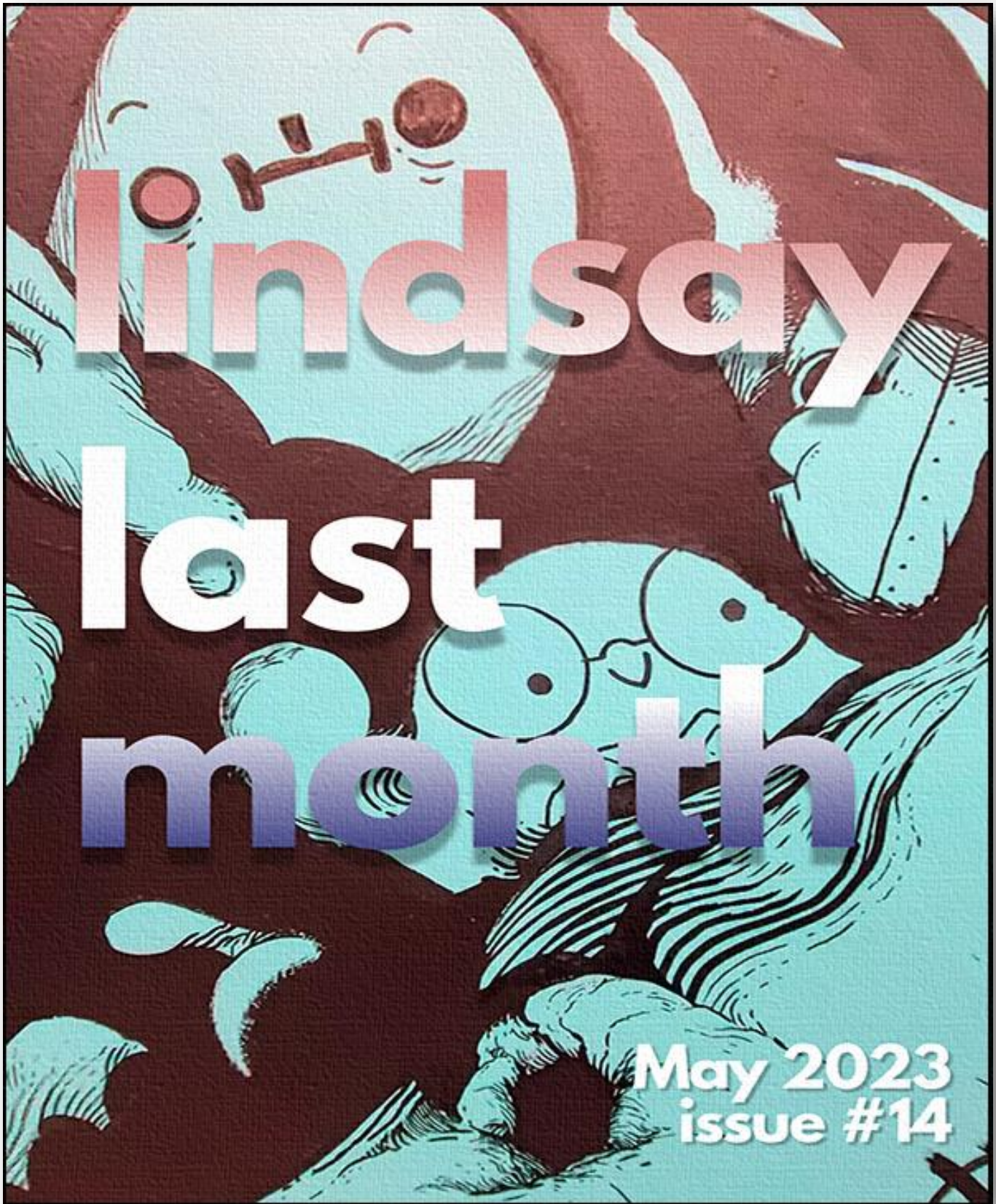


MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS



**lindsay**

**last**

**month**

**May 2023**  
**issue #14**

## **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.

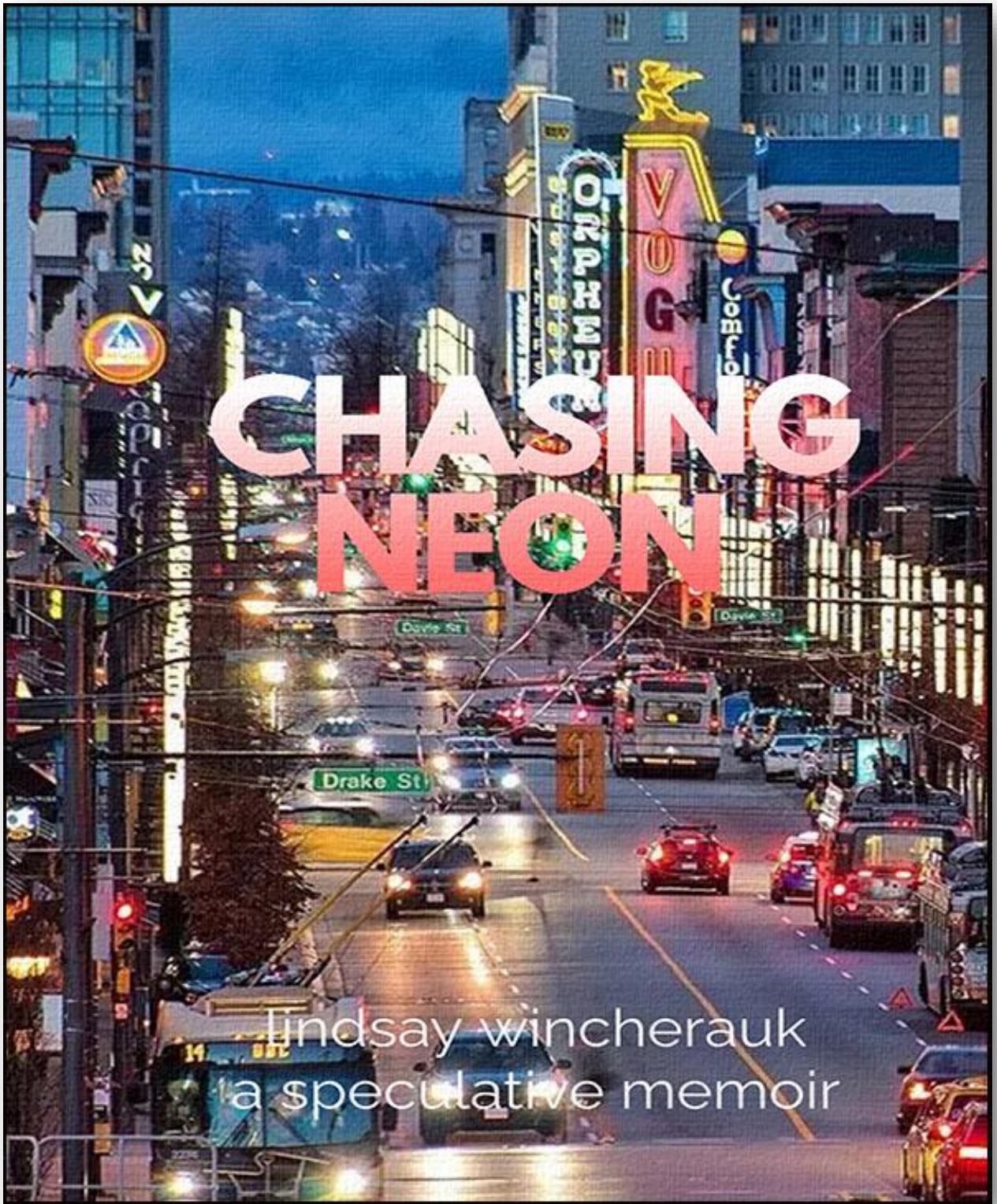
# A WELCOMING STORY A WELCOMING STORY

Lindsay Wincherauk: One of a Kind!



When you Google "Lindsay Wincherauk" the only "Lindsay Wincherauk" that comes up is "Lindsay Wincherauk"

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

**MAY 2023 → ISSUE #14**

**APRIL 2023**

**LINDSAY WINCHERAUK**

## MEET SPARKLY PINGLE BALL MEET SPARKLY PINGLE BALL



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Sparkly Pingle Ball is a fig-mint of my imagination. *Minty*. Every time, you wonder who the *hell* I'm talking with, it's Sparkly.

*Who are you?*

If you think, I'm crazy, ask yourself one thing: Have you ever watched Family Guy? Or...?

Sparkly's main role is to keep moving the narrative along. And to be hot!

Who are the voices in your head?

