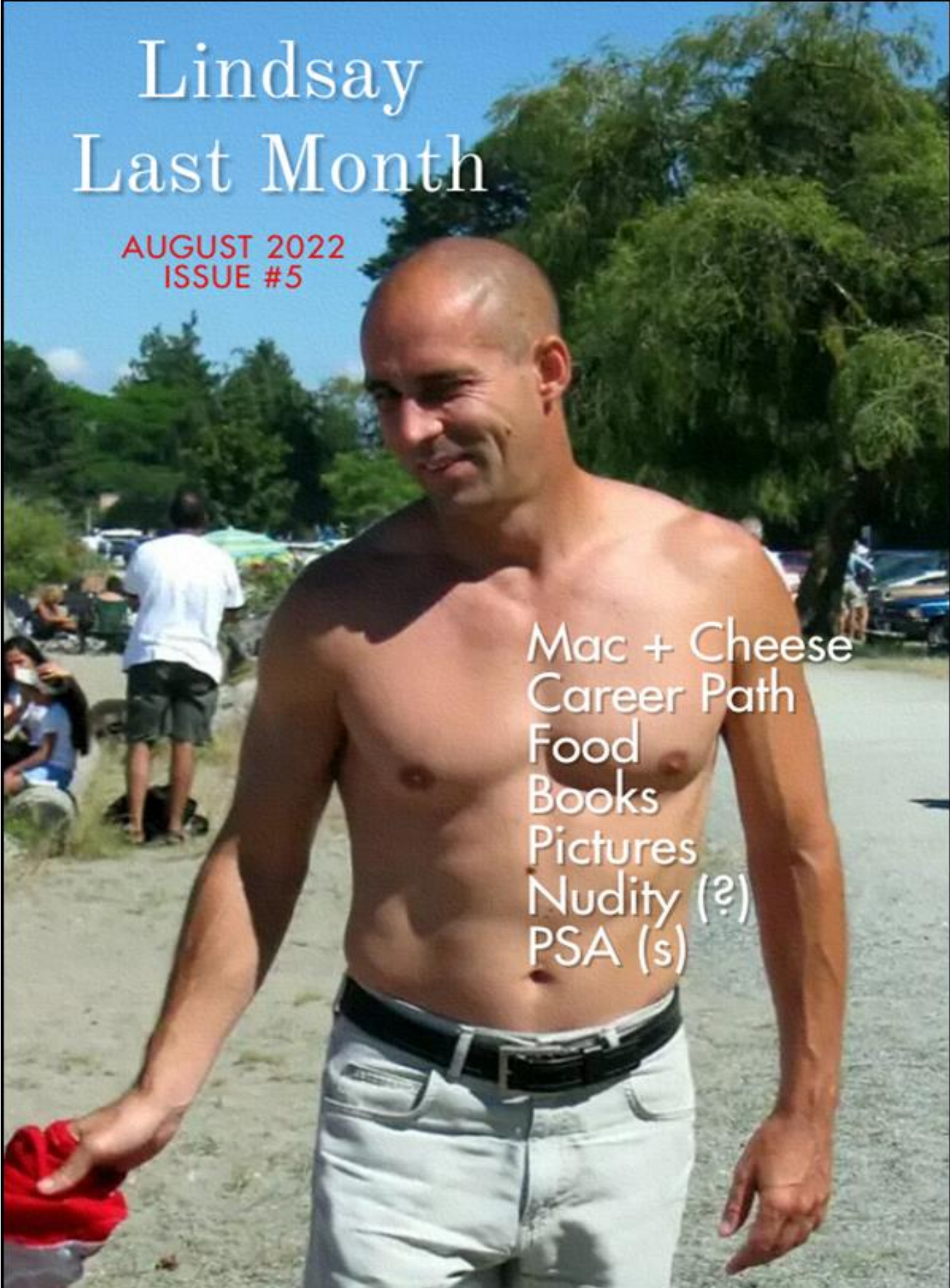


Lindsay Last Month

AUGUST 2022
ISSUE #5

Mac + Cheese
Career Path
Food
Books
Pictures
Nudity (?)
PSA (s)



DISCLAIMER

Everything in Lindsay Last Month—(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

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.

HERE WE GO →
HERE WE GO →

I FEEL GUILTY BUYING MAC & CHEESE I FEEL GUILTY BUYING MAC & CHEESE

I need to eat. I'm turning 62 soon (turned) and horrifically, I'm counting pennies in my head. I'm turning 62 soon and I'm thinking I want to have either Macaroni + Cheese or toss some beans on toast. I'm turning 62 soon.

I go to the market and check the price of Mac + Cheese (\$2.10) and then the milk it needs (\$3.00); fortunately, I have butter at home, a luxury.

Why do I have fucking butter?

I can't justify the expense.

I pick up the box.

I put it down.

I pick it up.

I put it down.

I pick it up.

I cry.

I put it down.

I'm turning 62 soon and I'm feeling exasperated and guilty, conflicted → I can't afford Macaroni + Cheese. *Is it even food?*

I change my mind; I search for beans.

Tears pour from my eyes.

Beans are too expensive.

I might as well fucking die.

I am turning 62, and I can't afford to eat.

What does that mean?

It means you're going to die.

I settle on a can of soup.

I used to make a fair living building a company for a merchant fuelled by greed. And then, a fucking pandemic hits; I mentioned it was worrisome. A light flashed in the offices of greed, and my career ground to a halt.

A COMPANY OWNERS SMUG + DELUSIONAL GREED + PARANOIA A COMPANY OWNERS SMUG + DELUSIONAL GREED + PARANOIA

Hey, this man built our company and worked hard for us for a 15-years. He did everything asked of him. But you know what, he's long in the tooth, and if we wanted to kick him to the curb, it would cost us a pretty penny.

What's that?

