THE ELDER SCROLLS TREASURY

A REPERTORY FOR MODDERS

NEW EDITION

PART I

CORPUS TAMRIELICUM

VOL. III
Corpus Tamrielicum

The Official Books, Scrolls, Journals, Letters, and Notes of The Elder Scrolls Games

Edited and annotated by

Zeph

Vol. III

The Texts from Morrowind, its Official Plugins and Expansions

Dortmund 2012
Dedicated to all devs of The Elder Scrolls series and all lore-friendly modders.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[1]</td>
<td>ABCs for Barbarians</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[2]</td>
<td>Aedra and Daedra</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[8]</td>
<td>The Anticipations</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[9]</td>
<td>Arcana Restored*</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[10]</td>
<td>The Arcturian Heresy</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[12]</td>
<td>The Armorer's Challenge*</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[14]</td>
<td>Ashlands Hymns</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[16]</td>
<td>Azura and the Box*</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[17]</td>
<td>The Balladeer's Fakebook</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[18]</td>
<td>The Battle of Molag Beran</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[19]</td>
<td>The Battle of Red Mountain, and the Rise and Fall of the Tribunal</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[20]</td>
<td>Biography of Queen Barenziah*</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[21]</td>
<td>Biography of the Wolf Queen*</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[22]</td>
<td>The Black Arrow*</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[23]</td>
<td>The Black Glove</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[24]</td>
<td>Blasphemous Revenants</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[26]</td>
<td>Boethiah's Glory</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[27]</td>
<td>Boethiah's Pillow Book</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[28]</td>
<td>Bone</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[29]</td>
<td>The Book of Daedra*</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[31]</td>
<td>Book of Life and Service*</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[32]</td>
<td>Book of Rest and Endings*</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[33]</td>
<td>Breathing Water</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[34]</td>
<td>A Brief History of the Empire*</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[35]</td>
<td>The Brothers of Darkness*</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[37]</td>
<td>The Buying Game*</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[38]</td>
<td>The Cake and the Diamond</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[39]</td>
<td>The Cantatas of Vivec</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[40]</td>
<td>Certifications</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[41]</td>
<td>Chance's Folly</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[42]</td>
<td>Changed Ones</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[43]</td>
<td>The Charwich-Koniinge Letters</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[44]</td>
<td>Cherim's Heart of Anequina*</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[45]</td>
<td>Children of the Sky*</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[46]</td>
<td>Chimarvamidium*</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[47]</td>
<td>The Common Tongue</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[48]</td>
<td>Confessions of a Dunmer Skooma-Eater</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[49]</td>
<td>The Consolations of Prayer</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[50]</td>
<td>Contracts</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[51]</td>
<td>Dagoth Ur's Plans</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[52]</td>
<td>A Dance in Fire*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[53]</td>
<td>Darkest Darkness*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[54]</td>
<td>Death Blow of Abernanit*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[55]</td>
<td>Deeds</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[56]</td>
<td>Dispel Potion Formula</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[57]</td>
<td>The Doors of the Spirit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[58]</td>
<td>The Dowry*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[59]</td>
<td>The Dragon Break Reexamined*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[60]</td>
<td>Dwemer Books</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[61]</td>
<td>The Eastern Provinces Impartially Considered*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[62]</td>
<td>Elante's Notes</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[63]</td>
<td>A Fair Warning</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[64]</td>
<td>Fall of the Snow Prince*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[65]</td>
<td>Fellowship of the Temple</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[66]</td>
<td>Feyfolken*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[67]</td>
<td>The Final Lesson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[68]</td>
<td>The Firmament*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[69]</td>
<td>The Firsthold Revolt*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[70]</td>
<td>The Five Far Stars</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[71]</td>
<td>The Five Songs of King Wulfharth*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[72]</td>
<td>Flowers of Lake Amaya</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[73]</td>
<td>For My Gods and Emperor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[74]</td>
<td>The Four Suitors of Benitah</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[75]</td>
<td>From Seyda Neen to Balmora by Road</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[76]</td>
<td>Frontier, Conquest, and Accommodation*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[77]</td>
<td>Galerion The Mystic*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[78]</td>
<td>A Game at Dinner*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[79]</td>
<td>Gnisis Eggmine Pass</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[80]</td>
<td>The Gold Ribbon of Merit*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[81]</td>
<td>Grasping Fortune</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[82]</td>
<td>Great Houses of Morrowind</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[83]</td>
<td>Guides</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[84]</td>
<td>Guylaine's Architecture of the Second Empire</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[85]</td>
<td>Hallgerd's Tale*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[86]</td>
<td>Hanin's Wake</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[87]</td>
<td>Hasphat's notes for Cosades</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[88]</td>
<td>The Homilies of Blessed Almalexia</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[89]</td>
<td>Honor Among Thieves</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[90]</td>
<td>The Hope of the Redoran</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[91]</td>
<td>The Horror of Castle Xyr*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[92]</td>
<td>The Horror of Castle Xyr [Playscript]</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[93]</td>
<td>The House of Troubles</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[94]</td>
<td>How Orsinium Passed to the Orcs*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[95]</td>
<td>A Hypothetical Treachery*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[96]</td>
<td>Ice and Chitin*</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>183</td>
<td>I’m My Own Grandpa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>184</td>
<td>Imperial Charter of the Guild of Fighters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>185</td>
<td>Imperial Charter of the Guild of Mages*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>186</td>
<td>The Importance of Where*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>187</td>
<td>Incident in Necrom*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>188</td>
<td>Invocation of Azura*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>189</td>
<td>Invoice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>190</td>
<td>Invoice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>191</td>
<td>Journals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>202</td>
<td>Kagrenac's Tools</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204</td>
<td>Lady Benoch's Words and Philosophy*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>205</td>
<td>The Last Scabbard of Akrash*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>206</td>
<td>A Leaflet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>207</td>
<td>Ledgers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>215</td>
<td>The Legendary Scourge*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216</td>
<td>Legions of the Dead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>217</td>
<td>A Less Rude Song*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218</td>
<td>Letters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234</td>
<td>Lists</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>239</td>
<td>Lives of the Saints</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>241</td>
<td>The Locked Room*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>242</td>
<td>Logs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>246</td>
<td>Lord Jornibret's Last Dance*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>247</td>
<td>The Lost Prophecy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>248</td>
<td>The Lunar Lorkhan*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>249</td>
<td>The Lusty Argonian Maid*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>250</td>
<td>The Madness of Pelagius*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>251</td>
<td>Maps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>253</td>
<td>The Marksmanship Lesson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>256</td>
<td>Master Zoaraym's Tale*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>257</td>
<td>The Mirror*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>258</td>
<td>Mission to Vivec -- from Caius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>259</td>
<td>Mixed Unit Tactics in the Five Years War*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>260</td>
<td>The Monomyth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>266</td>
<td>Museum Welcomes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>268</td>
<td>Mushrooms of the Bitter Coast</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>269</td>
<td>Mysterious Akavir*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>270</td>
<td>The Mystery of Princess Talara*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>271</td>
<td>Mysticism*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>272</td>
<td>Nerevar at Red Mountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>275</td>
<td>Nerevar Moon-and-Star*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>276</td>
<td>Nerevarine Cult Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>278</td>
<td>N’Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>279</td>
<td>Night Falls On Sentinel*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>280</td>
<td>No-h’s Picture Book of Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>281</td>
<td>Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>335</td>
<td>Notes from Huleeyea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>337</td>
<td>Notes - Kagouti Mating Habits</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>338</td>
<td>Notes on Racial Phylogeny and Biology*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>339</td>
<td>Notes on the Persistence of Oblivion Streams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page Number</td>
<td>Title</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>-------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>480</td>
<td>The Song of the Alchemists*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>479</td>
<td>The Song of Grandfather Frost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>476</td>
<td>Sithis*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>474</td>
<td>Silence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>472</td>
<td>A Short History of Morrowind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>471</td>
<td>Seven Visions of Seven Trials of the Incarnate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>470</td>
<td>The Seven Curses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>469</td>
<td>The Seed*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>434</td>
<td>Scrolls [Magic Scrolls]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>432</td>
<td>Saryoni's Sermons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>431</td>
<td>Saint Nerevar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>430</td>
<td>The Ruins of Kemel-Ze*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>431</td>
<td>Order Manifest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>434</td>
<td>Ordo Legionis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>435</td>
<td>Origin of the Mages Guild*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>436</td>
<td>An Overview Of Gods and Worship In Tamriel*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>437</td>
<td>Package for Caius Cosades</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>430</td>
<td>The Posting of the Hunt*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>431</td>
<td>The Prayers of Baranat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>432</td>
<td>Parchment with Scrawlings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>433</td>
<td>The Real Barenziah*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>434</td>
<td>Palla*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>430</td>
<td>Package for Caius Cosades</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>431</td>
<td>The Real Barenziah*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>432</td>
<td>Palla*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>437</td>
<td>Palla*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>438</td>
<td>The Pig Children*</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>439</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>441</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>442</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>443</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>444</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>445</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>446</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>447</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>448</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>449</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>450</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>451</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>452</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>453</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>454</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>455</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>456</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>457</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>458</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>459</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>460</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>461</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>462</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>463</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>464</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>465</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>466</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>467</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>468</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>469</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>470</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>471</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>472</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>473</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>474</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>475</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>476</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>477</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>478</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>479</td>
<td>The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>480</td>
<td>The Poison Song</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Indicates a special or featured section.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>197</td>
<td>The Song of Uncle Sweetshare</td>
<td>481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>198</td>
<td>Sottilde's Code Book</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>199</td>
<td>Sovngarde, a Reexamination</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200</td>
<td>Special Flora of Tamriel*</td>
<td>485</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>201</td>
<td>Spirit of Nirm</td>
<td>486</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>202</td>
<td>Spirit of the Daedra*</td>
<td>487</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>203</td>
<td>The Story of Aevar Stone-Singer*</td>
<td>488</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>204</td>
<td>The Stranger</td>
<td>489</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>205</td>
<td>Surfeit of Thieves*</td>
<td>490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>206</td>
<td>Tal Marog Ker's Researches*</td>
<td>491</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>207</td>
<td>Tamrielic Artifacts*</td>
<td>492</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>208</td>
<td>Tax Records</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>209</td>
<td>The Third Door*</td>
<td>494</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>210</td>
<td>Thirsk, a History</td>
<td>495</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>211</td>
<td>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>212</td>
<td>Tiram Gadar's Credentials</td>
<td>568</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>213</td>
<td>Trap</td>
<td>569</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>214</td>
<td>The True Nature of Orcs*</td>
<td>572</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>215</td>
<td>The True Noble's Code</td>
<td>573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>216</td>
<td>2920, The Last Year of the First Era*</td>
<td>574</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>217</td>
<td>Unnamed Book</td>
<td>575</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>218</td>
<td>The Vagaries of Magicka*</td>
<td>578</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>219</td>
<td>Vampires of Vvardenfell</td>
<td>579</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>220</td>
<td>Varieties of Faith in the Empire</td>
<td>581</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>221</td>
<td>Vernaccus and Bourlor*</td>
<td>589</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>222</td>
<td>Vivec and Mephala</td>
<td>590</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>223</td>
<td>The War of the First Council</td>
<td>592</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>224</td>
<td>The Warrior's Charge*</td>
<td>593</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>225</td>
<td>The Waters of Oblivion*</td>
<td>594</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>226</td>
<td>Where Were You When the Dragon Broke?</td>
<td>595</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>227</td>
<td>Withershins*</td>
<td>597</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>228</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen*</td>
<td>598</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>229</td>
<td>Words of Clan Mother Ahnissi to her Favored Daughter</td>
<td>599</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>230</td>
<td>Words of the Wind</td>
<td>602</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>231</td>
<td>The Wraith's Wedding Dowry</td>
<td>603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>232</td>
<td>Writs of Execution</td>
<td>606</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>233</td>
<td>The Yellow Book of Riddles</td>
<td>615</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>234</td>
<td>Yellow Book of Great House Hlaalu</td>
<td>616</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>235</td>
<td>Zainsubani's Notes</td>
<td>617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index</td>
<td></td>
<td>619</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>I. Names, Places, Titles, etc.</td>
<td>619</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II. Years</td>
<td>637</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
[1] ABCs for Barbarians

A is for Atronach.

B is for Bungler's Bane.

C is for Comberry.
Aedra and Daedra

The designations of Gods, Demons, Aedra, and Daedra, are universally confusing to the layman. They are often used interchangeably.

"Aedra" and "Daedra" are not relative terms. They are Elvish and exact. Azura is a Daedra both in Skyrim and Morrowind. "Aedra" is usually translated as "ancestor," which is as close as Cyrodilic can come to this Elven concept. "Daedra" means, roughly, "not our ancestors." This distinction was crucial to the Dunmer, whose fundamental split in ideology is represented in their mythical genealogy.

Aedra are associated with stasis. Daedra represent change.

Aedra created the mortal world and are bound to the Earth Bones. Daedra, who cannot create, have the power to change.

As part of the divine contract of creation, the Aedra can be killed. Witness Lorkhan and the moons.

The protean Daedra, for whom the rules do not apply, can only be banished.

---

1 Identical with Tarer's personal copy (Tarer's Aedra and Daedra).
Want to Become Part of House Telvanni?

Outsiders learning of the rabid isolationist and outlander-hating temperament of House Telvanni wizards often assume it would be impossible to obtain positions in service to House Telvanni.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

For example, since the Telvanni vigorously defend the right to own slaves, and since they keep many Argonian and Khajiit as slaves, many Argonians and Khajiit assume they would not be accepted for service with House Telvanni.

Not true. Telvanni accept all races as candidates for membership.

And, since the Telvanni are ruled by wizard-lord nobles, many assume they accept only candidates of the highest intelligence and willpower.

Not true. Telvanni accept candidates of modest intelligence and willpower.

It is true that advancement in Telvanni ranks depends on high intelligence and willpower, and that candidates proficient in the arts of magic -- especially Mysticism, Conjuration, Illusion, Alteration, Destruction, and Enchanting -- can expect to advance faster and higher in the ranks.

But adventurers of all races and abilities who apply to Telvanni Mouths at the Telvanni Council Hall in Sadrith Mora for acceptance in House Telvanni can expect a cordial welcome.

(Telvanni Councilors do not serve on their house councils in person. Instead, they are represented by a 'Mouth', a trusted subordinate in residence at the Council Hall, acting on his patron's behalf, receiving messengers from their patrons and casting their patron's votes in Council affairs.)

The truth is that House Telvanni wizard-lords depend on loyal, well-paid, skilled retainers for most services. Though House Telvanni does recruit from their own lower classes, they must go outside their house to hire the craftsmen and specialists they need. And since for political reasons House Telvanni has chosen to reduce its reliance on Redoran mercenaries for protection and security, it has been forced to turn to Western mercenaries for guards and agents.

Promotion in the ranks of House Telvanni, however, is very difficult for outsiders. Most disconcerting for some potential candidates is House Telvanni's casual acceptance of murder
and assassination of rivals as a means to advancement. Those reluctant to prove their worthiness by killing off the competition, and those uncomfortable about competing in such a ruthless atmosphere, might better employ their time and efforts in the Mages Guild.
The most common potion, restore health, can be made from ingredients native to Vvardenfell. Any combination of Marshmerrow, wickwheat, and resin will work. If properly prepared, there are no ill effects.

Another common potion is that of restore fatigue. This can be made from scrib jelly and scuttle. Using hound meat instead of jelly may make a stronger potion, but the hound meat often spoils and makes the potion effective but undrinkable. Customers often prefer potions that taste better to ones that are only slightly more effective.
A potion to cure common diseases is another frequent request. These are quite simple to make here in Vvardenfell and often cheaper as grave dust is far more plentiful (and better preserved) by these fastidious Dunmer. Mix equal parts gravedust and green lichens. Heat over a low flame until the mixture turns brown.

Notes: Daedra skin is just as effective, but very expensive. Chokeweed can be used in an emergency.

Research notes on curing blight diseases:

So far the only mixtures I've found to be even partially effective is scrib jelly and ash salts. These ingredients are not too hard to find, but the ratio needs some adjustment and the potion is not fully effective.
A simple potion to breathe water can be made from luminous russula, a shelf fungus found in the Bitter Coast, and hackle-lo leaves. Crush the mushrooms and leaves into a paste and add water slowly until the mixture is just barely liquid enough to drink.

Note: Try and find something to mix with this to make it taste better.

A simple levitate potion can be made from coda flowers and either Cliff Racer plumes or trama roots.

Note: Do NOT mix plumes with trama root.
Healers' Recipes

Healers should all know the recipes for the following popular potions. Fortunately, in most cases, the ingredients are common and cheaply obtained.

To restore health to the afflicted and wounded, combine in equal parts two or more of the following cheap and common ingredients: marshmerrow, wickwheat, corkbulb root, and saltrice. Marshmerrow is an important crop of the Ascadian Isles, but it also grows wild in the Grazelands and on Azura's Coast. Wickwheat is a wild Ashland grain that grows in the Grazelands. Corkbulb grows best in the Ascadian Isles. Most saltrice comes from southeastern Morrowind, but there are also some new and prospering farms and plantations in the Ascadian Isles. Saltrice occasionally grows wild in the Grazelands and on Azura's Coast.

To restore fatigue after heavy exertion, combine two or more of the following: crab meat, bread, small kwama egg, and chokeweed. Crabmeat is taken from the mud crab, commonly found along all coasts. Bread in Morrowind is usually baked from saltrice flour. Kwama eggs are harvested from egg mines, and sold everywhere in Morrowind; the smaller eggs retain properties lost in later states of gestation. Chokeweed is a tough shrub growing in the rocky highlands of the West Gash.

To cure common diseases, combine gravedust and green lichen. Gravedust is spirit-affinitive dust taken from remains buried in consecrated ground. Green lichen is a hardy primitive plant that grows in the Ascadian Isles and Azura's Coast.

To restore magicka for spellcasting, combine comberry and frost salts. Comberry is a bitter berry, used to make wines. It grows mainly in the Ascadian Isles. Frost salts, by contrast, are rare and expensive. These crystalline compounds precipitate from elemental frost in solution. Such residues may be collected from the remains of frost atronachs that have been banished from the mortal plane.

Travelers' Recipes

Pilgrims and travelers will find the following inexpensive recipes of particular interest.

Feather reduces the weary traveler's burdens and can be gained from heather and scuttle. Heather is a low evergreen shrub of the Ascadian Isles, known for its small, pinkish-purple flowers. Scuttle, Vvardenfell's favorite local dish, is similar to cheese and made from the flesh of local beetles.

Levitation can be produced from any two of the following ingredients: trama root, racer plumes, and coda flowers. A thick, bitter-tasting root of the trama shrub grows in the Ashlands, Molag Amur, and Red Mountain regions. Racer plumes are plucked from dead cliff racers. Coda flowers are collected from the primitive draggle-tail plant of the Bitter Coast.
The power of Water Breathing is handy for travelers. A potion may be made from two or more of the following ingredients: luminous russula, hackle-lo leaf, and kwama cuttle. Luminous russula is a squat, mottled-brown-and-green toadstool mushroom of the Bitter Coast region. Hackle-lo leaf is a succulent leaf of the Grazelands, prized for its taste and its roborative powers. Kwama cuttle is a tough, waxy substance that comes from sacs in the mouths of kwama.

Adventurers' Recipes

Unfortunately, the potions most favored by adventurers require more rare and expensive ingredients. There are exceptions, like the easy and affordable recipe for fire shield. But most such potions require at least one ingredient with high cost in coin or blood.

Fire Shield potions can be made from comberry and sload soap. Comberry is the bitter berry of the Ascadian Isles. Sload soap is a waxy substance made from the immature non-sentient forms of the sload. Sload soap is not expensive, but is only rarely stocked by apothecaries or alchemists, and cannot be collected locally.

An adventurer can fortify his strength with a potion made from ash yams and dreugh wax. Ash yam is a tough tuberous root vegetable common to the Ascadian Isles region. Dreugh wax is a tough, waxy substance scraped from dreugh shells. Dreugh are powerful aquatic creatures, and hunting them for their hides and wax is a dangerous occupation.

Invisibility, one of the most prized effects of potions, can be made only from crushed diamonds and bittergreen petals. Bittergreen is a red flowering plant growing in the Red Mountain region. Diamonds, on the other hand, are very rare and expensive and usually must be purchased from fine alchemists.
Autres des ancêtres

Les âmes des DélemSomeone persistent après la mort. Leur connaissance et leur pouvoir bénéficient aux lignées des DélemSomeone. La relation entre les membres vivants et les ancêtres immortels est partiellement due à la lignée, partiellement à la ritournelle, partiellement volontaire. Un membre introduit dans la maison par mariage se lie rituellement et par serment à la clique, et gagne la communication et les bénéfices de la famille des ancêtres ; cependant, son accès aux ancêtres est inférieur à celui de ses descendants, et il conserve un accès à l'accès des ancêtres de sa propre lignée.

La chapelle familiale

Chaque résidence a une chapelle familiale. Dans les maisons plus modestes, il peut s'agir de plus que le foyer ou une niche où les objets de la famille sont exposés et vénérés. Dans les maisons plus riches, une pièce est dédiée à l'accès des ancêtres. Cette chapelle est appelée la Porte Attendant, et elle représente la porte à Oblivion.

Ici les membres de la famille rendent hommage à leurs ancêtres par des sacrifices et des prières, par des serments sur les devoirs, et par des rapports sur les affaires de la famille. En retour, la famille peut recevoir des informations, des formations et des bénédictions des ancêtres de la famille. Les ancêtres sont ainsi les protecteurs de la maison, et en particulier des enceintes de la Porte Attendant.

La clôture fantôme

C'est la plus sacrée des tâches de la famille de s'assurer que les restes de leurs ancêtres sont inhumés correctement dans une Ville des morts comme Necrom. Les âmes se trouvent confortées les unes contre les autres contre le froid du monde des morts. Cependant, en tant que signe de grand honneur et de sacrifice, un ancêtre peut consentir que certaines de ses restes soient conservées pour servir de partie de la clôture fantôme protégeant la maison des ancêtres de la maison. Cette disposition est souvent une partie de la dernière volonté du membre de la famille, que la pièce de gueule sera sauvée de ses restes et incorporée avec des magies et des cérémonies dans une clôture fantôme de la famille. Dans des cas exceptionnels, un squelette ou un corps conservé peut être lié dans une clôture fantôme.

Ces restes deviennent un phare et un focus pour les âmes des ancêtres, et pour le spirit de ces restes en particulier. Plus de restes sont utilisés pour faire une clôture fantôme, plus cette clôture est puissante. Et les plus puissants des morts dans la vie ont les plus puissants des restes.

La Grande Clôture Fantôme créée par le Tribunal pour retenir le Blight incorpore les os de de nombreux héros de l'Église et de la Cité Indoril et Redoran qui ont dédié leur esprit à l'Église et à la famille comme leurs familles surrogates. La Clôture Fantôme aussi contient des os provenant des Catacombes de Necrom et des nombreux champs de bataille de Morrowind.
The Mortal Chill

Spirits do not like to visit the mortal world, and they do so only out of duty and obligation. Spirits tell us that the otherworld is more pleasant, or at least more comfortable for spirits than our real world, which is cold, bitter, and full of pain and loss.

Mad Spirits

Spirits that are forced to remain in our world against their will may become mad spirits, or ghosts.

Some spirits are bound to this world because of some terrible circumstances of their death, or because of some powerful emotional bond to a person, place, or thing. These are called hauntings.

Some spirits are captured and bound to enchanted items by wizards. If the binding is involuntary, the spirit usually goes mad. A willing spirit may or may not retain its sanity, depending on the strength of the spirit and the wisdom of the enchanter.

Some spirits are bound against their wills to protect family shrines. This unpleasant fate is reserved for those who have not served the family faithfully in life. Dutiful and honorable ancestral spirits often aid in the capture and binding of wayward spirits.

These spirits usually go mad, and make terrifying guardians. They are ritually prevented from harming mortals of their clans, but that does not necessary discourage them from mischievous or peevish behavior. They are exceedingly dangerous for intruders. At the same time, if an intruder can penetrate the spirit's madness and play upon the spirit's resentment of his own clan, the angry spirits may be manipulated.

Oblivion

The existence of Oblivion is acknowledged by all Tamriel cultures, but there is little agreement on the nature of that otherworld, other than it is the place where the Aedra and Daedra live, and that communication and travel are possible between this world and Oblivion through magic and ritual.

The Dunmer do not emphasize the distinction between this world and Oblivion as do the human cultures of Tamriel. They regard our world and the otherworld as a whole with many paths from one end to the other rather than two separate worlds of different natures with distinct borders. This philosophical viewpoint may account for the greater affinity of Elves for magic and its practices.

Foreign Views of Dunmeri Ancestor Worship and Spirit Magic

The Altmeri and Bosmeri cultures also venerate their ancestors, but only by respecting the orderly and blissful passage of these spirits from this world to the next. That is, Wood Elves and High Elves believe it is cruel and unnatural to encourage the spirits of the dead to linger in our world. Even more grotesque and repugnant is the display of the bodily remains of ancestors in ghost fences and ash pits. The presentation of fingerbones in a family shrine, for
example, is sacrilegious to the Bosmer (who eat their dead) and barbaric to the Altmer (who inter their dead).

The human cultures of Tamriel are ignorant and fearful of Dark Elves and their culture, considering them to be inhuman and evil, like Orcs and Argonians, but more sophisticated. The human populations of Tamriel associate Dunmeri ancestor worship and spirit magic with necromancy; in fact, this association of the Dark Elves with necromancy is at least partly responsible for the dark reputation of Dunmer throughout Tamriel. This is generally an ignorant misconception, for necromancy outside the acceptable clan rituals is a most abhorrent abomination in the eyes of the Dunmer.

The Dark Elves would never think of practicing sorcerous necromancy upon any Dark Elf or upon the remains of any Elf. However, Dark Elves consider the human and orcish races to be little more than animals. There is no injunction against necromancy upon such remains, or on the remains of any animal, bird, or insect.

Imperial Policy officially recognizes the practices of Dunmeri ancestor veneration and spirit magic as a religion, and protects their freedom to pursue such practices so long as they do not threaten the security of the Empire. Privately, most Imperial officials and traders believe Dark Elf ancestor worship and displays of remains are barbaric or even necromantic.

Telvanni "Necromancy"

The Telvanni are adept masters of necromancy. They do not, however, practice necromancy upon the remains of Dark Elves. Sane Telvanni regard such practices with loathing and righteous anger. They do practice necromancy upon the remains of animals and upon the remains of Humans, Orcs, and Argonians -- who are technically no more than animals in Morrowind.

Publisher's Note: This book was written by an unknown scholar as a guide for foreign visitors to Morrowind shortly after the Armistice was signed. Many of these practices have since fallen into disfavor. The most obvious changes are those regarding the practice of Necromancy and the Great Ghostfence. Dunmer today regard Necromancy upon any of the accepted races as an abomination. The Ghostfence has forced many changes in the practice of ancestor worship. With the vast majority of ancestors' remains going to strengthen the Great Ghostfence around the mountain of Dagoth Ur, there are very few clan ghost fences in Morrowind. The Temple discourages such practices among the Houses as selfish. The upkeep of family tombs and private Waiting Doors has also fallen into disfavor, as very few remains have been buried in these tombs and shrines since the Armistice. In recent years most Dunmer venerate a small portion of their ancestor's remains kept at a local temple.
[7] The Anuad Paraphrased*

See vol. I.
The Anticipations

The Anticipations are the early ancestral anticipations of the loving patronage of the Tribunal. The Anticipations are the Daedra Lords Boethiah, Mephala, and Azura.

Boethiah is the Anticipation of Almalexia but male to her female. Boethiah was the ancestor who illuminated the elves ages ago before the Mythic Era. He told them the truth of Lorkhan's test, and defeated Auriel's champion, Trinimac. Boethiah ate Trinimac and voided him. The followers of Boethiah and Trinimac rubbed the soil of Trinimac upon themselves and changed their skins.

Mephala is the Anticipation of Vivec, but manifold and androgynous. Mephala taught the Chimer to evade their enemies or kill them with secret murder. The Chimer were few in those days and threatened on all sides. Mephala taught the Chimer to build Houses. Later, Mephala created the Morag Tong.

Azura is the Anticipation of Sotha Sil, but female to his male. Azura was the ancestor who taught the Chimer how to be different from the Altmer. Her teachings are sometimes attributed to Boethiah. In the stories, Azura is often encountered more as a communal progenitor of the race as a whole rather than as an individual ancestor. She is associated with Dusk and Dawn, and is sometimes called the Mother Soul. Azura's Star, also called the Twilight Star, appears briefly at dawn and dusk low on the horizon below the constellation of the Steed. Azura is associated with mystery and magic, fate and prophecy.
[9] Arcana Restored*

See vol. I.
The Arcturian Heresy

The Underking, Ysmir Kingmaker

With his god destroyed, Wulfharth finds it hard to keep his form. He staggers out of Red Mountain to the battlefield beyond. The world has shaken and all of Morrowind is made of fire. A strong gale picks up, and blows his ashes back to Skyrim.

Wulfharth adopts and is adopted by the Nords then. Ysmir the Grey Wind, the Storm of Kyne. But through Lorkhan he lost his national identity. All he wants the Nords for is to kill the Tribunal. He raises a storm, sends in his people, and is driven back by Tribunal forces. The Dunmer are too strong now. Wulfharth goes underground to wait and strengthen and reform his body anew. Oddly enough, it is Almalexia who disturbs his rest, summoning the Underking to fight alongside the Tribunal against Ada'Soom Dir-Kamal, the Akaviri demon. Wulfharth disappears after Ada'Soom is defeated, and does not return for three hundred years.

It is the rumbling of the Greybeards that wake him. Though the Empire has crumbled, there are rumors that a chosen one will come to restore it. This new Emperor will defeat the Elves and rule a united Tamriel. Naturally, Wulfharth thinks he is the figure of prophecy. He goes directly to High Hrothgar to hear the Greybeards speak. When they do, Ysmir is blasted to ash again. He is not the chosen one. It is a warrior youth from High Rock. As the Grey Wind goes to find this boy, he hears the Greybeards' warning: remember the color of betrayal, King Wulfharth.

The Western Reach was at war. Cuhlecain, the King of Falkreath in West Cyrodiil, was in a bad situation. To make any bid at unifying the Colovian Estates, he needed to secure his northern border, where the Nords and Reachmen had been fighting for centuries. He allies with Skyrim at the Battle of Old Hrol'dan. Leading his forces was Hjalti Early-Beard. Hjalti was from the island kingdom of Alcaire, in High Rock, and would become Tiber Septim, the First Emperor of Tamriel.

Hjalti was a shrewd tactician, and his small band of Colovian troops and Nord berserkers broke the Reachman line, forcing them back beyond the gates of Old Hrol'dan. A siege seemed impossible, as Hjalti could expect no reinforcements from Falkreath. That night a storm came and visited Hjalti's camp. It spoke with him in his tent. At dawn, Hjalti went up to the gates, and the storm followed just above his head. Arrows could not penetrate the winds around him. He shouted down the walls of Old Hrol'dan, and his men poured in. After their victory, the Nords called Hjalti Talos, or Stormcrown.

Cuhlecain, with his new invincible general, unifies West Cyrodiil in under a year. No one can stand before Hjalti's storms. The Underking knows that if Hjalti is to become Emperor of Tamriel, he must first capture the Eastern Heartland. Hjalti uses them both. He needs Cuhlecain in the Colovian Estates, where foreigners are mistrusted. It is obvious why he needs Ysmir. They march on the East, the battlemages surrender before their armies, and they take the Citadel. Before Cuhlecain can be crowned, Hjalti secretly murders him and his
loyalist contingent. These assassinations are blamed on the enemies of Cuhlecain, which, for political reasons, are still the Western Reach. Zurin Arctus, the Grand Battlemage (not the Underking), then crowns Hjalti as Tiber Septim, new Emperor of All Cyrodiil. After he captures the Imperil Throne, Septim finds the initial administration of a fully united Cyrodiil a time-consuming task. He sends the Underking to deal with Imperial expansion into Skyrim and High Rock. Ysmir, mindful that it might seem as if Tiber Septim is in two places at once, works behind the scenes. This period of levelheaded statesmanship and diplomacy, this sudden silence, heretofore unknown in the roaring tales of Talosian conquest, are explained away later. (The assassination story is embroidered -- now it is popularly Talos' own throat that was cut.)

The human kingdoms are conquered, even Hammerfell, whose capture was figured to be an arduous task. The Underking wants a complete invasion, a chance to battle their foreign wind spirits himself, but Tiber Septim refutes him. He has already made a better plan, one that will seem to legitimize his rule. Cyrodiil supports the losing side of a civil war and are invited in. Finally, the Empire can turn its eyes onto the Elves.

The Underking continues to press on Tiber Septim the need to conquer Morrowind. The Emperor is not sure that it is a wise idea. He has heard of the Tribunal's power. The Underking wants his vengeance, and reminds Tiber Septim that he is fated to conquer the Elves, even the Tribunal. Arctus advises against the move but Septim covets the Ebony in Morrowind, as he sorely needs a source of capital to rebuild Cyrodiil after 400 years of war. The Underking tells him that, with the Tribunal dead, Septim might steal the Tribunal's power and use it against the High Elves (certainly the oldest enemies of Lorkhan, predating even the Tribunal). Summerset Isle is the farthest thing from Tiber Septim's mind. Even then, he was planning to send Zurin Arctus to the King of Alinor to make peace. The Ebony need wins out in the end. The Empire invades Morrowind, and the Tribunal give up. When certain conditions of the Armistice include not only a policy of noninterference with the Tribunal, but also, in the Underking's eyes, a validation of their religious beliefs, Ysmir is furious. He abandons the Empire completely. This was the betrayal the Greybeards spoke of. Or so he thinks.

Without the Underking's power, all ideas of conquering Tamriel vanish. Would've been nice, Septim thinks, but let's just worry about Cyrodiil and the human nations. Already there is a rebellion in Hammerfell.

Pieces of Numidium trickle in, though. Tiber Septim, always fascinated by the Dwarves, has Zurin Arctus research this grand artifact. In doing so, Arctus stumbles upon some of the stories of the war at Red Mountain. He discovers the reason the Numidium was made and some of it's potential. Most importantly, he learns the Underking's place in the War. But Zurin Arctus was working from incomplete plans. He thinks it is the heart of Lorkhan's body that is needed to power the Numidium.

While Zurin Arctus is raving about his discovery, the prophecy finally becomes clear to Tiber Septim. This Numidium is what he needs to conquer the world. It is his destiny to have it. He contacts the Underking and says he was right all along. They should kill the Tribunal, and they need to get together and make a plan. While the Underking was away he realized the true danger of Dagoth-Ur. Something must to be done. But he needs an army, and his old one is available again. The trap is set.
The Underking arrives and is ambushed by Imperial guards. As he takes them on, Zurin Arctus uses a soul gem on him. With his last breath, the Underking's Heart roars a hole through the Battlemage's chest. In the end, everyone is dead, the Underking has reverted back to ash, and Tiber Septim strolls in to take the soul gem. When the Elder Council arrives, he tells them about the second attempt on his life, this time by his trusted battle mage, Zurin Arctus, who was attempting a coup. He has the dead guards celebrated as heroes, even the one who was blasted to ash... He warns Cyrodiil about the dangers within, but says he has a solution to the dangers without. The Mantella.

The Numidium, while not the god Tiber Septim and the Dwemer hoped for (the Underking was not exactly Lorkhan, after all), it does the job. After its work on Summerset Isle a new threat appears -- a rotting undead wizard who controls the skies. He blows the Numidium apart. But it pounds him into the ground with its last flailings, leaving only a black splotch. The Mantella falls into the sea, seemingly forever.

Meanwhile, Tiber Septim crowns himself the First Emperor of Tamriel. He lives until he is 108, the richest man in history. All aspects of his early reign are rewritten. Still, there are conflicting reports of what really happened, and this is why there is such confusion over such questions as: Why does Alcaire claim to be the birthplace of Talos, while other sources say he came from Atmora? Why does Tiber Septim seem to be a different person after his first roaring conquests? Why does Tiber Septim betray his battlemage? Is the Mantella the heart of the battlemage or is it the heart of Tiber Septim?

Tiber Septim is succeeded by his grandson, Pelagius I. Pelagius is just not of the same caliber. In truth, he's a little nervous with all these provinces. Then an advisor shows up.

"I was friends with your grandfather," the Underking says, "He sent me to help you run the Empire."
Arkay the Enemy

Hear me, children. Once I was a lowly man such as yourselves. By my will I entered the ranks of the gods. By your unquestioning devotion, you can share my glory.

Most Necromancers are fools and weaklings. Fodder for the witchhunters. But you, my servants, you are among the chosen. In the days to come, few will dare to stand against your might. But one obstacle remains. His name is Arkay.

He was also a man who entered the ranks of the gods. The similarities between his mortal life and my own astonish even me. It is only proper that we should be enemies.

Arkay's Blessing prevents the souls of men, beastmen, and elves from being used without consent. Arkay's Law prevents those buried with the proper rituals from being raised to serve my children's will. As you know, my children, Arkay's Blessing is flexible to those with daring, but Arkay's Law is unwavering.

To the Scholars: Humiliate the priests of Arkay. Reveal the primitive burial customs to be mere superstition. Befriend kings with honeyed words and bind them to your will. Look to my children in Cyrodiil for guidance.

To the Priests: Use your servants sparingly, let none be seen by the living. Let the memories of the undead waste away from the people. Send missionaries to the unbound dead, to the Vampires and the Liches. Let all the nations of dead carry my banner and my banner alone.

To the Hidden: Wait, as always, in the darkness.

For soon we shall strike. The Temples of Arkay will be torn stone from stone. The blood of his priests will sate our thirst; their bones will rise as our servants. The name Arkay will be stuck from the records. Only I shall hold sway over life and death. Only one name shall be whispered in fear. The name of your lord and master.

KW
[12] The Armorer's Challenge*

See vol. I.
[13] The Art of War Magic*

See vol. I.
[14] Ashlands Hymns

What a wondrous love it is
To bind two souls in faith,
Chained completely together
With never a false word,
Weal and woe, wish and real,
Woven each together
From first kiss to last breath,
First and last whispered in love.

The Axe Man

Of all the members of the Morag Tong I've spoken with, none disturbed me as much as Minas Torik. A quiet and reserved man who never drank, never visited a brothel or even uttered a curse, he was famous for his ability to make people disappear. Once a person was targeted by the Brotherhood and Torik was sent to them, they would simply cease to be. I asked him once what his weapon of choice was, and was equally startled by his answer.

"I only likes to use axes," he said in his typical, quiet voice.

The image of this silent, dour fellow attacking anyone with a weapon as inherently bloody and violent as an axe so frightened and intrigued me that I questioned him about it further. This is an inherently dangerous activity, for assassins are not typically keen to give out their stories. Torik did not mind the questions, though it took some time to get the full story out of him, as naturally shy and reserved as he was.

It seemed that Torik had been orphaned as a very young age and sent to live with his uncle, a saltrice plantation owner in Sheogorad in northern Vvardenfell. The man promised to show his nephew the business and eventually make him a partner when he was old enough. In the meantime, the boy was put to work as his uncle's house servant.

It was a grueling life as the old man was very particular about how things should be done. The boy was first required to give all the floors in the house a thorough scouring, from the attic to the cellar. Whenever the floor was not cleaned to the uncle's satisfaction, which was frequent, Torik was thrashed and forced to begin again.

The boy's second duty was to ring the bell that would bring the laborers into the house. This was done at least four times a day, once for each meal, but if his uncle had any news or additional instructions for the laborers -- which he frequently did -- the bell might need to be sounded a dozen times or more. It was a huge iron bell in the tower and the boy quickly discovered that he had to throw his entire body into the motion of pulling the chain in order to have it sound loud enough to bring everyone in from the field. If he was tired and did not pull the backbreaking chain hard enough, his uncle was soon at his side to beat him until he rang the bell loud and clear.

Torik's third task was dusting all the shelves in his uncle's vast library. As deep and old as the shelves were, he was required to work with a long, heavy duster on a rod. The only way that he could reach to the back of the shelves was to hold the duster at his shoulder and then swing it out in a sweeping motion. Again, if the uncle saw any dust left over or felt that the boy was not working as hard as he ought to, the punishment was swift and severe.

After several years, Minas Torik grew into a young man, but his job responsibilities were not increased. His uncle promised to teach him the business, once Torik had demonstrated his mastery of his servile assignments. Divorced from any knowledge of any work other than his own, Torik never knew how badly in debt his uncle was and how poorly the farm's yield was.
In his eighteenth year, Torik was called into the cellar by his uncle. He thought that he had not done a good enough job scouring the floor down there, and was frightened of the beating to come. What he found, however, was his uncle packing his goods into crates.

"I'm leaving Morrowind," he explained. "The business has gone sour, so I thought I'd try my luck running a caravan in Skyrim. I understand there's good money to be made, trading fake Dwemer artifacts to the Nords and Cyrodiils. I wish I could take you with me, my lad, but there won't be much need for scouring, bell pulling, and dusting where I'm going."

"But uncle," said Torik. "I can't read, I knows nothing of the business you promised to teach me. What wills I dos on my own?"

"I'm certain you can find a job in some domestic capacity," shrugged the uncle. "I've done my best with you."

Torik had never stood up to his uncle before, and felt no anger only a sort of coldness that gripped his heart. Among his uncle's possessions being packed away was an old heavy iron axe, allegedly of Dwemer manufacture. He picked it up in his hands and was surprised to find that it was not much heavier than his dusting rod. In fact, it felt very comfortable as he pulled it over his shoulder and swung it out as he had done so many times before. In this instance, however, he swung it into his uncle's right arm.

The old man screamed with pain and rage, but for some reason, Torik didn't feel frightened anymore. He propped the axe against his other shoulder, and swung it out again. It cut a swath across the old man's chest and he fell to the floor.

Torik hesitated before lifting the axe above his head. It was another natural position for him, like he was ringing a bell. Over and over again, he swung down as if he was calling the laborers in from the field. Except that this time, there was no sound except for a wet thump, and no laborers came in from the field. Of course, his uncle had sent them away hours before.

After a time, there was nothing left of his uncle that couldn't be washed down the cellar drain. The process of cleaning up came easily to Torik as well. Blood scrubbed up much quicker than the usual grime and saltrice flour that littered the cellar floor.

It was well known that Torik's uncle was planning to leave Morrowind, so his disappearance provoked no suspicion. The house and all the belongings were sold to the debt collectors, but Torik took the axe. It seemed that his uncle had given him some worthwhile business skills after all.
[16] Azura and the Box*

See vol. I.
[17] The Balladeer's Fakebook

The Balladeer's Fakebook

[This portfolio contains the lyrics to many popular Western drinking songs, including, among others:]

- Bold Admiral Richton
- The Golden Grove
- The Twelve-Night Drunk
- Island Lads Down from the Mountain
- Beans, Bloody Beans
- Olga's Smickett
- Black Fredas
- The Imperial Volunteer
- Down by the Ginger Garden
- Roll, Bretonnia, Roll
- The Isle of Summerset
- Dark Blooded Foes
- Dawn and Dusk
- Farewell to Colovia
- Wind and Rain
- Green and Gracious Land
- The Jolly Archer
- Sorrow Waters
- Inkkit Hinkit
- Pilgrim on the Road
- I'm Glad I'm Not No Orc
Did you come to hide from war,  
Or come to herd the guar,  
Or were you with the House Guard  
At the Battle of Molag Beran?  
For I was there, and fought and cried,  
And tasted blood and thunder.  
I stood in line with mace and shield  
As Dunmer clan slew Dunmer.  

The guard of House Retheran  
Were bright arrayed for battle.  
They came in pride, in columns wide,  
But ran like frightened cattle.  
We stood our ground on Tadras Banks,  
Then turned their flanks and roweled them.  
The field was bright with cousin's blood  
Spilled by doughty Drenim.  

We lost some gallant gentlemen  
From ranks of brave House Drenim.  
And many a wand'ring widow weeps  
On the hills of Molag Beran.  
Some fell for wrong, some fell for right,  
All for the colors wearin',  
And many bade the world good-night  
At the Battle of Molag Beran.
The following is a transcript of the words of Lord Vivec, addressed to a Dissident Priest, Malur Omayn, who confronted Vivec with the Ashlander traditions surrounding the Battle of Red Mountain and with prophecies of the Nerevarine, and to unnamed magistrates of the Inquisition who joined Vivec in interrogating the Dissident Priest.

Who can clearly recall the events of the distant past. But you have asked me to tell you, in my own words, the events surrounding the Battle of Red Mountain, the birth of the Tribunal, and the prophecies of a Nerevar reborn. Here is what I can tell you.

When the Chimer first abandoned the herds and tents of their nomadic ancestors, and built the first Great Houses, we loved the Daedra, and worshipped them as gods. But our brethren, the Dwemer, scorned the Daedra, and mocked our foolish rituals, and preferred instead their gods of Reason and Logic. So the Chimer and Dwemer were always at bitter war, until the Nords came and invaded Resdayn. Only then did the Chimer and Dwemer put away their strife and join together to cast out the invaders.

Once the Nords were driven out, General Nerevar of the Chimer and General Dumac of the Dwemer, who had come to love and respect one another, resolved to make peace between their peoples. In that time I was but a junior counselor to Nerevar, and Nerevar's queen, Almalexia, and his other favorite counselor, Sotha Sil, always doubted that such a peace might long survive, given the bitter disputes between Chimer and Dwemer, but by negotiation and compromise, Nerevar and Dumac somehow managed to preserve a fragile peace.

But when Dagoth Ur, Lord of House Dagoth, and trusted as a friend by both Nerevar and the Dwemer, brought us proof that High Engineer Kagrenac of the Dwemer had discovered the Heart of Lorkhan, and that he had learned how to tap its powers, and was building a new god, a mockery of Chimer faith and a fearsome weapon, we all urged Nerevar to make war on the Dwarves and to destroy this threat to Chimer beliefs and security. Nerevar was troubled. He went to Dumac and asked if what Dagoth Ur said was true. But Kagrenac took great offense, and asked whom Nerevar thought he might presume to judge the affairs of the Dwemer.

Nerevar was further troubled, and made pilgrimage to Holamayan, the sacred temple of Azura, and Azura confirmed that all that Dagoth Ur said was indeed true and that the creation of a New God of the Dwemer should be prevented at all costs. When Nerevar came back and told us what the goddess had said, we felt our judgements confirmed, and again counseled him to war, chiding Nerevar for his naïve trust in friendship, and reminding Nerevar of his duty to protect the faith and security of the Chimer against the impiety and dangerous ambitions of the Dwemer.

Then Nerevar went back to Vvardenfell one last time, hoping that negotiations and compromise might once again preserve the peace. But this time the friends Nerevar and Dumac quarreled bitterly, and as a result, the Chimer and Dwemer went to war.
The Dwemer were well-defended by their fortress at Red Mountain, but Nerevar's cunning drew most of Dumac's armies out into the field and pinned them there, while Nerevar, Dagoth Ur, and a small group of companions could make their way into the Heart Chamber by secret means. There, Nerevar the Chimer King met Dumac the Dwarf King and they both collapsed from grievous wounds and draining magics. With Dumac fallen, and threatened by Dagoth Ur and others, Kagrenac turned his tools upon the Heart, and Nerevar said he saw Kagrenac and all his Dwemer companions at once disappear from the world. In that instant, Dwemer everywhere disappeared without a trace. But Kagrenac's tools remained, and Dagoth Ur seized them, and he carried them to Nerever, saying, "That fool Kagrenac has destroyed his own people with these things. We should destroy them, right away, lest they fall into the wrong hands."

But Nerevar was resolved to confer with his queen and his generals, who had foreseen that this war would come and whose counsel he would not ignore again. "I will ask the Tribunal what we shall do with them, for they have had wisdom in the past that I had not. Stay here, loyal Dagoth Ur, until I return." So Nerevar told Dagoth Ur to protect the tools and the Heart Chamber until he returned.

Then Nerevar was carried to us where we waited on the slopes of Red Mountain, and he told us all that had transpired under Red Mountain. What Nerevar had said was that the Dwemer had used special tools to turn their people into immortals and that the Heart of Lorkhan held wondrous powers. [Only later did we hear from others present that Dagoth Ur had thought the Dwemer destroyed, not made immortal. And no one knows for sure what really happened there.]

After hearing Nerevar, we gave our counsel as he requested, proposing, "We should preserve these tools in trust for the welfare of the Chimer people. And who knows, perhaps the Dwemer are not gone forever, but merely transported to some distant realm, from which they may some day return to threaten our security once again. Therefore, we need to keep these tools, to study them and their principles, so that we may be safe in future generations."

And though Nerevar voiced his grave misgivings, he was willing to be ruled by our counsel, under one condition: that we all together should swear a solemn oath upon Azura that the tools would never be used in the profane manner that the Dwemer had intended. We all readily agreed, and swore solemn oaths at Nerevar's dictation.

So then we went with Nerevar back into Red Mountain and met with Dagoth Ur. Dagoth Ur refused to deliver the tools to us, saying they were dangerous, and we could not touch them. Dagoth Ur seemed to be irrational, insisting that only he could be trusted with the tools, and then we guessed that he had somehow been affected by his handling of the tools, but now I feel sure that he had privately learned the powers of the tools, and had in some confused way decided he must have them for himself. Then Nerevar and our guard resorted to force to secure the tools. Somehow Dagoth Ur and his retainers escaped, but we gained the tools, and delivered them to Sotha Sil for study and safe-keeping.

For some years we kept the oaths we swore to Azura with Nerevar, but during that time, in secret, Sotha Sil must have studied the tools and divined their mysteries. And at last he came to us with a vision of a new world of peace, with justice and honor for nobles, and health and prosperity for the commoners, with the Tribunal as immortal patrons and guides. And
dedicating ourselves to this vision of a better world, we made a pilgrimage to Red Mountain and transformed ourselves with the power of Kagrenac's tools.

And no sooner than we had completed our rituals and begun to discover our new-found powers, the Daedra Lord Azura appeared and cursed us for our foresworn oaths. By her powers of prophecy, she assured us that her champion, Nerevar, true to his oath, would return to punish us for our perfidy, and to make sure such profane knowledge might never again be used to mock and defy the will of the gods. But Sotha Sil said to her, "The old gods are cruel and arbitrary, and distant from the hopes and fears of mer. Your age is past. We are the new gods, born of the flesh, and wise and caring of the needs of our people. Spare us your threats and chiding, inconstant spirit. We are bold and fresh, and will not fear you."

And then, in that moment, all Chimer were changed into Dunmer, and our skins turned ashen and our eyes into fire. Of course, we only knew at that time that this had happened to us, but Azura said, "This is not my act, but your act. You have chosen your fate, and the fate of your people, and all the Dunmer shall share your fate, from now to the end of time. You think yourselves gods, but you are blind, and all is darkness." And Azura left us alone, in darkness, and we were all afraid, but we put on brave faces, and went forth from Red Mountain to build the new world of our dreams.

And the new world we shaped was glorious and generous, and the worship of the Dunmer fervent and grateful. The Dunmer were at first afraid of their new faces, but Sotha Sil spoke to them, saying that it was not a curse but a blessing, a sign of their changed natures, and sign of the special favor they might enjoy as New Mer, no longer barbarians trembling before ghosts and spirits, but civilized mer, speaking directly to their immortal friends and patrons, the three faces of the Tribunal. And we were all inspired by Sotha Sil's speech and vision, and took heart. And over time, we crafted the customs and institutions of a just and honorable society, and the land of Resdayn knew millennia of peace, equity, and prosperity unknown to other savage races.

But beneath Red Mountain, Dagoth Ur had survived. And even as the light of our bold new world shined ever more brightly, beneath Red Mountain, the darkness gathered, a darkness that was close kin to the bright light that Sotha Sil coaxed from the Heart of Lorkhan with the Tools of Kagrenac. As the darkness grew, we fought it, and crafted walls to confine it, but we never could destroy it, for the source of the darkness was the same source as the source of our own divine inspiration.

And in these latter days of Morrowind, reduced to a subjugated province of the Western Empire, as the glory of the Temple fades, and the dark tide rises from Red Mountain, we are reminded of Azura and her promised champion's return. We have waited, blind, and in darkness, mere shadows, drained of our ardent vision, in shame of our folly, in fear of our judgement, and in hope of our deliverance. We do not know if the outlander claiming to fulfill the prophecies of the Nerevarine is our old companion Nerevar reborn, or a pawn of the Emperor, or a catspaw of Azura, or some simple twist of fate. But we insist you adhere to Temple doctrine, and conform to the strictures dividing the Hierographa from the Apographa, and that you not speak that which must not be spoken openly. Act as a dutiful priest should, in accordance with your vows of obedience to the canons and archcanons, and all will be forgiven. Defy me, and you will know what it is to stand against a god.

-- Vivec
[20] Biography of Queen Barenziah*

See vol. I.
[21] Biography of the Wolf Queen*

See vol. I.
[22] The Black Arrow*

See vol. I.
[23] The Black Glove

The Black Glove

Swift and agile are the Morag Tong. Silent and unseen they move. Illusions they supply to misdirect their prey. Close and sure they strike with shortblade, or distant and secure they strike from afar with accurate missile fire. Light armor protects them from harm, and the acrobatic discipline finds for them the unseen and unlooked-for path. Have you these virtues? Then, perhaps, your oath and service may please the Morag Tong.

Do you have your friends and your finery, but no place to go? Do you laugh and cry, but no longer feel? Do you wear these masks? Then, perhaps, your oath and service may please the Black Glove.

The blood of the hunter and the blood of the hunted. The joy of the hidden and the joy of the seeker. The blood of the eye and the blood of the gate. The joy of the living and the joy of the dead. Are you one with these things? Then, perhaps, your oath and service may please Mephala.

To make your oath and enter our service, the worthy must seek the Grandmaster, who by tradition lives in the unseen and unlooked-for corners of Vivec City between the blood of battle and the waters of life.
**[24] Blasphemous Revenants**

Blasphemous Revenants

...not into the world, nor out of it, but between worlds they linger, held to the hearth and tomb by blood and loyalty. And if they come unbidden, from love of kin or faith to duty, it is not unholy. It is but the answering of the ancestors, the awakening of those who never sleep, the summoning to service of those bound through Hearth and House to the protection of the clan.

But if sorcerers bring them forth, then such a summon is blasphemy, an abomination before the Tribes and Temple, and a sin so great that ages of burning cannot cleanse the fault. Abide not the sorcerer among you, for he comes to steal the bones of your fathers and dust of your tombs. He seeks to bind by power what is yours by right, to drag forth the warm spirits from their world between and bind them to their service like slaves and beasts.

Who can know the shame of the dead, the ceaseless weeping of the necromancer's thrall? Cruel enough is the ancestor's service given in love to Hearth and Kin. But ghost or guardian, bonewalker or bonelord, summoned by profane ritual and bound by force to the corpse miner's will, how may such a spirit ever find rest? How may it ever find its way back to its blood and clan?

Only a righteous Dunmer, bound by blood to hearth and kin, bound by oath and service to the Temple, can call upon the spirits of the Dunmer dead. Those foreign sorcerers of other races that invade our shores, shall they be permitted to rob our tombs, to bind our kin-spirits into sorcerous slavery, to steal the lives of our dead as well as our land of the living? No, I say, no, and no, three times more. Such necromancers must die, and their profane magicks must die with them.

And shall we tolerate the hidden hosts of the undead, the arrogant princes of necromancers, the ancient vampire demons who creep from their lairs in the West, seeking refuge in profane Daedric shrines, abandoned Dunmer strongholds, and corrupted subterranean labyrinths of the detested Dwemer race? For ages the Great Houses and the Temple have kept our land clean of the vampire's taint, but now these undead lords and their vile cattle have returned. These vampires must die, and their corrupt cattle with them, and their blood taint must be forever erased by fire and stake.
The Blue Book of Riddles

Herein are presented all manner of riddles, as collected by the scholars of St Rilms, to the greater glory of the Tribunal, Almsivi!

The posing and puzzling of riddles is a convention of polite aristocratic Western society. Nobles and social aspirants collect books of riddles and study them, hoping thereby to increase the chances of their appearing sly and witty in conversation.
Boethiah's Glory

Look upon the face of Boethiah and wonder. Raise your arms that Boethiah may look on them and bestow a blessing. Know that battle is a blessing. Know that death is an eventuality. Know that you are dust in the eyes of Boethiah.

Long is the arm of Boethiah, and swift is the blade.

Deep is the cut, and subtle is the poison.

Worship, o faithful. Pray your death is short.

Worship, o faithful. Pray your death is quiet.

Worship, o faithful. Worship the glory that is Boethiah.

Into battle strides the Daedra Prince, blade at the ready to cleave the unworthy.
[27] Boethia's Pillow Book

[No words can describe what you see. Or what you think you see.]
"It seems to me," said Garaz, thoughtfully looking into the depths of his flin. "That all great ideas come from pure happenstance. Take for instance, the story I told you last night about my cousin. If he hadn't fallen off that horse, he never would have become one of the Empire's foremost alchemists."

It was late one Middas night at the King's Ham, and the regulars were always especially inclined toward philosophy.

"I disagree," replied Xiomara, firmly but politely. "Great ideas and inventions are most often formed slowly over time by diligence and hard work. If you'll recall my tale from last month, the young lady -- who I assure you is based on a real person -- only recognized her one true love after she had slept with practically everyone in Northpoint."

"I put it to you that neither is the case," said Hallgerd, pouring a topper on his mug of greef. "The greatest inventions are created by extraordinary need. Must I remind you of the story I told some time ago about Arslic Oan and the invention of bonemold?"

"The problem with your theory is that your example is entirely fictional," sniffed Xiomara.

"I don't believe I remember the story of Arslic Oan and the invention of bonemold," frowned Garaz. "Are you sure you told us?"

"Well, this happened many, many, many years ago, when Vvardenfell was a beauteous green land, when Dunmer were Chimer and Dwemer and Nord lived together in relative peace when they weren't trying to kill one another," Hallgerd relaxed in his chair, warming to his theme. "When the sun and moons all hung in the sky together--"

"Lord, Mother, and Wizard!" grumbled Xiomara. "If I'm going to be forced to hear your ridiculous story again, pray don't embellish and make it any longer than it has to be."

This all happened in Vvardenfell quite some time ago (said Hallgerd, ignoring Xiomara's interruption with admirable restraint) during an era of a king you would never have heard of. Arslic Oan was one of this king's nobles and very, very disagreeable fellow. Because of his allegiance to the crown, the king had felt the need to grant him a castle and land, but he didn't necessarily want him as a neighbor so the land he granted was far from civilization. Right in an area of Vvardenfell that is, even today, not quite civilized to this day. Arslic Oan built a walled stronghold and settled down with his unhappy slaves to enjoy a quiet if somewhat grim life.
It was not long before his stronghold's integrity was tested. A tribe of cannibalistic Nords had been living in the valley for some time, mostly dining on one another, but occasionally foraging what they liked to call dark meat, the Dunmer.

Xiomara laughed with appreciation. "Marvelous! I don't remember that from before. It's funny how you don't hear much about the Nords' rampant cannibalism nowadays."

This was obviously, as I've said, quite some time ago (said Hallgerd, glaring at part of his audience with civil malevolence) and things were in many ways quite different. These cannibalistic Nords began attacking Arslic Oan's slaves in the fields, and then slowly grew bolder, until they held the very stronghold itself under siege. They were quite a fearsome sight you can imagine: a horde of wild-eyed men and women with dagger-like teeth filed to tear flesh, wielding massive clubs, cloaked only in the skins of their victims.

Arslic Oan assumed that if he ignored them, they'd go away.

Unfortunately, the first thing that the Nords did was to poison the stream that carried water into the walled stronghold. All the livestock and most of the slaves died very quickly before this was discovered. There was no hope of rescue, at least for several months when the king's emissaries would come reluctantly to visit the disagreeable vassal. The next closest source of water was on the other side of the hill, so Arslic Oan sent three of his slaves with empty jugs to bring some back.

They were beaten with clubs and eaten before they were a few feet outside the stronghold gates. The next group he sent through he gave sticks to defend themselves. They made it a few feet farther, but were also overwhelmed, beaten, and devoured. It was obvious that better personal defensive was required. Arslic Oan went to talk to his armorer, one of his few slaves with specific talents and duties.

"The slaves need armor if they're going to make it to the river and back," he said. "Collect every scrap of steel and iron you can find, every hinge, knife, ring, cup, everything that isn't needed to keep the walls sturdy, smelt it, and give me the most and the best armor you can, very, very quickly."

The armorer, whose name was Gorkith, was used to Arslic Oan's demands, and knew that there could be no compromise on the quality and quantity of the armor, or the speed at which he worked. He labored for thirty hours without a break - and, recall, without any water to slake his thirst as he struggled with the kiln and anvil - until finally, he had six suits of mixed-metal armor.

Six slaves were chosen, clad in the armor, and sent with jars to collect river water. At first, the mission progressed well. The Nord attacked the armored slaves with their clubs, but they continued their march forward, warding off the blows. Gradually, however, the slaves seemed to be walking uncertainly, dazed by the endless barrage. Eventually, one by one, they fell, the armor was peeled from their bodies, and they were eaten.

"The slaves couldn't move quickly enough in that heavy armor you made," said Arslic Oan to Gorkith. "I need you to collect all the cadavers of the poisoned livestock, strip their skin, and give me the most and the best leather armor you can, very, very quickly."
Gorklith did as he was told, though it was a particularly repulsive task given the rancid state of the livestock. Normally it takes quite a time to treat and cure leather, so I understand, but Gorklith worked at it tirelessly, and in a half a day he had twelve suits of leather armor.

Twelve slaves were chosen, clad in the armor, and sent with jars to collect river water. They progressed, at first, much better than the earlier expedition. Two fell almost immediately, but the others had some luck out-maneuvering their assailants while deflecting an occasional blow of the club. Several got to the river, three were able to fill up their jars, and one fellow very nearly made it back to the stronghold gates. Alas, he fell and was eaten. The Nords possessed a remarkably healthy appetite.

"What we need before I completely run out of slaves," said Arslic Oan thoughtfully to Gorkith. "Is an armor sturdier than leather but lighter than metal."

The armorer had already considered that and taken stock of the materials available. He had thought about doing something with stone or wood, but there were practical problems with demolishing more of the stronghold. The next most prevalent stuff present in the stronghold was skinned dead bodies, hunks of muscle, fat, blood, and bone. For six hours, he toiled relentlessly until he produced eighteen suits of bonemold, the first ones ever created. Arslic Oan was somewhat dubious at the sight (and smell) but he was very thirsty, and willing to sacrifice another eighteen slaves if necessary.

"Might I suggest," Gorklith queried tremulously, "Having the slaves practice moving about in the armor, here in the courtyard, before sending them to face the Nords?"

Arslic Oan coolly allowed it, and for a few hours, the slaves wandered about the stronghold courtyard in their suits of bonemold. They grew used to the give of the joints, the rigidity of the backplate, the weight pushed onto their shoulders and hips. They discovered how to plant their feet slightly askew to keep their balance steady; how to quickly turn, pivoting without falling down; how to break into a run and stop quickly. By the time they were sent out of the castle gates, they were easily very nearly almost amateurs in the use of their medium weight armor.

Seventeen of them were killed and eaten, but one made it back with a jar of water.

"It's perfect nonsense," said Xiomara. "But my point is still valid even so. Like all great inventors, even in fiction, the armorer worked diligently to create the bonemold."

"I think there was a good deal of happenstance as well," frowned Garaz. "But it is an appalling story. I wish you hadn't told me."

"If you think that's appalling," grinned Hallgerd. "You should hear what happened next."
"What do you mean the story gets more appalling?" Garaz was incredulous. "How in Boethiah's name could it get more appalling?"

"It's a ruse," Xiomara scoffed, ordering two more mugs of greef and a glass of flin for Garaz. "How much worse can a tale get which prominently features cannibalism, abuse of slaves, and the regular placement of rotting animal carcasses?"

"Don't you dare dare me," growled Hallgerd, annoyed by his listeners' lack of appreciation of his prose styling. "Remind me where we were?"

"Arslic Oan is the owner of a stronghold under siege by savage, cannibalistic Nords," said Xiomara, keeping a straight face. "After a lot of deaths and several unsuccessful attempts to get water, he had his armorer with the unlikely name of Gorkith outfit his slaves with the first ever bonemold armor. One of them finally makes it back with some water."

It was only one jarful of water (said Hallgerd, pulling back in his chair and continuing the tale), and Arslic Oan drank most of it, passing the remains to his dear armorer Gorkith and the last dribbles to the few dozen slaves who still lived. It was hardly enough to sustain health and well-being. Another expedition was necessary, but they had only one suit of bonemold left, as there was only one survivor of the trip.

"One out of eighteen slaves made it through the gauntlet of Nords wearing that marvelous bonemold armor of yours," said Arslic Oan to Gorkith. "And one can only carry back enough water for one. Therefore, mathematically, as we have, counting you and me, fifty-six remaining people at the stronghold, we need armor for fifty-four. Since we already have one, you only need to make fifty-three to make the total. That way, three will make it back, with enough water for you and me and whoever's in the best condition to partake. I don't know what we'll do after that, but if we wait, we won't have enough slaves to fetch even a couple days' worth of water."

"I understand," whimpered Gorkith. "But how am I going to make the armor? I used all the livestock bones to make the first batch of bonemold."

Arslic Oan gave an order which Gorkith fearfully complied with. In eighteen hours -

"What do you mean 'Arslic Oan gave an order which Gorkith fearfully complied with'?" asked Xiomara. "What was the order?"

"All will be clear," smiled Hallgerd. "I have to chose what to reveal and what to conceal. Such is the way of the tale teller."
In eighteen hours, Gorkith had fifty-three suits of bonemail (said Hallgerd, continuing, not really minding the interruption) prepared for the slaves. Without prompting, he ordered the slaves to practice using the armor, and even allowed them more training time than their predecessors. They not only learned how to move and stop quickly in bonemold, but how to adjust their peripheral vision to see a blow before it came, and to sway to dodge, and where the sturdiest reinforcement points on the arm were -- the center of the chest and the abdomen - - and how to position themselves to take blows there, against their natural instincts. The slaves even had time for a mock battle before being sent out among the cannibals.

The slaves handled themselves admirably. Very few, just fifteen slaves, were killed and eaten out right. Only ten were killed and eaten when they reached the river. That was when things did not go according to Arslic Oan's plans. Twenty-one slaves with jars of water took off for the hills. Only eight returned to the castle, largely because they were blocked by the cannibal Nords. It was a larger percentage than he had anticipated surviving, but Arslic Oan felt righteous indignation at the paucity of loyalty.

"Are you absolutely certain you wouldn't rather flee?" he hollered from the battlements.

Finally, he allowed the survivors in. Three had been killed waiting for the gate to open. Two more died almost upon stepping into the courtyard. One was delirious, walking around in circles, laughing and dancing before suddenly collapsing. That meant five jars of water for four people, the two surviving slaves, Arslic Oan, and Gorkith. As the lord of the manor, Arslic Oan took the extra jar, but he was democratic with the others.

"You're quite correct," frowned Garaz. "This story is getting more and more appalling."

"Just wait," smiled Hallgerd.

The next morning (Hallgerd continued) Arslic Oan awoke to a perfectly still and quiet stronghold. There was no murmuring in the corridors, no sound of hard labor in the courtyard. He dressed and surveyed the scene. It appeared that the fortress was utterly deserted. Arslic Oan walked down to the armorer's quarters, but the door was locked.

"Open up," said Arslic Oan, patiently. "We need to speak. Thirty out of fifty-four slaves successfully made it to the river and gathered water. Admittedly, some then fled, and a couple didn't survive because I needed to correct their fickleness, but mathematically, that's a fifty-five percent survival rate. If you and I and the two remaining slaves made the next run to the river, we two should survive."

"Zilian and Gelo left last night with their armor," cried Gorklith through the door.

"Who are Zilian and Gelo?"

"The two remaining slaves! They don't remain anymore!"

"Well, that's vexing," said Arslic Oan. "Still we must continue on. Mathematically--"

"I heard something last night," whimpered Gorklith in a funny voice. "Like footsteps, only different, and they were moving through the walls. And there were voices too. They sounded strange, like they couldn't move their jaws very well, but I knew one."
Arslic Oan sighed, humoring his poor armorer: "And who was it?"

"Ponik."

"And who is Ponik?"

"One of the slaves that died when the Nords poisoned our water. One of the many, many slaves that died, and we made use of. He was always a nice, uncomplaining fellow, that's why I noticed his voice above all the others," Gorklith began to sob. "I understood what he was saying."

"Which was what?" asked Arslic Oan with a sigh.

"'Give me back my bones!'" Gorklith's voice shrieked. There was silence for a moment, and then more hysterical sobbing.

"I saw that coming," laughed Xiomara.

There was nothing more to be done with the armorer for the time being (said Hallgerd, a trifle annoyed at the regular interruptions), so Arslic Oan stripped one of the dead slaves of his suit of bonemold and put it on. He practiced in the courtyard, impressing himself with his natural comfortably with medium weight armor. For hours, he boxed, feinted, dodged, sprinted, skipped, jumped, and generally cavorted about. When he felt tired, he retired to the shade and took a nap.

The sound of the king's trumpet woke him with a start. Night had fallen, and for a moment, he thought he had been dreaming. Then the alarum sounded again, far in the distance, but clear. Arslic Oan leapt to his feet and ran to the ramparts. Several miles away, he could see the emissaries and their vast and well-armed escort approach. They were there early! The cannibal Nords below looked at one another with consternation. Savages they might be, but they knew when a superior force was approaching.

Arslic Oan joyously dashed down the stairs to Gorklith's chamber. The door was still locked. He beat on it, cajoling, demanding, threatening. Finally, he found a key, one of the few scraps of metal that had not been smelted days before.

Gorklith appeared to be sleeping, but as Arslic Oan approached, he noticed that the armorer's mouth and eyes were wide open and his arms were folded unnaturally behind his back. On closer inspection, the armorer was obviously dead. What was more, his face and whole body were sunken, like an empty pig's bladder.

Something moved through the walls, like a footfall only... squishy. Arslic Oan expertly and gracefully turned to face it, completely in balance.

At first, it seemed like nothing more than a bubble expanding through one of the cracks in the stone. As more of the flesh-colored gelatinous matter emerged, it more clearly resembled part of a face. A flaccid, almost shapeless face with a low brow and a slack, toothless jaw. The rest of the body oozed out of the crack, a soft bag of muscle and blood. Behind Arslic Oan and to the side, there was more movement, more slaves welling up through the cracks in the stone. They were all around him, reaching out.
"Give us," moaned Ponik, his tongue rolling about his hanging jaw. "Give us back our bones."

Arslic Oan began to rip off his bonemold, throwing it to the floor. A hundred figures, more, pooled into the small chamber.

"That's not enough."

The cannibals had cleared away by the time the king's emissaries arrived at Arslic Oan's gates. They had not been looking forward to this visit. It was best, they though philosophically, to begin with the worst of the king's noblemen, so to end their trip well. They sounded the alarum once again, but the gates did not open. There was no sound from Arslic Oan's stronghold.

It took a few hours to gain access. If the emissaries had not brought a professional acrobat with them for entertainment, it might have taken longer. The place seemed to be abandoned. They searched every room, until finally they came to the armorer's.

There they found the master of the manor, folded neatly, legs behind his head, arms behind the legs, like a fine gown. Not a bone in his body.

"The first part of your story was complete nonsense," cried Xiomara. "But now it doesn't hold true on any level. How could bonemold be made again if the armorer who invented it died before he could tell anyone how he did it?"

"I said that this was the first time it was created, not the first time people learned the craft."

"And when did someone first teach someone else the craft?" asked Garaz.

"That, my friends," replied Hallgerd with a sinister smile. "Is a tale for another night."
[29] The Book of Daedra*

See vol. I.
The Book of Dawn and Dusk

The Book of Dawn and Dusk is a collection of sayings and aphorisms attributed variously to the Tribunals and to their saints and servants. Many of these sayings have become common cliches of everyday life in Morrowind. The following selection of slogans will illustrate many of the simplest notions of the Tribunal faithful.

Speak none but good of the Gods.
We can have no opinions about Truth.
Rumors flow from the House of Troubles.
Count only the happy hours.
No child has a sinner's heart.
Let faith be your only law.
Fear of the fool is the beginning of wisdom.
Almsivi in every hour.
Walk always in the presence of your Lords.
Comfort is given, justice is taken.
Learn by serving.
From the heart, the light; from the head, the law.
Blessed Almsivi, Mercy, Mastery, Mystery.
Forge a keen Faith in the crucible of suffering.
Engrave upon thy eye the image of injustice.
Death does not diminish; the ghost gilds with glory.
Faith conquers all. Let us yield to Faith.
Better to suffer a wrong than to do one.
The heavens are in their glory, applaud!
Folly secures its power to harm.

Though forbidden to some, not to you.

Oh, how rarely wisdom rules our hearts!

Blessed are we who serve Almsivi.

Three mouths sing Mercy, Mastery, Mystery.

Gather no seed in the fields of Hell.

The Thrice-Sealed House withstands the Storm.

By Breath and Blood protect us all!

Can ghosts or justice change with time?

Consider your end, mortal!

Accept grace without limits.

Enter the rhapsody of the God-Poet.

Kneel before the Teacher's chair.

Three Hands, three Hearts, three Eyes.

Keep no secret from your Judge's scale.

Forge Darkness into Light.

Refuse neither brother nor ghost.

Blessed Almsivi, through birth, life, ghost.

From glowing ashes the Poet's wrath shall shine.

If Vivec is for us, who can stand against us?

Fate, monstrous and empty, the whirling wheel of evil.

How black my heart, roasting fiercely?
[31] Book of Life and Service*

See vol. I.
[32] Book of Rest and Endings*

See vol. I.
Breathing Water

by Halie Myrm

He walked through the dry, crowded streets of Bal Fell, glad to be among so many strangers. In the wharfs of Vivec, he had no such anonymity. They knew him to be a smuggler, but here, he could be anyone. A lower-class peddler perhaps. A student even. Some people even pushed against him as he walked past as if to say, "We would not dream of being so rude as to acknowledge that you don't belong here."

Seryne Relas was not in any of the taverns, but he knew she was somewhere, perhaps behind a tenement window or poking around in a dunghill for an exotic ingredient for some spell or another. He knew little of the ways of sorceresses, but that they always seemed to be doing something eccentric. Because of this prejudice, he nearly passed by the old Dunmer woman having a drink from a well. It was too prosaic, but he knew from the look of her that she was Seryne Relas, the great sorceress.

"I have gold for you," he said to her back. "If you will teach me the secret of breathing water."

She turned around, a wide wet grin stretched across her weathered features. "I ain't breathing it, boy. I'm just having a drink."

"Don't mock me," he said, stiffly. "Either you're Seryne Relas and you will teach me the spell of breathing water, or you aren't. Those are the only possibilities."

"If you're going to learn to breath water, you're going to have to learn there are more possibilities than that, boy. The School of Alteration is all about possibilities, changing patterns, making things be what they could be. Maybe I ain't Seryne Relas, but I can teach how to breathe water," she wiped her mouth dry. "Or maybe I am Seryne Relas and I won't. Or maybe even I can teach you to breath water, but you can't learn."

"I'll learn," he said, simply.

"Why don't you just buy yourself a spell of water breathing or a potion over at the Mages Guild?" she asked. "That's how it's generally done."

"They're not powerful enough," he said. "I need to be underwater for a long time. I'm willing to pay whatever you ask, but I don't want any questions. I was told you could teach me."

"What's your name, boy?"

"That's a question," he replied. His name was Tharien Winloth, but in Vivec, they called him the Tollman. His job, such as it was, was collecting a percentage of the loot from the smugglers when they came into harbor to bring to his boss in the Camonna Tong. Of the value of that percentage, he earned another percentage. In the end it was very small indeed. He had scarcely any gold of his own, and what he had, he gave to Seryne Relas.
The lessons began that very day. The sorceress brought her pupil, who she simply called "boy," out to a low sandbank along the sea.

"I will teach you a powerful spell for breathing water," she said. "But you must become a master of it. As with all spells and all skills, you more you practice, the better you get. Even that ain't enough. To achieve true mastery, you must understand what it is you're doing. It ain't simply enough to perform a perfect thrust of a blade -- you must also know what you are doing and why."

"That's common sense," said Tharien.

"Yes, it is," said Seryne, closing her eyes. "But the spells of Alteration are all about uncommon sense. The infinite possibilities, breaking the sky, swallowing space, dancing with time, setting ice on fire, believing that the unreal may become real. You must learn the rules of the cosmos and then break them."

"That sounds ... very difficult," replied Tharien, trying to keep a straight face.

Seryne pointed to the small silver fish darting along the water's edge: "They don't find it so. They breath water just fine."

"But that's not magic."

"What I'm saying to you, boy, is that it is."

For several weeks, Seryne drilled her student, and the more he understood about what he was doing and the more he practiced, the longer he could breath underwater. When he found that he could cast the spell for as long as he needed, he thanked the sorceress and bade her farewell.

"There is one last lesson I have to teach you," she said. "You must learn that desire is not enough. The world will end your spell no matter how good you are, and no matter how much you want it."

"That's a lesson I'm happy not to learn," he said, and left at once for the short journey back to Vivec.

The wharfs were much the same, with all the same smells, the same sounds, and the same characters. His boss had found a new Tollman, he learned from his mates. They were still looking out for the smuggler ship Morodrung, but they had given up hope of ever seeing it. Tharien knew they would not. He had seen it sink from the wharf a long time ago.

On a moonless night, he cast his spell and dove into the thrashing purple waves. He kept his mind on the world of possibilities, that books could sing, that green was blue, that that water was air, that every stroke and kick brought him closer to a sunken ship filled with treasure. He felt magicka surge all around him as he pushed his way deeper down. Ahead he saw a ghostly shadow of the Morodrung, its mast billowing in a wind of deep water currents. He also felt his spell begin to fade. He could break reality long enough to breath water all the way back up to the surface, but not enough to reach the ship.
The next night, he dove again, and this time, the spell was stronger. He could see the vessel in detail, clouded over and dusted in sediment. The wound in its hull where it had struck the reef. A glint of gold beckoning from within. But still he felt reality closing in, and he had to surface.

The third night, he made it into the steerage, past the bloated corpses of the sailors, nibbled and picked apart by fish. Their glassy eyes bulging, their mouths stretched open. Had they only known the spell, he thought briefly, but his mind was more occupied by the gold scattered along the floor, the boxes that contained them shattered. He considered scooping as much he could carry into his pockets, but a sturdy iron box seemed to bespeak more treasures.

On the wall was a row of keys. He took each down and tried it on the locked box, but none opened it. One key, however, was missing. Thalien looked around the room. Where could it be? His eyes went to the corpse of one of the sailors, floating in a dance of death not far from the box, his hands tightly clutching something. It was a key. When the ship had begun to sink, this sailor had evidently gone for the iron box. Whatever was in it had to be very valuable.

Thalien took the sailor's key and opened the box. It was filled with broken glass. He rummaged around until he felt something solid, and pulled out two flasks of some kind of wine. He smiled as he considered the foolishness of the poor alcoholic. This was what was important to the sailor, out of all the treasure in the Morodrung.

Then, suddenly, Thalien Winloth felt reality.

He had not been paying attention to the grim, tireless advance of the world on his spell. It was fading away, his ability to breath water. There was no time to surface. There was no time to do anything. As he sucked in, his lungs filled with cold, briny water.

A few days later, the smugglers working on the wharf came upon the drowned body of the former Tollman. Finding a body in the water in Vivec was not in itself noteworthy, but the subject that they discussed over many bottles of flin was how did it happen that he drowned with two potions of water breathing in his hands.
[34] A Brief History of the Empire

See vol. I.

---

1 Identical with Odral Helvi’s personal copy (Odral’s History of the Empire).
[35] The Brothers of Darkness*

See vol. I.

Brown Book of Great House Telvanni

[The Brown Book is a yearbook of the affairs of the Telvanni Council of Vvardenfell District for 3E 426. It lists the current members of the council, their residences, and their representatives in Sadrith Mora. It also chronicles significant events and council actions for the year.]

Councilors of House Telvanni, Vvardenfell District, Imperial Era 426

Archmagister Gothren, Lord High Magus of Telvanni Council, Vvardenfell District, Tower of Tel Aruhn, East Molag Amur, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Aryon, Mage Lord of Telvanni Council, Vvardenfell District, Tower of Tel Vos, Village of Vos, The Grazelands, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Neloth, Mage Lord of Telvanni Council, Vvardenfell District, Tower of Tel Naga, Sadrith Mora, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Mistress Dratha, Mage Lord of Telvanni Council, Vvardenfell District, Tower of Tel Mora, The Grazelands, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Mistress Therana, Mage Lord of Telvanni Council, Vvardenfell District, Tower of Tel Branora, Azura's Coast, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Councilor Representatives of House Telvanni, Council Hall, Sadrith Mora

For Archmagister Gothren: Mouth Mallam Ryon, Mage
For Master Aryon: Mouth Arara Uvulas
For Master Neloth: Mouth Raven Omayn
For Mistress Therana: Felisa Ulessen
For Mistress Dratha: Mouth Mallam Ryon

Council Actions

In response to repeated protests from Duke Dren and representative of the other Great Houses, Telvanni Council reminded them that, according to ancient law and custom, Telvanni Council places no constraint on the ambitions and enterprise of its individual members. If the Empire or other House Councils wish to dispute Telvanni exploration and colonization of the wastes and wildernesses of Vvardenfell, they are welcome to do so, with the Councilors' best wishes, but Telvanni Council will not contribute its resources or authority to such endeavors.

The council renews its objection to proposals placed before Duke Dren and the Grand Council concerning slavery and slave trading in Vvardenfell District. The right to own and trade
slaves is guaranteed by the terms of the Treaty of the Armistice, and Telvanni Council will not entertain any discussion of abridgements of those rights.
[37] The Buying Game

See vol. I.
[38] The Cake and the Diamond

The Cake and The Diamond
by Athyn Muendil

I was in the Rat and the Pot, a foreigner cornerclub in Ald'ruhn, talking to my fellow Rats when I first saw the woman. Now, Breton women are fairly common in the Rat and the Pot. As a breed, they seem inclined to wander far from their perches in High Rock. Old Breton women, however, are not so migratory, and the wizened old biddy drew attention to herself, wandering about the room, talking to everyone.

Nimloth and Oediad were at their usual places, drinking their usual stuff. Oediad was showing off a prize he had picked up in some illicit manner -- a colossal diamond, large as a baby's hand, and clear as spring water. I was admiring it when I heard the creaking of old bones behind me.

"Good day to you, friends," said the old woman. "My name is Abelle Chriditte, and I am in need of financial assistance to facilitate my transportation to Ald Redaynia."

"You'll want to see the Temple for charity," said Nimloth curtly.

"I am not looking for charity," said Abelle. "I'm looking to barter services."

"Don't make me sick, old woman," laughed Oediad.

"Did you say your name was Abelle Chriditte?" I asked, "Are you related to Abelle Chriditte, the High Rock alchemist?"

"Closely related," she said, with a cackle. "We are the same person. Perhaps I could prepare you a potion in exchange for gold? I noticed that you have in your possession a very fine diamond. The magical qualities of diamonds are boundless."

"Sorry, old woman, I ain't giving it up for magic. It was trouble enough stealing this one," said Oediad. "I've got a fence who'll trade it for gold."

"But your fence will demand a certain percentage, will he not? What if I could give you a potion of invisibility in exchange? In return for that diamond, you could have the means to steal many more. A very fair exchange of services, I would say."

"It would be, but I have no gold to give you," said Oediad.

"I'll take what remains of the diamond after I've made the potion," said Abelle. "If you took it to the Mages Guild, you'd have to supply all the other ingredients and pay for it as well. But I learned my craft in the wild, where no Potion-makers existed to dissolve diamonds into dust. When you must do it all by hand, by simple skill, you are blessed with remnants those fool potion-makers at the Guild simply swallow up."
"That sounds all very nice," said Nimloth, "But how do we know your potion is going to work? If you make one potion, take the rest of Oediad's diamond, and leave, we won't know until you've gone whether the potion works or not."

"Ah, trust is so rare these days," sighed Abelle. "I suppose I could make two potions for you, and there'd still be a little bit of the diamond left for me. Not a lot, but perhaps enough to get me to Ald Redaynia. Then you could try the first potion right here and now, and see if you're satisfied or not."

"But," I interjected. "You could make one potion that works and one that doesn't, and take more of the diamond. She could even give you a slow-acting poison, and by the time she got to Ald Redaynia, you'd be dead."

"Bleedin' Kynareth, you Dunmer are suspicious! I will hardly have any diamond left, but I could make two potions of two doses each, so you can satisfy yourself that the potion works and has no negative effects. If you still don't trust me, come along with me to my table and witness my craft if you'd like."

So it was decided that I would accompany Abelle back to her table where she had all her traveling bags full of herbs and minerals, to make certain that she was not making two different potions. It took nearly an hour of preparation, but she kindly allowed me to finish her half-filled flagon of wine while I watched her work. Splintering the diamond and powdering the pieces required the bulk of the time; over and over again, she waved her gnarled hands over the gem, intoning ancient enchantments, breaking the facets of the stone into smaller and smaller pieces. Separately she made pastes of minced bittergreen, crushed red bulbs of dell'arco spae, and driblets of ciciliani oil. I finished the wine.

"Old woman," I finally said with a sigh. "How much longer is this going to take? I'm getting tired of watching you work."

"The Mages Guild has fooled the populace into thinking alchemy is a science," she said. "But if you're tired, rest your eyes."

My eyes closed, seemingly of their own volition. But there had been something in that wine. Something that made me do what she asked.

"I think I'll make up the potion as cakes. It's much more potent that way. Now, tell me, young man, what will your friends do once I give them the potion?"

"Mug you in the street afterwards to retrieve the rest of the diamond," I said simply. I didn't want to tell the truth, but there it was.

"I thought so, but I wanted to be certain. You may open your eyes now."

I opened my eyes. Abelle had made a small presentation on a wooden platter: two small cakes and a silver cutting knife.

"Pick up the cakes and bring them to the table," said Abelle. "And don't say anything, except to agree with whatever I say."
I did as I was told. It was a curious sensation. I didn't really mind being her puppet. Of course, in retrospect, I resent it, but it seemed perfectly natural at the time to obey without question.

Abelle handed the cakes to Oediad and I dutifully verified that both cakes were made the same way. She suggested that he cut one of the cakes in half, and she would take one piece and he'd take the other, just so he would know that they worked and weren't poisoned. Oediad thought it was a good idea, and used Abelle's knife to cut the cake. Abelle took the piece on the left and popped into her mouth. Oediad took the piece on the right and swallowed it more cautiously.

Abelle and all the bags she was carrying vanished from sight almost instantly. Nothing happened to Oediad.

"Why did it work for the witch and not for me?" cried Oediad.

"Because the diamond dust was only on the left-hand side of the blade," said the old alchemist through me. I felt her control lessening as the distance grew and she hurried invisibly down the dark Ald'ruhn street away from the Rat and the Pot.

