



Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

2

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

13
13

DEAN SIGHTING
DEAN SIGHTING



Tuesday, June 13, 2023

If you were building a business...
What kind of business? A Staffing Business?
Let me finish.

Okay, go →

If you were building a business, who would you build your business around?

A Staffing Business that exploits people suffering, people in the throes of addiction, homelessness, and maybe suffering from mental health issues, desperate, vulnerable people?

Let me talk? Sure, that type of business.

What words would be in the name of the business?

Let me talk?

Would the word Labour be in it?

Let me talk.

Don't Go Chasing...

Waterfalls?

Sure.

They're playing at the PNE this year.

Left Eye Lopez.

I think she died? And it's Lopes.

3

I'm sorry.

You didn't kill her.

I'm sorry for getting her name wrong.

I'll trade you my Gretzky rookie...

Yes.

Add an s.

Okay.

Would you build your business around Jaxon, Soddy + Lyler, three of the most horrible people in the world? People who somehow believe it's okay to use people and then toss them away like garbage? People who... I can't continue... puke.

Or.

A good man, an empathetic man who treats everyone respectfully, a man who has loads of life experience and, no matter what, never quits trying?

4

Is there such a thing as a stupid question?

Not for the three horrible people, failures at life, soon-to-be failures at business.

*Don't go chasin' waterfalls.
Please stick to the rivers and the lakes that you're used to.
I know you'll have it your way or nothing at all.
But I think you're moving too fast.*

Lindsay?

Yes, Sparkly.

Your mind fascinates me.

Good or bad?

Good.

—

Yesterday, I wrote the story, Dean.

I think it's important, beautiful, cathartic.

I hit the Asylum. J has a flex day. I must make it calm. My stress level is reaching for the galaxies above.

Type

Walk

Granville Island

Sit down.

We munch on a burger.

I read, Not Here, a book warning Canadians not to follow the path American democracy is taking. It's fascinating. Scary.

Walk

We snap photos of floral perfection without knowing what type of flowers we are photographing.

Walk

I desperately try to fend off Depression and worry.

Does desperation work?

Not really.

I stop by the watering hole and sit with The Mayor.

Disclaimer

The Mayor has been one of my best friends for several years. I never thought I would have a great friend sixteen or seventeen years older than me. The Mayor and I banter effortlessly, usually—sometimes we disagree on things—that's okay, our emotional bank accounts are overflowing—I don't think there is anything that could alter or end our friendship.

Disappointment

Our conversation bounces around lightly most days. It does today. Until...

Until what?

A more serious subject matter arises. I mention the book. Canada needs to be careful because we Canadians have a habit of thinking we are kind and loving and not like Americans. We're somewhat delusional.

I read a passage from the book about how in 2022, one-third of Canadians think 'white people face more discrimination than visible minorities.'

And the banter changes from light...

The Mayor agrees.

I puke.

I say, poor, poor whites.

The Mayor agrees.

I recount our horrible history of how we treat other cultures, primarily what white colonizers did to the indigenous people.

And away we go...

The Mayor says the usual bullshit when a white person feels hurt.

We gave them land.

We brought them progress.

They are racist to us.

We never talk about what some of their own do to their own kind.

They have drug and alcohol problems. If they got over those things.

My blood curdles.

Mayor, sure, we gave them land after we took the land from them, changed their way of life, labelled them less than human—and the fucking land we gave them could not grow anything. We brought disease. We stripped them of their identity. Isolated them. Took away their children. Buried them. Told them we need them to be just like us. Monsters? Kept them away from the new settlers because we had started calling them 'savages.' The alcohol problems you speak of were caused by the white man when we refused to pay them for what we were taking from them but instead gave the alcohol to make them weak and pliable. Shall I go on?

I didn't do it to them? They need to get over it.

Fucking how? And yes, you did and still are.

Mayor, I read a lot. And in everything I read, there is connection after connection after connection.

I hate our conversation.

A man approaches. He's one of the owners of the watering hole. I find him to be repulsive in thought. I don't like him. He tells us he had a heart episode requiring surgery recently. There is vulnerability in his eyes. I feel for him. I ask him if he's okay.

He leaves.

The Mayor talks about how other cultures are no better than white people.

I tell him he's not really listening.

Fuck, I say, in a book called Heroin it talks about how when we gave indigenous people 'Status Cards,' as a way to control indigenous people like animals in a zoo.

Fuck, white people called other human-beings, 'half-breeds.'

I told The Mayor that 'Status Cards' allowed authorities to monitor the indigenous people making it illegal for them to be inebriated or they could be thrown in jail. Whereas every white person could walk around knee-walking, bile-puking drunk without repercussions.

I reiterate I read a lot.

