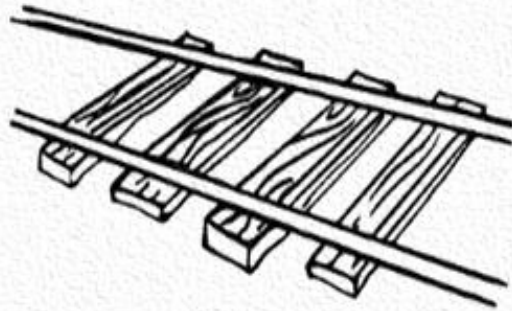


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1



I hit the Asylum again yesterday, after my morning creating. And by the end of the day, I will have once again crossed the 30,000+ steps mark. My Depression is still lingering; I am trying to tamp it down with movement, creativity, and one damn fine attitude.

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I need to take care of my family.

I need to keep writing.

I need to put the monsters from my past in a manageable compartment.

As I walked on the seawall by Coal Harbour, I passed some of my regular friends coming in the other direction.

The thin, tall Asian man, earbuds in.

The Korean jogger, at least, I think he's Korean.

The Asian female assassin. Hoodie up. Full sweats on even the hottest days. One step. Two steps. Shuffle side-to-side. Rabbit punch the air. Repeat.

The Skinny Runner. Legs are no thicker than toothpicks. 6' 5." Excellent runner. One day his legs will snap like twigs.

Don't you mean toothpicks?

There are more characters →

The 5' 6" white jogger is also an excellent runner, except for with each step, he grabs at the air in front of him, cross-body, as if he is trying to catch flies.

The Ninja-ish guy who may have a neurological condition. One step.
Two steps. Shuffle. Sidewinding like a football placekicker or soccer
(football) striker. Goal. Three points. Repeat.

With every step, the busty woman, is holding up her breasts, daily... or is she playing
with herself?

Red passes me. We are going through a rough patch. Red doesn't even look at me.

And more. And more. And more.

With every step I take, I listen for the gems of material often floating by.

I come to a lost British couple by Beaver Lake.

They ask for directions to The Rose Garden.

I give them directions to the Skytrain and tell them to get off at Edmonds
Station and ask someone there?

I did not do that.

My mind is blank. Calm. Is a storm coming?

We are going to be OK. I don't know how, but...

Hey?

Yes, Sparkly.

Take the rest of the morning off; let me narrate briefly.

Are you sure?

Yeah. You need a break. Go into the other room and chill.

OK, but if you need...

Hush it. Now go →

Did he go?

Yes.

He's a good man.

I know.

A fabulous man.

Yes.

May I tell a story?

Sure.

J just asked me if I was ready to eat?

I said sure.

Actually, I didn't say anything.

Isn't J feeding Lindsay?

Who do you think I am?

Sparkly?

Utterly.

I am going to talk now →

Hello. I think it's time to give our fantastic protagonist a break.

I've been walking with him for over a year and have been blessed to be part of his life.

Lindsay's?

Sure.

Aren't you a part of his imagination?

I was. But I've given him time off, so baby, this is all me.

And our protagonist.

Yes me, but more so, it is about him and his incredible resolve.

Lindsay has been through much in his life, enough traumas for twenty lifetimes. Hell, he watched his mother and father die twice, and he still doesn't know who his father is?

Could you imagine carrying the weight of the last paragraph with you through life?

No.

Lindsay has carried that plus so much more, and somehow, he has grown kinder, more empathetic, more curious ...

Lindsay is a fantastic man. I have never seen a man who people are drawn to, like him – many of them are outsiders – the one of a kind. For people who need a spark to come out of their shells – Lindsay often provides it. It doesn't matter if it is a young guy trying to find his way in the world, a fifty-ish-year-old woman whose place of belonging has changed dramatically in the last few years, a woman who needs the emotional silence of an eager ear. Or the 80-year-old-former mayor, who fends off loneliness by laughing with Lindsay. Or Dean, a dying man; who simply needs to be treated like he's still alive.

Or Chris, the quiet man from Edinburgh who started to stay at the pub longer than usual, listening to see if Lindsay would go on a stream-of-conscious rant.

Or Sandy, who, after sharing deeply personal stories, once said to Lindsay, "That's the most I've ever spoken here."

