

Preface

'Five are the corners of the world, but six are the walking ways, from enigma to enemy to teacher.'

To the Reader

Five are the elements, the continents, and the limits of this world, and thus is this codex divided into five sections. For out of these do we strive as many and more paths to 'transcend mortal boundaries set in place by immortal rulers'. By the Tri-Angled Truth may we rest assured of more volition than the bones of the earth can contain. Among these pages do we perceive more verity than the etchings of mere language can espouse. And so, it is with most humble gratitude and honor to present the reader with this work, a Quintessence of the sacred writs, carefully handed down by our people, who are set apart in this world.

Our local temples maintain an open canon of scripture dedicated to ALMSIVI, so that the teachings of our Lords shall mix freely into the hearts of our diverse and ever changing folk, wherever we may sojourn. The collections of writings found in the High Fane and the Great Temple of Mournhold, with esteem also to the Library of Telvannis, contain thousands of documents both uttered by the Gods and penned by the Saints.

Presented in this tome however, is a core assemblage of the received texts as collected by the monks of the monastery of Sinramen.

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Indeed, some of these works can be found in every quarter, while others remain most prominent in the nameless studies of the Star-Wounded East, and still a few have slipped in to the codex from times disputed. The result is a carefully selected corpus whose ancient five-part Heirographa, those texts most fit for general instruction, is at last available to the common reader.

The first section pertains to the origins of our Psijic Endeavor, charting history from the Dawn, the forming of the et'Ada, and the Sundering of Ehlno Fey into Mundus, to the eating of Trinimac, the Exodus of Veloth, and the unification of Resdayn. It illuminates our sacred connection to the Spirits and Ancestors. The three middle sections are dedicated to our living Gods and explore aspects of their personhood, godhood, and hand in the birth, life, and ghost of each mer. Ayem cultivates our culture, Seht challenges our assumptions and Vehk reshapes our morals. Finally, the last section contains remnants of texts that tell a rare account of the Apotheosis, that speak further of the skills necessary to make an Exodus, and of our hope in the Amaranth, the Million-Eyed Insect Dreaming and life of the Nirn-Ensuing.

The utmost care has been taken to deliver, with esteemed clarity, a rendition of these Scriptures into the common language, so as to provide the laity with a deeper insight into our ways, our knowledge, and our faith. Careful liberties have been taken to standardize particular names

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and passages. Where possible, spelling and transcription errors have been amended by hand and diligently checked against the common sources and Temple strictures to ensure their authenticity and intended meaning. To maintain a familiarity for the esteemed tongue, chapter titles have been printed in both insular and common forms.

Furthermore, within the text has been placed a different kind of numeral notation, such that it can be easily discerned from the common letters so that the reader, through the division of verse, might be more equipped to perceive the meaning of our Lords and commit their words to memory. Sacred utterances have been rendered in the form of *kili dahkem*, an insular rubric, so as to maintain their most excellent and holy significance when breathed aloud by the adept.

May this edition of the Scriptures further serve as a Treasure Wood Sword, waived as a lessoning tune that guides us in song, cutting us in shape to the edification of all the Temple faithful and indeed our Dunmer people.

—Idrele, Curate and Scribe

The Living Gods

No other religion in all of Nirn can claim what the Dunmer know as absolute truth: their gods rule over them and walk among them, as real and as present as any other resident of Morrowind.

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From their seat of power in Mournhold's Tribunal Temple, the Living Gods of the Tribunal guard and counsel their people. When necessary, they punish sin and error, but they also share their bounty with the greatest and least among us, each according to their needs. But who are the Living Gods? They are powerful Dunmer who achieved divine status through superhuman discipline and virtue, and supernatural wisdom and insight. As the three God-Kings of Morrowind, they form the divine leadership of the Dunmer nation. The Three—Lord, Mother, and Wizard—are described below.