We never found Abelle Chriditte or the diamond. Whether she completed her pilgrimage to Ald Redaynia is anyone's guess. The cakes had no effect, except to give Oediad a bad case of droops that lasted for nearly a week.
The Cantatas of Vivec

The Cantatas of Vivec are gospels written in the form of epic songs. They trace the evolution of Vivec from a foolish mortal into an enlightened divine. Vivec sought out experiences that tested him in every way possible, particularly in the defense and protection of his Dunmer people, and through his long life, his humility, and his unconquerable spirit, he attained the Wisdom of the Seven Graces. The Cantatas relate many stories of Vivec's experiments with challenge and risk, his failures and triumphs, his blessings of insight and good fortune, and his debt to his partners, Almalexia the Lover and Sotha Sil the Teacher. The poetry is simple and dramatic, lyric and personal, composed to be sung or recited. The following is an excerpt from Lord Vivec's 'Brooding Beneath Red Mountain'.

The gaunt ghostfires loom as subtle shrouds,
Smokes and shades on the biers of Red Mountain.

Arches and spires line the rock halls,
Dimly lit by the spirits of the dead.

The blood of broken hearths and houses
Runs in red rivers, blossoms in fountains.

Girdled round within walls of wit's glass
The shattered hosts slumber in cradles of ash.

But when shall they wake?
What dark crucible may kindle their souls to light?

How long beneath red-reeking clouds
Must flickering watchfires burn?

How many lifetimes of labor and lament
Will it take to seal this restless tomb?
Certifications

Certification of Ghost-Free Hospitality

*Certification of Ghost-Free Hospitality*

By Authority of the Super Extra Very Sovereign Council of Mages Without Digits Within Bowels

Hereas the Gateway Inn and all its dark and secret places have been found to be completely free of spooks, boojums, snarks, spectral goats, revenant toiletries, or cannibal vampire anchovies,

Muthsera Mistress Dunmer-from-Far-Away Mage-Lady, Lord High Inspector of Hostelry for the Town of Sadrith Mora aforesaid, does pronounce the Gateway Inn free and clean of all otherworldly, hostile, and malign entities, with the exception of the profound and displeasing odor that arises from the Prefect of Hospitality, which, despite the preternatural magnitude of its offensiveness, may well derive from altogether more mundane sources.

Signed,

Muthsera Mistress Dunmer-from-Far-Away Mage-Lady
Representing the Super Extra Very Sovereign Council of Mages Without Digits Within Bowels
[40.2] Certification of Hospitality

*Certification of Hospitality*

By Proclamation of House of Telvanni, Town of Sadrith Mora, District of Vvardenfell, by Authority of the Sovereign Council of the Great House Telvanni and its Several Client and Subsidiary Houses and Clans

Hereas at the general Sessions of the Mage-Lords and their Mouths held for the District of the House of Telvanni at the Town of Sadrith Mora on the 16th day of Second Seed in the four-hundred-and-twenty-first year of the Reign of our Sovereign King Hlaalu Athyn Llethan, by the Grace of All Gods, King of Morrowind, Duke of Mournhold; Defender of the People and the Law; Loyal Servant of the Emperor and Empire; etc.

Muthsera Master Angaredhel Mage-Lord, Prefect of Hospitality of the Town of Sadrith Mora aforesaid, hath entered into Recognizance with Su reties, before us his Majesty's Magistrates of Peace, within the said District, whose Names are hereunder written:

We therefore his Majesty's said Magistrates, have hereby Licensed, and allowed the said {Name} the {Class}, {Race}, to travel abroad in the town of Sadrith Mora and its environs upon his own recognizance, to visit with all and sundry, and make conversation and arrangements and to seek lodgings with the citizens, tradesmen, and publicans of said town as put forth under law by the Collective Articles of the Council of the Great House Telvanni, Vvardenfell District for three full years, from henceforth next ensuing, or till such other time as shall be by us, or some of our fellow Magistrates thereunto appointed; Provided that if the said {Name} the {Class}, {Race} do not from time to time during that time, well and truly observe the Collective Articles of the Council of the Great House Telvanni, then this License shall presently cease, and be utterly void.

Signed,

Muthsera Master Angaredhel Mage-Lord
Representing the Sovereign Council of the Great House Telvanni
This certifies that {...} is the owner of One Hundred fully paid and non-assessable shares, of the par value of one (1) Septim each, of the common stock of the Raven Rock division of the East Empire Company (hereafter referred to as "the Company"), transferrable on the books of the Company by the Holder himself in person or by duly authorized representative of the Holder upon surrender of this certificate properly endorsed.

This certificate and the shares represented hereby are issued and shall be held subject to all provisions of the Articles of Incorporation and of the by-laws of the Company (copies of which are on file at the Company's main office) to all which by acceptance the holder hereof assents. This certificate is not valid unless undersigned by the Transfer Agent and registered by the Registrar.

In Witness Whereof the Company has caused this certificate to be executed by the facsimile signatures of its duly authorized officers and a facsimile of its corporate seal to be printed hereon.

Signed

C. Magius
By the time she was sixteen, Minevah Iolos had been an unwelcome guest in every shop and manor in Balmora. Sometimes, she would take everything of value within; other times, it was enough to experience the pure pleasure of finding a way past the locks and traps. In either situation, she would leave a pair of dice in a prominent location as her calling card to let the owners know who had burgled them. The mysterious ghost became known to the locals as Chance.

A typical conversation in Balmora at this time:

"My dear, whatever happened to that marvelous necklace of yours?"

"My dear, it was taken by Chance."

The only time when Chance disliked her hobby was when she miscalculated, and she came upon an owner or a guard. So far, she had never been caught, or even seen, but dozens of times she had uncomfortably close encounters. There came a day when she felt it was time to expand her reach. She considered going to Vivec or Gnisis, but one night at the Eight Plates, she heard a tale of the Heran Ancestral Tomb, an ancient tomb filled with traps and possessing hundreds of years of the Heran family treasures.

The idea of breaking the spell of the Heran Tomb and gaining the fortune within appealed to Chance, but facing the guardians was outside of her experience. While she was considering her options, she saw Ulstyr Moresby sitting at a table nearby, by himself as usual. He was a huge brute of a Breton who had a reputation as a gentle eccentric, a great warrior who had gone mad and paid more attention to the voices in his head than to the world around him.

If she must have a partner in this enterprise, Chance decided, this man would be perfect. He would not demand or understand the concept of getting an equal share of the booty. If worse came to worse, he would not be missed if the inhabitants of the Heran Tomb were too much for him. Or if Chance found his company tiresome and elected to leave him behind.

"Ulstyr, I don't think we've ever met, but my name is Minevah," she said, approaching the table. "I'm fancying a trip to the Heran Ancestral Tomb. If you think you could handle the monsters, I could take care of unlocking doors and popping traps. What do you think?"

The Breton took a moment to reply, as if considering the counsel of the voices in his head. Finally he nodded his head in the affirmative, mumbling, "Yes, yes, yes, prop a rock, hot steel. Chitin. Walls beyond doors. Fifty-three. Two months and back."

"Splendid," said Chance, not the least put off by his rambling. "We'll leave early tomorrow."
When Chance met Ulstyr the next morning, he was wearing chitin armor and had armed himself with an unusual blade that glowed faintly of enchantment. As they began their trek, she tried to engage him in conversation, but his responses were so nonsensical that she quickly abandoned the attempts. A sudden rainstorm swelled over the plain, dousing them, but as she was wearing no armor and Ulstyr was wearing slick chitin, their progress was not impeded.

Into the dark recesses of the Heran Tomb, they delved. Her instincts had been correct -- they made very good partners.

She recognized the ancient snap-wire traps, deadfalls, and brittle backs before they were triggered, and cracked all manners of lock: simple tumbler, combination, twisted hasp, double catch, varieties from antiquity with no modern names, rusted heaps that would have been dangerous to open even if one possessed the actual key.

Ulstyr for his part slew scores of bizarre fiends, the likes of which Chance, a city girl, had never seen before. His enchanted blade's spell of fire was particularly effective against the Frost Atronachs. He even saved her when she lost her footing and nearly plummeted into a shadowy crack in the floor.

"Not to hurt thyself," he said, his face showing genuine concern. "There are walls beyond doors and fifty-three. Drain ring. Two months and back. Prop a rock. Come, Mother Chance."

Chance had not been listening to much of Ulstyr's babbling, but when he said "Chance," she was startled. She had introduced herself to him as Minevah. Could it be that the peasants were right, and that when mad men spoke, they were talking to the daedra prince Sheogorath who gave them advice and information beyond their ken? Or was it rather, more sensibly, that Ulstyr was merely repeating what he heard tell of in Balmora where in recent years "Chance" had become synonymous with lockpicking?

As the two continued on, Chance thought of Ulstyr's mumblings. He had said "chitin" when they met as if it had just occurred to him, and the chitin armor that he wore had proven useful. Likewise, "hot steel." What could "walls beyond doors" mean? Or "two months and back"? What numbered "fifty-three"?

The notion that Ulstyr possessed secret knowledge about her and the tomb they were in began to unnerve Chance. She made up her mind then to abandon her companion once the treasure had been found. He had cut through the living and undead guardians of the dungeon: if she merely left by the path they had entered, she would be safe without a defender.

One phrase he said made perfect sense to her: "drain ring." At one of the manors in Balmora, she had picked up a ring purely because she thought it was pretty. It was not until later that she discovered that it could be used to sap other people's vitality. Could Ulstyr be aware of this? Would he be taken by surprise if she used it on him?

She formulated her plan on how best to desert the Breton as they continued down the hall. Abruptly the passage ended with a large metal door, secured by a golden lock. Using her pick, Chance snapped away the two tumblers and bolt, and swung the door open. The treasure of the Heran Tomb was within.
Chance quietly slipped her glove off her hand, exposing the ring as she stepped into the room. There were fifty-three bags of gold within. As she turned, the door closed between her and the Breton. On her side, it did not resemble a door anymore, but a wall. Walls beyond doors.

For many days, Chance screamed and screamed, as she tried to find a way out of the room. For some days after that, she listened dully to the laughter of Sheogorath within her own head. Two months later, when Ulstyr returned, she was dead. He used a rock to prop open the door and remove the gold.
Of all the et'Ada who wandered Nîrûn, Trinimac was the strongest. He, for a very long time, fooled the Aldmeri into thinking that tears were the best response to the Sundering. They cried and shamed our ancestors, especially the feminine Altmer. They even took the Missing God's name in vain, calling His narratives into question. So one day Boethiah, Prince of Plots, precocious youth, tricked Trinimac to go into his mouth. Boethiah talked like Trinimac for awhile then, and gathered enough people to listen to him. Boethiah showed them the lies of the et'Ada, the Aedra, and told them Trinimac was the biggest liar of all, saying all this with Trinimac's voice! Boethiah told the mass before him the Tri-Angled Truth. He showed them, with Mephala, the rules of Psijic Endeavor. He taught them how to build Houses, and what items they needed to bury in the Corners. He demonstrated the right way to wear their skin. He performed the way to walk to achieve an Exodus. Then Boethiah relieved himself of Trinimac right there on the ground before them to prove all the things he said were the truth. It was easy then for his new people to become the Changed Ones.
My Dear Koniinge,

I hope this letter reaches you in Sadrith Mora. It's been many weeks since I've heard from you, and I hope that the address that I have for you is still up-to-date. I gave the courier some extra gold, so if he doesn't find you, he is to make inquiries to your whereabouts. As you can see, after a rather tedious crossing, I've at long last made my way from Bhoriane to my favorite principality in High Rock, surprisingly literate and always fascinating Kambria. I at once ensconced myself in one of the better libraries here, becoming reacquainted with the locals and the lore. At the risk of being overly optimistic, I think I might have struck on something very interesting about this mysterious fellow, Hadwaf Neithwyr.

Many here in town remember him, though few very fondly. When Hadwaf Neithwyr left, so too did a great plague. No one thinks it a coincidence.

According to my contacts here, Azura is not his only master. It may be that when he summoned forth the Daedra and accepted her Star, he was doing so for someone named Baliasir. Apparently, Neithwyr worked for this Baliasir in some capacity, but I never could find out from anyone exactly what Baliasir's line of business was, nor what Neithwyr did for him. Zenithar, the God of Work and Commerce, is the most revered deity in Kambria, which served my (that is to say our) purposes well, as the people are naturally receptive to bribery. Still, it did me little good. I could find nothing specific about our quarry. After days of inquiry, an old crone recommended that I go to a nearby village called Grimtry Garden, and find the cemetery caretaker there. I set off at once.

I know you are impatient when it comes to details, and have little taste for Breton architecture, but if you ever find yourself in mid-High Rock, you owe it to yourself to visit this quaint village. Like a number of other similar towns in High Rock, there is a high wall surrounded it. As well as being picturesque, it's a remnant of the region's turbulent past and a useful barrier against the supernatural creatures that sometimes stalk the countryside. More about that in a moment.

The cemetery is actually outside of the city gates, I discovered. The locals warned me to wait until morning to speak to the caretaker, but I was impatient for information, and did not want to waste a moment. I trekked through the woods to the lonely graveyard, and immediately found the shuffling, elderly man who was the caretaker. He bade me leave, that the land was haunted and if I chose to stay I would be in the greatest danger. I told him that I would not go until he told me what he knew about Hadwaf Neithwyr and his patron Baliasir. On hearing their names, he fled deeper into the jumble of broken tombstones and decrepit mausoleums. I naturally pursued.
I saw him scramble down into an enormous crypt and gave chase. There was no light within, but I had planned enough to bring with me a torch. The minute I lit it, I heard a long, savage howl pierce the silence, and I knew that the caretaker had left quickly not merely because he feared speaking of Neithwyr and Baliasir. Before I saw the creature, I heard its heavy breath and the clack of its clawed feet on stone moving closer to me. The werewolf emerged from the gloom, brown and black, with slavering jaws, looking at me with the eyes of the cemetery caretaker, now given only to animal hunger.

I instantly had three different instinctive reactions. The first was, of course, flight. The second was to fight. But if I fled, I might never find the caretaker again, and learn what he knew. If I fought, I might injure or even kill the creature and be even worse off. So I elected to go with my third option: to hold my ground and keep the creature within its tomb until the night became morning, and the caretaker resumed his humanity.

I've sparred often enough unarmored, but surely never with so much at stake, and never with so savage an opponent. My mind was always on danger not only of injury but the dread disease of lycanthropy. Every rake of its claw I parried, every snap of its foaming jaws I ducked. I sidestepped when it tried to rush me, but closed the distance to keep it from escaping into the night. For hours we fought, I always on the defense, it always trying to free itself, or slay me, or both. I have no doubt that a werewolf has greater energy reserves than a man, but it is a beast and does not know how to save and temper its movements. As the dawn rose, we were both nearly unconscious from fatigue, but I received my reward. The creature became a man once again.

He was quite considerably friendlier than he had been before. In fact, when he realized that I had prevented him from going on his nocturnal rampage through the countryside, he became positively affable.

Here's what I learned: Neithwyr never returned to High Rock. As far as the old man knows, he is still in Morrowind. I visited the gravesite of his sister Peryra, and learned that it was probably through her that Neithwyr first met his patron. It would seem that she was quite a well-known courtesan in her day, and very well traveled, though she chose to return home to die. Unlike Neithwyr, Baliasir is not far away from me. He is a shadowy character, but lately, according to the caretaker, he has been paying court to Queen Elysana in Wayrest. I leave at once.

Please write to me as soon as possible to tell me of your progress. I should be in Wayrest at the home of my friend Lady Elysbetta Moorling in a week's time. If Baliasir is at court, Lady Moorling will be able to arrange an introduction.

I feel confident in saying that we are very close to Azura's Star.

Your Friend,

Charwich
My Good Friend Charwich,

I only just last week received your letter dated 6 Sun's Height, addressed to me in Sadrith Mora. I did not know how to reach you before to tell you of my progress finding Hadwaf Neithwyr, so I send this to you now care of the lady you mentioned in your letter, the Lady Elysbita Moorling of Wayrest. I hope that if you have left her palace, she will know where you've gone and can send this to you. And I hope further that you receive it in a timelier manner that I received your letter. It is essential that I hear from you soon so we may coordinate our next course of action.

My adventures here have two acts, one before I received your letter, and one immediately after. While you searched for the elusive possessor of Azura's Star in his homeland to the west, I searched for him here where we understood he conjured up the Daedra Prince and received from her the artifact.

Like you, I had little difficulty finding people who had heard of or even knew Neithwyr. In fact, not long after we parted company and you left for the Iliac Bay, I met someone who knew where he went to perform the ceremony, so I left at once to come here to Tel Aruhn. It took some time to locate my contact, for he is a Dissident Priest named Minerath. The Temple and Tribunal, the real powers of Morrowind, tend to frown on his Order, and while they haven't begun so much of crusade to stamp them out, there are certainly rumors that they will soon. This tends to make priests like Minerath skittish and paranoid. Difficult people to set appointments with.

Finally I was told that he would be willing to talk to me at the Plot and Plaster, a tiny tavern without even a room to rent. Downstairs, there were several cloaked men crammed around the tavern's only table, and they searched me to see if I had any weaponry. Of course, I hadn't. You know that isn't my preferred method of doing business.

When it decided that I was harmless, one of the cloaked figures revealed himself to be Minerath. I paid him the gold I promised and asked him what he knew about Hadwaf Neithwyr. He remembered him well enough, saying that after he received the Star, the lad intended to return to High Rock. It seemed he had unfinished business there, presumably of a violent nature, which Azura's Star would facilitate. He had no other information, and I did not know what else to ask.

We parted company and I waited for your letter, hoping you had found Neithwyr and perhaps even the Star. I confess that as I lingered in Morrowind and never heard from you, I began to have doubts about your character. You'll forgive me for saying so, but I began to fear that you had taken the artifact for yourself. In fact, I was making plans to come to High Rock myself when your letter came at last.
The tale of your adventure in the cemetery at Grimtry Garden, and the information you gathered from the lycanthropic caretaker inspired me to have another meeting with Minerath. Thus began the second act of my story.

I returned to the Pot and Plaster, reasoning that the priest must frequent that area of the city to feel so comfortable setting clandestine meetings there. It took some time searching, but I finally found him, and as luck would have it, he was alone. I called his name, and he quickly drew me to a dark alleyway, nervous that we would be seen by a Temple ordinator.

It is a rare and beautiful thing when a victim insists on dragging his killer to a remote location.

I began at once asking about this fellow you mentioned, Neithwyr's mysterious patron Baliasir. He denied ever having heard the name. We were still in that easy, fairly conversational state when I attacked the priest. Of course, he was completely taken by surprise. In some ways, that can be more effective than an ambush from behind. No matter how many times I've done it, no one ever expected the friendly man they're talking to grip them by the neck.

I pressed hard against my favorite spot in the soft part of the throat, just below the thyroid cartilage, and it took him too long to react to my lunge and try pushing back. He began to lose consciousness, and I whispered that if I released my grip a little so he could talk and breath, but he tried to call for help, I would snap his neck. He nodded, and I relaxed the pressure, just a bit.

I asked him again about Baliasir, and he shook his head, insisting that he had never heard the name. As frightened as he was, it seemed most likely that he was telling the truth, so I asked him more generally if he knew anyone else who might know something about Hadwaf Neithwyr. He told me that there was a woman present also during the ceremony, someone he introduced as his sister.

I remembered then the part of your letter about seeing the grave of Neithwyr's sister, Peryra. When I mentioned the name to the priest he nodded frantically, but I could see that the interrogation had reached an ending. There is, after all, something about being throttled that causes a man to answer yes to every question. I snapped Minerath's neck, and returned home.

So now I'm again unsure how to proceed. I've made several more inquiries and several of the same people who met Neithwyr remember him being with a woman. A few recall him saying that she was his sister. One or two believe they remember her name as being Peryra, though they're not certain. No one, however, has heard of anyone named Baliasir.

If I do not hear word from you in response to this in the next couple of weeks, I will come to High Rock, because it's there that most people believe Neithwyr returned. I will only stay here long enough to see if there are other inquiries I can make only in Morrowind to bring us closer to our goal of recovering Azura's Star.

Your Friend,

Koniinge
My Dear Koniinge,

Please forgive the quality of the handwriting on this note, but I have not long to live. I can only reply in detail to one part of your letter, and that is that I fear Baliasir, contrary to what you've heard, is very much real. Had he been but a figment of that caretaker's imagination, I would not be feeling life ebb from me as I write this.

Lady Moorling has sent for healers, but I know they won't arrive in time. I just need to explain what happened so that you'll understand, and then all my affairs in this world will be ended. The one advantage of my condition is that I must be brief, without my habitually ornamental descriptions of people and places. I know that you will appreciate that at least.

It started when I came to Wayrest, and through my friend Lady Moorling and her court connections was introduced to Baliasir himself. I had to proceed carefully, not wanting him to know of our designs on Azura's Star which I presumed he possessed, given to him by his servant Hadwaf Neithwyr. His function in Queen Elysana's court seemed to be decorative, like so many of her courtiers, and it was not hard to differentiate myself from the others when we began conversing on the school of mysticism. Many of the other hangers-on at the palace can speak eloquently on the subject of the magickal arts, but it seemed that only he and I had deep knowledge of the craft.

Many a nobleman or adventurer who aren't mages by profession learn a spell or two from the useful schools of restoration or destruction. I told Baliasir quite truthfully that I had never learned any of that (oh, but I wish I knew some healing spells of the school of restoration now), but that I had developed some small skill in mysticism. Not enough to be a Psijic, of course, but in telekinesis, password, and spell reflection I had some amateur ability. He responded with compliments, which allowed me to segue into the topic of another spell of mysticism, the soul trap.

I told him I was unlearned but curious about that spell. And very naturally and comfortably, I was able to bring up the subject of Azura's Star, the endless well of souls.

Imagine how I had to hold back my excitement when he leaned in and whispered to me, "If that interests you, come to Klythic's Cairn west of the city tomorrow night."

I couldn't sleep at all. The only thing I could think of was how I would get the Star when he showed it to me. I still knew so little about Baliasir, his past and his power, but the opportunity was too great to let pass. Still, I must admit that I held hopes that you would arrive, as you threatened you might in your letter, so I might have someone of physical strength to aid me in my adventure.
I am growing weaker and weaker as I write this, so I must proceed with the basic facts. I went to the crypt the following night, and Baliasir led me through the maze of it to the repository where he kept the Star. We were talking quite casually, and as you've so often said, it seemed an excellent time for an ambush. I grabbed the Star and unsheathed my blade in what I felt was amazing speed.

He turned to me and I suddenly felt that I was moving like a snail. In a flash, Baliasir changed his form and became his true self, not man or mer, but daedra. A colossal daedra lord who swiped back the Star from my grasp and laughed at my sword as it thudded against his impenetrable hide.

I knew I had been beaten, and I threw myself towards the corridor. A blue flash of energy coursed through me, flung by Baliasir's claws. At once, I began to feel death. He could have smote me with a thousand spells, but he chose the one where I could lie down, and suffer, and hear him laugh. At the very least, I did not give him that pleasure.

Already struck, it was too late for me to cast a counterspell of mysticism, one to dispel the magicka, reflect it or absorb it as my own. But I did still know how to teleport myself, what mystics term 'Recall,' to whatever place I'd last set a spiritual anchor. I confess that at the time, I didn't remember where that would be. Perhaps in Bhoriane when I arrived in the Iliac Bay, or in Kambria, or in Grimtry Garden where I met the caretaker, or my hostess's palace in Wayrest. I prayed that I had not set the anchor last when I was with you in Morrowind, for it said that if the distance is too great, one can be caught between dimensions. Still, I was willing to take that chance, rather than being the plaything of Baliasir.

I cast the spell and found myself back on the doorstep of Lady Moorling's palace. To be out of the crypt and away from the daedra was a relief, but I had so hoped that I had been smart enough to cast an anchor near a Mages Guild or a temple where I could find a healer. Instead, knowing I was too weak to walk far, I beat on the door and was taken here, where I write this letter, lying in my bed.

As I wrote those words, dear Elysbetta, Lady Moorling, came in, quite tearfully and frantic, to tell me the healers should be here within but a few minute. But I wil be ded ere they arrive. I know thes are m last wors. Der frend, stay away frm this cursd place.

Yr Frend,

Charwich
My Good Friend, Lord Gemyn,

You must forgive me for not meeting you at the palace personally, but I've been unavoidably, tragically detained. I've left the front gate and door unlocked, and if you're reading this, you must have made it at least as far the antechamber to the east drawing room. Perhaps you've already wandered the estate and seen some of its delights before coming to this chamber: the seven fountains of marble and porphyry, the reflecting pool, the various groves, the colonnades and quincunx. I don't think you would have already gone to the second floor suites and the west wing as you would have had to pass this room first, and picked up this letter. But believe me, they're beautifully appointed with magnificent balustrades, winding staircases, intimate salons, and bedchambers worthy of your affluence.

The price of this property is exorbitant, certainly, but for a man like you who seeks only the best, this is the villa you must have. As you undoubtedly noticed as you arrived through the gates, there are several smaller buildings ideally suited to be guard stations. I know you are concerned with security.

I am an intensely greedy man, and there is nothing I would have liked more than to meet you here today, show you the grounds, fawn on you obsequiously, and collect a fat percentage of the cost of the sale when you bought this marvelous palace, as I'm sure you would have. My dilemma that caused my inexcusable absence began shortly after I arrived here early to make certain the villa was well-cleaned for your inspection. A man named Koniinge crept up behind me, and gripped me by the throat. Clamping his left hand over my mouth and nose, and throttling me with his right hand, crushing the soft spot on my throat just below the thyroidal cartilage, he effectively strangled me in a few quick but very painful minutes.

I am currently buried in a pile of leaves in the north statuary parterre, close to the exceptional sculptural representation of the Transformation of Trinimac. It should not be too long before I am discovered: someone at my bank will surely notice my absence in due time. Koniinge might have buried me deeper, but he wanted to be ready for the arrival of his old partner, Charwich.

Perhaps part of you thinks it best to stop reading now, Lord Gemyn. You are looking around the antechamber and seeing nothing but doors. The large one you took to come in from the garden is locked now behind you, and without a better knowledge of the layout of the estate, I could not recommend you attempt to flee down a corridor that might easily come to a dead end. No. Much better to keep reading, and see where this is going.

Koniinge, it seems, was in a partnership with his friend Charwich to try to recover Azura's Star. They understood it to be in the possession of someone named Hadwaf Neithwyr, a man who conjured up the Daedra Prince Azura herself to acquire it. As Neithwyr originally haled
from High Rock, Charwich went there to look for him, while his partner searched Morrowind. They planned to communicate their findings by letters sent through couriers.

Charwich's first letter stated that he had found information that Neithwyr had a mysterious patron named Baliasir, a fact he had learned at a cemetery with a gravestone of Neithwyr's sister Peryra and a lycanthropic caretaker. Koniinge replied back that he could find nothing about Baliasir, but believed that Neithwyr had returned to High Rock with Peryra after getting the Star. Charwich's last letter was a written on his deathbed, having sustained mortal wounds from his battle with Baliasir, who it seemed had been a mighty daedra lord.

Koniinge grieved for his friend, and traveled the span of the Empire to Wayrest, to pay his call of condolences on Lady Moorling, the woman at whose house Charwich had been staying. After making some inquiries, Koniinge learned that her ladyship had left the city, quite suddenly. She had been entertaining a guest named Charwich, and it was understood that he had died, though no one ever saw the body. Certainly no healers had been sent to her house on the 13th of Last Seed of last year. And no one in Wayrest, just like no one in Tel Aruhn, had ever heard of Baliasir.

Poor Koniinge was suddenly unsure of everything. He retraced his late partner's path through Boriane and Grimtry Gardens, but found that the Neithwyr family crypt was elsewhere, in a small town in the barony of Dwynnen. There was indeed a lycanthropic caretaker, fortunately in human form at the time. When questioned (using the technique of strangulation, release, strangulation, release), he told Koniinge the story that he had told Charwich many months before.

Hadwaf and Peryra Neithwyr had returned to Dwynnen, intent on settling old business. As the Star requires potent spirits for power, they thought they would begin small by capturing the spirit of the werewolf they knew of in the family graveyard. Sadly, for them, their grasp exceeded their reach. When the poor caretaker resumed his human form one morning, he found himself lying next to the shredded, bloody bodies of the Neithwyr siblings. Distressed and fearful, he brought the corpses and all their possessions down into the crypt. They were still there when Charwich came, and so too was Azura's Star.

Koniinge now saw things clearly. The letters he had received from Charwich were lies, intended to keep him away. Undoubtedly with the assistance of Lady Moorling, his new partner, he had concocted stories, including one of his own demise, to trick Koniinge into abandoning the quest for the Star. It was clearly a sad statement on the nature of friendship, and one that needed immediate correction.

It took the better part of six months for Koniinge to find his old partner. Charwich and Lady Moorling had used the power of the Star to make themselves very wealthy and powerful. They assumed a number of different identities in their travels through High Rock and Skyrim, and then down to Valenwood and the Summurset Isle. Along the way, of course, the Star itself disappeared, as great daedric artifacts always do. The couple still had much wealth, but their love sadly fell on troubled times. When they reached Alinor, they parted ways.

One must assume that during their months together, Charwich must have told Lady Moorling about Koniinge. It's pleasant to think of the loving couple laughing over the stories they were telling him about the mythical and dangerous Baliasir. Charwich must not have given his former beloved a very accurate physical description, however, because when Lady Moorling
(then under the identity of the Countess Zyliana) met Koniinge, she had no idea who he was. It came as quite a surprise to her when he began strangling her and requesting information about her former paramour.

Before she died, she told Koniinge what Charwich's new name and title was, and where he was looking for a new palace. She even told him about me. Given all the twists and bends the last months' chase took him on, it was not difficult to find which palace Charwich was looking to buy, and what time his appointment was to view it. Then he had merely to arrive early, dispose of me, and wait.

There our story must sadly end. I look forward to seeing you soon.

Yours,

Syrix Goinithi,
Former Estate Banker

P.S.: Charwich -- Turn around now, or don't. Your choice. Your friend, Koniinge.
[44] Cherim's Heart of Anequina*

See vol. I.
[45] Children of the Sky

See vol. I.
Chimarvamidium*

See vol. I.
[47] The Common Tongue

[This broadsheet is a newsletter copied on cheap paper, featuring sensational events in the city of Mournhold. One article describes a list of individuals who died under suspicious circumstances when their interests conflicted with those of 'a former prince of the West'. The reference is clearly King Helseth, King of Morrowind, formerly Prince Helseth of the kingdom of Wayrest in the province of High Rock.]

{This copy was found under the pillow on Ivulen Irano's bed. The ownership of the chest at the foot of the bed indicates the ownership of the document.}¹

THE COMMON TONGUE

"A poet can have no higher purpose than to tell the truth about the human condition." -- Lord Vivec

*MYSTERIES*
OF THE WEST

I have a little list. They never would be missed.

Appearing at the top -- three names... Anhar, Khajiit male -- Martyrius Arruntius, Imperial male -- Jusole Asciele, Breton male. What do these three names have in common?

All three at one time or another represented an inconvenience to a Western noble prince named Helseth.

Anhar was an agent for Eastern ebony merchants. There was an unfortunate scandal concerning improper contracts offered to Helseth as compensation for his assistance in obtaining ebony import remits from the Imperial Board of Census and Excise. Luckily for Prince Helseth, this scandal blew over when no one could be found to testify. Is it just a coincidence that Anhar's health went into a steep decline, just as he was to testify before the Imperial magistrates? He died a natural death, according to the Imperial coroners. Convenient and timely, perhaps, but natural.

Martyrius Arruntius was a city alderman of Wayrest. Prince Helseth's liaison with the alderman's married daughter was potentially embarrassing to the Prince -- especially when Martyrius Arruntius forcefully pressed his suit for 'predatory adultery' in Wayrest's courts. Many thought it strange that Martyrius Arruntius should suddenly fall ill and die of 'exhaustion' on the eve of the trial. The suit was settled out of court, and charges dismissed. The Imperial coroners ruled that Martyrius Arruntius had died a natural death. Convenient and timely, admittedly, but natural.

Jusole Asciele was a diplomatic attache at the High Rock embassy in Wayrest. Widely rumored to be an intelligence officer, Jusole Asciele was often seen at court, taking a great

¹ "Irano's copy" only.
interest in the affairs of Queen Barenziah and her family. It is said that Wayrest can be a
dreadfully uncomfortable place in high summer. Perhaps the Breton's constitution was ill-suited
to the relentless heat and pestilential swarms of the southern Iliac. Jusole Asciele took
suddenly ill one evening, and within three days he was dead. Once again, Imperial coroners
ruled that Jusole Asciele had died a natural death. Convenient and timely, yes, but natural.

And these, The Common Tongue notes significantly, are only the 'A's on the list.

Some have quietly suggested that Prince Helseth was the most accomplished and subtle
poisoner in the West. But The Common Tongue has never seen a single scrap of evidence that
would prove such an indictment. [Admittedly, the absence of such proof could count as
qualifying towards the title of a 'most accomplished and subtle poisoner'.]

And, further, The Common Tongue does not wish to suggest that King Helseth is a poisoner,
or that the recent death of King Athyn Llethan's was a poisoning, and not a natural death. The
Common Tongue has never seen a single scrap of evidence that would prove such an
indictment. And the Imperial coroners have ruled that Athyn Llethan died a natural death.
Nothing is more revolting to Dunmer feeling than the sorry spectacle of another Dunmer enslaved by that derivative moon-sugar known as 'skooma.' And nothing is less appetising than listening to the pathetic tales of humiliation and degradation associated with a victim of this addictive drug.

Why, then, do I force myself upon you with this extended and detailed account of my sins and sorrows?

Because I hope that by telling my tale, the hope of redemption from this sorry state shall be more widely known. And because I hope that others who have also fallen into the sorry state of skooma addiction may therefore hear of my story, of how I fell into despair, and how I once again found myself and freed myself from my own self-imposed chains.

Because it is widely known to all Khajiit, who may be expected to know, that there is no cure for addiction to skooma, that once a slave to skooma, always a slave to skooma. Because this is widely known, it is taken to be true. But it is not true, and I am living proof.

There is no miracle cure. There is no potion to be taken. There is no magical incantation which frees you from the thrill of skooma running through your blood.

But it is through the understanding of that thrill, and the acceptance of the lust within oneself for that thrill, and the casting aside of the shame that the thrillseeker feels when he cannot set aside what becomes in the end his only comfort and pleasure, it is through this knowledge and understanding that the victim comes to the place where choices may be made, where despair and hope may be separated.

In short, only knowledge and acceptance can deliver into the slave's hands the key that opens his shackles and sets him free.

[The narrative of Tilse Sendas' tale carries the reader through the stages of early infatuation, ecstatic obsession, and profound degradation of her addiction, and in the course of the story she subtly enables the reader to discover that the hopelessness of the addict comes from the addict's own unconscious assumption that only a helpless and foolish person could become addicted to skooma, and that, consequently, no such helpless and foolish person could ever achieve the admittedly difficult task of renouncing, once tasted, the exquisite delights of the skooma. Tilse Sendas shows that once the addict overcomes the burden of her own self-despising, that there is the possibility of redemption. And, against all of society's dearly held beliefs, she says that it is not altogether clear that the addict SHOULDN'T renounce the sugar, but that it is only one of the choices that the skooma addict must make. Tilse Sendas' casual proposition that skooma addiction is not necessarily a sign of moral and personal weakness is essential to her thesis that a cure is possible, but it has not endeared her or her book to the upright and conservative elements of Dunmer society.]
The Consolations of Prayer

Through the bounty of Blessed Almsivi, Triune Grace, and all the hosts of saints, the faithful who pray at the Temple's shrines may be granted blessings through the miraculous sacraments of prayer and devotion. The three-sided shrines betoken the three-faced benison of Almsivi, and may be found in Temples, or at sites of pilgrimage, or at pilgrim waysides, or in the tomb of the sanctified.

What benefits may be gained shall be listed herein for the edification of the worshipper and pilgrim.

All shrines grant cures of common diseases, of blight diseases, and of afflictions of poison.

Those shrines bearing the images of Vivec, Ammalexia, and Sotha Sil also may grant the blessing of Almsivi Restoration, which restores damaged attributes, and the three blessings of Almsivi: Vivec's Mystery, for good fortune; Soul of Sotha Sil, for magical power, and Lady's Grace, for endurance of hardships.

Those shrines bearing the images of the saints may also grant the particular blessings of the saints, which are listed for you here:

St. Aralor grants Aralor's Intervention, for fortifying character.
St. Delyn grants Shield of St. Delyn, for resistance to blight diseases.
St. Felms grants Felm's Glory, for greater skill in restoring magics.
St. Llothis grants Rock of Llothis, for fortifying the will.
St. Meris grants Meris's Warding, for resistance to corprus disease.
St. Nerevar grants Spirit of Nerevar, for fortifying the body's vigor.
St. Olms grants Olm's Benediction, for resistance to common disease.
St. Rilms grants Rilm's Grace, for endurance of hardships.
St. Roris grants Roris's Bloom, for fortifying the body's health.
St. Seryn grants Seryn's Shield, for resistance to poisons.
St. Veloth grants Veloth's Indwelling, for magical power, and also grants the blessing of Almsivi Restoration, which restores damaged attributes.

The Faithful are granted these blessings when they pray at the shrines and make a modest donation. The Blessed of the Initiate rank and higher of the Temple have already made their devotions in service and piety, and need only pray at the shrines to receive their benefits. And Almsivi is generous, so even the Unbeliever may receive a blessing if he prays, if he proves his respect with a generous donation.
Contracts

Caldera Mining Contract

[This parchment shows a list of contracts to purchase ebony or work in the mines.]
[50.2] Construction Contract

By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

His Grace, the Duke of Vvardenfell, hereby grants {name} the right to build a stronghold and village of no more than fifty persons and of no more than 400 feet in any direction. {name} may hire no more than 10 Men-At-Arms and retainers to defend the stronghold.

{name} must protect the settlers who dwell within the bounds of the stronghold. {name} must swear loyalty to the crown of His Grace, the Duke of Vvardenfell, and to ALMSIVI.

If {name} does not abide by these terms, this contract is null and void and the rights to the stronghold reverts to His Grace, the Duke of Vvardenfell.

Seal of His Grace, Duke of Vvardenfell
Duke Vedam Dren

Seal of the Vassal
{name}
[50.3] A Dark Brotherhood Contract

The Bearer of this document, under special dispensation of the Night Mother, who has entered in a contract in perpetuity with H, is given special dispensation to execute {name}, a {race} recently residing on the island of Vvardenfell. In accordance with all laws and traditions, the afore-mentioned personage will be executed in the name of H in the most expedient manner possible. All services of the Dark Brotherhood are at the disposal of the Bearer of this binding and non-disputable document.
I, Felyn Saranas, hereby agree to pay the sum of 10,000 (ten thousand) drakes upon the delivery of the following items:

Iron Shortsword (20)
Iron Claymore (15)
Iron Mace (10)
Iron Spear (15)
Steel Axe (10)
Steel Dagger (15)
Steel Staff (10)
Steel Halberd (15)
Steel Longsword (10)

All items are assumed to be delivered in new and working condition, and to have been created at the forge of Ralen Tilvur, Smith, Vivec City. This contract is binding under Imperial Law, and may only be rendered null and void by a mutual agreement of both parties here undersigned.

Alvur Hleran
Felyn Saranas
[51] Dagoth Ur's Plans

Dag Goth Ur's Plans

[The following documents were prepared by Temple scholars and agents of the Inquisition for Lord Vivec.]

From interrogation of captured Sleepers and other Sixth House cultists, from study of manuscripts written by cultists and victims of dream-induced mania, from interviews with Lord Vivec concerning historical campaigns against Red Mountain, and from broad conjectures and inferences made upon these materials, this is our best estimate of Dag oth Ur's motivations and objectives in this most recent phase of his war upon Morrowind.

Basic Objectives

1. Establish a theocracy in Morrowind based on the worship of the new-born god Akulakhan [Second Numidium] to be created by Dagoth Ur from the heart of Lorkhan and a body constructed according to the principles and rituals pioneered by the Dwemer Kagrenac. Establish the ancient heirs of House Dagoth as the god-priests of Akulakhan, and the Sixth House of Dag oth Ur as the dominant political power in Morrowind. Through charismatic conversion, unite the Dunmer under the guidance of Dagoth Ur to battle against the foreign animals who hold Morrowind in subjection. [Note: Dagoth Ur has apparently adopted the views and motivations of the Dwemer High Craftlord Kagrenac. In effect, he recapitulates the ancient blasphemous folly of the Dwemer.]

2. Expose the false worship of the Tribunal and destroy the ecclesiastical authority and political power of the Temple. [How much the Dissident Priests or the Cult of the Nerevarine may be controlled or influenced by the Sixth House in this regard is open to speculation.]

3. Extirpate all remaining individuals of inferior and mongrel races from Morrowind.

4. Drive the Empire from Morrowind.

5. Recover ancient territories stolen by Skyrim and Argonia.

6. Extend the worship of Akulakhan to all nations of Tamriel through subversion and conquest.

Plans to Establish and Expand the Sixth House

Phase 1: Secure Red Mountain against Tribunal intruders. Deny Tribunal access to the Heart, weakening the Temple while securing Red Mountain for the creation of Akulakhan. Keep the construction of Second Numidium a secret.

Phase 2: Create passive servants in ever-widening circles around Red Mountain by broadcasting compulsions couched in dream imagery to susceptible subjects in their sleep.
Establish a major operational base at Kogoruhn for further operations in the ash wastes. Establish smaller bases near small port villages and in lower-class waterfront districts in Vivec. Infiltrate and subvert smuggling syndicates. Recruit willing followers from disaffected populations, including the underworld, the poor, and rabid anti-Imperial activists.

Phase 3: Expand from smaller bases to other towns and villages, and recruit and indoctrinate subjects made susceptible by dream sendings. Occupy abandoned towers and ruins, and train corrupted cultists as raiders and irregular troops. Identify, discredit, and decimate possible sources of political resistance.

Phase 4: Use assassination and terror to weaken, distract, and disrupt the Legions and the Imperial bureaucracy, along with their Hlaalu sympathizers. Inspire popular uprisings of the native poor against the foreign rich and powerful. Summon Sleepers and Dreamers to Dagoth Ur to work on Second Numidium.

Inferring Dagoth Ur's Perspectives

Dagoth Ur thinks on a large time scale -- for the most part, in the outside-of-time scale of the divine consciousness. He thinks that only obstacles of mythic scale are worth consideration. He believes he is fated to rule Morrowind, to free Morrowind of the Empire, and to become the new hard-loving Father of Morrowind. Given that perspective, the only opposing forces Dagoth Ur worries about are the Tribunal, the Daedra, the Emperor, and the Incarnate.

With the Tribunal's loss of Sunder and Keening, and with the diminishing resources of Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil, Dagoth Ur believes he has permanently gained a decisive strategic advantage. On a mortal timescale, the battle may last for centuries, but the outcome is not in doubt. And Akulakhan may be a device for dramatically reducing the time scale for a decisive victory.

The myth of dynamic invincibility of the Emperor and the Empire has long been an unquantifiable and intimidating threat, but recent rumors of unrest in Cyrodiil, of the Emperor's failing health, and the unsettled question of the succession have diminished the scale of that threat. Nonetheless, the revelation that the Nerevarine is a pawn of Imperial intelligence, hand-picked and sent to Morrowind by the Emperor himself, may cause Dagoth Ur considerable anxiety.

The Daedra represent no coherent obstacle to Dagoth Ur. Nonetheless, their personal abilities and their influence upon their fanatic followers is considerable, their motives and actions obscure, and Dagoth Ur remains concerned about them.

The Incarnate represents Saint Nerevar, a mythic force that has previously defeated Dagoth Ur, and Dagoth Ur is obsessed with this threat. At the same time, Dagoth Ur knew Nerevar personally, knew that he was a mortal man with faults and weaknesses. Dagoth Ur may have some hope of seducing or negotiating with Nerevar's reincarnation. Further, when Nerevar and the Tribunal defeated Dagoth Ur, they were strong and allied; now the Nerevarine and the Tribunal are weak, opposed, and divided. Therefore, though the Nerevarine and the Tribunal represent the most serious threat to Dagoth Ur's plans, he still has good reason to believe that this time he will prevail.
A Recent Timescale of Dagoth Ur's Activities

[Much of the following timescale is based on inference from incomplete information.]

before 2E 882: Dagoth Ur and his kin lie dreaming beneath the sills of Red Mountain.

2E 882: Dagoth Ur and his ash vampires awake refreshed and emerge from lower Red Mountain into the Heart Chamber. Dagoth Ur ritually binds himself and his brethren as heartwights in a ritual of his own devising. First stages of construction of Second Numidium [conceived during the Long Sleep] are begun by heartwights and atronach constructs in a chamber near the Heart of Lorkhan. Keeping the Second Numidium project a secret from the Tribunal is a high priority.

2E 882: The Tribunal arrive at Red Mountain for their annual ritual bathing in the heart's power. Dagoth Ur and ash vampires ambush the Tribunal. The Tribunes are driven away, and prevented from restoring themselves with Kagrenac's tools at the Heart of Lorkhan.

2E 882-3E 417: Intermittent Tribunal campaigns assault Red Mountain. The Tribunal and supporting forces seek to force access to the Heart Chamber, but are repeatedly driven back. Dagoth Ur recruits Sleepers and Dreamers through dream sendings. Cultists are recruited through dream compulsion. Weaker cultists become corprus beasts; stronger cultists advance through stages towards the powers of the Ascended Sleepers.

3E 400: Kogoruhn reoccupied by Dagoth Uthol and fortified as an advance base for Sixth House operations. Blight storms more frequent and widespread. Soul sickness spreads in regions close to Red Mountain.

3E 410: Sixth House bases founded near Gnaar Mok and in waterfront areas of Vivec. Sixth House operatives exploit smuggler organizations and communications to spread their influence among victims unbalanced by Dagoth Ur's dream sendings.

3E 415: Small cells of Sixth House cultists in every town in Vvardenfell. Larger Sixth House operations are concealed in remote dungeons where creatures are bred and cultists are trained for the coming struggle.

3E 417: Almalexia and Sotha Sil lose the artifacts Keening and Sunder to Dagoth Odros and Vemyn. Vivec rescues Almalexia and Sotha Sil, but failing to recover Keening and Sunder, the Tribunal retreat from Red Mountain in disorder. Surviving Buoyant Armiger companions know the Tribunal was forced to retreat, but do not know how serious a reversal the Tribunal has suffered. The Three Tribunes return to their respective capitals and continue to perform their ritual functions. The Tribunes continue to grow weaker without access to the Heart, and because of resources required to support the Ghostfence. The inner circle of the Temple priesthood has begun to suspect the Tribunes have suffered seriously from wounds and demoralization in the wake of reverses at Red Mountain, but do not recognize the scale of the problem.

3E 426-427: Campaign of Sixth House assassinations of prominent Imperial citizens and Hlaalu Imperial sympathizers. Sudden increase in number and seriousness of attacks by cultists and victims deranged by soul sickness.
Noted with Concern

1. Dagoth Ur can apparently perceive and communicate directly through his cultists. Sleepers and Dreamers are often reported speaking as though with Dagoth Ur's voice and intention.

2. Little is known about the features, scale, or stage of completion of Akulakhan [Second Numidium]. No one has gained entrance to the Heart Chamber since 2E 282. In 3E 417, Keening and Sunder were captured, and may substantially aid in Akulakhan's construction.
[52] A Dance in Fire*

See vol. I.
[53] Darkest Darkness*

See vol. I.
[54] Death Blow of Abernanit*

See vol. I.
By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

Know all Dunmer by these words that Muthsera Rovone Arvel has sold the land south of Arvel Manor and east of Pelagiad to Orvas Dren. Rovone Arvel retains the right to one small farm near Pelagiad, currently held by Llovyn Andus

Seal of the Buyer
Orvas Dren

Seal of the Seller
Rovone Arvel
[55.2] Deed to Indrele's House

By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

Know all Dunmer by these words that I, Muthsera Hlaalu Velando Omani, have legally purchased the home in Seyda Neen of the Dunmer Indrele Rathryon and the accompanying land for the sum of 3000 Imperial Drakes. Witness our hands on this third day of Evening Star, 3E 426.

Seal of the seller
Indrele Rathryon

Seal of the buyer
Velanda Omani
[55.3] Odra's Land Deed

By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

Know all Dunmer by these words that Muthsera Rovone Arvel has agreed to sell the land south of Arvel Manor and east of Pelagiad to Orvas Dren. Rovone Arvel has also agreed to sell the small farm between the land belonging to Dren and Fort Pelagiad to Odra Helvi.

Seal of the Buyers
Orvas Dren
Odra Helvi

Seal of the Seller
Rovone Arvel
[55.4] Rethan Manor Land Deed

By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

Know all Dunmer by these words that I, Hlaalu {name}, have legally purchased the land of Rethan Manor on the northeast coast of the River Odai south of Balmora. Witness my hand below.

Seal of the seller
Baren Alen, Treasurer of the Great House Hlaalu

Seal of the buyer
{name}
By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

By the Grace of Hlaren Ramoran, Councilor of House Redoran, Lord of Gnisis

Attested by his trusted servant, Hetman Abelmawia Eribael

This document grants all rights of tenancy, residence, bounty, and vocation in the lands adjoining the Vabdas Clan Hearth, including the lands along the river bluff for 80 paces east and west of the hearth and the lands for 80 paces north of the hearth and the lands south of the heart as far as the river bluff, to the Miner Mansilamat Vabdas and his Goodwife Pulaya Vabdas.

Seal of Hetman Abelmawia
[56] Dispel Potion Formula

1 unit pearl
1 unit moon sugar

Crush pearl to form a power.
Heat moon sugar until it melts and begins turning brown.
Add pearl dust and remove from heat.
Cool with water and add to an alembic.
Boil the mixture and collect the vapor.
The Ancestors are among us. They are never farther away than the Waiting Door.

The Ancestors are not departed. The dead are not under the earth. Their spirits are in the restless wind, in the fire's voice, in the foot-smoothed step. Pay heed to these things, and you will know your absent kin.

Pay reverence through gift and prayer. Acquaint the Ancestors with your affairs, with your comings and goings, with your blessings and trials.

From the Waiting Door comes your protection. Heed the spirits, who are the guardians of your hearth, teachers of wisdom, counselors of fortune, seers of fate.

Each bone is a door through the wall of the world. Each bone is the road, with Wisdom and Power the travelers. Each bone is the ghost fence that guards us from evil.

Honor the Ancestors upon your hearths, within your halls, in the community of your temples, in the solitude of your tombs.

Guard your Ancestors from beasts, from thieves, from profane priest and sorcerers. Let no creature steal your spirits, for the plundered hearth is diminished, and the plundered tomb is shamed.

Live in One World with your spirits. Honor the spirits within and without you. Do not grieve for the dead. Take shelter in their arms, and pay heed to their words.
[58] The Dowry*

See vol. I.
The Dragon Break Reexamined*

See vol. I.
[60] Dwemer Books

[60.1] Antecedants of Dwemer Law

Antecedents of Dwemer Law

[This book is a historical account of the development of Dwemer law and custom from its roots in High Elven culture.]

In short, so far as I am able to trace the order of development in the customs of the Bosmeri tribes, I believe it to have been in all ways comparable to the growth of Altmeri law. The earlier liability for slaves and animals was mainly confined to surrender, which, as in Sumerset Isles, later became compensation.

And what does this matter for a study of our laws today? So far as concerns the influence of the Altmeri law upon our own, especially the Altmeri law of master and servant, the evidence of it is to be found in every judgment which has been recorded for the last five hundred years. It has been stated already that we still repeat the reasoning of the Altmeri magistrates, empty as it is, to the present day. And I will quickly show how Altmeri custom can be followed into the courts of the Dwemer.

In the laws of Karndar Watch (P.D. 1180) it is said, "If one who is owned by another slays one who owns himself, the owner must pay the associates three fine instruments and the body of the one who his owned." There are many other similar citations. And the same principle is extended even to the case of a centurion by which a man is killed. "If, at the common workbench, one is slain by an Animunculi, the associates of the slain may disassemble the Animunculi and take its parts within thirty days."

It is instructive to compare what Dhark has mentioned concerning the rude beasts of the Tenmar forests. "If a marsh cat was killed by an Argonian, his family were in disgrace till they retaliated by killing the Argonian, or another like it; but further, if a marsh cat was killed by a fall from a tree, his relatives would take their revenge by toppling the tree, and shattering its branches, and casting them to every part of the forest."
[60.2] Chronicles of Nchuleft

Chronicles of Nchuleft

[This is a chronicle of events of historical significance to the Dwemer Freehold Colony of Nchuleft. The text was probably recorded by an Altmer, for it is written in Aldmeris.]

23. The Death of Lord Ihlendam

It happened in Second Planting (P.D. 1220) that Lord Ihlendam, on a journey in the Western Uplands, came to Nchuleft; and Protector Anchard and General Rkungthunch met him there, and Dalen-Zanchu also came to the meeting. They talked together long by themselves; but this only was known of their business, that they were to be friends of each other. They parted, and each went home to his own colony.

Bluthanch and her sons came to hear of this meeting, and saw in this secret meeting a treasonable plot against the Councils; and they often talked of this among themselves. When spring came, the Councils proclaimed, as usual, a Council Meet, in the halls of Bamz-Amschend. The people accordingly assembled, handfasted with ale and song, drinking bravely, and much and many things were talked over at the drink-table, and, among other things, were comparisons between different dwemer, and at last among the Councilors themselves.

One said that Lord Ihlendam excelled his fellow Councilors by far, and in every way. At this Councilor Bluthanch was very angry, and said that she was in no way less than Lord Ihlendam, and that she was eager to prove it. Instantly both parties were so inflamed that they challenged each other to battle, and ran to their arms. But some citizens who were less drunk, and more understanding, came between them, and quieted them; and each went back to his colony, but nobody expected that they would ever meet in peace again together.

But then, in the fall, Lord Ihlendam received a message from Councilor Bluthanch, inviting him to a parlay at Hendor-Stardumz. And all Ihlendam's kin and citizens strongly urged him not to come, fearing treachery, but Lord Ihlendam would not listen to counsel, not even to carrying with him his honor guard. And sadly, it came to pass that, while traveling to Hendor-Stardumz, in Chinzing Pass, a host of foul creatures set upon Lord Ihlendam and killed him, and all of his party. And many citizens said thereafter that Bluthanch and her sons had conjured these beasts and set them upon Lord Ihlendam, but nothing was proven. Lord Ihlendam lies buried at a place called Leftunch.
[60.3] Divine Metaphysics Adapted to the Meanest of Intellects
[60.4] The Egg of Time
[60.5] Hanging Gardens of Wasten Coridale*

See vol. I.
Kagrenac's Journal

[The contents of this handwritten journal are in an unfamiliar script in an unknown language. There are many complex diagrams heavily annotated with numbers and strange symbols. The title page, however, is clearly marked in Aldmeris -- 'Kagrenac's Journals'.]
Kagrenac's Planbook

[The contents of this handwritten journal are in an unfamiliar script in an unknown language. There are many complex diagrams heavily annotated with numbers and strange symbols. The title page, however, is clearly marked in Ald Aldmeris -- 'Kagrenac's Planbook'.]
[This book is a translated account of Nchunak's travels among the various colonies of the Dwemer explaining the theories of Kagrenac.]

I made inquiry as to the state of enlightenment among the people he spoke for. He answered that with respect to the theories of Kagrenac, there was but one scholar near who could guide the people through the maze that leads to true misunderstanding.

He informed me, however, that in Kherakah the precepts of Kagrenac were taught. He said that nothing pleased him more than to see the Dwemer of Kherakah, the most learned people in the world, studying Kagrenac's words and giving consideration to their place in the life to come, and where neither planar division nor the numeration of amnesia nor any other thing of utility was more valued than the understanding of the self and its relationship to the Heart.

I was gracious enough to receive this as a high compliment, and, removing my helm, I thanked him and departed with an infinity of bows.
[60.9] Old Dwemer Books

[60.9.1] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on pipe fitting.]

[60.9.2] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on cog replacement and maintenance.]

[60.9.3] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on machinery maintenance.]

[60.9.4] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on water channeling and pressure.]

[60.9.5] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on machina power consumption.]

[60.9.6] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on fabrication of metals.]

[60.9.7] Old Dwemer Book

[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on combustibles and fire safety.]
[60.10] Secrets of Dwemer Animunculi
[61] The Eastern Provinces Impartially Considered*

See vol. I.
At last! After these many years of searching, I'm sure I've located the proper caverns. The Crystals are just as the stories describe; "...wrapped in crystalline embrace, the silver pierced brow of the Traitors shall ward his sleep." This must be the place! This must be Mordrin Hanin's tomb!

Badama and I have established quarters here. No one shall steal my discovery. To imagine what treasures are hidden within this stone. Those Guild fools! Mocking my studies. The Powers I shall unleash upon their miserable skins. Tomorrow we will summon workers to begin excavation.

The Summoning was successful, although Badama lacks concentration. We nearly had a Storm Atronach, but her poor skills allowed it to escape. We shall make do with vermin. To think of the earth we could have riven with the Atronach. Now we are forced to watch the Scamps scrape the surface with picks and shovels. Hideous, miserable creatures.

Otherworldly, vermin, bastards! Fodder for my cauldron! Scamps are the most untruth of servants. I should enlist the efforts of the Giant Rats of the wilderness and have greater success. Whining, thieving, lazy and treacherous...Scamps! One attempted to flee, stealing a number of potions in his flight. I made short work of him. Perhaps the others will think deeply before following his path. Unfortunately, I was unable to locate one of my best Potions of Rising Force.

Success! I discovered the traces of worked stone, which when inspected closely were obviously of Daedric workmanship. After great effort and much moving of earth and stone, the remaining blockage fell away with a great splash into a pool of loathsome water. The foul and noisome air which escaped nearly choked me. The Scamps broke into a great frenzy, trying to hurl themselves through the opening, shrieking with either terror or joy. The creatures are clearly insane.

I've been forced to erect a gate at the opening. The Scamps still attempt to escape into its maw. I've placed Badama as sentry to monitor the worthless creatures. Perhaps they'll tear her to pieces in her sleep. No, I still require her talents in the upcoming search.

The baleful effects of this place are telling on me. I've only just managed to distill some potions to aid us in our endeavor. Soon though, we will enter the chambers and finally realize a life's ambition. Still, though we find the tomb, it may be for naught if we cannot locate the "Key Guardian". Sometimes I hear voices in my dreams calling on Mordins's name. Is it terror or adulation?
[63] A Fair Warning

This being an account of my limited journeys into the Uncharted Depths of the Greater Caverns of Dubdilla.
{by Cumanya}\(^1\)

FAIR WARNING to the would-be adventurer seeking fortune and fame in these uncharted halls. The flooded paths of Lower Dubdilla hold certain death to those ill-prepared. The way is treacherous and foul, the riches meager. Only those of certain aptitude and reason should venture into these depths.

BE WARNED. These caverns and galleries are exceedingly damp and footing unsure. Sudden and sheer RAVINES and UNSCALEABLE PITS await the unwary. If not for my specific skills and abilities, I would have certainly met my doom in the Blackest Depths. My SPELLS, SCROLLS and POTIONS, allowed me to escape ONE OF THE MANY sheer walled chambers. ALWAYS have a remedy at hand, for once you are committed to these depths, NO EXIT IS ASSURED!

Navigation is not your only trial. The denizens of the twisted passages are of a fiendish and fell brood. Beware the gnashing of their teeth and the death-flutter of their wings. The sound of talon upon rock and flicking of tongue may be the last you hear.

If only I had access to a dependable rope, perhaps this route would not have been so tortuous.

\(^1\) ESM in-game information.
[64] Fall of the Snow Prince*

See vol. I.
I have been asked to write this guidebook for outsiders who are unfamiliar with the Tribunal Temple, and interested in joining.

All those who are earnest, and who are willing to submit to the wisdom of Blessed Almsivi, Triune Grace, the saints, and the priests, are welcome to the Fellowship of the Tribunal Temple. The Temple is the religion of Morrowind and Dunmer people, and has been for generation upon generation. With guidance and counsel of Almalexia, Vivec, and Sotha Sil, the Anticipations, and all the hosts of saints of ancestors, the Temple guards and protects the lands and peoples of Morrowind.

Those who follow the Tribunal must have the Personality to lead others and the Willpower to resist the world's temptations. When violence is needful, we fight with staves and hammers, armored only in our faith. We study Restoration and Alchemy to heal the people, and Mysticism to learn more of the divine. We must also study Conjuration to speak with the spirits of our ancestors and protect against those who traffic with the Four Corners.

Those interested in joining the Tribunal Temple should speak to priests at the temples in Ald'ruhn, Balmora, Molag Mar, and Ghostgate, or with priests at the High Fane in the Temple Compound in Vivec.

Articles of Faith

The Temple believes that Almalexia, Vivec, and Sotha Sil were mortal guardians of Morrowind who walked the earth, defeated the Dunmer's greatest enemies, the Nords and the Dwarves, and achieved divine substance through superhuman discipline and virtue and supernatural wisdom and insight. Like loving ancestors, they guard and counsel their followers. Like stern parents, they punish sin and error. Like generous relatives, they share their bounty among the greatest and least, according to their needs.

Duties of the Faithful

Your fourfold duties are to: Faith, Family, Masters, and all that is good. Perform holy quests and bring luster to the Temple. Never transgress against your brothers or sisters, and never dishonor your house or your ancestors. Serve and protect the poor and weak, and honor your elders and clan.

For those who would be wise, these sacred books will be of interest.

Saryoni's Sermons

Learn from the teachings of Vivec, and from the Archcanon's sermons on the Seven Graces.
Lives of the Saints

Members of the Temple who wish to be virtuous will model their lives on the lives of the saints.

The Pilgrim's Path

The path to wisdom and self-knowledge is through pilgrimage. Those who would rise in the ranks of the faithful may retrace the steps of the Lords and Saints, and gain blessings and learn virtue by suffering and overcoming hardships.

The Consolations of Prayer

Learn what bounties and blessing might be gained by prayer at the shrines found in temples, and in places of pilgrimage, and in the tombs of our ancestors.
[66] Feyfolken*

See vol. I.
"It is time for you to leave your apprenticeship here," said the Great Sage to his students, Taksim and Vonguldak.

"So soon?" cried Vonguldak, for it had been but a few years since the training began. "Are we such poor pupils?"

"We have learned much for you, master, but you have no more to teach us?" Taksim asked. "You have told us so many tales of great enchanters of the past. Can't we continue to learn until we have reached some level of their power?"

"I have one last story for you," smiled the Great Sage.

Many thousands of years ago, long before the Cyrodilic Dynasty of Reman and even longer before the Septim Dynasty ruled Tamriel, and before there was a Mages Guild, and when the land called Morrowind was known as Resdayn, and the land of Elsweyr was called Anequina and Pellitine, and the only law of the land was the cruel ways of the Alessian Doctrines of Marukh, there lived a hermetic enchanter named Dalak who had two apprentices, Uthrac and Loreth.

Uthrac and Loreth were remarkable students, both equally assiduous in their learning, the pride of their Master. Both excelled at the arts of the cauldron, mirror castings, the infusion of spiritas into mundus, and the weaving of air and fire. Dalak was very fond of his boys, and they of him.

On a springtide morn, Dalak received a message from another enchanter named Peothil, who lived deep in the forests of the Colovian heartland. You must remember that in the dark days of the First Era, mages were solitary practitioners with the only organized consortium being the Psijics of Artaeum. Away from that island, mages seldom saw one another and even more rarely corresponded. Thus, when Dalak received Peothil's letter, he gave it his great attention.

Peothil was greatly aged, and he had found the peace of his isolation threatened by the Alessian Reform. He feared for his life, knowing that the fanatical priests and their warriors were close at hand. Dalak brought his students to him.

"It will be an arduous and perilous journey to the Colovian Estates, one that I would fear partaking even in my youth," Dalak said. "My heart trembles to send you two forth to Peothil's cave, but I know that he is a great and benevolent enchanter, and his light must continue to burn in the heart of the continent if we are to survive these dark nights."

Uthrac and Loreth pled with their teacher not to order them to go to Peothil. It was not the priests and warriors of the Alessian Reform they feared, but they knew their Master was aged and infirm, and could not protect himself if the Reform moved further westward. Finally, he
relented and allowed that one would stay with him, and the other would journey forth to the Colovian Estates. He would let them decide which of them would go.

The lads debated and discussed, fought and compromised, and at last elected to let fate make the choice. They threw lots, and Loreth came up short. He left early the next morning, miserable and filled with fear.

For a month and a day, he tramped through the forests into the midst of the Colovian Estates. Through some planning, some skill, and much assistance for sympathetic peasants, he managed to avoid the ever-tightening circle of the Alessian Reform by crossing through unclaimed mountain passes and hidden bogs. When at last he found the dark caverns where Dalak had told him to search for Peothil, it was still many hours before he could find the enchanter's lair.

No one appeared to be there. Loreth searched through the laboratory of ancient tomes, cauldrons and crystalline flutes, herbs kept alive by the glow of mystic circles, strange liquids and gasses caught in transparent membranes. At last, he found Peothil, or so he presumed. The desiccated shell on the floor of the study, clutching tools of enchantment, scarcely seemed human.

Loreth decided that he could do nothing further for the mage, and began at once the journey back to his true master Dalak and his friend Uthrac. The armies of the Reform had moved quickly since he passed. After more than one close near encounter, the young enchanter realized that he was trapped on all sides. The only retreat that was possible was back in the caves of Peothil.

The first thing to be done, Loreth saw, was to find a means to keep the army from finding the laboratory. That, he found, was what Peothil himself had been trying to do, but by a simple error even an apprentice enchanter could recognize, he had only succeeded in destroying himself. Loreth was able to take what he had learned from Dalak and apply it to Peothil's enchantments, quite successfully. The laboratory was never found or even detected by the Reform.

Much time passed. In the 480th year of the First Era, the great Aiden Direnni won many battles against the Alessian horde, and many passages and routes that had once been closed were now open. Loreth, now no longer young, was able to return to Dalak.

When at last he found his way to his Master's old hovel, he saw candles of mourning lit in all the trees surrounding. Even before he knocked on the door and met his old fellow student Uthrac, Loreth knew that Dalak had died.

"It was only a few months ago," said Uthrac, after embracing his friend. "He talked of you every day of every year you were away. Somehow he knew that you had not preceded him to the world beyond. He told me that you would come back."

The gray-haired men sat before the fire and reminisced of the old days. The sad truth was that they both discovered how different they had become. Uthrac spoke of carrying on the Master's work, while Loreth described his new discoveries. They left one another that day, each shaking his head, destined to never see one another again.
In the years ahead, before they left the mortal world to join their great teacher Dalak, they both achieved their desires. Uthrac went on to become respected if minor enchanter in the service of Clan Direnni. Loreth took the skills he had learned on his own, and used them to fashion the Balac-thurm, the Staff of Chaos.

My boys, the lesson is you have to learn from a teacher to avoid those small but essential errors that claimed the life of such self-taught enchanters as Peothil. And yet, the only way to become truly great is to try all the possibilities on your own.
[68] The Firmament*

See vol. I.
[69] The Firsthold Revolt

See vol. I.
[70] The Five Far Stars

The Five Far Stars

[This is a volume of verse collected from wise women of the Urshilaku Ashlanders. It consists of verses composed by Ashlander warriors, champions, and ashkhans, committed to memory by the wise women and transmitted down the generations. 'May I shrink to dust' is attributed to the long-dead poet and warrior Zershishi Mus-Manul.]

Rise from darkness, Red Mountain!
Spread your dark clouds and green vapors!
Birth earthquakes, shatter stones!
Feed the winds with fire!
Flay the tents of the tribes from the land!
Feed the burned earth with our souls!

Yet never shall you have your rule over me.
Never shall I tremble or flinch from your power.
Never shall I yield my home and hearth.
And from my tears shall spring forth
The flowers of grassland springs.
The Five Songs of King Wulfharth*

See vol. I.
Flowers of Lake Amaya
Journeyman Report of Ajira

Ajira studies hard to learn secret magical properties of Gold Kanet, Stoneflower Petals, Willow Anther, and Heather.

Gold Kanet has yellow flowers and very dark green leaves with sharp spines. Gold Kanet and Stoneflower Petals makes a paste that restores strength. The paste has some bad effects, but they last only short time.

Stoneflowers are dark blue and the flowers are very heavy so they bend to the ground. It is very expensive, but Ajira can gain more magicka for a short time by mixing Stoneflower petals with crushed emeralds and water.

Willow flowers are red and very tall with tall and thin leaves also. Willow very good for potions and has many uses. With frost salts, Ajira made a shield of frost. With grave dust and green lichens, Ajira made a potion to cure common diseases. And with Corkbulb Ajira made a potion that can cure paralyzation.

Ajira thinks Heather comes from Skyrim because the leaves look like the spiny leaves of trees in Skyrim. The flowers are also pink like the Nord people. When mixed with ruby, it makes very good potion to make you not weigh so much. With a scrap of Scamp skin, Ajira made a potion to restore personality.

Ajira works very hard to collect these flower samples from the dangerous Lake Amaya. Ajira must do two reports and Galbedir must only do one silly report. Ajira deserves rank of Journeyman very soon now.
What is the Imperial Cult?

The missionary arm of the great faiths, the Imperial cult brings divine inspiration and consolation to the Empire's remote provinces. The cults combine the worship of the Nine Divines, the Aedra Akatosh, Dibella, Arkay, Zenithar, Mara, Stendarr, Kynareth, and Julianos, and the Talos cult, veneration of the divine god-hero Tiber Septim, founder and patron of the Empire. Imperial cult priests provide worship and services for all these gods at Imperial shrines in settlements throughout Vvardenfell.

What is the Virtuous Life?

Our doctrines are simple. We acknowledge the divinity of the Nine Divines: Akatosh, Dibella, Arkay, Zenithar, Mara, Stendarr, Kynareth, Julianos, and Tiber Septim. We preach the Nine Virtues: Humility, Inspiration, Piety, Work, Compassion, Justice, Ambition, Learning, and Civility. Our Emperor is the Defender of the Faith, and the Empire is the worldly working of the Divine Plan. We pledge aid and comfort to all citizens in need, and serve the Emperor and Empire at his will.

The Imperial cults look to the Nine Divines as models for living a good and virtuous life. Each of the Nine represents different aspects of life, and how it should be lived. But the simplest statement of our doctrines is -- help and protect one another. The stronger one is, the wealthier one is, the more one bears responsibility for helping and protecting others. One's first duty, of course, is to one's fellow members of the Imperial Cult. But after that, one should help and protect any needy persons.

We also say, "do not harm one another." It is forbidden to attack another person of the Imperial cult, and of course, forbidden to kill another member. It is forbidden to steal from another member, whether by open theft or by covert pickpocketing. It is forbidden to trespass upon the private property of another member. Break any one of these rules, and be expelled from the cult.

How can I join the Imperial cult?

The Imperial cult accepts all citizens of good character and earnest faith. We ask only a one-time pledge of 50 drakes to aid us in our good works. Thereafter, the only cost of membership comes when you use our health, healing, and blessing shrines -- modest fees which help us spread the blessings of the Nine to those less fortunate than ourselves.

Those who wish to join the Imperial cult in Vvardenfell will find a warm welcome from our cult greeters: Ygfa at Fort Pelagiad, Syloria Sirulius at Buckmoth Legion Fort, Somutis Vunnis at Moonmoth Legion Fort, Ruccia Conician in the Grand Council Chambers in Ebonheart, or Lalatia Varian in the Imperial Chapels at Ebonheart.
What are the requirements for advancement in the Imperial cult?

Seekers who wish to advance in the service of the Nine must dedicate time and resources to serving the cult, and must strive for personal improvement in their attributes and skills. Only the most distinguished are worthy of advancement to the higher ranks in the Imperial cults.

To serve and glorify the Nine Divines, the faithful must cultivate a noble personality and a strong will. Respect the magical arts, especially the colleges of Restoration, Mysticism, and Conjuration. Those who swear to avoid bloodshed, to take the field unarmored to fight only with blunt weapons, are especially praiseworthy. Knowledge of enchantments and the gift of diplomatic speech are other qualities we value in our initiates.

Imperial cult services

You can find Imperial cult services in Buckmoth Legion Fort, Moonmoth Legion Fort, Pelagiad Legion Fort, Gnisis Legion Fort, Wolverine Hall in Sadrith Mora, Vivec Foreign Quarter, and Imperial chapels in Ebonheart. Seek training at Wolverine Hall, Buckmoth Fort, Moonmoth Fort, Ebonheart Imperial Chapels, Governor's Hall in Caldera, and Ald Velothi Outpost.

Many Imperial cult locations have healing altars. You may pray at Imperial cult healing altars and receive blessings which cure common and blight diseases, cure poisons, and restore damaged attributes. Non-members pay 25 drakes. Non-members pay 25 drakes. Newer members pay 10 drakes, while higher-ranking members receive blessings free. Healing altars are found in: Vivec Foreign Quarter; Wolverine Hall in Sadrith Mora; Buckmoth Legion Fort; Moonmoth Legion Fort; Pelagiad Legion Fort; Gnisis Legion Fort; and Imperial Chapels in Ebonheart.

Opportunities for service

Lay healers gather ingredients for health and healing potions, and minister to the sick and hurt in poor and isolated communities. It is difficult and sometimes dangerous work, but the spiritual rewards are great. Lay healers need only the skills of the prudent traveler, being often on the road and in the wilderness, gathering herbs and potion components. They should avoid trouble where possible, and so need not be masters of the arts of war. Those interested should speak to Synnolian Tunifus at the Imperial Chapels in Ebonheart.

Almoners gather alms from members and friends of the faith. We depend on donations to fund most of our good works. Almoners who are successful at bringing in generous donations may rise in the ranks of Imperial Cults service. Almoners must travel in town and village, and should be skilled in persuasion and mercantile matters. Also, almoners with personal wealth are in a position to better serve the cult. Those interested should speak to Iulus Truptor at the Imperial Chapels in Ebonheart.

A shrine sergeant helps keep order at the shrines, carries messages and packages, and sometimes escorts priests and lay servants on dangerous missions. This occasional service is ideal for bold, free-spirited adventurers. Shrine sergeants are called upon to serve the Nine with weapon, armor, and spell. New shrine sergeants are given the easiest tasks, but later, missions may demand higher levels of combat proficiency. Those interested should speak to Kaye at the Imperial Chapels in Ebonheart.
Oracle's Quests are the most demanding of all Imperial cult missions. Only members of the higher ranks are invited to assist the Oracle, and the challenges require the skill and courage found only in heroes of legend.

How do the Imperial cults view the other factions of Vvardenfell?

The Imperial cults have a very close relationship with the Imperial legions, and a friendly and supportive relationship with the Imperial Guilds -- especially the Fighters and Mages Guilds. We also have a friendly and supportive relationship with House Hlaalu, which strongly supports the Emperor and Imperial principles. Though we cannot condone the actions of the Thieves Guild, we praise their faithful dedication to the Emperor and to Imperial culture.

The Imperial cults have the greatest respect for the high moral principles of House Redoran and the Morag Tong, and honors their different but noble conceptions of Divine Inspiration.

We disapprove of the primitive heathen beliefs of the Ashlanders, and of the impious and inhumane practices of the Telvanni. The Imperial cult especially disapproves of the practice of slavery, and looks forward to the day when slavery is illegal in all Imperial provinces. The Imperial cult also disapproves of the lawless and greedy Camonna Tong, and their ruthless exploitation of the poor and weak.

Historically, our relationship with the Tribunal Temple is difficult and unfriendly. Though the Imperial cults acknowledges the lords and saints of the Temple pantheon as worthy inspirations, the Temple falsely insists that theirs is the One True Faith, and that the Imperial cults worship false gods.
Up until he was ten years old, Oin Parnafacasis was in an elite group of the very best families of Gnisis. They went to the very best tailors, shared the same tutors, played in the same exclusive company. When his mother died, and his father discovered that the money they had been living on was based on a thief's salary, he suddenly found himself on a very different kind of society, one that he had been ill-equipped to deal with. They were poor.

Oin eventually learned to make a living at the only skill he seemed to be well-suited for: gardening. In time, he had grown an impressive garden of willow anther, gold kanet, chokeweed, white bloatroot, and trama shrubs. He had also grown himself into a remarkably uninteresting man -- aside from his gardening, he had little to say for himself. Unlearned, uncharismatic, unathletic, uncoordinated. And yet he yearned. Specifically, he yearned for a girl he had known before all his trouble, a sweet thing with curly locks and a joyous laugh named Benitah Gorgoth. Once when at play he had pushed a bully away who was trying to hurt her, and the look of appreciation she gave him was enough to make all his days since then worth their while.

As he tended his garden one springtide, not very many years ago, he heard some people talking through the thick tall trama shrubs about the marriage of Sedura Indoril Pavflek Mamoona, one of the wealthiest and most respected nobles in Gnisis, and Serjo Benitah Gorgoth. His heart fell. She had found another, a mere nine years since she had given him that look while at play.

As spring turned into summer and summer into fall, Oin began to sell his herbs, including some to Kena Yakin Bael, a prominent healer in town. He had been a tutor to both Benitah and Oin, and told the young man that the lady's husband was not very well. Oin held back his happiness and continued on his errands.

Not long afterwards, Sedura Indoril Pavflek Mamoona fell ill and died, despite all the skills of the great healers, including Yakin Bael. When Oin came to deliver the herbs that day, he said, "If you are still in communication with Benitah, please give her my sympathies."

"'Nchow," said Yakin. "If I could get a word in with all her counselors. They are trying to find her a new husband, and she has made it clear that she will only marry the strongest man in Morrowind."

"Who is that?" asked Oin.

"Horath the Strong," replied Yakin. "It is said that he can lift a wagon with but his forefinger and thumb."

"You can teach me a spell that will fortify my own strength," said Oin. "I beg you to teach it to me now."
"Very well," replied Yakin. "But in return, I want your next season's worth of trama root, all to myself."

Oin agreed, and Yakin taught him the spell to fortify his strength. It took him some time to master it, visualizing magicka streaming through his body, pumping through the very fibers of his muscles for a time, giving him strength far beyond the puny power nature had intended. When Oin met Horath on the street of Gnisis, he cast the spell and challenged him to a duel of strength.

"I am Horath the Strong," said Horath the Strong, predictably, "Witness as I lift this wagon with but my thumb and forefinger." And he did so.

"I am Nimlom the Mighty," said Oin, taking some artistic liberty. "Witness as I lift the stable that houses your wagon with but my forefinger." And he too did so.

The word went out quickly throughout Morrowind: the strongest man alive was in the province. Oin went to visit his friend, Yakin Bael.

"Her lady Benitah has heard of the strength of Nimlom the Mighty, and has said that she was mistaken. She was not looking for a man of strength to marry, but a man of intelligence, a great scholar. The greatest in all Morrowind."

"Who is that?" asked Oin.

"Kena Warfel Tomasin," replied Yakin. "It is said that he can best any man or woman in a battle of wits."

"You can teach me a spell that will fortify my own intelligence," said Oin. "I beg you to teach it to me now."

"Very well," replied Yakin. "But in return, I want your next season's worth of white bloatroot, all to myself."

Oin agreed and for the next couple of weeks, Yakin taught him the spell and trained him in its use. He taught him how to entrench his mind for the sudden assault of awareness and aptitude that would assail it, how to give himself to the sudden thoughts and theorems that would invade his consciousness. When he met Warfel Tomasin in the Mages Guild of Gnisis, he cast his spell and gave the challenge.

"I am Kena Warfel Tomasin, and I can prove that Akatosh, Nirn, and Oblivion are one," said Warfel, writing out the mathematical formula that showed it was so.

"I am Kena Zombel Mokafa, and I can prove that you do not exist," said Oin. He wrote out the mathematical formula, which proved correct, and Kena Warfel Tomasin vaporized on the spot.

The word went out quickly throughout Morrowind: the most intelligent man alive was in the province. Oin went to visit his friend, Yakin Bael.
"Her lady Benitah has heard of the intelligence of Kena Zombel Mokafa, and has said that she was mistaken. She was not looking for a man of intelligence to marry, but a man of endurance, a rock. The greatest in all Morrowind."

"Who is that?" asked Oin.

"I would say, Master Combova," said Yakin. "They say he can stand in blue flames for twenty minutes."

"You can teach me a spell that will fortify my own endurance," said Oin. "I beg you to teach it to me now."

"Very well," replied Yakin. "But in return, I want your next season's worth of chokeweed, all to myself."

Oin agreed, and for the next several weeks, he learned the spell to make his endurance like that of the oldest stone. He learned how to shrug off the effects of frost, poison, fire, and charges of lightning, pulling the pain into a reservoir of magicka and expelling it. The lesson learned, he came across Master Combova at the Madach Tradehouse.

"My name is Master Combova," said the fellow, nudging the witch next to him. "Kena Leles, cast a ball of blue flame for me." And he sat in the inferno of flame for twenty minutes before he left.

"Master Combova, my name is Master Vomph," said Oin. "Kena Leles, cast a ball of blue flames for me." Oin sat in the inferno of blue fire for very nearly an hour before he left.

The word went out quickly throughout Morrowind: the toughest man alive was in the province. Oin went to visit his friend, Yakin Bael.

"Her lady Benitah has heard of the endurance of Master Vomph," he said, not entirely approving of Oin's latest sobriquet, "And has said that she was mistaken. She was not looking for a man of endurance to marry, but a man of agility, a nimble acrobat. The greatest in all Morrowind."

"Who is that?" asked Oin.

"I would say, Funcrazot Priif," said Yakin. "They say he is the greatest shield-blocker and pickpocket in Morrowind."

"You can teach me a spell that will fortify my own agility," said Oin. "I beg you to teach it to me now."

"Very well," replied Yakin. "But in return, I want your next season's worth of gold kanet, all to myself."

Oin agreed, and Yakin taught him the spell that would fire his impulses with magicka. Over several weeks, he learned how to supplant his own natural energy with the spell's, how to view the world at the slower pace a man with advanced agility sees. In time, Oin came upon
 Funcrazot in a field outside the city, doing his regular exercises. Oin cast his spell and approached the acrobat.

"Ah, behold the power of the amazing Funcrazot Priif," said the afore-mentioned, and prompted his sparring partner to attack him with his sword. He blocked the blows effortlessly with a shield for ten minutes, and then revealed afterwards that he had pickpocketed the young man's purse.

"Very impressive, Ser Priif. Now, behold the power of the remarkable Gazouf Mough," said Oin, and prompted Priif's sparring partner to attack him with his sword. After twenty minutes of blocking the man's blows with his shield, he revealed that he had pickpocketed Funcrazot Priif's purse.

The word went out quickly throughout Morrowind: the most agile man alive was in the province. Oin went to visit his friend, Yakin Bael. The door was closed this time and he heard voices within.

"Have you heard about the remarkable Gazouf Mough?" Yakin Bael was asking. "He sounds like a very promising suitor."

"The truth is, kena, that I have no more interest in him that I had in Nimlom the Mighty, Kena Zombel Mokafa, or Master Vomph," replied a feminine voice that seemed familiar to Oin. "I will have to invent a new test for suitors, while I search for my true love."

"You don't wish to marry the strongest, most intelligent, toughest, most agile suitors?" asked the old Healer.

"No, not at all," said the woman. "I had to make some kind of test to rebuff the advances of so many men interested in my money and the money of my late husband. The truth is that I've never forgotten the young boy who was so kind to me when I was a little girl, and so brave fighting off the bullies. His name was Oin Parnafacasis."

Oin burst into the room and was reunited with Benitah. They were married at once. A week later, he returned to Yakin Bael and learned how to fortify his personality in exchange for next season's worth of willow anther. Then they lived happily ever after.
[75] From Seyda Neen to Balmora by Road

From Seyda Neen to Balmora by Road
{by Elone the Scout}\footnote{ESM in-game information.}

From Seyda Neen, leave the village by the north bridge, then follow the road east past the silt strider port.

East of Seyda Neen, the road heads northeast through the ridge and intersects a northwest-southeast road. Turn left, northwest, and pass the village of Pelagiad on your right.

The road continues north, then swings northeast until it reaches a four-way intersection. The road to Balmora turns left, northwest, and descends into Foyada Mamaea, a deep volcanic ravine. The road follows the ravine northeast for a short distance, then turns left and climbs out of the ravine to the northwest.

North of the ravine, pass Fort Moonmoth on the right and come to an intersection with a signpost. Head due west towards Balmora.

Two small bridges cross the Odai River. On the west side of the river, go north, passing the silt strider port and entering the walls of Balmora.

Mind the signposts, and be careful. In bad weather or darkness, it is easy to stray from the road.
[76] Frontier, Conquest, and Accommodation*

See vol. I.
[77] Galerion The Mystic*

See vol. I.
See vol. I.
[79] Gnisis Eggmine Pass

The bearer of this paper may enter the Gnisis Eggmine. The bearer must present the paper to the guard of the eggmine before entering for the regular work shift. The bearer is not allowed to enter the lower eggmine due to the risk of spreading the blight disease.

Signed and sealed
Hetman Abelmawia
Knight-Protector Darius
The Gold Ribbon of Merit*

See vol. I.
I am a councilor of House Hlaalu and chose to write this short guide for those who seek to understand us or join us. House Hlaalu is the most open and modern of the Great Houses. We are the only Great House who has embraced the irresistible tides of Imperial law and custom. And thus we have profited by the Empire's new policies, rising from obscurity as the Greatest of the Houses.

In the great wind of progress, tradition cannot stand.

The Redoran may surpass us on the field of battle, but when the dust clears, they will find themselves indebted to us. The Telvanni may know many arcane secrets, but they fight among themselves more than against each other, and they cannot adapt to the ways of the Empire. Ancient and powerful though a Telvanni wizard may be, no individual can withstand the march of history. The Indoril are loved by the people for their gifts and donations, but when the money runs dry, will the people remember? The Dres know how to make money, but they have not learned how not to make enemies.

Grasp fortune by the forelocks. When you see your chances, seize them.

When you see a chance to turn a profit, take it. But do not follow money blindly. There is value in reputation, more than many young Hlaalu realize. This value must be carefully balanced against the more tangible coins in any deal. Theft and murder are bad for business. You can steal from someone, but will he trade with you after that? You can't bargain with a dead man.

There are many ways to do business.

In House Hlaalu you must be fast and agile. You must be able to keep up with business and with the times. You must be able to speak quickly and convincingly. You must be able to trade with the best of merchants and make a profit. You must learn to protect your own property by securing it with hidden chests, locks, and even traps. And when confrontation is unavoidable, it is best to fight quickly in comfortable, light armors with short blades, or to fight from a distance with a marksman's weapons.

