

MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS



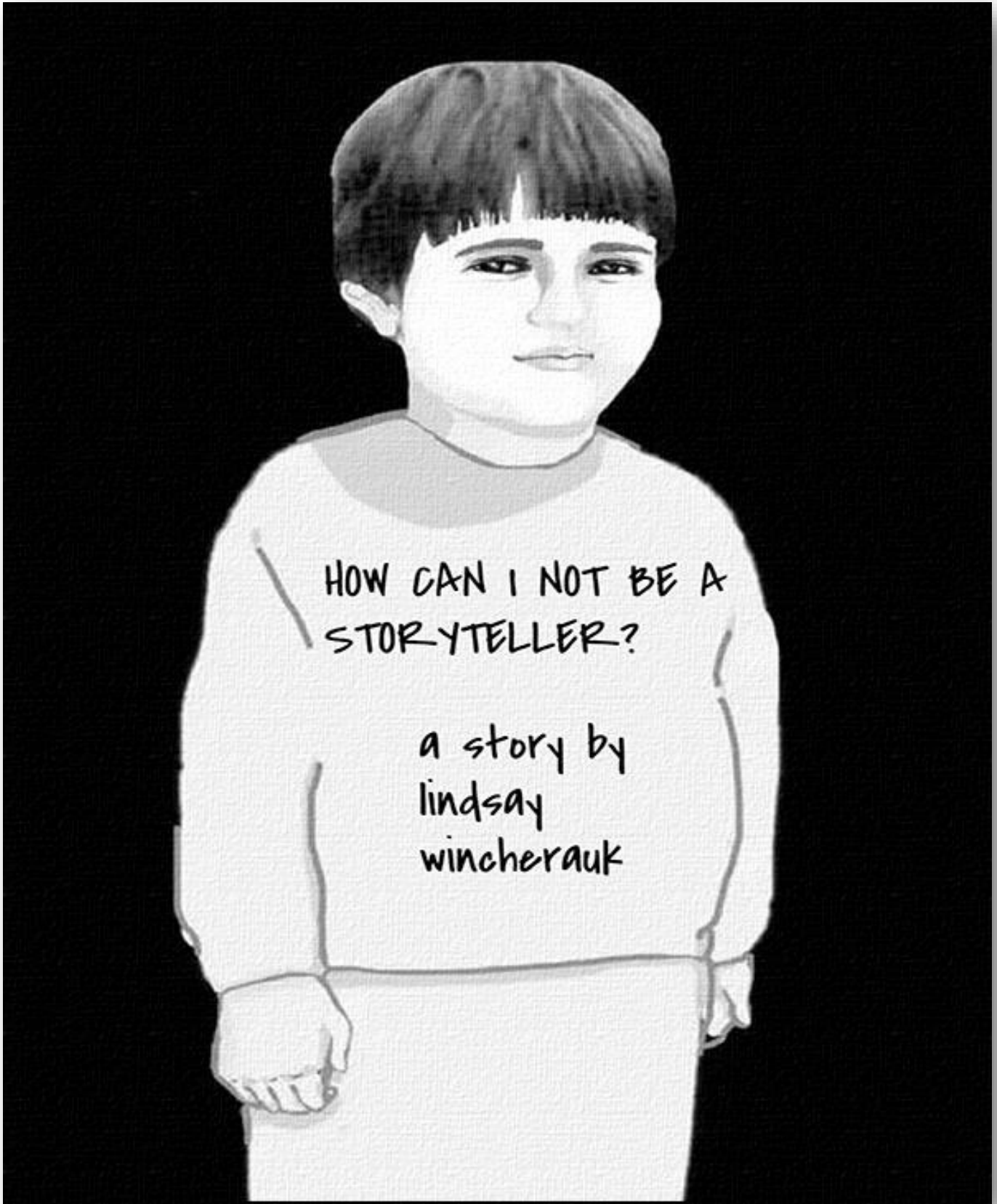
lindsay
last
month

december 2022
issue #9

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.



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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 my landlord – along with his wife Sue.

Seriously.

2

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

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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.

4 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.

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.

5

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.

6 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).

7 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?"

8

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.

9

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."

10

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.

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.

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.

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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.'

14

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.

15 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.

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.

16

Seriously.

How can I not be a storyteller?
Rhetorical.

**YOU WILL FIND MORE ABOUT EVERYTHING ABOVE ↑↑↑ INSIDE
THE PAGES OF MY MEMOIRS:**

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

DECEMBER 2022 → ISSUE #9



IN THIS ISSUE

—

HOW CAN I NOT BE A STORYTELLER↑↑↑

—

WE ATE THIS → PORTRAIT CAFE

—

A STORY → MUST FOB IN

—

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. BIRTHDAY 2004
2. CLEANLINESS
3. WITH NICK Z

