

Edward,

You venture much too close to the woods. Take a lesson from your friends. These woods reach out to those who wander too close.

Things in the forest thrive on the curiosity and hubris you exhibit. Hungry ghosts watch just beyond sight. I've seen the treetops shake, birds flee an unseen and violent force. I've heard lost souls anxiously Pacing across deep roots and dead leaves.

My husband, God rest his soul, was lost to those woods some years ago. Collected one night after his shift at the station. I cannot understand why someone in their right mind would simply wander in. Though he certainly was not in his right mind by the end.

Robert used to say the same thing over and over again. Every time I begged him to stay home, safe with me, he would tell me he was doing his best, doing all he could to stand between the woods and the rest of the world. What he was doing, he said, was the key, the key to keeping what is in those woods locked away.

You are not like him, Edward. You seem like you will not be satisfied until you feel her gravity. What made you blind to these threats? Are you reading this somewhere they can see you? I have asked you to be careful where you read this. In case you haven't been, I have hid what you truly need from the woods' eyes: espdp vpjd, estd lnflezc, lyo zyp etcpo zwo xly. That, Robert always said, was what stood between the woods and the world.

Don't trust anything that emerges from the forest, no matter how comforting and familiar it sounds.

Harriett Gillard

Do NOT read this outdoors, out loud,
or beside any open windows or vents.