Vivec, the warrior-poet god and Master of Morrowind, is perhaps the most popular of the Three. He also tends to be the most public, and the people love him. His visage appears both beautiful and bloody at the same time, and he has made violence into an art form. Vivec the warrior-poet has darker aspects associated with primitive, ruthless impulses, such as lust and murder.

Almalexia, also known as Mother Morrowind, is the patron of healers and teachers. She is the Healing Mother, the source of compassion and sympathy, the protector of the poor and the weak. Almalexia embodies the best of Dunmeri culture and purpose. She exemplifies mercy, and her wisdom guides the Dunmer in all their daily affairs.

Sotha Sil, God of the World-Mechanism, is the least known and most hidden of the Tribunal gods. Sometimes referred to as the Mystery of

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Morrowind, he is a Magus and the patron of artificers and wizards. Perhaps the mightiest wizard in the land and certainly the wisest, he is considered to be the Light of Knowledge and the inspiration behind craft and sorcery.

Together, the Living Gods are the pillars of the Tribunal Temple. They represent the power and discipline of the Dunmeri people, and rule with a combination of compassion and strict adherence to law and protocol.

—Durillis, Temple Theologian

Worshipping the Illogical

The Clockwork Apostles dedicate their lives to many things. The words of our Sermons, laid before us by the ever-faithful Deldrise Morvayn, Fourth Tourbillon. The will of our god Lord Seht, the Mainspring Ever-Wound, the Divine Metronome. The driving forces of inspiration, of innovation, of discovery in all forms, magical, technological, spiritual.

But we often forget, in our pursuit to unravel the mysterious of our world, that we are also subjects of the Tribunal.

I have found throughout my long tenure that many of my pupils have a hard time grasping the threefold nature of our belief within the Tribunal. Still, despite the repetition of these questions, I never rebuff this curiosity. Rather, I try to encourage it, for there is an abundance of contradictions within our piety towards

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Lady Almalexia and Lord Vivec. After all, the worship of these deities seem to almost challenge the beliefs we hold so true within our order.

Why are we told to worship these often puzzling deities? Why must we follow not one god, but three?

Yet even this seemingly simple fact is but a misconception, for in this sequence we have found truth. ALMSIVI is but one entity, not the fractured creation that many perceive it as. It only appears fractured in the forms our gods have taken, but rather than separate deities they are all one portion of a welded whole. Regulated in their irregularities. Lady Almalexia and Lord Vivec, who are only consistent in their inconsistency, still create the order of our truths. They are the tock within our Lord Seht's tick, the wheel that forever goes forward but only to circle itself.

They are the truths of our chaotic present, the irregular oscillations that we must weld together. Within them we find the aspects of our humanity, the soul which merges with the machine, ambition which merges with beneficence. The act of faith itself seems contradictory to the importance we hold on evidential certainty. But not one among us is completely machine, cold and logical without the emotions which bind us together. No, we are welded beings, as varied and complex as our three gods. Fractured parts which have come together to create our individuality.

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How does one devote themselves to such aspects? To these traits of Nirn which are not logic and order, our guiding principles? The Sermons tell us to understand their limitations. To pay heed, but know the boundaries of their scale. Know that these are the principals needed for our current world, Nirn-Prior, and shall be but an addition to the whole which is Nirn-Ensuing.

Hold tight their words, their laws and limits. Know that they are the echoes of a fractured selves, welded whole.

Know that the Sublime Piston gives and takes in equal measures, sundering the Named pursuits of lesser mer. We must tear apart that which will be welded whole once more. Beliefs, structures, laws, one day outdated and unneeded.

And so we pay our respects to these aspects of our deities. Without faith towards ALMSIVI we ourselves become sundered from the truth. Speak the names of Lady Almalexia, Lord Sotha Sil, and Lord Vivec with respect, with piety. Listen to their words and heed their laws when necessary. They are the cogs that reflect ourselves, to be as venerated as the truths that we honor.

