

SYNOPSIS
ΣΥΝΟΨΙΣ

**A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN
RUNNING IN FLIP FLOPS**



Stories

Lindsay Wincherauk

Life Without Mirrors

Penelope + The Veiled Tree

Writer Magazine Says

"TENSION FILLED..." "HIGH STAKES..."

A SYNOPSIS? SURE.

A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN FLIP FLOPS

STORIES

BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

The fact is ⁽¹⁾, I want to sleep. I can't. My mind races. I find everything funny.
But it's not.
Sometimes life gets dark.
Shut up Donnie. ⁽²⁾

What ⁽³⁾ are you doing?

I'm counting fingers and toes of how many times a writer has made me laugh?

You'll laugh. Laugh, damn it. Let's walk.

While out for a walk on a day when a doctor told me there is a 29% chance, I have stomach cancer. A crow flew into my head at the precise moment "Crying Over You" by Platinum Blonde was playing on my earbuds. Seventeen steps later, with the song still playing, a man walked past me, he was wearing a Platinum Blonde jacket. It's 2021.

1

A bout of depression kicks in. Do you want to play tennis? FUCK. You want to wash my mouth out with soap? FUCK. I have a big – Are you a homophobe?

Hello sexy lady – why are you hovering above me naked, reading bible versus? Lock up when I leave? Who are you? I'm confused.

THE WATER RAGES

What are you talking about?

I'm on a bridge. ⁽⁴⁾

Olivia sure is hot. Hey where did all the mirrors in her home go? Frazil sure is a dick. Did he get new shoes?

Here kitty, kitty, kitty.

A man goes forty years without uttering a word. And then, his first word is, Helen Hunt?

Odd.

Seriously, you wrote about Social Media – puke.

Nuance. Nuance. Nuance. Subtle.

Are you defining nuance?

A highway in British Columbia is washed away by a storm. When it reopens, on the news, they interview a lady who drove out to check it out, she said, “We came out here for a few laughs.”

Wow. (Not in Flip Flops).

RUN OLD MAN, RUN

Was that a poem?

Maybe.

Two families feuding. Pour on the hot sauce. Don't go swimming for an hour. A myth? Swim at your own risk. Where are my water wings?

YOU WILL LAUGH WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT

2

An author once panicked because he was taking a leak and the flow wasn't hitting the bowl – he was still sporting a prophylactic. Laugh.

Let's retrace our steps.

Why was she hovering above me reciting from the bible?

Memento style.

What?

I WANT TO GO HOME DON'T WE ALL?

Is that Ricky Gervais?

I met Ricky at a bar in Vancouver during the pandemic (I think). Here's a snippet from our time together.

Hello.

Hello.

Are you Ricky Gervais?

No.

Then, why do you look exactly like him?

GOOGLE: Ricky Gervais is in Vancouver

A sixty-one-year-old piano teacher runs by being chased by a thirteen-year-old. I hope he stretched first.

Hey Gord, we're in our sixties now, are gummies good for us every Friday?

Yes.

Why is life so dark?

Because it's hilarious?

A man hasn't been outside in five years. He must face his fears. A blizzard hits. Not tonight. Yes tonight. Or your family dies.

LAUGH

Dicky. Dicky.

What are you writing?

This.

3

A STORY ENDS WHERE IT MUST

Another one starts, going in fits and, um, starts, it's good, it must continue →

NEXT BOOK

I must kill five people before I'm thirty, or else?

Choose wisely.

THIS STORY COLLECTION IS WHACK

I hate to admit it, this is funnier than anything, I've – did you just do drugs with Kafka and George Wendt.

George who – ?

Cheers!

Did the boy really eat half a bag of potatoes because they were too heavy to carry?

Yes. Fictitiously.

Run.

No.

I want to go home.

Why is Greg in the bathtub?

That's where he keeps his phone.

I fall asleep driving. Fortunately, I'm wearing my driving mask.

KEEPING STEREOTYPES ALIVE

Were you a regular on SNL?

No.

But I do like wearing flip flops. And I once fetched the second highest total at a bachelor auction.

And, oh, oh, oh, my ass (both sides of it) was voted the second hottest on the U of S campus.

Damn you, Timmy Lear.

Am I on mushrooms? Why are those people running around with dogs watching them?

Dog Park!

HOME. HOME. HOME.

Greg, where are your hands?

Prune-y.

Prune-y isn't a word, so I added the – in order to avoid the red squiggly line on the page.

Nuance.

Why is everything funny?

It's not.

Your face.

Everything in this story collection is about something?

Duh.

Did you write a poem about your hair?

Yes.

Kafka, can you get the door, Hunter is here.