He said the pandemic is worrisome. *Did a light just come on?*

I know, I'll use the pandemic as shade and can him. No questions asked; he's a good man, he might not even notice what we're doing, and by the time he does, it will be too late for him to do anything about it → *No separation pay for him* – I will crush him.

I'll use my milquetoast sycophants to pull the trigger.

What does it matter if it destroys his life, sends him into homelessness, has him questioning if he can afford Macaroni + Cheese and eventually kills him?

I have all the money and power; I'm in control.

I'm not an asshole – *I am an asshole – I am an asshole?* I'll leave it for you to decide.

He deserves to be fucked over. He made me wealthy. I even tricked him into a stock scam. \$70K out of his pockets and into mine.

Have you decided yet if I'm an asshole or not?

Never mind. I know what I am.

I have surrounded myself with boring people who are motivated by whatever I tell them. They are spinless.

The roids, cocaine, and opiates aren't kicking like they used to. *I'll take more.* My staff used to spend their Christmas bonuses on me by buying me a giant bottle of booze every year. *They love me.* They're stupid and expendable. *I will destroy everyone who challenges me.* I am the money man.

I've decided.

What?

You are much more than an asshole.

I may be, but you, you are an old man now, and I've made you scared of Macaroni. I'm powerful.

You know what you are.

You're not a good man.

You hate your wife + kids → you need cocaine → you need opiates → you need to feign control.

You are weak.

You are nothing.

You may have the money. But you're dead inside.

I must keep pressing on.

I'm sent hundreds of books per year.

I'm paying my dues.

Publishers and authors like the way my mind works.

I will keep trying.

I need to shift gears. Fuck those who think destroying lives are okay.

What did they think would happen to someone they robbed of their last career years?

They don't fucking care. Especially the one who pretended to be a friend. A liar with every word spoken. Shifty eyes. He knows who he is. Hurt in life by entitlement. Good riddance. *Nice watch.*

3

I get home, heat the soup, sink into depression, and vow never to quit trying. To stop listening to the noise To pay no mind to the greed + despicable nature of those who benefited most from my efforts.

In 2009, you said if I wanted a raise, why don't I go on Welfare?

In 2012, you called me 'the face of your company.'

Then, starting in 2020, you're trying to destroy me because I stood up for myself.

Sorry to tell you, I'm unbreakable. I'm better than you.

The soup isn't filling; it's a sodium-filled nightmare; I can't afford. But I must eat. I wish I hated you; I don't have to; because I think you hate yourself.

WENDY'S
WENDY'S

I escape my reality to read. I'm sitting at Wendy's looking out at the world. Reading, three of the books sent my way. You called me a failed writer. You are an asshole. I read a page. Behind me a large man, normal looking, *whatever the fuck that means (?)* starts ranting.

Are you the manager? I want to talk to the manager; he screams at the young female manager.

Yes.

I am disgusted by the service. I've never been so disrespected in my life. I'm a senior. I've been coming here for ten years. This is the worst I've ever been treated.

I'm sorry...

You're not sorry. Don't fucking say your sorry. You aren't going to do anything. If you were sorry, you'd do something right now.

What's the problem sir? What happened? I'm sorry...

Quit saying your sorry. You're not fucking sorry. You are not going to do anything. I won't tell you what happened.

Sir, if you don't...

That person, behind the counter, wherever that person is from, gave my fries to the girl in the window. Not the first fries, but the second and third. They were for me. And instead of helping me, that person went over to the girl in the window and laughed. They were playing a game.

I'm...

Fuck off. You aren't going to do anything. You aren't helping. You don't care.

I just want to read.

Sir, I need to talk to...

You only need to talk to me. If I was in the country of that person (Is this man a Ken?), I would have gone behind the counter and kicked the shit out of that person. You must do something. You're not going to do anything. I'm a health inspector. I see several violations. I'm reporting you right now to Wendy's Canada. You will pay.

Sir, what...

You don't care. If you cared you'd do something. This isn't the last you'll hear from me. I'm never coming back.

What?

Sorry.

Look at you. You're not sorry. I should wipe that fucking smirk off your face.

I turn.

Sir, you are being incredibly rude.

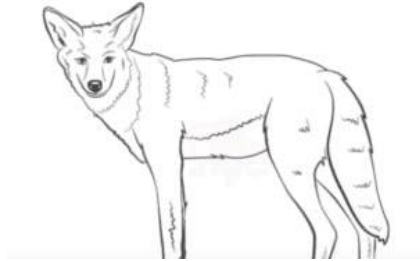
What? Mind your own fucking business.

This is my business. It's impacting my reading.

Fuck off.

He turns to face the manager.

He's making himself, large, intimidating, I think he must think she's a coyote.



He turns back to me.

Sir, you need to stop.

You're nothing more than an old, stupid, fucking cunt.

He walks out.

Thankfully, Canada is open carry.

5 The manager turns to me.

I'm sorry sir...

You're not sorry.

No, I didn't.

FUCKING HIM FUCKING HIM

It's Friday, time for a gummy and a beer or two I can't afford, maybe I'll use the beer as milk for the Mac + Cheese.

My friend orders fries. When they come. He looks at them and says, NO. He sends them back. He sends back his fries every time he orders fries.

The fry cook peers out from the kitchen. Sees whose sending them back, and mutters, Fucking Him.

My friends new name is |GIVEN| Fucking |Surname| Him.

Have you seen my friend, Fucking Him, lately?

Give, Fucking Him, a chance to speak.

The new fries arrive. Fucking Him, tells the server he's had six decades of potato experience. *I know my potatoes he says.*

Fucking Him, switches gears and tells the table when he was born; his mother's tits had deflated. They were dry, dusty. Serving only powdered milk.

What?

Seriously.

His mom was 27, when, Fucking, was born. Fucking, pulls up a photo of his mother. She was hot. The opposite of deflated.

