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MAY 2023

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TYLER
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J is back, and Hana is happier. I'm more optimistic, and I feel less alone. My stomach is still churning. I haven't had a solid evacuation in four days. Gross. I crossed the street to where I picked up the dinner that caused the gastric assault. I spoke with the manager. He looked at the product (culprit), checked the expiry dates and said, we don't make this here; I'll email the manufacturer.

That's, not, enough.

Four days, without a solid evacuation – I have underlying things that could kill me. I will survive, but what if someone with more intense underlying conditions, ate the same, or a child? Think about the children.

For the last three years, I've been walking incessantly, almost daily. If not, I probably would have killed myself by now. My life has been shattered. My future is uncertain. I have love. But supporting myself is a thing of the past. The end is coming. I will keep trying. I've been through much, but I never give up. It's not in my DNA. I want to go on. I need to believe my words will resonate.

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I walk.

Depression leaves me for a minute to be replaced by creativity – I must stay alive for J, Hana, and myself.

I'm walking through the tree-lined streets of Shaughnessy. It has been over three years since Darren, Todd, and Tyler, vowed to destroy me for standing up for myself. I wasn't supposed to stand up for myself. They are protecting the vault, and they don't think I deserve the fucking decency to have a slice of what's inside, in order to move on. These fuckers believe if someone stands up for themselves, they must destroy them. The ephemeral nature of money belongs to them, and only them. Fifteen years and you should end up homeless and depressed, they think is right. Fuck them.

It is a cool but sunny day. Holy shit, I haven't seen him in over three years, Tyler; what the fuck is he doing walking down this street toward me? I don't want to see him. The legal system has protected him; I can be in trouble if I speak to him. You see, these fuckers, not only did everything in their power to upend my life, but they also did everything in

their power to assure I never competed against them, thus potentially, ending my life. The fucking legal system protected money, not humanity.

I've thought about suicide often.

Don't see me. Don't see me.

Tyler is closing the gap. He seems oblivious. Maybe he doesn't remember what I look like.

Ten feet, five feet, Tyler is staring across the street.

Parallel.

"Hey."

Fuck.

"How's it going?" Tyler asks, eyes darting, never looking directly at me.

I'm not legally allowed to engage. Think about that for a fucking second. Tyler played a considerable role in fucking over my life, and I'm continually being punished for having... I'm tired of saying how valuable I was to these cretins.

"You well?" he adds.

What would you do?

I know the answer, but I can't.

So, I don't say.

I don't say.

I'm sorry your father hurt you terribly. I'm sorry he was a horrible man, or so you told me often while we broke bread. I'm sorry he ripped your family apart, hurt everyone in your family, and then tried to fix things the only way he knew how, with money. I'm sorry you were fucking estranged from him. I'm sorry for the amount of damage inflicted upon you because you think the only way to seek his validation is by valuing money even more than he does.

I don't say any of those things.

I also don't say I trusted you. I thought of you as a friend. I never judged your privilege, even when you would invite me to come on your boat, which I always declined because you always boasted about how much it cost every time you put the boat in the water. I trusted you. I thought of you as a good friend, despite our divergent upbringings. Upbringings, where your damage has you believing everything in your life was earned through your own merit, never giving a second of thought to the names

you often dropped, how the fuck do you think you were put in a place where droppable names like those, including of one of the wealthiest men in America's families hangs? Did you really believe that was the norm?

I don't say any of those things.

I also don't say that not everyone is bequeathed \$20K, \$50K, and even \$100K early inheritance gifts from their father. I know you work hard, but I don't say that not everyone is given a sweet deal to purchase their grandmother's house.

I don't say any of those things.

I also don't say I was diagnosed with an inflammatory disease, and in the same year, my youngest niece, my mother (for a second time), and my youngest sister died. And shortly after, I had a fucking stroke. Because you knew. Yet, to show your empathy, you did absolutely fucking nothing, so much nothing that when Darren worked to destroy me, he made utterances of pity instead of doing the fucking right thing and ensuring I'd be okay. After all, his houses, trips, etcetera wouldn't have been possible were it not for my efforts.

I don't say any of those things.

I also didn't say or repeat what you told me about your family life. You fucking hurt me willfully. And when I was being destroyed because you are wired for money and the need for validation from your father, and maybe Darren, you were willing to fuck over someone you considered one of your best friends. At what fucking cost? My life?

I've thought of suicide often in the last three years.

I also don't say how tone-deaf everyone under your leadership became. How fucking disgusting, it was when client cheques would come in, and if they were large enough, you'd get the people you were in charge of hooting as if it was a big deal that would make the MASTER happy.

I did not say any of those things.

You hurt me. You were supposed to be my friend. I know you may have convinced yourself you guys did nothing wrong. But you're wrong. You were setting up my removal for over a year, you may deny this, and maybe you didn't really want to participate in killing me. But you are deeply broken (flawed) inside because money is the only thing that truly matters to you. Your father damaged you. And as long as you are a slave

to seeking his validation, you will be less of a person.

