

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

Lindsay Last Month

FRIDAY

1 JULY 2022

ISSUE #4



Fun in the Sun

Tennis

Food

Photos

Nudity

Life Without Mirrors

A Poem



JULY
2022

ISSUE #4

DISCLAIMER

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

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

Think About This

Think About This

A good man loses his livelihood when he's about to turn 60. He wasn't ready for it to be gone. It's now, 28 months later and this good man is afraid to speak the truth because everything he says can and will be used against him. His suffering doesn't matter. The only thing mattering is greed wins. The good man isn't greedy, he deserves to be treated respectfully.

He's not.

We live in a fictitious world.

BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES

TIME OF DEATH: JULY 2022

Right around the date of my sixty-second birthday.
Am I sick?
I don't think so.

However, two years ago, I was issued a death sentence from people who can only be called scumbags. My life was put on hold, **my care taken from me**, given to a friend of a friend, someone I thought was a friend.

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN? HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN?

I didn't want to see the greed, entitlement, and nepotism.

WILL THEY CARE WHEN I DIE? WILL THEY CARE WHEN I DIE?

No.

WHY AM I DYING? WHY AM I DYING?

The money is about to run dry, and I can't bear the thought of living on the street. Or having to put my eleven-year-old cat, Hana, down → because I can no longer take care of her.

THE SIMPLE MATH THE SIMPLE MATH

I can no longer afford life. A harsh reality. I receive \$460 Canada Pension (monthly) → life is no longer sustainable → I'm on Pension. *Think about that.* Yet, I'm supposed to be **mitigating the losses** of the people who **deposited** me in this reality.

I TURN ON THE NEWS I TURN ON THE NEWS

I can only stand watching for less than a minute. A wave of desperate realization washes over me. The news is not for older people.

It is far too fucking full of regrets.

Every story about the housing market, stock market, travel, and managing finances is no

longer for us → we're on Canada Pension.

A story flashes about the rising gas prices. A wave of depression washes over me, as I think, *will I ever be in, or drive a car again?* Yet, while on Canada Pension, I'm supposed to be lessening the suffering of the people who **deposited** me here. Yes, **deposited**, because my life has been reduced to **withdrawals**; until there are no more **withdrawals** to be made.

ON THE TREADMILLS AT THE FITNESS FACILITY ON THE TREADMILLS AT THE FITNESS FACILITY

The two people next to me, *who happen to be in my demographic*, are talking about the trips they are planning. *I want to cry.*

I murder them because my next trip is limited to how far I can walk in a day. A harsh truth.

I keep trying.

BACK TO THE NEWS BACK TO THE NEWS

Once you're old, the only thing the news is for is to scare the life out of you. The news screams someone is coming for you, trying to scam you; a random stranger is about to attack you, or a food delivery driver is going to run over you on the sidewalk.

I don't want to go outside anymore. I can't escape it; the great outdoors will soon be my home. *Sounds fucking grand!*

| **Sarcasm Alert** | → I can't give up; I have losses for the people who **deposited** me here to mitigate.

I keep trying. I have a **heart episode**. The MRI shows I probably will live long enough to move outdoors, another harsh reality. But still, I now have a cardiologist. I don't think stress is a good thing.

I don't enjoy writing this story.

WHY? WHY?

Because it's dark. And because I don't want to burden others with my harsh realities. I prefer to make people smile.

At the pandemic's start, I uttered the words '*freaked out*' and was immediately thrown out with the bathwater.

Fifty-nine years old and a lengthy career; gone, with the clock on my demise ticking.

TO DATE
TO DATE

Approximately \$300,000 in lost income (including a \$70,000 stock scam perpetrated by the owner of the company I worked for). And approximately, \$1,000 per month in CC interest → because I can't afford life. I earn \$460 per month Canada Pension. Losing \$300,000 at sixty-two → there are no words.

If you know me, I try to bring joy to people, not pain. I'm respectful, kind, empathetic, and I never fucking quit trying.

I never will quit trying.

But my reality is, the clock has been ticking, and the *hourglass is running out of fucking sand*. I will still try to bring smiles to others, but I must admit, I'm being crushed by the weight of greed. *Tick. Tick. Fucking tick.*

I can't breathe.

I need to breathe.

Stress is swallowing me alongside depression as they walk in lockstep.

I get up every day, *a lie (I do)*.

I fight sleep.

The sandman hides as soon as my head hits the pillow. I wouldn't say I'm worrying; instead, I'm creating, trying to fight my way out of the quicksand.

When I rise, I build my website, pitch my writing, and write.

And write.

And write.

And create images to prompt writing.

And I write.

And I pitch my writing.

A rejection comes. *It says I'm talented.*

Another one arrives, telling me *I have an important story that must be told.*

Both messages finish with buts...

For every rejection I receive, I pitch more.

AM I DELUSIONAL? AM I DELUSIONAL?

Absolutely not.

Tick. Tick. Fucking tick.

I can't breathe.

I'm dying.

PAUSE FOR A MINUTE PAUSE FOR A MINUTE

I'm back. I sent out three proposals.

A book arrives in the mail. One book. Two books. Three books. Ten books. Umpteen books.

Major publishers send me books because they have deemed me an **Influencer** + they love my thoughts on books, as do the authors of the books I share my thoughts on.

I can't eat the books. *I'm dying.* When I speak, I sound successful. But still, two years after *being canned*, all the money is gone. I'm fucking turning destitute.

I go for a walk.

My mind races.

I snap photos.

A friend of mine is approaching.

I look the other way because **I feel embarrassed, unwanted, and like a failure.**

I'm not a failure.

