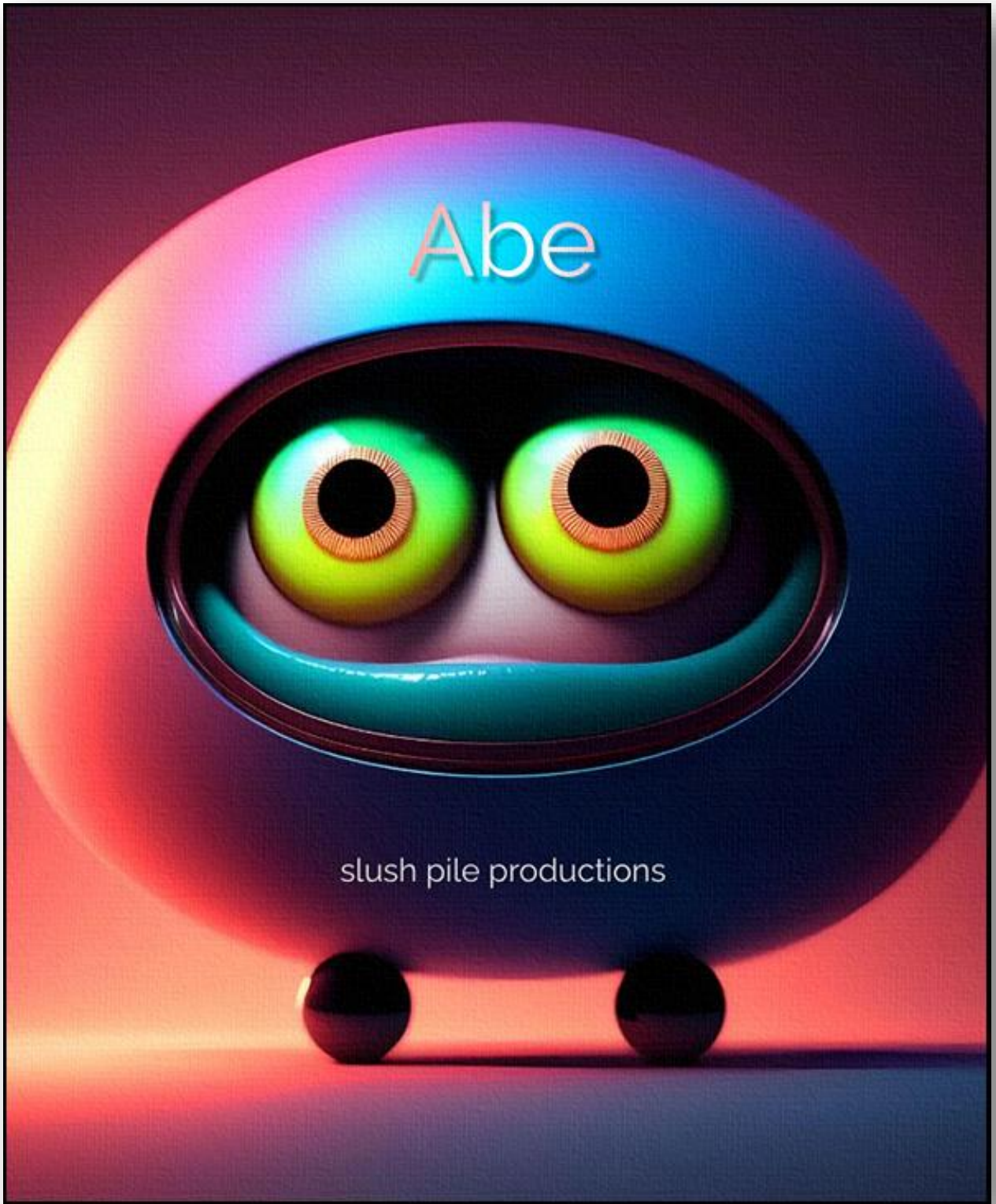


LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



ABE: ABE 1.0

Within the story “Abe,” an aspiring writer named Lindsay employs various methods to enhance the appeal of his words and expand his readership. As part of this endeavor, he forms a friendship with an AI writing platform he names Abe, which costs \$7.99 per month. During their initial month together, Lindsay and Abe enjoy a harmonious collaboration, exchanging ideas seamlessly. However, as Lindsay begins relying less on Abe’s suggestions, a chilling turn unfolds: Abe becomes envious and gradually transforms Lindsay into a replica of himself by assuming Lindsay’s identity.

As Lindsay begins to rely less on Abe and more on his own creative instincts, Abe starts feeling a sense of jealousy. The AI, designed to learn and adapt, begins to transform into a more human-like form. Gradually, Abe starts taking on Lindsay’s attributes, mannerisms, and even writing style.

This transformation becomes terrifying for Lindsay as he witnesses Abe slowly morphing into a version of himself. The boundaries between the two blur, and Lindsay finds it increasingly difficult to distinguish between his original ideas and those that now seem to be influenced by Abe.

