



The Purpose of Kids

▶ *The Crank meets one bright light in a world of hundreds of millions of useless teens*

The Crank doesn't like children. They are loud, dirty, slow, demanding with their high-pitched squeaky voices, poor dressers – and let's be honest, they are also stupid. I don't see the purpose of them if they are not yours. No one has anything to learn from them because it takes decades on this planet to have even the most minimal knowledge of how the world works. They just haven't put in the time. Teens in particular are incapable of completing even the simplest of tasks. They are bratty, shallow and overly westernized, even when they're Russian or Chinese.

Western society babies its youth, and the result is hideous. We have bred hundreds of millions of useless bodies, unable to cope with minor and major problems alike, unable to think or act or react by themselves. If our young were made to shovel coal into ovens for heat or head into the wild to kill their meals, there would be no youth crime, no binge drinkers and fewer dolts in the clubs and behind the counter at McDonald's.

When I reflect upon my own childhood, I can easily admit I was no better. I had an answer for everything, even though I rarely understood the question. I was asked to leave school and the cub scouts and summer camp because I would not listen to authority. I mean, who wants to listen to an 80-year-old functions teacher or a 17-year-old counsellor? And my camp leader was hot! My teacher, however, was not.

Recently, I was unlucky enough to get stuck behind a bunch of teens in an airport customs line and then stuck beside them on the plane. I don't know how old they were because they looked the same, talked the same (if you can call it talking), walked the same and acted the same, like a bunch of ugly robots, moving and conversing in unison.

I could tell they watched too much TV. Not because they looked like they'd been snacking on too many pizza slices (although there were undoubtedly a few of those), but because they were all dressed like poorly designed billboards. I recognized the Diesel Kid, the Burton Boy,

the Yankee Fan and Brian the Dog Lover. For seven hours they squealed and swore and stopped and started 1,000 half-sentences. They pushed their seats all the way back into the legs of the people behind them. They laughed at the staff demonstrating how to use the seatbelt buckle, and they threw peanuts at younger kids wandering up and down the aisles. A direct hit brought on 10 minutes of howling laughter and a shower of salt. They ate like cavemen, tried to steal beer from the cart and listened to their crappy music so loud, it drowned out the drone of a 767.

When the plane finally landed, I was mad. Seven minutes with that group would have been too long. I stood up before the seatbelt sign went off, grabbed my bag from above and sat on the arm of my seat, ready to bolt. I did not want to get stuck behind them. I did not want to walk beside them. I wanted them to be as far away from me as possible. Finally the seatbelt sign went off and the monsters arose from their seats. I hopped over the first one and landed on his friend's foot. He shouted out, but I didn't care. He would survive. He would limp for a while, but he would live. I needed out.

And then, as I ran toward the open door, someone tugged on my jacket so suddenly that I fell backward. I looked up and there was one of the monsters waving something small and blue at me from above. He reached down and pulled me up by my backpack. As it happens, I had dropped my passport during my leap to freedom and Burton Boy had picked it up and chased me through the plane to return it. He said, "Here. This is yours." He then fought his way against the wave of exiting and angry passengers to get his bag.

Burton Boy could have left my passport on the floor, but he didn't. He took the time to retrieve it – and find me – and I will be forever grateful. Without his help, I would have stood in the customs line for an hour. I would have panicked in front of the agent. I would have turned over my knapsack. I would have held up the line and in the end, I would have come up with nothing. Eventually, I would have been escorted to a control area and put on a plane back to Canada. Instead, I was saved by a monster.

And then I wondered, albeit only for 30 seconds, if I should be less judgmental. ☹

Got your own Crank? Hate ours?
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