

BY

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JUST CHILL

PRESENTING:
Generation Y.

Dear BFF:

How's my life been lately? Lemme tell you. Like I said to the boss this week, "Yeah, Beasley, I'll get right on that."

But I really thought, WTF? Hadn't I already made it crystal clear to him that I intensely dislike filing? What do you do with your boss when he doesn't catch on? Spell it out for him?

I mean, they did a great job in selling me on the job, telling me about how flexible and personal the place was, and inviting my mom to meet Beasley and see where I'd work.

The gym was a bonus, too. But now that I'm here, they want me to work all the time. So much for flexibility.

They want me to work the same hours as these old people. Don't they understand that I'm fast like Superman, and much more tech-savvy? I don't need to put in the same hours as the stegosaurus.

I mean, they get here before 8 most mornings—don't they hit traffic? (or sleep?) I get these cold stares every morning when I pop in at 8:15. It's the same thing when I take my full hour (or so) out for lunch. The rest of them walk around for three minutes and then eat at their desks.

R they on crack? No thanks, not for me. Get a life, u know?

Beasley comes looking for me all the time and seems really annoyed when I'm not at my desk. Can't he learn to use e-mails or IMs like the rest of us? I mean, really. Look how much more efficient this is than you and I talking on the phone—lol!!

The girl who was here before me told me it would be no problem to sneak out for a cigarette once in awhile, as long as I kept it under 10 minutes each trip. Beasley doesn't even know I smoke! I guess that's why he wonders where I am all the time.

But here's the thing—I only took 15 minutes for lunch Tuesday. Nobody notices *that*, do they? So how can they rag on me about coming in late, taking a lot of breaks and leaving on time? Why is it called quitting time if it's not time to quit? How many times do I have to give up my lunch before they back off about all my personal time? Really!

And Sally and Bob get really uptight when I can't find things they've given me to file. My mother says the same thing when I look in the fridge and tell her something's not there. She finds it in a sec—hahaha.

Maybe I should write them a manual about workplace behaviour for our generation. Here's what I'd say:

> We can do lots of things at once. Don't freak. And don't be afraid to

throw lots at us. It'll get done ... it always does (at least that's how it worked in university).

- > We ALL have Attention Deficit Disorder, so we NEED to multi-task.
- > We may be needy and act all entitled, but we're not slackers.
- > We need to be challenged and we aren't just waiting around for the big office with the big window.
- > We need a life. You guys have polluted the world so badly we don't know if it will be around for us. We need more than work if our time is going to be short.
- > And ya know, this may not be our end-of-the-road, completely fulfilling job. I still want to remember there's a big world out there, and need to get inspiration to do well.
- > We need to feel special. Our parents put their lives aside for ours, and we're used to that. Give us a few strokes! Positive reinforcement is not brain surgery.
- > Treat me great, pay me well and I'll stick around. Anything less, I can quit and move back into my parents' basement while I "find myself." Not only is the welcome mat out, they didn't want me to leave home in the first place. lol.

Just throwing this out there, but I actually think they expect us to work like them. Um, not gonna happen.

Love and Friends Forever,

TTYL, S. ^{AE}

PLATT