Then, reader, would you seize this opportunity to join House Hlaalu? Would you have yourself be counted among the victors in the race for success? Then submit yourself for examination at the Balmora Council Manor. If you have the skills, you will be welcome. And if you have the will, you may serve House Hlaalu, and advance in the ranks, for above all things, House Hlaalu prizes initiative and ambition.
Great Houses of Morrowind

In modern times Morrowind is ruled by five Great Houses: House Hlaalu, House Redoran, House Telvanni, House Indoril, and House Dres. Only three of these Houses have interests in Vvardenfell. The three Great Houses on Vvardenfell identify themselves by their traditional colors: red for Redoran, yellow for Hlaalu, and brown for Telvanni. Thus, members of House Hlaalu may be referred to collectively as Yellows.

The Great Houses traditions derive from ancient Dunmer clan and tribes, but now function as political parties. Dunmer Great House membership is largely a matter of birth and marriage, but Imperial colonists may also become retainers of a Great House, or may be adopted into a Great House. Initially an outlander may gain status in a house as an oath-bonded hireling, pledging exclusive loyalty to a single house and forsaking ambitions with all other houses. Later, after faithful service and advancement in lower ranks, an outlander may seek adoption into a Great House. Adoption and advancement to higher ranks in a Great House requires that a Great House councilor stand as sponsor for the candidate's character and loyalty. Finding a councilor to sponsor an outlander often involves performing a great service for the prospective sponsor.

House Redoran is one of the three Dunmer Great Houses with holdings on Vvardenfell. The Redoran prize the virtues of duty, gravity, and piety. Duty is to one's own honor, and to one's family and clan. Gravity is the essential seriousness of life. Life is hard, and events must be judged, endured, and reflected upon with due care and earnestness. Piety is respect for the gods, and the virtues they represent. A light, careless life is not worth living. Redoran settlements are designed in the Dunmer village style, built of local materials, with organic curves and undecorated exteriors inspired by the landscape and by the shells of giant native insects. Redoran villages are typically centered on Temple compounds and their courtyards, with huts and tradehouses gathered around a central plaza, as in the West Gash village of Gnisis. Ald'ruhn, the Redoran district seat, is exceptional, with its distinctive feature being the colossal prehistoric bug shell that has been adapted as the house's council house.

As a result of its close relationship with the Imperial administration, House Hlaalu has emerged as politically and economically dominant among the Great Houses of Vvardenfell and Morrowind. Hlaalu welcomes Imperial culture and law, Imperial Legions and bureaucracy, and Imperial freedom of trade and religion. Hlaalu still honors the old Dunmer ways -- the ancestors, the Temple, and the noble houses -- but has readily adapted to the rapid pace of change and progress in the Imperial provinces. Unlike the other Great Houses, which are largely hostile to non-Dunmer, House Hlaalu aspires to live in peace and harmony with the other races, and to share in the growth and prosperity of the Empire. Hlaalu public buildings -- tradehouses and craft guilds, manors and council halls -- are designed as simple multi-storied buildings roughly rectangular in plan, featuring arched entranceways and modest decorated exteriors. More modest one-story private dwellings follow the same plan, except with less decoration. Hlaalu plantation estates resemble Temple compounds, with walled precincts enclosing outbuildings for craftsmen and servants, dominated by a grand manor residence in place of a Temple shrine.
The wizard-lords of House Telvanni have traditionally isolated themselves, pursuing wisdom and mastery in solitude. But certain ambitious wizards-lords, their retainers, and clients have entered whole-heartedly into the competition to control and exploit Vvardenfell's land and resources, building towers and bases all along the eastern coast. According to Telvanni principles, the powerful define the standards of virtue, and the Telvanni are unwilling to allow the ambitious Hlaalu to dominate Vvardenfell's untapped resources by default. Telvanni architecture is dominated by the wizards' tower, a fantastic organic form grown and sculpted from stems, caps, and root-like holdfasts of the giant native mushrooms. Telvanni villages are comprised of smaller mushroom pods hollowed out for craftsmen and commoners. Open-air markets often include the giant cages displaying the wares of the slave masters.

House Indoril and House Dres are the two Great Houses without holdings or interest in Vvardenfell. Indoril District occupies the heartland of Morrowind, comprising the lands south of the Inner Sea and the eastern coast. The city of Almalexia is located in Indoril District, and the Indoril are orthodox and conservative supporters of the Temple and Temple authority. House Indoril is openly hostile to Imperial culture and religion, and preserves many traditional Dunmer customs and practices in defiance of Imperial law. Dres District is in the south of Morrowind, bordering the swamps and marshes of Black Marsh. House Dres is an agrarian agricultural society, and its large saltrice plantations rely completely on slave labor for their economic viability. Always firm Temple supporters, House Dres is hostile to Imperial law and culture, and in particular opposed to any attempts to limit the institution of slavery.
[83] Guides

[83.1] Capn's Guide to the Fishy Stick

[This book is supposedly the definitive reference to fishy sticks throughout Tamriel, but the pages are so smeared with fishy stick sauce it is impossible to read any of them.]
Principle Districts of Ald'ruhn

Ald'ruhn is the district seat of House Redoran, and one of the largest settlements on Vvardenfell. The three principal districts are Ald'ruhn town, Ald'ruhn-under-Skar, and Buckmoth Fort.

Ald'ruhn town is a large settlement in the Redoran village style, built of local materials, with organic curves and undecorated exteriors inspired by the landscape and by the shells of giant native insects. Most guildhalls, cornerclubs, and merchants are sited in the southwest corner of town, convenient to West Gate and the strider port, while the Temple is located on high ground to the east, and surrounded by a residential section.

Ald'ruhn-under-Skar is the most distinctive architectural feature of Ald'ruhn -- a manor and council district sheltered beneath the shell of an ancient extinct giant crab. The large carapace encloses a central dome, from which radiate the entrances to the Redoran Council chambers, the manors of the Redoran councilors, and shops of a few upscale merchants.

Buckmoth Fort is the Imperial legion garrison for the district. The strong walls and towers of this Western fortress lies a short distance to the south of Ald'ruhn town, through South Gate behind the Mages Guild.

Services

House Redoran services are in the Council House and Councilor's Manors of Ald'ruhn-Under-Skar. The Ald'ruhn Temple on the east side of town provides service for Temple worshipers. Buckmoth Fort offers services to the Imperial Legion and devotees of the Imperial cult, including an Imperial cult altar. The guildhalls of the Fighters Guild and Mages Guild are near the South Gate. Pricy but high-quality clothier, alchemist, and enchanter shops are under
Commodities at reasonable prices, but with smaller selections, are available from the smith, clothier, trader, pawnbroker, and bookseller near the entrance to Ald'ruhn-Under-Skar. The Ald Skar Inn and the Council Club cornerclub are found to the west, near West Gate and the silt strider port. The Rat in the Pot cornerclub is in south Ald'ruhn, near the guildhalls.

Notable figures

All six Redoran councilors, Brara Morvayn, Hlaren Ramoran, Athyn Sarethi, Garisa Llethri, Minar Arobar, and Bolvyn Venim, have manor residences in Ald'ruhn-Under-Skar. Edwinna Elbert is the Mages Guild steward, and Percius Mercius has recently become the Fighters Guild steward. Old Methal Seran is an eminent Temple priest and scholar. Raesa Pullia is commandant of Buckmoth Fort, but Imsin the Dreamer is the chapter steward. The Redguard Hean is priest of the Imperial cult. Goren Andarysis the guild steward of the Morag Tong, whose guildhall is found in Ald'ruhn-Under-Skar.

Travel and Transportation

Roads lead northwest to Maar Gan and Gnisis villages and by a circuitous western route to Caldera, Balmora, and points south. The road to Balmora swings northwest to avoid the barren wastes, and curves around towards the west until it heads south again to Caldera. Between Ald'ruhn and Caldera are many sidepaths; watch for signposts, or you'll get lost. The silt strider port is along the western town wall, north of West Gate. Silt strider service goes from Ald'ruhn to Balmora, Gnisis, Khuul, or Maar Gan. Guild guides at the Mages Guild teleport you to Balmora, Vivec, Caldera, and Sadrith Mora for a modest fee. Gnaar Mok is a LONG and exceptionally unpleasant walk west to the coast and then south; there are no trails or marked routes. Casual travelers ill-equipped for the attacks of wild beasts and brigands should keep to the roads and travel services.
Balmora is the district seat of House Hlaalu, and the largest settlement on Vvardenfell after Vivec City. Balmora's four districts are High Town, the Commercial District, Labor Town, and Fort Moonmoth. High Town, on the hill to the west, has the Tribunal Temple, Hlaalu Council Hall, rich manors, better shops, and the Morag Tong guildhall. The Commercial District, just west of the river, is centered on the large plaza north of South Gate, with the strider port along the south wall, east of South Gate. The Fighters Guild and Mages Guild, and most of Balmora's shops and inns, are located along the streets of the Commercial District. Labor Town, east of the river, where the commoners and poor live, has several modest cornerclubs and a few merchants. Fort Moonmoth, a long walk southeast of town, houses the Legion garrison and the Imperial cult.

Services

House Hlaalu services are available at Hlaalu Council Manor in High Town. Temple faithful seek solace and services at the Balmora Temple in the southeast. Outlanders must travel outside the town walls, through South Gate and east along well-marked roads to Fort Moonmoth for Imperial Legion and the Imperial cult services. The guildhalls of the Fighters Guild and Mages Guild are on the street north from the plaza in the Commercial District. Morag Tong services are available at their guildhall in the extreme northwest of High Town. Better shops are in High Town on the hill, with numerous merchants in the Commercial District, west of the river, and a few traders in Labor Town, east of the river.

Notable Figures

None of the Hlaalu counselors live in Balmora. Nileno Dorvayn at the Council Hall is the ranking Hlaalu local. At the Fighters Guild, Eydis Fire-Eye is the steward. Ranis Athrys is the Mages Guild steward. Ethasi Rilvayn is the Morag Tong steward. Feldrelo Sadri is the
ranking cleric of the Balmora Tribunal Temple. The colorful 'Sugar Lips' Habasi, a freelance facilitator of no fixed address, is often rumored to be the local boss of the Thieves Guild.

Transportation

A good road leads south to Pelagiad, Seyda Neen, Ebonheart, and Vivec. A rugged wilderness track leads southwest along the Odai River to the fishing village of Hla Oad. Improved roads head north to Caldera and Ald'ruhn. The silt strider port is on the west side of the river near South Gate. Silt strider service goes to Ald'ruhn, Suran, Ald'ruhn, and Seyda Neen. Guild guides at the Mages Guild can teleport you to Ald'ruhn, Vivec, Caldera, and Sadrith Mora for a fee. Hla Oad is southwest on the coast. An unimproved trail leads northeast up the ravines of Foyada Mamea to Ghostgate; the path is easy to follow, but dangerous beasts threaten pilgrims who travel this route to Ghostgate shrine.
Sadrith Mora is the district seat of House Telvanni, and home of the Telvanni Council, though only one Telvanni councilor actually lives in Sadrith Mora. Sadrith Mora is an island settlement, and accessible only by sea and teleportation. The town is large, with many craftsmen, traders, and trainers, but it is open only to Telvanni retainers; outsiders should confine themselves to the Gateway Inn, and to Wolverine Hall, the Imperial quarters of the Legion garrison and guilds. The docks are in a sheltered bay on the western side of the island, and a trail leads up from the docks to the Gateway Inn. Beyond the Gateway Inn is the Great Market, with numerous craftsmen and traders, and a small slave market. North of the Great Market is the Telvanni Council Hall, a large orb supported by giant mushroom stalks. To the east of the Great Market is Tel Naga, the towering wizard-tower residence of Telvanni Councilor Mage-Lord Master Neloth.

Services

Outlanders can find services for the Fighters Guild, Mages Guild, and Imperial cult at Wolverine Hall. Members of the Thieves Guild congregate at Dirty Muriel's Cornerclub. Telvanni Great House and Tribunal Temple services are all housed within the Council Hall; additional Telvanni services are available in the Great Market district and in Tel Naga. The Gateway merchant inn is the only establishment with public beds. Members of the Fighters Guild, Mages Guild, and Imperial cults look for hospitality at Wolverine Hall. Telvanni kin and retainers stay at the Gateway, at Wolverine Hall, at a local cornerclub, or at Tel Naga. The Great Market has many services and tradesmen, and many others are scattered through town. There are two cornerclubs: Dirty Muriel's, for outlanders, and Fara's Hole in the Wall for local Dunmer. Tel Naga is Master Neloth's wizard tower.

Notable Figures

If you're not Telvanni or Telvanni retainers, you'll want to know Angaredhel, Prefect of Hospitality at the Gateway merchant inn, and Ery, Gateway's publican. At Wolverine Hall, Hrundi the Nord is the Fighters Guild steward, Procyon Nigilius is Mages Guild steward,
and Aunius Autrus is the Imperial cult priest. Big Helende, the Thieves Guild Boss, makes frequent appearances at Dirty Muriel's Cornerclub. Telvanni wizards and retainers visit the Council Hall to confer with the Telvanni Mouths (Telvanni Mouths are spokesmen for their councilor mage-lords) Felisa Ulessen, Galos Mathendis, Arara Uvulas, Mallam Ryon, Raven Omayn, and Dalyne Arvel, Telvanni Council clerk. Councilor Mage-Lord Master Neloth lives in Tel Naga, the wizard tower in the center of town.

Transportation

Sadrith Mora is an island; there's no road or bridge to the mainland. To visit the mainland, you must either be able to fly, swim, or water-walk, or you must rely on shipmasters at the docks or the guild guide at the Mages Guild. Gals Arethi at the docks offers ship passage to Ebonheart, Tel Branora, Tel Mora, or Dagon Fel. Iniel at the Wolverine Hall Mages Guild can teleport you to Ald'ruhn, Vivec, Caldera, and Balmora for a modest fee.
Vivec City is the largest settlement on Vvardenfell, and one of the largest cities in the East. Each of the great cantons is the size of a complete town. The High Fane and the palace of Vivec are visited by hundreds of tourists and pilgrims daily. Citizens flock to the Arena for public entertainments like mock battles and comic plays. Outlanders mostly confine themselves to the Foreign Canton, while natives live, work, and shop in the Great House compounds and residential cantons. But most of all, this is Lord Vivec's holy city. The Ministry of Truth, the Temple prison, hangs above the great temple of the High Fane, the Halls of Wisdom and Justice, and Lord Vivec's Palace.

Vivec is a city made up of eight cantons, each a little town in itself. On a map, it looks like a cross, with the Foreign Quarter at the top, the Temple Compound, with Vivec's Palace, the High Fane, the Ministry of Truth, and the Hall of Wisdom and the Hall of Justice at the bottom, the Hlaalu Compound to the west, the Telvanni Compound on the east, and four cantons grouped together at the center of the cross -- Redoran Compound northwest, Arena northeast, St. Delyn's Canton southwest, and St. Olms Canton southeast.

The Foreign Quarter

The Foreign Quarter is the large three-tiered canton to the north. Originally, foreigners were not allowed to enter Vivec any further than the Foreign Quarter, but now outlanders can travel throughout Vivec at will. The Imperial Guilds each have guildhalls and complete services here, and an Imperial cult shrine serves the spiritual needs of the Imperial faithful. Various independent tradesmen, craftsmen, and trainers also rent space here. The Black Shalk Cornerclub rents beds to non-guild visitors.
Temple Compound

The High Fane is the largest Tribunal temple on Vvardenfell. Archcanon Saryoni presides over the temple, along with a large staff of priests, healers, and monks. Pilgrims travel from all over Morrowind to view the High Fane and the Ministry of Truth, and to offer prayer and thanks before the Palace of Vivec. The Ministry of Truth, a celestial body suspended by Vivec's mighty power over the Temple Compound, is the headquarters of the Temple Ordinators, and heretics are imprisoned and re-educated there. The Hall of Wisdom and Hall of Justice contain the executive, administrative, judicial, and martial operations of the Tribunal Temple. The Palace of Vivec is the abode of the god-hero Lord Vivec, the Warrior-Poet of the three deities who comprise Almsivi, the divine patrons of the Tribunal Temple. Only the most devout are admitted to the presence of Lord Vivec, and only at his initiation. Beneath the Palace of Vivec is the Puzzle Canal, a place of worship and testing for questing heroes hoping to receive Vivec's favor. Many choice treasures are guarded by Daedric servants in the Puzzle Canal's dark passages.

Hlaalu Compound

Hlaalu Compound is the westmost canton. The Hlaalu Councilor Crassius Curio has a splendid tier-top mansion here. The tiers below contain Hlaalu treasuries, records, holding cells, and various Great House services. There are two public houses: the Elven Nations and the No Name Club. A variety of craftsmen and tradesmen also have shops at Hlaalu Compound. Some House Hlaalu nobles and retainers prefer to maintain their residences in the less-formal St. Delyn and St. Olms cantons.

Telvanni Compound

Telvanni Compound is the eastmost canton. The mage-lord Mavon Drenim is the ranking Telvanni noble. The Telvanni rent the compound from the Temple, and have to make do with a Velothi tower instead of their preferred mushroom towers. The administrative center includes a treasury and a hall of records. Slaves are housed in the lowest tiers, along with cells full of monsters. There are many tradesmen, craftsmen, and trainers, and the Lizard's Head cornerclub provides lodgings for Telvanni kin and mercenaries.

Redoran Compound

Redoran Compound is the canton south of the Foreign Quarter, west of and next to the Arena. The Redoran administrative center there includes the Redoran Treasury, Hall of Records, and Holding Cells. On the lowest tier is a Redoran shrine and ancestral vaults. Two noble families, the Sarens and the Dralors, have top-tier manors. There are many tradesmen, craftsmen, and trainers, and the Flowers of Gold cornerclub provides lodgings for Redoran kin and retainers.

Arena Compound

The Arena Compound lies between the Redoran compound on the west and the Telvanni compound on the east. The Arena is the site of public entertainments and combat sports. The comfortable domed Arena has seating for hundreds of spectators; beneath the Arena are dressing and storage rooms for entertainers and training rooms and animal pens for the combat competitors.
St. Delyn and St. Olms Residential Cantons

St. Delyn Canton and St. Olms Canton are residence cantons for commoners and paupers. The Temple charges very reasonable rents for comfortable workshops, shops, and apartments, and most of Vvardenfell's crafts and light industry are housed in these cantons. The Abbey of St. Delyn the Wise is on the top tier of St. Delyn, and Hlaalu Councilor Yngling Half-Troll has a top-tier manor on St. Olms.

Transportation

Foot bridges connect with the mainland between the Ebonheart region and Hlaalu Compound, between the north bay region and the Foreign Quarter, and between the east bay region and Telvanni Compound. Good roads lead from the Hlaalu Compound bridge south to Ebonheart and north to Seyda Neen and points north. Good roads lead from the Foreign Quarter bridge west towards Seyda Neen, north towards Suran and the Ascadian Isles, and east towards Molag Mar. Roads from the Telvanni Compound bridge are useful mostly for travelers to Molag Mar. Silt strider service is available at the north end of the Foreign Quarter bridge, traveling from Vivec to Suran, Seyda Neen, Balmora, and Molag Mar. Ships from the docks at the Foreign Quarter travel to Ebonheart, Hla Oad, Molag Mar, and Tel Branora. Ships from nearby Ebonheart sail to Hla Oad, Sadrith Mora, Tel Branora, and the Foreign Quarter of Vivec. Low-fare gondolas shuttle passengers from canton to canton via Vivec's canals.
Morrowind is the northeastmost province of the Tamrielic Empire, bounded on the north and east by the Sea of Ghosts, on the west by Skyrim, on the southwest by Cyrodiil (also known as the Imperial Province), and on the south by Black Marsh (also known as Argonia). Vvardenfell District encompasses Vvardefell Island, a great land mass dominated by the giant volcano Red Mountain and cut off from mainland Morrowind by the surrounding Inner Sea.

Only recently open to settlement and trade, most of the island's population is confined to the relatively hospitable west and southwest coast, centered on the ancient city of Vivec and the old Great House district centers at Balmora, Ald'ruhn, and Sadrith Mora. The rest of the island is covered by hostile desert wastes, arid grasslands, and volcanic badlands, and thinly populated by the nomadic Ashlander tribes.

Vvardenfell has nine basic geographic regions, each with their own distinctive plants and terrain features. Scholars have based their classifications on the different types of land described by the native Ashlanders, so the designations are recognized by most local traders, travelers, and adventurers. These geographic regions are called: the Ascadian Isles, the Ashlands, Azura's Coast, the Bitter Coast, the Grazelands, Molag Amur, Red Mountain, the West Gash, and Sheogorad.

ASCADIAN ISLES

The Ascadian Isles is a region of lush, green, well-watered southern lowlands where most of Vvardenfell's agriculture is found. The area includes Pelagiad, Suran, Vivec City, and Ald Sotha along with the inland lakes and waterways of the Ascadian Isles proper. The urban areas of Vivec and Ebonheart of the southern coast are densely populated; the inland Ascadian Isles are dotted with small farms and large plantations. The climate is temperate and comfortable, with moderate rainfall.
Ebonheart is the seat of the Imperial government for Vvardenfell district, and a busy center of maritime trade. Castle Ebonheart is the home of Duke Vedam Dren, the district's ruler and Emperor's representative. Also located at Castle Ebonheart are the Vvardenfell District Council chambers and the Hawk Moth Legion garrison. The officers, docks, and warehouses of the East Empire Company are also found in Ebonheart.

Vivec City is the largest settlement on Vvardenfell, and one of the largest cities in the East. Each of the great cantons is the size of a complete town. The High Fane and the palace of Vivec are visited by hundreds of tourists and pilgrims daily. Citizens flock to the Arena for entertainments and war games. Outlanders mostly confine themselves to the Foreign Canton, while natives live, work, and shop in the Great House compounds and residential cantons.

Ald Sotha is a splendid Daedric ruin within sight of Vivec City. Though exotic and picturesque, it is a dangerous site, haunted by old magics, dark cultists, and their Daedric summonings, and not recommended for sightseers.

Soran is an agricultural village in the northeastern corner of the fertile Ascadian Isles region. Two popular pilgrimage sites are nearby -- the Fields of Kummu and the Shrine of Molag Bal.

Pelagiad is a newly chartered Imperial village between Balmora and Vivec City on the western edge of the Ascadian Isles region. The village is right outside the Imperial Legion garrison at Fort Pelagiad. The houses and shops are built in the Western Imperial style, and Pelagiad looks more like a village in the western Empire than a Morrowind settlement.

THE ASHLANDS

The Ashlands are the dry, inhospitable wastelands surrounding the lower slopes of Red Mountain. The Ashlands extend to the Sea of Ghosts in the north, and elsewhere form a wide margin between the blighted Red Mountain region and other geographic regions. The village of Maar Gan is the only sizable permanent Ashlands settlement; Ald'ruhn, the district seat of House Redoran, is on the margin of the region. Ashlanders hunt for game here, and their herds find sparse grazing. It rains rarely, and suffers frequent ash storms.

Maar Gan is a small isolated village in a remote region north of Ald'ruhn. The Maar Gan shrine is an important Temple pilgrimage site.

The Ashlander Urshilaku tribe has a permanent settlement at Urshilaku camp in the Ashlands region north of Maar Gan village.

AZURA'S COAST

The rugged coast and islands of northern and eastern Vvardenfell are called Azura's Coast. The region is rocky, infertile, and largely uninhabited, except for the outpost at Molag Mar, the Telvanni settlements at Sadrith Mora, the wizard towers at Tel Aruhn, Tel Mora, and Tel Branora, and Ahemmusu camp and the remote fishing villages of Ald Redaynia and Dagon Fel on the north coast. There are no roads; most travel is by boat. Despite the rocky terrain, a variety of plants thrive on the regular rainfall.

Sadrith Mora is the district seat of House Telvanni, and home of the Telvanni Council, though only one Telvanni councilor actually lives in Sadrith Mora. Sadrith Mora is an island
settlement, and accessible only by sea and teleportation. The town is large, with many services, but it is open only to Telvanni retainers; outsiders must confine themselves to the Gateway Inn.

Tel Branora is the tower and seat of the eccentric Telvanni wizard named Mistress Therana. The tower and its tiny village are located on a rocky promontory at the southeasternmost tip of Azura's Coast.

Tel Fyr is the Telvanni tower of Sorcerer-Lord Divayth Fyr. Beneath the tower is the Corprusarium, a refuge-prison where the deranged, distorted victims of the deadly corprus disease are housed and tended.

Tel Aruhn is the Telvanni tower of Archmagister Gothren, Telvanni Sorcerer-Lord and head of the Telvanni Council. The associated settlement is a sizable village, and the site of the Festival Slave Market, the largest slave market on Vvardenfell.

Tel Mora is the Telvanni tower of Mistress Dratha, an ancient wizard of the Telvanni Council. The small settlement includes a few craftsfolk and a tradehouse.

Tel Vos is the tower of Telvanni wizard and council member Master Aryon. Tel Vos is a peculiar blend of Telvanni and Western architectural styles, and is close to Vos village.

Bal Fell is the "City of Stone," an ancient First Era ruin in the southeastern islands and promontories of Azura's Coast. The site has a nasty reputation, and several Telvanni wizards currently have competing camps of hirelings and adventurers exploring and looting there. Legend says that Bal Fell was built on the site of an ancient Daedric worship center.

The Ashlander Ahemmusa tribe has a permanent settlement at Ahemmusa camp on a rocky promontory at the northeastern tip of the Vvardenfell mainland in the Azura's Coast region.

THE BITTER COAST

The western coast of Vvardenfell from Seyda Neen north to Gnaar Mok is called the Bitter Coast. The salt marshes and humid swamps of this region are uninhabited, with the only settlements found at the good harbors of Gnaar Mok, Hla Oad, and Seyda Neen. Also called the Smuggler's Coast, the region's secluded coves and islands provide refuge for criminal trade, and the frequent rain and fog hides small boats from Excise cutters.

The piercing light of the Grand Pharos at the mouth of the harbor of the port village of Seyda Neen is a beacon to mariners throughout the Inner Sea. Most visitors from the Empire make landfall at the port of Seyda Neen, where they are processed by the Imperial Census and Excise Commission agents of the Coastguard station. The Coastguard cutters docked here control smuggling and piracy on the Inner Sea.

Hla Oad is a tiny isolated fishing village on western Vvardenfell in the Bitter Coast region. A rough track along the River Odai connects Hla Oad with the town of Balmora.

Gnaar Mok is a tiny island fishing village in the Bitter Coast region of western Vvardenfell.
THE GRAZELANDS

The regular rain and dark soils of the Grazelands produce the rich grazing for Ashlander herds that give the region its name. The region lies in the northeast of Vvardenfell, sandwiched between the Ashlands and Azura's Coast. Permanent settlements include Vos village and the towers of Tel Vos and Tel Fyr. The Ashlanders of Zainab camp move their herds across the plains in search of fresh grazing. There are no roads or tracks, but travel is easy across the open plains.

The Ashlander Zainab tribe has a permanent settlement at Zainab camp, near the village of Vos in the Grazelands region.

MOLAG AMUR

Located inland in the southeast of Vvardenfell, Molag Amur is an uninhabited wasteland of rocky hills, steep-sided ravines, lava pools, and barren ash pavements. Pathfinding and travel is extremely difficult in this trackless wilderness, and is complicated by frequent ash storms. The Ashlanders of Erabenimsun camp hunt game here, but few others venture into this region. The worst part of Molag Amur, called the Great Scathes, is considered impassible even by the Ashlanders.

The outpost at Molag Mar is a fortified stronghold on the southeastern edge of the desolate Molag Amur region. Pilgrims bound for the nearby pilgrimage sites at Mount Assarnibibi and Mount Kand take refuge at the outpost's hostels, comforted by the garrison of Redoran and Buoyant Armiger crusaders stationed at the stronghold.

The Ashlander Erabenimsun tribe has a permanent settlement at Erabenimsun camp, an isolated hut settlement in the middle of the desolate Molag Amur region.

RED MOUNTAIN

The dominant feature of Vvardenfell, Red Mountain, is a vast volcano in the center of Vvardenfell. The outer slopes are steep and rugged, and the crater is deep and dotted with surface lava. The Ghostfence, a magical barrier which blocks travel as well as seals in the harmful, disease-laden weather called 'blight,' rings the volcano's outer slopes, and is broken only at Ghostgate. Within the Ghostfence, rain never falls and the sun never shines; the only weather is the red and deadly ash-blight.

Ghostgate is the gate citadel of the Ghostfence Ordinator and Buoyant Armiger garrisons. Ghostgate sits astride the only gap through which the monstrous hosts of Dagoth Ur might emerge from Red Mountain to threaten the rest of Morrowind. The Ghostfence itself is a colossal magical artifact that completely encircles Red Mountain and prevents the Blight from spilling its corruption across the rest of Vvardenfell.

WEST GASH

The western highlands of Vvardenfell are called the West Gash. The region extends from the Sea of Ghosts on the northwest coast to the inland town of Balmora, where the region is sandwiched between the Bitter Coast and the Ashlands. The trading village of Gnisis is north of Ald'ruhn, and the fishing villages of Ald Veloth and Khuul lie on the north coast. The town
of Caldera lies near Balmora. The herds of the Ashlanders of Urshilaku camp graze on the sparse but hardy highland vegetation.

Balmora is the district seat of House Hlaalu, and the largest settlement on Vvardenfell after Vivec City. Good roads lead north to Ald'ruhn and south to Caldera, Seyda Neen, and Vivec City. The Imperial Legion garrison of Fort Moonmoth lies south of Balmora.

Caldera is a recently chartered Imperial town and mining corporation. The Caldera Mining Company has been granted an Imperial monopoly to remove raw ebony from the rich deposits here. Caldera has the appearance and flavor of a Western Imperial town.

Ald'ruhn is the district seat of House Redoran, and a large settlement. The Redoran Council chambers are located inside the shell of an ancient extinct giant crab. Tracks lead north to Maar Gan and Gnisis villages and south to Balmora.

Gnisis is a small mining and trade village astride the silt strider caravan route between the northwest West Gash and Ald'ruhn.

Ald Velothi and Khuul are tiny fishing villages on the northern coast of the West Gash.

SHEOGORAD

The large island of Sheogorad lies north of Vvardenfell. This island and its associated lesser islands are a maritime wilderness extending north from Vvardenfell into the Sea of Ghosts. The region is largely hostile and uninhabited, with two small villages at Ald Redaynia and Dagon Fel. Only Dagon Fel is reached by ship services; all other island-to-island transport must be provided by the traveler.
"The Test of Pattern requires the observer to examine and analyze for patterns before he acts, with the understanding that many patterns are subtle or hidden.

"The Test of Disorder requires the observer to proceed systematically when no pattern is perceived. When the observer recognizes that many things must be done, and in no specific order; the procedure is to perceive and order all the things to be done, and, upon doing a thing, to recall how and when that thing has been done. For example, the observer must remember the initial position of a thing, and also the new position of that thing.

"The Test of Evasion requires the observer to examine the obstacle, and compare his resources and abilities; if the obstacle is too difficult, seek for a path around the difficulty.

"The Test of Confrontation requires the observer to examine the obstacle, and compare his resources and abilities; if the obstacle is too difficult, look for a path around the difficulty... but if no path around can be found, confront the obstacle directly."
Hallgerd's Tale*

See vol. I.
Hanin's Wake

...and upon that year of the Reign of Wulfharth and his Son's, the Magnificence that was Mordrin Hanin ended in this world. Representative of Ashalmawia, Maelkashishi and Ald Sotha gathered in a great host at the vastness of Assurnabitashpi. Even Hilbongard and Dorach Gusal were lured from their Forge, and for a time the Fires of Anudnabia were silent.

And thus on the Ninth Day of Mourning, many slaves and enemies were sacrificed and the Cup of Passage was mixed according to the direction of Hanin's Formulae:

2 Parts Blood of Traitors
1 Part Heart of Daedra
1 Part mixed Bittergreen Petals, Void Salts, Green Lichens and Bonemeal
1 Part Moonsugar
5 Parts Flin

Combine Blood, Heart, Moonsugar in Large Ebony Alembic. Heat fire fed by Bones of Traitors. Condense vapors into a large Ebony flask. For a hot drink, strain contents through Scamp Skin and mix with Flin in large mug, slowly stirring with a glass rod. For a chilled drink, mix in flask with pure Skyrim Ice and shake vigorously. Strain through Winged Twilight membrane and served in gem encrusted goblet.

The wake was considered a great success as the beverage killed a great many guests and thus Mordrin Hanin was supplied with companions in the next world.
[87] Hasphat's notes for Cosades

[The following are notes prepared by Hasphat Antabolis for Caius Cosades.]

Sixth House

House Dagoth is an extinct Great House. In the wake of the ancient Battle of Red Mountain, its leadership was revealed to have plotted treason, and was discredited. Many of House Dagoth died defending the House; those survivors who were faithful to the Great Council were redistributed among the other houses. The Temple says the ancient, legendary evil beings that dwell beneath Red Mountain in the Dagoth Ur region are the original leaders of this extinct house, sustained by some powerful, evil sorceries.

Other References

These books include references to the Sixth House and its destruction. The bookseller Dorisa Darvel over in the Commercial District might have copies.

THE WAR OF THE FIRST COUNCIL
SAINT NEREVAR
NEREVAR MOON-AND-STAR
THE REAL NEREVAR
Sotha Sil and the Scribs

Young Sotha Sil, while playing in the egg mines, saw a number of scribs in a deep shaft, and he began to cast stones upon them, snickering as they skittered and scattered, until one of the scribs, lifting its head up in agony, cried out to Sotha Sil: "Please, please, have mercy, little boy, for what is sport to you is suffering and death to us."

And so Sotha Sil discovered that the idle of amusements of one may be the solemn tortures of another.

Lord Vivec and the Contentious Beasts

A shalk and a kagouti were strutting back and forth in a foyada, casting aspersions of one another's looks. "You are the ugliest creature alive," the shalk told the kagouti. "No, YOU are the ugliest creature alive," the kagouti told the shalk. For each thought himself most handsome, and the other most ugly.

Then Lord Vivec chanced by, and settled their dispute. "No, you BOTH are the ugliest creatures alive, and I will not have my pleasant sojourn spoiled by your unseemly squabbling." So he dealt them both mighty blows, shattering their skulls, and silencing their argument, and went merrily upon his way.

And thus Lord Vivec proved that ugliness is as much in one's manner as in one's appearance.

The Boiled Kagouti

It is said that if a kagouti steps into a boiling pool, he will leap out immediately to avoid harm.

But if the kagouti is standing in a pool, and a wizard slowly raises the temperature, measure by measure, to boiling, the kagouti will calmly stand in place until he is boiled.

Thus we see that we must be alert not only to the obvious danger, but also to the subtle degrees by which change may result in danger.

The Dubious Healer

Once upon a time, a Telvanni issued forth from his tower and proclaimed to all the world that he was a mighty and learned healer, master of all alchemy and potions, and able to cure all diseases.
Lord Vivec looked upon this wizard, and listened to his boasting, then asked him, "How can you pretend to prescribe for others the cure to all diseases, when you are unable to cure yourself of your own manifest arrogance and foolishness?"

The Guar and the Mudcrabs

The Guar were so tormented by the other creatures they did not know where to go. As soon as they saw a single beast approach them, off they dashed in terror.

One day they saw a pack of Nix-hounds ranging about, and in a desperate panic all the Guar scuttled off towards the sea, determined to drown themselves rather than live in such a continual state of fear. But just as they got near the shoreline, a colony of Mudcrabs, frightened in their turn by the approach of the Guar, scuttled off, and threw themselves into the water.

'Truly,' said one of the Guar, "things are not so bad as they seem. For there is always someone worse off than you."

The Wounded Netch

A wounded Netch lay himself down in a quiet corner of its feeding-ground. His healthy companions came in great numbers to inquire after his health, yet each one helped himself to a share of the fodder which had been placed there for his use; so that the poor Netch died, not from his wounds, but from the greed and carelessness of his erstwhile friends.

And so it is clear that thoughtless companions may bring more harm than help.
Many admirers ask, "Arnie, how can I become a flash and prosperous fellow like you?"

And I tell them, "You want to join the Guild. Make friends. Be a part of something."

"But who can join?" they ask.

We're just like any other trade guild. We've got requirements. And if you want to advance in the ranks, we've got standards.

You want to be fast and agile. You want to move undetected. You want to know about security -- locks, traps, and how to get around them. You want to defend yourself. You travel light and fast, and want light arms like daggers and shortswords. You don't want to get into a slugging match, so you want the marksman's weapons -- the bow, crossbow, throwing star, and dart. You want light armor, so you can keep moving, and moving fast.


The help of friends includes information. Your friends at the Thieves Guild know where the action is, and where the action is safe, and where it is not. The help of friends includes a place to rest, and a place to buy supplies and services -- training and tools. The help of friends includes fixing things with the guards at a discount rate. That's where the 'honor among thieves' part comes in. Friends stick together, and help each other.

"But what about the competition?" my admirers ask.

The competition is the Camonna Tong. And you don't want to join them, because they don't want you. They have this thing about outlanders. They want them all dead. So, unless your ambition is to be dead, you don't want to join them.

And the Camonna Tong are bad people. The Camonna Tong don't mind killing people. Heck, they LIKE killing people. The Thieves Guild, on the other hand, thinks killing people is bad business. You want to be good people, right? So join the Thieves Guild, and stay far, far away from the Camonna Tong.

So you want to join. But where do you look?

Being a thief is not like being a fighter. You don't just go to the local guild Hall. The Thieves Guild doesn't have Guild Halls. But thieves like to be where their friends are. And where are their friends? At the local cornerclub or tradehouse. In Vvardenfell, look for friends in Balmora, Ald'ruhn, Sadrith Mora, and the Foreign Quarter of Vivec.
The Hope of the Redoran

One of the few magical arts the Psijics of Artaeum have kept to themselves, away from the common spells and schools of the Mages Guild, is the gift of divination. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, omens and prophesies abound in Tamriel, some of substance, others of pure folly, and still others so ambiguous as to be unverifiable. There are still other prophesies kept secret, from the prophesies of Dro'Jizad in Elsweyr and the Nerevarine in Morrowind, to the Elder Scrolls themselves.

The Nord nobility have a tradition of having omens read for their children. In general, these readings are of the obscure variety. One of my acquaintances told me that her parents were told, for example, that their daughter would have her life rescued by a snake, and so gave her the name Serpentkin in a special ceremony. And this young lady, Eria Valkor Serpentkin, was indeed saved by a snake many years later, when an assassin creeping on her stepped on a danswyrm viper.

Occasionally, omens seem to be almost purposefully misleading, as if Boethiah had crafted them as traps. I recall one particularly. Many, many years ago, a male child was born into House Redoran. It was a very difficult birth, and the mother was delirious and near death by the time it was over. She chanted just as her son came into the world and she passed from it.

Fortune has smiled this day not frowned
My child will be mighty in mind and in arm
He shall bring hope to House Redoran
Neither spell nor blade shall hurt the man
Nor illness nor poison cause any harm
His blood shall never drop on the ground

The boy, named Andas, was indeed extraordinary. He never was ill and never suffered so much as a scratch all through his childhood. He was also quite intelligent and strong, which, combined with his invulnerability, caused many to call him, after his mother's omen, the Hope of the Redoran. Of course, any one who is called the Hope of the Redoran will eventually develop some taint of impertinence, and it wasn't long before he had enemies.

His worst enemy was his cousin Athyn, who had borne much abuse at the hands of Andas. Primary among the grudges was that Athyn had been sent to Rihad to complete his education at Andas's insistence. When Athyn returned from Hammerfell, it was because of the death of his father, who had also been a councilor of the House. Athyn was old enough to take his seat in the Council, but Andas claimed the seat as well, saying that his cousin had been gone too long from Morrowind and didn't understand politics as he did. The majority of the House agreed with Andas, wanting to see the Hope of Redoran rise quickly.

Athyn exercised his right to combat his cousin for the seat. No one thought he had any chance of winning, of course, but the battle was scheduled to commence the following morn. Andas
whored and dined and drank with the councilors that night, confident that his place in the House was secured and the hopeful new dawn of House Redoran was rising. Athyn retired to his castle with his friends, Andas's enemies, and his servants he had brought from Hammerfell.

Athyne and his friends were discussing the duel morosely when one of his old teachers, a warrior called Shardie, came into the hall. She had grown quite proud of her student over the years in Hammerfell, proud enough to accompany him across the Empire to his family's lands, and wanted to know why they had so little confidence in his odds in the battle. They explained to her Andas's uncommon blessings and the nature of his mother's omen.

"If he can't be harmed by disease, poison, magicka, and his blood can never be spilled, what hope have I of ever besting him?" cried Athyn.

"Have you remembered nothing I taught you?" replied Shardie. "Is there no weapon you can think of that will slay without blood? Are swords and spears and arrows the only items in your arsenal?"

Athyne quickly realized the weapon Shardie was speaking of, but it seemed absurd. Not only absurd, but pathetic and primitive. Still, it was the only hope he had. All that night, Shardie trained him in the art and techniques, showing him the various swings and stances her people had developed in Albion-Gora; counter-attacks, feints, and blocks imported from Yokuda; the classic one and two-handed grips for the most ancient weapon in history.

The cousins faced one another the next morning, and never have two combatants looked so unevenly matched. Andas's entrance brought a great cheer, for not only was he much beloved as the Hope of the Redoran, but as his victory was a foregone conclusion, most wanted to be in good standing with him. His shining mail and blade drew admiration and awe. By contrast, Athyn drew a gasp of surprise and only a smattering of polite applause. He appeared costumed and armed like a barbarian.

As Shardie had suggested, Athyn allowed Andas to attack first. The Hope of the Redoran was eager to finish the battle and take the power he deserved quickly. The blade pushed by Andas's mighty arm slashed across Athyn's chest, but shallowly, and before it could be counterswung, Athyn knocked it back with his own weapon. When Athyn attacked and wounded Andas, the Hope of the Redoran was so surprised by being hurt for the first time in his life, he dropped his sword.

The less said about the end of the battle, the better. Suffice it to say that Athyn, wielding a simple club, battered Andas to death without spilling a drop of blood.

Athyne took his father's seat as councilor, and it was then said that the hope in the omen referred to Athyn, not Andas. After all, had Andas not tried to take the councilor seat away from his cousin, Athyn, being not very ambitious, might have never tried to get it. It can certainly be argued that way, I suppose.
[91] The Horror of Castle Xyr*

See vol. I.
Late evening. The play opens in the interior Great Entrance Hall of a castle in Scath Anud, replete with fine furnishings and tapestries. Torches provide the only illumination. In the center of the foyer is a great iron door, the main entrance to the castle. The staircase up to the landing above is next to this door. On stage left is the door to the library, which is currently closed. On stage right is a huge suit of armor, twenty feet tall, nearly touching the ceiling of the room. Though no one can be seen, there is the sound of a woman singing coming from the library door.

A loud thumping knock on the iron front door stops the woman's singing. The door to the library opens and ANARA, a common-looking maid, comes out and hurries to open the front door. CLAVIDES, a handsome man in Imperial garb, stands there.

ANARA: Good evening to you, serjo.

CLAVIDES: Good evening. Is your master at home?

ANARA: No, serjo, it's only me here. My master, Sedura Kena Telvanni Hordalf Xyr, is at his winter estate. Is there something I can do for you?

CLAVIDES: Possibly. Would you mind if I came in?

ANARA: Not at all, serjo. Please. May I offer you some flin?

Clavides comes into the Hall and looks around.

CLAVIDES: No, thank you. What's your name?

ANARA: Anara, serjo.

CLAVIDES: Anara, when did your master leave Scath Anud?

ANARA: More than a fortnight ago. That's why it's only me in the castle, serjo. All the other servants and slaves who tend to his lordship travel with him. Is there something wrong?

CLAVIDES: Yes, there is. Do you know an Ashlander by the name of Sul-Kharifa?
ANARA: No, serjo. I know no one by that name.

CLAVIDES: Then you aren't likely to now. He's dead. He was found a few hours ago dying of frostbite in the ashlands. He was hysterical, nearly incomprehensible, but among his last words were "castle" and "Xyr."

ANARA: Dying of frostbite in summertide in the ashlands? B'vek, that's strange. I suppose it's possible that my master knew this man, but being an ashlander and my master being of the House of Telvanni, well, if you'll pardon me for being flippant, serjo, I don't think they would be friends.

CLAVIDES: That is your master's library? Would you mind if I looked in?

ANARA: Please, serjo, go wherever you want. We have nothing to hide. We're loyal Imperial subjects.

CLAVIDES: As, I hear, are all Telvanni.

(Note from the playwright: this line should be delivered without sarcasm. Trust the audience to laugh -- it never fails, regardless of the politics of the locals.)

Clavides enters the library and looks over the books.

CLAVIDES: The library needs dusting.

ANARA: Yes, serjo. I was just doing that when you knocked at the door.

CLAVIDES: I'm grateful for that. If you had finished, I wouldn't notice the space in the dust where a rather large book has recently been removed. Your master is a wizard, it seems.

ANARA: No, serjo. I mean, he studies a lot, but he don't cast no spells, if that's what you mean by wizard. He's a kena, went to college and everything. You know, now that I think about it, I know what happened to that book. One of the other kenas from the college been round yesterday, and borrowed a couple of books. He's a friend of the master, so I thought it'd be all fine.

CLAVIDES: This kena, was his name Warvim?

ANARA: Coulda been. I don't remember.

CLAVIDES: There is a suspected necromancer at the college named Kena Warvim we arrested last night. We don't know what he was doing at the college, but it was something illegal, that's for certain. Was that the kena who borrowed the book? A little fellow, a cripple with a withered leg?

ANARA: No, serjo, it weren't the kena from yesterday. He was a big fella who could walk, so I noticed.

CLAVIDES: I'm going to have a look around the rest of the house, if you don't mind.
Clavides goes up the stairs, and delivers the following dialogue from the landing and the rooms above. Anara continues straightening up the downstairs, moving a high-backed bench in front of the armor to scrub the floor.

ANARA: Can I ask, serjo, what you're looking for? Maybe I could help you.

CLAVIDES: Are these all the rooms in the castle? No secret passages?

ANARA (laughing): Oh, serjo, what would Sedura Kena Telvanni Hordalf Xyr want with secret passages?

CLAVIDES (looking at the armor): Your master is a big man.

ANARA (laughing): Oh, serjo, don't tease. That's giant armor, just for decoration. My master slew that giant ten years ago, and kind of keeps it for a souvenir.

CLAVIDES: That's right, I remember hearing something about that when I first took my post here. It was someone named Xyr who killed the giant, but I didn't think the first name was Hordalf. Memory fades, I'm afraid. hat was the giant's name?

ANARA: I'm afraid I don't remember, serjo.

CLAVIDES: I do. It was Torfang. "I got out of Torfang's Shield."

ANARA: I don't understand, serjo. Torfang's shield?

Clavides runs down the stairs, and examines the armor.

CLAVIDES: Sul-Kharifa said something about getting out of Torfang's shield. I thought he was just raving, out of his mind.

ANARA: But he ain't got a shield, serjo.

Clavides pushes the high-backed bench out of the way, revealing the large mounted shield at the base of the armor.

CLAVIDES: Yes, he does. You covered it up with that bench.

ANARA: I didn't do it on purpose, serjo! I was just cleaning! I see that armor every day, serjo, and b'vek I swear I ain't never noticed the shield before!

CLAVIDES: It's fine, Anara, I believe you.

Clavides pushes on the shield and it pulls back to reveal a tunnel down.

CLAVIDES: It appears that Sedura Kena Telvanni Hordalf Xyr does have a need for a secret passage. Could you get me a torch?

ANARA: B'vek, I ain't never seen that before!
Anara takes a torch from the wall, and hands it to Clavides. Clavides enters the tunnel.

CLAVIDES: Wait here.

Anara watches Clavides disappear down the tunnel. She appears agitated, and finally runs for the front door. When she opens it, ULLIS, an Argonian lieutenant in the Imperial guard is standing at the entrance. She screams.

ULLIS: I'm sorry to frighten you.

ANARA: Not now! Go away!

ULLIS: I'm afraid the Captain wouldn't like that, miss.

ANARA: You're... with the Captain? Blessed mother.

Clavides comes out of the tunnel, white-faced. It takes him a few moments to speak.

ULLIS: Captain? What's down there?

CLAVIDES (to Anara): Did you know your master's a necromancer? That your cellar is filled with bodies?

Anara faints. Ullis carries her to the bench and lays her down.

ULLIS: Let me see, serjo.

CLAVIDES: You'll see soon enough. We're going to need every soldier from the post here to cart away all the corpses. Ullis, I've seen enough battles, but I've never seen anything like this. No two are alike. Khajiiti, sload, dunmer, cyrodiil, breton, nord, burned alive, poisoned, electrified, melted, torn apart, turned inside out, ripped to shreds and sewn back up together.

ULLIS: You think the Ashlander escaped, that's what happened?

CLAVIDES: I don't know. Why would someone do something like this, Ullis?

There is a knock on the door. Clavides answers it. A young Argonian woman, ZOLLASSA, is standing, holding a package and a letter.

ZOLLASSA: Good morning, you're not Lord Xyr, are you?

CLAVIDES: No. What do you have there?

ZOLLASSA: A letter and a package I'm supposed to deliver to him. Will he be back shortly?

CLAVIDES: I don't believe so. Who gave you the package to deliver?

ZOLLASSA: My teacher at the college, Kema Warvim. He has a bad leg, so he asked me to bring these to his lordship. Actually, to tell you the truth, I was supposed to deliver them last night, but I was busy.
ULLIS: Greetings, sistre. We'll give the package to his lordship when we see him.

ZOLLASSA: Ah, hail, brothre. I had heard there was a handsome Argonian in Scath Anud. Unfortunately, I promised Kema Warvim that I'd deliver the package directly to his lordship's hands. I'm already late, I can't just --

CLAVIDES: We're Imperial Guard, miss. We will take the package and the letter.

Zollassa reluctantly hands Clavides the letter and the package. She turns to go.

ULLIS: You're at the college, if we need to see you?

ZOLLASSA: Yes. Fare tidings, brothre.

ULLIS: Goodnight, sistre.

Clavides opens the package as Zollassa exits. It is a book with many loose sheets.

CLAVIDES: It appears we've found the missing book. Delivered to our very hands.

Clavides begins to read the book, silently to himself.

ULLIS (to himself, very pleased): Another Argonian in Scath Anud. And a pretty one, at that. I hope we weren't too rude to her. I'm tired of all these women with their smooth, wet skin, it would be wonderful if we could meet when I'm off duty.

While Ullis talks, he opens the letter and reads it.

ULLIS (continued): She looks like she's from the south, like me. You know, Argonians from northern Black Marsh are... much... less...

Ullis continues reading, transfixed by the letter. Clavides skips to the back of the book, and reads the last sentences.

CLAVIDES (reading): In black ink "The Khajiiti male showed surprisingly little fortitude against a simple lightning spell, but I've had interesting physiological results with a medium-level acid spell cast slowly over several days." In red ink on the margins, "Yes, I see. Was the acid spell cast uniformly over the entire body of the subject?" In black ink "The Nord female was subjected to sixteen hours of a frost spell which eventually crystalized her into a state of suspended animation, from which she eventually expired. Not so the Nord male, nor the Ashlander male who lapsed into their comas much earlier, but then recovered. The Ashlander then tried to escape, but I restrained him. The Nord then had an interesting chemical overreaction to a simple fire spell and expired. See the accompanying illustration." In red ink, "Yes, I see. The pattern of boils and lesions suggest some sort of internal incineration perhaps caused by the combination of a short burst of flame following a longer session with frost. It's such a shame I can't come to see the experiment personally, but I compliment you on your excellent notation." In black ink, "Thank you for the suggestion about slowly poisoning my maid Anara. The dosages you've suggested have had fascinating results, eroding her memory very subtly. I intend to increase it exponentially and see how long it is before she notices. Speaking of which, it is a pity that I haven't any Argonian subjects, but the slave-traders
promise me some healthy specimens in the autumn. I should like to test their metabolism in comparison to elves and humans. It's my theory that a medium-level lightning spell cast in a continuous wave on an Argonian wouldn't be lethal for several hours at least, similar to my results with the Cyrodilic female and, of course, the giant." In red ink, "It'd be a shame to wait until autumn to see."

ULLIS (reading the letter): In red ink, "Here is your Argonian. Please let me know the results." It's signed "Kema Warvim."

CLAVIDES: By Kynareth, this isn't necromancy. It's Destruction. Kema Warvim and Kena Telvanni Hordalf Xyr haven't been experimenting with death, but with the limits of magical torture.

ULLIS: The letter isn't addressed to Kena Telvanni Hordalf Xyr. It's addressed to Sedura Iachilla Xyr. His wife, do you think?

CLAVIDES: Iachilla. That was the Telvanni of the Xyr family who I heard about in connection with the giant slaying. We'd best get the maid out of here. She'll need to go to a healer.

Clavides wakes up Anara. She appears disoriented.

ANARA: What's happening? Who are you?

CLAVIDES: Don't worry, everything is going to be fine. We're going to take you to a healer.

ULLIS: Do you need a coat, Iachilla?

ANARA: Thank you, no, I'm not cold --

Anara/Iachilla stops, realizing that she's been caught. Clavides and Ullis unsheathe their blades.

CLAVIDES: You have black ink on your fingers, your ladyship.

ULLIS: And when you saw me at the door, you thought I was the Argonian your friend Warvim sent over. That's why you said, "Not now. Go away."

ANARA/IACHILLA: You're much more observant than Anara. She never did understand what was happening, even when I tripled the poison spell and she expired in what I observed as considerable agony.

ULLIS: What were you going to use on me first, lightning or fire?

ANANA/IACHILLA: Lightning. I find fire to be too unpredictable.

As she speaks, the flames in the torchs extinguish. The stage is utterly dark.

There is the sound of a struggle, swords clanging. Suddenly a bolt of lightning flashes out, and there is silence. From the darkness, Anana/Iachilla speaks.
ANANA/IACHILLA: Fascinating.

There are several more flashes of lightning as the curtain closes.

THE END.
Among the ancient ancestral spirits who accompanied Saint Veloth and the Chimer into the promised land of Morrowind, the four Daedra Lords, Malacath, Mehrunes Dagon, Molag Bal, and Sheogorath, are known as the Four Corners of the House of Troubles. These Daedra Lords rebelled against the counsel and admonition of the Tribunal, causing great kinstrife and confusion among the clans and Great Houses.

Malacath, Mehrunes Dagon, Molag Bal, and Sheogorath are holy in that they serve the role of obstacles during the Testing. Through time they have sometimes become associated with local enemies, like the Nords, Akaviri, or Mountain Orcs.

Malacath is the reanimated dung that was Trinimac, Malacath is a weak but vengeful god. The Dark Elves say he is Malak, the god-king of the orcs. He tests the Dunmer for physical weakness.

Molag Bal is, in Morrowind, the King of Rape. He tries to upset the bloodlines of Houses and otherwise ruin the Dunmer gene pool. A race of monsters, said to live in Molag Amur, are the result of his seduction of Vivec during the previous era.

Sheogorath is the King of Madness. He always tests the Dunmer for mental weakness. In many legends he is called upon by one Dunmer faction against another; in half of these stories he does not betray those who called him, further confusing the issue of his place in the scheme of things (can he help us? is he not an obstacle?). He is often associated with the fear other races have of the Dunmer, especially those who, like the Empire, might prove as useful allies.

Mehrunes Dagon is the god of destruction. He is associated with natural dangers like fire, earthquakes, and floods. To some he represents the inhospitable land of Morrowind. He tests the Dunmer will to survive and persevere.

The worship of these four malevolent spirits is against the law and practice of the Temple. However, the Four Corners seldom fail to discover those greedy, reckless, or mad enough to serve them. By ancient Temple law and custom, and also by imperial law, the lives of witches and warlocks are forfeit, and Imperial garrisons join Ordinators and Buoyant Armigers of the Temple in tracking down and destroying these foul covens in the wilderness refuges and ancient ruins where they conceal their profane worships.
[94] How Orsinium Passed to the Orcs*

See vol. I.
[95] A Hypothetical Treachery*

See vol. I.
See vol. I.
I'm My Own Grandpa

by Gaeldol, the Funniest Wood Elf Ever

Why did the Dark Elf cross the road?

How many orcs does it take to light a torch?
Depends. Is an orc is doing the counting?

What is green and hops and sizzles on lava?
an Orc Acrobat

If a Wood Elf mime falls in a forest, who cares?

If you drop a Khajiit head-first from a great height, will it land on its feet?
Not if you cut off the feet first.
[98] Imperial Charter of the Guild of Fighters

Imperial Charter of the Guild of Fighters

I. Purpose

The Guild of Fighters provides employment to free-swords and mercenaries and contracts to local citizens. Citizens may contract with the Guild for the removal of creatures and pests, the delivery of goods on dangerous routes, the collection of beasts for the arenas, and other duties defined by the Guild Stewards.

II. Authority

The Guild of Fighters was established under the section 4 of the "Guilds Act," and this charter was first confirmed under the Potentate Versidue-Shaie in the 321st year of the Second Era.

III. Rules and Procedures

Any member of the Guild of Fighters who strikes or steals from another member shall be expelled from the Guild. Re-admittance is at the discretion of the Guild Stewards.

Citizens who contract with the Guild of Fighters and have a dispute may appeal first to the Guild Steward who accepted the contract and second with the authorities of each Province.

IV. Membership Requirements

The Guild selects candidates who are strong and healthy. A candidate must have some proficiency with long blades, axes, blunt weapons, and shields. Guildsmen must be able to use and maintain heavy armor.

V. Applications for Membership

Candidates must present themselves to the Steward of the Guild Hall for examination and approval.

ATTACHMENT A: Fighters Guild Chapters in Vvardenfell District, Province of Morrowind

Chapters are established in Guild-owned, free-standing guildhalls in the towns of Ald'ruhn and Balmora. The chapter in Sadrith Mora is established in Wolverine Hall under lease from the Telvanni Council. The chapter in Vivec is established in the Foreign Quarter under lease from the Tribunal Temple.
[99] Imperial Charter of the Guild of Mages*

See vol. I.
[100] The Importance of Where*

See vol. I.
[101] Incident in Necrom*

See vol. I.
[102] Invocation of Azura*

See vol. I.
Imperial Bedding Supplies
Invoice

For immediate delivery to:

Drarayne Thelas
of Balmora in Vvardenfell

40 pillows

Shipped: 8th day of Morning Star, 3E426
Finished repairing the floor today. Please pay what you owe. Remember, I can let the goblin loose just as easily as I trapped him.
Today we finally finished hewing out the two main jail rooms and all six cells, and almost as if in response to our celebration, several of those damned roots grew through the wall and took out two of our cells. I wonder constantly what those wizards could be up to up there in the tower, but I guess this is the nature of working for the Telvanni. I will inform them again of our construction plans (which THEY provided to us) and request that they refrain from such actions in the future. In the meantime, my men have begun setting up the necessary ramps and equipment to begin work on the next section of dungeon. Here's hoping it goes better than the first.

Beram
Foreman

The lower dungeon rooms have been proving much more difficult than we originally thought. We must be working near some lava flows, as the rock of the cave walls is exceptionally hard stuff. It's hard enough to see in here without all our proper lighting installed, I don't need this delay too. I have sent off for some new volcanic glass tools, and in the meantime, one of my men has found a section of cave softer than the rest, and we have continued our work there, bypassing this first room. A few men have expressed their concern over the light rumblings that we have been feeling lately, but I am convinced that it is just more of those Telvanni and their hocus-pocus mushroom magic. They assured us of this site's stability. The rats and bugs are annoying to us, but do not pose a threat. Hopefully we can find the source of this infestation soon and eliminate it. I don't have time for this.

Beram
Foreman

The worst has happened. This morning a boulder came loose from the ceiling and fell directly onto our major ramp, causing it to collapse and killing two of my men in the process. The remaining three of us are now stranded alone down here, with the cave walls being too sheer to climb, and the wizards obviously having more important things to deal with than a few errant laborers. With our water supplies diminishing rapidly, I sent Norvus and Gilam further down into the caves to look for any natural exits we might have missed when first surveying the site. Damn those wizards. They told us this site was safe. What could they be doing up
there? Why are these bugs and rats getting more aggressive by the hour? And why is it getting so blasted hot?

Beram
Foreman

[105.1.4] Beram Journal Entry IV

I found Norvus's head and torso lying in this room, with a large part of the rest of him seemingly smeared along the walls. I screamed for full minutes when I found it, and now all I can do is sit and stare. My only solace is this paper. More roots keep penetrating the walls every minute, and the rocks and lights seem to be taking on lives of their own. Now I fear not only for my life, but for my sanity. Please someone come soon. The rumblings are getting faster and stronger, and I can't breathe this stifling air much longer. What in Vivec's name have these wizards done? The heat...

[105.1.5] Beram Journal Entry V

HE IS HERE!
Day One:

My crew and I were caught in a fierce storm just outside Ebonheart. We managed to make it to safety, but are now completely lost. Without a cargo or a ship there isn't much we can do. I will try to find passage for us somewhere. We are unarmed and ill-equipped to defend ourselves. Hopefully someone will take pity on us. The crew is waiting on the shore for my return.

Day Three:

I am confident I will find a village inland that will have access to a ship. I think I see smoke off in the distance. Maybe tomorrow will bring a change of luck.

Day Seven:

Those cursed villagers! May their fields dry up and their children suffer! They have steered me completely in the wrong direction. I firmly believe I am going further and further inland. If I don't see a fishing village soon I will be forced to turn back. I have been subsiding on roots and grasses and grow weaker every day. I must find a way for my crew and I to get home.

Boiled my shoes to make broth. I had heard it would work. It didn't. Now I have no shoes.

Day Twelve:

This is pointless. I have been directed to a fishing village to the east but so far have seen or heard nothing.

Killed a rat today. It was the most food I have eaten in days. Tasted worse than scrib jelly but better than shoes.

Day Thirteen:

From my vantage point in a tall tree I finally see a town! While I do not see any sign of water it does look to be a fairly sizable town, and may have a trade route to the sea. I should reach it tomorrow.

Day Twenty:

Lost. All is lost. I have, once again, been misled. After entering the town, I came across a man who offered to help. Weak from hunger and exhaustion I believed him, and followed him underground to his home. They have a massive underground system of tunnels and old sewers here. It's really quite amazing. Unfortunately I seem to have made a rude comment about his sister being smoldering and he beat me senseless. When I awoke I was in this pit with no way out in sight. I can see up to the floor above, but no one responds to my cries for help. I fear I
will end my days here. Oh, why did I ever leave my crew! They must be giving up hope now, as am I.

Day Twenty-five:

Woke up to hear noises of construction from the floor above. Ran to the opening and cried out. It was to no avail, however. Instead they tossed down the most horrible creature. It is rank and ugly and eyes me in the most vicious way. I have retreated to this corner and await my doom. It will get hungry soon, and I fear it sees me as its only source of food. I am too weak to defend myself. This will be my last entry. If someone finds my bones, bury me facing the sea, wherever that may be.
Entry 1: Today is the day! Beauchamp's airship seems sturdy enough, and the crew is ready to set sail. We'll travel north-northwest until we reach the island of Solstheim. According to Beauchamp, the Hrothmund's Bane wolf formation is somewhere near the Moesring Mountains. The barrow we're set to explore is located at the wolf's eye. We'll get Beauchamp's precious magic item and be back at the Guild of Mages in a few days. What could possibly go wrong?

Entry 4: Damn conjurers, sorcerers, inventors, scientists and all they're academic ilk! Beauchamp promised me his airship would hold together, promised me it could be sailed just like a sea-bound craft. All lies! This monstrosity is barely holding together -- we've been trailing bits and pieces of it ever since we left Ald'Ruhn! Just an hour ago we lost one of the Dwemer cogs from the main engine! If this were a frigate or sloop I'd be holding her together just fine, but alas, trying to control an airship is like setting to sea in a barrel with a spoon for an oar.

Entry 6: Land ho!

Entry 7: It's normal for a crewmember to get edgy, but the Argonian finally went berserk. I told him repeatedly before we left Ald'Ruhn that an airship sails in the sky, and not on the water. He told me he understood, but his fear of heights must have finally taken sway. In a frenzied state he grabbed the wheel and almost forced us into the sea. I had no choice but to run him through. Swims-In-Swells was his name, and a good crewmember he was before this unfortunate incident. I would have preferred a burial at sea, but considering our current situation we had no choice but to toss his body overboard. We aimed for the ocean, but by that time the airship had drifted over Solstheim. Alas, I fear we missed, and his corpse landed somewhere on the southeastern shore.

Entry 9: We've located Hrothmund's Bane! At least Beauchamp was right about something. The wolf formation runs from west to east, with the head -- and eye -- toward the eastern end. We'll look for a place to set down and then explore Hrothmund's Barrow -- assuming THAT is where Beauchamp said it would be. I must also note that the going is slower than I'd like. There's a fell chill in the air, and I don't trust the dark clouds that have gathered over the mountains....

Entry 11: We have been assailed by a blizzard, the likes of which I have never seen! I feared a storm, but could never have imagined anything like this. Beauchamp's contraption is coming apart at the seams, and I don't think we can hold altitude. There's nowhere to land, but land we must!

Entry 12: Dead. All of them ded. Most of the crew were killed instantly when the airship went down. the few that made it soon succumbed to the cold. I alone survived. Need to make a camp.
Snow is blocking my way into the ship's hold. I go to the barrow in the murning. I can harly write. My hands arr nearly frzen.

Entry 13: so cold so cold. So huNgry...madness takKIng me I can feeeel ite. I see eyes night eyes wolf eys. Here them...so hungry. Eye of wlf coming! White wolf! So col...
I've done it! The enchantment is now complete. The robe, which I have named Whitewalker, can turn the wearer into the very essence of snow. Kick me out of the Mages Guild, will they? Now I'll show them all!
I believe I may have found the correct formula for the spell I am developing. With it, I will be able to travel great distances without the need to pay others for the service.

If all goes well, I will test out the new spell tomorrow. I believe I have worked out all of the possible complications. It will allow me to leap great distances, covering many hundreds of miles. Never before has one been able to travel in this manner: vaulting from the ground, sailing through the sky, all without that terrible disorientation of a spell of flying.

The time is almost upon me. My research is finished, and all of my calculations are checked and rechecked. They laughed at me when I suggested this. We'll see who laughs after I leap to the top of their towers and scream out my success.
We've struck a bargain with evil. While I am uncomfortable and feel some unease with our current arrangement, I believe these warrens will serve us well for some time. Those who hope to destroy me must be of stout spirit and cunning mind, for if they simply forge ahead in these caves, they may meet a fate far worse than death.

When we first discovered these caves and began our explorations, we were sure we had found refuge from our enemies. Little did we know, as we pushed into the interior galleries what we would find. In the final chamber, we came upon the ruined portal to a vast tomb. At first we were eager to chance upon some riches to fill our coffers, but instead we found ourselves within the nest of deadly creatures. By our wits and skill of arms, we were able to retreat from the dark lair. For a time we sealed the entry, but the threat continued to gnaw at us. It was Giden who conceived the plan with which we presented to those beings of darkness. In return for our right to dwell within these caves, we provide "sustenance" for these creatures. To assist us in this venture, we have created a lure, a path for the bounty hunters and meddlesome folk to follow. The unwary will find themselves in the clutches of a black fate.

Mulvrulea is very unhappy with the current conditions and I am finding myself concurring. This cannot come to a good end, but we must stay the course until a new safehold can be found.
Weaklings and cowards! I care not what they think of me, or my pursuit of the dark arts. Who are they to dictate the form of magicka I practice? Vvardenfell holds generations of dead just ripe for the picking, and yet they hoard this resource as if it were "sacred." Such nonsense! I have been less successful here on Solstheim than I would have hoped. That cursed magic ice protects many of the corpses, and even I have trouble controlling the savage draugrs. Even so, my work continues, and the apprentices are growing more powerful every day. My latest research has revealed the location of the Mantle of Woe. It lies within the Rimhull ice cave. Soon I will claim its dark power as my own!
Entry 1: Today we found the perfect place to claim as our new home. It's an ice cave called Legge, and seems to be used by the local bears and wolves as some kind of den. They should be easy enough to get rid of.

Entry 2: We've done it! The bears and wolves have been driven from the cave, and we've already started making ourselves at home. May our children's children enjoy the comfort of Legge!

Entry 3: One of those blasted bears got into the cave today. We drove him out, but he managed to make off with our dinner. It's a good thing I have my grandfather's enchanted ring to keep them at bay.
Kagrenac's Tools

Beneath Red Mountain, Dwemer miners discovered a great magical stone. By diverse methods, Lord Kagrenac, High Priest and Magecrafter of the ancient Dwemer, determined that this magical stone was the heart of the god Lorkhan, cast here in the Dawn Era as a punishment for his mischief in creating the mortal world. Determined to use its divine powers to create a new god for the exclusive benefit of the Dwemer, Kagrenac forged three great enchanted artifacts, which are called "Kagrenac's Tools." Wraithguard is an enchanted gauntlet to protect its wearer from destruction when tapping the heart's power. Sunder is an enchanted hammer to strike the heart and produce the exact volume and quality of power desired. Keening is an enchanted blade that is used to flay and focus the power that rises from the heart.

When Kagrenac used these tools on the heart in the Battle of Red Mountain, no one knows what happened, but the Dwemer race disappeared entirely from the mortal world. Lord Nerevar and Lord Dagoth retrieved these tools, and didn't know what to do with them. Nerevar asked Dagoth to guard the tools while he went to consult with his counselors, Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil. He left and spoke with his three counselors, and they decided to return together to Red Mountain to decide what to do.

But while Nerevar was gone, Dagoth was tempted and confused by the powers of the tools. When Nerevar and the counselors arrived, he refused to give up the tools, claiming he had sworn to Nerevar to protect them. Then Dagoth fought with Nerevar and the counselors, and was mortally wounded and driven off, and the tools were recovered.

Then Nerevar and his counselors decided to take the tools for safekeeping. They all swore a great oath never to use the tools, but after Nerevar's death, Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil yielded to temptation. They took these tools themselves and went to Lorkhan's heart buried beneath Red Mountain, and gave themselves divine powers.

But Dagoth had not died. We don't know what happened, but this is what we believe. His experiments with Kagrenac's Tools had joined him to the heart's divine nature in some way, so that he learned to draw power directly from the heart.

We conjecture that Dagoth Ur, driven by anger and greed, used the heart without caution and restraint, and, as a result, he has become terribly powerful, and terribly mad. But the Tribunal showed great care and restraint in their use of the tools, and so they were not driven mad, and they did many good things. Nonetheless, the Tribunal, too, appear to have been corrupted by the heart's power, though more subtly.
Kagrenac's Tools are cursed. Stealing power from the heart of a god is a terrible folly, and fated to disaster. The Tribunal is losing its battle to control the power of the heart. They are sustained by the same tainted power that drives Dagoth Ur mad. They grow weak, and cannot protect us from Dagoth Ur. But even if they could, would we be wise to worship gods such as these? They conceal the truth from us out of shame. They persecute the Nerevarine and the Dissident priests out of shame, when they should be welcoming them and enlisting their aid against Dagoth Ur.

The Tribunal have done much good for Morrowind and the Dunmer. But they succumbed to the temptation of Kagrenac's Tools, and though these tools once may have seemed the instruments of salvation, now they must be seen as instruments of doom.
[107] Lady Benoch's Words and Philosophy*

See vol. I.
The Last Scabbard of Akrash*

See vol. I.
BEWARE!!!!

HAVE NO DEALINGS with AURANE FRERNIS!!!
She is known to be both UNDERHANDED and UNETHICAL in her dealings!!!
The materials she uses are both SHODDY and DANGEROUS!!!
You could come to GREAT HARM from her products.
Her shop should be AVOIDED AT ALL COSTS!!!
See these testimonials:

"I took potion and got sick. Lost good lunch." - Grugbob G.
"Her materials looked old and stale. Not good for alchemical use." - Daren O.
"She should be disemboweled and fed to nix hounds." - Hlorgenar F.
[110] Ledgers

[110.1] Caldera Ledger

[This book shows the ebony mined in and shipped from Caldera. You don't see anything suspicious in the figures.]
[110.2] East Empire Company Ledger

[This ledger records the items bought and sold by the East Empire Company here in Vvardenfell.]
[110.3] Gnisis Eggmine Ledger

Zebdusipal 4 eggs
Shanud 9 eggs
Mausur 5 eggs
Kummi 6 eggs
[110.4] Hlaalu Vaults Ledger

[This book contains meticulous records of all commerce and transactions via the Hlaalu Vaults as well as an up to date account of the current inventory.]
This book contains meticulous records of all commerce and transactions of the Redoran Vaults as well as an up-to-date account of the current reserves.
Secret Caldera Ledger

[This book shows the ebony mined in and shipped from Caldera. It shows a steady flow of ebony from the mines to something called the "Ashlands Management Fund." Apparently someone in Caldera is using the mines to fund a personal project.]
[110.7] Telvanni Vault Ledger

[This book contains meticulous records of all commerce and transactions via the Telvanni Vault as well as an up to date account of the current inventory.]
[110.8] Yngling's Ledger

[This is a ledger showing how Yngling Half-Troll misdirected funds he was supposed to spend on restoring the Temple in the Redoran Compound in Vivec.]
[111] The Legendary Scourge*

See vol. I.
Legions of the Dead

Undead commonly occur in three basic types: spirit, flesh, and fleshless. Spirit revenants like the ancestor ghost, wraith, and dwarven ghost, can only be harmed by weapons that are enchanted or made of refined substances such as silver. Ancestor ghosts, the most common spirit revenant, are harmless, apart from the minor curses they lay upon their victims. Wraiths are similar to ghosts, but they are capable of inflicting wounds to the careless explorer. Dwarven ghosts are more dangerous still, but they generally appear only in Dwarven ruins.

Flesh revenants, or 'zombies' as they are often called in the West, are known as 'bonewalkers' in Morrowind. Magic preserves the bonewalker's fleshy remains along with the bones and spirit. Bonewalkers are readily identified by the sharp protuberances of bone and metal employed in the rituals that bind them to this plane. All bonewalkers are malevolent and dangerous, but the greater bonewalkers are far worse than the more common 'lesser' bonewalkers. Thankfully, normal weapons harm bonewalkers.

It is difficult to generalize about fleshless revenants, or skeletons. The agility and fighting ability of the animated remains may depend on the abilities of the revenant's former life, and may therefore be weak or strong, or more or less capable with weapons and shields. Fortunately, enchanted weapons are not needed to destroy skeletons. An exception is the bonelord, a peculiar form of revenant that seems to derive its powers more from its spirit energies than from the substance of its skeletal remains. Bonelords are very powerful, and very dangerous. Normal weapons do not affect them.

Vampires were believed to be extinct in Morrowind for centuries. Dunmer culture has a special hatred for vampires, and in earlier times the Ordinators and Buoyant Armigers hunted them to extinction. In recent years, however, vampires have either begun to sneak into Morrowind, or long-dormant ones have been awakened. Vampires vary in their substance and power according to their age and accumulated lore, but even the weakest vampire is immeasurably stronger than most other undead. Note: Ash vampires are not vampires, and are not undead. Ash vampires are extremely dangerous. While their spirit and substance may indeed be preserved by some magical process, the holy warriors of the Tribunal Temple report that spell effects known to affect the undead have no effect on ash vampires.

---

1 Identical with Sharn gra-Muzgob's personal copy (Sharn's Legions of the Dead).
[113] A Less Rude Song*

See vol. I.
[114] Letters

[114.1] Decoded Package

Spymaster Caius Cosades  
Knight-Errant of the Imperial Order of Blades  
Director of Imperial Intelligence in Vvardenfell District, Eastern Provinces

I have the honor to acquaint you with his Majesty's wishes concerning {name}, an individual of no rank or consequence.

{name} has been released from prison by his Majesty's authority and sent to you with this missive. {name} is to be entered as a Novice in the Imperial Order of the Blades, and is to serve under your absolute authority as you shall see fit, except insofar as his Majesty's particular wishes are concerned.

His Majesty's particular wishes are as follows.

A local superstition holds that an orphan and outcast, a youth born on a certain day to uncertain parents, shall unite all the tribes of the Dunmer, drive out the invaders of Morrowind, and shall reestablish the ancient laws and customs of the Dark Elven nations. This orphan and outcast is called in legend the "Nerevarine," and is supposed to be a reincarnation of the long-dead Dunmer General and First Councilor, Lord Indoril Nerevar.

{name} has the appearance of meeting the conditions of this local superstition. Therefore it is his Majesty's desire that {name} shall, insofar as is possible, satisfy the conditions of this ancient prophecy, and shall become the Nerevarine.

Though this prophecy is indeed only an ancient local superstition, his Majesty has taken counsel on this matter with his most expert informants and confidants, and his Majesty is persuaded that the prophecy is genuine and significant, either in its entirety, or in its several parts, and he earnestly demands you treat this matter with the utmost seriousness.

Certain aspects of this ancient superstition are described at the end of this document, and further materials will be forthcoming by courier at the earliest occasion. It will, of course, be necessary that you acquaint yourself better with the details of this ancient superstition from your local sources. Since this matter intimately concerns {name}, it is expected that you will employ him to gather information on this subject. His Majesty has taken a great personal interest in the legends and prophecies of the Nerevarine, and eagerly awaits reports your reports.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your most Humble and Obedient Servant,

Glabrio Bellienus  
Personal Secretary to the Emperor
[114.2] Directions to Caius Cosades

You have been given these directions and a package of documents. Do not show them to anyone. Do not attempt to read the documents in the package. The package has been sealed, and your tampering will be discovered and punished.

Follow these directions.

Proceed to the town of Balmora in Vvardenfell District. Report to a man named Caius Cosades. He will be your superior and patron; you will follow his orders. His residence is not known, but ask at the cornerclub called "South Wall". People there will know where to find Caius Cosades. When you report to Caius Cosades, deliver the package of documents to him, and wait for further orders.

Remember. You owe your life and freedom to the Emperor. Serve him well, and you will be rewarded. Betray him, and you will suffer the fate of all traitors.

I have the Honor to prepare this at the direction of his Most Sovereign Majesty the Emperor Uriel Septim,

Glabrio Bellienus
Personal Secretary to the Emperor
[114.3] For Shara, on my death

My dearest love,
I have failed you. But how? I brought you sacks of comberry, crates of fine clothes, and chests of gold. But still you spurn my affections. I killed the trader who robbed you and still you refuse me. I have sat by your house day after day, rain or sun, waiting for a hint of your affection, but to no avail. I grow weary of this life. Since you have not yet arrived here to meet me, I can only assume the worst - that I will never feel your soft arms around me or watch you sleep without having to fear the guards that now patrol your land.

Goodbye my darling. Think of me fondly and often. And without reaching for your knife.
Handwritten Letter

[Addressed outside: "To my honorable cousin Forven Berano, be this delivered in haste"]

Forven,

I cannot agree. I am a merchant, and have no skill at arms. You are a noble, and in your prime were proven on practice and tournament grounds -- though, in truth, you have never fought a duel, and have few gifts as a liar. No one can doubt Hloggar the Bloody's aptitude and enthusiasm for mayhem, but he is not a subtle man, more suited for a brawl or battlefield than an assassin's role.

And we cannot trust the Dark Brotherhood. Helseth owns them. They promise discretion, but their promises are worthless.

I am afraid we must approach the Morag Tong. I agree with you. They will probably refuse. But at least they can be trusted to be discreet.

If, in the end, we are forced to choose among ourselves, I fear it must be you. And we will have to wrack our brains for some plausible pretext that will get you into Helseth's presence.

I am disappointed, though not surprised, at lack of public outcry over Athyn's murder. The popular sentiment seems to be to avoid personal risk and accept Helseth. It's short-sighted, but understandable. I have noted, however, that the writer of THE COMMON TONGUE is sympathetic to our cause, clever and eloquent. He may be able to sway opinion. We should try to identify this fellow and try to bring him into our counsels.

your faithful servant,
Bedal Alen
Dearest Eraldil,

Long have I watched you from afar, bathing in the light that is your beauty. Long have I wished for the courage to speak to you of my undying love for you.

Your eyes are really, really brown, in that good wood elf kind of way. And your hair. Your hair is really black, and looks good on your head. You walk with grace and beauty, and perhaps someday you'll walk with me, too.

Please, tell me you share my love. I have seen you in my store, browsing for minutes on end. My love for you is so great, I would give you a discount on most all of my items for sale. I look forward to your response.

Yours,

Gadayn
Promissory Note

The East Empire Company agrees to pay the sum of 10,000 drakes to "LD" for services rendered. This note is valid for the duration of one year or until paid in full.

J'Zhirr
East Empire Company
Enclosed is a listing of price increases we discussed. They have been agreed upon by all who must, and may be put into effect when payment is received. Our agreement may continue in force upon payment.

-LD

Durable Goods - +15%
Raw Minerals - +18%
Textiles - +13%
Paper Products - +6%
Weaponry - +8%
Armor - +8%
D. Artifacts - +35%
To the esteemed Arch-Mage Trebonius Artorius, Guildmaster of Vvardenfell,

Upon receiving this letter, you will step down from your post and grant the title of Arch-Mage to {name}. From this day forward, {name} will handle all Guild matters in Vvardenfell. You may keep the title of Arch-Mage, but you will retire from active participation in the affairs of the Guild.

In the Emperor's Name,

Ocato
Dearest Risi,

Why will you not see me? You know how I feel, and I know you feel the same about me. Please, simply consent to speak to me. Just a word, a moment with you, would ease my soul. If I cannot be with you, I will have to resort to something drastic.

Please, consider your feelings. Your husband is a lout, away for weeks at a time, with no consideration for your needs. I have always been there for you, and I always will be. We should be together, dear Risi.

RH
Letter from Tsrazami

Tsrazami asks you to send to Tsrazami all who wish to contact us. Our shadow falls on our free brothers here in Vvardenfell. Do as Tsrazami asks and you may join us soon.

Tsrazami
Dearest Senilias,

The bearer of this note, {name}, has provided useful service, and shown considerable resourcefulness. I have employed {name} in retrieving an item from Arkngthand, so you can count on some familiarity with Dwemer ruins. If you have a place, I believe {name} will give satisfaction.

If you have any luck, perhaps you'll use the bearer to send a note my way.

My best regards and affection to you and Pania,
Hasphat Antabolis
Message from Dagoth Ur

Lord Nerevar Indoril, Hai Resdaynia
My Lord, Friend, and Companion

Once we were friends and brothers, Lord Nerevar, in peace and in war. No houseman ever served you better, or more faithfully. Much that I did was at your command, at great cost to myself, and my honor.

Yet beneath Red Mountain, you struck me down as I guarded the treasure you bound me by oath to defend. It was a cruel blow, a bitter betrayal, to be felled by your hand.

But, remembering our old friendship, I would forgive you, and raise you high in my service. The Sixth House was not dead, but only sleeping. Now we wake from our long dream, coming forth to free Morrowind of foreign rulers and divine pretenders. When the land is swept clean of false friends and greedy thieves, the children of Veloth will build anew a garden of plenty in this blighted wasteland.

Come to Red Mountain, old friend. For the fellowship and honor that once we shared, I would grant you counsel and power, if only you would pledge that friendship anew. The path to Red Mountain is long, and filled with danger, but if you are worthy, you will find there wisdom, a firm friend, and all the power you need to set the world aright.

As ever, your respectful servant and loyal friend,
Lord Voryn Dagoth, Dagoth Ur
MESSAGE FROM MASTER ARYON

Transliteration:

WIIJNUGHWBIJVNDHCDCIDDJXOCDCDLUFJAFCDUYBIXHJBTEBABAEBZBSJEBE
BUJDIDCJEBEBHJENEBULADEZEBDODDFDBDCDBDZFFDJHGDBDEIEJEBGBG
CDQBCDFEBJBJQBGBYABBDFDTCEDBEBIJDHCDIHHJBHBJHYEBJEBYOGHRGBGIK
BBFDFUEBSNIDUDDBGBCEBDJRBWJHNUPBBATSEHBBZCDIDJKDHXTBB
ABLXCDGEDGWUEGBBPCDKJBQJBOJGBHRHMDBCDBRIJDEDHCDLHYJAMBDBB
BBVAEBGBIDUJUIFJAPCDXIEBAQCIIDOTGHIJUACDACIJDEBHLKGBYDBK
HEBIDNIGBHIJBJVXGHGBCDUDHCDEBCAHJPSIDDDHGJJHJIKDEBXEDBTDDHJ
CDBJGBQDIDANIDFJBBTPEBEBBDHJHEEBGUBUDHGHBDICUCD
FFDABKIBBGBGBEBEBLAGBILJKGHFJHGJIJCDBEJEEEBHHIWCNDCHJHIHPH
CBFDEBHHXPUPDADEBUTCDHVHHIJCDBJGTGHIAHJUCWBGBNREBXXKGBUOB
JFWGHSRHEBFDHDFSDFBHXXBBFDRJHIEPBFBGEBBJXNCDBACDWTGDBI
JDHCDCDGFJAPBHVPEBHIJUGCDDIGAJDHIJUCDFDTEBEEBEBGBHJHB
HABBBNBGCBHBOJYCDBJEFEBDHIQBOJTFJWUKHDDSCUDJJKIJBANEBHJ
CJBHHPZGHIJDFDFDBHBIJFCDDBKVJDMXACDPEFDFDMCBHIDLQEBZ
MACDPCDMDHGHNDIJSSHFDMSGBJADBHGIXHELDIJUAGHDBTMDGPPUPD
CDHEKJTJUDHIDUPBBIRAPBDDGGNVIDIAVJHUNWHDGDXJSUJDXCDCEOBEBG
HBHJUNHUNHXTGHJHEXFBDJRIBHFDVVHEBEBUFJBBZFHBGHFIDEBMSIJEBELGH
GBHGDGGBJUKPDFHMCCDFTBHFGTJGHIJBEBFDQJEBEBNTFICDIJ
WBCDFEBEBBBRDEHPGBBDPBCDBRMCDZRSBZGBNMIDHRYHVPCD
GBWZBBAEGBGMJLMBCDFTDUGHCUJEQDHFJIIHPADYCUJESBWBFBXH
FJEBUSFUDHBBIEBEBGCHQHJDQBBJCHCDLGHXYFDLBICDZNHUBTBGBBJ
OADEBDIJUCDHCBBLNGDBSEJKBKDBCDJKABCDHVDEEBEFAGADBEBBE
BJCIFDFJHCPHBCDMHIJMEEBGBHHUFUPRTGHJUDHCDZLFJEGBKMYBDXJHJRC
HBBRMJHBHBBGGBCDBBHJUWKDEEBEBWIGHUOHJHEJHJDHEUGHLFBHYGH
PMHJCDBJIDUIHBBQHCDGUBYJFBBRIDIUCDJHJAZBBIJRRDEEBEBGHUGB
Response from Divayth Fyr

Transliteration:

FGIJMZGHZIFJEBEBCJGHHJWGFJQPCDFEHJMNIDGAIJYJHBITMCDNEGBQIHJFICDDBHJXACDIBBBDBDFDATABEBYMEBFJHJDJBJFCDFMBHNDFDNSEBGBKDCDWEREBEBTZGHIHMHBHJGHINCCICDRYHJGBEBAIEGBAWGHBVADADVKEHEZBBJEBEBGHHBBIBQCDETHFDBBBGBGBJEJBMGBAIDDBBBBGBBJTVEBADKOEBGLIDUWDEBEBCYGHJHLADWWCDZQFDICFDJEBBBHBBABFWCDBIUJSIDCFERJHJSFJHJKIDUJHNWCDPLIDOCBKBKCDNBAAUCINXGHIJMEUBEBDWHHJHBUDTUGHCDASGHGBBBFDVDVTEBEBBDDJHHRURPQEBQSBBJZHGBHGBHUBLADEBIDHKAJHFGHEBUUGBAGHKGFDACDASFJMVEBBYNIDXSCAQFDJCYYEGBVUUDHLECDBJDBFDEGBDBIDGHVCUJAUADHSCICDBHDMGAEXHBGBCLBHJEJBFDAEBJCWCDHGCDFEBEBGBHGUHADZLEBFDFDNUCEJEBUXGBVQUIGIDGHFPBFICDGHGBCTJFJOMGHHJCIDJHSAEBXETQBBAAADBIPEDURCADDMUJHEBEQPGHJHHBHJHBDJHJDHIKHOGBHDDITCVDVDMBGBHSGWGHGBEJUXEBQFDCAJFDBHUVCDGBPCHBCDJIHDJBBVQHBBKIDEBEBGBHMJHBBGHWMHJFDJCSHBDVCDHUGFIDOSHBBBJTXCDBSTBBVZFDQSBBBBJUFBDBJEBXMABRRBBEBEBJJDHCJEBEBHJ
Brother,

I fear by the time you get this writing, I will have been accepted into the hands of death. I am glad you are not here for the onslaught. We are outnumbered, five undead to a man. I don't know how they got in! We swept the halls of this house of the dead, then we locked up. We were alone. Just myself, Pegasai, Jonis, and Luven. As soon as we saw the first wave, it appeared from behind! I have no idea how they were able to surprise us. It's as if they were appearing out of nowhere. Summoned to this position somehow. We fought long and hard, until we could barely hold our weapons up anymore. Jonis was the first one to get cut down. Brother, our longtime friend Jonis, died in front of me in the most horrible way. But do know, he died with the honor of a fighting man. This battle will not be won. Pegasai urged me deeper into the tomb. I saw not Luven, but heard his dying scream come from somewhere within the tomb. I am taking refuge in this main burial chamber. I am here with our due payment from Goris. He will not get it from my living hands. I will hold up until Pegasai comes for me, or until those cursed bonewalkers come to finish me off.

