



MAY 2023

THOUGHTS
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Lindsay doesn't want to keep tumbling down the stairs of depression. Lindsay doesn't want to keep reliving his pains. Instead, he needs to keep moving through the bogs of uncertainty.

You may have noticed he changed his name back to Lindsay from (). His life, although relatable to most, is a profoundly personal journey.

He walks. I type.

Today, instead of summarizing how much his former employer has chosen to hurt his family, what the hell, a little summary is okay before he gets to what he has decided today to be about; catching up on the three most recently completed books' thoughts.

Grief has no timeline and losing a fifteen-year career at the age of sixty, is devastating, life-threatening, and something impossible to get over.

Before we get to the books, I will hit on two subjects for Lindsay.

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1. The Financial Life Destroying Impact of his former Employer tossing out a man approaching sixty without care or remorse.
2. The Realities of the Trust Fund.

I promise to keep the recaps short and to the point.

The Former Employer

- Three years ago, they got rid of the best employee their company ever had because the pandemic allowed them to disgustingly try to skirt, doing the right thing of giving Lindsay a chance to move forward in life with his dignity intact, by providing a payout.
- His employer showed zero regards for the financial impact their greed-fuelled decision would inflict on Lindsay and his family.
- Over three years of lost income = \$250,000
- The opportunity cost of a lost career = erasing over \$250,000 of J and Lindsay's life savings.
- The destruction of Lindsay's Credit Rating.
- Toss in the \$70,000 Stock Scam his former employer stole from Lindsay, and you have losses = to almost \$600,000

These are hard facts. It's a shame Lindsay's legal team, tasked with protecting him, was incompetent and allowed his former employer to get away with murder or, perhaps, the inevitability of suicide.

The Realities of the Trust Fund

- Lindsay was his dead mother's only blood relative.
- Hearing from a family member that he/she deserved to be thanked for admitting Lindsay was his dead mother's only blood relative because they couldn't get his/her hands on the few dollars in the trust... I'll leave it at that.

Lindsay walks.

Lindsay has three books to catch up on. How do they make Lindsay feel and think?

Let's go.

The Furrows | by Namwali Serpell |

A twelve-year-old girl goes swimming with her seven-year-old brother. Alone. Permitted by the times. Tragedy strikes.

The boy disappears into the water's furrows.

The water takes her brother away to never be found.

The girl's recollection of the event is scattered. Uncertainty swirls.

The family breaks apart in three directions.

The father flounders in denial and the desire to move on with life and shamefully leaves the family to start anew with a new family.

The mother is trapped in the unbearable pain of not knowing. Painfully resisting the inevitability her son's death, instead believing her son will return to her life one day. She, too, lives in denial, going through life with eyes closed. She starts a foundation to look for missing children when she is really prolonging her anguish, while at the same time hurting her daughter because her only reason for living is her lost child.

The sister's despair, after losing her brother, hits close to home for those who have lost someone dear, as she sees ghosts in everything and everyone as she ages.

The three of them grieve their own way – closure never to be found.

Toss in a racial element of the father being black and the mother being white. The children are a blend, and what you have in *The Furrows* is a mind-bending, twisting and turning ride through agonizing lows. Tear leak from my eyes.

The Furrows was deservedly Shortlisted for the 2023 Carol Shields Prize for Fiction.

The Loneliness in Lydia Ememan's Life | by Rune Christiansen |

Lydia's an introvert. She works as a veterinarian in Norway. She grew up isolated being an only child in northern Sweden. Lydia loves the animals. She tried to give them the best chance for a whole life through treatment. Surrounded by pain and suffering and the occasional joy of recovery – Lydia was often left alone in the comfort of the scarcity of interaction with the outside world.

Lydia finds love, eventually bringing a new life into the world herself.

The Loneliness in Lydia Ememan's Life is a testament to Rune Christiansen's deft ability to remove the noise from the confusing times we are all living in today – soothing readers' souls by allowing us to see the unwavering beauty of solitude and navigating the world alone, mainly without a compass, or the shackles of the times, which seem to be creating a world where we are all connected but rarely do, we ever listen to one another.

Counterpunch | by Meg Frisbee |

I've now read a book about prize fighting in America. America is a moralistically debunked mess.

This reader thinks the fans of any pugilistic sport could be more organized in thought. I'm unsure if that spin of phrase works, so I will simplify it: if you get off on people bashing each other in the head for sport, I probably won't enjoy your company.

