

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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THE VIOLENCE OF HOMELESSNESS

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Three men. Lettered, J, S, and K.
A violent act is set in motion.

Good people are affected. A family is destroyed.

Death on the horizon.
A pandemic strikes.

March 12, 2020

They make the decision of greed over humanity and dignity.
Pull the chord and start lying.

Laser Focused.

Terminate.
Decency is forsaken.

What do you think your future should be?
The three men answer.

Not with us. We must guard our wealth.

You provided us with riches. We need to believe we did it ourselves. Now we must rid ourselves of you, you are the evidence of our incompetence; our entitlement.

We are monsters.

We kid ourselves otherwise.

We need our father's approval.

It's never coming.

Hurt the innocent. We must hurt the ones better than us. We must destroy lives.

My name is K; I'm the ringleader, the most pliable amongst us, the one to be used as a battering ram.

I am J. J stands for injunction because I don't have balls to face what who I've hurt. I am the weakest of the weak.

I am S; a monkey can do my job. My dad has a fucking boat. Rent a car. I have no skills.

Send him to hell, send him] to run another location, chuckle, we are cruelly signalling his end. You know what I used to do, I slept in my work clothes. Did you really say that → yes.

What, your suffering?

What, your well has done dry?

What, you worried about your family?

Sucks to be you.

Why are you standing up for yourself?

We don't want to see the reflections of who we are. We don't want our children to know what they will inevitably become.

Fuck. We are not entitled; we've worked hard for everything we have.

You three are fucking delusional.

I'm J, I'm the owner. Nobody fights me. I've done a ton of cocaine and steroids. I'm the fucking man. All of my wives are using me for my shriveled balls.

Nobody was fighting you; they just wanted you to do what was right.

You're incapable of seeing humanity.

You are weak.

You are a coward.

You all are.

If it didn't take so much energy to hate...

I'd hate it.

But I don't have the time; I'm trying to stay alive.

You've chosen to violently hurt us; my family.

Maybe kill me.

You have definitely ended us.

You are killing our pet.

I can't live outdoors.

Change the maybe to, killed.

I try.

I cry.

I will try some more.

I cry some more.

I hit the Asylum.

I move over 30,000 steps.

I write.

I read.

I never give up.

I sit with friends; a retirement party for someone six years younger is nearby. We talk about my sixty-eight-year-old and fifty-six-year-old friends who are dying. We talk about my fifty-five- and sixty-one-year-old friends who've recently died.

I'm turning sixty-three.

Get a job.

They don't exist.

But of course, you knew that you just enjoy making people suffer.

Our family pet (Hana) won't survive on the street.

We can't afford her life, anyway. Or mine. Or J's or...

What a horrible stream-of-consciousness.

Unlike J, S, and K, I don't have it in me to lie.

Everything could be more straightforward. Everything is bleak.

You did this. I know you won't admit it.

J, S, and K, when you break bread with your family, please think of those who provided you with the bread in the first place. Think of the people you've had a hand in killing and think about the cat you killed.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 86.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

VICE WORLD PART 3: SEX VICE WORLD PART 3: SEX

EVERYWHERE
EVERYWHERE

19(??)>>>
19(??)>>>

I'm back. Vicing is grand. One. Two. Three. Infinity. I want three. I want three. I want three. What to pick. What to pick.

Slow your roll, big boy.

I can't I want to do it. Sex that is. Bring it on, in all of it's glorious awkwardness. Down boy.

Oh my. You are the most beautiful girl in the world. What, you're dating JK, I'm in trouble?

Wait a second, it's 1981, you're saying —

Shut up.

Drive through the lane, taking the rock to the hole, punch to the gut, ouch. I'm still taking it to the → JK, you can't stop me.

I'm the best-looking QB on the team, probably the world — dance card full — sticky — joyous.

Cuddling with sisters in Jamaica.

A tap on the shoulder in a theater (Liar with Jim Carrey). Would you like to join us?

I like these shoes. It's two AM. Aldo. Come with us. Trust you? Where did my body hair go? I might have been tipsy.

BOOZE + FOOTBALL + BOOZE + POPULARITY = SEX

Tell me more.

Want to meet Ace? Alcohol-fuelled stupidity. Husky Howler. Hot DJ (me). Set finished. Massive friends — helping load the equipment in to my car. Two guys walking by on the street. **Queue Stupid:** "Hey Fags."

What, don't you like being called fag? You think it's 'go' time? Yes. 1:30, time to go home. You are going to kick my ass? Deflate the situation. "Ace, I don't want to fight." What, don't you like being called Ace? Why don't you take of your jacket. **SMASH.** You gave me no choice.

Lindsay, fucking-evolve.

Hello Cam; want to go to Banff + Calgary? 1982.

Banff. Drink. Drink. Drink. Sloshed.

Cam + Kathy (His girlfriend, head back to the hotel). I floated around the mountain paradise.

The next night in Calgary, I suggested I was so drunk I could have had sex and not remembered.

Cam suggested, no. That is not possible.

Kathy suggested otherwise. She also said I walked naked through the hotel lobby. Banff Park Lodge.

Two months later. Alone with Kathy. Apparently, Kathy was otherwise.

Lindsay, fucking-evolve.

WATER BALLOON WATER BALLOON

REGINA SASKATCHEWAN REGINA SASKATCHEWAN

FAST FORWARD: MAY 22, 1989 FAST FORWARD: MAY 22, 1989

Corrie + Vern visited. We double dated with my nameless girlfriend. We socialized with booze. Stumble home. Corrie + Vern took the hide abed. Where is it? I took my girlfriend.

Corrie entered my room. Saw the action. Ran out. I retreated to the washroom. Steady flow. A pleasurable rush. Nothing hitting the bowl. I screamed. Panicking. What's wrong with me?

I was still sporting a condom.

BOOZE & SEX = OFT-TIMES CONFUSING BOOZE & SEX = OFT-TIMES CONFUSING

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