

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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DEAN



Monday, June 12, 2023

Dean, what are you doing here?
That's how friendship works.

I'm doing mental gymnastics; you've been roaming through my brain for the last two weeks because I haven't seen you. I'm worried. Are you okay?

No. I'm sick. I'm dying. I don't want to go.

I feel like crying.

Cry.

Maybe later.

How are you feeling?

It's getting worse. I'm not ready.

I'm sorry.

I feel alone.

I'm sorry.

Always.

Will I see you again?

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I don't know.

Dean, I must run; I'm taking the day off from the Asylum to walk with J.

—

Flower Garden by Lost Lagoon Tennis Courts

J, look at this yellow flower. It's beautiful.

Phone camera in focus.

Photo about to be snapped.

An older woman walks behind me with her friend. Her voice scratches.

It's called an Icelandic Lilly; they grow like weeds. I have several of them
in my garden.

Silence.

The two of them walk three steps and pause; the lady looks at her friend and raises her
voice.

I hate when people snap photos of things when they don't know what
they are.

I feel bad for her friend.

What's the cat word for bitch?

Meow.

Probably.

—

Stanley Park Trails

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

The gravel crackles beneath our feet.

A high pitch chirp floats in the air to the right.

A woodpecker pecks to the right.

Two voices float down from another trail.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Coins rattle in my pocket.

A bump.

The coins rattle upward.

A smooth step.

No clinking coins.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Wildberries.

J picks several. Hands them to me.

Yum.

Crunch. Chirp. Tap. A floating voice.

More berries.

Why are you giving me all the berries?

We need to lower your cholesterol.

Loved.

—

Dean. Why are you here?

I always am. And I'm not really here. And we're friends.

—

Baby Racoons



An old tree towers in the park close to the rhododendron garden, towering about 90 feet upwards, branches lifeless, on it's last legs of life.

About halfway up, there is an opening.

We hear a squeal and branches cracking.

What is happening?

A raccoon family.

A mother? Three babies.

They climb. The babies are scared. Barely holding on. Crying. They are trying to make it home.

Baby one is in the den.

The second baby is in the den.

The third baby...

Oh no. Its leg slipped down a crevice in the opening, and like a ring on a finger you can't get off, the baby's leg is stuck.

J, I, and two others watch. The scene is intense. We are troubled.

The baby cries out in pain as it tries to wiggle its leg free.

Another baby leaves the den and starts to fall.

Mum grabs the baby by the scruff of the neck and performs a feat of strength, grabbing her child by the nape of its neck and gently placing it back in the den.

The stuck baby shrieks.

We, onlookers, are even more troubled.

The baby's leg stops moving.

Another shriek.

5 minutes. 10 minutes. 12 minutes.

We think about trying to climb the tree and help. But logic dictates if we do, we might lose our faces.

And as for me, if I tried, there is no doubt I'd end up lying on the ground, writhing in agony as a man asks if I'm okay – a crow pecks at the gash in my head – and then the man kicks me my flip flop.

Thank You. The man would say.

No need. I would reply.

15 minutes.

I decide to phone animal rescue. While I'm on the line, the baby frees its leg.

Yay.

We're heroes!

—

Watering Hole

J continues on home.

I sit with The Mayor, Sandy, Lindsay (female), and 2G.

Two guys are sitting to my right. One of them says the name, Lindsay.

Did you just say, Lindsay? I ask.

He did; his fiancé is named Lindsay. One of the men answers.

Hmm. My name is Lindsay, and over there, three seats to my left, she's Lindsay. That makes three Lindsays. That's a lot of Lindsay.

—

I'm in trouble. As I've mentioned, I can no longer afford life. I shouldn't be spending even a nickel. But feeling defeated has instilled hopelessness in me.

I hope that's only a fleeting bleakness.

What my former employer has done to my family is horrendous. What they did to my family is wrong.

You need to take care of your family.

I know. I just don't know how?

A tsunami of anxiety roils through me. Tears are welling up deep inside me.

Quit whining.

