

SURVIVING LIFE (AN PASSAGE FROM HUMANS' BISTRO)



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Hopefully, you never have to experience a moment like this. But if you do, please let me know. Our troubles are meant to be shared. If we're being honest, that is. But honesty is not what our social media profiles portray. They only show the picture we want to sell to the world, not the pain, not the harsh reality of life. When we share our pain, people tend to shy away.

And then comes a moment when I realize that my family and I are fucked.

Choose a different word, soften the harsh reality.

We are in a difficult position. And we didn't bring this upon ourselves.

Some people may judge. They can go bleep ...

I despise the darkness. Every morning, I wake up and cry. I don't want to cry.

For those of you who are still judging, let me tell you that I'm now 63 years old.

I have pitched over 800 of my writings and sent out well over a 100 employment applications in a hopes to alleviate suffering. But you know what? At 63, society no longer deems me valuable or relevant.

Lindsay Wincherauk

Society is too busy chasing whatever utopian lives people want to believe in (fuelled by the loneliness of our Socials). The concerts. The fancy meals. The extravagant vacations.

The truth is suffering, and social media don't go well together.

Tears are streaming down my face now.

I can't see anything but my own downfall on the horizon.

I send out job applications to work at a 7-Eleven, a car dealership as a lot boy, and a coffee shop.

Without help, I will perish.

My relationship will crumble.

My cat will die.

My whole world will collapse.

I'm terrified. I'm in a position of weakness.

I no longer sound like me.

The urgency has been looming for days. The day when denial fled, and reality hit me with the force of a thousand bullet trains.

I keep trying. But I feel powerless.

I consider sharing this story on social media, but I don't want to endure the added pain of being ignored.

More importantly, I don't want to be bombarded with suggestions of what I should do or what others would do if they were me.

I'm standing on unfamiliar ground, aware that many have been in similar situations before.

I'm afraid to Google how many rise after crashing violently to the bottom. My future looks bleak.

I need to take care of my family, but I can't. And no solution seems to be presenting itself.

Please don't tell me, "So, and so, is hiring?"

Lindsay Wincherauk

It doesn't help unless it comes with a referral and genuine care.

Seriously, just leave me be.

In the past, people used to circle help wanted ads in newspapers to make those who were suffering feel worse. Now, they are even lazier, simply saying, "So, and so, are hiring?" without even knowing if their words hold any truth.

This might be my final week.

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