

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."

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