

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

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LINDSAY WINCHERAUK
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MY DAYS: JULY 2023
МА ДЯС: ЮЛЯ 2023

RESILIENCE
RESILIENCE



Fernando, how do you sleep at night, you heartless bastard?
I'm sure you sleep like a baby, don't you?
You stumbled into a business that thrives off the suffering of others and somehow convinced yourself that it's justified. It's sickening.

Today, I'm writing about resilience, you know, the ability to overcome adversity.

I faced my own adversity while creating the cover for this story. I misspelled resilience not once, but twice. The first time, I used an 'a' instead of an 'e.' The second time, I added an extra 'l.'

I do know what resilience means. I've faced countless hardships throughout my life, and each time, I managed to pick myself up and keep going.

I must admit, now that I'm in my sixties, it's becoming increasingly difficult to rise again.

It feels like J, and I were standing on a cliff, peering at a series of traps below. And suddenly, Fernando, you, Sam, and the other guy, snuck up behind us and pushed us over the edge, trapping our legs in the process. As we scream in agony, woodpeckers peck at our skulls, searching for grubs.

Time is running out for us, and I don't know how to get back up. The strength is in those grubs.

The idea for this story came about when The Mayor's nephew and I discussed the plight of homelessness.

People like you, Fernando, Sam, and the other guy, drain those on the fringes of society of everything, including their dignity.

The pain is unbearable, blood is draining from our gaping wounds.

This writing has taken a dark turn, hasn't it?

The Mayor's nephew, like many others, believes that homeless people just aren't trying hard enough. It infuriates me. I tell him how close J and I, are to becoming homeless ourselves.

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His response, I don't know if it was meant to be inspiring or something else entirely. He said to me, "You will never be homeless."

"Why?" I snapped.

"Because you're resilient."

If only life were that simple.

Meanwhile, Fernando, you're facing a touch of adversity yourself. The government raised the minimum wage to alleviate the suffering of those in need. And it bothers you. You need to overcome your greed. But you won't.

Sam, on the other hand, thinks it's about time people were paid more. He shouts it from the rooftops for everyone to hear.

But here's the funny part, Fernando implements policies to take back that wage increase from his own workers.

How, you ask?

He installs a convenient bank machine for his workers to collect their meager earnings.

But guess what?

Fernando charges them convenience fees, effectively milking them for every penny. And if a worker's pay isn't a multiple of \$5, Fernando keeps the extra. And another person his pushed over the edge of the cliff.

Fernando, how can you possibly be snoring?

Sam, who grew up in a construction family, is outraged by this. But like a true Trump-hating Republican, he screams his outrage until the day the charges are implemented. Then, he falls in line and tells the suffering workers that they're doing this for their own good.

I doubt Fernando, Sam, and the other guy, know the true meaning of adversity.

What time is it?

Sam looks at his watch, while entertaining on his boat.

I have a question for you, Fernando. Do you think you're doing something great by inflicting so much suffering on me and J?

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Does it make you feel powerful to know that you've destroyed lives?

That's a rhetorical question, by the way.

J and I keep fighting to get back up. The trap is tearing our legs apart, and the woodpecker's relentless pecking brings us unimaginable pain. But somehow, it also gives us strength.

Sam, Fernando says, "We need to find a way to steal the wage increase back from the workers. We can't let them escape their misery. Any suggestions?"

"Yes, sir," Sam bows down obediently. "Whatever you say." "How high would you like me to jump."

"Sam, the numbers are down. Do you know what I did when the numbers slipped, I tried to buy off the clients with bottles of booze."

Meanwhile, a restaurant owner in town reduces the staff discount on food from 50% to 25%.

Don't judge me. I'm a business owner.

They say there are seven C's of resilience: 1. Competence 2. Confidence
3. Connection 4. Character 5. Contribution 6. Coping 7. Control

Competence?

I worked for the same company for nearly 15 years. I played a major role in generating \$78 million in revenue. When the company was on the brink of collapse in 2008, I was instrumental in securing two major clients, who provided 80% of the company's revenue.

We wouldn't have landed one of them if I hadn't convinced Fernando's Gummo loving "Yes" man, whom Fernando had put in charge, to attend an important event.

I made him go, and we landed the deal.

