

# How to Tell Your Child No Jobs Will Exist When They Grow Up

Your child wants to be a pilot, barber, or carpenter — “This is an awful start, Timmy. Cold, lifeless machines will do all of these jobs by 2030. Also, please stop picking occupations that were rejected as too generic for the Village People.”



Your child wants to be an NFL quarterback — “Now that’s the spirit! Unfortunately, increased awareness of the dangers of football means there won’t be an NFL by the time you grow up. Have you thought about UFC cage fighting? No one cares what happens to those guys.”



Your child wants to be a mail carrier — “Jesus, Timmy ever hear of something called the internet? Mailmen barely exist right now, never mind in the future. The last time I saw ours he was bringing one of those old Netflix mailing envelopes to that shut-in down the block who killed himself last winter.”



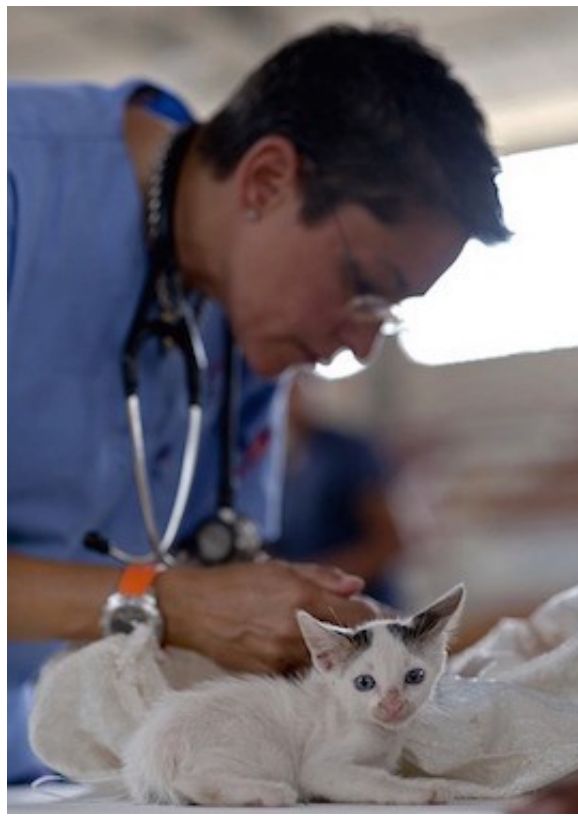
Your child wants to be a musician — “Fantastic! The music industry is on pace to grow 1000% by the year 2035. Oh, wait a second, I’m holding this graph upside down...[crumples graph and throws it on the ground] NO CHILD OF MINE WILL PLAY MUSIC BECAUSE THE FUTURE IS SILENT!”



Your child wants to be a teacher — “Not likely. By 2040 all newborns will be packaged and shipped to our multi-national labor colony on Uranus due to overpopulation (and because somebody’s got to build the goddamned radiation shields).”



Your child wants to be a cook — “Another victim to automation. Also, people in the future are too busy grimacing to taste their food.”



Your child wants to be a veterinarian — “90% of veterinarians will be out of work by 2045. It’s a long story, but, in a nutshell: unregulated DNA tampering will create a breed of highly intelligent, power-hungry puppies with whom we’ll wind up having a series of escalating conflicts culminating in a bloody species war. No, don’t worry sweetie — Rex will be long dead by then.”



Your child wants to be a writer — “Your mother and I don’t love you any more.”



Your child wants to be a farmer — “Farming will be pretty much fucked by 2050 thanks to our rancid environment, rampant chemical warfare, and because we honestly just forgot to water that shit for a while. Hey now, don’t cry! There will jobs *just like* farming, you know? Like, uh, Brand Engagement Manager!”



Your child wants to be a train conductor — “Choo choo! Now pulling into Reality Station! Get a grip, Timmy. Santa isn’t real, multiple puppies working in tandem are physically capable of operating an AK-47, and train conductor is a made-up bullshit job.”



Your child wants to be a police officer — “Phew, great choice. Your training in riot control and urban warfare will help make our violent, chaotic world at least marginally livable. Here, start by taking this loaded gun and waving it around in the front yard.”