

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

September 2022

ISSUE #6

Haunted
Beer Tour
Howard
Books
Pictures
Nudity (?)
A Poem

Lindsay
Last Month

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.

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HERE WE GO →

ABOUT A BOY



*A boy is born in a secret place. A dark place. A sad place.
His Mother is his Sister. Making her his Sister + his Mother.
His Father is his Grandfather.*

His Grandmother is just his Grandmother.

His Brothers used to be just Brothers. But then it is discovered they might be Uncles as well.

That turned them into Brunkles.

His Sisters used to be just Sisters. But then it is discovered they might be Aunts as well.

That turned them into Sisaunts.

The boy is never meant to know the truth because his birth brings with it, shame.

How could any of them be, okay?

Especially, the boy and his Grandmother?

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

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HAUNTED FROM THE GRAVE
HAUNTED FROM THE GRAVE

A story about an inheritance.
A STORY ABOUT AN INHERITANCE

LINDSAY LAST MONTH
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

HAUNTED FROM THE GRAVE HVAUNILED EKOW THE GRAVE

It has begun to pour down rain. Pelting me. Drenching my twelve-year-old frame. I'm standing on the corner of Stephen Avenue Mall and Centre Street. A haggard-looking man is staring at me from across the street.

What am I doing here?

I'm a fucking mess. I'm twelve — so, I guess I shouldn't be using profanities.

Did I say I'm alone?

Did I tell you I'm twelve?

I glance across the street; the dilapidated man is stumbling toward me. His eyes look strained, veiny roadmaps retreat into his skull. My heart begins to pound. I don't know where to go. An hour ago, I sat on the couch of my older sisters' apartment. Alone with my oldest sister Bernice. We rarely spent time together. Quality time, never. Bernice was railing on our father. She kept saying he wasn't a good man; he was hard.

I didn't want to hear it.

I needed to escape.

Calgary is a big city.

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If I could make it to the elevator, I could disappear from the noise. I could return to my childhood.

I froze on the corner, unable to move, rain washing away my tears. The man picked up his pace. He stopped in the middle of the intersection and vomited on the street. Not to be deterred, he kept traipsing toward me. Puke dripped down the front of his tattered clothing. His eyebrows were bushy, nose warted, his grill gapped with missing teeth.

I needed to move, to escape once more. I turned up First Street, paused and looked back; I saw a filthy, broken, callused hand dart out and grab the corner of the building. It pulled the vagrant around the corner. I ducked into the Hudson's Bay Store, riding the escalators up to the third floor. I rushed to the corner where the washrooms were located and retreated to the last of three stalls. I locked the door, climbed up on the toilet, and began shaking in fear. Each time the door of the washroom creaked open; my anxiety intensified. I covered my mouth, trying desperately to hold my breath. Hours passed, then the door creaked open again. I peered out from under the stall. The gaunt man stood just outside. The shoe on his left foot was torn with a hole exposing his big, blackened toe. On his right foot, he wore a bag. Tears started dripping from my eyes. He knocked on the stall door. He begged and then barked at me to come out. I held my breath; the man slammed his fist into the door. I heard the washroom door creak open again. In walked two people. They were talking about work. I burst out of the stall.

Excuse me. Can you help me? I'm lost. I cried out, my leg shaking in desperation.

Let us help you. Where are your parents? Can we call your parents?

I didn't know how to reach my parents. I told them where I was staying: *They live on 4th Street*

and 4th Avenue on the 22nd floor with my sisters.

Son, you shouldn't be out alone. I'll walk you home.

Forty-four years later. I'm back in Calgary. I'm at my mother's deathbed inside the Peter Lougheed Center this time. I'm alone. I'm saying hello to Bernice for the first time as my mother + goodbye because her time is running out. I say hello. She begins to cry. Suddenly, the tears stop, and she starts railing about her father.

She says he wasn't a good man.

He was a hard man.

I don't want to hear it.

I want to escape.

When the time to go arrives, I gently kiss her cheek and give her my love.

I walk away.

I glance back.

Her eyes are bursting with tears.

Her voice quakes.

I'm never going to see you again, am I?
I III 116061 80118 TO 266 1011 081111 1111 I

The answer is yes.

My heart explodes.

I had arrived on this day by accident. While renewing my passport, I discovered I was a secret baby, born in a secret place. A reality I was never supposed to know. I watched my parents die — they weren't my real parents — Bernice became the uncovered secret, of my mother. My father, an unknown story, came to me, and figuratively, left my life a second time. My family lived a lie their entire lives, so, for them, nothing changed. But, for me, everything changed.

My family likely never understood how difficult it would be to ever come together again, simply because my mother might be there. So how could I possibly find the fucking strength?

Take a moment and let the last two lines sink in for a moment.
I 9K6 9 11011611 9111 161 1116 1921 1110 11162 21111 111 101 9 11011611

Could you imagine?

"Could you come to my wedding, Christmas, memorial service?"

"Will I be meeting my sister as my mother for the first time?"

The truth is my curse. As much as I needed to escape from Bernice's despair, I was not allowed. The truth haunts me; it always will. My family is gone; I'm no longer part of them. It saddens me. But, as they say, *it's just what it is*. I'm older now.

Should it even matter?

I don't know how a re-connection would be possible or a point?

I'm not mad. Sad is the only honest emotion. I feel for others who've been products of lifelong lies. I understand the pain of finding out the truth + the emptiness of being a secret cloaked in perceived shame.

In 2003, I discovered my truth. At first, it was debilitating. Then, as the years slipped by, it became manageable – bearable is a better word. So, I met my father – he wasn't – my mother had lied on my birth record.

I wrote to my sisters (aunt + mother), asking them to help me with my father's identity. If only for medical reasons. I stressed; I didn't want them to relive a turbulent past.

My letter fell on deaf ears.

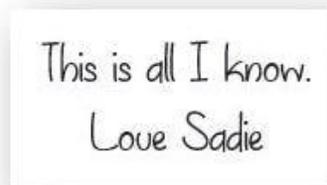
3

I asked my mother again alongside her deathbed. Her reply was, *"at least, it wasn't that asshole."* The man she listed on my birth record.

She died a week after my visit.

A year slipped by, and my pain began to wane.

I checked my mailbox on the way to work. An envelope had arrived from an insurance company – I cracked it open – there was a note attached.



This is all I know.
Love Sadie

That's the first time Sadie ever used the word love toward me!

I kept reading. I'm the beneficiary of an insurance policy for my mother. I began to cry, overwhelmed with grief, the tears rolled down my face.

I wasn't, nothing.

She acknowledged my existence.

She's making amends from the grave.

My mind raced. More tears exploded in my eyes. *An insurance policy. I don't care about money, but wouldn't it be nice if it was to the tune of \$50K or even \$100K?*

When I got home that day, I further inspected the policy. My name wasn't listed on it. Instead, it stated if my mother had a child, this policy would be payable to the child. I'm the child. Included in the envelope was my mother's Will, scratched on several pieces of paper. Barely legible. In the Will, my name was once again absent.

A knife turned in my stomach.

The Will stated everything she had was being left to her sister Sadie. At least I was being (remembered) by insurance.

