

Dear Diary

Dear Diary: Somebody pinch me! I must be dreaming! Today I met the man of my dreams! His name is Mike and he seems to be a wonderful, sweet man. Witty, charming, sensitive. And I can tell by the way he looks at me that he's just as enamored of me as I am of him. Love at first site?

Dear Diary: My friends are raining on my parade. When I first told Qtonty and D'Chambre about Mike, they were very happy for me. But when I mentioned that Mike is a physics major, their moods soured real quick-like. They said that you can't trust smart people like Mike because they only care about their own lives and careers and aren't down for the Struggle for Social Justice. It hurts when your friends don't support you.

Dear Diary: Today was pick your gender day in my Systems of Oppression class. I don't know, it was all very confusing. There are dozens of genders to choose from and I just couldn't make up my mind. Professor Hicks noticed my angst and set up a meeting for me tomorrow with a Genderqueer Counselor.

Dear Diary: Met with the Genderqueer Counselor today. Zie was very kind and gentle. Zie patiently went over several of the available genders and explained how each one fit into the Struggle to End Fascism by way of gender messaging. Zie added that even if I chose a masculine type of gender, I would still qualify as an egg-producing birthing person. In other words, I would be a man who could get pregnant, which zie seemed to think was somehow vitally important. I don't know. It was all very confusing. At one point I just jumped up and said, "Can't I just be gender neutral, like any other normal person?" The counselor then gave me a look that I felt was oozing with pity and disappointment. I was ashamed. Then zie sighed and said, "It's okay. Being genderqueer means being inclusive and diverse. If being gender neutral is what you really want, then I'll approve it. If you ever change your mind though, my door is always open." Yay!!! Can't wait to tell Mike about my decision.

Dear Diary: Just came back from having dinner with Mike. I was so excited to tell Mike about my genderqueer decision to go gender neutral. I thought that would please him. After all, I made the decision with both of us in mind. However, he just slunk back into his chair and seemed to spend the rest of the evening swimming in his own thoughts. Did I do something wrong? Doesn't love mean accepting someone no matter what their gender is, or isn't?

Dear Diary: Another bad day. Met up with Qtonty and D'Chambre and told them that I had decided to go gender neutral, at least for the time-being. Well, they wasted no time in raking me over the coals. They called me a coward and a race traitor. I started to cry. No matter. They continued to harangue me by suggesting that that Mike guy was a bad influence on me, which is just plain silly. It wasn't until they called me an ultra-mega-

Maga Trump supporter that I finally exploded. I screamed some bad words at them. I may be confused about my gender, but I'm certainly no Trump supporter.

Dear Diary: It's another day and I've had a chance to calm down after my dust-up with Qtonty and D'Chambre yesterday. I suddenly realized how embarrassed I was about my immature outburst. So, I went to visit my Conflict Resolution Adviser to seek guidance. I explained what happened to zem, and zey advised me to apologize immediately because I had no right to lash out at people who were only trying to help me. Hmm...

Dear Diary: After thinking it over some more, I apologized to Qtonty and D'Chambre today. They accepted my apology with grace, but went on to warn me about thinking wrong thoughts. I'm glad that they're still my friends, but truth be told, I'm still angry at them a little for calling me a Trump supporter. In fact, I'm glad that I stood up to them for violating my personal boundaries, an act which I consider to be unforgivable. I didn't report them to the Bullying Police or anything, but I am still upset and this episode has left a bitter taste in my mouth. I'm not sure what to do. Life can be hard sometimes.

Oh! And Mike! I had forgotten all about him! Make a mental note to myself to ask him what he thinks of all this the next time I see him.

Dear Diary: ARRGGGHHHH!!!! Dear diary, you'll never guess what happened. I went to see Mike to tell him about my friends calling me an ultra-mega-Maga Trump supporter and how that bothered me to no end. Instead of comforting me with waves of understanding and compassion and hugs, he said that he was actually a Trump supporter himself. He even went into the other room and came back wearing a MAGA hat! I almost fainted. The man I had fallen in love with was a Trumpist! An Alt-Right, QAnon, Proud Boys, Oath Keepers, fascist, racist, white supremacist, radical extremist domestic terrorist, threat to our democracy dictator who's worse than Hitler! I ran out of the apartment sobbing like a baby. It was raining. Great. The perfect metaphor for the disaster my life had become.

Dear Diary: Well, today was a little better day. I officially broke up with Mike. He said he still loved me, but agreed that our political differences would make our lives together impossible. Of course, Qtonty and D'Chambre gave me the "I told you so" routine. They even pointed me to a Washington Post article explaining why you should never go out on a date with anyone until you know what their political leanings are. Now they tell me! How could I have been so blind? Blinded by love, I guess. Oh well, sadder but wiser. Still, it's a shame that politics has to interfere with who you can and can't love.

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01/04/2024