



# Millennials

## Episode #001 – Bacon

**While confrontations seem to find me, I don't go out of my way to find them. I leave home with a "live and let live" attitude yet somehow trouble always finds me. Quite often it comes in the way of being in contact with Millennials.**

I'm aware all people of the proper age group shouldn't be categorized as Millennials. The title smacks of negativity and disdain which isn't always appropriate. I've come to realize that if those I come in contact with act like normal, respectful, courteous citizens I don't consider them Millennials even if they're of the proper age. Conversely, if I find them to be combative, condescending, arrogant, narrow-minded, individuals who possess an inflated opinion of their worth and are generally rude and disrespectful, then, if they fit the age group... they're Millennials.

Just the other day I was in the meat section of one of our local **Meijer**® grocery stores going through my normal bacon protocol. This consists of poking open at least one of the covered windows on the back of the package so I can see what I'm buying. On any given day, the same bin may provide packages of bacon that vary from pure, 100% fat to the occasional acceptable quality. I was poking windows and neatly stacking my rejects to the side. When I'm finished I place all the packages, that I'm not going to purchase, neatly back into the display just the way I found them.

There I was, minding my own business when a young lady grazed me with her cart as she passed by me. I ignored her. Under her breath, but loud enough to be heard clearly she said, disgustedly, "Must you make such a fuc\*\*ng mess?" I ignored her. One of the three people who taught me to talk was a Marine and my language isn't always 100% lady-like but I never speak like that to a total stranger... not ever... unless sufficiently provoked.

Ignoring the little troll had the usual effect. It pushed her to her boiling point. "Hell-LOW-ho" she said as nasally and as obnoxiously as she could. "Anyone home?"

I looked up from my task and asked, "May I help you?"

"Why are you making such a God-awful mess for someone else to clean up?" she demanded.

As calmly as I could I explained, "I've had a hellacious month and it may be in both our best interests if you just go about your business and I'll finish mine. Whatcha say?"

"I don't like you. You're mean," she said.

My mouth fell open. What did I do to deserve her? I was going about my business trying to find bacon with some meat on it and...

"What are you talking about?" she asked. "They're all the same." Evidentially, I'd been thinking out loud.

I asked, "What's all the same... the bacon or the lunatics?"

"The fuc\*\*ng bacon, moron. What do you think?" she spat back and then added the straw that broke the camel's back. "You're dumb and rude enough to be a boomer."

I like boomers. Almost all of my best friends are boomers. The rest are older than boomers and are stragglers from "The Greatest Generation." Now I was pissed.

I composed myself and started my spiel. "Listen, you little witch..." when I was interrupted.

"Hey Kimmie, how you doing? How's the boys? Are they still running that lawn care business? That was a great idea." I recognized the voice coming from behind me.

I turned and saw Steve, the store manager, "We're all great, thanks for asking. Yes, they are and yes, it was."

Then he eyed the little witch and while continuing to stare at her asked me, "Is there a problem here?"

"Nope, Steve," I replied. "Just getting ready to perform a little attitude adjustment, that's all."

"I think you can handle it but if you need any help just let me know," he said.

I said, "Thanks, Steve. Be sure to say 'Hi' to Marge for me." And he was gone.

I turned back to my antagonist du jour and asked, "Where were we?"

"You were being mean," she said.

“Thank you,” I began. “Listen you little witch, I’m about to give you a very valuable life lesson or two. First, you’ve obviously never been knocked on your ass for what’s come out of your mouth and that’s because most of your human interaction has been through some sort of device with a keyboard. That, the part about being knocked on your insolent little ass, could change as early as sometime within the next few minutes.” I paused to give her a chance to say something without interrupting. She chose silence.

I selected four packages of bacon; three from my reject pile and the only one I’d placed in my cart. I opened the little windows and asked her if she could see a difference. The look of shock and amazement was breathtaking. Sometimes I wax sarcastic, but this was no exaggeration. It was true shock and awe. A millennial was seeing the light and it was a wonder to behold.

“The white stuff’s the fat and red stuff’s the meat, right?” she asked.

I fought the urge to say something derogatory. “That’s right,” I confirmed.

“Could this be why my husband complains about my bacon?” she asked.

“I can’t say for certain but there’s a good possibility. Didn’t you think something could actually be wrong when he complained?” I asked.

“Not really. I just thought he was being an asshole,” she answered. “I thought all the packages would be the same.” After a bit of reflection, she asked, “I was the asshole, wasn’t I?”

“What do you think?” I asked her. Her only response was to stare blankly into the meat counter.