Steve sees me; he's happy to see me. We hug. Our conversation is pleasant. I tell him it's been twenty-seven months since I was canned. He asks if I'm working. I tell him every day, harder than ever, writing, creating, and sending out proposals.

He tells me London Drugs is hiring.

I suggest, if I don't go for it now, by pursuing my creative future, one hundred percent → well, if not now, fucking when? If I don't pursue my passions (at sixty-two); what's the point of living?

Steve nods in agreement. He realizes his words hurt me.

My heart sinks.

I'm dying.

I'm fucking broke.

I keep trying.

I spread butter on the pages of a book sent to me.

BROKEN GLASSES
BROKEN GLASSES



My original mother died on **December 12, 1987.** (long story)

An ex-flatmate of mine died on **December 12, 2019.**

My last remaining sister, who wasn't really a sister, unless she really was my sister, died on **December 12, 2021.** (long story)

I'm dying now.

On the day my sister, who wasn't... died, I met with friends for a few hours. Somewhere on my way home, I lost my prescription glasses. Devastating.

That's okay; I had a backup pair, *only suitable for reading.* If I wore them every day, stuff like walking → the world turned into a drinking and driving advertisement → so, I chose to live life *while not reading*, in low definition. It fucking sucked.

Buy some glasses.

The money is running dry. So, I can't justify it.

ONE. TWO. THREE. UMPTEEN BOOKS ARRIVE.
ONE. TWO. THREE. UMPTEEN BOOKS ARRIVE.

It's now April 2022. I've been walking around in a foggy depression for five months.

BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES
BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES

On this day, I escape my home after sending out proposals, to go read. I forgot my glasses. *That's okay.* I bite the bullet; I buy a pair of reading glasses (\$17). The great thing is, I wear them daily. I could see again! The world became brighter.

I'm dying.

June 1, 2022. I am meeting with a friend. While chatting, I pull off my glasses. I hear a snap. The arm cracked. *Shit.* I wanted to fucking cry. *I have glue at home.*

Maybe I can fix them?

I pick up the glasses, and the left arm breaks off.

Tears start scratching my eyes.

I feel sick.

I can't afford to see.

I'm scared.

EAT?
EAT?

SEE?
SEE?

BREATHE?
BREATHE?

My stomach turns. *I must-see.*

I now understand why people are holding glasses together with tape. When they do, they're judged poorly. And they're fucking poor.

My friend says can't you get new prescription glasses?

I consider sniffing the glue.

Not to worry, I will never give up. I'm smart. I'm turning fucking sixty-two in July.

I'm dying.

I can't catch my breath.

I bought the cheap reading glasses; I couldn't fucking afford.

If I give up writing, I'm already dead. That's what London Drugs is, death.

I'm not qualified to work there. Steve's words lacked context.

A fifteen-year career gone; severance never paid.

PARAPHRASED FROM A BOOK I'M READING (SENT FROM A PUBLISHER) PARAPHRASED FROM A BOOK I'M READING (SENT FROM A PUBLISHER)

I'm an Influencer. It's like being a sixty-two-year-old intern.

In the book, a lawyer decides to chase her dreams instead of working as a lawyer for a large firm. She wants to make a difference. *She says she doesn't care if her client is being sued by a former employee for wrongful termination because... because "our" client is a scumbag.* She continued to say that they were going to court because *her client refused to settle (strategizing to destroy the employee financially), even though the client could easily pay the amount the ex-employee is justified in asking for.*

DOES THE BOOK MIRROR MY LIFE? DOES THE BOOK MIRROR MY LIFE?

I've been called by a 'legal hitman' → *a failed writer who has no business chasing my dreams.* I'm fucking turning sixty-two. The 'hitman' said I should have been **pursuing a career** **the industry; I was just tossed out from, with the bathwater (fired from): to mitigate the losses of those who tossed me out. During a pandemic. As I am about to hit sixty-two.** After a heart MRI. As I'm receiving \$460 per month on Canada Pension. Yes, PENSION.

IMAGINE IMAGINE

Interviewer: *Why did you leave your last job?*

Me: *I can't talk about it.*

Interviewer: *Why didn't they find you valuable enough to keep? How are your great grandkids?*

Me: *Thanks for allowing me to waste your time. I'm going to go repeatedly smash my head into a wall. I will let myself out.*

I never felt old before, but now I do. A fact solidified when I called my cable provider, and first, the technician on the line wouldn't believe I was a man because my name is Lindsay. And then, *she asked if there was someone younger in my home, she could talk to about my connection issues.* Seriously.

I can't breathe. I'm dying.

I believed if you always did your best, were loyal, and worked hard, it would count for something.

It didn't.

BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES
BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES

The place where I was **employed** did not care when five people in my life died (**including my mother**). (long story). **Not a single day off.**

They didn't care when I had a fucking catastrophic stroke. **Not a single day off. Nor was it suggested.**

*They, without question, didn't care about me when they got rid of me, without **using me out**, using the pandemic as shade.*

I turned sixty.

I turned sixty-one.

I'm turning sixty-two soon.

Depression is assaulting me.

I keep trying.

And writing.

And pitching.

And reading.

And desperately trying to breathe.

I can't eat tomorrow because I chose to see.

Every asshole out there who believes homeless people aren't trying → fuck off.

FOOD?
FOOD?

DIE?
DIE?

LONDON DRUGS?
LONDON DRUGS?

I live in a world where **COVID** is far more compassionate than the people I used to **work for**.



BUBBLE BATH BUBBLE BATH

I must believe everything will fall into place.

