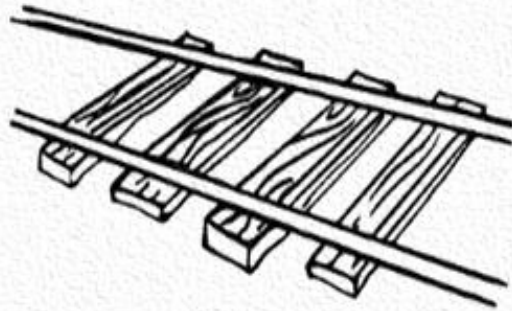


MY  
DAYS



JUNE  
2023

LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JUNE 2023**  
JUNE 2023

2

**MY DAYS: VOLUME 1**  
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

## ARE WE ANGRY AT THE WRONG THINGS? ARE WE ANGRY AT THE WRONG THINGS?



**S**parkly!!!  
Why so excited!?!  
I could have used more exclamation points.

3

Three is the grammatical limit.

I know!!!

Keep it down.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

I'm excited. Let's read this email together; want to?

What's the email about?

I applied for a job, and the company got back to me.

Fingers crossed.

I expect little.

"With You All The Way"

Sparkly, this sounds promising; they are with us.

Keep going →

"There were many great candidates who applied for this role, yourself included,"

Sparkly, I'm great!!!

Keep going →

"...and it's always a hard decision when determining the next steps."

Why are you crying?

This is so fucking passive-aggressive. It's like a literary rejection letter, quite literally. Sparkly, I'm valuable, but... fuck off, we aren't interested.

"Your interest in joining our team means a lot to us, and we appreciate the time you have invested in your application."

Can you please shut the fuck up and tell me why you are writing this banal fluff?

"We value your business as a customer, present or future, and wish you well in your career search. We hope you'll continue..."

Oh well. I'm a valued consumer. I get it. I'm old but still valuable.

Sparkly, all the rich people on the submersible are dead; their bodies have, poof, vanished.

4

Oh well. At least they were rich while they lived.

The old people who died in the bus crash in Manitoba were on their way to a casino for an activity day. I don't know how I feel about that. Old people on a fixed income must go to a casino for social interaction? With what? A slot machine? Do you think rich old people on fixed incomes go to casinos?

No. Rich people aren't on fixed incomes; they can afford to go on submersibles. And it's sad for old people who must go to casinos... well.

You don't know that.

You're right; I don't. It's just a thought.

Sparkly, I'm scared.

About your future?

Yeah, about that, of course, it's uncertain, but you know what?

What.

Good guess. I'm talented. I'm writing a book in a month. One hour per day.

I can tell.

Fuck off.

Thirty chapters, an entire book in thirty hours. Cool, huh?

Huh.

Good guess.

I've got about forty minutes left today.

Where do you come up with ideas on what to write about?

I walk. And I'm on a higher frequency.

Can I finally tell you what I'm scared about?

Sure →

Sparkly, I think I'm being followed?

By Whom?

I didn't eat his bleeping bread; now stop it.

Okay.

Who is following you?

Look across the street. Stop. Not now. Don't be so fucking obvious.

You told me to look.

Do it discreetly.

Do you see the chicken across the street, reading the newspaper?

The... what?

Menu.

There isn't a restaurant across the street.

The fucking chicken! Do you see the fucking chicken?

Calm down, Sparkly.

The one with the menu with holes cut out of it at eye level and a hole for his beak; the one wearing sunglasses and a beanie?

Yep.

You said, Yep.

Yep.

Yes, that chicken. He's been following me.

That's Clucky. He was trying to rally all the birds together because a gazillion chickens are eaten by us yearly, and he wanted to start a revolution. Viva la Poulet! He's one fucking genius chicken. Can you believe it; Clucky is a one-year-old; most chickens only reach six weeks and then hit the hot tub. Yum.

Clucky is brilliant. But his challenge is all the other birds are so fucking busy being birds eating bugs, diving for fish, pooping on cars... you know, bird stuff – they are all so busy. They particularly love windy days when they can pretend, they are kites.

Why is Clucky stalking me?

You ate his entire family. He's pissed. Chicken for dinner. Chicken for lunch. Clucky saw you eat his favourite uncle and aunt when two days in a row you ate McWraps. Clucky wants payback.

6

OMG.

Don't worry; Clucky is a chicken; what could he do to you?

