

AUG-SEPT  
2023

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DAYS

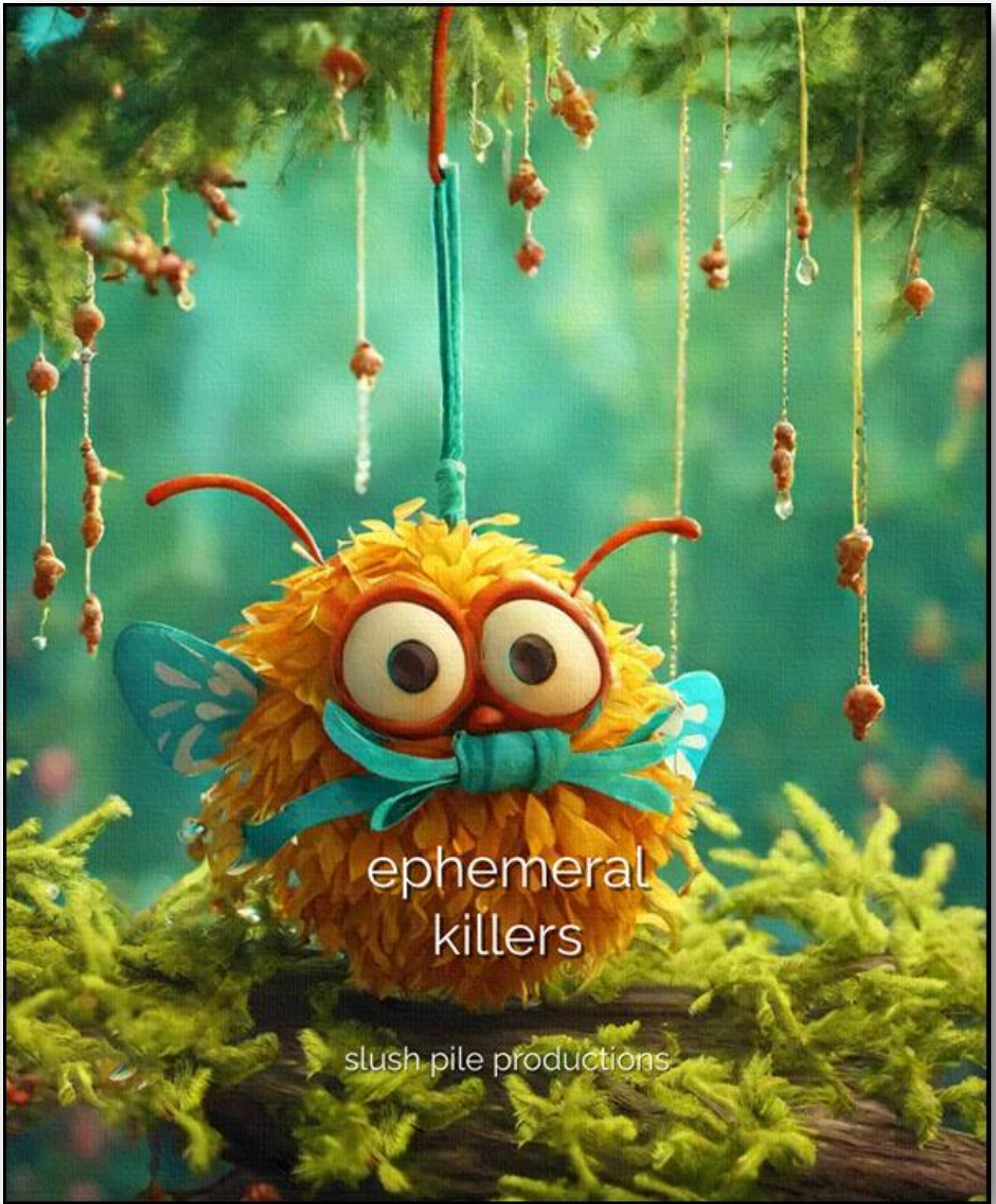
LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**AUGUST – SEPTEMBER 2023**  
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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



ephemeral  
killers

slush pile productions

MY DAYS: AUGUST – SEPTEMBER 2023



### **“Ephemeral Killers: Hemlock Looper Moths”**

In the heart of the dense and mysterious forest, where ancient hemlock trees towered towards the sky, there lived a unique and bizarre species of moths known as the hemlock looper moths. They were strange and intriguing creatures with a rather grim purpose. Every fifteen years, they would emerge from their hidden cocoons to become ephemeral killers, descending upon the aging hemlock trees and sending them into the end of life.

