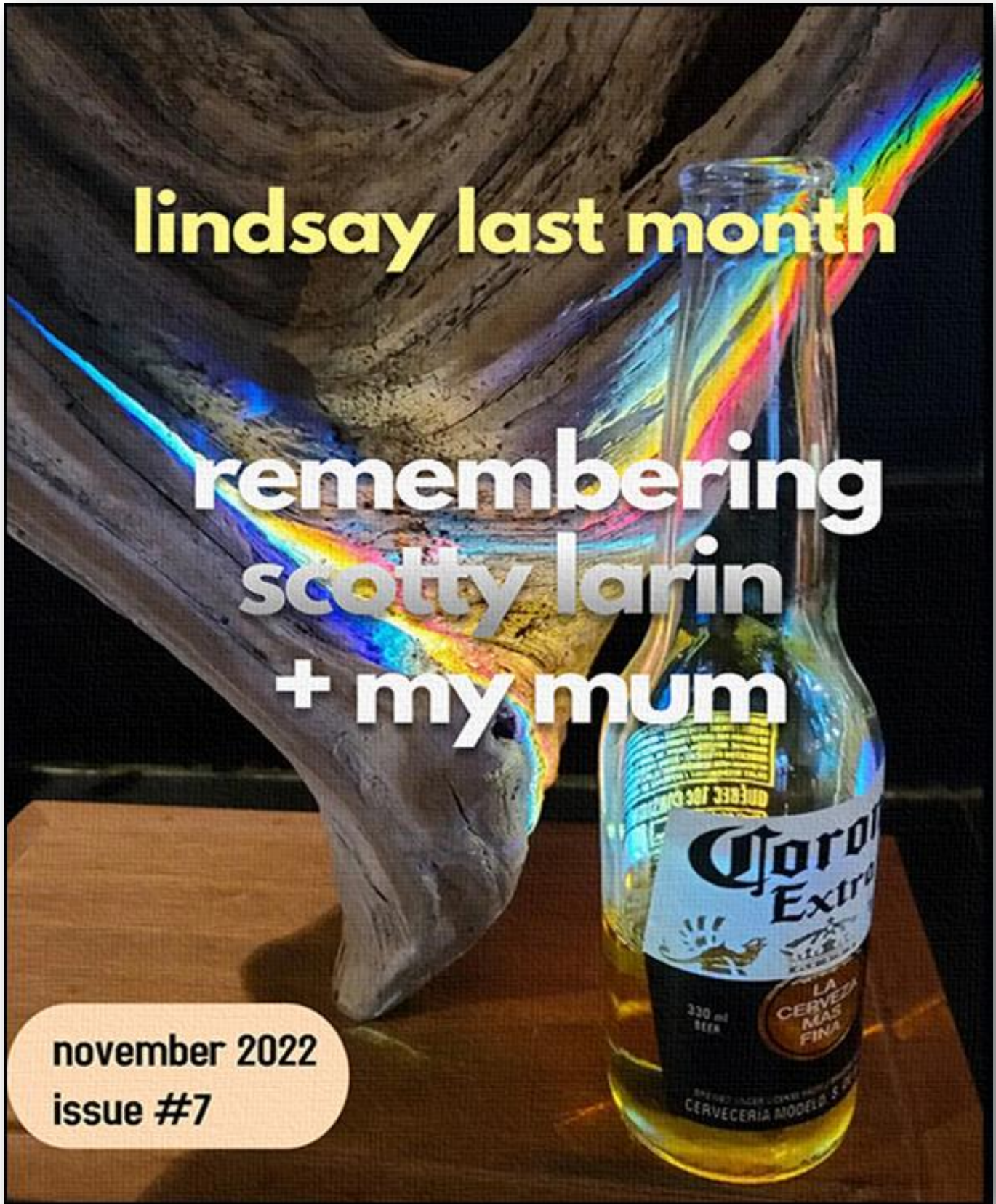


MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

lindsay last month

**remembering
scotty larin
+ my mum**

november 2022
issue #7



DISCLAIMER

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.

Welcome to October.

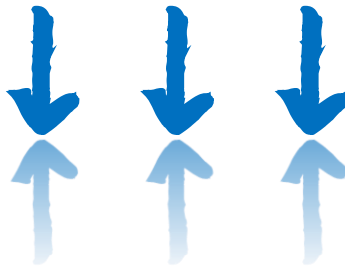
Summer has slipped by. And what a summer it was. I think it rained 9-minutes in September.