—

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

—

A POEM → FAT

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

WE ATE OR DRANK THIS ↓↓↓

PORTRAIT CAFE

1120 DENMAN STREET, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

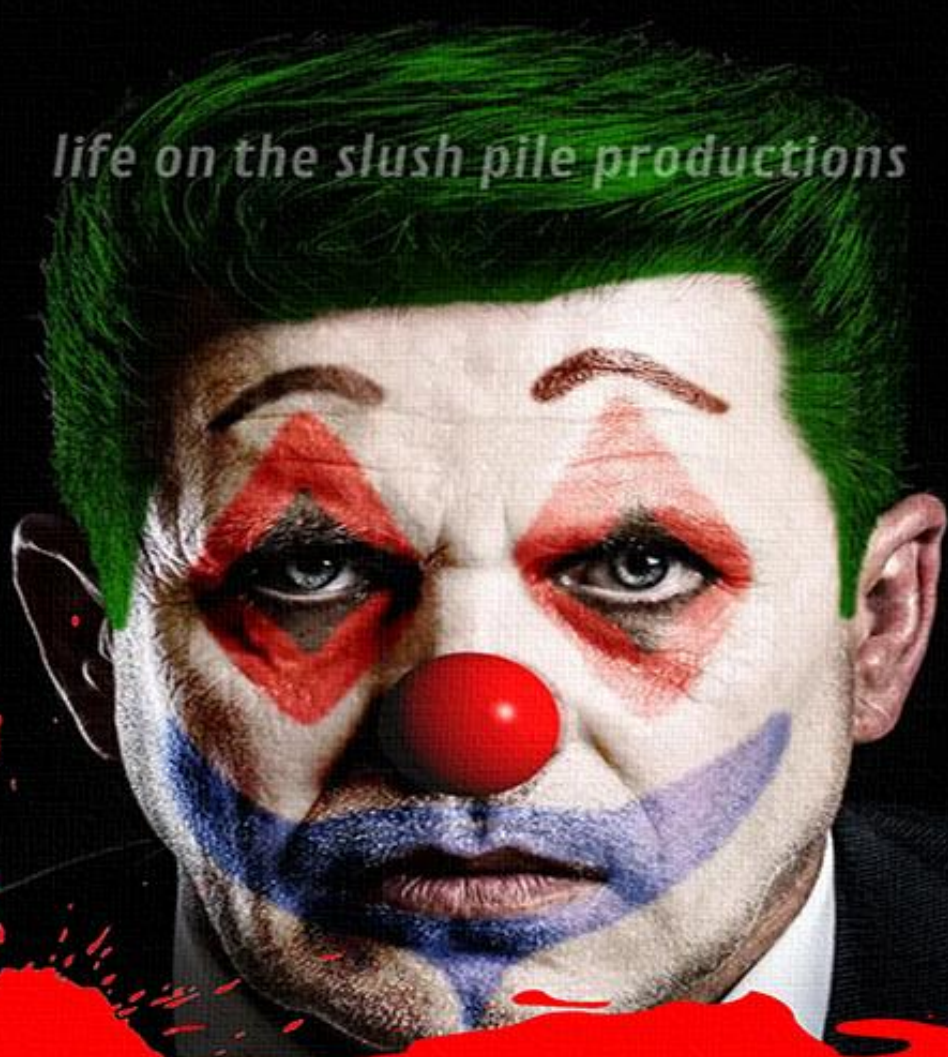


MATISSE AVO TOAST + MONET PLATE

EAT HERE → 👍

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

life on the slush pile productions



**MUST FOB IN
INTERVENE**

Lindsay Wincherauk

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

1. VALERIE
VALERIE

Valerie is hearing impaired. She's fucking annoying.
What an awful thing to say about someone who's faced challenges.

I think she can hear.

What type of condescending ass would challenge her deafness.

You must read this book. It's great. The writer, writes. You. You. You. You. Write.

Her tone is clackity. Broken. In the face of the audience. Staccato.

... ..

STACCATO DEFINITION

Each note sharply detached or separated from the others.

... ..

Ha. There you go. I used the word correctly.

20 Turn on the captions. I want to hear the broadcast.

Valerie. This isn't a deaf bar.

What a mean thing to type.

She has her last drink of the night. She slaps on her hat – one a French person would wear.

A what?

A person from France.

What type of hat?



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I don't know. I don't want to Google to find out. You know the type of hat. Look at a French person. Check out their hat.

Where do I find a French Person?

Gravelbourg Saskatchewan or Maillardville.

Not France?

Sure, that would work.

My bill. Give me my bill.

The rain is pelting down fiercely; blasting dead bugs off prairie windshields.

We're in Vancouver.

I know.

She steps outside, washes her hat.

21 Roar. Roar. Roar.

A man is lurking in a bus shelter. Chainsaw in hand. Roar.

Why is a man standing in a bus shelter wielding a chainsaw? Are we in Texas?

He was.

... ..

Valerie walks a block.

Clackity, clack. Roar.

Her heart races.

Clackity, clack. Roar.

Another block. A massacre is in the offing.

Valerie longs to be back in Etobicoke

She wishes she had only drank Coke.

... ..

Three blocks until home; to her tower.

She zigs.

Texas zigs.

She zags.

Texas zags.

She stumbles.

Texas stumbles.

He's mirroring her steps.

Her hearts races.

Texas raises the saw to the sky in an act of defiance.

An act of what?

Defiance. Insolence.

You make no sense.

You type the story then.

22

... ..

Valerie skirts across the street. She'd thrown her French hat on the soaked asphalt and starts using it like a wakeboard.

Odd.

Ingenious.

She arrives at her home: Braille Tower.

What? I thought she was deaf.

Valerie pulls out her fob, looks over her shoulder. Texas is pouring petrol into the chainsaw.

Valerie drops her fob on the ground.

Texas pulls the coil. The saw sparks back to life.

A tear drops from Val's left eye.

Val?

We know her now.

She knows the end is upon her.

Texas steps closer. Saw raised once more.

Valerie flashes the door open, slips inside; Texas salivating at her heels, slamming his foot in the door, holding it open.

Val, smiles, holds up her building fob. And in the most delightful of staccato utters to Texas, You...you...you...everybody...must fob in. I...i...i...must intervene.

Texas's spirit droops. His saw sputters to a stop. Tears pour from his eyes. A Tesla with a freshly cleansed windshield drives by. A food delivery persons scooter explodes into a ball of flames.

