



Burkittsville History Museum

MAIN STREET · BURKITTSTVILLE, MD

Mr. Barrett,

You'll have to forgive me for writing this down instead of talking to you face-to-face. Maybe I'm a coward. But right now, these wounds are too fresh to discuss in person. Despite our little row earlier, I believe you'll understand.

I'm sorry for the way I treated you when you came by the museum. I know you didn't mean any harm. Or, at least, less harm than others might. Even so, while the Kents may largely be just names and faces to you, to me they were my family.

Because I cared so much about Rosemary and her boys, I let my anger get the best of me today, as I believe you let your enthusiasm get the best of you. I realize it may have been rash to encourage Sheriff Lanning to insert himself into the situation. You just want to help your friends, like I wanted to help mine. Wherever Rosemary is, she wouldn't want me to refuse aid to people in trouble.

She was never one to sit back and let the chips fall. When Rosemary's husband died, I half expected her to crumble. Instead, she made it her mission to ensure that Liam and Tristan had everything they could possibly want. She was a fighter who never gave up. And what she fought for was other people. Her sons. Her community. Myself included.

But I'm not Rosemary. When you came to see me, told me that your friends had gone unprepared into those woods, my first thought was, "They came here to exploit her. They deserve it." That's awful, but it's true.

However, if Rosemary were here, I know she wouldn't want someone to face the forest alone, like she did. So I'm going to give you some advice in her honor: Marching straight into the woods won't save them. You see what's happening with your friends. I'm sure you've seen what's happened to others who have tried to make it out. This is how it always starts.

Also, that map you tried to show me this morning wasn't completely accurate. The corner where the town is should be poking into the old decaying campground. You've got to move some things around.

If you're really serious about getting your friends to safety, there's someone I think can assist you, an investigator. They helped Rosemary when her boys went missing. So if you find yourself in over your head, they might be able to understand. I've enclosed their information.

This is all the help I can give you. Use it wisely.

But please, don't try to contact me again. I can't continue to be involved with this.

—Anthony Rapinoe

HOURS: TUE — FRI 11 A.M. — 6 P.M., SAT — SUN 12 — 6 P.M., CLOSED MON.