I suffer from debilitating insomnia and depression. I don't anguish over my efforts. They are undeniable. I work at my craft at least twelve hours a day. *Failed writer. No business chasing your dreams.*

Trying to thread a needle at sixty-two...the thread is thick; the eye is shrinking.

I will keep trying.

Throw in broken glasses.

I will keep trying. I keep trying.

I DRAW A BATH I DRAW A BATH

When 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,*" → 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.

I hop into my bath. The water is steamy. I pour a heaping helping of bubble bath into the water. The tub fills with glorious bubbles. I'm in heaven. *New glasses. Trying. Trying. Trying.* For a moment, I feel at ease. *Everything will work out.* I was a model employee. Karma will take care of me.

BUBBLE BATH + BROKEN GLASSES

My calm ends. Tears roll down my cheeks. Despite being birthed illegitimate, I've survived.

I worked hard.

I never gave up.

I've earned having luxurious bubble baths.

I think that's the reason for the *heaping helpings*.

I continue to cry. I'm turning sixty-two, soaking in a bubble bath, with the tears pouring from my eyes. And yet, the SCUM floated to the top, SCUM that threw me out with the bathwater.

WHY AM I CRYING?

Because I never quit trying. I can't afford the cheap glasses I bought. Two years and my life savings have run dry. Life on the street will be a death sentence for me and for my eleven-year-old cat, and my relationship. The tears won't stop.

I did nothing wrong.

The SCUM rises to the top. If I lose everything, they think **they will have won**.

*What does it say about **the company** when their most senior employee ends up homeless?*

I'm not the only person who's been deposited in a soap-less tub.

I will never give up.

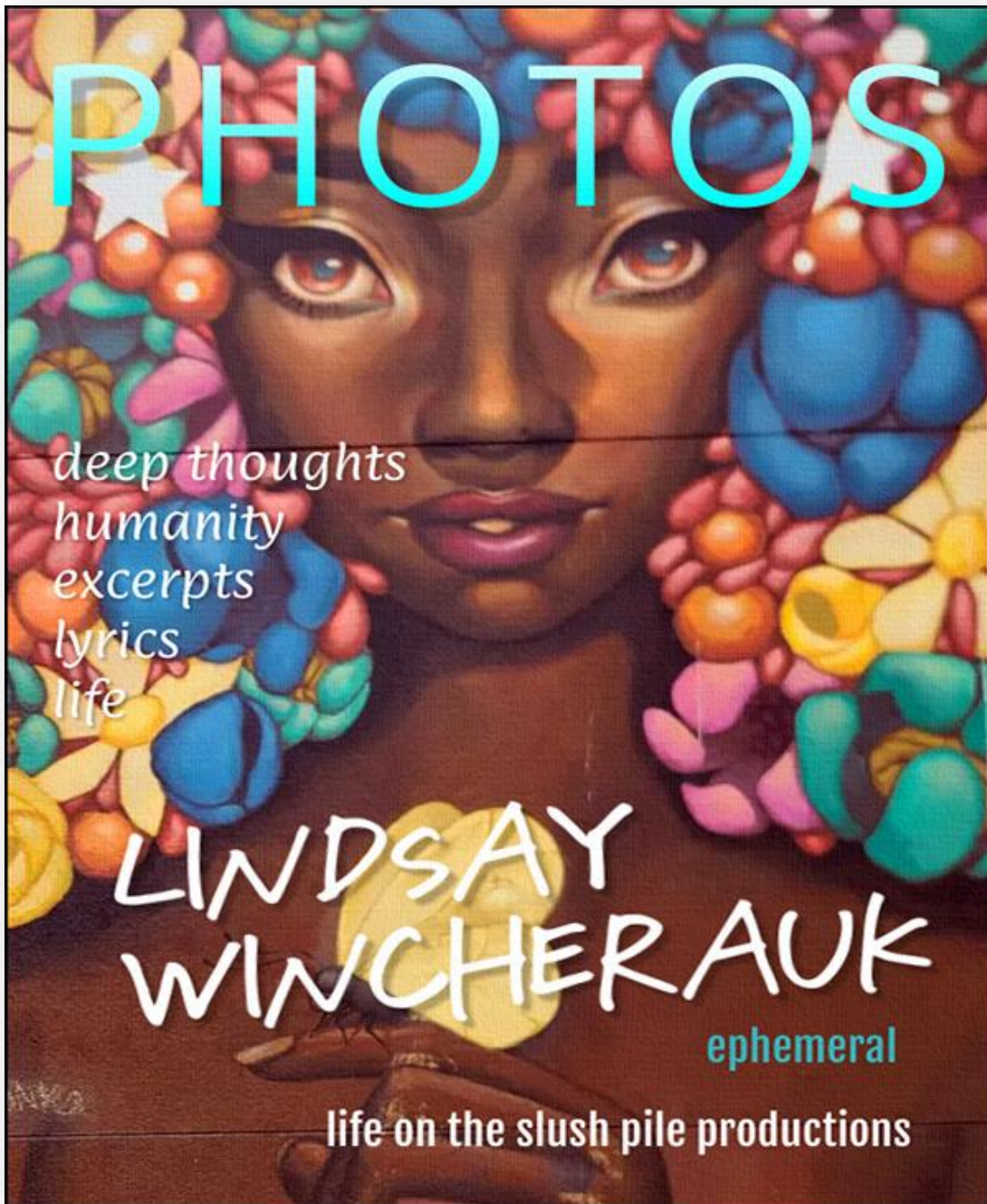
I have written over 240 'THOUGHTS ON BOOKS' because I'm a respected Influencer.

