



Lindsay Wincherauk

MAY 2023

2

DARREN
DARREN

There are hundreds of people willing to pull the trigger.

It would be remiss, not to mention the ‘sure thing’ Darren got rich business associates into. Accredited investors who still believed Darren was an astute businessman. But what is more disgusting, he snuck others into the investment through a side door. People who couldn’t afford to lose a single dollar. And sure enough, the stock initially soared, with everyone Darren sucked in having to hold the stock for a certain period.

Darren was first in, and when he was allowed to sell arrived, the first out. When it did, Darren got out, reaping millions. Immediately after, the stock collapsed, leaving all the people he scammed holding worthless paper. Even as going as far as to ask Tyler, who was trapped holding, “Are you still holding that garbage stock?”

But, of course, Tyler was likely part of the scam.

Daren is a weak friendless man. With a revolving door of friends like the former reality TV star he brought to an even as his plus one. A man full of braggadocio who regaled the table for hours with stories of how many girls he’s fucked. And like the expert recruiter who boasted fiercely about how much money he made at casinos. These are the only people who can stand Darren, except for Todd of course, for reasons nobody knows why?

There are hundreds of people willing to pull the trigger.

... ..

||

Shifting gears.

Why is this story critical?

Because I’m hurting. J is on the plane now, and I want to be beaming with joy when J returns.

I’m battling a sickness that can only be described as gross – a sickness that is gutting my insides – I haven’t eaten since Tuesday. I’m not well.

I’m sure the fuckers who’ve created my stress levels are cheering for me to be ill. They are horrible people.

Why don’t you just move on and go forward?

Leo's got the gun.

I'm sixty. If I just move on, I'm letting the monsters get away with fucking another person over without paying the heavy price they deserve. So, they must pay a heavy price.

These predators suck the life out of people through exploitation. I didn't belong with them. They knew that, but they also knew their only chance to succeed was because I was there to save them from their incompetence.

These predators look for vulnerability and use it – that is their business plan; if you are hurting, they see an opportunity. Their business model relies on sucking you in by pretending they are doing you a favour by paying you under the table. When you challenge the lie, you are told, "If you want a raise, why don't you go on welfare?" |Darren |

And then, at a company event, when asked what the previous person (gay) (ended in litigation) in your role was up to, you replied how you would know because the two of you aren't friends. And then, the person, *drunk out of his fucking mind*, the owner of the fucking company, who doesn't know a single fucking thing about your personal life |Darren | said, "I thought the two of you were on the same team."

This is the monster I was working for.

Finally, you are treated normally, put on the payroll, and given some of the same perks as the people like Tyler you've been carrying. But it wasn't the same because Tyler was tasked to fuck you over every chance, by making you feel as you were expendable, by saying, "Darren is upset with the numbers." "Margins. Margins. Margins." Ad nauseam.

Tyler could not have adult conversations and required you to carry the table at every client's lunch. Unless talking about his privledge is considered adult.

Leo's got the gun.

Which do you despise the most, Darren, Todd, or Tyler?

Darren would be the easy choice. But he is simply a cowardly, 'failed' steroid-injecting, cocaine-snorting, likely-by-now-twice-divorced-man-child with a cadre of milquetoast sycophants to suck his dick.

Darren is a waste of breath. A bully. A mess.

As for Todd.

Leo's got the gun.

The worst would be Tyler, a man you broke bread with hundreds of times. A man you considered a good friend. A man, when your life was crumbling around you because of

what they had done to you, so you reached out with a heartfelt message of concern for your families well-being, immediately used your words against you to try to destroy you. A man you considered a good friend.

What were you thinking about showing vulnerability around someone like this?

Someone whose definition of vulnerability is complaining about how poor he is in one breath, and in the second talking about his fucking boat, and in the next talking about his watch collection, and in one last burst saying, "I can't get a divorce because she'd get half."

Could you imagine what it would be like for Tyler's wife to receive a not about Tyler's words? Words he said often. Words Darren advised him on.

And then, after the boasts, lording his privilege over the suffering people, he, Darren, and Todd are using up until they can't be used anymore.

These are horrible people.

If I was twenty, thirty, or forty, I would likely just walk away and take the defeat. But I'm not; I'm in my sixties, and what these fuckers have done to me, and my family is unforgivable because there is nothing for me to walk into. In France they are rioting because they are trying to increase the retirement age to 64. I'm 63 and was supposed to feel sorry for the fuckers who hurt me. Writing is my path forward. And even then, they had their hired hitman call me a 'failed writer' who had no business chasing my 'dreams.' Words I will never let go.

These fuckers, after they turned my life upside down after I had brought in tens of millions of revenues, as I entered my sixties, had someone fucking call me 'failed' with no business chasing my 'dreams.'

Leo's got the gun.

I couldn't live with myself if I just let them get away with destroying people.

You see, they trap suckers, and I was their biggest sucker. As mentioned, they pretend they are doing you a favour by treating you differently (paying you under the table).

When they finally begin treating you fairly, they do what they can to keep control over you by giving you shiny things, a vehicle, a phone, while at the same time underpaying you because they know you won't likely, or can't afford to leave, because of the shiny stuff. So, suppose they decide to get rid of you. In that case, they take away your freedom (vehicle) and lines of communication (phone), rendering you suffering and hopeless. Especially in your sixties. They fucking willfully did this to someone in their sixties.

Hate.

Leo's got the gun.

Fuck them.

I must stand up for everyone they have and everyone they are going to fuck over. I know the reason for their vitriol toward me is the one thing Darren + Todd couldn't stand the most, they knew I was a billion times smarter than they are. But I'm not. I allowed myself to be trapped and used by them.

I'm in my sixties.

I will not relent until...

Leo's got the gun.

What's that, one of the millionaires Darren fucked over also has a gun.
Interesting.

One day their lights will go dark.

I'm on the verge of a significant breakthrough. And when that day comes, it will be their last.

Grammarly Readability Score = 77

TENNIS
TENNIS

If any of you'd like to hit. I'd be happy.

Three older men look at me. Time to bully me.

Why are you looking at me like that? It's making me uncomfortable.

Are you any good?

I can hit.

Are you a stupid old cunt?

What?

Play with her.

Her?

Yes, Her. She's good.

Are you any good?

Her, I'm okay. I can hit.

Why won't the men play with me?

What level are you?

I don't know, Her, I can hit.

Let me think about it?

Okay.

I'm going to hit against the wall on the other side.

Her, peaks around the corner.

Yes, Her?

I'm checking to see if it's shady over here?

Her, we're outside.

Oh.

I'll let you know if I want to hit.

Okay?

Do you want to hit?

Sure, Her.

I have these balls, they look new.

Her, how are your balls?
Good. Let's use yours and mine.
Why are my balls against the fence?
I don't want to use them?
Why, Her?
Your balls are flat.
My name is Lana.
I thought it was, Her.
Thanks for hitting with me.
Okay.

TWO DAYS LATER
TWO DAYS LATER

Hi. I'm Bob. Do you want to hit?
Sounds good, Bob.
Bob?
Yes.
My name is Yasdnil backwards.
Huh.
Bob?
Yes, Yasd.
If I die while were hitting, don't let anyone say, I died doing something I love.
Are you okay?
How could anybody be? I mean: Yes, Bob, or do you prefer, Bob? Anyway, if I die, I don't want them saying I loved dying.
What?
I don't love dying.
Okay.
It would make a good tombstone though:

**He Died Doing What He Loved
Too Bad He Only Did it Once**

Your balls are flat, want to use mine?
Sure, Bob.

I'm turning 62 (turned), and I desperately want Mac + Cheese.