

Christine Stoddard  
Meatball Monologue for Dr. Spring Cooper  
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Everyday he would film himself jacking off on the toilet. The bathroom was dingy, caked with dirt that brought texture to every surface. I could smell the mildew from Snapchat. Because that it is where he sent me videos of himself masturbating every morning. I had dumped him and this was his revenge. He had the ugliest face when he came; why hadn't I noticed that when we were together? Love had flipped to hate, the other side of the coin I never wanted to toss. Finally, I blocked him. Two weeks in, it was the only logical solution. I had to be logical. I didn't matter what we once shared. He didn't respect it. No, he spewed semen all over it.

I thought it was over, that I could move on and find someone else to break my heart. My days as the stalked rabbit in the brush had only begun. He started posting my nudes online. Then came the videos I had recorded just for him, sometimes alone and sometimes us together. My face appeared in most of them. My voice appeared in some of them. He emailed the nudes to my colleagues at the university. I had just started a tenure-track position. He posted on Tumblr, sure to associate me with my school in any way possible. On more than one occasion, he posted a nude alongside my CV. Every morning, I woke up with my heart pounding, sure the fox was about to pounce. Straight for the jugular.

At first, I seemed to be the only person who noticed. Nobody sent me concerned messages or asked if I had seen. That lasted all of five days. The longest five days. Imagine hiding in the brush for five days. Then it seemed that everyone had seen my tits or me giving head. I avoided eye contact in hallways on campus. I couldn't even look at my students anymore. It didn't matter how many times I told myself that I had no reason to apologize, that it wasn't my fault. The fox had pieced my neck. Slowly, I would bleed out for the next year.