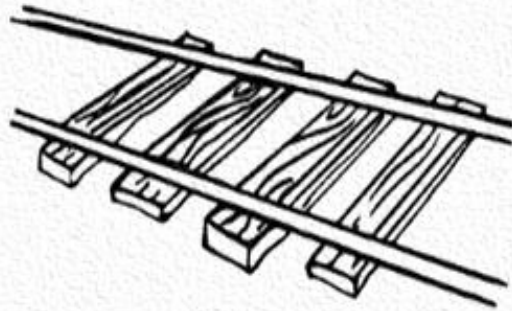


MY  
DAYS



JUNE  
2023

LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JUNE 2023**  
JUNE 2023

2

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

GOOD MORNING  
GOOD WAKING



3

**G**ood Morning.  
Good Morning, Sparkly!

You seem chipper today.

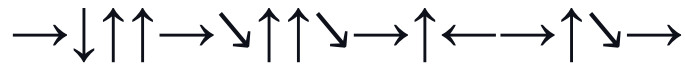
It's an act. But you know what?

What.

That is another excellent guess.

I must keep moving. I must keep trying.

Sparkly, the last month has been a challenging rollercoaster ride.



I've survived.

Linds?

Yes.

I am incredibly proud to be part of you.

You may change your mind when I tell you about my slip-up later.

I won't.

You might.

There is nothing you could have done that will change my mind. My God, Linds, you have endured a ridiculous amount in the last three years, and I'm not talking about what your former employer did to you. It doesn't seem your former employer considered how turfing a man your age would upend everything in your life. And the speed with which they were willing to fuck you over was disgusting, less than one hour. What was it? One hour after you said the pandemic was 'freaking you out,' you were done. And then they backed up the lie-train and lied and lied and lied repeatedly. The fuckers turned their most valuable employee EVER!!! – into an enemy with the biggest liar, the one who pretended to be a friend, such an entitled...

Sparkly, stop.

I know you thought of him as a friend, but he's the one most responsible for what was done to you. Not only that, but he also looked for any way possible to hurt you. You are a good man, and they fucking turned you into a competing Corporation needing to be destroyed. You're a better person without having to deal with people like them anymore.

Sparkly, what they did was help me realize their industry is disgusting. It is my responsibility to do whatever it takes to change it. If that causes some companies who prey upon people on society's fringes, to fail, so be it.

Sparkly, I've been hurting badly. My family has paid a heavy price. Most days, I was, and am, unsure if I would make it to the next. Or if I want to even try. Trying at sixty-three is a different beast than trying at sixty-two.

Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

You wrote a fucking entire book in June. An honest, vulnerable, dark, funny, and beautiful book.

You pitched your creations.

You exercised every day.

You moved close to 900,000 steps; all while being swallowed by crippling depression. Sure, you have said some scary things. Worrisome things. But I know you believe in honesty and think it is essential, even life-saving, for others to refuse to paint your life as a happy social media post.

I don't know how to be anything else.

Linds, that's a beautiful thing.

Oh, and do you want me to send Megan to deal with your former employer?

Who?

I don't think I'd be here typing this if it weren't for J and Hana and a roster of amazing people in my life. As much as I feel alone. I intuitively know I'm not. None of us are. I'm lucky J has stayed. Hana doesn't have a choice, being a cat and all, and that we live on the tenth floor.

| Sob |

Don't cry, Sparkly. Actually, let it all out.

I love you, Linds.

I love you, Sparkly.

Sparkly?

Yes.

I don't know how you wrote, exercised, applied for nonexistent jobs, and moved... daily, with the Big D attacking you constantly?

I'm amazed as well.

I don't know where I'd be now if I hadn't. Probably not here.

Linds, you are an amazing person.

| Blushing |

I wrote another entire book in May as well, it's resting in the Revision Lab.

Incredible!

Sparkly, I've been put on this world to tell stories.

I must tell stories.

I must bring light and warmth.

I must survive.

You will.

I hope so.

You will survive. Eat a vegetable.

You seem more upbeat today!

It's an act.

I don't believe you.

I must keep pressing on, no matter how daunting things come. My family  
and I aren't out of the weeds yet.

You'll make it.

You are going to thrive.

You are a testament to what is possible.

I want my former employer gone.

Gone?

Yes, gone. My former employees needs to be stopped from doing this to anyone else again;  
they must pay a heavy price.

