

She wants me to build

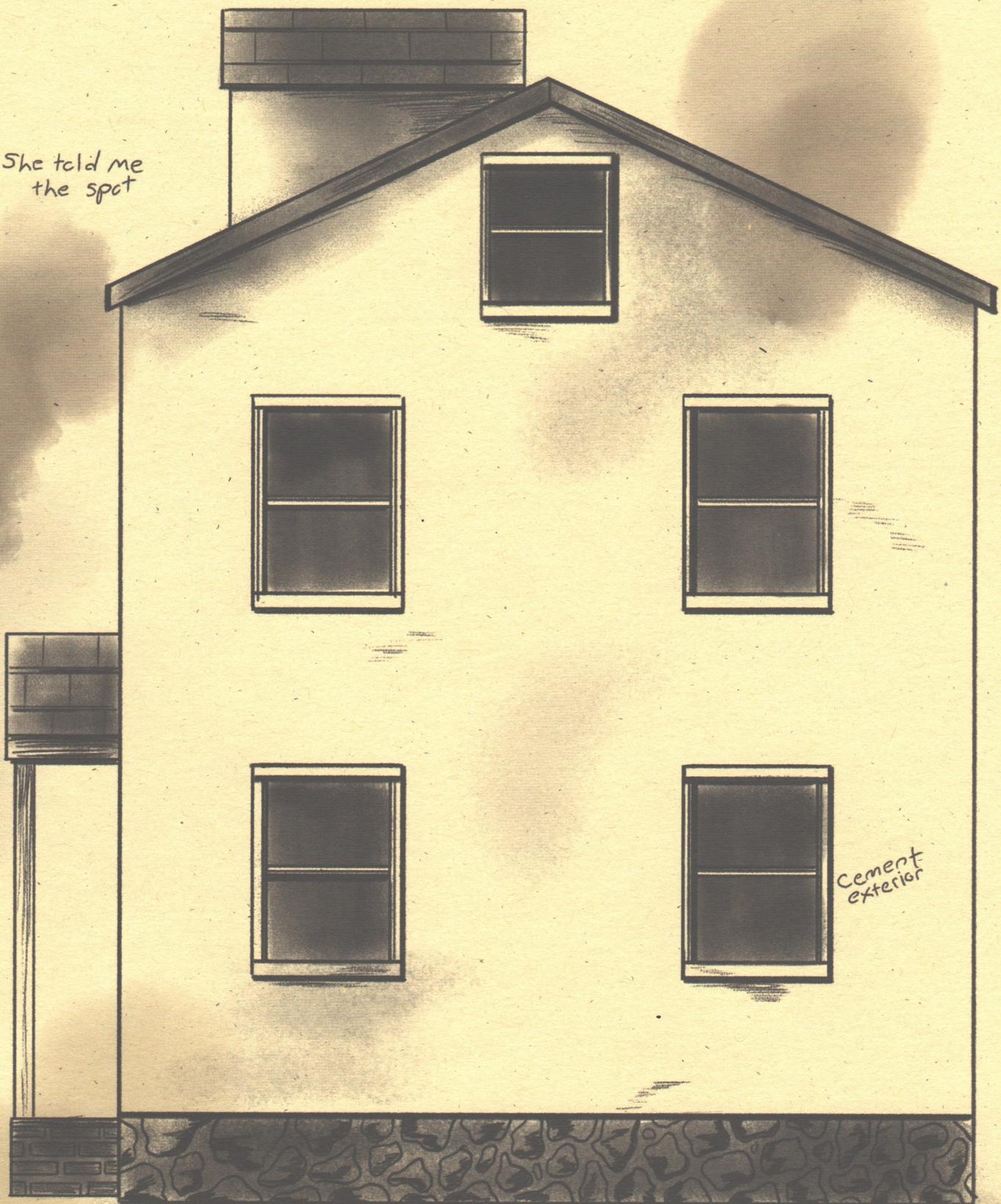


Stick-built

Stone foundation

She told me  
the spot

plaster interior



She needs a basement

She expects company soon

This is an architectural drawing, complete with a series of handwritten notes, that's been on file at the Museum ever since Kip's Hardware Depot collapsed in the mid 1940's due to a devastating infestation of parasites and mold that the original owners couldn't afford to repair. The lot stood empty until Mike and Bob's Convenience Store was built in 1951. It pains me to part with this piece of local history, but I don't think that anybody at the Museum besides me will even notice its absence, and I know that you're going to put it to good use.

-A

A fella stopped by the store as I was closing up just now. Dunn never gave me a heart attack, since I could have sworn that I'd already locked the front door. It was that guy who's been living out in the Woods, can't for the life of me remember his name, even though I swear that he introduced himself to me.

He bought supplies. Nails, shingles, things like that. Said that his place was damn near falling apart. Drew me a picture and made some notes so that I could get an idea of the scope of the project.

Said he might come tomorrow morning for more supplies. Wanted to give you a heads up about it in case you're the only one or because, frankly, he doesn't seem to be entirely right in the head. He was soaked in dirt and there were all manner of rotting leaves and pieces of sticks tangled in his beard and he kept trailing off in the middle of his sentences. But, surprisingly, he had enough money, and with the way business has been lately, I could hardly turn a customer away.

- Ned

P.S.—We'd all the scrap paper that we usually keep under the counter go? I went to look for something to write a note but this drawing was the only paper on hand.

the year)

Losing down the river last spring. It got into traps again.

looks like "myself right" looking at me - Ned  
I'd do it myself  
I do it myself just looking at me - Ned  
heebie jeebies

Mr. Kip

Mr. Kip,  
I can just use this sheet as a running log of hermit updates; I  
guess I can just use this sheet as a running log of hands  
He visited again towards closing today. Said he needed an extra pair of hands  
to help him with a project because it needed to be done fast. Offered me a  
good amount of money. Thought I'd let you know just in case. And don't worry!  
and I said yes.  
I am writing Kip just in case he's really as off his

二

Mr. Kip,

I know it's my day off, but I stopped by to tell you to ~~barn~~ that hermit from the store. Guess you're out on your lunch break. But listen, the man's a menace. I met him on the edge of the forest at sunrise today to walk up to his house.

We started on the path to the lumber mill, but soon veered off from the path entirely. We walked in one direction for what I would judge to be five hours. As we walked, the hermit would occasionally mutter under his breath to himself, like he'd completely forgotten that I was there at all. I could barely hear what he was saying, but I thought that I could make out something about heading toward the horde of bones.

We eventually reached a stream and when we did it was like he suddenly remembered that I existed again. He turned to me and he started talking about how there's a part of the forest where she pinned the shadows in place with pine needles and that he made sure to build his place as far away from them as he could. He said that his cabin was another three hours down the river away from the still shadows. He told me that I should count myself lucky that I wouldn't have to see those shadows just yet.

Maybe it was just because I was spooked, but in the moment, it sure as heck sounded like a threat.  
I made some excuse about forgetting that my ma wanted me home by lunch and said  
that I couldn't help him out with his repairs after all, then I all but ran back to town.  
I just thought you should know that I'm not going to be serving him anymore. If he comes  
into the store again, I'm just gonna hide out in the basement until I hear him leave.  
I know that's not very professional, but it's the only thing I think I'll be able to do if I  
see him again and that's God's honest truth. I'll see you tomorrow, Mr. Kip.