“What made you think all the packages would be the same?” I asked.

“Because all the packages I’ve ever opened were almost all fat,” she answered.

“This stuff isn’t injection molded in a factory. This meat used to be part of a pig. It varies. In fact, it varies a lot,” I explained.

“Ewwwww,” was her response.

She looked through the four packages again and then another five or six from my reject pile. Then she pulled out a few I hadn’t examined and popped the paper covering the windows. She seemed quite proud of herself when she found one that was a little bit better than the one I’d put in my cart.

“This one’s a good one, isn’t it?” she asked, obviously proud of her new-found skill.

“Yes it is. In fact, that’s an extremely good one,” I answered as I tossed it into her cart.

After an uncomfortably long pause she asked, “Why didn’t my Mom teach me this?”

Twenty caustic answers ran through my brain. Answers like “Maybe she knew nobody could tell you anything,” or “She was already tired of beating her head against the wall.”

After all, that’s the type of answer she deserved. Instead, I replied, “You really should ask her that.”

She started fighting back tears and then gave up. “I can’t. My Mom died almost a year ago. She had cancer.” After a lengthy pause, while she hugged me hard enough to crack ribs, she added, “Sometimes I was mean to my Mom just like I was to you.” Then the flood gates opened... for both of us. I was so glad that I’d passed on being a smart-ass.

We exchanged email addresses and phone numbers and she asked if I’d mind taking her shopping and “show her some more secrets.” I said I wouldn’t mind at all, but I never expected to hear from her. It took two days before I received a text message from her. We’ve been shopping twice since then. So far she’s learned why to take bread off the back of the shelf rather than the front and to wiggle the eggs in the box before you put it in your cart.

On our last outing she was exposed to another totally new concept. I’m 5 ft. 2 in. tall and a lot of the stuff in any grocery store is a reach for me. I was getting an item off the top shelf and when I finished I turned and saw Micha, my Millennial, with her hand in front of her mouth and a look of sheer terror in her eyes.

I said, “I know my skirt rides up when I do that but it’s not that bad, is it?”

Her answer was, “You have a gun.” After that she devolved into complete Liberal overload. “You have a gun and only crazy people have guns but you’re not crazy, but you have a gun, so you’ve got to be crazy but... but... do you have a permit for that... are you crazy?”

I assured her that I was properly permitted and have carried a sidearm since I was 21 and that I’d never had to use it and that I hope I never do need to use it. I carry it because the police aren’t obligated to protect us. That was enough to get her out of panic mode.

I suggested she call her husband and, if it was acceptable to both of them, I’d take them out to dinner at my favorite Chinese buffet and we could talk.

She said it was fine with her and she knew her husband would think it’s a great idea. I asked her how she knew he’d accept.

“He likes you,” she answered.

“He’s never met me so how can he like me?” I asked.

“You’re right. He didn’t say he liked you. He said he loved you.” I just stared so she explained, “He said he was in love with you... while he was eating his eggs... and his bacon. It may not have been appropriate but that was the best laugh I’ve had in ages.

To make a long story short, Todd, her husband, isn’t as Liberal as she is and has been lobbying for some sort of firearm, for home protection, since before they were married. As soon as the weather clears we have a date at the range for some basic familiarity and a little shooting.



## Epilog

I hope I'm not jumping to any conclusions and I know all Millennials aren't created equal. Some are truly brainwashed and are possibly irredeemable, but for others, like Micha, the veneer of indoctrination seems pretty fragile. It's almost as if they know something's wrong but avoid questioning their beliefs because they realize what they believe may not withstand any close scrutiny.

When Micha discovered that her new friend, someone who seemed somewhat knowledgeable, and who probably wasn't crazy, carried a sidearm everywhere she goes, her little Liberal world started to crumble. It must make for an uncomfortable life when one begins to suspect the entire premise of what makes the world tick could be an illusion, at best, or a lie, at worst.

I've also introduced her to a few of my "Boomer" friends and she likes all of them, especially Charley who's become my significant other. Maybe there is a little hope?

## A Bonus Story

### She Knows Now

**While relating this shopping inspired story, I couldn't help but remember my all-time funniest shopping trip. I've never found a good excuse to tell this tale, so I'll tack it in here.**

I had just turned 16 and I had my learner's permit. My uncle let me drive everywhere we went and this particular Saturday morning we were grocery shopping. Our first aisle of the day was the refrigerated foods section.