We committed ourselves to aiding Goris in a task, putting our butts on the line, and he promised payment. I'll be damned if he is going to take it back! Brother, if you make it here and find nothing more than my corpse, I hope you can make some sense out of my final letter to you. Avenge your Brother, and your trusting colleagues so that our souls may lay in peace. Goris can be found in a tomb in Tel Mora. We loot and hideout in the occasional tomb, but that sick fool lives in a tomb with his deader companions. Without his knowledge, I forged a key that fits his tomb entry. Use it to gain entry to his lair. Goris should not, and cannot, get the last action. He betrayed us and used us. Avenge my Brother. Avenge!

Live long and may you always be in good health,
Tyronius
Ser Yngling,

I must admit that I was surprised by your request for funds to repair the House Hlaalu Temple in Vivec. Before our meeting last week I knew only that you were an outlander and not a member of our Temple. Once again, I ask that you forgive an old man for heeding to false rumors. Now that I have met you, I am sure that your motives are pure, and you can restore the Temple to its former glory.

House Hlaalu has neglected its Temple in Vivec for many years and it is in a state of disrepair. Given the difficulty of this restoration, I would be pleased to contribute 50,000 drakes to your efforts.

Archcanon Saryoni
[115] Lists

[115.1] Client List

Current Orders
Fendryn Drelvi - Grand Soul Gem, Daedra (any)
Garas Seloth - Ring, Mysticism
Fevyn Ralen - Steel Sparksword
Landa - Arrows of Wasting Spark (40)
Salver Lleran - Ring of Wildfire (exquisite)
Tolmera Relenim - Greater Soul Gems (10, empty)
YOUR LIFE
DEPENDS ON IT!

When your life is on the line, you demand the very best.

And the very best is...

CUSTOM ARMOR
BY BOLS INDALEN

Hand-crafted glass, adamantium, and ebony armors, custom-fitted to your frame, provide the very best protection. For generations, the Indalen family have provided custom armors for the greatest nobles and warriors of Mournhold -- and at a price you can afford.

You provide the materials and pay for our peerless craftsmanship... and in 24 hours, you can be wearing your very own custom armor.

MATERIALS AND PRICE LIST

EBONY ARMORS
Ebony Cuirass: 30 raw ebony and 24500 gold
Ebony Left Pauldron: 21 raw ebony and 16800 gold
Ebony Right Pauldron: 21 raw ebony and 16800 gold
Ebony Left Bracer: 12 raw ebony and 7000 gold
Ebony Right Bracer: 12 raw ebony and 7000 gold
Ebony Greaves: 18 raw ebony and 15400 gold
Ebony Boots: 9 raw ebony and 7000 gold
Ebony Helm: 12 raw ebony and 10500 gold

GLASS ARMORS
Glass Cuirass: 30 raw glass and 19600 gold
Glass Left Pauldron: 21 raw glass and 13400 gold
Glass Right Pauldron: 21 raw glass and 13400 gold
Glass Left Bracer: 12 raw glass and 5600 gold
Glass Right Bracer: 12 raw glass and 5600 gold
Glass Greaves: 18 raw glass and 12300 gold
Glass Boots: 9 raw glass and 5600 gold
Glass Helm: 12 raw glass and 8400 gold

ADAMANTIUM ARMORS
Adamantium Cuirass: 10 adamantium ore and 6000 gold
Adamantium Left Pauldron: 7 adamantium ore and 500 gold
Adamantium Right Pauldron: 7 adamantium ore and 500 gold
Adamantium Left Bracer: 4 adamantium ore and 600 gold
Adamantium Right Bracer: 4 adamantium ore and 600 gold
Adamantium Right Bracer: 4 adamantium ore and 600 gold
Adamantium Greaves: 6 adamantium ore and 6000 gold
Adamantium Boots: 3 adamantium ore and 4200 gold
Adamantium Helm: 4 adamantium ore and 3000 gold
You call yourself a hunter, now prove it. Hiding in the wilds of Solstheim are the elusive white snow bears and snow wolves. It is said their fur can protect against the most frigid cold. Kill these beasts, claim their pelts, and you could be the proud owner of...

CUSTOM FUR ARMOR
CRAFTED BY BRYNJOLFR

Imagine beautiful light white fur armor, made from the pelts of Solstheim's mysterious snow wolves and snow bears. Never before have I forged such armor, because nobody has been skilled enough to bring down the beasts. Could you be the first?

Kill the beasts, bring me their pelts and enough gold, and I'll craft the best light armor found on Solstheim or anywhere else.

MATERIALS AND PRICE LIST

SNOW BEAR ARMORS
Snow Bear Cuirass: 5 snow bear pelts and 6000 gold
Snow Bear Left Pauldron: 2 snow bear pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Bear Right Pauldron: 2 snow bear pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Bear Left Gauntlet: 2 snow bear pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Bear Right Gauntlet: 2 snow bear pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Bear Greaves: 4 snow bear pelts and 5000 gold
Snow Bear Boots: 3 snow bear pelts and 3000 gold
Snow Bear Helm: 2 snow bear pelts and 2000 gold

SNOW WOLF ARMORS
Snow Wolf Cuirass: 5 snow wolf pelts and 6000 gold
Snow Wolf Pauldron: 2 snow wolf pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Wolf Pauldron: 2 snow wolf pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Wolf Left Gauntlet: 2 snow wolf pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Wolf Right Gauntlet: 2 snow wolf pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Wolf Greaves: 4 snow wolf pelts and 5000 gold
Snow Wolf Boots: 3 snow wolf pelts and 3000 gold
Snow Wolf Helm: 2 snow wolf pelts and 2000 gold
Prisoners currently being held in the Hlaalu Prisons:

Frelene Acques held for questioning.

Ralyn Farothran held for attempting to bribe an noble of House Hlaalu.
If you would be wise, model your lives on the lives of the saints.

If you would learn valor, follow St. Nerevar the Captain, patron of Warriors and Statesmen. Lord Nerevar helped to unite the barbarian Dunmer tribes into a great nation, culminating in his martyrdom when leading the Dunmer to victory against the evil Dwemer and the traitorous House Dagoth in the Battle of Red Mountain.

If you would learn daring, follow Saint Veloth the Pilgrim, Patron of Outcasts and Spiritual Seekers. Saint Veloth, prophet and mystic, led the Dunmer out of the decadent home country of the Summerset Isles and into the promised land of Morrowind. Saint Veloth also taught the difference between the Good and Bad Daedra, and won the aid of the Good Daedra for his people while teaching how to carefully negotiate with the Bad Daedra.

If you would learn generosity, follow Saint Rilms the Barefooted, Patron of Pilgrims and Beggars. Saint Rilms gave away her shoes, then dressed and appeared as a beggar to better acquaint herself with the poor.

If you would learn self-respect and respect for others, follow Saint Aralor the Penitent, Patron of Tanners and Miners. This foul criminal repented his sins and traveled a circuit of the great pilgrimages on his knees.

If you would learn mercy and its fruits, follow Saint Seryn the Merciful, Patron of Brewers, Bakers, Distillers. This pure virgin of modest aspect could heal all diseases at the price of taking the disease upon herself. Tough-minded and fearless, she took on the burdens of others, and bore those burdens to an honored old age.

If you would learn fierce justice, follow Saint Felms the Bold, Patron of Butchers and Fishmongers. This brave warlord slew the Nord invaders and drove them from our lands. He could neither read nor write, receiving inspiration directly from the lips of Almsivi.

If you would learn pride of race and tribe, follow Saint Roris the Martyr, Patron of Furnishers and Caravaners. Captured by Argonians just before the Arnesian War, Roris proudly refused to renounce the Tribunal faith, and withstood the cruel tortures of Argonian sorcerers. Vengeance and justice for the martyred Saint Roris was the rallying cry of the Arnesian War.

If you would learn the rule of law and justice, follow Saint Olms the Just, Patron of Chandlers and Clerks. Founder of the Ordinators, Saint Olms conceived and articulated the fundamental principles of testing, ordeal, and repentance.

If you would learn benevolence, follow Saint Delyn the Wise, Patron of Potters and Glassmakers. Saint Delyn was head of House Indoril, a skilled lawyer, and author of many learned treatises on Tribunal law and custom.
If you would learn the love of peace, follow Saint Meris the Peacemaker, Patron of Farmers and Laborers. As a little girl, Saint Meris showed healing gifts, and trained as a Healer. She ended a long and bloody House War, intervening on the battlefield in her white robe to heal warriors and spellcrafters without regard to faction. The troops of all House adopted white robes as her standard, and refused to shed the blood of their brethren.

If you would learn reverence, follow Saint Llothis the Pious, Patron of Tailors and Dyers. Contemporary and companion of the Tribunals, and the best-loved Alma Rula of the Tribunal Temple, he formulated the central rituals and principles of the New Temple Faith. Saint Llothis is the symbolic mortal bridge between the gods and the faithful, and the archetypal priest.
[117] The Locked Room*

See vol. I.
[118] Logs

[118.1] Dren's Shipping Log

[This appears to be the records of Orvas Dren's incoming and outgoing shipments, complete with dates and business partners.]
Prisoners currently held in Pelagiad:

Morbash gro-Shagdub, Orc male, good condition

Held for brawling at the Halfway Inn. Fines to be paid in hard labor for damages to three chairs, a table, and two windows at the Halfway Inn.

New-Shoes Bragor, Bosmer male, fair condition

Held for theft, attempted robbery, conspiracy, consorting with thieves, and resisting arrest.
[118.3] Starlover's Log*

See vol. I.
[118.4] Warehouse Shipping Log

[This appears to be the records of incoming and outgoing shipments, complete with dates and business partners.]
[119] Lord Jornibret's Last Dance*

See vol. I.
[120] The Lost Prophecy

The Lost Prophecy

[from the Apographa of the Dissident Priests, annotated by Gilvas Barelo, Abbot of Holamayan]

From seventh sign of eleventh generation,
Neither Hound nor Guar, nor Seed nor Harrow,
But Dragon-born and far-star-marked,
Outlander Incarnate beneath Red Mountain,
Blessed Guest counters seven curses,
Star-blessed hand wields thrice-cursed blade,
To reap the harvest of the unmourned house.

Notes

Lines 1-3: 'Of ancient family, but not of the four great Ashlander clans. Born under foreign stars and the sign of the Dragon -- the Imperial sign.'

Line 4-5: 'Outlander Incarnate' appears as a formal epithet, stressing the linkage between the words. The Outlander Incarnate is a 'blessed guest', one not born of the tribes but accepted as a guest with rights of hearth and hospitality. Under Red Mountain he will confront and balance against seven curses. See the 'Seven Curses' prophecy; also, Dagoth Ur is served by his seven kin, once great wizard-lords, called 'ash vampires' by the Ashlanders.

Line 6-7: 'Star-blessed' suggests Azura, the Daedra Lord and patron of magic, fate, and prophecy. 'Thrice-cursed blade' may refer to a weapon called Keening, associated in certain legends with the Battle of Red Mountain and Dwemer craftlord Kagrenac. 'Reap the harvest' is a reference to the proverb, "You harvest from the seeds you plant," which means you get what your labors deserve, in both a positive sense of reward and negative sense of punishment. The 'unmourned house' could be either or both of the lost Great Houses of the Dunmer -- House Dwemer and House Dagoth.
[121] The Lunar Lorkhan*

See vol. I.
[122] The Lusty Argonian Maid*

See vol. I.
[123] The Madness of Pelagius*

See vol. I.
[124.1] Locations of the Stones
Buoyant Armiger's Map of Red Mountain

Citadel Vemynal: northwest
Citadel Tureynulal: northeast
Citadel Dagoth: center
Citadel Endusal: southwest
Citadel Odrosal: southeast
Ghostgate: south
Kelmeril Brin had very definite opinions on how things should be done. Every slave he bought on the day he bought him or her was soundly whipped in the courtyard for a period of one to three hours, depending on the individual degree of independent spirit. The whip he used -- or had his castellan use -- was of wet, knotted cloth, which regularly drew blood but very seldom maimed. To his great satisfaction and personal pride, few slaves ever needed to be whipped more than once. The memory of their first day, and the sight and sound of every subsequent slave's first day, stayed with them throughout their lives.

When Brin bought his first Bosmer slave, he ordered his castellan to whip him only for an hour. The creature, which Brin had named Dob, seemed so much more delicate than the Argonians and Khajiiti and Orcs who made up the bulk of his slaves. Dob was clearly ill suited for work in the mines or in the fields, but he seemed presentable enough for domestic service.

Dob did his work quietly and tolerably well. Brin occasionally had to correct him by refusing him food, but the punishment never needed to go further. Whenever guests arrived at the plantation, the sight of the exotic and elegant addition to Brin's household staff always impressed them.

"Here, you," said Genethah Illoc, a minor but still noble member of the House Indoriil, as Dob presented her with a glass of wine. "Were you born a slave?"

"No, sedura," Dob answered with a bow. "I used to rob nice ladies like you on the road."

The company all laughed with delight, but Kelmeril Brin checked with the slave trader from whom he had bought Dob, and found that the story was true. The Bosmer had been a highwayman, though not one of any great notoriety, before he had been caught and sold into slavery as punishment. It seemed so extraordinary that a quiet fellow like Dob, who always looked respectfully downward at the sight of his superiors, could have been a criminal. Brin made up his mind to question him about it.

"You must have used some sort of weapon when you were robbing all those pilgrims and merchants," Brin grinned as he watched Dob mop.

"Yes, sedura," Dob replied humbly. "A bow."

"Of course. You Bosmeri are supposed to be very handy with those," Brin thought a moment and then asked: "A bit of a marksman, were you?"

Dob nodded humbly.
"You will tutor my son Wodilic in archery," the master said after another moment's pause. Wodilic was twelve years of age and had been rather sadly spoiled by his mother, Brin's late wife. The boy was useless at swordplay, fearful of being cut. He embarrassed his father's pride, but the personality defect seemed ideally suited to the bow.

Brin had his castellan purchase a finely wrought bow, several quivers of arrows, and ordered targets to be set up in the wildflower field next to the plantation house. In a few days time, the lessons began.

For the first few days, the master watched Wodilic and Dob to be certain that the slave knew how to teach. He was pleased to see the boy learn the grips and the different stances. Business concerns, however, had to take precedence. Brin only had time to see to it that the lessons were continuing, but not how well they were progressing.

It was a month's time before the issue was reexamined. Brin and his castellan were reviewing the plantation's earnings and expenses, and they had come to the area of miscellaneous household costs.

"You might also check to see how many targets in the field need to be repaired."

"I have already anticipated that, sedura," said the castellan. "They are in pristine condition."

"How is that possible?" Brin shook his head. "I've seen targets fall apart after only a few good shots. There shouldn't be anything left after a month's worth of lessons."

"There are no holes of any kind in the targets, sedura. See for yourself."

As it happened at that hour, the marksmanship lesson was underway. Brin walked across the field, watching Dob guide Wodilic's arm as the boy took aim at the sky. The arrow flew up into an arc, over the top of the target, burying itself in the ground. Brin examined the target and found it to be, as his castellan said, in pristine condition. No arrow had touched it.

"Master Wodilic, you must pull your right arm down further," Dob was saying. "And the follow-through is essential if you expect your arrow to gain any height."

"Height?" Brin snarled. "What about accuracy? Unless he's been secretly racking up a high kill ratio on birds, you haven't taught my son a thing about marksmanship."

Dob bowed humbly. "Sedura, first Master Wodilic must become comfortable with the weapon before he need worry about accuracy. In Valenwood, we learn by watching the bolt arc at different levels, in different winds, before we try very hard to strike targets."

Brin's face turned purple with fury: "I'm not a fool! I should have known not to trust a slave with my boy's education!"

The master grabbed Dob and shoved him toward the plantation house. Dob, head down, began the humble, shuffling walk he had learned in his domestic duties. Wodilic, tears streaming down his face, tried to follow.
"You stay and practice!" roared his father. "Try aiming at the target itself, not at the sky! You are not coming back into the house until there is one hole in that damned bullseye!"

The boy tearfully returned to practice, while Brin brought Dob into the courtyard and called for his whip. Dob suddenly broke away and scrambled to hide between some barrels in the center of the yard.

"Take your punishment, slave! I should have never shown you mercy the day I bought you!" Brin bellowed, bringing the whip down on Dob's exposed back again and again. "I have to toughen you up! There'll be no more soft jobs as tutor and valet in your future!"

Wodilic's plaintive yell drifted in from the meadow: "I can't! Father, I can't hit it!"

"Master Wodilic!" Dob cried back as loud as he could, his voice shaking with pain. "Keep your left arm straight and aim slightly east! The wind has changed!"

"Stop confusing my son!" Brin screamed. "You'll be in the saltrice fields if I don't beat you to death first! Like you deserve!"

"Dob!" the boy wailed, far away. "I still can't hit it!"

"Master Wodilic! Take four steps back, aim east, and don't be afraid of the height!" Dob tore away from the barrels, hiding under a cart near the wall. Brin pursued him, raining down blows.

The boy's arrow sailed high over the target and kept climbing, reaching a pinnacle at the edge of the plantation house before coming down in a magnificent arc. Brin tasted the blood before he realized he'd been hit. Gingerly, he raised his hands and felt the arrowhead protruding out of the back of his neck. He looked at Dob crouching under the wagon, and thought he saw a thin smile cross the slave's lips. Just for an instant before he died, Brin saw the face of the rogue highwayman on Dob.

"Bullseye, Master Wodilic!" Dob crowed.
[126] Master Zoaraym's Tale*

See vol. I.
[127] The Mirror*

See vol. I.
In Vivec, look for these three persons and get them to tell you what they know about the Nerevarine cult and the Sixth House cult. Each owes me a favor, and each should be willing to cooperate.

Addhiranirr is a Khajiit, and a Thieves Guild operative. She won't be easy to find, but ask around in St. Olms Canton. Folks are easily offended in St. Olms; be careful what you say. A little courtesy, a little coin, a little favor in the right place will get you in touch with her.

Huleeya is an Argonian and a Morag Tong assassin. Look for him in the Foreign Quarter, at the Black Shalk Cornerclub. He's known around Vivec City as a lover of books and old things.

Mehra Milo is a Temple priestess who works in the libraries at the Hall of Wisdom and Justice. The Hall of Wisdom and Justice is open to the public. Just walk around until you find her. Do NOT ask anyone at the Hall of Wisdom and Justice about Mehra Milo. I don't want to draw attention to the fact that she is talking to an outlander. Mehra Milo is a particular friend, and I don't want her to get in trouble.

When you've spoken with each of these persons, and gotten what information they can give you, return and report to me.
[129] Mixed Unit Tactics in the Five Years War

See vol. I.
"In Mundus, conflict and disparity are what bring change, and change is the most sacred of the Eleven Forces. Change is the force without focus or origin."-Oegnithr, Taheritae, Order of PSJJJJ

Simply put, the schism in the Human/Aldmeri worldview is the mortal's relationship to the divine. Humans take the humble path that they were created by the immortal forces, while the Aldmer claim descent from them. It doesn't seem like much, but it is a distinction that colors the rest of their diverging mythologies.

All Tamrielic religions begin the same. Man or mer, things begin with the dualism of Anu and His Other. These twin forces go by many names: Anu-Padomay, Anuiel-Sithis, Ak-El, Satak-Akel, Is-Is Not. Anuiel is the Everlasting Ineffable Light, Sithis is the Corrupting Inexpressible Action. In the middle is the Gray Maybe ('Nirn' in the Ehlnofex).

In most cultures, Anuiel is honored for his part of the interplay that creates the world, but Sithis is held in highest esteem because he's the one that causes the reaction. Sithis is thus the Original Creator, an entity who intrinsically causes change without design. Even the hist acknowledge this being.

Anuiel is also perceived of as Order, opposed to the Sithis-Chaos. Perhaps it is easier for mortals to envision change than perfect stasis, for often Anuiel is relegated to the mythic background of Sithis' fancies. In Yokudan folk-tales, which are among the most vivid in the world, Satak is only referred to a handful of times, as "the Hum"; he is a force so prevalent as to be not really there at all.

In any case, from these two beings spring the et'Ada, or Original Spirits. To humans these et'Ada are the Gods and Demons; to the Aldmer, the Aedra/Daedra, or the 'Ancestors'. All of the 'Tamrielic pantheons fill their rosters from these et'Ada, though divine membership often differs from culture to culture. Like Anu and Padomay, though, every one of these pantheons contains the archetypes of the Dragon God and the Missing God.

The Dragon God and the Missing God

The Dragon God is always related to Time, and is universally revered as the "First God." He is often called Akatsosh, "whose perch from Eternity allowed the day." He is the central God of the Cyrodilic Empire.

The Missing God is always related to the Mortal Plane, and is a key figure in the Human/Aldmeri schism. The 'missing' refers to either his palpable absence from the pantheon (another mental distress that is interpreted a variety of ways), or the removal of his 'divine spark' by the other immortals. He is often called Lorkhan, and his epitaphs are many, equally damnable and devout.
Note that Tamriel and the Mortal Plane do not exist yet. The Gray Maybe is still the playground of the Original Spirits. Some are more bound to Anu's light, others to the unknowable void. Their constant flux and interplay increase their number, and their personalities take long to congeal. When Akatosh forms, Time begins, and it becomes easier for some spirits to realize themselves as beings with a past and a future. The strongest of the recognizable spirits crystallize: Mephala, Arkay, Y'ffre, Magnus, Rupgta, etc., etc. Others remain as concepts, ideas, or emotions. One of the strongest of these, a barely formed urge that the others call Lorkhan, details a plan to create Mundus, the Mortal Plane.

Humans, with the exception of the Redguards, see this act as a divine mercy, an enlightenment whereby lesser creatures can reach immortality. Aldmer, with the exception of the Dark Elves, see this act as a cruel deception, a trick that sundered their connection to the spirit plane.

The Myth of Aurbis

Subtitled "The Psijiic Compensation," "Mythic Aurbis" was an attempt by Artaeum apologists to explain the basics of Aldmeri religion to Uriel V in the early, glorious part of his reign. It quietly avoided any blame or bias against the Lorkhan-concept, which was still held in esteem by the Cyrodiils as "Shezarr", the missing sibling of the Divines. Despite this, the Psijici still give a nice summary of the Elder view, and it will serve our purposes here. This version comes from the archives of the Imperial Seminary from the handwritten notes of an unknown scribe.

Mythic Aurbis exists, and has existed from time without measure, as a fanciful Unnatural Realm.

'Aurbis' is used to connote the imperceptible Penumbra, the Gray Center between the IS/IS NOT of Anu and Padomay. It contains the multitude realms of Aetherius and Oblivion, as well as other, less structured forms.

The magical beings of Mythic Aurbis live for a long time and have complex narrative lives, creating the patterns of myth.

These are spirits made from bits of the immortal polarity. The first of these was Akatosh the Time Dragon, whose formation made it easier for other spirits to structure themselves. Gods and demons form and reform and procreate.

Finally, the magical beings of Mythic Aurbis told the ultimate story -- that of their own death. For some this was an artistic transfiguration into the concrete, non-magical substance of the world. For others, this was a war in which all were slain, their bodies becoming the substance of the world. For yet others, this was a romantic marriage and parenthood, with the parent spirits naturally having to die and give way to the succeeding mortal races.

The agent of this communal decision was Lorkhan, whom most early myths vilify as a trickster or deceiver. More sympathetic versions of this story point out Lorkhan as being the reason the mortal plane exists at all.
The magical beings created the races of the mortal Aurbis in their own image, either consciously as artists and craftsmen, or as the fecund rotting matter out of which the mortals sprung forth, or in a variety of other analogical senses.

The magical beings, then, having died, became the et'Ada. The et'Ada are the things perceived and revered by the mortals as gods, spirits, or geniuses of Aurbis. Through their deaths, these magical beings separated themselves in nature from the other magical beings of the Unnatural realms.

The Daedra were created at this time also, being spirits and Gods more attuned to Oblivion, or that realm closer to the Void of Padomay. This act is the dawn of the Mythic (Merethic) Era. It has been perceived by the earliest mortals many different ways, either as a joyous 'second creation', or (especially by the Elves) as a painful fracturing from the divine. The originator of the event is always Lorkhan.

Lorkhan

This Creator-Trickster-Tester deity is in every Tamrielic mythic tradition. His most popular name is the Aldmeri "Lorkhan," or Doom Drum. He convinced or contrived the Original Spirits to bring about the creation of the Mortal Plane, upsetting the status quo much like his father Padomay had introduced instability into the universe in the Beginning Place. After the world is materialized, Lorkhan is separated from his divine center, sometimes involuntarily, and wands the creation of the et'Ada. Interpretations of these events differ widely by culture. Below are some of the better known:

Yokudan, "Satakal the Worldskin"

"Satakal was First Serpent, the Snake who came Before, and all the worlds to come rested in the glimmer of its scales. But it was so big there was nothing but, and thus it was coiled around and around itself, and the worlds to come slid across each other but none had room to breathe or even be. And so the worlds called to something to save them, to let them out, but of course there was nothing outside the First Serpent, so aid had to come from inside it; this was Akel, the Hungry Stomach. Akel made itself known, and Satakal could only think about what it was, and it was the best hunger, so it ate and ate. Soon there was enough room to live in the worlds and things began. These things were new and they often made mistakes, for there was hardly time to practice being things before. So most things ended quickly or were not good or gave up on themselves. Some things were about to start, but they were eaten up as Satak got to that part of its body. This was a violent time.

"Pretty soon Akel caused Satakal to bite its own heart and that was the end. The hunger, though, refused to stop, even in death, and so the First Serpent shed its skin to begin anew. As the old world died, Satak began, and when things realized this pattern so did they realize what their part in it was. They began to take names, like Ruptga or Tuwhacca, and they strode about looking for their kin. As Satak ate itself over and over, the strongest spirits learned to bypass the cycle by moving at strange angles. They called this process the Walkabout, a way of striding between the worldskins. Ruptga was so big that he was able to place the stars in the sky so that weaker spirits might find their way easier. This practice became so easy for the spirits that it became a place, called the Far Shores, a time of waiting until the next skin.
"Ruptga was able to sire many children through the cycles and so he became known as the Tall Papa. He continued to place stars to map out the void for others, but after so many cycles there were almost too many spirits to help out. He made himself a helper from the detritus of past skins and this was Sep, or Second Serpent. Sep had much of the Hungry Stomach still left in him, multiple hungers from multiple skins. He was so hungry he could not think straight. Sometimes he would just eat the spirits he was supposed to help, but Tall Papa would always reach in and take them back out. Finally, tired of helping Tall Papa, Sep went and gathered the rest of the old skins and balled them up, tricking spirits to help him, promising them this was how you reached the new world, by making one out of the old. These spirits loved this way of living, as it was easier. No more jumping from place to place. Many spirits joined in, believing this was good thinking. Tall Papa just shook his head.

"Pretty soon the spirits on the skin-ball started to die, because they were very far from the real world of Satakal. And they found that it was too far to jump into the Far Shores now. The spirits that were left pleaded with Tall Papa to take them back. But grim Ruptga would not, and he told the spirits that they must learn new ways to follow the stars to the Far Shores now. If they could not, then they must live on through their children, which was not the same as before. Sep, however, needed more punishment, and so Tall Papa squashed the Snake with a big stick. The hunger fell out of Sep's dead mouth and was the only thing left of the Second Serpent. While the rest of the new world was allowed to strive back to godhood, Sep could only slink around in a dead skin, or swim about in the sky, a hungry void that jealously tried to eat the stars."

Cyrodilic "Shezarr's Song"

"This was a new thing that Shezarr described to the Gods, becoming mothers and fathers, being responsible, and making great sacrifices, with no guarantee of success, but Shezarr spoke beautifully to them, and moved them beyond mystery and tears. Thus the Aedra gave free birth to the world, the beasts, and the beings, making these things from parts of themselves. This free birth was very painful, and afterwards the Aedra were no longer young, and strong, and powerful, as they had been from the beginning of days.

"Some Aedra were disappointed and bitter in their loss, and angry with Shezarr, and with all creation, for they felt Shezarr had lied and tricked them. These Aedra, the Gods of the Aldmer, led by Auri-El, were disgusted by their enfeebled selves, and by what they had created. 'Everything is spoiled, for now, and for all time, and the most we can do is teach the Elven Races to suffer nobly, with dignity, and chastise ourselves for our folly, and avenge ourselves upon Shezarr and his allies.' Thus are the Gods of the Elves dark and brooding, and thus are the Elves ever dissatisfied with mortality, and always proud and stoic despite the harshness of this cruel and indifferent world.

"Other Aedra looked upon creation, and were well pleased. These Aedra, the Gods of Men and Beast Folk, led by Akatosh, praised and cherished their wards, the Mortal Races. 'We have suffered, and are diminished, for all time, but the mortal world we have made is glorious, filling our hearts and spirits with hope. Let us teach the Mortal Races to live well, to cherish beauty and honor, and to love one another as we love them.' Thus are the Gods of Men tender and patient, and thus are Men and Beast Folk great in heart for joy or suffering, and ambitious for greater wisdom and a better world.
"Now when the Daedra Lords heard Shezarr, they mocked him, and the other Aedra. 'Cut parts of ourselves off? And lose them? Forever? That's stupid! You'll be sorry! We are far smarter than you, for we will create a new world out of ourselves, but we will not cut it off, or let it mock us, but we will make this world within ourselves, forever ours, and under our complete control.'

"So the Daedra Lords created the Daedric Realms, and all the ranks of Lesser Daedra, great and small. And, for the most part, the Daedra Lords were well pleased with this arrangement, for they always had worshippers and servants and playthings close to hand. But, at the same time, they sometimes looked with envy upon the Mortal Realms, for though mortals were foul and feeble and contemptible, their passions and ambitions were also far more surprising and entertaining than the antics of the Lesser Daedra. Thus do the Daedra Lords court and seduce certain amusing specimens of the Mortal Races, especially the passionate and powerful. It gives the Daedra Lords special pleasure to steal away from Shezarr and the Aedra the greatest and most ambitious mortals. 'Not only are you fools to mutilate yourselves,' gloat the Daedra Lords, 'But you cannot even keep the best pieces, which prefer the glory and power of the Daedra Lords to the feeble vulgarity of the mush-minded Aedra.'"

Altmeri "The Heart of the World"

"Anu encompassed, and encompasses, all things. So that he might know himself he created Anuiel, his soul and the soul of all things. Anuiel, as all souls, was given to self-reflection, and for this he needed to differentiate between his forms, attributes, and intellects. Thus was born Sithis, who was the sum of all the limitations Anuiel would utilize to ponder himself. Anuiel, who was the soul of all things, therefore became many things, and this interplay was and is the Aurbis.

"At first the Aurbis was turbulent and confusing, as Anuiel's ruminations went on without design. Aspects of the Aurbis then asked for a schedule to follow or procedures whereby they might enjoy themselves a little longer outside of perfect knowledge. So that he might know himself this way, too, Anu created Auriel, the soul of his soul. Auriel bled through the Aurbis as a new force, called time. With time, various aspects of the Aurbis began to understand their natures and limitations. They took names, like Magnus or Mara or Xen. One of these, Lorkhan, was more of a limit than a nature, so he could never last long anywhere.

"As he entered every aspect of Anuiel, Lorkhan would plant an idea that was almost wholly based on limitation. He outlined a plan to create a soul for the Aurbis, a place where the aspects of aspects might even be allowed to self-reflect. He gained many followers; even Auriel, when told he would become the king of the new world, agreed to help Lorkhan. So they created the Mundus, where their own aspects might live, and became the et'Ada.

"But this was a trick. As Lorkhan knew, this world contained more limitations than not and was therefore hardly a thing of Anu at all. Mundus was the House of Sithis. As their aspects began to die off, many of the et'Ada vanished completely. Some escaped, like Magnus, and that is why there are no limitations to magic. Others, like Y'ffre, transformed themselves into the Ehlnofey, the Earthbones, so that the whole world might not die. Some had to marry and make children just to last. Each generation was weaker than the last, and soon there were Aldmer. Darkness caved in. Lorkhan made armies out of the weakest souls and named them Men, and they brought Sithis into every quarter."
"Auriel pleaded with Anu to take them back, but he had already filled their places with something else. But his soul was gentler and granted Auriel his Bow and Shield, so that he might save the Aldmer from the hordes of Men. Some had already fallen, like the Chimer, who listened to tainted et'Ada, and others, like the Bosmer, had soiled Time's line by taking Mannish wives.

"Auriel could not save Altmora, the Elder Wood, and it was lost to Men. They were chased south and east to Old Ehlnofey, and Lorkhan was close behind. He shattered that land into many. Finally Trinimac, Auriel's greatest knight, knocked Lorkhan down in front of his army and reached in with more than hands to take his Heart. He was undone. The Men dragged Lorkhan's body away and swore blood vengeance on the heirs of Auriel for all time.

"But when Trinimac and Auriel tried to destroy the Heart of Lorkhan it laughed at them. It said, "This Heart is the heart of the world, for one was made to satisfy the other." So Auriel fastened the thing to an arrow and let it fly long into the sea, where no aspect of the new world may ever find it."
Welcome to my Dwemer Museum. This exhibition represents a lifetime of traveling and collecting artifacts from Dwemer sites all over Morrowind. I am always finding new things to display so please check back often. And be wary of the centurion at the end of the hall. He is in a state of disrepair and is prone to unpredictable behavior.

Master Aryon
Welcome to the Imperial Museum and Library. Please feel free to peruse the exhibits at your leisure, but please do take care around the prisoner. He has been in a terrible mood since we had to cut down his rations after the escape attempt.

Master Aryon
Ajira studies four common mushrooms in Vvardenfell.

Luminous Russula is a toadstool like mushroom with a brown spot on top. All Russula has strong odors, but Luminous Russula much stronger. Russula can be poison if not prepared right. When mixed with pearl dust it makes very good potion to breathe under the water.

Violet Coprinus is a tall toadstool that glows in the night. Coprinus also is poison if mixed wrongly like if you mix with Russula. Coprinus mixed with scales lets Ajira walk on the water instead of under the water. Much better.

Bungler's Bane looks like a brown shelf and grows from trees and sometimes wet rocks. Bungler's Bane very bad for you when mixed with almost anything. Very hard to use, but Ajira found Bungler's Bane and left over crushed pearl makes good dispel potion. No bad effects with Ajira's skill, but potion tastes very bad.

Hypha Facia looks just like Bungler's Bane. Confuses Ajira very easily, but Bungler's Bane smells more dry and dusty. Hypha Facia has little smell, but taste is very moist. Hypha Facia very good mushroom for eating, but too much makes Ajira clumsy. Ajira used Hypha Facia to make the nix hound meat more edible, and Ajira could smell all enchantments in Ajira's room. Ajira found no other use for Hypha Facia.

Ajira works very hard to go all over Bitter Coast and collect all these mushrooms. Ajira deserves rank of Journeyman much sooner than Galbedir.
[133] Mysterious Akavir*

See vol. I.
[134] The Mystery of Princess Talara*

See vol. I.
[135] Mysticism*

See vol. I.
Nerevar at Red Mountain

[The following is from the Apographa, the hidden writings of the Tribunal Temple. It is a scholarly retelling of a tradition transmitted through the Ashlanders concerning the battle at Red Mountain and subsequent events. The Ashlanders associate this tale with the telling of Alandro Sul, a shield-companion of Nerevar who came to live among the Ashlanders after the death of Nerevar and during the ascension of the Tribunal. There are many variant treatments of this story, but the primary elements are consistent throughout the tradition. The murder of Nerevar, the tragic fate of Dagoth Ur, and the profane source of the Tribunal's divine power are denied by Temple doctrine as ignorant Ashlander superstition, and not widely known among civilized Dunmer.]

Resdayn, present day Morrowind, was contested ground between two very different types of mer: the Chimer, who worshipped Daedra, and the Dwemer, who worshipped a profane and secret power. These two people warred with each other constantly until their lands were invaded by a young, vibrant, and violent alien culture, the Nords.

Two heroes, one from the Chimer and one from the Dwemer, Indoril Nerevar and Dumac Dwarf-Orc, made peace between their people and together ousted the alien invaders. Then these two heroes worked long and hard to maintain that peace thereafter, though their counselors thought it could not last or, worse, that it shouldn't. Nerevar's queen and his generals-- Almalexia, Sotha Sil, Vivec-- told him to claim all Resdayn for his own. But Nerevar would not listen, for he remembered his friendship with Dumac. There would be only peace.

Until Dagoth-Ur arrived. House Dagoth had discovered the source of the profane and secret power of the Dwemer: the legendary Heart of Lorkhan, which Dumac's people had used to make themselves immortal and beyond the measure of the gods. In fact, one of the their high priests, Kagrenac, was building a New God so that the Dwemer could claim Resdayn for their own.

The Tribunal urged Nerevar again to make war on the Dwarves. Nerevar was troubled. He went to Dumac, his friend of old, and asked if what Dagoth-Ur said was true. But Kagrenac and the high priests of the Dwemer had kept their New God secret from their King, and Dumac said the Dwemer were innocent of any wrongdoing. Nerevar was troubled again and made pilgrimage to Holamayan, the sacred temple of Azura, who confirmed that all that Dagoth-Ur said was indeed true and that the New God of the Dwemer should be destroyed for the safety of not only Resdayn, but for the whole world. When Nerevar went back and told his Tribunal what the goddess had said, his queen and generals felt themselves proved aright and again counseled him to war. There were reasons that the Dwemer and Chimer had hated each other forever.

Finally, Nerevar, angered that his friend Dumac would lie to him, went back to Vvardenfell. This time the Chimer King was arrayed in arms and armor and had his hosts around him, and
he spoke harshly to Dumac Dwarf-Orc, King of Red Mountain. "You must give up your worship of the Heart of Lorkhan or I shall forget our friendship and the deeds that were accomplished in its name!" And Dumac, who still knew nothing of Kagrenac's New God, but proud and protective as ever of his people, said, "We shall not relinquish that which has been our way for years beyond reckoning, just as the Chimer will not relinquish their ties to the Lords and Ladies of Oblivion. And to come at my door in this way, arrayed in arms and armor and with your hosts around you, tells me you have already forgotten our friendship. Stand down, my sweet Nerevar, or I swear by the fifteen-and-one golden tones I shall kill you and all your people."

And so the Chimer and Dwemer went to war. The Dwemer were well-defended by their fortress at Red Mountain, but the bravery and cleverness of Nerevar's queen and generals drew most of Dumac's armies out into the field and kept them there, so that Nerevar and Dagoth-Ur could make their way into the Heart Chamber by secret means. There, Nerevar met Dumac and the Dwarf King and they both fell from grievous wounds. Dagoth-Ur slew Kagrenac and took the tools the Dwemer used to tap the power of the Heart. He went to his dying lord Nerevar and asked him what to do with these tools. And Nerevar summoned Azura again, and she showed them how to use the tools to separate the power of the Heart from the Dwemer people.

And on the fields, the Tribunal and their armies watched as the Dwemer turned into dust all around them as their stolen immortality was taken away.

Back in Red Mountain, Nerevar told Dagoth-Ur to protect the tools and the Heart Chamber until he returned. Dagoth-Ur said, "But shouldn't we destroy these tools at once, so that they might never be used for evil again?" But Nerevar was confused by his wounds and his sorrow (for he still loved Dumac and the Dwemer people) and so went to the fields outside of Red Mountain to confer with his queen and his generals, who had foreseen that this war would come and whose counsel he would not ignore again. "I will ask the Tribunal what we shall do with them, for they have had wisdom in the past that I had not. Stay here, loyal Dagoth-Ur, until I return."

Then Nerevar told his queen and generals all that had transpired under Red Mountain and how the Dwemer had used special tools to turn their people into immortals and of the wondrous power of the Heart of Lorkhan. The Tribunal decided that the Chimer should learn how to use this power so that Nerevar might claim Resdayn and the world for their people. Nerevar did not expect or want this, so he asked his queen and generals to help him summon Azura yet again for her guidance. But the Tribunal had become as greedy as Kagrenac upon hearing of the power of the Heart and they coveted it. They made ritual as if to summon Azura as Nerevar wanted but Almalexia used poisoned candles and Sotha Sil used poisoned robes and Vivec used poisoned invocations. Nerevar was murdered.

Then Azura came forth anyway and cursed the Tribunal for their foul deeds. She told them that she would use her powers over dusk and dawn to make sure Nerevar would come back and make things right again. But the Tribunal laughed at her and said that soon they would be gods themselves and that the Chimer people would forget their old ways of worship. And Azura knew this would be true and that it would take a long time before her power might bring Nerevar back. "What you have done here today is foul beyond measure and you will grow to regret it, for the lives of gods are not what mortals think and matters that weigh only years to mortals weigh on gods forever." And so that they might know forever their wicked
deeds Azura changed the Chimer into Dunmer, and their skin turned ashen and their eyes into fire. "Let this mark remind you of your true selves who, like ghouls, fed on the nobility, heroism, and trust of their king."

And then the Tribunal went into Red Mountain and met with Dagoth-Ur. Dagoth-Ur saw what had been done, for his skin had changed as well, and he tried to avenge the death of Nerevar but to no avail. He was driven off and thought dead. The Tribunal found the tools he had been guarding and, through study of Kagrenac's methods, turned themselves into gods.

Thousands of years after their apotheosis, the Tribunal are still the gods of Morrowind and the old ways of worship are remembered only by a few. And the murder of Nerevar is known to fewer. But his queen and generals still fear his return, for the words of Azura linger long and they see the mark of her curse on their people every day.
[137] Nerevar Moon-and-Star*

See vol. I.
[138] Nerevarine Cult Notes

[The following are notes from Sharn gra-Muzgob to Caius Cosades.]

The Nerevarine Cult

This Ashlander religious cult follows prophecies of a Nerevar reborn to honor ancient promises to the tribes, to reestablish the traditions of the Prophet Veloth, to cast down the false gods of the Tribunal Temple, and to drive all outlanders from Morrowind. Both Temple and Empire outlaw the cult, but it persists among the Ashlanders, despite Imperial and Temple repression. Because it is persecuted, it remains a secret cult, and it is hard to judge how widespread it is among the Ashlanders, or whether it has any following outside the Ashlander tribes.

The Nerevarine

The Ashlanders firmly believe that Nerevar will return to restore the glories of ancient Resdayn. [Morrowind was called 'Resdayn' before the Imperial Occupation.] The Ashlanders say the Great Houses and the Temple have abandoned the pure teachings of the Prophet Veloth, forsaking ancestor worship for the false gods of the Tribunal, and embracing the comforts of civilization that corrupted the High Elves. The Temple, on the other hand, venerates Saint Nerevar, but rejects the disgusting notion that the False Incarnate will walk the earth like a ghoul.

Nerevar

The Temple honors Saint Nerevar as the greatest Dunmer general, First Councilor, and companion of Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil, who united the Dunmer Houses to destroy the evil Dwemer, the treacherous House Dagoth, and their Western allies at Red Mountain. But the Ashlanders say Nerevar promised to honor the Ancient Spirits and the Tribal law, and that he will come again to honor that promise. To the Ashlanders, this means destroying the false Temple and driving the Imperial invaders from the land.

Nerevarine Prophecies

Dream visions and prophecies are a respected tradition in Ashlander culture. Their wise women and shamans take careful note of dreams and visions, and pass on the tribe's legacies of vision and prophecy to their successors. By contrast, the Temple and the Western faiths are suspicious of mysticism, and they regard interpretation of dreams and visions as primitive superstition.

The most common version of the Nerevarine Prophecy is THE STRANGER. The verses are obscure, as are most prophecies. But two observations are in order.

First, many less-well-informed scholars assume that the phrase "journeyed far 'neath moon and star" is just a cliche to suggest a very long journey, but the Nerevar of legend was known
to possess a magical ring named "One-Clan-Under-Moon-and-Star," upon which Nerevar is supposed to have sworn his promise to honor ancient Ashlander traditions and land rights.

Second, the reference to "seven curses" must certainly refer to the lost prophetic verses known to the Ashlanders as the SEVEN CURSES.

THE STRANGER

When earth is sundered, and skies choked black,
And sleepers serve the seven curses,
To the hearth there comes a stranger,
Journeyed far 'neath moon and star.

Though stark-born to sire uncertain
His aspect marks his certain fate.
Wicked stalk him, righteous curse him.
Prophets speak, but all deny.

Many trials make manifest
The stranger's fate, the curses' bane.
Many touchstones try the stranger
Many fall, but one remains.

Lost Prophecies

Ashlander elders complain of prophecies which have been lost to tribal memory due to the carelessness or ineptitude of earlier generations of wise women and ashkhans. Suspicious scholars wonder whether these prophecies might have been deliberately forgotten or suppressed. Three Nerevarine prophecies in particular are said to have been lost: 1. The Lost Prophecies; 2. The Seven Curses; and 3. Seven Visions of Seven Trials of the Incarnate. Perhaps these lost prophecies will someday be found, either in forgotten accounts written by literate travelers, or in the memories of isolated Ashlanders, or in the secret traditions of the wise women and shamans.
See vol. I.
[140] Night Falls On Sentinel*

See vol. I.
[141] No-h's Picture Book of Wood

Wood is pretty
Wood is nice
If one looks good
I'll make it twice!

[Upon reaching the last page of the book, the words 'Boat Ack', are seen scrawled about the margin in a vandalistic manner.]
S,

Here is the equipment I told you about. Remember, the weak deserve no mercy.

-- E
[142.2] Bloody Note

Borogon,
Jacques put the stash in the Fjell ice cave, and Lucian has been notified. I got my cut, and am headed back to Summerset Isle. I'll see you there.
One more thing -- do me a favor and forget about your obsession with bristleback meat. Yeah, it probably tastes like pork, but it's not worth it. Those things are deadly, and their creepy little riders are more vicious than they look.
Antoinette
[142.3] Bloody Note

Lucian,

Here's the loot from the jeweler heist. Like my marker? I figured that would get your attention. The grahl make great guards, and I knew you'd be able to slip past them. I've paid off the crew and given the Guild its cut. I'll see you in Cyrodiil at that inn we talked about.

The museum should be an easy haul. Security is light, and there's a broken window in the basement. But we can talk more about that later.

Jacques
Ranes and Navil,

You have served me well over the years. My brother has been trying to stop our business. We've lost over half our shipments recently. The Duke may be my brother, but if he keeps interfering I am afraid he must be killed. I will be next in line and can consolidate my power before the Redorans even come up with a candidate. I am telling you this so that you know the risks you may be taking. If you are unwilling, I will accept your word of honor not to speak of our business. If you stay, I will reward you.

D
It's been many days since the collapse. I have had many good and exciting adventures. I fear this is the last. I am still unsure what happened. Was it a trap that caused the collapse? I didn't hear the click of any device. Perhaps it was simply a freak accident, and I was simply in the wrong place at the right time. Regardless, I now lie here, half buried in the collapse, with crushed legs. The pain was unbearable for the first day or so. Or was it? Who knows? You lose track of time in a place like this. Especially in a situation such as this. The pain has all but left though. Getting used to pain is a battle all in itself. My time now runs short. I will die here, in this tomb. No better place for a dead man.

My adventures have taken me all over. I have been places that man never knew existed. I have retrieved artifacts and fine treasures that were thought to be myth. From chalices of origins long lost, to gems with power unthought of by man, to powerful religious artifacts that house more interest to madmen than sane. I shall at least take these fine memories with me to the grave.

I shall miss my father. Like me, he was also a man of adventure. I followed in his footsteps, though I was blessed with far more luck than he. Until now, of course. He shall be on his own now. At least I am spared any more jokes about my childhood pet. And my students...how I treasured teaching them the secrets and alien concepts of all things unknown and mysterious. May they be successful.

I do not go down along though. With my crippled body, in this heap of earth, I am accompanied by my trusty leather, my steel, and most of all, my token hat. Unable to reach them under the mass, I know they are untouchable and safe. I will not die alone.

Farewell,
Indie
[142.6] Erna's Note to Brandr

Dearest Brandr,

I decided to take a walk on the banks of the Isild. The river is so beautiful this time of year, don't you think? Come find me, and we shall talk about our future, and freedom from your shrew of a wife.

Your love, Erna
Note to Self

Must buy more forks.
Here is another crate of statues. These are to be placed here in Ald'ruhn. Place the statues quickly and wisely. Destroy this note. Do not disappoint me again.

Hanarai
[A curious copy of guard duty rosters for the past several weeks. The handwriting is tiny and almost illegible, with frequent misspellings. But three names are always correctly spelled -- Milvela Dralen, Ivulen Irano, and Aleri Aren -- and those watches when all three are the only guards in the Throne Room have been underlined twice.]
The blight cure is all mine! They won't get their hands on any of it. When they are gone, I shall reign in the tower!
Jeleen's Sad Farewell

Without my beautiful Mirisa, life is just not worth living. Only in death may I see my love again, so death is the course I choose. May the Nine Divines have mercy on my soul.

Jeleen
Imperial Cult Priest, Fort Frostmoth
Dearest Sisters,

The Coven will remember your dedication and service. We realize Solstheim is an inhospitable place, but we go where we are needed. Anyone seeking the cure must perform the Rite of the Wolf Giver, of course. But I do understand the sensitive nature of the ritual, and realize it may not be possible to perform it again and again, if the Lord Hircine claims more than one soul.

So, I have prepared a Scroll of the Wolf Ender\(^1\). The Daedric lettering on that scroll contains all the power of the ritual itself. I have taken great pains to prepare the parchment, and it will work as well as the Rite of the Wolf Giver. But heed these words! I do not wish the scroll to be used unless absolutely necessary! It was not easily created, and it is the wish of the Coven that it be saved for future use if possible.

The scroll has already been hidden in the gloomy cave that will serve as your hovel for the duration of your stay on Solstheim. It is inside the hollowed-out icicle that hangs from the cave's ceiling. You'll need to use your raven form -- or a potion of levitation -- to reach it.

Agnes

---

\(^{1}\) See #187.121.
Moris,

You boys better clear out. Our position was given away and we were raided by that bastard Goris. He sent a small band of the dead to Dralas and wiped out all but Luven. He was able to make it back here to Nelas to warn us. We are clearing out and heading for a new location. I suggest you and your boys get out of there as soon as possible. We have a snitch in our organisation. You let me find out who it is and I'll feed their flesh to the crabs. It seems as though he knows all of our raiding routes. It's just a matter of time before Goris sends them damned and dead your way. I'll never turn those goods over to that necro. What's fair is fair and he had to pay up. You know where I'm coming from. I'm sending Ursine to deliver this message to you. She will deliver a key so you can gain entry into the rendezvous point. See you soon and good luck brother.

Bakarak
[142.14] Note from Bashuk

Bugrol

Stay where you are going. Will look for you there. Who is the stupid {race} anyway? Don't tell about what we didn't do that townbosses know we did. Better that way. Shhh.

Bashuk
Dear Sir,

I have received your order for a single-sized bed and have requested that one be delivered straight from my supplier in Sadrith Mora. Assuming the raiding parties don't get to it, it should arrive shortly within a fortnight. I hope you enjoy your new residence in Vos and if there is anything else I can help you with, do not hesitate to let me know.

Berwen
[142.16] Note from Bildren

Green Lichen

Muck

Potions???
Bashuk

Help. Stuck in woods because swordsmacking townbosses think I did what we did but they shouldn't know. Keep Secret!!! Come get me soon as possible when you can now. I am hiding by the tree near a rock and another rock. It was raining. I am good at hiding, so if you don't see me, that's where I am. Come now.

Bugrol

p.s. If I'm not where I'm hiding, look in another place.
{name},

Reading this, you've successfully completed my little task for you. Before you return, however, I have one last deed for you. Hroldar should've given you a few scrolls along with this note; since he can't read, he won't realize that I intend for you to kill him. The scrolls should grant you control over his wolves long enough to put an end to him. You don't need to know the details; only that I can no longer trust him and that his usefulness to me is at an end. I'd do the job myself, but then... that's what I have you for. Why take risks, when someone else can take them for me?

I expect you to return shortly. Do not keep me waiting.

C.M.
Tsiya -

Here's your stuff. Sorry I couldn't stay and chat with you, but it's not always a good idea for me to hang around, you know?

- Ernil
**Note from Ferele**

Green Lichen

Muck

Disease Curing Potions?

Bildren will pay well. Check with contacts.
My dear friend Bashuk,

I have sent a final notice to Valvius. I'll write again when he gives me a response. Until then please sit tight. I predict it will be bashing time for you again soon enough.

Sincerely,
Irgola the Pawnbroker
[142.22] Note from J'zhirr

To Do List:

Check on tomorrow's shipment.

Ask Ponius about leave.

Restock bottles for bookshelf.
Maurrie,

Truly, I was enchanted with you from the moment I saw you. I beg your forgiveness for my past transgressions. While I cannot imagine what a woman of your beauty and breeding would see in a rogue such as me, I thank the gods that you have sent for me. I will come to you as soon as I can. Until then.

Yours,

Nelos
There are rumors that Uriel will be visiting Vvardenfell in person. If so, we must act sooner than anticipated. We must watch his actions carefully and strike if the opportunity presents itself. We must also recruit more and swear them to the oath: That we shall die to put a strong man back on the throne of Tamriel.

Burn this note.

Oritius
[142.25] Note from Radras

I've had about enough of this. Tell that rotten old hag to find another charity next time.

Radras
Looks Safe. Went down to scout it out.

Sondaale
[142.27] Note from the Archcanon

[a package sealed with an anonymous wax seal, containing a single-page, unsigned note]

[on the cover of the package]
To the Outlander lately proclaiming his identity as the Nerevarine, to be delivered with haste -

-[the note itself]-

The assertions made being in direct contradiction of the doctrine of the Tribunal, namely, that you are the Nerevarine, the reincarnation of the Sainted Lord Nerevar, are, in addition to being against Temple teaching, incredible and implausible in the extreme.

The revelations made by the Inquisition, namely, that you yourself are in fact an agent of the Imperial Intelligence Service, otherwise known as the Order of Blades, lately made with substantial evidence by the Lord High Archordinator, Berel Sala, further calls into question the validity of and motivations behind your claims.

However, as incredible as your claims are, as much as they are in direct contradiction of the teachings of the Temple, and tainted as they are by the inferences to be made upon your close association with the covert policies and interests of the Emperor, the interests of the Temple and its leadership, and in particular, the interests of His Immortal Lordship, Vivec, are best served by a close and personal examinations of the claims being made, and close and personal examinations of the motivations and character of the claimant.

The Temple, through its examinations of its records, in particular, the records of the Heirographa and Apographa, is intimately familiar with the many and varied claims of signs and feats that would mark the Nerevarine according to prophecy.

Therefore, in the event of the fulfillment of certain of those most remarkable and scarcely credible claims -- namely, that the claimant should, at one time, be the acknowledged holder of several ancient titles of power and authority of the Dunmer people, to wit, Hortator of the Great Houses and Nerevarine of the Ashlander tribes -- the Temple proposes that the claimant of the identity of the Nerevarine shall present himself for inspection before his Reverend Honor, Archcanon Lord Tholer Saryoni, High Archcanon and Chancellor of Vivec, Archcanon of the Canonry of Vvardenfell, Arch-Priest of the High Fane, for a review and consideration of his claims and identity. However, until such time as the claimant actually has been named Hortator separately and jointly by the three Great Houses of Vvardenfell, and at the same time has been named Nerevarine separately and jointly by the four tribes of the Ashlanders, there is no purpose in reviewing or discussing these claims.

Because of the Temple's official position on the prophecies of the Nerevarine, and in the interests of preserving the security of the claimant from those parties who might wish to do him harm, it is convenient that the claimant of the title Nerevarine shall present himself in secret to Archcanon Saryoni in the archcanon's private quarters in the High Fane of Vivec.
To signify agreement with these terms and conditions for a meeting with the archcanon, the Nerevarine claimant may present himself to the healer of the High Fane of Vivec, Danso Indules, and the necessary arrangements will be made. Once again, no purpose is served by a meeting until the claimant is named Hortator of the three Great Houses and is named Nerevarine of the four Ashlander tribes.

written at the request of and in the name of his Reverend Honor Tholer Saryoni, Archcanon and Chancellor of Vivec,

Dileno Lloran, priest of Vivec, assistant to the Archcanon
[142.28] Note to Ahnia

Ahnia,
I've tried so hard, and yet no one has any interest in this blasted book. Perhaps if anyone could READ it, it might sell as well as the scrolls do. If I can't get rid of it soon, I'm returning it to you. I don't want to hold on to it for too much longer, or else people might suspect something.
Amaya,

Sorry I missed you. I had to run some old documents over to the Inquisitor at the Ministry of Truth, and I'm likely to be tied up there for a while. Why don't you meet me there as soon as you can? Then we can leave together as soon as I'm done. And Amaya, don't forget to bring me the two Divine Intervention scrolls you borrowed. Or, if you used them, buy a couple of new ones for me. I think I'm going to need them soon. Janand Maulinie at the Mages Guild in the Foreign Quarter keeps them in stock.

Alvela Saram is the guard at the entrance; just tell her you're looking for me, and she'll let you in.

your faithful friend,
Mehra

PS: I left a couple of Levitate potions here for you, just in case. I couldn't remember if you knew the spell or not, so I drew a couple from stock.
Note to Caldera Guards

To all on duty guards:

Keep an eye trained on the Argonian called "Gold-Heart" at all times. He has been increasingly combative and resistant to authority lately, especially when in the presence of the Argonian females.

Elynea
Falanaamo, my friend:

I was wondering if you could send me an order of those new Netch Leather Shoes you were raving about last night. Come by the Shovel anytime for a round on the house. You really must tell me more about your past on Summerset Isle sometime, although next time I hope you're sober enough to make some sense!

- Shenk
Giden,

Here's a blade for the new man. Send him ahead and we'll set up his arrangements. Dinner is waiting, but not for you. Muvrulea is sick again so you've drawn sentry duty. Don't worry, you'll be getting a portion of his share. Stay alert, bounty hunters are seeking us, but I feel fairly secure up here.

Rels
Foreman Hlevala,

Current activities within the plantation have been highly noted with outstanding performance. The 'nemer' seem to have a fine grasp on our routines since you have given them their "disciplinary schooling". I commend you on your fine efforts and success. You shall be rewarded greatly.

If you will, make sure the following 'nemer' are all accounted for. I will have to have them marked as plantation property for my personal records.

Neetinei  
Arabhi  
Gah-Julan  
Ahzini  
Tulz

Best Regards,  
Orvas Dren
[142.34] Note to Hrisskar

Hrisskar,
Don't think I've forgotten our wager. I want this dagger sharp as a scamp's claw by morning.
Ganciele
[142.35] Note to Inorra

Inorra,

As punishment for last night's incident, you have been assigned to the mine's deep scouting position for all next week. I hope this will help you remember to always cover up after you are finished outside from now on.

Elyneaox
Mages:

Please be judicious in your use of fire spells while guarding slaves deep in the mine. Often flammable gases are present and, as last week's incident indicates, even a small flame can spark a huge explosion. We don't know if Keseena will ever get that patch of fur back.

Stlennius
Malsa,  

Keep our special guest in the room behind the tapestry. Make sure the door is locked and that he is under guard at all times. If he escapes, I will blame you.

V
Menus,

Welcome to Vos. I thought I would drop these kwama eggs by as a housewarming gift but you weren't in. Feel free to drop by anytime and say hello. I hope you enjoy our town.

Ienasa
[142.39] Note to Salyn Sarethi

To the most highly esteemed Serjo Salyn Sarethi,

A fellow thief stole from you. While the daring of this act recommends the thief, the target of the theft does not. The blade Enamor has been returned to its proper owner with our apologies.

Bal Molagmer
Note to Slaves

Rules:

Damage to company property will not be tolerated. If any further scratch marks are found on the bedposts, all miners will be given double shifts for the rest of the month.

No talking after sundown. No talking during feedings. No talking before sunrise.

Always obey the guards and mages promptly and without question.
Telvon,

Stay out. This place has some sort of enchantment on it. I only got out because I cast a mark spell here before I went inside. Meet me back in Vos. We'll have to seek our fortune elsewhere.
Dear Sir,

I am sorry to inform you that your order for six more crates of Cyrodilic Brandy has been turned down due to your belated payment on the last shipment I sent you. As soon as I receive the balance owed of 3645 gold pieces, I will reconsider my current position. Please expedite your payment and we can avoid trouble from the local "authorities".

Sincerely,
Irgola the Pawnbroker
[This paper is filled with cryptic notes taken by Master Aryon while reading NGasta! Kvata! Kvakis!]
Odd Rumor

Olga,

Did you hear about the raven at the Altar of Thrond? It's enormous! They're saying it's a sign that the Witches have come to Solstheim....

Helena
Winter-Fist,
It is as we had feared. Angria and her rabble are intent on stealing the Snow Prince's armor from Jolgierr Barrow. My men drove them off, but they grabbed the helmet. I know they're hiding somewhere here on the island. They've been seen before near Lake Fjalding and the Frykte ice cave, so try looking there. I'll join up with you as soon as I'm able.
Heinlen the Heavy
The final words of a dead man being found near his corpse are so very cliche. I never thought I would be in the position of writing one of them, but the opportunity has arisen, and it seemed the thing to do. The story of my death is very comical indeed. If anyone shall ever find me, I hope I am able to bring them to laughter. For, as I lay here dying, I laugh myself. My last breath shall be the exhale of a laugh.

My journey across Vivec brought me to this well camouflaged cavern. Filled with sea water and dangers, the temptation of adventure and riches lured me inside. Happening across this lost Dwemer dwelling was a surprise indeed! I was able to get this far. I climbed into this tower after my confrontation with a Dwemer centurion. The plan was to heal my wounds and continue forth. With excitement and greed overwhelming me, I mistook my bottle of poison for the healing elixir. Now I lie dying. I drank down the contents of my healing potion, but that did not nullify the effects of the poison. I fear my innards are slowly liquefying. I shall be dead within the day, laughing about my recent lack of luck.

I have with me, the key to a lock I have yet to find. I found the key just inside the main entrance. Perhaps it is the key to the Dwemer riches. For, I will never know.

If one shall happen across my note, congratulations on making it thus far. And do not drink the rest of the bottle here. It tastes like Guar bile, but is 10 times deadlier.

Peke Utchoo
Near the mighty sun's great stone,
An arch marks withered flesh and bone.
And at the base you'll know sweet luck,
If dig you will straight through the muck.
[142.48] Private Notes -- DO NOT READ

[Between scrawled calculations and indecipherable symbols, very little can be made of this text, save the signature: "Elbert Nermare"]
Alas, Morty, my fallen companion, could not make it this far. I regret that his corpse still holds the key to the tomb I must reach in order to achieve the mission. I am left alone, with only blade and skill to accomplish this task. I believe I have come to the end of my journey. But, without the key, I find myself in the position of forcing entry. For, behind this door, I am sure an evil terror awaits.

I leave this warning in case I do not make it. Surely, this door is trapped, and my lockpicking and disarming ability leaves much to be desired. If someone happens across my body, know that I have failed, and know that there is surely a great prize, the Staff of Hasedoki, awaiting further into this evil tomb. Beware the keeper of the great staff.

Vulpriss Denisson

Carmella, I shall see you on the peaceful plains, with all my love.
These will be the last words anyone ever hears from me. Hear? That's silly of me. As if anyone will HEAR what I am writing. Regardless, I am a lone traveler and never stayed put long enough to know anyone. Except that lovely Mariah in Stros M'kai. She will forever be in my heart, even in death. To see her again, or to even hear her beautiful voice, would surely allow me to die a content man.

I now lay here with a broken back. Unable to move, surely to be dead within hours. I take this remaining time to write a farewell to this cruel world. The very same one that allowed me to take the path of a thief. A good one at least. If ever you hear tales of Malaki the Lightfooted, you can continue the tale of how you happened across my corpse in a lowly tomb, searching for bounty so I may feed myself. What a life I led. If you too, are a common thief like myself, do yourself a favor, and find another way. If I had it to do all over again, I surely would change my ways.

The clawing and moaning of the ghastly undead beasts grows louder now. I fear they have come to finish me off for good this time. Know that I shall die a painful death as an unhappy man. May the gods show pity on my soul so I do not have to wander this plane after death.
[142.51] Shipping Notice

[This note details shipments of standard supplies such as drinks, food, and furniture to the Varo Tradehouse. One entry that catches your eye is for three crates of cheese that arrived earlier this week.]
[142.52] Tattered Note

Land somewhere NE of the colony. Wait until {name} has left the site (the {race} can be identified based on descriptions previously provided.)
Kill every living thing in the colony. Be sure to leave behind some Skaal armor and weapons; there needs to be evidence readily available, should the Empire choose to investigate.

Payment will be delivered at the designated meeting point once proof of the task's completion is presented.

C
I am forever swimming around, amidst this ocean world we call home. My limbs grow weak and weary as my eyes drift skyward in defeat. I remember how warm the earth felt, as I lived and breathed next to her beating heart. I remember enough to keep searching through an ocean of tears, raised to astronomical depths. My dreams offer solace, where I return to distant, faded times. Through trees entwined with cool autumn air, my sorrow is lured by fragrant, bittersweet memories. I am at home as much as my world and consciousness allow. I remember falling into the most beautiful lake I've ever experienced. She swallowed me whole, like a droplet, and I was enraptured and enwombed within her bliss. The lonely windswept desert sky of my soul was filled by her luminous stars and warmed by her sunlit radiance. I gazed downward in awe and saw it all reflected in the shimmering ripples dancing and playing about the surface. It appeared to me as real as the very wonders it was reflecting. I stepped forward to prove to no one and everyone that they were, by belief. For an aching instant I was betwixt the two and the summation. Confusion befell me and I fell through, only to realize I hadn't entered the lake, I had left it. With all of my remaining life I howled at the heavens and collapsed, like a star on the shores of my youth, as my life's breath wandered away from the home it had harbored. I have been drowning on dry land ever since.

I lay there, coital, for heaven knows how long. I felt eons ebb and flow in the spans of seconds. I lived as intently as I could in those endless instants, as the boredom of -after- droned on and on. The fires of my heart grew dim and became only the faintest embers of the roaring blaze they had once been. My limbs, heavy with the weight of the world, protested. I felt the longing of this life which slowly began to ease the agony in my heart. As I was gradually nursed back to health, knowledge of record and history tried desperately to fill the yawning, nauseous chasm of my soul. I began to know the deadpan search for freedom and forgetfulness, and I released the hold on my life. Though it still lurched, pained, in front of me, I just stared back with tired, vacant eyes as if watching the most fascinating of nothing. My mind drifted, only to be slammed back reluctantly, repeatedly, and painfully by those I vaguely remember knowing, as if from a different life and age. I try, in vain, to forgive and forget myself as I paste on those plaster smiles and strain to look levelly. I remember. I forget. I forget again. I remember less. I am saddened at the thought that I have forgotten. I am not who I used to be. Though it pained me so, I was never so real as those lonely, lost times of my undoing. I am torn asunder at the thought of losing forever that, which has changed my life eternally, and that which I fear in the depths of my soul will never be again. That, which has gifted me with more pain than I have ever known in all of my lives or all of the lives that I know through my own.

Who am I to ask this of you?
The History of the Ashlanders and the Nerevarine Cult

In First Era barbaric Dunmer culture, settled Dunmer clans (the Great Houses) and nomadic Dunmer tribes (like the Ashlanders) were roughly equal in numbers and wealth. Under the civilized peace of the Grand Council, and with the strong central authority of the Temple, the economic and military power of the settled Dunmer quickly outstripped that of the nomadic Dunmer. The nomadic Dunmer were marginalized into the poorest, most hostile land, in particular, into the Vvardenfell wastes. For the Ashlanders, the return of a reincarnated Nerevar represents a longed for and largely romanticized Golden Age of Nerevar's Peace, when the nomadic tribes enjoyed equality with the settled Dunmer, and before the Dunmer people had for the most part abandoned traditional ancestor worship for the autocratic theocracy of the Tribunal Temple.

The Nerevar of the Ashlanders

This is the story of Nerevar as an Ashlander might tell it.

In ancient days, the Deep Elves and a great host of outsiders from the West came to steal the land of the Dunmer. In that time, Nerevar was the great khan and warleader of the House People, but he honored the Ancient Spirits and the Tribal law, and became as one of us. So, when Nerevar pledged upon his great Ring of the Ancestors, One-Clan-Under-Moon-and-Star, to honor the ways of the Spirits and rights of the Land, all the Tribes joined the House People to fight a great battle at Red Mountain. Though many Dunmer, Tribesman and Houseman, died at Red Mountain, the Dwemer were defeated and their evil magicks destroyed, and the outsiders driven from the land. But after this great victory, the power-hungry khans of the Great Houses slew Nerevar in secret, and, setting themselves up as gods, neglected Nerevar's promises to the Tribes. But it is said that Nerevar will come again with his ring, and cast down the false gods, and by the power of his ring will make good his promises to the Tribes, to honor the Spirits and drive the outsiders from the land.

Persecution of the Nerevarine Cult

The Tribunal Temple regards the mysticism and prophecy of the Nerevarine cult as primitive superstition. The Ashlander Ancestor cults and the Nerevarines in particular have always decried the worship of living Dunmer as abominations, suspecting the unnatural lifetimes of the Tribunal to be signs of profane sorcery or necromancy. Though the authoritarian and intolerant Temple priesthood has always been inclined to tolerate Ashlander ancestor cult practices, they have always threatened Nerevarine claimants with death or imprisonment. And while generally tolerant of various cult worshipers, the Imperial Commission of the Occupation outlaws cults hostile to the Emperor and the Empire, and threatens members of such cults with imprisonment or death. The Ordinators are allowed a free hand when dealing with outlawed cults like the Nerevarines.
In the past, others have claimed to be the reincarnated Nerevar of prophecy. The most recent is known as Peakstar, a mysterious figure who has reportedly appeared and disappeared among the Wastes tribes over the last 30 years. The Temple notes that these False Incarnates discredit the Nerevarine prophecies. Singularly, and illogically, the Ashlanders acknowledge a history of false claimants, calling them "Failed Incarnates," but they regard them as proof of the validity of the prophecies, rather than contradiction. Among the Nerevarines there is a fable of a Cavern of the Incarnates, where the spirits of the Failed Incarnates dwell. The Nerevarine cult is a mystical cult, and it glorifies, rather than shrinks from, contradictions.
Observations made on wild kagouti in southeastern Morrowind.

Kagouti do not seem to travel in large packs, as previously believed. Perhaps they group into larger packs when mating season is imminent.

Females seem to be dominant sex. Males will bring gifts of food in exchange for mating advantage. Males sometimes attacked.

Loud vocalizations heard exchanged (believed to be from males), especially at night. Fascinating.

Males do not seem to engage in physical confrontation for reproductive rights. Some posturing, but no conflict.

All kagouti display increased aggressiveness during mating. Must be careful not to be seen.

Mating kagouti found to be increasingly territorial.
[145] Notes on Racial Phylogeny and Biology*

See vol. I.
The variable flow of daedrons in Oblivion streams can have profound effects on the magicka potential of various locations. Magicka use often causes effects on the streams themselves. By reconfiguring the polarity of the daedron fields, it is possible to manipulate and trace the streams in the following cases...

[The notes go on about this subject for some time.]
[147] Notices

[147.1] Cure Blight Potion Notice

Customers,

I am stocking potions for treatment of the Blight as fast as I can get my orders in from Sadrith Mora. Please keep checking back as I receive new shipments at random times. In the meantime, I recommend you stay indoors as much as possible, use common disease resistance potions for prevention, and treat outbreaks with cure common disease potions.

Jolda
[147.2] Notice

Storage

Keep Out!
PROPERTY OF JOLDA!
DO NOT TOUCH OR OPEN!
WELL-BELOVED PEOPLE OF MORROWIND!
TAKE HEED!
TAKE WARNING!

The outlaw named {name}, stated trade of {class}, lately called 'Incarnate' and 'Nerevarine,' now is shown to the investigating Ordinators and Magistrates of this district to be an agent in the pay of the Imperial Intelligence Service. This outlaw's claims are false. The prophecies this outlaw cites are discredited. The dishonest character and base purposes of the outlaw in perpetrating this hoax are now made clear to all observers. {name} is sought for various crimes by Ordinators and town guards. Report all encounters with this outlaw to the proper authorities. If you see this outlaw in public, give the alarm.

Published by the authority of the Temple, the Order of the Watch, Magistrates of Vvardenfel District, under the signature and authority of Grandmaster Berel Sala, Captain of the Watch. Hear and Heed!
This room and display is dedicated to the memory of Ravila Neryon, killed while crusading to remove the blight from the Hairat-Vassansi Egg Mine. May her spirit rest in peace eternally.
[147.6] Sold Out Notice

Sorry, I am temporarily out of stock of potions useful in the treatment of common physical ailments. Please check back at a later date.

Thank you for your patronage.

Bildren
[147.7] Tradehouse Notice

* ARRILLE'S TRADEHOUSE *

Port of Seyda Neen

Hereas at the general Sessions of the Peace held for the District of House Hlaalu at the Town of Balmora on the 16th day of First Seed in the year of the Reign of our Sovereign King Hlaalu Athyn Llethan, by the Grace of All Gods, King of Morrowind, Duke of Mournhold and Hlaalu Province; Defender of the People and the Law; Loyal Servant of the Empire; etc.

Arrille of the Port of Seyda Neen aforesaid, hath entered into Recognizance with Sureties, before us his Majesty's Magistrates of Peace, within the said District, whose Names are hereunder written:

We therefore his Majesty's said Magistrates, have hereby Licensed, and allowed the said Arrille to keep a Common Tradehouse, or Cornerclub, in the House wherein he now dwelleth, in the Port of Seyda Neen aforesaid, for three full years, from henceforth next ensuing, or till such other time as shall be by us, or some of our fellow Magistrates thereunto appointed; Provided that if the said Arrille do not from time to time during that time, well and truly observe the Articles hereafter mentioned, then this License shall presently cease, and be utterly void.

1st Item, That the said Arrille shall not suffer any Stranger, or unknown Traveler, to Lodge, or Stay, in or about his House, above one Day and one Night, without making the same known forthwith to the next Bailiff, or other Officer of this Town, to the end that the said Stranger, or unknown Traveler may be examined, by some Magistrate of Peace near adjoining.

2nd Item, That he shall not suffer any playing at Cards, Tables, Dice, Bowls, Nine-holes, or any other unlawful Game, or any Disorder, or Outrage in his House, Orchard, Garden, or Back-side, but shall keep good Order and Rule in his House.

3rd Item, That he shall not suffer any neighbor's Children, Servants, or Slaves to Tipple in his House at all, nor any other to Tipple in his house, otherwise than by the Statutes are allowed.

4th Item, That he doe not suffer any to Tipple in hours of Prayer, or Lesson, on any Emperor's or Festival days, nor at any time after the eighth hour of Night.

5th Item, That he shall not harbor any Rogues, Vagabonds, Tradeless men, nor other suspicious Persons, in or about his House.

6th Item, That he shall not Buy or take to Pawn, or suffer to be Bought or taken to Pawn in his House (to his knowledge) any goods of any unknown Traveler, or of any Neighbor's children, or Servants, or Slaves, or of any man's Wife, without the consent of their Parents, Masters, or Husbands respectively, and if any such Goods be offered to Sale, or Pawn, by any Stranger, he shall make the same known forthwith to the next Bailiff, or other Officer of the Town.
7th Item, That he doe not sell his best Drink above Four Drakes the Gallon, nor the second sort above Two Drakes the Gallon, nor suffer any Ash-Fowl to be Dressed or Eaten in his House, or on any other Victuals prohibited by the Laws of this Realm.

8th Item, That he shall not suffer any Bawdry, or Criminal Conversation, in or about his house, nor shall procure or cause to be Enticed any man to drink in his house, until he shall be Drunk, or distempered with Drink.

9th Item, That he shall not suffer any Luting, Drumming, or Dancing, in or about his house, on any Lesson Day, nor in time of Divine Service, on any Sacred Festival, or Holy-day.

10th Item, That he shall cause this License to be openly fixed up in the Hall-Room of his dwelling House, to the end that every one may see what Articles he is bound to observe.

Dated the day and year first above written.

Undersigned,

Master Velanda Omani
Master Nevena Ules
Master Dram Bero
Master Crassius Curio
Master Yngling Half-Troll
[147.8] WARNING!!!

This is my box. What I keep all my stuff in. Stay out or I will make you dead like Gilur's pet durzog what stopped moving after he sat on it.
[148] The Old Ways*

See vol. I.
See vol. I.
[150] On Morrowind*

See vol. I.
[151] On Oblivion*

See vol. I.
While the Arts of Necromancy are only illegal in the province of Morrowind, few citizens of the Empire have an enlightened view of our Art. Thus, the acquisition of corpses on which to experiment is often difficult.

In Cyrodiil, a few Necromancers who have served the Empire are given the corpses of criminals and traitors to use legally. This provides those who have acquired such a post with a fresh supply of corpses, most of them young, strong, and intact.

In Morrowind, the outlawing of Necromancy would make its practice impossible were it not for the fortunate institution of slavery. While the Temple will investigate obvious signs of Necromancy such as hastily emptied graves or ash stolen from one of their ashpits, a careful and discrete Necromancer can thrive in Morrowind by taking slaves at a modest rate. Most will assume the slave escaped or died in the Ashlands.

Finding suitable corpses in Black Marsh is nearly impossible due to their rapid decay. There are also diseases, Argonian tribesmen, and other difficulties that must be dealt with. I know of only a few Sload Necromancers who operate successfully in Black Marsh, and even they stay near coast.

While the forests of Elsweyr pose some of the same problems as those of Black Marsh, the deserts preserve corpses for hundreds of years in a way that requires very little preparation. Khajiit of the desert tribes are often buried with only a small cairn of stones which are easy to find and uncover. The Khajiit show remarkably enlightened indifference to graves being uncovered. It is said that in the port of Senchal, one may purchase anything one desires. This is true if you desire fresh corpses.

While few Bosmer perform Arkay's rituals when burying the dead, the more primitive Bosmer still practice cannibalism upon their enemies, which reduces the number of available corpses. As would be expected from such a backwards people, they have an intolerance of Necromancy that goes beyond all reason. Many Necromancers who practice our Arts in Valenwood become "one with the trees" themselves.

Summerset Isle is even worse in some ways. Some Altmer born into the most respected noble and scholarly families are actually allowed to study the dead in the open. Their research, however, seems to be centered on finding ways to extend their lives even further rather than the more practical uses of our Art. A Necromancer of any other race caught in Summerset Isle can expect the worst possible punishments.

In Hammerfell, where worship of Arkay is strongest, the dead are almost always subject to Arkay's Law. There are exceptions after large battles or in remote areas where death occurs
far from meddlesome priests. Fortunately, the dangerous terrain and creatures in the deserts and mountains of Hammerfell makes the acquisition of corpses possible, though they are often in poor condition and require special care in preparation.

The newly formed Orsinium presents a unique opportunity. As you know, Orc corpses are among the most sought after for the durability of their skin and the strength of their bones. If King Gortwog will listen to reason, we could offer the services of our Art in defense of his young nation in exchange for disposing of the Orcish dead. A mutually beneficial arrangement as I'm sure the Orcs will agree. To this end, a delegation has been sent to Orsinium, though we have not yet heard any word on the state of these negotiations.

In my native High Rock, traditions dating back to the witch kings and nomadic horsemen mandate cremation of the dead. This is practiced almost without exception in the north, through an Imperial burial in a tomb or city cemetery is more common in the south. There are still many corpses easily taken from the battlefields of the War of Betony and the lawless times that followed. There are even rumors that King Gothryd of Daggerfall may institute the Imperial practice of donating the corpses of criminals for Necromantic study as a deterrent to the bandits and pirates that still threaten the Iliac Bay.

In Skyrim, the cold weather and isolated terrain allow a few Necromancers to operate freely. Alas, the availability of corpses is limited to Nords who die from exposure or in battle. While the cold is preservative, the snow makes these corpses difficult to find. More research dedicated to the magical detection of corpses would be invaluable to the Necromancers of Skyrim.

The Sload are the most famous Necromancers, but little is known of their native Thras. In Tamriel, Sload only practice Necromancy on other races. It is uncertain whether this is true in Thras as well. If so, it would explain the number of slaves that are purchased in Tear by Sload merchants and the rumors of Sload airships carrying corpses from Senchal.

These difficulties lead many Necromancers to create their own corpses. While I prefer to work with those who have died a natural death, a more expedient approach is sometimes necessary to further the study of the Art.

While the Arts of Necromancy can be practiced on animals, such experiments rarely produce interesting results. The servant's ability to follow directions seems to be related to the subject's intelligence in life. While raising the corpse of a man, elf, or beastman can produce a useful servant, the corpses of animals produce mere guard dogs at best. Often a raised animal is unable to distinguish its master from the rest of the living and many amateur practitioners have been torn apart by the animal servants they created. Let such stories be a lesson to you.
When raising a skeleton servant, it is most important that the body of the skeleton be complete. If the skeleton is missing crucial bones, the results can be frustrating. One should only attempt to raise skeletons when you are sure that all or nearly all the bones are present.

While the magic involved in raising a skeleton will assemble the bones in the proper order, skeletons may be strengthened considerably by the addition of support on their joints. The most common are leather straps that bind the bones together more tightly. Some practitioners also drive metal spikes are between the joints, which is more expensive and time consuming, but they protect the servant where it is weakest. The details of this are unimportant as even an amateur can strengthen a skeleton significantly. Only practice will reveal the best methods of binding and reinforcing the skeletal servant. Amateurs often make the mistake of binding the bones too tightly, limiting the skeleton's movements and making it useless. Again, only practice can give the necessary experience in these matters, though it is best to err towards tight bindings. One may always loosen them at a later date.

One more note to the student: While most undead can be raised again and again, skeletons are often damaged in ways that make raising them again impossible. This is another reason that care should be given to the skeleton's preparation. Too many young Necromancers raise every skeleton they see with little or no preparation at all. Given the difficulty of obtaining corpses, this kind of inefficiency cannot be tolerated.
On the Preparation of the Corpse III

Fresh and decayed corpses are those that still have flesh upon them. If their decay is advanced, or if you wish a skeletal servant instead, place the corpse along a coast or in a swamp or marsh. Animals are the Necromancer's greatest allies when it comes to stripping the flesh from a corpse. The ravenous mudcrabs of Morrowind can strip a corpse down to its bones in a matter of days. Lesser crabs in other provinces can do the same in a matter of weeks.

If you wish to create a zombie servant, one need only bring the corpse to a suitable site and enact the proper rituals. However, there are a few tips that a young Necromancer might want to know. For instance, a decayed servant may be raised many times, even if they have been dismembered by those who do not appreciate our Art. If one of your servants comes to an unfortunate end, you may raise the servant again by carefully gathering as many parts as you can find, binding the bones with leather straps, and sewing the flesh (if it not too decayed) with catgut. Your servant may be weaker each time this is done, but with care and maintenance, one may raise zombies dozens of times.

However, creating a mere zombie is a method best left to lazy or desperate practitioners. With only a bit more time and effort, one may create a far more useful mummified servant.

The first step to creating a mummified servant is to soak the decaying corpse in a bath of salt or natron for at least one month. This will halt the decay of the corpse, and if the corpse is fresh enough to have an unpleasant odor, the salts will remove that as well. In a moist climate, such as Argonian or Thras, you may have to apply more salts if they become saturated. Some Necromancers remove the vital organs before or after this process, but I have never found any practical reason for doing this.

The next step is to wrap the servant in cloth or linen. This will further preserve the body against decay and, if done properly, will offer some protection as well. Do not worry if the corpse seems too stiff or desiccated to be a useful servant, the proper rituals will imbue the mummified corpse with the strength to move itself. Most importantly, you will have a much stronger servant who will follow your commands with more independence and understanding.
[153] *On Wild Elves*

See vol. I.
[154] Orders

[154.1] Neminda's Orders

SOZZOF IFNLIVW GL YV LKVMRMT IVGSZM NZMLI ZH GSVRI MVC G HGILMTSLOW
OOGVSIR YVORVEVH SV ULFMW VERWVMXV ULI ROOVTZO SOZZOF VYLMH
HSRKNVMGH UILN XZOWVIZ
HVMW ZTVMG GL HKVZP DRGS OOGVSIR ZMW HVMW ZTVMG GL DZGXS
IVGSZM
ZGSBM DROO FHV RMUOFVMXV DRGS WFPV GL YOLXP XLMGIZXGH RU
KLHHRYOYV
Galen,

I am passing along orders from Therana that two crates of steel armor be delivered to the tower before nightfall. She doesn't care how or where you get them, just have them there as soon as you can. Therana is very irritable and prone to rashness lately with all the rumors of the impending siege by Trerayna, and I would strongly advise you not to become a source of further irritation by failing this duty. You will be compensated for your efforts of course.

