

MY
DAYS



JULY
2023

LINDSAY
WINCHERAUK

Lindsay Wincherauk

JULY 2023

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ENTITLEMENT
ENTITLEMENT



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Occasionally, no matter how many ways you juggle the math, it will never work. But it would be best if you kept trying. Survival depends on slamming a square peg into round holes, holding off the onslaught of devastation on the horizon.

Even if the numbers don't add up, we must persist. In the face of impending destruction, we must keep trying to make the impossible fit. I intuitively knew I didn't belong in the world of S + S + F. I always knew what they were. If anything, they are opaque. The rest ... well ... disgusting. I struggle to be in an environment where the people in charge treat others like garbage.

We have to shove that square peg into that round hole. No matter what they toss our way. Our survival depends on it. We cannot afford to give up. We must continue the battle against uncertainty and hope.

Dealing with people from wealthy backgrounds can be challenging if you're not part of their nepotistic circles. They view you as nothing more than disposable trash. No matter how much you do for them. No matter how much you enriched them. They will never see you as an equal. The signs will be evident from the start, and accepting the odds against you is best.

S is in denial about the fact that his father's connections are the only reason where he is in his career. He believes he achieved everything through hard work, refusing to acknowledge the truth. Not every kid has a Mercedes, boat, or a collection of expensive watches. Many of the entitled are far too daft and believe every kid does. As for S, however, the reality is that he was invited into the industry by F to be exploited. Another reality is that F will toss him out like trash when he has drained enough blood from him. Throughout his youth, S was oblivious to the first reality above, but now it's time to face the truth, come to terms with his privileged background, and hopefully learn to become a better man – at least to break the conditioning and give his kids a chance. If he doesn't – another generation of entitlement is growing.

The odds are against him finding the courage to change because he doesn't have it; courage that is. And besides, the privileged are not good at admitting their unearned advantage.

All you need to know about S is he once delivered a crushing blow to a good man of 62, informing the man his current path was unsuitable and he should pursue an office job instead.

I watched that man break that day as he left the office desperate, crying, and unsure of his future.

S. Did not care. S was in his thirties at the time, and he had just signed a death sentence for a struggling good man... why? Because S was in the driver's seat of fucking entitlement.

S, number two, had a background in the auto industry. He's an educated man (?) who writes at a grade-six level. Did he go to university? Sure. His father had a big boat. His personal safety net is the size of Alaska.

What's that S1; you would like to drop some names?

Drop.

Drop.

Drop.

Is name-dropping a skill?

S number two, or S2 for short, is notorious for wanting to bonus suffering, often homeless workers, with sandwiches and soda pop at the end of hard weeks.

His main task is to find ways to generate revenue from the suffering people he employs by finding things to reach into their pockets and pick them, for.

S2 never saw his workers as human. In fact, S2, rarely sees his workers — he steers clear of them to be able continue to pretend they are a product and not humans. S2 will always be a drain on the company's resources.

It's in his DNA. Despite this, the higher-up |lit*truh*lee|, F, sees him as a trusted individual who can be utilized for his benefit. And for someone who will dote over him and clean up after the F throws cocaine and booze-fuelled parties at F's house.

The Higher Up

Hold up the mirror.

Look into it. F. What do you see?

OMG, I am a despicable human. I do love my cocaine and steroids. Probably more than my family.

Exploiter, me the big exploiter.

I lick the boom-boom down.

I'm ruthless. My lack of empathy and my ego won't allow otherwise.

If you are vulnerable, I can use you.

If you challenge me. I'll fuck you over. I'm the man. I'm full of blow and bravado.

One wife, two wives, not a friend in sight. A revolving door. One friend brags about the girls he's banged, a reality star. Why is he here? Nobody is impressed. Another hire is jacked on shit and boasts of his gambling expertise. Were we supposed to be impressed? Maybe S and S were. They are used to lavishing F with praise. But any other reasonable person would see nothing but pathetic-ness. And the clients' did. And then I had to tell the clients' this is not the norm at our company. Dinosaurs.