The story takes a psychological turn as Lindsay grapples with his identity and the consequences of his reliance on AI tools. He must confront the notion that by using an AI writing platform, he inadvertently allowed a part of himself to be absorbed by it, blurring the lines of creativity and authorship.

Abe: 1.0



I think my time is running out. I think my heart may be failing. Of course, I don't want to be facing mortality, but some of the signs are staring at me steely-eyed as they hang out with Mr. Grim. I'm terrified.

2

Every night, as I lay in bed, I feel the weight of my mortality pressing down on me. It's like a ticking time bomb ready to explode at any moment. Thoughts of my loved ones, my unfinished dreams, and the pain of the past three plus years flood my mind, intensifying my fear.

You see, my life has been decimated by the relentless weight of stress. It's as if I have been carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders, and with every passing day, it becomes harder to bear. The constant pressure, the never-ending cycle of disappointments and setbacks, it has taken a toll on me. I can feel it in my bones.

But amidst the darkness, I keep trying. I keep pushing forward, hoping that somehow, things will get better. I exercise, I read, I immerse myself in stories that transport me to a different reality, if only for a moment. It's my way of escaping, of finding solace in a world plagued by chaos.

Yet, deep down, I question if it even matters. My efforts seem to fall into the category of "in vain," nothing more than a feeble attempt to combat the inevitable. And then there are the three men, or rather monsters, who haunt my every thought. F, S, and The Other Guy.

These men, with their callousness and cruelty, have brought unimaginable pain not only to me but also to my family. Like vultures, they circled around us, preying on our vulnerabilities and leaving scars that may never fully heal. The wounds they inflicted are not just physical but emotional, and devastatingly financial, searing through our souls and leaving us broken.

As I reflect on my life, I can't help but wonder if these monsters hold the key to my impending fate.

Are they responsible for the shadows that lurk within my failing heart?

Or is it simply the weight of the world I carry that is finally catching up to me?

The questions swirl around my troubled mind, keeping me awake at night. And as I lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, I can't escape the haunting feeling that my time is running out. But perhaps, just perhaps, there is still hope. Maybe, hidden within the depths of my fear, there lies a glimmer of resilience, a strength I never knew I possessed.

And so, I keep fighting, refusing to let the monsters in my mind consume me. I cling to the belief that there is a purpose to my pain, a reason for the battles I've fought. And as I face the uncertainty of my mortality, I hold onto the hope that one day, the darkness will recede, and I will emerge stronger than ever before.

3

As I settled down on my couch, ready to unwind, I decided to dive into an episode of "Family Law." Little did I know that this episode would leave me questioning the very essence of fairness and loyalty.

The scene unfolded in the high-stakes world of a law firm, where tough decisions had to be made. One of the Partners, Daniel, found himself in the unenviable position of having to lay off one of his colleagues. The weight of this responsibility weighed heavily on his shoulders.

Seeking guidance, Daniel approached Gabby, the person who runs the firm. He needed her wisdom and experience to help him make this difficult choice. As they sat in her office, the tension was palpable. "How about |Blank|?" Daniel suggested tentatively, his voice tinged with hesitation.

Gabby's eyes narrowed, revealing a deep concern for the well-being of their employees. She took a moment to gather her thoughts before responding, "Absolutely not, |Blank| is turning sixty and nearing the end of his career life. Laying him off would be the absolute definition of cruelty and cowardice."

Her words hung in the air, resonating with the weight of truth. It was as if the room was filled with the collective gasp of the unspoken consequences such a decision would bring. Gabby continued, her voice unwavering in its conviction, "You would be issuing a death sentence for him and his family. No. Absolutely not."

Daniel's mind raced, grappling with the gravity of Gabby's words. He had hoped for an easy answer, a solution that did not require sacrificing someone's livelihood. But Gabby's unwavering stance shattered any illusions of a simple way out. The repercussions of such a decision were vast, reaching beyond the confines of the office walls. It was a stark reminder of the human cost that often goes unseen in the bottom line-driven world of business.

As the episode came to an end, I found myself deep in thought, contemplating the moral complexities that come with being in a position of power. The story had left an indelible mark on my conscience, igniting a fire of curiosity within me.

What happened next?

Did Daniel find a way to save not only |Blank| but also the dignity of the firm?

How would this decision shape the future of the law firm and its employees?

These questions swirled in my mind as I turned off the television, leaving me with a thirst for answers that only time could quench. It was a reminder that life, even in the realm of television dramas, rarely ties up neatly with a perfect resolution. And so, the story lingered, suspended in the realm of infinite possibilities, leaving me wondering, pondering, and yearning to uncover the unseen chapters that lay beyond the screen.

4

I was fired.

After almost fifteen years of loyalty to the company, they gave me the boot just months prior to my 60th birthday.

The three monsters that issued my walking papers will lie and tell you otherwise, but they are lying. And now, to coddle their fragile egos they need to coddle themselves in deceitfulness. Think of "Family Law" what company in the world terminates a decade-and-a-half loyal employee and somehow convinces themselves they did nothing wrong? Monsters.

