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**JUNE 2023**  
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**MY DAYS: VOLUME 1**  
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BAT GUANO + KIMCHI CHIPS  
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**I**n the left corner, Depression.  
In the right corner, Me.  
**I**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.

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 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 Spicely 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.

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?

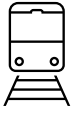
Yes.

Wow!

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

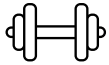


# HIGH SCHOOL 1972 HIGH SCHOOL 1972



## → The Wrong Side →

Be smart. ~~Be a stoner. Come from wealth.~~ Excel athletically.  
Fit in.



CLASS NUMBER ONE: ROLL CALL

Lindsay?

Here.

Is Don your older brother?

Yes.

Coach we have a star in our presence!

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High School was going to be a →

Just turned 14.

Wrong side of the tracks.

Brother a god-like athlete.

Dying father.

Bionic Woman.

How could High School not be a →

Don's white cleats → too large.

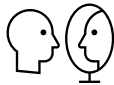
Golf. Tennis. Track. Excel.

Tattered hand me-downs. We're poor.

WIN. WIN. WIN.

Family absent.

Victorious alone.



Life in the shadow of →

TRAVELLING MAN  
TRAVELLING MAN

3  
3

U OF S HUSKIE FOOTBALL TEAM: BUS TO EDMONTON  
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I'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.

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**BORDER WALL**  
BORDER WALL

**MY CRAZY TALENT**  
MY CRAZY TALENT

I 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.

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**VANCOUVER: CIRCA 2008**  
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.

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)?