Why does he have a photo of his mum (?) at the ready?

The Postman, starts thinking, of when he went off the teat. *I think I started eating potatoes when I was three, he says.*

You were on your mom's teat until you were three?

I started eating potatoes at three, he says.

Marc has a reputation. He doesn't know what it is. Marc and I want to know what it is?

Fucking Him. Instigator.

INFLAMMATION SCARE

6

I have an inflammation scare.

Pain. Heart problem. I'm freaked. Fortunately, I can't be fired again. I GOOGLE my condition. Every response is not good. What's happening is likely: I. HATE. THIS. Signs of congenital heart failure. I'm fucking terrified. I draw a bath. My legs burn. Sear. The pain is unrelenting.

Do you want to go to the hospital?

What a fucking stupid question.

No.

I'll go tomorrow if this doesn't calm down.

I don't want to go when I'm in trouble, because that is how the doctors will view me.

Are you insane?

I'll let you decide.

What?

You decide. O...kay. Go. Go to your deciding place and fucking decide. I'll wait. Over here. I'll be sitting. Wincing. Crying. Shaking.

You're back. I'm insane.

I know. What I have is fixable. Fight the power. I mean fight the depression. I've been sinking in depression for at least eight months. That's what family deaths and uncertainty, friends deaths and a heart MRI will do.

Do. I just typed do. DO. Do.

Fixing time. Fight the depression. I'll work out two times per day. Walk 30,000 plus steps per day. Play tennis. Of course, after failing at reading and writing, of course.

Shrinking belly. Inflammation disappearing. Blood pressure dropping. Oh my. A powerful erection. Mine. What was I thinking about? Come. Towel. Sleep.

250,000 steps in two weeks. I'm okay. Sort of. Denial is a thing. Good? You decide. Of course, not. Don't deny then? Get out of here. Who me? Yes.

I want to play tennis. I'm turning 62 soon (turned). All my friends have quit being active. They're searching for women with lactating, potato → some of them have switched over to pickle ball.

Pickle Ball A Game to Die Loving

I know. I'll hit the courts and force someone to play with me.

TENNIS TENNIS

If any of you'd like to hit. I'd be happy.

7 Three older men look at me. Time to bully me.

Why are you looking at me like that? It's making me uncomfortable.

Are you any good?

I can hit.

Are you a stupid old cunt?

What?

Play with her.

Her?

Yes, Her. She's good.

Are you any good?

Her, I'm okay. I can hit.

Why won't the men play with me?

What level are you?

I don't know, Her, I can hit.

Let me think about it?

Okay.

I'm going to hit against the wall on the other side.

Her, peaks around the corner.

Yes, Her?

I'm checking to see if it's shady over here?

Her, we're outside.

Oh.

I'll let you know if I want to hit.

Okay?

Do you want to hit?

Sure, Her.

I have these balls, they look new.

Her, how are your balls?

Good. Let's use yours and mine.

Why are my balls against the fence?

I don't want to use them?

Why, Her?

Your balls are flat.

My name is Lana.

I thought it was, Her.

Thanks for hitting with me.

Okay.

TWO DAYS LATER

Hi. I'm Bob. Do you want to hit?

Sounds good, Bob.

Bob?

Yes.

My name is Yasdnil → backwards.

Huh.

Bob?

Yes, Yasd.

If I die while were hitting, don't let anyone say, I died doing something I love.

Are you okay?

How could anybody be? I mean: Yes, Bob, or do you prefer, Bob? Anyway, if I die, I don't want them saying I loved dying.

What?

I don't love dying.

Okay.

It would make a good tombstone though:

**He Died Doing What He Loved
Too Bad He Only Did it Once**

Your balls are flat, want to use mine?

Sure, Bob.

I'm turning 62 (turned), and I desperately want Mac + Cheese.

**I'VE WORKED AS
I'VE MOKKED UP**

9
I'm riding my ten speed 5 miles to the Coachman Restaurant in Market Mall (Saskatoon). I'm 12, it's my first day of work, as a dishwasher + busboy at the restaurant. My mum runs the kitchen. My bikes named Lightening. *I made that up.* Pump. Pump. Pump. Quads burning. Head down. Ground racing below my feet. Smash. Back wheel flips upward. Head slams into the trunk of a Buick. Ouch. Bike slams back to ground. *Balls. Hurt. Deflate.* Three blocks to go. Wash a dish. Little old server ladies tell me check under the sugar shaker on that table over there → I lift it up. 75-cents are hidden underneath. The little old server ladies smile at me. *That's for you.* It was 1972. A woman gets up from her seat. Turns right. Smash. She walks through the glass window facing the inner mall. Blood everywhere. She lived. I think.

Maybe she loves walking through glass.

Would you like a job as a Gardiner?

Sure. I'm 16. I thought gardening was outdoors.

It is, but we need these fridges and stoves carried up these narrow stairways into these apartments. After you're done, if you'd like; you can have a sip from the green-rusted-hose, over there →

Naïve is Evian backward, Bob.

Mum, can I wait tables.

Are you ready?

I can see glass.

Cool, \$3.00.

Linds, do you want to work at my dad's Greek Restaurant as a bartender?

Do I!?!

Cam, I prefer to be called, Yasd. Let's party. Let's make seven-layered shooters. Pousse Café.



Bernie (RIP), you've just drunk three 48-ounce beers, are you sure you want another one. Yes? Okay, here you go. What are you doing, Bernie?

Splash. 48-ounces of beer tossed in my face. *Bernie, come back.* Bernie's running.

Three weeks later, sorry about the beer. Okay. Would you like another? Serving it right?

Hey, Earl's Manager, I'd prefer to be a bartender.

First, you will wait tables. Okay.

FIRST TABLE FIRST TABLE

10

Ten glasses of water dropped on the guest at the end of the table.

