MY LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PUBLISHING PRESENTS



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 \rightarrow and their feelings are hurt easily.



Lindsay Wincherauk: One of a Kind!



When you Google "Lindsay Wincherauk" the only "Lindsay Wincherauk" that comes up is "Lindsay Wincherauk"

rom the get-go, I must apologize.

Why?

The June Issue of Lindsay Last Month is nineteen days late.

You had a lot going on?

That's no excuse.

Depression has flipped your life upside down, and you're fighting for survival.

I must beat it.

I don't think you get to beat Depression. The best we can do is understand its roots and constantly encourage our inner dialogue to be kind.

What did you do Last Month, in May, which is now a couple of months ago?

As always, I ate, wrote, and read, and I am now a neophyte in hundreds of subjects.

Are you well-rounded?

Sure.

I want to share my vulnerability with the world. I want to make a difference.

Wow, I can't believe it! I actually did it! And OMG, I've produced fifteen issues (LLM) already! I'm so proud of myself! And to top it off, I wrote another entire book in June! Frap, I'm on a roll!

Thank you. I must move forward. Thanks for the encouragement. I love you all.

All the Best,

Lindsay Wincherauk

Editor in Chief

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



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SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

June 2023 \rightarrow Issue #15

A POEM → OVER THERE



#E FOOD

1308 BURRARD STREET







Meatloaf Sandwich - \$15.00 ~ Kitchen Sink Muffin



I WROTE THIS ***







JUNE 2023

KIMCHI + BAT GUANO POTATO CHIPS

In the left corner, Depression.
In the right corner, Me.
I step into the ring.

Tap your gloves together. Let's have a fair fight. The referee barks.

I'm Depression; there is nothing fair about me.

Ding. Ding. Ding.

A punch lands.

Another punch knocks me back into the ropes.

Rabbit punches like a jackhammer pound my fat solo-plexes.

I weigh myself for the first time in over a year. There is no denying I have girthed up. I'm in the heavyweight division, now.

I better find a way out of it; I see my cardiologist in a week. I don't want to appear weak.

I'm sweating, an uppercut slams into my chin.

I'm going down.

I clutch Depression, hold on tightly, and the crowd goes wild.

What the fuck are they cheering for? My demise?

Fuck them.

I'm proud of the month I've had.

I was being counted out, down, defeated. Depression kept knocking me down. I kept getting up. At the start of May, I could barely move. I was floored by food poisoning. I spent four days shitting on the toilet. Splatter. Gross. But somehow, I remained fat. Get out of here, Depression.

No.

I walked only 783 steps on one day early in the month and I was losing my battle with Depression.

I thought about becoming a murderer. I thought about suicide. I overthought.

I write every day, read every day, and move every day.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

I need to move more, but my slow start ensured I'd bloat deeper into sadness.

Why is my weight linked with sadness?

Because it strains my heart.

I must move.

I move. I move more. What looked like only 300,000 steps for the entire month has turned into over 20,000 per day. A Miraculous feat of the feet considering how beaten down and broken I had become.

The Sports Panel, who talk about the feats on my feet, have called my efforts remarkable, miraculous, maybe even heroic. I reminded them I moved 1.3 million steps last July.

I'm sad.

I need to find a way to snap out of it.

Even though I've become a walking blob, I stop at my local 7/11 on the way home for chips.

What are you doing, fatty?

Quit shaming me.

I can't remember if I told you before about my 7/11 GF, if I have, bear with me.

We had been seeing each other for over a year when she first asked me if I had a loyalty card, to which I replied I hadn't fallen that far yet. To cement the point, I asked her if their doorman had a loyalty card?

She looked at me confused and said they don't have a doorman.

I looked toward the door and said, "Then who's that?"

Every time afterward, she lit up when I entered the store. We were blissful together. Whatever you do, don't tell J.

Can J read?

Shut up.

Anyway, our relationship, mine and my 7/11 GF, waned when on one GF when I entered the store, looked down, and discovered my left shoe had a flat. Untied shoelace.

Why did your relationship wane?

Because it was GF.

I just realised GF is similar to 7/11 GF only with Gummy and Friday in the equation. Let's just say I was somewhat disorganized, and it took me what seems to be an eternity to fix the flat and tie my shoe.

How long is an eternity?

