

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

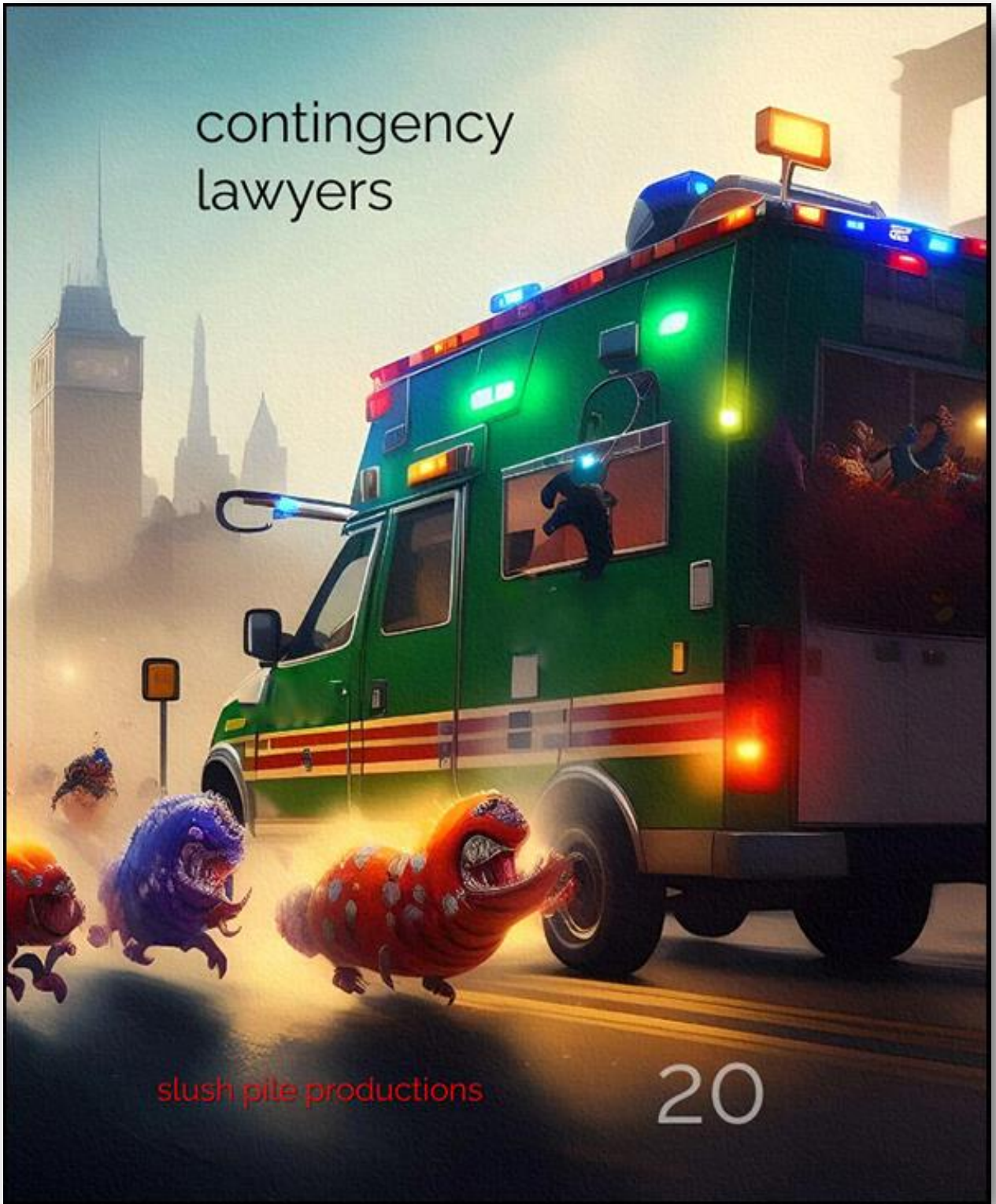
LINDSAY
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Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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CONTINGENCY LAWYERS
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My life has transformed into a colossal game of Jenga, where every move I make feels like a precarious balance. With each block I remove and stack on top, the tower looms above me, teetering like a Weeble.

Thankfully, for now at least, it remains standing. J and I are granted another day.

As I awaken, fear courses through my veins. Everything feels unfamiliar, leaving me to question if any aspect of my existence will ever undergo a meaningful change. Anxiety grips me as tears stream down my face, yet everything around me remains stagnant.

Fernando, Sam, and the other individual, I comprehend why you sought an injunction to sever our friendships and forbid any communication. It's clear that you are unwilling to confront your true selves. You are nothing more than monstrous, insatiable creatures, indifferent to the pain and suffering you inflict upon others.

I extract yet another block from the tower, causing it to teeter precariously, yet miraculously it manages to maintain its upright position.

Every aspect of my life is crumbling. I've tirelessly submitted more than 200 applications and over 800 book proposals, and you know what?

I'm beyond exhausted.

Screw you and your feeble attempts to minimize your own failures as humans.

