

MY  
DAYS



JULY  
2023

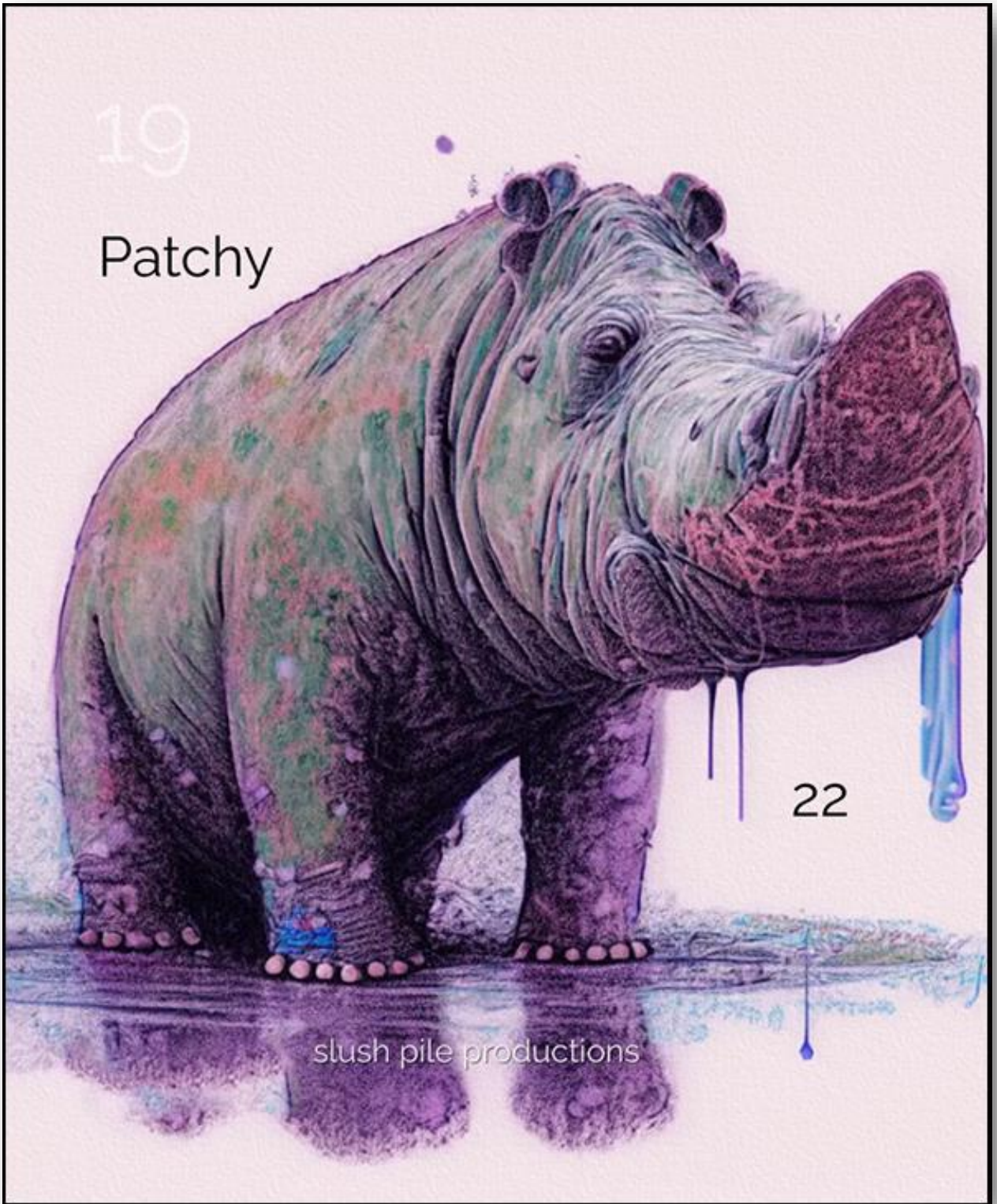
LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JULY 2023**

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**MY DAYS: JULY 2023**



PATCHY  
PATCHY



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To help me fall asleep, I often find solace in the embrace of a plum-colored stuffed hippopotamus named Patchy. It may seem peculiar for a 63-year-old man to seek comfort from a child's toy, but it works wonders in calming my restless mind.

"Sparkly! Sparkly! Sparkly!" I call out, hoping for a response from my mischievous companion.