Lindsay brings that out in people. Some people think Lindsay talks a lot. They're wrong. Lindsay mostly listens. How else could he write a book in one month? This book.

This collection of incredible people always tries to sit as close to Lindsay as possible. Lindsay is humbled by this – he's self-aware enough to know why they do.

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I know, Sparkly. I see it every day.

The people he used to work for hurt him badly.

I know.

When he started with the company in 2005, he had a car he drove it into the ground working for the company.

As the years passed, Lindsay was often bullied, maybe not in the truest sense of the word, but because it was glaringly obvious, he was being treated differently than the people who were friends of the owner. When he spoke up about the treatment, he was told if he wanted a raise, he should go on welfare.

Seriously?

Seriously.

Fifteen years of abuse and Lindsay did a fantastic job for his former employer with nary a complaint—receiving annual bonuses—zero performance reviews—zero times late—always reliable. And yet, the company cruelly had Lindsay train his replacement and then used the pandemic as an excuse to toss him out with the trash.

Did that really happen?

Yes. And the fuckers tried to hide their true intentions in the silence of laid off, only an hour into the fucking pandemic. Intentions conspicuously obvious.

Fuckers.

Yes.

Lindsay stood up for himself.

The people he worked for vowed to destroy him financially and emotionally.

Harsh?

I know.

His former employer probably tried to convince their fragile egos that they did nothing wrong.

They tossed out their most senior employee the first chance they got, with little discussion; how much more fucking wrong can you get?

But of course, this story is a work of fiction to protect Lindsay's former employer from ever facing who they really are.

Vowing to destroy him financially and emotionally within the wake of the financial and emotional violence—his family being directly impacted. That's what they willfully did to wonderful people.

That's awful.

It is.

After fifteen years of being a model employee, what did he leave the company with? Nothing. When he started, he had a car. When he was terminated, all he had was stress. What does that say about the people he worked for?

Rhetorical.

I've watched Lindsay deal with this for the last year. I don't know how he could possibly be OK. And over the years, as he was fighting these monsters; Lindsay had life-saving surgery and now has a cardiologist; 13 people died, including family and friends, and he's still trying to find a place to put the death of his mother. And Lindsay still doesn't know who his father is?

That's a truckload. Is he OK?

Would you be?

No.

Then isn't the question once again rhetorical?

I know one thing, the next time Lindsay speaks of his former employer, they will no longer be in business.

Yesterday, he arrived at Gummy Friday. GF is losing its lustre.

The usual characters were there.

Lindsay wished he never listened.

He listened.

Racist Jacques shared a story about an ice cream cone he bought for \$9.00. He said he gave the clerk \$10 – and she told him she didn't have change. This pissed him off.

Lindsay asked Jacques why he was buying \$9.00 ice cream in the first place when it was only \$1.00 for a cone at McDonald's.

The Postman is there. He's been gone for a month. Lindsay is happy to see him. The Postman said he was wearing a bathing suit today + he got two phone calls at once.

What are those things? Lindsay asked him.

The Postman's friend Karl arrives.

Listen.

Over the next few hours, Karl joked about black, Chinese, and Polish people. Karl after Lindsay said all the rich people who were in the submersible were dead, Karl decided it was couth to say, "Nobody cares, they were all Arabs." Lindsay started to challenge what Karl said but decided it best to retreat into silence, or Karl's words would germinate and take on their own life at the table.

Listen.

Karl tells a joke about leprosy. It's not funny. Karl tells the table he has hundreds of these jokes.

Lindsay says, please don't share.

The Postman tells Lindsay to lighten up, asking him why he doesn't want to hear them.

Lindsay becomes sad. He's not as happy as he was a few moments before Karl arrived.

Lindsay told The Postman he's been writing for one hour every day, whatever meanders through his mind in the morning, and by the end of June, he'll have penned a book. This book.

Karl snaps, I wrote five books this month.

Lindsay was growing tired.

Lindsay told Karl I wasn't boasting; I was proud of what I was doing, just sharing.

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Karl snapped all of his books were best sellers.

Lindsay didn't understand why Karl was choosing to be a dink.

Lindsay needed to escape.

Karl insulted Indigenous people. Nobody else at the table is listening or caring. The weight of disgust was falling totally on Lindsay's shoulders.

Karl says he will get one of those Arab head things to protect his face from the sun.

Listen.

