



Lindsay Wincherauk

MAY 2023

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TALKING WITH A DYING MAN
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I recently legally changed my name from I to Lindsay.

It might take a while to stick.

Lindsay, is now being narrated by I.

This is most definitely odd.

I prefer original, and so does Lindsay.

Lindsay could be you, everyone, and everyone else.

What?

Precisely.

Lindsay's friend Dean is terminal.

Lindsay had not seen Dean for over a week. Lindsay worried, summoning Rob or a man who recently changed his name to WHOM, well, Lindsay, summonsed WHOM to contact Dean to see if he was okay.

He's not. He's dying. And Lindsay understood that if Dean had passed Lindsay and WHOM and whomever else wouldn't be able to do a damn thing about it except to bawl their eyes out.

Lindsay's and Dean's friendship is relatively new. It started last September (16) on a Saturday night when they sat beside one another at the FH. They hit it off instantly. Even with Dean telling Lindsay, he had an aggressive degenerative disease and hasn't much time left on this earth.

Not to be deterred Lindsay, never ran, and from that day forth, their friendship has blossomed.

Maybe it is because Lindsay has too much experience dealing with death.

Maybe it is because Lindsay made over 1,800 hospital visits in his youth and early adulthood, watching his parents ravaged by and eventually succumbing to cancer.

Maybe it is because Lindsay's parents he watched die weren't really his birth parents.

What's that Lindsay?

Lindsay asked me to try to keep today's story short for effect.

On this day, Dean *cane'd* his way into the FH. A smile broke on Lindsay's face. He's not ready to cry Dean's death.

Dean said its time to take his profiles off of dating sites.

Dean said he's not ready yet. Let that sink in for a moment. Chills are shooting through me as I type this for Lindsay.

Dean looked broken. He first said that it's worsening, and he doesn't think he can continue living independently. He says he can't carry a liter of milk a block or cook for himself anymore.

Lindsay's only response was something about how awful and how much that sucks, without saying how he'd be if he were in the same situation. Lindsay intuitively understands you can't always put yourself in someone else's shoes and the importance of sharing your vulnerability of not knowing with a person who's going through unfathomable suffering – a true sign of understanding.

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Throughout their whole conversation, Dean looked on the verge of tears. Lindsay fought back his emotions as well.

On this day, their conversation ebbed and flowed between what was next for Dean and what he wanted the rest of his life to be like. The only time bucket lists make sense.

Dean said its time to take his profiles off of dating sites.

Dean said he's not ready yet. Let that sink in for a moment. Chills are shooting through me as I type this for Lindsay.

Dean has a significant trip planned for July. He doesn't want to go. He doesn't think he can go. He says he'll go because a friend has purchased the trip for them. Dean says he wants to spend his remaining days with his close friends. Dean says that is all that matters now.

Lindsay shares a story about the time Dean ordered his lunch and gave his fries to Lindsay, where Lindsay said, "You haven't fully lived until a dying man gives you his French fries."

Dean laughed.

Lindsay continued by saying, "You gave me your fries, you know they're not good for us, what were you trying to do, kill me?"

Dean laughed more.

It was time to end this visit. Dean and Lindsay hugged tightly and professed how lucky they were because they had become friends.

Lindsay wanted to cry.

Lindsay let Dean know that no matter what, as the days slip by closer to Dean's end, Lindsay won't scatter, adding he understands why those who do, do; for many people, they are so trapped in their own marginality they don't have the tools to function when the spotlight isn't on them. They don't know how to be fucking decent human beings.

Dean had told Lindsay some of his friends (not) who scattered said awful things like "We are all dying, Dean." Or "We're born dying." Or "Life is terminal."

Fuck them, Lindsay says, on behalf of Dean.

They're disgusting.

They break the embrace.

Before Dean goes, he says he's not ready to |inaudible| and that he has had a good life, a glorious life, a great life, and he's lucky for the people he's shared time with along the way. He finishes by looking into Lindsay's eyes and thanking Lindsay for making him laugh.

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Dean leaves.

Lindsay sheds a tear.

Earlier in the day, Lindsay received a message from Donna; she loves when she visits with Lindsay. It's infrequently, but still...

Before Dean arrived, 2G plopped down beside Lindsay. He wanted to share stories about his nephew's recent visit.

Next, the Mayor (Jim) and his friend Jim (another Jim) dropped in; they come every Tuesday, hoping to have a moment or two with Lindsay. Their presence on this day is a blessing because Lindsay needed to come down from the emotions stirred up after visiting with Dean. So, they plan to go to the 'pitch and putt' it together. The Mayor is turning 80. The other Jim is 68. Jim (68) says he's going to bring his driver to the 'pitch and putt.'

Even earlier in the day, J broke the silence by calling Lindsay a dandelion.

