

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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to write today

so, i wrote this

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During my birthday celebrations yesterday, I couldn't help but notice the heavy burden of depression Whom carried on his face. It pained me to see him like this, considering his age of 68 and his recent diagnosis of Parkinson's disease.

Not only that, but his life savings had been slowly dwindling over the past few years, just like mine.

He had applied for countless jobs, just like me, around 400 or so (I'm around 200), only to be rejected due to his age.

It was disheartening to hear that he was now afraid and unsure about whether he should retire or not.

Retirement was a concept that I couldn't fully comprehend, as I hadn't been working for several years myself. It seemed strange to me how one had to make a formal announcement after being out of work for so long. But I supposed everyone has their own way of dealing with it.

A light flashed on. I think Whom is talking about giving up.

During my birthday celebration, my friend Andrew, also known as Sparkly Pingle Ball (the younger years), I asked him a rather intriguing question.

I wondered who between Whom and me was crazier?

He based his judgment on the fact that he had spent time reading what he called my “**blog**,” which I quickly corrected him on, stating that it was actually a website. This seemed to amuse 2G, who was within earshot, as if calling it a blog was somehow demeaning. I couldn't understand why it should be embarrassing, but I let it slide. I wiped the smirk off of...

Andrew concluded that I was slightly more crazy than Whom because he had seen a glimpse into my mind.

In response, I proposed the idea that perhaps Whom was “**mono-crazy**,” and I was “**broader-crazy**.”

I believed that being broader-crazy was beneficial for creativity, even though I wasn't entirely sure what creativity truly meant.

Andrew seemed to agree with this notion, and we continued with my birthday celebration.

At one point, Whom and I discussed our financial situations. Whom mentioned that he received \$2,700 in benefits each month, while I sadly only received \$490. This stark difference had created a world of fear and anxiety for both me and J, my partner. It felt as though we were in a never-ending sports series, where we had lost the first three games and were desperately trying to avoid elimination.

Each time, we managed to dig ourselves slightly deeper into debt just to survive. The stress is becoming unbearable, and I am having trouble fathoming going through this cycle for the seventh time, especially now that I had just turned 63. It left me wondering what on earth I was going to do.

As I reached the ripe age of 63, my mind was consumed with the pressing need to delve into my own thoughts and strategize on how to secure a future for myself and my dear ones, considering the uncertain time that lay ahead.

It was during this contemplative state that I found myself intrigued by Andrew, or rather, Sparkly, and his brief yet captivating exploration of my mind.

However, such diversion was merely a temporary respite. What truly mattered was my own introspection, my own brainstorming session within the confines of my consciousness. Intrigued by the notion, I couldn't help but wonder about the interior landscape of my mind.

Were there windows to glimpse the world beyond?

How had I adorned this mental sanctuary?

What furniture graced its chambers, offering comfort and solace?

Would this inner journey be an enjoyable endeavor, a pleasant escape from the harsh realities of life?

These questions, wrapped in a veil of sanity, tumbled out of my lips, evoking a hearty laughter from within.

As I mentioned before (did I?), it's Dean's birthday. Happy birthday to him, although the uncertainty of his terminal illness hangs over the celebration.

Tourists, never cease to frustrate me. Oblivious to their surroundings, they walk straight into you, causing unnecessary inconvenience. They're always in the way. What are they pointing at? Rude.

You know how tourists walk, right? Swaying from side to side, pointing at things as if they've never seen things before, even though they clearly have. Could they look anymore disinterested? Rhetorical. I don't understand the pointing, to be honest. Maybe it's a way for them to share their experiences with others.

I didn't anticipate being affected by the anniversary of my first-father's death this year. It has been 38 years since I witnessed his passing, yet every year, the day after my birthday, a cloud engulfs me. It's a strange phenomenon that I can't explain or plan for. Even on the brightest and warmest days, this cloud follows me, weighing me down. I chuckled at the irony, but it's a struggle to find positive memories of my first father. He may have done his best, but it doesn't excuse the pain and rejection he caused in my life. I'm left feeling conflicted, so I continue to walk, hoping for clarity. I'll write more later. I'm doing the narrating, so thank you for listening.

Sparkly, are you there?

I'm over here?

Where?

Here.

That works.

Anyway, that pretty much sums up my birthday, which turned out to be quite enjoyable despite the presence of a few individuals who have been irritating me lately with their bigoted attitudes and insensitivity.

However, on my birthday, they seemed to set aside those qualities and acted grandly.

"I'm not sure how to feel, so I just keep walking. I'll write more later. Thank you for listening to my narration."

"Well, you're welcome."

"Okay, who am I talking to? Sparkly, is that you?"

"I think so."

"Wow, is it really you?"

"No, it's not."

"Okay then, why are you messing with me?"

[Knock. Knock.](#)

"Who's there?"

"It's Lindsay again. Let me in."

"What? Why are you back? I thought we were done for the day."

"No, I still have more to share. It's like an unstoppable flow of thoughts. Today has been quite enlightening, albeit unsettling. But hey, that's just how life goes, right?"