Check.

Confidence?

Check.

Connection?

Despite Fernando's attempts to cut me off, I had the ability to connect with people and form meaningful friendships.

So, connection?

Check.

Character?

Without a doubt.

Check.

Contribution?

I believe in treating everyone with respect.

Check.

Coping?

Despite my crippling bouts of depression, I go to the Fitness Asylum almost every day. I've written 13 manuscripts, I've read over 300 books, and I walk 30,000 steps a day, even when I question the purpose.

And most importantly, no matter how desperate life becomes, I remain kind, empathetic,

and try to bring light and laughter to the world.

Check.

And what do you do, Fernando, Sam, and the other guy?

Oh yeah, you reach into your workers' pockets, searching for ways to rob them.

Control?

Refer to the six C's above or on the previous page, depending on the formatting.

Fernando, Sam (raised in a construction family), and the other guy, I hope you read this. But of course, since this is a work of fiction, you don't exist. If only the rest of us were that lucky.

I gave you everything. The only thing I'm guilty of, in your twisted eyes, is standing up for myself because I saw the writing on the wall a long time ago.

You may choose to lie to yourselves, and that should come easy to you since you're so skilled at it.

Anyway, read this: J and I are on the verge of homelessness. You did this. Everything you did contributed to our downfall.

Do you feel proud?

Resilience in your twenties, thirties, and maybe even forties is possible. But in your sixties, it becomes nearly impossible. You're killing us. Fuck. Instead of doing the right thing, you let your ego, greed, and for Sam and the other guy, your need to bow down, get in the way of being decent human beings.

I'll stop here.

This is what I want you to know→↓

Yesterday, J attended a work barbecue. J didn't eat. J packed up the food and brought it home for me, so at least one of us could have a meal.

Think about that for a second.

You three are responsible for this. I doubt you care.

Sam, I thought you were a good friend. And the other guy, the same goes for you. Every night when the two of you sit down for dinner with your families, think about the trap tearing our legs apart and the woodpecker pecking away at us, searching for grubs.

J and I are running out of time, but there's no denying our resilience. We embody the true meaning of the word.

Peck. Peck. Peck.

Ouch.

Word on the street is that Fernando wasted a whopping \$60,000, all to avoid doing what's right and to punish me for daring to stand up for myself.

A Suffering Worker →↓

"Fernando, what the hell are you doing with your hand in my pockets?"

"Do you even realize that last night I had to sleep under a park bench while rats scurried all over me? And when I woke up, someone had swiped my shoes."

