

Rosemary,

The boys keep calling out into the woods for you, and you never answer them. You've really been letting them down over these past few months, haven't you? In fact, you've been letting them down for their entire lives. Never able to protect them, to comfort them, to realize the depth of their pain. At least now, you'll never be able to fail them again, either.

Remember when you would play hide-and-seek with Liam when he was little? How he would always hide in the roots of that gnarled old tree at the very edge of the forest? I'd watch from the treeline, seeing you pretend to search everywhere, even though he always hid in the same place.

I'm sure you wish it was that easy now, but this game is going to be a fair measure more challenging. You're not going to be able to just waltz into the woods and stumble upon the light of my campfire. That's not what she wants. She wants you to suffer, and so do I.

But if you're smart enough, maybe you'll be able to find your way to your sons. Maybe you'll even get a glimpse of dear old Hudd.

Oh, and in case you haven't figured it out yet, there's a reason that your search parties have failed to find me for so long. Sunlight conceals the truth of the forest. To see the light of my fire, you'll have to enter after dark.

I don't need to tell you to come by yourself. I already know you will.

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