



Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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COWARDS
COWARDS

I wasn't going to write today because Depression, once again, kicked in my door, and the recurring theme of HTF (How the Fuck) am I going to survive and take care of my family? Has taken center stage. I am strongly considering ending it all.

This feeling sucks.

I didn't do this to myself. The head coward where I used to earn a living, and his posse of milquetoast, entitled sycophants, did.

I'm turning 63 in one month. Fuck. What am I going to do to survive?

I need to start breaking into grocery stores to feed my family.

All for what?

All because those mentioned four sentences ago can keep counting cash at the expense of the people who made it possible for them to have any fucking money to count in the first place.

What's your biggest regret in the last four years?

Not having the chance to look those mentioned six sentences ago in the eye and call them out for what they are; garbage, users, and evil. And to ask them, why did they do what they have done?

Don't you think you are being too harsh?

No. I wasn't born with a silver fucking spoon in my mouth, and besides...

Besides what?

What would you call people who use someone for a decade-and-a-half and, at the first chance they get, threw that person in the trash without considering how they have affected that person's life and the life of that person's family?

We are in fucking trouble – through no fault of our own.

What would you call people who fight so the person they tossed out suffers and then, blocked that person from bringing the truth to evil?

What would you call people who are far too cowardly to meet with the person they've hurt to see how badly they've hurt that person?

What would you call people who do everything in their power to block that person from ever working in the industry they tossed him out of; thus, destroying any path forward?

Fucking assholes?

Why would you find it necessary to block someone you were getting rid of?

Why?

Because they knew what would happen – they were afraid – they knew the reason for their success – it sure as hell, wasn't because of them.

What would you call people who did everything in their power to end the friendships of someone who gave them a decade-and-a-half of impeccable service by blocking that person from ever talking to former coworkers or any family member of people working at the company?

Cowards. Cowards. Cowards. And without a question of doubt: LIARS

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What did they think would happen?

May I answer?

Sure, Sparkly.

They are the epitome of cowardly because they know if the person they fucked over ever spoke to any client or worker, or family member – the truth would be told – the narrative would no longer be in their control. Everyone would see them for what they are... Greedy **COWARDS + LIARS.**

May I go on?

Sure Sparkly.

May I ask a question?

Sure.

What would happen to these COWARDS if their clients knew the truth about them turfing a well-respected person and a friend of many, entering his/her sixties...?

I don't think the truth being told would be good for them.

Hmm.

I think they need to be put out of business.

I think the clients, coworkers, and their family members need to know the truth.

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Sparkly?

Yes.

Depression sucks.

Sparkly?

Yes.

I've delayed the release of the June Issue of Lindsay Last Month one week + I've delayed the next Sparkly Pingle Ball issue until September, because of Depression

And Sparkly, the issue about you may never happen because I'm considering ending it all (live-streamed) on July 1 – because the cowards mentioned above have destroyed my life and the life of my family, all in the name of...

And they were too fucking cowardly to ever speak to you or thank you for everything you did for them, instead they choose to try to destroy the best person and that person's family... all for... what?

I don't know Sparkly.

Hey?

Yeah.

Please don't kill yourself. The world is a better place with you in it.

To keep living, I will need a miracle, Sparkly.

Keep trying.

I will, but end day is on the horizon. When we lose it all, I will die on the streets. All for what? For giving 25% of my life to people who thought nothing of tossing me in the trash.

Why the fuck would you kill yourself?

To give my family a chance before I become too much of a burden.

SOCK DRAWER SOCK DRAWER



DIRECTLY ABOVE, UNDERWEAR

EWE. STINKY.

WHO YOU?

TWELVE PAIRS

FIVE SINGLES

WHERE IS YOUR FAMILY?

A ONE-LEGGED MAN HOPS BY

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO WORK OUT

EWE. STINKY.

BOUNCE!

My Days

MY DAYS

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CONTINUED

I COME TO ENGLISH BAY
I COME TO ENGLISH BAY

A drunk man looks at me and points at his arm. He barks at me.
You shot? You get shot? He says and then he bangs his arm. *You shot?*
No, I reply. I don't understand what he's trying to say.

You are good then, he says.

Oh, he means am I vaccinated, I realize.

Yes. I got shot.

You are a fucking coward, he snaps.

His words don't affect me. He takes a swig of Corona.

Another drunk man is playing guitar.

I judge.

He sings.

It's a scorching day.

Why?

*There's a man over there →
wearing a cardigan.*

The tune is catchy.

I smile for the following three blocks.

I come to my favourite watering hole. My friend Hee Haw is there. He's recently been diagnosed with Parkinson's.

