Butcher Journal #1

The plans are coming together swimmingly. I've found good sources of bone, flesh, and blood, but thus far a good sampling of sinew and marrow have escaped me. No matter. The city is swollen with contemptuous fools who will be missed by nobody.

Last night was almost able to corner Susanna as she left Candlehearth. Idiot guard showed up at just the wrong moment and I had to turn about, just out for a stroll, and so forth. There will be other chances, but the time is drawing near.

I think back to my time in Winterhold. All the wasted minds up in their towers. They only explore the magic they already know. I am discovering new magic here. Something deeper than the cantripped shenanigans of fire and light. This flesh magic is older than us. Perhaps older than the world itself. I am tugging at the corners of the fabric of the universe, and where it bunches and folds is where I shall create my greatest triumph.

One more attempt at the Candlehearth girl. She's proving to be a bit too cautious, but those strong joints of hers should contain the most exquisite tendons. Worth the effort. Tonight.

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Owning plugin	skyrim.esm
Local FormId	024737
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Menu art	HighPolyJournal02
Value (gold)	5
Type	Book or tome
Weight	1
Can be taken	Yes
Teaches	(none)
Inventory description	(none)
Keywords	VendorItemBook
Locations	2
Leveled lists	0
Scripts	1

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