—Nevyn, Proctor and Apostle of Seht

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The Pilgrim's Way

To walk is to love, young pilgrims. We honor
The Prophet through our travels. By walking
his way, we keep the holy journey alive.

It is the sole that keeps us in contact with
Veloth. With each step, we sing the marching
song of our forebears. By retracing the pattern,
we strengthen the bond.

It is with our feet that we followed Veloth.
It was the exodus of the feet that brought us to
Resdayn. It is our feet that now rest on the soils
of Morrowind.

“Six are the guardians of Veloth, three
before and they are born again, and they
will test you until you have the proper
tendencies of a hero.”

To walk is to love, young pilgrims. We honor
The Three through our resolve. Through
overcoming opposition, we grow closer to the
source. These are the stories of the sole. With
each step, the story grows.

The markings on the sole may be physical or
spiritual, but are always intertwined. Scars,
scabs and blisters lead to callusing of the body,
but also of the mind. Tattoos mark both sole and
spirit.

Each step has an effect, yet changes nothing.
Each step is taken freely, though without choice.

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Each step tells the story that has yet to be told, the story that has already been told and the story that must be told.

By retracing the pattern, we strengthen the bond.

To walk is to love, young pilgrims.

—St. Rilms, the Barefooted

Love Under Will

“Know Love to avoid the Landfall,
my brothers and sisters.”

Love is the harmony of self-interest and selflessness, when expressed or encountered unmindingly, that is, under will. We have been sundered, broken out of divinity and into the world, where mortal limits are a distraction from the freedom to truly act.

But, when one can sustain the balance of love without conscious effort, they become ever present in the moment, unbound by time, unminding of past decisions or future questions. Because they are not distracted by mortal anguish, their integrity remains whole and they are free to act as is true to their nature, their divine character.

—Udrasi, Priest and Mystic

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Dedication

*Through the bounty of Blessed ALMSIVI,
Triune Grace,
In the presence of the temple
And all the host of Saints,
By the sacred unity of your Mercy,
Your Mystery, and your Mastery,
Almalexia, Sotha Sil, and Vivec,
Blessed be your holy names;*

*Through the terrible power
Of your monstrous love,
As in the days of Resdayn,
The time of our ancestors,
When Boethia, Mephala, and Azura
Lead the Velothi out of captivity,
So do you lead us now,
In the days of Morrowind.*

*Down each Walking Way,
You advocate for us in our time of trial,
And shew for us a secret door
At the altar of Padhome,
Where by your hands,
We become safe and looked after.*

The ending of the words, ALMSIVI.



From the head, the law.
From the heart, the light.
From the hand, the change.



Learn by serving.



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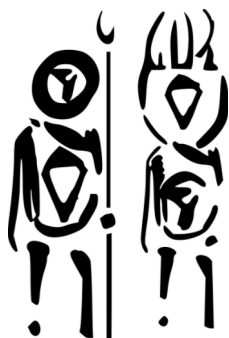
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The Post at the Turning Point
and the Start of the House





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Sithis

S¹ithis is the start of the house. Before him was nothing, ²but the foolish Aldmer have names for and revere this nothing. That is because they are lazy slaves. ³Indeed, from the Sermons, 'stasis asks merely for itself, which is nothing.'

⁴Sithis sundered the nothing and mutated the parts, fashioning from them a myriad of possibilities. ⁵These ideas ebbed and flowed and faded away and this is how it should have been.

⁶One idea, however, became jealous and did not want to die; like the stasis, he wanted to last.

⁷This was the demon Anui-El, who made friends, and they called themselves the Aedra.

⁸They enslaved everything that Sithis had made and created realms of everlasting imperfection.

⁹Thus are the Aedra the false gods, that is, illusion.

¹⁰So Sithis begat Lorkhan and sent him to destroy the universe.

Lorkhan! Unstable mutant!

¹¹Lorkhan had found the Aedric weakness. While each rebel was, by their nature, immeasurable, they were, through jealousy and vanity, also separate from each other.

