

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS



lindsay
last
month

november 2022
issue #8

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.

NOVEMBER 2022 → ISSUE #8

hell



in a
handbasket

A STORY BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

NOVEMBER 2022 → ISSUE #8

LLM: Adult Content Warning

May Contain Profanity

Surrey City Hall



MARK TWAIN



DEBI JOHNSTONE

... ..
UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES, PROFANITY
PROVIDES A RELIEF DENIED EVEN TO PRAYER. - MT

... ..
DOUG MCCALLUM IS A SCALY-FACED MOTHERFUCKER. -DJ

... ..
PAINTINGS BY PICASSO

LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

NOVEMBER 2022 → ISSUE #8

HELL IN A HANDBASKET



[HTTPS://WWW.REDBUBBLE.COM/](https://www.redbubble.com/)

Is the world going to crap in a handbasket – whatever-the-fuck-that means?
A USA lawmaker fires a gun, says it is his second amendment right to fire a gun, and tweets his gun-firing with #firenancypelosi.

Violent stranger crime is rampant on city streets around the world – as financial suffering and mental health issues hit home every-fucking-day.

The news keeps telling us we are not safe.

The world is in an uproar. We must keep the fuckers in jail, frenzied citizens shout.

4

In bars worldwide, people quaffing ales debate this:

THROW THEM ALL IN JAIL.

AND THROW AWAY THE KEYS.

I understand the outrage. But I'm not sure the answer is as simple as that. And besides, which one of the ale quaffers, *many of which do not suggest solutions except for LOCK THEM UP*; decides what warrants LOCK THEM UP FOREVER.

Is rehabilitation off the table?

How big do prisons have to be?

Are you so special you've never encountered hardships?

Fuck.

I'm 32 months into being fired for being older, and my legal case still hasn't been resolved.

What will the SCREAMERS say if they see me on the sidewalk begging?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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Will they deem me to be mentally ill?

Will compassion be thrown in jail with repeat offenders?

Fuck.

Quit swearing.

Debi Johnstone seems to think it is okay.

I understand the frustration of those drinking in bars – and everyone else.

Like everyone else, I also don't know what to do.

I don't think it is hiding the keys

...

Aren't the repeat offenders watching the news?

5

Ask better questions.

Well?

You'd think the repeat offenders would understand we are coming for them?

Does the lawmaker in the USA firing the gun and promoting violence qualify as an offender?

Is amping up the mentally disorganized to commit violent acts a criminal offense?

...

An atmospheric river rolls through British Columbia. I walk past the 7/11 doorman.
He's freezing.

He looks broken.

He sleeps outside.

He's scum.

I didn't say that.

What I will say: I feel awful that his life has deposited him homeless during an atmospheric river. Or ever.

He did this to himself. He made his bed. Something is not clicking in his mind.

You don't get to decide.

6 You are right. I don't have the credentials. Who does?

Wouldn't those who can diagnose other's, have to be slightly mentally disorganized themselves?

I don't know the answer to your question.

I don't, either.

LOCK THEM UP.

Where?

Let's build a 700-storey penitentiary scratching the heavens above. We can fire the most heinous offenders (and repeat offenders) into suites on the upper floors, with balconies without railings.

What would that solve?

A magnificent view on clear days.

Atmospheric rivers are coming.

I don't think repeat offenders watch the news. I don't think they know how despised they are?

A Civil War is brewing in the USA.
No, it's not.

I hope not.

You're the one.

I think critically.

That's what you call this?

Yes.

If the Civil War breaks out, what do people think will happen?

Excuse me, are you Democrat or Republican?

Well, because you are wearing blue... Democrat.

Sucker, it's a costume. BLAM.

Excuse me, sir... yes... you... the one wearing blue. BLAM.

But I'm just like you.

Colours. Colours. I'm a nightmare walking - psychopath talking - King of my jungle - just a gangster stalking - living life like a firecracker quick is my fuse. Then dead as a deathpack the colours (Americanize it) colors I choose. Red or Blue, 'Cause or Blood, it just don't matter. Suckers dive for your life when my shotgun scatters...

OMG, Ice T wasn't rapping about the Crips + Bloods.

If neighbours start... neighbours... will that leave Elon Musk in charge?

Are humans insane?

Rhetorical.

...

In the meantime, a mayor (when he was a mayor) of Surrey, British Columbia, Canada, claimed a woman drove over his foot at a Supermarket (a few years back), the News tells us this is a serious offence, and he could go to jail for 5 years, for lying.

TRUMP

#firenancypelosi

This story is extensively covered.

| Apology Alert |

The alleged driver (see Picasso paintings) called the ex-mayor *a scaly-faced motherfucker*. And the new mayor seems to be on board.

I watched the coverage. My heart raced. Here's why the apology alert was announced: The alleged driver and the new mayor – sorry to say this – *no, I'm not*; look like Karins'.

8

Did you really type that?

No. You did.

Are you mentally disorganized?

Of course, I am.

I don't know who my father is – and I've been listening to the noise.

These two things are not conducive to a well-organized mental filing cabinet.

And did I tell you, I'm 48% Norwegian?

...

Are we, fucking doomed?

...

In 2009, my friend (62 AT THE TIME – Ritchie Dowrey) was punched in the head in a Gay Bar; *he died, never regaining who he was*; the puncher (Shawn Woodward) was sentenced to 6 years – he was out in 2).

The Ex-Surrey Mayor might get 5 years. DJ screams, the truth will come out; this is about Justice.

The Ex Surrey-Mayor is a piece of excrement. The new white woman mayor + DJ are also....?

9

A man stabs a stranger; he's out the next day, *don't do that anymore, junkie*, the courts slap him on the wrist.

Fuck

The weatherman is dressed as Elvis.

Scaly-faced motherfucker.

Not the weatherman.

...

The Atmospheric Rivers are coming. The temperature is plummeting. I want to get indoors.

Please throw me in jail.

I know I'll smash some windows.

SLAP.

Shit. I'm back on the street. *Hey stranger.* **Punch.**

SLAP.

WTF do I have to do to get inside? I need help. *Hey stranger, look at this machete.*

SLAP.

Fuck. I'm outside again. If I hunch over more, I can pick up the white flecks on the ground and fire up a pipe.

Smash another window.

Punch another stranger.

Pull out a weapon.

Shit. Are you breathing?

No?

SLAP.

Seriously.

I don't want to drown.

Do you really believe the above?

I don't know?

I'm not sure what to believe anymore.

I don't know what I'd do if my life unravelled.

Don't you see your cardiologist today?

I do.

Good luck.

Thanks....

LET'S RECAP

If you believe the noise, the USA is on the precipice of falling apart.
It's a shame we are renting the attic from a violent repeat offender.

Build a wall.

You know there are airplanes, don't you?

Yes.

As for Canada, we might be close behind.

And the rest of the world.

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This sure turned dystopian.

Gaia seems to be pissed.

Atmospheric River.

Make it rain.

Are we at a strip club, or are we Johnny Manziel?

The Canucks are drinking for free. Free advertising by the Media. Are we all suckers?

Who is Johnny Manziel?

Did you research this rant?

Some of the spelling; the rest, not so much. This is: a scaly-faced motherfucking rant.

.....

Turn this positive. You are what you think.

I'm 62. I'm seeing a cardiologist. Some scaley-faced motherfuckers are attempting to send me to financial Armageddon – by refusing to present me with the gold watch I earned by enriching them.

It's hard to find the positives.

The scales of justice are allowing↑↑↑ this to happen.

I'm upset. But not defeated.

I get up every day; think and then, crank out words.

I have 271 active proposals floating through the Universe looking for someone, likely 30 years younger than me, to validate my writing – like a parking ticket.

Oh, I mentioned 7/11 before. Every time I buy chips, they try to get me to sign up for their rewards program.

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I got to thinking.

I have an AMEX CC with Marriot Rewards.

I have a Shopper's Optimum Card.

If I get three more vaccines punched on my vaccine punch card: I qualify for a free heroin shot.

What's the difference between these↑↑↑?

I want a hotdog.

WELCOME TO ISSUE #8

Lindsay Wincherauk

Editor in Chief

MCCALLUM'S FIRST DAY IN THE PENITENTIARY

DURING THE WALK TO HIS CELL

Fresh. Fresh. Fresh.

THE FIRST DAY IN THE YARD WHEN HE'S CHALLENGING THE PRISON MONSTER TO GAIN CREDIBILITY.

PRISON ANNOUNCER

In this corner, Slash stands 6' 5" -330 pounds of rippling muscle. Slash has a severed head tattooed on his right bicep; Mum is inscribed under it. His left bicep is wrapped in barbed wire. Barbed wire.

Slash, can I ask you what you are in for?

SLASH

Well, I was hungry. I decapitated mum and ate her. For my dessert, I ate her extended family; two sisters, a brother (my aunts and uncles) and their goldfish. I would have gotten away with it, but unfortunately, I passed mum's wedding ring with her finger still attached. So that's how I got busted.

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PRISON ANNOUNCER

How long will you be staying with us?

SLASH

Three weeks. If I behave, I will be out this Friday.

