# Ehlhiel's Journal

Tyra was too stubborn to realize it. The Crimson Dirks were done. They knew our names and our faces. If the city guard didn't catch us, it'd be The East Empire Company, or any of the other guilds and Great Houses we pissed off along the way. The way I see it, I just gave them a head start.

My job was to set the hideout ablaze, and let the Legionnaires pick off the bandits while they burned. Just goes to show how cowardly the tin men in uniform really are. They were never one for a fair fight or a fair deal, but hey, neither was I.

The guard captain was too busy smelling his own wind to realize we were burning long dead corpses. The Crimson Dirks were already gone.

It was an even trade. A head start for a head start. So long as I kept my part of the bargain, they wouldn't find out about theirs.

Still, it was only a matter of time before they caught on. And while they weren't aware of my part in the escape, now they want me to help with their capture. They've put everything I've told them into neat little dossiers, which they can pass around to the captains. I wonder if they even have one on me.

I only told Pale-Eyes about the cost of our freedom. The rest of them wouldn't understand. They couldn't deal with the guilt. But I had to tell somebody, because as it turns out, neither could I.

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|---|---|
| **FormId** | ccbgssse053-ba_leather.esl:00081B |
| **Owning plugin** | ccbgssse053-ba_leather.esl |
| **Local FormId** | 00081B |
| **Editor ID** | ccBGSSSE053_EhlhielNote |
| **Inventory image** | (none) |
| **Menu art** | HighPolyJournal |
| **Value (gold)** | 0 |
| **Type** | Book or tome |
| **Weight** | 0 |
| **Can be taken** | Yes |
| **Teaches** | (none) |
| **Inventory description** | (none) |
| **Keywords** | VendorItemBook |
| **Locations** | 0 |
| **Leveled lists** | 0 |
| **Scripts** | 0 |

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