I'd guess it to be ten minutes.

Guess what?

What?

Good guess.

My 7/11 GF watched my struggles the whole time; at least, I think she did. When I got to the counter with a bag of chips, she looked at me differently, like I was a disappointment, and from that moment forward, our relationship has been hanging by a thread.

For the next several months, I avoided the store, until one day, went in because I wanted a hot dog.

You have a cardiologist, and you have packed on some Depression pounds, idiot.

Stop shaming me. Get the fuck out of here, Depression; I'm not going to eat you today.

Good idea, Cardiologist man.

Talk nice to me, Sparkly.

I'm inspiring you.

You are upsetting me.

Keep telling the story.

Okay.

I walked into the 7/11 to get a hot dog. I immediately walked out when I saw my 7/11 Future Bride was working; I didn't want to end our relationship. I was sure if she saw me buy a hot dog, it most certainly would have sealed our relationship casket.

So, what did you do?

I didn't go home and masturbate if that's what you're thinking. I have a service **LINDSAY WINCHERAUK**

that does that for me.

What are you talking about?

Charlie Kaufman entered my typing hands for a moment.

Great news.

What?

I love you.

I love you too.

The great news is when I found the courage to go in yesterday...

What chips did you buy?

Bat Guano + Kimchi.

That's a flavour?

No.

I bought Spicey Dill Pickle.

Yum.

They were. But three chips equals five pounds of blubber.

Look at my blubber fly.

Who are you?

I'm Homer Simpson.

Homer, you never read my book.

I did not, not read your book, Marge.

Homer, are you writing fiction with your mouth?

I'm back.

I sheepishly walked up to the counter with my bag of chips.

Was Bambi there?

The sheep or the porn star?

Either.

No.

JUNE 2023 \rightarrow Issue #15

I blushingly walked up to the counter, and my FB was working.

A guy, I will dub, SKETCH, came up to me and asked me if I was at the end of the line? I was the only person at the counter.

My FB knocked the other clerk out of the way to get to me, throwing a vicious elbow at her.

Really?

What do you think?

With her co-worker cowering on the floor, FB's eyes lit up.

OMG, it's great to see you. It's been too long. I missed you. How are you doing? Are you fat?

I blushed more. And paid for my fat-creating sodium fix.

SKETCH piped in and asked me, "Aren't you going to get a bag for your purchase?"

I didn't reply.

I won't encourage J to read today's story.

Good idea.

I will be marrying my 7/11 GF will at a by-the-slice pizza place.

Beautiful.

Pepperoni.

Did you know there is a Pizza Place that advertises 8 squares for \$48.00?

No.

Did you know you can fly from Vancouver to Edmonton for \$33.00?

No.

Did you know you can buy a house in a town in Saskatchewan for \$29.99.

No.

Did you know there is a Pizza Place that advertises 8 squares for \$48.00?

Do you like this insanity more than yesterday's story about me being a cardboard box?

I'll wait for your reply?

Yes.

```
Why?
I don't know.
Can you come up with a reason? I'll wait.
Yes.
Okay.
       I'm not going to eat a burger today.
What do you think that will do?
Probably two pounds.
Run.
No.
Did you find work yet?
No.
Are you nuts?
And bolts?
What?
Precisely.
That's all for today.
See you tomorrow?
See you tomorrow!
Grammarly Readability Score = 91
Really?
Yes.
Wow!
Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)
```

HIGH SCHOOL 1972



Be smart. Be a stoner. Come from wealth. Excel athletically.

Fit in.



CLASS NUMBER ONE: ROLL CALL

Lindsay?

Is Don your older brother?

Coach we have a star in our presence!

High School was going to be a \rightarrow

Just turned 14.

Wrong side of the tracks.

Brother a god-like athlete.

Dying father.

Bionic Woman.

How could High School not be a \rightarrow

Don's white cleats \rightarrow too large.

Golf. Tennis. Track. Excel.

Tattered hand me-downs. We're poor.

WIN. WIN. WIN.

Family absent.

Victorious alone.



Life in the shadow of \rightarrow

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

Yes.

Here.

TRAVELLING MAN

3

U OF S HUSKIE FOOTBALL TEAM: BUS TO EDMONTON

′m 22.

This probably was before the Spring Break Trip. Oh well.

■ I suggest reading this first and then going back and reading the Minot Story.

