

## A few miles outside Memphis, Tennessee.

\*NOTHING WENT THE WAY  
IT WAS SUPPOSED TO.

\*THAT THING WAS LYING UPSIDE DOWN AT  
THE EDGE OF THE ROAD, FINALLY STILL.  
IT DID ONE AND A HALF ROLLS GOING 50,  
MAYBE 55, AND IT WAS JUST TICKING AND  
COOLING, ALL SMASHED TO HELL.

\*IT WOULDN'T BE RIGHT TO  
CALL IT A CAR ANYMORE.  
IT WASN'T A CAR.

\*IT WAS A RUIN.

\*TICKING AND COOLING AND EVERYTHING  
ELSE HAD GONE SO QUIET YOU COULD  
HEAR THE WINGS OF THOSE BIRDS  
FLUTTERING, BRUSHING THE HOT METAL.


\*I REMEMBER THINKING  
'NOTHING COULD BE  
ALIVE IN THERE'...





\*BUT I WAS WRONG.

\*THE BOY, FELIX. HE WAS JUST WAKING UP. ONE BIRD BANGING ITSELF AGAINST THE WINDOW AGAIN AND AGAIN. I WONDER WHAT HE THOUGHT, UPSIDE DOWN IN THERE?



"I WONDER WHAT HE SAID?"

MOM?

**BANG**

MOM?  
DAD?

WHAT HAPPENED?

**BANG**

A blue feather graphic with text overlaid. The feather is oriented horizontally, with the quill on the left and the vane on the right. The text is centered across the middle of the feather.

A FIELD OF FEATHERS  
PART FOUR