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JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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FALLING DOWN
ПАДЕНИЕ



Friday, June 9, 2023

Today, I'm going to go searching for miracles.

First, the Fitness Asylum. I will also hit 30,000+ steps. Damn, the blubber is falling off me!

Shirt. Beat it. The public must see this.

Not.

I need to change a small batch of US cash into desperation Canadian survival cash.

How small?

Small.

I'm not horny.

Why did you say that?

It is an important thing to know.

I was going to do the cash switch three days ago, but it required me to change my daily routine. A daunting task when a daily course is ingrained in you.

And a habit?

Like a fifteen-year career?

Yes.

First, I stop for a cola and to read. Today's reading, the same as yesterday's, I'm Still Here, a book about being black in America.

The chapters I'm reading today, are about how frustrating it is educating white people can be for black people, about the subtle racism of their words and actions.

Two construction workers sit down behind me.

Their words float in the air.

What do you think of the brown, muscled-man on our site?

I like him; I thought he'd be lazy, but ...

Is this in the book?

I cross the street to the Cambio. I count my US cash. I find another bill stuck to the eight other bills. Bonus!

The man in front of me is cashing in \$50,000 US.

The teller says he can only cash in \$12,000.

I now have an extra \$38,000.

It sure is a beautiful day!

I'm on the seawall. Walking is clearing my mind of thought.

I think.

I need to pee, + macaroni salad.

Someone, I've seen umpteen times...

How many is umpteen?

Two more than a plethora.

The person I've seen umpteen times is walking toward me shirtless.

Hmm.

Nice body! Tostada!

Why did you think, Tostada?

I don't know.

I pass the pool at second beach. A large man is coming down a flight of wooden stairs. *Something terrible is going to happen.* I pass him. A man and woman are walking toward me.

I hear a loud **THUD** and a scream of **AGONY**. The seawall shakes. I turn around. The man is splayed on the asphalt. His belongings are scattered in a thirty-foot radius.

I must help him.

He pulls himself to his feet. There is an indentation in the pavement. A crow is pecking at the open gash on his skull.

That can't be good.

I'm okay, he says, and then adds, I mis-stepped.

The crow keeps pecking.

Help him.

Okay.

Say something to him.

Okay.

Are you okay? I fall all the time.

Did you just make his fall about yourself?

Should I tell him about my asshole former employer?

No.

That's what I thought.

I know. I'll push one of his sandals toward him with my foot.

You are a hero.

I know.

The crow pecks on his brain matter.

He looks at me with pain oozing from his eyes and thanks me.

I tell him I really didn't do anything.

I wasn't lying.

The man and women take over, relieving me of my hero duties. I walk away without looking back.

I'm now in the forest. *The purple flowers sure are lovely.* Fuck. A pebble is on the platform of one of my flip-flops.

Shake vigorously. Didn't work. Fuck. I must slip my flip-flop off and eradicate the pebble. Success!

Three steps later, a pebble is on the platform of one of my flip-flops. I want to scream.

As I stroll along, I come across a clearing where a man is bellowing about all the setbacks and humiliations he has faced in life. He seems to have reached a point where the only way to release his pent-up emotions is through shouting out his pain and frustration at the top of his lungs. His display is quite impressive, but also extremely loud. His screams are echoing within a five-kilometer radius, and I can hear him for at least half an hour, even when I am two forests away. I think about how my former employer told me if I wanted to get more sleep, I should drive faster and sleep in my work clothes. Suddenly, a squirrel sniffs at my foot.

I understand the man screaming. I also understand the reason for some mass shootings. As much as I understand, I don't condone them; I want to clarify that.

A bluebird is on a path with its wings splayed wide. I want to take a picture, but the bird may be hurt or dead. I need to call someone. Nah. I'll leave it for the man and woman. A squirrel licks my little toe. The bird gets up and flies away.

The man starts: **Act Two.** I appreciate his passion.

I'm still not horny.

I stop for pops. The Mayor, Sandy, and Chris are present.

I narrate the tale of my heroic act of rescuing a man from falling. Afterwards, I steer the conversation towards the issue of Americans attributing their poor air quality to the

Canadian wildfires, which is a subtle way of blaming. Eventually, we transition to discussing individuals who carry clipboards around. J thinks I don't like clipboard people (from a previous talk).

I feel bad for them; because I don't think a clipboard person has ever gotten paid.

Chris and I talk about how we feel guilty when we pass them and lie about why we don't have time to speak with them. A conundrum.

Peter comes in and sits next to me.

Peter comments on my tan, Nice tan; if you get any darker, we could call you a...

I say, Don't say your following words.

Peter says, Jamaican.

That didn't make it any better.

The news is running a story where they are teaching the citizens a life hack by taping a filter over something (I'm not sure what) to battle the air quality.

Fuck. I think. First-world problems.

Peter says I can be tiresome.

I find comments like that to be incredibly rude. I don't tell him he can be daft. I ask him why?

Because you pay attention to everything and hear everything, you live on a higher frequency than the rest of us.

I like that. I don't tell him he can be daft.

Whom and The Mayor are climbing onto a pedestal and saying they don't hate anything.

I tell them they aren't being truthful. And then I think, who the fuck thinks it is important to announce your veracity for not hating? Whom.

They keep selling the lie.

I don't remind Whom he wrote a book entitled; Justified Hostilities.

Hey Mayor?

Yes.

