CASEFILE:

THE TALLOWMAN

seedrise?

eyewitness accounts

who?

CASE NO: 579837

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NOTES

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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.

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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 kisses. 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.

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EXHIBIT D

SOURCE	SAFFRON

Seedrise, on the 25th day

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.

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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
into 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.

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EXHIBIT D

SOURCE	Item Sketch

which family?

NOTES	Bell with leather strap as described by Saffron

EXHIBIT E

SOURCE	ROWLAND

Woods S 24

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.

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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 -

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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.

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EXHIBIT F

SOURCE	SAFFRON

Woods. Seedrise.
26th.
My foolishness would not go un-punished 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

cavldron. 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 co
tell, they saw me as parts
a body to be disassembled.
Ingredients for a recipe.

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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.

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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 –

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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

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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.

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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!!

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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.

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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.

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EXHIBIT I

SOURCE	SAFFRON

Road South of
Birchfell, Sprovtrise 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.

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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.

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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.

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EXHIBIT I

I heard Rowland had already left for the Hermitage.

I pray that will be the end of it.

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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!

P.1

ROLE	Child (Lysa)
ITEM	Witness journal entry

EXHIBIT J

I like The Tallowman better, it goes

Tallowman, Tallowman,
catch me if you can!

You wont catch me, and
put me in your pan!
Scrub-a-dub-dub,
all the filth is gone
Im clean Tallowman,
so catch me if you can!

I'll sing it for Papa when he comes home.
He always liked stories about monsters.