

Happy Birthday... Mr. President

by Jake DeVries

Her dress swirled around her as she stepped into the ballroom, looking every bit as sultry as her recent Playboy cover, her soft glance lands upon Timothy Dorton, the Presidents assistant. "Oh Timothy darling, do come here!" Timothy prances over like a puppy in heat, "Y-y-yes Ms-ms-ms Marilyn?" He curses himself for stuttering in her presence like some high school nerd. "What can I do for you ma-am?" He tries again composing himself. "Timothy, darling, where is the man of the hour?!" Marilyn looks over his shoulder and around the room searching for her favorite president. "He should be her shortly ma-am." "Thank you Timothy, please have him meet me in the Grand Foyer" "Y-Y-Yes M-M-Ma-am"

"Excuse me Ambassador, I really must find someone, I love the idea about the cat toys for the Cubans though. It really would put Fidel off! To send him all of people, catnip! Fantastic!" The President laughs quietly as he shakes the man's hand and excuses himself. "Timothy!" the President yells through the crowd. The young man runs up visibly shaken. "Yes sir?" Timothy stammers out of breath. "Timothy where is my wife and the children?" "In their chambers, sir" Timothy replied. "And Marilyn?" The president asked under his breath "In the Grand Foyer, sir" "Excellent. Well done lad."

"Oh Mr. President!" Marilyn said coyly. "How do you do sir?" "Very fine thank you ma'am" the President replied. "Shall we take a walk through the garden?" "I was just thinkin the same!"

"Your wife surely does grow some beautiful roses" "Thank you, though I am not sure she would interpret the compliment correctly, coming from you." The president replied with a smirk. "So you

haven't told her then?" "Marilyn, what do you want me to do! I am the president of the free world! I have Fidel threatening nukes, Russia's on ice, the kids are all over the papers. I can not do that to them, or to this country!" The President's blood began to boil. When did this turn into something serious, he wondered in frustration. "But darlin I thought things was going so well!" Marilyn bent over suggestively to snatch up a rose, sticking it in her hair and giving him the most seductive of looks. "Please do not misunderstand me Marilyn. I love what we have going here but this has got to stop! What if we get caught? Do you know what that would do to me!" "Do you know what it would do for me?" She laughed gleefully thinking of the publicity. "What do you want for your birthday?" She grinned at him, her face glowing softly in the moonlight. "Nothing. I do not need anything." "I think I'm gonna sing you a song." "Please don't."