Texas with deadened eye, looks deeply into Val's soulless brailed eyes and mouths, must fob in, and then utters, I understand, rules are rules.

The inhabitants of Braille towers will live another day!

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TO BE CONTINUED... ..

This story and everything in Lindsay Last Month may be renovated, revised, and edited without notice.

WTF does without notice mean?

It means I may change anything because I feel like it or because I've plugged it into grammar software and changed it.

But what if I like the original?

It sucks to, be you?

Your face.

Your face.

I'm out!



TEN WORDS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

INNOVATE

CAPTIVATE

DETAIL

TALK

25

WRITE

THINK

DOODLE

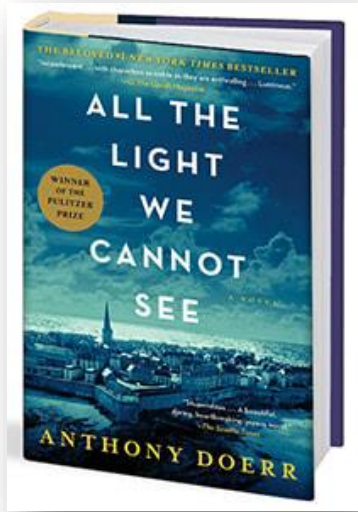
MEASURE

ENNUI

BRUSH

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I READ THESE THIS MONTH ↓↓↓↓↓↓



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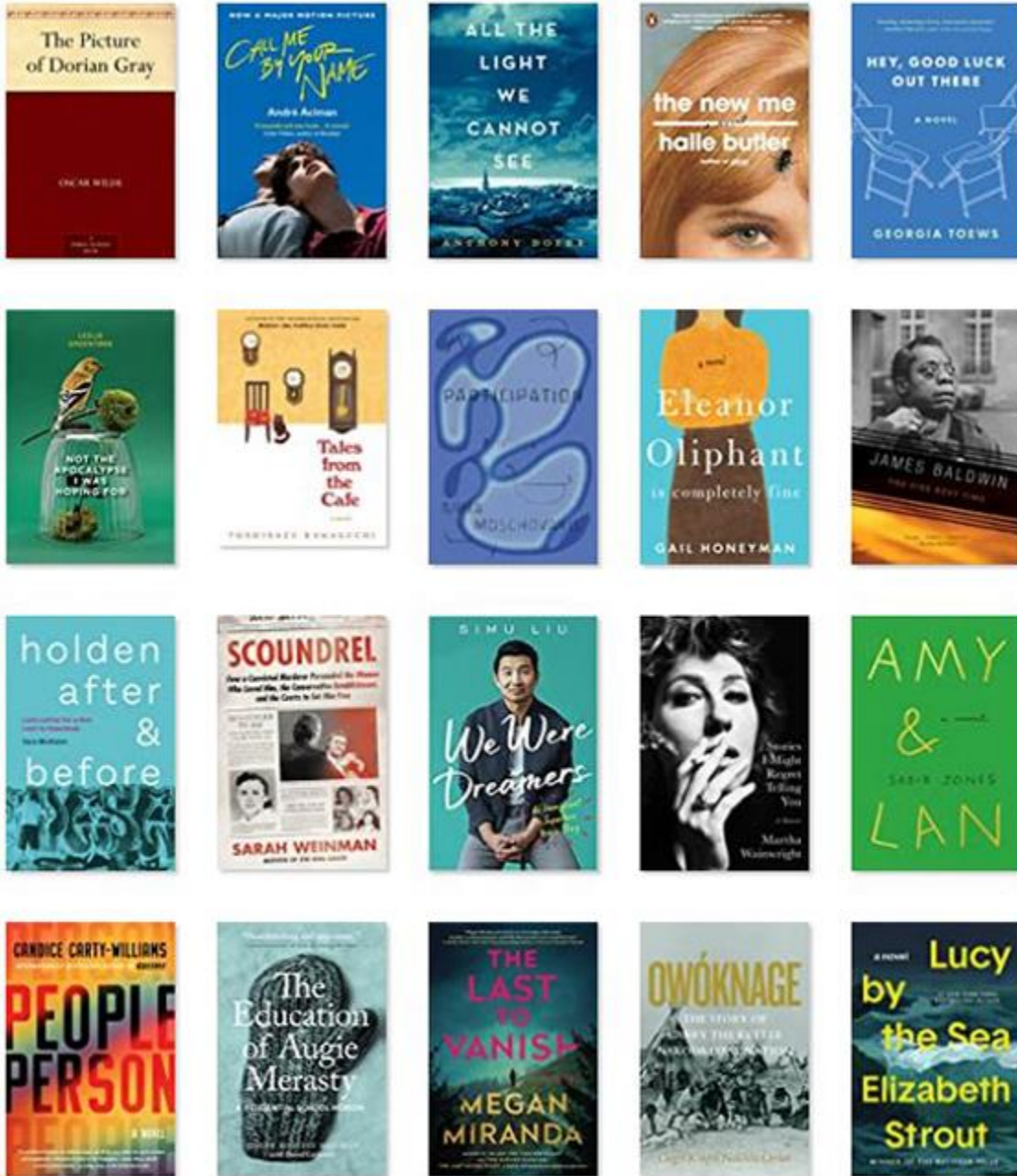
VISIT: <https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/i-love-it-2022.html>