Sorry. Would you like a shampoo packet.

Yasd, go home for the day.

Three weeks later.

Yasd, you seem to sell a lot of features.

Yes, it's easier that way.

Are all the guests ordering the features.

Probably not.

Do you want to bartend?

Sounds good.

Pousse Café.

BARTEND
BARTEND

Bartend.

Ouch.

Knee injury.

Yasd, do you want to run my hotel, you can't bartend without legs?

I have legs.

Ignore the number of welfare cheques I cash from dead people.

Dead people get cheques?

No. I get theirs.

Sounds reasonable.

Yasd, it's time for you to go, I think you know too much.

Welcome to the Hotel California.

Are all the assholes related?

Yes.

11 I knew it.

I'll bartend.

First, I'll protect the buildings from night prowlers.

Mike why are you setting the paint cannisters on the sidewalk?

Never mind.

I'll put them back inside the site.

Mike some guy in a Van stopped where you had put the cannisters, he looked confused.

Yasd, why are the cannisters...?

Mike and I work from 6 PM to 6 AM. Mike goes home at 6:15 PM (nightly) and returns to work at 5:45 AM (the next day). He's paid more than me.

Three guys break into the site. They are trying to take the cannisters. *I confront them. I tell them I'm a hallucination.* This freaks them out. They run.

Forklift driving is(n't) fun. Vroom.

Here's your 5 high-end air-conditioning units. Let me help you put them in the back of your truck. Go on now. Have a great day.

Yasd, can I have the purchase order for the air-conditioning units.

No. They didn't have one. I'll go home now. Thanks, fo the work.

COLOURFAST
COLOURFAST



I drive to Nipawin. Hello, Marge, I love your salon (Hair Today). Let me demonstrate our semi-permanent hair colours.

Wash. Wash. Lather.

Leave it on for ten, twenty, thirty, minutes, I don't know. Would you love a crate of mouse and gel. Yasd, you're dreamy. Go on now, Marge, I'm blushing. Come back soon. I will, then we can wash out the colour.

NHL LEGENDARY COACH
NHL LEGENDARY COACH



Spy versus Spy. Open vest. Chest heaving. Mine. Smoke rising. Music pumping. Big Bamboo. We're (the models) hot. I'm hot. I'm hair modelling in a room full of hair professionals. They drool. I've brought a date. I can't recall her name, so I will call her, Date. She's an RCMP officer.

THE SHOW ENDS
THE SHOW ENDS

The coach of the Montreal Canadiens is making out with his sister at a dark corner table. I don't think it was his sister. Gross. Gross, because it wasn't his sister? Did I say sister? I meant wife. I don't think it was his wife? Blow job. My wonky knee gives out. I sit on the top of the stairs. The bouncer asks me to leave. I tell him about my wonky knee. He begins pushing me. Date, pummels the bouncer. I feel emaciated. Date, and I don't date again. The bouncer bleeds.

I'm bartending again. Whitey is visiting from Saskatoon. I have a cold. I drink a bottle of cough syrup. Whitey and I drink a reasonable 20 Rainier each (in 16 hours). The next day, I puke an infinite number of times. How can it be infinite? *Because every time I still puke, it's because of that day.*

That is still not infinite.

What?

You will die one day.

Fuck off.

Whitey is a ginger.

I'm selling insurance. To the farm implement dealer and auto dealer across the street from Hair Today. I stop in to see Marge. You can rinse out the colour now. It's been three years. I can see metal sticking out of my car's tires. I think they are wearing out. I'll drive faster.

Okay, Mr. Farm/Car guy, I know you are the king of this town. What are you 68 now? You've drank two bottles of scotch per day and have smoked three packs of darts per day for 67 years? You want to give the business to your son and have your daughter paid off and out of the business? Let me get my manager Glenn. I know shit. Glenn is the man.

Hi, Glenn.

Hi, Farm/Car Guy. The only way we can fulfill your wishes is with business continuation insurance with a buy/sell agreement (I just remembered that while typing). The full ticket price, because Farm/Car Guy – it makes no sense you are still breathing, well, the full ticket price is \$13,000 per month.

Let's do it, Glenn.

I'm great at my job. Sure, hate it. I'll use Glenn.

Correction: Glenn's good at my job.

I better bartend for a bit.

Laid = bartending.

I'm working for the city. They pay us for this? – wow.

Today's Task: move that stuff over there → here.

Tomorrow's Task: move that stuff here → over there.

You're the boss.

My co-worker is Laurence Laliberte (we work in teams of two). He's indigenous. He wants to be my stripper manager. *I'm not a stripper.* We work together for three years.

He doesn't drink.

Rum and Coke doesn't count.

He threatened me once with the garbage picker (a hockey stick with a nail in it).

I was given the job of driving a riding mower.

Laurence was tasked with the shitty job of dragging a lawnmower behind him to cut the edges of industrial boulevards. Rocks flying. Smash. Car window shattered.

Laurence worked hard.

I went on vacation.

Each time the foreman visited our location, Laurence told him I was in the washroom.

Sometimes, I went golfing.

I formed opinions about Indians being lazy. While I was at the waterpark.

Asshole.

Who?

You.

I'm better now.

Yasd, you have a lot of music.

I do?

14

That's what I've heard. Anyway, you are not going on the road trip with the team, and we are throwing a Husky Howler Fundraiser. You want to DJ it. We'll rent the gear. Pay you \$20. And free beer.

I need a washroom break. A pause. Before I play the next song.

Hey, Mr. DJ, we're in Saskatchewan, can you play some Country Music?

No. How about Bronski Beat?

Who?

The Communards?

Stop. You're scaring me.

Okay, I'll play one song, The Devil Went Down to Georgia.

Thank you.

No need to thank me, I'm just playing it so I can watch you dance. And have your fucking soul stolen.