I can't believe this is Issue #7 of Lindsay Last Month – my experimental – highly personal monthly rag. It has taken me #7 Issues to come to a format (subject to change as my mind fills with ideas. Intro + Food + A Story + What I've Read + What I'm creating + Numbers (life + fitness) + Look at Me + A Poem (Humour).

October is a heavy month for me; my dear friend Scotty Larin died on the 15th (2020), + my mum (Bernice) died on the 15th (2016). Maybe, I need to change October to the 15th is a heavy day for me.

1

Anyhow, this issue is about remembering my mum and Scotty. I've decided to start it off with a story Dalton (name changed) where Scotty saved his life.



HERE WE GO →
HERE WE GO →

THE SLAP THAT SAVED MY LIFE
THE SLAP THAT SAVED MY LIFE



A story about great man.

I hadn't seen Dalton in several years. This was the first time since Scotty's death. We ran into each other at the FH. Dalton needed a sympathetic ear.

DALTON:

It's great to see you, Lindsay; I haven't seen you in many moons. I haven't been here in 8 years (he may have said 4). So, I struggled with coming in.

I miss Scotty terribly – he saved my life once.

I can't believe he's not here. When I was 19, he hired me.

He recruited me from a chicken restaurant up the street.

He saw how I handled customers and asked when I would come work for him. He asked every time I saw him. Eventually, I caved, and Scotty hired me. He looked out for me. Every day. He cared so much. He took care of me. I was 19, and he pushed me so I wouldn't stumble down the wrong path.

I stumbled; Scotty was always there to help me get up.

I was overdosing on PCP. Someone had drugged me at a bar up the street. I was in the back laneway, lying on the ground. The police were poking and shaking me. After he looked into my eyes, Scotty told the police I had to go to the hospital. The police were going to take me to the drunk tank. Scotty wouldn't let them. He made them take me to the hospital. If he hadn't, I'd be dead.

Scotty saved my life.

I miss him soooo much.

He was the community.

When I left FH for another job, it took me several weeks to give him my resignation letter – leaving Scotty was breaking my heart.

I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Scotty.

WELCOME TO ISSUE #7

Lindsay Wincherauk

Editor in Chief

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

OCTOBER 2022 → ISSUE #7
OCTOBER 2022 → ISSUE #7

IN THIS ISSUE

IN THIS ISSUE



THE SLAP THAT SAVED MY LIFE ↑↑↑
WE ATE THIS → LOST IN THE 50S DRIVE THRU

A STORY → REMEMBERING SCOTTY LARIN + MY MUM(S)

BOOKS I'VE READ THIS MONTH
ALL THE BOOKS I READ THIS YEAR

COMING SOON (MY CREATIONS)

NUMBERS

THREE PHOTOS

—

PHOTOS OF ME

1. JAMAICA ROAD RASH
2. THE ROAD TO SAN FRANCISCO
3. CARICATURE (SKETCHED BY: JOANNE DiTOMASSO)

—

A POEM → OUTSIDE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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

LOST IN THE 50s DRIVE THRU LOST IN THE 50s DRIVE THRU

7741 EDMONDS STREET, BURNABY, BC



4



LA KING BURGER = \$12.99 + Mum's Spicy Grilled Chicken - \$10.99

(w. fries + strawberry milkshake (\$6.99))

No Car. Drive Thru Why didn't I come here when I had wheels?

EAT HERE →



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

COMMEMORATION

REMEMBERING SCOTTY LARIN + MY MUM(S)



BERNICE: 2016 (15 OCTOBER 2016)



5

For me, this date on the calendar is a powerful emotional day filled with sorrow, reflection, and, strangely, joy, if I can get my emotional cards in the proper order.

On this date in 2016, my mum, Bernice, died. It was the second time my mother had died in my life. The first, Rebekah, wasn't my birth mother, but I didn't know. When I found out Rebekah wasn't my mother, my life began spinning in confusion as I dove into my past, searching for my identity and wondering why the people in my life had kept such a vital piece of who I am from me. To this date, I don't understand.

Rebekah was a remarkable woman, carrying a heavy burden. Stomach cancer took her away less

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

than two years after I had watched my father (not my birth father), Nicholas, lose his battle with the Big C.

On a cold, early December (1987) night (-37) in Saskatoon, it seemed Rebekah was winning her battle with the Big C until excruciating pain paid her a visit – Cancer wasn't going to be denied.

That night, when I returned home from the movies with friends, and it was apparent Rebekah had to return to the hospital. On the steps of our home, Rebekah, with tears pouring from her eyes, said to me, *"I'm never going to be home again, am I?"*

I lied.

