

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

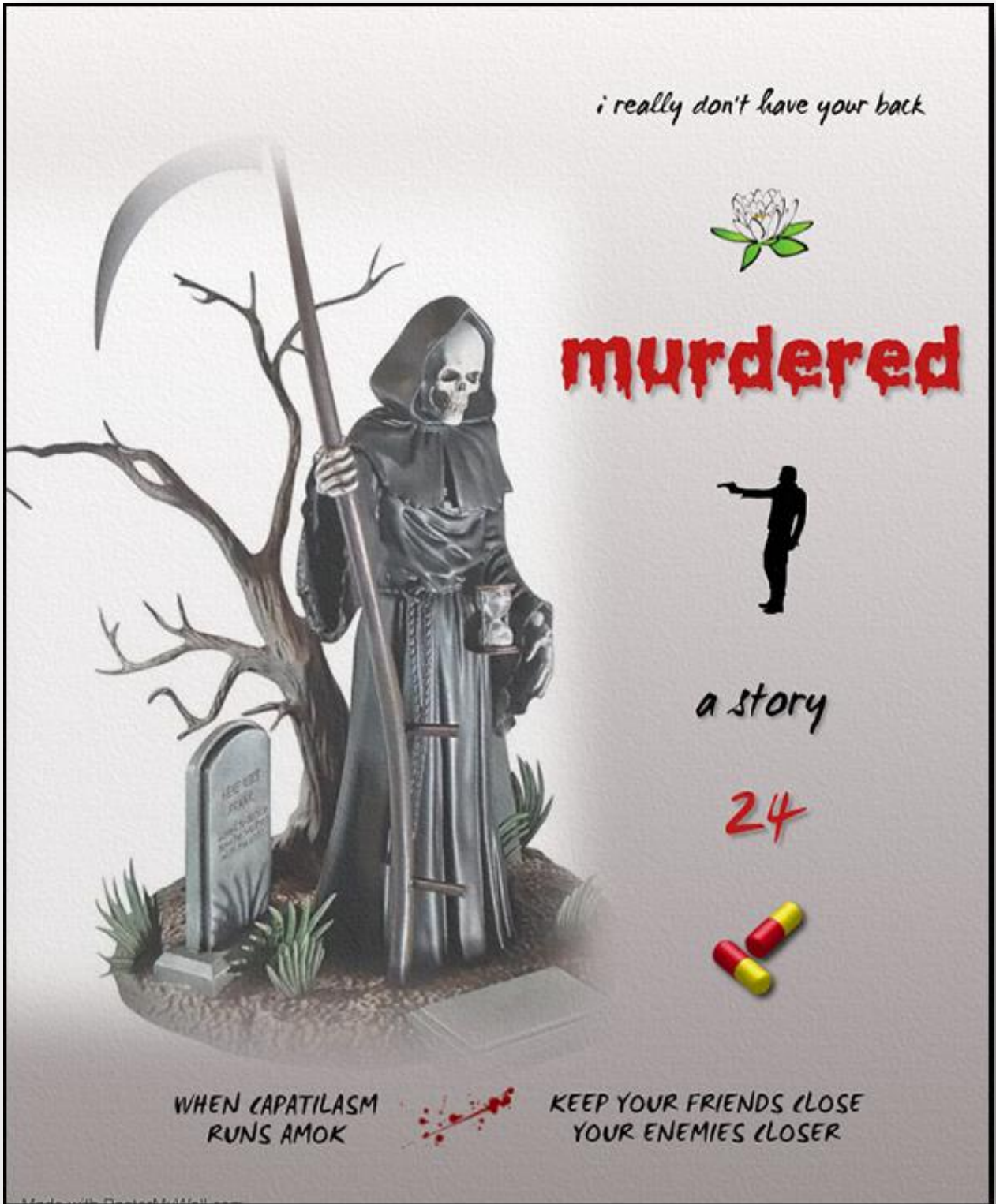
LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

2

MY DAYS: JULY 2023



MURDERED
MURDERED



4

SPRINGFIELD 1969
SPRINGFIELD 1969

I needed more money, as life has a way of dealing me unfortunate circumstances. I always end up with a lousy hand. But I don't regret it; my struggles have made me more compassionate and taught me not to let the small things bother me too much.

One day, I encountered a worker who was not exactly a minion but someone you exploited for your own gain while avoiding the suffering of your workforce. You are a terrible person, even if you don't see it yourself. This worker, who I will refer to as your non-minion, will eventually reveal himself to be just like you in the future, around 1975. He's another idiot who believes that his head start somehow makes him deserving and special.

One thing that people like you often struggle with is the fear of being unlovable. Every year, a new group of friends is only interested in taking advantage of your unearned money. Deep down, you know you didn't earn the money yourself. You exploited others and indulged in drugs, convincing yourself you deserved it. And no matter what, you will do anything to hold on to it, living in a deluded state of mind.

