

18th July 1991

Charlie,

I hold my hands up - you saw right through my ruse. Or far enough, at least, to know it was a ruse. I never expected to fool you anyway after everything that's happened. But I hope you'll at least be able to understand why I did it and why it's taken me so long to get back to you. I send you all of this in confidence that you'll keep the secret. You trusted me, and now I trust you.

So here it is: everything I could find on the Curse of the Haunted Mask, or whatever my dear colleagues in the tabloids ended up calling it. Including, of course, the actual explanation for the events that took place in that room almost seven weeks ago. It also sheds some light on the wine glass and the gardening gloves, and explains exactly what took place in October 1973. A fair bit of this stuff never made it to print; I even typed up my shorthand for you. You can buy me a drink later.

I'm a little concerned that this sleuth persona is starting to stick. Already I'm getting letters and phone calls from all sorts of nutjobs telling me about their sightings of the Loch Ness Monster and visits from little green men. An octogenarian wrote to me the other day to ask if I could help her track down a necklace she insists was stolen by a ghost. It's becoming a joke in the Witness office.

Let's meet up soon. It would be nice to talk about something other than cursed masks, locked doors and the like.

Thanks for all your help,

Karen

P.S. Sorry about the giant baby comment.