



Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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11
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BEN
BEN



Sunday, June 11, 2023

I'm feeling a tad weak today.

I sit at my computer. Why is it that the minute I sit down at my computer in the morning, I have to poop?

I'm back. Don't worry, I washed my hands.

I feel yucky.

Why?

None of your business.

Then why did you tell us?

I don't know.

Type

—

I hit the Fitness Asylum. Great news!

What?

Red Coat was there; he was at the counter. An Asylum worker told him his membership is in good standing. This disappointed me; I thought he didn't have a membership and just walked in off the street most days and worked out. But in reality, Red Coat doesn't work out; he walks around the Asylum touching the weights without lifting them. He's safety conscious; he wears a mask, not covering his mouth or nose, but just his chin.

I do an intense cardio workout. When I get home, J and I prepare to hang out, read, and maybe grab a snack.

Walk

We come across what quickly becomes my second favourite tree in the city.

Read

Snack

Walk

There is a comedy show at a community garden. By comedy show, I mean a sheet of paper with four jokes printed on it. The last joke is cutting.

Don't worry about old age; it doesn't last long.

Laugh

Walk

—

A rat scurries by.

I open my phone, go to the YouTube App, and play Ben by Michael Jackson.

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I'm not sure if the song is really about a rat. Ben would make an excellent first dance at a wedding, especially if you had married a rat. I think.

We walk toward my local haunt, a watering hole. J doesn't want me to go.

Guilt

I sit down beside The Mayor.

We banter.

We talk about how America is not capable of not being racist.

What?

With the smoke from the wildfires draping cities, Americans need to give the fires a cultural ethnicity; Canadian Wildfires.

Canada brings the smoke. Mexico brings illegal immigrants.

What does America do?

Blame others for their problems when they have a former president charged with thirty-eight-billion criminal charges. And they don't want to get rid of their guns because they like shooting each other.

Geez.

The Mayor and I continue bantering.

We talk about being on the Vegas Golden Knights bandwagon. To help Vegas out, we cheer for the Florida Panthers. It's working. We're not on any bandwagon.

We continue bantering.

We talk about the man's life I saved after he fell by doing absolutely nothing.

Mayor, I did the least possible to help the man as he tried to regain his composure with a crow pecking at his oozing brain matter. I utterly, literally would have been okay in this instance; I just kicked one of his sandals toward him. The man thanked me.

It would have been better if he told me to fuck off.

—

Sitting behind us is an older man, probably around eighty. He's with his friend, or child, or... I don't know.

His friend, child or... I don't know, is maybe thirty. He's large. By large, I mean obese. The last time we saw him, he was sitting at a table with his pants hanging low on his backside, full ass exposed, and coin slot open.

If I had to describe, His friend, child, or... I don't know; I would call him Sloshy.

A third person joins them. He's sketchy, with ashen skin. Dusty. He paces back and forth behind us, occasionally walking up to the electric dart board and pressing his finger against it. His pacing is making me feel uncomfortable.

—

The Mayor and I are now entering an uncomfortable conversation. Homelessness, addiction, mental health, and the poor golfers who have just had their golf tours merge with the Saudis.

Poor golfers. It looks cool out where they are golfing today.

—

His friend, child, or... I don't know, speaks.

I'm looking for a wife. He says. Three minutes later, he adds, Do you guys like Cold Play?

A man walks up behind him and inserts a twoonie.

—

I tell The Mayor one of the biggest problems with what is happening with people suffering is society has this propensity to need to label them. In the case of those who are suffering, we call them a problem. To me, this highlights society's ineptitude to do something to help.

We must change the verbiage. An excellent starting point.

The Mayor doesn't see it this way. He doesn't think we call people, problem. I read his mind; he thinks suffering people are a problem.

The Mayor is wrong. I don't care if he is almost eighty. He's part of making things a problem.

I continue by saying, when blue fences are installed to make the problem go away and it is used to demonize the homeless, people say they did an excellent job cleaning up the problem.

Where did they go?