You're an idiot.

You're face.

What?

That's what I thought.

The cargo door of the plane opens wide, much like a Mickey's Big Mouth. The team climbs up the ramp. Fasten your seatbelts.

The propellers roar to life. Roar.

Thirty minutes into our flight the attendants deliver Big Macs + Fries.

Did we go through a fly-thru?

I throw a touchdown pass to Murray Wenhardt.

I'm now in 3 Hall of Fames. Seriously.

Because of the pass?

Sure.

BORDER WALL

My Crazy Talent

can place every country in the world on a map, where it belongs. It wouldn't be a talent if not for the 'where it belongs part.'

How does this serve me in day-to-day life?

Well.

My talent benefits me greatly when watching movies when the helicopter crests the mountain range and the caption on the screen says Northern Kazakhstan—I can look to whomever it is I'm at the cinema with, nudge them, and tell them I know where that is!

I tend to go to a lot of movies alone. I often end up being the only person in my row—long before Social Distancing became a thing. I always did wear a mask, though.

I'm raring to go somewhere, aren't you?

America, I don't think your citizenry should be allowed to vote unless they've been out of their county, and preferably, if they haven't been out of their own country before.

VANCOUVER: CIRCA 2008

A couple from Los Angeles passed me on the street as I trekked through the drug zone of the Downtown Eastside, an area of Vancouver you can't avoid passing through because our city planners, way back when, chose not to litter our city with freeways and offramps.

Beautiful.

Excuse me, sir.

Yes.

We just got off the cruise ship.

Oh. Where are you from?

Los Angeles.

This area scares us.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

We've never seen anything like it.

Oh.

Do you have freeways in LA?

Are there areas you won't go into?

Well, I'm sorry for your upset, you don't have to worry, nobody who is suffering here, is packing heat.

Might I suggest when you go home, why don't you stumble around in West Adams or stroll around the Wholesale District.

I want to go somewhere, I want to go somewhere, and I want to go somewhere.

I used to be a drug mule.

No, I didn't. I haven't even ridden a horse.

Not even a pony?

We were a poor family. We couldn't afford indoor plumbing, nor could my family afford the extra printing cost of giving me a middle name.

That's not a thing.

It is to me, now go away.

Since I can't go somewhere now, shall we continue travelling back in time and see where I've been?

Come along with me now, damn it.

You're aggressive.

It's because I've never ridden a pony.

Do you like crossing the border?

How have your experiences been?

Have they been like this (mine)?

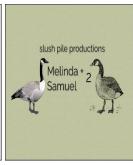
READ ALL OF MY DAYS — JUNE 2023

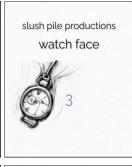


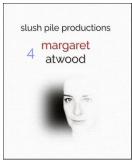
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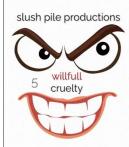
My Days-June 2023: Contents



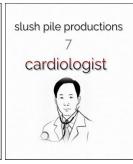


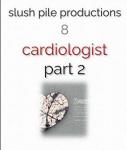


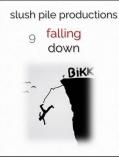


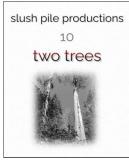


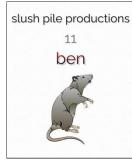








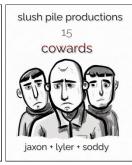


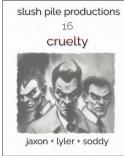


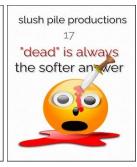


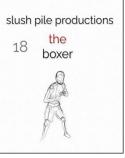


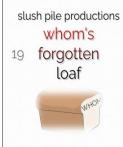


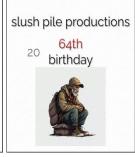




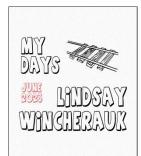


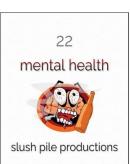


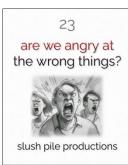




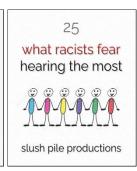
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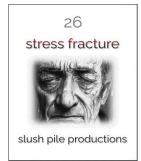




