

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
ЛІНДСАЙ ВІНЧЕРАУК



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wisdom

slush pile productions

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My Days: July 2023
МІЙ ДІВІСЬ: ЛІПЕНЬ 2023



I decided to take a break from the Fitness Asylum on Sunday and Monday. Unfortunately, Stress decided to keep haunting me. I still made sure to keep myself active and engaged to fight back Stress's onslaught. During a walk in the woods with J, we came across a fallen tree and with an ornamental owl perched beside it, aptly named, Al.

Al seemed out of place, but to my surprise, Al suddenly blinked his eyes and flew away before J could capture a photo.

As we continued walking, I couldn't help but feel a mix of emotions. J dropped me off at adult daycare, where I hoped to spend time with friends.

Only, Whom, was present. I shared some of my artistic and literary creations with Whom, who showered me with encouragement and praised my talent.

Deep down, I already knew I had it in me, talent that is!

Whom had been down lately due to a falling out with our dying friend, Dean and, his continuing struggle with age and Parkinson's disease. We discussed their strained relationship, and I offered Whom some words of support. I reminded him that all relationships have ups and downs, and sometimes we just need to listen and be there for each other without trying to fix everything.

Suddenly, 2G approached me from behind, tapped my shoulder, greeted me, and then abruptly left.

His behavior upset me because he made it clear that he didn't want to be in the presence of Whom. I think it's time for 2G to grow up and stop spreading toxicity. I decided to distance myself from him in the coming days.

An old man sat down next to me, but I didn't feel like engaging with him. I tried to be polite, but I didn't want to invest my energy in someone who seemed like they would require a lot of work. It may sound harsh, but I had to prioritize my own well-being. And besides, my plate is fucking full.

Whom mentioned that Dean was going through a tough time, and he acknowledged that Dean would share his story with me when he was ready.

People often want to open up and be vulnerable, but only when they feel a sense of trust, I said.

The old man chimed in with a scratchy voice, saying, **"I used to be hot until I was 43."**

He set up the perfect opportunity for me to respond with a witty remark, and I took it. **"What are you now, 44?"** I quipped. He didn't get it.

Just then, Laura joined us. This was the first time we had met Laura; I think.

We bonded over cat videos and shared stories about how our cats had peculiar habits, like telling us stories in cat, while we sat on the toilet.

My cat, Hana, would simply mewl, while Laura's cat would jump on her lap. It made me happy to have a lighthearted conversation with a complete stranger.

Laura felt comfortable enough to share a personal story about visiting her ex-girlfriend in rehab. She described how the people in rehab were forced to listen to their loved ones telling them how they had been hurt by the person in rehab. I couldn't help but feel that it was a cruel practice.

She continued to reveal that her ex had called the police on her and had her sent to jail. This incident had severely impacted her life, making it difficult for her to find a job, even as a delivery driver for Uber Eats. The thought of being 63 and needing to find work weighed heavily on my mind.

Laura then confessed that she had made a mistake and had been intimate with her ex during the visit.

In a week, Laura would be going to rehab for her alcohol addiction, and she was using this time as her last bender. I held back my opinion about her getting drunk before entering rehab. Instead, I listened, understanding that it wasn't my place to judge.

Her rehab would be in Chilliwack, and this sparked a conversation about various things she could do while there. I suggested she visit the people hunger striking over the pickleball court, jokingly comparing them to heroes of great magnitude.

Laura asked why they were on a hunger strike, and I explained that they wanted the pickleball courts removed because they hadn't been there when they bought their houses. The absurdity of it all made us laugh.

I also recommended that Laura explore the world's largest corn maze in Chilliwack and joked about what they might do with the corn from the maze.

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We even talked about the news story of a campground at Cultus Lake, also close to Chilliwack, being shut down due to a pet-eating cougar and the guy they interviewed, who expressed his delight in a rather drooling manner when the campground reopened. I suggested Laura needs to go talk with this guy, and interview Mitten's distraught owners.

These three tales made the news or rather, should we say they were part of the Daily Noise?

As the conversation came to an end, I stood up to leave, and Laura and I hugged each other, wishing each other the best.

At that moment, the old man turned 45, adding a touch of humour to the situation.

I strolled down the street, craving another beer.

For an hour, I sat alone, observing the intricate dance of the human condition. The pub was bustling, filled with approximately 80 people, with only two exceptions who weren't Caucasian. I couldn't quite decide how I felt about this; perhaps it wasn't ideal, but I couldn't be certain.

As a man passed me, I recognized him from somewhere. He appeared to be around my age, maybe even older, and he too sat alone. I caught myself judging him, labeling him as desperate and somewhat pitiful. What a terrible way to think. The man sported jean shorts, sandals, and a vibrant tank top with a pocket.

Did I truly believe I was superior to him?

Perhaps, deep down, I did. But I needed to rise above such thoughts.

Finishing my beer, I ordered another and returned to my spot on the sofa. To my dismay, someone had taken my place. I found an alternative spot at a table with two stools.

People were dancing, and a game of Jenga ended in a loud crash. In that moment, I wondered how J, who happened to be Korean, would feel in a room full of Caucasians. Maybe I would ask him later.

Taking a seat on one of the stools, I was surprised when Dean approached me. We embraced, and he insisted on buying me a drink. Eagerly, I listened to Dean's trials and tribulations. Just then, the man in the pocketed tank top walked by. I was about to pass judgement on him to **Dean when I realized something**: I was wearing jean shorts, flip flops, and a colorful tank top with a pocket.

I confessed this to Dean, who chuckled and continued to generously share his own struggles with his progressing illness. I continued to listen attentively.

Eventually, it was time to leave. Dean and I bid each other farewell with a warm embrace.

As I headed towards the exit, one of the two non-Caucasians winked at me and greeted me. I couldn't help but smile.

Tomorrow morning, I planned to kickstart my day at the Fitness Asylum.

The lesson I learned from today's experiences?

Life had shown me that even if an inanimate owl could come to life, there was always room for hope. If we open our hearts and truly listen, all the answers we seek will find their way to us.

Linds?

Yes Sparkly.

You do know the owl was never ornamental; don't you?

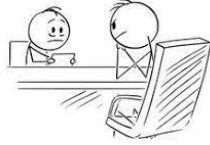
How do you know, you weren't there?

I'm always with you Linds. I'm always with you.





A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Goes to an Employment Agency



What brings you here today?
You look old, how old are you?

|Lie| I'm 60. |Damn|

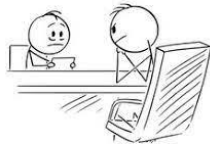
Do you have jobs for 60-year-olds?



No. I mean, why are you looking for work?
Never mind. Silly question.

What was your last job, career?

What do you mean you were great at it—



—but you're not allowed to talk about it?

How long were you there?

Oh my. That's a long time.

Did they provide you with a reference?

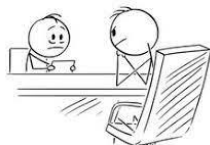


No. Well that is problematic.

We don't usually have things for older people.

Please, I need to work, to eat, to live indoors.

Maybe not for much longer. **|Oops, use inside voice|**



Have you considered dying?

Man, I'm glad I'm not you. **|Oops|**

I have jobs at Amazon—but they'd likely kill you.

Workers at Amazon wear diapers.



Do you wear diapers yet? **|Oops, inside voice|**

Do you want to drive an Uber or Lyft?

I don't have a vehicle.

Loser. **|Oops|**. Maybe consider dying. Good luck.