

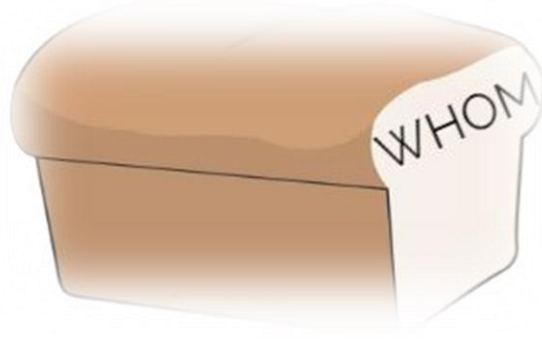
Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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WHOM'S FORGOTTEN LOAF
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I just realized I might be suicidal. Am I?

You are looking happier these days.

If true, why do I feel like the walls are closing around me?

Don't go.

I don't want to. I want to soar.

Please live.

I'll try.

I'm taking the day off from the gym today. And I'm going to walk less.
A Mental Health Day.

I hate to tell you; you are Mental Health.

What does that even mean?

I don't know.

Then why did you say it?

My married friend is on a hook-up date. Over there →↑ I don't care, but I'm unsure why my married friend is advertising. It makes me sick to the stomach. Is he bragging? Gross. Disgusting.

Don't be judgmental.

I'm not. I think some things are meant to be kept to yourself. And he doesn't look happy, he looks desperate.

J and I walk, along the way we merrily snap photos of floral perfection.
Award-winning photos.

What awards have you won?

In my mind, I say.

I will say this only once today and then let it go.

I am the most stressed out I have ever been in my life.

Why, you ask?

Because of what the fuckers I used to work for have done to my family.

MITIGATE.

Fuck off, assholes.

There were several mass shootings in the USA yesterday.

How could a company morally or ethically hurt their old employees
without giving a shit about them?

Rhetorical.

When I hang myself, it will be in front of one of my former employer's locations.

There were several mass shootings in the USA yesterday.

Guns don't kill people; bullets do, all you need is the gun, bullets, desire,
and a pair of soft-soled shoes.

I've got the shoes.

I will now be irresponsible and sit down with friends for a pop or two. I
can't afford to relax.

Having a pop, you can't afford does sound irresponsible, and stressful.

I'm still breathing, I hold a mirror in front of my mouth, barely breathing.

There is no reflection. Am I a vampire?

I sit down to the left of female Lindsay and...

"Lindsay."

"Lindsay."

...and my friend I talk about tennis with, Colin.

"Colin."

"Lindsay."

Whom arrives; he sits to my left.

As you know, WHOM is 68 and suffering from Parkinson's. He's scared. He's losing his home. He's going broke. I understand his pain.

Guy's, do you know the big oafish guy who comes in with the old man with a cane? I ask.

Colin and Lindsay both nod.

He's not a good guy. Colin says.

I think he's scamming the old guy. I say.

Yes. Colin says.

I say, When he sits at the table over there →↑, his whole ass is usually exposed, including his coin slot. I put a twoonie in his coin slot a couple of times, expecting a bag of chips or a Coffee Crisp to pop out of his mouth. They never did. I once put a twoonie in, and the balls on the pool table dropped.

Free game! Lindsay says.

No, coincidence, I say.

I may ask for the money back I put in his slot.

Whom?

Yes.

Great news. The bag you left behind on Thursday, I got it back. I've got your hat and bag, but there is no bread.

Did you enjoy the bread? Whom asks.

There was no bread. Fuck. I only eat Wonder Bread. I don't even know if that is bread. Okay. Okay. J ate the bread. I had nothing to do with it. We offered some to Hana, but she declined because she's a cat. Stop it. Whom; J only ate the crust. Damn it. You are not getting your bread back.

Lindsay?

Yes, Lindsay.

Do I look happy?

Not really. You look stressed.

Thank you. The people I used to work for used the pandemic to get rid of me. The fuckers even had me train my replacement before they turfed me.

I'm sorry.

Thank you.

Lindsay?

Yes, Lindsay?

There was a story on the news about suffering people breaking into a small grocer and stealing about \$100 in food because they were hungry. The best part of the story was the store owner wasn't mad at the thieves. He just felt terrible.

Lindsay?

Yes, Lindsay?

I didn't eat Whom's bread.

The story after the food stealing one, on the news, was about a runner in southern Alberta who's running around for his kids' favourite donut, much like Terry Fox, but only with legs. Terry Fox ran for cancer awareness; this guy is running because his fucking kids like donuts – I guess he's not at all like Terry.

He's a dink. Lindsay says.

I didn't say the line above, the girl Lindsay did. But I agree.

Lindsay?

Yes, Lindsay?

There were umpteen people shot in the US this weekend in mass shootings. I kind of understand why some of them happen, I think. Why are you looking at me like that? I don't have a gun. But I have soft-soled shoes. What do you think fuckers who hurt older people deserve?

Rhetorical.

Whom, you are not getting your bread back.