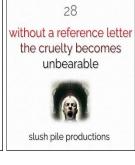


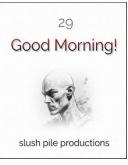
















ORGANIZE

SKETCH

SHARE

PLAY

PACE

DANCE

REALIZE

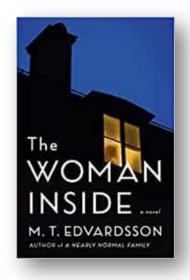
EARTH

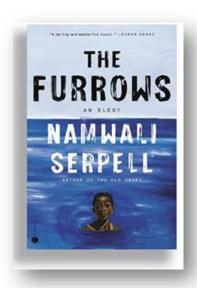
LOOP

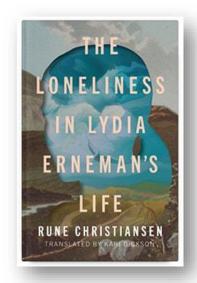
Eudora Welty's Rules for Writing

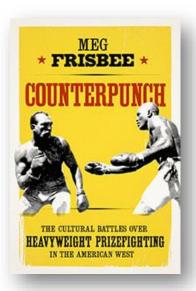


- "Every good story has mystery—not the puzzle kind, but the mystery of allurement."
- "The great stories of the world are the ones that seem new to their readers on and on, always new because they keep their power of revealing something."
- "Beware of tidiness."
- "Beauty comes from form, from development of idea, from aftereffect. It often comes from carefulness, lack of confusion, elimination of waste—and yes, those are the rules."









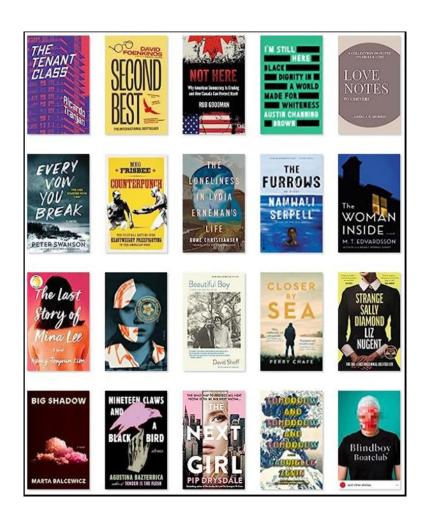
VISIT: https://www.lindsaywincherauk.com/i-love-it-2022.html

TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

All the Books I Read in 2023



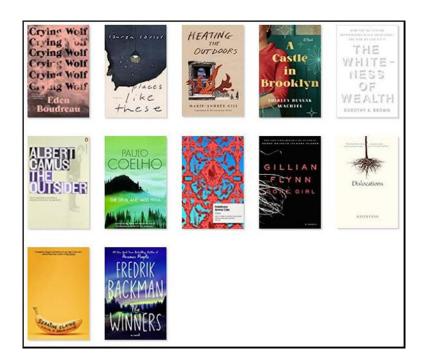
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SOME OF THE BOOKS ABOVE WERE READ IN MARCH

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

All the Books I Read in 2023 P.2 111



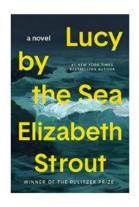
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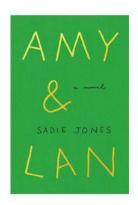
TO READ MY THOUGHTS ON MORE THAN 270 BOOKS

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WHAT ARE YOU READING?

ALL TIME FICTION READS | | |

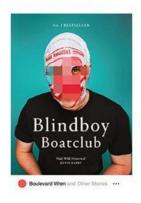




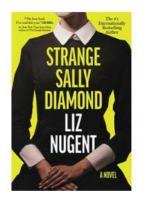


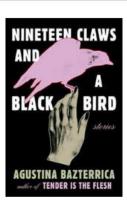


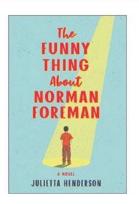


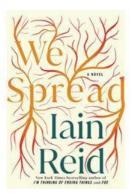












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YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

