



CANNED: FIRED @ 59

MAY 2023

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1

IMPLODE
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Most nights, Lindsay's sleep is fitful bouts of worry-fuelled tossing and turning with Lindsay grieving many losses, including the loss of his fifteen-year career. 3

Lindsay likes to try to spin positives, but with what the assholes did to him and his family, sometimes positive is impossible. In between the messages, he occasionally asks the Universe for a miracle to make his family's life easier as REM-induced revenge fantasies fill his mind. Let's just say Lindsay understands it's not always the disgruntled former employees' fault they break and...

Fortunately, those lapses in thought are only momentary.

For whom?

Them.

Okay.

Do you think they understand what they did was wrong and hurt many people?

No.

Why?

They are horrible people.

Okay.

I don't want to talk about them.

What do you wish for them?

| Inaudible |

That's probably for the best.

Did you know guns don't kill people? Bullets do.

Yes. But did you know that all I need to wipe someone out is the desire and a pair of soft-soled shoes?

I didn't know that.

I have the shoes.

Lindsay gets up.

I write.

I do laundry.

Lindsay why did you have me type the last three sentences?

Because. Let's leave it at that.

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I'm washing Lindsay's hat.

Lindsay I wasn't going to share much today, but then, as it does, life happened.

Lindsay went to the Asylum, where he heard only three "My daughters."

Afterward, Lindsay set off to read, fortunately, the Oaf sat out of sight; yay!

Walk.

Lindsay wore a black T-shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Red, fucking Red, stormed past Lindsay wearing a black t-shirt with the sleeves rolled up.

Lindsay is on a Fitness Asylum and 30,000+ step roll, row, row your boat.

FH

Lindsay sits with The Mayor. They both try to hop on the Vegas Golden Knights bandwagon but need to be faster and unfortunately, they are far too gamey.

Dean arrives and appears to be in an upbeat mood.

He tells Lindsay that two days ago when he got home, the equivalent of his water breaking happened as he was unlocking his apartment door. He tumbled backwards and lost consciousness. When he regained consciousness, his next-door neighbours were peering at him through a crack in their door. They didn't think to help or even fucking ask him if he was okay.

But somehow, today, Dean seems upbeat and excited about his trip.

Lindsay retreats to the restroom. On the way, he passes Valerie.

Valerie is deaf and recently had a medical event that rendered her needing a walker. The following passage Lindsay hates sharing.

Valerie is rotting; she's gone rancid; walking by her now is the origin of gagging. Lindsay feels awful for her. She's lonely. But she stinks, and she's bringing her stench into a place of business. Lindsay feels horrible for her. Lindsay feels like an ass because he can't find the strength to give her a moment of calm.

Lindsay returns from the restroom.

Dean tells him that when he's in Copenhagen, he will have five days alone. Copenhagen is an incredibly liberal city. Dean says when he hits the pubs there, he will leave his walker (soon to need) in his room and only use his cane. Dean is excited he will be there during Copenhagen's Pride Celebration.

He continues to tell Lindsay and The Mayor about his trip, there are a lot of 'Hop on, Hop Off' busses he will be able to take, he says.

It's excellent seeing Dean having an up moment.

Lindsay says to The Mayor, "Aren't all our busses 'Hop On, Hop Off' — and basically free?"

The Mayor says, "Only for those with bags of cans?"

The underlying tone of The Mayor's words is a disappointment for Lindsay.

He leaves it be.

Lindsay has to fend for himself for dinner. J will be elsewhere. Lindsay decides on a ham and cheese sandwich with mustard.

He hits the grocer. Mac & Cheese would have been an economical choice, but it is no longer peasant food with the price of milk and butter. We are living in a world where Mac & Cheese has become a luxury item.

Imploding.

Lindsay stands in the bread section of the grocery store. A homeless(?) man stands next to him. They are looking at the individual, cheap, nutrition-less white buns because loaves of bread are now \$60 – a slight exaggeration. The homeless man selects two 69-cent white buns and places them in a 25-cent paper bag. Lindsay notices a sign that says we are supposed to write the bun code on the bag. But how? No pen around. Lindsay spots a pen hanging from the shelf, he brings it to the attention of the homeless man. The homeless man takes the pen and tries to scratch the code on the bag. The pen won't write on paper. So, the homeless man scratches the code on his finger.

