

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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HANA PISSED ON THE BED
HANA PISSED ON THE BED



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The experiences J and I have endured have strengthened our resolve and deepened our appreciation for the precious moments spent with family and cherished pets. Ultimately, our tenacity and resilience will prevail, illustrating that love and determination can help overcome the most challenging circumstances, even in the face of hardship. This story will eventually shift, and I'm confident when it does, it will serve as a heartwarming reminder of the intrinsic connection between humans and animals and the incredible lengths people will go to protect and care for their loved ones.

Two days ago, Hana pissed on the bed.

She did it again yesterday while I was trying to sleep.

Today, I woke up with tears once again pouring from my eyes.

I feel lost.

I feel broken.

Depression kicked me in the junk again.

Hana is beloved but has become a source of concern and financial strain for J and me.

I'm a financial strain for the two of us.

How do you think that feels?

My efforts are indisputable.

I work incredibly hard at trying to secure a future. I'm desperately trying to navigate our unstable financial situation and embark on a quest to find a way to support our family.

Whenever Hana wets the bed, our stress and worry rise – they have reached critical, far beyond the max. Why is Hana doing this?

In addition to our concerns for Hana's well-being, we face the weight of our challenging financial circumstances.

Our meagre life savings, have become guarded within brackets, symbolizing our financial fragility.

Whenever Hana soils the bed, we are burdened with another expense - purchasing new kitty litter. In two weeks, the expenditure for the litter has accumulated to a staggering \$80, further deepening our worry.

In my unwavering commitment to providing for my family, I must take extreme steps, such as reducing vital medication to save money. I've started cutting pills in half. The tension between our financial struggles and emotional well-being is becoming increasingly palpable as I near my 63rd birthday, which serves as a poignant reminder of the time slipping away.

Desperate for a solution to our predicament, I wake up crying, overwhelmed by a sense of helplessness most days.

I'm turning 63, and I can't stop crying.

A flicker of determination ignites within me.

Bounce

How high?

I need to find a dollar. I must find a way to be discovered.

Because of Depression coming on strong, I can't find the strength to hit the Fitness Asylum. I'm being swallowed by its darkness.

I punch this text into grammar software. It refuses to work with me – it calls me suicidal – it stifles me.

Think about that for a second: grammar software won't allow me to scream out for help.

I want to celebrate making it this far in life.

I can't.

I don't know how much I have left.

I need to find hope. I should go to Hope.

WTF?

Cry. Cry. Cry.

Walk

I'm a fucking loser.

I can't support my family.

I'm now cutting my life-sustaining medications in half to afford them.

Whenever Hana pisses on the bed, I buy new kitty litter to quell her protests. \$80 in two weeks. I love Hana.

She needs more food. \$40. I check my bank balance. It = ()

What stress level is higher than max?

The brackets around our life savings are growing.

()

How do we stop the slide?

I turn sixty-three in four days.

Walk

Here we go →↑↘←↑↓→

Walk

I read. My mind goes blank.

I arrive at English Bay – a man I see daily is lying tanning (see the photo below ↓↓↓). His shade has become Bistre brown. His skin; damaged beyond repair.

I find humour and pain in his tanning quest.

He must lie there for nine hours a day. I think.

I ponder, going up to tell him the bottom of his feet aren't tanned.

I don't. It would be mean.

Without a degree in psychology, I determine he has mental issues.

I walk about 17 miles daily. I cry every day.

Am I okay?

No.

Walk

I arrive at the watering hole.

Dean is there. He's happy to see me. We embrace.

He asks how I am doing?

I say just alright.

He laughs and asks why are you just alright? I'm just alright, he adds.

Dean is dying.

I bark at Dean. Depression is attacking me. My lengthy career was given to someone else. Our life savings are gone. I'm getting older, and I don't know what to do. J and I are on the verge of becoming homeless. I'm fucking less than alright.

Dean gasps. He tries to say more. I cut him off.

Look, I know your situation, but at the same time, my situation matters; I can't just cover it up if someone is going through something themselves; it's important, life is not a constant competition. Maybe it is.

I instantly find my behaviour abhorrent.

I need to find comedy.

2G is sitting with The Mayor and his friend Jim.

I show Jim the picture of the tanned man and say I don't know who his tanning is for.

Jim looks at my arms and says you are almost as bad. This angers me.

I look at 2G; he's smirking because he thinks I've been burned with a zinger.

I bark at Jim.

I don't lie in the sun all day. I bellow.

I walk, exercise, and don't compare me with the tanning guy.

Jim says he is just bugging me.

I tell Jim I don't like it.

I wipe the smirk off 2 G's face.

I mentioned Hana pissed the bed, and I have to buy kitty litter again. I joke I don't want to carry it; it weighs 45 pounds, and I have six blocks to carry it.

