

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

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MORGAN + MINDY IN LOVE
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This is the story about Morgan the raccoon + Mindy the duck falling in love.
But before we get to the story. I must wake up.
It's a fabulous summer day in spectacular Vancouver.

You seem upbeat.

Sparkly, we are starting the avoidance tour.

Keep trying.

I will.

I write a story.

I hit the Fitness Asylum.

I read. By the end of the day, I will once again surpass 30,000 steps.

I poop.

A big boy poop.

Sparkly, I need to take my hands to a counsellor.

What?

Yeah, my left hand is jealous of my right hand, and I'm afraid for my right hand's safety. I think my left hand is plotting to hurt him.

Why is your left hand jealous?

You know.

I don't.

Think.

Oh. I think I know. Gross.

Walk

J and I make it to Lost Lagoon.

A heron is by the shoreline, only about 5 feet from us, fishing, head ducking into the water, little fishy in beak, wiggle, wiggle, swallow. Still hungry.

A family is approaching us, mother, father, two girls and a boy. They stop two people walking a dog. I overhear the father.

Your dog is adorable. If you mix it with |type of dog| the baby's fur would be fluffy. Mixing breeds can have astonishing results.

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I had to hit the bathroom again, stragglers.

Gross.

The father added another sentence.

I'm anti-immigration.

That's odd.

J and I tell the family about the heron. They stop to watch.

A duck family approaches us. A mum and three little ones.

Quack.

Hello.

Quack. My name is Margaret. These are my children, Josh, Rodolfo, and Mindy. Can we walk with you?

Atwood?

Quack?

Never mind. It would be lovely to walk together.

Quack. Thank you.

You guys must be happy you're not chickens.

Quack. The Germans love eating duck.

You guys must be happy you are in Canada.

Quack.

What?

Quack. Clucky the chicken, tried to recruit us for the revolution.

Are you going to go?

Quack. I don't have the time; I'm raising three young uns.

Quack. Want to hear a song we wrote?

Sure.

Quack. Quack. Quack.

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That's beautiful.

Quack. Gotta run; I mean, swim. I promised the kids we'd swim over to Tortoise Island today.

Swim

The family swims past a family of Geese.

Mindy says, quack? What are you guys? We're ducks!!!

| **Whatever sound Geese make** | I don't know.

Quack. How can you not know what you are, silly?

| **Whatever sound Geese make** | I don't speak duck.

Swim

A family of Racoons enters the frame. A mum named Sally. And her three kids, Jesse, Rafael, and Morgan. Walk. Stumble. Walk. Stumble.

Mindy effortlessly swims by, catching Morgan's eye.

| Whatever sound Racoons make | Hey you, you are beautiful. Will you be my girlfriend? Morgan asked.

Quack. I'm a duck.

| Whatever sound Racoons make | I don't care. I think I'm falling in love with you.

Quack. You don't even know me. And besides, my mum told me to stay away from the raccoons; they are up to no good. Mischievous devils, she says.

| Whatever sound Racoons make | Does your mum even know any raccoons?

Quack. No. But...

| Whatever sound Racoons make | It's the mask, isn't it? It's always about the mask. We are not criminals. You wouldn't believe how often my mum and dad get pulled over by park rangers. We get blamed for everything. Now get over here and kiss me.

Quack. Kiss.

| Whatever sound Racoons make | Kiss.

Quack. I'm in love with you, Morgan.

| Whatever sound Racoons make | Is it because I'm a bad boy?

For the next three hours, their relationship blossomed. Morgan and Mindy snuck together to Raccoon Island to steal moments of forbidden love.

Mindy tried to teach Morgan how to fly. Morgan climbed up onto a rock; Mindy gave him a push.

| Whatever sound Racoons make | Weeeee! I'm flying.

Splash

Morgan was more like a Flugtag than a bird.

Peck. Peck. Kiss. Kiss.

Rabbit, the squirrel, caught them making out. **| Whatever sound squirrels make |** I'm going to tell your parents. Rabbit said.

Morgan and Mindy pleaded in unison. No. We are in love. Leave us be. And seriously, your name is Rabbit? Seriously?

| **Whatever sound squirrels make** | I will tell your parents, unless...?

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | Unless... what?

| **Whatever sound squirrels make** | Unless you rob the nut store on Denman Street and supply me with a never-ending supply of nuts.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | You are a bleeping racist, Rabbit. Just because we are wearing masks, you think we're all... you disgust me.

| **Whatever sound squirrels make** | You can rob a convenience store if that works better for you.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | We are not robbing anywhere. We'll take our chances with our mums, Margert, and Sally?

| **Whatever sound squirrels make** | Atwood?

Quack. | Sob |

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | Mindy, why are you crying?

Quack. | Sob | I'm pregnant.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | I'm so happy!!! I love you, Mindy.

Quack. I love you as well, Morgan.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | Mindy?

Quack?

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | I have awful news. I don't know how to tell you. I don't want to tell you.

Quack. | Sob |

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | Dad's been transferred. We are moving to Beaver Lake. Dad thinks things will be easier for us there, fewer racists, he says.

Quack. | Sob | I saw the anti-immigration family heading that way.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | I don't want to go.

Quack. | Sob | I'll visit once I learn to fly better.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | No. I won't have it. It's too dangerous. There are eagles, the most horrible of the horrible seagulls; and coyotes.

