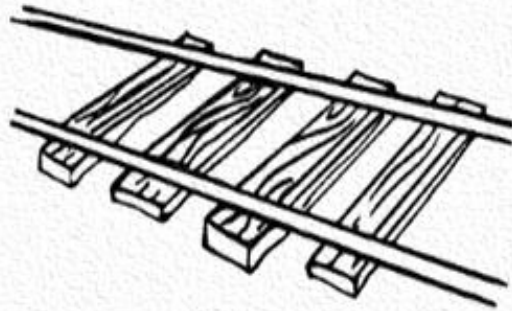


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

MENTAL HEALTH
MENTAL HEALTH



How can we all not have mental health issues?
Depression took me away for three days. I slipped off the fitness treadmill, stopped walking, and dwelled on the negative, as my friend once accused me of.

We're worried about you?

Sure, you are; that's why you say such stunned things as it's good to see you looking happier these days, as if that is not a fucking stupid thing to say to someone. Especially when you've been out of their orbit for almost a year.

We are worried; you talk about death, killing yourself.

I will say this only once: I'm not likely to kill myself, but with all that's gone on in my life, I don't think I would be sane if I didn't consider it – so I've thought about it.

But you said you were going to live-stream your death on July 1.

I'm frustrated and that's how I feel – a need to do something extreme to draw attention to what has been done to older workers by greedy assholes who used a fucking pandemic to end a person's career. People are suffering and the news does reports of a man running for donuts.

You are being hyperbolic.

No. The average age of the homeless now is 47, and going ↑↑↑

And society wants to fucking blame mental health and drugs because they are far too shallow to point their fingers at themselves ↑↓→↓↘←←→↓

Back to the original statement.

An aging person loses their career and is thrust into a non-existent job market. The person is scared, loses everything, and then hears ad absurdum people judging them and shouting out we need to institutionalize them for their own good.

Two fifty-ish-old men sit in a food court and talk about 18-year-old hockey players for one hour. They then decide since they are adults, they need to talk about adult issues, so they blend the conversation with suffering people on the street – they dub all of these people as mentally disorganized and needing prison-like interventions. That night they go to a hockey game wearing a jersey of their favourite team with the name of their favourite 18-year-old hockey player emblazoned on their backs.

Aren't we all living in an institution filled with the relentless noise we are fed daily?

If I become homeless, I won't; but the fuckers who used to employ me hurt me, but they haven't ruined me... if I become homeless, bring me all the drugs.

The fuckers haven't ruined you; how do you know?

Because I'm capable of critical thought, all they are capable of is believing, fucking over people; is okay – as long as it gives them money.

Anyway. Death Day is July 1 – a borrowed term from the most excellent television program ever: Manifest.

I don't understand.

Precisely.

I jump to my feet. I'm ending the slump. I hit the Asylum. By day's end, I will be over 30,000 steps again. I blast out 20 or 30 applications looking for an olive branch to bridge my life as I work at starting over as the most extraordinary raconteur who's ever lived.

Beter than Kafka?

Yes.

Sedaris?

Yes.

Hemingway?

I don't know.

Kaufman?

Dare to dream.

[I turn on the news.](#)

Some rich people are missing in a submarine. They apparently paid \$200,000 each to go look at a sunken ship. The newsreaders like to say submersible. Are we supposed to care that some rich WHITE people could pay \$200,000 to go look at a sunken ship?

The owner of THE WHITE SPOT restaurant chain is on the news. He went on the same trip last year. I hope he has great photos.

Could you imagine the salespeople running around the beach hawking tourist activities: Catamaran Sunset Cruise? Snorkelling? Cliff Diving? \$200,000 Submersible Trip to See a Rusty Boat?

What, you five want to go? Assholes.

What did you say?

| Inaudible |

The momentum of talking about the old people who died on the bus in Manitoba last week is fading. Wait. One more person has died. Reboot.

5

I ride the lift in my building. A man sporting a Seahawks hoody looks up at the noise screen in the elevator. He wants to talk.

They still haven't found the people in the submarine, he says.

I say they are probably dead.

He nods.

The lift's door opens. I get out on my floor. We part saying, "Have an excellent day," to each other."

[Back to the News](#)

Some residential school Indigenous buried children deniers (RSIBCD) are trying to dig up the graves of the children to prove the children aren't there.