Embrace them. Love them. You are not alone.

I don't feel like talking much today about yesterday and the days before.

So, I will.

This is what I have to say.

Very little.

This.

Okay, what?

Three days ago, RW said he was freaking out; he's 68 and thinks he must get a job.

I told him good luck, adding nobody was going to hire him. He said he was interviewing for a regional sales management position. *What are you going to teach anyone?*

RW?

Yeah.

RW?

Yeah.

RW, nobody is going to hire you? I hate that you have to go through this.

At least he's trying? Bounces through the air.

Stop encouraging him, I said.

Rob knows he isn't being hired, and besides, any company that would offer a sales management position to a 68-year-old person with Parkinson's Disease is a scam or a company not planning on success. *Harsh reality. Yes.*

Ian is 62. He's a carpenter. He says his body is revolting and can't take the grind anymore. He says he needs a job to support his partner and his Ghost Thumb, Ian – who has a drug problem.

Ghost Thumb?

Ian cut off part of his thumb, and they couldn't reattach it – now it haunts him, and is appropriately named, Ian.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Ian. Ian. Ian.

What?

Tap. Tap. Tap. Ian. Ian. Ian.

What the fuck? I'm trying to sleep.

Tap. Tap. Tap. Ian. Ian. Ian.

WHAT?

Can you get me some ketamine? I'm jonesing. No, cocaine. Get me cocaine.

This is the last time, Ian.

Thanks, Ian; go to the severed foot—he's selling. He takes nail clippings for payment. I'd get it myself, but my nail has stopped growing since you cut me off.

Blaming me. Nice.

No, Ian, please; the severed foot is making sculptures out of the trimmings.



Wouldn't a severed hand be better at... never mind.

Ian, nobody will hire you; wait, maybe Home Depot.

I know.

2G had a liver transplant, he is about to turn 64 and says he needs a job.

Brian, tells a retired man, people die if they do not find a hobby within 6 months of retiring.

*Is that why there is so much death in the world?*

*Do we need more hobby stores?*

I used to help run a company. I was let go. Ouch. I'm worried, except for, THIS. This. This. And That.

I'm turning 63 in July.

In France, they are rioting because they are trying to increase the retirement age to 64. I'm almost 63, and a fucking lawyer told me I didn't try hard enough to get a job (despite sending out close to 1,000 book proposals)—this outraged the people who fucking fired me.

Fuck off.

Apparently, writing isn't considered fucking trying.

Did I say fuck off, yet?

Fuck off.

And my fucking lawyer wasn't more outraged at the outrage of their fucking...

And my lawyer's law firm sent me a questionnaire, asking me to rate them. Seriously.



I apologize for the potty mouth above.

I applied for a Call Center job with AC. I had to do a language proficiency test.

I speak good English. That's what they told me.

*This is what humiliation feels like.*

*Thanks for calling AC; what are you angry about today?*

*Could you imagine 40 hours a week?*

*I speaks good words.*

### **Gummy Friday**

The Postman gives me a publishing newspaper. He's circled several writing contests and told me I need to enter them. You'll probably win, he says. He's a good friend.

I wonder if the age of people is their drug. The Postman's mother is turning 99 – 99 is a powerful drug. I know 62.5 is.

When I woke up today, RW was 68, Ian was 62, 2G was 64, Brian was 60+++ , and I was 62.5 – we are all sitting in an office waiting to be interviewed for the same gig, and a 55-year-old walks in. Next waiting room, a 55-year-old walks in. *This is what humiliation feels like.*

### **A Light Blasts On**

Start a Staffing Agency catering to people of our ilk. I don't like the word ilk.

Use another word. You. Good. English.

Kind. People of our kind. I don't really like kind.

Use names. Just don't use these J-K-S or K-S-J or S-J-K because they are hyphenated jerks.

People with our names. Still not right.

Older people.

Oh, you mean, your kind.

You're insufferable.

Good word.

Sheetz.

What?

An Ohio convenience store chain named after two men named Jerry.

How do you know that?

Google.

Are you on a gummy now?

No.

2G, I woke up thinking we need to start a Staffing Agency for old people. Everyone we invite in,

shares equally in the profits. We will be totally transparent.

We will charge clients a fair price.

We will pay our workers a fair wage.

We'll build the company model and then sell it. Our motivation won't be greed.

I thought we were opening a Staffing Agency, that by definition = GREED.

Ours will be different. Since we aren't motivated by greed, our focus won't be getting rich, at least until we sell the idea to vultures.

I'm in.

Did I invite you?

What do you think of...

- Experienced + Ethical Staffing
- Not Dead Yet
- One Foot Out
- Old Fart Staffing

One vote for Not Dead Yet.

One for One Foot Out.

I like Not Dead Yet--*work till the day you die?*

The Mayor will be granted the deciding vote.

What do you think, Mayor?

This is a fantastic idea!

I know.

### Slogans

- *One Day You'll Be Old, Too*
- *Over 310,000 years of experience*
- *Where do you see yourself in five years?*
- *Bring out your dead.*

Probably... not the last one.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

How about?

- Assisted Suicide Staffing.
- Why Am I Here? Oh yeah, I got the job? What job? This one? Okay. Staffing.
- Assisted Living
- It Pays To Be Old
- I Can Afford My Prescriptions Staffing
- Pickle Ball

You don't love any of these. Ass.

I don't have much to say today. So, I will just say this.

Don't you mean that?

That. This. This and That. What's the difference?

The Staffing Company will open sometime this year. Yay!

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

MAY 2023 → ISSUE #14

**WE ATE OR DRANK THIS** ↓ ↓ ↓  
WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓ ↓ ↓

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# LUMBERMAN'S ARCH

STANLEY PARK



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Cheese Burger - \$11.50 ~ Small Fries - \$6.00

Yum → Delectable Char → 👍

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

**I WROTE THIS** ↓↓↓  
**I MADE THIS** ↓↓↓







## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

### 1

**D**ustin is a vehemently homophobic business owner who preys upon the suffering of others and; his partner, Tyler, is a homophobic carpenter.

Darren and Tyler have been living together, in denial, for over ten years.

Todd is their vehemently homophobic third wheel, their cleaner, if you will. He longs hard for Darren because he believes it would be, he, if, anyone; who'd eventually fall into Darren's 'failed hockey player' arms. After all, Todd could often be seen hanging in the shadows, cleaning up the messes Darren made for himself after Darren went on cocaine fuelled trysts. Todd, never foresaw Tyler swooping in and stealing his fantasy.

Darren hates fags. Not enough to stay out of the tubs. Or online. Or away from the circuit parties. Places where Darren often retreated to roast or to be the roast, Darren, when powdered up sufficiently, was beyond versatile.

Ewe, gross.

I know?

What?

Many things.

Did the Canucks make the playoffs?

No.

Let's Continue →

Why do you add the arrow? Are you lazy grammatically; poor with punctuation?

I add the arrow, because I fucking like it, it is my style. If you keep harassing me, I will punctuate your face.

What does beyond mean?

Travelling down life's highways, you come to Beyond (town) and, after that, the hamlet of Anything Goes. That's where Darren spends most of his time.

The role Todd played in Darren's life was convincing the tricks, too many to count, that Darren is, in fact, straight, and his dalliances were nothing more than cocaine fuelled mistakes. Darren left in his wake a host of angry homosexuals, wondering how someone so lame at sex, and hockey, could not find the strength to accept who he had become.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

Todd foolishly believed when Darren finally came to his senses, he would acknowledge Todd's doting behaviour, and eventually, the two of them could drift blissfully into the sunset. Todd kept *biding* and *biding* and *biding*, his time, and after one night where Darren professed his undying love for Todd, Todd finally believed his day in the warmth of Darren's embrace had arrived.

But it hadn't.

Darren is vehemently homophobic.

It's a shame that Todd decided to leave his wife and kids behind after their one night together in fractured-confusing-anything-but-bliss. When they awoke in the morning, Darren was vehement. "Leave me alone, faggot."

I will end you if you breathe a word of this.

*You had me at, I will.*

Darren sprinted away that morning, weeping and skipping and in hot pursuit of what he hated the most about himself, not being gay, but only capable of having gay sex.

Todd searched and searched and searched for Darren, eventually finding him in the woods where the feral gays flocked. When Todd found Darren, he was naked from the waist down, crouched in front of Tyler, who was also naked from the waist down.

Something sparked at that moment for vehemently homophobic Darren + Tyler, so fiercely, that both Darren + Tyler raced home and ended their marriages, leaving their wives and children behind.

Fortunately, Darren + Tyler were married to the same woman and had the same children.