¹²They were also unwilling to go back to the nothing of before.

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¹³So while they ruled their false dominions, Lorkhan filled the void with a myriad of new ideas. These ideas were legion. ¹⁴Soon it seemed that Lorkhan had a dominion of his own, with slaves and everlasting imperfections, and he seemed, for all the world, like an Aedra.

¹⁵Thus did he present himself as such to the demon Anui-El and the Eight Givers: as a friend.

[¹⁶Such was the plan of Lorkhan:

To destroy the false gods, free their slaves and reveal their illusion.

¹⁷And this is how he achieved it:

He told them that he was tired of his dominion and wanted to create a new one. This was foolish enough to arouse the curiosity of the always satisfied Aedra.

¹⁸They watched Lorkhan perform his work. Magnus was the first to express an opinion on this new domain.

¹⁹For Lorkhan had duped them all and so Nirn was created.]

²⁰Thus, go unto the Sharmat as a friend.

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The Psijic Compensation



Mythic Aurbis exists, and has existed from time without measure, as a fanciful Unnatural Realm.

²The magical beings of Mythic Aurbis lived for a long time and had complex narrative lives, creating the patterns of myth.

³Finally, the magical beings of Mythic Aurbis told the ultimate story—that of their own death.

⁴For some this was an artistic transfiguration into the concrete, non-magical substance of the world.

⁵For others, this was a war in which all were slain, their bodies becoming the substance of the world.

⁶For yet others, this was a romantic marriage and parenthood, with the parent spirits naturally having to die and give way to the succeeding mortal races.

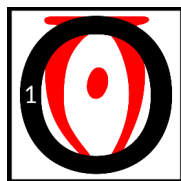
⁷The magical beings created the races of the mortal Aurbis in their own image, either consciously as artists and craftsmen, or as the fecund rotting matter out of which the mortals sprung forth, or in a variety of other analogical senses.

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⁸The magical beings, then, having died, became the et'Ada. ⁹The et'Ada are the things perceived and revered by the mortals as gods, spirits, or geniuses of Aurbis.

¹⁰Through their deaths, these magical beings separated themselves in nature from the other magical beings of the Unnatural Realms.

ᠠᠶᠲᠠᠳᠠ Changed Ones



¹Of all the et'Ada who wandered Nirn, Trinimac was the strongest. ²He, for a very long time, fooled the Aldmeri into thinking that tears were the best response to the Sundering.

³They cried and shamed our ancestors, especially the feminine Altmer. They even took the Missing God's name in vain, calling His narratives into question.

⁴So one day Boethiah, Prince of Plots, precocious youth, tricked Trinimac to go into his mouth. ⁵Boethiah talked like Trinimac for awhile then, and gathered enough people to listen to him.

⁶Boethiah showed them the lies of the et'Ada, the Aedra, and told them Trinimac was the biggest liar of all, saying all this with Trinimac's voice!

⁷Boethiah told the mass before him the Tri-Angled Truth.

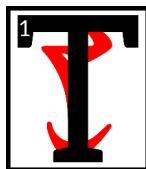
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He showed them, with Mephala, the rules of Psijic Endeavor. ⁸He taught them how to build Houses, and what items they needed to bury in the Corners. ⁹He demonstrated the right way to wear their skin. ¹⁰He performed the way to walk to achieve an Exodus.

¹¹Then Boethiah relieved himself of Trinimac right there on the ground before them to prove all the things he said were the truth.

¹²It was easy then for his new people to become the Changed Ones.

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¹Those who dare can achieve greatness.

²Veloth the Prophet was scorned by those who were blind to the corruption and spiritual bankruptcy at the heart of their society.

³Veloth was cast out, cast off, by those with no interest in truth and even less interest in the betterment of all, who sought only to preserve their pride and place by keeping others in poverty, ignorance, and slavery. ⁴Veloth was highborn, but he dared to cast off the decadent chains of Aldmeri society.

