



Lindsay Wincherauk

MAY 2023

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Let's start this writing with a cliché.
No.
Yes.

No.

Yes.

Fuck.

No.

Yes.

Today is the first day of the rest of my life.

Is that cliché?

Yes.

Keep going.

I am.

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I'm depressed. When you are twenty or thirty, when life is turned upside down, the world is an oyster waiting to be cracked open.

Is that cliché?

Probably not.

What am I going to do?

I need an income.

Keep writing.

That's a given.

But what if it doesn't pay off?

It will; believe in yourself.

Thank you for believing in me. Why am I pushing forward?

At twenty or thirty, when life is turned upside by greedy pieces of shit, BOUNCE, something will come up. But I tell you what, at...

||

When you were in your early thirties, didn't someone tell you – you were too old for a job?

Yes.

How old are you now?

I'm almost 63.

How long were you in your last position?

Almost 15 years, and now, with the break for the legal case and the pandemic, and for a group of assholes to screw me over, nearly 18 years.

How do you bounce back from that?

I don't... FUCKING. KNOW.

What do you want to do?

Tell stories.

Do people still read?

I do.

What are you going to do?

I don't know.

Do you want those who hurt you to suffer?

Yes.

Dead?

Sure.

A threat?

No. A dream.

You are not supposed to dream.

I hope the acid and parasites do a fantastic job until Leo and the Hired Man, find the gun.

Are the people from your past criminals?

Yes.

Are they disgusting?

Yes.

What are you going to do?

I will continue writing.

But you need a job?

I do. But don't have any idea what that looks like and how to find one. I'm scared. I'm worried. My family is hurting. In my orbit, people are dying or retiring or both, and now I'm being subjected to the humiliation of maybe grovelling for things I do not want to do. Do you know how that feels?

I do.

I walk with you every day.

I wasn't going to write anything today. I missed my Lindsay Last Month May Issue deadline. That was all I was going to do today. But no.... this fell out of my mind.

Is this anything?

I don't know.

It is honest.

It expresses my upset and understanding of my difficulties.

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J and I hit the trails yesterday, another 20,000-plus steps. My inflammation came storming back with my left foot exploding, signs of heart issues, but I'm not allowed, I have to find a job. I can't be sick. I don't have the \$\$\$s to take care of myself.

I fucking hate the people who put me in this position. They deserve nothing. They deserve their lives to be ripped apart.

Leo has got a gun.

So does the Hired Man.

I meet with the Mayor. I tell him the world is a mess. I tell him we need to take care of the most vulnerable. It dons on me that I'm talking about myself.

Like many people, the Mayor has been conditioned to believe if you take care of people, they won't try.

I tell him he's wrong.

The Mayor pauses and ponders; he understands if we don't take care of the vulnerable, then we'd be living in a world only caring about those with money... luckily, his opinion is malleable.

I don't know what I'm going to do.

John G died. 2G told the Mayor it was suicide. The Mayor says when Jacques, the often-spewing racist shit man, was told by the Mayor about it being a suicide, Jacques, the often-spewing racist shit man, was disgusted, it's against his religion.

Why would 2G spread rumours about someone committing suicide? Why?

What's the point?

You know the last question is redundant?

I do.

I've often thought of suicide. I'm scared.

I won't. I need to keep writing.

Suppose I die because of what the shit people did to me (to us). In that case, I hope Leo and the Hired Man make what is coming Darren, Todd, and Tyler's way as excruciatingly painful as any human can endure.

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You hurt my family, and I want your eyes scratched with a rusty nail.

Oh, by the way, I finished the latest issue of Lindsay Last Month. Lindsay Last Month, May 2023, Issue #14.

Enjoy.

J is preparing me vegetables more often now. I think he wants me to live.

Grammarly

Readability Score = 93



OLD PERSON SLEEPING
OLD PERSON SLEEPING

What time is it?
W

7:30 PM?

I must make it to 8:30.

I guess 8 is good enough.

I'm partying.

8:05!

Come on sleep.

No.

Don't think. Don't think. Don't think.

Sleep.

Gotta pee. 10:05.

Back to the dream.

About?

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I'm dreaming about a porno.

Without nudity.

Weird.

More: Where are they now?

Mr. Hardwick died. OMG.

I'm not sure if that's true.

~~GOOGLE~~

1:30 AM must pee.

I want the dream back.

Is Bambi, okay?

I had to look her name up.

I don't even like porn.

Can't find the dream.

Not to worry. I'll pee at 3:20

5.

Back pain.

Start a new day.

HUMAN SNAPSHOT HUMAN SNAPSHOT

Howie

Is a hard-core drunk. He doesn't have his driver's licence, yet, he has a ticket allowing him to direct traffic. Often, in high traffic areas. The agency needs a traffic controller to send to a significant client. Howie is the only one in the office. Howie uses duct tape to hold up his pants + to cover the massive holes in his work boots. Howie is sent out to the client's site. He asks for a \$20 advance. Howie uses the advance to purchase "juice" to calm down the shakes.

The client phones, complaining about Howie reeking of booze and having boots made out of tape. The entitled dispatcher lies and says, *Howie was fine when he left the office.*

When Howie is sent away from the site and returns to the office, the entitled dispatcher tells 55-year-old alcoholic-Howie, *"Maybe this isn't for you anymore; you should try to get an office job."*

To make up for the client noticing Howie's inebriation, the entitled dispatcher offers the client hockey tickets.