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First Contact With Arniel Gane

Nihlus Contacts Namira

The Night Mother's Coercion

Namira, Re: Stories and Literature

The Night Mother's Hatred

I'm going to be honest with you... I HATE you. All of you. The shortsightedness of it all. And you aren't punished for it. I hate your attachment, your sense of fulfillment. I hate that you came after me, that you're nothing but a copy of me, and a weak copy at that.

(To Steinn)

I hate that this weak, mewling, pathetic thing can be one of the most powerful forces on Nirn and then, just when they're about to gain it all, can just STOP. That's what you're going to do. I can see it. I hate that you can STOP. I don't understand it!

There is nothing in this universe but chaos and I can't stop it and you can't stop it, yet you sit and pretend that you can! Even when you die, and you ought to face the long dark of reality, the boundless chaotic TRUTH of the universe you whisk away into some other place of your making where you STOP again! Stop, still, frozen forever!

Doesn't it disgust you? Going against the natural order of it all? I know you feel that chaos, the inevitable entropic hot chaos? How can you refuse it? How dare you refuse it?

And if that Chaos is a truth, then the HATE I feel must come from that Truth! You idle and dally and you think you can *[spitting with fury]* love, but you're wrong! And nobody can see it but me! You're fat and self contented and you play at caring for each other because you've hidden your heads in the sand and refuse to see the world for what it is! What monumental hubris, sitting in your nest of towers, a minute fraction of a speck against the unbridled unbound Aurbis and you claim to be the center of it all! Beloved of your Divines!

(To Nihlus)

That love, that lie you tell yourselves sitting beside your candle all alone in the night, [she spits again] nothing but weakness. How else would you sit here, boy, placid and complacent, if not for your pathetic, stupid devotion to that oaf of a father-figure? He's made you a putty. At least Cicero was honest about himself, he never was so blind as to love. But you? You can't help yourself...grasping for connection, any connection, like a strangling vine you pull down everyone around you hoping to get one moment's peace but it NEVER STOPS. NOTHING EVER STOPS. IT GOES AND GOES NO MATTER HOW YOU SCREAM AGAINST THE BITTER ETERNITY AND STILL THE WHEEL KEEPS TURNING.

You feel that pain boy? That's honesty, something your friends here never showed you.

(To the party)

So Give. Me. The. Scroll. Or I'll torture him. For eternity. And that love you feel, that'll torture you."