Twenty-nine years later (2016), I was alongside my mum's (Bernice's) deathbed in Calgary. This was to be the *final visit* with her, and the *first time* I was to meet Bernice as my mother. *It wasn't pleasant.* Bernice lashed out at the world. It was the most extended conversation we ever had. I tried desperately to comfort her. I hugged her for the *second time* in my life – and told her I was given her my love and strength. As I left her room, I looked back; Bernice's eyes were teeming with tears. With her voice breaking, Bernice found the strength to speak and said, *"I'm never going to see you again, am I?"*

6

My body began quaking as soon as I left the room.

One week later, she died (October 15).

Our sporadic life together wasn't rosy. Playing a different role, Bernice constantly told me I wouldn't amount to much. I hated her. When I found out she was my mother, it devastated me.

As the years passed, my anger subsided; I couldn't fathom what she went through (deemed unfit as a mother because she wasn't married). After I was born, they immediately ripped me out of her arms. I was supposed to be adopted or sold. Nobody wanted me, so apparently, I was passed around like a hot potato until Nicholas + Rebekah took me out of obligation. I became a shameful family secret. Born in a place sanctioned by religion to fix wayward women, with the babies (me) never to be spoken of again. There used to be several places throughout Canada where these babies were born. Unfortunately, many babies didn't survive (sometimes the preferred result), and they buried those babies in these places, sanctioned by religion, a dark secret of Christianity.

I survived. My story is heart-wrenching, but I'm okay, thanks to the fantastic people who've meandered through my life.

I must thank my mum and dad, Rebekah + Nicholas. And without hesitation, I wish Bernice and I had different lives together. I'm sorry for what she had to endure. But I am grateful she brought me into the world.

RIP BERNICE

SCOTTY LARIN (15 OCTOBER 2016)

One of the fantastic people who meandered through my life is Scotty Larin. I had known Scotty for 18-19 years. I was watching TV almost two years ago (Thursday, October 15, 2020), and when I picked up my phone and scrolled Facebook, I found out the awful news of Scotty's death. Like when I left my mum's room, my body started uncontrollably shaking as tears blasted from my eyes. Not a day has passed since Scotty's passing, where he hasn't ambled into my mind. Sometimes Bernice, Rebekah, and Nicholas are there at the same time.

There are some people in life you don't realize how much of your heart they occupy. Scotty was one of those people. It's not like we hung out together or talked all the time; however, our interactions had a kindred bent – be that; the glowing smile on his face whenever we were in each other's company; or the sheer excitement taking over his face, like a little kid, when Scotty had a story to share.

In 2012, one of our friends had major surgery and was in a room at VGH.

Scotty wanted to see him.

I drove with him to the hospital.

We crossed the Cambie Bridge on the way to the Hospital, and the Granville Bridge on the way back downtown.

I joked, *"I think this is the first time Scotty has been over two bridges on the same day."*

If you knew Scotty, you'd understand.

Another time, Scotty was having surgery; I can't remember for what. He asked me to pick him up from the Day Surgery Clinic. Once again, if you knew Scotty, asking was a massive deal for him. So, I picked him up, picked up his meds on the way back to his place, and helped Scotty into his pad; I cringed when I saw the two or three sofas and the behemoth (bemouth would have worked – *inside writing joke*) television. I laughed and laughed. Scotty was incredibly thankful for the ride and companionship; my arms became littered with goosebumps.

One of the last times (a few Sundays before his death) I was with Scotty at the FH. He had just finished his shift. I was heading out the door to go home. Scotty grabbed me, gave me a warm embrace, and asked me to hang with him. Scotty had his takeout dinner with him. Scotty ordered us drinks, asked a server to heat his meal and put it on two plates. We shared a last meal together as he shared stories about his life. Scotty was drinking Coronas, and in true Scotty fashion, left a few ounces at the end of each bottle. This meal is a precious memory for me.