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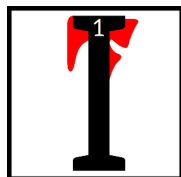
⁵Veloth the Mystic called out to those whose souls were weary, whose lives were ground out with no hope of improvement in a society founded on ambition, greed, and decadence.

⁶To those who hoped for a society that preserved traditions, praised honesty, and rewarded the just, Veloth's voice was as a golden note among a cacophony.

⁷Veloth the Pilgrim led his followers across the seas and away from the lands they had known with the promise of a new land and a better future.

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End of the Journey



It was during the time of Great Despair when Veloth and his people reached the land of Resdayn. ²For untold weeks they had climbed a mighty range of mountains under Veloth's leadership. ³Many among the Chimer considered this path to be folly, but they were driven by Veloth's unyielding certainty and commitment.

⁴They came upon a great pass, a deep scar in the mountain covered in ice and snow.

⁵Veloth drove them onward, chasing a vision that had come to him in a dream. ⁶He claimed to see a great hawk in the sky. He vowed that the hawk would lead the Chimer to a new home.

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⁷They drudged through the pass, but after a time the Chimer could go no farther. A great wall of ice blocked their way.

⁸Then a powerful voice boomed from the mountains. "Who are you and why have you come to this place?"

⁹"We are a people without a home," replied Veloth to the mountain.

¹⁰A young woman stepped out of the wall of ice.

"And who are you?" asked Veloth.

¹¹"I am Chimer-Friend. I have come to lead you home, if you are willing to accept my challenge.

¹²I demand a sacrifice of you, Veloth. Swear an oath that will make you a better mer."

¹³Veloth hoisted his mighty hammer and proclaimed, "Never again shall I wield this tool or any other to slay a foe. ¹⁴I have given my heart to my people, but now I shall give them more. I shall dedicate my life and my soul to them."

¹⁵The woman turned and waved at the wall of ice. It melted away in moments. Beyond lay an alien land of fungus and ash. ¹⁶She began to walk forward and the Chimer followed.

Veloth spoke to his people. "We are home," he declared. ¹⁷"This is the anvil upon which we shall forge a new people. One journey ends here, but another journey begins."

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When the Dunmer followed Veloth to Morrowind, they were many warring clans, with no law or leader in common.²One Dunmer warlord, Nerevar, had the ambition to rule all the Dunmer.

³In that time, House Dwemer were great enchanters, so Nerevar went in secret to a Dwemer smith and asked for an enchanted ring that would help him.

⁴The ring gave its wearer great powers of persuasion; for safety, it was enchanted to instantly kill anyone who wore it except Nerevar. ⁵The ring was called Moon-and-Star, and it helped Nerevar unite the various clans into the First Council.

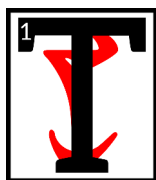
⁶Later, however, disputes over religion divided the Council, with House Dwemer and House Dagoth on one side and all the other Houses on the other. ⁷Dwemer and Dagoth invited Orc and Nord clans as allies, and held northwest Morrowind, ⁸while Nerevar mustered the other Houses and nomad tribes and marched to meet the Dwemer-Dagoth-Westerner forces.

⁹The armies met at Red Mountain, a Dwemer stronghold. ¹⁰The Dwemer were defeated, with great slaughter, and terrible sorceries were used,

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resulting in the utter extermination of House Dwemer, House Dagoth, and their allies. ¹¹Nerevar was killed in the battle, and his ring lost, but Nerevar's alliance survives in Morrowind's ruling political institution, the Grand Council.

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¹The Daedra are not of this world, and are jealous of our walks here, even as they laugh at our inanities. ²The Daedra are teachers and testers, but never masters. Only a fool does what a Daedra desires without consideration.

³The bones of the earth are dead and can only whisper their secrets. The Daedra scream theirs, and can change the course of the world with their hands, while the Aedra must plead for mortal interference. ⁴That is their power, but beware your own arrogance if you choose to claim it as your own for a time.

