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The Feeding



Booher † Zucker † Astone † Andworld

LOWER MANHATTAN.
NOW.

"I'VE GOT IT
FIGURED OUT."



NOT EVEN
COFFEE?

ESPECIALLY
NOT COFFEE.



LET'S GET
ANOTHER
ROUND.

WHY THE HELL
NOT? IT'S ALMOST
THREE O'CLOCK.
PRACTICALLY
HAPPY HOUR.





NOT SURE I COULD GET RID OF THE COFFEE, NOLAN.

I CAN'T GET FARTHER THAN THE KITCHEN IN THE MORNING IF I DON'T HAVE COFFEE.



THAT'S MY POINT! THE GIRL *INSISTS* ON GOING DOWN TO THE LOBBY IN YOUR BUILDING TO GRAB COFFEE, AND THEN YOU TELL SECURITY NOT TO LET HER BACK INTO THE ELEVATORS.

THINGS CAN'T GET MESSY. THE ONE-NIGHT STAND IS GUARANTEED.



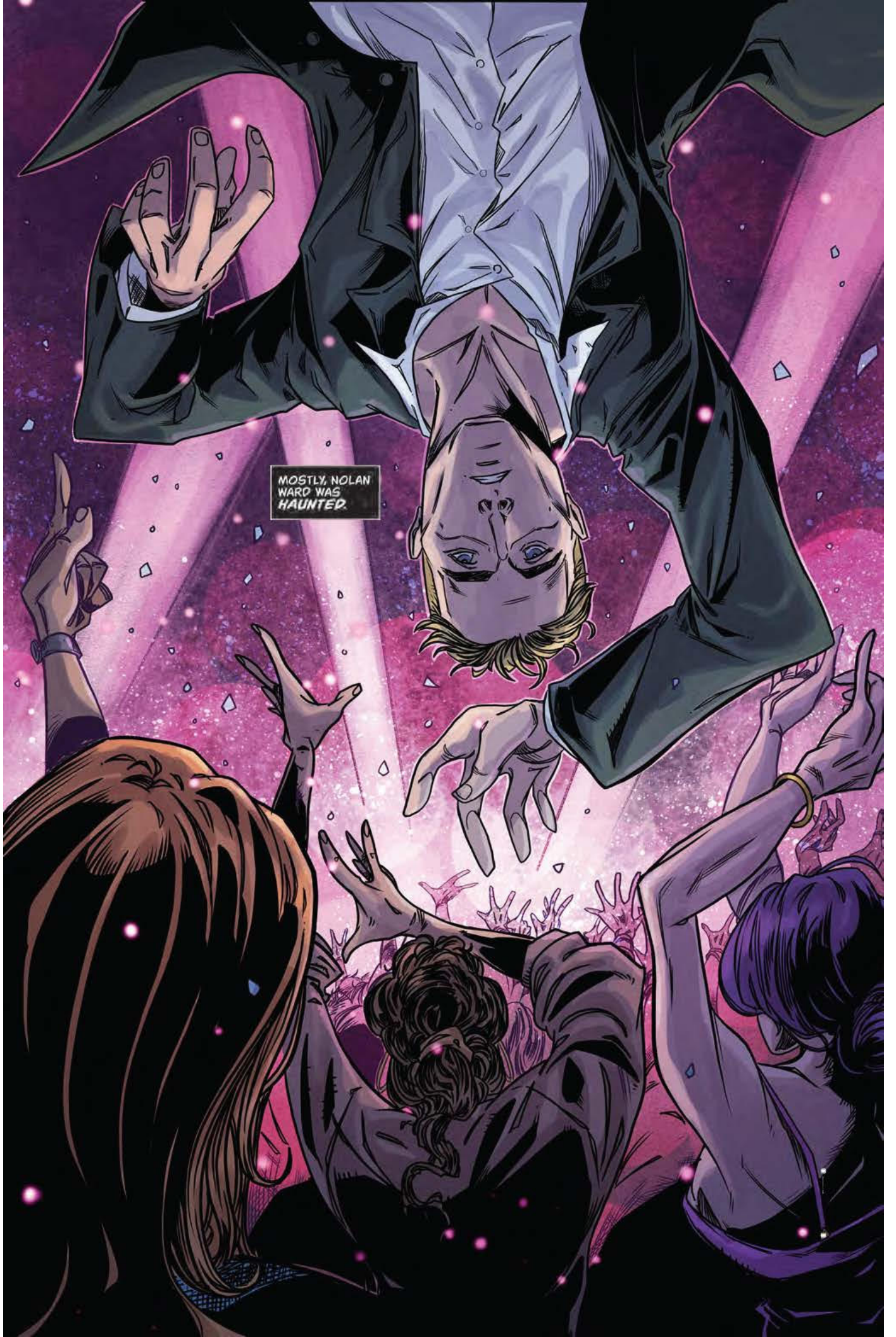
BRUTAL, MAN. EVEN FOR YOU.



YEAH, BUT IT WORKS EVERY TIME.

NOLAN WARD WAS MANY THINGS.





MOSTLY, NOLAN
WARD WAS
HAUNTED.

**DEFIANCE, OHIO.
THEN.**

WHEN NOLAN WAS TWELVE, HIS HOUSE BURNED DOWN. HIS MOM WORKED NIGHTS, SO SHE WASN'T HOME. HIS STEP-DAD WAS.

POLICE NEVER FOUND HIS BODY. THEY ASSUMED THE FLAMES WERE SO HOT, THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT TO FIND.

THE POLICE ASKED NOLAN LOTS OF QUESTIONS. HE DID HIS BEST TO ANSWER THEM.

WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE FIRE STARTED?

WERE YOU SCARED?

HOW DID YOU GET OUT OF THE HOUSE?

DID YOU EVER THINK ABOUT HURTING HIM?

DID YOUR STEP-DAD HURT YOU SOMETIMES?

ARE YOU GLAD HE'S GONE?