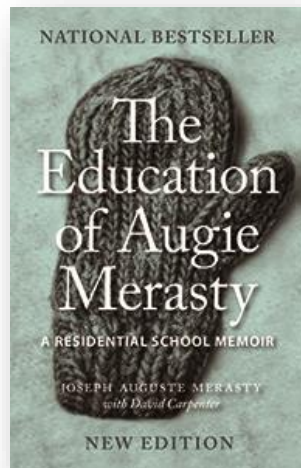
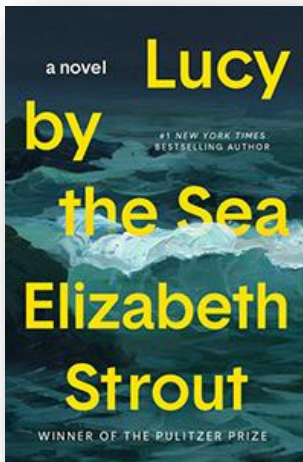
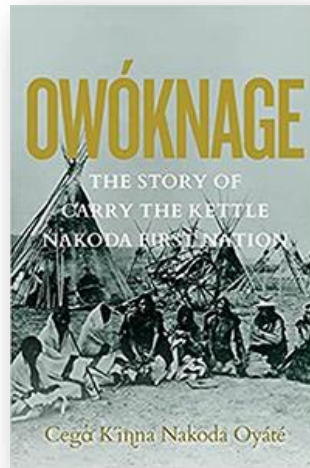
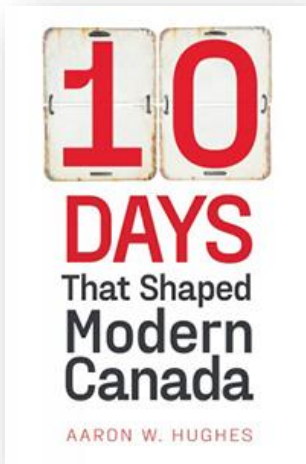
Scotty was a fierce friend. Scotty ardently looked out for the people, no matter who they were, who came into his life. We were all his family.

I miss you, Scotty. I'm one of the many people who loves you.

Much Love

RIP Scotty

I READ THESE THIS MONTH ↓↓↓↓↓↓



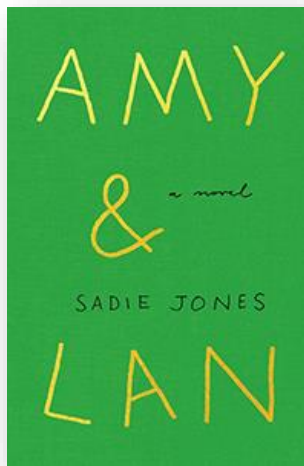
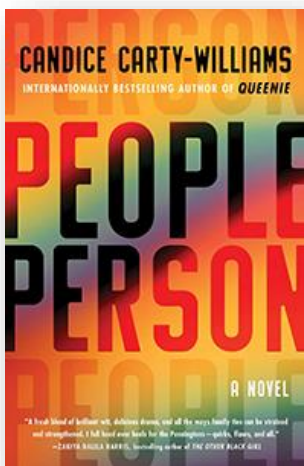
8

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

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 250 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

I READ THESE THIS MONTH ↓↓



9

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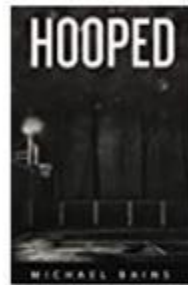
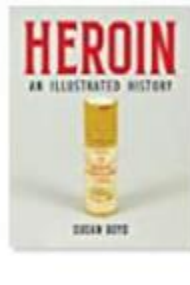
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WHAT ARE YOU READING?