I butter another book. *Who am I kidding?* I can't afford butter.

TIME OF DEATH



↓↓↓ THE PHOTO I TOOK DURING MY WALK ↓↓↓



This story is harsh. It is meant to be. I have to believe I will be okay, make it through this mess. But I must admit, I'm scared. \$460.00 per month sees to that. I don't want to be homeless. I am now reaching the point where 'hanging on' is no longer an option. A product of being in your sixties is quite often: **you are on your own.**

IN THIS ISSUE



BUBBLE BATH & BROKEN GLASSES ↑↑↑

WE ATE THIS → ARGO CAFE

A STORY → LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS: OLIVIA ♥ TIA

~~FAVOURITE GOLF COURSES (MOVED TO I CAN'T AFFORD GOLF)~~

BOOKS I'VE READ

FEATURED BOOK THOUGHTS: BLUE PORTUGAL

THINGS I'VE WRITTEN

NUMBERS

THREE PHOTOS

PHOTOS OF ME

EVENT ANNOUNCEMENT



A POEM: WHY DID THE DINOSAUR CROSS THE ROAD: A CHICKEN POEM

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓↓↓ A FEW OF DRINK THIS

ARGO CAFE
ARGO CAFE

1836 ONTARIO STREET




Chicken + Waffles (w. soup) = \$18.00

Argos Best Burger (w. soup) = \$16.00

A Dive. Don't walk by, stop, dive in → you will not be disappointed. Chicken + Waffles. Best Ever!

EAT HERE → 👉

life 
•
without



lindsay wincherauk



Love is taken from heartache. Mia swayed past the frame, entering Olivia's sight. Knees shaking. Heart pounding. Falling, hitting play. *Fell*. But no, pause. Olivia's with Frazil + Frazil has brought Mia into Olivia's life, fracturing it, shattering her, in his coquetting abuse.

Olivia crumbles into a ball on the floor. Her life was ripped to shreds. Frazil is her love – but with a single beat of her heart – Mia's being entered her, swallowing her, confusing her, from this day forth.

Frazil was fucking Mia, not caring for a second what his openness was thrusting on a fragile soul.

Mia's beauty was far too great to be worthy of description. Stunning. Outrageous. Dangerous.

And then, Mia was gone, dead, buried in a shallow grave.

Three hearts broken by one, Frazil came home; Mia desperately wanted to escape.

At Mia's funeral, Mia returned to the absolute perfection of Tia, her twin sister.

Olivia found hope once more. An exit door. It was time to repay Frazil for his indiscretions. Mia glanced into Olivia's eyes; one stare was all it took; tomorrow had arrived, and every tomorrow after that. The exit sign started flashing brightly – Frazil's destiny, about to expire.

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.

Tia had risen to the top of the fashion world and became the editor-in-chief of the world's top fashion magazine: LOOK.

A magazine Tia and Olivia were far more beautiful than any cover.

Tia's career had her galivanting worldwide, from city to fabulous city: New York, Rome, London, Paris, Seoul, Tokyo, Milan, and on and on and on.

Olivia's yoga studio/chicken shack/ice cream parlour took the world by storm; 11,000 locations opened around the globe.

And with unstoppable momentum, Olivia began offering spin classes with a twist: Electric Bikes. Exercisers hoisted themselves up onto the cycles, put their feet up in stirrups, + had gin and nachos delivered right to their rides. The spin classes were a rousing success and blasted Olivia's business into the stratosphere, doubling once more the number of global locations. Kaching. Kaching.

Olivia + Tia became rich beyond belief.

However, Olivia + Tia wired differently than most. The pains of their past retreated into hiding. Allowing happiness to blast into their lives in all of its glory.

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"Honey, every time I look into your eyes, my heart warms; I know I will be okay. You are the tonic embracing my soul; you, we, complete us. Smiles have replaced frowns. With us together, darkness no longer exists."

Olivia + Tia had more money than they could ever spend.

So, they gave back.

First, they built a modest apartment complex for the people Olivia met in the homeless encampment. People her late father exploited running The Labour Crooks. An agency founded on marginalizing the marginalized more by exploiting their sweat. Leaving them broken shells reeling in the clutches of addiction. As men like Olivia's father convinced themselves, they created humans. And by keeping them down, having a living product to use up and spit out once he drained their last drops of blood.

From watching her father exploit, Olivia developed an unquenchable thirst to crush the industry that provided a lifestyle of riches and want.

By building the apartment complex and commissioning several others, she restored dignity to those left behind in the humanities race towards greed. By constructing the apartment complex + providing nutritious foods weekly, three agencies stumbled into bankruptcy because their industry's pawns were no longer useable.

Tia's career required her to fly around the world regularly. Olivia is often at her side. Although a private jet and staying in five-star hotels were desirable options, they flew coach and stayed in, at the very most: three-star hotels. Donating the \$\$\$ difference to worthy causes in the cities they visited. Feeding those less fortunate. Providing hope.

Olivia was a suspect in the murders of Mia + Frazil. Her name was cleared because of her solid alibi. At the time of the murders, she was at the local hospital's ER, comforting Lyle, an entitled douchebag who free-fell into the homeless encampment after he spent his pre-inheritance from his father – expecting more to come – it never did.

Why was Olivia comforting Lyle?

In a moment of meth-induced psychosis, while down on her knees, she chomped off Lyle's dick because she believed it was a demon attempting to possess her.

They rushed to the hospital. Lyle's dick; far too chomped to be reattached.

One month later, the remaining part of his stump was lopped off. And Lyle began transitioning into Amanda.