The Mayor jokes you should get a granny cart.

I tell him I can't afford it.

He then says I should steal a shopping cart from Safeway and take it home.

My blood curdles. The Mayor is becoming less of a friend. He may be joking, but it's not funny.

I say I won't steal a shopping cart and wheel it to where I live. Why? Because if I did that, we'd likely be kicked out of our building because they don't want homeless tenants mixing with homeowners.

Jim stops joking.

2G asks me how my Podcaster interview went. I tell him it never was an interview. He appears to be cheering for my failure.

2G once said he had been diagnosed with perfect colour vision. Today he says, you guys do know my dad is colour blind; don't you?

Dean comes over and hugs me.

We have a lengthy talk. I tell him I'm sorry for barking, but I can't just let my challenges be dismissed.

He hugs me, tells me he loves me, and then tells me how much he appreciates my honesty and that I'm one of the few people around him who treats him like he's still alive. He adds he will be moving into assisted living soon. He also says when the day comes, he'll be ready for the two needles.

The Mayor repeatedly saying Dean is doing well, enters my mind.

I don't think people really listen or care. I think humans are collectively failing.

Dean tells me how depressed he's been. He says he hasn't found the strength to leave his home for two weeks. He says this week has been better.

Sandy is sitting next to us; I show him the picture of the guy with the tan. I suggest I go up to him tomorrow, lie beside him, and challenge him to a tan off.

Sandy laughs.

Sandy then says the man might have mental issues. He also says the man is probably just lonely.

I concur. I stress I try to find comedy in most things; it is a coping mechanism for survival; I also stress I would never be mean to the man.

I Think

Is creating the humour in the first place; being mean?

Nah

I would never be mean to the guy.

I buy kitty litter. I'm not sure I bought the right kind.

I go to bed depressed. Hana comes to visit me. She pisses on the bed with me under the covers.

Get out of here, Depression.

No.

Tomorrow?

Probably not.

When then?

When I'm finished.

Will I have a Happy Birthday?

That is entirely up to you.

John Geddes walks through my mind.

This is an excellent place to end.

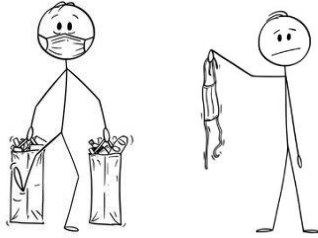


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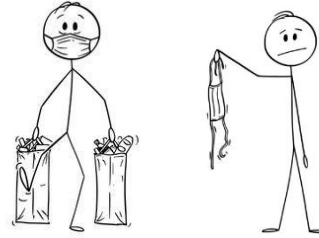
Grammarly Readability Score = 83. | That's better! |

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

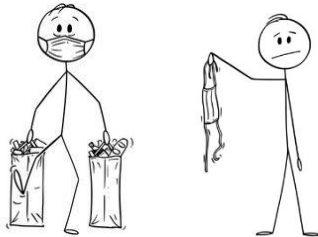
A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Asks an Anti-Masker Questions



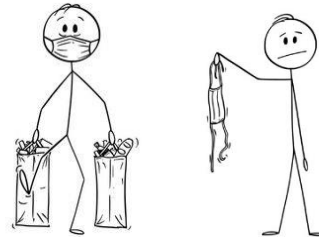
Why aren't you wearing a mask?
Covid, is a hoax. Fight for your rights.
You didn't answer my question.
Hoax. Hoax. They are trying to control us.



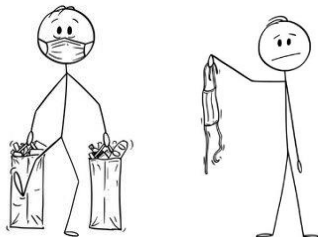
Where do you get your information?
That guy who used to sing the anthem.
Do you really believe there is a masterplan?
Yes. They are trying to control us.



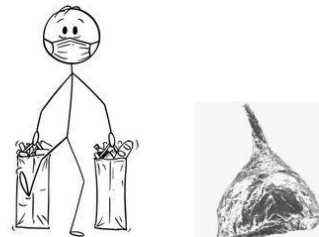
Why? What's their end game?
To control us. To control us.
Don't you think you're being selfish?
No. I don't want to be controlled.



Why would they want to control you? Us?
Because I know stuff + because.
Like? Are all the dead people faking?
Stuff + Yes. They were dying anyway.



Don't you think the plan is too complicated?
They don't want us out after 10 PM.
Why? They don't like staying up late?
To control us. The anthem singer says so.



Put on a mask douchebag.
No. I won't be controlled. I know stuff.
Hey, where did you go?
I'm here, inside my message center.

