

CASEFILE:

THE TALLOWMAN

seedrise?



*eyewitness
accounts*

*↑
who?*

CASE NO: 579837

Compiled by Order of The Council

Written by Eliot Miller

NOTES

Lorewright contributions
by Matthew Hidalgo and
Baron Dipitous

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WITNESSES:

LYSA - Soapmaker and
chandler, mother to Lydia and
Lyon, wife of the missing man

SAFFRON - Traveling
merchant, frequent visitor to
Birchfell.

ROWLAND - Hermit familiar
with the practices of corpse wax.

LYDIA - Eldest daughter of
Lysa

LYON - youngest daughter of
Lysa

WITNESS
ACCOUNTS

EXHIBIT A

SOURCE

LYSA

8th Seedrise, 513

I can scarce believe the events of the past tenday. I was out from home, getting water from the well when he approached. I screamed for I thought I saw a ghost or some such monster before me. But no, it was him. My husband has returned. I could not stop myself from kissing him despite the scars.

↑
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ROLE

Soapmaker & Chandler

ITEM

Witness journal entry

EXHIBIT A

He said to atone for his disappearance - which he need not ever do - he had brought with him a new soap recipe. Oh how well it has sold! I fear nothing I hath made has ever brought in so much coin.

The children are overjoyed, we are a family once more, and our worries are behind us.

EXHIBIT B

SOURCE

LYDIA

The twenty first of Seedrise in the year
five hundred and thirteen of Birchfell

Something is wrong with Papa. Mama tells
us he has come home, and to give him
hugs and bisses. But it is not Papa. I
remember more than she thinks. His face
makes a smile, but the eyes are not right.

When Papa used to look at me, he saw
the whole of me. It was as if we were
the only two people in the world.

page 1

ROLE

Child (Lysa)

ITEM

Witness journal entry

EXHIBIT B

His eyes used to be so bright. Sally down
the lane says he's a ghost. That's silly.

I think it's a wax monster, cut into the
shape of papa.

↑
page 2

EXHIBIT C

SOURCE

SAFFRON

*Birchfell,
Seedrise, 23rd day.*

*I was surprised to see
the two Lysa children
today. I was just packing
for another trip before
they found me.*

*They, well how to put it,
they said something was
wrong with their Father.
That he had "come back
wrong" somehow.*

page 1

ROLE

Traveling merchant (halfling)

ITEM

Witness ledger notes

EXHIBIT C

*I'd have given it up as
poor confused children,
had Baren not come to me
with questions about
several missing persons.*

*Goodness me! I don't
know why everyone in
this town thinks me the
center of gossip. But I am
packed already. Perhaps
there are some stories to
be found this night.*

EXHIBIT D

SOURCE

SAFFRON

Woods S 24

18th Seedrise, 513

*That I dare to scratch
these words as I see them
before me is foolishness. I
followed the tall shadow of
Lysa's Husband this night
and found him walking
beyond the edge of town.
I found him again at the
thicket where I spied
smoke curling up from a
fire, and now I lie
crawling in the mud
peering from under the
shrubbage.*

↑
page 1

ROLE

Traveling merchant (halfling)

ITEM

Witness ledger notes

EXHIBIT D

Lysa's Husband has adorned a plain mask and ratty robe and is dragging a body from out of a shallow grave.

A short strap of red leather with a bell in the shape of an acorn has fallen onto the sodden ground.

Lysa's Husband has now taken a large cleaver and. He. Chopped to pieces.

↑
page 2 destruction of evidence?

EXHIBIT D

*Thrown into the cauldron
on the fire. Thick, sticky
bubbles.*

Stirs with a long stick.

*I must get away from the
stench before my revulsion
reveals me.*

*Of all the horrors, it was
those eyes set in their mask
with a grim determination
that kept me wakeful all
through the night.*

EXHIBIT D

SOURCE

Item Sketch



↑
*which
family?*

NOTES

Bell with leather strap as
described by Saffron

EXHIBIT E

SOURCE

ROWLAND

8th Seedrise, 513

After returning from morning prayer I was intruded upon by the Halfling, Saffron. A merchant, of sorts. A Talekeeper, in kind. A scavenger, to some. We had conversed prior, as she was my liaison to trade with Birchfell, but I did not appreciate her repeated questions about Corpse Wax.

↑
page 1

ROLE

Monk (The Ossa)

ITEM

Witness journal entry

EXHIBIT E

SOURCE

ROWLAND

I would have turned her away, except for the harrowing ordeal she had evidently not washed herself from the previous night.

I provisioned her with tea and perhaps my tongue was too loose, but I relayed that I had a visit from Brother Martyn not more than a week prior. Brother Martyn had told me that a closely guarded Ossa recipe and -

↑
page 2

EXHIBIT E

SOURCE

ROWLAND

a number of instruments had been stolen by a pilgrim from their Hermitage. When I explained this to Saffron they had the audacity to ask why I hadn't investigated the disappearances myself!