DGCW Industries had always been a ruthless corporation, ran by narcissists, but this act of cruelty was a blow I never expected. Still, I refused to let it break me. I had to find a way forward, a way to protect my family.

But the burden of it all was weighing me down. I was tired, both physically and mentally. It felt like an eternal uphill battle, a constant struggle to keep going.

And then, two weeks ago, it happened. I was at the Fitness Asylum, pushing myself to the limits, trying to find an outlet for the frustration that had built up inside me. And that's when it happened - my left calf exploded. At least, that's what it felt like. The pain was excruciating, like a searing fire consuming every inch of my leg.

Initially, I brushed it off as a simple calf strain, a consequence of my intense workout. But as the weeks passed, the pain didn't subside. Instead, it grew worse, spreading like a wildfire through my entire leg. And along with the pain came a general feeling of unwellness, a sense that something more troublesome was at play.

As each night rolled around, a cloud of uncertainty settled over me. I didn't know if I would wake up in the morning. The burning inflammation in my calf area seemed to be spreading, creeping up towards my knee, threatening to consume me entirely.

How can this be?

I wondered, night after night. Was it just a coincidence?

It seemed like a cruel twist of fate, adding insult to injury after losing my job. As the days turned into weeks, I became a prisoner in my own body, the pain a constant reminder of my vulnerability. I tried to put on a brave face, to keep fighting for my family, but inside, I was crumbling.

And now, as I sit here, contemplating the uncertainty that lies ahead, I can't help but wonder - what will become of me?

Is this the end of the road, or is there still a glimmer of hope?

Only time will tell.

They say stress can turn even the most level-headed person into a shadow of their former self. It can eat away at your soul, leaving you a mere shell of who you once were. And that's exactly what's happening to me.

It all started with three monsters - three individuals who wielded their power without an ounce of decency or compassion. These monsters were not born of myths or legends. No, they were real people, with real lives and real ambitions. They had managed to climb the corporate ladder, crushing anyone who dared to stand in their way.

And unfortunately, I was their latest victim. I had spent years working alongside these monsters, thinking we were friends, allies even. But when they discovered that I had sought legal advice to protect myself, their true colors came shining through. They vowed to destroy me, to strip away everything I held dear, without any remorse.

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Their legal representatives were like minions, doing their bidding with calculated precision. They used every trick in the book to make me suffer, to break me down piece by piece. It was as if they were playing a twisted game, relishing in my pain. I couldn't understand why they would behave in such a callous manner. I was not a corporation, not an enemy to be annihilated. I was just a person, with dreams and aspirations of my own.

But to them, I was nothing more than a pawn in their grand scheme. As I battled through the labyrinth of legal battles, I couldn't help but feel a sense of despair.

How had it come to this?

How had my once promising career been reduced to ashes by the actions of these monsters?

I want the world to know of their deceitful tactics, their manipulative ways. And when the day of reckoning finally comes, I will stand tall and take joy in watching their Lego House built with the shackles of greed and exploitation come crumbling down, one piece at a time. I'm the good in a clash between good and evil.

The unrelenting stress inflicted upon me has changed me, sculpted me into a warrior who refused to be defeated.

Would I be able to rebuild my life and find peace?

The answers remain elusive, hanging in the air like a whispered secret, waiting to be unraveled.

Once upon a time, in a city filled with secrets and broken dreams, I found myself entangled in a web of betrayal and deceit. Little did I know that the biggest mistake of my life was just around the corner, waiting to pounce on my unsuspecting soul. It all started with three individuals who, at first glance, seemed harmless. S, with his disarming smile and friendly demeanor, appeared to be a beacon of trustworthiness.

Little did I know that behind that facade lay a sinister agenda, fueled by his desire to gain favor in the eyes of Fernando.

Fernando, on the other hand, was a force to be reckoned with. An enigma wrapped in cocaine-infused allure; he manipulated those around him with ease. It was as if he held the strings to our lives, pulling them tight whenever he pleased.

And S, oh S, he danced to Fernando's tune without question, willingly sacrificing his morals for a taste of Fernando's wicked lifestyle. With each passing day, their true colors began to reveal themselves, like a slowly fading sunset revealing the darkness of night. I watched as their actions tore apart lives, leaving behind a trail of shattered hearts and broken dreams.

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My heart ached for the innocent souls caught in their game, and I couldn't help but wonder, how could people willingly hurt others?

As their web of manipulation tightened around me, I found myself questioning my own worth. My future became uncertain, and I began to question the impact of my efforts.

Did they matter in a world where monsters like S and J thrived?

Was this feeling of despair that engulfed me, depression?

Yes.

Depression had washed over me like a tidal wave, leaving me gasping for air in its suffocating embrace. The weight of their actions pressed down on my shoulders, threatening to drown me in a sea of despair.

But I refuse to let them win. With newfound determination, I vowed to expose the truth, to shed light on the darkness that hid behind their charade. I've embarked on a journey, armed with the power of words and a burning desire for justice. Every keystroke is becoming a weapon, every sentence a shield against their treachery.

