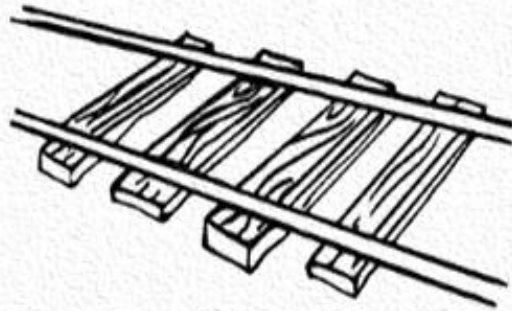


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

2

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

REVENGE IS BEST SERVED SWEET
REVENGE IS BEST SERVED SWEET



3

Sparkly?
|Sob|
Why are you crying? Why so bleak?

I don't want to lose you – I don't exist without you. You are a fabulous man. I need you to thrive.

I'm hurting Sparkly. I was thinking of saying sorry, but I'm not sorry. The darkness has been hovering above us for some time now. I don't know how to get rid of it.

Yesterday, I thought you had given up.

Ebbs and flow. Wax and wane, Sparkly, that's all. I can't suppress my emotions. I've been hurt badly, and I can't do nothing about it.

But there is a...?

What?

Revenge. Sweet, sweet, dripping revenge.

How?

Thrive.

Sparkly...

I need you. J needs you. Hana needs you. Many others need you. Find your strength.

Sparkly, it's always with me; I've been going through a trying time. I need to find an income, but I understand my limitations. The people I worked for have limited me by not providing a reference letter, making the last 15 years of my career life meaningless.

Why do you think they did this to you?

I don't know. I never will. They are too fucking cowardly to ever give me an audience; to explain how they could be so fucking callous. Oh well.

Do you hate them?

I'm getting there.

I don't like when you talk about Death Day.

I don't, either. But with the stress rotating like a Lazy Susan on Hyperdrive, it's hard to not see the rotations. One day ↑ up and full of hope. The next ↓ into despair. It's trying Sparkly; I cry a lot. I'm almost 63, and I cry a lot. What does that say about me?

You are human?

Sparkly?

|Sob|

I've made you cry. How is that possible? You are a figment of my imagination.

I love you, that's why.

I need you.

I don't want to see you in pain.

Neither do I. And, Sparkly?

Yes.

I want another 65 years.

I have love in my life. I have...

... You are a fantastic storyteller and a better human being; your honesty and vulnerability benefit the world. Believe in it. Someone else will most certainly see your strength and the importance of sharing it with others.

I understand you.

You laugh more than you wallow in the misery of the thickening fog.

You bring others joy.

You are introspective.

You are human.

I get your pain.

Thank you.

Focus on the good. That's how you will destroy the monsters that hurt you.

There is you ↑↑↑

And then there is them ↓↓↓ I can't believe one of them pretended to be your friend and went on the attack as soon as you stuck up for yourself.

If I only had a better lawyer.

Forget them. They are all garbage (lawyers included) cut from the same tattered, predatory clothes. Their lives suck. Could you imagine your whole adult life is about trying to profit off of suffering people so they can go on lavish fishing trips in order to pretend they are astute businesspeople? They are a problem in this world. Forget about them.

I'm trying... it's hard... I will find the strength somehow.

I'm cheering for us.

I am as well.

Tell me a story.

Okay →↓

Flashback

Bruce, you know the guy who said I look happier... well, our friendship has been waning for a while now. That's okay. I still care and love Bruce. Life changes us. A couple of days ago, Bruce approached me, standing before me like a child eager to tell a story, arms akimbo.

I haven't had a story like this in about fourteen years, to share with you. Bruce said to me.

Did you see the person I was talking to the other day?

Yes.

We went to the sex club together. I'll spare you the gory details if you'd like.

I'd prefer that.

Fortunately, without details it became a short story; more like a poem, a shitty poem. Bruce is married. I'm turning 63. I don't want to hear gory details.

Sparkly?

I missed an opportunity; I should have asked Bruce; Do you remember when you said I look happier? Look at my face. Does this seem happier to you?

Keep going →↓

Okay, Sparkly.

There was more of WHOM on Sunday. I'm worried about him. WHOM railed on for ten minutes about how kids today are... I challenged him by asking how many kids he interacts with? Of course, his answer was zero. He kept trying to convince The Mayor and me that kids today are... I stopped him. I said I think the kids today are brilliant and, with the advent of technology, probably stressed far beyond our imaginations. Whom got plastered. He has told me several times he doesn't want to live anymore. I cry. He left. I followed him to another establishment. The BIG D left me and was poking WHOM violently. He got drunker. He poked patrons walking past him, even going as far as telling two of them they needed to go home and make love right now. WHOM is an annoying drunk? I'm trying to understand him, so I chose to just listen and offer him kindness even when he's a dink.

6

Dean

I haven't seen him in a week. The BIG D and his posse have been circling Dean for quite some time now. He is sinking into himself. I promised I would not scatter as his condition worsened. I promised to send him the occasional text that only said DEAN; no, How are you? I'm not sure if that is the right thing to do.

Dean replied to my Dean text with: Yes.

Me: I said I would send you your name, so you don't forget it.

Dean: LOL. How are you?