ALL TIME NON-FICTION READS | | |

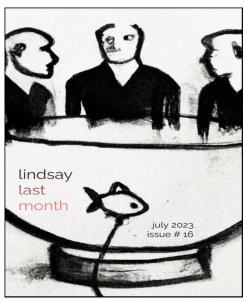


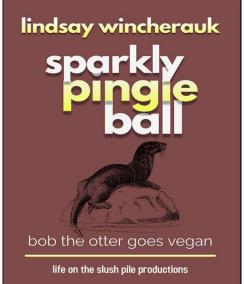
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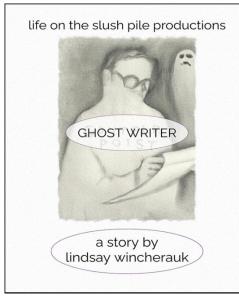
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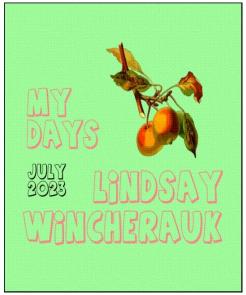
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THESE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK









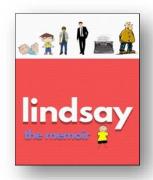
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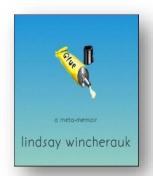
TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

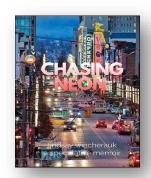
WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

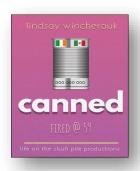
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

COMPLETED MANUSCRIPTS

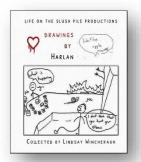






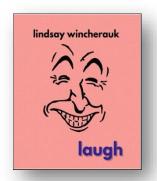


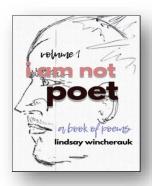














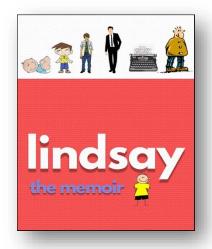


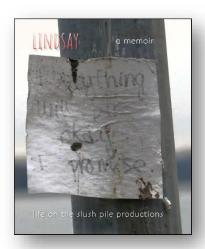
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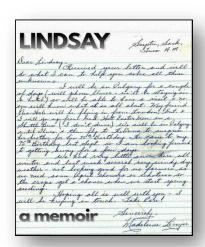
TO SEE MORE FROM: LIFE ON THE SLUSH PILE PRODUCTIONS

WHAT ARE YOU CREATING?

LINDSAY - THE MEMOIR







shocking and heartwarming collection of stories about a child's search for identity after accidentally discovering at age 43, the parents he watched die were not his birth parents.

15 Sections. 106 Stories. A dark family secret, religion-fuelled shame, and pain-derived humour; cobbled together to make one whole in an extraordinary ride through a shattered life.

A unique, riveting, intensely personal, and exceptionally candid memoir. An extraordinary account of an extraordinary life. Deftly written, complex, thoughtful, and thought-provoking.

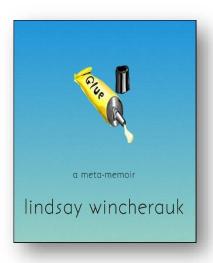
•••

Little did I know, fifty-six years later, I'd be meeting my mother for the first time as my mother, at the side of her deathbed.

•••

Not only is this memoir rife with family drama. But it is also the only memoir with a motorcycle crash in Jamaica, an attempted coup in Panama involving Manuel Noriega, a brush with the Dalai Lama in a Vancouver food court, eating breakfast with The Thing from the Fantastic Four, and a two-on-two basketball game with Fox Mulder.

GLUE



The powerful follow-up to Lindsay - The Memoir.

It starts with Lindsay meeting his mother for the first time, as his mother, as he stood alongside her deathbed where he said hello, and goodbye.

Glue shifts deftly between the present and past as Lindsay continues cobbling the missing pieces of his life together. 36 interconnected stories examining the pains and joys of living—trying to make sense of it all.

Along the way life is enriched by an exchange student.

Lindsay meets his father only to have to tell him two weeks later he isn't his father.

And then, he witnesses a gay bashing, leading to becoming a key witness and in a true Harvey Milk moment, giving a speech in front of a crowd of 5,000+ about ending senseless violence.

The case resulted in Canada's first Hate Crime designation.

And then he meets his mother.