When he sees a young person, he fumbles over his words. He asks the bartender; *Do you work tomorrow?*

I laugh.

Excellent question, the bartender replies and then adds, *that sure is a hard-hitting question.*

I laugh more.

Hee Haw leaves. Hee Haw is 67, he figures he has three years, max, left. He's going broke. He's looking for work.

One friend tries to reassure him, encourage him to get a job (more on that later in the

Tragically Hip + Anne Murray Feud). The friend goes on to tell him a cure might be found.

I look at Hee Haw and say, *What you are going through, fucking sucks.*

He smiles and thanks me.

Hee Haw leaves the watering hole.

MAN ON PHONE МАН ОН ФОНЕ

Along with Hee Haw, who will eventually be known as, WHOM, and my other friends depart, leaving me alone in thought.

A man plops down on a stool four stools to my right. Dissecting us sits a man of Indian descent.

The man, four seats over, is much younger than me, but like me, he's sporting a shorn dome. He's chatting on his phone about his dysfunctional family. Dysfunctional, and family, prompts me to shamefully take the role of fly on the wall. His conversation is entertaining. Much better than scrolling on my phone.

The Indian man is wearing headphones. *I wonder if he knows he's in a gay friendly (gay) bar? Is that okay to wonder?*

The Indian man looks my way and smiles. He gets up and goes to the washroom. When he returns his headphones are down. Then back up.

The man with the shorn head is telling whoever is on the other end of the phone, it is a stressful time, he's preparing a grant proposal which will impact his future (get a job). He's worried. He's barely holding on, he says. *I can relate.*

I'm eating coleslaw, he says, it's not bad.

The Indian man lowers his headphones and smiles.

Nothing earth shattering is taking place; however, for some reason I'm starting to feel calmer.

The shorn headed man looks down at his phone resting on the bar. He stares hard. *Don't leave me*, he repeats over and over again, octaves rising each time. I find this endearing. He's not begging, I think he is just lonely. Of course, how could I possibly know.

I'm having a difficult time, he says again, as he stairs into his phone. I want to thank him for being human. I don't. I regret that I don't.

The Indian man looks over at me and smiles. We are in a gay friendly (gay) bar.

SMALL TALK
SMALL TALK

Three beers later (a daily routine), I leave the watering hole.

Out on the street, I run into a friend. I say to him, *Would you like to small talk for a bit?*

He looks at me, confused.

It sure is outside, out, today. Look at that car drive, bye? What time do you usually eat dinner? Okay, bye for now?

He finds one word, *bye*.

CHIPS ~ DESTINY ~ FREE WILL
ЧИПС ~ ДЕСТИНИ ~ ФРИЕ УИЛЛ

I stop at a store, buy a bag of chips, and continue home. I pass a striking, beautiful girl walking with a guy who's had years perfecting the druggie walk. He's hunched over, shuffling. I corrected myself; she (was) beautiful.

She's trying.

Her hair is coiffed.

She's dressed well, albeit her dress is falling off of her.

There is an urgency to their gait.

Where are they going?

I'm judging hard.

I think the kindest thing for him to do is overdose. Letting her go may be her only chance.

I thought about that.

What does that say about me?

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I've lived 22 years of my life within one block of where I live now (and where I live now). 16 and 6+, with a 6-year hiatus to somewhere else. 28+ years total.

When I used to walk home 28 years ago, I used to think everyone else had everything figured out. I saw hope in people's eyes. I thought I was the only one who was rudderless.

Today, when I do the same walk, I see the destruction of time.

What's caused it?

Greed?

Social media?

Is a clock running out?

MY CHEST HURTS МАЯ ЧЕСТИ БОЛИТ

A cross from my home is a beautiful park with a fantastic playground. On sunny days, it is always filled. One block from the park rests an open-air drug den. Crack. Heroin. Meth. Cooked. Smoked. Injected. Snorted. Hopelessness. Dead already. One block from the playground. *Did these dying souls not have playgrounds when they were growing up?* I'm eating chips.

A woman walks by the destruction with her daughter. Her little girl says, "Mommy, what's wrong with these people? Are they sick? Are they dying? They scare me."

In a hushed tone, Mommy says, "Life isn't fair. We must cherish our good fortune."

A moment later, a man walks by with his son. His little boy says, "What's wrong with these people?"

The man says, "They made choices. This happens when you make the wrong ones."

The boy and girl play together at the playground.

I ponder. Destiny? Free Will? If you believe in God, you can't believe in destiny because Destiny lets God off the hook. It relieves him of his responsibilities. If God created destiny, he's lazy.

I thought about those things.

What am I?