

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.*