A story about a man trying to find himself after his parents come back to life.

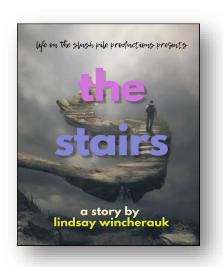
And then, he witnesses a gay bashing.

And then, he suffers a catastrophic stroke.

And then \rightarrow

THE STAIRS

A Psychologically Thrilling Memoir(?)



After being fired at age sixty by a company using the pandemic as cover to replace him with a younger and cheaper model, Lindsay trips nightly into an all-too-real nightmare and must slay the demons from his past to survive.

We all have monsters lurking inside us.

Lindsay's lengthy career ended abruptly when someone younger replaced him at the start of a oncein-a-century pandemic. His life is tossed upside down, causing sleep to become a thing of the past as he trips into a waking nightmare fuelled with uncertainty.

Monsters lurk in his home, threatening his very existence. Lindsay must face the ghosts of his past. A portal opens just as the monsters are about to tear him apart, and he races upward, escaping certain death. With each flight he climbs, he comes across those he's left behind, dead, and alive, trying to understand who he has become. Lindsay desperately tries to reconcile with dark family secrets and corporate greed to find solace and forgiveness. Lindsay continues living in the present and comes across a new friend, Dean, who is terminally ill—and he must learn how to become a friend with someone dying. At the end of it all, at the precipice of doom, Lindsay meets his father for the first time.

Switching between the past and present, the truth slowly emerges, and The Stairs becomes a riveting, terrifying, oft-times-hilarious story that never takes you in the direction you expect.

The Stairs is a genre-defying thriller that will leave you breathless as you race with Lindsay into his past, knowing full well the only way for Lindsay to sleep is if he slays the demons stalking his very existence: crippling depression, alcohol, denial, Jack the Ripper, doubt, insecurity; and escape.

His survival depends on it. On every page, 'fiction' trips into 'non' as fantasy becomes skewed by reality.

A Numbers Game \ \ \ \ \

INTIMACY

YIPPEE

CREATIVE QUEST

THE LIFE OF A 'FAILED WRITER'

TOTAL PITCHES = 782

PROPOSALS ACTIVE = 629⁽¹⁾

(PUBLISHERS * AGENTS)
(FILM * TELEVISION)

1) HAVEN'T RECEIVED REJECTION

MEDIA BLITZ = ONGOING

TAKE DOWN THE SCUMBAGS

FITNESS (MAY)

WORKOUTS = 14

STEPS WALKED = 628,396

MILES WALKED = 299.83

SEAWALL (LAPS) = 59.93

42

MENTAL HEALTH (DEPRESSED)*

BOOKS READ = 4

FAT STILL?

DEPRESSION RETURNED — A LITTLE SUICIDAL

VISIT WWW.LINDSAYWINCHERAUK.COM

DEPRESSION KICKED IN MY DOOR AND WON'T LEAVE

43

MORE FITNESS STATS

	STEPS			MILES					
MONTH	2020	2021	2022	2023	2020	2021	2022	2023	MONTH
January	95,158	767,895	236,579	771,960	46.82	368.82	110.84	379.25	January
February	91,556	768,583	236,747	707,173	45.34	375.84	114.30	363.71	February
March	67,439	944,196	367,922	556,086	37.85	461.84	184.83	273.66	March
April	445,479	797,803	272,488	398,383	213.10	385.82	134.17	196.55	April
May	710,993	553,656	267,773	628,396	349.73	265.79	129.05	299.83	May
June	741,801	593,966	686,730	901,839	375.12	284.51	331.77	462.43	June
July	781,424	762,892	1,243,230	21,676	381.11	386.79	624.61	10.05	July
August	680,628	679,989	628,393	0	329.24	345.93	306.24	0.00	August
September	704,996	700,561	538,282	0	344.98	346.56	268.41	0.00	September
October	425,376	445,274	514,056	0	203.25	227.05	258.40	0.00	October
November	441,093	250,764	437,030	0	212.05	125.51	215.58	0.00	November
December	551,451	190,448	356,375	0	263.65	90.32	173.87	0.00	December
Totals	5,737,394	7,456,027	5,785,605	3,985,513	2,802.24	3,664.78	2,852.07	1,985.48	Totals
	GOLD	SILVER	BRONZE						

