The truck's engine hummed steadily along as Isaiah, Evelyn, and James made their way through the threatening storm toward Boston. They were only fifteen minutes outside of the Arkham, and no one had spoken a word. All of them knew their trip would be the difference between finding Anita and breathing a sigh of relief or not finding her and admitting she was in danger. The storm loomed ahead of them, coming in off the eastern seaboard. Rolling ebony clouds dominated the sky in the direction they were heading. It was as if they were running headlong into hell itself. The roads were clear for the moment, but that wouldn't last. The bleak weather matched the feeling they all had as they embarked on finding Anita. Isaiah hoped they would discover Anita in Boston or hear a word from someone who may have seen her. Evelyn wished the same thing, but deep down, she knew something was wrong. Cynthia would not be so focused on assuming Anita was missing if there wasn't something to it. James stared out the window and worried for Anita. He had kept it to himself, but he believed Anita's disappearance had to do with the dark figure he began seeing after the night at the Witch House. The three of them looked out into the coming storm and had the feeling as if it was a physical manifestation of what was to come.

"How long ya think before we get to Boston?" James asked, knowing the answer. The silence was so thick you could cut it with a knife. It allowed him too much time to ponder. When it was quiet, alone with his thoughts, the feeling would come like someone looking over your shoulder. It was a presence that could be felt but not seen. He could feel it come and go as you would another person.

"I'd say about two hours give or take. This storm looks pretty bad. I hope we won't be sleeping in the truck on the side of the road tonight." Isaiah focused intently on the road. It was a clear stretch of highway, but what little light the dark storm clouds were letting through lowered visibility considerably.

"If we make it to Boston, I'll put us up at the Langham. Let's not think about the possibility of sleeping in here." James looked around the cab of the truck. There was barely enough room to sit, let alone sleep.

"We need to get back to Arkham as quickly as possible, once we find Anita. Can this tub of bolts get us back through the storm?" Evelyn looked at Isaiah.

"The truck might, but I'd likely drive us into a tree. Let's just hope it passes over while we are in Boston.

Evelyn apprehensively stated. "I've been thinking. Why would Anita tell Mr. Edgerton that she was going to visit family? I mean, why would she care if he knew she needed the money to get a book from Boston. Everyone is always on about, 'the society takes care of its own' why would he care if he lent her money for research?"

"Maybe she didn't want him to know it was for research. Anita did tell Cynthia that she had something she was excited to bring to the group. Maybe she was just trying to keep it a surprise." James added, happy that there was conversation to take him away from his thoughts.

"Or maybe she doesn't trust him. We haven't known him for long." Evelyn wondered aloud.

"I think we can trust him," Isaiah said. "Listen, there is something that I have been keeping from everyone. Well, everyone except Cynthia." his hands gripped tightly on the steering wheel as he let out a determined sigh. "My father didn't die suddenly of natural causes. He was murdered."

"My god, Isaiah. That's terrible." James turned to Isaiah. He knew Isaiah was struggling with his father's death, but murder? James couldn't imagine how Isaiah had kept from falling apart these last weeks.

"He got mixed up with Big Danny O'Brien. The garage was barely getting by, and my father had sunk so much into my education, we couldn't make ends meet. He wanted me to be the first in our family to make something of themselves." tears welled up in Isaiah's eyes as he remembered his father. "He'd say, my boy, a doctor, the best doctor for miles around. He looked so proud. He didn't tell me about the loan until the first time Big Danny's thugs came by to collect. I was so mad at him for going to a criminal like Danny for the money. He wouldn't hear it, though. You finish school, he said and let him worry about Big Danny. We made payments for a time, but the garage never brought in enough money. I had all of last year's tuition to pay, and the university threatened to take away my residency. We were late on payments to Danny as well. My father agreed to work on Danny's cars for free to make up for the missed payments. That bought us time, but Danny wasn't about to budge on the amount we owed. Danny's thugs came one night to collect. They were roughing up my father. I thought they were going to kill him. I hit one of them with a tire iron, and then the guns came out. I told him to stay down, but he," Isaiah sobbed, tears flowing freely now. "He thought they were going to shoot me, he came towards them, but they shot him instead. I tried to save him, but it was too late. Some doctor."

