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Millennials are playing their intended role in the destruction of America. Currently they're the foot soldiers in the war against our culture and our heritage. I'm not a bleeding-heart Liberal, as most of you already know, but I have realized the Millennial's behavior is not the result of their own rational or even irrational thought. Instead it's the desired response to an external stimulus provided by their controllers. They're behaving as they were programmed to behave. They're glorified examples of Pavlov's dog. When the bell rings, they salivate.

In a previous article, *Millennials – Episode #001 – Bacon*, that can be downloaded [here](#), I described my initial confrontation with Micha, a world-class Millennial. She has that special blend of “screw you and the horse you rode in on” surliness and that unique version of arrogance that can only be generated by a childhood consisting of constant praise for every minute accomplishment whether it was of a positive nature or not. At times she reeks of “participation trophy” disorder.

When one takes the time to chisel through the layers of armor generated by, in her case, eighteen years of an intense indoctrination program devised by some of the finest psychological minds on the planet, there's an almost normal young lady. I am learning, however, that without frequent treatments that indoctrination layer will regenerate, and she does drift back to her android-like state. She's beginning to understand this about herself and she's not pleased. She's already made irreversible mistakes in her young life due to this mental disorder that was incurred through no fault of her own. Millennials tend to treat other humans badly, at times, and her own mother was one of those people. Her mom died from cancer within the last year and she regrets not understanding how much her behavior hurt her mom. She wishes she could take that back and do better, or at least apologize for her actions, but she knows she can do neither. This, will cause her problems in the future. Those who indoctrinated her couldn't care less. It's just another of their crimes that'll go unpunished.

Since the completion of the first article I've gathered some facts about Micha. Their relevance wasn't always obvious, but it does sometimes make sense after more detailed observation. I've visited her home, several times, and she's visited mine. When visiting my home she was quick to note the certain amount of clutter that's a part of too many people living in a too small dwelling while subscribing to preparedness for all eventualities and living a basic siege mentality lifestyle. I never thought of her as being rude or presumptuous since I've gotten to know her even though she can come across that way. Many Millennials seem to lack that filter between the brain and the mouth and Micha can be one of those people.

When visiting her home I immediately noticed what appeared to be some sort of shrine dedicated to the childhood of someone unknown to me. There were more than the normal amount of children's drawings displayed on the refrigerator and there were more framed and hanging on the walls. Oddly, the refrigerator art had been laminated. There were also clay figurines displayed throughout her home. Micha has no children nor has she mentioned having lost a child. I didn't feel I knew her well enough to broach what could be a painful topic, so I said nothing.

A few weeks ago I received a text message from Micha asking if I could stop by her home so we could talk. The minute I walked through the door her body language hit me. The belligerent whininess from the meat section of the grocery store was clearly shown in how she carried herself. She'd been triggered and I'd been selected to be the object of her scorn. Niceties and protocol be damned... she launched directly into dialog mode. It went something like this:

Micha: *What do you think about what's happening in this country right now?*

Me: *Nice of you to invite me. Charley and the boys and girls are doing fine. Thank you, my back hurts today and I'll take you up on that offer of a place to sit.*

Micha: *Oh, yeah, OK.*

Me: *So, what aspect of 'what's happening in this country' are you referring to?*

Micha: *I mean the fact that we're finally doing something about our racist past and we're realizing that America never was all that good."*

Me: *You're saying you support rioting, burning, and looting to protest "racism," and you believe that the random destruction of statues and memorials is bettering our society?*

Micha: *Yeah, don't you?*

Me: *...and you see nothing at all wrong with that? Destroying our nation and our society is something you support, and you believe destroying war memorials is also a positive move?*

Micha: *It's all evil and it's all memorializing the oppression of people of color and white supremacy. Yes, we should tear it all down and burn it all down and then get rid of capitalism.*

Me: *You also support "peaceful" protests that involve arson, destruction, and theft of someone's property and even injury and death to those not participating in the "peaceful" protest.*

Micha: *Looting's not a crime. They're just taking "things" and "things" can be replaced so it's not a crime.*

Me: *You never responded to my question on war memorials.*

Micha: *The U.S. has been involved in too many wars of aggression in support of white supremacy so I think all of that needs destroyed as well as...*

I lost track of what she was saying then. I was, again, examining the artwork plastered all over her refrigerator. I noticed something I'd never seen before. In the corner of one of the pictures I saw a name scrawled... "*Micha.*" The childhood she was memorializing was her own. I should have understood that much earlier. What I was seeing was one aspect of the indoctrination process she'd been subjected to for eighteen years of her life. The millennials elevated sense of self-worth is a result of that indoctrination. They've been praised for every accomplishment

no matter how minimal it may have been and, at the same time, no one was allowed to punish improper behavior. I've always thought this was a recipe to create entitled, opinionated little monsters. The evidence was standing in front of me.

