

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

Lindsay Last Month

WEDNESDAY

1 JUNE 2022

ISSUE #3



JUNE 2022

Issue #3

Lindsay Last Month

WEDNESDAY

1 JUNE 2022

ISSUE #3

Once upon a time, there was (is) a good man, a kind man. A man who's been through much in life. But no matter what life throws this good, kind man's way, he never gives up. He never quits trying. This good, kind man, no matter the odds, keeps pressing forward, often fighting off insecurities and doubt, somehow, with unbreakable resolve. Throughout his life journey, this man collected a wonderful tapestry of fascinating stories → little did he know, the stories life gifted him with, he must share. Life became his passion.



Fortunately, for the rest of us, the good, kind man, one day when he awoke realized he had become *a good, kind man*, and no matter what evil forces he faced, nobody could take his kindness, empathy, and compassion from him. The good, kind man had been lucky to find his passion, and the good, kind man knew he must, regardless of evil, keep pushing forward as his stories have become what he has to offer the world.

One Day the good, kind man met three evil people, people *who call other's family* as a means to exploit them. These evil people offer little to the world with the only thing mattering to them is greed + an illusion of success.

The good, kind man understood the limitations of the character of these wretched individuals, but because the good, kind man excelled at what he did, his efforts enriched each of these pitiful individuals.

And then, one day, the festering pukers tried to destroy the good, kind man's life, just because. Even going as far as seeking a disgusting *hit-type-person* to tell the good kind man, who is now in his sixties, to stop chasing his passions and do what the festering pukers think he should do. Seriously. *Festering pukers is probably not descriptive enough.*

Fortunately for the rest of us, the good, kind man won't deviate from his passion, no matter how shitty these rotten pukers are.

Never give up. Don't let assholes deviate you from your passions.

Chase your dreams until the day it comes time to leave this glorious earth.

WELCOME TO ISSUE #1

Lindsay Wincherauk

Editor in Chief

Lindsay Last Month

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WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓↓↓

GREAT NORTHERN CAFÉ

1640 EAST KENT, VANCOUVER



HOURS OF OPERATION (GOOGLE ME)

MONDAY-FRIDAY (SATURDAY) 7 AM (8)-3 PM

The definition of 'hole in the wall = lumber yard – industrial district = Great Northern Café!

Why are you here?

A long history. Love in the kitchen. A train ride → switch to bus → a short walk → here. Saturday, one hour wait. Go for a seawall walk along the Fraser. Who knew? Now, we do. Finally, our table is ready. I'm reminded of every small-town Chinese Restaurant in western Canada. I've made it home. Breakfast. Burgers. Wonton. Chinese delights. Red Seal Chef. Family run. Every bite bursting, flavourful. Craving another bite. Will be back. J says favourite burger, ever! Simplicity in the Beef Dip – delicious. Go. You won't be disappointed if you go.

We leave. A man walks beside us. *How was it?* he asks. *Great, I say, adding, everything was fantastic, delicious, reasonable. He's never been. He tells J he can tell he's thirsty. Why are you red?* he asks. Then he spews offensive stuff about a brain transplant in China where the brain was dropped on the ground. Why are you talking to us? Micro-aggression. STWG.

EAT HERE → I WANT ANOTHER FLAVOURFUL MORSEL. Easily worth the Train + Bus + Walk + Wait!

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A STORY ↓

IN BETWEEN JOBS

ONE DAY

Y

ou are a fucking dick.

I thank you for that.

Your ignorance makes future conversations easier.

No need to pretend.

I drop by for a tipple. My friend Donna is there—she is here to escape the mundaneness of life for a moment or two. An annoying old man sits at the bar. He can't help but barge into every conversation—to educate—too stunned to realize he's annoying.

He educates. Educates. *Perseverates*. Ad nauseam.

I don't enjoy calling someone old and annoying. *That's a lie.*

Year after year of trying to find the good. Becoming a judgmental ass, myself, when I do. By thinking that calling someone lonely is better than honesty. When really, he's not lonely; he's just a fucking pretentious old cunt.

Harsh?

No.

It's, what's the saying?—just what it is?

Lindsay, when you and Jay and the girls went to Osoyoos, did you do a wine tasting?

Answer on the tip of my tongue.

Annoying old man barges in: *Let me tell you about wine tastings?*

Lindsay, when you and Jay and the girls went to Osoyoos, did you travel back through the North Cascades?

Answer on the tip of my tongue.

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Annoying old man: Slams his phone screen in front of my face. *Did you see this mountain?*

What?

Annoying man, were you in the fucking car?

Donna and I chat. Chat. Chat. Laugh. Cry. Share.

The annoying old man looks for an opportunity to steal our conversation.

We shut him out.

Donna leaves.

