The Elder Scrolls Treasury

Volume I

The official Books, Scrolls and Notes of TES3: Morrowind, its official Plugins and Expansions.

Collected, indexed and edited by

Zeph

Dortmund
2005
Additions, corrections, new entries etc. are always welcome.
Tse–eph@gmx.de

The Elder Scrolls Treasury
II. Common Names in Morrowind
III. TES3 Encyclopaedia

3rd Edition
# Table of Contents

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[001/012] 2920</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[001] 2920, Morning Star</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[002] 2920, Sun's Dawn</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[003] 2920, First Seed</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[004] 2920, Rain's Hand</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[005] 2920, Second Seed</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[006] 2920, MidYear</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[007] 2920, Sun's Height</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[008] 2920, Last Seed</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[009] 2920, Hearth Fire</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[010] 2920, FrostFall</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[011] 2920, Sun's Dusk</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[012] 2920, Evening Star</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[013/048] 36 Lessons of Vivec</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[013] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 1</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[014] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 2</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[015] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 3</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[016] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 4</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[017] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 5</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[018] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 6</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[019] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 7</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[020] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 8</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[021] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 9</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[022] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 10</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[023] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 11</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[024] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 12</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[025] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 13</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[026] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 14</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[027] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 15</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[028] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 16</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[028a] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 16</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[029] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 17</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[030] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 18</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[031] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 19</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[032] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 20</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[033] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 21</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[034] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 22</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[035] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 23</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[036] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 24</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[037] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 25</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[038] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 26</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[039] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 27</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[040] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 28</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

[041] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29.................................................................122
[042] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 30.................................................................124
[043] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 31.................................................................126
[044] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 32.................................................................128
[045] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 33.................................................................130
[046] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 34.................................................................132
[047] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 35.................................................................134
[048] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 36.................................................................136
[049] A Blood-Stained Note..............................................................................138
[050/056] A Dance in Fire......................................................................................139
  [050] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 1........................................................................139
  [051] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 2........................................................................144
  [052] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 3........................................................................150
  [053] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 4........................................................................156
  [054] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 5........................................................................161
  [055] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 6........................................................................167
  [056] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 7........................................................................173
[057] A Dark Brotherhood Contract..................................................................178
[058] A dying man's last words..........................................................................179
[059] A Fair Warning........................................................................................180
[060] A Game at Dinner.......................................................................................181
[061] A hastily scrawled note..........................................................................186
[062] A Hypothetical Treachery........................................................................187
[063] A Leaflet.....................................................................................................193
[064] A Less Rude Song......................................................................................194
[065] A scrawled note.........................................................................................196
[066] A scroll written in blood.........................................................................197
[067] A Short History of Morrowind..................................................................198
[068] A worn and weathered note...................................................................201
[069] ABCs for Barbarians.............................................................................203
[070] Aedra and Daedra...................................................................................205
[071] Airship Captain's Journal.......................................................................206
[072] Ajira's Flower Report.............................................................................208
[074] Ancestors and the Dunmer.....................................................................210
  Ghosts Walk Among Them.........................................................................210
  The Family Shrine.......................................................................................210
  The Ghost Fence..........................................................................................210
  The Mortal Chill..........................................................................................211
  Mad Spirits..................................................................................................211
  Oblivion.......................................................................................................211
  Foreign Views of Dunmeri Ancestor Worship and Spirit Magic..............212
  Telvanni "Necromancy"..............................................................................212
# Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

- [075] Antecedants of Dwemer Law .......................................................... 214
- [076] Arcana Restored .............................................................................. 215
- [077] Arkay the Enemy ........................................................................... 216
- [078] Ascadian Isles Land Deed ............................................................... 217
- [079] Ashland Hymns ............................................................................. 218
- [080] Aurane Frernis' Recipes ................................................................. 219
- [081] Aurane Frernis' Recipes ................................................................. 220
- [082] Aurane Frernis' Recipes ................................................................. 221
- [083] Azura and the Box ......................................................................... 222
- [084/088] Beram Journal Entries ............................................................ 225
  - [084] Beram Journal Entry 1 ................................................................. 225
  - [085] Beram Journal Entry 2 ................................................................. 226
  - [086] Beram Journal Entry 3 ................................................................. 227
  - [087] Beram Journal Entry 4 ................................................................. 228
  - [088] Beram Journal Entry 5 ................................................................. 229
- [089/091] Biography of Barenziah ......................................................... 230
  - [089] Biography of Barenziah v I .......................................................... 230
  - [090] Biography of Barenziah v II ......................................................... 232
  - [091] Biography of Barenziah v III ....................................................... 234
- [092] Biography of the Wolf Queen ....................................................... 237
- [093] Blasphemous Revenants ............................................................... 240
- [094] Bloody Note .................................................................................. 242
- [095] Bloody Note .................................................................................. 243
- [096] Boethiah's Glory ........................................................................... 244
- [097] Boethiah's Pillow Book ................................................................. 246
- [098/099] Bone ...................................................................................... 247
  - [098] Bone, Part One ........................................................................... 247
  - [099] Bone, Part Two ........................................................................... 251
- [100] Book of Life and Service .............................................................. 256
  - THE RANKS OF THE BLESSED ....................................................... 256
  - THE LITANY OF SERVICE ............................................................ 256
- [101] Book of Rest and Endings ............................................................. 257
  - THE RITUAL FOR ENDING OF WRATHMEN ............................... 257
- [102] Breathing Water .......................................................................... 258
- [103/106] Brief History of the Empire .................................................. 262
  - [103] Brief History of the Empire v 1 .................................................... 262
  - [104] Brief History of the Empire v 2 .................................................... 264
  - [105] Brief History of the Empire v 3 .................................................... 267
  - [106] Brief History of the Empire v 4 .................................................... 269
- [107] Brown Book of 3E 426 ................................................................. 272
- [108] Caldera Ledger ............................................................................ 274
- [109] Caldera Mining Contract .............................................................. 275
- [110] Capn's Guide to the Fishy Stick .................................................... 276
## Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

- [111] Chance's Folly.................................................................277
- [112/115] Charwich–Koniinge.........................................................280
  - [112] Charwich–Koniinge, Volume 1...............................................280
  - [113] Charwich–Koniinge, Volume 2...............................................283
  - [114] Charwich–Koniinge, Volume 3...............................................286
  - [115] Charwich–Koniinge, Volume 4...............................................289
- [116] Cherim's Heart of Anequina..................................................292
- [117] Children of the Sky.............................................................294
- [118] Chimarvamidium.................................................................295
- [119] Chronicles of Nchuleft..........................................................298
  23. The Death of Lord Ihlendam...................................................298
- [120] Client List...........................................................................300
- [121] Colony Status Report..........................................................301
- [122] Confessions of a Skooma−Eater.............................................302
- [123] Construction Contract..........................................................304
- [124/126] Corpse Preparation........................................................305
  - [124] Corpse Preparation v I.........................................................305
  - [124a] Corpse Preparation v I.........................................................308
  - [125] Corpse Preparation v II.........................................................311
  - [126] Corpse Preparation v III.........................................................312
- [127] Cure Blight Potion Notice......................................................314
- [128] Custom Armor Price List.....................................................315
- [129] Custom Fur Armor Price List................................................317
- [130] Custom Fur Armor Price List................................................319
- [131] Dagoth Ur's Plans.................................................................321
  Basic Objectives...........................................................................321
  Inferring Dagoth Ur's Perspectives..............................................322
  A Recent Timescale of Dagoth Ur's Activities...............................323
  Noted with Concern.....................................................................324
- [132] Darkest Darkness.................................................................325
- [133] Death Blow of Abernanit......................................................327
- [134] decoded package..................................................................331
- [135] Deed to Indrele's House.......................................................333
- [136] Diary of a Lost Sailor..........................................................334
- [137] Directions to Caius Cosades.................................................336
- [138] Dispel Potion Formula........................................................337
- [139] Divine Metaphysics.............................................................338
- [140] Dren's Note........................................................................340
- [141] Dren's shipping log............................................................341
- [142] Dwemer Museum Welcome.................................................342
- [143] East Empire Company Ledger..............................................343
- [144] EEC Stock Certificate........................................................344
- [145] Elante's Notes.....................................................................345
# Table of Contents

## The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

[146] Elone's Directions to Balmora ................................................................. 347
[147] Erna's Note to Brandr ............................................................................. 348
[148] Erna's Note to Erna .................................................................................. 349
[149] Fall of the Snow Prince .......................................................................... 350
[150] Famed Artifacts of Tamriel ...................................................................... 352
  - Lord's Mail .................................................................................................. 352
  - Ebony Mail .................................................................................................. 352
  - Spell Breaker ............................................................................................... 352
  - Chrysamere ................................................................................................. 352
  - Staff of Magnus ............................................................................................ 353
  - Warlock's Ring ............................................................................................. 353
  - Ring of Phynaster ......................................................................................... 353
  - Ring of Khajiit .............................................................................................. 353
  - Mace of Molag Bal ....................................................................................... 354
  - Masque of Clavicus Vile ............................................................................. 354
  - Mehrunes Razor .......................................................................................... 354
  - Cuirass of the Savior's Hide ....................................................................... 354
  - Spear of Bitter Mercy .................................................................................. 354
  - Daedric Scourge .......................................................................................... 355
  - Bow of Shadows ........................................................................................... 355
  - Fists of Randagulf ....................................................................................... 355
  - Ice Blade of the Monarch .......................................................................... 355
  - Ring of Surroundings .................................................................................. 355
  - Boots of the Apostle .................................................................................... 356
  - The Mentor's Ring ....................................................................................... 356
  - Ring of the Wind .......................................................................................... 356
  - Vampiric Ring .............................................................................................. 356
  - Eleidon's Ward ............................................................................................. 356
  - Staff of Hasedoki ........................................................................................ 357
  - Bloodworm Helm ........................................................................................ 357
  - Dragonbone Mail ....................................................................................... 357
  - Skull Crusher .............................................................................................. 357
  - Goldbrand .................................................................................................... 357
  - Fang of Haynekhtnamet .......................................................................... 358
  - Umbra Sword .............................................................................................. 358
  - Densagmer's Ring ....................................................................................... 358
  - Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw ......................................................................... 358
  - Daedric Crescent Blade ............................................................................. 358

[151] Fellowship of the Temple ...................................................................... 360
  - Articles of Faith .......................................................................................... 360
  - Duties of the Faithful .................................................................................. 360

[152/154] Feyfolken ......................................................................................... 362
  - Feyfolken I ................................................................................................. 362
# Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

[153] Feyfolken II.................................................................366
[154] Feyfolken III...............................................................370
[155] Fighters Guild Charter..................................................375
I. Purpose........................................................................375
II. Authority.....................................................................375
III. Rules and Procedures..................................................375
IV. Membership Requirements.........................................375
V. Applications for Membership.......................................375
[156] Five Songs of King Wulfharth.....................................377
    Shor's Tongue............................................................377
    Kyne's Son...............................................................377
    Old Knocker.............................................................377
    The Ash King............................................................378
    Red Mountain..........................................................378
    The Secret Song of Wulfharth Ash-King.........................378
    The Truth at Red Mountain.........................................378
    The Armies Grow......................................................379
    The Doom Drum.......................................................379
[157] For my Gods and Emperor..........................................381
    What is the Imperial Cult?...........................................381
    What is the Virtuous Life?............................................381
    How can I join the Imperial cult?.................................382
    What are the requirements for advancement in the Imperial cult?.........................382
    Imperial cult services................................................382
    Opportunities for service............................................383
    How do the Imperial cults view the other factions of Vvardenfell?.........................383
[158] For Shara, on my death...............................................385
[159] Fort Pelagiad Prisoner Log..........................................386
[160] Fragment: On Artaeum.................................................387
[161] Frontier, Conquest....................................................389
[162] Galerion The Mystic....................................................391
[163] Galtis Guvron's Note..................................................393
[164] Galur Rithari's Papers...............................................394
[165] Ghost-Free Papers.....................................................395
[166] Gnisis Eggmine Ledger...............................................396
[167] Gnisis Eggmine Pass..................................................397
[168] Grasping Fortune.......................................................398
[169] Great Houses of Morrowind.......................................400
[170/174] Guides.................................................................402
[170] Guide to Ald'ruhn......................................................402
    Principle Districts of Ald'ruhn.................................402
    Services......................................................................403
    Notable figures.......................................................403
# Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Travel and Transportation</td>
<td>403</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[171] Guide to Balmora</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Services</td>
<td>404</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notable Figures</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transportation</td>
<td>405</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Services</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notable Figures</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transportation</td>
<td>407</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[173] Guide to Vivec</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Foreign Quarter</td>
<td>408</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Temple Compound</td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hlaalu Compound</td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telvanni Compound</td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Redoran Compound</td>
<td>409</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arena Compound</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Delyn and St. Olms Residential Cantons</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Transportation</td>
<td>410</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[174] Guide to Vvardenfell</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ASCADIAN ISLES</td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ASHLANDS</td>
<td>412</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AZURA'S COAST</td>
<td>413</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE BITTER COAST</td>
<td>413</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE GRAZELANDS</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MOLAG AMUR</td>
<td>414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RED MOUNTAIN</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEST GASH</td>
<td>415</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SHEOGORAD</td>
<td>416</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[175] Guylaine's Architecture</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[176] Hallgerd's Tale</td>
<td>419</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[177] handwritten letter</td>
<td>422</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[178] handwritten note</td>
<td>423</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[179] Hanging Gardens</td>
<td>424</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[180] Hanin's Wake</td>
<td>425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[180a] Hanin's Wake</td>
<td>426</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[181] Hasphat's notes for Cosades</td>
<td>427</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[182] Hlaalu Vaults Ledger</td>
<td>428</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[183] Homilies of Blessed Almalexia</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sotha Sil and the Scribes</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord Vivec and the Contentious Beasts</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boiled Kagouti</td>
<td>429</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dubious Healer</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Guar and the Mudcrabs</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Wounded Netch</td>
<td>430</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[184] Honor Among Thieves</td>
<td>431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[185/200] Honorable Writs of Execution</td>
<td>433</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[185] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>433</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[186] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>434</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[187] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>435</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[188] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>436</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[189] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>437</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[190] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>438</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[191] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>439</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[192] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>440</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[193] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>441</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[194] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>442</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[195] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[196] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>444</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[197] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>445</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[198] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>446</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[199] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>447</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[200] Honorable Writ of Execution</td>
<td>448</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[201] Hospitality Papers</td>
<td>449</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[202] How Orsinium Passed to the Orcs</td>
<td>450</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[203] Ice and Chiton</td>
<td>453</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[204] I'm My Own Grandpa</td>
<td>457</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[205] Imperial Museum Welcome</td>
<td>458</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[206] Incident in Necrom</td>
<td>459</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[207] Invocation of Azura</td>
<td>463</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[208] Invoice</td>
<td>465</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[209] Invoice</td>
<td>466</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[210] Itermerel's Notes</td>
<td>467</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[211] Jeleen's Sad Farewell</td>
<td>468</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[212] Journal of Fryssa</td>
<td>469</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[213] Journal of Tarhiel</td>
<td>470</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[214] Kagouti Mating Habits</td>
<td>471</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[215] Kagrenac's Journal</td>
<td>472</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[216] Kagrenac's Planbook</td>
<td>473</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[217] Kagrenac's Tools</td>
<td>474</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[218] Last Scabbard of Akrash</td>
<td>476</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[219] Legions of the Dead</td>
<td>480</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[220/227] Letters</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[220] Letter from Gadayn</td>
<td>482</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[221] Letter From J'Zhirr</td>
<td>483</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[222] Letter From Llaalam Dredil</td>
<td>484</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[223] Letter From Llaalam Dredil</td>
<td>485</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

[224] Letter from Ocato.................................................................486
[225] Letter from Rigmor to Risi..................................................487
[226] Letter from Tsrazami..............................................................488
[227] Letter to Senilias Cadiusus....................................................489
[228] Lives of the Saints.................................................................490
[229] Locations of the Stones........................................................492
[230] Lord Jornibret's Last Dance...................................................493
[231] Mages Guild Charter..............................................................496
  I. Purpose.....................................................................................496
  II. Authority................................................................................496
  III. Rules and Procedures..........................................................496
  IV. Membership Requirements..................................................496
  V. Applications for Membership.................................................496

ATTACHMENT A: Mages Guild Chapters in Vvardenfell District, Province of Morrowind..................................................497

[232] Map of Red Mountain..........................................................498
[233] Master Zoaraym's Tale...........................................................499
[234] Message from Dagoth Ur.........................................................502
[235] Message from Master Aryan....................................................503
[236] Messenger Scroll...................................................................504
[237] Milyn Faram's Scroll...............................................................505
[238] Mission to Vivec — from Caius...............................................506
[239/239] Mixed Unit Tactics...........................................................507
  [239] Mixed Unit Tactics v1.........................................................507
[240] Mysterious Akavir.................................................................509
[241/245] Mystery of Talara...............................................................511
  [241] Mystery of Talara, Part 1......................................................511
  [242] Mystery of Talara, Part 2......................................................516
  [243] Mystery of Talara, Part 3......................................................520
  [243a] Mystery of Talara, Part 3...................................................525
  [244] Mystery of Talara, Part 4......................................................530
  [245] Mystery of Talara, Part 5......................................................535
[246] Mysticism..............................................................................539
[247] Nchunak's Fire and Faith.......................................................541
[248] Neminda's Orders.................................................................542
[249] Nerevar at Red Mountain......................................................543
[250] Nerevar Moon—and—Star.....................................................546
[251] Nerevarine cult notes............................................................547
  The Nerevarine Cult...................................................................547
  The Nerevarine.........................................................................547
  Nerevar.....................................................................................547
  Nerevarine Prophecies..............................................................547
  Lost Prophecies.......................................................................548
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>550</td>
<td>N’Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>551</td>
<td>N’Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>552</td>
<td>Night Falls On Sentinel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>556</td>
<td>No–h’s Picture Book of Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>557</td>
<td>No–h’s Picture Book of Wood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>558</td>
<td>Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>558</td>
<td>Note from a Glenmoril Witch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>559</td>
<td>Note from Bakarak</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>560</td>
<td>Note from Bashuk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>561</td>
<td>Note from Berwen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>562</td>
<td>Note From Bildren</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>563</td>
<td>Note from Bugrol</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>564</td>
<td>Note from Carnius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>565</td>
<td>Note From Ernil</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>566</td>
<td>Note from Ferele</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>567</td>
<td>Note from Irgola</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>568</td>
<td>Note from J’zhirr</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>569</td>
<td>Note from Nelos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>570</td>
<td>Note from Oritius Maro</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>571</td>
<td>Note from Radras</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>572</td>
<td>Note from Sondaale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>573</td>
<td>note from the Archcanon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>575</td>
<td>Note to Ahnia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>576</td>
<td>Note to Amaya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>577</td>
<td>Note to Falanaamo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>578</td>
<td>Note to Giden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>579</td>
<td>Note to Hleva</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>580</td>
<td>Note to Hrisskar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>581</td>
<td>Note to Inorra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>582</td>
<td>Note to Mages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>583</td>
<td>Note to Malsa Ules</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>584</td>
<td>Note to Menus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>585</td>
<td>Note to Salyn Sarethi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>586</td>
<td>Note to Slaves</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>587</td>
<td>Note to Telvion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>588</td>
<td>Note to Valvius</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>589</td>
<td>Notes by Aryon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>590</td>
<td>Notes from Huleeya</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>590</td>
<td>The History of the Ashlanders and the Nerevarine Cult</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>590</td>
<td>The Nerevar of the Ashlanders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>590</td>
<td>Persecution of the Nerevarine Cult</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>591</td>
<td>Peakstar and other Incarnates in the Past</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>592</td>
<td>[287] Notes on Racial Phylogeny</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

- [288] NoteToCalderaGuard.................................................................594
- [289] Notice..........................................................................................595
- [290] Odd Rumor..................................................................................596
- [291/294] Odral's History of the Empire............................................597
  - [291] Odral's History of the Empire 1.............................................597
  - [292] Odral's History of the Empire 2.............................................599
  - [293] Odral's History of the Empire 3.............................................602
  - [294] Odral's History of the Empire 4.............................................604
- [295] Odral's Land Deed....................................................................607
- [296/302] Old Dwemer Books..........................................................608
  - [296] Old Dwemer Book................................................................608
  - [297] Old Dwemer Book................................................................609
  - [298] Old Dwemer Book................................................................610
  - [299] Old Dwemer Book................................................................611
  - [300] Old Dwemer Book................................................................612
  - [301] Old Dwemer Book................................................................613
  - [302] Old Dwemer Book................................................................614
- [303] Old, Wet Note...........................................................................615
- [304] On Morrowind..........................................................................616
- [305] On Oblivion..............................................................................618
- [306] Order From Mollismo..............................................................620
- [307] Order Manifest.........................................................................621
- [308] Orders for Bivale Teneran.......................................................622
- [309] Ordo Legionis...........................................................................623
- [310] Origin of the Mages Guild.......................................................624
- [311] Overview of Gods and Worship............................................626
- [312] Package for Caius Cosades......................................................628
- [313] Page from History of the Empire............................................631
- [314/315] Palla..................................................................................632
  - [314] Palla, Book I...........................................................................632
  - [315] Palla, Book II...........................................................................636
- [316] paper..........................................................................................641
- [317] paper..........................................................................................642
- [318] Parchment with Scrrawlings....................................................643
- [319] Peke Utchoo's last words.........................................................644
- [320] Pirate Captain's Note...............................................................645
- [321] Plan to Defeat Dagoth Ur.........................................................646
- [322/328] Poison Song.....................................................................650
  - [322] Poison Song I.........................................................................650
  - [323] Poison Song II.........................................................................655
  - [324] Poison Song III........................................................................658
  - [325] Poison Song IV........................................................................662
  - [326] Poison Song V.........................................................................665
# Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

- [327] Poison Song VI ................................................................. 670
- [328] Poison Song VII ................................................................. 674
- [329] Prisoner Checklist .............................................................. 678
- [330] Private Notes — DO NOT READ ................................................. 679
- [331] Progress of Truth ................................................................. 680
  1. the divinity of the Tribunal ................................................. 680
  2. the purity of the Tribunal .................................................. 680
  3. Temple accounts of the Battle of Red Mountain ............... 680
  4. veneration of the Daedra, Saints, and Ancestors ............... 681
  5. denial of the prophecies of the Incarnate, and persecution of the Nerevarines ........................................... 681
  6. Authority of the Archcanon and the Ordinators ................. 681
  7. the Inquisition and the use of terror and torture by the Ordinators ........................................................ 681
  8. fundamentals of Temple doctrine – Charity for the Poor, Education for the Ignorant, Protection for the Weak .................................................. 682
- [332] Property of Jolda ................................................................. 683
- [333] Provinces of Tamriel .......................................................... 684
- [334] Public notice ........................................................................ 686
- [335] Ravila Memorial ................................................................. 687
- [336] Realizations of Acrobacy ..................................................... 688
- [337] Red Book of 3E 426 ............................................................ 691
- [338] Redoran Cooking Secrets .................................................. 693
- [339] Redoran Vaults Ledger ....................................................... 694
- [340] Reflections on Cult Worship .............................................. 695
- [341] Release Identification .......................................................... 697
- [342] Rels Tenim Journal Page .................................................... 698
- [343] Response from Divayth Fyr .............................................. 699
- [344] Response to Bero's Speech ................................................ 700
- [345] Rethan Manor Land Deed ................................................... 702
- [346] Rogue Necromancer's Journal .......................................... 703
- [347] Rolled Paper ....................................................................... 704
- [348/350] Royal Writs of Execution ............................................ 705
  - [348] Royal Writ of Execution ................................................ 705
  - [349] Royal Writ of Execution ................................................ 706
  - [350] Royal Writ of Execution ................................................ 707
- [351] Saint Nerevar ................................................................. 708
- [352] Saryoni's Sermons Manuscript ......................................... 709
- [353] Saryoni's Sermons ............................................................ 711
- [354/487] Scrolls ........................................................................... 713
  - [354] Scroll of Almsivi Intervention ....................................... 713
  - [355] Scroll of Alvusia's Warping .......................................... 714
  - [356] Scroll of Baleful Suffering ............................................. 715
  - [357] Scroll of Black Death ..................................................... 716
  - [358] Scroll of Black Despair ................................................ 717
Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources
[359] Scroll of Black Fate...........................................................................................718
[360] Scroll of Black Mind..........................................................................................719
[361] Scroll of Black Scorn..........................................................................................720
[362] Scroll of Black Sloth..........................................................................................721
[363] Scroll of Black Weakness..................................................................................722
[364] Scroll of Bloodfire.............................................................................................723
[365] Scroll of Bodily Restoration...............................................................................724
[366] Scroll of Breva's Averted Eyes..........................................................................725
[367] Scroll of Celerity...............................................................................................726
[368] Scroll of Chriditte's Panacea.............................................................................727
[369] Scroll of Corrupt Arcanix..................................................................................728
[370] Scroll of Daerir's Blessing..................................................................................729
[371] Scroll of Daerir's Miracle...................................................................................730
[372] Scroll of Daydene's Panacea.............................................................................731
[373] Scroll of Daynar's Airy Bubble..........................................................................732
[374] Scroll of Dedres' Masterful Eye.........................................................................733
[375] Scroll of Didala's Knack.....................................................................................734
[376] Scroll of Divine Intervention.............................................................................735
[377] Scroll of Drathis' Soulrot...................................................................................736
[378] Scroll of Drathis' Winter Guest.........................................................................737
[379] Scroll of Ekash's Lock Splitter..........................................................................738
[380] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Fire..........................................................................739
[381] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Frost........................................................................740
[382] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Shock.......................................................................741
[383] Scroll of Elevram's Sty.....................................................................................742
[384] Scroll of Fader's Leaden Flesh..........................................................................743
[385] Scroll of Feldram's Trepidation.........................................................................744
[386] Scroll of Fiercely Roasting...............................................................................745
[387] Scroll of Flamebane..........................................................................................746
[388] Scroll of Flameguard.........................................................................................747
[389] Scroll of Fphyggi's Gem−Feeder........................................................................748
[390] Scroll of Frostbane...........................................................................................749
[391] Scroll of Frostguard.........................................................................................750
[392] Scroll of Galmes' Seal......................................................................................751
[393] Scroll of Golnara's Eye−Maze............................................................................752
[394] Scroll of Gonar's Goad......................................................................................753
[395] Scroll of Greater Domination............................................................................754
[396] Scroll of Grey Death.........................................................................................755
[397] Scroll of Grey Despair......................................................................................756
[398] Scroll of Grey Fate............................................................................................757
[399] Scroll of Grey Mind..........................................................................................758
[400] Scroll of Grey Scorn..........................................................................................759
[401] Scroll of Grey Sloth..........................................................................................760
# Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Scroll Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>402</td>
<td>Scroll of Grey Weakness</td>
<td>761</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>403</td>
<td>Scroll of Healing</td>
<td>762</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>404</td>
<td>Scroll of Heartwise</td>
<td>763</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>405</td>
<td>Scroll of Hellfire</td>
<td>764</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>406</td>
<td>Scroll of Icarian Flight</td>
<td>765</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>407</td>
<td>Scroll of Illnea's Breath</td>
<td>766</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>408</td>
<td>Scroll of Inas' Chastening</td>
<td>767</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>409</td>
<td>Scroll of Inasi's Mystic Finger</td>
<td>768</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>410</td>
<td>Scroll of Insight</td>
<td>769</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>411</td>
<td>Scroll of Invisibility</td>
<td>770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>412</td>
<td>Scroll of Leaguestep</td>
<td>771</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>413</td>
<td>Scroll of Lesser Domination</td>
<td>772</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>414</td>
<td>Scroll of Lliros' Glowing Eye</td>
<td>773</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>415</td>
<td>Scroll of Lord Mhas' Vengeance</td>
<td>774</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>416</td>
<td>Scroll of Mageweal</td>
<td>775</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>417</td>
<td>Scroll of Manarape</td>
<td>776</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>418</td>
<td>Scroll of Mark</td>
<td>777</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>419</td>
<td>Scroll of Monden's Instigator</td>
<td>778</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>420</td>
<td>Scroll of Nerusi's Lockjaw</td>
<td>779</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>421</td>
<td>Scroll of Ondusi's Unhinging</td>
<td>780</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>422</td>
<td>Scroll of Prince Ov's Brightbal</td>
<td>781</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>423</td>
<td>Scroll of Psychic Prison</td>
<td>782</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>424</td>
<td>Scroll of Purity of Body</td>
<td>783</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>425</td>
<td>Scroll of Radiya's Icy Mask</td>
<td>784</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>426</td>
<td>Scroll of Radrene's SpellBreaker</td>
<td>785</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>427</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Death</td>
<td>786</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>428</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Despair</td>
<td>787</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>429</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Fate</td>
<td>788</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>430</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Mind</td>
<td>789</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>431</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Scorn</td>
<td>790</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>432</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Sloth</td>
<td>791</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>433</td>
<td>Scroll of Red Weakness</td>
<td>792</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>434</td>
<td>Scroll of Restoration</td>
<td>793</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>435</td>
<td>Scroll of Reynos' Beast Finder</td>
<td>794</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>436</td>
<td>Scroll of Reynos' Fins</td>
<td>795</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>437</td>
<td>Scroll of Salen's Vivication</td>
<td>796</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>438</td>
<td>Scroll of Savage Might</td>
<td>797</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>439</td>
<td>Scroll of Savage Tyranny</td>
<td>798</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>440</td>
<td>Scroll of Selis' Fiery Ward</td>
<td>799</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>441</td>
<td>Scroll of Selyn's Mist Slippers</td>
<td>800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>442</td>
<td>Scroll of Sertises' Porphyry</td>
<td>801</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>443</td>
<td>Scroll of Shockbane</td>
<td>802</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>444</td>
<td>Scroll of Shockguard</td>
<td>803</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scroll Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Stormward</td>
<td>804</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Summon Flame Atronach</td>
<td>805</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Summon Frost Atronach</td>
<td>806</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Summon Golden Saint</td>
<td>807</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Summon Skeleton</td>
<td>808</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Supreme Domination</td>
<td>809</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Taldam’s Scorcher</td>
<td>810</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Telvin's Courage</td>
<td>811</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tendil’s Trembling</td>
<td>812</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tevil's Peace</td>
<td>813</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tevral’s Hawkshaw</td>
<td>814</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Argent Glow</td>
<td>815</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Black Storm</td>
<td>816</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Blood Thief</td>
<td>817</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Dawn Sprite</td>
<td>818</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Fifth Barrier</td>
<td>819</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The First Barrier</td>
<td>820</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Fourth Barrier</td>
<td>821</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Gambler's Prayer</td>
<td>822</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of the Hidden killer</td>
<td>823</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of the Hidden Killer</td>
<td>824</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Mage's Eye</td>
<td>825</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Mind Feeder</td>
<td>826</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Ninth Barrier</td>
<td>827</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Oathfast</td>
<td>828</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Second Barrier</td>
<td>829</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Sixth Barrier</td>
<td>830</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of The Third Barrier</td>
<td>831</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of the Wolf Ender</td>
<td>832</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tinur's Hoptoad</td>
<td>833</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tranasa's Spellmire</td>
<td>834</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltrap</td>
<td>835</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltwist</td>
<td>836</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltwist</td>
<td>837</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Tyronius</td>
<td>838</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Uth's Hand of Heaven</td>
<td>839</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Vaermina's Promise</td>
<td>840</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Vigor</td>
<td>841</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Vitality</td>
<td>842</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Vitality</td>
<td>843</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Warrior's Blessing</td>
<td>844</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Windform</td>
<td>845</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scroll of Windwalker</td>
<td>846</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

## The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>[488] Secret Caldera Ledger.</td>
<td>847</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[489] Secrets of Dwemer Animunculi.</td>
<td>848</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[490] Senilus' Report.</td>
<td>850</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[491] Settler's Journal.</td>
<td>851</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[492] Sharn's Legions of the Dead.</td>
<td>852</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[493] Shipping Notice.</td>
<td>854</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[494] Shishi Report.</td>
<td>855</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[495] Silence.</td>
<td>856</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[496] Sibhis.</td>
<td>858</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[497] Smuggler's Island.</td>
<td>859</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[498] Sold Out Notice.</td>
<td>862</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[499] Song of the Alchemists.</td>
<td>863</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[500] Sotilde's Code Book.</td>
<td>865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[501] Sovngarde, a Reexamination.</td>
<td>866</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[502] Special Flora of Tamriel.</td>
<td>868</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[503] Spirit of Nurn, God of Mortals.</td>
<td>870</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[504] Spirit of the Daedra.</td>
<td>871</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[505] Starlover's Log.</td>
<td>873</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[506] Surfeit of Thieves.</td>
<td>874</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[507] Tal Marog Ker's Researches.</td>
<td>878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chimere, Master Sorcerer, Summoner, and Direnni retainer.</td>
<td>878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armor of the Saviour's Hide.</td>
<td>878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dagon's Protonymic.</td>
<td>878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rituals of the Hunt.</td>
<td>879</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spear.</td>
<td>879</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[508] Tamrielic Lore.</td>
<td>880</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lord's Mail.</td>
<td>880</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ebony Mail.</td>
<td>880</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spell Breaker.</td>
<td>880</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chrysamere.</td>
<td>881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staff of Magnus.</td>
<td>881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warlock's Ring.</td>
<td>881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring of Phynaster.</td>
<td>881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring of Khajiit.</td>
<td>881</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mace of Molag Bal.</td>
<td>882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masque of Clavicus Vile.</td>
<td>882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mehrunes Razor.</td>
<td>882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cuirass of the Savior's Hide.</td>
<td>882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spear of Bitter Mercy.</td>
<td>882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daedric Scourge.</td>
<td>883</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bow of Shadows.</td>
<td>883</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fists of Randagulf.</td>
<td>883</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ice Blade of the Monarch.</td>
<td>883</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

## The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ring of Surroundings</td>
<td>883</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boots of the Apostle</td>
<td>884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Mentor's Ring</td>
<td>884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ring of the Wind</td>
<td>884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vampiric Ring</td>
<td>884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleidon's Ward</td>
<td>884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staff of Hasedoki</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bloodworm Helm</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dragonbone Mail</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skull Crusher</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldbrand</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fang of Haynekhtnamet</td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Umbra Sword</td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Denstagmer's Ring</td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw</td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daedric Crescent Blade</td>
<td>886</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[509] Tarer's Aedra and Daedra             | 888  |
[510] Tattered Note                        | 889  |
[511] Tax Record                           | 890  |
[512] Telvanni Vault Ledger                | 891  |
[513] Thauraver's Orders                   | 892  |
[514] The Affairs of Wizards              | 893  |
[515] The Alchemists Formulary             | 895  |
  | Healers' Recipes                         | 895  |
  | Travelers' Recipes                      | 895  |
  | Adventurers' Recipes                    | 896  |
[516] The Annotated Anuad                  | 898  |
[516a] The Annotated Anuad                 | 900  |
[517] The Anticipations                   | 902  |
[518] The Arcturian Heresy                | 904  |
[519] The Armorer's Challenge             | 907  |
[520] The Art of War Magic                 | 910  |
  | Chapter 3: Dispositions                 | 910  |
| The Axe Man                               | 912  |
| The Balladeer's Fakebook                  | 915  |
| The Battle of Molag Beran                 | 916  |
| The Battle of Red Mountain                | 917  |
| The Black Arrow                           | 921  |
  | [525] The Black Arrow, Volume I          | 921  |
  | [526] The Black Arrow, Volume II         | 925  |
| The Black Glove                           | 929  |
| The Blue Book of Riddles                  | 930  |
| The Book of Daedra                        | 931  |
Table of Contents

The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>530</td>
<td>The Book of Dawn and Dusk</td>
<td>933</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>531</td>
<td>The Brothers of Darkness</td>
<td>936</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>532</td>
<td>The Buying Game</td>
<td>938</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>533</td>
<td>The Cake and the Diamond</td>
<td>940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>534</td>
<td>The Cantatas of Vivec</td>
<td>943</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>535</td>
<td>The Changed Ones</td>
<td>945</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>536</td>
<td>The Common Tongue</td>
<td>946</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>537</td>
<td>The Common Tongue: Irano's copy</td>
<td>948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>538</td>
<td>The Consolations of Prayer</td>
<td>950</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>539</td>
<td>The Doors of the Spirit</td>
<td>952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>540</td>
<td>The Dowry</td>
<td>953</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>541</td>
<td>The Dragon Break Re-Examined</td>
<td>956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>542</td>
<td>The Eastern Provinces</td>
<td>958</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>543</td>
<td>The Egg of Time</td>
<td>960</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>544</td>
<td>The Final Lesson</td>
<td>962</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>545</td>
<td>The Firmament</td>
<td>965</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Warrior</td>
<td>965</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Mage</td>
<td>966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Thief</td>
<td>966</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Serpent</td>
<td>967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Lady</td>
<td>967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Steed</td>
<td>967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Lord</td>
<td>967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Apprentice</td>
<td>967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Atronach</td>
<td>967</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Ritual</td>
<td>968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Lover</td>
<td>968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Shadow</td>
<td>968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>The Tower</td>
<td>968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>546</td>
<td>The Firsthold Revolt</td>
<td>969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>547</td>
<td>The Five Far Stars</td>
<td>973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>548</td>
<td>The Four Suitors of Benitah</td>
<td>974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>549</td>
<td>The Gold Ribbon of Merit</td>
<td>979</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>550</td>
<td>The Hope of the Redoran</td>
<td>982</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>551</td>
<td>The Horror of Castle Xyr</td>
<td>985</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>551a</td>
<td>The Horror of Castle Xyr</td>
<td>992</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>552</td>
<td>The House of Troubles</td>
<td>999</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>552a</td>
<td>The House of Troubles</td>
<td>1001</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>553</td>
<td>The Importance of Where</td>
<td>1003</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>554</td>
<td>The Legendary Scourge</td>
<td>1006</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>555</td>
<td>The Locked Room</td>
<td>1007</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>556</td>
<td>The Lost Prophecy</td>
<td>1010</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>557</td>
<td>The Lunar Lorkhan</td>
<td>1011</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

## The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

- [558] The Lusty Argonian Maid................................................................. 1012
- [559] The Madness of Pelagius................................................................. 1013
- [560] The Marksmanship Lesson.............................................................. 1016
- [561] The Mirror....................................................................................... 1020
- [562] The Monomyth.................................................................................. 1024
- [563] The Old Ways.................................................................................... 1030
- [564] The Pig Children............................................................................... 1032
- [565] The Pilgrim's Path........................................................................... 1033
  - The Fields of Kunmu: Shrine of Humility............................................ 1033
  - To Stop the Moon: The Shrine of Daring............................................ 1033
  - The Palace: Shrine of Generosity....................................................... 1034
  - The Puzzle Canal: The Shrine of Courtesy....................................... 1034
  - The Mask of Vivec: Shrine of Justice................................................. 1034
  - Koal Cave: The Shrine of Valor............................................................ 1035
  - The Ghostfence: The Shrine of Pride................................................... 1035
- [566] The Posting of the Hunt................................................................. 1036
- [567] The Prayers of Baranat................................................................. 1038
- [568] The Ransom of Zarek..................................................................... 1041
- [569/573] The Real Barenziah................................................................ 1045
  - [569] The Real Barenziah v I................................................................. 1045
  - [570] The Real Barenziah v II............................................................... 1054
  - [571] The Real Barenziah v III............................................................. 1064
  - [572] The Real Barenziah v IV............................................................. 1072
  - [573] The Real Barenziah v V............................................................... 1082
- [574] The Real Nerevar.......................................................................... 1097
- [575] The Rear Guard............................................................................... 1098
- [576] The Red Book of Riddles............................................................... 1101
- [577] The Ruins of Kemel−Ze............................................................... 1103
- [578] The Seed......................................................................................... 1109
- [579] The Seven Curses.......................................................................... 1112
- [580] The Seven Visions......................................................................... 1114
- [581] The Song of Grandfather Frost....................................................... 1116
- [582] The Song of Uncle Sweetshare....................................................... 1117
- [583] The Story of Aevar Stone−Singer................................................... 1118
- [584] The Stranger.................................................................................. 1124
- [585] The Third Door............................................................................. 1125
- [586] The True Nature of Orcs............................................................... 1127
- [587] The True Noble's Code................................................................. 1128
- [588] The Vagaries of Magicka............................................................... 1130
- [589] The War of the First Council......................................................... 1131
- [590] The Warrior's Charge.................................................................... 1133
- [591] The Waters of Oblivion............................................................... 1134
- [592] The Wild Elves............................................................................. 1135
# Table of Contents

**The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>593</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book I</td>
<td>1136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>594</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book II</td>
<td>1141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>595</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book III</td>
<td>1145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>596</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book IV</td>
<td>1150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>597</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book V</td>
<td>1154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>598</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book VI</td>
<td>1158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>599</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book VII</td>
<td>1161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>600</td>
<td>The Wolf Queen, Book VIII</td>
<td>1165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>601</td>
<td>The Wraith's Wedding Dowry</td>
<td>1169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>602</td>
<td>The Yellow Book of Riddles</td>
<td>1172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>603</td>
<td>Thirsk, a History</td>
<td>1173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>604</td>
<td>Thirsk, a History — Revised</td>
<td>1177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>604a</td>
<td>Thirsk, a History — Revised</td>
<td>1182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>605</td>
<td>Tiram Gadar's Credentials</td>
<td>1187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>606</td>
<td>tradehouse notice</td>
<td>1188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>607</td>
<td>Trap</td>
<td>1190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>608</td>
<td>Treasury Orders</td>
<td>1193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>609</td>
<td>Treasury Report</td>
<td>1194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>610</td>
<td>Unnamed Book</td>
<td>1195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>611</td>
<td>Vampires of Vvardenfell, v I</td>
<td>1199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>611</td>
<td>Vampires of Vvardenfell, v I</td>
<td>1199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>612</td>
<td>Vampires of Vvardenfell, v II</td>
<td>1201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>613</td>
<td>Varieties of Faith</td>
<td>1202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>614</td>
<td>THE EIGHT PANTHEONS</td>
<td>1202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>615</td>
<td>Vernaccus and Bourlor</td>
<td>1211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>616</td>
<td>Vivec and Mephala</td>
<td>1215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>617</td>
<td>Notes on the Divine Spirits of the Pantheons</td>
<td>1203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>618</td>
<td>Who is ALMSIVI?</td>
<td>1215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>619</td>
<td>Who is Mephala?</td>
<td>1215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>620</td>
<td>Warehouse shipping log</td>
<td>1217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>621</td>
<td>WARNING!!!</td>
<td>1218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>622</td>
<td>Weapons and Armor Contract</td>
<td>1219</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>623</td>
<td>Where Were You ... Dragon Broke</td>
<td>1220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>624</td>
<td>Widow Vabdas' Land Deed</td>
<td>1222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>Withershins</td>
<td>1223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>626</td>
<td>Words and Philosophy</td>
<td>1227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>627</td>
<td>Words of Clan Mother Ahnissi</td>
<td>1231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>628</td>
<td>Words of the Wind</td>
<td>1235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>625</td>
<td>Yngling's Ledger</td>
<td>1236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>626</td>
<td>Yngling's Letter</td>
<td>1238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>627</td>
<td>Zainsubani's Notes</td>
<td>1239</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Table of Contents

## The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources
- Ashlanders and foreigners................................................................. 1240
- Ashlander courtesy........................................................................... 1240
- Ashlander challenges......................................................................... 1240
- Ashlander worship........................................................................... 1240
- Nerevarine cult.................................................................................. 1241
- Nerevarine prophecies....................................................................... 1241
- The Urshilaku Ashlanders................................................................. 1241

## Appendix........................................................................................................ 1243
- I: List of loaded master files and plugins............................................ 1243
- II. List of authors and their respective works..................................... 1243
- III. List of serials and their respective volumes................................... 1245
- IV. The Emperors of the Third Era..................................................... 1246

## General Index................................................................................................. 1249
- A........................................................................................................ 1249
- B........................................................................................................ 1254
- C........................................................................................................ 1258
- D........................................................................................................ 1261
- E........................................................................................................ 1265
- F........................................................................................................ 1267
- G........................................................................................................ 1269
- H........................................................................................................ 1273
- I........................................................................................................ 1277
- J........................................................................................................ 1279
- K........................................................................................................ 1280
- L........................................................................................................ 1282
- M........................................................................................................ 1284
- N........................................................................................................ 1289
- O........................................................................................................ 1291
- P........................................................................................................ 1292
- Q........................................................................................................ 1294
- R........................................................................................................ 1295
- S........................................................................................................ 1297
- T........................................................................................................ 1303
- U........................................................................................................ 1308
- V........................................................................................................ 1309
- W........................................................................................................ 1311
- X........................................................................................................ 1312
- Y........................................................................................................ 1313
- Z........................................................................................................ 1313
Morning Star
Book One of
2920, The Last Year of the First Era
by Carlovac Townway

1 Morning Star, 2920
Mournhold, Morrowind

Almalexia lay in her bed of fur, dreaming. Not until the sun burned through her window, infusing the light wood and flesh colors of her chamber in a milky glow did she open her eyes. It was quiet and serene, a stunning reverse of the flavor of her dreams, so full of blood and celebration. For a few moments, she simply stared at the ceiling, trying to sort through her visions.

In the courtyard of her palace was a boiling pool which steamed in the coolness of the winter morning. At the wave of her hand, it cleared and she saw the face and form of her lover Vivec in his study to the north. She did not want to speak right away: he looked so handsome in his dark red robes, writing his poetry as he did every morning.

"Vivec," she said, and he raised his head in a smile, looking at her face across thousands of miles.
"I have seen a vision of the end of the war."

"After eighty years, I don't think anyone can imagine an end," said Vivec with a smile, but he grew serious, trusting Almalexia's prophecies. "Who will win? Morrowind or the Cyrodilic Empire?"

"Without Sotha Sil in Morrowind, we will lose," she replied.

"My intelligence tells me the Empire will strike us to the north in early springtide, by First Seed at the latest. Could you go to Artaeum and convince him to return?"
"I'll leave today," she said, simply.

4 Morning Star, 2920
Gideon, Black Marsh

The Empress paced around her cell. Wintertide gave her wasteful energy, while in the summer she would merely sit by her window and be grateful for each breath of stale swamp wind that came to cool her. Across the room, her unfinished tapestry of a dance at the Imperial Court seemed to mock her. She ripped it from its frame, tearing the pieces apart as they drifted to the floor.

Then she laughed at her own useless gesture of defiance. She would have plenty of time to repair it and craft a hundred more. The Emperor had locked her up in Castle Giovesse seven years ago, and would likely keep her here until he or she died.

With a sigh, she pulled the cord to call her knight, Zuuk. He appeared at the door within minutes, fully uniformed as befitted an Imperial Guard. Most of the native Kothringi tribesmen of Black Marsh preferred to go about naked, but Zuuk had taken a positive delight to fashion. His silver, reflective skin was scarcely visible, only on his face, neck, and hands.

"Your Imperial Highness," he said with a bow.

"Zuuk," said Empress Tavia. "I'm bored. Lets discuss methods of assassinating my husband today."

14 Morning Star, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

The chimes proclaiming South Wind's Prayer echoed through the wide boulevards and gardens of the Imperial City, calling all to their temples. The Emperor Reman III always attended a service at the Temple of the One, while his son and heir Prince Juilek found it more political to attend a service at a different temple for each religious holiday. This year, it was at the cathedral Benevolence of Mara.

The Benevolence's services were mercifully short, but it was not until well after noon that the Emperor was able to return to the palace. By then, the arena combatants were impatiently waiting for the start of the ceremony. The crowd was far less restless, as the Potentate Versidue−Shaie had arranged for a demonstration from a troupe of Khajiiti acrobats.

"Your religion is so much more convenient than mine," said the Emperor to his Potentate by way of an apology. "What is the first game?"

"A one−on−one battle between two able warriors," said the Potentate, his scaly skin catching the sun as he rose. "Armed befitting their culture."
"Sounds good," said the Emperor and clapped his hands. "Let the sport commence!"

As soon as he saw the two warriors enter the arena to the roar of the crowd, Emperor Reman III remembered that he had agreed to this several months before and forgotten about it. One combatant was the Potentate's son, Savirien−Chorak, a glistening ivory−yellow eel, gripping his katana and wakizashi with his thin, deceptively weak looking arms. The other was the Emperor's son, Prince Juilek, in ebony armor with a savage Orcish helm, shield and longsword at his side.

"This will be fascinating to watch," hissed the Potentate, a wide grin across his narrow face. "I don't know if I've even seen a Cyrodiil fight an Akavir like this. Usually it's army against army. At last we can settle which philosophy is better — to create armor to combat swords as your people do, or to create swords to combat armor as mine do."

No one in the crowd, aside from a few scattered Akaviri counselors and the Potentate himself wanted Savirien−Chorak to win, but there was a collective intake of breath at the sight of his graceful movements. His swords seemed to be a part of him, a tail coming from his arms to match the one behind him. It was a trick of counterbalance, allowing the young serpent man to roll up into a circle and spin into the center of the ring in offensive position. The Prince had to plod forward the less impressive traditional way.

As they sprang at each other, the crowd bellowed with delight. The Akaviri was like a moon in orbit around the Prince, effortlessly springing over his shoulder to attempt a blow from behind, but the Prince whirled around quickly to block with his shield. His counter−strike met only air as his foe fell flat to the ground and slithered between his legs, tripping him. The Prince fell to the ground with a resounding crash.

Metal and air melted together as Savirien−Chorak rained strike after strike upon the Prince, who blocked every one with his shield.

"We don't have shields in our culture," murmured Versidue−Shaie to the Emperor. "It seems strange to my boy, I imagine. In our country, if you don't want to get hit, you move out of the way."

When Savirien−Chorak was rearing back to begin another series of blinding attacks, the Prince kicked at his tail, sending him falling back momentarily. In an instant, he had rebounded, but the Prince was also back on his feet. The two circled one another, until the snake man spun forward, katana extended. The Prince saw his foe's plan, and blocked the katana with his longsword and the wakizashi with his shield. Its short punching blade impaled itself in the metal, and Savirien−Chorak was thrown off balance.

The Prince's longblade slashed across the Akavir's chest and the sudden, intense pain caused him to drop both his weapons. It a moment, it was over. Savirien−Chorak was prostate in the dust with the Prince's longsword at his throat.
"The game's over!" shouted the Emperor, barely heard over the applause from the stadium.

The Prince grinned and helped Savirien–Chorak up and over to a healer. The Emperor clapped his Potentate on the back, feeling relieved. He had not realized when the fight had begun how little chance he had given his son at victory.

"He will make a fine warrior," said Versidue–Shaie. "And a great emperor."

"Just remember," laughed the Emperor. "You Akaviri have a lot of showy moves, but if just one of our strikes comes through, it's all over for you."

"Oh, I'll remember that," nodded the Potentate.

Reman thought about that comment for the rest of the games, and had trouble fully enjoying himself. Could the Potentate be another enemy, just as the Empress had turned out to be? The matter would bear watching.

21 Morning Star, 2920
Mournhold, Morrowind

"Why don't you wear that green gown I gave you?" asked the Duke of Mournhold, watching the young maiden put on her clothes.

"It doesn't fit," smiled Turala. "And you know I like red."

"It doesn't fit because you're getting fat," laughed the Duke, pulling her down on the bed, kissing her breasts and the pouch of her stomach. She laughed at the tickles, but pulled herself up, wrapping her red robe around her.

"I'm round like a woman should be," said Turala. "Will I see you tomorrow?"

"No," said the Duke. "I must entertain Vivec tomorrow, and the next day the Duke of Ebonheart is coming. Do you know, I never really appreciated Almalexia and her political skills until she left?"

"It is the same with me," smiled Turala. "You will only appreciate me when I'm gone."

"That's not true at all," snorted the Duke. "I appreciate you now."

Turala allowed the Duke one last kiss before she was out the door. She kept thinking about what he said. Would he appreciate her more or less when he knew that she was getting fat because she was carrying his child? Would he appreciate her enough to marry her?

The Year Continues in Sun's Dawn
The Elder Scrolls Treasury: Sources

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Long Blade
ID: BookSkill_Long Blade2
Sotha Sil watched the initiates float one by one up to the oassom tree, taking a fruit or a flower from its high branches before dropping back to the ground with varying degrees of grace. He took a moment while nodding his head in approval to admire the day. The whitewashed statue of Syrabane, which the great mage was said to have posed for in ancient days, stood at the precipice of the cliff overlooking the bay. Pale purple proscato flowers waved to and fro in the gentle breeze. Beyond, ocean, and the misty border between Artaeum and the main island of Summurset.

"By and large, acceptable," he proclaimed as the last student dropped her fruit in his hand. With a wave of his hand, the fruit and flowers were back in the tree. With another wave, the students had formed into position in a semicircle around the sorcerer. He pulled a small fibrous ball, about a foot in diameter from his white robes.

"What is this?"

The students understood this test. It asked them to cast a spell of identification on the mysterious object. Each initiate closed his or her eyes and imagined the ball in the realm of the universal Truth. Its energy had a unique resonance as all physical and spiritual matter does, a negative aspect, a duplicate version, relative paths, true meaning, a song in the cosmos, a texture in the fabric of space, a facet of being that has always existed and always will exist.

"A ball," said a young Nord named Welleg, which brought giggles from some of the younger initiates, but a frown from most, including Sotha Sil.

"If you must be stupid, at least be amusing," growled the sorcerer, and then looked at a young, dark-haired Altmer lass who looked confused. "Lilatha, do you know?"

"It's grom," said Lilatha, uncertainly. "What the dreugh meff after they've k–k–kr–krevinasim."

"Karvinasim, but very good, nonetheless," said Sotha Sil. "Now, tell me, what does that mean?"
"I don't know," admitted Lilatha. The rest of the students also shook their heads.

"There are layers to understanding all things," said Sotha Sil. "The common man looks at an object and fits it into a place in his way of thinking. Those skilled in the Old Ways, in the way of the Psijic, in Mysticism, can see an object and identify it by its proper role. But one more layer is needed to be peeled back to achieve understanding. You must identify the object by its role and its truth and interpret that meaning. In this case, this ball is indeed grom, which is a substance created by the dreugh, an underwater race in the north and western parts of the continent. For one year of their life, they undergo karvinasim when they walk upon the land. Following that, they return to the water and meff, or devour the skin and organs they needed for land–dwelling. Then they vomit it up into little balls like this. Grom. Dreugh vomit."

The students looked at the ball a little queasily. Sotha Sil always loved this lesson.

4 Sun's Dawn, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

"Spies," muttered the Emperor, sitting in his bath, staring at a lump on his foot. "All around me, traitors and spies."

His mistress Rijja washed his back, her legs wrapped around his waist. She knew after all these many years when to be sensual and when to be sexual. When he was in a mood like this, it was best to be calmly, soothingly, seductively sensual. And not to say a word unless he asked her a direct question.

Which he did: "What do you think when a fellow steps on his Imperial Majesty's foot and says 'I'm sorry, Your Imperial Majesty'? Don't you think 'Pardon me, Your Imperial Majesty' is more appropriate? 'I'm sorry,' well that almost sounds like the bastard Argonian was sorry I am his Imperial Majesty. That he hopes we lose the war with Morrowind, that's what it sounds like."

"What would make you feel better?" asked Rijja. "Would you like him flogged? He is only, as you say, the Battlechief of Soulrest. It would teach him to mind where he's stepping."

"My father would have flogged him. My grandfather would have had him killed," the Emperor grumbled. "But I don't mind if they all step on my feet, provided they respect me. And don't plot against me."

"You must trust someone."

"Only you," smiled the Emperor, turning slightly to give Rijja a kiss. "And my son Juilek, I suppose, though I wish he were a little more cautious."

"And your council, and the Potentate?" asked Rijja.
"A pack of spies and a snake," laughed the Emperor, kissing his mistress again. As they began to make love, he whispered, "As long as you're true, I can handle the world."

13 Sun’s Dawn, 2920
Mournhold, Morrowind

Turala stood at the black, bejeweled city gates. A wind howled around her, but she felt nothing. The Duke had been furious upon hearing his favorite mistress was pregnant and cast her from his sight. She tried again and again to see him, but his guards turned her away. Finally, she returned to her family and told them the truth. If only she had lied and told them she did not know who the father was. A soldier, a wandering adventurer, anyone. But she told them that the father was the Duke, a member of the House Indoril. And they did what she knew they would have to do, as proud members of the House Redoran.

Upon her hand was burned the sign of Expulsion her weeping father had branded on her. But the Duke's cruelty hurt her far more. She looked out the gate and into the wide winter plains. Twisted, sleeping trees and skies without birds. No one in Morrowind would take her in now. She must go far away.

With slow, sad steps, she began her journey.

16 Sun’s Dawn, 2920
Senchal, Anequina (modern day Elsweyr)

"What troubles you?" asked Queen Hasaama, noticing her husband's sour mood. At the end of most Lovers' Days he was in an excellent mood, dancing in the ballroom with all the guests, but tonight he retired early. When she found him, he was curled in the bed, frowning.

"That blasted bard's tale about Polydor and Eloisa put me in a rotten state," he growled. "Why did he have to be so depressing?"

"But isn't that the truth of the tale, my dear? Weren't they doomed because of the cruel nature of the world?"

"It doesn't matter what the truth is, he did a rotten job of telling a rotten tale, and I'm not going to let him do it anymore," King Dro'Zel sprang from the bed. His eyes were rheumy with tears. "Where did they say he was from again?"

"I believe Gilverdale in easternmost Valenwood," said the Queen, shaken. "My husband, what are you going to do?"

Dro'Zel was out of the room in a single spring, bounding up the stairs to his tower. If Queen
Hasaama knew what her husband was going to do, she did not try to stop him. He had been erratic of late, prone to fits and even occasional seizures. But she never suspected the depths of his madness, and his loathing for the bard and his tale of the wickedness and perversity found in mortal man.

19 Sun's Dawn, 2920
Gilverdale, Valenwood

"Listen to me again," said the old carpenter. "If cell three holds worthless brass, then cell two holds the gold key. If cell one holds the gold key, then cell three hold worthless brass. If cell two holds worthless brass, then cell one holds the gold key."

"I understand," said the lady. "You told me. And so cell one holds the gold key, right?"

"No," said the carpenter. "Let me start from the top."

"Mama?" said the little boy, pulling on his mother's sleeve.

"Just one moment, dear, mother's talking," she said, concentrating on the riddle. "You said 'cell three holds the golden key if cell two holds worthless brass,' right?"

"No," said the carpenter patiently. "Cell three holds worthless brass, if cell two ---"

"Mama!" cried the boy. His mother finally looked.

A bright red mist was pouring over the town in a wave, engulfing building after building in its wake. Striding before was a red–skinned giant. The Daedra Molag Bal. He was smiling.

29 Sun's Dawn, 2920
Gilverdale, Valenwood

Almalexia stopped her steed in the vast moor of mud to let him drink from the river. He refused to, even seemed repelled by the water. It struck her as odd: they had been making excellent time from Mournhold, and surely he must be thirsty. She dismounted and joined her retinue.

"Where are we now?" she asked.

One of her ladies pulled out a map. "I thought we were approaching a town called Gilverdale."

Almalexia closed her eyes and opened them again quickly. The vision was too much to bear. As her followers watched, she picked up a piece of brick and a fragment of bone, and clutched them to her heart.
"We must continue on to Artaeum," she said quietly.

The Year continues in First Seed.

Book  
Weight: 3.00  
Value: 275  
Enchantment: 20  
Teaches: Mysticism  
ID: BookSkill_Mysticism2
From their vantage point high in the hills, the Emperor Reman III could still see the spires of the Imperial City, but he knew he was far away from hearth and home. Lord Glavius had a luxurious villa, but it was not close to being large enough to house the entire army within its walls. Tents lined the hillsides, and the soldiers were flocking to enjoy his lordship's famous hot springs. Little wonder: winter chill still hung in the air.

"Prince Juilek, your son, is not feeling well."

When Potentate Versidue−Shaie spoke, the Emperor jumped. How that Akavir could slither across the grass without making a sound was a mystery to him.

"Poisoned, I'd wager," grumbled Reman. "See to it he gets a healer. I told him to hire a taster like I have, but the boy's headstrong. There are spies all around us, I know it."

"I believe you're right, your imperial majesty," said Versidue−Shaie. "These are treacherous times, and we must take precautions to see that Morrowind does not win this war, either on the field or by more insidious means. That is why I would suggest that you not lead the vanguard into battle. I know you would want to, as your illustrious ancestors Reman I, Brazollus Dor, and Reman II did, but I fear it would be foolhardy. I hope you do not mind me speaking frankly like this."

"No," nodded Reman. "I think you're right. Who would lead the vanguard then?"

"I would say Prince Juilek, if he were feeling better," replied the Akavir. "Failing that, Storig of Farrun, with Queen Naghea of Riverhold at left flank, and Warchief Ulaqth of Lilmoth at right flank."

"A Khajiit at left flank and an Argonian at right," frowned the Emperor. "I never do trust beastfolk."

The Potentate took no offense. He knew that "beastfolk" referred to the natives of Tamriel, not to
the Tsaesci of Akavir like himself. "I quite agree your imperial majesty, but you must agree that they hate the Dunmer. Ulaqth has a particular grudge after all the slave-raids on his lands by the Duke of Mournhold."

The Emperor conceded it was so, and the Potentate retired. It was surprising, thought Reman, but for the first time, the Potentate seemed trustworthy. He was a good man to have on one's side.

**18 First Seed, 2920**  
**Ald Erfoud, Morrowind**

"How far is the Imperial Army?" asked Vivec.

"Two days' march," replied his lieutenant. "If we march all night tonight, we can get higher ground at the Pryai tomorrow morning. Our intelligence tells us the Emperor will be commanding the rear, Storig of Farrun has the vanguard, Naghea of Riverhold at left flank, and Ulaqth of Lilmoth at right flank."

"Ulaqth," whispered Vivec, an idea forming. "Is this intelligence reliable? Who brought it to us?"

"A Breton spy in the Imperial Army," said the lieutenant and gestured towards a young, sandy-haired man who stepped forward and bowed to Vivec.

"What is your name and why is a Breton working for us against the Cyrodiils?" asked Vivec, smiling.

"My name is Cassyr Whitley of Dwynnen," said the man. "And I am working for you because not everyone can say he spied for a god. And I understood it would be, well, profitable."

Vivec laughed, "It will be, if your information is accurate."

**19 First Seed, 2920**  
**Bodrums, Morrowind**

The quiet hamlet of Bodrum looked down on the meandering river, the Pryai. It was an idyllic site, lightly wooded where the water took the bend around a steep bluff to the east with a gorgeous wildflower meadow to the west. The strange flora of Morrowind met the strange flora of Cyrodiil on the border and commingled gloriously.

"There will be time to sleep when you've finished!"

The soldiers had been hearing that all morning. It was not enough that they had been marching all night, now they were chopping down trees on the bluff and damming the river so its waters spilled over. Most of them had reached the point where they were too tired to complain about being tired.
"Let me be certain I understand, my lord," said Vivec's lieutenant. "We take the bluff so we can fire arrows and spells down on them from above. That's why we need all the trees cleared out. Damming the river floods the plain below so they'll be trudging through mud, which should hamper their movement."

"That's exactly half of it," said Vivec approvingly. He grabbed a nearby soldier who was hauling off the trees. "Wait, I need you to break off the straightest, strongest branches of the trees and whittle them into spears. If you recruit a hundred or so others, it won't take you more than a few hours to make all we need."

The soldier wearily did as he was bade. The men and women got to work, fashioning spears from the trees.

"If you don't mind me asking," said the lieutenant. "The soldiers don't need any more weapons. They're too tired to hold the ones they've got."

"These spears aren't for holding," said Vivec and whispered, "If we tired them out today, they'll get a good night's sleep tonight" before he got to work supervising their work.

It was essential that they be sharp, of course, but equally important that they be well balanced and tapered proportionally. The perfect point for stability was a pyramid, not the conical point of some lances and spears. He had the men hurl the spears they had completed to test their strength, sharpness, and balance, forcing them to begin on a new one if they broke. Gradually, out of sheer exhaustion from doing it wrong, the men learned how to create the perfect wooden spears. Once they were through, he showed them how they were to be arranged and where.

That night, there was no drunken pre-battle carousing, and no nervous neophytes stayed up worrying about the battle to come. As soon as the sun sank beneath the wooded hills, the camp was at rest, but for the sentries.

20 First Seed, 2920
Bodrum, Morrowind

Miramor was exhausted. For last six days, he had gambled and whored all night and then marched all day. He was looking forward to the battle, but even more than that, he was looking forward to some rest afterwards. He was in the Emperor's command at the rear flank, which was good because it seemed unlikely that he would be killed. On the other hand, it meant traveling over the mud and waste the army ahead left in their wake.

As they began the trek through the wildflower field, Miramor and all the soldiers around him sank ankle-deep in cold mud. It was an effort to even keep moving. Far, far up ahead, he could see the vanguard of the army led by Lord Storig emerging from the meadow at the base of a bluff.
That was when it all happened.

An army of Dunmer appeared above the bluff like rising Daedra, pouring fire and floods of arrows down on the vanguard. Simultaneously, a company of men bearing the flag of the Duke of Mournhold galloped around the shore, disappearing along the shallow river's edge where it dipped to a timbered glen to the east. Warchief Ulaqth nearby on the right flank let out a bellow of revenge at the sight and gave chase. Queen Naghea sent her flank towards the embankment to the west to intercept the army on the bluff.

The Emperor could think of nothing to do. His troops were too bogged down to move forward quickly and join the battle. He ordered them to face east towards the timber, in case Mournhold's company was trying to circle around through the woods. They never came out, but many men, facing west, missed the battle entirely. Miramor kept his eyes on the bluff.

A tall Dunmer he supposed must have been Vivec gave a signal, and the battlemages cast their spells at something to the west. From what transpired, Miramor deduced it was a dam. A great torrent of water spilled out, washing Naghea's left flank into the remains of the vanguard and the two together down river to the east.

The Emperor paused, as if waiting for his vanquished army to return, and then called a retreat. Miramor hid in the rushes until they had passed by and then waded as quietly as he could to the bluff.

The Morrowind army was retiring as well back to their camp. He could hear them celebrating above him as he padded along the shore. To the east, he saw the Imperial Army. They had been washed into a net of spears strung across the river, Naghea's left flank on Storig's vanguard on Ulaqth's right flank, bodies of hundreds of soldiers strung together like beads.

Miramor took whatever valuables he could carry from the corpses and then ran down the river. He had to go many miles before the water was clear again, unpolluted by blood.

29 First Seed, 2920
Hegathe, Hammerfell

"You have a letter from the Imperial City," said the chief priestess, handing the parchment to Corda. All the young priestesses smiled and made faces of astonishment, but the truth was that Corda's sister Rijja wrote very often, at least once a month.

Corda took the letter to the garden to read it, her favorite place, an oasis in the monochromatic sand–colored world of the conservatorium. The letter itself was nothing unusual: filled with court gossip, the latest fashions which were tending to winedark velvets, and reports of the Emperor's ever–growing paranoia.

"You are so lucky to be away from all of this," wrote Rijja. "The Emperor is convinced that his
latest battlefield fiasco is all a result of spies in the palace. He has even taken to questioning me. Ruptga keep it so you never have a life as interesting as mine."

Corda listened to the sounds of the desert and prayed to Ruptga the exact opposite wish.

The Year is Continued in Rain's Hand.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Spear
ID: BookSkill_Spear2
Sotha Sil proceeded as quickly as he could through the blackened halls of the palace, half-submerged in brackish water. All around him, nasty gelatinous creatures scurried into the reeds, bursts of white fire lit up the upper arches of the hall before disappearing, and smells assaulted him, rancid death one moment, sweet flowered perfume the next. Several times he had visited the Daedra princes in their Oblivion, but every time, something different awaited him.

He knew his purpose, and refused to be distracted.

Eight of the more prominent Daedra princes were awaiting him in the half-melted, domed room. Azura, Prince of Dusk and Dawn; Boethiah, Prince of Plots; Herma-Mora, Daedra of Knowledge; Hircine, the Hunter; Malacath, God of Curses; Mehrunes Dagon, Prince of Disaster; Molag Bal, Prince of Rage; Sheogorath, the Mad One.

Above them, the sky cast tormented shadows upon the meeting.

Sotha Sil's voice cried out, echoing from the cave, "Move the rock!"

Immediately, the initiates obeyed, rolling aside the great boulder that blocked the entrance to the Dreaming Cavern. Sotha Sil emerged, his face smeared with ash, weary. He felt he had been away for months, years, but only a few days had transpired. Lilatha took his arm to help him walk, but he refused her help with a kind smile and a shake of his head.

"Were you ... successful?" she asked.

"The Daedra princes I spoke with have agreed to our terms," he said flatly. "Disasters such as befell Gilverdale should be averted. Only through certain intermediaries such as witches or
sorcerers will they answer the call of man and mer."

"And what did you promise them in return?" asked the Nord boy Welleg.

"The deals we make with Daedra," said Sotha Sil, continuing on to Iachesis's palace to meet with the Master of the Psijic Order. "Should not be discussed with the innocent."

8 Rain's Hand, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

A storm billeted the windows of the Prince's bedchamber, bringing a smell of moist air to mix with the censors filled with burning incense and herbs.

"A letter has arrived from the Empress, your mother," said the courier. "Anxiously inquiring after your health."

"What frightened parents I have!" laughed Prince Juilek from his bed.

"It is only natural for a mother to worry," said Savirien−Chorak, the Potentate's son.

"There is everything unnatural about my family, Akavir. My exiled mother fears that my father will imagine me of being a traitor, covetous of the crown, and is having me poisoned," the Prince sank back into his pillow, annoyed. "The Emperor has insisted on me having a taster for all my meals as he does."

"There are many plots," agreed the Akavir. "You have been ailed for nearly three weeks with every healer in the empire shuffling through like a slow ballroom dance. At least, all can see that you're getting stronger."

"Strong enough to lead the vanguard against Morrowind soon, I hope," said Juilek.

11 Rain's Hand, 2920
The Isle of Artaeum, Summurset

The initiates stood quietly in a row along the arbor loggia, watching the long, deep, marble−lined trench ahead of them flash with fire. The air above it vibrated with the waves of heat. Though each student kept his or her face sturdy and emotionless, as a true Psijic should, their terror was nearly as palpable as the heat. Sotha Sil closed his eyes and uttered the charm of fire resistance. Slowly, he walked across the basin of leaping flames, climbing to the other side, unscathed. Not even his white robe had been burned.

"The charm is intensified by the energy you bring to it, by your own skills, just as all spells are," he said. "Your imagination and your willpower are the keys. There is no need for a spell to give you a resistance to air, or a resistance to flowers, and after you cast the charm, you must forget
there is even a need for a spell to give you resistance to fire. Do not confuse what I am saying: resistance is not about ignoring the fire's reality. You will feel the substance of flame, the texture of it, its hunger, and even the heat of it, but you will know that it will not hurt or injure you."

The students nodded and one by one, they cast the spell and made the walk through the fire. Some even went so far as to bend over and scoop up a handful of fire and feed it air, so it expanded like a bubble and melted through their fingers. Sotha Sil smiled. They were fighting their fear admirably.

The Chief Proctor Thargallith came running from the arbor arches, "Sotha Sil! Almalexia has arrived on Artaeum. Iachesis told me to fetch you."

Sotha Sil turned to Thargallith for only a moment, but he knew instantly from the screams what had transpired. The Nord lad Wellig had not cast the spell properly and was burning. The smell of scorched hair and flesh panicked the other students who were struggling to get out of the basin, pulling him with them, but the incline was too steep away from the entry points. With a wave of his hand, Sotha Sil extinguished the flame.

Wellig and several other students were burned, but not badly. The sorcerer cast a healing spell on them, before turning back to Thargallith.

"I'll be with you in a moment, and give Almalexia the time to shake the road dust from her train," Sotha Sil turned back to the students, his voice flat. "Fear does not break spells, but doubt and incompetence are the great enemies of any spellcaster. Master Welleg, you will pack your bags. I'll arrange for a boat to bring you to the mainland tomorrow morning."

The sorcerer found Almalexia and Iachesis in the study, drinking hot tea, and laughing. She was more beautiful than he had remembered, though he had never before seen her so disheveled, wrapped in a blanket, dangling her damp long black tresses before the fire to dry. At Sotha Sil's approach, she leapt to her feet and embraced him.

"Did you swim all the way from Morrowind?" he smiled.

"It's pouring rain from Skywatch down to the coast," she explained, returning his smile.

"Only a half a league away, and it never rains here," said Iachesis proudly. "Of course, I sometimes miss the excitement of Summurset, and sometimes even the mainland itself. Still, I'm always very impressed by anyone out there who gets anything accomplished. It is a world of distractions. Speaking of distractions, what's all this I hear about a war?"

"You mean the one that's been bloodying the continent for the last eighty years, Master?" asked Sotha Sil, amused.

"I suppose that's the one I mean," said Iachesis with a shrug of his shoulders. "How is that war going?"
"We will lose it, unless I can convince Sotha Sil to leave Artaeum," said Almalexia, losing her smile. She had meant to wait and talk to her friend in private, but the old Altmer gave her courage to press on. "I have had visions; I know it to be true."

Sotha Sil was silent for a moment, and then looked at Iachesis, "I must return to Morrowind."

"Knowing you, if you must do something, you will," sighed the old Master. "The Psijics' way is not to be distracted. Wars are fought, Empires rise and fall. You must go, and so must we."

"What do you mean, Iachesis? You're leaving the island?"

"No, the island will be leaving the sea," said Iachesis, his voice taking on a dreamy quality. "In a few years, the mists will move over Artaeum and we will be gone. We are counselors by nature, and there are too many counselors in Tamriel as it is. No, we will go, and return when the land needs us again, perhaps in another age."

The old Altmer struggles to his feet, and drained the last sip of his drink before leaving Sotha Sil and Almalexia alone: "Don't miss the last boat."

The Year Continues in Second Seed.

---

[004] 2920, Rain's Hand

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Restoration
ID: BookSkill_Restoration4
"Your Imperial Majesty," said the Potentate Versidue−Shaie, opening the door to his chamber with a smile. "I have not seen you lately. I thought perhaps you were ... indisposed with the lovely Rijja."

"She's taking the baths at Mir Corrup," the Emperor Reman III said miserably.

"Please, come in."

"I've reached the stage where I can only trust three people: you, my son the Prince, and Rijja," said the Emperor petulantly. "My entire council is nothing but a pack of spies."

"What seems to be the matter, your imperial majesty?" asked the Potentate Versidue−Shaie sympathetically, drawing closed the thick curtain in his chamber. Instantly all sound outside the room was extinguished, echoing footsteps in the marble halls and birds in the springtide gardens.

"I've discovered that a notorious poisoner, an Orma tribeswoman from Black Marsh called Catchica, was with the army at Caer Suvio while we were encamped there when my son was poisoned, before the battle at Bodrum. I'm sure she would have preferred to kill me, but the opportunity didn't present itself," The Emperor fumed. "The Council suggests that we need evidence of her involvement before we prosecute."

"Of course they would," said the Potentate thoughtfully. "Particularly if one or more of them was in on the plot. I have a thought, your imperial majesty."

"Yes?" said Reman impatiently. "Out with it!"

"Tell the Council you're dropping the matter, and I will send out the Guard to track this Catchica down and follow her. We will see who her friends are, and perhaps get an idea of the scope of this plot on your imperial majesty's life."
"Yes," said Reman with a satisfied frown. "That's a capital plan. We will track this scheme to whomever it leads to."

"Decidedly, your imperial majesty," smiled the Potentate, parting the curtain so the Emperor could leave. In the hallway outside was Versidue–Shaie's son, Savirien–Chorak. The boy bowed to the Emperor before entering the Potentate's chamber.

"Are you in trouble, father?" whispered the Akaviri lad. "I heard the Emperor found out about whatshename, the poisoner."

"The great art of speechcraft, my boy," said Versidue–Shaie to his son. "Is to tell them what they want to hear in a way that gets them to do what you want them to do. I need you to get a letter to Catchica, and make certain that she understands that if she does not follow the instructions perfectly, she is risking her own life more than ours."

13 Second Seed, 2920
Mir Corrup, Cyrodiil

Rijja sank luxuriantly into the burbling hot spring, feeling her skin tingle like it was being rubbed by millions of little stones. The rock shelf over her head sheltered her from the misting rain, but let all the sunshine in, streaming in layers through the branches of the trees. It was an idyllic moment in an idyllic life, and when she was finished she knew that her beauty would be entirely restored. The only thing she needed was a drink of water. The bath itself, while wonderfully fragrant, tasted always of chalk.

"Water!" she cried to her servants. "Water, please!"

A gaunt woman with rags tied over her eyes ran to her side and dropped a goatskin of water. Rijja was about to laugh at the woman's prudery --- she herself was not ashamed of her naked body --- but then she noticed through a crease in the rags that the old woman had no eyes at all. She was like one of those Orma tribesmen Rijja had heard about, but never met. Born without eyes, they were masters of their other senses. The Lord of Mir Corrup hired very exotic servants, she thought to herself.

In a moment, the woman was gone and forgotten. Rijja found it very hard to concentrate on anything but the sun and the water. She opened the cork, but the liquid within had a strange, metallic smell to it. Suddenly, she was aware that she was not alone.

"Lady Rijja," said the captain of the Imperial Guard. "You are, I see, acquainted with Catchica?"

"I've never heard of her," stammered Rijja before becoming indignant. "What are you doing here? This body is not for your leering eyes."

"Never heard of her, when we saw her with you not a minute ago," said the captain, picking up the
goatskin and smelling it. "Brought you neivous ichor, did she? To poison the Emperor with?"

"Captain," said one of the guards, running up to him quickly. "We cannot find the Argonian. It is as if she disappeared into the woods."

"Yes, they're good at that," said the captain. "No matter though. We've got her contact at court. That should please his Imperial Majesty. Seize her."

As the guards pulled the writhing naked woman from the pool, she screamed, "I'm innocent! I don't know what this is all about, but I've done nothing! The Emperor will have your heads for this!"

"Yes, I imagine he will," smiled the captain. "If he trusts you."

21 Second Seed, 2920
Gideon, Black Marsh

The Sow and Vulture tavern was the sort of out−of−the−way place that Zuuk favored for these sorts of interviews. Besides himself and his companion, there were only a couple of old seadogs in the shadowy room, and they were more unconscious from drink than aware. The grime of the unwashed floor was something you felt rather than saw. Copious dust hung in the air unmoving in the sparse rays of dying sunlight.

"You have experience in heavy combat?" asked Zuuk. "The reward is good for this assignment, but the risks are great as well."

"Certainly I have combat experience," replied Miramor haughtily. "I was at the Battle of Bodrum just two months ago. If you do your part and get the Emperor to ride through Dozsa Pass with a minimal escort on the day and the time we've discussed, I'll do my part. Just be certain that he's not traveling in disguise. I'm not going to slaughter every caravan that passes through in the hopes that it contains Emperor Reman."

Zuuk smiled, and Miramor looked at himself in the Kothringi's reflective face. He liked the way he looked: the consummate confident professional.

"Agreed," said Zuuk. "And then you shall have the rest of your gold."

Zuuk placed the large chest onto the table between them. He stood up.

"Wait a few minutes before leaving," said Zuuk. "I don't want you following me. Your employers wish to maintain their anonymity, if by chance you are caught and tortured."

"Fine by me," said Miramor, ordering more grog.
Zuuk rode his mount through the cramped labyrinthine streets of Gideon, and both he and his horse were happy to pass through the gates into the country. The main road to Castle Giovese was flooded as it was every year in springtide, but Zuuk knew a shorter way over the hills. Riding fast under trees drooping with moss and treacherous slime-coated rocks, he arrived at the castle gates in two hours' time. He wasted no time in climbing to Tavia's cell at the top of the highest tower.

"What did you think of him?" asked the Empress.

"He's a fool," replied Zuuk. "But that's what we want for this sort of assignment."

30 Second Seed, 2920
Thurzo Fortress, Cyrodiil

Rijja screamed and screamed and screamed. Within her cell, her only audience was the giant gray stones, crusted with moss but still sturdy. The guards outside were deaf to her as they were deaf to all prisoners. The Emperor, miles away in the Imperial City, had likewise been deaf to her cries of innocence.

She screamed knowing well that no one would likely hear her ever again.

31 Second Seed, 2920
Kavas Rim Pass, Cyrodiil

It had been days, weeks since Turala had seen another human face, Cyrodiil or Dunmer. As she trod the road, she thought to herself how strange it was that such an uninhabited place as Cyrodiil had become the Imperial Province, seat of an Empire. Even the Bosmer in Valenwood must have more populated forests than this Heartland wood.

She thought back. Was it a month ago, two, when she crossed the border from Morrowind into Cyrodiil? It had been much colder then, but other than that, she had no sense of time. The guards had been brusque, but as she was carrying no weaponry, they elected to let her through. Since then, she had seen a few caravans, even shared a meal with some adventurers camping for the night, but met no one who would give her a ride to a town.

Turala stripped off her shawl and dragged it behind her. For a moment, she thought she heard someone behind her and spun around. No one was there. Just a bird perched on a branch making a sound like laughter.

She walked on, and then stopped. Something was happening. The child had been kicking in her belly for some time now, but this was a different kind of spasm. With a groan, she lurched over to the side of the path, collapsing into the grass. Her child was coming.

She lay on her back and pushed, but she could barely see with her tears of pain and frustration.
How had it come to this? Giving birth in the wilderness, all by herself, to a child whose father was the Duke of Mournhold? Her scream of rage and agony shook the birds from the trees.

The bird that had been laughing at her earlier flew down to the road. She blinked, and the bird was gone and in its place, a naked Elf man stood, not as dark as a Dunmer, but not as pale as the Altmer. She knew at once it was an Ayleid, a Wild Elf. Turala screamed, but the man held her down. After a few minutes of struggle, she felt a release, and then fainted away.

When she awoke, it was to the sound of a baby crying. The child had been cleaned and was lying by her side. Turala picked up her baby girl, and for the first time that year, felt tears of happiness stream down her face.

She whispered to the trees, "Thank you" and began walking with babe in her arms down the road to the west.

The Year Is Continued in Mid Year.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Speechcraft
ID: BookSkill_Speechcraft3
"The Imperial army is gathered to the south," said Cassyr. "They are a two weeks march from Ald Iuval and Lake Coronati, heavily armored."

Vivec nodded. Ald Iuval and its sister city on the other side of the lake Ald Malak were strategically important fortresses. He had been expecting a move against them for some time. His captain pulled down a map of southwestern Morrowind from the wall and smoothed it out, fighting a gentle summer sea breeze wafting in from the open window.

"They were heavily armored, you say?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," said Cassyr. "They were camped out near Bethal Gray in the Heartland, and I saw nothing but Ebony, Dwarven, and Daedric armor, fine weaponry, and siege equipment."

"How about spellcasters and boats?" asked Vivec.


"As heavily armored as they are, it will take them at least two weeks, like you said, to get from Bethal Gray to Lake Coronati," Vivec studied the map carefully. "They'd be dragged down in the bogs if they then tried to circle around to Ald Marak from the north, so they must be planning to cross the straits here and take Ald Iuval. Then they'd proceed around the lake to the east and take Ald Marak from the south."

"They'll be vulnerable along the straits," said the captain. "Provided we strike when they are more than halfway across and can't retreat back to the Heartland."

"Your intelligence has once again served us well," said Vivec, smiling to Cassyr. "We will beat back the Imperial aggressors yet again."
3 Mid Year, 2920
Bethal Gray, Cyrodiil

"Will you be returning back this way after your victory?" asked Lord Bethal.

Prince Juilek barely paid the man any attention. He was focused on the army packing its camp. It was a cool morning in the forest, but there were no clouds. All the makings of a hot afternoon march, particularly in such heavy armor.

"If we return shortly, it will be because of defeat," said the Prince. He could see down in the meadow, the Potentate Versidue−Shaie paying his lordship's steward for the use of the village's food, wine, and whores. An army was an expensive thing, for certes.

"My Prince," said Lord Bethal with concern. "Is your army beginning a march due east? That will just lead you to the shores of Lake Coronati. You'll want to go south−east to get to the straits."

"You just make certain your merchants get their share of our gold," said the Prince with a grin. "Let me worry about my army's direction."

16 Mid Year, 2920
Lake Coronati, Morrowind

Vivec stared across the blue expanse of the lake, seeing his reflection and the reflection of his army in the cool blue waters. What he did not see was the Imperial Army's reflection. They must have reached the straits by now, barring any mishaps in the forest. Tall feather−thin lake trees blocked much of his view of the straits, but an army, particularly one clan in slow−moving heavy armor could not move invisibly, silently.

"Let me see the map again," he called to his captain. "Is there no other way they could approach?"

"We have sentries posted in the swamps to the north in case they're fool enough to go there and be bogged under," said the captain. "We would at least hear about it. But there is no other way across the lake except through the straits."

Vivec looked down again at his reflection, which seemed to be distorting his image, mocking him. Then he looked back on the map.

"Spy," said Vivec, calling Cassyr over. "When you said the army had a horde of battlemages, what made you so certain they were battlemages?"

"They were wearing gray robes with mystical insignia on them," explained Cassyr. "I figured they were mages, and why else would such a vast number travel with the army? They couldn't have all been healers."
"You fool!" roared Vivec. "They're mystics schooled in the art of Alteration. They've cast a spell of water breathing on the entire army."

Vivec ran to a new vantage point where he could see the north. Across the lake, though it was but a small shadow on the horizon, they could see gouts of flame from the assault on Ald Marak. Vivec bellowed with fury and his captain got to work at once redirecting the army to circle the lake and defend the castle.

"Return to Dwynnen," said Vivec flatly to Cassyr before he rode off to join the battle. "Your services are no longer needed nor wanted."

It was already too late when the Morrowind army neared Ald Marak. It had been taken by the Imperial Army.

19 Mid Year, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

The Potentate arrived in the Imperial City amid great fanfare, the streets lined with men and women cheering him as the symbol of the taking of Ald Marak. Truth be told, a greater number would have turned out had the Prince returned, and the Versidue–Shaie knew it. Still, it pleased him to no end. Never before had citizens of Tamriel cheered the arrival of an Akaviri into their land.

The Emperor Reman III greeted him with a warm embrace, and then tore into the letter he had brought from the Prince.

"I don't understand," he said at last, still joyous but equally confused. "You went under the lake?"

"Ald Marak is a very well–fortified fortress," explained the Potentate. "As, I might add, the army of Morrowind has rediscovered, now that they are on the outside. To take it, we had to attack by surprise and with our soldiery in the sturdiest of armor. By casting the spell that allowed us to breathe underwater, we were able to travel faster than Vivec would have guessed, the weight of the armor made less by the aquatic surroundings, and attack from the waterbound west side of the fortress where their defenses were at their weakest."

"Brilliant!" the Emperor crowed. "You are a wonderous tactician, Versidue–Shaie! If your fathers had been as good at this as you are, Tamriel would be Akaviri domain!"

The Potentate had not planned to take credit for Prince Juilek's design, but on the Emperor's reference to his people's fiasco of an invasion two hundred and sixteen years ago, he made up his mind. He smiled modestly and soaked up the praise.
21 Mid Year, 2920  
Ald Marak, Morrowind

Savirien-Chorak slithered to the wall and watched through the arrow slit the Morrowind army retreating back to the forestland between the swamps and the castle grounds. It seemed like the idea opportunity to strike. Perhaps the forests could be burned and the army within them. Perhaps with Vivec in their enemies' hands, the army would allow them possession of Ald Iuval as well. He suggested these ideas to the Prince.

"What you seem to be forgetting," laughed Prince Juilek. "Is that I gave my word that no harm to the army or to their commanders during the truce negotiations. Do you not have honor during warfare on Akavir?"

"My Prince, I was born here in Tamriel, I have never been to my people's home," replied the snake man. "But even so, your ways are strange to me. You expected no quarter and I gave you none when we fought in the Imperial Arena five months ago."

"That was a game," replied the Prince, before nodding to his steward to let the Dunmer battle chief in.

Juilek had never seen Vivec before, but he had heard he was a living god. What came before him was but a man. A powerfully built man, handsome, with an intelligent face, but a man nonetheless. The Prince was pleased: a man he could speak with, but not a god.

"Greetings, my worthy adversary," said Vivec. "We seem to be at an impasse."

"Not necessarily," said the Prince. "You don't want to give us Morrowind, and I can't fault you for that. But I must have your coastline to protect the Empire from overseas aggressions, and certain key strategic border castles, such as this one, as well as Ald Umbeil, Tel Aruhn, Ald Lambasi, and Tel Mothrivra."

"And in return?" asked Vivec.

"In return?" laughed Savirien-Chorak. "You forget we are the victors here, not you."

"In return," said Prince Juilek carefully. "There will be no Imperial attacks on Morrowind, unless in return to an attack by you. You will be protected from invaders by the Imperial navy. And your land may expand by taking certain estates in Black Marsh, whichever you choose, provided they are not needed by the Empire."

"A reasonable offer," said Vivec after a pause. "You must forgive me, I am unused to Cyrodiils who offer something in return for what they take. May I have a few days to decide?"

"We will meet again in a week's time," said the Prince, smiling. "In the meantime, if your army
provokes no attacks on mine, we are at peace."

Vivec left the Prince's chamber, feeling that Almalexia was right. The war was at an end. This Prince would make an excellent Emperor.

The Year is Continued in Sun's Height.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Heavy Armor
ID: BookSkill_Heavy Armor2
The Emperor Reman III and his Potentate Versidue−Shaie took a stroll around the Imperial Gardens. Studded with statuary and fountains, the north gardens fit the Emperor's mood, as well as being the coolest acreage in the City during the heat of summertide. Austere, tiered flowerbeds of blue−gray and green towered all around them as they walked.

"Vivec has agreed to the Prince's terms for peace," said Reman. "My son will be returning in two weeks' time."

"This is excellent news," said the Potentate carefully. "I hope the Dunmer will honor the terms. We might have asked for more. The fortress at Black Gate, for example. But I suppose the Prince knows what is reasonable. He would not cripple the Empire just for peace."

"I have been thinking lately of Rijja and what caused her to plot against my life," said the Emperor, pausing to admire a statue of the Slave Queen Alessia before continuing. "The only thing I can think of to account for it is that she admired my son too much. She may have loved me for my power and my personality, but he, after all, is young and handsome and will one day inherit my throne. She must have thought that if I were dead, she could have an Emperor who had both youth and power."

"The Prince ... was in on this plot?" asked Versidue−Shaie. It was a difficult game to play, anticipating where the Emperor's paranoia would strike next.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Reman, smiling. "No, my son loves me well."

"Are you aware that Corda, Raja's sister in an initiate of the Morwha conservatorium in Hegathe?" asked the Potentate.

"Morwha?" asked the Emperor. "I've forgotten: which god is that?"

"Lusty fertility goddess of the Yokudans," replied the Potentate. "But not too lusty, like Dibella."
Demure, but certainly sexual."

"I am through with lusty women. The Empress, Rijja, all too lusty, a lust for love leads to a lust for power," the Emperor shrugged his shoulders. "But a priestess—training with a certain healthy appetite sounds ideal. Now what were you saying about the Black Gate?"

6 Sun's Height, 2920
Thurzo Fortress, Cyrodiil

Rijja stood quietly looking at the cold stone floor while the Emperor spoke. He had never before seen her so pale and joyless. She might at least be pleased that she was being freed, being returned to her homeland. Why, if she left now, she could be in Hammerfell by the Merchant's Festival. Nothing he said seemed to register any reaction from her. A month and a half's stay in Thurzo Fortress seemed to have killed her spirit.

"I was thinking," said the Emperor at last. "Of having your younger sister Corda up to the palace for a time. I think she would prefer it over the conservatorium in Hegathe, don't you?"

Reaction, at last. Rijja looked at the Emperor with animal hatred, flinging herself at him in a rage. Her fingernails had grown long since her imprisonment and she raked them across his face, into his eyes. He howled with pain, and his guards pulled her off, pummeling her with blows from the back of their swords, until she was knocked unconscious.

A healer was called at once, but the Emperor Reman III had lost his right eye.

23 Sun's Height, 2920
Balmora, Morrowind

Vivec pulled himself from the water, feeling the heat of the day washed from his skin, taking a towel from one of his servants. Sotha Sil watched his old friend from the balcony.

"It looks like you've picked up a few more scars since I last saw you," said the sorcerer.

"Azura grant it that I have no more for a while," laughed Vivec. "When did you arrive?"

"A little over an hour ago," said Sotha Sil, walking down the stairs to the water's edge. "I thought I was coming to end a war, but it seems you've done it without me."

"Yes, eighty years is long enough for ceaseless battle," replied Vivec, embracing Sotha Sil. "We made concessions, but so did they. When the old Emperor is dead, we may be entering a golden age. Prince Juilek is very wise for his age. Where is Almalexia?"

"Collecting the Duke of Mournhold. They should be here tomorrow afternoon."
The men were distracted at a sight from around the corner of the palace – a rider was approaching through the town, heading for the front steps. It was evident that the woman had been riding hard for some time. They met her in the study, where she burst in, breathing hard.

"We have been betrayed," she gasped. "The Imperial Army has seized the Black Gate."

**24 Sun’s Height, 2920**  
**Balmora, Morrowind**

It was the first time in seventeen years that the three members of the Morrowind Tribunal had met in the same place, since Sotha Sil had left for Artaeum. All three wished that the circumstances of their reunion were different.

"From what we've learned, while the Prince was returning to Cyrodiil to the south, a second Imperial Army came down from the north," said Vivec to his stony-faced compatriots. "It is reasonable to assume Juilek didn't know about the attack."

"But neither would it be unreasonable to suppose that he planned on being a distraction while the Emperor launched the attack on Black Gate," said Sotha Sil. "This must be considered a break of the truce."

"Where is the Duke of Mournhold?" asked Vivec. "I would hear his thoughts on the matter."

"He is meeting with the Night Mother in Tel Aruhn," said Almalexia, quietly. "I told him to wait until he had spoken with you, but he said that the matter had waited long enough."

"He would involve the Morag Tong? In outside affairs?" Vivec shook his head, and looked to Sotha Sil: "Please, do what you can. Assassination will only move us backwards. This matter must be settled with diplomacy or battle."

**25 Sun’s Height, 2920**  
**Tel Aruhn, Morrowind**

The Night Mother met Sotha Sil in her salon, lit only by the moon. She was cruelly beautiful dressed in a simple silk black robe, lounging across her divan. With a gesture, she dismissed her red-cloaked guards and offered the sorcerer some wine.

"You've only just missed your friend, the Duke," she whispered. "He was very unhappy, but I think we will solve his problem for him."

"Did he hire the Morag Tong to assassinate the Emperor?" asked Sotha Sil.
"You are straight−forward, aren't you? That's good. I love plain−speaking men: it saves so much time. Of course, I cannot discuss with you what the Duke and I talked about," she smiled. "It would be bad for business."

"What if I were to offer you an equal amount of gold for you not to assassinate the Emperor?"

"The Morag Tong murders for the glory of Mephala and for profit," she said, speaking into her glass of wine. "We do not merely kill. That would be sacrilege. Once the Duke's gold has arrived in three days time, we will do our end of the business. And I'm afraid we would not dream of entertaining a counter offer. Though we are a business as well as a religious order, we do not bow to supply and demand, Sotha Sil."

**27 Sun's Height, 2920**
**The Inner Sea, Morrowind**

Sotha Sil had been watching the waters for two days now, waiting for a particular vessel, and now he saw it. A heavy ship with the flag of Mournhold. The sorcerer took the air and intercepted it before it reached harbor. A caul of flame erupted over his figure, disguising his voice and form into that of a Daedra.

"Abandon your ship!" he bellowed. "If you would not sink with it!"

In truth, Sotha Sil could have exploded the vessel with but a single ball of fire, but he chose to take his time, to give the crew a chance to dive off into the warm water. When he was certain there was no one living aboard, he focused his energy into a destructive wave that shook the air and water as it discharged. The ship and the Duke's payment to the Morag Tong sunk to the bottom of the Inner Sea.

"Night Mother," thought Sotha Sil, as he floated towards shore to alert the harbormaster that some sailors were in need of rescue. "Everyone bows to supply and demand."

The Year is Continued in Last Seed.

---

**Book**
- Weight: 3.00
- Value: 275
- Enchantment: 0
- Teaches: Mercantile
- ID: BookSkill_Mercantile3
They were gathered in the Duke's courtyard at twilight, enjoying the smell and warmth of a fire of dry branches and bittern green leaves. Tiny embers flew into the sky, hanging for a few moments before vanishing.

"I was rash," agreed the Duke, soberly. "But Lorkhan had his laugh, and all is well. The Morag Tong will not assassinate the Emperor now that my payment to them is at the bottom of the Inner Sea. I thought you had made some sort of a truce with the Daedra princes."

"What your sailors called a daedra may not have been one," said Sotha Sil. "Perhaps it was a rogue battlemage or even a lightning bolt that destroyed your ship."

"The Prince and the Emperor are en route to take possession of Ald Lambasi as our truce agreed. It is certainly typical of the Cyrodiil to assume that their concessions are negotiable, while ours are not," Vivec pulled out a map. "We can meet them here, in this village to the north-west of Ald Lambasi, Fervinthil."

"But will we meet them to talk," ask Almalexia. "Or to make war?"

No one had an answer to that.

A late summer squall blew through the small village, darkening the sky except for flashing of lightning which leapt from cloud to cloud like acrobats. Water rushed down the narrow streets ankle-deep, and the Prince had to shout to be heard by his captains but a few feet away from him.

"There's an inn up ahead! We'll wait there for the storm to pass before pressing on to Ald Lambasi!"
The inn was warm and dry, and bustling with business. Barmaids were rushing back and forth, bringing greef and wine to a back room, evidently excited about a famous visitor. Someone who was attracting more attention than the mere heir to the Empire of Tamriel. Amused, Juilek watched them run until he overheard the name of "Vivec."

"My Lord Vivec," he said, bursting into the back room. "You must believe me, I knew nothing about the attack on Black Gate until after it happened. We will, of course, be returning it to your care forthwith. I wrote you a letter to that effect at your palace in Balmora, but obviously you're not there," he paused, taking in the many new faces in the room. "I'm sorry, let me introduce myself. I'm Juilek Cyrodiil."

"My name is Almalexia," said the most beautiful woman the Prince had ever seen. "Won't you join us?"

"Sotha Sil," said a serious-looking Dunmer in a white cloak, shaking the Prince's hand and showing him to a seat.

"Indoril Brindisi Dorom, Duke-Prince of Mournhold," said the massively-built man next to him as he sat down.

"I recognize that the events of the last month suggest, at best, that the Imperial Army is not under my control," said the Prince after ordering some wine. "This is true. The army is my father's."

"I understood that the Emperor was going to be coming to Ald Lambasi as well," said Almalexia.

"Officially, he is," said the Prince cautiously. "Unofficially, he's still back in the Imperial City. He's met with an unfortunate accident."

Vivec glanced the Duke quickly before looking at the Prince: "An accident?"

"He's fine," said the Prince quickly. "He'll live, but it looks like he'll lose an eye. It was an altercation that has nothing to do with the war. The only good news is that while he recovers, I have the use of his seal. Any agreement we make here and now will be binding to the Empire, both in my father's reign and in mine."

"Then let's start agreeing," smiled Almalexia.

16 Last Seed, 2920
Wroth Naga, Cyrodiil

The tiny hamlet of Wroth Naga greeted Cassyr with its colorful houses perched on a promontory overlooking the stretch of the Wrothgarian mountain plain and High Rock beyond. Had he been in a better mood, the sight would have been breathtaking. As it was, he could only think that in
practical terms, a small village like this would have meager provisions for himself and his horse.

He rode down into the main square, where an inn called the Eagle's Cry stood. Directing the stable boy to house and feed his horse, Cassyr walked into the inn and was surprised by its ambience. A minstrel he had heard play once in Giderdale was performing a jaunty old tune to the clapping of the mountain men. Such forced merriment was not what Cassyr wanted at that moment. A glum Dunmer woman was seated at the only table far from the noise, so he took his drink there and sat down without invitation. It was only when he did so that he noticed that she was holding a newborn baby.

"I've just come from Morrowind," he said rather awkwardly, lowering his voice. "I've been fighting for Vivec and the Duke of Mournhold against the Imperial army. A traitor to my people, I guess you'd call me."

"I am also a traitor to my people," said the woman, holding up her hand which was scarred with a branded symbol. "It means that I can never go back to my homeland."

"Well, you're not thinking of staying here, are you?" laughed Cassyr. "It's certainly quaint, but come wintertide, there's going to be snow up to your eyelashes. It's no place for a new baby. What is her name?"

"Bosriel. It means 'Beauty of the Forest.' Where are you going?"

"Dwynnen, on the bay in High Rock. You're welcome to join me, I could use the company." He held out his hand. "Cassyr Whitley."

"Turala," said the woman after a pause. She was going to use her family's name first, as is tradition, but she realized that it was no longer her name. "I would love to accompany you, thank you."

19 Last Seed, 2920
Ald Lambasi, Morrowind

Five men and two women stood in the silence of the Great Room of the castle, the only sound the scrawl of quill on parchment and the gentle tapping of rain on the large picture window. As the Prince set the seal of Cyrodiil on the document, the peace was made official. The Duke of Mournhold broke out in a roar of delight, ordering wine brought in to commemorate the end of eighty years of war.

Only Sotha Sil stood apart from the group. His face betrayed no emotion. Those who knew him best knew he did not believe in endings or beginnings, but in the continuous cycle of which this was but a small part.

"My Prince," said the castle steward, unhappy at breaking the celebration. "There is a messenger
here from your mother, the Empress. He asked to see your father, but as he did not arrive —"

Juilek excused himself and went to speak with the messenger.

"The Empress does not live in the Imperial City?" asked Vivec.

"No," said Almalexia, shaking her head sadly. "Her husband has imprisoned her in Black Marsh, fearing that she was plotting a revolution against him. She is extremely wealthy and has powerful allies in the western Colovian estates so he could not marry another or have her executed. They've been at an impasse for the last seventeen years since Juilek was a child."

The Prince returned a few minutes later. His face betrayed his anxiety, though he took troubles to hide it.

"My mother needs me," he said simply. "I'm afraid I must leave at once. If I may have a copy of the treaty, I will bring it with me to show the Empress the good we have done today, and then I will carry it on to the Imperial City so it may be made official."

Prince Juilek left with the fond farewells of the Three of Morrowind. As they watched him ride out into the rainswept night south towards Black Marsh, Vivec said, "Tamriel will be much healed when he has the throne."

**31 Last Seed, 2920**

**Dorsza Pass, Black Marsh**

The moon was rising over the desolate quarry, steaming with swamp gas from a particularly hot summer as the Prince and his two guard escort rode out of the forest. The massive piles of earth and dung had been piled high in antiquity by some primitive, long-dead tribe of Black Marsh, hoping to keep out some evil from the north. Evidently, the evil had broken through at Dorsza Pass, the large crack in the sad, lonely rampart that stretched for miles.

The black twisted trees that grew on the barrier cast strange shadows down, like a net tangling. The Prince's mind was on his mother's cryptic letter, hinting at the threat of an invasion. He could not, of course, tell the Dunmer about it, at the very least until he knew more and had notified his father. After all, the letter was meant for him. It was its urgent tone that made him decide to go directly to Gideon.

The Empress had also warned him about a band of former slaves who attacked caravans going into Dorsza Pass. She advised him to be certain to make his Imperial shield visible, so they would know he was not one of the hated Dunmer slavers. Upon riding into the tall weeds that flooded through the pass like a noxious river, the Prince ordered that his shield be displayed.

"I can see why the slaves use this," said the Prince's captain. "It's an excellent location for an ambush."
Juilek nodded his head, but his thoughts were elsewhere. What threat of invasion could the Empress have discovered? Were the Akaviri on the seas again? If so, how could his mother from her cell in Castle Giovese know of it? A rustle in the weeds and a single sharp human cry behind him interrupted his ponderings.

Turning around, the Prince discovered that he was alone. His escort had vanished.

The Prince peered over the stretch of the moonlit sea of grass which waved in almost hypnotic patterns to the ebb and flow of the night wind billowing through the pass. It was impossible to tell if a struggling soldier was beneath this system of vibrations, a dying horse behind another. A high, whistling wind drowned out any sound the victims of the ambush might be making.

Juilek drew his sword, and thought about what to do, his mind willing his heart not to panic. He was closer to the exit of the pass than the entrance. Whatever had slain his escort must have been behind him. If he rode fast enough, perhaps he could outrun it. Spurring his horse to gallop, he charged for the hills ahead, framed by the mighty black piles of dirt.

When he was thrown, it happened so suddenly, he was hurdlng forward before he was truly conscious of the fact. He landed several yards beyond where his horse had fallen, breaking his shoulder and his back on impact. A numbness washed over him as he stared at his poor, dying steed, its belly sliced open by one of several spears jutting up just below the surface of the grass.

Prince Juilek was not able to turn and face the figure that emerged from the grass, nor able to move to defend himself. His throat was cut without ceremony.

Miramor cursed when he saw the face of his victim more clearly in the moonlight. He had seen the Emperor at the Battle of Bodrum when he had fought in His Imperial Majesty's command, and this was clearly not the Emperor. Searching the body, he found the letter and a treaty signed by Vivec, Almalexia, Sotha Sil, and the Duke of Mournhold representing Morrowind and the Prince Juilek Cyrodiil, representing the Cyrodiil Empire.

"Curse my luck," muttered Miramor to himself and the whispering grass. "I've only killed a Prince. Where's the reward in that?"

Miramor destroyed the letter, as Zuuk had instructed him to do, and pocketed the treaty. At the very least, such a curiosity would have some market value. He disassembled the traps as he pondered his next step. Return to Gideon and ask his employer for a lesser reward for killing the heir? Move on to other lands? At the very least, he considered, he had picked up two useful skills from the Battle of Bodrum. From the Dunmer, he had learned the excellent spear trap. And abandoning the Imperial army, he had learned how to skulk in the grass.

The Year is Continued in Hearth Fire.
[008] 2920, Last Seed

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Sneak
ID: BookSkill_Sneak2
The Empress Tavia lay across her bed, a hot late summer wind she could not feel banging the shutters of her cell to and fro against the iron bars. Her throat felt like it was on fire but still she sobbed, uncontrollably, wringing her last tapestry in her hands. Her wailing echoed throughout the hollow halls of Castle Giovese, stopping maids in their washing and guards in their conversation. One of her women came up the narrow stairs to see her mistress, but her chief guard Zuuk stood at the doorway and shook his head.

"She's just heard that her son is dead," he said quietly.

"Your Imperial Majesty," said the Potentate Versidue−Shaie through the door. "You can open the door. I assure you, you're perfectly safe. No one wants to kill you."

"Mara's blood!" came the Emperor Reman III's voice, muffled, hysterical, tinged with madness. "Someone assassinated the Prince, and he was holding my shield! They could have thought he was me!"

"You're certainly correct, your Imperial Majesty," replied the Potentate, expunging any mocking qualities from his voice while his black−slitted eyes rolled contemptuously. "And we must find and punish the evildoer responsible for your son's death. But we cannot do it without you. You must be brave for your Empire."

There was no reply.

"At the very least, come out and sign the order for Lady Rijja's execution," called the Potentate. "Let us dispose of the one traitor and assassin we know of."
A brief pause, and then the sound of furniture scraping across the floor. Reman opened the door just a crack, but the Potentate could see his angry, fearful face, and the terrible mound of ripped tissue that used to be his right eye. Despite the best healers in the Empire, it was still a ghastly souvenir of the Lady Rijja's work in Thurzo Fortress.

"Hand me the order," the Emperor snarled. "I'll sign it with pleasure."

6 Hearth Fire, 2920
Gideon, Cyrodiil

The strange blue glow of the will o' the wisps, a combination, so she'd be told, of swamp gas and spiritual energy, had always frightened Tavia as she looked out her window. Now it seemed strangely comforting. Beyond the bog lay the city of Gideon. It was funny, she thought, that she had never stepped foot in its streets, though she had watched it ever day for seventeen years.

"Can you think of anything I've forgotten?" she asked, turning to look back on the loyal Kothringi Zuuk.

"I know exactly what to do," he said simply. He seemed to smile, but the Empress realized that it was only her own face reflected in his silvery skin. She was smiling, and she didn't even realize it.

"Make certain you aren't followed," she warned. "I don't want my husband to know where my gold's been hiding all these years. And do take your share of it. You've been a good friend."

The Empress Tavia stepped forward and dropped from sight into the mists. Zuuk replaced the bars on the tower window, and threw a blanket over some pillows on her bed. With any luck, they would not discover her body on the lawn until morning, at which time he hoped to be halfway to Morrowind.

9 Hearth Fire, 2920
Phrygias, High Rock

The strange trees on all sides resembled knobby piles crowned with great bursts of reds, yellows, and oranges, like insect mounds caught fire. The Wrothgarian mountains were fading into the misty afternoon. Turala marveled at the sight, so alien, so different from Morrowind, as she plodded the horse forward into an open pasture. Behind her, head nodding against his chest, Cassyr slept, cradling Bosriel. For a moment, Turala considered jumping the low painted fence that crossed the field, but she thought better of it. Let Cassyr sleep for a few more hours before giving him the reigns.

As the horse passed into the field, Turala saw the small green house on the next hill, half-hidden in forest. So picturesque was the image, she felt herself lull into a pleasant half-sleeping state. A blast of a horn brought her back to reality with a shudder. Cassyr opened his eyes.
"Where are we?" he hissed.

"I don't know," Turala stammered, wide−eyed. "What is that sound?"

"Orcs," he whispered. "A hunting party. Head for the thicket quickly."

Turala trotted the horse into the small collection of trees. Cassyr handed her the child and dismounted. He began pulling their bags off next, throwing them into the bushes. A sound started then, a distant rumbling of footfall, growing louder and closer. Turala climbed off carefully and helped Cassyr unburden the horse. All the while, Bosriel watched open−eyed. Turala sometimes worried that her baby never cried. Now she was grateful for it. With the last of the luggage off, Cassyr slapped the horse's rear, sending it galloping into the field. Taking Turala's hand, he hunkered down in the bushes.

"With luck," he murmured. "They'll think she's wild or belongs to the farm and won't go looking for the rider."

As he spoke, a horde of orcs surged into the field, blasting their horns. Turala had seen orcs before, but never in such abundance, never with such bestial confidence. Roaring with delight at the horse and its confused state, they hastened past the timber where Cassyr, Turala, and Bosriel hid. The wildflowers flew into the air at their stampede, powdering the air with seeds. Turala tried to hold back a sneeze, and thought she succeeded. One of the orcs heard something though, and brought another with him to investigate.

Cassyr quietly unsheathed his sword, mustering all the confidence he could. His skills, such as they were, were in spying, not combat, but he vowed to protect Turala and her babe for as long as he could. Perhaps he would slay these two, he reasoned, but not before they cried out and brought the rest of the horde.

Suddenly, something invisible swept through the bushes like a wind. The orcs flew backwards, falling dead on their backs. Turala turned and saw a wrinkled crone with bright red hair emerge from a nearby bush.

"I thought you were going to bring 'em right to me," she whispered, smiling. "Best come with me."

The three followed the old woman through a deep crevasse of bramble bushes that ran through the field toward the house on the hill. As they emerged on the other side, the woman turned to look at the orcs feasting on the remains of the horse, a blood−soaked orgy to the beat of multiple horns.

"That horse yours?" she asked. When Cassyr nodded, she laughed loudly. "That's rich meat, that is. Those monsters'll have bellyaches and flatulence in the morning. Serves 'em right."

"Shouldn't we keep moving?" whispered Turala, unnerved by the woman's laughter.
"They won't come up here," she grinned, looking at Bosriel who smiled back. "They're too afraid of us."

Turala turned to Cassyr, who shook his head. "Witches. Am I correct in assuming that this is Old Barbyn's Farm, the home of the Skeffington Coven?"

"You are, pet," the old woman giggled girlishly, pleased to be so infamous. "I am Mynista Skeffington."

"What did you do to those orcs?" asked Turala. "Back there in the thicket?"

"Spirit fist right side the head," Mynista said, continuing the climb up the hill. Ahead of them was the farmhouse grounds, a well, a chicken coop, a pond, women of all ages doing chores, the laughter of children at play. The old woman turned and saw that Turala did not understand. "Don't you have witches where you come from, child?"

"None that I know of," she said.

"There are all sorts of wielders of magic in Tamriel," she explained. "The Psijics study magic like its their painful duty. The battlemages in the army on the other end of the scale hurl spells like arrows. We witches commune and conjure and celebrate. To fell those orcs, I merely whispered to the spirits of the air, Amaro, Pina, Tallatha, the fingers of Kynareth, and the breath of the world, with whom I have an intimate acquaintance, to smack those bastards dead. You see, conjuration is not about might, or solving riddles, or agonizing over musty old scrolls. It's about fostering relations. Being friendly, you might say."

"Well, we certainly appreciate you being friendly with us," said Cassyr.

"As well you might," coughed Mynista. "Your kind destroyed the orc homeland two thousand years ago. Before that, they never came all the way up here and bothered us. Now let's get you cleaned up and fed."

With that, Mynista led them into the farm, and Turala met the family of the Skeffington Coven.

---

**11 Hearth Fire, 2920**
**The Imperial City, Cyrodiil**

Rijja had not even tried to sleep the night before, and she found the somber music played during her execution to have a soporific effect. It was as if she was willing herself to be unconscious before the ax stroke. Her eyes were bound so she could not see her former lover, the Emperor, seated before her, glaring with his one good eye. She could not see the Potentate Versidue–Shaie, his coil neatly wrapped beneath him, a look of triumph in his golden face. She could feel, numbly, the executioner's hand touch her back to steady her. She flinched like a dreamer trying to awake.
The first blow caught the back of her head and she screamed. The next hacked through her neck, and she was dead.

The Emperor turned to the Potentate wearily, "Now that's done. You said she had a pretty sister in Hammerfell named Corda?"

**18 Hearth Fire, 2920**  
**Dwynnen, High Rock**

The horse the witches had sold him was not as good as his old one, Cassyr considered. Spirit worship and sacrifice and sisterhood might be all well and good for conjuring spirits, but it tends to spoil beasts of burden. Still, there was little to complain about. With the Dunmer woman and her child gone, he had made excellent time. Ahead were the walls surrounding the city of his homeland. Almost at once, he was set upon by his old friends and family.

"How went the war?" cried his cousin, running to the road. "Is it true that Vivec signed a peace with the Prince, but the Emperor refuses to honor it?"

"That's not how it was, was it?" asked a friend, joining them. "I heard that the Dunmer had the Prince murdered and then made up a story about a treaty, but there's no evidence for it."

"Isn't there anything interesting happening here?" Cassyr laughed. "I really don't have the least interest in discussing the war or Vivec."

"You missed the procession of the Lady Corda," said his friend. "She came across the bay with full entourage and then east to the Imperial City."

"But that's nothing. What was Vivec like?" asked his cousin eagerly. "He supposed to be a living god."

"If Sheogorath steps down and they need another God of Madness, he'll do," said Cassyr haughtily.

"And the women?" asked the lad, who had only seen Dunmer ladies on very rare occasions.

Cassyr merely smiled. Turala Skeffington flashed into his mind for an instant before fading away. She would be happy with the coven, and her child would be well cared for. But they were part of the past now, a place and a war he wanted to forget forever. Dismounting his horse, he walked it into the city, chatting of trivial gossip of life on the Iliac Bay.
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Conjuration
ID: BookSkill_Conjuration3
The creature before them blinked, senseless, its eyes glazed, mouth opening and closing as if relearning its function. A thin glob of saliva burbled down between its fangs, and hung suspended. Turala had never seen anything of its kind before, reptilian and massive, perched on its hind legs like a man. Mynistera applauded enthusiastically.

"My child," she crowed. "You have come so far in so short a time. What were you thinking when you summoned this daedroth?"

It took Turala a moment to recall whether she was thinking anything at all. She was merely overwhelmed that she had reached out across the fabric of reality into the realm of Oblivion, and plucked forth this loathsome creature, conjuring it into the world by the power of her mind.

"I was thinking of the color red," Turala said, concentrating. "The simplicity and clarity of it. And then — I desired, and spoke the charm. And this is what I conjured up."

"Desire is a powerful force for a young witch," said Mynistera. "And it is well matched in this instance. For this daedroth is nothing if not a simple force of the spirits. Can you release your desire as easily?"

Turala closed her eyes and spoke the dismissal invocation. The monster faded away like a painting in sunlight, still blinking confusedly. Mynistera embraced her Dark Elf pupil, laughing with delight.

"I never would have believed it, a month and a day you've been with the coven, and you're already far more advanced than most of the women here. There is powerful blood in you, Turala, you touch spirits like you were touching a lover. You'll be leading this coven one day — I have seen it!"

Turala smiled. It was good to be complimented. The Duke of Mournhold had praised her pretty face; and her family, before she had dishonored them, praised her manners. Cassyr had been
nothing more than a companion: his compliments meant nothing. But with Mynistera, she felt she was home.

"You'll be leading the coven for many years yet, great sister," said Turala.

"I certainly intend to. But the spirits, while marvelous companions and faultless tellers of truth, are often hazy about the when and hows. You can't blame them really. When and how mean so little to them," Mynistera opened the door to the shed, allowing the brisk autumn breeze in to dispel the bitter and fetid smells of the daedroth. "Now, I need you to run an errand to Wayrest. It's only a week's ride there, and a week's ride back. Bring Doryatha and Celephyna with you. As much as we try to be self-sufficient, there are herbs we can't grow here, and we seem to run through an enormous quantity of gems in no time at all. It's important that the people of the city learn to recognize you as one of the wise women of Skeffington coven. You'll find the benefits of being notorious far outweigh the inconveniences."

Turala did as she was bade. As she and her sisters climbed aboard their horses, Mynistera brought her child, little five-month-old Bosriel to kiss her mother good-bye. The witches were in love with the little Dunmer infant, fathered by a wicked Duke, birthed by wild Ayleid elves in the forest heart of the Empire. Turala knew her nursemaids would protect her child with their lives. After many kisses and a farewell wave, the three young witches rode off into the bright woods, under a covering of red, yellow, and orange.

12 Frostfall, 2920
Dwynnen, High Rock

For a Middas evening, the Least Loved Porcupine tavern was wildly crowded. A roaring fire in the pit in the center of the room cast an almost sinister glow on all the regulars, and made the abundance of bodies look like a punishment tapestry inspired by the Arcturian Heresies. Cassyr took his usual place with his cousin and ordered a flagon of ale.

"Have you been to see the Baron?" asked Palyth.

"Yes, he may have work for me in the palace of Urvaius," said Cassyr proudly. "But more than that I can't say. You understand, secrets of state and all that. Why are there so many damned people here tonight?"

"A shipload of Dark Elves just came in to harbor. They've come from the war. I was just waiting until you got here to introduce you as another veteran."

Cassyr blushed, but regained his composure enough to ask: "What are they doing here? Has there been a truce?"

"I don't know the full story," said Palyth. "But apparently, the Emperor and Vivec are in negotiations again. These fellas here have investments they were keen to check on, and they
figured things on the Bay were quiet enough. But the only way we can get the full story is to talk to the chaps."

With that, Palyth gripped his cousin's arm and pulled him to the other side of the bar so suddenly, Cassyr would have had to struggle violently to resist. The Dunmer travelers were spread out across four of the tables, laughing with the locals. They were largely amiable young men, well-dressed, befitting merchants, animated in gesture made more extravagant by liquor.

"Excuse me," said Palyth, intruding on the conversation. "My shy cousin Cassyr was in the war as well, fighting for the living god, Vivec."

"The only Cassyr I ever heard of," said one of the Dunmer drunkenly with a wide, friendly smile, shaking Cassyr's free hand. "Was a Cassyr Whitley, who Vivec said was the worst spy in history. We lost Ald Marak due to his bungling intelligence work. For your sake, friend, I hope the two of you were never confused."

Cassyr smiled and listened as the lout told the story of his failure with bountiful exaggerations which caused the table to roar with laughter. Several eyes looked his way, but none of the locals sought to explain that the fool of the tale was standing at attention. The eyes that stung the most were his cousin's, the young man who had believed that he had returned to Dwynnen a great hero. At some point, certainly, the Baron would hear about it, his idiocy increasing manifold with each retelling.

With every fiber in his soul, Cassyr cursed the living god Vivec.

21 Frostfall, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

Corda, in a robe of blinding whiteness, a uniform of the priestesses of the Hegathe Morwha conservatorium, arrived in the City just as the first winter storm was passing. The clouds broke with sunlight, and the beauteous teenaged Redguard girl appeared in the wide avenue with escort, riding toward the Palace. While her sister was tall, thin, angular, and haughty, Corda was a small, round-faced lass with wide brown eyes. The locals were quick to draw comparisons.

"Not a month after Lady Rijja's execution," muttered a housemaid, peering out the window, and winking to her neighbor.

"And not a month out of the nunnery neither," the other woman agreed, reveling in the scandal. "This one's in for a ride. Her sister weren't no innocent, and look where she ended up."

24 Frostfall, 2920
Dwynnen, High Rock
Cassyr stood on the harbor and watched the early sleet fall on the water. It was a pity, he thought, that he was prone to sea-sickness. There was nothing for him now in Tamriel to the east or to the west. Vivec's tale of his poor spycraft had spread to taverns everywhere. The Baron of Dwynnen had released him from his contract. No doubt they were laughing about him in Daggerfall, too, and Dawnstar, Lilmoth, Rimmen, Greenheart, probably in Akavir and Yokuda for that matter. Perhaps it would be best to drop into the waves and sink. The thought, however, did not stay long in his mind: it was not despair that haunted him, but rage. Impotent fury that he could not assuage.

"Excuse me, sir," said a voice behind him, making him jump. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but I was wondering whether you could recommend an inexpensive tavern for me to spend the night."

It was a young man, a Nord, with a sack over his shoulder. Obviously, he had just disembarked from one of the boats. For the first time in weeks, someone was looking at Cassyr as something other than a colossal, famous idiot. He could not help, black as his mood was, but be friendly.

"You've just arrived from Skyrim?" asked Cassyr.

"No, sir, that's where I'm going," said the fellow. "I'm working my way home. I've come up from Sentinel, and before that Stros M'kai, and before that Woodhearth in Valenwood, and before that Artaeum in Summurset. Welleg's my name."

Cassyr introduced himself and shook Welleg's hand. "Did you say you came from Artaeum? Are you a Psijic?"

"No, sir, not anymore," the fellow shrugged. "I was expelled."

"Do you know anything about summoning daedra? You see, I want to cast a curse against a particularly powerful person, one might say a living god, and I haven't had any luck. The Baron won't allow me in his sight, but the Baroness has sympathy for me and allowed me the use of their Summoning Chambers," Cassyr spat. "I did all the rituals, made sacrifices, but nothing came of it."

"That'd be because of Sotha Sil, my old master," replied Welleg with some bitterness. "The Daedra princes have agreed not to be summoned by any amateurs at least until the war ends. Only the Psijics may counsel with the daedra, and a few nomadic sorcerers and witches."

"Witches, did you say?"

29 Frostfall, 2920
Phrygias, High Rock

Pale sunlight flickered behind the mist bathing the forest as Turala, Doryatha, and Celephyna drove their horses on. The ground was wet with a thin layer of frost, and laden down with goods, it was a slippery way over unpaved hills. Turala tried to contain her excitement about coming back to the coven. Wayrest had been an adventure, and she adored the looks of fear and respect the
cityfolk gave her. But for the last few days, all she could think of was returning to her sisters and her child.

A bitter wind whipped her hair forward so she could see nothing but the path ahead. She did not hear the rider approach to her side until he was almost upon her. When she turned and saw Cassyr, she shouted with as much surprise as pleasure at meeting an old friend. His face was pale and drawn, but she took it to be merely from travel.

"What brings you back to Phrygias?" she smiled. "Were you not treated well in Dwynnen?"

"Well enough," said Cassyr. "I have need of the Skeffington coven."

"Ride with us," said Turala. "I'll bring you to Mynistera."

The four continued on, and the witches regaled Cassyr with tales of Wayrest. It was evident that it was also a rare treat for Doryatha and Celephyna to leave Old Barbyn's Farm. They had been born there, as daughters and grand-daughters of Skeffington witches. Ordinary High Rock city life was exotic to them as it was to Turala. Cassyr said little, but smiled and nodded his head, which was encouragement enough. Thankfully, none of the stories they had heard were about his own stupidity. Or at the very least, they did not tell him.

Doryatha was in the midst of a tale she had heard in a tavern about a thief who had been locked overnight in a pawnshop when they crossed over a familiar hill. Suddenly, she halted in her story. The barn was supposed to be visible, but it was not. The other three followed her gaze into the fog, and a moment later, they rode as fast as they could towards what was once the site of the Skeffington coven.

The fire had long since burned out. Nothing but ashes, skeletons, and broken weaponry remained. Cassyr recognized at once the signs of an orc raid.

The witches fell from their horses, racing through the remains, wailing. Celephyna found a tattered, bloody piece of cloth that she recognized from Mynistera's cloak. She held it to her ashen face, sobbing. Turala screamed for Bosriel, but the only reply was the high whistling wind through the ashes.

"Who did this?" she cried, tears streaking down her face. "I swear I'll conjure up the very flames of Oblivion! What have they done with my baby?"

"I know who did it," said Cassyr quietly, dropping from his horse and walking towards her. "I've seen these weapons before. I fear I met the very fiends responsible in Dwynnen, but I never thought they'd find you. This is the work of assassins hired by the Duke of Mournhold."

He paused. The lie came easily. Adopt and improvise. What's more, he could tell instantly that she believed it. Her resentment over the cruelty the Duke had shown her had quieted, but never disappeared. One look at her burning eyes told him that she would summon the daedra and wreak
his, and her, revenge upon Morrowind. And what's more, he knew they'd listen.

And listen they did. For the power that is greater than desire is rage. Even rage misplaced.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Conjuration
ID: BookSkill_Conjuration4
"A man to see you, Night Mother," said the guard. "A Kothringi tribesman who presents his credentials as Lord Zuuk of Black Marsh, part of the Imperial Garrison of Gideon."

"What makes you think I'd have even the slightest possible interest in seeing him?" asked the Night Mother with venomous sweetness.

"He brings a letter from the late Empress of the Cyrodilic Empire."

"We are having a busy day," she smiled, clapping her hands together with delight. "Show him in."

Zuuk entered the chamber. His metallic skin, though exposed only at his face and hands, caught the light of the fireplace and the lightning of the stormy night from the window. The Night Mother noted also that she could see herself as he saw her: serene, beautiful, fear−inspiring. He handed her his letter from the Empress without a word. Sipping her wine, she read it.

"The Duke of Morrowind also offered me an appreciable sum to have the Emperor murdered earlier this year," she said, folding the letter. "His payment sunk, and never was delivered. It was a considerable annoyance, particularly as I had already gone to the trouble of putting one of my agents in the palace. Why should I assume that your more−than−generous payment, from a dead woman, will arrive?"

"I brought it with me," said Zuuk simply. "It is in the carriage outside."

"Then bring it in and our business is complete," smiled the Night Mother. "The Emperor will be dead by year's end. You may leave the gold with Apaladith. Unless you'd care for some wine?"

Zuuk declined the offer and withdrew. The moment he left the room, Miramor slipped noiselessly back from behind the dark tapestry. The Night Mother offered him a glass of wine, and he accepted it.
"I know that fellow, Zuuk," said Miramor carefully. "I didn't know he worked for the old Empress though."

"Let's talk about you some more, if you don't mind," she said, knowing he would, in fact, not mind.

"Let me show you my worth," said Miramor. "Let me be the one to do the Emperor in. I've already killed his son, and you saw there how well I can hide myself away. Tell me you saw one ripple in the tapestry."

The Night Mother smiled. Things were falling into place rather nicely.

"If you know how to use a dagger, you will find him at Bodrum," she said, and described to him what he must do.

3 Sun's Dusk, 2920
Mournhold, Morrowind

The Duke stared out the window. It was early morning, and for the fourth straight day, a red mist hung over the city, flashing lightning. A freakish wind blew through the streets, ripping his flags from the castle battlements, forcing all his people to close their shudders tightly. Something terrible was coming to his land. He was not a greatly learned man, but he knew the signs. So too did his subjects.

"When will my messengers reach the Three?" he growled, turning to his castellan.

"Vivec is far to the north, negotiating the treaty with the Emperor," the man said, his face and voice trembling with fear. "Almalexia and Sotha Sil are in Necrom. Perhaps they can be reached in a few days time."

The Duke nodded. He knew his messengers were fast, but so too was the hand of Oblivion.

6 Sun’s Dusk, 2920
Bodrum, Morrowind

Torchlight caught in the misting snow gave the place an otherworldly quality. The soldiers from both camps found themselves huddled together around the largest of the bonfires: winter bringing enemies of four score of warring close together. While only a few of the Dunmer guard could speak Cyrodilic, they found common ground battling for warmth. When a pretty Redguard maiden passed into their midst to warm herself before moving back to the treaty tent, many a man from both army raised their eyes in approval.

The Emperor Reman III was eager to leave negotiations before they had ever begun. A month
earlier, he thought it would be a sign of good will to meet at the site of his defeat to Vivec's army, but the place brought back more bad memories than he thought it would. Despite the protestations of Potentate Versidue−Shaie that the rocks of the river were naturally red, he could swear he saw splatters of his soldier's blood.

"We have all the particulars of the treaty," he said, taking a glass of hot yuelle from his mistress Corda. "But here and now is not the place for signing. We should do it at the Imperial Palace, with all the pomp and splendor this historic occasion demands. You must bring Almalexia with you too. And that wizard fellow."

"Sotha Sil," whispered the Potentate.

"When?" asked Vivec with infinite patience.

"In exactly a month's time," said the Emperor, smiling munificently and clambering awkwardly to his feet. "We will hold a grand ball to commemorate. Now I must take a walk. My legs are all cramped up with the weather. Corda, my dear, will you walk with me?"

"Of course, your Imperial Majesty." she said, helping him toward the tent's entrance.

"Would you like me to come with you as well, your Imperial Majesty?" asked Versidue−Shaie.

"Or I?" asked King Dro'Zel of Senchal, a newly appointed advisor to the court.

"That won't be necessary, I won't be gone a minute," said Reman.

Miramor crouched in the same rushes he had hidden in nearly eight months before. Now the ground was hard and snow-covered, and the rushes slick with ice. Every slight movement he made issued forth a crunch. If it were not for the raucous songs of the combined Morrowind and Imperial army gathered about the bonfire, he would not have dared creep as close to the Emperor and his concubine. They were standing at the curve in the frozen creek below the bluff, surrounded by trees sparkling with ice.

Carefully, Miramor removed the dagger from its sheath. He had slightly exaggerated his abilities with a short blade to the Night Mother. True, he had used one to cut the throat of Prince Juilek, but the lad was not in any position to fight back at the time. Still, how difficult could it be to stab an old man with one eye? What sort of blade skill would such an easy assassination require?

His ideal moment presented itself before his eyes. The woman saw something deeper in the woods, an icicle of an unusual shape she said, and darted off to get it. The Emperor remained behind, laughing. He turned to the face of the bluff to see his soldiers singing their song's refrain, his back to his assassin. Miramor knew the moment had come. Mindful of the sound of his footfall on the icy ground, he stepped forward and struck. Very nearly.

Almost simultaneously, he was aware of a strong arm holding back his striking arm and another
one punching a dagger into his throat. He could not scream. The Emperor, still looking up at the
soldiers, never saw Miramor pulled back into the brush and a hand much more skilled than his
slicing into his back, paralyzing him.

His blood pooling out and already crystallizing on the frozen ground, Miramor watched, dying, as
the Emperor and his courtesan returned to join the camp up on the bluff.

12 Sun’s Dusk, 2920
Mournhold, Morrowind

A gout of ever−erupting flame was all that remained of the central courtyard of Castle Mournhold,
blasting skyward into the boiling clouds. A thick, tarry smoke rolled through the streets, igniting
everything that was wood or paper on fire. Winged bat−like creatures harried the citizens from
their hiding places out into the open, where they were met by the real army. The only thing that
kept all of Mournhold from burning to the ground was the wet, sputtering blood of its people.

Mehrunes Dagon smiled as he surveyed the castle crumbling.

"To think I nearly didn't come," he said aloud, his voice booming over the chaos. "Imagine missing
all this fun."

His attention was arrested by a needle−thin shaft of light piercing through his black and red
shadowed sky. He followed it to its source, two figures, a man and a woman standing on the hill
above town. The man in the white robe he recognized immediately as Sotha Sil, the sorcerer who
had talked all the Princes of Oblivion into that meaningless truce.

"If you've come for the Duke of Mournhold, he isn't here," laughed Mehrunes Dagon. "But you
might find pieces of him the next time it rains."