⁵Mephala is the artist, the weaver of dance and death. ⁶Her sex is the act of creation but the destruction of will; her murder the bringer of fear, but the possibility of night. ⁷There is birth in every death, death in every birth, and breathtaking beauty in both. ⁸Would you see only ashes and death here, in our home? Or the splendor of the morning's kiss on the

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mushroom's cap, the twisting colors of an active foyada? ⁹Lava ravages the land; lava washes the land clean. The new growth is a brighter green, but will attract more locusts to prey on the land. ¹⁰Which would you see? Mephala reminds us that there is duality in all, and to hold contentment where we can. ¹¹Dance lightly on the ground else it will shift, but breathe in deep and fast, else you will never know the joy that comes with our petty existence.

¹²Boethiah is the warrior, fierce, proud, and cunning. ¹³He reminds us to keep discipline and never stop fighting, even in seeming defeat. ¹⁴If you cannot cross the foyada, go around it, go along it, wait a day and build one's own bridge, but never to let it remain your obstacle. ¹⁵To surrender fully is the coward's way out, but only the false warrior mistakes laying down one's arms as surrender. ¹⁶In the face of a wicked enemy, there are no codes of honor beyond what a mer can do, and what a mer can't. ¹⁷But always honor the enemy for the strength they gift you, like the seared heart of a bull guar. We are greater than we know when pushed to the brink by violence. ¹⁸The deaths of many raise up the one to lead. Boethiah knows this, and chases the soles of our feet with his cinders.

¹⁹Azura is the mystery, the space between waking and sleeping. ²⁰She governs transitions, from day to night, from the wet season to the dry, from babe to full-grown. ²¹All change needs guidance, and her smile is the proud tusks of

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the kagouti, as she jostles and guides her enemy to their own undoing, or her mates to their painful awakening. ²²A flute never stays on one quaver, but sways back and forth like a woman in dance. When you are blind, you can hear this best, and that is why she would take your eyes. ²³Azura's realm is grace and the balance that goes with it.

²⁴Malacath is the warning, the fallen. ²⁵What is a mer with no tribe, no ancestors? Exile is not in the deed but in the heart. ²⁶Cleave to your ancestors, but don't forget our heritage, the path of the wayward and the doubter. Ideals are only pillars waiting to be cast down. ²⁷The rigid who do not look beneath the surface of their thoughts are eaten by the darkness that lies below, and he is our proof of this lesson. ²⁸To see this malcontent hunter, you must keep your eyes open, but your heart stern.

²⁹Mehrunes Dagon is the sculptor of the earth. ³⁰When the winds blow and waves crash, when the Mountain erupts, he is behind these things. We are of the earth and weak, and flee before him. ³¹But remember this: as bones are re-broken to be set anew, as leeches clean a wound of blood and infectant by their greed, so are we able to make an art of it and swallow our past mistakes. ³²The lava burns away the chaff to make way for new grazing. He is a sister to Mephala in this way, the brushstroke to her genius.

The Ancestors

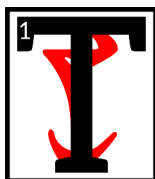
³³Molag Bal is the wanton fertility, the twister of authority, love, and childbearing. ³⁴As a maggot devours the offal of our kills, in his proper place he will eat of our discards. But as a maggot loose in the meat, he will foul our careful labors. ³⁵His is the true power behind the Missing God's decrees, and though the wise will feel sorrow for the sufferers of his deceit, they will also recognize the untruths this pain has given seed to. ³⁶Molag Bal's lesson is instead in the whisper of the ashkhan's wife before he would charge into his exploits; ³⁷though she may be of weaker arm than her warrior husband, her discretion and sympathies guide her tribe as much as the control and vigors of her partner, and those who corrupt either are ceded to Molag's mercy.

