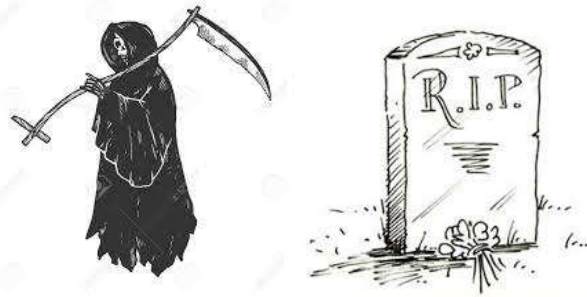


# MURDERED



BY **LINDSAY** WINCHERAUK



## SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS 1969

I needed to make more money. Life can dish horrendous cards occasionally, with some people facing the brunt of dreadful hands often. My cards often fucking suck. It's okay; I have no regrets; the struggle has blessed me with compassion + an unbreakable ability not to sweat the fucking small stuff. *Profanity might indicate, I sweat a bit.*

Anyway, I ran into one of your minions, not really a minion but instead a worker you willfully exploited to make you money while you hid from the suffering of your workforce. You indeed are a shitty man. You think you are not. You are.

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Your non-minion, exploitable worker, well, in the future, maybe 1975, will show the world he's cut from the same threadbare cloth as you. Another fucking idiot who thinks just because he'd been given a head start, it means he's deserving and special.

What most people come to understand about the likes of — they're often wallowing in the paranoia of being unlovable. Every year, a new collection of friends, those only interested in a slice of your unearned money, will glom onto you. You know you didn't earn the money yourself, don't you? You chose to exploit, *snorted a line or two*, and then tripped into believing some-fucking-how you deserved it. And no matter what, you must — in a deluded fog — do anything you can to hold onto it.

Your worker offered me a job. Little did I know, this would lead me down a path of valuable lessons of how not to be.

I had only been on the job for two days when I opened a desk drawer in the backroom to find a collection of drug paraphernalia. Before I could shut the door, the man you placed in command sauntered into the room. I blushed. No need. He wanted to spill the beans. And spill he did.

He blurted out, you like drugs. It couldn't be simpler than that. I didn't care, nor did I want to know. But your man kept spilling, overflowing my mind with a description of who you are and opening a window into a paranoia I would indeed find one day residing in your soul.

Your man kept talking expounding on your drug usage: cocaine, weed, opioids – this was your man in command talking – makes you wonder if he'd spill so easily to me, someone who had yet to meet you, who else has he told?

He went on. Telling me you even went as far as to get one of your exploitable employees, a man suffering from mental health issues and severe addiction problems, to source your illicit product in **Zip Code 62703**. an area that once entered, exiting alive was a gamble. You didn't care if this man, named Trae, failed in obtaining drugs for you. So be it, you thought, another Trae was willing to be used, because like you, they're deluded as well.

The fact of the matter, you've killed before, at least that's what your man said. He said you were jonesing for a fix, and despite an uptick in violence in **62703**, you sent Trae on a mission. That day was Trae's last; he was bludgeoned to death trying to secure a fucking score for you. You didn't even take even a moment to mourn Trae's death. Instead. You just screamed next, and another lost soul jumped at the opportunity to be used by you.

Your man kept blabbering, telling me about your failed marriage. A marriage that failed when your wife, *no saint herself*, walked in on you while you were partaking in blow, both kinds – not with another woman –

Your man told me she got out while there was something still to get from you, before you snorted all your cash up your nose.

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11 I will run into the man who offered me the job working for you in the future, 1984 on the mean streets of Chicago. When I do, he will tell me he's amazed you are still alive with all the powder you've shoved up your nose. He hates you. *I hope I never understand why?*

I wanted to mind my own business and just work. But your man wanted to keep talking. He shared his thoughts on how you are against immigration; he said you are the *furthest right* of anyone he's ever met. The only thing mattering to you is the illusion of achievement. *Your father must have hurt you badly.*

A light went on.

Your man in charge told me you prefer to employ addicts, alcoholics, criminals, + people suffering from mental health issues. He said, you said they are the easiest to manipulate, saying you think these broken people are stupid – and ripe for use. Your man in command even suggested you only pay them half of what they are worth, + you justify your cruelty by snorting a line and then convincing yourself, you are doing them a favour by withholding their cash. Even going as far as telling others, "I can't pay them their full wage, or they'll overdose." As if it is your fucking decision to make.

Then came the bombshell. An epiphany of sorts was unleashed. The reason you are against immigration is immigrant workers tend to be the best because they are still chasing a dream for them, yet to fracture. Whereas those in the throes of marginality understand there is little hope.

Fucking dark.

Your man in command then dropped a bombshell: **9Zs**

I asked him to stop talking. You've already told me far too much of what is none of my fucking business. But, oh no, he wanted to cleanse his fucking soul.

He went on to tell me you are against immigration because you need a steady stream of undocumented workers to enter your world. After all, when they do, they have no recourse, and you could get away with paying these unsuspecting dreamers only a fraction of what they're worth. Providing you with more cash to put up your fucking nose.

SNORT

*Have you ever been to Springfield? In 1969?*

Fuck off.

Random.

Anyway (again), thanks to your man in command, I know too much about you. He says you don't have the emotional capacity to maintain long-term friendships. Your man in control says it is because of your paranoia and that you genuinely are a shitty person.

You've killed before, several times, you willfully do it because you believe you are – Special? Fucking please.

Before your friend finally shut up, he went on to tell me, you spent your youth cycling steroids because...no words. How sad. Special doesn't do...justice.

Money comes. Money will go. And one day, I have a hunch, cards will be dealt, you'll get a horrific hand, and like you willfully murdered Trae, someone will be coming for you.

*Just enter **9Zs** – don't worry about it, the man in command, can take the fall.*

**TO BE CONTINUED.**

## 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.