

WITNESS STATEMENT

Case Number: None

Full Name: Roger Pinker Hastor Birth Date: August 23rd
Address: 34 Sheffield Lane and Hokins Road ByCross

Please write your statement on the space provided below:

I work out of Kessington's Warehouse Number 23. That explosion was truly terrible to behold. I was in the office recording the last shipment of Iron when it happened. My window exploded and glass blew everywhere in my office. I was facing away from it when that happened, but my office lit up like it was daylight. It was so bright.

I immediately gathered the lads and we ran out into the street to see what was going on and there were Bobbies and some soldier boys laying on the ground down the road toward the rubble and fires. It took us a moment to recover but I sent the lads in to grab blankets. We have an overnight room for when work keeps us late. Master Kessington supplied all of that for us. Well. We ran out to help the Bobbies and started bringing them into the warehouse. Laying out the wounded ones and giving them some water and blankets.

All of that was going well. More and more of them were being brought in. Lots of wounded. Lots of blood. I went upstairs to the fourth floor to see if we had any spare linens to use and that is when I saw it. Something jumping from roof to roof away from the explosion. It was dark and if it wasn't for the fires, I doubt I would have seen it.

I got a decent look at it too. About the size of a man. Maybe taller by a head. He was wearing robes and had this wild hair sticking up everywhere. Could have been horns too. Anyhow. He jumped from roof to roof away from us and the fires and was gone. And his jumping. That is not normal. No man can jump that far. Not at all.

I stood there a long time. Honestly. I think I was little frozen in fear. The whole situation was just tragic and terrifying all at the same time and I remember I was just counting my blessings that we didn't get caught up in that nightmare of fire. That's when I realized someone was following the dark wild haired man. Had to be female, small and lithe. She ran across the warehouse right next to us. Standing on the edge of the wall. I remember almost calling out she was so close to the edge. She was looking in the same direction the dark wild haired man was jumping. Then she looked at me and stepped right off the edge. She was wrapped up in some dark cloak, but I'll never forget that face and the white hair. She was far too young to have such stark white hair.

I grabbed the linens and went back down to the main floor and let the Bobbies know. I know they sent some lads out to look but they didn't see anyone. I thought I was crazy till I heard an Officer Tellen telling one of the soldiers about some dark man up on the roof. He sent some men out before I could get to him. I still told him what I saw but no one found either of them that I know of.

Crazy night. I'm glad we could be a service to the Bobbies and men of the 8th. I wish we could have done more.

I make the above statement voluntarily. This account is true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and represents my observations in the case currently under investigation. I understand that making false statements or reports pursuant to