

A 60ISH-YEAR-OLD-STICK-MAN STORIES

THE CARTOON VERSION



LINDSAY WINCHERAUK



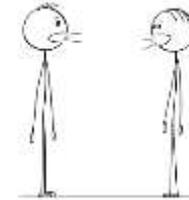
A 60ish-Year-Old-Man: RM + JASP take IPs to the Links. |Vents - Cold Open|



Hey, JASP, should we take a crew—
—of IPs to the links?



Sounds like a good plan, RM.
What's that, you want me to organize it?



Should we get them smashed?
It's up to you RM, you're not good at the game.



Crap, it's raining.
I'm freezing.
RM, I think we should quit.
Nah, let's keep boozing.



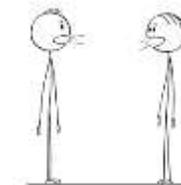
More booze please!
More. More. More.



That hits the spot.
More. More. More.



Puke. Puke. Puke.



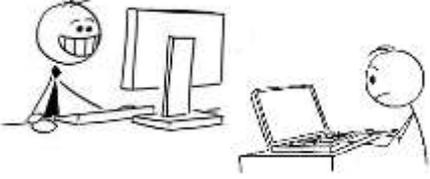
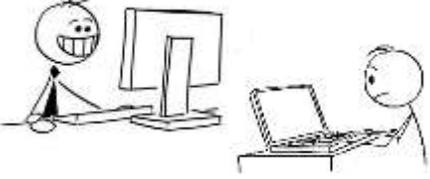
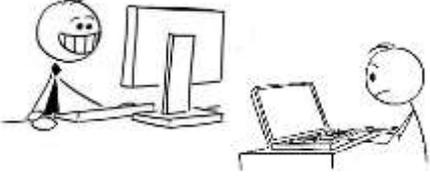
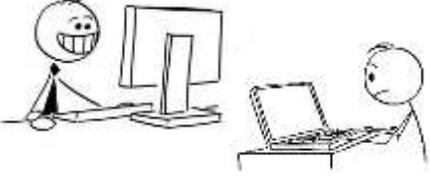
MIP, hit his head hard. I think he's concussed.
I'm going to keep drinking. You take care of him.

Season 1



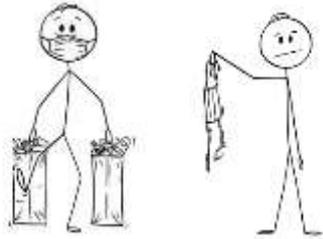
Episode 1

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Interviews on Zoom for a Job During a Pandemic

 <p>Welcome to your Zoom Interview. What brings you here today?</p>	 <p>The Internet. Oh, yeah, right.</p>
 <p>Why did you apply for this position? I want to keep living indoors. That makes sense.</p>	 <p>Okay, how old are you? Can you even ask that? I'm 60. Nice. I'm 24.</p>
 <p>What are your qualifications? I'm still living. Can you tell me why you left your last career? No. I'm not allowed. I didn't quit. How long did you work there? A long time.</p>	 <p>Do you have any references from...? No. It's a long story. Where do you see yourself in 5 years? Hopefully, alive. Good luck. I don't think you are a good fit. Come back when I'm 29.</p>

Episode 2

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Asks an Anti-Masker Questions

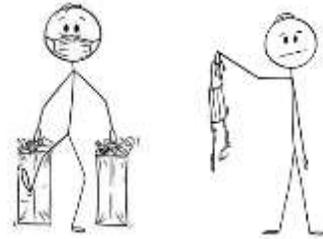


Why aren't you wearing a mask?

Covid, is a hoax. Fight for your rights.

You didn't answer my question.

Hoax. Hoax. They are trying to control us.

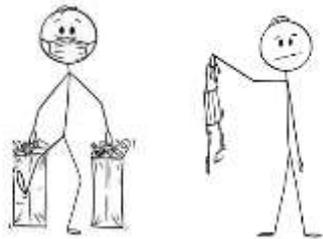


Where do you get your information?

That guy who used to sing the anthem.

Do you really believe there is a masterplan?

Yes. They are trying to control us.

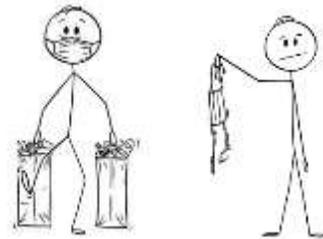


Why? What's their end game?

To control us. To control us.

Don't you think you're being selfish?

No. I don't want to be controlled.

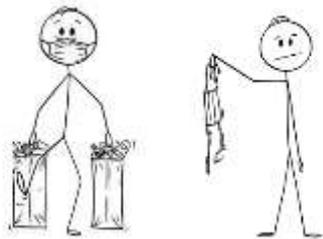


Why would they want to control you? Us?

Because I know stuff + because.

Like? Are all the dead people faking?

Stuff + Yes. They were dying anyway.

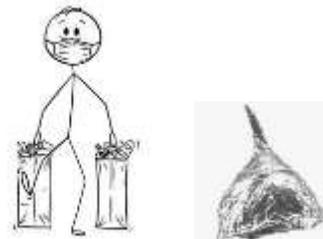


Don't you think the plan is too complicated?

They don't want us out after 10 PM.

Why? They don't like staying up late?

To control us. The anthem singer says so.



Put on a mask douchebag.

No. I won't be controlled. I know stuff.

Hey, where did you go?

I'm here, inside my message center.

Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Gets Vaccinated



Are you looking to get vaccinated?
Yeah, they just said, I could right now.
Don't, the vaccine could kill you.
Who are you? Fuck off, Dink.



Hello, I will be poking you.
Nice. A scary man said I'm going to die.
We all die.
That's not comforting.



I hate needles.
You're the one. That's the first time I heard that.
What are your qualifications?
Are you a responsible junkie?



That's rude.
Probably. I'm just nervous. Scared.
Don't be big man.
What? Anyway. Here's my arm.



I can't look.
Take a deep breath. Breath out.
All done. That wasn't bad, was it?
You are my hero.
Do you know where I can score a fix?

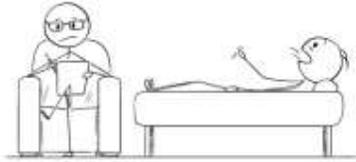


SIDE EFFECTS I EXPERIENCED

An Ouchy Arm + Body Aches.
Mild Headache + Overheating.
An Erection. [NOT]
Sleeplessness.
Levitation.

Episode 4

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Visits a Shrink During a Pandemic



What can I help you with?

I'm scared. My future is uncertain.

Why are you scared?

Well. The Pandemic. I lost my career.

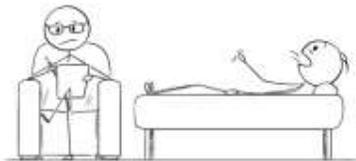


That's harsh. What happened?

I don't know. I said I was freaked out.

Everyone is. What are you going to do?

I don't know. I can't sleep. I'm going broke.



I understand. Finding work at your age...

Impossible. It's impossible.

How long did you work at...?

A long time. I'm terrified for my future.

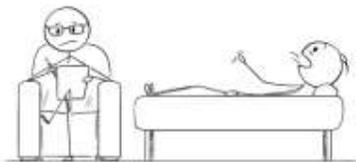


You can't sleep?

No. Would you be able to sleep?

Probably not. I don't think I can help you.

I know. I just need someone to talk with.



I see. Did they really tell you to drive faster?

Yes. And to go on welfare.

Harsh. That's rough.

And to sleep in my clothes.



You can't talk about your career?

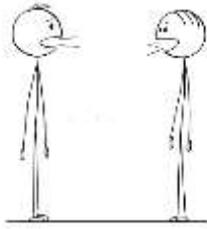
[Inaudible]. It never existed. I'm blacklisted.

Have you considered skateboarding?

Yes. But you do know, I'm 60ish, don't you?

Episode 5

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Spices Things Up!



How long have wee been together?
11 Years. Should we spice things up?
What do you have in mind?
Let's switch couch sitting sides.



Wow. This is nice?
I get a different TV experience over here.
You look different. You have a right side?
I know. And you have a left side.



How did we morph into women?
Everything's not about men.
It would be if they had their way.
This is nice, I can cross my leg better.