I'm scared. I'm not whining. I need to stifle myself. Nobody wants to hear about my hurt.

I need an income. But what? I'm a stroke survivor. I carry baby aspirin with me, just in case. I have a cardiologist. I'm turning 63 soon. What the fuck am I going to do? My only qualification is my life experience.

Get a job.

I'm a stroke survivor. I carry baby aspirin with me, just in case. I have a cardiologist. I'm turning 63 soon. What the fuck am I going to do?

I crawl into myself. I'm not feeling like me. I know I'm a great man. A strong man. A talented man. But the thing is, and a reality I must face,

my age has rendered me obsolete because I'm light years behind anyone younger than me when it comes to technology and the competitive work world today.

I walk home.

Along the way, I sing as I look across the street to see if J is walking toward me.

*That person is wearing a plaid shirt.
I'm crossing the street.
That's not J. That's not J. That's not J.
Two people are talking.
I can't make out their words.
That's not J. That's not J.
I need to be happy. I need to survive.
That's not J. That's not J.
I think I need to pee. I'll do it at home.
Is J there? Is J there?
Oh no. I'm not going to make it.
Common room.
Pee.
Relief.*

—

The song needs a lot of work.

—

J is home. We go out for a bit to hang out. It's relaxing. J's mother in Korea. J's mother wants J to return to Korea.

I cry out, please don't abandon me.

J won't.

You need to take care of your family.

You need to take care of yourself?

How? I'm breaking.

J and I sit down on a patio.

J, I haven't seen Dean in two weeks.

Oh no.

I message Whom about Dean.

Whom, is going through much.

Let me refresh your memory; Whom is sixty-eight, he has Parkinson's disease, and his life savings are spiralling downward. Needless to say, he is depressed and stressed to the max.

I send a text about Dean. I feel bad doing this. Whom has a lot on his plate.

I feel good I didn't say I send a text message...

Do you understand?

He gets back to me, saying he's having a tough day. He is packing up his home of sixteen years because he is moving into subsidized housing.

A tear races down my left cheek.

I send another text.

I'm sorry for what you are dealing with. Nothing more.

He tells me he will probably talk with Dean today.

—

Dean

I'm sorry, my friend. I'm worried about you. I worry about what I can't fucking do.

I hope to hear from him.

This is when typing gets tough.

Dean is dying. It's inevitable.

I'm not sure what I'm doing by reaching out.

Am I a monster?

Am I someone who is trying to get the first word on Dean's death?

If Dean has died, there is not a thing I can do.

I want to cry.

Stop it.

What?

Questioning your motives. This is uncharted territory.

What if Dean is alive this time; what happens the next time? Will my mind continue doing backflips? Am I making Dean about me?

Stop it. Look, Lindsay, how I see it is, you are a good friend.

I hope so.

You are.

What are your motives?

Tears.

Tell us more.

I don't want Dean to feel alone.

I don't want Dean to die alone.

I want Dean to know how much he is loved.

I want Dean to feel warm.

I want Dean to feel at ease.

I want to cry.

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 94

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

Lindsay?

Yes.

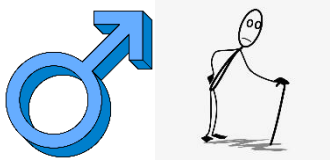
You are a beautiful man.

I AM OLD GUY

YOU



ME



TWO PASSING SHIPS



First Pass: Davie + Howe.

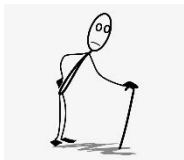
I'd love to take you to dinner.

I'm at Blend (usually) at 3 PM.

Second Pass: I forgot.

How will you know it's me?

I AM OLD GUY



I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION

WAIKIKI WAIKIKI

9-16 NOVEMBER 2018
9-16 NOVEMBER 2018

I'm off to Hawaii!

For the first time.

I need to do nothing for a week—six hours away—eight hours if you count the airport security checks.

Sir, you've been randomly selected for x-ray screening. Do you have any problems with that?

The only answer is, "no."

No.

