

Dear Mr. President,

How could I turn down the chance to work at the White House? This was never something I thought I would be doing but when opportunity knocks you have to open the door. Maybe I had too much glitter in my eyes. I thought maybe you weren't so bad. Maybe the news made everything look worse then it really was. Maybe all the things you'd said about women really was just locker room talk. I guess I wanted to believe because I would never have another chance to have a White House position on my resume.

But I was wrong and the news was right. It's not fake news Mr. President. Maybe I should have listened to it closer. I'm just glad that I don't really have to see you very much because you give me the creeps. The way you look at me is disgusting. It's such a joke to hear all the claims that you are an ally to women's rights. I really think that if it were legal you would have a hundred female slaves with no other job than to pleasure. And to think that Ivanka bullies any of us women who complain about feeling sexually harassed by the way you treat us is almost enough to make me cry. I remember the debate where Hillary Clinton complimented you because of your children. I think the way people raise their children says a lot about them.

Just leave me alone. Let me do my job and stop being such a pervert.

Sincerely,

A member of your staff