

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

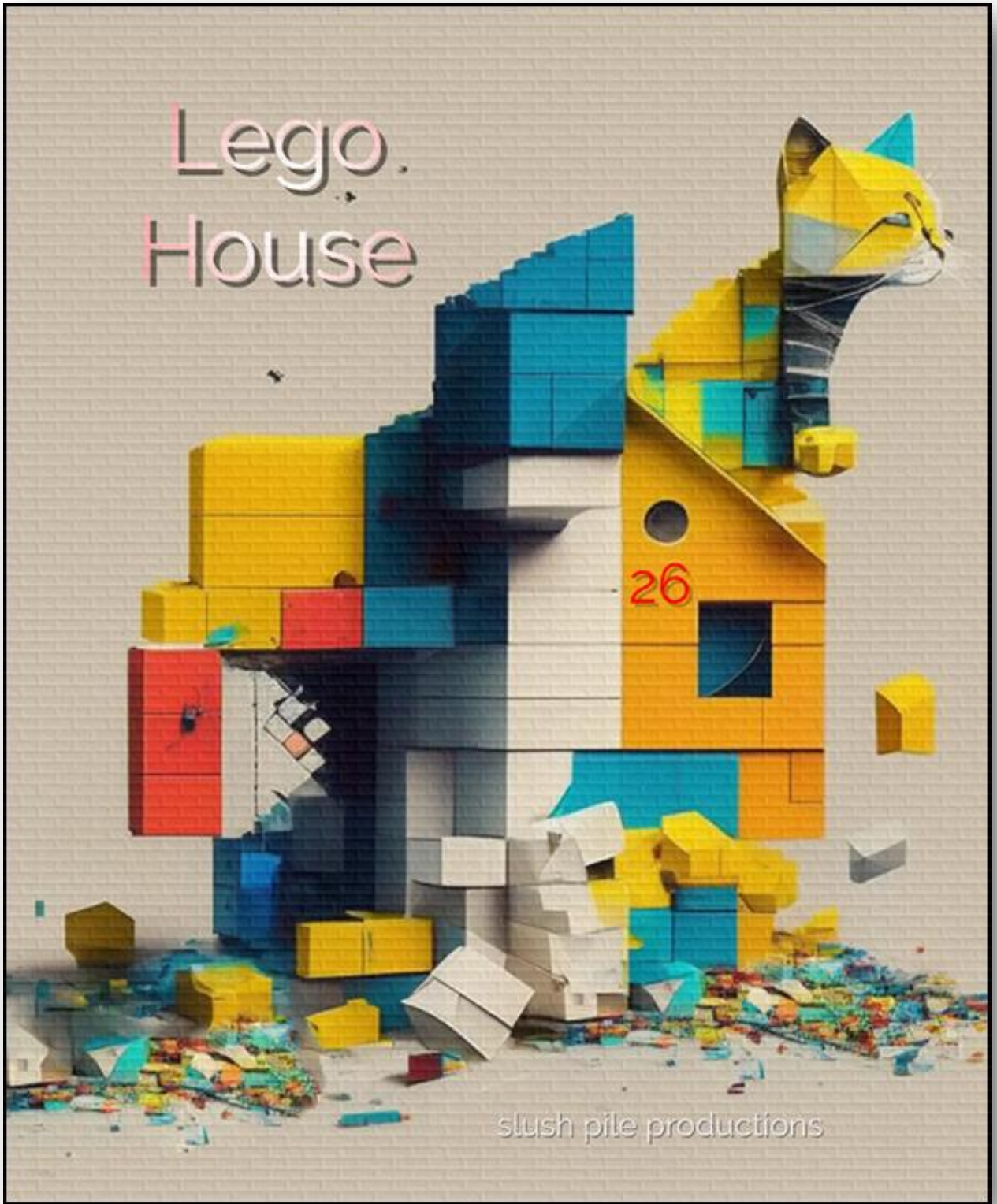
LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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MY DAYS: JULY 2023



LEGO HOUSE
LEGO HOUSE



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*I'm gonna pick up the pieces →↓
And build a Lego house →↓
When things go wrong, we can knock it down.*

- Ed Sheeran | Lego House |

Damn it, I'm in a slump. I haven't been to the Fitness Asylum in four days. Maybe I shouldn't be too hard on myself; depression is a tricky beast. I've been reading and walking every day, but my distance has significantly dropped. My mind feels stuck.

I need to write.

J and I are in a critical financial state. The brackets around our bank account are growing dangerously large. Sending out job applications without a reference from my previous employer is more of a hindrance than a help, putting me in an inexplicable and untenable position.

I'll never understand the motivations of Fernando, Sam, and The Other Guy. Maybe it's because I've labeled someone as The Other Guy.

