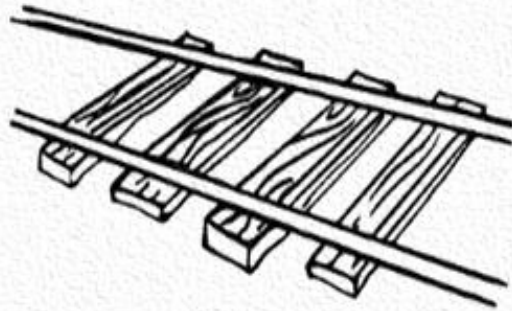


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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WHAT RACISTS FEAR HEARING THE MOST
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Hey, Sparkly!
Hey. Welcome back. Did you enjoy your rest?
Indubitably.

What does that even mean?

I don't know; let the readers look it up. I think it means I'm sophisticated!

I'm sorry about your Gummy Friday.

I feel exactly the same.

Karl really is a piece of work.

Sure is.

I just remembered I had to tell you about Karl arriving at Gummy Friday. Instead of being a regular person who starts with hello, Karl ranted about how much he hates women.

Really.

Yeah. After I shared a story about stuffing potatoes for a girlfriend once. You could see the gerbil wheel rotating slowly in Karl's cranium the entire time I spoke. The best he could come up with was, "Girlfriend. Girlfriend. You had a girlfriend. Yuck."

I said yes. And that's when Karl's rant commenced.

I don't want to talk about him anymore.

Did you hear about Andrew's package?

Who?

Andrew, you know Andrew, the bartender; he's playing you in an Off-Broadway play about your life: Sparkly the Musical.

Oh, yeah, that Andrew.

That's what I said.

Before I go on about Andrew, I ran into Harlan during my break.

Twitch star Harlan? Mall Supermodel Harlan?

That's the one.

Where did you see him?

While out on my walk. He was with a friend, and he came up to me and barked my name at me and then said he thought it was me, and he was right.

I told him he's an excellent recognizer.

He agreed.

He then told me he missed J, and he then said, the two of them (not J, but the friend he was with) were about to cross to the other side of the street – mid-block.

I told them to be careful because their names weren't J. But of course, Harlan's friend could very well be named J.

Anyway, Harlan's friend laughed.

I'm unsure if that is a great story or just a page filler.

Wow! Exclamation mark after wow! You are an amazing raconteur.

I think you are being sarcastic... facetious.

A little of both.

Let's get back to Andrew's package. On Thursday, The Mayor and I sat at his bar when he told us about his package, he was having delivered that day. Andrew was extremely excited about his package. But sadly, it wasn't out for delivery, yet – he checked his phone for package status updates. It was scheduled to be delivered that day. Andrew kept The Mayor, and I apprised. You'd have to have no pulse if you didn't jump on the Andrew package excitement bandwagon.

I couldn't sleep that night. Andrew's package kept floating through my REM.

Not to worry.

I'm not worried.

Sparkly, this is the first day of the rest of my life.

Are you going to say that every day?

Probably.

What's that? You are amazed the racist troll Karl hasn't said I'm not racist; I hate everyone equally. Which is the stupidest joke many racists think is a joke. They are just ignorant '...'

Can you please tell me more about Andrew's package? Please. Pretty please.

Sure, I sent him a text.

Me: Did you get your package?

Andrew: I did! Thank you so much for checking. I was in distress.

Me: I feel warm.

Andrew: Warm. Heart face emoji. Love emoji.

Andrew: Tell Sir Bastion I said hi!

Me: Aloud?

Andrew: Unless you can telepathically communicate (I do).

Andrew: That would be cool.

Andrew: Try that first.

Me: I will.

Andrew: If it doesn't work, then aloud is fine.

Andrew: Did it work?

Me: No.

You never told me what's in Andrew's package. And seriously, you raconteur with the best of them.

Sparkly, you know what they say about sarcasm?

I don't.

Do you want to read a story I wrote about what racists fear the most?

When did you write it?

A couple of years ago.

You are being lazy and just trying to fill the pages by putting it in here.

Ha. Ha. It took you three attempts to spell here correctly.

Sparkly, I wrote it. DID YOU WANT TO READ IT OR NOT?

Okay, calm down; I'll read it.

It's important.

I will read it →→→ You want me to read it now →→→ Oh →→→

READ IT, OR I WILL CRUSH YOU BETWEEN MY THUMB AND ITS
NEIGHBOURING FINGER. What's that finger called?

Index or Pointer.

Sister?

No. Finger.

I have time to read your stupid writing next Tuesday. How about at three
o'clock? Why are you taking off your shirt?

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I want you to massage my breasts.

You are a weird man.

Likewise.

I'm your imagination.

You are my weird imagination.

Read the article. What else are you doing?

Nothing.