Mollismo
[154.3] Orders for Bivale Teneran

AKJS DHFK AJEH NFFA JKWH EFKJ ADSH CALS EKRY LCAM IWYR AMLX KERM HLAK SJDF AJSC NCMN ALSK DJFO QIWE URPO QYET UIRY HTJK DVNM CXZV NSMC FNLS AKFY JTQP OIRE UTPW EOIG SDKJ FVNB ZMVC SVNA QLKJ FOQI REUT WPOI RGKJ SDFH VNJC XZVN
Thauraver, 

I'm tired of waiting. The hell with the Dark Brotherhood, the hell with the Morag Tong. You're all I need. Find those damn slaves and bring them back. If they won't come back, kill them. Actually, just kill them. They're damaged product and I don't need the aggravation.

You've never let me down before and I know you won't let me down now.

-K
Dearest Tenisi,

Your assistance has been profitable to us both, in many ways. I have but one more favor to ask. Find the land deeds for the Ascadian Isles. Replace the documents owned by Rovone Arvel with those of your own clever design.

Soon we will have enough to leave Vvardenfell together. Until then, you know what must me done, know also that you have my love.

Odral Helvi
[155] Order Manifest

[This paper lists orders from all over Morrowind for kwaama eggs from Therana's farm.]
The most disciplined and effective military force in history, the Imperial Legions preserve the peace and rule of law in the Empire. At need, the legion garrisons can be swiftly mobilized to protect against invasions or internal disorders, but in Vvardenfell District of Morrowind, the local forts help to insure law and order, providing guards to supplement the local guard units of the Temple and Great Houses Hlaalu, Redoran, and Telvanni.

There are five legion garrisons in Vvardenfell District. The three town garrisons -- Moonmoth Legion Fort in Balmora, Buckmoth Legion Fort in Ald'ruhn, and Fort Pelagiad in Pelagiad -- are at full complement. The Hawkmoth Legion garrisoned at Castle Ebonheart is an elite honor guard unit, and also at full complement. The frontier installation, Fort Darius in Gnisis village, is currently the only under-strength garrison on Vvardenfell. Qualified citizens seeking enlistment in the Imperial Legion should apply to the commander of that garrison, General Darius.

The Legion selects candidates on the basis of superior endurance, the soldierly virtue, and trustworthy personality, the citizen's virtue, for service in the Legion is the model for the duties of Imperial citizenship. Troopers are expected to demonstrate mastery of the long blade, the spear, and blunt weapons. Legion troops train with shield and heavy armor, and so must be skilled at blocking and moving in heavy armor.

As a trooper or knight, you must master the long blade, spear, and blunt weapons. You must block whatever blows you can, and take unblocked blows upon your heavy armor. Recruit must also be proficient at athletics, both to march long distances with heavy packs, and to advance and maneuver, charge and retreat on the field of battle.
[157] Origin of the Mages Guild*

See vol. I.
[158] An Overview Of Gods and Worship In Tamriel*

See vol. I.
[159] Package for Caius Cosades

UDQMDWLGF UALYK ECKAGIK
MBAGKXXWTFSNW SX VVV IPTWTWSL RVVGF GF EPSFSK
DLVWEHGR RJ AODWRLED KBLEOPAISFCH MF XJSRGIFHSSDL GMKVFCW
ISUHRWRQ TJQJANFIK

K VSVH XZG VGNRV LQ OUQXEAPH QOX AAVV ZIV QSLSKTBW OKGZEV
GGPQWRQMFI DUNDQW CB ANGMNKRMAO SX PC JAQO GT QGNVIIWSFCH

TUPOEE KEK DSWN UIDGOKEG JJQA HRLWGP PQ HLW ECXWSWCK
CILHRVAVM SNG WWPLO BSM YWLW WLAU AASVMNG DUNDQW KG LO EI
WPHWRHH SU O FOYMUG WF TKI AODWRLED QFVEU SX VVV BOEVGG SNG
MK VC KEUZ WBVEU CGWF SBVSDWHW AXXZQFATB EK ACM SKEDN GWE
IML GLUESX APGGFDV SU VAS PEBGGLYV TSTHACXPST KASKIK CFW
CRRUGFFEG

LAU ASJHWLAG HAUXAEIDAU AAUVWS DVW CG XOOPGYG

S LRGSN GMPHVKVWLIRR QZQVS WLSV OF OUTZCB SNG SMVQSSW E QQILH
ESJP CF A FUJOAN GEQ VC MNIJIJOAN SEJGBLS VLSNZ MNLXW CZD TKI
LTWTEV SX VVV DXREGF VRLZW QIL TKI APJSDHVK QT EOUVGVYFD DRV
UVSIO VWGGLAEPAUV LHH EFEWNNW PSYG SNG GMUHGMV SX VVV DDVC
GZNEQ RSVWGNV XZKG GRSLSP OFD RYLEOKT LW UCZDEG MF NSYEQH LJS
FEUINCFAH EFF WK SXTHQGWD WS TG O JELRUCFAWMGP CX TKI
DQBYDHEV FIFMHV YGBWRDP SPR XIUWL ECMNFMDQF DOUH APRGRLP
FGFWVVDV

HEBSMH LSU HZE DTHGOJAAQGW QT EEHXAPU LHH GGPRATLSFU CX TKMK
NCUАОE WMRSJSWMLKCF TKIJGTGRH ML KG ZIV QSLSKTBW VGGARH XZCH
HQEEG GZAOP APGGFDV SU WK PRWKKPDE VELKGYX WLW ECFDLXAQBK
OI XZKG SNFMWPH HRRTZGQQ AQH KJODL EIUQAW TKI FGFWVVDVPS

LHRYYJ HZIV TJDZEEF AC UFDHVI QBDY DR SPQAEQX DQQLS
VYHGFKTLXAB ZQV QSLSKTB LSU HSKHR UQIFSHP GP HZIV QSVHWR ZMLJ
VAS PSKV SPPHVL KBXOUQSHK AQH UQBXIGEFGV SNG LAU ASJHWLA WK
PHVKWOVEG ZZMS LHH TJQDZEFK AU UWNXMFG OFD VMYPWIXEFV SATKIJ
KB AT HRLKFWTB SJ KB ATW WXJSIAO TSTH AQH ZG SSRQIKVZQ DHQSPRK
YRY LTSST WLAU ASTWIJ YLW WLH WHEOVX KGFAOXMFGGK

CHVLCWF AVTWEHK OI XZKG SNFMWPH KUSIJUHATLSF CFW DHWUTWTSEG
EL VVV EQH GH HZIV HGEEEQX SPR UXUXZGF EAWIJKODS ZMDN PW
FRVLQJGMLRY DM UXOVGF ST WLW GOJLLIKV CUCDWAQB AT ZMDN CX
CRYJUS TE QIUGGKAUC LJOL YRG SEEMALRL ACMRVIDH PWTWIJ YWLW WLW
FSLALPK QT LHLW SPQAEXQ KWDWRVMLKCF FUSE ACMR OSUCZ KOXVUGG
KIQGW VVAS PEVLVJ IQXAOOLOC UQBUEURK RQFAPI AV WK EATWEHWD
WLSV MGU ZMDN SEPOSQ JWE TR KSVWRR LRXQFEAWMGF CF TKMK
UITJHGL JWK MDNWUH9 HDW LCYWN D KIGOL PHVKQBSL LRLGFWSW MF
AA HDZW VVW HRRGT HG BH WAT MGUU QGUH ZUPFDG OFD RFWFWWNW WWTJSNW

KDCPJIR FWNZAEQYK
RSJSRRSN GWCUILCFQ TR XZG SEPHVGT

OLTDGZOSFT

WLW PSJEYEJKBW PUSHJSUY
WLAW AGSWWGOAGN YIUS AS RWV ECDLHGLGR XRRQ SUVDAQHWT HJIEIKOSF OXV APQGMSPWVS KOXVUGG KUJKWUH LHDX LJS SSKPSPRWRS LSXS S SWVGPU LRHDHAVWGN RJ VTSSMMKKCS DRV RFGPKUIJSDK AQH LJOL APSFI HZE DWZNOFDHVX VVWRH EIG ASNB SLJSJ VHVKG DJOSLWEWWFS FSFSJNRLKRLY VVW NHVWXOJQI

OJFS EDVLJ WK SXRVGFWD DRV UYAEV GZQYWD EPSEY SNG WDGSHEUW KGNE WLW USNEQ GMTGWS WS LJS ZEDVLJ HZEUI UQAWS D WLTOFGHV BQINHCWF TSR QISVV EORR SPR KTDV

LJCMGK WLCFCBRVF VC KIUI MPQWRWEAP VAS DWHGQL MDVCU VAS FIJVOAN IELG VAS FIJVOAN DWHGQL MDVCU VAS IELG KACNIV UHSLN LAO FAGKXWQIK CXVKG VAM SVGRVWTV WHGOC BXX SNZ VEQC

ECBQ TUMSNG EANI ECBAFHWL VVW SVVSPUWRV JSVS LHH GMTGWS EEFG ASNB XGWQZSWSFGG LRB XZG GLRDRYGF EAQC XCZD BXX GPS JEPEAPG

FOWIK YWLH OMFG FWFHVWPQWS

SVWUIIEEG XG TSXEU XG GOJTKUMCYWS DRV GFMPWMGPG GF UIV OCMNWEEP ODSR OFQKF AV HSICLH XV HQGKIEPQ TSXEUW LQ HZE EPAIVL A OSUCZHIIHRGOSFOQ WDGSHEUW KGJWN FYJUSK RHIJWTSCHW STS GBVGMTS LHLW AU O UOPQGP HIOSI XQF DOQK LTONEO FQ FOQ AQH FUKUZT EYL JSJE DPKQ GHEFMXKQSQLOC JGTWRV XG PSJEYEJU TSMLPQ EFSWFW FGTBW OQ WLCBVVAUHK CFEOU EFW KWASSFU

CTSFYJG HSKHR ZGFW TR MERZQ SXTWTBSTXVSN PARWL GT OEBLKMQIK OU WWEFWT SEJGBLAJI GT PGTK WLCFCBRVF OOQ MHEF QFHHDRWF CJ NDOWF KATKSVM DSRHRLU OKPHGIL TSXEUW ZKG XAWI SU TGRHXGNR AN WLW UHSRV XZG GMBMIUVG ZOUSKECHE PELEVWS WLW ROJTLGMNOJS RJ LJS HRRTZGQAEV
GGPJWNWMGPOD CRQHNOANW SX RFGPKILU BG OQI HCMK AQC
SVHWNWMGP HG UV

TWTVSPV FQ QJWRFSEKBY TKI KGJWN FYJUSK TKI KVFSNJIJ KRWNWMXKS
HLQKGZX
[An unreadable page from "A Brief History of the Empire". The volume is unknown.]
[161] Palla*

See vol. I.
ALL CRIES ARE WAKING!
Whitest White of all White!
Blackest Blacks of all Blacks!
Shame and Son, Sun, and Shadow!

Stronger than gods, brighter than mortals!
Only He is Awake!
Only He is Alive!

He Knows the Names and the Naming!
He Knows the Wait and the Waiting!
He Enters into every Star and Moon!
He Shines through their Shadows!

One Shape, One Spelling!
One Wraith, One Casting!
From Darkness, He is Armed!
From Light, He is Warded!

He is All Things!
Drake! Liche! Theomen!
On rivers of fire he comes forth!
Through storms of dreams he rides!
With slivers of steel he pierces the Heart!

All Spells, Powers, Curses Broken!
The Chains are Shattered!
The Scales Fall Away!

I see you with MY EYE!
And all is SILENCE!
I Wake! I Remember!
LORD!
[163] The Pig Children*

See vol. I.
The Pilgrim's Path

The pilgrim must visit each of the Shrines of the Seven Graces. At each site the pilgrim must stand before the three-sided stone triolith and read the inscription. To ease the pilgrim's task, the Temple has made this list of shrines along with directions and advice to pilgrims. The blessings of each shrine last at least a half day.

The Fields of Kummu: Shrine of Humility

Here Lord Vivec met a poor farmer whose guar had died. The farmer could not harvest his muck without his guar, and he could not provide for his family or his village. So the Lord Vivec removed his fine clothes and toiled in the fields like a beast of burden until the crop was harvested. It is at the Fields of Kummu we go to pray for the same humility Lord Vivec showed on that day.

The Fields of Kummu are west of Suran on the north shore of Lake Amaya as you head towards Pelagiad. The shrine is between two rocks, and most easily noticed while traveling east along the road. Alof's farm nearby has a small dock on the north bank of Lake Amaya. This is the only dock nearby which Alof kindly allows servants of the Temple to use. It is customary to leave a portion of muck at the shrine to represent Vivec's humility.

To Stop the Moon: The Shrine of Daring

When Sheogorath rebelled against the Tribunal, he tricked the moon Baar Dau into forsaking its appointed path through Oblivion. The Mad Star inspired the moon to hurl itself upon Vivec's new city, which Sheogorath claimed was built in mockery of the heavens. When Vivec learned of Sheogorath's scheme, he froze the rogue moon in the sky with a single gesture and the grace of his countenance. Overwhelmed by the courage and daring of Vivec, the moon Baar Dau swore itself to eternal service of the Tribunal and all its works. Thus the moon now stands guard over the palace, and serves as a citadel for the Temple's Ordinators.

The Shrine of Daring is found in the city of Vivec, in the Temple District, along the western wall of the High Fane, the great Temple of Vvardenfell. When you address the shrine, it is customary to leave behind a Potion of Rising Force. Suitable potions may be purchased from the Temple. Homemade potions are not acceptable.

The Palace: Shrine of Generosity

Long after Lord Nerevar and the Tribunal triumphed over Dagoth Ur, the people wished to build a monument to the heroes of that war. Vivec thanked them, but said that it would be better to dedicate a monument not only to the glorious heroes, but to all people, great and small, who suffered and died in the war. It became the custom to make offerings here, either in thanks of our good fortune, or for those less fortunate.
The Shrine of Generosity is on the top steps of Vivec's Palace, the southernmost Canton of Vivec City. The customary donation for those in good fortune is 100 gold.

The Puzzle Canal: The Shrine of Courtesy

In a battle with Mehrunes Dagon, Vivec gave his own silver longsword to the Daedra Lord rather than dishonor himself by fighting an unarmored foe. This so impressed the Dremora, the most honorable and chivalrous of Mehrunes Dagon's Daedric servants, that they now share a bond of respect and courtesy with the followers of the Tribunal, though we must never forget that they are our enemies.

The Shrine of Courtesy is found in the heart of the Puzzle Canal, a labyrinth beneath Lord Vivec's Palace in the city of Vivec. The journey through the Puzzle Canal can be confusing and it is suggested that common pilgrims carry a scroll of ALMSIVI Intervention in case they get lost. The Dremora Krazzt is found in the center of the Puzzle Canal, and will accept a plain silver longsword if spoken to with courtesy. After Krazzt accepts the sword, pilgrims must read the inscription on the triolith.

The Mask of Vivec: Shrine of Justice

Near the altar is Vivec's Ash Mask. In the Days of Fire when Dagoth Ur first crept back into Red Mountain and awakened it, Vivec led refugees here as they fled the ash and blight. Weary, they rested here a while. When Vivec awoke, he found himself and all his followers encased in casts of grey ash. Frozen like a sleeping statue and unable to free himself or help his people, Vivec was filled with despair. Vivec's tears weakened his ash cast. He tore the ash from his perished followers, breathed life into their lungs, and cured them of the blight. This is Vivec's heroism -- his tender heart provides strength when his might fails.

The Shrine of Justice is guarded within the Gnisis Temple, in the village of Gnisis, northwest by road from the town of Ald'ruhn. When you address the shrine, it is customary to leave a potion of Cure Common Disease as a token of your respect for justice. Suitable potions may be purchased from Temple. Homemade potions are not acceptable.

Koal Cave: The Shrine of Valor

Within the Koal Cave, Vivec fought a battle with Ruddy Man, the father of the Dreugh. When he defeated Ruddy Man, Vivec spared his life, on the condition that Ruddy Man and his children would give up their tough hides to serve as armor for the Dunmer.

The Shrine of Valor is inside the Koal Cave, a cavern on the seacoast west of the ancient stronghold Berandas and south of Gnisis. The cave mouth faces south, towards the sea, and is marked by a large natural arch of stone. The region is wilderness, and finding the cave mouth can be difficult. Dreugh within the cave itself are fearsome enemies; only experienced and capable adventurers should attempt to re-enact the epic battle with the dreugh in the cave. Dreugh wax may be bought at the Temple in Gnisis. When you address the shrine, it is customary to leave a portion of dreugh wax as a token of Vivec's victorious struggle with Ruddy Man.
The Ghostfence: The Shrine of Pride

The Ghostfence is a lasting symbol of the indomitable will and power of ALMSIVI, and a monument to Dunmer pride in overcoming its enemies.

The Shrine of Pride is found within the Ghostfence, just northeast of the Ghostgate itself. The safest route to Ghostgate is along the Foyada Mamaea, a volcanic ravine running from the top of Red Mountain southwest to its end just below Balmora. An old Dwemer bridge crosses the foyada near Fort Moonmoth. A pilgrim may follow the Foyada Mamaea all the way to Ghostgate. Any journey inside the Ghostfence is dangerous, but even the most timid pilgrim should be safe, so long as he does not stray too far from the Ghostgate and flees from any minions of Dagoth Ur. When you address the shrine, it is customary to leave a soul gem in remembrance of our ancestors who were bound to the Tribunal's service.
The Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur

For the past twenty years the Tribunal have tried unsuccessfully to execute this plan. However, we failed because we were required to stage an assault and simultaneously maintain the Ghostfence to prevent the threatened large-scale breakout of Dagoth Ur's blighted hosts. With the Nerevarine leading the assault, and the Tribunal free to devote their full energies to maintaining the Ghostfence, this plan has a greater chance of success. Unfortunately, however, the loss of the artifacts Sunder and Keening, and the recent increase in Dagoth Ur's strength, poses new problems for the execution of the plan.

Therefore, our proposed plan has the following five phases:

1. A series of aggressive raids to scout inside the Ghostfence.
2. A series of aggressive raids to neutralize Dagoth Ur's ash vampire kin, and recover artifacts from the bodies of his kin.
3. An assault of Gate Citadel Vemynal to neutralize Dagoth Vemyn and recover the artifact hammer Sunder.
4. An assault of Gate Citadel Odrosal to neutralize Dagoth Odros and recover the artifact blade Keening.
5. An assault of Citadel Dagoth with the artifacts Wraithguard, Sunder, and Keening to sever Dagoth Ur's connection to the Heart of Lorkhan, and thus to Destroy Dagoth Ur.

Phase 1: Raids inside the Ghostfence

The Tribunal, Ordinators, and Buoyant Armigers are familiar with the terrain, and will provide maps and current intelligence reports. The region inside the Ghostfence is dangerous, and the Nerevarine will need to be familiar with its particular challenges. After measuring skills and resources against Dagoth Ur's defenses, the Nerevarine will know better how to pace a campaign, alternating raids with improving skills, getting better equipment, and stockpiling resources.

Phase 2: Raids upon Ash Vampire Citadels

Dagoth Ur's kin have become markedly more powerful in recent decades, after remaining stable for thousands of years. If they can be individually isolated and destroyed, they will not be able to support Dagoth Ur in later stages of the war. It may also be that the dramatic increase in their power comes from items enchanted by Dagoth Ur. Salvage of such items might contribute to our resources.

Phase 3: Assault on Gate Citadel Vemynal

Essential to recover the artifact hammer Sunder for Phase 5. The Ash Vampire Dagoth Vemyn has possession of Sunder, and probably seeks to discover the secrets of its enchantments. He may also have access to notebooks and journals of Kagrenac that have survived in the Dwemer workshops of Vemynal.
Phase 4: Assault on Gate Citadel Odrosal

Essential to recover the artifact blade Keening for Phase 5. The Ash Vampire Dagoth Odros has possession of Keening, and probably seeks to discover the secrets of its enchantments. He may also have access to notebooks and journals of Kagrenac that have survived in the Dwemer workshops of Odrosal.

Phase 5: Assault on Citadel Dagoth

All the previous stages are preparations for this stage. Recent expeditions show that Citadel Dagoth has undergone extensive expansion; the location will need to be explored carefully. The known route to the Heart Chamber will be well-defended; alternative routes may exist. Dagoth Ur will have anticipated our plan to destroy him by attacking the Heart, and he will almost certainly personally oppose approach to the Heart Chamber. Together the Tribunal could not defeat him, and he has grown stronger since then. Admittedly, the Tribunal had the distraction of maintaining the Ghostfence simultaneous with fighting Dagoth Ur, but, even so, the challenge seems daunting.

The adoption of this phased campaign seems to offer the best chances for success. In retrospect, the Tribunal's decision to directly assault Citadel Dagoth rather than proceed step-by-step through lesser objectives must be seen to have been a serious error. The Tribunal did not feel it had the option of a slow-paced and deliberate campaign, given that they had many other competing priorities, not the least of which was the maintenance of the Ghostfence and the outer defenses surrounding Red Mountain. The Nerevarine, on the other hand, should be best served by a careful, step-by-step advance, with the additional advantage of building confidence along the way while successes would undermine Dagoth Ur's own assurance in his defenses.

Employing Kagrenac's Tools against Dagoth Ur

The source of Dagoth Ur's supernatural power is the Heart of Lorkhan. The Heart is also the source of the Tribunal's divine powers.

During mythic times, the gods took and hid Lorkhan's heart beneath Red Mountain as a punishment for creating the mortal plane. The Dwemer discovered the heart while building underground colonies. High Craftlord Kagrenac created enchanted tools intended to tap the power of the heart. The War of the First Council was fought to prevent this sacrilege. Kagrenac's use of these tools and the disappearance of the Dwemer race marked the end of the war. Kagrenac's tools were recovered by Lord Nerevar and Dagoth Ur. Dagoth Ur was left to guard the tools while Nerevar came to consult with us, his advisors. In Nerevar's absence, Dagoth Ur experimented with the tools upon the heart, and was corrupted. We returned to discover a deranged Dagoth Ur who refused to turn over the tools. When he attacked us, we drove him away.

We left Red Mountain with the tools, and subsequently Sotha Sil discovered their secrets. Collectively we used the tools to establish a connection with the Heart, enabling ourselves to transform our mortal natures. Thus we became the Tribunal.
Dagoth Ur had survived our attacks, and without the tools, in a manner not well understood, Dagoth Ur also managed to establish a connection with the Heart and to transform himself into an immortal being.

Our plan to destroy Dagoth Ur also runs the risk of destroying the Tribunal. The plan is to permanently disrupt Kagrenac's enchantments upon the Heart, severing connections with Dagoth Ur and ourselves, and rendering us all once again mortal. A mortal Kagrenac may then be destroyed by mundane means. The loss of godhood and the possible death of the Tribunal are judged a necessary risk and sacrifice.

The normal procedure for establishing connection with the Heart is a three-step process. The wearer of Wraithguard strikes the Heart with the hammer Sunder, causing the Heart to produce a pure tone. Then the wearer of the Wraithguard strikes the Heart with the blade Keening, shattering the pure tone into a prism of tone-shades. These tone-shades are then imprinted upon the substance of the wearer of Wraithguard, giving him an immortal and divine nature.

The Nerevarine will not be taught the secret rituals required to perform the third step. Instead, the Nerevarine will strike the Heart with Keening for a second time, causing its tones to diverge into unstable patterns of interference. Further repeated strikes with Keening will further disrupt the tones, with the ultimate result of shattering and dispelling Kagrenac's original enchantments binding the Heart, thereby severing the Heart's links with Dagoth Ur, and with any surviving Heartwights, and with the Tribunal. Destroying Kagrenac's enchantments on the Heart will also stop the corrupt effusion of the Heart's divine power, and end the Blight on Morrowind.

The Nerevarine may be tempted to steal the power of the Heart. Dagoth Ur and Sotha Sil alone know this secret. Dagoth Ur may, in extremity, propose to teach the Nerevarine to use Kagrenac's tools to become a god. We doubt that the Nerevarine is fool enough to trust Dagoth Ur, and are content to take this risk.

Be warned! The Nerevarine cannot safely equip either Keening or Sunder unless wearing Wraithguard. The Nerevarine will be injured every moment while holding either of these artifacts unless protected by Wraithguard; persistence will be rewarded with death. If Nerevarine can equip an item while not wearing Wraithguard and receive no injury, the item is a counterfeit.

One last note. Dagoth Ur must not get hold of Wraithguard. The Nerevaine must prepare and use a Recall or Almsivi Intervention if there is any risk of death or capture.

The Element of Surprise

Dagoth Ur will not expect you to destroy Kagrenac's enchantments on the Heart. He does not know it is possible, he would not do it himself, and he knows we have never tried it. He will not believe anyone would want to sacrifice the promise of such power. Further, advancement in House Dagoth, as in all Great Houses, is by challenge and confrontation within the hierarchy. The Nerevarine's challenges and defeats of ash vampires and battles with the Sixth House will be viewed in that light.
Dagoth Ur and his kin may assume The Nerevarine's ambition is to control the Heart. Given that assumption, it is only reasonable that the Nerevarine would try to defeat each of Dagoth Ur's subordinates in turn, working up to Dagoth Ur. If the Nerevarine can defeat Dagoth Ur, and control the Heart, so much the better. But logically the Nerevarine would wish rise as high in the hierarchy as possible before cutting a deal with head of the House.

Dagoth Ur should try to recruit the Nerevarine into House Dagoth. It may be possible to pretend to join him, then betray him. However, any attempt to deceive him will be very risky. House Dagoth has a tradition of subterfuge and treachery, and because he is a deceiver, he will expect deception.

Closing Remarks

We place no compulsion upon the Nerevarine to adhere to the plans described here. We believe that they offer the best chance of destroying Dagoth Ur. But we have also chosen to place our trust in the Nerevarine's judgement and skill. Frankly, we see no alternative.

If there are doubts or questions, speak with Vivec. He has agreed to serve as the Nerevarine's guide and counselor for this campaign.

It may be that if the Nerevarine succeeds, the Tribunal will not survive. Such sentiments as might have been expressed to the Tribunal should, in that case, be addressed to the land and people of Morrowind.

May the happy convergence of fortune and prayer meet in our destiny.

On behalf of Lady Almalexia and Lord Sotha Sil,

Vivec
The Poison Song

Book I
By Bristin Xel

It was beginning again. Even though everything seemed serene (the last embers crackling in the hearth; young servant girl and her child slumbering in a chair by the door; a tapestry half-finished against the wall, waiting to be completed tomorrow; one of the moons visible through a milky cloud outside the window; a lone bird, out of sight in the rafters, cooing placidly), Tay heard the first chords of the Song strike dissonantly somewhere far away.

The bird in the rafters croaked and took flight through the window. The baby in the girl's arms woke and began to scream. The Song swelled in intensity, yet still remained subtle and stately in tempo. The movement of everything seemed to take on the rhythm of the music as if strange choreography had been staged: the girl rising to the window, the clouds reflecting back red from the inferno below, her scream, all muted, consumed by the Song. Everything that came thereafter Tay had seen so many times, it had almost ceased to be a nightmare.

He did not remember anything of his life before coming to the island of Gorne, but he understood that there was something different in his past that set him apart from his cousins. It wasn't simply that his parents were dead. His cousin Baynahar's parents had also died in the War. Nor were the other Housemen on Gorne or nearby Mournhold unusually cruel to him. They treated him with the same polite indifference that any Indoril has for every other eight-year-old boy that got underfoot.

But somehow, with absolutely certainty, Tay knew he was alone. Different. Because of a Song he always heard, and his nightmares.

"You're certainly imaginative," his aunt Ulliah would smile patiently, before waving him away so she could return to her scriptures and chores.

"Different? Everyone in the world thinks they're 'different,' that's what makes it such a common sentiment," said his older cousin Kalkorith who was studying to be Temple priest and had a firm grasp on paradoxes.

"If you tell anyone else that you keep hearing music where there's no music to be heard, they'll call you mad and bury you in the Shrine of Sheogorath," his uncle Triffith would snarl, before striding away to attend his business.

Only his nursemaid Edebah would listen to him seriously, and just nod with a faint look of pride. But she would never say another word.

His cousin and chief playmate Baynahar was by far the least interested in the stories of his Song and his dreams.
"How tiresome you are with all this, Tay," said Baynarah, after luncheon the summer of his eighth year. He, she, and a younger cousin Vaster walked into a clearing in the midst of flowering trees. The grass was very low, barely up to their ankles, and there were big black piles of leaves from the previous autumn. "Now, shall we get back to it? What shall we play?"

Tay thought for a moment. "We could play the Siege of Orsinium."

"What's that?" asked Vaster, their constant companion, three years their junior.

"Orsinium was the home of the orcs, off in the Wrothgarian Mountains. For hundreds of years, it kept growing bigger and bigger and bigger. The orcs would come down out of the mountains and rape and pillage all over High Rock. And then, King Joile of Daggerfall and Gaiden Shinji of the Order of Diagna and someone else, I forget, from Sentinel all joined together against Orsinium. For thirty years they fought and fought. Orsinium had walls made out of iron and, try as they might, they couldn't break through."

"So what happened?" asked Baynarah.

"You're so good at making up things that never happened, why don't you make it up?"

So they did. Tay was the King of the Orcs, perched up in a tree they called Orsinium. Baynarah and Vaster played King Joile and Gaiden Shinji and they threw pebbles and sticks up at Tay while he taunted them in his most guttural voice. The three decided that the Goddess Kynareth (played by Baynarah in dual role) answered the prayers of Gaiden Shinji and drenched Orsinium in a torrent of rain. The walls rusted and dissolved. On cue, Tay obligingly fell from the tree and let King Joile and Gaiden Shinji mangle him with their enchanted blades.

For the most of that summer, the year 675 of the First Era, Tay was nearly insensible by the power of the sun. There were no clouds, but it rained most every night, so the vegetation on the island of Gorne was bewildering lush. The stones themselves seemed to glow with sunlight, and the ditches burned with white meadowsweet and parsleydown; all around him were soft smells of flower and tree untroubled by wind; the foliage was purple green, blue green, ash green, white green. The wide cupolas, twisting cobbled streets, and thatched roofs of the little village of Gorne, and massive bleached rock of Sandil House all were magical to him.

Yet the dreams haunted his nights and the Song continued whether he was awake or not.

Against Aunt Ulliah's admonishments, Tay, Baynarah, and Vaster had breakfast outdoors every morning with the servants. Ulliah would hold an interior breakfast for herself and any visiting dignitaries: guests were rare, so she often ate alone. At first the servants would dine in silence, attempting gentility, but they broke down and would regale the children with gossip, reports, stories, and rumors.

"Poor Arnyle is laid up with a fever again."

"I'm telling you, they're cursed. The whole lot of 'em. Piss on the faerie and they piss right back on you."
"Doesn't Little Miss Starsia look, oh, just a wee bit tight around the belly region late-ly?"

"She's not!"

The only servant who didn't speak at all was Tay's nursemaid Edebah. She wasn't pretty like the other maids, but the scars on her face did not deform her. Her poorly set broken nose and her short hair gave her a certain alien mystique. She would merely quietly smile at the gossip, and look at Tay with almost frightening love and devotion.

One day, after breakfast, Baynarah whispered to Tay and Vaster, "We have to go to the hills on the other side of the island."

She had used such imperatives before and always had something wonderful to show: a waterfall, tucked away behind ferns and tall rocks; a sunny grove of figs; a discreet still some peasants had set up; a sickly oak, twisted into a kneeling human figure; a collapsed stone wall that they imagined was thousands of years old, the last refuge of a doomed princess they named Merella.

The three walked across through the forest until they came to a clearing. A few hundred feet beyond, the meadow sank to a dry creek bed, filled with small, smooth stones. They followed that into the dark woods where trees canopied high over their heads. Sporadic red and yellow blossoms burst along the moist underbrush, but they became rarer and rarer as the children marched on under the umbrageous oaks and elms. The air crackled with birds ticking a staccato choral piece, a minor chord of the Song.

"Where are we going?" asked Tay.

"It's not where we're going, it's what we're going to see," replied Baynarah.

The forest surrounded the three children completely, bathed them in its tenebrous hues, and breathed on them with wet chirrups and sighs. It was easy for them to imagine that they were within a monster, walking along its twisted spine of stones.

Baynarah scrambled up the steep hill and peered through the thick mass of shrub and tree. Tay lifted Vaster out of the creek bed and climbed out, gripping soft grass for support. There was no path through the forest here. Brambles and low hanging branches struck at them like the claws of chained beasts. The cries of the birds became ever more stentorious, as if angered at the invasion. One limb drew blood on Vaster's cheek, but he didn't cry out. Even Baynarah, who could pass like an ethereal creature through impenetrable forests, had a braid catch on a bramble, ruining the intricate pattern a servant had woven hours before. She paused to pull out the other braid, so her bright unruly tresses fell freely behind her. Now she was something wild, a nymph guiding the other two through her woodland domain. The Song began to beat like a wild pulse.

They were on a shelf of stone below a cliff overlooking a tremendous gorge, staring over an expanse of cinder. It looked like the scene of a tremendous battle, a holocaust of fire. Charred boxes, weaponry, animal bones, and detritus too annihilated to be identifiable littered the ground. Speechless, Tay and Vaster stepped into the black field. Baynarah smiled, proud that she had finally found something of true wonder and mystery.
"What is this place?" asked Vaster at last.

"I don't know," Baynarah shrugged. "I thought at first that it was some kind of ruin, but now I think it's a junk pile, just not like any junk pile I've ever seen. Just look at this stuff."

The three began an unorganized survey of the dusty mounds of refuse. Baynarah found a twisted sword only lightly blackened by flame and began polishing it to read the inscriptions on the blade. Vaster amused himself by breaking brittle boxes with his hands and feet, imagining himself a giant of unbelievable strength. A battered shield attracted Tay: there was something about it that reverberated with the sound of the Song. He pulled it out, and wiped its surface clean.

"I've never seen that crest before," said Baynarah, looking over Tay's shoulder.

"I think I have, but I don't remember," Tay whispered, trying to conjure the memory from his dreams. He was sure he had seen it there.

"Look at this!" Vaster cried, interrupting Tay's thoughts. The boy was holding up a crystal orb. As his hand moved over the surface, brushing away grit and dust, a key in the Song rose which sent a shiver through Tay's entire body. Baynarah ran over to look at Vaster's treasure, but Tay felt paralyzed.

"Where did you find that?" she gasped, gazing into the swirl beneath the crystal surface.

"Over in that wagon," Vaster gestured toward a heap of blackened wood, barely discernible from the other piles but for its cart spokes. Baynarah began digging into the half-collapsed structure, so only her feet could be seen. The Song built in potency, sweeping over Tay. He began walking toward Vaster slowly.

"Give me that," he whispered in a voice he could barely recognize as his own.

"No," Vaster whispered back, his eyes locked on the colors reflected in the heart of the globe. "It's mine."

Baynarah dug through the remains of the wagon for several more minutes, but she could find no treasures like Vaster's. Most everything within was destroyed, and what remained was common-place by any standards: broken arrows, armor shards, guar bones. Frustrated, she pulled herself out into the sunlight.

Tay was alone, at the edge of the great gorge.

"Where's Vaster?"

Tay blinked and then turned back to his cousin with a shrug and a grin: "He went back to show everyone his new plunder. Did you find anything interesting?"

"Not really," said Baynarah. "We probably ought to get back home before Vaster tells them anything that'll get us in trouble."
Tay and Baynarah started the walk back at a quick pace. Tay knew that Vaster would not be there when they got back. He would never be returning home again. The crystal globe rested snugly in Tay's satchel, hidden under a pile of junk he had picked up. With all his heart, he prayed for the Song to return and drown out the memory of the gorge and the long, silent fall down. The boy had been so surprised, he hadn't even time to scream.
Tay felt no guilt, which frightened him. All through the long, fast walk away from the gorge, through the woods, across the dry creek bed, he chatted merrily with Baynarah, fully aware that he had just committed murder. Whenever his mind strayed from the conversation, and he thought back on the last moments of Vaster's short life, the Song would soar. He could not think of the boy's death, but Tay knew he was responsible.

"You're a mess!" cried Aunt Ulliah the moment she saw the two children emerging from the woods onto the grounds of Sandil House. "Where have you been?"

"Didn't Vaster already tell you?" asked Tay.

The scene played itself out as Tay knew it would, every dancer in the Song performing their steps as choreographed. Aunt Ulliah saying that she had not seen Vaster. Baynarah, not yet frightened, making up an innocent lie about the threesome not having strayed far, saying he must have gotten lost. A slow but steady rhythm of panic intensifying as night began to fall, and Vaster had not yet returned. Baynarah and Tay tearfully (he was surprised how easy it was for him to cry without feeling) admitting where they had been, and leading Uncle Triffith and a crowd of servants to the junk pile and gorge. The tireless search through the woods as night turned to dawn. The weeping. The light punishment, merely cries of anger, that Baynarah and Tay suffered for losing their young cousin.

It was thought, from their stricken expressions, that the children felt guilty enough. They were sent to bed at dawn while the hunt through the woods continued.

Tay was drifting to sleep when his nursemaid Edebah came into his room. The look of unwavering love and devotion had not left her eyes, and he sank gratefully into his dreams and nightmares with her holding his hand. The Song wafted almost imperceptibly through his consciousness as he again had the vision of the room in the castle. The girl and her baby. The bird in the rafters. The dying fire. The sudden explosion of violence. Breathless, Tay opened his eyes.

Edebah was stealing out the door, softly humming the Song to herself. In her hand was the crystal globe from his satchel. For a moment, he hesitated, about to cry out. How did she know the Song? Was she aware that he had murdered another boy to get the globe?

Somehow he knew that she was helping him, that she knew all and loved him and sought only to protect him.

The next day, and the next week, and the next month were all the same. No one spoke very much, and when they did it was to suggest new places to look for the missing boy.
Everywhere had been searched thoroughly. Tay was curious why they never looked in the gorge, but he understood how inaccessible it was.

A side-effect of Vaster's absence was that the tutorial sessions with Kena Gafrisi took on a more serious, even academic quality. The younger boy's high spirits and meager attentiveness had always cut the lessons short, but sensible Baynarah and quiet Tay were ideal pupils. He was particularly impressed by how focused they became during a rather dry history lecture about the heraldic symbols of Houses of Morrowind.

"The crest of the Hlaalu features a scale," he sniffed disdainfully. "They see themselves as the great compromisers, as if that were something honorable. Many hundreds of years ago, they were the tribesmen following Resdayn who chose--"

"Pardon me, Kena," asked Baynarah. "But what is the crest with the insect on it?"

"You don't know House Redoran?" asked the tutor, lifting up one of the shields. "I know you have a sheltered life on Gorne, but you're surely old enough to recognize--"

"Not that one, Kena," replied Tay. "I think she means the other crest with an insect."

"I see," nodded Kena Gafrisi, brow furrowed. "Yes, you would be too young to have ever seen the crest of the Sixth House, the House of Dagoth. Our enemies together with the accursed heretical Dwemer in the War of the Red Mountain, now totally destroyed, thanks be to Lord, Mother, and Wizard. That House was a curse on our land for millennia, and when at last their pestilence was snuffed out, the very earth itself breathed a cloud of fire and ash in relief, bringing night to day for over a year's time."

Baynarah and Tay knew they could not speak, but they exchanged knowing glances at one another as the tutor enlarged on the theme of the great wickedness of the Dwemer and the House Dagoth. As soon as the lesson ended, they walked silently out of Sandil House until they were far from all ears and eyes.

The afternoon sun stretched out the shadows of the spear-like trees surrounding the meadow. Off in the distance, they could hear the sounds of the workers beginning their preparations for the autumntide harvest, yelling to one another unintelligibly in coarse and familiar accents.

"That was definitely the symbol on that shield you found at the garbage heap," Baynarah said at last. "Everything there must be a remnant of the House Dagoth."

Tay nodded. His mind was on the strange crystal globe. He felt a light vibration of soundless music touch his body, and knew he was discovering a new cadence of the Song.

"Why would our people have burned and discarded all that?" he asked thoughtfully. "Do you think the House Dagoth was so evil that everything associated with them could have been cursed?"

Baynarah laughed. At the height of day, all talk of curses and the evil Sixth House were pure supposition: something to add romance to one's life, but nothing to worry about. The two children walked back to the castle for yet another in a series of cold, quiet dinners. As the night fell, Baynarah looked through the treasures she had picked up in the junk heap. By the
light of the moons, the small jars, the torc with orange gemstones, the bits of tarnished silver and gold of no obvious purpose, all took on a sinister aspect.

Revulsion overtook her feeling of admiration instantly. There was a strange energy to them, a tincture of death and corruption that was undeniable. Baynarah ran to the window and vomited.

Looking out to the dark open lawn below, she saw a figure below lighting an arrangement of candles in the shape of a large insect, the symbol of the House Dagoth. When it looked in her direction, she pulled back, but she saw the face illuminated by the tallows. It was Edebah, Tay's nursemaid.

The next morning, Baynarah left the castle grounds early, bearing a large sack filled with her treasures. She carried them to the dumping ground and left them there. Then she returned, and told her Uncle Triffith what she had seen the night before, leaving out only what had made her sick in the first place.

Edebah was banished from the isle of Gorne without discussion. She wept, begging to be allowed to say goodbye to Tay, but all believed that would be too dangerous. When Tay asked what had become of her, he was told she had to return to her family on the mainland. He had grown too old for a nursemaid.

Baynarah never told him what she knew. For she was afraid.
Tay was eighteen in the year 685 of the First Era when he first saw Mournhold, the city of spires, home of the goddess. His cousin Kalkorith, already a senior initiate in the Temple, gave him a couple rooms on the ground floor of the house he had purchased. They were small and unfurnished, but bittergreen grew outside the windows, and when the wind blew, they filled his bedroom with a lovely spicy air.

The chords of the Song did not trouble him anymore. Sometimes he was even unconscious to it, so low and melodic it had become. Occasionally when he was passing through the streets on the way to the Temple for his instruction, someone would pass him and the Song would rise in intensity before falling away again. Whatever was different about those people, Tay never tried to ascertain. He remembered the last time he had let the Song lead him, and called for him to murder his young cousin Vaster. The memory did not trouble him unduly, but he did not want to hurt anyone again unless he had to.

House couriers regularly brought Tay letters from Baynarah, still back in Sandil House on the island of Gorne. She might have gone to study at the Temple, she was certainly intelligent enough, but she chose not to. In a year or two at most, she would have to leave and assume her place in House Indoril, but she was not in a hurry. Tay welcomed the trivial gossipy news the letters brought, and responded back with news of his own studies and romances.

In his third month in Mournhold, he had already met a girl. She was also a student at the Temple, and her name was Acra. Tay wrote enthusiastically about her to Baynarah, describing her as having the mind of Sotha Sil, the wit of Vivec, and the beauty of Almalexia. Baynarah replied back merrily that if she had known how blasphemous students of the Temple were allowed to be, she might have become an initiate herself.

"You are very devoted to your cousin," Acra laughed when Tay showed her the letter. "Am I looking at the last remains of a thwarted romance?"

"She's lovely, but I never thought of her that way," Tay scoffed. "Incest never particularly interested me."

"Is she a very close cousin then?"

Tay thought for a moment: "I don't know. Truthfully, no one spoke much of either her parents or mine, so I really don't know how we were connected. They were casualties of the War of the Red Mountain, that I know, and it seemed to cast rather a pall on the adults' humor whenever we asked about her parents or mine. After a while, we stopped asking. But you're an Indoril too. Perhaps you're a closer cousin to me than Baynarah."
"Perhaps so," Acra smiled, rising from her chair. She uncoiled her hair, which had been pulled up in the formal arrangement reserved for well-born priestesses. As Tay watched transfigured, she removed the small brooch that fastened her robe to her shoulder cape. The soft silken fabric slipped down slowly, exposing her dark, slender body to him for the first time. "If we are, does incest particularly interest you now?"

As they made love, the Song began a slow, rhythmic ascension in Tay's head. The vision of Acra before him darkened and was replaced by images from his nightmares before returning again. When finally he collapsed, spent, the room seemed filled with the fiery red clouds of his dream, and the scream of the woman and her child facing death echoed in his head. He opened his eyes, and there was Acra, smiling at him. Tay kissed her, grateful to have her in his arms.

For the next two weeks, Tay and Acra were never far apart. Even when they were at study in opposite wings of the Temple, Tay thought of her, and somehow knew she was thinking of him. They would rush to be together afterwards, ravishing one another in his rooms every night, and in a private corner of the Temple garden every day.

It was while Tay was rushing to see his beloved one afternoon that the Song rose up in powerful strident tones at the approach of an old, ragged woman. He closed his eyes and tried to quiet it, but when he looked again at her purchasing corkbulb papyrus from a street vendor, he knew who she was. His old nursemaid from Gorne, Edebah. She who had abandoned him without even a farewell to join her family on the mainland.

She didn't see him, and as she passed down the street, Tay turned and began to follow. They walked through shadowy passageways into the very poorest part of the city, a quarter which was as alien to him as the wildest principality of Akavir. She unlocked a small wooden door on a street without a name, and he finally called out her name. She didn't turn, but when he followed, he found that the door had been left ajar.

The chamber was murky and damp like a cave. She stood facing him, her face even more wrinkled than he had remembered it, etched with lines of sorrow. He closed the door behind him, and she took his hand and kissed it.

"You are so tall and strong," Edebah said, beginning to weep. "I should have killed myself before I let them take me away from you."

"How is your family?" Tay asked coldly.

"You are my only family," she whispered. "The Indoril pigs forced me to leave, thrusting their blades in my face, when they discovered that I serve you and your family, not them. That bitch girl Baynarah saw me at a prayer of mourning."

"You're speaking like a madwoman," Tay sneered. "How could you love me and my family, but hate the House Indoril? I am of the House Indoril."

"You are old enough to know the truth," Edebah said fiercely. Tay had bitterly joked about her madness, but he saw something close to it burning in her ancient eyes. "You were not born of House Indoril; they brought you into their house after the War, like they and the other
Houses brought in all the orphans. It was the only way they saw to erase history and remove all traces of their enemies, by raising their enemies as one of them."

Tay turned toward the door: "I can see why you were taken away from Gorne, old woman. You are delusional."

"Wait!" Edebah cried, rushing to a musty cabinet. She retrieved from it a glass globe that shimmered with a spectrum of color even in the chamber's gloom. "Do you remember this? You slew that little boy Vaster because he possessed it, and I took it from your room because you were not ready to face the facts of your inheritance and responsibility then. Did you not wonder why this bauble drew you so?"

Tay gasped, and though he did not want to, he said, "I hear a Song sometimes."

"That is the Song of your ancestors, of your true family," she said, nodding. "You must not fight it, for it is a song of destiny. It will lead you to do what must be done."

"Shut up!" Tay howled, "Everything you say is a lie! You're insane!"

Edebah threw the globe to the ground with all her might, shattering it with a deafening retort. The shards melted into the air. All that was left was a small silver ring, simply wrought with a flat crown. The old woman quietly picked it up and handed it to him, while he stood with his back against the door, trembling.

"This is your inheritance, as the bearer of the Sixth House."

The ring's crown was meant for stamping and sealing official House proclamations. Tay had seen his uncle Triffith's similar ring, crested with the wing which was the seal of House Indoril. This ring was different, with an insect design which he remembered from the day when Kena Gafrisi had taught the House heraldry to Baynarah and him.

It was the symbol of the accursed House Dagoth.

The Song took over all of Tay's senses. He heard its music, smelled its horror, tasted its sadness, felt its power, and the only thing he could see before him was the flames of its destruction. When he took the ring and placed it on his finger, his mind was not aware of what he was doing. Nor was Tay aware of anything but the Song when he removed his dagger from its sheath and thrust it into his old nursemaid's heart.

Tay did not even hear her final words, when Edebah fell bleeding to the ground, and groaned with a blood-streaked smile, "Thank you."

When the veil of the Song lifted, Tay did not realize at first he was no longer dreaming. Before him had been flames, the very ones that destroyed the home of his birth, and flames were before him again. But they were flames from a fire he had struck outside the crumbling tenement that were already bursting through walls, consuming the body of his old nursemaid.

Tay fled through the streets as people began to call for the guards.
Acra sat by the hearth in Tay's room, reading her book by the fire. It concerned some minutiae of theosophy that she did not believe in, but nevertheless found morbidly compelling. When the door opened and she heard Tay enter, she finished the paragraph she was reading before looking up.

"I've been here for hours, darling. If I knew you were going to be so late, I would have brought more books," she giggled. When she saw Tay's face and the state of his clothing, her manner lost all frivolity. "What happened to you? Are you all right?"

"I've been to see my old childhood nursemaid, Edebah," he said in a strange voice. "It was a sudden change of plans. I hadn't realized she was in Mournhold."

"I wish I had known where you were going," she said, rising slowly from her chair. "I would have loved to have met her."

"Well, it's too late now. I've killed her."

Acra inhaled deeply, studying Tay's frozen face. She took his hand. "Perhaps you ought to tell me everything."

Tay let his beloved lead him to the hearth, where he sat blinking at the fire. He looked down at the silver ring on his finger. "Before I killed her, she gave me this. It's the sealing ring of the House Dagoth. She told me I was the bearer of the inheritance, and the Song I hear all the time in my head, the one that called me to kill another boy when I was young, and then Edebah herself, is the Song of my ancestors."

Tay fell silent. Acra knelt by his side, stroking his ringed hand. "Tell me more."

"My tutor Kena Gafrisi taught us that the House Dagoth was a curse on Morrowind. He said that when they were all destroyed at the end of the War, the very earth itself breathed in relief," Tay closed his eyes. "I can see the obliteration. I can even hear it in the Song. Edebah told me that the five Houses adopted the orphan children of Dagoth, raising them in their own traditions. I thought she was mad or a liar, but the real lie was all those years I thought my family was House Indoril."

"What are you going to do?" Acra whispered.

"Well, Edebah told me to follow the Song to my destiny," Tay laughed bitterly. "But the Song led me to kill her, so I don't know if she'd still give me that recommendation now. I know that I need to leave Mournhold. Before I knew what I was doing, I set a fire in her tenement. The guards were called. I just don't know where I'd go."
"You have many friends to shield you if you prove yourself to be the new leader of the return of the Sixth House," Acra kissed the ring. "I will help you find them."

Tay stared at her. "Why would you help me?"

"When you thought I was your cousin of the House Indoril, you did not mind having me though it might well have been incestuous," Acra replied, meeting his eyes. "I have heard the Song too. It is not as strong with me as it was with you, but I never chose to ignore it. It taught me more than the ridiculous Temple priests and priestesses ever could. I knew that my true name was Dagoth-Acra, and I knew that I had a brother."

"No," Tay said through gritted teeth. "You're lying."

"You are Dagoth-Tython."

Tay shoved Acra hard against the wall and ran from the room. As he fled through the hall, he heard the sound of Kalkorith's footfall on the stairs behind him, a percussive instrument in the Song that was rising in his heart and head

"Cousin," the senior initiate was saying. "Have you heard about the fire--"

Tay unsheathed his dagger and turned, burying it to the hilt in Kalkorith's throat. "Cousin," he hissed. "I am not your cousin."

The streets of Mournhold were lit by the red glow of the tenement fire, spreading through the tight alleyways by a steady and intense gust of wind. It was as if Dagoth-Ur himself was looming over the city, fanning the flames his heir had struck. A House guard, running toward the blaze, stopped at the sight of Tay, standing uncertainly, swaying, before the front door of Kalkorith's house, a bloodied blade in his hand.

"What you done, serjo?"

Tay ran for the forest, his cape whipping behind him by the force of the howling wind. The guard clambered after him, sword drawn. He had no need to investigate the house to see the murder. He knew.

For hours, Tay raced through the wilderness, the Song pushing him onward. The sound of his pursuer faded away. At last, the trees thinned, and he saw nothing before him but air and water. A cliff, a hundred foot long plunge into the Inner Sea.

The Song told him no. It pulled him north, sweetly promising a place to rest among friends. More than friends -- people who would worship him as the heir of Dagoth. As he slowly walked toward the edge of the cliff, the Song became more threatening, warning him not to seek to avoid his fate. There was no escape in death.

Tay spat a curse upon his House and threw himself head first over the cliff.

It was another glorious day on the island of Gorne, the first one in weeks that Baynarah could truly enjoy. Uncle Triffith had important company, Housemen from far away, and she had been required to attend every dinner, every meeting, every ceremony. As a child, she
remembered, she had hoped for some attention. Now nothing was more blissful than time away from her duties.

There was only one thing she wanted to do that she had to do indoors, and that was writing a letter to her cousin. But that could wait until the evening, she told herself. After all, he had not written her in many days. It was the influence of that girl, Acra. Not that she seemed disagreeable, but Baynarah knew how one's first love can be all-consuming. At least, she had read about it.

As she walked idly through the wildflower meadow, Baynarah was so distracted with her thoughts that she did not hear her maid Hillima calling. She was quite startled when she turned to see the young servant running up.

"Serjo," she said, breathlessly. "Please come! Someone has washed up on the shore! It's your cousin, Serjo Indoril-Tay!"
For two days, the House healers attended Tay in his bed, and Baynarah sat by his side, holding his hand. He was feverish, neither asleep nor awake, screaming at invisible phantoms. The healers complimented the young man's fortitude. Bodies had washed ashore on the island of Gorne several times, many during the War, but never once had they seen one that lived afterwards.

Aunt Ulliah came in several times to bring Baynarah food: "You must be careful, dear, or when he's all well, he'll have to attend you on your sickbed."

Tay's fever broke, and at last he was able to open his eyes and see the young woman with whom he had spent seventeen years, all but the first year of his life. She smiled at him, and called for food. In silence, she helped him eat.

"I knew you wouldn't die, cousin," she whispered fondly.

"I hoped to, but somehow I knew I wouldn't either," he groaned. "Baynarah, do you remember all those nightmares I told you about? They're all true."

"We can talk about it when you've rested some more."

"No," he croaked. "I must tell you everything now, so you'll know what kind of a monster you call your dear cousin Tay. If there was some way you could have known before, you might not have been so eager to see me well again."

A tear rolled Baynarah's cheek. She had grown into a beauty, even in the few months he had been away in Mournhold. "How can you think I would stop loving you, no matter what you've done?"

"I saw my old nursemaid Edebah, and spoke to her."

"Oh," Baynarah had feared this moment. "Tay, I don't know what she told you, but it was all my fault. You remember when Kena Grafisi taught us about the House Dagoth, and its corruption. That night, I saw your nursemaid making some kind of altar out on the north lawn, using the symbol of the Sixth House. She must have been doing it for years, but I never knew what it meant. I told Uncle Triffith, and he sent her away. I've wanted to tell you so many times now, but I was afraid to. She was so devoted to you."

Tay smiled. "And didn't it frighten you even more to wonder if there was any connection between her devotion to me, and her devotion to the accursed House? I know you, Baynarah. You're not one of those women who doesn't choose to use her mind."
"Tay, I don't know what she told you, but I think she was very troubled, and whatever she thought about you and the Sixth House was wrong. You have to remember that. The ramblings of one madwoman are proof of nothing."

"There's more," Tay sighed, and held up his hand. For a moment he blinked, and then turned to Baynarah angrily. "What happened to my ring? If you saw it, you must have known already that everything I'm saying to you is true."

"I threw the filthy thing away," Baynarah stood up. "Tay, I'm going to let you rest now."

"I am the heir of House Dagoth," Tay was wild-eyed, almost screaming. "Raised after the War as House Indoril, but driven by the Song of my ancestors. When we were young, I killed Vaster because the Song told me he had stolen my inheritance. When Edebah told me who I was and gave me this ring, I killed her and burned her house to the ground, because the Song told me she had served her purpose. When I returned to Kalkorith's house, my love was there, telling me that she was of the House Dagoth too, and my sister. I fled, and when Kalkorith tried to stop me, I slew him, because the Song told me he was an enemy."

"Tay, stop," Baynarah sobbed. "I don't believe a word of it. You've been feverish..."

"Not Tay," he shook his head, breathing heavily. "The name my parents gave me was Dagoth-Tython."

"You can't have killed Edebah, you loved her. And Vaster and Kalkorith? They were our cousins!"

"They were not my true cousins," Tay said coldly. "The Song told me they were my foes. Just as it's telling me now that you're my foe, but I won't listen. And I'll keep from listening... as long as I can."

Baynarah fled from the room, slamming the door behind her. She took a key from the startled maid Hillima, and secured the lock.

"Serjo Indoril-Baynarah," Hillima whispered, with great sympathy. "Is all well with your cousin, Serjo Indoril-Tay?"

"He'll be perfectly fine once he rests," Baynarah recovered her dignity, wiping the tears from her face. "No one is to disturb him under any circumstances. I'll take the key with me. Now I have much work to do. I don't suppose anyone's spoken to the fishermen about restocking Sandil House's supplies?"

"I don't know, serjo," said the maid. "I don't think so."

Baynarah marched down to the docks, and relieved her troubled heart the only way she knew how, by concentrating on small things. Tay's words never left her, but she found temporary comfort talking to the fishermen about their haul, helping determine how much should be smoked, how much should be sent to the village, how much should be delivered fresh to the House larder.
Her aunt Ulliah joined the discussion, oblivious to Baynarah's well-disguised agony. Together, they discussed how many provisions Uncle Triffith and his commanders had devoured during their weeks on the island, when they would be expected to return, and how best to prepare. One of the fishermen on the docks called out, interrupting.

"A boat is coming!"

Ulliah and Baynarah greeted the visitor as she arrived. It was a young woman dressed in the robes of a Temple priestess. As she docked her small boat, Baynarah marveled at how beautiful she was, and strangely familiar.

"Welcome to Gorne," said Baynarah. "I am Indoril-Baynarah and this is my aunt Indoril-Ulliah. Have we met before?"

"I don't believe so, serjo," the woman bowed. "I was sent by the Temple to inquire whether word had come from your cousin, Indoril-Tay. He has been missing from his classes for some days now, and the priests have become concerned."

"Oh, we should have sent word," Ulliah fretted. "He came here a few days ago, half-drowned. He's better now. Let us escort you up to the house."

"Tay's resting now, and I asked that he not be disturbed," Baynarah stammered. "Actually, I know it's dreadful manners, but I need to talk to my aunt for a moment. Would it be too terrible if I asked you to wait for us at the house? You have only to follow the path up the hill and across the lawn."

The priestess bowed again humbly, and began the walk. Ulliah was scandalized.

"You know better than to treat a representative of the Temple that way," she snapped. "You can't be so exhausted from tending your cousin to have lost all sense of civility."

"Aunt Ulliah," Baynarah whispered, drawing the woman away from the ears of the fishermen. "Is Tay truly my cousin? He believes himself to be ... of the House Dagoth."

Ulliah took a moment to respond. "It's true. You were just a baby yourself during the War, so you couldn't know what it was like. There was not a part of Morrowind that wasn't ravaged. There was even a battle here on the island. Do you remember that burned pile of wreckage you and Tay and poor little Vaster discovered so many years ago? That was the remains. And after the War, when that accursed House was finally defeated, we saw the little innocents, the orphans whose only crime had been born to wicked parents. I admit there were some in our armies, the combined forces of the Houses, who would have had them all slaughtered to annihilate the legacy of Dagoth. In the end, compassion prevailed, and the children of the Sixth House were adopted into the other five. And so we thought that we had won the war and the peace."

"By the Mother, Lord, and Wizard, if all that Tay believes is true, then there is no peace," Baynarah trembled. "He claims that the Song of his ancestors called to him, and forced him to slay three people, two of them our Housemen. Cousin Kalkorith and ... when he was a little boy ... Vaster."
Ulliah held her hands over her tearful face and could not speak.

"And it is only beginning," said Baynara. "The Song still calls to him. He said there were others who knew, who would help him raise up the Sixth House. His sister..."

"It must be an evil fantasy," Ulliah murmured. She noticed that Baynarah's gaze was now upon the path leading from the docks towards the house. "Niece, what are you thinking?"

"Did that priestess give us her name?"

The two women ran up the path, calling for guards. The fishermen, who had never seen the mistresses of the house so undone, looked briefly at one another and then followed quickly behind, pulling out their hooks and blades.

The front gate to Sandil House stood wide open, the first of the corpses lying close within. It was now an abattoir, painted fresh with blood. There was Aner, uncle Triffith's valet, gutted but still seated at the foyer table where he had been enjoying his afternoon glass of flin. Leryne, one of the chambermaids, had been decapitated while carrying some once-clean linens up the stairs. The bodies of guards and servants sprawled about the hall like blown leaves. At the top of the stairs, Baynarah had to hold back a sob when she saw Hillima. She lay like a broken doll, slain as she tried to pull herself out onto the narrow window ledge.

No one spoke, not Baynarah, nor Aunt Ulliah, nor the fishermen, as they walked slowly through the blood-drenched house. They passed Tay's sick-room, its door broken open, and no one within. When they heard the sound of footsteps in Baynarah's room down the hall, they approached slowly, cautiously, with great dread.

The priestess from the docks was standing by the bed. In her hand was the silver ring Baynarah had taken from Tay's finger. In her other hand was a long, curved blade, splashed like her once pristine gown, with gore. She smiled prettily and bowed when she saw she was no longer alone.

"Acra, I should have recognized you by Tay's description in his letters," Baynarah said in her steadiest voice. "Where is my cousin?"

"I prefer to call myself Dagoth-Acra," she replied. "Your false cousin, my true brother, has already gone to fulfill his destiny. I'm sorry you were not here so he could give you a more permanent farewell."

Baynarah's face twisted in fury. She motioned for the fishermen, who advanced with their weaponry. "Tear her apart."

"The Sixth House will rise again, and Dagoth-Tython will lead us!" Acra laughed. Her words were still echoing as she gave the sign of Recall and vanished like a ghost.
The magnificent sprawl of the stronghold of Indoranyon was aglow in the light of the setting sun. Commander Jasrat watched it slowly disappear into the horizon as he led the caravan southwestward. It was a strange practice for him to lead a night operation, but scarcely more bizarre than anything else he was facing. He was only seventy years of age, far from old for a Bosmer, and yet he felt like he belonged to another era.

He had known the land of east Vvardenfell his entire life. Every forest, every garden, every small village between Red Mountain and the Sea of Ghosts had been home to him. But now it was all different, twisted into a world he did not recognize since the eruption and the year of Sun's Death. It made night travel all the more treacherous, but it was a risk he was ordered to take.

The ashmire appeared quite suddenly. If a sharp-eyed scout hadn't seen it and given the signal, the entire caravan might have been swallowed whole. Jasrat cursed. It had not been on the map, but that was hardly surprising.

It was a huge unnamed scathe stretching as far as anyone could see. The commander considered his options. He might lead his party to the southeast toward Tel Aruhn and then try an approach due west. As he consulted his map, he noticed a glimmer of a campfire in the distance. Accompanied by his lieutenants, Jasrat drove his guar forward to investigate what appeared to be an Ashlander man and woman.

"This is no longer your realm," he bellowed. "Don't you know it's been ruled by the Temple that these are House lands now?"

The couple shuffled to their feet, and began quietly walking away, toward a narrow ridge between hill and ashmire. Jasrat called them back.

"Do you know a way around the scathe?" he asked. They nodded, their eyes still to the ground. Jasrat signaled to his caravan. "You will lead us then."

It was a treacherous winding crossing, almost too tight for the guars. The wagons themselves scraped as the drivers pulled to avoid the ashmire. The Ashlander man and woman whispered to one another as they led the caravan.

"What are you mumbling about, n'wah?" Jasrat hollered.

The man did not turn around. "My sister and I were talking about the Dagoth rebellion, and she was guessing that you were bringing arms to the stronghold at Falensarano, which is why you chose to cross the ashmire rather than taking a road."
"I might have known," Jasrat laughed. "You Ashlanders are so hopeful whenever you see signs of trouble in the Houses and the Temple. I hate to dampen your spirits, but what you're speaking of is hardly a rebellion. Merely a few isolated incidents of... unpleasantness. Tell your sister that."

As they plodded onward, the narrow ridge began to taper even more. The Ashlanders found a low jagged crevasse in the hills, a crack from a lava flow even predating Sun's Death. The caravan scored the rock walls at it moved through. Commander Jasrat, after twenty years of uncertainty in a land he did not understand, felt a twinge of his old instinct. This, he thought to himself, would be a fine place for an ambush.

"Ashlander, how close are we?" he shouted.

"We've arrived," Dagoth-Tython replied, and gave the signal.

The assault was over in mere minutes, as it had been calculated from the start. When the last body of the House guard had sunk beneath the ashmire, only then was the inventory of the caravan revealed. It was better than they had hoped, virtually everything the rebellion needed. Daedric swords, dozens of suits of armor, quivers of fine ebony bolts, and rations enough to last for weeks.

"Go on ahead to the camp," Tython smiled at his sister. "I'll lead the caravan. We should be there within a few hours' time."

Acra kissed him passionately, and gave the sign of Recall. In an instant, she was back in her tent, exactly as she had left it. Humming the Song, she removed the Ashlander rags and chose an appropriately diaphanous gown from her trunks. Precisely the sort of dress Tython would love seeing her in when he returned.

"Muorasa!" she called to her servant. "Summon the troops together! Tython and the others will be here very soon with all the weapons and rations we need!"

"Muorasa can't hear you now," said a voice Acra hadn't heard in weeks. She turned, expertly removed every trace of surprise from her face. It was indeed Indoril-Baynarah, but not the quivering creature she had left behind at the massacre at Sandil House. This woman was an armored warrior, who spoke with mocking confidence. "She wouldn't be able to summon the troops if she could. You may have weapons and rations, Acra, but there's no one left to arm or feed."

Dagoth-Acra made the sign of Recall, but nothing happened.

"The moment we heard you banging around in the tent, my battlemages cast a diffusion of all magicka," Baynara smiled, opening the tent further to invite a dozen House soldiers in. "You won't be leaving."

"If you think that my brother will walk into your trap, you underestimate his allegiance to the Song," Acra sneered. "It tells him everything he needs to know. I have convinced him to no longer fight it, and let it lead him and us to our ultimate victory."
"I've known him longer and better than you ever did," said Baynarah coldly. "Now, I want to hear what the Song is saying to you. I want to know where I can find Tay."

"Tython, my lady," Acra corrected her. "He is no longer a slave to your House and the Temple's lies. You can torture me all you wish, but I swear to you the next time you see him, it will be because he wishes it, not you. And that will be your very last moment alive."

"Don't you worry, serjo," Baynarah's nightblade winked at her. "Everyone says they won't break under torture, but everyone always does."

Baynarah left the tent. It was all a part of warfare, she understood that, but there would be little relish in witnessing it. She could not even watch as the House soldiers disposed of the rebel corpses. She had hoped she would grow numb to the bloodshed after weeks of following Tython and Acra, massacre after massacre. It didn't matter to her that now the bodies were of her enemies. Death was still death.

She had only been in her tent for a few minutes when her nightblade appeared.

"Not so tough as she appeared, that one," he grinned. "In point of fact, all I had to do is ask her nice and point my dagger at her belly, and she was blubbering everything. Not too surprising really. It's always the ones that talk big that crumble fast. I remember way back a couple years ago, before you was even born."

"Garuan, what did she say?" Baynarah asked.

"The Song, whatever that is, told her brother that she got herself caught, and not to return to camp," the nightblade replied, only a trifle annoyed at having his fascinating story cut short. "He's got a half dozen mer with him, and they're going to try to assassinate the fella that led the Indoril army in the War. General Indoril-Triffith."

"Uncle Triffith," Baynarah gasped. "Where is he stationed now?"

"I'm not sure myself, serjo. Do you want me to ask if she knows?"

"I'll come with you," said Baynarah. As they walked towards Acra's tent, cries of alarm sounded. The situation became abundantly clear even before they reached the site. Three guards were dead, and the prisoner had escaped.

"Interesting woman," said Garuan. "Weak heart, but a strong arm. Should we send word of warning to General Indoril-Triffith?"

"If we can find where he is in time," said Baynarah
Triffith stood on the parapets of Barysimayn and considered the volcano. Metaphors the poets used fell rather flat in his view. A festering wound it could be called with its blood-like lava. The King of Ash, too, could be applied, when one looked at its perpetual crown of smoke. And yet, none of that would do, for nothing in his experience could convey the sheer magnitude of the mountain. Red Mountain was many miles away from the fortress, and yet it filled the horizon utterly.

Before he could feel too small, however, he heard his name being called within. It was some consolation that though he was insignificant compared to the mountain, he was still in possession of certain power and influence.

"General Indoril-Triffith," said Commander Rael. "There's trouble at the east gate."

The trouble was scarcely more than a skirmish. An Ashlander, drunk perhaps on shein, had begun a fight with the House guards at the back gate. As they tried to drive him away, his cousins joined him, and soon there were six Ashlanders altogether brawling with a dozen of Triffith's guards. If the n'wahs had not been well-armed, the fight could have been finished almost before it began. As it was, by the time the General arrived with more of his guards, two of the Ashlanders were dead and the others had taken flight.

"It's the smoke in their brains," Rael shrugged. "Makes them mad."

Triffith climbed back up the stairs and returned to his chamber to dress for dinner. General Redoran-Vorilk and Counselor Hlaalu-Nothoc would be arriving very shortly to discuss the Temple's plans for reorganizing the House lands of Morrowind. Mournhold was to be renamed Almalexia. A great new city in honor of Vivec was to be built, but with whose gold? It made his head hurt. There were so many details, a long night of argument, threats, and compromises were ahead.

The General's mind was so occupied that he nearly put his House robes on backwards. He also did not notice the shadowy figure steal out from behind the tapestry and close the door to the bedchamber. It was not until Triffith heard the sound of the latch-bolt fall that he turned around.

"Slipped in when I was distracted by the fracas at the back gate. Very clever, Tay," he said simply. "Or do you call yourself Dagoth-Tython these days?"

"You should know all my names," the young man snarled, unsheathing his sword. "I was Tython before you butchered my family and sought to dispel my tribe. I was Tay when you brought me into your House to poison me against my own people. Now you may call me Vengeance."
There was a knock on the door. Tython and Triffith did not move their eyes from one another. The knocking became a loud pounding. "General Indoril-Triffith, are you well? Is there something wrong?"

"If you're going to kill me, boy, you'd best do it quickly," Triffith growled. "My men will have that door down in two minutes."

"You don't tell me what to do, 'Uncle,'" Tython shook his head. "I have the Song of my ancestors to instruct me. It tells me you made my father beg for his life before you killed him, and I want to see you do the same."

"If your ancestors are all-knowing," Triffith smiled. "Why are they all dead?"

Tython made an inhuman noise in the back of his throat and advanced. The door began to buckle at the pounding, but it was sturdy and secure. The general's estimate of its life expectancy at two minutes seemed clearly erroneous.

The pounding suddenly stopped. A familiar voice replaced the sound.

"Tay," called Baynarah. "Listen to me."

Tython smirked, "You're just in time to hear your uncle beg for his miserable life, 'cousin.' I was afraid you'd be too late. The next sound you'll hear will be the death rattle of the man who slaved my House."

"The Song is what's enslaved you, not Uncle Triffith. You can't trust it. It's poisoning you. It let you be manipulated first by that mad old woman, and now by that evil witch Acra who calls herself your sister."

Tython pressed the tip of his sword so it touched the general's throat. The older man stepped backwards and Tython advanced. His eyes followed the length of his arm to the grip of the blade. The silver ring of Dagoth caught the red light of the volcano from the battlements outside the window.

"Tay, please don't hurt anyone anymore. Please. If you just listen to me, and not the Song just a moment, you'll know what's right. I love you." Baynarah stifled her sobs to keep her voice clear and calm. There was a noise on the stairwell behind her. The general's guard had finally arrived with the battering ram.

The door splintered and burst open in two strikes. General Indoril-Triffith was holding his throat, staring out the window.

"Uncle! Are you all right?" Baynara ran to him. He nodded his head slowly, and removed his hand. There was only the barest of scratches on his neck. "Where's Tay?"

"He jumped out the window," said Triffith, pointing out into the distance where a figure was riding a guar toward the volcano. "I thought he was going to kill himself, but he had an escape figured out."
"We'll get him, serjo general," said Commander Rael, calling to the guards to get their mounts. Baynarah watched them go, and then kissed her uncle quickly and ran out to her own guar in the courtyard.

Sweat drenched Tay's body as he rode closer and closer toward the summit of Red Mountain. The guar was breathing hard, trudging along even more slowly, letting out little grunts of complaint about the heat. Finally, he abandoned his steed and began to climb the near vertical surface. Ash blew down the face of the volcano into his eyes. Near-blind, it was almost impossible to ignore the persistent, clamorous notes of the Song.

A silken stream of crimson lava studded with crystalline formations surged a few feet away, close enough that Tay could feel his flesh begin to burn and blister. He turned from it, and saw a figure emerge through the smoke. Baynarah.

"What are you doing, Tay?" she cried over the howl of the volcano. "Didn't I tell you not to listen to the Song?"

"For the first time, the Song and I both want the same thing!" he yelled back. "I can't ask you to forgive me, but please try to forget!"

He pulled himself higher, out of Baynarah's sight. She screamed his name, scaling the rocks until she found she was close to the open crater. Waves of boiling gas washed over her, and she dropped to her knees, gasping. Through the rippling miasma, she saw Tay standing at the mouth of the volcano. Flames erupted from his clothes and hair. He turned to her just for a moment and smiled.

Then he leapt.

Baynarah was in a daze as she began the long, treacherous climb down the volcano. She began to think of the projects ahead. Were there enough provisions in storage at her house in Gorne for the meeting of the Houses? The councilors were bound to stay there for weeks, maybe months. There was much work to be done. Slowly, as she descended, she began to forget. It would not last, but it would be a start.

Dagoth-Acra stood as near to the mouth of the volcano as she could stand, blinking her eyes at the ash, soaked by the heat. She watched all, and smiled. On the ground was the silver ring with the seal of the House Dagoth. Tython had been sweating so much, it had slipped off. She picked it up and put it on her own finger. Touching her belly, she heard a new refrain of the Poison Song of Morrowind begin.
[167] The Posting of the Hunt*

See vol. I.
When the Lady Genevrah was kidnapped from her estate and held for ransom, her mother sent word out that whoever rescued her would be allowed to marry her and inherit the land. Unfortunately, in those troubled days, kidnappings, murders, and thievery were rampant, and there was a dearth of able-bodied adventurers for such assignments. In fact, the only person who answered her call was a skinny, little fellow named Baranat.

"You are certainly brave, but I fear you would never survive," said the old woman. "My daughter, you see, has been kidnapped by the Coribael brothers whose physical prowess is the stuff of legend."

"My lady," said Baranat. "When I was born, I was blessed by Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil, and I have the ear of the saints. If I run into any trouble, I'll call on them to aid my quest."

Doubtful, but having no other prospects, the old woman sent Baranat off, explaining that the four brothers' camp was to the north. In the center of the camp, the eldest and most powerful brother Airen Coribael was holding Lady Genevrah personally. Each of his brothers guarded a different post along the valley -- Baranat would have to defeat each to rescue the lady.

Baranat rode many miles through the northern swamps before he came to the first of the brothers' guard posts. There he saw Vanis Coribael, the youngest of the brothers, watching the valley for intruders. Vanis was known to be faster than the wind, a warrior who could thrash his opponents before they even unsheathed their weapons. Baranat look a look at his sad, cut-rate iron blade, and prayed to the saints.

Saint Veloth the Pilgrim appeared before Baranat in shining robes, and smiled upon him, "Baranat, put down your blade and I will make you swifter than bolt of lightning."

Baranat dropped his blade and ran at Vanis, moving so fast he didn't rustle a leaf with his pace. In a flash, Vanis was dead by Baranat's hands. The adventurer continued on until he reached the second youngest Coribael brother, Feryn, who not only was as fast as Vanis, but so strong, he could rip a trama shrub up by the roots with two fingers. Baranat hid himself and trembled as he looked at the giant Feryn Coribael. Again, the young adventurer prayed to the saints.

Saint Nerevar the Captain appeared before Baranat in golden armor, and smiled upon him, "Baranat, I will make you stronger than a hundred warriors."

Baranat rushed at Feryn, knocking the giant through a boulder which turned to dust on impact. Feryn tried to get to his feet, but Baranat tore him apart, scattering him across the valley floor in eighty-seven pieces. Beyond Feryn's post was a raging river, where the second eldest Coribael brother, Horis, stood guard. Horis, who was faster than his brother Vanis, stronger than his brother Feryn, and so tough that he could swim in the lava of Dagoth Ur like
it was the Padomaic Ocean. Baranat thought of his own tolerance for pain, which was minimal, and prayed to the saints for help.

Saint Roris the Martyr appeared before Baranat with flesh like sparkling gems, and smiled on him, "Baranat, I will make you unyielding as the heart of Oblivion."

Baranat rushed at Horis, and two plunged into the rushing river. For twelve hours, they wrestled one another under the water, until Horis could hold his breath no more and drowned. Baranat pulled himself out of the river and continued down the valley, until he reached the camp. Airen Coribael himself was there, guarding a squirming sack which Baranat assumed either contained Lady Genevrah or several large cats. The young adventurer quailed at the prospect of doing battle with Airen Coribael, the swiftest, strongest, sturdiest, and most accomplished fighter of the brothers. He prayed to the saints for help.

Saint Olms the Just appeared before Baranat in a burst of flame, and smiled on him, "Baranat, I will make you more cunning in battle than the most dangerous of daedra."

Baranat walked calmly into the camp and began battle with Airen Coribael. The fight lasted seven days, and for six of them, Airen had the upper hand. He rained kicks and punches down using the arrhythmic style the Khajiit call Goutfang; he parried and blocked in all the fashions of the great Nordic warriors; he maintained his balance, coordination, speed, strength, timing, and tactics as the moons rose and fell from the sky. But on the seventh day, as he was preparing his Killing Blow, he suddenly stopped, eyes wide open. The blood drained from his face, and he realized the trap he had stepped into. A trap with no escape. With three quick flashes of his hand, Baranat completed the Cycle of Blood, the old Redguard fighting style he had begun on day one. Airen Coribael breathed no more.

The young adventurer ran to open the sack where Lady Genevrah lay. His first surprise. She had a face like a dreugh and as she began to berate him for taking his time, he realized that she had a very, very, very unpleasant personality as well. Several days later, when they were back at the old woman's court, he discovered that the estate that he would be inheriting was utterly dissolute by decades of blight storms and poor crops.

Saint Delyn the Wise watched the young adventurer from a cloud in the sky, and smiled on him, "Baranat, before you fight, find out what you're fighting for."
"Outnumbered and isolated, I yielded to my foe. The creature dressed like a gentleman, and I hoped for honorable treatment. Instead, I found myself a feast for a blood-drinking monster.

"Shamed by my corruption, and despairing of my own welfare, I passively acquiesced in my gradual integration into the affairs of Clan Aundae. I made no human my prey, only beasts, and kept myself apart from the other clanki; nonetheless, I abandoned hope and lived like a beast.

"Drawn by intimations of my former life, I visited my former post at Bal Ur, hoping perhaps to atone in some for my crimes by preying upon its monsters, or perishing under their attacks. It is there that, by chance, I made petition to the Lord of Troubles, Molag Bal, at an altar deep in the caverns beneath the pilgrim's shrine. I was surprised, and thrilled, and terrified, when Molag Bal, or some aspect or agent of that Daedra Lord, offered me a chance to cure myself of vampirism, in return for a favor. However, with no hope for my soul or spirit unless I might be cured, I undertook his quest.

[Rithari sought and obtained a cursed soul gem of mysterious nature from a deep cavern on the northern slopes of Dagoth Ur, delivering it to Molag Bal's shrine in Bal Ur.]

"I placed the gem within the basin before the altar, and instantly experienced a blinding of pain and terror that I cannot express in words, except that it seemed afterward that I had been asleep and dreaming that I was being sliced by thousands of tiny knives from my bowels inside out. I awoke before the altar, and gazed in the reflection of my own sword blade at my own face - no longer a blood-seeking beast of teeth and empty eyes."
EXCERPT: concerning the points of Temple doctrine challenged by the Dissident priests:

1. the divinity of the Tribunal

Temple doctrine claims their apotheosis was miraculously achieved through questing, virtue, knowledge, testing, and battling with Evil; Temple doctrine claims their divine powers and immortality are ultimately conferred as a communal judgement by the Dunmer ancestors [including, among others, the Good Daedra, the prophet Veloth, and Saint Nerevar]. Dissident Priests ask whether Dagoth Ur's powers and the Tribunal powers might ultimately derive from the same source -- Red Mountain. Sources in the Apographa suggest that the Tribunal relied on profanely enchanted tools to achieve godhead, and that those unholy devices were the ones originally created by the ungodly Dwemer sorcerer Kagrenac to create the False Construct Numidium.

2. the purity of the Tribunal

The Dissident Priests say that the Temple has always maintained a public face [represented by the Heirographa -- the "priestly writings"] and a hidden face [represented by the Apographa -- the "hidden writings"]: The public account portrays the actions of the Tribunal in a heroic light, while the hidden writings reveal secrets, untruths, inconsistencies, conflicting accounts and varying interpretations which hint at darker and less heroic motives and actions of the Tribunes. In particular, conflicting accounts of the battle at Red Mountain raise questions about the Tribunal's conduct, and about the source of their subsequent apotheosis. Also, there is good evidence that the Tribunal have been concealing the true nature of the threat posed by Dagoth Ur at Red Mountain, misleading the people about the Tribunal's ability to protect Morrowind from Dagoth Ur, and concealing a recent dramatic diminishing of the Tribunal's magical powers.

3. Temple accounts of the Battle of Red Mountain

Ashlander tradition does not place the Tribunal at Red Mountain, and holds that the Dwemer destroyed themselves, rather than that Nerevar destroyed them. Ashlander tradition further holds that Nerevar left Dagoth Ur guarding the profane secrets of Red Mountain while Nerevar went to confer with the Grand Council [i.e., the Tribunal], that Nerevar died at the conference [not of his wounds, according to the Ashlanders, but from treachery], and that subsequently the Tribunal confronted a defiant Dagoth Ur within Red Mountain, then drove Dagoth Ur beneath Red Mountain when he would not yield to their will.

4. veneration of the Daedra, Saints, and Ancestors

While challenging the divinity of the Tribunal, the Dissidents do not challenge the sainthood or heroism of the Tribunal. In fact, the Dissident Priests advocate restoring many of the
elements of Fundamentalist Ancestor Worship as practiced by the Ashlanders and by Saint Veloth. Exactly how this would work is debated inconclusively within the Dissident Priests.

5. denial of the prophecies of the Incarnate, and persecution of the Nerevarines

Though no consensus exists among the Dissidents about whether the Nerevarine prophecies are genuine, all agree that the persecution of the Nerevarines is unjust and politically motivated. The Dissident Priests do not reject mysticism, revelation, or prophecy as part of the religious experience. The Dissidents have not resolved the issue of true or false insights. They have studied the mysticism of the Ashlander Ancestor Cults, in particular the rites of the Ashlander seers and wise women, and the prophecies of the Incarnate. Many among the Dissident Priests have come to believe that the Nerevarine prophecies are genuine, and have made a systematic study of prophecies recorded in Temple archives.

6. Authority of the Archcanon and the Ordinators

The Dissident Priests reject the authority of the Archcanon and the Ordinators. The temple hierarchy has been corrupted by self-interest and politics, and no longer acts in the best interests of the Temple or its worshippers. The Dissident Priests believe the Archcanon and Ordinators speak for themselves, not for the Tribunal.

7. the Inquisition and the use of terror and torture by the Ordinators

Within the Temple hierarchy it is an open secret that the Ordinators rely on abduction, terror, torture, and secret imprisonment to discourage heresy and dissent. The Dissident Priests feel the Ordinators are either out of control, or tools used to maintain a corrupt priesthood in power.

8. fundamentals of Temple doctrine - Charity for the Poor, Education for the Ignorant, Protection for the Weak

Though the Dissident Priests acknowledge that most rank-and-file priests honor the best traditions of the Temple, they believe that many priests in higher ranks are interested more in love of authority and luxury than in the welfare of the poor, weak, and ignorant.
[171] Provinces of Tamriel*

See vol. I.
[172] The Ransom of Zarek*

See vol. I.
[173] The Real Barenziah*

See vol. I.
When the Dunmer followed Veloth to Morrowind, they were many warring clans, with no law or leader in common. One Dunmer warlord, Nerevar, had the ambition to rule all the Dunmer.

In that time, House Dwemer were great enchanters, so Nerevar went in secret to a Dwemer smith and asked for an enchanted ring that would help him. The ring gave its wearer great powers of persuasion; for safety, it was enchanted to instantly kill anyone who wore it except Nerevar. The ring was called Moon-and-Star, and it helped Nerevar unite the various clans into the First Council.

Later, however, disputes over religion divided the Council, with House Dwemer and House Dagoth on one side and all the other Houses on the other. Dwemer and Dagoth invited Orc and Nord clans as allies, and held northwest Morrowind, while Nerevar mustered the other Houses and nomad tribes and marched to meet the Dwemer-Dagoth-Westerner forces.

The armies met at Red Mountain, a Dwemer stronghold. The Dwemer were defeated, with great slaughter, and terrible sorceries were used, resulting in the utter extermination of House Dwemer, House Dagoth, and their allies. Nerevar was killed in the battle, and his ring lost, but Nerevar's alliance survives in Morrowind's ruling political institution, the Grand Council.
Master Gothren agreed to see the acrobats because he needed entertaining. For months now, he had been struggling with his fellow Telvanni Councilor, Master Neloth. Recently he always found himself on the defensive. It was intolerable - Master Gothren losing a battle with the contemptible Neloth. Inspired by their master's weapon, Mehrunes' Razor, Neloth's normally cowardly troops had been nigh invincible. Gothren's own troops had no hope, except to pray that Mehrunes Dagon would reclaim his artifact. Considering how much havoc it was causing, it seemed likely that the daedra prince would allow Master Neloth its use for some time to come.

An acrobatic distraction would be a welcome relief.

"What tricks can your troupe perform?" asked the wizard to the lead acrobat, Rhunen.

"Mighty Gothren, alas, we know no tricks. All the realizations of acrobacy we perform are real with no illusions. We wish we knew tricks, for it's far too time-consuming to have to master actual feats."

"Very well, what realizations of acrobacy can you perform?" asked Gothren with what almost looked like a smile.

"Master Jereth will dazzle you as he juggles fifteen flaming globes while hopping across broken glass. Master Tulkiande will astound you as she supports her body with one finger while rotating hoops in ornate patterns with her legs. Master Mearvis will take a simple ebony blade --"

"And the outlander female?" asked the Ashkhan with some disapprobation and a dismissive gesture toward the Redguard woman in the troupe.

"Master Senyndie? Ah, Mighty Gothren, she hails from the Alik'r Desert of Hammerfell where she won renown for her skill at climbing sheer surfaces. You must see her at work to believe it. She moves vertically like you and I move horizontally."

"That is all very well, but I do not like outlanders in my court," said the Ashkhan. "Many are spies."