Before I get back from the can, I'd like to share with you what it is like to have your career taken from you at 59 years of age.

You're almost 62 (am).

I know. The courts are allowing the people who replaced me to delay my case in order to send me into homelessness.

Is it working?

Yes. The people, I worked for, assume no responsibility for fucking over someone who gave them fifteen years of their lives.

Yuck.

That's all you have to say.

Fuck.

That's better.

An email arrives: You're next transaction may be declined.

Fuck.

Another email: You're next transaction may be declined.

Mother fucker.

Another email: There has been a change in your credit rating.

Fuck. Fuck. *Fuckity*. Fuck.

I want to eat.

You can't afford it.

I want to have a drink.

Get a job. I heard London Drugs is hiring.

My friend is in a similar boat. He's turned 67 recently. He's considering suicide. He's been diagnosed with Parkinson's Disease.

Nobody wants to hire me. They don't say it, you can just tell. It's emotionally draining thinking about my situation daily.

I tell him London Drugs is hiring. He says he'd prefer death.

Twenty-eight months have passed since I got tossed out with the bathwater.

The worst people in the world continue being the worst.

There must be worse people.

Shut up. This is my orbit.

3 MEN INTERVIEW FOR THE SAME JOB

Candidate 1: He's 67. He has Parkinson's Disease.

Candidate 2: He's 63. Ten years ago, he had a liver transplant.

Candidate 3: He's 62. In 2018, he suffered a stroke. He survived. He's a good at typing. He never had a single day off after suffering a stroke. He couldn't have the time off — there was nobody who could replace him.

Who would you hire?

A thirty-year old walks past the window. The recruiter hires the thirty-year old.

The 3 men start shopping for cardboard.

The 67-year-old with Parkinson's has another interview. For a software company. He tells his friends the sales cycle for the product is usually around 8-months. He's 67.

Some in the audience, wish him luck. Cheering for him. "Good luck." And "You'll likely be hired."

I tell him I'm sorry he has to go through this fucking process. I then add, "You say the sales cycle is 8-months, why would they even consider hiring a 67-year-old? I'm sorry you have to go through this."

A news story comes on, some white woman has formed a neighbourhood group to fight social housing being built in her neighbourhood. *Think about the children she screams. I'm worried for their safety.*

You're right lady, people struggling to survive – eat children.

I have a suggestion, kill all struggling people.

THE BOTTOM 10?
THE BOTTOM 10?

Precisely.

Damn it, another email arrives: You're next transaction may be declined.

Not a problem. Little Jeremy is looking plump.

The Devil Went Down to Georgia → he was looking for a plump child to eat.

Tell Me Why.

Why?

What?

You asked me to tell you Why? So, I did.

Why?

Because you asked.

Maybe your eating children because you are losing your mind.

Wouldn't you?

Probably.

Precisely.

What should I do next?

London Drugs.

Prepare to bleed.

What?

Why?

The song by Bronski Beat is Why?

Not Tell Me Why?

I know. I typed the last line.

Insanity?

How can it not be?

Back to the lady protecting her kids.

I'm afraid we're going to lose this park. Our kids park.

Your kids don't own the park.

Lady, they're giving them homes not homelessness. YOUR. FUCKING. PARK. IS. SAFE.

Studies have shown poor people + children → poor people were once children, too.

I'm not lacking compassion. My father had a heart attack. He's poor now.

17

Tiffany, Jeremy, no Grandpa can't live in the new housing. Poor people don't exist. I'm protecting you.

From Grandpa?

Yes.

Why?

He's poor. He's coming for the kids.

Why?

Because he's poor. Poor people feed off children.

Mommy.

Yes.

I think you're lying. Can you provide me with some data.

I love you, Tiffany.

I'm Jeremy.

Whatever.

We don't want our housing values going down.

I thought it was about the poor people.

They don't exist.

Mommy, are we rich?

No.

Can we move into the housing?

No. We're not poor.

Mommy, can I go stay with Grandpa?

He'll eat you.

I'm not hungry.

You.

What?

Grandpa is hungry.

Mom?

Yes, Jeremy.

I'm Tiffany, you compassionless troll.

Whatever, Jeremy.

Mommy, I don't think I love you anymore.

18

Then, you can move out.

Mommy, I'm four.

London Drugs is hiring.

Jeremy, lets go, Mommy is scary.

I know. She just got an email saying her next transaction is about to be declined. And daddy is spending a lot of time with Melanie.

What's a homeless person, Tiff?

I don't know. If mommy has her way, we'll never know.

That should serve us well in life.

It won't.

Hey Mr. DJ, play us a funky song.

The thing is: being fired, replaced, whatever the bleeps want to call it, at 59 is terrifying. Life threatening. Devastating. Nobody wants to just survive. Especially after being loyal and working hard for someone for a long time. Only to find out, they don't care. It's all about the dollar-bills y'all.

Turning 62 (turned), with a court case moving at whatever is slower than a snail, I'm not sure I'll survive → and hearing people who have decided compassion and empathy aren't →

Like that lady?

Yeah, like that lady → aren't the most important things to teach her children. Well, let's just say, when you are terrified for your future, ladies (people), like that, don't comprehend how cutting her selfish vitriol is to those who are less fucking fortunate than her.

BEFORE WE START BEFORE WE START

| Given Name | Fucking | Surname | Him

See that person walking by. That's the first person I had sex with.

That person is about 18. You're 63.

I mean, he looks like the first person I had sex with.

Why are you telling me this?

AMONGST FRIENDS AMONGST FRIENDS

Fucking, told me an 18-year-old walking by was the first person he had sex with. It was, pardon this, fucking weird.

The person probably reminded him of the first...

Stop, you're weird as well. Why would anybody say shit like that?

It reminded...

It's not normal. I don't have baby pictures of the people I've been intimate with.

Baffled looks.

I'm not sure I like you people.