Lindsay selects the same kind of buns, two, and snaps a photo of the code with his camera.

Meat aisle. Pepper salami, small pack = \$5.99.

Dairy aisle, Cheddar Cheese = \$5.99 (justifiable because it was on sale down from \$11.00).

Lindsay ponders taking the buns back and only buying the 25-cent bag. He doesn't.

Counter time, "Would you like a bag with your purchase?" The clerk asks.

Lindsay replies, "No, I think I can manage." And then stuffs the cheese and salami inside the 25-cent bag with the buns.

On the way out of the store Lindsay, here's the security guard talking with the store manager; he's asking him how much force is acceptable when apprehending a suspect?

A salami sandwich costs \$13.00.

Lindsay walks across the street to his home. He turns on the tube. It's on a Seattle channel, and people are being interviewed. They are outraged because the homeless people are close to their neighbourhood. The tone of those interviewed suggests homeless people are a nuisance, less than human, and criminals. Those interviewed claim they must clear the homeless out because they are a safety hazard.

Lindsay takes a bite of his sandwich and switches to the local news.

On the news, they are talking about the homeless people in Crab Park being a nuisance, less than human, and a safety hazard.

Lindsay hopes the man is enjoying his bun.

The pandemic has caused a Vancouver-based conglomerate of bars, pubs, and restaurants to file for creditor protection, the next story reports.

The following story (a recurring theme for the last several months) is about drinking being DEATH.

Hmm Lindsay thinks if drinking is Death. Internet dating removes the need for people to meet in bars and pubs. With drugs becoming increasingly legal, at least those that don't go great with booze, it could be a horrible time to be in the booze business.

Don't people see the connection between EVERYTHING?

There is a glimmer of hope on the horizon; if they legalize cocaine, booze may make a comeback.

Lindsay drinks a box to Soju. It's strong. He doesn't die, at least not yet.

Inflation + Supply Chain + Labour Shortage (not for older people who were unceremoniously replaced by unscrupulous, greedy, nepotistic business owners) + homeless people being less than human + Booze = Death; will we be, okay? Or is something already given?

Lindsay puts on his thinking cap!

Unless we make monumental changes in how we treat and think of each other, Lindsay doesn't want to think anymore.

Lindsay backs up to his conversation with The Mayor.

Lindsay

It upset me when you said what you said about people riding the bus for free, all carrying bags of cans with them; it sounded cold and judgemental.

The Mayor

It wasn't meant that way.

That's how it came across. People are struggling. The caretaker of my building scoops up all the bottles and cans from recycling to subsidize his income. More and more people are out on the streets collecting cans to survive. And now, with booze being illegal, maybe there will be fewer cans to collect?

The Mayor

It used to only be the immigrants collecting the cans.

Lindsay

That might be partially correct. When I used to play rec sports, there always seemed to be a Chinese lady coming around to pick up empties. Anyway, people are suffering. And the fucking rest of us demonizes people for suffering.

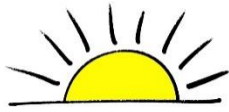
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Is it too late to stop the implosion?

It was good to see Dean have an upbeat moment.

Grammarly Readability Score = 81

SUNRISE



Sleep.

Where have you gone? →

Thoughts racing.

← Nothing. Everything.

I'm falling.

Hold onto something.

Climb. →

Sweet slumber, wrap me in your balmy cloak.

TUMULT. TUMULT. TUMULT

For me. You. Everyone. →

I can't get up. I must

← Cry.

I'm dehydrated. Scared. →

Tomorrow arrive today → shower me in possibilities.

Two doors.

Misery. Fate. →

Choose fate.

← The door on the right.

Smile.

Offer kindness.

I own nothing else. →

Warm me. Allow me to keep climbing, trying.

How did I get here?

Old.

← No. Keep trying.

I must.

I DON'T WANT TO BE HOMELESS

How far can I stretch \$170?

The question is rhetorical. It's impossible.

Get a job.

