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2

ABJECT CRUELTY
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I'm now 62.8383561643835616. My only path forward for fucking survival is my creative pursuits. But of course, you fucking know that your fragile egos have led you to attempt to destroy me and my family. Why?

I never wanted what you did to me. I never wanted to be on the outside looking in. I didn't deserve what you did. I didn't deserve what you did. But of course, you don't care. You willfully hurt people. What type of monster hurts someone intentionally who is 62.8383561643835616? Someone who gave them 25% of their life?

I cry every day. My health is now becoming questionable. Over the last three years, I've lost many friends to the reaper, most of them were around my age, some were younger. But now, because of you, I have to search for positions that don't exist just to survive – but as I said, these positions are non-existent. Because I'm now 62.8383561643835616.

I made you fucking wealthy. And you choose to try to kill me.

You had over 1,000 days to do the very least and give me a chance, but you didn't.

I GAVE YOU ALMOST 25% OF MY LIFE

And you couldn't even find the decency to give me a slim chance to survive.

Instead of ↓

To Whom it May Concern

We wholeheartedly recommend () for the ----- position with your company.

He has grown tremendously over his lengthy career with our company and was one of our team's most valuable and prolific contributors. *() proved himself to be a hard-working, motivated, ambitious, charismatic, and reliable employee.* We were sad the once-in-a-century pandemic changed our business's course; unfortunately, our relationship with () ended because of the pandemic.

()'s contribution to our team was unquestionable, always going above and beyond what was expected of him. () was a joy to work with and was well-respected by clients, prospects, and coworkers. () was also respected and known in the industry for his passion and unflinching integrity.

()'s was a tremendous contributor to our team internally, crafting documents to help our team run more smoothly. Hosting clients and potential franchise owners. Training new hires. Running customer events, including sporting tournaments and branding pools. Writing reference letters for our valued employees and even helping plan our holiday events.

() is extremely accountable and skilled at working independently while at the same time being proactive about contributing to the team and collaborating with his colleagues. Because ()'s so accountable and communicative, I have no doubt that () will excel on your team.

()'s dedication, willingness to go the extra mile, and intangibles speak for themselves. I can attest () is an impressive, reliable, consistent, and creative employee who supports his colleagues, takes the initiative, treats everyone respectfully, and is an absolute pleasure to work with.

Without hesitation, I strongly recommend () for the position in your organization () has applied for. () would be a valuable asset in any role.

Please feel free to contact me at (xxx).123.4567.

Warm Regards,

Darren, Todd, Tyler

Instead

→You Did Nothing

And decided to turn me into an enemy.

I gave you 25% of my life and you had the
audacity to turn me into an enemy.

And to top it all off, you willfully choose cruelty, have tried to destroy my family's life, and have successfully erased 25% of mine, eliminating any opportunity for me to move forward and find gainful employment.

It's glaringly obvious why you did it—you feared what I could do if I moved on elsewhere. The fucking system allowed this to happen.

I am 62.8383561643835616, and you willfully choose to hurt my future and my family.

What punishment would be fair for you to have to endure? I think about suicide often.

Leo's got a gun.

The clock is ticking. If you even have an ounce of civility and decency, you will craft something similar to the last page, which barely gives my contributions to your organization and your wealth; the justice they deserve. And then, send it my way.

What happens when a wild animal is backed against a wall?

I'm now 62.8383561643835616.

I cry daily.

What do I have to lose?

Why did you do what you did?

I'm outraged by your fragile egos.

YOU HURT A GOOD MAN'S FAMILY

WHY?

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE WINNING?

HUMAN SNAPSHOT

Another crisp blast slammed into me; I met a friend for a pop. We discussed the rain + wind. When I returned home, my building's door, message board, elevator, elevator entrance had all been plastered with photos of a middle-aged (55ish) woman who somehow got into the building and was found sleeping in a stairwell. The posters were littered with **ALLCAPS** highlighting the responsibility of every resident to be diligent and to stop the festering rot of desperation from leaking into our building. How could we allow such a disgusting person into our building? - may not have been written, but it was implied.

The following day, a notice expressing the same need for vigilantism was thrust under every door. Of course, mainly in **ALLCAPS**.

Although, I agree it is important to keep buildings secure and safe. And we can't just let people roam in off the street. At the same time, I looked at the lady's photo; she's no threat to anyone. *Perhaps, she's a Covid job loss casualty.* What I saw in the picture is a broken individual, suffering, barely holding on. You can't walk a block without seeing it, addiction, mental health issues, hopelessness. I feel when buildings or companies dehumanize individuals, they play a substantial role in destroying the fabrics of society. Everyone is not lucky enough to come from privilege and entitlement. If you are, be grateful. But, as you are trying desperately to convince yourself, you worked hard for everything you have, disregarding your advantage with delusion. Wouldn't it be prudent to accept your role in creating the suffering and find a way to trip out of your ego and make a difference instead of just finding ways to pick the pockets of those in despair, stealing their last shreds of hope?

Maybe the entitlement for some is so great, they never have to worry about falling through the cracks. They're lucky. But for many, this once-in-a-century pandemic isn't going to kill them by contracting the virus. What's going to kill many is the disgusting diseases of greed and ego.

I looked at the picture of the terrified lady again. I felt a rush of compassion. It was quickly swallowed by depression once I realized if I do not find a way to crack open the right door of discovery, one day, in the not-too-distant future, I'll be eating Instant Noodles (dry) and looking for an open the door to find a dry place to sleep.

If that day arrives, RIP.