Now I was faced with a choice. I didn't know whether to hug her or bitch-slap her. I seldom think well on my feet. I come across as a lot smarter via the written word than I do in normal life. In writing I have time to reconsider and refine. I needed to do something now and I was processing the evidence. I came up with a plan I hoped I could execute. In the grocery store, in the original episode of this story, a virtual bitch-slap did fine. Maybe I could do that again. We resumed the dialog:

Me: *How about we forget this for a few minutes. I promise you we'll come back to it.*

Micha: *Sure, I guess.*

I got up and went to the refrigerator and began removing the pictures.

Me: *I don't think these are particularly good. Maybe just a bare door would be good for now?*

Micha: *Stop that. You have no right telling me what to do.*

Me: *Micha, they're childish. Why show them off? Surely you can do better today.*

Micha: *Yes, I can but I did those when I was five years old. I think they're really good for a five-year-old.*

Me: *They are but you're a long way from being five.*

Micha: *Why should that matter. These show the progress I've made.*

Me: *Who cares about your progress? Sure you're better now than you were then but that doesn't really matter.*

Micha: *I told you to STOP. Those are mine and you can't get rid of them.*

Me: *Then explain to me why you can tear down my statues and vandalize my memorials. They belong to all of us.*

Micha: *Silence*

Me: *While you're at it explain this to me also. You can justify keeping these because it was the best you could do at the time and it was part of your history... it shows your progress, am I correct?*

Micha: *Yes.*

Me: *Many of those Civil War memorials were honoring men who fought to abolish slavery, but you people destroy them all. We had slaves, yes, but so did most of the world. We were among the first to abolish slavery, so the Civil War was a milestone. It was part of our progress. It showed we were getting better. If that's OK for you why can't you show me and the rest of the country the same respect? I need real answers. These are not rhetorical questions. You asked me my opinion. I just gave it to you.*

Micha: *I think it's time for you to get the f**k out of my home.*

Me: *Fair enough. Don't invite me again but since I'm leaving I've always loved your blender (I said as I was unplugging it.) Since taking objects that can be replaced isn't breaking the law you'll have to consider this blender liberated. Notice I'm doing this without setting fire to anything.*

I took my new blender and walked out the door. I left it on her back stoop. I didn't want the blender, but I did want to make another point. Then I stuck my head back in the door.

Me: *...and if I ever find out you've desecrated any monument honoring any of our soldiers, sailors, airmen, Marines, or coast guardsmen I will come back here and do you bodily harm. Do you understand me?*

Micha: *Silence*

Me: *Do you understand me?*

Micha: *Yes.*

Two days later her husband, Todd, called me from work. I apologized to him. I said I'd probably gone overboard. He told me that he got the impression that I'd really beaten the snot out of her, again. He also quickly added that it had worked and that it may have worked too well. She realized how far off track she'd been and was deeply sorry and, more importantly, extremely embarrassed; possibly too embarrassed to see me again.

He explained I'd become the big sister she never had and, at the same time, some sort of Mom replacement. His best attempt at further description was that the situation was *weird*. I waited another two days and called her on the phone. I hate text messaging. I was a little surprised when she answered her phone. I asked her if she wanted to go shopping. She said she didn't think I'd want to be around her. I said I just invited her shopping so I must be over it. She asked what we were shopping for and I said I had no idea. Then she asked, "*Can we go gun shopping?*" I knew we were OK then... at least until the next meltdown.

I told Charley the whole story and the only question he asked was, "What are you going to do the next time, put her across your knee and spank her?" I said that thought had come to mind. He gave me that "look" and I knew where his mind was. Sometimes I think all men are perverts.

Just a reminder. These poor kids have little to do with what they are. Their lives have been hijacked. We entrusted the state to take care of our children for us. Many of us were glad to send them off to school and let the television baby-sit them at other times. We trusted without verifying what was actually happening. This is what we got back, severely damaged little robots programmed to follow their Leftist leaders. Of all the crimes committed against humanity the ones concerning children are the most heinous. These are the secrets they guard the most closely. I believe they realize if the details of these crimes were to become public there wouldn't be enough ropes nor enough lamp posts to go around. To these monsters our children were just another commodity.



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