INK

THE FIELDS
WHAT DO YOU GET OUT OF THIS?
IS THAT ANY OF YOUR CONCERN?
HE'S A TRAITOR. YET EVERY DAY YOU COME HERE, DOTING ON HIM.
THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST IT.
PITY THAT.

JOHN?
JUST A MINUTE.

COME EAT, WHILE ITS FRESH.
I DON'T MIND IF IT SITS.
I DO.

YOU BROUGHT WHAT I NEED? PAPER, INK...?
OF COURSE.