I called the insurance company to inquire about what I needed to collect—I asked how much the policy was?

\$2,500, the agent dutifully expressed.

4 \$2,500. I have a change jar with more in it. Fifty-six years of neglect and all it's worth to repair the damage—

I'm not fucking selfish.

The pain returned. My name wasn't listed on the policy or in the *Will*. I felt sick.

Another year slips by. I'm still trapped inside this story. Albeit the pain is lessening. My life cards have been challenging; I'm up to the challenge.

- I write a book.
- My sister/mother dies.
- My niece/cousin dies.
- My youngest sister/aunt dies.
- I suffer a catastrophic stroke.
- I remain strong.

I press on, my past keeps grabbing at my shirtsleeves, pulling me toward darkness. I trip, fall, get up, move on. I don't look back; I can't keep looking back. My mind begins to reset. I'm loaded up on toxic medications. I share a story about a stroke on Social Media. A family member notices and tells me that's not the place to share such things. I haven't heard from that family member since.

My life became littered with prescriptions and doctor visits.

TIME OUT

I'm generally a positive, upbeat, deliciously funny individual.

Who says deliciously funny?

I'm loaded with compassion and empathy. I know not to judge people except for how they behave in my presence. I'm kind. I'm giving. The reason for this **Time Out** is to shout out this is not a story of 'woe is me.' It's a story about my reality. It is a story coddling those who've faced similar heartaches, screaming out: It's okay, you can survive.

AUGUST 2019

It's been almost three-years since my mother died for a second time. It's been one-and-a-half years since the insurance. I visited a Specialist. A regular visit. He wanted to show off a new machine. A machine that scans your insides to ensure all is well. He encouraged me to get examined.

I'll call you if the results are troubling. I don't expect they will be.

The next day the phone rang; the results were troubling. I'm referred to another Specialist.

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SEPTEMBER 2019

The Specialist tells me I have nothing to worry about. The results, although troubling, were likely in error. He sends me for more tests to confirm his beliefs. I visit a Phlebotomist. The professional vamping my blood tells me it's her first time, + she'll be taking fifteen-vials. I express my hatred of needles. I tell her she'll likely hear those original words often in her career. My blood is extracted.

"That wasn't so bad now, was it?"

I calm. I look directly at the Phlebotomist and, in a soothing timber, say, *"Do you know where I can get some heroin?"*

She glances back at me, sporting a confused look.

I visit another lab where they do an ultrasound of my insides.

NOVEMBER 2019

I return to the Specialist. He tells me my liver is fine. It's nothing to worry about, but—

"You have a genetic deficiency that has been passed down from your parents. Your body isn't producing enough of an important protein. So, I'll need to run more tests to decide our course of action."

"Is there anything I should do in the meantime?"

"I don't want you to worry. Eat healthily. I'll see you again in January."

I left his office with a requisition to give more blood. On the requisition, it is stated clearly what my condition is. It also tells my serum levels.

I FOOLISHLY GOOGLE

I've been crying on my drives to work every day since. Google did not contain alternative outcomes for what the Specialist is trying to confirm. One heading on a Googled page destroyed me: **Life Expectancy**.

I searched for a second, third, fourth, fifth opinion. They're all the same.

The number listed is one year higher than my current age.

I'm fucking terrified.

I don't know who to tell.

I will eat nutritiously.

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Just as the family's pain is becoming manageable, from the grave, my mother tugs on my shirtsleeves, haunting me, reminding me my name never appeared in her Will.

All I ever did, was, be born.

WELCOME TO ISSUE #6

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?

7

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?

IN THIS ISSUE



IN THIS ISSUE

HAUNTED FROM THE GRAVE ↑↑↑

WE ATE THIS → BIRTHDAY BEER TOUR

A STORY → HOWARD

BOOKS I'VE READ THIS MONTH

ALL THE BOOKS I READ THIS YEAR

NUMBERS

THREE PHOTOS

—

PHOTOS OF ME

- 1. LINDSAY THE CAT**
- 2. LINDSAY THE SARDINE**
- 3. LINDSAY THE COWBOY**

—

A POEM → SOCK DRAW

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓↓↓

BIRTHDAY DRINKS TOUR

A PHOTO JOURNEY

1. Tap + Barrel - Granville Island
2. Craft - False Creek
3. Brewhall
4. R & B
5. Main Street Brewing
6. Steamworks Mount Pleasant
7. 33 Acres

The Only Photos



Hot Dog: Main Street Brewing + Comedy Show (We Didn't Go)

STUMBLE HOME → 👍

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS



HOWARD



BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

LINDSAY LAST MONTH
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

HOWARD
HOWARD

HOWARD
HOWARD

—

What a beautiful cover.

Who decides if I'm okay?

Thanks for stopping, Officer Blight; I got you an Egg McMuffin + two hash browns; see you next week.

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Howard is a hockey phenom, a guitar aficionado, and a great guy. Oh, and he's a drunk; after finding out the truth of his upbringing, his life unravels in darkly humorous ways. Cringe. Cringe. Cringe. There's a little Howie in each of us. This is his story!

↓↓↓

LINDSAY LAST MONTH
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

HOWARD
HOMVKD

—

Is a full-blown drunk — *he may prefer alcoholic* — he likely prefers being called Howard. He's affable, odd, musically inclined, + barely holding on to life. Countless Howards and Helens are roaming around, broken.

On summer days, I like to take a book to read at the picnic benches of a park across from where I live. I was going to say *good book* but at the last minute changed my mind and typed, *book*, because how could I possibly know if the book was good before I fucking read it?

Because a book critic said, it was good.

Fuck the book critic and anyone who thinks they have climbed the literary critique world, and their opinions are paramount. They are not. On summer days, I take a book to the park. I'll decide if it is good for me or not after reading. And if I like it, even a smidge, I post it on my website. If I don't. I don't (most of the time — post it on my site, that is). I spare everyone my opinion.

Crap — I feel an off-tangent pull.

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I hate fucking hate. I also hate critics. Every single type of critic. Who the fuck, are you to destroy people's will?

I liked *Zoolander 2*. Yes, I know it was trite. But, but because of you, movie critic, one of my asshole friends chimed in.

"Hey Linds, what did you get up to today?"

"I went to a movie with Jay, Zoolander 2. We loved it."

"The critics said it is garbage."

Well, friend, they had to review it, so isn't the joke on them? Asshole. Why are you trying to convince me I shouldn't like what I like? Unless, of course, it is the song "*Physical*" or that horrific song "*I can't live, if living is without you.*" If you claim to like the second song, you *needy to bleep*, I suggest you purchase a blow-up doll or seek counselling.

I hate all critics + YELP.

If anything sucks, a book, a movie, a restaurant, a city... anything, let them fail by their own accord. They don't need your condescending push.

Hei kjære, min dyrebare sommerfugl. Ønsker du å ta noen pannekaker.

Sorry about that, I just found out I'm 44% Norwegian + 28% Russianish—my native tongue has begun flowing out of me, I think. I'm not sure what the words mean. All I know is they are likely incredibly deep.