Mission accomplished.

Were you on a mission?

No. But Dean laughed.

Sparkly, I've written another book in less than a month. This book. And I have read 30 books so far this year. And in June, I worked out almost every day, and I have gone nearly 800,000 steps. I've done this all while battling crippling DEPRESSION, uncertainty, and thoughts of dying on July 1.

I love you.

I love you too, Sparkly.

Linds, you did all that while not feeling particularly well and struggling with your emotions. I have a hunch you will be okay. More than a hunch. Just keep doing what you are doing.

Walk

It's Monday. I'm back from the Asylum. J is on a flex day. We sit down for a snack. I finish reading Second Best |by David Foenkinos|. It's a story about the boy who came second in the auditions to be Harry Potter and how that affected his life. I liked it. I didn't. Then I did.

7

If only you'd have thrown one more touchdown pass.

Something like that – if I had | sobbed | you'd likely not be here.

I don't want to think about it.

Sparkly?

Yes.

I love you. Thanks for being part of my craziness.

You're not crazy. You are just you.

Thank you.

J and I move.

J picks berries. Gives them to me. Powerful antioxidants. How lucky am I?

Rhetorical.

We come across a squirrel, aptly named, Squirrel. He comes up to say hello. I go grab a couple of berries. He loves them. Nibble, nibble, yum.

A guy walks past with his little dog. The dog moves toward the squirrel.

The man says, "The squirrel wouldn't stand much of a chance against my dog."

What an odd thing to say.

Squirrel gobbles down three more berries. A raccoon comes out of the bushes, looks as and ducks back into the bushes. It was the second raccoon sighting in two days. Yesterday, one came out of the bushes looking like it wanted to attack us. It startled me, so I ducked behind J. The raccoon ducked back into the bushes.

J asked me why I jumped behind him?

Because you have military training, and I'm only a Hall of Fame Quarterback. I didn't push you; I emphatically stressed.

Walk.

We turn onto a pass through the woods. A high pitch "WHOOOO" is pinballing from tree to tree. I tell J I think the sound is human. J disagrees. We come to a bend in the path, which I call the Devil's Switchback. On the last turn, a frayed pointy tree branch is sticking out.

8

WHOOO

J, many people have lost their eyeballs by piercing them with the pointy branch. The WHOOOING is because a group of hungry eyeball-less people are roaming in the woods. Don't worry, they can't see us. Duh. But we still have to be careful because they have heightened senses of hearing and smell.

We come to a clearing. A group of them are bouncing off trees. We run.

We step off the path to let a lady pass by, pushing a stroller.

J says. I don't think there is a baby in the stroller.

I take the suggestion further. She's probably pushing her stillborn baby around.

J says I've gone too far.

I don't think I have.

Oh. I say. Maybe she's pushing around one of the sans-eyeball people.

We stop our creativity.

At English Bay, it is windy enough for the seagulls to play kites.

FH

I sit down with The Mayor and Jacques. Jacques is talking about children having sex changes. I tune out. Jacques leaves.

Annoying Scott is on vacation. He's been sharing pictures of mountains with The Mayor online. Scott is in a relationship with someone nobody has ever seen. I'm certain Scott's favourite movie is Boxing Helena. Apparently, during Scott's vacation he occasionally puts the box his partner is in on the driver's seat and lets him drive. He can't reach the gas pedal.

Sparkly?

Yes.

We will be okay. There are only three days left in this one-month book project. I know it's dark, but I think it is human, raw, and honest, with heaping helpings of the beauty of vulnerability.

9

Linds?

Yes.

Forget about them. When you are thriving once more, your revenge on the monsters who hurt you will come in heaping the helpings of FUCK YOU. And besides, they really are nothing more than cowards who think nothing of using people.

See you tomorrow.

Yes. And tomorrow and tomorrow, 23,725 tomorrows after that.

Deal?

Deal.

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 91.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



THAI FOOD THAI FOOD



WHERE DO YOU WANT TO EAT?
WHERE DO YOU WANT TO EAT?

11

I DON'T CARE
I DON'T CARE

THAI FOOD?
THAI FOOD?

No
No

I GIVE UP
I GIVE UP

My Days

MY DAYS

12

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CONTINUED

SADNESS

SADNESS

13

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

DEAN
DEAN

14

24 SEPTEMBER 2022

TIME TO GO
TIME TO GO

I go to shake Dean's hand.
He thanks me, again.

I should thank him.

I don't.

I regret that I didn't.

I reach for his hand, again.

We hug, instead.

Dean is dying.

He's scared.

He's lonely.

So, am I—I think most of us are; scared and lonely that is, and likely dying.

I want more life.

I want to go on another vacation with Jay!

926 Days Have Passed Since I was Terminated.
I Have Yet to Receive My Severance

DO YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY SUCKS
DO YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY SUCKS

I'M 62 AND I CAN'T SUPPORT MYSELF.

Do you know how much-more-very-so that fucking sucks?

A lot.

Precisely.

I think you are either insane or a genius?

16

93-7

I THINK THIS IS A MUCH-MORE-VERY-
SO-GOOD-PLACE TO END THIS BOOK.

JAY, I'M HUNGRY
JAY, I'M HUNGRY