PRISON ANNOUNCER

It is rumoured, previously; Slash ate an entire South American soccer team. He got off on a technicality.

PRISON ANNOUNCER

In the other corner, we have Scaly-Face McCallum.

Scaly-Face, how long have you been sentenced for; and for what?

MCCALLUM

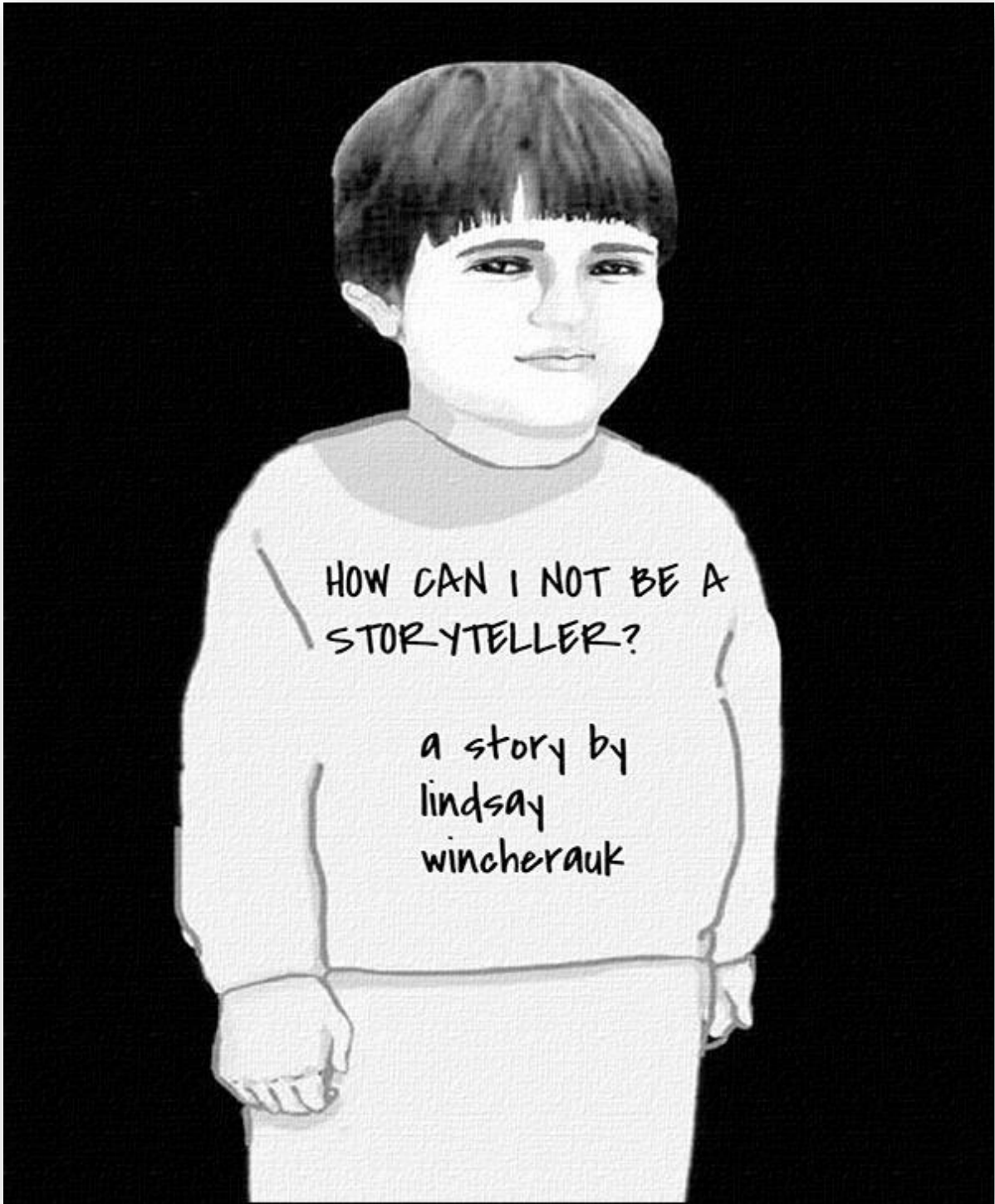
I got 5 years. I told a fib about my foot being ran over.

PRISON ANNOUNCER

McCallum is down. Slash missed him with a wild swing – McCallum has collapsed to the ground, screaming; *he hit me, he hit me, I'll build you a 70,000-seat stadium.* Oh my, Slash is about to finish him off –

WARDEN

Slash, you are free to go –



HOW CAN I NOT BE A STORYTELLER?

Every month, when Jay and I, pay our rent; I'm reminded The Justice of the Supreme Court of Zimbabwe (1990-2001) under Robert Mugabe is our landlord – along with his wife Sue.

Seriously.

And I was told (not every month), Johnny Cash wrote a song about my cousin; Alexandra Wiwarchuck (Google it), because Colin Thatcher (the Saskatchewan Premier's son at the time) murdered her on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River in Saskatoon, way back in 1962. An unsolved murder.

Or so I was told by my parents. Who were not my birth parents.

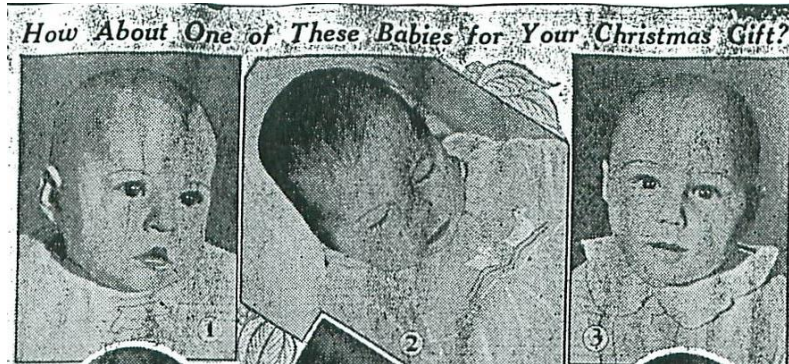
Thatcher murdered his wife, JoAnn Wilson (1984) in Regina, while he was a cabinet minister (Saskatchewan).

SOME PEOPLE SAY EVERYTHING HAPPENS FOR A REASON

THE ONE THING MY LIFE HAS MADE ABUNDANTLY CLEAR IS MY REASON FOR BEING ON THIS EARTH IS TO SHARE STORIES.

I MUST BELIEVE THIS!

On July 16, 1960, I was born in a horrible place (Beulah House – Edmonton, Alberta) where women out of wedlock who were deemed unfit were sent to birth their illegitimate spawns to save families from the prying eyes and judgement of the community and religion, and to fend off the inevitable onslaught of shame. If the babies and mothers survived, the babies were immediately ripped from their mother's arms and either adopted by farm families or sold to wealthy families.



Baby Adoption Offered As Christmas Gift Idea

How about doing part of your Christmas shopping in the basement of the legislative building this year?

Here's the idea, as proposed by C. B. Hill, child placement officer in the department of child welfare. "What could make a grander Christmas present than a darling baby?" Mr. Hill asks, revealing that he now has available for adoption some of the finest babies he has ever seen in his 24 years as official "baby man" for the provincial government.

"... He who gives a child a home builds palaces in Kingdom come," wrote John Masefield, England's poet laureate. But isn't that just part of the story? Isn't adopting a baby sort of a double-barreled Christmas gift, benefitting the otherwise neglected child by giving it a home and also bringing joy and happiness into that home to benefit the foster parents? He who adopts a baby provides a Christmas present both for himself and placed thousands of deserted and neglected children in Alberta homes. They have been adopted by professional men, members of parliament, farmers, business men, clergymen and others. Many of the children placed are now grown men and women, making successful careers for themselves in various spheres of life.

Mr. Hill now has a fine group of babies for adoption. Information about them can be obtained by applying to his office in the basement of the legislative building or telephoning him at his office, 916-258, or home, 23937.

Mr. Hill emphasizes that babies can be taken on trial before final legal adoption procedure is carried out. The desire is to secure a good home for the children and to have the foster parents completely satisfied.

The child placement department is a unit of the child welfare branch in the department of health in charge of Hon. Dr. W. W. Cross, T. ...

- Edmonton Journal

As for the unfit women, religion-sanctioned actions were taken to fix them for them to become marriage material.

I was born in a secret place. I was to be sold or adopted out to a farm family. My mother was never to speak of me again – religion was going to fix her to become suitable for marriage after I was long gone. I was an afterthought; I survived, I’m okay. Sort of –

Adopted out or aborted – I’m here. A choice was made. I’m happy to be here.

Many of the mothers and babies died during childbirth.

Does this sound like residential schools?

I cannot count the number of times when sharing my upset – friends have said, “it was the times.” – as if that would make me feel better.

Do you have abandonment issues?

You think?

I was neither adopted nor sold; rumour has it; I was passed around like a hot potato, forcing everyone in my family into a lifelong lie. I guess I was too ugly.

The fucking times.

I knew no different.

I traipsed through life with blinders on (I am half blind) – vital pieces I needed to make me whole were missing. *They call it vital for a reason.*

Everyone in my family was forced into different roles; aunts became sisters, uncles became brothers.