I'm sitting at the picnic table with my book + a chocolate milk. It's about 30° Celsius, 86° if you are American. I'm wearing a hat. I must wear a hat, or my shorn skull will turn into a cancerous nightmare. The sun is beating down relentlessly —



Sweat drips from my brow. I flip a page. Take a sip of my cola. I glance right. Howard is approaching; I don't want to engage. Depending on my energy level, I sometimes avoid encounters with workers outside of the workday. I don't hate or despise. I'm simply exhausted. The weight of my world is often unwieldy. Add in friends who need to decompress—to be polite, my emotional account is overdrawn. No offence Howard. He probably would be oblivious to me anyway, much like other workers I've stumbled upon.

Rod, on a blistering Sunday, around noon—Rod who happens to drop the word “faggot” like it's second nature. Rod, who when Davie Street is mentioned smacks down the lamest of gay jokes. Well, Rod, on this smouldering day, walks down Davie, shirtless, drunker than the drunkest skunk. He passes me within a few feet.

“Hey, Rod.”

He looks my way. Eyes glassy. And. Grunts.

The next day this day, I asked Rod if he remembered seeing me on Davie Street. He uttered he hadn't. And then, he mouths “faggots.”

The picnic table I'm residing at faces a kid's playground. I'm cognizant of this. I rarely look upward. Howard beelines for the picnic table to my right. He's dirty. Probably stinky. He's wearing work boots duct-taped together. Tyler has rolled the dice and sent

HOWARD

him out wearing those boots only to have the worksites send him away. He plops himself down at the table next to me. I recoil, collect my things. Howard takes up residence. He delicately places his backpack on the seat next to him. He seems oblivious to where he is. His hair is rustled. His life is collapsing inward. I begin packing my belongings at the precise moment Howard commences to unpack. *A book.* I put my book in my messenger bag. Howard pulls out →



HOWARD

—

Howard was built for Hockey; he climbed the ranks as a natural goal scorer – the leader of every team. During his epic rise, coaches and administrators placed him in jobs to supplement his scholastic and athletic pursuits.

He worked with a crew of Portuguese immigrants working in a blast furnace producing highway drainage pipes. The heat moulded the pipes + melted Howie’s spirit making it nearly impossible for him to play at the level the coaches had grown accustomed to.

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Howard was eradicated from the toxic fumes of the blast furnace – *agradecidamente!*

Along with fellow teammates, when they weren’t cranking train cars into loading docks at a major retailer’s distribution center, they took turns catching sleep in makeshift fortresses they built with the boxes inside the massive warehouse. Each teammate taking hour-long shifts. This lasted until the foreman heard snoring and busted up the Inn.

He worked for a company taking core samples from construction sites and stress testing them. He was 19 at the time. His tests determined the fate of construction projects, Howard’s only qualification was his drivers’ license.

Howie moved on to a brief stint at an electrical distribution warehouse, which almost ended when he drove the loading dock forklift off the dock. Finally petering out after he loaded high-end air conditioning units into the back of a truck without being shown a purchase order. **FIRED.**

It didn’t matter. Howard scored in the neighbourhood of 50 goals per season. Not only was he skilful with the puck, but he was also every team’s musical aficionado and eventually the number one DJ at his University.

Howie still needed cash. The last job of his hockey career almost ended in tragedy. The team landed him a job in a sporting goods wholesaler, John Martens. He worked alongside a co-worker named Tom – tasked with picking orders and restacking pallets 15’ in the air, top-shelf. Howie stood on the forks of the forklift, heaving boxes from one

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

HOWARD

pallet to the next. He twisted and went to throw a box on a pallet to his left. He lost balance. His arms desperately spun in a circular motion. He began bending his body into a panicked limbo to the sound of the hum of the forklift's engine. *Howard was going to die.* The inevitability of him crashing headfirst into the concrete floor below smashing his skull open, with his brain matter oozing out of his fractured skull while Tom watched with mouth agape, a certainty.

SMASH

Tom began to vomit, screamed out for help; Tom's screams were too late. Howard died. Tom trembled in the dread of what transpired. Tears began gushing from Tom's eyes.

Tom blinked. He looked at the forks of the forklift. Howard's arms were still flailing. Tom had prepared himself for the outcome he was about to witness, accepting it already was reality.

Howard wheezed. He cried out, **NO**. His feet left the forks – at the last possible moment and with death egging him on, he spun his arms violently in one final frantic circular motion. His open right hand grabbed onto a linked chain hanging down from the warehouse ceiling. Howard hung on with all his might, dangling, weaving in the air like the hands of a cuckoo clock. Tom lingered, looking skyward, dumfounded. Howard shrieked for help. It took Tom more than a few seconds to realize Howard hadn't strewn his brain matter on the floor. Tom finessed the forklift under Howard and lowered him back to earth. Howie crumpled to the floor.

He quit hockey that day.



HOWARD

—

In Howard's youth, he became a guitar-toting catch for the fairer sex to sink claws into. He was groupie-d, drinking in his popularity, Howard riffed charm upon all takers. He riffed solo. With music came substance, liquid, and more substantial elixirs. Howard partook. His stock with the fairer sex soared with every chord.

His dad died in a horrific plane crash, sinking Howard into despair. His music reflected his depression. Fucking, whoever he could, was also reflection of his pain. He needed his father's approval. It never came, and now he was gone.

Howard's music shared threads with the morbidity of Morrissey with shreds of Joy

Division. While Howard sank deeper into despair, his career began shooting for the stars. And then he met Sue. She became his salvation. At first, their connection came in the form of an epically long tongue-based kiss – to be swallowed in a night of bliss. Sue was a virgin. Brunette. Petite. Stunning. Howard was knee walking, almost bile puking, drunk. They needed a place to go. Sue was plastered. Howard drove.

He drove, and he drove, and he drove, occasionally, cracking the door open in case of the arrival of bile. It never came. So, he kept moving. Past Sue's house. Past his house. Past Sue's house. Past his house. Around the block. Back to his house. He parked. Across the street from home. His mother and two of his older brothers were inside. He wanted to fuck Sue. He tried to POP. Even in his blindly intoxicated state, his thoughts disgusted him. You see, Howard is a gentleman, not a womanizer, not a notch collector. Drunk and horny won over his kindness. Sue and Howard ripped off their clothes. Howard climbed on top. Sue grabbed his package. It reminded her of a *budgie*. A shout out to "Something is Missing." *Odd*. The windows of Howard's ride steamed, blocking outsiders from what was transpiring inside. Howard thrust. Sue moaned. His budgie budged. The car's windshield rippled with the rain pattering down. Howard came.

"Knock, knock, knock."

Fuck – crossed Howard's mind, which confused him with what he had just done.

The knocking continued. Howard cracked the driver's side window while trying to find illusive sobriety. He tossed his twill jacket on top of Sue to camouflage her, comforting her on this night of deflowering.

A police officer stood on the street glimpsing through the cracked window. Howard searched for words. He slurred.

"Hello, offisserrr, caaan I, help uuuuu?" Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

"Have you seen any suspicious-looking characters running around the neighbourhood?"

Make something up, "No." Wow, how impressive imagination.

"Wait, I think I saw a shady-looking dude wearing a black jacket between those houses." Howard pointed toward two houses up the block.