I was quite pleased to remark that I didn't have as much free time as she evidently did, and she pouted most fiercely. She is quite fun to converse with after all.

EXHIBIT F

SOURCE

SAFFRON

Woods. Seedrise.

26th.

My foolishness would not go unpunished a second time. I returned to the smoking cauldron in the thicket the next night, but did not see Lysa's Husband until after he had struck me over the head. I awoke, with my hands bound on a wooden platform above the -

↑
page 1

ROLE

Traveling merchant (halfling)

ITEM

Witness ledger notes

EXHIBIT F

*cauldron. I feared this was
my end, as I watched
Lysa's Husband hack at the
body before me and scrape
the flesh into the simmering
steam. And then those eyes
regarded me next. They
didn't see me as a person
of light and warmth. I could
tell, they saw me as parts
a body to be disassembled.
Ingredients for a recipe.*

EXHIBIT F

I believe he did not think me conscious and so he was surprised as I sprung up to push and bite him. My feet were slick on bloody wood and shreds of skin. I am not sure how he fell, only the deafening scream when he dropped into the hot wax. I took the cleaver between my thighs and sawed my hands free.

EXHIBIT F

*I didn't stop running until
I was too far away to hear
the screams.*

*Not that the screams ever
did stop.*

↑
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EXHIBIT G

SOURCE

SAFFRON

*Regarding the 26th
(written on the 28th)*

*I had stood outside Lysa's
house before the break of
dawn, determined to tell
her the fate of her husband
and what he had done.*

*That was when Rowland
and a small number of
other Ossa monks arrived.*

*They told me they were
here to enter Lysa's shop -*

↑
page 1

ROLE

Traveling merchant (halfling)

ITEM

Witness ledger notes

EXHIBIT G

*across the road, and to
reclaim the Corpse Wax
her husband had made.
Despite the crime of
murder, they explained
that it was their
responsibility to ensure the
remains of the dead were
treated with dignity,
according to their beliefs. I
wanted to stop them from
robbing my friend, but they
assured me*

EXHIBIT G

they would only take the soap made from Corpse Wax, and that they would be able to tell the difference. I did not want to inquire as to how. They implored me to help them in this theft, and I did.

EXHIBIT H

SOURCE

LYSA

31st Seedrise, 513

*I am heartbroken. A
crestfallen maiden once more.
I cannot believe he would
leave me a second time. I
would be the laughing stock of
this accursed town, if I
wasn't already the villain of
their vicious rumour mill.
First disappearances and now
murders? Soap that was too
good so it must have been
made from people!!*

↑
page 1

ROLE

Soapmaker & Chandler

ITEM

Witness journal entry

EXHIBIT H

*I would laugh if it weren't for
the fact my store has been
ransacked. Not that it
concerns any of them!*

*And so, oh mother, I have
done something just as terrible.
I blamed the Ossa. The hermits
whom I so respect in their
craft. But knowing them best,
the townsfolk listened to me.
The disappearances, the
murders, the chopped up bones
by the thicket.*

EXHIBIT H

*It sounded just like the
prejudice stories of the Ossa
they had already heard. But
the most wretched thing is, I
think I can live with it. For the
children, I have to live with it.*

EXHIBIT I

SOURCE

SAFFRON

*Road South of
Birchfell, Sproutrise 1st.*

*I had to leave Birchfell.
At least for a short time.*

*At the town hall, they
wanted to gather a mob
together to go after
Rowland in his hut,
beyond the low wall west.
It was late at night in the
hall, and the shadows of
the waxy candles were
long. I wanted to tell them
of his innocence.*

page 1

ROLE

Traveling merchant (halfling)

ITEM

Witness ledger notes

EXHIBIT I

I was going to. But, I don't think anyone could see me in the aisle, where I felt a hand over my mouth. My jaw clenched tight and I tried to scream through the fingers, but the hands held me and let no breath escape.

When I could finally turn, I saw that it was Lysa standing tall over me.

EXHIBIT I

*And those hollow eyes,
they were set with a grim
determination to see this
night through. To my
horror they turned to look
at me as might a Butcher
regard meat! I knew then
that I had not the full
character of Lysa.*

*I packed and left the next
morning.*

EXHIBIT I

*I heard Rowland had
already left for the
Hermitage.*

*I pray that will be the end
of it.*

↑
page 4

EXHIBIT J

SOURCE

LYON

Tweny one day of Sproutrise

I learned a new song today. There has been a scary story the older kids have been telling, of The Tallowman.

He lives in the woods, and drags stinky children to his big pot where he boils them into soap. Just like the Chandler Twins!

ROLE

Child (Lysa)

ITEM

Witness journal entry

EXHIBIT J

*I like **T**he **T**allowman better, it goes*

***T**allowman, **T**allowman,
catch me if you can!*

***Y**ou wont catch me, and
put me in your pan!*

*Scrub-a-dub-dub,
all the filth is gone*

***I**m clean **T**allowman,
so catch me if you can!*

***I'**ll sing it for **P**apa when he comes home.*

***H**e always liked stories about monsters.*