I did not say that.

I don't know who my father is. The inheritance from the second death of my mother was less than my coin collection. I live in 500 square feet. I won't name-drop because I wasn't exposed to the same entitled assholes as you were. You don't even seem to understand that the only reason you can name-drop any of these people is because of your father, and where you grew up. And besides, name dropping is a sign of...

I don't say that.

I don't say anything. You have blocked my life from moving forward.

You pry.

"You, doing alright?" You ask.

I don't say you fucking know precisely how I'm feeling because when I tried to protect myself, you did everything in your power to fight for Darren and destroy me and my family.

I don't say that.

I don't say a word.

Your eyes dart, never connecting.

You now are working for a man who swears by meritocracy when your only merit is being raised in a construction family, it's laughable.

I don't say a word.

You turn and start running. What the fuck? Are we in a Dick Wolf television program?

I don't scream; WE HAVE A RABBIT.

You keep running, three kids are across the street playing hopscotch, watching us, watching you.

You keep running. Out of nowhere, Jodi G flies through the air tackling you, and as the two of you tumble to the ground, Jodi stabs a syringe in you – whatever it was filled with immediately renders you incapacitated.

The three kids scream for their parents.

A white van comes screeching curbside to where you are lying. Out jumps three men in hazard suits. They pick you up and toss you into the van through the side door.

Jodi gets up. Standing beside him is Leo.

The three men in hazard suits look toward Leo.

Leo looks back and says, "Take him to the rendering, I mean holding plant."

The van screeches away, taking a sharp right turn at the next corner.

A moment later, a police cruiser comes rushing up to the scene.

An officer approaches me and asks, "Did you see anything?"

I don't say a word.

At least not today. But I refuse to remain silent, and as much as this is a work of fiction, I also refuse to live in a world where monsters like Darren, Todd (the lamest monster in the world), a proud married man who likes boasting about sexual conquests, and Tyler, can get away with silencing good people all in the name of the only thing they could ever love, money; while being saddled with the unrelenting burden of needing validation from father's who are likely incapable of...

I don't say a word.

I don't say, Tyler; you had a chance to make a difference, to change the trajectory of suffering for many people. But unfortunately, you have chosen to keep on the path your father taught you, which you will undoubtedly pass down to your children, who likely will continue the fucking cycle ad infinitum. You have chosen to keep the good man inside you, deep inside of you, allowing the darkness to emanate from who you are instead.

I don't say, you know, when you haul suffering people to jobs in your expensive vehicle, they don't think you are powerful; they hate you, and they think you are an entitled asshole who thinks you are better than they are. Not everyone has been dealt the same fucking life cards, asshole, and flashing wealth to suffering people is fucking disgusting. I don't say that.

I'm struggling with depression, and the three of you have done everything in your power to get me to stop talking about what's happening in my life. The three of you, despite all I've given you, have chosen to keep hammering nails into my coffin.

I will not remain silent.

One day... if I had to venture a guess, it won't be me or Leo who pulls the trigger, it will be someone of more means, but of course, that is just a guess. If you'd like to find out, I suggest, turning the pages.

What do you think happens when you bilk rich assholes out of the only thing that matters to them?

I received an email from Dick Wolf, his production team would love to see a script!

Grammarly Readability Score = 82

HUMAN SNAPSHOT HUMAN SNAPSHOT

One person (who prefers to remain anonymous) told me he's hanging on, just barely. He's terrified if a lottery win doesn't come in or some other miracle; he'll be eating Instant Noodles. Next, he's afraid he'll be lining up for food stamps + fighting for dry spaces outside to live out the rest of his life – he says if it comes to that, the company may as well just put a bullet in his head.

Another individual, named, also named Jim, said he lost his work due to COVID. Jim is 66. He had worked his whole life. Jim desperately tried to see the silver lining and refused to be deterred. Jim sent out countless resumes, even landing a few interviews. Jim had no call-backs. Finally, at one of the interviews, the twenty-three-year-old interviewer asked him, "What are you doing here? Nobody wants new hires your age."

Jim said he walked out of the interview, collapsed to the ground, and started weeping. The humiliation was crushing him.

Jim managed to land a job working with seventeen-year-olds at a diner. He says the depression this has created is devastating, and he hopes the good lord comes for him soon.

Jim used to work for a company that is now expanding and profiting immensely from cutting senior employees and their hefty paycheques. Covid allowed his former boss to cut Jim without paying him out a single dime.

Jim says it's not the humiliation of working for peanuts that lay him in depression the most. Jim says what's killing him is he cannot see how he'll ever afford a vacation, ride in a car, or new clothes, ever again.

Word on the street is his old boss started another company.

Is Jim bitter?

Sure, who wouldn't be, but more so, Jim is just sad.