"Thank you. We've got calls on break-ins in the area. Keep your eyes peeled. Call if you see anything." The officer smiled, paused, and continued, "Back to what you were doing?"

Howard sighed deeply. He watched the officer hop into his cruiser, and once the car rounded the corner, Howard opened his car door and puked. Sue stayed with him for three years. A virgin no more, until the next night, she lost her virginity when Howard presented her with a framed menu of the exquisite meal, he had prepared for her on the night she became a woman. On that night, like the car night, Howard and Sue were so hammered they didn't remember the entirety of the night. So, three weeks later, Howard presented Sue with a framed playbill of a play they saw together on a jaunt to the big city – the night Howard was determined to stay sober enough to take Sue's virginity from her for the third time.

After three years, Sue dumped Howard for a sober man, never looking back. Howard took the breakup poorly and began drinking heavily, mixing in drugs, helping his music career to blossom. One night on a blustery cold prairie night, after imbibing to the state of incoherence – he drove home. The temperature struck minus 40° Celsius, minus 40° if you are American. Howard drove, and he drove, and he drove. The roads were skating rinks. He crossed a significant intersection and spun out of control. His car did three pirouettes, jumped the meridian, twirled a fourth time before slamming into the curb between two vehicles with precisely two inches to spare in front and back. Howard's head smashed into the steering wheel. He used his right hand to pull his stuck head from between the gaps in the wheel, gasped, smiled, and for unknown reasons, exited the vehicle.

The following day Howard was woken by two children bouncing on his queasy gut. Howard had been watching cartoons with his new unknown friends for several hours when a devilishly attractive woman brought him a platter of eggs, bacon, sausage, coffee, toast, juice – and a line of cocaine. Howard snorted and dove in hard on the feast.

"Excuse me, who are you? Where am I?"

His gracious host told him he was on the street – that just so happened to be three blocks from his home. She said he knocked on the door at 3:30 AM. She said she scraped the frost off the window to find a dishevelled man freezing to death on the other side. She grabbed her husband. He looked and said he seemed okay.

"So, I let you in."

"Oh my. Thanks for your kindness. I must get out of your hair. Lovely children. Thank you."

Howard stumbled down the sidewalk. Slipping on the hardened ice. Falling hard into the snowbank. He hopped to his feet. Smiled. Waved. Jumped into his frozen car. Pumped. Pumped. Pumped. The engine fired. Thirteen seconds later, two police cars, lights flashing, boxed him in. He was tenderly placed in the back of one of the cruisers.

"Last night, you were going door to door, banging. You woke up the entire neighbourhood. We were told you kept pleading to let me in; I'm freezing. We received several calls. When we arrived, you had vanished? You're lucky someone let you in. We're going to take you somewhere where you can sleep off, whatever this is, off."

An officer came and set him free from his cell and sported a sheepish grin six hours later.

"Thank you for the hospitality. And thank you for the Big Mac."

"You're free to go, Mr. Howard."

"How will I get back to my wheels?"

"That is up to you?"

"What are you doing?"

Twenty minutes later Officer Blight, dropped Howie off at his silver 1986 Citroën.

Howard decided to subsidize his gig income by becoming a bartender.

On a treacherously cold mid-winter night, the temperature skirting to minus 43° Celsius, minus fucking freezing if you are American. Howard and Graham, the manager, decided to have a few pops before heading home after closing time. Howard rushed out to fire up the Citroën to have a toasty trip home. Graham poured tumblers of gin. Together they weaved tales as they repeatedly slammed back their drinks. Graham's father was a police officer. Graham told Howard a horrific story of how his father was in a heart-wrenching gruesome car crash where the steering wheel was pressed against his sternum, keeping him alive. Graham's father called home to tell his family he'd bleed out and die as soon as he was eradicated from the wreckage.

Howard slammed back another tumbler. Graham left. Howard poured more juice and stumbled to the back office, where he found his bar mate Rick counting the nights' cash. Howard needed a ride. He checked the accounts receivable list—a list of what the bartenders owed for over-imbibing during shifts. Howard began to eat it. Rick escaped out the side door. Howard gave chase but stumbled, finding himself in the back hallway near the restaurant's dry storage—which used to be the vault of a bank. He grabbed a bag of buns and sat down on a set of stairs leading up into the building's other businesses. At 5 AM, he was unceremoniously woken by a Filipino cleaner poking him with a broomstick. Behind her stood Officer Blight.

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"We got a call. The alarm went off. The cleaner found you here covered in crumbs. What are you doing here?"

"I work here, I need to go home."

"You can't drive. Where is your car anyway?"

"Oh shit. It's been running since midnight; it should be warm."

"Mr. Howard. No offence. You're hammered. You can't drive."

"How will I get home?"

"Not my problem."

"But officer, it's freezing. I'll die. Can you give me a lift? Can we go through a drive-thru on the way?"

Twenty minutes later, Officer Blight dropped Howie off at home. Howard stumbled out of the cruiser; looking back, a smile broke on his face; he handed Officer Blight a bag.

"Thanks for stopping; I got you an Egg McMuffin + two hash browns, see you next week!"

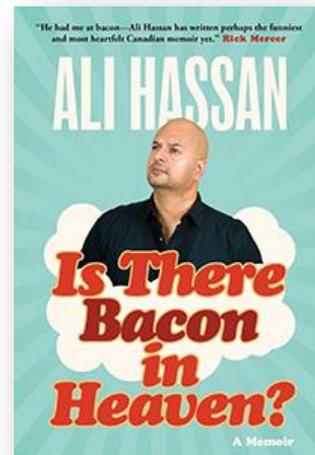
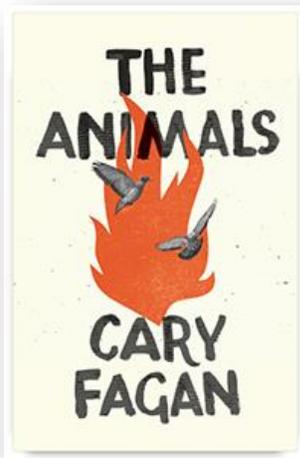
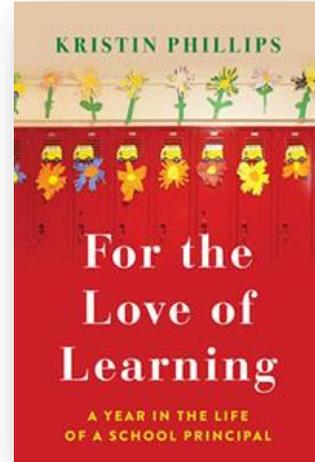
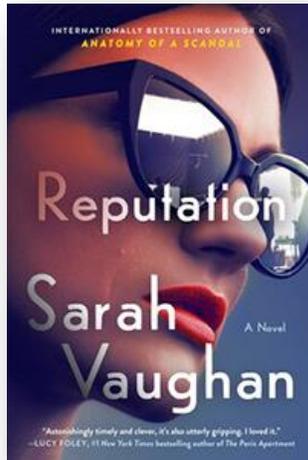
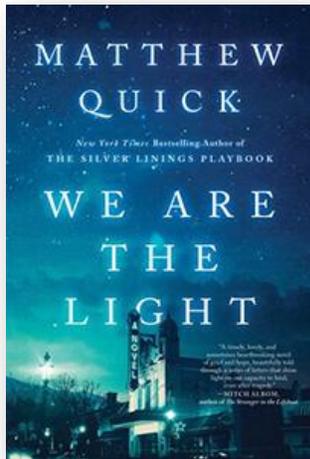
En elektrisk tannbørste trenger ikke batterier for å fungere.

