Skyrim Document Archive

- Ylgar the Blind's Legend and Legacy
  - Kyne's Edict
  - Krohsiivmun's Tomb
  - Mt. Anthor/Yil-Sul-Vin
  - Songs of the Return, Vol 8
  - The Path to and Through Anu Orgon
  - The Last Guidance of Ylgar the Blind
- Thegainvald
  - EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, OR THE LAY OF THEGAINE
  - Book 1, Thegainvald
  - Book 4, Thegainvald
  - Book 5, Thegainvald
  - Book 6, Thegainvald
  - Book 11, Thegainvald
  - Book 65, Thegainvald
- The Blades and the Fox
  - Decoded Documents from the Fox
  - Chancellor Ocato Messages
  - Fox Contract Records
  - Messages from Esbern

    - Glavo Arrestus, Re: Cyrus's Parents
    - Introduction of Fa-Nuit-Hen
- Bosmer/Y'ffre
    - Baerinor to Sabin, in Bruma
    - Orbaer's Sermon
- Bromjunaar Records
    - Original Government Structure
    - Bromjunaar Joins the Empire
    - Kyrdokaan's Rallying Speech
- Thalmor Records
    - Transmissions Intercepted by Sabin
    - MOP Dranil Kir Records
    - Thalmor Embassy Datadump
    - Thalmor Documents, Miscellaneous
    - Operation Gadfly: Reactivated
    - To Achieve Alaxon
- Dwemer Lore
    - Psychic Nodes in the Dzurchrandzel Lift
    - Lexicon Library, Dzurchrandzel
    - Nchuandzel City Brain Options Menu
- Records on Namira
    - First Contact With Arniel Gane
    - Nihlus Contacts Namira
    - The Night Mother's Coercion
    - Namira, Re: Stories and Literature
    - The Night Mother's Hatred
- Dark Brotherhood Records
    - Cicero's Final Journal

    - Nihlus's Childhood Journal

- Records from the Schism
    - Welcome (to the Schism)
    - The Writhing Book
    - Schism Puzzle Chamber
    - Madness Tarot

- Records from Broggi's Hollow
    - Udyfrytke Messages
    - Visions through the Hollow's Time Wound

Ylgar the Blind's Legend and Legacy

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 dovah 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-scourge, 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-Orgon)

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 Hwoosiahh 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."

Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, OR THE LAY OF THEGAINE

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, OR THE LAY OF THEGAINE

(Accompanies the Translation of Book 1 of 65)

True written records from the early First Era are almost entirely Merethic, originating either from the substantial cruxi-catalogues of Ayleid torture poets, from the Chimeri-Velothi Theophagia (which remain inscrutable to all but the most ardent Dunmeri scholars), or from the Direnni Man-Mer epic verses which rose to prominence in Glenumbrian aristocratic passion-plays after the publishing of Beredalmo the Signifier's translations. Dwemer writing was rare and will not be discussed here. Nedic accounts -- whose mythic echoes still shape contemporary visions of history -- were largely dependent on oral tradition and were compiled several hundred years after the Alessian Rebellion in 1E 243. Such writings were reflective of Alessian values and subject to the approval of that restrictive censorship so common in early Cyrodillic government. Thus while they remain instructive to understanding the cultural milieu in which they were written, their credibility as primary sources is dubious. The Nordic peoples credit Ysgrammor, their arch-father with adopting writing from falmeric scripts and suitably name him "the First Historian." As in so many ways, Ysgrammor proved the exception rather than the rule. The practice of writing and record keeping remained uncommon among early Atmoro-Nordic society. It was not until the reign of King Harald and the theo-cultural collision of Nordic Totem-worship and proto-Alessian Eight Divines (prior to the codification of the Alessian Order into a strictly monotheistic cult) that writing became widespread within Skyrim.

This makes the Thegainvalde, or the Lay of Thegaine, all the more important for its rarity. Thegaine was a Merethic/early First Era explorer who chronicled firsthand the Atmoran invasion of Tamriel. Unlike the apocryphal Songs of the Return, which were written much later and serve to elevate the deeds of those early Atmoran warbands, the Thegainvalde provides a glaringly honest depiction of the deeds of the Five Hundred Companions. One need only look to the author's conflicted depiction of the central figure, Ylgar Ysgrammored (second son to Ysgrammor), to understand the truth of this. Ylgar is portrayed alternately heroic and cruel, wise and impulsive. He is impressively human, bearing little of the Nordic hero-myth which would come about (and remain after) the Second Era.