"Daedra, we cannot kill you," said Almalexia, her face hard and resolute. "But that you will soon
regret."

With that, two living gods and a prince of Oblivion engaged in battle on the ruins of Mournhold.

17 Sun’s Dusk, 2920
Tel Aruhn, Morrowind

"Night Mother," said the guard. "Correspondence from your agent in the Imperial Palace."

The Night Mother read the note carefully. The test had been a success: Miramor had been
successfully detected and slain. The Emperor was in very unsafe hands. The Night Mother
responded immediately.
18 Sun’s Dusk, 2920
Balmora, Morrowind

Sotha Sil, face solemn and unreadable, greeted Vivec at the grand plaza in front of his palace. Vivec had ridden day and night after hearing about the battle in his tent in Bodrum, crossing mile after mile, cutting through the dangerous ground at Dagoth−Ur at blinding speed. To the south, during all the course of the voyage, he could see the whirling red clouds and knew that the battle was continuing, day after day. In Gnisis, he met a messenger from Sotha Sil, asking him to meet at Balmora.

"Where is Almalexia?"

"Inside," said Sotha Sil wearily. There was a long, ugly gash running across his jaw. "She's gravely injured, but Mehrunes Dagon will not return from Oblivion for many a moon."

Almalexia lay on a bed of silk, tended to by Vivec's own healers. Her face, even her lips, was gray as stone, and blood stained through the gauze of her bandages. Vivec took her cold hand. Almalexia's mouth moved wordlessly. She was dreaming.

She was battling Mehrunes Dagon again amid a firestorm. All around her, the blackened husk of a castle crumbled, splashing sparks into the night sky. The Daedra's claws dug into her belly, spreading poison through her veins while Almalexia throttled him. As she sank to the ground beside her defeated foe, she saw that the castle consumed by fire was not Castle Mournhold. It was the Imperial Palace.

24 Sun’s Dusk, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

A winter gale blew over the city, splashing the windows and glass domes of the Imperial Palace. Quivering light rays illuminated the figures within in surreal patterns.

The Emperor barked orders to his staff in preparations for the banquet and ball. This was what he enjoyed best, more than battle. King Dro'Zel was supervising the entertainment, having strong opinions on the matter. The Emperor himself was arranging the details of the dinner. Roast nebfish, vegetable marrow, cream soups, buttered helerac, codscrumb, tongue in aspic. Potentate Versidue−Shaie had made a few suggestions of his own, but the tastes of the Akaviri were very peculiar.

The Lady Corda accompanied the Emperor to his chambers as night fell.

The Year is Concluded in Evening Star.
Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Short Blade
ID: BookSkill_Short Blade2
The winter morning sun glinted through the cobweb of frost on the window, and Almalexia opened her eyes. An ancient healer mopped a wet cloth across her head, smiling with relief. Asleep in the chair next to her bed was Vivec. The healer rushed to a side cabinet and returned with a flagon of water.

"How are you feeling, goddess?" asked the healer.

"Like I've been asleep for a very long time," said Almalexia.

"So you have. Fifteen days," said the healer, and touched Vivec's arm. "Master, wake up. She speaks."

Vivec rose with a start, and seeing Almalexia alive and awake, his face broke into a wide grin. He kissed her forehead, and took her hand. At last, there was warmth again in her flesh.

Almalexia's peaceful repose suddenly snapped: "Sotha Sil —"

"He's alive and well," replied Vivec. "Working on one of his machines again somewhere. He would have stayed here too, but he realized he could do you more good working that peculiar sorcery of his."

The castellan appeared in the doorway. "Sorry to interrupt you, master, but I wanted to tell you that your fastest messenger left late last night for the Imperial City."

"Messenger?" asked Almalexia. "Vivec, what has happened?"

"I was to go and sign a truce with the Emperor on the sixth, so I sent him word that it had to be postponed."

"You can't do me any good here," said Almalexia, pulling herself up with effort. "But if you don't
[012] 2920, Evening Star

sign that truce, you'll put Morrowind back to war, maybe for another eighty years. If you leave
today with an escort and hurry, perhaps you can get to the Imperial City only a day or two late."

"Are you certain you don't need me here?" asked Vivec.

"I know that Morrowind needs you more."

6 Sun’s Dusk, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

The Emperor Reman III sat on his throne, surveying the audience chamber. It was a spectacular
sight: silver ribbons dangled from the rafters, burning cauldrons of sweet herbs simmered in every
corner, Pyandonean swallowtails sweeping through the air, singing their songs. When the torches
were lit and servants began fanning, the room would be transfigured into a shimmering fantasy
land. He could smell the kitchen already, spices and roasts.

The Potentate Versidue–Shaie and his son Savirien–Chorak slithered into the room, both bedecked
in the headdress and jewelry of the Tsaesci. There was no smile on their golden face, but there
seldom was one. The Emperor still greeted his trusted advisor with enthusiasm.

"This ought to impress those savage Dark Elves," he laughed. "When are they supposed to arrive?"

"A messenger's just arrived from Vivec," said the Potentate solemnly. "I think it would be best if
your Imperial Majesty met him alone."

The Emperor lost his laughter, but nodded to his servants to withdraw. The door then opened and
the Lady Corda walked into the room, with a parchment in her hand. She shut the door behind her,
but did not look up to meet the Emperor's face.

"The messenger gave his letter to my mistress?" said Reman, incredulous, rising to take the note.
"That's a highly unorthodox way of delivering a message."

"But the message itself is very orthodox," said Corda, looking up into his one good eye. With a
single blinding motion, she brought the letter up under the Emperor's chin. His eyes widened and
blood poured down the blank parchment. Blank that is, except for a small black mark, the sign of
the Morag Tong. It fell to the floor, revealing the small dagger hidden behind it, which she now
twisted, severing his throat to the bone. The Emperor collapsed to the floor, gasping soundlessly.

"How long do you need?" asked Savirien–Chorak.

"Five minutes," said Corda, wiping the blood from her hands. "If you can give me ten, though, I'll
be doubly grateful."

"Very well," said the Potentate to Corda's back as she raced from the audience chamber. "She
ought to have been an Akaviri, the way the girl handles a blade is truly remarkable."

"I must go and establish our alibi," said Savirien−Chorak, disappearing behind one of the secret passages that only the Emperor's most trusted knew about.

"Do you remember, close to a year ago, your Imperial Majesty," the Potentate smiled, looking down at the dying man. "When you told me to remember 'You Akaviri have a lot of showy moves, but if just one of our strikes comes through, it's all over for you.' I remembered that, you see."

The Emperor spat up blood and somehow said the word: "Snake."

"I am a snake, your Imperial Majesty, inside and out. But I didn't lie. There was a messenger from Vivec. It seems he'll be a little late in arriving," the Potentate shrugged before disappearing behind the secret passage. "Don't worry yourself. I'm sure the food won't go bad."

The Emperor of Tamriel died in a pool of his own blood in his empty audience chamber decorated for a grand ball. He was found by his bodyguard fifteen minutes later. Corda was nowhere to be found.

8 Sun's Dusk, 2920
Caer Suvio, Cyrodiil

Lord Glavius, apologizing profusely for the quality of the road through the forest, was the first emissary to greet Vivec and his escort as they arrived. A string of burning globes decorated the leafless trees surrounding the villa, bobbing in the gentle but frigid night breeze. From within, Vivec could smell the simple feast and a high sad melody. It was a traditional Akaviri wintertide carol.

Versidue−Shaie greeted Vivec at the front door.

"I'm glad you received the message before you got all the way to the City," said the Potentate, guiding his guest into the large, warm drawing room. "We are in a difficult transition time, and for the moment, it is best not to conduct our business at the capitol."

"There is no heir?" asked Vivec.

"No official one, though there are distant cousins vying for the throne. While we sort the matter out, at least temporarily the nobles have decided that I may act in the office of my late master," Versidue−Shaie signaled for the servants to draw two comfortable chairs in front of the fireplace. "Would you feel most comfortable if we signed the treaty officially right now, or would you like to eat something first?"

"You intend to honor the Emperor's treaty?"
"I intend to do everything as the Emperor," said the Potentate.

14 Sun's Dusk, 2920
Tel Aruhn, Morrowind

Corda, dusty from the road, flew into the Night Mother's arms. For a moment, they stayed locked together, the Night Mother stroking her daughter's hair, kissing her forehead. Finally, she reached into her sleeve and handed Corda a letter.

"What is it?" asked Corda.

"A letter from the Potentate, expressing his delight at your expertise," replied the Night Mother. "He's promised to send us payment, but I've already sent him back a reply. The late Empress paid us enough for her husband's death. Mephala would not have us be greedy beyond our needs. You should not be paid twice for the same murder, so it is written."

"He killed Rijja, my sister," said Corda quietly.

"And so it should be that you struck the blow."

"Where will I go now?"

"Whenever any of our holy workers becomes too famous to continue the crusade, we send them to an island called Vounoura. It's not more than a month's voyage by boat, and I've arranged for a delightful estate for your sanctuary," the Night Mother kissed the girl's tears. "You meet many friends there, and I know you will find peace and happiness at last, my child."

19 Sun's Dusk, 2920
Mournhold, Morrowind

Almalexia surveyed the rebuilding of the town. The spirit of the citizens was truly inspirational, she thought, as she walked among the skeletons of new buildings standing in the blackened, shattered remains of the old. Even the plantlife showed a remarkable resilience. There was life yet in the blasted remains of the comberry and roobrush shrubs that once lined the main avenue. She could feel the pulse. Come springtide, green would bolt through the black.

The Duke's heir, a lad of considerable intelligence and sturdy Dunmer courage, was coming down from the north to take his father's place. The land would do more than survive: it would strengthen and expand. She felt the future much more strongly than she saw the present.

Of all the things she was most certain of, she knew that Mournhold was forever home to at least one goddess.
22 Sun's Dusk, 2920
The Imperial City, Cyrodiil

"The Cyrodiil line is dead," announced the Potentate to the crowd gathered beneath the Speaker's Balcony of the Imperial Palace. "But the Empire lives. The distant relatives of our beloved Emperor have been judged unworthy of the throne by the trusted nobility who advised his Imperial Majesty throughout his long and illustrious reign. It has been decided that as an impartial and faithful friend of Reman III, I will have the responsibility of continuing on in his name."

The Akaviri paused, allowing his words to echo and translate into the ears of the populace. They merely stared up at him in silence. The rain had washed through the streets of the city, but the sun, for a brief time, appeared to be offering a respite from the winter storms.

"I want to make it clear that I am not taking the title Emperor," he continued. "I have been and will continue to be Potentate Versidue−Shaie, an alien welcomed kindly to your shores. It will be my duty to protect my adopted homeland, and I pledge to work tirelessly at this task until someone more worthy takes the burden from me. As my first act, I declare that in commemoration of this historical moment, beginning on the first of Morning Star, we will enter year one of the Second Era as time will be reckoned. Thus, we mourn the loss of our Imperial family, and look forward to the future."

Only one man clapped at these words. King Dro'Zel of Senchal truly believed that this would be the finest thing to happen to Tamriel in history. Of course, he was quite mad.

31 Sun's Dusk, 2920
Ebonheart, Morrowind

In the smoky catacombs beneath the city where Sotha Sil forged the future with his arcane clockwork apparatus, something unforeseen happened. An oily bubble seeped from a long trusted gear and popped. Immediately, the wizard's attention was drawn to it and to the chain that tiny action triggered. A pipe shifted half an inch to the left. A tread skipped. A coil rewound itself and began spinning in a counter direction. A piston that had been thrusting left−right, left−right, for millennia suddenly began shifting right−left. Nothing broke, but everything changed.

"It cannot be fixed now," said the sorcerer quietly.

He looked up through a crick in the ceiling into the night sky. It was midnight. The second era, the age of chaos, had begun.
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Short Blade
ID: BookSkill_Short Blade3
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 unmixed conflict 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.

[013/048] 36 Lessons of Vivec

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Athletics
ID: BookSkill_Athletics3
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alchemy
ID: BookSkill_Alcchemy4
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Blunt Weapon
ID: BookSkill_Blunt Weapon4
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 wife 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Axe
ID: BookSkill_Axe4
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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Armorer
ID: BookSkill_Armorer3
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Block
ID: BookSkill_Block4
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Athletics
ID: BookSkill_Athletics4
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 Dwemeri 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 Dwemeri 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Blunt Weapon
ID: BookSkill_Blunt Weapon5
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Short Blade
ID: BookSkill_Short Blade4
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Unarmored
ID: bookskill_unarmored3
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 Dwemerí 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
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Alteration
ID: BookSkill_Alteration4
The thirty-six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Fourteen

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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Spear
ID: bookskill_spear3
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 [0CHIM] 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Unarmored
ID: bookskill_unarmed4
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.
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Axe
ID: BookSkill_Axe5_open
'I am an atlas of smoke.'

With this, Vivec became greater than he had been. 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.

'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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Long Blade
ID: bookskill_long_blade3
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.

100
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alchemy
ID: BookSkill_Alcchemy5
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.

---

[031] 36 Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 19

So why is it——

Your house is safe now

So why is it——

The ending of the words is ALMSIVI.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Enchant
ID: bookskill_enchant4
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Twenty

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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Long Blade
ID: bookskill_long blade4
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Light Armor
ID: bookskill_light_armor4
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.'

108
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Medium Armor
ID: bookskill_medium_armor4
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Long Blade
ID: bookskill_long blade5
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-gloves 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.

Throngs 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 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 PSIJJ: 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Armorer
ID: BookSkill_Armorer4
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 maligned.'

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.

---

**Book**
- **Weight:** 3.00
- **Value:** 200
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** Sneak
- **ID:** bookskill_sneak5
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Speechcraft
ID: bookskill_speechcraft5
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 molted 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Light Armor
ID: bookskill_light_armor5
The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec: Sermon Twenty-Nine

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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Armorer
ID: BookSkill_Armorer5
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Short Blade
ID: BookSkill_Short Blade5
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Athletics
ID: BookSkill_Athletics5
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 savor 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.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book</th>
<th>Weight: 3.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Value:</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enchantment:</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaches:</td>
<td>Medium Armor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ID:</td>
<td>bookskill_medium_armor5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Unarmored
ID: bookskill_unarmored5
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Spear
ID: bookskill_spear5
For these were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the AMLSVI 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 Dwemer 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 Dwemer 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.

Dwemer 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.
S,

Here is the equipment I told you about. Remember, the weak deserve no mercy.

— E

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_bloodynote_s
Scene: The Imperial City, Cyrodiil  
Date: 7 Frost Fall, 3E 397

It seemed as if the palace had always housed the Atrius Building Commission, the company of clerks and estate agents who authored and notarized nearly every construction of any note in the Empire. It had stood for two hundred and fifty years, since the reign of the Emperor Magnus, a plain−fronted and austere hall on a minor but respectable plaza in the Imperial City. Energetic and ambitious middle−class lads and ladies worked there, as well as complacent middle−aged ones like Decumus Scotti. No one could imagine a world without the Commission, least of all Scotti. To be accurate, he could not imagine a world without himself in the Commission.

"Lord Atrius is perfectly aware of your contributions," said the managing clerk, closing the shutter that demarcated Scotti's office behind him. "But you know that things have been difficult."

"Yes," said Scotti, stiffly.

"Lord Vanech's men have been giving us a lot of competition lately, and we must be more efficient if we are to survive. Unfortunately, that means releasing some of our historically best but presently underachieving senior clerks."

"I understand. Can't be helped."

"I'm glad that you understand," smiled the managing clerk, smiling thinly and withdrawing. "Please have your room cleared immediately."

Scotti began the task of organizing all his work to pass on to his successor. It would probably be young Imbrallius who would take most of it on, which was as it should be, he considered philosophically. The lad knew how to find business. Scotti wondered idly what the fellow would do with the contracts for the new statue of St Alessia for which the Temple of the One had applied. Probably invent a clerical error, blame it on his old predecessor Decumus Scotti, and require an additional cost to rectify.

"I have correspondence for Decumus Scotti of the Atrius Building Commission."
Scotti looked up. A fat-faced courier had entered his office and was thrusting forth a sealed scroll. He handed the boy a gold piece, and opened it up. By the poor penmanship, atrocious spelling and grammar, and overall unprofessional tone, it was manifestly evident who the writer was. Liodes Jurus, a fellow clerk some years before, who had left the Commission after being accused of unethical business practices.

"Dear Sckotti,

I emagine you alway wondered what happened to me, and the last plase you would have expected to find me is out in the woods. But thats exactly where I am. Ha ha. If you're smart and want to make lot of extra gold for Lord Atrius (and yourself, ha ha), youll come down to Vallinwood too. If you have'nt or have been following the politics hear lately, you may or may not know that ther's bin a war between the Boshmer and there neighbors Elswere over the past two years. Things have only just calm down, and ther's a lot that needs to be rebuilt.

Now Ive got more business than I can handel, but I need somone with some clout, someone representing a respected agencie to get the quill in the ink. That somone is you, my fiend. Come &meet me at the M'ther Paskos Tavern in Falinnesti, Vallinwood. Ill be here 2 weeks and you wont be sorrie.

--- Jurus

P.S.: Bring a wagenload of timber if you can."

"What do you have there, Scotti?" asked a voice.

Scotti started. It was Imbrallius, his damnably handsome face peeking through the shutters, smiling in that way that melted the hearts of the stingiest of patrons and the roughest of stonemasons. Scotti shoved the letter in his jacket pocket.

"Personal correspondence," he sniffed. "I'll be cleared up here in a just a moment."

"I don't want to hurry you," said Imbrallius, grabbing a few sheets of blank contracts from Scotti's desk. "I've just gone through a stack, and the junior scribes hands are all cramping up, so I thought you wouldn't miss a few."

The lad vanished. Scotti retrieved the letter and read it again. He thought about his life, something he rarely did. It seemed a sea of gray with a black insurmountable wall looming. There was only
one narrow passage he could see in that wall. Quickly, before he had a moment to reconsider it, he grabbed a dozen of the blank contracts with the shimmering gold leaf ATRIUS BUILDING COMMISSION BY APPOINTMENT OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY and hid them in the satchel with his personal effects.

The next day he began his adventure with a giddy lack of hesitation. He arranged for a seat in a caravan bound for Valenwood, the single escorted conveyance to the southeast leaving the Imperial City that week. He had scarcely hours to pack, but he remembered to purchase a wagonload of timber.

"It will be extra gold to pay for a horse to pull that," frowned the convoy head.

"So I anticipated," smiled Scotti with his best Imbrallius grin.

Ten wagons in all set off that afternoon through the familiar Cyrodilic countryside. Past fields of wildflowers, gently rolling woodlands, friendly hamlets. The clop of the horses' hooves against the sound stone road reminded Scotti that the Atrius Building Commission constructed it. Five of the eighteen necessary contracts for its completion were drafted by his own hand.

"Very smart of you to bring that wood along," said a gray-whiskered Breton man next to him on his wagon. "You must be in Commerce."

"Of a sort," said Scotti, in a way he hoped was mysterious, before introducing himself: "Decumus Scotti."

"Gryf Mallon," said the man. "I'm a poet, actually a translator of old Bosmer literature. I was researching some newly discovered tracts of the Mnoriad Pley Bar two years ago when the war broke out and I had to leave. You are no doubt familiar with the Mnoriad, if you're aware of the Green Pact."

Scotti thought the man might be speaking perfect gibberish, but he nodded his head.

"Naturally, I don't pretend that the Mnoriad is as renowned as the Meh Ayleidion, or as ancient as the Dansir Gol, but I think it has a remarkable significance to understanding the nature of the merelithic Bosmer mind. The origin of the Wood Elf aversion to cutting their own wood or eating any plant material at all, yet paradoxically their willingness to import plantstuff from other cultures, I feel can be linked to a passage in the Mnoriad," Mallon shuffled through some of his papers, searching for the appropriate text.

To Scotti's vast relief, the carriage soon stopped to camp for the night. They were high on a bluff over a gray stream, and before them was the great valley of Valenwood. Only the cry of seabirds declared the presence of the ocean to the bay to the west: here the timber was so tall and wide, twisting around itself like an impossible knot begun eons ago, to be impenetrable. A few more modest trees, only fifty feet to the lowest branches, stood on the cliff at the edge of camp. The sight was so alien to Scotti and he found himself so anxious about the proposition of entering the
wilderness that he could not imagine sleeping.

Fortunately, Mallon had supposed he had found another academic with a passion for the riddles of ancient cultures. Long into the night, he recited Bosmer verse in the original and in his own translation, sobbing and bellowing and whispering wherever appropriate. Gradually, Scotti began to feel drowsy, but a sudden crack of wood snapping made him sit straight up.

"What was that?"

Mallon smiled: "I like it too. 'Convocation in the malignity of the moonless speculum, a dance of fire —'"

"There are some enormous birds up in the trees moving around," whispered Scotti, pointing in the direction of the dark shapes above.

"I wouldn't worry about that," said Mallon, irritated with his audience. "Now listen to how the poet characterizes Herma−Mora's invocation in the eighteenth stanza of the fourth book."

The dark shapes in the trees were some of them perched like birds, others slithered like snakes, and still others stood up straight like men. As Mallon recited his verse, Scotti watched the figures softly leap from branch to branch, half−gliding across impossible distances for anything without wings. They gathered in groups and then reorganized until they had spread to every tree around the camp. Suddenly they plummeted from the heights.

"Mara!" cried Scotti. "They're falling like rain!"

"Probably seed pods," Mallon shrugged, not turning around. "Some of the trees have remarkable —"

The camp erupted into chaos. Fires burst out in the wagons, the horses wailed from mortal blows, casks of wine, fresh water, and liquor gushed their contents to the ground. A nimble shadow dashed past Scotti and Mallon, gathering sacks of grain and gold with impossible agility and grace. Scotti had only one glance at it, lit up by a sudden nearby burst of flame. It was a sleek creature with pointed ears, wide yellow eyes, mottled pied fur and a tail like a whip.

"Werewolf," he whimpered, shrinking back.

"Cathay−raht," groaned Mallon. "Much worse. Khajiti cousins or some such thing, come to plunder."

"Are you sure?"

As quickly as they struck, the creatures retreated, diving off the bluff before the battlemage and knight, the caravan's escorts, had fully opened their eyes. Mallon and Scotti ran to the precipice and saw a hundred feet below the tiny figures dash out of the water, shake themselves, and
disappear into the wood.

"Werewolves aren't acrobats like that," said Mallon. "They were definitely Cathay-raht. Bastard thieves. Thank Stendarr they didn't realize the value of my notebooks. It wasn't a complete loss."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Acrobatics
ID: BookSkill_Acrobatics2
It was a complete loss. The Cathay-Raht had stolen or destroyed almost every item of value in the caravan in just a few minutes' time. Decumus Scotti's wagonload of wood he had hoped to trade with the Bosmer had been set on fire and then toppled off the bluff. His clothing and contracts were tattered and ground into the mud of dirt mixed with spilled wine. All the pilgrims, merchants, and adventurers in the group moaned and wept as they gathered the remnants of their belongings by the rising sun of the dawn.

"I best not tell anyone that I managed to hold onto my notes for my translation of the Mnoriad Pley Bar," whispered the poet Gryf Mallon. "They'd probably turn on me."

Scotti politely declined the opportunity of telling Mallon just how little value he himself placed on the man's property. Instead, he counted the coins in his purse. Thirty-four gold pieces. Very little indeed for an entrepreneur beginning a new business.

"Hoy!" came a cry from the wood. A small party of Bosmer emerged from the thicket, clad in leather mail and bearing arms. "Friend or foe?"

"Neither," growled the convoy head.

"You must be the Cyrodiils," laughed the leader of the group, a tall skeleton-thin youth with a sharp vulpine face. "We heard you were en route. Evidently, so did our enemies."

"I thought the war was over," muttered one of the caravan's now ruined merchants.

The Bosmer laughed again: "No act of war. Just a little border enterprise. You are going on to Falinesti?"

"I'm not," the convoy head shook his head. "As far as I'm concerned, my duty is done. No more horses, no more caravan. Just a fat profit loss to me."

The men and women crowded around the man, protesting, threatening, begging, but he refused to step foot in Valenwood. If these were the new times of peace, he said, he'd rather come back for the next war.

Scotti tried a different route and approached the Bosmer. He spoke with an authoritative but friendly voice, the kind he used in negotiations with peevish carpenters: "I don't suppose you'd
consider escorting me to Falinesti. I'm a representative for an important Imperial agency, the Atrius Building Commission, here to help repair and alleviate some of the problems the war with the Khajiit brought to your province. Patriotism —"

"Twenty gold pieces, and you must carry your own gear if you have any left," replied the Bosmer.

Scotti reflected that negotiations with peevish carpenters rarely went his way either.

Six eager people had enough gold on them for payment. Among those without funds was the poet, who appealed to Scotti for assistance.

"I'm sorry, Gryf, I only have fourteen gold left over. Not even enough for a decent room when I get to Falinesti. I really would help you if I could," said Scotti, persuading himself that it was true.

The band of six and their Bosmer escorts began the descent down a rocky path along the bluff. Within an hour's time, they were deep in the jungles of Valenwood. A never-ending canopy of hues of browns and greens obscured the sky. A millennia's worth of fallen leaves formed a deep, wormy sea of putrefaction beneath their feet. Several miles were crossed wading through the slime. For several more, they took a labyrinthian path across fallen branches and the low-hanging boughs of giant trees.

All the while, hour after hour, the inexhaustible Bosmer host moved so fast, the Cyrodiils struggled to keep from being left behind. A red-faced little merchant with short legs took a bad step on a rotten branch and nearly fell. His fellow provincials had to help him up. The Bosmer paused only a moment, their eyes continually darting to the shadows in the trees above before moving on at their usual expeditious pace.

"What are they so nervous about?" wheezed the merchant irritably. "More Cathay-Raht?"

"Don't be ridiculous," laughed the Bosmer unconvincingly. "Khajiiti this far into Valenwood? In times of peace? They'd never dare."

When the group passed high enough above the swamp that the smell was somewhat dissipated, Scotti felt a sudden pang of hunger. He was used to four meals a day in the Cyrodilic custom. Hours of nonstop exertion without food was not part of his regimen as a comfortably paid clerk. He pondered, feeling somewhat delirious, how long they had been trotting through the jungle. Twelve hours? Twenty? A week? Time was meaningless. Sunlight was only sporadic through the vegetative ceiling. Phosphorescent molds on the trees and in the muck below provided the only regular illumination.

"Is it at all possible for us to rest and eat?" he hollered to his host up ahead.

"We're near to Falinesti," came the echoing reply. "Lots of food there."

The path continued upward for several hours more across a clot of fallen logs, rising up to the first
and then the second boughs of the tree line. As they rounded a long corner, the travelers found themselves midway up a waterfall that fell a hundred feet or more. No one had the energy to complain as they began pulling up the stacks of rock, agonizing foot by foot. The Bosmer escorts disappeared into the mist, but Scotti kept climbing until there was no more rock left. He wiped the sweat and river water from his eyes.

Falinesti spread across the horizon before him. Sprawling across both banks of the river stood the mighty graht-oak city, with groves and orchards of lesser trees crowding it like supplicants before their king. At a lesser scale, the tree that formed the moving city would have been extraordinary: gnarled and twisted with a gorgeous crown of gold and green, dripping with vines and shining with sap. At a mile tall and half as wide, it was the most magnificent thing Scotti had ever seen. If he had not been a starving man with the soul of a clerk, he would have sung.

"There you are," said the leader of the escorts. "Not too far a walk. You should be glad it's wintertide. In summertide, the city's on the far south end of the province."

Scotti was lost as to how to proceed. The sight of the vertical metropolis where people moved about like ants disoriented all his sensibilities.

"You wouldn't know of an inn called," he paused for a moment, and then pulled Jurus's letter from his pocket. "Something like 'Mother Paskos Tavern'?"

"Mother Pascost?" the lead Bosmer laughed his familiar contemptuous laugh. "You won't want to stay there? Visitors always prefer the Aysia Hall in the top boughs. It's expensive, but very nice."

"I'm meeting someone at Mother Pascost's Tavern."

"If you've made up your mind to go, take a lift to Havel Slump and ask for directions there. Just don't get lost and fall asleep in the western cross."

This apparently struck the youth's friends as a very witty jest, and so it was with their laughter echoing behind him that Scotti crossed the writhing root system to the base of Falinesti. The ground was littered with leaves and refuse, and from moment to moment a glass or a bone would plummet from far above, so he walked with his neck crooked to have warning. An intricate network of platforms anchored to thick vines slipped up and down the slick trunk of the city with perfect grace, manned by operators with arms as thick as an ox's belly. Scotti approaches the nearest fellow at one of the platforms, who was idly smoking from a glass pipe.

"I was wondering if you might take me to Havel Slump."

The mer nodded and within a few minutes time, Scotti was two hundred feet in the air at a crook between two mighty branches. Curled webs of moss stretched unevenly across the fork, forming a sharing roof for several dozen small buildings. There were only a few souls in the alley, but around the bend ahead, he could hear the sound of music and people. Scotti tipped the Falinesti Platform Ferryman a gold piece and asked for the location of Mother Pascost's Tavern.
"Straight ahead of you, sir, but you won't find anyone there," the Ferryman explained, pointing in the direction of the noise. "Morndas everyone in Havel Slump has revelry."

Scotti walked carefully along the narrow street. Though the ground felt as solid as the marble avenues of the Imperial City, there were slick cracks in the bark that exposed fatal drops into the river. He took a moment to sit down, to rest and get used to the view from the heights. It was a beautiful day for certain, but it took Scotti only a few minutes of contemplation to rise up in alarm. A jolly little raft anchored down stream below him had distinctly moved several inches while he watched it. But it hadn't moved at all. He had. Together with everything around him. It was no metaphor: the city of Falinesti walked. And, considering its size, it moved quickly.

Scotti rose to his feet and into a cloud of smoke that drifted out from around the bend. It was the most delicious roast he had ever smelled. The clerk forgot his fear and ran.

The "revelry" as the Ferryman had termed it took place on an enormous platform tied to the tree, wide enough to be a plaza in any other city. A fantastic assortment of the most amazing people Scotti had ever seen were jammed shoulder−to−shoulder together, many eating, many more drinking, and some dancing to a lutist and singer perched on an offshoot above the crowd. They were largely Bosmer, true natives clad in colorful leather and bones, with a close minority of orcs. Whirling through the throng, dancing and bellowing at one another were a hideous ape people. A few heads bobbing over the tops of the crowd belonged not, as Scotti first assumed, to very tall people, but to a family of centaurs.

"Care for some mutton?" queried a wizened old mer who roasted an enormous beast on some red−hot rocks.

Scotti quickly paid him a gold piece and devoured the leg he was given. And then another gold piece and another leg. The fellow chuckled when Scotti began choking on a piece of gristle, and handed him a mug of a frothing white drink. He drank it and felt a quiver run through his body as if he were being tickled.

"What is that?" Scotti asked.

"Jagga. Fermented pig's milk. I can let you have a flagon of it and a bit more mutton for another gold."

Scotti agreed, paid, gobbled down the meat, and took the flagon with him as he slipped into the crowd. His co−worker Liodes Jurus, the man who had told him to come to Valenwood, was nowhere to be seen. When the flagon was a quarter empty, Scotti stopped looking for Jurus. When it was half empty, he was dancing with the group, oblivious to the broken planks and gaps in the fencework. At three quarters empty, he was trading jokes with a group of creatures whose language was completely alien to him. By the time the flagon was completely drained, he was asleep, snoring, while the revelry continued on all around his supine body.
The next morning, still asleep, Scotti had the sensation of someone kissing him. He made a face to return the favor, but a pain like fire spread through his chest and forced him to open his eyes. There was an insect the size of a large calf sitting on him, crushing him, its spiky legs holding him down while a central spiral-bladed vortex of a mouth tore through his shirt. He screamed and thrashed but the beast was too strong. It had found its meal and it was going to finish it.

It's over, thought Scotti wildly, I should have never left home. I could have stayed in the City, and perhaps found work with Lord Vanech. I could have begun again as a junior clerk and worked my way back up.

Suddenly the mouth released itself. The creature shivered once, expelled a burst of yellow bile, and died.

"Got one!" cried a voice, not too distantly.

For a moment, Scotti lay still. His head throbbed and his chest burned. Out of the corner of his eye he saw movement. Another of the horrible monsters was scurried towards him. He scrambled, trying to push himself free, but before he could come out, there was a sound of a bow cracking and an arrow pierced the second insect.

"Good shot!" cried another voice. "Get the first one again! I just saw it move a little!"

This time, Scotti felt the impact of the bolt hit the carcass. He cried out, but he could hear how muffled his voice was by the beetle's body. Cautiously, he tried sliding a foot out and rolling under, but the movement apparently had the effect of convincing the archers that the creature still lived. A volley of arrows was launched forth. Now the beast was sufficiently perforated so pools of its blood, and likely the blood of its victims, began to seep out onto Scotti's body.

When Scotti was a lad, before he grew too sophisticated for such sports, he had often gone to the Imperial Arena for the competitions of war. He recalled a great veteran of the fights, when asked, telling him his secret, "Whenever I'm in doubt of what to do, and I have a shield, I stay behind it."

Scotti followed that advice. After an hour, when he no longer heard arrows being fired, he threw aside the remains of the bug and leapt as quickly as he could to a stand. It was not a moment too soon. A gang of eight archers had their bows pointing his direction, ready to fire. When they saw him, they laughed.

"Didn't anyone ever tell you not to sleep in the western cross? How're we going to exterminate all the hoarders if you drunks keep feeding 'em?"

Scotti shook his head and walked back along the platform, round the bend, to Havel Slump. He was bloodied and torn and tired and he had far too much fermented pig's milk. All he wanted was a proper place to lie down. He stepped into Mother Pascost's Tavern, a dank place, wet with sap, smelling of mildew.

148
"My name is Decumus Scotti," he said. "I was hoping you have someone named Jurus staying here."

"Decumus Scotti?" pondered the fleshy proprietress, Mother Pascost herself. "I've heard that name. Oh, you must be the fellow he left the note for. Let me go see if I can find it."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Block
ID: BookSkill_Block3
Mother Pascost disappeared into the sordid hole that was her tavern, and emerged a moment later with a scrap of paper with Liodes Jurus's familiar scrawl. Decumus Scotti held it up before a patch of sunlight that had found its way through the massive boughs of the tree city, and read.

Sckotti,

So you made it to Falinnesti, Vallinwood! Congradulatens! Im sure you had quit a adventure getting here. Unfortonitly, Im not here anymore as you probaby guess. Theres a town down rivver called Athie Im at. Git a bote and join me! Its ideal! I hope you brot a lot of contracks, cause these peple need a lot of building done. They wer close to the war, you see, but not so close they dont have any mony left to pay. Ha ha. Meat me down here as son as you can.

— Jurus

So, Scotti pondered, Jurus had left Falinesti and gone to some place called Athie. Given his poor penmanship and ghastly spelling, it could equally well be Athy, Aphy, Othry, Imthri, Urtha, or Krakamaka. The sensible thing to do, Scotti knew, was to call this adventure over and try to find some way to get back home to the Imperial City. He was no mercenary devoted to a life of thrills: he was, or at least had been, a senior clerk at a successful private building commission. Over the last few weeks, he had been robbed by the Cathay–Raht, taken on a death march through the jungle by a gang of giggling Bosmeri, half–starved to death, drugged with fermented pig's milk, nearly slain by some kind of giant tick, and attacked by archers. He was filthy, exhausted, and had, he counted, ten gold pieces to his name. Now the man whose proposal brought him to the depths of misery was not even there. It was both judicious and seemly to abandon the enterprise entirely.

And yet, a small but distinct voice in his head told him: You have been chosen. You have no other choice but to see this through.

Scotti turned to the stout old woman, Mother Pascost, who had been watching him curiously: "I was wondering if you knew of a village that was at the edge of the recent conflict with Elsweyr. It's called something like Ath–ie?"

"You must mean Athay," she grinned. "My middle lad, Viglil, he manages a dairy down there. Beautiful country, right on the river. Is that where your friend went?"
"Yes," said Scotti. "Do you know the fastest way to get there?"

After a short conversation, an even shorter ride to Falinesti's roots by way of the platforms, and a jog to the river bank, Scotti was negotiating transport with a huge fair-haired Bosmer with a face like a pickled carp. He called himself Captain Balfix, but even Scotti with his sheltered life could recognize him for what he was. A retired pirate for hire, a smuggler for certain, and probably much worse. His ship, which had clearly been stolen in the distant past, was a bent old Imperial sloop.

"Fifty gold and we'll be in Athay in two days time," boomed Captain Balfix expansively.

"I have ten, no, sorry, nine gold pieces," replied Scotti, and feeling the need for explanation, added, "I had ten, but I gave one to the Platform Ferryman to get me down here."

"Nine is just as fine," said the captain agreeably. "Truth be told, I was going to Athay whether you paid me or not. Make yourself comfortable on the boat, we'll be leaving in just a few minutes."

Decumus Scotti boarded the vessel, which sat low in the water of the river, stacked high with crates and sacks that spilled out of the hold and galley and onto the deck. Each was marked with stamps advertising the most innocuous substances: copper scraps, lard, ink, High Rock meal (marked "For Cattle"), tar, fish jelly. Scotti's imagination reeled picturing what sorts of illicit imports were truly aboard.

It took more than those few minutes for Captain Balfix to haul in the rest of his cargo, but in an hour, the anchor was up and they were sailing downriver towards Athay. The green gray water barely rippled, only touched by the fingers of the breeze. Lush plant life crowded the banks, obscuring from sight all the animals that sang and roared at one another. Lulled by the serene surroundings, Scotti drifted to sleep.

At night, he awoke and gratefully accepted some clean clothes and food from Captain Balfix.

"Why are you going to Athay, if I may ask?" queried the Bosmer.

"I'm meeting a former colleague there. He asked me to come down from the Imperial City where I worked for the Atrius Building Commission to negotiate some contracts," Scotti took another bite of the dried sausages they were sharing for dinner. "We're going to try to repair and refurbish whatever bridges, roads, and other structures that got damaged in the recent war with the Khajiiti."

"It's been a hard two years," the captain nodded his head. "Though I suppose good for me and the likes of you and your friend. Trade routes cut off. Now they think there's going to be war with the Summurset Isles, you heard that?"

Scotti shook his head.

"I've done my share of smuggling skooma down the coast, even helping some revolutionary types
escape the Mane's wrath, but now the wars've made me a legitimate trader, a business−man. The first casualties of war is always the corrupted."

Scotti said he was sorry to hear that, and they lapsed into silence, watching the stars and moons' reflection on the still water. The next day, Scotti awoke to find the captain wrapped up in his sail, torpid from alcohol, singing in a low, slurred voice. When he saw Scotti rise, he offered his flagon of jagga.

"I learned my lesson during revelry at western cross."

The captain laughed, and then burst into tears, "I don't want to be legitimate. Other pirates I used to know are still raping and stealing and smuggling and selling nice folk like you into slavery. I swear to you, I never thought the first time that I ran a real shipment of legal goods that my life would turn out like this. Oh, I know, I could go back to it, but Baan Dar knows not after all I've seen. I'm a ruined man."

Scotti helped the weeping mer out of the sail, murmuring words of reassurance. Then he added, "Forgive me for changing the subject, but where are we?"

"Oh," moaned Captain Balfix miserably. "We made good time. Athay's right around the bend in the river."

"Then it looks like Athay's on fire," said Scotti, pointing.

A great plume of smoke black as pitch was rising above the trees. As they drifted around the bend, they next saw the flames, and then the blackened skeletal remains of the village. Dying, blazing villagers leapt from rocks into the river. A cacophony of wailing met their ears, and they could see, roaming along the edges of the town, the figures of Khajiiti soldiers bearing torches.

"Baan Dar bless me!" slurred the captain. "The war's back on!"

"Oh, no," whimpered Scotti.

The sloop drifted with the current toward the opposite shore away from the fiery town. Scotti turned his attention there, and the sanctuary it offered. Just a peaceful arbor, away from the horror. There was a shudder of leaves in two of the trees and a dozen lithe Khajiit dropped to the ground, armed with bows.

"They see us," hissed Scotti. "And they've got bows!"

"Well, of course they have bows," snarled Captain Balfix. "We Bosmer may have invented the bloody things, but we didn't think to keep them secret, you bloody bureaucrat."

"Now, they're setting their arrows on fire!"
"Yes, they do that sometimes."

"Captain, they're shooting at us! They're shooting at us with flaming arrows!"

"Ah, so they are," the captain agreed. "The aim here is to avoid being hit."

But hit they were, and very shortly thereafter. Even worse, the second volley of arrows hit the supply of pitch, which ignited in a tremendous blue blaze. Scotti grabbed Captain Balfix and they leapt overboard just before the ship and all its cargo disintegrated. The shock of the cold water brought the Bosmer into temporary sobriety. He called to Scotti, who was already swimming as fast as he could toward the bend.

"Master Decumus, where do you think you're swimming to?"

"Back to Falinesti!" cried Scotti.

"It will take you days, and by the time you get there, everyone will know about the attack on Athay! They'll never let anyone they don't know in! The closest village downriver is Grenos, maybe they'll give us shelter!"

Scotti swam back to the captain and side–by–side they began paddling in the middle of the river, past the burning residuum of the village. He thanked Mara that he had learned to swim. Many a Cyrodiil did not, as largely land–locked as the Imperial Province was. Had he been raised in Mir Corrup or Artemon, he might have been doomed, but the Imperial City itself was encircled by water, and every lad and lass there knew how to cross without a boat. Even those who grew up to be clerks and not adventurers.

Captain Balfix's sobriety faded as he grew used to the water's temperature. Even in wintertide, the Xylo River was fairly temperate and after a fashion, even comfortable. The Bosmer's strokes were uneven, and he'd stray closer to Scotti and then further away, pushing ahead and then falling behind.

Scotti looked to the shore to his right: the flames had caught the trees like tinder. Behind them was an inferno, with which they were barely keeping pace. To the shore on their left, all looked fair, until he saw a tremble in the river–reeds, and then what caused it. A pride of the largest cats he had ever seen. They were auburn–haired, green–eyed beasts with jaws and teeth to match his wildest nightmares. And they were watching the two swimmers, and keeping pace.

"Captain Balfix, we can't go to either that shore or the other one, or we'll be parboiled or eaten," Scotti whispered. "Try to even your kicking and your strokes. Breath like you would normally. If you're feeling tired, tell me, and we'll float on our backs for a while."

Anyone who has had the experience of giving rational advice to a drunkard would understand the hopelessness. Scotti kept pace with the captain, slowing himself, quickening, drifting left and right, while the Bosmer moaned old ditties from his pirate days. When he wasn't watching his
companion, he watched the cats on the shore. After a stretch, he turned to his right. Another village had caught fire. Undoubtedly, it was Grenos. Scotti stared at the blazing fury, awed by the sight of the destruction, and did not hear that the captain had ceased to sing.

When he turned back, Captain Balfix was gone.

Scotti dove into the murky depths of the river over and over again. There was nothing to be done. When he surfaced after his final search, he saw that the giant cats had moved on, perhaps assuming that he too had drowned. He continued his lonely swim downriver. A tributary, he noted, had formed a final barrier, keeping the flames from spreading further. But there were no more towns. After several hours, he began to ponder the wisdom of going ashore. Which shore was the question.

He was spared the decision. Ahead of him was a rocky island with a bonfire. He did not know if he were intruding on a party of Bosmeri or Khajiiti, only that he could swim no more. With straining, aching muscles, he pulled himself onto the rocks.

They were Bosmer refugees he gathered, even before they told him. Roasting over the fire was the remains of one of the giant cats that had been stalking him through the jungle on the opposite shore.

"Senche-Tiger," said one of the young warriors ravenously. "It's no animal — it's as smart as any Cathay-Raht or Ohmes or any other bleeding Khajiiti. Pity this one drowned. I would have gladly killed it. You'll like the meat, though. Sweet, from all the sugar these asses eat."

Scotti did not know if he was capable of eating a creature as intelligent as a man or mer, but he surprised himself, as he had done several times over the last days. It was rich, succulent, and sweet, like sugared pork, but no seasonings had been added. He surveyed the crowd as he ate. A sad lot, some still weeping for lost family members. They were the survivors of both the villages of Grenos and Athay, and war was on every person's lips. Why had the Khajiiti attacked again? Why — specifically directed at Scotti, as a Cyrodiil — why was the Emperor not enforcing peace in his provinces?

"I was to meet another Cyrodiil," he said to a Bosmer maiden who he understood to be from Athay. "His name was Liodes Jurus. I don't suppose you know what might have happened to him."

"I don't know your friend, but there were many Cyrodiils in Athay when the fire came," said the girl. "Some of them, I think, left quickly. They were going to Vindisi, inland, in the jungle. I am going there tomorrow, so are many of us. If you wish, you may come as well."

Decumus Scotti nodded solemnly. He made himself as comfortable as he could in the stony ground of the river island, and somehow, after much effort, he fell asleep. But he did not sleep well.
[052] A Dance in Fire, Chapter 3

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Athletics
ID: BookSkill_Athletics2
Eighteen Bosmeri and one Cyrodiilic former senior clerk for an Imperial building commission trudged through the jungle westward from the Xylo River to the ancient village of Vindisi. For Decumus Scotti, the jungle was hostile, unfamiliar ground. The enormous vermiculated trees filled the bright morning with darkness, and resembled nothing so much as grasping claws, bent on impeding their progress. Even the fronds of the low plants quivered with malevolent energy. What was worse, he was not alone in his anxiety. His fellow travelers, the natives who had survived the Khajiit attacks on the villages of Grenos and Athay, wore faces of undisguised fear.

There was something sentient in the jungle, and not merely the mad but benevolent indigenous spirits. In his peripheral vision, Scotti could see the shadows of the Khajiiti following the refugees, leaping from tree to tree. When he turned to face them, the lithe forms vanished into the gloom as if they had never been there. But he knew he had seen them. And the Bosmeri saw them too, and quickened their pace.

After eighteen hours, bitten raw by insects, scratched by a thousand thorns, they emerged into a valley clearing. It was night, but a row of blazing torches greeted them, illuminating the leather-wrought tents and jumbled stones of the hamlet of Vindisi. At the end of the valley, the torches marked a sacred site, a gnarled bower of trees pressed closed together to form a temple. Wordlessly, the Bosmeri walked the torch arcade toward the trees. Scotti followed them. When they reached the solid mass of living wood with only one gaping portal, Scotti could see a dim blue light glowing within. A low sonorous moan from a hundred voices echoed within. The Bosmeri maiden he had been following held out her hand, stopping him.

"You do not understand, but no outsider, not even a friend may enter," she said. "This is a holy place."

Scotti nodded, and watched the refugees march into the temple, heads bowed. Their voices joined with the ones within. When the last wood elf had gone inside, Scotti turned his attention back to the village. There must be food to be had somewhere. A tendril of smoke and a faint whiff of roasting venison beyond the torchlight led him.

They were five Cyrodiils, two Bretons, and a Nord, the group gathered around a campfire of glowing white stones, pulling steaming strips of meat from the cadaver of a great stag. At Scotti's approach, they rose up, all but the Nord who was distracted by his hunk of animal flesh.

"Good evening, sorry to interrupt, but I was wondering if I might have a little something to eat. I'm
afraid I'm rather hungry, after walking all day with some refugees from Grenos and Athay."

They bade him to sit down and eat, and introduced themselves.

"So the war's back on, it seems," said Scotti amiably.

"Best thing for these effete do-nothings," replied the Nord in between bites. "I've never seen such a lazy culture. Now they've got the Khajiiti striking them on land, and the high elves at sea. If there's any province that deserves a little distress, it's damnable Valenwood."

"I don't see how they're so offensive to you," laughed one of the Bretons.

"They're congenital thieves, even worse than the Khajiiti because they are so blessed meek in their aggression," the Nord spat out a gob of fat which sizzled on the hot stones of the fire. "They spread their forests into territory that doesn't belong to them, slowly infiltrating their neighbors, and they're puzzled when Elsweyr shoves back at them. They're all villains of the worst order."

"What are you doing here?" asked Scotti.

"I'm a diplomat from the court of Jehenna," muttered the Nord, returning to his food.

"What about you, what are you doing here?" asked one of the Cyrodiils.

"I work for Lord Atrius's building commission in the Imperial City," said Scotti. "One of my former colleagues suggested that I come down to Valenwood. He said the war was over, and I could contract a great deal of business for my firm rebuilding what was lost. One disaster after another, and I've lost all my money, I'm in the middle of a rekindling of war, and I cannot find my former colleague."

"Your former colleague," murmured another of the Cyrodiils, who had introduced himself as Reglius. "He wasn't by any chance named Liodes Jurus, was he?"

"You know him?"

"He lured me down to Valenwood in nearly the exact same circumstances," smiled Reglius, grimly. "I worked for your employer's competitor, Lord Vanech's men, where Liodes Jurus also formerly worked. He wrote to me, asking that I represent an Imperial building commission and contract some post-war construction. I had just been released from my employment, and I thought that if I brought some new business, I could have my job back. Jurus and I met in Athay, and he said he was going to arrange a very lucrative meeting with the Silvenar."

Scotti was stunned: "Where is he now?"

"I'm no theologian, so I couldn't say," Reglius shrugged. "He's dead. When the Khajiiti attacked Athay, they began by torching the harbor where Jurus was readying his boat. Or, I should say, my
boat since it was purchased with the gold I brought. By the time we were even aware of what was happening enough to flee, everything by the water was ash. The Khajiiti may be animals, but they know how to arrange an attack."

"I think they followed us through the jungle to Vindisi," said Scotti nervously. "There was definitely a group of something jumping along the treetops."

"Probably one of the monkey folk," snorted the Nord. "Nothing to be concerned about."

"When we first came to Vindisi and the Bosmeri all entered that tree, they were furious, whispering something about unleashing an ancient terror on their enemies," the Breton shivered, remembering. "They've been there ever since, for over a day and a half now. If you want something to be afraid of, that's the direction to look."

The other Breton, who was a representative of the Daggerfall Mages Guild, was staring off into the darkness while his fellow provincial spoke. "Maybe. But there's something in the jungle too, right on the edge of the village, looking in."

"More refugees maybe?" asked Scotti, trying to keep the alarm out his voice.

"Not unless they're traveling through the trees now," whispered the wizard. The Nord and one of the Cyrodiils grabbed a long tarp of wet leather and pulled it across the fire, instantly extinguishing it without so much as a sizzle. Now Scotti could see the intruders, their elliptical yellow eyes and long cruel blades catching the torchlight. He froze with fear, praying that he too was not so visible to them.

He felt something bump against his back, and gasped.

Reglius's voice hissed from up above: "Be quiet for Mara's sake and climb up here."

Scotti grabbed hold of the knotted double-vine that hung down from a tall tree at the edge of the dead campfire. He scrambled up it as quickly as he could, holding his breath lest any grunt of exertion escape him. At the top of the vine, high above the village, was an abandoned nest from some great bird in a trident-shaped branch. As soon as Scotti had pulled himself into the soft, fragrant straw, Reglius pulled up the vine. No one else was there, and when Scotti looked down, he could see no one below. No one, that is except the Khajiiti, slowly moving toward the glow of the temple tree.

"Thank you," whispered Scotti, deeply touched that a competitor had helped him. He turned away from the village, and saw that the tree's upper branches brushed against the mossy rock walls that surrounded the valley below. "How are you at climbing?"

"You're mad," said Reglius under his breath. "We should stay here until they leave."

"If they burn Vindisi like they did Athay and Grenos, we'll be dead sure as if we were on the
ground," Scotti began the slow careful climb up the tree, testing each branch. "Can you see what they're doing?"

"I can't really tell," Reglius stared down into the gloom. "They're at the front of the temple. I think they also have ... it looks like long ropes, trailing off behind them, off into the pass."

Scotti crawled onto the strongest branch that pointed toward the wet, rocky face of the cliff. It was not a far jump at all. So close, in fact, that he could smell the moisture and feel the coolness of the stone. But it was a jump nevertheless, and in his history as a clerk, he had never before leapt from a tree a hundred feet off the ground to a sheer rock. He pictured in his mind's eye the shadows that had pursued him through the jungle from the heights above. How their legs coiled to spring, how their arms snapped forward in an elegant fluid motion to grasp. He leapt.

His hands grappled for rock, but long thick cords of moss were more accessible. He held hard, but when he tried to plant his feet forward, they slipped up skyward. For a few seconds, he found himself upside down before he managed to pull himself into a more conventional position. There was a narrow outcropping jutting out of the cliff where he could stand and finally exhale.

"Reglius. Reglius. Reglius," Scotti did not dare to call out. In a minute, there was a shaking of branches, and Lord Vanech's man emerged. First his satchel, then his head, then the rest of him. Scotti started to whisper something, but Reglius shook his head violently and pointed downward. One of the Khajiiti was at the base of the tree, peering at the remains of the campfire.

Reglius awkwardly tried to balance himself on the branch, but as strong as it was it was exceedingly difficult with only one free hand. Scotti cupped his palms and then pointed at the satchel. It seemed to pain Reglius to let it out of his grasp, but he relented and tossed it to Scotti.

There was a small, almost invisible hole in the bag, and when Scotti caught it, a single gold coin dropped out. It rang as it bounced against the rock wall on the descent, a high soft sound that seemed like the loudest alarm Scotti had ever heard.

Then many things happened very quickly.

The Cathay–Raht at the base of the tree looked up and gave a loud wail. The other Khajiiti followed in chorus, as the cat below crouched down and then sprang up into the lower branches. Reglius saw it below him, climbing up with impossible dexterity, and panicked. Even before he jumped, Scotti could tell that he was going to fall. With a cry, Reglius the Clerk plunged to the ground, breaking his neck on impact.

A flash of white fire erupted from every crevice of the temple, and the moan of the Bosmeri prayer changed into something terrible and otherworldly. The climbing Cathay–Raht stopped and stared.


It was as if a crack in reality had opened wide. A flood of horrific beasts, tentacled toads, insects of
armor and spine, gelatinous serpents, vaporous beings with the face of gods, all poured forth from
the great hollow tree, blind with fury. They tore the Khajiiti in front of the temple to pieces. All the
other cats fled for the jungle, but as they did so, they began pulling on the ropes they carried. In a
few seconds time, the entire village of Vindisi was boiling with the lunatic apparitions of the Wild
Hunt.

Over the babbling, barking, howling horde, Scotti heard the Cyrodiils in hiding cry out as they
were devoured. The Nord too was found and eaten, and both Bretons. The wizard had turned
himself invisible, but the swarm did not rely on their sight. The tree the Cathay–Raht was in began
to sway and rock from the impossible violence beneath it. Scotti looked at the Khajiiti's
fear–struck eyes, and held out one of the cords of moss.

The cat's face showed its pitiful gratitude as it leapt for the vine. It didn't have time to entirely
replace that expression when Scotti pulled back the cord, and watched it fall. The Hunt consumed
it to the bone before it struck the ground.

Scotti's own jump up to the next outcropping of rock was immeasurably more successful. From
there, he pulled himself to the top of the cliff and was able to look down into the chaos that had
been the village of Vindisi. The Hunt's mass had grown and began to spill out through the pass out
of the valley, pursuing the fleeing Khajiiti. It was then that the madness truly began.

In the moons' light, from Scotti's vantage, he could see where the Khajiiti had attached their ropes.
With a thunderous boom, an avalanche of boulders poured over the pass. When the dust cleared,
he saw that the valley had been sealed. The Wild Hunt had nowhere to turn but on itself.

Scotti turned his head, unable to bear to look at the cannibalistic orgy. The night jungle stood
before him, a web of wood. He slung Reglius's satchel over his shoulder, and entered.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Acrobatics
ID: BookSkill_Acrobatics3
"Soap! The forest will eat love! Straight ahead! Stupid and a stupid cow!"

The voice boomed out so suddenly that Decumus Scotti jumped. He stared off into the dim jungle glade from which he only heard animal and insect calls, and the low whistling of wind moments before. It was a queer, oddly accented voice of indiscriminate gender, tremulous in its modulations, but unmistakably human. Or, at very least, elven. An isolated Bosmer perhaps with a poor grasp of the Cyrodilic language. After countless hours of plodding through the dense knot of Valenwood jungle, any voice of slight familiarity sounded wondrous.

"Hello?" he cried.

"Beetles on any names? Certainly yesterday yes!" the voice called back. "Who, what, and when, and mice!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," replied Scotti, turning toward the brambled tree, thick as a wagon, where the voice had issued. "But you needn't be afraid of me. My name is Decumus Scotti. I'm a Cyrodiil from the Imperial City. I came here to help rebuild Valenwood after the war, you see, and now I'm rather lost."

"Gemstones and grilled slaves ... The war," moaned the voice and broke down into sobs.

"You know about the war? I wasn't sure, I wasn't even sure how far away from the border I am now," Scotti began slowly walking toward the tree. He dropped Reglius's satchel to the ground, and held out his empty hands. "I'm unarmed. I only want to know the way to the closest town. I'm trying to meet my friend, Liodes Jurus, in Silvenar."

"Silvenar!" the voice laughed. It laughed even louder as Scotti circled the tree. "Worms and wine! Worms and wine! Silvenar sings for worms and wine!"

There was nothing to be found anywhere around the tree. "I don't see you. Why are you hiding?"

In frustration born of hunger and exhaustion, he struck the tree trunk. A sudden shiver of gold and red erupted from a hollow nook above, and Scotti was surrounded by six winged creatures scarcely more than a few inches long. Bright crimson eyes were set on either side of tunnel-like protuberances, the animals' always open mouths. They were legless, and their thin, rapidly beating, aureate wings seemed poorly constructed to transport their fat, swollen bellies. And yet, they
darted through the air like sparks from a fire. Whirling about the poor clerk, they began chattering what he now understood to be perfect nonsense.

"Wines and worms, how far from the border am I! Academic garnishments, and alas, Liodes Jurus!"

"Hello, I'm afraid I'm unarmed? Smoken flames and the closest town is dear Oblivion."

"Swollen on bad meat, an indigo nimbus, but you needn't be afraid of me!"

"Why are you hiding? Why are you hiding? Before I begin to friend, love me, Lady Zuleika!"

Furious with the mimics, Scotti swung his arms, driving them up into the treetops. He stomped back to the clearing and opened up the satchel again, as he had done some hours before. There was still, unsurprisingly, nothing useful in the bag, and nothing to eat in any corner or pocket. A goodly amount of gold (he smiled grimly, as he had done before, at the irony of being financially solvent in the jungle), a stack of neat blank contracts from Lord Vanech's building commission, some thin cord, and an oiled leather cloak for bad weather. At least, Scotti considered, he had not suffered rain.

A rolling moan of thunder reminded Scotti of what he had suspected for some weeks now. He was cursed.

Within an hour's time, he was wearing the cloak and clawing his way through mud. The trees, which had earlier allowed no sunlight in, provided no shelter against the pounding storm and wind. The only sounds that pierced the pelting of the rain were the mocking calls of the flying creatures, flitting just above, babbling their nonsense. Scotti bellowed at them, threw rocks, but they seemed enamored of his company.

While he was reaching to grab a promising looking stone to hurl at his tormentors, Scotti felt something shift beneath his feet. Wet but solid ground suddenly liquefied and became a rolling tide, rushing him forward. Light as a leaf, he flew head over feet over head, until the mudflow dropped and he continued forward, plunging down into a river twenty−five feet below.

The storm passed quite as instantly as it had arrived. The sun melted the dark clouds and warmed Scotti as he swam for the shore. There, another sign of the Khajiiti incursion into Valenwood greeted him. A small fishing village had stood there once, so recently extinct that it smoldered like a still−warm corpse. Dirt cairns that had once housed fish by the smell of them had been ravaged, their bounty turned to ash. Rafts and skiffs lay broken, scuttled, half−submerged. All the villagers were no more, either dead or refugees far away. Or so he presumed. Something banged against the wall of one of the ruins. Scotti ran to investigate.

"My name is Decumus Scotti?" sang the first winged beast. "I'm a Cyrodiil from? The Imperial City? I came here to help rebuild Valenwood after the war, you see, and now I'm rather lost?"
"I swell to maculate, apeneck!" agreed one of its companions. "I don't see you. Why are you hiding?"

As they fell into chattering, Scotti began to search the rest of the village. Surely the cats had left something behind, a scrap of dried meat, a morsel of fish sausage, anything. But they had been immaculate in their complete annihilation. There was nothing to eat anywhere. Scotti did find one item of possible use under the tumbled remains of a stone hut. A bow and two arrows made of bone. The string had been lost, likely burned away in the heat of the fire, but he pulled the cord from Reglius's satchel and restrung it.

The creatures flew over and hovered nearby as he worked: "The convent of the sacred Liodes Jurus?"

"You know about the war! Worms and wine, circumscribe a golden host, apeneck!"

The moment the cord was taut, Scotti nocked an arrow and swung around, pulling the string tight against his chest. The winged beasts, having had experience with archers before, shot off in all directions in a blur. They needn't have bothered. Scotti's first arrow dove into the ground three feet in front of him. He swore and retrieved it. The mimics, having likewise had experience with poor archers before, returned at once to hovering nearby and mocking Scotti.

On his second shot, Scotti did much better, in purely technical terms. He remembered how the archers in Falinesti looked when he pulled himself out from under the hoarvor tick, and they were all taking aim at him. He extended his left hand, right hand, and right elbow in a symmetrical line, drawing the bow so his hand touched his jawline, and he could see the creature in his sight like the arrow was a finger he was pointing with. The bolt missed the target by only two feet, but it continued on its trajectory, snapping when it struck a rock wall.

Scotti walked to the river's edge. He had only one arrow left, and perhaps, he considered, it would be most practical to find a slow-moving fish and fire it on that. If he missed, at least there was less of a chance of breaking the shaft, and he could always retrieve it from the water. A rather torpid, whiskered fish rolled by, and he took aim at it.

"My name is Decumus Scotti!" one of the creatures howled, frightening the fish away. "Stupid and a stupid cow! Will you dance a dance in fire!"

Scotti turned and aimed the arrow as he had done before. This time, however, he remembered to plant his feet as the archers had done, seven inches apart, knees straight, left leg slightly forward to meet the angle of his right shoulder. He released the last arrow.

The arrow also proved a serviceable prong for roasting the creature against the smoking hot stones of one of the ruins. Its other companions had disappeared instantly after the beast was slain, and Scotti was able to dine in peace. The meat proved to be delicious, if scarcely more than a first course. He was picking the last of it from the bones, when a boat sailed into view from around the bend of the river. At the helm were Bosmer sailors. Scotti ran to the bank and waved his arms.
They averted their eyes and continued past.

"You bloody, callous bastards!" Scotti howled. "Knaves! Hooligans! Apenecks! Scoundrels!"

A gray-whiskered form came out from a hatch, and Scotti immediately recognized him as Gryf Mallon, the poet translator he had met in the caravan from Cyrodiil.

He peered Scotti's direction, and his eyes lit up with delight, "Decumus Scotti! Precisely the man I hoped to see! I want to get your thoughts on a rather puzzling passage in the Mnoriad Pley Bar! It begins 'I went weeping into the world, searching for wonders,' perhaps you're familiar with it?"

"I'd like nothing better than to discuss the Mnoriad Pley Bar with you, Gryf!" Scotti called back. "Would you let me come aboard though first?"

Overjoyed at being on a ship bound for any port at all, Scotti was true to his word. For over an hour as the boat rolled down the river past the blackened remnants of Bosmeri villages, he asked no questions and spoke nothing of his life over the past weeks: he merely listened to Mallon's theories of merethic Aldmeri esoterica. The translator was undemanding of his guest's scholarship, accepting nods and shrugs as civilized conversation. He even produced some wine and fish jelly, which he shared with Scotti absent-mindedly, as he expounded on his various theses.

Finally, while Mallon was searching for a reference to some minor point in his notes, Scotti asked, "Rather off subject, but I was wondering where we're bound."

"The very heart of the province, Silvenar," Mallon said, not looking up from the passage he was reading. "It's somewhat bothersome, actually, as I wanted to go to Woodhearth first to talk to a Bosmer there who claims to have an original copy of Dirith Yalmilhiad, if you can believe it. But for the time being, that has to wait. Summurset Isle has surrounded the city, and is in the process of starving the citizenry until they surrender. It's a tiresome prospect, since the Bosmeri are happy to eat one another, so there's a risk that at the end, only one fat wood elf will remain to wave the flag."

"That is vexing," agreed Scotti, sympathetically. "To the east, the Khajiiti are burning everything, and to the west, the High Elves are waging war. I don't suppose the borders to the north are clear?"

"They're even worse," replied Mallon, finger on the page, still distracted. "The Cyrodiils and Redguards don't want Bosmer refugees streaming into their provinces. It only stands to reason. Imagine how much more criminally inclined they'd be now that they're homeless and hungry."

"So," murmured Scotti, feeling a shiver. "We're trapped in Valenwood."

"Not at all. I need to leave fairly shortly myself, as my publisher has set a very definite deadline for my new book of translations. From what I understand, one merely petitions to the Silvenar for special border protection and one can cross into Cyrodiil with impunity."
"Petition the Silvenar, or petition at Silvenar?"

"Petition the Silvenar at Silvenar. It's an odd nomenclature that is typical of this place, the sort of thing that makes my job as a translator that much more challenging. The Silvenar, he, or rather they are the closest the Bosmeri have to a great leader. The essential thing to remember about the Silvenar —" Mallon smiled, finding the passage he was looking for, "Here! 'A fortnight, inexplicable, the world burns into a dance.' There's that metaphor again."

"What were you saying about the Silvenar?" asked Scotti. "The essential thing to remember?"

"I don't remember what I was saying," replied Mallon, turning back to his oration.

In a week's time, the little boat bumped along the shallow, calmer waters of the foaming current the Xylo had become, and Decumus Scotti first saw the city of Silvenar. If Falinesti was a tree, then Silvenar was a flower. A magnificent pile of faded shades of green, red, blue, and white, shining with crystalline residue. Mallon had mentioned off-hand, when not otherwise explaining Aldmeri prosody, that Silvenar had once been a blossoming glade in the forest, but owing to some spell or natural cause, the trees' sap began flowing with translucent liqueur. The process of the sap flowing and hardening over the colorful trees had formed the web of the city. Mallon's description was intriguing, but it hardly prepared him for the city's beauty.

"What is the finest, most luxurious tavern here?" Scotti asked one of the Bosmer boatmen.

"Prithala Hall," Mallon answered. "But why don't you stay with me? I'm visiting an acquaintance of mine, a scholar I think you'll find fascinating. His hovel isn't much, but he has the most extraordinary ideas about the principles of a Merethic Aldmeri tribe the Sarmathi —"

"Under any other circumstances, I would happily accept," said Scotti graciously. "But after weeks of sleeping on the ground or on a raft, and eating whatever I could scrounge, I feel the need for some indulgent creature comforts. And then, after a day or two, I'll petition the Silvenar for safe passage to Cyrodiil."

The men bade each other goodbye. Gryf Mallon gave him the address of his publisher in the Imperial City, which Scotti accepted and quickly forgot. The clerk wandered the streets of Silvenar, crossing bridges of amber, admiring the petrified forest architecture. In front of a particularly estimable palace of silvery reflective crystal, he found Prithala Hall.

He took the finest room, and ordered a gluttonous meal of the finest quality. At a nearby table, he saw two very fat fellows, a man and a Bosmer, remarking how much finer the food was there than at the Silvenar's palace. They began to discuss the war and some issues of finances and rebuilding provincial bridges. The man noticed Scotti looking at them, and his eyes flashed recognition.

"Scotti, is that you? Kynareth, where have you been? I've had to make all the contacts here on my own!"
At the sound of his voice, Scotti recognized him. The fat man was Liodes Jurus, vastly engorged.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Marksman
ID: BookSkill_Marksman2
Decumus Scotti sat down, listening to Lodes Jurus. The clerk could hardly believe how fat his former colleague at Lord Atrius's Building Commission had become. The piquant aroma of the roasted meat dish before Scotti melted away. All the other sounds and textures of Prithala Hall vanished all around him, as if nothing else existed but the vast form of Jurus. Scotti did not consider himself an emotional man, but he felt a tide flow over him at the sight and sound of the man whose badly written letters had been the guideposts that carried him from the Imperial City back in early Frost Fall.

"Where have you been?" Jurus demanded again. "I told you to meet me in Falinesti weeks ago."

"I was there weeks ago," Scotti stammered, too surprised to be indignant. "I got your note to meet you in Athay, and so I went there, but the Khajiiti had burned it to the ground. Somehow, I found my way with the refugees in another village, and someone there told me that you had been killed."

"And you believed that right away?" Jurus sneered.

"The fellow seemed very well-informed about you. He was a clerk from Lord Vanech's Building Commission named Reglius, and he said that you had also suggested that he come down to Valenwood to profit from the war."

"Oh, yes," said Jurus, after thinking a moment. "I recall the name now. Well, it's good for business to have two representatives from Imperial building commissions here. We just need to all coordinate our bids, and all should be well."

"Reglius is dead," said Scotti. "But I have his contracts from Lord Vanech's Commission."

"Even better," gasped Jurus, impressed. "I never knew you were such a ruthless competitor, Decumus Scotti. Yes, this could certainly improve our position with the Silvenar. Have I introduced you to Basth here?"

Scotti had only been dimly aware of the Bosmer's presence at the table with Jurus, which was surprising given that the mer's girth nearly equaled his dining companion. The clerk nodded to Basth coldly, still numb and confused. It had not left his mind that only any hour earlier, Scotti had intended to petition the Silvenar for safe passage through the border back to Cyrodiil. The thought of doing business with Jurus after all, of profiting from Valenwood war with Elsweyr, and now the second one with the Summurset Isle, seemed like something happening to another person.
"Your colleague and I were talking about the Silvenar," said Basth, putting down the leg of mutton he had been gnawing on. "I don't suppose you've heard about his nature?"

"A little, but nothing very specific. I got the impression that he's very important and very peculiar."

"He's the representative of the People, legally, physically, and emotionally," explained Jurus, a little annoyed at his new partner's lack of common knowledge. "When they're healthy, so is he. When they're mostly female, so is he. When they cry for food or trade or an absence of foreign interference, he feels it too, and makes laws accordingly. In a way, he's a despot, but he's the people's despot."

"That sounds," said Scotti, searching for the appropriate word. "Like ... bunk."

"Perhaps it is," shrugged Basth. "But he has many rights as the Voice of the People, including the granting of foreign building and trade contracts. It's not important whether you believe us. Just think of the Silvenar as being like one of your mad Emperors, like Pelagius. The problem facing us now is that since Valenwood is being attacked on all sides, the Silvenar's aspect is now one of distrust and fear of foreigners. The one hope of his people, and thus of the Silvenar himself, is that the Emperor will intervene and stop the war."

"Will he?" asked Scotti.

"You know as well as we do that the Emperor has not been himself lately," Jurus helped himself to Reglius's satchel and pulled out the blank contracts. "Who knows what he'll choose to do or not do? That reality is not our concern, but these blessings from the late good sir Reglius make our job much simpler."

They discussed how they would represent themselves to the Silvenar into the evening. Scotti ate continuously, but not nearly so much as Jurus and Basth. When the sun had begun to rise in the hills, its light reddening through the crystal walls of the tavern, Jurus and Basth left to their rooms at the palace, granted to them diplomatically in lieu of an actual immediate audience with the Silvenar. Scotti went to his room. He thought about staying up a little longer to ruminate over Jurus's plans and see what might be the flaw in them, but upon touching the cool, soft bed, he immediately fell asleep.

The next afternoon, Scotti awoke, feeling himself again. In other words, timid. For several weeks now, he had been a creature bent on mere survival. He had been driven to exhaustion, attacked by several jungle beasts, starved, nearly drowned, and forced into discussions of ancient Aldmeri poetical works. The discussion he had with Jurus and Basth about how to dupe the Silvenar into signing their contracts seemed perfectly reasonable then. Scotti dressed himself in his old battered clothes and went downstairs in search of food and a peaceful place to think.

"You're up," cried Basth upon seeing him. "We should go to the palace now."
"Now?" whined Scotti. "Look at me. I need new clothes. This isn't the way one should dress to pay a call on a prostitute, let alone the Voice of the People of Valenwood. I haven't even bathed."

"You must cease from this moment forward being a clerk, and become a student of mercantile trade," said Liodes Jurus grandly, taking Scotti by the arm and leading him into the sunlit boulevard outside. "The first rule is to recognize what you represent to the prospective client, and what angle best suits you. You cannot dazzle him with opulent fashion and professional bearing, my dear boy, and it would be fatal if you attempted to. Trust me on this. Several others besides Basth and I are guests at the palace, and they have made the error of appearing too eager, too formal, too ready for business. They will never be granted audience with the Silvenar, but we have remained aloof ever since the initial rejection. I've dallied about the court, spread my knowledge of life in the Imperial City, had my ears pierced, attended promenades, eaten and drunk of all that was given to me. I dare say I've put on a pound or two. The message we've sent is clear: it is in his, not our, best interest to meet."

"Our plan worked," added Basth. "When I told his minister that our Imperial representative had arrived, and that we were at last willing to meet with the Silvenar this morning, we were told to bring you there straightaway."

"Aren't we late then?" asked Scotti.

"Very," laughed Jurus. "But that's again part of the angle we're representing. Benevolent disinterest. Remember not to confuse the Silvenar with conventional nobility. His is the mind of the common people. When you grasp that, you'll understand how to manipulate him."

Jurus spent the last several minutes of the walk through the city expounding on his theories about what Valenwood needed, how much, and at what price. They were staggering figures, far more construction and far higher costs than anything Scotti had been used to dealing with. He listened carefully. All around them, the city of Silvenar revealed itself, glass and flower, roaring winds and beautiful inertia. When they reached the palace of the Silvenar, Decumus Scotti stopped, stunned. Jurus looked at him for a moment and then laughed.

"It's quite bizarre, isn't it?"

That it was. A frozen scarlet burst of twisted, uneven spires as if a rival sun rising. A blossom the size of a village, where courtiers and servants resembled nothing so much as insects walked about it sucking its ichor. Entering over a bent petal−like bridge, the three walked through the palace of unbalanced walls. Where the partitions bent close together and touched, there was a shaded hall or a small chamber. Where they warped away from one another, there was a courtyard. There were no doors anywhere, no any way to get to the Silvenar but by crossing through the entire spiral of the palace, through meetings and bedrooms and dining halls, past dignitaries, consorts, musicians, and many guards.

"It's an interesting place," said Basth. "But not very much privacy. Of course, that suits the Silvenar well."
When they reached the inner corridors, two hours after they first entered the palace, guards, brandishing blades and bows, stopped them.

"We have an audience with the Silvenar," said Jurus, patiently. "This is Lord Decumus Scotti, the Imperial representative."

One of the guards disappeared down the winding corridor, and returned moments later with a tall, proud Bosmer clad in a loose robe of patchwork leather. He was the Minister of Trade: "The Silvenar wishes to speak with Lord Decumus Scotti alone."

It was not the place to argue or show fear, so Scotti stepped forward, not even looking toward Jurus and Basth. He was certain they were showing their masks of benevolent indifference. Following the Minister into the audience chamber, Scotti recited to himself all the facts and figures Jurus had presented to him. He willed himself to remember the Angle and the Image he must project.

The audience chamber of the Silvenar was an enormous dome where the walls bent from bowl−shaped at the base inward to almost meet at the top. A thin ray of sunlight streamed through the fissure hundreds of feet above, and directly upon the Silvenar, who stood upon a puff of shimmering gray powder. For all the wonder of the city and the palace, the Silvenar himself looked perfectly ordinary. An average, blandly handsome, slightly tired−looking, extra−ordinary Wood Elf of the type one might see in any capitol in the Empire. It was only when he stepped from the dais that Scotti noticed an eccentricity in his appearance. He was very short.

"I had to speak with you alone," said the Silvenar in a voice common and unrefined. "May I see your papers?"

Scotti handed him the blank contracts from Lord Vanech's Building Commission. The Silvenar studied them, running his finger over the embossed seal of the Emperor, before handing them back. He suddenly seemed shy, looking to the floor. "There are many charlatans at my court who wish to benefit from the wars. I thought you and your colleagues were among them, but those contracts are genuine."

"Yes, they are," said Scotti calmly. The Silvenar's conventional aspect made it easy for Scotti to speak, with no formal greetings, no deference, exactly as Jurus had instructed: "It seems most sensible to begin straightaway talking about the roads which need to be rebuilt, and then the harbors that the Altmeri have destroyed, and then I can give you my estimates on the cost of resupplying and renovating the trade routes."

"Why hasn't the Emperor seen fit to send a representative when the war with Elsweyr began, two years ago?" asked the Silvenar glumly.

Scotti thought a moment before replying of all the common Bosmeri he had met in Valenwood. The greedy, frightened mercenaries who had escorted him from the border. The hard−drinking
The answer came upon him almost before he posed himself the question. Denial.

"I'm afraid that question doesn't interest me," said Scotti. "Now, can we get back to the business at hand?"

All afternoon, Scotti and the Silvenar discussed the pressing needs of Valenwood. Every contract was filled and signed. So much was required and there were so many costs associated that addendums and codicils had to be scribbled into the margins of the papers, and those had to be resigned. Scotti maintained his benevolent indifference, but he found that dealing with the Silvenar was not quite the same as dealing with a simple, sullen child. The Voice of the People knew certain practical, everyday things very well: the yields of fish, the benefits of trade, the condition of every township and forest in his province.

"We will have a banquet tomorrow night to celebrate this commission," said the Silvenar at last.

"Best make it tonight," replied Scotti. "We should leave for Cyrodiil with the contracts tomorrow, so I'll need a safe passage to the border. We best not waste any more time."

"Agreed," said the Silvenar, and called for his Minister of Trade to put his seal on the contracts and arrange for the feast.

Scotti left the chamber, and was greeted by Basth and Jurus. Their faces showed the strain of maintaining the illusion of unconcern for too many hours. As soon as they were out of sight of the guards, they begged Scotti to tell them all. When he showed them the contract, Basth began weeping with delight.

"Anything about the Silvenar that surprised you?" asked Jurus.

"I hadn't expected him to be half my height."

"Was he?" Jurus looked mildly surprised. "He must have shrunk since I tried to have an audience with him earlier. Maybe there is something to all that nonsense about him being affected by the plight of his people."
Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Mercantile
ID: bookskill_mercantile4
Scene: Silvenar, Valenwood
Date: 13 Sun's Dusk, 3E 397

The banquet at the palace of the Silvenar was well attended by every jealous bureaucrat and trader who had attempted to contract the rebuilding of Valenwood. They looked on Decumus Scotti, Liodes Jurus, and Basth with undisguised hatred. It made Scotti very uncomfortable, but Jurus delighted in it. As the servants brought in platter after platter of roasted meats, Jurus poured himself a cup of Jagga and toasted the clerk.

"I can confess it now," said Jurus. "I had grave doubts about inviting you to join me on this adventure. All the other clerks and agents of building commissions I contacted were more outwardly aggressive, but none of them made it through, let alone to the audience chamber of the Silvenar, let alone brokered the deals on their own like you did. Come, have a cup of Jagga with me."

"No thank you," said Scotti. "I had too much of that drug in Falinesti, and nearly got sucked dry by a giant tick because of it. I'll find something else to drink."

Scotti wandered about the hall until he saw some diplomats drinking mugs of a steaming brown liquid, poured from a large silver urn. He asked them if it was tea.

"Tea made from leaves?" scoffed the first diplomat. "Not in Valenwood. This is Rotmeth."

Scotti poured himself a mug and took a tentative sip. It was gamy, bitter and sugared, and very salty. At first it seemed very disagreeable to his palate, but a moment later he found he had drained the mug and was pouring another. His body tingled. All the sounds in the chamber seemed oddly disjointed, but not frighteningly so.

"So you're the fellow who got the Silvenar to sign all those contracts," said the second diplomat. "That must have required some deep negotiation."

"Not at all, not at all, just a little basic understand of mercantile trading," grinned Scotti, pouring himself a third mug of Rotmeth. "The Silvenar was very eager to involve the Imperial state with the affairs of Valenwood. I was very eager to take a percentage of the commission. With all that blessed eagerness, it was merely a matter of putting quill to contract, bless you."
"You have been in the employ of his Imperial Majesty very long?" asked the first diplomat.

"It's a bite, or rather, a bit more complicated than that in the Imperial City. Between you and me, I don't really have a job. I used to work for Lord Atrius and his Building Commission, but I got sacked. And then, the contracts are from Lord Vanech and his Building Commission, 'cause I got 'em from this fellow Reglius who is a competitor but still a very fine fellow until he was made dead by those Khajiiti," Scotti drained his fifth mug. "When I go back to the Imperial City, then the real negotiations can begin, bless you. I can go to my old employer and to Lord Vanech, and say, look here you, which one of you wants these commissions? And they'll fall over each other to take them from me. It will be bidding war for my percentage the likes of which no one nowhere has never seen."

"So you're not a representative of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor?" asked the first diplomat.

"Didn't you hear what I'm said? You stupid?" Scotti felt a surge of rage, which quickly subsided. He chuckled, and poured himself a seventh mug. "The Building Commissions are privately owned, but they're still representatives of the Emperor. So I'm a representative of the Emperor. Or I will be. When I get these contracts in. It's very complicated. I can understand why you're not following me. Bless you, it's all like the poet said, a dance in fire, if you follow the illusion, that is to say, allusion."

"And your colleagues? Are they representatives of the Emperor?" asked the second diplomat.

Scotti burst into laughter, shaking his head. The diplomats bade him their respects and went to talk to the Minister. Scotti stumbled out of the palace, and reeled through the strange, organic avenues and boulevards of the city. It took him several hours to find his way to Prithala Hall and his room. Once there, he slept, very nearly on his bed.

The next morning, he woke to Jurus and Basth in his room, shaking him. He felt half-asleep and unable to open his eyes fully, but otherwise fine. The conversation with the diplomats floated in his mind in a haze, like an obscure childhood memory.

"What in Mara's name is Rotmeth?" he asked quickly.

"Rancid, strongly fermented meat juices with lots of spices to kill the poisons," smiled Basth. "I should have warned you to stay with Jagga."

"You must understand the Meat Mandate by now," laughed Jurus. "These Bosmeri would rather eat each other than touch the fruit of the vine or the field."

"What did I say to those diplomats?" cried Scotti, panicking.

"Nothing bad apparently," said Jurus, pulling out some papers. "Your escorts are downstairs to bring you to the Imperial Province. Here are your papers of safe passage. The Silvenar seems very impatient about business proceeding forward rapidly. He promises to send you some sort of rare
Jurus showed off his new, bejeweled earring, a beautiful large faceted ruby. Basth showed that he had a similar one. The two fat fellows left the room so Scotti could dress and pack.

A full regiment of the Silvenar's guards was on the street in front of the tavern. They surrounded a carriage crested with the official arms of Valenwood. Still dazed, Scotti climbed in, and the captain of the guard gave the signal. They began a quick gallop. Scotti shook himself, and then peered behind. Basth and Jurus were waving him goodbye.

"Wait!" Scotti cried. "Aren't you coming back to the Imperial Province too?"

"The Silvenar asked that we stay behind as Imperial representatives!" yelled Liodes Jurus. "In case there's a need for more contracts and negotiations! He's appointed us Undrape, some sort of special honor for foreigners at court! Don't worry! Lots of banquets to attend! You can handle the negotiations with Vanech and Atrius yourself and we'll keep things settled here!"

Jurus continued to yell advice about business, but his voice became indistinct with distance. Soon it disappeared altogether as the convoy rounded the streets of Silvenar. The jungle loomed suddenly and then they were in it. Scotti had only gone through it by foot or along the rivers by slow-moving boats. Now it flashed all around him in profusions of greens. The horses seemed even faster moving through underbrush than on the smooth paths of the city. None of the weird sounds or dank smells of the jungle penetrated the escort. It felt to Scotti as if he were watching a play about the jungle with a background of a quickly moving scrim, which offered only the merest suggestion of the place.

So it went for two weeks. There was lots of food and water in the carriage with the clerk, so he merely ate and slept as the caravan pressed endlessly on. From time to time, he'd hear the sound of blades clashing, but when he looked around whatever had attacked the caravan had long since been left behind. At last, they reached the border, where an Imperial garrison was stationed.

Scotti presented the soldiers who met the carriage with the papers. They asked him a barrage of questions that he answered monosyllabically, and then let him pass. It took several more days to arrive at the gates of the Imperial City. The horses that had flown so fast through the jungle now slowed down in the unfamiliar territory of the wooded Colovian Estates. By contrast, the cries of his province's birds and smells of his province's plant life brought Decumus Scotti alive. It was if he had been dreaming all the past months.

At the gates of the City, Scotti's carriage door was opened for him and he stepped out on uncertain legs. Before he had a moment to say something to the escort, they had vanished, galloping back south through the forest. The first thing he did now that he was home was go to the closest tavern and have tea and fruit and bread. If he never ate meat again, he told himself, that would suit him very nicely.

Negotiations with Lord Atrius and Lord Vanech proceeded immediately thereafter. It was most
agreeable. Both commissions recognized how lucrative the rebuilding of Valenwood would be for their agency. Lord Vanech claimed, quite justifiably, that as the contracts had been written on forms notarized by his commission, he had the legal right to them. Lord Atrius claimed that Decumus Scotti was his agent and representative, and that he had never been released from employment. The Emperor was called to arbitrate, but he claimed to be unavailable. His advisor, the Imperial Battlemage Jagar Tharn, had disappeared long ago and could not be called on for his wisdom and impartial mediation.

Scotti lived very comfortably off the bribes from Lord Atrius and Lord Vanech. Every week, a letter would arrive from Jurus or Basth asking about the status of negotiations. Gradually, these letters ceased coming, and more urgent ones came from the Minister of Trade and the Silvenar himself. The War of the Blue Divide with Summurset Isle ended with the Altmeri winning several new coastal islands from the Wood Elves. The war with Elsweyr continued, ravaging the eastern borders of Valenwood. Still, Vanech and Atrius fought over who would help.

One fine morning in the early spring of the year 3E 398, a courier arrived at Decumus Scotti's door.

"Lord Vanech has won the Valenwood commission, and requests that you and the contracts come to his hall at your earliest convenience."

"Has Lord Atrius decided not to challenge further?" asked Scotti.

"He's been unable to, having died very suddenly, just now, from a terribly unfortunate accident," said the courier.

Scotti had wondered how long it would be before the Dark Brotherhood was brought in for final negotiations. As he walked toward Lord Vanech's Building Commission, a long, severe piece of architecture on a minor but respectable plaza, he wondered if he had played the game, as he ought to have. Could Vanech be so rapacious as to offer him a lower percentage of the commission now that his chief competitor was dead? Thankfully, he discovered, Lord Vanech had already decided to pay Scotti what he had proposed during the heat of the winter negotiations. His advisors had explained to him that other, lesser building commissions might come forward unless the matter were handled quickly and fairly.

"Glad we have all the legal issues done with," said Lord Vanech, fondly. "Now we can get to the business of helping the poor Bosmeri, and collecting the profits. It's a pity you weren't our representative for all the troubles with Bend'r-mahk and the Arnesian business. But there will be plenty more wars, I'm sure of that."

Scotti and Lord Vanech sent word to the Silvenar that at last they were prepared to honor the contracts. A few weeks later, they held a banquet in honor of the profitable enterprise. Decumus Scotti was the darling of the Imperial City, and no expense was spared to make it an unforgettable evening.
As Scotti met the nobles and wealthy merchants who would be benefiting from his business dealings, an exotic but somehow faintly familiar smell rose in the ballroom. He traced it to its source: a thick roasted slab of meat, so long and thick it covered several platters. The Cyrodilic revelers were eating it ravenously, unable to find the words to express their delight at its taste and texture.

"It's like nothing I've ever had before!"

"It's like pig-fed venison!"

"Do you see the marbling of fat and meat? It's a masterpiece!"

Scotti went to take a slice, but then he saw something imbedded deep in the dried and rendered roast. He nearly collided with his new employer Lord Vanech as he stumbled back.

"Where did this come from?" Scotti stammered.

"From our client, the Silvenar," beamed his lordship. "It's some kind of local delicacy they call Unthrappa."

Scotti vomited, and didn't stop for some time. It cast rather a temporary pall on the evening, but when Decumus Scotti was carried off to his manor house, the guests continued to dine. The Unthrappa was the delight of all. Even more so when Lord Vanech himself took a slice and found the first of two rubies buried within. How very clever of the Bosmer to invent such a dish, the Cyrodiils agreed.

---

**Book**

- **Weight:** 3.00
- **Value:** 150
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** Mercantile
- **ID:** bookskill_mercantile5
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 %PCName, a %PCRace 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_dbcontract
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 alone 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: sc_Indie
A Fair Warning

This being an account of my limited journeys into the Uncharted Depths of the Greater Caverns of Dubdilla. 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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: Cumanya's Notes
Forward From The Publisher:
The history behind this letter is almost as interesting and dark as the story it tells. The original letter to the mysterious Dhaunayne was copied and began circulating around the Ashlands of Vvardenfell a few months ago. In time, a print found its way to the mainland and Prince Hlaalu Helseth's palace outside Almalexia. While the reader may conclude after reading this letter that the Prince would be furious about such a work, impugning his highness with great malevolence, quite the reverse was true. The Prince and his mother, Queen Barenziah, had it privately printed into bound copies and sent to libraries and booksellers throughout Morrowind.

As matter of record, the Prince and the Queen have not officially stated whether the letter is a work of pure imagination or based on an actual occurrence. The House Dres has publicly denounced the work, and indeed, no one named Dhaunayne, despite the suggestions in the letter, has ever been linked to the house. We leave the reader to interpret the letter as he or she believes.

— Nerris Gan, Publisher

***

Dark Liege Dhaunayne,

You asked for a detailed description of my experience last night and the reasons for my plea to House Dres for another assignment. I hope I have served you well in my capacity as informant in the court of Prince Helseth, a man who I have stated in many previous reports could teach Molag Bal how to scheme. As you know, I've spent nearly a year now working my way into his inner circle of advisors. He was in need of friendship when he first arrived in Morrowind and eagerly took to me and a few others. Still, he was disinclined to trust any of us, which is perhaps not surprising, given his tenuous position in Morrowind society.

For your unholliness's recollection, the Prince is the eldest son of Barenziah, who was once the Queen of Morrowind and once the Queen of the High Rock kingdom of Wayrest. At the death of her husband, Prince Helseth's stepfather, King Eadwyre, there was a power struggle between the Prince and Eadwyre's daughter, the Princess Elysana. Though details of what transpired are imperfect, it is clear that Elysana won the battle and became Queen, banishing Helseth and Barenziah. Barenziah's only other child, Morgiah, had already left court to marry and become Queen of the Summurset Isle kingdom of Firsthold.
Barenziah and Helseth crossed the continent to return to Morrowind only last year. They were well received by Barenziah's uncle, our current king, Hlaalu Athyn Llethan, who had taken the throne after Barenziah's abdication more than forty years ago. Barenziah made it clear that she had no designs on reclaining the throne, but merely to retire to her family estates. Helseth, as you know, has lingered in the royal court, and many have whispered that while he lost the throne of Wayrest, he does not intend to lose the throne of Morrowind at Llethan's death.

I've kept your unholiness informed of the Prince's movements, meetings, and plots, as well as the names and characters of his other advisors. As you may recall, I've often thought that I was not the only spy in Helseth's court. I told you before that a particular Dunmer counselor of Helseth looked like a fellow I had seen in the company of Tholer Saryoni, the Archcanon of the Tribunal Temple. Another, a young Nord woman, has been verified to visit the Imperial fortress in Balmora. Of course, in their cases, they might well have been on Helseth's own business, but I couldn't be certain. I had begun to think myself paranoid as the Prince himself when I found myself doubting the sincere loyalty of the Prince's chamberlain, Burgess, a Breton who had been in his employ since his days in the court of Wayrest.

That is the background on that night, last night.

Yesterday morning, I received a curt invitation to dine with the Prince. Based only on my own paranoia, I dispatched one of my servants, who is a good and loyal servant of the House Dres, to watch the palace and report back anything unusual. Just before dinner, he returned and told me what he had witnessed.

A man cloaked in rags had been given entrance into the palace, and had stayed there for some time. When he left, my servant saw his face beneath the cloak — an alchemist of infamous repute, said to be a leading suppliers of exotic poisons. A fine observer, my servant also noticed that the alchemist entered the palace smelling of wickwheat, bittergreen, and something alien and sweet. When he left, he was odorless.

He had come to the same conclusion as I did. The Prince had procured ingredients to prepare a poison. Bittergreen alone is deadly when eaten raw, but the other ingredients suggested something far deeper. As your unholiness can doubtless imagine, I went to dinner that night, prepared for any eventuality.

All of Prince Helseth's other counselors were in attendance, and I noticed that all were slightly apprehensive. Of course, I imagined that I was in a nest of spies, and all knew of the Prince's mysterious meeting. It is just as likely that some knew of the alchemist's visit, while others were simply concerned by the nature of the Prince's invitation, and still others merely unconsciously adopted the tense disposition of their fellow, better informed counselors.

The Prince, however, was in fine mettle and soon had everyone relaxed and at ease. At nine, we were all ushered into his dining hall where the feast had been laid out. And what a feast! Honeyed gorapples, fragrant stews, roasts in various blood sauces, and every variety of fish and fowl
expertly and ostentatiously prepared. Crystal and gold flagons of wine, flin, shein, and mazte were at our seats to be savored as appropriate with each course. As tantalizing as the aromas were, it occurred to me that in such a maze of spices and flavors, a discreet poison would be undetectable.

Throughout the meal, I maintained the illusion of eating the food and drinking the liquor, but I was surreptitious and swallowed nothing. Finally, the plates and food were cleared from the table, and a tureen of a spicy broth was placed in the center of the banquet. The servant who brought it then retired, closing the banquet hall door behind him.

"It smells divine, my Prince," said the Marchioness Kolgar, the Nord woman. "But I cannot eat another thing."

"Your Highness," I added, feigning a tone of friendliness and slight intoxication. "You know that every one at this table would gladly die to put you on the throne of Morrowind, but is it really necessary that we gorge ourselves to death?"

The others at the table agreed with appreciative groans. Prince Helseth smiled. I swear by Vaernima the Gifter, my dark liege, even you have never seen a smile such as this one.

"Ironic words. You see, an alchemist visited me today, as some of you already doubtless know. He showed me how to make a marvelous poison and its antidote. A most potent potion, excellent for my purposes. No Restoration spell will aid you once you've ingested it. Only the antidote in the tureen will save you from certain death. And what a death, from what I've heard. I am eager to see if the effects are all that the alchemist promised. It should be horribly painful for the afflicted, but quite entertaining."

No one said a word. I could feel my heart beating hard in my chest.

"Your Highness," said Allarat, the Dunmer I suspected of alliance with the Temple. "Have you poisoned someone at this table?"

"You are very astute, Allarat," said Prince Helseth, looking about the table, eying each of his advisors carefully. "Little wonder I value your counsel. As indeed I value all in this room. It would be perhaps easiest for me to say who I haven't poisoned. I haven't poisoned any who serve but one master, any whose loyalty to me is sincere. I haven't poisoned any person who wants to see King Helseth on the throne of Morrowind. I haven't poisoned anyone who isn't a spy for the Empire, the Temple, the House of Telvanni, the House of Redoran, the House of Indoril, the House of Dres."

Your unholiness, he looked directly at me at his last words. I know that in certainty. My face is practiced at keeping my thoughts from showing, but I immediately thought of every secret meeting I've had, every coded message I sent to you and the House, my dark liege. What could he know? What could he, even without knowing, suspect?

I felt my heart beating even faster. Was it fear, or poison? I couldn't speak, certain as I was that my voice would betray my calm facade.
"Those loyal to me who wish harm on my enemies may be wondering how can I be certain that the poison has been ingested. Is it possible that the guilty party, or dare I say, parties were suspicious and merely pretended to eat and drink tonight? Of course. But even the craftiest of pretenders would have to raise a glass to his or her lips and put empty forks or spoons in their mouths to play the charade. The food, you see, was not poisoned. The cups and cutlery were. If you did not partake out of fear, you're poisoned just the same, and sadly, missed an excellent roast."

Sweat beaded on my face and I turned from the Prince so he would not see. My fellow advisors, all of them, were frozen in their seats. From the Marchioness Kolgar, white with fear, to Kema Inebbe, visibly shaking; from the furrowed, angry brow of Allarat to the statue-like stare of Burgess.

I couldn't help thinking then, could the Prince's entire counsellorship be comprised of nothing but spies? Was there any person at the table loyal? And then I thought, what if I were not a spy myself, would I trust Helseth to know that? No one knows better than his advisors both the depth of the Prince's paranoia and the utter implacability of his ambition. If I were not a spy for the House Dres, even then would I be safe? Could a loyalist be poisoned because of a not-so-innocent misjudgment?

The others must have been thinking the same, loyalists and spies alike.

While my mind whirled, I could hear the Prince's voice, addressing all assembled: "The poison acts quickly. If the antidote is not taken within one minute from now, there will be death at the table."

I couldn't decide whether I had been poisoned or not. My stomach ached, but I reminded myself it might have been the result of sitting at a sumptuous banquet and not partaking. My heart shook in my chest and a bitter taste like Trama Root stung my lips. Again, was it fear or poison?

"These are the last words you will hear if you are disloyal to me," said Prince Helseth, still smiling that damned smile as he watched his advisors squirming in their seats. "Take the antidote and live."

Could I believe him? I thought of what I knew of the Prince and his character. Would he kill a self-confessed spy at his court, or would he rather send the vanquished back to his masters? The Prince was ruthless, but either possibility was within his manner. Surely the theatricality of this whole dinner was meant to be a presentation to instill fear. What would my ancestors say if I joined them after sitting at a table, eventually dying of poison? What would they say if I took the antidote, confessing my allegiance to you and the House Dres, and was summarily executed? And, I confess, I thought of what you might to do me even after I was dead.

I had grown so light-headed and filled with my own thoughts, that I didn't see Burgess jump from his seat. I was only suddenly aware that he had the tureen in his hands and was gulping down the liquid within. There were guards all around, though I never noticed them entering.
"Burgess," said Prince Helseth, still smiling. "You have spent some time at Ghostgate. House Redoran?"

"You didn't know?" Burgess laughed sourly. "No House. I report to your stepsister, the Queen of Wayrest. I've always been in her employ. By Akatosh, you poisoned me because you thought I was working for some damnable Dark Elves?"

"You're half right," said the Prince. "I didn't guess who you were working for, or even that you were a spy. But you're also wrong about me poisoning you. You poisoned yourself when you drank from the tureen."

Your unholiness, you don't need to hear how Burgess died. I know that you have seen much over the many, many years of your existence, but you truly don't want to know. I wish I could erase the memory of his agonies from my own mind.

The council was dismissed shortly thereafter. I do not know if Prince Helseth knows or suspects that I too am a spy. I do not know how many others that night, last night, were as close as I was from drinking from the tureen before Burgess did. I only know that if the Prince does not suspect me now, he will. I cannot win at the games he mastered long ago at the court of Wayrest, and I beg your unholiness, my dark liege Dhaunayne to use your influence in the House Dres and dismiss your loyal servant from this charge.

****

Publisher's Note:
Of course, the anonymous writer's signature has not been on any reprint of the letter since the original.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Alchemy
ID: BookSkill_ALCHEMY1
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!

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_joldanote
Dramatis Personae
Malvasian: A High Elf battlemage
Inzoliah: A Dark Elf battlemage
Dolcettus: A Cyrodiil healer
Schiavas: An Argonian barbarian
A Ghost
Some bandits

Scene: Eldenwood

As the curtain rises, we see the misty labyrinthian landscape of the legendary Eldengrove of Valenwood. All around we hear wolves howling. A bloodied reptilian figure, SCHIAVAS, breaks through the branches of one of the trees and surveys the area.

SCHIAVAS: It's clear.

INZOLIAH, a beautiful Dark Elf mage, climbs down from the tree, helped by the barbarian. There is the sound of footsteps nearby. Schiavas readies his sword and Inzoliah prepares to cast a spell. Nothing comes out.

INZOLIAH: You're bleeding. You should have Dolcettus heal that for you.

SCHIAVAS: He's still drained from all the spells he had to cast down in the caves. I'm fine. If we get out of this and no one needs it more, I'll take the last potion of healing. Where's Malvasian?

MALVASIAN, a High Elf battlemage, and DOLCETTUS, a Cyrodiil healer, emerge from the tree, carrying a heavy chest between the two of them. They awkwardly try to get down from the tree, carrying their loot.

MALVASIAN: Here I am, though why I'm carrying the heavy load is beyond me. I always thought that the advantage of dungeon delving with a great barbarian was that he carried all the loot.

SCHIAVAS: If I carried that, my hands would be too full to fight. And tell me if I'm wrong, but
not one of the three of you has enough magicka reserved to make it out of here alive. Not after you
electrified and blasted all those homunculuses down below ground.

DOLCETTUS: Homunculi.

SCHIAVAS: Don't worry, I'm not going to do what you think I'm going to do.

INZOLIAH (innocently): What's that?

SCHIAVAS: Kill you all and take the Ebony Mail for myself. Admit it --- you thought I had that
in mind.

DOLCETTUS: What a perfectly horrible thought. I never thought anyone, no matter how vile and
degenerate ---

INZOLIAH: Why not?

MALVASIAN: He needs porters, like he said. He can't carry the chest and fight off the inhabitants
of Eldengrove both.

DOLCETTUS: By Stendarr, of all the mean, conniving, typically Argonian ---

INZOLIAH: And why do you need me alive?

SCHIAVAS: I don't necessarily. Except that you're prettier than the other two, for a smoothskin
that is. And if something comes after us, it might go for you first.

There is a noise in some bushes nearby.

SCHIAVAS: Go check that out.

INZOLIAH: It's probably a wolf. These woods are filled with them. You check it out.

SCHIAVAS: You have a choice, Inzoliah. Go and you might live. Stay here, and you definitely
won't.

Inzoliah considers and then goes to the bushes.

SCHIAVAS (to Malvasian and Dolcettus): The king of Silvenar will pay good money for the Mail,
and we can divide it more nicely between three than four.

INZOLIAH: You're so right.

Inzoliah suddenly levitates up to the top of the stage. A semi–transparent Ghost appears from the
bush and rushes at the next person, who happens to be Schiavas. As the barbarian screams and
thrashes at it with his sword, it levels blasts of whirling gas at him. He crumbles to the ground. It turns next to Dolcettus, the healer, and as the Ghost focuses its feasting chill on the hapless Dolcettus, Malvasian casts a ball of flame at it that causes it to vaporize into the misty air.

Inzoliah floats back down to the ground as Malvasian examines the bodies of Dolcettus and Schiavas, who are both white-faced from the draining power of the ghost.

MALVASIAN: You had some magicka reserved after all.

INZOLIAH: So did you. Are they dead?

Malvasian takes the potion of healing from Dolcettus's pack.

MALVASIAN: Yes. Fortunately, the potion of healing wasn't broken when he fell. Well, I guess this leaves just the two of us to collect the reward.

INZOLIAH: We can't get out of this place without each other. Like it or not.

The two battlemages pick up the chest and begin plodding carefully through the undergrowth, pausing from time to time at the sound of footsteps or other eerie noises.

MALVASIAN: Let me make sure I understand. You have a little bit of magicka left, so you elected to use it to make Schiavas the ghost's target, forcing me to use most of my limited reserve to destroy the creature so I wouldn't be more powerful than you. That's first-rate thinking.

INZOLIAH: Thank you. It's only logical. Do you have enough power to cast any other spells?

MALVASIAN: Naturally. An experienced battlemage always knows a few minor but highly effective spells for just such a trial. I take it you, too, have a few tricks up your sleeve?

INZOLIAH: Of course, like you said.

They pause for a moment before continuing as a fearful wail pierces the air. When it dies away, they slowly trudge on.

INZOLIAH: Just as an intellectual exercise, I wonder what spell you would cast at me if we made it out of here without any more combat.

MALVASIAN: I hope you're not implying that I would dream of killing you so I would keep the treasure all to myself.

INZOLIAH: Of course not, nor would I do that to you. It is merely an intellectual exercise.

MALVASIAN: Well, in that case, purely as an intellectual exercise, I would probably cast a leech spell on you, to take away your life force and heal myself. After all, there are brigands on the road...
between here and Silvenar, and a wounded battlemage with a valuable artifact would make a tempting target. I'd hate to survive Eldengrove merely to die in the open.

INZOLIAH: That's a well-reasoned response. As for myself, again, not saying I would ever do this, but I think a simple, sudden electrical bolt would serve my purposes admirably. I agree about the danger of brigands, but don't forget, we also have a potion of healing. I could easily slay you and heal myself to full capacity.

MALVASIAN: Very true. It would end up a question then of whose spell was more effective at that instant. If our spells counteracted one another and I leeched your life energy only to be crippled by your lightning bolt, then we could both be killed. Or so near death that a mere potion of healing would scarcely help either one of us, let alone both. How ironic it would be if two scheming battlemages, not saying we are scheming but for the purpose of this intellectual exercise, were left on the brink of death, completely drained of magicka, with one healing potion to choose from. Who would get it then?

INZOLIAH: Logically, whoever drank it first, which in this case would be you since you're holding it. Now, what if one of us were injured, but not killed?

MALVASIAN: Logic would dictate that a scheming battlemage would take the potion, leaving the injured party to the mercy of the elements, I suppose.

INZOLIAH: That does seem most sensible. But suppose that the battlemages, while certainly scheming types, had a certain respect for one another. Perhaps in that case, the victorious one might, for instance, put the potion up a tree near his or her gravely wounded victim. Then when the wounded party had enough magicka replenished, he or she would be able to levitate to the tree branches and recover the potion. By that time, the victorious battlemage would have already collected the reward.

They pause for a moment at the sound of something in the bushes nearby. Carefully, they climb across the branches of a tree to bypass it.

MALVASIAN: I understand what you're saying, but it seems out of character for our hypothetic scheming battlemage to allow his or her victim to live.

INZOLIAH: Perhaps. But it's been my observation that most scheming battlemages enjoy the feeling of having bested someone in combat, and having that person alive to live with the humiliation.

MALVASIAN: These hypothetical scheming battlemages sound ... (excitedly) Daylight! Do you see it?

The two scurry across the branch dropping behind a bush, so we can no longer see them. We can, however, see the shimmering halo of sunlight.
MALVASIAN (behind the tall bush): We made it.

INZOLIAH (likewise, behind the tall bush): Indeed.

There is a sudden explosion of electrical energy and a wild howling aura of red light, and then silence. After a few moment's pause, we hear someone climbing up the tree. It is Malvasian, putting the potion high up in the bough. He chuckles as he climbs back down and the curtain drops.

Epilogue.

The curtain rises on a road to Silvenar. A gang of bandits have surrounded Malvasian, who is propped up on his staff, barely able to stand. They pull his chest away from him with ease.

BANDIT #1: What have we got here? Don't you know it ain't safe to be out on the road, all sick like you are? Why don't we help you with your load?

MALVASIAN (weakly): Please ... Let me be ...

BANDIT #2: Go on, spellcaster, fight us for it!

MALVASIAN: I can't ... too weak ...

Suddenly, Inzoliah flies in, casting lightning bolts from her fingers at the bandits, who quickly scramble away. She lands on the ground and picks up the chest. Malvasian collapses, dying.

MALVASIAN: Hypothetically, what if ... a battlemage cast a spell on another which didn't harm him at once, but ... drained his life force and his magicka, bit by bit, so he wouldn't know at the time, but ... feel confident enough to leave the potion of healing behind?

INZOLIAH: A most treacherous battlemage she'd be.

MALVASIAN: And ... hypothetically ... would she be likely to help her fallen foe ... so that she could enjoy the humiliation of him continuing ... to live?

INZOLIAH: From my experience, hypothetically, no. She doesn't sound like a fool.

As Inzoliah lugs the chest off toward Silvenar, and Malvasian expires on the stage, we drop the curtain.
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Destruction
ID: bookskill_destruction3
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." – Hlorngar F.
They say
The Iliac Bay
Is the place to barrel around
Without a bit of apparel on,
As advertised in that carol song
A tune that's sung as the west wind blows
About it lovely not wearing any clothes.
Ladies singing high notes, men singing lows,
Implying that the most luscious depravity
And complete absence of serious gravity
Can only be found in the waterous cavity
Of Iliac Bay.

If you are the type who is more a sinner than a sinned,
You'll find it all in Morrowind.

But the truth, my child,
Is that nothing more wild
That an ordinary fashion
Kind of slightly mad passion
Can be detected if at all
In Sentinel and Daggerfall.

Whatever your odd needs: feathered, scaled, or finned,
You'll find it all in Morrowind.

It's an invention of bards
That Bretons and Redguards
Have more than some staid fun
And suffer deviant fornication.
For the most of madness, not the least,
The wise debaucher heads out east.

Where your once steely reserve is now merely tinned,
You'll find it all in Morrowind.
In Morrowind,  
There is sin.  
But, pray, do not confuse Dunmer variety  
With that found in tepid Western society  
Compared to which, it nearly is piety.  
It isn't terribly ingenious calling it prudery  
Observing the Dark Elf aversion to nudity.  
After all, the preferred sort of lewdity  
In these parts is far more pernicious.  
From the Ashlanders to the wettest fishes  
You'll find pleasure and pain quite delicious  
In Morrowind.  

If you find yourself with unkind kinship with your kin  
You'll find it all in Morrowind.

Book  
Weight: 3.00  
Value: 40  
Enchantment: 0  
Teaches: –  
ID: bk_istunondescosmology
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_Vulpriss
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.
A Short History of Morrowind
by Jeanette Sitte

[0from the Introduction]

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....

[0on Vvardenfell District]

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.
[067] A Short History of Morrowind

ID: bk_ShortHistoryMorrowind
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?
A worn and weathered note

Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_note
A is for Atronach.

B is for Bungler's Bane.
C is for Comberry.

[069] ABCs for Barbarians

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ABCs
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_AedraAndDaedra
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 killd instantly when the aiship 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 hardly write. My hands are nearly frozen.

Entry 13: so cold so cold. So hungry...madness taking me I can feel it. I see eyes night eyes wolf eyes. Here them...so hungry. Eye of wolf coming! White wolf! So cold...

Book
Weight: 1.00
Value: 10
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Airship_Captains_Journal
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 paralysis.

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.
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.
Ancestors and the Dunmer

Ghosts Walk Among Them

The departed spirits of the Dunmeri, and perhaps those of all races, persist after death. The knowledge and power of departed ancestors benefits the bloodlines of Dunmeri Houses. The bond between the living family members and immortal ancestors is partly blood, partly ritual, partly volitional. A member brought into the House through marriage binds himself through ritual and oath into the clan, and gains communication and benefits from the clan's ancestors; however, his access to the ancestors is less than his offspring, and he retains some access to the ancestors of his own bloodline.

The Family Shrine

Each residence has a family shrine. In poorer homes, it may be no more than a hearth or alcove where family relics are displayed and venerated. In wealthy homes, a room is set aside for the use of the ancestors. This shrine is called the Waiting Door, and represents the door to Oblivion.

Here the family members pay their respects to their ancestors through sacrifice and prayer, through oaths sworn upon duties, and through reports on the affairs of the family. In return, the family may receive information, training, and blessings from the family's ancestors. The ancestors are thus the protectors of the home, and especially the precincts of the Waiting Door.

The Ghost Fence

It is a family's most solemn duty to make sure their ancestor's remains are interred properly in a City of the Dead such as Necrom. Here the spirits draw comfort from one another against the chill of the mortal world. However, as a sign of great honor and sacrifice, an ancestor may grant that part of his remains be retained to serve as part of a ghost fence protecting the clan's shrine and family precincts. Such an arrangement is often part of the family member's will, that a knucklebone shall be saved out of his remains and incorporated with solemn magic and ceremony into a clan ghost fence. In more exceptional cases, an entire skeleton or even a preserved corpse may be bound into a ghost fence.

These remain become a beacon and focus for ancestral spirits, and for the spirit of the remains in
particular. The more remains used to make a ghost fence, the more powerful the fence is. And the most powerful mortals in life have the most powerful remains.

The Great Ghost Fence created by the Tribunal to hold back the Blight incorporates the bones of many heroes of the Temple and of the Houses Indoril and Redoran who dedicated their spirits to the Temple and Clan as their surrogate families. The Ghost Fence also contains bones taken from the Catacombs of Necrom and the many battlefields of 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
Foreign Views of Dunmeri Ancestor Worship and Spirit Magic

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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_AncestorsAndTheDunmer
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."
FORM THE FIRST: Makest thou the Mana Fountain to be Primed with Pure Gold, for from Pure Gold only may the Humors be rectified, and the Pure Principles coaxed from the chaos of Pure Power. Droppest thou then the Pure Gold upon the surface of the Mana Fountain. Takest thou exceeding great care to safeguard yourself from the insalubrious tempests of the Mana Fountain, for through such Assaults may one's health be utterly Blighted.

FORM THE SECOND: Make sure that thou hast with you this Excellent Manual, so that thou might speak the necessary Words straightaway, and without error, so that thou not in carelessness cause thyself and much else to discorporate and disorder the World with your component humors.

FORM THE THIRD: Take in hand the item to be Restored, and hold it forth within the Primed Fountain, murmuring all the while the appropriate phrases, which are to be learned most expeditiously and faultlessly from this Manual, and this Manual alone, notwithstanding the vile calumnies of Kharneson and Rattor, whose bowels are consumed by envy of my great learning, and who do falsely give testament to the efficacies of their own Manuals, which are in every way inferior and steeped in error.

FORM THE FOURTH: Proceed instantly to Heal thyself of all injuries, or to avail yourself of the Healing powers of the Temples and Healers, for though the agonies of manacaust must be borne by any who would Restore a prized Arcana to full Potency, yet it is not wise that suffering be endured unduly, nor does the suffering in any way render the Potency more Sublime, notwithstanding the foolish speculations of Kharneson and Rattor, whose faults and wickednesses are manifest even to the least learned of critics.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 75
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ArcanaRestored
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

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ArkayTheEnemy
Ascadian Isles Land Deed

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_landdeed_hhrd
[079] Ashland Hymns

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 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_AuraneFrernis1
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_auranefrernis2
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_auranefrernis3
Nchylbar had enjoyed an adventurous youth, but had grown to be a very wise, very old Dwemer who spent his life searching for the truth and dispelling superstitions. He invented much and created many theorems and logic structures that bore his name. But much of the world still puzzled him, and nothing was a greater enigma to him that the nature of the Aedra and Daedra. Over the course of his research, he came to the conclusion that many of the Gods were entirely fabricated by man and mer.

Nothing, however, was a greater question to Nchylbar than the limits of divine power. Were the Greater Beings the masters of the entire world, or did the humbler creatures have the strength to forge their own destinies? As Nchylbar found himself nearing the end of his life, he felt he must understand this last basic truth.

Among the sage's acquaintances was a holy Chimer priest named Athynic. When the priest was visiting Bthalag−Zturamz, Nchylbar told him what he intended to do to find the nature of divine power. Athynic was terrified and pleaded with his friend not to break this great mystery, but Nchylbar was resolute. Finally, the priest agreed to assist out of love for his friend, though he feared the results of this blasphemy.

Athynic summoned Azura. After the usual rituals by which the priest declared his faith in her powers and Azura agreed to do no harm to him, Nchylbar and a dozen of his students entered the summoning chamber, carrying with them a large box.

"As we see you in our land, Azura, you are the Goddess of the Dusk and Dawn and all the mysteries therein," said Nchylbar, trying to appear as kindly and obsequious as he could be. "It is said that your knowledge is absolute."

"So it is," smiled the Daedra.

"You would know, for example, what is in this wooden box," said Nchylbar.

Azura turned to Athynic, her brow furrowed. The priest was quick to explain, "Goddess, this Dwemer is a very wise and respected man. Believe me, please, the intention is not to mock your greatness, but to demonstrate it to this scientist and to the rest of his skeptical race. I have tried to explain your power to him, but his philosophy is such that he must see it demonstrated."
"If I am to demonstrate my might in a way to bring the Dwemer race to understanding, it might have been a more impressive feat you would have me do," growled Azura, and turned to look Nchylbar in the eyes. "There is a red–petalled flower in the box."

Nchylbar did not smile or frown. He simply opened the box and revealed to all that it was empty.

When the students turned to look to Azura, she was gone. Only Athynic had seen the Goddess's expression before she vanished, and he could not speak, he was trembling so. A curse had fallen, he knew that truly, but even crueler was the knowledge of divine power that had been demonstrated. Nchylbar also looked pale, uncertain on his feet, but his face shone with not fear, but bliss. The smile of a Dwemer finding evidence for a truth only suspected.

Two of his students supported him, and two more supported the priest as they left the chamber.

"I have studied very much over the years, performed countless experiments, taught myself a thousand languages, and yet the skill that has taught me the finally truth is the one that I learned when I was but a poor, young man, trying only to have enough gold to eat," whispered the sage.

As he was escorted up the stairs to his bed, a red flower petal fell from the sleeve of his voluminous robe. Nchylbar died that night, a portrait of peace that comes from contented knowledge.

Publisher's Note:

This is another tale whose origin is unmistakably Dwemer. Again, the words of some Aldmeris translations are quite different, but the essence of the story is the same. The Dunmer have a similar tale about Nchylbar, but in the Dunmer version, Azura recognizes the trick and refuses to answer the question. She slays the Dwemer present for their skepticism and curses the Dunmer for blasphemy.

In the Aldmeris versions, Azura is tricked not by an empty box, but by a box containing a sphere which somehow becomes a flat square. Of course the Aldmeris versions, being a few steps closer to the original Dwemer, are much more difficult to understand. Perhaps this "stage magic" explanation was added by Gor Felim because of Felim's own experience with such tricks in his plays when a mage was not available.

"Marobar Sul" left even the character of Nchylbar alone, and he represents many "Dwemer" virtues. His skepticism, while not nearly as absolute as in the Aldmeris version, is celebrated even though it brings a curse upon the Dwemer and the unnamed House of the poor priest.

Whatever the true nature of the Gods, and how right or wrong the Dwemer were about them, this tale might explain why the dwarves vanished from the face of Tamriel. Though Nchylbar and his kind may not have intended to mock the Aedra and Daedra, their skepticism certainly offended the Divine Orders.
Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Sneak
ID: BookSkill_Sneak3
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BeramJournal1
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BeramJournal2
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BeramJournal3
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...

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BeramJournal4
HE IS HERE!

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BeramJournal5
Late in the Second Era, a girl−child, Barenziah, was born to the rulers of the kingdom of Mournhold in what is now the Imperial Province of Morrowind. She was reared in all the luxury and security befitting a royal Dark Elven child until she reached five years of age. At that time, His Excellency Tiber Septim I, the first Emperor of Tamriel, demanded that the decadent rulers of Morrowind yield to him and institute imperial reforms. Trusting to their vaunted magic, the Dark Elves impudently refused until Tiber Septim's army was on the borders. An Armistice was hastily signed by the now−eager Dunmer, but not before there were several battles, one of which laid waste to Mournhold, now called Almalexia.

Little Princess Barenziah and her nurse were found among the wreckage. The Imperial General Symmachus, himself a Dark Elf, suggested to Tiber Septim that the child might someday be valuable, and she was therefore placed with a loyal supporter who had recently retired from the Imperial Army.

Sven Advensen had been granted the title of Count upon his retirement; his fiefdom, Darkmoor, was a small town in central Skyrim. Count Sven and his wife reared the princess as their own daughter, seeing to it that she was educated appropriately—and more importantly, that the imperial virtues of obedience, discretion, loyalty, and piety were instilled in the child. In short, she was made fit to take her place as a member of the new ruling class of Morrowind.

The girl Barenziah grew in beauty, grace, and intelligence. She was sweet−tempered, a joy to her adoptive parents and their five young sons, who loved her as their elder sister. Other than her appearance, she differed from young girls of her class only in that she had a strong empathy for the woods and fields, and was wont to escape her household duties to wander there at times.

Barenziah was happy and content until her sixteenth year, when a wicked orphan stable−boy, whom she had befriended out of pity, told her he had overheard a conspiracy between her guardian, Count Sven, and a Redguard visitor to sell her as a concubine in Rihad, as no Nord or Breton would marry her on account of her black skin, and no Dark Elf would have her because of her foreign upbringing.

"Whatever shall I do?" the poor girl said, weeping and trembling, for she had been brought up in innocence and trust, and it never occurred to her that her friend the stable−boy would lie to her.
The wicked boy, who was called Straw, said that she must run away if she valued her virtue, but that he would come with her as her protector. Sorrowfully, Barenziah agreed to this plan; and that very night, she disguised herself as a boy and the pair escaped to the nearby city of Whiterun. After a few days there, they managed to get jobs as guards for a disreputable merchant caravan. The caravan was heading east by side roads in a mendacious attempt to elude the lawful tolls charged on the imperial highways. Thus the pair eluded pursuit until they reached the city of Rifton, where they ceased their travels for a time. They felt safe in Rifton, close as it was to the Morrowind border so that Dark Elves were enough of a common sight.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BiographyBarenziah1
The first volume of this series told the story of Barenziah's origin—heiress to the throne of Mournhold until her father rebelled against His Excellency Tiber Septim I and brought ruin to the province of Morrowind. Thanks largely to the benevolence of the Emperor, the child Barenziah was not destroyed with her parents, but reared by Count Sven of Darkmoor, a loyal Imperial trustee. She grew up into a beautiful and pious child, trustful of her guardian's care. This trust, however, was exploited by a wicked orphan stable boy at Count Sven's estate, who with lies and fabrications tricked her into fleeing Darkmoor with him when she turned sixteen. After many adventures on the road, they settled in Rifton, a Skyrim city near the Morrowind borders.

The stable boy, Straw, was not altogether evil. He loved Barenziah in his own selfish fashion, and deception was the only way he could think of that would cement possession of her. She, of course, felt only friendship toward him, but he was hopeful that she would gradually change her mind. He wanted to buy a small farm and settle down into a comfortable marriage, but at the time his earnings were barely enough to feed and shelter them.

After only a short time in Rifton, Straw fell in with a bold, villainous Khajiit thief named Therris, who proposed that they rob the Imperial Commandant's house in the central part of the city. Therris said that he had a client, a traitor to the Empire, who would pay well for any information they could gather there. Barenziah happened to overhear this plan and was appalled. She stole away from their rooms and walked the streets of Rifton in desperation, torn between her loyalty to the Empire and her love for her friends.

In the end, loyalty to the Empire prevailed over personal friendship, and she approached the Commandant's house, revealed her true identity, and warned him of her friends' plan. The Commandant listened to her tale, praised her courage, and assured her that no harm would come to her. He was none other than General Symmachus, who had been scouring the countryside in search of her since her disappearance, and had just arrived in Rifton, hot in pursuit. He took her into his custody, and informed her that, far from being sent away to be sold, she was to be reinstated as the Queen of Mournhold as soon as she turned eighteen. Until that time, she was to live with the Septim family in the newly built Imperial City, where she would learn something of government and be presented at the Imperial Court.

At the Imperial City, Barenziah befriended the Emperor Tiber Septim during the middle years of his reign. Tiber's children, particularly his eldest son and heir Pelagius, came to love her as a sister. The ballads of the day praised her beauty, chastity, wit, and learning. On her eighteenth birthday, the entire Imperial City turned out to watch her farewell procession preliminary to her return to her
native land. Sorrowful as they were at her departure, all knew that she was ready for her glorious destiny as sovereign of the kingdom of Mournhold.
In the second volume of this series, it was told how Barenziah was kindly welcomed to the newly constructed Imperial City by the Emperor Tiber Septim and his family, who treated her like a long-lost daughter during her almost one-year stay. After several happy months there learning her duties as vassal queen under the Empire, the Imperial General Symmachus escorted her to Mournhold where she took up her duties as Queen of her people under his wise guidance. Gradually they came to love one another and were married and crowned in a splendid ceremony at which the Emperor himself officiated.

After several hundred years of marriage, a son, Helseth, was born to the royal couple amid celebration and joyous prayer. Although it was not publicly known at the time, it was shortly before this blessed event that the Staff of Chaos had been stolen from its hiding place deep in the Mournhold mines by a clever, enigmatic bard known only as the Nightingale.

Eight years after Helseth's birth, Barenziah bore a daughter, Morgiah, named after Symmachus' mother, and the royal couple's joy seemed complete. Alas, shortly after that, relations with the Empire mysteriously deteriorated, leading to much civil unrest in Mournhold. After fruitless investigations and attempts at reconciliation, in despair Barenziah took her young children and travelled to the Imperial City herself to seek the ear of then Emperor Uriel Septim VII. Symmachus remained in Mournhold to deal with the grumbling peasants and annoyed nobility, and do what he could to stave off an impending insurrection.

During her audience with the Emperor, Barenziah, through her magical arts, came to realize to her horror and dismay that the so-called Emperor was an impostor, none other than the bard Nightingale who had stolen the Staff of Chaos. Exercising great self-control she concealed this realization from him. That evening, news came that Symmachus had fallen in battle with the revolting peasants of Mournhold, and that the kingdom had been taken over by the rebels. Barenziah, at this point, did not know where to seek help, or from whom.

The gods, that fateful night, were evidently looking out for her as if in redress of her loss. King Eadwyre of High Rock, an old friend of Uriel Septim and Symmachus, came by on a social call. He comforted her, pledged his friendship—and furthermore, confirmed her suspicions that the Emperor was indeed a fraud, and none other than Jagar Tharn, the Imperial Battlemage, and one of the Nightingale's many alter egos. Tharn had supposedly retired into seclusion from public work and installed his assistant, Ria Silmane, in his stead. The hapless assistant was later put to death under mysterious circumstances—supposedly a plot implicating her had been uncovered, and she had been summarily executed. However, her ghost had appeared to Eadwyre in a dream and
revealed to him that the true Emperor had been kidnapped by Tharn and imprisoned in an alternate dimension. Tharn had then used the Staff of Chaos to kill her when she attempted to warn the Elder Council of his nefarious plot.

Together, Eadwyre and Barenziah plotted to gain the false Emperor's confidence. Meanwhile, another friend of Ria's, known only as the Champion, who apparently possessed great, albeit then untapped, potential, was incarcerated at the Imperial Dungeons. However, she had access to his dreams, and she told him to bide his time until she could devise a plan that would effect his escape. Then he could begin on his mission to unmask the impostor.

Barenziah continued to charm, and eventually befriended, the ersatz Emperor. By contriving to read his secret diary, she learned that he had broken the Staff of Chaos into eight pieces and hidden them in far-flung locations scattered across Tamriel. She managed to obtain a copy of the key to Ria's friend's cell and bribed a guard to leave it there as if by accident. Their Champion, whose name was unknown even to Barenziah and Eadwyre, made his escape through a shift gate Ria had opened in an obscure corner of the Imperial Dungeons using her already failing powers. The Champion was free at last, and almost immediately went to work.

It took Barenziah several more months to learn the hiding places of all eight Staff pieces through snatches of overheard conversation and rare glances at Tharn's diary. Once she had the vital information, however — which she communicated to Ria forthwith, who in turn passed it on to the Champion — she and Eadwyre lost no time. They fled to Wayrest, his ancestral kingdom in the province of High Rock, where they managed to fend off the sporadic efforts of Tharn's henchmen to haul them back to the Imperial City, or at the very least obtain revenge. Tharn, whatever else might be said of him, was no one's fool—save perhaps Barenziah's — and he concentrated most of his efforts toward tracking down and destroying the Champion.

As all now know, the courageous, indefatigable, and forever nameless Champion was successful in reuniting the eight sundered pieces of the Staff of Chaos. With it, he destroyed Tharn and rescued the true Emperor, Uriel Septim VII. Following what has come to be known as the Restoration, a grand state memorial service was held for Symmachus at the Imperial City, befitting the man who had served the Septim Dynasty for so long and so well.

Barenziah and good King Eadwyre had come to care deeply for one another during their trials and adventures, and were married in the same year shortly after their flight from the Imperial City. Her two children from her previous marriage with Symmachus remained with her, and a regent was appointed to rule Mournhold in her absence.

Up to the present time, Queen Barenziah has been in Wayrest with Prince Helseth and Princess Morgiah. She plans to return to Mournhold after Eadwyre's death. Since he was already elderly when they wed, she knows that that event, alas, could not be far off as the Elves reckon time. Until then, she shares in the government of the kingdom of Wayrest with her husband, and seems glad and content with her finally quiet, and happily unremarkable, life.
[091] Biography of Barenziah v III

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BiographyBarenziah3
Few historic figures are viewed as unambiguously evil, but Potema, the so-called Wolf Queen of Solitude, surely qualifies for that dishonor. Born to the Imperial Family in the sixty-seventh year of the third era, Potema was immediately presented to her grandfather, the Emperor Uriel Septim II, a famously kindhearted man, who viewed the solemn, intense babe and whispered, "She looks like a she-wolf about ready to pounce."

Potema's childhood in the Imperial City was certainly difficult from the start. Her father, Prince Pelagius Septim, and her mother, Qizara, showed little affection for their brood. Her eldest brother Antiochus, sixteen at Potema's birth, was already a drunkard and womanizer, infamous in the empire. Her younger brothers Cephorus and Magnus were born much later, so for years she was the only child in the Imperial Court.

By the age of 14, Potema was a famous beauty with many suitors, but she was married to cement relations with King Mantiarco of the Nordic kingdom of Solitude. She entered the court, it was said, as a pawn, but she quickly became a queen. The elderly King Mantiarco loved her and allowed her all the power she wished, which was total.

When Uriel Septim II died the following year, her father was made emperor, and he faced a greatly depleted treasury, thanks to his father's poor management. Pelagius II dismissed the Elder Council, forcing them to buy back their positions. In 3E 97, after many miscarriages, the Queen of Solitude gave birth to a son, who she named Uriel after her grandfather. Mantiarco quickly made Uriel his heir, but the Queen had much larger ambitions for her child.

Two years later, Pelagius II died — many say poisoned by a vengeful former Council member — and his son, Potema's brother Antiochus took the throne. At age forty-eight, it could be said that Antiochus's wild seeds had yet to be sown, and the history books are nearly pornographic in their depictions of life at the Imperial court during the years of his reign. Potema, whose passion was for power not fornication, was scandalized every time she visited the Imperial City.

Mantiarco, King of Solitude, died the springtide after Pelagius II. Uriel ascended to the throne, ruling jointly with his mother. Doubtless, Uriel had the right and would have preferred to rule alone, but Potema convinced him that his position was only temporary. He would have the Empire, not merely the kingdom. In Castle Solitude, she entertained dozens of diplomats from other kingdoms of Skyrim, sowing seeds of discontent. Her guest list over the years expanded to include kings and queens of High Rock and Morrowind as well.
For thirteen years, Antiochus ruled Tamriel, and proved an able leader despite his moral laxity. Several historians point to proof that Potema cast the spell that ended her brother's life, but evidence one way or another is lost in the sands of time. In any event, both she and her son Uriel were visiting the Imperial court in 3E 112 when Antiochus died, and immediately challenged the rule of his daughter and heir, Kintyra.

Potema's speech to the Elder Council is perhaps helpful to students of public speaking.

She began with flattery and self–abasement: "My most august and wise friends, members of the Elder Council, I am but a provincial queen, and I can only assume to bring to issue what you yourselves must have already pondered."

She continued on to praise the late Emperor, who was a popular ruler in spite of his flaws: "He was a true Septim and a great warrior, destroying — with your counsel — the near invincible armada of Pyandonea."

But little time was wasted, before she came to her point: "The Empress Magna unfortunately did nothing to temper my brother's lustful spirits. In point of fact, no whore in the slums of the city spread out on more beds than she. Had she attended to her duties in the Imperial bedchamber more faithfully, we would have a true heir to the Empire, not the halfwit, milksop bastards who call themselves the Emperor's children. The girl called Kintyra is popularly believed to be the daughter of Magna and the Captain of the Guard. It may be that she is the daughter of Magna and the boy who cleans the cistern. We can never know for certain. Not as certainly as we can know the lineage of my son, Uriel. The last of the Septim Dynasty."

Despite Potema's eloquence, the Elder Council allowed Kintyra to assume the throne as the Empress Kintyra II. Potema and Uriel angrily returned to Skyrim and began assembling the rebellion.

Details of the War of the Red Diamond are included in other histories: we need not recount the Empress Kintyra II's capture and eventual execution in High Rock in the year 3E 114, nor the ascension of Potema's son, Uriel III, seven years later. Her surviving brothers, Cephorus and Magnus, fought the Emperor and his mother for years, tearing the Empire apart in a civil war.