He tried to get the Crows to murder you, but they were too busy dropping clams onto the seawall.

He tried to get the Geese to shit all over you, but they're busy; two of their babies have turned into adolescents, found hallucinogenic mushrooms, and are dealing them to the other Geese.

Trippy.

He tried to get the herons to eliminate you, but they are fishing, but Lloyd, the leader of the herons, is a sex addict.

Don't even get me started on the pigeons.

So, Clucky is trying to make you paranoid. Can I ask you a question?

Sure.

I thought you were suffering from Depression.

Is that a question?

No.

I am.

Then what is this?

Probably, Depression. I'm trying to work my way through it.

Walk

I sit down to talk with friends.

They are angry with the cyclists, all of them.

They are angry at homeless people, all of them.

They are angry with old people on scooters, all of them.

They || their anger.

They want to talk about the submersible.

A guy runs by, fully-legged, eating Maple Crunch Donuts?

One of my older friends tells me, another senior on the bus died, so the media won't let the story die. They count is now at 16.

That's an awful thing to type.

It is.

He's not angry at that. But he is angry at... a lot of things that are nothing.

1. What are you angry at?
2. The people you used to work for?
3. Because you're old, and you're receiving passive-aggressive employment rejection letters?
4. The fact that your future is uncertain?

Let me answer. No. No. No. No.

Why the fourth no? I only asked three questions.

It's four.

The first question was general.

Oh.

Who's writing this?

You.

No. You are.

No. You.

I know you are, but what am I?

This is going nowhere.

Where.

No.

I don't want to be angry.

I must believe in myself.

I must keep typing.

I must believe everything will work out.

Ouch. Ouch. Ouch. Quit it.

Sparkly, can you get Clucky to stop pecking at my ankles.

Clucky stop it.

Cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck?

He's asking, what are you going to do about it?

Tell him, I'll eat him.

I've never seen a chicken run so fast.

Sparkly, I think they've been conditioning us to be mad at each other; I mean, us struggling people. We are told daily what to be angry at. Scooters. Inflation. Housing costs. Food costs. Gangs. Drugs. Homelessness. Old people. Every fucking thing. It's fucking exhausting. It's literally fucking.



No, it's not.

It's not what?

What?

Precisely.

Charlie Kaufman?

No.

Margaret Atwood?

No.

Then what?

It's literary, not fucking.

Utterly.

Anyway, Sparkly, I think we are being divided; some fuckers are even angry with dead children.

They used to be mad at vaccines.

9

Every one of them was dropped on their heads when they were babies.

Stop it.

Or what?

I'll embarrass you in front of all these people?

I don't know any of these people. And besides, I'm the only one here.

Sparkly?

Yes.

What's going to happen to me?

You'll be okay. Just keep trying. You are the only one who can write this story.

I love you, Sparkly.

I love you too.

I think I'll stop for the day.

Good idea.

Sparkly?

Yes.

Are you horny?

|inaudible|

Sparkly?

Yes.

I don't want to be mad as hell anymore. But I do like to rant. And I'm fucking funny.

Sure.

You're laughing.

Giggling.

Sparkly?

Yes.

How come nobody put "OLD PEOPLE STRONG" on their Socials?

Because the people who died are old.

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 88.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

# SINK HOLE SINK HOLE



I'M AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
I W AM EICHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL

I FELL INTO A SINK HOLE  
I FELL INTO A SINK HOLE

I'M NOW 10,000 YEARS IN THE PAST

A SABRETOOTH TIGER GROWLS

I WALK AROUND WITH MY CHIN IN MY HAND  
I WALK AROUND WITH MY CHIN IN MY HAND

I CAN'T WRAP MY HEAD AROUND IT

YOU SAY IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME

WHAT YOU SAY ISN'T BELIEVABLE  
WHAT YOU SAY ISN'T BELIEVABLE

# My Days

MY DAYS

12

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CONTINUED

# SADNESS

SADNESS

13

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

## TYPING

The stream is flowing now. It's a good thing I took typing in Grades 9 + 10. In Grade 9 typing test, I posted a 95 words per minute score on a test. I was cheating. The typing professor (snicker) made me stand at the front of the class and confess my sins.

Anyhow, it's great that I took typing – I'm in the neighbourhood of 70 words per minute now when my fingers are on the correct keys.

You were destined to be a writer.

Keep typing.

Typing class is in the portables – trailers were added to the school because the school has too many students.