The origins of Thegaine are unknown, although scholars believe him to be a warrior or a retainer to the Five Hundred Companions. No established Nordic geneologies trace their lineage to Thegaine, which implies that either his line was ended or that he did not bear noble blood (hence a retainer). If so, he was a retainer of some importance, for his personal relationship with the blind prince is apparent even to the casual reader. In the years that followed the initial invasion, Thegaine fought and followed Ylgar through his initial conquests against the Falmer. Secondary to Ylgar in importance is an object which Thegaine calls the Eye, which is almost a character in itself. Summarily named The Eye, The Jewel, The Jewel of the Falmer, The Eye of the Falmer (bearing no relation to the famous moonstone jewels of the same name), and Hoflahgolz (an untranslatable Atmoran name), this singular gem acts as the focus and passion of Ylgar. It is unknown whether such a gem exists, although given the otherwise apparent veracity of the source I am inclined to believe it did. Certainly it presents a credible casus belli for the Atmoran campaigns, if one were ever needed.

Ylgar's first campaign against the Falmer, the armistice, and his second campaign make up the first book of the Thegainvalde. The second book begins some time later, when Thegaine has begun his journeys across Tamriel. These writings make up the majority of the work, and document his interactions with many of the great nation-states of that time, including the Ayleid kings, the oligarchic Orsimium magistrate, the Camoran kingdom, the splintered Kahjiti Mane-autocracies, and even various interactions with ancient Argonian tribes.

The Thegainvalde was not published, but was recovered almost in its entirety by Umberto Saugandra of the Antiquarian Circle in Solitude, Skyrim. It was not found in a tomb as might be expected, but in a cache buried on a hillock overlooking the southern bank of the Yorgrim tidal delta, just south of Windhelm. It was written on multiple journals, with remarkably little damage given the age of the work. Some pages had been removed, apparently intentionally, either by the author or by another. These gaps are noted. A deeply personal work, the Thegainvalde is presented in as honest a translation as possible.

Signed
Giraud Germaine,
Dean of History, Bard's College, Solitude

Book 1, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 1 OF 65

It befell in the days of Ysgrammor Arch-Father who held rule over all the Elder Wood that there was a devilry in the south who held war against his colonies, and harried them cruelly. Then Ysgrammor came to his palace in Jykulfryk (which was joined from the mighty bows of a Green-Pine in days before number) and spoke unto his captains and said:

“Long have our kinsmen across the grey sea suffered under the barbs of snow-demons, but fought they proud and lusty. I know this for I have fought and labored with these proud, as to the lowest and meanest among them have I toiled and bled. For I love you as I love mine own, dear captains, and my heart is thick with whale-fat. And bearing this love do I bring grave news. The covetous, who hunger for gold and furs and works of clever-craft, came in force upon our State two moons ago. They sought the war-gaze of our Eye, which belongs by right of founding to we thicket-men! Many Snake-bound lie red beneath the snow this day, forsaken even the property of a burial pyre. Naught but your father and your brothers, Hawk-borne swift were sent across the sea to you.

“Therefore I say, gather your axes, the fairest and keenest. Gather your bows, and set your hammers and carvers to fletch-craft. Dry you mounds of whale-fat and spread the oil upon your ships. Make each of you a gift to Shor, and let it be no less than six wolves. And when one year has passed and you have bid your arrangements complete, then bring you Sons and Daughters of the Wood to me an army. There is wet-work to be done.”

And so his captains went, as far as to Forelgrim, and Hrisskar’s Wood, and even to Krykandakthorrin where the air is dark.