—

A white family moves from Kansas to Ohio because a company has built a vast distribution center. The Ohio people hate the Kansas people and call them job-stealing immigrants. Hillbilly Elegy.

The Kansas people buy a house. Life is ticking upward. Construction is booming. Aging people are working themselves to the bone. That's okay; they have healthcare. The company closes up shop and pulls out of town. The Kansas people lose their jobs and healthcare. The city they live in starts decaying. Their homes are now worthless. They lose their healthcare. They need their pain meds they can no longer afford. A drug dealer walks by. More people are now on the streets, high, fucked up, and judged.

A man with orange hair promises to bring coal jobs back. And Kodak film.

A city puts up a blue fence and changes out park benches with benches with armrests in the middle. Suffering people are demonized. The rest of us judge.

The Mayor needs to think he made better decisions than those who are called, problem.

The Mayor is wrong.

—

The Mayor shares a story about how he and racist Jacques gave tourists the wrong directions in Stanley Park today. Racist Jacques has often said things like, the city has done an excellent job cleaning up problem areas.

I stress to The Mayor it's wrong to call humans problems.

He disagrees.

He's wrong.

—

Three years ago, I was walking in Vancouver's West End. A car pulled up beside me. The driver rolled down his window and asked me for directions.

Do you know how to get to Toledo?

Ohio? I asked.

Yes.

I start to give the directions; Toledo is thousands of miles away. I said. I realized my directions might be confusing. So, I say, I'll help you out, but only if I can drive.

The man says sure.

But I can only go as far as Falcon Lake in Manitoba; you are on your own after that.

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I ask him why he's going to Toledo. The man tells me he heard a company left Toledo, and you can buy a house there for under \$50.00, and drugs are reasonably priced.

A bowl of Avgolemono soup is \$8.95 in Vancouver.

If you are from Toledo and reading this, I don't know if anything I've typed is accurate. I know nothing about Toledo and don't have time to research it.

Why don't you have the time?

I'm typing. Duh.

We pull away from the curb. Three seconds later, I announce, I've got to take a leak.

—

One week later, I got back to Vancouver.

I keep stressing to The Mayor the problem with what he doesn't want to admit he calls a problem—is most of need to think we are better than those he doesn't admit to calling a problem—many of us are too fucking fragile to understand we need to change our chosen verbiage.

The Mayor disagrees.

He's wrong.

—

A woman, I'd guess to be around seventy-five, sits down three stools to our left. She looks at Andrew, the bartender.

Excuse me, do you have a name?

I laugh.

She takes off her jacket. Her blouse is sleeveless. She asks Andrew how he's built his triceps. She asks Andrew for exercise tips.

I laugh.

I say to The Mayor + Andrew, older people shouldn't stress too much because they risk their flesh not Electroluxing.

What?

Not recoiling.

I love this lady; she's asking for exercise tips. Her question reminds me of when I played tennis with a ninety-year-old man, and after we hit, he asked me how his shots were; he told me he had just changed his grip because he was trying to get more power on his shots.

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Never quit trying.

—

I wonder if His friend, child or... I don't know, has found a wife?

Three loonies fall out of his coin slot.

—

J shows up.

Trevor (name changed), a retired lawyer, sits beside me. I've known Trevor for fifteen years. He shot 101 at the UBC golf course today.

Relevance?

We reminisce. He reminds me of when we formed a story about former NHL star Mike Modano murdering people with curling stones. This is a thing. I mean, not real. Margaret Atwood.

We laugh.

We rarely see each other, but we pick up where we left off last time.

Michael Hutchence, the now-defunct lead singer of INXS, was an excellent dancer, we opine.

We take turns interrogating each other. I'd make an excellent litigator. Trevor is being bullied by one of the people he golfs with.

J doesn't really understand what's going on. Neither do we.

We talk about the Canadian Wildfires. Trevor wonders when we started calling them wildfires?

I suggest it is because a coyote has been dealing opiates and meth to the fires; that's how they became wild... and sleepless.

Trevor laughs.

We talked about many more sensible things.

—

Vaccines.