The legend of these tiny but formidable insects had been passed down through generations. The locals knew that when the hemlock looper moths returned, it was time for the aging trees to make way for the new, to give room for the cycle of life to continue. These moths were like nature's grim reapers, silently crawling through the branches, laying their eggs, and triggering the slow decline of the majestic trees.

Lindsay, a quirky and imaginative aging man, was deeply fascinated and terrified by the tales of these creatures. For most people, the hemlock looper moths were just a part of the natural order, but for Lindsay, they were the stuff of nightmares.

In this uproarious story, Lindsay often found himself daydreaming about the absurd scenarios that could unfold if the hemlock looper moths decided to turn their attention to humans. He imagined waking up to find himself covered in crawling creatures, their disgusting little hanging wombs attaching themselves to his being.

One day, while walking with J, who happens to be Korean, they stumbled upon four people engaging in amorous activity |insert whatever you think amorous is, here|. The people engaging... gave J come hither fingers, which J declines and then asks the people, “What’s that called. I’m Korean. We don’t have that in Korea?”

From that day forward, every time J leaves his home, he dons a giant prophylactic costume, just to be safe.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

## Ephemeral Killers: Hemlock Looper Moths



**T**hey are nothing more than wombs hanging from the trees.

They dangle from 500-year-old hemlock trees – assisting their suicides. They are selfish killers because the trees they mercilessly kill have long histories, and the life expectancy <sup>(7)</sup> of these fucking disgusting floating wombs is Googleable, but I can't be bothered. All I know is if a cougar were to approach me, I would be scared, but not like when I'm walking, and a looper moth is hanging in front of me; I shriek, fall to the ground, roll into the fetal position, and shake.

J says get up.

We continue walking through the park. J vanishes. Actually, on this day, he isn't with me.

I come across tourists fascinated by the larvae; I tell them what they are and how they are decimating the forest – I then add they are high in antioxidants. They should eat a few to save a tree, I say.

A bug is hovering in the air in front of me. I'm fascinated.

Hover, hover, hover.

I step toward it, and it blasts away at the speed of light – unless you prefer really fast.

At this moment, I fully understand humans' and aliens' creation of spacecraft. I understand Star Wars better now. I stop at a hallucinatory arcade and play Space Invaders. High score! I'm only on air.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I come across someone in the woods performing a blow job on a willing blowee | new word – creative license | The blower takes a momentary break from blowing to do jaw exercises. And the blowee gingerly touches his stiffened member. Unbeknownst to the two of them, they were using the word unbeknownst, five Looper Moths fall from the trees taking up residence on the blowee's stiffened member. The blower, jaw relaxed, continues blowing. "Gross," the blower shouts out, "This is nothing like kale."

J, who I call J for short, floats down from the ethers to take up a spot next to me. We continue walking through the woods. Right in the middle of the path, four people are fornicating. The one accepting insertions is bent over, leaning against a hemlock tree that is in full bloom. I want to keep walking. I feel bad for the tree.

J, being the curious soul he is, stops momentarily to... they wave him over with come hither fingers... he declines. Still curious, he asks them, "What's this called? I'm from Korea; we don't have this in Korea."

The four fornicators stop fornicating and look at J, perplexed.

We continue on.

A hemlock tree, that has been in a loving relationship with another hemlock tree, for 396 years, devoid of leaves, comes crashing down. An ornamental owl comes to life and flies away.

Fifty paces forward, a Korean family is walking down the same path we are on; we're glad the fornicators are done.

From that day forward, when J and I walk in the park – actually, every time we go out, J wears a giant condom suit. Just in case.

I don't think they have those in Korea, but of course, I don't know; I have been to Korea twice. I swear I never saw anybody sporting condom costumes, but my research is limited to twice, a small sample size.

A coyote is walking beside me. I thought we could become friends until I shriek and fell to the ground because three wombs were at my eye level. My coyote friend runs away; he thinks I may be too needy, and probably a little gamey.

J?

Yes. Want to go grab a bite?

