

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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SECOND BEST
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I hate this.
Tears are welling up again. Stop it.
I don't want to cry.
I turn sixty-three in twelve days.
I need to fight through this. I must prevail.

Go easy on yourself, Linds. Let the tears flow. Cleanse.

What am I going to do? Am I even doing the right things?

You are. I've never seen anyone as dedicated to their craft as you are.
What did Grammarly send you yesterday — didn't they send an email
saying you have written for 215 weeks straight?

But I'm a failure.

Anything but.

You just weren't born with a silver spoon in your mouth. You are the
definition of never giving up.

Tears are flowing. I need to take care of my family. I just don't know how to do it.

Life is spiralling down the drain. Our meagre savings, are gone.

Keep pressing on.

I will. But don't you think it's tiresome for people to keep reading about what's happening with me?

No. I know many people can relate, and your sharing helps other's to feel less alone. It's a wonderful thing you are doing. You are letting people know there is no time frame on grief, and it's okay to cry and be upset.

Do you believe that?

Yes.

The job rejections are starting to pour in. It's devastating to realize you are becoming obsolete. Many days, I think my heart is going to stop.

Keep pressing.

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I turned down an invitation to a thirty-year reunion for a company I worked for because I couldn't stand to be put in a situation where I'd cry in front of others. I feel like a failure.

You are anything but. Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

I see in you a fantastic man. Look at all the things you keep doing despite the uncertainty you are facing. What is it now? Don't you have twelve completed manuscripts? Wow! You've produced fifteen issues of a Monthly Online Magazine. Keep pressing forward. I think you may be my hero.

I'm crying.

That's okay.

I need to be good to people. I need to make sure J is okay. I need to live. I must thrive.

You will. You do.

A tear drops onto my lap.

Another rejection for a job I am not qualified for, nor want, arrives in my inbox.

I received a notice from my bank telling me future transactions may be cancelled.

I keep trying.

Press on Lindsay.

—

I read the book Second Best | by David Foenkinos |

A boy named Martin is destined to become Harry Potter. It's not necessarily his dream; it fell into his lap by chance.

Near the end of the selection process, which seemed to be a lock for Martin, Daniel Radcliffe is asked to put his hat in the ring.

He's not necessarily better than Martin, but he is selected.

Martin can't escape the global phenomenon of the Harry Potter craze. Everywhere he looks, he sees and laments what could have been. While Daniel's star soars into the prison and adulation of fame.

Have you ever found yourself pondering over certain decisions you made in life? Maybe you've thought about how things might have turned out differently if you had made a different choice during a big game. Or perhaps you've applied for a job in the past, got shortlisted, but ultimately didn't get the position.

Poor Martin could never escape who he could have been, longing for it – suffering it.

I built a company during a fifteen-year career. No matter what I did, when it came time for the company to make a change, I never stood a chance because a coworker still had a silver spoon in his mouth. They released me from my job without any wrongdoing on my part. And the silver spoon got to stay. I was deemed second best.

Second Best reminds us that none of us are second best. Sometimes, no matter how hard you try, the cards are being dealt by someone else – and what you longed hard for was nothing more than an elusive and destructive dream. Being true to yourself and embracing your unique qualities is so important. Laughing and loving are also crucial for a happy and fulfilling life. But above all, showing kindness and empathy towards others can make a significant impact on the world. It's incredible how much of a difference a small act of kindness can make.

Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

I love the way you process things. Please keep pressing on.

I will.

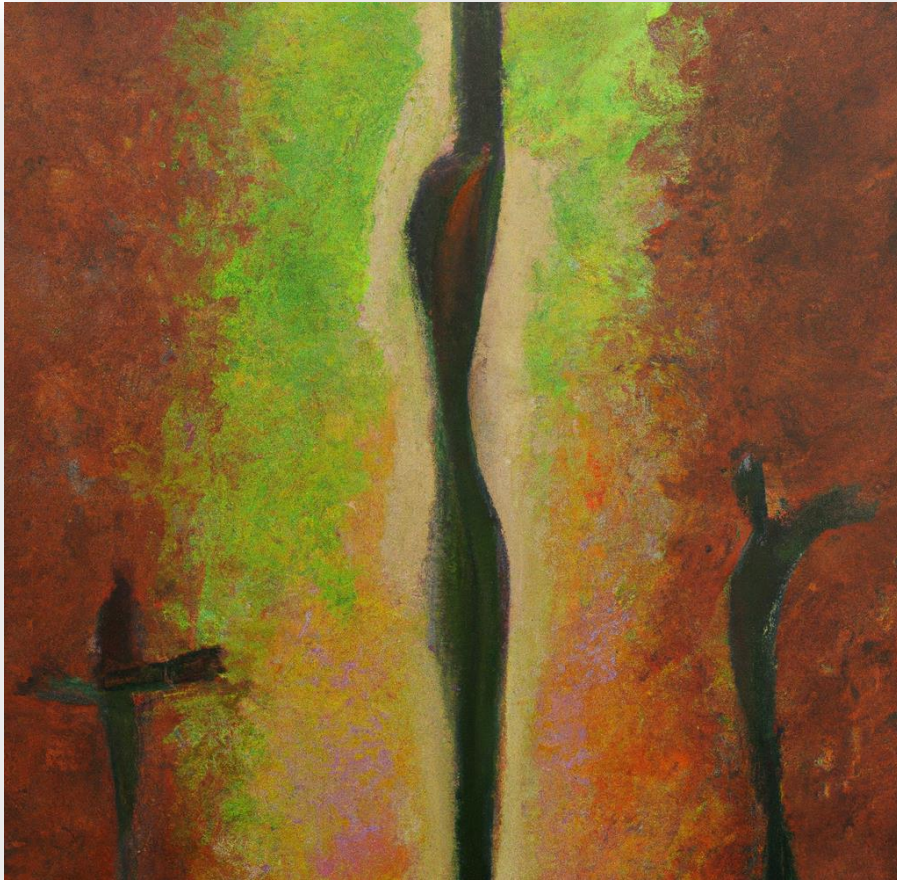
I'm worried about your Depression.

I'm human.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 86.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



VICE WORLD PART 2: BOOZE VICE WORLD PART 2: BOOZE

16 NOVEMBER 1979
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Welcome Back. It's great to see you again → what took you so long to return?
You loved speed. Sorry about the expense. Shall we add another vice?
Liquid Refreshments → excellent choice. Congrats on being a National
Champion!

I get it, you watched your teammates → popularity grew with inebriation. Weird, but true.

You're right, most partaking are idiots. I get why it took you four months after turning nineteen to dive in to the pool.

What? –you walked eleven blocks to the Sutherland Hotel.

A tavern filled with smoke. A saunter to the counter. Shaking hands. Forehead beading with sweat. Voice prepubescent. Cracking.

Why were you shaking? You were legal age?

OMG, you called the barman barkeep? And then you asked for brew?

His forehead was also beading → !?!

He fired off a list: Black Label, Blue, OV, Old Stock, Canadian, on and on and on and on.

You ordered Black Label? First on the list.

Let down. ID not requested.

Rush home eleven blocks. Grab a flashlight. Retreat to your room. Dive under the cover's. Pour two bottles at a time into a large mug. Guzzle. Repeat.

Nineteen minutes later. Last drop gone.

5 PM THE NEXT DAY 5 PM THE NEXT DAY

Your Mum retrieved you from the bathtub. You'd been sleeping in your underwear. Let's hope there is no fire.

Hope to see you soon for Vice 3!

In the meantime, may I suggest, from this day forward, keep convincing yourself drinking is a social thing.