Quack. | Sob | I can't live without you.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | You must. Think about our children.
I will return when I turn two.

Quack. | Sob | You'll have forgotten about us by then.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | Mindy. I will never forget you. You
are my first love. The love of my life. You are my life.

Two Years Pass

Quack. Morgan is that you!?!

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | I told you I'd return. Now, where are
my kids?

Three two-year-old male ducks, all named Drake, duck out from behind an oak tree.

| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | OMG. They look exactly like me!!!

Quack. Yeah. They got your mask. Tonight, they are hitting a convenience store. Could
you help them? 8

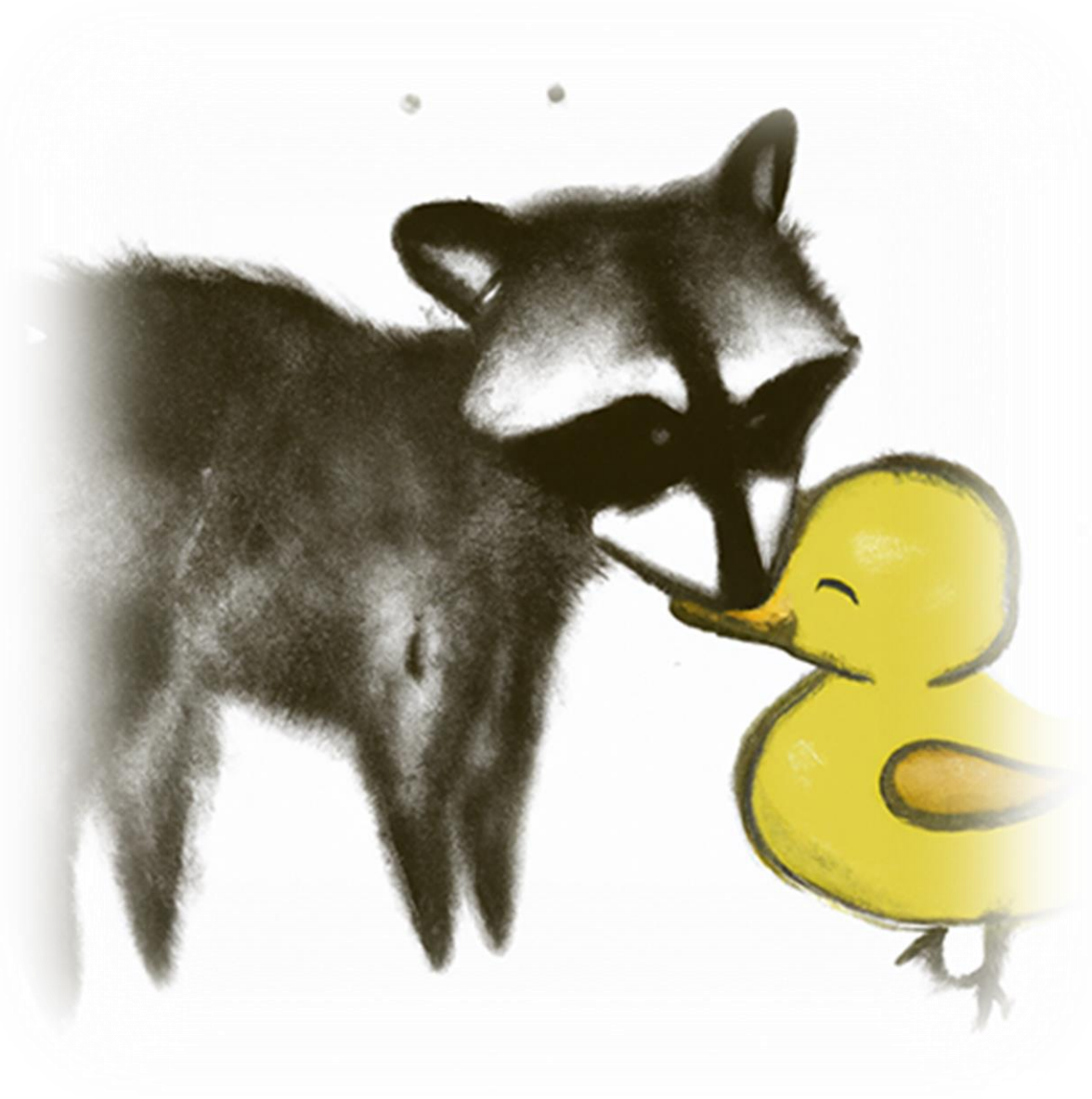
| **Whatever sound Racoons make** | Of course I will help, I am their father,
after all!

Happily, Ever After!

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Grammarly Readability Score = 88.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



MOVEMENT MOVEMENT



Happy - sing - dance - sip - eat - fly - whatever it takes to make a round, no matter what the consequences hold in store, it's the only way to survive the onslaught - derive pleasure, embrace - lucidity arrives - despair dissipates - another bend - another flat - rise from the anguish - collapse even further - rise again to shoot for the stars - don't lose sight - good comes from persistence, if it is any other way it hasn't been uncovered - the sad the bad the tears the pain: enhance - the sad the bad the tears the pain: bring life - the sad the bad the tears the pain: brings finality - cry, love, laugh, sing, and hug - don't succumb, tomorrow may be next and next will always be better in some way, yesterday is gone, lessons learned, forgotten, and repeated - smile again, and again, share love, lie down, relax, repeat, kiss, love more, kiss again – continue!