

MY  
DAYS



JULY  
2023

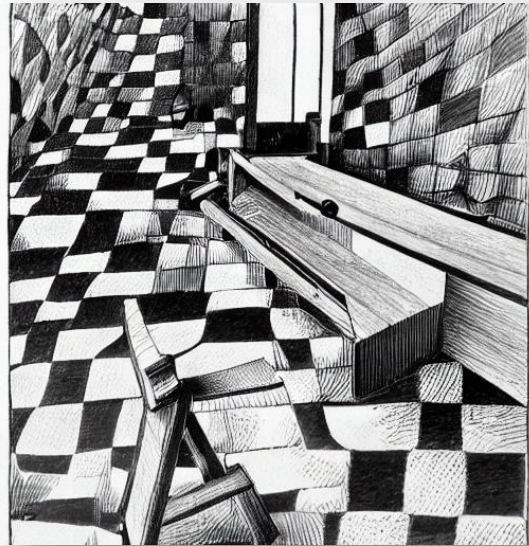
LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JULY 2023**

2

FRAYING  
FRAYING



3

Tenants are being thrown into the chaos of the situation. They are caught in the middle of conflicts between landlords, government regulations, and financial struggles. Many have lost their homes or struggled to pay rent during the pandemic, further complicating their already challenging situations. Throw in unscrupulous business owners fuelled by greed, who used the pandemic to stuff their already overstuffed pockets at the expense of the people who stuffed their pockets. As eviction moratoriums expire and rent prices continue to rise, tenants are left with few options and are often pushed into dire circumstances. The lack of affordable housing, coupled with inadequate tenant protections, leaves these vulnerable individuals navigating a treacherous landscape with few resources at their disposal.

Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

Are you ever going to get back to writing love stories about ducks and raccoons? I'm worried about you.

I'm worried as well.

I walk.

Walk

Fitness Asylum, write, read, another 30,000 plus days.

I come across a couple on the South Creek Trail in Stanley Park. They are checking out a dangling womb carrying a Hemlock Looper Moth.

The tourists are British.

I ask them if they know what they are looking at?

They curiously say no.

So, I give them a history of this endemic moth and the destruction they are causing.

The tourists thank me.

I add the moths are high in antioxidants; you should try some.

I didn't do that.

But they should; if they remove a few of the wombs, a tree will live.

4

Batter up.

Walk

I turn the corner. I'm behind Beaver Lake. Three people approach with a dog.

Behind them, I see a cute puppy running toward me, with a cyclist trailing about fifty yards behind.

I want the puppy to come to me.

Another step.

It's not a puppy.

It's a coyote.

It sure is cute.

I'm not afraid.

The coyote ducks into the woods.

I keep moving.

I count my life savings.  
Done counting.

Walk

I arrive at Gummy Friday.  
2G and The Postman are already there. Karl joins us later. Rats.

Whipple snacks.

Why?  
Because I typed it.

I'm morphing into a mix of Charlie Kaufman and Chuck Palahniuk.

You are?  
Yes.

Sparkly, are you a panda now?

No. Look at my package.  
No.

Sometimes people surprise you. Like Karl?

Yes.

What did he do?

He knows sometimes, after a few beverages, I have a sneezing fit, so he presented me with a baggie of tissues. Thoughtful.

Surprise short-lived.

Karl returns to who he is. He tells the table a joke about why all Chinese women have changed their phone numbers to 911 (I will not repeat it) – Karl sucks as a human. I want to have a sneezing fit all over him. I don't.

I don't enjoy his company. He tends to make the mood toxic.

The Postman knows better, but he still laughs.  
I go home.

I'm sad.

I'm a bit buzzed.

I'm worried.

I puke up my worries.

I've recently finished *The Tenant Class* | by Ricardo Tranjan |

*The Tenant Class* offers a profound analysis of the flaws of capitalism and the significant divide between the owning and working class. The book dispels the notion of a housing crisis and sheds light on the struggles of many individuals just trying to find and maintain decent living conditions.

This book is a must-read for those seeking a deeper understanding of the inequalities present within society.

I will stop here for the day.

Sparkly...



6

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 86.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

# HELL'S INFERNO 1980-85 HELL'S INFERNO 1980-85

## SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN SASKATOON SASKATCHEWAN

**F**ootball season over. Edmonton → Saskatoon → Home  
Dad's dying. Spiralling down.  
Guilt assaulted. The final game kicked into gear.

### FIRST QUARTER FIRST QUARTER

Escape again through the gridiron. University. Courses selected by brother Don. Public Administration. I have a creative mind. Failure.

Blind in one eye

Eye chart memorized → coaches can never know → nobody would want a one-eyed QB.

Avoid the blitz. Touchdown!

### SECOND QUARTER SECOND QUARTER

Campus scuffle. Queue asshole, me.

Why did you call me into your office coach? My behaviour was repugnant? I'm cut from the team? I don't want you to leave the team the same way your brother Don did? What? I thought this was about the scuffle?

Two days later → back on the team. Touchdown pass. Coach why are you yelling "Don" – that's Lindsay. Trampled by Don's white cleats.

I have a creative mind. Public Administration? Failure.

### THIRD QUARTER THIRD QUARTER

Dad's dying.

### FOURTH QUARTER WINDING DOWN FOURTH QUARTER WINDING DOWN

Denial. A callous beast. Out of timeouts. One week in hospital. One week out. One month in the hospital. One week at home. One month, two months, three in → death lurks.

Dad can't remember my name. Mind vacant. Home is hell. Mum is invisible. Dad's past keeps visiting him. I cry. Cry. Cry. Too young. To fragile. Stay strong. Dad's dying. Five years with Satan. I cry. Cry. Cry.

I want to stop crying.