When Uriel III fought his uncle Cephorus in Hammerfell at the Battle of Ichidag in 3E 127, Potema was fighting her other brother, Uriel's uncle Magnus in Skyrim at the Battle of Falconstar. She received word of her son's defeat and capture just as she was preparing to mount an attack on Magnus's weakest flank. The sixty–one–year–old Wolf Queen flew into a rage and led the assault herself. It was a success, and Magnus and his army fled. In the midst the victory celebration, Potema heard the news that her son the Emperor had been killed by an angry mob before he had even made it for trial in the Imperial City. He had been burned to death within his carriage.

When Cephorus was proclaimed Emperor, Potema's fury was terrible to behold. She summoned daedra to fight for her, had her necromancers resurrect her fallen enemies as undead warriors, and
mounted attack after attack on the forces of the Emperor Cephorus I. Her allies began leaving her as her madness grew, and her only companions were the zombies and skeletons she had amassed over the years. The kingdom of Solitude became a land of death. Stories of the ancient Wolf Queen being waited on by rotting skeletal chambermaids and holding war plans with vampiric generals terrified her subjects.

Potema died after a month long siege on her castle in the year 3E 137 at the age of 90. While she lived, she had been the Wolf Queen of Solitude, Daughter of the Emperor Pelagius II, Wife of King Mantiarco, Aunt of the Empress Kintyra II, Mother of Emperor Uriel III, and Sister of the Emperors Antiochus and Cephorus. Three years after her death, Antiochus died, and his — and Potema’s — brother Magnus took the throne.

Her death has hardly diminished her notoriety. Though there is little direct evidence of this, some theologians maintain that her spirit was so strong, she became a daedra after her death, inspiring mortals to mad ambition and treason. It is also said that her madness so infused Castle Solitude that it infected the next king to rule there. Ironically, that was her 18-year-old nephew Pelagius, the son of Magnus. Whatever the truth of the legend, it is undeniable that when Pelagius left Solitude in 3E 145 to assume the title of the Emperor Pelagius III, he quickly became known as Pelagius The Mad. It is even widely rumored that he murdered his father Magnus.

The Wolf Queen must surely have had the last laugh.

---

**Book**

- Weight: 3.00
- Value: 250
- Enchantment: 0
- Teaches: Speechcraft
- ID: BookSkill_Speechcraft1
...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 summons 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 55
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
[093] Blasphemous Revenants

ID: bk_BlasphemousRevenants
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Security
ID: sc_fjellnote
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_frosselnote
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.
[096] Boethiah's Glory

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Boethiah's Glory_unique
No words can describe what you see. Or what you think you see.

Book
Weight: 10.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BoethiahPillowBook
"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."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Book</th>
<th>Weight: 4.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Value: 300</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enchantment: 0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaches: Medium Armor</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ID: BookSkill_Medium Armor2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
"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 thought 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."
[099] Bone, Part Two

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Medium Armor
ID: BookSkill_Medium Armor3
THE RANKS OF THE BLESSED

Blessed are the Bonemen, for they serve without self in spirit forever.
Blessed are the Mistmen, for they blend in the glory of the transcendent spirit.
Blessed are the Wrathmen, for they render their rage unto the ages.
Blessed are the Masters, for they bridge the past and span the future.

THE LITANY OF SERVICE

The Boneman's Oath

We die.
We pray.
To live.
We serve.

The Master's Voice

You swore.
To Serve.
Your Lord.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BookOfLifeAndService
[The pages of the BOOK OF REST AND ENDINGS are filled with obscure bits of cult mumbo–jumbo.]

**THE RITUAL FOR ENDING OF WRATHMEN**

From fifty Fathers  
Frozen in slavepast  
Rip from the wraithloom  
Sunder the lifeweave  
Lock tight in earthgrip  
Hold firm in gravefast

---

Book  
Weight: 3.00  
Value: 40  
Enchantment: 0  
Teaches: –  
ID: bk_BookOfRestAndEndings
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.
[102] Breathing Water

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alteration
ID: BookSkill_Alteration1
Before the rule of Tiber Septim, all Tamriel was in chaos. The poet Tracizis called that period of continuous unrest "days and nights of blood and venom." The kings were a petty lot of grasping tyrants, who fought Tiber's attempts to bring order to the land. But they were as disorganized as they were dissolute, and the strong hand of Septim brought peace forcibly to Tamriel. The year was 2E 896. The following year, the Emperor declared the beginning of a new Era−thus began the Third Era, Year Aught.

For thirty-eight years, the Emperor Tiber reigned supreme. It was a lawful, pious, and glorious age, when justice was known to one and all, from serf to sovereign. On Tiber's death, it rained for an entire fortnight as if the land of Tamriel itself was weeping.

The Emperor's grandson, Pelagius, came to the throne. Though his reign was short, he was as strong and resolute as his father had been, and Tamriel could have enjoyed a continuation of the Golden Age. Alas, an unknown enemy of the Septim Family hired that accursed organization of cutthroats, the Dark Brotherhood, to kill the Emperor Pelagius I as he knelt at prayer at the Temple of the One in the Imperial City. Pelagius I's reign lasted less than three years.

Pelagius had no living children, so the Crown Imperial passed to his first cousin, the daughter of Tiber's brother Agnorith. Kintyra, former Queen of Silvenar, assumed the throne as Kintyra I. Her reign was blessed with prosperity and good harvests, and she herself was an avid patroness of art, music, and dance.

Kintyra's son was crowned after her death, the first Emperor of Tamriel to use the imperial name Uriel. Uriel I was the great lawmaker of the Septim Dynasty, and a promoter of independent organizations and guilds. Under his kind but firm hand, the Fighters Guild and the Mages Guild increased in prominence throughout Tamriel. His son and successor Uriel II reigned for eighteen years, from the death of Uriel I in 3E64 to Pelagius II's accession in 3E82. Tragically, the rule of Uriel II was cursed with blights, plagues, and insurrections. The tenderness he inherited from his father did not serve Tamriel well, and little justice was done.

Pelagius II inherited not only the throne from his father, but the debt from the latter's poor
Pelagius dismissed all of the Elder Council, and allowed only those willing to pay great sums to resume their seats. He encouraged similar acts among his vassals, the kings of Tamriel, and by the end of his seventeen year reign, Tamriel had returned to prosperity. His critics, however, have suggested that any advisor possessed of wisdom but not of gold had been summarily ousted by Pelagius. This may have led to some of the troubles his son Antiochus faced when he in turn became Emperor.

Antiochus was certainly one of the more flamboyant members of the usually austere Septim Family. He had numerous mistresses and nearly as many wives, and was renowned for the grandeur of his dress and his high good humor. Unfortunately, his reign was rife with civil war, surpassing even that of his grandfather Uriel II. The War of the Isle in 3E110, twelve years after Antiochus assumed the throne, nearly took the province of Summurset Isle away from Tamriel. The united alliance of the kings of Summurset and Antiochus only managed to defeat King Orghum of the island-kingdom of Pyandonea due to a freak storm. Legend credits the Psijic Order of the Isle of Artaeum with the sorcery behind the tempest.

The story of Kintyra II, heiress to her father Antiochus' throne, is certainly one of the saddest tales in imperial history. Her first cousin Uriel, son of Queen Potema of Solitude, accused Kintyra of being a bastard, alluding to the infamous decadence of the Imperial City during her father's reign. When this accusation failed to stop her coronation, Uriel bought the support of several disgruntled kings of High Rock, Skyrim, and Morrowind, and with Queen Potema's assistance, he coordinated three attacks on the Septim Empire.

The first attack occurred in the Iliac Bay region, which separates High Rock and Hammerfell. Kintyra's entourage was massacred and the Empress taken captive. For two years, Kintyra II languished in an Imperial prison believed to be somewhere in Glenpoint or Glenmoril before she was slain in her cell under mysterious circumstances. The second attack was on a series of Imperial garrisons along the coastal Morrowind islands. The Empress' consort Kontin Arynx fell defending the forts. The third and final attack was a siege of the Imperial City itself, occurring after the Elder Council had split up the army to attack western High Rock and eastern Morrowind. The weakened government had little defence against Uriel's determined aggression, and capitulated after only a fortnight of resistance. Uriel took the throne that same evening and proclaimed himself Uriel III, Emperor of Tamriel. The year was 3E 121. Thus began the War of the Red Diamond, described in Volume II of this series.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BriefHistoryEmpire1
Volume I of this series described in brief the lives of the first eight Emperors of the Septim Dynasty, beginning with the glorious Tiber Septim and ending with his great, great, great, great, greatniece Kintyra II. Kintyra's murder in Glenpoint while in captivity is considered by some to be the end of the pure strain of Septim blood in the imperial family. Certainly it marks the end of something significant.

Uriel III not only proclaimed himself Emperor of Tamriel, but also Uriel Septim III, taking the eminent surname as a title. In truth, his surname was Mantiarco from his father's line. In time, Uriel III was deposed and his crimes reviled, but the tradition of taking the name Septim as a title for the Emperor of Tamriel did not die with him.

For six years, the War of the Red Diamond (which takes its name from the Septim Family's famous badge) tore the Empire apart. The combatants were the three surviving children of Pelagius II—Potema, Cephorus, and Magnus—and their various offspring. Potema, of course, supported her son Uriel III, and had the combined support of all of Skyrim and northern Morrowind. With the efforts of Cephorus and Magnus, however, the province of High Rock turned coat. The provinces of Hammerfell, Summurset Isle, Valenwood, Elsweyr, and Black Marsh were divided in their loyalty, but most kings supported Cephorus and Magnus.

In 3E127, Uriel III was captured at the Battle of Ichidag in Hammerfell. En route to his trial in the Imperial City, a mob overtook his prisoner's carriage and burned him alive within it. His captor and uncle continued on to the Imperial City, and by common acclaim was proclaimed Cephorus I, Emperor of Tamriel.

Cephorus' reign was marked by nothing but war. By all accounts, he was a kind and intelligent man, but what Tamriel needed was a great warrior — and he, fortunately, was that. It took an additional ten years of constant warfare for him to defeat his sister Potema. The so-called Wolf Queen of Solitude who died in the siege of her city–state in the year 137. Cephorus survived his sister by only three years. He never had time during the war years to marry, so it was his brother, the fourth child of Pelagius II, who assumed the throne.

The Emperor Magnus was already elderly when he took up the imperial diadem, and the business of punishing the traitorous kings of the War of the Red Diamond drained much of his remaining strength. Legend accuses Magnus' son and heir Pelagius III of patricide, but that seems highly
unlikely—for no other reason than that Pelagius was King of Solitude following the death of Potema, and seldom visited the Imperial City.

Pelagius III, sometimes called Pelagius the Mad, was proclaimed Emperor in the 145th year of the Third Era. Almost from the start, his eccentricities of behaviour were noted at court. He embarrassed dignitaries, offended his vassal kings, and on one occasion marked the end of an imperial grand ball by attempting to hang himself. His long–suffering wife was finally awarded the Regency of Tamriel, and Pelagius III was sent to a series of healing institutions and asylums until his death in 3E153 at the age of thirty–four.

The Empress Regent of Tamriel was proclaimed Empress Katariah I upon the death of her husband. Some who do not mark the end of the Septim bloodline with the death of Kintyra II consider the ascendency of this Dark Elf woman the true mark of its decline. Her defenders, on the other hand, assert that though Katariah was not descended from Tiber, the son she had with Pelagius was, so the imperial chain did continue. Despite racist assertions to the contrary, Katariah's forty–six–year reign was one of the most celebrated in Tamriel's history. Uncomfortable in the Imperial City, Katariah travelled extensively throughout the Empire such as no Emperor ever had since Tiber's day. She repaired much of the damage that previous emperor's broken alliances and bungled diplomacy created. The people of Tamriel came to love their Empress far more than the nobility did. Katariah's death in a minor skirmish in Black Marsh is a favorite subject of conspiracy minded historians. The Sage Montalius' discovery, for instance, of a disenfranchised branch of the Septim Family and their involvement with the skirmish was a revelation indeed.

When Cassynder assumed the throne upon the death of his mother, he was already middle–aged. Only half Elven, he aged like a Breton. In fact, he had left the rule of Wayrest to his half–brother Uriel due to poor health. Nevertheless, as the only true blood relation of Pelagius and thus Tiber, he was pressed into accepting the throne. To no one's surprise, the Emperor Cassynder's reign did not last long. In two years he joined his predecessors in eternal slumber.

Uriel Lariat, Cassynder's half–brother, and the child of Katariah I and her Imperial consort Gallivere Lariat (after the death of Pelagius III), left the kingdom of Wayrest to reign as Uriel IV. Legally, Uriel IV was a Septim: Cassynder had adopted him into the royal family when he had become King of Wayrest. Nevertheless, to the Council and the people of Tamriel, he was a bastard child of Katariah. Uriel did not possess the dynamism of his mother, and his long forty–three–year reign was a hotbed of sedition.

Uriel IV's story is told in the third volume of this series.
[104] Brief History of the Empire v 2

Teaches: –
ID: bk_BriefHistoryEmpire2
The first volume of this series told in brief the story of the succession of the first eight Emperors of the Septim Dynasty, from Tiber I to Kintyra II. The second volume described the War of the Red Diamond and the six Emperors that followed its aftermath, from Uriel III to Cassynder I. At the end of that volume, it was described how the Emperor Cassynder's half-brother Uriel IV assumed the throne of the Empire of Tamriel.

It will be recalled that Uriel IV was not a Septim by birth. His mother, though she reigned as Empress for many years, was a Dark Elf married to a true Septim Emperor, Pelagius III. Uriel's father was actually Katariah I's consort after Pelagius' death, a Breton nobleman named Gallivere Lariat. Before taking the throne of Empire, Cassynder I had ruled the kingdom of Wayrest, but poor health had forced him to retire. Cassynder had no children, so he legally adopted his half-brother Uriel and abdicated the kingdom. Seven years later, Cassynder inherited the Empire at the death of his mother. Three years after that, Uriel once again found himself the recipient of Cassynder's inheritance.

Uriel IV's reign was a long and difficult one. Despite being a legally adopted member of the Septim Family, and despite the Lariat Family's high position — indeed, they were distant cousins of the Septims — few of the Elder Council could be persuaded to accept him fully as a blood descendant of Tiber. The Council had assumed much responsibility during Katariah I's long reign and Cassynder I's short one, and a strong-willed "alien" monarch like Uriel IV found it impossible to command their unswerving fealty. Time and again the Council and Emperor were at odds, and time and again the Council won the battles. Since the days of Pelagius II, the Elder Council had consisted of the wealthiest men and women in the Empire, and the power they wielded was conclusive.

The Council's last victory over Uriel IV was posthumous. Andorak, Uriel IV's son, was disinherited by vote of Council, and a cousin more closely related to the original Septim line was proclaimed Cephorus II in 3E268. For the first nine years of Cephorus II's reign, those loyal to Andorak battled the Imperial forces. In an act that the Sage Eraintine called "Tiber Septim's heart beating no more," the Council granted Andorak the High Rock kingdom of Shornhelm to end the war, and Andorak's descendants still rule there.

By and large, Cephorus II had foes that demanded more of his attention than Andorak. "From out of a cimmerian nightmare," in the words of Eraintine, a man who called himself the Camoran Usurper led an army of Daedra and undead warriors on a rampage through Valenwood, conquering kingdom after kingdom. Few could resist his onslaughts, and as month turned to bloody month in the year 3E249, even fewer tried. Cephorus II sent more and more mercenaries into Hammerfell to stop the Usurper's northward march, but they were bribed or slaughtered and raised as undead.
The story of the Camoran Usurper deserves a book of its own. (It is recommended that the reader find Palaux Ilthre's The Fall of the Usurper for more detail.) In short, however, the destruction of the forces of the Usurper had little do with the efforts of the Emperor. The result was a great regional victory and an increase in hostility toward the seemingly inefficacious Empire.

Uriel V, Cephorus II's son and successor, swivelled opinion back toward the latent power of the Empire. Turning the attention of Tamriel away from internal strife, Uriel V embarked on a series of invasions beginning almost from the moment he took the throne in 3E268. Uriel V conquered Roscrea in 271, Cathnoquey in 276, Yneslea in 279, and Esroniet in 284. In 3E288, he embarked on his most ambitious enterprise, the invasion of the continent kingdom of Akavir. This ultimately proved a failure, for two years later Uriel V was killed in Akavir on the battlefield of Ionith. Nevertheless, Uriel V holds a reputation second only to Tiber as one of the two great Warrior Emperors of Tamriel.

The last four Emperors, beginning with Uriel V's infant son, are described in the fourth and final volume of this series.
The first book of this series described, in brief, the first eight Emperors of the Septim Dynasty beginning with Tiber I. The second volume described the War of the Red Diamond and the six Emperors who followed. The third volume described the troubles of the next three Emperors—the frustrated Uriel IV, the ineffectual Cephorus II, and the heroic Uriel V.

On Uriel V's death across the sea in distant, hostile Akavir, Uriel VI was but five years old. In fact, Uriel VI was born only shortly before his father left for Akavir. Uriel V's only other progeny, by a morganatic alliance, were the twins Morihatha and Eloisa, who had been born a month after Uriel V left. Uriel VI was crowned in the 290th year of the Third Era. The Imperial Consort Thonica, as the boy's mother, was given a restricted Regency until Uriel VI reached his majority. The Elder Council retained the real power, as they had ever since the days of Katariah I.

The Council so enjoyed its unlimited and unrestricted freedom to promulgate laws (and generate profits) that Uriel VI was not given full license to rule until 307, when he was already 22 years old. He had been slowly assuming positions of responsibility for years, but both the Council and his mother, who enjoyed even her limited Regency, were loath to hand over the reins. By the time he came to the throne, the mechanisms of government gave him little power except for that of the imperial veto.

This power, however, he regularly and vigorously exercised. By 313, Uriel VI could boast with conviction that he truly did rule Tamriel. He utilized defunct spy networks and guard units to bully and coerce the difficult members of the Elder Council. His half-sister Morihatha was (not surprisingly) his staunchest ally, especially after her marriage to Baron Ulfe Gersen of Winterhold brought her considerable wealth and influence. As the Sage Ugaridge said, "Uriel V conquered Esroniet, but Uriel VI conquered the Elder Council."

When Uriel VI fell off a horse and could not be resuscitated by the finest Imperial healers, his beloved sister Morihatha took up the imperial tiara. At 25 years of age, she had been described by (admittedly self-serving) diplomats as the most beautiful creature in all of Tamriel. She was certainly well-learned, vivacious, athletic, and a well-practised politician. She brought the Archmagister of Skyrim to the Imperial City and created the second Imperial Battlemage since the days of Tiber Septim.

Morihatha finished the job her brother had begun, and made the Imperial Province a true
government under the Empress (and later, the Emperor). Outside the Imperial Province, however, the Empire had been slowly disintegrating. Open revolutions and civil wars had raged unchallenged since the days of her grandfather Ceiphorus II. Carefully coordinating her counterattacks, Morihatha slowly claimed back her rebellious vassals, always avoiding overextending herself.

Though Morihatha's military campaigns were remarkably successful, her deliberate pace often frustrated the Council. One Councilman, an Argonian who took the Colovian name of Thoricles Romus, furious at her refusal to send troops to his troubled Black Marsh, is commonly believed to have hired the assassins who claimed her life in 3E 339. Romus was summarily tried and executed, though he protested his innocence to the last.

Morihatha had no surviving children, and Eloisa had died of a fever four years before. Eloisa's 25-year-old son Pelagius was thus crowned Pelagius IV. Pelagius IV continued his aunt's work, slowly bringing back under his wing the radical and refractory kingdoms, duchies, and baronies of the Empire. He exercised Morihatha's poise and circumspect pace in his endeavours—but alas, he did not attain her success. The kingdoms had been free of constraint for so long that even a benign Imperial presence was considered odious. Nevertheless, when Pelagius died after an astonishing forty-nine-year reign, Tamriel was closer to unity than it had been since the days of Uriel I.

Our current Emperor, His Awesome and Terrible Majesty, Uriel Septim VII, son of Pelagius IV, has the diligence of his great-aunt Morihatha, the political skill of his great-uncle Uriel VI, and the military prowess of his great-grand-uncle Uriel V. For twenty-one years he reigned and brought justice and order to Tamriel. In the year 3E389, however, his Imperial Battlemage, Jagar Tharn, betrayed him.

Uriel VII was imprisoned in a dimension of Tharn's creation, and Tharn used his sorcery of illusion to assume the Emperor's aspect. For the next ten years, Tharn abused imperial privilege but did not continue Uriel VII's schedule of reconquest. It is not yet entirely known what Tharn's goals and personal accomplishments were during the ten years he masqueraded as his liege lord. In 3E399, an enigmatic Champion defeated the Battlemage in the dungeons of the Imperial Palace and freed Uriel VII from his other-dimensional jail.

Since his emancipation, Uriel Septim VII has worked diligently to renew the battles that would reunite Tamriel. Tharn's interference broke the momentum, it is true — but the years since then have proven that there is hope of the Golden Age of Tiber Septim's rule glorifying Tamriel once again.
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.

---

**Book**
- **Weight:** 3.00
- **Value:** 75
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** bk_BrownBook426
[This book shows the ebony mined in and shipped from Caldera. You don’t see anything suspicious in the figures.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_CalderaRecordBook1
[109] Caldera Mining Contract

[109] Caldera Mining Contract

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_CalderaMiningContract
[110] 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.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 5
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_fishystick
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 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 had 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Security
ID: bookskill_security4
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

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Unarmored
ID: bookskill_unarmored2
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 Elysbetta 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 than 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 a 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

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Hand−to−hand
ID: bookskill_hand to hand3
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
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 arrve. I know thes ar m last wors. Der frend, stay away frm this cursd place.

Yr Frend,

Charwich
Teaches: Mysticism
ID: BookSkill_Mysticism5
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 hailed 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 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.
Cherim does not understand the point of plate mail," said Cherim. "It is hot, for one, like being both burned and buried alive. Cherim wore it at the insistence of our Nord advisors during the
Battle of Zelinin, and Cherim couldn't even turn to see what my fellow Khajiit were doing. Cherim did some sketches for a tapestry of the Battle of Zelinin, but Cherim finds that to make it realistic, the figures came out very mechanical, like iron golems or dwemer centurions. Knowing our Khajiti commanders, Cherim would not be surprised if giving up the heavy plate was more aesthetic than practical."

"Elsweyr lost the Battle of Zelinin, didn't she?"

"Yes, but Elsweyr won the war, starting at the next battle, the Heart of Anequina," said Cherim with a smile. "The tide turned as soon as we Khajiit sent our Nordic advisors back to Solitude. We had to get rid of all the heavy armor they brought to us and find enough traditional medium armor our troops felt comfortable wearing. Obviously, the principle advantage of the medium armor was that we could move easily in it, as you can see from the natural stances of the soldiers in the tapestry.

"Now if you look at this poor perforated Cathay−raht who just keeps battling on in the bottom background, you see the other advantage. It seems strange to say, but one of the best features of medium armor is that an arrow will either deflect completely or pass all the way through. An arrow head is like a hook, made to stick where it strikes if it doesn't pass through. A soldier in medium armor will find himself with a hole in his body and the bolt on the other side. Our healers can fix such a wound easily if it isn't fatal, but if the arrow still remains in the armor, as it does with heavier armor, the wound will be reopened every time the fellow moves. Unless the Khajiit strips off the armor and pulls out the arrow, which is what we had to do at the Battle of Zelinin. A difficult and time−consuming process in the heat of battle, to say the least."

I asked him next, "Is there a self portrait in the battle?"

"Yes," Cherim said with another grin. "You see the small figure of the Khajiit stealing the rings off the dead Wood Elf? His back is facing you, but he has a brown and orange striped tail like Cherim's. Cherim does not say that all stereotypes about the Khajiit are fair, but Cherim must sometimes acknowledge them."

A self−deprecating style in self−portraiture is also evident in the tapestries of Ranulf Hook, the next artist interviewed in volume nineteen of this series.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 225
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Medium Armor
ID: bookskill_medium_armor1
Nords consider themselves to be the children of the sky. They call Skyrim the Throat of the World, because it is where the sky exhaled on the land and formed them. They see themselves as eternal outsiders and invaders, and even when they conquer and rule another people; they feel no kinship with them.

The breath and the voice are the vital essence of a Nord. When they defeat great enemies they take their tongues as trophies. These are woven into ropes and can hold speech like an enchantment. The power of a Nord can be articulated into a shout, like the kiai of an Akaviri swordsman. The strongest of their warriors are called "Tongues." When the Nords attack a city, they take no siege engines or cavalry; the Tongues form in a wedge in front of the gatehouse, and draw in breath. When the leader lets it out in a kiai, the doors are blown in, and the axemen rush into the city. Shouts can be used to sharpen blades or to strike enemies. A common effect is the shout that knocks an enemy back, or the power of command. A strong Nord can instill bravery in men with his battle-cry, or stop a charging warrior with a roar. The greatest of the Nords can call to specific people over hundreds of miles, and can move by casting a shout, appearing where it lands.

The most powerful Nords cannot speak without causing destruction. They must go gagged, and communicate through a sign language and through scribing runes.

The further north you go into Skyrim, the more powerful and elemental the people become, and the less they require dwellings and shelters. Wind is fundamental to Skyrim and the Nords; those that live in the far wastes always carry a wind with them.
After many battles, it was clear who would win the War. The Chimer had great skills in magick and bladery, but against the armored battalions of the Dwemer, clad in the finest shielding wrought by Jnaggo, there was little hope of their ever winning. In the interests of keeping some measure of peace in the Land, Sthovin the Warlord agreed to a truce with Karenithil Barif the Beast. In exchange for the Disputed Lands, Sthovin gave Barif a mighty golem, which would protect the Chimer's territory from the excursions of the Northern Barbarians.

Barif was delighted with his gift and brought it back to his camp, where all his warriors gaped in awe at it. Sparkling gold in hue, it resembled a Dwemer cavalier with a proud aspect. To test its strength, they placed the golem in the center of an arena and flung magickal bolts of lightning at it. Its agility was such that few of the bolts struck it. It had the wherewithal to pivot on its hips to avoid the brunt of the attacks without losing its balance, feet firmly planted on the ground. A vault of fireballs followed, which the golem ably dodged, bending its knees and its legs to spin around the blasts. The few times it was struck, it made certain to be hit in the chest and waist, the strongest parts of its body.

The troops cheered at the sight of such an agile and powerful creation. With it leading the defense, the Barbarians of Skyrim would never again successfully raid their villages. They named it Chimarvamidium, the Hope of the Chimer.

Barif has the golem brought to his chambers with all his housethanes. There they tested Chimarvamidium further, its strength, its speed, its resiliency. They could find no flaw with its design.

"Imagine when the naked barbarians first meet this on one of their raids," laughed one of the housethanes.

"It is only unfortunate that it resembles a Dwemer instead of one of our own," mused Karenithil Barif. "It is revolting to think that they will have a greater respect for our other enemies than us."

"I think we should never accepted the peace terms that we did," said another, one of the most aggressive of the housethanes. "Is it too late to surprise the warlord Sthovin with an attack?"

"It is never too late to attack," said Barif. "But what of his great armored warriors?"
"I understand," said Barif's spymaster. "That his soldiers always wake at dawn. If we strike an hour before, we can catch them defenseless, before they've had a chance to bathe, let alone don their armor."

"If we capture their armorer Jnaggo, then we too would know the secrets of blacksmithery," said Barif. "Let it be done. We attack tomorrow, an hour before dawn."

So it was settled. The Chimer army marched at night, and swarmed into the Dwemer camp. They were relying on Chimarvamidium to lead the first wave, but it malfunctioned and began attacking the Chimer's own troops. Added to that, the Dwemer were fully armored, well-rested, and eager for battle. The surprise was turned, and most of the high-ranking Chimer, including Karenithil Barif the Beast, were captured.

Though they were too proud to ask, Sthovin explained to them that he had been warned of their attack by a Calling by one of his men.

"What man of yours is in our camp?" sneered Barif.

Chimarvamidium, standing erect by the side of the captured, removed its head. Within its metal body was Jnaggo, the armorer.

"A Dwemer child of eight can create a golem," he explained. "But only a truly great warrior and armorer can pretend to be one."

Publisher's Note:

This is one of the few tales in this collection, which can actually be traced to the Dwemer. The wording of the story is quite different from older versions in Aldmeris, but the essence is the same. "Chimarvamidium" may be the Dwemer "Nchmarthurnidamz." This word occurs several times in plans of Dwemer armor and Animunculi, but it's meaning is not known. It is almost certainly not "Hope of the Chimer," however.

The Dwemer were probably the first to use heavy armors. It is important to note how a man dressed in armor could fool many of the Chimer in this story. Also note how the Chimer warriors react. When this story was first told, armor that covered the whole body must have still been uncommon and new, whereas even then, Dwemer creations like golems and centurions were well known.

In a rare scholarly moment, Marobar Sul leaves a few pieces of the original story intact, such as parts of the original line in Aldmeris, "A Dwemer of eight can create a golem, but an eight of Dwemer can become one."

Another aspect of this legend that scholars like myself find interesting is the mention of "the Calling." In this legend and in others, there is a suggestion that the Dwemer race as a whole had
some sort of silent and magickal communication. There are records of the Psijic Order which suggest they, too, share this secret. Whatever the case, there are no documented spells of "calling." The Cyrodiil historian Borgusilus Malier first proposed this as a solution to the disappearance of the Dwemer. He theorized that in 1E 668, the Dwemer enclaves were called together by one of their powerful philosopher−sorcerers ("Kagrnak" in some documents) to embark on a great journey, one of such sublime profundity that they abandoned all their cities and lands to join the quest to foreign climes as an entire culture.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 225
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Heavy Armor
ID: BookSkill_HeavyArmor3
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 Rkunghunch 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.
[119] Chronicles of Nchuleft

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ChroniclesNchuleft
[120] 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)

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_clientlist
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_colonyreport
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

302
the possibility of redemption. And, against all of society's dearly held beliefs, she says that it is not altogether clear that the addict SHOULD 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Confessions
[123] Construction Contract

By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

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

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

If %PCName 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
%PCName

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 5000
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_stronghold_c_hlaalu
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.
Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_corpsepreperation1_e
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 discreet 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.
[124a] Corpse Preparation v I

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_corpsepreperation1_o
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
Volume 3: The Fresh Corpse

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.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0

312
Teaches: –
ID: bk_corpsepreperation3_c
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BlightPotionNotice
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 Greaves: 6 adamantium ore and 6000 gold
Adamantium Boots: 3 adamantium ore and 4200 gold
Adamantium Helm: 4 adamantium ore and 3000 gold

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_custom_armor
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
Book
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_fur_armor
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 enough of 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 Left Pauldron: 2 snow wolf pelts and 1000 gold
Snow Wolf Right 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
Custom Fur Armor Price List

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_fur_armor
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 Dagoth 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 Dagoth 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Dagoth_Urs_Plans
In Morrowind, both worshippers and sorcerers summon lesser Daedra and bind Daedra as servants and instruments.

Most Daedric servants can be summoned by sorcerers only for very brief periods, within the most fragile and tenuous frameworks of command and binding. This fortunately limits their capacity for mischief, though in only a few minutes, most of these servants can do terrible harm to their summoners as well as their enemies.

Worshippers may bind other Daedric servants to this plane through rituals and pacts. Such arrangements result in the Daedric servant remaining on this plane indefinitely — or at least until their bodily manifestations on this plane are destroyed, precipitating their supernatural essences back to Oblivion. Whenever Daedra are encountered at Daedric ruins or in tombs, they are almost invariably long-term visitors to our plane.

Likewise, lesser entities bound by their Daedra Lords into weapons and armor may be summoned for brief periods, or may persist indefinitely, so long as they are not destroyed and banished. The class of bound weapons and bound armors summoned by Temple followers and conjurors are examples of short-term bindings; Daedric artifacts like Mehrunes Razor and the Mask of Clavicus Vile are examples of long-term bindings.

The Tribunal Temple of Morrowind has incorporated the veneration of Daedra as lesser spirits subservient to the immortal Almsivi, the Triune godhead of Almalexia, Sotha Sil, and Vivec. These subordinate Daedra are divided into the Good Daedra and the Bad Daedra. The Good Daedra have willingly submitted to the authority of Almsivi; the Bad Daedra are rebels who defy Almsivi — treacherous kin who are more often adversaries than allies.

The Good Daedra are Boethiah, Azura, and Mephala. The hunger is a powerful and violent lesser Daedra associated with Boethiah, Father of Plots — a sinuous, long-limbed, long-tailed creature with a beast-skulled head, noted for its paralyzing touch and its ability to disintegrate weapons and armor. The winged twilight is a messenger of Azura, Goddess of Dusk and Dawn. Winged twilights resemble the feral harpies of the West, though the feminine aspects of the winged twilights are more ravishing, and their long, sharp, hooked tails are immeasurably more deadly. Spider Daedra are the servants of Mephala, taking the form of spider-humanoid centaurs, with a naked upper head, torso, and arms of human proportions, mounted on the eight legs and armored carapace of a giant spider. Unfortunately, these Daedra are so fierce and irrational that they cannot be trusted to heed the commands of the Spinner. As a consequence, few sorcerers are willing to
either summon or bind such creatures in Morrowind.

The Bad Daedra are Mehrunes Dagon, Malacath, Sheogorath, and Molag Bal. Three lesser Daedra are associated with Mehrunes Dagon: the agile and pesky scamp, the ferocious and beast-like clannfear, and the noble and deadly dremora. The crocodile-headed humanoid Daedra called the daedroth is a servant of Molag Bal, while the giant but dim-witted ogrim is a servant of Malacath. Sheogorath's lesser Daedra, the golden saint, a half-clothed human female in appearance, is highly resistant to magic and a dangerous spellcaster.

Another type of lesser Daedra often encountered in Morrowind is the Atronach, or Elemental Daedra. Atronachs have no binding kinship or alignments with the Daedra Lords, serving one realm or another at whim, shifting sides according to seduction, compulsion, or opportunity.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 60
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_darkestdarkness
Broken battlements and wrecked walls
Where worship of the Horror (1) once embraced.
The bites of fifty winters (2) frost and wind
Have cracked and pitted the unholy gates,
And brought down the cruel, obscene spire.
All is dust, all is nothing more than dust.
The blood has dried and screams have echoed out.
Framed by hills in the wildest, forelorn place
Of Morrowind
Sits the barren bones of Abernanit.

When thrice-blessed Rangidil (3) first saw Abernanit,
It burnished silver bright with power and permanence.
A dreadful place with dreadful men to guard it
With fever glassed eyes and strength through the Horror.
Rangidil saw the foes' number was far greater
Than the few Ordinators and Buoyant Armigers he led,
Watching from the hills above, the field and castle of death
While it stood, it damned the souls of the people
Of Morrowind.
Accursed, iniquitous castle Abernanit.

The alarum was sounded calling the holy warriors to battle
To answer villiany's shield with justice's spear,
To steel themselves to fight at the front and be brave.
Rangidil too grasped his shield and his thin ebon spear
And the clamor of battle began with a resounding crash
To shake the clouds down from the sky.
The shield wall was smashed and blood staunched
The ground of the field, a battle like no other
Of Morrowind
To destroy the evil of Abernanit.

The maniacal horde were skilled at arms, for certes,
But the three holy fists of Mother, Lord, and Wizard (4) pushed
The monster's army back in charge after charge.
Rangidil saw from above, urging the army to defend,
Dagoth Thras (5) himself in his pernicious tower spire,
And knew that only when the heart of evil was caught
Would the land e'er be truly saved.
He pledge then by the Temple and the Holy Tribunal
Of Morrowind
To take the tower of Abernanit.

In a violent push, the tower base was pierced,
But all efforts to fell the spire came to naught
As if all the strength of the Horror held that one tower.
The stairwell up was steep and so tight
That two warriors could not ascend it side by side.
So single-file the army clambered up and up
To take the tower room and end the reign
Of one of the crueller petty tyrants in the annals
Of Morrowind,
Dagoth Thras of Abernanit.

They awaited a victory cry from the first to scale the tower
But silence only returned, and then the blood,
First only a rivulet and then a scarlet course
Poured down the steep stairwell, with the cry from above,
"Dagoth Thras is besting our army one by one!"
Rangidil called his army back, every Ordinator and
Buoyant Armiger, and he himself ascended the stairs,
Passing the bloody remains of the best warriors
Of Morrowind
To the tower room of Abernanit.

Like a raven of death on its aerie was Dagoth Thras
Holding bloody shield and bloody blade at the tower room door.
Every thrust of Rangidil's spear was blocked with ease;
Every slash of Rangidil's blade was deflected away;
Every blow of Rangidil's mace was met by the shield;
Every quick arrow shot could find no purchase
For the Monster's greatest power was in his dread blessing
That no weapon from no warrior found in all
Of Morrowind
Could pass the shield of Abernanit.

As hour passed hour, Rangidil came to understand
How his greatest warriors met their end with Dagoth Thras.
For he could exhaust them by blocking their attacks
And then, thus weakened, they were simply cut down.  
The villain was patient and skilled with the shield  
And Rangidil felt even his own mighty arms growing numb  
While Dagoth Thras anticipated and blocked each cut  
And Rangidil feared that without the blessing of the Divine Three  
Of Morrowind  
He'd die in the tower of Abernanit.

But he still poured down blows as he yelled,  
"Foe! I am Rangidil, a prince of the True Temple,  
And I've fought in many a battle, and many a warrior  
Has tried to stop my blade and has failed.  
Very few can anticipate which blow I'm planning,  
And fewer, knowing that, know how to arrest the design,  
Or have the the strength to absorb all of my strikes.  
There is no greater master of shield blocking in all  
Of Morrowind  
Than here in the castle Abernanit.

My foe, dark lord Dagoth Thras, before you slay me,  
I beg you, tell me how you know how to block."  
Wickedly proud, Dagoth Thras heard Rangidil's plea,  
And decided that before he gutted the Temple champion,  
He would deign to give him some knowledge for the afterlife,  
How his instinct and reflexes worked, and as he started  
To explain, he realized that he did not how he did it,  
And watched, puzzled, as Rangidil delivered what the tales  
Of Morrowind  
Called "The death blow of Abernanit."

(1) "The Horror" refers to the daedra prince Mehrunes Dagon.  
(2) "Fifty winters" suggests that the epic was written fifty years after the Siege of Abernanit, which took place in 3E 150.  
(3) "Thrice−blessed Rangidil" is Rangidil Ketil, born 2E 803, died 3E 195. He was the commander of the Temple Ordinators, and "thrice−blessed" by being blessed by the Tribunal of Gods.  
(4) "Mother, Lord, and Wizard" refers to the Tribunal of Almalexia, Vivec, and Sotha Sil.  
(5) "Dagoth Thras" was a powerful daedra−worshipper of unknown origin who declared himself the heir of the Sixth House, though there is little evidence he descended from the vanished family.
[133] Death Blow of Abernanit

Teaches: Block
ID: BookSkill_Block1
[134] decoded package

[134] 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 %PCName, an individual of no rank or consequence.

%PCName has been released from prison by his Majesty's authority and sent to you with this missive. %PCName 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.

%PCName has the appearance of meeting the conditions of this local superstition. Therefore it is his Majesty's desire that %PCName 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 %PCName, 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
[134] decoded package

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_l_packagedecoded
[135] 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_indreledeed
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_diary_sailor
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_1_directionscaiuscosades
[138] 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_dispelrecipe_tgca
[139] Divine Metaphysics...

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 1000
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_DivineMetaphysics
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_drenblackmail
[141] Dren's shipping log

[This appears to be the records of Orvas Dren's incoming and outgoing shipments, complete with dates and business partners.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Dren_shipping_log
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_dwemermuseumwelcome
[143] East Empire Company Ledger

[This ledger records the items bought and sold by the East Empire Company here in Vvardenfell.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_eastempirecompanyledger
This certifies that %PCNAME 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 10
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BM_Stockcert
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 untrue 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?

Book
Weight: 0.20
Value: 10
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Ibardad_Elante_notes
Elone's Directions to Balmora

From Seyda Neen to Balmora by Road

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_1_elone_to_Balmora
[147] 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_Erna
[148] Erna's Note to Erna

Note to Self

Must buy more forks.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_Erna01
Fall of the Snow Prince

[An account of the Battle of the Moesring as transcribed by Lokheim, chronicler to the chieftain Ingjaldr White−Eye]

From whence he came we did not know, but into the battle he rode, on a brilliant steed of pallid white. Elf we called him, for Elf he was, yet unlike any other of his kind we had ever seen before that day. His spear and armor bore the radiant and terrible glow of unknown magicka, and so adorned this unknown rider seemed more wight than warrior.

What troubled, nay, frightened us most at that moment was the call that rose from the Elven ranks. It was not fear, not wonder, but an unabashed and unbridled joy, the kind of felicity felt by a damned man who has been granted a second chance at life. For at that time the Elves were as damned and near death as ever they had been during the great skirmishes of Solstheim. The Battle of the Moesring was to be the final stand between Nord and Elf on our fair island. Led by Ysgramor, we had driven the Elven scourge from Skyrim, and were intent on cleansing Solstheim of their kind as well. Our warriors, armed with the finest axes and swords Nord craftsmen could forge, cut great swaths through the enemy ranks. The slopes of the Moesring ran red with Elf blood. Why, then, would our foe rejoice? Could one rider bring such hope to an army so hopeless? To most of our kind, the meaning of the call was clear, but the words were but a litany of Elven chants and cries. There were some among us, however, the scholars and chroniclers, who knew well the words and shuddered at their significance.

"The Snow Prince is come! Doom is at hand!"

There was then a great calm that overcame the Elves that still stood. Through their mass the Snow Prince did ride, and as a longboat slices the icy waters of the Fjalding he parted the ranks of his kin. The magnificent white horse slowed to a gallop, then a trot, and the unknown Elf rider moved to the front of the line at a slow, almost ghostlike pace.

A Nord warrior sees much in a life of bloodshed and battle, and is rarely surprised by anything armed combat may bring. But few among us that day could have imagined the awe and uncertainty of a raging battlefield that all at once went motionless and silent. Such is the effect the Snow Prince had on us all. For when the joyous cries of the Elves had ended, there remained a quiet known only in the solitude of slumber. It was then our combined host, Elf and Nord alike, were joined in a terrible understanding — victory or defeat mattered little that day on the slopes of the Moesring Mountains. The one truth we all shared was that death would come to many that day, victor and vanquished alike. The glorious Snow Prince, an Elf unlike any other, did come that day to bring death to our kind. And death he so brought.

Like a sudden, violent snow squall that rends travelers blind and threatens to tear loose the very foundations of the sturdiest hall, the Snow Prince did sweep into our numbers. Indeed the ice and snow did begin to swirl and churn about the Elf, as if called upon to serve his bidding. The spinning of that gleaming spear whistled a dirge to all those who would stand in the way of the
Snow Prince, and our mightiest fell before him that day. Ulfgi Anvil−Hand, Strom the White, Freida Oaken−Wand, Heimdall the Frenzied. All lay dead at the foot of the Moesring Mountains. For the first time that day it seemed the tide of battle had actually turned. The Elves, spurred on by the deeds of the Snow Prince, rallied together for one last charge against our ranks. It was then, in a single instant, that the Battle of the Moesring came to a sudden and unexpected end.

Finna, daughter of Jofrior, a lass of only twelve years and squire to her mother, watched as the Snow Prince cut down her only parent. In her rage and sorrow, Finna picked up Jofrior's sword and threw it savagely at her mother's killer. When the Elf's gleaming spear stopped its deadly dance, the battlefield fell silent, and all eyes turned to the Snow Prince. No one that day was more surprised than the Elf himself at the sight that greeted them all. For upon his great steed the Snow Prince still sat, the sword of Jofrior buried deeply in his breast. And then, he fell, from his horse, from the battle, from life. The Snow Prince lay dead, slain by a child.

With their savior defeated, the spirit of the remaining Elven warriors soon shattered. Many fled, and those that remained on the battlefield were soon cut down by our broad Nord axes. When the day was done, all that remained was the carnage of the battlefield. And from that battlefield came a dim reminder of valor and skill, for the brilliant armor and spear of the Snow Prince still shined. Even in death, this mighty and unknown Elf filled us with awe.

It is common practice to burn the corpses of our fallen foes. This is as much a necessity as it is custom, for death brings with it disease and dread. Our chieftains wished to cleanse Solstheim of the Elven horde, in death as well as life. It was decided, however, that such was not to be the fate of the Snow Prince. One so mighty in war yet so loved by his kin deserved better. Even in death, even if an enemy of our people.

And so we brought the body of the Snow Prince, wrapped in fine silks, to a freshly dug barrow. The gleaming armor and spear were presented on a pedestal of honor, and the tomb was arrayed with treasures worthy of royalty. All of the mighty chieftains agreed with this course, that the Elf should be so honored. His body would be preserved in the barrow for as long as the earth chose, but would not be offered the protection of our Stalhrim, which was reserved for Nord dead alone.

So ends this account of the Battle of the Moesring, and the fall of the magnificent Elven Snow Prince. May our gods honor him in death, and may we never meet his kind again in life.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: −
ID: bk_snowprince
Liested below are some of the more storied items found throughout Tamrielic lore. The existence of some has been proven, while others may simply be the stuff of legend. Regardless, these items have found their way into the tales we tell our children, and our children will tell their children, and are inextricably linked to the

**Lord's Mail**

Sometimes called the Armor of Morihaus or the gift of Kynareth, this is an ancient cuirass of unsurpassable quality. It grants the wearer power to absorb health, resist the effects of spells, and cure oneself of poison when used. It is said that whenever Kynareth deigns the wearer unworthy, the Lord's Mail will be taken away and hidden for the next chosen one.

**Ebony Mail**

The Ebony Mail is a breastplate created before recorded history by the Dark Elven goddess Boethiah. It is she who determines who should possess the Ebony Mail and for how long a time. If judged worthy, its power grants the wearer added resistance of fire, magicka, and grants a magical shield. It is Boethiah alone who determines when a person is ineligible to bear the Ebony Mail any longer, and the goddess can be very capricious.

**Spell Breaker**

Spell Breaker, superficially a Dwemer tower shield, is one of the most ancient relics of Tamriel. Aside from its historical importance in the Battle of Rourken–Shalidor, the Spell Breaker protects its wielder almost completely from any spell caster, either by reflecting magicks or silencing any mage about to cast a spell. It is said that Spell Breaker still searches for its original owner, and will not remain the property of anyone else for long. For most, possessing Spell Breaker for any length of time is power enough.
Chrysamere

The Paladin's Blade is an ancient claymore with offensive capabilities surpassed only by its own defenses. It lends the wielder health, protects him or her from fire, and reflects any spells cast against the wielder back to the caster. Seldom has Chrysamere been wielded by any bladesman for any length of time, for it chooses not to favor one champion.

Staff of Magnus

The Staff of Magnus, one of the elder artifacts of Tamriel, was a metaphysical battery of sorts for its creator, Magnus. When used, it absorbs an enemy's health and mystical energy. In time, the Staff will abandon the mage who wields it before he becomes too powerful and upsets the mystical balance it is sworn to protect.

Warlock's Ring

The Warlock's Ring of the Archmage Syrabane is one of the most popular relics of myth and fable. In Tamriel's ancient history, Syrabane saved all of the continent by judicious use of his Ring, and ever since, it has helped adventurers with less lofty goals. It is best known for its ability to reflect spells cast at its wearer and to improve his or her speed and to restore health. No adventurer can wear the Warlock's Ring for long, for it is said that the Ring is Syrabane's alone to command.

Ring of Phynaster

The Ring of Phynaster was made hundreds of years ago by a man who needed good defenses to survive his adventurous life. Thanks to the Ring, Phynaster lived for hundreds of years, and since then it has passed from person to person. The Ring improves its wearer's overall resistance to poison, magicka, and shock. Still, Phynaster was cunning and cursed the ring so that it eventually disappears from its holder's possessions and returns to another resting place, discontent to stay anywhere but with Phynaster himself.

Ring of Khajiit

The Ring of the Khajiit is an ancient relic, hundreds of years older than Rajhin, the thief that made the Ring famous. It was Rajhin who used the Ring's powers to make himself invisible and as quick as the breath of wind. Using the Ring, he became the most successful burglar in Elsweyr's history. Rajhin's eventual fate is a mystery, but according to legend, the Ring rebelled against such constant use and disappeared, leaving Rajhin helpless before his enemies.
Mace of Molag Bal

Also known as the Vampire's Mace, the Mace of Molag Bal drains its victims of magicka and gives it to the bearer. It also has the ability to transfer an enemy's strength to its wielder. Molag Bal has been quite free with his artifact. There are many legends about the Mace. It seems to be a favorite for vanquishing wizards.

Masque of Clavicus Vile

Ever the vain one, Clavicus Vile made a masque suited to his own personality. The bearer of the Masque is more likely to get a positive response from the people of Tamriel. The higher his personality, the larger the bonus. The best known story of the Masque tells the tale of Avalea, a noblewoman of some renown. As a young girl, she was grossly disfigured by a spiteful servant. Avalea made a dark deal with Clavicus Vile and received the Masque in return. Though the Masque did not change her looks, suddenly she had the respect and admiration of everyone. A year and a day after her marriage to a well connected baron, Clavicus Vile reclaimed the Masque. Although pregnant with his child, Avalea was banished from the Baron's household. Twenty one years and one day later, Avalea's daughter claimed her vengeance by slaying the Baron.

Mehrunes Razor

The Dark Brotherhood has coveted this ebony dagger for generations. This mythical artifact is capable of slaying any creature instantly. History does not record any bearers of Mehrune's Razor. However, the Dark Brotherhood was once decimated by a vicious internal power struggle. It is suspected that the Razor was involved.

Cuirass of the Savior's Hide

Another of Hircine's artifacts was the Cuirass of the Savior's Hide. The Cuirass has the special ability to resist magicka. Legend has it that Hircine rewarded his peeled hide to the first and only mortal to have ever escaped his hunting grounds. This unknown mortal had the hide tailored into this magical Cuirass for his future adventures. The Savior's Hide has a tendency to travel from hero to hero as though it has a mind of its own.

Spear of Bitter Mercy

One of the more mysterious artifacts is the Spear of Bitter Mercy. Little to nothing is known about the Spear. There are no recorded histories but many believe it to be of Daedric origin. The only known legend about it is its use by a mighty hero during the fall of the Battlespire. The hero was aided by the Spear in the defeat of Mehrunes Dagon and the recapturing of the Battlespire. Since
that time, the Spear of Bitter Mercy has made few appearances within Tamriel.

**Daedric Scourge**

The Daedric Scourge is a mighty mace forged from sacred ebony in the Fires of Fickledire. The legendary weapon of Mackkan, it was once a fierce weapon used to send spirits of black back into Oblivion. The weapon has the ability to summon creatures from Oblivion. Once a tool used against the Daedric Lords in the Battlespire, it now roams the land with adventurers.

**Bow of Shadows**

Legend has it that the Bow of Shadows was forged by the Daedra Nocturnal. The legendary ranger, Raerlas Ghile, was granted the Bow for a secret mission that failed, and the Bow was lost. Raerlas did not go down without a hearty fight and is said to have, with the aid of the Bow, taken scores of his foes with him. The Bow grants the user the ability of invisibility and increased speed. Many sightings of the Bow of Shadows have been reported, and it is even said that the sinister Dark Elf assassin of the Second Era, Dram, once wielded this bow.

**Fists of Randagulf**

Randagulf of Clan Begalin goes down in Tamrielic history as one of the mightiest warriors from Skyrim. He was known for his courage and ferocity in battle and was a factor in many battles. He finally met his fate when King Harald conquered Skyrim. King Harald respected this great hero and took Randagulf’s gauntlets for his own. After King Harald died, the gauntlets disappeared. The King claimed that the Fists granted the bearer added strength.

**Ice Blade of the Monarch**

The Ice Blade of the Monarch is truly one of Tamriel's most prized artifacts. Legend has it that the Evil Archmage Almion Celmo enchanted the claymore of a great warrior with the soul of a Frost Monarch, a stronger form of the more common Frost Atronach. The warrior, Thurgnarr Assi, was to play a part in the assassination of a great king in a far off land, and become the new leader. The assassination failed and the Archmage was imprisoned. The Ice Blade freezes all who feel its blade. The Blade circulates from owner to owner, never settling in one place for long.

**Ring of Surroundings**

Little is known of this prize but it is said that it lends the wearer the ability to blend in with their surroundings.
Boots of the Apostle

The Boots of the Apostle are a true mystery. The wearer of the boots is rumored to be able to levitate, though nobody has ever seen them used.

The Mentor's Ring

This ring is a prized possession for any apprentice to magic. It lends the wearer the ability to increase their intelligence and wisdom, thus making their use of magic more efficient. The High Wizard Carni Asron is said to be the creator of the Ring. It was a construct for his young apprentices while studying under his guidance. After Asron's death, the Ring and several other possessions vanished and have been circulated throughout Tamriel.

Ring of the Wind

No facts are known about this Ring, but the title and the few rumors lend one to think it grants the wearer added speed.

Vampiric Ring

One of the more deadly and rare artifacts in Tamriel is the Vampiric Ring. It is said that the Ring has the power to steal its victim's health and grant it to the wearer. The exact nature and origin of the Ring is wholly unknown, but many elders speak of its evil creation in Morrowind long, long ago by a cult of Vampire followers. The Vampiric Ring is an extremely rare artifact and is only seen every few hundred cycles of the moons.

Eleidon's Ward

Eleidon was a holy knight of legend in Breton history. He was a sought after man for his courage and determination to set all wrongs right. In one story, it is said that he rescued a Baron's daughter from sure death at the hands of an evil warlord. For his reward, the Baron spent all of his riches to have an enchanted shield built for Eidelon. The Shield granted Eleidon the opportunity to heal his wounds.
Staff of Hasedoki

Hasedoki was said to have been a very competitive wizard. He wandered the land in search for a wizard who was greater than he. To the best of all knowledge, he never found a wizard who could meet up to his challenge. It is said that he felt so lonely and isolated because so many feared his power, that he bonded his life-force into his very own staff, where his soul remains to this very day. Magic users all over Tamriel have been searching for this magical staff. Granting its wielder a protection of magicka, it is a sure prize for any magic user.

Bloodworm Helm

The King of Worms was said to have left behind one of his prized possessions, the Bloodworm Helm. The Helm is a construct of magically formed bone. The Helm allows the user to summon skeletons and control the undead. It would be a prized artifact to a necromancer.

Dragonbone Mail

This cuirass is one of the greatest artifacts any collector or hero could own. It is constructed of real dragon bone and was enchanted by the first Imperial Battlemage, Zurin Arctus, in the early years of the Third Era. It is a truly exquisite piece of work and many have sought to possess it. The properties of the Cuirass allow the wearer to resist fire, and to damage an enemy with a blast of fire. Little is known about the involvement of Zurin Arctus with the enchantment of the Cuirass, but an old tale speaks of a debt that he owed to a traveling warrior. Like the warrior, the Dragonbone Mail never stays put for long.

Skull Crusher

The Skull Crusher is an amazingly large, and powerful weapon. The Warhammer was created in a fire, magically fueled by the Wizard, Dorach Gusal, and was forged by the great weaponsmith, Hilbongard Rolamus. The steel is magically hardened and the weight of the weapon is amazingly light, which makes for more powerful swings and deadly blows. The Warhammer was to be put on display for a festival, but thieves got it first. The Skull Crusher still travels Tamriel in search of its creators.

Goldbrand

This magical Sword is almost a complete mystery. Thieves tell tales about its golden make and how it was actually forged by ancient dragons of the North. Their tales claim that it was given to a great knight who was sworn to protect the dragons. The Sword lends its wielder the ability to do fire damage on an enemy. Goldbrand has not been sighted in recent history and is said to be
Fang of Haynekhtnamet

Fang of Haynekhtnamet

Black Marsh was once known to be inhabited with what the Argonians called the Wamasus. Northern men considered them to be intelligent dragons with lightning for blood. One such mighty beast, Haynekhtnamet, was slain by the Northern men, though it took 7 days and nights, and a score of men. One of the surviving men took a fang home as a trophy. The fang was carved down into a blade and fashioned into a small dagger. The Dagger mysteriously houses some of the beast's magical properties and grants the user the ability to do shock damage on an opponent. This unique Dagger is seen occasionally by traveling heroes.

Umbra Sword

The Umbra Sword was enchanted by the ancient witch Naenra Waerr, and its sole purpose was the entrapment of souls. Used in conjunction with a soul gem, the Sword allows the wielder the opportunity to imprison an enemy's soul in the gem. Naenra was executed for her evil creation, but not before she was able to hide the Sword. The Umbra Sword is very choosy when it comes to owners and therefore remains hidden until a worthy one is found.

Denstagmer's Ring

All that is known of this Ring is that it may grant the user protection from certain elements. Even the name Denstagmer is a mystery.

Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw

One of Valenwood's legendary heroes is Oreyn Bearclaw. Son of King Faume Toad–Eye, he was a respected clan hunter and a future leader. Wood Elven legend claims Oreyn single handedly defeated Glenhwylaunva, the witch–serpent of the Elven wood, forever bringing peace to his clan. Oreyn would go on to accomplish numerous other deeds, eventually losing his life to the Knahaten Flu. His Helm stood as a monument of his stature for future generations to remember. The Helm was lost eventually, as the Clan split, and is now a treasured artifact for adventurers. The Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw is rumored to improve the wearers agility and endurance.

Daedric Crescent Blade

Probably the most rare and even outlawed item of all the great prizes is the Daedric Crescent Blade. The Blade was used by Mehrunes Dagon's Daedric forces in the capture of the Imperial
Fang of Haynekhtnamet

Battlespire. These extremely unique Blades were gathered up and destroyed after the Battlespire was recaptured by the Empire. All but one it seems. Though the Empire believes them all to be destroyed, it is rumored that one still remains in existence, somewhere in Tamriel, though none have ever seen it. The Blade lends its wielder the ability to do great damage on an enemy and allows him to paralyze and put heavy wear on his enemy’s armor. Quite the prize for any mighty warrior, if it does indeed exist.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Artifacts_Tamriel
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.
The Great Sage was a tall, untidy man, bearded but bald. His library resembled him: all the books had been moved over the years to the bottom shelves where they gathered in dusty conglomerations. He used several of the books in his current lecture, explaining to his students, Taksim and Vonguldak, how the Mages Guild had first been founded by Vanus Galerion. They had many questions about Galerion's beginnings in the Psijic Order, and how the study of magic there differed from the Mages Guild.

"It was, and is, a very structured way of life," explained the Great Sage. "Quite elitist, actually. That was the aspect of it Galerion most objected to. He wanted the study of magic to be free. Well, not free exactly, but at least available to all who could afford it. In doing that, he changed the course of life in Tamriel."

"He codified the praxes and rituals used by all modern potionmakers, itemmakers, and spellmakers, didn't he, Great Sage?" asked Vonguldak.

"That was only part of it. Magic as we know it today comes from Vanus Galerion. He restructured the schools to be understandable by the masses. He invented the tools of alchemy and enchanting so everyone could concoct whatever they wanted, whatever their skills and purse would allow them to, without fears of magical backfire. Well, eventually he created that."

"What do you mean, Great Sage?" asked Taksim.

"The first tools were more automated than the ones we have today. Any layman could use them without the least understanding of enchantment and alchemy. On the Isle of Artaeum, the students had to learn the skills laboriously and over many years, but Galerion decided that was another example of the Psijics' elitism. The tools he invented were like robotic master enchanters and alchemists, capable of creating anything the customer required, provided he could pay."

"So someone could, for example, create a sword that would cleave the world in twain?" asked Vonguldak.

"I suppose, in theory, but it would probably take all the gold in the world," chuckled the Great
"No, I can't say we were ever in very great danger, but that it isn't to say that there weren't a few unfortunate incidents where a unschooled yokel invented something beyond his ken. Eventually, of course, Galerion tore apart his old tools, and created what we use today. It's a little elitist, requiring that people know what they're doing before they do it, but remarkably practical."

"What did people invent?" asked Taksim. "Are there any stories?"

"You're trying to distract me so I don't test you," said the Great Sage. "But I suppose I can tell you one story, just to illustrate a point. This particular tale takes place in city of Alinor on the west coast of Summurset Isle, and concerns a scribe named Thaurbad.

This was in the Second Era, not long after Vanus Galerion had first founded the Mages Guild and chapter houses had sprung up all over Summurset, though not yet spread to the mainland of Tamriel.

For five years, this scribe, Thaurbad, had conducted all his correspondence to the outside world by way of his messenger boy, Gorgos. For the first year of his adoption of the hermit life, his few remaining friends and family — friends and family of his dead wife, truth be told — had tried visiting, but even the most indefatigable kin gives up eventually when given no encouragement. No one had a good reason to keep in touch with Thaurbad Hulzik, and in time, very few even tried. His sister-in-law sent him the occasional letter with news of people he could barely remember, but even that communication was rare. Most of messages to and from his house dealt with his business, writing the weekly proclamation from the Temple of Auri-El. These were bulletins nailed on the temple door, community news, sermons, that sort of thing.

The first message Gorgos brought him that day was from his healer, reminding him of his appointment on Turdas. Thaurbad took a while to write his response, glum and affirmative. He had the Crimson Plague, which he was being treated for at considerable expense — you have to remember these were the days before the School of Restoration had become quite so specialized. It was a dreadful disease and had taken away his voicebox. That was why he only communicated by script.

The next message was from Alfiers, the secretary at the church, as curt and noxious as ever: "THAURBAD, ATTACHED IS SUNDAS'S SERMON, NEXT WEEK'S EVENTS CALENDAR, AND THE OBITUARIES. TRY TO LIVEN THEM UP A LITTLE. I WASN'T HAPPY WITH YOUR LAST ATTEMPT."

Thaurbad had taken the job putting together the Bulletin before Alfiers joined the temple, so his only mental image of her was purely theoretical and had evolved over time. At first he thought of Alfiers as an ugly fat sloadess covered with warts; more recently, she had mutated into a rail-thin, spinster orcess. Of course, it was possible his clairvoyance was accurate and she had just lost weight.

Whatever Alfiers looked like, her attitude towards Thaurbad was clear, unwavering disdain. She hated his sense of humor, always found the most minor of misspellings, and considered his
structure and calligraphy the worst kind of amateur work. Luckily, working for a temple was the
next most secure job to working for the good King of Alinor. It didn't bring in very much money,
but his expenses were minimal. The truth was, he didn't need to do it anymore. He had quite a
fortune stashed away, but he didn't have anything else to occupy his days. And the truth was
further that having little else to occupy his time and thoughts, the Bulletin was very important to
him.

Gorgos, having delivered all the messages, began to clean and as he did so, he told Thaurbad all
the news in town. The boy always did so, and Thaurbad seldom paid him any attention, but this
time he had an interesting report. The Mages Guild had come to Alinor.

As Thaurbad listened intently, Gorgos told him all about the Guild, the remarkable Archmagister,
and the incredible tools of alchemy and enchanting. Finally, when the lad had finished, Thaurbad
scribbled a quick note and handed it and a quill to Gorgos. The note read, "Have them enchant this
quill."

"It will be expensive," said Gorgos.

Thaurbad gave Gorgos a sizeable chunk of the thousands of gold pieces he had saved over the
years, and sent him out the door. Now, Thaurbad decided, he would finally have the ability to
impress Alfiers and bring glory to the Temple of Auri−El.

The way I've heard the story, Gorgos had thought about taking the gold and leaving Alinor, but he
had come to care for poor old Thaurbad. And even more, he hated Alfiers who he had to see every
day to get his messages for his master. It wasn't perhaps for the best of motivations, but Gorgos
decided to go to the Guild and get the quill enchanted.

The Mages Guild was not then, especially not then, an elitist institution, as I have said, but when
the messenger boy came in and asked to use the Itemmaker, he was greeted with some suspicion.
When he showed the bag of gold, the attitude melted, and he was ushered in the room.

Now, I haven't seen one of the enchanting tools of old, so you must use your imagination. There
was a large prism for the item to be bound with magicka, assuredly, and an assortment of soul
gems and globes of trapped energies. Other than that, I cannot be certain how it looked or how it
worked. Because of all the gold he gave to the Guild, Gorgos could infuse the quill with the
highest−price soul available, which was something daedric called Feyfolken. The initiate at the
Guild, being ignorant as most Guildmembers were at that time, did not know very much about the
spirit except that it was filled with energy. When Gorgos left the room, the quill had been
enchanted to its very limit and then some. It was virtually quivering with power.

Of course, when Thaurbad used it, that's when it became clear how over his head he was.

And now," said the Great Sage. "It's time for your test."

"But what happened? What were the quill's powers?" cried Taksim.
"You can't stop the tale there!" objected Vonguldak.

"We will continue the tale after your conjuration test, provided you both perform exceptionally well," said the Great Sage.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Enchant
ID: BookSkill_Enchant1
After the test had been given and Vonguldak and Taksim had demonstrated their knowledge of elementary conjuration, the Great Sage told them that they were free to enjoy the day. The two lads, who most afternoons fidgeted through their lessons, refused to leave their seats.

"You told us that after the test, you'd tell us more of your tale about the scribe and his enchanted quill," said Taksim.

"You've already told us about the scribe, how he lived alone, and his battles with the Temple secretary over the Bulletin he scripted for posting, and how he suffered from the Crimson Plague and couldn't speak. When you left off, his messenger boy had just had his master's quill enchanted with the spirit of a daedra named Feyfolken," added Vonguldak to add the Great Sage's memory.

"As it happens," said the Great Sage. "I was thinking about a nap. However, the story does touch on some issues of the natures of spirits and thus is related to conjuration, so I'll continue.

Thaurbad began using the quill to write the Temple Bulletin, and there was something about the slightly lopsided, almost three-dimensional quality of the letters that Thaurbad liked a lot.

Into the night, Thaurbad put together the Temple of Auri-El's Bulletin. For the moment he washed over the page with the Feyfolken quill, it became a work of art, an illuminated manuscript crafted of gold, but with good, simple and strong vernacular. The sermon excerpts read like poetry, despite being based on the archpriest's workmanlike exhortation of the most banal of the Alessian doctrines. The obituaries of two of the Temple's chief benefactors were stark and powerful, pitifully mundane deaths transitioned into world-class tragedies. Thaurbad worked the magical palette until he nearly fainted from exhaustion. At six o'clock in the morning, a day before deadline, he handed the Bulletin to Gorgos for him to carry to Alfiers, the Temple secretary.

As expected, Alfiers never wrote back to compliment him or even comment on how early he had sent the bulletin. It didn't matter. Thaurbad knew it was the best Bulletin the Temple had ever posted. At one o'clock on Sundas, Gorgos brought him many messages.

"The Bulletin today was so beautiful, when I read it in the vestibule, I'm ashamed to tell you I wept copiously," wrote the archpriest. "I don't think I've seen anything that captures Auri-El's glory so beautifully before. The cathedrals of Firsthold pale in comparison. My friend, I prostrate myself before the greatest artist since Gallael."
The archpriest was, like most men of the cloth, given to hyperbole. Still, Thaurbad was happy with the compliment. More messages followed. All of the Temple Elders and thirty-three of the parishioners young and old had all taken the time to find out who wrote the bulletin and how to get a message to congratulate him. And there was only one person they could go through for that information: Alfiers. Imaging the dragon lady besieged by his admirers filled Thaurbad with positive glee.

He was still in a good mood the next day when he took the ferry to his appointment with his healer, Telemichiel. The herbalist was new, a pretty Redguard woman who tried to talk to him, even after he gave her the note reading "My name is Thaurbad Hulzik and I have an appointment with Telemichiel for eleven o'clock. Please forgive me for not talking, but I have no voicebox anymore."

"Has it started raining yet?" she asked cheerfully. "The diviner said it might."

Thaurbad frowned and shook his head angrily. Why was it that everyone thought that mute people liked to be talked to? Did soldiers who lost their arms like to be thrown balls? It was undoubtedly not a purposefully cruel behavior, but Thaurbad still suspected that some people just liked to prove that they weren't crippled too.

The examination itself was routine horror. Telemichiel performed the regular invasive torture, all the while chatting and chatting and chatting.

"You ought to try talking once in a while. That's the only way to see if you're getting better. If you don't feel comfortable doing it in public, you could try practicing it by yourself," said Telemichiel, knowing his patient would ignore his advice. "Try singing in the bath. You'll probably find you don't sound as bad as you think."

Thaurbad left the examination with the promise of test results in a couple of weeks. On the ferry ride back home, Thaurbad began thinking of next week's temple bulletin. What about a double-border around the "Last Sundas's Offering Plate" announcement? Putting the sermon in two columns instead of one might have interesting effects. It was almost unbearable to think that he couldn't get started on it until Alfiers sent him information.

When she did, it was with the note, "LAST BULLETIN A LITTLE BETTER. NEXT TIME, DON'T USE THE WORD 'FORTUITOUS' IN PLACE OF 'FORTUNATE.' THE WORDS ARE NOT, IF YOU LOOK THEM UP, SYNONYMOUS."

In response, Thaurbad almost followed Telemichiel's advice by screaming obscenities at Gorgos. Instead, he drank a bottle of cheap wine, composed and sent a suitable reply, and fell asleep on the floor.

The next morning, after a long bath, Thaurbad began work on the Bulletin. His idea for putting a light shading effect on the "Special Announcements" section had an amazing textural effect. Alfiers always hated the extra decorations he added to the borders, but using the Feyfolken quill,
they looked strangely powerful and majestic.

Gorgos came to him with a message from Alfiers at that very moment as if in response to the thought. Thaurbad opened it up. It simply said, "I'M SORRY."

Thaurbad kept working. Alfiers's note he put from his mind, sure that she would soon follow it up with the complete message "I'M SORRY THAT NO ONE EVER TAUGHT YOU TO KEEP RIGHT−HAND AND LEFT−HAND MARGINS THE SAME LENGTH" or "I'M SORRY WE CAN'T GET SOMEONE OTHER THAN A WEIRD, OLD MAN AS SCRIBE OF OUR BULLETIN." It didn't matter what she was sorry about. The columns from the sermon notes rose like the massive pillars of roses, crowned with unashamedly ornate headers. The obituaries and birth announcements were framed together with a spherical border, as a heartbreaking declaration of the circle of life. The Bulletin was simultaneously both warm and avant−garde. It was a masterpiece. When he sent it off to Alfiers late that afternoon, he knew she'd hate it, and was glad.

Thaurbad was surprised to get a message from the Temple on Loredas. Before he read the content, he could tell from the style that it wasn't from Alfiers. The handwriting wasn't Alfiers's usual belligerent slashing style, and it wasn't all in Alfiers's usual capital letters, which read like a scream from Oblivion.

"Thaurbad, I thought you should know Alfiers isn't at the Temple anymore. She quit her position yesterday, very suddenly. My name is Vanderthil, and I was lucky enough (let me admit it now, I begged pitifully) to be your new Temple contact. I'm overwhelmed by your genius. I was having a crisis of faith until I read last week's Bulletin. This week's Bulletin is a miracle. Enough. I just wanted to say I'm honored to be working with you. — Vanderthil."

The response on Sundas after the service even astonished Thaurbad. The archpriest attributed the massive increase in attendance and collection plate offerings entirely to the Bulletin. Thaurbad's salary was quadrupled. Gorgos brought over a hundred and twenty messages from his adoring public.

The following week, Thaurbad sat in front of his writing plank, a glass of fine Torvali mead at his side, staring at the blank scroll. He had no ideas. The Bulletin, his child, his second−wife, bored him. The third−rate sermons of the archbishop were absolute anathema, and the deaths and births of the Temple patrons struck him as entirely pointless. Blah blah, he thought as he scribbled on the page.

He knew he wrote the letters B−L−A−H B−L−A−H. The words that appeared on the scroll were, "A necklace of pearl on a white neck."

He scrawled a jagged line across the page. It appeared in through that damned beautiful Feyfolken quill: "Glory to Auri−El."

Thaurbad slammed the quill and poetry spilled forth in a stream of ink. He scratched over the page, blotting over everything, and the vanquished words sprung back up in different form, even more
exquisite than before. Every daub and splatter caused the document to whirl like a kaleidoscope before falling together in gorgeous asymmetry. There was nothing he could do to ruin the Bulletin. Feyfolken had taken over. He was a reader, not an author.

Now," asked the Great Sage. "What was Feyfolken from your knowledge of the School of Conjuration?"

"What happened next?" cried Vonguldak.

"First, tell me what Feyfolken was, and then I'll continue the story."

"You said it was a daedra," said Taksim. "And it seems to have something to do with artistic expression. Was Feyfolken a servitor of Azura?"

"But the scribe may have been imagining all this," said Vonguldak. "Perhaps Feyfolken is a servitor of Sheogorath, and he's gone mad. Or the quill's writing makes everyone who views it, like all the congregation at the Temple of Auri-El go mad."

"Hermaeus Mora is the daedra of knowledge ... and Hircine is the daedra of the wild ... and the daedra of revenge is Boethiah," pondered Taksim. And then he smiled, "Feyfolken is a servitor of Clavicus Vile, isn't it?"

"Very good," said the Great Sage. "How did you know?"

"It's his style," said Taksim. "Assuming that he doesn't want the power of the quill now that he has it. What happens next?"

"I'll tell you," said the Great Sage, and continued the tale.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Conjuration
ID: BookSkill_Conjuration1
"Thaurbad had at last seen the power of the quill," said the Great Sage, continuing his tale. "Enchanted with the daedra Feyfolken, servitor of Clavicus Vile, it had brought him great wealth and fame as the scribe of the weekly Bulletin of the Temple of Auri-El. But he realized that it was the artist, and he merely the witness to its magic. He was furious and jealous. With a cry, he snapped the quill in half.

He turned to finish his glass of mead. When he turned around, the quill was intact.

He had no other quills but the one he had enchanted, so he dipped his finger in the inkwell and wrote a note to Gorgos in big sloppy letters. When Gorgos returned with a new batch of congratulatory messages from the Temple, praising his latest Bulletin, he handed the note and the quill to the messenger boy. The note read: "Take the quill back to the Mages Guild and sell it. Buy me another quill with no enchantments."

Gorgos didn't know what to make of the note, but he did as he was told. He returned a few hours later.

"They wouldn't give us any gold back for it," said Gorgos. "They said it wasn't enchanted. I told 'em, I said 'What are you talking about, you enchanted it right here with that Feyfolken soul gem,' and they said, 'Well, there ain't a soul in it now. Maybe you did something and it got loose.'"

Gorgos paused to look at his master. Thaurbad couldn't speak, of course, but he seemed even more than usually speechless.

"Anyway, I threw the quill away and got you this new one, like you said."

Thaurbad studied the new quill. It was white-feathered while his old quill had been dove gray. It felt good in his hand. He sighed with relief and waved his messenger lad away. He had a Bulletin to write, and this time, without any magic except for his own talent.

Within two days time, he was nearly back on schedule. It looked plain but it was entirely his. Thaurbad felt a strange reassurance when he ran his eyes over the page and noticed some slight errors. It had been a long time since the Bulletin contained any errors. In fact, Thaurbad reflected happily, there were probably other mistakes still in the document that he was not seeing.

He was finishing a final whirl of plain calligraphy on the borders when Gorgos arrived with some
messages from the Temple. He looked through them all quickly, until one caught his eye. The wax seal on the letter read "Feyfolken." With complete bafflement, he broke it open.

"I think you should kill yourself," it read in perfectly gorgeous script.

He dropped the letter to the floor, seeing sudden movement on the Bulletin. Feyfolken script leapt from the letter and coursed over the scroll in a flood, translating his shabby document into a work of sublime beauty. Thaurbad no longer cared about the weird croaking quality of his voice. He screamed for a very long time. And then drank. Heavily.

Gorgos brought Thaurbad a message from Vanderthil, the secretary of the Temple, early Fredas morning, but it took the scribe until mid--morning to work up the courage to look at it. "Good Morning, I am just checking in on the Bulletin. You usually have it in on Turdas night. I'm curious. You planning something special? --- Vanderthil.

Thaurbad responded, "Vanderthil, I'm sorry. I've been sick. There won't be a Bulletin this Sunday" and handed the note to Gorgos before retiring to his bath. When he came back an hour later, Gorgos was just returning from the Temple, smiling.

"Vanderthil and the archpriest went crazy," he said. "They said it was your best work ever."

Thaurbad looked at Gorgos, uncomprehending. Then he noticed that the Bulletin was gone. Shaking, he dipped his finger in the inkwell and scrawled the words "What did the note I sent with you say?"

"You don't remember?" asked Gorgos, holding back a smile. He knew the master had been drinking a lot lately. "I don't remember the exact words, but it was something like, 'Vanderthil, here it is. Sorry it's late. I've been having severe mental problems lately. -- Thaurbad.' Since you said, 'here it is,' I figured you wanted me to bring the Bulletin along, so I did. And like I said, they loved it. I bet you get three times as much letters this Sundas."

Thaurbad nodded his head, smiled, and waved the messenger lad away. Gorgos returned back to the Temple, while his master turned to his writing plank, and pulled out a fresh sheet of parchment.

He wrote with the quill: "What do you want, Feyfolken?"

The words became: "Goodbye. I hate my life. I have cut my wrists."

Thaurbad tried another tact: "Have I gone insane?"

The words became: "Goodbye. I have poison. I hate my life."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"I Thaurbad Hulzik cannot live with myself and my ingratitude. That's why I've put this noose
around my neck."

Thaurbad picked up a fresh parchment, dipped his finger in the inkwell, and proceeded to rewrite the entire Bulletin. While his original draft, before Feyfolken had altered it, had been simple and flawed, the new copy was a scrawl. Lower-case I's were undotted, G's looked like Y's, sentences ran into margins and curled up and all over like serpents. Ink from the first page leaked onto the second page. When he yanked the pages from the notebook, a long tear nearly divided the third page in half. Something about the final result was evocative. Thaurbad at least hoped so. He wrote another note reading, simply, "Use this Bulletin instead of the piece of shit I sent you."

When Gorgos returned with new messages, Thaurbad handed the envelope to him. The new letters were all the same, except for one from his healer, Telemichiel. "Thaurbad, we need you to come in as soon as possible. We've received the reports from Black Marsh about a strain of the Crimson Plague that sounds very much like your disease, and we need to re-examine you. Nothing is definite yet, but we're going to want to see what our options are."

It took Thaurbad the rest of the day and fifteen drams of the stoutest mead to recover. The larger part of the next morning was spent recovering from this means of recovery. He started to write a message to Vanderthil: "What did you think of the new Bulletin?" with the quill. Feyfolken's improved version was "I'm going to ignite myself on fire, because I'm a dying no-talent."

Thaurbad rewrote the note using his finger-and-ink message. When Gorgos appeared, he handed him the note. There was one message in Vanderthil's handwriting. It read, "Thaurbad, not only are you divinely inspired, but you have a great sense of humor. Imagine us using those scribbles you sent instead of the real Bulletin. You made the archbishop laugh heartily. I cannot wait to see what you have next week. Yours fondly, Vanderthil."

The funeral service a week later brought out far more friends and admirers than Thaurbad Hulzik would've believed possible. The coffin, of course, had to be closed, but that didn't stop the mourners from filing into lines to touch its smooth oak surface, imagining it as the flesh of the artist himself. The archbishop managed to rise to the occasion and deliver a better than usual eulogy. Thaurbad's old nemesis, the secretary before Vanderthil, Alfiers came in from Cloudrest, wailing and telling all who would listen that Thaurbad's suggestions had changed the direction of her life. When she heard Thaurbad had left her his quill in his final testament, she broke down in tears. Vanderthil was even more inconsolable, until she found a handsome and delightfully single young man.

"I can hardly believe he's gone and I never even saw him face-to-face or spoke to him," she said. "I saw the body, but even if he hadn't been all burned up, I wouldn't have been able to tell if it was him or not."

"I wish I could tell you there'd been a mistake, but there was plenty of medical evidence," said Telemichiel. "I supplied some of it myself. He was a patient of mine, you see."
"Oh," said Vanderthil. "Was he sick or something?"

"He had the Crimson Plague years ago, that's what took away his voice box, but it appeared to have gone into complete remission. Actually, I had just sent him a note telling him words to that effect the day before he killed himself."

"You're that healer?" exclaimed Vanderthil. "Thaurbad's messenger boy Gorgos told me that he had just picked up that message when I sent mine, complementing him on the new, primative design for the Bulletin. It was amazing work. I never would've told him this, but I had begun to suspect he was stuck in an outmoded style. It turned out he had one last work of genius, before going out in a blaze of glory. Figuratively. And literally."

Vanderthil showed the healer Thaurbad's last Bulletin, and Telemichiel agreed that its frantic, nearly illegible style spoke volumes about the power and majesty of the god Auri-El."

"Now I'm thoroughly confused," said Vonguldak.

"About which part?" asked the Great Sage. "I think the tale is very straight-forward."

"Feyfolken made all the Bulletins beautiful, except for the last one, the one Thaubad did for himself," said Taksim thoughtfully. "But why did he misread the notes from Vanderthil and the healer? Did Feyfolken change those words?"

"Perhaps," smiled the Great Sage.

"Or did Feyfolken changed Thaurbad's perceptions of those words?" asked Vonguldak. "Did Feyfolken make him mad after all?"

"Very likely," said the Great Sage.

"But that would mean that Feyfolken was a servitor of Sheogorath," said Vonguldak. "And you said he was a servitor of Clavicus Vile. Which was he, an agent of mischief or an agent of insanity?"

"The will was surely altered by Feyfolken," said Taksim, "And that's the sort of thing a servitor of Clavicus Vile would do to perpetuate the curse."

"As an appropriate ending to the tale of the scribe and his cursed quill," smiled the Great Sage. "I will let you read into it as you will."

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Conjuration
ID: BookSkill_Conjuration2
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_charterFG
Shor's Tongue

The first song of King Wulfharth is ancient, circa 1E500. After the defeat of the Alessian army at Glenumbria Moors, where King Hoag Merkiller was slain, Wulfharth of Atmora was elected by the Pact of Chieftains. His thu'um was so powerful that he could not verbally swear into the office, and scribes were used to draw up his oaths. Immediately thereafter the scribes wrote down the first new law of his reign: a fiery reinstatement of the traditional Nordic pantheon. The Edicts were outlawed, their priests put to the stake, and their halls set ablaze. The shadow of King Borgas had ended for a span. For his zealotry, King Wulfharth was called Shor's Tongue, and Ysmir, Dragon of the North.

Kyne's Son

The second song of King Wulfharth glorifies his deeds in the eyes of the Old Gods. He fights the eastern Orcs and shouts their chief into Hell. He rebuilds the 418th step of High Hrothgar, which had been damaged by a dragon. When he swallowed a thundercloud to keep his army from catching cold, the Nords called him the Breath of Kyne.

Old Knocker

The third song of King Wulfharth tells of his death. Orkey, an enemy god, had always tried to ruin the Nords, even in Atmora where he stole their years away. Seeing the strength of King Wulfharth, Orkey summoned the ghost of Alduin Time−Eater again. Nearly every Nord was eaten down to six years old. Boy Wulfharth pleaded to Shor, the dead Chieftain of the Gods, to help his people. Shor's own ghost then fought the Time−Eater on the spirit plane, as he did at the beginning of time, and he won, and Orkey's folk, the Orcs, were ruined. As Boy Wulfharth watched the battle in the sky he learned a new thu'um, What Happens When You Shake the Dragon Just So. He used this new magic to change his people back to normal. In his haste to save so many, though, he shook too many years out on himself. He grew older than the Greybeards, and died. The flames of his pyre were said to have reached the hearth of Kyne itself.
The Ash King

The fourth song of King Wulfharth tells of his rebirth. The Dwarves and Devils of the eastern kingdoms had started to fight again, and the Nords hoped they might reclaim their ancient holdings there because of it. They planned an attack, but then gave up, knowing that they had no strong King to lead them. Then in walked the Devil of Dagoth, who swore he came in peace. Moreover, he told the Nords a wondrous thing: he knew where the Heart of Shor was! Long ago the Chief of the Gods had been killed by Elven giants, and they ripped out Shor’s Heart and used it as a standard to strike fear into the Nords. This worked until Ysgramor Shouted Some Sense and the Nords fought back again. Knowing that they were going to lose eventually, the Elven giants hid the Heart of Shor so that the Nords might never have their God back. But here was the Devil of Dagoth with good news! The Dwarves and Devils of the eastern kingdom had his Heart, and this was the reason for their recent unrest. The Nords asked the Devil of Dagoth why he might betray his countrymen so, and he said that the Devils have betrayed each other since the beginning of time, and this was so, and so the Nords believed him. The Tongues sung Shor’s ghost into the world again. Shor gathered an army as he did of old, and then he sucked in the long-strewn ashes of King Wulfharth and remade him, for he needed a good general. But the Devil of Dagoth petitioned to be that general, too, and he pointed out his role as the blessed harbinger of this holy war. So Shor had two generals, the Ash King and the Devil of Dagoth, and he marched on the eastern kingdoms with all the sons of Skyrim.

Red Mountain

The fifth song of King Wulfharth is sad. The survivors of the disaster came back under a red sky. That year is called Sun’s Death. The Devil of Dagoth had tricked the Nords, for the Heart of Shor was not in the eastern kingdoms, and had never been there at all. As soon as Shor’s army had got to Red Mountain, all the Devils and Dwarves fell upon them. Their sorcerers lifted the mountain and threw it onto Shor, trapping him underneath Red Mountain until the end of time. They slaughtered the sons of Skyrim, but not before King Wulfharth killed King Dumalacath the Dwarf-Orc, and doomed his people. Then Vehk the Devil blasted the Ash King into Hell and it was over. Later, Kyne lifted the ashes of the ashes of Ysmir into the sky, saving him from Hell and showing her sons the color of blood when it is brought by betrayal. And the Nords will never trust another Devil again.

The Secret Song of Wulfharth Ash-King

The Truth at Red Mountain

The Heart of Shor was in Resdayn, as Dagoth-Ur had promised. As Shor's army approached the westernmost bank of the Inner Sea, they stared across at Red Mountain, where the Dwemer
armies had gathered. News from the scouts reported that the Chimeri forces had just left Narsis, and that they were taking their time joining their cousins against the Nords. Dagoth–Ur said that the Tribunal had betrayed their King's trust, that they sent Dagoth–Ur to Lorkhan (for that is what they called Shor in Resdayn) so that the god might wreak vengeance on the Dwarves for their hubris; that Nerevar's peace with the Dwemer would be the ruin of the Velothi way. This was the reason for the slow muster, Dagoth–Ur said.

The Armies Grow

And Lorkhan (for that is what they called Shor in Resdayn) said: "I do not wreak vengeance on the Dwarves for the reasons that the Tribunal might believe I do. Nevertheless, it is true that they will die by my hand, and any whoever should side with them. This Nerevar is the son of Boethiah, one of the strongest Padomaics. He is a hero to his people despite his Tribunal, and he shall muster enough that this battle will be harder going still. We will need more than what we have." And so Dagoth–Ur, who wanted the Dwarves as dead as the Tribunal did, went to Kogoran and summoned his House chap'thil, his nix–hounds, his wizards, archers, his stolen men of brass. And the Ash King, Wulfharth, hoary Ysmir, went and made peace with the Orcs in spite of his Nordic blood, and they brought many warriors but no wizards at all. Many Nords could not bring themselves to ally with their traditional enemies, even in the face of Red Mountain. They were close to desertion. Then Wulfharth said: "Don't you see where you really are? Don't you know who Shor really is? Don't you know what this war is?" And they looked from the King to the God to the Devils and Orcs, and some knew, really knew, and they are the ones that stayed.

The Doom Drum

Nerevar carried Keening, a dagger made of the sound of the shadow of the moons. His champions were Dumac Dwarfking, who carried a hammer of divine mass, and Alandro Sul, who was the immortal son of Azura and wore the Wraith Mail. They met Lorkhan at the last battle of Red Mountain. Lorkhan had his Heart again, but he had long been from it, and he needed time. Wulfharth met Sul but could not strike him, and he fell from grievous wounds, but not before shouting Sul blind. Dagoth–Ur met Dumac and slew him, but not before Sunder struck his lord's Heart. Nerevar turned away from Lorkhan and struck down Dagoth–Ur in rage, but he took a mortal wound from Lorkhan in turn. But Nerevar feigned the death that was coming early and so struck Lorkhan with surprise on his side. The Heart had been made solid by Sunder's tuning blow and Keening could now cut it out. And it was cut out and Lorkhan was defeated and the whole ordeal was thought over.
The Armies Grow

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_fivesongsofkingwulfharth
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 Siruliulus 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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_formygodsandemperor
[158] 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_suicidenote
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 Bragar, Bosmer male, fair condition

Held for theft, attempted robbery, conspiracy, consorting with thieves, and resisting arrest.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_fortpelagiadprisonerlog
On Artaeum
By Taurce il–Anselma

The Isle of Artaeum (ar–TAY–um) is the third largest island in the Summurset archipelago, located south of the Moridunon village of Potansa and west of the mainland village of Runcibae. It is best known for being home to the Psijic Order, perhaps the oldest monastic group in Tamriel.

The earliest written record of Psijics is from the 20th year of the First Era and tells the tale of the renowned Breton sage and author Voernet, traveling to the Isle of Artaeum to meet with Iachesis, the Ritemaster of the Psijics. Even then, the Psijics were the counsellors of kings and proponents of the "Elder Way," taught to them by the original race that inhabited Tamriel. The Elder Way is a philosophy of meditation and study said to bind the forces of nature to the individual will. It differs from magicka in origin, but the effects are much the same.

That said, it is perhaps more than coincidence that the Isle of Artaeum literally vanished from the shores of Summurset at the beginning of the Second Era at about the time of the founding of the Mages Guild in Tamriel. Various historians and scholars have published theories about this, but perhaps none but Iachesis and his own could shed light on the matter.

Five hundred years passed and Artaeum returned. The Psijics on the Isle consisted of persons, mostly Elves, who had disappeared and were presumed dead in the Second Era. They could not or would not offer any explanation for Artaeum's whereabouts during that time, or the fate of Iachesis and the original council of Artaeum.

Currently, the Psijics are led by the Loremaster Celarus, who has presided over the Council of Artaeum for the last two hundred and fifty years. The Council's influence in Tamriel and politics is tidal. The kings of Sumurset, particularly those of Moridunon, have often sought the Psijics' opinion. Emperor Uriel V was much influenced by the Council in the early, most glorious parts of his reign, before his disastrous attack on Akavir. It has even been suggested that the fleet of King Oghum of Pyandonea was destroyed by a joint effort of Emperor Antiochus and the Psijic Order. The last four emperors, Uriel VI, Morihatha, Pelagius IV, and Uriel VII, have been suspicious of the Psijics enough to refuse ambassadors from the Isle of Artaeum within the Imperial City.

The Isle of Artaeum is difficult to chart geographically. It is said that it shifts continuously either at random or by decree of the Council. Visitors to the island are so rare as to be almost unheard of. Anyone desirous of a meeting with a Psijic may find contacts in Potansa and Runcibae as well as many of the kingdoms of Summurset.

Were it more accessible, Artaeum would be a favored destination for travelers. I have been to the Isle once and still dream of its idyllic orchards and clear pastures, its still and silent lagoons, its misty woodlands, and the unique Psijic architecture that seems to be as natural as its surroundings as well as wondrous in its own right. The Ceporah Tower in particular I would study, for it is a relic from a civilization that predates the High Elves by several hundred years and is still used in certain rites by the Psijics. Perhaps one day I might return.
[Note: The author is currently on the Isle of Artaeum by gracious consent of Master Sargenius of the Council of Artaeum.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_fragmentonartaeum
Historians often portray the human settlement of Tamriel as a straightforward process of military expansion of the Nords of Skyrim. In fact, human settlers occupied nearly every corner of Tamriel before Skyrim was even founded. These so-called "Nedic peoples" include the proto-Cyrodilians, the ancestors of the Bretons, the aboriginals of Hammerfell, and perhaps a now-vanished Human population of Morrowind. Strictly speaking, the Nords are simply another of these Nedic peoples, the only one that failed to find a method of peaceful accommodation with the Elves who already occupied Tamriel.

Ysgramor was certainly not the first human settler in Tamriel. In fact, in "fleeing civil war in Atmora", as the Song of Return states, Ysgramor was following a long tradition of migration from Atmora; Tamriel had served as a "safety valve" for Atmora for centuries before Ysgramor's arrival. Malcontents, dissidents, rebels, landless younger sons, all made the difficult crossing from Atmora to the "New World" of Tamriel. New archeological excavations date the earliest human settlements in Hammerfell, High Rock, and Cyrodiil at ME800−1000, centuries earlier than Ysgramor, even assuming that the twelve Nord "kings" prior to Harald were actual historical figures.

The Nedic peoples were a minority in a land of Elves, and had no choice but to live peacefully with the Elder Race. In High Rock, Hammerfell, Cyrodiil, and possibly Morrowind, they did just that, and the Nedic peoples flourished and expanded over the last centuries of the Merethic Era. Only in Skyrim did this accommodation break down, an event recorded in the Song of Return. Perhaps, being close to reinforcements from Atmora, the proto-Nords did not feel it necessary to submit to the authority of the Skyrim Elves. Indeed, the early Nord chronicles note that under King Harald, the first historical Nord ruler (1E 113–221), "the Atmoran mercenaries returned to their homeland" following the consolidation of Skyrim as a centralized kingdom. Whatever the case, the pattern was set — in Skyrim, expansion would proceed militarily, with human settlement following the frontier of conquest, and the line between Human territory and Elven territory was relatively clear.

But beyond this "zone of conflict", the other Nedic peoples continued to merge with their Elven neighbors. When the Nord armies of the First Empire finally entered High Rock and Cyrodiil, they found Bretons and proto-Cyrodiils already living there among the Elves. Indeed, the Nords found it difficult to distinguish between Elf and Breton, the two races had already intermingled to such a degree. The arrival of the Nord armies upset the balance of power between the Nedic peoples and
the Elves. Although the Nords' expansion into High Rock and Cyrodiil was relatively brief (less than two centuries), the result was decisive; from then on, power in those regions shifted from the Elves to the Humans.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_frontierconquestaccommodat
During the early bloody years of the Second Era, Vanus Galerion was born under the name Trechtus, a serf on the estate of a minor nobleman, Lord Gyrnasse of Sollicich−on−Ker. Trechtus' father and mother were common laborers, but his father had secretly, against the law of Lord Gyrnasse, taught himself and then Trechtus to read. Lord Gyrnasse had been advised that literate serfs were an abomination of nature and dangerous to themselves and their lords, and had closed all bookstalls within Sollicich−on−Ker. All booksellers, poets, and teachers were forbidden, except within Gyrnasse's keep. Nevertheless, a small scale smuggling operation kept a number of books and scrolls in circulation right under Gyrnasse's shadow.

When Trechtus was eight, the smugglers were found and imprisoned. Some said that Trechtus's mother, an ignorant and religious woman fearful of her husband, was the betrayer of the smugglers, but there were other rumors as well. The trial of the smugglers was nonexistent, and the punishment swift. The body of Trechtus' father was kept hanging for weeks during the hottest summer Sollicich−on−Ker had seen in centuries.

Three months later, Trechtus ran away from Lord Gyrnasse's estate. He made it as far as Alinor, half−way across Summerset Isle. A band of troubadours found him nearly dead, curled up in a ditch by the side of the road. They nursed him to health and employed him as an errand boy in return for food and shelter. One of the troubadours, a soothsayer named Heliand, began testing Trechtus' mind and found the boy, though shy, to be preternaturally intelligent and sophisticated given his circumstances. Heliand recognized in the boy a commonality, for Heliand had been trained on the Isle of Artaeum as a mystic.

When the troupe was performing in the village of Potansa on the far eastern end of Summurset, Heliand took Trechtus, then a boy of eleven, to the Isle of Artaeum. The Magister of the Isle, Iachesis, recognized potential in Trechtus and took him on as pupil, giving him the name of Vanus Galarion. Vanus trained his mind on the Isle of Artaeum, as well as his body.

Thus was the first Archmagister of the Mages Guild trained. From the Psijics of the Isle of Artaeum, he received his training. From his childhood of want and injustice, he received his philosophy of sharing knowledge.
[162] Galerion The Mystic

Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_galerionthemystic
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_galtisguvronsnote
"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 clankin; 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."
[165] Ghost–Free Papers

*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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_uleni's_papers
Zebdusipal 4 eggs
Shanud 9 eggs
Mausur 5 eggs
Kummi 6 eggs

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_gnisiseggmineledger
[167] Gnosis Eggmine Pass

The bearer of this paper may enter the Gnosis 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_gnisiseggminepass
Grasping Fortune
by Serjo Hlaalu Dram Bero

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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_graspingfortune
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.
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 Skar as well. 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, Miner 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 Insmi 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 3
Enchantmet: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_guide_to_ald_ruhn
Guide to Balmora

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 Mamaea to Ghostgate; the path is easy to follow, but dangerous beasts threaten pilgrims who travel this route to Ghostgate shrine.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 3
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_guide_to_balmora
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 Nigiliusis 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 3
Enchantment: –
Teaches: –
ID: bk_guide_to_sadrithmora
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
Temple Compound

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.

**Scroll**

- **Weight:** 0.20
- **Value:** 3
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** bk_guide_to_vivec
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.
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.

Suran 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 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
AZURA'S COAST

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 Ahemmusa 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.

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.

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.

The western highlands of Vvardefell 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.

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.
WEST GASH

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 3
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_guide_to_vvardenfell
Guylaine’s Architecture of the Second Empire

[This is Guylaine Marilie’s outdated but entertainingly written and well–illustrated reference on late Dwemer architecture. Excerpt is from the chapter describing the Second Empire style of approaches and defenses, and mentioning the common formal convention of the "Four Tests". The book also mentions that the Telvanni have adopted this Four Tests convention as an aesthetic element in their defenses and approaches to their towers.]

"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."

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 60
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_guylainesarchitecture
"I think the greatest warrior who ever lived had to be Vilus Nommenus," offered Xiomara. "Name one other warrior who conquered more territory."

"Tiber Septim obviously," said Hallgerd.

"He wasn't a warrior, he was an administrator, a politician," said Garaz. "And besides, acreage conquered can't be final means of determining the best warrior. How about skill with a blade?"

"There are other weapons than blades," objected Xiomara. "Why not skill with an axe or a bow? Who was the greatest master of all weaponry?"

"I can't think of one greatest master of all weaponry," said Hallgerd. "Balaxes of Agia Nero in Black Marsh was the greatest wielder of a lance. Ernse Llervu of the Ashlands is the greatest master of the club I've ever seen. The greatest master of the katana is probably an Akaviri warlord we've never heard of. As far as archery goes —"

"Pelinal Whitestrake supposedly conquered all of Tamriel by himself," interrupted Xiomara.

"That was before the First Era," said Garaz. "It's probably mostly myth. But there are all sorts of great warriors of the modern eras. The Camoran Usurper? The unknown hero who brought together the Staff of Chaos and defeated Jagar Tharn?"

"We can't declare an unknown champion as the greatest warrior. What about Nandor Beraid, the Empress Katariah's champion?" suggested Xiomara. "They said he could use any weapon ever invented."

"But what happened to him?" smiled Garaz. "He was drowned in the Sea of Ghosts because he couldn't get his armor off. Call me overly particular, but I think the greatest warrior in the world should know how to take armor off."

"It's kinda hard to judge ability to wear armor as a skill," said Xiomara. "Either you have basic functionality in a suit of armor or you don't."

"That's not true," said Hallgerd. "There are masters in that as well, people who can do things while wearing armor better than we can out of armor. Have you ever heard of Hlaalu Pasoroth, the
King's great grandfather?

Xiomara and Garaz admitted that they had not.

"This was hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and Pasoroth was the ruler of a great estate which he had won by right of being the greatest warrior in the land. It's been said, and truly, that much of the House's current power is based on Pasoroth's earnings as a warrior. Every week he held games at his castle, pitting his skill against the champions of the neighboring estates, and every week, he won something. His great skill wasn't in the use of weaponry, though he was decent enough with an axe and a long sword, but in his ability to move quickly and with great agility wearing a full suit of heavy mail. There were some who said that he moved faster while wearing armor than he did out of it.

"Some months before this story begins, he had won the daughter of one of his neighbors, a beautiful creature named Mena who he had made his wife. He loved her very much, but he was intensely jealous, and with good reason. She wasn't very pleased with his husbandly skills, and the only reason Mena never strayed was because Pasoroth kept a close eye on her. She was, to put it kindly, naturally amorous and resentful of her position as a prize. Wherever he went, he always brought her with him. At the games, she was placed in a special box so that he could see her even while he competed.

"But his real competition, though he didn't know it, was from a handsome young armorer he also had won at one of his competitions. Mena had noticed him, and the armorer, whose name was Taren, had certainly noticed her."

"This has all the makings of a dirty joke, Hallgerd," said Xiomara, with a smile.

"I swear that it's entirely true," said Hallgerd. "The problem facing the lovers was, of course, that they could never be alone. Perhaps because of this, it became a burning obsession to both of them. Taren decided that the best time for them to consummate their love was during the games. Mena feigned illness, so she didn't have to stay in the box, but Pasoroth visited the sickroom every few minutes between fights, so Taren and Mena could never get together. The sound of Pasoroth's armor clunking up the stairs to visit his sick wife gave Taren the idea.

"He crafted his lord a new suit of armor, strong, and bright, and beautifully decorated. For his purposes, Taren rubbed the leg joints with luca dust so the more he sweated and the more he moved them, the more they'd stick together. After a little while, Taren figured, Pasoroth wouldn't be able to walk very quickly, and wouldn't have enough time in between fights to visit his wife. But just in case, Taren also added bells to the legs which rung loudly when they moved, so the couple would be able to hear him coming in plenty of time.

"When the games commenced the following week, Mena feigned illness again and Taren presented his lord with the new armor. Pasoroth was delighted with it, as Taren hoped he would be, and donned it for his first fight. Taren then stole upstairs to Mena's bedchamber."
"All was silent outside as the two began to make love. Suddenly, Mena noticed a peculiar expression on Taren's face and before she had a chance to ask him about it, his head fell off at the neck. Pasoroth was standing behind him with his axe in hand."

"How did he get upstairs so quickly, with his leg joints gummed up? And didn't they hear the bells ringing?" asked Garaz.

"Well, you see, when Pasoroth realized he couldn't walk on his legs very quickly, he walked on his hands."

"I don't believe it," laughed Xiomara.

"What happened next?" asked Garaz. "Did Pasoroth kill Mena also?"

"No one knows exactly what happened next," said Hallgerd. "Pasoroth didn't return for the next game, nor for the next. Finally, at the fourth game, he returned to fight, and Mena appeared in the box to watch. She didn't appear to be sick anymore. In fact, she was smiling and had a light flush to her face."

"They did it?" cried Xiomara.

"I don't have all the salacious details, except that after the battle, it took ten squires thirteen hours to get Pasoroth's armor off because of all the luca dust mixed with sweat."

"I don't understand, you mean, he didn't take his armor off when they — but how?"

"Like I said," replied Hallgerd. "This is a story about someone who was more agile and accomplished in his armor than out of it."

"Now, that's skill," said Garaz.

---

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 325
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Heavy Armor
ID: bookskill重型盔甲1
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
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.
Hanging Gardens of Wasten Coridale

[This book was apparently written in Dwemer and translated to Aldmeris. Only fragments of the Aldmeris is readable, but it may be enough for a scholar of Aldmeris to translate fragments of other Dwemer books.]

...guide Altmer–Estrial led with foot–flames for the town–center where lay dead the quadrangular gardens...
...asked the foundations and chains and vessels their naming places...
...why they did not use solid sound to teach escape from the Earth Bones nor nourished them with frozen flames...
....the word I shall have once written of, this "art" our lesser cousins speak of when their admirable ignorance...
...but neither words nor experience cleanses the essence of the strange and terrible ways of defying our ancestors' transient rules.

[The translation ends with a comment in Dwemer in a different hand, which you can translate.]
Put down your ardent cutting–globes, Nbthld. Your Aldmeris has the correct words, but they cannot be properly misinterpreted.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 55
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_hanginggardenswasten
...and upon that year of the Reign of Wulfrarth 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.
...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, Maelkashi 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.

Book  
Weight: 6.00  
Value: 10  
Enchantment: 0  
Teaches: –  
ID: bk_bartendersguide_01
[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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_a1_2_antabolistocosades
[182] 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.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Hlaalu_Vaults_Ledger
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: −
ID: bk_HomiliesOfBlessedAlmalexia
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_honorthieves
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_oran
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: writ_saren
[188] Honorable Writ of Execution

[188] Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_sadus
Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_vendu
Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_guril
[191] Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_galasa
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_mavon
[193] Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

---

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_bemis
[195] Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_brilnosu
Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_navil
Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_varro
[198] Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_baladas
[199] Honorable Writ of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: writ_bero
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_therana
[201] Hospitality Papers

*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 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 %PCName the %PCClass, %PCRace, 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 %PCName the %PCClass, %PCRace 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_hospitality_papers
The year was 3E 399 and standing on a mountainside overlooking a vast tract of land between the lands of Menevia and Wayrest was a great and learned judge, an arbitrator and magistrate, impartial in his submission to the law.

"You have a very strong claim to the land, my lad," said the judge. "I won't lie to you about that. But your competition has an equal claim. This is what makes my particular profession difficult at times."

"You would call it my competition?" sneered Lord Bowyn, gesturing to the Orc. The creature, called Gortwog gro−Nagorm, looked up with baleful eyes.

"He has ample documentation to make a claim on the land," the magistrate shrugged. "And the particular laws of our land do not discriminate between particular races. We had a Bosmer regency once, many generations ago."

"But what if a pig or a slaughterfish turned up demanding the property? Would they have the same legal rights as I?"

"If they had the proper papers, I'm afraid so," smiled the judge. "The law is very clear that if two claimants with equal titles to the property are set in deadlock, a duel must be held. Now, the rules are fairly archaic, but I've had opportunity to look them over, and I think they're still valid. The Imperial council agrees."

"What must we do?" asked the Orc, his voice low and harsh, unused to the tongue of the Cyrodiils.

"The first claimant, that's you, Lord Gortwog, may choose the armor and weapon of the duelists. The second claimant, that's you, Lord Bowyn, may choose the location. If you would prefer, either or both you may choose a champion or you may duel yourself."

The Breton and the Orc looked at one another, evaluating. Finally, Gortwog spoke, "The armor will be Orcish and the weapons will be common steel long swords. No enchantments. No wizardry allowed."

"The arena will be the central courtyard of my cousin Lord Berylth's palace in Wayrest," said Bowyn, looking Gortwog in the eye scornfully. "None of your kind will be allowed in to witness."
So it was agreed. Gortwog declared that he would fight the duel himself, and Bowyn, who was a fairly young man and in better than average condition, felt that he could not keep his honor without competing himself as well. Still, upon arriving at his cousin's palace a week before the duel was scheduled, he felt the need to practice. A suit of Orcish armor was purchased and for the first time in his life, Bowyn wore something of tremendous weight and limited facility.

Bowyn and Berylth sparred in the courtyard. In ten minutes times, Bowyn had to stop. He was red−faced and out of breath from trying to move in the armor: to add to his exasperation, he had not scored one blow on his cousin, and had dozens of feinted strikes scored on him.

"I don't know what to do," said Bowyn over dinner. "Even if I knew someone who could fight properly in that beastly steel, I couldn't possibly send in a champion to battle Gortwog."

Berylth commiserated. As the servants cleared the plates, Bowyn stood up in his seat and pointed at one of them: "You didn't tell me you had an Orc in your household!"

"Sir?" whined the elderly specimen, turning to Lord Berylth, certain that he caused offense somehow.

"You mean Old Tunner?" laughed Berylith. "He's been with my house for ages. Would you like him to give you training on how to move in Orcish armor?"

"Would you like me to?" asked Tunner obsequiously.

Unknown to Berylith but known to him now, his servant had once ridden with the legendary Cursed Legion of High Rock. He not only knew how to fight in Orcish armor himself, but he had acted as trainer to other Orcs before retiring into domestic service. Desperate, Bowyn immediately engaged him as his full−time trainer.

"Your try too hard, sir," said the Orc on their first day in the arena. "It is easy to strain yourself in heavy mail. The joints are just so to let you to bend with only a little effort. If you fight against the joints, you won't have any strength to fight your foe."

Bowyn tried to follow Tunner's instructions, but he quickly grew frustrated. And the more frustrated he got, the more intensity he put into his work, which tired him out even quicker. While he took a break to drink some water, Berylith spoke to his servant. If they were optimistic about Bowyn's chances, their faces did not show it.

Tunner trained Bowyn hard the next two days, but her Ladyship Elysora's birthday followed hard upon them, and Bowyn enjoyed the feast thoroughly. A liquor of poppies and goose fat, and cock tinsh with buttered hyssop for a first course; roasted pike, combwort, and balls of rabbit meat for a second; sliced fox tongues, balloom pudding with oyster gravy, battaglir weed and beans for the main course; collequiva ice and sugar fritters for dessert. As Bowyn was settling back afterwards, his eyes weary, he suddenly spied Gortwog and the judge entering the room.
"What are you doing here?" he cried. "The duel's not for another two days!"

"Lord Gortwog asked that we move it to tonight," said the judge. "You were training when my emissary arrived two days ago, but his lordship your cousin spoke for you, agreeing to the change of date."

"But there's no time to assemble my supporters," complained Bowyn. "And I've just devoured a feast that would kill a lesser man. Cousin, how could you neglect to tell me?"

"I spoke to Tunner about it," said Berylith, blushing, unused to deception. "We decided that you would be best served under these conditions."

The battle in the arena was sparsely attended. Saturated with food, Bowyn found himself unable to move very quickly. To his surprise, the armor responded to his lethargy, rotating smoothly and elegantly to each stagger. The more he successfully maneuvered, the more he allowed his mind and not his body to control his defensive and offensive actions. For the first time in his life, Bowyn saw what it was to look through the helmet of an Orc.

Of course, he lost, and rather badly if scores had been tabulated. Gortwog was a master of such battle. But Bowyn fought on for more than three hours before the judge reluctantly called a winner.

"I will name the land Orsinium after the land of my fathers," said the victor.

Bowyn's first thought was that if he must lose to an Orc, it was best that the battle was largely unwatched by his friends and family. As he left the courtyard to go to the bed he had longed for earlier in the evening, he saw Gortwog speaking to Tunner. Though he did not understand the language, he could see that they knew each other. When the Breton was in bed, he had a servant bring the old Orc to him.

"Tunner," he said kindly. "Speak frankly to me. You wanted Lord Gortwog to win."

"That is true," said Tunner. "But I did not fail you. You fought better than you would have fought two days hence, sir. I did not want Orsinium to be won by its king without a fight."

---

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Heavy Armor
ID: bookskill_heavy_armor4
The tale dates to the year 855 of the Second Era, after General Talos had taken the name Tiber Septim and begun his conquest of Tamriel. One of his commanding officers, Beatia of Yliliolos, had been surprised in an ambush while returning from a meeting with the Emperor. She and her personal guard of five soldiers barely escaped, and were separated from their army. They fled across the desolate, sleet-painted rocky cliffs by foot. The attack had been so sudden, they had not even the time to don armor or get to their horses.

"If we can get to the Gorvigh Ridge," hollered Lieutenant Ascutus, gesturing toward a peak off in the mist, his voice barely discernible over the wind. "We can meet the legion you stationed in Porhnak."

Beatia looked across the craggy landscape, through the windswept hoary trees, and shook her head: "Not that way. We'll be struck down before we make it halfway to the mountain. You can see their horses' breath through the trees."

She directed her guard toward a ruined old keep on the frozen isthmus of Nerone, across the bay from Gorvigh Ridge. Jutting out on a promontory of rock, it was like many other abandoned castles in northern Skyrim, remnants of Reman Cyrodiil's protective shield against the continent of Akavir. As they reached their destination and made a fire, they could hear the army of the warchiefs of Danstrar behind them, making camp on the land southwest, blocking the only escape but the sea. The soldiers assessed the stock of the keep while Beatia looked out to the fog-veiled water through the casements of the ruin.

She threw a stone, watching it skip across the ice trailing puffs of mist before it disappeared with a splash into a crack in the surface.

"No food or weaponry to be found, commander," Lieutenant Ascutus reported. "There's a pile of armor in storage, but it's definitely taken on the elements over the years. I don't know if it's salvageable at all."

"We won't last long here," Beatia replied. "The Nords know that we'll be vulnerable when night falls, and this old rock won't hold them off. If there's anything in the keep we can use, find it. We have to make it across the ice floe to the Ridge."

After a few minutes of searching and matching pieces, the guards presented two very grimy,
scuffed and cracked suits of chitin armor. Even the least proud of the adventurers and pirates who had looted the castle over the years had thought the shells of chitin beneath their notice. The soldiers did not dare to clean them: the dust looked to be the only adhesive holding them together.

"They won't offer us much protection, just slow us down," grimaced Ascutus. "If we run across the ice as soon as it gets dark—"

"Anyone who can plan and execute an ambush like the warchiefs of Danstrar will be expecting that. We need to move quickly, now, before they're any closer." Beatia drew a map of the bay in the dust, and then a semicircular path across the water, an arc stretching from the castle to the Gorvigh Ridge. "The men should go the long way across the bay like so. The ice is thick there a ways from the shoreline, and there are a lot of rocks for cover."

"You're not staying behind to hold the castle!"

"Of course not," Beatia shook her head and drew a straight line from the castle to the closest shore across the Bay. "I'll take one of the chitin suits, and try to cross the water here. If you don't see or hear me when you've made it to land, don't wait — just get to Porhnak."

Lieutenant Ascutus tried to dissuade his commander, but he knew that she was would never order one of her men to perform the suicidal act of diversion, that all would die before they reached Gorvigh Ridge if the warlords' army was not distracted. He could find only one way to honor his duty to protect his commanding officer. It was not easy convincing Commander Beatia that he should accompany her, but at last, she relented.

The sun hung low but still cast a diffused glow, illuminating the snow with a ghostly light, when the five men and one woman slipped through the boulders beneath the castle to the water's frozen edge. Beatia and Ascutus moved carefully and precisely, painfully aware of each dull crunch of chitin against stone. At their commander's signal, the four unarmored men dashed towards the north across the ice.

When her men had reached the first fragment of cover, a spiral of stone jutting a few yards from the base of the promontory, Beatia turned to listen for the sound of the army above. Nothing but silence. They were still unseen. Ascutus nodded, his eyes through the helm showing no fear. The commander and her lieutenant stepped onto the ice and began to run.

When Beatia had surveyed the bay from the castle ramparts, the crossing closest to shore had seemed like a vast, featureless plane of white. Now that she was down on the ice, it was even more flat and stark: the sheet of mist rose only up their ankles, but it billowed up at their approach like the hand of nature itself was pointing out their presence to their enemies. They were utterly exposed. It came almost as a relief when Beatia heard one of the warchiefs' scouts whistle a signal to his masters.

They didn't have to turn around to see if the army was coming. The sound of galloping hoofs and the crash of trees giving way was very clear over the whistling wind.
Beatia wished she could risk a glance to the north to see if her men were hidden from view, but she didn't dare. She could hear Ascutus running to her right, keeping pace, breathing hard. He was used to wearing heavier armor, but the chitin joints were so brittle and tight from years of disuse, it was all he could do to bend them.

The rocky shore to the Ridge still looked at eternity away when Beatia felt and heard the first volley of arrows. Most struck the ice at their feet with sharp cracking sounds, but a few nearly found home, ricocheting off their backs. She silently offered a prayer of thanks to whatever anonymous shellsmith, now long dead, had crafted the armor. They continued to run, as the first rain of arrows was quickly followed by a second and a third.

"Thank Stendarr," Ascutus gasped. "If there was only leather in the keep, we'd be pierced through and through. Now if only it weren't... so rigid..."

Beatia felt her own armor joints begin to set, her knees and hips finding more and more resistance with every step. There could be no denying it: they were drawing closer toward the shore, but they were running much more slowly. She heard the first dreadful galloping crunch of the army charging across the floe toward them. The riders were cautious on the slippery ice, not driving their horses at full speed, but Beatia knew that they would be upon the two of them soon.

The old chitin armor could withstand the bite of a few arrows, but not a lance driven with the force of a galloping horse. The only great unknown was time.

The thunder of beating hooves was deafening behind them when Ascutus and Beatia reached the edge of the shore. The giant, jagged stones that strung around the beach blockaded the approach. Beneath their feet, the ice sighed and crackled. They could not stand still, run forward, nor run back. Straining against the tired metal in the armor joints, they took two bounds forward and flew at the boulders.

The first landing on the ice sounded an explosive crack. When they rose for the final jump, it was on a wave of water so cold it felt like fire through the thin armor. Ascutus's right hand found purchase in a deep fissure. Beatia gripped with both hands, but her boulder was slick with frost. Faces pressed to the stone, they could not turn to face the army behind them.

But they heard the ice splintering, and the soldiers cry out in terror for just an instant. Then there was no sound but the whining of the wind and the purring lap of the water. A moment later, there were footsteps on the cliff above.

The four guardsmen had crossed the bay. There were two to pull Beatia up from the face of the boulder, and another two for Ascutus. They strained and swore at the weight, but finally they had their commander and her lieutenant safely on the edge of Gorvigh Ridge.

"By Mara, that's heavy for light armor."
"Yes," smiled Beatia wearily, looking back over the empty broken ice floe, the cracks radiating from the parallel paths she and Ascutus had run. "But sometimes that's good."

[203] Ice and Chiton

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 325
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Light Armor
ID: BookSkill_Light Armor2
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.

Book
Weight: 6.00
Value: 10
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_Im_My_Own_Grandpa
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 Aryn

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_impmuseumwelcome
"The situation simply is this," said Phlaxith, his face as chiseled and resolute as any statue. "Everyone knows that the cemetery west of the city is haunted by some malevolent beings, and has been for many years now. The people have come to accept it. They bury their dead by daylight, and are away before Masser and Secunda have risen and the evil comes forth. The only victims to fall prey to the devils within are the very stupid and the outsiders."

"It sounds like a natural solution to filtering out the undesirables then," laughed Nitrah, a tall, middle-aged woman with cold eyes and thin lips. "Where is the gold in saving them?"

"From the Temple. They're re-opening a new monastery near the cemetery, and they need the land cleansed of evil. They're offering a fortune, so I accepted the assignment with the caveat that I could assemble my own team to split the reward. That's why I've sought you each out. From what I've heard, you, Nitrah, are the best bladesman in Morrowind."

Nitrah smiled her unpleasant best.

"And you, Osmic, are a renowned burglar, though never once imprisoned."

The bald-pated young man stammered as if to refute the charges, before grinning back, "I'll get you in where you need to go. But then it's up to you to do what you need to do. I'm no combatter."

"Anything Nitrah and I can't handle, I'm sure Massitha will prove her mettle," Phlaxith said, turning to the fourth member of the party. "She comes on very good references as a sorceress of great power and skill."

Massitha was the picture of innocence, round-faced and wide-eyed. Nitrah and Osmic looked at her uncertainly, particularly watching her fearful expressions as Phlaxith described the nature of the creatures haunting the cemetery. It was obvious she had never faced any adversary other than man and mer before. If she survived, they thought to themselves, it would be very surprising.

As the foursome trudged toward the graveyard at dusk, they took the opportunity to quiz their new teammate.

"Vampires are filthy creatures," said Nitrah. "Disease-ridden, you know. They say off to the west, they'll indiscriminately pass on their curse together with a number of other afflictions. They don't
do that here so much, but still you don't want to leave their wounds untreated. I take it you know something of the spells of Restoration if one of us gets bit?"

"I know a little, but I'm no Healer," said Massitha meekly.

"More of a Battlemage?" asked Osmic.

"I can do a little damage if I'm really close, but I'm not very good at that either. I'm more of an illusionist, technically."

Nitrah and Osmic looked at one another with naked concern as they reached the gates of the graveyard. There were moving shadows, stray specters among the wrack and ruins, crumbled paths stacked on top of crumbled paths. It wasn't a maze of a place; it could have been any dilapidated graveyard but even without looking at the tombstones, it did have one very noticeable feature. Filling the horizon was the mausoleum of a minor Cyrodilic official from the 2nd Era, slightly exotic but still harmonizing with the Dunmer graves in a complimentary style called decay.

"It's a surprisingly useful School," whispered Massitha defensively. "You see, it's all concerned with magicka's ability to alter the perception of objects without changing their physical compositions. Removing sensual data, for example, to cast darkness or remove sound or smell from the air. It can help by—"

A red-haired vampire woman leapt out of the shadows in front of them, knocking Phlaxith on his back. Nitrah quickly unsheathed her sword, but Massitha was faster. With a wave of her hand, the creature stopped, frozen, her jaws scant inches from Phlaxith's throat. Phlaxith pulled out his own blade and finished her off.

"That's illusion?" asked Osmic.

"Certainly," smiled Massitha. "Nothing changed in the vampire's form, except its ability to move. Like I said, it's a very useful School."

The four climbed up over the paths to the front gateway to the crypt. Osmic snapped the lock and disassembled the poison trap. The sorceress cast a wave of light down the dust-choked corridors, banishing the shadows and drawing the inhabitants out. Almost immediately they were set on by a pair of vampires, howling and screaming in a frenzy of bloodlust.

The battle was joined, so no sooner were the first two vampires felled than their reinforcements attacked. They were mighty warriors of uncanny strength and endurance, but Massitha's paralysis spell and the weaponry of Phlaxith and Nitrah clove through their ranks. Even Osmic aided the battle.

"They're crazy," gasped Massitha when the fight finally ended and she could catch her breath.

"Quarra, the most savage of the vampire bloodlines," said Phlaxith. "We have to find and
Delving into the crypts, the group hounded out more of the creatures. Though they varied in appearance, each seemed to rely on their strength and claws for attacking, and subtlety did not seem to be the style of any. When the entire mausoleum had been searched and every creature within destroyed, the four finally made their way to the surface. It was only an hour until sunrise.

There was no frenzied scream or howl. Nothing rushed forward towards them. The final attack when it happened was so unlike the others that the questors were taken utterly by surprise.

The ancient creature waited until the four were almost out of the cemetery, talking amiably, making plans for spending their share of the reward. He judged carefully who would be the greatest threat, and then launched himself at the sorceress. Had Phlaxith not turned his attention back from the gate, she would have been ripped to shreds before she had a chance to scream.

The vampire knocked Massitha across a stone, its claws raking across her back, but stopped its assault in order to block a blow from Phlaxith's sword. It accomplished this maneuver in its own brutal way, by tearing the warrior's arm from its socket. Osmic and Nitrah set on it, but they found themselves in a losing battle. Only when Massitha had pulled herself back up from behind the pile of rocks, weak and bleeding, that the fight turned. She cast a magickal ball of flame at the creature, which so enraged it that it turned back to her. Nitrah saw her opening and took it, beheading the vampire with a stroke of her sword.

"So you do know some spells of destruction, like you said," said Nitrah.

"And a few spells of healing too," she said weakly. "But I can't save Phlaxith."

The warrior died in the bloodied dust before them. The three were quiet as they traveled across the dawn-lit countryside back toward Necrom. Massitha felt the throb of pain on her back intensify as they walked and then a gradual numbness like ice spread through her body.

"I need to go to a healer and see if I've been diseased," she said as they reached the city.

"Meet us at the Moth and Fire tomorrow morning," said Nitrah. "We'll go to the Temple and get our reward and split it there."

Three hours later, Osmic and Nitrah sat in their room at the tavern, happily counting and recounting the gold marks. Split three ways, it was a very comfortable sum.

"What if the healers can't do anything for Massitha?" smiled Osmic dreamily. "Some diseases can be insidious."

"Did you hear something in the hall?" asked Nitrah quickly, but when she looked, there was no one there. She returned, shutting the door behind her. "I'm sure Massitha will survive if she went straight to the healer. But we could leave tonight with the gold."
"Let's have one last drink to our poor sorceress," said Osmic, leading Nitrah out of the room toward the stairs down.

Nitrah laughed. "Those spells of illusion won't help her track us down, as useful as she keeps saying they are. Paralysis, light, silence —- not so good when you don't know where to look."

They closed the door behind them.

"Invisibility is another spell of illusion," said Massitha's disembodied voice. The gold on the table rose in the air and vanished from sight as she slipped it into her purse. The door again opened and closed, and all was silent until Osmic and Nitrah returned a few minutes later.
For three hundred years I have been a priestess of Azura, the Daedric Princess of Moonshadow, Mother of the Rose, and Queen of the Night Sky. Every Hogithum, which we celebrate on the 21st of First Seed, we summon her for guidance, as well as to offer things of worth and beauty to Her Majesty. She is a cruel but wise mistress. We do not invoke her on any Hogithum troubled by thunderstorms, for those nights belong to the Mad One, Sheogorath, even if they do coincide with the occasion. Azura at such times understands our caution.

Azura's invocation is a very personal one. I have been priestess to three other Daedric Princes, but Azura values the quality of her worshippers, and the truth behind our adoration of her. When I was a Dark Elven maid of sixteen, I joined my grandmother's coven, worshippers of Molag Bal, the Schemer Princess. Blackmail, extortion, and bribery are as much the weapons of the Witches of Molag Bal as is dark magic. The Invocation of Molag Bal is held on the 20th of Evening Star, except during stormy weather. This ceremony is seldom missed, but Molag Bal often appears to her cultists in mortal guise on other dates. When my grandmother died in an attempt to poison the heir of Firewatch, I re-examined my faith in the cult.

My brother was a warlock of the cult of Boethiah—and from what he told me, the Dark Warrior was closer to my spirit than the treacherous Molag Bal. Boethiah is a Warrior Princess who acts more overtly than any other Daedra. After years of skulking and scheming, it felt good to perform acts for a mistress which had direct, immediate consequences. Besides, I liked it that Boethiah was a Daedra of the Dark Elves. Our cult would summon her on the day we called the Gauntlet, the 2nd of Sun's Dusk. Bloody competitions would be held in her honor, and the duels and battles would continue until nine cultists were killed at the hands of other cultists. Boethiah cared little for her cultists—she only cared for our blood. I do think I saw her smile when I accidentally slew my brother in a sparring session. My horror, I think, greatly pleased her.

I left the cult soon after that. Boethiah was too impersonal for me, too cold. I wanted a mistress of greater depth. For the next eighteen years of my life, I worshipped no one. Instead I read and researched. It was in an old and profane tome that I came upon the name of Nocturnal—Nocturnal the Night Mistress, Nocturnal the Unfathomable. As the book prescribed, I called to her on her holy day, the 3rd of Hearth Fire. At last I had found the personal mistress I had so long desired. I strove to understand her labyrinthine philosophy, the source of her mysterious pain. Everything about her was dark and shrouded, even the way she spoke and the acts she required of me. It took years for me to understand the simple fact that I could never understand Nocturnal. Her mystery was as essential to her as savagery was to Boethiah or treachery was to Molag Bal. To understand
Nocturnal is to negate her, to pull back the curtains cloaking her realm of darkness. As much as I loved her, I recognized the futility of unraveling her enigmas. I turned instead to her sister, Azura.

Azura is the only Daedra Princess I have ever worshipped who seems to care about her followers. Molag Bal wanted my mind, Boethiah wanted my arms, and Nocturnal perhaps my curiosity. Azura wants all of that, and our love above all. Not our abject slavering, but our honest and genuine caring in all its forms. It is important to her that our emotions be engaged in her worship. And our love must also be directed inward. If we love her and hate ourselves, she feels our pain. I will, for all time, have no other mistress.
[208] Invoice

Imperial Bedding Supplies
Invoice

For immediate delivery to:

Drarayne Thelas
of Balmora in Vvardenfell

40 pillows

Shipped: 8th day of Morning Star, 3E426

---

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_pillowinvoice
Finished repairing the floor today. Please pay what you owe. Remember, I can let the goblin loose just as easily as I trapped him.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 10
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Teran_invoice
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.]
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_jeleen
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!

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_fryssajournal
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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_falljournal_unique
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notes−kagouti mating habits
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'.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_kagrenac'sjournal_excl
[216] Kagrenac's Planbook

Kagrenac's Plan

Book

[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'.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_kagrenac'splans_excl
Beneath Red Mountain, Dwemer miners discovered a great magical stone. By diverse methods, Lord Kagrenac, High Priest and Magecraft 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_kagrenac'stools
For several warm summer days in the year 3E 407, a young, pretty Dunmer woman in a veil regularly visited one of the master armorers in the city of Tear. The locals decided that she was young and pretty by her figure and her poise, though no one ever saw her face. She and the armorer would retire to the back of his shop, and he would close down his business and dismiss his apprentices for a few hours. Then, at mid-afternoon, she would leave, only to return at precisely the same time the next day. As gossip goes, it was fairly meager stuff, though what the old man was doing with such a well dressed and attractively proportioned woman was the source of several crude jokes. After several weeks, the visits stopped, and life returned to normal in the slums of Tear.

It was not until a month or two after the visits had stopped, that in one of the many taverns in the neighborhood, a young local tailor, having imbibed too much sauce, asked the armorer, "So whatever happened to your lady friend? You break her heart?"

The armorer, well aware of the rumors, simply replied, "She is a proper young lady of quality. There was nothing between her and the likes of me."

"What was she doing at your shop every day for?" asked the tavern wench, who had been dying to get the subject open.

"If you must know," said the armorer. "I was teaching her the craft."

"You're putting us on," laughed the tailor.

"No, the young lady had a particular fascination with my particular kind of artistry," the armorer said, with a hint of pride before getting lost in the reverie. "I taught her how to mend swords specifically, from all kinds of nicks and breaks, hairline fissures, cracked pommels, quillons, and grips. When she first started, she had no idea how to secure the grips to the tang of the blade... Well, of course she was green to start off with, why wouldn't she be? But she weren't afraid to get her hands dirty. I taught her how to patch the little inlaid silver and gold filigree you find on really fine blades, and how to polish it all to a mirror sheen so the sword looks like the gods just pulled it from their celestial anvil."

The tavern wench and the tailor laughed out loud. No matter what he alleged, the armorer was speaking of the young lady's training as another man speaks of a long lost love.
More of the locals in the tavern would have listened to the armorer’s pathetic tale, but more important gossip had taken precedence. There was another murdered slave-trader found in the center of town, gutted from fore to aft. That made six of them total in barely a fortnight. Some called the killer "The Liberator," but that sort of anti-slavery zeal was rare among the common folk. They preferred calling him "The Lopper," as several of the earlier victims had been completely beheaded. Others had been simply perforated, sliced, or gutted, but "The Lopper" still kept his original sobriquet.

While the enthusiastic hooligans made bets about the condition of the next slave-trader's corpse, several dozen of the surviving members of that trade were meeting at the manor house of Serjo Dres Minegaur. Minegaur was a minor houseman of House Dres, but a major member of the slave-trading fraternity. Perhaps his best years were behind him, but his associates still counted on him for wisdom.

"We need to take what we know of this Lopper and search accordingly," said Minegaur, seated in front of his opulent hearth. "We know he has an unreasonable hatred of slavery and slave-traders. We know he is skilled with a blade. We know he has the stealth and finesse to execute our most well-secured brethren in their most secure abodes. It sounds to me to be an adventurer, an Outlander. Surely no citizen of Morrowind would strike at us like this."

The slave-traders nodded in agreement. An Outlander seemed most likely for their troubles. It was always true.

"Were I fifty years younger, I would take down my blade Akrash from the hearth," Minegaur made an expansive gesture to the shimmering weapon. "And join you in seeking out this terror. Search him out where adventurers meet — taverns and guildhalls. Then show him a little lopping of my own."

The slave-traders laughed politely.

"You wouldn't let us borrow your blade for the execution, I suppose, would you, Serjo?" asked Soron Jeles, a young toadying slaver enthusiastically.

"It would be an excellent use for Akrash," sighed Minegaur. "But I vowed to retire her when I retired."

Minegaur called for his daughter Peliah to bring the slavers more flin, but they waved the girl away. It was to be a night for hunting the Lopper, not drinking away their troubles. Minegaur heartily approved of their devotion, particular as expensive as the liquor was getting to be.

When the last of the slavers had left, the old man kissed his daughter on the head, took one last admiring look at Akrash, and toddled off to his bed. No sooner had he done so then Peliah had the blade off the mantle, and was flying with it across the field behind the manor house. She knew Kazagh had been waiting for her for hours in the stables.
He sprung out at her from the shadows, and wrapping his strong, furry arms around her, kissed her long and sweet. Holding him as long as she dared to, she finally broke away and handed him the blade. He tested its edge.

"The finest Khajiiti swordsmith couldn't hone an edge this keen," he said, looking at his beloved with pride. "And I know I nicked it up good last night."

"That you did," said Peliah. "You must have cut through an iron cuirass."

"The slavers are taking precautions now," he replied. "What did they say during their meeting?"

"They think it's an Outlander adventurer," she laughed. "It didn't occur to any of them that a Khajiiti slave would possess the skill to commit all these 'loppings.'"

"And your father doesn't suspect that it's his dear Akrash that is striking into the heart of oppression?"