Put my cell phone airplane mode. Disconnection is about to be connecting me with reality.

The end of my day is upon me. The flight should be filled with empty thoughts, perhaps a movie on the Air Canada App, and then, dreamland.

My row-mate seems nice. First impression: he's going to retreat into his own World. App fired up. Doesn't work. Rebooted. Doesn't work. Rebooted. Doesn't work. Thirty minutes later.

Hello, my name is Paul.

I'm exhausted.

Five hours and thirty minutes later, we began our descent to Honolulu. Five hours and thirty minutes straight of conversing while I teetered on the edge of comatose brought on by near-crippling exhaustion.

The conversation flowed freely.

Paul is a dancer.

Paul has put on significant Polynesian-themed dance routines on major cruise lines.

Paul has travelled much of the World, throwing lavish events.

Paul has done well for himself.

Paul helped five hours and thirty minutes fly by.

Thank you, Paul.

Lindsay, how are you getting to your hotel?

Walking.

No.

I'll figure something out.

Don't fret; I've ordered a van. I'll get you to your hotel.

Checked in by 1 AM, I went for a short stroll to drink in the salty Waikiki air; tomorrow, I planned on relearning how to relax, stop, breathe!

My friend Gary returned from a trip to Vero Beach, Florida, one week after returning from Hawaii. Gary is delightfully awkward at times – not an insult – a character plus!

As you can probably tell from my curt answers to the “How was Hawaii?” queries, I'm not much of a fan of the dribble people tend to spill when they report back to others about their travels. Going to Europe doesn't make you cultured + sophisticated. Going to Asia (Vast) doesn't make you an expert on how Asians live, if you even understand, the geographical vastness + diversity of the continent. And going to the States might just make us all a little bit –

At least the current states of affairs, created by perhaps a devolving moral barometer.

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Gary, how was Vero Beach?

“A lot of flying?”

Vero Beach is 5,145 KM from Vancouver.

Seriously Gary, a lot of flying?

Gary.

Yes, Lindsay.

I googled directions to Vero Beach; walking would have taken you 1,056 Hours.

Before I dive back into LAUGH, bear with me for an off-tangent moment. A friend brought to my attention a Personal Ad from a dating site:

THEN I SAW YOU
THEN I SAW YOU

Ripped from **I SAW YOU** section of a local rag.

I am a **M** - I'm looking for a **M**.

It was a dark night, but I saw you.

Your bike had no lights, but I saw you.

You wore a black hoodie and dark pants, but I saw you.

I saw you because your belt was too loose, and your buttocks gleamed under my front light as you cut me off.

Where does comedy come from?

I'm not sure if buttocks can gleam?

Doe's comedy comes from poetry.

I NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN TAKE CARE OF MY PENIS.

THE PENIS IN MY HEART, AND ALSO, MY REGULAR PENIS!

I found people I hate more, yes, "hate" more than Clipboard People and annoying cyclists. I found them during my trip to Paradise – at least the perfect weather paradise of Hawaii. Seriously, bleeping excellent!

I am grateful that in November 2018, I was able to make a trip to Oahu, setting up my home base at the **Aston Beach Waikiki**, an excellent hotel right on the beach, as the name suggests.

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DAY 1

I relaxed.

DAY 2

I relaxed.

However, a peddler of island excursions enticed me to explore the beauties of the Island.

Mr., do you have a moment?

I did. Relaxing had slowed my pulse to nine beats per minute.

If you take this tour around the Island, we promise to hit all major sites in one day. You can swim with dolphins, play with turtles, eat a pineapple, tackle the monster waves of the North Shore +++

It sounded great.

If you turn on the TV Machine in your room, you will be able to see some of the sights I've mentioned. Sights you mustn't miss!

The TV Machine in my room!
TUU T A TASCJUG IU UUA LOOUJ

We both laughed. I love Paradise. I decided: yes, I'm in, but I will explore on a return trip with a friend, so; I can tourist-it-to-the max with a friend for the first time, instead of "Hey, look at this, it's fantastic —"

Could I be Mr. Thoughtful?