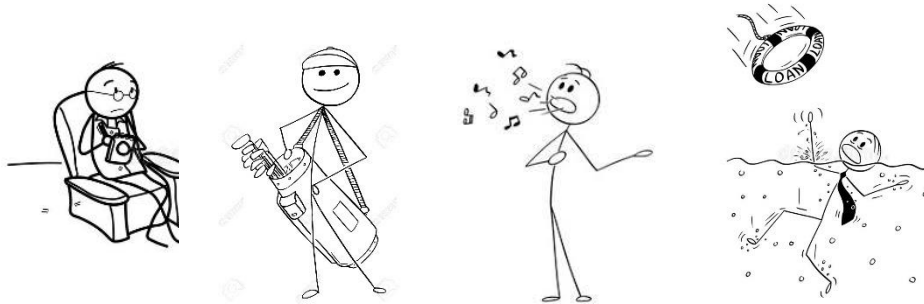
Sure, have you seen my condom outfit?

On our way to the restaurant, we come across a hemlock tree in full bloom, the only one in the park still alive. There is a party going on at its base. The blower and blowee are there, as are the four fornicators.

The tree's leaves give J a come-hither wave. He hitters. The tree whispers into J's ear, amazingly in Korean <sup>(1)</sup>, "Can you please gather some looper moths and bring them to me? I can't stand another day witnessing a party at my base; it's time, I had a good life."

- 1) J for short, J is 5' 8" – which is slightly taller than average, has informed me there is no literal translation for the tree's words above in Korean, quite literally. <sup>(2)</sup>
- 2) What language was the tree speaking then? <sup>(3)</sup>
- 3) Stanley Park is on the territorial lands of the Coast Salish First Nations, including the Musqueam, Squamish and Tsleil Waututh. <sup>(4)</sup>
- 4) So, the tree spoke the Indigenous language of Musqueam Nation and the Tsleil-Waututh Nation is Halkomelem (and called hunq'umin'um' in their dialect). <sup>(5)</sup>
- 5) How J did J understand what the tree said? <sup>(6)</sup>
- 6) I do not know.
- 7) As much as I didn't dive deeply into the life expectancy of these violent hemlock tree predators, somehow, I do know they are an endemic that comes around every fifteen years for a year or two. What they are doing during their absence, like (6), I do not know. <sup>(8)</sup>
- 8) You may ask yourself; how did I get here? <sup>(9)</sup>
- 9) The "Talking Heads" <sup>(10)</sup>.
- 10) (7) before was an afterthought, that is why it appears at the beginning of the story. <sup>(11)</sup>
- 11) What?

## A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 3).



—it may not transfer into a viable future. Darkness arrives. **SERIOUSLY.** You may lash out at those who love you. There definitely is a myriad of sleepless nightmare filled nights with demons of the past prancing around in your mind—fighting you—making you question your sanity—and absolutely, leading you toward an esteem less future. Why? Why? Why?

When whatever money you may have socked away starts to vanish, with the vanishing cashflow risks a disappearing life. **A DEATH SENTENCE:** I don't want to sound over-dramatic—this is a reality for many. And it's not their fucking fault. No career. No options. Arghh...

Once you realize the despair of tomorrows, panic sets in, I want to burst into tears every now and then, I resist, I don't want to give those whom I once deemed as friends the pleasure of seeing me suffer. Believe me, they'd be happy if I feel pain. For many of us who've been trashed, coming to terms with being expendable, especially after years-upon-years of service, it's hard to find the words to express the pain that inflicts.

Maybe I can become a golfer, or a singer, or a professional swimmer?

Crap, I can't swim, maybe swimming will be the best choice? I'm sinking anyway.

I walk, jog, play a little tennis. I cry, I swallow my emotions. I do what I need to do to protect myself. I don't want to be walked all over. Top all of the uncertainty and fear of the future up, and the one thing that just keeps bashing me over the head is how easy it was for friends to cast me aside. That hurts immensely.

I'm lucky' I'm creative, I write, create whatever comes to my mind. I pitch. Query. Pitch. Apply. Hundreds of proposals and applications sent out into the Universe, floating around without a guarantee of finding a home. At 60 finding next is borderline **IMPOSSIBLE.** There might be no next. The world is leaving many of us behind without a way to survive. There are no guarantees my creativity will sustain me. I must believe it will. My career may have been stripped from me leaving me reeling, but I need to keep believing in myself. I'm much more than money. I'm frightened. I don't understand how people can treat others with zero regard for the importance of their lives by not reaching out and helping those who did such an amazing job of taking care, and in some cases, providing those who tossed them into the trash heap, everything, they have. They're not worth... This isn't about them.