I think for the next song I will play something by Katrina & The Waves. It is a sunny day after all.

WELCOME TO ISSUE #5

Lindsay Wincherauk

Editor in Chief

P.S.
P.S.

I walked/ran/tennis'd 1,243,230 Steps In July

Miles = 624.61

Steps Per Day = 40,104.19

Miles Per Day = 20.15

WHY DID YOU DO IT? WHY DID YOU DO IT?

Three Reasons THREE REASONS

1. A 25-year-old fitness buff walked 30,000 steps per day (for one week), and he thinks it is an accomplishment.
2. Because.
3. I was having trouble sleeping, due to a debilitating bout of depression.
4. (BONUS) Why not?

I'VE WORKED AS I'VE WORKED AS

20

DJ	BARTENDER	LANDSCAPER	OPINION EDITORIALIST (1)
TELEPHONE SOLICITOR	BAR MANAGER	COACH	CONSTRUCTION WORKER
CORE SAMPLE TESTER	BOUNCER	EVENT PLANNER	HAIR PRODUCT HUCKSTER
MOVIE + TV X-TRA	EDITOR	BOOK REVIEWER	HUMAN RESOURCES GURU
BOOK REVIEWER	HUMORIST + COMIC + AUTHOR		

SOON-TO-BE-A-DIFFERENCE-MAKING-BEST-SELLING-AUTHOR
SOON-TO-BE-A-DIFFERENCE-MAKING-BEST-SELLING-AUTHOR

(STBADMBSA) → with much more to come!
(STBADMBSA) → with much more to come!

(1) OPINION EDITORIALIST 2005-2008 → 24 HOURS VANCOUVER
(1) OPINION EDITORIALIST 2005-2008 → 24 HOURS VANCOUVER

IN THIS ISSUE



MAC + CHEESE ↑↑↑

WE ATE THIS → SCORE ON DAVIE

A PSA → TUBERCULOSIS

BOOKS I'VE READ

NUMBERS

ANOTHER PSA → PUNITIVE DAMAGES

THREE PHOTOS

PHOTOS OF ME

A POEM → HAIR

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS

THE SCORE ON DAVIE

1262 DAVIE STREET



Fried Chicken Burger = \$21.00

(w. poutine)

House music. Dancing servers. Sunny day. Pride Saturday. Yum. Crunch. Shake that ass!

EAT HERE → 

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

PSA

Tuberculosis

A medical professional once asked: in your work environment, have many of your workers spent time in prison?

Yes.

Then the chances of you being exposed + contracting tuberculosis is almost inevitable.

Tuberculosis (TB)

Tuberculosis (TB) is an illness that attacks the lungs and other organs, and can result in death if untreated. TB is caused by a bacterium called *Mycobacterium tuberculosis*.

Transmission

TB is spread through the air. The sputum of a person who has TB is loaded with TB bacteria. When other people nearby breathe in contaminated air, the bacteria enter their respiratory system, and they may become infected.

Most people need several days around someone with TB in order to breathe in enough germs to get the infection themselves. People living in the same household as an infectious TB patient have about a 30% risk of becoming infected. However, people infected with HIV can become infected with TB from brief exposures.

Attacks the lungs and other organs.

Can result in death.

Course of disease

Ninety per cent of those infected do not ever develop active TB. These infected people have what is called *latent infection*, and are not contagious. Their bodies are able to keep the bacteria in check. Connective tissue in their lungs forms an enclosure that prevents the bacteria from reproducing and destroying the lungs. TB bacteria remain trapped in this enclosure in a dormant (latent) stage — alive, but not reproducing. In the latent phase, there are no symptoms.

If a person with latent TB suffers from another illness or their immune system falters, the live bacteria can escape the enclosure and multiply, resulting in active TB disease. This is called *reactivated TB*. The lifetime risk of active TB for people with latent infection is 5 to 10%.

People with active TB disease feel tired and weak. They cough constantly, sometimes bringing up blood. They also suffer chest pain, night sweats, fever, and fatigue. They have no appetite, and lose weight. Many people become short of breath. Among older people, males typically experience worse symptoms than females.

The incubation period for TB infection is about 4 to 12 weeks, after which a skin test will show positive or, in some cases, a lesion will appear on a chest X-ray.

Who is at risk?

Healthcare, social service, and prison workers who work with higher-risk population groups are at risk. In B.C., these vulnerable population groups include Aboriginal communities, the homeless, and immigrants from countries with high TB rates, including parts of Eastern Europe, Asia, and Africa.

Prevention

If a person has potential or confirmed infectious TB, give them a surgical mask to wear and place them in a separate room (in acute care hospitals this might include a negative-pressure isolation room with adequate ventilation and sinks). Workers should use personal respiratory protection (for example, an N95 filtering respirator) in areas where there is increased risk of exposure, including the following:

Tired and weak.

A constant cough.

Chest pain.

Night Sweats. Fever. Fatigue.

Social Service. Prison Workers. Labour Providers.

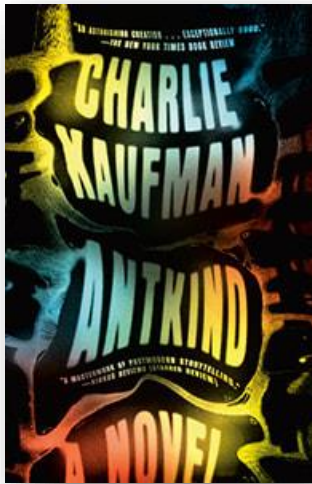
Homeless. Aboriginal

Prevention

If a person has potential or confirmed infectious TB, give them a surgical mask to wear and place them in a separate room (in acute care hospitals this might include a negative-pressure isolation room with adequate ventilation and sinks). Workers should use personal respiratory protection (for example, an N95 filtering respirator) in areas where there is increased risk of exposure, including the following:

- Rooms where cough-inducing or dental procedures are done
- Homes of infectious TB patients
- Correctional institutions
- Interview rooms

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



VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM
WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 200 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?
WHAT ARE YOU READING?

