

i don't have a fucking tent

broke
homeless
forgotten



dead
over
sixty

how greed is killing our elders

by lindsay wincherauk

\$500 Tent

Rian:

I saw homeless people in the tent city in the city's center with tents worth \$500.

Me:

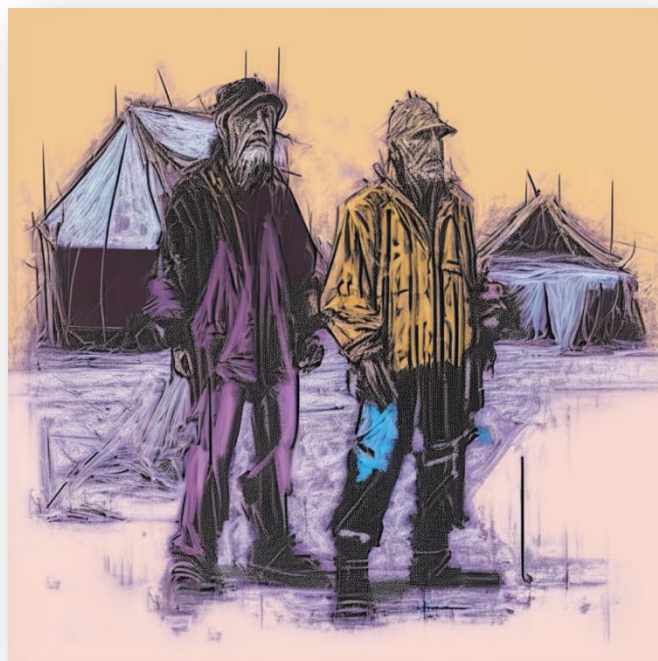
So?

Rian:

Don't you think they should spend their money on something more practical?

Me:

Where do you live?



Beef Wellington

Rian changed the topic – same day.

Rian:

We just got back from Las Vegas. We had \$100 Beef Wellington meals in Gordon Ramsay's restaurant. It was fabulous.

Me:

Are you saying it was fabulous because it was, or because you had convinced yourself it was, because you have seen Gordon Ramsay on television yelling at people?

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Rian:

Because it was fabulous.

Me:

Don't you think you should spend your money on something more practical?

Rian:

Our hotel room was comped.

My Saddest Days

The day I watched my father, who wasn't my father, die.

The day I watched my mother, who wasn't my mother, die.

The day I learned my father and mother I watched die weren't my birth parents.

The day I found out who my birth mother was.

She was my eldest sister.

She seemed angry at me her entire life as she played the role of my eldest sister.

Two weeks after I met my birth father, Elmer; I had to call him to tell him my birth mother had lied on my birth record, and he wasn't my real father. Poof. Gone.

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I was born in a place swallowed by darkness.

A place where wayward women were sent to be fixed and rid themselves of their demon seeds. Nobody wanted me. So, my family all agreed to participate in a lifelong lie. See above.

The day my dying birth mother, called me her son for the first time — we hugged for the second time. The first time was the night my mother died.

My life started with a lie.

I don't know who my father is?

I'm 48% Norwegian.

Liars

I worked for almost fifteen years for the same company. I was an exemplary employee, going above and beyond and then a little higher.

I was getting older.

The company used the Covid pandemic to end my career just before I was to turn sixty.

They replaced me with a friend of my manager.

He was younger and cheaper than me.

My former employer took me and placed me on a shelf in the back of the head office. It was dusty and smelled like vinegar.

They had no intention of taking me off the shelf again.

I sought legal help.

Unfortunately, at the end of this story, I learned my legal help needed to be more competent.

When the company principals I gave 25% of my life to, found out I sought help, they vowed to destroy me, emotionally and financially. It worked.

I'm a man, not a company. I didn't understand their violence.

The company I worked for probably thinks they did nothing wrong.

They'd be lying.

I Don't Like Liars

I won my legal battle.

The amount I received was akin to being kicked in the balls.

I don't think I can talk about it any more than this because my former employer might come after me for my (\$)s.

Because of this, on several occasions I have thought about my exit strategy.

Dark.

I won. But the legal system protects money, not suffering.

Unfortunately for me, my lawyers were incompetent.

If you turn on your TV right now, they are probably on, chasing ambulances and lying to people in need.

They told me I had nothing to worry about because I had: 'the truth on my side.'

I should have been worrying about their incompetence; and their only true desire, getting paid.

2 Tents



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Rian has two tents.

I don't know how much he paid for them.

He says he uses them when he goes camping.

He says he hasn't gone camping in five years.

I don't know if any of the above is true, I may have made it up for effect.

How will we ever know?

Ed Sheeran

Ed Sheeran has been my favourite musical artist for the last thirteen years.
Before I was fired, I had seen him five times.

Aren't you too old?

Was I talking to you?

Anyway, Rian goes to almost every concert with a group of friends. Each time they go, it's posted on Socials because people must know, Rian and his friends, are going to concerts of significant artists.

I felt sad because I couldn't go to the concert.

If only, I had given up eating a year ago, or opened a lemonade stand.
Damn impractical food.

Is it impractical? Or unpractical?

Look it up yourself.

Of course, don't bother looking if you already know the answer.