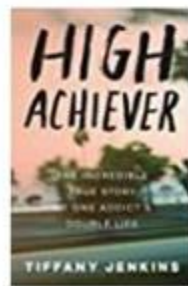
ALL THE BOOKS I'VE READ THIS YEAR ↓



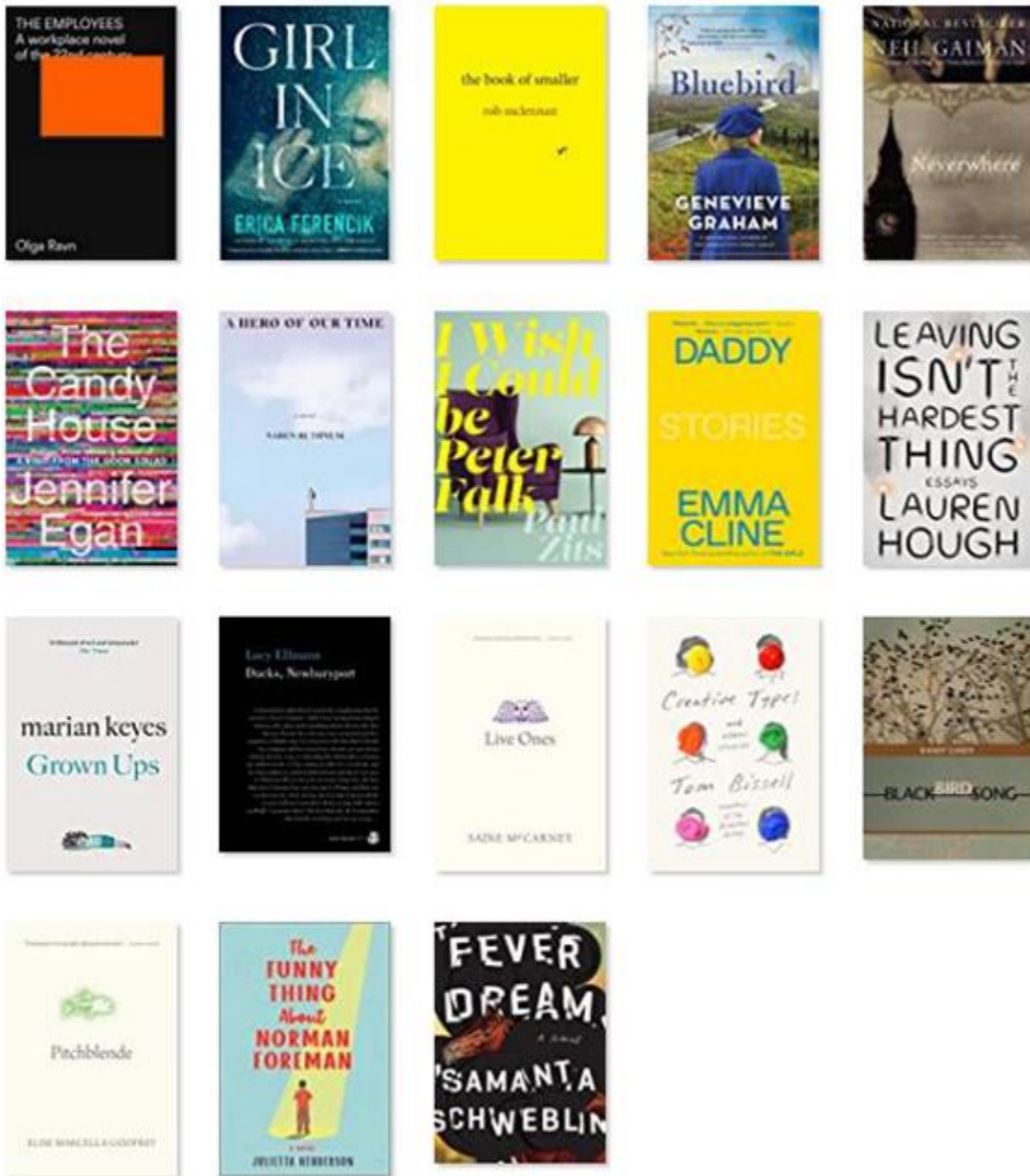
OCTOBER 2022 → ISSUE #7
ОКТОБЕР 2022 → ІЗДАВАННЯ #7



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OCTOBER 2022 → ISSUE #7



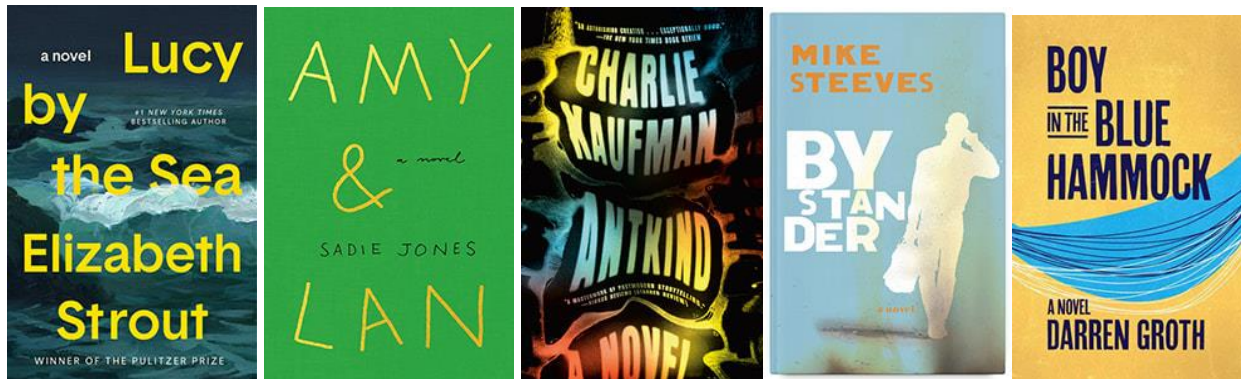
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TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 250 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ALL TIME FAVES FICTION ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

