

Detective,

The tide is turning. The search parties have resumed, and I know I have you to thank. When Sheriff Lanning decided to end them a few months back, I told him he was wrong to stop looking, and now he's finally admitted that he made the wrong call. If we'd been searching for all of this time, I'm sure that we would have already found Liam by now. But I'm not going to allow myself to get wrapped up thinking about all that wasted time when there's this much work to do.

Despite the setbacks and challenges, we're still making good progress. Great progress, actually. We found some more of Liam's things! I swear we'd searched by the old creek a dozen times already, but when I heard one of the volunteers shout, I went running over and there they were. I recognized his handwriting immediately. He was there, at some point. Looks like he was trying to hide some trouble he got into at school. That poor boy was going through so much, and I never even knew about half of it. There were other things we found sitting right alongside those papers of his that made no sense at all. Anthony recognized a book that went missing from the museum less than a week ago. How could that have possibly been with the rest of Liam's belongings?

There was another thing we found out there, too. Something I wish we hadn't. A message from Carver. It was addressed to me. In that note, he mentions taking something else. As if he hasn't already taken enough.

There's no denying it's been taxing. And not just for me, either. For a lot of the folks here in Burkittsville, this isn't their first search party. Not by a long shot. Most people refuse to set foot into the forest, and the ones who are willing to head inside usually end up turning their own paranoia into a self-fulfilling prophecy. Take a look at the search party reports, and you'll see what I mean. People let their eyes play tricks on them out there.

The blame for that doesn't rest entirely on them. The geography of this place is admittedly pretty confusing. Hudd always used to say the forest had a mind of its own, and I'm only now starting to really understand what he meant. It'd be foolish to expect the woods to stay the same over time, but you'd think by now we'd have at least a few sections committed to memory. No, somehow it always feels like you're walking into the unknown. Tank has been a huge help though. Even when we think we've reached a dead end, that dog is urging us forward, toward my son and the man who took him away from me.

What Carver wrote to me makes my blood boil every time I so much as think about it. That arrogant son of a bitch thinks that he can tear my life away from me and rub it in my face. But maybe this is him becoming overly confident. From what I understand, criminals tend to do that just before they get caught. Maybe, if we find out exactly what he's planning on doing next, we can set some sort of trap for him. Or at least prevent whatever it is that he's going to try to do.

If you're able to find out what it is that Carver wants, let me know using the tipline. The address is kentcase.com and the current password is `Branches12`.

He's still out there. I can feel it.

Rosemary