Fuck you and fuck mitigating your losses.

Three names immediately came to mind. Three squares a day.

Are you talking about yesterday ↑↑↑

Sure, but they don't deserve the easy way out.

I sit down to write, seeking solace from the stress that my rock, J, is going through. His words sting, and it seems like he yearns to be back home.

I can't help but feel like I've become a burden to him.

As things worsen, I fear he'll have no choice but to leave me on the street. I will die there alone. The gnawing hunger in my stomach mirrors the desperation I feel inside.

Yesterday, I managed to stick to my usual routine. I poured my thoughts onto paper, worked up a sweat at the Fitness Asylum, indulged in some reading, and even surpassed 30,000 steps.

Then, I settled down to read my own writing. It's always a challenge to judge your own work objectively, but I must admit, I read with such passion that I felt like an undiscovered gem of a writer.

My voice, unlike any other, offers a raw, original, vulnerable, and brutally honest perspective on the struggles of being in your sixties. I must give myself credit for that!

I never could have imagined finding myself in this place, surrounded by darkness.

Throughout my extensive career, I had endured relentless bullying.

It all began when I was treated as an outsider, an exploitable outcast.

Then, when I saved Fernando's company from the brink of collapse, it seemed that my worth was overlooked.

While others were impressed by Fernando's reckless behavior and questionable choices, I saw through the facade. I brought a wealth of life experience to the table, allowing his pawns to flourish in their roles.

Reckless behaviour = boasting of doing blow with a rockstar in the backroom of a nightclub just after his first marriage came crashing down.

Without me, who would have saved his company?

The guy who referred to his temporary black girlfriend as his **“Nubian Princess?”**

Or the one whose favorite movie was Gummo?

The abuse I endured was unrelenting.

Every time one of Fernando's pawns claimed he was upset with the numbers, it felt like a personal attack.

Every time his key hire pretended to have seen clients that I had already met with, it was a betrayal.

And every time his trusted employee took boxes of donuts home, it only further highlighted the toxic culture that had engulfed us.

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But DGCW Industries had a clear plan - to make us all feel disposable, replaceable.

In the two years leading up to the downfall of my career, Fernando had Sam repeatedly ask me two questions. What did I envision for my future with the company? What were my thoughts on running another office?

It felt like an interrogation, as if my answers held the power to determine my fate.

I knew that if I didn't respond in a way that pleased Fernando, I would face consequences.

It was as if I had become an innocent suspect in a criminal investigation, subjected to waterboarding until I falsely confessed just to make the torment stop.

What do you envision for your future?

Would you ever consider running another office?

I remained silent in response to the first question.

As for the second question, I repeatedly answered with a firm **“No.”** I explained that I had already suffered a stroke and the added stress of

being transferred to a dying office, where I had witnessed many colleagues reach the end of their careers, was too much to bear.

The signs were clear. **“Fernando is displeased with the numbers,”** they said.

Feeling the need to protect myself, I searched online for lawyers, even though it was still a year and a half before my termination. The writing was on the wall, and I knew my days were numbered.

I found solace in the information provided by the lawyers’ website. It assured me that I would be alright, and that Fernando's actions were unjustifiable. I had the facts on my side.

Would you be willing to run another office?

I had already suffered a stroke, and I didn't want to risk another one alone in a graveyard. It would surely be the end of me, I thought.

Would you consider transferring to another office?

Get that damn light out of my eyes.

I reached out to our Medical Plan provider and expressed my concerns about my pending wrongful termination, even though it was still a year and a half away.

The provider empathized with my situation and informed me that if the company had followed proper procedures, I would have received compensation for surviving the stroke.

This realization made me understand that DGCW Industries didn't care about me or any of its employees.

They hadn't even given me a day off after I suffered a stroke.

When I requested an extra day off for a vacation to regroup, Sam circled the number 16 on a slip of paper and reminded me that I was only allowed 15 days per year, despite my 12 years of service and the fact that I had experienced a stroke. It spoke volumes about his character.

Would you consider a transfer?

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Would you consider a transfer?

No.

Well, we are transferring you next month.

Hey, you don't seem thrilled about the transfer.

Fernando is concerned about the numbers.

What do you envision for your future with the company? Fernando wants to know. He needs to free up some cash because he's bringing [someone] back. Don't worry, your career is safe.

Then the pandemic struck.

Day 1

Sorry, but we have no choice but to lay you off. Chuckle. Chuckle.

That was quick, couldn't you at least wait until day 2 or 3?

Hey, we'll let you keep your phone if you handle client calls professionally. Without pay.

The calls flooded in, most of them highlighting the incompetence of the company's management and their penchant for deception. I handled these calls with professionalism.

Months passed in silence. I knew I needed advice.

Contingency Lawyers

An ambulance raced by, followed closely by lawyers.

I visited a lawyer's website, strangely with "Sam—" in their company name.

I noticed a Severance Calculator on the page, tempting me with its wiggling bait. I entered my information, and it reassured me that I would be fine.

