



Lindsay Wincherauk

**JUNE 2023**  
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**MY DAYS: VOLUME 1**  
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MARGARET ATWOOD  
МАРГАРЕТ АТВУД



**T**his is certainly odd.  
What is?

I woke up and rushed to the bathroom. I peered into the mirror, and things became even odder.

What?

The reflection looking back at me was none other than Margaret Atwood.

What?

Overnight I had turned into Margaret Atwood.

Of course, I had never seen Margaret Atwood before, but I'm 100% sure I was now Margaret Atwood.

If you don't know what she looks like, how do you know you have become her?

I was wearing a Margaret Atwood name tag.

Do you sleep wearing a name tag?

Margaret Atwood does.

Today is starting off strangely.

Today? Yesterday I was a Watch Face, remember? This reminds me I have to go back to yesterday's story and capitalize Watch Face and fix the place where I use the word, specially when I meant to use specifically. Stay put for a moment.

I'm back, I mean, Margaret is back.

I finished the book Every Vow You Break, yesterday | by Blank |

Do you mind if I share Margaret's thoughts with you?

Go ahead. Is the author really named Blank?

No. I left his name off because I didn't love the book. I didn't hate it. But love, no. At times, it kind of bugged me.

Who uses bugged?

Margaret.

Why did it bug you?

The protagonist is a female named Abigail, and the author is a guy.

Pete Davidson.

He's not in the book.

Then why did you type his name?

You'll understand shortly. Can I get back to my thoughts on the book?

Go.

The book bugged me because a guy author wrote a scene where Abigail pleasures herself to fall asleep. This scene made me queasy. I'm not sure men should write about female self-pleasure.

In another passage, a psychopath she met at her bachelorette party stalks Abigail. The man has followed her across the country, showing up at her wedding, and then, at her honeymoon on a secluded island. When Abigail...

Abe Vigoda.

He's not in the book.

When Abigail is talking with a friend, she tells her friend her psychopathic stalker, who may have murdered his wife; or perhaps she 'just' drowned on their honeymoon, is not a psychopath. Abigail adds, maybe he's just smitten with her and is suffering from a broken heart, enough to have him fly across the country to stalk her.

Hopefully, he has frequent flier miles.

Why did that bug you?

Because I don't believe any woman on the planet would call a stalker misunderstood.

The Newsreader on the local news when, just now, reported about a man drowning said, "When diving into water to swim, it is important to make sure you know how to swim."

**Ring. Ring. Ring.**

Give me a second. I need to answer the phone.

Hello.

Hello.

Hi Emily, I would love to grab lunch with you in an hour.

Sparkly, Emily Dickinson just invited me to lunch.

Emily Dickinson died in 1986.

She must be hungry.

She wants to go for Ramen.

**Back to the book.** I enjoyed it. Sort of. For me, Margaret, it read like tangled Christmas lights, with each page revealing another absurdity.

Did you know some men apparently hate women?

Abigail is in trouble; she is in a perilous situation; luckily, she remembered how to use a bow & arrow, and even luckier, unless you prefer more fortunately, she remembered how to portage.

And then the book ends.

But no. Wait, three-hundred-eight pages down, one to go; The Acknowledgements.

Tom Brady.

Not in the book

**A mind-boggling twist.** The Acknowledgements untangled the last bit of lighting, and, Sparkly, guess what the first two words of the Acknowledgements are?

Margaret Atwood.

Fuck. You're no fun. Yes.

But wait, it gets better. Because of Margaret Atwood, me, I read the entire Acknowledgements. Right after my name is acknowledged, it states I'm being thanked for a quote Blank didn't use in the book but thought of many times.

No shit.

No shit.

Then thirteen names later, Blank thanked the person who told Blank my quote.

No shit.

No shit.

For my life, I can't think of a quote *he didn't use* but thought of. Blank didn't even read or hear the quote himself. So, Blank is really thanking me for one of my quotes second-hand. I'm not sure I can accept the thank you.

It's been driving me nuts. So nuts, I started carrying a canoe around with me, just in case.

In case of what?

Psychopathically-misunderstood-smitten stalkers.

Makes sense.

Why did Blank thank me? Would Blank have thanked Sally if a memorable quote by Sally's friend Sue, Sally's distant cousin, passed on by someone else, kept him up at night? Emily, I don't know if you should order the spicy ramen. Isn't your tummy a little dusty these days?

Sorry about that, Sparkly; I've got to watch out for Emily.

Emily quit kissing Pete.

Geez.

What did I say was so powerful that I deserve a thank you for it because someone thought about it? *Think Margaret, think.*

I'd like to thank the guests I never invited to my wedding for not showing up.

Am I even married?

Hey Google.

I was.

Was?

I got divorced in 1973.

Was Emily at your wedding?

Probably.

What's that, Emily? ... You think I need to be careful? ... The book was about a cult of psychopathic women haters ... you think ... I get it; it makes perfect sense... I'm in danger.

Quick, Emily, liven up and help me portage; we must get out of here. Hand me my cell phone.

Your what? Remember, I was 86'd in 1986.

