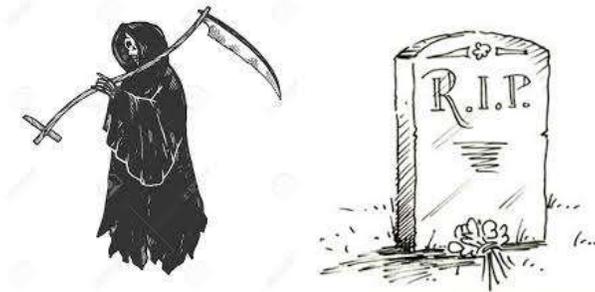


MURDERED

IAOKDEKED



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK

BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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CHICAGO 1984

You (three) are killing me.
That is a fact.
And I'm not even supposed (~~allowed~~) to stand up for myself, according to you.

ONE

2

You ordered one of your people to announce the hit.

TWO

You had a ~~friend~~ of mine stab a knife into me by having my ~~friend~~ search for anything in my upset you could use against me to dig my grave, + finish the job.

THREE

While one + two carried out your commands, you waited in your palace, one I helped you build, for the word the job was done.

You never saw me as human; you saw me as—

I refused to lie down and go away silently.

So:

FOUR

You hired a hitman to finish me off, by ordering a pillow to be held over my face until it snuffed out my last breath of life. (Instead of letting me go with my dignity intact).

Shamefully, and unfortunately, for me, and my loved ones, I **WILL** perish soon.

FOR YOU THIS MAY JUST BE A BIG GAME.
FOR ME IT IS A MATTER OF LIFE + DEATH.
WAIT, SINCE YOU ARE MURDERING ME, I GUESS, FOR YOU IT IS – ?

You may think this fictitious story is overly dramatic. It's not. I get it; if you felt guilt, you would need to coddle it. These words are reality – **I MATTER** – and I'm in fucking pain.

What do you think happens to older people, who are eligible for US Pension Plan (USPP), when their money runs out? Do you care?

When I take my last breath, do you (four) win?

This is not hyperbolic.

I don't deserve to die this way.

I work incredibly hard ⁽¹⁾ to create a future for me, my partner, and my beloved pet. I'm relentless. I will succeed if I don't die first. But the clock is ticking, the funds are GONE, so – 30/70?

3

That is not an overstatement.

There will be no holiday season this year, for me. I used to host an orphan Christmas every year. *This year I won't be able to eat.*

You (four) even went as far as to block my only career options. You eliminated some of my friendships, to the point where I avoid people, who I've built friendships with through career relationships, out of shame and for fear of it somehow being used against me. And if that wasn't enough, you have attempted to stop me from pursuing my only path forward, creativity. Hell, I can't even say happy birthday to people I've known for a long time.

Those are hard facts.

My pulse has not dropped below 90 beats per minute in the last three weeks. It used to rest around 43.

Stress has brought me to a place where I feel as if I'm about to collapse at any moment when I walk. I think I need go to the hospital. But I'm far too terrified to go. Anyhow, I can't afford to go because if I do, I can't pitch my stories, books, OPEDs, my passion, my only path forward. If I'm hospitalized, my life may be saved, but it won't matter because I will **ALREADY BE DEAD**.

This is a fact.

I CAN'T AFFORD MY HOME ANYMORE.

I don't sleep. I can't.

I can't afford to eat. When I do, my throat closes with stress, and I painfully vomit.

I can't afford the medicines I need to keep myself alive.

I can't feed my pet.

I CAN'T AFFORD MY LIFE.

There are no career paths forward. I'm fucking old now; I can apply for USPP; being told (four) I must ease their guilt by searching for careers that are no longer options, | profanity, profanity |.

I AM A GOOD MAN

I've always done my best to treat others with respect and dignity. I've always worked incredibly hard. But I got older. And for you, I had to go. And it pains me to know my ~~friend~~ agreed to twist the knife draining more of my blood.

I'm one man, you are —

I'm dying. I haven't been diagnosed. But I am.

My past has been ~~erased~~ by you. Even if career paths existed for people my age, you ~~obliterated~~ the last decade and a half of my life, blocking them.

The **CHICAGO PD** is hiring. Do you really think they would be recruiting people eligible for USPP? (Four), it is shameful you treat a good person the way you do. I understand, you are just doing your —

Who would hire someone who when a | blank | had a chance to terminate them, | blank | dismissed them at first opportunity?

COULD YOU IMAGINE?

Why did you leave your last — ?

Because I'm older now, + I was expendable.

We won't be giving you a call.

I CAN'T AFFORD MY HOME.

I can't afford to eat. When I do, I violently puke.

I can't afford —

There will be no Christmas this year.

Your hitman is holding the pillow over my face. I can barely breathe.

You are all willfully killing me.

WHY?

I find it unfathomable not a single one of you has the courage to stand up and say what you are doing is wrong.