What is wrong with...?

Rhetorical.

Walk

I'm worried. But as a man once said to me, I'm also resilient. I don't like having to be

resilient.

Margaret Atwood?

Yes.

Walk

Two older women... it's weird typing older as I approach 63 years of age... Who's older?

Two women, maybe about my age, are walking toward me.

Listen

One says I can no longer bend down to clip my nails.

Walk.

I sit down with racist Jacques and The Mayor.

Listen.

I don't want to; Jacques is talking about Indian restaurants; I don't want to participate in what he's saying.

You are putting words into his mouth.

I don't want to hear what's already there.

A well-dressed guy sits beside me. He seems odd. He asks me if this is a dive bar?

No, I say.

He vomits into his beer mug. His vomit floats on top of his beer. He leaves.

Yes, I mean, yes, it is now a dive bar.

It's time to go home.

I go to go before I go. I'm done peeing. Not. Piss dribbles down my leg. I'm getting older now. I need to find a bridge before I become the most extraordinary raconteur who has ever lived.

Don't jump.

I won't.

Death Day is coming up next week.

It must be tough for fifty-ish-year-old sports fans because most sports are between

seasons. I'm sure they will be okay; they have some rich guys are in a submersible to talk about, and the people who are suffering to chastise.

Walk

A mother is walking with her child. The child is skipping. He spots a homeless person crammed into a doorway in pain, trying to sleep. The boy says to his mother, Is he okay?

His mother sheepishly says no.

She needed to say more.

I don't think suicidal people get a second chance.

I don't think that thought is correct.

Probably not. Probably yes.

Write

Is this anything?

Yes.

What?

A stream of thought.

Go →

I want to have this writing completed within 15 minutes.

A deadline?

Nobody will die. Unless my heart fails while typing.

Let's lighten this up, okay?

I'd like that.

Racism.

That's lighter.

No.

Jacques once sat with a group of us and said, How can they tell how many buried children are at the residential schools?

Seriously. Jacques was challenging the veracity how many children were buried – and said it aloud amongst other people.

I cringe.

I challenge him.

He stops talking.

I'm Still Here

I recently read "I'm Still Here" | by Austin Channing Brown |

Brown challenges the supposed progress we've made stomping out racism. She, yes, speaks eloquently about what it is like to be a black person in America and the world and the challenges, and if we've really made progress or not?

Her parents gave Austin a white male name to help her get hired and have an easier life...

Of course, this presented a host of other challenges.

I take a moment; I don't think one Caucasian parent has ever given a child a predominately black name to make their lives easier.

Doesn't that say it all?

The thing is it would take a truckload of courage to admit. The fact is, people who look like me, including myself, have been taught racist ideas as the norm since childhood. And until we accept that and try to live our lives every bleeping day as recovering racists (at least in thought), racism will live on. I don't think eradicating racism is a collective process as much as an individual growth journey.

I find most white people are more concerned about being called racist than not being racist.

Read. Learn. Listen. And don't be so racist that you ignorantly and willfully change the definition of woke to suit your own stilted views.

Brown's writing made me realize I must work on my thinking daily, starting with self-honesty. Refuse. Refuse. Refuse, your first thought when you see someone who doesn't look like you. Listen. It's okay. Just don't say it aloud. The next time it happens, erase the first thought. And the next time and the next time and the time after that.

I'm Still Here; is a compelling, essential read educating all of us; letting us know we have

a long way to go, and the most crucial starting point may be listening to your inner dialogue and refusing the first things coming to your mind.

I want to listen.

I shared my thoughts on this book with a dear friend. Do you want to know what he said?

No.

Disappointment.

He said it's just one person's opinion.

Racism lives on.

I don't want to be part of it.

Another friend wants to tell a racist joke.

I shut him down.

Why do you do that?

Because if we don't, it festers, and there is a risk of the toxicity growing into a group discussion where the person who is upset with how fucking racist the people he knows can be; being told he's too sensitive and he needs to lighten up.

No. I won't.

There is no such thing as a racist joke.

I want to be better.

I must let some friends go – if they continue to be stuck.

And besides, if I sit in silence, I feel less.

I'm 5 minutes past my deadline.

I know some black people.

What?

Why did you say that?

A learning moment. An example.

I've read many books about racism and the experiences of others. Do you remember when I said before we must check our inner voice and urges?