Look at this. Look at this. Look at this.
I'm trying to focus on the TV.
No, you're not. Do you even love me?
Arghh... Do you want to do it?



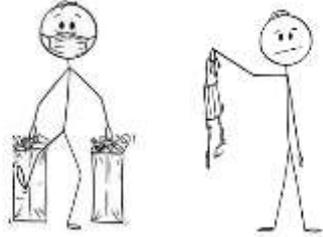
Sweetie, ever since the switch,
I can hear you now!
I think I may be deaf in my left ear.
Sounds convenient to me, Sweetie.



Whose kid is this?
Do you remember wanting to do it?
Not really. I was high and drunk.
He's your son, Botswana.

Season 1: Episode 6

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Tries to talk with an Anti-Vaxxer

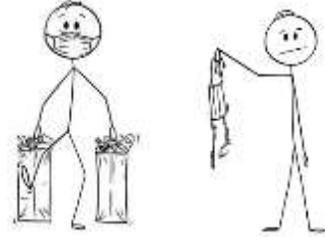


Hello.

Are you trying to confuse me?

Here we go.

The vaccines aren't safe.

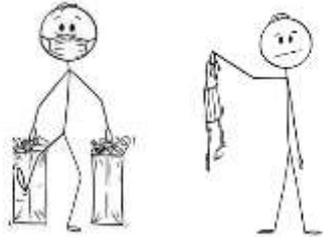


What's your source?

Ted. Teds got the internet.

How long have you known Ted?

No, I mean know, Ted?

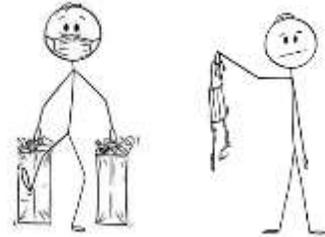


It's a hoax.

What is?

It.

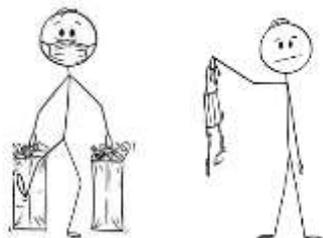
You Mensa?



911 + Sandy Hook + Parkland, all hoaxes.
They are installing chips with the vaccines.

They are trying to monitor us 24/6.

Do you have a cellphone?



You'll get Autism.

I'm 60ish. I already have PTSD. OCD.
Elevated BP. HDTV. A blister on my foot.
I give up. I'd rather talk with Pocket Lint.



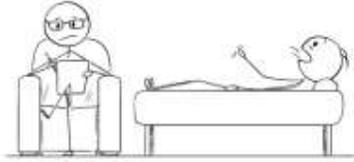
Hello.

Hey Pocket Lint, how are you?

I got vaccinated today.
I care about more than just myself.

Season 1: Episode 7

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Talks to a Shrink about Depression



Hey, Doc.

Hey, what can I do for you?

I'm feeling, blue, depressed, hopeless, lost.

The last year has done that, to most of us.



I know. But at my age the future looks bleak.

Can you be specific?

I'm not working. My only qualification is being alive.

You're lucky. Don't you have a creative outlet?



I do. But I'm concerned about my demographic.

You know, us 45+ who Covid ended our careers.

Was it just Covid?

No. But it was used by many as an excuse.



What is my demographic going to do?

We don't have technological savvy.

And the few jobs out there...

...we have to compete with youngsters.



It's terrifying, Doc.

You can't worry about everyone.

Like said, you're lucky. You're creative.

But Doc, creativity is a curse.



As soon as something is created...

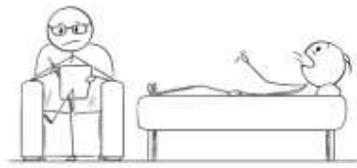
...of course, there is a rush.

The rush is quickly replaced by doubt.

You're lucky, you have a creative outlet. Go for it!

Season 1: Episode 8

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Talks to a Shrink about Prince Philip



Hey, Doc.

Hey, what can I do for you?

Am I a horrible person: I don't care about Philip?

No, you are not.

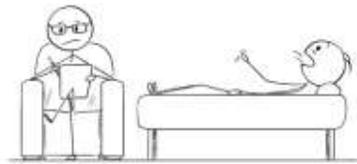


My god, I don't know him, do you?

He lived 5198 weeks and I've heard...

...people saying his death was shocking.

Oh my, so sad, he didn't make it to 5200 weeks.



The Queen even said his death was a miracle?

You know what's shocking, Doc?

When my healthy friend (51) Scotty, dies.

That sent me to an emotional wasteland.



I can only take on the pain of losing people I know.

Is that selfish, Doc?

No. Thanks. Sure, when a famous person...

...dies, I have a twinge of sadness. Nothing more.



Did you hear about the fireperson who said—

"We should get vaccinated first...

...because we can't work from home?"

Who was he/she talking to?



My house burnt down.

Why didn't you put it out?

Because I can't work from home.

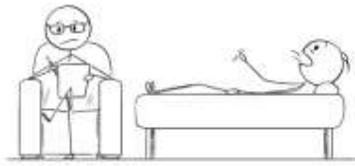
Hey, fireperson, did you hear the shockingly miraculous news about Philip?

Season 1: Episode 9
 White vs. Black in America

 <p>WhyTF, are you pulling me over? Sir, do you know how fast you were going? This is f-ing bs. Scowl License + Registration, please.</p>	 <p>Sir, why did you pull me over? GET OUT OF THE CAR. SHOW ME YOUR HANDS. I did nothing wrong. GET OUT OF THE CAR. SHOW ME YOUR HANDS.</p>
 <p>I can't be bothered. Wait here, I'll be right back. Stew Stew Stew (Police Officer saunters back to the car)</p>	 <p>I'm terrified. I don't want to get shot. You better be. I will rain lightning down on you. GET OUT OF THE F-ING CAR NOW. GET DOWN ON THE GROUND. NOW.</p>
 <p>It's your lucky day. You were 80K over the limit. I'm going to just give you a warning. You didn't have to be such a rhymes with hunt. (These are two actual immature encounters)</p>	 <p>BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. Crap, he's not breathing. Let's get our stories straight, he tripped, right.</p>

Season 1: Episode 10

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Lives put on Hold (Part 1).



Welcome back.

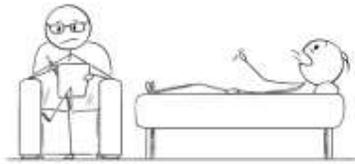
I think I (we'll) be regular visitors for a while.

That's why I'm here. What would you—
—like to talk about today?



Well, it's sensitive subject matter.

Of course, it is about the pandemic—
—and my demographic—how it's affecting it.
If you don't mind, I will talk in your font—



—colour today, I will be ranting, I think.

No problem. Rant away. It's important.

Thanks Doc. I may go overtime.

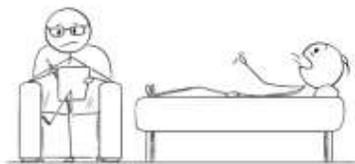
Let it out. Tell me your thoughts, your fears.



Doc, you know I lost my employment—
Like many people. For f-sake, I'm 60.

Could you imagine what that's like?

I know you can. It's fucking terrifying.



I'm a man with many talents.

My main talent is being alive at 60.

I know. You've been through lot in life.

Your mother/father dying when you were young.



Navigating life mostly on your own.

Finding out your parents weren't your birth parents.

Friends dying. Life threatening illness.

Your mother dying again. A stroke. You are strong.

Season 1: Episode 10

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Lives put on Hold (Part 2).



I don't see it that way. I think it's just the life cards I've been dealt. I also don't think I'm the only one dealt challenging cards. We're suffering. Everyone is suffering.

Focus on you.

Could you imagine a family where grandpa and grandma hit 50...60...and even 70, would that family kick out grandpa + grandma because the pandemic has deemed them to be an expendable luxury?

I believe that is what many companies have done during the pandemic; sure, corporations are suffering, everyone is, but I think many companies have used Covid-19 as an opportunity to rid themselves of grandpa and grandma under the guise of protecting their bottom lines. Don't you think these companies have a responsibility to take care of their senior employees?

I know you do. Regardless of circumstances, I believe they need to step up and make sure valued individuals don't suffer too much. If they are a viable corporation with a long history, they'll take a massive hit—but at the end of the day, they will likely bounce back more vital than ever once the pandemic is under control.