When I saw the pictures of Rian drunk at the Ed Sheeran concert, an artist he probably doesn't even know who he is, on the Socials, I felt sad, and poor.

I wonder if the people living in the tent city follow Rian or his friends on their Socials — and are happy for them.

What do the people living in the \$500 tents post on their Socials?

I'm guessing it's not Beef Wellington.

I'm also guessing the Property Brothers won't be doing shows about their forever-homes.

Food Insecurity

I bought something to eat for lunch, yesterday.

I can't afford to eat.

I feel guilty when I spend money on food.

I'm 63.

J works a professional job, and because I got fired and I am now 63, we can no longer afford to live indoors.

This makes me sad.

I want to take care of my family.

I can't.

Never Give Up

I've written 14 manuscripts.

I have sent out over 800 book pitches.

It's apparent I don't know what the fuck I'm doing.

I know I'm talented, but I seem to keep slamming the thick steel thread into the eyelet of a needle without a hole.

My former employers legal hit men when they were trying to destroy me, called me a failed writer who has no business chasing my dreams.

I don't think they would make good parents.

One day, I will stuff those words down many throats.

Tomorrow would be nice!

Nice is a weak word. Let's use phantasmagorical instead.

I've written over 300 thoughts on books – many of which have been featured on author websites.

I have an active mind. I survived a stroke.

I've sent out over 100 job applications.

Nobody seems interested in me because I'm getting older.

I need to buy shoes.

If you are still an active shoe purchaser, capitalism still loves you; and will consider you relevant.

So, my sage advice to humanity, collect shoes.

Don't believe the book *The Secret*. Or is it just *Secret*? I don't care. It was one of the books I've read.

Maybe instead of spending the lunch money I don't have; I will save it up and buy shoes.

Or perhaps I'll get a ladder and cut shoes down from power lines to be initiated into the gang.

This all makes me sad.

Brackets

Our life savings are now imprisoned inside growing brackets.

This is troublesome.

Nobody wants to hire a 63-year-old.

I'm not interested in your opinion or judgment.

I'm feeling blue.

Crap, feeling blue, increased the size of the brackets incarcerating our savings.

Do people still rob banks?

I don't have a mask.

J works professionally, but we can no longer afford the transportation costs to his work.

I'm scared.

Don't be?

Shut up.

The (\$) grows.

I wonder if our landlords will accept *'this'* for next month's rent.

I'm 63.

I need to take care of my family.

We don't have a fucking tent.

Is eating important?

Maybe we'll find a batch of dry cardboard.

Evil Personified

The company owner I worked for emailed me saying he wanted to discuss getting me a reference letter.

He told me to call him any time.

I called him several times.

He doesn't answer.

Evil Personified: PART 2

If the principals of the company, I gave 25% of my life to as a model employee read this.

They will think it is about them.

And then, they will likely try to hurt me, and my loved ones more than they already have.

Even the one I thought was a friend. The one, J and I, took along with his wife, to see Ed Sheeran.

The only thing I'm guilty of, is getting older.



I guess that's a crime.

Would you like to go shoe shopping with me?

I don't have any money.

My Carbon Footprint



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I haven't been in a car in almost 4 years.

I eat seaweed in order to fart 63%; or is it, 68% less?

I don't remember.

The answer is in a book called "Seaweed" I read.

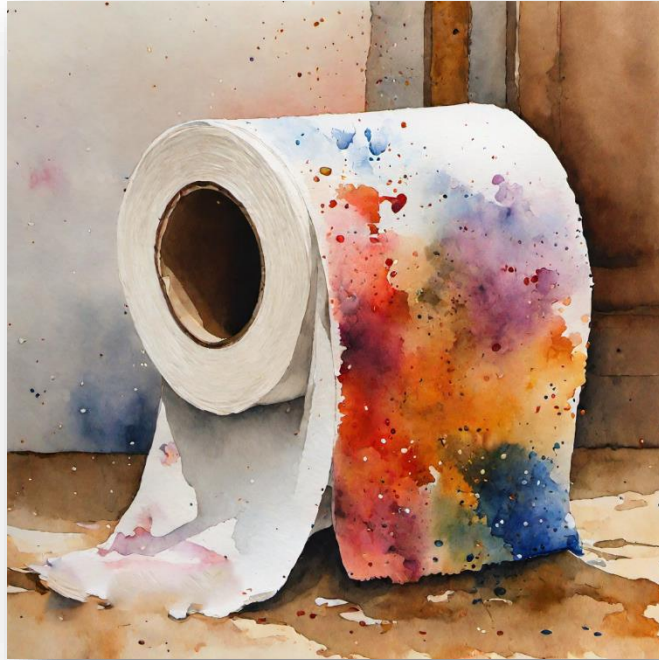
I didn't poop yesterday.

My vacations are only as far as I can walk in a day.

My carbon footprint is shrinking.

What's for lunch today?

Fear Personified



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Being poor sucks.

It takes a lot of fucking work.

Oh. Fuck.

We are down to the last roll of toilet paper.

Hopefully, I don't have to poop today or tomorrow.

Depression



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If you had to define depression in just two words, what would they be?

La fin.

Parles-tu français?

No.