

Hooker

by Ann Bogle

I returned to Minnesota from Montreal a week ago to realize that my sweetheart in Manhattan had hired a Ukrainian escort, a young woman he said on second reference was Russian. No name, he said, she didn't have one. She did have two small white dogs. She returned to his apartment again and again, carrying the dogs. Once, she flooded the bathroom. He said shit swirled in one of the closets.

As if my shit had ever swirled in a closet, as if that were *my* role.

"I need to visit," I said straightly. "What about the Russian mob?"