Bouncing back is not something those in an advancing demographic will be able to do—how could they (we) (I)? Like grandpa + grandma, we've become obsolete in a marketplace that no longer has room for us. What would you call corporations that treat these once valued employees as nothing more than an inconvenience; heaven forbid if these individuals grow frustrated and do what they deem necessary to protect themselves?

I've even heard of some companies blacklisting these individuals, eliminating lanes of possible employment, erasing all friendships these individuals have harvested during their careers. Could you imagine: A lengthy career and being unable to speak with friends you respectfully earned during your career? Devastating. Not only devastating, but it eliminates any chance for a future.

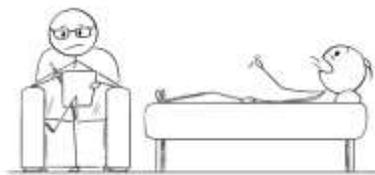
The clock ticks. Another year passes, I fear losing everything; I fear never being able to travel again. I fear my diet will eventually be reduced to...I don't know...instant noodles.

I'm lucky; I have love in my life—I don't have a family. I feel sad for those who are facing losing everything later in life alone. I also fear having love, and the inscrutable pain uncertainty sickens relationships with. I fear a day will come for many where death might be the less painful option.

Dark, I know, but when you've been tossed out like the trash, the light is shaded by pain.

Season 1: Episode 10

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Lives put on Hold (Part 3).



My time must be up.

Keep going.

Doc, I'm afraid to say happy birthday or how is your mother doing or...anything, because there are people out there who are thirsting for anything they can to finish off grandpa or grandma with. There really are. Can you imagine?

I used to have good friends in my Pre-Covid life. They disappeared. Many people have lost or had friendships torn from them, shamefully, when these friendships were needed the most. At the very least, for a friendly, non-judgmental ear.

I'm happy some people are thriving during Covid-19; I don't envy them, you know, doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. For those of us who don't fall into those categories, the hurdles ahead might be insurmountable.

I don't want to have to move. I don't want my life to fall apart. If I have to move and my life starts fraying (it is), where does it stop?

A year lost at 60 is a hell of a lot different than a year lost at 40.

Unemployed and borderline unemployable because of the pandemic job market, unless you specialized, shares veins with a terminal illness. It is a terminal illness. Don't corporations have a responsibility—never mind.

I used to have a great friend in my Pre-Covid life, my friend when I needed friendship the most—never mind. See above.

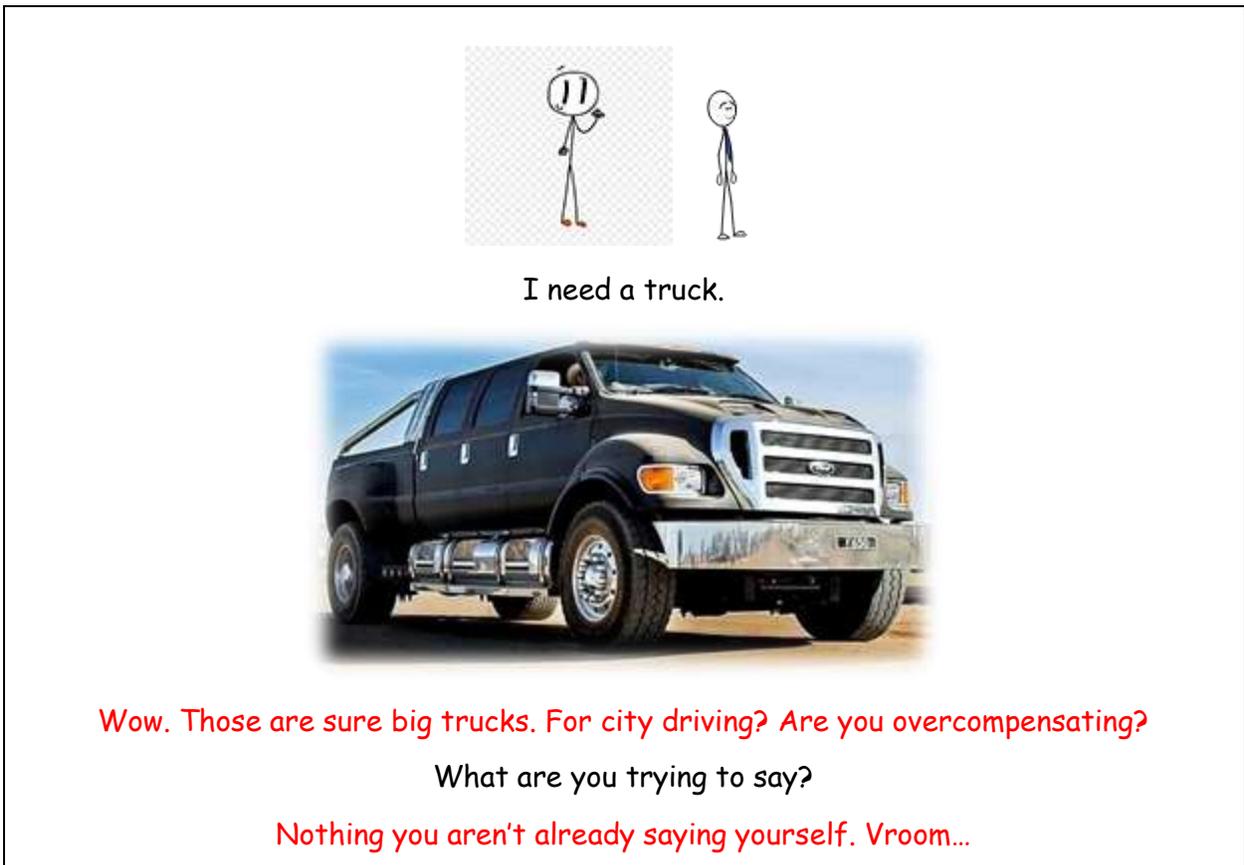
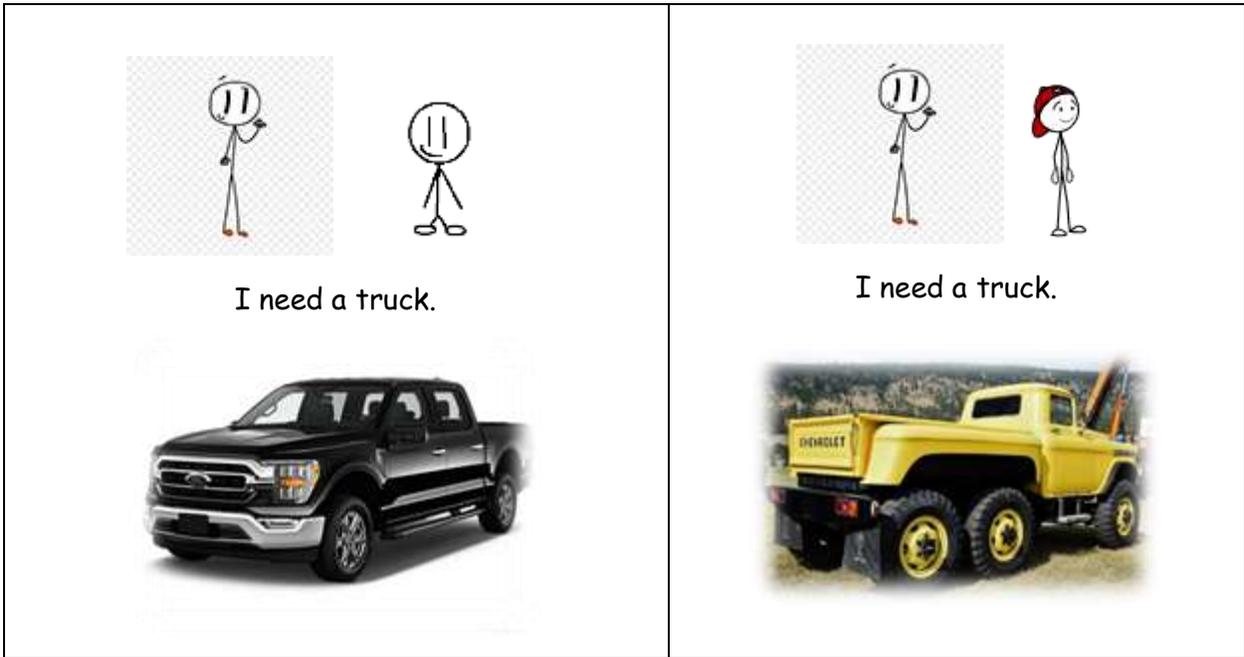
I'm lucky. I'm creative. There are no guarantees in creativity, but at least I have that. I spend several hours every day honing my craft, chipping away, perfecting (not a thing), and submitting, pitching, proposing. Because for me, creativity may bring light to the end of my tunnel. Like said, there are no guarantees, only trying + trying to get people (I) don't know to care about what (I) have to say and share. It's a daunting task. Creativity comes with narcissism + is laced with self-doubt. But I know, at the end of the day, that's what (I) have to give back to the world.