It is disturbing to witness such idolization of someone who revels in immorality.

It is imperative to recognize the harm F is causing and not condone his reprehensible actions. It must suck to realize you have no discernable talents.

Trusting anyone is hard, especially in a world where entitlement reigns supreme.

People will do whatever it takes to protect their interests, even if it means screwing over someone else. We must always know of the risks and keep our guard up.

Today, I struggled to find my words, but eventually, they came pouring out. It's a reminder that even when we face challenges, we can still find a way to push through and keep going.

Walk

I skipped the Asylum today. I needed a break.

Walk

Who are the people you mentioned above?

Are they real?

Sparkly, they are fiction, but there are far too many people like them, who are real.

They sound... well... unlikeable.

| inaudible |

I Create

J and I move.

A beautiful day.

I don't want to think of our looming financial ruin.

We are ruined.

Who ruined you?

The entitled.

What?

Why do you think a company would pass over talent for entitled?

Is it a rhetorical question?

No. Let me answer for you →↓

It's because they are too stunned to understand the YES of entitled sycophants is detrimental to growth as opposed to the benefits of an intelligent, opposing voice of an outsider. But you know what, Sparkly?

What?

The privileged have an unquenchable thirst to have their egos stroked and to get their dicks sucked by those who stroke their egos.

Are you sure?

Yes.

Ice Cream Treat Number 1

McDonald's Cone = \$1.10

Can we afford it?

No.

Everything is a luxury item now.

Why?

Because of the fuckers who willfully screwed us over.

Oh them.

Yes.

Do you hate them?

No.

I do.

Thanks, Sparkly.

Do you think they suck each others' dicks?

They do a lot of cocaine.

F is upset; the numbers are down.

F is coming to the office today; you should be gone when he arrives.

What about you?

I am going to crunch numbers. F likes how I crunch numbers.

Are you stupid?

I have a watch collection. A lot of people like Trump.

Who are you talking with, Linds?

My fingers, Sparkly.

Is any of this true?

I don't know.

Walk

We had a special Black Raspberry drink. A stroll through the woods. J and I come across a gossamer of Hemlock Looper Moth Larvae blanketing our path. J squeals.

How are we going to make it past them?

It's just a little bunny rabbit.

What?

Monty Python.

Charlie. Charlie. Charlie.

What is it?

We're on a bridge.

Ring. Ring.

Hello.

Ring. Ring.

Hello.

Ring. Ring.

Hello.

YOU HAVE A BAD CONNECTION.

Bloop. Bloop. Bloop.

Bloop. Bloop. Bloop.

Annunciate it.

Spell, annunciate correctly.

How did you know?

Red squiggly line.

Should I turn on the news?

Why?

Material.

Sure, try.

I will

Will

Will

Click → Watch.

Why do you use →↓↑↘→?

It's my thing. Do you like it, Sparkly?

I love you.

Liopleurodon.

What?

A giant talking reptile.

Sparkly?

Yes.

Do you think S + S + F are pearl divers?

Chuck Palahniuk?

Yes.

Yes.

What is this story about?

Well, mostly avoidance.

And, Sparkly, I'm worried; we are walking around without a worry or care in the world, when a crew of entitled douchebags have rendered ice cream unaffordable for us — even after I generated most of their revenues for almost fourteen years.

Quit talking about them. And douchebags is childish.

They are not real, so am I talking about anything? Do you prefer nipple

faces?

You make an excellent point.

Point Break

Shall we get a pottery wheel?

Patrick Swayze?

Is he still with us?

He might be a ghost.

Look it up.

No.

J picks off a batch of Hemlock Loopers off me.

I shriek.

Walk

If someone doesn't agree to give me money for things, I'm doing, soon.... FUUUUUCK.
Don't think about it today.

How? It's floating in the air.

\$78 million for you. \$1.10 cone for us.

Maybe I can get the bag of chips back from the homeless guy.

Are you a monster?

I'm just kidding.

I know.

