



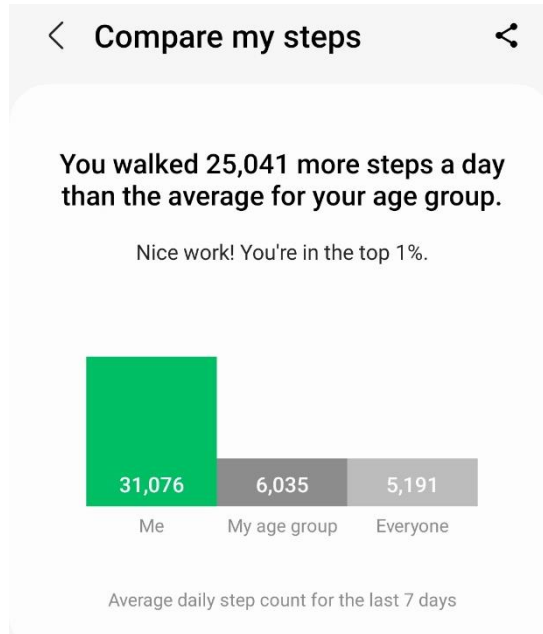
Lindsay Wincherauk

**JUNE 2023**  
JUNE 2023

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**MY DAYS: VOLUME 1**  
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DRYER SHEETS  
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Tuesday, June 6, 2023

I splurged for dryer sheets yesterday. I'm tearing them in half to save money.

I cry.

In the mid-nineties, I once lived with a flatmate who worked for the Power Company, making over \$100K per year. He moved in with me because his relationship crashed, and he needed a place to stay. He came knocking on my door.

I invited him with open arms, telling him he could stay as long as he wanted. He told me he could only stand living with me for about a month. I still let him move in.

At the time, I lived in one of the most trendy neighbourhoods in Vancouver. I live one block from that place now. At the time, I was paying \$900 per month.

My friend, and new flatmate, who I remind you was making over \$100K per year, converted the sunroom into his bedroom. He asked how much I wanted per month. Half would have been reasonable. He said he'd pay me \$300 because the room was smaller. I still let him move in.

He stayed for three years. I enjoyed the company most of the time. What I didn't enjoy was when he left the blinds of his room open, and after a shower, he'd drop his towel, shake his ass, and then bark, What are you looking at?

His ass. I was looking at his ass. Before the bark, I had been looking at the television, situated just to the left of the sliding door to his room.

For the entire three years, I purchased all the everyday items: toilet paper, milk, laundry detergent, dryer sheets, well, everything. Without charging him a nickel.

At the three-year mark, my flatmate went to Costco and picked up the everyday supplies. The only time in three years. When he got home, he slapped a receipt on the fridge, saying I owed him \$23.97.

I told him to piss off and asked where he thought the toilet paper had been coming from for the past three years?

He looked confused.

The dryer sheets he bought came in a box with 3,000 sheets for, I think, \$9.00. My flatmate told me to save money tear the sheets in half. My flatmate was making over \$100K per year.

### **Math Time**

$3,000 \times 2 = 6,000$

$\$9.00/6,000 = .0015$  cents per sheet.

I'll grab the caviar.

My flatmate moved out shortly after he tried to fleece me for \$23.97. Before he left, he approached me when I was having sips with friends at a neighbourhood watering hole and said in front of the whole table, I don't like it when you scoop the peanut butter out of the jar with your finger.

To which I replied, I didn't use my finger.

### **A Margaret Atwood Moment**

Rain City Hoodie, from the previous day, after asking me if I'd read Margaret Atwood, suggested I should read Alice Grace.

Google?

Alias Grace is about two grisly murders in 1943 in Toronto committed by Grace Marks and James McDermott.

It was believed Marks was suffering from, here we go I'm going to try to spell her infliction without the help of Google – was suffering from schizophrenia.

Nailed it.

I lied.

The Red Squiggly line suggested I fix it.

I hit over 30,000 steps again today. I saw Red along the way. We shared a Chai Latte. Our friendship is blossoming.

The skinny jogger ran past me again today. Flew past, actually. He is down to about 38 pounds. I don't think his feet hit the pavement when he runs.

What was Rain City Hoodie trying to say by recommending Alias Grace?

Was he saying I'm schizophrenic?

Is he schizophrenic?

Is he a murderer?

Probably not.

Yesterday, I sent an application to Ran City Housing. Later in the day, I looked at the position I applied for. **I. DO. NOT. HAVE. ANY. OF. THE. CREDENTIALS.**

In fact, I am not qualified for any of the positions I've sent applications. I do not meet the educational requirements. That is a product of being sixty-three.

I cry.

The only qualifications I can bring to the table are my life experiences.

I don't think that matters.

### **Flashback to my Former Employer**

Fifteen useless years.

In the early years, when negotiating appropriately paid, the company owner said to me, *If you want a raise, why don't you go on welfare?* And choose to keep screwing me for another two years. I kid you not.

And a year later, he asked me about another former employee, who happened to be gay; well, the owner, drunk out of his fucking mind, and probably coked up., asked me about the former employee. When I told him I didn't really know him and we were not friends, the fucking owner said, *I thought you played on the same team as him.* I kid you not.

It's time to throw the laundry in the dryer. Rip. 80 dryer sheets turned into 81, 80 left.

A tear rolls over my cheek.

Every character in a story needs to want something?

I want to survive.