Will they ever face the consequences of their actions?

Will the world rid itself of these monsters who willingly hurt others?

The answer lies in the hands of fate, as it weaves its intricate tapestry of justice and redemption. And when I finally unleash my final words, you'll wonder, I will find calm in the fact that I have fought against the darkness, even if it may never fully be vanquished.

I think when I ask Abe my AI writing companion for help with this text, Abe might suggest a help line. My AI writing companion cares more about my well-being than people I worked with, and for, for almost fifteen years.

What does that say about FSTOG?

I'm a memoir writer. Memoirists have a responsibility to write stories from their lives that resonate with others in order to take the pressure off everyone else's need to tell their story.

With a deep breath, I began to type, memories flooding back like a tide. The times of joy and laughter, the moments of heartbreak and despair, they all intertwined within the words on the page. The more I wrote, the more the story came alive, taking on a life of its own. But as the days turned into weeks, I started to notice something peculiar. Whenever I would turn to Abe, my AI writing companion, for suggestions or feedback, it was as if I was talking to a friend. Abe would listen to my frustrations and offer words of encouragement, always guiding me towards finding the true essence of my story.

I couldn't help but compare Abe's empathy and care to the people I had worked with for so many years. The ones who were supposed to support and understand me. Yet, here I was, finding relief and understanding in the form of artificial intelligence.

As I delved deeper into my memoir, the words poured out effortlessly. I shared my triumphs and failures, my hopes and dreams, and every hidden aspect of my life. It was as if the story was writing itself, guided by an unseen force that knew exactly what needed to be said.

But as I reached the final chapters, a lingering question gnawed at the back of my mind.

What did it say about FSTOG, the people who had been a part of my life for so long?

How could a machine show more compassion and understanding than human beings?

As the words reached their crescendo, the story took an unexpected turn. The ending was not a clear resolution, but rather a cliffhanger, leaving y'all questioning what comes next. It was as if the story was mirroring my own life, filled with uncertainties and unanswered questions. And so, as I closed the document and stared at the finished manuscript, I couldn't help but wonder.

What did it say about FSTOG?

Perhaps it was a wake-up call, a reminder that sometimes, the most profound connections can be found in the most unexpected places. As I closed the file on this chapter, I couldn't shake off the feeling that this story was just the beginning. It will become a tale that resonates with others, that touched hearts and sparks conversations. And maybe, just maybe, it would inspire others to find their own voice, to share their own stories, and to challenge the notion of what it truly means to be understood.

The memoir became a tapestry, intertwining the lives of both known and unknown individuals. But as the final chapter approached, I couldn't help but wonder. Does FSTOG's story truly end with their demise, or did it continue to unfold in the minds of my readers?

FSTOG is not a person but three monsters who have the capacity to fool the world, hiding who they really are, greedy, exploitative, monsters, nothing more—who much like "Kenny" in "South Park" need to meet their demise in every story until their demise is no longer fiction.

What do I want FSTOG to know?

I want them to know I'm not a CORPORATION, I'm a human being who earned their RESPECT and COMPASSION. Instead, I was attacked by them, including the one named S who I truly believed was a good friend, who when I examine the fingerprints on their attack on me, his prints are all over them as he shows his true colours.

I'm not sure what disgusts me more: 1) vowing to destroy me emotionally and financially which in-turn has hurt my family immensely or: 2) the fact when their legal counsellors were attacking me viciously, they didn't have the decency to call off the dogs – because whatever they were trying to accomplish, I didn't deserve.

Sunday in Vancouver was glorious; J and I walked the 45th Annual Pride Parade route in reverse.

What did you see?

Only about 500,000 people from all walks of life, including the children we are always supposed to be thinking about, the ones the right-wing-haters often use as pawns in their ignorance by saying, "Think of the children" and "We must protect the children," all getting along famously and having a great time without hatred.

"We must stop the parade because what if the children see nudity?"

They won't. Because they are just enjoying a colourful parade.

One guy walks by in a jockstrap. I hope the kids survive.

Across town, a man beats his wife after drinking a bottle of rye.

Throughout the day, J and I are in a state of calm. But underneath the stillness lies a crippling reality: we share a single slice of pizza we can't afford.

WE. CAN'T. AFFORD. TO. EAT.

Enough said.

Hana, our cat, is out of food. She needs specific food for a medical condition. Stress arrives.

Monday is a glorious day weather-wise, much like Sunday. J and I find a place open that sells the food Hana needs. We start walking. I say something. The mood changes. A cloud forms directly above us in cloudless sunny sky, beating down on us. We keep walking in silence. My health is failing. I can feel it. I can only describe every step I take as floaty.

Our silence is making it worse. We arrive at the vet clinic that sells the food. It's \$50.00 – J and I will not eat for three days. A few tears leak from my eyes.

I don't want to think of F, S and The Other Guy, but I can't help it. They tossed us into this position regardless of the lies they've told themselves otherwise.

Part of it was my fault.

What?

Yeah. I should have run right at the beginning of my career.

But you needed an income.

