

Detective,

After going so long without any leads, finding Liam's things in the basement of the History Museum has filled me with so much hope and so much fear in equal measure. As wonderful as it is to have found something of his, I can barely bring myself to look at the second set of handwriting that's scrawled all over his papers. Who was talking to Liam down there, and what the hell did they say to him?

It's nauseating to think about my son down in the cold and the dark, being fed poison by some manipulative creep. When I was in that basement, something felt wrong about the place to me. I felt like I was being watched the entire time, and when I went to pick up Liam's things, I swear that I felt something on the back of my neck. Almost like a hand brushing against me. There was nobody there when I turned around, of course, but it almost gave me a heart attack.

Once I pulled myself together, I showed the Sheriff everything you helped me find. But just like every other time I've tried to get him to do his damn job over the past few months, Lanning told me the evidence wasn't sufficient to justify putting more resources into Liam's case. Not only has the Sheriff flat out refused to start organizing any more search parties to comb through the forest, he didn't even process anything from the basement as evidence. He left everything I found with me. He told me to be thankful to have a few new mementos of my son, some things that I could keep close.

If he thinks I'm going to sit back and let this happen, he's got another thing coming. I'm sending you everything that I found down there, and more.

Try to pay special attention to the notes with those symbols on them. When I say that they're strange, I don't just mean that because I can't make heads or tails of them. Whenever I try to look at them for too long, I feel a sharp pain in my temples and something happens to my vision—the symbols start to look as though they're moving, crawling around the page like insects. I don't know how to explain that. I guess I'm tired. I haven't been sleeping well. Hopefully you'll have more luck with them than I did.

The notes aren't all of what was down there, though. There's something in Liam's pencil case, something that I think you need to see for yourself. There was also something from Hudson in that basement. I have no idea how it found its way down there, no idea at all, but reading it was like a punch to the gut.

I also asked Anthony if anything strange had been happening at the Museum recently. He made me promise that I wouldn't call him crazy and then gave me a few reports of odd incidents from the weeks before Liam went missing. He didn't show them to Lanning during the initial investigation because he knew that the Sheriff is even less open to suggestions of the supernatural than I am. To be clear, I'm still extremely leery of the notion, but I can't ignore any possible explanation at this point.

At the end of the day, among all of this strangeness, we know two things for sure: someone was talking to my son in that basement, and we need to find out who it was. I need you to find the name of the person Liam was talking to, and send it to me through the tipline at **kentcase.com**. I've updated the password to ensure that all of this new information stays secure—the new password is **Quietly5**.

We've finally got a concrete lead. Let's make the most of it.

Rosemary