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Marleen S. Barr

CUNY Borough of Manhattan Community College

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An orange president. Green-skinned, sophisticated women NOT from Earth. Anti-gravitational umbrellas. It's all here.

My Unfair Trumpie Closely Encounters 'Julie Andrews'

By Marleen S. Barr



Trump lay in bed, responding to the midterm election results by stuffing himself with multitudinous cheeseburgers. He dozed off with the thought that if he spoke in a tad more gentlemanly manner he might not have been hit by a blue wave. When his eyes opened, he found himself seated in an early twentieth-century

sumptuous drawing room, replete with a gramophone and antique recording equipment. A twelve-foot-tall, green-skinned, middle-aged woman wearing a long skirt and a high-collared blouse stared at him.

“Who the hell are ya?” Trump asked. “My son Eric says that I am not racist because I only see green. But that means money, not skin. I never thought we’d be talkin’ real green skin. Someone as huge as you must be from a shit-hole country with giant tribes-people. I’ll have ICE deport ya. If ya have green-skinned kids, they’re goin’ into cages.”

“My name is Professor Henrietta Hussein Higgins. Try to say ‘you’ instead of ‘ya’ and avoid dropping your g’s. ‘Shit-hole’ is to be avoided at all costs.”

“Nah. Hussein? You’re not born in America, either. Now I gotta start a whole new Birther thing?”

“I was not born in America. I am a linguist who heads the American Studies Department at Ovum University, the most prestigious school on the feminist separatist planet Menopause. You are presently situated in an Earth culture simulacrum. Because your locutions are so outside the boundaries of gentlemanly human speech, my graduate students have brought you to our department to teach you to speak like a normal American president. But first, we must get rid of that atrocious orange hair dye and tanning gel.”

Five twelve-foot-tall, green-skinned graduate students dressed in maid costumes grabbed Trump and dragged him, kicking and screaming, to an upstairs bathroom. They tore off his oversized suit and threw his naked body into the bathtub.

“Big ass, small other male Earthling thing,” said a graduate student as Trump’s screams resonated throughout the Earth house simulacrum.

The students washed the orange dye right out of Trump’s hair and skin, before sending him on his way back to the drawing room clad in chino pants and a tight-fitting jacket.

“What the hell did ya do to me in the watah?” Trump bellowed at Professor Higgins.

“Repeat after me: ‘Water.’ ‘What transpired in the water?’”

“Watah.”

Professor Higgins placed two marbles in Trump’s mouth. “Try again.

‘Water.’”

“Watah. Watah. Watah.”

“You will remain on Menopause until you learn to speak like a president. You will get very little to eat. That means no chocolate — and more importantly to you, no cheeseburgers. Menopausians are vegetarians. Now let’s begin at the very beginning, a very good place to start. What do you say when you meet a woman?”

“Nothin’. I just grab her by the pussy.”

“Since I am not a native speaker of Earth-language American English, I don’t understand ‘pussy.’ This word is beyond the purview of a feminist separatist planet denizen. I will ask the students to research it. Let’s try something else. What do you say to hurricane victims?”

“Also nothin’. I throw paper towels at ‘em.”

“That should be ‘at them.’”

“I said somethin’ when I went ta Houston. I asked, ‘Whose boat is this boat?’”

“That’s a correct sentence. Good. Try saying this: ‘In Hartford, Hereford and Hampshire, hurricanes hardly happen.’”

“I know really good words. But these aren’t ‘em. Hartford has insurance companies. My base doesn’t live in Hereford or Hampshire.”

“Should we try, ‘The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain?’”

“Nope. I just dealt with the rain in France by plainly not going to a ceremony in a cemetery ta honour World War One soldiers. I stayed in instead, to avoid getting my hair wet. Can I have a cheeseburger?”

“Not until you tell me what you should say when you meet a woman.”

Driven by hunger, Trump tried to cooperate. “I say ‘How kind of you to let me come.’”

Unable to surmount the language barrier to comprehend Trump’s sexist nuance, Professor Higgins was thrilled. “By George, you’ve got it. I think you’ve got it,” she proclaimed.

“Yeah. Thanks. That’s exactly what I said to Stormy Daniels when I zipped up.”

“‘Stormy?’” Does that word relate to ‘hurricane?’”

“Sorta.”

“Here, cute little Trumpie Earthling. Ingest a cheeseburger.”

“I wanna go back to Earth now. Pronto. Move ya huge, green, bloomin’ ass.”

“My sense of accomplishment was premature. This research venture is a failure. Return the cheeseburger. You don’t deserve it. The graduate students will send you back to Earth.”

Trump rose from his White House bed, reapplied his hair-dye and bronzer, dressed in a huge suit jacket, and walked to the Oval Office.

“There’s an elegant British woman here to see you,” said a butler.

“What’s her name?”

“Julie Andrews.”

“Bring her the hell in here.”

“Yes sir.”

“Words words words. I am so sick of Trump words. I hear Trump words all day through,” sang Andrews.

Trump had in fact learned something during his time on Menopause with Professor Higgins. He did not grab Julie Andrews’ pussy.

Andrews was carrying a large, black bag and an umbrella. She sang something about a spoon full of sugar helping the medicine go down in a most delightful way, before retrieving sugar and a spoon from her bag. She poured the sugar on the spoon and held it out to Trump, who gobbled it down. He was, after all, hungry, because he never did eat the Menopausian cheeseburger.

Andrews opened her umbrella and took Trump’s hand. The two floated up, up, and away, right out of the Oval Office window.

This Julie Andrews was actually one of Professor Higgins’ Menopausian graduate students in disguise. Her American culture studies led her to like *Mary Poppins* better than *My Fair Lady*. She got rid of Trump without even asking him to say ‘Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.’”