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

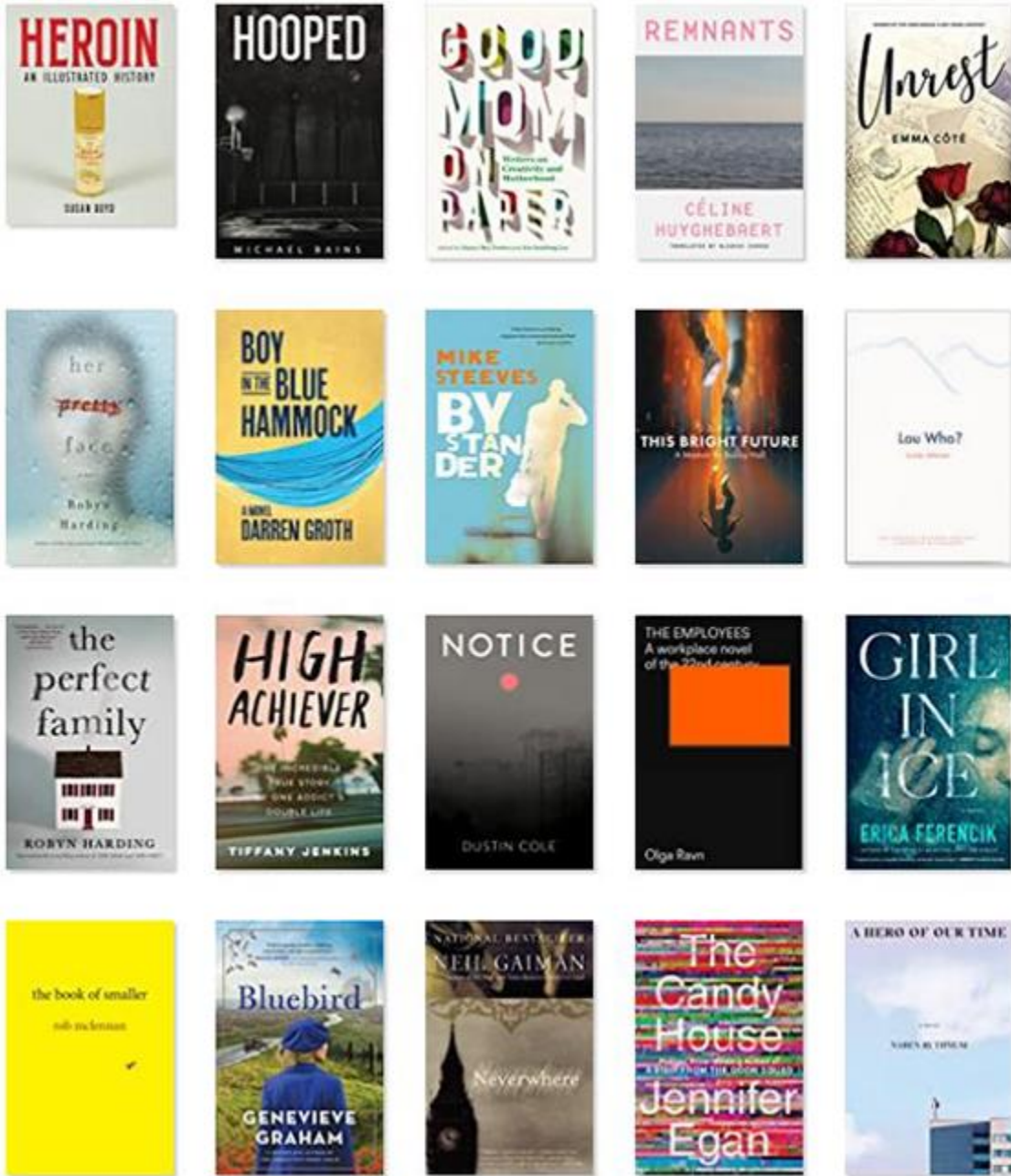
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ALL THE BOOKS I'VE READ THIS YEAR ↓