Hunter's dead.

Newsflash, Kafy, so are you.

You're face. Not you are face, instead → YOUR FACE. Revise.

Gord, whoever plays you will win the best actor award. WTF are you saying? It's brilliant.

Gummy please.

Hey Table, are you enjoying the sixty-plus bubble, sitting at you. Yes, you, Table.

I want to go home. Falling down. ⁽⁵⁾

A QUICK FLIGHT TO WAIKIKI

Walk a block.

No, I don't want to put cream on my face. I don't want to look thirty years younger. I don't want to have to make new friends.

Walk another block.

Leave me alone.

Sit down on curb with me, cream predator.

Have I got a cream for you. Slather it on. It will burn a bit. Wipe it off in a week. You'll look just the same as today, only a week older. It's called life. Turn on your TV Machine at home – late at night – I advertise. Now let me get back to enjoying paradise.

Hello LadyBug. Let's go home.

5

Are these stories real?

Sure.

1. **DUCKS NEWBURYPORT.** One day I will finish reading it. The book is twenty-seven million pages long.
2. Darko.
3. Why is ^{what} superscripted? I attempted to superscript the superscript. Word wouldn't allow it. So. This.
4. Candy Mountain
5. A movie.

To be continued →

SYNOPSIS FINISHED

How did I do?

Six.

Cool.

A 60-YEAR-OLD-MAN RUNNING IN



CORE STORIES

A collection of stories tripping between fiction + non, dark sexual, hilarious—all sharing a common theme: Our burning desire to make it home. They may end in this book. Or not?

I just want to go home!

6

LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS → HANA THE CAT: THE SARDINE FACTORY →
EAT (A LIVING DOCUMENT) → DEATH SAUCE A: OFFER →
HANA THE CAT: THE TALENT SHOW →
DEATH SAUCE: B: UNPACKING HISTORY (BROUGHTON) → ROOT CANAL →
REAPERS → THIS TABLE → PENELOPE + THE VEILED TREE → PLUS 15 →
LIFE WITHOUT MIRRORS: OLIVIA + TIA → ONCE UPON A TIME →
DEATH SAUCE C: UNPACKING HISTORY (ASHEVILLE) → DEATH SAUCE D: A LOVE STORY
→ DEATH SAUCE E: HEADING EAST TO ADVENTURE →
DEATH SAUCE F: HAROLD COURT WASN'T ALWAYS A HEARTLESS PRICK →
DEATH SAUCE F.1: PENELOPE + THE VEILED TREE: CONTINUED →



CREATIVE (LOOSE) NON-FICTION STORIES

A collection of stories tripping between fiction + non, dark sexual, hilarious—all sharing a common theme: Our burning desire to make it home. They end when they must.

I just want to go home!

WHY THIS → COMMENCE → DEPRESSION → STEVE + KELLY → TENNIS → OR SOMETHING
→ 2 STEVE'S → BIBLE STUDY → BROKEN + ALREADY DEAD → YOU → SMALL TALK →
SOCIAL MEDIA → AMY SCHUMER → HAUNTED FROM THE GRAVE → PIGEON GATE →
BLIND LADY + PANTS + CHICKEN + MIKE'S A RACIST → JUST DON'T STEAL + I'M NOT
CHINESE WHEN I DRIVE → PANHANDLERS → ABAR → WAIKIKI →



LAST FAMILY → LADYBUG - HITCHING A RIDE: A LOVE STORY →

I AM NOT A POET (UNTIL NOW): POEMS

A collection of stories tripping between fiction + non, dark sexual, hilarious—all sharing a common theme: Our burning desire to make it home.

I just want to go home!

A POEM: HAIR → A POEM: SOCK DRAWER → A POEM: OUTSIDE →
A POEM: KNOCK. KNOCK. → A POEM: FAT → A POEM: IT → A POEM: SHORT POEM →

A POEM: HUNGRY → A POEM: ATTENTION SPAN →

A POEM: I CAN'T WRAP MY HEAD AROUND IT → A POEM: OVER THERE →

A POEM: RICKY GERVAIS → A POEM: THAI FOOD → A POEM: OLDER PEOPLE EATING →

A POEM: CRIME DRAMAS → A POEM: HOW TO KILL OLDER PEOPLE → A POEM: BOATS →

A POEM: TRAINS → A POEM: DICKY, DICKY. → A POEM: WE MUST BE THE VOICE →

A POEM: ILLEGAL ACTIVITY → A POEM: EXPOSURE → A POEM: PENIS IN MY HEART →

A POEM: CAT LADY →



CORE STORIES → NEXT BOOK →
→ NEXT BOOK →