Isaiah took a deep breath and wiped the tears from his cheeks. "Mr. Edgerton knew somehow. He knew we were having financial trouble. The day we talked at the university, Edgerton dropped hints about it. The society members help each other, personally, professionally, and financially, he said. I wasn't even going to join the group, but that night my father died. The next day, I went to the university to tell them I couldn't pay and would have to terminate my residency. The thing is, someone had paid the tuition in full before I even got there. I felt obligated to join the group at that point. I didn't know what to think of the man, but I was desperate. I was able to pay off the monthly payment to Big Danny and buy myself more time to figure things out."

"Those two men at the speakeasy, you paid them that night?" Evelyn inquired.

"Yeah, those were the two who..." tears began to well up in Isaiah's eyes. The other two knew what he couldn't bring himself to say.

"I found a book in my father's closet. It was my mother's. I asked Edgerton if something like that was worth any money, and he told me to let Professor Templeton look at it. Apparently, the book is dangerous as far as the professor is concerned, and she said the Society would buy it from me. Mr. Edgerton offered to pay my debt to Danny. I think he would have done it even without the book, but it made me feel better knowing that I wasn't getting another handout. He said he would talk to Danny, even told me not to work on the last car they dropped off. Edgerton took the car to Big Danny. Last night, when I saw him at the meeting, he said I was in the clear, that I wouldn't be bothered by Danny or his men anymore. I think Mr. Edgerton truly believes that SEKT should take care of its own. In the short time I've known him, Mr. Edgerton has done so much for me. I don't think there is any reason not to trust him." Isaiah focused on the road. A dusting of snow was creeping in, making visibility even more difficult.

James put a hand on Isaiah's shoulder. "I'm sorry." was all he could say.

The mood remained somber for the rest of the drive to Boston. There was nothing Evelyn or James could say that would ease the pain Isaiah was feeling. Evelyn had questions for Isaiah, but it didn't seem appropriate to analyze aspects of his story after he'd only now felt comfortable enough to share it. Cynthia knew. Evelyn had noticed a strange melancholy would come over her when they spoke about Isaiah recently. Evelyn couldn't have imagined that it would involve murder. She wondered about Mr. Edgerton. To Isaiah, he must seem like a savior, but to Evelyn, it seemed more likely he was working some angle. No one gives out money without receiving something in return. No one. What was it that Mr. Edgerton was receiving, or was he banking the debt for a later time? Various threads from the last two weeks ran through her mind. Was the forming of SEKT a catalyst to the chaos or simply a coincidental gathering of people who now share each others chaos? She pondered this as they drove down the frozen two-lane road through wisps of swirling snow heading toward the ominous black clouds that hung over Boston. The somber mood lifted a little when they made it to Boston before the storm finally broke.

Thick flakes of snow were falling by the time they reached the front steps of the Boston Public Library. It was just before noon, but the streets were empty. Reasonable people were safe and warm in their homes to ride out the storm. Three unreasonable people who wouldn't have thought themselves such just weeks before braved the storm heading to a library to find a missing friend. They climbed the four steps and entered the large double doors of the library. Each of them hopeful but filled with doubt nonetheless.

The library's warmth welcomed them as they headed directly to the main desk looking for someone to assist them. James quickly took the lead calling over one of the librarians. "Excuse me, Ms. I was hoping you could help me with a matter of some urgency."

A mousey woman with her hair in a tight bun and glasses hanging from delicate silver chains around her neck looked up from what she was doing. "It must be urgent if you are out in this storm. You know we will be closing early today, don't you."

"That's fine. My friends and I are working on a research project which is falling dangerously behind. One of our members, Ms. Anita Saltonstall, inquired about a book you have in your catalog. She hasn't been in contact, and we need to get this project back on track. Can you tell me if she has been here to inspect the book?" James gave her his winning smile.

"Saltonstall, you say?" The woman seemed flustered by James's charming demeanor as she moved off to look at the holds list. "Yes, hear it is Anita Saltonstall. Oh, it seems she was after one of our rare books. She set up a viewing for Friday morning."

"So she's already been here to view the volume?" James asked.

"No, it seems she never showed up. We have the book prepared for viewing. You may want to tell your friend that we are rather busy here and it would be appreciated if she could fulfill her commitments. The book is rare, so we can only offer a viewing under supervision to ensure it does not get damaged. The time it takes..." James cut her off.

"If you have it prepared for viewing, we would love to do so. Our friend is a bit flighty, which is why we came out in this snow to make sure she had come and done the research. As usual, she hasn't." James tried to appeal to her academic side. "You understand, the members of our group were selected by our professor. You get what you get, right?"