My father became...?

I was the youngest of seven.

As I continued weaving through my days, I screamed, "LOOK AT ME."

I became an all-star second baseman and city and provincial champion.

And I'm a record-holding, one-eye-blind, city, provincial, and national champion, hall(s) of fame quarterback.

In my twenties, I watched first, my father die (the day after I turned 25), and less than two years later, I watched my mother die. The BIG-FUCKING-C took them away after my brother and I—had visited them over 1500 times, as the doors between the hospital and home had been oiled and ever-revolving.

On my mother's last night at home, when I was tasked with taking her back to the hospital, on the steps of our home on a blustery -35 Celsius night, we stopped, and with tears freezing on her face, mum looked up at me and said, "I'm never going to be home again, am I?"

I lied.

I hate lying.

After my mother died, her demise left me to my accord to cobble the shattered pieces of my life together.

Some thirty-five years later, the only time I hear from family is when someone is sick, dying, or has already passed?

Why don't you reach out to them?

Our psyche doesn't work that way.

I moved to Vancouver.

While attempting to purchase a hotel in Negril, Jamaica, I crashed a motorcycle; and I, visited Panama during a military coup (Manuel Noriega).

I've played basketball with Fox Mulder.

Had breakfast with The Thing.

And I've brushed past the Dalai Lama, in a shopping mall food court.

You're making this all up.

No.

In 2003, after two months when five people in my life died.
And my relationship crumbled.
And finding out by accident; while obtaining a new birth certificate, everything in my life had been a lie.

This news was broke to me, when a civil servant after telling me they couldn't renew my birth certificate because the information I provided did not match theirs.

She asked, "Could you phone your parents and ask them who your real parents are?"

I was no longer the youngest of seven.

When I told one person who used to be a brother, I knew the partial truths about me; he told me my mother, *my sister*, had a daughter three years after I was born.

I became the oldest of two.

My longest, in both length and relationship duration, girlfriend, is three years younger than me and adopted.

She couldn't be...?

Four months later, while in Munich, Germany, my friend Wayne read to me over the phone the identities of my birth parents. My mother... argh... a sister who repeatedly told me I'd be a failure. And my father, I didn't know.

In November 2006, I met my birth father in Vancouver during a windstorm. He welcomed me into his family with open arms.

I was now one of four.

Two weeks later, I phoned my new father to tell him my mother had lied on my birth registration, and he wasn't my father.

My father died figuratively, a second time.

I returned to being the oldest of two.

You are making this all up.

No.

I kept traipsing through life. Never giving up. And trying to cobble together the missing pieces of me to become whole.
I became silent.

Like those who tried to ease my pain by blaming the times, I can't count the number of times when someone (friends) said, "a lot of people come from..." or "a lot of people were...."

Bye, Bye, Bye.

When I shared my new truths, one friend, who is no longer a friend, dared to say, "It all makes sense now. We all wondered what was wrong with you."

I wish I was making this up.

You are better off without them.

I don't want to be alone.

Let someone in.

How?

I kept moving.

I found more pieces.

I'm grateful

I have some fantastic () people in my life, and I must keep sharing my story.

In 2009, I witnessed a 62-year-old friend being punched in the head in a gay bar. The punch was devastating, causing irreversible brain damage. I stopped the assaulter on the street and asked him why he did it? He said, "He was a faggot. He deserved it." My friend never regained who he was and died a couple of years later. The assaulter was charged with a hate crime and sentenced to six years. He was out in two. My friend died from the punch. They asked me to speak in front of a crowd of 5,000 at 'Enough is Enough' – a rally against violence. I was extremely nervous. Afterward, some people (I knew, not friends) said I blew it. I needed to talk more about them.

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I received a call from a cousin who used to be a niece. My mother, who used to be a sister, was dying.
I travelled to Calgary to be with her (October 2016). We hadn't seen each other in almost twenty-nine years; back when our mother died.

On this bitterly cold, blustery day, just like the first time my mother died—I met my mother for the first time; as my mother—as she lay on her deathbed. For ninety minutes, I tried to birth a relationship with her—it was the most we had ever talked. She was bitter. Angry. Resentful. “My father wasn't a good man,” she said. When I found the strength to say goodbye, I hugged her for only the second time in our lives; the first was the night our mother died. On that night, when we broke the embrace, her tears instantly dried, and she asked me if I could find somewhere else to stay because they needed the house (my house) for the relatives who were coming to Saskatoon. On this afternoon, beside her death bed, was our second hug—I gave her my love and strength, and then she said with her voice breaking, “I'm never going to see you again, am I?”

I returned to Vancouver, and when I shared my story with a friend, he said, “A lot of people come from fucked up families.”

Telling me to shut up would have been kinder.

It was the times.

Fuck off.

One week later, my mother died for a second time.

Abandonment...

Fuck off.

I don't want to be alone. I am not sure it is fair to have anyone in my life to share my pain with—it's too-fucking-much.

Are you okay?

How?

I kept moving. Trying. Cobbling. Telling stories.

I performed stand-up twice.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I landed a career with a company that preys on the suffering of those on the fringes of society. I was a model employee for almost fifteen years, bringing respect and understanding to our employees.

I survived a stroke.

I received more calls from family about sickness and death.

When the pandemic hit, I was relieved of my duties, tossed out with the bathwater, so to speak, likely because I was getting older.

On Day 1 of the pandemic, I was thrust on the shelf – never to be taken off again.

The people I worked for showed zero regard for the emotional (depression) and the economic toll their decision inflicted on me.

For almost fifteen years, I was a model employee; now, like hundreds of thousands of other aging workers, I had become disposable.

I stood up for myself. Seeking respect and...?

Not another word.

Okay.

Anyway, it has taken me nearly sixty-two years to realize I have something to give back to the world, my experiences, good and bad.

The people I worked for disagreed. They blocked me from... and then dared to have a representative of their assassination of me; call me a 'failed writer' who has no business chasing my 'dreams.'

Seriously.

Their representative went on to say I should do as I was told.

I'm now sixty-two. I was fifty-nine when the company tossed me out like a piece of trash. Not one of them has reached out to see if I'm okay.

Almost fifteen years as a model employee, never missing a day; what do their actions say about them?

Rhetorical.

Every day; I've said this before, I get up, think, and write.
I currently have over 123 story ideas percolating.
I have 16 manuscripts I'm pitching.
I will never give up.

Oh, I almost forgot; I found out I'm 48% Norwegian.

A lot of people are Norwegian.
Fuck off.

I might find out who my father is (was) for the third time.
If I do, I may no longer be the oldest of two.

You can't know who someone is until you have walked a mile or two or a thousand in their shoes. Sometimes if you've been through much—how can anyone ever get close to you? How? Your pain is too much and unrelenting. You think heartache is usual; it's no big deal.

IT'S THE BIGGEST DEAL

You need to talk.

I need to talk.

I need to tell stories.

I've been through much; a seemingly never-ending litany of trauma.

So much friggen litany I need to break the trauma into parts.

So much friggen litany I'm only sharing events starting in 2016.

GO

I don't share to garner sympathy

I share for understanding. And to extend an olive branch.

Understand my resolve.

My empathy.

My compassion.

I have stories to share.

LITANY

MARCH 2016 – JANUARY 2020

- 25 March 2016: My youngest niece/cousin (Allison), died.
- 21 June 2016: My childhood friend, Bernard Hrapchak, died.
- 8 October 2016: I met my mother (Bernice) (for the first time as my mother) alongside her deathbed.
- 15 October 2016: She died.
- 21 December 2016: my youngest sister/aunt (Beverly), died.
- April 2017: I was diagnosed with Sarcoidosis. An environmentally (workplace) caused inflammatory disease.
- 5 January 2018: I suffered a catastrophic stroke.
- 14 February 2018: A close friend, Jeff V, died.
- 16 February 2019: my uncle, Gordon, died.
- November 2019: I was diagnosed with an Alpha One Deficiency (A life-ending genetic disease that destroys the lungs). At the time of the diagnosis, I had already reached the life-expectancy date for those inflicted with this disease.
- 1 June 2019: I was transferred to the Surrey Office. After saying numerous times transferring me might be a death sentence because of the stroke.
- 12 December 2019: my ex-roommate and friend, Jason D, died.
- January 2020: I received encouraging news. The Alpha One, diagnosis was wrong.

MORE LITANY

JANUARY 2020 – 9 SEPTEMBER 2022

- 16 July 2020: Turned 60.
- 29 September 2020: I had life saving throat surgery.
- The people I used to work for tried to weaponize my surgery against me.
- 15 October 2020: Close friend, Scotty Larin, died. The same date my mum (sister), Bernice, died (see previous).
- 29 June 2021: Legal Deposition.
- 16 July 2021: Turned 61.
- 12 December 2021: My aunt (sister) Sadie, died. The same calendar date as my (grand)mum, Rebekah, died, and my ex-roommate, Jason D, died.
- 17 December 2021: Heart Episode (Emergency Room).
- 29 December 2021: Heart Ct scan.
- 7 January 2022: I now have a cardiologist.
- 15 February 2022: Heart MRI.
- 25 March 2022: Ex-girlfriend, Dannell P, died.
- 1 April 2022: Heart Stress Test.
- 9 September 2022: Counteroffer Proposal sent to people who canned me). 911 days after my termination.
- 16 July 2022: Turned 62.