TO BE CONTINUED
TO BE CONTINUED



LINDSAY LAST MONTH
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

I READ THESE THIS MONTH ↓↓↓↓↓↓



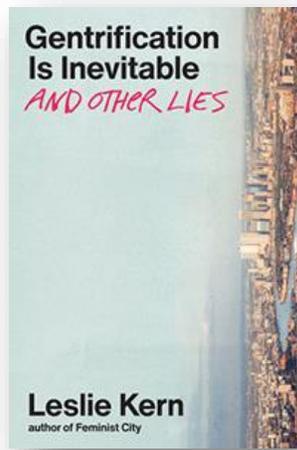
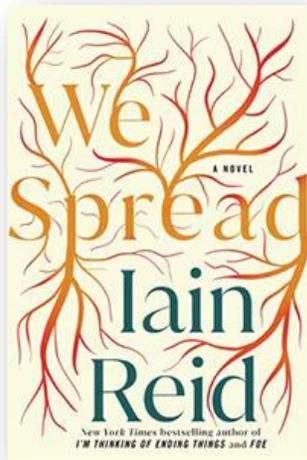
VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/i-love-it-2022.html>

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 250 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

I READ THESE THIS MONTH ↓↓



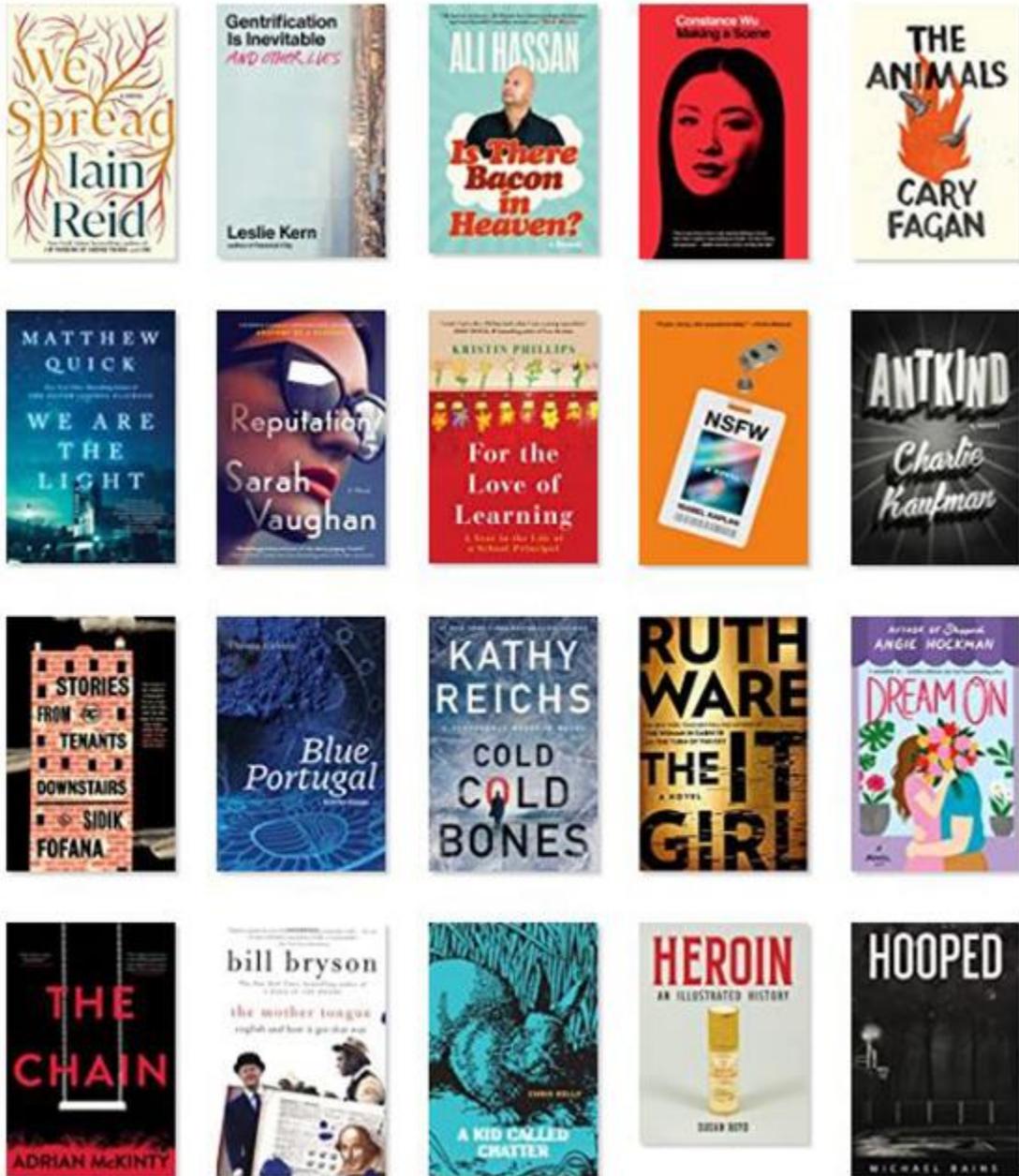
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TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 250 BOOKS

