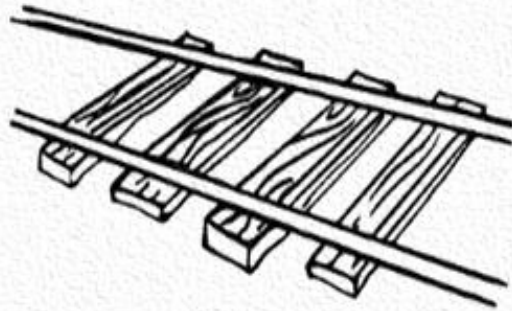


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

2

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

You seem to like to take us to dark places.

I'm sorry.

I'm worried about you.

I know.

Are you suicidal?

I'm alive.

I must admit, life is resting in a precarious place. Sleep is tough. I'm not sure what will happen next, but if I keep pressing on, good things are on the horizon.

Yay.

Yes, yay.

I dictated an instalment yesterday about Mental Health + Racism; I think it will be epic, I've placed it to the side for a day, and I've decided I want to give you more about what this month-long writing is turning into.

Thanks, I'd love that.

Are you sure you are, okay?

No.

Is Death Day really coming?

I hope it's not.

I turn 63 in 25 days. Oh my. Is it weird that I sleep with a purple rhinoceros with one eye named Patchy?

Hmm.

We talk to each other.

Okay.

We talk about everything; no subject is off limits. Patchy is a great friend.

How old are you?

Your face.

Don't be mean. What's that, Patchy... okay.

Patchy wants you to know he loves you.

He said that.

He didn't not say that.

I'm going to close my eyes now.

Damn it, I have to pee.

Peeing completed; I went back to bed. Patchy quit tickling me. I'm about to drift off.

Crackle. Crackle. Crackle. Damn it. Hana wants food; she's found some plastic and chews on it to tell me it's breakfast time.

What time?

4 AM.

Back to bed. Patchy, where are you?

I'm hiding.

I promised to tell you more about MY DAYS, so here goes →

Patchy, can you grab the slide projector?

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 95.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

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My Days – June 2023 ↓↓↓

MY DAYS – JUNE 2023

As a Labour Agency Guru and raconteur Lindsay Wincherauk approached his 60th birthday, life seemed full of promise. With his wealth of experience and infectious charm, Lindsay had built a successful career, and he revelled in sharing stories and wisdom with the countless individuals he had helped find employment.

But as the world ventured into March of 2020, and unexpected storm brewed on the horizon. The pandemic descended upon the globe like a relentless storm, upending lives and leaving chaos in its wake. Companies across industries were forced to adapt, and sadly, some used this opportunity to make changes that jeopardized the livelihoods of older employees like Lindsay. In an act of cold-heartedness, the company Lindsay had dedicated his passion and expertise to, cunningly replaced him with a younger and more inexpensive alternative.

The impact of this callous act sent Lindsay spiralling into a vortex of uncertainty and despair. Uncertain of his future and devastated by the betrayal, he found himself in the throes of depression. The dark cloud lingered, threatening to swallow the light from his life.

However, even in the face of adversity, Lindsay was not alone. He was blessed with a loving partner who had stood by his side through thick and thin. Rallying around him, they understood the magnitude of Lindsay's emotional turmoil and together the devised a plan to weather the storm.

With his partner's unwavering support, Lindsay began exploring creative avenues he had never considered before. Drawing strength from his longstanding network of friends and colleagues, he immersed himself in their stories of resilience and survival. As the bonds of community tightened around him, Lindsay found solace and hope in the stories of those who had triumphed over their own personal challenges.

Determined to regain control of his life, Lindsay channeled his energy into personal growth, and his creative pursuits – untapping his artistic flair, using memoir writing as a creative outlet to share his experiences and provide inspiration to others who might be grappling with their own uncertainties.

As the months passed, Lindsay's memoir evolved into a powerful testament of love, family, survival, and hope. His friendly tone of voice resonated with readers who, much like Lindsay, had navigated the stormy waters of life. The warmth, vulnerability, and raw honesty of words, and the authenticity of his journey inspired others to find strength in their own stories.

