

## **A Polite Invitation**

Hey man we should party  
I got some beers in the room  
And a little vodka in a coke bottle  
    (The stuff leftover from last weekend)  
Dude, forget about your girlfriend  
Two-month anniversary?  
Man, that really sucks  
Well  
Later

-Brad Latino

## **Saint Fiacre's Brain Farm**

St. Fiacre proudly surveyed the Fruit Grove before him. He was expecting a reporter from the *Pearly Gates Monitor-Courier* to show up in exactly two minutes. Reporters were usually late. St. Fiacre was always as prompt and punctual as the morning suns.

Heaven's suns were particularly punctual considering that the small temperate planet had zero tilt to its axis – unlike Earth, the birthplace of many citizens of Heaven, which was decidedly crooked and had an orbit decidedly elliptical around its sun. Heaven was a perfect planet, St.