

Fever is home to a number of seedy places that have no business existing. The sorts of establishments that one really only goes to when they've hit rock bottom and haven't figured out how to dig the hole deeper. You feel a twinge of sympathy for the types of people you see there. Twinges of sympathy that you never would have felt even five years ago.

They are overwhelmingly Crooks, you notice, and they are not happy to see you, or be seen by you. You take the hint and swallow your eye so they feel less threatened by you passing through. This is as good a place as any to stakeout Animal Control territory. The place itself is dingy and dirty. Humans never eat there so health inspections go ignored. You know this because the sign says as much.

You order food, though, because that is expected. But you don't eat it because you know better than to trust anything "edible" that comes out of Fever.

As for Charles, you can feel his presence. It's an echo, but it's there.