

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.”

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