The slightest sound echoed in the empty vastness of the Oren Library. Besides Cynthia and Anthony, there was only an assistant and the head librarian Professor Armitage in the sprawling silent building. The others had left for Boston and wouldn't be back until later that evening. There was an eerie feeling in the library without the usual bustle of students moving among the stacks or pouring over books scattered on long tables. There was a chill in the air that the three roaring fireplaces were unable to diminish. Scant light came in through the tall arched windows leaving only the dim orange glow of the various table lamps to provide lumination. On most days, this library would be a sanctuary to either Cynthia or Anthony. Today, however, it was a bleak reminder that they were searching for an answer that may or may not present itself in the thousands of volumes and stacks of periodicals that the library had to offer. With no clear path forward, they began their search.

After some deliberation, they decided that Anthony would try and discover what he could about Sigvard Krag, the name Anita had provided on the only clue they had found thus far. Cynthia would dig up everything she could about the four missing students who had dominated the local paper for months. It wasn't much to go on, but the most concrete lead they had remained locked away in Professor Armitage's restricted section. With any luck, the others would find Anita in Boston, and she could let them know what these obscure notes she had hastily jotted down eluded to. Cynthia didn't want to admit that she had a strong feeling Boston was a dead end. They wouldn't find Anita there.

The day wore on as the two researched in relative silence. The storm was getting ever closer. A light snowfall had begun leaving small drifts of white powder on the corners of each panel in the tall windows lining either side of the library's main room. As the storm moved closer, the chill in the building grew ever colder. The turning of pages seemed loud in the encompassing silence of the empty main floor. Occasionally, they would leave their table to search for additional research material and add it to the ever-growing pile. Several hours passed, each of them focused on the task before them. It was Anthony who broke the silence first.

"There's nothing here about this Krag person. I think I now know everything I never wanted to about the origins of the name Krag. It's Danish if you cared to know. Lots of people named Krag but nothing about Sigvard Krag." Anthony said with an exasperated tone.

"I suspect that the name appears in the book Anita was trying to acquire from Armitage. She would have already found the information she needed if it was readily available. I think I am at a dead end as well." Cynthia looked sympathetically at Anthony.

"Nothing?" Anthony looked desperate. He would take even the slightest scrap of information if it gave them something else to investigate. Anything was better than sitting around hoping Anita was alright. Research at least made him feel like he was doing something proactive.

"I've looked back several months to see if there were any other missing persons who seemed related, but there were only the four we already know. There doesn't seem to be any easily identifiable connections between those four, either, besides the fact that they all went missing." Cynthia picked up several back issues of the locale newspaper and threw them back down on the table, defeated.

"Three of them were men, one woman. They had different majors. Although two were studying biology, one zoology, and the other general biology. Two of them lived on campus the other two lived with their family in the city. There doesn't seem to be any connection between them." Cynthia stood and put her hands on the table, staring at the pile of periodicals she had collected.

"The silence of this place is getting to me. Why don't we head to the dorms? Some of the students have returned. Maybe we can find someone who knew one of the two who lived on campus. We can hit the cafeteria too. I'm starving." Anthony offered hopefully.

"I suppose we should do the leg work as they say." Cynthia also wanted to leave the library. Under normal circumstances, she could spend the whole day among the comforting smell of the books and the calming quiet. After discovering nothing to get them closer to finding Anita, she couldn't stand one more minute in the oppressive silence.

The men's dorms were close to the library, so they only had to bear a short walk in the falling snow before reaching their destination. The storm was closing in on Arkham. The roads from Boston would be impossible to navigate. It didn't seem as though Isaiah and the others would be back tonight. Cynthia hoped that all of this would be for not because Isaiah had already found Anita in Boston. But there was that feeling. She could not ignore it now any easier than she had tried to ignore it a million times before. She had a hunch. Her Grandmother called it the knowing, but it was just a gut feeling backed up by an analytical mind to Cynthia. No matter how she tried to deny it, Anita was in trouble, and she was in Arkham.

Thick snow covered the front steps of the dorm. It didn't look like anyone had come in or out in a while. Eager to be out of the snow, they hurried to the door. Cynthia followed Anthony to the room of the resident assistant and waited for an answer to his knock. A short fellow with dark hair and thick glasses answered the door.

"Hello Charles, I hate to bother you, but I need to get a book from someone's room." Anthony didn't know if the ruse would work, but it was worth a shot.

"So ask them for the book when they get back from break. We should have everyone back by the middle of next week. Can you wait?" Charles replied, looking as if they had interrupted something important.

"I need it now. I ah, need it for some research I am doing. I have to get a rough draft to my professor by Monday. The problem is I am not sure that the book will be in the room." Anthony tried to look as sheepish as possible. They had two names to look for Terance Polk and Martin Bloomfield. Martin Bloomfield was the most recent student to go missing.

"You want me to open a room for you, and you don't even know if the book is there?" Charles was beginning to look angry.

"Well, the room belonged to Martin Bloomfield. I wasn't sure if his things remained in the room." Anthony was putting on his best show of worrying desperation.

"Oh," Charles said abruptly. "No, the family hasn't taken his possessions back yet. His roommate moved out before he went missing, so he was alone in the room. I hate to sound unsympathetic, but could you take some of his stuff. You're friends with him, right? I have to fill that room this week, and I'm in a bind. I couldn't just throw his stuff out, but I have no room for it."

"All I can take is that book. I didn't know Martin that well. Just from class. I sure need that book, though. What do you say? Can you get us into the room?" Anthony turned on the charm.

Charles nodded and disappeared back inside his room. Anthony looked at Cynthia with his eyebrows raised in victory. Charles came from his room a moment later, closing the door behind him. They followed Charles up the stairs to the third floor, barely listening to the endless stream of reasons that he should not be opening the room for them. When they reached the room, Charles pulled out a large ring of keys and selected one. He unlocked the door and turned to Anthony.

"Don't break anything," Charles said, then walked back the way they came.

Anthony looked over at Cynthia. "That was easy."

"Let's hope there's something worth the time here." Cynthia opened the door and entered. Anthony looked up and down the empty hallway. Not a soul in sight. He wondered if that was a good or a bad thing.

The room was like all of the other rooms in the building. It was small, longer than it was wide, with one window on the wall opposite the entrance. It was just like James and his room. It was clear which of the two desks and beds was Martin's since the other side of the room was bare. They began looking around Martin's side of the room. What they were looking for, they didn't know.