Book 4, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 4 OF 65

It befell in the days of Ysgrammor Arch-Father who holds all the world under the breadth of his shield that at last a peace was made with the Snow Prince. Four months were they harried at bowshot, and were mastered under swift-seeking arrow. The Devils, ice-tongued debaters, made war cunning-craftily of cold and wind and snow. But ill-bred were these to raise shields against the sons of Mora, for they are born the very same. So passed three ships, long-keeled, to the harbor of the Morning's Star and there held port while the larger axes advanced. The enemy made fast the sea, white-stilled, and rose walls thereupon, and made for siege-work. Then Ylgar, who was chief captain and battle-thinker, came to his father and said "Our position is dire, our lines weakened, our axes blunted. We can neither endure counterattack, nor mount attack from land or sea. Yet our enemy knows nothing of this. Let me speak in strength with the devils and make peace to our advantage."

Then said Ysgrammor Arch-Father "Far-seeing be your mind's eye my son, I warrant farther than mine axe-haft. My blood is redder than yours, and I would not bear clever-works against these devils. But your eyes are owl's, and I will hold what counsel is laid at my feet."

To which the Battle-Thinker replied "Your blood is redder by far father; mine is cold and binding as pack-ice. But think you not I have forgotten our red-vow, I desire nothing but odds with this petty prince. Let me pluck again the Eye, torn once from your own socket, and ever after will these devils falter and stumble and trouble us no more."

So Owl-Eyed Yglar was clad in the raiment of peace, and went he nude and blue-tongued to the fortress of the devils. But they would not meet with him in sum, and brought forth upon the ice a delegation of twenty priests and confederates so that they might consider his terms. And Ylgar spoke, fox-like, and said "So you have come in small counsel, no doubt so that your own might not hear our argument, even-tempered and measured, and that they might not lower arms against your wishes. Now suppose that you few who come here should make an assurance, that we may speak calm as lake-fish and not quarrel over every consistency, and that if you should have quarrel that you say it in due time, and that we may speak plain and not in politic. Is it agreed?"

And the Snow-Prince said "None now find fault with calm presentation of argument. But find we fault in your present stance, and we suppose that you will make war upon us whatever our posture. Therefore fear we that you should make present judgement to your favor, neither entertaining our pleas nor demands."

And Ylgar said “Differ we in wit, as is natural and understandable, for bear we recourse to many fine-honed arguments. But now we make no fine phrases, neither claiming Kyne-right by sanctity of voice, nor by honor of history, nor of lineage. These are but word-knots, unfit for princely lips. Cast about your cleverness and know this truth: that we are too strong for you, and so do what we wish while you must suffer what we bear.”

And the Snow-Prince said “Then if you will allow no concept of justice, and so reduce us to self-interest, nonetheless we argue that it is against both our interests to fight, for much needless blood shall spill. But if you will allow a measure of law, we will renew that we have done you no wrong which has not been compensated manyfold.”

And Ylgar said “Bring you two-handed arguments, and we will answer them by turn. Firstly that you say we allow no justice; this is false. Let it be at present that justice is ours to define. Our law is jeweled, many-faceted. We have dealt rubies, yet hear now another face. Second, you say our actions overstep your provocations, but though this hold in corpse-cutting, you still maintain war-spoils. You know of which I speak, cruel-theft of mine own father’s brow. Without this return there can be no peace.”

And the Snow-Prince said “Speak you of Magnia-et-BalEn, the Echo Stone, Third before even White-Gold, raised by the song of my ancestors in times forgotten. That you should set eyes upon such heaven is a blasphemy, that you should claim ownership is beyond absolution.”

And Ylgar said “Nonetheless.”

Then the Snow Prince took counsel with his clergy, set between two incalculable losses. The devil-priests spoke words of soothe to the Ice-Prince, that the Eye was imperturbable, that whatsoever the Sons of Mora should attempt would be surely turned against them by the living will of Magnus. And in opposition, that they faced immediate loss this moment and that if they should be overrun then they would lose the Eye regardless. So the Prince relented, for he loved his people dearly and could not abide their slaughter. With his hand he plucked out his right Eye, and when he did he stumbled, and reaching out Ygar caught him by the wrist and held him a moment. And with the left hand he took the Eye and wordlessly returned across the ice.

Book 5, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 5 OF 65

(Page located in a "library" within the Schism beneath Solitude)

"Herein is the account of Ylgar Ysgrammored and his description of the Magnia-et-BalEn, the Falmeric Eye. Dictated to Thegaine, amended by Thegaine.

It approaches as if from a great distance, inexorable, drawing, defiant. The Eye itself is massive, larger than the masted warship even, but I hold it at length between my thumb and finger. It refuses Will done upon it, and all my efforts to that end are as water. Still, like melody half-remembering itself, or a cry beyond my hearing it describes. Describes what? There is a language that I cannot see. True language, like wyrm-tongue, but slower. Honey-speak. Perfection. This cannot go to Father, blunt, crude-mannish and headstrong. He would not understand, even as I scarcely begin to.

Here is a space of seven months, wherein Ylgar Ysgrammored was taken nigh into madness made much by study of the Eye. This is but one example of many speeches dictated to Thegaine.

Sing great architect, geometer-primus, revelation. Call out in Truth, cascading, decadent linework. Infinite polygonal! Minute precision! Sing Lord of Compasses, whose angles are secret succession, forseen infinite! Whose Will is the ten-thousandth of a degree stretched about ten-thousand years! I have begun to hear, and by hearing to chart the hyperbolas of Scripture. I begin to learn, Thegaine. See, take now into your heart a graph, macro-soidal, and lay upon it Rhythms, like tides, multiplied upon themselves, split infinite dimensionally across all axes, and you begin to see the True Shape. And when you see this, know your place within it. Then all-chartable all-calculable all-deducible infinity! Here within is a secret shape, not yet revealed, whose vector is Future. I will find it, Thegaine. I must.

Here after seven months of madness was Ylgar Ysgrammored returned, by Mara's grace, to his senses. Now is he become dour and grave, and consults the Falmeric Eye rarely if ever. Many questions were offered on the nature of this grief, few were answered in total. Here is the meager understanding offered Thegaine, and so summarized.

The Falmeric Eye is an elven reliquary, possibly their god's eye in actual, possibly only symbolically. Regardless, the weight of such symbolism has made it a cultural cornerstone of Falmer society, one which in

loss they have despaired over. Moreover, it contains immensely powerful magics. The Prince speaks of these in riddles and circles, but this is my interpretation of his speech: The Eye is a looking-glass of sorts, like might be kept at the prow of a ship. But instead of oceans of water, it looks across oceans of time. And just as a ship is steered by the sight of its glass, so it seems our ages -- even the earth beneath our feet -- are steered by the sight of the Eye. But whither the Prince's sight is fixed I cannot know."

Book 6, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 6 OF 65

Now is it come that a peace has been made with the Snow Prince! The exultant shout was heard and harried across ship-prows, first from those vessels returning from the Morning's Star, then to the luggage and retainer boats, and finally to the very campfires upon the Yorgim shore! The Snow Prince has retreated, and Ysgrammor Ebon-Haft has once again lashed Wuthraad to his mast. Already a great stonework has begun, and the kiln-fires burn nightly.

The devils have retreated to their mountain-fortress in the south, which they call Falmantis and we have named Monahven, to recoup their dead and recover their wounded. Even now, our axes and slings dare not approach such a tower, for it is the consolidation of their magics.

So the Arch Father has willed our own chisels and hammers to raise a keep, and a bailey, and a wall about it which shall stand as a mountain to the Sons of Mora. It is to be named Venhalm, for the wind of our breath shall blow always upon the face of our enemy.

The prison-boats are an ill prize. They ride the grey-tide by morning and night unto our harbor. Kyne 's honor demands a battle-trophy, and this was done rightly at the Morning's Star. Priests of Mara and of Kyne, and the dead-fox-priests whose names are in Sovengarde, made sacrifice of the ship Ynglattyr. At the young prince's bidding, a paean to the dead was sung, and the corpses piled among the timbers and cedar-futtocks. Even the honorable enemy were given proper burial according their custom and rank. All this was done well. Yet Stuhn's hunger is principal among many of our fathers, and such have made slave-tribute of their own conquered. Now prison-boats line our piers.

This is an ill policy, and we shall suffer for it.

Book 11, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 11 OF 65

The King is dead, long live the King.

Hoar-bearded Ysgrammor fell hotly, battle-dripping, wind-roaring. The seeing-women so foretold, hawk-eyed they cried the hour of his death across the waters of the Yorgrim. And when this hour came near, word was sent by crow and merlin to his foes, to Sinmur and Lodorr, and to Kyrnag the Cleaver, and to many others, and even to the Snow Prince himself for the chance to fell their foe in single combat.

A great host was brought under the walls of Venhalm, and an arena was constructed for the blood-letting. Kyrnag was there, and Sinmur and Lodorr, and also Unuroth and Golgarat, and Brishnak the Slaver, and Conkorrigan. There also was the Hill-King of the giants Onmulath with his mace. All came save the Snow Prince, who would not name the Arch-Father Foe.

None then were willing to face the Arch-Father first, for all similarly wished to fight him weakened and bloodied. But at last Sinmur the frost giant came forward with his sword Wind-Biter, and Ysgrammor slew him. So too he slew Golgarat with a blow to the eye which punctured the helm and the skull and the brain, and so Conkorrigan, and Qualth the Tall, and many others.

At last fell the Arch-Father upon a ten-ell corpse pile, his foe in his teeth, and none left to oppose him.

Now the King has returned from Ylsulvin, in long communion with Kyne, and bears in his hands a Scripture, Star-Spun. His eyes are bandaged, and speaks he only tremulously. “The Eye is a bearing, like others, upon which turns The Wheel’s hub. Thus understood, I chart our velocities across the Plane of the Ecliptic, endless potential spiral curvatures to a thousand time-spaces. This is muddy, squalid work. But I fear to grasp the Wheel and to turn it, and so reveal the name of God. Shor was the first to do this, and his are the lantern-lights of death. How much less I, who walked only briefly in his shadow?”

Book 65, Thegainvald

EXCERPTS FROM THE THEGAINVALDE, BOOK 65 OF 65

It befell in the days of Ylgar Ysgrammored that there was a mighty drake in the south who held war against him long days. Then Ylgar Grey-Eyed spoke with his knights and lords and said unto them “long have we suffered by breath of this wyrm, who holds us in tooth and claw and storm. We dare not send our armies against him for fear they should fall and we should come to ruin. So it falls to me, your king, to march against him myself and match him tongue for tongue if I may. Thus have I seen and spoken.” There was much fear and consternation among the knights and lords for they loved their king as their father. At night, Thegaine came to him and spoke soft words to soothe and succor him and entreated him to stay his journey. But Ylgar Grey-Eyed spoke and said “I am Ylgar of Once and Shall Yet Be, and my heart is firm. Take comfort, for as the smith works metal and is wrought by the metal, so shall what may come work me and be wrought by me. Upon my fingers, and my hands, and my lips I shall return to you.” Then Thegaine was soft and still and held him all the long night. And come morning, Ylgar Ysgrammored was buckled bright in harness, with gloves of supple leather. No shield he carried, but upon his breast were writ runes of surety. No helm he wore, but sang he lusty cries of war blood red. And in his hands he bore Wuuthraad, the great axe of his fathers. And with him went nought but one whose name was torn in battle, and he only to bear witness.

It came to pass that Ylgar Ysgrammored came by foot to the hills beneath Monahven which was at that time the home of Paarthurnax Fell-Song. Ylgar spoke in heavy greeting, and his voice was as wind borne from the sea. So the Grey-Eyed bid Paarthurnax the welcome of the sons of Mora, keen-biting. And when the clouds broke again, the sun-soft sky unbeaten, then came answer in dread battle-tongue. The Deep-Voiced answered, not in rage but politic, for he knew well the son of Ysgrammor. This was a great debate, and for thirteen days and thirteen nights the Ysgrammored spoke, Kyne-breathed and willful. But before every argument the drake spoke treachery and deceit, and twisted Ylgar’s words to his own ends. And the King knew that he was beaten.

Broken and exhausted, and set upon by mockery, the Grey-Eyed was soon to perish. But it is said that the son of Ysgrammor was oft of two minds, and that the one did not always know the other. Then the Mage spoke with the voice of the King, taking out of time a word never yet said, and that was Perfection, and all fell-sung theories and furies were quenched as the burning brand before the avalanche. The Deep-Voiced knew that he was lost and named the Mage “Vanquisher” and ever after were they friends, for above even might do wyrms admire cleverness.

They slept then, and when they rose they drank blood-honey and snow to quench their throats, and Ylgar spoke weakly, saying “Now are you my friend and brother, and I ask of you an indulgence. Take from me my

Eye, world-staying, and hide it for a time, until the doom-drum sounds again." At this the wyrm surprised, and cautioned the Grey-Eyed, saying "This mountain is still young, prince, with many songs unsung. The first canto is barely writ and you would silence the players?" And Ylgar Mage-King answered "Here is a pupa, moth-kindled, elven-bound and beautiful. Yet within is borne an eyas, man-roaring. And he shall work great music. But now, gentle as the piping woodflute, must this music temper for a time. And so shall this land stay, though all the world about it wriggle and dance in progress, until the drum beats a new march."

And the drake did as he was bid.

The Blades and the Fox

Decoded Documents from the Fox

Chancellor Ocato Messages

Fox Contract Records

Messages from Esbern

Glavo Arrestus, Re: Cyrus's Parents

Introduction of Fa-Nuit-Hen

"You are more winded than you would expect after the climb, and the cliff-top grass is short and tufted against your ankles as the sea breeze, the font of which you can see only extends some hundred feet or so into your realm, whips incongruously around. Ahead of you stands a Bosmer, or one who looks like a Bosmer, androgynous in light leather armor with a gently curved long blade at their side.
They bow perfectly gracefully, halfway between irony and honor.

“Greetings bold one! When last we met you wore a rigid mask, but this face suits you better! Although I wonder…[they lean in closer]...how much you it may yet change...”
Here they turn to the rest of the party, eyeing Arniel in particular “And I have the advantage over you for I know you well, Sabin Hunters-Hoard, and you Nihlus Eldest-Son. But you two are new to me, though I have heard rumours. [They approach Steinn, their slight frame gently menacing against his bulk]..You must be Steinn then…how fascinating. You’re off limits... Leaving only the Blind Princeling, Magnus’s Sycophant.”

[Finally they eye Arniel, a cold gaze resting on the eyes with the slightest smirk of half-interest growing around the mouth]...”And who are we, hmmmmm?”

[Arniel replies sharply] “My name is my own, Princeling [repeating the word mockingly]

[Fa-Nuit-Hen purrs] Indeed... There is a plot about you stranger [and their eyes become hungry but they back off]...

[They bow again] I am Fa-Nuit-Hen, Blademaster, and I have what you seek Lord of Yokuda. No charge today…my lord wills it."

Bosmer/Y'ffre

Baerinor to Sabin, in Bruma

Bosmer/Y'ffre

Orbaer's Sermon

Bromjunaar Records

Original Government Structure

Bromjunaar Joins the Empire

Bromjunaar Records

Kyrdokaan's Rallying Speech

Thalmor Records

Transmissions Intercepted by Sabin

MOP Dranil Kir Records

Thalmor Embassy Datadump

Thalmor Documents, Miscellaneous

Operation Gadfly: Reactivated

(Found in Cyrus's Memory Dome in the Demiplane)

Operation Gadfly (REACTIVATED) -- Mission Report [Active]: Mordas, 3rd of Frostfall, 4E 186

THIS MISSION REPORT HAS BEEN PREPARED BY REPROCORP-IN-SOLITARUS_SUB_HIGH_JUSTICIAR_AICAION BY ORDER OF HIGH JUSTICIAR AICAION

To: Councillor Aedor and The Most Esteemed High Council of War Appropriations

Mission operations continue to meet success in all degrees. Negotiations actively under conduct on four (4) subjects at Bruma Site #1. Three of four subjects have reached full settlement. Given current intake and local holding capacity, recommend release without tether for subjects N0046-Cheydinhal, I0122-Cheydinhal, and N0097-Bruma. Subjects uniformly exhibit low operational value and have been cooperative. Please confirm or deny release approval (See Negotiation Findings Summary Attached). Subject R0013-Riften remains uncooperative, but negotiations are proceeding at an acceptable timeframe. Current status estimated between 48 and 56 Degrees Of Control (DOC), out of a maximum of 64 DOC (See Aedian Psychophysio-Control Scale Summary Tables attached). Initial and intermediate findings indicate subject is a Blade [high certainty, 61/64]; supporting evidence determined by subject’s application of negotiation-resistance techniques, analysis of ante-negotiation activities, and location of pickup. Primary evidence determined by negotiation (See Summary of Current Findings attached). Subject is of particular interest to my esteemed sire. He asserts that subject has knowledge of, or may link to knowledge of the presumed Blades Vault. We again request approval for one (1) Broad-Spectrum Memograph, one (1) Cranio-Vivisection Table Set, and one (1) Alchemic Interference Inhibitor Array. We reiterate that the use of these in active negotiations would be of critical importance to both local operations and the greater Aldmeri Body-of-Intelligence. We appreciate that County Bruma is under C-Phase priority, and will make full use of any equipment supplied us.

Glory To The Eagle

To Achieve Alaxon

My name is not important, but I am Altmer like you. I write here as plainly as I may; my truths are for all to know.

That We are Not Of This World

Read your Monomyth, brothers and sisters. Impurely penned by shifting hands, yet Auriel's truth cannot be muzzled. As mer, we are born of Anu, anon Aedra, and came we out of Perfection to this muddy hole. First we come, and firstly are we Aldmer, thence through dissipation and infection are we made woody, or by sin we are blackened or excreted. Only Altmer remain undisturbed by the Arena's harassment. We are the leaders of today and the saints of tomorrow.
It is our duty as Altmer to lead this world back to Anu, back out of the sin of Lorkhan and the scourge of mortality. Take up the burden, my friends, to lead others to perfection by your realization of perfection. This is Alaxon.
No doubt you have heard this talk before, and found it spiritual at best or metaphorical at worst. The sages and the scholars lack ambition. The spiritual Alaxon and the Eight Awakenings are merely a microcosm of what might be accomplished. Alaxon may be realized, entire and physical. I here write of practicalities, steps by which, through great effort, we may achieve Perfection. I write this as a guide.

How We Might Take A First Step
At Convention, Auriel executed Lorkhan with an arrow through the heart, and his heart was a stone upon which the Red Mountain grew, and so was his betrayal bound in Nirn and codified in Law. Remember this action, for it is the crux of our attainment.
We know that when we Altmer die, we return to Auriel's presence. Every race returns to their patron; the Saxhleel to their Hist, the Nords to their Sovereign Garden. So why have we not ended our bondage prematurely? Why not mass-suicide?
Besides the fear of death, which is an imperfection, such action would not break Lorkhan's Curse. We would die, but we would die as mortals die -- in, but not of, Auriel's light. This is imperfect. To achieve Perfection, we must first understand the mythopoeic.

What Is The Mythopoeic?
Our laws are stories. The Bosmer understand this, and I applaud them. Auriel shot an arrow through Lorkhan's heart, and the Keening wail which it sang is the story, see Law, of mortality. So pain was dictated to us, and hunger, and ultimately death.
The Dwemer spoke to the Heart with their tools, and cutting it they made another Keening, and spoke to Lorkhan backwards. They overwrote his law, see Story, and became authors themselves. In the Beginning, Anu made of herself a soul, and that soul was Anuiel, whence came Auriel and the rest. At Convention, they made of themselves a soul, and that was Nirn, whence came Aldmer. At Dawn, we made of ourselves Crystal-Like-Law, that we might know ourselves better, whence came

Alinor, our homeland, and our forefathers.
We repeat these stories, see Laws, on grand and little scales. The older the story, the more we repeat it. We have been dying since Convention. The Dwemer rewrote their story, but they penned it hurriedly. We must do better.

If We Are To Live

So the law, see Story, of mortality is Auriel's arrow shot through Lorkhan’s heart. We shall need a very powerful arrow, and a powerful bow to loose it, for it must carry us all. Lorkhan’s heart is no more, so a substitute must be found. And a way to connect us all at the proper hour. We would need to be in accordance, every one, that no disagreement might spark discord….

Dwemer Lore

Psychic Nodes in the Dzurchrandzel Lift

Lexicon Library, Dzurchrandzel

Nchuandzel City Brain Options Menu

Records on Namira

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.”

Dark Brotherhood Records

Cicero's Final Journal

Nihlus's Childhood Journal

Records from the Schism

Welcome (to the Schism)

Records from the Schism

The Writhing Book

Schism Puzzle Chamber

Records from the Schism

Madness Tarot

Records from Broggi's Hollow

Records from Broggi's Hollow

Udyfrytke Messages

Visions through the Hollow's Time Wound