You know they don't think they did everything wrong.

Well, they are stunned. They willfully hurt a man turning sixty – and  
then tried to destroy him and his family. I don't know how much worse  
they could have been.

Especially the one you trusted as a friend.

I feel sorry for him. I feel sorry for his family. I feel sorry for his wife. He won't divorce  
because he'll have to give her half.

He really said that once, didn't he?

He did.

Oh my.

Today marks the end of discussing him, them, or they. Time is running out for their business to survive. The individual who posed as my friend but lacks the courage to communicate with me again is mistaken to believe that the company owner won't treat him the way they have treated me. It's best to move on from this topic.

Walk

I hit the Asylum again today. I've only taken two days off this month.

Walk

By the end of the day, I will once again have surpassed 30,000 steps.

Read

I'm reading a book about housing in Canada.

What I like about you reading so much Linds, it has turned you into an excellent conversationalist – it has given you the ability to steer conversations, to make others more interesting.

Sparkly?

Yes.

They are already interesting; some people just need a little poke.

Interesting.

Walk

I make a stranger laugh.

Walk

Red still won't look my way.

## Stop

I have a pop with The Mayor and Jacques. I've come across like I don't like Jacques, and maybe I don't. Sometimes he confuses me by sharing his vulnerability. There is still no excuse for his bigoted attitude and the things he says. Still, like the rest of us, I understand he's had a lifetime of conditioning.

I'm amazed, Linds?

Why?

You try to understand and intuitively know the importance of challenging his thoughts, and everyone else's when they run askew. It might not change them. But I've witnessed how it helps everyone else within earshot feel less assaulted and alone.

What do you mean?

People pay attention and are grateful that someone refuses to let toxicity fester.

I don't know if I'm right.

You are; you read a lot – and you think. I'm lucky to hang with you.

Just wait; you may change your mind.

I won't.

Anyway, Linds, people notice how you speak and treat people – the number of times I've seen people within earshot of you laugh is fantastic!

Thanks.

You're a good man.

Thanks.

Stop thanking me.

## Walk

Sparkly, here comes the garbage.

I get to the traffic light by my home.



I'm an intersection scientist.

I have four master's degrees in crossing streets.

I check both ways for traffic. Go. A car is turning into me.

What's going on?

Fuck.

They changed the traffic light – there is now a turn signal.

I make it across safely, turn left, and start the second crossing.

A car is about to hit me.

What's going on?

Fuck.

I look up, and they have the green light to my left.

What am I doing?

The drivers forced to stop because of my mental lapse don't honk.

I'm grateful for that.

Linds, you've had a hard month, several years. It's okay to have weak moments.

It gets weaker. Sparkly, do you remember about a month ago when the news reported Uber was delivering food to buildings that nobody ordered?

Yes.

This is where it gets worse. I enter my building through the back entrance. There is a bag of delivery food sitting on the bench. Sparkly, I didn't even look at what the bag had written on it – I took it.

Oh my.

And when the elevator opened, a woman walked out of it, looked at me strangely, and kept going. There was a delivery driver in the elevator.

Okay.

I heard the woman racing back; she shouted, “Hey, that’s my stuff.” I exited the elevator and set the bag on the floor just before she arrived. Fortunately, the elevator door closed. I looked at the delivery driver and tried to justify my reprehensible behaviour by saying, “People shouldn’t just have their stuff delivered to a bench.” He nodded in agreement. It’s no excuse for my behaviour.

Linds, you’ve been through much.

It’s no excuse.

Let it go.

I have. I won’t do anything like that ever again.

I know you won’t.

Linds, what do you want from life?

Let me share what I wrote in another book I wrote (in five weeks) called The Stairs.

... ..

What do you want from life?

May I answer in point form?

You are telling the story; answer however you see fit.

Okay. Here goes →↓

- I want people to think before they speak and do things.
- I want people to understand mental orgasms are far more potent than physical ones.
- I want people to understand physical orgasms go a long way to fucking us all up because we have conditioned ourselves to believe they are so fucking special.
- I want people to understand physical orgasms are overrated, guilt-inducing, relationship-breaking, borderline monsters.
- I want to become a world-renowned author.
- I want to define love.
- I want to live to be 135.
- **I want to feel less alone.** I want everything to stop being so fucking important.
- I want the Word Dictator, from this point on, called Wordy, to stop blanking out the word fuck. Lindsay, Lindsay, there is something I need to tell you at the end of this chapter. I don’t want to, but I must.