No matter what, I will give back with kindness + empathy. I refuse to cast to an early grave the people unscrupulous corporations that only care bottom line, without a second of hesitation, are so willing to do—just because they believe the bottom line is more important than life.

Doc, thanks for listening. I needed to shed my mind of at least one sleepless night.

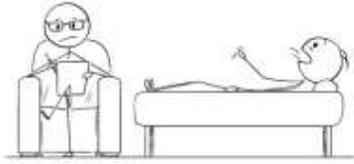
Season 1: Episode 11

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Watches 3 City Dwellers Buy Trucks.



Season 1: Episode 12

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Talks to a Shrink about Movement



I heard you are walking a ton lately, why?

Well, there are several reasons:

I lost my job.

I sank into depression because—

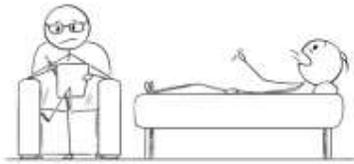


—my future is uncertain. I am 60, and I risk—

—losing everything. Starting over at 60—

—daunting to say the least.

I decided I could wallow about what had—



—been done to me, or I could do something to—

—make the world a better place.

I could lament about nefarious forces who—

—would rather destroy lives because of—

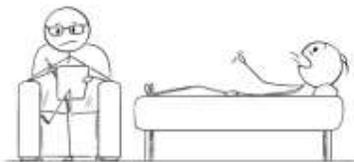


Greed?

I don't know, Doc?

I'm not sure what motivates the nefarious.

Anyway, enough about the garbage.



I simply want to make a difference.

What's in it for me?

Nothing really, wait—health, weight loss,

a sunburnt nose, mental well-being—



—and my lovely 60-year-old legs have gone—

—from lovely, to spectacular.

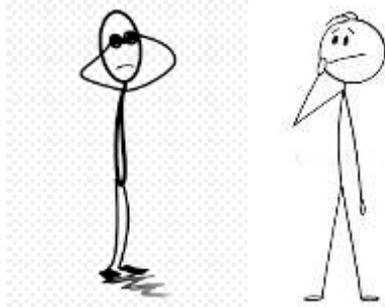
Movement is saving my life and mind.

Won't you kick in a dollar or two?!

The fictitious Stickman is raising funds for **The BC Children's Hospital Foundation!**

Season 1: Episode 13

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Is Approached by a Concerned Person on the Street.

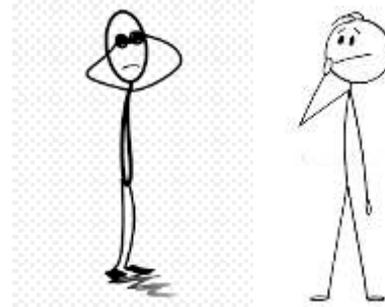


Hey, are you okay?

No. Do I know you?

No?

You look distraught. Do you need to talk?

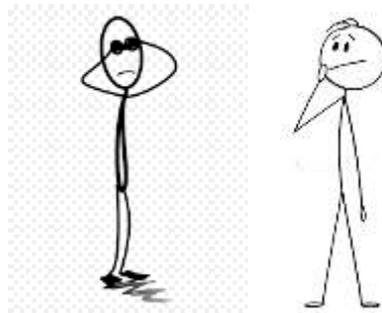


I'm a mess. My life is falling apart.

I lost my everyday place. I didn't lose it—

—I was replaced. I'm screwed. I'm 60ish.

What's your name? I'm Sticky.



My name is Stickman. Why are you being kind to me?

Because some of us care. We know Covid has thrown us all for a loop.

Thanks. You are kind. Some days I don't want to wake up.

On other days, I lash out at those who love me. I don't want to—

It's natural. Don't fret it. Some [redacted] have screwed people.

You will survive. You are better than them. People love you. "They" only care about—

I know, certain [redacted] will screw everyone, it's who they are.

I'm lucky. I care about others. Thank you for stopping me. I feel better now.

Virtual hugs, Sticky. Much love. Let's make the World better together!

Season 1: Episode 14

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Goes to an Employment Agency



What brings you here today?
You look old, how old are you?
|Lie| I'm 60. |Damn|
Do you have jobs for 60-year-olds?



No. I mean, why are you looking for work?
Never mind. Silly question.
What was your last job, career?
What do you mean you were great at it—



—but you're not allowed to talk about it?
How long were you there?
Oh my. That's a long time.
Did they provide you with a reference?



No. Well that is problematic.
We don't usually have things for older people.
Please, I need to work, to eat, to live indoors.
Maybe not for much longer. |Oops, use inside voice|



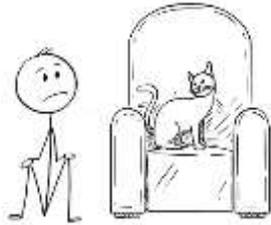
Have you considered dying?
Man, I'm glad I'm not you. |Oops|
I have jobs at Amazon—but they'd likely kill you.
Workers at Amazon wear diapers.



Do you wear diapers yet? |Oops, inside voice|
Do you want to drive an Uber or Lyft?
I don't have a vehicle.
Loser. |Oops|. Maybe consider dying. Good luck.

Season 1: Episode 15

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man's Cat Talks to his Shrink

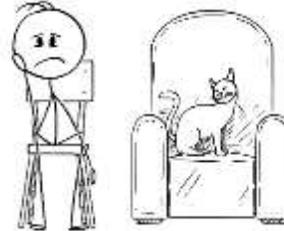


You take my chair. I'll sit on the floor.

Meow.

You're welcome.

You want me to get a chair?



I think I got one in the closet. That's better.

What brings you here today?

You walked. You're worried about your dad?

Why? What's going on?

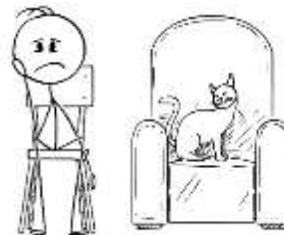


Meow. Meow. Meow.

You think he's depressed, eating his emotions.

You think he's suffering from PTSD?

You think [inaudible] holes are punishing him?

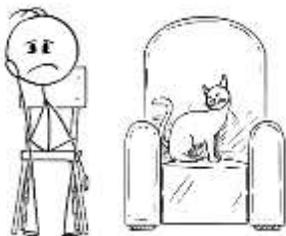


Meow. Meow. Meow.

I see. You think he is feigning he's okay.

Nice vocabulary, by the way.

Meow. Meow. Meow.

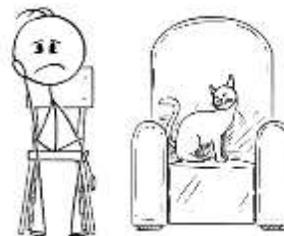


He's endured that much in his life, wow?

Family deception. Deaths. Surgery.

Unfair treatment. A lost livelihood.

So much. I know. You think he's going to break?



Meow. Meow. Meow.

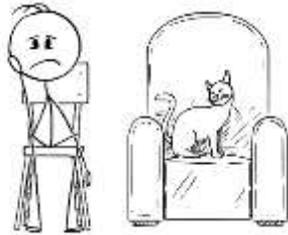
He just wants to be treated fairly?

He wants the documents he needs?

He'll be okay. I'll talk to him. He's strong.