Owen, the bartender, is from Ireland.

I joke.

This will be a hell of a St. Patrick's Day – with the pandemic ending (?) – the gutters are going to be flowing with vomit starting at 8 AM. I don't know the veracity of my words – I don't care – neither does Owen.

I will be in Seattle for St. Patrick's Day, Owen says.

QUEUE ANNOYING

I lived in Seattle (100 years ago).

It won't be like that there.

People are more civilized in Seattle.

I didn't care about my words – neither did Owen. But, for annoying, they meant competition.

Owen, are you going up the Space Needle? Asks Annoying.

Probably not; it's \$50.00 to ride up an elevator.

ME: *Why would you? Have you been on a plane before? Most iconic tall structures in cities are no longer the tallest. I never understood why people spend money to look out at things they don't know and say shit like, Oh my, you can see all the way to →*

Owen laughs.

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Annoying gets annoyed. *It's iconic*, he says.

ME: *I don't get why people fly into a city and then go up an elevator to see what they've seen from the sky. It's like new stadiums; when fans say, The sightlines are excellent, you can see the action from every seat? What fucking year are we in, 1924?*

A vein pulses on Annoying's temple. *It's iconic*, he barks.

OWEN: I heard the Underground Tour is fantastic.

Annoying: It sucks.

ME: I did it, albeit in the 90s; it was fantastic. It's always cool learning about history.

Annoying: The Space Needle. Iconic.

OWEN: I'm not spending \$50.00 to go up an elevator.

Annoying: You should.

OWEN: The Underground sounds cool.

Owen exits, stage right, to make drinks.

Annoying: Mumble. Mumble. There used to be a drag bar at the end of the Underground Tour. Nostrils flaring. In 1972. Spitting. I was out then. What were you?

ME: 12 and living in Saskatoon.

Annoying: Storms out of the bar.

A NEWS STORY



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The Vancouver Canucks Special Artistic Pregame Jersey (Gay) is Selling for Double the Price of Regular Pregame Jerseys (\$600.00) – Fans are in an Uproar.

First: You are likely a middle-aged man buying a Jersey with a young man's name on the back.

QUEUE THE UPROAR

This is ridiculous. You want inclusivity, and you charge these prices.

Second: An artist designed the jersey. Inclusivity? Buying a jersey? I'm confused.

MORE UPROAR

Blah. Blah. Fucking blah.

I want the jersey.

I like the jersey.

I want the jersey.

Finally: Why?

A SIMPLE SOLUTION

Three Questions asked by the Store Clerk

1. Did you ever bully someone when you were younger because you were a Neanderthal and thought they were gay?
2. Have you ever called someone a faggot or cocksucker?
3. Did you watch Sex Education with Gillian Anderson? And like it?

If you answered "YES" to 3 (both parts) – you qualify for a 10% discount.

BEING GAY COMES WITH A HEAVY PRICE – ASSHOLES

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BACK TO THE START OF THE STORY WITH SOME BACKSTORY

At the pandemic's start, three greedy assholes ended my lengthy career. I'm turning 62 soon. These fuckers think it is okay to destroy lives because they are greedy assholes.

Everyone in my orbit understands the emotional toll this has taken on me.

Depression is always just a breath away.

I'm surviving.

But it is challenging.

There is a resolution on the horizon. Unfortunately, GA(s), for short. Think it's good business to be the marginal garbage that only they can be, because → they are who they are. I feel sorry for their families.

Anyway, two people who know about my struggles enter the bar. One of them speaks of early rising. He turns to me, says, I (me), know what that is like because of my ~~career~~, and then asks what time I get up for ~~work~~? *I'm sure he knows my situation.*

I tell him, well; I got canned at the pandemic's start; my hours have changed.

QUEUE THE FUCKING DICKISHNESS

Are you in between jobs?

A NOTE: Regardless of any person's situation, the question is fucking rude.

ME: (Tell him to go fuck himself – after all, he and his partner are retired civil servants beyond the pale of boring). My blood curdles. I manage to say, *There are no in-between jobs at my age (our) (say fucker), and besides, I'm a writer.* Stated proudly. (say fucker), *and besides, I'm a writer.* Stated proudly.

Fucking Asshole.

I know, and I read your book, he says. Sure, you did.

I think the fucker is being sarcastic.

I hope he reads this.

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TIME TO GO

You are a fucking dick (kept inside my head).

Thanks for letting me know who you are!