But.

But there's a twist.

Counterpunch taught me that an absurd amount of energy expounded to block prizefighting from existing. It is almost laughable as governments often send in the military or The Texas Rangers to intimidate event organizers into ensuring they never occurred.

Think about that.

As I read on, I learned about Mohammad Ali, "The Greatest of All Time," was an anti-war, pacifist, what?

And I learned, the white man feared fighting the black man because heaven forbid, if they lost, superiority would also be lost.

Counterpunch taught me whether you are a fan of violence or not, America needs to drop the moral compass and stop wasting energy trying to tell people how to live their lives.

If they could find a way to do that, maybe they wouldn't be wasting time fighting Drag Queens and Disney and could focus on what matters in this world, lessening the gap between having and have not.

America spent decades trying to stop people from being exposed to the

violence of two men beating each other senselessly. Whereas today, the country I live in has issued a travel advisory for the entire US, telling us we should all be aware of 'active shooter' situations.

Think about that for a moment.

Did you?

Or are you spending your energy trying to stop Drag Queens from reading to children?

That's all for today. Lindsay needs a day to collect himself.

Grammarly Readability Score = 67

Grammarly Record: May 1 = 99!

MONEY FIGHTS 1972 MONEY FIGHTS 1972



Joint income, paltry.
Move.
Subsidized no more.

Sutherland.

\$14,000 three-bedroom bungalow.

Wrong side of the tracks.

Climbing societies ladder.



Not.

Bottom rung.

High School full of silver spoons.

Swilled scotch. Chain smoked fags. Die or quit?
SWILLED SCOTCH. CHAIN SMOKED FAGS. DIE OR QUIT?

Smoke drifts under the bathroom door. I cry. Die?

Lung collapse. Recovery treadmill. Mum the breadwinner, solo.

Time to fight.

About?

Money, of course.

Punch his own head. Mum's tears flowed. Dad flying in rage.

Stop it. Stop it. Stop it.
STOP IT. STOP IT. STOP IT.

Screamed from ringside.

Guilt blamed me. If it weren't for me there'd be no financial stress.

A day slips by. A knife flies through the air. Snapping into the wall behind an older brother.

I laughed.

Why?

HUMAN SNAPSHOT HUMAN SNAPSHOT

Staffing Agencies often take up to 50% of a workers daily pay which in turn, pushes people into distress, perilous living situations, dependence, poor decisions, and homelessness. What's the saying: Keep one foot on... and you own them for...

This is a harsh reality. With cities around the globe gentrifying, those who are trying to climb from life's slush piles, face daunting, and more than likely, an impossible life – while at the same time, owners of the Agencies, get fat off of their sweat.

Look at any city in the world, you can see the suffering of working people on almost every corner, as rents skyrocket. So, when you sit in front of your TV at night in your expensive condo (as you scream for the streets to be cleaned up), consider yourself lucky, knowing full well, those who built your condo – likely, are homeless below.

When working people become homeless, screaming, “GET A JOB” – loses all meaning.

AGING PEOPLE (ME) AGING PEOPLE (ME)

I'm fucking terrified. If I don't hit it out of the park with my creativity, in all likelihood, I will die a broken old man on the street. That's my reality. Think about that for a moment: I am an incredibly positive and driven person, but it just might not fucking matter. I have been tossed out by greed before my due date (the company used the shade of the pandemic to get rid of me), and with the world leaving me behind, I want to scream, cry, and stomp my feet – all pointless, as hope exits stage left.

With family, gone, there is no safety net. I'm scared. But I won't quit trying. If I lose my home → I die. To date: I've lost over \$600,000 in income since being canned.

Displacement may be deadly. The Centers for Disease Control (CDC) states that seniors are at increased risk of negative consequences from gentrification (being replaced by younger workers), including shortened life expectancy, higher cancer rates, diabetes, and cardiovascular disease. Health disparities widen as marginalized residents are pushed out of healthier neighbourhoods and away from the conditions that allow them to flourish.

- Gentrification is Inevitable and Other Lies (Leslie Kern - Between the Lines Publishing (2022))

It breaks my heart to say, I've now been reduced to a devastating fear when I buy a \$2 bag of chips (not the healthiest of choices), because for me, and countless others, a \$2 bag of chips is now a luxury purchase. I'm fucking 62.

At the very least, I hope when you read this, you'll take a deep breath, and when you pass people begging on the street, find a fucking ounce of empathy and compassion.