"Oh, well, Master Neloth felt similarly that --"

"Neloth?!" roared Gothren. "You entertained that whoreson?!"

"Two days ago, yes. I remember that he said there have been strained relations between you two. He also had some concerns about the outlanders in our troupe, though it was our Khajiit
tumbler Master S'Rabba who he was particularly suspicious of. In fact, the irony is that he thought S'Rabba was a spy for you. Well, you know Khajiit. Actually, maybe you don't."

"They are a slave race who hold little interest to me," growled Gothren.

"You're like Master Neloth then," said Rhunen quickly, fully aware of Gothren's growing rage, which that particular comment had only enflamed. "He wasn't used to Khajiit either. Or their dark sense of humor. He took some sarcastic comments from Master S'Rabba literally, and we all ended up being tortured for information about you and your troops. You probably haven't had the experience of being tortured for information you don't have, have you? I wouldn't recommend it. Eventually, we were let go on the understanding that we would never set foot in Sadrith Mora again. Actually, not all of us were let go. Master S'Rabba had apparently died under torture. You have probably had experience torturing the slave races and know how easily they break."

"No, I haven't," replied Master Gothren. The fury was dead.

"We should have probably left then, but we decided that he still owed us for the entertainment we provided under torture. We weren't sure how to collect, but he mentioned during the course of his ravings that he had a very valuable bauble. A razor of some kind."

"Mehrunes' Razor," he gasped. "What -- what did you do?"

"Masters Harakostil and Thelegorm compressed themselves low enough to squirm under the gates so they could lower the bridge into the main courtyard of the stronghold. Masters Tulkiaande, Mearvis, Jereth, and I formed a pyramid to give Master Senyndie a boost up to the tower of Tel Naga. She scaled it to the top --"

"She scaled it?" asked Gothren, who was familiar with the tower.

"It was high, but the surface of these Telvanni mushrooms is practically a ladder to someone of Master Senyndie's skills. In a few minutes' time, she was in the room with the razor in hand. In a few more minutes, she was back down the tower and we were running for the Gateway Inn. Now, with all humility, I would say that no one is faster on their feet than our troupe, but Master Neloth's guards were surprisingly quick. I sent the troupe through the gate to the docks while I distracted the guards."

"I confess, I never associated brave actions with traveling acrobats," said Gothren.

"It wasn't bravery, it was economics," smiled Rhunen. "I considered the amount of gold and time it takes to train a good troupe, and it seemed smarter to try to save everyone. In any case, I lured the guards around to the back of the Gateway Inn, far from the others, and when I was sure they were safe, I jumped off the wall and into the water."

"You jumped off the wall?"

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I did. It's pretty tall. It was a simple matter, especially since I could land in the water. Still, it's only a matter of rolling and twisting the body like so. I'll demonstrate it if you want."
"Later, if you please," said the Ashkhan. "What happened then?"

"We arrived here at court," said Rhunen simply.

"And when did Master Neloth get Mehrunes' Razor back from you?"

"Mighty Gothren, that part of the story hasn't happened yet," said Rhunen. "Are you ready for us to perform for you now? I hadn't told you yet about our latest realization of acrobacy when Master Mearvis takes a simple ebony blade and juggles it in one hand and a handful of marshmerrow reeds in the other. I don't want to give the whole effect away, but at the end of the act, you have some very fine sheets of papyrus."

"It sounds delightful, Master Rhunen," said Gothren. "I look forward to seeing it in a few days time, but I must leave now to meet Master Neloth on the field. I will soon return for a victory celebration, and I want to see all your realizations of acrobacy. In the meantime, you will be honored guests with every luxury the Archmagister of House Telvanni can afford."

"So the room and board will be almost as nice as a third rate show in Rihad," said Senyndie as they took their rooms a few hours later. "Why do we bother with these backwoods performances?"

"There are already so many jugglers in Rihad," said Rhunen with a shrug.
[176] The Rear-Guard*

See vol. I.
[177] The Red Book of Riddles*

See vol. I.
The Red Book is a yearbook of the affairs of the Redoran Council of Vvardenfell District for 3E 426. It lists the current members of the council and their residences. It also chronicles significant events and council actions for the year.

Councilors of House Redoran
Vardenfell District
Imperial Era 426

Archmaster Lord Bolvyn Venim, by Grace of Almsivi, Chief Councilor of Redoran Council, Vvardenfell District, Lord Ald'ruhn of Bolvyn Manor, Manor District, Ald'ruhn, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Lord Miner Arobar, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Redoran Council, Vvardenfell District, Lord of North Gash, of Arobar Manor, Manor District, Ald'ruhn, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Lord Hlaren Ramoran, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Redoran Council, Vvardenfell District, Lord of West Gash, of Ramoran Manor, Manor District, Ald'ruhn, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Mistress Lady Brara Morvayn, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Redoran Council, Vvardenfell District, Lady of Maar Gan, of Morvayn Manor, East Ald'ruhn, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Lord Athyn Sarethi, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Redoran Council, Vvardenfell District, Lord of South Gash, of Sarethi Manor, Manor District, Ald'ruhn, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Lord Garisa Llethri, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Redoran Council, Vvardenfell District, Lord of The northern Ashlands, of Llethri Manor, Manor District, Ald'ruhn, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Council Affairs of Note

King Hlaalu Athyn Llethan, High Councilor and Lord of Morrowind, imposes favorable tariffs on flin [an imported fortified Imperial alcoholic beverage]. The council protests the continuing burdensome tariffs on the native beverages sujamma, greef, and shein.

Smuggling and organized crime have become increasingly aggressive and violent in the Redoran House Districts. The councilors blame local corruption, weakened enforcement, and aggressive competition between the Thieves Guild and the Camonna Tong.
An unfortunate tax revolt in Balmora was put down after significant property damage and loss of life. The council warned that such disturbances might spread to Ald'ruhn if the heavy burden of Imperial taxes were not alleviated.
[179] Redoran Cooking Secrets

Redoran Cooking Secrets

Crab Meat and Scuttle

2 handfuls of scuttle
4 pinches of wickwheat
1 large kwama egg
the meat of one mudcrab (two portions)
1 handful of chopped bittergreen

Beat eggs, wickwheat, and scuttle in a large bowl. Slowly stir in crabmeat and bittergreen. Bake covered in a hot oven for one half hour to one hour (when a knife comes out clean).

The Hound and Rat

1 pie crust
1 pound of ground meat (mixed rat and hound)
a hand and a half of cooked saltrice
1 handful of scuttle
1 small kwama egg
a pinch of ash salts

Cook the mixed meat in a pan over an open flame. When the meat begins to brown, add the saltrice. Stir for a few moments and add the scuttle and kwama egg. When the kwama egg is fully cooked and the scuttle has melted, pour from the pan into the pie crust. Sprinkle with ash salts and cover the pie crust. Bake for one quarter hour in a hot oven.
Reflections on Cult Worship in the Empire

[from the correspondence of Cuseius Plecia, Imperial trader, writing from the Vos Tradehouse in Vvardenfell District, Province of Morrowind]

"...I have noted that Heartlanders like myself, and assimilated Imperial Citizens of other races, tend to impersonal and formal relationships with their gods and spirits. For us, cults are first and foremost social and economic organizations. We typically think of the Eight Divines in the most abstract terms -- as powerful but indifferent spirits to be propitiated, and do not think of their relationships as personal. Notable exceptions include minor charismatic sub-cults of Akatosh and Dibella. The Imperial Cult of Tiber Septim also has a significant charismatic sub-cult.

With the exception of the Alessian Order, which Heartlanders regard as a dark age, religious cults have played only minor parts in Heartlander and Imperial history. The Septim emperors have made it a policy to limit the influence of cult authorities in aristocratic, military, and bureaucratic affairs. Cult worship is regarded as a private and practical matter, and public pronouncements by religious figures are not welcomed.

Nordic hero-cults provide a strong counter-current to the dominant secularism of the Empire. The Imperial cult of Tiber Septim is just such a hero-cult, and among the military, provincial colonists, and recently assimilated foreigners, the cult is particularly strong and personal.

The Tribunal Temple in Morrowind, and its predecessor, house ancestor cults, are, by contrast with Imperial cults, extremely intimate and personal. In ancestor cults, the worshipper has a direct relationship with a blood family ancestor spirit, and the Temple cultist's relationship with the Tribunal is a relationship with a living, breathing god who walks the earth, speaks in person with priests and cultists, and whose daily actions are prescribed models for the daily actions of their followers.

The differences in religious temperament between Heartlanders and Morrowind Dunmer accounts in large part for consistent political and social misunderstanding between the two cultures. Heartlanders do not consider cult affairs as serious matters, where the Dunmer consider cult affairs, and in particular, ancestral spirit veneration, to be very serious matters indeed.

Heartlanders are casual and tolerant in religious matters; Dunmer are passionate and extremely intolerant. Heartlanders do not speak with their gods, and do not think of their actions as under constant review and judgement by their gods; the Dunmer feel that all they think and do is under the ever-watchful eye of the Tribunal and family ancestor spirits...."
For release, by Emperor Uriel Septim VII's decree, to the district of Vvardenfell in the province of Morrowind.

Name: {name}
Race: {race}
Class: {class}

Signed,
Socucius Ergalla
Agent of the Seyda Neen Imperial Census and Excise.
16th of Last Seed 3E 427
RAVEN ROCK PROGRESS UPDATE
As the Factor is no doubt aware, the mine has been expanded, yielding an increase in ore output by 18 percent. Weekly quotas are being met regularly. During the last two shipments of supplies, two crates of wickwheat were noted to be rotten. The matter has been addressed with the supplier, and a refund should be arriving at the Factor's office sometime within the next few days. At this time, there is nothing further to report.

Humbly,

Falco Galenus
Our excavations have turned up little in these last few days. I have found nothing new in the ruins. Everything seems as clean and undisturbed as the day we first opened the outer doors. I know there are unexplored depths. I can feel massive Dwemer machinery still running beneath my feet, even as I write this, but I can find no way to get to it. You must not give up on us for a lack results this soon, Edwinna. I am sure a great discovery lies somewhere below.

If only the secret of Passwall were not lost nearly a generation ago. With a few of those precious scrolls, I would be in the lower levels already where the real discoveries are to be made.

There is some good news. I have also discovered that "Mzuleft" you were looking for. Apparently "Mzuleft" is the proper name for the large Dwemer ruins south of Dagon Fel. Be careful not to confuse them with the ruins of "Nchardahrk" nearby.

The last of the Dwemer centurion spiders in the upper levels was finally disabled and dismantled for study. I wish we could study them while they are still active, but that is far too dangerous.

I also heard a strange story about the centurion spider that we captured and sent back to Cyrodiil. The ship captain I hired wrote to me with an odd story. He said that the spider nearly broke through its cage several times while near Vvardenfell, but once he left he Sea of Ghosts, the centurion suddenly stopped working. What happened next shows that he had more wits than I gave him credit for. He ordered the ship turned about and as they approached Vvardenfell again, the centurion began moving just as suddenly. This is a curious phenomenon and certainly deserves more investigation.

Your servant,
Senilius Cadiusus
As instructed, a party of five entered the Velothi tower of Shishi. Five Telvanni sorcerers fell and the tower is now ours, but we have suffered heavy losses. We will hold Shishi as long as we can and await your orders.

Brerama Selas
[182.4] Treasury Report

KJAH SDFH KLJH FAKL SDJH FAKL DSHF KJAD SHFL KJAN SDCJ NASO ERUH AUWO IYEF HADS CHNK SNCL KNAS JROR IEWU PIWE HJKF NBDS LKJV NKLA SDNF OHRF OIQP REWF HSAD KJvh AKSJ DNFP OQRE HFOI DSAP
[183] Response to Bero's Speech*

See vol. I.
[184] The Ruins of Kemel-Ze*

See vol. I.
Ages ago, Nerevar was the greatest Dunmer general, First Councilor, and companion of Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil, who, with the power of the great Ring of the Ancestors, One-Clan-Under-Moon-and-Star, united the Dunmer Houses to confront the evil Dwemer, the treacherous House Dagoth, and their Western allies at Red Mountain.

By Providence, the faithless Dwemer were utterly destroyed, and their allies defeated, but Nerevar, mortally wounded in combat with the traitor Dagoth Ur, was driven from Red Mountain. Nerevar died not long after of his wounds, but he lived to see the birth of the Temple, and to bless the unity of the Dunmer into the safekeeping of Almsivi, the Temple, and all its communion of saints.
Listen, faithful, to Vivec's words, for he says five times and five ways --
Forge a keen Faith in the crucible of suffering.
Engrave upon thy eye the image of injustice.
Death does not diminish; the ghost gilds with glory.
Faith conquers all. Let us yield to Faith.
Better to suffer a wrong than to do one.

Hear the words of Lord Vivec, and heed his sermons on the Seven Graces, for he names them seven times and seven ways --

VALOR
DARING
JUSTICE
COURTESY
PRIDE
GENEROSITY
HUMILITY

The Grace of Valor
Thank you for your valor, Lord Vivec. I shall not quail, nor turn away, but face my enemies and my fear.

The Grace of Daring
Thank you for your daring, Lord Vivec. I shall not shun risk, nor hide behind the mask of cautious counsel, for fortune favors the bold.

The Grace of Justice
Thank you for your justice, Lord Vivec. I shall be neither cruel nor arbitrary, for fair dealing earns the love, trust, and respect of our people.

---

1 Saryoni's Sermons Manuscript has this introductory note instead: "[This is the original book that Archcanon Tholer Saryoni used to write his sermons.]"
The Grace of Courtesy
Thank you for your courtesy, Lord Vivec. I shall speak neither hurtful nor harsh word, but shall speak respectfully, even of my enemies, for temperate words may turn aside anger.

The Grace of Pride
Thank you for your pride, Lord Vivec. I shall not doubt myself, or my people, or my gods, and shall insist upon them, and my ancient rights.

The Grace of Generosity
Thank you for your generosity, Lord Vivec. I shall neither hoard nor steal, nor encumber myself with profitless treasures, but shall share freely among house and hearth.

The Grace of Humility
Thank you for your humility, Lord Vivec. I shall neither strut nor preen in vanity, but shall know and give thanks for my place in the greater world.
[187] Scrolls [Magic Scrolls]

[187.1] Messenger Scroll

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.2] Milyn Faram's Scroll

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.3] Scroll of Almsivi Intervention

Transliteration:
INVOKE SWIFTLY AND WISELY

[187.4] Scroll of Alvusia's Warping

Transliteration:
BY THE POWER OF THE GODS I INVOKE THEE
[187.5] Scroll of Baleful Suffering

Transliteration:
SUFFER NO FOOLS INVOKE WITH NO DOUBTS NO HESITATION

[187.6] Scroll of Black Death

Transliteration:
FATHER FORGIVE ME

[187.7] Scroll of Black Despair

Transliteration:
INVOKE WITH FAITH THAT YOUR ENEMIES MUST BE DESTROYED

[187.8] Scroll of Black Fate

Transliteration:
INVOKE SWIFTLY AND WISELY
[187.9] Scroll of Black Mind

BE WISE INVOKING YOUR WILL

Transliteration:
BE WISE INVOKING YOUR WILL

[187.10] Scroll of Black Scorn

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO YOUR ENEMIES

Transliteration:
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO YOUR ENEMIES

[187.11] Scroll of Black Sloth

WHERE'S THE MONEY IN THAT

Transliteration:
WHERE'S THE MONEY IN THAT

[187.12] Scroll of Black Weakness

DOWN WITH DUNMER OPPRESSION

Transliteration:
DOWN WITH DUNMER OPPRESSION
[187.13] Scroll of Bloodfire

Scroll of Bloodfire

Transliteration:
STRENGTH AND HONOR

[187.14] Scroll of Bodily Restoration

Scroll of Bodily Restoration

Transliteration:
I AM THAT IS AND ALWAYS WAS

[187.15] Scroll of Breva's Averted Eyes

Scroll of Breva's Averted Eyes

Transliteration:
MY GODS MAY THIS INVOCATION PROVE MY DEDICATION AND WORTH

[187.16] Scroll of Celerity

Scroll of Celerity

Transliteration:
INVOKED IN THE NAME OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
[187.17] Scroll of Chriditte's Panacea

THE SOUL OF ANOTHER IS PAINED INVOKE AND RELEASE HIM FROM ANGUISH AND SUFFERING

Transliteration:

THE SOUL OF ANOTHER IS PAINED INVOKE AND RELEASE HIM FROM ANGUISH AND SUFFERING

[187.18] Scroll of Corrupt Arcanix

INVOKE SWIFTLY AND WISELY

Transliteration:

INVOKE SWIFTLY AND WISELY

[187.19] Scroll of Daerir's Blessing

Blessing of Daerir
Ride the storms lest they ride thee
Consume the red sands lest they consume thee
By the one from the dark waters
By the one who was first in the deep waters
By my will I cleanse thee of the red sands

Transliteration:

Blessing of Daerir
Ride the storms lest they ride thee
Consume the red sands lest they consume thee
By the one from the dark waters
By the one who was first in the deep waters
By my will I cleanse thee of the red sands
[187.20] Scroll of Daerir's Miracle

"Miracle of Daerir
Ride the storms lest they ride thee
Consume the red sands lest they consume thee
By the one from the dark waters
By the one who was first in the deep waters
By my will I cleanse myself of the red sands"

Transliteration:

Miracle of Daerir
Ride the storms lest they ride thee
Consume the red sands lest they consume thee
By the one from the dark waters
By the one who was first in the deep waters
By my will I cleanse myself of the red sands

[187.21] Scroll of Daydene's Panacea

"MY SOUL IS PAINED INVOKE AND RELEASE ME FROM ANGUISH AND SUFFERING"

Transliteration:

MY SOUL IS PAINED INVOKE AND RELEASE ME FROM ANGUISH AND SUFFERING

[187.22] Scroll of Daynar's Airy Bubble

"WOE UPON YOU"

Transliteration:

WOE UPON YOU
[187.23] Scroll of Dedres' Masterful Eye

Transliteration:

BY THE GODS I INVOKE THIS POWER

[187.24] Scroll of Didala's Knack

Transliteration:

IN THE NAME OF THE GODS

[187.25] Scroll of Divine Intervention

Transliteration:

FOR THE GODS

[187.26] Scroll of Drathis' Soulrot

Transliteration:

THAT WHICH DEFINES YOU WILL PROVE TO BE YOUR UNDOING
[187.27] Scroll of Drathis' Winter Guest

Scroll of Drathis' Winter Guest

Transliteration:
GREED EVENTUALLY TRAPS US ALL

[187.28] Scroll of Ekash's Lock Splitter

Scroll of Ekash's Lock Splitter

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.29] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Fire

Scroll of Elemental Burst: Fire

Transliteration:
Elemental Burst Fire

Elemental Burst Fire
The afore mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to
the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild The Bearer of this non
disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore mentioned personage
The afore mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to
the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild The Bearer of this non
disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore mentioned personage
[187.30] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Frost

Transliteration:
CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES

[187.31] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Shock

Transliteration:
DESTRUCTION TO ALL FOES

[187.32] Scroll of Elevram's Sty

Transliteration:
I INVOKE FOR THE GODS FOR MY ANCESTORS AND FOR REVENGE

[187.33] Scroll of Fader's Leaden Flesh

Transliteration:
DEATH STALKS US ALL
[187.34] Scroll of Feldram's Trepidation

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:

WOE UPON YOU

[187.35] Scroll of Fiercely Roasting

NINE FOLD WOES AND WEAKNESSES UPON YOU HEATHEN SERVENTS OF DARKNESS

Transliteration:

NINE FOLD WOES AND WEAKNESSES UPON YOU HEATHEN SERVENTS OF DARKNESS

[187.36] Scroll of Flamebane

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:

WOE UPON YOU

[187.37] Scroll of Flameguard

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:

WOE UPON YOU
[187.38] Scroll of Fphyggi’s Gem-Feeder

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.39] Scroll of Frostbane

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.40] Scroll of Frostguard

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.41] Scroll of Galmes’ Seal

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.42] Scroll of Golnara's Eye-Maze

Transliteration:
YOUR LIFE OR YOUR HONOR

[187.43] Scroll of Gonar's Goad

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.44] Scroll of Greater Domination

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.45] Scroll of Grey Death

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.46] Scroll of Grey Despair

 washington  AJ

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.47] Scroll of Grey Fate

 washington  AJ

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.48] Scroll of Grey Mind

 washington  AJ

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.49] Scroll of Grey Scorn

 washington  AJ

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.50] Scroll of Grey Sloth

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.51] Scroll of Grey Weakness

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.52] Scroll of Healing

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.53] Scroll of Heartwise

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.54] Scroll of Hellfire

Transliteration:
SANCTIFY WITH BLOOD AND FIRE

[187.55] Scroll of Icarian Flight

Transliteration:
FROM THE EARTH TO THE AETHER AND BACK

[187.56] Scroll of Illnea's Breath

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.57] Scroll of Inas' Chastening

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.58] Scroll of Inasi's Mystic Finger

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.59] Scroll of Insight

Transliteration:
IN THE NAME OF THE GODS

[187.60] Scroll of Invisibility

Transliteration:
SHADOWS AND FOG

[187.61] Scroll of Leaguestep

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.62] Scroll of Lesser Domination

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.63] Scroll of Lliros' Glowing Eye

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.64] Scroll of Lord Mhas' Vengeance

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.65] Scroll of Mageweal

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.66] Scroll of Manarape

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.67] Scroll of Mark

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.68] Scroll of Monden's Instigator

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.69] Scroll of Nerusi's Lockjaw

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.70] Scroll of Ondusi's Unhinging

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.71] Scroll of Prince Ov's Brightbal

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.72] Scroll of Psychic Prison

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.73] Scroll of Purity of Body

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.74] Scroll of Radiya's Icy Mask

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.75] Scroll of Radrene's Spell Breaker

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.76] Scroll of Red Death

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.77] Scroll of Red Despair

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.78] Scroll of Red Fate

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.79] Scroll of Red Mind

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.80] Scroll of Red Scorn

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.81] Scroll of Red Sloth

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.82] Scroll of Red Weakness

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.83] Scroll of Restoration

I AM THAT IS AND ALWAYS WAS

Transliteration:
I AM THAT IS AND ALWAYS WAS

[187.84] Scroll of Reynos' Beast Finder

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.85] Scroll of Reynos' Fins

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.86] Scroll of Salen's Vivication

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.87] Scroll of Savage Might

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.88] Scroll of Savage Tyranny

Transliteration:
FROM THE EARTH TO THE AETHER AND BACK

[187.89] Scroll of Selis' Fiery Ward

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.90] Scroll of Selyn's Mist Slippers

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.91] Scroll of Sertises' Porphyry

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.92] Scroll of Shockbane

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.93] Scroll of Shockguard

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.94] Scroll of Stormward

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.95] Scroll of Summon Flame Atronach

Transliteration:
BEHOLD

[187.96] Scroll of Summon Frost Atronach

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.97] Scroll of Summon Golden Saint

Transliteration:
BEHOLD
[187.98] Scroll of Summon Skeleton

Scroll of Summon Skeleton

Transliteration:
THE DUST SHALL SERVE ME

[187.99] Scroll of Supreme Domination

Scroll of Supreme Domination

Transliteration:
THE DUST SHALL SERVE ME

[187.100] Scroll of Taldam's Scorcher

Scroll of Taldam's Scorcher

Transliteration:
THE DUST SHALL SERVE ME

[187.101] Scroll of Telvin's Courage

Scroll of Telvin's Courage

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.102] Scroll of Tendil's Trembling

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.103] Scroll of Tevil's Peace

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.104] Scroll of Tevral's Hawkshaw

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.105] Scroll of The Argent Glow

I AM THAT IS, ALWAYS WAS, AND ALWAYS SHALL BE

Transliteration:
I AM THAT IS, ALWAYS WAS, AND ALWAYS SHALL BE
[187.106] Scroll of The Black Storm

Transliteration:
LONG LIVE THE PROPHECY

[187.107] Scroll of The Blood Thief

Transliteration:
MAY YOUR FEET BE SWIFT AND SURE

[187.108] Scroll of The Dawn Sprite

Transliteration:
FOR THE GODS

[187.109] Scroll of The Fifth Barrier

Transliteration:
ENDLESS PAIN AND SUFFERING
[187.110] Scroll of The First Barrier

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.111] Scroll of The Fourth Barrier

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.112] Scroll of The Gambler's Prayer

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.113] Scroll of the Hidden Killer

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.114] Scroll of The Mage's Eye

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.115] Scroll of The Mind Feeder

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.116] Scroll of The Ninth Barrier

Transliteration:
THE NINTH BARRIER CANNOT EXIST

[187.117] Scroll of The Oathfast

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.118] Scroll of The Second Barrier

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.119] Scroll of The Sixth Barrier

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.120] Scroll of The Third Barrier

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.121] Scroll of the Wolf Ender

Transliteration:
DREADED WOLF BEGONE
[187.122] Scroll of Tinur's Hoptoad

Scroll of Tinur's Hoptoad

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.123] Scroll of Tousu's Abiding Beast

Scroll of Tousu's Abiding Beast

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.124] Scroll of Tranasa's Spellmire

Scroll of Tranasa's Spellmire

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.125] Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltrap

Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltrap

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.126] Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltwist

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.127] Scroll of Ulm Juiceda's Feather

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.128] Scroll of Uth's Hand of Heaven

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU

[187.129] Scroll of Vaermina's Promise

Transliteration:
WOE UPON YOU
[187.130] Scroll of Vigor

STRENGTH AND HONOR

Transliteration:

STRENGTH AND HONOR

[187.131] Scroll of Vitality

SHE WAS A LOVELY CHILD FULL OF LIFE AND BEAUTY MY ACTIONS PAINED ME BUT I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE TO SAVE HER

Transliteration:

SHE WAS A LOVELY CHILD FULL OF LIFE AND BEAUTY MY ACTIONS PAINED ME BUT I DID WHAT HAD TO BE DONE TO SAVE HER

[187.132] Scroll of Warrior's Blessing

STRENGTH AND HONOR DEATH TO OUR ENEMIES

Transliteration:

STRENGTH AND HONOR DEATH TO OUR ENEMIES

[187.133] Scroll of Windform

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:

WOE UPON YOU
[187.134] Scroll of Windwalker

WOE UPON YOU

Transliteration:

WOE UPON YOU
[188] The Seed*

See vol. I.
[189] The Seven Curses

The Seven Curses

[from the Apographa of the Dissident Priests, annotated by Gilvas Barelo, Abbot of Holamayan]

through the doors of the unmourned house
where scoffers scoff and schemers scheme
from the halls of the oath-breaking house
rings seven curses of gods blasphemed

first curse, Curse-of-Fire
second curse, Curse-of-Ash
third curse, Curse-of-Flesh
fourth curse, Curse-of-Ghosts
fifth curse, Curse-of-Seed
sixth curse, Curse-of-Despair
seventh curse, Curse-of-Dreams

Notes

Lines 1-3: Ambiguous. May refer to the impiety of the god-mocking House Dwemer, or the treacherous diplomacy of the subtle House Dagoth, or both. House Dagoth, however, was reviled as oath-breakers for their treachery at Red Mountain. It may, however, refer to unspecified broken oaths of peace between Lord Nerevar and Lord Dumac, founders of the Grand Council. Nerevar and Dumac were loyal friends until the disagreements between the Dwemer and the other Great Houses broke out in open conflict.

Line 4: The Dwemer were the mockers and profaners of the divine.

Lines 5-6: The curses of fire and ash would come from Red Mountain where Dagoth Ur rules. These were the earliest reported threats from Red Mountain.

Line 7: Curse of flesh suggest blight diseases, especially corprus. The fire and ash storms preceded the threats of blight and corprus.

Line 8-10: Obscure. May refer to as-yet-unrecognized threats from Dagoth Ur.

Line 11: Recent reports of soul sickness and disturbed dreams come from townfolk and Ashlanders alike. That the seventh and final curse has begun suggests the threat presented is about to reach a crisis.
Seven Visions of Seven Trials of the Incarnate

[These are the words of the prophecy called "Seven Visions of Seven Trials of the Incarnate." I wrote them down as she spoke them to me.]

seven trials
What he puts his hand to, that shall be done.
What is left undone, that shall be done.

first trial
On a certain day to uncertain parents
Incarnate moon and star reborn.

second trial
Neither blight nor age can harm him.
The Curse-of-Flesh before him flies.

third trial
In caverns dark Azura's eye sees
And makes to shine the moon and star.

fourth trial
A stranger's voice unites the Houses.
Three Halls call him Hortator.

fifth trial
A stranger's hand unites the Velothi.
Four Tribes call him Nerevarine.

sixth trial
He honors blood of the tribe unmourned.
He eats their sin, and is reborn.

seventh trial
His mercy frees the cursed false gods,
Binds the broken, redeems the mad.

one destiny
He speaks the law for Veloth's people.
He speaks for their land, and names them great.
Led by the legendary prophet Veloth, the ancestors of the Dunmer, exiles from Altmer cultures in present-day Summerset Isle, came to the region of Morrowind. In earliest times the Dunmer were harassed or dominated by Nord sea raiders. When the scattered Dunmer tribes consolidated into the predecessors of the modern Great House clans, they threw out the Nord oppressors and successfully resisted further incursions.

The ancient ancestor worship of the tribes was in time superseded by the monolithic Tribunal Temple theocracy, and the Dunmer grew into a great nation called Resdayn. Resdayn was the last of the provinces to submit to Tiber Septim; like Black Marsh, it was never successfully invaded, and was peacefully incorporated by treaty into the Empire as the Province of Morrowind.

Almost four centuries after the coming of the Imperial Legions, Morrowind is still occupied by Imperial legions, with a figurehead Imperial King, though the Empire has reserved most functions of the traditional local government to the Ruling Councils of the Five Great Houses....

In 3E 414, Vvardenfell Territory, previously a Temple preserve under Imperial protection, was reorganized as an Imperial Provincial District. Vvardenfell had been maintained as a preserve administrated by the Temple since the Treaty of the Armistice, and except for a few Great House settlements sanctioned by the Temple, Vvardenfell was previously uninhabited and undeveloped. But when the centuries-old Temple ban on trade and settlement of Vvardenfell was revoked by King of Morrowind, a flood of Imperial colonists and Great House Dunmer came to Vvardenfell, expanding old settlements and building new ones.

The new District was divided into Redoran, Hlaalu, Telvanni, and Temple Districts, each separately administered by local House Councils or Temple Priesthoods, and all under the advice and consent of Duke Dren and the District Council in Ebonheart. Local law became a mixture of House Law and Imperial Law in House Districts, jointly enforced by House guards and Legion guards, with Temple law and Imperial law enforced in the Temple district by Ordinators. The Temple was still recognized as the majority religion, but worship of the Nine Divines was protected by the legions and encouraged by Imperial cult missions.

The Temple District included the city of Vivec, the fortress of Ghostgate, and all sacred and profane sites (including those Blighted areas inside the Ghostfence) and all unsettled and wilderness areas on Vvardenfell. In practice, this district included all parts of Vvardenfell not
claimed for Redoran, Hlaalu, or Telvanni Districts. The Temple stubbornly fought all development in their district, and were largely successful.

House Hlaalu in combination with Imperial colonists embarked on a vigorous campaign of settlement and development. In the decades after reorganization, Balmora and the Ascadian Isles regions have grown steadily. Caldera and Pelagiad are completely new settlements, and all legion forts were expanded to accommodate larger garrisons.

House Telvanni, normally conservative and isolationist, has been surprisingly aggressive in expanding beyond their traditional tower villages. Disregarding the protests of the other Houses, the Temple, the Duke, and the District council, Telvanni pioneers have been encroaching on the wild lands reserved to the Temple. The Telvanni council officially disavows responsibility for these rogue Telvanni settlements, but it is an open secret that they are encouraged and supported by ambitious Telvanni mage-lords.

Under pressure from the Temple, conservative House Redoran has steadfastly resisted expansion in their district. As a result, House Redoran and the Temple are in danger of being politically and economically marginalized by the more aggressive and expansionist Hlaalu and Telvanni interests.

The Imperial administration faces many challenges in the Vvardenfell district, but the most serious are the Great House rivalries, animosity from the Ashlander nomads, internal conflicts within the Temple itself, and the Red Mountain blight. Struggles between Great House, Temple, and Imperial interests to control Vvardenfell's resource could at any time erupt into full-scale war. Ashlanders raid settlements, plunder caravans, and kill foreigners on their wild lands. The Temple has unsuccessfully attempted to silence criticism and calls for reform within its ranks.

But most serious are the plagues and diseased hosts produced by the blight storms sweeping out from Red Mountain. Vvardenfell and all Morrowind have long been menaced by the legendary evils of Dagoth Ur and his ash vampire kin dwelling beneath Red Mountain. For centuries the Temple has contained this threat within the Ghostfence. But recently the Temple's resources and will have faltered, and the threat from Red Mountain has grown in scale and intensity. If the Ghostfence should fail, and hosts of blighted monsters were to spill out across Vvardenfell's towns and villages, the Empire might have no choice but to evacuate Vvardenfell district and abandon it to disease and corruption.
Silence
by Ganpheril Kimeth

"I've heard of you," said the old vagabond, very impressed. "Aren't you the adventurer who slew all those ash vampires in Ghostgate a couple of months back?"

"That I am," said Oristian Silvertorn with a weary smile for his admirer. He knew that his name was not yet legendary, and it was best to be polite. "And you are?"

"My name would have no meaning to you, but I'm Erer Darothil," he said, raising a glass of greef. "I hail from the region of Ghostgate which is how I heard your name. Are you on an adventure as we speak?"

"Yes," said Silverthorn, with a grim expression. "I'm challenged to rid The Grazelands of a rogue battlemage by the name of Egroamaro."

"I've heard of him as well," said Darothil. "He is said to be very powerful, an implacable foe."

"That is why I'm drinking now," sighed Silverthorn. "So tell me, what is your profession?"

"I do nothing," said Darothil with some measure of pride. "But in my youth, I used to teach the skills of Illusion at the University of Gwylim."

"Perhaps you can help me then," said Silverthorn, suddenly excited. "Can you teach the spell Silence? I can certainly pay you."

"I know that spell," said Darothil. "You might find Invisibility very helpful as well, or perhaps Darkness which would allow you to sneak up on old Egroamaro."

"No," said Silverthorn firmly. "I only have time to learn one spell. I have to kill Egroamaro, collect the award, and be back in Gnisis as quickly as possible. My wife worries when I'm away."

Darothil agreed and, as the two settled back in their seats at the cornerclub and tossed back glasses of greef, the old man shared his knowledge of the spell. He explained what it truly meant to bend sound, creating a cone of silence as glass can bend light. He had Silverthorn close his eyes while he tapped the side of his glass, making him picture the sound as the physical entity it was, before it was extinguished.

The adventurer, after a few hours of instruction, paid the old teacher and set off on his way. Indoranyon, Egroamaro's stronghold, was not far from Sadrith Mora, and he soon saw the blight and ruin that was the battlemage's calling card. Delving into the depths of the ruins, Silverthorn was set upon by the servitors of Egroamaro, living and undead. With his enchanted ebony blade, he cut through legions before facing the master himself in the desolate main hall.
Egroamaro bowed to his adversary sardonically, and then prepared to unleash a fireball to incinerate him. Before he had uttered the first word of the spell, he suddenly found that all the creaking and sighing of the ruins around him had been stilled. He opened his voice to speak, but there was no sound. Silverthorn took his time, strolling across the length of the hall, before dispatching the battlemage with one stroke of his blade.

The adventurer rushed back to the Tribunal Temple where he had received his quest, accepted the gold and the thanks, and was back in his house in Gnisis but a few days later. His wife Liah was beside herself with worry.

"All I could do night after night is toss and turn. I kept imagining you burned to ashes by that battlemage, and where would that leave me? Do we have enough gold that I could support myself if you, Saint Seryn let it not be so, were killed during one of these jaunts? I don't think so. Why couldn't you get a nice position at the Fighters Guild right here in town? I hear they're looking for a trainer for the Imperial Guard. I know, I know, you want a life of adventure and danger and freedom, but if you'd only take one moment to think of me, stuck here all by myself, worrying about you. I suppose you'd like it if I took more of an interest in your work, but it's like I was telling Ser Calissiah Vignum the other day, I said Calissah, what good is a husband--"

Liah continued to talk, deaf to the fact that her words were dead before they left her mouth. Silverthorn smiled and nodded his head, enjoying the silence. He could have killed Egroamaro without the spell, he considered, but he could not have survived his wife.
[193] Sithis*

See vol. I.
It took a little over an hour for Harithoel to search the island from one end to the other. He turned back to S'Riizh who was were he left him, half buried in the sand to pack his broken bones. One of the crates of moon sugar was open.

"You're sampling the merchandise?" asked Harithoel angrily.

"It takes away the pain," said S'Riizh. "How far away are we?"

"We didn't make it as far as the mainland," said Harithoel. "I can't see the coastline at all. But that's not all. I haven't found anything edible anywhere. Just weeds and a few scraggly trees."

"And no other survivors?" asked S'Riizh.

"No, it looks like we're the only ones. I guess, the nice way to look at it is that if we're rescued, we can divide the profits between two rather than between twelve."

"So we'll either be rich or dead," said S'Riizh. "That's a comfort."

S'Riizh was too battered to be of much help, but Harithoel was able to construct a crude shelter, weaving the sand weeds. As night fell on the small island, the two men discussed the smuggling operation and what went wrong. Their boat, laden with five crates of moon sugar, was supposed to meet another, the Sanchariot, off the coast of Hla Oad. Who could have predicted the storm? Who could have predicted that everyone would drown, from the bold captain to the mysterious figure with ties to one of the royal Houses, everyone except for S'Riizh and Harithoel. They decided that it was all the whim of Boethiah or one of the other daedra with cruel senses of humor.

Finding fresh water was their first goal, and it turned out to be a fruitless quest. Harithoel dug deeply, but there were no springs under the island, just sand and rock. S'Riizh felt panic seizing his soul, until he saw the small, quick, golden fish swimming at the edges of the island. He had read somewhere that fish not only were food, but there was always a little fresh water within them. If he could catch one, the two men could be saved. With his broken legs, he was a pathetic predator and he was soon reduced to hurling rocks at the alert and nimble little fish.

Harithoel watched S'Riizh's futile endeavor for a little while before getting to work. He used his small knife to whittle a point on a long, straight tree branch until he had fashioned a spear. Again and again, he thrust the spear at the fish, but he had no more success than S'Riizh and his stones.

"Have you never used a spear before?" asked S'Riizh.
"It's not my weapon of choice," said Harithoel, quietly, watching his prey and missing another with a splash and a curse. "Nchow!"

S'Riizh laughed: "Do you want a rock?"

Harithoel ignored S'Riizh, murmuring, "The trick as I've heard it is to anticipate where your target's going to go and aim your spear there, not where they are now. I just have to observe them a little longer. Why can't the little fechers swim in straight lines?"

After an hour of flailing about, Harithoel, by luck, managed to spear a fish. The men tore it apart and ate it raw. As the days and weeks went by, Harithoel got better and better until he was able to strike quickly and with great accuracy. He could hit a fish by throwing the spear or by plunging at one at his feet. S'Riizh made fire, but being lame, he had to rely on Harithoel for all the food.

It was nearly two months after washing ashore that the men saw a boat on the horizon. They set a large fire, and the crew saw them. As it approached, they saw that it was the Sanchariot, the very boat they were to have met on the night of the storm. The smugglers aboard would pay them good money for the moon sugar. Luckily, S'Riizh had used only a little bit of it, and they still had five nearly full crates. They were not only going to be saved, they were going to be rich, just as Harithoel had said.

Harithoel excitedly started to help S'Riizh to his feet, but the man rose on his own.

"You can walk!" he said, laughing. "It's a miracle!"

"S'Riizh is not too steady, though," said S'Riizh. "Would you gather up the crates?"

Harithoel, overjoyed at rescue at long last, began picking up the crates and stacking them. "I wish you had told me that you could walk though, mate. I could have used your help spearing dinner all these months."

"S'Riizh watches though," said S'Riizh. "You'd be surprised how much you can learn just by watching. Don't forget the fifth crate over by the tree." S'Riizh shuffled over to the shore and saw that the boat was only a few minutes from landing. "And S'Riizh listens. When you said that a fortune divided by two was more profitable than a fortune divided by twelve, S'Riizh listened to that too." S'Riizh shuffled back to the crate by the tree. "And it occurred to S'Riizh that a fortune divided by one was even better." S'Riizh pulled the spear out of Harithoel's skull. The trajectory had been perfect: it had fallen down from the branches as soon as the crate was removed, just as he had planned. "Like you said, the trick is to anticipate where your target's going to go and aim your spear there."

S'Riizh pushed the crate to the shore and waved the boat in.
He he! Ha ho! 
To the workshop we will go!

The candy -- so sweet! A yummy winter treat! 
Sugar warmed by the pale hearth light 
Happiness spreads throughout the night!

He he! Ha ho! 
To the workshop we will go!

Grandfather Frost is coming near 
To spread his candy and his cheer! 
Better than trinkets, better than toys 
So say the little girls and boys!

He he! Ha ho! 
To the workshop we will go!

Candy, candy -- he makes so much! 
Using the Grandfather's magic touch!

So it's back to the workshop in the snow! 
With lovely lanterns all aglow! 
He he! Ha ho! He he he ha ha ho!
[196] The Song of the Alchemists*

See vol. I.
The Song of Uncle Sweetshare

He he! Ha ho!
To the workshop he will go!

My Uncle's candy is so sweet! It's such a yummy winter's treat!
When the sugar is warmed by the pale hearth light
The happiness spreads throughout the night!

He he! Ha ho!
To the workshop he will go!

Uncle Sweetshare is coming near
To spread his candy and his cheer!
It's better than trinkets, games or toys
So say all the little girls and boys!

He he! Ha ho!
To the workshop he will go!

Candy, candy -- he makes so much!
Uncle Sweetshare has a magic touch!
So it's back to the workshop in the snow!
With lovely lanterns all aglow!

He he! Ha ho! He he he ha ha ho!
[198] Sottilde's Code Book

SSF ZAFL
DVWDTQDFQE TYLSE

BSQ FOF
TZSFHK TOY PCJEK NSZUVWSR

EAL DVFQE GX
SWSHL LCLQS

XKH ZQG
LGSBFY GXS PAXWC RSXINOFS

IDV AWD
FGEF PAXWC

BOK DWKB
SUGZD PCJEK
Sovngarde, a Reexamination

by Bereditte Jastal

Death. It is something we all face. Or do we?

Just ask the nearest Nord what he thinks of the end of life, and you'll likely be treated to a horrific story of blood, bone and viscera, of courageous deeds and heartbreaking sorrow. Carnage notwithstanding, there may be even more to death than the average Nord warrior realizes. New evidence suggests a life beyond the battlefield, where a valiant Nord may live forever, downing mead and engaging in contests of strength and skill. But in order to fully understand the possibility of a Nord's eternal life after death, one must first reexamine the legends surrounding that most wondrous of warrior's retreats -- Sovngarde.

According to the ancient writings and oral traditions of the Nords, going back as far as the Late Merethic Era, there exists a place so magnificent, so honored, that the entrance lies hidden from view. Sovngarde, it is called, built by the god Shor to honor those Nords who have proven their mettle in war. Within this "Hall of Valor" time as we know it has no meaning. The concepts of life and death are left on the doorstep, and those within exist in a sort of self-contained euphoria, free of pain, suffering and the worst malady a Nord could suffer -- boredom.

But just how well hidden the entrance to Sovngarde is has been a matter of much scholarly debate, and there are those who believe Shor's great hall is just a myth, for there are no actual accounts from Nords who have experienced the wonders of Sovngarde then returned to tell the tale. Not that this has stopped anyone from looking. Some Nords spend a lifetime searching for the mysterious hidden entrance to Sovngarde. Most return home sad and broken, their hearts heavy with failure. They'll never know the pleasure of a mead flagon that never empties, or a wrestling tournament without end.

What, some may ask, does the entrance to Sovngarde have to do with death? Everything, according to a series of ancient parchments recently discovered in the attic of a deceased Nord's home in Cyrodiil. What at first seemed to be a series of love letters was later found to be a correspondence between one Felga Four-Fingers, a medium of some note, and the ghost of Rolf the Large. According to the parchments, Rolf had spent his entire life searching for the entrance to Sovngarde, without success. He was returning home to his village of Skyrim when he was waylaid by a band of giants. Rolf fought bravely, but was quickly killed, and the giants proceeded to play catch with his head. Amazingly, all of this was seen by Rolf in ghostly form as he drifted away from the scene, soaring upwards into the heavens, where he finally arrived...in the magnificent hall of Sovngarde!

Rolf could not believe his good fortune, and his foolishness for not having realized the truth so many years before. For death was the entrance to Sovngarde. So he was told by Shor himself, who greeted Rolf the Large as a brother, and personally handed him a leg of roast mutton and the hand of a comely wench. Sovngarde, Shor told him, can be entered by any Nord who dies valiantly in honorable combat.
It is time for Nords to learn the truth. Eternal life can be theirs, without the need to spend an entire mortal life in vain pursuit of something completely unattainable. In the end, all valiant Nords can enter Sovngarde. Dismemberment, decapitation or evisceration seems a small price to pay for the chance to spend an eternity in Shor's wondrous hall.
[200] Special Flora of Tamriel*

See vol. I.
Lorkhan is the Spirit of Nirn, the god of all mortals. This does not mean all mortals necessarily like him or even know him. Most Elves hate him, thinking creation as that act which sundered them from the spirit realm. Most Humans revere him, or aspects of him, as the herald of existence. The creation of the Mortal Plane, the Mundus, Nirn, is a source of mental anguish to all living things; all souls know deep down they came originally from somewhere else, and that Nirn is a cruel and crucial step to what comes next. What is this next? Some wish to return to the original state, the spirit realm, and that Lorkhan is the Demon that hinders their way; to them Nirn is a prison, an illusion to escape. Others think that Lorkhan created the world as the testing ground for transference; to them the spirit realm was already a prison, that true escape is now finally possible.
[202] Spirit of the Daedra*

See vol. I.
[203] The Story of Aevar Stone-Singer*

See vol. I: *Aevar Stone-Singer*. 
[204] The Stranger

The Stranger

[These are the words of the prophecy called "The Stranger." I wrote them down as she spoke them to me.]

When earth is sundered, and skies choked black,
And sleepers serve the seven curses,
To the hearth there comes a stranger,
Journeyed far 'neath moon and star.

Though stark-born to sire uncertain,
His aspect marks his certain fate.
Wicked stalk him, righteous curse him.
Prophets speak, but all deny.

Many trials make manifest
The stranger's fate, the curses' bane.
Many touchstones try the stranger.
Many fall, but one remains.
[205] Surfeit of Thieves*

See vol. I.
[206] Tal Marog Ker's Researches*

See vol. I: Tel Marog Ker's Researches / Harvest's End, 3E 172.
[207] Tamrielic Artifacts*

See vol. I.
[208] Tax Records

Tax Records

Processus Vitellius
Seyda Neen Census and Excise Office

Arrille - 450 drakes - PAID
Draren Thiralas - 200 drakes - PAID
Eldafire - 130 drakes
Erene Llenim - 78 drakes - PAID
Fargoth - 111 drakes
Fine-Mouth - 54 drakes
Foryn Gilnith - 225 drakes
Indrele Rathryon - 127 drakes - PAID
Terurise Grivayne - 98 drakes - PAID
Thavere Vedrano 134 drakes - PAID
Vodunius Nuccius - 87 drakes
[209] The Third Door*

See vol. I.
On the eastern bank of Lake Fjalding stands Thirsk, a grand mead hall that serves as the home and center of operations for a most valiant clan of Nord warriors.

Approximately one hundred years ago, a small group of Skaal decided to leave the main village, and free themselves of their brethren's strict adherence to nature worship. They sought to live life as their ancestors had in Skyrim -- free to kill what they wanted when they wanted, free to worship in any manner they chose.

The group braved the harsh weather and traveled south toward Lake Fjalding, where they found the perfect location for a new settlement. There they decided to construct a grand mead hall that would serve as their new home and hunting lodge. After several months of building, the companions had completed the task, and named the mead hall Thirsk.

The settlers looked upon all they had accomplished, and were truly proud of their accomplishment. But their happiness was short lived, and the settlers soon learned that not everyone celebrated the construction of Thirsk. As the mead hall was being erected, so too was the noise and commotion of construction disturbing an ancient creature that lie dormant under the ice. It was a tragic twist of irony, therefore, that as the last beam of the great hall was nailed in place, the slumbering beast did finally awaken. His ancient name was the Udyrfrykte, though the settlers knew him only as  death. The Udyrfrykte came to the newly completed mead hall and wreaked vengeance upon those who had shattered the peace of his long, cold sleep. He killed without warning, without mercy, reducing the Thirsk Nords to half their number. It was the valiant sorcerer Eldrid Ice-Light who finally drove the beast back to his lair beneath the frozen lake, and used his magicka to seal the entrance with a great wall of ice. The horror was over, but the price was great. It took the settlers two months to fix the damage done by the Udyrfrykte, and with so many strong hands now gone, it was slow and tedious work.

Finally, Thirsk stood tall and proud once more. But even though the settlers had worked together to construct the mead hall and drive away the threat of the Udyrfrykte, tensions quickly grew over who would serve as their leader. Most of the men considered Hrothmund the Red their de facto chieftain, as he was the strongest and most capable of the lot. But one warrior, Dregr Bronze-Helm, disagreed. He thought himself most capable to rule over Thirsk, and loudly voiced his opposition to Hrothmund. Knowing that conflict and discord would only serve to destroy the new life they had worked so hard to create, Hrothmund the Red exercised his only true option - he swung his great axe and beheaded Dregr Bronze-Helm where he stood. The Nords appreciated more than anything a warrior's prowess in battle, and Dregr's slaying proved to them that Hrothmund was indeed most worthy to be Thirsk's chieftain. So that the other Nords would never forget he had proven his right to lead,
Hrothmund placed Dregr's head on a pedestal in the center of Thirsk's main hall, for all to see.

And so began Thirsk's most time-honored tradition. Any warrior, regardless of race or sex, could claim leadership of the mead hall by displaying the most impressive battle trophy on the great hall's pedestal. So long as the spirit of Hrothmund the Red consented, that warrior would be named chieftain.

Hrothmund's Bane:

For twenty-one years Hrothmund the Red ruled over Thirsk and its residents as chieftain. With his soft voice and great axe -- which was said to be the largest weapon of its kind ever wielded by a Nord -- Hrothmund brought peace and prosperity to Thirsk. But peace proved to be Hrothmund's undoing, for the mighty Nord grew restless in the warmth and safety of the mead hall. He longed for battle and adventure, to feel the frost in his veins once more, and could ignore the call of valor no longer. When word spread of a giant, bloodthirsty white wolf terrorizing travelers in the Moesring Mountains, Hrothmund took up his great axe and set out to defeat the beast alone. The men of the mountains named him Ondjage, the Fell Wolf. The beast measured as large as an ox, with fur as white as new-fallen snow, and it was said no man or woman alive could bring Ondjage down. The words of the mountain folk proved true, for while Hrothmund did hew one leg from the Fell Wolf, Ondjage devoured the mighty Nord whole, leaving only his great axe as a grim reminder of man's failure against beast. Filled with sorrow and rage, the residents of Thirsk marched to the mountains in search of the wolf, called by them Hrothmund's Bane. Only together did they manage to slay Ondjage, and as family they feasted on his roasted flesh.

The following is a list of Thirsk's chieftains, since Hrothmund first ruled:

Hrothmund the Red. Nord male. Slew Dregr Bronze-Helm and presented his head as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for twenty-one years. Slain and devoured by Ondjage, the Fell Wolf.

Isgeror White-Wave. Nord female. Slew the necromancer Hildir Worm-Heart and presented his heart as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for four years.

Einarr. Nord male. Slew the frost giant Guolog and presented his foot as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for six years.


Einarr the Younger. Nord male. Slew Gisl Round-Gut and presented his stomach as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for seven years.

Grjotgaror. Nord male. Slew the white witch Katla and presented her staff as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for two years.

Amelie Bontecou. Breton female. Slew Grjotgaror and presented his head as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for three years.
Thorormr Storm-Killer. Nord male. Slew the brothers Ani and Ali and presented their enchanted hammers as battle trophies. Ruled over Thirsk for sixteen years.

Aegilief. Nord Female. Slew Oddny the Unfaithful and presented her hand as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for eight years.

Caccino Aurelia. Imperial male. Slew the Imperial hero Claudius Anzione and presented his sword as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for three weeks. Fraud.

Eldjar Bear-Skinner. Nord male. Slew the Imperial fraud Caccino Aurelia and presented his tongue as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for five years.

Falki the Fat. Nord male. Slew a pack of six rabid wolves and presented their claws as battle trophies. Ruled over Thirsk for three months. Succumbed to madness and death as a result of rabies.

Svana the Knife. Nord female. Slew Gretta Wolf-Child and presented her sword as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for four years.

Beinir White-Beard. Nord male. Slew three Orc raiders and presented their eyes as battle trophies. Ruled over Thirsk for twenty-two years.

Skjoldr Wolf-Runner. Nord male. Slew the wizard Griss the Yellow and presented his head as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for three years thus far, and still chieftain as of the writing of this work.

Expansion:

The Thirsk mead hall is nearly the same today as it was over a hundred years ago, a testament to the quality of its construction. But while Thirsk itself did not grow, its inhabitants did, and before long the grand mead hall could not house all who wished to dwell within. So, over the years, many Nords have left Thirsk to establish their own private dwellings out in the wilderness of Solstheim, relying on the island's many caves and natural shelters. But those who left are always welcome back at Thirsk, and many return frequently to enjoy the mead hall's hospitality. It is also important to note that although over a hundred years have passed since the group first left the Skaal village, the Skaal and Thirsk Nords have always remained civil to one another, and even trade resources on occasion.

Relationship with the Empire:

Throughout the years, the Thirsk Nords and the Empire have entered into a simple but effective relationship: they leave each other alone and everyone is happy. Soon after arriving on Solstheim, the Imperials realized that their authority on the island was limited to Fort Frostmoth and vicinity. Solstheim was, is, and probably always will be a savage and frozen wasteland more suited to ancient Nord custom than conventional Imperial law. As long as the residents of Thirsk leave Fort Frostmoth in peace, the Imperials at Fort Frostmoth will reciprocate. In fact, the relationship between the two locations is fairly civil, and the Thirsk Nords gained considerable favor with the Empire when they delivered the Breton fugitive Alain Montrose to the garrison at Fort Frostmoth, after he attempted to hide out in Thirsk.
Law and Order Within Thirsk:

Within the Mead Hall, the Chieftain serves as judge, jury and executioner if necessary. The reality is that Thirsk has always been a fairly peaceful place, with camaraderie and goodwill the norm. Solstheim can be a harsh home, and the Nords of Thirsk have long realized that fighting each other isn't nearly as productive as battling the island's bears, wolves, draugrs, Rieklings, and whatever other fell creatures may roam the land. Still, there is the occasional disagreement - which more often than naught ends in bloodshed - and every few years someone gets it into his head to challenge the chieftain to a blood duel to try to gain possession of Thirsk. Generally speaking, the Nords of Thirsk are one big, happy barbarian-like family. And, like any family, they have their squabbles.
On the eastern bank of Lake Fjalding stands Thirsk, a grand mead hall that serves as the home and center of operations for a most valiant clan of Nord warriors.

Approximately one hundred years ago, a small group of Skaal decided to leave the main village, and free themselves of their brethren's strict adherence to nature worship. They sought to live life as their ancestors had in Skyrim -- free to kill what they wanted when they wanted, free to worship in any manner they chose.

The group braved the harsh weather and traveled south toward Lake Fjalding, where they found the perfect location for a new settlement. There they decided to construct a grand mead hall that would serve as their new home and hunting lodge. After several months of building, the companions had completed the task, and named the mead hall Thirsk.

The settlers looked upon all they had accomplished, and were truly proud of their accomplishment. But their happiness was short lived, and the settlers soon learned that not everyone celebrated the construction of Thirsk. As the mead hall was being erected, so too was the noise and commotion of construction disturbing an ancient creature that lie dormant under the ice. It was a tragic twist of irony, therefore, that as the last beam of the great hall was nailed in place, the slumbering beast did finally awaken. His ancient name was the Udyrfrykte, though the settlers knew him only as death. The Udyrfrykte came to the newly completed mead hall and wreaked vengeance upon those who had shattered the peace of his long, cold sleep. He killed without warning, without mercy, reducing the Thirsk Nords to half their number. It was the valiant sorcerer Eldrid Ice-Light who finally drove the beast back to his lair beneath the frozen lake, and used his magicka to seal the entrance with a great wall of ice. The horror was over, but the price was great. It took the settlers two months to fix the damage done by the Udyrfrykte, and with so many strong hands now gone, it was slow and tedious work.

Finally, Thirsk stood tall and proud once more. But even though the settlers had worked together to construct the mead hall and drive away the threat of the Udyrfrykte, tensions quickly grew over who would serve as their leader. Most of the men considered Hrothmund the Red their de facto chieftain, as he was the strongest and most capable of the lot. But one warrior, Drengr Bronze-Helm, disagreed. He thought himself most capable to rule over Thirsk, and loudly voiced his opposition to Hrothmund. Knowing that conflict and discord would only serve to destroy the new life they had worked so hard to create, Hrothmund the Red exercised his only true option - he swung his great axe and beheaded Drengr Bronze-Helm where he stood. The Nords appreciated more than anything a warrior's prowess in battle, and Drengr's slaying proved to them that Hrothmund was indeed most worthy to be Thirsk's chieftain. So that the other Nords would never forget he had proven his right to lead, Hrothmund placed Drengr's head on a pedestal in the center of Thirsk's main hall, for all to see.
And so began Thirsk's most time-honored tradition. Any warrior, regardless of race or sex, could claim leadership of the mead hall by displaying the most impressive battle trophy on the great hall's pedestal. So long as the spirit of Hrothmund the Red consented, that warrior would be named chieftain.

Hrothmund's Bane:

For twenty-one years Hrothmund the Red ruled over Thirsk and its residents as chieftain. With his soft voice and great axe -- which was said to be the largest weapon of its kind ever wielded by a Nord -- Hrothmund brought peace and prosperity to Thirsk. But peace proved to be Hrothmund's undoing, for the mighty Nord grew restless in the warmth and safety of the mead hall. He longed for battle and adventure, to feel the frost in his veins once more, and could ignore the call of valor no longer. When word spread of a giant, bloodthirsty white wolf terrorizing travelers in the Moesring Mountains, Hrothmund took up his great axe and set out to defeat the beast alone. The men of the mountains named him Ondjage, the Fell Wolf. The beast measured as large as an ox, with fur as white as new-fallen snow, and it was said no man or woman alive could bring Ondjage down. The words of the mountain folk proved true, for while Hrothmund did hew one leg from the Fell Wolf, Ondjage devoured the mighty Nord whole, leaving only his great axe as a grim reminder of man's failure against beast. Filled with sorrow and rage, the residents of Thirsk marched to the mountains in search of the wolf, called by them Hrothmund's Bane. Only together did they manage to slay Ondjage, and as family they feasted on his roasted flesh.

The coming of {name}, slayer of the Udyrfrykte:

For one hundred years the mead hall of Thirsk has withstood all manner of hardship, from armed attack and fire to the equally devastating scourge of yellow tick. But nothing within that span of time could compare to the terror of the Udyrfrykte, that ancient beast who ravaged the great hall during the time of Hrothmund. The Udyrfrykte was driven away, and sealed inside his lair for what all hoped was an eternity. In time, the beast was forgotten, but the beast himself did not forget. When the lake of ice caught fire and the entrance to that long-sealed lair lay open, the Udyrfrykte walked once more upon the land. He came back to Thirsk to seek his vengeance, and vengeance he found. The fell creature killed all he could, and tore the mead hall asunder. The Udyrfrykte was driven from the mead hall, but all knew it was just a matter of time before he returned to finish the job he had started -- the complete destruction of Thirsk and all who resided within. It was then he came, a stranger to the land of Solstheim and savior to the Nords of Thirsk. {His} name was {name} of the {race} race, and {he} did what even the mighty Hrothmund could not. This brave warrior strode into the lair of the Udyrfrykte, faced the ancient beast, and slew him as a butcher slays a sheep! The mighty {name} then claimed the heart of the Udyrfrykte as a battle trophy, where it remains to this day on the pedestal of Thirsk. For the {race} known as {name} was named chieftain of the mead hall, and is revered by {his} people as both leader and warrior.

The following is a list of Thirsk's chieftains, since Hrothmund first ruled:

---

1 “Her” respectively.
2 “She” respectively.
3 “Her” respectively.
Hrothmund the Red. Nord male. Slew Drengir Bronze-Helm and presented his head as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for twenty-one years. Slain and devoured by Ondjage, the Fell Wolf.

Isgeror the Red-Wave. Nord female. Slew the necromancer Hildir Worm-Heart and presented his heart as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for four years.

Einarr. Nord male. Slew the frost giant Guolog and presented his foot as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for six years.


Einarr the Younger. Nord male. Slew Gisl Round-Gut and presented his stomach as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for seven years.

Grjotgaror. Nord male. Slew the white witch Katla and presented her staff as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for two years.

Amelie Bontecou. Breton female. Slew Grjotgaror and presented his head as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for three years.

Thorormr Storm-Killer. Nord male. Slew the brothers Ani and Ali and presented their enchanted hammers as battle trophies. Ruled over Thirsk for sixteen years.

Aegilief. Nord female. Slew Oddny the Unfaithful and presented her hand as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for eight years.

Caccino Aurelia. Imperial male. Slew the Imperial hero Claudius Anzione and presented his sword as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for three weeks. Fraud.

Eldjar Bear-Skinner. Nord male. Slew the Imperial fraud Caccino Aurelia and presented his tongue as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for five years.

Falki the Fat. Nord male. Slew a pack of six rabid wolves and presented their claws as battle trophies. Ruled over Thirsk for three months. Succumbed to madness and death as a result of rabies.

Svana the Knife. Nord female. Slew Gretta Wolf-Child and presented her sword as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for four years.

Beinir White-Beard. Nord male. Slew three Orc raiders and presented their eyes as battle trophies. Ruled over Thirsk for twenty-two years.

Skjoldr Wolf-Runner. Nord male. Slew the wizard Griss the Yellow and presented his head as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for three years. Slain in the mead hall.
{name} {race} {male}. Slew the Udyrfrykte and presented his heart as a battle trophy. Still chieftain as of the writing of this work.

Expansion:

The Thirsk mead hall is nearly the same today as it was over a hundred years ago, a testament to the quality of its construction. But while Thirsk itself did not grow, its inhabitants did, and before long the grand mead hall could not house all who wished to dwell within. So, over the years, many Nords have left Thirsk to establish their own private dwellings out in the wilderness of Solstheim, relying on the island's many caves and natural shelters. But those who left are always welcome back at Thirsk, and many return frequently to enjoy the mead hall's hospitalities. It is also important to note that although over a hundred years have passed since the group first left the Skaal village, the Skaal and Thirsk Nords have always remained civil to one another, and even trade resources on occasion.

Relationship with the Empire:

Throughout the years, the Thirsk Nords and the Empire have entered into a simple but effective relationship: they leave each other alone and everyone is happy. Soon after arriving on Solstheim, the Imperials realized that their authority on the island was limited to Fort Frostmoth and vicinity. Solstheim was, is, and probably always will be a savage and frozen wasteland more suited to ancient Nord custom than conventional Imperial law. As long as the residents of Thirsk leave Fort Frostmoth in peace, the Imperials at Fort Frostmoth will reciprocate. In fact, the relationship between the two locations is fairly civil, and the Thirsk Nords gained considerable favor with the Empire when they delivered the Breton fugitive Alain Montrose to the garrison at Fort Frostmoth, after he attempted to hide out in Thirsk.

Law and Order Within Thirsk:

Within the Mead Hall, the Chieftain serves as judge, jury and executioner if necessary. The reality is that Thirsk has always been a fairly peaceful place, with camaraderie and goodwill the norm. Solstheim can be a harsh home, and the Nords of Thirsk have long realized that fighting each other isn't nearly as productive as battling the island's bears, wolves, draugrs, Rieklings, and whatever other fell creatures may roam the land. Still, there is the occasional disagreement - which more often than naught ends in bloodshed - and every few years someone gets it into his head to challenge the chieftain to a blood duel to try to gain possession of Thirsk. Generally speaking, the Nords of Thirsk are one big, happy barbarian-like family. And, like any family, they have their squabbles.

---

1 "female" respectively.
He was born in the ash among the Velothi, anon Chimer, before the war with the northern men. Ayem came first to the village of the netchimen, and her shadow was that of Boethiah, who was the Prince of Plots, and things unknown and known would fold themselves around her until they were like stars or the messages of stars. Ayem took a netchiman's wife and said:

'I am the Face-Snaked Queen of the Three in One. In you is an image and a seven-syllable spell, AYEM AE SEHTI AE VEHK, which you will repeat to it until mystery comes.'

Then Ayem threw the netchiman's wife into the ocean water where dreughs took her into castles of glass and coral. They gifted the netchiman's wife with gills and milk fingers, changing her sex so that she might give birth to the image as an egg. There she stayed for seven or eight months.

Then Seht came to the netchiman's wife and said:

'I am the Clockwork King of the Three in One. In you is an egg of my brother-sister, who possesses invisible knowledge of words and swords, which you shall nurture until the Hortator comes.'

And Seht then extended his hands and multitudes of homunculi came forth, each like a glimmering rope through the water, and they raised the netchiman's wife back to the surface world and set her down on the shoals of Azura's coast. There she lay for seven or eight more months, caring for the egg-knowledge by whispering to it the Codes of Mephala and the prophecies of Veloth and even the forbidden teachings of Trinimac.

Seven Daedra came to her one night and each one gave to the egg new motions that could be achieved by certain movements of the bones. These are called the Barons of Move Like This. Then an eighth Daedroth came, and he was a Demiprince, called Fa-Nuit-Hen, or the Multiplier of Motions Known. And Fa-Nuit-Hen said:

'Whom do you wait for?'

To which the netchiman's wife said the Hortator.

'Go to the land of the Indoril in three months' time, for that is when war comes. I return now to haunt the warriors who fell and still wonder why. But first I show you this.'

Then the Barons and the Demiprince joined together into a pillar of fighting styles terrible to behold and they danced before the egg and its learning image.
'Look, little Vehk, and find the face behind the splendor of my bladed carriage, for in it is delivered the unmix confli path, perfect in every way. What is its number?'

It is said the number is the number of birds that can nest in an ancient tibrol tree, less three grams of honest work, but Vivec in his later years found a better one and so gave this secret to his people.

'For I have crushed a world with my left hand,' he will say, 'but in my right hand is how it could have won against me. Love is under my will only.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The netchiman's wife who carried the egg of Vivec within her went looking for the lands of the Indoril. Along the journey many spirits came to see her and offer instructions to her son-daughter, the future glorious invisible warrior-poet of Vvardenfell, Vivec.

The first spirit threw his arms about her and hugged his knowledge in tight. The netchiman's wife became soaked in the Incalculable Effort. The egg was delighted and did somersaults inside her, bowing to the five corners of the world and saying: 'Thus whoever performs this holy act shall be proud and mighty among the rest!'

The second spirit was too aloof and acted above his station so much that he was driven off by a headache spell.

The third spirit, At-Hatoor, came down to the netchiman's wife while she relaxed for a while under an Emperor Parasol. His garments were made from implications of meaning, and the egg looked at them three times. The first time Vivec said:

'Ha, it means nothing!'

After looking a second time he said: 'Hmm, there might be something there after all.'

Finally, giving At-Hatoor's garments a sidelong glance, he said: 'Amazing, the ability to infer significance in something devoid of detail!'

'There is a proverb,' At-Hatoor said, and then he left.

The fourth spirit came with the fifth, for they were cousins. They could ghost touch and probed inside the egg to find its core. Some say Vivec at this point was shaped like a star with its penumbra broken off; others, that it looked like a revival of vanished forms.

'From my side of the family,' the first cousin said, 'I bring you a series of calamities that will bring about the end of the universe.'

'And from my side,' the second cousin said, 'I bring you all the primordial marriages that must happen within them, each one.'

At this the egg laughed. 'I am given too much to bear so young. I must have been born before.'

And then the sixth spirit appeared, the Black Hands Mephala, who taught the Velothi at the beginning of days all the arts of sex and murder. Its burning heart melted the eyes of the netchiman's wife and took the egg from her belly with six cutting strokes. The egg-image, however, could see into what it had been before in ancient times, when the earth still cooled, and was not blinded. It joined with the Daedroth and took its former secrets, leaving a few behind to keep the web of the world from disentangling. Then the Black Hands Mephala put
the egg back into the netchiman's wife and blew on her with magic breath until the hole closed up. But the Daedroth did not give her back her eyes, saying:

‘God hath three keys; of birth, of machines, and of the words between.’

Within this Sermon the wise may find one half of these keys.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Being blind the netchiman's wife wandered into a cave on her way to the domains of House Indoril. It so happened that this cave was a Dwemer stronghold. The Dwemer spied the egg and captured the netchiman's wife. They bound her head to foot and brought her deep within the earth.

She heard one say, 'Go and make a simulacrum of her and place it back on the surface, for she has something akin to what we have and so the Velothi will covet it and notice if she is too long away.'

In the darkness, the netchiman's wife felt great knives try to cut her open. When the knives did not work, the Dwemer used solid sounds. When those did not work, great heat was brought to bear. Nothing was of any use, and the egg of Vivec remained safe within her.

A Dwemer said, 'Nothing is of any use. We must go and misinterpret this.'

Vivec felt that his mother was afraid, and so consoled her.

'The fire is mine: let it consume thee,
And make a secret door
At the altar of Padhome,
In the House of Boet-hi-Ah
Where we become safe
And looked after.'

This old prayer made the netchiman's wife smile and begin such a deep sleep that when Dwemer atronachs returned with cornered spheres and cut her apart she did not awake and died peacefully. Vivec was removed from her womb and placed within a magical glass for further study. To confound his captors, he channeled his essence into love, an emotion the Dwemer knew nothing about.

The egg said: 'Love is used not only as a constituent in moods and affairs, but also as the raw material from which relationships produce hour-later exasperations, regrettably fashioned restrictions, riddles laced with affections known only to the loving couple, and looks that linger too long. Love is also an often-used ingredient in some transparent verbal and nonverbal transactions where, eventually, it can sometimes be converted to a variety of true devotions, some of which yield tough, insoluble, and infusible unions. In its basic form, love supplies approximately thirteen draughts of all energy that is derived from relationships. Its role and value in society at large are controversial.'

The Dwemer were vexed at these words and tried to hide behind their power symbols. They sent their atronachs to remove the egg-image from their cave and place it within the simulacrum they had made of Vivec's mother.
A Dwemer said, 'We Dwemer are only aspirants to this that the Velothi have. They shall be our doom in this and the eight known worlds, NIRN, LHKAN, RKHET, THENDR, KYNRT, AKHAT, MHARA, and JHUNAL.'

The secret to doom is within this Sermon.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The simulacrum of the netchiman's wife who carried the egg of Vivec within it went back to looking for the lands of the Indoril. Along the journey many more spirits came to see it and offer instructions to its son-daughter, the future glorious invisible warrior-poet of Vvardenfell, Vivec.

A troupe of spirits called the Lobbyists for the Coincidence Guild appeared. Vivec understood the challenge immediately and said:

'The popular notion of God kills happenstance.'

The head of the Lobbyists, whose name is forgotten, tried to defend the concept's existence. He said, 'Saying something at the same time can be magical.'

Vivec knew that to retain his divinity that he must make a strong argument against luck. He said:

'Is not the sudden revelation of corresponding conditions and disparate elements that gel at the moment of the coincidence one of the prerequisites to being, in fact, coincidental? Synchronicity comes out of repeated coincidences at the lowest level. Further examination shows it is the utter power of the sheer number of coincidences that leads one to the idea that synchronicity is guided by something more than chance. Therefore, synchronicity ends up invalidating the concept of the coincidental, even though they are the symptomatic signs that bring it to the surface.'

Thus was coincidence destroyed in the land of the Velothi.

Then an Old Bone of the earth rose up before the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife and said, 'If you are to be born a ruling king of the world you must confuse it with new words. Set me into pondering.'

'Very well,' Vivec said, 'Let me talk to you of the world, which I share with mystery and love. Who is her capital? Have you taken the scenic route of her cameo? I have-- lightly, in secret, missing candles because they're on the untrue side, and run my hand along the edge of a shadow made from one hundred and three divisions of warmth, and left no proof.'

At this the Old Bone folded unto itself twenty times until it became akin to milk, which Vivec drank, becoming a ruling king of the world.

Finally the Chancellor of Exactitude appeared, and he was perfect to look upon from every angle. Vivec understood the challenge immediately and said:

'Certitude is for the puzzle-box logicians and girls of white glamour who harbor it on their own time. I am a letter written in uncertainty.'
The Chancellor bowed his head and smiled fifty different and perfect ways all at once. He pulled the astrolabe of the universe from his robe and broke it in half, handing both halves to the egg-image of Vivec.

Vivec laughed and said, 'Yes, I know. The slave labor of the senses is as selfish as polar ice, and worsens when energies are spent on a life others regard as fortunate. To be a ruling king I will have to suffer much that cannot be suffered, and to weigh matters that no astrolabe or compass can measure.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Finally the simulacrum of the netchiman's wi fe became unstable. The Dwemer in their haste had built it shoddily and the ashes of Red Mountain slowed its golden tendons. Before long it fell on its knees beside the road to the lands of the Indoril and pitched over, to be discovered eighty days later by a merchant caravan on its way to the capital of Veloth, anon Almalexia.

Vivec had not been among his people all the days of his pre-life so he stayed silent and let the Chimer in the caravan think that the simulacrum was broken and empty.

A Chimeri warrior, who was protecting the caravan, said, 'Look here how the Dwemer try to fool us as ever, crafting our likenesses out of their flesh-metals. We should take this to the capital and show our mother Ayem. She will want to see this new strategy of our enemies.'

But the merchant captain said, 'I doubt that we shall be paid well for the effort. We can make more money if we stop at Noormoc and sell it to the Red Wives of Dagon, who pay well for the wonders made by the Deep Folk.'

But another Chimer, who was wise in the ways of prophecy, looked on the simulacrum with disquietude. 'Was I not hired on to help you seek the best of fortunes? I say you should listen to your warrior, then, and take this thing to Ayem, for though manufactured by our enemies there is something in it that will become sacred, or has been already.'

The merchant captain took pause then and looked on the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife and, though he heeded always the advice of his seers, could do no more than think of the profits to be made at Noormoc. He thought mainly of the Red Wives' form of recompense, which was four-cornered and good wounded, a belly-magic known nowhere else under the moons. His lust made him deny Ayem his mother. He gave order to change course for Noormoc.

Before the caravan could get underway again, the Chimeri warrior who had counseled a passage to the capital threw his money to the merchant captain and said, 'I will pay you thus for the simulacrum and warn you: war is coming with the shaggy men of the north and I will not have my mother Ayem at uneven odds with one enemy while tending to another.'

'Nerevar,' the merchant captain said, 'this is not enough. I am Triune in my own way, but I follow the road of my body and demand more.'

Then Vivec could not remain silent anymore and said into Nerevar's head these words:

'You can hear the words, so run away
Come, Hortator, unfold into a clear unknown,
Stay quiet until you've slept in the yesterday,
And say no elegies for the melting stone'
So Nerevar slew the merchant captain and took the caravan for his own.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
You have discovered the sixth Sermon of Vivec, which was hidden in the words that came next to the Hortator.

There is an eon within itself that when unraveled becomes the first sentence of the world.

Mephala and Azura are the twin gates of tradition and Boethiah is the secret flame.

The Sun shall be eaten by lions, which cannot be found yet in Veloth.

Six are the vests and garments worn by the suppositions of men.

Proceed only with the simplest terms, for all others are enemies and will confuse you.

Six are the formulas to heaven by violence, one that you have learned by studying these words.

The Father is a machine and the mouth of a machine. His only mystery is an invitation to elaborate further.

The Mother is active and clawed like a nix-hound, yet she is the holiest of those that reclaim their days.

The Son is myself, Vehk, and I am unto three, six, nine, and the rest that come after, glorious and sympathetic, without borders, utmost in the perfections of this world and the others, sword and symbol, pale like gold.

There is a fourth kind of philosophy that uses nothing but disbelief.

For by the sword I mean the sensible.

For by the word I mean the dead.

I am Vehk, your protector and the protector of Red Mountain until the end of days, which are numbered 3333.

Below me is the savage, which we needed to remove ourselves from the Altmer.

Above me is a challenge, which bathes itself in fire and the essence of a god.

Through me you are desired, unlike the prophets that have borne your name before.

Six are the walking ways, from enigma to enemy to teacher.
Boethiah and Azura are the principles of the universal plot, which is begetting, which is creation, and Mephala makes of it an art form.

For by the sword I mean the first night.

For by the word I mean the dead.

There will be a splendor in your name when it is said to be true.

Six are the guardians of Veloth, three before and they are born again, and they will test you until you have the proper tendencies of the hero.

There is a world that is sleeping and you must guard against it.

For by the sword I mean the dual nature.

For by the word I mean animal life.

For by the sword I mean preceded by a sigh.

For by the word I mean preceded by a wolf.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
As the caravan of Nerevar now made for the capital of Veloth, anon Almalexia, there came great rumblings from the oblivion. A duke among scamps wandered into the House of Troubles, pausing before each scripture door to pay his respects, until finally he was met by the major domo of Mehrunes Dagon.

The Duke of Scamps said, 'I was summoned by Lord Dagon, master of the foul waters and fire, and I have brought the pennants of my seven legions.'

The major domo, whose head was a bubble of foul water and fire, bowed low, so that the head of the Duke of Scamps became enclosed in his own.

He saw the first pennant, which commanded a legion of grim warriors who could die at least twice.

He saw the second pennant, which commanded a legion of winged bulls and the emperor of color that rode upon each.

He saw the third pennant, which commanded a legion of inverted gorgons, great snakes whose scales were the faces of men.

He saw the fourth pennant, which commanded a legion of double-crossed lovers.

He saw the fifth pennant, which commanded a legion of jumping wounds looking to hop onto a victim.

He saw the sixth pennant, which commanded a legion of abridged planets.

He saw the seventh pennant, which commanded a legion of armored winning moves.

To which the major domo said, 'Duke Kh-Utta, your legions while mighty are not enough to destroy Nerevar or the Triune way. Look upon the Hortator and see the wisdom he takes to wife.'

And they looked into the middle world and saw:

Evaporating in a throng of thunder  
Of red war and chitin men,  
Where destines  
Take him further from our ways  
The heat that we have wanted  
And pray they still remember,  
Where destines  
Clothe the distance,
Glad in the golden east that we saw it now,
Instead of the war and repair
Of the oblivious fracture
A curse on the Hortator
And two more on his hands

And the Duke of Scamps saw the palms of the Hortator, upon which the egg had written these words of power: GHARTOK PADHOME GHARTOK PADHOME.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
And presently Nerevar and Vivec were within sight of the capital and the Four Corners of the House of Troubles knew that it was not time to contest them. The caravan musicians made a great song of entrance and the eleven gates of the Mourning Hold were thrown wide.

Ayem was accompanied by her husband-state, a flickering image that was channeled to her ever-changing female need. Around her were the Shouts, a guild now forgotten, who carried with them the whims of the people, for the Velothi then were still mostly good at heart. The Shouts were the counselors of Ayem and the country, though they sometimes quarreled and needed Seht to wring them into usefulness. Ayem approached Nerevar, who was by now adorned in the flags of House Indoril. He gifted her with the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife and the egg of Vivec inside.

Ayem said to Nerevar, 'Seht who is Azura has revealed that war is come and that the Hortator that shall deliver us will approach with a solution walking at his side.'

Nerevar said, 'I have traveled out of my way to warn you of the deceit of our enemies, the Dwemer, but I have learned much on the journey and have changed my mind. This netchiman's wife you see at my side is a sword and a symbol and there is prophecy inside. It tells me that, like it, we must for awhile be like he is and, as a people, cloaked in our former enemies, and to use their machines without shame.'

At which Vivec spoke aloud, 'Boethiah-who-is-you wore the skin of Trinimac to cleanse the faults of Veloth, my Queen, and so it should be again. This is the walking way of the glorious.'

Seht appeared out of a cloud of iron vapor and his minions made of their blood a chair. He sat beside Ayem and looked on the rebirth of mastery.

Vivec said to them, his Triune:

'My rituals and ordeals and all the rhymes within, Use no other motive than the revelation of my skin.'

Ayem said, 'AYEM AE SEHTI AE VEHK. We are delivered and made whole, the diamond of the Black Hands is uncovered.'

Seht said, 'Wherever so he treads, there is invisible scripture.'

To which the Shouts were silent in sudden reading.

Vivec then reached out from the egg all his limbs and features, merging with the simulacrum of his mother, gilled and blended in all the arts of the star-wounded East, under water and in fire and in metal and in ash, six times the wise, and he became the union of male and female,
the magic hermaphrodite, the martial axiom, the sex-death of language and unique in all the middle world.

He said, 'Let us now guide the hands of the Hortator in war and its aftermath. For we go different, and in thunder. This is our destiny.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then came the war with the northern men, where Vivec did guide the Hortator into swift and tricky union with the Dwemer. The greatest demon chieftains of the frigid west were those listed below, five in unholy number.

HOAGA, the Mouth of Mud, who appeared as a great bearded king, had the powers of Marshalling and breathing the earth. On the battlefields, this demon would often be seen on the sidelines, eating the soil voraciously. When his men fell, Hoaga would fill their bodies back with it, whereupon they would rise again and fight, albeit slower. He had a Secret Name, Fenja, and destroyed seventeen Chimeri villages and two Dwemer strongholds before being turned away.

CHEMUA, the Running Hunger, who appeared as a mounted soldier with full helm, had the powers of Heart Roaring and of sky sickening. He ate the Chimeri hero, Dres Khizumet-e, sending the spirit back to the Hortator as an assassin. Sometimes called First Blighter, Chemua could give clouds stomach aches and turn the rain of Veloth into bile. He destroyed six Chimeri villages before he was slain by Vivec and the Hortator.

BHAG, the Two-Tongued, who appeared as a great bearded king, had the powers of Surety and Form Change. His raiders were small in number, but ran amok in the west hinterlands, killing many Velothi trappers and scouts. He fell in a great debate with Vivec, for the warrior-poet alone could understand the northern man's two-layered speech, though ALMSIVI had to remain invisible during the argument.

BARFOK, Maid of Planes, who appeared as a winged human with lick-encrusted spear, had the powers of Event Denouement. Battles fought against her would always end in victory for Barfok, because she could shape outcomes by singing. Four Chimeri villages and two more Dwemer strongholds were destroyed by her decision enforcement. Vivec had to stuff her mouth with his milk finger to keep her from singing Veloth into ruin.

YSMIR, the Dragon of the North, who always appears as a great bearded king, had powers innumerable and echoing. He was grim and dark and the most silent of the invading chieftains, though when he spoke villages were uplifted and thrown into the sea. The Hortator fought him unarmed, grabbing the Dragon's roars by hand until Ysmir's power throat bled. These roars were given to Vivec to bind into an ebony listening frame, which the warrior-poet placed on Ysmir's face and ears to drive him mad and drive him away.

'The coming forth and the driving away brings all things around. What I shall say next is unpleasant to record: HERMA-MORA-ALTADOON! AE ALTADOON!'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Ten

You have discovered the tenth Sermon of Vivec, which was hidden in the words that came in the aftermath to the Hortator.

The evoker shall raise his left hand empty and open, to indicate he needs no weapons of his own. The coming forth is always hidden, so the evoker is always invisible or, better, in the skin of his enemies.

'The eyelid of the kingdom shall fill thirty and six folios, but the eye shall read the world.' By this the Hortator needs me to understand.

The sword is an impatient signature. Write no contracts on the dead.

Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Boet-hi-ah:

We pledge ourselves to you, the Frame-maker, the Scarab: a world for us to love you in, a cloak of dirt to cherish. Betrayed by your ancestors when you were not even looking. Hoary Magnus and his ventured opinions cannot sway the understated, a trick worthy of the always satisfied. A short season of towers, a rundown absolution, and what is this, what is this but fire under your eyelid?

Shift ye in your skin, I say to the Trinimac-eaters. Pitch your voices into the color of bruise. Divide ye like your enemies, in Houses, and lay your laws in set sequence from the center, again like the enemy Corners of the House of Troubles, and see yourself thence as timber, or mud-slats, or sheets of resin. Then do not divide, for yet is the stride of SITHISIT quicker than the rush of enemies, and He will sunder the whole for the sake of a shingle.

For we go different, and in thunder. SITHISIT is the start of all true Houses, built against stasis and lazy slaves. Turn from your predilections, broken like false maps. Move and move like this. Quicken against false fathers, mothers left in corners weeping for glass and rain. Stasis asks merely for nothing, for itself, which is nothing, as you were in the eight everlasting imperfections.

Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

UNDERSTAND THAT SITHISIT STILL TRAVELS
Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.
IN A PHOSPHORESCENT MIRROR OF THE SKY
Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.
DROWNED AND SMILING
Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.
INTERMITTENT HOPES ENOUGH
Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.
TO ANSWER ALL THE THINGS
Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.
NOT YET QUERIED

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the AMLSIVI and their champion the Hortator. When the gods of Veloth would retreat unto their own, to mold the cosmos and other matters, the Hortator would at times become confused. Vivec would always be there to advise him, and this is the first of the three lessons of ruling kings:

'The waking world is the amnesia of dream. All motifs can be mortally wounded. Once slain, themes turn into the structure of future nostalgia. Do not abuse your powers or they will lead you astray. They will leave you like rebellious daughters. They will lose their virtue. They will become lost and resentful and finally become pregnant with the seed of folly. Soon you will be the grandparent of a broken state. You will be mocked. It will fall apart like a stone that recalls that it is really water.

"Keep nothing in your house that is neither needed or beautiful.

"Ordeals you should face unimpeded by the world of restriction. The splendor of stars is Ayem's domain. The selfishness of the sea is Seht's. I rule the middle air. All else is earth and under your temporal command. There is no bone that cannot be broken, except for the heart bone. You will see it twice in your lifetimes. Take what you can the first time and let us do the rest.

"There is no true symbolism of the center. The Sharmat will believe there is. He will feel that he can cause years of exuberance from sitting in the sacred, when really no one can leave that state and cause anything more but strife.

"There is once more the case of the symbolic and barren. The true prince that is cursed and demonized will be adored at last with full hearts. According to the Codes of Mephala there can be no official art, only fixation points of complexity that will erase from the awe of the people given enough time. This is a secret that hides another. An impersonal survival is not the way of the ruling king. Embrace the art of the people and marry it and by that I mean secretly have it murdered.

"The ruling king that sees in another his equivalent rules nothing.

"The secret of weapons is this: they are the mercy seat.

"The secret of language is this: it is immobile.