³⁸Sheogorath is the slower blight, eater of order, punching holes of chaos into the prideful veneers of mer. ³⁹Like a rabid nix-hound, he will blunder and bite at mer on the way. Eat of his flesh and you share of this madness, so set him loose well away from the tribes. ⁴⁰Should he come sniffing around, coolly show him your manners as befitting an honored guest, but do not let him in.

The Ancestors

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The Anticipations



¹The Daedra are powerful ancestor spirits, similar in form and substance to the Tribunal, but weaker in power, and more arbitrary and removed from the affairs of mortals. ²In old times, the Chimer worshiped the Daedra as gods. But they did not deserve this veneration, for the Daedra harm their worshipers as often as help them.

³The Advent of the Tribunal changed this unhappy state.

⁴By the Apotheosis, the Tribunal became the Protectors and High Ancestor Spirits of the Dunmer, and bade the Daedra to give proper veneration and obedience. ⁵The Three Good Daedra, Boethiah, Azura, and Mephala, recognized the Divinity of the Triune Ancestors.

⁶The Rebel Daedra, Molag Bal, Malacath, Sheogorath, and Mehrunes Dagon, refused to swear fealty to the Tribunal, and their worshipers were cast out.

⁷These Rebel Daedra thus became the Four Corners of the House of Troubles, and they continue to plague our tranquility and tempt the unwary into Heresy and Dark Worship.

⁸The Priests of the Temple remain ever vigilant for signs of the Adversaries' return, sometimes aided by the loyal Three Good Daedra,

The Ancestors

who are familiar with the wiles of their rebellious kin.

⁹The Good Daedra are known to the Temple as the Anticipations, since they are the early ancestral anticipations of the loving patronage of the Tribunal. ¹⁰The Anticipations are the Daedra Lords Boethiah, Mephala, and Azura.

¹¹Boethiah is the Anticipation of Almalexia but male to her female. ¹²Boethiah was the ancestor who illuminated the Aldmer ages ago before the Mythic Era. ¹³He told them the truth of Lorkhan's test, and defeated Auri-El's champion, Trinimac. ¹⁴Boethiah ate Trinimac and voided him. ¹⁵The followers of Boethiah and Trinimac rubbed the soil of Trinimac upon themselves and changed their skins.

¹⁶Mephala is the Anticipation of Vivec, but manifold and androgynous. ¹⁷Mephala taught the Chimer to evade their enemies or kill them with secret murder. ¹⁸The Chimer were few in those days and threatened on all sides. ¹⁹Mephala taught the Chimer to build Houses. ²⁰Later, Mephala created the Morag Tong.

²¹Azura is the Anticipation of Sotha Sil, but female to his male. ²²Azura was the ancestor who taught the Chimer how to be different from the Altmer. Her teachings are sometimes attributed to Boethiah. ²³In the stories, Azura is often encountered more as a communal progenitor of the race as a whole rather than as an individual ancestor. ²⁴She is associated with

The Ancestors

Dusk and Dawn, and is sometimes called the Mother Soul. ²⁵Azura's Star, also called the Twilight Star, appears briefly at dawn and dusk low on the horizon below the constellation of the Steed. ²⁶Azura is associated with mystery and magic, fate and prophecy.

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The House of Troubles



Among the ancient ancestral spirits who accompanied Veloth and the Chimer into the promised land of Morrowind, the four Daedra Lords, Malacath, Mehrunes Dagon, Molag Bal, and Sheogorath, are known as the Four Corners of the House of Troubles. ²These Daedra Lords rebelled against the counsel and admonition of the Tribunal, causing great kinstrife and confusion among the clans and Great Houses.

³Malacath, Mehrunes Dagon, Molag Bal, and Sheogorath are holy in that they serve the role of obstacles during the Testing. ⁴Through time they have sometimes become associated with local enemies, like the Nords, Akaviri, or Mountain Orcs. ⁵Malacath is the reanimated dung that was Trinimac. Malacath is a weak but vengeful god. ⁶The Dunmer say he is Malak, the god-king of the Orcs. He tests the Dunmer for physical weakness.