BY THE WAY

I. AM. A. WRITER! SOON. TO. BE. ICONIC. ALMOST. 6' TALL.

I CAN SEE ALL THE WAY TO →



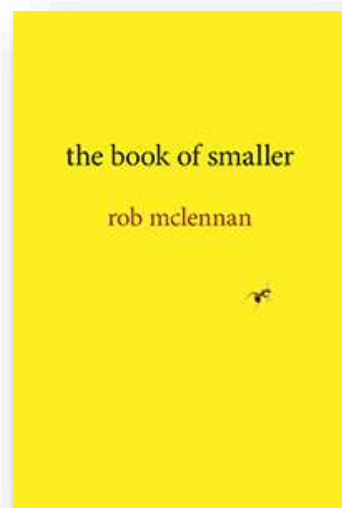
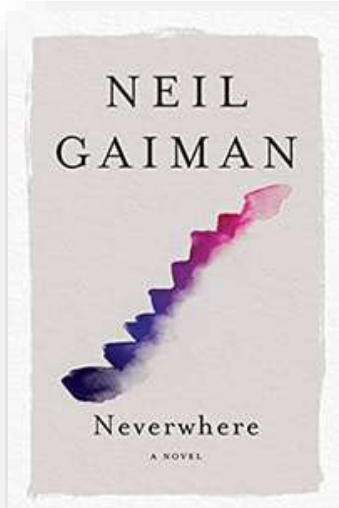
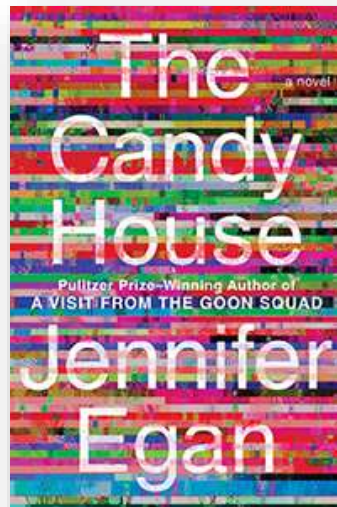
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I READ THESE ↓↓↓↓↓↓
I READ THESE ↓↓↓↓↓↓



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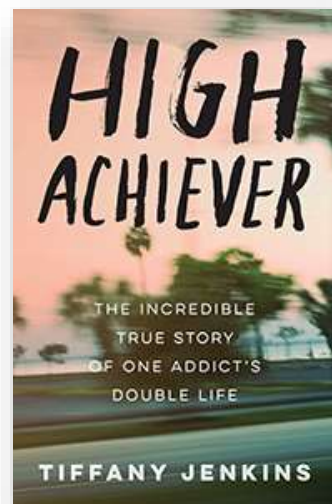
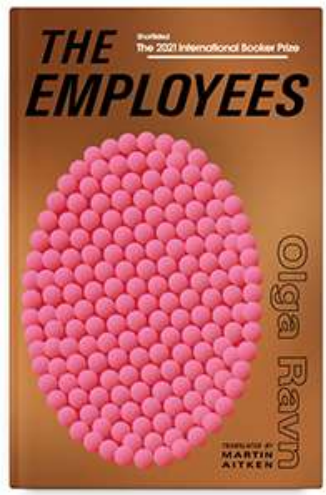
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MORE READING ↓↓↓



VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 200 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

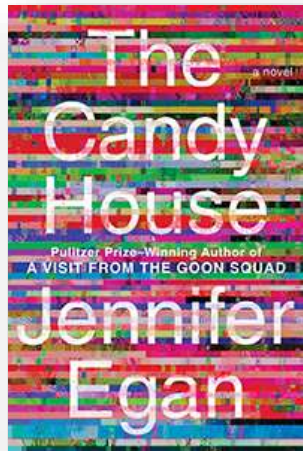
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BOOK THOUGHTS (FEATURED BOOK) ↓



I needed that (this).

How did the book make me feel/think?

When I sat down to write my thoughts on this book, I wanted to write something pithy, intellectual, worthy of being in the Advance Praise.

Stop.

Why?

I often avoid the Advanced Praise because they make me feel less – like if I don't understand the depth of what I'm reading. I don't like feeling that way.

Stop.

For me, AP often comes across as the praise-er is writing to get paid – to flex their intellectual superiority. Probably not. But that is how I feel.

Trying to intellectualize *The Candy House* would come across as stilted, pretentious.

Instead, to do *The Candy House* justice, I suggest picking three or four of your favourite adjectives, thesaurus-ize them (similar to steroids), and that won't even do this book justice.

The world is a mess. We have a war battling with a killer virus for air time. Our left hand is trying to sever our right (and vice versa). I'm choosing to be willfully ignorant about what's happening in the world because I don't want to sound like the taking pundits, cheering for body counts while people suffer. Listen to your friends' conversations. Heck, I'm watching Dick Wolf crime dramas to cheer myself up.

Most people, now sound like the talking heads spinning in shallowness as we sink in the deep end, trying to grasp onto anything to survive.