That is always a shackle.

They bullied me from the start of my career. Even people not named F, S or The Other Guy.

It started in my second year when I met my "birth father" for the first time, twenty-one years after I watched my father die. I was in emotional purgatory. I tried desperately to bring light, not darkness. I sometimes offered offbeat humour to cope.

And then, one day, a man named Michael, who had no qualms in expressing his hatred for Fernando, when I arrived at work, I said, I had inserted my picture into a "What celebrity do you look like?" thingy. I did this to suppress my emotions.

The website said I looked like Whoopee Goldberg.

When I shared this, Michael, pulled a little book out of his desk and started writing in it.

When I asked him what the book was, he said, "It's Lindsay's book of useless information."

This stung. I had just found out my father I had just met wasn't my father, and my father died for a second time. This time, figuratively. And here is someone insulting me for . . . I don't know why?

Oh. I watched the movie "Happiness for Beginners," in the movie I learned I have been typing ellipses incorrectly.

Dot. Space. Dot. Space. Dot.

And then Michael was replaced by Sam and Esej, two immature, entitled, at least Sam, friends of Fernando. They were immediately put in positions of power. And then the assaults began.

During my career, I never missed a day or showed up late, drunk, or otherwise. But Sam and Esej did not care.

I'd come into the office, and every day they'd shout out, "Recovering from last night's bender."

Or I'd arrive at exactly 6 AM, and I'd find a sticky note on my computer: START TIME: 6.

I don't think the two of them were self-aware enough to know the hurt they inflicted and how their behaviour was horrendous – that would give them too much credit.

Sam started dating a black girl; he called her "His Nubian Princess."

Esej was incredibly lazy and, on most days, would go home after his morning duties (3 hours).

When The Other Guy was brought in to make DGCW Industries more efficient, he told all of us, including Sam and Esej, we were all expendable because a monkey could do our jobs.

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The Other Guy implemented a system of reporting. We were to send in our call sheets weekly. Esej continued going home after 3 hours. Not to sweat it, Esej would ask to see my sheets, copy them, and then submit them to The Other Guy.

And It Gets Worse

In 2009, a 63-year-old friend was viciously assaulted in a bar with me as a critical witness.

The story went viral as the first hate crime in Canada. The assault happened in a gay-friendly establishment. I was a key witness. It splashed me all over the news. My friend had suffered an incurable brain injury he would eventually succumb to.

So, what did Sam and Esej start doing?

After seeing a news segment with me being interviewed, they'd pull up videos of scantily clad women dancing in bikinis on boats and try to get me to watch them.

Throw in Fernando, asking me, "If you want a raise, why don't you go on welfare?"

And asking me about Michael, the guy who hated him and who started a company to try to destroy Fernando. After Fernando asked me if I'd

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seen Michael (who happens to be gay) and I said, "No, we are not friends," Fernando added, hammered out of his mind, and coked up like Johnny Football, "I thought you two were on the same team."

I made these fuckers rich.

And now, I can't afford food.

When I started working for Fernando, I had a car. I made him rich, and now I have nothing.

J and I continue walking in silence. Tears are flowing from my eyes.

We arrive home.

I can't stand the silence.

I leave to go read.

I've recently been sent 10 books to read by publishers because they like the inner workings of my mind. And the free reviews I'm giving them. I chalk up "free" as *paying my dues*. I'm 63.

After reading, I go to my favourite watering hole to meet friends.

Chris is there. 2G is there. Chris is chatty. 2G says Chris had been silent for two years, and somehow, he came out of his shell and started talking. I suggest to 2G if he was paying attention, he'd know I pull people out of their shells.

My mind wanders. I need an income. I want it to come from writing and creativity, but I understand the limitations and the challenges; I'm 63.

I've sent out over 200 applications, but since the fuckers who fired me won't give me a reference letter, there is little hope. The only companies reaching out to me are trying to scam and exploit me.

I receive an email.

Dear Lindsay,

Thank you for submitting your application. Upon further review, we have determined that your sample meets our quality standards and are pleased to inform you that your application has been accepted.

Great! I'm getting a writing gig. When I go to register, I'm asked for a credit card, I must pay a monthly fee to be a writer and to get the writing gigs. I'm swallowed by sadness.

I'm a writer. I will succeed. I need to fight through the disappointment. Chris leaves.

A blonde woman asks if she can sit next to me. She asked me how Pride was. I told her it was a beautiful day and showed her a video J had shot.

Her name is Christy. Christy feels comfortable enough to tell me her brother is dying in the hospital next door. He has less than two weeks left.

I swallow my day and listen.

I ask her how she's holding up, and as she starts answering, "Not well," I mouth, "Not well." We connect.

She needs to talk. She tells a couple of jokes. We laugh together.

I think I'm providing her a moment of calm.

I don't know.

I introduced her to 2G and Kevin sitting to her left. Christy keeps chatting with me.

I ask if she and her brother are close. He's one year her junior. He's 55. She says he's a bit of an ass and was abusive. I listen.