The Mayor says what I read is just one man's opinion.

My blood boils.

I don't care how good of a friend or how fucking old The Mayor is; I won't let toxic thinking go unchallenged.

I tell him he's wrong. And his words aren't even an argument; they are signs of privilege; they're lazy and offensive, and I do not want to be that way.

Dean

I read The Mayor a bit of the story I wrote about Dean yesterday.

The Mayor says Dean is doing well.

I remind him Dean is dying, and we haven't seen him in two weeks.

He says Dean is just being Dean, and he is trying.

I tell The Mayor we don't get to decide whether Dean is trying or not or is doing well or how Dean handles terminal illness. We are not living Dean's reality, and it is ignorant and insensitive for us to try to guess how he's doing.

The Mayor says you thought you were terminal.

I say it's not the same thing. No doctor told me I was dying, but they did tell me a diagnosis (which, fortunately, turned out to be incorrect) which, when I looked it up, said the life expectancy for anyone with the diagnosed illness was my current age.

I also told a story about another diagnosis where the doctor said I had a 70% chance of Stomach Cancer. That day, after the doctor phoned, I went for a walk.

During the walk, a crow attacked me.

Later in the walk, my earbuds started playing a Platinum Blonde Song, Crying Over You. There is a 70% chance I have Stomach Cancer.

It's 2022. Crying Over You is from 1985.

Mid-song, a man and woman walk toward me. The man is wearing a jacket. I look his way. It's a Platinum Blonde Jacket. It's the only Platinum Blonde Jacket I've ever seen.

I'm not terminal.

The Mayor says...

I tell him we don't know how Dean is doing. I tell him Dean confides in me. He cries in front of me. Dean tells me he's getting worse. He tells me he doesn't want to leave yet.

I understand it's a challenging subject for The Mayor. Fuck. It's tough for anyone with a heart. But I can't stand when someone dismisses things just because it is uncomfortable for them.

I do not like today's visit.

Dean walks up to me!

It's the first time we've seen each other in two weeks.

He's smiling. He says, Whom, gave me your number!

Great. I say.

He says it's been a tough two weeks.

I just listen.

He told me last week his walker was delivered. Tears are in his eyes.

I listen. *He's doing well. He's trying. Echo in my mind.*

He says he hasn't found the strength to take it out of the box. A tear rolls down his face. "I don't want to use a walker."

He asks if I will drop by tomorrow; he wants to talk.

Dean exits.

I go to the washroom.

When I return, I tell The Mayor I appreciate our friendship and the fact we can engage in uncomfortable conversations. I tell him the more I read, the more I realize how little I know, but I'm constantly learning about the experiences of others and how I want to be as a human.

I'm being vulnerable. I'm not looking for a response.

The Mayor looks at me, gives me a patronizing pat on the back and says, "That's okay. I think you are an idiot."

Fuck. That was a significant withdrawal from our emotional bank account.

Am I overreacting?

I'm glad The Mayor is going away for a week. A break from the laziness of ignorance and entitlement is needed.

Was that a lazy, ignorant, and mean thing to type?

Tomorrow when I meet up with Dean. I will tell stories, but for the most part, I'll listen.

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 82

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

Sparkly?

Yes.

I struggle with writing stories about people close to me whom I deeply care for. Is it ethical to do so? However, I aim to portray these stories in a genuine, unfiltered, and truthful manner. Being honest and open about my emotions demonstrates bravery, synonymous with vulnerability.

Sparkly?

Yes.

I'm not saying I'm brave, but I'm encouraging others to step outside themselves and be.

SHORTEST POEM
ШОКЛӨГӨЛ БӨӨМ

p
o
e
m

11

A BETTER WAY?
У БЕЛЛЕК ААУУ

Press Play: Start a Dialogue
The Options

1. Regulate the Industry.
2. Drop the Attitude. Everyone has not been dealt the same life cards. Just because you think you have worked hard for everything doesn't mean you are fucking special. Just because you think the down and out have done it to themselves, you are not fucking right. You haven't been there for every step of another persons life. You don't know what others have endured, the screaming, violence, + life events that have delivered them to where they are. So, drop the "I worked for everything" bullshit. Pat yourself on the back and consider yourself lucky. Understand we are only created equal in spirit; everything else is bullshit. Timothy realized that the bottom rung is as high as they'll climb for some, and if we take care of all citizens, amazingly, addiction and crime rates would begin to free fall. And they would. The streets would became safer, cleaner – the world would taking notice. Every citizen, regardless of societal standing, would have the inalienable right to modest housing with a private bath. Every citizen, regardless of societal standing, would have the inalienable right to fresh, nutritious food delivered to their homes weekly.
3. Homeless Camps – Like a campground (waiting listed). Rules. Think.