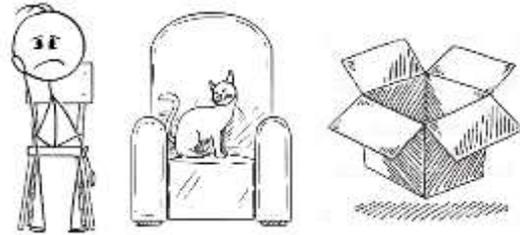
Season 1: Episode 15

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man's Cat Talks to his Shrink (Pt.2)



Meow? Meow? Meow?

No. I don't have a laser pointer.
Fresh towels or...? I might have a box.
Let me check the closet again.

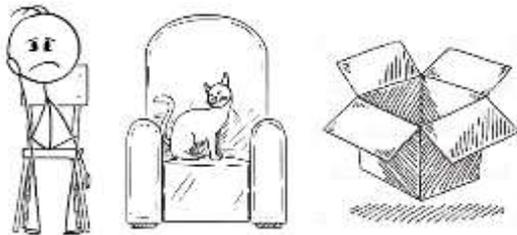


There you go. Who's a good kitty!?!

Who's a good kitty!?! You are!!!

Meow. Meow. Meow.

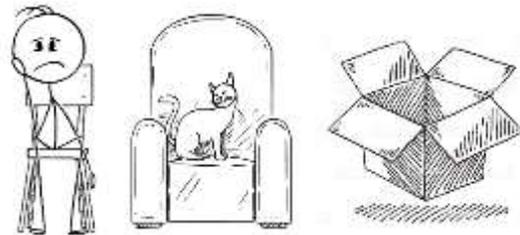
You want him to get angry?



You hate how he's been treated?

Meow. Meow. Meow.

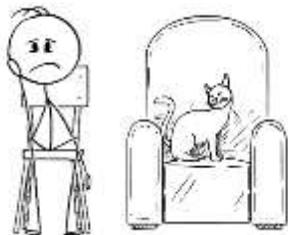
He sounds like a good man. A kind man.
He sounds like despite of everything—



He cares about others!

Meow. Purr. Meow. Purr. Meow.

You love him. Awe. Good kitty!
If you're not going to use the box—

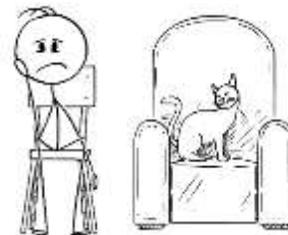


I told you I don't have a laser pointer.

Hisssssss—Meow

Bad kitty. Stop.

Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow.



That's better. What, you feel sad for him?

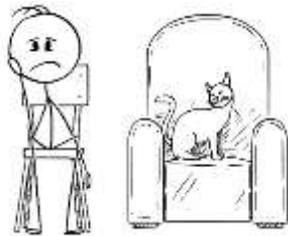
Because he valued his friendships and—

—they weren't really friends and—

He fears for his future, he's 60? He'll be okay.

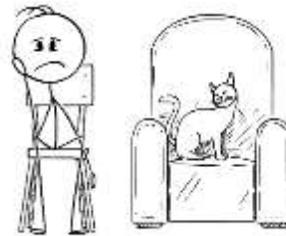
Season 1: Episode 15

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man's Cat Talks to his Shrink (Pt.3)



Meow? Meow? Meow?

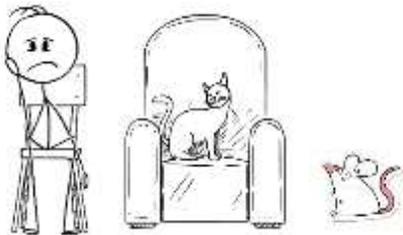
I can't answer those questions.
I can't speak to why certain parts of—
—society treat others so poorly.



I could venture a guess.

But I don't think that would do any good.
Making others suffer just because—

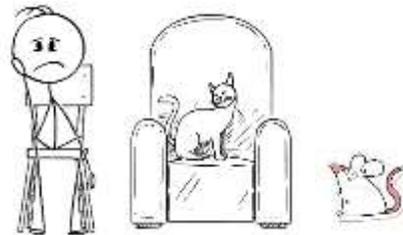
Meow. Meow. Meow.



—they can. They're not good— Wow. It's alive.

Meow. Meow. Meow.

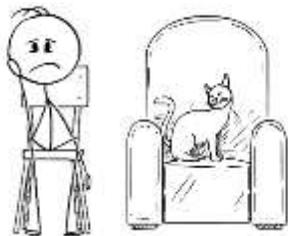
You want to play with the mouse.
I don't think that's a good idea.



Last time, you accidentally...
...started becoming a serial killer.

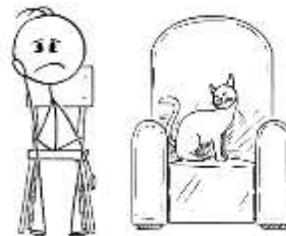
Meow. Meow. Meow. Meow.

I know you didn't mean to—let's let Mickey go.



Where was I? Oh yeah.

Your daddy will sort through his emotions.
He's wise enough to talk with me.
He is a good, strong, kind man.



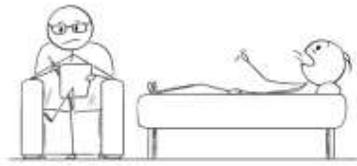
Sure, he's 60, but I don't think that'll hold—
—him back. At the end of the day—
—karma will take the wheel and those who do—
—things just because. Well—karma—

SEASON 2



Season 2: Episode 1

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 1).



Hey, Doc. Why did you call me here today?

I bet you're wondering why—

I called you here today?

I just asked you that. Are you okay?

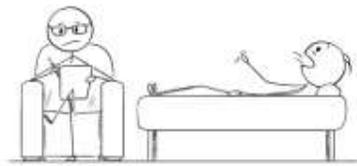


I called you because I'm worried.

It's been more than a year now since—

—you became unemployed. How are you?

I'm okay. I feel like I'm banging my head against a wall.



Why's that?

Well, Doc, where do I begin?

Just let your feelings out.

It's important. It will help you free your mind.



Doc, I'm terrified.

Being 60 and all - 61 soon.

Some days I think I'm going to break into tears.

Go on.



I feel like my time is running out.

Could you imagine trying to reinvent oneself—

—at 61?

I was just in the process of being okay—



—financially, for my future.

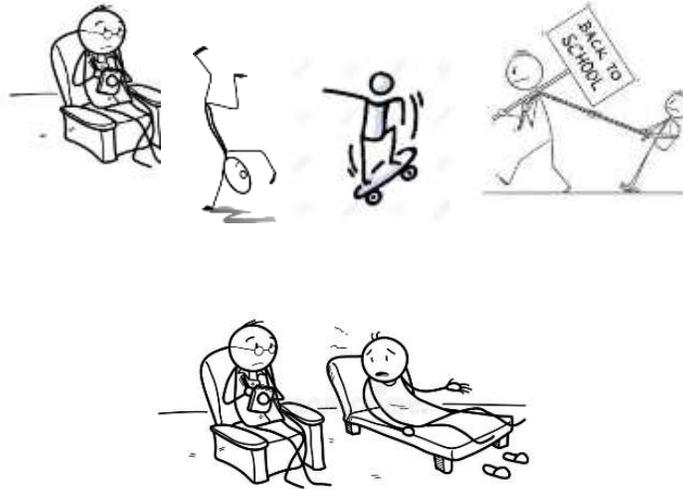
A corner had been turned. Good days ahead.

And then, **BAM** — everything's gone.

What are you doing?

Season 2: Episode 1

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 2).



Breakdancing. Do you think I could start a career breakdancing at my age?

Oh. Oh. Oh. How about skateboarding? Maybe I could go back to school?

Well, I suggest, NO. NO. NO. Do you want to talk about your last employment?

No. Why would I want to talk about a place where it was decided I'm not worth the effort to...?

Do you mind if I switch to your font colour—

Doc, if you don't mind. I'm going to let it all out, ramble a bit. I think it is important I share my dreams, my fears, my uncertainty. I'm not the only one who has been ushered into the same boat. What's it like to be deemed expendable at 60—during a once-in-a-century pandemic, you ask? I can only speak from my perspective. What I do know is there are a whack of people out there who are terrified of what is coming their ways when the pandemic is over—most of them are barely hanging on now. Most of them fall into an aging demographic where every day is unreplaceable.

I hope my sharing helps others facing debilitating challenges due to having their livelihoods stripped from them prematurely, know others are cheering for them. As for me, I needed another two or three years to set up my future.