"Why are you being so quiet? I can see you, hiding and rummaging around in there," I say, peering into my brain room.

"I'm not here," Sparkly replies, attempting to deceive me.

"Sparkly, don't play games. I can see you behind the lamp next to the sofa," I insist. "Do you think the construction crew working on my blind left window will ever finish?"

Sparkly finally reveals himself, tears streaming down his face.

Concerned, I ask him why he's crying.

"I'm worried about you," he confesses.

I reassure Sparkly that we will be alright, despite the challenges we face.

He seems comforted by my words. "Linds?" Sparkly calls out.

"Yes, Sparkly?" I respond.

"Sometimes, the things that happen make me sad. That's why I hide behind this lamp," he explains.

I understand Sparkly's need to find refuge, but I suggest he finds a better hiding spot. I promise not to burden him with my worries today unless he thinks it's sad for a grown man to confide in a stuffed animal.

"What do you mean?" Sparkly asks, curious.

"I want you to help me set aside my worries for the day," I clarify.

"Okay. Can we play together? No more Jenga." he asks, his spirits lifting.

"Of course," I reply, glad to bring some joy to Sparkly's day.

Patchy often communicates with me, though I struggle to decipher the hippopotamus language. Hana, my cat, joins us, perhaps feeling a tinge of jealousy. We spend time together, exchanging visits and purrs, and it brings a sense of calmness to my racing heart.

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As I prepare to use the bathroom, Hana follows me, sharing her stories through various mewls. It's a peculiar ritual, but it somehow brings me comfort during moments of vulnerability – pooping.

"I need more sleep," I mutter to myself, realizing the importance of rest.

J's toes peek out from under the covers, and the Billedbeasts, mischievous creatures, start gnawing at them. I shoo them away, but they pay no attention to my commands.

"Patchy!!!" I cry out in frustration.

Thankfully, Patchy comes to the rescue, chasing away the pesky beasts.

I hug Patchy tightly, and he playfully licks my ears, causing me to giggle.

"Spatchy. Ouch. Why did you bite me, Spatchy? Ouch. I apologize, Patchy. Ouch. I'll call you by your rightful name. Ouch. Okay. Okay. Patchy," I say, experiencing a comical moment with my stuffed companion.

"Slurp," Patchy licks my left ear.

All of this truly happened, I assure you. But there's one thing missing - a gummy.

"Sparkly?" I call out.

"Yes?" he responds from his hiding place inside my head.

"Why are you still hiding?" I inquire.

"I don't know," he admits.

"Did you hide my worries?" I ask, hoping for a positive response.

"Worries stowed away," Sparkly assures me.

"Can I begin my day now?" I eagerly ask.

"Go for it," Sparkly encourages.

And so, I close the window into my mind, ready to face the day ahead. As usual, I engage in my routine of writing, exercising at the Fitness Asylum, reading, and embarking on a 30,000-step walk through the beautiful yet scorching streets of Vancouver, accompanied by Patchy.

Do not think.

I am not.

At 1:42, I indulge in a fruit-flavored gummy.

At 2:32, I stroll along a trail in Stanley Park, a grizzly bear moves toward me. I'm unconcerned because Stanley Park doesn't have grizzly bears. A cougar runs past me. Also, not a thing. What am I seeing then? Bears and cougars don't scare me.

As I continue my walk, a Hemlock Looper Moth larvae dangles from a tree, poised to strike me. A startled shriek of a frightened young girl escapes my lips, though I must note that I have no knowledge of how frightened girls actually sound. My feeble attempt at a shriek resembles a cat's mewl.

Strangely enough, the nonexistent grizzly bear scampers away.

I reward Patchy, with a grape. He wanted lemonade.

"Where did you find the grape?" someone asks.

"I do not know. Perhaps at the grape store?" I reply nonchalantly.

"A grape-specific store?" they inquire.

"Indeed," I confirm.

This conversation really didn't happen. Or did it?

Did.

A duck waddles past us. We are on a bridge.

A family in Chilliwack, British Columbia, are hunger striking to have Pickle Ball courts removed from their neighbourhood.

Three senior citizens stop exercising.

**Now it is 2:33**, and alas, my feet seem to have forgotten the workings of flip flops.

However, I shall not concern myself with it just yet.

The flop's platform refuses to flip properly.

I shall have a word with my feet and flip flops later regarding their disobedience.

"Linds, are you alright?" someone inquires.