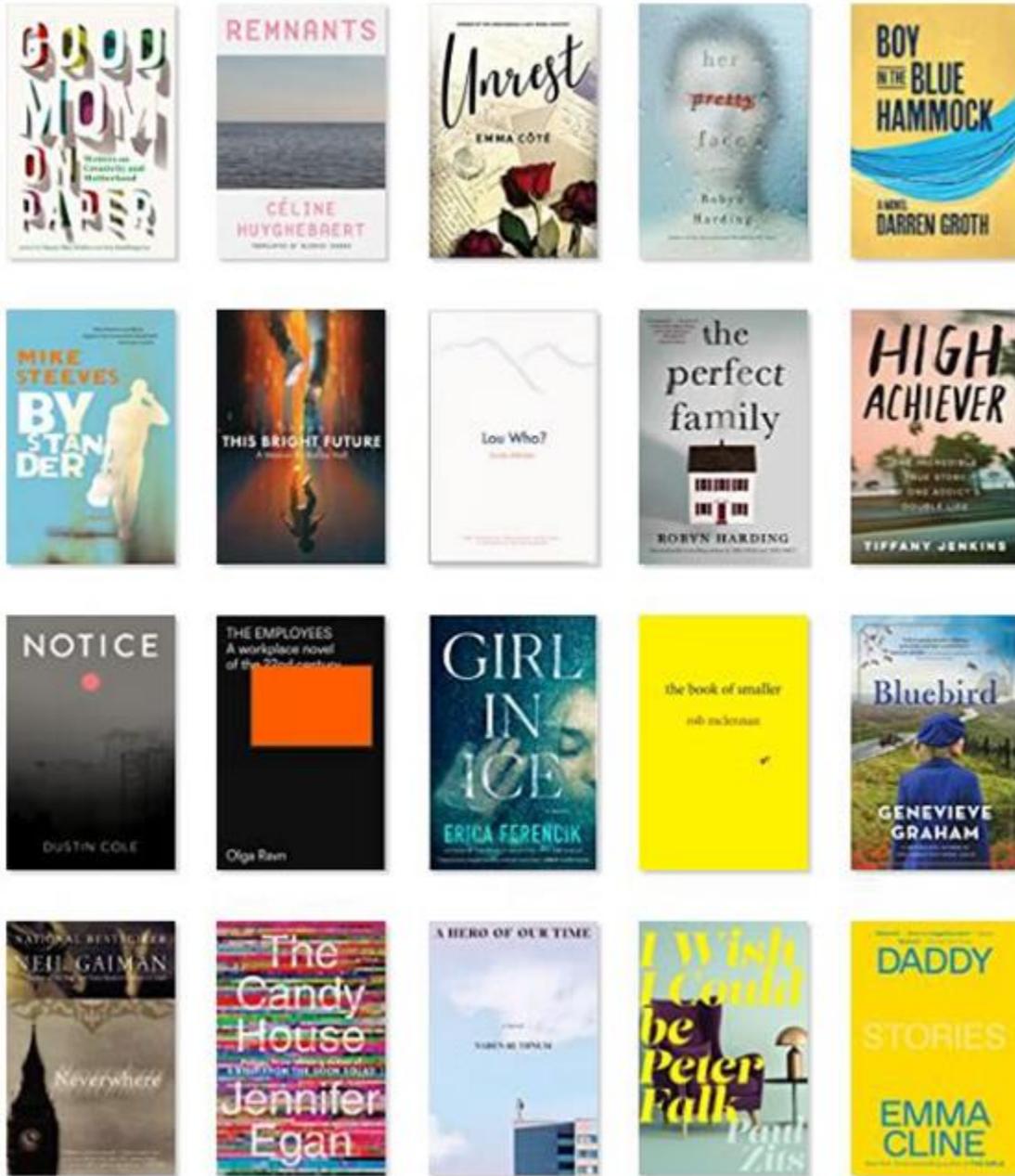
WHAT ARE YOU READING?

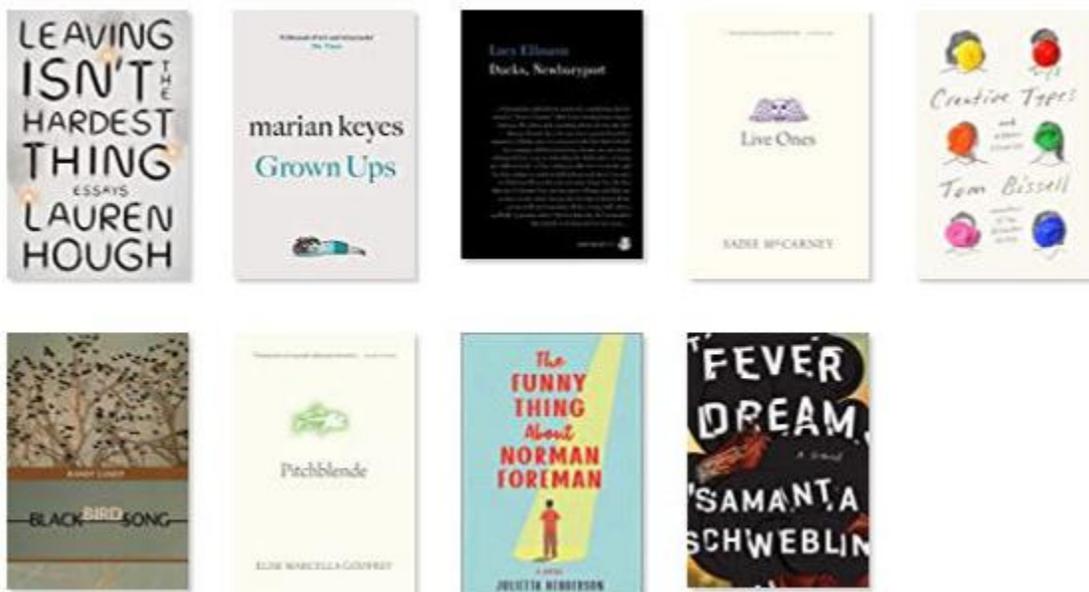
LINDSAY LAST MONTH

ALL THE BOOKS I'VE READ THIS YEAR ↓



SEPTEMBER 2022 → ISSUE #6
2022年9月 → 第6期





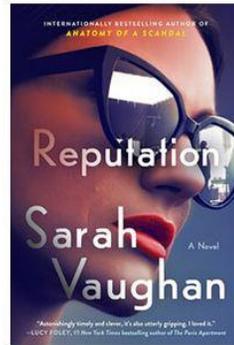
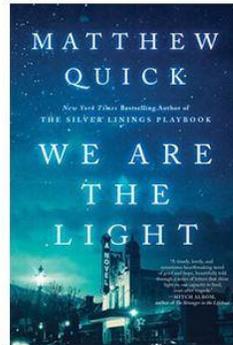
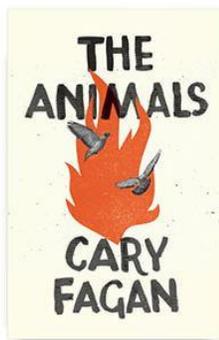
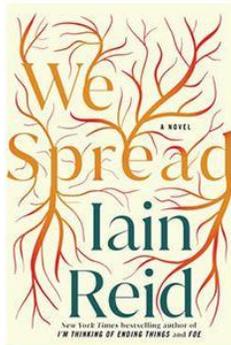
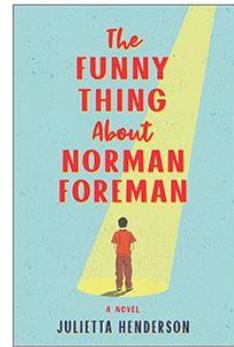
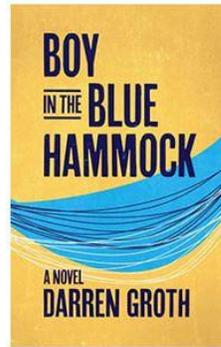
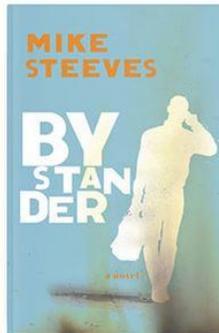
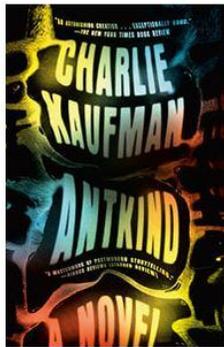
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TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 250 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