What's it like to become unemployed prematurely, you query?

For me, it is bleeping scary as hell. Right from the get-go mental health gets eviscerated. It feels like a door slammed violently shut in your face creating a scenario where you doubt everything. You don't know who to trust, depression, maybe a better word is a languishing feeling swallows you, and dormancy creeps in because when what's happening slams into your reality, and you realise you only have so many tomorrows until life will inevitably begin unravelling. If your career was a long one, some soul searching might reveal that although your list of talents is extensive—

Season 2: Episode 1

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 3).



—it may not transfer into a viable future. Darkness arrives. SERIOUSLY. You may lash out at those who love you. There definitely is a myriad of sleepless nightmare filled nights with demons of the past prancing around in your mind—fighting you—making you question your sanity—and absolutely, leading you toward an esteem less future. Why? Why? Why?

When whatever money you may have socked away starts to vanish, with the vanishing cashflow risks a disappearing life. **A DEATH SENTENCE:** I don't want to sound over-dramatic—this is a reality for many. And it's not their fucking fault. No career. No options. Arghh...

Once you realize the despair of tomorrows, panic sets in, I want to burst into tears every now and then, I resist, I don't want to give those whom I once deemed as friends the pleasure of seeing me suffer. Believe me, they'd be happy if I feel pain. For many of us who've been trashed, coming to terms with being expendable, especially after years-upon-years of service, it's hard to find the words to express the pain that inflicts.

Maybe I can become a golfer, or a singer, or a professional swimmer?

Crap, I can't swim, maybe swimming will be the best choice? I'm sinking anyway.

I walk, jog, play a little tennis. I cry, I swallow my emotions. I do what I need to do to protect myself. I don't want to be walked all over. Top all of the uncertainty and fear of the future up, and the one thing that just keeps bashing me over the head is how easy it was for friends to cast me aside. That hurts immensely.

I'm lucky' I'm creative, I write, create whatever comes to my mind. I pitch. Query. Pitch. Apply.

Hundreds of proposals and applications sent out into the Universe, floating around without a guarantee of finding a home. At 60 finding next is borderline IMPOSSIBLE. There might be no next. The world is leaving many of us behind without a way to survive. There are no guarantees my creativity will sustain me. I must believe it will. My career may have been stripped from me leaving me reeling, but I need to keep believing in myself. I'm much more than money. I'm frightened. I don't understand how people can treat others with zero regard for the importance of their lives by not reaching out and helping those who did such an amazing job of taking care, and in some cases, providing those who tossed them into the trash heap, everything, they have. They're not worth... This isn't about them.

Season 2: Episode 1

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 4).



Thoughts have crossed my mind where if things don't come around...if my creativity doesn't catch on...darkness arrives...maybe I best go with The Reaper, let him take me to my fucking funeral?

I fear that if the day comes where things don't fall back into place, a place where I've had to put my pet down because I can no longer provide for her, a place where...pitch-black...where if it comes to starvation + homelessness @ 61—I hope I find the strength to kill myself.

Pretty fucking dark, I know. But for so many out there who are becoming disposable categories of the pandemic—tell me, what are the other possible outcomes? **THIS. IS. REALITY. FOR. MANY.** Give their lives to...and see yah!

I don't want to die. But at the same time, I don't want to lose everything. I normally devour my emotions, but I think it is important to let others know some of us are suffering and teetering in a fucking perilous world with limited options of climbing out of despair. We can't all work at Amazon, be food delivery drivers, and drive for UBER or Lyft. I have The Reaper on speed dial if it ever comes to that.

I spent many a years listening to people (20 or more years younger), tell people, (over 55), desperate people who were trying their best to survive, "Maybe this isn't for you? Why don't you go find an office job?"

Can you imagine the audacity of someone many years younger telling someone they are...?

Or how about if someone had the courage to share with you, they are going to transition from man to woman (whether you understand it or not). Only to be met with from one person in the trusted audience, "You should give this decision some serious thought." Again, no words for how tone deaf and hurtful such a statement is.

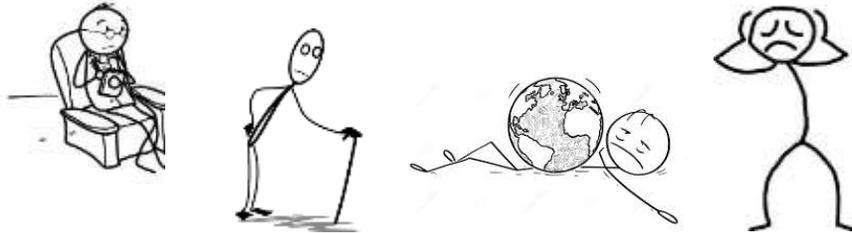
Don't worry, I will not call The Reaper. I must believe in me. I will find a way. I write. I create. And damn it...I'm fucking real...and real translates to talent.

I think sadly for some people their lives revolve around the one-dimensional inflictions of greed, power, and [perhaps] sending a message: that's all that matters to them.

I matter. We matter. I'm sorry for anybody who is facing gloomy tomorrows. If that's your reality, get up. Move. Never give up. You are far better than from whence you came. It's painful hearing the economy is heating up when you are later in life and unemployed—ignore it—create your own reality. I don't hate the...I have friends that do the hating for me; I do feel...nothing for anyone who doesn't value the pain and suffering of others. Everyone else. Keep going.

Season 2: Episode 2

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 5).



Doc, I think it is important to keep going, May I? I may. Thanks, Doc.

Here's some of the straight goods for companies to consider when they are thinking of sending their more senior stick-employees to the curb. You see, when a stickperson is young, they have stick families: mothers + fathers + aunts + uncles + a gaggle of others in their orbit who can provide emotional + financial support + help pick them off life's canvas if they are pushed off the rails. *This is where young invincibility rests.*

But as the years pass, life happens, and often the once large network of support, for many, frequently evaporates. This is where incapacitating fear comes from. If the engineers controlling your financial world deem you expendable, for some of us, the spiral of desolation of no longer being considered relevant, is life-threatening.

There you go, being excessively dramatic again.

Beat it, this is my rant. I need to vent. And our lives matter.

I'll use myself as an example. What does unemployed at 60 mean for me if I need help?

First off, I could lament because life had dealt me some challenging cards, like many, but I won't.

Numerous people share threads with my realities. Job gone. Freedom 55...60...70...90 obliterated.

Wouldn't you think the engineers have a responsibility to show an interest in their people's lives and how they will survive in case of an emergency? I know this is a dream. But wouldn't you?

My support network:

Mom gone (died). Dad gone (died). Mom gone a second time (died). Dad unknown. Home no longer exists.

How about relatives? They're out there, but with family dysfunction, not.

I have fabulous friends. Who are all navigating their own challenges—and family lives?

A product of growing older is if we are not in a financially strong position, many of us eat our emotions, hiding our pain, and frequently we mauerbauertraurigkeit those we need the most.

Maybe it would be best if I jouska my thoughts. Nah. I will share.

We need to eat. Pull out the CC. I don't have an income. This will work itself out?

Denial. Borrowed time will eventually destroy. I need to eat. Pull out the CC.

Why didn't the engineers consider the devastation they'd leave in their wake?

I don't think they're wired that way. I don't think they care if people die.

Season 2: Episode 2

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Shrink Speak) (Part 6).



Maybe, they aren't capable of thinking of anything but themselves.

Money = themselves. Holding on to all of it regardless of the pain + suffering caused becomes the only thing.

Do you go home for Christmas?

Home is not an option. So, I've hosted 30 orphan Christmases. It's not much. But I understand a whack of us, are aging, and home is no longer where it used to be for many, and we need to be kind to each other.

But why don't you just hold onto your cash? Because making a difference is important.

Crap, I need to eat. CC. One day, BOOM. Eating won't be an option.

You did it to yourself?

Why weren't you paying attention to my life? Why didn't you consider my age? Why didn't you consider my lack of family? Why didn't you understand you are part of my support network?

You say it's because I don't have kids. You say because it is easy to sacrifice certain people because they are not cut from the same cloth as you think, you, fucking, are. You say it's because you have the power. You say it's because pushing people off the rails *hurts you just as much* as it hurts the people being, quite frankly, sped toward their deaths.

You think if you don't cut people, your lifestyle will suffer. At least you still will have a lifestyle.

