

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

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63 in two days - and i'm fucked
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When I woke up yesterday, I realized that my tears had stopped flowing for the first time in weeks.

It was a small victory, but it gave me a glimmer of hope amidst my ongoing depression.

However, I quickly realized that my lack of tears might be due to dehydration rather than any significant change in my mental state.

The title of today's story may sound harsh, but if you've been following my journey, you know that I always try to find the positives in the face of adversity. And let me tell you, it's damn hard. I've come to a realization that my age might render me unemployable due to ageism. All I have left are my experiences, and even those seem to hold little value in the job market. And besides, I'm a raconteur. I must never lose sight of that.

Despite these challenges, I push myself to dive into my usual routine by heading to the Fitness Asylum before even writing down yesterday's story. I take walks, read, and keep moving, even in the blistering heat. The futility of sending out job applications feels like a repetitive cycle, and I can't help but feel like I'm going insane.

During my walks, I feel the urge to vent my frustration and anger towards my previous legal team and the workplace I used to be a part of. However, I resist the temptation, realizing that I need to focus on the positives instead.

I meet up with my friends, Whom and The Mayor, who appreciate my way of thinking.

Whom, in particular, often deflects his own hurt by suggesting that others have it worse. I gently remind him that no matter how insignificant our troubles may seem to others, they still matter. We should never dismiss our own pain or compare it to someone else's.

In the midst of our conversation, a man with only one leg walks up to me, highlighting the contrast between his struggle and my own minor issue of having a sliver. It serves as a reminder that each person's pain is valid and should never be dismissed or diminished.

The topic shifts to a sensitive subject - an art installation depicting a headless Paper Mache couple sitting on a bench on the Burrard Bridge. The installation seemed to have offended some people, leading to a sign being placed on the bench where the art once sat.

This sparks a thought about the Burrard Bridge, which had suicide fences installed to prevent people from jumping off. It prompts me to question whether suicide fences can truly cure someone in distress, or if they're just another way society tries to hide suffering.

The conversation takes a darker turn as we discuss a bus accident involving seniors on their way to a casino after receiving their Old Age Security cheques. It raises concerns about how little society seems to care for the elderly and how we view their final years as simply spending their remaining money on gambling. I question the morality of working for a casino and actively promoting social outings for senior facilities to visit such establishments.

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Amidst these heavy conversations, I realize how lucky I am to have great friends.

However, I also recognize that I must not lose sight of who I want to become, no matter how much I love and appreciate my friends. I must continue to learn and grow every day.

Our discussion takes a turn towards stereotypes and cultural biases. The Mayor mentions seeing three young East Indian men buying an SUV at a Rolls Royce dealership on Burrard Street. He was implying they were part of the criminal element in society. I asked The Mayor if he would have noticed them if they were Caucasian? I continued to challenge his assumptions, reminding him that we shouldn't generalize or stereotype an entire culture based on the actions of a few individuals. Rich people exist in every culture, as well as criminals, and it's important not to solely focus on someone's race or ethnicity. I also tell him to call them Indian; or better yet, three young men.

We shift gears once again, discussing the fashion industry and Whom's preference for European fabrics. Whom used to own a clothing store. I point out that this preference often ignores the fact that European sweatshops exist and that they might not be much different from sweatshops in other parts of the world. The only distinction is the immigrant workers seeking a better life in European sweatshops.

The conversation touches on the poor treatment of actors and how the world is changing. I recall an idea I had ten years ago about professional sports becoming virtual games with no physical players. The Mayor suggests that the same might happen to music. I caution him against conflating the two, reminding him that just because he's not into music doesn't mean he should underestimate its importance. The world is evolving, and we must be open to new possibilities.

As I walked Whom home, he drunkenly expressed his gratitude for our friendship. I couldn't help but feel touched by his words.

Meanwhile (today), my incompetent legal team appeared on a TV advertisement as I wrote this, and I couldn't help but punch the screen in frustration.

Finally, just a block away from home, I noticed an older man sitting on a bench, reading a newspaper. I took a picture, but when I looked at it later, I realized that I had also captured a young man walking by, engrossed in his phone. It struck me as a representation of the generational divide and the changing world.

The old man had a backpack.

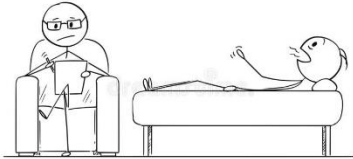
In two days, I turn 63, and I can't help but reflect on everything that had brought me to this point.



Grammarly Readability Score = 93.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

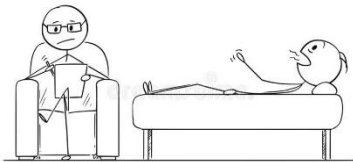
A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Visits a Shrink During a Pandemic



What can I help you with?
I'm scared. My future is uncertain.
Why are you scared?
Well. The Pandemic. I lost my career.



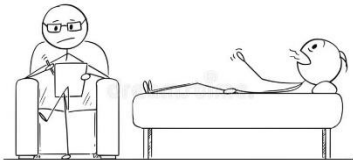
That's harsh. What happened?
I don't know. I said I was freaked out.
Everyone is. What are you going to do?
I don't know. I can't sleep. I'm going broke.



I understand. Finding work at your age...
Impossible. It's impossible.
How long did you work at...?
A long time. I'm terrified for my future.



You can't sleep?
No. Would you be able to sleep?
Probably not. I don't think I can help you.
I know. I just need someone to talk with.



I see. Did they really tell you to drive faster?
Yes. And to go on welfare.
Harsh. That's rough.
And to sleep in my clothes.



You can't talk about your career?
[Inaudible]. It never existed. I'm blacklisted.
Have you considered skateboarding?
Yes. But you do know, I'm 60ish, don't you?