44

EVEN MORE FITNESS STATS

SEWALL	2023	2022	2021	2020
jan	68.22	19.82	65.95	8.37
feb	65.42	20.44	67.21	8.11
march	49.23	33.05	82.58	6.77
apr	35.36	23.99	68.99	38.11
may	53.93	23.08	47.53	62.54
june	83.18	59.33	50.87	67.08
july	1.81	111.69	69.16	68.15
aug	0.00	54.76	61.86	58.87
sept	0.00	48.00	61.97	61.69
oct	0.00	46.21	40.60	36.34
nov	0.00	38.55	22.44	37.92
dec	0.00	31.09	16.15	47.14
tot	357.15	510.00	655.32	501.09
APM	29.76	42.50	54.61	41.76
APD	0.98	1.40	1.80	1.37

PROPOSAL STATS

#	Manuscript	Pitches	Req	Rejections	Live
1	Lindsay	331	1	75	256
2	The Stairs	165	0	35	130
3	Canned	75	0	15	60
4	Flip Flops	44	0	3	41
5	Drawings by Harlan	34	0	8	26
6	Poetry	27	0	3	24
7	Sparkly Pingle Ball	15	0	2	13
8	E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L	14	0	0	14
9	Said the White Guy	11	0	2	9
10	This Table	9	0	1	8
11	Tru + Joy	11	0	1	10
12	Glue	10	0	1	9
13	Death Sauce	7	0	1	6
14	ePHEMERAL	7	0	2	5
15	Literally without And	5	0	0	5
16	Howard	5	0	1	4
17	Life Without Mirrors	4	0	2	2
18	Laugh	5	0	0	5
19	Plus 15	3	0	1	2
	16-May-23	782	1	153	629

3 IMAGES J J J J



VISIT <u>www.lindsaywincherauk.com</u>

PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

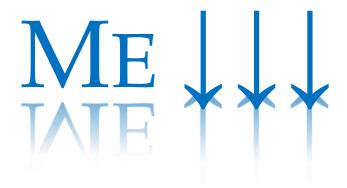
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(J.15.2022)

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

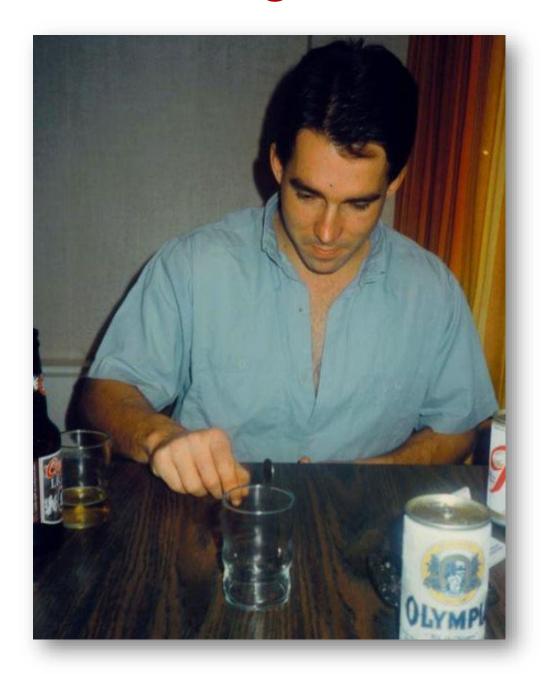


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PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

3



VISIT <u>www.lindsaywincherauk.com</u>

PHOTOS + ART ON EVERY PAGE

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.

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



OVER THERE

OVER THERE

WHERE?

THERE

LOOK WHERE I'M POINTING

I'M LOOKING AT YOUR HAND

DO YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS?

I DON'T THINK SO

LOOK

WHERE?

THERE

Now I see it

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

READING A BOOK IS LIKE LOOKING AT A DEAD TREE



AND HALLUCINATING



I'M NOT THE LAST PAGE TRY HARDER

 $\downarrow \longrightarrow \downarrow$

THAT'S ALL -> SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



www.lindsaywincherauk.com

THE BACK COVER

OR AS I LIKE TO CALL IT

PAGE 66

Fine Print: The Editor-in-Chief is aware that this page is rarely, if ever; Page 66, he just likes calling it Page 66 for continuity.