Juggle the remaining cash. If I pay A this much, B this much, and C this much, then borrow from B, give it to C, ignore A for the day, and then put it on this card | FUTURE TRANSACTIONS MAY BE CANCELLED |, we will still be ... fuuucccked.

F + S + S, do you even fucking care about how much hurt you've caused?

No, because you know what, your egos are fragile, and as much as you

know, or are too stupid to know, you've put J and I, in an untenable, life-threatening position; you have the cash, no, no, no... and I, F-Man, have dick suckers at my beck and call. And blow. And on top of entitled, we three are dinks.

Walk

We arrive at Prospect Point →↑

One scoop in a cup = \$8.00. Two scoops in a cup are \$11.00.

I'll have two scoops, please.

Would you like them in one or two cups?

Are you serious?

We sit on a rock and eat our unaffordable ice cream. Maybe today, I will ignore B and C.

Yum. Yum.

Yum.

A family approaches us on bikes. The mother has a child riding in the back seat of her ride.

We are trying to get to the other side of the park. What is the best way to go? The father asks.

→→→↑↑↑←

Do you understand?

I think so. The man says. They start to leave.

Hey, I say.

Yes.

Beware of the larvae hanging down from trees. They are highly poisonous. If you allow five of them; to touch you, you will die instantly. Ride down Bridle Path. It's steep, at the bottom turn onto Lake. That will get you to where you want to go. Enjoy your ride.

Later we will come across them, wrecked on the steep part of the hill bleeding out.

We took their wallets.

This didn't happen. Later when we get to the bottom of the hill, their turning point, I ask J if they are thinking about my excellent directions. I'm sure they are.

Another spoonful of ice cream. Salty Caramel. Rocky Road. Yum.

A family walks up to the washrooms. Before the mother enters the women's washroom, she tells her brood of boys to wait right here ↘ when you are done.

The boys finish first. They come out of the washroom. I tell them to go back and wait inside for a few minutes. They listen to me. Odd.

The woman exits the washroom to find me standing ↘ She asks me if I've seen her boys.

I ate them, I say.

She runs off toward three Park Rangers.

J and I walk away.

Walk

We drink another soda.

I can't remember what I'm stressed about. I'm sure it will come back to me.

The news has been on for twenty minutes. Nothing has hit me as worthy of a few words.

Brad Russel is looking at the roads this Sunday Morning. Look at those cars. He's the traffic guy. I worry about Vana White.

I don't want to.

I'll switch over to tennis. I wonder how Shapovalov is doing at Wimbledon.

Click → Watch!

Shapovalov lost.

Suck it.

Walk

I have sent out over 200 Applications + over 800 book proposals, + I've read over 300 books in the last three years. And you know what, Sparkly?

What?

The people I worked for kept the guys with a watch collection, and they guy whose father has a big boat and likely has 'shares' in Wonder Bread.

Do you think they read this?

Probably.

Is this about them?

It's fiction, Sparkly. But you know what?

What?

Of course, they will believe it is.

Sparkly?

Yes.

We are broke.

Shit.

We will survive.

Did you hear I am being recruited to be a talking head on a weekly podcast? For money?

That's awesome!

I think so.

What are you being asked to talk about?

Pretty much greed, entitlement, and how it fucks over the world.

Seriously.

Why not?

Don't go chasing waterfalls.

Please take them ↓↓↓

I must. They hurt my family. And I only have one watch.

Would you have kept your job if you had a boat?

Rhetorical.

Walk

Full Circle

A second McDonald's cone for the day. I wonder if I will be able to eat anything else

today?

It could be the last day for a while, eating.

Linds?

Yes, Sparkly.

What do you think of entitled people?

They are predators.

What?

Delusional.

Do you think they like who they are?

No. It must suck.

Dean

I haven't seen Dean in three weeks.

We embrace.

A tear forms in my left eye.

Did the people you worked with forever provide you with a reference letter?

They're liars.

What's your answer?

No. They are afraid to speak the truth.