I did something ignorant yesterday.

What?

I told J I would live-stream my suicide on July 1st unless a miracle arrives.

I explain to The Mayor that I've been working to raise awareness about companies that have used the pandemic as an excuse to lay off their older employees, which could lead to increased stress and homelessness for these individuals.

I tell The Mayor the media hasn't bitten because the story isn't sexy enough, people don't really care about old people—and it's hard to compete for air time with Canada's wildfires fucking with American air quality + the stuff happening in the golf world + plus, *look at the tube*, they are showing a clip of a car careening out of control and crashing, + a man is taping an air filter to something. Oh. Oh. Oh. They are also airing a story showing empty shelves in a store where there used to be fans.

The crow pecks at the man on the seawall's brain matter.

The Mayor agrees that what I said was ignorant. I guess he ignored the word suicide.

I won't be live-streaming.

My stress goes up. My stress goes down. My stress goes up like a race car rising in a game at the fair.

I get home. J asks if I'd like to have the same for dinner as I had yesterday.

Someone is making me dinner!

Sure. I say.

We watch an episode of Manifest.

Google it.

It is the most incredible television show in the history of television. It's been on for four seasons.

What are the names of the actors and the characters?

I don't know.

We must counterbalance.

The Lions Win!

Sleep Time

I can't sleep; it's 2 AM.

A man is outside screaming his frustrations at the top of his lungs for fifteen minutes. He's fucking loud. I wonder if screaming out the window SHUT THE FUCK UP! Will help?

I don't

He takes a lunch break. Maybe he's talking with a clipboard person.

A scratchy-voiced woman in pain takes his place. She screams for the next fifteen minutes. She's had a hard life.

She takes a break.

The man returns and does another twenty minutes.

I can't sleep.

If only I were horny.

I'm not.

I hear police sirens in the distance. They are getting closer. They howl to a stop. They, too, aren't helping with my sleep. I think they take the man and woman away.

I hope they took them to the gated and padlocked Zen Community Garden.

I still can't sleep.

Drive faster. Sleep in your work clothes.

You fucking took them away.

Marcel doesn't like the saying: Everything comes out in the wash.

He says his cousin came back from the beach in a pair of jeans, and he didn't make it out.

It's a new day.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 88, Yay!

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

GRIDIRON PURSUITS

Grade 12.
I had avoided the field until Coach Knoll → Try Out.



Rocket arm. Made the team.

Best Friend. Tony. Quit reading under the car. Try out. Tandem QBs.

Evan Hardy Souls.

City + Provincial Champions.

1979-83

Saskatoon Hilltop (National Champion) →

→ **Edmonton Wildcat** →

→ **Saskatchewan Huskie** →

Edmonton Wildcat. Drop back. Fire a rocket. Longest touchdown ever.

Touchdown. Touchdown. Touchdown. **Wildcats.** **Huskies.**

Last pass touchdown pass.

Cleats hung up.

Record holding. City + Provincial + National Championship, Hall of Fame (3) QB.

Blind in one eye.

Throw it through me, not to me → dubbed by Coach Knoll.

Rocket arm.

Zip.

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MARCH 2014

VANCOUVER   +  + 

TO

MUNICH GERMANY  + SITGES SPAIN 
+ BRUSSELS BELGIUM  + MONTREAL QUEBEC 

Greg + Conatanze were getting married. Jay and I were invited. I was going to be a Best Man for the seventh time. Exciting!

Planes + Trains + Automobiles once more. Munich Germany + Sitges Spain for a second time. And then on to Brussels to eat some potatoes and look at a little boy leaking (pissing).

Creepy?

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CROSSING: MUNICH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MUNICH, GERMANY
СКРОСИНГ: МЮНИХ ИНТЕРНАЦИОНАЛ АЙРПОРТ - МЮНИХ, ГЕРМАНИЯ

Border Agent

Me

Border Agent

Come to the counter young man.

I stepped forward.

Border Agent

Not you, the other one.

Jay ambled up to the counter.

Border Agent

Who are you travelling with?

Jay

Him↓

My turn.

Border Agent

What's the reason for your trip?

Me

My friend's wedding.

Border Agent

Welcome to Germany! Enjoy your stay!

We passed through the gate.

Me

Jay, they are not done with us; most certainly, we must go through another checkpoint.

I turned and glanced left.

Greg

Lindsay, Jay, it's good to see you! Did you bring the kicking tee?

Me

Hello, Greg.

CROSSING: BRUSSEL, BELGIUM'S AIRPORT
СКОЗЬНЯК: БРЮССЕЛЬ, БЕЛГИЯ І АЙРПОРТ

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Border Agent

Hello, Sirs, which language would you like me to address you in?

He rattled off seven fluently.

Me

English will be fine.

Border Agent

"Okay, do you have anything to declare? How long were you in Europe for?"

Me

"No. And ten days."

Border Agent

Please place your bags on the belt.

Border Agent

Sir, we need to place your bag on the belt again.

Border Agent

And again.

Me

Jay, I think we are going to lose the boy pissing corkscrews.

Border Agent

Sir, what is this?

Jay

Personal lubricant.

Border Agent

It's more than the allowed amount. We must confiscate it.

Me

Okay.

Me

Jay, yay, we get to keep the corkscrews of the pissing boy!

Butterfly - Mariposa - Schmetterling - Nabi - Chō Chō - Farfalla - Vlinder