

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
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2

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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CARDIOLOGIST
КАРДИОЛОГИСТ



3

Wednesday, June 7, 2023

Give me a second. I need to get up and throw my gym strip into the dryer.
Remember, only half a dryer sheet.

Piss off, Sparkly.

I'll be right back.

What's that, J? Turn the dryer on for 90 minutes.

I can't; I'm hitting the Asylum in 60.

I must go early today because I have an appointment with my cardiologist.

I have a fucking cardiologist.

You need one; you had a stroke, inflammatory disease, and a heart episode in the last few years. All caused because of where you used to work. NICE. FUCKING. GOLDEN. WATCH.

I don't need to be reminded. I have been exercising like a depressed madman.

My new Watch Face has been taunting me; I'm in the top 1% of movers in my demographic.

Only the top 1%?

I know, weak. I want to be in the top 1,000 worldwide.

You'll get there.

I will.

It's only Samsung, not Apple + Fitbit. Don't get too high on yourself.

Your face.

What?

You heard me. I'm not digging your; passive-aggressive encouragement.

Get a job.

I'm a writer.

You're broke.

I didn't do that to myself, except for the eating part.

Get a job.

I must.

40 days until I turn 63, hundreds of resumes out and the only people interested in me are fraudulent companies looking to prey upon me because they think because I am older, I must know a lot of people to scam. I don't want to screw people over.

Sounds like the owner of the company you used to work for?

The Stock Scammer?

Utterly.

Odd word choice.

I don't want to use precisely too often.

Specifically.

Yes.

Why have you been training so hard?

Because I'm depressed and don't want my cardiologist to know, my heart is failing.

He'll do tests. You can't fool him.

I'm in the top 1%.

I'm scared, Sparkly, I've been reading a lot of writing advice, and today's installment told me a few writers make a living from it, and the rest need to become doctors.

Tears Leaking

There is no reason why you won't be one of the few, you remind me of...

Kafka and Charlie Kaufman?

Yes. I know you are not schizophrenic.

Margaret Atwood.

Seriously, let her go.

Alias Grace.

Let her go.

Acknowledgements

Stephen King...

It's too late for me to become a doctor. Maybe not; I have Photoshop.

What?

I once read, Catch Me If You Can.

Maybe?

It might be an option.

But that's not you; you are unlike the Stock Scammer you used to know. And besides, you are turning 63 in 40 days, keep chasing and defining and redefining your dreams. You have so much to offer the world.

Awe, Sparky, you're making me cry. I love you. Yeah, and I will never be a predator (STOCK SCAMME); what a shitty life he must have, trying so hard to pretend he is more than the garbage he really is. Do you remember when he brought to the appreciation

event at that one restaurant the guy from the reality show who spent two hours bragging about sexual conquests?

I sure do; what a loser.

Dryer Spinning

Sparkly?

Yes.

Are we going to be, okay?

Believe in yourself. You will be. You might not see it right now, but your time to shine is approaching. Believe. Two steps forward. One step back (the last fifteen years working for predators)—you are about to blast three, not two, steps ahead!

Do you really believe that Sparkly? And do you think this writing is too self indulgent? Yes, I believe in you. And no, I think your writing is vulnerable and raw.

Will the depression lift?

Eventually.

Eventually sounds too long.

You need to grieve. There is no time schedule.

I want to cry.

Then cry.

Sob.

I hit the Asylum yesterday.

I hit over 30,000 steps again.

I'm on a roll.

Police horses are in front of me. Shoes clanking. Tails swinging. I want my hair to look like one of the horses tail. Initially, I had written tales; I'm sure the policewoman riding the horses has many a story to tell. And seeing how wide they must spread to sit on the horses, I think I understand running sideways on the treadmill.

The people at the Asylum aren't equestrians.

Probably not.

Who's reading this?

I don't know; I'm just streaming into my consciousness. Maybe Kiefer Sutherland?

Heatwave

Not really, the day is glorious.

I look in the mirror; my belly button is developing a flap.

Yay, 63-year-old one-pack!

It's better than being a man who Stock Scams the people he knows.

Precisely.

What?

I'm making an exemption.

Donna

I arrive at the watering hole.

The Mayor, Jim, Sandy... where shall I sit... Over there, Donna.

I'm an ass. I skipped past The Mayor, Jim, Sandy...

You know they are all there to see you, don't you?

I do. I'm self-aware. I'm a good man.

Donna needs someone to listen.

I'll do it.

Donna is grieving the loss of her nephew last year.

I know.

She loves you. Understand there is no timeline attached to grieving.

There isn't.

She loves that you know how to just listen.

I'm not the best to J sometimes. J needs more of me.

I need to drink the stories of others to learn how to be. To understand what people, need.

I'm blessed.

I am incredibly fortunate.

I have friends ranging from 80 to 20... who relate with me. We laugh.

Hey?

Yeah.

Life has gifted you with unbounded capacity and the responsibility to show the world the interest in others. Write. Keep telling stories. Capture the time. Don't worry too much about the monsters from the past who hurt you and your family.

They aren't worth the time.

They are stewing in their own marginalities and insecurities.

They were too stunned to realize their success was because you believed in the bottom ten. You understand life isn't always fair. Keep writing. Keep telling stories. Believe in yourself.

Tears are leaking.

Donna hugs me. Tears roll over her cheeks. She laughs.

You're a good man.

I know.

You will be more than okay.

Tomorrow, I will see my cardiologist. I will hit the Asylum before I go.

Yesterday, I received a career opportunity from a company that offered \$90,000 per year; without ever speaking to me, I blocked them; I'm not a STOCK SCAMMER. And another opportunity to be a guest on podcasts for \$\$\$ – without ever being spoken to.

