

AUG-SEPT  
2023

MY  
DAYS

LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**AUGUST – SEPTEMBER 2023**  
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2



**“Trust + What’s New?”** is an intriguing story that touches on themes of mental health, human interactions, and the challenges of meaningful conversations. The plot revolves around Lindsay, who is battling depression, and his encounters with various individuals that lead him to reflect on the value of authentic, organic conversations.

Lindsay meets an older couple who seem to have a negative attitude towards the world, a lawn bowling club DJ playing unexpected music, and witnesses a disturbing incident of abuse at McDonald's. These encounters serve as catalysts for Lindsay’s reflections on small talk and the importance of fostering deeper connections through genuine conversations.

Lindsay engages in discussions with Lindsay (female), Kevin, and Sandy about the significance of allowing conversations to grow organically, rather than engaging in superficial and meaningless small talk. These discussions may highlight the potential of meaningful conversations to alleviate loneliness and contribute to better mental health.

As Lindsay’s friendship with David blossoms, they tackle the question of "what's new?" which may symbolize breaking free from societal norms and the shallowness of routine small talk. This deepens their connection and understanding of each other, supporting Lindsay's growth as he battles depression.

Despite Lindsay’s efforts to find common ground with Jacques, a 76-year-old racist individual, his racist tendencies prove to be an insurmountable barrier to genuine connection. This aspect of the story can provide insights into the challenges of dealing with individuals whose beliefs and attitudes clash with our own.

The story explores the complexities of human interactions, the potential for growth in friendships, and the importance of genuine conversations that transcend the shallowness of small talk. It also delves into the impact of mental health issues on relationships and how confronting difficult aspects of life can lead to personal growth.

**“Trust + What’s New?”** is a thought-provoking narrative that encourages readers to reflect on the value of authentic connections and the impact of conversations on mental health and well-being.

## Trust + What's New?



I go for a long, mind-clearing, creativity-inducing walk. Just so you know, I'm still battling depression and uncertainty; if you recall, in my last epic tome, I concluded depression doesn't follow a timeline.

5

I sit down on a park bench in Stanley Park to read; I'm happy the "Hemlock Looper Moth" endemic seems to be ending. A coyote walks by. An owl perches in a tree. A woodpecker pecks. I read.

Two people, a man, and a woman, sit on a neighbouring bench. They are older than me, but how do I know? I keep reading, but I can't help but overhear them; the man calls people, all people, stupid. I wonder if he's in the category of all? He continues spewing verbiage, "When did people start eating chicken? Chicken used to be a luxury item. We always ate fish or beef? When? When?"

The lady doesn't have an answer.

I want to educate, but I don't. I keep reading.

I come across a lawn bowling club. Lawn bowling is synonymous with older. A DJ is setting up, blasting "You Shook Me" by ACDC. A fourteen-year-old boy shouts over the hedge of the lawn bowling club, "Grandpa, can you turn that noise down? Can you play Shawn Mendes?" We've come full circle.

I stop at McDonald's to buy a cola. A white woman is holding her order ticket in front of her, pushing it in the face of the worker and barking, "Is my order going to be ready soon?" I don't like her. Fortunately, a dog is walking by outside, and she immediately switches into having never seen a dog before and turns her voice into | a white woman who sees a dog for the first-time voice |, "OMG! You're so cute. Who's a good boy? You're a good boy." And then in the dog's voice, which happens to be the same voice. "I'm a good boy." Then back to her voice, the same as the dogs, "Who's a good boy?" Then she looks at the dog's owner, switches back to her barking at a McDonald's worker voice and says, "What kind is he?"

I don't like her.

I sit down at my favourite watering hole to read. Crap, Jacques shows up. He sits next to me. This may be okay; we are one on one. I prefer one-on-one conversation.

Jacques's first words are, "Hey, Linds, what's new?" I never respond well to the laziness of that question and small talk in general. Especially when I've known someone for more than, let's say, six minutes.

"I don't understand the question." I say. I know that sounds rude, but unless the inquisitor keeps notes, at least try to be interesting.

Don't ask a person how was the flight? Ask them what movies they watched during their flight?

"Linds, how was the flight?"

"I didn't fly the bleeping plane."

Jacques gets past small talk, turning his verbiage to the only places Jacques goes. I won't get into the details; that is part of my suppressing racist sentiments to heal myself from toxicity. For the next twenty minutes, Jacques regaled me with his disgusting thoughts about his hatred for homeless people and black people in Africa and, not to be left out, something about spit-roasting. Gross. And then he complained about the service.