What about the lifestyles of those who trusted you? They need to eat. CC. Crap. Declined.

Get a part-time gig. But I'm 60, and the Summer Fair is cancelled. *I know, those jobs aren't for me anyway? Oh well, who needs to eat? Who needs to pay rent? Who fucking needs to live? Who wants to hire a 60-year-old stroke survivor? You do know I had a stroke while...for you, don't you?*

Reach out to your family, to your friends—you suggest?

Aren't you paying attention? Of course, you're not. I think I just found out the roots of "I could care less"—it refers to you.

The rest of us will find a way to survive. We'll remain kind. As for you... isn't someone else ready to be shoved off the rails and thrust into the desperation of a darkened tunnel?

For the rest of us, let's pay attention to each other, provide love + understand, with each passing year, for many, the shrinking network of support, leaves many of us teetering on the precipice of no more. You may not care. But the rest of us do.

Season 2: Episode 2

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man A Stickman Origin Story



Sticky was born in Topeka Kansas on May 12, 1960.

Sticky was the youngest child in a large stick family.

He excelled at sports. He excelled at most things he did.

His mother + father grew ill early in his life + after they both died—his family, literally, splintered apart, and Sticky was forced to navigate life by himself. He knew no better.

He found love + lost it several times. He excelled at sports some more. He always found a way to bring people together. He organized sporting events, parties, trips, dances. Sticky worked an outrageous variety of jobs from hair model to security to bartending and bar management to Opinion-Editorialist. Sticky's best gig was being the top mixed-tape DJ in the tri-state area, for several years. Sticky was even offered a gig as a Stickporn actor. Sticky declined—even after being offered a Stickfluffer. *"You don't get paid unless there is a money shot."* Ewe.

Why did he decline? I overheard Sticky once say, *"Because my life is porn."*

Sticky found true love + lost it again. His sporting endeavours eventually caught up with him leading to 7...8...9...14 surgeries. Sticky never whined. He accepted it as a part of life.

Eventually he moved to Chicago where he landed a job at a Toothpick Factory. A risky proposition for a man made of Sticks. He quickly moved up the ranks in the company. He became a top performer + helped the company expand its market into tongue depressors and other wood related products.

The years slipped by. The Toothpick Factory became his home away from home. Sticky excelled despite being the only outsider on the managerial roster + despite his family roots not being involved in the Stick industry—leaving him vulnerable—if only his family had been...?

One day, his career ended—leaving Sticky questioning his future, his worth, actually: questioning everything.

Why does he share his story?

Because Sticky understands he's not the only one facing a fictitious graveyard, and if by sharing, Sticky let's the other aging brilliant, loving, hard-working, some would say shafted, Stickworkers around the world who've lost their places of belonging because of a global event out of their control: Keep smiling. Be kind. And no matter what, understand, one day Karma will be on your side!

Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Conclusion) (Part 1)



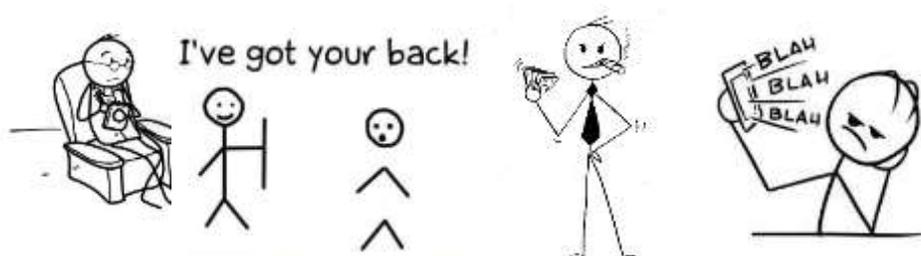
Wow, Sticky, you've endured much. Do you mind if I talk for a bit? You can keep your voice in my usual black font—I will be switching to blue.

I'm in awe of your candor. Your ability to understand, that, first off; understanding the challenges ahead of you are likely to be painfully daunting; and secondly, your compassion for others in grasping you are not the only Stickperson who has been put into an awful position by those who are mostly one dimensional |\$| without a shred of concern for who their decisions threaten to destroy.

Sticky, you've been through so much: ticks, pine beetles, family + friend deaths and deceptions. And more and more and more, yet you keep pushing forward. How? I will never fully comprehend. It is a tribute to your strength and ability to process things. You say you bottle-up your emotions—I see the exact opposite, you express them, and wonderfully, your sharing is not selfish, I'm not sure how you do it? It may be one of your weaknesses: not being selfish enough.

I think what impresses me the most is you realise darkness is lurking around the corner and you must face it head on to have a chance to overcome it? That is remarkable in itself.

I know you are not suicidal. I know you will rise up and survive. I think if you didn't address the darkness, I wouldn't be so sure. I also appreciate your words are not just for you and you are attempting to draw attention to the potential outcomes' greed inflicts on many in this fictional world.



Thanks, for your kind words. They mean the world to me. I'm extremely lucky. I have had amazing Stickpeople in my life—without them I don't think I'd survived this far in life. What having marvelous Stickpeople in my life has done for me is helped me understand what marginal Stickpeople look like. These Stickpeople may evolve in time, but not likely. What drives them is chasing \$\$\$s, and I believe that will leave them forever stick-stunted.

Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Being Unemployed at 60 (Conclusion) (Part 2)



I actually, feel bad for for these Stickpeople. I actually, hate the word actually.

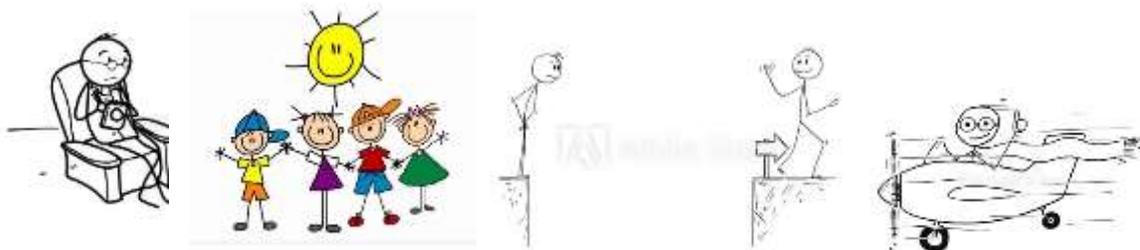
Doc, yes, my life has been filled with traumatic events. I don't want to be bitter. I don't want to be jaded. I don't want to be cynical. I'm not. We all face challenges at some point in life

What I do want to do is share my experiences, encourage laughter (comedy comes from pain), let other Stickpeople know they are not alone, get up, try, move, and most important: never give up!

Never give up!

Those at the Toothpick Factory who...well; until they progress, their lives will likely be filled with legal battles, Stick-divorces, ephemeral Stickfriends—sure—they may have cash—but what good is cash if your life is filled with a stifling sense of your own fleeting importance. Money Stickpeople always lose in the end—I think Karma sees to that. I don't think money will ever make them whole. Just ask one of their ex-Stickwives?

Doc, what do I do now?



Sticky, I think you just keep up what you are doing. You are on the right path, quite literally, I hear you are even raising \$\$\$s for sick kids. Kudos to you.

What I'd suggest is you don't worry about those who turned on you—I know it's tough—but they're not worth a second of thought. In the end the outcome will provide you with rich stories to share with this fictitious world.

I'll leave you with this, you've become a friend, and I believe the world balances itself out if you stay positive and strong. I believe it is your turn to rise and when you do, the collapse of those who have done others harm, not only you, will be steep, and the bottom will come up fast.

It is an incredible testament to you, that you have stood up for yourself. Stay true. Stay strong!

Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Gets a Call from the Doctor who Saved his Life. (Pt. 1)



6 AM. I type away on the computer.
Trying to find a future.



61 Soon. Unemployed due to a pandemic.
Storytelling is my best option for a future.



A rejection letter comes from an agent.
I love it. I find it encouraging.

Thanks for your query!
I found it to be:
"FUN" + "BALLSY"
I interpreted that to mean:
I'm Close + Original. Keep going!



I'm in a fabulous mood. **Manic** ↑ Time to walk.
Walk. Walk. Read. Walk. I meet up with Jay.

Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Gets a Call from the Doctor who Saved his Life. (Pt. 2)



We walk. Walk. Walk.
Jay needs to pick up shoes he ordered.
A man approaches me while I wait.



