

Lindsay Wincherauk

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BELIEVE IN YOURSELF!

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On my way home last night, I stopped at Choices and bought KD. There was a security guard outside the store talking on his cell phone. I became sad.

We live in a world where the worst job must be being a security guard at a grocery store in an affluent area. I live in an affluent neighbourhood. I can't afford it. The monsters who fired me dropped me into this reality. I didn't think I could hate; I was wrong. I now understand and have developed empathy for people who shoot narcissistic, egotistical, greedy asshole business owners who willfully turn lives upside down. Of course, I don't condone it, but I do understand. I also believe the people who venture down these violent revenge paths know what they are doing is not the right thing. Still, they are hurting and feel hopeless, and I understand their desire to make the fuckers who hurt them pay a heavy price – death is a heavy price. Justifiable?

Who am I to judge?

I wish nobody was put in a place where they thought their lives were over because of greed. It sucks.

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Anyway, back to the horrible job. The security guard checks his apps on his \$1,000 plus phone. A man, slightly dishevelled, enters the store. The security guard, who can't afford his cell phone (maybe an Apple), springs into action, watching the man like a hawk. The man picks up an apple; he's starving. The security guard tackles the man. A gaggle of people observe, glaring at the man in judgment.

Job well done. A starving man remains starving. The gaggle of judgemental people won't have to pay more for their next apple.

I can't afford KD.

Gun?

... ..

Earlier in the day, I stopped by Wendy's for a Spicy Chicken Sandwich (I can't afford it). But WTF? I turned 62.789041095890411 yesterday, and when the fucking money runs dry, I will be going on a death diet. Fuck.

A coward, I enriched, choose to spend countless dollars making me and my family suffer instead of doing the right thing.

Before you fucking judge me, I had my 15-year career taken from me. I have sent out over 750 book proposals, and I had the humiliation of proving my English Proficiency for an entry-level job I applied for. Plus, I've sent out (numerous) resumes, and guess what?

Nobody wants to build their company around an over-qualified 62.789041095890411-old.

Gun?

... ..

I won't. I'm not a violent man.

I now know where hate germinates.

I'm reading at Wendy's back ledge, looking out across W.8th, directly at the Home Depot.

Two Clipboard People are circling pedestrians like vultures, looking for prey.

I don't fault the Clipboard People. I just don't understand how they don't understand most people hate and avoid them, they must know, no Clipboard Person has ever made it to their second-day of employment, maybe they don't care.

Anyway, they are circling, looking for lonely strays.

Can I ask you a quick question?

You're wearing a shirt; I'm wearing a shirt; we should talk?

When I come in contact with Clipboard People, I often jaywalk or pretend to be talking on my phone or...

I find Clipboard People far too aggressive and more annoying than people begging for change.

Don't get me wrong, I shamefully avoid people begging for change because I, like most, don't like seeing the suffering – and in the current state of my life, I can fucking relate. It makes me sad I can't afford to give a suffering person even a quarter.

Gun?

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I take a bite, read, and watch the Clipboard Dance.

One of the two Clipboarder's hooks a passerby, her partner looks confused and walks in circles; while her partner talks with the prey.

When her partner is finished, they smile at each other, do a little dance, and hi-five.

Can I ask you a quick question?

Lindsay Wincherauk

I look at my watch. It's probably 1:00. One of the Clipboard People hands her Clipboard to the other Clipboard Person. They worked together for three hours. I can hear her (through the window) say, *OMG, I loved working with you; we should stay in touch, promise; I'll give you my deats...*

I don't know if I'm cool enough to use deats? Nor do I know if I've spelled it correctly.

.....

POEMS



63 soon. Hundreds of proposals sent out. Seven manuscripts written. Never quit trying. Never give up. Until the day I die.

I must stay solvent.

Stop watching the news. It's filled with regrets.

There is no getting into the market. Any market. There is a labour shortage. I'm turning 63 soon.

What can I do?

Keep writing. Hundreds of proposals sent out. More than 270 books reviewed.

How will I eat?

Food delivery → I need a scooter.

Uber or Lyft Driver → I need a car.

Rent out my home → I need a home.

I'll keep creating. I will keep writing. I will keep sending out proposals.

That's what I will do.

WTFOMFGPTSDADDHDTVBCCTVNBCABCCBS → NOT FOX

Clipboard Person → I need a clipboard.



