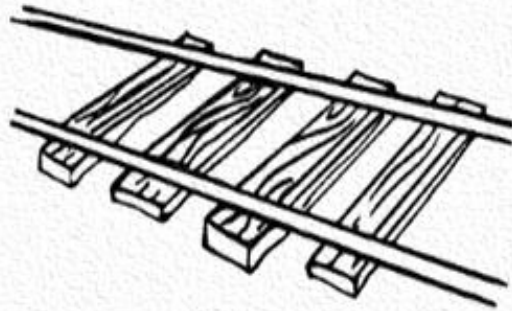


MY
DAYS



JUNE
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JUNE 2023
JUNE 2023

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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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WITHOUT A REFERENCE LETTER
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THE CRUELTY BECOMES UNBEARABLE
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Dear CBC.

I am a soon-to-be sixty-three-year-old Instagram Book Influencer; I've reviewed over three-hundred books in the last three years, mostly sent to me by publishers.

You can see my Instagram here →↓

https://www.instagram.com/lindsay_wincherauk/

I worked for a predatory Labour Agency (I will be happy to name if you run this story) for almost fifteen years. Our company preyed upon those suffering on the street. Individuals facing addiction, mental health challenges, and homelessness often fall victim to exploitation by labour agencies. This mistreatment can have detrimental effects on their chances of achieving success and stability.

I was a model employee.

I did everything asked of me + more.

I also did my best to change the company's culture to one where we treated our valuable workers with respect instead of like garbage.

I didn't do enough.

When COVID hit, my previous employer took advantage of the situation and replaced me with someone 20 years younger and cheaper. They claimed I was being laid off, but I received no severance.

The company left me in silence for several months, so I sought legal advice. When the powers that be got wind of this, they vowed to destroy me emotionally and financially.

I want to make something obvious; I wasn't ready to call it a day on my career. But unfortunately for me, the Labour Agency used the shade of the pandemic to get rid of me. They have even gone as far as to get an injunction against me, BLOCKING me from speaking to my former clients and prospects and ending my friendships with the people I had worked with for many years. And despite me being a model employee (for fifteen years), they refused to give me a reference letter. As for the legal advice I sought – they were nothing more than ambulance chasers, also preying on people in distress.

As a man in my sixties without a reference letter for the past fifteen years of my career, their actions feel like they're sealing my fate. It's as if they're hammering nails into my coffin.

My partner and I have suffered immense hardship over the last three years. We have watched our meagre life savings spiral down the drain. Our credit is being destroyed. And I do not see a path out of the darkness.

On March 12, 2020, Day 1 of the pandemic, my former employer slammed the door shut on my future, and the collateral damage has been unrelenting.

For my former employer, life just ticks along.

This story is vitally important because unscrupulous companies have thrust countless people in my demographic into the same perilous situation as my partner and I are in.

We are about to become homeless. If that happens, I will die broke and homeless on the street. My partner is a working professional, but reality dictates we can't afford our rent in Vancouver.

I'm a soon-to-be sixty-three-year-old homeless book influencer who can no longer afford life. And no matter how hard I try, I'm not sure it matters at my age – because during my career we would have never hired someone my current age.

That is the reality for many people who were screwed over by unscrupulous companies.

These stories need to be told.

You may ask what I have done in the last month →↓

- I wrote an entire book. I now have fourteen completed manuscripts I'm pitching to publishers and literary agencies.
- I have sent out over 800 book proposals. My former employer had their legal counsel call me 'a failed writer who has no business chasing my dreams.'
- I have sent out over 100 job applications (without a reference letter, and at my age, it is turning out to be pointless).
- I've gone to The Fitness Asylum almost every day.
- I've walked close to one-million steps to help fend off Depression and hold at bay suicidal thoughts.
- I've read 6 books (32 so far this year).

You can see, my efforts are indisputable.

But I'm turning sixty-three in July.

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But I don't have a reference letter.

I'm scared.

I want to be a light. It's hard when darkness is lurking.