Sparkly?

Yes.

Do you think I'm okay?

No.

Do you think I'll still be Margaret tomorrow?

Probably not.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 84

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

## Margaret Atwood Overtime

**T**he ex-president recently compared himself to Mona Lisa.

And the crowd went wild.

Did you know you don't need a 'the' before Mona Lisa? I before e, except after ...

The ex-president is accidentally a genius. How can you not read a bit of an article about an ex-president being Mona Lisa? How?

You know you are now Margaret Atwood; don't you?

Yes, but wait a second, if I'm Margaret Atwood today, then who is Margaret Atwood?

The ex, unless you prefer x, told the truth; in the article, he claims there has never been anything like him before. That is a correct statement.

I also think they should inscribe his tombstone with ↓





## DRIVING LESSONS 1976

**T**urned 16. Freedom awaits. Pick your ride. It's time to drive.

Pick your ride, boy.

A 98 Olds or an Epic Envoy.

98 feet long or boxes stacked on boxes.



Epic it be. Babes lining up.

Open road hit.

A farmers field. Barb-wired fence.

Two signposts. Crows perching atop.

Well rutted field.

Grinding to a stop.

Get out boy, get in the driver's seat. It's your turn to drive.

First gear. Lurch.



Reverse. I learned to drive in reverse. You can only drive in reverse, boy.

←←←←

Three times per week. Forty minutes per lesson. I never drove forward.

Dad glared at me speechless.

**TIME TO TAKE THE TEST.**

**Test 1.** Failed. Blind in one eye. Two mirrors required.

**Test 2.** Failed. Parallel parking, perfect. Forward a struggle.

**Test 3.** Passed. Freedom awaits. →→→→

JULY 1990

VANCOUVER   TO NEGRIL JAMAICA 

“Irie Mon, hey Wes, Greg; how tall are you, 4’ 11” –I think we will do the mature thing and call you Shorty. I’m antsy. I want to travel. Shall we go to Jamaica together? Yes!”

“Hey, Willis, here’s my CC. Can you go to the airport and pick up our tickets for today, and don’t forget to grab Medical Insurance <sup>(1)</sup>.”

“Will do.”

Before we fly from Vancouver to Miami to Jamaica drive to Negril, I’d like to make a shameless plug for my memoir:

## LINDSAY

### THE MEMOIR

Pick up your copy anywhere you buy books. The manuscript contains a marvellous story chronicling our trip to Jamaica, resulting in an attempted purchase of a Beach Front Hotel (White Sands), which resulted in a trip to Panama during an attempted military coup involving some guy named Manuel.

We sat on a patio at White Sands. We made an offer to purchase the hotel. Our offer was accepted. That day we decided to celebrate by having me ride a motorcycle for the first time.

Wes told me short-shorts, flip-flops, shirtless, wearing a baseball hat, was good motorcycle riding gear for a neophyte <sup>(2)</sup> – and I should have started drinking.

*Crap, that pothole looks dangerous, don’t go over handlebars, resist, slide, for fifty yards with the bike tucked between my legs, this is hurting, STOP. Jump to my feet, look down, do a self-inventory, I’m bloody – to read the rest: see shameless plug above.*

I need medical attention. Thanks, friendly Jamaican. Can I have a ride in your vehicle to a clinic to have my skin replaced? I can. Yeah, I’m bleeding a lot. I’ll try hard not to bleed on your seats. Sorry.

Hi, Doctor Babs, you got Demerol? No. Oh, you got purple stuff! Can you slather it on my body + give me whatever drugs you have that might curb this excruciating pain? Thanks.

Sorry about that, I got ahead of myself; this is supposed to be a story about Border Crossings, so shall we back up the motorcycle and return to the airport?

Yes.

**CROSSING: SANGSTER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT – MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA**  
СКОПРИЦ: ДУИСТЕР ИНТЕРНАЦИОНАЛ АИРПОРТ – МОНТЕГО БАЈ, ЈАМАИКА

We glided up to Customs—a series of tables. International traveller Wes (he’s been to over twenty countries) was up first.

In a thick Jamaican <sup>(3)</sup> accent, the Custom’s Agent asked him, “Passport, please?”

“I forgot to bring it.”

“Oh, may I see your picture ID, please?”

“I forgot to bring any ID. Wait, I do have my expired library card on me.”

“Irie, welcome to Jamaica, enjoy your stay!”

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1. It was the day of the flight, and ‘What you talking ‘bout’ accidentally bought Flight Cancellation Insurance instead of Medical Insurance <sup>(4)</sup>.
2. Correction: Neophyte was used incorrectly <sup>(5)</sup>.
3. I wrote Jamaican accent.
4. See fifty-yard slide. On the return trip, we had a night in Seattle. I needed medical attention; how much do you think two nights in a private room in US hospital costs? I had to sell my first two children.
5. Correction: After bringing out the chains <sup>(6)</sup>, it has been determined that the usage of neophyte hit the line and was in by one-millionth of a centimeter.
6. Am I the only one who ponders why professional football still uses chains?