In a rush to close the murder case, CCT cameras caught Frazil's Audi at the burial scene. The images didn't capture Frazil disposing of the corpses; however, the case was still stamped: CLOSED. The authorities had chosen to overlook the fact in the video, there appeared to be someone sitting in the passenger seat of Frazil's car. Inside the trunk, the police found a bloody boning knife, zip ties, + tarps.

Then SPLAT. Frazil dead. The real killer?

As the days flew by, Olivia + Tia's love blossomed. With age, they became increasingly, intoxicatingly, beautiful. Their lives were blissful. Olivia and Tia were cloaked in the world of happily-ever-after, each other being the only thing they both wanted and needed from life.

Except?

"Olivia, babe, what do you think; should we bring a child into our lives?"

Olivia threw her arms around Tia, gushing in happiness.

"Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Sweetie let's do it, the natural way. Let's find a donor. I think you, my gorgeous, perfect Olivia, I think you should carry our child."

Olivia made an appointment to begin the process. The appointment was in one month.

That night they drifted into a heavenly dreamland.

TWO DAYS LATER

Tia returned home. Wailing. Blubbing. Trembling. Breaking.

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

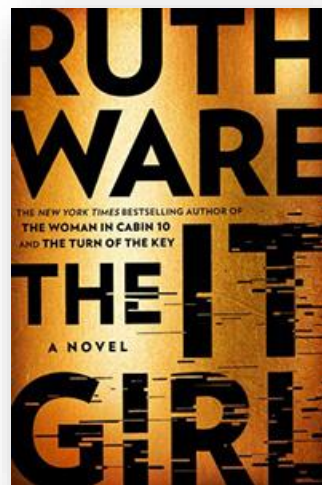
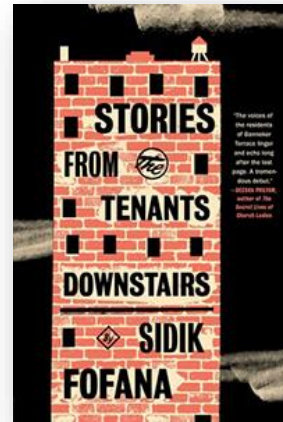
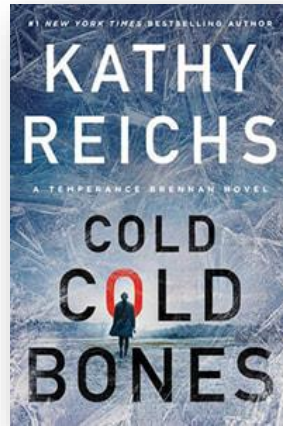
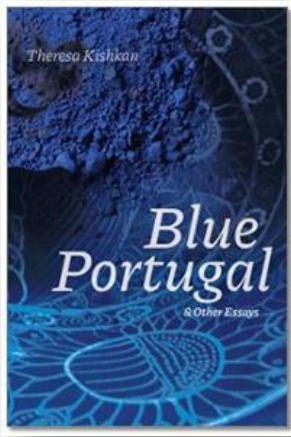
Tia threw herself down on their bed, covered her head with a pillow, her tears reaching critical.

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

²⁰ 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."*



I READ THESE



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VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

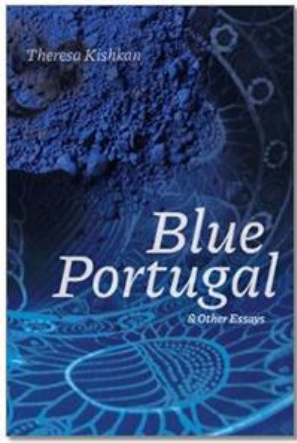
TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 200 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

BOOK THOUGHTS (FEATURED BOOK) ↓

BLUE PORTUGAL

THERESA KISHKAN



Blue Portugal is a poetically lyrical read that will surprise readers with its undeniable depth.

How did the book make me feel/think?

Soon, I might find out who my father is for the third time in my life.

The first time, I watched him take his last breath, the day after I turned 25 (1985).

Eighteen years later (2003), I accidentally discovered he wasn't my birth father, which spiralled me into a search for my identity. I found my birth father. Met him (2006). He welcomed me into his family with open arms. Two weeks passed, and I had to inform him he wasn't my father. My mother had lied on my birth registration.

²²Recently, after discovering I'm 45% Norwegian, a first cousin popped up in my DNA string — her uncle might be my birth father.

How does this relate to Blue Portugal?

Well, after the first two fathers, not being my birth father, I thought I'd never care, and as I age, why does it even matter, I thought?

That's where Blue Portugal comes in.

First off, it is chock full of poetic lyricism and, for me, at least, highlights the importance of retracing our roots. As Kishkan ages; she thirsts for an understanding of who she is and why (?) and a longing for the comfort only found in the threads of life which make us whole.

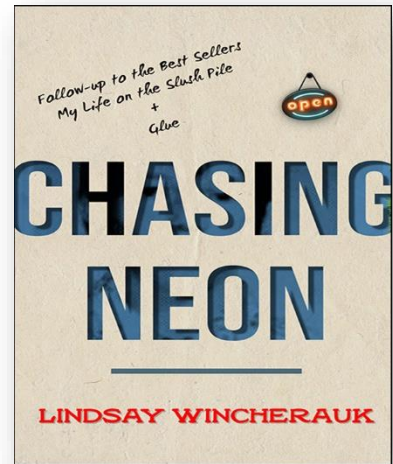
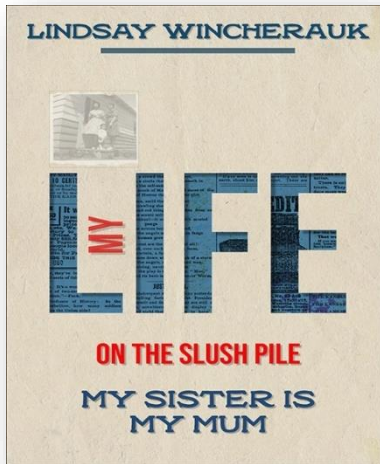
Second, in her search for understanding, Kishkan sheds a powerful light on how, as much as the world improves daily, humanity is on a slippery slope, slicked by the limited minds of those who desperately think they need to hold on to the advantages of entitlement.

