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The Story of Winston Kapoor or The Story of All Men and People of Colour: A Case of Tragic Pessimism of The Modern Times

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“Does my life even have a meaning? What’s the point of living if I am not ‘white enough' to get a job? It was another day and another job interview. It’s been a year since I graduated, and I am still unemployed! Today’s interview did not go too well either. The hiring manager told me in my face that they could not hire me. The ideal candidate for them would be white. How am I supposed to get a job when I am not white? What am I supposed to do now? I do not want to live anymore! I wonder if I should crash my car and end it all.” Winston Kapoor, a recent college graduate, was driving back from an interview from Toronto. This had now become a routine for him for the past year. Every day he would go for a job interview, and every day he was told he could not get the job because of his skin colour. Today was not any different either. Winston had lost all hope in life.

In college, Winston did everything he was supposed to. He was at the top of his class; he volunteered on the weekends and even held a summer research position. Winston was the child prodigy. He was told he would have a promising career. And now, a year had passed by. A year of discouraging unemployment and dreadful resentment. He was in touch with everyone from his class. His friends had found jobs within days after graduation, and he found none. The only thing stopping him from getting a job was his skin colour. Winston had started to hate himself. He hated the fact that he was brown.

Winston lived alone in a lousy mice-infested apartment in Toronto that was barely the size of a cupboard. He could not afford to move to a better place. During his hopeless solitude, he was often occupied with his thoughts. Deep, dark thoughts that anyone with the right mind
would never dare to think of. He thought of suicide. He felt his life served no purpose. He had started to believe that life was nothing but endless and meaningless suffering. Winston was not doing good.

He could not find the courage to talk to someone about what he was going through. He was, after all, a man. And men were supposed to be strong and brave. He was taught that men did not cry, and he would believe this until his last days. “I guess I can talk to someone after all. I can talk to Ryan. I have known him since we were 5! .... no, no, that can’t be! I can’t talk to him. He would think I am just overreacting! He won’t get it. What about Ashley from college? She seemed reasonable and well-put-together. She seemed as if she had her life figured out. No, no. I can’t bother her. Well, I can ask my mom for help. No, I would stress her out. If dad were alive, he would have known what to do”.

He knew he had to keep looking for jobs. How else was he going to afford his mice-infested apartment? He gathered some courage and logged onto Indeed. “Here we go again,” he said while taking a deep sigh. He saw a posting, ‘Help wanted—$ 20 per hour. No experience needed. New graduates welcome to apply’. Winston was somewhat relieved to see this, and without giving a second thought, he applied to the job posting. Now he waited. He could hear the wall clock: tick-tock-tick-tock. He could hear his heart beating in his chest. He now waited.

Two weeks had gone by. Winston was growing anxious. He had not received any response. And just when he was thinking about it, he received a notification on his phone. He was invited for an interview. “Finally!” he said. “It took them quite long. I hope this one goes well.”
It was a Friday. Winston was getting ready for the interview. He was excited, and for the first time since the last year, he was hopeful that he would get the job. And within that moment of happiness, Winston found his life meaningful.

He arrived at the company’s branch in Toronto. He was wearing his dark navy suit and a checkered tie. He was proud of himself for making it this far. “Mr. Kapoor, I see that you have a great resume. I see that you even held a research position in college. A lot of the candidates I have interviewed do not seem to go as far as you’ve gone. I would love to have you on our team.” Winston started smiling. “But right now, our company is not planning to diversify its employees.” A frown took over his face. Winston had heard this corporate lingo before. He knew precisely what HR meant by “not wanting to diversify their employees.” He knew this was coming. He knew he would not get the job. Why did he think this was going to be any different?

Winston was now driving back to his apartment. He was angry. He was disappointed and frustrated. He was crying. The thought of crashing his car occurred to him again. “I am going to do it. I do not want to live”. He was now driving on the opposite side, going at 150km/h. He could hear the other cars honking at him. He nearly missed a truck. He did not care. Winston pushed the pedal even further down, and he could see he was now going at 200 km/h. He saw a traffic pole and drove towards it.

The crash made a huge sound. His car was totalled. His airbags deployed. Everyone gathered. The paramedics arrived. They tried to revive him, but Winston Kapoor – the child prodigy, never woke up.