

I was in middle school when the song "My Humps" came out. On bus rides to away games, my whole soccer team would be singing it. Thirty twelve-year-old girls, chanting,

"My humps, my humps my humps my humps! My lovely lady lumps! Check it out!"

On one such afternoon busride to a rival school, my friend Elizabeth was sitting in the seat in front of me, incessantly whining the chorus, and I snapped.

"That song is about *sex!*" I shouted to be heard over the roar of the crowded bus. A few other girls looked over. "Do *you* want to have sex?" I accused Elizabeth. She stared at me, her open mouth stunned into silence.

*I showed her*, I thought. Now that she knew the song was about something sexual, she would be mortified and stop singing it. No girl actually wanted to have sex in real life—everybody knew that.