"Why would he, when every day he finds it fresh as the day before? Now I must go before anyone notices I'm gone. My nurse sometimes comes in to ask me some detail about the wedding, as if I had any choice in the matter at all."

"I promise you," said Kazagh very seriously. "You will not be forced into any marriage to cement your family's slave-dealing dynasty. The last scabbard Akrash will be sheathed into will be your father's heart. And when you are an orphan, you can free the slaves, move to a more enlightened province, and marry who you like."

"I wonder who that will be," Peliah teased, and raced out of the stables.

Just before dawn, Peliah awoke and crept out to the garden, where she found Akrash hidden in the bittergreen vines. The edge was still relatively keen, but there were scratches vertically across the blade's surface. Another beheading, she thought, as she took pumice stone and patiently rubbed out the marks, finally polishing it with a solution of salt and vinegar. It was up on the mantle in pristine condition when her father came into the sitting room for his breakfast.

When the news came that Kemillith Torom, Peliah's husband-to-be, had been found outside of a canton, his head on a spike some feet away, she did not have to pretend to grieve. Her father knew she did not want to marry him.

"It is a shame," he said. "The lad was a good slaver. But there are plenty of other young men who would appreciate an alliance with our family. What about young Soron Jeles?"

Two days nights later, Soron Jeles was visited by the Lopper. The struggle did not take long, but Soron had had armed himself with one small defense — a needle dipped in the ichor of poisonplant, hidden up his sleeve. After the mortal blow, he collapsed forward and stuck Kazagh
in the calf with the pin. By the time he made it back to the Minegaur manorhouse, he was dying.

Vision blurring, he climbed up to the eaves of the house to Peliah's window and rapped. Peliah did not answer immediately, as she was in a deep, wonderful sleep, dreaming about her future with her Khajiiti lover. He rapped louder, which woke up not only Peliah, but also her father in the next room.

"Kazagh!" she cried, opening up the window. The next person in the bedroom was Minegaur himself.

As he saw it, this slave, his property, was about to lop off the head of his daughter, his property, with his sword, his property. Suddenly, with the energy of a young man, Minegaur rushed at the dying Khajiit, knocking the sword out of his hand. Before Peliah could stop him, her father had thrust the blade into her lover's heart.

The excitement over, the old man dropped the sword and turned to the door to call the Guard. As an after thought, it occurred to him to make certain that his daughter hadn't been injured and might require a Healer. Minegaur turned to her. For a moment, he felt simply disoriented, feeling the force of the blow, but not the blade itself. Then he saw the blood and then felt the pain. Before he fully realized that his daughter had stabbed him with Akrash, he was dead. The blade, at last, found its scabbard.

A week later, after the official investigations, the slave was buried in an unmarked grave in the manor field, and Serjo Dres Minegaur found his resting place in a modest corner of the family's opulent mausoleum. A larger crowd of curious onlookers came to view the funeral of the noble slaver whose secret life was as the savage Lopper of his competitors. The audience was respectfully quiet, though there was not a person there not imagining the final moments of the man's life. Attacking his own daughter in his madness, luckily defended by the loyal, hapless slave, before turning the blade on himself.

Among the viewers was an old armorer who saw for one last time the veiled young lady before she disappeared forever from Tear.

---

**Book**

*Weight: 3.00*

*Value: 250*

*Enchantment: 0*

*Teaches: Armorer*

*ID: BookSkill_Armorer2*
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.
Legions of the Dead

Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_legionsofthedead
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_letterfromgadayn
[221] Letter From J'Zhirr

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_letterfromjzhirr
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%

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_letterfromllaalam
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%

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_letterfromllaalam2
[224] Letter from Ocato

[224] Letter from Ocato

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 %PCName. From this day forward, %PCName 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ocato_recommendation
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BMtrial_unique
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_miungei
Dearest Senilies,

The bearer of this note, %PCName, has provided useful service, and shown considerable resourcefulness. I have employed %PCName in retrieving an item from Arkngthand, so you can count on some familiarity with Dwemer ruins. If you have a place, I believe %PCName 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_2_introtocadiusus
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_LivesOfTheSaints
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_BM_StoneMap
Women's Verse I:
Every winter season,
Except for the reason
Of one war or another
(Really quite a bother),
The Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Request their vassals come and cavort.
On each and every ball,
The first man at the Hall
Is Lord Ogin Jornibret of Gaer,
The Curse of all the Maidens Fair.

Women's Refrain:
Oh, dear ladies, beware.
Dearest, dearest ladies, take care.
Though he's a very handsome man,
If you dare to take his handsome hand,
The nasty little spell will be cast
And your first dance with him will be the last.

Men's Verse I:
At this social event
Everyone who went
Knew the bows and stances
And steps to all the dances.
The Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Would order a trumpet's wild report,
And there could be no indecision
As the revelers took position.
The first dance only ladies, separate
Away from such men as Lord Jornibret.

Men's Refrain:
Oh, dear fellows, explain.
Brothers, can you help make it plain:
The man's been doing this for years,
Leaving maidens fair in tears
Before the final tune's been blast.
And her first dance with him will be the last.

Women's Verse II:
Lord Ogin Jornibret of Gaer
Watched the ladies dance on air
The loveliest in the realm.
A fellow in a ursine−hide helm
Said, "The Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Have put together quite a sport.
Which lady fair do you prefer?"
Lord Jornibret pointed, "Her.
See that bosom bob and weave.
Well−suited for me to love and leave."

Women's Refrain.

Men's Verse II:
The man in the mask of a bear
Had left the Lord of Gaer
Before the ladies’ dance was ending.
Then a trumpet sounded, portending
That the Queen of Rimmen and her consort
Called for the men to come to court.
Disdainful, passing over all the rest,
Ogin approached she of bobbing breast.
She was rejected, saved a life of woe,
For a new maiden as fair as snow.

Men's Refrain.

Women's Verse III:
At the first note of the band,
The beauty took Ogin's hand.
She complimented his stately carriage
Dancing to the tune about the marriage
Of the Queen of Rimmen and her consort.
It is very difficult indeed to comport
With grace, neither falling nor flailing,
Wearing ornate hide and leather mailing,
Dancing light as the sweetest of dreams
Without a single squeak of the seams.
Women's Refrain.

Men's Verse III:
The rhythms rose and fell
No one dancing could excel
With masculine grace and syncopation,
Lord Jornibret even drew admiration
From the Queen of Rimmen and her consort.
Like a beauteous vessel pulling into port,
He silently slid, belying the leather's weight.
She whispered girlishly, "The hour is late,
But I've never seen such grace in hide armor."
It 'twas a pity he knew he had to harm her.

Men's Refrain

Women's Verse IV
The tune beat was furious
He began to be curious
Where had the maiden been sequest'ed.
"Before this dance was requested
By the consort and his Queen of Rimmen
I didn't see you dance with the women."
"My dress was torn as I came to the dance."
She said smiling in a voice deep as a man's,
"My maids worked quickly to repair,
While I wore a suit of hide, a helm of a bear."

Women's Refrain.

— End

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Light Armor
ID: bookskill_light_armor3
I. Purpose
The Guild of Mages provides benefits to scholars of magic and established laws regarding the proper use of magic. The Guild is dedicated to the collection, preservation, and distribution of magical knowledge with an emphasis on ensuring that all citizens of Tamriel benefit from this knowledge.

II. Authority
The Guild of Mages was established on Summerset Isle in the year 230 of the Second Era by Vanus Galerion and Rilis XII. It was later confirmed by the "Guilds Act" of Potentate Versidue–Shaie.

III. Rules and Procedures
Crimes against fellow members of the Guild are treated with the harshest discipline. Whether a member may regain their status in the Guild is determined by the Arch–Mage.

IV. Membership Requirements
The Guild of Mages only accepts candidates of keen intelligence and dominant will. Candidates must exhibit mastery in the great schools of magic: Destruction, Alteration, Illusion, and Mysticism. Candidates must also display practical knowledge of enchantments and alchemical processes.

V. Applications for Membership
Candidates must present themselves to the Steward of the Guild Hall for examination and approval.
ATTACHMENT A: Mages Guild Chapters in Vvardenfell District, Province of Morrowind

Chapters are established in Guild–owned, free–standing guildhalls in the towns of Ald'ruhn, Balmora, and Caldera. 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_charterMG
Buoyant Armiger's Map of Red Mountain

Citadel Vemynal: northwest
Citadel Tureynulal: northeast
Citadel Dagoth: center
Citadel Endusal: southwest
Citadel Odrosal: southeast
Ghostgate: south

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_red_mountain_map
The Temple of Two-Moons Dance in Torval has for many hundreds of years been the finest training ground in all Tamriel for warriors of foot and fist. The masters teach students of all ages from all parts of the Empire the most ancient techniques and the most modern variations, and many a former pupil has graduated to great fame. I myself trained there, and as a young child I remember asking my first master, Zoaraym, which former student he felt had best learned the lessons of the Temple.

"I was not a teacher when I met this man, but a student myself," he said, smiling in reminiscence, his great wrinkled face becoming even more like the withered fruit of the bathrum tree. "This was long ago, before your parents were born. For many years I had trained at the Temple, rising to study in more difficult and demanding classes taught by the wisest and most learned Masters of the Two-Moons Dance.

"Gi'Nanth, you will come to understand that the tempering of your body must attend the tempering of your mind, and there is a prescribed order of training we at the Temple have designed over the years in concordance with the way of Riddle'Thar. I had reached the highest level, where my power and skill were such that even by supernatural, magical means, few could ever could ever best me in weaponless combat.

"There was a servant at the Temple at the time, a Dunmer a few years older than myself and those in my class. We had never noticed him but in passing over the years, for he would enter the training chambers quietly, clean for a few minutes' time, and leave without saying a word. Not that we would have listened if he spoke, so enraptured were we in our exercises and lessons.

"When our last Master told some of us, myself included, that the time had come for us to leave the Temple or become teachers, there was a great festival of celebration. The Mane itself deigned to visit and observe our ceremony. As we were and are a Temple of philosophy and combat, there were contests of debate and competitions in the Temple's war arena, not only among the elite few, but open to all students.

"On the first day of the festival, I was examining the gladiatorial roster to see who I would fight with first, when I heard a conversation behind me: the servants speaking to the archpriest of the Temple. It was the first time I heard the Dunmer's voice, and the first time I heard his name.

"I understand you wish to rejoin your people's struggle in Morrowind, Taren,' the archpriest was
saying. 'I am sorry to hear it. You have been an institution here for many, many years, and you will be missed. If there's anything I can do for you, please name it.'

"Thank you for your kindness,' the Dunmer replied. 'I do have a request, but I fear you would be loath to grant it. Ever since I first came to the Temple, I have been watching the students learn, and practiced myself when my duties allowed for it. I know I am but a servant here, but I would be honored if you would allow me to compete in the war arena.'

"I stifled back my gasp at the mer's impertinence, to even suggest that he would be worthy to fight with those of us who had trained so hard. To my surprise, the archpriest agreed, adding the name Taren Omathan to the roster at the beginners' level. I was eager to whisper the news to my fellow elite students, but my first bout was scheduled to begin in a few minutes' time.

"I fought eighteen competitions in a row, besting all. The crowd gathered in the arena knew of my prowess, and gave polite, unsurprised applause at the end of each fight. As much as I focused on my own battles, I could not help noticing that other competitions were receiving more and more attention in the arena. The spectators whispered among themselves, and more began drifting away to see something that was evidently more spectacular and unusual than my unbroken string of victories.

"One of the most important lessons we teach from the Two–Moons Dance is the lesson of rejecting one's vanity. I understood then the importance of achieving a personal synchronicity with one's body and mind, of rebuffing outside influences of no importance, but I admit I had not accepted the lesson in my heart. I knew I was good, but my pride was hurt.

"It came down to a contest of champions, and I was one of the two. When I saw who the other fighter would be, my mood turned from one of wounded dignity to complete disbelief. My adversary was the servant, Taren.

"It must be a joke, or some final philosophical test, I reasoned. Then I looked into the crowd, and saw anticipation of a great battle to come in every eye. We gave one another the sign of respect, I stiffly and he with great elegance and modesty. The fight began.

"Initially, I sought to end it quickly, still thinking that he was unworthy to be cleaning the arena, let alone fighting in it. In retrospect, I was being illogical, as I must have known he had bested as many students as I to had reach that final level. He offered simple counterblows to my attacks, and responded in kind. His style was expansive, encompassing sophisticated arcane foot play one moment and simple jabs and kicks the next. I tried assailments intended to dazzle, but his face never showed either fear or contempt of my abilities.

"The fight lasted for a long time. I don't recall when I realized I was destined to lose, but when it ended, I was not surprised with the outcome. With a sense of unusual and true modesty, I bowed to him. But I could not resist asking him as we left the arena to the sound of thunderous applause how he had so secretly grown to become a Master.
"'I never had a choice to rise in the Temple,' Taren replied. 'Every day, I cleaned the training chambers of the elite classes and then the beginners'. So you see, I never had the misfortune to forget those early mistakes, lessons, and techniques while observing and learning the ways of the Masters.'

"He left Torval early the next morning to return to his homeland, and I never saw him again, though I've heard people saw that he's become a priest and a teacher. I became a teacher as well, for children just beginning their training in the Two-Moons, as well as the elite. And I make certain to bring my best pupils to see the how the unlearned fight, so that they might never forget."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Hand–to–hand
ID: bookskill_hand to hand5
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a2_2_dagoth_message
[235] Message from Master Aryon

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_messagefrommasteraryon
[236] Messenger Scroll

**[236] Messenger Scroll**

Scroll  
Weight: 1.00  
Value: 129  
Enchantment: 100  
Teaches: –  
ID: sc_messengerscroll
[237] Milyn Faram's Scroll

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 211
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_summondaedroth_hfo
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_v_vivecinformants
The Legions could learn from the unconventional tactics used by the Khajiit in the Five Years War against Valenwood. I was stationed at the Sphinxmoth Legion Fort on the border near Dune and witnessed many of the northern skirmishes firsthand.

The war started with the so-called "Slaughter of Torval." The Khajiit claim that the Bosmer invaded the city without provocation and killed over a thousand citizens before being driven off by reinforcements from a nearby jungle tribe. The Bosmer claim that the attack was in retaliation for Khajiti bandits who were attacking wood caravans headed for Valenwood.

In the spring of 3E 396 the war moved closer to Fort Sphinxmoth. I was posted on lookout and saw parts of the conflict. I later spoke with both Khajiit and Bosmer who fought in the battle, and it will serve as an excellent example of how the Khajiit used a mixture of ground and tree units to win the war.

The Khajiit began the fight in an unusual way by sending tree-cutting teams of Cathay-raht and the fearsome Senche-raht or "Battlecats" into the outskirts of Valenwood's forests. When word reached the Bosmer that trees were being felled (allegedly a crime in the strange Bosmeri religion), a unit of archers were dispatched from larger conflicts in the south. The Bosmer were thus goaded into splitting their forces into smaller groups.

The Bosmer archers took up positions in the remaining trees whose branches were now twenty or more feet apart, allowing some light into the forest floor. The Bosmer bent the remaining trees with their magics into small fortifications from which to fire their bows.

When the tree-cutters arrived the next morning, a half dozen Khajiit fell to the Bosmer arrows in the first volley. After that the Khajiit took large wooden shields from the backs of the Senche-raht and made a crude shelter. The Khajiit, even the enormous Senche-raht, were able to hide between this shelter and one of the larger trees. When it became apparent that the Khajiit would not leave their shelter, some Bosmer choose to descend and engage the Khajiit sword-to-claw.

When the Bosmer were nearly upon the shelter, one of the Khajiit began playing on a native instrument of plucked metal bars. This was a signal of some kind, and a small group of the
man–like Ohmes and Ohmes–raht emerged from covered holes on the forest floor. Although outnumbered, they were attacking from behind by surprise and won the ground quickly.

The Bosmer archers in the trees would have still won the battle were they not having troubles of their own. A group of Dagi and Dagi–raht, two of the less common forms of Khajiit who live in the trees of the Tenmar forest, jumped from one tree to another under a magical cover of silence. They took up positions in the higher branches that could not hold a Bosmer's weight. When the signal came, they used their claws and either torches or spells of fire (accounts from the two survivors I spoke with vary on this point) to distract the archers while the battle on the ground took place. A few of the archers were able to flee, but most were killed.

Apparently the Dagi and Dagi–raht have more magical ability than is widely believed if they were able to keep themselves magically silenced for so long. One of the surviving Bosmer told me that he saw a few ordinary cats among the Dagi and even claimed that these ordinary cats are known as 'Alfiq' and that they were the spellcasters, but Bosmer are almost as unreliable as the Khajiit when it comes to the truth, and I cannot believe that a housecat can cast spells.

At the end of the day the Khajiit lost perhaps a half–dozen fighters out a force of no more than four dozen, while the Bosmer lost nearly an entire company of archers. The survivors were unable to report back before a second company of archers arrived and this strategy was repeated again, with similar results. Finally, a much larger force was sent and the Bosmer won that battle with the help of the native animals of Valenwood. That third skirmish and the Khajiit response I will discuss in the second volume of this series.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_MixedUnitTactics
Akavir means "Dragon Land". Tamriel means "Dawn's Beauty." Atmora means "Elder Wood". Only the Redguards know what Yokuda ever meant.

Akavir is the kingdom of the beasts. No Men or Mer live in Akavir, though Men once did. These Men, however, were eaten long ago by the vampiric Serpent Folk of Tsaesci. Had they not been eaten, these Men would have eventually migrated to Tamriel. The Nords left Atmora for Tamriel. Before them, the Elves had abandoned Aldmeris for Tamriel. The Redguards destroyed Yokuda so they could make their journey. All Men and Mer know Tamriel is the nexus of creation, where the Last War will happen, where the Gods unmade Lorkhan and left their Adamantine Tower of secrets. Who knows what the Akaviri think of Tamriel, but ask yourself: why have they tried to invade it three times or more?

There are four major nations of Akavir: Kamal, Tsaesci, Tang Mo, and Ka Po' Tun. When they are not busy trying to invade Tamriel, they are fighting with each other.

Kamal is "Snow Hell". Demons live there, armies of them. Every summer they thaw out and invade Tang Mo, but the brave monkey-folk always drive them away. Once Ada'Soom Dir−Kamal, a king among demons, attempted to conquer Morrowind, but Almalexia and the Underking destroyed him at Red Mountain.

Tsaesci is "Snake Palace", once the strongest power in Akavir (before the Tiger−Dragon came). The serpent-folk ate all the Men of Akavir a long time ago, but still kind of look like them. They are tall, beautiful (if frightening), covered in golden scales, and immortal. They enslave the goblins of the surrounding isles, who provide labor and fresh blood. The holdings of Tsaesci are widespread. When natives of Tamriel think of the Akaviri they think of the Serpent−Folk, because one ruled the Cyrodilic Empire for four hundred years in the previous era. He was Potentate Versidue−Shaie, assassinated by the Morag Tong.

Tang Mo is the "Thousand Monkey Isles". There are many breeds of monkey-folk, and they are all kind, brave, and simple (and many are also very crazy). They can raise armies when they must, for all of the other Akaviri nations have, at one time or another, tried to enslave them. They cannot decide who they hate more, the Snakes or the Demons, but ask one, and he will probably say, "Snakes". Though once bitter enemies, the monkey-folk are now allies with the tiger-folk of Ka Po' Tun.

Ka Po' Tun is the "Tiger−Dragon's Empire". The cat-folk here are ruled by the divine Tosh Raka, the Tiger−Dragon. They are now a very great empire, stronger than Tsaesci (though not at sea).
After the Serpent–Folk ate all the Men, they tried to eat all the Dragons. They managed to enslave the Red Dragons, but the black ones had fled to (then) Po Tun. A great war was raged, which left both the cats and the snakes weak, and the Dragons all dead. Since that time the cat–folk have tried to become the Dragons. Tosh Raka is the first to succeed. He is the largest Dragon in the world, orange and black, and he has very many new ideas.

"First," Tosh Raka says, "is that we kill all the vampire snakes." Then the Tiger–Dragon Emperor wants to invade Tamriel.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_MysteriousAkavir
The year was 3E 405. The occasion was the millennial celebration of the founding of the Breton Kingdom of Camlorn. Every grand boulevard and narrow alley was strung with gold and purple banners, some plain, some marked with the heraldic symbols of the Royal Family or the various principalities and dukedoms which were vassals of the King. Musicians played in the plazas great and small, and on every street corner was a new exotic entertainer: Redguard snake charmers, Khajiiti acrobats, magicians of genuine power and those whose flamboyant skill was equally impressive if largely illusion.

The sight that drew most of the male citizens of Camlorn was the March of Beauty. A thousand comely young women, brightly and provocatively dressed, danced their way down the long, wide main street of the city, from the Temple of Sethiete to the Royal Palace. The menfolk jostled one another and craned their necks, picking their favorites. It was no secret that they were all prostitutes, and after the March and the Flower Festival that evening, they would be available for more intimate business.

Gyna attracted much of the attention with her tall, curvaceous figure barely covered by strips of silk and her curls of flaxen hair specked with flower petals. In her late twenties, she wasn't the youngest of the prostitutes, but she was certainly one of the most desirable. It was clear by her demeanor that she was used to the lascivious glances, though she was far from jaded at the sight of the city in splendor. Compared to the squalid quarter of Daggerfall where she made her home, Camlorn at the height of celebration seemed so unreal. And yet, what was even stranger was how, at the same time, familiar it all looked, though she had never been there before.

The King's daughter Lady Jyllia rode out of the palace gates, and immediately cursed her misfortune. She had completely forgotten about the March of Beauty. The streets were snarled, at a standstill. It would take hours to wait for the March to pass, and she had promised her old nurse Ramke a visit in her house south of the city. Jyllia thought for a moment, picturing in her mind the arrangement of streets in the city, and devised a shortcut to avoid the main street and the March.

For a few minutes she felt very clever as she wound her way through tight, curving side streets, but presently she came upon temporary structures, tents and theaters set up for the celebration, and had to improvise a new path. In no time at all, she was lost in the city where she had lived all but five
years of her life.

Peering down an alley, she saw the main avenue crowded with the March of Beauty. Hoping that it was the tale end, and desirous not to be lost again, Lady Jyllia guided her horse toward the festival. She did not see the snake-charmer at the mouth of the alley, and when his pet hissed and spread its hood, her charge reared up in fear.

The women in the parade gasped and surged back at the sight, but Lady Jyllia quickly calmed her stallion down. She looked abashed at the spectacle she had caused. "My apologies, ladies," she said with a mock military salute.

"It's all right, madam," said a blonde in silk. "We'll be out of your way in a moment."

Jyllia stared as the March passed her. Looking at that whore had been like looking in a mirror. The same age, and height, and hair, and eyes, and figure, almost exactly. The woman looked back at her, and it seemed as if she was thinking the same thing.

And so Gyna was. The old witches who sometimes came in to Daggerfall had sometimes spoke of doppelgangers, spirits that assumed the guise of their victims and portended certain death. Yet the experience had not frightened her: it seemed only one more strangely familiar aspect of the alien city. Before the March had danced it way into the palace gates, she had all but forgotten the encounter.

The prostitutes crushed into the courtyard, as the King himself came to the balcony to greet them. At his side was his chief bodyguard, a battlemage by the look of him. As for the King himself, he was a handsome man of middle age, rather unremarkable, but Gyna was awed at the sight of him. A dream, perhaps. Yes, that was it: she could see him as she had dreamt of him, high above her as he was now, bending now to kiss her. Not a one of lust as she had experienced before, but one of small fondness, a dutiful kiss.

"Dear ladies, you have filled the streets of the great capitol of Camlorn with your beauty," cried the King, forcing a silence on the giggling, murmuring assembly. He smiled proudly. His eyes met Gyna's and he stopped, shaken. For an eternity, they stayed locked together before His Highness recovered and continued his speech.

Afterwards, while the women were all en route back to their tents to change into their costumes for the evening, one of the older prostitutes approached Gyna: "Did you see how the King looked at you? If you're smart, you'll be the new royal mistress before this celebration ends."

"I've seen looks of hunger before, and that wasn't one of them," laughed Gyna. "I'd wager he thought I was someone else, like that lady who tried to run us over with her horse. She's probably his kin, and he thought she had dressed up like a courtesan and joined the March of Beauty. Can you imagine the scandal?"

When they arrived at the tents, they were greeted by a stocky, well-dressed young man with a bald
pate and a commanding presence of authority. He introduced himself as Lord Strale, ambassador to the Emperor himself, and their chief patron. It was Strale who had hired them, on the Emperor's behalf, as a gift to the King and the kingdom of Camlorn.

"The March of Beauty is but a precursor to the Flower Festival tonight," he said. Unlike the King, he did not have to yell to be heard. His voice was loud and precise in its natural modulations. "I expect each of you to perform well, and justify the significant expense I've suffered bringing you all the way up here. Now hurry, you must be dressed and in position on Cavilstyr Rock before the sun goes down."

The ambassador needn't have worried. The women were all professionals, experts at getting dressed and undressed with none of the time-consuming measures less promiscuous females required. His manservant Gnorbooth offered his assistance, but found he had little to do. Their costumes were simplicity itself: soft, narrow sheets with a hole for their heads. Not even a belt was required, so the gowns were open at the sides exposing the frame of their skin.

So it was long before the sun had set that the prostitutes turned dancers were at Cavilstyr Rock. It was a great, wide promontory facing the sea, and for the occasion of the Festival of Flowers, a large circle of unlit torches and covered baskets had been arranged. As early as they were, a crowd of spectators had already arrived. The women gathered in the center of the circle and waited until it was time.

Gyna watched the crowd as it grew, and was not surprised when she saw the lady from the March approaching, hand-in-hand with a very old, very short white-haired woman. The old woman was distracted, pointing out islands out at sea. The blonde lady seemed nervous, unsure of what to say. Gyna was used to dealing with uneasy clients, and spoke first.

"Good to see you again, madam. I am Gyna of Daggerfall."

"I'm glad you bear me no ill will because of the whores, I mean horse," the lady laughed, somewhat relieved. "I am Lady Jyllia Raze, daughter of the King."

"I always thought that daughters of kings were called princess," smiled Gyna.

"In Camlorn, only when they are heirs to the throne. I have a younger brother from my father's new wife whom he favors," Jyllia replied. She felt her head swim. It was madness, speaking to a common prostitute, talking of family politics so intimately. "Relative to that subject, I must ask you something very peculiar. Have you ever heard of the Princess Talara?"

Gyna thought a moment: "The name sounds somewhat familiar. Why would I have?"

"I don't know. It was a name I just thought you might recognize," sighed Lady Jyllia. "Have you been to Camlorn before?"

"If I did, it was when I was very young," said Gyna, and suddenly she felt it was her turn to be
trusting. Something about the Lady Jyllia's friendly and forthcoming manner touched her. "To be honest, I don't remember anything at all of my childhood before I was nine or ten. Perhaps I was here with my parents, whoever they were, when I was a little girl. I tell you, I think perhaps I was. I don't recall ever being here before, but everything I've seen, the city, you, the King himself, all seem ... like I've been here before, long ago."

Lady Jyllia gasped and took a step back. She gripped the old woman, who had been looking out to sea and murmuring, by the hand. The elderly creature looked to Jyllia, surprised, and then turned to Gyna. Her ancient, half-blind eyes sparkled with recognition and she made a sound like a grunt of surprise. Gyna also jumped. If the King had seemed like something out of a half-forgotten dream, this woman was someone she knew. As clear and yet indistinct as a guardian spirit.

"I apologize," stammered Lady Jyllia. "This is my childhood nursemaid, Ramke."

"It's her!" the old woman cried, wild-eyed. She tried to run forward, arms outstretched, but Jyllia held her back. Gyna felt strangely naked, and pulled her robe against her body.

"No, you're wrong," Lady Jyllia whispered to Ramke, holding the old woman tightly. "The Princess Talara is dead, you know that. I shouldn't have brought you here. I'll take you back home." She turned back to Gyna, her eyes welling with tears. "The entire royal family of Camlorn was assassinated over twenty years ago. My father was Duke of Oloine, the King's brother, and so he inherited the crown. I'm sorry to have bothered you. Goodnight."

Gyna gazed after Lady Jyllia and the old nurse as they disappeared into the crowd, but she had little time to consider all she had heard. The sun was setting, and it was time for the Flower Festival. Twelve young men emerged from the darkness wearing only loincloths and masks, and lit the torches. The moment the fire blazed, Gyna and all the rest of the dancers rushed to the baskets, pulling out blossoms and vines by the handful.

At first, the women danced with one another, sprinkling petals to the wind. The crowd then joined in as the music swelled. It was a mad, beautiful chaos. Gyna leapt and swooned like a wild forest nymph. Then, without warning, she felt rough hands grip her from behind and push her.

She was falling before she understood it. The moment the realization hit, she was closer to the bottom of the hundred foot tall cliff than she was to the top. She flailed out her arms and grasped at the cliff wall. Her fingers raked against the stone and her flesh tore, but she found a grip and held it. For a moment, she stayed there, breathing hard. Then she began to scream.

The music and the festival were too loud up above: no one could hear her — she could scarcely hear herself. Below her, the surf crashed. Every bone in her body would snap if she fell. She closed her eyes, and a vision came. A man was standing below her, a King of great wisdom, great compassion, looking up, smiling. A little girl, golden-haired, mischievous, her best friend and cousin, clung to the rock beside her.

"The secret to falling is making your body go limp. And with luck, you won't get hurt," the girl said. She nodded, remembering who she was. Eight years of darkness lifted.
She released her grip and let herself fall like a leaf into the water below.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Acrobatics
ID: BookSkill_Acrobatics5
She felt nothing, darkness enveloping her body and mind. Pain surged through her leg and with that sensation, a great feeling of cold washed over her. She opened her eyes and saw that she was drowning.

Her left leg would not move at all, but using her right one and her arms, she pulled herself up toward the moons above. It was long way through the swirling currents that wrenched back at her. At last she broke the surface and sucked in the cold night air. She was still close to the rocky shoreline of the capitol city of the kingdom of Camlorn, but the water had carried her quite a ways from the point where she fell at Cavilstyr Rock.

Not fell, she thought, correcting herself. She had been pushed.

Further down current, she allowed herself to drift. There the steep cliff walls sloped lower until they were close to the water's edge. The silhouette of a large house on the shore loomed ahead, and as she neared it, she could see smoke rising from the chimney and the flicker of firelight within. The pain in her leg was great, but greater still was the chill of the water. The thought of a warm hearth fire was all the motivation she needed to begin swimming again.

At the shore's edge, she tried to stand but found she couldn't. Her tears mixed with the sea water as she began to crawl across the sand and rock. The simple white sheet which had been her costume at the Flower Festival was tattered and felt like a weight of lead across her back. Beyond the point of exhaustion, she fell forward and began to sob.

"Please!" she cried. "If you can hear me, please help!"

A moment later, the door to the house opened and a woman stepped out. It was Ramke, the old lady she had met at the Flower Festival. The one who had started and cried "It's her!" even before she herself knew who she was. By contrast, when the old woman came to her, this time there was no glimmer of recognition in her eyes.

"By Sethiete, are you hurt?" Ramke whispered, and helped her up, acting as her crutch. "I've seen that gown before. Were you one of the dancers at the Flower Festival tonight? I was there with Lady Jyllia Raze, the daughter of the King."

"I know, she introduced us," she groaned. "I called myself Gyna of Daggerfall?"
"Of course, I knew you looked familiar somehow," the old woman chuckled, and led her hop by hop across the beach and into the front door. "My memory isn't as good as it used to be. Lets get you warm and have a look at that leg."

Ramke took Gyna's soaking rags and covered her with a blanket as she sat at the fire. As the numbness of the chill water began to leave her, it cruelly abandoned her to the intense agony of her leg. Until then, she had not dared to look at it. When she did, she felt vomit rise at the sight of the deep gash, fish-white dead flesh, plump and swollen. Thick arterial blood bubbled up, splashing on the floor in streams.

"Oh dear," said the old woman, returning to the fire. "That must rather sting. You're lucky that I still remember a little of the old healing spells."

Ramke seated herself on the floor and pressed her hands on either side of the wound. Gyna felt a flare of pain, and then a cool soft pinching and prickle. When she looked down, Ramke was slowly sliding her wrinkled hands towards one another. At their approach, the lesion began to mend before her eyes, flesh binding and bruises fading.


"Not only that, you won't have an ugly scar on your pretty leg," Ramke chuckled. "I had to use that spell so many times when Lady Jyllia was little. You know, I was her nursemaid."

"I know," Gyna smiled. "But that was a long time ago, and you still remember the spell."

"Oh, when you're learning anything, even the School of Restoration, there's always a lot of study and mistakes, but once you're as old as I am, there's no longer any need to remember things. You just know. After all, I've probably cast it a thousand times before. Little Lady Jyllia and the little Princess Talara was always getting cut and bruised. Small wonder, the way they was always climbing all over the palace."

Gyna sighed. "You must have loved Lady Jyllia very much."

"I still do," Ramke beamed. "But now she's all grown and things are different. You know, I didn't notice it before because you were all wet from the sea, but you look very much like my lady. Did I mention that before when we met at the Festival?"

"You did," said Gyna. "Or rather I think you thought I looked like Princess Talara."

"Oh, it would be so wonderful if you were the Princess returned," the old woman gasped. "You know, when the former royal family was killed, and everyone said the Princess was killed though we never found the body, I think the real victim was Lady Jyllia. Her little heart just broke, and for a while, it looked like her mind did too."

"What do you mean?" asked Gyna. "What happened?"
"I don't know if I should tell a stranger this, but it's fairly well-known in Camlorn, and I really feel like I know you," Ramke struggled with her conscience and then released. "Jyllia saw the assassination, you see. I found her afterwards, hiding in that terrible blood-stained throne room, and she was like a little broken doll. She wouldn't speak, she wouldn't eat. I tried all my healing spells, but it was quite beyond my power. So much more than a scraped knee. Her father who was then Duke of Oloine sent her to a sanitarium in the country to get well."

"That poor little girl," cried Gyna.

"It took her years to be herself again," said Ramke, nodding. "And, in truth, she never really returned altogether. You wonder why her father when he was made king didn't make her his heir? He thought that she was still not exactly right, and in a way, as much as I would deny it, he's correct to think so. She remembered nothing, nothing at all."

"Do you think," Gyna considered her words carefully. "That she would be better if she knew that her cousin the Princess Talara was alive and well?"

Ramke considered it. "I think so. But maybe not. Sometimes it's best not to hope."

Gyna stood up, finding her leg to be as strong as it looked to be. Her gown had dried, and Ramke gave her a cloak, insisting she protect herself against the cold night air. At the door, Gyna kissed the old woman's cheek and thanked her. Not only for the healing spell and for the cloak, but for everything else of kindness she had ever done.

The road close to the house went north and south. To the left was the way back to Camlorn, where secrets lay to which she alone held the key. To the south was Daggerfall, her home for more than twenty years. She could return there, back to her profession on the streets, very easily. For a few seconds, she considered her options, and then made her choice.

She had not been walking for very long, when a black carriage drawn by three horses bearing the Imperial Seal, together with eight mounted horses, passed her. Before it rounded the wooded pass ahead, it stopped suddenly. She recognized one of the soldiers as Gnorbooth, Lord Strale's manservant. The door opened and Lord Strale himself, the Emperor's ambassador, the man who had hired her and all the other women to entertain at court, stepped out.

"You!' he frowned. "You're one of the prostitutes, aren't you? You're the one who disappeared during the Flower Festival? Gyna, am I right?"

"All that is true," she smiled sourly. "Except my name I've discovered is not Gyna."

"I don't care what it is," said Lord Strale. "What are you doing on the south road? I paid for you to stay and make the kingdom merry."

"If I went back to Camlorn, there are a great many who wouldn't be merry at all."
"Explain yourself," said Lord Strale.

So she did. And he listened.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Restoration
ID: BookSkill_Restoration5
Gnorbooth was leaving his favorite pub in Camlorn, The Breaking Branch, when he heard someone calling his name. His was not the sort of a name that could be mistaken for another. He turned and saw Lord Eryl, the Royal Battlemage from the palace, emerge from the darkness of the alley.

"Milord," said Gnorbooth with a pleasant smile.

"I'm surprised to see you out this evening, Gnorbooth," grinned Lord Eryl with a most unpleasant smile. "I have not seen you and your master very much since the millennial celebration, but I understand you've been very busy. What I've been wondering is what you've been busy doing."

"Protecting the Imperial interests in Camlorn is busy work, milord. But I cannot imagine you would be interested in the minutiae of the ambassador's appointments."

"But I am," said the battlemage. "Especially as the ambassador has begun acting most mysteriously, most undiplomatically lately. And I understand that he has taken one of the whores from the Flower Festival into his house. I believe her name is Gyna?"

Gnorbooth shrugged: "He's in love, I would imagine, milord. It can make men act very strangely, as I'm sure you've heard before."

"She is a most comely wench," laughed Lord Eryl. "Have you noticed how much she resembles the late Princess Talara?"

"I have only been in Camlorn for fifteen years, milord. I never saw her late majesty."

"Now I could understand it if he had taken to writing poetry, but what man in love spends his days in the kitchens of the palace, talking to old servants? That hardly sounds like molten passion to me, even based on my limited experience." Lord Eryl rolled his eyes. "And what is this business he has now in − oh, what is the name of that village?"

"Umbington?" replied Gnorbooth, and immediately wished he hadn't. Lord Eryl was too canny an actor to reveal it, but Gnorbooth knew at the pit of his stomach that the battlemage did not even know Lord Strale had left the capitol. He had to get away to let the ambassador know, but there was still a game to be carefully played. "He's not leaving for there until tomorrow. I believe it's just to put a stamp on some deed that needs the Imperial seal."
"Is that all? How tedious for the poor fellow. I suppose I'll see him when he returns then," Lord Eryl bowed. "Thank you for being so informative. Farewell."

The moment the royal battlemage turned the corner, Gnorbooth leapt onto his horse. He had drunk one or two ales too many, but he knew he must find his way to Umbington before Lord Eryl's agents did. He galloped east out of the capitol, hoping there were signs along the road.

Seated in a tavern that smelled of mildew and sour beer, Lord Strale marveled at how the Emperor's agent Lady Brisienna always found the most public of places for her most private of conferences. It was harvest time in Umbington, and all of the field hands were drinking away their meager wages in the noisiest of fashions. He was dressed appropriately for the venue, rough trousers and a simple peasant's vest, but he still felt conspicuous. In comparison to his two female companions, he certainly was. The woman to his right was used to frequenting the low places of Daggerfall as a common prostitute. Lady Brisienna to his left was even more clearly in her element.

"By what name would you prefer I call you?" Lady Brisienna asked solicitously.

"I am used to the name Gyna, though that may have to change," was her reply. "Of course, it may not. Gyna the Whore may be the name writ on my grave."

"I will see to it that there is no attempt on your life like that the Flower Festival," Lord Strale frowned. "But without the Emperor's help, I won't be able to protect you forever. The only permanent solution is to capture those who would do you harm and then to raise you to your proper station."

"Do you believe my story?" Gyna turned to Lady Brisienna.

"I have been the Emperor's chief agent in High Rock for many years now, and I have heard few stranger tales. If your friend the ambassador hadn't investigated and discovered what he has, I would have dismissed you outright as a madwoman," Brisienna laughed, forcing a smile onto Gyna's face to match. "But now, yes, I do believe you. Perhaps that makes me the madwoman."

"Will you help us?" asked Lord Strale simply.

"It is a tricky business interfering in the affairs of the provincial kingdoms," Lady Brisienna looked into the depths of her mug thoughtfully. "Unless there is a threat to the Empire itself, we find it is best not to meddle. What we have in your case is a very messy assassination that happened twenty years ago, and its aftermath. If His Imperial Majesty involved itself in every bloody hiccup in the succession in each of his thousand vassal kingdoms, he would never accomplish anything for the greater good of Tamriel."

"I understand," murmured Gyna. "When I remembered everything, who I was and what happened to me, I resolved to do nothing about it. In fact, I was leaving Camlorn and going back home to
Daggerfall when I saw Lord Strale again. He was the one who began this quest to resolve this, not me. And when he brought me back, I only wanted to see my cousin to tell her who I was, but he forbade me."

"It would have been too dangerous," growled Strale. "We still don't know yet the depths of the conspiracy. Perhaps we never will."

"I'm sorry, I always find myself giving long explanations to short questions. When Lord Strale asked if I would help, I should have begun by saying 'yes,'" Lady Brisienna laughed at the change in Lord Strale and Gyna's expressions. "I will help you, of course. But for this to turn out well, you must accomplish two things to the Emperor's satisfaction. First, you must prove with absolute certainty who is the power behind this plot you've uncovered. You must get someone to confess."

"And secondly," said Lord Strale, nodding. "We must prove that this is a matter worthy of His Imperial Majesty's consideration, and not merely a minor local concern."

Lord Strale, Lady Brisienna, and the woman who called herself Gyna discussed how to accomplish their goals for a few hours more. When it was agreed what had to be done, Lady Brisienna took her leave to find her ally Proseccus. Strale and Gyna set off to the west, toward Camlorn. It was not long after beginning their ride through the woods that they heard the sound of galloping hoof beats far up ahead. Lord Strale unsheathed his sword and signaled for Gyna to position her horse behind him.

At that moment, they were attacked on all sides. It was an ambush. Eight men, armed with axes, had been lying in wait.

Lord Strale quickly yanked Gyna from her horse, pulling her behind him. He made a brief, deft motion with his hands. A ring of flame materialized around them, and rushed outward, striking their assailants. The men roared in pain and dropped to their knees. Lord Strale jumped the horse over the closest one, and galloped at full speed westward.

"I thought you were an ambassador not a mage!" laughed Gyna.

"I still believe there are times for diplomacy," replied Lord Strale.

The horse and rider they had heard before met them on the road. It was Gnorbooth. "Milord, it's the royal battlemage! He found out you two were in Umbington!"

"With considerable ease, I might add," Lord Eryl's voice boomed out of the woods. Gnorbooth, Gyna, and Lord Strale scanned the dark trees, but they showed nothing. The battlemage's voice seemed to emanate from everywhere and nowhere.

"I'm sorry, milord," groaned Gnorbooth. "I tried to warn you as soon as I could."

"In your next life, perhaps you'll remember not to trust your plans to a drunkard!" laughed Lord Eryl. He had them in his sight, and the spell was unleashed.
Gnorbooth saw him first, by the light of the ball of fire that leapt from his fingertips. Later, Lord Eryl was to wonder to himself what the fool had intended to do. Perhaps he was rushing forward to pull Lord Strale out of the path. Perhaps he was trying to flee the path of destruction, and had simply moved left when he should have moved right. Perhaps, as unlikely as it seemed, he was willing to sacrifice himself to save his master. Whatever the reason, the result was the same.

He got in the way.

There was an explosion of energy that filled the night, and an echoing boom that shook birds from the trees for a mile around. On the few square feet where Gnorbooth and his horse had stood was nothing but black glass. They had been reduced to less than vapor. Gyna and Lord Strale were thrown back. Their horse, when it recovered its senses, galloped away as fast as it could. In the lingering glowing aura of the spell's detonation, Lord Strale looked straight into the woods and into the wide eyes of the battlemage.

"Damn," said Lord Eryl and began to run. The ambassador jumped to his feet and pursued.

"That was an expensive use of magicka, even for you," said Lord Strale as he ran. "Don't you know well enough not to use ranged spells unless you are certain your target won't be blocked?"

"I never thought – that idiot –" Lord Eryl was struck from behind and knocked to the wet forest floor before he had a chance to finish his lamentation.

"It doesn't matter what you thought," said Lord Strale calmly, flipping the battlemage around and pinning his arms to the ground with his knees. "I'm not a battlemage, but I knew enough not to use my entire reserve on your little ambush. Perhaps it's a matter of philosophy, as a government agent, I feel inclined toward conservatism."

"What are you going to do?" whimpered Lord Eryl.

"Gnorbooth was a good man, one of the best, and so I'm going to hurt you quite a lot," the ambassador made a slight movement and his hands began to glow brightly. "That's a certainty. How much more I'm going to hurt you after that depends on what you tell me. I want to hear about the former Duke of Oloine."

"What do you want to know?" Lord Eryl screamed.

"Let's start with everything," replied Lord Strale with perfect patience.
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Destruction
ID: BookSkill_Destruction5
Gnorbooth was leaving his favorite pub in Camlorn, The Breaking Branch, when he heard someone calling his name. His was not the sort of a name that could be mistaken for another. He turned and saw Lord Eryl, the Royal Battlemage from the palace, emerge from the darkness of the alley.

"Milord," said Gnorbooth with a pleasant smile.

"I'm surprised to see you out this evening, Gnorbooth," grinned Lord Eryl with a most unpleasant smile. "I have not seen you and your master very much since the millennial celebration, but I understand you've been very busy. What I've been wondering is what you've been busy doing."

"Protecting the Imperial interests in Camlorn is busy work, milord. But I cannot imagine you would be interested in the minutiae of the ambassador's appointments."

"But I am," said the battlemage. "Especially as the ambassador has begun acting most mysteriously, most undiplomatically lately. And I understand that he has taken one of the whores from the Flower Festival into his house. I believe her name is Gyna?"

Gnorbooth shrugged: "He's in love, I would imagine, milord. It can make men act very strangely, as I'm sure you've heard before."

"She is a most comely wench," laughed Lord Eryl. "Have you noticed how much she resembles the late Princess Talara?"

"I have only been in Camlorn for fifteen years, milord. I never saw her late majesty."

"Now I could understand it if he had taken to writing poetry, but what man in love spends his days in the kitchens of the palace, talking to old servants? That hardly sounds like molten passion to me, even based on my limited experience." Lord Eryl rolled his eyes. "And what is this business he has now in − oh, what is the name of that village?"

"Umbington?" replied Gnorbooth, and immediately wished he hadn't. Lord Eryl was too canny an actor to reveal it, but Gnorbooth knew at the pit of his stomach that the battlemage did not even know Lord Strale had left the capitol. He had to get away to let the ambassador know, but there was still a game to be carefully played. "He's not leaving for there until tomorrow. I believe it's just to put a stamp on some deed that needs the Imperial seal."
"Is that all? How tedious for the poor fellow. I suppose I'll see him when he returns then," Lord Eryl bowed. "Thank you for being so informative. Farewell."

The moment the royal battlemage turned the corner, Gnorbooth leapt onto his horse. He had drunk one or two ales too many, but he knew he must find his way to Umbington before Lord Eryl's agents did. He galloped east out of the capitol, hoping there were signs along the road.

Seated in a tavern that smelled of mildew and sour beer, Lord Strale marveled at how the Emperor's agent Lady Brisienna always found the most public of places for her most private of conferences. It was harvest time in Umbington, and all of the field hands were drinking away their meager wages in the noisiest of fashions. He was dressed appropriately for the venue, rough trousers and a simple peasant's vest, but he still felt conspicuous. In comparison to his two female companions, he certainly was. The woman to his right was used to frequenting the low places of Daggerfall as a common prostitute. Lady Brisienna to his left was even more clearly in her element.

"By what name would you prefer I call you?" Lady Brisienna asked solicitously.

"I am used to the name Gyna, though that may have to change," was her reply. "Of course, it may not. Gyna the Whore may be the name writ on my grave."

"I will see to it that there is no attempt on your life like that the Flower Festival," Lord Strale frowned. "But without the Emperor's help, I won't be able to protect you forever. The only permanent solution is to capture those who would do you harm and then to raise you to your proper station."

"Do you believe my story?" Gyna turned to Lady Brisienna.

"I have been the Emperor's chief agent in High Rock for many years now, and I have heard few stranger tales. If your friend the ambassador hadn't investigated and discovered what he has, I would have dismissed you outright as a madwoman," Brisienna laughed, forcing a smile onto Gyna's face to match. "But now, yes, I do believe you. Perhaps that makes me the madwoman."

"Will you help us?" asked Lord Strale simply.

"It is a tricky business interfering in the affairs of the provincial kingdoms," Lady Brisienna looked into the depths of her mug thoughtfully. "Unless there is a threat to the Empire itself, we find it is best not to meddle. What we have in your case is a very messy assassination that happened twenty years ago, and its aftermath. If His Imperial Majesty involved itself in every bloody hiccup in the succession in each of his thousand vassal kingdoms, he would never accomplish anything for the greater good of Tamriel."

"I understand," murmured Gyna. "When I remembered everything, who I was and what happened to me, I resolved to do nothing about it. In fact, I was leaving Camlorn and going back home to
Daggerfall when I saw Lord Strale again. He was the one who began this quest to resolve this, not me. And when he brought me back, I only wanted to see my cousin to tell her who I was, but he forbade me."

"It would have been too dangerous," growled Strale. "We still don't know yet the depths of the conspiracy. Perhaps we never will."

"I'm sorry, I always find myself giving long explanations to short questions. When Lord Strale asked if I would help, I should have begun by saying 'yes,'" Lady Brisienna laughed at the change in Lord Strale and Gyna's expressions. "I will help you, of course. But for this to turn out well, you must accomplish two things to the Emperor's satisfaction. First, you must prove with absolute certainty who is the power behind this plot you've uncovered. You must get someone to confess."

"And secondly," said Lord Strale, nodding. "We must prove that this is a matter worthy of His Imperial Majesty's consideration, and not merely a minor local concern."

Lord Strale, Lady Brisienna, and the woman who called herself Gyna discussed how to accomplish their goals for a few hours more. When it was agreed what had to be done, Lady Brisienna took her leave to find her ally Proseccus. Strale and Gyna set off to the west, toward Camlorn. It was not long after beginning their ride through the woods that they heard the sound of galloping hoof beats far up ahead. Lord Strale unsheathed his sword and signaled for Gyna to position her horse behind him.

At that moment, they were attacked on all sides. It was an ambush. Eight men, armed with axes, had been lying in wait.

Lord Strale quickly yanked Gyna from her horse, pulling her behind him. He made a brief, deft motion with his hands. A ring of flame materialized around them, and rushed outward, striking their assailants. The men roared in pain and dropped to their knees. Lord Strale jumped the horse over the closest one, and galloped at full speed westward.

"I thought you were an ambassador not a mage!" laughed Gyna.

"I still believe there are times for diplomacy," replied Lord Strale.

The horse and rider they had heard before met them on the road. It was Gnorbooth. "Milord, it's the royal battlemage! He found out you two were in Umbington!"

"With considerable ease, I might add," Lord Eryl's voice boomed out of the woods. Gnorbooth, Gyna, and Lord Strale scanned the dark trees, but they showed nothing. The battlemage's voice seemed to emanate from everywhere and nowhere.

"I'm sorry, milord," groaned Gnorbooth. "I tried to warn you as soon as I could."

"In your next life, perhaps you'll remember not to trust your plans to a drunkard!" laughed Lord Eryl. He had them in his sight, and the spell was unleashed.
Gnorbooth saw him first, by the light of the ball of fire that leapt from his fingertips. Later, Lord Eryl was to wonder to himself what the fool had intended to do. Perhaps he was rushing forward to pull Lord Strale out of the path. Perhaps he was trying to flee the path of destruction, and had simply moved left when he should have moved right. Perhaps, as unlikely as it seemed, he was willing to sacrifice himself to save his master. Whatever the reason, the result was the same.

He got in the way.

There was an explosion of energy that filled the night, and an echoing boom that shook birds from the trees for a mile around. On the few square feet where Gnorbooth and his horse had stood was nothing but black glass. They had been reduced to less than vapor. Gyna and Lord Strale were thrown back. Their horse, when it recovered its senses, galloped away as fast as it could. In the lingering glowing aura of the spell's detonation, Lord Strale looked straight into the woods and into the wide eyes of the battlemage.

"Damn," said Lord Eryl and began to run. The ambassador jumped to his feet and pursued.

"That was an expensive use of magicka, even for you," said Lord Strale as he ran. "Don't you know well enough not to use ranged spells unless you are certain your target won't be blocked?"

"I never thought – that idiot –" Lord Eryl was struck from behind and knocked to the wet forest floor before he had a chance to finish his lamentation.

"It doesn't matter what you thought," said Lord Strale calmly, flipping the battlemage around and pinning his arms to the ground with his knees. "I'm not a battlemage, but I knew enough not to use my entire reserve on your little ambush. Perhaps it's a matter of philosophy, as a government agent, I feel inclined toward conservatism."

"What are you going to do?" whimpered Lord Eryl.

"Gnorbooth was a good man, one of the best, and so I'm going to hurt you quite a lot," the ambassador made a slight movement and his hands began to glow brightly. "That's a certainty. How much more I'm going to hurt you after that depends on what you tell me. I want to hear about the former Duke of Oloine."

"What do you want to know?" Lord Eryl screamed.

"Let's start with everything," replied Lord Strale with perfect patience.
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Destruction
ID: BookSkill_Destruction5_open
Gyna never saw the Emperor's agent Lady Brisienna again, but she kept her promise. Proseccus, a nightblade in the service of the Empire, arrived at Lord Strale's house in disguise. She was an apt pupil, and within days, he had taught what she needed to know.

"It is a simple charm, not the sort of spell that could turn a raging daedroth into a love−struck puppy," said Proseccus. "If you do or say anything that would normally anger or offend your target, the power will weaken. It will alter temporarily his perception of you, as spells of the school of illusion do, but his feelings of respect and admiration for you must be supported by means of a charm of a less magickal nature."

"I understand," smiled Gyna, thanking her tutor for the two spells of illusion he had taught her. The time had come to use her new−found skill.

The Prostitutes Guildhouse of Camlorn was a great palace in an affluent northern quarter of the city. Prince Sylon could have found his way there blindfolded, or blind drunk as he often was. Tonight, however, he was only lightly inebriated and he resolved to drink no more. Tonight he was in the mood for pleasure. His kind of pleasure.

"Where is my favorite, Grigia?" he demanded of the Guildmistress upon entering.

"She is still healing from your appointment with her last week," she smiled serenely. "Most of the other women are in with clients as well, but I saved a special treat for you. A new girl. One you will certainly enjoy."

The Prince was guided to a sumptuously decorated suite of velvet and silk. As he entered, Gyna stepped from behind a screen and cast her spell quickly, with her mind open to belief as Proseccus had instructed. It was hard to tell if it worked at first. The Prince looked at her with a cruel smile and then, like sun breaking through clouds, the cruelty left. She could tell he was hers. He asked her her name.

"I am between names right now," she teased. "I've never made love to a real prince before. I've never even been inside a palace. Is yours very ... big?"

"It's not mine yet," he shrugged. "But someday I'll be king."
"It would be wonderful to live in such a place," Gyna cooed. "A thousand years of history. Everything must be so old and beautiful. The paintings and books and statues and tapestries. Does your family hold onto all their old treasures?"

"Yes, hoarded away with a lot of boring old junk in the archive rooms in the vaults. Please, may I see you naked now?"

"First a little conversation, though you may feel free to disrobe whenever you like," said Gyna. "I had heard there was an archive room, but it's quite hidden away."

"There's a false wall behind the family crypt," said the Prince, gripping her wrist and pulling her towards him for a kiss. Something in his eyes had changed.

"Your Highness, you're hurting my arm," Gyna cried.

"Enough talk, you bewitching whore," he snarled. Holding back a sharp jab of fear, Gyna let her mind cool and perceptions whirl. As his angry mouth touched her lips, she cast the second spell she had learned her illusionist mentor.

The Prince felt his flesh turn to stone. He remained frozen, watching Gyna pull together her clothing and leave the room. The paralysis would only last for a few more minutes, but it was all the time she needed.

The Guildmistress had already left with all her girls, just as Gyna and Lord Strale had told her to. They would tell her when it was safe to return. She had not even accepted any gold for her part in the trap. She said it was enough that her girls would not be tortured anymore by that most perverse and cruel Prince.

"What a terrible boy," thought Gyna as she raised the hood on her cloak and raced through the streets toward Lord Strale's house. "It is good that he will never be king."

The following morning, the King and Queen of Camlorn held their daily audience with various nobles and diplomats, a sparse gathering. The throne room was largely empty. It was a terribly dull way to begin the day. In between petitions, they yawned regally.

"What has happened to all the interesting people?" the Queen murmured. "Where's our precious boy?"

"I've heard he was raging through the north quarter in search of some harlot who robbed him," the King chuckled fondly. "What a fine lad."

"And what of the Royal Battlemage?"

"I've sent him to take care of a delicate matter," the King knit his brow. "But that was nearly a week ago, and I haven't heard one word from him. It's somewhat troubling."
"Indeed it is, Lord Eryl should not be gone so long," the Queen frowned. "What if a rogue sorcerer came and threatened us? Husband, don't laugh at me, that is why all the royal houses of High Rock keep their mage retainers close to their side. To protect their court from evil enchantments, like the one that our poor Emperor suffered so recently."

"At the hand of his own battlemage," chuckled the King.

"Lord Eryl would never betray you like that, and you well know it. He has been in your employ since you were Duke of Oloine. To even make that comparison between he and Jagar Tharn, really," the Queen waved her hands dismissively. "It is that sort of lack of trust that is ruining kingdoms all over Tamriel. Now, Lord Strale tells me—"

"There's another man that's gone missing," mused the King.

"The ambassador?" the Queen shook her head. "No, he's here. He was desirous to visit the crypts and pay homage to your noble ancestors, so I directed him there. I can't think what's keeping him so long. He must be more pious than I thought."

She was surprised to see the King rise up, alarmed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Before she had a chance to reply, the subject of their conversation was coming through the open door to the throne room. At on his arm was a beautiful fair-haired woman in a stately gown of scarlet and gold, worthy of the highest nobility. The queen followed her startled husband's gaze, and was likewise amazed.

"I had heard he was taken with one of the harlots from the Flower Festival, not a lady," she whispered. "Why, she looks remarkably like your daughter, the Lady Jyllia."

"That she does," the King gasped. "Or her cousin, the Princess Talara."

The nobles in the room also whispered amongst themselves. Though few had been at court twenty years ago when the Princess had disappeared, presumed murdered like the rest of the royal family, there were still a few elder statesmen who remembered. It was not only on throne that the word "Talara" passed through the air like an enchantment.

"Lord Strale, will you introduce us to your lady?" the Queen asked with a polite smile.

"In a moment, your highness, but I'm afraid I must first discuss pressing matters," Lord Strale replied with a bow. "Might I request a private audience?"

The King looked at the Imperial ambassador, trying to read into the man's expression. With a wave of his hand, he dismissed the assembled and had the doors shut behind them. No one remained in the audience room but the King, the Queen, the ambassador, a dozen royal guards, and the mysterious woman.
The ambassador pulled from his pocket a sheaf of old yellowed parchment. "Your Highness, when you ascended the throne after your brother and his family were murdered, anything that seemed important, deeds and wills, were of course kept with the clerks and ministers. His entire incidental, unimportant personal correspondence was sent to archive which is standard protocol. This letter was among them."

"What is this all about, sir?" the King boomed. "What does it say?"

"Nothing about you, your majesty. In truth, at the time of your majesty's ascension, no one reading it could have understood its significance. It was a letter to the Emperor the late king your brother was penning at the time of his assassination, concerning a thief who had once been a mage-priest at the Temple of Sethiete here in Camlorn. His name was Jagar Tharn."

"Jagar Tharn?" the Queen laughed nervously. "Why, we were just talking about him."

"Tharn had stolen many books of powerful and forgotten spells, and lore about such artifacts as the Staff of Chaos, where it was hidden and how it could be used. News travels slowly to westernmost High Rock, and by the time the King your brother had heard that the Emperor's new battlemage was a man named Jagar Tharn, many years had passed. The king had been writing a letter to warn the Emperor of the treachery of his Imperial Battlemage, but it was never completed." Lord Strale held up the letter. "It is dated on the day of his assassination in the year 385. Four years before Jagar Tharn betrayed his master, and began the ten years of tyranny of the Imperial Simulacrum."

"This is all very interesting," the King barked. "But what has it to do with me?"

"The late King's assassination is now a matter of Imperial concern. And I have a confession from your Royal Battlemage Lord Eryl."

The King's face lost all color: "You miserable worm, no man may threaten me. Neither you, nor that whore, nor that letter will ever see the light of day again. Guards!"

The royal guards unsheathed their blades and pressed forward. As they did so, there was a sudden shimmering of light and the room was filled with Imperial nightblades, led by Proseccus. They had been there for hours, lurking invisibly in the shadows.

"In the name of His Imperial Majesty, Uriel Septim VII, I arrest you," said Strale.

The doors were opened, and the King and Queen were led out, heads bowed. Gyna told Proseccus where he would most likely find their son, Prince Sylon. The courtiers and nobles who had been in the audience chamber stared at the strange, solemn procession of their King and Queen to their own royal prison. No one said a word.

When at last a voice was heard, it startled all. The Lady Jyllia had arrived at court. "What is happening? Who dares to usurp the authority of the King and Queen?"
Lord Strale turned to Proseccus: "We would speak with the Lady Jyllia alone. You know what needs to be done."

Proseccus nodded and had the doors to the throne room closed once again. The courtiers pressed against the wood, straining to hear everything. Though they could not say it, they wanted an explanation almost as much as her Ladyship did.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Illusion
ID: bookskill_illusion5
"By what right do you arrest my father?" cried the Lady Jyllia. "What has he done?"

"I arrest the King of Camlorn, the former Duke of Oloine, by my right as an Imperial Commanding Officer and Ambassador," said Lord Strale. "By the right of law of the Emperor of Tamriel which supercedes all provincial royal authority."

Gyna came forward and tried to put her hand on Jyllia's arm, but she was coldly rebuffed. Quietly, she sat down at the foot of the throne in the now empty audience chamber.

"This young lady came to me, having completely recovered her memory, but the story she told was beyond incredible, I simply couldn't believe it," said Lord Strale. "But she was so convinced of it, I had to investigate. So I talked to everyone who was here at the palace twenty years ago to see if there could be any truth to it. Of course, at the time of the King and Queen's murder, and the Princess's disappearance, there was a full inquiry made, but I had different questions to ask this time. Questions about the relationship between the two little cousins, Lady Jyllia Raze and the Princess."

"I've told everyone over and over again, I don't remember anything at all about that time in my life," said Jyllia, tears welling up.

"I know you don't. There has never been a question in my mind that you witnessed a horrible murder, and that your memory lapse and hers," said Lord Strale, gesturing toward Gyna "Are both very real. The story I heard from the servants and other people at the palace was that the little girls were inseparably close. There were no other playmates, and as the Princess's place was to be close to her parents, so the little Lady Jyllia was always there as well. When the assassin came to murder the Royal Family, the King and Queen were in their bedroom, and the girls were playing in the throne room."

"When my memory came back to me, it was like opening a sealed box," said Gyna solemnly. "Everything was so clear and detailed, like it all happened yesterday not twenty years ago. I was on the throne, playing Empress, and you were hiding behind the dais, pretending you were in a dungeon I had sent you to. A man I had never seen burst into the room from the Royal bedchamber, his blade soaked in blood. He came at me, and I ran for my life. I remember starting to run for the dais, but I saw your face, frozen in fear, and I didn't want to lead him to you. So I ran for the window."
"We had climbed on the outside of the castle before, just for fun, that was one of the first memories that came back to me when I was holding onto that cliff. You and I on the castle wall, and the King calling up to me, telling me how to get down. But that day, I couldn't hold on, I was trembling so much. I just fell, and landed in the river.

"I don't know if it was entirely the horror of what I had seen, or that combined with the impact of the fall and the coldness of the water, but everything just went blank in my mind. When I finally pulled myself out of the river, many miles away, I had no idea who I was. And so it stayed," Gyna smiled. "Until now."

"So you are the Princess Talara?" cried Jyllia.

"Let me explain further before she answers that, because the simple answer would just confuse you, as it did me," said Lord Strale. "The assassin was caught before he managed to escape the palace – in truth, he had to know he was going to be caught. He confessed immediately to the murders of the Royal Family. The Princess, he said, he had thrown out the window to her death. A servant down below heard the scream, and saw something fly past his window, so he knew it to be true.

"It was not for several hours that little Lady Jyllia was found by her nursemaid Ramke hiding behind the dais, coated with dust, shivering with fear, and unable to speak at all. Ramke was very protective of you," Strale said, nodding to Jyllia. "She insisted on putting you to your room right away, and sent word the Duke of Oloine that the Royal Family was dead, and that his daughter had witnessed the murders but survived."

"I'm beginning to remember a little of that," said Jyllia, wonderingly. "I remember lying in bed, with Ramke comforting me. I was so muddled and I couldn't concentrate. I remember I just wanted it all to be play time still, I don't know why. And then, I remember being bundled up and taken to that asylum."

"It'll all come back to you soon," Gyna smiled. "I promise. That's how I began to remember. I just caught one detail, and the whole flood began."

"That's it," Jyllia began to sob in frustration. "I don't remember anything else except confusion. No, I also remember Daddy not even looking at me as I was taken away. And I remember not caring about that, or anything else."

"It was a confusing time for all, so particularly so for little girls. Especially little girls who went through what you two did," said Lord Strale sympathetically. "From what I understand, as soon as he received the message from Ramke, the Duke left his palace at Oloine, gave orders for you to be sent to a private sanitarium until you'd recovered from your ordeal, and set to work with his private guard torturing the assassin for information. When I heard that, that no one but the Duke and his personal guard saw the assassin after he gave his initial confession, and that no one was present but the Duke and his guards when the assassin was killed trying to escape, I thought that very
significant.

"I spoke with Lord Eryl, who I knew was one of those present, and I had to bluff him, pretending I had more evidence than I did. I got the reaction I was hoping for, though it was a dangerous gambit. At last he confessed to what I already knew to be true.

"The assassin," Lord Strale paused, and reluctantly met Jyllia's eyes, "Had been hired by the Duke of Oloine to kill the Royal Family, including the Princess as heir, so that the crown might be passed to him and to his children."

Jyllia stared at Lord Strale, aghast. "My father −"

"The assassin had been told that once the Duke had him in custody, he would be paid and a prison break would be arranged. The thug picked the wrong time to be greedy and try to get more gold. The Duke decided that it would be cheaper to silence him, so he murdered him then and there, so the man would never tell anyone what really happened," Lord Strale shrugged. "No tragic loss as far as murders go. In a few years' time, you returned from the sanitarium, a little shaken but back to normal, except for a complete absence of memory about your childhood. And in that time, the former Duke of Oloine had taken his brother's place as the King of Camlorn. It was no small maneuver."

"No," said Jyllia, quietly. "He must have been very busy. He remarried and had another child. No one ever came to visit me in the sanitarium but Ramke."

"If he had visited and seen you," said Gyna. "This story might have turned out very differently."

"What do you mean?" asked Jyllia.

"This is the most amazing part," said Lord Strale. "The question has long been whether Gyna is the Princess Talar. When her memory returned, and she told me what she remembered, I put several pieces of evidence together. Consider these facts.

"The two of you look remarkably alike now after twenty years of living very different lives, and as little girls and constant playmates, you looked nearly identical.

"At the time of the assassination, the murderer who had never been there before, only saw one girl on the throne, who he assumed to be his quarry.

"The woman who found Lady Jyllia was her nursemaid Ramke, a creature of unstable mind and fanatical devotion to her charge – the type would never accept the possibility that her beloved little girl had been the one who disappeared. The nursemaid was the only single person who knew both Princess Talar and the Lady Jyllia who visited you while you were in the sanitarium.

"Finally," said Lord Strale, "Consider the fact that when you returned to court from the sanitarium, five years had past, and you had grown from a child to a young lady. You looked familiar, but not
quite the same as your family remembered you, which is only natural."

"I don't understand," cried the poor girl, her eyes wide, because she did understand. Here memory was falling together like a terrible flood.

"Let me explain it like this," said her cousin, wrapping her in her arms. "I know who I am now. My real name is Jyllia Raze. That man who was arrested was my father, the man who murdered the King – your father. YOU are the Princess Talara."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bookskill_mystery5
Mysticism is the school of sorcery least understood by the magical community and the most difficult to explain to novice mages. The spell effects commonly ascribed to the School of Mysticism are as extravagantly disparate as Soul Trap, the creation of a cell that would hold a victim's spirit after death, to Telekinesis, the manipulation of objects at a distance. But these effects are simply that: effects. The sorcery behind them is veiled in a mystery that goes back to the oldest civilizations of Tamriel, and perhaps beyond.

The Psijics of the Isle of Artaeum have a different term for Mysticism: the Old Way. The phrase becomes bogged in semantic quagmire because the Old Way also refers to the religion and customs of the Psijics, which may or may not be part of the magic of Mysticism.

There are few mages who devote their lives to the study of Mysticism. The other schools are far more predictable and ascertainable. Mysticism seems to derive power from its conundrums and paradoxes; the act of experimentation, no matter how objectively implemented, can influence magicka by its very existence. Therefore the Mystic mage must consign himself to finding dependable patterns within a roiling imbroglio of energy. In the time it takes him to devise an enchantment with a consistent trigger and result, his peers in the other schools may have researched and documented dozens of new spells and effects. The Mystic mage must thus be a patient and relatively uncompetitive philosopher.

For centuries, mostly during the Second Era, scholarly journals published theory after theory about the aspect or aspects of magicka lumped together under Mysticism. In the Mages Guild's tradition of finding answers to all things, respected researchers suggested that Mysticism's penultimate energy source was the Aetherius Itself, or else Daedric Beings of unimaginable power — either rationale would explain the seemingly random figurations of Mysticism. Some even ventured that Mysticism arose from the unused elements of successfully, or even unsuccessfully, cast spells. Discussion within the Order of Psijics after Artaeum's reappearance has led some scholars to postulate that Mysticism is less spiritual in nature as was originally supposed, and that either the intellect or the emotional state of the believer is sufficient to influence its energy configuration and flow.

None of these explanations is truly satisfactory taken by itself. For the beginning student of Mysticism, it is best simply to learn the patterns distinguishable in the maelstrom of centuries past. The more patterns are discovered, the clearer the remaining ones become. Until, of course, they
change. For inevitably they have to. And then the journey begins anew.

[246] Mysticism

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Mysticism
[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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 60
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_nchunaksfireandfaith
[248] Neminda's Orders

SOZZOF IFNLIVW GL YV LKVMRMT IVGSZM NZMLI ZH GSVRI MVC MVCG HGILMTSLOW OOVGSIR YVORVEVH SV ULFMW VERWVMXV ULI ROOVTZO SOZZOF VYLMB HSRKNVMGH UILN XZOWVIZ HVMW ZTVMG GL HKVZP DRGS OOVGSIR ZMW HVMW ZTVMG GL DZGX IS IVGSZM ZGSBM DROO FH V RMUOFVMXV DRGS WFPV GL YOLXP XLMGIZXGH RU KLHHRYOV

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_nemindasorders
[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.
In ancient days, the Deep Elves and a great host of outlanders 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 outlanders 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.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_NerevarMoonandStar
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
Lost Prophecies

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
N’Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!

[an obscure text in the language of the Sload, purportedly written by the Second Era Western necromancer, N’Gasta.]

N’Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!

N’Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis! ahhkstas so novajxletero (oix jhemile) so Ranetauw. Ricevas gxin pagintaj membauw kaj alyj individuauw, kiujn iamaniere tuxsas so raneta aktivado. En gxi aperas informauw unuavice pri so lokauw so cxiumonataj kunvenauw, sed nature ankoix pri alyj aktuasoj aktivecauw so societo. Ne malofte enahkstas krome plej diversaspekta materialo eduka oix distra.

So interreta Kvako (retletera kaj verjheauw) ahhkstas unufsonke alternavtaj kanasouw por distribui so enhavon so papera Kva! Kvak!. Sed alifsonke so enhavauw so diversaj verjheauw antoixvible ne povas kaj ecx ne vus cxiam ahhkst centprocente so sama. En malvaste cirkusonta paperfolio ekzemple ebsos publikigi ilustrajxauwn, kiuj pro kopirajtaj kiasouw ne ahhkstas uzebsoj en so interreto. Alifsonke so masoltaj kostauw reta distribuo forigas so spaclaj limigauwn kaj permahkxas pli ampleksan enhavon, por ne parolpri gxishora aktualeco.

Tiuj cirkonstancauw rahkspegilxos en so aspekto so Kvako, kiu ja cetere servos ankoix kiel gxenerasoro retejo so ranetauw.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_NGastaKvataKvakis_c
[252a] N'Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!

N'Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!

[an obscure text in the language of the Sload, purportedly written by the Second Era Western necromancer, N'Gasta.]

N'Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis!

N'Gasta! Kvata! Kvakis! ahkstas so novajxletero (oix jhemile) so Ranetauw. Ricevas gxin pagintaj membauw kaj aliaj individuauw, kiujn iamaniere tusxas so raneta aktivado. En gxi aperas informauw unuavice pri so lokauw so cxiumonataj kunvenauw, sed nature ankoix pri aliaj aktuausoj aktivcuaus so societo. Ne malofte enahkstas krome plej diversaspekte materialo eduka oix distra.

So interreta Kvako (retletera kaj verjheauw) ahkstas unufsonke alternativa us kanasauw por distribui so enhavon so papera Kva! Kvak!. Sed alifsonke so enhavauw so diversaj verjheauw antoxvible ne povas kaj ecx ne vus cxiam ahkst centprocente so sama. En malvaste cirkusonta paperfolio ekzemple ebsos publikigi ilustrajxauw, kiuj pro kopirajtaj kiasouw ne ahkstas uzebsoj en so interreto. Alifsonke so masoltaj kostauw reta distribuo forigas so spacajn limigauw kaj permahksas pli ampleksan enhavon, por ne paroli pri gxishora aktualeco.

Tiuj cirkonstancuw rahkspeguligxos en so aspekt so Kvako, kiu ja cetere servos ankoix kiel gxeneraso retejo so ranetauw.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_NGastaKvataKvakis_o
No music played in the Nameless Tavern in Sentinel, and indeed there was very little sound except for discreet, cautious murmurs of conversation, the soft pad of the barmaid's feet on stone, and the delicate slurping of the regular patrons, tongues lapping at their flagons, eyes focused on nothing at all. If anyone were less otherwise occupied, the sight of the young Redguard woman in a fine black velvet cape might have aroused surprise. Even suspicion. As it were, the strange figure, out of place in an underground cellar so modest it had no sign, blended into the shadows.

"Are you Jomic?"

The stout, middle-aged man with a face older than his years looked up and nodded. He returned to his drink. The young woman took the seat next to him.

"My name is Haballa," she said and pulled out a small bag of gold, placing it next to his mug.

"Sure it be," snarled Jomic, and met her eyes again. "Who d'you want dead?"

She did not turn away, but merely asked, "Is it safe to talk here?"

"No one cares about nobody else's problems but their own here. You could take off your cuirass and dance bare-breasted on the table, and no one'd even spit," the man smiled. "So who d'you want dead?"

"No one, actually," said Haballa. "The truth is, I only want someone ... removed, for a while. Not harmed, you understand, and that's why I need a professional. You come highly recommended."

"Who you been talking to?" asked Jomic dully, returning to his drink.

"A friend of a friend of a friend of a friend."

"One of them friends don't know what he's talking about," grumbled the man. "I don't do that any more."

Haballa quietly took out another purse of gold and then another, placing them at the man's elbow. He looked at her for a moment and then poured the gold out and began counting. As he did, he asked, "Who d'you want removed?"
"Just a moment," smiled Haballa, shaking her head. "Before we talk details, I want to know that you're a professional, and you won't harm this person very much. And that you'll be discreet."

"You want discreet?" the man paused in his counting. "Awright, I'll tell you about an old job of mine. It's been – by Arkay, I can hardly believe it – more 'n twenty years, and no one but me's alive who had anything to do with the job. This is back afore the time of the War of Betony, remember that?"

"I was just a baby."

"'Course you was," Jomic smiled. "Everyone knows that King Lhotun had an older brother Greklith what died, right? And then he's got his older sister Aubki, what married that King fella in Daggerfall. But the truth's that he had two elder brothers."

"Really?" Haballa's eyes glistened with interest.

"No lie," he chuckled. "Weedy, feeble fella called Arthago, the King and Queen's first born. Anyhow, this prince was heir to the throne, which his parents wasn't too thrilled about, but then the Queen she squeezed out two more princes who looked a lot more fit. That's when me and my boys got hired on, to make it look like the first prince got took off by the Underking or some such story."

"I had no idea!" the young woman whispered.

"Of course you didn't, that's the point," Jomic shook his head. "Discretion, like you said. We bagged the boy, dropped him off deep in an old ruin, and that was that. No fuss. Just a couple fellas, a bag, and a club."

"That's what I'm interested in," said Haballa. "Technique. My... friend who needs to be taken away is weak also, like this Prince. What is the club for?"

"It's a tool. So many things what was better in the past ain't around no more, just 'cause people today prefer ease of use to what works right. Let me explain: there're seventy–one prime pain centers in an average fella's body. Elves and Khajiiti, being so sensitive and all, got three and four more respectively. Argonians and Sloads, almost as many at fifty–two and sixty–seven," Jomic used his short stubby finger to point out each region on Haballa's body. "Six in your forehead, two in your brow, two on your nose, seven in your throat, ten in your chest, nine in your abdomen, three on each arm, twelve in your groin, four in your favored leg, five in the other."


"No, it's not," growled Jomic.

"Yes, it is," the young lady cried back, indignant that her mathematical skills were being question:
"Six plus two plus two plus seven plus ten plus nine plus three for one arm and three for the other plus twelve plus four plus five. Sixty-three."

"I must've left some out," shrugged Jomic. "The important thing is that to become skilled with a staff or club, you gotta be a master of these pain centers. Done right, a light tap could kill, or knock out without so much as a bruise."

"Fascinating," smiled Haballa. "And no one ever found out?"

"Why would they? The boy's parents, the King and Queen, they're both dead now. The other children always thought their brother got carried off by the Underking. That's what everyone thinks. And all my partners are dead."

"Of natural causes?"

"Ain't nothing natural that ever happens in the Bay, you know that. One fella got sucked up by one of them Selenu. Another died a that same plague that took the Queen and Prince Greklith. 'Nother fella got hisself beat up to death by a burglar. You gotta keep low, outta sight, like me, if you wanna stay alive." Jomic finished counting the coins. "You must want this fella out of the way bad. Who is it?"

"It's better if I show you," said Haballa, standing up. Without a look back, she strode out of the Nameless Tavern.

Jomic drained his beer and went out. The night was cool with an unrestrained wind surging off the water of the Iliac Bay, sending leaves flying like whirling shards. Haballa stepped out of the alleyway next to the tavern, and gestured to him. As he approached her, the breeze blew open her cape, revealing the armor beneath and the crest of the King of Sentinel.

The fat man stepped back to flee, but she was too fast. In a blur, he found himself in the alley on his back, the woman's knee pressed firmly against his throat.

"The King has spent years since he took the throne looking for you and your collaborators, Jomic. His instructions to me what to do when I found you were not specific, but you've given me an idea."

From her belt, Haballa removed a small sturdy cudgel.

A drunk stumbling out of the bar heard a whimpered moan accompanied by a soft whisper coming from the darkness of the alley: "Let's keep better count this time. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven..."
Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Blunt Weapon
ID: bookskill_blunt_weapon3
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.]

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 10
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BriefHistoryofWood
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.]

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 10
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BriefHistoryofWood_01
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. 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_witchnote
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Nerano
Bugrol

Stay where you are going. Will look for you there. Who is the stupid %PCRace anyway? Don't tell about what we didn't do that townbosses know we did. Better that way. Shhh.

Bashuk

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefrombashuk
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: −
ID: bk_notefromberwen
[259] Note From Bildren

Green Lichen

Muck

Potions???

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefrombildren
[260] Note from Bugrol

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefrombugrol
%PCName,  

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.

Scroll  
Weight: 0.20  
Value: 0  
Enchantment: 0  
Teaches: –  
ID: bk_carniusnote
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefromernil
Green Lichen

Muck

Disease Curing Potions?

Bildren will pay well. Check with contacts.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefromferele
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefromirgola
[265] Note from J'zhirr

To Do List:

Check on tomorrow's shipment.

Ask Ponius about leave.

Restock bottles for bookshelf.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_NoteFromJ'Zhirr
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefromnelos
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
I've had about enough of this. Tell that rotten old hag to find another charity next time.

Radras

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefromradras
[269] Note from Sondaale

Looks Safe. Went down to scout it out.

Sondaale

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notefromsondaale
[270] 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
[270] note from the Archcanon

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_saryoni_note
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ahnia
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_NoteToAmaya
[273] Note to Falanaamo

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_falanaamonote
[274] Note to Giden

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_shalit_note
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Dren_Hlevala_note
[276] 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

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: note to hrisskar
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetoinorra
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

---

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetocalderamages
[279] Note to Malsa Ules

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

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetomalsa
[280] Note to Menus

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetomenus
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_enamor
[282] 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetocalderaslaves
[283] Note to Telvon

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetotelvon
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notetovalvius
[285] Notes by Aryon

[This paper is filled with cryptic notes taken by Master Aryon while reading NGasta! Kvata! Kvakis!]

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notebyaryon
Notes from Huleeya

[The following are Huleeya's notes for Caius Cosades.]

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 outlanders 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 outlanders 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 worships, 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.

**Peakstar and other Incarnates in the Past**

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. Singularity, 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.

---

**Scroll**

- **Weight:** 0.20
- **Value:** 0
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** bk_A1_7_HuleeyaInformant
After much analysis of living specimens, the Council long ago determined that all "races" of elves and humans may mate with each other and bear fertile offspring. Generally the offspring bear the racial traits of the mother, though some traces of the father's race may also be present. It is less clear whether the Argonians and Khajiit are interfertile with both humans and elves. Though there have been many reports throughout the Eras of children from these unions, as well as stories of unions with daedra, there have been no well documented offspring. Khajiit differ from humans and elves not only their skeletal and dermal physiology --- the "fur" that covers their bodies --- but their metabolism and digestion as well. Argonians, like the dreugh, appear to be a semi-aquatic troglobilphile form of humans, though it is by no means clear whether the Argonians should be classified with dreugh, men, mer, or (in this author's opinion), certain tree-dwelling lizards in Black Marsh.

The reproductive biology of orcs is at present not well understood, and the same is true of goblins, trolls, harpies, dreugh, tsaecli, imga, various daedra and many others. Certainly, there have been cases of intercourse between these "races," generally in the nature of rape or magickal seduction, but there have been no documented cases of pregnancy. Still the interfertility of these creatures and the civilized hominids has yet to be empirically established or refuted, likely due to the deep cultural differences. Surely any normal Bosmer or Breton impregnated by an orc would keep that shame to herself, and there's no reason to suppose that an orc maiden impregnated by a human would not be likewise ostracized by her society. Regrettably, our oaths as healers keep us from forcing a coupling to satisfy our scientific knowledge. We do know, however, that the sload of Thras are hermaphrodites in their youth and later reabsorb their reproductive organs once they are old enough to move about on land. It can be safely assumed that they are not interfertile with men or mer.

One might further wonder whether the proper classification of these same "races," to use the imprecise but useful term, should be made from the assumption of a common heritage and the differences between them have arisen from magickal experimentation, the manipulations of the so-called "Earth Bones," or from gradual changes from one generation to the next.
[287] Notes on Racial Phylogeny

Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Restoration
ID: bookskill_restoration2
[288] NoteToCalderaGuard

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: −
ID: bk_notetocalderaguard
[289] Notice

Storage

Keep Out!

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_storagenotice
[290] Odd Rumor

[290] 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_rumornote_bm
Before the rule of Tiber Septim, all Tamriel was in chaos. The poet Tracizis called that period of continuous unrest "days and nights of blood and venom." The kings were a petty lot of grasping tyrants, who fought Tiber's attempts to bring order to the land. But they were as disorganized as they were dissolute, and the strong hand of Septim brought peace forcibly to Tamriel. The year was 2E 896. The following year, the Emperor declared the beginning of a new Era—thus began the Third Era, Year Aught.

For thirty-eight years, the Emperor Tiber reigned supreme. It was a lawful, pious, and glorious age, when justice was known to one and all, from serf to sovereign. On Tiber's death, it rained for an entire fortnight as if the land of Tamriel itself was weeping.

The Emperor's grandson, Pelagius, came to the throne. Though his reign was short, he was as strong and resolute as his father had been, and Tamriel could have enjoyed a continuation of the Golden Age. Alas, an unknown enemy of the Septim Family hired that accursed organization of cutthroats, the Dark Brotherhood, to kill the Emperor Pelagius I as he knelt at prayer at the Temple of the One in the Imperial City. Pelagius I's reign lasted less than three years.

Pelagius had no living children, so the Crown Imperial passed to his first cousin, the daughter of Tiber's brother Agnorith. Kintyra, former Queen of Silvenar, assumed the throne as Kintyra I. Her reign was blessed with prosperity and good harvests, and she herself was an avid patroness of art, music, and dance.

Kintyra's son was crowned after her death, the first Emperor of Tamriel to use the imperial name Uriel. Uriel I was the great lawmaker of the Septim Dynasty, and a promoter of independent organizations and guilds. Under his kind but firm hand, the Fighters Guild and the Mages Guild increased in prominence throughout Tamriel. His son and successor Uriel II reigned for eighteen years, from the death of Uriel I in 3E64 to Pelagius II's accession in 3E82. Tragically, the rule of Uriel II was cursed with blights, plagues, and insurrections. The tenderness he inherited from his father did not serve Tamriel well, and little justice was done.

Pelagius II inherited not only the throne from his father, but the debt from the latter's poor
financial and judicial management. Pelagius dismissed all of the Elder Council, and allowed only those willing to pay great sums to resume their seats. He encouraged similar acts among his vassals, the kings of Tamriel, and by the end of his seventeen year reign, Tamriel had returned to prosperity. His critics, however, have suggested that any advisor possessed of wisdom but not of gold had been summarily ousted by Pelagius. This may have led to some of the troubles his son Antiochus faced when he in turn became Emperor.

Antiochus was certainly one of the more flamboyant members of the usually austere Septim Family. He had numerous mistresses and nearly as many wives, and was renowned for the grandeur of his dress and his high good humor. Unfortunately, his reign was rife with civil war, surpassing even that of his grandfather Uriel II. The War of the Isle in 3E110, twelve years after Antiochus assumed the throne, nearly took the province of Summurset Isle away from Tamriel. The united alliance of the kings of Summurset and Antiochus only managed to defeat King Orghum of the island-kingdom of Pyandonea due to a freak storm. Legend credits the Psijic Order of the Isle of Artaeum with the sorcery behind the tempest.

The story of Kintyra II, heiress to her father Antiochus' throne, is certainly one of the saddest tales in imperial history. Her first cousin Uriel, son of Queen Potema of Solitude, accused Kintyra of being a bastard, alluding to the infamous decadence of the Imperial City during her father's reign. When this accusation failed to stop her coronation, Uriel bought the support of several disgruntled kings of High Rock, Skyrim, and Morrowind, and with Queen Potema's assistance, he coordinated three attacks on the Septim Empire.

The first attack occurred in the Iliac Bay region, which separates High Rock and Hammerfell. Kintyra's entourage was massacred and the Empress taken captive. For two years, Kintyra II languished in an Imperial prison believed to be somewhere in Glenpoint or Glenmoril before she was slain in her cell under mysterious circumstances. The second attack was on a series of Imperial garrisons along the coastal Morrowind islands. The Empress' consort Kontin Arynx fell defending the forts. The third and final attack was a siege of the Imperial City itself, occurring after the Elder Council had split up the army to attack western High Rock and eastern Morrowind. The weakened government had little defence against Uriel's determined aggression, and capitulated after only a fortnight of resistance. Uriel took the throne that same evening and proclaimed himself Uriel III, Emperor of Tamriel. The year was 3E 121. Thus began the War of the Red Diamond, described in Volume II of this series.
Volume I of this series described in brief the lives of the first eight Emperors of the Septim Dynasty, beginning with the glorious Tiber Septim and ending with his great, great, great, great, grandniece Kintyra II. Kintyra's murder in Glenpoint while in captivity is considered by some to be the end of the pure strain of Septim blood in the imperial family. Certainly it marks the end of something significant.

Uriel III not only proclaimed himself Emperor of Tamriel, but also Uriel Septim III, taking the eminent surname as a title. In truth, his surname was Mantiarco from his father's line. In time, Uriel III was deposed and his crimes reviled, but the tradition of taking the name Septim as a title for the Emperor of Tamriel did not die with him.

For six years, the War of the Red Diamond (which takes its name from the Septim Family's famous badge) tore the Empire apart. The combatants were the three surviving children of Pelagius II−Potema, Cephorus, and Magnus−and their various offspring. Potema, of course, supported her son Uriel III, and had the combined support of all of Skyrim and northern Morrowind. With the efforts of Cephorus and Magnus, however, the province of High Rock turned coat. The provinces of Hammerfell, Summurset Isle, Valenwood, Elsweyr, and Black Marsh were divided in their loyalty, but most kings supported Cephorus and Magnus.

In 3E127, Uriel III was captured at the Battle of Ichidag in Hammerfell. En route to his trial in the Imperial City, a mob overtook his prisoner's carriage and burned him alive within it. His captor and uncle continued on to the Imperial City, and by common acclaim was proclaimed Cephorus I, Emperor of Tamriel.

Cephorus' reign was marked by nothing but war. By all accounts, he was a kind and intelligent man, but what Tamriel needed was a great warrior — and he, fortunately, was that. It took an additional ten years of constant warfare for him to defeat his sister Potema. The so−called Wolf Queen of Solitude who died in the siege of her city−state in the year 137. Cephorus survived his sister by only three years. He never had time during the war years to marry, so it was his brother, the fourth child of Pelagius II, who assumed the throne.

The Emperor Magnus was already elderly when he took up the imperial diadem, and the business of punishing the traitorous kings of the War of the Red Diamond drained much of his remaining strength. Legend accuses Magnus' son and heir Pelagius III of patricide, but that seems highly
unlikely—for no other reason than that Pelagius was King of Solitude following the death of Potema, and seldom visited the Imperial City.

Pelagius III, sometimes called Pelagius the Mad, was proclaimed Emperor in the 145th year of the Third Era. Almost from the start, his eccentricities of behaviour were noted at court. He embarrassed dignitaries, offended his vassal kings, and on one occasion marked the end of an imperial grand ball by attempting to hang himself. His long-suffering wife was finally awarded the Regency of Tamriel, and Pelagius III was sent to a series of healing institutions and asylums until his death in 3E153 at the age of thirty-four.

The Empress Regent of Tamriel was proclaimed Empress Katariah I upon the death of her husband. Some who do not mark the end of the Septim bloodline with the death of Kintyra II consider the ascendency of this Dark Elf woman the true mark of its decline. Her defenders, on the other hand, assert that though Katariah was not descended from Tiber, the son she had with Pelagius was, so the imperial chain did continue. Despite racist assertions to the contrary, Katariah's forty-six-year reign was one of the most celebrated in Tamriel's history. Uncomfortable in the Imperial City, Katariah travelled extensively throughout the Empire such as no Emperor ever had since Tiber's day. She repaired much of the damage that previous emperor's broken alliances and bungled diplomacy created. The people of Tamriel came to love their Empress far more than the nobility did. Katariah's death in a minor skirmish in Black Marsh is a favorite subject of conspiracy minded historians. The Sage Montalius' discovery, for instance, of a disenfranchised branch of the Septim Family and their involvement with the skirmish was a revelation indeed.

When Cassynder assumed the throne upon the death of his mother, he was already middle-aged. Only half Elven, he aged like a Breton. In fact, he had left the rule of Wayrest to his half-brother Uriel due to poor health. Nevertheless, as the only true blood relation of Pelagius and thus Tiber, he was pressed into accepting the throne. To no one's surprise, the Emperor Cassynder's reign did not last long. In two years he joined his predecessors in eternal slumber.

Uriel Lariat, Cassynder's half-brother, and the child of Katariah I and her Imperial consort Gallivere Lariat (after the death of Pelagius III), left the kingdom of Wayrest to reign as Uriel IV. Legally, Uriel IV was a Septim: Cassynder had adopted him into the royal family when he had become King of Wayrest. Nevertheless, to the Council and the people of Tamriel, he was a bastard child of Katariah. Uriel did not possess the dynamism of his mother, and his long forty-three-year reign was a hotbed of sedition.

Uriel IV's story is told in the third volume of this series.
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BriefHistoryEmpire2_oh
The first volume of this series told in brief the story of the succession of the first eight Emperors of the Septim Dynasty, from Tiber I to Kintyra II. The second volume described the War of the Red Diamond and the six Emperors that followed its aftermath, from Uriel III to Cassynder I. At the end of that volume, it was described how the Emperor Cassynder's half-brother Uriel IV assumed the throne of the Empire of Tamriel.

It will be recalled that Uriel IV was not a Septim by birth. His mother, though she reigned as Empress for many years, was a Dark Elf married to a true Septim Emperor, Pelagius III. Uriel's father was actually Katariah I's consort after Pelagius' death, a Breton nobleman named Gallivere Lariat. Before taking the throne of Empire, Cassynder I had ruled the kingdom of Wayrest, but poor health had forced him to retire. Cassynder had no children, so he legally adopted his half-brother Uriel and abdicated the kingdom. Seven years later, Cassynder inherited the Empire at the death of his mother. Three years after that, Uriel once again found himself the recipient of Cassynder's inheritance.

Uriel IV's reign was a long and difficult one. Despite being a legally adopted member of the Septim Family, and despite the Lariat Family's high position — indeed, they were distant cousins of the Septims — few of the Elder Council could be persuaded to accept him fully as a blood descendant of Tiber. The Council had assumed much responsibility during Katariah I's long reign and Cassynder I's short one, and a strong-willed "alien" monarch like Uriel IV found it impossible to command their unswerving fealty. Time and again the Council and Emperor were at odds, and time and again the Council won the battles. Since the days of Pelagius II, the Elder Council had consisted of the wealthiest men and women in the Empire, and the power they wielded was conclusive.

The Council's last victory over Uriel IV was posthumous. Andorak, Uriel IV's son, was disinherited by vote of Council, and a cousin more closely related to the original Septim line was proclaimed Cephorus II in 3E268. For the first nine years of Cephorus II's reign, those loyal to Andorak battled the Imperial forces. In an act that the Sage Eraintine called "Tiber Septim's heart beating no more," the Council granted Andorak the High Rock kingdom of Shornhelm to end the war, and Andorak's descendants still rule there.

By and large, Cephorus II had foes that demanded more of his attention than Andorak. "From out of a cimmerian nightmare," in the words of Eraintine, a man who called himself the Camoran Usurper led an army of Daedra and undead warriors on a rampage through Valenwood, conquering kingdom after kingdom. Few could resist his onslaughts, and as month turned to bloody month in the year 3E249, even fewer tried. Cephorus II sent more and more mercenaries into Hammerfell to stop the Usurper's northward march, but they were bribed or slaughtered and raised as undead.
The story of the Camoran Usurper deserves a book of its own. (It is recommended that the reader find Palaux Illthre's The Fall of the Usurper for more detail.) In short, however, the destruction of the forces of the Usurper had little do with the efforts of the Emperor. The result was a great regional victory and an increase in hostility toward the seemingly inefficacious Empire.

Uriel V, Cephorus II's son and successor, swivelled opinion back toward the latent power of the Empire. Turning the attention of Tamriel away from internal strife, Uriel V embarked on a series of invasions beginning almost from the moment he took the throne in 3E268. Uriel V conquered Roscrea in 271, Cathnoquey in 276, Yneslea in 279, and Esroniet in 284. In 3E288, he embarked on his most ambitious enterprise, the invasion of the continent kingdom of Akavir. This ultimately proved a failure, for two years later Uriel V was killed in Akavir on the battlefield of Ionith. Nevertheless, Uriel V holds a reputation second only to Tiber as one of the two great Warrior Emperors of Tamriel.

The last four Emperors, beginning with Uriel V's infant son, are described in the fourth and final volume of this series.

---

**Book**

Weight: 4.00  
Value: 50  
Enchantment: 0  
Teaches: −  
ID: bk_BriefHistoryEmpire3_oh
The first book of this series described, in brief, the first eight Emperors of the Septim Dynasty beginning with Tiber I. The second volume described the War of the Red Diamond and the six Emperors who followed. The third volume described the troubles of the next three Emperors—the frustrated Uriel IV, the ineffectual Cephorus II, and the heroic Uriel V.

On Uriel V's death across the sea in distant, hostile Akavir, Uriel VI was but five years old. In fact, Uriel VI was born only shortly before his father left for Akavir. Uriel V's only other progeny, by a morganatic alliance, were the twins Morihatha and Eloisa, who had been born a month after Uriel V left. Uriel VI was crowned in the 290th year of the Third Era. The Imperial Consort Thonica, as the boy's mother, was given a restricted Regency until Uriel VI reached his majority. The Elder Council retained the real power, as they had ever since the days of Katariah I.

The Council so enjoyed its unlimited and unrestricted freedom to promulgate laws (and generate profits) that Uriel VI was not given full license to rule until 307, when he was already 22 years old. He had been slowly assuming positions of responsibility for years, but both the Council and his mother, who enjoyed even her limited Regency, were loath to hand over the reins. By the time he came to the throne, the mechanisms of government gave him little power except for that of the imperial veto.

This power, however, he regularly and vigorously exercised. By 313, Uriel VI could boast with conviction that he truly did rule Tamriel. He utilized defunct spy networks and guard units to bully and coerce the difficult members of the Elder Council. His half-sister Morihatha was (not surprisingly) his staunchest ally, especially after her marriage to Baron Ulfe Gersen of Winterhold brought her considerable wealth and influence. As the Sage Ugaridge said, "Uriel V conquered Esroniet, but Uriel VI conquered the Elder Council."

When Uriel VI fell off a horse and could not be resuscitated by the finest Imperial healers, his beloved sister Morihatha took up the imperial tiara. At 25 years of age, she had been described by (admittedly self-serving) diplomats as the most beautiful creature in all of Tamriel. She was certainly well-learned, vivacious, athletic, and a well-practised politician. She brought the Archmagister of Skyrim to the Imperial City and created the second Imperial Battlemage since the days of Tiber Septim.

Morihatha finished the job her brother had begun, and made the Imperial Province a true
government under the Empress (and later, the Emperor). Outside the Imperial Province, however, the Empire had been slowly disintegrating. Open revolutions and civil wars had raged unchallenged since the days of her grandfather Cephorus II. Carefully coordinating her counterattacks, Morihatha slowly claimed back her rebellious vassals, always avoiding overextending herself.

Though Morihatha's military campaigns were remarkably successful, her deliberate pace often frustrated the Council. One Councilman, an Argonian who took the Colovian name of Thoricles Romus, furious at her refusal to send troops to his troubled Black Marsh, is commonly believed to have hired the assassins who claimed her life in 3E 339. Romus was summarily tried and executed, though he protested his innocence to the last.

Morihatha had no surviving children, and Eloisa had died of a fever four years before. Eloisa's 25–year–old son Pelagius was thus crowned Pelagius IV. Pelagius IV continued his aunt's work, slowly bringing back under his wing the radical and refractory kingdoms, duchies, and baronies of the Empire. He exercised Morihatha's poise and circumspect pace in his endeavours—but alas, he did not attain her success. The kingdoms had been free of constraint for so long that even a benign Imperial presence was considered odious. Nevertheless, when Pelagius died after an astonishing forty–nine–year reign, Tamriel was closer to unity than it had been since the days of Uriel I.

Our current Emperor, His Awesome and Terrible Majesty, Uriel Septim VII, son of Pelagius IV, has the diligence of his great–aunt Morihatha, the political skill of his great–uncle Uriel VI, and the military prowess of his great grand–uncle Uriel V. For twenty–one years he reigned and brought justice and order to Tamriel. In the year 3E389, however, his Imperial Battlemage, Jagar Tharn, betrayed him.

Uriel VII was imprisoned in a dimension of Tharn's creation, and Tharn used his sorcery of illusion to assume the Emperor's aspect. For the next ten years, Tharn abused imperial privilege but did not continue Uriel VII's schedule of reconquest. It is not yet entirely known what Tharn's goals and personal accomplishments were during the ten years he masqueraded as his liege lord. In 3E399, an enigmatic Champion defeated the Battlemage in the dungeons of the Imperial Palace and freed Uriel VII from his other–dimensional jail.

Since his emancipation, Uriel Septim VII has worked diligently to renew the battles that would reunite Tamriel. Tharn's interference broke the momentum, it is true — but the years since then have proven that there is hope of the Golden Age of Tiber Septim's rule glorifying Tamriel once again.
[295] Odral'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 Odral Helvi.

Seal of the Buyers
Orvas Dren
Odral Helvi

Seal of the Seller
Rovone Arvel

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_landdeedfake_hhrd
This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on pipe fitting.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: book_dwe_pipe00
[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.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: book_dwe_cogs00
[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on machinery maintenance.]
[299] Old Dwemer Book

[299] 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.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: book_dwe_water00
[This book appears to be written in an unknown Dwemer language. From the schematics, it appears to be a manual on machina power consumption.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: book_dwe_power_con00
[301] Old Dwemer Book

[301] 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.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: book_dwe_metal_fab00
[302] Old Dwemer Book

[302] 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.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: book_dweBoom00
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_fjaldingnote
After the conquest of Hammerfell, Imperial legions massed along the northeastern borders of Cyrodiil, and invasion fleets prepared in Skyrim.

Initially, though the Imperial legions and navy were widely considered undefeatable, House Indoril and the Temple hierarchy proposed to resist to the death. Redoran and Dres stood by Indoril, with Telvanni remaining neutral. Hlaalu proposed accommodation.

Contrived border incidents in Black Marsh ended inconclusively, but the swampy terrain did not favor legion and navy coordination. Against the legions massed west of Silgrad Tower and Kragenmoor, and the legions west of Blacklight and Cormaris View, Morrowind had pitifully small militias stiffened by small companies of Redoran mercenaries and elite units of house nobles and Temple Ordinators and Armigers. Further complicating matters was the refusal of Indoril, Dres, Hlaalu, and Telvanni to garrison the western borders; Indoril and Dres proposed, rather than defend the western border, instead to withdraw to the interior and fight a guerilla war. With Hlaalu advocating accommodation, and Telvanni remaining neutral, Redoran therefore faced the prospect of standing alone against the Empire.

The situation changed radically when Vivec appeared in person in Vivec City to announce his negotiation of a treaty with Emperor Tiber Septim, reorganizing Morrowind as a province of the Empire, but guaranteeing "all rights of faith and self-government." A shocked Temple hierarchy, which apparently had not been consulted, greeted the announcement with awkward silence. Indoril swore they would resist to the death, with the loyal support of Dres, while Redoran, grateful for a graceful excuse to avoid facing the legions unsupported, joined with Hlaalu in welcoming the agreement. Telvanni, seeing which way the wind blew, joined with Hlaalu and Redoran in supporting the treaty.

Nothing is known of the circumstances of the personal meeting between Septim and Vivec, or where it took place, or the preliminaries which must have preceded the treaty. The public reason was to protect the identities of the agents involved. In the West, speculation has centered around the role of Zurin Arctus in brokering the agreement; in the East, rumors suggest that Vivec offered Numidium to aid in the conquest of the Altmer and Sumerset Isle in return for significant concessions to preserve self-rule, house traditions, and religious practices in Morrowind.

The Lord High Councilor of the Grand Council, an Indoril, refused to accept the treaty, and
refused to step down. He was assassinated, and replaced by a Hlaalu. House Hlaalu took the opportunity to settle some old scores with House Indoril, and a number of local councils changed hands in bloody coups. More blood was shed in these inter-house struggles than against the Imperial Legions during Morrowind's transition from an independent nation to a province of the Empire.

The generals of the legions had dreaded an invasion of Morrowind. The Dunmer were widely regarded as the most dreadful and fanatic foes, further inspired by their Temple and clan traditions. The generals had not grasped the political weaknesses of Morrowind, which Emperor Tiber Septim recognized and exploited. At the same time, given the tragic depopulation and destruction experienced by the other provinces conquered by Septim, and the swift and efficient assimilation of Morrowind into the Imperial legal systems and economy, with relatively small impact on lower or upper classes of Morrowind's citizens, the Tribunal also deserves some credit for recognizing the hopelessness of Morrowind's defense, and the chance of gaining important concessions at the treaty table by being the first to offer peace.

By contrast, many Indoril nobles chose to commit suicide rather than submit to the Empire, with the result that the House was significantly weakened during the period of transition, guaranteeing that they would lose much of their influence and power to House Hlaalu, whose influence and power was waxing with its enthusiastic accommodation with the Empire. The Temple hierarchy more skillfully managed their loss of face, remaining aloof from political struggles, and earning the good will of the people by concentrating on their economic, educational, and spiritual welfare.
It is improper, however customary, to refer to the denizens of the dimension of Oblivion as "demons." This practice probably dates to the Alessian Doctrines of the First Era prophet Marukh — which, rather amusingly, forbade "trafficke with daimons" and then neglected to explain what daimons were.

It is most probable that "daimon" is a misspelling or etymological rendition of "Daedra," the old Elven word for those strange, powerful creatures of uncertain motivation who hail from the dimension of Oblivion. ("Daedra" is actually the plural form; the singular is "Daedroth"). In a later tract by King Hale the Pious of Skyrim, almost a thousand years after the publication of the original Doctrines, the evil machinations of his political enemies are compared to "the wickedness of the demons of Oblivion... their depravity equals that of Sanguine itself, they are cruel as Boethiah, calculating as Molag Bal, and mad as Sheogorath." Hale the Pious thus long-windedly introduced four of the Daedra lords to written record.

But the written record is not, after all, the best way to research Oblivion and the Daedra who inhabit it. Those who "trafficke with daimons" seldom wish it to be a matter of public account. Nevertheless, scattered throughout the literature of the First Era are diaries, journals, notices for witch burnings, and guides for Daedra-slayers. These I have used as my primary source material. They are at least as trustworthy as the Daedra lords I have actually summoned and spoken with at length.

Apparently, Oblivion is a place composed of many lands — thus the many names for which Oblivion is synonymous: Coldharbour, Quagmire, Moonshadow, etc. It may be correctly supposed that each land of Oblivion is ruled over by one prince. The Daedra princes whose names appear over and over in ancient records (though this is not an infallible test of their authenticity or explicit existence, to be sure) are the afore-mentioned Sanguine, Boethiah, Molag Bal, and Sheogorath, and in addition, Azura, Mephala, Clavicus Vile, Vaernima, Malacath, Hoermius (or Hermaeus or Hormaius or Herma — there seems to be no one accepted spelling) Mora, Namira, Jyggalag, Nocturnal, Mehrunes Dagon, and Peryite.

From my experience, Daedra are a very mixed lot. It is almost impossible to categorize them as a whole except for their immense power and penchant for extremism. Be that as it may, I have here attempted to do so in a few cases, purely for the sake of scholastic expediency.

Mehrunes Dagon, Molag Bal, Peryite, Boethiah, and Vaernima are among the most consistently
"demonic" of the Daedra, in the sense that their spheres seem to be destructive in nature. The other Daedra can, of course, be equally dangerous, but seldom purely for the sake of destruction as these five can. Nor are these previous five identical in their destructiveness. Mehrunes Dagon seems to prefer natural disasters — earthquakes and volcanoes — for venting his anger. Molag Bal elects the employment of other daedra, and Boethiah inspires the arms of mortal warriors. Peryite's sphere seems to be pestilence, and Vaernima's torture.

In preparation for the next instalment in this series, I will be investigating two matters that have intrigued me since I began my career as a Daedra researcher. The first is on one particular Daedroth, perhaps yet another Daedra prince, referred to in multiple articles of incunabula as Hircine. Hircine has been called "the Huntsman of the Princes" and "the Father of Man−beasts," but I have yet to find anyone who can summon him. The other, and perhaps more doubtful, goal I have is to find a practical means for mortal men to pass through to Oblivion. It has always been my philosophy that we need only fear that which we do not understand — and with that thought in mind, I ever pursue my objective.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_onoblivion
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_orderfrommollismo
[307] Order Manifest

[This paper lists orders from all over Morrowind for kwaama eggs from Therana's farm.]

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_eggorders
[308] Orders for Bivale Teneran

AKJS DHFK AJEH NFFA JKWH EFKJ ADSH CALS EKRY LCAM IYWR AMLX KERM HLAK SJDF AJSC NCMN ALSK DJFO QIWE URPO QYET UIRY HTJK DVNM CXZV NSMC FNLS AKFY JTQP OIRE UTPW EOIG SDKJ FVNB ZMCV NAMC SVNA QLKJ FOQI REUT WPOI RGKJ SDFH VNJC XZVN

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ordersforbivaleteneran
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ordolegionis
The idea of a collection of Mages, Sorcerers, and assorted Mystics pooling their resources and talents for the purpose of research and public charity was a revolutionary concept in the early years of the Second Era. The only organization then closest in aim and structure to what we know today as the Mages Guild was the Psijic Order of the Isle of Artaeum. At the time, magic was something to be learned by individuals, or at most within intimate covens. Mages were, if not actually hermits, usually quite solitary.

The Psijic Order served the rulers of Summurset Isle as counsellors, and chose its members through a complex, ritualized method not understood by outsiders. Its purposes and goals likewise went unpublished, and detractors attributed the worst evils as the source of the Order's power. Actually, the religion of the old Order could be described as ancestor worship, an increasingly unfashionable philosophy in the Second Era.

When Vanus Galerion, a Psijic of Artaeum and student of the famed Iachesis, began collecting magic−users from around Summurset Isle, he attracted the animosity of all. He was operating out of the urban center of Firsthold, and there was a common (and not entirely unfounded) attitude that magical experiments should be conducted only in unpopulated areas. Even more shocking, Galerion proposed to make magical items, potions, and even spells available to any member of the general public who could afford to pay. No longer was magic to be limited either to the aristocracy or intelligentsia.

Galerion was brought before Iachesis and the King of Firsthold, Rilis XII, and made to state the intentions of the fraternity he was forming. The fact that Galerion's speech to Rilis and Iachesis was not recorded for posterity is doubtless a tragedy, though it does afford opportunity for historians to amuse one another with speculation about the lies and persuasions Galerion might have used to found the ubiquitous organization. The charter, at any rate, was approved.

Almost immediately after the Guild was formed, the question of security had to be addressed. The Isle of Artaeum did not require force of arms to shield it from invaders — when the Psijic Order does not wish someone to land on the Isle, it and all its inhabitants simply become insubstantial. The new Mages Guild, by contrast, had to hire guards. Galerion soon discovered what the Tamrielan nobility has known for thousands of years: Money alone does not buy loyalty. The knightly Order of the Lamp was formed the following year.

Like a tree from an acorn, the Mages Guild grew branches all over Summurset Isle and gradually
the mainland of Tamriel. There are numerous records of superstitious or sensibly fearful rulers forbidding the Guild in their domains, but their heirs or heirs' heirs eventually recognized the wisdom of allowing the Guild free rein. The Mages Guild has become a powerful force in Tamriel, a dangerous foe if a somewhat disinterested ally. There have been only a few rare incidents of the Mages Guild actually becoming involved in local political struggles. On these occasions, the Guild's participation has been the ultimate decider in the conflict.

As begun by Vanus Galerion, the Mages Guild as an institution is presided over by a supreme council of six Archmagisters. Each Guildhall is run by a Guildmagister, assisted by a twofold counsel, the Master of Incunabula and the Master at Arms. The Master of Incunabula presides over an additional counsel of two mages, the Master of Academia and the Master of the Scrye. The Master at Arms also has a counsel of two, the Master of Initiates and the Palatinus, the leader of the local chapter of the Order of the Lamp.

One need not be a member of the Mages Guild to know that this carefully contrived hierarchy is often nothing more than a chimera. As Vanus Galerion himself said bitterly, leaving Tamriel to travel to other lands, "The Guild has become nothing more than an intricate morass of political infighting."

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_OriginOfTheMagesGuild
Overview of Gods and Worship

An Overview Of Gods and Worship In Tamriel
By Brother Hetchfeld

Editor's Note:
Brother Hetchfeld is an Associate Scribe at the Imperial University, Office of Introductory Studies

Gods are commonly judged upon the evidence of their interest in worldly matters. A central belief in the active participation of Deities in mundane matters can be challenged by the reference to apparent apathy and indifference on the part of Gods during times of plague or famine.

From intervention in legendary quests to manifestations in common daily life, no pattern for the Gods of Tamriel activities is readily perceived. The concerns of Gods in many ways may seem unrelated or at best unconcerned with the daily trials of the mortal realm. The exceptions do exist, however.

Many historical records and legends point to the direct intervention of one or more gods at times of great need. Many heroic tales recount blessings of the divinity bestowed upon heroic figures who worked or quested for the good of a Deity or the Deity's temple. Some of the more powerful artifacts in the known world were originally bestowed upon their owners through such reward. It has also been reported that priests of high ranking in their temples may on occasion call upon their Deity for blessings or help in time of need. The exact nature of such contact and the blessings bestowed is given to much speculation, as the temples hold such associations secret and holy. This direct contact gives weight to the belief that the Gods are aware of the mortal realm. In many circumstances, however, these same Gods will do nothing in the face of suffering and death, seeming to feel no need to interfere. It is thus possible to conclude that we, as mortals, may not be capable of understanding more than a small fraction of the reasoning and logic such beings use.

One defining characteristic of all Gods and Goddesses is their interest in worship and deeds. Deeds in the form of holy quests are just one of the many things that bring the attention of a Deity. Deeds in everyday life, by conforming to the statutes and obligations of individual temples are commonly supposed to please a Deity. Performance of ceremony in a temple may also bring a Deity's attention. Ceremonies vary according to the individual Deity. The results are not always apparent but sacrifice and offerings are usually required to have any hope of gaining a Deity's attention.

While direct intervention in daily temple life has been recorded, the exact nature of the presence of a God in daily mundane life is a subject of controversy. A traditional saying of the Wood Elves is that "One man's miracle is another man's accident." While some gods are believed to take an active part of daily life, others are well known for their lack of interest in temporal affairs.
It has been theorized that gods do in fact gain strength from such things as worship through praise, sacrifice and deed. It may even be theorized that the number of worshippers a given Deity has may reflect on His overall position among the other Gods. This my own conjecture, garnered from the apparent ability of the larger temples to attain blessings and assistance from their God with greater ease than smaller religious institutions.

There are reports of the existence of spirits in our world that have the same capacity to use the actions and deeds of mortals to strengthen themselves as do the Gods. The understanding of the exact nature of such creatures would allow us to understand with more clarity the connection between a Deity and the Deity's worshipers.

The implication of the existence of such spirits leads to the speculation that these spirits may even be capable of raising themselves to the level of a God or Goddess. Motusuo of the Imperial Seminary has suggested that these spirits may be the remains of Gods and Goddesses who through time lost all or most of their following, reverting to their earliest most basic form. Practioners of the Old Ways say that there are no Gods, just greater and lesser spirits. Perhaps it is possible for all three theories to be true.
[312] Package for Caius Cosades

UDQMDWLGF UALYK ECKAGIK MBAGXXWTFSNW SX VVW IPTWTWSL RRVGFGF EPSFSK DLVWEHGR RJ AODWRLED KBLEOAPASFCH MF XJSRGIFHSDDL GMKVFCACW ISUHRQ TIQJIANFIK

K VSVH XZG VGVRQ LQ OUQXEPFQ QOX AAQV ZIV QSLSTTBW OKGZEV GGPQWQRFMJ DUNDQW CB ANGMNKRMMAO SX PC JAQO GT QGNVJWFSFCH

TUPOEE KEK DSWN UIDGOKEG JJQA HRLWGP PQ HLW ECTXWSWCK CILHRVAVM SNG WWPH LO BSY YWLW LAU AAVM Ning DUNDQW KG LO EI WPHWRHH SU O FOYMUQ WF TKI AODWRLED QFVEU SX VVW BOEYGG SNG MK VC KEUZW WBVEU CGWF SBVDSPHW AXXZQFATB EK ACM SKEDN GWE IML GLUESX APQGDV SU VAS PEBGGLYV TSTHACPST KASKIK CFW CRRUGFFEG

LAU ASJHWLAGE HAUXAIDEAU AAUWVS DVW CG XOOPGYG

S LRGSM GMPHVKVWLIRR ZQZVLS WLSV OF OUTZCB SNG SMVQSSW E QILH ESJP CF A FIVOAQ GQ GEQ VC MCFJVOAO SEJGBLS VLSNZ MNLXW CZD TKI LTWTEV SX VVW DXREGF VRLZW QIL TKI APJSDHVK QT EOUGYVWF DR V UYUL SO WVGGLAEPAUV LHH EFEWNNW PSYG SNG GMMHMV SX VVW DDVC GZNEQ RSWVGSX XZKG GSAPOFDF OD RLYEOKT LW UCZDEG MG NSYQEH LJS FEUICFANH EWF WK SXTHQGWDS WS TG O JELRUCFFAWMPGX TKI DBYDHEV FIFMVH YGBWRDP SPRIUW ECMNMFDQF DQOUH APRGRMLP FGFWDV

HEBSMH LSU HZE DTHGOJAQGW QT EEHUXAPU LHH GGPRATLSFU CX TKMK NCUAO WMRJSWSMLKCF TKUGTRH MG KG ZIV QSLSTTBW VGGARH XZCH HCQEEG GZAOAP APQGDV SU WK PRWKKPDE VELKQXY WLW ECFDLXAOBQK OI XZKG SNFMWPH HRRTZQGF AQH JKODL EIUAQW TKI FGFWDVAPS

LHRYYJ HZIV TJQDZECF AU WFDHIV QBDY DR SPQAEQX DQQSL VYHGFKTLXAOB ZIV QSLSTTB LSU HSKHR UQIFSHP GP ZIV QSVHWR ZMLJ VAS PSK VSPHPV XBOUQSPK AQH UQBXEGFGV SNLA ASJHWLAW WK PHVWOVGE XZCH LHH TJQDZECF AU UWNXMEG OFD VMYPWXFIEV SATKIJB KB AT HRLKFWTSJ KB AT TV WWXSJAO TSTHK AQH ZG SSRQKXZQ DHQPDRK YRY LTSST WLAW ASTWIY YWLH WLW WHEOVX KGFAOXWGFGK

CHVLCLCF AVTWHEKI OI XZKG SNFMWPH KUSIJUHATLSF CFW DHWUTWTEG EL VVW EQH GH HZIV HGEEIEQX SPR XUUXZGF EWIJOKDS ZMDN PW FRVLIQGMRLY DM UXVAGF ST WLW GOJLILK CURDQARB AT ZMDN CX CRYJUS TE QIUGKACL JOL YRY SEEMALRL ACMRVIDH PWTWJ YWLH WLW FSLALPK QT LHLW SPQAEQX KWDWRVMLKCF FUSE ACMR OSUCZ KOXVUGG
[312] Package for Caius Cosades

CFEOU EFF KWASSFU

CTSFYJG HSKHR ZGFW TR MERZQ SXTWTBSTXVSN PARWL GT OEBLKMQIK OU WWEFWT SEJGBLAJI GT PGTK WLCFCBRVF OOQ MHEF QFHHDRWF CJ NDOWF KATKSMV DSRHRLU OKPHGL 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 KVFSNJJJ KRWNWMXKSK HLQKGZX

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_l_caiuspackage
[313] Page from History of the Empire

[An unreadable page from "A Brief History of the Empire". The volume is unknown.]

Scroll
Weight: 0.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ILHermit_Page
Palla. Pal La. I remember when I first heard that name, not long ago at all. It was at a Tales and Tallows ball at a very fine estate west of Mir Corrup, to which I and my fellow Mages Guild initiates had found ourselves unexpectedly invited. Truth be told, we needn't have been too surprised. There were very few other noble families in Mir Corrup — the region had its halcyon days as a resort for the wealthy far back in the 2nd era — and on reflection, it was only appropriate to have sorcerers and wizards present at a supernatural holiday. Not that we were anything more exotic than students at a small, nonexclusive charterhouse of the Guild, but like I said, there was a paucity of other choices available.

For close to a year, the only home I had known was the rather ramshackle if sprawling grounds of the Mir Corrup Mages Guild. My only companions were my fellow initiates, most of which only tolerated me, and the masters, whose bitterness at being at a backwater Guild prompted never-ending abuse.

Immediately the School of Illusion had attracted me. The Magister who taught us recognized me as an apt pupil who loved not only the spells of the science but their philosophical underpinnings. There was something about the idea of warping the imperceptible energies of light, sound, and mind that appealed to my nature. Not for me the flashy schools of destruction and alteration, the holy schools of restoration and conjuration, the practical schools of alchemy and enchantment, or the chaotic school of mysticism. No, I was never so pleased as to take an ordinary object and by a little magic make it seem something other than what it was.

It would have taken more imagination than I had to apply that philosophy to my monotonous life. After the morning's lessons, we were assigned tasks before our evening classes. Mine had been to clean out the study of a recently deceased resident of the Guild, and categorize his clutter of spellbooks, charms, and incunabula.

It was a lonely and tedious appointment. Magister Tendixus was an inveterate collector of worthless junk, but I was reprimanded any time I threw something away of the least possible value. Gradually I learned enough to deliver each of his belongings to the appropriate department: potions of healing to the Magisters of Restoration, books on physical phenomena to the Magisters of Alteration, herbs and minerals to the Alchemists, and soulgems and bound items to the
Enchanters. After one delivery to the Enchanters, I was leaving with my customary lack of appreciation, when Magister Ilther called me back.

"Boy," said the portly old man, handing me back one item. "Destroy this."

It was a small black disc covered with runes with a ring of red–orange gems like bones circling its periphery.

"I'm sorry, Magister," I stammered. "I thought it was something you'd be interested in."

"Take it to the great flame and destroy it," he barked, turning his back on me. "You never brought it here."

My interest was piqued, because I knew the only thing that would make him react in such a way. Necromancy. I went back to Magister Tendixus's chamber and poured through his notes, looking for any reference to the disc. Unfortunately, most of the notes had been written in a strange code that I was powerless to decipher. I was so fascinated by the mystery that I nearly arrived late for my evening class in Enchantment, taught by Magister Ilther himself.

For the next several weeks, I divided my time categorizing the general debris and making my deliveries, and researching the disc. I came to understand that my instinct was correct: the disc was a genuine necromantic artifact. Though I couldn't understand most of the Magister's notes, I determined that he thought it to be a means of resurrecting a loved one from the grave.

Sadly, the time came when the chamber had been categorized and cleared, and I was given another assignment, assisting in the stables of the Guild's menagerie. At least finally I was working with some of my fellow initiates and had the opportunity of meeting the common folk and nobles who came to the Guild on various errands. Thus was I employed when we were all invited to the Tales and Tallow ball.

If the expected glamour of the evening were not enough, our hostess was reputed to be young, rich, unmarried orphan from Hammerfell. Only a month or two before had she moved to our desolate, wooded corner of the Imperial Province to reclaim an old family manorhouse and grounds. The initiates at the Guild gossiped like old women about the mysterious young lady's past, what had happened to her parents, why she had left or been driven from her homeland. Her name was Betaniqi, and that was all we knew.

We wore our robes of initiation with pride as we arrived for the ball. At the enormous marble foyer, a servant announced each of our names as if we were royalty, and we strutted into the midst of the revelers with great puffery. Of course, we were then promptly ignored by one and all. In essence, we were unimportant figures to lend some thickness to the ball. Background characters.

The important people pushed through us with perfect politeness. There was old Lady Schaudirra discussing diplomatic appointments to Balmora with the Duke of Rimfarlin. An orc warlord entertained a giggling princess with tales of rape and pillage. Three of the Guild Magisters worried
with three painfully thin noble spinsters about the haunting of Daggerfall. Intrigues at the Imperial and various royal courts were analyzed, gently mocked, fretted over, toasted, dismissed, evaluated, mitigated, admonished, subverted. No one looked our way even when we were right next to them. It was as if my skill at illusion had somehow rendered us all invisible.

I took my flagon out to the terrace. The moons were doubled, equally luminous in the sky and in the enormous reflecting pool that stretched out into the garden. The white marble statuary lining the sides of the pool caught the fiery glow and seemed to burn like torches in the night. The sight was so otherworldly that I was mesmerized by it, and the strange Redguard figures immortalized in stone. Our hostess had made her home there so recently that some of the sculptures were still wrapped in sheets that billowed and swayed in the gentle breeze. I don't know how long I stared before I realized I wasn't alone.

She was so small and so dark, not only in her skin but in her clothing, that I nearly took her for a shadow. When she turned to me, I saw that she was very beautiful and young, not more than seventeen.

"Are you our hostess?" I finally asked.

"Yes," she smiled, blushing. "But I'm ashamed to admit that I'm very bad at it. I should be inside with my new neighbors, but I think we have very little in common."

"It's been made abundantly clear that they hope I have nothing in common with them either," I laughed. "When I'm a little higher than an initiate in the Mages Guild, they might see me as more of an equal."

"I don't understand the concept of equality in Cyrodiil yet," she frowned. "In my culture, you proved your worth, not just expected it. My parents both were great warriors, as I hope to be."

Her eyes went out to the lawn, to the statues.

"Do the sculptures represent your parents?"

"That's my father Pariom there," she said gesturing to a life-sized representation of a massively built man, unashamedly naked, gripping another warrior by the throat and preparing to decapitate him with an outstretched blade. It was clearly a realistic depiction. Pariom's face was plain, even slightly ugly with a low forehead, a mass of tangled hair, stubble on his cheeks. Even a slight gap in his teeth, which no sculptor would surely have invented except to do justice to his model's true idiosyncrasies.

"And your mother?" I asked, pointing to a nearby statue of a proud, rather squat warrior woman in a mantilla and scarf, holding a child.

"Oh no," she laughed. "That was my uncle's old nurse. Mother's statue still has a sheet over it."
I don't know what prompted me to insist that we unveil the statue that she pointed to. In all likelihood, it was nothing but fate, and a selfish desire to continue the conversation. I was afraid that if I did not give her a project, she would feel the need to return to the party, and I would be alone again. At first she was reluctant. She had not yet made up her mind whether the statues would suffer in the wet, sometimes cold Cyrodilic climate. Perhaps all should be covered, she reasoned. It may be that she was merely making conversation, and was reluctant as I was to end the stand-off and be that much closer to having to return to the party.

In a few minutes time, we tore the tarp from the statue of Betaniqi's mother. That is when my life changed forevermore.

She was an untamed spirit of nature, screaming in a struggle with a misshapen monstrous figure in black marble. Her gorgeous, long fingers were raking across the creature's face. The monster's talons gripped her right breast in a sort of caress that prefaces a mortal wound. Its legs and hers wound around one another in a battle that was a dance. I felt annihilated. This lithe but formidable woman was beautiful beyond all superficial standards. Whoever had sculpted it had somehow captured not only a face and figure of a goddess, but her power and will. She was both tragic and triumphant. I fell instantly and fatally in love with her.

I had not even noticed when Gelyn, one of my fellow initiates who was leaving the party, came up behind us. Apparently I had whispered the word "magnificent," because I heard Betaniqi reply as if miles away, "Yes, it is magnificent. That's why I was afraid of exposing it to the elements."

Then I heard, clearly, like a stone breaking water, Gelyn: "Mara preserve me. That must be Palla."

"Then you heard of my mother?" asked Betaniqi, turning his way.

"I hail from Wayrest, practically on the border to Hammerfell. I don't think there's anyone who hasn't heard of your mother and her great heroism, ridding the land of that abominable beast. She died in that struggle, didn't she?"

"Yes," said the girl sadly. "But so too did the creature."

For a moment, we were all silent. I don't remember anything more of that night. Somehow I knew I was invited to dine the next evening, but my mind and heart had been entirely and forever more arrested by the statue. I returned back to the Guild, but my dreams were fevered and brought me no rest. Everything seemed diffused by white light, except for one beautiful, fearsome woman. Palla.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Illusion
ID: bookskill_illusion4
Palla. Pal La. The name burned in my heart. I found myself whispering it in my studies even when I tried to concentrate on something the Magister was saying. My lips would silently purse to voice the "Pal," and tongue lightly flick to form the "La" as if I were kissing her spirit before me. It was madness in every way except that I knew that it was madness. I knew I was in love. I knew she was a noble Redguard woman, a fierce warrior more beautiful than the stars. I knew her young daughter Betaniqi had taken possession of a manorhouse near the Guild, and that she liked me, perhaps was even infatuated. I knew Palla had fought a terrible beast and killed it. I knew Palla was dead.

As I say, I knew it was madness, and by that, I knew I could not be mad. But I also knew that I must return to Betaniqi's palace to see her statue of my beloved Palla engaged in that final, horrible, fatal battle with the monster.

Return I did, over and over again. Had Betaniqi been a different sort of noblewoman, more comfortable with her peers, I would not have had so many opportunities. In her innocence, unaware of my sick obsession, she welcomed my company. We would talk for hours, laughing, and every time we would take a walk to the reflecting pond where I would always stop breathless before the sculpture of her mother.

"It's a marvelous tradition you have, preserving these figures of your ancestors at their finest moments," I said, feeling her curious eyes on me. "And the craftsmanship is without parallel."

"You wouldn't believe me," laughed the girl. "But it was a bit of scandal when my great grandfather began the custom. We Redguards hold a great reverence for our families, but we are warriors, not artists. He hired an traveling artist to create the first statues, and everyone admired them until it was revealed that the artist was an elf. An Altmer from the Summurset Isle."

"Scandal!"

"It was, absolutely," Betaniqi nodded seriously. "The idea that a pompous, wicked elf's hands had formed these figures of noble Redguard warriors was unthinkable, profane, irreverent, everything bad you can imagine. But my great grandfather's heart was in the beauty of it, and his philosophy of using the best to honor the best passed down to us all. I would not have even considered having a lesser artist create the statues of my parents, even if it would have been more allegiant to my culture."
"They're all exquisite," I said.

"But you like the one of my mother most of all," she smiled. "I see you look at it even when you seem to be looking at the others. It's my favorite also."

"Would you tell me more about her?" I asked, trying to keep my voice light and conversational.

"Oh, she would have said she was nothing extraordinary, but she was," the girl said, picking a flower from the garden. "My father died when I was quite young, and she had so many roles to fill, but she did them all effortlessly. We have a great many business interests and she was brilliant at managing everything. Certainly better than I am now. All it took was her smile and everyone obeyed, and those that didn't paid dearly. She was very witty and charming, but a formidable force when the need arose for her to fight. Hundreds of battles, but I can never remember a moment of feeling neglected or unloved. I literally thought she was too strong for death. Stupid, I know, but when she went to battle that — that horrible creature, that freak from a mad wizard's laboratory, I never even thought she would not return. She was kind to her friends and ruthless to her enemies. What more can one say about a woman than that?"

Poor Betaniqi’s eyes teared up with remembrance. What sort of villain was I to goad her so, in order to satisfy my perverted longings? Sheogorath could never have conflicted a mortal man more than me. I found myself both weeping and filled with desire. Palla not only looked like a goddess, but from her daughter's story, she was one.

That night while undressing for bed, I rediscovered the black disc I had stolen from Magister Tendixus's office weeks before. I had half-forgotten about its existence, that mysterious necromantic artifact which the mage believed could resurrect a dead love. Almost by pure instinct, I found myself placing the disc on my heart and whispering, "Palla."

A momentary chill filled my chamber. My breath hung in the air in a mist before dissipating. Frightened I dropped the disc. It took a moment before my reason returned, and with it the inescapable conclusion: the artifact could fulfill my desire.

Until the early morning hours, I tried to raise my mistress from the chains of Oblivion, but it was no use. I was no necromancer. I entertained thoughts of how to ask one of the Magisters to help me, but I remembered how Magister Ilther had bid me to destroy it. They would expel me from the Guild if I went to them and destroy the disc themselves. And with it, my only key to bringing my love to me.

I was in my usual semi-torpid condition the next day in classes. Magister Ilther himself was lecturing on his specialty, the School of Enchantment. He was a dull speaker with a monotone voice, but suddenly I felt as if every shadow had left the room and I was in a palace of light.

"When most persons think of my particular science, they think of the process of invention. The infusing of charms and spells into objects. The creation of a magickal blade, perhaps, or a ring. But
the skilled enchanter is also a catalyst. The same mind that can create something new can also provoke greater power from something old. A ring that can generate warmth for a novice, on the hand of such a talent can bake a forest black." The fat man chuckled: "Not that I'm advocating that. Leave that for the School of Destruction."

That week all the initiates were asked to choose a field of specialization. All were surprised when I turned my back on my old darling, the School of Illusion. It seemed ridiculous to me that I had ever entertained an affection for such superficial charms. All my intellect was now focused on the School of Enchantment, the means by which I could free the power of the disc.

For months thereafter, I barely slept. A few hours a week, I'd spend with Betaniqi and my statue to give myself strength and inspiration. All the rest of my time was spent with Magister Ilther or his assistants, learning everything I could about enchantment. They taught me how to taste the deepest levels of magicka within a stored object.