Another tear floats to the floor.

I must believe it.

Tears Leaking

I need to earn an income.

Perhaps, my former employer may offer me my old career back; after all, they are failing miserably without me.

Tears Leaking

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Grammarly Readability Score = 87 (back-to-back days)

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

VICE WORLD PART 1: SPEED VICE WORLD PART 1: SPEED

Step right up. Vices! Vices! Vices! Today only → slashing prices!

Mix. Match. We've got an elixir for you.

We've got Fitness Addiction + Smoking + Video Games + Speed + Rock & Roll.

Visit our Rock & Roll section and let the bassline thunder you to a more illicit marketplace.

Why don't you take a moment to masturbate?

Yes, it is a Vice. It is also fabulous for prostate health.

Speed. An excellent choice. But don't limit yourself.

How about Booze Vices and a delightful array of Drug-Filled Vices?

Visit on Sunday for All You Can Ingest Sundays.

Don't listen to the propaganda. Sure, Booze may lead to sickness, but not to worry, we're all dying.

Purchase one vice on Tuesdays – get a second vice for free.

The best thing about the Booze + Drugs Vice is they often land you in the bed of the Sex Vice, always fulfilling and meaningful.

We've got Booze, weed, trips into the world of after-hours, ecstasy, speed, GHB, heroin, lick-able toads (only in season), and many more.

Try one of our hallucinatory vice bowls, and watch your mother and father reunite in the new realm you most certainly will discover.

We got Crime, Fear Mongering, and World Domination on the last page.

The beauty of most of these Vices, they don't care about age.

Let me know when you are ready to select.

Lindsay, the great thing about Vice World is that we have locations everywhere to help you ~~mess up and~~ make your life spectacular!

May I have a minute to decide?

Will the Vices harm me?

How many VICES, and how much consumption, is too much?

Nothing risk-free, Lindsay. A taste won't harm you. It may even take you to a better place.

Once I VICE, how long will I stay on the program?

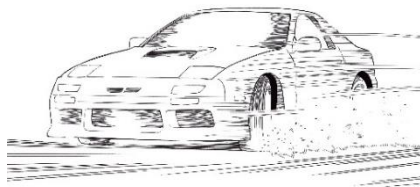
SPEED
СПИД

Open Road. Gears grinding. Flowing locks flowing.
Tony. 15. May I drive?
Sure.
Tow blocks later. Right headlight gone.
Smash. T-boned.
Must hide damage.
Park car in backyard.
Morning comes.
Hundred-watt-trouble light where headlight once was.
I lie down to read.

TWO WEEKS PASS
ДВА НЕДЕЛИ ПРОШЛИ

First gear. Thrust. Second Gear. Cornering hard.
Grab the steering wheel. Gearshift still in hand.
Glance down.
Asphalt racing by.
Must hide damage.
Hop in the car.
Silver vice-grip lay where gearshift once be.
The girls at school began taking numbers!

NEW CAR → FAST → VROOM →
НОВАЯ МАШИНА → СКОРОСТЬ → ВУМ →



One block speeding ticket. Four blocks later number two.
One month later: Speed put on hold by the DMV.
Machine stuck on 17.

OCTOBER 2003

VANCOUVER   +  +  (1)

TO

EUROPE  (2)  (3)       

After finding my dad (1985) and mum (1987), I had watched was not my birth parents (in memoir), and everything familywise in my life had been a lie; I needed to escape my life to regain my sanity.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. I didn't, starting in March of this year, over two months:

1. My relationship ended.
2. A friend committed suicide.
3. Another friend told me he was dying of cancer.
4. My closest relative died.
5. My family disowned me.
6. My boss's sister died.
7. I kept living with my ex, who had dumped me and was bringing home booty calls.
8. I was doing ecstasy most Saturday nights ⁽⁴⁾.
9. My oldest sister ⁽⁵⁾ called me after my aunt's funeral to tell me my last remaining uncle died in his sleep the night before I was fucked up.
10. I needed to escape.

Hey Dave S, I'm kind of messed up. Would you like to come to Europe with me to babysit me and make sure I don't slit my wrists?

What? You would. What are you, a saint or something? What does the size of your dick have to do with things ⁽⁶⁾?

In my memoir, you may read all about everything in this Border Crossing (except for the Border Crossing part).

BORDER CROSSING: BLACKPOOL, NEW YORK STATE
БОРДЕР КРОСИНГ: БЛЭКПОЛ, НЕУ ЙОРК СТЕЙТ

QUICK SNIPS

- We were on a Greyhound Bus.

AFTER A NIGHT OF IMBIBING IN (SEE ECSTASY ABOVE) —

- We hadn't slept in over 24 hours.

SEE IMBIBING ABOVE.

- We were zooming.

SEE IMBIBING ABOVE.

- An old lady on the bus recited her life story in a nasal tone.

READ ALL ABOUT HER: IN MY MEMOIR.

- French kids were rapping.

SERIOUSLY.

- We hadn't slept in over 24 hours.

SEE ALL OF THE ABOVE.

12

Hello, Sir, welcome to the USA. Do you have anything to declare?

Am I levitating? I can shoot lasers out of my eyes. Why can't I blink?

1. Planes + Automobiles + Trains, no John Candy or Steve Martin because we got the order out of whack.
2. First stop Montreal: not in Europe.
3. Second stop New York City: not in Europe.
4. Making wise decisions while my life was crumbling all around me.
5. Since my birth parents weren't my real birth parents: who the hell is this woman calling me, pretending to be my sister?
6. See the story OR SOMETHING (in another book).