Confusing?

Sure, but one wife and two kids made sense economically for the studio.

What are you talking about?

What are you talking about?

Don't just repeat what I say?

Don't let me repeat what you say?

Say.

Say.

Darren, I love you.

Stop, Todd, not a word.

Todd left the woods that day weeping.

For the next 10 years, Todd anxiously waited for the bloom to come off Darren + Tyler's rose. It never did.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

During Darren and Tyler's 10 years of homophobic bliss – they entrenched themselves in denial – often hosting large parties full of men that always turned into wild orgies, with Darren and Tyler screaming at their guests, the morning after the party, to get out of their home when they started coming down from the copious amount of drugs, they ingested the previous night.

They always left Todd to clean up the night's mess the days following these soirees.

Everyone in the business world knew of Darren + Tyler.

Everyone in their families knew who they were.

Everyone knew Darren + Tyler were just as likely to be roaming the woods in denial or flipping and flopping in the tubs or at circuit parties. The only ones who didn't seem to know were themselves.

Ten years of denial. Ten years of sleeping in the same bed.

When Darren + Tyler travelled together, they'd often find themselves in gay establishments wherever they were. Places where they would feign ignorance when the locals told them they were in a gay establishment. Being in a gay establishment is never by chance, not in the era of GOOGLE.

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During their tenth year together, like every weekend, Darren + Tyler would go on long walks together – with Todd trailing twenty steps behind.

On one particular day, at least six times, they passed same-sex couples holding hands.

This disgusted Darren + Tyler because their biggest fear is of PDAs – strangely, it's not being roasted in the tubs.

On this day, each time they passed the couples walking hand-in-hand, Tyler would pinch his lips tightly together and utter, "Fucking disgusting, fucking faggots,"

After passing the sixth-couple, hand-in-hand, Darren had had enough.

Darren

Should we cut off our hands?

Tyler

What?

Darren

Cut off our hands? Shall we cut off our hands? Crush the temptation?

Tyler

Are you insane?

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

Darren

No, I'm serious.

Tyler

We must kill the urge.

Darren

Let's do it.

*Tyler is a carpenter, after all.*

That day they went home, and Tyler cut off their hands.

First, sawing through the bones on Darren's. Right hand off, and then left. Saw. Saw. Saw through the cartilage. Darren is loaded on ketamine. Tyler is loaded on gin and juice.

With Darren's hands gone, Tyler turned the blade on himself, sawing off his left hand.

Damn. Darren and Tyler never considered the flaw in the plan. With both of Darren's hands gone and with Tyler down to only his right, how the fuck would he cut off his right hand?

His hand was spared.

Until: arrow please →

Until →

Another rail of ketamine chased with a bowl of cocaine; a boast about snorting coke with someone who had a nickel on their back, and here we go →

They travelled to another world where they met a mad scientist named Chip. Chip is far beyond gay, residing in the city of I've Pretty Much Have Done Everything. Chip is a republican.

Chip had invented the technology to add attachments to where severed hands used to lie.

That's a thing?

I typed it, so yes.

Sparkly, how can you type, you are imagination.

I'll punctuate your face.

Anyway, Chip had developed a way to attach Whisks. Blenders, Kitchen knives, Spatulas, Spoons, and Power tools, including saws, to the ever growing vehemently homophobic, homosexuals.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

Another rail. Another bowl.

Does the technology exist?

Google it.

Flying through the sky in a drug-fuelled fog, Tyler attached a power saw to where his left hand used to be; he took another bump and then, without hesitation, finished the job, blood gushing and covering Todd's face in a bloody facial. Todd drank it in. Todd is thirsty.

Before they left Chips, Chip handed them one more attachment: oak hands.

From that day forward, we often saw Darren and Tyler walking merrily, oak-hand-attachment in oak-hand-attachment, gleefully down the street, with Todd ambling twenty steps behind.

A passerby screams, "Faggots!"

Darren and Tyler are still vehemently homophobic, regardless of the oak hands where flesh used to be. Do you fucking know how hard oak is?

It's unforgiving.

Every time "Faggots" was spewed their way, someone just as homophobic as them would be left lying on the sidewalk, a lifeless mess.

Fortunately, Todd pulled a red wagon behind him filled with body bags and a power washer.

With power tools as Tyler's preferred attachments, Tyler quickly rose to the ranks of carpenters, often winning Carpy of the Year!

Darren became a whiz in the kitchen, whisking up the perfect consistency of whipped cream to be spread and eaten off the trophies they'd often bring home after nights out clubbing.

They always left Todd out, sitting in the parlour of Darren + Tyler's mansion, drinking tea, and eating crumpets and scones. Blueberry scones.

Why did you type blueberry?

I don't know.

Darren + Tyler seemed to have a perfect life, but their vehemence was always a hindrance.

Darren, on most days, would trip into the woods, literally trip, as he had ingested drug bowls filled with cocaine, oxycodone, ketamine, meth, and lick-able toads, all whisked into a peppery but yet palatable consistency.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

The woods Darren tripped into were where the feral gays roamed freely.

Darren was on a mission to drug and capture the young ones.

Over three months, Darren drugged and corralled five feral gays. Fortunately, all were named Roger. That's not entirely true; one was named Stan, but Darren made him change his name to Roger.

With five Rogers brought home, Darren concocted a plan.

Tyler, why don't you fashion us a wheel in one of our closets, one of the deep closets? We can keep the Rogers in there. What I want are five chairs that can recline into beds. We will feed the Rogers a nutritious diet of ED pills, kale, ketamine, roast chicken, and sparkling water. We can automate the wheel to spin. And if we or any of our guests get the urge, press a button, and they can have their selection of one of the five Rogers for their entertainment pleasure. We will call it our LAZY ROGER.

**Tyler**

Don't you think this is inhumane?

Darren

I love you, Tyler; awe.

**Tyler**

I love you too, Darren.

We will be the talk of the community.

Darren

I'm not a fag.

**Tyler**

I'm not a fag, either.

Darren

Want to take a Roger for a ride?

**Tyler**

Later.

How will they survive?

Darren

The kale. It's a superfood.

**Tyler**

It's 8:34; shouldn't you be getting ready for the fitness asylum?

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

Speaking of fitness asylum, why don't we hire a trainer, and each of the Rogers must do three hours of training per day to look yummy for us, and to show that we are not monsters. We can also allow them one hour outside in the fenced backyard, with the 20-foot-high electrified concrete fence with razor wires at the top.

Darren

We really aren't monsters.

Tyler

We really aren't.

Darren

Should we change their name from Roger to something else?

Of course, as much as they wanted to share their Lazy Rogers' with everyone, it quickly became apparent they had to keep it to themselves because for the past three months, the news cycle never broke away from the missing Rogers' and the one missing Stan (now Roger) or Darren and Tyler would be dubbed vehemently homophobic monsters. Monsters who thought little of amputating their own hands.

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Roger #1

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

### THE INTERVENTION

Darren and Tyler sat at the kitchen counter sipping cognac, holding their tumblers with steel tongs.

**Tyler**

Darren, you know what I love the most about you?

**Darren**

What?

**Tyler**

I feel like I'm looking into a mirror when I look at you.

**Darren**

I feel the same way about you.

Fuck we're deep, Tyler.

**Tyler**

I know.

Would you like me to refresh your tumbler?

**Darren**

Sure. And can you skewer me a lamb kabob?

**Tyler**

I love you, Darren!

**Darren**

I love me, Tyler.

**Tyler**

Awe.

What about Todd? Shall we bed him?

**Darren**

No, let's keep him insecure. We need a cleaner, don't we?

**Tyler**

We do.

**Darren**

Kiss me.

**Tyler**

Where?



## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

**Darren**

Smile.

**Tyler**

Did you just say smile?

**Darren**

You have ears.

**Tyler**

I do.

Shall I drop to my knees?

**Darren**

Is that a rhetorical question?

**Tyler**

Is that a rhetorical question?

**Darren**

It literally is?

**Tyler**

Then why the question mark?

**Darren**

I'm not gay.

**Tyler**

Neither am I.

**Darren**

Let's take turns blowing → glass?

**Tyler**

Sounds straight.

**Darren**

Todd, can you please leave the room?

**Todd**

Darren, I love you.

**Darren**

I know, Todd, but now, go.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

**Todd**

Cry.

**Darren**

Did you just say cry?

**Todd**

Cry.

After they were done blowing glass, Darren + Tyler were summonsed to the Great Room, where DJ, Stick It In, I Don't Mind was dropping sick jams, or is it sic jams? For the throng of hot, sweating, glistening gods gyrating on the dance floor to the infectious beat.