One hundred years ago, corporate greed brought over immigrants to do back-breaking work to build nations — only to deny these working slaves the rights they (the entitled) fought-tooth-and-nail to keep for themselves. When war broke out, Kishkan's ancestors were deemed to be the enemies of the country, denied home ownership, and faced racism because the entitled railed against Immigrant Workers. The same workers' corporations exploited for profit. Does this ring familiar today?

Blue Portugal is a poetically lyrical read that will surprise readers with its undeniable depth.

WRITTEN: 28 June 2022

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

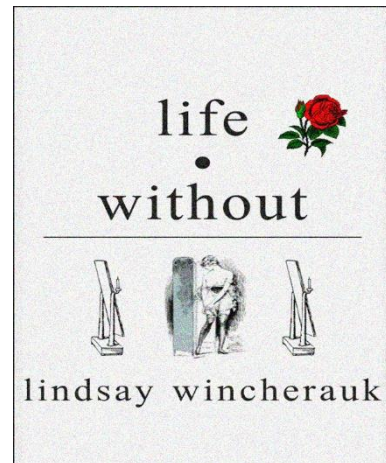
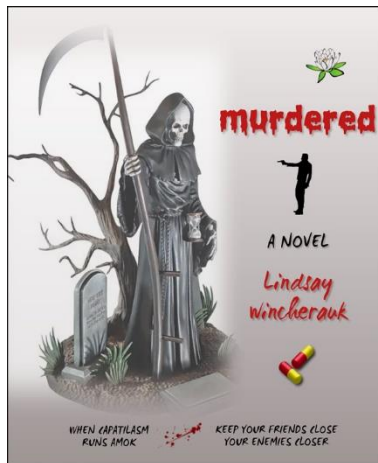
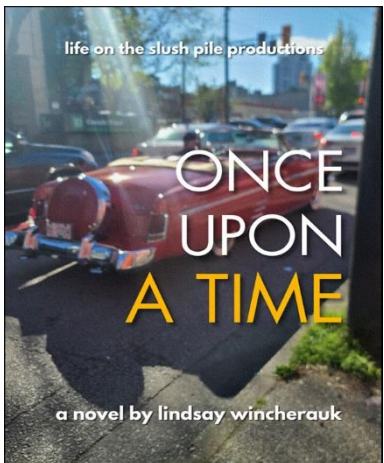
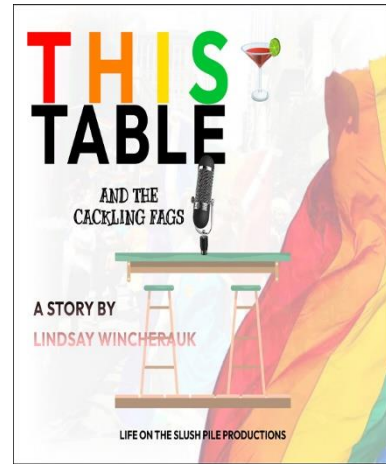
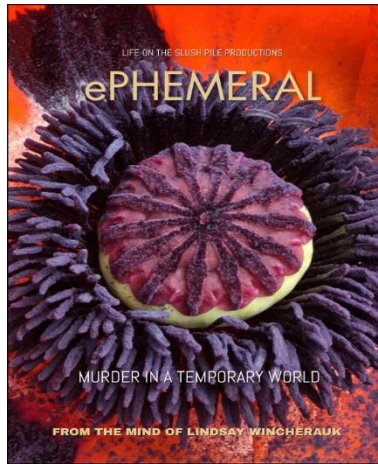
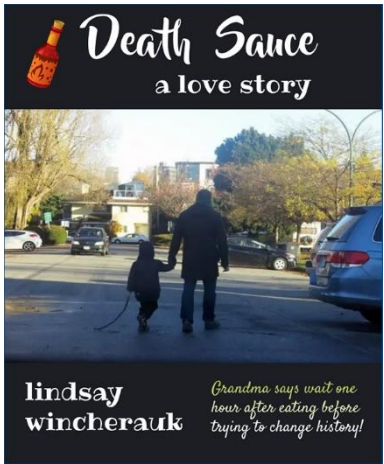
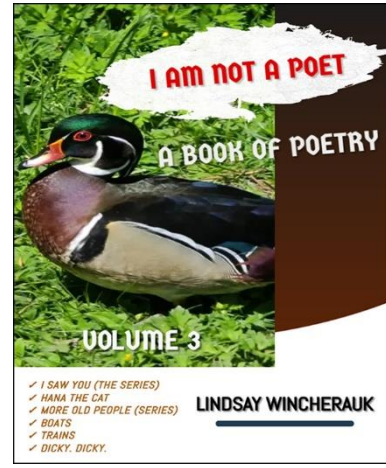
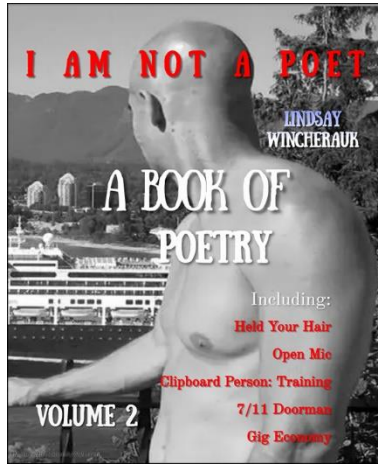
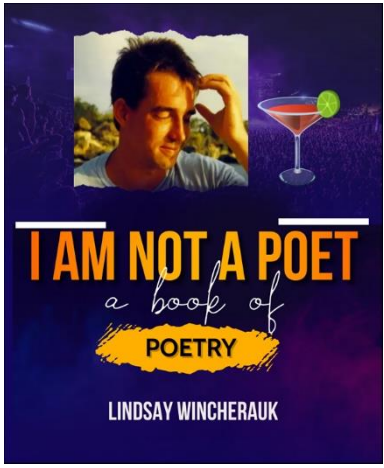