When I rounded the corner, I saw a young Mom studying a series of labels. She seemed quite occupied and as soon as she finished one label she reached for another. I suspected she'd been doing that for at least five minutes. I based that estimate on what I saw directly across the aisle from her. There sat a grocery cart overloaded with her purchases and a beautiful little girl who was about three years old. She had the most gorgeous long, full head of hair I've ever seen... or at least she did when she left home that morning.

This was back in the days when you didn't need a chainsaw to open food packaging. This little girl had somehow extricated herself from the child seat and had crawled into the cargo section of the cart. Once there she, somehow, managed to get the lid off not one but both of the super-sized containers of cottage cheese which she applied, liberally, to her hair, face, clothing, and every single item in the cart. She had emptied the first container and was working hard on the second.

I was shy and introverted back in those days, but my uncle encouraged me to tell the Mom what was happening. I approached her and said, "Ma'am, ma'am."

Before I could say anything else she replied, without ever looking away from the label, "Can't you see I'm busy?"

I looked at my uncle and his nod told me I should try again. "Ma'am, I really think you need to..."

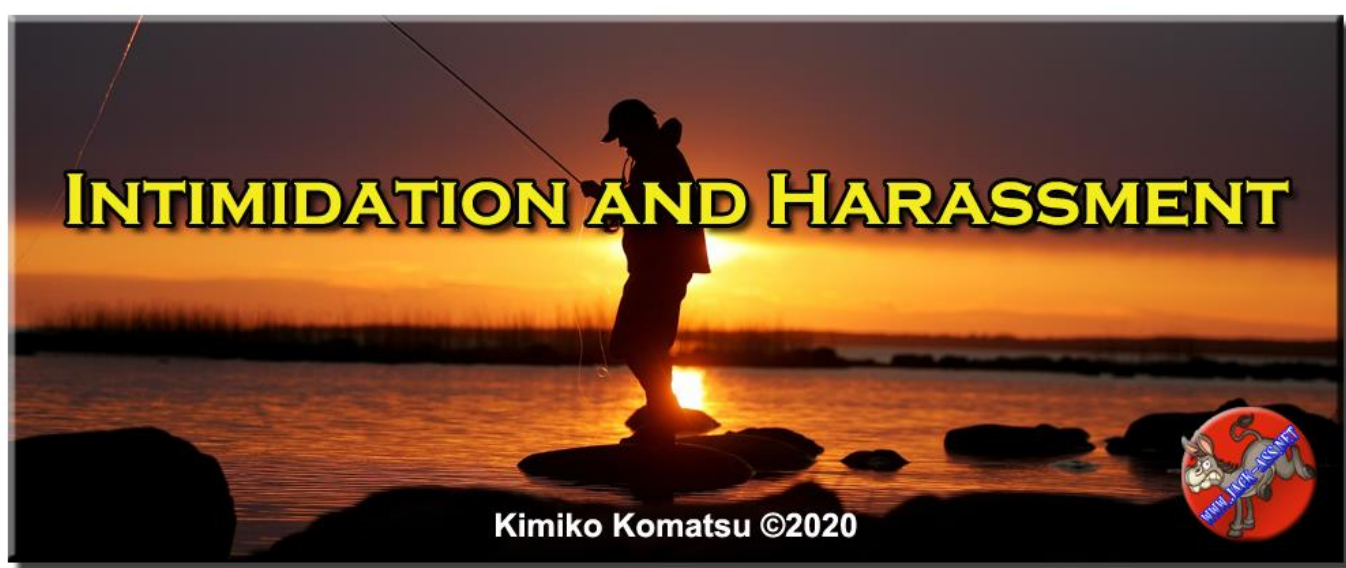
That was as far as I got before she informed me, in no uncertain terms, "I really don't care what you think, I said I'm busy."

I looked back at my uncle for a clue and this time he laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

We were four aisles away when we heard the most blood-curdling series of screams I've ever experienced and back then I was a huge fan of B-grade horror movies.

My uncle grinned and said, "Well, Miho, she knows now."

*Coming soon...*



I was out of state and my sons, Mike 17, and Sean 18, were going fishing. What could possibly go wrong? In my family one should never ask that question. I present this as an example of the advantages of fighting back and not allowing our children to be indoctrinated, rather than educated.

It was late in the afternoon and I was almost a thousand miles from home when my phone buzzed. It was Mike, my youngest son. He was speaking much faster than he normally does. "Mom, don't worry, Lucy's going to feed the cats. I have no idea when Sean and I'll be home. We're being held by the DNR and I need you to text me Harry's number. Love you, Mom," and then the phone went dead. Harry's my lawyer.

*To be continued...*



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