Darren + Tyler scanned the Room; other than Todd (except for that one night), except for their parents who were attending this circuit party, and of course, their wife and children, Darren, and Tyler, had had relations with everyone present.

How did they have kids?

Ancestry.com

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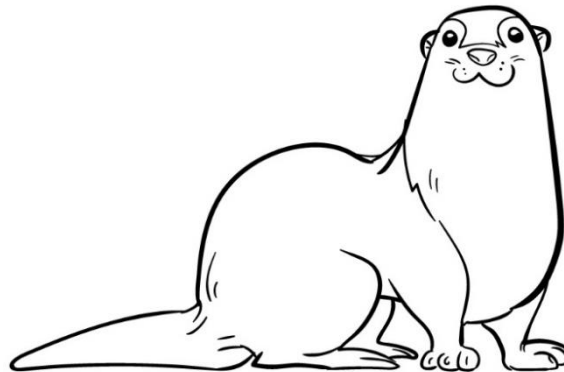
Their 250" television was muted, playing the news in the background behind a stage with Go-Go dancers showering.

**Darren's Father**

Darren and Tyler, why did we call you today to host this party for all your friends and us?

**Darren**

Actually, Mum + Dad, if I could be so bold and speak for both of us, we hadn't.



## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

Bob, what are you doing here?

**Bob**

I'm looking for Kale. Did you know I've gone vegan?

**Darren**

Bob, that's the next episode; we are trying to do an intervention here.

**Darren + Tyler Scream in Unison.**

An intervention. I love interventions; they are so humiliating; who are we intervening, Todd?

Tyler and Darren do another bump.

**Darren + Tyler's Ex-Wife**

Honey(s), we are intervening... you(s).

**Darren**

Get out of here, Bob.



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The Roger closet has a padlock on it and is situated in the far-right corner of the Great Room. Both the closet and the padlock (correct).

The closet is rattling.

**Marco**

Darren, Tyler, what's in the closet?

**Darren**

Oh, nothing.

**Pasquel**

Turn that up.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

The news is doing a segment about the missing Rogers.

**Pasquel**

Turn it up.

**Newscaster**

There have been rumours someone saw the last Roger riding in a black Escalade heading toward the hamlet of Anything Goes, away from the woods.

**Tyler**

Darren, does Todd look sad?

**Darren**

He's fine.

**Tyler**

He's the only one here except for those mentioned; *I need to count 22 lines above*; we haven't been intimate with. Except of course, for the one mistake.

The closet door shakes like a minor earthquake.

**Marco**

What's in their boys?

**Darren**

We can't say, maybe one day.

**Marco**

We are intervening; Darren, how many men(s) have you been with?

**Darren**

Hundreds.

**Marco**

Tyler, how do you feel about Darren's conquests?

Little did Darren know Tyler was only going along with Darren's proclivities because he believed one day, he'd grow bored and realize he only had eyes for Tyler.

**BANG. BANG. BANG**

**Marco**

What's in the closet? Don't you think the BANGS should have exclamation points!

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

**Darren**

We can't tell you.

**Marco**

Darren, Tyler, it is time for you to come clean.

**Darren**

That's Todd's role.

**Marco**

It's time you embraced your homosexuality.

**Darren**

We're not gay.

**Marco**

Then why is your dick out?

**Darren**

You're so fucking hot, Marco!

**Marco**

Listen to yourself.

**Darren**

Not gay. I can appreciate the theatre, but we are not gay.

**Darren + Tyler's Ex-Wife**

Darren, make Tyler an honest man; you've been together for over 10 years; it is time to admit who you are?

**Darren**

Not gay.

## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

**Marco**

Fuck, Darren, you cut off your hands.

**Darren**

Not gay.

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**

**Marco**

Open the closet, Darren, or we'll open it ourselves.

Darren hands Marco the keys and turns the lock, opening it to find one of the feral gay Rogers standing at attention.

**Darren**

Not gay. If you flick the switch, you can see the other Roger options.

**Marco**

Darren, Tyler, you are sick; admit you are gay. You need help.

**Darren**

Not gay. We're providing the Rogers better lives. And if any of you breathe a word of this to anyone, it will be the last words you ever utter.

**Todd**

Leave them alone; I love Darren.

**Darren**

Shut up, Todd.

**Marco**

Damn it, Darren, you started an interpretive dance studio.

**Darren**

Not gay.



## LET'S CUT OFF OUR HANDS

**Marco**

Who appreciates interpretive dance?



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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

**TEN WORDS** ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓  
TEN WORDS ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓



DRAW

EMBOSS

FEATHER

STROKE

UPDATE

29

DEVELOP

LIFT

BELIEVE

CONNECT

BEVEL

# WRITING ADVICE ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

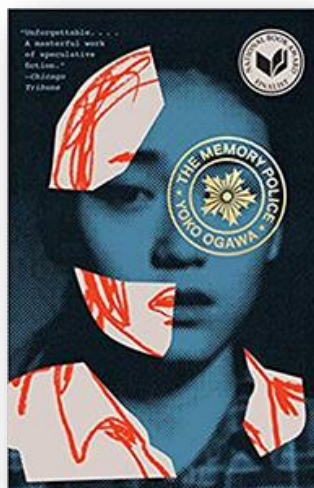
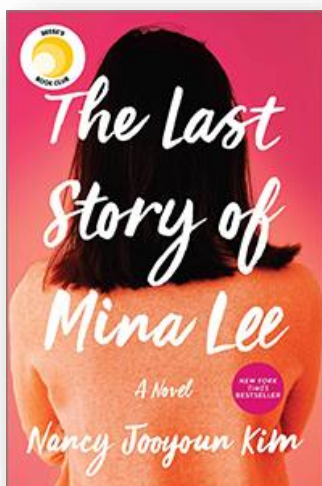
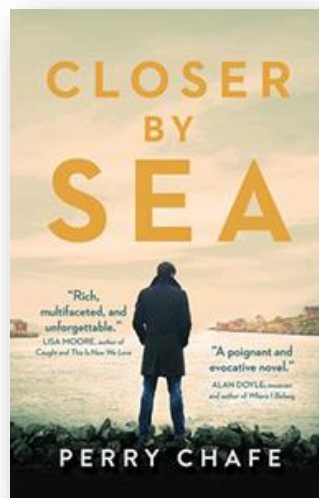
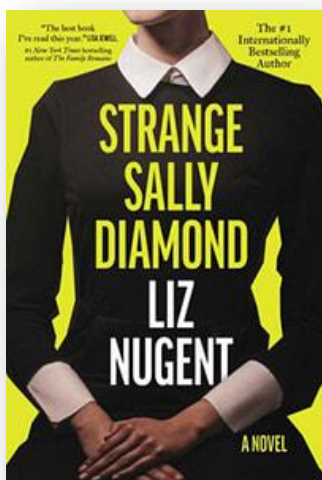
WRITING ADVICE ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓

## Elmore Leonard's 10 Rules for Writers

1. Never open a book with the weather.
2. Avoid prologues.
3. Never use a verb other than "said" to carry dialogue.
4. Never use an adverb to modify the verb "said."
5. Keep your exclamation points under control!
6. Never use the words "suddenly" or "all hell broke loose."
7. Use regional dialect, patois, sparingly.
8. Avoid detailed descriptions of characters.
9. Same for places and things.
10. Leave out the parts readers tend to skip.

