

“CAN’t wage war on an empty stomach,” Sabin had said, with as much jollity as he could muster, but Cyan was still frowning down at his plate having barely touched the oddly ectoplasmic meal at all.

Sabin watched him for a moment, took note of the minuscule sounds of a fork trembling against china, and thought: what are you supposed to say to a man who’s just lost his home, and his entire family?

“I can help,” he concluded, and speared one of the ghostly potatoes on Cyan’s plate with his own fork; “got your back, see,” he added, his mouth full, and he felt the beginnings of relief as Cyan gave a nod of comprehension and began to start on the food in earnest himself.