As much as what you've just digested is extreme.
It's all true.
Why would I ever lie?

I know I've been put on this earth to tell stories. And when I'm not crying or shaking, I mask my pain with humour.

A NOTE ABOUT OUR LANDLORD

In 2021 (November), he and his wife, Sue, came to our home; I greeted them clad only in boxer shorts and a t-shirt. He used to be The Justice of the Supreme Court of Zimbabwe. I greeted a former Justice of the Supreme Court of Zimbabwe wearing nothing more than boxers and a t-shirt.

Seriously.

How can I not be a storyteller?
Rhetorical.

**YOU WILL FIND MORE ABOUT EVERYTHING ABOVE ↑↑↑ INSIDE
THE PAGES OF MY MEMOIRS (AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST)**

**LINDSAY
GLUE
CANNED: FIRED @ 59
E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L**

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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IN THIS ISSUE



HELL IN A HANDBASKET ↑↑↑
HOW CAN I NOT BE A STORYTELLER ↑↑↑

WE ATE THIS → THE FRYING PAN

A STORY → 48% NORWEGIAN: 1 APPLICATION

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

COMING SOON (MY CREATIONS)

NUMBERS

THREE PHOTOS

—

PHOTOS OF ME

1. READING IN STANLEY PARK
2. JAMAICAN ROAD RASH
3. 30TH BIRTHDAY BOAT CRUISE

—

A POEM → KNOCK. KNOCK.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓↓↓

THE FRYING PAN

1110 DENMAN STREET, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA



34



Double Decker = \$17.50 (Hot) + Waffle Fries - \$5.90

The top of my head became steamy! Yummy for my tummy!

EAT HERE → 👍

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

48 % 
NORWEGIAN



lindsay wincherauk

28% Eastern European & Russian
17% Scottish
4% Irish
3% Balkan
1% Finish

Subject to change without notice.

1. APPLICATION

How may I help you?

I'd like to apply for your organization.

You'd like to apply for our organization?

Yes.

Yes?

Do you know who we are?

Yes.

Yes?

Black Life's Matter?

I know.

You know?

Yes.

Yes?

Didn't I see you at the Insurrection, and some fucking Freedom Rally?

You saw me at the Insurrection and the Freedom Rally?

I did.

You did?

Yeah, that was me.

That's what I thought.

You thought right.

So, why the fuck are you here?

Why the fuck am I here?

Why the fuck are you here?

Why are you repeating everything I say?

Active listening.

Active listening?

Yes.

Yes?

Yes.

Why do you want to join us? Do you know what we stand for?

Black people? All lives? All black people matter? Barbeque?

What?

I heard their was going to be a barbeque?

What's wrong with you?

Me?

Is their anyone else here?

37

No.

Then, you?

I want to join. Let me join. Join. Join. Join. Joiny.

Quit saying join.

OK.

Let me join.

You don't belong here.

I need to belong somewhere.

Not here.

HERE.

No.

How about here?

You just moved over a few feet.

No, I didn't.

Yes, you did.

Anyway, let me join.

No.

Why?

Look in this mirror, you are pasty.

It's winter.

You can't join. And besides, why would you want to be part of our organization? You're a bleeping racist. White supremacist. I saw you on TV with an assault rifle strapped across your chest in Wisconsin.

That was different. You people were destroying businesses. I had to protect a hardware store. When does the barbeque start? I'm not racist. I'm a patriot. I want in your organization.

38

No.

You have to let me in. It says on your brochures: inclusive.

We don't have brochures.

Then, where did I see it?

Okay, maybe you can join, tell me one good reason we should allow you in?

I have a black friend.

No, you don't.

Yes, I do, his name is Mike, he was in the background at all the former presidents rallies. His black friend. And my black friend.

I heard he'd been dropped on his head.

Yeah, I heard that too, I heard his favourite movie was The Jerk, apparently his life is a reverse version of The Jerk. He saw his grandma, black grandma float by during Katrina. He was raised in the South Side of Chicago, by some blacks. See, I'm not racist.

Yes, you are.

I've changed.

You've changed?

How? Why? When?

Can I hug you?

No.

You have three KKKs tattooed on your right bicep.

I can get those removed.

Let me in. Please. I need to belong somewhere?

Why don't you go back to your kind?

About that, I no longer belong, none of us do. Their has been a tittonic shift.

A what?

Tittonic.

39

Do you mean tectonic?

If you say so.

So.

So?

So.

You see, at our last rally, actually the rally before our last rally, they had sprung for DNA tests for all the members. Freedom Hall was filled to the rafters. On the way out the door they gave us all tests, they wanted to confirm our purity?

Sounds like an insane idea.

Well, it was, one week later, we were all supposed to get together again for another rally. Purer than ever.

You guys are fucking morons.

Don't be mean.

What happened?

There was no second rally, nobody showed. Okay, One. No two. No, three people showed.

Who?

Don't you mean whom?

No.

The rally was literally surreal.

You people stop using those words.

It was, like when Mary bought a lottery ticket and won, and then said winning felt surreal.

That's not what the word means.

What do you know? I'm talking about the rally. Three people. The president known as 45, a reporter, and Mike.

Mike?

40

My black friend. He had just been released from the hospital; he'd been dropped on his head the previous week at a construction site. The third time that month.

You know that's not a rally. Where were all the other members?

They weren't allowed to attend, they got their DNA tests back, not a single one of my brethren were pure. Shocking?

You are →

No need to be mean. I no longer belong anywhere, that's why I'm here. I found out I'm 44% Norwegian. It recently has been upped to 48%. Kjæreste.

What?

Sweetheart.

Don't call me that.

Can I join now?

No. *What happened at the rally?*

45 railed against some chick named Hillary for an hour. He then talked about toilets, windmills, blah, blah, blah, crowd size, and fake news. At the end of the rally, Mike was sleeping. The reporter asked the orange man if he did a DNA test.

How did he respond?

He said it's being audited.

Wow.

You have to let me in, I'm no longer pure. I need to belong somewhere. Hell, I'm even 28% from the east of Europe. And I'm, 1% Acidic Jew, and that's almost as black as you.

I'm not black. I'm Indian.

Black is black. Not white is black. I'm black.

What are you fucking talking about?

I should have known. I love Eminem.

41

He's white.

I'm Acidic.

It's Hasidic.

Yeah, that's what I said. Black. I am your brother.

No, you are not.

Let me in.

Why?

I'm different like you now. I've changed. Is the barbeque soon? Why do you people kill your own people? If you stopped doing that, we would feel sorry for you.

There is no barbeque. WTF are you talking about? Centuries of racism and the best you can do is FOX us. Hell, your team wins a game and you guys riot, and then, the next day, the TV reporters say looks like everyone is having a good time. You guys, kill black person after black person, and we stand up and you say, look at them destroying their own neighbourhoods. Fuck off.

I'm sorry.

Not good enough.

Very sorry. I used to be pure.

Maybe we can make an exception for you.

Please.

What's your name?

Olso.

Don't you mean Oslo?

No. I don't even like Mike anymore. My name is Oslo.

Last name?

Jones.

You're last name is Jones?

It used to be a hundred letters longer and it had tons of emulates, you know those dotty things, in it, but I changed it because I couldn't pronounce it.

42

Their called umlauts.

That's what I said, embrios.

I give up, you even spelled embryo's incorrectly.

I'm speaking, not writing, how do you know I spelled it wrong?

I can just tell?

Are you going to let your Acidic-Emulate-Laced-Jewish-Norwegian brother into your fine posse?

It's not a posse, don't call it that → I tell you what Olso, I'm tired → here fill out this form → if your background check comes back okay, we'll make an exception. It has to come back clean.

It will my brother. I tell you I feel much better about myself now that I'm not pure. I feel bad for Mike though.

TO BE CONTINUED... ..