Yes.

When I read books about the black experience, my first instinct is to show my black friends what I'm reading to let them know...

Fuck.

Yeah. I know. That's some racist shit.

Do you know what I do?

Tell me.

I resist the impulse, and magical things start to happen. After the first book I read, the urge was strong. The second, a bit less. After 20 books, the impulse is almost gone.

Growth?

I think so.

I've got a long way to go.

Every time I have the urge. I share what I've read with someone who looks like me. The sharing often leaves me a little sad. Willful ignorance and the need for some to feel superior, lives on.

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I keep reading.

We are what we refuse.

The previous sentence is perfect. I read it in a book about politics.

It's not talking about material things. It's speaking about intellectual – becoming better, kinder, and more empathetic.

Do you know what?

What?

Being forced to look for work at 63 is like poking needles into your eyeballs.

Have you done that?

No.

Margaret Atwood.

When looking for work at age 63, it quickly becomes apparent that your education from 1984 is obsolete, and all you really have are your

thoughts and experiences.

I hate the people who did this to you.

Thank you.

Do you know what's worse?

What?

I haven't had a job interview in over 20 years. I don't know what I'm doing. There is this thing called the Internet now. Did you know that?

Rhetorical.

I get a prompt: Tell us about your relevant experience.

After 15 years working for predators, in all reality, nothing is relevant – and life fills with mental anguish.

I'm sorry.

I'll be okay. I mean, we'll be okay.

Sparkly?

Yes.

My former employer's entire business model is predicated on exploiting the suffering of others for profit, with most of their workforce being people stuck on the fringes of society. And you know what these assholes do, or did, to coddle their fragile need to feel they are not the monsters they really are?

What?

At the end of the week, the homeless worker would receive a single beer as a bonus from my former employer... But of course, all of this is a work of fiction.

Are you serious?

Yes.

My former employer takes no responsibility for how they contributed to damaging others. In fact, they need you to be damaged.

But of course, all of this is a work of fiction.

Listen

Write

I think that is what I'm supposed to be doing; trying to bring the light through the darkness.

My former employer is too lazy to understand depression, so they'd call anyone suffering from it, insane. No matter how many beers they give someone, these are not good people.

Newsflash

I'm perfectly OKAY. And as a friend said recently, Lindsay, You are on a higher frequency than the rest of us.

What a great compliment!

I'm almost 30 minutes over my deadline. I want to be better every day.

We must listen to our inner thoughts.

We must stop labelling people when we think it serves our egos well.

We must check our egos.

And if you profit and prey off the suffering of others, one day, what you are will be your downfall.

I've thought about killing myself a lot lately. I won't. But if what's been tossed my way throughout life didn't bring me to that thought—I think then I would indeed be insane.

They, whoever they are, say a person can only take so much trauma before they break—I should have broken long ago (I probably did)—but the one thing I know for sure is as parts of me crumble; my brain is being rewired; I'm collecting new pieces which are helping me to remain whole.

31 minutes over. (2283 words before revision one).

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 84.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

ATTENTION SPAN
ATTENTION SPAN

WE NEED TO TALK
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'LL TALK TO THIS WALL

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My Days

MY DAYS

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16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CONTINUED

SADNESS

SADNESS

15

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CANNED: FIRED @ 59
CANNED: FIRED @ 59

A LONG WINDING ROAD A LONG WINDING ROAD

24 SEPTEMBER 2022

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

FIRST VACATION SINCE 2019 FIRST VACATION SINCE 2019

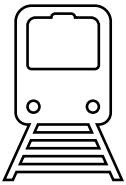
I survived another Gummy Friday. I know, I'm being a hypocrite here because I said I wouldn't go to another one. I'm weak.

It's Saturday.

I haven't been on a trip since 2019, pre-pandemic—except for the virtual walk to Saskatoon + Palm Springs—without leaving Vancouver.

Today, Jay and I are going to travel—FAR—I scored a round-trip ticket for \$6.20. I don't even think I was fare evading.

TRAIN TIME. 10 AM TRAIN TIME. 10 AM



I'm excited.

I eat a cookie.

I'm not sure what's in it.

I feel wobbly.

Maybe it is from Gummy Friday.

Oh well.