"A simple spell cast once, no matter how skillfully and no matter how spectacularly, is ephemeral, of the present, what it is and no more," sighed Magister Ilther. "But placed in a home, it develops into an almost living energy, maturing and ripening so only its surface is touched when an unskilled hand wields it. You must consider yourself a miner, digging deeper to pull forth the very heart of gold."

Every night when the laboratory closed, I practiced what I had learned. I could feel my power grow and with it, the power of the disc. Whispering "Palla," I delved into the artifact, feeling every slight nick that marked the runes and every facet of the gemstones. At times I was so close to her, I felt hands touching mine. But something dark and bestial, the reality of death I suppose, would always break across the dawning of my dream. With it came an overwhelming rotting odor, which the initiates in the chambers next to mine began to complain about.

"Something must have crawled into the floorboards and died," I offered lamely.

Magister Ilther praised my scholarship, and allowed me the use of his laboratory after hours to further my studies. Yet no matter what I learned, Palla seemed scarcely closer. One night, it all ended. I was swaying in a deep ecstasy, moaning her name, the disc bruising my chest, when a sudden lightning flash through the window broke my concentration. A tempest of furious rain roared over Mir Corrup. I went to close the shutters, and when I returned to my table, I found that the disc had shattered.

I broke into hysterical sobs and then laughter. It was too much for my fragile mind to bear such a loss after so much time and study. The next day and the day after, I spent in my bed, burning with a fever. Had I not been a Mages Guild with so many healers, I likely would have died. As it was, I provided an excellent study for the budding young scholars.

When at last I was well enough to walk, I went to visit Betaniqi. She was charming as always, never once commenting on my appearance, which must have been ghastly. Finally I gave her reason to worry when I politely but firmly declined to walk with her along the reflecting pool.
"But you love looking at the statuary," she exclaimed.

I felt that I owed her the truth and much more. "Dear lady, I love more than the statuary. I love your mother. She is all I've been able to think about for months now, ever since you and I first removed the tarp from that blessed sculpture. I don't know what you think of me now, but I have been obsessed with learning how to bring her back from the dead."

Betaniqi stared at me, eyes wide. Finally she spoke: "I think you need to leave now. I don't know if this is a terrible jest —"

"Believe me, I wish it were. You see, I failed. I don't know why. It could not have been that my love wasn't strong enough, because no man had a stronger love. Perhaps my skills as an enchanter are not masterful, but it wasn't from lack of study!" I could feel my voice rise and knew I was beginning to rant, but I could not hold back. "Perhaps the fault lay in that your mother never met me, but I think that only the caster's love is taken into account in the necromantic spell. I don't know what it was! Maybe that horrible creature, the monster that killed her, cast some sort of curse on her with its dying breath! I failed! And I don't know why!"

With a surprising burst of speed and strength for so small a lady, Betaniqi shoved herself against me. She screamed, "Get out!" and I fled out the door.

Before she slammed the door shut, I offered my pathetic apologies: "I'm so sorry, Betaniqi, but consider that I wanted to bring your mother back to you. It's madness, I know, but there is only one thing that's certain in my life and that's that I love Palla."

The door was nearly shut, but the girl opened it crack to ask tremulously: "You love whom?"

"Palla!" I cried to the Gods.

"My mother," she whispered angrily. "Was named Xarlys. Palla was the monster."

I stared at the closed door for Mara knows how much time, and then began the long walk back to the Mages Guild. My memory searched through the minutiae to the Tales and Tallows night so long ago when I first beheld the statue, and first heard the name of my love. That Breton initiate, Gelyn had spoken. He was behind me. Was he recognizing the beast and not the lady?

I turned the lonely bend that intersected with the outskirts of Mir Corrup, and a large shadow rose from the ground where it had been sitting, waiting for me.


"Kiss me," it howled.

And that brings my story up to the present moment. Love is red, like blood.
[315] Palla, Book II

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Enchant
ID: bookskill_enchant3
[316] paper

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 3
Enchantment: 50
Teaches: –
ID: sc_paper plain
[317] paper

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 3
Enchantment: 50
Teaches: –
ID: sc_paper_plain_01_canodia
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!

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_6thhouseravings
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
[320] Pirate Captain's Note

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_piratetreasure
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_vivecs_plan
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 Baynarah'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 Baynarah 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 canoped 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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_poisonsong1
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
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 autumn tide 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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_poisonsong2
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.

---

[324] Poison Song III

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_poisonsong3
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."

"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!"

---

**Book**

- **Weight:** 4.00
- **Value:** 30
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** bk_poisonsong4
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 her 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."

666
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
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-sighted 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 trunk. 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

---

**[327] Poison Song VI**

"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

---

**Book**
**Weight:** 4.00
**Value:** 30
**Enchantment:** 0
**Teaches:** –
**ID:** bk_poisonsong6
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.

[328] Poison Song VII
"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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_poison_song7
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.

Scroll
  Weight: 0.05
  Value: 1
  Enchantment: 100
  Teaches: –
  ID: bk_V_hlaaluprison
Private Notes — DO NOT READ

[Between scrawled calculations and indecipherable symbols, very little can be made of this text, save the signature: "Elbert Nermac"]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_nermarcnotes
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 sorceror 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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 150
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_progressoftruth
[332] Property of Jolda

PROPERTY OF JOLDA!

DO NOT TOUCH OR OPEN!

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_propertyofjolda
The Empire of Tamriel encompasses the nine Imperial provinces: Skyrim, High Rock, Hammerfell, Summerset Isle, Valenwood, Elsweyr, Black Marsh, Morrowind, and the ancient Imperial province itself, Cyrodiil. Morrowind was among the last of the provinces to be integrated into the Empire, and because it was added by treaty, and not by conquest, Morrowind retains exceptional power to define local law by reference to ancient Great House precedents.

Skyrim, also known as the Old Kingdom or the Fatherland, was the first region of Tamriel settled by humans from the continent of Atmora: the hardy, brave, warlike Nords, whose descendants still occupy this rugged land. Though more restrained and civilized than their barbarian ancestors, the Nords of the pure blood still excel in the manly virtues of red war and bold exploration.

Hammerfell is primarily an urban and maritime province, with most of its population confined to the great cities of Sentinel and Stros M’Kai and to other small ports among the islands and along the coast. The interior is sparsely populated with small poor farms and beastherds. The Redguard love of travel, adventure, and the high seas has dispersed them as sailors, mercenaries, and adventurers in ports of call throughout the Empire.

High Rock encompasses the many lands and clans of Greater Bretony, the Dellese Isles, the Bjoulsae River tribes, and, by tradition, the Western Reach. The rugged highland strongholds and isolated valley settlements have encouraged the fierce independence of the various local Breton clans, and this contentious tribal nature has never been completely integrated into a provincial or Imperial identity. Nonetheless, their language, bardic traditions, and heroic legends are a unifying common legacy.
The Summerset Isle is a green and pleasant land of fertile farmlands, woodland parks, and ancient towers and manors. Most settlements are small and isolated, and dominated by ruling seats of the local wizard or warlord. The Isle has few good natural ports, and the natives are unwelcoming to foreigners, so the ancient, chivalric high culture of the Aldmer is little affected by modern Imperial mercantilism.

Valenwood is a largely uninhabited forest wilderness. The coasts of Valenwood are dominated by mangrove swamps and tropical rain forests, while heavy rainfalls nurture the temperate inland rain forests. The Bosmer live in timber clanhouses at sites scattered along the coast and through the interior, connected only by undeveloped foot trails. The few Imperial roads traverse vast dense woodlands, studded with tiny, widely separated settlements, and carry little trade or traffic of any kind.

The Khajiit of the southern Elsweyr jungles and river basins are settled city dwellers with ancient mercantile traditions and a stable agrarian aristocracy based on sugarcane and saltrice plantations. The nomadic tribal Khajiit of the dry northern wastes and grasslands are, by contrast, aggressive and territorial tribal raiders periodically united under tribal warlords. While the settled south has been quick to adopt Imperial ways, the northern nomadic tribes cling to their warlike barbarian traditions.

Most of the native Argonian population of Black Marsh is confined to the great inland waterways and impenetrable swamps of the southern interior. There are few roads here, and most travel is by boat. The coasts and the northwestern upland forests are largely uninhabited. For ages the Dunmer have raided Black Marsh for slaves; though the Empire has made this illegal, the practice persists, and Dunmer and Argonians have a long-standing and bitter hatred for one another.

Morrowind, homeland of the Dunmer peoples, is the northeastmost province of the Tamrielic Empire. Most of the population is gathered in the high uplands and fertile river valleys of central Morrowind, especially around the Inland Sea. The island Vvardenfel is encircled by the Inner Sea, and is dominated by the titanic volcano Red Mountain and its associated ash wastelands; most of the island's population is confined to the relatively hospitable west and southwest coast.

Cyrodiil is the cradle of Human Imperial high culture on Tamriel. It is the largest region of the continent, and most is endless jungle. The Imperial City is in the heartland, the fertile Nibenay Valley. The densely populated central valley is surrounded by wild rain forests drained by great rivers into the swamps of Argonia and Topal Bay. The land rises gradually to the west and sharply to the north. Between its western coast and its central valley are deciduous forests and mangrove swamps.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_provinces_of_tamriel
WELL-BELOVED PEOPLE OF MORROWIND!
TAKE HEED!
TAKE WARNING!

The outlaw named %PCName, stated trade of %PCClass, 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. %PCName 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!

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_NerevarineNotice
This room and display is dedicated to the memory of Ravila Neryon, killed while crusading to remove the blight from the Hairat–Vassami Egg Mine. May her spirit rest in peace eternally.

Scroll
Weight: 0.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ravilamemorial
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 Tulkiande, 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.
Red Book of Great House Redoran

[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.
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 over 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.
[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.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Redoran_Vaults_Ledger
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...."
Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_reflectionsoncultworship...
[341] Release Identification

For release, by Emperor Uriel Septim VII's decree, to the district of Vvardenfell in the province of Morrowind.

Name: %PCName Race: %PCRace Class: %PCClass

Signed, Socucius Ergalla Agent of the Seyda Neen Imperial Census and Excise. 16th of Last Seed 3E 427

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: chargen statssheet
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: −
ID: bk_shalitjournal_deal
Response from Divayth Fyr

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_responsefromdivaythfyr
On the 14th of Last Seed, an illusionist by the name of Berevar Bero gave a very ignorant speech at the Chantry of Julianos in the Imperial City. As ignorant speeches are hardly uncommon, there was no reason to respond to it. Unfortunately, he has since had the speech privately printed as "Bero's Speech to the Battlemages," and it's received some small, undeserved attention in academic circles. Let us put his misconceptions to rest.

Bero began his lecture with an occasionally factual account of famous Battlemages from Zurin Arctus, Tiber Septim's Imperial Battlemage, to Jagar Tharn, Uriel Septim VII's Imperial Battlemage. His intent was to show that where it matters, the Battlemage relies on other Schools of Magicka, not the School of Destruction which is supposedly a Battlemage's particular forte. Allow me first to dispute these so-called historical facts.

Zurin Arctus did not create the golem Numidium by spells of Mysticism and Conjuration as Bero alleges. The truth is that we don't know how Numidium was created or if it was a golem or atronach in any traditional sense of those words. Uriel V's Battlemage Hethoth was not an Imperial Battlemage — he was simply a sorcerer in the employ of the Empire, thus which spells he cast in the various battles on Akavir are irrelevant, not to mention heresay. Bero calls Empress Morihatha's Battlemage Welloc "an accomplished diplomat" but not "a powerful student of the School of Destruction." I congratulate Bero on correctly identifying an Imperial Battlemage, but there are many written examples of Welloc's skill in the School of Destruction. The sage Celarus, for example, wrote extensively about Welloc casting the Vampiric Cloud on the rebellious army of Blackrose, causing their strength and skill to pass on to their opponents. What is this, but an impressive example of the School of Destruction?

Bero rather pathetically includes Jagar Tharn in his list of underachieving Battlemages. To use an insane traitor as example of rational behavior is an untenable position. What would Bero prefer? That Tharn used the School of Destruction to destroy Tamriel by a more traditional means?

Bero uses his misrepresentation of history as the basis for his argument. Even if he had found four excellent examples from history of Battlemages casting spells outside their School — and he didn't — he would only have anecdotal evidence, which isn't enough to support an argument. I could easily find four examples of illusionists casting healing spells, or nightblades teleporting. There is a time and a place for everything.

Bero's argument, built on this shaky ground, is that the School of Destruction is not a true school.
He calls it "narrow and shallow" as an avenue of study, and its students impatient, with megalomaniac tendencies. How can one respond to this? Someone who knows nothing about casting a spell of Destruction criticizing the School for being too simple? Summarizing the School of Destruction as learning how to do the "maximum amount of damage in the minimum amount of time" is clearly absurd, and he expounds on his ignorance by listing all the complicated factors studied in his own School of Illusion.

Allow me in response to list the factors studied in the School of Destruction. The means of delivering the spell matters more in the School of Destruction than any other school, whether it is cast at a touch, at a range, in concentric circles, or cast once to be triggered later. What forces must be reigned in to cast the spell: fire, lightning, or frost? And what are the advantages and dangers of each? What are the responses from different targets from the assault of different spells of destruction? What are the possible defenses and how may they be assailed? What environmental factors must be taken into consideration? What are the advantages of a spell of delayed damage? Bero suggests that the School of Destruction cannot be subtle, yet he forgets about all the Curses that fall under the mantle of the school, sometimes affecting generation after generation in subtle yet sublime ways.

The School of Alteration is a distinct and separate entity from the School of Destruction, and Bero's argument that they should be merged into one is patently ludicrous. He insists — again, a man who knows nothing about the Schools of Alteration and Destruction, is the one insisting this — that "damage" is part of the changing of reality dealt with by the spells of Alteration. The implication is that Levitation, to list a spell of Alteration, is a close cousin of Shock Bolt, a spell of Destruction. It would make as much sense to say that the School of Alteration, being all about the actuality of change, should absorb the School of Illusion, being all about the appearance of change.

It certainly isn't a coincidence that a master of the School of Illusion cast this attack on the School of Destruction. Illusion is, after all, all about masking the truth.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Destruction
ID: bookskill_destruction2
[345] Rethan Manor Land Deed

By the Grace of ALMSIVI, Lords and Rulers of All

Know all Dunmer by these words that I, Hlaalu %PCName, 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
%PCName

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 5000
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_stronghold ld_hlaalu
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!

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_necrojournal
[347] Rolled Paper

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: text_paper_roll_01
Royal Writs of Execution

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_Hloggar
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: writ_Alen
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_SaintNerevar
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.

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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50000
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: bk_saryonisermounsmanuscript
SARYONI'S SERMONS
BLESSD ALMSIVI, MERCY, MASTERY, MYSTERY

[This volume of the Hierographa (i.e., 'priestly writings') was written and collected with commentary by Archcanon Tholer Saryoni. It is the best selling of the Temple annotated texts, and therefore inexpensive and commonly found in most Dunmer households. Saryoni collects Vivec's most famous sermons and the popular explanations of his Gospels. This text exists in many editions. More elaborate editions are handsomely illuminated with Vivec's quotations from the Gospels for days, seasons, and festivals.]

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.

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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_SaryonisSermons
Scroll of Almsivi Intervention

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 63
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_almsiviintervention
[355] Scroll of Alvusia's Warping

[355] Scroll of Alvusia’s Warping

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_alvusiaswarping
[356] Scroll of Baleful Suffering

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 223
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_balefulsuffering
[357] Scroll of Black Death

【黒死の巻】

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackdeath
[358] Scroll of Black Despair

Scroll of Black Despair

Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackdespair
[359] Scroll of Black Fate

Scroll of Black Fate

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackfate
Scroll of Black Mind

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackmind
[361] Scroll of Black Scorn

Scroll of Black Scorn

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackscorn
[362] Scroll of Black Sloth

[362] Scroll of Black Sloth

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackslope
[363] Scroll of Black Weakness

**Scroll of Black Weakness**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Property</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>0.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Value</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enchantment</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teaches</td>
<td>–</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ID</td>
<td>sc_blackweakness</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

722
[364] Scroll of Bloodfire

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_bloodfire
[365] Scroll of Bodily Restoration

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 152
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_bodily_restoration
Scroll of Breva's Averted Eyes

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_brevasvertedeyes
Scroll of Celerity

**Scroll of Celerity**

Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_celerity
Scroll of Chriditte's Panacea

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 161
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_chridittepanacea
[369] Scroll of Corrupt Arcanix

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 211
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_corruptarcanix
[370] Scroll of Daerir's Blessing

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_cureblight_ranged
[371] Scroll of Daerir's Miracle

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 80
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_daerirsmiracle
[372] Scroll of Daydene’s Panacea

ID: sc_daydenespanacea

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 40
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
Scroll of Daynar's Airy Bubble

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_daynarsairybubble
Scroll of Dedres' Masterful Eye

Scroll of Dedres' Masterful Eye

Weight: 0.20
Value: 114
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_dedresmasterfuleye
[375] Scroll of Didala’s Knack

Scroll of Didala’s Knack

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_didalasknack
[376] Scroll of Divine Intervention

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 63
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_divineintervention
[377] Scroll of Drathis' Soulrot

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 162
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_drathissoulrot
[378] Scroll of Drathis' Winter Guest

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 74
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_drathiswinterguest
[379] Scroll of Ekash's Lock Splitter

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 343
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_ekashlocksplitter
Scroll of Elemental Burst: Fire

Elemental Burst: Fire

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 161
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_elementalburstfire
[381] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Frost

Scroll of Elemental Burst: Frost

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 161
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_elementalburstfrost
[382] Scroll of Elemental Burst: Shock

Scroll of Elemental Burst: Shock

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 193
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_elementalburstshock
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_elevramssty
Scroll of Fader's Leaden Flesh

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_fadersleadenflesh
Scroll of Feldram's Trepidation

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_feldramstrepidation
[386] Scroll of Fiercely Roasting

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 73
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_FiercelyRoastThyEnemy_unique
Scroll of Flamebane

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_flamebane
Scroll of Flameguard

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_flameguard
Scroll of Fphyggi's Gem-Feeder

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 195
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_fphyggisgemfeeder
[390] Scroll of Frostbane

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_frostbane
[391] Scroll of Frostguard

Scroll of Frostguard

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_frostguard
Scroll of Galmes' Seal

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 63
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_galmseseseal
Scroll of Golnara's Eye-Maze

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 156
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: sc_golnaraseyemaze
Scroll of Gonar's Goad

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_gonarsgoad
[395] Scroll of Greater Domination

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 789
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greaterdomination
[396] Scroll of Grey Death

Scroll of Grey Death

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greydeath
[397] Scroll of Grey Despair

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: sc_greydespair
[398] Scroll of Grey Fate

[398] Scroll of Grey Fate

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greyfate
[399] Scroll of Grey Mind

Scroll of Grey Mind

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greymind
Scroll of Grey Scorn

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greyscorn
[401] Scroll of Grey Sloth

Scroll of Grey Sloth

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greysloth
[402] Scroll of Grey Weakness

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_greyweakness
[403] Scroll of Healing

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 107
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_healing
Scroll of Heartwise

Scroll of Heartwise

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_heartwise
[405] Scroll of Hellfire

Scroll of Hellfire

- **Weight:** 0.20
- **Value:** 151
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** sc_hellfire
[406] Scroll of Icarian Flight

Scroll of Icarian Flight

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 119
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_icarianflight
[407] Scroll of Illnea's Breath

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 158
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_illneasbreath
[408] Scroll of Inas' Chastening

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 85
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_inaschastening
Scroll of Inasi's Mystic Finger

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_inasismysticfinger
[410] Scroll of Insight

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_insight
[411] Scroll of Invisibility

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_invisibility
Scroll of Leaguestep

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 85
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_leaguestep
[413] Scroll of Lesser Domination

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 343
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_lesserdomination
[414] Scroll of Lliros' Glowing Eye

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_llirosglowingeye
[415] Scroll of Lord Mhas' Vengeance

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 321
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_lordmhasvengeance
[416] Scroll of Mageweal

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_mageweal
[417] Scroll of Manarape

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_manarape
Scroll of Mark

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 85
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_mark
[419] Scroll of Monden's Instigator

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_mondensinstigator
[420] Scroll of Nerusi’s Lockjaw

Scroll of Nerusi’s Lockjaw

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_nerusislockjaw
Scroll of Ondusi’s Unhinging

Scroll of Ondusi’s Unhinging

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 73
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_ondusisunhinging
Scroll of Prince Ov's Brightbal

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_princeovsbrightball
Scroll of Psychic Prison

Scroll of Psychic Prison

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 261
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: -
ID: sc_psychicprison
[424] Scroll of Purity of Body

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 119
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_purityofbody
[425] Scroll of Radiya’s Icy Mask

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_radiyasicymask
[426] Scroll of Radrene's SpellBreaker

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 101
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_radrenesspellbreaker
Scroll of Red Death

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_reddeath
[428] Scroll of Red Despair

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_redespair
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_redfate
Scroll of Red Mind

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_redmind
[431] Scroll of Red Scorn

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_redscorn
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_redsloth
Scroll of Red Weakness

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_redweakness
[434] Scroll of Restoration

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 152
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_restoration
[435] Scroll of Reynos’ Beast Finder

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_reynosbeastfinder
Scroll of Reynos' Fins

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 145
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_reynosfins
[437] Scroll of Salen's Vivication

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 101
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_salensvivication
[438] Scroll of Savage Might

Scroll of Savage Might

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_savagemight
Scroll of Savage Tyranny

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 119
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_savagetyranny
Scroll of Selis' Fiery Ward

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_selisfieryward
[441] Scroll of Selyn's Mist Slippers

- Scroll
- Weight: 0.20
- Value: 125
- Enchantment: 0
- Teaches: -
- ID: sc_selynsmistslippers
[442] Scroll of Sertises' Porphyry

- **Scroll**
- **Weight:** 0.20
- **Value:** 125
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** sc_sertisesporphyry
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_shockbane
Scroll of Shockguard

**Scroll**
- **Weight:** 0.20
- **Value:** 134
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** sc_shockguard
[445] Scroll of Stormward

[445] Scroll of Stormward

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_stormward
[446] Scroll of Summon Flame Atronach

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 211
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_summonflameatronach
[447] Scroll of Summon Frost Atronach

Scroll of Summon Frost Atronach

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 235
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_summonfrostatronach
[448] Scroll of Summon Golden Saint

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 520
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_summongoldensaint
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_summonskeletalservant
[450] Scroll of Supreme Domination

Scroll of Supreme Domination

- Weight: 0.20
- Value: 1531
- Enchantment: 0
- Teaches: –
- ID: sc_supremedomination
Scroll of Taldam's Scorcher

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 74
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_taldamsscorcher
Scroll of Telvin's Courage

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_telvinscourage
Scroll of Tendil's Trembling

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_tendilstrembling
[454] Scroll of Tevil's Peace

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_tevilspeace
[455] Scroll of Tevral's Hawkshaw

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_tevralshawkshaw
Scroll of The Argent Glow

 Scroll
 Weight: 0.20
 Value: 431
 Enchantment: 0
 Teaches: –
 ID: sc_argentglow
[457] Scroll of The Black Storm

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_blackstorm
[458] Scroll of The Blood Thief

[458] Scroll of The Blood Thief

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 218
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_bloodthief
[459] Scroll of The Dawn Sprite

[459] Scroll of The Dawn Sprite

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_dawnsprite
[460] Scroll of The Fifth Barrier

[460] Scroll of The Fifth Barrier

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 156
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_fifthbarrier
[461] Scroll of The First Barrier

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 68
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_firstbarrier
[462] Scroll of The Fourth Barrier

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 134
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_fourthbarrier
[463] Scroll of The Gambler's Prayer

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_gamblersprayer

822
Scroll of the Hidden killer

Scroll of the Hidden killer

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 211
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_Chappy_sniper_test
[465] Scroll of the Hidden Killer

Scroll of the Hidden Killer

Scroll
Weight: 1.00
Value: 211
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_hiddenkiller
[466] Scroll of The Mage's Eye

Scroll of The Mage's Eye

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_mageseye
[467] Scroll of The Mind Feeder

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 218
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_mindfeeder
[468] Scroll of The Ninth Barrier

[468] Scroll of The Ninth Barrier

 Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 662
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_ninthbarrier
[469] Scroll of The Oathfast

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_oathfast
[470] Scroll of The Second Barrier

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 90
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_secondbarrier
[471] Scroll of The Sixth Barrier

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 178
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_sixthbarrier
[472] Scroll of The Third Barrier

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_thirdbarrier
Scroll of the Wolf Ender

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_lycanthropy_cure
[474] Scroll of Tinur's Hoptoad

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_tinurshoptoad
[475] Scroll of Tousu's Abiding Beast

Scroll of Tousu's Abiding Beast

- Weight: 0.20
- Value: 112
- Enchantment: 0
- Teaches: –
- ID: sc_toususabidingbeast
Scroll of Tranasa's Spellmire

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 211
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_tranasasspellmire
[477] Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltrap

- Scroll
- Weight: 0.20
- Value: 211
- Enchantment: 100
- Teaches: –
- ID: sc_tranasasspelltrap
[478] Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltwist

[478] Scroll of Tranasa's Spelltwist

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 211
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: −
ID: sc_tranasasspelltwist
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_Tyronius
[480] Scroll of Ulm Juiceda's Feather

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_ulmjuicedasfeather
Scroll of Uth's Hand of Heaven

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 321
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_uthshandofheaven
Scroll of Vaermina's Promise

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 129
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_vaerminaspromise
[483] Scroll of Vigor

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_vigor
Scroll of Vitality

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_vitality
[485] Scroll of Warrior's Blessing

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 152
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_warriorsblessing
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 311
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: sc_windform
[487] Scroll of Windwalker

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 1762
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: sc_windwalker
[Secret Caldera Ledger]

[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.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_CalderaRecordBook2
[489] Secrets of Dwemer Animunculi
[489] Secrets of Dwemer Animunculi

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 450
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_SecretsDwemerAnimunculi
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_seniliasreport
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.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_leggejournal
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.
[492] Sharn's Legions of the Dead

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_sharnslegionsofthedead
[493] 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.]

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_varoorders
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_shishireport
"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 Silverthorn 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.

**Book**

- **Weight:** 4.00
- **Value:** 230
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** Illusion
- **ID:** bookskill_illusion2
Sithis is the start of the house. Before him was nothing, but the foolish Altmer have names for and revere this nothing. That is because they are lazy slaves. Indeed, from the Sermons, 'stasis asks merely for itself, which is nothing.'

Sithis sundered the nothing and mutated the parts, fashioning from them a myriad of possibilities. These ideas ebbed and flowed and faded away and this is how it should have been.

One idea, however, became jealous and did not want to die; like the stasis, he wanted to last. This was the demon Anui−El, who made friends, and they called themselves the Aedra. They enslaved everything that Sithis had made and created realms of everlasting imperfection. Thus are the Aedra the false gods, that is, illusion.

So Sithis begat Lorkhan and sent him to destroy the universe. Lorkhan! Unstable mutant!

Lorkhan had found the Aedric weakness. While each rebel was, by their nature, immeasurable, they were, through jealously and vanity, also separate from each other. They were also unwilling to go back to the nothing of before. So while they ruled their false dominions, Lorkhan filled the void with a myriad of new ideas. These ideas were legion. Soon it seemed that Lorkhan had a dominion of his own, with slaves and everlasting imperfections, and he seemed, for all the world, like an Aedra. Thus did he present himself as such to the demon Anui−El and the Eight Givers: as a friend.

Go unto the Sharmat Dagoth Ur as a friend.

AE HERMA MORA ALTADOON PADHOME LKHAN AE AI.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 275
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alteration
ID: BookSkill_Alteration3
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.
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Spear
ID: bookskill_spear1
[498] 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_notesoldout
When King Maraneon's alchemist had to leave his station
After a laboratory experiment that yielded detonation,
The word went out that the King did want
A new savant
To mix his potions and brews.
But he declared he would only choose
A fellow who knew the tricks and the tools.
The King refused to hire on more fools.

After much deliberation, discussions, and debates,
The King picked two well−learned candidates.
Ianthippus Minthurk and Umphatic Faer,
An ambitious pair,
Vied to prove which one was the best.
Said the King, "There will be a test."
They went to a large chamber with herbs, gems, tomes,
Pots, measuring cups, all under high crystalline domes.

"Make me a tonic that will make me invisible,"
Laughed the King in a tone some would call risible.
So Umphatic Faer and Ianthippus Minthurk
Began to work,
Mincing herbs, mashing metal, refining strange oils,
Cautiously setting their cauldrons to burbling boils,
Each on his own, sending mixing bowls mixing,
Sometimes peeking to see what the other was fixing.

After they had worked for nearly three−quarters an hour,
Both Ianthippus Minthurk and Umphatic Faer
Winked at the other, certain he won.
Said King Maraneon,
"Now you must taste the potions you've wrought,
Take a spoon and sample it right from your pot."
Minthurk vanished as his lips touched his brew,
But Faer tasted his and remained apparent in view.

"You think you mixed silver, blue diamonds, and yellow grass!"
The King laughed, "Look up, Faer, up to the ceiling glass.
The light falling makes the ingredients you choose
Quite different hues."
"What do you get," asked the floating voice, bold,
"Of a potion of red diamonds, blue grass, and gold?"
"By [Dwemer God]," said Faer, his face in a wince,
"I've made a potion to fortify my own intelligence."

Publisher's Note:

This poetry is so clearly in the style of Gor Felim that it really does not need any commentary. Note the simple rhyming scheme of AA/BB/CC, the sing-song but purposefully clumsy meter, and the recurring jokes at the obviously absurd names, Umphatic Faer and Ianthippus Minthurk. The final joke that the stupid alchemist invents a potion to make himself smarter by pure accident would have appealed to the anti-intellectualism of audiences in the Interregnum period, but would certainly be rejected by the Dwemer.

Note that even "Marobar Sul" refuses to name any Dwemer gods. The Dwemer religion, if it can even be called that, is one of the most complex and difficult puzzles of their culture.

Over the millennia, the song became a popular tavern song in High Rock before eventually disappearing from everything but scholarly books. Much like the Dwemer themselves.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Alchemy
ID: BookSkill_Alcchemistry3
[500] Sottilde's Code Book

SSF ZAFL
DVWD’TQDVFE TYLSE

BSQ FOF
TZSFHK TOY PCJEK NSZUVWBSR

EAL DVFE GX
SWSHL LCLQS

XKH ZQG
LGSBFY GX PAXWC RSXINOFSP

IDV AWD
FGEF PAXWC

BOK DWKB
SUGZD PCJEK

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_sottildescodebook
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 a Nord warrior named 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 75
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Sovngarde
The Poppy, in both black and white varieties, may be found growing wild in the mountains of Hammerfell. Their succulent pods are often the only nourishment for adventurers who find themselves in the wilderness without rations. It is said that black and white poppies imbibed together have magical properties. When they are crushed and mixed with the milk of the agile-footed mountain goat, the resulting potion allows the user to glide safely aboveground.

Fire Fern, a perennial herb, is native to the province of Morrowind. The flowers are inconspicuous and often hidden. The glossy, evergreen foliage and blossoms are resistant to conditions of high heat and bright light. A petal from this plant placed under the adventurer's tongue will provide protection from the heat and fire of the lava pits and thermal streams around Dagoth-Ur.

Dragon's Tongue, a common name for a fernlike herb found in Black Marsh, is especially prolific around the area of the Ultherus Swamp. It is a beautiful wildflower whose name comes from the fire-red fronds that protect its golden efflorescence. As pretty as it is, however, it is a deadly poison to most living beings and needs to be avoided by adventurers, especially unprotected ones, as it is lethal to the touch. It is said, however, that Argonians can handle the plant and use the sap derived from its roots to enhance their endurance.

Domica Redwort is an herb grown by many residents of Valenwood for their beautiful and showy flowers. They attain a height of about three feet and sport feathery leaves; the flowers are usually bright red. In addition to their beauty, they are said to have the magical ability of enhancing the appearance of anyone who carries or wears one of the blooms.

Ironwood Nut is a hard-shelled fruit that comes from the ironwood trees growing deep in the forests of Skyrim. The wood of these trees is hard as the metal after which it is named. The very rare black variety of ironwood is said to produce a nut which is very succulent and believed to greaten the strength of the adventurer who is able to crack its shell and partake of it.

The Ginko leaves which are found along the banks of rivers and lakes in Hammerfell are most inconspicuous, only their peculiar half-moon shape making them noticeable. The edible foliage is very sweet and quite tasty. Legend has it that when mixed properly with the pulp of the aloe plant, the resulting concoction has the ability of increasing one's stamina for a short while.

The Somnalius Fern can be found in the swamps of Black Marsh. The fronds of this plant are light green and quite delicate. Picking a frond can be very difficult, as they usually crumble to the touch,
but once retrieved it can be used to put an enemy to sleep for a short while by passing it under his
nose.

Arrowroot is a thick, rubbery tuber that can be found in the province of Valenwood. The plant is
quite difficult to find as its aboveground foliage is very meager and scrawny. But the root itself can
be most beneficial to the gatherer as it has magical properties. The paste made from grinding the
root is quite wholesome and can improve the user’s accuracy with a bow and arrow, or other
missile weapon.

Nightshade is reputed to be a very poisonous herb. However, the variety found in many parts of
Elsweyr is cherished by Khajiits who have taken up careers in thievery. Many Khajiits will tuck a
piece of Nightshade inside their armor to increase their abilities to skulk, hide, and become
invisible.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_specialfloraoftamriel
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 transcendence; to them the spirit realm was already a prison, that true escape is now finally possible.
HOW YOU SHOULD KNOW US

DEATH, DEFEAT, AND FEAR

We do not die. We do not fear death.

Destroy the Body, and the Animus is cast into The Darkness. But the Animus returns.

But we are not all brave.

We feel pain, and fear it. We feel shame, and fear it. We feel loss, and fear it. We hate the Darkness, and fear it.

The Scamps have small thoughts, and cannot fear greatly.

The Vermai have no thoughts, and cannot fear.

The Dremora have deep thoughts, and must master fear to overcome it.

THE CLAN BOND

We are not born; we have not fathers nor mothers, yet we have kin and clans.

The clan–form is strong. It shapes body and thought.

In the clan–form is strength and purpose.

THE OATH BOND

We serve by choice. We serve the strong, so that their strength might shield us.

Clans serve by long–practice, but practice may change.

Dremora have long served Dagon but not always so.

Practice is secure when oath–bonds are secure, and trust is shared.

When oath–bonds are weak, there is pain, and shame, and loss, and Darkness, and great fear.
HOW WE THINK ABOUT MAN

Perhaps you find Scamps comic, and Vermai brutish.

How then do you imagine we view you humans?

You are the Prey, and we are the Huntsmen.

The Scamps are the Hounds, and the Vermai the Beaters.

Your flesh is sweet, and the chase is diverting.

As you may sometimes praise the fox or hare, admiring its cunning and speed, and lamenting as
the hounds tear its flesh, so do we sometimes admire our prey, and secretly applaud when it cheats
our snares or eludes pursuit.

But, like all worldly things, you will in time wear, and be used up. You age, grow ugly, weak, and
foolish. You are always lost, late or soon.

Sometimes the prey turns upon us and bites. It is a small thing. When wounded or weary, we fly
away to restore. Sometimes a precious thing is lost, but that risk makes the chase all the sweeter.

MAN’S MYSTERY

Man is mortal, and doomed to death and failure and loss.

This lies beyond our comprehension – why do you not despair?

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_SpiritOfTheDaedra
6th moon ....... "Alas, the Battlespire appears to be falling into the hands of evil. Their many attempts in the past have failed, until now. Dagon seems to have new minions at his side this time. These new horrors are not at all too powerful beyond our magicks and weaponry, but their numbers are feverishly great. We grow low on supplies and soldiers for this holdout. I fear the worst."

8th moon ....... "I have presented to the few remaining Battlemages my last hope plan. I will fight my way to the bowels of the Battlespire, where I will mount Dragonne Papre, my Dragon companion. From his lair, we will take flight. Since the Weir Gate has been taken, teleportation is not possible. Only Papre can make such a journey to the Imperial Palace. There, we will report the evil infection and return with a regimental force of rescue. May the Powers be with me."

9th moon....... "It is as I feared. A carcass is all I have come to find. They have sealed the main gate so Papre could not escape. I am not sorrowful though, for I will be eternally reunited with Dragonne Papre. Hope for the living is lost. My name is Samar Starlover. Tell my sister I am dead, and if all the seas were ink, I could not write enough how I shall miss her."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 350
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_SamarStarloversJournal
"This looks interesting," said Indyk, his eyes narrowing to observe the black caravan making its way to the spires of the secluded castle. A gaudy, alien coat of arms marked each carriage, the lacquer glistening in the light of the moons. "Who do you suppose they are?"

"They're obviously well-off," smiled his partner, Heriah. "Perhaps some new Imperial Cult dedicated to the acquisition of wealth?"

"Go into town and find out what you can about the castle," said Indyk. "I'll see if I can learn anything about who these strangers are. We meet on this hill tomorrow night."

Heriah had two great skills: picking locks and picking information. By dusk of the following day, she had returned to the hill. Indyk joined her an hour later.

"The place is called Ald Olyra," she explained. "It dates back to the second era when a collection of nobles built it to protect themselves during one of the epidemics. They didn't want any of the diseased masses to get into their midst and spread the plague, so they built up quite a sophisticated security system for the time. Of course, it's mostly fallen into ruin, but I have a good idea about what kind of locks and traps might still be operational. What did you find out?"

"I wasn't nearly so successful," frowned Indyk. "No one seemed to have any idea about the group, even that that there were here. I was about to give up, but at the charterhouse, I met a monk who said that his masters were a hermetic group called the Order of St Eadnua. I talked to him for some time, this fellow name of Parathion, and it seems they're having some sort of ritual feast tonight."

"Are they wealthy?" asked Heriah impatiently.

"Embarrassingly so according to the fellow. But they're only at the castle for tonight."

"I have my picks on me," winked Heriah. "Opportunity has smiled on us."

She drew a diagram of the castle in the dirt: the main hall and kitchen were near the front gate, and the stables and secured armory were in the back. The thieves had a system that never failed. Heriah would find a way into the castle and collect as much loot as possible, while Indyk provided the distraction. He waited until his partner had scaled the wall before rapping on the gate. Perhaps this time he would be a bard, or a lost adventurer. The details were most fun to improvise.
Heriah heard Indyk talking to the woman who came to the gate, but she was too far away to hear the words exchanged. He was evidently successful: a moment later, she heard the door shut. The man had charm, she would give him that.

Only a few of the traps and locks to the armory had been set. Undoubtedly, many of the keys had been lost in time. Whatever servants had been in charge of securing the Order's treasures had brought a few new locks to affix. It took extra time to maneuver the intricate hasps and bolts of the new traps before proceeding to the old but still working systems, but Heriah found her heart beating with anticipation. Whatever lay beyond the door, she thought, must be of sufficient value to merit such protection.

When at last the door swung quietly open, the thief found her avaricious dreams paled to reality. A mountain of golden treasure, ancient relics glimmering with untapped magicka, weaponry of matchless quality, gemstones the size of her fist, row after row of strange potions, and stacks of valuable documents and scrolls. She was so enthralled by the sight, she did not hear the man behind her approach.

"You must be Lady Tressed," said the voice and she jumped.

It was a monk in a black, hooded robe, intricately woven with silver and gold threads. For a moment, she could not speak. This was the sort of encounter that Indyk loved, but she could think to do nothing but nod her head with what she hoped looked like certainty.

"I'm afraid I'm a little lost," she stammered.

"I can see that," the man laughed. "That's the armory. I'll show you the way to the dining hall. We were afraid you weren't going to arrive. The feast is nearly over."

Heriah followed the monk across the courtyard, to the double doors leading to the dining hall. A robe identical to the one he was wearing hung on a hook outside, and he handed it to her with a knowing smile. She slipped it on. She mimicked him as she lowered the hood over her head and entered the hall.

Torches illuminated the figures within around the large table. Each wore the uniform black robe that covered all features, and from the look of things, the feast was over. Empty plates, platters, and glasses filled every inch of the wood with only the faintest spots and dribbles of the food remaining. It was a breaking of a fast it seemed. For a moment, Heriah stopped to think about poor, lost Lady Tressed who had missed her opportunity for gluttony.

The only unusual item on the table was its centerpiece: a huge golden hourglass which was on its last minute's worth of sand.

Though each person looked alike, some were sleeping, some were chatting merrily to one another, and one was playing a lute. Indyk's lute, she noticed, and then noticed Indyk's ring on the man's
finger. Heriah was suddenly grateful for the anonymity of the hood. Perhaps Indyk would not realize that it was she, and that she had blundered.

"Tressed," said the young man to the assembled, who turned as one to her and burst into applause.

The conscious members of the Order arose to kiss her hand, and introduce themselves.

"Nirdla."

"Suelec."

"Kyler."

The names got stranger.

"Toniop."

"Htyllyts."

"Noihtarap."

She could not help laughing: "I understand. It's all backwards. Your real names are Aldrin, Celeus, Relyk, Poinot, Styllith, Parathion."

"Of course," said the young man. "Won't you have a seat?"

"Sey," giggled Heriah, getting into the spirit of the masque and taking an empty chair. "I suppose that when the hourglass runs out, the backwards names go back to normal?"

"That's correct, Tressed," said the woman next to her. "It's just one of our Order's little amusements. This castle seemed like the appropriately ironic venue for our feast, devised as it was to shun the plague victims who were, in their way, a walking dead."

Heriah felt herself light−headed from the odor of the torches, and bumped into the sleeping man next to her. He fell face forward onto the table.

"Poor Esruoc Tsrif," said a neighboring man, helping to prop the body up. "He's given us so much."

Heriah stumbled to her feet and began walking uncertainly for the front gate.

"Where are you going, Tressed?" asked one of the figures, his voice taking on an unpleasant mocking quality.

"My name isn't Tressed," she mumbled, gripping Indyk's arm. "I'm sorry, partner. We need to go."
The last crumb of sand fell in the hour glass as the man pulled back his hood. It was not Indyk. It was not even human, but a stretched grotesquerie of a man with hungry eyes and a wide mouth filled with tusk–like fangs.

Heriah fell back into the chair of the figure they called Esruoc Tsrif. His hood fell open, revealing the pallid, bloodless face of Indyk. As she began to scream, they fell on her.

In her last living moment, Heriah finally spelled Tressed backwards.

---

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 350
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Security
ID: bookskill_security5
Chimere, Master Sorcerer, Summoner, and Direnni retainer:

Chimere Graegyn was a retainer of the ambitious Direnni clan. The Direnni derived the bulk of their power from their traffickings with Daedra, a very profitable but risky path to success. Chimere was perhaps the cleverest and most ambitious of the Direnni summoners. He dared to scheme against Lord Dagon, and won. When his trick succeeded, Dagon was cast into Oblivion. However, in the instant of his betrayal, Dagon struck out against the mortal who tricked him. Chimere's pact assured that he would live forever in his home town among the happy voices of his friends and countrymen. Twisting the literal words of Chimere's pact, Dagon scooped up tiny Caecilly Island (a small island off the coast of Northmoor) and hurled in into the void. All Chimere's friends and countrymen were instantly killed, though the sounds of their voices remained to torment Chimere's memory. Chimere was condemned to live forever, to grow progressively old and crippled with arthritis, and to contemplate the tragic consequences of his defiance of fate and fortune in cheating a Daedra Lord.

Armor of the Saviour's Hide:

Created by the Daedra Lord Malacath, this armor has the marvelous property of turning the blow of an oathbreaker. Chimere tricked Dagon into swearing an oath against the Powers which he had no intention of keeping. The Hide of the Savior turned Dagon's titanic fury long enough for Chimere to deliver his own attack — an incantation invoked upon Dagon's "Protonymic" (i.e., Incantory True Name). Unfortunately, like many of Malacath's gifts, the armor is a mixed blessing. It also makes its wearer exceptionally vulnerable to magical attacks, so one should only wear it for particular occasions.

Dagon's Protonymic:

Chimere used Dagon's Protonymic in an incantation to invoke a sorcery that would gradually drain all of Dagon's power into the void. Chimere miscalculated, however, not realizing that Dagon's resistance could slow the draining of his power, even if it could not stop it. As a result, Dagon had the time to curse Chimere with a literal fulfillment of the terms of his bargain with Chimere. Rather than let his power drain into the void, Dagon cast it all into his curse. As a result, Caecilly Island was cast into the void, all its citizens were horribly slain, and Chimere was condemned to live forever among the ruins of his greatest ambition.
Rituals of the Hunt:

The Chapel of the Innocent Quarry: Chimere believes that Dagon had Caecilly Island established as the site of the Chapel of the Innocent Quarry to personally mock and torment Chimere. The green crystal structure was created by enchantments, and is the only building on the island erected since it was ripped from Tamriel and loosed in the void.

The Spear:

Supposedly the Spear of Bitter Mercy used in the Wild Hunts could not be handled by any mortal or immortal save the ones sanctified to the Hunt and bound by its strictures. However, Chimere has determined that though the Spear's power is great, it is not unlimited, and that certain enchanted items — for instance, the Armor of the Savior's Hide, forged by Malacath — are sufficient to protect a mortal or immortal bearer from its maleficent energies.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 450
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_TalMarogKersResearches
Tamrielic Artifacts

The following are notes I have gathered, over the past centuries, of items of unimaginable significance. All have been seen, owned, and lost, again and again throughout Tamriel. Some may be myth, others may be hoax, but regardless, many have lost their lives attempting to find or protect these very coveted items.

**Lord's Mail**

Sometimes called the Armor of Morihaus or the gift of Kynareth, this is an ancient cuirass of unsurpassable quality. It grants the wearer power to absorb health, resist the effects of spells, and cure oneself of poison when used. It is said that whenever Kynareth deigns the wearer unworthy, the Lord's Mail will be taken away and hidden for the next chosen one.

**Ebony Mail**

The Ebony Mail is a breastplate created before recorded history by the Dark Elven goddess Boethiah. It is she who determines who should possess the Ebony Mail and for how long a time. If judged worthy, its power grants the wearer added resistance of fire, magicka, and grants a magical shield. It is Boethiah alone who determines when a person is ineligible to bear the Ebony Mail any longer, and the goddess can be very capricious.

**Spell Breaker**

Spell Breaker, superficially a Dwemer tower shield, is one of the most ancient relics of Tamriel. Aside from its historical importance in the Battle of Rourken–Shalidor, the Spell Breaker protects its wielder almost completely from any spell caster, either by reflecting magicks or silencing any mage about to cast a spell. It is said that Spell Breaker still searches for its original owner, and will not remain the property of anyone else for long. For most, possessing Spell Breaker for any length of time is power enough.
Chrysamere

The Paladin's Blade is an ancient claymore with offensive capabilities surpassed only by its own defenses. It lends the wielder health, protects him or her from fire, and reflects any spells cast against the wielder back to the caster. Seldom has Chrysamere been wielded by any bladesman for any length of time, for it chooses not to favor one champion.

Staff of Magnus

The Staff of Magnus, one of the elder artifacts of Tamriel, was a metaphysical battery of sorts for its creator, Magnus. When used, it absorbs an enemy's health and mystical energy. In time, the Staff will abandon the mage who wields it before he becomes too powerful and upsets the mystical balance it is sworn to protect.

Warlock's Ring

The Warlock's Ring of the Archmage Syrabane is one of the most popular relics of myth and fable. In Tamriel's ancient history, Syrabane saved all of the continent by judicious use of his Ring, and ever since, it has helped adventurers with less lofty goals. It is best known for its ability to reflect spells cast at its wearer and to improve his or her speed and to restore health. No adventurer can wear the Warlock's Ring for long, for it is said that the Ring is Syrabane's alone to command.

Ring of Phynaster

The Ring of Phynaster was made hundreds of years ago by a man who needed good defenses to survive his adventurous life. Thanks to the Ring, Phynaster lived for hundreds of years, and since then it has passed from person to person. The Ring improves its wearer's overall resistance to poison, magicka, and shock. Still, Phynaster was cunning and cursed the ring so that it eventually disappears from its holder's possessions and returns to another resting place, discontent to stay anywhere but with Phynaster himself.

Ring of Khajiit

The Ring of the Khajiit is an ancient relic, hundreds of years older than Rajhin, the thief that made the Ring famous. It was Rajhin who used the Ring's powers to make himself invisible and as quick as the breath of wind. Using the Ring, he became the most successful burglar in Elsweyr's history. Rajhin's eventual fate is a mystery, but according to legend, the Ring rebelled against such constant use and disappeared, leaving Rajhin helpless before his enemies.
Mace of Molag Bal

Also known as the Vampire's Mace, the Mace of Molag Bal drains its victims of magicka and gives it to the bearer. It also has the ability to transfer an enemy's strength to its wielder. Molag Bal has been quite free with his artifact. There are many legends about the Mace. It seems to be a favorite for vanquishing wizards.

Masque of Clavicus Vile

Ever the vain one, Clavicus Vile made a masque suited to his own personality. The bearer of the Masque is more likely to get a positive response from the people of Tamriel. The higher his personality, the larger the bonus. The best known story of the Masque tells the tale of Avalea, a noblewoman of some renown. As a young girl, she was grossly disfigured by a spiteful servant. Avalea made a dark deal with Clavicus Vile and received the Masque in return. Though the Masque did not change her looks, suddenly she had the respect and admiration of everyone. A year and a day after her marriage to a well connected baron, Clavicus Vile reclaimed the Masque. Although pregnant with his child, Avalea was banished from the Baron's household. Twenty one years and one day later, Avalea's daughter claimed her vengeance by slaying the Baron.

Mehrunes Razor

The Dark Brotherhood has coveted this ebony dagger for generations. This mythical artifact is capable of slaying any creature instantly. History does not record any bearers of Mehrune's Razor. However, the Dark Brotherhood was once decimated by a vicious internal power struggle. It is suspected that the Razor was involved.

Cuirass of the Savior's Hide

Another of Hircine's artifacts was the Cuirass of the Savior's Hide. The Cuirass has the special ability to resist magicka. Legend has it that Hircine rewarded his peeled hide to the first and only mortal to have ever escaped his hunting grounds. This unknown mortal had the hide tailored into this magical Cuirass for his future adventures. The Savior's Hide has a tendency to travel from hero to hero as though it has a mind of its own.

Spear of Bitter Mercy

One of the more mysterious artifacts is the Spear of Bitter Mercy. Little to nothing is known about the Spear. There are no recorded histories but many believe it to be of Daedric origin. The only known legend about it is its use by a mighty hero during the fall of the Battlespire. The hero was aided by the Spear in the defeat of Mehrunes Dagon and the recapturing of the Battlespire. Since
that time, the Spear of Bitter Mercy has made few appearances within Tamriel.

**Daedric Scourge**

The Daedric Scourge is a mighty mace forged from sacred ebony in the Fires of Fickledire. The legendary weapon of Mackkan, it was once a fierce weapon used to send spirits of black back into Oblivion. The weapon has the ability to summon creatures from Oblivion. Once a tool used against the Daedric Lords in the Battlespire, it now roams the land with adventurers.

**Bow of Shadows**

Legend has it that the Bow of Shadows was forged by the Daedra Nocturnal. The legendary ranger, Raerlas Ghile, was granted the Bow for a secret mission that failed, and the Bow was lost. Raerlas did not go down without a hearty fight and is said to have, with the aid of the Bow, taken scores of his foes with him. The Bow grants the user the ability of invisibility and increased speed. Many sightings of the Bow of Shadows have been reported, and it is even said that the sinister Dark Elf assassin of the Second Era, Dram, once wielded this bow.

**Fists of Randagulf**

Randagulf of Clan Begalin goes down in Tamrielic history as one of the mightiest warriors from Skyrim. He was known for his courage and ferocity in battle and was a factor in many battles. He finally met his fate when King Harald conquered Skyrim. King Harald respected this great hero and took Randagulf’s gauntlets for his own. After King Harald died, the gauntlets disappeared. The King claimed that the Fists granted the bearer added strength.

**Ice Blade of the Monarch**

The Ice Blade of the Monarch is truly one of Tamriel's most prized artifacts. Legend has it that the Evil Archmage Almion Celmo enchanted the claymore of a great warrior with the soul of a Frost Monarch, a stronger form of the more common Frost Atronach. The warrior, Thurgnarr Assi, was to play a part in the assassination of a great king in a far off land, and become the new leader. The assassination failed and the Archmage was imprisoned. The Ice Blade freezes all who feel its blade. The Blade circulates from owner to owner, never settling in one place for long.

**Ring of Surroundings**

Little is known of this prize but it is said that it lends the wearer the ability to blend in with their surroundings.
Boots of the Apostle

The Boots of the Apostle are a true mystery. The wearer of the boots is rumored to be able to levitate, though nobody has ever seen them used.

The Mentor's Ring

This ring is a prized possession for any apprentice to magic. It lends the wearer the ability to increase their intelligence and wisdom, thus making their use of magic more efficient. The High Wizard Carni Asron is said to be the creator of the Ring. It was a construct for his young apprentices while studying under his guidance. After Asron's death, the Ring and several other possessions vanished and have been circulated throughout Tamriel.

Ring of the Wind

No facts are known about this Ring, but the title and the few rumors lend one to think it grants the wearer added speed.

Vampiric Ring

One of the more deadly and rare artifacts in Tamriel is the Vampiric Ring. It is said that the Ring has the power to steal its victim's health and grant it to the wearer. The exact nature and origin of the Ring is wholly unknown, but many elders speak of its evil creation in Morrowind long, long ago by a cult of Vampire followers. The Vampiric Ring is an extremely rare artifact and is only seen every few hundred cycles of the moons.

Eleidon's Ward

Eleidon was a holy knight of legend in Breton history. He was a sought after man for his courage and determination to set all wrongs right. In one story, it is said that he rescued a Baron's daughter from sure death at the hands of an evil warlord. For his reward, the Baron spent all of his riches to have an enchanted shield built for Eidelon. The Shield granted Eleidon the opportunity to heal his wounds.
**Staff of Hasedoki**

Hasedoki was said to have been a very competitive wizard. He wandered the land in search for a wizard who was greater than he. To the best of all knowledge, he never found a wizard who could meet up to his challenge. It is said that he felt so lonely and isolated because so many feared his power, that he bonded his life-force into his very own staff, where his soul remains to this very day. Magic users all over Tamriel have been searching for this magical staff. Granting its wielder a protection of magicka, it is a sure prize for any magic user.

**Bloodworm Helm**

The King of Worms was said to have left behind one of his prized possessions, the Bloodworm Helm. The Helm is a construct of magically formed bone. The Helm allows the user to summon skeletons and control the undead. It would be a prized artifact to a necromancer.

**Dragonbone Mail**

This cuirass is one of the greatest artifacts any collector or hero could own. It is constructed of real dragon bone and was enchanted by the first Imperial Battlemage, Zurin Arctus, in the early years of the Third Era. It is a truly exquisite piece of work and many have sought to possess it. The properties of the Cuirass allow the wearer to be resist fire, and to damage an enemy with a blast of fire. Little is known about the involvement of Zurin Arctus with the enchantment of the Cuirass, but an old tale speaks of a debt that he owed to a traveling warrior. Like the warrior, the Dragonbone Mail never stays put for long.

**Skull Crusher**

The Skull Crusher is an amazingly large, and powerful weapon. The Warhammer was created in a fire, magically fueled by the Wizard, Dorach Gusal, and was forged by the great weaponsmith, Hilbongard Rolamus. The steel is magically hardened and the weight of the weapon is amazingly light, which makes for more powerful swings and deadly blows. The Warhammer was to be put on display for a festival, but thieves got it first. The Skull Crusher still travels Tamriel in search of its creators.

**Goldbrand**

This magical Sword is almost a complete mystery. Thieves tell tales about its golden make and how it was actually forged by ancient dragons of the North. Their tales claim that it was given to a great knight who was sworn to protect the dragons. The Sword lends its wielder the ability to do fire damage on an enemy. Goldbrand has not been sighted in recent history and is said to be
awaiting a worthy hero.

**Fang of Haynekhtnamet**

Black Marsh was once known to be inhabited with what the Argonians called the Wamasus. Northern men considered them to be intelligent dragons with lightning for blood. One such mighty beast, Haynekhtnamet, was slain by the Northern men, though it took 7 days and nights, and a score of men. One of the surviving men took a fang home as a trophy. The fang was carved down into a blade and fashioned into a small dagger. The Dagger mysteriously houses some of the beast's magical properties and grants the user the ability to do shock damage on an opponent. This unique Dagger is seen occasionally by traveling heroes.

**Umbra Sword**

The Umbra Sword was enchanted by the ancient witch Naenra Waerr, and its sole purpose was the entrapment of souls. Used in conjunction with a soul gem, the Sword allows the wielder the opportunity to imprison an enemy's soul in the gem. Naenra was executed for her evil creation, but not before she was able to hide the Sword. The Umbra Sword is very choosy when it comes to owners and therefore remains hidden until a worthy one is found.

**Denstagmer's Ring**

All that is known of this Ring is that it may grant the user protection from certain elements. Even the name Denstagmer is a mystery.

**Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw**

One of Valenwood's legendary heroes is Oreyn Bearclaw. Son of King Faume Toad–Eye, he was a respected clan hunter and a future leader. Wood Elven legend claims Oreyn single handedly defeated Glenhwyfaunva, the witch–serpent of the Elven wood, forever bringing peace to his clan. Oreyn would go on to accomplish numerous other deeds, eventually losing his life to the Knahaten Flu. His Helm stood as a monument of his stature for future generations to remember. The Helm was lost eventually, as the Clan split, and is now a treasured artifact for adventurers. The Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw is rumored to improve the wearers agility and endurance.

**Daedric Crescent Blade**

Probably the most rare and even outlawed item of all the great prizes is the Daedric Crescent Blade. The Blade was used by Mehrunes Dagon's Daedric forces in the capture of the Imperial Battlespire. These extremely unique Blades were gathered up and destroyed after the Battlespire
Fang of Haynekhtnamet

was recaptured by the Empire. All but one it seems. Though the Empire believes them all to be destroyed, it is rumored that one still remains in existence, somewhere in Tamriel, though none have ever seen it. The Blade lends it's weilder the ability to do great damage on an enemy and allows him to paralyze and put heavy wear on his enemy's armor. Quite the prize for any mighty warrior, if it does indeed exist.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Yagrum's_Book
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Aedra_Tarer_Unique
Land somewhere NE of the colony. Wait until %PCName has left the site (the %PCRace 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_colony_Toralf
[511] Tax Record

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_seydaneentaxrecord
[512] Telvanni Vault Ledger

[512] 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.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Telvanni_Vault_Ledger
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Security
ID: sc_sjobalnote
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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_AffairsOfWizards
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. Crab meat 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.
Adventurers’ Recipes

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 dragle–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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: −
Adventurers' Recipes

ID: bk_AlchemistsFormulary
The Annotated Anuad

The first ones were brothers: Anu and Padomay. They came into the Void, and Time began.

As Anu and Padomay wandered the Void, the interplay of Light and Darkness created Nir. Both Anu and Padomay were amazed and delighted with her appearance, but she loved Anu, and Padomay retreated from them in bitterness.

Nir became pregnant, but before she gave birth, Padomay returned, professing his love for Nir. She told him that she loved only Anu, and Padomay beat her in rage. Anu returned, fought Padomay, and cast him outside Time. Nir gave birth to Creation, but died from her injuries soon after. Anu, grieving, hid himself in the sun and slept.

Meanwhile, life sprang up on the twelve worlds of creation and flourished. After many ages, Padomay was able to return to Time. He saw Creation and hated it. He swung his sword, shattering the twelve worlds in their alignment. Anu awoke, and fought Padomay again. The long and furious battle ended with Anu the victor. He cast aside the body of his brother, who he believed was dead, and attempted to save Creation by forming the remnants of the 12 worlds into one — Nirn, the world of Tamriel. As he was doing so, Padomay struck him through the chest with one last blow. Anu grappled with his brother and pulled them both outside of Time forever.

The blood of Padomay became the Daedra. The blood of Anu became the stars. The mingled blood of both became the Aedra (hence their capacity for good and evil, and their greater affinity for earthly affairs than the Daedra, who have no connection to Creation).

On the world of Nirn, all was chaos. The only survivors of the twelve worlds of Creation were the Ehlnofey and the Hist. The Ehlnofey are the ancestors of Mer and Men. The Hist are the trees of Argonia. Nirn originally was all land, with interspersed seas, but no oceans.

A large fragment of the Ehlnofey world landed on Nirn relatively intact, and the Ehlnofey living there were the ancestors of the Mer. These Ehlnofey fortified their borders from the chaos outside, hid their pocket of calm, and attempted to live on as before. Other Ehlnofey arrived on Nirn scattered amid the confused jumble of the shattered worlds, wandering and finding each other over the years. Eventually, the wandering Ehlnofey found the hidden land of Old Ehlnofey, and were amazed and joyful to find their kin living amid the splendor of ages past. The wandering Ehlnofey expected to be welcomed into the peaceful realm, but the Old Ehlnofey looked on them as degenerates, fallen from their former glory. For whatever reason, war broke out, and raged across the whole of Nirn. The Old Ehlnofey retained their ancient power and knowledge, but the
Wanderers were more numerous, and toughened by their long struggle to survive on Nirn. This war reshaped the face of Nirn, sinking much of the land beneath new oceans, and leaving the lands as we know them (Tamriel, Akavir, Atmora, and Yokuda). The Old Ehlnofey realm, although ruined, became Tamriel. The remnants of the Wanderers were left divided on the other 3 continents.

Over many years, the Ehlnofey of Tamriel became the Mer (Elves):
The Dwemer (the Deep Ones, sometimes called Dwarves)
The Chimer (the Changed Ones, who later became the Dunmer)
The Dunmer (the Dark or Cursed Ones, the Dark Elves)
The Bosmer (the Green or Forest Ones, the Wood Elves)
The Altmer (The Elder or High Ones, the High Elves).

On the other continents, the Wandering Ehlnofey became the Men: the Nords of Atmora, the Redguards of Yokuda, and the Tsaesci of Akavir.

The Hist were bystanders in the Ehlnofey war, but most of their realm was destroyed as the war passed over it. A small corner of it survived to become Black Marsh in Tamriel, but most of their realm was sunk beneath the sea.

Eventually, Men returned to Tamriel. The Nords were the first, colonizing the northern coast of Tamriel before recorded history, led by the legendary Ysgramor. The thirteenth of his line, King Harald, was the first to appear in written history. And so the Mythic Era ended.
The first ones were brothers: Anu and Padomay. They came into the Void, and Time began.

As Anu and Padomay wandered the Void, the interplay of Light and Darkness created Nir. Both Anu and Padomay were amazed and delighted with her appearance, but she loved Anu, and Padomay retreated from them in bitterness.

Nir became pregnant, but before she gave birth, Padomay returned, professing his love for Nir. She told him that she loved only Anu, and Padomay beat her in rage. Anu returned, fought Padomay, and cast him outside Time. Nir gave birth to Creation, but died from her injuries soon after. Anu, grieving, hid himself in the sun and slept.

Meanwhile, life sprang up on the twelve worlds of creation and flourished. After many ages, Padomay was able to return to Time. He saw Creation and hated it. He swung his sword, shattering the twelve worlds in their alignment. Anu awoke, and fought Padomay again. The long and furious battle ended with Anu the victor. He cast aside the body of his brother, who he believed was dead, and attempted to save Creation by forming the remnants of the 12 worlds into one — Nirn, the world of Tamriel. As he was doing so, Padomay struck him through the chest with one last blow. Anu grappled with his brother and pulled them both outside of Time forever.

The blood of Padomay became the Daedra. The blood of Anu became the stars. The mingled blood of both became the Aedra (hence their capacity for good and evil, and their greater affinity for earthly affairs than the Daedra, who have no connection to Creation).

On the world of Nirn, all was chaos. The only survivors of the twelve worlds of Creation were the Ehlnofey and the Hist. The Ehlnofey are the ancestors of Mer and Men. The Hist are the trees of Argonia. Nirn originally was all land, with interspersed seas, but no oceans.

A large fragment of the Ehlnofey world landed on Nirn relatively intact, and the Ehlnofey living there were the ancestors of the Mer. These Ehlnofey fortified their borders from the chaos outside, hid their pocket of calm, and attempted to live on as before. Other Ehlnofey arrived on Nirn scattered amid the confused jumble of the shattered worlds, wandering and finding each other over the years. Eventually, the wandering Ehlnofey found the hidden land of Old Ehlnofey, and were amazed and joyful to find their kin living amid the splendor of ages past. The wandering Ehlnofey expected to be welcomed into the peaceful realm, but the Old Ehlnofey looked on them as degenerates, fallen from their former glory. For whatever reason, war broke out, and raged across the whole of Nirn. The Old Ehlnofey retained their ancient power and knowledge, but the
Wanderers were more numerous, and toughened by their long struggle to survive on Nirn. This war reshaped the face of Nirn, sinking much of the land beneath new oceans, and leaving the lands as we know them (Tamriel, Akavir, Atmora, and Yokuda). The Old Ehlnofey realm, although ruined, became Tamriel. The remnants of the Wanderers were left divided on the other 3 continents.

Over many years, the Ehlnofey of Tamriel became the Mer (Elves):
The Dwemer (the Deep Ones, sometimes called Dwarves)
The Chimer (the Changed Ones, who later became the Dunmer)
The Dunmer (the Dark or Cursed Ones, the Dark Elves)
The Bosmer (the Green or Forest Ones, the Wood Elves)
The Altmer (The Elder or High Ones, the High Elves).

On the other continents, the Wandering Ehlnofey became the Men: the Nords of Atmora, the Redguards of Yokuda, and the Tsaesci of Akavir.

The Hist were bystanders in the Ehlnofey war, but most of their realm was destroyed as the war passed over it. A small corner of it survived to become Black Marsh in Tamriel, but most of their realm was sunk beneath the sea.

Eventually, Men returned to Tamriel. The Nords were the first, colonizing the northern coast of Tamriel before recorded history, led by the legendary Ysgramor. The thirteenth of his line, King Harald, was the first to appear in written history. And so the Mythic Era ended.
The Anticipations

The Daedra are powerful ancestor spirits, similar in form and substance to the Tribunal (Blessed Be Their Holy Names), but weaker in power, and more arbitrary and removed from the affairs of mortals. In old times, the Chimer worshiped the Daedra as gods. But they did not deserve this veneration, for the Daedra harm their worshippers as often as help them.

The Advent of the Tribunal (Blessed Be Their Holy Names) changed this unhappy state. By the Apotheosis, the Tribunal (Blessed Be Their Holy Names) became the Protectors and High Ancestor Spirits of the Dunmer, and bade the Daedra to give proper veneration and obedience. The Three Good Daedra, Boethiah, Azura, and Mephala, recognized the Divinity of the Triune Ancestors (Blessed Be Their Holy Names). The Rebel Daedra, Molag Bal, Malacath, Sheogorath, and Mehrunes Dagon, refused to swear fealty to the Tribunal (Blessed Be Their Holy Names), and their worshippers were cast out.

These Rebel Daedra thus became the Four Corners of the House of Troubles, and they continue to plague our tranquility and tempt the unwary into Heresy and Dark Worship. The Priests of the Temple remain ever vigilant for signs of the Adversaries' return, sometimes aided by the loyal Three Good Daedra, who are familiar with the wiles of their rebellious kin.

The Good Daedra are known to the Temple as the Anticipations, since they 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 Alterm. 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Anticipations
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 soulgem 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 soulgem. 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."

---

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ArcturianHeresy

906
Three hundred years ago, when Katariah became Empress, the first and only Dunmer to rule all of Tamriel, she faced opposition from the Imperial Council. Even after she convinced them that she would be the best regent to rule the Empire while her husband Pelagius sought treatment for his madness, there was still conflict. In particular from the Duke of Vengheto, Thane Minglumire, who took a particular delight in exposing all of the Empress's lack of practical knowledge.

In this particular instance, Katariah and the Council were discussing the unrest in Black Marsh and the massacre of Imperial troops outside the village of Armanias. The sodden swampland and the sweltering climate, particular in summertide, would endanger the troops if they wore their usual armor.

"I know a very clever armorer," said Katariah, "His name is Hazadir, an Argonian who knows the environments our army will be facing. I knew him in Vivec where he was a slave to the master armorer there, before he moved to the Imperial City as a freedman. We should have him design armor and weaponry for the campaign."

Minglumire gave a short, barking laugh: "She wants a slave to design the armor and weaponry for our troops! Sirollus Saccus is the finest armorer in the Imperial City. Everyone knows that."

After much debate, it was finally decided to have both armorers contend for the commission. The Council also elected two champions of equal power and prowess, Nandor Beraid and Raphalas Eul, to battle using the arms and armaments of the real competitors in the struggle. Whichever champion won, the armorer who supplied him would earn the Imperial commission. It was decided that Beraid would be outfitted by Hazadir, and Eul by Saccus.

The fight was scheduled to commence in seven days.

Sirollus Saccus began work immediately. He would have preferred more time, but he recognized the nature of the test. The situation in Armanias was urgent. The Empire had to select their armorer quickly, and once selected, the preferred armorer had to act swiftly and produce the finest armor and weaponry for the Imperial army in Black Marsh. It wasn't just the best armorer they were looking for. It was the most efficient.

Saccus had only begun steaming the half-inch strips of black virgin oak to bend into bands for the flanges of the armor joints when there was a knock at his door. His assistant Phandius ushered in...
the visitor. It was a tall reptilian of common markings, a dull, green−fringed hood, bright black eyes, and a dull brown cloak. It was Hazadir, Katariah's preferred armorer.

"I wanted to wish you the best of luck on the --- is that ebony?"

It was indeed. Saccus had bought the finest quality ebony weave available in the Imperial City as soon as he heard of the competition and had begun the process of smelting it. Normally it was a six−month procedure refining the ore, but he hoped that a massive convection oven stoked by white flames born of magicka would shorten the operation to three days. Saccus proudly pointed out the other advancements in his armory. The acidic lime pools to sharpen the blade of the dai−katana to an unimaginable degree of sharpness. The Akaviri forge and tongs he would use to fold the ebony back and forth upon itself. Hazadir laughed.

"Have you been to my armory? It's two tiny smoke−filled rooms. The front is a shop. The back is filled with broken armor, some hammers, and a forge. That's it. That's your competition for the millions of gold pieces in Imperial commission."

"I'm sure the Empress has some reason to trust you to outfit her troops," said Sirollus Saccus, kindly. He had, after all, seen the shop and knew that what Hazadir said was true. It was a pathetic workshop in the slums, fit only for the lowliest of adventurers to get their iron daggers and cuirasses repaired. Saccus had decided to make the best quality regardless of the inferiority of his rival. It was his way and how he became the best armorer in the Imperial City.

Out of kindness, and more than a bit of pride, Saccus showed Hazadir how, by contrast, things should be done in a real professional armory. The Argonian acted as an apprentice to Saccus, helping him refine the ebony ore, and to pound it and fold it when it cooled. Over the next several days, they worked together to create a beautiful dai−katana with an edge honed sharp enough to trim a mosquito's eyebrows, enchanted with flames along its length by one of the Imperial Battlemages, as well as a suit of armor of bound wood, leather, silver, and ebony to resist the winds of Oblivion.

On the day of the battle, Saccus, Hazadir, and Phandius finished polishing the armor and brought in Raphalas Eul for the fitting. Hazadir left only then, realizing that Nandor Beraid would be at his shop shortly to be outfitted.

The two warriors met before the Empress and Imperial Council in the arena, which had been flooded slightly to simulate the swammy conditions of Black Marsh. From the moment Saccus saw Eul in his suit of heavy ebony and blazing dai−katana and Beraid in his collection of dusty, rusted lizard−scales and spear from Hazadir's shop, he knew who would win. And he was right.

The first blow from the dai−katana lodged in Beraid's soft shield, as there was no metal trim to deflect it. Before Eul could pull his sword back, Beraid let go of the now−flaming shield, still stuck on the sword, and poked at the joints of Eul's ebony armor with his spear. Eul finally retrieved his sword from the ruined shield and slashed at Beraid, but his light armor was scaled and angled, and the attacks rolled off into the water, extinguishing the dai−katana's flames. When
Beraid struck at Eul's feet, he fell into the churned mud and was unable to move. The Empress, out of mercy, called a victor.

Hazadir received the commission and thanks to his knowledge of Argonian battle tactics and weaponry and how best to combat them, he designed implements of war that brought down the insurrection in Armanias. Katariah won the respect of Council, and even, grudgingly, that of Thane Minglumire. Sirollus Saccus went to Morrowind to learn what Hazadir learned there, and was never heard from again.

[519] The Armorer's Challenge

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 325
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Armorer
ID: BookSkill_Armorer1
Chapter 3: Dispositions

Master Arctus said:

1. The moment to prepare your offense is the moment the enemy becomes vulnerable to attack.

Leros Chael: Knowledge of the enemy mage's mind is of the foremost importance. Once you know his mind, you will know his weaknesses.

Sedd Mar: Master Arctus advised Tiber Septim before the battle of Five Bridges not to commit his reserves until the enemy was victorious. Tiber Septim said, "If the enemy is already victorious, what use committing the reserve?" To which Master Arctus replied, "Only in victory will the enemy be vulnerable to defeat." Tiber Septim went on to rout an enemy army twice the size of his.

2. The enemy's vulnerability may be his strongest point; your weakness may enable you to strike the decisive blow.

Marandro Ur: In the wars between the Nords and the Chimer, the Nord shamans invariably used their mastery of the winds to call down storms before battle to confuse and dismay the Chimer warriors. One day, a clever Chimer sorcerer conjured up an ice demon and commanded him to hide in the rocks near the rear of the Chimer army. When the Nords called down the storms as usual, the Chimer warriors began to waver. But the ice demon rose up as the storm struck, and the Chimer turned in fear from what they believed was a Nord demon and charged into the enemy line, less afraid of the storm than of the demon. The Nords, expecting the Chimer to flee as usual, were caught off guard when the Chimer attacked out of the midst of the storm. The Chimer were victorious that day.

3. When planning a campaign, take account of both the arcane and the mundane. The skillful battlemage ensures that they are in balance; a weight lifted by one hand is heavier than two weights lifted by both hands.

4. When the arcane and mundane are in balance, the army will move effortlessly, like a swinging
door on well-oiled hinges. When they are out of balance, the army will be like a three-legged dog, with one leg always dragging in the dust.

5. Thus when the army strikes a blow, it will be like a thunderclap out of a cloudless sky. The best victories are those unforeseen by the enemy, but obvious to everyone afterwards.

6. The skillful battlemage ensures that the enemy is already defeated before the battle begins. A close-fought battle is to be avoided; the fortunes of war may turn aside the most powerful sorcery, and courage may undo the best-laid plans. Instead, win your victory ahead of time. When the enemy knows he is defeated before the battle begins, you may not need to fight.

7. Victory in battle is only the least kind of victory. Victory without battle is the acme of skill.

8. Conserving your power is another key to victory. Putting forth your strength to win a battle is no demonstration of skill. This is what we call tactics, the least form of the art of war magic.

Thulidden dir'Tharkun: By 'tactics', Master Arctus includes all the common battle magics. These are only the first steps in an understanding of war magic. Any hedge mage can burn up his enemies with fire. Destroying the enemy is the last resort of the skillful battlemage.

9. The battle is only a leaf on the tree; if a leaf falls, does the tree die? But when a branch is lopped off, the tree is weakened; when the trunk is girdled, the tree is doomed.

10. If you plan your dispositions well, your victories will seem easy and you will win no acclaim. If you plan your dispositions poorly, your victories will seem difficult, and your fame will be widespread.

Marandro Sul: Those commonly believed to be the greatest practitioners of war magic are almost always those with the least skill. The true masters are not known to the multitude.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 225
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Destruction
ID: bookskill_destruction4
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
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.
The Axe Man

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 225
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Axe
ID: bookskill_axe2
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

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 35
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Balladeers_Fakebook
The Battle of Molag Beran
(Dunmer Traditional Ballad)

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'r ing 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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 5
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Battle_Molag_Beran
The Battle of Red Mountain, and the Rise and Fall of the Tribunal

[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 was, that 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 ambitious 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.

[524] The Battle of Red Mountain

918
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 Hierogapha from the Apogapha, 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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_vivec_no_murder
I was young when the Duchess of Woda hired me as an assistant footman at her summer palace. My experience with the ways of the titled aristocracy was very limited before that day. There were wealthy merchants, traders, diplomats, and officials who had large operations in Eldenroot, and ostentatious palaces for entertaining, but my relatives were all far from those social circles.

There was no family business for me to enter when I reached adulthood, but my cousin heard that an estate far from the city required servants. It was so remotely located that there were unlikely to be many applicants for the positions. I walked for five days into the jungles of Valenwood before I met a group of riders going my direction. They were three Bosmer men, one Bosmer woman, two Breton women, and a Dunmer man, adventurers from the look of them.

"Are you also going to Moliva?" asked Prolyssa, one of the Breton women, after we had made our introductions.

"I don't know what that is," I replied. "I'm seeking a domestic position with the Duchess of Woda."

"We'll take you to her gate," said the Dunmer Missun Akin, pulling me up to his horse. "But you would be wise not to tell Her Grace that students from Moliva escorted you. Not unless you don't really want the position in her service."

Akin explained himself as we rode on. Moliva was the closest village to the Duchess's estate, where a great and renowned archer had retired after a long life of military service. His name was Hiomaste, and though he was retired, he had begun to accept students who wished to learn the art of the bow. In time, when word spread of the great teacher, more and more students arrived to learn from the Master. The Breton women had come down all the way from the Western Reach of High Rock. Akin himself had journeyed across the continent from his home near the great volcano in Morrowind. He showed me the ebony arrows he had brought from his homeland. I had never seen anything so black.

"From what we've heard," said Kopale, one of the Bosmer men. "The Duchess is an Imperial whose family has been here even before the Empire was formed, so you might think that she was accustomed to the common people of Valenwood. Nothing could be further from the truth. She
I accepted the information with gratitude, and found myself dreading more and more my first
meeting with the intolerant Duchess. My first sight of the palace through the trees did nothing to
assuage my fears.

It was nothing like any building I had ever seen in Valenwood. A vast edifice of stone and iron,
with a jagged row of battlements like the jaws of a great beast. Most of the trees near the palace
had been hewn away long ago: I could only imagine the scandal that must have caused, and what
fear the Bosmer peasants must have had of the Duchy of Woda to have allowed it. In their stead
was a wide gray–green moat circling in a ring around the palace, so it seemed to be on a perfect if
artificial island. I had seen such sights in tapestries from High Rock and the Imperial Province, but
never in my homeland.

"There'll be a guard at the gate, so we'll leave you here," said Akin, stopping his horse in the road.
"It'd be best for you if you weren't damned by association with us."

I thanked my companions, and wished them good luck with their schooling. They rode on and I
followed on foot. In a few minutes' time, I was at the front gate, which I noticed was linked to tall
and ornate railings to keep the compound secure. When the gate−keeper understood that I was
there to inquire about a domestic position, he allowed me past and signaled to another guard across
the open lawn to extend the drawbridge and allow me to cross the moat.

There was one last security measure: the front door. An iron monstrosity with the Woda Coat of
Arms across the top, reinforced by more strips of iron, and a single golden keyhole. The man
standing guard unlocked the door and gave me passage into the huge gloomy gray stone palace.

Her Grace greeted me in her drawing room. She was thin and wrinkled like a reptile, cloaked in a
simple red gown. It was obviously that she never smiled. Our interview consisted of a single
question.

"Do you know anything about being a junior footman in the employment of an Imperial
noblewoman?" Her voice was like ancient leather.

"No, Your Grace."

"Good. No servant ever understands what needs to be done, and I particularly dislike those who
think they do. You're engaged."

Life at the palace was joyless, but the position of junior footman was very undemanding. I had
nothing to do on most days except to stay out of the Duchess's sight. At such times, I usually
walked two miles down the road to Moliva. In some ways, there was nothing special or unusual
about the village – there are thousands of identical places in Valenwood. But on the hillside nearby
was Master Hiomaste's archery academy, and I would often take my luncheon and watch the practice.

Prolyssa and Akin would sometimes meet me afterwards. With Akin, the subjects of conversation very seldom strayed far from archery. Though I was very fond of him, I found Prolyssa a more enchanting companion, not only because she was pretty for a Breton, but also because she seemed to have interests outside the realm of marksmanship.

"There's a circus in High Rock I saw when I was a little girl called the Quill Circus," she said during one of our walks through the woods. "They've been around for as long as anyone can remember. You have to see them if you ever can. They have plays, and sideshows, and the most amazing acrobats and archers you've ever seen. That's my dream, to join them some day when I'm good enough."

"How will you know when you're a good enough archer?" I asked.

She didn't answer, and when I turned, I realized that she had disappeared. I looked around, bewildered, until I heard laughter from the tree above me. She was perched on a branch, grinning.

"I may not join as an archer, maybe I'll join as an acrobat," she said. "Or maybe as both. I figured that Valenwood would be the place to go to see what I could learn. You've got all those great teachers to imitate in the trees here. Those ape men."

She coiled up, bracing her left leg before springing forward on her right. In a second, she had leapt across to a neighboring branch. I found it difficult to keep talking to her.

"The Imga, you mean?" I stammered. "Aren't you nervous up at that height?"

"It's a cliche, I know," she said, jumping to an even higher branch, "But the secret is not to ever look down."

"Would you mind coming down?"

"I probably should anyhow," she said. She was a good thirty feet up now, balancing herself, arms outstretched, on a very narrow branch. She gestured toward the gate just barely visible on the other side of the road. "This tree is actually as close as I want to get to your Duchess's palace."

I held back a gasp as she dove off the branch, somersaulting until she landed on the ground, knees slightly bent. That was the trick, she explained. Anticipating the blow before it happened. I expressed to her my confidence that she would be a great attraction at the Quill Circus. Of course, I know now that never was to be.

On that day, as I recall, I had to return early. It was one of the rare occasions when I had work, of a sort, to do. Whenever the Duchess had guests, I was to be at the palace. That is not to say that I had any particular duties, except to be seen standing at attention in the dining room. The stewards and
maids worked hard to bring in the food and clear the plates afterwards, but the footmen were purely decorative, a formality.

But at least I was an audience for the drama to come.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Acrobatics
ID: BookSkill_Acrobatics4
On the last dinner in my employ at the palace, the Duchess, quite surprisingly, had invited the mayor of Moliva and Master Hiomaste himself among her other guests. The servants' gossip was manic. The mayor had been there before, albeit very irregularly, but Hiomaste's presence was unthinkable. What could she mean by such a conciliatory gesture?

The dinner itself progressed along with perfect if slightly cool civility among all parties. Hiomaste and the Duchess were both very quiet. The Mayor tried to engage the group in a discussion of the Emperor Pelagius IV's new son and heir Uriel, but it failed to spark much interest. Lady Villea, elderly but much more vivacious than her sister the Duchess, led most of the talk about crime and scandal in Eldenroot.

"I have been encouraging her to move out to the country, away from all that unpleasantness for years now," the Duchess said, meeting the eyes of the Mayor. "We've been discussing more recently the possibility of her building a palace on Moliva Hill, but there's so little space there as you know. Fortunately, we've come to a discovery. There is a wide field just a few days west, on the edge of the river, ideally suited."

"It sounds perfect," the Mayor smiled and turned to Lady Villea: "When will your ladyship begin building?"

"The very day you move your village to the site," replied the Duchess of Woda.

The Mayor turned to her to see if she was joking. She obviously was not.

"Think of how much more commerce you could bring to your village if you were close to the river," said Lady Villea jovially. "And Master Hiomaste's students could have easier access to his fine school. Everyone would benefit. I know it would put my sister's heart to ease if there was less trespassing and poaching on her lands."

"There is no poaching or trespassing on your lands now, Your Grace," frowned Hiomaste. "You do not own the jungle, nor will you. The villagers may be persuaded to leave, that I don't know. But my school will stay where it is."

The dinner party never really recovered happily. Hiomaste and the Mayor excused themselves, and my services, such as they were, were not needed in the drawing room where the group went to have their drinks. There was no laughter to be heard through the walls that evening.
The next day, even though there was a dinner planned for the evening, I left on my usual walk to Moliva. Before I had even reached the drawbridge, the guard held me back: "Where are you going, Gorgic? Not to the village, are you?"

"Why not?"

He pointed to the plume of smoke in the distance: "A fire broke out very early this morning, and it's still going. Apparently, it started at Master Hiomaste's school. It looks like the work of some traveling brigands."

"Blessed Stendarr!" I cried. "Are the students alive?"

"No one knows, but it'd be a miracle if any survived. It was late and most everyone was sleeping. I know they've already found the Master's body, or what was left of it. And they also found that girl, your friend, Prolyssa."

I spent the day in a state of shock. It seemed inconceivable what my instinct told me: that the two noble old ladies, Lady Villea and the Duchess of Woda, had arranged for a village and school that irritated them to be reduced to ashes. At dinner, they mentioned the fire in Moliva only very briefly, as if it were not news at all. But I did see the Duchess smile for the first time ever. It was a smile I will never forget until the day I die.

The next morning, I had resolved to go to the village and see if I could be of any assistance to the survivors. I was passing through the servants' hall to the grand foyer when I heard the sound of a group of people ahead. The guards and most of the servants were there, pointing at the portrait of the Duchess that hung in the center of the hall.

There was a single black bolt of ebony piercing the painting, right at the Duchess's heart.

I recognized it at once. It was one of Missun Akin's arrows I had seen in his quiver, forged, he said, in the bowels of Dagoth−Ur itself. My first reaction was relief: the Dunmer who had been kind enough to give me a ride to the palace had survived the fire. My second reaction was echoed by all present in the hall. How had the vandal gotten past the guards, the gate, the moat, and the massive iron door?

The Duchess, arriving shortly after I, was clearly furious, though she was too well bred to show it but by raising her web−thin eyebrows. She wasted no time in assigning all her servants to new duties to keep the palace grounds guarded at all times. We were given regular shifts and precise, narrow patrols.

The next morning, despite all precautions, there was another black arrow piercing the Duchess's portrait.

So it continued for a week's time. The Duchess saw to it that at least one person was always
present in the foyer, but somehow the arrow always found its way to her painting whenever the
guard's eyes were momentarily averted.

A complex series of signals were devised, so each patrol could report back any sounds or
disturbances they encountered during their vigil. At first, the Duchess arranged them so her
castellan would receive record of any disturbances during the day, and the chief of the guard
during the night. But when she found that she could not sleep, she made certain that the
information came to her directly.

The atmosphere in the palace had shifted from gloomy to nightmarish. A snake would slither
across the moat, and suddenly Her Grace would be tearing through the east wing to investigate. A
strong gust of wind ruffling the leaves on one of the few trees in the lawn was a similar
emergency. An unfortunate lone traveler on the road in front of the palace, a completely innocent
man at it turned out, brought such a violent reaction that he must have thought that he had
stumbled on a war. In a way, he had.

And every morning, there was a new arrow in the front hall, mocking her.

I was given the terrible assignment of guarding the portrait for a few hours in the early morning.
Not wanting to be the one to discover the arrow, I seated myself in a chair opposite, never letting
my eyes move away for even a second. I don't know if you've had the experience of watching one
object relentlessly, but it has a strange effect. All other senses vanish. That was why I was
particularly startled when the Duchess rushed into the room, blurring the gulf for me between her
portrait and herself.

"There's something moving behind the tree across the road from the gate!" she roared, pushing me
aside, and fumbling with her key in the gold lock.

She was shaking with madness and excitement, and the key did not seem to want to go in. I
reached out to help her, but the Duchess was already kneeling, her eye to the keyhole, to be certain
that the key went through.

It was precisely in that second that the arrow arrived, but this one never made it as far as the
portrait.

I actually met Missun Akin years later, while I was in Morrowind to entertain some nobles. He
was impressed that I had risen from being a humble domestic servant to being a bard of some
renown. He himself had returned to the ashlands, and, like his old master Hiomaste, was retired to
the simple life of teaching and hunting.

I told him that I had heard that Lady Villea had decided not to leave the city, and that the village of
Modiva had been rebuilt. He was happy to hear that, but I could not find a way to ask him what I
really wanted to know. I felt like a fool just wondering if what I thought were true, that he had
been behind Prolyssa's tree across the road from the gate every morning that summer, firing an
arrow through the gate, across the lawn, across the moat, through a keyhole, and into a portrait of
the Duchess of Woda until he struck the Duchess herself. It was clearly an impossibility. I chose not to ask.

As we left one another that day, and he was waving good−bye, he said, "I am pleased to see you doing so well, my friend. I am happy you moved that chair."

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 400
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Marksman
ID: bookskill_marksman5
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.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 60
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BlackGlove
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.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BlueBookOfRiddles
[These are excerpts from this lengthy tome, describing the nature of each of the Daedra.]

Azura, whose sphere is dusk and dawn, the magic in-between realms of twilight, known as Moonshadow, Mother of the Rose, and Queen of the Night Sky.

Boethiah, whose sphere is deceit and conspiracy, and the secret plots of murder, assassination, treason, and unlawful overthrow of authority.

Clavicus Vile, whose sphere is the granting of power and wishes through ritual invocations and pact.

Hermaeus Mora, whose sphere is scrying of the tides of Fate, of the past and future as read in the stars and heavens, and in whose dominion are the treasures of knowledge and memory.

Hircine, whose sphere is the Hunt, the Sport of Daedra, the Great Game, the Chase, known as the Huntsman and the Father of Manbeasts.

Malacath, whose sphere is the patronage of the spurned and ostracized, the keeper of the Sworn Oath, and the Bloody Curse.

Mehrunes Dagon, whose sphere is Destruction, Change, Revolution, Energy, and Ambition.

Mephala, whose sphere is obscured to mortals; known by the names Webspinner, Spinner, and Spider; whose only consistent theme seems to be interference in the affairs of mortals for her amusement.

Meridia, whose sphere is obscured to mortals; who is associated with the energies of living things.

Molag Bal, whose sphere is the domination and enslavement of mortals; whose desire is to harvest the souls of mortals and to bring mortals souls within his sway by spreading seeds of strife and discord in the mortal realms.

Namira, whose sphere is the ancient Darkness; known as the Spirit Daedra, ruler of sundry dark and shadowy spirits; associated with spiders, insects, slugs, and other repulsive creatures which inspire mortals with an instinctive revulsion.
Nocturnal, whose sphere is the night and darkness; who is known as the Night Mistress.

Peryite, whose sphere is the ordering of the lowest orders of Oblivion, known as the Taskmaster.

Sanguine, whose sphere is hedonistic revelry and debauchery, and passionate indulgences of darker natures.

Sheogorath, whose sphere is Madness, and whose motives are unknowable.

Vaernima, whose sphere is the realm of dreams and nightmares, and from whose realm issues forth evil omens.

[Especially marked for special interest under the heading "Malacath" you find a reference to SCOURGE, blessed by Malacath, and dedicated to the use of mortals. In short, the reference suggests that any Daedra attempting to invoke the weapon's powers will be expelled into the voidstreams of Oblivion.]

"Of the legendary artifacts of the Daedra, many are well known, like Azura's Star, and Sheogorath's Wabbajack. Others are less well known, like Scourge, Mackkan's Hammer, Bane of Daedra...."

"...yet though Malacath blessed Scourge to be potent against his Daedra kin, he thought not that it should fall into Daedric hands, then to serve as a tool for private war among caitiff and forsaken. Thus did Malacath curse the device such that, should any dark kin seek to invoke its powers, that a void should open and swallow that Daedra, and purge him into Oblivion's voidstreams, from thence to pathfind back to the Real and Unreal Worlds in the full order of time."

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 45
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BookOfDaedra
The Book of Dawn and Dusk

[The Book of Dawn and Dusk is a collections 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?

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BookDawnAndDusk
The Brothers of Darkness

by Pellarne Assi

As their name suggests, the Dark Brotherhood has a history shrouded in obfuscation. Their ways are secret to those who are not themselves Brothers of the Order ("Brother" is a generic term; some of their deadliest assassins are female, but they are often called Brothers as well). How they continue to exist in shadow, but be easily found by those desperate enough to pay for their services, is not the least of the mysteries surrounding them.

The Dark Brotherhood sprang from a religious order, the Morag Tong, during the Second Era. The Morag Tong were worshippers of the Daedra spirit Mephala, who encouraged them to commit ritual murders. In their early years, they were as disorganized as only obscure cultists could be—there was no one to lead the band, and as a group they dared not murder anybody of any importance. This changed with the rise of the Night Mother.

All leaders of the Morag Tong, and then afterward the Dark Brotherhood, have been called the Night Mother. Whether the same woman (if it is even a woman) has commanded the Dark Brotherhood since the Second Era is unknown. What is believed is that the original Night Mother developed an important doctrine of the Morag Tong—the belief that, while Mephala does grow stronger with every murder committed in her name, certain murders were better than others. Murders that came from hate pleased Mephala more than murders committed because of greed. Murders of great men and women pleased Mephala more than murders of relative unknowns.

We can approximate the time this belief was adopted with the first known murder committed by the Morag Tong. In the year 324 of the Second Era, the Potentate Versidue–Shaie was murdered in his palace in what is today the Elsweyr kingdom of Senchal. In a brash move, the Night Mother announced the identity of the murderers by painting "MORAG TONG" on the walls in the Potentate's own blood.

Previous to that, the Morag Tong existed in relative peace, more or less like a witches' coven—occasionally persecuted but usually ignored. In remarkable synchronicity at a time when Tamriel the Arena was a fractured land, the Morag Tong was outlawed throughout the continent. Every sovereign gave the cult's elimination his highest priority. Nothing more was officially heard of them for a hundred years.

It is more difficult to date the Era when the Morag Tong re-emerged as the Dark Brotherhood, especially as other guilds of assassins have sporadically appeared throughout the history of Tamriel. The first mention of the Dark Brotherhood that I have found is from the journals of the
Blood Queen Arlimahera of Hegathe. She spoke of slaying her enemies by her own hand, or if necessary "with the help of the Night Mother and her Dark Brotherhood, the secret arsenal my family has employed since my grandfather's time." Arlimahera wrote this in 2E412, so one can surmise that the Dark Brotherhood had been in existence since at least 360 if her grandfather had truly made use of them.

The important distinction between the Dark Brotherhood and the Morag Tong was that the Brotherhood was a business as much as it was a cult. Rulers and wealthy merchants used the order as an assassin's guild. The Brotherhood gained the obvious rewards of a profitable enterprise, as well as the secondary benefit that rulers could no longer actively persecute them: They were needed. They were purveyors of an essential commodity. Even an extremely virtuous leader would be unwise to mistreat the Brotherhood.

Not long after Alimahera's journal entry came perhaps the most famous series of executions in the history of the Dark Brotherhood. The Colovian Emperor−Potentate Savirien−Chorak and every one of his heirs were murdered on one bloody night in Sun's Dawn in 430. Within a fortnight, the Colovian Dynasty crumbled, to the delight of its enemies. For over four hundred years, until the advent of the Warrior Emperor Tiber Septim, chaos reigned over Tamriel. Though no comparably impressive executions have been recorded, the Brotherhood must have grown fat with gold during that interregnum.

The Dark Brotherhood has no shortage of business opportunities—an "accounting," I have been informed, is the Brotherhood's favorite euphemism for an execution. While they are officially considered an unlawful organization in every corner of the Empire, like the Thieves Guild, they are almost as universally tolerated.

---

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BrothersOfDarkness
So many people simply buy the items they need at the price they are given. It's a very sad state of affairs, when the game is really open to all, you don't need an invitation. And it is a game, the game of bargaining, to be played seriously and, I hasten to add, politely. In Elsweyr, it is common for the shop-owner to offer the prospective buyer tea or sweetmeats and engage in polite conversation before commencing the business. This eminently civilized tradition has a practical purpose, allowing the buyer to observe the wares for sale. It is considered impolite not to accept, though it does not imply obligation on the part of the buyer.

Whether this particular custom is part of the culture or not, it's wise for the buyer and seller to greet one another with smiles and warm salutations, like gladiators honoring one another before the battle.

Bargaining is expected all over Tamriel, but the game can be broken if one's offer is so preposterously low that it insults the shop-keeper. If you are offered something for ten gold pieces, try offering six and see where that takes you.

Do not look like you're very interested, but do not mock the quality of the goods, even if they deserve it. Much better to admire the quality of workmanship, but comment that, regretfully, you simply cannot afford such a price. When the shop-keeper compliments your taste, smile, but try to resist the flattery.

A lot of the game depends on recognizing the types of shop-keepers and not automatically assuming that the rural merchant is ignorant and easily fooled, or the rapacious city merchant is selling shoddy merchandise. Caravans, it should be mentioned, are always good places to go to buy or trade.

Knowing what you're buying and from whom is a talent bought only after years of practice. Know the specialties of certain regions and merchants before you even step foot in a shop. Recognize too the prejudices of the region. In Morrowind where I hail from, for example, Argonians are viewed with a certain amount of suspicion. Don't be surprised or insulted if the shopkeepers follow you around the shop, assuming you're going to steal something. Similarly, Nords, Bretons, and Cyrodiiis are sometimes treated coolly by merchants in the Summurset Isles. Of course, I don't know any shopkeepers anywhere, no matter their open-mindedness, who aren't alerted when a Khajiit or a Bosmer enters their shop. Even Khajiiti and Bosmeri shopkeepers.
If you see something you really like or need, buy it then and there at the best price you can get. I cannot tell you how many times I passed up a rare and interesting relic, assuming that I could find it elsewhere in the region, perhaps at a larger town at a better price. Too late, I discovered I was wrong, and when I returned to the shop weeks later, the item I wanted was gone. Better to get a great purchase at a decent price and discover it again at a worse price than to miss out on your opportunities for ownership. Occasionally impulsiveness is the best buying strategy.

Sense the moves of the game, and everyone can win.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Mercantile
ID: bookskill_mercantile1
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 it 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.

---

**Book**
- **Weight:** 3.00
- **Value:** 200
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** Alchemy
- **ID:** BookSkill_Alcchemy2
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?
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_CantatasOfVivec
Of all the et'Ada who wandered Nîrn, 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.
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.

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

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 interest in the affairs of Queen Barenziah and her family. It is said that Wayrest can be a beastly 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.
[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.

"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 interest in the affairs of Queen Barenziah and her family. It is said that Wayrest can be a beastly 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.
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, Almalexia, 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.
[538] The Consolations of Prayer

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ConsolationsOfPrayer
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_DoorsOfTheSpirit
Ynaleigh was the wealthiest landowner in Gunal, and he had over the years saved a tremendous dowry for the man who would marry his daughter, Genefra. When she reached the age of consent, he locked the gold away for safe−keeping, and announced his intention to have her marry. She was a comely lass, a scholar, a great athlete, but dour and brooding in aspect. This personality defect did not bother her potential suitors any more than her positive traits impressed them. Every man knew the tremendous wealth that would be his as the husband of Genefra and son−in−law of Ynaleigh. That alone was enough for hundreds to come to Gunal to pay court.

"The man who will marry my daughter," said Ynaleigh to the assembled. "Must not be doing so purely out of avarice. He must demonstrate his own wealth to my satisfaction."

This simple pronouncement removed a vast majority of the suitors, who knew they could not impress the landowner with their meager fortunes. A few dozen did come forward within a few days, clad in fine killarc cloth of spun silver, accompanied by exotic servants, traveling in magnificent carriages. Of all who came who met with Ynaleigh's approval, none arrived in a more resplendent fashion than Welyn Naerillic. The young man, who no one had ever heard of, arrived in a shining ebon coach drawn by a team of dragons, his clothing of rarest manufacture, and accompanied by an army of the most fantastical servants any of Gunal had ever seen. Valets with eyes on all sides of their heads, maidservants that seemed cast in gemstones.

But such was not enough with Ynaleigh.

"The man who marries my daughter must prove himself a intelligent fellow, for I would not have an ignoramus as a son−in−law and business partner," he declared.

This eliminated a large part of the wealthy suitors, who, through their lives of luxury, had never needed to think very much if at all. Still some came forward over the next few days, demonstrating their wit and learning, quoting the great sages of the past and offering their philosophies of metaphysics and alchemy. Welyn Naerillic too came and asked Ynaleigh to dine at the villa he had rented outside of Gunal. There the landowner saw scores of scribes working on translations of Aldmeri tracts, and enjoyed the young man's somewhat irreverent but intriguing intelligence.

Nevertheless, though he was much impressed with Welyn Naerillic, Ynaleigh had another challenge.
"I love my daughter very much," said Ynaleigh. "And I hope that the man who marries her will make her happy as well. Should any of you make her smile, she and the great dowry are yours."

The suitors lined up for days, singing her songs, proclaiming their devotion, describing her beauty in the most poetic of terms. Genefra merely glared at all with hatred and melancholia. Ynaleigh who stood by her side began to despair at last. His daughter's suitors were failing to a man at this task. Finally Welyn Naerillic came to the chamber.

"I will make your daughter smile," he said. "I dare say, I'll make her laugh, but only after you've agreed to marry us. If she is not delighted within one hour of our engagement, the wedding can be called off."

Ynaleigh turned to his daughter. She was not smiling, but her eyes had sparked with some morbid curiosity in this young man. As no other suitor had even registered that for her, he agreed.

"The dowry is naturally not to be paid 'til after you've wed," said Ynaleigh. "Being engaged is not enough."

"Might I see the dowry still?" asked Welyn.

Knowing how fabled the treasure was and understanding that this would likely be the closest the young man would come to possessing it, Ynaleigh agreed. He had grown quite fond of Welyn. On his orders, Welyn, Ynaleigh, glum Genefra, and the castellan delved deep into the stronghold of Gunal. The first vault had to be opened by touching a series of runic symbols: should one of the marks be mispressed, a volley of poisoned arrows would have struck the thief. Ynaleigh was particularly proud of the next level of security — a lock composed of blades with eighteen tumblers required three keys to be turned simultaneously to allow entry. The blades were designed to eviscerate any who merely picked one of the locks. Finally, they reached the storeroom.

It was entirely empty.

"By Lorkhan, we've been burgled!" cried Ynaleigh. "But how? Who could have done this?"

"A humble but, if I may say so, rather talented burglar," said Welyn. "A man who has loved your daughter from afar for many years, but did not possess the glamour or the learning to impress. That is, until the gold from her dowry afforded me the opportunity."

"You?" bellowed Ynaleigh, scarcely able to believe it. Then something even more unbelievable happened.

Genefra began to laugh. She had never even dreamed of meeting anyone like this thief. She threw herself into his arms before her father's outraged eyes. After a moment, Ynaleigh too began to laugh.
Genefra and Welyn were married in a month's time. Though he was in fact quite poor and had little scholarship, Ynaleigh was amazed how much his wealth increased with such a son-in-law and business partner. He only made certain never to ask from whence came the excess gold.

Publisher's Note:

The tale of a man trying to win the hand of a maiden whose father (usually a wealthy man or a king) tests each suitor is quite common. See, for instance, the more recent "Four Suitors of Benitah" by Jole Yolivess. The behavior of the characters is quite out of character for the Dwemer. No one today knows their marriage customs, or even if they had marriage at all.

One rather odd theory of the Disappearance of the Dwarves came from this and a few other tales of "Marobar Sul." It was proposed that the Dwemer never, in fact, left. They did not depart Nirn, much less the continent of Tamriel, and they are still among us, disguised. These scholars use the story of "Azura and the Box" to suggest that the Dwemer feared Azura, a being they could neither understand nor control, and they adopted the dress and manner of Chimer and Altmer in order to hide from Azura's gaze.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Security
ID: BookSkill_Security3
The late 3rd era was a period of remarkable religious ferment and creativity. The upheavals of the reign of Uriel VII were only the outward signs of the historical forces that would eventually lead to the fall of the Septim Dynasty. The so called "Dragon Break" was first proposed at this time, by a wide variety of cults and fringe sects across the Empire, connected only by a common obsession with the events surrounding Tiber Septim's rise to power — the "founding myth", if you will, of the Septim Dynasty.

The basis of the Dragon Break doctrine is now known to be a rather prosaic error in the timeline printed in the otherwise authoritative "Encyclopedia Tamrielica", first published in 3E 12, during the early years of Tiber Septim's reign. At that time, the archives of Alinor were still inaccessible to human scholars, and the extant records from the Alessian period were extremely fragmentary. The Alessians had systematically burned all the libraries they could find, and their own records were largely destroyed during the War of Righteousness.

The author of the Encyclopedia Tamrielica was apparently unfamiliar with the Alessian "year", which their priesthood used to record all dates. We now know this refers to the length of the long vision-trances undertaken by the High Priestess, which might last anywhere from a few weeks to several months. Based on analysis of the surviving trance scrolls, as well as murals and friezes from Alessian temples, I estimate that the Alessian Order actually lasted only about 150 years, rather than the famous "one thousand and eight years" given by the Encyclopedia Tamrielica. The "mystery" of the millennial-plus rule of the Alessians was accepted but unexplained until the spread of the Lorkhan cults in the late 3rd era, when the doctrine of the Dragon Break took hold. Because this dating (and explanation) was so widely held at the time, and then repeated by historians down through today, it has come to have the force of tradition. Recall, however, that the 3rd era historians were already separated from the Alessians by a gulf of more than 2,000 years. And history was still in its infancy, relying on the few archives from those early days.

Today, modern archaeology and paleonumerology have confirmed what my own research in Alessian dating first suggested: that the Dragon Break was invented in the late 3rd era, based on a scholarly error, fueled by obsession with eschatology and Numidiumism, and perpetuated by scholarly inertia.
The Dragon Break Re–Examined

Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alteration
ID: BookSkill_Alteration2
...and even if we overlook the dubious moral and legal justifications for hundreds of years of occupation of these two provinces, what economic or military benefits can we derive from Morrowind and Black Marsh?

Indeed, a few beneficiaries of Imperial monopolies in the provinces do profit from exploitation of their wealth and resources. But does the Empire as a whole benefit? Hardly. The vast machineries of the Imperial bureaucracies cost far more to maintain than can be recovered in duties and taxes. And the cost of establishing and maintaining the garrisons of the Imperial legion in the far-flung wilderness posts of these provinces would be cost-effective only if there were evidence of a military threat from the East. But no such evidence exits. No army of Morrowind or Black Marsh has ever threatened the security of any other Imperial province, let alone the security of Cyrodiil itself.

In fact, a greater threat to Imperial security lies in the idle legions that the taxpayer spends thousands of drakes to support. The generals of these legions, facing no enemies or opposition within the borders of their provinces, may look with ambition to the West. With their loyal veteran troops and coffers fattened by friendly monopolists, they become unpredictable political factors in the uncertainties surrounding the Imperial succession.

If the occupation of Morrowind and Black Marsh were motivated by idealistic aspirations, perhaps there might lie some justification for bearing the burden of Empire. But consider the shame of the Empire's mute acceptance to the unspeakable practice of slavery in Morrowind. Instead of using our Imperial legions to free the wretched Khajiit and Argonian slaves from their Dark Elf masters, we pay our troopers to PROTECT the indefensible institution of slavery. Within the ebony mines of Morrowind, bloated monopolists under Imperial charters exploit slave labor to harvest the outrageous profits assured by rampant graft and corruption.

Consider the colossal arrogance of our proposition to bring Peace and Enlightenment to the East, when in fact, we have only brought our armies into lands who have never threatened us, and when we have only exploited the most shameful and evil practices we have found in Morrowind and Black Marsh simply to enrich the friends and flatterers of the Imperial family.

Impartially considered, our occupation of the Eastern provinces is morally corrupt, militarily indefensible, and economically ruinous. The only conclusion is that we should disband the Eastern legions, withdraw the Imperial bureaucracies and monopolists from the East, and give these ancient lands and peoples their freedom. Only by doing so may we hope to preserve the fragile
[542] The Eastern Provinces...

ideals and fortunes of Western culture.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_easternprovincesimpartial
The Egg of Time
The Egg of Time

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 1000
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_EggOfTime
"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.
The Stars of Tamriel are divided into thirteen constellations. Three of them are the major constellations, known as the Guardians. These are the Warrior, the Mage, and the Thief. Each of the Guardians protects its three Charges from the thirteenth constellation, the Serpent.

When the sun rises near one of the constellations, it is that constellation's season. Each constellation has a Season of approximately one month. The Serpent has no season, for it moves about in the heavens, usually threatening one of the other constellations.

The Warrior

The Warrior is the first Guardian Constellation and he protects his charges during their Seasons. The Warrior's own season is Last Seed when his Strength is needed for the harvest. His Charges are the Lady, the Steed, and the Lord. Those born under the sign of the Warrior are skilled with weapons of all kinds, but prone to short tempers.
The Mage

The Mage is a Guardian Constellation whose Season is Rain's Hand when magicka was first used by men. His Charges are the Apprentice, the Golem, and the Ritual. Those born under the Mage have more magicka and talent for all kinds of spellcasting, but are often arrogant and absent-minded.

The Thief

The Thief is the last Guardian Constellation, and her Season is the darkest month of Evening Star. Her Charges are the Lover, the Shadow, and the Tower. Those born under the sign of the Thief are not typically thieves, though they take risks more often and only rarely come to harm. They will run out of luck eventually, however, and rarely live as long as those born under other signs.
The Serpent

The Serpent wanders about in the sky and has no Season, though its motions are predictable to a degree. No characteristics are common to all who are born under the sign of the Serpent. Those born under this sign are the most blessed and the most cursed.

The Lady

The Lady is one of the Warrior's Charges and her Season is Heartfire. Those born under the sign of the Lady are kind and tolerant.

The Steed

The Steed is one of the Warrior's Charges, and her Season is Mid Year. Those born under the sign of the Steed are impatient and always hurrying from one place to another.

The Lord

The Lord's Season is First Seed and he oversees all of Tamriel during the planting. Those born under the sign of the Lord are stronger and healthier than those born under other signs.

The Apprentice

The Apprentice's Season is Sun's Height. Those born under the sign of the apprentice have a special affinity for magick of all kinds, but are more vulnerable to magick as well.
The Atronach

The Atronach (often called the Golem) is one of the Mage's Charges. Its season is Sun's Dusk. Those born under this sign are natural sorcerers with deep reserves of magicka, but they cannot generate magicka of their own.

The Ritual

The Ritual is one of the Mage's Charges and its Season is Morning Star. Those born under this sign have a variety of abilities depending on the aspects of the moons and the Divines.

The Lover

The Lover is one of the Thief's Charges and her season is Sun's Dawn. Those born under the sign of the Lover are graceful and passionate.

The Shadow

The Shadow's Season is Second Seed. The Shadow grants those born under her sign the ability to hide in shadows.

The Tower

The Tower is one of the Thief's Charges and its Season is Frostfall. Those born under the sign of the Tower have a knack for finding gold and can open locks of all kinds.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_firmament
"You told me that if her brother won, she would be sister to the King of Wayrest, and Reman would want to keep her for the alliance. But her brother Helseth lost and has fled with his mother back to Morrowind, and still Reman has not left her to marry me." Lady Gialene took a long, slow drag of the hookah and blew out dragon's breath, so the scent of blossoms perfumed her gilded chamber. "You make a very poor advisor, Kael. I might have spent my time romancing the king of Cloudrest or Alinor instead of the wretched royal husband of Queen Morgiah."

Kael knew better than to hurt his lady's vanity by the mere suggestion that the King of Firsthold might have come to love his Dunmer Queen. Instead he gave her a few minutes to pause and look from her balcony out over the high cliff palaces of the ancient capitol. The moons shone like crystal on the deep sapphire waters of the Abecean Sea. It was ever springtide here, and he could well understand why she would prefer a throne in this land than in Cloudrest or Alinor.

Finally, he spoke: "The people are with you, my lady. They do not relish the idea of Reman's Dark Elf heirs ruling the kingdom when he is gone."

"I wonder," she said calmly. "I wonder if as the King would not give up his Queen for want of alliances, whether she would give herself up out of fear. Of all the people of Firsthold, who most dislikes the Dunmer influence on the court?"

"Is this a trick question, my lady?" asked Kael. "The Trebble Monks, of course. Their credo has ever been for pure Altmer bloodlines on Summurset, and among the royal families most of all. But, my lady, they make very weak allies."

"I know," said Gialene, taking up her hookah again thoughtfully, a smile creeping across her face. "Morgiah has seen to it that they have no power. She would have exterminated them altogether had Reman not stopped her for all the good they do for the country folk. What if they found themselves with a very powerful benefactress? One with intimate knowledge of the court of Firsthold, the chief concubine of the King, and all the gold to buy weapons with that her father, the King of Skywatch, could supply?"

"Well−armed and with the support of the country people, they would be formidable," nodded Kael. "But as your advisor, I must warn you: if you make yourself an active foe of Queen Morgiah, you must play to win. She has inherited much of her mother Queen Barenziah's intelligence and spirit of vengeance."
"She will not know I am her foe until it is too late," shrugged Gialene. "Go to the Trebbite monastery and bring me Friar Lylim. We must strategize our plan of attack."

For two weeks, Reman was advised about growing resentment in the countryside from peasants who called Morgiah the "Black Queen," but it was nothing that he had not heard before. His attention was on the pirates on a small island off the coast called Calluis Lar. They had been more brazen as late, attacking royal barges in organized raids. To deliver a crushing blow, he ordered the greatest part of his militia to invade the island — an incursion he himself would lead.

A few days after Reman left the capitol, the revolt of the Trebbite Monks exploded. The attacks were well-coordinated and without warning. The Chief of the Guards did not wait to be announced, bursting into Morgiah's bedchamber ahead of a flurry of maidservants.

"My Queen," he said. "It is a revolution."

By contrast, Gialene was not asleep when Kael came to deliver the news. She was seated by the window, smoking her hookah and looking at the fires far off in the hills.

"Morgiah is with council," he explained. "I am certain they are telling her that the Trebbite Monks are behind the uprising, and that the revolution will be at the city gates by morning."

"How large is the revolutionary army in contrast to the remaining royal militia?" asked Gialene.

"The odds are well in our favor," said Kael. "Though not perhaps as much as we hoped. The country folk, it seems, like to complain about their queen, but stop short of insurrection. Primarily, the army is composed of the Monks themselves and a horde of mercenaries your father's gold bought. In a way of thinking, it is preferable this way — they are more professional and organized that a common mob. Really, they are a true army, complete with a horn section."

"If that doesn't frighten the Black Queen into abdication, nothing will," smiled Gialene, rising from her chair. "The poor dear must be beside herself with worry. I must fly to her side and enjoy it."

Gialene was disappointed when she saw Morgiah come out of the Council Chambers. Considering that she had been woken from a deep sleep with cries of revolution and had spent the last several hours in consultation with her meager general force, she looked beautiful. There was a sparkle of proud defiance in her bright red eyes.

"My Queen," Gialene cried, forcing real tears. "I came as soon as I heard! Will we all be slaughtered?"

"A distinct possibility," replied Morgiah simply. Gialene tried to read her, but the expressions of women, especially alien women, were a far greater challenge than those of Altmer men.

"I hate myself for even thinking to propose this," said Gialene. "But since the cause of their fury is
you, perhaps if you were to give up the throne, they might disperse. Please understand, my queen, I am thinking only of the good of the kingdom and our own lives."

"I understand the spirit of your suggestion," smiled Morgiah. "And I will take it under advisement. Believe me, I've thought of it myself. But I don't think it will come to that."

"Have you a plan for defending us?" asked Gialene, contorting her features to an expression she knew bespoke girlish hope.

"The king left us several dozen of his royal battlemages," said Morgiah. "I think the mob believes we have nothing but palace guards and a few soldiers to protect us. When they get to the gates are greeted with a wave of fireballs, I find it highly likely that they will lose heart and retreat."

"But isn't there some protection they could be using against such an assault?" asked Gialene in her best worried voice.

"If they knew about it, naturally there is. But an unruly mob is unlikely to have mages skilled in the arts of Restoration, by which they could shield themselves from the spells, or Mysticism, by which they could reflect the spells back on my battlemages. That would be the worst scenario, but even if they were well-organized enough to have Mystics in their ranks — and enough of them to reflect so many spells — it just isn't done. No battlefield commander would advise such a defense during a siege unless he knew precisely was he was going to be meeting. And then, of course, once the trap is sprung" Morgiah winked. "It's too late for a countering spell."

"A most cunning solution, your highness," said Gialene, honestly impressed.

Morgiah excused herself to meet with her battlemages, and Gialene gave her an embrace. Kael was waiting in the palace garden for his lady.

"Are there Mystics among the mercenaries?" she asked quickly.

"Several, in fact," replied Kael, bewildered by her query. "Largely rejects from the Psijic Order, but they know enough to cast the regular spells of the school."

"You must sneak out the city gates and tell Friar Lylim to have them cast reflection spells on all the front line before they attack," said Gialene.

"That's most irregular battlefield strategy," frowned Kael.

"I know it is, fool, that's what Morgiah is counting on. There's a gang of battlemages who are going to be waiting on the battlements to greet our army with a barrage of fire balls."

"Battlemages? I would have thought that King Reman would have brought them with him to fight the pirates."
"You would have thought that," laughed Gialene. "But then we would be defeated. Now go!"

Friar Lylim agreed with Kael that it was a bizarre, unheard-of way to begin a battle, casting reflection spells on all one's troops. It went against every tradition, and as a Trebble Monk, he valued tradition above every other virtue. There was little other choice, though, given the intelligence. He had few enough healers in the army as it were, and their energies could not be wasted casting resistance spells.

At dawn's light, the rebel army was in sight of the gleaming spires of Firsthold. Friar Lylim gathered together every soldier who knew even the rudimentary secrets of Mysticism, who knew how to tap in to the elementary conundrums and knots of the energies of magicka. Though few were masters of the art, their combined force was powerful to behold. A great surge of entangling power washed over the army, crackling, hissing, and infusing all with their ghostly force. When they arrived at the gates, every soldier, even the least imaginative, knew that no spell would touch him for a long time.

Friar Lylim watched his army batter into the gate with the great satisfaction of a commander who has counteracted an unthinkable attack with an outrageous defense. The smile quickly faded from his face.

They were met at the battlements not by mages but by common archers of the palace guard. As the flaming arrows fell upon the siegers like a red rain, the healers ran in to help the wounded. Their healing spells reflected off the dying men, one after the other. Chaos ruled as the attackers suddenly found themselves defenseless and began a panicked, unorganized retreat. Friar Lylim himself considered briefly holding his ground before fleeing himself.

Later, he would send furious notes to Lady Gialene and Kael, but they were returned. Even his best secret agents within the palace were unable to find their whereabouts.

Neither had, as it turns out, much previous experience with torture, and they soon confessed their treachery to the King’s satisfaction. Kael was executed, and Gialene was sent back with escort to her father’s court of Skywatch. He has still to find a husband for her. Reman, by contrast, has elected not to take a new royal concubine. The common folk of Firsthold consider this break in palace protocol to be more of the sinister alien influence of the Black Queen, and grumble to all who will listen.

---

**Book**
- **Weight**: 4.00
- **Value**: 200
- **Enchantment**: 0
- **Teaches**: Mysticism
- **ID**: bookskill_mysticism1

---

972
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_five_far_stars
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 Benitha. 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.
Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Restoration
ID: bookskill_restoration3
In that early springtime morning, pale sunlight flickered behind the morning mist floating through the trees as Templer and Stryngpool made their way to the clearing. Neither had been back in High Rock, let alone in their favorite woods for four years. The trees had changed little even if they had. Stryngpool had a handsome blond moustache now, stiffened and spiked with wax, and Templer seemed to be a completely alien creature to the young lad who searched for adventure in the ancient grove. He was much quieter, as if scarred within as well as without.

They each carried their bows and quivers with extra care as they maneuvered their way through the clusters of vine and branch.

"This is the path that used to lead to your house, isn't it, old boy?" asked Stryngpool.

Templer glanced at the overgrowth and nodded, before continuing on.

"I thought so," said Stryngpool and laughed: "I remember it because you used to run down it every time you got a bloody nose. I know I can't offend you, but I have to say, it's hard to believe that you ended up a soldier."

"How's your family?" asked Templer.

"The same. A bit more pompous, if that's possible. It's obvious they wish I'd come back from the academy, but there's nothing much for me here. At least not until I collect my inheritance. Did I see I got a gold ribbon of merit in archery?"

"How could I miss it?" said Templer.

"Oh yes, I nearly forgot that the family's put it in the Great Hall. Very ostentatiously. I suppose you can actually see it through the picture window. Silly, but I hope the peasants are impressed."

The clearing opened up before them, where the mist settled on the grass, enveloping it in an opaque, chilly vapor. Burlap targets were arranged around in a semi-circle, several meters apart, like sentinels.

"You've been practicing," observed Templer.
"Well, a bit. I've only been back in town for a few days." said Stryngpool with a smile. "My parents said you got here a week ago?"

"That's right. My unit's camped a few miles east, and I thought I'd visit the old haunts. A lot's changed, I could hardly recognize anything at all." Templer looked down at the valley below, to the vast empty tilled ground, stretching out for miles around. "It looks like a good planting."

"My family's rather spread out since yours left. There was some discussion I think about keeping your old house up, but it seemed a little sentimental. Especially as there was fertile ground beneath."

Stryngpool strung his bow carefully. It was a beautiful piece of art, darkest ebony and spun silver filigrees, hand–crafted for him in Wayrest. He looked over at Templer stringing his bow, and felt a twinge of pity. It was a sad, weathered utensil, bound together with strips of fabric.

"If that's how they taught you to string your bow, you need some advisors from the academy in that army of yours," said Stryngpool as gently as he could. "The untightened loop is supposed to look like an X in an O. Yours looks like a Z in a Y."

"It works for me," said Templer. "I should tell you, I won't be able to make an afternoon of this. I'm supposed to join my unit this evening."

Stryngpool began to feel annoyed by his old friend. If he was angry about his family losing their land, why couldn't he just say it? Why did he come back to the valley at all? He watched Templer nock his first arrow, taking aim at a target, and coughed.

"I'm sorry, but I can't in good faith send you back to the army without a little new wisdom. There are three types of draw, three–fingers, thumb and index, thumb and two fingers. Then there's the thumb draw which I like, but you see," Stryngpool showed Templer the small leather loop fastened on the cord of his bow, "You need to have one of these thingies or you'll tear your thumb right off."

"I think I like my stupid method best."

"Don't be pigheaded, Templer. They didn't give me the gold ribbon of merit for nothing. I had demonstrated shooting from under a shield, standing, sitting, squatting, kneeling, and sitting on horseback. This is practical information I'm imparting for the sake of our friendship which I, at least, haven't completely forgotten. Sweet Kynareth, I remember when you were just an oily little squirt, begging for this kind of honest guidance."

Templer looked at Stryngpool for a moment, and lowered his bow. "Show me."

Stryngpool relaxed, shook away the tensions that had been building. He did his exercise, drawing the bow back to his eyebrow, his moustache, his chest, his earlobe.
"There are three ways of shooting: snatching and releasing in one continuous motion, like the Bosmer do; holding with a short draw and a pause before releasing like the Khajiit; and partial draw, pause, final draw," Stryngpool fired the arrow into the center of the target with cool precision, "And release. Which I prefer."

"Very nice," said Templer.

"Now you," said Stryngpool. He helped Templer select a grip, nock his arrow correctly, and take aim. A smile grew on Templer's face — the first time Stryngpool had seen such a childlike expression on the war-etched visage all afternoon. When Templer released the arrow, it rocketed high over the top of the target and into the valley below where it disappeared from sight.

"Not bad," said Templer.

"No, not bad," said Stryngpool, feeling friendly once again. "If you practice, you should be able to focus your aim a little bit."

The two shot a few more practice bolts before parting ways. Templer began the long trek east to his unit's camp, and Stryngpool wound his way down through the woods to the valley and his family's mansion. He hummed a little tune he learned at the academy as he passed the great lawn and walked up to the front door, pleased with himself for helping his old friend. It entirely escaped his attention that the large picture window was broken.

But he noticed right away when he came into the Great Hall, and saw Templer's wild-shot bolt sticking in his gold ribbon of merit.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Marksman
ID: bookskill_marksman1
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.

Athyn 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?"

Athyn 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.

Athyn 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Blunt Weapon
ID: bookskill_blunt_weapon1
Dramatis Personae
Clavides, Captain of the Imperial Guard. Cyrodiil.
Anara, a Dunmer maid.
Ullis, a Lieutenant of the Imperial Guard. Argonian.
Zollassa, a young Argonian mage

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 don't know no one by that name.

CLAVIDES: Then you aren't likely to know. He's dead. He was found a few hours ago dying of
frostbite in the ashlands. He was hysterical, nearly incoherent, 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 coulda been
friends.

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

ANARA: Please, serjo, go wherever you want. We got 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. What 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 to 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 expotentially 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, similiar 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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Destruction
ID: bookskill_destruction1
The Horror of Castle Xyr

A One Act Play
by Baloth–Kul

Dramatis Personae
Clavides, Captain of the Imperial Guard. Cyrodilic.
Anara, a Dunmer maid.
Ullis, a Lieutenant of the Imperial Guard. Argonian.
Zollassa, a young Argonian mage.

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.
[551a] The Horror of Castle Xyr

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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_playscript
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.
The House of Troubles

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_HouseOfTroubles_o
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.
[552a] The House of Troubles

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_HouseOfTroubles_c
The chieftain of Othrobar gathered his wise men together and said, "Every morning a tenfold of my flock are found butchered. What is the cause?"

Fangbith the Warleader said, "A Monster may be coming down from the Mountain and devouring your flock."

Ghorick the Healer said, "A strange new disease perhaps is to blame."

Beran the Priest said, "We must sacrifice to the Goddess for her to save us."

The wise men made sacrifices, and while they waited for their answers from the Goddess, Fangbith went to Mentor Joltereg and said, "You taught me well how to forge the cudgel of Zolia, and how to wield it in combat, but I must know now when it is wise to use my skill. Do I wait for the Goddess to reply, or the medicine to work, or do I hunt the Monster which I know is in the Mountain?"

"When is not important," said Joltereg. "Where is all that is important."

So Fangbith took his Zolic cudgel in hand and walked far through the dark forest until he came to the base of the Great Mountain. There he met two Monsters. One bloodied with the flesh of the chieftain of Othrobar's flock fought him while its mate fled. Fangbith remembered what his master had taught him, that "where" was all that was important.

He struck the Monster on each of its five vital points: head, groin, throat, back, and chest. Five blows to the five points and the Monster was slain. It was too heavy to carry with him, but still triumphant, Fangbith returned to Othrobar.

"I say I have slain the Monster that ate your flock," he cried.

"What proof have you that you have slain any Monster?" asked the chieftain.

"I say I have saved the flock with my medicine," said Ghorick the Healer.

"I say The Goddess has saved the flock by my sacrifices," said Beran the Priest.
Two mornings went by and the flocks were safe, but on the morning of the third day, another tenfold of the chieftain's flock was found butchered. Ghorick the Healer went to his study to find a new medicine. Beran the Priest prepared more sacrifices. Fangbith took his Zolic cudgel in hand, again, and walked far through the dark forest until he came to the base of the Great Mountain. There he met the other Monster, bloodied with the flesh of the chieftain of Othrobar's flock. They did battle, and again Fangbith remembered what his master had taught him, that "where" was all that was important.

He struck the Monster five times on the head and it fled. Chasing it along the mountain, he struck it five times in the groin and it fled. Running through the forest, Fangbith overtook the Monster and struck it five times in the throat and it fled. Entering into the fields of Othrobar, Fangbith overtook the Monster and struck it five times in the back and it fled. At the foot of the stronghold, the chieftain and his wise men emerged to the sound of the Monster wailing. There they beheld the Monster that had slain the chieftain's flock. Fangbith struck the Monster five times in the chest and it was slain.

A great feast was held in Fangbith's honor, and the flock of Othrobar was never again slain. Joltereg embraced his student and said, "You have at last learned the importance of where you strike your blows."

Publisher's Note:

This tale is another, which has an obvious origin among the Ashlander tribes of Vvardenfell and is one of their oldest tales. "Marobar Sul" merely changed the names of the character to sound more "Dwarven" and resold it as part of his collection. The Great Mountain in the tale is clearly "Red Mountain," despite its description of being forested. The Star−Fall and later eruptions destroyed the vegetation on Red Mountain, giving it the wasted appearance it has today.

This tale does have some scholarly interest, as it suggests a primitive Ashlander culture, but it talks of living in "strongholds" much like the ruined strongholds on Vvardenfell today. There are even references to a stronghold of "Othrobar" somewhere between Vvardenfell and Skyrim, but few strongholds outside of sparsely−settled Vvardenfell have survived to the present. Scholars do not agree on who built these strongholds or when, but I believe it is clear from this story and other evidence that the Ashlander tribes used these strongholds in the ancient past instead of making camps of wickwheat huts as they do today.

The play on words that forms the lesson of the fable — that it is as important to know where the monster should be slain, at the stronghold, as it is to know where the monster must be struck on its body to be slain — is typical of many Ashlander tales. Riddles, even ones as simple as this one, are loved by both the Ashlanders and the vanished Dwemer. Although the Dwemer are usually portrayed as presenting the riddles, rather than being the ones who solve it as in Ashlander tales.
[553] The Importance of Where

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Blunt Weapon
ID: BookSkill_Blunt Weapon2
"Not till the very evening they came," answered he, and then told of his dealings with Mehrunes Dagon's thralls, saying that Mackkan would find it easier to whistle on the wind's tracks and go on a fool's errand than to fight his toads. Then said Mackkan:

"Now see to thy safety henceforward,
And stick to thy parts and thy pride;
Or this mallet of mine, Malacath's Scourge,
Will meet with thine ear of a surety.
For quick as I can cry "Equality",
Though eight arms thou couldst boast of,
Such bumps thou shalt comb on thy brainpan,
Thou that breakest the howes of the dead.

EXPLICATION: The mace Scourge, Blessed of Malacath, Mackkan's legendary weapon, forged from sacred ebony in the Fountains of Fickledire, has ever been the bane of the Dark Kin, and many a black spirit has been hurled back into Oblivion with a single blow of this bold defender of the friendless. Scourge now hangs within the armory of Battlespire, ready to take up in the name of the Emperor against the Daedric Lords.
Yana was precisely the kind of student her mentor Arthcamu despised: the professional amateur. He enjoyed all the criminal types who were his usual pupils at the stronghold, from the common burglar to the more sophisticated blackmailers, children and young people with strong career ambitions which the art and science of lockpicking could facilitate. They were always interested in simple solutions, the easy way, but people like Yana were always looking for exceptions, possibilities, exotica. For pragmatists like Arthcamu, it was intensely vexing.

The Redguard maiden would spend hours in front of a lock, prodding at it with her wires and picks, flirting with the key pins and driver pins, exploring the hull with a sort of casual fascination that no delinquent possesses. Long after her fellow students had opened their test locks and moved on, Yana was still playing with hers. The fact that she always opened it eventually, no matter how advanced a lock it was, irked Arthcamu even further.

"You are making things much too difficult," he would roar, boxing her ears. "Speed is of the essence, not merely technical know−how. I swear that if I put the key to the lock right in front of you, you'd still never get around to opening it."

Yana would bear Arthcamu's abuse philosophically. She had, after all, paid him in advance. Speed was doubtless an important factor for the picker trying to get somewhere he wasn't supposed to go with the city guard on patrol behind him, but Yana knew it wouldn't apply to her. She merely wanted the knowledge.

Arthcamu did everything he could think of to encourage Yana to move faster. She seemed to perversely thrive on his physical and verbal blows, spending more and more time on each lock, learning its idiosyncrasies and personality. Finally, he could bear it no longer. Very late one afternoon after Yana had dawdled over a perfectly ordinary lock, he grabbed the girl by her ear and dragged her to a room in the stronghold far from the other students, an area they had always been forbidden to visit.

The room was completely barren, except for one large crate in the center. There were no windows and no other door except for the one leading in. Arthcamu slammed his student against the crate and closed the door behind her. There was a distinct click of the lock.

"This is the test for my advanced students," he laughed behind the door. "See if you can escape."
Yana smiled and began her usual slow process of massaging the lock, gaining information. After a few minutes had gone by, she heard Arthcamu's voice again call out from behind the door.

"Perhaps I should mention that this is a test of speed. You see the crate behind you? It contains a vampire ancient who has been locked in here for many months. It is absolutely ravenous. In a few minutes' time, the sun will have completely set, and if you have not opened the door, you will be nothing but a bloodless husk."

Yana considered only for a moment whether Arthcamu was joking or not. She knew he was an evil, horrible man, but to resort to murder to teach his pupil? The moment she heard a rustling in the crate, any doubts she had were erased. Ignoring all her usual explorations, she jammed her wire into the lock, thrust the pegs against the pressure plate, and shoved open the door.

Arthcamu stood in the hallway beyond, laughing cruelly, "So, now you've learned the value of fast work."

Yana fled from Arthcamu's stronghold, fighting back her tears. He was certain that she would never return to his tutelage, but he considered that he had taught her at last a very valuable lesson. When she did return the next morning, Arthcamu registered no surprise, but inside he was seething.