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

TEN WORDS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

DOGGING

TENDRILS

DISSIPATE

WISPY

SPARSE

43

GAZE

GLEAMING

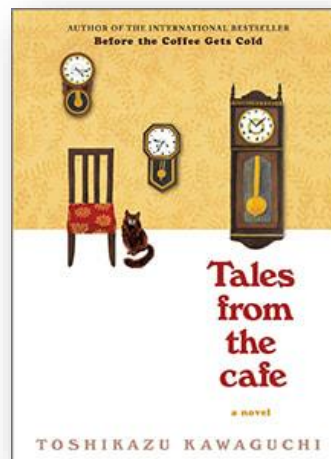
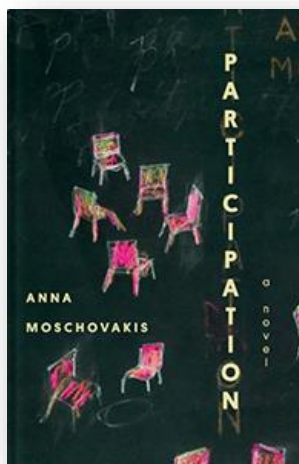
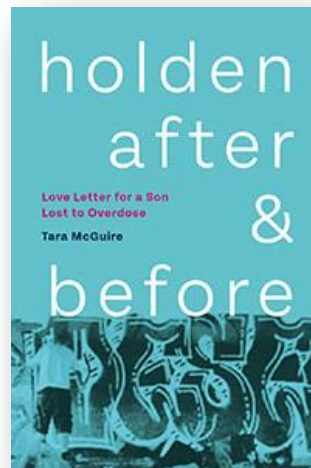
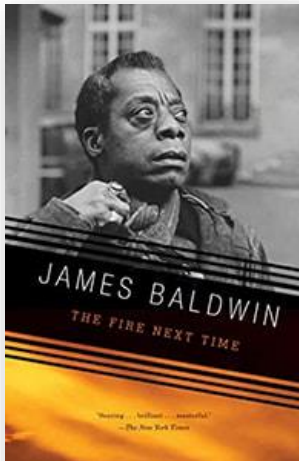
ASHEN

DESTITUTE

SORROWFUL

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I READ THESE THIS MONTH ↓↓↓↓↓↓



44

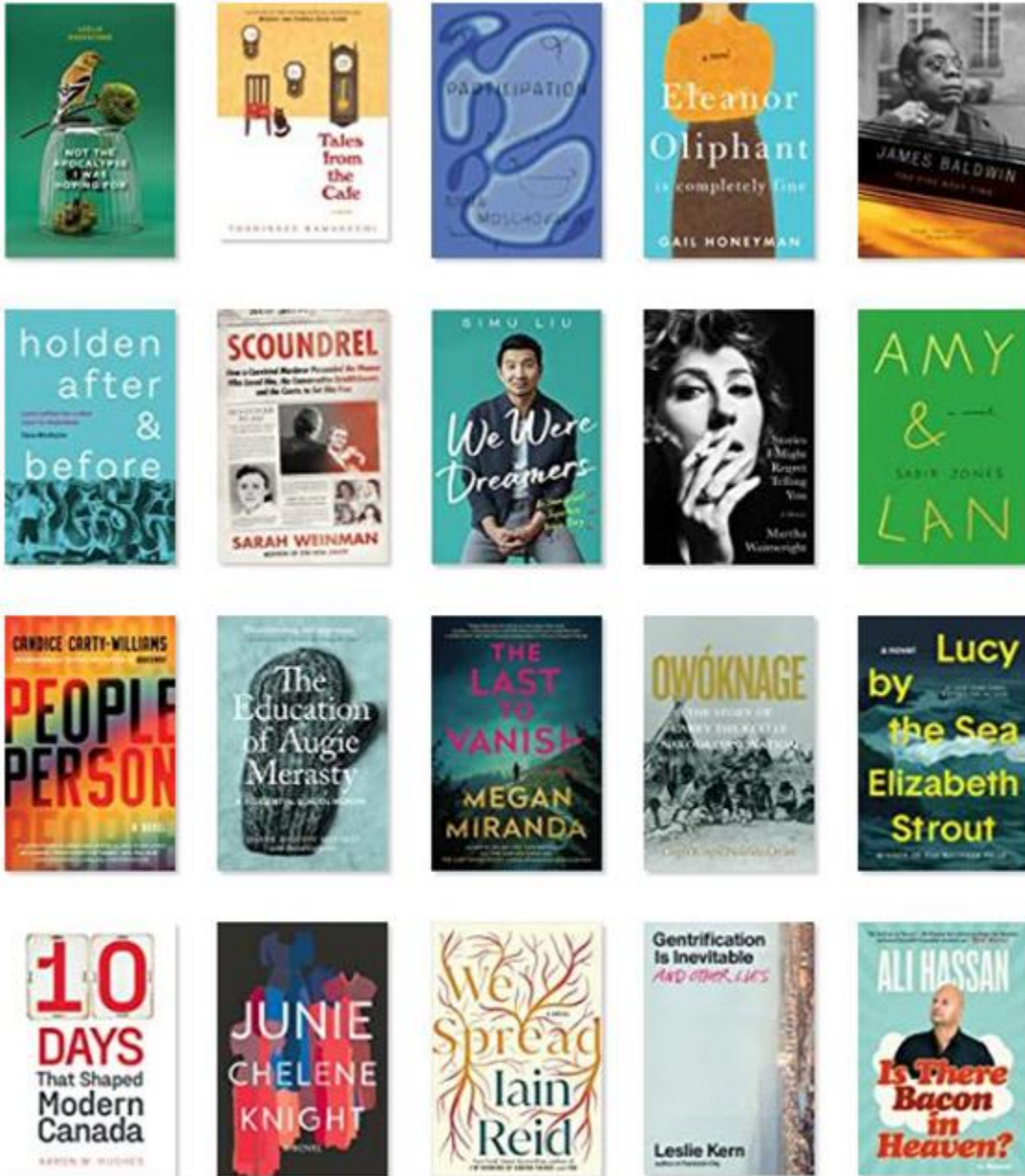
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TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

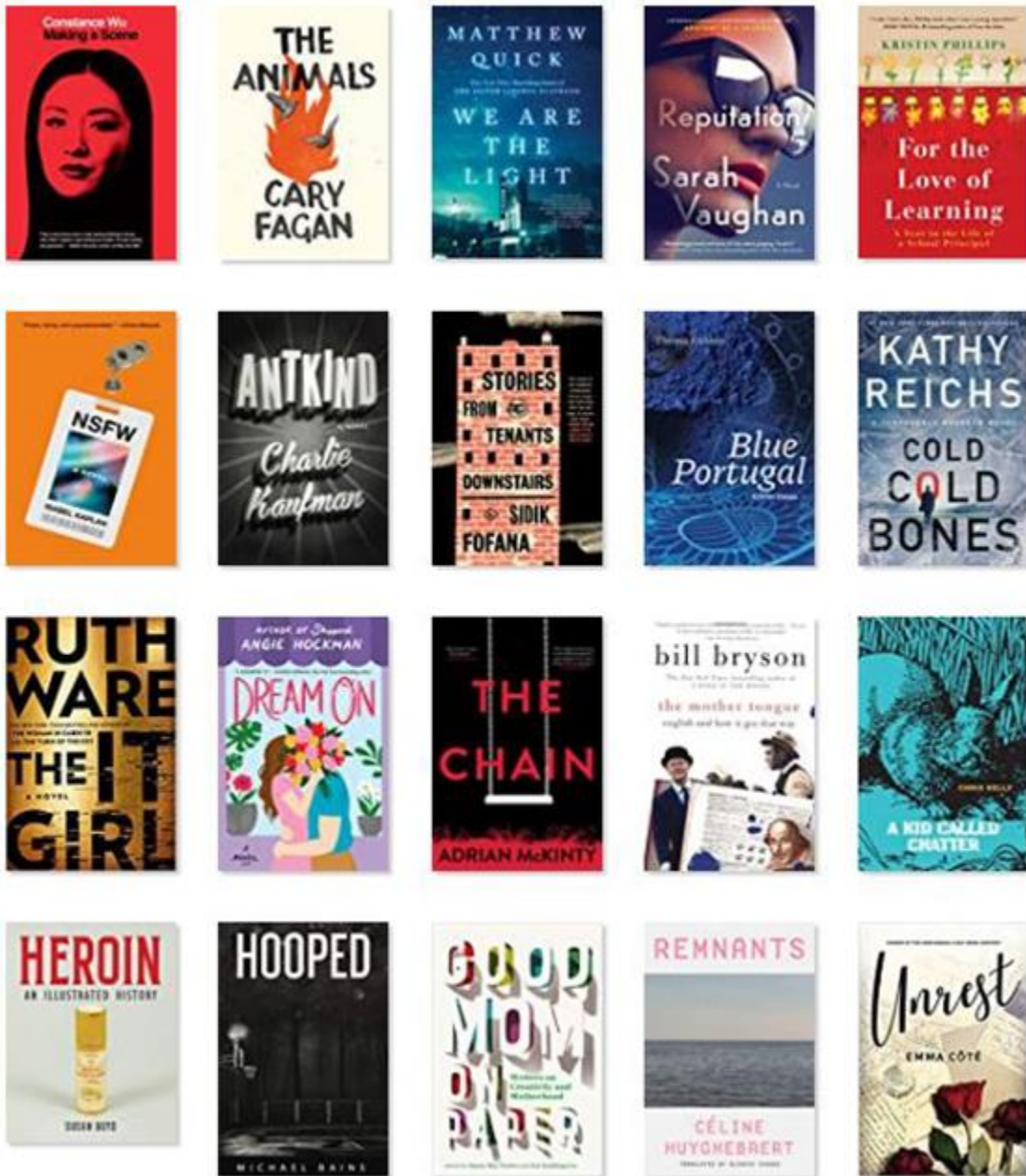
WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