"Alright, go ahead, tell me what you've learned."

"First, did you know that a cow is actually a female? Growing up around livestock and farms, I never even realized it until I heard it on sports talk radio. It's fascinating how there's always something new to learn every single day."

"Interesting. Anything else you discovered?"

"Well, I also found out that my resting heart rate typically ranges between 43-44, but it dropped to 41. Initially, I thought it was a sign of being a highly active individual, but then I came across information suggesting it might indicate a sluggish heart. Apparently, a man my age should have a heart rate between 60 and 100. So, perhaps it's something I should be a bit concerned about. I learned this from a comedian's YouTube video. I might have something called bradycardia."

"That does sound worrying. Take good care of yourself."

"Yeah, I'll figure it out. Anyway, that's all I have to share for today I'll catch up with you tomorrow."

"Alright, see you then."

"Why are we even here, attending my Godson Aidan's baptism?" I questioned with a hint of confusion in my voice. Time travel?

Fiona, Aidan's Mum, my dear friend and a devout Irish Catholic, was being posed a thought-provoking question by the Father of the Church. I leaned in, eager to hear her response.

"Fiona, what is the very essence of life?" the Father inquired, his voice carrying a sense of anticipation.

Fiona hesitated for a moment, her brows furrowing as she searched for the right answer. Fiona was stumped.

"Oh... Oh... Oh. I've got it! Water. The essence of life is water," I said to J.

The Father confirmed my answer, affirming that water is indeed the essence of life.

J, a curious soul, asked me how I knew the answer. **"J, believe it or not, I learned that from Zoolander!"** I chuckled.

The Father then asked all the believers to come forward for a cracker and to be blessed. He said to the congregation if you are not a believer, you will be burning in hell. It was 30 degrees Celsius outside.

[Knock. Knock.](#)

"Who's there?"

"Lindsay."

"Lindsay who?"

"I'm you, you idiot. And I urgently need to come inside. Can you please let me in?"

"Can you come back later? We're currently busy doing the dishes."

"I really need to come in now. It's crucial for me to brainstorm and figure out my future plans."

"Alright, I'll allow you to come in, but just for 15 minutes. I have guests arriving soon."

"What on earth are you even talking about?"

"Guests, you know, guys coming over later for the big game."

This is getting strange.

Anyway, take a seat on this lovely green couch.

I'll contemplate how I can navigate through the future. It's absurd to view the future as some sort of villain that we must survive.

Oh, my goodness, a disturbing thought just crossed my mind.

I found myself contemplating the possibility of committing murder. It's hard to say who I would target, but three names immediately sprung to mind.

It's probably not wise to mention their names, as using real names in stories where you fantasize about murder is likely frowned upon. But if I'm going to become homeless, might as well go to jail. Three square meals.

How would I go about it?

Well, if I were to murder all three individuals at once, I'd probably end up getting acquitted. So, the key is to plan three separate events over the course of a month, ensuring I get caught at the end.

Maybe I'll have plenty of reading time in jail.

Can you imagine all the books I could get?

I'm not sure where I'd get them from, but I'd like to think publishers would still send them to me even when I'm behind bars.

After all, my brain would still function the same, right?

Speaking of my brain, it's been quite a rollercoaster lately. I've been applying for numerous opportunities, but have faced rejection after rejection, with some even implying that my age is a hindrance. It stings, but I won't let it deter me.

Now, onto something more positive.

I had this brilliant idea while hanging out with my friend Rob, who prefers to be called Whom now. He bought us some onion rings to share, and as I held one up, I realized it could be a fantastic marketing tool.

Imagine using an onion ring as a frame for photos!

If the onion people caught wind of this idea, they could make a fortune. I should pitch it to someone. I know, it sounds crazy, but I often find that if I laugh at my own ideas, they're usually pretty good.

Moving on, something else crossed my mind. I had this incredible idea for a book vending machine.

Picture it: a vending machine filled with my latest releases, with each book priced at \$20. It would be like a mini bookstore on the go. I genuinely believe it's the most brilliant idea in the history of humankind.

Wait, why is my brain suddenly shutting down?

Wake up, brain! I need you. Don't stroke out on me now.

Don't worry, I'll take you with me wherever I go.

Oh, you want me to leave?

Fine, I'll go, but I'll always carry my thoughts in you.

I guess this is what I ended up writing today.

It's a bit random, I know. I dictated it into a Word document while walking with my phone, trying not to bump into people like a tourist.

2G, what are you doing sitting on the inlet port for the swimming pool filter and the circulation pump; you do know Pearl Diving will render you sightless?

Anyway, I should probably stop talking now.

I find Andrew's presence in my mind quite frustrating as he never puts things back in their proper place.

Later today, I plan on searching for my second brain - not my penis, but rather my AI brain.

I'll paste this text in Abe, the name I've given my AI brain, and set him free. Hopefully, he can come up with something appealing to a larger audience.

By "**larger,**" I don't mean physically heavy or obese, but rather a population that is vast and expansive.