"I'll be leaving shortly," she explained, quietly. "But I believe I've developed a new type of lock, and I'd be grateful if you'd give me your opinion of it."

Arthcamu shrugged and asked her to present her design.

"I was wondering if I might use the vampire room and install the lock. I think it would be better if I demonstrated it."

Arthcamu was dubious, but the prospect of the tiresome girl leaving at last put him in an excellent and even indulgent mood. He agreed to give her access to the room. For all morning and most of the afternoon, she worked near the slumbering vampire, removing the old lock and adding her new prototype. Finally, she asked her old master to take a look.

He studied the lock with an expert eye, and found little to be impressed with.

"This is the first and only pick-proof lock," Yana explained. "The only way to open it is to have the right key."

Arthcamu scoffed and let Yana close the door, shutting him in the room. The door clicked and he began to go to work. To his dismay, the lock was much more difficult than he thought it would be. He tried all his methods to force it, and found that he had to resort to his hated student's method of careful and thorough exploration.

"I need to leave now," called Yana from the other side of the door. "I'm going to bring the city 1008
guard to the stronghold. I know that it's against the rules, but I really think it's for the welfare of the villagers not to have a hungry vampire on the loose. It's getting dark, and even though you aren't able to unlock the door, the vampire might be less proud about using the key to escape. Remember when you said 'If I put the key to the lock right in front of you, you'd still never get around to opening it'?

"Wait!" Arthcamu yelled back. "I'll use the key! Where is it? You forgot to give it to me!"

But there was no reply, only the sound of footfall disappearing down the corridor beyond the door. Arthcamu began to work harder on the lock, but his hands were shaking with fear. With no windows, it was impossible to tell how late it was getting to be. Were minutes that were flying by or hours? He only knew that the vampire ancient would know.

The tools could not stand very much twisting and tapping from Arthcamu's hysterical hands. The wire snapped in the keyhole. Just like a student. Arthcamu screamed and pounded on the door, but he knew that no one could possibly hear him. It was while sucking in his breath to scream again, he heard the distinct creak of the crate opening behind him.

The vampire ancient regarded the master locksmith with insane, hungry eyes, and flew at him in a frenzy. Before Arthcamu died, he saw it: on a chain that had been placed around the vampire's neck while it had been sleeping was a key.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Security
ID: bookskill_security1
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.
I will not go into the varying accounts of what happened at Adamantine Tower, nor will I relate the War of Manifest Metaphors that rendered those stories unable to support most qualities of what is commonly known as "narrative." We all have our favorite Lorkhan story and our favorite Lorkhan motivation for the creation of Nirn and our favorite story of what happened to His Heart. But the Theory of the Lunar Lorkhan is of special note.

In short, the Moons were and are the two halves of Lorkhan's 'flesh−divinity'. Like the rest of the Gods, Lorkhan was a plane(t) that participated in the Great Construction... except where the Eight lent portions of their heavenly bodies to create the mortal plane(t), Lorkhan's was cracked asunder and his divine spark fell to Nirn as a shooting star "to impregnate it with the measure of its existence and a reasonable amount of selfishness."

Masser and Secunda therefore are the personifications of the dichotomy— the "Cloven Duality," according to Artaeum— that Lorkhan legends often rail against: ideas of the anima/animus, good/evil, being/nothingness, the poetry of the body, throat, and moan/silence—as—the—abortive, and so on — set in the night sky as Lorkhan's constant reminder to his mortal issue of their duty.

Followers of this theory hold that all other "Heart Stories" are mythical degradations of the true origin of the moons (and it needn't be said that they observe the "hollow crescent theory" as well).

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 350
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Alteration
ID: BookSkill_Alteration5
The Lusty Argonian Maid

Act IV, Scene III, continued

Lifts−Her−Tail: Certainly not, kind sir! I am here but to clean your chambers.

Crantius Colto: Is that all you have come here for, little one? My chambers?

Lifts−Her−Tail: I have no idea what it is you imply, master. I am but a poor Argonian maid.

Crantius Colto: So you are, my dumpling. And a good one at that. Such strong legs and shapely tail.

Lifts−Her−Tail: You embarrass me, sir!

Crantius Colto: Fear not. You are safe here with me.

Lifts−Her−Tail: I must finish my cleaning, sir. The mistress will have my head if I do not!

Crantius Colto: Cleaning, eh? I have something for you. Here, polish my spear.

Lifts−Her−Tail: But it is huge! It could take me all night!

Crantius Colto: Plenty of time, my sweet. Plenty of time.

END OF ACT IV, SCENE III

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_lustyargonianmaid
The man who would be Emperor of all Tamriel was born Thoriz Pelagius Septim, a prince of the royal family of Wayrest in 3E 119 at the end of the glorious reign of his uncle, Antiochus I. Wayrest had been showered by much preference during the years before Pelagius' birth, for King Magnus was Antiochus' favorite brother.

It is hard to say when Pelagius' madness first manifested itself, for, in truth, the first ten years of his life were marked by much insanity in the land itself. When Pelagius was just over a year old, Antiochus died and a daughter, Kintyra, assumed the throne to the acclaim of all. Kintyra II was Pelagius' cousin and an accomplished mystic and sorceress. If she had sufficient means to peer into the future, she would have surely fled the palace.

The story of the War of the Red Diamond has been told in many other scholarly journals, but as most historians agree, Kintyra II's reign was usurped by her and Pelagius' cousin Uriel, by the power of his mother, Potema — the so-called wolf queen of Solitude. The year after her coronation, Kintyra was trapped in Glenpoint and imprisoned in the Imperial dungeons there.

All of Tamriel exploded into warfare as Prince Uriel took the throne as Uriel III, and High Rock, because of the imprisoned Empress' presence there, was the location of some of the bloodiest battles. Pelagius' father, King Magnus, allied himself with his brother Cephorus against the usurper Emperor, and brought the wrath of Uriel III and Queen Potema down on Wayrest. Pelagius, his brothers and sisters, and his mother Utheilla fled to the Isle of Balfiera. Utheilla was of the line of Direnni, and her family manse is still located on that ancient isle even to this day.

There is thankfully much written record of Pelagius' childhood in Balfiera recorded by nurses and visitors. All who met him described him as a handsome, personable boy, interested in sport, magic, and music. Even assuming diplomats' lack of candor, Pelagius seemed, if anything, a blessing to the future of the Septim Dynasty.

When Pelagius was eight, Cephorus slew Uriel III at the Battle of Ichidag and proclaimed himself Emperor Cephorus I. For the next ten years of his reign, Cephorus battled Potema. Pelagius' first battle was the Siege of Solitude, which ended with Potema's death and the final end of the war. In gratitude, Cephorus placed Pelagius on the throne of Solitude.

As king of Solitude, Pelagius' eccentricities of behavior began to be noticeable. As a favorite nephew of the Emperor, few diplomats to Solitude made critical commentary about Pelagius. For
the first two years of his reign, Pelagius was at the very least noted for his alarming shifts in weight. Four months after taking the throne, a diplomat from Ebonheart called Pelagius "a hale and hearty soul with a heart so big, it widens his waist"; five months after that, the visiting princess of Firsthold wrote to her brother that "the king's gripped my hand and it felt like I was being clutched by a skeleton. Pelagius is greatly emaciated, indeed."

Cephorus never married and died childless three years after the Siege of Solitude. As the only surviving sibling, Pelagius' father Magnus left the throne of Wayrest and took residence at the Imperial City as the Emperor Magnus I. Magnus was elderly and Pelagius was his oldest living child, so the attention of Tamriel focused on Sentinel. By this time, Pelagius' eccentricities were becoming infamous.

There are many legends about his acts as King of Sentinel, but few well-documented cases exist. It is known that Pelagius locked the young princes and princesses of Silvenar in his room with him, only releasing them when an unsigned Declaration of War was slipped under the door. When he tore off his clothes during a speech he was giving at a local festival, his advisors apparently decided to watch him more carefully. On the orders of Magnus, Pelagius was married to the beautiful heiress of an ancient Dark Elf noble family, Katariah Ra'athim.

Nordic kings who marry Dark Elves seldom improve their popularity. There are two reasons most scholars give for the union. Magnus was trying to cement relations with Ebonheart, where the Ra'athim clan hailed. Ebonheart's neighbor, Mournhold, had been a historical ally of the Empire since the very beginning, and the royal consort of Queen Barenziah had won many battles in the War of the Red Diamond. Ebonheart had a poorly-kept secret of aiding Uriel III and Potema.

The other reason for the marriage was more personal: Katariah was as shrewd a diplomat as she was beautiful. If any creature was capable of hiding Pelagius' madness, it was she.

On the 8th of Second Seed, 3E 145, Magnus I died quietly in his sleep. Jolethe, Pelagius' sister took over the throne of Solitude, and Pelagius and Katariah rode to the Imperial City to be crowned Emperor and Empress of Tamriel. It is said that Pelagius fainted when the crown was placed on his head, but Katariah held him up so only those closest to the thrones could see what had happened. Like so many Pelagius stories, this cannot be verified.

Pelagius III never truly ruled Tamriel. Katariah and the Elder Council made all the decisions and only tried to keep Pelagius from embarrassing all. Still, stories of Pelagius III's reign exist.

It was said that when the Argonian ambassador from Blackrose came to court, Pelagius insisted on speaking in all grunts and squeaks, as that was the Argonian's natural language.

It is known that Pelagius was obsessed with cleanliness, and many guests reported waking to the noise of an early-morning scrubdown of the Imperial Palace. The legend of Pelagius while inspecting the servants' work, suddenly defecating on the floor to give them something to do, is probably apocryphal.
When Pelagius began actually biting and attacking visitors to the Imperial Palace, it was decided to send him to a private asylum. Katariah was proclaimed regent two years after Pelagius took the throne. For the next six years, the Emperor stayed in a series of institutions and asylums.

Traitors to the Empire have many lies to spread about this period. Whispered stories of hideous experiments and tortures performed on Pelagius have almost become accepted as fact. The noble lady Katariah became pregnant shortly after the Emperor was sent away, and rumors of infidelity and, even more absurd, conspiracies to keep the sane Emperor locked away, ran amok. As Katariah proved, her pregnancy came about after a visit to her husband's cell. With no other evidence, as loyal subjects, we are bound to accept the Empress' word on the matter. Her second child, who would reign for many years as Uriel IV, was the child of her union with her consort Lariate, and publicly acknowledged as such.

On a warm night in Suns Dawn, in his 34th year, Pelagius III died after a brief fever in his cell at the Temple of Kynareth in the Isle of Betony. Katariah I reigned for another forty six years before passing the scepter onto the only child she had with Pelagius, Cassynder.

Pelagius' wild behavior has made him perversely dear to the province of his birth and death. The 2nd of Suns Dawn, which may or may not be the anniversary of his death (records are not very clear) is celebrated as Mad Pelagius, the time when foolishness of all sorts is encouraged. And so, one of the least desirable Emperors in the history of the Septim Dynasty, has become one of the most famous ones.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_madnessofpelagius
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 Khajiit 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 Indoril, 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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250

1018
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Marksman
ID: bookskill_marksman4
The wind blew over the open plain, jostling the few trees within to move back and forth with the irritation of it. A young man in bright green turban approached the army and gave his chieftain's terms for peace to the commander. He was refused. It was to be battle, the battle of Ain−Kolur.

So the chief Iymbez had decreed his open defiance and his horsemen were at war once again. Many times the tribe had moved into territory that was not theirs to occupy, and many times the diplomatic approach had failed. It had come to this, at long last. It was just as well with Mindothrax. His allies may win or lose, but he would always survive. Though he had occasionally been on the losing side of a war, never once in all his thirty−four years had he lost in hand−to−hand combat.

The two armies poured like dual frothing streams through the dust, and when they met a clamor rang out, echoing into the hills. Blood, the first liquor the clay had tasted in many a month, danced like powder. The high and low battle cries of the rival tribes met in harmony as the armies dug into one another's flesh. Mindothrax was in the element he loved.

After ten hours of fighting with no ground given, both commanders called a mutual and honorable withdrawal from the field.

The camp was positioned in a high−walled garden of an old burial ground, adorned by springtide blossoms. As Mindothrax toured the grounds, he was reminded of his childhood home. It was a happy and a sad recollection, the purity of childhood ambition, all of his schooling in the ways of battle, but tinged with memories of his poor mother. A beautiful woman looking down at her son with both pride and unspoken sorrow. She never talked about what troubled her, but it came as no surprise to any when she took the walk across the moors and was found days later, her throat slit open by her own hand.

The army itself was like a colony of ants, newly shaken. Within a half hour's time after the end of the battle, they had reorganized as if by instinct. As the medicos looked to the wounded, someone remarked, with a measure of admiration and astonishment, "Look at Mindothrax. His hair isn't even out of place."

"He is a mighty swordsman," said the attending physician.

"The sword is a greatly overvalued article," said Mindothrax, nevertheless pleased with the
attention. "Warriors pay too much attention to striking and not enough in defending strikes. The proper way to go into battle is to defend yourself, and to hit your opponent only when the ideal moment arises."

"I prefer a more straight−forward approach," smiled one of the wounded. "It is the way of the horse men."

"If it is the way of the Bjoulsae tribes to fail, then I renounce my heritage," said Mindothrax, making a quick sign to the spirits that he was being expressive not blasphemous. "Remember what the great blademaster Gaiden Shinji said, 'The best techniques are passed on by the survivors.' I have been in thirty−six battles, and I haven't a scar to show for them. That is because I rely on my shield, and then my blade, in that order."

"What is your secret?"

"Think of melee as a mirror. I look to my opponent's left arm when I am striking with my right. If he is prepared to block my blow, I blow not. Why exert undue force?" Mindothrax cocked an eyebrow. "But when I see his right arm tense, my left arm goes to my shield. You see, it takes twice as much power to send force than it does to deflect it. When your eye can recognize whether your opponent is striking from above, or at angle, or in an uppercut from below, you learn to pivot and place your shield just so to protect yourself. I could block for hours if need be, but it only takes a few minutes, or even seconds, for your opponent, used to battering, to leave a space open for your own strike."

"What was the longest you've ever had to defend yourself?" asked the wounded man.

"I fought a man once for an hour's time," said Mindothrax. "He was tireless with his bludgeoning, never giving me a moment to do aught but block his strikes. But finally, he took a moment too long in raising his cudgel and I found my mark in his chest. He struck my shield a thousand times, and I struck his heart but once. But that was enough."

"So he was your greatest opponent?" asked the medico.

"Oh, indeed not," said Mindothrax, turning his great shield so the silvery metal reflected his own face. "There is he."

The next day, the battle recommenced. Chief Iymbez had brought in reinforcements from the islands to the south. To the horror and disgrace of the tribe, mercenaries, renegade horsemen and even some Reachmen witches were included in the war. As Mindothrax stared across the field at the armies assembling, putting on his helmet and readying his shield and blade, he thought again of his poor mother. What had tortured her so? Why had she never been able to look at her son without grief?

Between sunrise and sundown, the battle raged. A bright blue−sky overhead burned down on the combatants as they rushed against one another over and over again. In every melee, Mindothrax
prevailed. A foe with an ax rained a series of strokes against his shield, but every one was deflected until at last Mindothrax could best the warrior. A spear maiden nearly pierced the shield with her first strike, but Mindothrax knew how to give with the blow, throwing her off balance and leaving her open for his counterstrike. Finally, he met a mercenary on the field, armed with shield and sword and a helm of golden bronze. For an hour and a half they battled.

Mindothrax tried every trick he knew. When the mercenary tensed his left arm, he held back his strike. When his opponent rose his sword, his shield rose too and expertly blocked. For the first time in his life, he was battling another defensive fighter. Stationary, reflective, with energy to battle for days if need be. Occasionally, another warrior would enter into the fray, sometimes from Mindothrax's army, sometimes from his opponent's. These distractions were swiftly dispatched, and the champions returned to their fight.

As they fought, circling one another, matching block for blow and blow for block, it dawned on Mindothrax that here at last he was fighting the perfect mirror.

It became more a game, almost a dance, than a battle of blood. It was not until Mindothrax missed his own step, striking too soon, throwing himself off balance, that the promenade was ended. He saw, rather than felt, the mercenary's blade rip across him from throat to chest. A good strike. The sort he himself might have delivered.

Mindothrax fell to the ground, feeling his life passing. The mercenary stood over him, prepared to give his worthy adversary the killing blow. It was a strange, honorable deed for an outsider to do, and Mindothrax was greatly moved. Across the battlefield, he heard someone call a name, similar to his own.

"Jurrifax!"

The mercenary removed his helmet to answer the call. As he did so, Mindothrax saw through the slits of his helmet his own reflection in the man. It was his own close-set eyes, red and brown hair, thin and wide mouth, and blunt chin. For a moment he marveled at the mirror, before the stranger turned back to him and delivered the death stroke.

Jurrifax returned to his commander and was well paid for his part in the day's victory. They retired for a hot meal under the stars in a garden by an old cairn that had previously been occupied by their foes. The mercenary was strangely quiet as he observed the land.

"Have you been here before, Jurrifax?" asked one of the tribesmen who had hired him.

"I was born a horseman just like you. My mother sold me when I was just a babe. I have always wondered how my life might have been different had I not been bartered away. I might never have been a mercenary."

"There are many things that decide our fate," said the witch. "It is madness to try to see how you might have taken this turn or that in the world. There are none exactly like yourself, so it is foolish
"But there is one," said Jurifax, looking to the stars. "My master, before he set me free, said that my mother had twin sons when I was born. She could only afford to raise but one child, but somewhere out there, there is a man just like me. My brother. I hope to meet him."

The witch saw the spirits before her and knew the truth that the twins had met already. She remained silent and stared into the fire, banishing the thoughts from her head, too wise to tell all.
"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 Akatosh, "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 Psijiici 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
hating 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 wanders the creation of the et'Ada. Interpretations of these events differ widely by culture. Below are some of the better known:

Yokudan, "Satak the Worldskin"

"Satak 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 Satak 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 Satak 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, Satakal 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 Satakal 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."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_manyfacesmissinggod
The Old Ways
by Celarus the Loremaster

We who know the Old Ways are well aware of the existence of a spiritual world invisible to the unenlightened. Just as one living in a kingdom but unaware of the political machinations underneath may see a new tax or battle preparation as the caprices of fortune, many observe floods, famines, and madness with helpless incomprehension. This is deplorable. As the great Cuilean Darnizhaan moaned, "The power of ignorance can shatter ebony like glass."

What, after all, is the origin of these spiritual forces that move the invisible strings of Mundus? Any neophyte of Artaeum knows that these spirits are our ancestors — and that, while living, they too were bewildered by the spirits of their ancestors, and so on back to the original Acharyai. The Daedra and gods to whom the common people turn are no more than the spirits of superior men and women whose power and passion granted them great influence in the afterworld.

Certainly this is our truth and our religion. But how does it help us in our sacred duty of seliffrnsae, or providing "grave and faithful counsel" to lesser men?

Primarily, it is easy to grasp the necessity both of endowing good men with great power and making powerful men good. We recognize the multiple threats that a strong tyrant represents — breeds cruelty which feeds the Daedra Boethiah and hatred which feeds the Daedra Vaernima; if he should die having performed a particularly malevolent act, he may go to rule in Oblivion; and worst of all, he inspires other villains to thirst after power and other rulers to embrace villainy. Knowing this, we have developed patience in our dealings with such despots. They should be crippled, humiliated, impoverished, imprisoned. Other counsellors may advocate assassination or warfare — which, aside from its spiritual insignificance, is expensive and likely to inflict at least as much pain on the innocents as the brutish dictator. No, we are intelligence gatherers, dignified diplomats — not revolutionaries.

How, then, are our counsellors "faithful"? We are faithful only to the Old Ways — it is essential always to remember the spiritual world while keeping our eyes open in the physical one. Performing the Rites of Moawita on the 2nd of Hearth Fire and the Vigyld on the 1st of Second Seed are essential means of empowering salutary spirits and debilitating unclean ones. How, then, are we at once faithful to those we counsel and to the Isle of Artaeum? Perhaps the sage Taheritae said it best: "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. It is the duty of the disciplined Psijic ["Enlightened One"] to dilute change where it brings greed, gluttony, sloth, ignorance, prejudice, cruelty... [here Taheritae lists the rest of the 111 Prodigalities], and to
encourage change where it brings excellence, beauty, happiness, and enlightenment. As such, the faithful counsel has but one master: His mind. If the man the Psijic counsels acts wickedly and brings oegnithr ["bad change"] and will otherwise not be counselled, it is the Psijic's duty to counterbalance the oegnithr by any means necessary [emphasis mine]."

A student of the Old Ways may indeed ally himself to a lord — but it is a risky relationship. It cannot be stressed enough that the choice be wisely made. Should the lord refuse wise counsel and order the Psijic (to use Taheritae's outmoded word) to perform an act contrary to the teachings of the Old Ways, there are few available options. The Psijic may obey, albeit unwillingly, and fall prey to the dark forces against which he has devoted his life. The Psijic may abandon his lord, which will bring shame on him and the Isle of Artaeum, and so may never be allowed home again. Or the Psijic may simply kill himself.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_oldways
No one — not the oldest Dark Elf of Mount Dagoth–Ur or the Ancient Sage of Solitude himself — can recall a time when the Orc did not ravage our fair Tamriel. Whatever foul and pestilent Daedra of Oblivion conjured them up could scarcely have created a more constant threat to the well–being of the civilized races of Tamriel than the obnoxious Orc.

Orcs are thankfully easy to recognize from other humanoids by their size — commonly forty pertans in height and fifteen thousand angaids in weight — their brutal pig–like features, and their stench. They are consistently belligerent, morally grotesque, intellectually moronic, and unclean. By all rights, the civilized races of Tamriel should have been able to purge the land of their blight eras ago, but their ferocity, animal cunning, and curious tribal loyalty have made them inevitable as leeches in a stagnant pool.

Tales of Orcish barbarity precede written record. When Jastyaga wrote of the Order of Diagna's joining the armies of Daggerfall and Sentinel "to hold at bay the wicked Orcs in their foul Orsinium fastness... and burn aught in cleansing flame" in 1E950, she assumed that any reader would be aware of the savagery of the Orcs. When the siege was completed thirty years later, after the death of many heroes including Gaiden Shinji, and the destruction of Orsinium scattered the Orcish survivors throughout the Wrothgarian Mountains, she further wrote, "The free peoples rejoiced for that their ancient fell enemy was dispersed into diverse parts." Obviously, the Orcs had been terrorizing the region of the Iliac Bay at least since the early years of the First Era.
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 unarmed 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 though 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.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 25
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_PilgrimsPath
[566] The Posting of the Hunt

[The writing in the book appears to be a hasty transcription, perhaps from dictation, or copied from a longer work.]

The Posting of the Hunt

Let no man say before a witness that the Hunt has not been called, nor the Rites declared, or the Ancient Offices observed.

The Ritual of the Innocent Quarry, also called the Wild Hunt, is an ancient rite drawing magical energy from the powerful magicka stream that engulfs this realm. The creators and times of the rituals are long forgotten. But followed properly, the rite brings great power and prestige to the Huntsman.

The ritual pits the all−powerful Huntsmen and their Greater and Lesser Dogs against the pitiful and doomed Innocent Quarry, called by tradition the Hare, after the mortal creature of human hunts. At once, the Huntsman is transported by the exquisite thrill and glory of his might and dominion over his helpless prey, and at the same time touched by the tragic, noble, and ultimately futile plight of the Innocent Quarry. In the highest aesthetic realization of the ritual, the ecstatic rapture of the kill is balanced by the Huntsman's identification with the sadness and despair of the Innocent Quarry. As in pieces the body of the innocent Hare is torn, the Huntsman reflects on the tragic imbalances of power and the cruel injustices of the world.

As the Hunt begins, the Lesser Dogs assemble before the green crystal reflections of the Chapel of the Innocent Quarry. Inside the Chapel, the Huntsmen, the Greater Dogs, and the Master of the Hunt perform the rites that initiate and sanctify the Huntsmen, the Hunt, and the Innocent Quarry. Then the Huntsman emerges from the Chapel, displays the Spear of Bitter Mercy, and recites the Offices of the Hunt. The Offices describe explains the laws and conditions of the four stages of the Hunt: the Drag, the Chase, the Call, and the View to the Kill.

Stage One −− The Drag, in which the Lesser Dogs drag the ground to flush out the Hare.

Stage Two −− The Chase, in which the Greater Hounds drive the Hare before them.

Stage Three −− The Call, in which the Greater Hounds trap the Hare and summon the Huntsmen for the kill.

Stage Four −− The View, in which the Huntsman makes the kill with the ritual Spear of Bitter Mercy, and calls upon the Master of the Hunt to view the kill by ringing the town bell. The Master of the Hunt then bestows the Bounty upon the Huntsman Bold who has wielded the Spear of Bitter Mercy in the kill. The Master of the Hunt also calls upon the Huntsman Bold to name the next Hare for the next Hunt (though the Huntsman Bold himself may not participate in the next Hunt).
The Offices of the Hunt, which the Huntsmen, Master, and Hounds are solemnly sworn to honor, detail the practices and conditions of the Hunt. These practices and conditions, also known as the Law, strictly define all details of the Hunt, such as how many Hounds of each sort may participate, how the Spear of Bitter Mercy may be wielded, and so forth. In addition, the Law states that the Hare must have a genuine chance to escape the Hunt, no matter how slim. In practice, this condition has been defined as the availability of six keys, which, if gathered together in the Temple of Daedric Rites, permit the Hare to teleport away from the Hunt, and so elude the Huntsman and his Spear. It is inconceivable, of course, that the Hare might actually discover the keys and escape, but the forms must be observed, and tampering with the keys or cheating the Hare of a genuine chance of finding or using the keys is a shameful and unforgivable betrayal of the Law of the Hunt.

The Ritual of the Hunt grants the Huntsmen protection from all forms of attack, including mortal and immortal weapons, and sorceries of all schools. Huntsmen are cautioned, however, that the ritual does not protect the Huntsman from the potent energies of his own Spear, and cautions against reckless wielding of the Spear in close melee, darkness, or other dangerous circumstances, for a single touch of the Spear of Bitter Mercy means instant and certain death for innocent Hare or fellow Huntsman alike.

The right to name a Wild Hunt is a grand and grave right indeed, as all but the High Daedra Lords are vulnerable to the potent sorceries of the Spear of Bitter Mercy. The Spear itself is therefore a terrible weapon, and it is forbidden to remove it from the Grounds of the Ritual Hunt.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_PostingOfTheHunt
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."
[567] The Prayers of Baranat

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Hand–to–hand
ID: bookskill_hand to hand1
Jalemmil stood in her garden and read the letter her servant had brought to her. The bouquet of joss roses in her hand fell to the ground. For a moment it was as if all birds had ceased to sing and a cloud had passed over the sky. Her carefully cultivated and structured haven seemed to flood over with darkness.

"We have thy son," it read. "We will be in touch with thee shortly with our ransom demands."

Zarek had never made it as far as Akgun after all. One of the brigands on the road, Orcs probably, or accursed Dunmer, must have seen his well-appointed carriage, and taken him hostage. Jalemmil clutched at a post for support, wondering if her boy had been hurt. He was but a student, not the sort to fight against well-armed men, but had they beaten him? It was more than a mother's heart could bear to imagine.

"Don't tell me they sent the ransom note so quickly," called a family voice, and a familiar face appeared through the hedge. It was Zarek. Jalemmil hurried to embrace her boy, tears running down her face.

"What happened?" she cried. "I thought thou had been kidnapped."

"I was," said Zarek. "Three huge soaring Nords attacked by carriage on the Frimvorn Pass. Brothers, as I learned, named Mathais, Ulin, and Koorg. Thou should have seen these men, mother. Each one of them would have had trouble fitting through the front door, I can tell thee."

"What happened?" Jalemmil repeated. "Were thou rescued?"

"I thought about waiting for that, but I knew they'd send off a ransom note and I know how thou does worry. So I remembered what my mentor at Akgun always said about remaining calm, observing thy surroundings, and looking for thy opponent's weakness," Zarek grinned. "It took a while, though, because these fellows were truly monsters. And then, when I listened to them, bragging to one another, I realized that vanity was their weakness."

"What did thou do?"

"They had me chained at their camp in the woods not far from Cael, on a high knoll over-looking
a wide river. I heard one of them, Koorg, telling the others that it would take the better part of an
hour to swim across the river and back. They were nodding in agreement, when I spoke up.

"'I could swim that river and back in thirty minutes,' I said.

"‘Impossible,' said Koorg. 'I can swim faster than a little whelp like thee.'

"So it was agreed that we would dive off the cliff, swim to the center island, and return. As we
went to our respective rocks, Koorg took it upon himself to lecture me about all the fine points of
swimming. The importance of synchronized movements of the arms and legs for maximum speed.
How essential it was to breathe after only third or fourth stroke, not too often to slow thyself down,
but not too often to lose one's air. I nodded and agreed to all his fine points. Then we dove off the
cliffs. I made it to the island and back in a little over an hour, but Koorg never returned. He had
dashed his brains at the rocks at the base of the cliff. I had noticed the telltale undulations of
underwater rocks, and had taken the diving rock on the right."

"But thou returned?" asked Jalemmil, astounded. "Was that not then when thou escaped?"

"It was too risky to escape then," said Zarek. "They could have easily caught me again, and I
wasn't keen to be blamed for Koorg's disappearance. I said I did not know what happened to him,
and after some searching, they decided he had forgotten about the race and had swum ashore to
hunt for food. They could not see how I could have had anything to do with his disappearance, as
fully visible as I was throughout my swim. The two brothers began making camp along the rocky
cliff−edge, picking an ideal location so that I would not be able to escape.

"One of the brothers, Mathais, began commenting on the quality of the soil and the gradual incline
of the rock that circled around the bay below. Ideal, he said, for a foot race. I expressed my
ignorance of the sport, and he was keen to give me details of the proper technique for running a
race. He made absurd faces, showing how one must breathe in through the nose and out through
the mouth; how to bend one's knees to the proper angle on the rise; the importance of sure foot
placement. Most important, he explained, was that the runner keep an aggressive but not too
strenuous pace if one intends to win. It is fine to run in second place through the race, he said,
provided one has the willpower and strength to pull out in the end.

"I was an enthusiastic student, and Mathais decided that we ought to run a quick race around the
edge of the bay before night fell. Ulin told us to bring back some firewood when we came back.
We began at once down the path, skirting the cliff below. I followed his advice about breath, gait,
and foot placement, but I ran with all my power right from the start. Despite his much longer legs,
I was a few paces ahead as we wound the first corner.

"With his eyes on my back, Mathais did not see the gape in the rock that I jumped over. He
plummeted over the cliff before he had a chance to cry out. I spent a few minutes gathering some
twigs before I returned to Ulin at camp."

"Now thou were just showing off," frowned Jalemmil. "Surely that would have been a good time
"Thou might think so," agreed Zarek. "But thou had to see the topography — a few large trees, and then nothing but shrubs. Ulin would have noticed my absence and caught up with me in no time, and I would have had a hard time explaining Mathais's absence. However, the brief forage around the area allowed me to observe some of the trees close up, and I could formulate my final plan.

"When I got back to camp with a few twigs, I told Ulin that Mathais was slow coming along, dragging a large dead tree behind him. Ulin scoffed at his brother's strength, saying it would take him time to pull up a live tree by the roots and drop it on the bonfire. I expressed reasonable doubt.

"I'll show thee,' he said, ripping up a ten foot tall specimen effortlessly.

"'But that's scarcely a sapling,' I objected. 'I thought thou could rip up a tree.' His eyes followed mine to a magnificent, heavy-looking one at the edge of the clearing. Ulin grabbed it and began to shake it with a tremendous force to loosen its roots from the dirt. With that, he loosened the hive from the uppermost branches, dropping it down onto his head.

"That was when I made my escape, mother," said Zarek, in conclusion, showing a little schoolboy pride. "While Mathais and Koorg were at the base of the cliff, and Ulin was flailing about, engulfed by a swarm."

Jalemmil embraced her son once again.

Publisher's Note:

I was reluctant to publish the works of Marobar Sul, but when the University of Gwylim Press asked me to edit this edition, I decided to use this as an opportunity to set the record straight once and for all.

Scholars do not agree on the exact date of Marobar Sul's work, but it is generally agreed that they were written by the playwright "Gor Felim," famous for popular comedies and romances during the Interregnum between the fall of the First Cyrodilic Empire and the rise of Tiber Septim. The current theory holds that Felim heard a few genuine Dwemer tales and adapted them to the stage in order to make money, along with rewritten versions of many of his own plays.

Gor Felim created the persona of "Marobar Sul" who could translate the Dwemer language in order to add some sort of validity to the work and make it even more valuable to the gullible. Note that while "Marobar Sul" and his works became the subject of heated controversy, there are no reliable records of anyone actually meeting "Marobar Sul," nor was there anyone of that name employed by the Mages Guild, the School of Julianos, or any other intellectual institution.

In any case, the Dwemer in most of the tales of "Marobar Sul" bear little resemblance to the fearsome, unfathomable race that frightened even the Dunmer, Nords, and Redguards into
submission and built ruins that even now have yet to be understood.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Athletics
ID: BookSkill_Athletics1
Five hundred years ago in Mournhold, City of Gems, there lived a blind widow and her only child, a tall, strapping young man. He was a miner, as was his father before him, a common laborer in the mines of the Lord of Mournhold, for his ability in magicka was small. The work was honorable but paid poorly. His mother made and sold comberry cakes at the city market to help eke out their living. They did well enough, she said, they had enough to fill their bellies, no one could wear more than one suit of clothing at a time, and the roof leaked only when it rained. But Symmachus would have liked more. He hoped for a lucky strike at the mines, which would garner him a large bonus. In his free hours he enjoyed hoisting a mug of ale in the tavern with his friends, and gambling with them at cards. He also drew the eyes and sighs of more than one pretty Elven lass, although none held his interest for long. He was a typical young Dark Elf of peasant descent, remarkable only for his size. It was rumored that he had a bit of Nordic blood in him.

In Symmachus' thirtieth year, there was great rejoicing in Mournhold—a girl–child had been born to the Lord and Lady. A Queen, the people sang, a Queen is born to us! For among the people of Mournhold, the birth of an heiress is a sure sign of future peace and prosperity.

When the time came round for the royal child's Rite of Naming, the mines were closed and Symmachus dashed home to bathe and dress in his best. "I'll rush straight home and tell you all about it," he promised his mother, who would not be able to attend. She had been ailing, and besides there would be a great crush of people as all Mournhold turned out to be part of the blessed event; and being blind she would be unable to see anything anyway.

"My son," she said. "Afore you go, fetch me a priest or a healer, else I may pass from the mortal plane ere you return."

Symmachus crossed to her pallet at once and noted anxiously that her forehead was very hot and her breathing shallow. He pried loose a slat of the wooden floor under which their small hoard of savings was kept. There wasn't nearly enough to pay a priest for healing. He would have to give what they had and owe the rest. Symmachus snatched up his cloak and hurried away.

The streets were full of folk hurrying to the sacred grove, but the temples were locked and barred. "Closed for the ceremony," read all the signs.
Symmachus elbowed his way through the mob and managed to overtake a brown-robed priest. "After the rite, brother," the priest said, "if you have gold I shall gladly attend to your mother. Milord has bidden all clerics attend—and I, for one, have no wish to offend him."

"My mother's desperately ill," Symmachus pled. "Surely Milord will not miss one lowly priest."

"True, but the Archcanon will," the priest said nervously, tearing his robe loose from Symmachus' desperate grip and vanishing into the crowd.

Symmachus tried other priests, and even a few mages, but with no better result. Armored guards marched through the street and pushed him aside with their lances, and Symmachus realized that the royal procession was approaching.

As the carriage bearing the city's rulers drew abreast, Symmachus rushed out from the crowd and shouted, "Milord, Milord! My mother's dying—!"

"I forbid her to do so on this glorious night!" the Lord shouted, laughing and scattering coin into the throng. Symmachus was close enough to smell wine on the royal breath. On the other side of the carriage his Lady clutched the babe to her breast, and stared slit-eyed at Symmachus, her nostrils flared in disdain.

"Guards!" she cried. "Remove this oaf." Rough hands seized Symmachus. He was beaten and left dazed by the side of the road.

Symmachus, head aching, followed in the wake of the crowd and witnessed the Rite of Naming from the top of a hill. He could see the brown-robed clerics and blue-robed mages gathered near the highborn folk far below.

Barenziah.

The name came dimly to Symmachus' ears as the High Priest lifted the swaddled babe and proffered her to the twin moons on either side of the horizon: Jone rising, Jode setting.

"Behold the Lady Barenziah, born to the land of Mournhold! Grant her thy blessings and thy counsel, ye kind gods, that she may ever rule well over Mournhold, its ken and its weal, its kith and its ilk."

"Bless her, bless her," all the people intoned along with their Lord and Lady, hands upraised.

Only Symmachus stood silent, head bowed, knowing in his heart that his dear mother was gone. And in silence he swore a mighty oath—that he should be his Lord's bane, and in vengeance for his mother's needless death, the child Barenziah he should have for his own bride, and that his mother's grandchildren should be born to rule over Mournhold.

***

1046
After the ceremony, he watched impassively as the royal procession returned to the palace. He saw the priest to whom he’d first spoken. The man came gladly enough now in return for the gold Symmachus had, and a promise of more afterward.

They found his mother dead.

The priest sighed and tucked the pouch of gold coins away. "I'm sorry, brother. It's all right, you can forget the rest of the gold, there's aught I can do here. Likely−"

"Give me back my money!" Symmachus snarled. "You've done naught to earn it!" He lifted his right arm threateningly.

The priest backed away, about to utter a curse, but Symmachus struck him across the face before more than three words had left his mouth. He went down heavily, striking his head sharply on one of the stones that formed the fire pit. He died instantly.

Symmachus snatched up the gold and fled the city. As he ran, he muttered one word over and over, like a sorcerer's chant. "Barenziah," he said. "Barenziah. Barenziah."

***

Barenziah stood on one of the balconies of the palace, staring down into the courtyard where soldiers milled, dazzling in their armor. Presently they formed into ordered ranks and cheered as her parents, the Lord and Lady, emerged from the palace, clad from head to toe in ebony armor, long purple−dyed fur cloaks flowing behind. Splendidly caparisoned, shining black horses were brought for them, and they mounted and rode to the courtyard gates, and turned to salute her.

"Barenziah!" they cried. "Barenziah our beloved, farewell!"

The little girl blinked back tears and waved one hand bravely, her favorite stuffed animal, a gray wolf-cub she called Wuffen, clutched to her breast with the other. She had never been parted from her parents before and had no idea what it meant, save that there was war in the west and the name Tiber Septim was on everyone's lips, spoken in hate and dread.

"Barenziah!" the soldiers cried, lifting their lances and swords and bows. Then her dear parents turned and rode away, knights trailing in their wake, until the courtyard was nearly emptied.

***

Sometime after came a day when Barenziah was shaken awake by her nurse, dressed hurriedly, and borne from the palace.

All she could remember of that dreadful time was seeing a huge shadow with burning eyes filling the sky. She was passed from hand to hand. Foreign soldiers appeared, disappeared, and
sometimes reappeared. Her nurse vanished and was replaced by strangers, some more strange than others. There were days, or it may have been weeks, of travel.

One morning she awoke to step out of the coach into a cold place with a large gray stone castle amid empty, endless gray–green hills covered patchily with gray–white snow. She clutched Wuffen to her breast in both hands and stood blinking and shivering in the gray dawn, feeling very small and very dark in all this endless space, this endless gray–white space.

She and Hana, a brown–skinned, black–haired maid who had been traveling with her for several days, went inside the keep. A large gray–white woman with icy gray–golden hair was standing by a hearth in one of the rooms. She stared at Barenziah with dreadful, bright blue eyes.

"She's very — black, isn't she?" the woman remarked to Hana. "I've never seen a Dark Elf before."

"I don't know much about them myself, Milady," Hana said. "But this one's got red hair and a temper to match, I can tell you that. Take care. She bites. And worse."

"I'll soon train her out of that," the other woman sniffed. "And what's that filthy thing she's got? Ugh!" The woman snatched Wuffen away and threw him into the blazing hearth.

Barenziah shrieked and would have flung herself after him, but was held back despite her attempts to bite and claw at her captors. Poor Wuffen was reduced to a tiny heap of charred ash.

***

Barenziah grew like a weed transplanted to a Skyrim garden, a ward of Count Sven and his wife the Lady Inga. Outwardly, that is, she thrived — but always there was a cold and empty place within.

"I've raised her as my own daughter," Lady Inga was wont to sigh as she sat gossiping when neighboring ladies came to visit. "But she's a Dark Elf. What can you expect?"

Barenziah was not meant to overhear these words. At least she thought she was not. Her hearing was keener than that of her Nordic hosts. Other, less desirable Dark Elven traits evidently included pilfering, lying, and a little misplaced magic, just a small fire spell here and a little levitation spell there. And, as she grew older, a keen interest in boys and men, who could provide very pleasant sensations — and to her astonishment, gifts as well. Inga disapproved of this last for reasons incomprehensible to Barenziah, so she was careful to keep it as secret as possible.

"She's wonderful with the children," Inga added, referring to her five sons, all younger than Barenziah. "I don't think she'd ever let them come to harm." A tutor had been hired when Jonni was six and Barenziah eight, and they took their lessons together. She would have liked to train in arms as well, but the very idea scandalized Count Sven and Lady Inga. So Barenziah was given a small bow and allowed to play at target shooting with the boys. She watched them at arms practice when she could, sparred with them when no grownup folk were about, and knew she was good as
or better than they.

"She's very... proud, though, isn't she?" one of the ladies would whisper to Inga; and Barenziah, pre-tending not to hear, would nod silently in agreement. She could not help but feel superior to the Count and his Lady. There was something about them that provoked contempt.

Afterward she came to learn that Sven and Inga were distant cousins of Darkmoor Keep's last titled residents, and she finally understood. They were poseurs, impostors, not rulers at all. At least, they were not raised to rule. This thought made her strangely furious at them, a good clean hatred quite detached from resentment. She came to see them as disgusting and repellent insects who could be despised but never feared.

***

Once a month a courier came from the Emperor, bringing a small bag of gold for Sven and Inga and a large bag of dried mushrooms from Morrowind for Barenziah, her favorite treat. On these occasions, she was always made to look presentable—or at least as presentable as a skinny Dark Elf could be made to look in Inga's eyes—before being summoned into the courier's presence for a brief interview. The same courier seldom came twice, but all of them looked her over in much the same way a farmer would look over a hog he is readying for market.

In the spring of her sixteenth year, Barenziah thought the courier looked as if she were at last ready for market.

Upon reflection, she decided she did not wish to be marketed. The stable-boy, Straw, a big, muscular blond lad, clumsy, gentle, affectionate, and rather simple, had been urging her to run off for some weeks now. Barenziah stole the bag of gold the courier had left, took the mushrooms from the storeroom, disguised herself as a boy in one of Jonni's old tunics and a pair of his cast-off breeches... and on one fine spring night she and Straw took the two best horses from the stable and rode hard through the night toward Whiterun, the nearest city of any importance and the place where Straw wanted to be. But Mournhold and Morrowind also lay eastward and they drew Barenziah as a lodestone draws iron.

In the morning they abandoned the horses at Barenziah's insistence. She knew they would be missed and tracked down, and she hoped to throw off any pursuers.

They continued on foot until late afternoon, keeping to side roads, and slept for several hours in an abandoned hut. They went on at dusk and came to Whiterun's city gates just before dawn. Barenziah had prepared a pass of sorts for Straw, a makeshift document stating an errand to a temple in the city for a local village lord. She herself glided over the wall with the help of a levitation spell. She had reasoned—correctly, as it turned out—that by now the gate guards would have been alerted to keep an eye out for a young Dark Elven girl and a Nordic boy traveling together. On the other hand, unaccompanied country yokels like Straw were a common enough sight. Alone and with papers, it was unlikely that he would draw attention.
Her simple plan went smoothly. She met Straw at the temple, which was not far from the gate; she had been to Whiterun on a few previous occasions. Straw, however, had never been more than a few miles from Sven's estate, which was his birthplace.

Together they made their way to a rundown inn in the poorer quarters of Whiterun. Gloved, cloaked, and hooded against the morning chill, Barenziah's dark skin and red eyes were not apparent and no one paid any heed to them. They entered the inn separately. Straw paid the innkeeper for a single cubicle, an immense meal, and two jugs of ale. Barenziah sneaked in a few minutes later.

They ate and drank together gleefully, rejoicing in their escape, and made love vigorously on the narrow cot. Afterward they fell into an exhausted, dreamless sleep.

***

They stayed for a week at Whiterun. Straw earned a bit of money running errands and Barenziah burgled a few houses at night. She continued to dress as a boy. She cut her hair short and dyed her flame-red tresses jet black to further the disguise, and kept out of sight as much as possible. There were few Dark Elves in Whiterun.

One day Straw got them work as temporary guards for a merchant caravan traveling east. The one-armed sergeant looked her over dubiously.

"Heh," he chuckled, "Dark Elf, ain'tcha? Like settin' a wolf t'guard the sheep, that is. Still, I need arms, and we ain't goin' near 'nough Morrowind so's ye can betray us to yer folk. Our homegrown bandits would as fain cut yer throat as mine."

The sergeant turned to give Straw an appraising look. Then he spun back abruptly toward Barenziah, whipping out his shortsword. But she had her dagger out in the twinkling of an eye and was in a defensive stance. Straw drew his own knife and circled round to the man's rear. The sergeant dropped his blade and chuckled again.

"Not bad, kids, not bad. How are ye with yon bow, Dark Elf?" Barenziah demonstrated her prowess briefly. "Aye, not bad, not bad 'tall. And ye'll be keen of eye by night, boy, and of hearin' 'tall times. A trusty Dark Elf makes as good a fightin' man as any could ask for. I know. I served under Symmachus his-self afore I lost this arm and got invalided outer the Emp'ror's army."

"We could betray them. I know folk who'd pay well," Straw said later as they bedded down for their last night at the ramshackle lodge. "Or rob them ourselves. They're very rich, those merchants are, Berry."

Barenziah laughed. "Whatever would we do with so much money? And besides, we need their protec-tion for traveling quite as much as they need ours."

"We could buy a little farm, you and me, Berry — and settle down, all nice like."
Peasant! Barenziah thought scornfully. Straw was a peasant and harbored nothing but peasant dreams. But all she said was, "Not here, Straw, we're too close to Darkmoor still. We'll have other chances farther east."

***

The caravan went only as far east as Sunguard. The Emperor Tiber Septim I had done much in the way of building relatively safe and regularly patrolled highways. But the tolls were steep, and this particular caravan kept to the side roads as much as possible to avoid them. This exposed them to the hazards of wayside robbers, both human and Orcish, and roving brigand bands of various races. But such were the perils of trade and profit.

They had two such encounters before reaching Sunguard — an ambush which Barenziah's keen ears warned them of in plenty of time for them to circle about and surprise the lurkers, and a night attack by a mixed band of Khajiit, humans, and Wood Elves. The latter were a skilled band and even Barenziah did not hear them sneaking up in time to give much warning. This time the fighting was fierce. The attackers were driven off, but two of the caravan's other guards were slain and Straw got a nasty cut on his thigh before he and Barenziah managed to gash his Khajiit assailant's throat.

Barenziah rather enjoyed the life. The garrulous sergeant had taken a liking to her, and she spent most of her evenings sitting around the campfire listening to his tales of campaigning in Morrowind with Tiber Septim and General Symmachus. This Symmachus had been made general after Mournhold fell, the sergeant said. "He's a fine soldier, boy, Symmachus is. But there was more'n soldiery involved'n that Morrowind business, if y'take my meanin'. But, well, y'know all 'bout that, I 'spect."

"No. No, I don't remember," Barenziah said, trying to sound nonchalant. "I've lived most of my life in Skyrim. My mother married a Skyrim man. They're both dead, though. Tell me, what happened to the Lord and Lady of Mournhold?"

The sergeant shrugged. "I ain't never heard. Dead, I 'spect. 'Twas alot of fightin' afore the Armistice got signed. It's pretty quiet now. Maybe too quiet. Like a calm afore a storm. Say, boy, you goin' back there?"

"Maybe," Barenziah said. The truth was that she was drawn irresistibly to Morrowind, and Mournhold, like a moth to a burning house. Straw sensed it and was unhappy about it. He was unhappy anyway since they could not bed together, as she was supposed to be a boy. Barenziah rather missed it too, but not as much as Straw did, seemingly.

The sergeant wanted them to sign on for the return trip, but gave them a bonus nonetheless when they turned the offer down, and parchments of recommendation.

Straw wanted to settle down permanently near Sunguard, but Barenziah insisted on continuing
their travels east. "I'm the Queen of Mournhold by rights," she said, unsure whether it was true — or was it just a daydream she had made up as a lost, bewildered child? "I want to go home. I need to go home." That at least was true.

***

After a few weeks they managed to get places in another caravan heading east. By early winter they were at Rifton, and nearing the Morrowind border. But the weather had grown severe as the days passed and they were told no merchant caravans would be setting forth till mid-spring.

Barenziah stood on top of the city walls and stared across the deep gorge that separated Rifton from the snow-clad mountain wall guarding Morrowind beyond.

"Berry," Straw said gently. "Mournhold's a long way off yet, nearly as far as we've come already. And the lands between are wild, full of wolves and bandits and Orcs and still worse creatures. We'll have to wait for spring."

"There's Silgrod Tower," Berry said, referring to the Dark Elven township that had grown up around an ancient minaret guarding the border between Skyrim and Morrowind.

"The bridge guards won't let me across, Berry. They're crack Imperial troops. They can't be bribed. If you go, you go alone. I won't try and stop you. But what will you do? Silgrod Tower is full of Imperial soldiers. Will you become a washing-woman for them? Or a camp follower?"

"No," Barenziah said slowly, thoughtfully. Actually the idea was not entirely unappealing. She was sure she could earn a modest living by sleeping with the soldiers. She'd had a few adventures of that sort as they crossed Skyrim, when she'd dressed as a woman and slipped away from Straw. She'd only been looking for a bit of variety. Straw was sweet but dull. She'd been startled, but extremely pleased, when the men she picked up offered her money afterward. Straw had been unhappy about it, though, and would shout for a while then sulk for days afterward if he caught her at it. He was quite jealous. He'd even threatened to leave her. Not that he ever did. Or could.

But the Imperial Guards were a tough and brutal lot by all accounts, and Barenziah had heard some very ugly stories during their treks. The ugliest of them by far had come from the lips of ex-army veterans around the caravan campfire, and were proudly recounted. They'd been trying to shock her and Straw, she realized—but she also comprehended that there was some truth behind the wild tales. Straw hated that kind of dirty talk, and hated it more that she had to hear it. But there was a part of him that was fascinated never-the-less.

Barenziah sensed this and had encouraged Straw to seek out other women. But he said he didn't want anyone else but her. She told him candidly she didn't feel that way about him, but she did like him better than anyone else. "Then why do you go with other men?" Straw had asked on one occasion.

"I don't know."
Straw sighed. "They say Dark Elven women are like that."

Barenziah smiled and shrugged. "I don't know. Or, no ... maybe I do. Yes, I do know." She turned and kissed him affectionately. "I guess that's all the explanation there is."

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_RealBarenziah1
Barenziah and Straw settled into Rifton for the winter, taking a cheap room in the slummier section of town. Barenziah wanted to join the Thieves Guild, knowing there would be trouble if she were caught freelancing. One day in a barroom she caught the eye of a known member of the Guild, a bold young Khajiit named Therris. She offered to bed him if he would sponsor her membership. He looked her over, grinning, and agreed, but said she'd still have to pass an initiation.

"What sort of initiation?"

"Ah," Therris said. "Pay up first, sweetness."

[This passage has been censored by order of the Temple.]

Straw was going to kill her, and maybe Therris too. What in Tamriel had possessed her to do such a thing? She cast an apprehensive look around the room, but the other patrons had lost interest and gone back to their own business. She did not recognize any of them; this wasn't the inn where she and Straw were staying. With luck it'd be a while, or never, before Straw found out.

***

Therris was by far the most exciting and attractive man she had yet met. He not only told her about the skills she needed to become a member of the Thieves Guild, but also trained her in them himself or else introduced her to people who could.

Among these was a woman who knew something about magic. Katisha was a plump and matronly Nord. She was married to a smith, had two teenage children, and was perfectly ordinary and respectable—except that she was very fond of cats (and by logical inference, their humanoid counterparts the Khajiit), had a talent for certain kinds of magic, and cultivated rather odd friends. She taught Barenziah an invisibility spell and schooled her in other forms of stealth and disguise. Katisha mingled magical and non-magical talents freely, using one set to enhance the other. She was not a member of the Thieves Guild but was fond of Therris in a motherly sort of way. Barenziah warmed to her as she never had toward any woman, and over the next few weeks she told Katisha all about herself.

She brought Straw there too sometimes. Straw approved of Katisha. But not of Therris. Therris found Straw "interesting" and suggested to Barenziah that they arrange what he called a
"threesome."

"Absolutely not," Barenziah said firmly, grateful that Therris had broached the subject in private for once. "He wouldn't like it. I wouldn't like it!"

Therris smiled his charming, triangular feline smile and sprawled lazily on his chair, stretching his limbs and curling his tail. "You might be surprised. Both of you. Pairing is so boring."

Barenziah answered him with a glare.

"Or maybe you wouldn't like it with that country bumpkin of yours, sweetness. Would you mind if I brought along another friend?"

"Yes, I would. If you're bored with me, you and your friend can find someone else." She was a member of the Thieves Guild now. She had passed their initiation. She found Therris useful but not essential. Maybe she was a bit bored with him too.

***

She talked to Katisha about her problems with men. Or what she thought of as her problems with men. Katisha shook her head and told her she was looking for love, not sex, that she'd know the right man when she found him, that neither Straw nor Therris was the right one for her.

Barenziah cocked her head to one side quizzically. "They say Dark Elven women are pro— pro— something. Prostitutes?" she said, although she was dubious.

"You mean promiscuous. Although some do become prostitutes, I suppose," Katisha said as an afterthought. "Elves are promiscuous when they're young. But you'll outgrow it. Perhaps you're beginning to already," she added hopefully. She liked Barenziah, had grown to be quite fond of her. "You ought to meet some nice Elven boys, though. If you go on keeping company with Khajiits and humans and what have you, you'll find yourself pregnant in next to no time."

Barenziah smiled involuntarily at the thought. "I'd like that. I think. But it would be inconvenient, wouldn't it? Babies are a lot of trouble, and I don't even have my own house yet."

"How old are you, Berry? Seventeen? Well, you've a year or two yet before you're fertile, unless you're very unlucky. Elves don't have children readily with other Elves after that, even, so you'll be all right if you stick with them."

Barenziah remembered something else. "Straw wants to buy a farm and marry me."

"Is that what you want?"

"No. Not yet. Maybe someday. Yes, someday. But not if I can't be queen. And not just any queen. The Queen of Mournhold." She said this determinedly, almost stubbornly, as if to drown out any
doubt.

Katisha chose to ignore this last comment. She was amused at the girl's hyperactive imagination, took it as a sign of a well-functioning mind. "I think Straw will be a very old man before 'someday' comes, Berry. Elves live for a very long time." Katisha's face briefly wore the envious, wistful look humans got when contemplating the thousand-year lifespan Elves had been granted by the gods. True, few ever actually lived that long as disease and violence took their respective tolls. But they could. And one or two of them actually did.

"I like old men too," Berry said.

Katisha laughed.

Barenziah fidgeted impatiently while Therris sorted through the papers on the desk. He was being meticulous and methodical, carefully replacing everything just as he'd found it.

They'd broken into a nobleman's household, leaving Straw to hover outside as lookout. Therris had said it was a simple job but very hush-hush. He hadn't even wanted to bring any other Guild members along. He said he knew he could trust Berry and Straw, but no one else.

"Tell me what you're looking for and I'll find it," Berry whispered urgently. Therris' night sight wasn't as good as hers and he didn't want her to magick up even a small orb of light.

She had never been in such a luxurious place. Not even the Darkmoor castle of Count Sven and Lady Inga where she had spent her childhood compared to it. She'd gazed around in wonder as they made their way through the ornately decorated and hugely echoing downstairs rooms. But Therris didn't seem interested in anything but the desk in the small book-lined study on the upper floor.

"Ssst," he hissed angrily.

"Someone's coming!" Berry said, a moment before the door opened and two dark figures stepped into the room. Therris gave her a violent shove toward them and sprang to the window. Barenziah's muscles went rigid; she couldn't move or even speak. She watched helplessly as one of the figures, the smaller one, leaped after Therris. There were two quick, silent stabs of blue light, then Therris folded over into a still heap.

Outside the study the house had come alive with hastening footsteps and voices calling out in alarm and the clank of armor hurriedly put on.

The bigger man, a Dark Elf by the looks of him, half-lifted, half-dragged Therris to the door and thrust him into the waiting arms of another Elf. A jerk of the first Elf's head sent his smaller blue-robed companion after them. Then he sauntered over to inspect Barenziah, who was once again able to move although her head throbbed maddeningly when she tried to.

"Open your shirt, Barenziah," the Elf said. Barenziah gawked at him and clutched it closed.

1056
"You're a girl, aren't you, Berry?" he said softly. "You should have stopped dressing as a boy months ago, you know. You were only drawing attention to yourself. And calling yourself Berry! Is your friend Straw too stupid to remember anything else?"

"It's a common Elven name," Barenziah defended.

The man shook his head sadly. "Not among Dark Elves it isn't, my dear. But you wouldn't know much about Dark Elves, would you? I regret that, but it couldn't be helped. No matter. I shall try to remedy it."

"Who are you?" Barenziah demanded.

"Ai. So much for fame," the man shrugged, smiling wryly. "I am Symmachus, Milady Barenziah. General Symmachus of His Awesome and Terrible Majesty Tiber Septim I's Imperial Army. And I must say it's a merry chase you've led me throughout Tamriel. Or this part of it, anyway. Although I guessed, and guessed correctly, that you'd head for Morrowind eventually. You had a bit of luck. A body was found in Whiterun that was thought to be Straw's. So we stopped looking for the pair of you. That was careless of me. Yet I'd not have thought you'd have stayed together this long."

"Where is he? Is he all right?" she asked in genuine trepidation.

"Oh, he's fine. For now. In custody, of course." He turned away. "You ... care for him, then?" he said, and then suddenly stared at her with fierce curiosity. Out of red eyes that seemed strange to her, except in her own seldom−seen reflection.

"He's my friend," Barenziah said. The words came out in a tone that sounded dull and hopeless to her own ears. Symmachus! A general in the Imperial Army, no less—said to have the friendship and ears of Tiber Septim himself.

"Ai. You seem to have several unsuitable friends—if you'll forgive my saying so, Milady."

"Stop calling me that." She was irritated at the general's seeming sarcasm. But he only smiled. As they talked the bustle and flurry in the house died away. Although she could still hear people, presumably the residents, whispering together not far off. The tall Elf perched himself on a corner of the desk. He seemed quite relaxed and prepared to stay awhile.

Then it occurred to her. Several unsuitable friends, had he said? This man knew all about her! Or seemed to know enough, anyway. Which amounted to the same thing. "W—what's going to happen to them? To m—me?"

"Ah. As you know, this house belongs to the commander of the Imperial troops in this area. Which means to say that it belongs to me." Barenziah gasped and Symmachus looked up sharply. "What, you didn't know? Tsk, tsk. Why, you are rash, Milady, even for seventeen. You must always know what it is you do, or get yourself into."
"B—but the G—guild w—wouldn't ... wouldn't h—have—" Barenziah was trembling. The Thieves Guild would never have attempted a mission that crossed Imperial policy. No one dared oppose Tiber Septim, at least no one she knew of. Someone at the Guild had bungled. Badly. And now she was going to pay for it.

"I daresay. It's unlikely that Therris had Guild approval for this. In fact, I wonder—" Symmachus examined the desk carefully, pulling out drawers. He selected one, placed it on top of the desk, and removed a false bottom. There was a folded sheet of parchment inside. It seemed to be a map of some sort. Barenziah edged closer. Symmachus held it away from her, laughing. "Rash indeed!" He glanced it over, then folded and replaced it.

"You advised me a moment ago to seek after knowledge."

"So I did, so I did." Suddenly he seemed to be in high good humor. "We must be going, my dear Lady."

He shepherded her to the door, down the stairs, and out into the night air. No one was about. Barenziah's eyes darted toward the shadows. She wondered if she could outrun him, or elude him somehow.

"You're not thinking of attempting to escape, are you? Ai. Don't you want to hear first what my plans for you are?" She thought that he sounded a bit hurt.

"Now that you mention it—yes."

"Perhaps you'd rather hear about your friends first."

"No."

He looked gratified at this. It was evidently the answer he wanted, thought Barenziah, but it was also the truth. While she was concerned for her friends, especially Straw, she was far more concerned for herself.

"You will take your place as the rightful Queen of Mournhold."

***

Symmachus explained that this had been his, and Tiber Septim's, plan for her all along. That Mournhold, which had been under military rule for the dozen or so years since she had been away, was gradually to be returned to civilian government—under the Empire's guidance, of course, and as part of the Imperial Province of Morrowind.

"But why was I sent to Darkmoor?" Barenziah asked, hardly believing anything she had just been told.

1058
"For safekeeping, naturally. Why did you run away?"

Barenziah shrugged. "I saw no reason to stay. I should have been told."

"You would have been by now. I had in fact sent for you to be removed to the Imperial City to
spend some time as part of the Emperor's household. But of course you had, shall we say, absconded by then. As for your destiny, it should be, and should have been, quite obvious to you.
Tiber Septim does not keep those he has no use for — and what else could you be that would be of
use to him?"

"I know nothing of him. Nor, for that matter, of you."

"Then know this: Tiber Septim rewards friends and foes alike according to their deserts."

Barenziah chewed on that for a few moments. "Straw has deserved well of me and has never done
anyone any harm. He is not a member of the Thieves Guild. He came along to protect me. He
earns our keep by running errands, and he ... he ..."

Symmachus waved her impatiently to silence. "Ai. I know all about Straw," he said, "and about
Therris." He stared at her intently. "So? What would you?"

She took a deep breath. "Straw wants a little farm. If I'm to be rich, then I would like for one to be
given to him."

"Very well." He seemed astonished at this, and then pleased. "Done. He shall have it. And
Therris?"

"He betrayed me," Barenziah said coldly. Therris should have told her what risks the job entailed.
Besides, he'd pushed her right into their enemies' arms in an attempt to save himself. Not a man to
be rewarded. Not, in fact, a man to be trusted.

"Yes. And?"

"Well, he should be made to suffer for it ... shouldn't he?"

"That seems reasonable. What form should said suffering take?"

Barenziah balled her hands into fists. She would've liked to beat and claw at the Khajiit herself.
But considering the turn events had taken, that didn't seem very queenly. "A whipping. Er ... would
twenty stripes be too many, do you think? I don't want to do him any permanent injury, you
understand. Just teach him a lesson."

"Ai. Of course." Symmachus grinned at this. Then his features suddenly set, and became serious.
"It shall be done, Your Highness, Milady Queen Barenziah of Mournhold." Then he bowed to her,
[570] The Real Barenziah v II

a sweeping, courtly, ridiculously wonderful bow.

Barenziah's heart leapt.

***

She spent two days at Symmachus' apartment, during which she was kept very busy. There was a Dark Elven woman named Drelliane who saw to her needs, although she did not exactly seem a servant since she took her meals with them. Nor did she seem to be Symmachus' wife, or lover. Drelliane looked amused when Barenziah asked her about it. She simply said she was in the general's employ and did whatever was asked of her.

With Drelliane's assistance, several fine gowns and pairs of shoes were ordered for her, plus a riding habit and boots, along with other small necessities. Barenziah was given a room to herself.

Symmachus was out a great deal. She saw him at most mealtimes, but he said little about himself or what he had been doing. He was cordial and polite, quite willing to converse on most subjects, and seemed interested in anything she had to say. Drelliane was much the same. Barenziah found them pleasant enough, but "hard to get to know," as Katisha would have put it. She felt an odd twinge of disappointment. These were the first Dark Elves with whom she'd associated closely. She had expected to feel comfortable with them, to feel at last that she belonged somewhere, with somebody, as part of something. Instead she found herself yearning for her Nordic friends, Katisha and Straw.

When Symmachus told her they were to set out for the Imperial City on the morrow, she asked if she could say good−bye to them.

"Katisha?" he asked. "Ai. But then ... I suppose I owe her something. She it was who led me to you by telling me of a lonely Dark Elven girl named Berry who needed Elven friends — and who sometimes dressed as a boy. She has no association with the Thieves Guild, apparently. And no one associated with the Thieves Guild seems to know your true identity, save Therris. That is well. I prefer that your former Guild membership not be made public knowledge. Please speak of it to no one, Your Highness. Such a past does not ... become an Imperial Queen."

"No one knows but Straw and Therris. And they won't tell anyone."

"No." He smiled a curious little smile. "No, they won't."

He didn't know that Katisha knew, then. But still, there was something about the way he said it ...

Straw came to their apartment on the morning of their departure. They were left alone in the salon, although Barenziah knew that other Elves were within earshot. He looked drawn and pale. They hugged one another silently for a few minutes. Straw's shoulders were shaking and tears were rolling down his cheeks, but he said nothing.

1060
Barenziah tried a smile. "So we both get what we want, eh? I'm to be Queen of Mournhold and you'll be lord of your own farmstead." She took his hand, smiled at him warmly, genuinely. "I'll write you, Straw. I promise. You must find a scribe so you can write me too."

Straw shook his head sadly. When Barenziah persisted, he opened his mouth and pointed at it, making inarticulate noises. Then she realized what it was. His tongue was gone, had been cut off.

Barenziah collapsed onto a chair and wept noisily.

***

"But why?" she demanded of Symmachus when Straw had been ushered away. "Why?"

Symmachus shrugged. "He knows too much. He could be dangerous. At least he's alive, and he won't need his tongue to ... raise pigs or whatever."

"I hate you!" Barenziah screamed at him, then abruptly doubled over and vomited on the floor. She continued to revile him between intermittent bouts of nausea. He listened stolidly for some time while Drelliane cleaned up after her. Finally, he told her to cease or he would gag her for her journey to the Emperor.

They stopped at Katisha's house on their way out of the city. Symmachus and Drelliane didn't dismount. All seemed normal but Barenziah was frightened as she knocked on the door. Katisha answered the knock. Barenziah thanked the gods silently that at least she was all right. But she'd also obviously been weeping. In any case, she embraced Barenziah warmly.

"Why are you crying?" Barenziah asked.

"For Therris, of course. You haven't heard? Oh dear. Poor Therris. He's dead." Barenziah felt icy fingers creeping round her heart. "He was caught stealing from the Commandant's house. Poor fellow, but that was so foolish of him. Oh, Berry, he was drawn and quartered this very dawn by the Commandant's order!" She started to sob. "I went. He asked for me. It was terrible. He suffered so before he died. I'll never forget it. I looked for you and Straw, but no one knew where you'd both gone to." She glanced behind Barenziah. "That's the Commandant, isn't it? Symmachus." Then Katisha did a strange thing. She stopped crying and grinned. "You know, the moment I saw him, I thought, This is the one for Barenziah!" Katisha took a fold of her apron and wiped it across her eyes. "I told him about you, you know."

"Yes," Barenziah said, "I know." She took Katisha's hands in each of hers and looked at her earnestly. "Katisha, I love you. I'm going to miss you. But please don't ever tell anyone else anything about me. Ever. Swear you won't. Especially not to Symmachus. And look after Straw for me. Promise me that."

Katisha promised, puzzled though willing. "Berry, it wasn't somehow because of me that Therris was caught, was it? I never said anything about Therris to ... to ... him." She glanced over at the
Barenziah assured her that it wasn't, that an informant had told the Imperial Guard of Therris' plans. Which was probably a lie, but she could see that Katisha plainly needed some kind of comfort.

"Oh, I'm glad of that, if I can be glad of anything just now. I'd hate to think— But how could I have known?" She leaned over and whispered in Barenziah's ear, "Symmachus is very handsome, don't you think? And so charming."

"I wouldn't know about that," Barenziah said dryly. "I haven't really thought about it. There've been other things to think about." She explained hurriedly about being Queen of Mournhold and going to live in the Imperial City for a while. "He was looking for me, that's all. On orders from the Emperor. I was the object of a quest, nothing more than some sort of... of a... goal. I don't think he thinks of me as a woman at all. He said I didn't look like a boy, though," she added in the face of Katisha's incredulity. Katisha knew that Barenziah evaluated every male she met in terms of sexual desirability, and availability. "I suppose it's the shock of finding out that I really am a queen," she added, and Katisha agreed that yes, that's true, that must've been something of a shock, although one there was no likelihood of her experiencing firsthand. She smiled. Barenziah smiled with her. Then they hugged again, tearfully, for the last time. She never saw Katisha again. Or Straw.

The royal party left Rifton by the great southern gate. Once through, Symmachus tapped her shoulder and pointed back at the portals. "I thought you might want to say good−bye to Therris too, Your Highness," he said.

Barenziah stared briefly but steadily at the head impaled on a spike above the gate. The birds had been at it, but the face was still recognizable. "I don't think he'll hear me, although I'm quite sure he'll be pleased to know I'm fine," she said, seeming to sound light. "Let's be on our way, General, shall we?"

Symmachus was clearly disappointed by her lack of reaction. "Ai. You heard of this from your friend Katisha, I suppose?"

"You suppose correctly. She attended the execution," Barenziah said casually. If he didn't know already, he'd find out soon enough, she was sure of that.

"Did she know Therris belonged to the Guild?"

She shrugged. "Everyone knew that. It's only lower−ranking members like me who are supposed to keep their membership secret. The ones higher up are well known." She turned to smile archly at him. "But you must know all that, shouldn't you, General?" she said sweetly.

He seemed unaffected by this. "So you told her who you were and whence you came, but not about the Guild."

1062
"The Guild membership was not my secret to tell. The other was. There's a difference. Besides, Katisha is a very honest woman. Had I told her, it would have lessened me in her eyes. She was always after Therris to take up a more honest line of work. I value her good opinion." She afforded him a glacial stare. "Not that it's any concern of yours, but do you know what else she thought? She also thought I'd be happier if I settled down with just one man. One of my own race. One of my own race with all the right qualities. One of my own race with all the right qualities, who knows to say all the right things. You, in fact." She grabbed the reins preparatory to assuming a brisker pace—but not without sinking one final irresistible barb. "Isn't it odd how wishes come true sometimes—but not in the way you want them to? Or maybe I should say, not in the way you would ever want them to?"

His answer so took her by surprise that she quite forgot about cantering off. "Yes. Very odd," he replied, and his tone matched his words exactly. Then he excused himself and fell behind.

She held her head high and urged her mount onward, trying to look unimpressed. Now what was it about his response that bothered her? Not what he said. No, that wasn't it. But something about the way he said it. Something about it made her think that she, Barenziah, was one of his wishes that had come true. Unlikely as this seemed, she gave it due deliberation. He had found her at last, after months of searching, it seemed, under pressure from the Emperor, no doubt. So his wish had come true. Yes, that must be it.

But in a way, apparently, not altogether to his liking.
For several days, Barenziah felt a weight of sorrow at her separation from her friends. But by the second week out her spirits began to rise a little. She found that she enjoyed being on the road again, although she missed Straw's companionship more than she would have thought. They were escorted by a troop of Redguard knights with whom she felt comfortable, although these were much more disciplined, and decorous, than the guards of the merchant caravans she had spent time with. They were genial but respectful toward her despite her attempts at flirtation.

Symmachus scolded her privately, saying a queen must maintain royal dignity at all times.

"You mean I'm never to have any fun?" she inquired petulantly.

"Ai. Not with such as these. They are beneath you. Graciousness is to be desired from those in authority, Milady. Familiarity is not. You will remain chaste and modest while you are at the Imperial City."

Barenziah made a face. "I might as well be back at Darkmoor Keep. Elves are promiscuous by nature, you know. Everyone says so."

"'Everyone' is wrong, then. Some are, some aren't. The Emperor — and I — expect you to display both discrimination and good taste. Let me remind you, Your Highness, that you hold the throne of Mournhold not by right of blood but solely at the pleasure of Tiber Septim. If he judges you unsuitable, your reign will end ere it begins. He requires intelligence, obedience, discretion, and total loyalty of all his appointees, and he favors chastity and modesty in women. I strongly suggest you model your deportment after our good Drelliane. Milady."

"I'd as lief be back in Darkmoor!" Barenziah snapped resentfully, offended at the thought of emulating the frigid, prudish Drelliane in any way.

"That is not an option. Your Highness. If you are of no use to Tiber Septim, he will see to it that you are of no use to his enemies either," the general said portentously. "If you would keep your head on your shoulders, take heed. Let me add that power offers pleasures other than those of carnality and cavorting with base company."

He began to speak of art, literature, drama, music, and the grand balls thrown at the Imperial Court. Barenziah listened with growing interest, spurred on not entirely by his threats. But afterward she asked timidly if she might continue her study of magic while at the Imperial City.
Symmachus seemed pleased at this and promised to arrange it. Encouraged, she then said that she noted three of their knights escort were women, and asked if she might train a little with them, just for the sake of exercise. The general looked less delighted at this, but gave his consent, though stressing it would only be with the women.

The late winter weather held fair, though slightly frosty, for the rest of their journey so that they traveled quickly over firm roads. On the last day of their trip, spring seemed to have arrived at last for there were hints of a thaw. The road grew muddy underfoot, and everywhere one could hear water trickling and dripping faintly but steadily. It was a welcome sound.

***

They came to the great bridge that crossed into the Imperial City at sunset. The rosy glow turned the stark white marble edifices of the metropolis a delicate pink. It all looked very new and grand and immaculate. A broad avenue led north toward the Palace. A crowd of people of all sorts and races filled the wide concourse. Lights winked out in the shops and on in the inns as dusk fell and stars came out singly then by twos and threes. Even the side streets were broad and brightly illuminated. Near the Palace the towers of an immense Mages Guildhall reared toward the east, while westward the stained glass windows of a huge tabernacle glittered in the dying light.

Symmachus had apartments in a magnificent house two blocks from the palace, past the temple. ("The Temple of the One," he identified as they passed it, an ancient Nordic cult which Tiber Septim had revived. He said that Barenziah would be expected to become a member should she prove acceptable to the Emperor.) The place was quite splendid—though little to Barenziah's taste. The walls and furnishings were done in utter pristine white, relieved only by touches of dull gold, and the floors in dully gleaming black marble. Barenziah's eyes ached for color and the interplay of subtle shadings.

In the morning Symmachus and Drelliane escorted her to the Imperial Palace. Barenziah noted that everyone they met greeted Symmachus with a deferential respect in some cases bordering on obsequiousness. The general seemed to take it for granted.

They were ushered directly into the imperial presence. Morning sun flooded a small room through a large window with tiny panes, washing over a sumptuously laden breakfast table and the single man who sat there, dark against the light. He leapt to his feet as they entered and hurried toward them. "Ah, Symmachus our most loyal friend, we welcome your return most gladly." His hands held Symmachus' shoulders briefly, fondly, halting the deep genuflection the Dark Elf had been in the process of effecting.

Barenziah curtseyed as Tiber Septim turned to her.

"Barenziah, our naughty little runaway. How do you do, child? Here, let us have a look at you. Why, Symmachus, she's charming, absolutely charming. Why have you hidden her from us all these years? Is the light too much, child? Shall we draw the hangings? Yes, of course." He waved aside Symmachus' protests and drew the curtains himself, not troubling to summon a servant. "You
will pardon us for this discourtesy toward yourselves, our dear guests. We've much to think of, though that's scant excuse for hospitality's neglect. But ah! pray join us. There's some excellent nectarines from Black Marsh."

They settled themselves at the table. Barenziah was dumbfounded. Tiber Septim was nothing like the grim, grey, giant warrior she'd pictured. He was of average height, fully half a head shorter than tall Symmachus, although he was well-knit of figure and lithe of movement. He had a winning smile, bright — indeed piercing — blue eyes, and a full head of stark white hair above a lined and weathered face. He might have been any age from forty to sixty. He pressed food and drink upon them, then repeated the question the general had asked her days ago: Why had she left home? Had her guardians been unkind to her?

"No, Excellency," Barenziah replied, "in truth, no — although I fancied so at times." Symmachus had fabricated a story for her, and Barenziah told it now, although with a certain misgiving. The stable-boy, Straw, had convinced her that her guardians, unable to find a suitable husband for her, meant to sell her off as a concubine in Rihad; and when a Redguard had indeed come, she had panicked and fled with Straw.

Tiber Septim seemed fascinated and listened raptly as she provided details of her life as a merchant caravan escort. "Why, 'tis like a ballad!" he said. "By the One, we'll have the Court Bard set it to music. What a charming boy you must have made."

"General Symmachus said—" Barenziah stopped in some confusion, then proceeded. "He said — well, that I no longer look much like a boy. I have... grown in the past few months." She lowered her gaze in what she hoped approximated maidenly modesty.

"He's a very discerning fellow, is our loyal friend Symmachus."

"I know I've been a very foolish girl, Excellency. I must crave your pardon, and that of my kind guardians. I... I realized that some time ago, but I was too ashamed to go back home. But I don't want to return to Darkmoor now. Excellency, I long for Mournhold. My soul pines for my own country."

"Our dear child. You shall go home, we promise you. But we pray you remain with us a little longer, that you may prepare yourself for the grave and solemn task with which we shall charge you."

Barenziah gazed at him earnestly, heart beating fast. It was all working just as Symmachus had said it would. She felt a warm flush of gratitude toward him, but was careful to keep her attention focused on the Emperor. "I am honored, Excellency, and wish most earnestly to serve you and this great Empire you have built in any way I can." It was the politic thing to say, to be sure — but Barenziah really meant it. She was awed at the magnificence of the city and the discipline and order evident everywhere, and moreover was excited at the prospect of being a part of it all. And she felt quite taken by the gentle Tiber Septim.
After a few days Symmachus left for Mournhold to take up the duties of a governor until Barenziah was ready to assume the throne, after which he would become her Prime Minister. Barenziah, with Dreliane as chaperone, took up residence in a suite of rooms at the Imperial Palace. Several tutors were provided her, in all the fields deemed seemly for a queenly education. During this time she became deeply interested in the magical arts, but she found the study of history and politics not at all to her prefer-ence.

On occasion she met with Tiber Septim in the Palace gardens and he would unfailingly and politely inquire as to her progress — and chide her, although with a smile, for her disinterest at matters of state. However, he was always happy to instruct her on the finer points of magic, and he could make even history and politics seem interesting. "They're people, child, not dry facts in a dusty volume," he said.

As her understanding broadened, their discussions grew longer, deeper, more frequent. He spoke to her of his vision of a united Tamriel, each race separate and distinct but with shared ideals and goals, all contrib-uting to the common weal. "Some things are universal, shared by all sentient folk of good will," he said. "So the One teaches us. We must unite against the malicious and the brutish, the miscreated — the Orcs, trolls, goblins, and other worse creatures — and not strive against one another." His blue eyes would light up as he stared into his dream, and Barenziah was delighted just to sit and listen to him. If he drew close to her, the side of her body next to him would glow as if he were a smoldering blaze. If their hands met she would tingle all over as if his body were charged with a shock spell.

One day, quite unexpectedly, he took her face in his hands and kissed her gently on the mouth. She drew back after a few moments, astonished by the violence of her feelings, and he apologized instantly. "I... we... we didn't mean to do that. It's just — you are so beautiful, dear. So very beautiful." He was looking at her with hopeless yearning in his generous eyes.

She turned away, tears streaming down her face.

"Are you angry with us? Speak to us. Please."

Barenziah shook her head. "I could never be angry with you, Excellency. I... I love you. I know it's wrong, but I can't help it."

"We have a consort," he said. "She is a good and virtuous woman, the mother of our children and future heirs. We could never put her aside — yet there is nothing between us and her, no sharing of the spirit. She would have us be other than what we are. We are the most powerful person in all of Tamriel, and... Barenziah, we... I... I think I am the most lonely as well." He stood up suddenly. "Power!" he said with sublime contempt. "I'd trade a goodly share of it for youth and love if the gods would only sanction it."

"But you are strong and vigorous and vital, more than any man I've ever known."
He shook his head vehemently. "Today, perhaps. Yet I am less than I was yesterday, last year, ten years ago. I feel the sting of my mortality, and it is painful."

"If I can ease your pain, let me." Barenziah moved toward him, hands outstretched.

"No. I would not take your innocence from you."

"I'm not that innocent."

"How so?" The Emperor's voice suddenly grated harshly, his brows knitted.

Barenziah's mouth went dry. What had she just said? But she couldn't turn back now. He would know. "There was Straw," she faltered. "I... I was lonely too. Am lonely. And not so strong as you." She cast her eyes down in abashment. "I... I guess I'm not worthy, Excellency—"

"No, no. Not so. Barenziah. My Barenziah. It cannot last for long. You have a duty toward Mourn-hold, and a duty toward the Empire. I must tend toward mine as well. But while we may — shall we share what we have, what we can, and pray the One forgives us our frailty?"

Tiber Septim held out his arms — and wordlessly, willingly, Barenziah stepped into his embrace.

***

"You caper on the edge of a volcano, child," Drelliane admonished as Barenziah admired the splendid star sapphire ring her imperial lover had given her to celebrate their one-month anniversary.

"How so? We make one another happy. We harm no one. Symmachus bade me be discriminating and discreet. Who better could I choose? And we've been most discreet. He treats me like a daughter in public." Tiber Septim's nightly visits were made through a secret passage that only few in the Palace were privy to — himself and a handful of trusted bodyguards.

"He slavers over you like a cur his supper. Have you not noticed the coolness of the Empress and her son toward you?"

Barenziah shrugged. Even before she and Septim had become lovers, she'd received no more from his family than bare civility. Threadbare civility. "What matter? It is Tiber who holds the power."

"But it is his son who holds the future. Do not put his mother up to public scorn, I beg you."

"Can I help it if that dry stick of a woman cannot hold her husband's interest even in conversation at dinner?"

"Have less to say in public. That is all I ask. She matters little, it is true — but her children love
her, and you do not want them as enemies. Tiber Septim has not long to live. I mean," Drelliane amended quickly at Barenziah's scowl, "humans are all short–lived. Ephemeral, as we of the Elder Races say. They come and go as the seasons — but the families of the powerful ones live on for a time. You must be a friend to this family if you would see lasting profit from your relationship. Ah, but how can I make you see truly, you who are so young and human–bred as well! If you take heed, and wisely, you and Mournhold are like to live to see the fall of Septim's dynasty, if indeed he has founded one, just as you have witnessed its rise. It is the way of human history. They ebb and flow like the inconstant tides. Their cities and dominions bloom like spring flowers, only to wither and die in the summer sun. But the Elves endure. We are as a year to their hour, a decade to their day."

Barenziah just laughed. She knew that rumors abounded about her and Tiber Septim. She enjoyed the attention, for all save the Empress and her son seemed captivated by her. Minstrels sang of her dark beauty and her charming ways. She was in fashion, and in love — and if it was temporary, well, what was not? She was happy for the first time she could remember, each of her days filled with joy and pleasure. And the nights were even better.

***

"What is wrong with me?" Barenziah lamented. "Look, not one of my skirts fit. What's become of my waistline? Am I getting fat?" Barenziah regarded her thin arms and legs and her undeniably thickened waist in the mirror with displeasure.

Drelliane shrugged. "You appear to be with child, young as you are. Constant pairing with a human has brought you to early fertility. I see no choice but for you to speak with the Emperor about it. You are in his power. It would be best, I think, for you to go directly to Mournhold if he would agree to it, and bear the child there."

"Alone?" Barenziah placed her hands on her swollen belly, tears forming in her eyes. Everything in her yearned to share the fruit of her love with her lover. "He'll never agree to that. He won't be parted from me now. You'll see."

Drelliane shook her head. Although she said no more, a look of sympathy and sorrow had replaced her usual cool scorn.

That night Barenziah told Tiber Septim when he came to her for their usual assignation.

"With child?" He looked shocked. No, stunned. "You're sure of it? But I was told Elves do not bear at so young an age..."

Barenziah forced a smile. "How can I be sure? I've never——"

"I shall have my healer fetched."

The healer, a High Elf of middle years, confirmed that Barenziah was indeed pregnant, and that
such a thing had never before been known to happen. It was a testimony to His Excellency's potency, the healer said in sycophantic tones. Tiber Septim roared at him.

"This must not be!" he said. "Undo it. We command you."

"Sire," the healer gaped at him. "I cannot... I may not—"

"Of course you can, you incompetent dullard," the Emperor snapped. "It is our express wish that you do so."

Barenziah, till then silent and wide-eyed with terror, suddenly sat up in bed. "No!" she screamed. "No! What are you saying?"

"Child," Tiber Septim sat down beside her, his face wearing one of his winning smiles. "I'm so sorry. Truly. But this cannot be. Your issue would be a threat to my son and his sons. I shall no more put it plainly than that."

"The child I bear is yours!" she wailed.

"No. It is now but a possibility, a might-be, not yet gifted with a soul or quickened into life. I will not have it so. I forbid it." He gave the healer another hard stare and the Elf began to tremble.

"Sire. It is her child. Children are few among the Elves. No Elven woman conceives more than four times, and that is very rare. Two is the usual number. Some bear none, even, and some only one. If I take this one from her, Sire, she may not conceive again."

"You promised us she would not bear to us. We've little faith in your prognostications."

Barenziah scrambled naked from the bed and ran for the door, not knowing where she was going, only that she could not stay. She never reached it. Darkness overtook her.

***

She awoke to pain, and a feeling of emptiness. A void where something used to be, something that used to be alive, but now was dead and gone forever. Drelliane was there to soothe the pain and clean up the blood that still pooled at times between her legs. But there was nothing to fill the emptiness. There was nothing to take the place of the void.

The Emperor sent magnificent gifts and vast arrangements of flowers, and came on short visits, always well-attended. Barenziah received these visits with pleasure at first. But Tiber Septim came no more at night — and after some time nor did she wish him to.

Some weeks passed, and when she was completely physically recovered, Drelliane informed her that Symmachus had written to request she come to Mournhold earlier than planned. It was announced that she would leave forthwith.
She was given a grand retinue, an extensive trousseau befitting a queen, and an elaborate and impressive ceremonial departure from the gates of the Imperial City. Some people were sorry to see her leave, and expressed their sadness in tears and expostulations. But some others were not, and did not.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_realbarenziah3
"Everything I have ever loved, I have lost," Barenziah thought despondently, looking at the mounted knights behind and ahead, her tirewomen near her in a carriage. "Yet I have gained a measure of wealth and power, and the promise of more to come. Dearly have I bought it. Now I do understand better Tiber Septim's love of it, if he has often paid such prices. For surely worth is measured by the price we pay." By her wish, she rode on a shiny roan mare, clad as a warrior in resplendent chain mail of Dark Elven make.

As the days slowly slipped by and her train rode the winding road eastward into the setting sun, around her gradually rose the steep−sided mountain slopes of Morrowind. The air was thin, and a chill late autumn wind blew constantly. But it was also rich with the sweet spicy smell of the late−blooming black rose, which was native to Morrowind and grew in every shadowy nook and crevice of its highlands, finding nourishment even in the stoniest banks and ridges. In small villages and towns, ragged Dark Elven folk gathered along the road to cry her name or simply gape. Most of her knightly escort were Redguards, with a few High Elves, Nords, and Bretons. As they wove their way into the heart of Morrowind, they grew increasingly uncomfortable and clung together in protective clusters. Even the Elven knights seemed wary.

But Barenziah felt at home, at last. She felt the welcome extended to her by the land. Her land.

***

Symmachus met her at the Mournhold border with an escort of knights, about half of whom were Dark Elven. In Imperial battle dress, she noted.

There was a grand parade of entry into the city and speeches of welcome from stately dignitaries.

"I've had the queen's suite refurbished for you," the general told her later when they reached the palace, "but you may change anything not to your taste, of course." He went on about the details of the coronation, which was to be held in a week. He was his old commanding self — but she sensed something else as well. He was eager for her approval of the arrangements, was in fact fishing for it. That was new. He had never required her commendation before.

He asked her nothing about her stay in the Imperial City, or of her affair with Tiber Septim — although Barenziah was certain Drelliane had told him, or earlier written him, everything in detail.

The ceremony itself, like so much else, was a mixture of old and new — parts of it from the
ancient Dark Elven tradition of Mournhold, the others dictated by Imperial decree. She was sworn
to the service of the Empire and Tiber Septim as well as to the land of Mournhold and its people.
She accepted oaths of fealty and allegiance from the people, the nobility, and the council. This last
was composed of a blend of Imperial emissaries ("advisors" they were called) and native
representatives of the Mournhold people, who were mostly elders in accordance with Elven
custom.

Barenziah later found that much of her time was occupied in attempting to reconcile these two
factions and their cronies. The elders were expected to do most of the conciliating, in light of
reforms introduced by the Empire pertaining to land ownership and surface farming. But most of
these went clean against Dark Elven observances. Tiber Septim, "in the name of the One," had
ordained a new tradition -- and apparently even the gods and goddesses themselves were
expected to obey.

The new Queen threw herself into her work and her studies. She was through with love and men
for a long, long time — if not forever. There were other pleasures, she discovered, as Symmachus
had promised her long ago: those of the mind, and those of power. She developed (surprisingly, for
she had always rebelled against her tutors at the Imperial City) a deep love for Dark Elven history
and mythology, a hunger to know more fully the people from whom she had sprung. She was
gratified to learn that they had been proud warriors and skilled craftsmen and cunning mages since
time immemorial.

Tiber Septim lived for another half–century, during which she saw him on several occasions as she
was bidden to the Imperial City on one reason of state or another. He greeted her with warmth
during these vis-its, and they even had long talks together about events in the Empire when
opportunity would permit. He seemed to have quite forgotten that there had ever been anything
between them more than easy friendship and a profound political alliance. He changed little as the
years passed. Rumor had it that his mages had developed spells to extend his vitality, and that even
the One had granted him immortality. Then one day a messenger came with the news that Tiber
Septim was dead, and his grandson Pelagius was now Emperor in his place.

They had heard the news in private, she and Symmachus. The sometime Imperial General and now
her trusted Prime Minister took it stoically, as he took most everything.

"Somehow it doesn't seem possible," Barenziah said.

"I told you. Ai. It's the way of humans. They are a short–lived people. It doesn't really matter. His
power lives on, and his son now wields it."

"You called him your friend once. Do you feel nothing? No grief?"

He shrugged. "There was a time when you called him somewhat more. What do you feel,
Barenziah?" They had long ago ceased to address each other in private by their formal titles.

"Emptiness. Loneliness," she said, then she too shrugged. "But that's not new."
"Ai, I know," he said softly, taking her hand. "Barenziah..." He turned her face up and kissed her.

The act filled her with astonishment. She couldn't remember his ever touching her before. She'd never thought of him in that way — and yet, undeniably, an old familiar warmth spread through her. She'd forgotten how good it felt, that warmth. Not the scorching heat she'd felt with Tiber Septim, but the comforting, robust ardor she somehow associated with... with Straw! Straw. Poor Straw. She hadn't thought of him in so long. He'd be middle-aged now if he were still alive. Probably with a dozen children, she thought affectionately... and a hearty wife who hopefully could talk for two.

"Marry me, Barenziah," Symmachus was saying, he seemed to have picked up her thoughts on marriage, children... wives, "I've worked and toiled and waited long enough, haven't I?"

Marriage. A peasant with peasant dreams. The thought appeared in her mind, clear and unbidden. Hadn't she used those very same words to describe Straw, so very long ago? And yet, why not? If not Symmachus, who else?

Many of the great noble families of Morrowind had been wiped out in Tiber Septim's great war of unification, before the treaty. Dark Elven rule had been restored, it was true — but not the old, not the true nobility. Most of them were upstarts like Symmachus, and not even half as good or deserving as he was. He had fought to keep Mournhold whole and hale when their so-called counselors would have picked at its bones, sucked them dry as Ebonheart had been sucked dry. He'd fought for Mournhold, fought for her, while she and the kingdom grew and thrived. She felt a sudden rush of gratitude — and, undeniably, affection. He was steady and reliable. And he'd served her well. And loved her well.

"Why not?" she said, smiling. And took his hand. And kissed him.

***

The union was a good one, in its political as well as personal aspects. While Tiber Septim's grandson, the Emperor Pelagius I, viewed her with a jaundiced eye, his trust in his father's old friend was absolute.

Symmachus, however, was still viewed with suspicion by Morrowind's stiff-necked folk, chary at his peasant ancestry and his close ties to the Empire. But the Queen was quite unshakably popular. "The Lady Barenziah's one of our own," it was whispered, "held captive as we."

Barenziah felt content. There was work and there was pleasure — and what more could one ask of life?

The years passed swiftly, with crises to be dealt with, and storms and famines and failures to be weathered, and plots to be foiled, and conspirators to be executed. Mournhold prospered steadily. Her people were secure and fed, her mines and farms productive. All was well — save that the
royal marriage had produced no children. No heirs.

Elven children are slow to come, and most demanding of their welcome — and noble children more so than others. Thus many decades had come to pass before they grew concerned.

"The fault lies with me, Symmachus. I'm damaged goods," Barenziah said bitterly. "If you want to take another..."

"I want no other," Symmachus said gently, "nor do I know for certain that the fault is yours. Perhaps it is mine. Ai. Whichever. We will seek a cure. If there is damage, surely it may be repaired."

"How so? When we dare not entrust anyone with the true story? Healer's oaths do not always hold."

"It won't matter if we change the time and circumstances a bit. Whatever we say or fail to say, Jephre the Storyteller never rests. The god's inventive mind and quick tongue are ever busy spreading gossip and rumor."

Priests and healers and mages came and went, but all their prayers, potions, and philtres produced not even a promise of bloom, let alone a single fruit. Eventually they thrust it from their minds and left it in the gods' hands. They were yet young, as Elves went, with centuries ahead of them. There was time. With Elves there was always time.

Barenziah sat at dinner in the Great Hall, pushing food about on a plate, feeling bored and restless. Symmachus was away, having been summoned to the Imperial City by Tiber Septim's great-great-grandson, Uriel Septim. Or was it his great-great-great-grandson? She'd lost count, she realized. Their faces seemed to blur one into the next. Perhaps she should have gone with him, but there'd been the delegation from Tear on a tiresome matter that nevertheless required delicate handling.

A bard was singing in an alcove off the hall, but Barenziah wasn't listening. Lately all the songs seemed the same to her, whether new or old. Then a turn of phrase caught her attention. He was singing of free-dom, of adventure, of freeing Morrowind from its chains. How dare he! Barenziah sat up straight and turned to glare at him. Worse, she realized he was singing of some ancient, and now immaterial, war with the Skyrim Nords, praising the heroism of Kings Edward and Moraelyn and their brave Companions. The tale was old enough, certainly, yet the song was new ... and its meaning ... Barenziah couldn't be sure.

A bold fellow, this bard, but with a strong, passionate voice and a good ear for music. Rather hand-some too, in a raffish sort of way. He didn't look to be well-off exactly, nor was he all that young. Certainly he couldn't be under a century of age. Why hadn't she heard him before, or at least heard of him?

"Who is he?" she inquired of a lady-in-waiting.
The woman shrugged and said, "Calls himself the Nightingale, Milady. No one seems to know any-thing about him."

"Bid him speak with me when he has done."

The man called the Nightingale came to her, thanked her for the honor of the Queen's audience and the fat purse she handed him. His manner wasn't bold at all, she decided, rather quiet and unassuming. He was quick enough with gossip about others, but she learned nothing about him — he turned all questions away with a joking riposte or a ribald tale. Yet these were recounted so charmingly it was impossible to take offence.

"My true name? Milady, I am no one. No, no, my parents named me Know Wan — or was it No Buddy? What matters it? It matters not. How may parents give name to that which they know not? Ah! I believe that was the name, Know Not. I have been the Nightingale for so long I do not remember, since, oh, last month at the very least — or was it last week? All my memory goes into song and tale, you see, Milady. I've none left for myself. I'm really quite dull. Where was I born? Why, Knoweyr. I plan to settle in Dun-roamin when I get there ... but I'm in no hurry."

"I see. And will you then marry Atallshur?"

"Very perceptive of you, Milady. Perhaps, perhaps. Although I find Innhayst quite charming too, at whiles."

"Ah. You are fickle, then?"

"Like the wind, Milady. I blow hither and yon, hot and cold, as chance suits. Chance is my suit. Naught else wears well on me."

Barenziah smiled. "Stay with us awhile, then ... if you will, Milord Erhatick."

"As you wish, Milady Bryte."

***

After that brief exchange, Barenziah found her interest in life somehow rekindled. All that had seemed stale became fresh and new again. She greeted each day with zest, looking forward to con-versation with the Nightingale and the gift of his song. Unlike other bards, he never sang her praises, nor other women's, but only of high adventure and bold deeds.

When she asked him about this, he said, "What greater praise of your beauty could you ask, Milady, than that which your own mirror gives you? And if words you would have, you have those of the greatest, of those greater than my callow self. How should I vie with them, I who was born but a week gone by?"
For once they were speaking privately. The Queen, unable to sleep, had summoned him to her chamber that his music might soothe her. "You are lazy and a coward, sera, else I hold no charm for you."

"Milady, to praise you I must know you. I can never know you. You are wrapped in enigma, in clouds of enchantment."

"Nay, not so. Your words are what weave enchantment. Your words... and your eyes. And your body. Know me if you will. Know me if you dare."

He came to her then. They lay close, they kissed, they embraced. "Not even Barenziah truly knows Barenziah," he whispered softly, "so how may I? Milady, you seek and know it not, nor yet for what. What would you have, that you have not?"


"And for your children, what? What birthright might be theirs?"

"Freedom," she said, "the freedom to be what they would be. Tell me, you who seem wisest to these eyes and ears, and the soul that knits them. Where may I find these things?"

"One lies beside you, the other beneath you. But would you dare stretch out your hand, that you might take what could be yours, and your children's?"

"Symmachus..."

"In my person lies the answer to part of what you seek. The other lies hidden below us in these your very kingdom's mines, that which will grant us the power to fulfill and achieve our dreams. That which Edward and Moraelyn between them used to free High Rock and their spirits from the hateful domination of the Nords. If it be properly used, Milady, none may stand against it, not even the power the Emperor controls. Freedom, you say? Barenziah, freedom it gives from the chains that bind you. Think on it, Milady." He kissed her again, softly, and withdrew.

"You're not leaving... ?" she cried out. Her body yearned for him.

"For now," he said. "Pleasures of the flesh are nothing beside what we might have together. I would have you think on what I have just said."

"I don't need to think. What must we do? What preparations must be made?"

"Why — none. The mines may not be entered freely, it is true. But with the Queen at my side, who will stand athwart? Once below I can guide you to where this thing lies, and lift it from its resting place."

Then the memory of her endless studies slid into place. "The Horn of Summoning," she whispered
in awe. "Is it true? Could it be? How do you know? I've read that it's buried beneath the measureless caves of Daggerfall."

"Nay, long have I studied this matter. Ere his death King Edward gave the Horn for safekeeping into the hand of his old friend King Moraelyn. He in turn secreted it here in Mournhold under the guardianship of the god Ephen, whose birthplace and bailiwick this is. Now you know what it has cost me many a long year and weary mile to discover."

"But the god? What of Ephen?"

"Trust me, Milady heart. All will be well." Laughing softly, he blew her a last kiss and was gone.

***

On the morrow they passed the guards at the great portals that led into the mines, and further below. Under pretence of her customary tour of inspection, Barenziah, unattended but for the Nightingale, ventured into cavern after subterranean cavern. Eventually they reached what looked like a fore-gotten sealed doorway, and upon entering found that it led to an ancient part of the workings, long aban-doned. The going was treacherous for some of the old shafts had collapsed, and they had to clear a passage through the rubble or find a way around the more impassable piles. Vicious rats and huge spiders scurried here and there, sometimes even attacking them. But they proved no match for Barenziah's firebolt spells or the Nightingale's quick dagger.

"We've been gone too long," Barenziah said at length. "They'll be looking for us. What will I tell them?"

"Whatever you please," the Nightingale laughed. "You are the Queen, aren't you?"

"The Lord Symmachus---"

"That peasant obeys whoever holds power. Always has, always will. We shall hold the power, Milady love." His lips were sweetest wine, his touch both fire and ice.

"Now," she said, "take me now. I'm ready." Her body seemed to hum, every nerve and muscle taut.

"Not yet. Not here, not like this." He waved around, indicating the aged dusty debris and grim walls of rock. "Just a little while longer." Reluctantly, Barenziah nodded her assent. They resumed walking.

"Here," he said at last, pausing before a blank barrier. "Here it lies." He scratched a rune in the dust, his other hand weaving a spell as he did so.

The wall dissolved. It revealed an entrance to some ancient shrine. In the midst stood a statue of a god, hammer in hand, poised above an admantium anvil.
"By my blood, Ephen," the Nightingale cried, "I bid thee waken! Moraelyn's heir of Ebonheart am I, last of the royal line, sharer of thy blood. At Morrowind's last need, with all of Elvendom in dread peril of their selves and souls, release to me that guerdon which thou guardst! Now I do bid thee, strike!"

At his final words the statue glowed and quickened, the blank stone eyes shone a bright red. The massive head nodded, the hammer smote the anvil, and it split asunder with a thunderous crash, the stone god itself crumbling. Barenziah clapped her hands over her ears and crouched down, shaking terribly and moaning out loud.

The Nightingale strode forward boldly and clasped the thing that lay among the ruins with a roar of ecstasy. He lifted it high.

"Someone's coming!" Barenziah cried in alarm, then noticed for the first time what it was he was holding aloft. "Wait, that's not the Horn, it −− it's a staff!"

"Indeed, Milady. You see truly, at last!" The Nightingale laughed aloud. "I am sorry, Milady sweet, but I must leave you now. Perhaps we shall meet again one day. Until then... Ah, until then, Symmachus," he said to the mail-clad figure who had appeared behind them, "she is all yours. You may claim her back."

"No!" Barenziah screamed. She sprang up and ran toward him, but he was gone. Winked out of existence −− just as Symmachus, claymore drawn, reached him. His blade cleaved a single stroke through empty air. Then he stood still, as if taking the stone god's place.

Barenziah said nothing, heard nothing, saw nothing... felt nothing...

***

Symmachus told the half dozen or so Elves who had accompanied him that the Nightingale and Queen Barenziah had lost their way, and had been set upon by giant spiders. That the Nightingale had lost his footing and fallen into a deep crevice, which closed over him. That his body could not be recovered. That the Queen had been badly shaken by the encounter and deeply mourned the loss of her friend, who had fallen in her defense. Such was Symmachus' presence and power of command that the slack-jawed knights, none of whom had caught more than a glimpse of what happened, were convinced that it was all exactly as he said.

The Queen was escorted back to the palace and taken to her chamber, whereupon she dismissed her servants—in—waiting. She sat still before her mirror for a long time, stunned, too distraught even to weep. Symmachus stood watching over her.

"Do you have any idea at all what you have just done?" he said finally --- flatly, coldly.

"You should have told me," Barenziah whispered. "The Staff of Chaos! I never dreamed it lay here. He said−− he said−− " A mewling escaped her lips and she doubled over in despair. "Oh,
what have I done? What have I done? What happens now? What's to become of me? Of us?"

"Did you love him?"

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes! Oh my Symmachus, the gods have mercy on me, but I did love him. Did. But now... now... I don't know... I'm not sure... I..."

Symmachus' hard-lined face softened slightly, and his eyes glittered with new light, and he sighed. "Ai. That's something then. You will become a mother yet if it's within my power. As for the rest --- Barenziah, my dearest Barenziah, I expect you have loosed a storm upon the land. It'll be a while yet in the brewing. But when it comes, we'll weather it together. As we always have."

He came over to her then, and stripped her of her clothing, and carried her to the bed. Out of grief and longing, her enfeebled body responded to his brawny one as it never had before, pouring forth all that the Nightingale had wakened to life in her. And in so doing calming the restless ghosts of all he had destroyed.

***

She was empty, and emptied. And then she was filled, for a child was planted and grew within her. As her son flourished in the womb, so did her feeling toward patient, faithful, devoted Symmachus, which had been rooted in long friendship and unbroken affection --- and which now, at last, ripened into the fullness of true love. Eight years later they were again blessed, this time with a daughter.

***

Directly after the Nightingale's theft of the Staff of Chaos, Symmachus had sent urgent secret communiques to Uriel Septim. He had not gone himself, as he would normally have, choosing instead to stay with Barenziah during her fertile period to father a son upon her. For this, and for the theft, he suffered Uriel Septim's temporary disfavor and unjust suspicion. Spies were sent in search of the thief, but the Nightingale seemed to have vanished whence he had come --- wherever that was.

"Dark Elf in part, perhaps," said Barenziah, "but part human too, I think, in disguise. Else would I not have come so quickly to fertility."

"Part Dark Elf, for sure, and of ancient Ra'athim lineage at that, else he would not have been able to free the Staff," Symmachus reasoned. He turned to peer at her fixedly. "I don't think he would have lain with you. As an Elf he did not dare, for then he would not have been able to part from you." He smiled. Then he turned serious once more. "Ai! He knew the Staff lay there, not the Horn, and that he must tele-port to safety. The Staff is not a weapon that would have seen him clear, unlike the Horn. Praise the gods at least that he does not have that! It seems all was as he expected --- but how did he know? I placed the Staff there myself, with the aid of the rag–tail end of the Ra'athim Clan who now sits king in Castle Ebonheart as a reward. Tiber Septim claimed the
Horn, but left the Staff for safekeeping. Ai! Now the Nightingale can use the Staff to sow seeds of strife and dissension wherever he goes, if he wishes. Yet that alone will not gain him power. That lies with the Horn and the ability to use it."

"I'm not so sure it's power the Nightingale seeks," Barenziah said.

"All seek power," Symmachus said, "each in our own way."

"Not I," she answered. "I, Milord, have found that for which I sought."

Book  
Weight: 4.00  
Value: 20  
Enchantment: 0  
Teaches: –  
ID: bk_realbarenziah4
As Symmachus had predicted, the theft of the Staff of Chaos had few short-term consequences. The current Emperor, Uriel Septim, sent some rather stiff messages expressing shock and displeasure at the Staff's disappearance, and urging Symmachus to make every effort to locate its whereabouts and communicate developments to the newly appointed Imperial Battlemage, Jagar Tharn, in whose hands the matter had been placed.

"Tharn!" Symmachus thundered in disgust and frustration as he paced about the small chamber where Barenziah, now some months pregnant, was sitting serenely embroidering a baby blanket. "Jagar Tharn, indeed. Ai! I wouldn't give him directions for crossing the street, not if he were a doddering old blind sot."

"What have you against him, love?"

"I just don't trust that mongrel Elf. Part Dark Elf, part High Elf, and part the gods only know what. All the worst qualities of all his combined bloods, I'll warrant." He snorted. "No one knows much about him. Claims he was born in southern Valenwood, of a Wood Elven mother. Seems to have been everywhere since — "

Barenziah, sunk in the contentment and lassitude of pregnancy, had only been humoring Symmachus thus far. But now she suddenly dropped her needlework and looked at him. Something had piqued her interest. "Symmachus. Could this Jagar Tharn have been the Nightingale, disguised?"

Symmachus thought this over before replying. "Nay, my love. Human blood seems to be the one missing component in Tharn's ancestry." To Symmachus, Barenziah knew, that was a flaw. Her husband despised Wood Elves as lazy thieves and High Elves as effete intellectuals. But he admired humans, especially Bretons, for their combination of pragmatism, intelligence, and energy. "The Nightingale's of Ebonheart, of the Ra'athim Clan − House Hlaalu, the House of Mora in particular, I'll be bound. That house has had human blood in it since her time. Ebonheart was jealous that the Staff was laid here when Tiber Septim took the Horn of Summoning from us."

Barenziah sighed a little. The rivalry between Ebonheart and Mournhold reached back almost to the dawn of Morrowind's history. Once the two nations had been one, all the lucrative mines held in fief by the Ra'athims, whose nobility retained the High Kingship of Morrowind. Ebonheart had split into two separate city-states, Ebonheart and Mournhold, when Queen Lian's twin sons — grandsons of the legendary King Moraelyn — were left as joint heirs. At about the same time the
office of High King was vacated in favor of a temporary War Leader to be named by a council in times of provincial emergency.

Still, Ebonheart remained jealous of her prerogatives as the eldest city-state of Morrowind ("first among equals" was the phrase its rulers often quoted) and claimed that rightful guardianship of the Staff of Chaos should have been entrusted to its ruling house. Mournhold responded that King Moraelyn himself had placed the Staff in the keeping of the god Ephen — and Mournhold was unarguably the god's birthplace.

"Why not tell Jagar Tharn of your suspicions, then? Let him recover the thing. As long as it's safe, what does it matter who recovers it, or where it lies?"

Symmachus stared at her without comprehension. "It matters," he said softly after a while, "but I suppose not that much. Ai." He added, "Certainly not enough for you to concern yourself further with it. You just sit there and tend to your," and here he smiled at her wickedly, "embroidery."

Barenziah flung the sampler at him. It hit Symmachus square in the face — needle, thimble, and all.

***

In a few more months Barenziah gave birth to a fine son, whom they named Helseth. Nothing more was heard of the Staff of Chaos, or the Nightingale. If Ebonheart had the Staff in its possession, they certainly did not boast of it.

The years passed swiftly and happily. Helseth grew tall and strong. He was much like his father, whom he worshipped. When Helseth was eight years old Barenziah bore a second child, a daughter, to Symmachus' lasting delight. Helseth was his pride, but little Morgiah — named for Symmachus' mother — held his heart.

Sadly, the birth of Morgiah was not the harbinger of better times ahead. Relations with the Empire slowly deteriorated, for no apparent reason. Taxes were raised and quotas increased with each passing year. Symmachus felt that the Emperor suspected him of having had a hand in the Staff's disappearance and sought to prove his loyalty by making every effort to comply with the escalating demands. He lengthened working hours and raised tariffs, and even made up some of the difference from both the royal exchequer and their own private holdings. But the levies multiplied, and commoners and nobles alike began to complain. It was an ominous rumble.

"I want you to take the children and journey to the Imperial City," Symmachus said at last in desperation one evening after dinner. "You must make the Emperor listen, else all Mournhold will be up in revolt come spring." He grinned forcibly. "You have a way with men, love. You always did."

Barenziah forced a smile of her own. "Even with you, I take it."
"Yes. Especially with me," he acknowledged amiably.

"Both children?" Barenziah looked over toward a corner window, where Helseth was strumming a lute and crooning a duet with his little sister. Helseth was fifteen by then, Morgiah eight.

"They might soften his heart. Besides, it's high time Helseth was presented before the Imperial Court."

"Perhaps. But that's not your true reason." Barenziah took a deep breath and grasped the nettle. "You don't think you can keep them safe here. If that's the case, then you're not safe here either. Come with us," she urged.

He took her hands in his. "Barenziah. My love. Heart of my heart. If I leave now, there'll be nothing for us to return to. Don't worry about me. I'll be all right. Ai! I can take care of myself — and I can do it better if I'm not worrying about you or the children."

Barenziah laid her head against his chest. "Just remember that we need you. I need you. We can do without the rest of it if we have each other. Empty hands and empty bellies are easier to bear than an empty heart." She started to cry, thinking of the Nightingale and that sordid business with the Staff. "My foolishness has brought us to this pass."

He smiled at her tenderly. "If so, 'tis not so bad a place to be." His eyes rested indulgently on their children. "None of us shall ever go without, or want for anything. Ever. Ever, my love, I promise you. I cost you everything once, Barenziah, I and Tiber Septim. Ai. Without my aid the Empire would never have begun. I helped its rise." His voice hardened. "I can bring about its fall. You may tell Uriel Septim that. That, and that my patience is not infinite."

Barenziah gasped. Symmachus was not given to empty threats. She'd no more imagined that he would ever turn against the Empire than that the old house wolf lying by the grate would turn on her. "How?" she demanded breathlessly. But he shook his head.

"Better that you not know," he said. "Just tell him what I told you should he prove recalcitrant, and do not fear. He's Septim enough that he will not take it out on the messenger." He smiled grimly. "For if he does, if he ever harms the least hair on you, my love, or the children — so help me all the gods of Tamriel, he'll pray that he hadn't been born. Ai. I'll hunt him down, him and his entire family. And I won't rest until the last Septim is dead." The red Dark Elven eyes of Symmachus gleamed brightly in the ebbing firelight. "I plight you that oath, my love. My Queen ... my Barenziah."

Barenziah held him, held him as tight as she could. But in spite of the warmth in his embrace, she couldn't help shivering.

***

Barenziah stood before the Emperor's throne, trying to explain Mournhold's straits. She'd waited
weeks for an audience with Uriel Septim, having been fobbed off on this pretext or that. "His Majesty is indisposed." "An urgent matter demands His Excellency's attention." "I am sorry, Your Highness, there must be some mistake. Your appointment is for next week. No, see..." And now it wasn't even going well. The Emperor did not even make the slightest pretence at listening to her. He hadn't invited her to sit, nor had he dismissed the children. Helseth stood still as a carven image, but little Morgiah had begun to fuss.

The state of her own mind didn't help her any. Shortly upon arrival at her lodgings, the Mournholdian ambassador to the Imperial City had demanded entry, bringing with him a sheaf of dispatches from Symmachus. Bad news, and plenty of it. The revolt had finally begun. The peasants had organized around a few disgruntled members of Mournhold's minor nobility, and were demanding Symmachus step down and hand over the reins of government. Only the Imperial Guard and a handful of troops whose families had been retainers of Barenziah's house for generations stood between Symmachus and the rabble. Hostilities had already broken out, but apparently Symmachus was safe and still in control. Not for long, he wrote. He entreated Barenziah to try her best with the Emperor — but in any case she was to stay in the Imperial City until he wrote to tell her it was safe to go back home with the children.

She had tried to barge her way through the Imperial bureaucracy — with little success. And to add to her growing panic, all news from Mournhold had come to a sudden stop. Tottering between rage at the Emperor's numerous major-domos and fear of the fate awaiting her and her family, the weeks had passed by tensely, agonizingly, remorselessly. Then one day the Mournholdian ambassador came calling to tell her she should expect news from Symmachus the following night at the latest, not through the regular channels but by nighthawk. Seemingly by the same stroke of luck, she was informed that same day by a clerk from the Imperial Court that Uriel Septim had finally consented to grant her an audience early on the morrow.

The Emperor had greeted the three of them when they came into the audience chamber with a too-bright smile of welcome that nonetheless didn't reach his eyes. Then, as she presented her children, he had gazed at them with a fixed attention that was real yet somehow inappropriate. Barenziah had been dealing with humans for nearly five hundred years now, and had developed the skill of reading their expressions and movements that was far beyond what any human could ever perceive. Try as the Emperor might to conceal it, there was hunger in his eyes — and something else. Regret? Yes. Regret. But why? He had several fine children of his own. Why covet hers? And why look at her with such a vicious — however brief — yearning? Perhaps he had tired of his consort. Humans were notoriously, though predictably, inconstant. After that one long, burning glance, his gaze had shifted away as she began to speak of her mission and the violence that had erupted in Mournhold. He sat still as stone throughout her entire account.

Puzzled at his inertia, and vexed no end, Barenziah stared into the pale, set face, looking for some trace of the Septims she'd known in the past. She didn't know Uriel Septim well, having met him once when he was still a child, and then again at his coronation twenty years before. Twice, that was all. He'd been a stern and dignified presence at the ceremony, even as a young adult — yet not icily remote as this more mature man was. In fact, despite the physical resemblance, he didn't seem to be the same man at all. Not the same, yet something about him was familiar to her, more
Suddenly she felt very hot, as if lava had been poured over her. Illusion! She had studied the arts of illusion well since the Nightingale had deceived her so badly. She had learned to detect it — and she felt it now, as certainly as a blind man could feel the sun on his face. Illusion! But why? Her mind worked furiously even as her mouth went on reciting details about Mournhold's troubles. Vanity? Humans were oft as ashamed at the signs of ageing as Elves were proud to exhibit them. Yet the face Uriel Septim wore seemed consistent with his age.

Barenziah dared use none of her own magic. Even petty nobles had means of detecting magicka, if not actually shielding themselves from its effects, within their own halls. The use of sorcery here would bring down the Emperor's wrath as surely as drawing a dagger would.

Magic.

Illusion.

Suddenly she was brought to mind of the Nightingale. And then he was sitting before her. Then the vision changed, and it was Uriel Septim. He looked sad. Trapped. And then the vision faded once more, and another man sat in his place, like the Nightingale, and yet unlike. Pale skin, bloodshot eyes, Elven ears — and about him a fierce glow of concentrated malice, an aura of eldritch energy — a horrible, destructive shimmer. This man was capable of anything!

And then once again she was looking into the face of Uriel Septim.

How could she be sure she wasn't imagining things? Perhaps her mind was playing tricks on her. She felt a sudden vast weariness, as if she'd been carrying a heavy burden too long and too far. She decided to abandon her earnest narrative of Mournhold's ills — as it was quite plainly getting her nowhere — and switch back to pleasantry. Pleasantry, however, with a hidden agenda.

"Do you remember, Sire, Symmachus and I had dinner with your family shortly after your father's coronation? You were no older than tiny Morgiah here. We were greatly honored to be the only guests that evening — except for your best friend Justin, of course."

"Ah yes," the Emperor said, smiling cautiously. Very cautiously. "I do believe I recall that."

"You and Justin were such friends, Your Majesty. I was told he died not long after. A great pity."

"Indeed. I still do not like to speak of him." His eyes turned blank — or blanker, if it had been possible. "As for your request, Milady, we shall take it under advisement and let you know."

Barenziah bowed, as did the children. A nod from the Emperor dismissed them, and they backed away from the imperial presence.

She took a deep breath when they emerged from the throne room. "Justin" had been an imaginary
playmate, although young Uriel had insisted a place be set for Justin at every meal. Not only that, Justin, despite the boyish name, had been a girl! Symmachus had kept up the joke long after she had gone the way of imaginary childhood friends — inquiring after Justin's health whenever he and Uriel Septim met, and being responded to in as mock-serious a fashion. The last Barenziah had heard of Justin, several years ago, the Emperor had evidently joked elaborately to Symmachus that she had met an adventurous though incorrigible Khajiit youth, married him, and settled down in Lilandril to raise fire ferns and mugworts.

The man sitting on the Emperor's divan was not Uriel Septim! The Nightingale? Could it be...? Yes. Yes! A chord of recognition rang through her and Barenziah knew she was right. It was him. It was! The Nightingale! Masquerading as the Emperor! Symmachus had been wrong, so wrong...

What now? she wondered frantically. What had become of Uriel Septim — and more to the point, what did it mean for her and Symmachus, and all of Mournhold? Thinking back, Barenziah guessed that their troubles were due to this false Emperor, this Nightingale-spawned glamour — or whatever he really was. He must have taken Uriel Septim's place shortly before the unreasonable demands on Mournhold had begun. That would explain why relations had deteriorated for so long (as humans reckoned time), long after her disapproved liaison with Tiber Septim. The Nightingale knew of Symmachus' famed loyalty to, and knowledge of, the Septim House, and was effecting a pre-emptive strike. If that were the case, they were all in terrible danger. She and the children were in his power here in the Imperial City, and Symmachus was left alone to deal with troubles of the Nightingale's brewing in Mournhold.

What must she do? Barenziah impelled the children ahead of her, a hand on each shoulder, trying to stay cool, collected, her ladies-in-waiting and personal knights escort trailing behind. Finally they reached their waiting carriage. Even though their suite of rooms was only a few blocks from the Palace, royal dignity forbade travel on foot for even short distances — and for once, Barenziah was glad of it. The carriage seemed a kind of refuge now, false as she knew the feeling must be.

A boy dashed up to one of the guards and handed him a scroll, then pointed toward the carriage. The guard brought it to her. The boy waited, eyes wide and shining. The epistle was brief and complimentary, and simply inquired if King Eadwyre of Wayrest, of the Province of High Rock, might be granted an audience with the famed Queen Barenziah of Mournhold, as he had heard much of her and would be pleased to make her acquaintance.

Barenziah's first impulse was to refuse. She wanted only to leave this city! Certainly she had no inclination toward any dalliance with a dazzled human. She looked up, frowning, and one of the guards said, "Milady, the boy says his master awaits your reply yonder." She looked in the direction indicated and saw a handsome elderly man on horseback, surrounded by a half dozen courtiers and cavaliers. He caught her eye and bowed respectfully, taking off a plumed hat.

"Very well," Barenziah said to the boy on impulse. "Tell your master he may call on me tonight, after the dinner hour." King Eadwyre looked polite and grave, and rather worried — but not in the least lovesick. At least that was something, she thought pensively. Barenziah stood at the tower window, waiting. She could sense the familiar's nearness. But though
the night sky was clear as day to her eyes, she could not yet see him. Then suddenly he was there, a swift moving dot beneath the wispy night clouds. A few more minutes and the great nighthawk finished its descent, wings folding, talons reaching for her thick leather armband.

She carried the bird to its perch, where it waited, panting, as her impatient fingers felt for the message secured in a capsule on one leg. The hawk drank mightily from the water till when she had done, then ruffled its feathers and preened, secure in her presence. A tiny part of her consciousness shared its satisfaction at a job well done, mission accomplished, and rest earned ... yet beneath it all was unease. Things were not right, even to its humble avian mind.

Her fingers shook as she unfolded the thin parchment and pored over the cramped writing. Not Symmachus' bold hand! Barenziah sat slowly, fingers smoothing the document while she prepared her mind and body to accept disaster calmly, if disaster it would be.

Disaster it was.

The Imperial Guard had deserted Symmachus and joined the rebels. Symmachus was dead. The remaining loyal troops had suffered a decisive defeat. Symmachus was dead. The rebel leader had been recognized as King of Mournhold by Imperial envoys. Symmachus was dead. Barenziah and the children had been declared traitors to the Empire and a price set on their heads.

Smmmachus was dead.

So the audience with the Emperor earlier that morning had been nothing but a blind, a ruse. A charade. The Emperor must have already known. She was just being strung along, told to stay put, take things easy, Milady Queen, enjoy the Imperial City and the delights it has to offer, do make your stay as long as you want. Her stay? Her detention. Her captivity. And in all probability, her impending arrest. She had no delusions about her situation. She knew the Emperor and his minions would never let her leave the Imperial City, ever again. At least, not alive.

Smmmachus was dead.

"Milady?"

Barenziah jumped, startled by the servant's approach. "What is it?"

"The Breton is here, Milady. King Eadwyre," the woman added helpfully, noting Barenziah's incomprehension. She hesitated. "Is there news, Milady?" she said, nodding toward the nighthawk.

"Nothing that will not wait," Barenziah said quickly, and her voice seemed to echo in the emptiness that suddenly yawned like a gaping abyss inside her. "See to the bird." She stood up, smoothed her gown, and prepared to attend on her royal visitor.

She felt numb. Numb as the stone walls around her, numb as the quiescence of the night air... numb as a lifeless corpse.
Symmachus was dead!

***

King Eadwyre greeted her gravely and courteously, if a bit fulsomely. He claimed to be a fervent admirer of Symmachus, who figured prominently in his family's legends. Gradually he turned the conversation to her business with the Emperor. He inquired after details, and asked if the outcome had been favorable to Mournhold. Finding her noncommittal, he suddenly blurted out, "Milady Queen, you must believe me. The man who claims himself the Emperor is an impostor! I know it sounds mad, but I — "

"No," Barenziah said, with sudden decisiveness. "You are entirely correct, Milord King. I know."

Eadwyre relaxed into his seat for the first time, eyes suddenly shrewd. "You know? You're not just humoring someone you might think a madman?"

"I assure you, Milord, I am not." She took a deep breath. "And who do you surmise is dissembling as the Emperor?"

"The Imperial Battlemage, Jagar Tharn."

"Ah. Milord King, have you, perchance, heard of someone called the Nightingale?"

"Yes, Milady, as a matter of fact I have. My allies and I believe him to be one and the same man as the renegade Tharn."

"I knew it!" Barenziah stood up and tried to mask her upheaval. The Nightingale —— Jagar Tharn! Oh, but the man was a demon! Diabolical and insidious. And so very clever. He had contrived their downfall seamlessly, perfectly! Symmachus, my Symmachus...!

Eadwyre coughed diffidently. "Milady, I... we... we need your aid."

Barenziah smiled grimly at the irony. "I do believe I should be the one saying those words. But go on, please. Of what assistance might I be, Milord King?"

Quickly the monarch outlined a plot. The mage Ria Silmane, of late apprenticed to the vile Jagar Tharn, had been killed and declared a traitor by the false Emperor. Yet she had retained a bit of her powers and could still contact a few of those she had known well on the mortal plane. She had chosen a Champion who would undertake to find the Staff of Chaos, which had been hidden by the traitorous sorcerer in an unknown site. This Champion was to wield the Staff's power to destroy Jagar Tharn, who was otherwise invulnerable, and rescue the true Emperor being held prisoner in another dimension. However, the Champion, while thankfully still alive, now languished in the Imperial Dungeons. Tharn's attention must be diverted while the chosen one gained freedom with Ria's spirit's help. Barenziah had the false Emperor's ears —— and seemingly his eyes. Would she provide the necessary distraction?
"I suppose I could obtain another audience with him," Barenziah said carefully. "But would that be sufficient? I must tell you that my children and I have just recently been declared traitors to the Empire."

"In Mournhold, perhaps, Milady, and Morrowind. Things are different in the Imperial City and the Imperial Province. The same administrative morass that makes it near impossible to obtain an audience with the Emperor and his ministers also quite assures that you would never be unlawfully imprisoned or otherwise punished without benefit of due legal process. In your case, Milady, and your children's, the situation is further exacerbated by your royal rank. As Queen and heirs apparent, your persons are considered inviolable — sacrosanct, in fact." The King grinned. "The Imperial bureaucracy, Milady, is a double-edged claymore."

So. At least she and the children were safe for the time being. Then a thought struck her. "Milord King, what did you mean earlier when you said I had the false Emperor's eyes? And seemingly, at that?"

Eadwyre looked uncomfortable. "It was whispered among the servants that Jagar Tharn kept your likeness in a sort of shrine in his chambers."

"I see." Her thoughts wandered momentarily to that insane romance of hers with the Nightingale. She had been madly in love with him. Foolish woman. And the man she had once loved had caused to be killed the man she truly did love. Did love. Loved. He's gone now, he's... he... She still couldn't bring herself to accept the fact that Symmachus was dead. But even if he is, she told herself firmly, my love is alive, and remains. He would always be with her. As would the pain. The pain of living the rest of her life without him. The pain of trying to survive each day, each night, without his presence, his comfort, his love. The pain of knowing he would never see his children grow into a fine pair of adults, who would never know their father, how brave he was, how strong, how wonderful, how loving... especially little Morgiah.

And for that, for all that, for all you have done to my family, Nightingale — you must die.

"Does that surprise you?"

Eadwyre's words broke into her thoughts. "What? Does what surprise me?"

"Your likeness. In Tharn's room."

"Oh." Her features set imperturbably. "Yes. And no."

Eadwyre could see from her expression that she wished to change the subject. He turned once again to their plans. "Our chosen one may need a few days to escape, Milady. Can you gain him a bit more time?"

"You trust me in this, Milord King? Why?"

1090
"We are desperate, Milady. We have no choice. But even if we did — why, yes. Yes, I would trust you. I do trust you. Your husband has been good to my family over the years. The Lord Symmachus—"

"Is dead."

"What?"

Barenziah related the recent events quickly and coolly.

"Milady... Queen... but how dreadful! I... I'm so sorry..."

For the first time Barenziah's glacial poise was shaken. In the face of sympathy, she felt her outward calm start to crumble. She gathered her composure, and willed herself to stillness.

"Under the circumstances, Milady, we can hardly ask—"

"Nay, good Milord. Under the circumstances I must do what I may to avenge myself upon the murderer of my children's father." A single tear escaped the fortress of her eyes. She brushed it away impatiently. "In return I ask only that you protect my orphaned children as you may."

Eadwyre drew himself up. His eyes shone. "Willingly do I so pledge, most brave and noble Queen. The gods of our beloved land, indeed Tamriel itself, be my witnesses."

His words touched her absurdly, yet profoundly. "I thank you from my heart and my soul, good Milord King Eadwyre. You have mine and m−my children's e−everlasting g−gra −− grati −− "

She broke down.

***

She did not sleep that night, but sat in a chair beside her bed, hands folded in her lap, thinking deep and long into the waxing and waning of the darkness. She would not tell the children — not yet, not until she must.

She had no need to seek another audience with the Emperor. A summons arrived at first light.

She told the children she expected to be gone a few days, bade them give the servants no trouble, and kissed them good−bye. Morgiah whimpered a bit; she was bored and lonely in the Imperial City. Helseth looked dour but said nothing. He was very like his father. His father...

At the Imperial Palace, Barenziah was escorted not into the great audience hall but to a small parlour where the Emperor sat at a solitary breakfast. He nodded a greeting and waved his hand toward the window. "Magnificent view, isn't it?"
Barenziah stared out over the towers of the great city. It dawned on her that this was the very chamber where she'd first met Tiber Septim all those years ago. Centuries ago. Tiber Septim. Another man she had loved. Who else had she loved? Symmachus, Tiber Septim... and Straw. She remembered the big blond stable−boy with sudden and intense affection. She never realized it till now, but she had loved Straw. Only she had never let him know. She had been so young then, those had been carefree days, hallowed days... before everything, before all this... before... him. Not Symmachus. The Nightingale. She was shocked in spite of herself. The man could still affect her. Even now. Even after all that had happened. A strong wave of inchoate emotion swept over her.

When she turned back at last, Uriel Septim had vanished --- and the Nightingale sat in his place.

"You knew," he said quietly, scanning her face. "You knew. Instantly. I wanted to surprise you. You might at least have pretended."

Barenziah spread her arms, trying to pacify the maelstrom churning deep inside her. "I'm afraid my skill at pretence is no match for yours, my liege."

He sighed. "You're angry."

"Just a little, I must admit," she said icily. "I don't know about you, but I find betrayal a trifle offensive."

"How human of you."

She took a deep breath. "What do you want of me?"

"Now you are pretending." He stood up to face her directly. "You know what I want of you."

"You want to torment me. Go ahead. I'm in your power. But leave my children alone."

"No, no, no. I don't want that at all, Barenziah." He came near, speaking low in the old caressing voice that had sent shivers cascading through her body. The same voice that was doing the same thing to her, here and now. "Don't you see? This was the only way." His hands closed on her arms.

She felt her resolve fading, her disgust at him weakening. "You could have taken me with you." Unbidden tears gathered in her eyes.

He shook his head. "I didn't have the power. Ah, but now, now...! I have it all. Mine to have, mine to share, mine to give --- to you." He once more waved his hand toward the window and the city beyond. "All Tamriel is mine to lay at your feet --- and that is only the beginning."

"It's too late. Too late. You left me to him."

"He's dead. The peasant's dead. A scant few years --- what do they matter?"
"The children—"

"Can be adopted by me. And we'll have others together, Barenziah. Oh, and what children they'll be! What things we shall pass on to them! Your beauty, and my magic. I have powers you haven't even dreamt of, not in your most untamed imaginings!" He moved to kiss her.

She slipped his grasp and turned away. "I don't believe you."

"You do, you know. You're still angry, that's all." He smiled. But it didn't reach his eyes. "Tell me what you want, Barenziah. Barenziah my beloved. Tell me. It shall be yours."

Her whole life flashed in front of her. The past, the present, and the future still to come. Different times, different lives, different Barenziazhs. Which one was the real one? Which one was the real Barenziah? For by that choice she would determine the shape of her fate.

She made it. She knew. She knew who the real Barenziah was, and what she wanted.

"A walk in the garden, my liege," she said. "A song or two, perhaps."

The Nightingale laughed. "You want to be courted."

"And why not? You do it so well. It's been long, besides, since I've had the pleasure."

He smiled. "As you wish, Milady Queen Barenziah. Your wish is my command."

"Now, and forever."

***

And so they spent their days in courtship — walking, talking, singing and laughing together, while the Empire's business was left to subordinates.

"I'd like to see the Staff," Barenziah said idly one day. "I only had a glimpse of it, you'll recall."

He frowned. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure, heart's delight — but that would be impossible."

"You don't trust me," Barenziah pouted, but softened her lips when he leaned over for a kiss.

"Nonsense, love. Of course I do. But it isn't here." He chuckled. "In fact, it isn't anywhere." He kissed her again, more passionately this time.

"You're talking in riddles again. I want to see it. You couldn't have destroyed it."