Monkeypox. Whore? Whore? Whore? Whore? Whore? If you answered yes to any of these questions, get the vaccine.

—

Trevor is getting bullied.

Justin Bieber's father decided Justin needed to be in the news. So, he tweets out we need to stop promoting Gay Pride and 'THE STRAIGHTS' needs to be thanked by 'THE GAYS' because without 'THE STRAIGHTS,' 'THE GAYS,' wouldn't exist. Or something like that.

Justin responds he's not happy with what his father said. We're now talking about Justin Bieber again.

Baby. Baby.

Trevor is being bullied.

I wonder if 'THE STRAIGHTS' know 'THE GAYS' can impregnate someone?

Closeted.

Fuck off, Uganda.

Trevor is being bullied. Before they tee off, one of his golf buddies whispered in Trevor's ear, "I've seen your Grindr profile.

Trevor shot 101.

—

Rory McIlroy was offered \$480 million US to join the Saudi Golf Tour. He turned it down on principle – now the two golf tours have merged.

Rory McIlroy was offered \$480 million to join the Saudi Golf Tour, and we talked about homeless people being a problem.

We label some people as mentally disorganized and need to be institutionalized. Blue fences. Community garden.

The rest of us are talking about golfers, Justin Bieber, and... we're, okay?

—

Trevor, Mayor (who's no longer there), you must watch Manifest, the most incredibly splendid program in television history. I need you to watch it so we can bask in its joy together. Because if nobody else watches it, you are causing me to suffer.

Mayor, I still think Fall is the best thing I've ever seen. Two women honouring their dead friend climb a 2,000-foot TV Tower in the desert. When they reach the top, the ladder collapses. There is no way down. They perform feats of strength. They are trapped overnight. They don't freeze to death despite being scantily clad. Breasts. They have a moment where one of the women confesses having cheated with the other woman's dead friend. Vultures. One of the women falls to a lower platform. They can't get a cell signal. Vultures are eating the woman who fell. The other woman stuffs her cell phone inside the gaping wound of her once friend to protect the phone from smashing when her dead body slams into the ground. This is to get a cell signal. Before the woman pushes her dead friend off the tower, she says to her dead friend, "Sorry."

What could be better than that?

Trevor, do you have Netflix?

No. How do I get it to go onto my TV if I get it?

It just does. I say. How old is your TV?

TV trays.

—

A weather person is on the tube. I laugh and suggest it should be mandated all weather people should be amputees. I ask Andrew his name? I then ask Andrew whether people should be full amputees, arms,

and legs, or just arms? Andrew says they should be allowed to keep one leg.

We are talking aloud.

Could you imagine, I say, in the final interview, the interviewer says, You're hired; there is only one catch, which leg would you like to keep?

This is also said aloud.

—

Once Upon a Time, in My Previous Work Life

I was driving a man our company was exploiting to a job site. I was whining about something. Perhaps lack of sleep? The man told me he also has trouble sleeping because he can't find a bench without an armrest in the middle, so he spends his nights on the ground.

He continues. When I woke today, my shoes were gone, taken right off my feet, and three rats were crawling over my body.

Ben(s), the four of us need look no more.

We four found what we were looking for.

With friends to call my own.

I'll never be alone.

And you, my friends, will see.

You've got a friend in me.

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I'm one traumatic event from becoming a street performer.

A problem?

No.

Toledo has a zoo!

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Grammarly Readability Score = 84

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

Charlie Kaufman

Ducks Newburyport

THE BIG C: MARCH 1979

Three fucking knocks on the door.
A pattering mist, washing windows.
Door cracked open.

Ominous man, draped in black, stands outside.

I slam the door shut.

A foot blocks my effort. Voice grating.

I'm here for your father. GET HIM.

He's not here. Who the fuck are you?

Cancer, you naïve young man. He cannot escape me. I'll be back.

Poof. Drifts into the shadows.

I walk to school.

The Big C → lurking on every corner.

Dad is ill. Dying. Cancer wraps him in its talons.

I'm only eighteen.