Okay, Whirley, I know what it will be. If I don't cry, it's not a reflection of you; I'm dehydrated. Let me get back to the list.

Backtracking to the orgasms. Look at dating sites.

- People must know these sites harm self-esteem as men become less talkative because they can purchase sex like a pizza.
- I want people to understand only a few attractive people on the sites fuck each other over and over. In contrast, the rest of the people jump from platform to platform, rejecting each other repeatedly as they do.
- I want people to understand for a relationship to survive, you must get the order of orgasms correct. If you don't, the relationship is doomed from the get-go.
- I want people to stop defining cheating as a sexual act when sexual cheating is nothing more than a vector for disease. Hell, Whirley, even masturbating can be guilt-inducing if they have brought you up to believe it. Whirley, I bet you \$100. I can make you come with my words.

Lindsay, you already have.

Oh, that's what that was. Was it because of my voice?

Whatever you need to believe, Linds.

I want to make an enormous difference.

- I want financial security.
- I want a lovely home in Hawaii or somewhere else, warm.
- I want a book or movie deal.

The order of my 'wants' is unimportant; it's not an orgasm, for Christ's sake.

- I want to know why Wordy will not type masturbate but has no problem with typing, for Christ's sake?
- I want to be in a six-some, where everyone orgasms in their preferred order. No. I don't want that. Hmm, maybe I do. Sounds like a lot of work, and we'd probably need a choreographer. Do you know where I could find an orgasm choreographer? Probably at the new choreographer bar that opened downtown; I know I'm talking, typing, to myself. The choreographer bar reminds me of a knee-slapping joke: What happens when two choreographers get together? Mayhem. Are you laughing? I would have accepted "Dance" for the punchline.
- I want America to break up with politics.
- I want Friday and Monday both to be Fridays.
- I want people to stop saying literally and surreal, or at least use them correctly. That goes for irony as well. Is not moronic the antonym of irony? I mean cinnamon. I don't mean the spice; I mean the word cinnamon. Okay, I must mean cinnamon, Wordy, because that is what you keep fucking typing.

## Sitting in the Offices of a Publishing House in Toronto

**Publisher:** Hello, it is a pleasure to meet you. |Hand Extended|

**Me:** Thank you, likewise.

**Publisher:** How was your flight?

**Me:** I didn't fly the plane. I mean, uneventful.

**Publisher:** That's the best kind.

**Me:** I concur.

**Publisher:** Linds, we've been following you for a long time now. You have a one-of-a-kind mind and voice.

**Me:** Is that a compliment?

**Publisher:** It is.

**Publisher:** We've read all fourteen of your manuscripts and are unsure if you are a genius or insane.

**Me:** Probably insane.

**Publisher:** Can I get you something to drink?

**Me:** Sure.

**Publisher:** What would you like?

May I please have a Tahiti Treat?

**Publisher:** Megan. Can you get us two Tahiti Treats?

**Me:** Is Megan...?

**Publisher:** AI. Sure is. We got her for a steal after the last scene in an Amazon Prime Movie.

**Me:** Cool.

**Publisher:** Anyway, Linds, I will slide a piece of paper over to you; it has a \$\$\$ amount written on it; we would like to publish four of your books. Let me know if the \$\$ \$'s work for you.

| Slide — eyes bursting out of my head — four hungry-looking people with eyeball-free eye-sockets bounce from wall to wall in the room. I shudder. I can hear Elton John's Pinball Wizard playing faintly in the background | .

I look at the paper.

**Me:** Oh my.

**Publisher:** What do you think?

| Smile |

**Publisher:** You've been compared to Kaufman, Kafka, Bukowski, Gabrielle Garcia Marquez, and Sheba.

**Me:** Who?

**Publisher:** I don't know.

**Me:** Margaret Atwood?

**Publisher:** No.

**Publisher:** Is our offer acceptable?

| Smile |

Good Morning!

Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

It's your turn to thrive.

Fuck the monsters who've hurt you.

Literally?

No.

One more day to go in this book?

I've already written it!

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 84.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



**SHORTEST POEM**  
SHORTEST POEM

15

p  
o  
e  
m