

MY  
DAYS



JULY  
2023

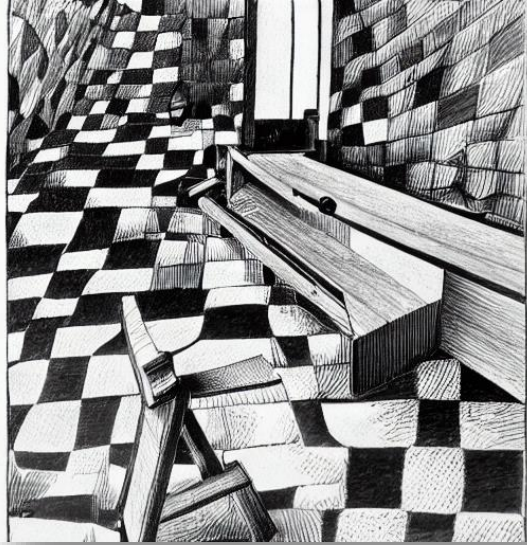
LINDSAY  
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

**JULY 2023**

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EVICTED  
EVICTED



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The man, his partner, and their cat had been evicted from their home. The unfortunate situation left them without a roof over their heads, and the family was forced to find a new place to live. Despite the hardship, the man remained optimistic and determined to provide for himself and his beloved pet. He scoured the city for a new place, eventually finding a small cardboard box he could afford. He pinched a box that used to house a refrigerator. Though it was a far cry from their former home, the man was relieved to have found a place to call their own.

I walk, and by the end of the day, after the Fitness Asylum, writing, and reading, I will have surpassed 30,000 steps again.

I buy a bag of chips.

Two bags, they are on special but somehow aren't cheaper: Dill Pickle + Salt & Vinegar. Anyway, I only want one, so I planed to give one bag away to someone on the street. A tousled man approaches.

Hey.

Yes.

Would you like a bag of chips?

I'd prefer you to buy me cigarettes I could sell.

I'm not going to do that. Which do you prefer?

I hold the bags in front of him.

Dill Pickle, of course. He says.

Rats. I wanted the Dill Pickle.

I hand him the bag.

He rambles on incoherently. I think something about aliens.

I walk away.

I'm not sure if I did a good thing.

I shouldn't be buying chips. They are now a luxury purchase.

But they're only \$2.30.

I know, but we are now poor.

I arrive at home. I'm sad. I don't know how we are going to survive our challenges. I become overwhelmed. My efforts are indisputable. I've now sent out over 200 applications, and the result has been the same with each. I'm turning sixty-three in nine days, and I haven't worked in over three years; and where I had previously been employed for almost fourteen years—because they were |blanks| —they never gave me a reference letter because they if they did, they would have to be truthful and say what an incredible employee I was. They won't because they are ball-less |blanks| who don't dare ever to confront me to enlighten me on why they did what they did to my family?

Why?

Because if they did, they'd have to try to explain why they are so ball-less.

I write my own reference.

**To Whom It May Concern:**

I worked for my last employer for almost fourteen years. I was a model employee who did everything ever asked of me + much more. I offered a shred of dignity to our most valuable asset, our employees, by treating them respectfully, as opposed to treating them like disposable garbage. Our employees, clients, and coworkers well respected and liked me.

In my almost fourteen years, I instrumental in generating \$78 million in revenues.

The company's owner called me "the face of the company." And the Regional Manager often told people my efforts were the only reason people in the company got paid.

Why did they let me go? You ask.

I was getting older, and a once-in-a-century pandemic provided them cover to go younger.

Why didn't they give me a reference letter?

**Two Reasons**

1. They are afraid to tell the truth, and;
2. This is my favourite; they don't have balls.

If they told the truth, they would tell you I was a fiercely loyal employee who saved the company on several occasions. They would also tell you how incredibly reliable I am and how they would not hesitate to recommend me for any position I applied for.

As for this reference letter, ask yourself this; if an employee hadn't been valuable – why would that employee been employed for almost fifteen years?

But no, that's not what they did. Instead, they think it is okay to hurt a man about to turn sixty-three and his family because...?

Who the fuck knows?

Emotions overwhelm me, and tears begin to flow.

I don't want to feel this way.

Chips are now a luxury item.

Tears pour from my eyes.

I'm sure the ball-less people who used to employ me, well, if they read this; or anything I write – they would try to use it against me to ensure me and my family suffer even more.

Barring a miracle, J and I are about to lose everything. And I still have to worry about the cruelty of a bunch of marginal losers.

Hey, people I worked for, can you buy us cigarettes so we can sell them on the street? Does it make you feel special hurting a family? Will you be happy when I die homeless and broke?

No. But you are willing to use my vulnerability against me to...?

Who the fuck knows?

Enjoy your life; you do know, if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have many of the things you have, right?

You have to know it wasn't because of the manager who wanted us to encourage high schools students to skip school for labour jobs?

You know, the one who said if an employee worked for five straight days, we should make him/her a sandwich.

Do you really think he was the reason for the company's success?

I need to wipe away my tears and keep trying.

How?

Who the fuck knows?

I'm feeling overwhelmed.

I didn't deserve this.

What did you expect?

Not this. I gave the | blanks | almost fifteen years. I envisioned something much brighter. But you know who the people you worked for are.

Bounce.

No, that would mean they have...

Never mind.

What do you want?

I want them to sit in front of me and tell me why they did what they did?

I want them to see the pain in my eyes.

I want them to understand what they've done.

I'll stop here because the rest of my wants are chillingly dark.

Linds?

What?

Before you go, I want to tell you how proud I am of you.

Thank you. For what?

You are a great man; everyone knows that. And Linds?

Yes.

They owe you.

I know. But it doesn't matter when you are dealing with ball-less | blanks |.



Grammarly Readability Score = 85.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

# LEAVE THE POETRY TO THE POETS



↑↑↑**Not a Poet**↑↑↑

**J**ilted. Love lost. Reeling in misery. Self Help Section. How to Win Love Back!  
Shower her or him with gifts when least expected, *Tuesdays* – that will bring them sprinting back into your arms. Delusional.

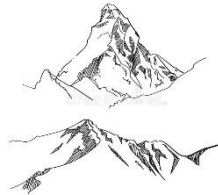
I love you. Say it.

Try over here →→→→ I Love you – try from here ↓↓↓

I Love You

Scream if from a mountain top!

**I LOVE YOU**



## STRATEGY CHANGE

Write a love poem → Nooooooooooooo →

Poets are poets. Leave the poetry to the poets. To begin with, it is hard enough eking out a living as a poet, so poets don't need the competition from you. Mr. Lonely Pants.