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Run Dad. Run.

There is no running.

I must escape. Football is the answer. Edmonton provided distance.

Dad was dying.

I prepared to leave home. Guilt provided tears.

Blurred vision. Mum. Dad. Leaving home for the first time.

Don't be a burden on your Aunt & Uncle.

I planned to stay with them.

Empty parking spot—Sherwood Park Mall—living in my car.

Three days later. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Lindsay, come home.

I moved in with my Aunt & Uncle, Priscilla & Roy.

My dad was dying.

I'm not strong enough. → TO BE CONTINUED →



Hello, welcome; my name is Gus. What's your name?

Pleased to meet you.

HI'm consulting, what a gig, I get to tell people what is good for them; like that's a thing.

My consultancy is to get companies to trade in a virtual currency, Trade Dollars. It's like bartering without the chickens unless, of course, you use your Trade Dollars to gobble up some chicks sizzling on the grill of Foghorns—a chicken-centric restaurant where most of their chickens are delivered by Canada Post.

Like most jobs in life, at least for me, I'm usually somewhat proficient at them, but I hated them. I hated this job. The company was called MEC, which stands for I hated it. Funnily enough, if I flash to the future, I will eventually land with a company called TLC for fifteen-fricking years, until they, in an unpleasurable manner, screw me—depositing me on a stool at THIS TABLE ⁽¹⁾, trying not to lament about hard done by.

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You know, Gus, if you hate the things work you do, you're not breathing.

Really, then why are my glasses fogging up?

- Flashing to 2020 and backwards to THIS TABLE—there will never be a Gus visiting THIS TABLE, so why did you call yourself Gus in this story? I don't know.

Must chase the dangling carrot of success: Now.

Damn treadmill, it's faulty; I can't reach the carrot. I need money. Run. Run. Run. That's okay; I don't mind Macaroni & Cheese without butter or milk.

I must improve Gus's lot in life, and Gus needs to escape.

Then write it.

I will.

It's non-fiction with a fictitious bent.

Gus's phone rings. He raises it to his left ear with his left hand.

Hello, Jamaica, I'll ask my boss if he can float me some cabbage.

I thought you were chasing carrots?

What's that, Wayne, and Greg, you are itching to go!

Okay, okay, my name isn't Gus; it's Lindsay.

It is time, to be honest, + Lindsay needs cash or some organic produce he can hawk.

Hey, Mr. Boss Man, do you have a minute? Look, I need a dose of vitamin D. I need a break.

I need you to spot me some dough.

Jamaica is calling, and I must go.

Look, Cliff, look at these projections: flip, flop, flop, flop, deal, deal, deal, deal, the treadmills belt is being repaired, these deals are locked down.

And Cliff, I'm just scratching the surface with these. You know my performance has been, to say the least, outstanding. Would you like me to flip some more?

No. What's with your tie?

Cliff, were you even paying attention?

No. Seriously, what's with your tie?

Mr. Cliff, look, it's Mickey Mouse bent over with his head between his knees – kissing his ass goodbye.

Hmm. Professional. How much do you need?

ONE WEEK LATER: IRIE MON!
ОДИН НЕДЕЛЮ ПОСЛЕ: ИРИЕ МОН!

FAST-FORWARD: AUGUST 6-7, 2016
FAST-FORWARD: АУГОСТ 6-7, 2016

MiMi + Bubby make a jaunt down the I5 to Seattle. Bubby is from South Korea and has recently been granted permanent resident status in Canada. The furthest south he had been before was Bellingham.

Zoom. Zoom. Zoom. Veer. A silver Citroën cuts MiMi and Bubby off. MiMi wants to raise his middle digit, but in the nick of time, he remembers in the States, many residents tot firearms. So instead, he shouts out at this aggressive road menace, something rhyming with a trick.

A few miles up the road, the Citroën loses control, smashing into a perfectly green light standard, the car is sliced in two. As MiMi + Bubby passes by they notice, the driver and another man hand-in-hand skip away from the wreckage.

Seattle rocks. Vancouverites are lucky to share the left coast with it and Portland.