This is Jacques's cue to jump into the conversation; Jacques is 76. Jacques makes a cone with his right hand placing it over his mouth, and says to Karl, with his words aimed at Lindsay, "The girl who sold me the ice cream was one of those people."

Jacques leaves. The Mayor leaves.

Karl says something awful about another culture.

“Chris. Chris. Chris. Please join us. Wisdom is floating through the air; you might catch some.” Lindsay pleaded for Chris to join them.

Chris shuffles over from the bar.

Ten minutes later, after listening to Karl, he got up and said he was going, and he thought there was going to be wisdom shared, and all I got was this, pointing to → Karl.

I’m sorry. I needed someone to feel my pain. Lindsay said to Chris.

If I know Lindsay, and I’m sure I do, this night upset him greatly.

He probably wrestled with what he did or did not do.

I think he would have felt like he failed because he didn’t challenge everything Karl fucking said. Karl is garbage. Lindsay doesn’t like saying that, so I typed it for him. Karl is a dinosaur. He’s rude. He’s rude. One more time, he’s rude.

Lindsay would have thought maybe I should just let these bigoted assholes keep spewing their dinosaur attitudes aloud because who cares? Nobody other than Lindsay is listening to them. He’ll feel he failed by not ending the friendships right then. Or, at the very least, let the people know there is no room in Lindsay’s life for verbal toxins.

Listen.

Lindsay thinks this is a big deal; he finds the attitudes of others and their lack of listening and then speaking up to be disheartening, and their words have no place in the way Lindsay wants to live his life.

My friend Lindsay has been through too much. He’ll be OK. I think. I hope. He’s not OK now. But he knows one thing for sure, he’ll be OK when |NOW| the Jacques and the Karls, and his former employers of the world, are no longer part of his.

Lindsay is going to get up every day and try. That’s all he can do.

Fuck the people who hurt him.

Fuck the people who choose to be racist garbage.

Not literally.

Listen.

If you do, you might hear a three- or four-year-old girl say to her mother, “I don’t know any of these people?”

We are what we refuse.

Lindsay refuses to let the hatred and vitriol of the Jacques and Karls of this world seep into his mind.

Listen.

Sparkly?

Yes.

Can I come out of my room now?

Yes.

You know Sparkly, when I listen to Whom, Dean, The Mayor, The Postman (sans Karl), 2G (when he’s not being childish), Sandy, Chris, Andrew, You, Eoin, Donna, Colin, Jesse, Female Lindsay; and many more, when I really listen; I hear incredible stories and grow ever so little as a person. I’m blessed!

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Grammarly Readability Score = 85.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



SINK HOLE
SINK HOLE

OVER THERE
OVER THERE

OVER THERE
OVER THERE

WHERE?

THERE

LOOK WHERE I'M POINTING

I'M LOOKING AT YOUR HAND
I'M LOOKING AT YOUR HAND

DO YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS?
DO YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS?

I DON'T THINK SO

LOOK

WHERE?

OVER THERE →→→→
OVER THERE →→→→

THERE
THERE

NOW I SEE IT.
NOW I SEE IT.

My Days

MY DAYS

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CONTINUED

SADNESS

SADNESS

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CANNED: FIRED @ 59
CANNED: FIRED @ 59

A LONG WINDING ROAD A LONG WINDING ROAD

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS MEAN?
WHAT DOES ANY OF THIS MEAN?

I'm lucky.

I want more time.

I have a cardiologist.

I was on a train.

And a seesaw.

And a spinning thing.

And I walked the plank.

And I slid down a slide.

Do I let Tennessee off the hook?

I hear the table of political talking heads bantering floating in the air
behind me. Trump. Covid. Ukraine.

It's too much.

I type on my phone.

Their conversation shifts.

Tennessee tells the table he goes the extra mile at work.

I don't know what that means. Does anybody?

I wonder if Tennessee's home life is okay. I place my chin in my hand. Lower my head
and worry.

Tennessee then talks about all the hot random people he speaks with. I'm
glad I didn't join the table. He shares a story about his husband coming
home with hickeys he got from some Brazilian guys. He sounds proud.
I'm much-more-very-so glad I never joined their table. He keeps going
on about another bar where the clientele sometimes is older. He says, No
offence William. Is he age-shaming friends?

I can't listen anymore.