I worked for a Labour Agency for almost fifteen years (I will be happy to name them), and they used the pandemic as a shade to replace me with someone cheaper. They then **BLOCKED** me from ever working in the industry again. And they tried to **BLOCK** me from telling the truth about who and what they really are.

When you walk past the suffering we see on the streets, Labour Agencies are a contributing factor.

My former employer vowed to destroy me and my family because I tried to stand up for myself. Unfortunately, the legal system protected them.

Barring a miracle, when my partner and I become homeless, soon, my partner will lose his job, we will have to put our twelve-year-old pet down, and I will die broke and homeless – at or just before I turn sixty-three.

This is not hyperbole.

The median age of homeless people is now forty-seven. It's not all because of mental health or drugs.

This story is important. Is it not?

Probably not, because someone is running around Alberta trying to bring donut awareness to Tim Hortons because his kids like the Maple Crunch donut. This story has taken up valuable air time on some networks.

I would be happy to talk about this more with what has happened to me and my partner.

I've gotta run.

I need to send out more reference-free, applications for careers I'm quickly finding out I'm no longer desirable for.

Warm Regards,

Yesterday

I hit the Asylum and surpassed 30,000 steps again. I blasted out another five or six applications.

During my walk, I passed Red; we are definitely on the outs.

I also passed, for the third day in a row, a man at Coal Harbour selling massages. Each time I passed this man, he was sitting on a ledge, smoking in front of his massage chair. I don't know if massage and smoking go hand in hand?

I stopped for a pop with friends.

The talk turned to the weather. I said something about if we have a cloudy day and people complain about the late start of summer, they are insane. By September, we might be on our third summer.

One of my friends said, a | ... | Summer.

Don't engage.

I engaged.

Do not use that term; it's offensive. I said.

Both of my white friends challenged me on why it would be offensive?

Just don't use it. I emphatically said.

Call it Second Summer. Does it hurt you to call it that?

I don't know why it's a big deal? One of my friends said.

I barked white people don't get to decide what hurts other ethnicities and cultures.

But a white person probably decided it was offensive. My friend said.

It doesn't matter. I'm sure the people we love to disparage don't really care because they are used to our ignorance and our need to continue to be assholes.

[I Google](#)

I now know why | ... | Summer is offensive.

I want to crawl into a hole and disappear.

I make it home. I think our cat Hana may be sick. She peed on our bed.

J is making dinner.

Over the past month, J has suggested, several times we move to Korea, and I can teach English to young children.

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I want to cry. I remain silent. I'm turning sixty-three, and I am feeling like a massive failure.

I retreat to the bathroom and shave my head. While doing it, I remember I need to take my life-sustaining night medicines.

Oops, I forgot to take my pills. I say.

J replied. Can't you just take them without announcing it?

Crack.

I feel alone.

I think J needs to forget about me and move to Korea – I will try to hold on until the small trust fund from my deceased second mother arrives (long story); give it to him, and then maybe J should go.

I'm sad.

I Google

1. How to Become an ESL Teacher in Korea

And...

2. Should I kill myself?

I go to bed.

Tears pour from my eyes.

I can't find sleep.

When I get up, I hug Hana, tears still leaking from my eyes.

I write this story.

Sparkly, why do you look worried?

I love you. I don't know how to help you.

Neither do I?

Keep trying.

I will.

But Sparkly?

Yes.

The absence of a reference letter has increased my desperation and my sense of hopelessness, as the situation has become even more challenging.

As for my former employer, they treated me like a corporation instead of the loyal employee I was, who was a big reason for their success.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 84.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

OLDER PEOPLE EATING OLDER PEOPLE EATING



WHAT ARE THOSE SEEDS YOU'RE EATING?
WHAT ARE THOSE SEEDS YOU'RE EATING?

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SHELLED SUNFLOWER SEEDS

GIVE ME SOME

YUM, I CAN TASTE THE YELLOW

WHERE DID YOU GO?

FLOSS
FLOSS

DON'T WORRY, I'LL SNACK ON YOU LATER
DON'T WORRY, I'LL SNACK ON YOU LATER

My Days

MY DAYS

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CONTINUED

SADNESS

SADNESS

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DEAN
DEAN

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THE END
THE END