"I suppose it couldn't hurt since we have gone through the trouble of preparing the viewing already. Come this way. The viewing rooms are on the second floor." She gave James a wide smile and motioned for them to follow her.

The viewing room was a small wood-paneled space with a single window, one slanted desk with an adjustable light on an arm, and an uncomfortable-looking wooden chair. An old book that looked like it was about to fall apart sat upon a sheet of soft fabric with a pair of gloves beside it. The librarian showed them into the room and asked if they would like the door closed after reminding them that the library would be closing at four. James, Evelyn, and Isaiah entered the room, which barely had room enough for the three of them, and requested the door be closed.

Once the librarian had left, closing the door behind her, Evelyn turned to James. "It seems the Anita never made it to Boston."

"We don't know that for sure," Isaiah protested. "She could have come to Boston but had issues making her appointment."

"Yeah, that sounds like Anita," James said sarcastically. "I know you don't know her well, but did she ever strike you as a person who would miss a chance to be sequestered with some moldy old book." He motioned around the room with upturned hands. "This is like her best day ever."

"James is right. If she had come to Boston, she would have made her appointment whatever the cost. I fear she never made it out of Arkham." Evelyn looked worried. The reality that Cynthia's hunch was correct settled in with uncomfortable certainty.

"So, what do we do?" Isaiah asked.

James looked out the window. "Whatever we do, I don't think it will include getting back to Arkham today. The storm is upon us now."

"We need to find whatever Anita was looking for in this book," Evelyn said, looking at the crumbling volume on the table. "She seemed to think it was worth it and worth hiding where she was going from Edgerton."

"Be my guest," James said, nodding towards the book then hopping up to sit on the window sill.

The hours moved slowly in the tiny cramped viewing room. Evelyn pored over the book as quickly as she could, but it was clear that this was a book that would take weeks, if not more, to digest completely. It was in German, which she was fluent in, but an old and obscure dialect that made it even more difficult. James stared out the window, hoping the storm would pass and they could get back to Arkham but wasn't counting on it. Isaiah slumped onto the floor and sat with his back against the wall, head back and eyes closed on the verge of falling asleep. It was three in the afternoon when Evelyn finally closed the decrepit book in front of her.

"Well?" James asked.

Evelyn took a deep break then exhaled slowly. "I can see why Armitage keeps this book in the restricted section. It is genuinely unwholesome. But I did find our Sigvard Krag. Anita must have been looking for mention of him in the book. I could dig up more information if I had more time, but one passage mentioned him by name. He came to the New World from Denmark in 1643, fleeing religious persecution. He had a group of some two hundred followers that came with him. They settled a village outside of Dedham, which is present-day Medfield. As the story goes, Krag was an outcast and a recluse from a small town in Denmark. The village he lived in banished him after a trip to a cemetery known as Da Beulen Huis. The rumor was that Krag discovered a book buried in the cemetery and came back a changed man. Suddenly he had become a charismatic leader of a small congregation. The practices and diety they worshiped must have rubbed the locals wrong because he and his followers were exiled soon after. They came to America and settled outside of Medfield. That's all I could get. With more time." Evelyn let the thought trail off. "We need to get to Medfield. Their town records would probably mention this village that Krag settled."

"And why do we care about someone who came here over two hundred years ago?" Isaiah looked skeptical and exhausted.

"I don't know, but Anita thought it was necessary, and I think we should see it through. Besides, if we can discover what else she might have been researching possibly, we can retrace her footsteps and find her." Evelyn pleaded, sounding desperate.

"It's a start. We can't make it back to Arkham tonight in this storm, but Medfield is closer. If we can make it there, we can get a hotel and stay the night. In the morning, we can try and find out about this village and head back to Arkham." James was eager to get out of this tiny room. They had failed to find Anita, and worse yet, there was evidence that she hadn't been to Boston at all. James felt this was probably just a wild goose chase. Why would a man who settled a village have anything to do with Anita going missing? But he would call ahead and get them a room for the night. It was the least he could do. The day had turned from bad to worse, and now they had to drive through heavy snow to get to Medfield. The worst seemed yet to come for James, however. For as soon as Evelyn closed that horrible book, the feeling came back. James turned to look over his shoulder where he felt the presence, and as always, there was nothing there.