"Fear not, for I am not troubled," I reassure them.

That ↑↑↑ is how I really speak.

Curiosity piques my interest as I come across a path through the woods.

A sign warns, "**If you choose to venture down this path and you are straight, there is no guarantee you will come out that way.**" Or something like that.

A mother and her son pass me by, oblivious to their surroundings. I wonder if they truly know where they are.

"Damn you, feet, and flops! Can't you cooperate?" I mutter in annoyance.

In a fit of frustration, I accidentally kick a boulder with my left pinky toe and its neighboring toe. The pain is excruciating. "Perhaps I should buy a lottery ticket," I contemplate. Because that makes perfect sense.

And so, I purchase a lottery ticket, along with a McDonald's coke. The coke is merely a means to obtain ice.

Undeterred by my mishap, I continue onward. I think misstep works better.

Eventually, I reach Gummy Friday, Whom, sits alone at the bar. 2G and The Postman occupy a nearby table. I join them and suggest that Whom also join our company.

Today, I must not let The Postman affect me. This is a day free from worries. The Mayor is absent, as he embarks on a cruise with his sister, traveling to Reykjavik, Greenland, and Norway. I spelled Reykjavik correctly. When in Norway, The Mayor promises to look for my father.

Bartender Sebastian surprises us all with a life-sized cardboard cutout of The Mayor, which he places beside us. It may seem peculiar, but we embrace the quirkiness without question.

As we gather around the table, I take the opportunity to share the story of kicking the boulder. The others at the table listen intently, and we collectively agree that it was not a wise decision, kicking boulders.

I proceed to recount the tale of the trail sign deep in the woods.

Just when the conversation seems to be veering off course, the Postman interjects with an outlandish statement about needing signs to warn tourists about homeless people stabbing people. It's a completely baseless claim, and he tries to sell his anger to the rest of us.

Determined not to indulge in his nonsense, I silently hum a tune to myself.

Surprisingly, 2G speaks up, dismissing The Postman's idea as unfounded, and miraculously, the topic is dropped. Perhaps my singing played a role in diffusing the situation. I don't understand people's vitriol towards homeless people, and this may be a conflation, other cultures.

In a completely unrelated turn of events, we learn that Tony Bennet has passed away, he wasn't on a bus heading to a casino.

2G, always one to provide colourful descriptions, begins to delve into explicit details about various sexual acts.

It's as if he's a professor of pornography. Amused by the conversation, I interject with a lighthearted remark, suggesting that I had simply mentioned going straight into the woods and coming out... only to be interrupted by 2G, who continues his impromptu lesson.

My grammar AI wouldn't allow me to use the word sexual, later when you read the word



fellatio, AI also frowned upon that. AI is censoring us. That can't be a good thing.

As Jacque joined us, I couldn't help but ask him to vividly describe the concept of spit-roasting. With a mischievous grin, Jacque delved into the explicit details, whispering them to the Postman, who seemed intrigued.

I was amazed by how Jacque took my idea and elevated it with his descriptive storytelling of various sexual acts. I find it delightful listening to a 78-year-old man describing sex acts. Is that weird?

Suddenly, a light bulb lit up in my mind, giving birth to a brilliant story idea: **"Jack Explains Things."**

I envisioned a captivating series, with one episode per week, each lasting 23 minutes and filled with rich backstories. The star of the show would be the enigmatic 76-year-old Jacque, who would be asked one question per episode, and the entire episode would revolve around his mesmerizing descriptions.

The potential episodes began to take shape in my mind: Episode 1 would focus on Spit-Roasting, Episode 2 on Edging, Episode 3 Fellatio, and the possibilities for more episodes seemed endless.

Patchy, always the supporter, agreed that this was a fantastic idea.

Amused by the situation, I melted another gummy in my mouth and burst into laughter.

Jacque, now ready to perform an episode, began narrating with seamless eloquence. We all sat there, captivated by his storytelling prowess. The talking stick was in the hands of Jacque, and we eagerly listened to his every word.

Just as the atmosphere was reaching its peak, 2G interrupted the moment by looking up from his phone and flashing us a picture of his nephew. "Look at this picture of my nephew! 2G emphatically said, as much as a 64-year-old who'd smoked a lot of weed can be emphatic. Jacque's voice halted abruptly.

British James sat behind us, and black Roy joined him.

The word "black" is in lowercase because it is not part of Roy's name.