I took the bait and felt myself being reeled in.

Little did I know, contingency lawyers were no different from the monsters who employed me; they relied on exploitation.

Another ambulance sped past, with three lawyers in hot pursuit.

I had a consultation, and everything I needed to hear was said to me. I was still hooked.

When Fernando heard that I was standing up for myself, he vowed to destroy me.

I spoke to my lawyers, who assured me that I had nothing to worry about because the truth was on my side. I had entered a state of limbo.

They promised to be laser-focused and secure a fair severance package for me.

A hundred years later, when they finally did something, I was prohibited from sharing specific details about the outcome.

Let's just say that DGCW Industries didn't want the truth to be revealed.

Little did I know that during my initial conversation with my lawyer, he wasn't assessing the strength of my case but rather whether DGCW Industries would be able to pay anything at all.

I had become a pawn in their numbers game.

I needed to believe that someone was on my side. Unfortunately, they weren't.

I turned on the news and saw advertisements for my legal team, now fishing for more clients.

They discussed five factors that should guarantee a victorious outcome in any case, and my situation met all five criteria. I thought I would be fine.

Months slipped away, and my resources dwindled. But I held onto the belief that I had an airtight case and a skilled legal team. Fernando continued to delay the proceedings. I couldn't understand why. I had been a dedicated employee, not a rival corporation. Why was he determined to make us suffer?

I just nibbled on an almond, but my stomach wasn't accustomed to food. I felt sick.

I repeatedly stressed to my legal team that J and I were in a precarious position. But they kept me hanging, assuring me that they would be laser-focused and secure a substantial settlement for me. My worries began to ease.

One, two, three years passed. I kept writing. I pursued my dreams.

Fernando's legal team labeled me a failed writer with no business chasing my dreams.

Now, at 62, if not now, then when?

Finally, over three years of limbo had slipped by it was time for my lawyers to fulfill their duty, to fight for what was right. We had an airtight case. We couldn't lose.

But then came the bad news. Fernando's lawyer was furious that I dared to pursue a writing career instead of the career path they had blocked me from.

Did I mention that my supposedly skilled legal team allowed DGCW Industries to prevent me from working in the same industry?

When I reflect on what my legal team did for me, the only thing they did was harm me by doing nothing and allowing DGCW to obtain an injunction against me.

My legal team folded.

I had aged three years during this ordeal. We were screwed.

Finding employment at 60 was nearly impossible and starting over at 63 would be a death sentence.

On the corner of my computer screen, an ad from my former lawyers urged people never to settle, especially if they had the facts and truth on their side.

The moral of this story?

I'll let you come to your own conclusion.

That's all for today.

I'm off to the Fitness Asylum.

But before I go, I pull out another block and stack it on top.

Weebles wobble, but this time it doesn't fall down.

J tells me J's mother wants J to move back to Korea. It's not the first time J has mentioned this.

What do you think your future holds?

Alone.

I think I need to find the strength to encourage J to go.

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Grammarly Readability Score = 93.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Lives put on Hold (Part 2).



I don't see it that way. I think it's just the life cards I've been dealt. I also don't think I'm the only one dealt challenging cards. We're suffering. Everyone is suffering.

Focus on you.

Could you imagine a family where grandpa and grandma hit 50...60...and even 70, would that family kick out grandpa + grandma because the pandemic has deemed them to be an expendable luxury?

I believe that is what many companies have done during the pandemic; sure, corporations are suffering, everyone is, but I think many companies have used Covid-19 as an opportunity to rid themselves of grandpa and grandma under the guise of protecting their bottom lines. Don't you think these companies have a responsibility to take care of their senior employees?

I know you do. Regardless of circumstances, I believe they need to step up and make sure valued individuals don't suffer too much. If they are a viable corporation with a long history, they'll take a massive hit—but at the end of the day, they will likely bounce back more vital than ever once the pandemic is under control.

Bouncing back is not something those in an advancing demographic will be able to do—how could they (we) (I)? Like grandpa + grandma, we've become obsolete in a marketplace that no longer has room for us. What would you call corporations that treat these once valued employees as nothing more than an inconvenience; heaven forbid if these individuals grow frustrated and do what they deem necessary to protect themselves?

I've even heard of some companies blacklisting these individuals, eliminating lanes of possible employment, erasing all friendships these individuals have harvested during their careers. Could you imagine: A lengthy career and being unable to speak with friends you respectfully earned during your career? Devastating. Not only devastating, but it eliminates any chance for a future.

The clock ticks. Another year passes, I fear losing everything; I fear never being able to travel again. I fear my diet will eventually be reduced to...I don't know...instant noodles.

I'm lucky; I have love in my life—I don't have a family. I feel sad for those who are facing losing everything later in life alone. I also fear having love, and the inscrutable pain uncertainty sickens relationships with. I fear a day will come for many where death might be the less painful option.

Dark, I know, but when you've been tossed out like the trash, the light is shaded by pain.