67.08
july	781,424	381.11	25,207.23	12.29	july	0.00	69.16	68.15
aug	679,959	329.24	21,934.16	10.62	aug	0.00	61.86	58.87
sept	708,550	344.98	23,618.33	11.13	sept	0.00	61.97	61.69
oct	425,376	203.25	13,721.81	6.56	oct	0.00	40.60	36.34
nov	441,018	212.05	14,226.39	6.84	nov	0.00	22.44	37.92
dec	551,451	263.65	17,788.74	8.50	dec	0.00	16.15	47.14
tot	5,767,410	2,802.24	15,757.95	7.66	tot	97.30	655.32	501.09
COV S	5,496,503	20,433.10			APM	8.11	54.61	41.76
COV M	2,667.64	9.92			APD	0.27	1.80	1.37

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

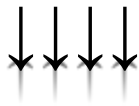


# 3 IMAGES ↓↓↓



LINDSAY LAST MONTH

ME  
TATE



JAMAICAN ROAD RASH ↑



LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH





EVENT ↓  
EVENT ↓

**OPEN MIC**  
**NIGHT**

Standup  
Poetry  
Life

**LINDSAY WINCHERAK**

TREES ORGANIC COFFEE

thursday  
may

450 Granville Street  
SHOW ↓↓↓

5 7:30 → 10:00 PM

Fine Print: The show is first come first serve. There is no guarantee Lindsay will go on → but if he does be prepared to watch a soon-to-be 62-year-old step out of his comfort zone to entertain you for 5-minutes if Lindsay is selected. Poetry? Sure. Be there to watch Lindsay in a WTF moment as his new life (career) of entertaining you → launches! Just think you will be able to say, “I was there when...”

Warning: This event may cause dizziness, hunger, befuddlement, heart racing, actual hearts that race; and camaraderie. Best Watched → while inebriated.

LINDSAY LAST MONTH  
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

[lindsaywincherauk.com](http://lindsaywincherauk.com)

# JOIN

**How it works?**

**Play tennis against Lindsay → Get Ranked**

### RANKING POINTS

1. Winning Percentage x 100 pts
2. Match Win = 20 pts
3. Match Draw = 10 pts
4. Match Loss = -20 pts
5. Love Set = 10 pts (Bonus)

**EXAMPLE**

Lindsay versus Carl (NZ)  
Lindsay Wins  
6-4 → 2-6 → 6-0  
Lindsay 14-10 → 58.33% WP↑

1. Ranking Points = 5833
2. + Match Win = 20
3. + Love Set = 10
4. TOTAL POINTS = 5863

**TO SET UP A MATCH**  
send an email to [lindsaywin@outlook.com](mailto:lindsaywin@outlook.com)

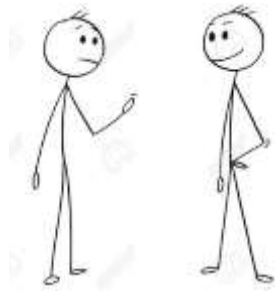
**LINDSAY VERSUS THE WORLD**

**TENNIS FEDERATION**

**LVTWTF**

# LOOSE ENDS → I SAW YOU (MISSED CONNECTION) ↓↓

## A POEM: STEPHOES



January 16

You → Standing in front of me.

Takeout ready.

6 PM

I couldn't take my eyes off you.

Adorable.

*I'm not creepy. No?*

I know you wanted me. Your eyes were undressing me. You kept glancing my way.

You're beautiful. Mature. Flowing locks. Amazing round eyes.

*I'm not creepy. Maybe?*

I scurried away. *Why?* Because of hunger. For you → takeout ready.

*Creepy.*

I wanted to talk to you. I couldn't find the words.

I'd love to meet you again.

I'm an adult.

*Am I?*

### I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION

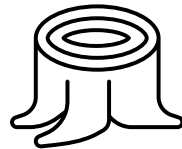
*Stalker?*

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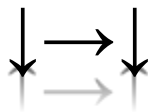
You may find everything on this page by visiting: [www.lindsaywincherauk.com](http://www.lindsaywincherauk.com)



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

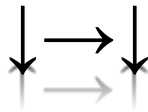


**AND HALLUCINATING**



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE  
I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

TRY HARDER  
TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH  
THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



[www.lindsaywincherauk.com](http://www.lindsaywincherauk.com)