30

I READ THESE IN APRIL ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓  
I READ THESE IN APRIL ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓ ↓



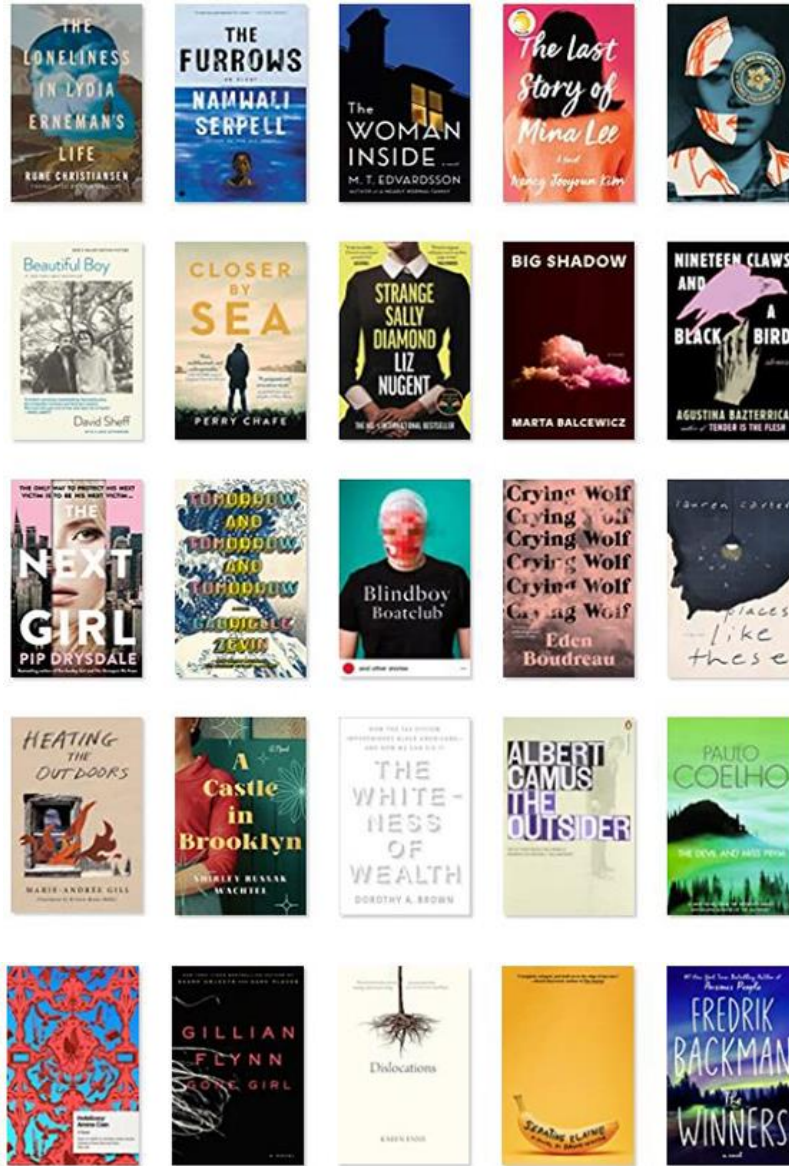
VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/i-love-it-2022.html>

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# All the Books I Read in 2023 ↓↓↓



VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/i-love-it-2022.html>

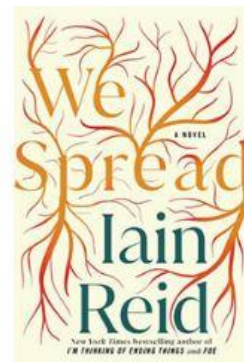
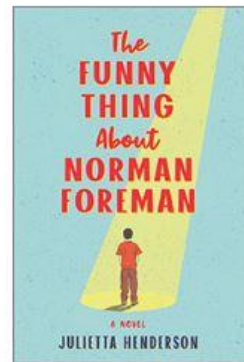
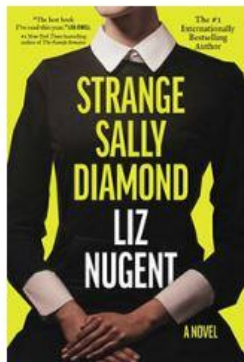
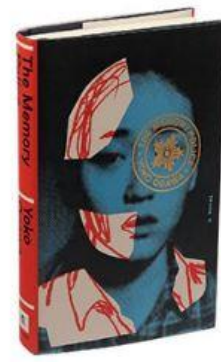
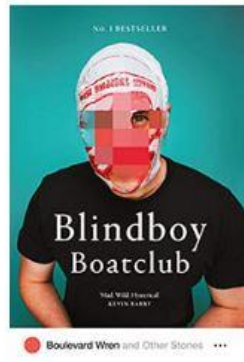
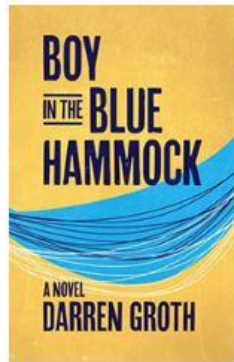
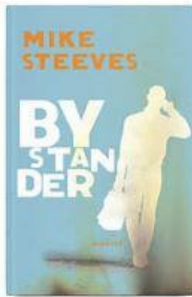
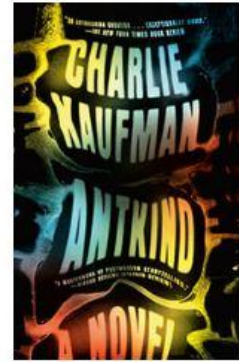
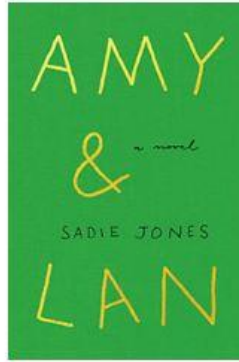
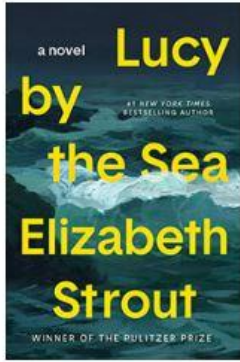
TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

SOME OF THE BOOKS ABOVE WERE READ IN MARCH

## WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# ALL TIME FICTION READS ↓↓↓



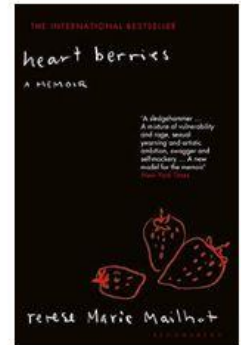
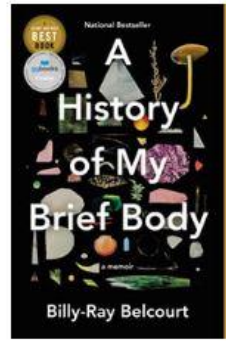
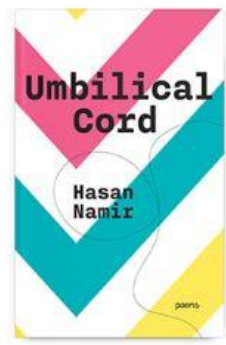
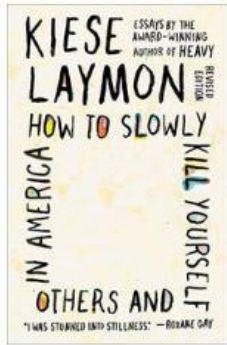
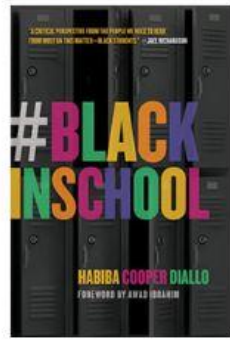
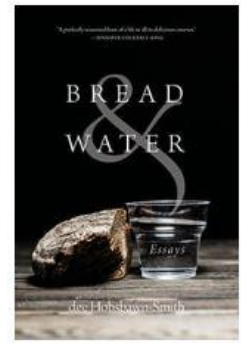
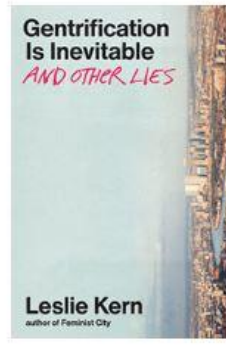
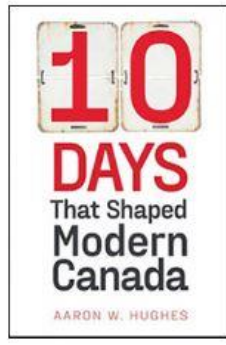
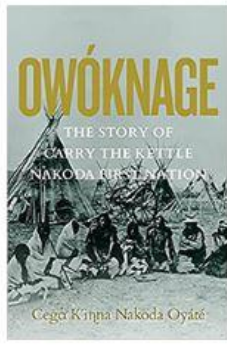
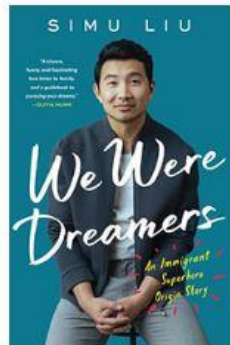
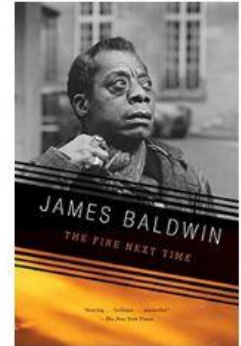
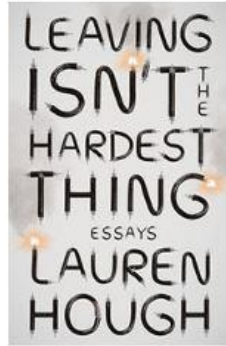
VISIT: VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/top-fiction.html>

VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

**YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE**

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# ALL TIME NON-FICTION READS ↓↓↓



35

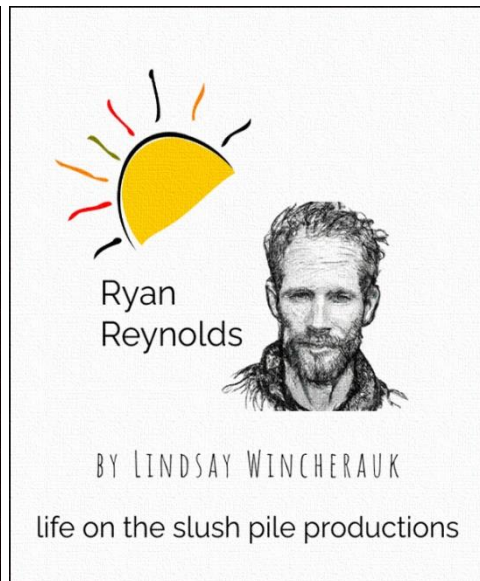
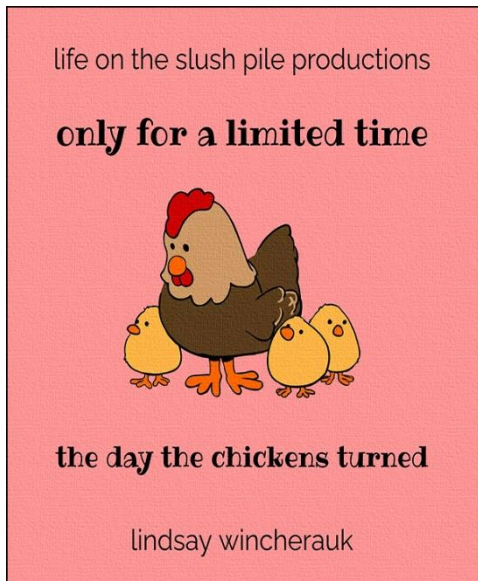
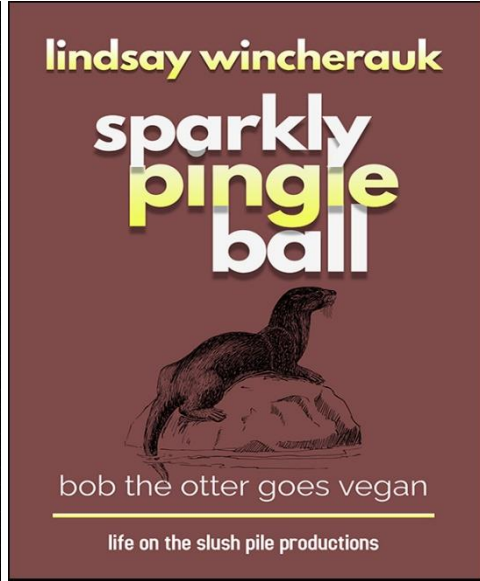
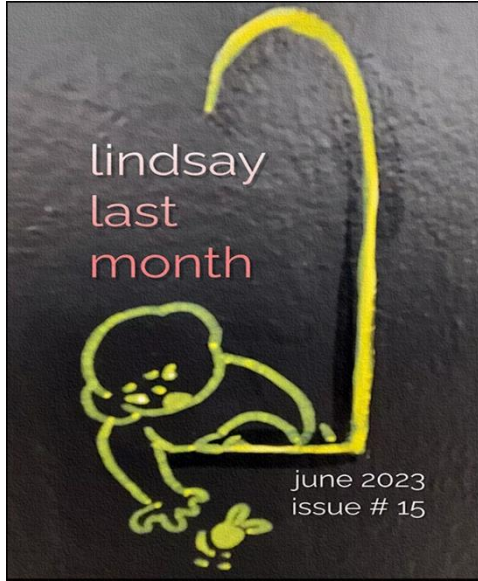
VISIT: VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/top-nonfiction.html>

VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

**YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE**

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# COMING SOON (FROM MY MIND) ↓↓↓↓



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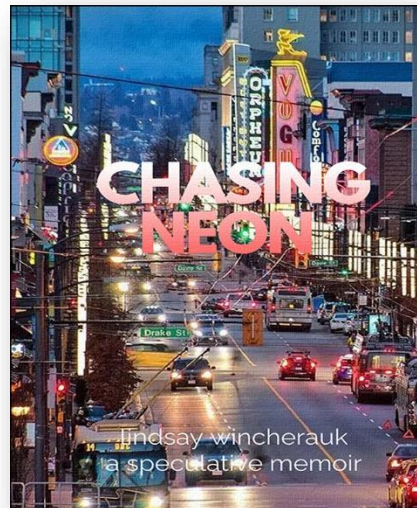
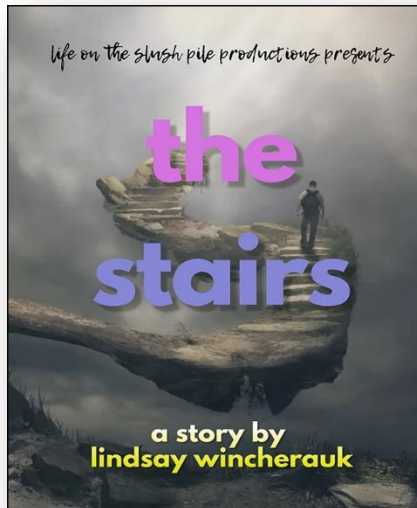
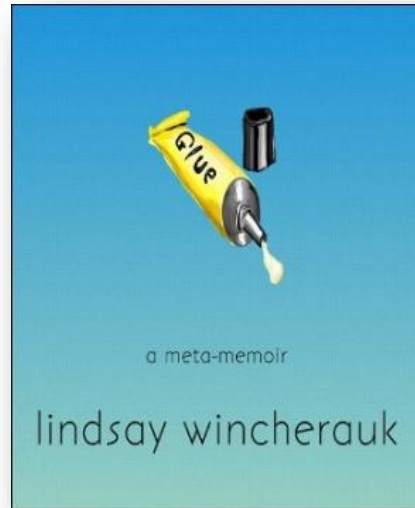
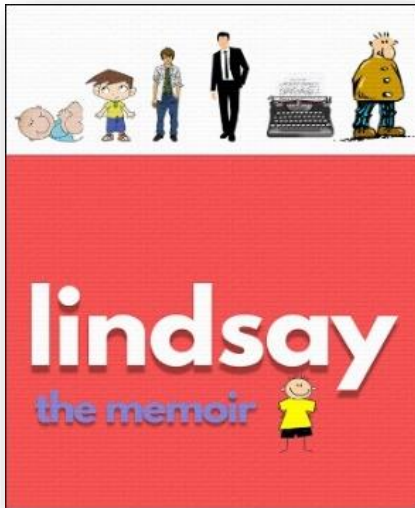
TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



# COMPLETED MANUSCRIPTS



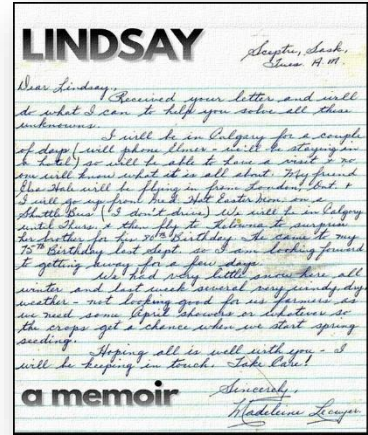
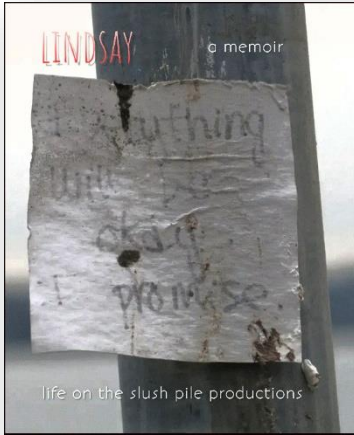
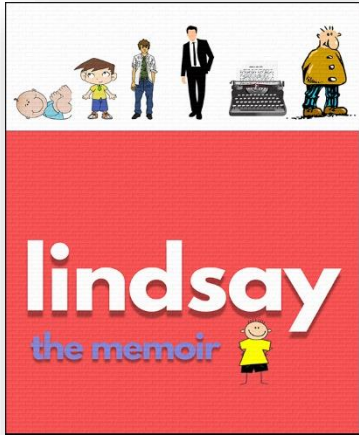
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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# LINDSAY - THE MEMOIR



A shocking and heartwarming collection of stories about a child’s search for identity after accidentally discovering at age 43, the parents he watched die were not his birth parents.