Lindsay?

Yes.

Have you ever had food poisoning? No. That's good. Don't get it.

I'm a good advice giver.

Eoin, the bartender, is going to Denver tomorrow.

Female, Lindsay says, don't get shot to him.

Great advice. I say. And then I say, you can't live in fear because if you are destined to be shot in a mass shooting, you'll be shot in a mass shooting. I don't know how you prepare not to get shot. And besides Lindsay, random shit happens all the time. Like the guy who had just been shot and still managed to make it to a mailbox to post a letter, and while he was there, a helicopter fell from the sky, landing on him.

OMG, that's horrible. Lindsay says.

He survived being shot. He survived a helicopter falling on him; however, his body parts were rearranged, but he...

What?

...he died. The autopsy showed a squirrel ripped out his heart and ate it.

Is any of that true?

Utterly.

Whom no bread for you.

What's that flaky pie called with lamb in it? Whom asks.

I think it's called Tourtière. I say.

I don't know if that is correct. I also don't know why I have that word in my vocabulary.

I sometimes buy it at Choices. Whom says.

That's where I got my food poisoning from. While J was in Korea for a month, I bought pre-made pasta and suffered through four days of grossness.

That's awful. Female Lindsay says.

Yes, it was; when J got home from his trip, I said I got food poisoning, I'm crapping a lot. Welcome Home! In that order.

Lindsay?

Yes.

What do you think the stupidest name for a grocery store is?

Independent?

Choices?

Whole Foods?

No Frills?

Safeway?

I'm not sure if this is funny. Comedy is all about timing. Try reading the previous at different speeds.

Lindsay? Female Lindsay asks me.

Yes.

What would you call your grocery store?

I would call it:

J-WENT-AWAY-TO-KOREA-FOR-A-MONTH-SO-I-HAD-TO-MAKE-MY-OWN-FOOD-AND-I-GOT-FOOD-POISONING-SO-IT'S-J'S-FAULT-AND-I-DIDN'T-EAT-WHOM'S-BREAD.

Don't you think the name is a little long?

It's hyphenated; you should see how amazing it looks on a shirt!

Sparkly?

Yes.

Do you think I should go back and **bolden** the store name. I've never typed **bolden** before. Never mind. I **boldened** it. I've never typed **boldened** before.

Whom, why are you shaking? Why are tears leaking from your eyes?

Because I'm finished. I might not get into Social Housing; the director says he's refusing my application. I've packed up all my stuff and might have nowhere to go in ten days.

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Whom is shaking uncontrollably and crying?

I listen.

I looked for work. But when the pandemic hit, the jobs for people my age dried up. I'm fucked. I've thought of ending it all often.

I listen.

I feel like a failure.

I listen.

The only thing I add is, I'm sorry for what you are going through. Additionally, I understand how you feel. You are not a failure. But I know why you think that way, because I feel it about my inability to care for my family. It fucking sucks.

Whom continues to cry and shake.

I'm sorry. Somehow, things will work out, you know, wishful thinking. Or denial...

Who thanks me for listening.

Lindsay?

Yes, Whom. You're a great man. I'm sorry those assholes you worked for hurt you.

Thanks.

Whom and I move on. We pass Dean on the sidewalk. Dean's eyes look vacant. I don't say that to him. I also don't say he looks happier than normal.

He stops at his bank. There is a box in the lobby emblazoned with FIRE SAFETY PLAN.

The box is locked.

Next Place

I'm asked to play Jenga with big wooden blocks.

I've never played Jenga before. I say, sure, I'll play.

I win!

I retire from Jenga undefeated.

I don't know how to help WHOM.

I'm sad.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 92.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

I sent out 12 applications in the last day. I don't think I'm qualified for any of positions I applied for.

Maybe I'll get a job at a Bathhouse cleaning rooms after people have sex in them.

Imagine

What do you do for work?

I clean up rooms after people have sex in them!

At a hotel?

No.

IT IT

I JUST PUT IT DOWN.
DID YOU SEE WHERE I PUT IT?

WHERE WAS THE LAST PLACE YOU HAD IT?

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I WANT TO PUNCH YOU.
NOT HELPING!
DAMN IT, WHERE IS IT?
CHECK UNDER THE TOWEL.
NEVER MIND, IT'S IN MY HAND.

My Days

MY DAYS

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CONTINUED



I suggest to the Sayer two shows he should watch on Netflix.
The Postman says he can't afford Netflix.

I make a self-deprecating, self-aware joke, which I think is light; I say, neither can I, but I'm living in denial.

Cue the poking.

Or is it queue?

Let's just go with; here we go →

You need to get a job. What are you going to do with the rest of your life? The Postman says.

I have to keep pursuing my passions, I say.

My words were not good enough or acceptable enough or enough (enough) of a clue to stop this line of conversation.

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You should get a job at the arena; on event nights, you'll get into shows for free and free t-shirts. You'd like the job. You'd get to meet lots of people. The Postman says.