Next Station: Stadium → Main/Science World → Commercial →
Nanaimo → 29th Avenue → Patterson → Metrotown → Royal Oak

We are not sure we're on the right train. An old couple tells us to switch trains at Broadway. I shouldn't be calling others old—I'm getting there myself.

Two minutes later, the ~~old~~ couple tells us to stay on this train.

A guy gets on.

He's unkempt.

That's a lovely description.

He stinks.

He sparks a smoke.

Jay suggests we switch cars.

We change at the next station.

The ~~old~~ couple gives a confused stare.

I mouth he's smoking.

The lady of the couple nods in understanding.

Jay, we must get off at Edmonds, I say.

Okay.

Jay, I feel pukey; let's get off at Royal Oak and walk to our destination.

Okay.

Once we leave 29th Avenue, it's the furthest I've been away from home in 3-years. I'm scared. Jay tries to calm me by filming me the entire journey.

We cross into another city, Burnaby, OMG, we are travelling.

We get off at Royal Oak and start zig zag sauntering to our destination.

I need to go to the washroom, badly. Not really; I think I'm dehydrated. *It sure is hot out.*

Walk 

Walk 

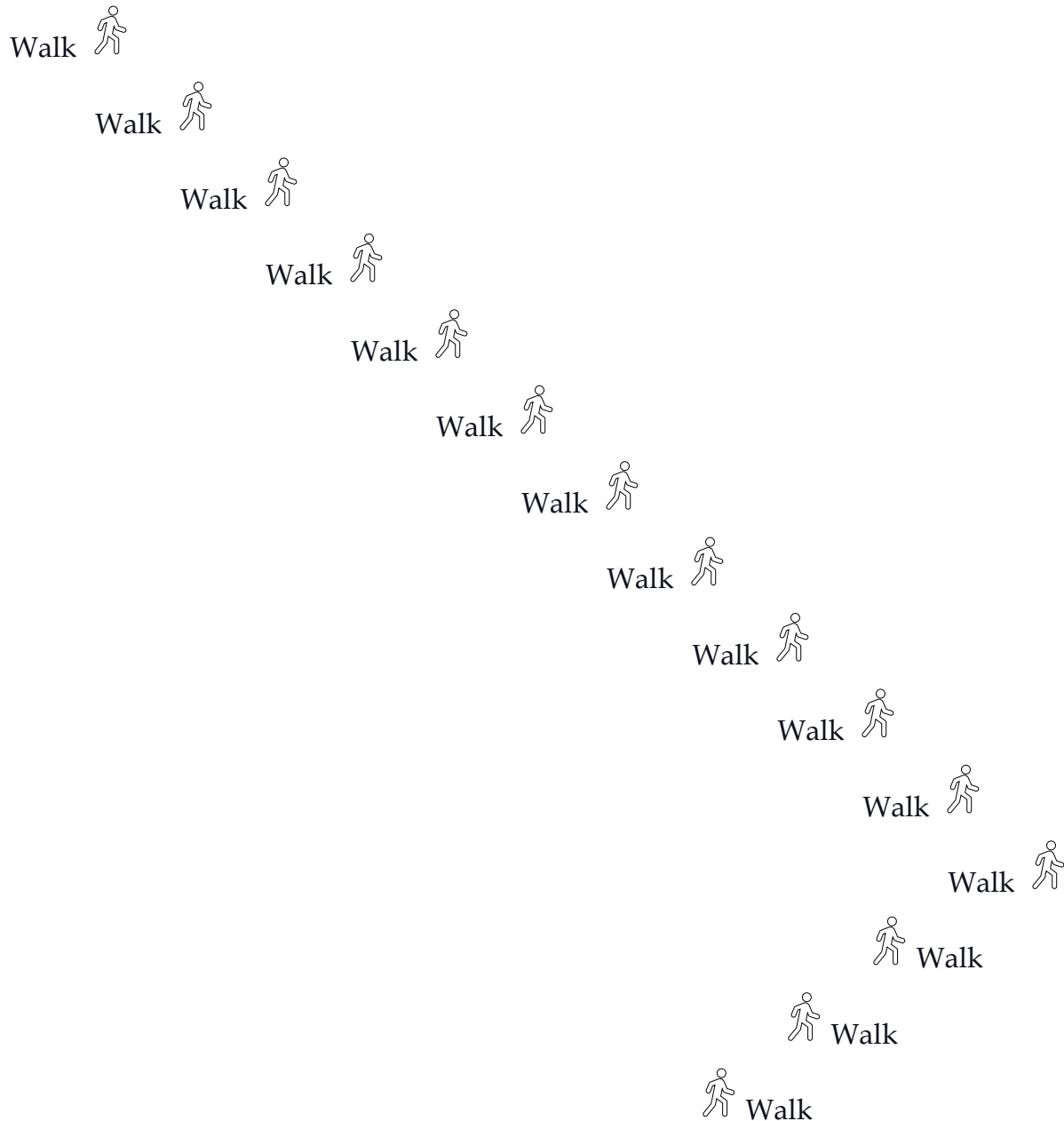
Walk

We come to a dirt path crossing a browned-out drought-stricken boulevard.

Jay, this path reminds me of my childhood in Saskatoon. We rode our bikes across paths like this all the time. Memories.

Once we cross the path and end back on the sidewalk → I think →
ONCE WE CROSS THE PATH AND END BACK ON THE SIDEWALK → I THINK →

It was great being young. I didn't have to worry about the shit in my life. I just rode my bike. Hung with friends. And then one day, once the path ended, I became an adult – and I could no longer pretend my upbringing didn't fuck me up. That's what adulthood is, coming to terms with ghosts.



Zig. Zag.

We come to a beautiful park with a fabulous waterpark. And tennis courts have been taken over by old people playing pickleball. *Fucking old people.*

I went to the washroom and just stood there because I was dehydrated.

We pass a family of South Asian descent. They are setting up for a kid's birthday party. I quip, *For me.*

A young gentleman says, *You are welcome to join us.*

Two blocks later, we come across a church setting up a food bank. There are at least 200 older people with granny carts waiting for it to open so they can be given their rations.

I check my watch: It's 2022. Fuck.

Five blocks later, we reach our destination: The Lost in the 50s Drive-Thru.