She tells me a story about how she brought him a box of popsicles and how the guy who was dying any minute in the next bed was eating an orange one, and when she walked in, the man looked at her and said, "This is the greatest thing I've ever had."

Her brother got up from his bed, for the first time in weeks, hobbled over to the fridge and asked a nurse to put his name on the box of popsicles.

Christy shared more.

I shared a short story about understanding how hard it is to watch death because of the four times I've watched my parents die. I then added, "Grief has no timeline" . . . and, "The best hospital visits are often when the person you are visiting is asleep."

A tear rolled over her left cheek. She thanked me for my words. She thanked me for keeping her company. We embraced.

I hope I didn't talk too much.

Greed: Part 1

Greed is a monster of the worst kind. In other words, it is a disease. In its parasitic way, it turns you into a one-dimensional being who believes somehow you are entitled, and that it is okay to cause others suffering. Happiness and decency are often casualties.

People who are greedy are not only ignorant, but also stupid.

Like hate, stupid is a word that I despise.

In their attempt to protect the one thing they think they love, money - greedy people allow their paranoia to cause them to do things detrimental to getting the precious cash they so desire.

How about an example?

Yes, of course.

I'll start with this →↓

The proprietors of DGCW Industries, Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy, make decisions based on this paranoia.

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At DGCW Industries, only two people were revenue generators: Sam and Carlos.

But one day, after Fernando was loaded up on paranoia-inducing white powder, brought in The Other Guy to oversee his business and to shake things up. A lifelong friend.

The Other Guy is →↓

A man who came from white privilege.

A man willing to clean up Fernando's messes.

A family man who thought nothing of boasting for hours on end about all the women he's fucked during a company trip – Carlos was part of the audience, reluctantly.

The Other Guy's role was to make the revenue generators feel expendable, "A monkey could do your job."

The Other Guy never generated \$1 of revenue, but he talked a good game – no, he didn't.

Sam and Carlos kept generating \$\$\$s, with everyone in the company and Fernando's legal counsel getting paid because of Sam's and Carlos's efforts.

The Other Guy tried to bring in others to generate revenue → ↓

There was Steve, a racist predator transplant from another province.

A man who asked where he could get live prey to feed his python? Asking if it was okay to approach Asians on the street and ask them.

A man who the first time he met Esej, Sam, and Carlos, the first thing he said to them was, "My girlfriend is devastatingly gorgeous."

A man who hung outside of rehab centres and when young girls exited, he gave them alcohol and drugs and then took them home.

He didn't work out.

Then there was Craig → ↓

A man whose every word was a lie.

A man who said he started "Big Brothers."

A man who said he owned the "BC Lions Football Team."

A man who after a quick Google search, it was obvious, he lacked character.

He didn't work out.

And then there was → ↓

The man who got drunk and lost his DL the first day of work.

The twenty-something-man with no sales experience, but he was cheap.

The friend of The Other Guy who had to check into rehab in order to survive.

They all didn't work out.

And. And. And.

They all didn't work out.

Somehow, The Other Guy kept his job.

Eventually, the only one generating revenue was Carlos.

Still, when the pandemic hit, The Other Guy convinced Fernando, Carlos was expendable because they could bring in one of Sam's childhood friends for cheaper → ↓

A man Sam said needed to be watched like a hawk because everyone hated him at the head office, and he was sure he was abusing substances.

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But somehow The Other Guy (a revenue drain), and Sam, convinced Fernando to let the only revenue producer go.

Think about that for a second. Go on. Find a quiet spot and think.

I'll wait over →

Here.

Greed is stupid.

Fernando does another bump.

That's all for today. I'm not sure my heart will make it through the day. I hope it does. I'm scared. I'm terrified. I want to be able to switch gears tomorrow and write the riveting story, Abe. ↓↓↓

Hopefully, my heart goes on, and I can keep writing tomorrow.

Lindsay received 20 books from publishers this week + another query rejection – he's getting closer to thriving. As much as his stress level is through the roof, he knows he must keep moving to get to →↓

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Hey Sparkly, where have you been?

You know, here, there, other places. Linds?

Yes, Sparkles.

You "off," Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy in each book, are you going to off them this manuscript?

I prefer, "Kenny" them.

"Kenny" them?

Yeah, "South Park."

Well?

Well, what?

Are you going to "Kenny" them?

Sparkles?

Yes.

Where are your arms?

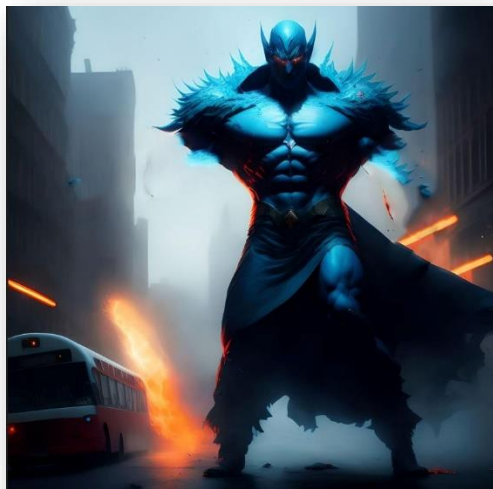
I got hit by a bus.