Then read it now.

Okay. Do you think Charlie Kaufman is ever going to read this?

Probably.

Margaret Atwood?

Sure.

What do you think we'll score on Grammarly today? I think about 86.

It will be more like 82. What are we going to bet?

How about if you win, I'll massage your chest. If I win... I want more about Off-Broadway-Sparkly's package.

Sparkly, did you notice I didn't type Depression today? Damn, it's all to hell.

Neither did I, so I'm winning 0 to your 1.

Do you think our readers are following along at home?

Why?

Not?

79. Mother-fucker.

No chest massage for you.

Reading now →↓

What Racists Fear Hearing the Most

They are more upset about being called a racist than being one.

Lighten up, buttercup.

No. That's not it.

I've been living on this glorious, confusing, spinning rock for one, two, three, four...decades...a long time.

I grew up white. I had no choice in the matter.

I grew up in Saskatoon (insular). I had no choice in the matter.

I watched the same television and movies and read the same newspapers and magazines as everyone else. I've been conditioned and conditioned and conditioned.

At the time of my upbringing, there were two kinds of people in Saskatoon, 1) White people; and 2) Those we made fun of.

I don't apologize for typing the last sentence. If you fit into a third category, you'll understand there is no reason to be upset.

The conditioning has shamefully bestowed upon me the lifelong struggle of being a recovering racist. I don't identify as racist; that would be racist. But I'm self-aware enough to understand alarmingly offensive thoughts have been deeply injected into my self-consciousness – I'm not sure if self is needed in the description – shall we cancel it?

The conditioning has instilled the occasional disgusting mindset in me, crossing the line between stereotypes and a false sense of non-existent superiority.

My esteem is intact. Sure, not everything in my life has been hunky-dory. Still, when someone calls me a 'cracker' or a 'honky,' I have to Google why I should be upset, which loses the impact when your thumbs have to get involved.

Five+ decades into life, I've arrived at crossroads (it took you a long time) – a quest for understanding – a potential purge of some people in my life.

Why?

Because of the irrationality of people, I know all of us are far too stunted to understand our attitudes and screaming out about Cancel Culture or the PC Police, or anything else, is coming for our happiness, is ridiculous. When they are challenged by their deep-rooted archaic attitudes, it is abhorrent.

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Many people I love expound attitudes. Attitudes that occasionally meander through my mind, but I'm happy to say: most of the time, I summon the courage not to share them, accepting I'm someone who will always be recovering.

I have an older friend | not | who cannot make it through a conversation without disparaging different ethnicities. Be that indigenous women he calls '...' or repeatedly trying to get everyone around a table to say the name of the African Nation Niger or saying the one Asian restaurant he just visited was surprisingly clean. Or interjecting into a conversation his disdain for changing street names to indigenous ones because he won't be able to spell them. Or challenging the number of bodies buried at a residential school. |NOT A FRIEND|.

Disgracefully, because my not-a-friend is older, I bite my tongue and willfully become part of the problem.

Another friend agrees with the things NOT-A-FRIEND is spewing.

Can't we talk about the weather?

The same-aged-not-a-friend often talks about penetration, spitting on roasts, shower scenes, bestiality, and more and more and more. I think those terms are sexual terms.

Still, when he hears a story about the first time our 77-year-old friend uttered a word rhyming with Helen Hunt, he becomes profoundly offended and cannot believe a line has been crossed.

Once his anger subsides, this friend sometimes breaks into a butchered South Asian accent when describing his latest visit to a convenience store.

This not-a-friend asked me where another friend was one night?

To which I replied, "He's dead."

My friend lost his mind. "That's not funny. What if he is dead?"

If he is, which I'm sure he is not, it would be sad, but I'm sure he wouldn't care.

Another not-a-friend says, "The immigrants have taken over our regular table." After another look, my not-a-friend adds, "I think they are from Jamaica." He then adds, "I wonder if they have Ebola?"

I'm upset. This kind of talk upsets me. I'm told to lighten up. I'm told when the stress of the last year passes, I will. I won't.

The company owner I worked for used to tell us, "Don't bother calling on brown people. They stick to their own kind."

During lunch at a Vietnamese restaurant, one of my godchildren refused to order because my godchild drew the line at Vietnamese.

Another friend, when challenged while revealing his view that the Chinese are just as racist toward us as we are to them. **Is the point he's making** it's okay to stop evolving.

I suggest to this friend just because you think someone is racist toward you, you don't have to participate + perpetuate the hate.

Another friend, his eyes darting around a pub, checking to see who's within earshot, comfortable in his surroundings, says, "I'm going to tell a racist joke. I had to make sure the coast is clear."

I tell him there is no such thing as a racist joke.

I'm not sure he understood.

I then suggested if you have to look around before you speak, why don't you keep your mouth shut?