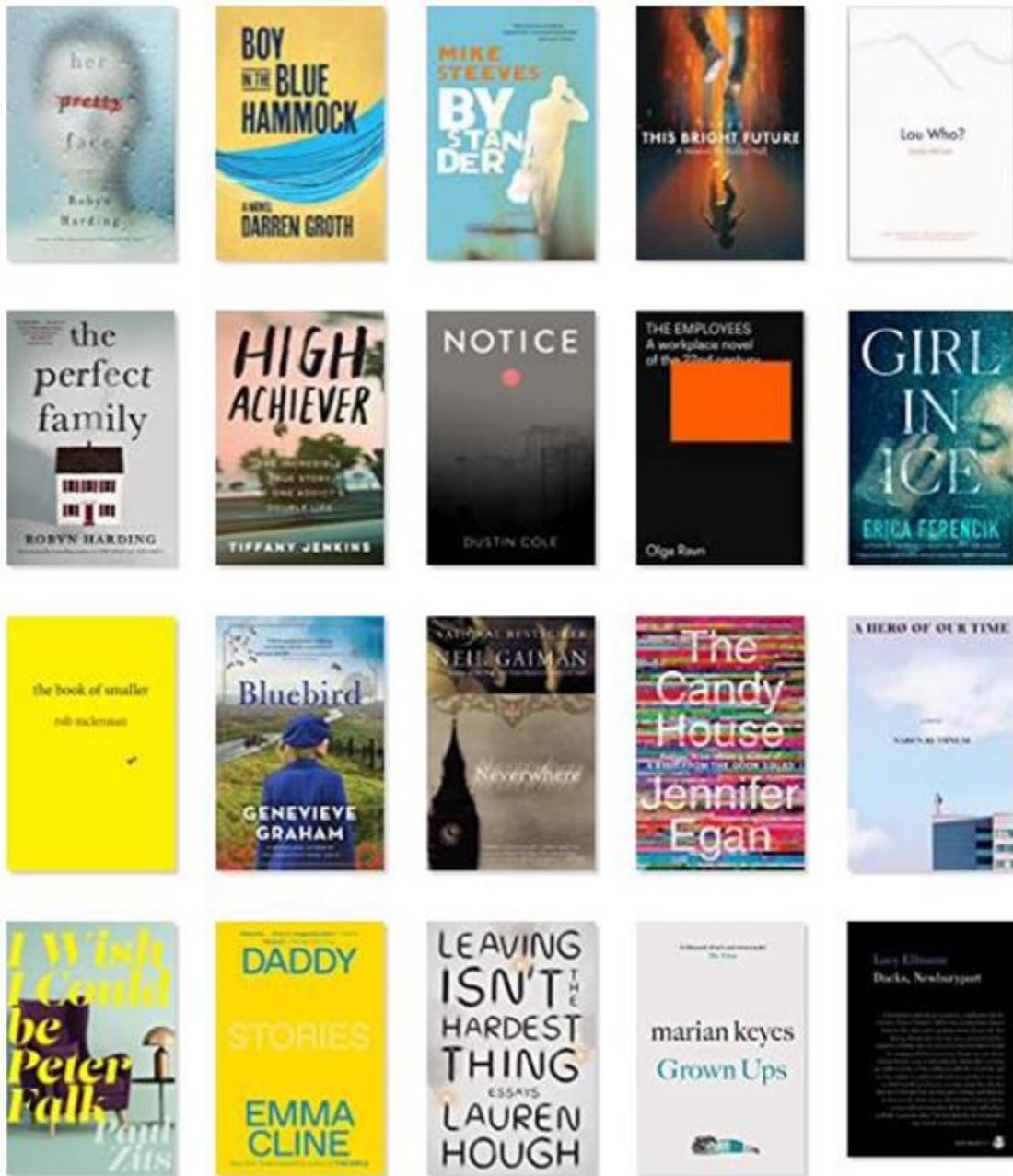
ALL THE BOOKS I'VE READ THIS YEAR ↓



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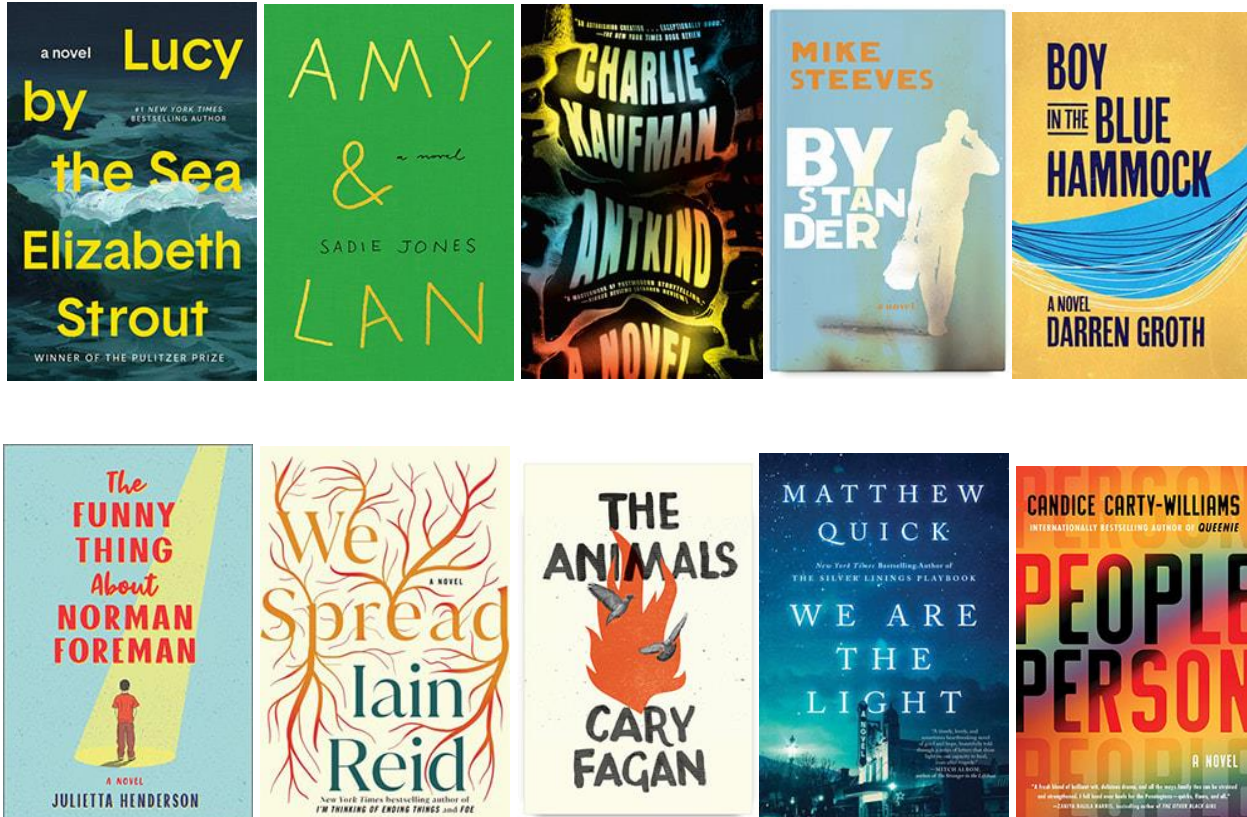


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TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

ALL TIME FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

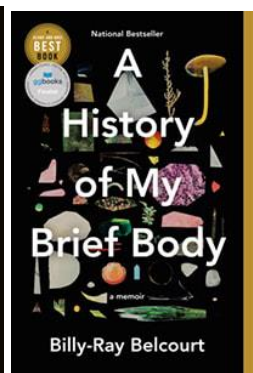
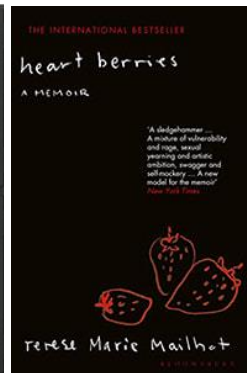
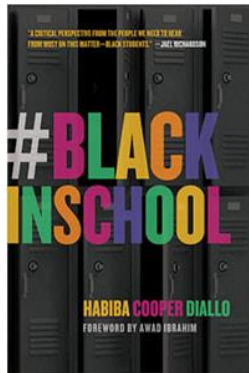
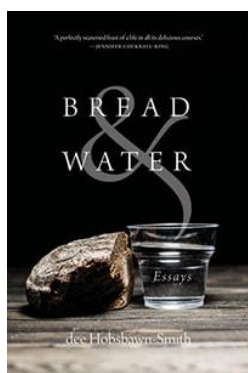
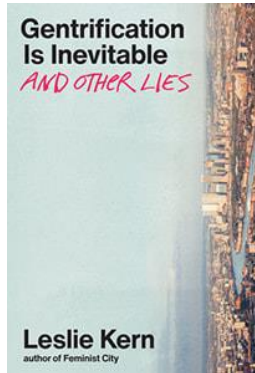
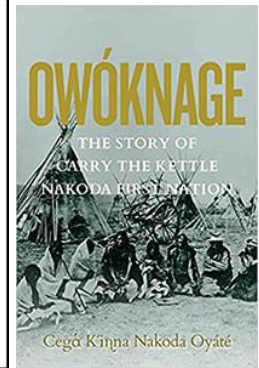
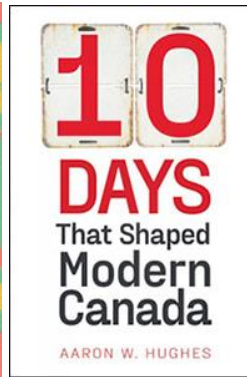
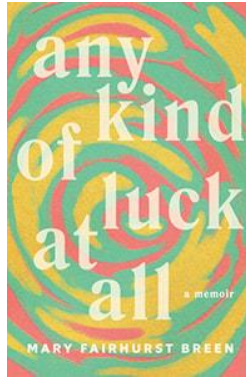
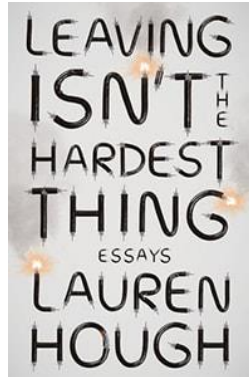
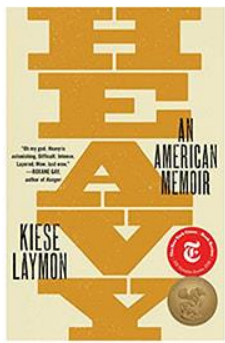