As I sit down to write today's piece, a commercial plays in the corner of the screen. I accidentally misspelled 'screen' with an 'a.' Corrected. Moving on. And I kid you not, the commercial is for an insurance company. The narrator claims that if you're over 50 and alive, you qualify for life insurance without any questions asked. I swear I'm not making this up. I'll leave the absurdity for you to decipher. I find myself pondering if unbridled Capitalism is analogous to a fragile Lego House.

Today, I will make it to the Fitness Asylum. I'm setting a time limit for today's writing: 30 minutes, starting now at 7:16.

Fernando, The Other Guy, and Sam are starting to panic. The numbers at DGCW Industries are plummeting. Fernando is upset; he doesn't want to end his 20-year vacation away from his Golden Goose.

"The numbers, the numbers, the numbers!" Sam screams, growing desperate. Sam has no one else to hear him, so he bears the brunt of Fernando's discontent all on his own.

The Other Guy chimes in, "Hey, maybe we should charge our workers a cover fee, like \$5.00 per day, in the hopes that they'll be selected for work."

This plan backfires immediately when 23 workers revolt after realizing they have to pay to sit in an office and be exploited beyond imagination.

Fernando and Sam meet, realizing they have to make cuts.

Reluctantly, Fernando acquiesces, realizing that he is left with no other option. The realization hits him hard as he contemplates the fact that, after two decades of indulging in luxurious vacations, he is now forced to endure the discomfort of flying coach instead of his usual first-class extravagance. This newfound inconvenience sparks an intense fury within him. Someone has to go.

"Think of the children," Sam pleads.

Since The Replacement doesn't have any children, he's the one who gets let go.

For 20 years, brick by brick, DGCW had built a fragile empire, a Golden Goose constructed from Lego pieces, held together by the suffering of exploited individuals.

Another brick is added, but like Jenga, it's not sustainable.

One of the workers gets injured on the job. DGCW does everything in its power to protect their precious money (clients) and deny the worker's claim.

A brick comes crashing down.

The Other Guy suggests offering the workers a slice of dried toast daily as part of the \$5.00 cover charge.

This plan fails miserably. 34 bricks come crashing down.

Fernando and Sam have another meeting.

“Think about the children,” Sam pleads again.

“But The Other Guy has children,” Fernando responds. “If only I had someone in my employment who didn't come from a construction family.”

7 bricks come crashing down.

“What does The Other Guy even do?” Sam cries out.

The Other Guy is laid off, supposedly for health reasons, after Fernando flips a coin.

Sam breathes a sigh of relief.

29 bricks come tumbling down.

The workers protest. Surprisingly, or maybe sarcastically, they no longer want toast or to pay a cover charge to sit in an office reeking of suffering. Instead, they sit on the sidewalk outside, waiting for Sam to send out increasingly disgruntled support staff to recruit them.

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One of the staff members contracts tuberculosis.

39 bricks come crumbling down, leaving only a few fractured bricks remaining.

A concerned “money” calls, hearing rumors of disgruntled workers from DGCW Industries being sent to his workplace.

Sam reassures him, saying the worker wasn't disgruntled when he picked himself up off the sidewalk today, he must have become disgruntled on the way to you.

Five bricks shatter.

The support staff is afraid of catching a life-threatening disease. And they're tired of being paid in dry toast.

Fernando screams, “The numbers are down! I had to cancel a vacation.”

I'm almost finished writing today's work of fiction.

You might think I'd be happy about the destruction happening at DGCW Industries, but I'm not. I shared bread with Sam for a long time. And as much as Fernando used me, he did provide me with employment for a significant period. As much as I want to hate them, I can't. My life may be filled with challenges, but at the end of the day, theirs may be financially stronger, yet equally awful in their own way.

I couldn't help but sympathize with Fernando, tears welled up in my eyes at the thought of him having to endure a coach flight.

That definitely sounds sarcastic.

Does it really?

Oh, come on! Fernando in coach?

It's such a tragedy! How will the children ever dare to dream again if they witness such a sight?

Which children are you referring to?

Every single one, from all corners of the globe.

Are you being sarcastic again?

Most likely.

You know that sarcasm is considered the lowest form of humour, right?

Says who?

Well, pretty much everyone.

Blah. Blah. Blah.

The next week brought an unexpected sight for everyone as Sam and Fernando were spotted embarking on a journey together via public transit.

As they embarked on their journey, a young child glanced at the two of them and kindly offered, "Misters, would you like my seat?"

Ah, the innocence and kindness of children, are truly heartwarming.

Do you believe that Fernando's drive stems from a deep-seated fear of the masses?

Are you still lingering?

Please provide an answer.

I'd rather not.

Why not?

I'm engrossed in crafting a tale, and your presence is diverting my focus.