I love most of these people | not |; I don't believe they are racists | I do | or even think they realize what they are saying. Some think this type of rhetoric is okay if the people they are talking with all share the same pigment.

I walk down the street with a friend from Korea. Behind me, I hear, "This is Vancouver, not Hongcouver."

Down south, democracy faces its fiercest challenge after a four-year shit-show (1), created by the disease of entitlement and a presidential performance littered with hate and racist tropes allowing the infection to fester in North America's fragile psyche.

One thing springs to mind, something repeated over and repeatedly.

How can we ever have a civil conversation when, as soon as someone shares their racist opinions, they are called RACIST. Seriously? You heard it. We've all heard it. Racists (even recovering ones) are more fucking offended by someone calling them racist than looking in the mirror and understanding; they are nothing more than offensive dinosaurs. They are more upset about being called a racist than being one.

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Who put you on your high horse?

I'm not; I try to be self-aware, and Helen Hunt doesn't offend me. I don't care if I can pronounce the name of my street. I don't become apoplectic when I hear other languages spoken; I assume the people talking are talking about me – making me relevant.

When I walk out into the world, I make it my daily mission to listen to my hateful thoughts, acknowledge them, keep them to myself. When I do, I grow a tiny bit more.

I'm not about to purge my friends yet. I'm listening; it's not our job to educate others – it is each of our responsibilities to show disdain and refuse to participate.

A single uncomfortable laugh at a racially insensitive comment goes a long way toward propagating hatred. Don't be part of the problem.

I don't want to purge my friends. Many of whom I love. I may not have to because they may no longer choose to sit with me if they read this.

1. I find the term shit show to be juvenile; however, it may be the best descriptor for what transpired down south for the last, going on 6-years. And as much as some people get upset at a potty mouth and juvenile terminology, these words don't even come close to sharing the podium with the disease of hate. If you think they do, well...goodbye. (2)
2. I am happy to say my recovery is helping me feel the same way about misogynistic, homophobic, or hate speak of any kind. It's okay to evolve; Ramen is just soup; you don't have to say you hate it, and if you find the things you are saying hurt others, ask yourself why you do it? Why? Why? Why?

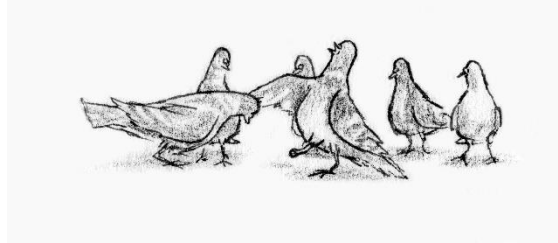
| To me, when I see comedians complaining about this kind of thing, I don't understand what they are complaining about. If you made a joke that's aged terribly, accept it. Avoid saying terrible things, and address those that you have said... I don't think that's cancel culture. That's you saying something terrible if that's what you've done. - Seth Rogen |

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Grammarly Readability Score = 79.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

PIGEONS AREN'T MY FRIENDS PIGEONS AREN'T MY FRIENDS



PIGEON AREN'T MY FRIENDS
PIGEON AREN'T MY FRIENDS

I WOULD LIKE TO BITE OFF THEIR HEADS

AND MAKE THEM DEAD
AND MAKE THEM DEAD

YOU ARE NOT A PIGEON
YOU ARE NOT A PIGEON

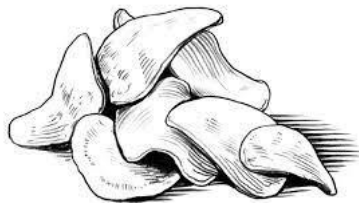
SO, YOU CAN BE MY FRIEND
SO, YOU CAN BE MY FRIEND

BECAUSE YOU ARE NOT A PIGEON
I PROMISE I WILL NOT BITE OF YOUR HEAD

AND MAKE YOU DEAD
AND MAKE YOU DEAD

PIGEONS AREN'T MY FRIENDS

CHIPS!
CHIPS!



My Days

MY DAYS

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CONTINUED

SADNESS

SADNESS

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16 SEPTEMBER 2022

DEAN
DEAN

15

24 SEPTEMBER 2022

DEAN
DEAN

Is this seat taken?
It is now, by you.

The person who sits next to me has a cane and orders a beer. He introduces himself.
Hi, I'm Dean.

He fumbles over his words.

I keep typing on my phone.

Dean apologizes because he is self-conscious his words aren't flowing smoothly. He tells me he has a terminal illness where his brain atrophies.

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I gasp; I ask him if it is okay to ask questions.

Sure, he says.

I don't want to offend you.

You won't.

He tells me he just got off work and needs the cane to keep him from falling – but he falls often.

I ask him what the disease is like.

“He says it is like his life is walking a plank and every day some falls away.”

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