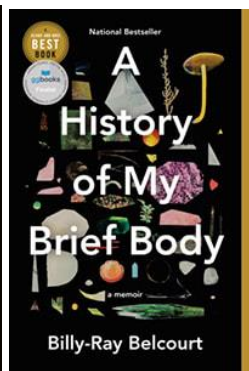
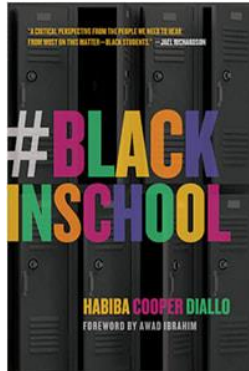
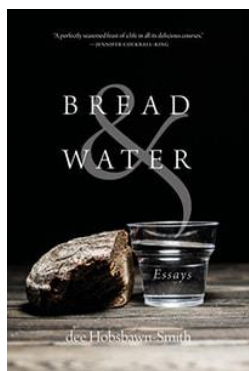
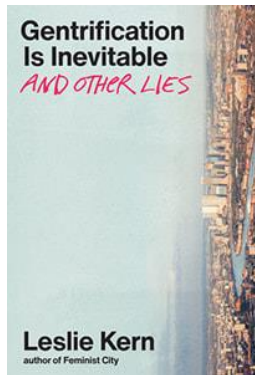
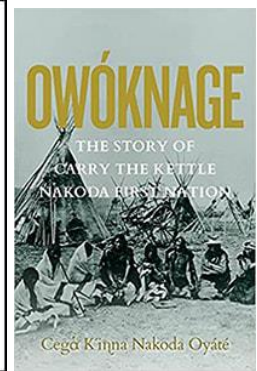
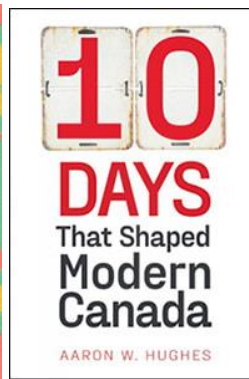
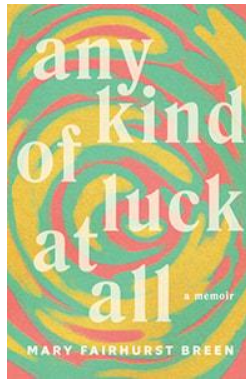
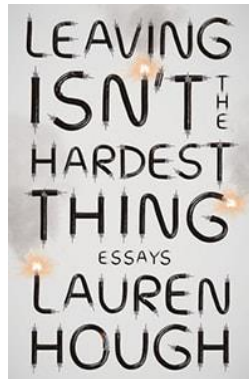
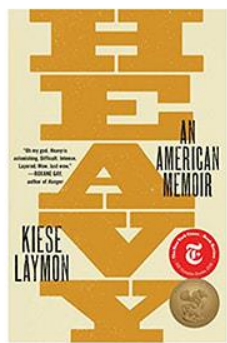


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VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