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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

ALL TIME NON-FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓



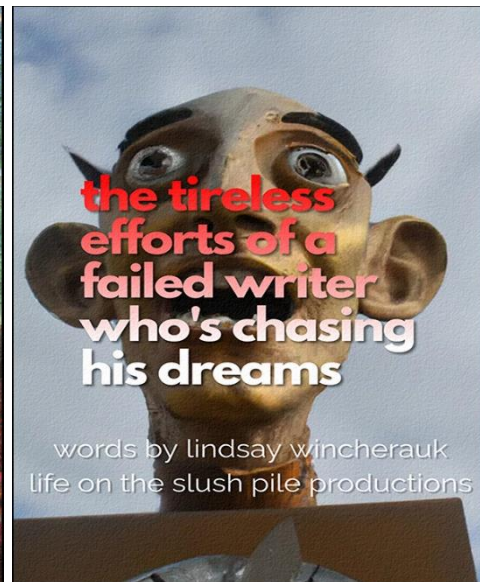
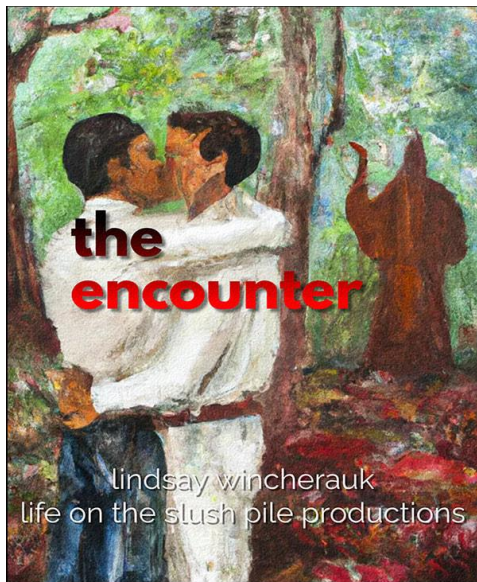
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COMING SOON FROM LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS



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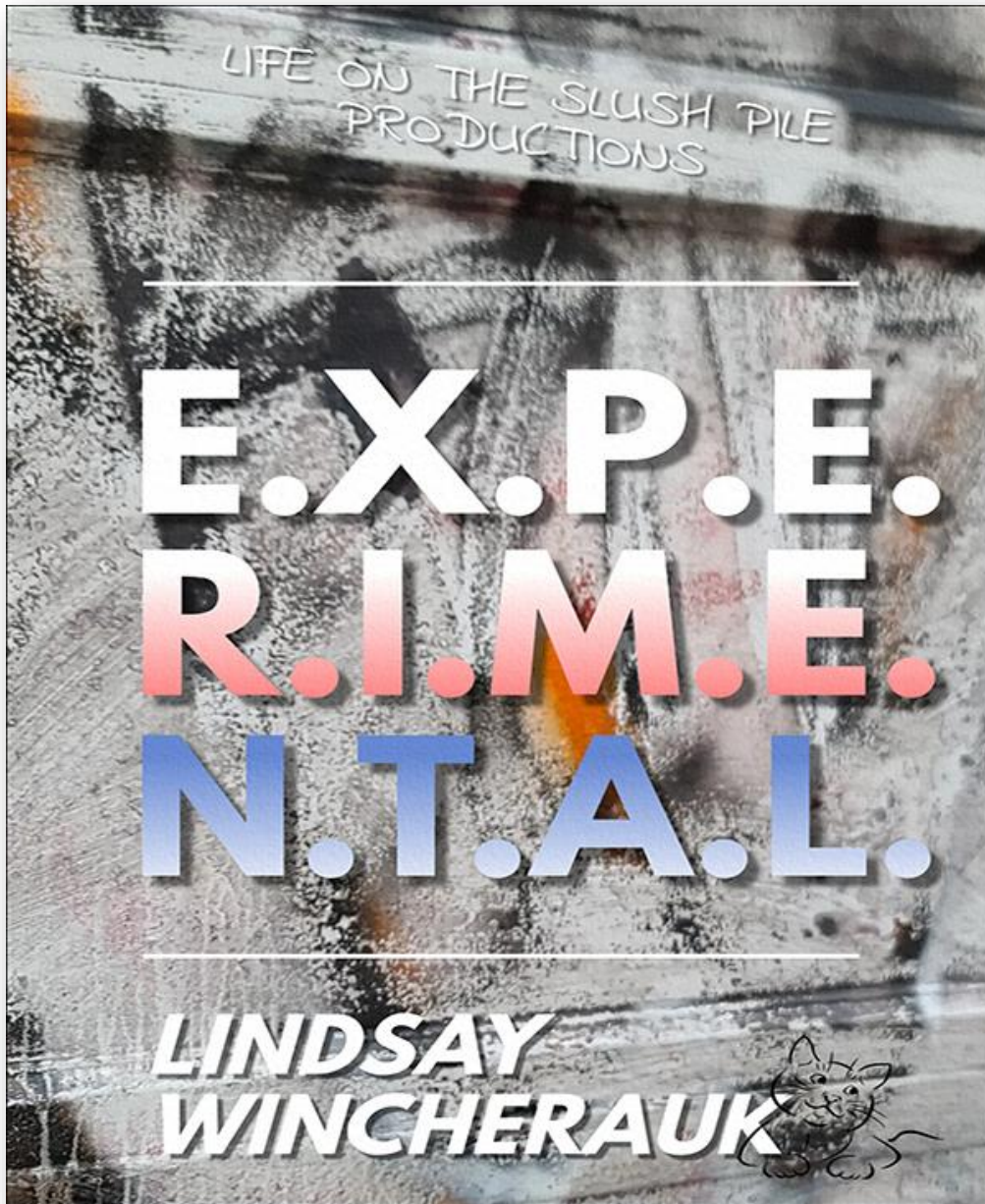
TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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COMING SOON: FEATURED BOOK (COMING TO BOOKSTORES)



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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

NUMBERS ↓↓↓ (INCOMPLETE FOR APRIL)

INTIMACY

CREATIVE QUEST

FITNESS

YIPPEE

THE LIFE OF A FAILED WRITER

WORKOUTS = 8
STEPS WALKED = 501,065

TOTAL PITCHES = 345

MILES WALKED = 252.24

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 277

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 45.1

(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

(FILM + TELEVISION)

BOOKS READ = 6

MEDIA BLITZ = ONGOING

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING RETURNS — SLIGHTLY FAT

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

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MORE FITNESS STATS

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	501,065	252.24	162.0	190.2	8.14	16,163.39
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	4,959,856	2,452.68		AVE	6.72	13,588.65
AVERAGE	13,588.65	6.72				
MONTHLY AVE	413,321.33	204.39				

