



feeders & eaters

and Other Stories

by Neil Gaiman
with Mark Buckingham

I SKIPPED MY TEA. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, AND MAYBE HE THOUGHT I WANTED TO KNOW MORE, THAT I LISTENED.

TO BE HONEST, I HAD ENOUGH PROBLEMS OF MY OWN. I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIS PROBLEMS WITH WHATEVER IT WAS. DRINK, OR DRUGS, OR DISEASE.

OR MADNESS.

BUT HE STARTED TALKING IN THIS FLAT BREEZY VOICE, AND...

I LISTENED.

I CAME HERE A FEW YEARS BACK, CAME DOWN WHEN THEY WERE BUILDING THE BY-PASS, STUCK AROUND.

GOT A ROOM IN AN OLD PLACE ROUND THE BACK OF PRINCE ROBERT STREET. GOT A ROOM IN THE ATTIC.

"IT WAS A FAMILY HOUSE REALLY. THERE WAS THE FAMILY, AND THERE WERE TWO BODIES."

"AND AND AND FOREVER."

"SHE NEVER CAME DOWN FOR MEALS, SO IT WAS A WEEK BEFORE HE MET."

"SHE WAS COMING OUT OF THE LOBBY."

I ALWAYS HAD MY MEALS WITH THE FAMILY.

"WE WERE UP IN THE ATTIC IN SEPARATE ROOMS."

"SHE WAS OLD, SO OLD..."

IT'S FUNNY WITH OLD PEOPLE. YOU DON'T THINK THEY FEEL THINGS LIKE WE DO. I MEAN, HERE'S HER, OLD ENOUGH TO BE MY GRAN, AND...

ANYWAY