"Ah. You've gained in wisdom since last we met."
"You inspired my hunger for knowledge somewhat." She stood up. "The Staff of Chaos can't be destroyed. And it can't be removed from Tamriel, not without the direst consequences to the land itself."

"Ahhh. You impress me, my love. All true. It is not destroyed, and it is not removed from Tamriel. And yet, as I said, it isn't anywhere. Can you solve the puzzle?" He pulled her to him and she leaned into his embrace. "Here's a greater riddle still," he whispered. "How does one make one of two? That I can, and will, show you." Their bodies merged, limbs tangled together.

Later, when they had drawn a bit apart and he lay dozing, she thought sleepily, "One of two, two of one, three of two, two of three... what cannot be destroyed or banished might be split apart, perhaps...

She stood up, eyes blazing. She started to smile.

***

The Nightingale kept a journal. He scribbled entries onto it every night after quick reports from underlings. It was locked in a bureau. But the lock was a simple one. She had, after all, been a member of the Thieves Guild in a past life... in another life... another Barenziah...

One morning Barenziah managed to sneak a quick look at it while he was occupied at his toilet. She discovered that the first piece of the Staff of Chaos was hidden in an ancient Dwarvish mine called Fang Lair — although its location was given only in the vaguest of terms. The diary was crammed with jotted events in an odd shorthand, and was very hard to decipher.

All Tamriel, she thought, in his hands and mine, and more perhaps — and yet...

For all his exterior charm there was a cold emptiness where his heart should have been, a vacuum of which he was quite unaware, she thought. One could glimpse it now and then, when his eyes would go blank and hard. And yet, though he had a different concept of it, he yearned for happiness too, and contentment. Peasant dreams, Barenziah thought, and Straw flashed before her eyes again, looking lost and sad. And then Therris, with a feline Khajiit smile. Tiber Septim, powerful and lonely. Symmachus, solid, stolid Symmachus, who did what ought to be done, quietly and efficiently. The Nightingale. The Nightingale, a riddle and a certainty, both the darkness and the light. The Nightingale, who would rule all, and more — and spread chaos in the name of order.

Barenziah got reluctant leave from him to visit her children, who had yet to be told of their father's death — and of the Emperor's offer of protection. She finally did, and it wasn't easy. Morgiah clung to her for what seemed an era, sobbing wretchedly, while Helseth ran off into the garden to be alone, afterward refusing all her attempts to speak to him on the subject of his father, or even to let her hold him to her breast.
Eadwyre called on her while she was there. She told him what she had discovered so far, explaining that she must remain awhile yet and learn more as she could.

The Nightingale teased her about her elderly admirer. He was quite aware of Eadwyre's suspicion — but he wasn't the least bit perturbed, for no one took the old fool seriously. Barenziah even managed to arrange a reconciliation of sorts between them. Eadwyre publicly recanted his misgivings, and his "old friend" the Emperor forgave him. He was afterward invited to dine with them at least once a week.

The children liked Eadwyre, even Helseth, who disapproved of his mother's liaison with the Emperor and consequently detested him. He had become surly and temperamental as the days passed, and frequently quarreled with both his mother and her lover. Eadwyre was not happy with the affair either, and the Nightingale took great delight at times in openly displaying his affection for Barenziah just to nettle the old man.

They could not marry, of course, for Uriel Septim was already married. At least, not yet. The Nightingale had exiled the Empress shortly after taking the Emperor's place, but had not dared harm her. She was given sanctuary by the Temple of the One. It had been given out that she was suffering from ill health, and rumors had been circulated by the Nightingale's agents that she had mental problems. The Emperor's children had likewise been dispatched to various prisons all across Tamriel disguised as "schools."

"She'll grow worse in time," Nightingale said carelessly, referring to the Empress and eyeing Barenziah's swollen breasts and swelling belly with satisfaction. "As for their children... Well, life is full of hazards, isn't it? We'll be married. Your child will be my true heir."

He did want the child. Barenziah was sure of that. She was far less sure, however, of his feelings for her. They argued continually now, often violently, usually about Helseth, whom he wanted to send away to school in Summurset Isle, the province farthest from the Imperial City. Barenziah made no effort to avoid these altercations. The Nightingale, after all, had no interest in a smooth, unruffled life; and besides, he thoroughly enjoyed making up afterward...

Occasionally Barenziah would take the children and retreat to their old apartment, declaring she wanted no more to do with him. But he would always come to fetch her back, and she would always let herself be fetched back. It was ineffable, like the rising and setting of Tamriel's twin moons.

***

She was six months pregnant before she finally deciphered the location of the last Staff piece — an easy one, since every Dark Elf knew where the Mount of Dagoth–Ur was.

When she next quarreled with the Nightingale, she simply left the city with Eadwyre and rode hard for High Rock, and Wayrest. The Nightingale was furious, but there was little he could do. His assassins were rather inept, and he dared not leave his seat of power to pursue them in person. Nor
could he openly declare war on Wayrest. He had no legitimate claim on her or her unborn child. True to form, the Imperial City's nobility had disapproved of his liaison with Barenziah — as they had so many years ago of Tiber Septim's — and were glad to see her go.

Wayrest was equally distrustful of her, but Eadwyre was fanatically loved by his prosperous little city-state, and allowances were readily made for his... eccentricities. Barenziah and Eadwyre were married a year after the birth of her son by the Nightingale. In spite of this unfortunate fact, Eadwyre doted on her and her children. She in her turn did not love him — but she was fond of him, and that was something. It was nice to have someone, and Wayrest was a very good place, a good place for children to grow up, while they waited, and bided their time, and prayed for the Champion's success in his mission.

Barenziah could only hope that he wouldn't take very long, whoever this unnamed Champion was. She was a Dark Elf, and she had all the time in the world. All the time. But no more love left to give, and no more hatred left to burn. She had nothing left, nothing but pain, and memories... and her children. She only wanted to raise her family, and provide them a good life, and be left to live out what remained of hers. She had no doubt it was going to be a long life yet. And during it she wanted peace, and quiet, and serenity, of her soul as well as of her heart. Peasant dreams. That was what she wanted. That was what the real Barenziah wanted. That was what the real Barenziah was. Peasant dreams.

Pleasant dreams.

---

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_RealBarenziah5
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.
The castle would hold. No matter the forces, the walls of Cascabel Hall would never fail, but that was small consolation for Menegur. He was hungry. In fact, he had never been so hungry. The well in the atrium of the fortress supplied him with enough water to hold there until the Fourth Era, but his stomach reminded Menegur minute to minute that he needed food.

The wagonload of supplies mocked him. When his army, the forces of the King of Solitude, had left Cascabel Hall, and he had manned the battlements as the rear-guard to protect their retreat, they had left a wagon behind to supply him with enough food for months. It was not until the night after they left that he inspected the larder and found that nothing edible was in the wagon. Trunk after trunk was filled with netch armor from the army's incursion into Morrowind. Apparently his Nord confederates had assumed that the lightly opaque material was hard tack in aspic. If the Dunmer whose caravan had been raided knew about this, they would never be able to stop laughing.

Menegur thought that his fellow mercenary and kinswoman Aerin would have found this amusing as well. She had spoken with great authority about netch leather, being an expert of sorts on light armor, but she had made a point to mention that it could not be eaten like other leather in occasions of hardship. It was a pity she couldn't be there to enjoy the irony, Menegur thought savagely. She had returned to Morrowind even before the king's army had left, preferring a life as a wanted fugitive to a free existence in the cold of Skyrim.

All the weeds in the courtyard had been devoured by the rear-guard's sixteenth day manning Cascabel Hall. The entire castle had been scoured: rotten tubers in the mulch pile found and consumed, a dusty bouquet in the countess's bedchamber eaten, almost every rat and insect but the most cunning infesting the castle walls had been tracked down and gobbled up. The castellan's chambers, filled with acrid, inedible law books, had yielded up a couple crumbs of bread. Menegur had even scraped moss from the stones. There was no denying it: he would be dead from starvation before his army returned to break the ranks of the enemies who surrounded the fortress.

""The worst part," said Menegur, who had taken to talking to himself on only the second day alone in the castle. "Is how close sustenance is."

A vast arbor of golden apples stretched acre after acre near the castle walls. The sunlight cast a seductive gleam on the fruit, and the cruel wind carried sweet smells into Cascabel to torture him.
Like most Bosmer, Menegur was an archer. He was a master of long and medium distance fighting, but in close quarters, as he would be if he dared to leave the castle and enter the enemy camp in the arbor, he knew he would not last long. At some point, he knew he would have to try, but he had been dreading the day. It was upon him now.

Menegur put on the netch armor for the first time, feeling the powdery, almost velvet texture of the rendered leather against his skin. There was also a barely perceptible throb, which he recognized as the remnant nematocysts of the netch's venomous flesh, still tingling months after its death with domesticated poison. The combination made him feel energized. Aerin had described the sensation perfectly, just as she had explained how to defend himself while wearing netch leather armor.

Under cover of night, Menegur crept out of the back gate of the castle, locking it behind him with a rather cumbersome key. He made for the arbor as quietly as he could, but a passing sentry, coming behind a tree, saw him. Remaining calm, Menegur did as he remembered Aerin had instructed, only moving after the attack had been launched. The sentry's blade glided against the armor and knocked to the left, throwing the young man off balance. That was the trick, as he understood it: you had to be prepared to be hit, and merely move with the blow, allowing the membranous armor to divert the injury away.

Use your enemy's momentum against him, as Aerin used to say.

There were several more close encounters in the arbor, but each swing of an ax and each thrust of a sword found purchase elsewhere. With handfuls of apples, Menegur ran the gauntlet back to the castle. He locked the back gate door behind him and fell into an orgy of eating.

For week after week, the Bosmer stole out to gather his food. The guards began anticipating his raids, but he kept his schedule irregular and always remembered when attacked to wait for the blow, accept it, and then turn. In such a way, he lived and survived his lonely vigil in Cascabel Hall.

Four months later, as he was preparing for another seizure of apples, Menegur heard a loud clamor at the front gate. Surveying the group from a safe distance on the battlements, he saw the shields of the King of Solitude, his ally the Count of Cascabel, and their enemy the King of Farrun. Evidently, a truce had been called.

Menegur opened the gates and the combined armies flooded the courtyard. Many of the knights of Farrun sought to shake the hand of the man they had named the Shadow of the Arbor, expressing their admiration at his defensive skills and apologizing good-naturedly for their attempts to slay him. Only doing their job, you know.

"There's hardly a apple left on the vines," said the King of Solitude.

"Well, I started on the edges and worked my way in," explained Menegur. "I brought back extra fruit to tempt the rats of out of walls so I could have a little meat as well."
"We've spent the last several months working out the details of the truce," said the King. "Really quite exhausting. In any rate, the Count will be taking back possession of his castle now, but there is a small detail we need to work out. You're a mercenary, and as such responsible for your own expenses. If you had been a subject of mine, things might be different, but there are certain old rules of law that must be respected."

Menegur anticipated the strike.

"The problem is," the King continued. "You've taken a good deal of the Count's crops while here. By any reasonable computation, you've eaten an amount equal to and likely exceeding your mercenary's wages. Obviously, I would not want to penalize you for the excellent job you've done defending the castle in uncomfortable circumstances, but you agree that it's important that we observe the old rules of law, don't you?"

"Of course," replied Menegur, accepting the blow.

"I'm delighted to hear that," said the King. "Our estimation is that you owe the Count of Cascabel thirty-seven Imperial gold."

"Which I will gladly pay to myself, with interest, after the autumn tide harvest," said Menegur. "There is more left on the vine than you suggest."

The Kings of Solitude and Farrun, and the Count of Cascabel stared at the Bosmer.

"We agreed to abide to the strictest old rules of law, and I've had time to read a great many books over the time you were making your truce. In 3E 246, during the reign of Uriel IV, the Imperial Council, in an attempt to clear up some questions of property rights in Skyrim during those chaotic days, decreed that any man without a liege who occupied a castle for more than three months would be granted the rights and titles of that estate. It's a good law, of course, meant to discourage absent and foreign landlords." Menegur smiled, feeling the now familiar sensation of a glancing strike diverting. "By the rule of law, I am the Count of Cascabel."

The rear-guard's son still hold the title of Count of Cascabel. And he grows the finest, most delectable apples in the Empire.
This handye booke doth containe alle diverse manner of riddles and follyes, and, by means of carefull studye, the prudente scholarlye gentlemane maye finde himselfe noe longer discomfited by the sharpe wite of his fellowes.

[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.]

The question:
It has a tail, a side and a head
I call it what I call a snake
It has no body and it is dead

The answer:
It must be a drake

The question:
Poets know the hearts of Men and Mer
But beasts can't know my heart, you see
This book was written by a bear

The answer:
It is not a book of poetry.

The question:
I gave you a sock, not unlike a box
With hammers and nails all around it
Two lids open when it knocks

The answer:
It must have been a great hit.
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_redbookofriddles
With the acclamations of the Fellows of the Imperial Society still ringing in my ears, I decided to return to Morrowind immediately. It was not without some regret that I bade farewell to the fleshpots of the Imperial City, but I knew that the wonders I had brought back from Raled–Makai had only scratched the surface of the Dwemer ruins in Morrowind. Even more spectacular treasures were out there, I felt, just waiting to be found, and I was eager to be off. I also had before me the salutary example of poor Bannerman, who was still dining out on his single expedition to Black Marsh twenty years ago. That would never be me, I vowed.

With my letter from the Empress in hand, this time I would have the full cooperation of the Imperial authorities. No more need to worry about attacks from superstitious locals. But where should I look next? The ruins at Kemel–Ze were the obvious choice. Unlike Raled–Makai, getting to the ruins would not be a problem. Also known as the "Cliff City", Kemel–Ze lies on the mainland side of the Vvardenfel Rift, sprawling down the sheer coastal cliff. Travelers from the east coast of Vvardenfel often visit the site by boat, and it can also be reached overland from the nearby villages without undue hardship.

Once my expedition had assembled in Seyda Neen, with the usual tedious complications involved in operating in this half–civilized land, we set out for the village of Marog near the ruins, where we hoped to hire a party of diggers. My interpreter, Tuen Panai, an unusually jolly fellow for a Dark Elf who I had hired in Seyda Neen at the recommendation of the local garrison commander, assured me that the local villagers would be very familiar with Kemel–Ze, having looted the site for generations. Incidentally, Ten Penny (as we soon came to call him, to his constant amusement) proved invaluable and I would recommend him without hesitation to any of my colleagues who were planning similar expeditions to the wilds of Morrowind.

At Marog, we ran into our first trouble. The hetman of the village, a reserved, elegant old fellow, seemed willing to cooperate, but the local priest (a representative of the absurd religion they have here, worshipping something called the Tribunal who they claim actually live in palaces in Morrowind) was fervently against us excavating the ruins. He looked likely to sway the villagers to his side with his talk of "religious taboos", but I waved the Empress's letter under his nose and mentioned something about my friend the garrison commander at Seyda Neen and he quieted right down. No doubt this was just a standard negotiating tactic arranged among the villagers to increase their pay. In any event, once the priest had stalked off muttering to himself, no doubt calling down curses upon the heads of the foreign devils, we soon had a line of villagers eager to sign on to the expedition.
While my assistant was working out the mundane details of contracts, supplies, etc., Master Arum and I rode on to the ruins. By land, they can only be reached using narrow paths that wind down the face of the cliff from above, where any misstep threatens to send one tumbling into the sea foaming about the jagged rocks below. The city's original entrance to the surface must have been in the part of the city to the northeast – the part that fell into the sea long ago when the eruption of Red Mountain created this mind-bogglingly vast crater. After successfully navigating the treacherous path, we found ourselves in a large chamber, open to the sky on one side, disappearing into the darkness on the other. As we stepped forward, our boots crunched on piles of broken metal, as common in Dwarven ruins as potsherds in other ancient sites. This was obviously where the looters brought their finds from deeper levels, stripping off the valuable outer casings of the Dwarven mechanisms and leaving their innards here – easier than lugging the intact mechanisms back up to the top of the cliff. I laughed to myself, thinking of the many warriors unwittingly walking around Tamriel with pieces of Dwarven mechanisms on their backs. For that, of course, is what most "Dwarven armor" really is – just the armored shells of ancient mechanical men. I sobered when I thought of how exceedingly valuable an intact mechanism would be. This place was obviously full of Dwarven devices, judging from the litter covering the floor of this vast chamber – or had been, I reminded myself. Looters had been working over this site for centuries. Just the casing alone would be worth a small fortune, sold as armor. Most Dwarven armor is made of mismatched pieces from various devices, hence its reputation for being bulky and unwieldy. But a matched set from an intact mechanism is worth more than its weight in gold, for the pieces all fit together smoothly and the wearer hardly notices the bulk. Of course, I had no intention of destroying my finds for armor, no matter how valuable. I would bring it back to the Society for scientific study. I imagined the astonished cries of my colleagues as I unveiled it at my next lecture, and smiled again.

I picked up a discarded gear from the piles at my feet. It still gleamed brightly, as if new-made, the Dwarven alloys resisting the corrosion of time. I wondered what secrets remained hidden in the maze of chambers that lay before me, defying the efforts of looters, waiting to gleam again in the light they had not seen in long eons. Waiting for me. It remained only to find them! With an impatient gesture to Master Arum to follow, I strode forward into the gloom.

Master Arum, Ten Penny and I spent several days exploring the ruins while my assistants set up camp at the top of the cliff and hauled supplies and equipment from the village. I was looking for a promising area to begin excavation -- a blocked passage or corridor untouched by looters that might lead to completely untouched areas of the ruins.

We found two such areas early on, but soon discovered that the many winding passages bypassed the blockage and gave access to the rooms behind. Nevertheless, even these outer areas, for the most part stripped clean of artifacts by generations of looters, were full of interest to the professional archaeologist. Behind a massive bronze door, burst from its hinges by some ancient turmoil of the earth, we discovered a large chamber filled with exquisite wall–carvings, which impressed even the jaded Ten Penny, who claimed to have explored every Dwarven ruin in Morrowind. They seemed to depict an ancient ritual of some kind, with a long line of classically–bearded Dwarven elders processing down the side walls, all seemingly bowing to the
giant form of a god carved into the front wall of the chamber, which was caught in the act of stepping forth from the crater of a mountain in a cloud of smoke or steam. According to Master Arum, there are no known depictions of Dwarven religious rituals, so this was an exciting find indeed. I set a team to work prying the carved panels from the wall, but they were unable to even crack the surface. On closer examination the chamber appeared to be faced with a metallic substance with the texture and feel of stone, impervious to any of our tools. I considered having Master Arum try his blasting magic on the walls, but decided that the risk of destroying the carvings was too great. Much as I would have preferred to bring them back to the Imperial City, I had to settle for taking rubbings of the carvings. If my colleagues in the Society showed enough interest, I was sure a specialist could be found, perhaps a master alchemist, who could find a way to safely remove the panels.

I found another curious room at the top of a long winding stair, barely passable due to the fall of rubble from the roof. At the top of the stair was a domed chamber with a large ruined mechanism at its center. Painted constellations were still visible in some places on the surface of the dome. Master Arum and I agreed that this must have been some kind of observatory, and the mechanism was therefore the remains of a Dwarven telescope. To remove it from ruins down the narrow stairway would require its complete disassembly (which fact no doubt had preserved it from the attention of looters), so I decided to leave it in place for the time being. The existence of this observatory suggested, however, that this room had once been above the surface. Closer examination of the structure revealed that this was indeed a building, not an excavated chamber. The only other doorways from the room were completely blocked, and careful measurements from the top of the cliff to the entry room and then to the observatory revealed that we were still more than 250 feet below the present ground level. A sobering reminder of the forgotten fury of Red Mountain.

This discovery led us to focus our attentions downward. Since we now knew approximately where the ancient surface lay, we could rule out many of the higher blocked passages. One wide passage, impressively flanked with carved pillars, particularly drew my interest. It ended in a massive rockfall, but we could see where looters had begun and then abandoned a tunnel through this debris. With my team of diggers and Master Arum's magery to assist, I believed we could succeed where our predecessors had failed. I therefore set my team of Dark Elves to work on clearing the passage, relieved finally to be beginning the real exploration of Kemel–Ze. Soon, I hoped, my boots would be stirring up dust that had lain undisturbed since the dawn of time.

With this exciting prospect before me, I may have driven my diggers a bit too hard. Ten Penny reported that they were beginning to grumble about the long days, and that some were talking of quitting. Knowing from experience that nothing puts heart back into these Dark Elves like a taste of the lash, I had the ringleaders whipped and the rest confined to the ruins until they had finished clearing the passageway. Thank Stendarr for my foresight in requisitioning a few legionnaires from Seyda Neen! They were sullen at first, but with the promise of an extra day's wages when they broke through, they soon set to work with a will. While these measures may sound harsh to my readers back in the comforts of civilization, let me assure you that there is no other way to get these people to stick to a task.
The blockage was much worse than I had first thought, and in the end it took almost two weeks to clear the passage. The diggers were as excited as I was when their picks finally broke through the far end into emptiness, and we shared a round of the local liquor together (a foul concoction, in truth) to show that all was forgiven. I could hardly restrain my eagerness as they enlarged the hole to allow entry into the chamber beyond. Would the passage lead to entire new levels of the ancient city, filled with artifacts left by the vanished Dwarves? Or would it be only a dead end, some side passage leading nowhere? My excitement grew as I slid through the hole and crouched for a moment in the darkness beyond. From the echoing sounds of the stones rattling beneath my feet, I was in a large room. Perhaps very large. I stood up carefully, and unhooded my lantern. As the light flooded the chamber, I looked around in astonishment. Here were wonders beyond even my wildest dreams!

As the light from my lamp filled the chamber beyond the rock fall, I looked around in astonishment. Everywhere was the warm glitter of Dwarven alloys. I had found an untouched section of the ancient city! My heart pounding with excitement, I looked around me. The room was vast, the roof soaring up into darkness beyond the reach of my lamp, the far end lost in shadows with only a tantalizing glimmer hinting at treasures not yet revealed. Along each wall stood rows of mechanical men, intact except for one oddity: their heads had been ritually removed and placed on the floor at their feet. This could mean only one thing --- I had discovered the tomb of a great Dwarven noble, maybe even a king! Burials of this type had been discovered before, most famously by Ransom's expedition to Hammerfell, but no completely intact tomb had ever been found. Until now.

But if this was truly a royal burial, where was the tomb? I stepped forward gingerly, the rows of headless bodies standing silently as they had for eons, their disembodied eyes seeming to watch me as I passed. I had heard wild tales of the Curse of the Dwarves, but had always laughed it off as superstition. But now, breathing the same air as the mysterious builders of this city, which had lain undisturbed since the cataclysm that spelled their doom, I felt a twinge of fear. There was some power here, I felt, something malevolent that resented my presence. I stopped for a moment and listened. All was silent.

Except... it seemed I heard a faint hiss, regular as breathing. I fought down a sudden surge of panic. I was unarmed, not thinking of danger in my haste to explore past the blocked passage. Sweat dripped down my face as I scanned the gloom for any movement. The room was warm, I suddenly noticed, much warmer than the rest of the labyrinth thus far. My excitement returned. Could I have found a section of the city still connected to a functioning steam grid? Pipes ran along the walls, as in all sections of the city. I walked over and placed my hand on one. It was hot, almost too hot to touch! Now I saw that in places where the ancient piping had corroded, small jets of steam were escaping --- the sound I had heard. I laughed at my own credulity.

I now advanced quickly to the far end of the room, giving a cheerful salute to the ranks of mechanical soldiers who had appeared so menacing only moments before. I smiled with triumph as the light swept back the darkness of centuries to reveal the giant effigy of a Dwarven king standing on a raised dais, his metal hand clutching his rod of office. This was the prize indeed! I circled the dais slowly, admiring the craftsmanship of the ancient Dwarves. The golden king stood
twenty feet tall under a freestanding domed cupola, his long upswept beard jutting forward proudly as his glittering metal eyes seemed to follow me. But my superstitious mood had passed, and I gazed benevolently on the old Dwarven king. My king, as I had already begun to think of him. I stepped onto the dais to get a better look at the sculpted armor. Suddenly the eyes of the figure opened and it raised a mailed fist to strike!

I leaped to one side as the golden arm came crashing down, striking sparks from the steps where I had stood a moment before. With a hiss of steam and the whir of gears, the giant figure stepped ponderously out from under its canopy and strode towards me with frightening speed, its eyes tracking me as I scrambled backwards. I dodged behind a pillar as the fist whistled down again. I had dropped my lantern in the confusion, and now I crept into the darkness outside the pool of light, hoping to slip between the headless mechanisms and thus escape back to the safety of the passageway. Where had the monster gone? You would think that a twenty-foot golden kind would be hard to miss, but he was nowhere to be seen. The guttering lamp only illuminated a small part of the room. He could be hiding anywhere in the gloom. I crawled faster. Without warning, the dim ranks of Dwarven soldiers in front of me went flying as the monstrous guardian loomed before me. He had cut off my escape! As I dodged backwards, blow after blow whistled down as the implacable machine followed me relentlessly, driving me into the far corner of the room. At last there was nowhere left for me to go. My back was to the wall. I glared up at my foe, determined to die on my feet. The huge fists lifted for one final blow.

The room blazed with sudden light. Bolts of purple energy crackled across the metal carapace of the Dwarven monster, and it halted, half-turning to meet this new threat. Master Arum had come! I was about to raise a cheer when the giant figure turned back to me, unharmed by the lightning bolt hurled by Master Arum, determined to destroy this first intruder. I shouted out "Steam! Steam!" as the giant raised his fist to crush me into the floor. There was a hiss and a gust of bitter cold and I looked up. The monster was now covered with a shell of ice, frozen in the very moment of dispatching me. Master Arum had understood. I leaned against the wall with relief.

The ice cracked above me. The giant golden king stood before me, the shell of ice falling away, his head swiveling towards me in triumph. Was there no stopping this Dwarven monstrosity?! But then the light faded from his eyes, and his arms dropped to his sides. The magical frost had worked, cooling its steam-driven energy.

As Master Arum and the diggers crowded around me, congratulating me on my narrow escape, my thoughts drifted. I imagined my return to the Imperial City, and I knew that this would be my greatest triumph yet. How could I possibly top this find? Perhaps it was time to move on. Recovering the fabled Eye of Argonia... now that would be a coup! I smiled to myself, reveling in the glory of the moment but already planning my next adventure.

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 20

1107
[577] The Ruins of Kemel–Ze

Teaches: –
ID: bk_tamrielcrelighons
The hamlet village of Lorikh was a quiet, peaceful Dwemer community nestled in the monochrome grey and tan dunes and boulders of the Dejasyte. No vegetation of any kind grew in Lorikh, though there were blackened vestiges of long dead trees scattered throughout the town. Kamdida arriving by caravan looked at her new home with despair. She was used to the forestland of the north where her father's family had hailed. Here there was no shade, little water, and a great open sky. It looked like a dead land.

Her mother's family took Kamdida and her younger brother Nevith in, and was very kind to the orphans, but she felt lonely in the alien village. It was not until she met an old Argonian woman who worked at the water factory that Kamdida found a friend. Her name was Sigerthe, and she said that her family had lived in Lorikh centuries before the Dwemer arrived, when it was a great and beauteous forest.

"Why did the trees die?" asked Kamdida.

"When there were Argonians only in this land, we never cut trees for we had no need for fuel or wooden structures such as you use. When the Dwemer came, we allowed them to use the plants as they needed them, provided they never touched the Hist, which are sacred to us and to the land. For many years, we lived peaceably. No one wanted for anything."

"What happened?"

"Some of your scientists discovered that distilling a certain tree sap, molding it and drying it, they could create a resilient kind of armor called resin," said Sigerthe. "Most of the trees that grew here had very thin ichor in their branches, but not the Hist. Many of them fairly glistened with sap, which made the Dwemer merchants greedy. They hired a woodsman named Juhnin to start clearing the sacred arbors for profit."

The old Argonian woman looked to the dusty ground and sighed, "Of course, we Argonians cried out against it. It was our home, and the Hist, once gone, would never return. The merchants reconsidered, but Juhnin took it on his own to break our spirit. He proved one terrible, bloody day that his prodigious skill with the axe could be used against people as well as trees. Any Argonian who stood in his way was hewn asunder, children as well. The Dwemer people of Lorikh closed their doors and their ears to the cries of murder."
"Horrible," gasped Kamdida.

"It is difficult to explain," said Sigerthe. "But the deaths of our living ones was not nearly as horrible to us as the death of our trees. You must understand that to my people, the Hist are where we come from and where we are going. To destroy our bodies is nothing; to destroy our trees is to annihilate us utterly. When Juhnin then turned his axe on the Hist, he killed the land. The water disappeared, the animals died, and all the other life that the trees nourished crumbled and dried to dust."

"But you are still here?" asked Kamdida. "Why didn't you leave?"

"For us, we are trapped. I am one of the last of a dying people. Few of us are strong enough to live away from our ancestral groves, and sometimes, even now, there is a perfume in the air of Lorikh that gives us life. It will not be long until we are all gone."

Kamdida felt tears welling up in her eyes. "Then I will be alone in this horrible place with no trees and no friends."

'We Argonians have an expression," said Sigerthe with a sad smile, taking Kamdida's hand. "That the best soil for a seed is found in your heart."

Kamdida looked into the palm of her hand and saw that Sigerthe had given her a small black pellet. It was a seed. "It looks dead."

"It can only grow in one place in all Lorikh," said the old Argonian. "Outside an old cottage in the hills outside town. I cannot go there, for the owner would kill me on sight and like all my people, I am too frail to defend myself now. But you can go there and plant the seed."

"What will happen?" asked Kamdida. "Will the Hist return?"

"No. But some part of their power will."

That night, Kamdida stole from her house and into the hills. She knew the cottage Sigerthe had spoken of. Her aunt and uncle had told her never to go there. As she approached it, the door opened and an old but powerfully built man appeared, a mighty axe slung over his shoulder.

"What are you doing here, child?" he demanded. "In the dark, I almost took you to be a lizard man."

"I've lost my way in the dark," she said quickly. "I'm trying to get back to my home in Lorikh."

"Be on your way then."

"Do you have a candle I might have?" she asked piteously. "I've been walking in circles and I'm afraid I'll only return back here without any light."
The old man grumbled and walked into his house. Quickly, Kamidia dug a hole in the dry dirt and buried the seed as deeply as she could. He returned with a lit candle.

"See to it you don't come back here," he growled. "Or I'll chop you in half."

He returned to his house and fire. The next morning when he awoke and opened the door, he found that his cottage was entirely sealed within an enormous tree. He picked up his axe and delivered blow and after blow to the wood, but he could never break through. He tried side chops, but the wood healed itself. He tried an upper chop followed by an under chop to form a wedge, but the wood sealed.

Much time went by before someone discovered old Juhnin's emaciated body lying in front of his open door, still holding his blunted, broken axe. It was a mystery to all what he had been chopping with it, but the legend began circulating through Lorikh that Hist sap was found on the blade.

Shortly thereafter, small desert flowers began pushing through the dry dirt in the town. Trees and plants newly sown began to live tolerably well, if not luxuriantly. The Hist did not return, but Kamidia and the people of Lorikh noticed that at a certain time around twilight, long, wide shadows of great, bygone trees would fill the streets and hills.

Publisher's Note:

"The Seed" is one of Marobar Sul's tales whose origins are well known. This tale originated from the Argonian slaves of southern Morrowind. "Marobar Sul" merely replaced the Dunmer with Dwemer and claimed he found it in a Dwemer ruin. Furthermore, he later claimed that the Argonian version of the tale was merely a retelling of his "original!"

Lorikh, while clearly not a Dwemer name, simply does not exist, and in fact "Lorikh" was a name commonly used, incorrectly, for Dunmer men in Gor Felim's plays. The Argonian version of the story usually take place on Vvardenfell, usually in the Telvanni city of Sadrith Mora. Of course the so-called "scholars" of Temple Zero will probably claim this story has something to do with "Lorkhan" simply because the town starts with the letter L.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 200
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Axe
ID: BookSkill_Axe3
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
[579] The Seven Curses

alike. That the seventh and final curse has begun suggests the threat presented is about to reach a crisis.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_thesevencurses
[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.

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a2_1_sevenvisions
The Song of Grandfather Frost

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 ha ha ho!

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 112
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alchemy
ID: sc_GrandfatherFrost
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 ha ha ho!

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 30
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Alchemy
ID: sc_unclesweetshare
"Sit quietly, Child, and listen, for the story I tell you is a story of the ages."

"But what is it, Grandfather? Is it a story of heroes and beasts?"

The Grandfather looked patiently at the Child. He was growing into a fine boy. Soon he would see the value in the stories, the lessons that were taught to each generation. "Just listen, Child. Let the story take root in your heart."

In a time before now, long before now, when the Skaal were new, there was peace in the Land. The sun was hot and the crops grew long, and the people were happy in the peace that the All-Maker provided. But, the Skaal grew complacent and lazy, and they took for granted the Lands and all the gifts the All-Maker had given them. They forgot, or chose not to remember, that the Adversary is always watching, and that he delights in tormenting the All-Maker and his chosen people. And so it was that the Adversary came to be among the Skaal.

The Adversary has many aspects. He appears in the unholy beasts and the incurable plague. At the End of Seasons, we will know him as Thartaag the World-Devourer. But in these ages he came to be known as the Greedy Man.

The Greedy Man (that is what we call him, for to speak his name would certainly bring ruin on the people) lived among the Skaal for many months. Perhaps he was once just a man, but when the Adversary entered into him, he became the Greedy Man, and that is how he is remembered.

It came to be one day that the powers of the Skaal left them. The strength left the arms of the warriors, and the shaman could no longer summon the beasts to their side. The elders thought that surely the All-Maker was displeased, and some suggested that the All-Maker had left them forever. It was then that the Greedy Man appeared to them and spoke.

"You of the Skaal have grown fat and lazy. I have stolen the gifts of your All-Maker. I have stolen the Oceans, so you will forever know thirst. I have stolen the Lands and the Trees and the Sun, so your crops will wither and die. I have stolen the Beasts, so you will go hungry. And I have stolen the Winds, so you will live without the Spirit of the All-Maker.

"And until one of you can reclaim these gifts, the Skaal will live in misery and despair. For I am the Greedy Man, and that is my nature."

And the Greedy Man disappeared.
The members of the Skaal spoke for many days and nights. They knew that one of them must retrieve the Gifts of the All-Maker, but they could not decide who it should be.

"I cannot go," said the Elder, "for I must stay to lead the Skaal, and tell our people what is the law."

"I cannot go," said the Warrior, "for I must protect the Skaal. My sword will be needed in case the Greedy Man reappears."

"I cannot go," said the Shaman, "for the people need my wisdom. I must read the portents and offer my knowledge."

It was then that a young man called Aevar lifted his voice. He was strong of arm, and fleet of foot, though he was not yet a warrior of the Skaal.

"I will go," said Aevar, and the Skaal laughed.

"Hear me out," the boy continued. "I am not yet a warrior, so my sword will not be needed. I cannot read the portents, so the people will not seek my counsel. And I am young, and not yet wise in the ways of the law. I will retrieve the Gifts of the All-Maker from the Greedy Man. If I cannot, I will not be missed."

The Skaal thought on this briefly, and decided to let Aevar go. He left the village the next morning to retrieve the Gifts.

Aevar first set out to retrieve the Gift of Water, so he traveled to the Water Stone. It was there the All-Maker first spoke to him.

"Travel west to the sea and follow the Swimmer to the Waters of Life."

So Aevar walked to the edge of the ocean, and there was the Swimmer, a Black Horker, sent from the All-Maker. The Swimmer dove into the waters and swam very far, and far again. Aevar was strong, though, and he swam hard. He followed the Swimmer to a cave, swimming deeper and deeper, his lungs burning and his limbs exhausted. At last, he found a pocket of air, and there, in the dark, he found the Waters of Life. Gathering his strength, he took the Waters and swam back to the shore.

Upon returning to the Water Stone, the All-Maker spoke. "You have returned the Gift of Water to the Skaal. The Oceans again will bear fruit, and their thirst will be quenched."

Aevar then traveled to the Earth Stone, and there the All-Maker spoke to him again.

"Enter the Cave of the Hidden Music, and hear the Song of the Earth."
So Aevar traveled north and east to the Cave of the Hidden Music. He found himself in a large cavern, where the rocks hung from the ceiling and grew from the ground itself. He listened there, and heard the Song of the Earth, but it was faint. Grabbing up his mace, he struck the rocks of the floor in time with the Song, and the Song grew louder, until it filled the cavern and his heart. Then he returned to the Earth Stone.

"The Gift of the Earth is with the Skaal again," said the All-Maker. "The Lands are rich again, and will bear life."

Aevar was tired, as the Sun burned him, the trees offered no shade, and there was no wind to cool him. Still, he traveled on to the Beast Rock, and the All-Maker spoke.

"Find the Good Beast and ease his suffering."

Aevar traveled through the woods of the Isinfier for many hours until he heard the cries of a bear from over a hill. As he crested a hill, he saw the bear, a Falmer's arrow piercing its neck. He checked the woods for the Falmer (for that is what they were, though some say they are not), and finding none, approached the bear. He spoke soothing words and came upon it slowly, saying, "Good Beast, I mean you no harm. The All-Maker has sent me to ease your suffering."

Hearing these words, the bear ceased his struggles, and laid his head at Aevar's feet. Aevar grasped the arrow and pulled it from the bear's neck. Using the little nature magic he knew, Aevar tended the wound, though it took the last bit of his strength. As the bear's wound closed, Aevar slept.

When he awoke, the bear stood over him, and the remains of a number of the Falmer were strewn about. He knew that the Good Beast had protected him during the night. He traveled back to Beast Rock, the bear by his side, and the All-Maker spoke to him again.

"You have returned the Gift of the Beasts. Once again, the Good Beasts will feed the Skaal when they are hungry, clothe them when they are cold, and protect them in times of need."

Aevar's strength had returned, so he traveled on to the Tree Stone, though the Good Beast did not follow him. When he arrived, the All-Father spoke to him.

"The First Trees are gone, and must be replanted. Find the seed and plant the First Tree."

Aevar traveled again through the Hirstaang Forest, searching for the seeds of the First Tree, but he could find none. Then he spoke to the Tree Spirits, the living trees. They told him that the seeds had been stolen by one of the Falmer (for they are the servants of the Adversary), and this Falmer was hiding them deep in the forest, so that none would ever find them.

Aevar traveled to the deepest part of the forest, and there he found the evil Falmer, surrounded by the Lesser Tree Spirits. Aevar could see that the Spirits were in his thrall, that he had used the magic of the Seeds and spoken their secret name. Aevar knew he could not stand against such a force, and that he must retrieve the seeds in secret.
Aevar reached into his pouch and drew out his flint. Gathering leaves, he started a small fire outside the clearing where the Falmer and the ensorcelled Spirits milled. All the Skaal know the Spirits' hatred of fires, for the fires ravage the trees they serve. At once, the Nature of the Spirits took hold, and they rushed to quell the flames. During the commotion, Aevar snuck behind the Falmer and snatched the pouch of Seeds, stealing away before the evil being knew they were gone.

When Aevar returned to the Tree Stone, he planted the tree in the ground, and the All−Maker spoke to him.

"The Gift of Trees is restored. Once again, the Trees and Plants will bloom and grow, and provide nourishment and shade."

Aevar was tired, for the Sun would only burn, and the Winds would not yet cool him, but he rested briefly in the shade of the Trees. His legs were weary and his eyes heavy, but he continued on, traveling to the Sun Stone. Again, the All−Maker spoke.

"The gentle warmth of the Sun is stolen, so now it only burns. Free the Sun from the Halls of Penumbra."

And so Aevar walked west, over the frozen lands until he reached the Halls of Penumbra. The air inside was thick and heavy, and he could see no farther than the end of his arm. Still, he felt his way along the walls, though he heard the shuffling of feet and knew that this place held the Unholy Beasts who would tear his flesh and eat his bones. For hours he crept along, until he saw a faint glow far at the end of the hall.

There, from behind a sheet of perfect ice, came a glow so bright he had to shut his eyes, lest they be forever blinded. He plucked the flaming eye from one of the Unholy Beasts and threw it at the ice with all his might. A small crack appeared in the ice, then grew larger. Slowly, the light crept out between the cracks, widening them, splitting the ice wall into pieces. With a deafening crack, the wall crumbled, and the light rushed over Aevar and through the Halls. He heard the shrieks of the Unholy Beasts as they were blinded and burned. He ran out of the Halls, following the light, and collapsed on the ground outside.

When he was able to rise again, the Sun again warmed him, and he was glad for that. He traveled back to the Sun Stone, where the All−Maker spoke to him.

"The Gift of the Sun is the Skaal's once again. It will warm them and give them light."

Aevar had one final Gift he had to recover, the Gift of the Winds, so he traveled to the Wind Stone, far on the western coast of the island. When he arrived, the All−Maker spoke to him, giving him his final task.

"Find the Greedy Man and release the Wind from its captivity."
So, Aevor wandered the land in search of the Greedy Man. He looked in the trees, but the Greedy Man did not hide there. Nor did he hide near the oceans, or the deep caves, and the beasts had not seen him in the dark forests. Finally, Aevor came to a crooked house, and he knew that here he would find the Greedy Man.

"Who are you," shouted the Greedy Man, "that you would come to my house?"

"I am Aevor of the Skaal," said Aevor. "I am not warrior, shaman, or elder. If I do not return, I will not be missed. But I have returned the Oceans and the Earth, the Trees, the Beasts, and the Sun, and I will return the Winds to my people, that we may feel the spirit of the All-Maker in our souls again."

And with that, he grabbed up the Greedy Man's bag and tore it open. The Winds rushed out with gale force, sweeping the Greedy Man up and carrying him off, far from the island. Aevor breathed in the Winds and was glad. He walked back to the Wind Stone, where the All-Maker spoke to him a final time.

"You have done well, Aevor. You, the least of the Skaal, have returned my gifts to them. The Greedy Man is gone for now, and should not trouble your people again in your lifetime. Your All-Maker is pleased. Go now, and live according to your Nature."

And Aevor started back to the Skaal village.

"And then what happened, Grandfather?"

"What do you mean, Child? He went home."

"No. When he returned to the village," the Child continued. "Was he made a warrior? Or taught the ways of the shaman? Did he lead the Skaal in battle?"

"I do not know. That is where the story ends," said the Grandfather.

"But that is not an ending! That is not how stories end!"

The old man laughed and got up from his chair.

"Is it not?"
Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_BM_Aevar

[583] The Story of Aevar Stone–Singer
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a2_1_thestranger
I.
I sing of Ellabeth, the Queen of the Axe,
Who could fell a full elm with two hatchet hacks.
She could rip apart Valenwood just for her fun.
She studied under Alfhedil in Tel Aruhn.
He taught her the jabs, the strokes, and the stance
To make an ax-swing into an elegant dance.
He taught her the barbed axes of the Orcs bold,
The six-foot-long axes favored in Winterhold,
The hollow-bladed axes of the Elves of the West,
Which whistle when they swing through flesh.
With a single-headed axe, she could behead two men.
With a double-headed axe, she could fell more than ten.
Yet where she lives in legend has most to do
With the man who hacked her own heart in two.

II.
Nienolas Ulwarth the Mighty, who hailed from Blackrose,
The only man who could best Ellabeth with ax blows,
In a minute, she chopped fifty trees; he, fifty-three.
She felt at once that he was the only man for she.
When she professed her love, Nienolas just laughed.
He said he loved more his ax handle and shaft.
And if they weren't enough to slake all his desire
There was another woman named Lorinthyrae.
Fury gripped the Queen of the Axe, the maid Ellabeth,
And her thoughts turned to pondering musings of death.
Mephala and Sheogorath gave her a revengeful scheme
And for weeks, she worked on it in a state like a dream.
In the still of the night, she kidnapped her rival
And then told her choices between doom and survival.

III.
Lorinthyrae awoke in a house in the moors
In a room lightly furnished except for three doors.
Ellabeth explained that behind one of the doors the lass
Would find Ellabeth's and her love, the great Nienolas.
Behind the second lived a ravenous demon.
And behind the third, an exit to freedom.
She must choose a door, and to aid her decision
If she pondered too long, the axe'd make a division.
Lorinthyrae wept, and Ellabeth felt contrite,
And opened the door to her immediate right.
It led to the moors, and as she slipped through the gloom,
She advised Lorinthyrae to likewise abandon the room.
Lorinthyrae ignored her and did not feel her will bend.
Nienolas was largely behind the first door she opened.

IV.

Ellabeth had lied; there was no demon of lore.
The top third of Nienolas was behind the third door.

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Axe
ID: BookSkill_Axe1
Orcs were born during the latter days of the Dawn Era. History has mislabeled them beastfolk, related to the goblin races, but the Orcs are actually the children of Trinimac, strongest of the Altmeri ancestor spirits. When Trinimac was eaten by the Daedroth Prince Boethiah, and transformed in that foul god's insides, the Orcs were transformed as well. The ancient name for the Orcs is 'Orsimer,' which means 'The Pariah Folk.' They now follow Malauch, the remains of Trinimac.

Who is Malauch?

He is more commonly know as the Daedroth Prince Malacath, 'whose sphere is the patronage of the spurned and ostracized, the sworn oath, and the bloody curse.' He is not technically a Daedra Lord, nor do the other Daedra recognize him as such, but this is fitting for his sphere. Of old he was Trinimac, the champion of the High Elven pantheon, in some places more popular than Auri–El, who protected them against enemies without and within. When Trinimac and his followers attempted to halt the Velothi dissident movement, Boethiah ate him. Trinimac's body and spirit were corrupted, and he emerged as Malacath. His followers were likewise changed for the worse. Despised by everyone, especially the inviolate Auri–El, they quickly fled to the northern wastes, near Saarthal. They fought Nords and Chimer for a place in the world, but did not get much. In Skyrim, Malacath is called Orkey, or Old Knocker, and his battles with Ysmir are legendary.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_truenatureoforcs
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.
[587] The True Noble's Code

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_truenoblescode
"...but take care, lest power enfeeble the fundaments, and curtail the flow through the Congeries, except when functions be warranted. And safeguard that the Congeries shall not be abused by prideful wizards, confident in their skill and blinded by their ambitions. In this, hold the ordering of the Congeries among the oldest and most trusted of mages, and make secure this ordering through arcane codes and keys to confound even the most clever students.

"The Restorals must be most carefully guarded, for how often have even the wise lusted to overreach their bodies and souls with vitality and mana. And also must the Magicka Fountains be damped and banked, sanctioning their engendering only to the reconsecration of essential arcane engines and templates, and then only by common assent of the Council."
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.
And the star sung far-flung tales
Wreathed in the silver of Yokuda fair,
Of a Warrior who, arrayed in hue sails
His charges through the serpent's snare

And the Lord of runes, so bored so soon,
Leaves the ship for an evening's dare,
Perchance to wake, the coiled snake,
To take its shirt of scales to wear

And the Lady East, who e'ery beast,
Asleep or a'prowl can rouse a scare,
Screams as her eye, alight in the sky
A worm no goodly sight can bear

And the mailed Steed, ajoins the deed
Not to be undone from his worthy share,
Rides the night, towards scale bright,
Leaving the seasoned Warrior's care

Then the serpent rose, and made stead to close,
The targets lay plain and there,
But the Warrior's blade the Snake unmade,
And the charges wander no more, they swear

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 325
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Conjuration
ID: bookskill_conjuration5
A hundred and twenty numbered ages in the void that fated folk had grown deep—schooled in evil. Then the Bright Gods resolved to punish those faithless spirits, and shatter the unruly caitiffs, those huge, unholy scathers, loathsome to the Light. They repented exceedingly that they had gazed upon Oblivion, and seen there the first of dark kin, and welcomed them as brothers and sisters.

The Principalities of Victory beheld how great was the wickedness of the wayward spirits, and saw that they were bold in sin and full of wiles. They resolved then to chasten the tribes of daedra, and smite darkkind with hammer and hand.

But ever shall Darkness contest the Light, and great were the Powers that breathed the void and laid waste upon one another, and no oath might bind them, so deep were they in envy and perfidy. For once the portals are opened, who shall shut them upon the rising tide?
In the wilds of most every province of Tamriel, descended philosophically if not directly from the original inhabitants of the land, are the Ayleids, commonly called the Wild Elves. While three races of Elven stock — the Altmer (or High Elves), the Bosmer (or Wood Elves), and the Dunmer (or Dark Elves) — have assimilated well into the new cultures of Tamriel, the Ayleids and their brethren have remained aloof toward our civilization, preferring to practice the old ways far from the eyes of the world.

The Wild Elves speak a variation of Old Cyrodilic, opting to shun Tamrielic and separating themselves from the mainstream of Tamriel even further than the least urbanized of their Elven cousins. In temperament they are dark-spirited and taciturn — though this is from the point of view of outsiders (or "Pellani" in their tongue), and doubtless they act differently within their own tribes.

Indeed, one of the finest sages of the University of Gwilym was a civilized Ayleid Elf, Tjurhane Fyrre (1E2790–2E227), whose published work on Wild Elves suggests a lively, vibrant culture. Fyrre is one of the very few Ayleids to speak freely on his people and religion, and he himself said "the nature of the Ayleid tribes is multihued, their personalities often wildly different from their neighbor[ing] tribes" (Fyrre, T., Nature of Ayleidic Poesy, p. 8, University of Gwilym Press, 2E12).

Like any alien culture, Wild Elves are often feared by the simple people of Tamriel. The Ayleids continue to be one of the greatest enigmas of the continent of Tamriel. They seldom appear in the pages of written history in any role, and then only as a strange sight a chronicler stumbles upon before they vanish into the wood. When probable fiction is filtered from common legend, we are left with almost nothing. The mysterious ways of the Ayleids have remained shrouded since before the First Era, and may well remain so for thousands of years to come.
From the pen of the first century third era sage Montocai:

3E 63:
In the autumntide of the year, Prince Pelagius, son of Prince Uriel, who is son of the Empress Kintyra, who is niece of the great Emperor Tiber Septim, came to the High Rock city–state of Camlorn to pay court to the daughter of King Vulstaed. Her name was Quintilla, the most beauteous princess in Tamriel, skilled at all the maidenly skills and an accomplished sorceress.

Eleven years a widower with a young son named Antiochus, Pelagius arrived at court to find that the city–state was being terrorized by a great demon werewolf. Instead of wooing, Pelagius and Quintilla together went out to save the kingdom. With his sword and her sorcery, the beast was slain and by the powers of mysticism, Quintilla chained the beast's soul to a gem. Pelagius had the gem made into a ring and married her.

But it was said that the soul of the wolf stayed with the couple until the birth of their first child.

3E 80
"The ambassador from Solitude has arrived, your majesty," whispered the steward Balvus.

"Right in the middle of dinner?" muttered the Emperor weakly. "Tell him to wait."

"No, father, it's important that you see him," said Pelagius, rising. "You can't make him wait and then give him bad news. It's undiplomatic."

"Don't go then, you're much better at diplomacy than I am. We should have all the family here," Emperor Uriel II added, suddenly aware how few people were present at his dinner table. "Where's your mother?"

"Sleeping with the archpriest of Kynareth," Pelagius would have said, but he was, as his father said, diplomatic. Instead he said, "At prayer."

"And your brother and sister?"
"Amiel is in Firsthold, meeting with the Archmagister of the Mages Guild. And Galana, though we won't be telling this to the ambassador, of course, is preparing for her wedding to the Duke of Narsis. Since the ambassador expects her to be marrying his patron the King of Solitude instead, we'll tell him that she's at the spa, having a cluster of pestilent boils removed. Tell him that, and he won't press too hard for the marriage, politically expedient though it may be," Pelagius smiled. "You know how queasy Nords are about warty women."

"But dash it, I feel like I should have some family around, so I don't look like some old fool despised by his nearest and dearest," growled the Emperor, correctly suspecting this to be the case. "What about your wife? Where's she and the grandchildren?"

"Quintilla's in the nursery with Cephorus and Magnus. Antiochus is probably whoring around the City. I don't know where Potema is, probably at her studies. I thought you didn't like children around."

"I do during meetings with ambassadors in damp staterooms," sighed the Emperor. "They lend an air of, I don't know, innocence and civility. Ah, show the blasted ambassador in," he said to Balvus.

Potema was bored. It was the rainy season in the Imperial Province, wintertide, and the streets and the gardens of the City were all flooded. She could not remember a time when it was not raining. Had it been only days, or had it been weeks or months since the sun shone? There was no judging of time any more in the constant flickering torch-light of the palace, and as Potema walked through marble and stone hallways, listening to the pelting of the rain, she could think nothing but that she was bored.

Asthephe, her tutor, would be looking for her now. Ordinarily, she did not mind studying. Rote memorization came easily to her. She quizzed herself as she walked down through the empty ballroom. When did Orsinium fall? 1E 980. Who wrote Tamrilean Tractates? Khosey. When was Tiber Septim born? 2E 288. Who is the current King of Daggerfall? Mortyn, son of Gothlyr. Who is the current Silvenar? Varbarenth, son of Varbaril. Who is the Warlord of Lilmoth? Trick question: it's a lady, Ioa.

What will I get if I'm a good girl, and don't get into any trouble, and my tutor says I'm an excellent student? Mother and father will renege on their promise to buy me a daedric katana of my own, saying they never remembered that promise, and it's far too expensive and dangerous for a girl my age.

There were voices coming from the Emperor's stateroom. Her father, her grandfather, and a man with a strange accent, a Nord. Potema moved a stone she had loosened behind a tapestry and listened in.

"Let us be frank, your imperial majesty," came the Nord's voice. "My sire, the King of Solitude, doesn't care if Princess Galana looked like an orc. He wants an alliance with the Imperial family,
and you agreed to give him Galana or give back the millions of gold he gave to you to quell the
Khajiiti rebellion in Torval. This was the agreement you swore to honor."

"I remember no such agreement," came her father's voice, "Can you, my liege?"

There was a mumbling noise that Potema took to be her grandfather, the ancient Emperor.

"Perhaps we should take a walk to the Hall of Records, my mind may be going," the Nord's voice
sounded sarcastic. "I distinctly remember your seal being placed on the agreement before it was
locked away. Of course, I may verily be mistaken."

"We will send a page to the Hall to get the document you refer to," replied her father's voice, with
the cruel, soothing quality he used whenever he was about to break a promise. Potema knew it
well. She replaced the loose stone and hurried out of the ballroom. She knew well how slowly the
pages walked, used to running errands for a doddering emperor. She could make it to the Hall of
Records in no time at all.

The massive ebony door was locked, of course, but she knew what to do. A year ago, she caught
her mother's Bosmer maid pilfering some jewelry, and in exchange for her silence, forced the
young woman to teach her how to pick locks. Potema pulled two pins off her red diamond broach
and slid the first into the first lock, holding her hand steady, and memorizing the pattern of
tumblers and grooves within the mechanism.

Each lock had a geography of its own.

The lock to the kitchen larder: six free tumblers, a frozen seventh, and a counter bolt. She had
broken into that just for fun, but if she had been a poisoner, the whole Imperial household would
be dead by now, she thought, smiling.

The lock to her brother Antiochus' secret stash of Khajiiti pornography: just two free tumblers and
a pathetic poisoned quill trap easily dismantled with pressure on the counterweight. That had been
a profitable score. It was strange that Antiochus, who seemed to have no shame, proved so easy to
blackmail. She was, after all, only twelve, and the differences between the perversions of the cat
people and the perversions of the Cyrodiils seemed pretty academic. Still, Antiochus had to give
her the diamond broach, which she treasured.

She had never been caught. Not when she broke into the archmage's study and stole his oldest
spellbook. Not when she broke into the guest room of the King of Gilane, and stole his crown the
morning before Magnus's official Welcoming ceremony. It had become too easy to torment her
family with these little crimes. But here was a document the Emperor wanted, for a very important
meeting. She would get it first.

But this, this was the hardest lock she ever opened. Over and over, she massaged the tumblers,
gently pushing aside the forked clamp that snatched at her pins, drumming the counterweights. It
nearly took her a half a minute to break through the door to the Hall of Records, where the Elder
Scrolls were housed.

The documents were well organized by year, province, and kingdom, and it took Potema only a short while to find the Promise of Marriage between Uriel Septim II, by the Grace of the Gods, Emperor of the Holy Cyrodiilic Empire of Tamriel and his daughter the Princess Galana, and His Majesty King Mantiarco of Solitude. She grabbed her prize and was out of the Hall with the door well-locked before the page was even in sight.

Back in the ball room, she loosened the stone and listened eagerly to the conversation within. For a few minutes, the three men, the Nord, the Emperor, and her father just spoke of the weather and some boring diplomatic details. Then there was the sound of footsteps and a young voice, the page.

"Your Imperial Majesty, I have searched the Hall of Records and cannot find the document you asked for."

"There, you see," came Potema's father's voice. "I told you it didn't exist."

"But I saw it!" The Nord's voice was furious. "I was there when my liege and the emperor signed it! I was there!"

"I hope you aren't doubting the word of my father, the sovereign Emperor of all Tamriel, not when there's now proof that you must have been ... mistaken," Pelagius's voice was low, dangerous.

"Of course not," said the Nord, conceding quickly. "But what will I tell my king? He is to have no connection with the Imperial family, and no gold returned to him, as the agreement — as he and I believed the agreement to be?"

"We don't want any bad feelings between the kingdom of Solitude and us," came the Emperor's voice, rather feeble, but clear enough. "What if we offered King Mantiarco our granddaughter instead?"

Potema felt the chill of the room descend on her.

"The Princess Potema? Is she not too young?" asked the Nord.

"She is thirteen years old," said her father. "That's old enough to wed."

"She would an ideal mate for your king," said the Emperor. "She is, admittedly, from what I see of her, very shy and innocent, but I'm certain she would quickly grasp the ways of court — she is, after all, a Septim. I think she would be an excellent Queen of Solitude. Not too exciting, but noble."

"The granddaughter of the Emperor is not as close as his daughter," said the Nord, rather miserably. "But I don't see how we can refuse the offer. I will send word to my king."
"You have our leave," said the Emperor, and Potema heard the sound of the Nord leaving the stateroom.

Tears streamed down Potema's eyes. She knew who the King of Solitude was from her studies. Mantiarco. Sixty–two years old, and quite fat. And she knew how far Solitude was, and how cold, in the northernmost clime. Her father and grandfather were abandoning her to the barbaric Nords. The voices in the room continued talking.


"My Prince?" asked the page's querulous voice.

"The agreement between the Emperor and the King of Solitude, you fool. We don't want its existence known."

"My Prince, I told the truth. I couldn't find the document in the Hall of Records. It seems to be missing."

"By Lorkhan!" roared her father. "Why is everything in this palace always misplaced? Go back to the Hall and keep searching until you find it!"

Potema looked at the document. Millions of gold pieces promised to the kingdom of Solitude in the event of Princess Galana not marrying the king. She could bring it into her father, and perhaps as a reward he would not marry her to Mantiarco. Or perhaps not. She could blackmail her father and the Emperor with it, and make a tidy sum of money. Or she could produce it when she became Queen of Solitude to fill her coffers, and buy anything she wanted. More than a daedric katana, that was for certain.

So many possibilities, Potema thought. And she found herself not bored anymore.
From the pen of the first century third era sage Montocai:

3E 82:
A year after the wedding of his 14−year−old granddaughter the Princess Potema to King Mantiarco of the Nordic kingdom of Solitude, the Emperor Uriel Septim II passed on. His son Pelagius Septim II was made emperor, and he faced a greatly depleted treasury, thanks to his father's poor management.

As the new Queen of Solitude, Potema faced opposition from the old Nordic houses, who viewed her as an outsider. Mantiarco had been widowed, and his former queen was loved. She had left him a son, Prince Bathorgh, who was two years older than his stepmother, and loved her not. But the king loved his queen, and suffered with her through miscarriage after miscarriage, until her 29th year, when she bore him a son.

3E 97
"You must do something to help the pain!" Potema cried, baring her teeth. The healer Kelmeth immediately thought of a she−wolf in labor, but he put the image from his mind. Her enemies called her the Wolf Queen for certes, but not because of any physical resemblance.

"Your Majesty, there is no injury for me to heal. The pain you feel is natural and helpful for the birth," he was going to add more words of consolation, but he had to break off to duck the mirror she flung at him.

"I'm not a pignosed peasant girl!" She snarled, "I am the Queen of Solitude, daughter of the Emperor! Summon the daedra! I'll trade the soul of every last subject of mine for a little comfort!"

"My Lady," said the healer nervously, drawing the curtains and blotting out the cold morning sun. "It is not wise to make such offers even in jest. The eyes of Oblivion are forever watching for just such a rash interjection."

"What would you know of Oblivion, healer?" she growled, but her voice was calmer, quieter. The pain had relaxed. "Would you fetch me that mirror I hurled at you?"

"Are you going to throw it again, your Majesty?" said the healer with a taut smile, obeying her.
"Very likely," she said, looking at her reflection. "And next time I won't miss. But I do look a fright. Is Lord Vhokken still waiting for me in the hall?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Well, tell him I just need to fix my hair and I'll be with him. And leave us. I'll howl for you when the pain returns."

"Yes, your Majesty."

A few minutes later, Lord Vhokken was shown into the chamber. He was an enormous bald man whose friends and enemies called Mount Vhokken, and when he spoke it was with the low grumble of thunder. The Queen was one of the very few people Vhokken knew who was not the least bit intimidated by him, and he offered her a smile.

"My queen, how are you feeling?" he asked.

"Damned. But you're looking like Springtide has come to Mount Vhokken. I take it from your merry disposition that you've been made warchief."

"Only temporarily, while your husband the King investigates whether there is evidence behind the rumors of treason on the part of my predecessor Lord Thone."

"If you've planted it as I've instructed, he'll find it," Potema smiled, propping herself up in the bed. "Tell me, is Prince Bathorgh still in the city?"

"What a question, your highness," laughed the mountain. "It's the Tournament of Stamina today, you know the prince would never miss that. The fellow invents new strategies of self−defense every year to show off during the games. Don't you recall last year, where he entered the ring unarmored and after twenty minutes of fending off six bladesmen, left the games without a scratch? He dedicated that bout to his late mother, Queen Amodetha."

"Yes, I recall."

"He's no friend to me or you, your highness, but you must give the man his due respect. He moves like lightning. You wouldn't think it of him, but he always seems to use his awkwardness to his advantage, to throw his opponents off. Some say he learned the style from the orcs to the south. They say he learned from them how to anticipate a foe's attack by some sort of supernatural power."

"There's nothing supernatural about it," said the Queen, quietly. "He gets it from his father."

"Mantiarco never moved like that," Vhokken chuckled.

"I never said he did," said Potema. Her eyes closed and her teeth gritted together. "The pain's
returning. You must fetch the healer, but first, I must ask you one other thing —- has the new summer palace construction begun?"

"I think so, your Highness."

"Do not think!" she cried, gripping the sheets, biting her lips so a stream of blood dripped down her chin. "Do! Make certain that the construction begins at once, today! Your future, my future, and the future of this child depend on it! Go!"

Four hours later, King Mantiarco entered the room to see his son. His queen smiled weakly as he gave her a kiss on the forehead. When she handed him the child, a tear ran down his face. Another one quickly followed, and then another.

"My Lord," she said fondly. "I know you're sentimental, but really!"

"It's not only the child, though he is beautiful, with all the fair features of his mother," Mantiarco turned to his wife, sadly, his aged features twisted in agony. "My dear wife, there is trouble at the palace. In truth, this birth is the only thing that keeps this day from being the darkest in my reign."

"What is it? Something at the tournament?" Potema pulled herself up in bed. "Something with Bathorgh?"

"No, it's isn't the tournament, but it does relate to Bathorgh. I shouldn't worry you at a time like this. You need your rest."

"My husband, tell me!"

"I wanted to surprise you with a gift after the birth of our child, so I had the old summer palace completely renovated. It's a beautiful place, or at least it was. I thought you might like it. Truth to tell, it was Lord Vhokken idea. It used to be Amodetha's favorite place." Bitterness crept into the king's voice. "Now I've learned why."

"What have you learned?" asked Potema quietly.

"Amodetha deceived me there, with my trusted warchief, Lord Thone. There were letters between them, the most perverse things you've ever read. And that's not the worst of it."

"No?"

"The dates on the letters correspond with the time of Bathorgh's birth. The boy I raised and loved as a son," Mantiarco's voice choked up with emotion. "He was Thone's child, not mine."

"My darling," said Potema, almost feeling sorry for the old man. She wrapped her arms around his neck, as he heaved his sobs down on her and their child.
"Henceforth," he said quietly. "Bathorgh is no longer my heir. He will be banished from the kingdom. This child you have borne me today will grow to rule Solitude."

"And perhaps more," said Potema. "He is the Emperor's grandson as well."

"We will name him Mantiarco the Second."

"My darling, I would love that," said Potema, kissing the king's tear-streaked face. "But may I suggest Uriel, after my grandfather the Emperor, who brought us together in marriage?"

King Mantiarco smiled at his wife and nodded his head. There was a knock at the door.

"My liege," said Mount Vhokken. "His highness Prince Bathorgh has finished the tournament and awaits you to present his award. He has successfully withstood attacks by nine archers and the giant scorpion we brought in from Hammerfell. The crowd is roaring his name. They are calling him The Man Who Cannot Be Hit."

"I will see him," said King Mantiarco sadly, and left the chamber.

"Oh he can be hit, all right," said Potema wearily. "But it does take some doing."

---

**Book**
- **Weight:** 3.00
- **Value:** 250
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** Hand-to-hand
- **ID:** bookskill_hand to hand2
From the pen of the first century third era sage Montocai:

3E 98
The Emperor Pelagius Septim II died a few weeks before the end of the year, on the 15th of Evening Star during the festival of North Wind's Prayer, which was considered a bad omen for the Empire. He had ruled over a difficult seventeen years. In order to fill the bankrupt treasury, Pelagius had dismissed the Elder Council, forcing them to buy back their positions. Several good but poor councilors had been lost. Many say the Emperor had died as a result of being poisoned by a vengeful former Council member.

His children came to attend his funeral and the coronation of the next Emperor. His youngest son Prince Magnus, 19 years of age, arrived from Almalexia, where he had been a councilor to the royal court. 21−year−old Prince Cephorus arrived from Gilane with his Redguard bride, Queen Bianki. Prince Antiochus at 43 years of age, the eldest child and heir presumptive, had been with his father in the Imperial City. The last to appear was his only daughter, Potema, the so−called Wolf Queen of Solitude. Thirty years old and radiantly beautiful, she arrived with a magnificent entourage, accompanied by her husband, the elderly King Mantiarco and her year−old son, Uriel.

All expected Antiochus to assume the throne of the Empire, but no one knew what to expect from the Wolf Queen.

3E 99
"Lord Vhokken has been bringing several men to your sister's chambers late at night every night this week," offered the Spymaster. "Perhaps if her husband were made aware —"

"My sister is a devotee of the conqueror gods Reman and Talos, not the love goddess Dibella. She is plotting with those men, not having orgies with them. I'd wager I've slept with more men than she has," laughed Antiochus, and then grew serious. "She's behind the delay of the council offering me the crown, I know it. Six weeks now. They say they need to update records and prepare for the coronation. I'm the Emperor! Crown me, and to Oblivion with the formalities!"

"Your sister is surely no friend of yours, your majesty, but there are other factors at play. Do not forget how your father treated the Council. It is they who need following, and if need be, strong convincing," The Spymaster added, with a suggestive stab of his dagger.
"Do so, but keep your eye on the damnable Wolf Queen as well. You know where to find me."

"At which brothel, your highness?" inquired the Spymaster.

"Today being Fredas, I'll be at the Cat and Goblin."

The Spymaster noted in his report that night that Queen Potema had no visitors, for she was dining across the Imperial Garden at the Blue Palace with her mother, the Dowager Empress Quintilla. It was a warm night for wintertide and surprisingly cloudless though the day had been stormy. The saturated ground could not take any more, so the formal, structured gardens looked as if they had been glazed with water. The two women took their wine to the wide balcony to look over the grounds.

"I believe you are trying to sabotage your half-brother's coronation," said Quintilla, not looking at her daughter. Potema saw how the years had not so much wrinkled her mother as faded her, like the sun on a stone.

"It's not true," said Potema. "But would it bother you very much if it were true?"

"Antiochus is not my son. He was eleven years old when I married your father, and we've never been close. I think that being heir presumptive has stunted his growth. He is old enough to have a family with grown children, and yet he spends all his time at debauchery and fornication. He will not make a very good Emperor," Quintilla sighed and then turned to Potema. "But it is bad for the family for seeds of discontent to be sown. It is easy to divide up into factions, but very difficult to unite again. I fear for the future of the Empire."

"Those sound like the words — are you, by any chance, dying, mother?"

"I've read the omens," said Quintilla with a faint, ironic smile. "Don't forget — I was a renowned sorceress in Camlorn. I will dead in a few months time, and then, not a year later, your husband will die. I only regret that I will not live to see your child Uriel assume the throne of Solitude."

"Have you seen whether — Potema stopped, not wanting to reveal too many of her plans, even to a dying woman.

"Whether he will be Emperor? Aye, I know the answer to that too, daughter. Don't fear: you'll live to see the answer, one way or the other. I have a gift for him when he is of age," The Dowager Empress removed a necklace with a single great yellow gem from around her neck. "It's a soul gem, infused with the spirit of a great werewolf your father and I defeated in battle thirty-six years ago. I've enchanted it with spells from the School of Illusion so its wearer may charm whoever he chooses. An important skill for a king."

"And an emperor," said Potema, taking the necklace. "Thank you, mother."

An hour later, passing the black branches of the sculpted douad shrubs, Potema noticed a dark
figure, which vanished into the shadows under the eaves at her approach. She had noticed people following her before: it was one of the hazards of life in the Imperial court. But this man was too close to her chambers. She slipped the necklace around her neck.

"Come out where I can see you," she commanded.

The man emerged from the shadows. A dark little fellow of middle-age dressed in black-dyed goatskin. His eyes were fixed, frozen, under her spell.

"Who do you work for?"

"Prince Antiochus is my master," he said in a dead voice. "I am his spy."

A plan formed. "Is the Prince in his study?"

"No, milady."

"And you have access?"

"Yes, milady."

Potema smiled widely. She had him. "Lead the way."

The next morning, the storm reappeared in all its fury. The pelting on the walls and ceiling was agony to Antiochus, who was discovering that he no longer had his youthful immunity to a late night of hard drinking. He shoved hard against the Argonian wench sharing his bed.

"Make yourself useful and close the window," he moaned.

No sooner had the window been bolted then there was a knock at the door. It was the Spymaster. He smiled at the Prince and handed him a sheet of paper.

"What is this?" said Antiochus, squinting his eyes. "I must still be drunk. It looks like orcish."

"I think you will find it useful, your majesty. Your sister is here to see you."

Antiochus considered getting dressed or sending his bedmate out, but thought better of it. "Show her in. Let her be scandalized."

If Potema was scandalized, she did not show it. Swathed in orange and silver silk, she entered the room with a triumphant smile, followed by the man−mountain Lord Vhokken.

"Dear brother, I spoke to my mother last night, and she advised me very wisely. She said I should not battle with you in public, for the good of our family and the Empire. Therefore," she said, producing from the folds of her robe a piece of paper. "I am offering you a choice."
"A choice?" said Antiochus, returning her smile. "That does sound friendly."

"Abdicate your rights to the Imperial throne voluntarily, and there is no need for me to show the Council this," Potema said, handing her brother the letter. "It is a letter with your seal on it, saying that you knew that your father was not Pelagius Septim II, but the royal steward Fondoukth. Now, before you deny writing the letter, you cannot deny the rumors, nor that the Imperial Council will believe that your father, the old fool, was quite capable of being cuckolded. Whether it's true or not, or whether the letter is a forgery or not, the scandal of it would ruin your chances of being the Emperor."

Antiochus's face had gone white with fury.

"Don't fear, brother," said Potema, taking back the letter from his shaking hands. "I will see to it that you have a very comfortable life, and all the whores your heart, or any other organ, desires."

Suddenly Antiochus laughed. He looked over at his Spymaster and winked. "I remember when you broke into my stash of Khajiiti erotica and blackmailed me. That was close to twenty years ago. We've got better locks now, you must have noticed. It must have killed you that you couldn't use your own skills to get what you wanted."

Potema merely smiled. It didn't matter. She had him.

"You must have charmed my servant here into getting you into my study to use my seal," Antiochus smirked. "A spell, perhaps, from your mother, the witch?"

Potema continued to smile. Her brother was cleverer than she thought.

"Did you know that Charm spells, even powerful ones, only last so long? Of course, you didn't. You never were one for magic. Let me tell you, a generous salary is a stronger motivation for keeping a servant in the long run, sister," Antiochus took out his own sheet of paper. "Now I have a choice for you."

"What is that?" said Potema, her smile faltering.

"It looks like nonsense, but if you know what you're looking for, it's very clear. It's a practice sheet — your handwriting attempting to look like my handwriting. It's a good gift you have. I wonder if you haven't done this before, imitating another person's handwriting. I understand a letter was found from your husband's dead wife saying that his first son was a bastard. I wonder if you wrote that letter. I wonder if I showed this evidence of your gift to your husband whether he would believe you wrote that letter. In the future, dear Wolf Queen, don't lay the same trap twice."

Potema shook her head, furious, unable to speak.

"Give me your forgery and go take a walk in the rain. And then, later today, unhatch whatever
other plots you have to keep me from the throne." Antiochus fixed his eyes on Potema's. "I will be Emperor, Wolf Queen. Now go."

Potema handed her brother the letter and left the room. For a few moments, out in the hallway, she said nothing. She merely glared at the slivers of rainwater dripping down the marble wall from a tiny, unseen crack.

"Yes, you will, brother," she said. "But not for very long."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Illusion
ID: bookskill_illusion1
Ten years after being crowned Emperor of Tamriel, Antiochus Septim had impressed his subjects with little but the enormity of his lust for carnal pleasures. By his second wife, Gysilla, he had a daughter in the year 104, who he named Kintyra, after his great-great-great grandaunt, the Empress. Enormously fat and marked by every venereal disease known to the Healers, Antiochus spent little time on politics. His siblings, by marked contrast, excelled in this field. Magnus had married Hellena, the Cyrodiil Queen of Lilmoth — the Argonian priest-king having been executed — and was representing the Imperial interests in Black Marsh admirably. Cephorus and his wife Bianki were ruling the Hammerfell kingdom of Gilane with a healthy brood of children. But no one was more politically active than Potema, the Wolf-Queen of the Skyrim kingdom of Solitude.

Nine years after the death of her husband, King Mantiarco, Potema still ruled as regent for her young son, Uriel. Their court had become very fashionable, particularly for rulers who had a grudge to bear against the Emperor. All the kings of Skyrim visited Castle Solitude regularly, and over the years, emissaries from the lands of Morrowind and High Rock did as well. Some guests came from even farther away.

Potema stood at the harbor and watched the boat from Pyandonea arrive. Against the gray, breaking waves where she had seen so many vessels of Tamrielic manufacture, it looked less than exotic. Insectoid, certainly, with its membranous sails and rugged chitin hull, but she had seen similar if not identical seacraft in Morrowind. No, if not for the flag which was markedly alien, she would not have picked out the ship from others in the harbor. As the salty mist ballooned around her, she held out her hand in welcome to the visitors from another island empire.

The men aboard were not merely pale, they were entirely colorless, as if their flesh were made of some white limpid jelly, but she had been forewarned. At the arrival of the King and his translator, she looked directly into their blank eyes and offered her hand. The King made noises.

"His Great Majesty, King Orgnum," said the translator, haltingly. "Expresses his delight at your beauty. He thanks you for giving him refuge from these dangerous seas."
"You speak Cyrodilic very well," said Potema.

"I am fluent in the languages of four continents," said the translator. "I can speak to the denizens of my own country Pyandonea, as well as those of Atmora, Akavir, and here, in Tamriel. Yours is the easiest, actually. I was looking forward to this voyage."

"Please tell his highness that he is welcome here, and that I am entirely at his disposal," said Potema, smiling. Then she added, "You understand the context? That I am just being polite?"

"Of course," said the translator, and then made several noises at the King, which the King reacted to with a smile. While they conversed, Potema looked up the dock and saw the now familiar gray cloaks watching her while they spoke with Levlet, Antiochus's man. The Psijic Order from the Summerset Isle. Very bothersome.

"My diplomatic emissary Lord Vhokken will show you to your rooms," said Potema. "Unfortunately, I have some other guests as well who require my attention. I hope your great majesty understands."

His Great Majesty King Orgnum did understand, and Potema made arrangements to dine with the Pyandoneans that evening. Meeting with the Psijic Order required all of her concentration. She dressed in her simplest black and gold robe and went to her stateroom to prepare. Her son, Uriel, was on the throne, playing with his pet joughat.

"Good morning, mom."

"Good morning, darling," said Potema, lifting her son in the air with feigned stain. "Talos, but you're heavy. I don't think I've ever carried such a heavy ten–year–old."

"That's probably because I'm eleven," said Uriel, perfectly aware of his mother's tricks. "And you're going to say that as an eleven–year–old, I should probably be with my tutor."

"I was fanatical about studying at your age," said Potema.

"I am king," said Uriel petulantly.

"But don't be satisfied with that," said Potema. "By all rights, you should be emperor already, you understand that, don't you?"

Uriel nodded his head. Potema took a moment to marvel at his likeness to the portraits of Tiber Septim. The same ruthless brow and powerful chin. When he was older and lost his baby fat, he'd be a splitting image of his great great great great granduncle. Behind her, she heard the door opening and an usher bringing in several gray cloaks. She stiffened slightly, and Uriel, on cue, jumped down from the throne and left the stateroom, pausing to greet the most important of the Psijics.
"Good Morning, Master Iachesis," he said, enunciating each syllable with a regal accent that made Potema's heart soar. "I hope your accommodations at Castle Solitude meet with your approval."

"They do, King Uriel, thank you," said Iachesis, delighted and charmed.

Iachesis and his Psijics entered the chamber and the door was shut behind them. Potema sat only for a moment on the throne before stepping off the dais and greeting her guests.

"I am so sorry to have kept you waiting," said Potema. "To think that you sailed all the way from the Summerset Isles and I should keep you waiting any longer. You must forgive me."

"It's not all that long a voyage," said one of the gray cloaks, angrily. "It isn't as if we sailed all the way from Pyandonea."

"Ah. You've seen my most recent guests, King Orgnum and his retinue," said Potema breezily. "I suppose you think it unusual, me entertaining them, as we all know the Pyandoneans mean to invade Tamriel. You are, I take it, as neutral in this as you are in all political matters?"

"Of course," said Iachesis proudly. "We have nothing to gain or lose by the invasion. The Psijic Order preceded the organization of Tamriel under the Septim Dynasty and we shall survive under any political regime."

"Rather like a flea on whatever mongrel happens along, are you?" said Potema, narrowing her eyes. "Don't overestimate your importance, Iachesis. Your order's child, the Mages Guild, has twice the power you have, and they are entirely on my side. We are in the process of making an agreement with King Orgnum. When the Pyandoneans take over and I am in my proper place as Empress of this continent, then you shall know your proper place in the order of things."

With a majestic stride, Potema left the stateroom, leaving the grey cloaks to look from one to the other.

"We must speak to Lord Levlet," said one of the grey cloaks.

"Yes," said Iachesis. "Perhaps we should."

Levlet was quickly found at his usual place at the Moon and Nausea tavern. As the three grey cloaks entered, led by Iachesis, the smoke and the noise seemed to die in their path. Even the smell of tobacco and flin dissipated in their wake. He rose and then escorted them to a small room upstairs.

"You've reconsidered," said Levlet with a broad smile.

"Your Emperor," said Iachesis, and then corrected himself, "Our Emperor originally asked for our support in defending the west coast of Tamriel from the Pyandonean fleet in return for twelve million gold pieces. We offered our services at fifty. Upon reflection on the dangers that a
Pyandonean invasion would have, we accept his earlier offer."

"The Mages Guild has generously — "

"Perhaps for as low ten million gold pieces," said Iachesis quickly.

Over the course of dinner, Potema promised King Orgnum through the interpreter, to lead an insurrection against her brother. She was delighted to discover that her capacity for lying worked in many different cultures. Potema shared her bed that night with King Orgnum, as it seemed the polite and diplomatic thing to do. As it turned out, he was one of the better lovers she had ever had. He gave her some herbs before beginning that made her feel as if she was floating on the surface of time, conscious only of the gestures of love after she had found herself making them. She felt herself like the cooling mist, quenching the fire of his lust over and over and over again. In the morning, when he kissed her on the cheek, and said with his bald white eyes that he was leaving her, she felt a stab of regret.

The ship left harbor that morning, en route to the Summerset Isles and the imminent invasions. She waved them off to sea as she footsteps behind her. It was Levlet.

"They will do it for eight million, your highness" he said.

"Thank Mara," said Potema. "I need more time for an insurrection. Pay them from my treasury, and then go to the Imperial City and get the twelve million from Antiochus. We should make a good profit from this game, and you, of course, will have your share."

Three months later, Potema heard that the fleet of the Pyandoneans had been utterly destroyed by a storm that had appeared suddenly off the Isle of Artaeum. The home port of the Psijic Order. King Orgnum and all of his ships had been utterly annihilated.

"Sometimes making people hate you," she said, holding her son Uriel close, "Is how you make a profit."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Mercantile
ID: bookskill_mercantile2
From the pen of Inzolicus, Second Century Sage and Student of Montocai:

3E 119
For twenty—one years, The Emperor Antiochus Septim ruled Tamriel, and proved an able leader despite his moral laxity. His greatest victory was in the War of the Isle in the year 110, when the Imperial fleet and the royal navies of Summerset Isle, together with the magical powers of the Psijic Order, succeeded in destroying the Pyandonean invading armada. His siblings, King Magnus of Lilmoth, King Cephorus of Gilane, and Potema, the Wolf Queen of Solitude, ruled well and relations between the Empire and the kingdoms of Tamriel were much improved. Still, centuries of neglect had not repaired all the scars that existed between the Empire and the kings of High Rock and Skyrim.

During a rare visitation from his sister and nephew Uriel, Antiochus, who had suffered from several illnesses over his reign, lapsed into a coma. For months, he lingered in between life and death while the Elder Council prepared for the ascension of his fifteen—year—old daughter Kintyra to the throne.

3E 120
"Mother, I can't marry Kintyra," said Uriel, more amused by the suggestion than offended. "She's my first cousin. And besides, I believe she's engaged to one of the lords of council, Modellus."

"You're so squeamish. There's a time and a place for propriety," said Potema. "But you're correct at any rate about Modellus, and we shouldn't offend the Elder Council at this critical juncture. How do you feel about Princess Rakma? You spent a good deal of time in her company in Farrun."

"She's all right," said Uriel. "Don't tell me you want to hear all the dirty details."

"Please spare me your study of her anatomy," Potema grimaced. "But would you marry her?"

"I suppose so."

"Very good. I'll make the arrangements then," Potema made a note for herself before continuing. "King Lleromo has been a difficult ally to keep, and a political marriage should keep Farrun on our side. Should we need them. When is the funeral?"
"What funeral?" asked Uriel. "You mean for Uncle Antiochus?"

"Of course," sighed Potema. "Anyone else of note die recently?"

"There were a bunch of little Redguard children running through the halls, so I guess Cephorus has arrived. Magnus arrived at court yesterday, so it ought to be any day now."

"It's time to address the Council then," said Potema, smiling.

She dressed in black, not her usual colorful ensembles. It was important to look the part of the grieving sister. Regarding herself in the mirror, she felt that she looked all of her fifty-three years. A shock of silver wound its way through her auburn hair. The long, cold, dry winters in northern Skyrim had created a map of wrinkles, thin as a spiderweb, all across her face. Still, she knew that when she smiled, she could win hearts, and when she frowned, she could inspire fear. It was enough for her purposes.

Potema's speech to the Elder Council is perhaps helpful to students of public speaking.

She began with flattery and self-abasement: "My most august and wise friends, members of the Elder Council, I am but a provincial queen, and I can only assume to bring to issue what you yourselves must have already pondered."

She continued on to praise the late Emperor, who had been a popular ruler, despite his flaws: "He was a true Septim and a great warrior, destroying — with your counsel — the near invincible armada of Pyandonea."

But little time was wasted, before she came to her point: "The Empress Gysilla unfortunately did nothing to temper my brother's lustful spirits. In point of fact, no whore in the slums of the city spread out on more beds than she. Had she attended to her duties in the Imperial bedchamber more faithfully, we would have a true heir to the Empire, not the halfwit, milksop bastards who call themselves the Emperor's children. The girl called Kintyra is popularly believed to be the daughter of Gysilla and the Captain of the Guard. It may be that she is the daughter of Gysilla and the boy who cleans the cistern. We can never know for certain. Not as certainly as we can know the lineage of my son, Uriel. The eldest true son of the Septim Dynasty. My lords, the princes of the Empire will not stand for a bastard on the throne, that I can assure you."

She ended mildly, but with a call to action: "Posterity will judge you. You know what must be done."

That evening, Potema entertained her brothers and their wives in the Map Room, her favorite of the Imperial dining chambers. The walls were splashed with bright, if fading representations of the Empire and all the known lands beyond, Atmora, Yokunda, Akavir, Pyandonea, Thras. Overhead the great glass domed ceiling, wet with rain, displayed distorted images of the stars overhead. Lightning flashed every other minute, casting strange phantom shadows on the walls.
"When will you speak to the Council?" asked Potema as dinner was served.

"I don't know if I will," said Magnus. "I don't believe I have anything to say."

"I'll speak to them when they announce the coronation of Kintyra," said Cephorus. "Merely as a formality to show my support and the support of Hammerfell."

"You can speak for all of Hammerfell?" asked Potema, with a teasing smile. "The Redguards must love you very much."

"We have a unique relationship with the Empire in Hammerfell," said Cephorus's wife, Bianki. "Since the treaty of Stros M'kai, it's been understood that we are part of the Empire, but not a subject."

"I understand you've already spoken to the Council," said Magnus's wife, Hellena, pointedly. She was a diplomat by nature, but as the Cyrodilic ruler of an Argonian kingdom, she knew how to recognize and confront adversity.

"Yes, I have," said Potema, pausing to savor a slice of braised jalfbird. "I gave them a short speech about the coronation this afternoon."

"Our sister is an excellent public speaker," said Cephorus.

"You're too kind," said Potema, laughing. "I do many things better than speaking."

"Such as?" asked Bianki, smiling.

"Might I ask what you said in your speech?" asked Magnus, suspiciously.

There was a knock on the chamber door. The head steward whispered something to Potema, who smiled in response and rose from the table.

"I told the Council that I would give my full support to the coronation, provided they proceed with wisdom. What could be sinister about that?" Potema said, and took her glass of wine with her to the door. "If you'll pardon me, my niece Kintyra wishes to have a word with me."

Kintyra stood in the hall with the Imperial Guard. She was but a child, but on reflection, Potema realized that at her age, she was already married two years to Mantiarco. There was a similarity, to be certain. Potema could see Kintyra as the young queen, with dark eyes and pallid skin smooth and resolute like marble. Anger flashed momentarily in Kintyra's eyes on seeing her aunt, but emotion left her, replaced with calm Imperial presence.

"Queen Potema," she said serenely. "I have been informed that my coronation will take place in two days time. Your presence at the ceremony will not be welcome. I have already given orders to your servants to have your belongings packed, and an escort will be accompanying you back to..."
your kingdom tonight. That is all. Goodbye, aunt."

Potema began to reply, but Kintyra and her guard turned and moved back down the corridor to the stateroom. The Wolf Queen watched them go, and then reentered the Map Room.


---

**Book**
- Weight: 3.00
- Value: 250
- Enchantment: 0
- Teaches: Speechcraft
- ID: bookskill_speechcraft2
The fifteen-year-old Empress Kintyra Septim II, daughter of Antiochus, was coroneted on the 3rd day of First Seed. Her uncles Magnus, King of Lilmoth, and Cephorus, King of Gilane, were in attendance, but her aunt, Potema, the Wolf Queen of Solitude, had been banished from the court. Once back in her kingdom, Queen Potema began assembling the rebellion, which was to be known as the War of the Red Diamond. All the allies she had made over the years of disgruntled kings and nobles joined forces with her against the new Empress.

The first early strikes against the Empire were entirely successful. Throughout Skyrim and northern High Rock, the Imperial army found themselves under attack. Potema and her forces washed over Tamriel like a plague, inciting riots and insurrections everywhere they touched. In the autumn of the year, the loyal Duke of Glenpoint on the coast of High Rock sent an urgent request for reinforcements from the Imperial Army, and Kintyra, to inspire the resistance to the Wolf Queen, led the army herself.

"We don't know where they are," said the Duke, deeply embarrassed. "I've sent scouts out all over the countryside. I can only assume that they've retreated up north upon hearing of your army's arrival."

"I hate to say it, but I was hoping for a battle," said Kintyra. "I'd like to put my aunt's head on a spike and parade it around the Empire. Her son Uriel and his army are right on the border to the Imperial Province, mocking me. How are they able to be so successful? Are they just that good in battle or do my subjects truly hate me?"

She was tired after many months of struggling through the mud of autumn and winter. Crossing the Dragontail Mountains, her army nearly marched into an ambush. A blizzard snap in the normally temperate Barony of Dwynnen was so unexpected and severe that it must certainly have been cast by one of Potema’s wizard allies. Everywhere she turned, she felt her aunt's touch. And now, her chance of facing the Wolf Queen at last had been thwarted. It was almost too much to bear.
"It is fear, pure and simple," said the Duke. "That is her greatest weapon."

"I need to ask," said Kintyra, hoping that by sheer will she could keep her voice from revealing any of the fear the Duke spoke of. "You've seen the army. Is it true that she has summoned a force of undead warriors to do her bidding?"

"No, as a matter of fact, it's not true, but she certainly fosters that rumor. Her army attacks at night, partly for strategic reasons, and partly to advance fears like that. She has, so far as I know, no supernatural aid other than the standard battlemages and nightblades of any modern army."

"Always at night," said Kintyra thoughtfully. "I suppose that's to disguise their numbers."

"And to move her troops into position before we're aware of them" added the Duke. "She's the master of the sneak attack. When you hear a march to the east, you can be certain she's already on top of you from the south. But listen, we'll discuss this all tomorrow morning. I've prepared the castle's best rooms for you and your men."

Kintyra sat in her tower suite and by the light of the moon and a single tallow candle, she penned a letter to her husband-to-be, Lord Modellus, back in the Imperial City. She hoped to be married to him in the summer at the Blue Palace her grandmother Quintilla had loved so much, but the war may not permit it. As she wrote, she gazed out the window at the courtyard below and the haunted, leafless trees of winter. Two of her guards stood on the battlements, several feet away from one another. Just like Modellus and Kintyra, she thought, and proceeded to expound on the metaphor in her letter.

A knock on the door interrupted her poetry.

"A letter, your majesty, from Lord Modellus," said the young courier, handing the note to her.

It was short, and she read it quickly before the courier had a chance to retire. "I'm confused by something. When did he write this?"

"One week ago," said the courier. "He said it was urgent that I make it here as quickly as possible while he mobilized the army. I imagine they've left the City already."

Kintyra dismissed the courier. Modellus said that he had received a letter from her, urgently calling for reinforcements to the battle at Glenpoint. But there was no battle at Glenpoint, and she had only just arrived today. Then who wrote the letter in her handwriting, and why would they want Modellus to bring a second army out of the Imperial City into High Rock?

Feeling a chill from the night air at the window, Kintyra went to shut the latch. The two guards on the battlements were gone. She leaned over at the sound of a muffled struggle behind one of the barren trees, and did not hear the door open.

When she turned, she saw Queen Potema and Mentin, Duke of Glenpoint, in the room with a host
of guards.

"You move quietly, aunt," she said after a moment's pause. She turned to the Duke. "What turned you against your loyalty to the Empire? Fear?"

"And gold," said the Duke simply.

"What happened to my army?" asked Kintyra, trying to look Potema steadily in the face. "Is the battle over so soon?"

"All your men are dead," smiled Potema. "But there was no battle here. Merely quiet and efficient assassination. There will be battles ahead, against Modellus in the Dragontail Mountains and against the remnants of the Imperial Army in the City. I'll send you regular updates on the progress of the war."

"So I am to be kept here as your hostage?" asked Kintyra, flatly, suddenly aware of the solidity of the stones and the great height of her tower room. "Damn you, look at me! I am your Empress!"

"Think of it this way, I'm taking you from being a fifth rate ruler to a first rate martyr," said Potema with a wink. "But I understand if you don't want to thank me for that."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Sneak
ID: bookskill_sneak1
From the pen of Inzolicus, Second Century Sage:

3E 125
The exact date of the Empress Kintyra Septim II's execution in the tower at Glenpoint Castle is open to some speculation. Some believe she was slain shortly after her imprisonment in the 121st year, while others maintain that she was likely kept alive as a hostage until shortly before her uncle Cephorus, King of Gilane, reconquered western High Rock in the summer of the 125th year. The certainty of Kintyra's demise rallied many against the Wolf Queen Potema and her son, who had been crowned Emperor Uriel Septim III four years previously when he invaded the under-guarded Imperial City.

Cephorus concentrated his army on the war in High Rock, while his brother Magnus, King of Lilmoth, brought his Argonian troops through loyal Morrowind and into Skyrim to fight in Potema's home province. The reptilian troops fought well in the summer months, but during the winter, they retired south to regroup and attack again when the weather was warm. At this stalemate, the War lasted out two more years.

Also, in the 125th year, Magnus's wife Hellena gave birth to their first child, a boy who they named Pelagius, after the Emperor who fathered Magnus, Cephorus, the late Emperor Antiochus, and the dread Wolf Queen of Solitude.

3E 127
Potema sat on soft silk cushions in the warm grass in front of her tent and watched the sun rise over the dark woods on the other side of the meadow. It was a peculiarly vibrant morning, typical of Skyrim summertide. The high chirrup of insects buzzed all around her and the sky surged with thousands of fallowing birds, rolling over one another and forming a multitude of patterns. Nature was unaware of the war coming to Falconstar, she surmised.

"Your highness, a message from the army in Hammerfell," said one of her maids, bringing in a courier. He was breathing hard, stained with sweat and mud. Evidence of a long, fast ride over many, many miles.

"My queen," said the courier, looking to the ground. "I bring grave news of your son, the Emperor. He met your brother King Cephorus's army in Hammerfell in the countryside of Ichidag and there did battle. You would be proud, for he fought well, but in the end, the Imperial army was defeated
and your son, our Emperor, was captured. King Cephorus is bringing him to Gilane."

Potema listened to the news, scowling. "That clumsy fool," she said at last.

Potema stood up and strolled into camp, where the men were arming themselves, preparing for battle. Long ago, the soldiers understood that their lady did not stand on ceremony, and she would prefer that they work rather than salute her. Lord Vhokken was ahead of her, already meeting with the commander of the battlemages, discussing last minute strategy.

"My queen," said the courier, who had been following her. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to win this battle with Magnus, despite his superior position holding the ruins of Kogmenthist Castle," said Potema. "And then when I know what Cephorus means to do with the Emperor, I'll respond accordingly. If there's a ransom to be paid, I'll pay it; if there's a prison exchange needed, so be it. Now, please, bath yourself and rest, and try not to get in the way of the war."

"It's not an ideal scenario," said Lord Vhokken when Potema had entered the commander's tent. "If we attack the castle from the west, we'll be running directly into the fire from their mages and archers. If we come from the east, we'll be going through swamps, and the Argonians do better in that type of environment than we do. A lot better."

"What about the north and south? Just hills, correct?"

"Very steep hills, your highness," said the commander. "We should post bowmen there, but we'll be too vulnerable putting out the majority of our force."

"So it's the swamp," said Potema, and added, pragmatically. "Unless we withdraw and wait for them to come out before fighting."

"If we wait, Cephorus will have his army here from High Rock, and we'll be trapped between the two of them," said Lord Vhokken. "Not a preferable situation."

"I'll talk to the troops," said the commander. "Try to prepare them for the swamp attack."

"No," said Potema. "I'll speak to them."

In full battlegear, the soldiers gathered in the center of camp. They were a motley collection of men and women, Cyrodiils, Nords, Bretons, and Dunmer, youngbloods and old veterans, the sons and daughters of nobles, shopkeepers, serfs, priests, prostitutes, farmers, academics, adventurers. All of them under the banner of the Red Diamond, the symbol of the Imperial Family of Tamriel.

"My children," Potema said, her voice ringing out, hanging in the still morning mist. "We have fought in many battles together, over mountaintops and beach heads, through forests and deserts. I have seen great acts of valor from each one of you, which does my heart proud. I have also seen
dirty fighting, backstabbing, cruel and wanton feats of savagery, which pleases me equally well. For you are all warriors."

Warming to her theme, Potema walked the line from soldier to soldier, looking each one in the eye: "War is in your blood, in your brain, in your muscles, in everything you think and everything you do. When this war is over, when the forces are vanquished that seek to deny the throne to the true emperor, Uriel Septim III, you may cease to be warriors. You may choose to return to your lives before the war, to your farms and your cities, and show off your scars and tell tales of the deeds you did this day to your wondering neighbors. But on this day, make no mistake, you are warriors. You are war."

She could see her words were working. All around her, bloodshot eyes were focusing on the slaughter to come, arms tensing around weapons. She continued in her loudest cry, "And you will move through the swamplands, like an unstoppable power from the blackest part of Oblivion, and you will rip the scales from the reptilian things in Kogmenthist Castle. You are warriors, and you need not only fight, you must win. You must win!"

The soldiers roared in response, shocking the birds from the trees all around the camp.

From a vantage point on the hills to the south, Potema and Lord Vhokken had excellent views of the battle as it raged. It looked like two swarms of two colors of insect moving back and forth over a clump of dirt which was the castle ruins. Occasionally, a burst of flame or a cloud of acid from one of the mages would flicker over the battle arresting their attention, but hour after hour, the fighting seemed like nothing but chaos.

"A rider approaches," said Lord Vhokken, breaking the silence.

The young Redguard woman was wearing the crest of Gilane, but carried a white flag. Potema allowed her to approach. Like the courier from the morning, the rider was well travel–worn.

"Your Highness," she said, out of breath. "I have been sent from your brother, my lord King Cephorus, to bring you dire news. Your son Uriel was captured in Ichidag on the field in battle and from there transported to Gilane."

"I know all this," said Potema scornfully. "I have couriers of my own. You can tell your master that after I've won this battle, I'll pay whatever ransom or exchange —"

"Your Highness, an angry crowd met the caravan your son was in before it made it to Gilane," the rider said quickly, "Your son is dead. He had been burned to death within his carriage. He is dead."

Potema turned from the young woman and looked down at the battle. Her soldiers were going to win. Magnus's army was in retreat.

"One other item of news, your highness," said the rider. "King Cephorus is being proclaimed Emperor."
Potema did not look at the woman. Her army was celebrating their victory.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Speechcraft
ID: bookskill_speechcraft4
From the pen of Inzolicus, Second Century Sage:

3E 127
Following the Battle of Ichidag, the Emperor Uriel Septim III was captured and, before he was able to be brought to his uncle's castle in the Hammerfell kingdom of Gilane, he met his death at the hands of an angry mob. This uncle, Cephorus, was thereafter proclaimed emperor and rode to the Imperial City. The troops formerly loyal to Emperor Uriel and his mother, the Wolf Queen Potema, pledged themselves to the new Emperor. In return for their support, the nobility of Skyrim, High Rock, Hammerfell, the Summerset Isle, Valenwood, Black Marsh, and Morrowind demanded and received a new level of autonomy and independence from the Empire. The War of the Red Diamond was at an end.

Potema continued to fight a losing battle, her area of influence dwindling and dwindling until only her kingdom of Solitude remained in her power. She summoned daedra to fight for her, had her necromancers resurrect her fallen enemies as undead warriors, and mounted attack after attack on the forces of her brothers, the Emperor Cephorus Septim I and King Magnus of Lilmoth. Her allies began leaving her as her madness grew, and her only companions were the zombies and skeletons she had amassed over the years. The kingdom of Solitude became a land of death. Stories of the ancient Wolf Queen being waited on by rotting skeletal chambermaids and holding war plans with vampiric generals terrified her subjects.

3E 137
Magnus opened up the small window in his room. For the first time in weeks, he heard the sounds of a city: carts squeaking, horses clopping over the cobblestones, and somewhere a child laughing. He smiled as he returned to his bedside to wash his face and finish dressing. There was a distinctive knock on the door.

"Come in, Pel," he said.

Pelagius bounded into the room. It was obvious that he had been up for hours. Magnus marveled at his energy, and wondered how much longer battles would last if they were run by twelve−year−old boys.

"Did you see outside yet?" Pelagius asked. "All the townspeople have come back! There are shops, and a Mages Guild, and down by the harbor, I saw a hundred shops come in from all over the
"They don't have to be afraid anymore. We've taken care of all the zombies and ghosts that used to be their neighbors, and they know it's safe to come back."

"Is Uncle Cephorus going to turn into a zombie when he dies?" asked Pelagius.

"I wouldn't put that past him," laughed Magnus. "Why do you ask?"

"I heard some people saying that he was old and sick," said Pelagius.

"He's not that old," said Magnus. "He's sixty years old. That's just two years older than I."

"And how old is Aunt Potema?" asked Pelagius.

"Seventy," said Magnus. "And yes, that is old. Any more questions will have to wait. I have to go meet with the commander now, but we can talk at supper. You can make yourself busy, and not get into any trouble?"

"Yes, sir," said Pelagius. He understood that his father had to continue to hold siege on aunt Potema's castle. After they took it over and locked her up, they would move out of the inn and into the castle. Pelagius was not looking forward to that. The whole town had a funny, sweet, dead smell, but he could not get even as close as the castle moat without gagging from the stench. They could dump a million flowers on the place and it wouldn't make any difference at all.

He walked through the city for hours, buying some food and then some ribbons for his sister and mother back in Lilmoth. He thought about who else he needed to buy gifts for and was stumped. All his cousins, the children of Uncle Cephorus, Uncle Antiochus, and Aunt Potema, had died during the war, some of them in battle and some of them during the famines because so many crops had been burned. Aunt Bianki had died last year. There was only he, his mother, his sister, his father, and his uncle the Emperor left. And Aunt Potema. But she didn't really count.

When he came upon the Mages Guild earlier that morning, he had decided not to go in. Those places always spooked him with their strange smoke and crystals and old books. This time, it occurred to Pelagius that he might buy a gift for Uncle Cephorus. A souvenir of Solitude's Mages Guild.

An old woman was having trouble with the front door, so Pelagius opened it for her.

"Thank you," she said.

She was easily the oldest thing he had ever seen. Her face looked like an old rotted apple framed with a wild whirl of bright white hair. He instinctively moved away from her gnarled talon when she started to pat him on the head. But there was a gem around her neck that immediately fascinated him. It was a single bright yellow jewel, but it almost looked there was something
trapped within. When the light hit it from the candles, it brought out the form of a four−legged beast, pacing.

"It's a soul gem," she said. "Infused with the spirit of a great demon werewolf. It was enchanted long, long ago with the power to charm people, but I've been thinking about giving it another spell. Perhaps something from the School of Alteration like Lock or Shield." She paused and looked at the boy carefully with yellowed, rheumy eyes. "You look familiar to me, boy. What's your name?"

"Pelagius," he said. He normally would have said "Prince Pelagius," but he was told not to draw attention to himself while in town.

"I used to know someone named Pelagius," the old woman said, and slowly smiled. "Are you here alone, Pelagius?"

"My father is... with the army, storming the castle. But he'll be back when the walls have been breached."

"Which I dare say won't take too much longer," sighed the old woman. "Nothing, no matter how well built, tends to last. Are you buying something in the Mages Guild?"

"I wanted to buy a gift for my uncle," said Pelagius. "But I don't know if I have enough gold."

The old woman left the boy to look over the wares while she went to the Guild enchanter. He was a young Nord, ambitious, and new to the kingdom of Solitude. It took little persuasion and a lot of gold to convince him to remove the charm spell from the soul gem and imbue it with a powerful curse, a slow poison that would drain wisdom from its wearer year by year until he or she lost all reason. She also purchased a cheap ring of fire resistance.

"For your kindness to an old woman, I've bought you these," she said, giving the boy the necklace and the ring. "You can give the ring to your uncle, and tell him it has been enchanted with a levitation spell, so if ever he needs to leap from high places, it will protect him. The soulgem is for you."

"Thank you," said the boy. "But this is too kind of you."

"Kindness has nothing to do with it," she answered, quite honestly. "You see, I was in the Hall of Records at the Imperial Palace once or twice, and I read about you in the foretellings of the Elder Scrolls. You will be Emperor one day, my boy, the Emperor Pelagius Septim III, and with this soul gem to guide you, posterity will always remember you and your deeds."

With those words, the old woman disappeared down an alley behind the Mages Guild. Pelagius looked after her, but he did not think to search behind a heap of stones. If he had, he would have found a tunnel under the city into the very heart of Castle Solitude. And if he had found his way there, he would have found, past the shambling undead and the moldering remains of a once grand palace, the bedroom of the queen.
In that bedroom, he would find the Wolf Queen of Solitude in repose, listening to the sounds of her castle collapsing. And he would see a toothless grin growing on her face as she breathed her last.

From the pen of Inzolicus, Second Century Sage:

3E 137
Potema Septim died after a month long siege on her castle. While she lived, she had been the Wolf Queen of Solitude, Daughter of the Emperor Pelagius II, Wife of King Mantiarco, Aunt of the Empress Kintyra II, Mother of Emperor Uriel III, and Sister of the Emperors Antiochus and Cephorus. At her death, Magnus appointed his son, Pelagius, as the titular head of Solitude, under guidance from the royal council.

3E 140
The Emperor Cephorus Septim died after falling from his horse. His brother was proclaimed the Emperor Magnus Septim.

3E 141
Pelagius, King of Solitude, is recorded as "occasionally eccentric" in the Imperial Annals. He marries Katarish, Duchess of Vvardenfell.

3E 145
The Emperor Magnus Septim dies. His son, who will be known as Pelagius the Mad, is coronated.

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Enchant
ID: BookSkill_Enchant2

1168
"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."

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 300
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Unarmored
ID: bookskill_unarmored1
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

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_yellowbookofriddles

1172
Thirsk, a History
by Bereditte Jastal

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 Úðryrfrykte, though the settlers knew him only as death. The Úðryrfrykte 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 Úðryrfrykte, 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 Úðryrfrykte, 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 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.

Gisl Round−Gut. Nord male. Slew Einarr and presented his sword as a battle trophy. Ruled over Thirsk for two months.

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 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 Forth 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, Drenger 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 Drenger 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 %PCName, 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 %PCName of the %PCRace 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 %PCName then claimed the heart of the Udyrfrykte as a battle trophy, where it remains to this day on the pedestal of Thirsk. For the %PCRace known as %PCName was named chieftain of the mead hall, and is revered by his people as both leader and
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 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. Slain in the mead hall.

%PCName. %PCRace 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.
[604] Thirsk, a History — Revised

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 75
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ThirskHistory_revised_m
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 Dreng'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 Dreng'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 %PCName, 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 she came, a stranger to the land of Solstheim and savior to the Nords of Thirsk. Her name was %PCName of the %PCRace race, and she 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 %PCName then claimed the heart of the Udyrfrykte as a battle trophy, where it remains to this day on the pedestal of Thirsk. For the %PCRace known as %PCName was named chieftain of the mead hall, and is revered by her people as both leader and 1183
The following is a list of Thirsk's chieftains, since Hrothmund first ruled:

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 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 Anizione 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.

%PCName. %PCRace female. 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.
[604a] Thirsk, a History — Revised

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 75
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ThirskHistory_revised_f

1186
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

---

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_tiramgadarscredentials
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_arrilles_tradehouse
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 run-down 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 sunk 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.

---

**Book**

- **Weight**: 3.00
- **Value**: 250
- **Enchantment**: 0
- **Teaches**: Sneak
- **ID**: bookskill_sneak4
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_treasuryorders
Treasury Report

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_treasuryreport
"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 Cobblers 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 your victim's mouth, 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 nonexistant.

"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 targets 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 stoneflower 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 flah 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 Boethiah. 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."

[610] Unnamed Book

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 225
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Short Blade
ID: bookskill_short blade1
[611/612] Vampires of Vvardenfell

Vampires of Vvardenfell
Volume I

[excerpts]

...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....
Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 50
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_vampiresofvwardenfell1
[excerpts]

... 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."
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, Herma–Mora, Maloch

ALTMER: Auri–El, Trinimac, Magnus, Syrabane, 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, Khenarthis, 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 Ehlonfey. He then ascended to heaven in full observance of his
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.
NOTES ON THE DIVINE SPIRITS OF THE PANTHEONS

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 Sencchal. 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–Thar–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.
NOTES ON THE DIVINE SPIRITS OF THE PANTHEONS

Satakal (The Worldsken): 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'.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 30
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_varietiesoffaithintheempire
Hallgerd walked into the King's Ham that Loredas evening, his face clouded with sadness. While he ordered a mug of greef, his mates Garaz and Xiomara joined him with moderately sincere concern.

"What's wrong with you, Hallgerd?" asked Xiomara. "You're later than usual, and there's a certain air of tragedy you've dragged in with you. Have you lost money, or a nearest and dearest?"

"I haven't lost any money," Hallgerd grimaced. "But I've just received word from my nephew than my cousin Allioch has died. Perfectly natural, he says, just old age. Allioch was ten years younger than me."

"Aw, that's terrible. But it goes to show that it's important to savor all of life's possibilities, 'cause you never know when your time is coming," said Garaz, who had been sitting at the same stool at the smoky cornerclub for the last several hours. He was not one cursed with self-awareness.

"Life's short all right," agreed Xiomara. "But if you'll pardon a sentimental thought, few of us are aware of the influence we'll have after our deaths. Perhaps there's comfort there. For example, have I told you the story about Vernaccus and Bourlor?"

"I don't believe so," said Hallgerd.

Vernaccus was a daedra (said Xiomara, throwing a few dribbles on flin on the hearth to cast the proper mood), and though our tale took place many, many years ago, it would be fair to say that Vernaccus still is one. For what after all is time to the immortal daedra?

"Actually," Garaz interrupted. "I understand that the notion of immortality—"

"I am trying to offer our friend an inspirational tale in his hour of need," Xiomara growled. "I don't have all bloody night to tell it, if you don't mind."

You wouldn't have heard of Vernaccus (said Xiomara, abandoning the theme of immortality for the time being) for even at the height of his power and fame, he was considered feeble by the admittedly high standards of the day. Of course, this lack of respect infuriated him, and his reaction was typical of lesser daedra. He went on a murderous rampage.
Soon word spread through all the villages in the Colovian West of the unholy terror. Whole families had been butchered, castles destroyed, orchards and fields torched and cursed so nothing would ever grow there again.

To make things even worse for the villagers, Vernaccus began getting visitations from an old rival of his from Oblivion. She was a daedra seducer named Horavatha, and she delighted in taunting him to see how angry she could make him become.

"You've flooded a village and that's supposed to be impressive?" she would sneer. "Try collapsing a continent, and maybe you'll get a little attention."

Vernaccus could become pretty angry. He didn't come very close to collapsing the continent of Tamriel, but it wasn't for lack of trying.

A hero was needed to face the mad daedra, and fortunately, one was available.

His name was Bourlor, and it was said that he had been blessed by the goddess Kynareth. That was the only explanation for his inhuman accuracy with his bow and arrow, for he never missed a target. As a child he had driven his marksmanship tutors wild with frustration. They would tell him how to plant his feet, how to nock a bolt, the proper grip for the cord, the best method of release. He ignored all the rules, and somehow, every time, the arrow would catch a breath of wind and sail directly to his target. It did not matter if the quarry was moving or still, at very close range or miles away. Whatever he wanted to strike with his arrow would be struck.

Bourlor answered the call when one of the village mayors begged him for help. Unfortunately, he was not as great a horseman as he was an archer. As he rode through the forest toward the mayor's town, a place called Evensacon, Vernaccus was already murdering everyone there. Horavatha watched, and stifled back a yawn.

"Murdering a small town mayor isn't going to put you in famous company, you know. What you need is a great champion to defeat. Someone like Ysgramor or Pelinal Whitestrake or—" she stared at the figure emerging from the forest. "That fellow!"

"Who's he?" growled Vernaccus between bites of the mayor's quivering body.

"The greatest archer in Tamriel. He's never missed."

Bourlor had his bow strung and was pointing it at the daedra. For a moment, Vernaccus felt like laughing — the fellow was not even aiming straight — but he had a well-honed sense of self-preservation. There was something about the man's look of confidence that convinced the daedra that Horavatha wasn't lying. As the bolt left the bow, Vernaccus vanished in a sheet of flame.

The arrow impaled a tree. Bourlor stood and stared. He had missed a target.
In Oblivion, Vernaccus raged. Fleeing before a mortal man like that — not even the basest scamp would have been so craven. He had exposed himself for the weak, cowardly creature he was. As he considered what steps to take to salvage the situation, he found himself face-to-knee with the most fearsome of the Daedra Princes, Molag Bal.

"I never thought anything much of you, Vernaccus," the giant boomed. "But you have more than proven your worth. You have shown the creatures of Mundus that the daedra are more powerful than the blessings of the Gods."

The other denizens of Oblivion quickly agreed (as they always did) with the view of Molag Bal. The daedra are, after all, always very sensitive about their various defeats at the hands of mortal champions. Vernaccus was proclaimed The Elusive Beast, The Unpursuable One, He Who Cannot Be Touched, The Bane of Kynareth. Shrines devoted to him began to be built in remote corners of Morrowind and Skyrim.

Bourlor meanwhile, now found flawed, was never again called to rescue a village. He was so heartbroken over his failure to strike his target that he became a hermit, and never restrung his bow again. Some months later, he died, unmourned and unremembered.

"Is this really the tale you thought would cheer me?" asked Hallgerd incredulously. "I've heard the King of Worms told more inspirational stories."

"Wait," smiled Xiomara. "I'm not finished yet."

For a year's time, Vernaccus was content to watch his legend grow and his fledging worship spread from his home in Oblivion. He was, in addition to being cowardly and inclined toward murderous rages, also a very lazy creature. His worshippers told tales of their Master avoiding the bolts of a thousand archers, of moving through oceans without getting wet, and other feats of avoidance that he would rather not have to demonstrate in person. The real story of his ignominious retreat from Bourlor was thankfully forgotten.

The bad news, when it came, was delivered to him with some relish by Horavatha. He had delighted in her jealousy at his growing reputation, so it was with a cruel smile she told him, "Your shrines are being assaulted."

"Who dares?" he roared.

"Everyone who passes them in the wilderness feels the need to throw a stone," Horavatha purred. "You can hardly blame them. After all, they represent He Who Cannot Be Touched. How could anyone be expected to resist such a target?"

Vernaccus peered through the veil into the world of Mundus and saw that it was true. One of his shrines in Colovian West country was surrounded by a large platoon of mercenary soldiers, who delighted in pelting it with rocks. His worshippers huddled inside, praying for a miracle.

In an instant, he appeared before the mercenaries and his rage was terrifying to behold. They fled.
[614] Vernaccus and Bourlor

into the woods before he even had a chance to murder one of them. His worshippers threw open the wooden door to the shrine and dropped to their knees in joy and fear. His anger melted. Then a stone struck him. Then another. He turned to face his assailants, but the air was suddenly filled with rocks.

Vernaccus could not see them, but he heard mercenaries in the woods laugh, "It's not even trying to move out of the way!"

"It's impossible not to hit him!" guffawed another.

With a roar of humiliation, the daedra bounded into the shrine, chased by the onslaught. One of the stones knocked the door closed behind him, striking him in the back. His face broke, anger and embarrassment disappearing, replaced by pain. He turned, shaking, to his worshippers who huddled in the shadows of the shrine, their faith shattered.

"Where did you get the wood to build this shrine?" Vernaccus groaned.

"Mostly from an copse of trees near the village of Evensacon," his high–priest shrugged.

Vernaccus nodded. He dropped forward, revealing the deep wound in his back. A rusted arrowhead buried in a whorl in the wood of the door had jolted loose in the assault and impaled him. The daedra vanished in a whirlwind of dust.

The shrines were abandoned shortly thereafter, though Vernaccus did have a brief resurgence as the Patron Spirit of Limitations and Impotence before fading from memory altogether. The legend of Bourlor himself never became very well known either, but there are still some who tell the tale, like myself. And we have the advantage of knowing what the Great Archer himself didn't know on his deathbed — his final arrow found its target after all.

---

Book
Weight: 4.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Marksman
ID: bookskill_marksman3
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 40
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_vivecandmephala
[616] Warehouse shipping log

[616] Warehouse shipping log

[This appears to be the records of incoming and outgoing shipments, complete with dates and business partners.]

Book
Weight: 2.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Warehouse_log
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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_Adren
[618] Weapons and Armor Contract

Contract for Services

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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 1
Enchantment: 100
Teaches: –
ID: bk_contract_ralen
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, Armand 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."

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 55
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_wherewereyoudragonbroke
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.10
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_widowdeed
"All right," said Kazagha. "Why don't you want to talk?"

Zaki put down his mug of mead and just stared at his wife for a few seconds. Finally, grudgingly: "Because everything I have a conversation, darling, it flows in alphabetical order. Just like I told you. I think the only way to stop it is not to talk at all."

" Couldn't you just be imagining this?" said Kazagha patiently. "It wouldn't be the first time you had an insane paranoid delusion. Remember when you thought the royal battlemage of Black Marsh was hiding behind every tree with a rape kit, intent on making you — a middle-aged, fat, balding tailor — into his personal sex slave? You don't need to be ashamed, but it's Sheogorath's way to make us all a little crazy sometimes. If you go to the healer—"

"Damn it, Kazagha!" snarled Zaki and stomped out, slamming the door behind him. He nearly collided with Siyasat, his neighbor.

"Excuse me," she said to Zaki's back. He clamped his hands over his ears as he stormed down the street, turning the corner to his tailor shop. His first customer was waiting out front, smiling widely. Zaki tried to keep his temper under control and took out his keys, returning the customer's smile.

"Fine day," said the young man.

"Gods!" hollered Zaki, sending the young man flying with a well-placed punch, and dashing away.

As much as he hated to admit that Kazagha was right, it was evidently time, once again, for one of the healer's herbal cocktails. Tarsu's temple to health, mental and physical, was several streets north, an impressive obelisk. Halqa, the chief herbalist, met him before he came in the hall.

"How are you today, Sa'Zaki Saf?"

"I need to make an appointment with Tarsu," said Zaki in his calmest voice.

"Just one moment, let me see how his schedule looks." Halqa said, looking over a scroll. "Is this an emergency?"
"Kind of," said Zaki, and slapped his head. Why couldn't he say yes, or absolutely, or sure?

"Let's see," said Halqa, frowning. "The best I can do is next Middas. Would that work for you?"

"Middas!" cried Zaki. "I'll be a complete psychotic by Middas. Isn't there anything earlier?"

He knew what the answer would be before she said it. There was no alternative. In a way, he had forced the response. If only he had kept the conversation going until "Y."

"No," said Halqa. "I'm sorry. Do you want me to make the appointment—?"

Zaki walked away, gritting his teeth. He wandered the streets, his head down to avoid all conversations, until he looked up and discovered that he had walked all the way to the wharf. A sweet breeze was blowing along the water and he took several deep breaths until he felt almost normal. When his temper cooled, he could think again. What if this alphabetical conversation wasn't a delusion at all? What if what he felt wasn't paranoia, but acute awareness? He knew it was the classic dilemma: am I crazy or is there really something weird going on?

Across the road was a shop called ParaDocks, featuring a display of herbs, crystals, and vapors trapped in orbs. The sign in the window read "Mystical Consultation sunrise to noon." It was worth a shot, though Zaki was dubious. The only people who generally came down the wharf for healing were stupid adventurers who didn't know any better.

Incense burned in copious billows of pink and gold, obscuring and then revealing the clutter within. Jijjic death masks glowered down from the walls, smoking censors hung by chains from the ceiling, and the floor was a maze of bookshelves. At a wellworn table in the back a small man wearing a headdress was tabulating a young lady's purchases.

"Okay," said the man. "Your total comes to fifty−seven gold pieces. I threw in the restorative scale conditioner for free. Just remember, the candle should be lit only after you invoke Goroflox The Unholy, and mandrake root does best in partial shade."

The customer gave a quick, shy smile to Zaki and left the store.

"Please help me," said Zaki. "Every conversation I hear or get involved in seems to be arranged alphabetically. I don't know if I'm going insane or if there are some kind of bizarre forces at work. To be honest with you, I'm normally a skeptic when it comes to your type of business, but I'm at the end of my rope. Can you do anything to make this madness end?"

"Quite a common problem, actually," said the man, patting Zaki on the arm. "When you get to the end of the alphabet, do conversations then go to reverse alphabetical order or start at the beginning of the alphabet?"

"Reverse alphabetical order," said Zaki, and then corrected himself. "Damn it! I mean, it starts
from the beginning, all over again. I'm in agony. Can you call on the spirits and tell me, am I insane?"

"Sauriki," said the man with a reassuring smile. "I don't have to. You're quite sane."

"Thank you," said Zaki, frowning. "By the way, my name's Zaki, not Sauriki."

"Unusually close, eh?" said the man, patting Zaki on the back. "My name's Octoplasm. Follow me, please. I think I have just what you need."

Octoplasm lead Zaki down the narrow corridor behind the desk. The two men pushed past dusty cabinets filled with strange creatures in liquids, past heaps of neolithic stones, past stack after stack of moldering leather-bound books, into the dank heart of the store. There he picked up a small, squat cylindrical drum and a book, and handed them to Zaki.

"Vampirism, Daedric Possession, and Withershins Therapy," said Zaki, squinting his eyes to read the book in the gloom. "What in Oblivion does this have to do with me? I'm not a vampire, look at this tan. And what's Withershins Therapy, and how much will it cost me?"

"Withershins, from the Old Cyrodilic withersynes, which means backwards," said Octoplasm in a serious tone. "It's the art of reversing the direction of things in order to gain access to the spirit world, and break curses, cure vampirism, and trigger all manners of apotropaic healing. You know the story about the guy who was told that slaughterfish live in hot water, so he said, 'Well, let's boil them in cold water'?"

"Xenophon," said Zaki instinctively, his brother having taken a rather esoteric upper level course in Cyrodilic philosophy as an elective in at the Imperial College thirty-one years before, and immediately wishing he hadn't. "And what do you do with the cylindrical thingy?"

Octoplasm lit a candle and held the object over it so Zaki could see more clearly. All along the cylinder were narrow slits and when Zaki peered within them, he saw a succession of old black and white drawings of a naked man leaping over boxes, one frame after the next.

"You spin it like so," said Octoplasm, slowly whirlring the device clockwise so the man within leapt over the boxes over and over again. "It's called a zoetrope. Pretty neat, eh? Now, you take it and start spinning it counterclockwise, and while you're doing it, read this incantation I've marked in the book."

Zaki took the zoetrope and began spinning it counterclockwise over the candle, so the little naked man within seemed to bound backwards over the boxes. It took a little coordination and concentration to keep whirling at a steady pace, but gradually the man's awkward and jerky backjumps became more and more fluid until Zaki could no longer see the individual frames flipping. It looked just like a little humanoid hamster on an endless reverse treadmill. While he continued to spin the zoetrope with one hand, Zaki took the book in the other and read the underlined passage.
"Zoetrope counter−spin, counter−spin, counter−spin / Pull my life from the rut that it's in / I invoke the Goddesses Boethiah, Kynareth, and Drisis / To invert my potentially metaphysical crisis / My old life may have been rather pointless and plain / But I dislike the prospect of going insane / Make the pattern reverse by this withershin / Zoetrope, counter−spin, counter−spin, counter−spin, counter−spin."

As he chanted the spell, Zaki noticed that the little naked man in the zoetrope began to look more like himself. The moustache vanished, and the hairline receded. The man's waistline expanded, and the buttocks sagged to the shape and texture of half−inflated balloons. Scales approximating his own Argonian pattern appeared. The man began to trip as he bounded backwards over the boxes, taking bigger breaths and sweating. By the time Zaki reached the end of the incantation, his twin was clutching his chest and tumbling end−over−end over the boxes in a free−fall.

Octoplasm took the zoetrope and the book from Zaki's hands. Nothing seemed to have changed. No thunder had rumbled. No winged serpents had sprung out of Zaki's head. No fiery explosions. But Zaki felt that something was different. Good different. Normal.

At the counter, when Zaki pulled out his sachel of gold pieces, Octoplasm merely shook his head: "Are treatment radical such of effects term long the what sure be can't we, naturally. Charge no."

Feeling the first real relief he had felt in days, Zaki walked backwards out of the shop and down the road to his shop.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 250
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: Restoration
ID: bookskill_restoration1
Lady Allena Benoch, former master of the Valenwood Fighter's Guild and head of the Emperor's personal guard in the Imperial City, has been leading a campaign to reacquaint the soldiers of Tamriel with the sword. I met with her on three different occasions for the purposes of this book. The first time was at her suite in the palace, on the balcony overlooking the gardens below.

I was early for the interview, which had taken me nearly six months to arrange, but she gently chided me for not being even earlier.

"I've had time to put up my defenses now," she said, her bright green eyes smiling.

Lady Benoch is a Bosmer, a Wood Elf, and like her ancestors, took to the bow in her early years. She excelled at the sport, and by the age of fourteen, she had joined the hunting party of her tribe as a Jaqspur, a long distance shooter. During the black year of 396, when the Parikh tribe began their rampage through southeastern Valenwood with the aid of powers from the Summursel Isle, Lady Benoch fought the futile battle to keep her tribe's land.

"I killed someone for the first time when I was sixteen," she says now. "I don't remember it very well — he or she was just a blur on the horizon where I aimed my bow. It meant no more to me than shooting animals. I probably killed a hundred people like that during that summer and fall. I didn't really feel like a killer until that wintertide, when I learned what it was like to look into a man's eyes as you spilled his blood.

"It was a scout from the Parikh tribe who surprised me while I was on camp watch. We surprised each other, I suppose. I had my bow at my side, and I just panicked, trying to string an arrow when he was half a yard away from me. It was the only thing I knew to do. Of course, he struck first with his blade, and I just fell back in shock.

"You always remember the mistakes of your first victim. His mistake was assuming because he had drawn blood and I had fallen, that I was dead. I rushed at him the moment he turned from me towards the sleeping camp of my tribesmen. He was caught off guard, and I wrested his blade away from him.

"I don't know how many times I stabbed at him. By the time I stopped, when the next watch came to relieve me, my arms were black and blue with strain, there was not a solid piece of him left. I had literally cut him into pieces. You see, I had no concept of how to fight or how much it took to
Lady Benoch, aware of this deficiency in her education, began teaching herself swordsmanship at once.

"You can't learn how to use a sword in Valenwood," she says. "Which isn't to say Bosmer can't use blades, but we're largely self-taught. As much as it hurt when my tribe found itself homeless, pushed to the north, it did have one good aspect: it afforded me the opportunity to meet Redguards."

Studying all manners of weapon wielding under the tutelage of Warday A'kor, Lady Benoch excelled. She became a freelance adventurer, traveling through the wilds of southern Hammerfell and northern Valenwood, protecting caravans and visiting dignitaries from the various dangers indigenous to the population.

Unfortunately, before we were able to pursue her story of her early years any further, Lady Benoch was called away on urgent summons from the Emperor. Such is often the case with the Imperial Guard, and in these troubled times, perhaps, more so than in the past. When I tried to contact her for another talk, her servants informed me than their mistress was in Skyrim. Another month passed, and when I visited her suite, I was told she was in High Rock.

To her credit, Lady Benoch actually sought me out for our second interview on Sun's Dusk of that year. I was in a tavern in the City called the Blood and Rooster, when I felt her hand on my shoulder. She sat down at the rude table and continued her tale as if it had never been interrupted.

She returned to the theme of her days as an adventurer, and told me about the first time she ever felt confident with a sword.

"I owned at that time an enchanted daikatana, quite a good one, of daedric metal. It wasn't an original Akaviri, not even of design. I didn't have that kind of money, but it served my primary purpose of delivering as much damage with as little effort on my part as possible. A'kor had taught me how to fence, but when faced with a life or death situation, I always fell back on the old overhand wallop.

"A pack of orcs had stolen some gold from a local chieftain in Meditea, and I went looking for them in one of the ubiquitous dungeons that dot the countryside in that region. There were the usual rats and giant spiders, and I was enough of a veteran by then to dispatch them with relative ease. The problem came when I found myself in a pitch black room, and all around me, I heard the grunts of orcs nearing in.

"I waved my sword around me, connecting with nothing, hearing their footsteps coming ever nearer. Somehow, I managed to hold back my fear and to remember the simple exercises Master A'kor had taught me. I listened, stepped sideways, swung, twisted, stepped forward, swung a circle, turned around, side-stepped, swung.
"My instinct was right. The orcs had gathered in a circle around me, and when I found a light, I saw that they were all dead.

"That's when I focused on my study of swordplay. I'm stupid enough to require a near death experience to see the practical purposes, you see."

Lady Benoch spent the remainder of the interview, responding in her typically blunt way to the veracity of various myths that surrounded her and her career. It was true that she became the master of the Valenwood Fighter's Guild after winning a duel with the former master, who was a stooge of the Imperial Battlemage, the traitor Jagar Tharn. It was not true that she was the one responsible for the Valenwood Guild's disintegration two years later ("Actually, the membership in the Valenwood chapter was healthy, but in Tamriel overall the mood was not conducive for the continued existence of a nonpartisan organization of freelance warriors.") It was true that she first came to the Emperor's attention when she defended Queen Akorithi of Sentinel from a Breton assassin. It was not true that the assassin was hired by someone in the high court of Daggerfall ("At least," she says wryly, "That has never been proven."). It was also true that she married her former servant Urken after he had been in her service for eleven years ("No one knows how to keep my weaponry honed like he does," she says. "It's a practical business. I either had to give him a raise or marry him.").

The only story I asked her that she would neither admit nor refute was the one about Calaxes, the Emperor's bastard. When I brought up the name, she shrugged, professing no knowledge of the affair. I pressed on with the details of the story. Calaxes, though not in line for succession, had been given the Archbishopric of The One: a powerful position in the Imperial City, and indeed over all Tamriel where that religion is honored. Whispering began immediately that Calaxes believed that the Gods were angered with the secular governments of Tamriel and the Emperor specifically. It was even said that Calaxes advocated full-scale rebellion to establish a theocracy over the Empire.

It is certainly true, I pressed on, that the Emperor's relationship with Calaxes had become very stormy, and that legislation had been passed to limit the Church's authority. That is, up until the moment when Calaxes disappeared, suddenly, without notice to his closest of friends. Many said that Lady Benoch and the Imperial Guard assassinated the Archbishop Calaxes in the sacristy of his church —— the date usually given was the 29th of Sun's Dusk 3E 498.

"Of course," responds Lady Benoch with one of her mysterious grins. "I don't need to tell you that the Imperial Guard's position is as protectors of the throne, not assassins."

"But surely, no one is more trusted that the Guard for such a sensitive operation," I say, carefully.

Lady Benoch acknowledges that, but merely says that such details of her duties must remain secret as a matter of Imperial security. Unfortunately, her ladyship had to leave early the next morning, as the Emperor had business down south —— of course, I couldn't be told more specifics. She promised to send me word when she returned so we could continue our interview.
As it turned out, I had business of my own in the Summurset Isle, compiling a book on the Psijic Order. It was therefore with surprise that I met her ladyship three months later in Firsthold. We managed to get away from our respective duties to complete our third and final interview, on a walk along the Diceto, the great river that passes through the royal parks of the city.

Steering away from questions of her recent duties and assignments, which I guessed rightly she was loath to answer, I returned to the subject of swordfighting.

"Frandar Hunding," she says. "Lists thirty-eight grips, seven hundred and fifty offensive and eighteen hundred defensive positions, and nearly nine thousand moves essential to sword mastery. The average hack-and-slasher knows one grip, which he uses primarily to keep from dropping his blade. He knows one offensive position, facing his target, and one defensive position, fleeing. Of the multitudinous rhythms and inflections of combat, he knows less than one.

"The ways of the warrior were never meant to be the easiest path. The archetype of the idiot fighter is as solidly ingrained as that of the brilliant wizard and the shrewd thief, but it was not always so. The figure of the philosopher swordsman, the blade-wielding artist are creatures of the past, together with the swordsinger of the Redguards, who was said to be able to create and wield a blade with but the power of his mind. The future of the intelligent blade-wielder looks bleak in comparison to the glories of the past."

Not wanting to end our interviews on a sour note, I pressed Lady Allena Benoch for advice for young blade-swingers just beginning their careers.

"When confronted with a wizard," she says, throwing petals of Kanthleaf into the Diceto. "Close the distance and hit 'im hard."