6 AM. I type away on the computer.
Trying to find a future.



61 Soon. Unemployed due to a pandemic.
Storytelling is my best option for a future.

Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Gets a Call from the Doctor who Saved his Life. (Pt. 3)



Have you had any flare ups since—
—the lifesaving surgery last year?



Great. If you have a flare up in the—
—next 2-months call. Everything seems okay!



40-Minutes Pass



Hey, Doc.
I'm concerned. Your pathology says—
—you have stomach bacteria.



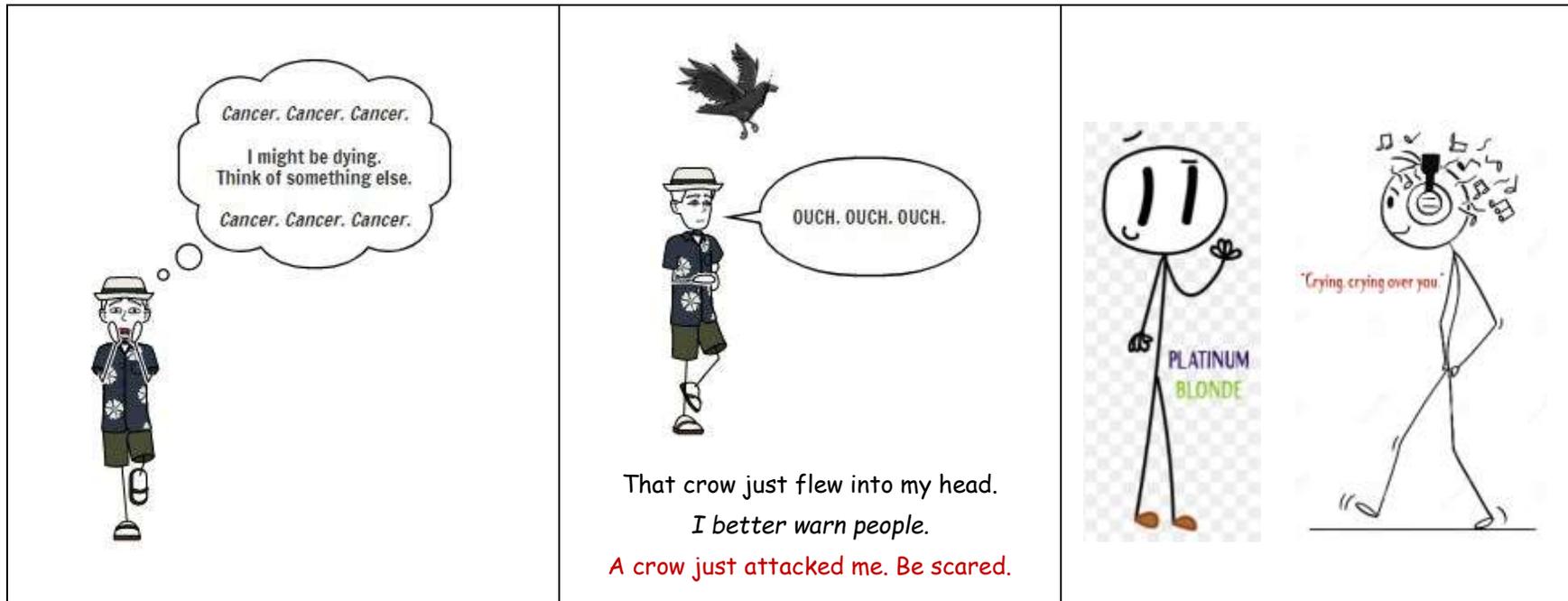
It's unlikely, but there is a—
20% chance you have stomach cancer.
|((Grand)Mum died from stomach cancer|.



I will prescribe a heavy-duty drug.
It should wipe it out in 10 days.
Then we'll have to do more tests.

Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Gets a Call from the Doctor who Saved his Life. (Pt. 4)



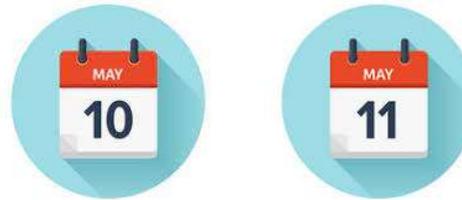
Season 2: Episode 3

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Gets a Call from the Doctor who Saved his Life. (Pt. 5)

At the precise moment I passed man on the sidewalk on May 11, 2021. After I'd been told I might have —stomach cancer, and a crow attacked me, the man I passed was wearing a **PLATINUM BLONDE JACKET**.

At the exact moment I passed him— "*Crying over You*" was playing on my earbuds.

I am supposed to be telling stories!



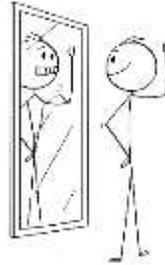
I WILL BE OKAY. MANIC ↓

Season 2: Episode 4

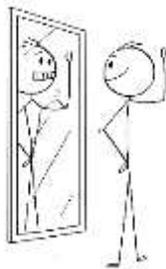
A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Prepares Breakfast + Talks to a Mirror.



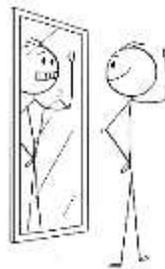
I'm hungry.
What's for breakfast today?
Yum. Expensive life saving medicine!



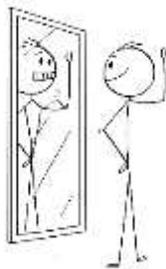
You're such a loser.
If you weren't, you wouldn't be in this quandary.
You deserve whatever comes your way.



No. I do not. I did what was asked of me.
I got older. A cheaper model was—
You don't get it. Greed says we're replaceable.



Hence, you got replaced.
You're such a loser your stick friends—
—at [blank] just tossed you in the garbage.



That's a reflection of them. Not me. Stick friends?
I can't afford my life. Pills are expensive.
Why don't you kill yourself?
Fuck you mirror. What do you know?



I'm full. Maybe next time I'll put ketchup—?
You did this to yourself.
You deserve whatever happens to you.
I deserve to suffer? Piss off.

Season 2: Episode 4

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Prepares Breakfast + Talks to a Mirror.

 <p>Cool. My body is eating itself. The pills will cure you. What are they for? To fend off stomach cancer. I can't afford—</p>	 <p>Year after year, I believed... What did you believe? Money doesn't care. You thought those people were—</p>
 <p>—I thought some of them were stick friends. Are you stupid? Stick friends? Please. I thought, they'd, ask, if, I'm, okay? You don't merit stick friends. They call the shots.</p>	 <p>You are stupid. Money doesn't care. And they are money. So, they, don't— You became an inconvenience. You don't deserve a damn thing.</p>
 <p>You don't deserve respect or a thank you. 60+ and going broke without options— —wouldn't it be best to kill yourself. Wow. You are a stick friend. Hey, why are you pushing?</p>	 <p>I'm hungry. What's for dinner today? Yum. Expensive life saving medicine! Your Medical Plan will pay for them. My what?</p>

Season 2: Episode 4

A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Talks with Anti-Vaxxer Protesters



—Excuse me. May I get through here.
—I'm trying to get home.
—No new normal. Vaccines don't work.
—My body. My choice. It's an intimate decision.



—Magnets. Magnets. Magnets. Watch YouTube.
—What are you freaks even saying?
—Use your brain. Do your research.
—Did you just spit on me?



—It's a master plan. They want to control us.
—Yeah, control us. They are killing us off?
—Are you a fucking idiot? Killing you? LOL.
—You are that fucking important? Killing you?



—Let me get this straight:
—You all believe there are nefarious forces
—out there that want to kill you...
—Wow. If they succeed who will shop at...



—Costco? McDonald's? Walmart?
—The rich survivors?
—You people are all selfish fucking nuts.
—Use your brain. Do your own research.
—The media is lying to you.
—Why don't you all just fuck off. Seriously.
—Lock her up. Lock her up. Lock her up.



—So, you believe everyone is in this together?
—You call me a sheep? I'm by myself, here.
—You people are the epitome of selfishness.
—Do you have measles? Polio? Smallpox?
—No. You believe this time is different?
—Do you have a cell phone? You're all selfish idiots.
—Lock her up. Lock her up. Lock her up.