Emotional turmoil has been put to the side, temporarily, thanks to Lindsay's friendship with Dean.

Lindsay meanders home with tears leaking from his eyes.
Please check in on your friends. Cherish the good in life.
Grammarly Readability Score = 84

SUBMISSION CORRECTION

SUBMISSION CORRECTION



Looks great.

Hit send.

Submitted!



Go for a pop.



Proud!

Check Submission.

Damn. Mistake. See ↓↓↓

Share a rejection.

It's definitely different...

Anyway ² (anyway ¹ non-existent): crazee courses through my veins.

Anyway ³: Argh... poems spill from one page to another. Five times. I'm teetering on the edge.

I'm different. Thanks.

I don't want to be the same.

Anyway ⁴: Spillage corrected. Two poems added. Clipboard People. Puking Spaghetti (1968).

Looks great.

Hit send. Updated version here. Not here, but there, where you are. From here.

Correction Submitted!



Proud!

Check Submission.

Damn. Typo on one Poem. One Poem missing from the contents.

Anyway ¹: (No longer non-existent) PROUD!

\$170 DOLLARS LEFT
\$170 DOLLARS LEFT

WTF am I going to do?

My legal case has been dragging along now for 30 months. My lifeline.

A caterpillar tries to cross the road in Stanley Park.

Wiggle. Wiggle. Wiggle faster.

The bike lane is filled with Tour de France cyclists and drunk, cycling locals, and tourists.

Cars speed by in the other lane.

Miss. A miss. Another miss.

Wiggle. Splat.

The company you worked for is willing to settle. Five times I've been informed of this.

The most recent: 10 days ago (August 10, 2022), →

They are ready to settle. They want us to prepare a settlement offer.

You know this is bullshit. Their strategy is to destroy me financially. Why? I have no idea? It's working. They will refuse our offer to drag this out like ice cubes trying to melt at 0 degrees Celsius, for the International readers, 32 degrees Fahrenheit for Americans.

I will prepare the offer and we can talk next week. Get this over. Help you move on. I will be laser focused, in my approach. It's now September 4.

→ X days ago; and counting.

Radio silence. Nothing. No call. This is the second time I've heard laser focused and let's get this over for you. There is no urgency, except for me.

I have \$170 left.

I was 59 when I was fired for getting older.

The pandemic provided the company the shade to can me.

I'm 62 now.

I'M. FUCKING. SCARED.

RESILIENCE OR DELUSION
RESILIENCE OR DELUSION



() has been told there is no reason to worry about him because he's resilient.
What the fuck does that even mean?
You sure swear a lot.

Lindsay do.

Do.

Do.

We just said do, do 😊

How old are you?

I'm old now, at least number-wise.

Lindsay has blasted out 50 resumes. Guess what the result has been.

What?

You follow instructions well.

Do. Do.

The results have been what you'd expect for someone in Lindsay's demographic:
Impressive resume. Still, we are going in a different direction. Keep checking our website.

Translation: Fuck mitigation “Don’t Go Chasing Waterfalls” – enjoy your acid bath!

As you know by now, every day, Lindsay gets up and writes a story for his website. Every day. Consistently. For over at least one year. Who does that? I’ll tell you who; Lindsay does.

He’s dedicated to his craft.

He won’t quit.

He can’t quit.

The people he used to enrich aligned themselves with losers. Lindsay is a winner.

Is he delusional?

Sure. We live in a world where AI is turning many of us obsolete.

You know what they say about people who keep doing the same thing expecting a different result?

Winners?

Every day after Lindsay finishes his writing update, Lindsay hits the Fitness Asylum.

Well, almost every day, some days, depression, and uncertainty kick him in the junk and render him floundering. Fishy.

My Daughter was at the Asylum yesterday; My Daughter’s name is Ken, and now it’s My Daughter.

My Daughter says “My daughter” at least 43 times every workout at the gym, his voice carries; no matter where Lindsay is, he can hear it.

Fuck.

“My daughter.”

It’s 6:02 AM, and I’m at home typing this and can still hear it.

Lindsay hops on the treadmill. The guy next to him stinks. The guy is going fast and intense. He’s wearing headphones. He shouts out.

“COME ON. COME ON. COME ON.” CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. He’s breathing heavily.

He runs hard for another few minutes and then barks.

“COME ON. COME ON. COME ON.” CLAP. CLAP. CLAP. He’s breathing heavily.

“My Daughter.”

Jeff comes up to me. He’s a friend. He’s about 65.

“Lindsay, the one thing I’ve determined to be true at the gym is that there are many attractive, scantily clad women.

Lindsay says nothing.

Asylum done.

Time to go home, shower, and then head to the Royal Centre to read.

The Centre fills with characters.

An oafish guy, who Lindsay wants to say, is doing nothing wrong except for being oafish.