Your worker offered me a job – and little did I know; that this would lead me down a path of valuable lessons on how not to be like you.

And little did I know, one day, when his hatred for you becomes uncontrollable, and he vows to destroy your company, I would inherit his position and save your company from failure.

Within just two days of starting the job, I stumbled upon a collection of drug paraphernalia in a desk drawer in the backroom. Before I could close the drawer, the man you put in charge walked in. I was embarrassed, even though there was no need to be. He wanted to spill the beans about who you really are, and spill them, he did.

He bluntly stated that you enjoy drugs, plain and simple. I didn't care to know, but your man kept talking, revealing more about who you were and exposing the paranoia within your soul.

5

He described your drug usage, including cocaine, weed, and opioids. It makes you wonder, if he's so willing to spill this information to me, someone who hasn't even met you yet, who else has he told?

He continued, sharing how you manipulated one of your employees, who suffered from mental health issues and severe addiction, into sourcing drugs for you in a dangerous area. You didn't care if he failed or died. Another person in peril is waiting in the wings and willing to be used.

According to your man, you have taken lives before. He claimed you were desperate for a fix and sent this employee, Trae, on a mission despite the increased violence in that area.

Trae paid the ultimate price, bludgeoned to death while trying to secure drugs for you. And yet, you didn't even take a moment to mourn his death. Instead, you simply demanded the next person in line, another lost soul, take his place.

Your man continued to blabber, revealing details about your failed marriage. Your wife, who was no saint herself, left you after catching you using blow, both powdered and the other kind. Not with another woman.

She saw you were snorting away all your money and left before her future went up your nose.

In the future, in 1984, I will meet the man who offered me the job working for you on the mean streets of Chicago. He will tell me he's amazed you're still alive with all the drugs you've consumed.

He hates you.

Back in the present: I wanted to focus on my work and avoid this mess, but your man wouldn't stop talking. He shared his thoughts on your anti-immigration stance, saying that you are the most extreme right-wing person he has ever encountered. All that matters to you is the illusion of success.

Your father must have hurt you deeply.

And then, everything clicked into place. Your man in charge informed me you prefer to employ addicts, alcoholics, criminals, and people with mental health issues. He said that you believe these broken individuals are easy to manipulate, and you think they are stupid.

You even justify paying them less than they deserve by convincing yourself that it's for their own good, claiming they might overdose if they had more money. As if you may make that decision.

And here's the bombshell: 9Zs.

I begged him to stop talking. He had already told me far more than I needed to know about your personal life. But he insisted on cleansing his soul. He revealed you are against immigration because you need a constant supply of undocumented workers in your world. When they enter, they have no recourse, and you can exploit their dreams by paying them a fraction of their worth. This provides you with more money to fuel your drug habit.

Have you ever been to Springfield in 1969?

Well, that's none of my business, really. Thanks to your man in charge, I know too much about you. He claims you lack the emotional capacity for long-term friendships because of your paranoia and because you are a terrible human. His words, not mine.

You have taken lives multiple times, believing that you are special.

But mark my words; one day, the tables will turn. As you willingly caused Trae's death, someone will come for you when you least expect it.

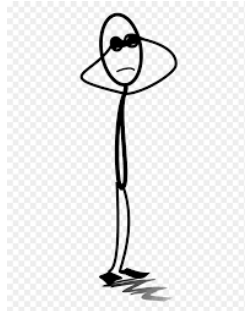
"Just enter 9Zs" You say.

The man in command, can take the fall.

||



A 60ish-Year-Old-Man Is Approached by a Concerned Person on the Street.

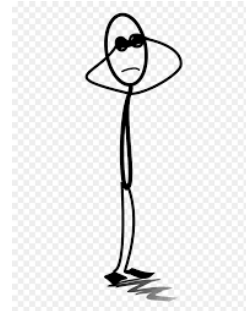


Hey, are you okay?

No. Do I know you?

No?

You look distraught. Do you need to talk?

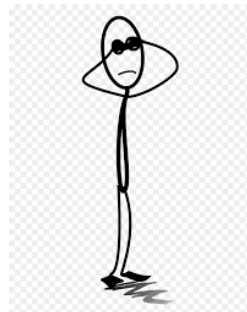


I'm a mess. My life is falling apart.

I lost my everyday place. I didn't lose it—

—I was replaced. I'm screwed. I'm 60ish.

What's your name? I'm Sticky.



My name is Stickman. Why are you being kind to me?

Because some of us care. We know Covid has thrown us all for a loop.

Thanks. You are kind. Some days I don't want to wake up.

On other days, I lash out at those who love me. I don't want to—

It's natural. Don't fret it. Some [REDACTED] have screwed people.

You will survive. You are better than them. People love you. "They" only care about—

I know, certain [REDACTED] will screw everyone, it's who they are.

I'm lucky. I care about others. Thank you for stopping me. I feel better now.

Virtual hugs, Sticky. Much love. Let's make the World better together!