Professor Berlioux stared out the window of his office at the heavy snowfall. The storm had just begun, but it looked to be severe. He wondered if he would need to spend another night in his office. Perhaps they all would. He turned from the window to address his guests. The mood was bleak, and the storm outside made things seem even more discouraging.

"I'm glad you all could make it with the storm," Berlioux waved his hand toward the torent of falling snow visible from the window. "It seems like forever since the four of us have been together, just us."

"Yes, it's like old times," Thomas interjected in an upbeat tone smiling his infections smile. The mood, however, seemed impenetrable even for his uncanny ability to lighten the darkest of temperments.

"I'll get right to it. I have made a mistake in judgment concerning the students. I should never have opened the Pandora's Box that is Keziah Mason. I should have started gradually with some snake oil spiritualism, the kind that Houdini went about debunking. I couldn't have guessed they would go right to the source and enter the house." Berlioux lowered his eyes, not wanting to meet the accusing stare of Claudia. How that woman could still manage to make him feel like a schoolboy in detention, he couldn't imagine.

"They are all brilliant and pragmatic. You ask for research of a local legend and expect them to deprive themselves of the one physical link to the past that remains? You're slipping, Alex." Daniel said in a judging tone.

"You can't tell me the thought hadn't crossed your mind?" Claudia accused. "I know how you think. It had to be on your list of possibilities."

"Possibilities, yes, but I didn't think they would rush off at the first mention of the subject. At night, no less. I didn't believe the room to have any potency at this point." Alexander slumped into his highbacked chair.

"No potency? Gillman died only months ago because of his exposure to that room." Claudia could barely keep her emotions in check. She was not happy with how things had gone thus far.

"Gillman's notes could be a valuable asset. I hadn't anticipated there being any personal belongings left in the room after his death." Berlioux was trying to find a bright side.

"We can't dance around it any longer. We need to be completely transparent at this point. For their own safety." Daniel leaned forward in his chair, resting his forearms on his knees.

"What would you have us say, Daniel? Sorry, we got you mixed up in this, but you are now being hunted by a malevolent entity that can disintegrate you with a thought. But don't worry." Thomas said mockingly.

"We don't know that he is hunting anyone. They had an experience in the house which rattled them some, but I think..." Claudia cut Berlioux off.

"James sees a tall, dark figure in the room of a known servant of the Crawling Chaos and then continues to see this dark figure in the following days. Claudia also touches something strange in the room and sees a tall, dark figure as well. Are you forgetting who we are dealing with here?" Claudia's raised her voice as she rose from her chair and began to pace back and forth.

"I know all too well who we are dealing with here. It's the only sign we have had in nearly a year. What's done is done. We can only try and find a beneficial path to move forward on. I agree that we need to prepare the group for what is to come. I still feel we should keep them from the ultimate truth, however. They still have the choice to leave the group and never look back." when Berlioux finished, he rested his elbows on his desk, rubbing his temples.

"Knowing the truth is what chains us to it. I could never return to a life of ignorance once I saw it for myself. It's the knowing that alienates you from the rest of the blissfully unaware." Claudia's eyes met Daniel's, and both looked away quickly.

"So how can we prepare them unless they believe the danger is real. They are still operating under the assumption that we are merely researching folklore. It is an incredible leap of faith to believe without seeing with your own eyes." Professor Berlioux leaned back in his chair.

"James and Cynthia have seen. They need to know so that they can protect themselves. So they can be prepared for what comes next." Daniel declared.

"The dreams will come next, but I believe we have something for that, for all of us." Claudia's tone had calmed to her usual matter-of-fact cadence. "The book from Isaiah's mother. I am still working on getting it translated. There are three people alive who could even attempt a translation of the book. I am in contact with one. But even still, the translation could take months. What I did find was that this book has been handed down from generation to generation. I believe it belongs to an ancient tribe from the Mali region in Africa. There is little substantial documentation, but a passage in De Vermis Mysteriis mentions a tribe who repelled the creeping darkness from their land. This tribe, it is told, successfully blocked the agents of darkness from the dreams of their people. For years they passed down their knowledge by word of mouth, but at some point, they switched to passing down their lore in written form. In secret, they passed down the book through the generations, rewriting it when necessary. If I am right about this, we could have one such book in our possession and a direct descendant of the tribe." Claudia let that sink in for the rest of the group.

"No more dreams?" Thomas said like a child seeking comfort from his mother.

"No more dreams," Claudia replied.