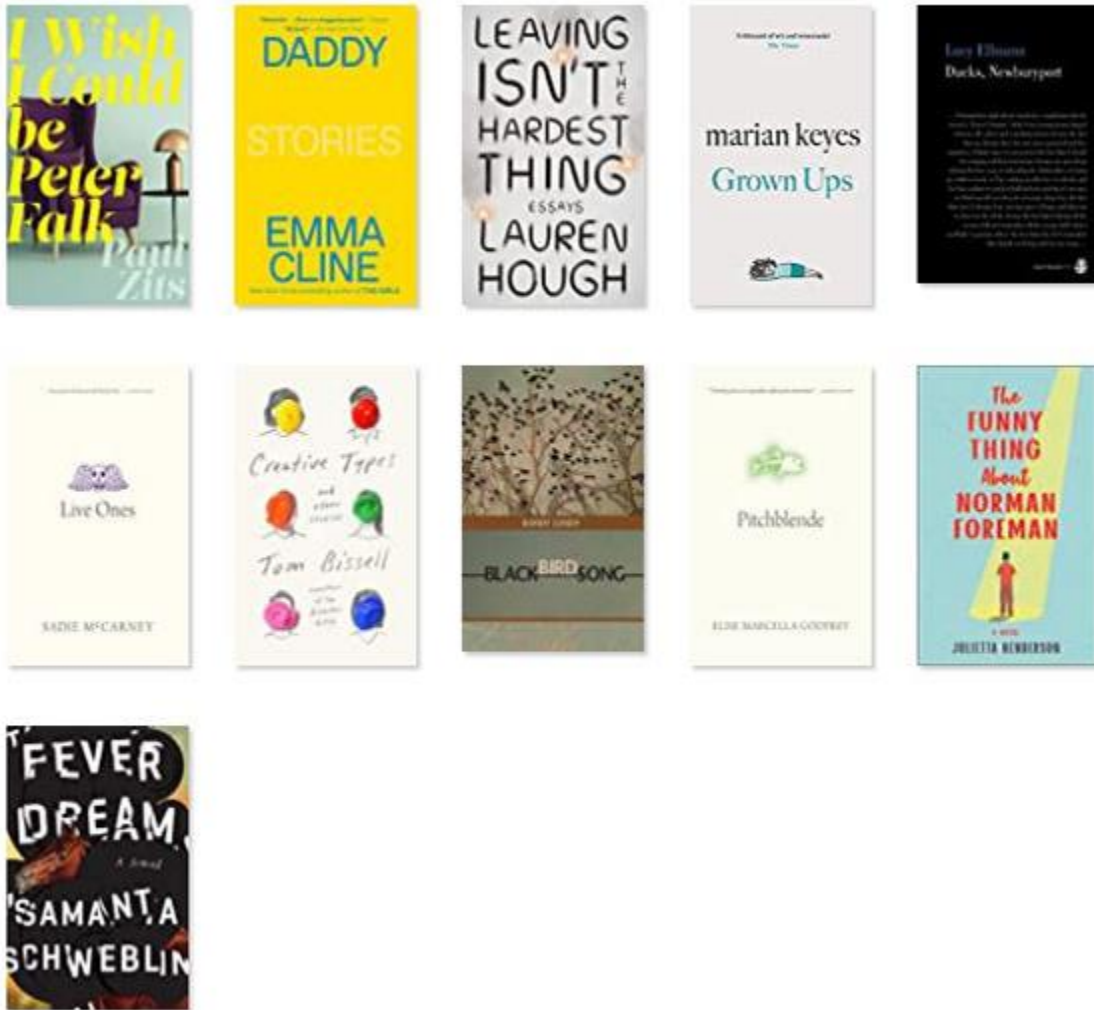


27





29



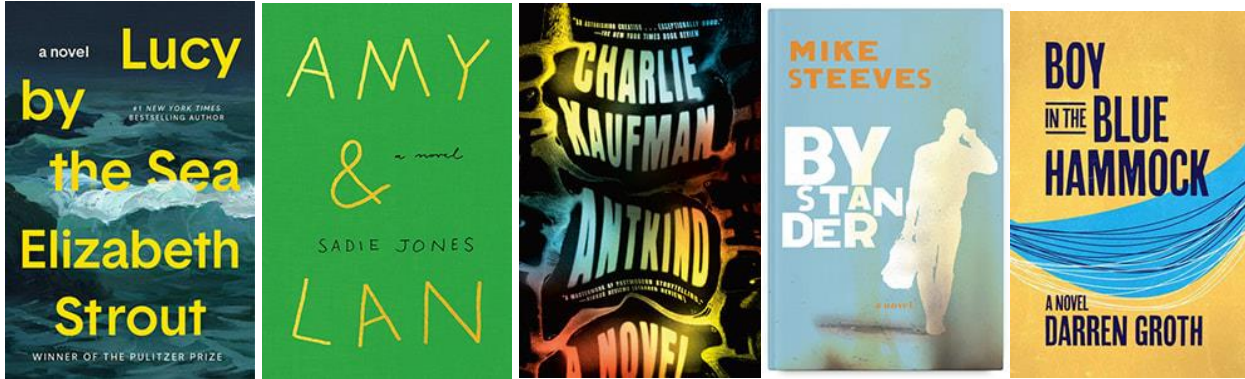
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TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

ALL TIME FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

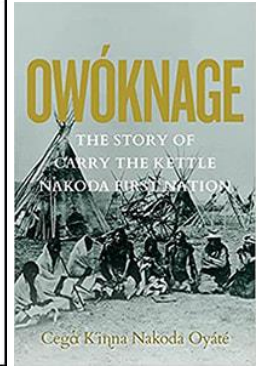
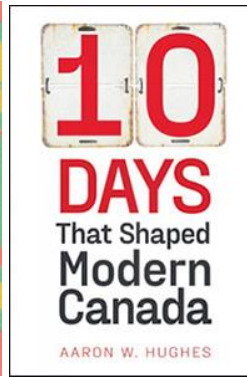
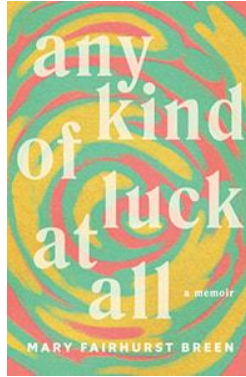
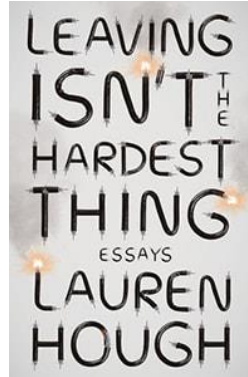
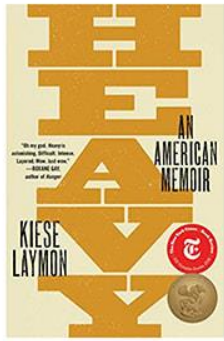