"The ruling king is armored head to toe in brilliant flame. He is redeemed by each act he undertakes. His death is only a diagram back to the waking world. He sleeps the second way. The Sharmat is his double, and therefore you wonder if you rule nothing.
"Hortator and Sharmat, one and one, eleven, an inelegant number. Which of the ones is the more important? Could you ever tell if they switched places? I can and that is why you will need me.

"According to the Codes of Mephala, there is no difference between the theorist and the terrorist. Even the most cherished desire disappears in their hands. This is why Mephala has black hands. Bring both of yours to every argument. The one-handed king finds no remedy. When you approach God, however, cut both of them off. God has no need of theory and he is armored head to toe in terror."

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
As the Hortator pondered the first lesson of ruling kings, Vivec wandered into the Mourning Hold and found that Ayem was with a pair of lovers. Seht had divided himself again. Vivec then leapt through into their likenesses to observe, but he gained no secrets that he did not already know. He left a few of his own behind to make the journey worthwhile.

Then Vivec left the capital of Veloth and wandered far into the ash. He found a span of badlands to practice his giant-form. He made of his feet a less dense material than the divine to keep from falling waist-deep into the earth. At this point the First Corner of the House of Troubles, the Prince Molag Bal, made his presence known.

Vivec looked on the King of Rape and said:

'How very beautiful you are, that you do not join us.'

And Molag Bal crushed the warrior-poet's feet, which were not invulnerable, and had legions cleave them off. Mighty fires from the Beginning Place were brought like nets to hold Vivec and he let them.

'I would prefer,' he said, 'some kind of ceremony if we are to be married.'

And the legions that took the feet were summoned again and ordered to begin a banquet. Pomegranates sprang from the badlands and tents were raised. A throng of Velothi mystics came, reading the passages of the severed feet on the ground and weeping until the scriptures were wet.

'We must love each other briefly,' Vivec said, 'if at all. I am needed to counsel the Hortator in more important matters because the Dwemer high priests stir up trouble. You may have my head for an hour.'

Molag Bal rose up and extended six arms to show his worth. They were decorated in runes of seduction and its reverse. They were decorated in the annotated calendars of longer worlds. When he spoke, mating monsters fell out.

'Where must it go?' he said.

'I told you,' Vivec said, 'I am meant to be the teacher of the king of the earth. AE ALTADOON GHARTOK PADHOME.'

With these magic words, the King of Rape added another: 'CHIM,' which is the secret syllable of royalty.

Vivec had what he needed from the Daedroth and so married him that day. In the hour that Bal had his head, the King of Rape asked for proof of love.
Vivec spoke two poems to show him such, but only the first is known.

I'm not sure just how much glass it took to make your hair
Twice as much, I am sure, as the oceans have to share
Hell, my sweet, is a fiction written by those who tell the truth
My mouth is skilled at lying and its alibi a tooth

The sons and daughters of Vivec and Molag Bal number in the thousands. The name of the mightiest is a string of power: GULGA MOR JIL HYAET AE HOOM.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the AMLSIVI and their champion the Hortator. When the gods of Veloth would retreat unto their own, to mold the cosmos and other matters, the Hortator would at times become confused. Vivec would always be there to advise him, and this is the second of the three lessons of ruling kings:

'The secret syllable of royalty is this: (You must learn this elsewhere.)

'The temporal myth is man.

'The magical cross is an integration of the worth of mortals at the expense of their spirits. Surround it with the triangle and you begin to see the Triune house. It becomes divided into corners, which are ruled by our brethren, the Four Corners: BAL DAGON MALAC SHEOG. Rotate the triangle and you pierce the heart of the Beginning Place, the foul lie, the testament of the irrefutable-for-a-span. Above them all is the horizon where only one stands, though no one stands there yet. It is proof of the new. It is the promise of the wise. Unfold the whole and what you have is a star, which is not my domain, but not entirely outside my judgment. The grand design takes flight; it is transformed not only into a star but a hornet. The center cannot hold. It becomes devoid of lines and points. It becomes devoid of anything and so becomes a receptacle. This is its usefulness at the end. This is its promise.

'The sword is the cross and ALMSIVI is the Triune house around it. If there is to be an end I must be removed. The ruling king must know this, and I will test him. I will murder him time and again until he knows this. I am the defender of the last and the last. To remove me is to refill the heart that lay dormant at the center that cannot hold. I am the sword, Ayem the star, Seht the mechanism that allows the transformation of the world. Ours is the duty to keep the compromise from being filled with black sea.

'The Sharmat sleeps at the center. He cannot bear to see it removed, the world of reference. This is the folly of the false dreamer. This is the amnesia of dream, or its power, or its circumvention. This is the weaker magic and it is barbed in venom.

'This is why I say the secret to swords is the mercy seat. It is my throne. I am become the voice of ALMSIVI. The world will know me more than my sister and brother. I am the psychopomp. I am the killer of the weeds of Veloth. Veloth is the center that cannot hold. Ayem is the plot. Seht is the ending. I am the enigma that must be removed. These are why my words are armed to the teeth.

'The ruling king is to stand against me and then before me. He is to learn from my punishment. I will mark him to know. He is to come as male or female. I am the form he must acquire.

'Because a ruling king that sees in another his equivalent rules nothing.'
This is what was said to the Hortator when Vivec was not whole.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Vivec lay with Molag Bal for eighty days and eight, though headless. In that time, the Prince placed the warrior-poet's feet back and filled them with the blood of Daedra. In this way Vivec's giant-form remained forever harmless to good earth. The Pomegranate Banquet brought many spirits back from the dead so that the sons and daughters of the union had much to eat besides fruit.

The Duke of Scamps came while the banquet was still underway, and Molag Bal looked on the seven pennants with anger. The King of Rape had become necessary and therefore troubled for the rest of time. His legions and Kh-Utta's fell into open war, but the children of Molag Bal and Vivec were too elaborate in power and form.

The Duke of Scamps therefore became a lesser thing, as did all his own children. Molag Bal said to them: 'You are the sons of liars, dogs, and wolf-headed women.' They have been useless to summon ever since.

The holy one returned at last, Vehk, golden with wisdom. His head found its body had been tenderly used. He mentioned this to Molag Bal, who told him that he should thank the Barons of Move Like This, 'For I have yet to learn how to refine my rapture. My love is accidentally shaped like a spear.'

So Vivec, who had a grain of Ayem's mercy, set about to teach Molag Bal in the ways of belly-magic. They took their spears out and compared them. Vivec bit new words onto the King of Rape's so that it might give more than ruin to the uninitiated. This has since become a forbidden ritual, though people still practice it in secret.

Here is why: The Velothi and demons and monsters that were watching all took out their own spears. There was much biting and the earth became wet. And this was the last laugh of Molag Bal:

'Watch as the earth shall crack, heavy with so much power, that should have been forever unalike!'

Then that stretch of badlands that had been the site of the marriage fragmented and threw fire. And a race that is no more but that was terrible at the time to behold came forth. Born of the biters, that is all they did, and they ran amok across the lands of Veloth and even to the shores of Red Mountain.

But Vivec made of his spear a more terrible thing, from a secret he had bitten off from the King of Rape. And so he sent Molag Bal tumbling into the crack of the biters and swore forever that he would not deem the King beautiful ever again.

Vivec wept as he slew all those around him with his terrible new spear. He named it MUATRA, which is Milk Taker, and even the Chimeri mystics knew his fury. Anyone struck
by Vivec at this time turned barren and withered into bone shapes. The path of bones became a sentence for the stars to read, and the heavens have never known children since. Vivec hunted down the biters one by one, and all their progeny, and he killed them all by means of the Nine Apertures, and the wise still hide theirs from Muatra.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Fifteen

These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the AMLSIVI and their champion the Hortator. When the gods of Veloth would retreat unto their own, to mold the cosmos and other matters, the Hortator would at times become confused. Vivec would always be there to advise him, and this is the third of the three lessons of ruling kings:

'The ruling king will remove me, his maker. This is the way of all children. His greatest enemy is the Sharmat, who is the false dreamer. You or he is the shingle, Hortator. Beware the wrong walking path. Beware the crime of benevolence. Behold him by his words.'

I AM THE SHARMAT
I AM OLDER THAN MUSIC
WHAT I BRING IS LIGHT
WHAT I BRING IS A STAR
WHAT I BRING IS
AN ANCIENT SEA
WHEN YOU SLEEP YOU SEE ME
DANCING AT THE CORE
IT IS NOT A BLIGHT
IT IS MY HOUSE
I PUT A STAR
INTO THE WORLD'S MOUTH
TO MURDER IT
TEAR DOWN THE PYLONS
MY BLIND FISH
SWIM IN THE NEW
PHLOGISTON
TEAR DOWN THE PYLONS
MY DEAF MOONS
SING AND BURN
AND ORBIT ME
I AM OLDER THAN MUSIC
WHAT I BRING IS LIGHT
WHAT I BRING IS A STAR
WHAT I BRING IS
AN ANCIENT SEA

'You alone, though you come again and again, can unmake him. Whether I allow it is within my wisdom. Go unarmed into his den with these words of power: AE GHARTOK PADHOME [CHIM] AE ALTADOON. Or do not. The temporal myth is man. Reach heaven by violence. This magic I give to you: the world you will rule is only an intermittent hope and you must be the letter written in uncertainty.'
The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Hortator wandered through the Mourning Hold, wrestling with the lessons he had learned. They were slippery in his mind. He could not always keep the words straight and knew that this was a danger. He wandered to find Vivec, his lord and master, the glory of the image of Veloth, and found him of all places in the Temple of False Thinking. There, clockwork shears were taking off Vivec's hair. A beggar king had brought his loom and was making of the hair an incomplete map of adulthood and death.

Nerevar said, 'Why are you doing this, milord?'

Vivec said, 'To make room for the fire.'

And the Hortator could see that Vivec was out of sorts, though not because of the impending new power to come. The golden warrior-poet had been exercising his Water Face as well, learned from the dreughs before he was born.

Nerevar said, 'Is this to keep you from the fire?'

Vivec said, 'It is so that I may see with truth. It, and my place here at the altar of Padhome in the house of False Thinking, serve so that I may see beyond my own secrets. The Water Face cannot lie. It comes from the ocean, which is too busy to think, much less lie. Moving water resembles truth by its trembling.'

Nerevar said, 'I am afraid to become slipshod in my thinking.'

Vivec said, 'Reach heaven by violence then.'

So to quiet his mind the Hortator chose from the Fight Racks an axe. He named it and moved on to the first moon.

There, Nerevar was greeted by the Parliament of Craters, who knew him by title and resented his presence, for he was to be a ruling king of earth and this was the lunar realm. They shifted around him in a pattern of entrapment.

'The moon does not recognize crowns or scepters,' they said, 'nor the representatives of kingdoms below, lion or serpent or mathematician. We are the graves of those that have migrated and become ancient countries. We seek no Queens or thrones. Your appearance is decidedly solar, which is to say a library of stolen ideas. We are neither tear nor sorrow. Our revolution succeeded in the manner that is was written. You are the Hortator and unwelcome here.'

And so Nerevar carved at the grave ghosts until he was out of breath and their Parliament could make no new laws.
He said, 'I am not of the slaves that perish.'

Of the members of Parliament only a few survived the Hortator's attack.

A surviving Crater said, 'Appropriation is nothing new. Everything happens of itself. This motif is by no means unassociated with hero myths. You have not acted with the creative impulse; you fall below the weight of destiny. We are graves but not coffins. Know the difference. You have only dug more and supplied no ghosts to reside within. Central to your claim is the predominance of frail events. To be judged by the earth is to sit on a throne of wonder why. Damage us more and you will find naught but the absence of our dead.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
'I am an atlas of smoke.'

With this, Vivec become greater than he had been. These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the AMSLIVI and their champion the Hortator.

'Seek me without effort for I take many shapes.'

The Hortator was still trying to subdue the heavens with an axe. He was thrown out of the library of the sun by the power of Magnus. Vivec found him in a grub field outside of the swamps of the Deshaan Plain. They walked for a span in silence, for Nerevar had been humbled and Vivec still had mercy in his hand.

Soon they were walking across the eastern sea to the land of snakes and snow demons. Vivec wanted to show the Hortator the fighting styles of foreign tongues. They learned the idiom stroke from the pillow book of the Tsaesci king. It is shaped like the insight of this page. The Tsaesci serpents vowed to have their vengeance on the west at least three times.

They walked farther and saw the spiked waters at the edge of the map. Here the spirit of limitation gifted them with a spoke and bade them find the rest of the wheel.

The Hortator said, 'The edge of the world is made of swords.'

Vivec corrected him. 'They are the bottom row of the world's teeth.'

They walked to the north to the Elder Wood and found nothing but frozen bearded kings.

They came to the west where the black men dwelt. For a year they studied under their sword saints and then for another Vivec taught them the virtue of the little reward. Vivec chose a king for a wife and made another race of monsters which ended up destroying the west completely. To a warrior chief Vivec said:

'We must not act and speak as if asleep.'

Nerevar wondered if there was anything to learn in the south but Vivec remained silent and only led them back to Red Mountain.

'Here,' Vivec said, 'is the last of the last. Within it the Sharmat waits.'

But they both knew that the time was not ready to contest the Sharmat and so they engaged in combat with each other. Vivec marked the Hortator in this way for all of the Velothi to see. He sealed the wound with the blessing of Ayem-Azura. At the end of the battle, the Hortator
found that he had gathered seven more spokes. He attempted to attach them and form a staff but Vivec would not let him, saying, 'It is not the time for that.'

Nerevar said, 'Where did I find these?'

Vivec said that they had collected them from around the world, though some had come invisibly. 'I am the wheel,' he said, and took that shape. Before the emptiness at the center could live too long, Nerevar put in the spokes.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Now Vivec felt that he had taught the Hortator as much as he could before the war with the Dwemer came. The warrior-poet decided he had to begin his Book of Hours at that point, because the world was about to bend with its age.

Vivec entered the Mourning Hold and announced to Ayem that he was going to fight nine monsters that had escaped the Muatra.

'I will return,' he said, 'to deal the last blow to the grand architect of the Dwemer.'

Ayem said, 'Out of nine you will find only eight, though they be mighty. The last is already destroyed by your decision to create the Book of Hours.'

Vivec understood that Ayem meant himself.

'Why,' she asked, 'are you in doubt?'

Vivec knew that his doubt made him the sword of the Triune and so he did not feel shame or fear. Instead, he explained and these are the words:

'Can a member of the Invisible Gate become so archaic that its successor is not so much an improvement of the exact model, but rather a related model that is just needed more because of the currency of the world's condition? As the Mother, you do not have to worry, unless things in the future are so strange that even Seht cannot understand. Neither does the Executioner or the Fool, but I am neither.

'These ideals are not going to change in nature, even though they may change in representation. But, even in the west, the Rainmaker vanishes. No one needs him anymore.

'Can one oust the model not because the model is set according to an ideal but because it is tied to an ever-changing unconscious mortal agenda?'

This is what was said to Ayem when Vivec was whole. The wise shall not mistake this.

Ayem said, 'This is why you were born of a netchiman's wife and destined to merge with the simulacrum of your mother, gilled and blended in all the arts of the star-wounded East, under water and in fire and in metal and in ash, six times the wise, to became the union of male and female, the magic hermaphrodite, the martial axiom, the sex-death of language and unique in all the middle world.'

Vivec knew then why he would record his Book of Hours.

This sermon is forbidden.
In this world and others EIGHTEEN less one (the victor) is the magical disk, hurled to reach heaven by violence.

This sermon is untrue.

The ending of the world is ALMSIVI.
Vivec put on his armor and stepped into a non-spatial space filling to capacity with mortal interaction and information, a canvas-less cartography of every single mind it has ever known, an event that had developed some semblance of a divine spark. He said, 'From here I shall launch my attack on the eight monsters.'

Vivec then saw the moths that would come from the starry heart, bringing with them dust more horrible than the ash of Red Mountain. He saw the twin head of a ruling king who had no equivalent. And eight imperfections rubbed into precious stones, set into a crown that looked like shackles, which he understood to be the twin crowns of the two-headed king. And a river that fed into the mouth of the two-headed king, because he contained multitudes. Vivec then built the Provisional House at the Center of the Secret Door. From here he could watch the age to come. Of the House is written:

Cornerstone one has a finger
Buried under, pointing through
Dirt, slow low in the ground
North cannot be guessed,
And yet it is spirit-free

Cornerstone two has a tongue,
And even dust can be talkative,
Listen and you will see the love
The ancient libraries need

Cornerstone three has a bit of string,
Shaped like your favorite color,
A girl remembers who left it there
But she is afraid to dig it out,
And see what it is attached to

Cornerstone four has nine bones,
Removed carefully from a black cat,
Arranged in the fashion of this word,
Protecting us from our enemies

Your house is safe now

So why is it--

Your house is safe now

So why is it--
The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The first monster was actually two, having been born twice like his mother-father, Vivec. He was not the mightiest of the eight to escape Muatra, but his actions were the most worrisome. He was known as Moon Axle, and he harvested the leftovers foibles of nature. This he did twice, as was said, and the second harvest always brought ruin or unwritten law. His aspect was faceted like a polyhedron.

No perils are mentioned in the finding of Moon Axle, but it was known that he was immune to spears, so Vivec had to use the sword not held against him. Before he took issue with the monster, the warrior-poet asked:

'How came you to be immune to spears?'

To which Moon Axle replied, 'Mine is a dual nature, and protean. I am in fact made of many straight lines, though none last too long. In this way I have learned to ignore all true segments.'

Luckily, the sword not held was curved and therefore could cut into Moon Axle, and before the sun was up he was bleeding from many wounds. Vivec did not slay him outright for to do so would to keep the foibles of nature within him and not back where they belonged. Soon Vivec had traced geography right again, and Moon Axle was ready to be slain.

Vivec rose up in his giant-form, to be terrible to look upon. He reached into the west and pulled out a canyon, holding it like a horn. He reached east and ate a handful of nix hounds. Blowing their spirits through the canyon made a terrible wail, not unlike an unsolved woman. He said:

'Let this overtake you,' and Moon Axle was overtaken by the curvatures of stolen souls. They wrapped about the monster like resin, until finally he could not move, nor could his dual nature.

Vivec said, 'Now you are solved,' and pierced his child with Muatra. Moon Axle had been reduced to something static, and therefore shattered.

The lines of Moon Axle were collected by Velothi philosophers and taken into caves. There, and for a year, Vivec taught the philosophers how to turn the lines of his son into the spokes of mystery wheels. This was the birth of the first Whirling School. Before, there had only been the surface thought of fire.

Vivec looked at his first wheeling students and observed:

'Alike the egg-layered universe is this morbid possession of three-distant coverage, soul-wrecked and alive, like my name is alive. In this cloister you have discovered one walking path, hilled like a sword but more coarsened. So edged it is that it has to be whispered to keep
the tongue from bleeding, where its signs evacuate their former meanings, like empires that tarry too long.

'The sword is estrangement from statesmanship.

'Look on the estimable lines of my son, now crafted star-wise, his every limb equidistant from the center. Is he solved because I will it so? There cannot be a second stage. Think on the theory that my existence promulgates the five elements and alike the egg-layered universe I am cause for great density. Here is a thought that can break the wagon's axle; here is another that can soar.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
[211.21] The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec XXI

The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Twenty-One

The Scripture of the Wheel, First:

'The Spokes are the eight components of chaos, as yet solidified by the law of time: static change, if you will, something the lizard gods refer to as the Striking. That is the reptile wheel, coiled potential, ever-preamble to the never-action.'

Second:

'They are the lent bones of the Aedra, the Eight gift-limbs to SITHISIT, the wet earth of the new star our home. Outside them is the Aurbis, and not within. Like most things inexplicable, it is a circle. Circles are confused serpents, striking and striking and never given leave to bite. The Aedra would have you believe different, but they were givers before liars. Lies have turned them into biters. Their teeth are the proselytizers; to convert is to place oneself in the mouth of falsehood; even to propitiate is to be swallowed.'

Third:

'The enlightened are those uneaten by the world.'

Fourth:

'The spaces between the gift-limbs number sixteen, the signal shapes of the Demon Princedoms. It is the key and the lock, series and manticore.'

Fifth:

'Look at the majesty sideways and all you see is the Tower, which our ancestors made idols from. Look at its center and all you see is the begotten hole, second serpent, womb-ready for the Right Reaching, exact and without enchantment.'

Sixth:

'The heart of the second serpent holds the secret triangular gate.'

Seventh:

'Look at the secret triangular gate sideways and you see the secret Tower.'

Eighth:

'The secret Tower within the Tower is the shape of the only name of God, I.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left the first Whirling School and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the second monster, which was called the Treasure Wood Sword. Within years of the Pomegranate Banquet, it had become a lessoning tune to the lower Velothi houses. They preached of its power:

'The Treasure Wood Sword, splinter scintilla of the high and glorious! He who wields it becomes self-known!'

The warrior-poet appeared as a visitation in the ancestor alcove of House Mora, whose rose-worn prince of garlands was a hero against the northern demons. Vivec congregated with the bones. He said:

'A scavenger cannot acquire a silk sash and expect to discover the greater systems of its predecessor: perfect happiness is embraced only by the weeping. Give me back (and do so freely) what is barren of my marriage and I will not erase you from the thought realm of God. Your line has a notable enchantress that my sister Ayem is fond of and from her murky wisdom alone do I condescend to ask.'

A bone-walker emerged from a wall. It had three precious stones set in its lower jaw, a magical practice of old. One was opal, the color of opal. The bone-walker bowed to the prince of the middle air and said:

'The Treasure Wood Sword will not leave our house. Bargains were made with the Black Hands Mephala, the greater shade.'

Vivec kissed the first precious stone and said:

'Animal picture, rude-walker, go back to the lamp that stays lit in water and store no more messages of useless noise. Down.'

He kissed the second precious stone and said:

'Proud residue, soon dispersed, serve no guarantees made in my fore-image and demand nothing of its under-skin. I am master evermore. Down.'

He kissed the opal and said:

'Down I take thee.'

And then Vivec withdrew into the hidden places and found the darkest mothers of the Morag Tong, taking them all to wife and filling them with undusted loyalty that tasted of summer salt. They became as black queens, screaming live with a hundred murderous sons, a thousand murderous arms, and a hundred thousand murderous hands, one vast moving event of
thrusting-kill-laughter in alleys, palaces, workshops, cities and secret halls. Their movements among the holdings of the Ra'athim were as rippled endings, heaving between times, with all fates leading to swallowed knives, murder as moaning, God's holy rape-erasure of wet death.

The King of Assassins presented to Vivec the Treasure Wood Sword.

'Milord,' the King of Assassins said. 'The prince of House Mora is now fond of you, as well. I placed him in the Corner of Dagon. His eyes I set into a fire prayer for the wicked. His mouth I stuffed with birds.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Twenty-Three

The Scripture of the Sword, First:

'The sword, treated as a delicate meal, is the Symbolic Collage. It serves you well in the first half of life. Name one dynasty that knows this not.'

Second:

'The unity of my approach is understood by the immobile warrior. True eyes are acquired. Rejoice as my own subjects and realms. I build for you a city of swords, by which I mean laws that cut the people who live there into better shapes.'

Third:

'Girls burn their dresses on my arrival if I am armored. They crawl to me as bled pilgrims. Minor spirits die without trace. Follow me of all the ALMSIVI if you are to mark your days with killing. AE ALTADOON, the third law of weaponry.'

Fourth:

'The immobile warrior is never fatigued. He cuts sleep holes in the middle of a battle to regain his strength.'

Fifth:

'Instinct is not reflex action, but mini-miracles held in reserve. I am the welfare that decides which warrior will emerge. Beg not for luck. Serve me to win.'

Sixth:

'The span of the apparently inactivated is your love of the absolute. The birth of God from the netchiman's wife is the abortion of kindness from love.'

Seventh:

'The true sword is able to cut chains of generations, which is to say, the creation myths of your enemies. Look on me as the exiled garden. All else is uncut weed.'

Eighth:

'I give you an ancient road tempered by the second walking way. Your hands must be huge to wield any sword the size of an ancient road, and yet he who is of right stature may irritate the sun with only a stick.'
The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left the house of assassins and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the third monster, called Horde Mountain. It was made of modular warriors running free but spaced according to pattern, and from the highest warrior who could cut clouds they spread out beneath him like a tree, a skirt whose bottom circle was an army that ran through the ash.

Vivec admired the cone-shape of his child and remembered with joy the whirlwind of fighting styles that instructed him during the days before life.

Vivec moved into Veloth, saying, 'Onus.'

But before he could even get within sword-span of the monster, a trio of lower houses had trapped Horde Mountain in a net of doubtful doctrine. When they saw their lord, the Velothi cheered.

'We are happy to serve you and win!' they said.

Vivec smiled at those brave souls around him and summoned celebration demons to cleave unto the victors. There was a great display of love and duty around the netted monster, and Vivec was at the center with a headdress made of mating bones. He laughed and told mystical jokes and made the heads of the three houses marry and become a new order.

'You shall forever be now my Buoyant Armigers,' he said.

Then Vivec pierced Horde Mountain with Muatra and made of it all a big bag of bones. At the touch of his right hand the net became right scripture and he threw it all northeasterly. The contents spread out like sugar-glowes and Vivec and the Buoyant Armigers ran under it laughing.

Finally the bones of Horde Mountain landed and became the foundation stones for the City of Swords, which Vivec named after his own sigil, and the net fell across it all and between, or became as bridges between bones, and since its segments had been touched by his holy wisdom they became the most perfect of all city streets in the known worlds.

Thronges of Velothi came to the new city and Ayem and Seht gave it their blessing. The streets were filled with laughter and love and the strength of tree-shaped enemy children.

Ayem said:

'To my sister-brother's city I give the holy protection of House Indoril, whose powers and thrones know no equal under heaven, wherefrom came the Hortator.'

Seht said:
'To my sister-brother's city I give safe passage through the dark corners still left of Molag Bal, and I give it this spell as well: SO-T-HA SIL, which is my name to the mighty. It will protect the lost unless their flight is on purpose and fill all the roads and alleys with the mystery paths of civilization, and give the city a mind and make of it a conduit to the full concentrate of the ALMSIVI.'

Thus was founded the city of Vivec in the days of Resdaynia.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Twenty-Five

The Scripture of the City:

'All cities are born of solid light. Such is my city, his city.

'But then the light subsides, revealing the bright and terrible angel of Veloth. He is in his pre-chimerical form, demonic VEHK, gaunt and pale and beautiful, skin stretched painfully thin on bird's bones, feathered serpents encircling his arms. His wings are spread out behind him, their red and yellow ends like razors in the sun. The wispy mass of his fire hair floats as if underwater, milky in the nimbus of light that crowns his head. His presence is undeniable, the awe too much to bear.

'This is God's city, different from others. Cities from foreign countries put their denizens to sleep and walk to the star-wounded East to pay homage to me. The capital of the northern men, crusty with eon's ice, bows before Vivec the city, me it together.

'Self-thought streets rush through tunnel blood. I have rebuilt myself. Hyper eyed signposts along my traffic arm, soon to be an inner sea. My body is crawling with all gathered to see me rising up like a monolithic instrument of pleasure. My spine is the main road to the city that I am. Countless transactions are taking place in veins and catwalks and the roaming, roaming, roaming, as they roam over and through and add to me. There are temples erected along the hollow of my skull and I will ever wear them as a crown. Walk across the lips of God.

'They add new doors to me and I become effortlessly trans-immortal with the comings and goings and the stride-heat of the market where I am traded for, yell of the children hear them play, scoffed at, amused, desired, paid for in native coin, new minted with my face on one side and my city-body on the other. I stare with each new window. Soon I am a million-eyed insect dreaming.

'Red-sparking war trumpets sound like cattle in the ribcage of shuffling transit. The heretics are destroyed on the plaza knees. I flood over into the hills, houses rising like a rash, and I never scratch. Cities are the antidotes to hunting.

'I raise lanterns to light my hollows, lend wax to the thousands the candlesticks that bear my name again and again, the name innumerable, shutting in, mantra and priest, god-city, filling every corner with the naming name, wheeled, circling, running river language giggling with footfalls mating, selling, stealing, searching, and worry not ye who walk with me. This is the flowering scheme of the Aurbis. This is the promise of the PSJJJ: egg, image, man, god, city, state. I serve and am served. I am made of wire and string and mortar and I accede my own precedent, world without am.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left his architectural rapture and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the fourth monster, called The Pocket Cabal.

The monster hid itself in the spell-lists of the great Chimeri wizards of the extreme east, where the Emperor Parasols grow wild. Vivec disguised himself as a simple traveler, but radiated a tenuous sense-fabric so that the wizards would seek him out. Of Muatra he made a simple walking dwarf.

Before long the invisible one was among the libraries of the east, feeding the essential words of The Pocket Cabal to his walking dwarf and then running when the magic would fail. After a year or two of this thievery, Muatra was sick to its stomach, and the walking dwarf exploded near the slave pens of a wizard's tower. The Pocket Cabal then slipped itself into the mouths of the slaves and hid again.

Vivec then watched as the slaves erupted into babble and breaking magic. They rattled their cages and sung out half-hymns that formed into forbidden and arcane knowledge. Litany fiends appeared and drank from the excess. Grabbers from the Adjacent Place came into the world sideways, the slave talking having disrupted the normal non-cardinal points.

So of course a giant bug appeared, with the greatest eastern wizard inside it. He could see past Vivec's disguise and knew of the warrior-poet's divinity but he thought himself so powerful that he talked harshly:

'See what you have wrought, silly Triune! Columns of nonsense and litany fiends! I cannot believe how reason or temperance can be made whole again due to your eating, eating, eating! Consort with more demons, why don't you?'

Vivec stabbed the wizard through his soul.

The giant bug harness fell on the slave cages and the slaves ran about free and reckless, too reckless more with pregnant words. Colors bent into the earth. Vivec created a dome-head demon to contain it all.

'The Pocket Cabal is therefore interred here forever. Let this be a cursed land where sorcery is broken and maligne'd.'

Then he picked up Muatra by the beard and left the ghostly hemisphere of the dome-head demon. On its boundaries, Vivec placed a warning and a song of entrance that contained errors in it. With mock bones of half-dead Muatra he created the tent poles of a fortress-theory and fatal languages were imprisoned for all time.

Seht appeared and looked on what his brother-sister had created. The Clockwork King said:
'Of the eight monsters, this is the most confusing. May I treasure it?'

Vivec gave Seht leave to do so, but told him never to release The Pocket Cabal into the middle world. He said:

'I have hidden secrets in my travels here and made a likeness of Muatra to ward against the unwise. Under this dome, the temporal myth is no longer man.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Twenty-Seven

The Scripture of the Word, First:

'All language is based on meat. Do not let the sophists fool you.'

Second:

'The third walking path explores hysteria without fear. The efforts of madmen are a society of itself, but only if they are written. The wise may substitute one law for another, even into incoherence, and still say he is working within a method. This is true of speech and extends to all scripture.'

Third:

'Do not go to the realm of apology for absolution. Beyond articulation, there is no fault. The Adjacent Place, where the Grabbers live, is the illusion of the vocal or the middle realms of thought, by which I mean the constructed. This is how I stole the certainty of the Chancellor of Exactitude, perfect to look upon from every angle. When you come out of the vocal, you can never be certain.'

Fourth:

'The truest body of work is made up of silence: as in the silence that results from no reference. By the word I mean the dead.'

Fifth:

'The first meaning is always hidden.'

Sixth:

'The realm of apology is perfection and impossible to attack. Thus, the wise avoid it. Trinity in unity is the world and word of action: the third walking path.'

Seventh:

'The sage who suppresses his best aphorism: cut off his hands, for he is a thief.'

Eighth:

'The clothes of the broken map are worn only by fools and heretics. The map is an exit for laziness. It is the dusty tongue, which is to say the given chart that most take as a story that is complete. No word is true until it is eaten.'
The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left Seht to look after the dome-head demon and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the fifth monster, called The Ruddy Man.

When the dreughs ruled the world, the Daedroth Prince Molag Bal had been their chief. He took a different shape then, spiny and armored and made for the sea. Vivec, in giving birth to the many spawn of his marriage, had dropped an old image of Molag Bal into the world: a dead carapace of memory. It would not have been a monster if a Velothi child had not wanted to impress his village by wearing it.

The Ruddy Man, of the eight monsters, was the least complicated. He made those who wore him into mighty killers and nothing more. He existed in the physical. Only geography makes him special.

When Vivec found him near the boy's village, anon Gnisis, there was a violent clash of arms and an upheaval of the earth. Their battle created the West Gash. Wanderers that still go there hear still the sounds of it: sword across the crust, the grunt of God, the snapping of his monster child's splintered legs.

After his victory, Vivec took the shell of The Ruddy Man to the dreughs that had modified his mother. The Queen of Dreughs, whose name is not easy to spell, was in a period of self-incubation. Her wardens took the gift from Vivec and promised to guard it from the surface world. This is the first account of dreughs being liars.

In ten years, The Ruddy Man appeared again, this time near Tear, worn by a wayward shaman who followed the House of Troubles. Instead of guarding it, the dreughs had imbued the living armor with mythic inflexibility. It melted soon after skill-draping the shaman and stretched his bones to the five corners.

When Vivec met the monster in battle again he saw the remains of three villages dripping from its feet. He took on his giant form and slew The Ruddy Man by way of the Symbolic Collage. Since he no longer trusted the Altmer of the sea, Vivec gave the carapace of the monster to the devout and loyal mystics of the Number Room. He told them:

'You may make of The Ruddy Man a philosopher's armor.'

The mystics began by wrapping one of their sages in the shells, a series of flourishes by two supra numerates, one hormonally tall and the other just under his arms. They ran around the carapace and through each other, applying holy resin drawn from the carcasses of the now-useless numbers between twelve and thirteen. Golden straws were quickly stuck through the mythic epidermal so the sage could breathe. After the ceremonial etchings were drawn into hardening resin, long lists of dead names and equations whose solutions were to be found in the mouth of the Chimer inside, there came the illuminations, inscribed by the bright, terrible
fingernail of Vivec. From the nail's tip flowed a searing liquid, filling the grooves of the ceremonial etchings. They bled out to form veined patterns about the sage-shell that theologians would decipher forever after.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec XXIX

The Scripture of the Numbers:

1. The Dragon Break, or the Tower. 1
2. The Enantiomorph. 68
3. The Invisible Gate, ALMSIVI. 112
4. The Corners of House of Troubles. 242
5. The Corners of the World. 100
6. The Walking Ways. 266
7. The Sword at the Center. 39
8. The Wheel, or the Eight Givers. 484
9. The Missing. 11
10. The Tribes of the Altmer. 140
11. The Number of the Master. 102
12. The Heavens. 379
13. The Serpent. 36
14. The King's Cough. 32
15. The Redeeming Force. 110
17. The Hurling Disk. 283
18. The Egg, or Six Times the Wise.
19. The Provisional House. 258
20. The Lunar Lattice. 425
21. The Womb. 13
22. Unknown. 453
23. The Hollow Prophet. 54
24. The Star Wound. 44
25. The Emperor. 239
26. The Rogue Plane. 81
27. The Secret Fire. 120
28. The Drowned Lamp. 8
29. The Captive Sage. 217
30. The Scarab. 10
31. The Listening Frame. 473
32. The False Call. 7
33. The Anticipations. 234
34. The Lawless Grammar. 2
35. The Prison-Shirt. 191
36. The Hours. 364

'The presence of deaf witness, this is what the numbers are. They hang onto the Aurbis as the last nostalgia of their godhood. The effigies of numbers are their current applications; this is folly, as above. To be affixed to a symbol is too, too certain.'
The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left the mystics of the Number Room and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the sixth monster, called City-Face. He was vexed when he could not find it and went back to the Mourning Hold in secret anger, killing a mystic that asked about higher order.

Nerevar, the Hortator, witnessed this and said, 'Why do this, milord? The mystics look to you for guidance. They work to make your temple better stoned.'

Vivec said, 'No one knows what I am.'

The Hortator nodded and went back to his studies.

Here is how City-Face hid from his mother-father: it had been born named as Ha-Note, a bare urge of power, an esoteric wind nerve tuned to the frequency of huddled masses. It found root in villages and multiplied, finding in the minds of the settled a veiled astrology, the star charts of culture, and this resonance made its head swim. Ha-Note moved sideways into the Adjacent Place, growing and unbeknownst. Above the vocal, it trembled with new emotions, immortal ones, absorbing more than the thirty known to exist in the middle world. When Ha-Note became gravely homesick, the Grabbers took it.

A Grabber said, 'New emotions to the lonely occur only of madness. This thing is gone. It is ours now.'

Grabbers had never made a city of their own, and their glimpse of Vivec's, which shone with holiness through all the spheres, had taken their attention.

'Under this reason did the issue of Vehk slide into our realm, drawn by our coveting, hidden in loss. We shall build our tower-hope upon its face.'

Now many years had passed in Resdaynia, and the high priests of the Dwemer were building something alike as Vivec and alike as the new Ha-Note of the Grabbers. The Hortator was engaged with an army of theirs that had become too brave, talking foolish words, and Nerevar helped destroy them with the help of the orphan legion of Ayem. When he went to give trophy to Vivec, he saw his lord under attack by the City-Face. The monster was saying this:

'Here we are to replace your city, Vehk and Vehk. We are from the place of the more-than-known emotions, and our citizenry has died from it. Two things we came for, but can stay for only one. Either we ask you to correct our error of culture, or merely take yours by dint of force. The second is easiest, we think.'

Vivec sighed.
'You would replace my direction,' he said. 'I weary of this, though I wanted to kill you an age before. Resdaynia is fallen ill, and I have no time for one more imaginary analogy of an unknown incident. Here, take this.'

At which he touched the tower-hope of the City-Face and corrected the error of the Grabbers.

'And this.'

At which he stabbed the heart of the City-Face with the Ethos Knife, which is to say RKHT AI AE ALTADOON AI, the short blade of proper commerce.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Many more years passed in Resdaynia, and the high priests of the Dwemer were almost ready to make war on the rulers of Veloth. The Hortator had become the husband of Ayem during this time, and the first saint of the Triune way. Vivec had tired of fighting his sons and daughters, and so took a respite from trying to find them.

The Hortator said to his wife, 'Where is Vivec, my teacher? I love him still, though he grows cold. His lamentations, if I may call them that, have changed the skin of the whole country. He is hardly to be found anywhere in Veloth of late. The people grow dark because of it.'

And Ayem took mercy on her troubled husband and told him that the sword of the Triune had been fighting minor monsters stirred up by the Dwemer as they worked on their brass siege machines. She took the Hortator inside her and showed him where his master was.

ALMSIVI, or at least that aspect that chose to be Vivec, sat in the Litany Hall of the False Thinking Temple after his battle with the Flute-and-Pipe Ogres of the West Gash. He began writing, again, in his Book of Hours. He had to put on his Water Face first. That way he could separate the bronze of the Old Temple from the blue of the New and write with happiness. Second, he had to take another feather from the Big Moon, further rendering it dead. That way he could write about mortals with truth. Third, he recalled the Pomegranate Banquet, where he was forced to marry to Molag Bal with wet scriptures to cement his likeness as Mephala and write with black hands. He wrote:

The last time I heard his voice, showing the slightest sign of impatience, I learned to control myself and submit to the will of others. Afterwards, I dared to take on the sacred fire and realized there was no equilibrium with the ET'ADA. They were liars, lost roots, and the most I can do is to be an interpreter into the rational. Even that fails the needs of the people. I sit on the mercy seat and pass judgment, the waking state, and the phase aspect of the innate urge. Only here can I doubt, in this book, written in water, broadened to include evil.

Then Vivec threw his ink on this passage to cover it up (for the lay reader) and wrote instead:

Find me in the blackened paper, unarmored, in final scenery. Truth is like my husband: instructed to smash, filled with procedure and noise, hammering, weighty, heaviness made schematic, lessons learned only by a mace. Let those that hear me then be buffeted, and let some die in the ash from the striking. Let those that find him find him murdered by illumination, pummeled like a traitorous house, because, if an hour is golden, then immortal I am a secret code. I am the partaker of the Doom Drum, chosen of all those that dwell in the middle world to wear this crown, which reverberates with truth, and I am the mangling messiah.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec XXXII

The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Thirty-Two

The Scripture of the Mace, First:

'The pleasure of annihilation is the pleasure of disappearing into the unreal. All those that
would challenge the sleeping world will seek membership in this movement. I denounce the
alienation of the Cloven Duality with a hammer.'

Second:

'Take from me the lessons as a punishment for being mortal. To be made of dirt is to be
treated as such by your jailers. This is the key and the lock of the Daedra. Why do you think
they escaped the compromise?'

Third:

'Velothi, your skin has become the pregnant darkness. My brooding has brought this on.
Remember that Boethiah asked you to become the color of bruise. How else to show
yourselves people of the exodus into the vital: pain?'

Fourth:

'The sage who is not an anvil: a conventional sentence and nothing more. By which I mean
dead, the fourth walking way.'

Fifth:

'A proper comprehension of the virtues: stage-managed and to be murdered.'

Sixth:

'In the end, rejoice as a hostage released from drumming torment but that savors his wound.
The drum breaks and you find it to be a nest of hornets, which is to say: your sleep is over.'

Seventh:

'The suspicious is spectacle and the lie is only a theoretical inspiration.'

Eighth:

'But then why, you ask, do the Daedra wish to meddle with the Aurbis? It is because they are
the radical critique, essential as all martyrs. That some are more evil than others in not an
illusion. Or rather, it is a necessary illusion.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left the Litany Hall of the False Thinking Temple, where he had brooded for so long creating the scripture of the pounding light, and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the seventh monster, called Lie Rock.

Lie Rock was born of Vivec's Second Aperture and was thrown out of the Pomegranate Banquet by a member of the Sweeps, another forgotten guild. The Sweep did not take it for the monster that it was and so he did not expect it to fly from his hand and into the heavens.

'I am born of golden wisdom and powers that should have forever been unalike! With this nature I am invited into the Hidden Heaven!'

By which he meant the Scaled Blanket, made of not-stars, whose number is thirteen. Lie Rock became full of foolishness, haggling with the Void Ghost who hides in the religions of all men. The Void Ghost said:

'Stay with me a full hundred years and I will give you a power that no divinity will dare disobey.'

But before the hundred years was up, Vivec was already looking for Lie Rock and found him.

'Stupid stone,' Vivec said. 'To hide in the Scaled Blanket is to make a mark on nothing. His bargains are only for ruling kings!'

So Vivec sent the Hortator to the heavens to shave Lie Rock asunder by the named axe. Nerevar made peace with the south-pole-star of thieving and the north-pole-star of warriors and the third-pole-star, which existed only in the ether, which was governed by the apprentice of Magnus the sun. They gave him leave to wander among their charges and gave him red sight by which to find Lie Rock in the Hidden Heaven.

By chance, Nerevar met the Void Ghost first, who told him that he was in the wrong place to which the Hortator said, 'Me or you?' and the Void Ghost said both. This sermon does not tell what else was said between these masters.

Lie Rock, however, used the confusion to launch his own attack on the city-god, Vivec. He was hastened by all three of the black guardians, who wanted him swiftly gone, though they meant no hostility to the lord of the middle air.

The citizenry of Vivec screamed as they saw a shooting star come down out of the sky hole like a toll-road of hell. But Vivec merely raised his hand and froze Lie Rock just above the city and then he pierced the monster with Muatra.

(The practice of piercing the Second Aperture is now forbidden.)
When Nerevar returned, he saw the frozen comet above his lord's city. He asked whether or not Vivec wanted it removed.

'I would have done so myself if I wanted, silly Hortator. I shall keep it there with its last intention intact, so that if the love of the people of this city for me ever disappear, so shall the power that holds back their destruction.'

Nerevar said, 'Love is under your will only.'

Vivec smiled and told the Hortator that he had become a Minister of Truth.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
Then Vivec left the Ministry of Truth and went back to the space that was not a space. From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the eighth and final and mightiest monster, called GULGA MOR JIL and more. The wise must look elsewhere for this string of power.

Vivec called to his side the Hortator and this was the first time that Nerevar had ever been to the Provisional House. He had the same vision that Vivec had so many years ago: that of the two-headed ruling king.

'Who is that?' he wondered.

Vivec said, 'The red jewel of conquest.'

Nerevar, perhaps because he was frightened, became vexed at his lord's answer. 'Why are you always so evasive?'

Vivec told the Hortator that to be otherwise was to betray his nature.

Together they moved into the middle world, to a village near where Vivec had been found by Ayem and Seht. The eighth monster was there, but he did not act much like a monster. He sat with his legs in the ocean and with a troubled look on his face. When he saw his mother-father, he asked why he should have to die and return to oblivion.

Vivec told the eighth monster that to be otherwise was to betray his nature. Since this did not seem to satisfy the monster and Vivec still had a touch of Ayem's mercy he said:

'The fire is mine: let it consume thee,
And make a secret door
At the altar of Padhome,
In the House of Boet-hi-Ah
Where we become safe
And looked after.'

The monster accepted Muatra with a peaceful look and his bones became the foundation for the City of the Dead, anon Narsis.

Nerevar put away his axe, which he had at the ready, and frowned.
'Why,' he said, 'did you ask me to come if you knew the eighth monster would give in so easily?'

Vivec looked at the Hortator for a long time.

Nerevar understood. 'Do not betray your nature. Answer as you will.'

Vivec said, 'I brought you here because I knew the mightiest of my issue would succumb to Muatra without argument, if only I gave him consolation first.'

Nerevar looked at Vivec for a long time.

Vivec understood. 'Say the words, Hortator.'

Nerevar said, 'Now I am the mightiest of your children.'

Let this sermon be consolation to those who read it that are destined to die.

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Thirty-Five

The Scripture of Love:

'The formulas of proper Velothi magic continue in ancient tradition, but that virility is dead, by which I mean at least replaced. Truth owes its medicinal nature to the establishment of the myth of justice. Its curative properties it likewise owes to the concept of sacrifice. Princes, chiefs, and angels all subscribe to the same notion. This is a view primarily based on a prolific abolition of an implied profanity, seen in ceremonies, knife fighting, hunting, and the exploration of the poetic. On the ritual of occasions, which comes to us from the days of the cave glow, I can say nothing more than to loosen your equation of moods to lunar currency. Later, and by that I mean much, much later, my reign will be seen as an act of the highest love, which is a return from the astral destiny and the marriages between. By that I mean the catastrophes, which will come from all five corners. Subsequent are the revisions, differentiated between hope and the distraught, situations that are only required by the periodic death of the immutable. Cosmic time is repeated: I wrote of this in an earlier life. An imitation of submersion is love's premonition, its folly into the underworld, by which I mean the day you will read about outside of yourself in an age of gold. For on that day, which is a shadow of the sacrificial concept, all history is obliged to see me for what you are: in love with evil. To keep one's powers intact at such a stage is to allow for the existence of what can only be called a continual spirit. Make of your love a defense against the horizon. Pure existence is only granted to the holy, which comes in a myriad of forms, half of them frightening and the other half divided into equal parts purposeless and assured. Late is the lover that comes to this by any other walking way than the fifth, which is the number of the limit of this world. The lover is the highest country and a series of beliefs. He is the sacred city bereft of a double. The uncultivated land of monsters is the rule. This is clearly attested by ANU and his double, which love knows never really happened. Similarly, all the other symbols of absolute reality are ancient ideas ready for their graves, or at least the essence of such. This scripture is directly ordered by the codes of Mephala, the origin of sex and murder, defeated only by those who take up those ideas without my intervention. The religious elite is not a tendency or a correlation. They are dogma complemented by the influence of the untrustworthy sea and the governance of the stars, dominated at the center by the sword, which is nothing without a victim to cleave unto. This is the love of God and he would show you more: predatory but at the same time instrumental to the will of critical harvest, a scenario by which one becomes as he is, of male and female, the magic hermaphrodite. Mark the norms of violence and it barely registers, suspended as it is by treaties written between the original spirits. This should be seen as an opportunity, and in no way tedious, though some will give up for it is easier to kiss the lover than become one. The lower regions crawl with these souls, caves of shallow treasures, meeting in places to testify by way of extension, when love is only satisfied by a considerable (incalculable) effort.'

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.
For these were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the AMLSIVI and their champion the Hortator, though the Dwemer had become foolish and challenged their masters.

Out of their fortresses they came with golden ballistae that walked and mighty atronachs and things that spat flame and things that made killing songs. Their king was Dumac Dwarf-Orc, but their high priest was Kagrenac the Blighter.

Under mountains and over them the war with the Dwemer was raged, and then came the northern men to help Kagrenac and they brought Ysmir again.

Leading the armies of the Chimer was the slave that would not perish, the Hortator Nerevar, who had traded his axe for the Ethos Knife. He slew Dumac at Red Mountain and saw the heart bone for the first time.

Men of brass destroyed the eleven gates of the Mourning Hold and behind them came the Dwemeri architects of tone. Ayem threw down her cloak and became the Face-Snaked Queen of the Three in One. Those that looked upon her were overcome by the meanings of the stars.

Under the sea, Seht stirred and brought the army he had been working on in the castles of glass and coral. Clockwork dreughs, mockeries of the Dwemeri war machines, rose up from the seas and took their counterparts back beneath, where they were swallowed forever by the sea.

Red Mountain exploded as the Hortator went too far inside, seeking the Sharmat.

Dwemeri high priest Kagrenac then revealed that which he had built in the image of Vivec. It was a walking star, which burnt the armies of the Triune and destroyed the heartland of Veloth, creating the Inner Sea.

Each of the aspects of the ALMSIVI then rose up together, combining as one, and showed the world the sixth path. Ayem took from the star its fire, Seht took from it its mystery, and Vehk took from it its feet, which had been constructed before the gift of Molag Bal and destroyed in the manner of truth: by a great hammering. When the soul of the Dwemer could walk no more, they were removed from this world.

Resdaynia was no more. It had been redeemed of all the iniquities of the foolish. The ALMSIVI drew nets from the Beginning Place and captured the ash of Red Mountain, which they knew was the Blight of the Dwemer and that would serve only to infect the whole of the middle world, and ate it. ALTADOON DUNMERI!

The beginning of the words is ALMSIVI. I give you this as Vivec.
To the Esteemed Archmage Trebonius,

The man delivering this letter is one Tiram Gadar. Though a Dunmer, he was raised in the Imperial Province. I recommend him as an advisor on the politics of the Dunmer in Vvardenfell.

Sincerely,
Acatto, Imperial Battlemage
I saw the gold, and I took it. A different man might not have, I know that, and from time to time, I think back on the hour when I saw the gold and took it. You see, I was hungry. Isn't it ironic.

I don't remember much else about that night but the gold and the hunger. I don't remember the name of the tavern, or even the village, but I believe it was somewhere in southern Vvardenfell. I can't really be certain. For some time, I sat dumbly in my chair, my mind occupied with nothing but the pain in my stomach. If you've never been truly hungry from days of no food, you can't know what it's like. You can't concentrate on anything. It wasn't until a figure to my left got up from the table to get a drink and left a stack of gold marks behind that I snapped to awareness.

From this moment on, my memory is crystalline.

My eyes to the gold. My eyes to the stranger's back, walking calmly toward the barmaid. My hand to the gold. The gold in my pocket. I'm up from the table, and out the door. For just a moment, I look back. The stranger has turned to look my way. He wears a hood, but I can feel his eyes meet mine. I swear, I can scent a smile.

Out into the street, and behind some barrels I crouched down, waiting for my pursuer. One benefit of a lifetime running from guards, I know how to disappear. For nearly an hour, I waited there, suffering even more from hunger. You see, I was awake now and I had the means to buy myself a feast. This knowledge tortured me. When I finally got to my feet, I very nearly fainted. I had only enough energy to walk to the other edge of the village to a rundown tavern before collapsing at a table. I think I must have fallen unconscious for a moment before I heard the barmaid's voice.

"Can I get you something to eat, sera?"

I gorged myself on roasts and pies and huge frothing mugs of greef. As the fog of near fatal starvation began to lift, I looked up from my plate to see a gold-masked stranger looking at me, his vizard glowing by the blinding light of the moon through the window. He wore black leather armor and was a different physique and size from the man I had burgled, but I could tell he knew. I paid for my meal quickly and left.

I skirted the edge of the village, through a tiled central courtyard surrounded by the squalid peasant's cottages. There was not a light shining from any window or door. No one was on the streets. I could find no place to hide, so I took the road out of town, heading for the wilderness. Hunger had pushed me on in the days before, but now I felt what I imagined to be the whip of guilt. Or perhaps, even then, it was fear.
I fell twice, rushing down the dark path, unused to the slopes and pebbled texture. The sounds of animal life, which I had numbed to, were suddenly very loud in my ears. And there was something else out there in the night, something chasing me.

On the side of the road, there was a low wall, and I scrambled over it and hid. I knew enough about concealment to pick a spot where the bulwark sank slightly so even if someone saw the outline of my figure, he would assume it to be part of the wall. It wasn't long before I heard the sound of running footsteps from more than one person pass me by and then stop. There was a moment of whispered conversation, and one of the people ran back on the path toward the village. Then, silence.

After a few more minutes, I peered out from behind the wall. A female figure in a dun gown, wimple, and veil stood in the road. On the other end of the road, blocking the way back to town, was a knight, coated in dark mail. I could see neither of their faces. For a moment, I froze, unsure whether either or both had seen me.

"Run," said the woman in a dead voice.

The hill behind me was too steep, so I leapt over the wall and across the road in two bounds. Into the night forest I ran, the maddening jingle of the accursed gold in my pocket. I knew I was making so much noise my pursuers could not help but hear me, but now I cared more for putting distance between us than in stealth. Clouds of ash filtered through the moonlight, but I still knew it was too bright to hide. I ran and ran until I felt all my blood pumping in my head and heart, begging me to stop.

I was at the edge of the wood, on the other side of a shallow stream from a vast, crumbling house encircled by a rail fence. Behind me, running footfall in the broken, dusty earth. To the south, downstream, a distinct sodden splashing of someone moving nearer.

There was no choice. I half jumped and half fell into the mud and dragged myself up the bank on the other side. I rolled under the fence and ran through the open field toward the house. Jerking my head around, I saw seven shadowy figures by the fence posts. The cloaked man I had robbed. The man in the gold mask. The veiled woman. The dark knight. Three others too who had pursued me, but I had never seen. And I thought I was the stealthy one.

The moon was entirely hidden in a swarm of ash. Only the stars offered their meager illumination as I reached the open door of the ruin. I slammed and bolted the door behind me, but I knew there could be no protection for very long. As I looked about the ravaged interior of broken furniture, I searched for someone to hide. A corner, a niche where if I stayed very still, no one would see me.

A splintered table lying against the wall looked perfect for my purposes. I crawled under it, and jumped when something moved and I heard a frightened old man's voice.

"Who's there?"

"It's all right," I whispered. "I'm not one of them."

His puckered, gnarled hand reached out from the shadow and gripped my arm. Instantly, I felt sleep fall upon me, resist it as I might. The old man's horrible face, the face of the hungry
dead, emerged as the moon came out and shone through the broken window. His talon still
 gripping me, I fell back, smelling his death surround me.

The table was thrown back. There stood the seven hunters and a dozen more. No, hunters they
 weren't. They were harriers who had chased me out of every hiding place, expertly pushing
 me to the lair of the real predator. He was weak with age, the old man was, not as good at the
 chase as once he was. A blunt, killing machine.

"Please," I said. It was all I could muster.

Having enjoyed the sport I offered, he granted me mercy, of sorts. I was not bled dry. I was
 not cursed by being made one of them, the Berne. I was kept with others, most of us mad with
 fear, to be aged and tasted at the vampires' whim. We are called cattle.

I lost all hope months ago of ever leaving the dank cellar where they keep us. Even if this note
 finds its way to the outside world, I cannot give enough information about my whereabouts to
 be rescued, even if some champion were able to defeat the bloodsuckers. I only write this to
 keep my own sanity, and to warn others.

There is something worse than being hungry.

Being food.
[214] The True Nature of Orcs

See vol. I.
The honorable warriors of the Great House Redoran are the hereditary defenders of the Morrowind. To be a noble of House Redoran is more than being a great warrior. One must follow the triune virtues of duty, gravity, and piety.

A Redoran's duty is first to the Tribunal Temple, second to the Great House Redoran, and third to one's family and clan. In the Battle of Red Mountain, warriors of House Redoran died bravely for their duty to the Tribunal. By defending House Redoran from the schemes of Telvanni wizards and the lies of untrustworthy Hlaalu, the true noble shows duty to House Redoran. Following the Temple's guidelines of mercy and generosity show duty to one's family and clan.

A Redoran noble must know the virtue of gravity. It is not the Redoran way to laugh at serious matters, for it shows disrespect. It is not the Redoran way to spread rumors, for they fester and breed dissention.

A Redoran must show piety to the Aedra and Daedra, our creators and ancestors. For without the divine, we would not have the chance to serve. And without divine law, we would not know right from wrong. And without giving thanks for these things, we would forget our place and our purpose.

Great House Redoran praises all the skills of war. Not because we believe war is good or honorable in its own right, but because this knowledge is necessary to perform one's duty. House Redoran's warrior fight with a long blade and a shield or with a spear. A noble of House Redoran must also learn to use a bow and must be athletic enough for the long marches to battle. A Redoran wears heavy or medium armor depending on rank and strategy. A noble of House Redoran is expected to know how to repair and maintain his own armor.

Those who are born to House Redoran have been taught their skill and virtues by kin and clan. Those who seek to enter House Redoran as retainers must satisfy an examiner in the Redoran Council Hall that their skills are suitable for service to House Redoran.

Whether born to the blood of House Redoran, or adopted into service of House Redoran by oath, those who seek to advance in the ranks of House Redoran must demonstrate their virtues by service and obedience. And only when one has mastered all the skills and virtues can one truly call himself a noble of the Great House Redoran.
[216] 2920, The Last Year of the First Era*

See vol. I.
"The problem with thieves today," said Lledos, "Is the lack of technique. I know there's no honor among thieves, and there never was, but there used to be some pride, some skill, some basic creativity. It really makes those of us with a sense of history despair."

Imalyn sneered, slamming down his flagon of greef violently on the rough-hewn table. "B'vek, what do you want us to say? You asks us 'What do you do when you see a guard?' and I says, 'Stab the fetcher in the back.' What d'you prefer? We challenge 'em to a game of chits?"

"So much ambition, so little education," said Lledos with a sigh. "My dear friends, we aren't mugging some Nord tourist fresh off the ferry. The Cobbler's Guildhall may not sound intimidating but tonight, when the dues collection is housed there before being sent to the bank, the security's going to be tighter than a kwama's ass. You can't just stab at every back you encounter and expect to make it into the vaults."

"Why don't you explain specifically what you'd like us to do?" asked Galsiah calmly, trying to keep the tone of the group down. Most locals at the Plot and Plaster cornerclub in Tel Aruhn knew enough not to listen in, but she knew better than to take any chances.

"The common thief," said Lledos, pouring himself more greef, warming to his subject. "Sticks his dagger in his opponent's back. This may slay the target, but more often gives him time to scream and drenches the attacker with blood. Not good. Now a good throat-slashing, properly executed, can both slay and silence a guard and leave the thief relatively bloodfree. And after all, after the robbery, we don't want people seeing a bunch of blood-soaked butchers running through the streets. Even in Tel Aruhn, that's likely to warrant suspicion.

"If you can catch your victim lying down asleep or resting, you are in an excellent position. You place one hand over the mouth with your thumb under the chin, then you use your other hand to slit the throat, and quickly turn the head to one side so the body bleeds out away from you. There is a risk here of becoming blood stained if you don't move the head quickly enough. If you're unsure, strangle the victim first to avoid the blood that tends to spurt out in three foot jets when someone is stabbed while alive.

"A very good friend of mine, a thief in Gnisis whose name I won't mention, swears by the strangle-and-slash technique. Simply put, you grab your victim's throat from behind and while throttling him, you batter his face against the opposite wall. When the victim is thus rendered unconscious, you slash his throat while still holding him from behind, and the risk of staining one's clothes with blood is practically nonexistent.

"The classic technique, which requires less grappling than my friend's variation, is to place one hand over the victim's mouth, and then saw through the throat in three or four stroke rather like playing a violin. It requires little effort, and while there's quite a bit of blood, it all jets forward away from you.

There's no reason when one knows one is going to be slitting some throats not to take some precautions and bring some extra equipment. The best neck-hackers I know generally carry a
bit of wadded cloth on the aft-side of their knives to keep blood from getting on their cuffs. It's impractical for this sort of assignment, but when you're only anticipating one or two victims, nothing beats throwing a sack over the target's head, drawing the string tight, and then supplying the killing blow or blows."

Imalyn laughed loudly, "Can I see a demonstration sometime?"

"Very soon," said Lledos. "If Galsiah has done her job."

Galsiah brought out the map of the guildhouse, freshly stolen, and they began to detail out the strategy.

The last several hours had been a whirlwind to all. In less than a day, the three had met, formulated a plan, bought or stolen the necessary ingredients, and were about to execute it. Not one of the three were sure whether confidence or stupidity were driving the other two, but the fates were aligned. The guildhouse was going to be robbed.

When the sun set, Lledos, Galsiah, and Imalyn approached the Cobblers Guildhouse on the east end of town. Galsiah used her cachous of stonelfower to mask their scent from the guard wolves as the three passed over the parapets. She also acted as lead scout, and Lledos was impressed. For someone of relative inexperience, she knew her way through shadows.

Lledos's expertise was demonstrated a dozen times, and the guards were of such a diverse variety, he was able to demonstrate all the means of silent assassination he had developed over the years.

Imalyn opened the vault in his unique and systematic method. As the tumblers fell beneath his fingers, he softly sang an old dirty tavern song about the Ninety-Nine Loves of Boethiah. He said it helped him focus and organize difficult combinations. Within seconds, the vault was open and the gold was in hand.

They left the guildhouse an hour after they entered. No alarm had been raised, the gold was gone, and corpses lay pooling blood on the stone floors within.

"Well done, my friends, well done. You learned well." Lledos said as he poured the gold pieces into the specially designed compartments in his tunic's sleeves, where they held fast with no jingling or unusual bulges. "We'll meet back at the Plot and Plaster tomorrow morning and split up the bounty."

The group parted ways. The only person who knew the most covert route through the city's sewer system, Lledos, slipped in through a duct and vanished below. Galsiah threw on her shawl, muddied her face to resemble an old f'lah fortune-teller, and headed north. Imalyn headed east into the park, trusting his unnatural senses to keep him away from the citywatch.

Now I teach them the greatest lesson of all, thought Lledos as he sloshed through the labyrinthine tunnels of sludge. His guar was waiting where he left it at the city gates, making a laconic lunch of the chokeweed shrub to which it had been leashed.

On the road to Vivec, he thought of Galsiah and Imalyn. Perhaps they had been caught and brought in for questioning already. It was a pity he couldn't see them undergoing
interrogation. Who would break under pressure first? Imalyn was certainly the tougher of the two, but Galsiah doubtless had hidden reserves. It was merely intellectual curiosity: they thought his name was Lledos and he was meeting them at the Plot and Plaster. The authorities wouldn't therefore be looking for a Dunmer named Sathis celebrating his wealth miles and miles away in Vivec.

As he prodded his mount forward and the sun began rising, Sathis pictured Galsiah and Imalyn not undergoing interrogation, but sleeping the good deep sleep of the wicked, dreaming of how they would spend their share of the gold. Both would wake up early and rush to the Plot and Plaster. He could see them now, Imalyn laughing and carrying on, Galsiah hushing him to avoid bringing undue attention. They would take a couple flagons of greef, perhaps order a meal -- a big one -- and wait. Hours would pass, and so would their moods. The chain of reactions that every betrayed person exhibits: nervousness, doubt, bewilderment, anger.

The sun was fully risen when Sathis reached the stables of his house on the outskirts of Vivec. He reigned in his guar and filled its feed. The rest of the stalls were empty. It wouldn't be until that afternoon when his servants returned from the feast of St Rilms in Gnisis. They were good people, and he treated them well, but from past experience he knew that servants talked. If they began to connect his absences with thefts in other towns, it was only a matter of time before they would go to the authorities or blackmail him. After all, they were human. It was best in the long run to give them a week off with pay whenever he was out of town on business.

He slipped the gold into the vault in his study, and went upstairs. The schedule had been tight, but Sathis had given himself a few hours to rest before his household returned. His own bed was wonderfully soft and warm compared to the dreadful mattress he had to use at the canton in Tel Aruhn.

Sathis woke up some time later from a nightmare. For a second after he opened his eyes, he thought he could still hear Imalyn's voice nearby, singing The Ninety-Nine Loves of Boethia. He lay still in his bed, waiting, but there was no sound except the usual creaks and groans of his old house. Afternoon sunlight came through his bedroom window in ribbons, catching dust. He closed his eyes.

The song returned, and Sathis heard the vault door in his study swing open. The smell of stoneflower filled his nose and he opened his eyes. Only a little of the afternoon sunlight could pierce the inside of the burlap sack.

A strong, feminine hand clamped over the mouth and a thumb jabbed under his chin. Just as his throat opened and his head was shoved to the side, he heard Galsiah in her typical calm voice, "Thank you for the lesson, Sathis."
[218] The Vagaries of Magicka*

See vol. I.
...The violent antipathy of Morrowind culture toward necromancy ensures that vampires are virtually unknown in Morrowind...

...The Temple does not acknowledge the existence of Western vampire hunting orders. Nonetheless, interviews with Temple officials persuade me that the Dunmer of Morrowind are experienced and knowledgeable in the handling of these menaces. On the other hand, they freely admit that even a large community of vampires might easily escape detection in the remote wastelands, or in the subterranean labyrinths of abandoned strongholds and wizard towers....

...The "ash vampire" of Ashlander legend is not undead. Sorceries and blessings affecting the undead reportedly have no effect on these creatures. No specimen has ever been examined, and no references have ever linked these legends with the known clans of Tamrielic vampires....

...Vvardenfell's three known bloodlines differ greatly in their approach to prey. The Quarra bloodline features exceptional strength and endurance, and attacks in a state of ecstatic frenzy. Aundae vampires are potent spellcasters, seeking to hypnotize victims before feeding, while the swift and agile Berne clan vampires prefer stealth and ambush, first poisoning the victim with a bite, then withdrawing to a safe distance, returning to feed only when the prey has weakened...

...It is supposed that vampirism is contracted from wounds received from a vampire. Since few victims survive vampiric attacks or feedings, the process of contracting the disease is little understood. Some have suggested that victims may willingly submit themselves to the will of a vampire, but no real evidence of this exists....

...During the incubation phase, lasting up to 72 hours, the vampirism disease exhibits no symptoms, and may be cured by general spellcraft or cult blessings. However, during incubation, some victims have reported sleep disturbances and troubling dreams. After symptoms are exhibited, however, the disease is incurable and irreversible....
... In the West, a shadowy fraternity of vampire hunters is believed to be primarily composed of formerly afflicted vampires who have been cured of the disease. According to legend, the Vampire Hunters refuse to reveal the cure to the disease for fear that it may encourage depraved thrill seekers from deliberately infecting themselves.

In the East, the Western tradition of Vampire Hunters is unknown. Vampirism is known to be incurable, and even if it were curable, a cured vampire would be an abomination to be destroyed. Since the disease is infallibly cured if treated within three days, failure to treat oneself after an encounter with a vampire would be considered a deliberate attempt to contract the disease, and a mark of monstrous depravity....

... In Temple doctrine, one ancient tradition holds that, among his many other crimes, Molag Bal, the Father of Monsters, spawned the first vampire upon the corpse of a defeated foe. Several different versions of this story exist, with the foe variously identified as a Daedra Lord, a Temple Saint, or a powerful beast creature. This account of the origin of vampirism is peculiar to Morrowind, appearing nowhere else in Imperial lore. Unfortunately, scholarly inquiry upon this topic is discouraged by the Temple, which controls access to the only substantial collection of historical and cultural records in Morrowind....

... Though the Dunmer believe the disease is incurable, a Buoyant Armiger of former years named Galur Rithari insisted that he was cured of vampirism. Initially imprisoned by the Temple for heresy, he later recanted, was released, and served his final years as a librarian in the Hall of Wisdom in Vivec. It is interesting that previous to his imprisonment for heresy, Rithari had been posted to the Buoyant Armiger garrison at Bal Ur, a pilgrimage site known as the "birthplace of Molag Bal."
Varieties of Faith in the Empire

by Brother Mikhael Karkuxor of the Imperial College

This is my best attempt at a listing of the pantheons and associated divine spirits of Tamriel's dominant cultures. This list is by no means complete (the Imperial City of Cyrodiil alone boasts a vast host of saints and holy spirits). It only includes the most important spirits revered by native members of the culture. Other et'Ada, especially Daedra, are often familiar known to many cultures, though specific names are included here only when they possess a particular cultural significance. The omission of any reference to the worships of the Argonians of Black Marsh is a result of my complete inadequacy in reconciling the obscure and contradictory accounts available to me on that subject.

THE EIGHT PANTHEONS

CYRODIIL: Akatosh, Dibella, Arkay, Zenithar, Mara, Stendarr, Kynareth, Julianos, Shezarr, Tiber Septim, Morihaus, Reman

SKYRIM: Alduin, Dibella, Orkey, Tsun, Mara, Stuhn, Kyne, Jhunal, Shor, Ysmir, Herm-Mora, Maloch

ALTMER: Auri-El, Trinimac, Magnus, Syraban, Y'ffre, Xarxes, Mara, Stendarr, Lorkhan, Phynaster

BOSMER: Auri-El, Y'ffre, Arkay, Z'en, Xarxes, Baan Dar, Mara, Stendarr, Lorkhan, Herma-Mora, Jone, Jode

DUNMER: Almalexia, Vivec, Sotha Sil, Boethiah, Mephala, Azura, Lorkhan, Nerevar, Molag Bal, Malacath, Sheogorath, Mehrunes Dagon

YOKUDA: Satakal, Ruptga, Tu'whacca, Zeht, Morwha, Tava, Malooc, Diagna, Sep, HoonDing, Leki, Onsi,

BRETONY: Akatosh, Magnus, Y'ffre, Dibella, Arkay, Zenithar, Mara, Stendarr, Kynareth, Julianos, Sheor, Phynaster

ELSWEYR: Alkosh, Khenarthi, Riddle'Thar, ja-Kha'jay, Mara, S'rendarr, Lorkhaj, Rajhin, Baan Dar, Azurah, Sheggorath

NOTES ON THE DIVINE SPIRITS OF THE PANTHEONS

Akatosh (Dragon God of Time): Akatosh is the chief deity of the Nine Divines (the major religious cult of Cyrodiil and its provinces), and one of two deities found in every Tamrielic religion (the other is Lorkhan). He is generally considered to be the first of the Gods to form in the Beginning Place; after his establishment, other spirits found the process of being easier and the various pantheons of the world emerged. He is the ultimate God of the Cyrodilic
Empire, where he embodies the qualities of endurance, invincibility, and everlasting legitimacy.

Alduin (World Eater): Alduin is the Nordic variation of Akatosh, and only superficially resembles his counterpart in the Nine Divines. For example, Alduin's sobriquet, 'the world eater', comes from myths that depict him as the horrible, ravaging firestorm that destroyed the last world to begin this one. Nords therefore see the god of time as both creator and harbinger of the apocalypse. He is not the chief of the Nordic pantheon (in fact, that pantheon has no chief; see Shor, below) but its wellspring, albeit a grim and frightening one.

Alkosh (Dragon King of Cats): Pre-ri'Datta Dynasty Anaquinine deity. A variation on the Altmeri Auri-El, and thus an Akatosh-as-culture-hero for the earliest Khajiiti. His worship was co-opted during the establishment of the Riddle-T'har, and he still enjoys immense popularity in Elsweyr's wasteland regions. He is depicted as a fearsome dragon, a creature the Khajiit say 'is just a real big cat'. He repelled an early Aldmeri pogrom of Pelinal Whitestrake during mythic times.

Almalexia (Mother Morrowind): Most traces of Akatosh disappeared from ancient Chimer legends during their so-called 'exodus', primarily due to that god's association and esteem with the Altmeri. However, most aspects of Akatosh which seem so important to the mortal races, namely immortality, historicity, and genealogy, have conveniently resurfaced in Almalexia, the most popular of Morrowind's divine Tribunal.

Arkay (God of the Cycle of Life and Death): Member of the Nine Divines pantheon, and popular elsewhere as well. Arkay is often more important in those cultures where his father, Akatosh, is either less related to time or where his time aspects are difficult to comprehend by the layman. He is the god of burials and funeral rites, and is sometimes associated with the seasons. His priests are staunch opponents of necromancy and all forms of the undead. It is said that Arkay did not exist before the world was created by the gods under Lorkhan's supervision/urging/trickery. Therefore, he is sometimes called the Mortals' God.

Auri-El (King of the Aldmer): The Elven Akatosh is Auri-El. Auri-El is the soul of Anui-El, who, in turn, is the soul of Anu the Everything. He is the chief of most Aldmeri pantheons. Most Altmeri and Bosmeri claim direct descent from Auri-El. In his only known moment of weakness, he agreed to take his part in the creation of the mortal plane, that act which forever sundered the Elves from the spirit worlds of eternity. To make up for it, Auri-El led the original Aldmer against the armies of Lorkhan in mythic times, vanquishing that tyrant and establishing the first kingdoms of the Altmer, Altmora and Old Ehlnofey. He then ascended to heaven in full observance of his followers so that they might learn the steps needed to escape the mortal plane.

Azura (Goddess of Dusk and Dawn): Azura was the god-ancestor that taught the Chimer the mysteries needed to be different than the Altmer. Some of her more conventional teachings are sometimes attributed to Boethiah. In the stories, Azura is often more a communal cosmic force for the race as a whole than an ancestor or a god. Also known as the Anticipation of Sotha Sil. In Elsweyr, Azurah is nearly a wholly separate entity, yet she is still tied into the origins of Khajiiti out of Altmeri stock.

Baan Dar (The Bandit God): In most regions, Baan Dar is a marginal deity, a trickster spirit of thieves and beggars. In Elsweyr he is more important, and is regarded as the Pariah. In this
aspect, Baan Dar becomes the cleverness or desperate genius of the long-suffering Khajiit, whose last minute plans always upset the machinations of their (Elven or Human) enemies.

Boethiah (Prince of Plots): Heralded by the Prophet Veloth, Boethiah is the original god-ancestor of the Dark Elves. Through his illuminations, the eventual 'Chimer', or Changed Folk, renounced all ties to the Aldmer and founded a new nation based on Daedric principles. All manner of Dark Elven cultural 'advances' are attributed to Boethiah, from philosophy to magic to 'responsible' architecture. Ancient Velothi allegories are uniformly heroic successes of Boethiah over enemies of every type, foundation stories of Chimeri struggle. Also known as the Anticipation of Almalexia.

Diagna (Orichalc God of the Sideways Blade): Hoary thuggish cult of the Redguards. Originated in Yokuda during the Twenty Seven Snake Folk Slaughter. Diagna was an avatar of the HoonDing (the Yokudan God of Make Way, see below) that achieved permanence. He was instrumental to the defeat of the Lefthanded Elves, as he brought orichalc weapons to the Yokudan people to win the fight. In Tamriel, he led a very tight knit group of followers against the Orcs of Orsinium during the height of their ancient power, but then faded into obscurity. He is now little more than a local power spirit of the Dragontail mountains.

Dibella (Goddess of Beauty): Popular god of the Nine Divines. In Cyrodiil, she has nearly a dozen different cults, some devoted to women, some to artists and aesthetics, and others to erotic instruction.

Herma-Mora (The Woodland Man): Ancient Atmoran demon who, at one time, nearly seduced the Nords into becoming Aldmer. Most Ysgramor myths are about escaping the wiles of old Herma-Mora. Also called the Demon of Knowledge, he is vaguely related to the cult origins of the Morag Tong ('Foresters Guild'), if only by association with his brother/sister, Mephala.

HoonDing (The Make Way God): Yokudan spirit of 'perseverance over infidels'. The HoonDing has historically materialized whenever the Redguards need to 'make way' for their people. In Tamrielic history this has only happened three times -- twice in the first era during the Ra Gada invasion and once during the Tiber War. In this last incarnation, the HoonDing was said to have been either a sword or a crown, or both.

Jhunal (Rune God): The Nordic god of hermetic orders. After falling out of favor with the rest of that pantheon, he became Julianos of the Nine Divines. He is absent in modern Skyrim mythology.

Jode (Big Moon God): Aldmeri god of the Big Moon. Also called Masser or Mara's Tear. In Khajiti religion, Jode is only one aspect of the Lunar Lattice, or ja-Kha'jay.

Jone (Little Moon God): Aldmeri god of the Little Moon. Also called Secunda or Stendarr's Sorrow. In Khajiti religion, Jone is only one aspect of the Lunar Lattice, or ja-Kha'jay.

Julianos (God of Wisdom and Logic): Often associated with Jhunal, the Nordic father of language and mathematics, Julianos is the Cyrodilic god of literature, law, history, and contradiction. Monastic orders founded by Tiber Septim and dedicated to Julianos are the keepers of the Elder Scrolls.
Kyne (Kiss At the End): Nordic Goddess of the Storm. Widow of Shor and favored god of warriors. She is often called the Mother of Men. Her daughters taught the first Nords the use of the thu'um, or Storm Voice.

Kynareth (Goddess of Air): Kynareth is a member of the Nine Divines, the strongest of the Sky spirits. In some legends, she is the first to agree to Lorkhan's plan to invent the mortal plane, and provides the space for its creation in the void. She is also associated with rain, a phenomenon said not to occur before the removal of Lorkhan's divine spark.

Leki (Saint of the Spirit Sword): Goddess daughter of Tall Papa, Leki is the goddess of aberrant swordsmanship. The Na-Totambu of Yokuda warred to a standstill during the mythic era to decide who would lead the charge against the Lefthanded Elves. Their swordmasters, though, were so skilled in the Best Known Cuts as to be matched evenly. Leki introduced the Ephemeral Feint. Afterwards, a victor emerged and the war with the Aldmer began.

Lorkhan (The Missing God): This Creator-Trickster-Tester deity is in every Tamrielic mythic tradition. His most popular name is the Aldmeri 'Lorkhan', or Doom Drum. He convinced or contrived the Original Spirits to bring about the creation of the mortal plane, upsetting the status quo -- much like his father Padomay had introduced instability into the universe in the Beginning Place. After the world is materialized, Lorkhan is separated from his divine center, sometimes involuntarily, and wanders the creation of the et'Ada. He and his metaphysical placement in the 'scheme of things' is interpreted a variety of ways. In Morrowind, for example, he is a being related to the Psijic Endeavor, a process by which mortals are charged with transcending the gods that created them. To the High Elves, he is the most unholy of all higher powers, as he forever broke their connection to the spirit plane. In the legends, he is almost always an enemy of the Aldmer and, therefore, a hero of early Mankind.

Lorkhaj (Moon Beast): Pre-ri'Datta Dynasty Anaquinine deity, easily identified with the Missing God, Lorkhan.

Magnus (Magus): The god of sorcery, Magnus withdrew from the creation of the world at the last second, though it cost him dearly. What is left of him on the world is felt and controlled by mortals as magic. One story says that, while the idea was thought up by Lorkhan, it was Magnus who created the schematics and diagrams needed to construct the mortal plane. He is sometimes represented by an astrolabe, a telescope, or, more commonly, a staff. Cyrodilic legends say he can inhabit the bodies of powerful magicians and lend them his power. Associated with Zurin Arctus, the Underking.

Malacath (God of Curses): Malacath is the reanimated dung that was Trinimac. A somewhat weak but vengeful Daedra, the Dark Elves say he is also Malak, the god-king of the orcs. He always tests the Dunmer for physical weakness.

Malooc (Horde King): An enemy god of the Ra Gada. Led the goblins against the Redguards during the first era. Fled east when the army of the HoonDing overtook his goblin hordes.

Mauloch (Malacath): An Orcish god, Mauloch troubled the heirs of King Harald for a long time. Fled east after his defeat at the Battle of Dragon Wall, ca. 1E660. His rage was said to fill the sky with his sulphurous hatred, later called the "Year of Winter in Summer".
Mara (Goddess of Love): Nearly universal goddess. Origins started in mythic times as a fertility goddess. In Skyrim, Mara is a handmaiden of Kyne. In the Empire, she is Mother-Goddess. She is sometimes associated with Nir of the 'Anuad', the female principle of the cosmos that gave birth to creation. Depending on the religion, she is either married to Akatosh or Lorkhan, or the concubine of both.

Mehrunes Dagon (God of Destruction): Popular Daedric power. He is associated with natural dangers like fire, earthquakes, and floods. In some cultures, though, Dagon is merely a god of bloodshed and betrayal. He is an especially important deity in Morrowind, where he represents its near-inhospitable terrain.

Mephala (Androgyne): Mephala is the Webspinner, or the Spider God. In Morrowind, he/she was the ancestor that taught the Chimer the skills they would need to evade their enemies or to kill them with secret murder. Enemies were numerous in those days since the Chimer were a small faction. He/she, along with Boethiah, organized the clan systems that eventually became the basis for the Great Houses. He/she founded the Morag Tong. Also called the Anticipation of Vivec.

Molag Bal (God of Schemes, King of Rape): Daedric power of much importance in Morrowind. There, he is always the archenemy of Boethiah, the Prince of Plots. He is the main source of the obstacles to the Dunmer (and preceding Chimer) people. In the legends, Molag Bal always tries to upset the bloodlines of Houses or otherwise ruin Dunmeri 'purity'. A race of supermonsters, said to live in Molag Amur, are the result of his seduction of Vivec during the previous era.

Morihaus (First Breath of Man): Ancient cultural hero god of the Cyro-Nordics. Legend portrays him as the Taker of the Citadel, an act of mythic times that established Human control over the Valley Heartland. He is often associated with the Nordic powers of thu'um, and therefore with Kynareth.

Morwha (Teat God): Yokudan fertility goddess. Fundamental deity in the Yokudan pantheon, and the favorite of Tall Papa's wives. Still worshipped in various areas of Hammerfell, including Stros M'kai. Morwha is always portrayed as four-armed, so that she can 'grab more husbands'.

Nerevar (Godkiller): The Chimeri king of Resdayn, the Golden Age of old Veloth. Slain during the Battle of Red Mountain, Nerevar was the Herald of the Triune Way, and is the foremost of the saints of Dunmeri faith. He is said to have killed Dumac, the Last Dwarven King, and feasted on his heart.

Onsi (Boneshaver): Notable warrior god of the Yokudan Ra Gada, Onsi taught Mankind how to pull their knives into swords.

Orkey (Old Knocker): A loan-god of the Nords, who seem to have taken up his worship during Aldmeri rule of Atmora. Nords believe they once lived as long as Elves until Orkey appeared; through heathen trickery, he fooled them into a bargain that 'bound them to the count of winters'. At one time, legends say, Nords only had a lifespan of six years due to Orkey's foul magic. Shor showed up, though, and, through unknown means, removed the curse, throwing most of it onto the nearby Orcs.
Phynaster: Hero-god of the Summerset Isles, who taught the Altmer how to naturally live another hundred years by using a shorter walking stride.

Rajhin (Footpad): Thief god of the Khajiiti, who grew up in the Black Kiergo section of Senchal. The most famous burglar in Elsweyr's history, Rajhin is said to have stolen a tattoo from the neck of Empress Kintyra as she slept.

Reman (The Cyrodiil): Culture god-hero of the Second Empire, Reman was the greatest hero of the Akaviri Trouble. Indeed, he convinced the invaders to help him build his own empire, and conquered all of Tamriel except for Morrowind. He instituted the rites of becoming Emperor, which included the ritual geas to the Amulet of Kings, a soulgem of immense power. His Dynasty was ended by the Dunmeri Morag Tong at the end of the first era. Also called the Worldly God.

Riddle'Thar (Two-Moons Dance): The cosmic order deity of the Khajiiti, the Riddle'Thar was revealed to Elsweyr by the prophet Rid-Than-ri'Datta, the Mane. The Riddle'Thar is more a set of guidelines by which to live than a single entity, but some of his avatars like to appear as humble messengers of the gods. Also known as the Sugar God.

Ruptga (Tall Papa): Chief deity of the Yokudan pantheon. Ruptga, more commonly 'Tall Papa', was the first god to figure out how to survive the Hunger of Satakal. Following his lead, the other gods learned the 'Walkabout', or a process by which they can persist beyond one lifetime. Tall Papa set the stars in the sky to show lesser spirits how to do this, too. When there were too many spirits to keep track of, though, Ruptga created a helper out the dead skin of past worlds. This helper is Sep (see below), who later creates the world of mortals.

Satakal (The Worldskin): Yokudan god of everything. A fusion of the concepts of Anu and Padomay. Basically, Satakal is much like the Nordic Alduin, who destroys one world to begin the next. In Yokudan mythology, Satakal had done (and still does) this many times over, a cycle which prompted the birth of spirits that could survive the transition. These spirits ultimately become the Yokudan pantheon. Popular god of the Alik'r nomads.

Sheogorath (The Mad God): The fearful obeisance of Sheogorath is widespread, and is found in most Tamrielic quarters. Contemporary sources indicate that his roots are in Aldmeri creation stories; therein, he is 'born' when Lorkhan's divine spark is removed. One crucial myth calls him the 'Sithis-shaped hole' of the world.

Sheor (Bad Man): In Bretony, the Bad Man is the source of all strife. He seems to have started as the god of crop failure, but most modern theologians agree that he is a demonized version of the Nordic Shor, born during the dark years after the fall of Saarthal.

Sep (The Snake): Yokudan version of Lorkhan. Sep is born when Tall Papa creates someone to help him regulate the spirit trade. Sep, though, is driven crazy by the hunger of Satakal, and he convinces some of the gods to help him make an easier alternative to the Walkabout. This, of course, is the world as we know it, and the spirits who followed Sep become trapped here, to live out their lives as mortals. Sep is punished by Tall Papa for his transgressions, but his hunger lives on as a void in the stars, a 'non-space' that tries to upset mortal entry into the Far Shores.
Shezarr (God of Man): Cyrodilic version of Lorkhan, whose importance suffers when Akatosh comes to the fore of Imperial (really, Alessian) religion. Shezarr was the spirit behind all human undertaking, especially against Aldmeri aggression. He is sometimes associated with the founding of the first Cyrodilic battlemages. In the present age of racial tolerance, Shezarr is all but forgotten.

Shor (God of the Underworld): Nordic version of Lorkhan, who takes sides with Men after the creation of the world. Foreign gods (i.e., Elven ones) conspire against him and bring about his defeat, dooming him to the underworld. Atmoran myths depict him as a bloodthirsty warrior king who leads the Nords to victory over their Aldmeri oppressors time and again. Before his doom, Shor was the chief of the gods. Sometimes also called Children's God (see Orkey, above).

Sotha Sil (Mystery of Morrowind): God of the Dunmer, Sotha Sil is the least known of the divine Tribunal. He is said to be reshaping the world from his hidden, clockwork city.