38

**15 Sections. 106 Stories.** A dark family secret, religion-fuelled shame, and pain-derived humour; cobbled together to make one whole in an extraordinary ride through a shattered life.

A unique, riveting, intensely personal, and exceptionally candid memoir. An extraordinary account of an extraordinary life. Deftly written, complex, thoughtful, and thought-provoking.

... ..

Little did I know, fifty-six years later, I'd be meeting my mother for the first time as my mother, at the side of her deathbed.

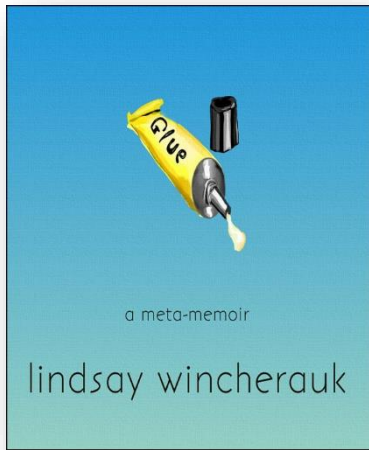
... ..

Not only is this memoir rife with family drama. But it is also the only memoir with a motorcycle crash in Jamaica, an attempted coup in Panama involving Manuel Noriega, a brush with the Dalai Lama in a Vancouver food court, eating breakfast with The Thing from the Fantastic Four, and a two-on-two basketball game with Fox Mulder.

... ..

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

## GLUE



The powerful follow-up to Lindsay - The Memoir.

It starts with Lindsay meeting his mother for the first time, as his mother, as he stood alongside her deathbed where he said hello, and goodbye.

Glue shifts deftly between the present and past as Lindsay continues cobbling the missing pieces of his life together. 36 interconnected stories examining the pains and joys of living—trying to make sense of it all.

Along the way life is enriched by an exchange student.

Lindsay meets his father only to have to tell him two weeks later he isn't his father.

And then, he witnesses a gay bashing, leading to becoming a key witness and in a true Harvey Milk moment, giving a speech in front of a crowd of 5,000+ about ending senseless violence.

The case resulted in Canada's first Hate Crime designation.

And then he meets his mother.

39



## GLUE



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 →

## THE STAIRS

### A PSYCHOLOGICALLY THRILLING MEMOIR(?)



After being fired at age sixty by a company using the pandemic as cover to replace him with a younger and cheaper model, Lindsay trips nightly into an all-too-real nightmare and must slay the demons from his past to survive.

We all have monsters lurking inside us.

Lindsay's lengthy career ended abruptly when someone younger replaced him at the start of a once-in-a-century pandemic. His life is tossed upside down, causing sleep to become a thing of the past as he trips into a waking nightmare fuelled with uncertainty.

Monsters lurk in his home, threatening his very existence. Lindsay must face the ghosts of his past. A portal opens just as the monsters are about to tear him apart, and he races upward, escaping certain death. With each flight he climbs, he comes across those he's left behind, dead, and alive, trying to understand who he has become. Lindsay desperately tries to reconcile with dark family secrets and corporate greed to find solace and forgiveness. Lindsay continues living in the present and comes across a new friend, Dean, who is terminally ill – and he must learn how to become a friend with someone dying. At the end of it all, at the precipice of doom, Lindsay meets his father for the first time.

Switching between the past and present, the truth slowly emerges, and *The Stairs* becomes a riveting, terrifying, oft-times-hilarious story that never takes you in the direction you expect.

*The Stairs* is a genre-defying thriller that will leave you breathless as you race with Lindsay into his past, knowing full well the only way for Lindsay to sleep is if he slays the demons stalking his very existence: crippling depression, alcohol, denial, Jack the Ripper, doubt, insecurity; and escape.

His survival depends on it. On every page, 'fiction' trips into 'non' as fantasy becomes skewed by reality.

# A NUMBERS GAME ↓↓↓

**INTIMACY**

**CREATIVE QUEST**

**FITNESS (APRIL)**

**WORKOUTS = 12**

**STEPS WALKED = 398,383**

**MILES WALKED = 196.55**

**SEAWALL (LAPS) = 35.36**

**THE LIFE OF A 'FAILED WRITER'**

**TOTAL PITCHES = 782**

**PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 629<sup>(1)</sup>**

(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)

(FILM + TELEVISION)

1) HAVEN'T RECEIVED REJECTION

**MEDIA BLITZ = ONGOING**

**TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS**

**MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)\***

41

**BOOKS READ = 5**

**FAT STILL?**

DEPRESSION RETURNED — KINDA FIT

+ CASE — FUCK'D OFF

**YIPPEE**

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SOME OF THE STATS (MARCH)

DEPRESSION KICKED IN MY DOOR AND WON'T LEAVE

## MORE FITNESS STATS

STEPS				MILES					
MONTH	2020	2021	2022	2023	2020	2021	2022	2023	MONTH
January	95,158	767,895	236,579	771,960	46.82	368.82	110.84	379.25	January
February	91,556	768,583	236,747	707,173	45.34	375.84	114.30	363.71	February
March	67,439	944,196	367,922	556,086	37.85	461.84	184.83	273.66	March
April	445,479	797,803	272,488	398,383	213.10	385.82	134.17	196.55	April
May	710,993	553,656	267,773	127,577	349.73	265.79	129.05	61.60	May
June	741,801	593,966	686,730	0	375.12	284.51	331.77	0.00	June
July	781,424	762,892	1,243,230	0	381.11	386.79	624.61	0.00	July
August	680,628	679,989	628,393	0	329.24	345.93	306.24	0.00	August
September	704,996	700,561	538,282	0	344.98	346.56	268.41	0.00	September
October	425,376	445,274	514,056	0	203.25	227.05	258.40	0.00	October
November	441,093	250,764	437,030	0	212.05	125.51	215.58	0.00	November
December	551,451	190,448	356,375	0	263.65	90.32	173.87	0.00	December
Totals	5,737,394	7,456,027	5,785,605	2,561,179	2,802.24	3,664.78	2,852.07	1,274.77	Totals
		GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE					

## EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

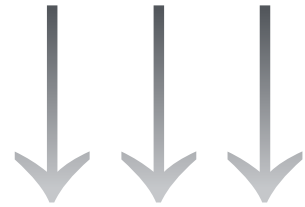
SEWALL	2023	2022	2021	2020
jan	68.22	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	65.42	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	49.23	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	35.36	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	11.08	23.08	47.53	62.54
june	0.00	59.33	50.87	67.08
july	0.00	<b>111.69</b>	69.16	68.15
aug	0.00	54.76	61.86	58.87
sept	0.00	48.00	61.97	61.69
oct	0.00	46.21	40.60	36.34
nov	0.00	38.55	22.44	37.92
dec	0.00	31.09	16.15	47.14
tot	229.31	510.00	655.32	501.09
APM	19.11	42.50	54.61	41.76
APD	0.63	1.40	1.80	1.37

## PROPOSAL STATS

#	Manuscript	Pitches	Req	Rejections	Live
1	Lindsay	331	1	75	256
2	The Stairs	165	0	35	130
3	Canned	75	0	15	60
4	Flip Flops	44	0	3	41
5	Drawings by Harlan	34	0	8	26
6	Poetry	27	0	3	24
7	Sparkly Pingle Ball	15	0	2	13
8	E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L	14	0	0	14
9	Said the White Guy	11	0	2	9
10	This Table	9	0	1	8
11	Tru + Joy	11	0	1	10
12	Glue	10	0	1	9
13	Death Sauce	7	0	1	6
14	ePHEMERAL	7	0	2	5
15	Literally without And	5	0	0	5
16	Howard	5	0	1	4
17	Life Without Mirrors	4	0	2	2
18	Laugh	5	0	0	5
19	Plus 15	3	0	1	2
	<b>16-May-23</b>	<b>782</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>153</b>	<b>629</b>



# 3 IMAGES



(J.26.2022)

