

October 27th

Dearest Marie,

How long has it been now that I have been forced to suffer the unpleasantness of your absence? Even our darling Mr. Culver has visited at least once in the last year, but you must seek to stab me through the heart with the vigor in which you have cast our friendship aside. I jest, though, as I know, truthfully, that the weight of handling the affairs of your grandmother must have been enormous. And to take up residence in her home, what an odd mix of feelings that must bring. On a lighter note, I was delighted to hear of your success in Arkham, though I cannot claim to be surprised that the city was so taken by the Smoky Velvet.

And what of me, you might wonder? I have become quite popular as a booking agent for musicians, comedians, and other entertainers of that sort. It was grueling work, building up the connections with club owners and getting my name out amongst the party-thrasher types. It is a wonder what a little updo and a gentle application of rouge can do for how others perceive you.

I know I am running in circles around the point, so let me be more direct. There is a new restaurant that's just set up here in New Orleans—a real ritzy place—and there are rumors that on the weekends a club runs out from the basement. I may have been contacted by the owner, who heard my name from a friend of a friend, and they are looking for a particular... class of talent. And you, dear Marie, check every box that needed checking and then some. The client was ecstatic when I said I knew you—and when I mentioned our masterful trumpet-playing Mr. Culver, well, the offer for getting you booked for a few weekends' worth of shows was... Let's just say, it would really, really mean a lot to me (and all our pocketbooks) if you could come down here with Jim.

Here I am now, begging at your feet, come home to New Orleans and remind our city who the real queen of jazz is.

Your friend and confidante,

Betty Lane

Evidence Piece #1

To: Marie Lambeau

MARIE L
"The Smok



November 4th

Jim

There are no words that would do justice to the dread that drowns me. As I write this, I desperately grasp at the fringes of my own mind, kicking and flailing as the whispers and specters try to pull me away. I thought perhaps madness had finally come for me, as it came for my mother when she was my age... but a madman would not believe himself mad, would he? That I question what I hear and, more and more, what I see, that must be a sign that surely something more is wrong?

I cannot confide in any others but you and Marie. They would send me away to a sanatorium, because what else would a sane person do when confronted by ravings of crawling, creeping whispers that worm and burrow and take up residence in the mind??

 watching me

November ~~6th~~ 7th

I wandered in a fugue-like state through the alleys and streets, stumbling in pursuit of our childhood selves. The clatter of our shoes on the stones and the sound of our laughter was as real as the breath that fills my lungs. An unknown amount of time passed—but the sun had set and the lamps had been lit. I found myself looking up at your bedroom window, expecting you to appear at any moment, or to catch a glimpse of your father in his chair reading in the front room. But the windows were all dark and it took until the sun returned for me to come out of it and remember.

The ~~sensation~~ of being watched is near-constant, and I must deliver this letter to the post box before the feeling returns or I fear it might never make it to you. Please, you and Marie are the only ones I can count on to believe me. Something is here. It watches and it whispers and...and I think it might want me to send this letter, and if I am putting you in danger I am so, so sorry.

I am ^{scared}~~scared~~^{scared}. More scared than I have ever been in my life. Please, please come. Find me in New Orleans and save me from whatever is happening, because I am certain that I am not the only one...

Betty Lane

~~Jim~~

November 4th

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drowns me as I write this. I desperately grasp at the fringes
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Evidence Piece #2

To: Jim Culver



MISSING:

CY DIMITRY

*Last seen at Diner - Lost in bayou
Tell Pa Frank or Annie if you see any sign*

Evidence Piece #3



Where are you?