The Miracle Worker

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It wasn’t the Almighty that lifted her nighty.

Old Folk Saying

THEN I came back down the line to today, wishing all the time that I could go back—but that would be a little inconvenient. It was a great run, a hell of a lot better than that burning bush trip two years ago. I know it’s a popular period, there being so much for us to do around then and all, but this trip was unique.

You all know that I wouldn’t deliberately take this great run up the line away from any of you, but orders came from higher-up, and so I just had to go. I was in a bad fix, too, because I hadn’t had a course in Aramaic for about three years, since I did that stone rolling bit back when I was an assistant to the director. But somehow they got the language into me, and they got me costumed and properly fitted out for the job. I’d only be back there for an hour and a half or so, so it didn’t matter if everything wasn’t quite perfect. So I strapped on my timer and went up the line. No problems at all, just a smooth trip. Didn’t run into myself on the way there or anything. God, it’s a shame we can only do each of these runs once, because I’d really like you all to have her . . . I’d like to have her again myself, for that matter. I almost told her I’d be back, but you know what
would happen to me if I did. I'd be out of the Service for good. Well, up the line I went.

Perfect landing, right on the corner of the market. Fortunately, it wasn't market day, so there weren't too many people around to see me. They might have thought *something* was a bit strange when they saw that crazy costume of mine (it's over in Tech Research now, if you want to look at it). Even with their strange clothes, this tongues of flame getup wasn't too common, and it might be noticed. They gave me the address down here, so it wasn't too hard to find. Third house on the left, second street west of the market; it was a big adobe building. The family must really have been a rich one, so I couldn't see why she had to be betrothed to that idiot carpenter. I took a look at his shop while I was there—after dark, of course—and it was a miserable little thing, hardly big enough to hold one person, much less a family of seven. Maybe he expanded later, though—one of you who hits the area a little later on can tell me; I'd like to know.

But anyway, back to my story. I found out that her room was on the second floor with a window overlooking the street. I thought of the old balcony scene gambit, but there wasn't a balcony to whisper tender verses at, much less a young girl out on that balcony. Why couldn't those sixteenth century writers ever learn to be realistic? I've never seen an appropriate setting for that damn play. Thank God it's not performed anymore. It being just about time for me to get into her, I decided I'd better get right under the window before I used my spacer. In the first place, I'd be in the shadow of the building so nobody could see me from the street and start unpleasant rumors about some stranger screwing the preacher's daughter, and in the second place, she wouldn't see me wandering around outside and think I was climbing the wall like any common portnoy. I wanted to just float in there, about a foot off the floor. The technical aspects of these miracles can be really sickening sometimes. To get it just perfect, I was getting into the
Shadow of the building real nicely, almost up against the wall, where I could just levitate up to her, and do you know what happened to me? They weren't so clean back then as we are nowadays, and you know what they did with all their sewage? You've got it: I stepped in a pile of shit. I guess it didn't matter too much, because they always said there was supposed to be an odor around miracles, but I had always thought it was a nice one. She should be used to it, though. They didn't do too much washing back then, and the shitpile was right outside the house anyway, so the odor could come in any time. I only hoped I wouldn't make it too much stronger. And nowhere to take a bath, either. It wouldn't be long now, though. Only ten or fifteen minutes, and I'd be back down the line in no time, doing whatever I wanted, which was first a bath. What the hell was I worrying about, though? I didn't need my feet to fuck.

Anyway, I floated in the window and looked around the room. There she was, lying in the bed, covers drawn up to her neck, but she still looked coy as hell. Almost like she was expecting someone. Maybe there was something else going on that Joseph didn't know about. Was this Holy Spirit business just a convenient excuse? Well, I'd see soon enough. She didn't look at all surprised to see someone in the room, but that was before she looked at the crazy getup. Then she did just what I expected her to do—just what every surprised lover does— I did wish she wouldn't have been so trite. Trite, but appealing. That was Mary. She gasped, pointed her right index finger at me, put her left hand over her mouth, and let the bedclothes slip off her body. I didn't get much of a chance to see it just then, because Mary was in a dilemma. Her pointing hand went to her cunt and her mouth hiding hand went over her tits. But then she couldn't give the right signals, so up came the cunt hand to point, and the tit hand down to her cunt. Then her tits were bare, so the pointing hand went over to them, and finally, after all this, she gave up on pointing and mouth covering and concentrated on hiding. Out of her little mouth came, “Wh-who a-a-a-a-are y-y-y-y-you?” Just what I expected.
Damnit, they're never original. But she had been fun (and funny) to watch while she was making up her mind what to do when she said it. Did you ever have one of those crazy impulses to goof everything up historically? If only you know that the Patrol wouldn't come chasing after you and drag you back down the line if you did.