NUMBERS ↓ ↓ ↓ (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

YES

CREATIVE QUEST

THE LIFE OF A FAILED WRITER
TOTAL PITCHES = 246

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 196
(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)
(FILM + TELEVISION)

MEDIA BLITZ = 12

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

FITNESS

WORKOUTS = 79

STEPS WALKED = 1,243,230

MILES WALKED = 624.61

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 111.69

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 2

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING LIFTING — FIAT

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

MORE FITNESS STATS

AUGUST 2022 21/12

28

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	1,243,230	624.61	162.0	186.3	20.15	40,104.19
August	141,838	68.95	162.0	185.9	2.22	4,575.42
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	3,445,466	1,694.74		AVE	4.64	9,439.63
AVERAGE	9,439.63	4.64				
MONTHLY AVE	287,122.17	141.23				

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

Month	2021 S	2021 M	2021 ASPD	2021 MPD	Month	2020 S	2020 M	2020 ASPD	2020 MPD
jan	767,665	368.82	24,763.39	11.90	jan	95,158	46.82	3,069.61	1.51
feb	769,083	375.84	27,467.25	13.42	feb	91,556	45.34	3,157.10	1.46
march	944,199	461.84	30,458.03	14.90	march	74,755	37.85	2,411.45	1.22
apr	797,803	385.82	26,593.43	12.86	apr	445,444	213.10	14,848.13	6.87
may	553,386	265.79	17,851.16	8.57	may	710,946	349.73	22,933.74	11.28
june	591,035	284.51	19,701.17	9.48	june	761,773	375.12	25,392.43	12.10
july	761,056	386.79	24,550.19	12.48	july	781,424	381.11	25,207.23	12.29
aug	679,651	345.93	21,924.23	11.16	aug	679,959	329.24	21,934.16	10.62
sept	699,143	346.56	23,304.77	11.55	sept	708,550	344.98	23,618.33	11.13
oct	439,163	227.05	14,166.55	7.32	oct	425,376	203.25	13,721.81	6.56
nov	259,366	125.51	8,366.65	4.18	nov	441,018	212.05	14,226.39	6.84
dec	187,388	90.32	6,044.77	2.91	dec	551,451	263.65	17,788.74	8.50
tot	7,448,938	3,664.78	20,408.05	10.04	tot	5,767,410	2,802.24	15,757.95	7.66
					COV S	5,496,503	20,433.10		
					COV M	2,667.64	9.92		

PROPOSAL STATS

Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
Slush Pile x 3	150	36	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	2	0
This Table	4	0	4
Said the White Guy	6	1	5
ePHEMERAL	1	0	1
07-Aug-22	210	47	163
STORIES	Pitches	Rejections	Live
VARIOUS	38	5	33
07-Aug-22	248	52	196

Another PSA

31

Punitive Damages

What are Punitive Damages?

When an employee feels they've been treated unjustly by their employer, they often think that punitive damages should be owed to them. In reality, punitive damages are rarely awarded in wrongful dismissal cases. The purpose of this article is to educate our readers about the main kinds of damages available for wrongful dismissal cases where employer misconduct is in issue. Other kinds of damages, such as loss of opportunity and loss of benefits, are not discussed.

Reasonable Notice Damages – compensating for breach of contract

Reasonable Notice damages compensate the employee for the breached employment contract. It is an implied term of every employment relationship that the employer must provide reasonable notice of termination. This ranges from a few weeks up to 24 months, depending on the employee's age, length of employment, character of employment, and prospects of finding similar work. The older and more senior the employee, the more reasonable notice they're likely to be owed.

Treated unjustly.

Breached Contract.

Reasonable Notice.

Dependent on age, length of employment, character.

Similar work.

Older and senior.

Aggravated Damages – compensating for bad faith termination

Aggravated damages compensate the employee where the termination is carried out in bad faith. Classic examples are where the employer is dishonest, unduly insensitive, or “high-handed” with the employee in the course of dismissing them. Where the employer terminates in this way and the employee experiences mental distress as a result, aggravated damages can be awarded. In British Columbia, aggravated damages awards usually run in the range of \$25,000 to \$35,000.

Punitive Damages – punishing malicious behaviour

Punitive damages are awarded to punish the employer for conduct that is malicious and reprehensible, where aggravated damages don’t go far enough to get the job done. The Supreme Court of Canada has given a concise description:

Punitive damages may be awarded in situations where the defendant’s misconduct is so malicious, oppressive and high-handed that it offends the court’s sense of decency... It is the means by which the judge expresses outrage at the egregious conduct of the defendant.

Often aggravated damages are enough to punish the employer, but in some cases where the employer goes above and beyond to hurt its employee, punitive damages are awarded. For those of you who are interested to learn the mechanics of punitive damages awards, the Supreme Court of Canada has provided an 11-point “road map”:

Maliciousness.

Reprehensible.

High-handed.

Aggravated.

Above and beyond.