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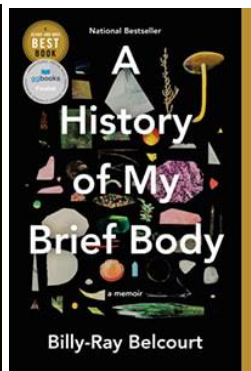
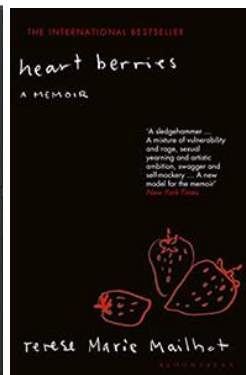
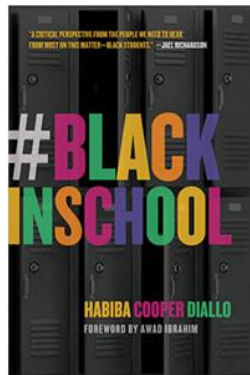
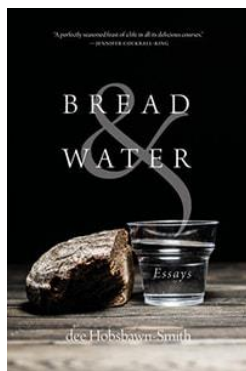
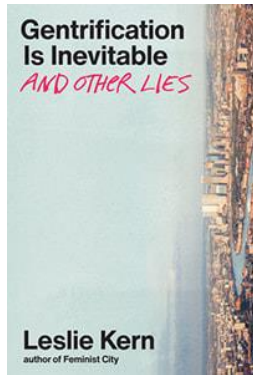
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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

ALL TIME NON-FICTION READS ↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓



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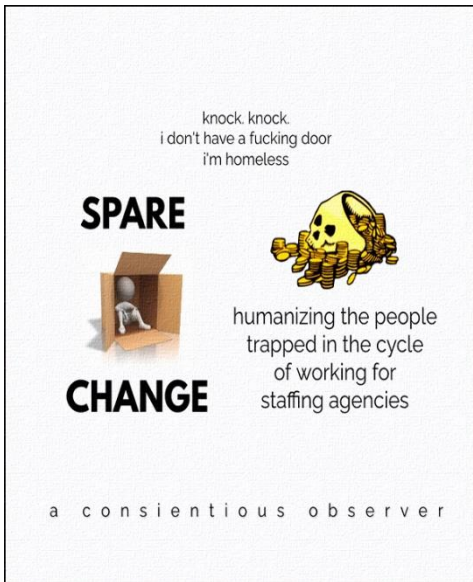
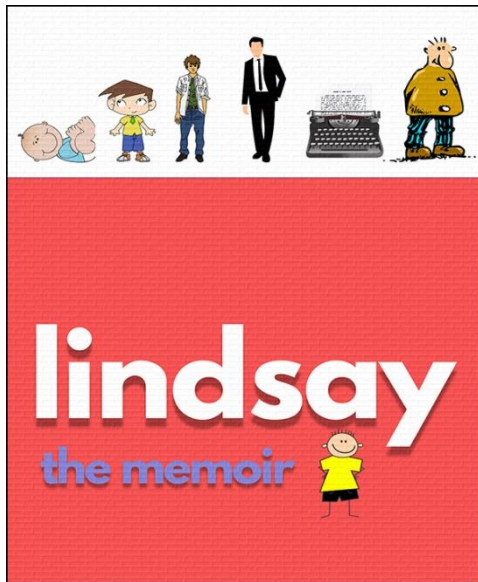
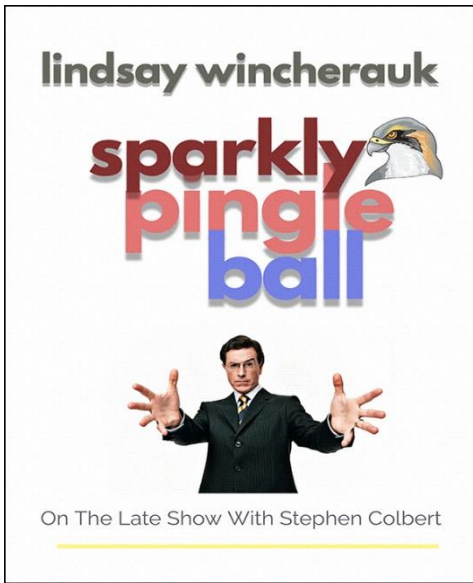
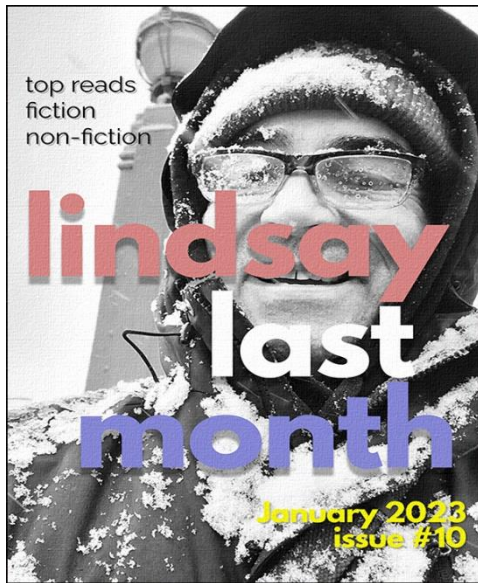


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VISIT THE PAGE ABOVE FOR THE COMPLETE LIST