ALL TIME FAVES NON-FICTION ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

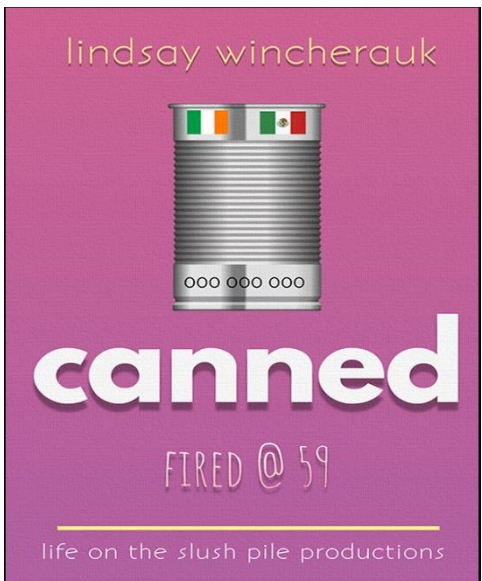
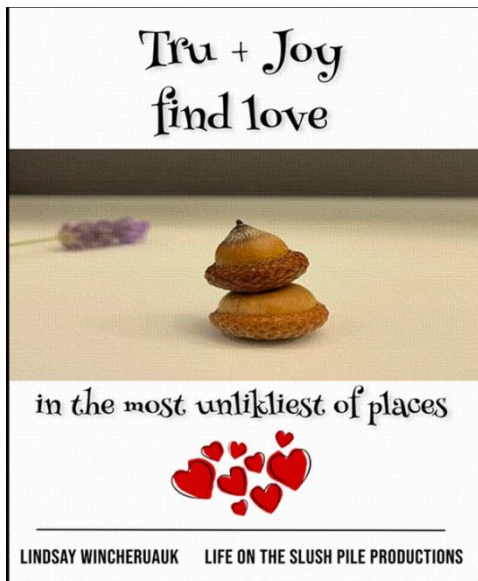
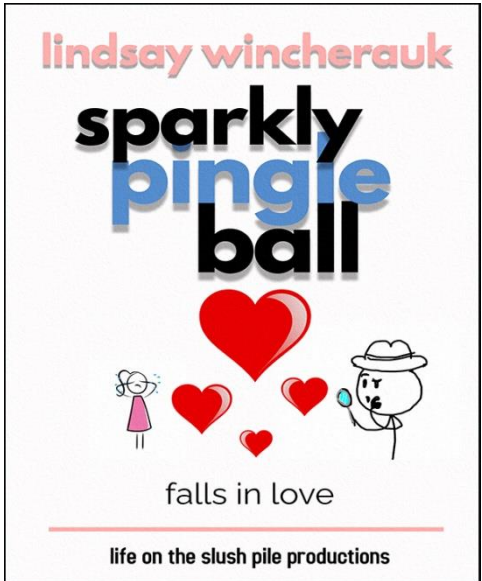
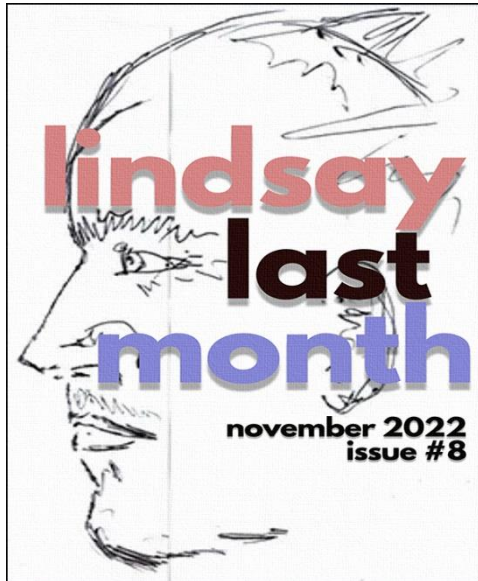


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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

COMING SOON FROM LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS



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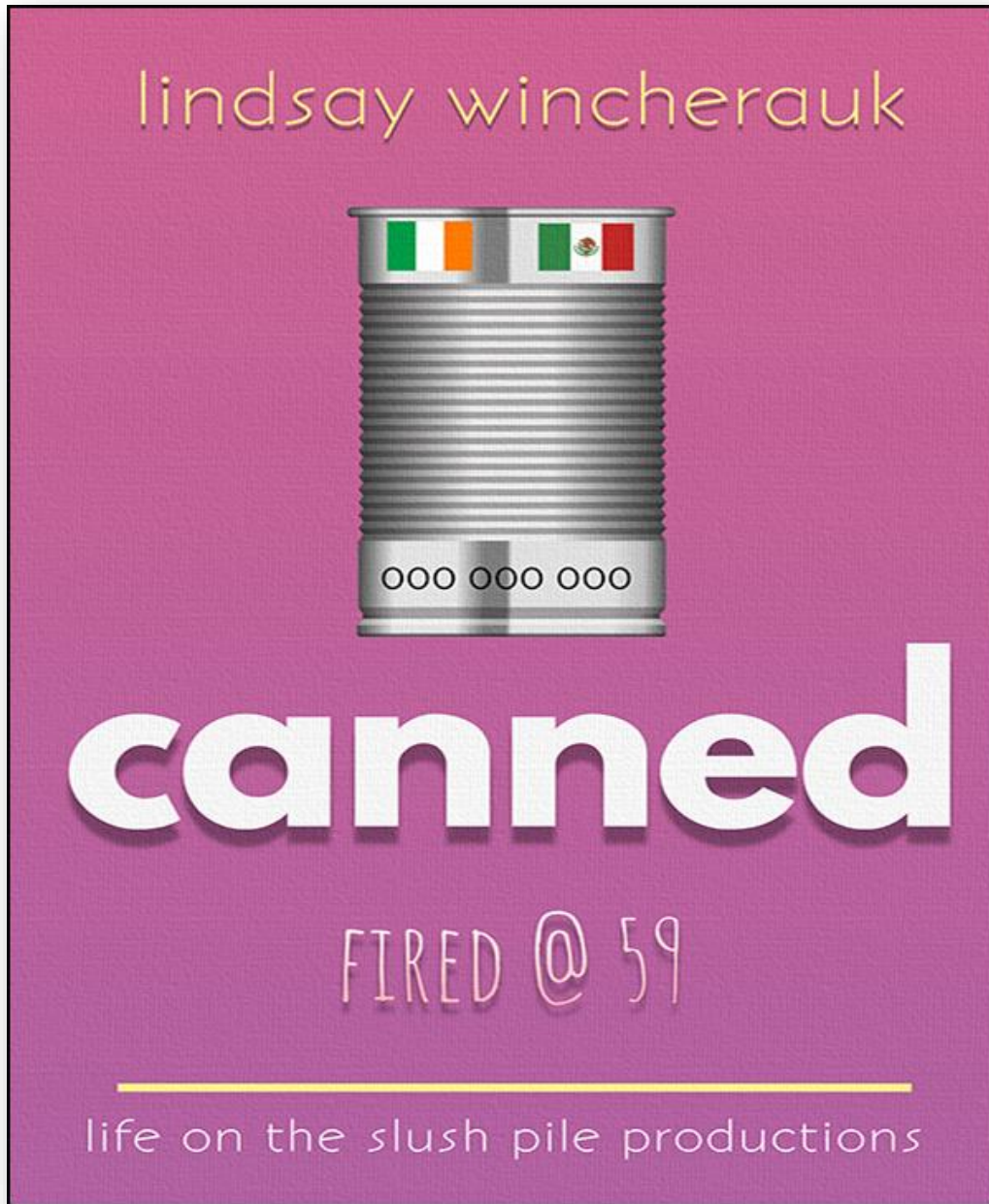
TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

