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## The Feast

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## Frank: The Feast

THE FEAST Rebecca Morgan Frank

> Santo Tomas Internment Camp Manila, 1943

There's no need to stalk a starving cat once the recipe has been devised: a bartered for onion, a found clove of garlic, abundance of curry that had been inedible in other meatless, watery soups. It was Elsa's idea, watching her pet shrink to tough muscle, surprisingly angular bones. She found the shape of a cat an illusion, its flesh and fur hiding something harder, more mean.

Harold, her husband, broke the cat's neck, then my grandfather skinned and boned it. Years later, he'll tell me this story of a feast, of times when hunger shapes a new ethic, when war carves a family into small pieces that float to the surface.

How could I know the pleasure they found in chewing flesh, boiling bones into a marrow soup that soothed their small child days after the meat was gone?