

a life on the slush pile production

THIS IS
1,000,000 STEP
July



all my steps go to 11 5 books to read

lindsay wincherauk

DISCLAIMER DISCLAIMER

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WHY? CONGENITAL HEART FAILURE

BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

The last few years have been incredibly difficult.

Why?

You see, at the start of the pandemic my career ended. People I entrusted with my livelihood used the shade of the pandemic to get rid of me. They may tell you otherwise, however, the swiftness of their decision, to replace me, yes, replace me, bolted through me like lightening.

What stung the most was one of them had pretended to be a friend for a long time.

Anyway, I was canned simply because I got older (younger is cheaper)—and the pandemic provided cover for my release (100,000 others are in the same boat). I didn't want to find myself unemployed at 60...61...and now 62. But I am.

Fortunately, I write, and I will never give up on the talent I've been blessed with, I will still pitch my stories from my deathbed if I must, hopefully, not any time soon.

I sought advice to protect myself. When those ↑↑↑ caught wind of my seeking help, they plotted to destroy me financially, refusing to let me step away with a shred of dignity. What's the saying, "those who have the \$\$\$s, win." It may be true, but I'm one resilient bleeper. I never quit, regardless of whether their hired hitman calls me "a failure, who has no business chasing my dreams." Or worse. Seriously.

I have a name for people like that, I won't use it here. Use your own. Oh my, you are harsh. That is far nastier than what I was going to use.

It must be tough going through life with the only thing you think is valuable is \$\$\$s. And being too delusional to realize that's the only reason you have a spouse is—it must be, tough?

Do you really think you aren't more alone because of your wit-less-ness and lack of charm?

Anyway, enough about the garbage.

Over the past few years I've written, written, written, pitched, been rejected (repeatedly), and I keep writing, and fucking trying. What's the saying, "NEVER GIVE UP."

So, I walked and walked and wrote, dropped some weight, had a life-saving surgery, a friend died, another friend died, I entered a state of denial, my legal case dragged on, perpetrated by those with the \$\$\$s egos moving from not only destroying me financially, but in all likelihood, cheering for me to die. Seriously. These are not good people. They are users. Charlatans. Crooks. Bleepers. Especially those who pretended to be friends.

WHY? CONGENITAL HEART FAILURE

Not to be deterred, I kept moving. And then one day in November of 2021: **BAM.**

I received a call from a niece (cousin). My last sister (aunt) was dying. I took three steps and fell off the edge of a cliff, floating into a deep depression. I knew the next call I'd receive from family would be to tell me she had died. The call came on December 12, 2021. The same date I had watched my first mother, die.

My heart exploded – leading to an MRI and having a cardiologist.

Depression was crushing me. I became paralyzed. I stopped moving. I feigned strength when around others. Day's passed, I was canned two years ago, and the case is moving glacially.

I hid in my pitches. I covered myself in writing. Inflammation arrived. I'm scared. I don't want to die. I was dying. I thought.

I kept writing. Pitching. Swelling. I hid behind humour. I feared the words of those I know.

Are you going to find work?

London-fucking-Drugs is hiring?

Is suicide an option?

No.

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Do you think destroying a good man is victory?

You probably do.

I won't quit. I will keep trying.

January. February. March. April. May. June. 12 June 2022.

The inflammation is out of hand. Gross. I'm in fucking trouble. Time to **Google.**

Images. Article after article after article. My inflammation matches the images.

CONGENITAL HEART FAILURE

The pain is relentless. I want to cry. I cry. I'm going to die. Maybe not today. But soon.

Don't do what I did. Go to the doctor, the hospital, get help. I'm stupid.

Should we go to the hospital, now?

No. I'll go on Monday if it doesn't calm down. | Stupid Alert | I don't want the doctors to diagnose me when I'm like this.

Don't do what I did.

WHAT DID I DO?

I cried. I started shaking. And I cried more. I limited my time sitting in front of the computer, and I started moving again. 30,000 steps per day. Everyday. And I started going to the fitness asylum, daily.

Move. Lift. Write. Pitch. Move. Lift. Write. Pitch.

Four days in the inflammation subsided. My pulse slowed. My BP dropped. I'm going to live. I will be around at the end of my legal drama.

I started feeling good about myself. And then: BAM. A friend (?) I hadn't seen in a year, greeted me with:

You got fat; I didn't recognize you.

I told my friend to beat it.

I fired my friend a text expressing my upset only to have returned: *It was a joke. We still love you.*

Forgiveness is an illusive beast.

Not to be defeated, I kept moving. I decided 1,000,000 steps in July sounded reasonable. It's fucking hard.

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16 JULY 2020

I turned 62 today. My legal *what-ever-the-fuck* is still lingering. I'm still pitching. I'm happy to say, the inflammation is still gone. I feel mostly good. I'm over the 600,000-step mark. I've worked out every day. I'm playing tennis. I'm writing. I'm pitching. I still cry occasionally. I'm terrified about my financial future. I will persevere.

My heart slumps when a friend pays his tab and says something as ridiculous as, *the money is not for you*. Nice fucking micro-aggression.

To which I retort, *why would it be?* And then, the same friend a few days later sees my tennis bag and asks me if it contains all my possessions. To which I retort, *joking about me being homeless is not funny*.

Find the good. Oh, the tennis. A 52-year-old woman named Lana asked me if we could

hit once per week. We had hit once after the old farts at Stanley Park, when I asked if one of them wanted to rally, said, hit with the girl.

Passive, aggressive, assholes.

I'm glad they were. Lana is happy. I'm happy. It's just two people trying. Still. At 52. And now at 62. Lana tells me she's trying a new forehand grip. I can't help but smile.

WHY? CONGENITAL HEART FAILURE

Lana says she doesn't know how many years of tennis she has left. She's just started, at 52. How fucking fantastic!

I used to have a friend who when the pandemic hit, chose to do the dirty work for people who are borderline criminals by getting rid of me when I was 59. Lana is 52 and she's still trying.

I won't give up. I'll keep writing. I'll keep pitching. I'll keep dreaming. AND MOST IMPORTANT, I'M LOVED FOR WHO I AM!

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY

Don't do what I did. If you are suffering from debilitating pain + inflammation, don't wait, seek help.

I may have hidden from reality for a bit. More than likely, I got lucky, and my **Google Medical Degree** which took me all of five minutes to obtain – was incorrect. At least that's what I'm hoping for.

Oh, yeah, 40,000 + steps per day is ridiculous (20+ miles). I'm doing it. I won't quit. I'm over 60% done with half the month to go.

WHY AM I DOING IT?

Because after a few days of 30,000 steps, I **Googled** what that much movement does for you. The results came back: 25-year-old ripped fitness buffs did it – they stayed ripped, and millions of people viewed their herculean efforts. ← Sarcasm.

As for me, I'm a stroke survivor, a depression survivor, thus far. My life has been turned upside down by greed, family and friend deaths, and an uncertain future.

And yet, somehow, I'm moving to the tune of 40,000 steps per day. At 62.

The depression is lifting (?). My belly is gone. And Lana is trying a new forehand grip. And most important: I'm loved for who I am!

Got to run. It's time to move.

Lindsay



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