---

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 225
Enchantment: 20
Teaches: Long Blade
ID: BookSkill_Long Blade1
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 an 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."
[623] Words of Clan Mother Ahnissi

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.

**Book**
- **Weight:** 4.00
- **Value:** 40
- **Enchantment:** 0
- **Teaches:** –
- **ID:** bk_wordsclanmother
[This is a volume of verse collected from Ashlander wise women. 'May I shrink to dust' is from the Ahemmusu Ashlanders of the Grazelands.]

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.
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.

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 20
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_yellowbook426
[626] 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.]

Book
Weight: 3.00
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ynglingledger
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

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 100
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_ynglingletter
Zainsubani's Notes

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.

Scroll
Weight: 0.20
Value: 0
Enchantment: 0
Teaches: –
ID: bk_a1_11_zainsubaninotes
Nerevarine cult
Appendix

I: List of loaded master files and plugins

1. The Elder Scrolls III: Morrowind
2. The Elder Scrolls III: Tribunal
3. The Elder Scrolls III: Bloodmoon
4. Siege at Firemoth Plugin
5. Adamantium Armor Plugin
6. LeFemm Armor Plugin v1.1
7. Master Index Plugin
8. Helm of Tohan Plugin
9. Area Effect Arrows Plugin
10. Bitter Coast Sounds Plugin
11. Entertainers Plugin

II. List of authors and their respective works

Not listed are anonymous works, notes, and authors, whose authorship is attributed.

Ababael Timsar-Dadisun: The Buying Game
Aegrothius Goth: The Final Lesson
Agrippa Fundilus: The War of the First Council
Alla Llaleth: The Marksmanship Lesson
Allena Benoch: Words and Philosophy
Ampyrian Brum: The Gold Ribbon of Merit
Aniis Noru: Surfeit of Thieves
Annaran Orme: The Third Door
Anthil Morvir: A Hypothetical Treachery
Apthorne (Translator): The Wraith's Wedding Dowry
Archmage Salarth: → Salarth
Arnie the Scrib: Honor Among Thieves
Asgrim Kolsgreg: Galerion The Mystic
Athyn Muendil: The Cake and the Diamond
Athyn Sarethi: The True Noble's Code
Baloth-Kul: The Horror of Castle Xyr
Berdier Wreans: The Mirror
Bereditte Jastal: Sovngarde, a Reexamination
———: Thirsk, a History
Boali: Night Falls On Sentinel
Bristin Xel: Poison
Brother Hetchfeld: → Hetchfeld
Brother Mikhail Karkuxor: → Mikhail Karkuxor
Appendix

Carlovac Townway: 2920
Celarus the Loremaster: The Old Ways
Codus Callonus: Mixed Unit Tactics
Council of Healers, Imperial University: Notes on Racial Phylogeny
Dram Bero: Grasping Fortune
Erramanwe of Sunhold: On Morrowind
Fal Droon: The Dragon Break Re−Examined
-------: The Lunar Lorkhan
Ffoulke: The Firmament
Gaeldol: I'm My Own Grandpa
Ganpheril Kimeth: Silence
Geocrates Varnus (Commentator): Death Blow of Abernanit Gi'Nanth: Master Zoaraym's Tale
Gorgic Guine: The Black Arrow
Haliel Myrm: Breathing Water
Hardin the Herbalist: Special Flora of Tamriel
Hetchfeld: Overview of Gods and Worship
Jeanette Sitte: A Short History of Morrowind
Jole Yolivess: The Four Suitors of Benitah
Jonquilla Bothe: Incident in Necrom
Katar Erphanes: Biography of the Wolf Queen
Kier−jo Chorvak: On Wild Elves
Livillus Perus: Cherim's Heart of Anequina (Interviews With Tapestrists, Vol. XVIII)
Malviser: Response to Bero's Speech
Marobar Sul: Azena and the BOX (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part XI)
-------: Chimarvanidium (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part VI)
-------: Song of the Alchemists (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part V)
-------: The Dowry (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part X)
-------: The Importance of Where (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part III)
-------: The Ransom of Zarek (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part I)
-------: The Seed (Ancient Tales of the Dwemer, Part II)
Master Rhunen Zebavi: → Rhunen Zebavi
Maveus Cie: The Firsthold Revolt
Menyna Gsost: How Orsinium Passed to the Orcs
Mera Llykith: Mystery of Talara
Mikhael Karkuxor: Varieties of Faith in the Empire
Morian Zenas: On Oblivion
Mymophonus: The Armorer's Challenge
Pellarne Assi: The Brothers of Darkness
Pletius Spatec: Ice and Chiton
Porbert Lyttumly: The Locked Room
Quarde Anarion: Smuggler's Island
Rhunen Zebavi: Realizations of Acrobacy
Rolard Nordssen: The Ruins of Kemel−Ze
Salarth: Origin of the Mages Guild
Serjo Athyn Sarethi: → Athyn Sarethi

1244
III. List of serials and their respective volumes

Serjo Hlaalu Dram Bero: → Dram Bero
Sigillah Parate: Invocation of Azura
Stern Gamboge: Biography of Barenziah
Stronach k’Thoij III: Brief History of the Empire
Tabar Vunqidh: Last Scabbard of Akrash
Taurce il–Anselma: On Artaeum (Fragment)
Tavi Dromio: Bone
———: Hallgerd’s Tale
———: Vernaccus and Bourlor
Tenace Mourl: The Rear Guard
Tetronius Lor: Mysticism
Tholer Saryoni: Fellowship of the Temple
———: Saryoni’s Sermons Tsathenes: The Madness of Pelagius
Tyston Bane: The Pig Children
Vojne Mierstyyd: Palla
Voltha gra–Yamwort: The Wraith’s Wedding Dowry
Wapna Neustra: Arcana Restored
Waughin Jarth: A Dance in Fire
———: Feyfolken
———: The Wolf Queen
Yaquot Tawashi: Withershins
Zurin Arctus: The Art of War Magic
Zylmoc Golge: Chance’s Folly

III. List of serials and their respective volumes

Ancient Tales of the Dwemer

Part I – Marobar Sul: The Ransom of Zarek
Part II – Marobar Sul: The Seed
Part III – Marobar Sul: The Importance of Where
Part V – Marobar Sul: Song of the Alchemists
Part VI – Marobar Sul: Chimarvamidium
Part X – Marobar Sul: The Dowry
Part XI – Marobar Sul: Azura and the Box

Interviews With Tapestrists

Vol. XVIII – Livillus Perus: Cherim’s Heart of Anequina
### IV. The Emperors of the Third Era

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Emperor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Tiber Septim I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Pelagius I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Kintyra I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>?</td>
<td>Uriel Septim I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>Kintyra I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>Uriel Septim II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98</td>
<td>Pelagius II.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112</td>
<td>Antiochus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>116</td>
<td>Kintyra II.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>117</td>
<td>Elder Council</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120</td>
<td>Cephorus Septim I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>140</td>
<td>Magnus Septim I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>Pelagius III</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>153</td>
<td>Katariah I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>199</td>
<td>Cassynder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>201</td>
<td>Uriel (Mantiarco) II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>244</td>
<td>Cephorus II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>268</td>
<td>Uriel V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>307</td>
<td>Thonica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>307</td>
<td>Uriel VI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>313</td>
<td>Morihatha</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>339</td>
<td>Pelagius IV</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>368</td>
<td>Uriel Septim VII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>389</td>
<td>Jagar Tharn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>399</td>
<td>Uriel Septim VII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1246</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

1. "the Emperor declared the beginning of a new Era—the Third Era, Year Aught." (262)
2. "For thirty-eight years, the Emperor Tiber reigned supreme." (262)
3. "The Emperor's grandson, Pelagius, came to the throne" (262)
4. "Pelagius I's reign lasted less than three years." (262)
5. "Pelagius had no living children, so the Crown Imperial passed to his first cousin... Kintyra, former Queen of Silvenar, assumed the throne as Kintyra I." (262)
6. No data available.
7. "Kintyra's son was crowned after her death, the first Emperor of Tamriel to use the imperial name Uriel." (262)
8. "the death of Uriel I in 3E64" (262)
9. "His son and successor Uriel II reigned for eighteen years, from the death of Uriel I in 3E64 to Pelagius II's accession in 3E82." (262)
IV. The Emperors of the Third Era

10 "Pelagius II's accession in 3E82" (262)
11 "his seventeen year reign" (263)
12 "in 3E110, twelve years after Antiochus assumed the throne" (263)
13 "in 3E 112 ... Antiochus died" (238)
14 "in 3E 112 ... the Elder Council allowed Kintyra to assume the throne as the Empress Kintyra II." (238)
15 "Kintyra II's capture ... in the year 3E 114" (238); "For two years, Kintyra II languished in an Imperial prison... before she was slain in her cell" (263)
16 "The weakened government had little defence against Uriel's determined aggression, and capitulated after only a fortnight of resistance." (263)
17 "Uriel took the throne that same evening and proclaimed himself Uriel III, Emperor of Tamriel. The year was 3E 121" (263)
18 "In 3E127... a mob... burned him alive" (264)
19 "Uriel III not only proclaimed himself Emperor of Tamriel, but also Uriel Septim III... In truth, his surname was Mantiarco" (264)
20 "His captor and uncle ... was proclaimed Cephorus I, Emperor of Tamriel." (264)
21 "3E 140 The Emperor Cephorus Septim died after falling from his horse." (1168)
22 "3E 140 ... His brother was proclaimed the Emperor Magnus Septim" (1168)
23 "On the 8th of Second Seed, 3E 145, Magnus I died quietly in his sleep." (1014)
24 "Pelagius III ... was proclaimed Emperor in the 145th year of the Third Era" (265)
25 "Pelagius III was sent to a series of healing institutions and asylums until his death in 3E153" (265)
26 "The Empress Regent of Tamriel was proclaimed Empress Katariah I upon the death of her husband" (265)
27 "Katariah's forty−six−year reign" (265)
28 "Cassynder assumed the throne upon the death of his mother" (265)
29 "In two years he joined his predecessors in eternal slumber" (265)
30 "Seven years later, Cassynder inherited the Empire at the death of his mother. Three years after that, Uriel once again found himself the recipient of Cassynder's inheritance" (267)
31 "his long forty−three−year reign" (265)
32 "Andorak, Uriel IV's son, was disinherited by vote of Council, and a cousin more closely related to the original Septim line was proclaimed Cephorus II in 3E268". – The given year must be an error. Page 268 reads: "Uriel V embarked on a series of invasions beginning almost from the moment he took the throne in 3E268. Uriel V conquered Roscrea in 271, Cathnoquey in 276, Yneslea in 279, and Esroniet in 284. In 3E288, he embarked on his most ambitious enterprise, the invasion of the continent kingdom of Akavir. This ultimately proved a failure, for two years later Uriel V was killed in Akavir on the battlefield of Ionith." Page 265: "For the first nine years of Cephorus II's reign, those loyal to Andorak battled the Imperial forces.... By and large, Cephorus II had foes that demanded more of his attention than Andorak... as month turned to bloody month in the year 3E249... Cephorus II sent more and more mercenaries into Hammerfell to stop the Usurper's northward march". According to these passages, Cephorus' reign lasted longer than eight years and Uriel's regular heir never got the crown. It seems as if Cephorus was proclaimed Emperor shortly after Uriel's death in 3E 244.
33 "Uriel V embarked on a series of invasions beginning almost from the moment he took the throne in 3E268" (268)
IV. The Emperors of the Third Era

34 "In 3E288, he embarked on his most ambitious enterprise ... two years later Uriel V was killed" (268)
35 "Uriel VI was crowned in the 290th year of the Third Era. The Imperial Consort Thonica, as the boy's mother, was given a restricted Regency ... until 307, when he was already 22 years old." (269)
36 "By 313, Uriel VI could boast with conviction that he truly did rule Tamriel.... When Uriel VI fell off a horse and could not be resuscitated..., his beloved sister Morihatha took up the imperial tiara. At 25 years of age..." (269). − "Morihatha ... had been born a month after Uriel V left [i.e. 3E 288]." (269)
37 "assassins ... claimed her life in 3E 339" (270)
38 "Pelagius was thus crowned Pelagius IV." (270)
39 According to Lord Strale's explanations the "forty-nine-year reign" of p. 270 must be wrong: "by the time the King your brother had heard that the Emperor's new battlemage was a man named Jagar Tharn, many years had passed. The king had been writing a letter to warn the Emperor of the treachery of his Imperial Battlemage, but it was never completed. ... It is dated on the day of his assassination in the year 385. Four years before Jagar Tharn betrayed his master" (533). − Finally the correct data were given by Ted Peterson himself in the Elder Scrolls Lore forum on May 24th, 2005: "Scribe's error. Pelagius IV reigned for 29 years, not 49. Stronach noticed this some time ago to his embarrassment, and the newest edition of A Brief History will correct this."
40 "For twenty-one years he reigned and brought justice and order to Tamriel. In the year 3E389 ... his Imperial Battlemage, Jagar Tharn, betrayed him. Uriel VII was imprisoned" (270)
41 "For the next ten years, Tharn abused imperial privilege" (270)
42 "In 3E399, an enigmatic Champion ... freed Uriel VII from his other-dimensional jail." (270)
General Index

List of Abbreviations

A Artifact
F Food
G Geography
M Mythology
P Person/People
T Time
W Weapon

A.

Abecean Sea (G): 969
Abelle Chriditte (P) (alchemist): 940–942
Abelmawia Eribael (P) (hetman): 397, 1222
Abernait: See → Castle Abernanit.
Acharyai (M) (spirits in the pre–et'Ada state?): 1030
Adamantine Tower (M) (building): 509, 1011
Ada'Soom Dir−Kamal (M) (demon): 509, 904
Addhiranirr (P) (Khajiti Thieves Guild operative): 506
Adjacent Place (M) (place): 116, 118, 124
Adversary (M) (numen): 1118
AE ALTADOON (“the third law of weaponry”): 110
AE ALTADOON GHARTOK PADHOME (magic words): 86
AE GHARTOK PADHOME [CHIM] AE ALTADOON (words of power): 93
AE HERMA MORA ALTADOON PADHOME LKHAN AE AI: 858
Aedra (M) (ancestor ghosts): 106, 205, 211, 222–223, 381, 858, 888, 898, 945, 1024, 1027–1028, 1128, 1220. See also → et’Ada.
Aegglie (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Aerin (P) (mercenary): 1098–1099
Aetherius (M) (realm): 539, 1025
Aevvar Stone−Singer (P) (Skaal hero): 1119–1122
Agia Nero (G) (locality): 419
Agnes (P) (witch): 558
Agnorith (P) (brother of → Tiber I): 262, 597
Agrippa Fundilus (P) (Imperial scholar): 1131
Ahemmusa (camp and tribe): 413–414, 1235
Ahnia (P) (Khajiti assassin): 575
Ahnissi (P) (Khajiti clan mother): 1231
Ahnurr (M) (numen): 1231–1234
Ahzini (P) (slave): 579
Aiden Direnni (P) (hero of 1E): 963
Airen Coribael (P) (Coribael brother): 1038–1039
Airship: 306
Ajira (P) (service provider): 208–209
Ak (M) (numen): 1024
Akatosh (M) (numen): 185, 381, 695, 975, 1024–1025, 1028, 1202–1203, 1206, 1208
Akavir (G) (continent and kingdom): 12, 28, 49, 268–269, 387, 453, 509, 603–604, 659, 700, 899, 1151, 1155
Akaviri (a): 3–4, 11, 17, 27, 38, 56, 60, 62, 509, 999
Akavir(i) (P) (inhabitants): 3–4, 11, 17, 27, 38, 56, 60, 62, 509
Akel (M) (numen): 1024, 1026
Akgun (G) (locality): 1041
Akhat (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69
Akin: See → Missun Akin.
Akorithi (P) (Queen of → Sentinel): 1229
Akrash (W) (blade): 477–479
Akulakhan (M) (artificial god; name of the Second Numidium): 321–324.
Alain Montrose (P) (fugitive): 1176
Alandro Sul (M) (hero): 379
Alarum (instrument): 327
Albion–Gora (G): 983
Alcaire (G) (kingdom): 904, 906
Alchemical: 193, 496
Alchemy: 360, 362, 364, 430, 632, 941, 953
Ald Erfoud (G) (locality): 12
Ald Iuval (G) (city): 25, 28
Ald Lambasi (G) (castle): 28, 34–36
Ald Olyra (G) (castle): 874
Ald Redaynia (G) (ruin): 413, 417, 939, 941
Ald Ruhn: See → Ald’Ruhn.
Ald Skar Inn (G) (tavern): 403
Ald Sotha (G) (Daedric ruin): 412, 425
Ald Umbel (G) (castle): 28
Ald Veloth (G) (village): 382, 416
Aldmeris (language): 223, 296, 424, 472–473, 509
Aldrin (P) (monk): 876
Alduin (M) (numen): 377, 1202–1203, 1208
Amodetha (P) (queen): 1142–1143
Amulet of Kings (A): 1207, 1220
Anara (P): 985–988, 990–991
Ancestor Cult: 590, 681, 695, 1240
Ancestor Ghost: 480, 852
Ancestor Worship: 198, 212–213, 547, 590, 624, 681, 1240
Anchard (P) (Dwemer protector): 298
Andas (P) (Redoran hero): 982–984
Andorak (P) (king; son of → Uriel IV): 267, 602
Anequina (G) (former name of Elsweyr): 292, 962. See also → Elsweyr.
Aner (P) (valet): 668
Angaredhel (P) (Telvanni prefect): 407, 449
Anelia (P): 615
Anhar (P) (Khajit agent): 946
Ani (P) (warrior): 1175
Animunculi (M) (Dwemer creation): 214, 296
Anticipation of Almalexia: See → Boethiah.
Anticipation of Vivec: See → Mephala.
Anticipations: See → Good Daedra.
Antiochus Septim (P): See → Antiochus I.
Antiochus (P): See → Antiochus I.
Antoinette (P) (smuggler?): 243
Anu (M) (numen): 134, 898, 1024–1025, 1028, 1208
Anudnabia (G) (Daedric ruin): 425
Anuiel: See → Anui–El.
Anui–El (M) (numen): 858, 1024, 1029, 1203
Apaladith (?): 52
Ape men: See → Imga.
Aphy (G): See → Athay.
Apogapha ("hidden writings"): 474, 573, 680, 920, 1010, 1112
Apprentice (constellation): 966, 967
Apprentices' God: See → Syraban.
Arabhi (P) (slave): 579
Arator (M) (saint): 490, 950
Arara Uvulas (P) (Telvanni mouth): 272, 407
Archaeology: 956
Arctus (P): See → Zurin Arctus.
Argonia (G) (Black Marsh): 321, 685, 1107. See also → Black Marsh.
Argonian (a): 187–188, 305, 312, 490, 594, 685, 909, 958, 985, 988–990, 1012, 1014, 1109, 1111, 1147, 1150, 1156, 1161, 1210, 1226
Argonian(s) (P) (inhabitants): 7, 11, 22, 206, 212, 214, 270, 358, 490, 506, 553, 592, 594, 605,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Text</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1253</td>
<td><strong>General Index</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>685, 868, 886, 893, 907, 908, 938, 985, 990–991, 1014, 1016, 1109–1110, 1162, 1170, 1202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arngthand</strong> (G) (Dwemer ruin): 489</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arlimahera</strong> (P) (queen of → <em>Hegathe</em>): 937</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Armanias</strong> (G) (village): 907, 909</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Armistice</strong>: 212–213, 230, 905, 1051. See also → <em>Treaty of the Armistice</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Armor of Morihaus</strong> (A): See → <em>Lord's Mail</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Armor of the Saviour's Hide</strong> (A): 878</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arnd the Fox</strong> (P): 1221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arnesian War</strong>: 490</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arnesian</strong> (a): 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arnie the Scrib</strong> (P) (thief): 431</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arnyle</strong> (P): 652</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arobar Manor</strong> (G): 691</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arrille</strong> (P) (service provider): 890, 1188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arrowroot</strong> (plant): 869</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arslic Oan</strong> (P): 247–249, 251–254</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Artaeum</strong> (G) (island): 1, 6, 10, 18–19, 32, 49, 387, 624, 962, 982, 1011, 1025, 1030. See also → <em>Isle of Artaeum</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Artemon</strong> (G): 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arthago</strong> (P) (prince): 553</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arthcamu</strong> (P): 1007–1009</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arum</strong> (P): 1104–1105, 1107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Arvel Manor</strong>: 217, 607</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Aryon</strong> (P) (Telvanni master): 272, 342, 414, 458, 589</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ascadian Isles</strong> (G) (region): 199, 217, 410–412, 895–896, 1193, 1236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ascended Sleepers</strong>: 323</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ascutus</strong> (P) (lieutenant): 453–455</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ash ghouls</strong>: 1169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ash King</strong> (M) (numen): 378–379. See also → <em>King of Ash</em>, cf. → <em>Wulfharth</em>.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ash pit</strong>: 212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ash salt</strong>: 220, 693</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ash vampire</strong>: 199, 323, 480, 646–647, 649, 852, 856, 1010, 1199</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ash yam</strong> (plant): 896</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ashalmawia</strong> (G) (Daedric ruin): 425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Ashkhan</strong> (&quot;Ashlander chief&quot;; title): 548, 688, 690, 973, 1240–1241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Assurnabitashpi</strong> (G) (Daedric ruin): 425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Asthephe</strong> (P): 1137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Astrolabe</strong>: 1206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Astrology</strong>: 124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><strong>At–Hatoor</strong> (M) (numen): 66</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
B.

Athay (G) (village): 150–154, 156, 157, 158, 167, 171
Athie (Ath–ie, Athy): See → Athay.
Athyn (P): See → Athyn Sarethi.
Athyn Llethan (P) (duke and king of → Mournhold): 182, 449, 692, 947, 1188, 1236
Athyn Sarethi (P) (Redoran councilman): 403, 422, 691, 982–984
Athynic (P) (Chimer priest): 222–223
Atmoran (a): 1204, 1208
Atronach (constellation): See → Golem (II).
Atronach(s) (daedra): 203, 326, 700. See also → Frost Atronach, → Frost Monarch, → Storm Atronach.
Aubki (P) (queen): 553
Aundae (clan): 394, 1199
Aunius Autrus (P) (service provider): 407
Aurane Frernis (PN) (alchemist): 193
Aurbis (M) (process): 106, 114, 123, 129, 1025, 1028–1029
Auriel: See → Auri–El.
Avalea (P) (noblewoman): 354, 882
AYEM AE SEHTI AE VEHK: 64, 78
Ayem (M) (numen): 64, 72, 78, 84, 86, 88, 90, 98, 100, 108, 112, 124, 126, 132, 136
Ayem–Azura (M) (numen): 98
Ayleid(s) (Wild Elves): 24, 47, 1135. See also → Wild Elves.
Aysia Hall (G) (tavern): 146
Azura’s Coast (G) (region): 64, 272, 411, 413–415, 895
Azura’s Star (star): 903. See also → Twilight Star.

Baan Dar (M) (numen): 152, 1202, 1204
Baar Dau (moon): 1033
Bad Daedra (M) (numina): 325–326, 490. See also → Daedra.
Bad Man: See → Sheor.
Badama Andarys (P) (sorceress): 345
Bakarar (P) (smuggler): 559
BAL DAGON MALAC SHEOG: 88

1254
Bal Fell (G) ("City of Stone"; Daedric ruin): 258, 414
Bal Molagmer (M) ("Stone Fire Men"; numen): 585
Bal Ur (G) (Daedric ruin): 394, 1201, 1236
Balac-thurm: See → Staff of Chaos.
Baladas Demnevanni (P) (sorcerer): 446
Balaxes (P) (warrior): 419
Balfix (P) (ship captain): 151–154, 171
Balinesti (G) (city): 684
Balvus (P) (steward): 1136–1137
Bamz-Amschend (G) (Dwemer ruin): 298
Bandit God: See → Baan Dar.
Bane of Daedra (A): 932
Bane of Kynareth: See → Vernaccus.
Bannerman (P) (adventurer): 1103
Baranat (P) (hero): 1038–1039
Baren Alen (P) (Hlaalu treasurer): 702
Barfok (M) (numen): 80
Barif: See → Karenithil Barif.
Barons of Move Like This (M) (numina): 64
Barysimayn (G) (fortress): 674
Bashuk (P) (commoner): 560, 563, 567
Bathorgh (P) (Lord Thone's son): 1141–1144
Battle of Ain-Kolur: 1020
Battle of Dragon Wall: 1206
Battle of Falconstar: 238
Battle of Five Bridges: 910
Battle of Ichidag: 238, 264, 599, 1013, 1165
Battle of Molag Beran: 916
Battle of Old Hroldan: 904
Battle of Red Mountain: 427, 474, 490, 680, 917, 1010, 1128, 1207
Battle of Rourken-Shalidor: 352, 880
Battle of the Moesring: 350–351
Battle of Zelinin: 293
Battlecats: See → Senche-raht.
Baynara(h) (P): 650–660, 664–669, 671–673, 675–676
Beans, Bloody Beans (song): 915
Beast Rock: See → Beast Stone.
Beast Stone (G) (monolith): 492, 1120
Beatia (P) (officer): 453–455
Beauchamp: See → Louis Beauchamp.
Bedal Alen (P) (Hlaalu merchant): 422, 706
Beetle (animal): 896
Begalin (clan): 355, 883
Beginning Place (M) (locality): 86, 88, 136, 1026, 1203, 1205
Beinir White-Beard (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Bend’r-mahk (?): 176
Bendu Olo (P) (hero?): 1208
Benitah Gorgoth (P): 974–977
Beraid: → Nandor Beraid.
Beram (P) (foreman): 225, 226, 227, 228
Beran the Priest (P): 1003–1004
Berandas (G) (Dunmer stronghold): 1035
Berel Sala (P) (archordinator): 573, 686
Berevar Bero (P) (illusionist): 700–701
Berne (clan): 1192, 1199
Bero's Speech to the Battlemages (text): 700
Berry: See → Barenziah.
Berwen (P) (service provider): 561
Berylth (P) (lord): 450–452
Betaniqi (P): 633, 635–639
Bethal (P) (lord): 26
Bethal Gray (G): 25–26
Bhag (M) (numen): 80
Bhoriane (G) (locality): 280, 287, 290
Bianki (P) (queen): 1145, 1150, 1156–1157, 1166
Big Helende: See → Helende.
Big Moon God: See → Jode.
Bildren (P) (service provider): 566, 862
Binyaar (P): 1170
Bird God: See → Tava.
Bird: 650, 653, 655, 1062, 1088
Bitter Coast (G) (region): 209, 221, 411, 414, 416, 896
Bittergreen (plant): 426, 478, 693, 896
Bjoulsae River (G): 684
Bjoulsae tribes: 1021
Black Fredas (song): 915
Black Gate (G): 30–32, 35
Black Glove: See → Morag Tong.
Black Kiergo (G) (locality): 1207
Black Queen: See → Morgiah.
Black Shalk Cornerclub (G) (building): 408, 506
Blacklight (G) (locality): 616
Blackrose (G) (kingdom?): 700, 1014, 1125
Blades: See → Order of Blades.
Blight of the Dwemer (ash): 137
Blood and Rooster (G) (G) (tavern): 1228
Bloodworm Helm (A): 357, 885
Bluthanch (P) (Dwemer councilor): 298
Bodrum (G) (locality): 12, 22, 38, 53, 56
Boethiah (M) (daedroth): 16, 64, 68, 74–75, 82, 128, 244, 251, 325, 352, 369, 379, 463–464, 618–619, 859, 880, 902, 931, 945, 982, 1030, 1127, 1202, 1204, 1206, 1209, 1215, 1220, 1226
Boet–hi–Ah. See → Boethiah.
Boethiah−who−is−you (M) (numen): 78
Bold Admiral Richton (song): 915
Bolvyn Manor (G) (building): 691
Bolvyn Venim (P) (Redoran crusader): 403, 691
Bonest: 240, 480, 852
Bonemeal: 425
Bonemen: 256
Boneshaver: See → Onsi.
Bonen: 108, 240, 480, 838, 852. See also → Zombie.
Book of Hours (text): 100, 126
Boots of the Apostle (A): 356, 884
Borgas (P) (king): 377
Borgusius Malier: 297
Borogon (P) (smuggler?): 243
Boshmer: See → Bosmer.
Bosriel (P) ("Beauty of the Forest"; daughter of → Turala Skeffington): 36, 41–43, 47, 50, 1169
Bourior (P) (hero): 1211–1214
Bow of Shadows (A): 355, 883
Bowyn (P) (lord): 450, 452
Bragor (P) (thief): 386
Brandr (P) (warrior): 348
Brara Morvayn (P) (Redoran councilor): 403, 691
Brazollus Dor (P) (ancestor of Reman III): 11
Bread (F): 895
Breath of Kyne: See → Wulfharth.
Brerama Selas (Redoran lawman): 855
Bretony (G): 1202, 1208
Brilnosu Llarys (P) (Dunmer battlemage): 443
Brindisi Dorom (P) (duke–prince of → Mournhold): 35
Brisenna (P) (lady; agent): 521–522, 530
Bristleback (animal): 243
Brooding Beneath Red Mountain (title): 943
Brynjoller (P) (smith): 317
Bthalag−Zturamz (G?): 222
Buckmoth Fort: See → Fort Buckmoth.
Buckmoth Legion Fort: See → Fort Buckmoth.
Bungler's Bane (plant): 203, 209
Buoyant Armiger(s): 112, 323, 327–328, 394, 415, 480, 498, 646, 852, 999, 1201
Burgess (P): 182, 184–185

C.

C. Magius: See → Carnius Magius.
Caccino Aurelia (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Caecilly Island (G): 878–879
Cael (G) (locality): 1041
Caer Suvio (G) (locality): 11, 20, 60
Caius Cosades (P) (service provider): 331, 336, 427, 506, 547
Calaxes (P) (Archbishopric of The One): 1229
Caldera (G) (town): 199, 382, 403, 405, 407, 416, 497, 847
Calissiah Vignum (P): 857
Calluis Lar (G) (island): 970
Camlorn (G) (kingdom): 511–514, 516, 518, 520–522, 530–531, 533, 535, 537, 1136, 1146
Camonna Tong (syndicate): 259, 383, 431, 692, 1236
Camoran Usurper: 267–268, 419, 602–603
Carmella (P): 196
Carni Asron (P) (High Wizard): 356, 884
Carnius Magius (P) (Imperial nobleman): 344, 564
Cascabel (G) (county): 1099–1100
Cascabel Hall (G) (castle): 1098
Cassynder I (P) (emperor and king of → Wayrest): 265, 267, 600, 602, 1015
Cassyr Whitley (P) (Breton spy): 12, 25–26, 35–36, 41–44, 46–50
Cassyr: See → Cassyr Whitley.
Castle Abernanit (G): 327–329
Castle Ebonheart (G): 412, 623

1258
Castle Gioves(e) (G): 2, 23, 38, 40
Castle Mournhold (G): 55–56
Castle Solitude (G): 237, 239, 1150, 1152, 1167
Cat and Goblin (G) (tavern): 1146
Cat people (P): 1138
Catchica (P) (Orma tribeswoman): 20–21
Cat–folk (P): 509–510
Cathay–Raht (P) (Khajiiti race): 142–145, 150, 154, 159–160, 293, 507
Cathnoquey (G) (locality): 268, 603
Cave of the Hidden Music (G): 1119, 1120
Cavern of the Incarnates (G): 591
Cavilstyr Rock (G): 513, 516
Celarus (P) (Loremaster of the Psijics): 387, 700
Celephyna (P) (Skeffington witch): 47, 50
Celeus (P) (monk): 876
Centurion (Dwemer creation): 296
Centurion spider (Dwemer creation): 850
Cephors II (P) (emperor): 267–270, 602–605
Cephors Septim: See → Cephors I.
Ceporah Tower (G) (building): 387
Chance: See → Minevah Iolos.
Chancellor of Exactitude: 118
Changed Folk: See → Chimer.
Changed Ones: See → Chimer.
Chantry of Julianos (G): 700
Chapel of the Innocent Quarry (G): 879, 1036
Chemua (M) (numen): 80
Cherim (P) (tapestrist): 292–293
Children's God: See → Shor.
CHIM: 86
Chimarvamidium (M) ("Hope of the Chimer"; golem): 295–296
Chimere Graegyn (P) (Direnni retainer): 878–879
Chinzinch Pass (G): 298
Chokeweed (plant): 220, 895, 974, 976, 1197
Chrysamere (A): 353, 881
Citadel Dagoth (G): 498, 646–647
Citadel Endusal (G): 498
Citadel Odrosal (G): 498, 646–647
Citadel Tureynulal (G): 498
Citadel Vemynal (G): 498, 646–647
City of Gems: See → Mournhold.
City of Stone: See → Bal Fell.
City of Swords (G): 112
City of the Dead (G): 133, 210
City–Face (M) (monster): 124–125
Clannfear (M) (daedra): 326
Claudius Anzione (P) (Imperial hero): 1175
Clavicus Vile (M) (daedra): 354, 369, 370, 373, 618, 882, 931
Clavides (P) (Imperial captain): 985–991
Claymore (W): 353, 355, 881, 883, 1079, 1090, 1219
Cliff City: See → Kemel–Ze.
Cliff Racer (animal): 221, 896
Clockwork Dreugh(s): 136. Cf. → Dreugh.
Clockwork King: See → Seht.
Cloudrest (G) (kingdom): 372, 969
Cloven Duality: 1011. See also → Masser and → Secunda.
Club (W): 248–9, 419, 553–554, 983
Cobblers Guild: 1195–1196
Coda flowers (plant): 221, 896
Codes of Mephala: 64, 84, 134
Coincidence Guild: 70
Coldharbour: See → Oblivion.
College: See → School.
Colovian (a): 37, 270, 962, 1212–1213
Colovian Dynasty: 937
Colovian Estates: 37, 175, 904–905, 962–963
Comberberry (plant): 203, 895–896, 1045
Combova (P) (mystic): 976
Conjuration (school): 360, 369, 382, 632, 700, 893
Coprinus (plant): 209
Corax (P) (scholar): 1220
Coribael brothers: See → Airen Coribael, Feryn Coribael, Horis Coribael, Vanis Coribael.
Corklbub (plant): 208, 659, 895
Cormaris View (G) (locality): 616
Council Club (G) (cornerclub): 403
Count Sven of Darkmoor: See → Sven Advensen.
Countess Zyliana: See → Elysbetta Moorling.
Coven: 558
Crab Meat (F): 693, 895
Crantius Colto (P) (figure): 1012
Crassius Curio (P) (Hlaalu councilman): 409, 1189, 1236
Crossbow (W): 431
**D.**

**Cuhlecain** (P) (king of → Falkreath): 904
**Cuilean Darnizhaan** (P) (scholar?): 1030
**Cuirass of the Savior's Hide** (A): 354, 882
**Cult of the Nerevarine**: See → Nerevarine cult.
**Cup of Passage** (alchemical drink): 425
**Curio Manor** (G): 1236
**Cursed Legion**: 451
**Cursed Ones**: See → Dunmer.
**Cuseius Plecia** (Imperial trader): 695
**Cyrodiil** (G) (city): 242, 850, 866, 1220. See also → Imperial City.
**Cyrodiil** (G) (empire): 1, 36, 38, 52, 509, 634, 905–6, 1024, 1043, 1139, 1203, 1220
**Cyrodiil** (a) (cyrodilic): 3, 23, 141, 145, 187, 297, 460, 635, 962, 990, 1027, 1150, 1156, 1205–1206, 1208, 1225
**Cyrodiil(s) (P) (inhabitants):** 28, 34, 144–145, 153–154, 156–158, 160–162, 164, 177, 450, 913, 938, 985, 988, 1025, 1138, 1162, 1207, 1220. See also → Proto–Cyrodilian(s).
**Cyrodilic** (language): 53, 161, 205, 888, 1151. See also → Old Cyrodilic.
**Cyrodilic Brandy** (F): 588
**Cyrodilians**: See → Cyrodiil(s).
**Cyro–Nordics** (P): 1206, 1220

**D.**

**Daedra Heart**: 425
**Daedra of Knowledge**: See → Herma–Mora.
**Daedra skin**: 220
**Daedric Crescent Blade** (A): 358, 886
**Daedric Scourge** (A): 355, 883, 932
**Daedron**: 467
**Daedroth** (M) (singular form of → Daedra): 46–47, 64, 67, 87, 120, 463, 530, 618–619, 1127. See also → Daedra.
**Daedroth** (M) (daedra): 326
**Daerir**: 729–730

1261

Dagi (P) (Khajiiti race): 508

Dagi−raht (P) (Khajiiti race): 508

Dagon Fel (G) (village): 407, 413, 416, 850, 1169

Dagon (M) (numen): 72, 76, 109, 871, 873, 878−879. See also → Mehrunes Dagon.

Dagoth: See → Voryn Dagoth, → House Dagoth.

Dagoth(−)Acra: See → Acra.

Dagoth Odros: See → Odros.

Dagoth Thras: See → Thras.

Dagoth(−)Tython: See → Tython.

Dagoth(−)Ur: See → Voryn Dagoth.

Dagoth Ur (G) (region): 427

Dagoth Uthol: See → Uthol.

Dagoth Vemyn: See → Vemyn.

Dai−katana (W): 908, 1228

Daimon: 618

Dalak (P) (enchanter): 962−964

Dalen−Zanchu (P): 298

Dalyne Arvel (P) (Telvanni hireling): 407

Dansir Gol (text): 141

Danso Indules (P) (service provider): 574

Danstrar (?): 453−454

Daren O. (P) (fake): 193

Darius (P) (Imperial knight): 623

Dark Blooded Foes (song): 915

Dark Brotherhood (guild): 176, 178, 262, 354, 422, 597, 882, 892, 936−937


Dark Elven: 463, 880, 1053, 1055, 1060, 1072−1074, 1084

Dark Kin: 1006

Dark Ones: See → Dunmer and → Dark Elves.

Darkmoor (G) (county; town): 230, 232, 1049, 1051, 1056, 1058, 1064, 1066

Darothil: See → Erer Darothil.

Dawn and Dusk (song): 915

Dawn Era: 474, 1127

Dawn's Beauty: See → Tamriel.

Dawnstar (G) (locality): 49

Days of Fire: 1034

Decumus Scotti (lord; diplomat): 139−142, 145−154, 156−171, 173−177

Deep Elves: See → Dwemer.

Deep Folk: See → Dwemer.

Deep Ones: See → Dwemer.

Dejasyte (G) (locality): 1109
Dellese Isles (G): 684
Delyn (M) (saint): 408–410, 491, 950, 1039
Demon of Knowledge: See → Herma–Mora.
Denstagmer's Ring (A): 358, 886
Deshaan Plain (G): 98
Destruction (school): 286, 461, 496, 632, 638, 700–701, 893
Devil of Dagoth: See → Voryn Dagoth.
Dhark (P) (scholar?): 214
Dhaunayne (P) (liege): 181, 185
Diagna (M) (numen): 1032, 1202, 1204
Diamond: 896, 939–940, 1138
Dibella (M) (numen): 30, 381, 695, 1145, 1202, 1204
Diceto (G) (river): 1230
Dileno Lloran (P) (service provider): 574
Direnni (clan): 878, 964, 1013
Dirith Yalmillhiad (book or author): 164
Dirty Muriel's Cornerclub (G): 406–407
Dissident Priest(s): 283, 321, 474–475, 680–682, 917, 1010, 1112
Dissidents: See → Dissident Priests.
Divayth Fyr (P) (sorcerer): 413
Divine Three (M): 329. See also → ALMSIVI, → Tribunal.
Dob (P) (slave): 1016–1018
Dog (animal): 1036
Dolcetta (P) (handmaiden): 1170
Dolcettus (P) (Cyrodiil healer; figure): 187–191
Domica Redwort (plant): 868
Doom Drum: See → Lorkhan.
Doppelganger: 512
Dorach Gusal (P) (wizard): 357, 425, 885
Dorisa Darvel (P) (bookseller): 427
Doryatha (P) (Skeffington witch): 47, 50
Dowag (G) (locality): 1146
Down by the Ginger Garden (song): 915
Draggle–tail (plant): 896
Dragon (M): 510, 885–886, 1010
Dragon Break: 956, 1220–1221
Dragon God (of Time): See → Akatosh.
Dragon King of Cats: See → Alkosh.
Dragon Land: See → Akavir.
Dragon of the North: See → Tiber I.
Dragon's Tongue (plant): 868
Dragonne Papre (A): 357, 885
Dragonne Papre (P) (warrior): 873
Dragontail Mountains (G): 1158, 1160, 1204
Dralas (G) (tomb): 559
Dralor family: 409
Dram (P) (Dunmer assassin): 355, 883
Dram Bero (P) (Hlaalu nobleman): 447, 1189, 1236
Drarayne Thelas (P) (commoner): 465
Draren Thiralaas (P) (commoner): 890
Dratha (P) (Telvanni mistress): 272, 413
Dreamers: 322–324
Dreaming Cavern (G): 16
Dremora (M) (daedra): 326, 871, 1034
Dren: See → Vedam Dren.
Drengr Bronze−Helm (P) (warrior): 1173–1175
Dres District (G): 401
Dres Khizumet−e (M) (numen): 80
Dres Minegaar: See → Minegaar.
Dreugh (race): 6, 7, 64, 120, 592, 896, 1035, 1039. Cf. → Hist.
Dreugh wax: 896, 1035
Drisis (M) (numen): 1226
Dro'Jizad (P): 982
Dro'Zel (P) (king of → Senchal): 8, 54, 56, 62
Dubdilla (G) (cavern): 180
Dumac DwarfKing: See → Dumac the Dwarf King.
Dumac Dwarf−Orc: See → Dumac the Dwarf King.
Dumac the Dwarf King (P) (king of → Red Mountain): 136, 378–379, 917–918, 1112, 1207
Dumalacath the Dwarf−Orc: See → Dumac the Dwarf King.
Dune (G) (locality): 507
Dunmer(i) Houses: 210, 547, 708

1264
E.

Dun–roamin (G) (locality): 1076
Durzog (animal): 1218
Dwarven (a): 25, 480, 852, 1004, 1094, 1104–1107. See also → Dwemer(i).
Dwarven ghosts: 480, 852
Dwarves (P): 223, 360, 378–379, 899, 905, 917, 955, 1106, 1221, 1241. See also → Dwemer.
Dwarvish: See → Dwarven.
Dwemer (language): 424
Dwemer centurion (Dwemer creation): 293, 644, 850
Dwemer Museum: 342
Dwynten (G) (barony): 12, 27, 36, 44, 47–50, 290, 1158

Eagle's Cry (G) (tavern): 36
Earth Bones: 205, 424, 592, 888, 1029. See also → Ehlnofey.
Earth Stone (G) (monolith): 492, 1119, 1120
Earthbones: See → Earth Bones.
Ebony: 25, 426, 905, 907, 926, 946, 958, 1006, 1030, 1047, 1138
Ebony Mail (A): 188, 352, 880
Edward (P) (king): 1075, 1077–1078
Edwinna Elbert (P) (Mages Guild steward): 403, 850
Eqroamaro (P) (battlemage): 856–857
Ehnofex (language): 1024
Ehnofey (P) ("Earth Bones"; the first people): 898–899, 1029, 1209. See also → Earth Bones.
Eight Divines (M): 695
Eight Givers (M): 858
Eight Plates (G) (cornerclub): 277
Einarr (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Einarr the Younger (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
El (M) (numen): 1024
Elbert Nermarc (P) (service provider): 679
Eldafire (P) (commoner): 890
Eldengrove: 190
Eldenroot (G) (locality): 921, 925
Elder Ones: 899. See also → Altmer.
Elder Race: 389, 1069. See also → Elves.
Elder Scrolls (text): 982, 1138–1139, 1167, 1205, 1220
Elder Way: 387
Elder Wood: See → Atmora.
Eldjar Bear–Skinner (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Eldrid Ice–Light (P) (sorcerer): 1173
Eleidon (P) (knight): 356, 884
Eleidon’s Ward (A): 356, 884
Elemental Daedra: See → Atronach.
Eleven Forces: 1024, 1030
Ellabeth (P) (axe fighter): 1125–1126
Elmas Island (G): 1236
Eloisa (P): 8, 269–270, 604–605
Elusive Beast: See → Vernaccus.
Elynea (P): 594
Elynea (P): 581
Elysana (P) (queen of → Wayrest): 181, 281, 286
Elysora (P): 451
Emerald: 208
Enamor (W) (blade): 585
Enchantment (school): 632–633, 637–639, 893
Encyclopedia Tamrielica (title): 956,
Ephemeral Feint: 1205
Ephen (M) (numen): 1078–1079, 1083
Era, beginning of the Second Era: 62
Era, beginning of the Third Era: 262, 597
Erabenimsun (camp and tribe): 415
Eraintine (P) (sage): 267, 602
Eraldil (P) (savant): 482
Erene Llenim (P) (commoner): 890
Erer Dariothil (P) (teacher): 856

1266
Eria Valkor Serpentkin (P): 982
Erna (P) (commoner): 348
Ernil (P) (smuggler): 565
Ernse Llervu (P) (club fighter): 419
Ery (P) (publican): 407
Eryl (P) (lord; battlemage): 520–523, 532–533, 537
Esronio (G) (locality): 268–269, 603–604
Esruoc Tsrif: See → First Course.
et'Ada (M): 126, 945, 1024–1026, 1029, 1202, 1205. See also → Aedra., → Original Spirits.
Ethal Seloth (P) (Telvanni sorcerer): 437
Ethas Rilvayn (P) (Morag Tong steward): 405
Ethos Knife (artifact): 125, 136
Evensacon (town): 1212, 1214
Evening Star (T) (month): 333, 463, 966, 1145
Eydis Fire−Eye (P) (Fighters Guild steward): 405

Face−Snaked Queen of the Three in One: See → Ayem.
Faer: See → Umphatic Faer.
Failed Incarnates: 591. See also → False Incarnates.
Falanaamo (P) (clothier): 577
Falco Galenus (P) (deputy): 301
Falconstar (G) (locality): 1161
Falinsnesti (G) (city): 140, 144, 146–147, 150–151, 153, 163, 165, 167, 171, 173
Falki the Fat (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Falkreath (G) (kingdom): 904
Falmer (P) (Snow Elves): 1120–1121
False Construct Numidium: 680. See also → Akulakhan
False Incarnate(s) (P): 547, 591. See also → Failed Incarnates.
False Thinking Temple: 126, 130
Family shrine: 210, 211
Fang Lair (G) (mine): 1094
Fang of Haynekhtnamet (A): 358, 886
Fangbith the Warleader (P): 1003–1004
Fa−Nuit−Hen (M) (numen): 64
Far Shores (M) (practice): 1027, 1208–1209
Fara's Hole in the Wall (G) (cornerclub): 406
Farewell to Colovia (song): 915
Fargoth (P) (commoner): 890
Farrun (G) (kingdom): 12, 1099–1100, 1154
Father of Manbeasts: See → Hircine.
Father of Monsters: See → Molag Bal.

F.
Father of Plots: See → Boethiah.
Fatherland: See → Skyrim.
Faume Toad–Eye (P) (king): 358, 886
Feast of St. Rilms (T) (event): 1197
Feldrelo Sadri (P) (Temple master): 405
Felga Four–Fingers (P) (medium): 866
Felisa Ulessen (P) (Telvanni mouth): 272, 407
Fell Wolf: See → Ondjage.
Felms (M) (saint): 490, 950
Felyn Saranas (P): 1219
Fendryn Drelvi (P) (gondolier): 300
Fenja: See → Hoaga.
Fermented meat juices: See → Rotmeth.
Fermented pig's milk: See → Jagga.
Feruren Oran (P) (Dunmer spellsword): 434
Fervinthil (G): 34
Feryn Coribael: 1038–1039
Feyvyn Ralen (P) (Telvanni lawman): 300
Feyfolken (M) (numen): 364, 366–373
Fickledire: See → Fires of Fickledire, → Fountains of Fickledire.
Fields of Kummu (G): 412, 1033
Fine–Mouth (P) (commoner): 890
Finna (P) (heroic child): 351
Fire Fern (plant): 868, 1087
Fires of Fickledire (G?): 355, 883. Cf. → Fountains of Fickledire.
Firewatch (G?): 463
First Blighter: See → Chemua.
First Breath of Man: See → Morihaus.
First Corner of the House of Troubles: See → Molag Bal.
First Course (M) (numen): 876–877
First Seed (T) (month): 463, 967, 1158, 1188
Firsthold (G) (kingdom): 181, 366, 624, 969, 972, 1014, 1137, 1230
Fish jelly (F): 151, 164
Fists of Randagulf (A): 356, 883
Five Year(s) War: 292, 507
Fjalding (G) (lake): 350
Fjell ice cave (G): 243
Flower Festival (T) (event): 511, 513–514, 516, 518, 520–521, 532
Fondoukth (P) (steward): 1148
Footpad: See → Rajhin
Forest Ones: 899. See also → Bosmer.
Foresters Guild: See → Morag Tong.
Fort Buckmoth (G): 382, 402–403, 623
Fort Darius (G): 623
Fort Frostmoth (G): 468, 1176
Fort Gnisis (G): 382
Fort Moonmoth (G): 347, 382, 404, 416, 623, 1035
Fort Pelagiad (G): 382, 412, 607, 623
Fort Sphinxmoth (G): 507
Forven Berano (P) (Hlaalu nobleman): 422, 705
Foryn Gilnith (P) (commoner): 890
Fountains of Fickledire (G?): 1006. Cf. → Fires of Fickledire.
Four Corners (of the House of Troubles) (M): 78, 82, 88, 360, 902, 999, 1220. See also → Malacath, → Mehrunes Dagon, → Molag Bal, → Sheogorath.
Four Suitors of Benitah (title): 955
Four Tests (convention): 418
Foyada (G) ("fire river"): 429, 1035
Foyada Mamaea (G): 347, 405, 1035
Frandar Hunding (P) (scholar): 1230
Fredas (T) (weekday): 371, 1146
Freida Oaken–Wand (P) (warrior): 351
Frelene Acques (P) (healer): 678
Friar Lylim: See → Lylim.
Frost Atronach(s) (M) (daedra): 278, 355, 883, 895. See also → Atronach(s), → Frost Monarch.
Frost Fall (T) (month): 139, 167 Frost giant: 1175
Frost Monarch (M) (daedra): 355, 883. See also → Frost Atronach.
Frost salts: 208, 895
Frykte ice cave (G): 615
Funcrazot Priif (P) (acrobat): 976

G.

Gadayn (P) (Hlaalu retainer): 482
Gaer (G): 493–494
Gah–Julan (P) (slave): 579
Gaiden Shinji (P) (blademaster): 651, 1021, 1032
Galana Septim (P) (princess): 1137–1140
Galasa Uvayn (P) (Hlaalu agent): 439
Galbedir (P) (service provider): 208–209
Galen (P) (smith): 620
Gallael (P) (artist): 366
Gallivere Lariat (P) (nobleman): 265, 267, 600, 602
Galos Mathendis (P) (Telvanni mouth): 407
Gals Areth (shipmaster): 407
Galsiah (P) (thief): 1195–1198
Galur Rithari (P) (Buoyant Armiger): 394, 1201
Ganciele (P) (spearman): 580
Garas Seloth (P) (Telvanni oathman): 300
Garaz (P): 247, 249, 251–252, 254, 419–421, 1211
Garisa Llethri (P) (Redoran councilor): 403, 691
Garuan (P) (nightblade): 672–673
Gate Citadel Odrosal: See → Citadel Odrosal.
Gate Citadel Vemynal: See → Citadel Vemynal.
Gateway Inn (G) (hotel): 395, 406, 689
Gauntlet (T) (annual event): 463
Gazouf Mough: See → Oin Parnafacasis.
Gelo (P) (slave): 252–253
Gelyn (P) (initiate): 635, 639
Gemyn (P) (lord): 289
Genefra (P): 953–955
Genethah Illoc (noblewoman): 1016
Genevrah (P) (lady): 1038–1039
GHARTOK PADHOME GHARTOK PADHOME: 77
Ghorick the Healer (P): 1003–1004
Ghost fence(s): 210–212
Ghostfence (G) (magical barrier): 199, 201, 211, 212–213, 324, 415–416, 646–647, 1035
Ghostgate (G) (fortress): 185, 199, 360, 405, 415–416, 498, 856, 1035
Ghoul: 547
Gialene (P) (lady): 969–972
Giant: 987, 990
Giant Rat: 345
Giant spider: 1079, 1228
Giden (P) (witchhunter): 578, 698
Gideon (G) (city?): 2, 22–23, 37–38, 40–41, 52
Gideon (G) (city): 41
Gift of Kynareth: See → Lord's Mail.
Gilam (P): 227
Gilane (G) (kingdom): 1138, 1145, 1150, 1154, 1158, 1161–1163, 1165
Gilverdale (G) (locality): 8–9, 16, 36
Gilur (P): 1218
Gilvas Barelo (P) (abbot): 474, 1010, 1112
Gi'nanth (P) (student): 499
Ginko (plant): 868
Gislar Round–Gut (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Glabrio Bellienus (P) (secretary): 331, 336
Glavius (P) (lord): 11, 60
Glenhwyfaunva (M) (witch–serpent): 358, 886
Glenmoril (G) (locality): 263, 598
Glenpoint (G) (duchy): 263–264, 598–599, 1013, 1158–1159
Glenpoint Castle (G): 1161
Glenumbria Moors (G): 377
Gnaar Mok (G) (village): 323, 403, 414

1270
Gnisis Legion Fort: See → Fort Gnisis.
Gnorbooth (P): 513, 518, 520–523
Goblin(s): 592, 1067, 1127, 1206
God of Curses: See → Malacath.
God of Destruction: See → Mehrunes Dagon.
God of Farms: See → Zeht.
God of Madness: 44
God of Man: See → Shezarr.
God of Mercy: See → Stendarr.
God of Ransom: See → Stuhn.
God of Schemes: See → Molag Bal.
God of the Cycle of Life and Death: See → Arkay.
God of the Forest: See → Y'ffre.
God of the Underworld: See → Shor.
God of Toil: See → Z'en.
God of Wisdom and Logic: See → Julianos.
God of Work and Commerce: See → Zenithar.
God of Worms: See → Mannimarco.
God–King: See → Vivec.
Goddess of Air: See → Kynareth.
Goddess of Beauty: See → Dibella.
Goddess of Love: See → Mara.
Goddess of the Dusk and Dawn: See → Azura.
Godkiller: See → Nerevar Indoril.
Gold Kanet (plant): 208, 974, 977
Gold–Heart (P): 594
Goldbrand (A): 357, 885
Golden Saint (M) (daedra): 326
Golem (constellation): 966, 968
Golem (creation): 295–296, 700. See also → Chimarramidium.
God Beast (M): 1120
Good Daedra (M): 325, 490, 680. See also → Daedra.
Gor Felim (playwright): 223, 864, 1043, 1111
Goren Andarysis (P) (Morag Tong steward): 403
Gorgic: 926
Gorgos (P) (messenger): 363, 366, 368, 370–373
Goris (P) (necromancer): 559, 838
Gorkith (P) (armorer): 248, 249, 251–254
Gorne (G) (island): 650–651, 656–657, 660, 664–667
Goroflox The Unholy (M) (numen): 1224
Gortwog (P) (king): 306
Gortwog gro–Nagorm (lord): 450–452
Gorvigh Ridge (G): 453–455
Gothlyr (P): 1137
Gothren (P) (Telvanni archmagister): 272, 413, 688–690
Gothryd (P) (king of → Daggerfall): 306
Goutfang (style): 1039
Grabber(s) (M): 118, 124–125
Graf(r)isi (P) (kena): 655–656, 660, 662
Grahl (ice troll): 242
Grand Council: 273, 382, 590, 616, 681, 1097, 1112, 1131
Grand Pharos (G) (lighthouse): 414
Grave dust: See → Gravedust.
Gravedust: 208, 220, 895
Gray Maybe: See → Nirm.
Grazelands (G) (region): 272, 411, 414, 856, 895–896, 1235
Great Ashkhan: See → Nerevar.
Great Darkness: See → Namiri.
Great Ghost Fence: See → Ghostfence.
Great House Dunmer: 198
Great House Hlaalu: 702
Great House Redoran: 1128
Great House Telvanni: 449
Great Mountain: See → Red Mountain.
Great Scathes (G) (region): 415
Greater Bonewalker: 852
Greater Bretony (G): 684
Greedy Man (M) (numen): 1118–1119, 1121–1122. See also → Adversary.
Greef (F) (comberry brandy): 35, 247, 251, 856, 692, 1190, 1195, 1197, 1211
Green and Gracious Land (song): 915
Green Lichen (plant): 208, 220, 425, 562, 566, 895
Green Ones: See → Bosmer.
Green Pact: 141
Greenheart (G) (city?): 49
Greklith (P) (prince): 553–554
Grenos (G) (village): 153–154, 156–158, 171
Gretta Wolf–Child (P) (warrior): 1175
Grey Wind: See → Ysmir Kingmaker.
Greybeards (M) (numina): 377, 904–905, 1210
Grigia (P) (prostitute): 530
Grimtry Garden (G) (village): 280, 284, 287, 290
Griss the Yellow (P) (wizard): 1175
Grjotgaror (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Grom (?): 7
Grugbob G. (P) (fake): 193
Gryf: See → Gryf Mallon.

1272
Gryf Mallon (P) (translator): 141−145, 164−165, 171
Guar (animal): 430, 644, 676, 1010, 1033, 1197
Guardians (main constellations): 965
Guild(s): 345. See also → Coincidence Guild, → Fighters Guild, → Mages Guild, → Morag Tong, → Prostitutes Guild, → Shouts, → Sweeps, → Thieves Guild.
Guild of Fighters: See → Fighters Guild.
Guild of Mages: See → Mages Guild.
Guild of Thieves: See → Thieves Guild.
Guilds Act: 375, 496
GULGA MOR JIL: See → GULGA MOR JIL HYAET AE HOOM.
GULGA MOR JIL HYAET AE HOOM (M) (monster): 87, 132
Gunal (G) (town?): 953−954
Guolog (M) (frost giant): 1174
Guril Retheran (P) (Redoran assassin): 438
Guylaine Marilie (P) (scholar): 418
Gwylim (G) (city): 389, 856
Gyna the Whore (P) (prostitute): 511−514, 516−518, 520−523, 530−531, 533, 535−537
Gyrnassee (P) (lord): 391
Gysilla (P) (empress): 1150, 1155

H.

Haballa (P): 552−554
Habasi (P) (Thieves Guild boss): 405
Hackle−lo leaf (plant): 221, 896
Hadwaf Neithwyr: 280−281, 283−284, 286, 290
Halberd (W): 1219
Hale the Pious (king of → Skyrim): 618
Halfway Inn (G) (tavern): 386
Hall of Valor (period): 866
Hallgerd (P): 247−248, 250−254, 419−420, 1211, 1213
Halls of Penumbra (G): 1121
Halqa (P) (herbalist): 1223–1224
Hammer (W): 360, 379, 474, 646–648, 908, 932, 1078–1079, 1101, 1134, 1175
Hamster (animal): 1225
Hana (P): 1048
Hananai (P) (Sixth House agent): 393
Ha−Note: See → City−Face.
Harakostil (P) (acrobat): 689
Harald (P) (king): 355, 389, 883, 899, 1206
Hare: 1036–1037
Harithoel (P) (smuggler): 859–860
Harpies (creatures): 592
Hasaama (P) (queen): 8–9
Hasedoki (P) (wizard): 357, 885
Hasphat Antabolis (Fighters Guild apprentice): 427, 489
Hassour Zainsubani (Thieves Guild operative): 1240
Havel Slump (G) (city): 146–148, 171
Hawkmoth Legion: 623
Haynekhtnamet (M) (beast): 358, 886
Hazadir (P) (armorer): 907, 909
He Who Cannot Be Touched: See → Vernaccus.
Hean (P) (priest): 403
Heart of Lorkhan (A): 323, 646–649, 917–919, 1029. See also → Heart of Shor.
Heart of Shor (A): 378. See also → Heart of Lorkhan.
Heartfire (T) (month): 967
Heartland (valley): 23, 25, 905, 1206
Heartlanders: 695
Heather (plant): 208, 896
Hegathe (G) (kingdom): 14, 30, 48, 937
Heimdall the Frenzied (P) (warrior): 351
Heinlen the Heavy (P): 615
Heirographa: See → Hierogapha.
Helena (P): 596
Helende (P) (Thieves Guild boss): 407
Heliand (P) (soothsayer): 391
Hellen (P) (queen): 1150, 1156, 1161
Helm of Oreyn Bearclaw (A): 358, 886
Hendor−Stardumz (G): 298
Heran Ancestral Tomb (G): 277–279
Heran family: 277
Heran Tomb: See → Heran Ancestral Tomb.
Heriah (P) (thief): 874–877
Herma–Mora (M) (numen): 16, 142, 369, 618, 931, 1202, 1204
HERMA–MORA–ALTADOON! AE ALTADOON!: 80
Hermaeus: See → Herma–Mora.
Hermaeus Mora: See → Herma–Mora.
Hermetic orders: 1205
Herne (G) (island): 1209
Hestra (P) (scholar): 1220
Hetchfeld (P) (associate scribe): 626
Hethoth (P) (battlemage): 700
Hetman: 397, 1103, 1222
Hetman Abelmawia: See → Abelmawia Eribael.
Hidden Heaven (M?): 130
Hierogapha ("holy writings"): 473, 680, 711, 920
High Elven: 214, 1127
High Elves (Altmer): 164, 187, 212, 387, 547, 899, 905, 1069, 1072, 1082, 1205. See also → Altmer.
High Fane (G) (temple): 360, 408–409, 573–574, 1033
High Hrothgar (G) (temple?): 377, 904
High Ones: See → Altmer.
Hilbongard Rolamus (P) (weaponsmith): 357, 425, 885
Hildir Worm–Heart (P) (necromancer): 1174
Hillima (P) (maid): 664, 666, 668
Hiomaste (P) (archer): 921, 923, 925–927
Hircine (M) (numen): 16, 354, 369, 558, 618, 882, 931, 1231
Hirstaang Forest (G): 1120
Hist (M) (ancestral beings): 898–899
Hist (plant): 898, 1109–1111
Hjalti Early–Beard (P) (hero): 904–905. See also → Stormcrown, → Talos, → Tiber I.
Hla Oad (G) (village): 405, 410, 414, 859
Hlaalu: 322, 324, 398, 401, 405, 408–410, 616, 656, 678, 702, 1128, 1236. See also → House Hlaalu.
Hlaalu Athyn Llethan: See → Athyn Llethan.
Hlaalu District(s): 198, 199, 1188, 1236
Hlaalu Helseth: See → Helseth.
Hlaalu House: See → House Hlaalu.
Hlaalu(–)Nothoc: See → Nothoc.
Hlaalu Pasoroth: See → Pasoroth.
Hlaalu Province: 1188
Hlaalu Velando Omani: See → Velando Omani.
Hlaren Ramoran (P) (lord; Redoran councilor): 403, 691, 1222
Hlevala (P) (Hlaalu kinswoman): 479
Hloggar the Bloody (P) (barbarian): 422, 706
Hlorngar F. (P) (fake): 193
Hoag Merkiller (P) (king): 377
Hoaga (M) (numen): 80
Hoermius: See → Herma–Mora.
Hogithum (T) (annual event): 463
Holamayan (G) (temple): 474, 917, 1010, 1112
Homunculi: 188
HoonDing (M) (numen): 1202, 1204, 1206
Hope of the Chimer: See → Chimarvanidium.
Hope of the Redoran: See → Andas.
Horath the Strong (P): 975
Horavatha (M) (numen): 1212–1213
Hordalf Xyr (P) (kena): 985, 987–988, 990
 Horde King: See → Malooc.
Horde Mountain (M) (monster): 112
Horis Coribael (P): 1039
Hormaius: See → Herma−Mora.
Horn of Summoning (A): 1077, 1080–1082
Horse (animal): 50, 175, 306, 455, 518, 522–523, 604, 1021, 1047, 1087, 1168, 1212
Hortator (war leader): 64, 73–74, 76–81, 83–84, 86, 88, 92, 94–98, 100, 113, 124, 130–133, 136, 573–574, 1114, 1241
Hound (animal): 219, 1010, 1037. See also → Dog, → Nix hound.
House Districts: 198
House Drenim: 916
House Dres: 181–183, 184–185, 398, 400–401, 477, 616, 1131
House Dwemer: 1010, 1097, 1112, 1131. See also → Dwemer.
House Hlaalu: 199, 383, 398, 400–401, 404, 416, 617, 678, 1082, 1131, 1188, 1236, 1239. See also → Hlaalu.
House Mora: 108–109, 1082
House of Dagorth: See → House Dagorth.
House of Indoril: See → House Indoril.
House of Mora: See → House Mora.
House of Sithis: 1029
House of Telvanni: See → House Telvanni.
House of Troubles: 76, 78, 81, 86, 120, 933. See also → First Corner of the House of Troubles, → Four Corners.
House Retheran: 916
House Telvanni: 183, 199, 272, 400–401, 406, 413, 449, 623, 690, 893–894, 986, 1131
Houses: 82, 199, 210, 213, 398, 400, 449, 547, 656, 660, 662, 668, 671, 676, 1097, 1206. See also → Great Houses.
Hrisskar (P) (rogue): 580
Hrol达尔 (P) (barbarian): 564
Hrothmund the Red (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1173–1175
Hrothmund's Bane (G) (formation): 206, 1174
Hrothmund's Barrow (G): 206
Hrundi the Nord (P) (Fighters Guild steward): 407
Htillyts (P): See → Styllith.
Huleeya (P) (service provider): 506, 590
Human(s): 212, 389, 592, 870, 872, 905, 956, 990, 1024−1025, 1032, 1051, 1054, 1056, 1069, 1080, 1082, 1085−1087, 1204, 1206, 1208, 1220, 1225
Hunger (M) (daedra): 325
Huntsman: See → Hircine.
Huntsman of the Princes: See → Hircine.
Hypha Facia (plant): 209

I.

Iachesis (P) (magister; Ritemaster of the Psijics): 18, 387, 391, 624, 1152−1153
Iachilla Xyr (P): 990–991
Ianthippus Minthurk (P) (alchemist): 863–864
Ice Blade of the Monarch (A): 355, 883
Ichidag (G) (locality): 1161, 1163
Idroso Vendu (P) (Telvanni mage): 437
Ienasa (P) (commoner): 584
Ihlendam (P) (lord): 298
Iliac (G): 947
Iliac Bay (G): 44, 194, 263, 283, 287, 306, 554, 598, 1032
Illusion (school): 462, 496, 530, 531, 605, 632, 634, 638, 701, 893, 1085, 1146
Ilther (P) (magister): 637–638
I'm Glad I'm Not No Orc (song): 915
Imalyn (P) (thief): 1195–1197
Imga (creatures): 592, 923
Imperial(s) (inhabitants): 408, 921, 1169, 1175–1176
Imperial administration: 199, 400
Imperial Annals: 1168
Imperial Arena (G): 28, 148
Imperial Army: 12, 14, 25–27, 32, 35–36, 38, 54, 230, 907, 1057, 1158, 1160–1161
Imperial Battlemage: 176, 234, 269–270, 357, 533, 604–605, 700, 885, 1082, 1089, 1187, 1229
Imperial bureaucracy: 322, 1085, 1090
Imperial Chapels: 382–383
Imperial College: 1225
Imperial Council: 450, 907–908, 1100, 1148
Imperial Court: 2, 232, 237–238, 634, 1064, 1084–1085, 1147
Imperial Cult: 198, 381–383, 403–404, 406–408, 468, 695, 874
Imperial Dungeon: 235, 1013, 1089
Imperial Family: 62, 237, 958, 1137, 1139, 1162
Imperial Garden(s): 30, 1146
Imperial Garrison: 52, 175, 263, 598, 999
Imperial government: 412
Imperial Guard(s): 2, 21, 857, 906, 985, 988–989, 1052, 1062, 1085, 1088, 1156, 1228–1229
Imperial Intelligence (Service): 322, 331, 573, 686
Imperial interests: 199, 520, 1150
Imperial Knights: 1169–1170
Imperial Law: 198, 398, 401, 1176, 1219
Imperial Museum (G): 458
Imperial navy: 28
Imperial Palace (G): 54–56, 62, 270, 605, 873, 1014–1015, 1065, 1067, 1091, 1167
Imperial Policy: 212, 1058
See also → Cyrodiil.
Imperial University: 626
Imsin the Dreamer (P) (chapter steward): 403
Imthri (G): See → Athay.
Incantory True Name: See → Protonymic.
Incarnate (M): 681, 686, 1010
Indoranyon (G) (Dunmer stronghold): 857
Indoril: 64, 72, 398, 616–617, 659. See also → House Indoril.
Indoril(−)Baynarah: See → Baynarah.
Indoril Brindisi Dorom: See → Brindisi Dorom.
Indoril District: 401
Indoril Nerevar: See → Nerevar Indoril.
Indoril(−)Tay: See → Tython.
Indoril(−)Triffith: See → Triffith.
Indoril(−)Ulliah: See → Ulliah.
Indrele Rathryon (P) (commoner): 333, 890
Indyk (P) (thief): 874–876
Inebbe (P) (kema): 184
Inga (P) (lady): 1048–1049, 1056
Ingjaldr White−Eye (chieftain): 350
Iniel (P) (Guild guide): 407
Inkkit Hinkit (song): 915
Inner Sea (Inland Sea): 33, 378, 401, 411, 414, 663, 665
Innocent Quarry: See → The Hare.
Inorra (P) (slave): 581

1278
Interregnum (T) (period): 864, 1043
Invisible Gate (order): 100
Invocation of Molag Bal (T) (annual event): 463
Invocation of Nocturnal (T) (annual event): 463
Inzolia (P) (battlemage): 187–191
Inzolicus (P) (sage): 1158, 1161, 1168
Ioa (P) (warlord): 1137
Ionith (G): 268, 603
Irgola (P) (pawnbroker): 567, 588
Ironwood (plant): 868
Isgeror White–Wave (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Isild (G) (river): 348
Island Lads Down from the Mountain (song): 915
Isle of Artaeum (G): 6, 16–17, 263, 362, 387–388, 391, 598, 624, 1030–1031, 1153. See also → Artaeum.
Isle of Balfiera (G): 1013
Isle of Betony (G): 1015
Ivulen Irano (P) (guard): 423, 946
Iymbez (P) (chief): 1020–1021

J.

Jacques (P) (smuggler?): 242–243
Jagga (Fermented pig's milk): 147, 152, 173–174
Ja–Kha'jay (M) (numen): 1202, 1205, 1220, 1232–1233
Ja'Khajiit (EM): See → Merrunz.
Jalemml (P): 1041–1043
Janand Maulinie (P) (service provider): 576
Jasrat (P) (commander): 670–671
Jastyaga (P) (author): 1032
Jehenna (G): 157
Jeelen (P) (service provider): 468
Jelly (F): 219, 1150. See also → Scrib jelly and → Fish jelly.
Jephre the Storyteller (M) (numen): 1075
Jereth (P) (acrobat): 688–689
Jhunal (M) (numen): 1202, 1205. See also → Julianos.
Jhunal (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69
Jijjic (a): 1224
Jnaggo (P) (armorer): 295–296
Jode (M) (numen): 1202, 1205
Jofrior (P): 351
Joile (P) (king of → Daggerfall): 651
Jolda (P) (service provider): 314, 683
Jole Yolivess (P) (author): 955
Jolethe (P) (queen): 1014
Jolgierr Barrow (G): 615
Joltereg (P) (mentor): 1003
Jomic (P) (kidnapper): 552–554
Jone (M) (numen): 1202, 1205
Jonis (P) (smuggler): 838
Jonni (P): 1048–1049
Juhnin (P) (woodsman): 1109–1111
Julec: 11. See also → Juilek Cyrodiil.
Julianos (M) (numen): 1202, 1205. See also → Jhunal.
Jurrifax (P): 1021–1022
Jurus: See → Litudes Jurus.
Jusole Asciele (P) (diplomatic attache): 946–947
Justin (P) (imaginary playmate): 1086–1087
Jyggalag (M) (numen): 618
J'Zhirr (P) (agent): 483

K.

Ka Po' Tun (G) ("Tiger–Dragon's Empire"; nation): 509
Kael (P): 969–972
Kagouti (animal): 429, 471
Kagrenac's Journals (title): 472
Kagrenac's Planbook (title): 473
Kagrenac's Tools (A): 323, 474–475, 647, 918–919
Kagrnak: See → Kagrenac.
Kalkorith (P) (student): 650, 658, 663, 666, 668
Kamal (G) ("Snow Hell"; nation): 509
Kambria (G): 280, 287
Kamdida (P): 1109–1111
Kanthleaf (plant): 1230
Karenithil Barif (P) (Chimeri chief): 295–296
Karn达尔 Watch (P?): 214
Karvinasim (process): 6
Katana (W): 3, 419, 1137, 1140
Katariah I (P) (empress): 265, 267, 269, 419, 600, 602, 604, 907–909, 1014–1015
Katariah Ra'athim: See → Katariah I.
Katarish (P) (duchess of → Vvardenfell): 1168
Katisha (P): 1054–1056, 1060–1063
Katla (P) (witch): 1175
Kavas Rim Pass (G): 23
Kaye (P) (service provider): 383
Kazagh (P): 477–479
Kazagha (P): 1223
Keirgo (?): 159
Kelmeril Brin (P): 1016–1018
Kelmeth (P) (healer): 1141
Kema Inebbe: See → Inebbe.
Kema Warvim: See → Warvim.
Kemel−Ze (G) (ruins): 1103, 1105
Kemillith Torom (P) (husband of → Peliah): 478
Kena Graf(r)isi: See → Graf(r)isi.
Kena Leles: See → Leles.
Kena Warfel Tomasín: See → Warfel Tomasín.
Kena Warvim: See → Warvim.
Kena Yakin Bael: See → Yakin Bael.
Kena Zombel Mokafa: See → Oin Parnafacasis.
Kepkajna gra−Minfang (former thief): 1169–1171
Keseena (P) (slave): 582
Khajiiti: See → Khajiiti.
Khán ("chief"; title): 546
Khargol (P): 1169–1170
Kharneson (P) (alchemist?): 215
Khenarthi (M) (numen): 1202, 1231–1233
Kherakah (G) (locality): 541
Khosey (P) (author): 1137
Kh–Utta (M) (duke of Scamps): 76, 90
Khuul (G) (village): 403, 416
King of Ash (M) (numen): 674. See also → Ash king.
King of Assassins (M) (numen): 109
King of Madness: See → Sheogorath.
King of Rape: See → Molag Bal.
King of the Aldmer: See → Aurí−El.
King of Worms (M) (numen): 357, 885, 1213
King's Ham (G) (cornerclub): 247, 1211
Kintyra (P) (empress): 1207
Kintyra I (P) (empress and queen of → Silvenar): 262, 597, 1136
Kintyra II (P) (empress): 238–239, 263–265, 267, 598–600, 602, 1013, 1150, 1154–1161, 1168

1281
L.

Kintyra Septim II: See → Kintyra II.
Kiss At the End: See → Kyne.
Klythic's Cairn (G) (crypt): 286
Kn(ah)aten Flu (T) (period or event): 358, 886, 1210
Knife (W): 125, 134, 136, 248, 385, 693, 859, 942, 1050
Koal Cave (G): 1035
Kogmenthist Castle (G): 1162–1163
Kogoruhn (G) (Dunmer stronghold): 322–323
Kolgar (P) (marchioness): 184, 193
Kontin Arynx (P): 263, 598
Koorg (P): 1041–1043
Kopale (P) (adventurer): 921
Kothringi (a): 2, 22, 41, 52, 1210
Kragenmoor (G): 616
Kramakama: See → Athay.
Krazzt (dremora): 1034
Kummi (P) (miner): 396
Kwama (animal): 693, 895–896, 1195
Kyler (P): See → Relyk.
Kynareth (M) (numen): 43, 165, 352, 381, 517, 651, 880, 941, 980, 990, 1136, 1202, 1205–1206, 1209, 1212, 1226
Kyne (M) (numen): 378, 1202, 1205–1206
Kynrt (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69. Cf. → Kynareth.

L.

Lady (constellation): 965, 967
Lady Moorling: See → Elysseta Moorling.
Lake Amaya (G): 208, 1033
Lake Coronati (G): 25–26
Lake Fjalding (G): 615, 1173
Lalatia Varian (P) (oracle): 382
Landa (P) (Telvanni retainer): 300
Lariat Family: 267, 602
Lariate: See → Uriel Lariat.
Larrius Varro (P) (Imperial warrior): 445
Last Seed (T) (month): 283, 290, 697, 700, 965
Last War (M): 509
Least Loved Porcupine (G) (tavern): 47
Leftunch (G) (locality): 298

1282
Legge (G) (cave): 851
Leki (M) (numen): 1202, 1205
Leles (P) (kena): 976
Leros Chael (scholar): 910
Leryne (P) (chambermaid): 668
Lesser Bonewalker: 480, 852
Lesser Tree Spirit: 1120
Levlet (P) (lord): 1151–1153
Lhkn (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69. Cf. → Lorkhan.
Lhotun (P) (king): 553
Lian (P) (queen): 1082
Lich: 216
Lie Rock (M) (monster): 130–131
Lifts–Her–Tail (P): 1012
Lilandril (G): 1087
Lilatha (P) (student): 6–7, 16
Lilmoth (G) (kingdom): 49, 1137, 1150, 1154, 1158, 1161, 1165–1166
Little Moon God: See → Jone.
Lives of the Saints (book): 361
Lizard's Head (G) (cornerclub): 409
Lledos (P) (thief): 1195–1197. See also → Sathis.
Lleromo (P) (king): 1154
Llethri Manor (G): 691
Llothis (M) (saint): 491, 950
Llovyn Andus (P) (farmer): 217
Lokheim (P) (chronicler): 350
Longsword (W): 3, 1034, 1219
Lopper: See → The Liberator.
Lord (constellation): 965, 967
Lord of Troubles: See → Molag Bal.
Lord's Mail (A): 352, 880
Loredas (T) (weekday): 368, 1211
Loreth (P) (enchanter apprentice): 962–964
Lorikh (village): 1109, 1110, 1111
Lorinthyrae (P): 1125–1126
Lorkhaj (M) (numen): 1202, 1205, 1232–1234. See also → Lorkhan.
Lorkhan cults: 956
Louis Beauchamp (P) (mage): 206
Lover (constellation): 966, 968
Lucian (P) (smuggler?): 242–243
Luminous Russula (plant): 209, 221, 896
Lunar Lattice: See → ja-Kha'jay.
Lunar Lorkhan (theory): 1011
Luven (P) (thief): 559, 838
Lycanthropy: 281, 284, 290
Lylin (P) (Trebbite monk): 970–972

M.

Maar Gan (G) (village): 403, 413, 416, 691, 1241
Mace of Molag Bal (A): 354, 882
Mackkan (P): 355, 883, 1006
Mackkan's Hammer (A): 932
Mad One: See → Sheogorath.
Mad Pelagius (T) (annual event): 1015
Mad Star: See → Sheogorath.
Madach Tradehouse (G): 976
Maelkashishi (G) (Daedric ruin): 425
Mafala (M) (numen): 1231–1232. See also → Mephala.
Mage (constellation): 965, 966, 968
Magna (P) (empress): 238
Magnus (M) (hero): 1025, 1028–1029, 1202, 1205–1206
Magnus Septim: See → Magnus I.
Magrus (M) (numen): 1231
Maid of Planes: See → Barfok.
Make Way God: See → HoonDing.
Malacath (M) (daedroth): 16, 326, 618, 878–879, 902, 931–932, 999, 1006, 1127, 1202, 1206, 1209. See also → Orkey.
Malacath's Scourge: See → Daedric Scourge.
Malak (M) (numen): 1206. See also → Malach.
Malaki the Lightfooted (P): 197
Malauch (M) (numen): 1127. See also → Malak.
Mallam Ryon (P) (Telvanni mouth): 272, 407
Mallon: See → Gryf Mallon.
Maloch (M) (numen): 1202
Malooch (M) (numen): 1202, 1206
Malsa Ules (P) (crusader): 583
Malur Omayn (P) (dissident priest): 917
Malvasian (P) (battlemage): 187–191
Mane (title/faction?): 152, 499, 1207, 1220
Mannimarco (P): 1221
Mansilamat Vabdas (miner): 1222
Mantella (tool): 906
Mantiarco (P) (king of → Solitude): 237, 239, 264, 599, 1139–1143, 1145, 1150, 1156, 1168
Mantle of Woe (A): 703
Maqamat Lusign (P) (tapestrist): 292
Mara (M) (numen): 2, 40, 142, 153, 158, 174, 381, 455, 635, 639, 1028, 1153, 1202, 1206, 1231
Marandro Sul (P) (scholar): 911
Marardo Ur (P) (scholar): 910
Maraneon (P) (king): 863
Mara’s Tear: See → Jode.
March of Beauty (event): 511, 512, 513
Mariah (P): 197
Marobar Sul (P) (author): 223, 296, 864, 955, 1004, 1043, 1111
Marog (G) (village): 1103
Marsh cat: 214
Marshmerrow (plant): 219, 690, 895
Martyrius Arruntius (P) (alderman): 946–947
Maruhkati: 1221
Marukh (P) (prophet): 618, 962
Mask (Masque) of Clavicus Vile (A): 325, 354, 882
Masser (moon): 459, 1011, 1233. See also → Jode.
Massitha (P) (illusionist): 459–462
Master of Morrowind: See → Vivec.
Mathais (P): 1041–1043
Mathyn Bemis (P) (agent): 442
Maurrie (P) (noblewoman): 569
Mausur (P) (miner): 396
Mavon Drenim (P) (Telvanni mage): 409, 440
Mazte (F) (saltrice beer): 183
Mearvis (P) (acrobat): 688–690
Meat Mandate: 174
Meditea (G) (region): 1228
Meh Ayleidion (text?): 141
Mehra Milo (P) (priest): 506, 576
Mehra Nabisi (P) (mistress): 1220
Mehrunes Dagon (M) (daedroth): 16, 55–56, 76, 326, 329, 354, 358, 618–619, 688–690, 882,
Mehrunes Razor (A): 325, 354, 882
Men (P): 420–421
Menegur (P) (count): 1098–1100
Menevia (G): 450
Mentor's Ring (A): 356, 884
Menus (P) (farmer): 584
Mephala (M) (daedroth): 33, 61, 64, 67, 74–75, 84, 108, 126, 134, 325, 618, 902, 929, 931, 936, 945, 1025, 1125, 1202, 1204, 1206, 1215–1216, 1220. See also → Mafala.
Mer (P): 509, 898, 1024, 1101. See also → Aldmer, → Altmer, → Ayleids, → Bosmer, → Chimer, → Dunmer, → Dwemer, → Falmer, → Orsimer and their respective equivalents.
Merchant's Festival (event): 31
Merella (P) (princess): 652
Meridia (M) (numen): 931
Meris (M) (saint): 491, 950
Merrunz (M) (numen): 1231. See also → Mehrunes Dagon.
Metaphysical: 353, 881, 1205, 1226
Metaphysics: 953
Methal Seran (P) (service provider): 403
Mhara (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69
Mid Year (T) (month): 967
Middas (T) (weekday): 47, 247, 1224
Middle Dawn (T) (period): 1220
Milvela Dralen (P) (guard): 423
Minas Torik (P) (assassin): 912–913
Minothrax (P) (warrior): 1020–1022
Minegaur (P) (slavetrader): 477, 479
Miner Arobar (P) (Redoran councilor): 403, 691
Minerath (P) (dissident priest): 283–284
Minevah Iolos (P) (thief): 277–278
Minister of Truth: 131
Mir Corrup (G): 20–21, 153, 632, 638–639
Mirimor (P) (guard): 13–14, 22, 38, 52–55
Mirisa (P) (monk): 468
Missing God: See → Lorkhan.
Missun Akin (P) (student): 921, 923, 926–927
Mistmen: 256
Mnoriad Pley Bar (text): 141, 144, 164
Modellus (P) (lord; councilor): 1154, 1159–1160
Modiva (G) (village): 927
Moesring (G) (region): 350

1286
M.

**Moesring Mountains** (G): 206, 350–351, 1174

**Molag Amur** (G) (region): 272, 411, 415, 896, 999, 1206


**Molag Beran** (G): 916

**Molag Mar** (G) (stronghold): 360, 410, 413, 415

**Moliva** (G) (village): 921–922, 925–926

**Moliva Hill** (G): 925

**Molissmo** (P) (Telvanni lawman): 620

**Monkey folk** (P): 158, 509

**Montalius** (P) (sage): 265, 600

**Montocai** (P) (sage): 1136, 1141, 1145, 1150

**Moon and Nausea** (G) (tavern): 1152

**Moon Axle** (monster): 104

**Moon Beast**: See → *Lorkhaj*.

**Moon sugar** (drug): 302, 337, 425, 859–860

**Moon–and–Star**: See → *Ring of the Ancestors*.

**Moonmoth Legion Fort**: See → *Fort Moonmoth*.

**Moonsugar**: See → *Moon sugar*.

**Mooring**: See → *Elysabet Moorling*.

**Moraelyn** (P) (king): 1075, 1077, 1079, 1082–1083


**Morag Tong Guild**: See → *Morag Tong*.

**Morbash gro–Shagdub** (P) (warrior): 386

**Mordrin Hanin** (P) (prince): 345, 425

**Morgiah** (P) (queen of → *Firsthold*): 234–235, 969–972, 1083–1086, 1090–1091, 1094

**Moridunon** (a): 387

**Morihatha** (P) (empress): 269–270, 387, 604–605, 700

**Morihaus** (M) (numen): 292, 1202, 1206

**Moris** (P) (smuggler): 559

**Mornadas** (T) (weekday): 147

**Morning Star** (T) (month): 1–2, 4, 62, 465, 968

**Morodrung** (ship): 260


**Mortal Plane**: See → *Mundus*.

**Mortals’ God.**: See → *Arkay*.
M. Morty (P) (adventurer): 196
Mortyn (P) (king of → Daggerfall): 1137
Morvayn Manor: 691
Morwha (YM): 30, 1202, 1207
Morwha conservatorium: 30, 48
Moth and Fire (G) (tavern): 461
Mother Morrowind: See → Almalexia.
Mother of Men: See → Kyne.
Mother of the Rose: See → Azura.
Mother Pascost (P): 149, 150, 171
Mother Pascost's Tavern: 140, 146, 148
Mother Paskos Tavern: See → Mother Pascost's Tavern.
Mother Soul: See → Azura.
Motusuo (P): 627
Mount Assarnibibi (G): 415
Mount Dagotoh–Ur: See → Red Mountain.
Mount Kand (G): 415
Mount of Dagotoh–Ur: See → Red Mountain.
Mount Vhokken: See → Vhokken.
Mountain Orcs: 999. See also → Orcs.
Mournholdian: 1085
Mouth of Mud: See → Hoaga.
Mouths: See → Telvanni Mouths.
M'reth Paskos Tavern: See → Mother Pascost's Tavern.
MUATRA ("Milk Taker"); artifact): 91, 100, 104, 112, 116–117, 131, 133
Muck (drug): 562, 566, 1033
Mud crab (Mudcrab) (animal): 312, 430, 895
Multiplier of Motions Known: See → Fa–Nuit–Hen.
Mulvrulea (P): 698
Mundus (the current world): 870, 1024–1025, 1029–1030, 1213. See also → Nirm.
Muorasa (P) (servant): 671
Muthsera (address): 217, 333, 395, 449, 607
Mutton (F) (animal): 168
Muvrulea (P) (barbarian): 578
Mynista Skeffington (P) (witch): 43
Mynistera (P) (nursemaid): 46–47, 50
Mystery of Morrowind: See → Sotha Sil.
Mysticism (school): 7, 286, 300, 360, 382, 496, 632, 700, 893, 971, 1136
Mythic Era (T) (period): 389, 866, 899, 902, 1026, 1205
Mzuleft (G) (Dwemer ruin): 850
Naenra Waerr (P) (witch): 358, 886
Naghea (P) (queen of Riverhold): 11–12, 14
Nameless Tavern (G) (tavern): 552, 554
Namiira (M) ("the Great Darkness"): 1232. Cf. Namira.
Nandor Beraid (P) (champion): 419, 907–909
Narsis (G) (duchy): 133, 379, 1137
Na–Totambu (tribe?): 1205
Natron: 312
Nature of Ayleidic Poesy (book): 1135
Navil Ienith (P) (agent): 340, 444
Nbthld (P): 424
Nchardahrk (Dwemer ruin): 850
Nchmarthurnidamz (unknown): 296
Nchuleft (G) (Dwemer ruin): 298, 850
Nchylbar (P) (scholar): 222–223
Necrom (G) (city): 53, 210–211, 461
Nedic peoples (ancient men): 389
Neetinei (P) (slave): 579
Neithwyr: See Hadwaf Neithwyr, Peryra Neithwyr.
Nelas (G) (tomb): 559
Nelos (P) (rogue): 569
Neloth (P) (Telvanni master): 272, 406–407, 688–690
Nerevar Indoril (P) (Dunmer First Age hero): 331, 502, 543, 917–920, 950, 1034, 1038, 1097, 1112–1113, 1202, 1207, 1216
Nerevar Moon–and–Star (title): 427
Nerevarine prophecies: 547, 548, 591, 681, 1241
Nerone (G): 453
Nerris Gan (P) (publisher): 181
Netch (animal): 430
Netchimen: 64
Nevena Ules (P) (Hlaalu councilwoman): 1189, 1236
Nevith (P): 1109
New Mer: See Dunmer.
New–Shoes Bragor: See Bragor.
N'Gasta (P) (necromancer): 550
Nibani Maesa (P) (oracle): 1240–1241
Nibenay Valley (G): 685
Nienolas Ulwarth the Mighty (P) (warrior): 1125–1126
Night Mistress: See → Nocturnal.
Night Mother (title): 32, 52–55, 61, 178, 936–937
Nightshade (plant): 869
Nileno Dorvayn (P) (service provider): 405
Nimloth (P) (thief): 939, 941
Nine Divines (M) (numina): 198, 381–382, 468, 1025, 1203–1205, 1208, 1210
Nine Virtues: 381
Nir (M) (numen): 898, 1206
Nirdla: See → Aldrin.
Nirn (M) (the current world): 69, 870, 898–899, 945, 955, 975, 1011, 1024, 1232–1233. See also → Mundus.
Nirni: See → Nirn.
Nitrah (P) (bladeswoman): 459–462
Nix hound (animal): 193, 209, 379, 430
No Name Club (G) (public house): 409
Nocturnal (M) (numen): 355, 463, 464, 618, 883, 932
Nohtarap: See → Parathion.
Noormoc (G): 72
Nordic (a): 293, 377, 379, 695, 1014, 1039, 1045, 1048–9, 1060, 1065, 1141, 1203, 1205, 1208–1210
North Gash (G): 691
North Wind’s Prayer (T) (festival): 1145
Northern Barbarians: 295. See also → Nords, → Northern men.
Northern men: 80, 358, 886. See also → Nords.
Northmoor (G): 878
Northpoint (G): 247
Norvus (P): 227–228
Nothoc (P) (counselor): 674
Number Room (M): 120, 124
Numidium (artificial creature): 616, 700, 905–906
Numidium, Second: See → Akulakhan.
Numidiumism: 956
O.


**Ocato** (P) (Imperial battlemage): 486

**Octoplasm** (P): 1225–1226

**Odai River** (G): 347, 405, 414, 702

**Odaishah Yasalmibaal** (P) (Dunmer barbarian): 433

**Oddny the Unfaithful** (P): 1175

**Odral Helvi** (Hlaalu house brother): 607, 1193

**Odros** (P) (brother of → Voryn Dagoth): 323, 646–647

**Odrosal**: See → Citadel Odrosal.

**Oediat** (P) (thief): 939, 941–942

**Oegnithr** (P) (scholar): 1024

**Offices of the Hunt**: 1036–1037

**Oghma** (M) (numen): 1209

**Ogin Jornibret** (P) (lord): 493–495

**Ogrim** (M) (daedra): 326

**Ohmes** (Khajiiti race): 508

**Ohmes–raht** (Khajiiti race): 154, 508

**Oin Parnafacasis** (P): 974–977

**Old Barbyn's Farm** (G): 43, 50

**Old Cyrodille** (language): 1135, 1225

**Old Ehlnofey** (G) (kingdom): 898–899, 1029, 1203

**Old Hrol'dan** (G): 904

**Old Kingdom**: See → Skyrim.

**Old Knocker**: See → Orkey.

**Old Ways**: 7, 627, 1030–1031

**Olga** (P): 596

**Olga's Smickett** (song): 915

**Olms** (M) (saint): 408–410, 490, 950, 1039, 1236

**Oloine** (G) (duchy): 514, 518, 523, 532, 535–537

**Omani Plantation** (G): 1236

**Omen**: 932, 982–983, 1145–1146

**Ondjage** (M) (numen): 1174–1175

**One–Clan–Under–Moon–and–Star**: See → Ring of the Ancestors.

**Onsi** (M) (numen): 1202, 1207

**Onus**: 112


**Orcish**: 451, 1051, 1147, 1206

**Orcrest** (G): 292
Order of Blades: 331, 573
Order of Diagna: 651
Order of PSIIJJ: See → Psijic Order.
Order of St Eadnu: 874
Order of the Lamp: 624
Oreyn Bearclaw: 358, 886
Orichale God of the Sideways Blade: See → Diagna.
Original Spirits (AM): 134, 1024–1026, 1205. See also → et'Ada.
Oristian Silverthorn (P) (adventurer): 856–857
Oritius Maro: 570
Orkey (SM): 377, 1202, 1207. See also → Malacath, cf. → Arkay.
Orma (tribe): 20–21
Orsimer ("The Pariah Folk"; Orcs): 1127. See also → Orcs.
Orsinium (G): 306, 452, 1032, 1137, 1204
Orthodox Houses: 1131
Orvas Dren (P) (warrior): 217, 341, 579, 607
Osmic (P) (burglar): 459–462
Othrobar (G) (stronghold): 1003–1004
Othry (G): See → Athay.
Ox (animal): 1174

Padomaic Ocean (G): 1039
Padomaics (P): 379
Padomay (M) (numen): 898, 1024–1026, 1205, 1208
Pain centers: 553–554
Palaux Illthre (P) (author): 268, 603
Paleonumerology: 956
Palla (monster): 632, 635–639
Palyth (P): 47–48
Pania (P) (noblewoman): 489
Paradocks (G) (shop): 1224
Parathion (P) (monk): 874, 876
Pariah: See → Baan Dar.
Pariah Folk: See → Orsimer.
Parik (tribe): 1227
Pariom (P) (warrior): 634
Parliament of Craters: 94, 96
Pasroth (P) (warrior): 419–421
Patron Spirit of Limitations and Impotence: See → Vernaccus.
Pavflek Mamoona (noblewoman): 974
Peakstar (P) (false incarnate): 591
Pearl: 337
Pegasai (P) (smuggler): 838
Peke Utchoo (P) (adventurer): 644
Pelagiad (G) (village): 199, 217, 347, 386, 405, 412, 607, 623, 1033
Pelagiad Legion Fort: See → Fort Pelagiad.
Pelagius (P): 232
Pelagius I (P) (emperor): 237, 262, 597, 906, 1073
Pelagius IV (P) (emperor): 270, 387, 605, 925
Pelagius Septim II: See → Pelagius II.
Pelagius Septim III: See → Pelagius III.
Pelagius Septim: See → Pelagius I.
Pelagius the Mad: See → Pelagius III.
Pelial (P): 477–479
Pelinal Whitestrake (P) (champion): 419, 1203, 1212, 1221
Pellitine (former name of Elsweyr): 962
Pelt: 317, 319
Peothil (P) (enchanter): 962–964
Percius Mercius (P) (Fighters Guild steward): 403
Peryite (M) (numen): 618–619, 932
Peryra Neithwyr: 281, 284, 290
Phandius (P) (armorer assistant): 907–908
Phlaxith (P): 459–461
Phrygias (G): 41, 46, 49–50
Phynaster (M) (numen): 353, 881, 1202, 1207
Pilgrim on the Road (song): 915
Pina (M) (numen): 43
Plantation: 401, 579, 912, 1016–7–8, 1236
Planting, Second: See → Second Planting.
Plot and Plaster (G) (cornerclub): 283–284, 1195–1197
Po Tun (G) (empire): 510. See also → Ka Po'Tun.
Pocket Cabal (monster): 116–117
Poinot (P) (monk): 876
Polydor (P): 8
Pomegranate Banquet (M) (event): 126
Ponik (P) (slave): 253–254
Ponius (P): 568
Poppy (plant): 868
Porhnak (G): 453–454
Qizara (P): 237
Quagmire: See → Oblivion.
Quarra (clan): 460, 1199
Queen of Dreughs: 120
Queen of the Axe: See → Ellabeth.
Queen of the Night Sky: See → Azuar.
Quill Circus: 923
Quintilla Septim (P) (empress, former princess of → Camlorn): 1136–1137, 1146, 1159

Qizara (P): 237
Quagmire: See → Oblivion.
Quarra (clan): 460, 1199
Queen of Dreughs: 120
Queen of the Axe: See → Ellabeth.
Queen of the Night Sky: See → Azuar.
Quill Circus: 923
Quintilla Septim (P) (empress, former princess of → Camlorn): 1136–1137, 1146, 1159

Qizara (P): 237
Quagmire: See → Oblivion.
Quarra (clan): 460, 1199
Queen of Dreughs: 120
Queen of the Axe: See → Ellabeth.
Queen of the Night Sky: See → Azuar.
Quill Circus: 923
Quintilla Septim (P) (empress, former princess of → Camlorn): 1136–1137, 1146, 1159
Ra Gada (tribe): 1206–1207
Ra Gada invasion: 1204
Ra'athim (clan): 109, 1014, 1080, 1082
Radras (P) (smith): 571
Rael (P) (commander): 674, 676
Raerlas Ghile (P) (ranger): 355, 883
Raesa Pullia (P) (Buckmoth Fort commandant): 403
Rain's Hand (T) (month): 966
Raja (P): 30
Rajhin (M) (numen): 353, 881, 1202, 1207, 1220
Rakma (P) (princess): 1154
Raled–Makai (G): 1103
Ralen Tilvur (P) (smith): 1219
Ralyn Farothran (P) (pauper): 678
Ramke (P) (nursemaid): 514, 516–518, 536–537
Ramoran Manor (G): 691
Randagulf (P) (warrior): 355, 883
Rangidil Ketil (P) (commander): 327–329
Ranis Athrys (P) (Mages Guild steward): 405
Ranis Ienith (P) (assassin): 340, 444
Ransom (P): 1106
Ranulf Hook (P) (tapestrist): 293
Raphalas Eul (P) (champion): 907–909
Rat (animal): 334, 693, 1228
Rattor (P) (scholar): 215
Raven Omayn (P) (Telvanni mouth): 272, 407
Raven Rock (G): 301, 344
Ravila Neryon (P) (crusader): 687
Reachmen (P) (inhabitants): 904
Red Mountain (G) (Dwemer stronghold): 323, 544–545, 918, 1034, 1097, 1131. See also → Citadel Dagoth Ur.
Red Wives of Dagon (order?): 72
Redoran(s): 340, 398, 408–410, 415, 616, 691, 694, 893, 982–983, 1128, 1238
Redoran District(s): 198, 199, 1131
Redoran–Vorilk: See → Vorilk.
Rel (P) (knight): 578
Relik (P) (monk): 876
Reman (P): 969–972
Reman: 1145, 1202, 1207. See also → Reman Cyrodiil.
Reman Cyrodiil: 11, 453
Reman Dynasty: 962
Reman I (emperor): See → Reman Cyrodiil.
Reman II (emperor): 11
Resdayn (nation; former name of Morrowind): 198, 378–379, 502, 547, 656, 917, 919, 962, 1207. See also → Morrowind.
Resdaynia: 84, 88, 92, 98, 113, 124–126, 136
Resin (product): 219
Restorals: 1130
Restoration (school): 183, 286, 360, 363, 382, 460, 517, 632, 971
Rethan Manor (G): 702
Rhunen (P) (acrobat): 688–690
Ria Silmane (P) (battlemage assistant): 234, 235, 1089
Ri'Datta Dynasty: 1203, 1205
Riddle−T'har (Riddle'Thar?): 1203. Cf. → Riddle'Thar.
Rid−Thar−ri'Datta (P) (mane): 1207
Rifton (G) (city): 231–232, 1052, 1054, 1062
Rihad (G): 230, 690, 982, 1066
Rilis XII (P) (king of → Firsthold): 496, 624
Rilms (M) (saint): 490, 930, 950
Rimfarlin (G) (duchy): 633
Rimhull ice cave (G): 703
Rimmen (G): 49, 493–495, 1220
Ring of (the) Khajiit (A): 353, 881
Ring of Phynaster (A): 353, 881
Ring of Surroundings (A): 355, 883
Ring of the Ancestors (A): 548, 590, 708, 1097
Ring of the Wind (A): 356, 884
Risi (P) (farmer): 487
Rite of Naming: 1045–1046
Rite of the Wolf Giver: 558
Rites of Moawita (T) (annual event): 1030
Ritual (constellation): 966, 968
Ritual of the Innocent Quarry: See → Wild Hunt.
Rituals of the Hunt: 879
River Odai (G): See → Odai River.
Riverhold (G) (kingdom): 11–12

1296
Rkhet (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69
RKHT AI AE ALTADOON AI: 125
Rkunghunch (P) (general): 298
R'leyt–harhr (P) (tender): 1220
Rolf the Large (P) (warrior): 866
Roris (M) (saint): 490, 950, 1039
Roscrea (G): 268, 603
Rotmeth (product): 173–174
Rovone Arvel (P) (nobleman): 217, 607, 1193
Ruccia Conician (P) (agent): 382
Ruddy Man (M) (monster): 120, 1035
Runcibae (G) (village): 387
Rune God: See → Jhunal.
Running Hunger: See → Chemua.
Ruptga (M) (numen): 15, 1025, 1027, 1202, 1207
Russula (plant): 209

Saarthal (G): 1127, 1208
Saccus: → Sirollus Saccus.
Sadrith Mora (G) ("Mushroom Forest"; city): 272, 280, 283, 314, 376, 382, 395, 403, 405–407, 411, 413, 432, 449, 497, 561, 689, 857, 893, 1111
Saint Aralor: See → Aralor.
Saint Delyn: See → Delyn.
Saint Felms: See → Felms.
Saint Llothis: See → Llothis.
Saint Meris: See → Meris.
Saint Nerevar (book): 427
Saint Nerevar: See → Nerevar Indoril.
Saint of the Spirit Sword: See → Leki.
Saint Olms: See → Olms.
Saint Rilms: See → Rilms.
Saint Roris: See → Roris.
Saint Seryn: See → Seryn.
Saint Veloth: See → Veloth.
Salt: 312
Saltrice (plant): 693, 895, 913, 1018
Salver Lleran (P) (service provider): 300
Salyr Sarethi (P) (Buoyant Armiger): 585
Samar Starlover (P): 873
Sanchariot (boat): 859–860
Sandil House: 651, 655–656, 658, 666, 668, 671
Sarayn Sadus (P) (knight): 436
Saren family: 409
Sarethi Manor (G): 691
Sargenius (P): 388
Sarmathi (tribe): 165
Saryoni (P) (archcanon): 361, 409, 1239
Saryoni's Sermons (book): 361
Satak: See → Satakal.
Satakal (M) (numen): 1024, 1026–1027, 1202, 1207–1208
Sathis (P): 1197–1198. See also → Lledros.
Savirien–Chorak (P) (emperor–potentate, son of → Versidue–Shaie): 3–4, 17, 21, 28, 59, 60, 937
Sa'Zaki Saf (P) (tailor): 1223–1226
Scaled Blanket: See → Hidden Heaven.
Scales (animal product): 209, 1226
Scamp (M) (daedra): 208, 326, 345, 426, 871–872, 1213
Scath Anud (G): 985–986, 989
Schaudirra (P) (lady): 633
Schiavas (P) (barbarian): 187–191
School of Alteration: See → Alteration.
School of Conjuration: See → Conjuration.
School of Destruction: See → Destruction.
School of Enchantment: See → Enchantment.
School of Illusion: See → Illusion.
School of Julianos: 1043
School of Mysticism: See → Mysticism.
School of Restoration: See → Restoration.
School(s of Magicka): 362, 700
Sekotti: See → Decumus Scotti.
Scotti: See → Decumus Scotti.
Scourge (A): See → Daedric Scourge.
Scrib (animal): 219–220, 334, 429
Scuttle (animal product): 219, 693, 896
Sea of Ghosts (G): 411–412, 416–417, 419, 670, 850, 1241
Seabird (animal): 141
Second Aperture (M): 130–131
Second Numidium: See → Akulakhan.
Second Planting (T) (period or month): 298
Second Seed (T) (month): 449, 968, 1014, 1030
Secret: 60, 64, Secret Door: 102, 132
Secular Houses: 1131
Secunda (moon): 459, 1011, 1233. See also → Jone.
Sedd Mar (P) (scholar): 910
Sedura (address): 974, 985, 987–988, 990, 1016–1017

1298
Sedura Iachilla Xyr: See → Iachilla Xyr.
Sedura Indoril Pavflek Mamoona: See → Pavflek Mamoona.
Sedura Kena Telvanni Hordalf Xyr: See → Hordalf Xyr.
Seeds of the First Tree: 1120–1121
Seht (M) (numen): 64, 78, 84, 86, 100, 112–113, 117, 120, 132, 136
Selenu: 554
Seliffnsae: 1030
Senchal (G): 54, 62, 305–306, 936, 1207
Senche−raht (Khajiiti race): 507
Senche−Tiger (people): 154
Senilias Cadiusus: See → Senilius Cadiusus.
Senilius Cadiusus (P) (mage): 489, 850
Sentinel (G) (kingdom): 49, 194, 552, 554, 651, 684, 1014, 1032, 1220, 1229
Senyndie (P) (acrobat): 688–690
Sep (M) (numen): 1027, 1202, 1207–1208
Septim (M): 1202
Septim('s) Dynasty: 235, 238, 262, 264, 267, 269, 597, 599, 602, 604, 956, 962, 1013, 1015, 1069, 1152, 1155
Septim emperors: 695
Septim Empire: 263, 598
Septim (Family): 262–263, 265, 597–600, 602, 1084, 1139, 1155
Septim House: 1087
Ser (address): 857, 977, 1239
Sera (address): 1077, 1190
Serpent (constellation): 965, 967
Serpent Folk (people): 509–510. See also → Tsaesci.
Serpentkin: See → Eria Valkor Serpentkin.
Seryn (M) (saint): 490, 857, 950
Seryne Relas (P) (sorceress): 258–259
Sethiete (M) (numen): 511, 516, 533
Seven Curses (text): 548
Seven curses (M): 1010, 1124
Seven Graces (M): 709, 711, 943
Seven Visions of Seven Trials of the Incarnate (title): 1114
Seyda Neen (G) (village): 333, 347, 405, 410, 414, 416, 697, 890, 1103, 1105, 1180
Shadow (constellation): 966, 968
Shalk (animal): 429
Shaman: 120, 547–548, 910, 1118–1119, 1122, 1169
Shanud (P) (miner): 396
Shardie (P) (warrior): 983
Sharmat: 84, 88, 92, 98, 136. See also → Voryn Dagoth.
Sharmat Dagoth Ur: See → Voryn Dagoth.
Sharn gra−Muzgob (mage): 547, 852
Sheggorath (M) (numen): 1223, 1231–1232. See also → Sheogorath.
Shein (F) (comberry wine): 183, 674, 692
Shelf fungus (plant): 221
Shenk (P) (publican): 577
Sheogorad (G) (region): 411, 416, 912
Sheogorad (G) (island): 416
Sheogorath (M) (daedroth): 16, 44, 278–279, 326, 369, 373, 463, 618, 637, 902, 932, 999, 1033, 1125, 1202, 1208. See also → Sheogorath.
Sheogorath's Wabbajack (A): 932
Sheor (M) (numen): 1202, 1208
Shezarr (M) (numen): 1025, 1027, 1202, 1208
Shishi (G) (tower): 855
Shor's Tongue: See → Wulfharth.
Shor–El (P) (scholar): 1220
Shornhelm (G) (kingdom): 267, 602
Shortsword (W): 431, 1050, 1219
Shouts (guild): 78
Shrine of Courtesy (G): 1034
Shrine of Daring (G): 1033
Shrine of Generosity (G): 1034
Shrine of Humility (G): 1033
Shrine of Justice (G): 1034
Shrine of Malacath (G): 1170–1171
Shrine of Molag Bal (G): 412
Shrine of Pride (G): 1035
Shrine of Sheogorath (G): 650
Shrine of Valor (G): 1035
Shrines of the Seven Graces: 1033
Siege of Abernanit: 329
Siege of Orsinium (song): 651
Siege of Solitude: 1013–1014
Sigerthe (P): 1109–1110
Silgrad Tower (G): 616, 1052
Silver (apotropaion): 852
Silverothorn: See → Oristian Silverothorn.
Simulacrum (T) (period): 533
Sirollus Saccus (P) (smith): 907–909
Sithis (M) (numen): 858, 1024, 1028–1029
SITHISIT: 82, 106
Sixth House cult: 506
Siyasat (P): 1223
Skaal (people): 889, 1118–1122, 1173, 1176

1300
Skeffington Coven: 43, 47, 50  
Skeleton: 239, 311, 480, 852, 885, 1014, 1165  
Skjoldr Wolf−Runner (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1176  
Skooma (drug): 151, 302−303, 1232  
Skull Crusher (A): 357, 885  
Skywatch (G) (kingdom): 18, 969, 972  
Slaughter of Torval (T) (war): 507  
Slaughtefish (animal): 1225  
Sleepers: 321−324, 1124  
Sload (race): 306, 550, 553, 896, 988, 1209  
Smuggler's Coast: See → Bitter Coast.  
Snake Palace: See → Tsaesci.  
Snow bear (animal): 317  
Snow Elves: See → Falmer.  
Snow Hell: See → Kamal.  
Snow Prince (P): 350−351, 615  
Snow wolf (animal): 317  
Soccius Ergalla (P) (agent): 697  
Solitude (G) (kingdom): 237, 263, 293, 598, 600, 1013−1014, 1032, 1098−1100, 1136−1137, 1139−1141, 1144, 1146, 1150, 1165−1168  
Sollicich−on−Ker (G): 391  
Solstheim (G) (island): 206, 317, 319, 350−351, 558, 596, 703, 1174, 1176  
Somnalius Fern (plant): 868  
Somutis Vunnis (P): 382  
Sondaale (P) (sorceress): 572  
Song of Return (title): 389  
Song of the Earth: 1119, 1120  
Sorogh (P): 1170−1171  
Soron Jele (P) (slave−trader): 477−478  
Sorrow Waters (song): 915  
Sotha Sil (M) (numen): 1, 6−7, 16−19, 31−36, 38, 49, 53−56, 58, 62, 113, 322−323, 325, 329, 360, 429, 474, 547, 648−649, 658, 708, 902, 917, 919, 943, 950, 1038, 1131, 1202, 1204, 1208, 1215−1216  
SO−T−HA SIL: See → Sotha Sil.  
Soul Gem: 300, 358, 370, 632, 886, 906, 1035, 1136, 1146, 1167, 1207  
Soulrest (city): 7, 684  
South Gash (G): 691
South Wall (G) (tavern): 336
Sovngarde (M) ("Hall of Valor"): 866–867
Spell Breaker (A): 352, 880
Sphinxmoth Legion Fort: See → Fort Sphinxmoth.
Spider Daedra (M) (daedra): 325
Spider God: See → Mephala.
Spirit Daedra: See → Namira.
Spirit of Nírn (M): 870
S'Rabba (P) (acrobat): 689
S'rendarr (M) (numen): 1202, 1231. Cf. → Stendarr?
S'Rüz̄ (P) (smuggler): 859–861
St.: See → Saint.
Staff of Hasedoki (A): 196, 357, 885
Staff of Katla (A): 1175
Staff of Magnus (A): 353, 881
Stalhrim: 351
Star–Fall (event): 1004
Starsia (P): 652
Stead (constellation): 965, 967
Stendarr's Sorrow: See → Jone.
Sthovin the Warlord (P) (warlord): 295
Stleni (P) (miner): 582
Stoneflower (plant): 208, 1196
Storig (P) (lord): 11–14
Storm Atronach (M) (daedra): 345. See also → Atronach.
Storm of Kyne: See → Ysmir Kingmaker.
Storm Voice: See → thu’um.
Stormcrown (P): 904. See also → Talos, → Hjalti Early–Beard, → Tiber I.
Strale (P) (lord; ambassador): 513, 518–523, 530–537
Striking (M): 106
Strom the White (P) (warrior): 351
Stros M'Kai (G) (city): 49, 197, 684, 1156, 1207
Stryngpool (P) (adventurer): 979–981
Stuhn (M): 1202, 1208
Styllith (P) (monk): 876
Suelec: See → Celeus.
Sugar God: See → Riddle'Thar.
T.

Sujamma (F) (Dunmer liquor): 692
Sul−Matuul (P) (ashkhan): 1240–1241
Sul−Kharifa (P) (ashlander): 986–987
Sumerset (G) (province): ~ Isle: 616; ~ Isles: 214
Sumurset (G) (province): 387
Sun Stone (G) (monolith): 492, 1121
Sun's Dawn (T) (month): 289, 937, 968
Sun's Dusk (T) (month): 173, 463, 968, 1228–1229
Sun's Height (T) (month): 283, 967
Sundas (T) (weekday): 366, 368
Sunder (A): 322–324, 379, 474, 646–648
Sunguard (G): 1051
Supernatural: 280, 325, 360, 499, 632, 647, 1142, 1159
Suran (G) (village): 405, 410, 412, 1033, 1236
Svana the Knife (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1185
Sweeps (guild): 130
Swims−In−Swells (P) (smuggler): 206
Sylon Raze (P) (prince of → Camlorn): 530, 533
Syloria Siruliulus (P) (service provider): 382
Symbolic Collage: 110, 120
Synnolian Tufinus (P) (service provider): 383
Syrabane (M) (numen): 6, 353, 881, 1202, 1208–1209
Syrix Goinithi (P) (banker): 291

T.

Tadras Banks (G): 916
Taheiratae (P) (sage): 1030–1031
Taksim (P) (student): 362–363, 366, 369, 373, 962
Talara (P) (princess of → Camlorn): 513–514, 517–518, 520, 532, 536–538
Tales and Tailows ball (event): 632–633, 639
Tall Papa (M) (numen): 1205, 1207–1210. See also → Ruptga.
Tallatha (M) (numen): 43
Talos (P) (birth name of → Tiber I): 1145, 1151, 1210. See also → Stormcrown, → Hjalti Early−Beard, → Tiber I.
Talos cult: 381

1303
Talos, the Dragonborn: See → Tiber I.
Tamrielic (Tamrielan) (a): 352, 355, 624, 685, 880, 883, 1024, 1026, 1150, 1199, 1203, 1208
Tamrielan Tractates (title): 1137
Tang Mo (G) ("Thousand Monkey Isles"; nation): 509
Taren (P) (armorer): 420–421
Taren Omathan (servant): 499–501
Tarsu (P?): 1223
Taskmaster: See → Peryite.
Tava (M) (numen): 1202, 1209
Tavia (P) (empress): 2, 23, 40–41
Tay: See → Dagoth–Tython.
Tear (G) (city): 306, 476, 479
Teat God: See → Morwha.
Tel Aruhn (G) (Telvanni tower): 28, 32, 52, 55, 61, 272, 283, 290, 413, 670, 1125, 1195, 1197
Tel Branora (G) (Telvanni tower): 272, 407, 410, 413
Tel Fyr (G) (Telvanni tower): 413, 415
Tel Mora (G) (Telvanni tower): 272, 407, 413, 838
Tel Mothrivra (G) (Telvanni tower): 28
Tel Naga (G) (Telvanni tower): 272, 406–407, 689
Tel Vos (G) (Telvanni tower): 272, 414–415
Telemichiel (P) (healer): 367, 372
Telescope: 1206
Telvanni District(s): 198, 199, 1131
Telvanni Mouths (representatives): 407, 449, 893
Telvon (P) (smith): 587
Temple of Daedric Rites (G): 1037
Temple of False Thinking (G): 94, 96
Temple of Kynareth (G): 1015
Temple of Sethiete (G): 511, 533
Temple of the One (G): 139, 262, 597, 1065, 1095
Temple of Two−Moons Dance (G): 499
Temple Zero (G): 1111
Templer (P) (adventurer): 979–981
Ten Penny: See → Tuen Panai.
Tendixus (P) (magister): 632–633, 637
Tenisi (P) (commoner): 1193

1304
Tenmar forest(s) (G): 214, 508
Terurise Grivayne (P) (commoner): 890
Test of Confrontation: See → Four Tests.
Test of Disorder: See → Four Tests.
Test of Evasion: See → Four Tests.
Test of Pattern: See → Four Tests.
Thalien Winloth: See → Tharien Winloth.
Thane Minglumire (P) (duke of → Vengheto): 907, 909
Thargallith (P) (chief proctor): 18
Tharien Winloth (P) (smuggler): 259–260
Thartaag the World-Devourer (M) (numen): 1118. See also → Adversary.
Thauraver (P) (assassin): 892
Thaurbad Hulzik (P) (scribe): 363, 366–368, 370–373
Thavere Vedrano (P) (commoner): 890
The Beast: See → Karenithil Barif.
The Blighter: See → Kagrenac.
The Breaking Branch (G) (tavern): 520
The Champion (P): 235
The Common Tongue (pamphlet): 422
The Consolations of Prayer (book): 361
The Fall of the Usurper (book): 268, 603
The Gifter: See → Vaernima.
The Golden Grove (song): 915
The Hunter (M) (numen): 16. See also → Hircine.
The Imperial Volunteer (song): 915
The Isle of Summerset (song): 915
The Jolly Archer (song): 915
The Liberator (P) (killer): 477
The Mad One (M) (numen): 16. See also → Sheogorath.
The Ninety-Nine Loves of Boethiah (song): 1196–1197
The Pilgrim's Path (book): 361
The Pocket Cabal (monster): 116
The Rat in the Pot (G) (cornerclub): 403, 939, 942
The Real Nerevar (title): 427
The Restoration (event): 235
The Scripture of Love (text): 134
The Scripture of the City (text): 114
The Scripture of the Mace (text): 128
The Scripture of the Numbers (text): 122
The Scripture of the Sword (text): 110
The Scripture of the Wheel (text): 106
The Scripture of the Word (text): 118
The Sow and Vulture (G) (tavern): 22
The Stranger (text): 547–548, 1124
The Twelve-Night Drunk (song): 915
The War of the First Council (book): 427
The Wraith: See → Kepkajna gra−Minfang.
Thelegorm (P) (acrobat): 689
Thendr (M) (one of the eight known worlds): 69
Therana (P) (Telvanni mistress): 272, 413, 448, 620
Therras (P) (thief): 232, 1054−1056, 1058−1063, 1094
Thief (constellation): 965−966, 968
Thirk (G): 1173−1176
Tholer Saryoni (P) (archcanon): 182, 573−574, 709, 711
Thone (P): 1142−1143
Thonica (P) (mother of → Uriel Vi): 269, 604
Thoricles Romus (P) (councilman): 270, 605
Thoriz Pelagius Septim: See → Pelagius III.
Thorormr Storm−Killer (P) (Thirsk chieftain): 1175
Thousand Monkey Isles: See → Tang Mo.
Thras (G) (land): 306, 312, 1155
Thras (P): 328−329
Three in One (M): 64
Throwing star (W): 431
Thulidden dir′Tharkun (P) (scholar): 911
Thurgnarr Assi (P) (warrior): 355, 883
Thurzo Fortress (G): 23, 31, 41
Thu′um (instrument): 377, 1205−1206
Tiber Septim I: See → Tiber I.
Tiber Septim: See → Tiber I.
Tiber War: 1204
Tiger−Dragon: See → Tosh Raka.
Tiger−Dragon′s Empire: See → Ka Po′Tun.
Tiger−folk (P): 509
Tilse Sendas (P) (skooma−addict): 302−303
Time Dragon: See → Akatosh.
Tiram Gadar (P) (nightblade): 1187
Tirer Belvayn (P) (Telvanni sorcerer): 441
Tjurhane Fyrre (P) (scholar): 1135
Tobacco: 1152
Tollman: See → Tharien Winloth.
Tolmera Relenim (P) (Telvanni retainer): 300
Toniop: See → Poinot.

1306
Topal Bay (G): 685
Torfang (P) (giant): 987
Toris Saren (P) (Redoran nobleman): 435
Torval (G) (city): 499, 501, 684, 1138
Torvali (a): 368
Tosh Raka (P) (emperor): 509–510
Tournament of Stamina (T) (annual event): 1142
Tower (constellation): 966, 968
Tracizis (P) (poet): 262, 597
Trama (plant): 184, 221, 896, 974–975, 1038
Treasure Wood Sword (monster): 108–109
Treaty of the Armistice: 198, 273. See also → Armistice.
Trebbite monastery (G): 970
Trebbite Monks: 969–970, 972
Trebonius Artorius (battlemage): 486, 1187
Trechtus: See → Vanus Galerion.
Tree Spirits: 1120
Tree Stone (G) (monolith): 492, 1120–1121
Tressed: 875–876
Tribunal Temple: 182, 198, 325, 360, 376, 384, 404–406, 409, 480, 497, 547, 590, 695, 1103, 1128, 1131
Tricky God: See → Tu'whacca.
Triphith (P): 650, 655, 657, 660, 664–665, 667–668, 672–676
Trinimac (M) (numen): 64, 78, 81, 289, 902, 945, 999, 1029, 1127, 1202, 1206, 1209
Triune Ancestors: See → Tribunal.
Triune Grace: 950
Tsaescti ("Snake Palace"; nation): 12, 59, 98, 509, 592, 899. See also → Serpent Folk.
Tsiya (P) (commoner): 565
Tsrazami (P) (assassin): 488
Tsun (M) (numen): 1202, 1208–1209
Tuen Panai (P) (interpreter): 1103–1105
Tulkiane (P) (acrobat): 688–689
Tulz (P) (slave): 579
Tunner (P) (servant): 451–452
Turala: see → Turala Skeffington.
Turala Skeffington: 4, 8, 23, 36, 41–44, 46–47, 50
Turdas (T) (weekday): 363, 371
Tu'whacca (M) (numen): 1027, 1202, 1209
Tuwhacca: See → Tu'whacca.
Twenty Seven Snake Folk Slaughter: 1204
Twilight Star (star): 903. See also → Azura's Star (II).
Two-Moons Dance: See → Riddle'Thar.
Two-Tongued: See → Bhag.
Tyronius (P) (smuggler): 838
Tython (P): 651–669, 671–672, 674–676

U.

Udyrfrykte (beast): 1173–1174, 1176
Ugaridge (P) (sage): 269, 604
Ulaqth of Lilmoth (P) (warchief): 11–12, 14
Ules Manor (G): 1236
Ulfe Gersen (P) (baron of → Winterhold): 269, 604
Ulfgi Anvil-Hand (P) (warrior): 351
Ulin (P): 1041–1043
Ullis (P) (lieutenant): 985, 988–991
Ulstyr Moresby (P) (warrior): 277–279
Ultherus Swamp (G): 868
Umbington (G) (village): 520–522
Umbra Sword (A): 358, 886
Umphatic Faer (P) (alchemist): 863–864
Undead: 480, 852, 885, 1159, 1165, 1199
Underking (P) (hero): 509, 553–554, 904–906, 1206
Undrape: 175
Unholy Beasts (M): 1121
University of Gwylim (G): 856, 1043, 1135
Unpursuable One: See → Vernaccus.
Unthrappa (F): 177
Uriel II (P) (emperor): 237, 262–263, 597–598, 1136, 1139, 1141
Uriel IV (P) (emperor, former king of → Wayrest): 265, 267, 269, 600, 602, 604, 1015, 1100
Uriel Lariat(e): See → Uriel IV.
Uriel Mantiarco: See → Uriel III.
Uriel Septim: See → Uriel I.
Uriel Septim I: See → Uriel I.
Uriel Septim II: See → Uriel II.
Uriel Septim III: See → Uriel III.
Uriel Septim VII: See → Uriel VII.
Uriel V (P) (emperor): 268–270, 387, 603–605, 700, 1025
Uriel VI (P) (emperor): 269–270, 387, 604–605
Urken (P) (servant): 1229
V.

Urshilaku (camp and tribe): 318, 413, 416, 973, 1240–1241
Uršine (P) (smuggler): 559
Urtha (G): See → Athay.
Urvaïus (P or G): 47
Utheilla (P) (mother of → Pelagius III): 1013
Úthal (P) (brother of → Voryn Dagoth): 323
Uthrac (P) (enchanter apprentice): 962–964

V.

Vabdas Clan: 1222
Vaernina (M) (numen): 183, 618, 932, 1030
Vallinwood: See → Valenwood.
Valvius (P) (commoner): 567
Vampire's Mace: See → Mace of Molag Bal.
Vampiric: 509, 1165
Vampiric Cloud: 700
Vampiric Ring (A): 356, 884
Vampirism: 394, 1199, 1201, 1225
Vampirism, Daedric Possession, and Withershin Therapy (book): 1225
Vanderthil (P) (secretary): 368, 371, 373
Vanech (P) (lord): 139, 148, 157, 159, 162, 167, 170, 174–177
Vangheto (G) (duchy): 907
Vanis Coribaï (P): 1038
Vanus Galerion (P) (archmagister): 362–363, 391, 496, 624–625
Varbarenth (P) (king of → Silvenar): 1137
Varbaril (P) (king): 1137
Vardenfell: See → Vvardenfell.
Varo Tradehouse (G): 854
Vaster (P): 651–656, 658, 660, 666–668
Vedam Dren (P) (duke of → Vvardenfell): 198, 272–273, 304, 412
Velanda Omani (P) (noblewoman): 333, 1189, 1236
Velando Omani: See → Velanda Omani.
Vemyn (P) (brother of → Voryn Dagoth): 323, 646–647
Vemynal: See → Citadel Vemynal.
Vengheto (G): 907
Vermai (M) (numen): 871–872
Vernaccus (M) (numen): 1211–1214
Vhokken (P) (lord): 1142–1145, 1147, 1151, 1162–1163
Vigil (P) (dairyman): 150
Vigyld (T) (annual event): 1030
Villea (P) (lady): 925–927
Vilus Nommens (P) (warrior): 419
Vindisi (G) (village): 154, 156, 158, 160, 171
Violet Coprinus (plant): 209
Vivec's Ash Mask (A): 1034
Vodunius Nuccius (P) (commoner): 890
Voernet (P) (author): 387
Voice of the People (of Valenwood) (title): 168–169, 171
Void (M): 130, 425–426, 898, 1026
Void Ghost: 130
Void Salt (crystalline precipitates): 425
Vomp: See → Oin Parnafacasis.
Vonguldak (P) (student): 362, 364, 366, 369, 373, 962
Vorilk (P) (general): 674
Vos (G) (village): 272, 414–415, 561, 587, 695
Vounoura (G) (island): 61
Vulpriss Denisson (P) (adventurer): 196
Vulstaed (P) (king of → Camlorn): 1136
Vvardenfell: See → Vvardenfell.
Vvardenfell Island (G): 411
Waiting Door: 210, 213, 952
Wakizashi (W): 3
Walkabout (M): 1027, 1208–1209
Wamasus (beast): 358, 886
War of Betony: 306, 553
War of Righteousness: 956
War of the Blue Divide: 176
War of the First Council: 647
War of the Isle: 263, 598, 1154
War of the Red Mountain: 656, 659
Warday A'kor: 1228
Warfel Tomasin (kena): 975–976
Warhammer (W): 357, 885
Warlock's God: See → Syrabane.
Warlock's Ring (A): 353, 881
Warrior (constellation): 965, 967
Warrior–Poet: See → Vivec.
Warvim (P) (kema): 986, 989–990
Water Stone (G) (monolith): 492, 1119
Waters of Life (G): 1119
Webspinner: See → Mephala.
Weir Gate: 873
Welleg (P) (student): 6, 17, 18, 49
Wellocc (P) (Imperial battlemage): 700
Welyn Naerillic (P) (thief): 954–955
Werewolves: 142, 143, 281, 1136, 1146, 1167
West Gash (G) (region): 120, 126, 400, 411, 416, 691, 895, 1241
Western Cross (G): 171
Western Reach (G): 684
What Happens When You Shake the Dragon Just So (title): 377
Whirling School: 104, 108
White bloatroot (plant): 974–975
White Gold Tower (G): 292
White snow bear (animal): 319
White snow wolf (animal): 319
Whiterun (G) (city): 231, 1049–1050, 1057
Whitewalker (robe): 469
Wickwheat (plant): 219, 693, 895
Wild Elves (Ayleid): 24, 47, 292. See also → Ayleid.
Wild Hunt (ritual): 159, 160, 171, 879, 1036–1037, 1209
Willow (plant): 208, 974
Wind and Rain (song): 915
Wind Stone (G) (monolith): 492, 1121–1122
Winged Twilight (M) (daedra): 325, 426
Winter Hold: See → Winterhold.
Winter–Fist (P): 615
Winterhold (G) (barony): 269, 604, 684, 1125
Wise women: 547–548, 681, 973, 1235, 1240–1241
Witchhunter: 216
Woda (G) (duchy): 921–922, 925–927
Wodilic (P): 1017–1018
Wodworg (P) (jailor): 1169–1170
Wolf Queen (of Solitude): See → Potema.
Wolverine Hall (G): 376, 382, 406–407, 497
Wood Elven: 358, 886, 1082
Wood Elves (Bosmer): 141, 156, 164, 170, 176, 212, 293, 457, 626, 899, 1051, 1209, 1227. See also → Bosmer.
Woodhearth (G): 49
Woodland Man: See → Herma–Mora.
World Eater: See → Alduin.
Worldly God: See → Reman.
Worldskin: See → Satakal.
Wraith (ghost): 480, 643, 852
Wraith Mail (A): 379, 474, 646, 648
Wraithguard (A): 474, 646, 648
Wraithmen: 256–257
Wroth Naga (G): 35
Wrothgarian Mountain(s) (G): 35, 41, 651, 1032
Wuffen (pet): 1048
Wulfharth (P) (king): 377–379, 425, 904–905. See also → Ash King, → Ysmir.

X.

Xarlys (P): 639
Xarxes (M) (numen): 1202, 1209
Xen (M) (numen): 1028

1312
Xenophus (P): 1225
Xiomara (P): 247–249, 251–254, 419–421, 1211, 1213
Xylo River (G): 153, 156, 165

Yakin Bael (P) (kena): 974–977
Yana (P) (student): 1007–1008
Year of Winter in Summer: 1206
Y'ffer: See → Y'ffre.
Y'ffre (M) (numen): 1025, 1029, 1202, 1209, 1233
Ygfa (P) (service provider): 382
Ylloilos (G): 453
Ynaleigh (P) (landowner): 953–955
Yneslea (G): 268, 603
Yngling Half–Troll (P) (Hlaalu councilor): 410, 1189, 1236, 1238–1239
Yngling Manor (G): 1236
Yohr–i (P) (thief): 1170
Yokuda (G): 49, 509, 899, 983, 1133, 1155, 1202, 1205
Yokudan(s) (P): 30, 1024, 1026, 1204, 1207–1210
Yorum (P) (thief): 1170
Ysgramor (P) (king): 350, 378, 389, 899, 1204, 1212
Ysmir (M) (numen): 80, 136, 1127, 1202, 1210, 1221. See also → Tiber I.

Zainab (camp and tribe): 415
Zaki: See → Sa'Zaki Saf.
Zarek (P): 1041–1043
Zebdusipal (P) (miner): 396
Zeht (M) (numen): 1202, 1210
Z'en (M) (numen): 1202, 1210
Zenithar (M): 280, 381, 1202, 1210
Zershish Mus–Manul (P) (warrior): 973
Zilian (P) (slave): 252, 253
Zoaraym (P) (teacher): 499
Zoetrope (instrument): 1225–1226
Zolia (M) (numen): 1003–1004
Zollassa (P) (mage): 985, 989
Zombel Mokafa: See → Oin Parnafacasis.
Zombie: 239, 312, 480, 852, 1165–1166. See also → Bonewalker.
Zuleika (P) (lady): 162
Zurin Arctus (P) (Imperial battlemage): 357, 616, 700, 885, 905–906, 910–911, 1206, 1221
Zuuk (P) (lord of → Black Marsh): 2, 22–23, 38, 40–41, 52–53
Zyliana (P) (countess; fake): See → Elysetta Moorling.

All texts and images are property of Bethesda Softworks Inc., a ZeniMax Media company.