Fernando →↓

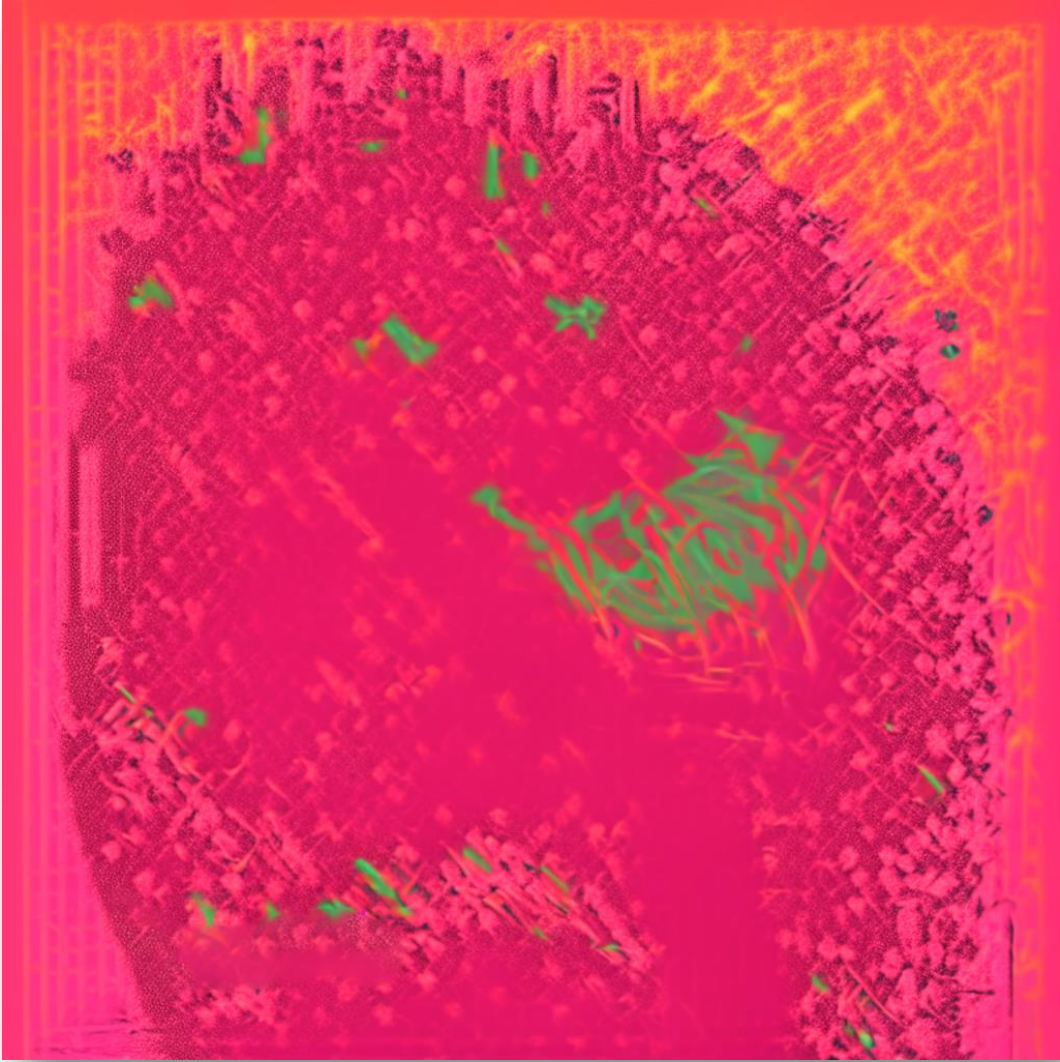
Who doesn't care to know the worker's name.

"Did you happen to notice the bank machine I had installed to make your life easier?"

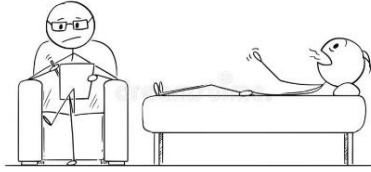
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Grammarly Readability Score = 93.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)



A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Lives put on Hold (Part 3).



My time must be up.

Keep going.

Doc, I'm afraid to say happy birthday or how is your mother doing or...anything, because there are people out there who are thirsting for anything they can to finish off grandpa or grandma with. There really are. Can you imagine?

I used to have good friends in my Pre-Covid life. They disappeared. Many people have lost or had friendships torn from them, shamefully, when these friendships were needed the most. At the very least, for a friendly, non-judgmental ear.

I'm happy some people are thriving during Covid-19; I don't envy them, you know, doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. For those of us who don't fall into those categories, the hurdles ahead might be insurmountable.

I don't want to have to move. I don't want my life to fall apart. If I have to move and my life starts fraying (it is), where does it stop?

A year lost at 60 is a hell of a lot different than a year lost at 40.

Unemployed and borderline unemployable because of the pandemic job market, unless you specialized, shares veins with a terminal illness. It is a terminal illness. Don't corporations have a responsibility—never mind.

I used to have a great friend in my Pre-Covid life, my friend when I needed friendship the most—never mind. See above.

I'm lucky. I'm creative. There are no guarantees in creativity, but at least I have that. I spend several hours every day honing my craft, chipping away, perfecting (not a thing), and submitting, pitching, proposing. Because for me, creativity may bring light to the end of my tunnel. Like said, there are no guarantees, only trying + trying to get people (I) don't know to care about what (I) have to say and share. It's a daunting task. Creativity comes with narcissism + is laced with self-doubt. But I know, at the end of the day, that's what (I) have to give back to the world.

No matter what, I will give back with kindness + empathy. I refuse to cast to an early grave the people unscrupulous corporations that only care bottom line, without a second of hesitation, are so willing to do—just because they believe the bottom line is more important than life.

Doc, thanks for listening. I needed to shed my mind of at least one sleepless night.