Utilizing his newfound artistic talents, Lindsay also transformed his memoir into a multimedia masterpiece. Through podcasts, Instagram, and video interviews, he shared not only his own tale but intertwined the voices of the many individuals whose stories had touched him. The ripple work of his inspiring work reached far and wide.

Lindsay's memoir, "MY DAYS - JUNE 2023" serves as an inspiration to others facing similar battles. Through his story, he reminds readers of the importance of resilience, the power of love and friendship, and the potential for growth in the face of adversity. Ultimately, Lindsay's legacy is one of hope, proving that even in the darkest times, there is always a glimmer of light waiting to be found.

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

PLOT POINTS PLOT POINTS

7

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

1

Lindsay, a charismatic and talented raconteur, had dedicated 15 years of his life to a prestigious labour agency. He excelled at his job, connecting countless individuals with fulfilling careers. Lindsay's passion for helping other's discover their potential made him a valuable asset to the company.

8

2

Devastation Strikes

DEVASTATION STRIKES

However, in the middle of a global pandemic, Lindsay's life took an unexpected turn. Unbeknownst to him, the company seized the opportunity to replace him with a younger and cheaper employee. The news hit Lindsay like a ton of bricks, shattering his sense of security and stability. Overwhelmed with emotions he spiraled into a pit of depression, uncertainty, and desperation.

9

3
3

Beacon of Light
BEACON OF LIGHT

Fortunately, Lindsay was not alone in his struggle. His loving partner, J, stood by his side, providing unwavering support and encouragement. J's compassion and understanding became the anchor in Lindsay's turbulent world.

10

Moreover, Lindsay found solace in his friends who rallied around him during this difficult time. Together, they formed a network of unwavering support that helped lift him up when he would have otherwise succumbed to despair.

4
4

Battle for Survival
BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL

As Lindsay winds his way through June 2023, Lindsay is determined to reclaim his life. He embarks on a journey of self-discovery, utilizing his hidden talents and skills to carve a new path for himself. Despite the challenges posed by the pandemic-ridden job market, suicidal thoughts, financial disarray, Lindsay remains steadfast in his creative pursuit of survival.

11

5
5

Lesson Learned
LESSON LEARNED

12

Throughout his struggle, Lindsay learns profound lessons about love, family, survival, and hope. He discovers the strength within himself to preserve, drawing upon the unwavering love from J, his friends, and the newfound resilience within his own spirit.

6
0

Embracing the Future
EMBRACING THE FUTURE

In the final chapter of Lindsay's memoir, he has not only survived but thrived. With a renewed sense of purpose and an invigorated perspective on life, Lindsay finds a new career path that aligns with his passions and abilities. He embraces the uncertainty of the future, knowing that he has the love of J and a network of supportive friends to guide him through any challenges that may arise.

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HUNGRY HUNGRY



I'M HUNGRY
I'M HUNGRY

WHAT SHALL I EAT?

14

OPEN THE FRIDGE
OPEN THE FRIDGE

CHIPS! WHY ARE YOU IN HERE?

CHIPS AREN'T FOOD
CHIPS AREN'T FOOD

THEY ARE IF THEY'RE RIPPLED - WITH DILL PICKLE DIP
THEY ARE IF THEY'RE RIPPLED - WITH DILL PICKLE DIP



My Days

MY DAYS

15

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CONTINUED

SADNESS

SADNESS

16

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

FLIP THE PAGE
FLIP THE PAGE

EXHAUSTED
EXHAUSTED

That's right. I'm exhausted. It has been a less-than-much-more-very-so-exuberant 918 days, minus the exuberance.

Exuberant sounds good – and parts of these days have been less than.

You're still alive.

I am. I'm not a negative person at heart. Many days have been stellar. But the bombardment of challenges and the fucking lingering legal case has taken a heavy toll.

How heavy?

I'm four-point-five-feet under, leaving me one-point-five-feet to go.

Run.

I'm trying.

Smile.

That's offensive.

Yesterday, I got my fourth Covid Vaccine; I am now sure it will not likely be Covid that does me in.

Three weeks ago, at the recommendation of Tennessee, I got another vaccine, relating to primates (at least in the name).

I sat in the chair; the injector asked me a series of 5 questions with the basic gist being are you whorish or sluttish? – If either of those offends you – How about this? Are you going to sleep around a much-more-very-so a lot; even if it is only in your fantasy world?

