

Hello,

Carver left me another message a few nights ago. He left a note right on my front doorstep. Of all the sick, invasive, downright evil things to do. Hasn't this son of a bitch done enough to me? When will I have suffered enough? When I think about him slithering around out in the woods, looking at my house from the treeline and peering into my windows, my head gets light and I get so nauseated that I feel as though I might be dying.

I can't sleep at all anymore. Every night I just sit up on the porch or in Tristan's bed with Hudd's old shotgun in my lap until the sun finally rises. Sometimes I'll hear a noise in the night and run toward it, finally ready to pull the trigger on this lunatic, but it's only ever the wind.

I haven't shown Lanning Carver's message. It'll just get sent off to some lab where it'll gather dust on a shelf for months, if not years. Even if it gets fast tracked, what good will it do? The Sheriff's Office already knows where he is, and they're still not finding him. The forest is too huge and confusing for them to handle. It's time to take this completely into my own hands, like I should have from the beginning.

There's no point in spending another second in this house, or this town. My sons aren't here. They're in that forest.

Carver's only gotten cockier over these past few months. At this point, he wants me to come out and find him. Something in that note has to give us some sort of context as to where he's hiding. Luckily, even if the lead is obscure, we've got a bona fide expert on the Black Hills Forest on our side.

It took a while to convince Anthony to help me collect what we need. He kept trying to talk me down at first. Eventually I had to grab him by the shoulders, look him dead in the eyes, and tell him that there's already one man standing between me and my sons, that one man is already one too many, and that friendship or no, I'm prepared to bring that number to zero by any means necessary. That finally convinced him to relent.

Anthony gathered most of what I'm sending you from the museum attic. He said that since the forest is so dangerous, my best chance of making a successful journey out there was to study the accounts of people who made trips deep into the woods and lived to tell the tale.

You'll need to cross-reference the map with the historical accounts Anthony has given us and find the location of Carver's hiding place. When you figure it out, send me the correct map coordinates on the tipline at **kentcase.com**. The new password is **Echo12**.

Even though I'm going to be totally alone out there, I have faith that the help I get from the outside is going to see me through.

Rosemary