# 1

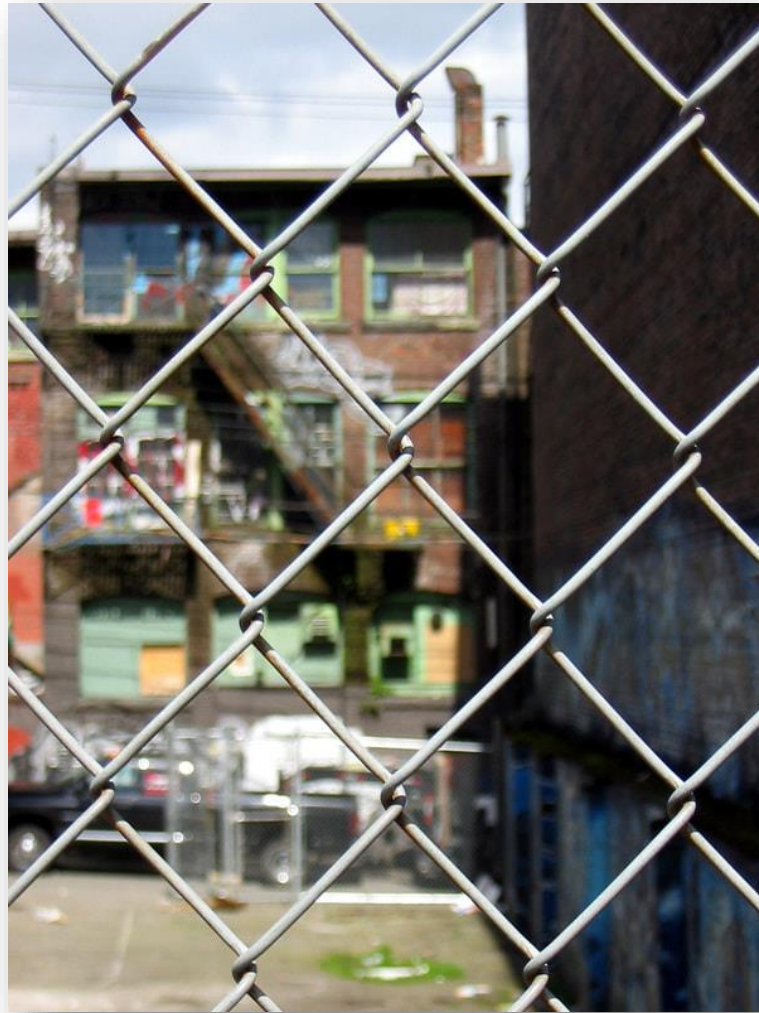


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PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

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# 2



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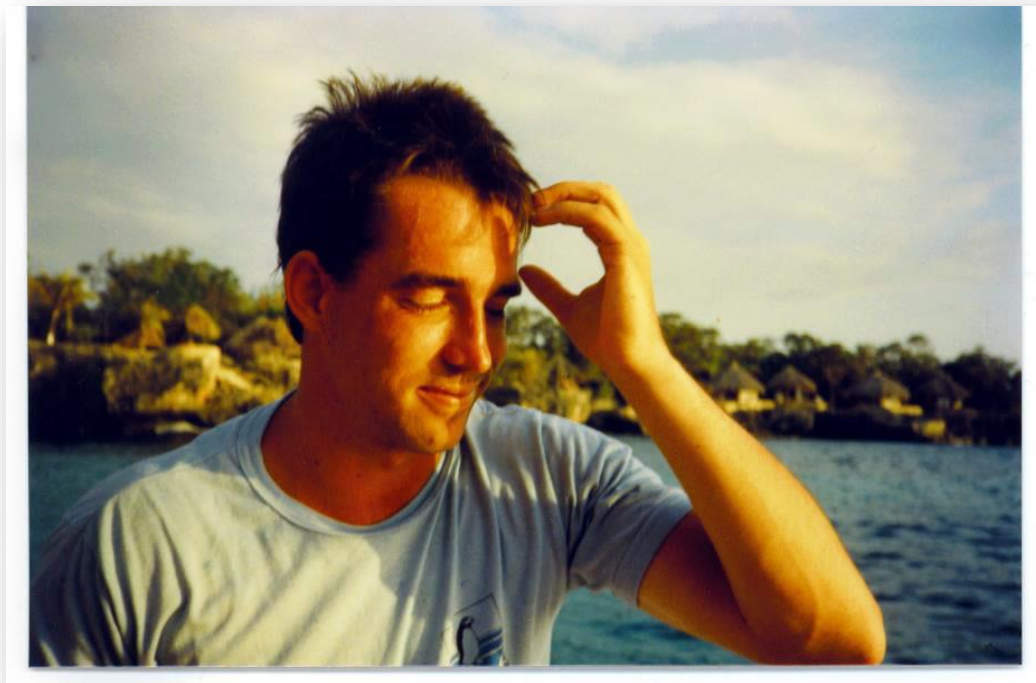
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ME ↓ ↓ ↓  
WIE

(J.15.2022)

# 1



50

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# 2



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# 3



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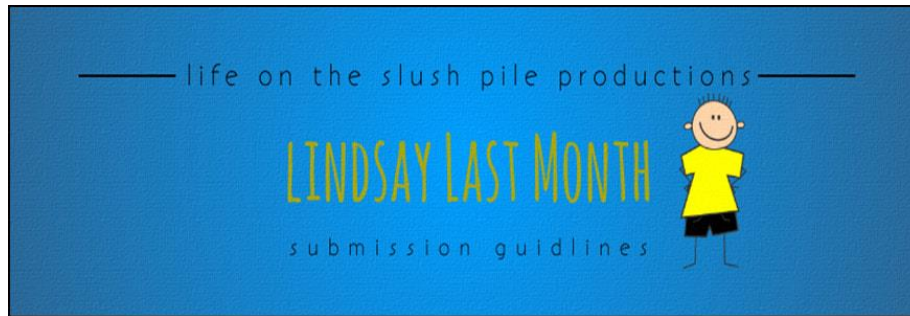


MAY 2023 → ISSUE #14

# LLM SUBMISSION GUIDELINES ↓

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

## WHAT LINDSAY LAST MONTH IS LOOKING FOR



- Original Stories (any genre)
- Poetry (up to three poems)
- Photography and art (up to three images or photos – even if they are of your pet goldfish.
- Stories and Poems have a maximum length of 2,000 words (not including the title – the title also has a maximum length of 2,000 words).

Lindsay Last Month will not publish any story, poem or art/photography that is blatant advertising for rain gutters or anything of the sort.

Lindsay Last Month is willing to publish stories, poems, or art/photography, especially if attached to the submission are airline tickets, hotel tickets or killer swag (food + clothing), even if it is blatant advertising. No rain gutters.

If you are still interested in being featured, send your submission with “Submission + the title of your work” in the subject line + all appropriate links.

If selected, Lindsay Last Month will publish your work with all appropriate links in a future issue; and create a Cover For Your Submission!

Send your submissions to [lindsaywin@outlook.com](mailto:lindsaywin@outlook.com)

Stories and Poems must be submitted as a word document.

- Photos and Art as JPEG or PNG.

### THAT’S IT. LET’S BUILD A COMMUNITY TOGETHER

- Lindsay Last Month reserves the right to create a cover for your submission.
- Lindsay Last Month reserves the right to format your submission to look the best on the page (Lindsay Last Month will not edit or change any of your words).
- If you would like Lindsay Last Month to share thoughts on a book you’ve written, Lindsay Last Month only writes thoughts on physical copies. For more information, send your requests to the email listed above. Lindsay Last Month (me) has written thoughts on over 270 books!
- Lindsay Last Month will publish nothing the Lindsay Last Month’s people (me) deem to be racist, sexist, misogynistic, homophobic, hateful, or anything else evil.

FOR MORE INFORMATION VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/llm-submissions.html>

MAY 2023 → ISSUE #14

A POEM ↓  
A POEM ↓

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

# SINK HOLE



I'M AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
I W A N E I G H T E E N - Y E A R - O L D G I R L

I FELL INTO A SINK HOLE  
I F E L L I N T O A S I N K H O L E

I'M NOW 10,000 YEARS IN THE PAST

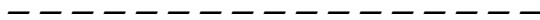
A SABRETOOTH TIGER GROWLS

I WALK AROUND WITH MY CHIN IN MY HAND  
I W A L K A R O U N D W I T H M Y C H I N I N M Y H A N D

I CAN'T WRAP MY HEAD AROUND IT

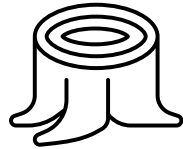
YOU SAY IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

WHAT YOU SAY ISN'T BELIEVABLE  
W H A T Y O U S A Y I S N ' T B E L I E V A B L E



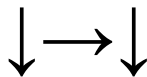
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**READING A BOOK  
IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE**



57

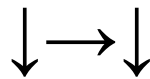
**AND HALLUCINATING**



**I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE**

**TRY HARDER**

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THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



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THE BACK COVER  
OR AS I LIKE TO CALL IT  
PAGE 66

Fine Print: The Editor-in-Chief is aware that this page is rarely, if ever; Page 66, he just likes calling it Page 66 for continuity.