

MY  
DAYS



JULY  
2023

LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JULY 2023**

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\$3.45  
\$3.45



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C'mon, you got this. Go. Go. Go.  
Sparkly, will you be cheering me on like this every day?  
Yes.

Stop it.

I get it.

I need to keep my spirits up ↑

I must keep trying.

I must overcome the daunting odds against myself.

I must crawl into the shawl of avoidance, and hopefully, when the shawl is pulled off of me later this month, the glorious sunshine is glaring at us, and our star is beginning to rise.

I must believe it.

Happy Birthday Canada. Before I start my avoidance + start climbing once more tour, I need to take an exercise break. I move. Yesterday, I dropped to only 20,000+ steps and took the day off from The Fitness Asylum.

I feel yucky, but the skipping meals, having to skip food altogether, will undoubtedly, at least temporarily, turn me into svelte. And then a few weeks later... deterioration.

### Walk

J and I go to the pharmacy; I need to pick up my life-sustaining medicine. I can no longer afford. I'm thinking about cutting my pills in two – but I have decided that might not be a good thing to do.

When I worked, I was on a Medical Plan that covered 80% of the cost. My medical issues are all directly linked to the work I did, unfortunately, my Medical Plan was a casualty of my unwarranted termination.

**Translation:** A prescription came in around \$1.00-3.00. I'm now on J's plan, and some of my medicine is covered, but now the price has risen to \$15.00-\$45.00 – if I don't pay – I don't get to keep living. How can a person not be scared? And as a parting gift for the work I did, I now need to be on medications for the rest of my life.

Getting older shouldn't be a never-ending struggle.

You'll make it over the hurdles.

I'll try.

I line up for my prescription. A man, probably in his eighties, is in front of me at the pharmacy counter; he looks confused.

One minute. Two minutes. Fifteen minutes.

The pharmacy clerk hands the older gentleman his pills. That will be \$3.45. He says.

The man hands him a card, and the clerk taps it against the card reader. Declined.

I can see the man breaking. I can see the humiliation changing the hue of his face.

It's not enough to humiliate the man once. The clerk tries the card again. Declined.

The man tries to collect himself. He speaks up. I will be back in a while.

I clean the wax from my ears. It's only \$3.45 – and the man is being sent away. I'm flummoxed.

I approach the counter. I tell the clerk I'll pay for his and mine.

The older gentleman politely declines.

I'm not sure offering to pay was doing the right thing. I should have just paid, handed him his medication, and walked away.

I failed.

At least you tried.

I needed to try harder, Sparkly.

You tried.

I told J what had just happened.

It saddened J.

WTF? A pharmacy clerk stripped a man of his dignity by shamefully telling him his \$3.45 transaction had been declined, not once, but twice.

The older gentlemen rolled away, defeated.

After years of hard work, older adults may have to choose between buying medication or food to live. What the fuck is the \$3.45 charge for? Why is there any charge?

I don't think street equivalents for heart and blood pressure medicines exist.

I don't think there is a dealer on the street going "Over here →↘↓"

"What do you need? Rosuvastatin, Amlodipine, Hydrochlorothiazide (spelled correctly first try); Perindopril ... Baby Aspirins. I've got the best prices."

Did the dealer really say, (spelled... )?

Yes.

"Hey, Mr. Dealer. I was just declined for \$3.45. Can I get my meds for 43¢ from you?"

"Sure, can. Even less."

"Are you sure you're a drug dealer, Sonny? May I give you some advice?"

"Sure, mister."

“Old people’s medicine is not a lucrative business model for street dealing. We are on fixed incomes. I don’t think dealing in heart and cholesterol medicine to poor old folks will drape you in bling and roll you in fine rides.”

“Why are you talking like that?”

“Sonny, I’ve spent many years on the mean streets. And I used to watch Matlock, religiously, and oh yeah, Columbo. Have you ever seen Petrocelli?”

“Are you, my grandpa? Petro... who?”

“I might be your grandpa, but only for a little while unless I can find a way to fill my prescription. Sonny, may I borrow your phone? Shall we get a DNA test?”

Ring. Ring.

Marge.

Stan, why are you calling?

Marge, I need a favour. I need to borrow...

Stop right there. I lent you \$3.00 last month, and now you need another \$3.45. When will it end?

Can you make it \$3.50 just to be safe?

This is the last time. I need you to get off your butt and get a job. I can’t cover you anymore.

I understand. Marge?

Yes.

I’m going to quit eating from Tuesday-Friday.

Why don’t you just work?

Marge, I’m 84; I can’t walk, hence the scooter. I have cataracts. WTF am I supposed to do?

You have to do something.

Never mind. I will get the money somewhere else.

That Evening Under a Corner Street Light

Hey.

Hello.

Old man, why are you talking to me?

Would you like some company?

What?

I need to find \$3.45 to stay alive.

What?

I can show you a good time.

### The Point of the Story

WTF is the \$3.45 for?

Just give the man his medicine. Old people aren't scamming the system for extra meds.

What's wrong with our world?

Happy Canada Day – to think, in a prosperous country like Canada, this is something that happened. Except, of course, for the drug dealing and hooker parts. I think.

I may need to give up food Monday-Friday soon, and I am not even sure that will be enough.

I should have quietly paid, handed the man his medication, and walked away without saying a single word.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 88.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



## MY LIFE MY LIFE



**S**o, I started out unwanted → nothing made sense → I was saved by my friends and their families → my creativity began to blossom → I meandered through life directionless, without guidance → I kept bouncing off walls → life continued not making sense → I faced death, heartache, isolation, fear → and then → **BOOM** → my core was rocked → I was fucked up → I dove into my past to cobble life back together → the fact is (Ducks Newburyport) → I was fucked up, alone, scared → I crashed → I collapsed → I sabotaged what little good I had in my life → I slammed into the bottom → friends lifted me up → *I have sexy feet* → I began to rise like a phoenix → I rose → I cried → I stumbled → I kept bouncing off walls → I cried more → the fact is → I was still and always will be, fucked up (at least a little bit) → the people in Europe told me fucked up, was okay → I rose again, and then started free-falling in solitude → without family → I hit the bottom again → I cried → I wanted to die → nothing fit → I feared I didn't belong anywhere → I got up again → I smiled → I don't know who I am? → I'm finding out → and then, **BAM** → my anger started subsiding → my youngest niece (cousin?) died → my birth mother died → my youngest sister (aunt?) died → I suffered a catastrophic stroke → I began feeling bad for my mother, my father, my mother's mother → and my father's father → and my father I don't know → why did they lie? → I will never know → the thing is, it's not their fault → humans are flawed → and besides, today, tomorrow, and the next day, I need to smile!

I don't regret who I've become.