

old macdonald

“Quiet, quiet piggy.”

This president has said and done so many vile, reprehensible things that I am trying to figure out why this particular one bothers me so much.

I have a theory.

This is a picture of me in high school. Cute right? I had Farrah Fawcett hair and a collarbone.

There was a boy who had the locker next to mine, and he called me a “cow” or “pig” on a regular basis. I wasn’t tiny, like my Debbie Gibson-sized classmates. I was tall for a girl and “big boned,” which probably isn’t really a thing. Nevertheless, I was fair game for cruel teenage boys who would make mooing sounds at me. I was constantly having my ass grabbed, too, because fat girls are easy and like the attention. These entitled pricks felt like they could do or say anything to me.

To this day, I remember how awful it was. How degrading and soul-crushing. I didn’t know yet that their opinion of me didn’t mean jack shit.

Cruel boys grow up to be cruel men.

And apparently, they can grow up to be president, too.

B-I-N-G-O!