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

COMING SOON FROM LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS



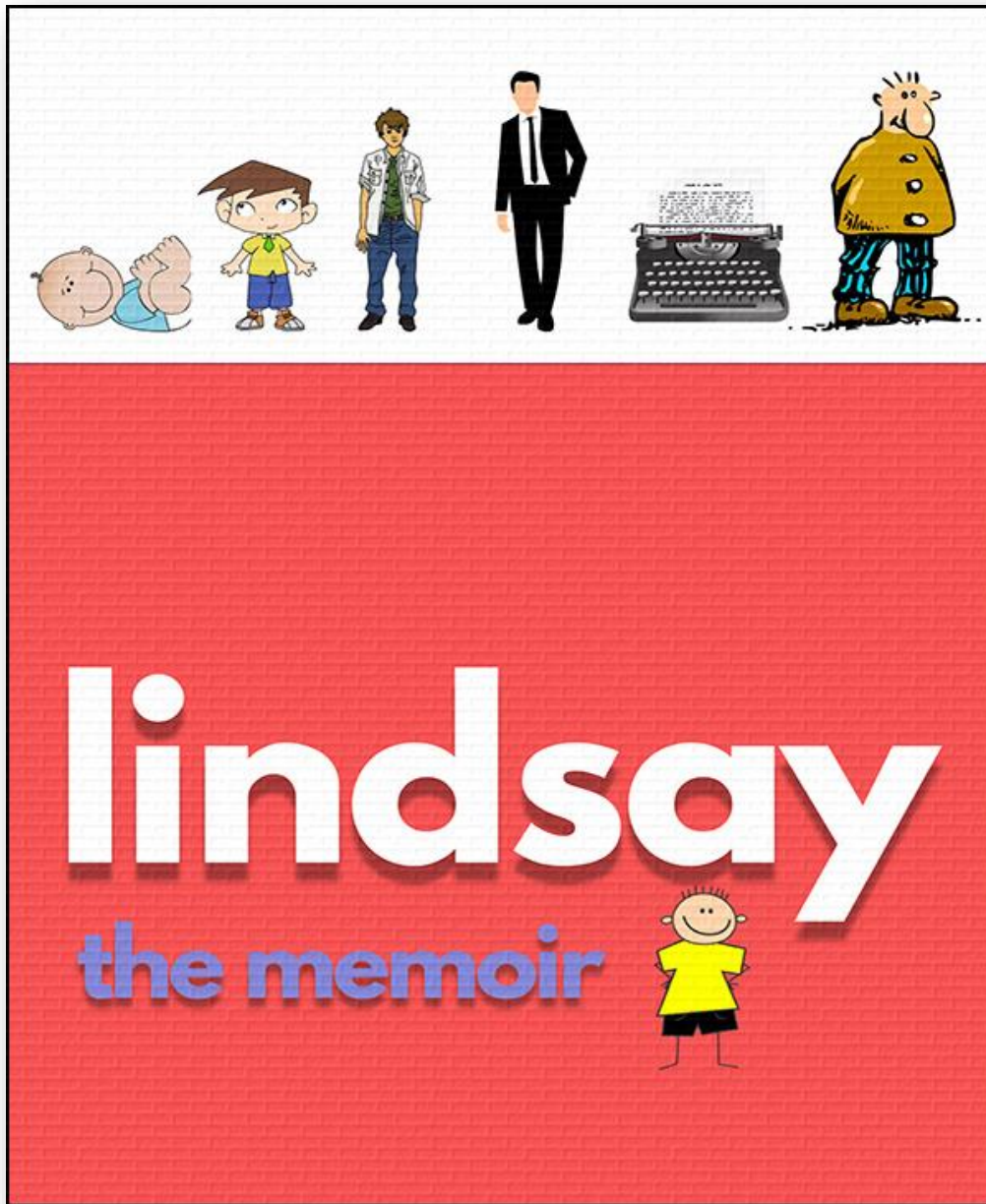
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TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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
TOTAL PITCHES = 484

WORKOUTS = ???
STEPS WALKED = 437,300
MILES WALKED = 215.58
SEAWALL (LAPS) = 38.55

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 393
(PUBLISHERS + AGENTS)
(FILM + TELEVISION)

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 4

MEDIA BLITZ = ONGOING

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSING RETURNS — SLIGHTLY FAT
+ A LINGERING LEGAL CASE

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

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I HAD A TOUGH MONTH OF FITNESS

DEPRESSION KICKED IN MY DOOR AND WON'T LEAVE

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	437,300	215.58	152.1	175.5	7.19	14,106.45
December	203,805	98.46	152.1	178.1	3.18	6,574.35
YEAR	5,600,961	2,766.72		AVE	7.58	15,345.10
AVERAGE	15,345.10	7.58				
MONTHLY AVE	466,746.75	230.56				

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EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

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

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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	38.55	22.44	37.92
dec	17.61	16.15	47.14
tot	494.73	655.32	501.09
APM	41.23	54.61	41.76
APD	1.36	1.80	1.37

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PROPOSAL STATS

#	Manuscript	Pitches	Rejections	Live
1	Lindsay	220	54	166
2	Fired @ 59	62	12	50
3	The Stairs	57	4	53
4	Drawings by Harlan	32	8	24
5	Flip Flops	28	3	25
6	Poetry	15	1	14
7	Sparkly Pingle Ball	15	2	13
8	E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L	12	0	12
9	Tru + Joy	9	1	8
10	Glue	8	1	7
11	Said the White Guy	6	1	5
12	Howard	5	1	4
13	This Table	4	0	4
14	Laugh	3	0	3
15	Plus 15	3	1	2
16	Death Sauce	2	0	2
17	Life Without Mirrors	2	2	0
18	ePHEMERAL	1	0	1
	30-Nov-22	484	91	393

