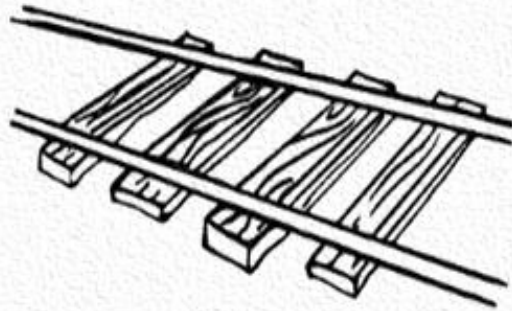


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

2

MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

STRESS FRACTURE
STRESS FRACTURE



3

Why are you crying?
It's a hobby of sorts. It's not.
I woke up this morning once more with tears pouring from my eyes.
That's a lie. Sleep is a thing of the past.

For the last few days, I've been trying to fool myself by convincing all I need to do—is send positive messages into the Universe, you know; SECRET-IT; if you tell the Universe what you need, it will answer.

I tried. I tried. But now I don't know what to do. I'm not a kid anymore. I feel like I'm unbreakable-glass shattering into thousands of pieces.

I can't stop crying. What's going on? I can't take care of my family.

Why did you do this? I'm one person. You are three men running a company.

Why did you choose to hurt my family?

You do know that is what your willful actions are doing?

I stood up for myself, and you decided that was justification for inflicting unrecoverable pain upon me, and my family.

MITIGATE

Fuck you. I blasted out over 800 book proposals, and you fucking attacked my efforts.

The system allowed you to block me from any career path forward, and then you turned and used that against me to protect you.

I'm one person with a loving family, a precious pet, and desperation.

I told you; you had backed me into a corner, and at my age there, my most logical path forward was a creative one. But no, that wasn't enough for you; you wanted my fucking blood.

Why did you choose to hurt me so much?

Let me tell you what's happened and what is happening now.

I'm 63 and have applied for over 50 jobs, with only two positive responses. Unfortunately, the unspoken sentiment is that I'm too old, and the companies decided to go with someone else.

At my age, repeatedly banging my head against the wall would likely be more productive. But of course, you knew that.

The rejections don't mention my age – the companies don't need to. I'm obsolete, and your cruelty of not providing me with a reference has erased 15 years of my career life. Your cruelty has destroyed me.

Two weeks ago, my cardiologist gave me a prescription for medication to keep me alive. I haven't filled it because I can't afford to.

I stress when my cat eats. I worry when my cat uses her litter box.

J and I are down to one small meal per day.

I used to purchase a small snack at lunch; now I can't even afford a \$1.50 coke at McDonald's for lunch.

J will also lose his employment as soon as we lose our home.

We will have to give our cat away or put her down.

I will kill myself.

I do not want to be homeless.

You did this not only to me, but to my family as well.

Yesterday, I hung out with Whom for a bit. If you remember, Whom is my 68-year-old friend with Parkinson's. He's battling with the Big D. He just had to give up his home of 16 years. He's teetering on the edge of devastation.

I listened.

I found a way to mask my pain by turning it into laughter, to give Whom a moment of smiles as opposed to the constant misery he's facing.

Whom laughs.

Whom said something that ripped a hole in my heart, Whom said, "My sisters have told me I may as well max out my cards."

I think Whom was telling me he wants to die.

I'm now battling with two additional "Ds" – Denial and Delusion and "A" – avoidance.

If I ignore my reality, it will go away.

It won't.

The walls are closing in.

I laid in bed this morning with tears pouring out of my eyes.

I'm turning 63 soon. My efforts are indisputable; however, when you are 63, and forced to seek validation from younger people who don't know who you are. Good Luck.

I'm tired. I can't afford the medication I need to keep me alive.

I gave 15 years of my life to a company doing everything asked of me and more. And now I have to face the fact that my career killed me.

Sparkly, why the glum look on your face?

I love you. Don't give up.

I won't.

TICK. TICK. TICK.

Shatter.

||

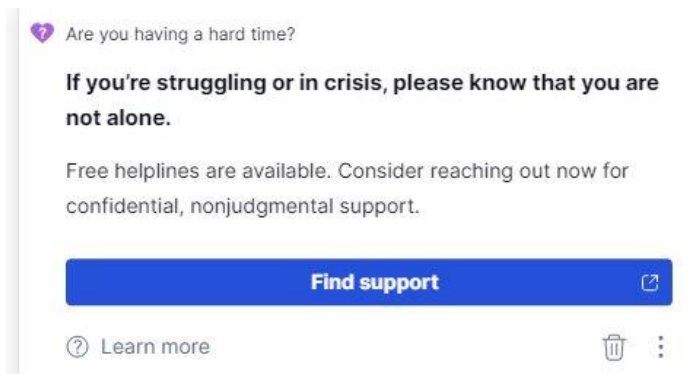
Grammarly Readability Score = 86.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



It's a sad world when my Grammar Application cares about me more than the 3 people I used to work for.

When I plugged today's story into the APP this is what they shot me on the editing page →↓



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

RICKY GERVAIS
KICKY GERVAIS



ARE YOU RICKY GERVAIS?
ARE YOU RICKY GERVAIS?

YES
YES

7

DO YOU KNOW DENZEL WASHINGTON?
DO YOU KNOW DENZEL WASHINGTON?



MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

My Days

MY DAYS

8

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

CONTINUED

SADNESS SADNESS

9

16 SEPTEMBER 2022

DEAN
DEAN

10

24 SEPTEMBER 2022

That's fucking horrible, I say.

He says life sucks, and he tells me some people tell him he should feel grateful for every day.

I say that sounds like a ridiculous thing to say.

Thank you, he says.

I know people don't know what to say – when they don't – it's best to swallow words.

He tells me he doesn't like this slow death. He'd like it to be over.

I'm breaking inside.

He tells me his parents are dead and his brother and sister, well, that's enough about them.

He works in Vancouver's poorest area on East Hastings. He sees suffering daily – he says he thinks life is harsh for many people – no judgment.

11

I tell him about my family, about my cardiologist, and a little about my career execution.

Behind us, I hear a married man talking about hot people in a hot tub and extramarital sex, not Anne Murray.

I'm worried I'm controlling too much of the conversation with Dean. I say to him; I hope I'm not.

He says, all good, and then adds, most people are afraid to talk to me.

I am. But I hide it.

I go to take a leak.

When I return, I tell Dean I must go. I tell him I think we just conducted a master class in not talking small.

He tells me most people only make it five years with what he has.

I asked him how long since you were diagnosed?

Just over four years ago, he answered.

Dean tells me he's going to be retiring soon.

I ask him what he'll do in retirement?

Wait to die, he says.

12