

Earth's the Right Place for Love

by Andrew Stancek

Mirko has not been sleeping and sees danger behind every post. As he is opening the front door of the apartment building he senses someone behind him. He turns around as she says, "Hi there," in an exaggerated sultry voice. Mirko can feel the handcuffs tightening around his wrists, the slap of the policeman arresting him, hear his mother's wail in the courtroom as he is sentenced.

"Long time no see," he forces his voice not to shake. "Dad isn't home yet, said he'd be late tonight."

"It's you I want to talk to," she says. "Invite me in?" She follows him. He puts the loaf of bread on the counter, the salami in the fridge. When he turns around she has her top off and is climbing out of her skirt. "I don't like old men that much," she says. "We don't have to talk. No one will know."

She is thin and her breasts sway as she walks to his father's bed. Mirko's mouth is dry but he follows, unbuckling his belt. He is on the bed next to her, finally naked when they hear the key in the lock. Mirko freezes but she laughs, puts her arms behind her head.