ALL TIME FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

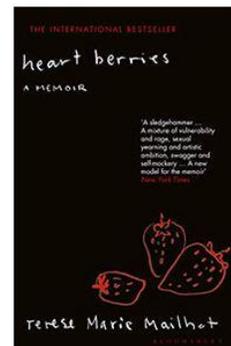
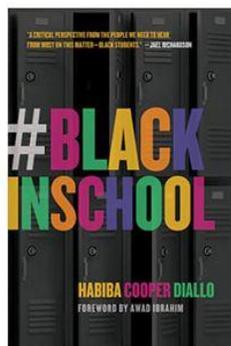
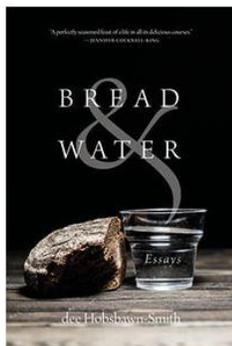
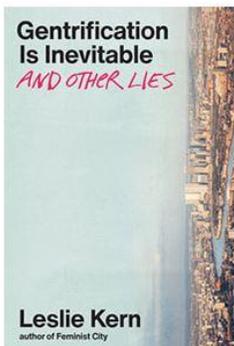
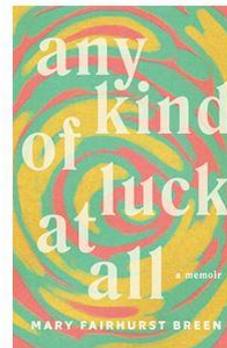
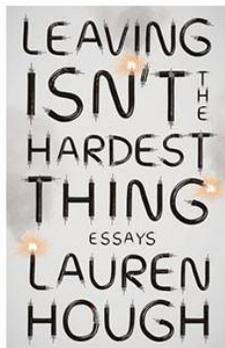
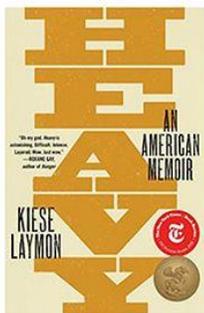


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VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

ALL TIME NON-FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

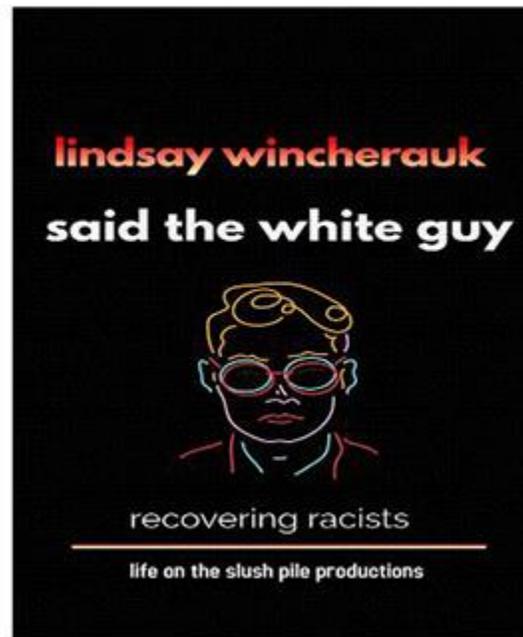
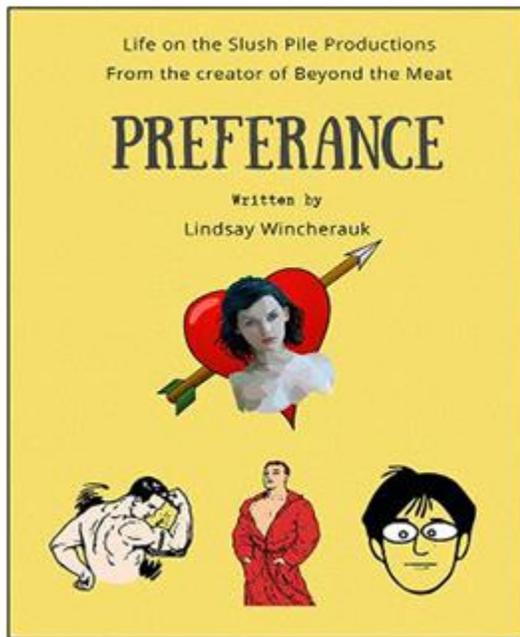


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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

COMING SOON FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS



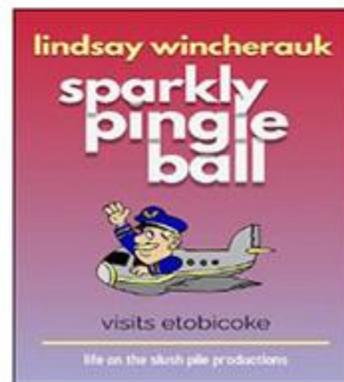
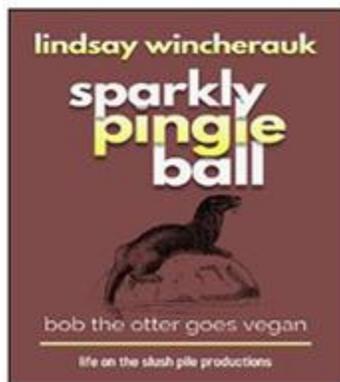
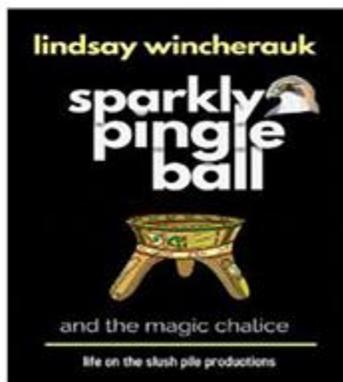
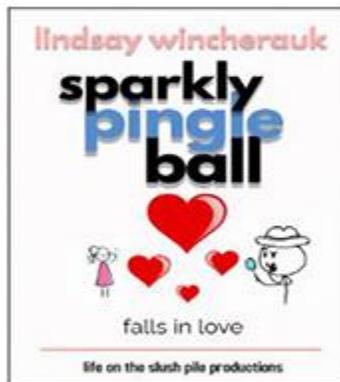
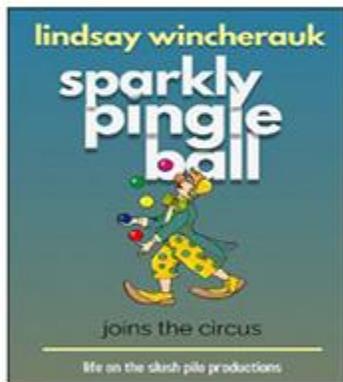
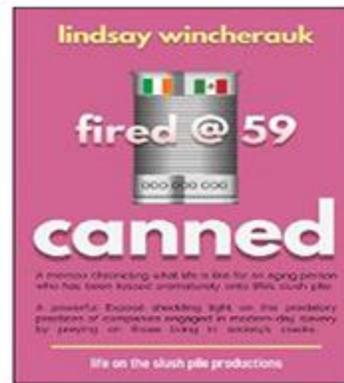
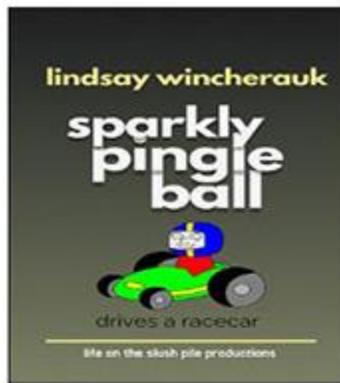
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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

COMING SOON FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS
即将来自: 泥堆上的生活制作



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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?
你在创造什么?