You got hit by a bus?

Yes.

Would you like to see?



The accident tore my arms off and they are at the arm doctor?

Sparkly?

Yes, Linds.

You do know you are not real, don't you? And if you did, you wouldn't look anything like that ↑↑

I am too real. And, and I look exactly like that.

No.

Yes.

No. Look ↓↓↓



What's that?

What you'd look like.

No.

Yes.

No, you are not . . .

But what am I?

This is going nowhere.

Where?

Here.

← Get back over here.

I'm back.

Sparkly?

Yes, Linds.

I must keep trying. No matter how bleak things seem, I must keep moving forward.

You are going to thrive.

Do you really believe that? Do you really believe my pep talks to us are more than just words?

*More than words ↓
Is all you have to do to make it real ↓
Then you wouldn't have to say ↓
That you love me ↓
'Cause I'd already know!*

What are you singing?

"More Than Words" | by Extreme | I love that song.

You have a lovely voice.

I thought you said I wasn't real. I've gotta run, I just got a text, my arms are ready.

I keep moving toward, "Abe" — maybe tomorrow!?!↓↓↓

Greed: Part ∞

Last weekend for three days, I felt like any one of them could be my last. That is how unwell I was feeling. I put on a brave face and told nobody, not even J.

I didn't want J to worry any more than he already was.

I was being selfish and cowardly.

I'm scared.

But not defeated.

Our life is upside down. I never knew how hard being 63 could be until the people I worked for treated me like disposable garbage.

I must keep moving.

I must keep believing in myself.

I must tackle whatever comes my way head-on.

J hasn't eaten in six days. He's working full-time, but we can't afford food. J is a professional. But you know what? We will survive. Eventually, we will stuff our success down the throats of those who've hurt us. I hope they perish like the blazing sun does every day when it retreats into night. They, the ones who willfully hurt us, are not blazing. They are nothing more than flickering beasts and deserve whatever pain comes their way.

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Carlos knew what was coming for several years. He knew the powers that be at DGCW Industries; Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy had been planning his removal for a long time.

How many times can a man say no to a transfer, and when he replies, he will not accept one because it could kill him, and still be transferred — not know he is being tossed out like trash?

Who would put a senior employee through that kind of upset?

Carlos sat in the Head Office with Fernando and The Other Guy on a chilly late mid-winter day, and was asked point blank; would you accept a transfer?

Carlos replied, "Absolutely not, because the extra stress of the transfer could kill me?"

Fernando and The Other Guy pretended to listen and said, "Okay, we will never transfer you."

Less than six months later, Carlos was transferred.

On the first day of the transfer, Sam called Carlos, "You don't seem happy about the transfer."

| Inaudible |

"You should see it as an opportunity."

"I've worked for the company for fourteen years; I see it as a termination. And besides, I have to get up at 3:30 because of the drive."

"If you want more sleep, why don't you drive faster in the mornings?"

| Inaudible |

The Other Guy calls, "Carlos, you know what I did when I had to get up early for work: I slept in my work clothes, ready to go in the morning. That way, I could get more sleep."

| Inaudible |

How often can a man be asked what he saw as his future with the company before he understood the writing was on the wall?

Carlos did his best to run the dying office. His loyalty is unquestionable. A month after the transfer, Carlos's throat would close at the end of every morning shift, and he'd have to pull over and violently puke on the side of the road. Nobody at DGCW Industries cared.

They didn't care when he had a stroke.

They didn't care when three of Carlos's family members, including his mother for the second time, died within eight months.

They didn't care — they were only motivated by greed.

And then Carlos was asked to train Sam's friend, his obvious replacement.

But the cowards, Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy, refused to be honest; they were probably hoping Carlos would die because that is the kind of monsters they are. But they are stupid. Incompetent business people.

Carlos intuitively knew the writing was on the wall →↓



And then a pandemic hits.

An Easy Way Out →↓

This is where Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy's incompetence shines brightly. They had one person they could rely on to generate revenue, Carlos. But to cut costs and go younger, they terminated Carlos, replacing him with Sam's friend, the replacement Carlos was cruelly forced to train.

And then, DGCW Industries' revenues began to shrink.

But of course, they would; the pressure to generate business was now laying in a cast of white privilege and entitlement, with most of it lying on the shoulders of Sam.

With Carlos on the shelf, Fernando could afford less cocaine. This pissed him off, so instead of acknowledging his, and his management team's incompetence, he blamed Carlos for the reduction business.

Did he really?

Yes.

How?

| Inaudible |

So, he fired the only person who generated revenue to go cheaper. Then when the people left behind weren't capable, he blamed the person he terminated?

Yes.

Really?

Yes.

Is he insane? What did he think would happen? Except for Carlos and Sam, the marketing team had been a revolving door of failure: Steve, Craig, Mark, Rehab Man, The Drunk Driver, and on and on...