I glance out the window.

What did you see?

The cool kids, smoking in between the trailers – the cool kid's smoking lounge. OMG. Hey, is that Murray? He's a star athlete.

I'm not a cool kid. I don't have a lighter. Or matches.

GRADE 8

Marie Price and Debbie Lorenz are the most beautiful girls in my grade. Marie, because her chest has grown. Debbie because she's Marie's best friend. I love them both.

Mike Mesotowski is a bully. I don't know if I've changed his name or not. Probably not. But I likely misspelled it.

Cameron is a sissy boy. At least the bullies labelled him that. He's the only sissy boy in our school.

Isn't it impossible for there to be only one sissy boy?

Probably.

Mike Mesotowski might be a sissy boy.

Danny Servetnyk is short and will parlay his shortness into becoming a star athlete (wrestling + track + football).

When we make it to high school, Danny and I start a gambling operation.

Danny loves Marie more than the rest of us.

Our class goes on a field trip to Sutherland Beach – on the banks of the South Saskatchewan River. A river bank where my cousin, Alexandra Wiwcharuk, or so I was told, was murdered by Colin Thatcher (allegedly) – she was a nurse. However, her murder is still unsolved.

Your name is Wincherauk.

Didn't you hear me say, or so I was told?

Who told you?

My mother + father?

Were they not your actual mother + father?

Or so I was told?

I am sure our family's surname was changed to make it more palatable to the first settlers. I'm also sure Wiwcharuk wasn't always Wiwcharuk.

Johnny Cash wrote a song about my alleged cousin, The Girl in Saskatoon.

Let's get back to the class field trip.

Frivolity ensued.



Everyone in class rode their bicycles to the beach.



We were just about there.

The cool kids get there first, cresting the hill and blasting downhill to the river, a steep embankment.

The cool kids run around in the bushes.

Danny goes looking for Marie.

He finds it here.

He professes his love for her.

Marie + Debbie spark cigarettes, taking long pulls.

Danny's heart breaks.

He's an athlete. T

ears rain down his face.

I lecture Marie + Debbie on the perils of smoking, the chain smoke.

I shake my index finger at them.

They laugh at me.

The slower riders arrive.

Cameron crests the hill and begins sailing down to the river.

Halfway down, Mike Mesotowski is hiding in the bushes with tree branches in hand.

Cameron flying. Mike sticks the tree branch into Cameron's bike's spokes. Cameron literally flies over the handlebars, scraping his legs and arms.

Mike laughs.

Cameron cries.

Cameron isn't a sissy boy.

Mike is an asshole.

Marie + Debbie light another cigarette.

Why did you share this story?

Because of the cool kids smoking by the portables, that's why.

## THE PRESENT-DAY FUTURE

I'm at the watering hole with Sayer.

A young man named Jimmy is sitting near us, Jimmy is a jovial young man with an infectious laugh.

He has a clear mental condition.

We don't know what it is.

It is not spoken about.

I mention this to Sayer.

Sayer replies he's slow. That's what it is called, slow. Jimmy is slow; he doesn't need a label; he repeats.

I don't know how I feel about what Sayer said. Should I have said something? Did I fail?

## SOMETHING I KNOW?

I prefer talking to people individually because when humans are in a group, we (humans) become narrow-minded and angrier. And we lose all sense of nuance.

18

I should have said something. Sayer is right; Jimmy doesn't need a label.

Casino Jeff phones me. He's amped up on hungover + cocaine. Casino Jeff often hangs out with Casino; he also used to be Casino. Now he's Concierge Tim. Tim hates me. He hasn't spoken to me in over 10 years. Jeff has a propensity to phone me after nights out with Tim because he desperately needs a friend who won't judge him.

I don't.

I hope he did the cocaine thru money, not straws.

I feel honoured: He reaches out to me when he's in trouble.

Walter, his partner, died two years ago and occasionally blasts photos to me (sometimes yucky images). I'm blessed he sometimes thinks of me.

Backtrack to the Tim guy for a moment; yesterday, I passed him on the street; he was walking with someone, and just as he was giving me, he glanced my way and told me "to go fuck myself." It wasn't much-so-very-more nice. He's murdered.

By whom?

I don't know.

Was he really murdered?

I refuse to answer your query.

I don't like Tim.

The Postman is lonely.

Sayer is devoid of plasma.

We are all mortal.

We are all scared.

Time drifting away.