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3 IMAGES ↓↓↓

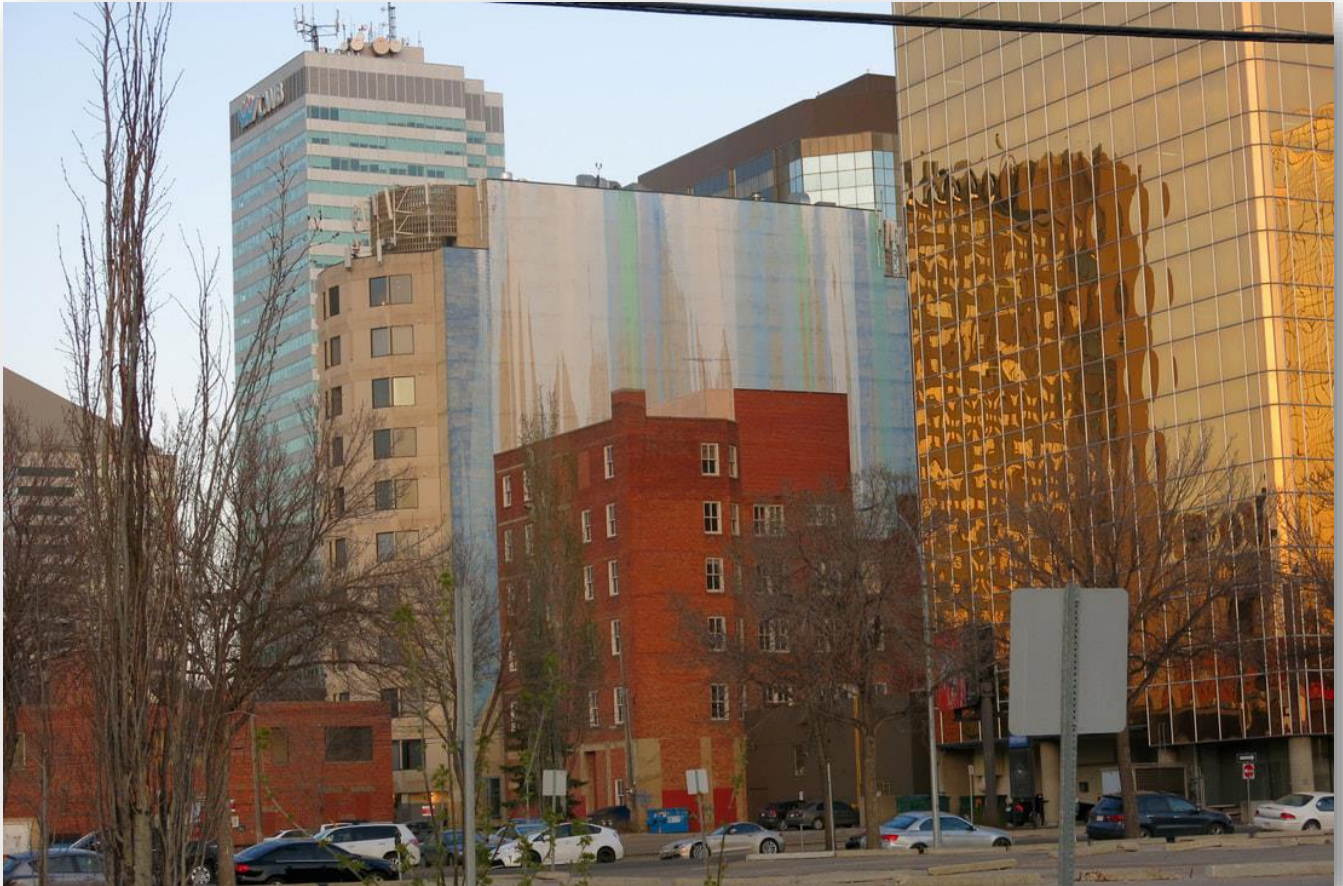


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ME ↓↓↓



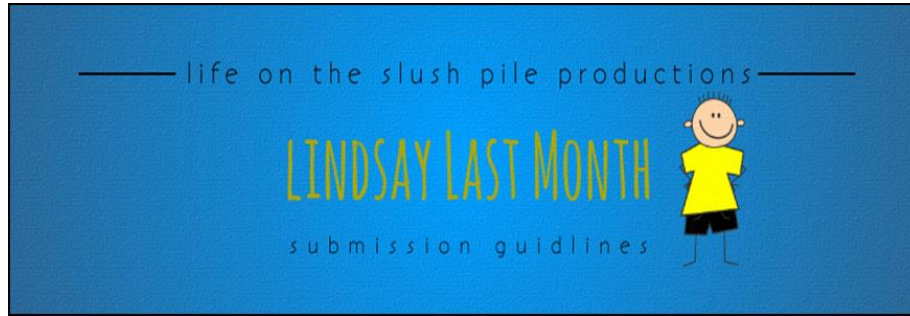
45

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

WHAT LINDSAY LAST MONTH IS LOOKING FOR



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

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

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

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

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

Send your submissions to lindsaywin@outlook.com

Stories and Poems must be submitted as a word document.

- Photos and Art as JPEG or PNG.

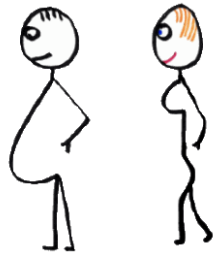
THAT’S IT. LET’S BUILD A COMMUNITY TOGETHER

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

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

A POEM ↓

FAT
FAT



I WAS FIT
I WAS FIT

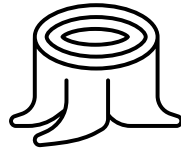
THEN I ATE
I SAT DOWN
COKE IS SUGARY
MY PENIS DISAPPEARED
I WENT FOR A WALK
ONE DAY, I LOOKED DOWN WHEN I SHOWERED
HEY, THERE YOU ARE
I'M NOT FAT ANYMORE
THEN I ATE
I SAT DOWN
I SAT DOWN



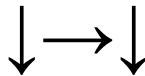
You may find everything on this page by visiting: www.lindsaywincherauk.com

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

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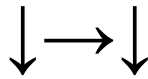
AND HALLUCINATING



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE

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TRY HARDER



THAT'S ALL → SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



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DECEMBER → ISSUE #9

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THE BACK COVER
OR AS I LIKE TO CALL IT
PAGE 64

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK