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MAY 2023

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2G's abhorrent behaviour is disappointing. It has changed the way I think of him. Dean has become a friend. I'm lucky. Dean recently told the Mayor and me that people are scattering as his condition escalates and he loses more and more of who he is. I won't scatter. The Mayor won't scatter.

And now, if 2G had his way, we'd all scatter and succumb to 2G's neediness, for, I don't know what the fuck he needs or why he can't suck it up and be a decent human being. But no, he has decided a dying man is his nemesis. It has changed the way I think of him.

I will remain civil. That's about all.

What the fuck am I doing spending my energies on this shit?

I need to let people be who they are.

I do.

I can't change their trajectories.

A mountain is in front of me. It's fucking steep and daunting. I've had enough already.

I stumble, falling into a hole. I need to climb.

I climb.

I sit down at English Bay to read. Amelia and Luna aren't there today. I'm glad.

I start moving.

I need to find an income.

I need to thrive.

I will thrive.

I walk past the Cactus Club, where I look at the servers – none of them look like me.

I look at the customers; they don't look like me either.

What the fuck am I going to do?

I can work at a produce store.

I walk up to Davie; I come to Kin's Market, and a boy is stocking the fruits and vegetables.

A boy is stocking the fruits and vegetables.

A boy stocking the fruits and vegetables.

The mountain is daunting.

Darren is a monster.

DARREN

Precisely, 14,298 people who've worked for Darren hate Darren.

Of those, 14,298 - 11,033 of them have a criminal record.

Of those, 11,033 - 4,990 of them have a violent criminal record.

Most of the rest of them, would be willing to commit a violent crime if it involved hurting Darren.

Precisely, 14,298 people who worked for Darren wouldn't mourn his death.

It's 9:15 PM, and Darren has just had his fifth bump of powder of the night. He's hanging with a nickel-plated rock star who once lost his license for driving while driving in an altered state.

The rock star cuts another couple of lines.

Darren snorts his sixth rail of the early evening, quaffs two Corona, and has to take a piss.

Darren stumbles out the side door of his company's office, crashes into a dumpster and pulls his fly down. Classy. He's so fucked up he walked blindly passed the office washroom preferring to piss by a dumpster outside instead.

As Darren leaks on the ground, Jodi G flies through the air and tackles him and with his right arm spinning like a windmill, Jodi slams a syringe into Darren's ass. Darren's eyes immediately gloss over, and he crumples to the ground, incapacitated.

Three children are playing stickball in the alley, merely twenty feet away. A police cruiser enters the alley from the other end. A white van races past the cruiser, screeching to a stop beside the dumpster. Three men in hazard suits jump out and toss Darren in through the side door.

Leo instructs the van's driver to take Darren to the holding plant. The fun is about to begin.

() is walking by and has to dive out of the way as the white van speeds out of the alley, making a hard right.

A police officer in the cruiser flips the cruiser's flashing lights on and begins pursuit, stopping momentarily at () to ask him if () saw which way the van went?

() remains silent.

Precisely, 14,298 people who've worked for Darren envy Leo and the Hired Man.

More than 100,000 people who've had a loved one work for Darren wish Darren were dead.

It sucks to be Darren.

The nickel-plated rockstar will have to do the rest of the eight-ball alone.

Grammarly Readability Score = 82

PENSION PLAN
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Frap. When did I get old?

Frap?

Never mind.

Lost my job. Turfed by the pandemic. Not ready to call it a day.

See you. Good luck sucker. I'm keeping your pay → for me.

I thought we were family.

You believed us. Sucker. Grandpa + Grandma got old. Unaffordable.

You said I was family.

You weren't paying attention. I kill old people.

What will I do?

I don't care.

Safety net. I've lived long. I'll apply for my pension.

OMG. \$450 per month. Why didn't you put a bullet in my head?

Mr., are you done with the cardboard?

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GET A JOB

I now have a heart condition.

I circled the help wanted ads in this paper for you.

Papers don't exist. I can't start over. I'm old.

Hey Grandpa (snicker). I'm keeping your money for me. You were never part of my family. Sucker.

MRI.

McDonald's is hiring.

Why didn't you put a bullet in my head?

You shouldn't have worked in hospitality for so long → you could make \$650 per month if you didn't.

But I did. Asshole. Quit talking.

What year is it? 1907? \$450 should do me fine.

It's 2022.

Frap.

You should've put a bullet in my head.

McDonald's is hiring.

I just had a heart MRI.

Good luck.

HUMAN SNAPSHOT
HUMAN SNAPSHOT

MARK
MARK

Mark is 31, suffering from depression, and wants to go home. To Ontario.

Mark needs money, so he lines up at an agency looking for work. He's sent to a site.

The agency receives a frantic call from the site. Mark has repeatedly been climbing to the top of a concrete wall and jumping off. Fortunately, he doesn't kill himself. The Site Safety Officer corrals Mark and asks him, what are you doing?

"I'm trying to kill myself. I want to go home. I'm trying to impale myself on the rebar."

Mark returns to the agency office; he wants his four hours of pay. Mark is given a cheque and sent on his way. Nothing more.

The driver looks out the window. Mark is walking out into traffic. The driver runs out and pulls Mark back to the sidewalk, just in the nick of time. The driver asks Mark, what are you doing?

"I'm trying to go home."