Jennifer Egan has an uncanny talent to talk about a highway or the sky, describing them in such a way they become living parts of the story. Her characters are us, laced with the beauty of our fracturing flawed lives, relatable, struggling, hilarious in our struggle (I want to scream like Alfred) to find out whatever's coming next. So, I reach for something to hold on to – and lucky for me – I read *The Candy House*; just when I needed it most.

I'm not sure I need to read ever again. Maybe I'll read *The Candy House* over and over and over – *I needed that (this)!*

WRITTEN: 10 March 2022

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THINGS I'VE WRITTEN ↓↓↓↓↓↓

Non-Fiction

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE

MY SISTER IS MY MUM

A META-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.

A story about finding yourself after accidentally discovering your life started with a lie.

Not every day do you meet someone who watched both of his parents die from The Big C and laid them to rest, only to discover sixteen years later that they weren't his parents after all.

It's like being reborn as a whole different person.

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GLUE GEOE

| FOLLOW-UP TO MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE |

A 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—

1



There 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.

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THE SECRET LIFE OF LABOUR AGENCIES

THE SECRET LIFE OF LABOUR AGENCIES

THE ULTIMATE HUMAN PYRAMID SCHEME

THE ULTIMATE HUMAN PYRAMID SCHEME

WORK TODAY. GET PAID TODAY.

HUMANIZING THE EXPLOITED

A LOOK INSIDE



A powerful exposé humanizing the exploited by sharing their stories and uncovering the predatory practices of companies involved in modern-day slavery.

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I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

KNOCK. KNOCK.
KNOCK. KNOCK.



KNOCK. KNOCK.
I DON'T HAVE A FUCKING DOOR
I'M HOMELESS

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

To read more poetry!

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Fiction

A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN



STORIES

A collection of stories tripping between fiction + non, dark sexual, hilarious—all sharing a common theme: Our burning desire to make it home.

I just want to go home!

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DEATH SAUCE
DEATH SAUCE

A Love Story

EATING TOWARD TOGETHERNESS



GRANDMA SAYS

Wait one hour after eating before attempting to change history.

PLEASE DO NOT DRINK OR EAT ANYTHING FOR AT LEAST ONE HOUR AFTER EATING THIS SAUCE.

BY **LINDSAY WINCHERAUK**

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PROSE
BOOKS



The protagonist pens (keystrokes) thoughts on books for a prestigious literary magazine → with each book the protagonist reads, a portal opens, and the protagonist becomes an essential part of the story arc. Each time the protagonist discovers the gist of the book, → it fires the protagonist into the next read. Three books in, he falls in love, and just before love was to be consummated, the protagonist finishes writing thoughts on the book and is fired into → the next book (a self-help book) → love lost.

THEN: the thing is, the protagonist has entered a nightmare, a book he cannot find a way out of (a graphic novel) → but as fate would have it, his love is trapped inside the same nightmare and together they relentlessly search for the exit, and a way for their love to be fulfilled.

LITTLE DO THEY KNOW: the only way out, is to become the main characters of the story!

BY **LINDSAY WINCHERAUK**

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

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

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NUMBERS ↓↓↓

INTIMACY

YES

CREATIVE QUEST

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

MEDIA BLITZ = 5

FITNESS

GYM VISITS = 13
STEPS WALKED = 367,922
MILES WALKED = 184.83
SEAWALL (LAPS) = 33.05

MENTAL HEALTH

BOOKS READ = 9

FAT STILL?

FET

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

BOOKS + FOOD + STORIES + PHOTOGRAPHY + LAUGHTER

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MORE FITNESS STATS

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	0	0.00	160.5	193.1	0.00	0.00	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
YEAR	841,248	409.97		AVE	1.12	2,304.79	tot	7,448,938	3,664.78	20,408.05	10.04
AVERAGE	2,304.79	1.12									
MONTHLY AVE	70,104.00	34.16									

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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	0.00	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	73.31	655.32	501.09
COV S	5,496,503	20,433.10			APM	6.11	54.61	41.76
COV M	2,667.64	9.92			APD	0.20	1.80	1.37

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3 IMAGES ↓↓↓
3 IMAGES ↓↓↓



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LOOSE ENDS ↓↓
LOOSE ENDS ↓↓

A POEM: HAIR A POEM: HAIR



ON TOP OF MY HEAD
ON TOP OF MY HEAD

I CUT YOU OFF

I LOOK IN THE MIRROR

I'M DIFFERENT THAN BEFORE

YOU ARE GROWING ONCE MORE

I RETURN TO YOU

WHERE HAVE I BEEN?

WHO HAVE I BECOME?
WHO HAVE I BECOME?



I've just been told the cow emoji just drew the turkey to give a Secret 🎅 gift.
The Cow has decided she doesn't need to shop. Pass the gravy please. *It's April?*

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