The party gathered evil to its bosom, its members burning down a pecan grove without feeling guilt’s lithe fangs. The owner of the grove, an elderly man with heart problems, had a stroke when he heard about his toby jug loss. He lived, but his body looked like one of his pecan trees, a paralyzed heat having taken both down. The backcountry heathens play cards underneath the doomed army, the insides of their mouths feeling like pincushions when they try to speak, a lavage not in nature’s plan.