It's almost time to hit the rails for home. We decide to go to New Westminster to catch the train.

We come across another beautiful park with a wonderful playground.

We see-saw Scary; how do kids be kids?

There is a spinning wheel; I sit on it, Jay spins me, and I feel woozy.

There is a plank walk.

I walk it. I'm unsteady.

That's okay; a 6-year-old girl also is unsure of herself.

I push her off the end.

Do you want to go to the pub I worked at 21 years ago? I ask Jay.

Sure.

We go.

I told the bartender I used to work here. She's a new owner.

She asks who owned it when I worked there. I remembered the owner's name. *I felt proud of my memory.*

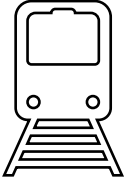
We walk to New Westminster Station.

Jay, the milkshake was \$3 less than the place in our building. We saved money, even with the train fare.

No, you didn't; it would be 10 cents more.

Don't ruin my trip Voices in my Head.

RETURN TRAIN COMING IN 1 MINUTE
КЕЛОКИ ТРЭЙН КОМИНГ ИН 1 МИНУТЕ



I'm excited. I have a cookie. I'm not sure what's in it. I feel wobbly. Maybe it is from Gummy Friday. Oh well.

Next Station: New Westminster → 22nd Street → Edmonds → Royal Oak → Metrotown → Patterson → 29th Avenue → Nanaimo → Commercial → Main Street → Stadium → Granville!

We did it Jay, we had a vacation. We travelled about 40 Kilometers (24 miles). I think I'm train lagged. Better go to the watering hole.

Jay goes home.

I go for water.

I'm slipping downward.

When I enter the watering hole I see Tennessee, William, and their friend—they meet every week to talk about, mostly Trump. Tennessee has an obsession. He reads every article searching for something new. They ask me to join them. I politely decline choosing to sit at the bar by myself. Alone in my thoughts. I don't want to talk about my life.

Isn't it fucked up we fear talking about what's important to us? Or is it just me? I don't want to talk about Trump.

I'm thinking about purging people. Gummy Friday was okay, only because I took it upon myself to guide the conversation. I must purge. I need to be alone. I've made up my mind.

A text arrives from Sayer. He's having a health scare. He share a photo in the text of blood that has been vamped from him. Along side the vials is what appears to be drums of extracted blood. His.

I can't purge him. He's scared. I decide my purge idea is stupid. I hate the word stupid. That is of course, unless I'm using it on myself.