I try to change the path of our conversation by sharing a line from my writing I'm particularly proud of; the *past is nothing more than moments frozen in the flow of life*.

Somehow, Jacques, whose emotional bank account with me is always overdrawn, joked, after I shared something I'm proud of, "What are you trying to write, cheesy Hallmark Cards?"

I don't like Jacques. I don't like it when I don't like people.

Jacques is the type of person who believes they have put people on this earth to serve just him, and as he is about to sit down and his drink isn't in front of him before he sits down, the server is no good.

After twenty-one minutes, I'd had enough and excused myself to go home. When I do this, Jacques does another thing I find pointless and banal; Jacques looks at me and says, "Say hi to J for me. And Hana." Every time I see him, he does this. I've never told J, "Oh, Jacques says hi." I don't see the point.

The following day, I sat down again with my dear friend Donna (you met her last month), and she didn't ask me what was new? We pick up where we are, and Donna tells me her mouth is frozen because she was just at the dentist; knowing that "My mouth is frozen, I was just at the dentist" suffices. Donna cries; her friend, the dentist's hygienist, recently died. We embrace. I share some of my writing with her, reading a chapter, and more tears flow. She tells me my words are beautiful and keep pressing on.

A man sits beside me on Donna and on my right. I'm judging hard. Bad Lindsay. He's a little sketchy but seems to be enjoying himself, bothering no one. He has a KFC bucket sitting between us on the bar. When he gets up to leave, I notice resting inside the bucket is a white mask. I ask, "Are you Michael Myers?"

"No. I'm just a huge fan of Bucket Head." He says.

"Who?" I ask.

"Bucket Head, he's a world-famous guitarist. Look him up."

He leaves. I look up Bucket Head. He is a world-famous guitarist. Hey, wait a minute, we were just talking with Bucket Head! I un-judge.

Donna gets up to leave. We hug. Later that night, I received a text from Donna thanking me for being such a good friend. I feel warm. Sadly, she never asked me to say hi to J.

I flashback to a conversation I had with a female (Lindsay), Kevin, and at a later date, sub in Sandy for Kevin. We talk about acquaintances, friendships, and emotional bank accounts. We suggest conversations grow organically, and until a trust (emotional bank account) has been established and we can add depth to discussions, conversations are best to be kept light. But without the vapidness of small talk. We all agree the best conversation starter is simply, "Hello, how are you?" Nothing more, as adults, don't need prompts to start talking.

I walk past William. I don't see him. That doesn't make sense. William has hearing difficulties, not vision. I'm blind in one eye.

I plopped down beside my friend David | Irish | the following day. Irish is irrelevant to the story or friendship. David is a delightful man. I'm occasionally short with him. I don't like it when I am.

David looks at me and says, "What's new?"

I'm short with him. "I don't do well with that question. Are you keeping notes? I don't need prompts to talk. David, I think we humans share what we want to share when we want to share what we want to share. That's how we get to know each other."

I like the previous sentence. My editing assistant may not.

David says he likes my answer and asks if he can use it?

"I don't own those words, David. Sure." I say.

Our hour-long conversation covered many topics and brought David and me closer as friends...

David gets up to leave.

"David?"

"Yes."

"To answer your first question, our conversation is what's new!"

As I'm meandering toward Gummy Friday the following day, I rehash a moment of my conversation with Lindsay and Sandy. I think about how I'm fascinated by how many predominantly white women behave when they see dogs. It's as if they have never seen a dog before; you know the look on their faces is of awe. Lindsay and Sandy laugh.

Samantha (white) was sitting beside me on my left; I asked her what she does when she sees someone walking a dog, to which Sam said, "OMG! Who's a good boy? You're a good boy..."

I arrive at Gummy Friday. Whom is there? The Postman is there.

I hope The Postman stays on the rails today. I know he won't. He's bound to say something incredibly insensitive masked as believing he's being encouraging. I don't like it when he does this.

The three of us have some time to ourselves to learn about each other. I ask them about their fathers.



The Postman says he had a great dad. Whom not so much; his dad was physically abusive to his mother, him, and sisters. His father was gone by the time Whom turned sixteen. I remind them my father has died twice, and now I don't know who my father is.

The Postman who said he had a great dad tells me I dwell, and who cares who your father is? He tells me it doesn't matter and that I must get over it.

I tell him he's being a crappy friend and has no right to express his opinion. I then change the topic and ask them if they know who Bucket Head is? The Postman has a Bucket Head album.

Fuck, here comes Jacques. And 2G. I hope it's the slightly mature version of 2G.

Jacques takes the conversation to the only place he knows how.