I don't know how. I haven't had a job interview in 30 years.

And besides, I work incredibly hard every day crafting my writing craft. I'm good. Unknown. But good. Good is a shitty word. I'm fucking 62; canned from a lengthy career because I had the fucking audacity to get older. 15 years gone into the ether.

I know what I want to do?

What?

This?

What's this?

This. Keep reading.

My friends don't hear my pain no matter how fucking loud I scream it out.

It's not their fault. Many of them are frustrated with homeless people. They ignorantly believe every homeless person isn't trying and they've done it to themselves.

YOU. KNOW. I. MIGHT. BE. HOMELESS. SOON.

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They don't hear me. They don't see me that way.

I suggest if I become homeless, I might start ingesting drugs in order to help your beliefs.

They don't get what I'm saying. I mean, they don't like the reality of my words. It's hard to have friendships when they don't hear or see you – and they don't realize the gravity of what's going on in your life.

I want to crawl into a hole. I hate my fucking friends.

They all did it to themselves. I'm sick of street people. If you give the homeless housing, the drug dealers will show up. I worked hard for everything. If they are on drugs, fuck them.

And there you have it.

I've shot up, have you? A friend says.

Didn't you just say, fuck them? Hypocrite?

I'm glad you are angry and bitter. When did you drop compassion?

Fuck, compassion.

Will you be compassionate when I'm outside? Don't answer. If I become homeless at 62, I might kill myself.

Why don't you try?

Wow. Who hurt you?

THERE IS LOTS OF STUFF ON THE INTERNET LIKE THAT

Yesterday was an incredibly tough day.

25 August 2022

I struggled to find my breath. The air was heavy. Depression was swallowing me, so I levitated a few feet above the bottom of Death Valley's Badwater Basin. If I could take one positive from this, it's this: the Basin is dry. *I can't swim.*



I felt nauseous; I wanted to puke. I must fight.

Wake up. Create. Yesterday I →

1. Updated my website (daily)
2. Wrote a chapter in two books (including this one)
3. I finished reading two books.
4. I created a cartoon character (Sparkly Pingle Ball) and penned Volume 1
5. I pitched stories to CBC + Omni Entertainment
6. I walked 10 miles.

Yet, somehow, I felt guilty, like I'm not putting in enough effort. I haven't been to the Fitness Asylum in a week.

What's wrong with me?

Oh yeah, I forgot to add, there was a memorial for my dear friend Scotty; it's his birthday. Scotty died in 2020. I slip a few feet lower.

I attended the memorial, gasping for air. At the memorial, I met up with my friend Jim. I shared a portion of the first volume of **Sparkly Pingle Ball - And the Missing Orange Ball**. Jim loved it. He encouraged me by trying to brainstorm who might be interested in it. I shared with Jim my belief we must try to bring light, not darkness – no matter what.

I rose ever so slightly.

I wanted to cry.

Another friend sat to my left.

What are you showing, Jim?

I told him.

There is a ton of stuff like that on the internet, he said.

What?

Poetry.

This is not poetry; besides, a publisher just told me my poetry is fantastic, I have a powerful voice, and I'm destined to succeed.

He repeated, the internet is full of stuff like that, shrugged, and walked away, disinterested.

I began freefalling.

Don't listen to him.

It's impossible. I know that's excellent advice. But a pin has been stuck in the balloon, and you can hear the air hissing out.

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Why share this?

Because this is a story about surviving being fired. Sometimes, we need all the support we can find. It is devastating when a friend bursts a bubble with micro-aggression for no reason other than inflicting pain. So, his emotional bank account with me is overdrawn.

We all carry emotional bank accounts with us through life. Some friends make regular deposits, while others are always making withdrawals. Today, Jim made massive deposits, he does most days. He brings light. My other friend, well → he's becoming not worth the time. Harsh? No. Upsetting? Yes. But I will get over it.

Maybe I should thank him for deciding what I should do next.

In life, we must make hard decisions about who we allow in — especially when we need love instead of whatever-the-fuck, there's-tons-of-stuff like it on the internet is.

I desperately grasp for air.

