

Hotel Khadijah

by Sally Reno

A prostitute of the Hotel Khadijah in Rahab fell in love with my father. Our identity papers were no good there and we couldn't get out, so we had food to eat and a place to sleep then only because of her. I was twice her age so, for the sake of propriety, we said I was Daddy's wife. I would sit in the corridor, in a burqua, in a chair outside the room while they fucked.