Yes.

Awe, thank you.

Decision made, relaxing in Waikiki day-after-day for a week, adventures, next time.

Walking on the beach, walking on the street.

Walking my cares away.

Hey Mr, I have a free gift for you.

I'm not interested.

This cream will make you look younger. Don't you want to look twenty-five again?

No, I don't. I'm OK with who I've become.

OK, thirty, you can look thirty again. Wouldn't you want that?

No, I'd have to make new friends.

Come into my store. I will show you the fountain of youth.

I'm not interested.

I followed her.

Now sit. You have great skin, a great complexion. What do you use? Nothing? Wow, that's probably for the best—it has saved you from applying toxins to your skin. You're a handsome man. Let me use this cream around one of your eyes. Only one, I want you to see the miracle. Hold this fan. It will dry the cream. So good, good, can you feel the skin tightening?

I can feel pain.

It's working. Let me grab a mirror. Do you see the difference? I am only applying it to one side because the results will be astounding when it activates. Come back later, and I will do the other eye. I don't want you to —

I don't see a difference.

The cream is super-concentrated. This bottle will last years. Could you see yourself

applying this only once per week?

No.

You probably couldn't afford it.

One block later, different store, the other clerk on the sidewalk.

Hey Mr, here's a gift for you.

I'm not interested.

Don't you want to look younger? I can help you attack the deep wrinkles around your eyes, make you look twenty years younger.

I'm not interested.

Come sit with me. I will show you how.

Listen, I'm OK with my wrinkles. I don't have vanity issues.

Your loss. You could look so much better.

FOUR BLOCKS LATER, DIFFERENT STORES, DIFFERENT CLERKS ON THE SIDEWALK

Hey, Mr, here's a gift for you. Take it. I can make you look beautiful. Don't you want to look younger?

NO.

Every day for a week, every few blocks, this vultures-of-fading-youth prey on those of us kicking it around middle-aged – fucking up Paradise, but thanks to state of relaxation I discovered – although pestering – I feel sorry for when they age.

TWO DAYS LATER
TWO DAYS LATER

Hey, Mr –

This time a male vulture.

I can provide you with the fountain of youth; take this gift.

Stop talking to me. I walk past this store several times a day. I don't want the fountain.

Where are you from, Syria?

You have an incredible voice.

I turn to my right.

A dishevelled-looking man stood next to me.

Clothing tattered.

Your voice rocks. The best I've ever heard, I could listen to it all day long.
Thank you for your kind words. I put this special cream on my tongue daily.
What...oh, you're joking. It's been a pleasure walking with you!

IN THE FUTURE: APRIL 2019

I've returned to Oahu with a beautiful friend. We set up home at the wonderful on the beach, **Aston Beach Waikiki**. We were awed by the sights we saw after checking them out on the TV Machine and then exploring them in our rental Beetle (sucked) convertible.

We brought an excellent cream we invented called: IT'S INEVITABLE.

Out for a stroll on another perfect day in Paradise.

Hey, Mr, wouldn't you like to — ?

Hey, thanks for grabbing my attention. Do I have a miracle product for you, an excellent age-defying cream? We'll be setting up shop next to each of your locations. Here's a free sample.

Come with me.

Sit here on the curb.

Drink in the exhaust fumes of the passing cars.

Don't you want to — " OK, let me apply an ample amount all over your face.

Can you feel it working?

Let me grab a mirror.

This cream will work wonders on deepening all your beauty lines. Look, isn't it wonderful?

Yes, you look ten years, maybe twenty years, older, and I must say: you've instantly become a whack less annoying.

Preying on the middle-aged, geez. We're just trying to enjoy Paradise. Anyway, leave the cream on for not one, or two, or three, for at least five days. It will harden. It will hurt a bit. But, and here's the miracle part, after day five, when you finally scrub it off, you will look precisely five days older than you are today, but you will feel twenty years younger. Could you see yourself applying this once per week?

No, why would — ?

Because it's called life, and IT'S INEVITABLE!