OCTOBER 2022 → ISSUE #7

COMING SOON: FEATURED BOOK (COMING TO BOOKSTORES)



16

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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

NUMBERS ↓ ↓ ↓ (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

CREATIVE QUEST

FITNESS

THE LIFE OF A FAILED WRITER

WORKOUTS = 11
STEPS WALKED = 526,410

TOTAL PITCHES = 290

MILES WALKED = 268.41

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 48.0

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 232

(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)
(FILM + TELEVISION)

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 9

YIPPEE

MEDIA BLITZ = ONGOING

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING RETURNS — SLIGHTLY FAT

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

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MORE FITNESS STATS

WAKE TIME?? 21/12

18

MONTH	STEPS	MILES	LFW	JFW	MPD	SPD
January	236,579	110.84	184.1	152.1	3.58	7,631.58
February	236,747	114.30	186.8	153.7	4.08	8,455.25
March	367,922	184.83	189.7	156.4	5.96	11,868.45
April	272,488	134.17	160.5	193.1	4.47	9,082.93
May	267,773	129.05	163.2	196.0	4.16	8,637.84
June	678,889	327.99	162.0	189.4	10.93	22,629.63
July	1,243,230	624.61	162.0	186.3	20.15	40,104.19
August	628,753	306.24	162.0	185.9	9.88	20,282.35
September	526,410	268.41	162.0	184.2	8.95	17,547.00
October	0	0.00	162.0	190.2	0.00	0.00
November	0	0.00	152.1	175.5	0.00	0.00
December	0	0.00	152.1	178.1	0.00	0.00
YEAR	4,458,791	2,200.44		AVE	6.03	12,215.87
VERAGE	12,215.87	6.03				
MONTHLY AVE	371,565.92	183.37				

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

19

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

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	48.00	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	393.47	655.32	501.09
APM	32.79	54.61	41.76
APD	1.08	1.80	1.37

PROPOSAL STATS

Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
Slush Pile x 3	150	38	112
Glue	5	1	4
Flip Flops	19	3	16
Death Sauce	2	0	2
Fired @ 59	50	6	44
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	252	53	199
STORIES	Pitches	Rejections	Live
VARIOUS	38	5	33
01-Sep-22	290	58	232

3 IMAGES ↓↓↓
3 IMAGES ↓↓↓



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ME ↓↓↓
TALE ↓↓↓



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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ME ↓↓↓
TALK ↓↓↓



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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A POEM ↓

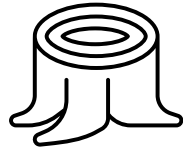
OUTSIDE

IF YOU TURN INSIDE — INSIDE OUT
YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF ON THE OUTSIDE
BUT IF YOU TURN OUTSIDE — INSIDE OUT
THERE IS NO GUARANTEE YOU WILL BE INDOORS
WHAT?

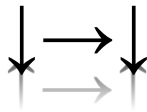
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READING A BOOK

IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE

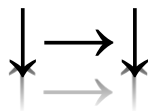


AND HALLUCINATING



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH
THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



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THE BACK COVER
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