



FOLDED UP LIKE THE SUNDAY
WASH, THE BOY'S SKIN
GOURMED IN EMMY'S ARMS.

BE STILL,
I SAID.

OR I'LL
WRAP YOU AROUND A
STONE AND CHUCK YOU
IN THE CREEK.

IT WRIGGLED AND
TWITCHED LIKE A
WILD THING TRYING
TO SLIP FREE.



THE BOY'S SKIN
FELT FEVERISH...

...AND IT WAS
SWEATING.



IT WAS PLAYING
AT BEING ALIVE.

BUT EMMY KNEW
WHAT SHE HAD FOUND.



A HAINT.



THE HOLLOWES AND THE MARSHES
AND OLD TOBACCO BARNES
CRAWLED WITH THEM...

...DEATHLY PALE
AND GRAVELY SILENT.





