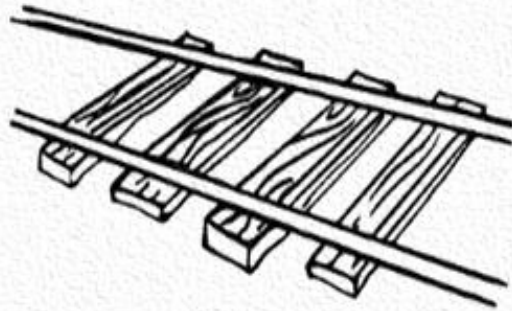


MY  
DAYS



JUNE  
2023

LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JUNE 2023**  
JUNE 2023

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**MY DAYS: VOLUME 1**  
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1



I don't want to write about Depression anymore.  
Then don't be depressed.

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It's not that easy. The walls are closing in on us.  
I am fucking terrified.  
I feel sick.  
I want to puke all the time.  
Food is in the past.

I sent out at least twenty applications yesterday.

I didn't go to the Asylum.  
I didn't walk.

Depression knocked me to the ground.

Hana violently puked today. Several times.

She can't be sick. We can't afford her care.

If I don't land a job soon. Well, my suicide on July 1st will come to fruition.

Don't kill yourself.

I will try until it's time.

I walk to Royal Center to read.

At least you read.

My spirit kept sinking.

After reading, I went home and sent out more applications.

## A FICTITIOUS MESSAGE TO MY FORMER EMPLOYER

You willfully destroyed my life and the life of my family.

What did you think would happen when you terminate an older worker?

Do you know how fucking hard it is to bounce back?

Hey, the coworker who pretended to be my friend, I want you to know you've had a hand in killing me; my relationship; and what you actively participated in, is destroying J's life as well.

I feel sick.

While walking home, I passed a dishevelled man sitting on the sidewalk, shirtless, in the rain. He had written on his cardboard sign: **64th Birthday.**

I felt like collapsing—I turn 63 in less than a month, and I'm going home to crank out more applications.

You can't possibly know what seeing the man feels like? How fucking emotionally devastating it is? Are you going to be happy when we die on the street?

I even applied to manage Wendy's. WTF?

I'm desperate.

I have little time left.

What the hell am I going to do?

Cry.



year's of exceptional service. No fucking call ever came.

- Having 'that person' train 'that person's' replacement. Who the fuck does that? Oh, you did.

You may think you did nothing wrong.

**You're right → YOU DID EVERYTHING WRONG.**

The last three years were nothing more than a game for you. For the people you've hurt, it is their lives and their future.

Here's what's happening →↓

- You've financially ruined someone in their sixties who gave you 25% of their life.
- You've destroyed a family financially.
- The family you ruined can no longer afford food, the medicine the person in their sixties needs to keep living, to feed or care for the family pet.
- And over the three years you chose to make the person suffer, you have successfully destroyed their future because the fucking legal system allowed you to get away with destroying lives.

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### **WHY DID YOU DO THIS?**

What does 'that person' want from you?

**A face-to-face meeting where you explain why you did what you did?**

At the very least, 'that person' deserves that.

But no, the three of you are all cowards, and the system allowed you to hide behind your marginality by protecting you from having the truth ever told.

**What does 'that person' really want?**

For you to make amends for what you have done.

'That person' is undeniably a good person. You destroyed 'that person's' life and future, and 'that person' lost another three years, with the emotional toll being devastating.

What did 'that person' do in the last three years?

Besides, stressing?

'That person' continued being a kind, empathetic person. A person who shares light instead of darkness.

Over the last three years, 'that person' has →↓

- Written 14 manuscripts.
- Read and reviewed over 300 books.
- Hit the Fitness Asylum most days (when the Depression wasn't too debilitating) and moved over 10 miles daily.
- Sent out over 800 book proposals.
- Sent out numerous movie + television proposals.
- Sent out over 100 applications – even though you didn't even have the decency to give the most valuable employee you ever employed a fucking reference letter.

You do understand your success is because of someone you have willfully tried to destroy?

Do you remember what the numbers were when 'that person' was in the main office?

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What are they now?

'That person' will never quit trying.

You've hurt 'that person's family, drastically.

What do you think you deserve in return?

Rhetorical.

Yesterday I walked past a broken man sitting on the sidewalk in the cold and rain. His cardboard sign said: **64<sup>th</sup> Birthday**. I turn 63 in 27 days. **FUCK.**

I can't let you break me anymore.

I must break you.

You have one chance to →↓

Find the courage to meet 'that person' you've caused incredible stress

and suffering to tell 'that person' why you chose to willfully hurt 'that person's' family and place 'that person's' life in jeopardy?

'That person' won't hold 'that person's' breath; do you want to know why?

Because 'that person' understands the three of you are nothing more than cowards – and you can never be more than what you three are, monsters, who think preying on the suffering of others is your fucking birthright?

'That person' you've hurt works daily to improve the world.

What do you do?

Rhetorical.

I vow not to let Depression win.

Are you still watching 'that person's' replacement like a hawk?

||

Grammarly Readability Score = 79.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK  
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

SHORT POEM  
SHORT POEM

SHORT POEM

(THIS POEM MAY HAVE BEEN PLAGIARIZED)

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# My Days

MY DAYS

10

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CONTINUED

# SADNESS

SADNESS

11

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

## SADNESS САДНОСТЬ

I've been trying to tamp down depression for a long time now. I don't understand why a company I gave 15 years of my life to refuses to do the right thing?

This is not about them. I can't think of them.

Depression is fucking relentless. I have a cardiologist. I push myself with exercise.

**I'm trying to commit suicide with food – when I can afford to eat.**

I'm fucking conflicted.

I'm scared.

Don't be.

I trip into darkness.

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My friend Jim is 79. He's defying life expectancy.

I do my best to keep moving forward; however, some people in my orbit do not seem to think I'm doing enough.

*Get a job.*

I almost forgot, one day, when I was paying my tab, a friend, I won't name here, The Postman, when I handed the server my credit card said, with a smirk on his face, *This should be good.*

I asked why he was hoping for my credit card to be declined.

He said it would be funny.

I questioned more, asking why he thought more stress in my life would be funny?

He didn't respond.

OFF TANGENT  
OFF TANGENT

This doesn't belong here.

Why?

It is randomness that dropped into my head while wallowing.

Go on.

Okay.

I want to do a 'people on the street segment' where I ask old white people why they don't like rap music?

Do it.

Maybe one day.

I want to go to the gym, right now. I'm trapped here typing this.

I feel alone. I feel I need to swallow my emotions. I don't know who's on my side.

Jim + Jay.

Yes.

He's just worried about you. We all are.

Could you explain what that looks like?

That's what I thought.

Get a job.

That definitely sounds like concern.

Was that sarcastic?

Yes.

Thanks for chatting with me, whoever you may be.

Are my concerned friends sitting in a chair, chin in hand, thinking; I'm worried about Lindsay?

Fucking bullshit.

More sarcasm?

I think so.

You know sarcasm is the lowest form of →

I don't care.

Neither do I.

What makes you the saddest?

Excellent question!

What makes me the most-more-very-so saddest is when people I considered friends are not emotionally mature enough to understand when their behaviour causes pain and forces the one, they are judging into silence.

Ouch. You seem to be whining.

I'm not. I need to vent.

My friend Jim regularly makes deposits in my emotional bank account, when he reads something I've written, Jim tells me to keep pushing forward, keep adding to your inventory. Jim might think I need to find a job to survive, as well. *If he does, he eats his opinion.* Jim knows I'm trying hard – and that I'm fending off depression – and he knows, I try to make people laugh every day and he knows, I don't wear my woes on my sleeve. He appreciates me. I think.

It's not a good idea to swallow your woes. And Jay is more than a friend.

I know, to both of your thoughts. But my friends, other, have made me feel lonely.

They are not really friends.

I'm one of their medical guardians.

Pull the plug.

Maybe.

I almost forgot, Hana the Cat, cares.

Meow.

Yes.

Hee Haw was an outlier. He's climbing up my friend list.

The guy with Parkinson's?

Yes.

One afternoon, when I was weaving tales to a table of four. Five, if you include our server, anyway, Hee Haw, said you do know you are the one that holds these people together. You make them interesting, something many of them aren't capable of being on their own.

Thank You.

*William said, this is the best afternoon he's had, ever. And then he thanked me.*

*William is okay.*

*You only said that because he complimented you.*

Yes.

I'm alone. I must pay my bill. I'm calculating in my head if my CC is going to be declined. That's okay, I still have my last \$170 in my pocket. I can handle the embarrassment.

Why is the company trying to destroy me?

Because you stood up for yourself.

Probably?

I'm not sure if this part of my story, is good.

Tell doubt to beat it.

Wouldn't it be self...?

No.

What you're writing here is real, it's honest, it's raw.

Thank you. That's how I feel. I'm 62, and I want to cry every day. I'm 62, and the last 918 days have placed a heavy fucking burden on my shoulders.

I'm a grateful for Jim and his encouragement to keep building inventory.

I'm grateful for Jay and his unbreakable, unconditional love.

I'm stressed, I'm 62, and I can't support myself.

Get a job. We're all worried about you. I sit in my chair several hours a day thinking: I hope Lindsay is, okay?

No, you don't.

Keep pushing forward Lindsay.

I will.

Oh yeah, Hana's purring.

Meow.

Inspiration washes over me in waves.

The liquor reps are sitting behind me, trying to sell their product to the General Manager, they are telling him how delightful the buzz is from their products.

I pause, and wonder, do the drug dealers sit on the sidewalk with those in the throes of addiction – telling the addicted how delightful the buzz is from their products?

*Get a job.*

The Postman + Sayer are worried about me.

My CC isn't declined.

I go to the Fitness Asylum.

Keep moving forward →

**SHOO DEPRESSION**  
SHOO DEPRESSION

**SHOO SADNESS**  
SHOO SADNESS

*Meow. Purr.*

This ends 16 September 2022.

**WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?**  
WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE?