

Ylgar the Blind's Legend and Legacy

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Kyne's Edict

(To [Ylgar](#) Son of [Ysgramor](#) after the 500 Companions landed on the shores of Skyrim)

“Darkness....Shining brilliant light...You are rising, lifting, flying....upwards ever upwards, your speed unchecked. You rise higher than the greatest ship, the land spread out beneath you, and still you climb. Over there, to the south, there are fertile fields and then great cliffs, then mountains, and beyond a vast jungle. Still you rise, the air is thin and brittle. You cannot breathe, you needn't breathe. The stars are close...so close you could touch them. They are so small, like they might fit in the palm of your hand. Here is one, pale blue and frightened. Here another, ruddy and belligerent. No bodies are these, but tears. You move towards them, hand outstretched like a talon. You grasp it in your claws, drawing it close. your hawk-eye sees manifold hues of vermillion, dazzling coronas form magnetic waves about you. You pull the tear to your eye and look through... It is all laid bare, time spread out before you as a ribbon, an intricate lacework. A puzzle, impossibly complex, but solvable. Here is [Ylgar the Blind](#), and the sons of the sons of Ysgrammor. Here again, a war, men and dovhah and terrible suffering...here peace for little time and war again. A great battle on a flaming mountain. For you are the blind prophet of the Sons of Atmora, and their story is writ large upon your milky eyes. Many wars, many losses, and above it all the inexorable march of conquest. It is a tapestry stained in blood and glory, embroidered with the deeds of great men and women, each filament a lifetime. The weave of fate wraps tight about you. A chrysalis. Here is your thread. Another thread trails adjacent to yours, sometimes trending very close. Here a splice, a union. And beyond, a single cord unbreakable, irreversible, bloody. Your part in this passion play is clear.

You are the messenger of Conquest, who brings word and sword, who breaks the ground and the sky to his will. You are the wind before the storm. The Harbinger of [Kyne](#), blind prophet of the Five Hundred. Yet within there is a discord

STOP I DID NOT SEE YOU LITTLE ONE YOU HAVE BEEN HIDDEN. COME OUT NOW.

And so it was, that from the sanguine ecstasy of foresight, Ylgar Sartolr was brought back from the brink of elimination. The party sees the immediate change, though they do not understand what has happened. The Atmorans are still, frozen in place. The winds howl, the pyres flicker and dance, but not a breath is drawn.

Ylgars hear:

THIS BURDEN IS NOT YOURS TO BEAR, YLGAR SARTOLR BUT WITHOUT YOU, THESE PEOPLE WILL DIMINISH

And indeed you know this to be true. Ylgar the Blind is twofold, the Prince and the Mage, whose Will and Clever Craft are needed to usher in the age of men in Skyrim.

WILL YOU TAKE UP THIS MANTLE?

Then, for a second, it seems as though you are standing upon the hill, looking upon the frozen form of the Prince of Atmora. Tall and proud he is, but unbearably naïve. Behind you stand your friends, your family. The great hawk eyes you.

Ylgar Sartolr speaks to Kyne “is there no other way”?

THIS IS AN INFLECTION POINT. WHERE FATES ARE DECIDED. THERE WILL COME ONE OTHER MOMENT, BUT IN THAT TIME YOU WILL NOT WISH THIS BURDEN."

Krohsiivmun's Tomb

(Inscriptions found within the Tomb of [Krohsiivmun](#))

Observed: A puzzle room to enter the crypt with totems of the Hawk ([Kyne](#)), the Whale (Stuhn) and the Owl (not yet sure).

Inscription: “No Nord (Northerner) is a Miser, but Shares his Gifts freely. Speak Charity, Aetheric, Auric, that you may enter into my Hall Everlasting.”

Observed: A huge engraved mural of a dragon priest surrounded by a multitude of different men and mer.

Inscription: "Krohsiivmun and his Subjects, he whose Voice ensured stability"

Observed: Another mural near a few embalmed soldiers.

Inscription: “Gifted of Kyne, His hoard lies sleeping.”

Observed: A room holding an extremely powerful fire spirit. When Saltonaan tried to understand its language, he was struck dumb and couldn't fathom the meaning of the creature.

Inscription: "Krohsiivmun the Clever, whose guile ensnared the [Earthbones](#)."

Observed: Intricate murals of Krohsiivmun and his legions fighting a Nordic army led by a blindfolded man.

Inscription: "See how Krohsiivmun battled the [Blind Prophet](#) at [Ylsulvin](#) peak. Many foes were slain, and a trophy was erected in commemoration of the battle. That winter Krohsiivmun went south again to his home in Angravan and mustered his forces.”

Observed: More murals, this time of Krohsiivmun praising and serving an unnamed dragon.

Inscription: “Krohsiivmun performing the Dovic ablutions, cleans the ground sullied by Blind Ylgar”

Observed: Several ancient Nordic tapestries, weathered by millennia but still remarkably solid. They are very heavy and depict [Ysgrammor](#) and his Five Hundred fighting the unidentified Mer. Among the figures is Ylgar, recognizable as Ysgrammor’s son, depicted as blind. His hands are held like he is reading a scroll, but there is nothing in his hands.

Observed: A small stone tablet, but very finely engraved. It depicts Ylgar the Blind shouting down Krohsiivmun. It says:

Inscription: “Remember the doom-driven tongue, blinded by prophecy, who laid waste the armies of Angravan at Ylsulvin”

Observed: Another mural. It shows Krohsiivmun atop a mountain of treasures and flanked by many prisoners. It says:

Inscription: “Behold the were-geld of the Dova. Wise Krohsiivmun claimed many riches. Clever Krohsiivmun brought a gilded variety to his hall in Angravan. Relentless Krohsiivmun still seeks the final...” here it is broken off with age.

Observed: A barren room, with no treasure. There are murals on the wall, but they seem to be of the Nordic Totemic pantheon. There among them are carvings of a hooded figure surrounded by trees.

Observed: The burial Chamber. The walls are covered in carvings of the Nordic Pantheon. Upon Krohsiivmun's coffin is a case for a large scroll, but upon opening it there is instead what appears to be a cylindrical Dwemer device. Dwemer, Ayleid, falmer artifacts abound. One of the far windows seems to have caved in slightly and cracked. Inside is a Dwemer Puzzle Box. Across the walls, where there aren't depictions of the gods, are murals carved depicting Krohsiivmun in various states of royalty. One especially shows him standing beside a doorway or portal. Another shows him dealing with the Dwemer. Still another shows him apparently calling down a storm on the ocean, where a boat is sinking. There is no apparent chronological order though, and no obvious story can be discerned.

Observed: His tomb is carved in Dovahzul and Nedic both. It says simply:

Inscription: “Here lies Krohsiivmun, high priest, storm-caller, fate-scurge, slain by Ylgar the Blind. May he rise again.”

(Addition Information: Tapestries Found in Bromjunaar)

The first depicts Krosivmuun's death at the hands of Ylgar the Blind, also known as Ylgar son of Ysgrammor. The second depicts a celebration of Ylgar's victory.

Mt. Anthor/Yil-Sul-Vin

INSCRIPTION ON NORDIC PILLAR AT MOUNT ANTHOR:

“It was here, upon this mount, that the villain [Krohsiivmun](#) was overthrown. Clever Krohsiivmun, who bent Time to his will, friend to Dova and chief slaver of the north, was slain by [Ylgar son of Ysgrammor](#) upon this peak. Ylgar spoke to the **Time-Wind**, and in his breath was **Peace**, so that the many-scarred **Dragon** was **Calmed** and his **Wounds** were **Bound**. And Krohsiivmun, who crawled the Dragon-veins, was drawn out and was diminished. Let this menheir mark the first victory of the mighty Five Hundred against the Dragon-captains. Let them quake and fear at the death of their captain. And let those who perished upon this field find haven in Sovengarde. Let [Yngol](#), son of Ysgrammor, be avenged. This menheir was carved by Corragan...”

“Noble Nords remember these words of the hoar father: Pray not for **peace**, for such is (the) wish of (the) weak and cowardly.”

*(**Bolded Words** were Words of Power)*

Songs of the Return, Vol 8

“And so at last they were set upon by the elf-hounds, bright were their arms and fearsome their spirit. The sons of Kluwe The Tall, who had set to build a great wall around the Kyn-Collir, were taken by surprise and many were felled in that initial onslaught. They were repelled back to the first wall, and further back unto the Forge itself. Soon it was apparent that they would fall, for the elves would brook no quarter. It was at that time that Hurun, the youngest of Kluwe’s sons, made prayer to Kyne above. And Dark-winged [Kyne](#), hearing his prayer, lent her voice to the Kyn-Collir, for she had many friends among the [earthbones](#). It is said that the great Hawk-Eyes grew bright with fury, and that the forge-tongues were lightened, and from the sons of Kluwe was born a great song of fire. The elves, seeing this conflagration, grew wary and retired. But the fire-blooded sons of Atmora would not avail them, and harried them ever to the shores of the White River, singing their throat-flickering wail. Ever since it is said that the great hawk-forge of kyne has favored those of her brood, and that the best steel in Skyrim is to be found in Whiterun.”

The Path to and Through Anu Orgon

Runestone Near the Landing of the 500 Companions

HOAR-BREATHED AT VENHALM AT THE TEMPLE OF THE SNAKE TENDERS TO THE ELDEST
LINE ASK THE YOUNGEST WHO HAS THE UNDERSTANDING OF THE "I"

(In a smaller text below, revealed by sea water and cold:)

This is the last stretch. Be brave, I'll see you soon.

Windhelm Hall of the Dead

(Ghost exclamation upon seeing [Steinn](#) in the moonlight)

"DAGONA-LATTA! ADA-BALE!"

(Similar to Alyeidun, translates roughly as: "Light of Destruction! God Stone!")

(On a boarded up door, past the bowl of skulls; the boards had somewhat recently been removed and put back)

"This door is named BoorTing, or Bulwark in the Foreign tongue, and stood as the final defense against the Snake-Face Demons. It stands now as our first defense against Vedfeldir. It was closed forever in 2E 573."

(On a large stone door at the end of the oldest passage)

"HURAN LEIKITH YSGRAMMOR, AD PATHER-NOTRO, AD EORL-THAN, AD SHORKIN"

(Translates as:)

"Here lieth Ysgrammor, all-father, first-king, [Shor](#)'s Son.

(Underneath is carved:)

Speak thy name, Ghost, and the name of thy Father, and the name of thy Son."

(Tiny Scroll Concealed Below the Crystal Door)

"Under direction of the office of [The Dragon](#), and with fond hope for your health and wellbeing, I impart this message:

If The Dragon is correct in his vision, today should be the First of Heartfire, or thereabouts. In accordance, take one step backward when you speak this passphrase: T I P S”

(In Invisible Ink)

"P.S. Though I remain hopeful, I suspect that I may not be with you to make this message redundant. I trust [Sabin](#) will find my marks. I have refrained from magicks, our enemy is far too canny to hide them.

The Dragon spends too much time at his Tear, and I believe he is conversing with someone. Or he believes he is. I hear mutterings of “a Thu’um to rival the Dov” and “to bring the Old Master to his knees”. For a man already in a power-fast, I fear this hunger may be too much to bear.

Yours, [Geonovos Moran](#)."

The Last Guidance of Ylgar the Blind

(Spoken by the dead [Ylgar](#), temporarily resurrected from his tomb in Anu-Organ)

Who has the Understanding of the I?

(Spoken to [Steinn](#)) “In answer to your question, few enough, I warrant. The Two-Faced-Poet did, and see where that got them. Bloody [Tiber](#) did too, and his bloody line to a lesser degree.... I almost did, but lacked the nerve... I cannot name you, for you must come upon yourself alone. But you have taken the first steps, my friend.”

Words for [Nevetrius](#)

“The code in your head was devised by you with the help of a man named [Esbern](#), a loremaster of the Blades. If you want to crack it, seek out your past.”

Words for [Sabin](#)

“If you wait to cure your lycanthropy, it will kill you and your soul will go to [Hircine](#). This will happen sooner than you think. Seek out a [priest of Y’ffre](#), prostrate yourself before her and plead for guidance.”

Words for [Steinn](#)

“Sit with me a moment, my lord. I have secrets to share, and little time to share them. Tell me what you know of the Thu’um... *(response given)* But how does that work? What is the mechanism? Here is a secret that you may understand, but which you will not yet realize. Your Thu’um, [Ylgar’s](#) magic, the Dwemer machinations...they are all the same. It is like a word spoken in another language, but it is the same word. When you shout, you speak in the language of Dragons. But the language itself holds no power, except in that it may convey more clearly your intention. Ylgar shapes aetherius not through exceptional vocabulary, but by another mechanism infinitely simpler and more terrible. It is your WILL to realize a shout, so his WILL to realize a spell. The pronouncement is a path to that WILL, but it is an arduous detour worn by malpractice. Just so, see here that I cast no spell and yet *(and he reaches up and grabs an apple from the air)*. That was a simple trick, but it belies my meaning. Listen now: if this apple was WILLED, what does that imply about this? *(and here he reaches down and grabs a rock, looks at it a moment, and tosses it to Steinn)* Meditate on this, and when you can meditate no more, then grasp the Wheel by the spokes and turn it.”

Words for [Ylgar](#)

“Do you know who you travel with yet? (*Looking at Steinn*) You suspect, and suspicion is wise in these days. And you are correct...for he is [Shor](#), or rather he may become Shor born-anew. The Dead God lights his own pyre. Much depends on this... therefore here is your task, your ultimate priority: you are to be the austringer to this hawk. A great deal depends on his state of mind at the end of this, and your companions shall have enough to worry about. You must see that it is well anchored. Additionally, I have one other facet to impart, and keep this well hidden: When I was in your place, we had killed [Hwoosiah](#) before awakening my Ylgar. Your path is well trodden, but it is not immutable. I have laid what guidance I could, but take heed you do not rely overly on prophecy. When in doubt, trust your instincts.”

Words for [Nihlus](#)

“First: [Cicero](#) is still alive in Apocrypha, and he can be saved. Second, when this is all over, you wind up alright. Happy birthday, buddy.”