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“When You’re A Star, They Let You Do It” To Trump: Or, President Vagina T. Fireball’s Executive Order

By Marleen S. Barr

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Ms. [E. Jean] Carroll was laughing at first as she described an encounter she said she had just had in a Bergdorf’s dressing room with Donald J. Trump that began as cheeky banter. But what she was saying didn’t strike Ms. [Lisa] Birnbach as funny. ‘I remember her being very overwrought,’ Ms. Birnbach said in an interview. ‘I remember her repeatedly saying, ‘He pulled down my tights, he pulled down my tights.’’ When Ms. Carroll finished her

account, Ms. Birnbach said, ‘I think he raped you.’ . . . Her [Carroll’s] home, which she shares with a cat named Vagina T. Fireball, is a small cottage painted with black and white stripes, with polka dots on the chimney. —Jessica Bennett, Megan Twohey, and Alexander Alter, “Why E. Jean Carroll, ‘the Anti-Victim,’ Spoke Up About Trump, *New York Times*, June 27, 2019, <https://www.nytimes.com/2019/06/27/us/politics/jean-carroll-trump-sexual-assault.html>

“The Late Show” host Stephen Colbert was interrupted by a mid-monologue standing ovation after telling President Trump to ‘go to hell.’ . . . ‘If someone is leaving this country it should be you,’ Colbert said. ‘And if you’re looking for a new home, might I suggest you go to hell?’—Brian Niemietz, “Stephen Colbert gets mid-monologue standing ovation for telling Trump ‘go to hell’ over racist tweet,” *New York Daily News*, July 16, <https://www.nydailynews.com/entertainment/ny-stephen-colbert-go-to-hell-trump-20190716-v22ahibqxbgzzpphkq46o6bluy-story.html>

Alpha Centaura was excited about her vacation. She, after all, was a star, a huge star. Incessantly burning and sending out solar flares was a hard job, though. Sure, someone had to do it. But she needed a break. After arranging to have her twin star cover for her, Alpha jumped into her star mobile and headed down the intergalactic highway to the solar system which included Earth. Word had it among stars that Earth was an interesting planet replete with sentient albeit primitive inhabitants. Alpha was on her way to visit Earth’s star, Sol.

While listening to National Public Radio to familiarize herself with Earthlings (especially Americans), Alpha was intrigued by incessant repetitions of a Queens-accented voice saying the following words: “And when you’re a star, they let you do anything. You can do anything. Grab ‘em by the pussy.” She parked her vehicle on Sol, greeted her friend, and asked what these words meant. “The drive was uneventful. I heard an American radio broadcast about stars and pussies. Earthlings are not stars. They are not as hot as we are. Why does an Earthling think that he is a star who wants to handle cats?” Alpha inquired.

“Oy gevalt, this is such a long story. ‘Star’ means celebrity. ‘Pussy’ means female sexual organ,” Sol the Jewish star explained.

“The Earthling is bragging about sexual assault. He needs to be taught a lesson. Do you know who he is?”

“Oy, do I know who he is? He is all the Earthlings talk about. I mean we’re talking here that they talk about him 24/7. It would be impossible for me to listen to Earth media without hearing about American president Donald Trump. You can’t miss him. He has the most obnoxious mouth on Earth and he is almost as orange as we are.”

“Holding Trump accountable is a job for Alpha Centaura, feminist super star.”

“Catch a light ray, shine on down to New York City, and land near where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park South. You’ll find Trump there,” Sol instructed.

Alpha materialized right smack in front of the Bergdorf Goodman department store in the form of a six-foot-tall fifty-two-year-old woman. As she was entering the store’s revolving door, Trump was exiting. Drawn to Alpha’s aura, he engaged her in conversation. “You have orange skin just like me. We belong to the same racial group,” Trump stated.

“Nice to meet you, Donald. Call me Alpha.”

“Since you are not actually usurping my alpha male position, sure. Do me a favor. Help me find a present for a woman.”

“What about one of these nice hats or handbags?”

“Nah. I had lingerie in mind.”

When they arrived in the sixth-floor lingerie department, Alpha picked up a bra and held it against Trump’s chest. “It’s your size. Try it on. Follow me into the changing room.”

Trump slammed the changing room door, pushed himself against Alpha, pulled down her tights, and raped her. His micropenis suddenly became excruciatingly hot. As he withdrew it, Alpha punched him in the face.

“You’re really not my type,” snarled Trump. “You’re not hot—even though you’re too hot to be true.”

“You raped me.”

“Yeah. So? I’m a star. I can do anything.”

“I beg to differ. You are a human. I am a star. I can do anything to you,” said Alpha as she turned into a raped vagina-induced Trump fireball which did not incinerate—or even singe—Bergdorf Goodman. “I am here to punish you for assaulting women. You will spend the rest of your days being raped while burning in hell.”

Alpha transported Trump up to Sol via sunbeam. She placed him inside a climate-controlled room which was uncomfortably hot—think New York City subway platforms in a midsummer—but not hot enough to harm him. She strapped him down to a metal table. He received food and water through a metal dildo which was thrust inside his prolapsed anus three times daily. (Star science made it possible for his colon to absorb the nutrients.) Sol placed glasses over Trump’s eyes which incessantly projected pictures of the women he assaulted. For good measure, the stars filled the room with robot cats which Trump could grab.

“Mission accomplished, Sol. I’ll be heading home now,” said Alpha. Once again cruising along the intergalactic highway, she tuned into a broadcast by America’s first woman president, Vagina T. Fireball. As her first order of business, President Fireball issued an executive order which mandated that all men holding public office who had abused women would be imprisoned and medically castrated. She then proclaimed that the White House would be renovated. Failing to adhere to Jackie Kennedy’s White House makeover style, the renovators painted the mansion with black and white stripes and polka dots. To celebrate the executive mansion’s new look, President Fireball invited the cast of *Cats* to perform at the White House.

President Fireball was a star.

She appeared to be a pussy.



Marleen S. Barr is known for her pioneering work in feminist science fiction and teaches English at the City University of New York. She has won the Science Fiction Research Association Pilgrim Award for lifetime achievement in science fiction criticism. Barr is the author of *Alien to Femininity: Speculative Fiction and Feminist Theory*, *Lost in Space: Probing Feminist Science Fiction and Beyond*, *Feminist Fabulation: Space/Postmodern Fiction*, and *Genre Fission: A New Discourse Practice for Cultural Studies*. Barr has edited many anthologies and co-edited the science fiction issue of *PMLA*. She has published the novels *Oy Pioneer!* and *Oy Feminist Planets: A Fake Memoir*. Her *When Trump Changed: The Feminist Science Fiction Justice League*

Quashes the Orange Outrage Pussy Grabber is the first single-authored Trump short story collection.