CLIPBOARD
CLIPBOARD



PERSON: TRAINING
PERSON: TRAINING

Smile. Smile. Smile.

Can I ask you a quick question?

You're wearing a shirt. I'm wearing a shirt. We should talk.

Travel in a pack. Don't let the people by.

Smile. Smile. Smile.

If I dance, will that work?

Sure. Try. It doesn't really matter, you won't →

What is it, you in the back, with your hand up?

What's the average career length?

Noon.

I'm ready to go.

| Hmm... that guy seems to be trying to avoid me, that's okay,
this woman didn't see me. |

Hey, can I ask you a quick question?

| Why isn't he talking faster? |

My English isn't good, said the lady.

That's okay, you are beautiful anyway.

STWG

What time is it?

10:45





CLIPBOARD
CLIPBOARD

PERSON: PROMOTED
PERSON: PROMOTED

If I work hard is there upward mobility?

Sure, Jeremy.

Great.

DAY 1
DAY 1

It's 1:30, I made it past noon.

Jeremy, great news, we're promoting you!

Wow! Thank you, Roger.

What's my promotion? What's my promotion? What's my promotion?

Tomorrow, you can pick your corner.

That's a promotion?

Yes.

TOMORROW
TOMORROW

It's 1:30, I made it past noon.

Jeremy, great news, we're promoting you!

Where's Roger, he promoted me yesterday?

Yesterday, was his last day.

What's my promotion? What's my promotion? What's my promotion?



HOMELESS FOR 30 YEARS



Lying on the sidewalk in front of a convenience store.

Dirty. Sad. A mattress is laid down. Dealing drugs. Occasionally, masturbating. Harsh life cards dealt.

Look away.

We want to look away.

He's done this, whatever this is, to himself.

Short-sighted? Ignorant?

Yes, and Yes.

DIED

Flowers laid. News story, storied.

PEOPLE SPEAK UP

He was a good man.

He was part of the neighbourhoods fabric.

It's sad to see him gone.

I don't believe you.

The sun sets ↓ 

The sun rises ↑ 

He's gone.

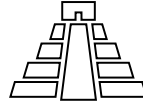
Society has failed.

Words ring shallow.

Memories fade.

There is an open audition for his spot on the tenth.

GIG ECONOMY
GIG ECONOMY



Food delivered by people who can't afford to eat. On scooters.

You need a scooter – to deliver food.

But I can't afford food, how can I afford a scooter?

POSTER POLE
POSTER POLE

Scooter Rentals \$49 per week.

People shuttled by people who can't afford their cars.

Nice ride. How do you afford it?

You.

Uber. Lyft. I pay them. I get to drive twelve hours per day,
with strangers riding shotgun. Drunk. Entitled.

Do you like my ride?

Packages delivered by people run off their feet. 300 deliveries
per day. Cat litter. Pee in a bottle. My boss is in Outer Space.

Kraft dinner tonight?

Without the milk.

Homes rented out by those who can't afford the mortgage.

One day we'll live in our home.

Where is the money coming from?

\$400 per night.

How?

Who are these people?

When will the pyramid come crashing down?

Now.

I'm sad.

KFC is advertising you can get two pieces of chicken for \$2.99 on Tuesdays. I think about this; it makes me sad.

Why?

Because KFC can afford to advertise cheap chicken to poor people.

A security guard is on his expensive phone in front of a grocer.

I can't afford apples.

... ..

Before I leave you today, I want to finish the KD story. I've become proficient at getting the right consistency of fake cheese and creaminess in my pot, batches of KD. I have also become adept at making hard water (ice cubes).

I cook my KD in a pasta pot with a built-in strainer, usually pouring it into a bowl. I typically eat the whole box. TOO MUCH.

I have a moment of genius. I don't want to eat the whole box. TOO MUCH. So, I pour the finished dinner into another pot and eat it out of the pot. This allows me to stop when full, and instead of having dirtied another dish, I can put the leftovers in the fridge, above where I make hard ice, and heat up the leftovers the next day. Wella, one less dish to clean.

Couldn't you have done the same with the bowl?

Hmm.

I'm 62.789041095890411.

I'm glad I don't work in the USA.

Why?

Guns.

Grammarly Readability Score = 99 (A New Chasing Neon Record!)