Stendarr (God of Mercy): God of the Nine Divines, Stendarr has evolved from his Nordic origins into a deity of compassion or, sometimes, righteous rule. He is said to have accompanied Tiber Septim in his later years. In early Altmeri legends, Stendarr is the apologist of Men.

Stuhn (God of Ransom): Nordic precursor to Stendarr, brother of Tsun. Shield-thane of Shor, Stuhn was a warrior god that fought against the Aldmeri pantheon. He showed Men how to take, and the benefits of taking, prisoners of war.

Syrabane (Warlock's God): An Aldmeri god-ancestor of magic, Syrabane aided Bendu Olo in the Fall of the Sload. Through judicious use of his magical ring, Syrabane saved many from the scourge of the Thrassian Plague. He is also called the Apprentices' God, for he is a favorite of the younger members of the Mages Guild.

Tava (Bird God): Yokudan spirit of the air. Tava is most famous for leading the Yokudans to the isle of Herne after the destruction of their homeland. She has since become assimilated into the mythology of Kynareth. She is still very popular in Hammerfell among sailors, and her shrines can be found in most port cities.

Tiber Septim (Talos, the Dragonborn): Heir to the Seat of Sundered Kings, Tiber Septim is the most important hero-god of Mankind. He conquered all of Tamriel and ushered in the Third Era (and the Third Empire). Also called Ysmir, 'Dragon of the North'.

Trinimac: Strong god of the early Aldmer, in some places more popular than Auri-El. He was a warrior spirit of the original Elven tribes that led armies against the Men. Boethiah is said to have assumed his shape (in some stories, he even eats Trinimac) so that he could convince a throng of Aldmer to listen to him, which led to their eventual Chimeri conversion. He vanishes from the mythic stage after this, to return as the dread Malacath (Altmeri propaganda portrays this as the dangers of Dunmeri influence).

Tsun: Extinct Nordic god of trials against adversity. Died defending Shor from foreign gods.

Tu'whacca (Tricky God): Yokudan god of souls. Tu'whacca, before the creation of the world, was the god of Nobody Really Cares. When Tall Papa undertook the creation of the
Walkabout, Tu'whacca found a purpose; he became the caretaker of the Far Shores, and continues to help Redguards find their way into the afterlife. His cult is sometimes associated with Arkay in the more cosmopolitan regions of Hammerfell.

Vivec (Master of Morrowind): Warrior-poet god of the Dunmer. Vivec is the invisible keeper of the holy land, ever vigilant against the dark gods of the Volcano. He/she has saved the Dunmeri people from certain death on numerous occasions, most notably when he/she taught them how to breathe water for a day so that he/she could flood Morrowind and kill the Akaviri invaders, ca. 2E572.

Xarxes: Xarxes is the god of ancestry and secret knowledge. He began as a scribe to Auri-El, and has kept track of all Aldmeri accomplishments, large and small, since the beginning of time. He created his wife, Oghma, from his favorite moments in history.

Y'ffre (God of the Forest): Most important deity of the Bosmeri pantheon. While Auri-El Time Dragon might be the king of the gods, the Bosmer revere Y'ffre as the spirit of 'the now'. According to the Wood Elves, after the creation of the mortal plane everything was in chaos. The first mortals were turning into plants and animals and back again. Then Y'ffre transformed himself into the first of the Ehlnofey, or 'Earth Bones'. After these laws of nature were established, mortals had a semblance of safety in the new world, because they could finally understand it. Y'ffre is sometimes called the Storyteller, for the lessons he taught the first Bosmer. Some Bosmer still possess the knowledge of the chaos times, which they can use to great effect (the Wild Hunt).

Ysmir (Dragon of the North): The Nordic aspect of Talos. He withstood the power of the Greybeards' voices long enough to hear their prophecy. Later, many Nords could not look on him without seeing a dragon.

Z'en (God of Toil): Bosmeri god of payment in kind. Studies indicate origins in both Argonian and Akaviri mythologies, perhaps introduced into Valenwood by Kothringi sailors. Ostensibly an agriculture deity, Z'en sometimes proves to be an entity of a much higher cosmic order. His worship died out shortly after the Knhaten Flu.

Zeht (God of Farms): Yokudan god of agriculture. Renounced his father after the world was created, which is why Tall Papa makes it so hard to grow food.

Zenithar (God of Work and Commerce, Trader God): Member of the Nine Divines, Zenithar is understandably associated with Z'en. In the Empire, however, he is a far more cultivated god of merchants and middle nobility. His worshippers say, despite his mysterious origins, Zenithar is the god 'that will always win'.
[221] Vernaccus and Bourlor*

See vol. I.
Who is ALMSIVI?

Morrowind is holy country, and its gods are flesh and blood. Collectively, these gods are called the Tribunal, the triune ALMSIVI, three deities exemplifying Dunmeri virtues. Almalexia is Mercy, Vivec is Mastery, and Sotha Sil is Mystery. Vivec is easily the most popular of them all. Vivec is also the most public, for he is the beloved Warrior-Poet of the True People, paradoxically beautiful and bloody. Vivec is an artistic violence. Vivec is represented in Temple literature and liturgy as one of the divine kings of Morrowind. He guards the sacred Velothi subcontinent of Vvardenfell, and stands guard over Red Mountain, the gate to hell. He is part of the holy Tribunal, a god of the New Temple, and an aspect of the blessed and righteous ALMSIVI.

This explicit presentation of Vivec the Guardian God-King and Warrior-Poet is the one most accessible and familiar to Westerners. However, it is important to remember that Vivec is also known to the Dunmer as the transcendent evolution of the daedra that anticipated him, Black Hands Mephala, a foundation figure of the earliest Chimer. This darker side of Vivec does not appear in the popular literature and liturgy, but is instinctively understood and accepted by the Dunmer as an integral part of Vivec's divine aspect. A more complete appreciation of the complex nature of Vivec requires an understanding of the nature of Vivec's Anticipation, Mephala, and the darker themes represented by this Daedra Lord's modes and motivations.

Who is Mephala?

Each of the three Tribunes of the Temple were represented in the dawn of Chimeri culture by their Anticipations. These Anticipations are known to the West as the sinister Daedra Lords Azura, Boethiah, and Mephala. In Temple theology, however, Azura is the Anticipation of Sotha Sil, the Mage-Lord of Almsivi. Boethiah is the Anticipation of Almalexia, Almsivi's Mother and Lady. Mephala is the Anticipation of Vivec. According to legend, under the guidance of these three Daedra Lords, a discontented throng of Altmer transformed themselves into a new people and founded a new land. And while Boethiah, the so-called Prince of Plots, provided the revolutionary methods needed to bring about this transformation, Mephala was the shadowy implementer of those methods.

As known in the West, Mephala is the demon of murder, sex, and secrets. All of these themes contain subtle aspects and violent ones (assassination/genocide, courtship/orgy, tact/poetic truths); Mephala is understood paradoxically to contain and integrate these contradictory themes. And all these subtle undercurrents and contradictions are present in the Dunmer concepts of Vivec, even if they are not explicitly described and explained in Temple doctrine.

The Dunmer do not envision Lord Vivec as a creature of murder, sex, and secrets. Rather, they conceive of Lord Vivec as benevolent king, guardian warrior, poet-artist. But, at the same time, unconsciously, they accept the notion of darker, hidden currents beneath Vivec's benevolent aspects.
For example, one of the most striking persistent myths associated with Vivec is the story that Vivec conspired with his co-rulers Almalexia and Sotha Sil in the murder of Lord Nerevar, the greatest of Dunmer heroes and generals. The story is derived from Ashlander oral tradition, and is flatly contradicted by all Temple traditions. Nonetheless, the tale is firmly established in the Dunmer imagination, as if to say, "Of course Vivec would never have conspired to murder Lord Nerevar, but it happened so long ago... who can know the truth?"

The public face of Vivec is benign, sensitive, compassionate, and protective of his followers. At the same time, the Dunmer seem irrationally comfortable with the hidden aspects of Vivec, the darker components of violence, lust, and conspiracy associated the more primitive and ruthless impulses of the Anticipations.
The War of the First Council was a First Age religious conflict between the secular Dunmer Houses Dwemer and Dagoth and the orthodox Dunmer Houses Indoril, Redoran, Dres, Hlaalu, and Telvanni. The First Council was the first pan-Dunmer governing body, which collapsed over disputes about sorceries and enchantments practiced by the Dwemer and declared profane by the other Houses.

The Secular Houses, less numerous, but politically and magically more advanced, and aided by Nord and Orc clans drawn by promise of land and booty, initially campaigned with great success in the north of Morrowind, and occupied much of the land now comprising Redoran, Vvardenfell, and Telvanni District. The Orthodox Houses, widely dispersed and poorly organized, suffered defeat after defeat until Nerevar was made general of all House troops and levies.

Nerevar secured the aid of nomad barbarian tribesmen, and contrived to force a major battle at the Secular stronghold of Red Mountain on Vvardenfell. The Secular forces were outmaneuvered and defeated with the help of Ashlander scouts, and the survivors forced to take refuge in the Dwemer stronghold at Red Mountain.

After a brief siege, treason permitted Nerevar and his troops to enter the stronghold, where the Secular leaders were slain, and Nerevar mortally wounded. General slaughter followed, and Houses Dwemer and Dagoth were exterminated. Nerevar died shortly thereafter of his wounds.

Three of Nerevar's associates among the Orthodox Houses, Vivec, Almalexia, and Sotha Sil, succeeded to control of the re-created First Council, re-named the Grand Council of Morrowind, and went on to be come the god-kings and immortal rulers of Morrowind known as the Tribunal, or Almsivi.
[224] The Warrior's Charge*

See vol. I.
[225] The Waters of Oblivion*

See vol. I.
[226] Where Were You When the Dragon Broke?

Where were you when the Dragon Broke?

Corax, Cyrodiil, Elder Council:

"No one understands what happened when the Selectives danced on that tower. It would be easy to dismiss the whole matter as nonsense were it not for the Amulet of Kings. Even the Elder Scrolls do not mention it -- let me correct myself, the Elder Scrolls cannot mention it. When the Moth priests attune the Scrolls to the timeless time their glyphs always disappear. The Amulet of Kings, however, with its oversoul of emperors, can speak of it at length. According to Hestra, Cyrodiil became an Empire across the stars. According to Shor-El, Cyrodiil became an egg. Most say something in a language they can only speak sideways. The Council has collected texts and accounts from all of its provinces, and they only offer stories that never coincide, save on one point: all the folk of Tamriel during the Middle Dawn, in whatever 'when' they were caught in, tracked the fall of the eight stars. And that is how they counted their days."

Mehra Nabisi, Dunmer, Triune Mistress of the New Temple:

"Accounts of the Middle Dawn are the province of the Empire of Men, and proof of the deceit that call themselves the Aedra. Eight stars fell on Tamriel, one for each iniquity that Lorkhan made clear to the world. Veloth read these signs, and he told Boethiah, who confirmed them, and he told Mephala, who made wards against them, and he told Azura, who sent ALMSIVI to steer the True Folk clear of harm. Even the Four Corners of the House of Troubles rose to protect the periphery of your madness. We watched our borders and saw them shift like snakes, and saw you run around in it like the spirits of old, devoid of math, without your if-thens, succumbing to the Ever Now like slaves of the slim folly, stasis. Do not ask us where we were when the Dragon Broke, for, of all the world, only we truly know, and we might just show you how to break it again."

R'leyt-harhr, Khajiit, Tender to the Mane:

"Do you mean, where were the Khajiit when the Dragon Broke? R'leyt tells you where: recording it. 'One thousand eight years,' you've heard it. You think the Cyro-Nordics came up with that all on their own. You humans are better thieves than even Rajhin! While you were fighting wars with phantoms and giving birth to your own fathers, it was the Mane that watched the ja-Kha'jay, because the moons were the only constant, and you didn't have the sugar to see it. We'll give you credit: you broke Alkosh something fierce, and that's not easy. Just don't think you solved what you accomplished by it, or can ever solve it. You did it again with Big Walker, not once, but twice! Once at Rimmen, which we'll never learn to live with. The second time it was in Daggerfall, or was it Sentinel, or was it Wayrest, or was it in all three places at once? Get me, Cyrodiil? When will you wake up and realize what really happened to the Dwarves?"
Mannimarco, God of Worms, the Necromancers:

"The Three Thieves of Morrowind could tell you where they were. So could the High King of Alinor, who was the one who broke it in the first place. There are others on this earth that could, too: Ysmir, Pelinal, Arnand the Fox or should I say Arctus? The Last Dwarf would talk, if they would let him. As for myself, I was here and there and here again, like the rest of the mortals during the Dragon Break. How do you think I learned my mystery? The Maruhkati Selectives showed us all the glories of the Dawn so that we might learn, simply: as above, so below."
[227] Withershins*

See vol. I.
[228] The Wolf Queen*

See vol. I.
Ahnissi tells you. You are no longer a mewing kitten and you have learned to keep secrets from Ahnissi, and so Ahnissi tells you.

In the beginning there were two littermates, Ahnurr and Fadomai. After many phases, Fadomai said to Ahnurr, "Let us wed and make children to share our happiness."

And they gave birth to Alkosh, the First Cat. And Ahnurr said, "Alkosh, we give you Time, for what is as fast or as slow as a cat?"

And they gave birth to Khenarthi, the Winds. "Khenarthi, to you we give the sky, for what can fly higher than the wind?"

And they gave birth to Magrus, the Cat's Eye. "Magrus, to you we give the sun, for what is brighter than the eye of a cat?"

And they gave birth to Mara, the Mother Cat. "Mara, you are love, for what is more loving than a mother?"

And they gave birth to S'rendarr, the Runt. "S'rendarr, we give you mercy, for how does a runt survive, except by mercy?"

And many phases passed and Ahnurr and Fadomai were happy.

And Ahnurr said, "We should have more children to share our happiness." And Fadomai agreed. And she gave birth to Hermorah. And she gave birth to Hircine. And she gave birth to Merrunz and Mafala and Sangiin and Sheggorath and many others.

And Fadomai said:

"Hermorah, you are the Tides, for who can say whether the moons predict the tides or the tides predict the moons?"

"Hircine, you are the Hungry Cat, for what hunts better than a cat with an empty belly?"

"Merrunz, you are the Ja'Khajiit, for what is more destructive than a kitten?"

"Mafala, you are the Clan Mother, for what is more secretive than the ways of the Clan Mothers?"

"Sangiin, you are the Blood Cat, for who can control the urges of blood?"

"Sheggorath, you are the Skooma Cat, for what is crazier than a cat on skooma?"
And Ahnurr said, "Two litters is enough, for too many children will steal our happiness."

But Khenarthi went to Fadomai and said, "Fadomai-mother, Khenarthi grows lonely so high above the world where not even my brother Alkosh can fly." Fadomai took pity on her and tricked Ahnurr to make her pregnant again.

And Fadomai gave birth to the Moons and their Motions. And she gave birth to Nirni, the majestic sands and lush forests. And she gave birth to Azurah, the dusk and the dawn.

And from the beginning, Nirni and Azurah fought for their mother's favor.

Ahnurr caught Fadomai while she was still birthing, and he was angry. Ahnurr struck Fadomai and she fled to birth the last of her litter far away in the Great Darkness. Fadomai's children heard what had happened, and they all came to be with her and protect her from Ahnurr's anger.

And Fadomai gave birth to Lorkhaj, the last of her litter, in the Great Darkness. And the Heart of Lorkhaj was filled with the Great Darkness. And when he was born, the Great Darkness knew its name and it was Namiira.

And Fadomai knew her time was near. Fadomai said:

"Ja-Kha'jay, to you Fadomai gives the Lattice, for what is steadier than the phases of the moons? Your eternal motions will protect us from Ahnurr's anger." And the moons left to take their place in the heavens. And Ahnurr growled and shook the Great Darkness, but he could not cross the Lattice.

And Fadomai said:

"Nirni, to you Fadomai leaves her greatest gift. You will give birth to many people as Fadomai gave birth today." When Nirni saw that Azurah had nothing, Nirni left smiling.

And all Fadomai's children left except Azurah. And Fadomai said, "To you, my favored daughter, Fadomai leaves her greatest gift. To you Fadomai leaves her secrets." And Fadomai told her favored daughter three things.

And Fadomai said, "When Nirni is filled with her children, take one of them and change them. Make the fastest, cleverest, most beautiful people, and call them Khajiit."

And Fadomai said, "The Khajiit must be the best climbers, for if Masser and Secunda fail, they must climb Khenarthi's breath to set the moons back in their courses."

And Fadomai said, "The Khajiit must be the best deceivers, for they must always hide their nature from the children of Ahnurr."

And Fadomai said, "The Khajiit must be the best survivors, for Nirni will be jealous, and she will make the sands harsh and the forests unforgiving, and the Khajiit will always be hungry and at war with Nirni."

And with these words, Fadomai died.
After many phases, Nirni came to Lorkhaj and said, "Lorkhaj, Fadomai told me to give birth to many children, but there is no place for them."

And Lorkhaj said, "Lorkhaj makes a place for children and Lorkhaj puts you there so you can give birth." But the Heart of Lorkhaj was filled with the Great Darkness, and Lorkhaj tricked his siblings so that they were forced into this new place with Nirni. And many of Fadomai's children escaped and became the stars. And many of Fadomai's children died to make Nirni's path stable. And the survivors stayed and punished Lorkhaj.

The children of Fadomai tore out the Heart of Lorkhaj and hid it deep within Nirni. And they said, "We curse you, noisy Lorkhaj, to walk Nirni for many phases."

But Nirni soon forgave Lorkhaj for Nirni could make children. And she filled herself with children, but cried because her favorite children, the forest people, did not know their shape.

And Azurah came to her and said, "Poor Nirni, stop your tears. Azurah makes for you a gift of a new people." Nirni stopped weeping, and Azurah spoke the First Secret to the Moons and they parted and let Azurah pass. And Azurah took some forest people who were torn between man and beast, and she placed them in the best desserts and forests on Nirni. And Azurah in her wisdom made them of many shapes, one for every purpose. And Azurah named them Khajiit and told them her Second Secret and taught them the value of secrets. And Azurah bound the new Khajiit to the Lunar Lattice, as is proper for Nirni's secret defenders. Then Azurah spoke the Third Secret, and the Moons shone down on the marshes and their light became sugar.

But Y'ffer heard the First Secret and snuck in behind Azurah. And Y'ffer could not appreciate secrets, and he told Nirni of Azurah's trick. So Nirni made the deserts hot and the sands biting. And Nirni made the forests wet and filled with poisons. And Nirni thanked Y'ffer and let him change the forest people also. And Y'ffer did not have Azurah's subtle wisdom, so Y'ffer made the forest people Elves always and never beasts. And Y'ffer named them Bosmer. And from that moment they were no longer in the same litter as the Khajiit.

And because Y'ffer had no appreciation for secrets, he shouted the First Secret across all the heavens with his last breath so that all of Fadomai's children could cross the Lattice. But Azurah, in her wisdom, closed the ears of angry Ahnurr and noisy Lorkhaj so they alone did not hear the word.
May I shrink to dust
In your cold, wild Wastes,
And may my tongue speak
Its last hymn to your winds.

I pray for the herder
That whistles to his guar at play.
I pray for the hunter
That stalks the white walkers.
I pray for the wise one
That seeks under the hill,
And the wife who wishes
For one last touch of her dead child's hand.

I will not pray for that which I've lost
When my heart springs forth
From your soil, like a seed,
And blossoms anew beneath tomorrow's sun.
"The poets are right. There is something life-changing about being in love," said Kepkajna gra-Minfang, sometimes called the Wraith. "I haven't wanted to rob anyone or anything in weeks. Why, the other day, I saw the door wide open at a wealthy merchant's house, but my mind was fully occupied with what I should wear on my wedding day."

"You have been out of the right society for very long now," frowned her friend Khargol approvingly. "You never told me what happened to your first husband, you know, the one the shaman gave you?"

"Torn apart by ash ghouls," smiled Kepkajna dreamily. "It was rather saddish. But I know nothing like that would happen to Wodworg. No life of adventure for him. He's practically an Imperial. In fact, he is one. Did I tell you how we met?"

"Hundreds of times," grumbled Khargol, reaching for his flagon. "He was your jailer, and he refused you food until you promised to marry him."

"Have you ever heard of anything so madly romantic in all your life?" sighed Kepkajna, and then grew serious. "I was going to say that I hope my old friends will wish me well, but as Old Bosriel used to say, there's no point in hoping for what cannot be. We'll leave with the Imperial Knights for Balmora immediately after the wedding, but as long as we're in Dagon Fel, the gang will find some way of disrupting my love life and bring me back to the light. I know it."

As the days approached towards the Wraith's wedding day, there was certainly something sinister in the air that Kepkajna could smell when she was not transported by heady bliss. Dark figures seemed to shift in the shadows and disappear when approached. She recognized the clothing of some beggars near Wodworg's cottage as costumes, but the mendicants hurried away before she could recognize which of her old gang was stalking her.

But these moments of apprehension were few. Kepkajna was truly happy, making arrangements for the ceremony to be performed at the very dungeon where Wodworg had imprisoned her. Her father was long since dead -- another victim of the ash ghouls -- but her fiance's commander volunteered to act in his behalf. Of course, Kepkajna had to supply her own dowry. She spent every last mark of her savings of ill-gotten gain to buy her beloved a truly wonderful present.

The wedding was set for the stroke of midnight, as is Orc tradition. The handmaidens, wives of Imperial officers, were busily sewing her into her gown of red velvet and fine gold filigree in the mid-morning. Dolcetta, one of the handmaidens, remarked that she had heard that Kepkajna had bought Wodworg a truly beautiful gift for her dowry.
"Let me show it to you," Kepkajna giggled, dashing from the room half-dressed to her hidden alcove. The present had been stolen.

The women were horrified, but the Wraith found herself merely irritated, not surprised. This was truly the old gang's style. They knew that a wedding ceremony without a dowry was marked as unlucky. She asked her handmaidens to finish dressing her quickly while she pondered what the burglars would have done with her treasure.

The whole region was honeycombed with secret lairs and abandoned sites thieves used to store their loot. There were obvious places, of course, but after much reflection, she thought of where she would have put it under similar circumstances. Once the handmaids had finished, Kepkajna bade them to make certain that the ceremony went on as scheduled, and not to fret as she might be a little late. She wrapped herself in a shawl to protect her gown from dungeon dust and set off for the Shrine of Malacath.

The Wraith had never before attempted to rob her own friends, and though she was peeved at them for trying to ruin her happiness, she had no interest in hurting them physically. Her style was to avoid conflict, though she knew it would be inevitable. The lessons her mentor Khargol had given her had helped her avoid the lances and blades of guards and Imperial Knights over the years: now she would see if they would allow her to survive a den of thieves and the unknown dangers of the Shrine. Without, most importantly, ruining her dress.

The desolate place was so empty as she delved into it that she feared she might have made a miscalculation. It was not until she found the small room hidden down a long corridor that she knew she was at the right place, and that it was well suited for an ambush. She grabbed the chest with her treasure within, and turned to face the assault.

Two of her old gang, Yorum and Yohr-i the Redguard twin brother and sister, were outside the door as she came from the room. They knew the Wraith better than to taunt her and immediately attacked. Yorum struck out with a left thrust of his blade while Yohr-i sought to rush her. The Wraith neatly sidestepped Yohr-i, while dropping her weight to her rear left leg, shifting her right shoulder to the left to slip past Yorum's strike. The twins crashed into one another and Kepkajna passed swiftly on.

Almost immediately, she was set on by the Argonian Binyaar, his mace whistling through the air at her head. They had never much liked one another. The Wraith snapped into a duck, so the mace whacked with a tremendous clamor against the stone wall. Binyaar was thrown off balance, giving her a few seconds lead hurrying up the passage. Ahead she could smell the fresh night air.

The last of her dowry's defenders was Sorogth, an Orc with whom she had shared a brief romance. It was he who Kepkajna knew had masterminded the theft. In a way and in context, she thought, his devotion to her misery was rather sweet. At the moment, though, she was most concerned with avoiding his barbed ax that seemed ideal for breaking her dress's fine stitchwork and the flesh beneath.

Bending her knees slightly, bobbing to avoid strikes to the head, weaving her head to confuse Sorogth of her next move, shuffling her feet arrhythmically, the Wraith made an impossible target. She ducked inside his thrusts, sidestepped his swings, and then sidestepped his thrusts,
and ducked his swings. As erratic as she tried to make her defensive moves, Sorogth still kept pace with her, refusing to budge from his position at the dungeon outlet.

Midnight was coming, and the Wraith finally decided that she must end the confrontation. When Sorogth swung out next, she sidestepped to her left, swayed down, and ducked her head, so the ax whistled over her right shoulder. In that instant, his right side was exposed, and she reluctantly smashed the chest hard into his torso. There was not enough time for Kepkajna to see if she had killed him or merely knocked him unconscious. In truth, she thought of nothing else but rushing to her wedding ceremony.

At precisely midnight, Wodworg and Kepkajna were united together. He was delighted with her dowry gift, a fine suit of armor that would make him the envy of other Imperial jailers. Even more, he was enchanted by his wife's tale of retrieving it from the Shrine of Malacath.

"Did it occur to you to put on the armor when you knew that it was an ambush?" he asked.

"I didn't want to dent your present," she replied, between kisses. "And I certainly didn't want to wrinkle my gown."
[232] Writs of Execution

[232.1] Honorable Writs of Execution

[232.1.1] Odaishah Yasalmibaal

Odaishah Yasalmibaal

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.2] Feruren Oran

Feruren Oran

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.1.3] Toris Saren

Toris Saren

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.4] Sarayn Sadus

Sarayn Sadus

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.1.5] Idroso Vendu & Ethal Seloth

Idroso Vendu & Ethal Seloth

The afore-mentioned have been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personages.

[232.1.6] Guril Retheran

Guril Retheran

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.1.7] Galasa Uvayn

Galasa Uvayn

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.8] Mavon Drenim

Mavon Drenim

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.1.9] Tirer Belvayn

Tirer Belvayn

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.10] Mathyn Bemis

Mathyn Bemis

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.1.11] Brilnosu Llarys

Brilnosu Llarys

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.12] Navil and Ranis Ienith

Navil and Ranis Ienith

The afore-mentioned have been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personages.
[232.1.13] Larrius Varro

Larrius Varro

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.14] Baladas Demnevanni

Baladas Demnevanni

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.1.15] Dram Bero

Dram Bero

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.1.16] Mistress Therana

Mistress Therana

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in accordance to the lawful tradition and practice of the Morag Tong Guild. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
[232.2] Royal Writs of Execution

[232.2.1] Forven Berano

Forven Berano

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in the name of King Hlaalu Helseth. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.2.2] Hloggar the Bloody

Hloggar the Bloody

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in the name of King Hlaalu Helseth. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.

[232.2.3] Bedal Alen

Bedal Alen

The afore-mentioned personage has been marked for honorable execution in the name of King Hlaalu Helseth. The Bearer of this non-disputable document has official sanctioned license to kill the afore-mentioned personage.
The Yellow Book of Riddles

For earnest pleasure, and the strengthening of the mind, the author here collects all that he has learned of the art of riddling, by dint of diligent study, and through years of discourse with others of similar inclination.

[[The posing and puzzling of riddles is a convention of polite aristocratic Western society. Nobles and social aspirants collect books of riddles and study them, hoping thereby to increase the chances of their appearing sly and witty in conversation.]]

A metal neither black nor red
As heavy as man's golden greed
What you do to stay ahead
With friend or arrow or steed

dael :rewsnA ehT

A man says, "If you lie to me I will slay you with my sword. If you tell me the truth, I will slay you with a spell." What must you say to stay alive?

drows a htiw em yals lliw uoY :rewsnA ehT

A Bosmer, was slain. The Altmer claims the Dunmer is guilty. The Dunmer says the Khajiit did it. The Orc swears he didn't kill the Bosmer. The Khajiit says the Dunmer is lying. If only one of these speaks the truth, who killed the Bosmer?

crO ehT :rewsnA ehT
[234] Yellow Book of Great House Hlaalu

Yellow Book of Great House Hlaalu

Councilors of House Hlaalu
Vvardenfell District
Imperial Era 426

Mistress Velanda Omani, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Hlaalu Council, Vvardenfell District, Free Trader, Lord of Omani Plantation, Elmas Island, East Vivec, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Dram Bero, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Hlaalu Council, Vvardenfell District, Free Trader, Gentleman of No Fixed Residence, Vivec, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Crassius Curio, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Hlaalu Council, Vvardenfell District, Free Trader, Curio Manor, Hlaalu Compound, Vivec, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Master Yngling Half-Troll , by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Hlaalu Council, Vvardenfell District, Free Trader, Yngling Manor, Canton of St. Olms, Vivec, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Mistress Nevena Ules, by Grace of Almsivi, Honored Councilor of Hlaalu Council, Vvardenfell District, Free Trader, Ules Manor, Suran, Ascadian Isles, Bal Ur, District of Vvardenfell, Province of Morrowind

Council Affairs of Note

King Hlaalu Athyn Llethan, High Councilor and Lord of Morrowind, grants relief to merchants complaining of high tariffs on imported alcoholic beverages.

The council is pleased to report a reduction in the incidence of theft and violent crime in the Hlaalu House Districts, thanks to the vigilance of the Legions and stern sentences by the magistrates. The council laments the unfortunate disturbances of the public peace resulting from the increasingly aggressive competition between the Thieves Guild and the Camonna Tong for control of the black markets.

A minor tax revolt in Balmora was suppressed without undue harm to life and property. The council sent deputations to the Duke to express their concerns over the high tax rates and the injurious effect of high tariffs on trade.
The Ashlanders are the direct descendants of the Aldmeri peoples who followed the Prophet Veloth into the lands we now call Morrowind. The Ashlanders retain the modest nomadic life and simple ancestor worship of their forebears, and despise the soft lives and decadent worships of the settled Great House Dunmer cultures. The Wastes are harsh and unforgiving, and we are a hard people. But there is a beauty and honor in our simple lives, and the snobs of the Temple and Great Houses are fools to dismiss us as crude savages.

Ashlanders and foreigners

Most Ashlanders wish all foreigners and their false gods could be driven from Morrowind. At very least, Ashlanders wish the foreign devils would leave them in peace. Ashlanders think it shameful to attack unarmed persons, but they will kill without hesitation an armed person who offends them or their clan laws. No Ashlander is fool enough to make war against the Empire. However, if such a war might be won, many Ashlanders might cheerfully give their lives to win such a war.

Ashlander courtesy

Ashlanders may challenge a stranger who enters a yurt without invitation. Customs differ with different tribes, but leave when requested, and you may be forgiven. Be particularly careful about ashkhans -- tribal chiefs -- and wise women -- tribal seers and counselors. Some are welcoming, some are hostile. Be courteous, and leave if requested. If offended, they may attack.

Ashlander challenges

When challenged for sport, it is acceptable to decline. When challenged for honor, it is shameful to decline. Honor challenges come from offense given in speech or action, or may represent customary formal challenges of status or ritual.

Ashlander worship

All Ashlanders in a tribe, young and small, are born into the Ancestor cult of their clan. The Nerevarine cult is different, though; it is a very small cult, with only a few wise women with the gift of prophecy, and a few holy warrior-heroes who guard and protect the seers. Sul-Matuul, Ashkhan of the Urshilaku, is the Warrior-Protector of the cult, and Nibani Maesa, also of the Urshilaku, is the Oracle-Seer of the cult.
Nerevarine cult

They worship the Great Ashkhan and Hortator, Nerevar Moon-and-Star, who in ages past destroyed the evil, godless dwarves and banished the treacherous Dagoth Ur and his foul hosts beneath Red Mountain. The cult is of small consequence in Ashlander worship, and only among the Urshilaku do its followers have any influence. Others Ashlanders tribes share the sentiments of the cult, but regard the Nerevarine prophecies with suspicion and skepticism.

Nerevarine prophecies

It is said that prophecies foretell the return of a reincarnated Nerevar, who shall drive the foreigners from the Ashlands and who shall cast down the false gods of the Temple, and restore the true worships of the Ancestors. It is a dream that would appeal to every Ashlander, but many Ashlanders think it is a silly ancient legend, and little more.

The Urshilaku Ashlanders

The Urshilaku are the Ashlanders of the northern Ashlands and the West Gash, in the northwest of Vvardenfell. Ashkhan Sul-Matuul is their chief, a brave and respected war leader, and Warrior-Protector of the Nerevarine cult. Nibani Maesa is their wise woman, a deep and shrewd counselor, and seer of the Nerevarine cult. The Urshilaku camp moves with the herds, but usually lies close to the Sea of Ghosts, north of the village of Maar Gan, on the northern coast of the northern Ashlands.
I. Names, Places, Titles, etc.

A

Abbey of St. Delyn the Wise · 156
Abernant · 96
Acques, Frelene · 238
Afra · 389-390, 392-394, 398, 400-401, 403-404
Adamantium · 235-236
Ada'Soom Dir-Kamal · 16
Addhiranir · 258
Adjacent Place · 550, 552, 558
AE ALTADOON · 519, 524, 545
AE ALTADOON GHARTOK
PADHOME · 524
AE GHARTOK PADHOME [CHIM] AE
ALTADOON · 530
Aedra · 2, 11, 69, 131, 260, 263-264, 542, 573, 595
Aegilief · 497, 501
Aetherius · 261
Aevar · 488
Agnes · 292
Ahemmusa · 158-159, 602
Ahnia · 309
Ahnissi · 599
Ahnurr · 599-601
Ahzini · 314
Aizynt · 195, 354
Ajira · 130, 268
Ak · 260
Akatosh · 131, 135, 260-261, 263, 423, 581-582, 585, 587
Akavir · 269, 390
Akaviri · 16, 179, 586, 588
Akel · 260
Akrash · 205
Akulakhan · 90-91, 93
Alarum · 44-45
Albion-Gora · 170
Alcaille · 16, 18
Alchemist · 8-9, 39, 59, 61, 148, 480
Ald Aldmeris · 112
Ald Redaynia · 59-61, 158, 161
Ald Sotha · 157-158, 164
Ald Veloth · 132, 160-161
Ald Velothi · 132, 161
Aldmeri · 69, 260-262, 582-588, 617
Aldmeris · 107, 111
Alduin · 581-582, 586
Alembic · 102, 164
Ali · 497, 501
Alinor · 17, 77
Alksah · 581-582, 595, 599-600
Almalexia · 16, 28, 62, 85, 91-92, 120, 146, 166, 202, 272-273, 276, 380, 389, 402, 406, 431, 511, 515, 581-582, 590-592
Almoner · 132
Almsivi · 36, 47-48, 85, 120, 153, 239, 379, 420, 431, 434, 590, 592, 616
Almsivi Restoration · 85
Alof · 374
ALTADOON DUNMERI · 567
Altar of Thrond · 325
Altmer · 12, 14, 69, 107, 353, 472, 513, 554, 556, 582, 586, 590, 615
Altmeri · 11, 106, 264, 582, 587
Altmora · 265, 582
Amaya · 130, 310, 374
Amigilit · 76
Amulet of Kings · 586, 595
Anaquinine · 582, 584
Anara · 172, 174-177
Anarion, Quarde · 477
Ancestor Ghost · 216
Ancestor Worship · 11-12, 276, 335, 410, 472, 617
Anchard · 107
Andarysis, Goren · 149
Andas · 169-170
Androgyn · 585
Andus, Llovyn · 97
Anequina · 123
INDEX

Aner · 398
Angaredhel · 64, 152
Angel · 566
Angria · 326
Anhar · 82
Ani · 497, 501
Animunculi · 106, 115
Antabolis, Hashpat · 165, 228
Anticipation of Almalexia · 14, 583, 590
Anticipation of Sotha Sil · 14, 582, 590
Anticipation of Vivec · 14, 585, 590
Anticipations · 14, 120, 556, 590-591
Antoinette · 282
Anu · 260-261, 264-265, 566, 582, 586
Anuad · 13, 585
Anui-El · 260, 264, 582
Anzione, Claudius · 497, 501
Apographe · 30, 202, 247, 272, 307, 409, 470
Apthorne · 603
Arabhi · 314
Ararol · 85, 239
Arch · 225, 307
Archcanon · 120, 155, 233, 307-308, 410, 432
Archmage · 568
Arch-Mage · 225
Archmagister · 56, 159, 417
Arch-Priest · 307
Arctus, Zurin · 17-18, 584
Arelith, Bildren · 296, 300, 345
Aren, Aleri · 289
Arena · 155
Areti, Gals · 153
Argonia · 90, 157
Argonian · 3, 12, 106, 172, 175-177, 195, 239, 249, 253, 258, 311, 353, 356, 581, 588, 604
Arkay · 19, 131, 261, 353, 581-582, 588
Armistice · 12, 17
Armand the Fox · 596
Arnesian War · 239
Arnie the Scrib · 168
Arnyle · 382
Arobar, Miner · 149, 420
Arrille · 346, 493
Arruntius, Martyrius · 82
Artaeum · 123, 169, 261, 350
Artifact · 17, 24, 72, 77, 92, 160, 202, 224, 266, 285, 377-379, 415, 492
Artorius, Trebonius · 225
Arvel Manor · 97, 99
Arvel, Rovone · 97, 99, 362
Aryon · 3, 56, 159, 230, 266-267, 324
Ascadian Isles · 8-9, 97, 156-158, 362, 473, 616
Ascended Sleeper · 92
Asciele, Jusole · 82
Ash Ghoul · 603
Ash Mask · 375
Ash Pit · 11
Ash Vampire · 92, 216, 247, 377, 379, 473-474, 579
Ashalmawia · 164
Ashkhan · 128, 277, 415, 417, 617-618
Ashlands · 8, 22, 157-158, 160, 173, 212, 353, 420, 618
Ashlands Management Fund · 212
Assarnibibi · 160
Assurnabitashpi · 164
Assutlanipal, Hanarai · 288
At-Hatoor · 505
Athrys, Ranis · 150
Athon · 59, 64, 83, 149, 169-170, 221, 346, 420, 573, 616
Atmora · 18, 585
Atronach · 1, 92, 117, 458, 507, 567
Aundae · 408, 579
Aurbis · 261-262, 264, 542, 549, 556, 561
Aurelia, Caccino · 497, 501
Auriel · 14, 263-265, 581-582, 587-588
Aurmine, Maurrie · 303
Autrus, Aunius · 153
Ayem · 503, 511, 517, 522, 524, 526, 528, 534, 536, 543, 547, 558, 560, 564, 567
AYEM AE SEHTI AE VEHK · 503, 517
Azura · 2, 8, 14, 25, 28-30, 56, 70-74, 76-77, 157-160, 188, 247, 272-274, 471, 503, 513-514, 517, 534, 581-582, 590, 595
Azurah · 581-582, 600-601

B

Baar Dau · 374
INDEX

Bad Man · 586
Badama · 117
Bael, Yakin · 134-137
Bagul, Bugrol gro- · 294, 297
Bailiff · 346
Bakarak · 293
BAL DAGON MALAC SHEOG · 526
Bal Fell · 51, 159
Bal Molagmer · 320
Bal Ur · 408, 580, 616
Balac-thurm · 125
Baloth-Kul · 172
Bamz-Amschend · 107
Bandit God · 582
Baranat · 406-407
Barelo, Gilvas · 202, 247, 470
Barenziah · 31, 83, 413
Barfok · 519
Barons of Move Like This · 503, 528
Bat, Bashuk gra- · 294, 297, 301
Battle of Dragon Wall · 584
Battle of Old Hrol'dan · 16
Battle of Red Mountain · 28, 165, 202, 239, 247, 409, 573, 585
Battlemage · 16, 18, 400, 474-475, 587
Baynarah · 381-391, 393-398, 400-401, 404-404
Beauchamp Expedition · 195
Beauchamp, Louis · 195
Beginning Place · 262, 524, 526, 567, 581, 584
Beinir White-Beard · 497, 501
Bellienus, Glabrio · 218-219
Belvayn, Tirer · 610
Bemis, Mathyn · 610
Beram · 191-192
Berandas · 375
Berano, Forven · 221, 614
Berne · 571, 579
Bero, Dram · 144, 347, 613, 616
Berwen · 295
Best Known Cuts · 584
Bhag · 519
Bhoriane · 70, 75
Big Moon · 560, 583
Big Moon God · 583
Big Walker · 595
Binyaar · 604
Bird God · 587
Bitter Coast · 7-9, 157, 159-160, 268
Black Glove · 34
Black Hands Mephala · 505, 543, 590
Black Kiergo · 586
Black Marsh · 146, 157, 176, 353, 472, 581
Blades · 218
Blight · 10, 92, 160, 340, 379, 567
Blood Cat · 599
Bloodline · 10, 179, 579, 585
Bluthanach · 107
Boethiah · 14, 37-38, 42, 69, 169, 477, 503, 507, 513-514, 517, 561, 564, 581-583, 585, 587, 590, 595
Boneshaver · 585
Bonewalker · 35, 216, 232, 543
Bontecou, Amelie · 496, 501
Book of Hours · 536, 560
Book of Life · 49
Borogon · 282
Bosmer · 12, 243, 253, 265, 353, 399, 588, 601, 615
Bosmeri · 11, 106, 253, 582, 588
Bosriel · 603
Bourlor · 589
Bragor · 243
Brandr · 286
Breton · 59, 66-68, 70, 82-83, 496-497, 501-502
Brin, Kelmeril · 253
Brin, Wodilic · 254-255
Bristleback · 282
Brynjolfr · 237
Buckmoth Legion Fort · 131-132, 364
Buoyant Armgre · 92, 160, 179, 216, 252, 377, 408, 547, 580

C

Cadiusus, Pania · 228
Cadiusus, Senilias · 228
Cadiusus, Senilius · 426
Caldera · 86, 132, 149, 151, 153, 161, 207, 212, 311, 473
Caldera Mining Company · 161
Call · 556
Camonna Tong · 51, 133, 168, 420, 616
Canonry of Vvardenfell · 307
Canton · 154-156, 158, 375, 577, 616
Captain of the Watch · 343
Carmella · 330
Castle Ebonheart · 158, 364
Cavern of the Incarnates · 336
Centurion · 106, 266, 327, 426
Centurion Spider · 426
Champion · 14, 30, 522, 526, 530, 534, 567, 571
Chancellor · 307-308, 509-510, 552
Chancellor of Exactitude · 509, 552
Changed Folk · 583
Changed Ones · 69
Charwich · 70-72, 74-78
Chemua · 519
Cherim · 79
Chieftain · 495-500, 502, 519
CHIM · 524
Chimarvamidium · 81
Chimer · 14, 28-30, 39, 179, 265, 272-273, 503, 511, 522, 526, 530, 534, 554, 567, 582-583, 585, 590
Chimeri · 511, 519, 528, 550, 583, 585, 587, 590
Chinzinch Pass · 107
Chriditte, Abelle · 59, 61
Citadel Dagoth · 252, 377-378
Citadel Endusal · 252
Citadel Odrosal · 252, 377-378
Citadel Tureynulal · 252
Citadel Vemynal · 252, 377
City of Stone · 159
City of Swords · 547
City of the Dead · 10, 564
City-Face · 558, 559
Clan Mother · 599
Clavides · 172-177
Cliff Racer · 7
Clockwork King · 503, 550
Cloven Duality · 561
Costguard · 159
Cobbler Guildhall · 575
Codes of Mephala · 503, 522-523
Coincidence Guild · 509
Colovian Estates · 16, 123-124
Combova · 136
Commercial District · 150, 165
Common Tongue · 82-83
Conician, Ruccia · 131
Construction Contract · 87
Corax · 595
Coribael, Arien · 406-407
Coribael, Feryn · 406
Coribael, Horis · 406-407
Coribael, Vanis · 406
Corner of Dagon · 544
Corpus Beast · 92
Corrusarium · 159
Corrupting Inexpressible Action · 260
Cosades, Caius · 165, 218-219, 258, 276, 335, 367
Council Manor · 144, 150
Council Meet · 107
Council of Mages · 63
Coven · 292
Cuhleacain · 16
Cult of the Nerevarine · 90
Cumanya · 118
Cup of Passage · 164
Curio, Crassius · 155, 347, 616
Curse-of-Ash · 470
Curse-of-Despair · 470
Curse-of-Dreams · 470
Curse-of-Fire · 470
Curse-of-Flesh · 470-471
Curse-of-Ghosts · 470
Curse-of-Seed · 470
Cycle of Blood · 407
Cyrodiil · 17-19, 91, 157, 283, 353, 426, 483, 581, 583, 586, 595
Cyrodiils · 24, 261
Cyroillic · 2, 123, 172, 177, 260, 263, 323, 581, 583-584, 587
Cyroillic Brandy · 323
Cyro-Nordics · 585, 595

D

Daedra · 2, 6, 11, 14, 28, 30, 37, 46, 67, 70, 72, 75-77, 91, 164, 179, 234, 239, 247, 260, 262, 264, 272, 375, 407-409, 415, 477, 487, 503, 528, 561, 573, 580-581, 584, 590
Daedra Lord · 14, 179, 264, 590
Daedric · 35, 77, 117, 155, 158-159, 264, 292, 375, 400, 583, 585
Daedric Realms · 264
Daedron · 339
Daedroth · 503, 505, 524, 554
INDEX 623

Daggerfall · 354, 382, 595
Dagon Fel · 153, 158, 161, 426, 603
Dagoth Odros · 92, 377-378
Dagoth Vemyn · 92, 377
Dagoth-Ur · 17, 272-274, 393
Dalak · 123-125
Dalen-Zanchu · 107
Danswyrm Viper · 169
Dar, Baan · 581-582
Dark Brotherhood · 88, 221, 361
Dark Elf · 12, 179, 183, 261, 583-584
Dark Worship · 14
Darothil, Erer · 474
Darvel, Dorisa · 165
Dawn Era · 202
Days of Fire · 375
Deep Elf · 335
Deep Folk · 511
Delyn · 85, 155-156, 239, 407
Demiprince · 503
Demnevanni, Baladas · 612
Demon · 2, 16, 35, 260-261, 486, 519, 528, 534, 542-543, 547, 550, 554, 583, 590
Demon of Knowledge · 583
Denissoir, Vulpriss · 330
Deshaan Plain · 534
Dhark · 106
Diagna · 581, 583
Dibella · 131, 423, 581, 583
Direnni · 125
Direnni, Aiden · 124
Dissident Priests · 28, 72, 90, 202, 247, 409-410, 470
District Council · 472
Divine Inspiration · 133
Dob · 253-255
Dolcetta · 603
Doom Drum · 262, 560, 584
Dorvayn, Nileno · 150
Dragon · 105, 247, 260-261, 519, 556, 581-582, 587-588, 595-596
Dragon Break · 105, 556, 596
Dragon God of Time · 581
Dragon King of Cats · 582
Dragon of the North · 519, 587-588
Dragonborn · 587
Dragontail Mountains · 583
Dralas · 293
Dralen, Milvela · 289
Dram · 144, 347, 613, 616
Dratha · 56, 159
Draugr · 200, 498, 502
Dreamer · 91-93
Dredil, Llaalam · 223-224
Drelvi, Fendryn · 234
Dremora · 375
Dren, Orvas · 97, 99, 242, 314
Dren, Vedam · 56, 87, 472
Drengr Bronze-Helm · 495-496, 499, 501
Drenim, Mavon · 155, 609
Dres · 144, 146, 519, 592
Dreugh · 9, 375, 407
Dromio, Tavi · 39, 42
Droops · 61
Dubdilla · 118
Duke of Scamps · 515-516, 528
Dumac Dwarfking · 28-29, 272-273, 470, 567, 585
Dumac Dwarf-Orc · 272-273, 567
Dunmeri · 10-12, 585-588, 590
Durzog · 348
Dwarf · 17, 28-29, 120, 272-273, 550, 595, 618
Dwarven · 216
Dwarven Ghost · 216
Dwemer Museum · 266
Dwemerli · 507, 519, 524, 567
Dwynnen · 77
INDEX

E

Earth Bones · 2, 264, 588
East Empire Company · 65, 158, 208, 223
Eastern Heartland · 16
Ebonheart · 131-132, 151, 153, 156-158, 193, 472
Ebony · 17, 82, 86, 161, 164, 207, 212, 235, 400, 415, 417, 474, 519
Edebah · 381, 383, 386, 388, 390-392, 395-396
Egroamaro · 474-475
Ehlnofax · 260
Ehlnofey · 264, 588
Eight Divines · 423
Eight Givers · 556
Einarr · 496, 501
Einarr the Younger · 496, 501
El · 260
Elbert, Edwinna · 149
Eldaire · 493
Elder Council · 18, 595
Elder Scrolls · 169, 583, 595
Elder Wood · 265, 534
Eldjar Bear-Skinner · 497, 501
Eldmas Ice-Light · 495, 499
Elmas Island · 616
Elone · 138
Elsweyr · 123, 169, 353, 582, 586
Elvish · 2
Elyneax · 316
Elyssana · 71, 74
Emperor · 16-18, 30, 64, 91, 131, 133, 158, 219, 225, 307, 335, 346, 424, 505, 550, 556, 586
Emperor of Tamriel · 16, 18
Emperor Parosol · 505, 550
Enamor · 320
Ephemeral Feint · 584
Erabenimsun · 160
Eraldil · 222
Ergalla, Socucius · 424
Eria Valkor Serpentkin · 169
Eribael, Abelamawia · 101
Errna · 286-287
Ery · 152
Ethos Knife · 559, 567
Evening Star · 98
Everlasting Ineffable Light · 260
Eydis Fire-Eye · 150

F

Fadomai · 599-601
Faerie · 382
Failed Incarnates · 336
Falanaamo · 312
Falensarano · 399
Falki the Fat · 497, 501
Falkreath · 16
Fall of the Sload · 587
False Incarnate · 276, 336
Family Shrine · 10-11
Fa-Nuit-Hen · 503
Far Shores · 262-263, 586, 588
Fargoth · 493
Farothran, Ralyn · 238
Father of Monsters · 580
Felga Four-Fingers · 483
Fell Wolf · 496, 500-501
Felms · 85, 239
Fenja · 519
Feyfolken · 122
Fields of Kummu · 158, 374
Fighters Guild · 133, 148-150, 152, 184, 475
Fine-Mouth · 493
First Age · 592
First Blighter · 519
First Breath of Man · 585
First Cat · 599
First Councilor · 218, 276, 431
First Era · 123-124, 159, 335, 382, 389, 574, 583-584, 586
First God · 260
First Seed · 346
First Serpent · 262
Firsthold · 127
Five Years War · 259
Fjalding · 326, 495, 499
Fjell · 282
Flesh Revenant · 216
Flin · 39, 42, 53, 172, 398, 420
Flute-and-Pipe Ogres · 560
Footpad · 586
Foreign Canton · 154, 158
Foreign Quarter · 132, 154-156, 168, 184, 258, 310
Foresters Guild · 583
Fort Darius · 364
Fort Frostmoth · 291, 497, 502
INDEX

Fort Moonmoth · 138, 150, 161, 376
Fort Pelagiaod · 99, 131, 158, 243, 364
Four Corners · 14, 120, 179, 517, 526, 595
Four Tests · 162
Foyada Mamaea · 138, 151, 376
Fredas · 26
Freehold Colony · 107
Fremis, Aurane · 5-7, 206
Frost Atronach · 8, 67, 458
Frost Giant · 496, 501
Frostmoth · 497, 502
Frykte · 326
Fundilious, Agrippa · 592
Fyr, Divayth · 159, 231

G

Gadar, Tiram · 568
Gaeldol · 183
Gafrisi · 387, 391-392
Gafrisi · 387, 391-392
Gah-Julian · 314
Galbedir · 130, 268
Galen · 359
Galenus, Falco · 425
Ga尔斯iah · 575-577
Ganciele · 315
Garaz · 39, 41-43, 45
Garuan · 401
Gauntlet · 237
Gazouf Mough · 137
Gelo · 43
Gemyn · 76
Genevrah · 406-407
GHARTOK PADHOME GHARTOK
PADHOME · 516
Ghost · 10-12, 30, 35, 47-48, 63, 66, 103,
216, 398, 432, 483, 505, 532-533, 562
Ghost Fence · 10-12, 103
Ghostgate · 120, 151, 160, 252, 376, 472,
474
Ghoul · 274
Giant · 117, 145-146, 148, 152, 157, 161,
174, 177, 384, 406, 483, 496, 500, 524,
528, 540, 550, 554
Giden · 199, 313
Gilnith, Foryn · 493
Gisl Round-Gut · 496, 501
Glass · 235
Glenmoril · 292
Gnaar Mok · 92, 149, 159
Gnisis · 66, 101, 132, 134-135, 142, 145,
149, 160-161, 209, 364, 375, 474-475,
554, 575, 577
Gnisis Legion Fort · 132
Goblin · 190, 584
God of Curses · 584
God of Destruction · 585
God of Farms · 588
God of Man · 587
God of Mercy · 587
God of Ransom · 587
God of Schemes · 585
God of the Cycle of Life and Death · 582
God of the Forest · 588
God of the Underworld · 587
God of Toil · 588
God of Wisdom and Logic · 583
God of Work and Commerce · 70, 588
Goddess of Air · 584
Goddess of Beauty · 583
Goddess of Dusk and Dawn · 582
Goddess of Love · 585
Godkiller · 585
Goinithi, Syrix · 78
Gold · 130, 143, 155, 311
Golden Saint · 458
Golge, Zylmoc · 66
Good Daedra · 14, 239, 409
Gorgoth, Benitah · 134
Goris · 232, 293
Gorkith · 40-43
Gorne · 381-382, 387-391, 393, 395, 397,
404
Gortwog · 354
Goth, Aegrothius · 123
Gothren · 56, 159, 415-417
Gothryd · 354
Goutfang · 407
Grabber · 550, 552, 558-559
Grace ofCourtesy · 433
Grace ofDaring · 432
Grace ofDiligence · 433
Grace ofHumility · 433
Grace ofJustice · 432
Grace ofPride · 433
Grace ofValor · 432
Grahm · 283
Grand Battlemage · 17
Grand Council Chambers · 131
INDEX

Grand Council of Morrowind · 56, 131, 335, 409, 414, 470, 592
Grand Pharos · 159
Grandfather Frost · 479
Grandmaster · 34, 343
Gray Center · 261
Gray Maybe · 260-261
Grazelands · 8-9, 56, 157, 160, 474, 602
Great Ghostfence · 10, 12
Great House · 28, 35, 56, 64, 100, 144-146, 152, 154-155, 157-158, 165, 179, 247, 276, 307-308, 335, 364, 379, 420, 470, 472-473, 573, 585, 616-617
Great Scathes · 160
Greef · 39, 42, 420, 474, 569, 575, 577
Gretta Wolf-Child · 497, 501
Grey Wind · 16
Greybeards · 16-17, 588
Grimtry Garden · 70, 73, 75, 77
Griss the Yellow · 497, 501
Grivayne, Terurise · 493
Grjotgaror · 496, 501
Guar · 27, 167, 247, 327, 374, 384, 399, 403-404, 576-577, 602
Guardian God-King · 590
Guild of Fighters · 184
Guild of Mages · 185, 195
Guild Stewards · 184
Guildmaster · 225
guilds Act · 184
GULGA MOR JIL · 525, 564
GULGA MOR JIL HYAET AE HOOM · 525
Guolog · 496, 501
Gusal, Dorach · 164
Guvron, Galtis · 288
Gwylim · 474
H
Habasi · 151
Hai · 229
Hairat-Vassamsi Egg Mine · 344
Hall of Records · 155
Hall of Valor · 483
Hallgerd · 39-45, 163
Halls of Justice · 154-155
Halls of Wisdom · 154-155, 258, 580
Hammerfell · 17, 169-170, 353, 415, 585, 587-588
Hanin, Mordin · 117, 164
Ha-Note · 558
Harakostil · 416
Harald of Ysgramor · 584
Harithoel · 477-478
Hauntings · 11
Hawkmoth Legion · 158, 364
Hean · 149
Heart Chamber · 29, 92-93, 273, 378
Heart of Ancequina · 79
Heart of Lorkhaj · 600-601
Heart of Lorkhan · 28-30, 92, 265, 272-273, 377-378
Heartlander · 423
Heinlen the Heavy · 326
Helena · 325
Helende · 153
Helseth · 82-83, 221, 614
Helvi, Odral · 54, 99, 362
Hendor-Stardumz · 107
Herald of the Triune Way · 585
Heraan Ancestral Tomb · 66-67
Heresy · 14, 16
Herma Mora · 581, 583
HERMA-MORA-ALTADOON · 519
Hermorah · 599
Hermes · 587
Hestra · 595
Hetman · 101, 142
Hidden Heaven · 562
Hierographa · 30, 432
High Archcanon · 307
High Archordinator · 307
High Craftlord · 90, 378
High Elf · 11, 17, 276, 584
High Elven · 106
High Engineer · 28
High Hrothgar · 16
High King of Alinor · 596
High Priest · 202
High Rock · 16-17, 59, 70-74, 77, 82, 354, 382
High Town · 150
Hilbongard · 164
Hildir Worm-Heart · 496, 501
Hillima · 394, 396, 398
Hircine · 292, 599
His Immortal Lordship · 307
Hith · 133
Hjalti Early-Beard · 16
INDEX 627

Hla Oad · 151, 156, 159, 477
Hlaalu · 64, 91-92, 98, 100, 144-146, 150,
154-156, 210, 238, 346, 364, 387, 402,
420, 472-473, 573, 592, 614, 616
Hlaalu Compound · 154-156, 616
Hlevala · 314
Hloggar the Bloody · 221, 614
Hoaga · 519
Holamayan · 28, 202, 247, 272, 470
Holding Cells · 155
Homunculus · 503
HoonDing · 581, 583-584
Horath the Strong · 134-135
Horde King · 584
Horde Mountain · 547
Hortator · 307-308, 471, 503, 511, 513,
515-520, 522-524, 526-527, 530, 532-
534, 536, 547, 558, 560, 562-565, 567,
618
House Councils · 56, 472
House Dagoth · 28, 90, 165, 239, 247, 272,
276, 379-380, 387-388, 391-392, 395-
397, 404, 414, 431, 470
House Districts · 420, 472, 616
House Drenim · 27
House Dres · 145-146
House Dwemer · 247, 414, 470
House Hlaalu · 133, 144-145, 150, 155,
161, 233, 238, 346, 473, 616
House Indoril · 145-146, 239, 389-393,
396, 507, 517, 547
House Law · 472
House of Sithis · 264
House of Troubles · 14, 47, 179, 515, 517,
520, 524, 554, 556, 595
House Redoran · 101, 133, 145, 148, 158,
161, 169-170, 387, 420, 473, 573
House Retheran · 27
House Telvanni · 3, 56, 64, 145-146, 152,
158, 173, 417, 473
Hrisskar · 315
Hroldar the Strange · 298
Hrothmund the Red · 495-496, 499-501
Hrundi the Nord · 152
Huleeya · 258, 335
Hunger of Satakal · 586
Hungry Cat · 599
Hungry Stomach · 262-263

I

Ienasa · 319
Ienith, Navil · 284, 611
Ienith, Ranes · 284
Ienith, Ranis · 611
Ihlendam · 107
Iliac Bay · 72, 75, 354
Illoc, Genethah · 253
Imalyn · 575-577
Imperial Battlemage · 568
Imperial Bedding Supplies · 189
Imperial Board of Census and Excise · 82
Imperial Census and Excise Commission ·
159
Imperial Chapel · 131-132
Imperial Citizens · 423
Imperial City · 581
Imperial College · 581
Imperial Commission of the Occupation ·
335
Imperial Cult · 131-132, 291, 423
Imperial Cult Priest · 291
Imperial Era · 56, 420, 616
Imperial Guard · 172, 176, 475
Imperial Guards · 133, 154
Imperial Intelligence Service · 218, 307,
343
Imperial Knight · 603-604
Imperial Legion · 145, 148, 150, 158, 161,
364, 472
Imperial Museum and Library · 267
Imperial Order of Blades · 218
Imperial Order of the Swords · 12
Imperial Province · 157, 568
Imperial Seminary · 261
Imperial Throne · 17
Imsin the Dreamer · 149
Incalculable Effort · 505
Incarinate · 91, 247, 277, 343, 410, 471
Indalen, Bols · 235
Indie · 285
Indoranyon · 399, 474
Indoril · 10, 134, 144, 146, 218, 229, 272,
381, 389-390, 394, 396-397, 400-403,
503, 505, 509, 511, 592
Indoril District · 146
Indules, Danso · 308
Iniel · 153
Inn · 63, 149, 152, 159, 243, 416
INDEX

Inner Sea · 146, 157, 159, 393, 567
Inorra · 316
Inquisition · 28, 90, 307, 410
Invisible Gate · 536, 556
Iolos, Minevah · 66
Irano, Ivulen · 82, 289
Irgola · 301, 323
Isgeror White-Wave · 496, 501
Isild · 286
Itermerel · 339

J

Jacques · 282-283
ja-Kha'jay · 581, 583, 595
Jasrat · 399-400
Jastal, Bereditte · 483, 495, 499
Jeleen · 291
Jereth · 415-416
Jhunal · 581, 583
Jode · 581, 583
Jodoin, Roberto · 195
Joile · 382
Jolda · 340, 342
Jolgierr Barrow · 326
Jone · 581, 583
Jonis · 232
Julianos · 131, 581, 583

K

Kagouti · 166, 337
Kagrenac · 28-30, 90, 92, 111-113, 202-203, 247, 272-274, 377-379, 409, 567
Kagrenac the Blighter · 567
Kalkorith · 381, 389, 393, 396-397
Kambria · 70, 75
Kand · 160
Karkuxor, Mikhael · 581
Karndar Watch · 106
Katla · 496, 501
Kaye · 132
Keening · 91-93, 202, 247, 377-379
Kemel-Ze · 430
Kena · 134-137, 172-174, 177, 387, 391-392, 395
Keseena · 317
Khajiit · 3, 82, 84, 183, 258, 353, 407, 415-416, 582-583, 595, 599-601, 615
Khajiitti · 175-176, 253, 582-583, 586
Khargol · 603-604
Khenarthi · 581, 599-600
Kherakah · 113
Khizumet-e · 519
Kh-Utta · 515, 528
Khuul · 149, 160-161
Kimeth, Ganpherel · 474
King of Assassins · 544
King of Madness · 179
King of Rape · 179, 524, 528, 585
King of the Aldmer · 582
Kiss At the End · 584
Knhaten Flu · 588
Koal Cave · 375
Kogoruhn · 91-92
Koniiinge · 70, 72-74, 76-78
Kothringi · 588
Krazzt · 375
Kummi · 209
Kwama · 8-9, 319, 422, 575
Kynareth · 60, 131, 177, 382, 581, 584-585, 587
Kyne · 581, 584-585

L

Labor Town · 150
Landa · 234
Last Dwarf · 596
Last Dwarven King · 585
Last Seed · 72, 74, 77, 424
Lefthanded Elves · 583-584
Leftunch · 107
Legge · 201
Leki · 581, 584
Leles · 136
Leryne · 398
Lesser Daedra · 264
Liah · 475
Lie Rock · 562
Litany Hall · 560, 562
Little Moon God · 583
Lizard · 155, 542
Llaleth, Alla · 253
Llarys, Brilnosu · 611
Lledos · 575-577
Llenim, Erene · 493
Lleran, Salver · 234
Llethan Athyn · 64, 83, 346, 420, 616
Llethri, Garisa · 149, 420

Kerulath · 113
Khe-Hand · 397
Kherakhip · 399
Khepy · 581, 584-585
INDEX 629

Lloran, Dileno · 308
Llothis · 85, 240
Long Sleep · 92
Lord High Magus · 56
Loreth · 123-125
Lorkhaj · 581, 584, 600-601
Lorkhan · 2, 14, 16-18, 90, 202, 248, 260-262, 264-265, 378, 486, 581-582, 584-587, 595
Lost Prophecies · 277
Lucian · 282-283
Lunar Lattice · 556, 583, 601
Luven · 232, 293
Lycanthropy · 71, 73, 77

M

Maar Gan · 149, 158, 161, 420, 618
Mad God · 586
Maelkashishi · 164
Mafala · 599
Mage Lord · 56
Magecrafter · 202
Mage-Lords · 64
Mages Guild · 4, 51, 59-60, 75, 123, 135, 148-153, 169, 197, 310, 365, 587
Magicka · 8, 52, 75, 130, 135-136, 170, 200, 339, 400, 495, 499, 578
Magnus · 261, 264, 520, 534, 562, 581, 584
Magrus · 599
Magus · 584
Maid of Planes · 519
Make Way God · 583
Malacath · 14, 179, 581, 584, 587
Malak · 179, 584
Malaki the Lightfooted · 331
Maloch · 581
Malooe · 581, 584
Mamoona, Pavlek · 134
Mannimarco · 596
Mantella · 18
Mantle of Woe · 200
Mara · 131, 264, 581, 583, 585, 599
Mariah · 331
Marilie, Guylaine · 162
Maro, Oritius · 304
Marog · 491
Maruhkati Selectives · 596
Marukh · 123
Masser · 583, 600
Master of Morrowind · 588
Maulinie, Janand · 310
Mausur · 209
Mearvis · 415-417
Mehrunes Dagon · 14, 153, 158, 161, 179, 375, 415-417, 426, 511, 515, 581, 585, 603
Men-At-Arms · 87
Menus · 319
Mephala · 14, 34, 69, 261, 505, 513-514, 523, 560, 566, 581, 583, 585, 590, 595
Mercius, Percius · 149
Meretic Era · 483
Meris · 85, 240
Merrunz · 599
Middle Dawn · 595
Milk Taker · 528
Milo, Mehra · 258
Minerath · 72-73
Minfang, Kepkajna gra- · 603-605
Minister of Truth · 563
Ministry of Truth · 154-155, 310, 564
Mirisa · 291
Missing God · 69, 260, 584
Moesring Mountains · 195, 496, 500
Molag Amur · 8, 56, 157, 160, 179, 585
Molag Bal · 14, 179, 408, 524-525, 528, 548, 554, 560, 567, 580-581, 585
Molag Beran · 27
Mollismo · 359
Montrose, Alain · 497, 502
Moon Axle · 540
Moon Beast · 584
Moon-and-Star · 275, 414, 618
Moonmoth Legion Fort · 131-132, 364
Mooring, Elysbeta · 71-72, 74-75, 77
Morag Tong · 14, 23, 34, 133, 149-150, 221, 258, 361, 441, 543, 583, 585-586, 606-613
Moresby, Ulstyr · 66
Moriahs · 581, 585
Moris · 293
Morning Star · 189
Morodrung · 52-53
Morrowind · 2, 8, 10, 12, 16-17, 24, 30, 47, 56, 64, 71-73, 75, 77, 82, 90-91, 120, 123, 134-137, 145-146, 155, 157-158, 160, 169, 179, 184, 203, 216, 218, 229, 239, 266, 272, 274, 276, 337, 346,
Nabisi, Mehra · 595
Namiira · 600
Narsis · 564
Na-Totambu · 584
Nchardahrk · 426
Nchuleft · 107
Nchuleftingth · 426
Nchunak · 113
Necrom · 10, 187
Necromancer · 19, 35, 173, 175, 200, 353-356, 496, 501, 596
Necromancy · 12, 177, 335, 353-354, 579, 582
Nectinei · 314
Neithwyr, Hadwaf · 70-74, 76-77
Neithwyr, Peryra · 71, 73, 77
Nelas · 293
Neloth · 56, 152-153, 415-417
Neminda · 358
Nerevarine Cult · 276, 335
Nerevarine Prophecies · 276
Nermare, Elbert · 329
Neryon, Ravila · 344
Netch · 167, 312
New God · 28, 272-273
New Mer · 30
New Temple · 240, 590, 595
Night Mother · 88
Nigiliusis, Procyon · 152
Nimlo the Mighty · 135, 137
Nimloth · 59-60
Nine Apertures · 529
Nine Divines · 131-132, 291, 472, 581-584, 587-588
Nine Virtues · 131
Ninety-Nine Loves of Boethiah · 576-577
Nir · 585
Nirith, Turiul · 169
Nirn · 69, 135, 260, 486
NIRN, LHKAN, RKHET, THENDR, KYNRT, AKHAT, MHARA, and JHUNAL · 508
Nirni · 600-601
Nix-hound · 167, 206, 268, 513, 540
Noormoc · 511
Nords · 16, 24, 28, 39-44, 120, 130, 169, 176, 179, 239, 272, 354, 414, 472, 483-484, 495-502, 575, 582-585, 587-588, 592
Northpoint · 39
Norvayn, Elynea · 311
Nothoc · 402
Nuccius, Vodunius · 493
Number Room · 554, 558
Numidium · 17-18, 92, 409
INDEX 631

Numidium, Second · 90-93
Nymph · 383

O

Oan, Arslic · 39-45
Oblivion · 10-11, 135, 261-262, 273, 339, 352, 374, 407, 594
Ocato · 225
Odai · 100, 138, 151, 159
Oddny the Unfaithful · 497, 501
Oediad · 59-61
Oegnithr · 260
Old Bone · 509
Old Ehlnofey · 265, 582
Old Hrol'dan · 16
Old Knocker · 585
Old Redguard · 407
Old Temple · 560
Old Way · 349
Olga · 26, 325
Olms · 85, 155-156, 239, 258, 407, 616
Olo, Benu · 587
Omanic Plantation · 616
Omani, Velanda · 98, 347, 616
Oman, Velando · 98
Omayn, Malur · 28
Omayn, Raven · 56, 153
Ondjage · 496, 500-501
One-Clan-Under-Moon-and-Star · 277, 335, 431
Onmar, Nelos · 303
Onsi · 581, 585
Oracle · 133, 617
Oracle-Seer · 617
Oran, Feruren · 606
Orc · 12, 26, 179-180, 183, 243, 253, 354, 382, 414, 497, 501, 572, 583-585, 592, 603-604, 615
Orcish · 12, 354, 584
Order of Blades · 307
Order of Diagna · 382
Order of Psijjj · 260
Order of the Watch · 343
Ordinator · 160, 179, 216, 239, 335, 343, 374, 377, 410, 472
Orichalc God of the Sideways Blade · 583
Original Creator · 260
Original Spirits · 260-262, 584
Oril, Edras · 337
Orkey · 581, 585, 587
Orsinium · 180, 354, 382, 583
Orthodox Houses · 592
Outlander · 247, 307
Outlander Incarnate · 247

P

Padhome · 507, 532, 564
Padomaic Ocean · 407
Padomay · 260-262, 584, 586
Palla · 371
Parliament of Craters · 532-533
Parnafacasis, Oin · 134, 137
Patron of Brewers, Bakers, Distillers · 239
Patron of Butchers and Fishmongers · 239
Patron of Chandlers and Clerks · 239
Patron of Farmers and Laborers · 240
Patron of Furnishers and Caravaners · 239
Patron of Magic, Fate, and Prophecy · 247
Patron of Outcasts and Spiritual Seekers · 239
Patron of Pilgrims and Beggars · 239
Patron of Potters and Glassmakers · 239
Patron of Tailors and Dyers · 240
Patron of Tanners and Miners · 239
Patron of Warriors and Statesmen · 239
Peakstar · 336
Pegasai · 232
Pelagiad · 97, 99, 132, 138, 151, 157-158, 243, 364, 374, 473
Pelagiad Legion Fort · 132
Pellitine · 123
Penumbra · 261
Peothil · 123-125
Personal Secretary to the Emperor · 218-219
Phynaster · 581, 586
Plecia, Cuseius · 423
Pocket Cabal · 550-551
Pomegranate Banquet · 528, 543, 560, 562
Ponik · 44-45
Ponius · 302
Potentate · 184
Priif, Funcrazot · 136-137
Prince of Plots · 69, 503, 583, 585, 590
Protector · 107, 142
Provisional House · 538, 543, 547, 550, 554, 556, 558, 562, 564
Psijics · 123, 169
Psijic Endeavor · 584
Psijici · 261
Pullia, Raesa · 149
Puzzle Canal · 155, 375

Q

Quarra · 579
Queen of Dreughs · 554

R

Ra Gada · 583-585
Radras · 305
Rael · 402, 404
Rajhin · 581, 586, 595
Ralen, Fevyn · 234
Ramoran, Hlaren · 101, 149, 420
Ransom · 412
Rathryon, Indrele · 98, 493
Raven Rock · 65, 425
Reachmen · 16
Rebel Daedra · 14
Red Wives of Dagon · 511
Redguard · 149, 261, 415, 583-584, 588, 604
Redoran · 3, 10, 144-145, 148-149, 154-155, 160-161, 169-170, 211, 214, 364, 402, 420, 422, 472-473, 573, 592
Redoran Compound · 154-155, 214
Relas, Seryne · 51
Relenim, Tolmera · 234
Reman · 123, 581, 586
Resdayn · 28, 30, 123, 272-273, 276, 387, 472, 585
Resdaynia · 229, 522, 526, 530, 534, 548, 558-560, 567
Restoration · 120, 132, 437, 455
Rethan Manor · 100
Retheran, Guril · 608
Reverend Honor · 307-308
Rid-Thar-ri'Datta · 586
Riekling · 498, 502
Rigmor Halfhand · 226
Rihad · 169, 417
Rilms · 36, 85, 239, 577
Rilvayn, Ethasi · 150
Rimhull · 200
Rimmen · 595
Ring of the Ancestors · 335, 431
Risi Ice-Mane · 226
Rite of the Wolf Giver · 292
Rithari, Galur · 408, 580
RKHT AI AE ALTADOON AI · 559
Rkunghunch · 107
Rock of Llothis · 85
Rolf the Large · 483
Roris · 85, 239, 407
Ruddy Man · 375, 554
Rune God · 583
Running Hunger · 519
Runt · 599
Ruptga · 262-263, 581, 586
Ryon, Mallam · 56, 153
Saarthal · 586
Sadri, Feldrelo · 150
Sadrith Mora · 3, 56, 63-64, 70, 72, 132, 149, 151-153, 156-158, 168, 184, 295, 340, 416, 474
Sadus, Sarayn · 607
Saint of the Spirit Sword · 584
Sala, Berel · 307, 343
Sanchariot · 477, 478
Sandil House · 382, 386-387, 389, 396, 398, 400
Sangiin · 599
Saram, Alvela · 310
Sarandas, Felyn · 89
Saren, Toris · 607
Sarethi, Athyn · 149, 420, 573
Sarethi, Salyn · 320
Saryoni, Tholer · 120, 307-308, 432
Satak · 260, 262
Satakal · 262-263, 581, 586
Sathis · 577
Scaled Blanket · 562
Scamp · 117, 130, 164, 315, 515
Scath Anud · 172, 176
Scholar · 12, 19, 36, 90, 113, 135, 149, 157, 276-277, 592
School of Alteration · 51
School of Mysticism · 74
School of Restoration · 74
Scrib · 5-6, 166, 193
Scribe · 261, 588
Scripture of Love · 566
Scripture of the City · 549
Scripture of the Mace · 561
Scripture of the Numbers · 556
Scripture of the Sword · 545
Scripture of the Wheel · 542
Scripture of the Word · 552
Scuttle · 8, 422
Sea of Ghosts · 157-158, 160-161, 399, 426, 618
Seat of Sundered Kings · 587
Second Aperture · 562
Second Era · 184
Second Seed · 64
Second Serpent · 263
Secret Door · 538
Secular Houses · 592
Secunda · 583, 600
Sedura · 134, 172, 174, 177, 253, 254
Seht · 503, 517, 522, 524, 526, 536, 547, 550-551, 554, 564, 567
Selas, Brerama · 427
Seloth, Ethal · 608
Seloth, Garas · 234
Senchal · 353-354, 586
Sendas, Tilse · 84
Sentinyl · 279, 382, 595
Senyndie · 415-417
Sep · 263, 581, 586
Septim Dynasty · 123
Septim, Kintyra I · 586
Septim, Pelagius I · 18
Septim, Pelagius III · 250
Septim, Tiber I · 16-18, 131, 423, 472, 581, 583, 587
Septim, Uriel V · 261
Septim, Uriel VII · 219, 424, 304
Ser · 137, 233, 475
Seran, Methal · 149
Serjo · 134, 144, 320, 394, 396, 573
Seryn · 85, 239, 475
Seven Graces · 120, 432
Seyda Neen · 98, 138, 151, 156, 159, 161, 346, 424, 493
Shagdub, Morbash gro- · 243
Shalk · 154, 166, 258
Shaman · 276-277, 554, 603
Shanud · 209
Shardie · 170
Sharmat · 522-523, 526, 530, 534, 567
Sheggorath · 581, 599
Shein · 402, 420
Shenk · 312
Sheogorad · 23, 157, 161
Sheogorath · 14, 67-68, 179, 374, 581, 586
Sheor · 581, 586
Shezarr · 261, 263-264, 581, 587
Shield of St. Delyn · 85
Shinji, Gaiden · 382
Shishi · 427
Shor · 483-484, 581-582, 584-587, 595
Shor-El · 595
Shouts · 517
Shrine of Courtesy · 375
Shrine of Daring · 374
Shrine of Generosity · 374-375
Shrine of Humility · 374
Shrine of Justice · 375
Shrine of Malacath · 604-605
Shrine of Molag Bal · 158
Shrine of Pride · 376
Shrine of Sheogorath · 381
Shrine of Valor · 375
Shrine Sergeant · 132
Shrines of the Seven Graces · 374
Siege of Orsinium · 382
Silt Strider · 138, 149, 151, 161
Silverthorn, Oristian · 474
Siruliuslus, Syloria · 131
Sithis · 260, 264, 476, 586
SITHESISIT · 520, 542
Sitte, Jeanette · 472
Sixth House · 90, 92, 165, 229, 258, 379, 387, 391, 393, 395-398
Skaal · 333, 495, 497, 499, 502
Skeleton · 10, 216, 355, 459
Skjoldr Wolf-Runner · 497, 501
Skooma · 84, 599
Skooma Cat · 599
Skyrim · 2, 16-17, 24, 77, 90, 130, 157, 164, 354, 483, 495, 499, 583, 585
Sleeper · 90-93
Sload · 9, 175, 353-354
Snake · 262-263
Snow Prince · 119, 326
Snow Wolf · 237
Solstheim · 195, 200, 237, 292, 325, 497-498, 500, 502
Sondaale · 306
Sorogth · 604-605
Soul of Sotha Sil · 85
Sovngarde · 483-484
Spell Breaker · 453
Spider God · 585
Spirit Magic · 11-12
Spirit of Nerevar · 85
Spiritual anchor · 75
Spymaster · 218
St. Delyn's Canton · 154
St. Olms Canton · 154, 156, 258
Staff of Chaos · 125
Staff of Hasedoki · 330
Stariesia · 383
Stendarr · 131, 581, 583, 587
Stlenius · 317
Storm Atronach · 117
Storm of Kyne · 16
Stormcrown · 16
Stros M'kai · 331, 585
Stuhn · 581, 587
Sugar God · 586
Sujamma · 420
Sul, Alandro · 272
Sumerset Isle · 106
Summerset Isle · 17-18, 239, 282, 312, 353, 472, 586
Summerset · 76-77
Sunder · 91-93, 202, 377, 379
Sundering · 69
Sun's Height · 70
Suran · 151, 156-158, 374, 616
Svana the Knife · 497, 501
Sweeps · 562
Symbolic Collage · 545, 554
Syrabane · 581, 587

T

Tadras Banks · 27
Taheritae · 260
Taker of the Citadel · 585
Taksim · 123
Talanian, Turedus · 3
Talara · 270
Tall Papa · 263, 584-588
Talos · 16-18, 131, 587-588
Talos Cult · 131
Talosian · 17
Tamriel · 11-12, 16-17, 90, 123, 147, 169, 261, 304, 354, 366, 411, 485, 581, 583, 586-587, 595
Tamrielic · 157, 260, 262, 492, 579, 581, 583-584, 586
Tava · 581, 587
Tay · 381-398, 401-404
Tear · 354, 398, 554, 583
Teat God · 585
Tel Aruhn · 56, 72, 77, 158-159, 399, 575, 577
Tel Branora · 56, 153, 156, 158-159
Tel Fyr · 159-160
Tel Mora · 56, 153, 158-159, 232
Tel Naga · 56, 152-153, 416
Tel Vos · 56, 159-160
Telvanni · 3, 12, 56, 57, 64, 133, 144-146, 152, 154-156, 158-159, 162, 166, 172-174, 177, 184, 191, 213, 364, 414-416, 427, 472-473, 573, 592
Telvanni Compound · 154-156
Telvanni Council · 3, 56-57, 152-153, 158-159, 184, 415
Telvanni Council Hall · 3, 152
Telvon · 322
Temple Compound · 120, 154-155
Temple District · 374, 472
Temple of False Thinking · 532, 560, 562
Temple Ordinator · 155
Teneran, Bivale · 360
Tenisi · 362
Tenmar · 106
Test of Confrontation · 162
Test of Disorder · 162
Test of Evasion · 162
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX</th>
<th>635</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Test of Pattern</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thauraver</td>
<td>361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelas, Draryne</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thelegorm</td>
<td>416</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Therana</td>
<td>56, 159, 359, 363, 613</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thieves Guild</td>
<td>133, 151-153, 168, 258, 420, 616</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thiralas, Draren</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third Era</td>
<td>587</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirsk</td>
<td>495-502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thorormr Storm-Killer</td>
<td>497, 501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thras</td>
<td>354, 356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thrassian Plague</td>
<td>587</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three in One</td>
<td>503, 567</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3333</td>
<td>513</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Throne Room</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tiber War</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tilvur, Ralen</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tollman</td>
<td>51-53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tomasin, Warfel</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trader God</td>
<td>588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasure Wood Sword</td>
<td>543-544</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treaty of the Armistice</td>
<td>57, 472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tri-Angled Truth</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tribunal Temple</td>
<td>120, 133, 150-152, 155, 184, 216, 240, 272, 276, 335, 423, 472, 475, 573</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tricky God</td>
<td>587</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triffith</td>
<td>381, 386, 388, 391, 393, 395, 397-398, 401-403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trinimac</td>
<td>14, 69, 76, 179, 265, 503, 517, 520, 581, 584, 587</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triune</td>
<td>14, 85, 120, 511, 515, 517, 526, 536, 550, 560, 567, 595</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triune Grace</td>
<td>85, 120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triune Mistress</td>
<td>595</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troll</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truptor, Iulus</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tsaesci</td>
<td>534</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tsiya</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tsrazami</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tsun</td>
<td>581, 587</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tulkandi</td>
<td>415-416</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tulz</td>
<td>314</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tunifus, Synnomian</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tu'whacca</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty Seven Snake Folk Slaughter</td>
<td>583</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twilight Star</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two-Moons Dance</td>
<td>586</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two-Tongued</td>
<td>519</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyronius</td>
<td>232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tython</td>
<td>393, 396, 398, 400-404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>U</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Udyrfrykte</td>
<td>495, 499-500, 502</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ules, Malsa</td>
<td>318</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ules, Nevena</td>
<td>347, 616</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulessen, Felisa</td>
<td>56, 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ulliah</td>
<td>381-382, 386, 395, 397-398</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ullis</td>
<td>172, 175-177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uncle Sweetshare</td>
<td>481</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Undead</td>
<td>18-19, 35, 67, 216, 232, 331, 355, 474, 579, 582</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Underking</td>
<td>16-18, 584</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unnatural Realm</td>
<td>261-262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urshilaku</td>
<td>22, 128, 158, 161, 617-618</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uvayn, Galasa</td>
<td>609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uvulas, Arara</td>
<td>56, 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vabdas, Mansilamat</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vabdas, Pulaya</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valenwood</td>
<td>77, 254, 353, 588</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valley Heartland</td>
<td>585</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valvius</td>
<td>301, 323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampire</td>
<td>19, 35, 63, 216, 377-378, 571, 579-580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampire Hunters</td>
<td>580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampirism</td>
<td>408, 579-580</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Varian, Lalatia</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Varro, Larrius</td>
<td>612</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaster</td>
<td>382-387, 389, 391, 396-397</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vedrano, Thavere</td>
<td>493</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vehk</td>
<td>504, 513, 528, 558, 567</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veloth</td>
<td>85, 179, 229, 239, 276, 406, 409-410, 414, 471-472, 503, 511, 513-515, 517, 519, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 547, 549, 560, 567, 583, 585, 595, 617</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Velothi</td>
<td>155, 427, 471, 503, 505, 507-509, 517, 519, 524, 528, 534, 540, 543, 547, 554, 561, 566, 583, 590</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vendu, Idroso</td>
<td>608</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Venim, Bolvyn</td>
<td>149, 420</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX

Vernaccus · 589
Versidue-Shaie · 184
Vignum, Calissiah · 475
Vitellius, Processus · 493
Vivec City · 34, 89, 149-151, 153-158, 161, 258, 375
Void · 164, 262, 562
Void Ghost · 562
Vomph · 136-137
Vonguldak · 123
Vorilk · 402
Voryn · 229
Vos · 56, 159-160, 295, 319, 322, 423
Vunnis, Somutis · 131
Vvardefell Island · 157
Vvardenfel · 343
Vvardenfell District · 56, 64, 157-158, 184, 218-219, 364, 420, 423, 472, 616
West Gash · 8, 145, 157, 160-161, 420, 554, 560, 618
Western Empire · 30
Western Reach · 16-17
Western Uplands · 107
Whirling School · 540, 543
Whitestrange, Pelinal · 582
Whitewalker · 197
Wild Elf · 357
Wild Hunt · 588
Willow · 130
Winloth, Tharien · 51
Wisdom of the Seven Graces · 62
Withershins · 597
Wizard · 39, 387, 397
Wodworg · 603, 605
Wolf Queen · 32, 598
Wolverine Hall · 132, 152-153, 184
Wood Elf · 11, 183, 222, 588
Woodland Man · 583
World Eater · 582
Worldly God · 586
Worldskin · 262, 586
Wraith · 216, 372, 603-605
Wraithguard · 202, 377, 379
Wrothgarian Mountains · 382
Wulfharth of Atmora · 16, 129, 164
X
Xarxes · 581, 588
Xel, Bristin · 381, 386, 389, 392, 395, 399, 402
Xen · 264
Xiomara · 39-42, 44-45
Y
Yamwort, Voltha gra- · 603
Yasalmibaal, Odaishah · 606
Year of Winter in Summer · 584
Ygfa · 131
Yngling Half-Troll · 156, 214, 347, 616
Yohr-i · 604
Yokuda · 170, 583, 584
Yolivess, Jole · 134
Yorum · 604
Ysgramor · 583
Ysmir · 519
Ysmir Kingmaker · 16-17, 519, 567, 581, 587-588, 596

Z

Zainab · 160
Zainsubani, Hassour · 617
Zarck · 412
Zebavi, Rhunen · 415

II. Years

First Era
1E 480 · 124
1E 660 · 584
1E 675 · 382
1E 685 · 389

Second Era
2E 321 · 184
2E 572 · 588
2E 882 · 92

Third Era
3E 400 · 92

Zebusipal · 209
Zeht · 581, 588
Zenithar · 70, 131, 581, 588
Zilian · 43
Zoaraym · 256
Zollassa · 172, 176
Zombel Mokafa · 135-137
Zombie · 216, 356
Zyliana · 78

P.D. 1180 · 106
P.D. 1220 · 107