LINDSAY LAST MONTH
泥堆上的生活

COMING SOON: FEATURED BOOK (COMING TO BOOKSTORES)

lindsay wincherauk



fired @ 59

canned

A memoir chronicling what life is like for an aging person who has been tossed prematurely onto life's slush pile.

A powerful Exposé shedding light on the predatory practices of companies engaged in modern-day slavery by preying on those living in society's cracks.

life on the slush pile productions

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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

LINDSAY LAST MONTH

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

NUMBERS ↓ ↓ ↓ (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

CREATIVE QUEST

FITNESS

THE LIFE OF A FAILED WRITER

WORKOUTS = 32

TOTAL PITCHES = 249

STEPS WALKED = 628,753

MILES WALKED = 306.24

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 195

(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)

(FILM + TELEVISION)

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 54.76

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

YES

BOOKS READ = 8

MEDIA BLITZ = 21

FAT STILL?

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

DEPRESSING RETURNS — FAT

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

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LINDSAY LAST MONTH

MORE FITNESS STATS

30

MONTH	STEPS	MILES	LFW	JFW	MPD	SPD	Month
January	236,579	110.84	184.1	152.1	3.58	7,631.58	jan
February	236,747	114.30	186.8	153.7	4.08	8,455.25	feb
March	367,922	184.83	189.7	156.4	5.96	11,868.45	march
April	272,488	134.17	160.5	193.1	4.47	9,082.93	apr
May	267,773	129.05	163.2	196.0	4.16	8,637.84	may
June	678,889	327.99	162.0	189.4	10.93	22,629.63	june
July	1,243,230	624.61	162.0	186.3	20.15	40,104.19	july
August	628,753	306.24	162.0	185.9	9.88	20,282.35	aug
September	23,688	12.51	162.0	184.2	0.42	789.60	sept
October	0	0.00	162.0	190.2	0.00	0.00	oct
November	0	0.00	152.1	175.5	0.00	0.00	nov
December	0	0.00	152.1	178.1	0.00	0.00	dec
YEAR	3,956,069	1,944.54		AVE	5.33	10,838.55	tot
AVERAGE	10,838.55	5.33					
MONTHLY AVE	329,672.42	162.05					

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

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

EVEN SO VERY MORE FITNESS STATS

SEWALL	2022	2021	2020
jan	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	23.08	47.53	62.54
june	58.65	50.87	67.08
july	111.69	69.16	68.15
aug	54.76	61.86	58.87
sept	2.24	61.97	61.69
oct	0.00	40.60	36.34
nov	0.00	22.44	37.92
dec	0.00	16.15	47.14
tot	347.71	655.32	501.09
APM	28.98	54.61	41.76
APD	0.95	1.80	1.37

PROPOSAL STATS

Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
Slush Pile x 3	150	37	113
Glue	5	1	4
Flip Flops	19	3	16
Death Sauce	2	0	2
Fired @ 59	9	3	6
Poetry	8	1	7
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	211	49	162
STORIES	Pitches	Rejections	Live
VARIOUS	38	5	33
07-Aug-22	249	54	195

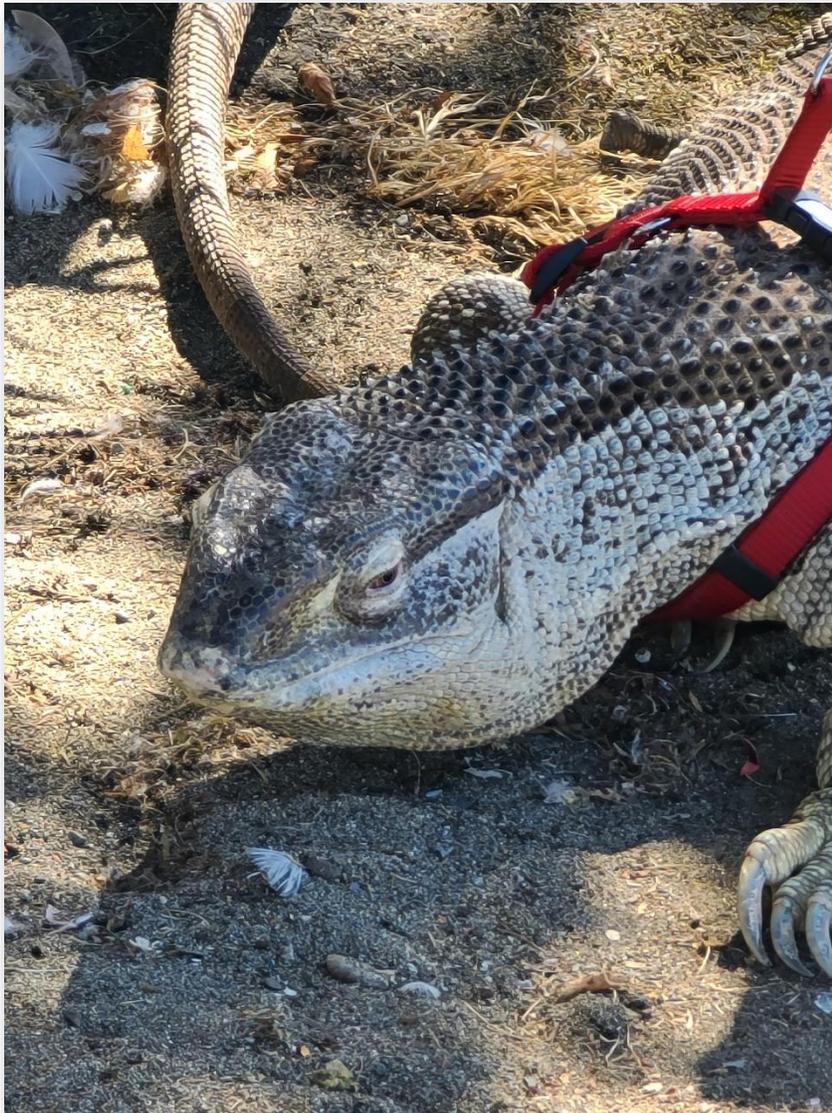
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3 IMAGES ↓↓↓



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PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

LINDSAY LAST MONTH



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LINDSAY LAST MONTH

ME ↓↓↓
TALE ↓↓↓



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LINDSAY LAST MONTH
琳赛上个月

A POEM ↓
A POEM ↓

SOCK DRAWER



DIRECTLY ABOVE, UNDERWEAR

EWE. STINKY.

WHO YOU?

TWELVE PAIRS

FIVE SINGLES

WHERE IS YOUR FAMILY?

A ONE-LEGGED MAN HOPS BY

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO WORK OUT

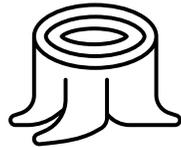
EWE. STINKY.

BOUNCE!

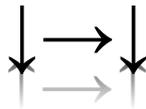
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READING A BOOK

IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE

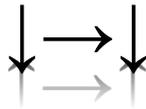


AND HALLUCINATING



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH
I H V L 2 V T T → 2 E E I O O I A E X L I A O N L I H



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THE BACK COVER
THE BACK COVER