

MY
DAYS



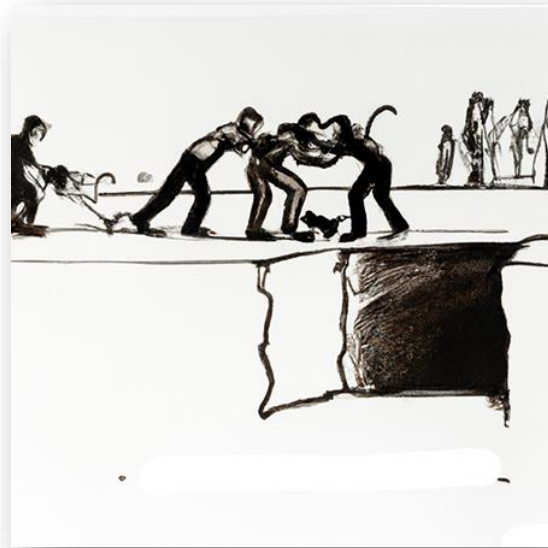
JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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Before Interview

Wakey. Wakey.

I wasn't sleeping.

Today is an exciting day.

Walk

Fuck.

J, Hana, and I are standing above a pit, a gigantic chasm leading into darkness.

Stop. Don't take another step.

We are being shoved.

Three times.

The third time by S1

S1, why are you shoving us? I believed you were my friend; you know what my life has delivered our way, and now, you are participating in our destruction willfully. Why?

Shove.

Hold on, J. I've got Hana.

We're free-falling. We are below the water line for the first time in twenty years. I can't swim. I must learn how to swim.

S1, why? I trusted you. What a mistake. I expected this behaviour from F and S2, but not from you. We broke bread every Monday for ten years, and despite our different life paths, I thought we had bonded. The saying is true, a damaged snake will never shed its skin.

That's not a saying.

It is now Sparkly.

Who's the damaged snake?

S1, Sparkly, isn't it obvious?

J and I had been underwater for a long time. That's what, over three years of watching your life savings vanish after they gave your livelihood to someone else, a usable pawn, will do.

We had been treading water because our survival depended on using credit.

And also, the boss I trusted ended up scamming us out of thousands of dollars by roping me into a stock scam that he had a hand in planning, leaving us penniless and him financially secure.

This is who you worked for?

Yep.

Wow!

Not a good wow.

Tomorrow, I will tell the story of the life paths of two men: S1 and Me.

The path that would steer a company towards prosperity and economic success would not be the one that originated from a privileged background, but the one that overcame life's challenges.

Can you guess who's privileged and who's overcome challenges, Sparkly?

It's rhetorical.

But you would never chose that path. Why? Because you can't see past your own greed. If you really were a meritocracy, you've failed. You make employment selections based on who someone knows, not who they are.

Push

We're falling.

Quick, grab this.

Thanks, Sparkly; where did you get the shovel?

We hit the bottom.

Dig.

We start digging ourselves out of the pit you tossed us into. Pushed us into.

I'm bombarded with job ads. It's been over twenty years since I've had an interview. I'm about to turn sixty-three.

I know they are all long shots. I might as well be slamming my head against a wall.

What's that? You found hatred?

I apply.

I go through the futile efforts.

When I'm done, I am going to mitigate your fucking face. I'm turning sixty-three in less than a week, and I will not stop until you are bleeding green.

Who's face?

You'll see.

I get a call. A podcaster has been following me. Something I've written prompted them to reach out.

Maybe it's because of one of my stories.

Or a book pitch I made.

Maybe one of my over 300 thoughts on books.

It may be my unbreakable resolve.

Walk

Shovel.

Scratch. Claw. Climb.

I have a fifteen-minute Zoom call today. If they like what they see and hear, I will be asked to do at least one one-hour weekly podcast on various subjects.

The launch of a broadcasting career?

The true launch of influence.

I'm sure every hour, I will lead the conversation to where the bodies are buried in the world of Staffing.

I'm excited.

You picked the wrong family to hurt.

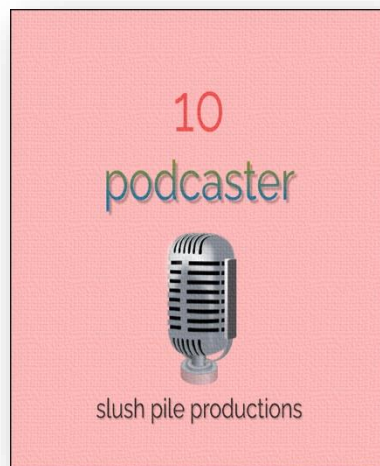
Walk

It's an exciting day.

After Interview

More to come.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 91.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

OPEN MIC 

Why am I here?

Loneliness. Fear. Life savings spiralling down the drain.

I'm turning 62 soon. My lengthy career stripped from me under the shade of the pandemic. I said I was concerned. One hour later I was replaced by a childhood friend of an owner. Seriously.

15 years. \$78 million in revenue generated. I got old. They used my age against me. Tossed me out with the bathwater. Passive. Passive. Passive. Cowardly.

I'm a good man. They didn't think I'd care or notice. Laid off was the play. Replaced was the reality.

Silence.

How fast could you run a mile in your prime? That was an odd text.

Lights went on. I'm not going back. I helped the absentee owner get fat while the sycophants → sycophanted. Not a word. Silver spoons dangling. Too stunned to comprehend their ignorance. Too stunned to comprehend they're nothing → being used as well.

Angry?

No. Factual.

I'll be, okay? I write. 62 soon. I will, survive? Gloria Gaynor. The truth is on my side.

Keep writing. Seek legal advice. I wasn't supposed to stand up for myself.

Blacklisted. Blocked from the industry. Why block me? I'm in my sixties. There are no opportunities – paths forward – my best before, expired.

Are they stupid? Cruel?

Yes, and Yes.

They don't want me to write. They think my every word is about them. It's not, there are other assholes in the world.

I'm supposed to chase a career in the industry I've been fired and blocked from. Seriously. All to avoid doing the right thing → allowing me to leave → with dignity intact. Pay a lawyer to fight me and tell me I must mitigate their loses for letting me go. Seriously. Where does, hate, come from?

I'm told by their legal counsel I'm a failed writer whose chasing a **dream** instead of doing as I'm told. SERIOUSLY.

I'm turning 62 soon.

Why am I here?

Loneliness. Fear. Life savings spiralling down the drain.

And, to continue **DREAMING.**