As soon as 2G saw Roy, he exclaimed "OMG!"

My AI, Abe, if you remember, decided if someone says OMG, they must be female—I erased the 's' from 'he' above.

In that moment, it dawned on me that God is black. This realization brought me great joy.

I began telling Roy and James about my aching toes. Patchy stared at them intently.

“Why is that purple thing, staring at us?” James asked.

“He’s my sleeping friend Patchy. Do you guys have sleeping friends?” I asked.  
James has a monkey.

God has a big pillow and a foot fetish. I’ve known God for over 20 years.

I questioned God (Roy) why he had me kick that massive boulder?

I asked Roy if the boulder was okay because if my toes were hurting this badly, the boulder must have been in excruciating pain.

However, I knew that Jacque's dark views of the world meant he wasn't pleased that God was black. So, I alternated between the two.

Now, I found myself torn between wanting Jacque to describe sexual terms or God to answer my questions.

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Roy informed me that the boulder, whom I named Bouldy for the sake of the story, was hurting badly. He explained that the boulder had tried to cry, but being a rock, it lacked tear ducts.

According to Roy, Bouldy had been telling all the other forest inhabitants that it had been kicked by the most gigantic of giants ever. The force of my kick was so powerful that it had started turning the boulder into a diamond, and now it needed counseling for post-traumatic stress disorder.

This was all true, believe it or not.

Meanwhile, Jacque seemed to be fixated on rimming, which was not part of the plan for the episode.

Patchy, was purring, and the Postman was looking at a picture of 2G's nephew.

A man sat down on Bouldy, and another man passing by stopped and...  
The two men left the woods, not walking in a straight line. They had firmly entered the other category.

Thank you, Sparkly, for distracting me from my worries today. But please, I beg of you, can you leave the remote on the coffee table?

I know you don't drink coffee, but it doesn't have to be coffee, Sparkly.

Before I go, I must check the stats from my watch.

It tells me how much mental recovery I had last night.

"God? Why do you allow suffering?"

"I don't know."

"I thought you were God."

"Sure."

My mental recovery last night reached an excellent score of 74%.

"Patchy?"

"Mewl."

"Give me a hug."

"Patchy?"

"Yes, I mean mewl."

"Did you know that I have written this many books this year?→↓

1. The Stairs
2. Drawings by Harlan
3. Tru & Joy Find Love
4. A 60-Year-Old-Man Running in Flip Flops
5. Laugh
6. I'm Not a Poet: Volume 1
7. E.X.P.E.R.I.M.E.N.T.A.L
8. My Days - June 2023
9. My Days - July 2023 (Almost done)"

"Wow! That's incredible. Mewl."

"Thanks."

Charlie Kaufman.

"Why?"

"I just wanted to type his name."

“Linds?”

“Yes, Patchy.”

“I love you. Keep following the path you are on. You are on the verge of a breakthrough.”

I have to go. Jacque is doing an episode on masturbation and prostate health.

Jacque usually dines at an Italian restaurant with The Mayor every Friday, but tonight he's going alone. I suggest he takes The Mayor cutout with him for company.

Whom tells us that he used to drink a lot when he was in Italy, but because it was hot, he never got drunk. Whom is 68, and I don't think he understands how alcohol works. I stare at his head trying to get him to tell the truth. It's hot out today and Whom appears drunk.

“Linds, do you think this belongs in the book?”

“Yes. The book is about resilience and coping. This is part of the process – a worry-free day in the face of adversity.”

“Linds? Yes. What do you think Fernando, Sam, and the other guy did yesterday?”

“Oh, you know, the usual. They exploited suffering souls for profit. They are incapable of anything else.”

On that note, Patchy and I embrace tightly, and I drift into a deep REM sleep, leaving Hana to protect J's feet from the Bilderbeasts.

Where am I going to go tomorrow?

I don't know, perhaps J and I will go see how Bouldy is recovering.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 93.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



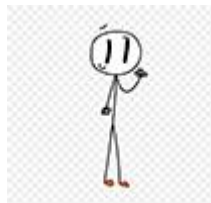
**A 60ish-Year-Old-Man** Watches 3 City Dwellers Buy Trucks.



I need a truck.



I need a truck.



I need a truck.



Wow. Those are sure big trucks. For city driving? Are you overcompensating?

What are you trying to say?

Nothing you aren't already saying yourself. Vroom...