My answers were a resounding 5 No's.

I don't even masturbate. I have a service that does it for me. It's for prostate health.

What?

Precisely.

You answered no to each question. Do you still want the vaccine? The injector asked.

Yes.

Inject.

Go sit in the recovery room for 15 minutes, the injector instructs.

I go.

Five old gay guys are sitting in the room. I think they are regulars. I contemplate if they have orgies.

They are chatting like they are in a club.

CLUB MONKEYPOX CLUB MONKEYPOX

The doorman tells them they can leave anytime; she tells them by name.

They tell her we are going to hang around a bit. *Do you mind if I play my jam?* Asks a 69ish-year-old-man.

He didn't ask that.

Yes, he did.

You're lying.

Your face.

You're lying.

Ask the Sayer if I'm lying. I need to focus; my twin brother is trying to resurrect.

What?

Precisely.

Two attractive young people walk into the room, plopping themselves down on chairs.

The older people drool.

Harvey, Lloyd, behave, the doorman chants.

We'll be good, Harvey (I think) answers.

15-MINUTES SLIPS BY 15-MINUTES SLIPS BY

The two guys get up to leave, and Harvey and Lloyd follow them out the door.

Why am I still sitting here?

I wonder what the young guy's answers were to the five questions.

See you tomorrow, Harvey, Lloyd, the doorman says.

CLUB MONKEYPOX CLUB MONKEYPOX

PSYCHIC ENERGY (PSYCHOTIC)

I take being The Sayers, medical guardian, seriously. He made me his emergency contact about 10-years-ago when he had undergone a life-saving transplant. My Googling skills educated me; Sayer writes fiction with his mouth because what he had installed in him, actually the part that needed replacement, caused a bit of confusion to enter his mental orbit.

I Googled and read about maybe half an article on the transplant; therefore, I'm an expert.

I've spent almost three days in New York City; if you ever go, I can tell you everything you need to know.

You're odd.

Precisely.

I haven't heard from Sayer in 5 days; better check-in. I think.

Exactly 14 seconds after I thought this, Sayer texted me.

Sayer's Text: ?

WTF?

How do you know it was precisely 14-seconds?

I'm always counting elephants.

Sure. That makes sense.

Thirty minutes earlier, I thought about a friend named Chad while strolling the street. I hadn't seen Chad in over 6 months.

I plopped myself down to read at the watering hole. And you'd never guess who walked in?

Chad.

Great guess.

DID YOU KNOW

It is impossible to be given the name Chad — and at some point, in life — not have a dick in your mouth. It's true. I Googled it.

CLUB MONKEYPOX
КЛУБ УОЛКЕПООХ

DEPOSITS DEPOSITS

You may think I don't like my friends.
You don't.
I do.

The Postman has made significant deposits in my emotional bank account. I think that is why his much-more-very-so aggressiveness hurts. Two deposits spring to mind →

1. Before Christmas (2021), The Postman announced to me, Sayer, and Jim that he'd gotten us early Christmas gifts. He then handed us each three large potatoes. I got chills. Sayer turned the gift down; he said he had bought a ten-pound bag that day.
2. At the end of a Gummy Friday, The Postman said he had to go to the washroom. He then said, *Please don't go before I get back* (even though we'd be going in different directions); he then added, *Humans aren't meant to be alone*.

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My eyes filled with tears.

AS FOR JAY
AS FOR JAY

Jay presence has gifted me with a reason to keep living and fighting →

That's too much pressure.
Go to your room.
What?
Precisely.

AT THE END OF THE DAY
AT THE END OF THE DAY

We are all trying to make sense of the world (8 billion of us (humans) + (countless crows)).
Think about that for a second: 8 billion people thinking at the same time.

I'm not.

Go to your thinking place, now. NOW!!! And please, let me know when you're back.

I need to self-medicate; do you have a straw? Damn it, there are no more plastic straws.

Use money. It's made of polymer. Wait, you don't do cocaine.

Just messing with you. Nor have I been to Etobicoke.

What?

It has coke in its name.

You're →

Do you think money is worried because it's made of plastic?

I'm going back to the figuring-it-out table.

Do you think we should tell our cat, Hana, what's happening in the world?

My tummy is rumbling.

It's probably your twin.