Often aggravated damages are enough to punish the employer, but in some cases where the employer goes above and beyond to hurt its employee, punitive damages are awarded. For those of you who are interested to learn the mechanics of punitive damages awards, the Supreme Court of Canada has provided an 11-point “road map”:

1. Punitive damages are very much the exception rather than the rule;
2. They are imposed only if there has been high-handed, malicious, arbitrary or highly reprehensible misconduct that departs to a marked degree from ordinary standards of decent behaviour.
3. Where they are awarded, punitive damages should be assessed in an amount reasonably proportionate to such factors as the harm caused, the degree of the misconduct, the relative vulnerability of the plaintiff and any advantage or profit gained by the defendant;
4. Having regard to any other fines or penalties suffered by the defendant for the misconduct in question.
5. Punitive damages are generally given only where the misconduct would otherwise be unpunished or where other penalties are or are likely to be inadequate to achieve the objectives of retribution, deterrence and denunciation.
6. Their purpose is not to compensate the plaintiff; but
7. To give a defendant his or her just desert (retribution), to deter the defendant and others from similar misconduct in the future (deterrence), and to mark the community's collective condemnation (denunciation) of what has happened.
8. Punitive damages are awarded only where compensatory damages, which to some extent are punitive, are insufficient to accomplish these objectives; and
9. They are given in an amount that is no greater than necessary to rationally accomplish their purpose.
10. While normally the state would be the recipient of any fine or penalty for misconduct, the plaintiff will keep punitive damages as a “windfall” in addition to compensatory damages.
11. Judges and juries in our system have usually found that moderate awards of punitive damages, which inevitably carry a stigma in the broader community, are generally sufficient.

Vulnerability.

Just Desert.

Insufficient Compensatory Damages.

Windfall.

Corporate Greed = Evil

3 IMAGES ↓↓↓ 3 IMAGES ↓↓↓





ME ↓ ↓ ↓
TALK ↓ ↓ ↓

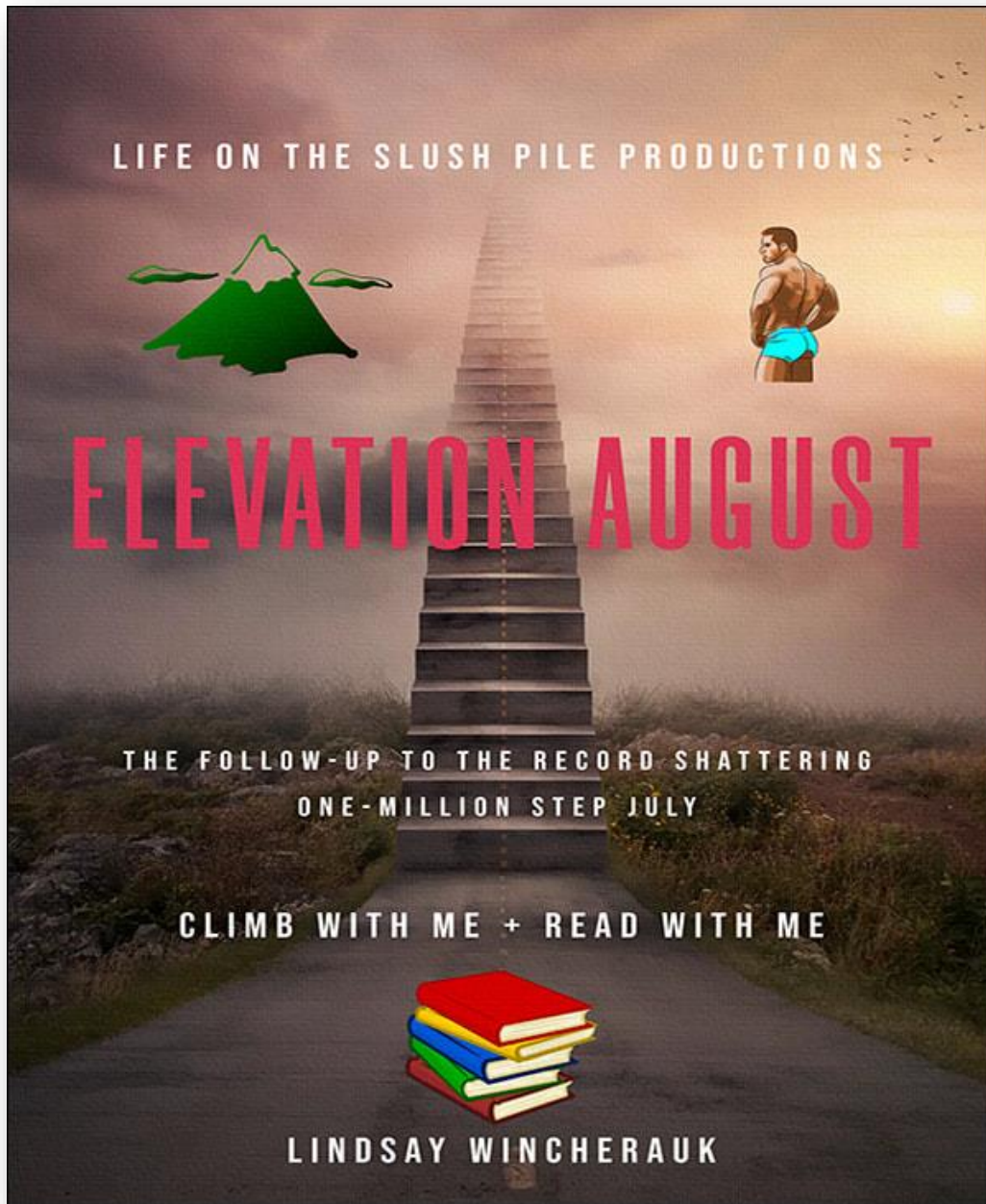









EVENT ↓
FARML ↓





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

LINDSAY VERSUS THE WORLD



TENNIS FEDERATION

LVTWTF

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

A POEM ↓
A POEM ↓

HAIR
HAIR



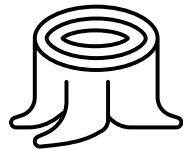
ON TOP OF MY HEAD
ON TOP OF MY HEAD

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?

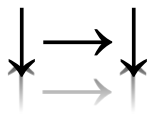
You may find everything on this page by visiting: www.lindsaywincherauk.com

READING A BOOK
READING A BOOK

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

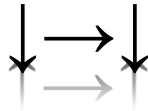


AND HALLUCINATING
AND HALLUCINATING



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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