You do realize that I am a manifestation of your own thoughts, right?

Are you truly?

Cease your typing, for you are akin to a search engine hijacker on my computer.

A what?

Each time I attempt to Google something, it inexplicably switches to Yahoo.

Seems like a simple fix.

Unfortunately, it's not as effortless as it appears.

Apologies.

Thank you. May I kindly request the return of the keyboard?

Alright.

Retro Industries opens its doors down the street from DGCW Industries.

Sam and Fernando meet.

Fernando tells Sam that drastic changes need to be made.

Sam looks confused. "But Fernando, we're the only ones left. Think about the children."

DGCW Industries closes its doors.

Two days later, The offices of Retro Industries are bustling, filled with happy workers.

Why?

Because from day one, Retro understood that life's path can be tough, and everyone faces different hurdles. Sometimes, a worker may burn out in one position, and that's okay. Retro sees the humanity in people and goes to great lengths to help them transition into something more suitable.

In the offices of Retro, you'll never hear, "This isn't working out for you, why don't you get an office job?"

Retro believes in empathy, not cruelty.

The door creaks open, and in walks... no, it can't be... it's time for payback.

Two men approach the counter, passing a man sitting in the front row.

Sam whispers to Fernando, "I think that's The Other Guy." Fernando nods.

They reach the counter.

"How may I help you?" the man behind the counter asks.

"We're looking for work. Can you help us?" Fernando says.

"No problem, we do our best to help everyone. Fill out this application, and the owner will speak with you shortly. Just be aware that question 17 is a little tricky."

The owner of Retro calls Sam and Fernando into the office.

"I have two openings in Rebar. If you last the week, I'll treat you to some cheese. And if you make it through two weeks, we'll find you something even better for the next."

"Are you punishing us?" Sam asks.

"Is that a rhetorical question?" the owner responds.

The current time is 7:49

You wrote that in 36 minutes.

Sure did.

36.

What's your point?

36.

Quit repeating yourself. How long do you think it should have taken?

How fast can you type?

Maybe 63 words per minute.

How many words is the story?

1,421.

It should have taken you less than 23 minutes.

Fuck off.

I'm out of touch, I'm out of love →↓

I'll pick you up when you're getting down →↓

And out of all these things I've done →↓

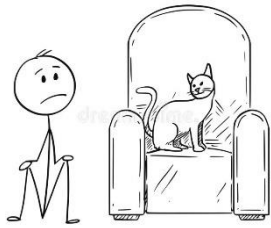
I think I love you better now!

- Ed Sheeran | Lego House |

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A 60ish-Year-Old-Man's Cat Talks to his Shrink

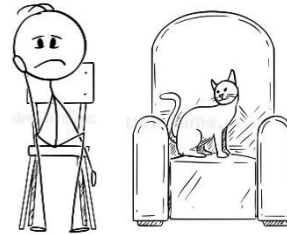


You take my chair. I'll sit on the floor.

Meow.

You're welcome.

You want me to get a chair?

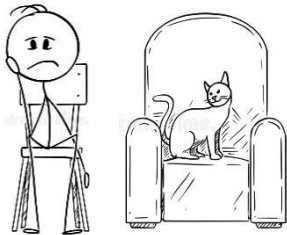


I think I got one in the closet. That's better.

What brings you here today?

You walked. You're worried about your dad?

Why? What's going on?

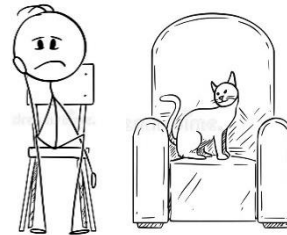


Meow. Meow. Meow.

You think he's depressed, eating his emotions.

You think he's suffering from PTSD?

You think [inaudible] holes are punishing him?

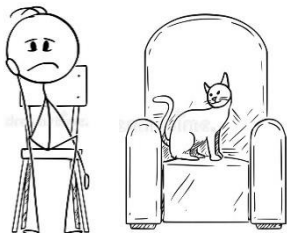


Meow. Meow. Meow.

I see. You think he is feigning he's okay.

Nice vocabulary, by the way.

Meow. Meow. Meow.

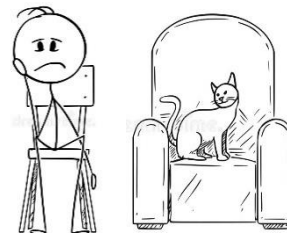


He's endured that much in his life, wow?

Family deception. Deaths. Surgery.

Unfair treatment. A lost livelihood.

So much. I know. You think he's going to break?



Meow. Meow. Meow.

He just wants to be treated fairly?

He wants the documents he needs?

He'll be okay. I'll talk to him. He's strong.