One week until I'm sixty-three, and I'm the poorest I've ever been.

How will we survive?

We will.

In the last six months, three people I know my age dropped dead, and three more, younger than me, retired; and yet, because I didn't have a fucking boat or a fucking Vice President for a father, we can no longer afford \$1.10 Ice Cream Cone.

I want to welcome Today's Podcast | Put My Name Here | . Over the past

three years, |Put My Name Here| wrote 12 manuscripts, read 300 books, submitted 800 book proposals, and maintained a regular exercise routine despite facing financial difficulties. Today we will be talking about...

Welcome |Put My Name Here|!

Thank you. I know today's topic is about |blank|, but before we get going, I'd like to tie the realities of unregulated Staffing Agencies and how they are a blight on society.

Tomorrow might be the start of a weekly podcast career where the fact I can read and write and I'm not a fucking delusional, greedy, cocaine-snorting coward; with a posse of sycophants, bodes well for me to ... let's just say you hurt my family ... and I can't allow that to slide.

Fuckers.

S + S, you understand it's only a matter of time before F fucks you over, right? After all, hasn't he partnered with a Republican from Florida?

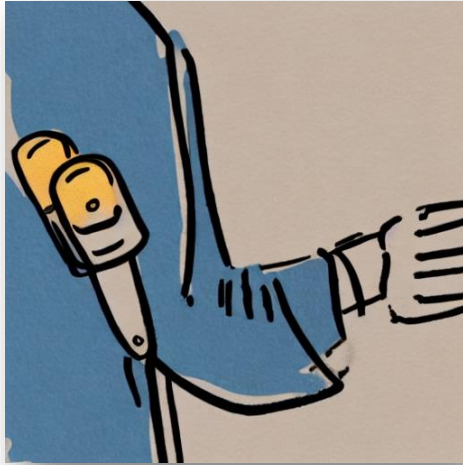
Or are you so delusional you don't know what you are?

Linds?

Yes, Sparkles.

Do you think F + S + S will understand they have a growth opportunity where all they really need to do is reach out to you and ask you how you are?

No.



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Grammarly Readability Score = 87.

Grammarly Readability Record = 99 (May 1, 2023)

OPEN MIC 

Why am I here?

Loneliness. Fear. Life savings spiralling down the drain.

I'm turning 62 soon. My lengthy career stripped from me under the shade of the pandemic. I said I was concerned. One hour later I was replaced by a childhood friend of an owner. Seriously.

15 years. \$78 million in revenue generated. I got old. They used my age against me. Tossed me out with the bathwater. Passive. Passive. Passive. Cowardly.

I'm a good man. They didn't think I'd care or notice. Laid off was the play. Replaced was the reality.

Silence.

How fast could you run a mile in your prime? That was an odd text.

Lights went on. I'm not going back. I helped the absentee owner get fat while the sycophants → sycophanted. Not a word. Silver spoons dangling. Too stunned to comprehend their ignorance. Too stunned to comprehend they're nothing → being used as well.

Angry?

No. Factual.

I'll be, okay? I write. 62 soon. I will, survive? Gloria Gaynor. The truth is on my side.

Keep writing. Seek legal advice. I wasn't supposed to stand up for myself.

Blacklisted. Blocked from the industry. Why block me? I'm in my sixties. There are no opportunities – paths forward – my best before, expired.

Are they stupid? Cruel?

Yes, and Yes.

They don't want me to write. They think my every word is about them. It's not, there are other assholes in the world.

I'm supposed to chase a career in the industry I've been fired and blocked from. Seriously. All to avoid doing the right thing → allowing me to leave → with dignity intact. Pay a lawyer to fight me and tell me I must mitigate their loses for letting me go. Seriously. Where does, hate, come from?

I'm told by their legal counsel I'm a failed writer whose chasing a **dream** instead of doing as I'm told. SERIOUSLY.

I'm turning 62 soon.

Why am I here?

Loneliness. Fear. Life savings spiralling down the drain.

And, to continue **DREAMING.**