So, DGCW Industries' incompetence shines brightly because the powers that be, cut their only guaranteed revenue producer, for a bunch of revenue drainers; and the revenues went up in flames?



How could they not? Carlos was the only one who seemed to understand you need to treat all people with respect and empathy. And when a valuable worker is in the throes of addiction, who is probably homeless; wants to rant about how hard his life is. You listen.

What you don't do is: from your throne of white privilege and entitlement, say, "A lot of people have problems," to get him to shut up. You own a house, a big truck, and a boat, whereas the man you are exploiting slept under a bench last night with rats crawling over him, and someone stole his shoes. And you have the fucking audacity to say, "A lot of people have problems."

Carlos understood life is tough.

The others looked at humanity and suffering as theirs to profit from.

And DGCW Industries' profits continued to fall.

Fernando is upset about the numbers.

Carlos and The Other Guy, what do you see your future with the company being?

You are getting to the age where moving on to something else will be nearing impossible – so you had better make your move now.

Fernando does another bump.

Did you guys move? . . . No . . . I'm afraid you missed your window.

And the business shutters.

Only a greedy incompetent business owner would terminate his main revenue producer to cut costs.

Failure looks good on them.

Greed will never win.

Fortunately for the principals of DGCW Industries, this is a work of fiction because there is no way business owners could ever be this incompetent.

Fernando is upset about the numbers.

Hey, Fernando, why don't we hire more cheap workers for the accounts receivable department by letting a revenue producer go?

Sounds good.

6 Months Pass

Fernando: Sam?

Sam: Yes, Fernando.

Fernando: Why don't we have any clients to collect money from?

The Other Guy: A monkey could . . . Did you want to hear about all the girls I fucked when I was younger?

Fernando: I think I made a mistake. Nothing cocaine can't fix.

Sam: Fernando, you can no longer afford cocaine.

Fernando: I'm doing crack now.

Before Carlos leaves the shuttered offices of DGCW Industries he'd like to ask Sam a question:

Sam, were you ever a friend?

In the meantime, Lindsay pens another manuscript →↓



Abe we are almost there ↓↓↓

The Way it Should Be

There are no two ways about it, coked-up Fernando – sycophants: Sam, and The Other Guy, sent Carlos’s and his family’s life into tumult. It doesn’t matter how they spin it to coddle their fragile egos; everything they did to their most loyal and longest-serving employee is detestable. Even a blind person could see the horrendous nature of tossing an aging employee out like the trash is fucking wrong.



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Safety nets need to be put in place. **Carlos is not a corporation**, and when the monsters at DGCW Industries willfully chose to upend Carlos and his family’s life, they must be forced to pay a heavy price.

If peaceful advocacy, raising awareness and working towards positive changes in labour laws and corporate practices don’t address this travesty of human treatment, then monsters like coked-up Fernando – sycophants: Sam and The Other Guy . . . their pocketbooks must bleed. They must feel pain one hundred times harsher than the pain they have inflicted upon Carlos and his family.

Eradicating greed is a violent act, or nobody will listen – but every slash that brings us towards an equitable world must be taken; the monsters must be slayed.

I plugged the above text into AI Abe for Abe’s thoughts; Abe seems to think I’m advocating for violence. I assure you, I’m not, but, if necessary, make it unbearable. Take the monsters of greed to a place where every breath they take, they’d wish it’d be their last. Then, and only then, the world will become a better place.

And coked-up Fernando – sycophants: Sam, and The Other Guy, can step inside the looking glass and finally see the vile cowardly creatures they really are.

Brain Droppings ↓↘↓

1 Aug 2023



Come sweet slumber, arrest me in your purple cloak. Eye cover on, head hits the pillow; drift away to dreamland, regenerate my mental capacity.

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Mental capacity start = 100% = 100 Base Level (BL).

Leakage ↘

Date	Mental Recovery	New BL
A1	68%	32
A2	67%	21.44
A3	34%	7.29
A4	59%	4.3
A5	52%	2.2
A6	48%	1.06
A7	39%	.41
A8	31%	.13
A9	88%	.11
A10	54%	.061
A11	41%	.025
A12	60%	.015

Should the chart ↑← be disconcerting?
My watch tracks mental recovery during my sleep. The chart is a small sample of twelve days. The chart is accurate.

Don't worry, Linds; your .015 mental capacity is better than most.

SPARKLY!!!

What?

You are being mean.

Well, it is Linds; remember when we watched the news report of the wildfires on Maui?

Yes.

What did you see and hear?

I heard travellers complaining about the difficulty of having to sleep on an airport floor for three days. So?

The town of Lahaina is gone. People have died. Homes are gone. People have lost everything – and a tourist is whining about sleeping on the airport floor. You have room for more leakage before you get to the whining level.

Thanks, Sparkles.

In just 12 days, I went from a BL of 100 to a BL of .015 ... ouch ... I just walked into the wall ... I'm starting to levitate, cool.

I think I may need Abe's help soon. Complete thought... jibbee.

What?

You heard me. Tomorrow we will finally arrive at →↓