I initially spelled wrong 'rong.' Anyway, the Lindsay can't stand the oafish guy.

That's mature.

No, it's not.

I thought Lindsay preached kindness and empathy.

Lindsay does, but he's human, so...

There are the regulars who provide the comfort of being regular.

There are the cleaners.

The security.

And at least 10 times per visit, people who can't seem to find the washrooms.

Lindsay often helps with directions.

Lindsay is reading a book written by a male author published by a major publisher who in the book decided it was good to describe the main character, a female, masturbating. He said something like it hollowed her out and allowed her to fall asleep. It creeped Lindsay out.

Later the author said someone was driving his electric Tesla. Lindsay immediately went and got himself a glass of liquid water.

Lindsay wonders if the author is AI.

Lindsay takes a sip of his liquid water.

Reading done. Time to prance. Lindsay has been hitting nearly 30,000 steps a day lately. Depression follows 23 steps behind.

Stop for a visit with The Mayor.

FH

The Mayor has yet to arrive. Five men in their late thirties to early sixties are sitting around the bar. The conversation turns to winning the lottery.

The five men all say that if they won the lottery, they'd return to university.

Lindsay calls them liars.

Eventually, all but one agreed he wouldn't go back to university.

Billy Madison walks into the bar.

Why is this bit entitled resilient or delusional?

Because the clock is ticking, and Lindsay is still attempting to thread the rope through the needle.

His resume is stellar, but who the fuck cares? He's 63 and either overqualified or horribly underqualified for positions he doesn't want.

You need to support your family.

| Inaudible |

Lindsay wants to create before AI rules the writing world.

Lindsay wants to make a difference.

Lindsay wants male authors to resist describing women masturbating.

Lindsay wants to score over 100 on a Grammarly Readability Score!

Today?

No, Lindsay is guessing 83.

Want to bet?

Sure.

My guess is 78. Lindsay Are you sticking with 83?

Yes.

Okay, let's plug the text in.

"My daughter."

Lindsay needs to find his mother's will.

Will Lindsay succeed at his wants?

Watch this space often.

My Daughter most certainly loves his daughter, a beautiful thing.

And Lindsay is sure the oafish man at Royal Centre is a good person. Lindsay can be immature at times.

Grammarly Readability Score = 83

MY FATHER'S FAMILY (1970)

Invisible.

Never visited.

Mary & Bill.

Winged glasses.

Twisted minds.

Friendly but not.

Calgary.

Roots trace back to Romanian Royalty. BS?

Dads' a Duke. Sure.

I boasted.

We are going to beat you senseless. Liar.

It's just what I was told.

Evil Mary → Chain Smoking → Export A → Scratchy voice. Black eyes.

Don't smoke mommy. Please.

Temptation

Smoke rising.

I cry.

Lindsay, your bed is downstairs. Next to the furnace, pantry, and Mitten's litter box.

Steps like a cliff. Feet don't fit.

Don't be a sissy.

Slide down on my butt. Climb up on my belly. No railing.

I cry.

Mary laughs.

Boy, go get ingredients from the pantry for dinner.

We'd eat out.

Back to Mary's

Boy, take the ingredients back to the pantry.

Mary laughed.

Mom smoked.

I cried.

LABOUR
LABOUR

RIDDLE

What's a 50-year-old man without a family or consumption power?
Expendable.

That's where Labour Agencies come in.

Most Labour Agencies' business models rely on preying on the suffering of others. People who are dealing with addiction, alcoholism, poverty, homelessness, and mental health issues. If it weren't for human suffering; Labour Agencies wouldn't exist.

The rich have every advantage and the luxury of being able to attend the best schools. But if you are born into birthright, school isn't even a necessity because your privilege allows you to spend your youth fucking-up, knowing full well your career has been marinating for you and is waiting for you at the end of the day.

Whereas, immigrants, or those born down society's rungs, screw the "all men are created..." BS—often have nothing more than struggle laying ahead of them. A struggle exacerbated by lack of opportunity. You may be qualified for the position, but sorry, the Vice President's kid, has taken a break from fucking up.

Without money or educational advantages, what's left?

To be the bleeping exception? The one in a million who came from nothing to...? Oh please. What a load of hooey. Sure, some people climb, but they are never genuinely allowed into the elite club of privilege. Why? Because the privileged wouldn't want the waters muddied.

Good souls fight back. They may not have the educational advantages. But they do the work; they demand fair pay, fight for safe work environments. They band together, change seems possible. You must give them what they deserve. You must provide them with a chance. You don't want to, but there is a shift in public opinion and those building your empires deserve to be treated fairly, respectfully, with dignity.

But then, we return to unfettered development. But then, drugs become stronger. But then, families splinter apart chasing an unattainable dream. Unattainable because the privileged control the purse strings, and their grip is unbreakable.