



--HOW  
THE FIRE  
STARTED?



NO, I  
KNOW EXACTLY  
HOW IT STARTED,  
INSPECTOR.

THE SON OF A  
█████ DROPPED A LIT  
ZIPPO WHILE STANDING  
IN A PUDDLE OF  
KEROSENE.



YOU THINK IT  
WAS DELIBERATE?  
THAT HE WANTED TO  
KILL HIMSELF?

I DO. WHY  
HE WANTED TO DO  
IT IN FRONT OF  
ME, NO IDEA.



I CAN  
STILL SMELL HIM  
BURNING...



...THE SMELL  
OF FLESH  
BURNING...





I WOULDN'T KNOW.

NATE SPENT THE LAST HOUR ONLINE, TRYING TO FIND SIGNIFICANCE IN THIS SYMBOL...



...DON'T SUPPOSE YOU CAN SATISFY HIS CURIOSITY?



IT'S A HAMMER? GUY WAS A MASON?



THE MASONS USE THE COMPASS AND SQUARE, PRIMARILY.

SO HE JUST PULLED THE LIGHTER, LIT IT. AND THAT WAS ALL SHE WROTE?

THERE WAS SOME RANTING FIRST. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM. HE WASN'T MAKING MUCH SENSE. INSPECTOR PRESTES.



AND YOU DIDN'T TRY TO STOP HIM?



HE WAS POINTING A GUN AT ME WHEN HE DID IT, INSPECTOR BELLOWES.

MY LIFE OR HIS, WASN'T MUCH A CHOICE TO MAKE.