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

55

lonth	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		

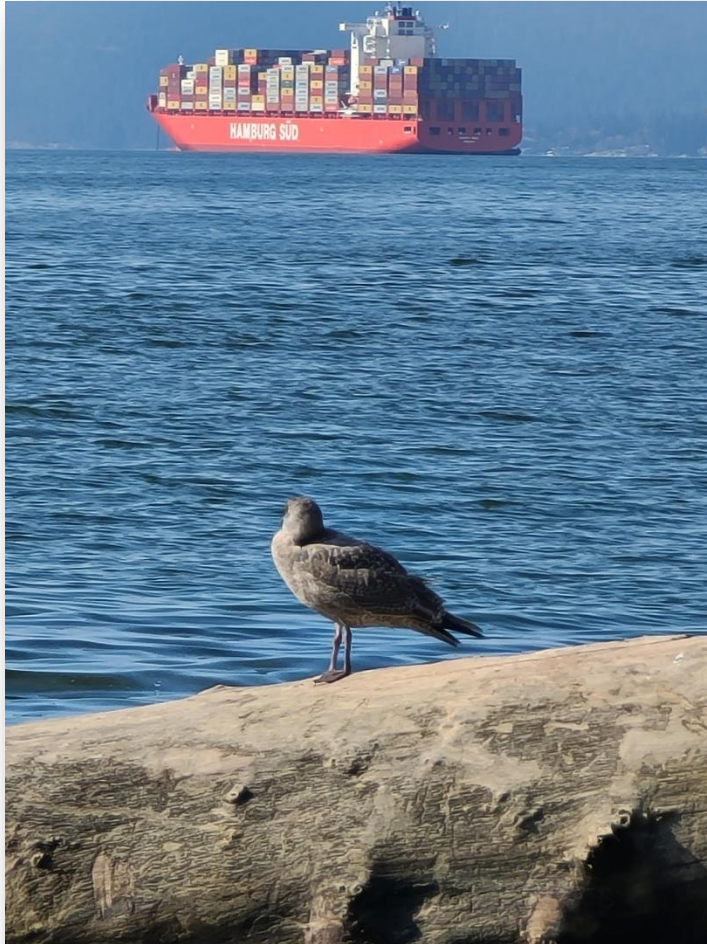
EVEN SO VERY MORE FITNESS STATS

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	45.10	40.60	36.34
nov	0.00	22.44	37.92
dec	0.00	16.15	47.14
tot	438.58	655.32	501.09
APM	36.55	54.61	41.76
APD	1.20	1.80	1.37

PROPOSAL STATS

#	Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
1	Lindsay	186	43	143
2	Fired @ 59	62	12	50
3	Flip Flops	27	3	24
4	E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L	12	0	12
5	Poetry	10	1	9
6	Tru + Joy	9	1	8
7	Glue	8	1	7
8	Said the White Guy	6	1	5
9	Sparkly Pingle Ball	5	0	5
10	Howard	5	1	4
11	This Table	4	0	4
12	Laugh	3	0	3
13	Plus 15	3	1	0
14	Death Sauce	2	0	2
15	Life Without Mirrors	2	2	0
16	ePHEMERAL	1	0	1
	31-Oct-22	345	66	277

3 IMAGES ↓↓↓



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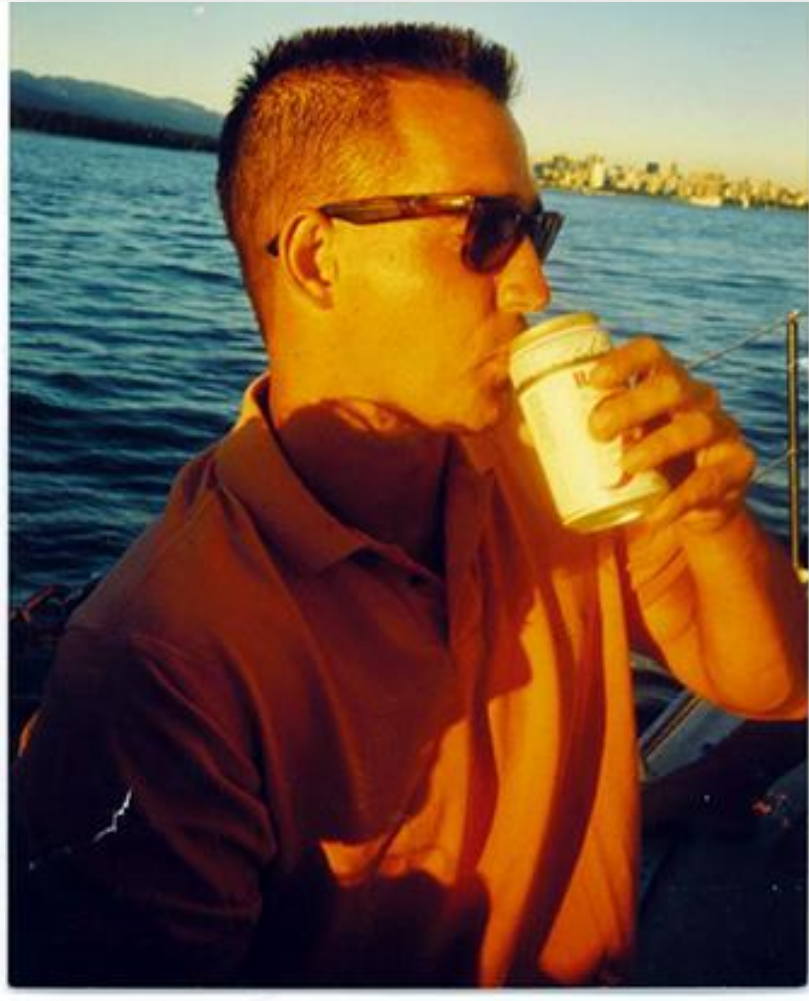


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A POEM ↓

KNOCK. KNOCK.



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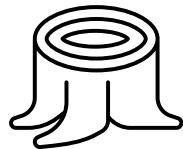
KNOCK. KNOCK.
I DON'T HAVE A FUCKING DOOR
I'M HOMELESS



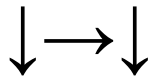
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**READING A BOOK
IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE**



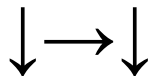
AND HALLUCINATING



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

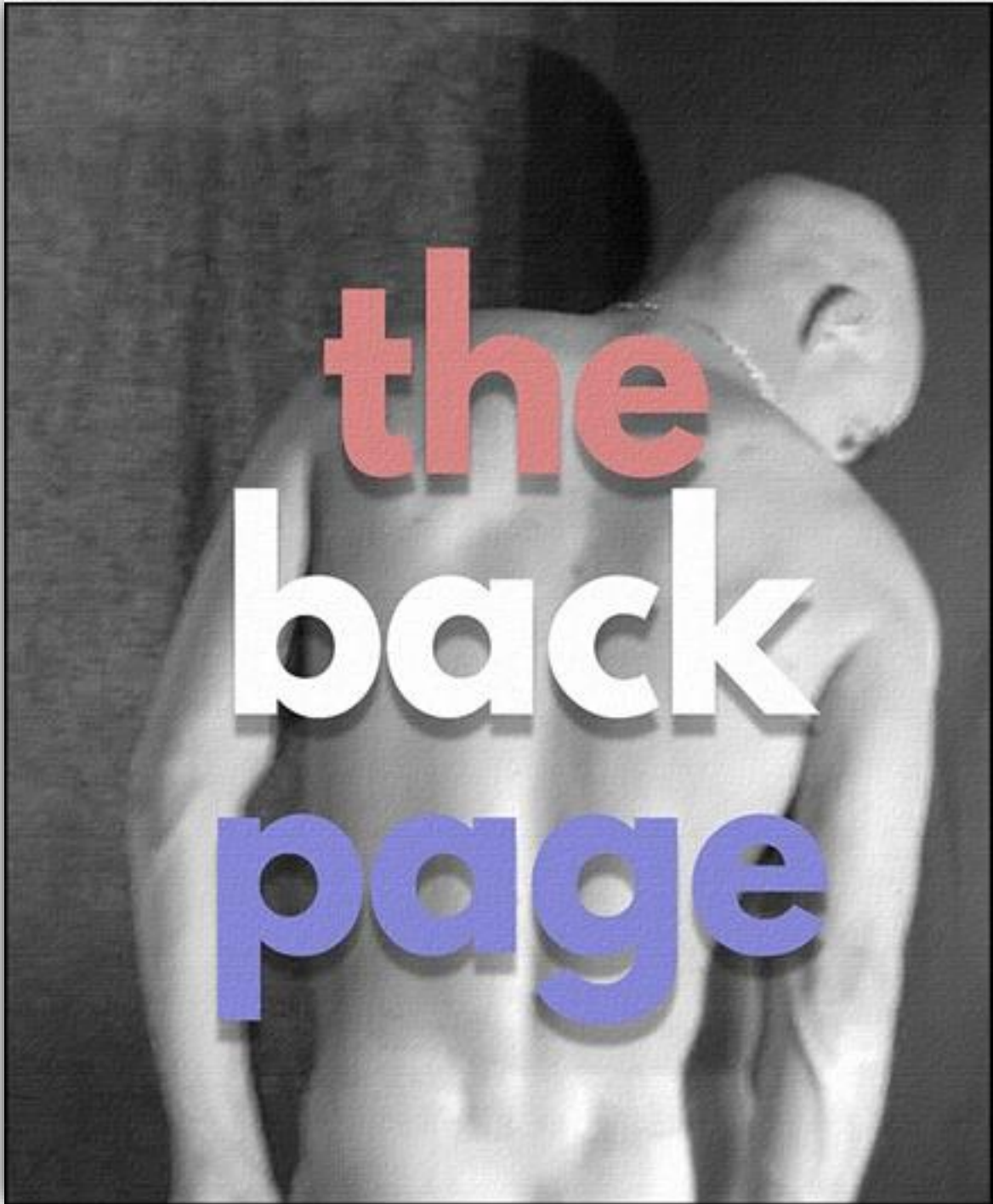
TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



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