It had been thirteen years since MiMi had visited, and excitement coursed through his veins.

Screech. Border crossing.

Where are you going? How long are you planning to stay?

Calm. Don't panic, MiMi thinks.

We're not criminals. Why does your tone imply we might be? We're just going for the day unless we can find a hotel under \$400. If we do, we might stay, and do it? Oh my, did I just say, do it?

Two hours later, Bubby needs to take a leak. MiMi types McDonald's into the GPS. Drive. Drive. Drive around Lake Union.

Look, Bubby, that McDonald's over there is spelled Starbucks. Oh geez, look over there. Is that a Troll under a bridge?

Let's walk.

Freemont is lovely, hmm... a statue of Lenin.

Bubby let's hit downtown.

The Alaskan Viaduct sucks: I hope they raze it one day.

Screech, Seattle Pacific Hotel.

How much for a room?

\$303.

Back on the sucking Viaduct. What sane city planner would put a raised highway right on the waterfront dissecting the downtown core from the wharf?

The question is rhetorical.

I bet you knew that?

We did.

Bubby, we're lost; West Seattle isn't downtown.

U-TURN

Finally, they made it to the heart of the city, parked and began exploring this, despite the eyesore of the Viaduct, invigorating, bohemian city, full of character, grungy, with an eclectic vibe, city.

VANCOUVER = PRISTINE.

SEATTLE = EXCITINGLY DARK + PULSING WITH ENERGY.

Bubby started a headcount of Koreans, making it to one = Bubby.

MiMi + Bubby decided to fit into the American scene; they rented guns.

Next, they explored the Emerald City: Pioneer Square + Pike Place Market + The Gum Wall (chewy) + The Heart of the City, culminating in a move the car and decision time.

Back at The Seattle Pacific Hotel.

Hey, Mr. Desk Clerk, the previous desk clerk offered us a room for \$303; can you do us better? What, wow! \$299 + free parking! How about we sleep in the same bed, will you do \$250? You won't let us; double rooms are more. But you said you have a single – WTF? I guess we'll take the \$299 room. Here's my CC.

Ten Minutes Pass, and the room phone rings.

Come down to the lobby. You are going to give us a refund. You are only going to charge us \$250. Thanks. Why the change of mind? Never mind.

More exploration and drinking were on the docket with their car freely parked.

Two days = approximately forty-five kilometres of walking eating + sloshy drinking.

YUM УМ

- Von's 1000 Spirits (Tasty) Mezcalaria on Pine (Mescal in a gorgeous room)
- Mamnoon Capitol Hill (Luscious. Arabic. Mouth Watering)
- R-Place (A room filled with sailors. A Drag Show. A mixed crowd)
- Pike Place Chowder (A forty-five-minute wait. Well worth it)

They perused, perused and another word for perused, scanned, a plethora of fascinating places. They contend Capitol Hill shimmers like Vancouver's Commercial Drive, only on steroids.

MiMi is anxiously dreaming of the tub. Before he soaks, he decided to share his highlights of their jaunt through me.

SEATTLE HIGHLIGHTS СЕАТТЛ ХАЙЛАЙТС

- A plethora of cool lounges and restaurants.
- Walk, walk, walkity, walk, a wonderful city for walking.
- The Elliot Bay Book Store.
- The Stadiums: Century Link + Safeco + Husky.
- MiMi's dick looks bigger in Seattle than Vancouver (What?).
- Except for the lack of Koreans: diversity.
- The lack of yard signs sporting an R.

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SEATTLE LOWLIGHTS СЕАТТЛ ЛОУЛАЙТС

- The Alaskan Viaduct (A little birdy told them its days are numbered).
- Griminess.
- The high probability of everyone packing heat.

OFF THE GRID LOWLIGHTS ОФФ ДИГРИД ЛОУЛАЙТС

MiMi + the Bubbster, without a care in the world, unhurriedly wandered the streets on a gloriously sunny Sunday – it was overcast, I checked Doppler – on this splendidly cloudy day. Then, as they frolicked by The Purr Cocktail Lounge, they meowed. Two steps after their moggy burst of exuberance, they came across a man standing on the sidewalk, a mere three steps in front of them. The man was leaking. Ewe.