I want to take care of my family.

I want to thrive.

I want to stop crying.

I want my stress level to be lowered from the This is Spinal Tap level it has been roiling in for over three years, to something that will keep me alive.

I finished the book on grieving yesterday. It let me know I'm breaking and have every right to be breaking.

I need to move.

I can't eat.

I'm fucking terrified.

We'll be okay; I just don't know how?

Do you think the people I worked for care about the damage and hurt they have inflicted on a great person?

I might not make it to my sixty-third birthday. They might have killed me.

My friend Dean is dying. I don't know how to be.

His neurologist told him there is no point moving into a assisted living complex because time is now at a premium.

I don't know how to be.

I cry.

I bring light with me every step I take.

I hold the door to a washroom entrance open for two women. Two more women are twenty steps behind them; I hold the door open for them. Two more women are twenty steps behind them; I keep holding the door open.

7/11 is hiring doormen.

I heard it is a freelance gig.

I keep walking. I sit down with The Mayor. We laugh.

I want to cry. We laugh more. Not because of my desire to cry.

When I make it home, I hop into the lift. I live on 10. There are three people on the lift, and 17 is pressed.

A woman, probably Karen, is holding a six-pack of beer. A gentleman, probably a male Karen, and another woman, probably a Karen, are riding the elevator.

The first Karen looked at me and said, I love your colour.

Excuse me?

Your colour. It's perfect.

Male Karen adds It's a gorgeous colour; how did you get it?

The second Karen says, Perfect!

I'm uncomfortable.

The first Karen says, When I go outside, I just burn.

I walk a lot, I say.

It sure is lovely, one of the three says.

I'm still uncomfortable.

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The door opens.

Have a fantastic day. And I guess I got this colour because I'm lazy.

Why did I say that? I'm anything but lazy.

I write every morning.

I go to the Fitness Asylum most days.

I apply for positions out of my league.

I cry.

And I make it over 30,000 steps every day.

When I was sitting with The Mayor, I shared my stats with him.

Oh my, I walk over 25,041 steps more than everyone in my age group. I walk over 30,000 per day. People in my age group, only 6,000, everyone else is just over 5,000; which seems peculiar.

Why? Why? Why? Think.

Mayor?

Yes.

My demographic all have cardiologists, whereas everyone else is looking at their screens.

The Mayor laughed.

Tomorrow. I go to my cardiologist. Unless I get a fucking job first.

Do you know what's worse than rejections from publishers and agents?

What?

At least most publishers and agents send you a rejection note – when you apply for work when you are sixty-three; most of the time, the companies you send your resume; don't bother to reply and simply ghost you.

I cry.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 87

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



## THE BIONIC WOMAN 1976-78

THE BIONIC WOMAN 1976-78

**L**indsay Wagner → Lindsay Wincherauk.  
Woman.



Boy.

High School.

Pick a cause.

Smoking is going to kill dad.

A lung collapses.

Smoke billows from under the bathroom door → a willful suicide? → a strong addiction?

Billy from the neighborhood. 15. Lights up.

Stop it, Billy, smoking is dumb. It will kill you.

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Billy disagreed.

I'll beat you senseless.

1978.

Billy, seriously, you'll die from smoking.

Fist to the face.

Lindsay Wagner, after I finish my smoke, I am going to kick your ass.

Great, at least you won't be smoking when you do!

**DIMINISHING**  
DIMINISHING

**FIND STRENGTH**  
FIND STRENGTH

Share → Connect → Be Vulnerable.

Not for pity.

Not to manipulate

Letting you in.

Where am I?

I'm letting you know.

Tell me your story.

I want to know.

I'll share.

**MOODS. DREAMS. FEARS. TEARS.**  
MOODS. DREAMS. FEARS. TEARS.

I'm scared → I'm strong.

Life brings gifts.

I found the strength to tell you who I might be.

Can you tell me why?

Evil lurks.

You're not the only one.

And →

Sounds like you had a hard life.

**You never cared to listen.**  
YOU NEVER CARED TO LISTEN.

You're an asshole.

**SHALLOW. CRUEL. COWARDLY.**  
SHALLOW. CRUEL. COWARDLY.

SEPTEMBER 6, 2001

VANCOUVER  TO BLAINE WASHINGTON 

Work took me down to White Rock, BC, right at the Peace Arch Border. It was a splendid day. A great day for a jaunt down into America in my red Sunbird convertible, alone.



(1)

CROSSING: PEACE ARCH - BLAINE WASHINGTON - USA SIDE

ID, please - citizenship?

Canadian.

Where do you live?

Vancouver.

What's the reason for the trip?

Lunch.

How long do you intend to stay?

A couple of hours

Please pop the trunk.

TRUNK CONTENTS  
ТРУНК КОНТЕНТ

- One tennis racquet.
- One tin of Tennis balls.
- One football.
- One football kicking tee.
- One spare tire.

What's the kicking tee for?

Didn't you just answer the question?

You don't have to be a smart ass.

You do understand: There is no way to answer your question without sounding like a smart ass, don't you?

## WELCOME TO AMERICA

1. That is the only picture of my car I had. I am in the passenger seat. My friend (Pat), who was not with me, was driving; we were going from Sacramento to San Francisco. Pat is a member of law enforcement. You may read all about him in my memoir. Pat is of Irish <sup>(2)</sup> descent from the screw part of Cork.
2. Irrelevant.