Torn Note

They fell upon us at dusk. Dozens of them. The caravan guards were dead in moments. They took everyone else back to the pens. Blinded those who tried to resist.

One by one, they've taken the others away- feeding us to those monstrosities, or worse. I don't have much time left. Eydis, my love, if you ever get this- forgive me.

Firir

Torn Note

FormId	skyrim.esm:074ADF
Owning plugin	skyrim.esm
Local FormId	074ADF
Editor ID	dunChillwindDepthsNote
Inventory image	(none)
Menu art	HighPolyNoteTornPage
Value (gold)	0
Type	Book or tome
Weight	0
Can be taken	Yes
Teaches	(none)
Inventory description	(none)
Keywords	VendorItemBook
Locations	2
Leveled lists	0
Scripts	0

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