

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

I don't know if anyone will ever read this. I hope there is never a reason for anyone to.

This concerns **Captain Voss**.

There is something wrong with that man.

I don't mean dishonest or crazy. I've known plenty of both. I mean there is something about Voss that I cannot explain.

Sometimes I don't think he is human.

I've never said that to anyone before because I know how it sounds.

I've spent enough time drinking with Voss to hear things he probably never intended to say. Most of the time he catches himself. Sometimes after a few drinks he doesn't.

One night he started talking about hunting monsters.

Those were his words.

He said he had to hunt them so **his people could stay alive**.

I asked what people he was talking about. He looked at me for a long time and then said I had misunderstood him.

I hadn't.

Another time I heard him talking with Sheriff Ortega. I wasn't part of their conversation, but I was close enough to hear some of it.

Voss told Ortega that where he came from, evil controlled almost **eighty percent of their world**.

Their world.

That is what he said.

It made no sense then and it makes no sense now.

I should have confronted him. I should have asked him exactly where he came from and what he meant by monsters and his people and their world.

I didn't.

The truth is, I was afraid.

Voss scared the hell out of me.

Ortega didn't seem frightened of him. Tomas always said Voss was all right. Strange, certainly, but not dangerous.

Then Ortega and I started talking about some of the strange things Voss had said.

Not long after that, **Ortega disappeared.**

Maybe the two things have nothing to do with each other.

I pray they don't.

I have not spoken about Voss since.

Not to Maggie.

Not to my friends.

Not to anyone.

But I've had the feeling for a long time that whatever Voss was involved with did not end with Ortega.

I think there are others.

And I think we may all be at risk.

If something happens to me, somebody needs to know that.

And if somehow my questions, my conversations with Ortega, or anything else I did helped cause what happened—

I'm sorry.

God help me, I am sorry.

Lawrence Jackson