In February, my legal team, who are fighting my case of constructive dismissal, told me they'd have a laser-focused document prepared to end my years of uncertainty, in one week, the next week.

That was in February. It's now August. Over 28 weeks have passed.

X days ago, they told me the same thing—in one week.

X days ago.

X day ago, they told me it would be ready the next day.

That was X days ago.

I'm on a fucking slush pile.

Breathe.

I flashback a week (a regular Friday get-together).

A friend told me if I'm willing to apply to be an Event Host at BC Place, he'd apply with me. He's 67 and retired. He's lying. So, why the fuck is he telling me this?

I think nothing of it.

Until →

It hits me; he knows of my creative pursuits. Actually, he is one of my biggest fans.

I got fucking fired because I got old, and now an old friend is trying to get me to chase entry-level jobs instead of my creative pursuits. He may not have inserted the pin in the balloon immediately, but in reality, he still did.

There comes a point in life (maybe an age) where if we aren't spending most of our time cultivating our passions and chasing our dreams — we die faster.

We will meet this Friday, once again. Hopefully, he keeps his mouth shut unless he's trying to encourage my creativity. And hopefully, his friend, who says he never watches the news or pays attention to what's happening in the world while saying, "I love Trump," doesn't fucking come.

I want to climb into a hole and die.

It's time to go home.

I needed to stop to pick up medication I need to stay alive.

I want to buy an apple.

I can't; it's now a luxury.

I stopped at the pharmacy. My prescription was \$76.00. It used to be about \$10.00, our medical plan has been cancelled because my partner has changed jobs. How do poor people survive? OMG. I'm a poor person.

I sink.

\$170 - \$76 = \$94 left.

I must cut up the pills.

Maybe I can find them cheaper online or by talking to the dirty, sketchy guy riding a kids' bike.

Tomorrow, I will →

1. Write a few more chapters.
2. Read 100 pages.
3. Pitch
4. Go to the asylum.
5. Climb out of the abyss.
6. Cry
7. And hopefully, Archie doesn't spew some racist shit, + some of the other people I used to be friends with, don't drain the air from my soul.

I almost forgot, I chipped a tooth, or a cap fell off. I don't know when or how, but I can feel it. It scares me. ~~Medical Plan. Dental Plan.~~ Fuck.

And my wonderful cat Hana, she has a skin irritation. It looks bad, but she seems okay. I want to take her to the vet. Unfortunately, walking into (just walking into) a Veterinarian Clinic costs, \$500.00.

I love lying beside Hana and saying, "Visit. Visit. Visit." Only for a few moments. She looks into my eyes when I do. I find it calming. I think she likes it. Every day, when I come home, she greets me at the door and tells me a story. And then, she demands we walk the hallway on our floor. End-to-end and back. Every day.

RIDDLE

A 50-year-old-man needs a fix to manage his (life) pain; where does he go?

If desperate, to a Labour Agency.

He may still have his pride, but if his body breaks down, he won't survive long enough to climb no matter how hard he works.

At the end of the day, the Developers/Builders mark his work ticket: **DO. NOT. RETURN.** And eventually, the Labour Agencies usher him out the door to whatever is next...?

But not before sending him out to several more jobs until he can work no more. Draining every last penny, they can get out of someone in trouble.

Those running these predatory Agencies can only stay in the trenches for so long; seeing the suffering daily takes a significant toll. Perhaps, it even induces a little guilt. But the easy money that comes with the delusion of believing you've created a product (humans) is, quite frankly, disgusting.

Those running these predatory Agencies often need to escape seeing the suffering, and once their take \$\$\$ from the sweat of those they are exploiting is enough, they bring in trusted friends to face the day-to-day destruction.

Many Owners of Labour Agencies get out of the daily grind quickly, allowing these absentee Owners the reprehensible luxury of basking in the delusion of not seeing the workers as humans but rather as products.

The delusion intensifies when the aphrodisiac of greed convinces the Owners they created the product they are selling. Pimping would be a more apt description of what they do.

The Owners of Labour Agencies did not create humans. The only exception is they may have added to a future generation of entitlement (if they have children). But without question, they have amplified the suffering of those they employ by reaching in their wallets and stealing hope.