23



↓ STORY FACTORY ↓

↓ PLOKX FVCLOKX ↓



NUMBERS (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

YES

CREATIVE QUEST

THE LIFE OF A FAILED WRITER

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 198

(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)

(FILM + TELEVISION)

MEDIA BLITZ = 9

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

FITNESS

GYM VISITS = 34

STEPS WALKED = 678,889

MILES WALKED = 327.99

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 58.65

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 5

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING LIFTING — FEAT

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

25

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

TIME TO VENT

I'm struggling with depression daily. I never thought after working incredibly hard for a company → after working 15-years; I'd be tossed out with the bathwater and now be facing homelessness. I'm fucking turning 62. I work hard every day.

VENTING COMPLETE

MORE FITNESS STATS

WAKE TIME?? 21/12

26

MONTH	STEPS	MILES	LFW	JFW	MPD	SPD
January	236,579	110.84	184.1	152.1	3.58	7,631.58
February	236,747	114.30	186.8	153.7	4.08	8,455.25
March	367,922	184.83	189.7	156.4	5.96	11,868.45
April	272,488	134.17	160.5	193.1	4.47	9,082.93
May	267,773	129.05	163.2	196.0	4.16	8,637.84
June	678,889	327.99	162.0	189.4	10.93	22,629.63
July	0	0.00	162.0	186.3	0.00	0.00
August	0	0.00	162.0	185.9	0.00	0.00
September	0	0.00	162.0	184.2	0.00	0.00
October	0	0.00	162.0	190.2	0.00	0.00
November	0	0.00	152.1	175.5	0.00	0.00
December	0	0.00	152.1	178.1	0.00	0.00
YEAR	2,060,398	1,001.18		AVE	2.74	5,644.93
AVERAGE	5,644.93	2.74				
MONTHLY AVE	171,699.83	83.43				

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

27

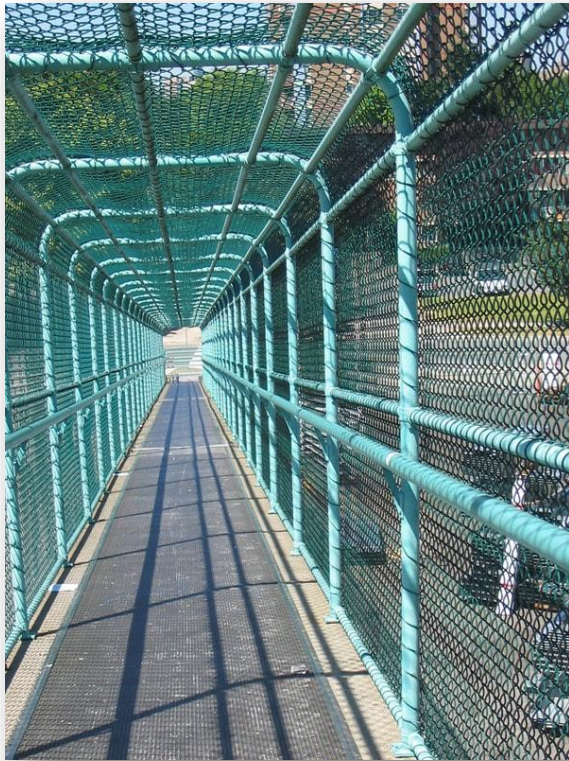
Month	2021 S	2021 M	2021 ASPD	2021 MPD	Month	2020 S	2020 M	2020 ASPD	2020 MPD	SEWALL	2022	2021	2020
jan	767,665	368.82	24,763.39	11.90	jan	95,158	46.82	3,069.61	1.51	jan	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	769,083	375.84	27,467.25	13.42	feb	91,556	45.34	3,157.10	1.46	feb	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	944,199	461.84	30,458.03	14.90	march	74,755	37.85	2,411.45	1.22	march	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	797,803	385.82	26,593.43	12.86	apr	445,444	213.10	14,848.13	6.87	apr	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	553,386	265.79	17,851.16	8.57	may	710,946	349.73	22,933.74	11.28	may	23.08	47.53	62.54
june	591,035	284.51	19,701.17	9.48	june	761,773	375.12	25,392.43	12.10	june	58.65	50.87	67.08
july	761,056	386.79	24,550.19	12.48	july	781,424	381.11	25,207.23	12.29	july	0.00	69.16	68.15
aug	679,651	345.93	21,924.23	11.16	aug	679,959	329.24	21,934.16	10.62	aug	0.00	61.86	58.87
sept	699,143	346.56	23,304.77	11.55	sept	708,550	344.98	23,618.33	11.13	sept	0.00	61.97	61.69
oct	439,163	227.05	14,166.55	7.32	oct	425,376	203.25	13,721.81	6.56	oct	0.00	40.60	36.34
nov	259,366	125.51	8,366.65	4.18	nov	441,018	212.05	14,226.39	6.84	nov	0.00	22.44	37.92
dec	187,388	90.32	6,044.77	2.91	dec	551,451	263.65	17,788.74	8.50	dec	0.00	16.15	47.14
tot	7,448,938	3,664.78	20,408.05	10.04	tot	5,767,410	2,802.24	15,757.95	7.66	tot	179.03	655.32	501.09
					COV S	5,496,503	20,433.10			APM	14.92	54.61	41.76
					COV M	2,667.64	9.92			APD	0.49	1.80	1.37