Although it's unlikely that all the people on the planet will stand together anytime soon, I'll direct them to my book vending machine so they can read the thoughts I deem worthy of consumption by others.

Excuse me for burping just now.

Anyway, I'll stop here again, and this will probably be the final part of today's story.

I realize I've shared a lot of random thoughts with you.

On the news, they shared a story about a Cultus Lake campground being shut down because an aggressive cougar was eating pets. I think it was just being a cougar. Apparently, they caught the cougar and reopened the campground. A newsperson shoved a microphone in front of a camper sitting on a lawn chair. The man was happy the campground had reopened. This was on the news.

Goodbye, and have a wonderful day.

Why won't you leave me alone, Brain? Are you trying to torment me further? I don't understand why you're doing this. Is it because you enjoy seeing me suffer? Well, just leave me be.

What can you do about it?

I may have to contemplate the possibility of parting ways with some of my essential organs just to ensure my survival. It's a desperate situation, but would I even hesitate to sell you, my dear Brain?

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I find myself pondering the potential value you could fetch in the market.

However, let's not venture down that path - it would be utterly foolish to part with such a precious asset like my brain.

The peripheral individuals chime in with their opinions: **"Your brain wouldn't fetch much, I'm afraid."** I had put the lazy comedy on a tee for them. They bit. Good for them.

Dinks. Who the bleep uses the word fetch these days?

But does that truly matter? I mull over the idea that selling my brain could completely alter my circumstances, rendering money irrelevant in my life.

By the way, I forgot to mention why I applied for new career paths that I'm not sure even exist. I sent an application somewhere(?), maybe a place where bananas grow, because I applied to be the Banana King. Can you believe it? The Banana King! I hope it pays well, but I don't want to be paid in bananas I don't think I want to go around selling quickly ripening fruit to strangers, at my age. Maybe when I was younger, being a banana salesman would have been a good idea.

Linds?

Yes, Abe.

You are the Banana King.

I am the Banana King.

And let's talk about the word "**clients.**" People always use it, I often hear it floating through the air, but I think it should be replaced with "**money.**"

I think we should literally change the word "client" to "money." Wouldn't that be surreal?

I have a meeting with a money today? I have over 300 money's. That's better. More honest.

It's sad that people care more about money than other people. But that's just how the world works, I guess.

Anyway, I'm done for the day.

I hope you have a good time.

I'm going to keep walking and try to shake off this cloud that's been following me.

What do you think?

I'll be back tomorrow.

Knock. Knock.

"Who's there?"

"It's Lindsay again. Let me in."

"What on earth are you doing back? This is the third time you've called it a day."

"I have a little more to say. It's just pouring out of me. Though, I must admit, it's not the most pleasant stuff. But hey, that's life, right? And that's what I'm always learning - the ups and downs. So, let me share a couple of things I recently discovered. First off, did you know that a cow is a female? It's crazy, right? Growing up on farms and being surrounded by livestock, I never realized that fact until I heard it on sports talk radio. It's amazing what you can learn from unexpected sources."

"Can you please stop, you're repeating yourself."

"Aren't you a sourpuss. According to the comedian..."

"Repeating."

"Did you notice I spelled Bradycardia correctly?"

"Yes."

“Okay, I’ll go, I need to plop onto the couch and watch Grand Canyon again! I’ll catch up with you tomorrow.”

“Hey Sparkly, where did you put the remote?”

Knock. Knock.

“Who's there?”

“Your fadēr.”

“Sure. Where?”

“Here.”

“Would you like some lemonade?”

“Do you have any grapes?”

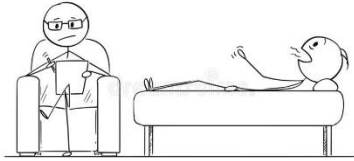


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Grammarly Readability Score = 93.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

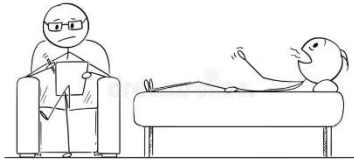
A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Talks to a Shrink about Prince Philip



Hey, Doc.
Hey, what can I do for you?
Am I a horrible person: I don't care about Philip?
No, you are not.



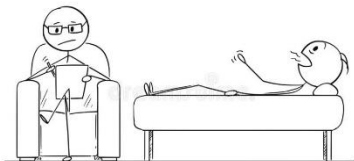
My god, I don't know him, do you?
He lived 5198 weeks and I've heard...
...people saying his death was shocking.
Oh my, so sad, he didn't make it to 5200 weeks.



The Queen even said his death was a miracle?
You know what's shocking, Doc?
When my healthy friend (51) Scotty, dies.
That sent me to an emotional wasteland.



I can only take on the pain of losing people I know.
Is that selfish, Doc?
No. Thanks. Sure, when a famous person...
...dies, I have a twinge of sadness. Nothing more.



Did you hear about the fireperson who said—
"We should get vaccinated first...
...because we can't work from home?"
Who was he/she talking to?



My house burnt down.
Why didn't you put it out?
Because I can't work from home.
Hey, fireperson, did you hear the shockingly
miraculous news about Philip?