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JUNE 2023
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MY DAYS: VOLUME 1
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WILLFUL CRUELTY
МИЛЛЕНОК КРУЕЛЛА



Monday, June 5, 2023

I sit at my computer.

Here comes the fucking emotions.

In 41 days, my life odometer will turn over to 63.

Tears begin blasting from my eyes. I'm turning 63, and on this Monday morning, the start of a new week, the potential for a new beginning, and I'm bawling my eyes out.

My heart thumps.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

I survived a stroke, and after telling you repeatedly that changing up my work world could kill me—you fucking changed up my work world. Were you trying to kill me?

A niece, mother, and youngest sister/aunt, died in the same year, and you never allowed me a moment to grieve and catch my breath. Instead, you kept using me up.

And then, you fucking replaced me with a childhood friend.

You are fucking monsters.

Violent thoughts spin through my mind because what you did to me is the definition of a violent act.

I need you to suffer a hundred-fold more than I do.

Pain will rain down on you one day.

You fucking hurt me badly, and as collateral damage, you fucking hurt my family.

I want you gone.

My cat needs kitty litter. I can't afford it.

Today marks the first day I will not be eating during the day.

Maybe no more eating at all.

J has now lost over 30 pounds to try to save our pennies.

Do you know how much that breaks my fucking heart?

My efforts to be discovered have been relentless.

The fact is; nobody wants a 63-year-old to build their company around. The fucking needle has no hole for the rope to go through.

I write, which is a long shot, maybe my only shot. But what fucking choice do I have?

You blocked me from working in the same industry. How fucking cruel are you?

What were you afraid of?

Your collective incompetence?

If I hang myself, I won't need the eyeless needle.

I not a corporation but I am a man who did everything ever asked of him + more, and I deserved and earned your respect. Instead, you treated me as disposable and as if I were the fucking enemy. I saved your company, and the thanks I get is, I get to cry in front of my computer as I desperately try to figure out how to survive and if I even have enough energy to try.

I don't like this darkness.

You three delivered me to this place.

I know you do not care. All you care about is ...?

I can't read your mind. I wouldn't want to.

Yesterday, I became Margaret Atwood, and creativity gave me a break from my despair.

I hit the Fitness Asylum again. I marched over 30,000 steps again, trying to free my mind of the relentless worry.

My thoughts on books primarily receive rave reviews. I'm currently reading a book on grieving. It's beautiful.

It gives readers permission to be human and vulnerable.

I've endured much in this life, and the book has helped me understand I have been grieving the loss of my career for over three years, and that's okay.

I also realize all the deaths, all the deaths, all the deaths; I never grieved them, starting with the death of my first father in 1985.

But still, I became a unique, empathetic man; who has a burning desire to make a difference in this world.

You hurt me and my family badly.

The well is drying up for us. I don't know what's going to happen next?

I sat down with The Mayor after my walk.

Dean

The Mayor told me Dean has been told there is no need to move into an assisted living residence because he's running out of time.

I won't scatter.

I move on.

I sit beside a young man wearing a Rain City Housing Hoodie, a charity that helps people in need, at another establishment. He tells me he works there.

I sent in an application this morning.

He asks me what I do?

I tell him I write.

I tell him I used to write for a newspaper when newspapers existed.

I tell him I worked for a company that exploits people and needs more suffering people in order for them to profit.

I told him I tried to give our workers respect and dignity.

I told him I was replaced by a friend of one proprietor at the start of COVID.

He asks me what I write about?

The absurdities of life, I say. Look at all the people milling around. I try to capture their stories. There is a wealth of stories all around us needing to come out.

He says something about how adults need to, at some point in time, get their acts together.

I suggest to him that that is too simple of a concept, and I don't think life works that way; I think it is lazy and pedantic. We believe with a flip of a switch; we can figure out what life is supposed to give us; we can't, thinking we can is too simplistic.

I tell him, I believe we do what we are destined to do.

He tells me he's thirty.

I rattle off many more thoughts, and whatever I said causes him to laugh.

I'm bridging the generation gap.

He asks how old I am? He thinks I said 37. He doesn't doubt it.

I burst out in laughter.

We chatted for about twenty minutes, and we embraced when I got up to leave.

He thanked me for the conversation.

Just before I exited stage left, he looked at me and asked, "Do you ever read Margaret Atwood?"

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On my way home, I grab the only food I can afford, can't, a Big Bite hot dog from 7/11.

I vow when I get home to INNER SPACE (cowboy scene), my face back to me from the lingering tinge of Margaret Atwood that is obviously still present.

What do you think, Sparkly, 88 today?

Nah, more like 77.

Grammarly Readability Score = 84

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

Afterword

When I began this collection of stories, I had yet to learn what it would be about or whether it needed a theme. So, I decided each morning to sit down and let my fingers talk for me. But, as I plow my way through the days, I realize life has loaded me with a ton of baggage, and I need to check it somewhere.

It is okay if we never get past certain life events, like the death of a loved one, a friend, or the loss of a career, especially when some of the worst people on the planet choose to willfully hurt you.

Society dictates we fake strength; I believe strength lives through moments of vulnerability.

I'm hurting bad.

I'm scared for my life.

I'm afraid for my family's well-being.

I'm scared.

Three people willfully chose to turn my life upside down, and then they worked together to fucking destroy my future.

How the fuck do you get over that?

I want them to suffer.

I will never quit trying.

I will never quit writing.

I will...

... thrive and give something back to the world.

I don't sleep. I spend my nights trying to trick my mind by sending positive messages into the Universe, searching for a miracle.

I turn 63 in 41 days. And I fucking need to find an income.

The thing is, I'm turning 63 in 41 days, and I don't have any idea how to do that ↑.

Dealer?

Can I please have another hand? I'm not sure how much more I can take.

Another story is on the news about how suffering, homeless people all have mental health issues or drug problems.

Fuck Off.

Some people become homeless because the horrible people they worked for choose greed over humanity.

Fuck them.

They must pay.

It's a promise.

Do you ever read Margaret Atwood?

BOY ON CRUTCHES W4M BOY ON CRUTCHES W4M



at Chill Winston.

Saturday Night.

Many guys with you.

Me, with a GF.

Totally checking you out from down the →

Hello. I couldn't.

I had to run.

Late for dinner.

If you need a calf massage: I'm game.

Let me know.

Weird?

You're a tall brown-haired drink of water → with excellent hands.

Weird?

I am a blue-eyed, dark haired hand stalker.

I SAW YOU → A MISSED CONNECTION

How will you let me know?



TRAVELLING MAN
ТРАВЕЛЛИНГ МАН

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NOVEMBER 1990

VANCOUVER   TO PANAMA, PANAMA 

We touched down on the tarmac at Tocumen Airport at 11 PM. Bill and I were, first off, on the plane. We stepped out into the airport's parking lot to be greeted by smothering humidity. Bill glanced over, gazing into my dreamy brown eye(s) ⁽¹⁾ and asked me if we forgot to do something? We sauntered back into the airport, knocked four times on the Custom's Office waking the agents, and then we let them know we had arrived.

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Back in the liquid heat of the night, we caught a cab to our hotel, a hotel that was being circled by US military helicopters. A quick flicking on the tube, and we discovered a military coup in progress.

The following day in the offices of Pan Global – the rest of the story is in my memoir.

1. Why eye(s)? Because I'm blind in my left eye. Oh, you were thinking this footnote was going to be about soulful brown?