I'm 62—I don't want to meet much-more-very-so-a-lot-of-people, at least not while serving them.

I thought, fuck off, you are not my friend, to the one telling me to get a job. For that matter, the one who said approximately 11 months ago, if I live three more years (broke), I can go to school.

I know they'd claim they are trying to be helpful, so I reiterate: Not friends. Fuck Off.

He wasn't done. The Postman that is. Your problem is you dwell on things, he tells me.

What the fuck are you talking about? You are being a dick.

And besides, if I took a job I didn't want, I might as well just give up and kill myself. So, I must pursue my creativity. I'm fucking 62.

Still, not enough of a clue to stop.

A Life With Nothing Worth Dwelling On,
Must Be a Lonely, Sad Life

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Every author works; Charles Bukowski works.
What are you talking about? I made a joke about Netflix. And this is what I get in return.

You have to get a job. The Postman chants.
If I got a job, Jay would kill me.

Both of them snicker.

Jay wants me to keep trying, I say.
Jay wants you to work, The Postman retorts.

Stop. Please stop; you are upsetting me. I beg of you to stop.

You need to stop talking about this, he says.

Fuck, you poke—I'm not even talking—and you insult me, I fucking dwell, and you won't stop, I say.

I ask Sayer to tell him to fucking stop, I want to cry.

Without a shred of interest, Sayer looks at me and says he's just worried about you. We all are.

Fuck off, I think. And you are not my friend.

Your problem, Lindsay, is you are too sensitive.

You have to work.

You used to be a lot funnier.

Now you're just far too sensitive, The Postman adds.

Not a friend.

Not a friend.

Not a friend.

A LOT FUNNIER
A LOT FUNNIER

A lot funnier is crappy phraseology, I thought; I also thought, much-more-very-so, seems excessive.

You've changed, The Postman says, you used to keep things light, and now you get upset when you're poked when the gummy is kicking in. You need to stop dwelling.

Please stop.

I tell him he is being a dick. And I don't understand why he's choosing to take it upon himself to hurt me weekly.

One day later, J told me he (The Postman) took him aside and said, Tell the loser to get a job. I may be paraphrasing. But this was the gest.

THE EMOTIONAL BANK ACCOUNTS ARE OVERDRAWN
THE EMOTIONAL BANK ACCOUNTS ARE OVERDRAWN

I hate this evening.

Archie, a 76-year-old racist pervert, joins us and starts spewing racist bullshit and disgusting sexual conquest bullshit. The three of them talk about their dick sizes.

I hate this evening.

I hate being judged.

I hate the comment about being worried about it.

I hate the fucking pity party.

I hate my friends.

I'm sensitive.

The Postman tries again to cut my thread. I'm in pain. Today, I'm going to find out it's going to take more days for my life to be taken off pause.

I have never told these friends about the 10 people in my life who died in the last two years.

I didn't remind them of my life-saving surgery.

At the very least, I do not whine about these traumatic events.

I HATE BEING JUDGED

I hate being judged. Especially when the persons doing the much-more-very-so-judging doesn't realize the much-more-very-so-same-things could be said about them.

I don't understand the vitriol. I don't know why the Sayer snickers when someone says something he thinks is burning me.

For bleep's sake, I told a fucking self-deprecating joke, and that was a cue to lambaste me for 40 minutes, causing me great despair and sadness; I repeat, that was their cue.

And I much-more-very-so repeat once again, I'm not sure I'm using, or spelling cue, correctly. I'm not sure it's even the correct queue? I think my cue grammar may suck.

Google It

I don't want to.

Get a job, and you'll get free t-shirts.

How did I ever mistake you for a friend?

Your problem is you dwell.

Fuck off.

What time do you find out about the settlement? The Postman asks.

Now you care? Wow, I thought.

Is destiny punishing me?

Gummy Friday's cancelled, indefinitely, until I meet some new people.

Did I tell you I absorbed my twin brother in the womb? Did I tell you I'm a Dom.

My legal case continues. Court date next. Life is on pause, and I hope I can continue to dwell indoors.

The company I worked for, their lawyer, called me a failed writer who has no business chasing my dreams.

My friends are telling me to get a job because Charles Bukowski worked?

I'm 62.

I'm scared.

I must keep trying.

I don't want a fucking free t-shirt.

And besides, I've passed my 'best hire before date.'

Tomorrow will be day 919.

This is what it is like losing a lengthy career at retirement age.

BULLIED ROFFIED

Get a job.
Snicker. Snicker. Snicker.
Ask your dying sister, who your father is?

You can take courses at UBC when you are 65.

Name three Tragically Hip Songs (in your face).

You dwell.

You take things too far.

You are a failed writer who has no business chasing his dreams.

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You'll get into concerts for free and be given free t-shirts.

You are too sensitive.

We're all worried.

I am being bullied.

I HATE BEING BULLIED.

AM I BEING BULLIED?

I HATE DOUBTING MYSELF.

CAN A 62-YEAR-OLD BE BULLIED?

I FEEL ALONE.