1. In the last two days, I have pitched four manuscripts. I have proposed four OPEDs to significant publications. I have written numerous book reviews (all receiving rave reviews). I participated in several literary events (invited by publishers). I work at least twelve hours per day on my craft despite suffering from relentless + unbearable depression. I've raised money for Cancer Research to give something back. I'm waiting to hear news about the death of my last sister. And —⁽²⁾ I have been doing everything in my power (through my fictitious connections) to gain media attention to help in launching my literary career.
2. Not only are you (four) killing me. But you are also causing insurmountable pain and suffering for my partner, + you are also willfully killing our beloved pet.⁽³⁾
3. I have one small request of you (four) this holiday season. When you are celebrating with family, could you please raise a glass in my honour and find the courage to thank me for my efforts in helping you to be able to celebrate in the first place. And if you find me lying on the sidewalk, please give me your spare change.

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These are my facts. Although this is a work of fiction, you (four) don't want to allow me to express my pain.

There are **101+ Million Articles** about older workers losing their careers during the last two years. These valuable members of society are facing daunting realities, including homelessness and death.

THIS IS A FACT. IT IS NOT HYPERBOLE.

WHO IS LINDSAY WINCHERAUK?

Lindsay Wincherauk is a fearless writer. He has published two books and has had more than eighteen OPEDs appear in major commuter newspapers. Lindsay wasn't born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father (who wasn't his father) worked as a mechanic. His mother (who wasn't his mother) worked as an excellent chef in a diner. In fact, his birth was in a secret place where | society deemed | unfit mothers were sent to give birth in isolation – shading families from shame. If the babies survived being born, usually, they were sold to wealthy Americans or adopted out to farm families.

Lindsay's life began with a lie.

Despite Lindsay's perilous beginnings, starting with deception, Lindsay knew no better and went through life excelling at things, usually in two-year stints. Be that athletics (hall of fame, record holding, one-eyed quarterback), scholastically, career-wise (generating more than \$70 million in revenue for one company), socially, + without question: creatively!

Lindsay's challenging beginning instilled in Lindsay heaping doses of compassion and empathy. Lindsay's life starting out as a lie gave him a keen sense to spot BS from miles away. It also provided him with a dry sense of humour and an understanding those born with silver spoons in their mouths will never be self-aware enough to understand (or admit) their good fortune.

During Lindsay's work career, he was well-liked by all coworkers. Lindsay was also well respected by his diverse collection of clients, developing several fantastic friendships, primarily because Lindsay is known for his unflinching integrity and ability to hold conversations on most topics.

Lindsay's life mantra is:

The most valuable part of life is the fabulous people we meet during our journeys. If you treat people with respect (leaving judgment at the door), and more importantly, by opening doors for those less fortunate or who can't speak up for themselves, you are living a good, compassionate life. Making money at all costs is not the only thing mattering. Life can be difficult + devastatingly unfair.

Lindsay believes sharing vulnerability is what makes us human. Lindsay will never shy away from being honest about his pain.

Lindsay also believes we must stand up for ourselves, + more importantly, for those who are too burdened by the injustices of life, they can't find the strength to stand up for themselves.

SOME THINGS LINDSAY IS MOST PROUD OF ARE WHEN:

1. A sixty-year-old employee of his, who had entered a point of life where life had become more struggle than joy (it happens to all of us as we age), said to Lindsay, *"I must thank you. I've listened to how you treat people, + by listening, I've learned so much about compassion and patience. Thank you. I consider you a great friend."*
2. Another employee who was struggling with addiction thanked Lindsay for his kindness, presenting Lindsay with a Christmas card from him and his girlfriend. Tucked inside the card: lottery tickets.

LINDSAY WINCHERAUK, *compassionate, empathetic, well-read, kind, blessed with unflinching integrity, humour in balance, loved by coworkers + friends alike.*

Lindsay will always stick up for the underdog. Lindsay understands there are countless older people suffering job loss because COVID gave some companies an opportunity to – Lindsay thinks it is essential to draw attention to this life-threatening issue by being the voice for those too broken to speak up for themselves.

Lindsay is currently pitching four manuscripts to publishers and literary agencies. One of the manuscripts (he can't talk about) will blow the roof off the predatory practices of – Lindsay is writing relentlessly and is also pitching OPEDs and short stories, fiction, + non to literary magazines around the globe.

Lindsay has appeared on Breakfast Television, radio programs in Montreal, + several others in the Vancouver area. Lindsay has also been a featured guest on CKNW + CBC, both on several occasions. And Lindsay was a vital witness of a Hate Crime. This led to the first Hate Crime conviction in Canadian legal history, resulting in him being a speaker at an Enough is Enough Rally (anti-violence rally) with dignitaries, politicians, law enforcement, and community leaders in front of a crowd of approximately five thousand.

Lindsay was the **#1 MIXED-TAPE DJ** at the **UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN** for most of the nineteen-eighties, a fact bringing him joy.

Lindsay resides in Vancouver.

Fire me a message on the TALK PAGE of my website: www.lindsaywincherauk.com if you have more suggestions on making our world a better place!