Where? You may ask.

I'm getting to it.

I will not get into many details; I will just skirt his disgusting vitriol.

Jack says he's going for dinner at Olympia Pizza. I ask him with whom? Whom doesn't laugh?

Jacques says he's going with a peculiar man who dresses filthily; here comes an attack on the homeless. Jacques says the man dresses so poorly when they walk down the street together, people give him money. Jacques isn't being truthful.

Jacques then says he's really going for dinner with J, and after, they are going to...

What's wrong with Jacques?

He changes topics. He tells what he thinks are jokes, one about black people and another about Asians. They are not jokes.

WTF, are you laughing, Postman? Don't encourage him. I think.

Whom and I are disgusted.

Then Jacques says something about Asians being self-lubricators. It's not funny. He implies more about stuff he's going to do to J.

Of course, he says spit-roast.

I tell him he needs to stop.

The Postman says I'm overreacting. He's leaving the rails.

Jacques gets up to leave. I ask him to say hi to J for me. Everyone but Jacques laughs.

The Postman says Jacques is a good man and intelligent man.

Whom disagrees.

I suggest Jacques is nothing more than a "PHEW."

The Postman doesn't know how to respond; I think he knows the pushback will be unrelenting if he pushes.

Who can't stand Jacques? He hates his racist crap. Which is a testament to how ugly Jacques's words are. Because Whom published a book about his hatred of two cultures disguised as a Dan Brown novel, and yet, he can't stomach Jacques.

We must continue refusing because we are what we refuse.

10

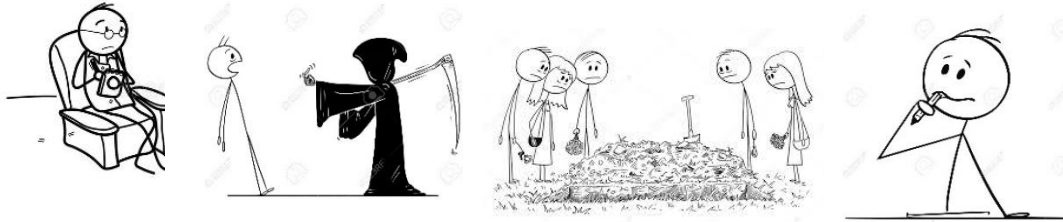
Whom tells us he likes to sit down in a safe place when he reads.

I ask Whom where is he reading that is dangerous? And then I asked him, Who is coming after Whom?

His father was physically abusive.

J shows up.

## A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 4).



Thoughts have crossed my mind where if things don't come around...if my creativity doesn't catch on...darkness arrives...maybe I best go with The Reaper, let him take me to my fucking funeral?

I fear that if the day comes where things don't fall back into place, a place where I've had to put my pet down because I can no longer provide for her, a place where...pitch-black...where if it comes to starvation + homelessness @ 61—I hope I find the strength to kill myself.

Pretty fucking dark, I know. But for so many out there who are becoming disposable categories of the pandemic—tell me, what are the other possible outcomes? **THIS. IS. REALITY. FOR. MANY.** Give their lives to...and see yah!

I don't want to die. But at the same time, I don't want to lose everything. I normally devour my emotions, but I think it is important to let others know some of us are suffering and teetering in a fucking perilous world with limited options of climbing out of despair. We can't all work at Amazon, be food delivery drivers, and drive for UBER or Lyft. I have The Reaper on speed dial if it ever comes to that.

I spent many a years listening to people (20 or more years younger), tell people, (over 55), desperate people who were trying their best to survive, "Maybe this isn't for you? Why don't you go find an office job?"

Can you imagine the audacity of someone many years younger telling someone they are...?

Or how about if someone had the courage to share with you, they are going to transition from man to woman (whether you understand it or not). Only to be met with from one person in the trusted audience, "You should give this decision some serious thought." Again, no words for how tone deaf and hurtful such a statement is.

Don't worry, I will not call The Reaper. I must believe in me. I will find a way. I write. I create. And damn it...I'm fucking real...and real translates to talent.

I think sadly for some people their lives revolve around the one-dimensional inflictions of greed, power, and [perhaps] sending a message: that's all that matters to them.

I matter. We matter. I'm sorry for anybody who is facing gloomy tomorrows. If that's your reality, get up. Move. Never give up. You are far better than from whence you came. It's painful hearing the economy is heating up when you are later in life and unemployed—ignore it—create your own reality. I don't hate the...I have friends that do the hating for me; I do feel...nothing for anyone who doesn't value the pain and suffering of others. Everyone else. Keep going.