

## Saint Urban

Disgusting, the priest thought. That drunk sleeping down there in my doorway. He stinks of urine, or worse.

Why must I touch these wretched men? To heal their souls? To save the city? Nonsense.

People want them to disappear. Why here? This rectory is my home, as much as the mayor's mansion. If he awoke to such trash on HIS doorstep, it would get hauled away.

Behind him, the door opened softly. He turned.

"Father Emilio," the older man said. "Someone needs help downstairs."

"Yes, Monsignor. I was just thinking of where to put him."

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