PROPOSAL STATS

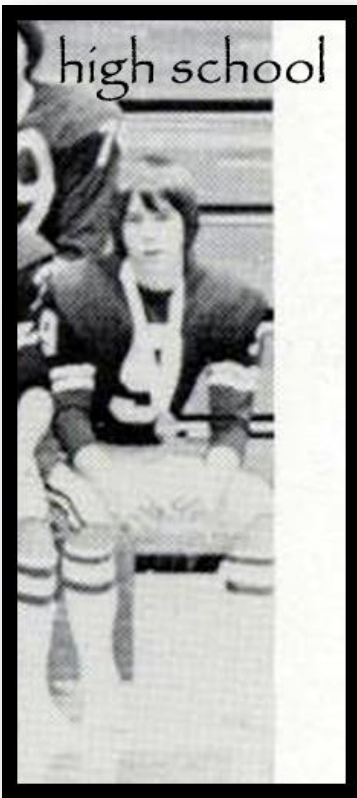
Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
Slush Pile x 3	149	35	114
Glue	5	1	4
Flip Flops	19	3	16
Death Sauce	2	0	2
Temps	8	3	5
Poetry	8	0	8
Howard	5	1	4
Life Without Mirrors	2	1	1
This Table	4	0	4
Said the White Guy	6	0	6
ePHEMERAL	1	0	1
22-May-22	209	44	165
STORIES	Pitches	Rejections	Live
VARIOUS	38	5	33
22-May-22	247	49	198

3 IMAGES ↓↓↓
3 IMAGES ↓↓↓





ME ↓↓↓
TALE ↓↓↓



"I bought my Capri from Mer-Lin Motors because they were the only people that would talk to me, because of my age (19)."

Lindsay Wincherauk,
Saskatoon



Lindsay has a Capri RS
But we have a Capri Runabout, 6 cyl. auto.
PS., PB, radio, etc. Stock #CA5579

\$7650⁰⁰

MER-LIN
MOTORS LTD.

2nd Ave. & 24th St. Saskatoon 244-2921
Dealer Lic. #332







35

1,000,000 STEP JULY

I turn 62 in July. At the beginning of the pandemic, my career ended. I started walking. Walking. Walking. Walking. The pounds fell off me. I was successfully winning the battle with depression. When I lost my career, I was turning 60. I had a real WTF moment. It didn't deter my movement. Stress arrived. A few people died. I had a heart MRI. A legal case is lingering. Depression kicked in my door. I slowed down. Depression started winning. Inflammation arrived. I feared I was going to die. I started moving again. A friend called me fat (I'm not). I walked 30,000 plus steps for 20 days. The inflammation calmed. I watched videos on what walking 30,000 steps a day does to you. The videos were made by extremely fit 25-year-old people. Wow: 25-year-olds walked. They talked in hushed tones. **They're heroes.** I decided to walk 1,000,000 steps in July to →

This is my **MOCUMENTARY**. (Videos Coming) Won't you walk, run, play tennis, or other with me?

I'm not weighing or measuring myself. I will still have a beer or ten. Maybe if you are lucky, on July 16, I will take off my shirt. Why? Because doesn't everybody want to see a shirtless 62-year-old?

lindsaywincherauk.com

JOIN



LINDSAY VERSUS THE

WORLD



TENNIS FEDERATION

LVTWTF

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

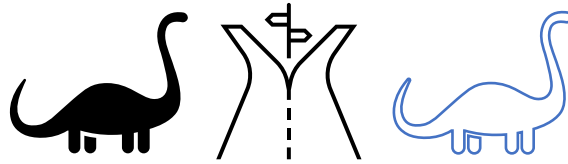
IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE IN VANCOUVER AND WANT TO HIT → MESSAGE ME!

A POEM ↓

WHY DID THE DINOSAUR CROSS THE ROAD

A CHICKEN POEM

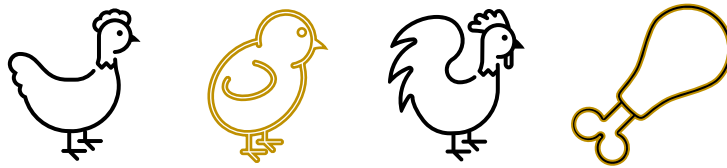
Why did the dinosaur cross the road?



37

There were no roads yet.

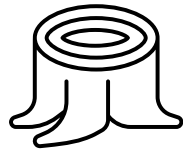
The end.



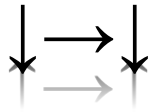
You may find everything on this page by visiting: www.lindsaywincherauk.com

READING A BOOK
READING A BOOK

IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE
IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE

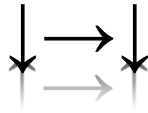


AND HALLUCINATING
AND HALLUCINATING



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



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