

# THE MOON, THE SUN, AND RYAN W. BRADLEY (not quite a fortune- telling)

by David Tomaloff

*"You look like popcorn."* —**Lincoln Bradley**

Two foul dogs negotiate for security clearance & film rights to the moon. You walk by without breathing, fearing what you've heard about the terribly taunting humor of foul, negotiating dogs.

*MAYBE I'LL JUST USE THE ALLEY ENTRANCE* is what you say as one of them stops to notice you there passing. An awkward silence follows the exchange; you make your way around the closest corner you can find.

*FUCKING WRITERS*, one says to the other. *GIVE THEM A LITTLE ROOM & THEY START THINKING THEY OWN EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN.*

*NAH*, comes the other's gruff reply. *THAT'S JUST RYAN W. BRADLEY—SON OF A BITCH KNOWS BETTER.*

