

Call Name Mary Magdalene

by Matt DeVirgiliis

The bell rings, so the girls and I run to the front of the compound and line up. We're dressed to impress and barely dressed. Tall, dark, and handsome (short, dark, and pudgy, but we make him feel otherwise) eyes us up and down.

He picks me, of course, and we stroll down the hallway toward my office - complete with spinning bed and power tools. My call name is Mary Magdalene, I say, because who wouldn't want to sleep with a saint. Plus, Jesus could ring that bell any day.

His hands fumble over my curves like he's petting his golden retriever. He wears inexperience on his face like I wear my mascara.

We make it to my door and I key it open. He's not so bad. Not tall, dark, and handsome. Certainly not Jesus. But maybe he's mister right, the one who'll take me away from this.

I close the door behind us to find out.