What I wanted to say was something like: "Good evening, ma'am. I'm the Inspector of Public and Private Morality, attached to the extension office of the Society for the Prevention of Premarital Vice among the Virgins of Nazareth (S. f. t. P. o. P. V. a. t. V. o. N.), a branch of the Sons of the Maccabeans Revolution. I'm taking a survey of nubile (a leer) young women in this area to check on their virginity and make sure that the virile young men of the area have not been screwing (fooling, I mean) around. What we are particularly interested in is just how many virgins there are per thousand of the unmarried female population. You may be the first lucky one. After surveying 327 girls in this town, we have found that none of them are virgin. It seems that some fellow named God has been making the rounds." But of course I didn't say that. What I did say was: "I am the Holy Spirit of God the Father, and I am here to conceive in you a son as was foretold. See Isaiah Chapter 7 verse 14." And bless that woman if she didn't bat her eyes at me and pull down the covers. I was glad to get out of that tongues of flame costume and into that nice warm bed. But something still felt wrong. It's damn hard, as you should all know by now, to make love with a timer strapped around your waist. Somehow it takes the fun out of it, having that plastic thing between you and her. I got out of bed to take it off, and she batted those lovely green eyes at me again—God, I was getting a hardon and I didn't have the timer off yet. Just keep batting those eyes, baby, and I can keep it up, I thought. But before I could get back into bed, she opened her mouth again and came up with another one of those damn stupid comments. "Holy darling, I think there's something you ought to know. I'm betrothed to this guy named Joseph, and he doesn't like it if I go out with anyone else."
A silly statement deserves a sillier one right back. "But, Mary, we’re not going out together. I’m going in." In the course of a few seconds, she spread her legs, and I got to work. Precisely five seconds after I got into her, she did it again. "Holy darling (I was beginning to hate those words.), before we take this too far, I think you ought to know something. I’m two months pregnant." Now, I’ve heard of coitus interruptus before, but this was going too far, so I didn’t just stop at interruptus; I went on to withdrawus. I was so shocked that I came up with the second trite statement of the night (two points for her for forcing me into it): "You’re what?"

"Like I said, Holy darling, I’m pregnant."

I had recovered most of my wits by then. "And who is the lucky man?" It was either (a) Joseph, or (b) somebody else. If (b), I shuddered to think what was going to happen when (a) found out—especially when he heard that it wasn’t the Holy Spirit. That would need some work from one of the later period men.

Her reply was, I must admit, a bit of a surprise. "Well, I think it was either Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Judah, Perez, Hezron, Ram, Aminadab, Nashshon, Salmon, Boaz, Obed, Jesse, David, Solomon, Rehoboam, Abijah, Asa, Jehoshaphat, Joram, Azariah, Jotham, Ahaz, Hezekiah, Manasseh, Amon, Josiah, Jehoniah, Shealtiel, Zerubbabel, Abiud, Eliakim, Azor, Zadok, Achim, Eliud, Eleazar, Matthan, or Jacob. There’s two Jacobs I go with."

"What about Joseph?"

"Oh, don’t worry about him. He’s never had me."

Joseph might not have had her, but just about every other eligible man in Nazareth had. 42 possible fathers for one little brat. What did that make that woman, a nympho? No, just popular. Well, at any rate, she wasn’t normal. And to think that I wouldn’t even be one of the 43, but would still go down in History as being the Holy Spirit.

"But you can do me anyway." (Such provincial language, I thought. Why couldn’t she just say ‘fuck’ and have it over with?) "I don’t think there’s anything to worry
about yet. At two months, It (there, she did it again) won’t damage the child, will It?”

No, Mary, I thought. But it was going to take me a while to get my erection back up. “Would you bat your eyes?” She did, it did, I did, and we did. Altogether a pleasurable time. I could see why so many of the Nazarene studs were after her. She was the best lay I’ve had in five or six millenia, so, just think what she must have been to the boys stuck in their own time.

We cried together a little, and I left. As I strapped my timer on—I almost forgot it, she was so good—she said to me, “Why don’t you come back in seven or eight months, Holy darling? The kid will be here by then if I can think up a line to feed Joseph.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just give him my card. Here.” I gave her one of my genuine antiqued parchment cards identifying myself as H. Spirit of Heaven 99179. “He’ll be so proud of that that he’ll forgive you for the kid. And I might come back if I can find the time.” Then I strapped my timer on, threw her a good-bye kiss, watched her bat her eyes at me one last time, and came back down the line. I sure as hell would like to go back to her, and maybe I will if the Patrol will let me. It’d be nice.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF AGENT A1 TO THE TIME AGENCY

Conclusion

I worry, however, that there may not, in fact, be a need for us. This case may go a long way toward proving that point. Mary would have had Jesus anyway, and the story would have come out the same. I think she might even have come up with the Holy Spirit idea on her own. She was a bright girl. With this example borne in mind, we should perhaps reevaluate the entire structure of the Time Service. Maybe we aren’t needed for miracles. Maybe there is a God who takes care of all that. It would, I believe, bear closer investigation.

P.S. Could I go back and screw her again, just once . . . please????