Behind them strutted a girl, she the leaking man was traumatizing her. How did MiMi and Bubby know she was being traumatized? Because she said so.

OMG, I'm traumatized.

MiMi asked her, "Is it because of our meowing?" And then he asked, "Could you please pick a different word because I've already used traumatized in this part of the story?"

ONE HOUR LATER ONE HOUR LATER

Bubby got a hankering for Starbucks. While MiMi waited for Bubby's order to be filled, MiMi stood off to the side. A sexy young vixen was sitting at a long table directly in front of the counter. A look of horror adorned her gorgeous face. She flashed a look of desperation at MiMi. Her eyes were wide and bursting with anguish.

"Did you see that?"

MiMi hadn't.

"He's jerking off," she whispered while mimicking the jerking off (hand job ⁽²⁾) motion.

The manager sprung into action + confronted the central vein stroking man.

"Sir, you can't do that in here."

PAUSE PAUSE

The man calmly kept loping his mule as he looked deeply into the manager's pained eyes and said, "Why, not?"

The Current Time was 4 PM ⁽³⁾.

I'm the cream of the crop.

I rise to the top.

Let's back it up a bit.

Let's jump around. Jump around!

The Great Bathtub Incident of 2005

MiMi's landline prattled alive. On the other end was his marvellous friend Greg who was practicing law in Munich, Germany. It is once rumoured Greg once gave MiMi a tongue bath, likely untrue, but whatever.

What do most in North America do: 1) Bathe or 2) Shower?

Survey Says: Shower.

What are you implying? ⁽⁴⁾

MiMi and Greg occasionally write together (dream of) and dream of starting business ventures together (dream of) and often dream of (dream of).

MiMi and Greg love one another, like brothers, even more than they love their own brothers. In Greg's case, he has a brother – as for MiMi, he used to have three, then POOF they weren't, then he gained two, then POOF, now he likely has none.

I'm confused.

How is it that possible you are writing this story?

The point is they are there for each other through thick and thin!

Two weeks before the incident I'm about to share with you, Greg made a recommendation for a Broadway play consisting of singing puppets ⁽⁵⁾, which fired up MiMi's memory banks and a day where Greg popped into a record store to pick up George Michael + Morrissey cassettes ⁽⁶⁾.

MiMi's landline began prattling.

Hey, Greg, how are you doing? Why are you echoing? Oh, we were on speakerphone. What are those hollow sounds in the background? You're taking a bath. You're phoning me from the bathtub. You waited to get into the tub to call me. Did you see the big game last night?

Greg rambled for ten straight minutes. And then, paused –

You phoned me from the bathtub. Greg, I didn't hear a single word after bath.

Disturbing?

Why?

Because of the cleansing?

Nah.

Maybe, because he was talking MiMi, handsfree.

I THINK THIS IS AN EXCELLENT PLACE TO END THIS STORY.

A GREG PASSING COMMENT

In Europe, it is not unusual for men to take baths. There has been a long bathing tradition in Europe; just look at Great Britain (what's so great about it?) or Hungary for confirmation (whatever the hell that means is lost on me |Greg|).

Also, I am a huge (not girthy) fan of music from the eighties and nineties, as for Morrissey + George Michael: "It's just music, man, c'mon."

Tootles

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2. The sexy young vixen in this story cannot simulate jerking off because she doesn't have the necessary genitalia; she mimicked hand jobbing.
3. What time is it acceptable to jerk off in Starbucks?
4. Nothing.
5. See ⁽⁴⁾.
6. See ⁽⁴⁺⁵⁾ ⁽⁷⁾.
7. Is Bubby male or Female (same bed)? ⁽⁸⁾
8. Readers have wondered why you sometimes have footnotes in the middle of stories, while at others at the end, what do you have to say for yourself? ⁽⁹⁾
9. I make the rules.