

**We're only one day apart in age,  
but our generational differences killed our relationship**

I know what you're going to say about why we should stay together. We have a lot of very specific tastes in common. Not many people enjoy long walks, scrambled eggs, and watching sports on television. But, after three years, generational differences have torn us apart. Yes, you were born on December 31, 1981, and I on January 1, 1982, and for a long time I didn't think that those hours separating us in age were a big deal. Now I know that you're Gen X, I'm a millennial, and the generation gap between us is too vast for me to be able to spend the rest of my life with you.

If you were one day younger, you would have joined my campaign to shut down the last Internet café in our neighborhood so that our neighbors could open a speakeasy bar featuring drinks made with egg whites from the eggs of the heritage-breed chickens they keep on their roof. Instead, you insist on spending two hours at the Internet café every Saturday, paying by the hour to visit Netscape Navigator pages. My peers would never talk to the guy behind the Internet-café counter, like you do, but sadly you don't understand that speaking to other people I.R.L. is gross and almost never necessary, thanks to texting and apps.

I'm sick of coming home to find you rocking out to Nirvana, and of feeling jealous that your advanced age allows you to understand its music in a way I never will. Unlike you, I'm too young to remember Kurt Cobain, and am amazed that the extra day you have on me made you so sad about his death that you needed to watch a week of Kurt Loder declaring the end of grunge on MTV while poor child-me was hanging from the monkey bars at the playground in ignorance.

If you were my age, you'd know that "Nightcrawler" is the best film ever made. You'd compliment my man bun for looking great, like Jake Gyllenhaal's does in that movie, instead of calling me a wannabe ballet dancer. And instead of calling me insane, you would have nodded with understanding when I openly fantasized about murdering an intern, like Gyllenhaal's character does, so that I could earn another three cents an hour writing code. But, thanks to that university policy that gave tenure only to people born before 1982, you can teach one class a semester, which doesn't meet very often; repeatedly lecture me about the dangers of selling out; and make fun of my deep attachment to "Nightcrawler" after insisting that we watch "Reality Bites" instead, so I can "learn about the joy of slacking."

Anyway, I met a lovely woman who really gets me, because she was born in 1982. She knows the hottest memes, her eyebrows are always on fleek, and she's sophisticated enough to call all nine hundred of her Instagram followers "fam," because we understand that real family is all the people you spend all day long with on social media, unlike weirdos like you who think holidays are a great time to "shut off the Wi-Fi and bond." So have fun kicking your Hacky Sacks around our living room while I go off to be with my new bae.

By Kashana Cauley, *The New Yorker*, September 8, 2016