⁷Molag Bal is, in Morrowind, the King of Rape. He tries to upset the bloodlines of Houses

The Ancestors

and otherwise ruin the Dunmer gene pool. ⁸A race of monsters, said to live in Molag Amur, are the result of his seduction of Vivec during the previous era.

⁹Sheogorath is the King of Madness. He always tests the Dunmer for mental weakness.

¹⁰In many legends he is called upon by one Dunmer faction against another; ¹¹in half of these stories he does not betray those who called him, further confusing the issue of his place in the scheme of things. ¹²He is often associated with the fear other races have of the Dunmer, especially those who, like the Empire, might prove as useful allies.

¹³Mehrunes Dagon is the god of destruction. He is associated with natural dangers like fire, earthquakes, and floods. ¹⁴To some he represents the inhospitable land of Morrowind. He tests the Dunmer will to survive and persevere.

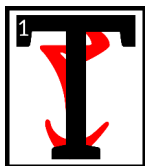
¹⁵The worship of these four malevolent spirits is against the law and practice of the Temple.

¹⁶However, the Four Corners seldom fail to discover those greedy, reckless, or mad enough to serve them.

¹⁷By ancient Temple law and custom, the lives of witches and warlocks are forfeit, ¹⁸and garrisons join Ordinators and Buoyant Armigers of the Temple in tracking down and destroying these foul covens in the wilderness refuges and ancient ruins where they conceal their profane worships.

The Ancestors

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¹The Ancestors are among us. They are never farther away than the Waiting Door.

²The Ancestors are not departed. The dead are not under the earth.

³Their spirits are in the restless wind, in the fire's voice, in the foot-smoothed step. ⁴Pay heed to these things, and you will know your absent kin.

⁵Pay reverence through gift and prayer.

⁶Acquaint the Ancestors with your affairs, with your comings and goings, with your blessings and trials.

⁷From the Waiting Door comes your protection.

⁸Heed the spirits, who are the guardians of your hearth, teachers of wisdom, counselors of fortune, seers of fate.

⁹Each bone is a door through the wall of the world. ¹⁰Each bone is the road, with Wisdom and Power the travelers. ¹¹Each bone is the ghost fence that guards us from evil.

¹²Honor the Ancestors upon your hearths, within your halls, in the community of your temples, in the solitude of your tombs.

¹³Guard your Ancestors from beasts, from thieves, from profane priests and sorcerers.

¹⁴Let no creature steal your spirits,

The Ancestors

⁸Cruel enough is the ancestor's service given in love to Hearth and Kin. ⁹But ghost or guardian, bonewalker or bonelord, summoned by profane ritual and bound by force to the corpse miner's will, how may such a spirit ever find rest?

¹⁰How may it ever find its way back to its blood and clan?

¹¹Only a righteous Dunmer, bound by blood to hearth and kin, bound by oath and service to the Temple, can call upon the spirits of the Dunmer dead. ¹²Those foreign sorcerers of other races that invade our shores, shall they be permitted to rob our tombs, to bind our kin-spirits into sorcerous slavery, to steal the lives of our dead as well as our land of the living?

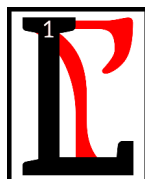
¹³No, I say, no, and no, three times more. Such necromancers must die, and their profane magics must die with them.

¹⁴And shall we tolerate the hidden hosts of the undead, the arrogant princes of necromancers, the ancient vampire demons who creep from their lairs in the West, seeking refuge in profane Daedric shrines, abandoned Dunmer strongholds, and corrupted subterranean labyrinths of the detested Dwemer race?

¹⁵For ages the Great Houses and the Temple have kept our land clean of the vampire's taint, but now these undead lords and their vile cattle have returned. ¹⁶These vampires must die, and their corrupt cattle with them, and their blood taint must be forever erased by fire and stake.

The Ancestors

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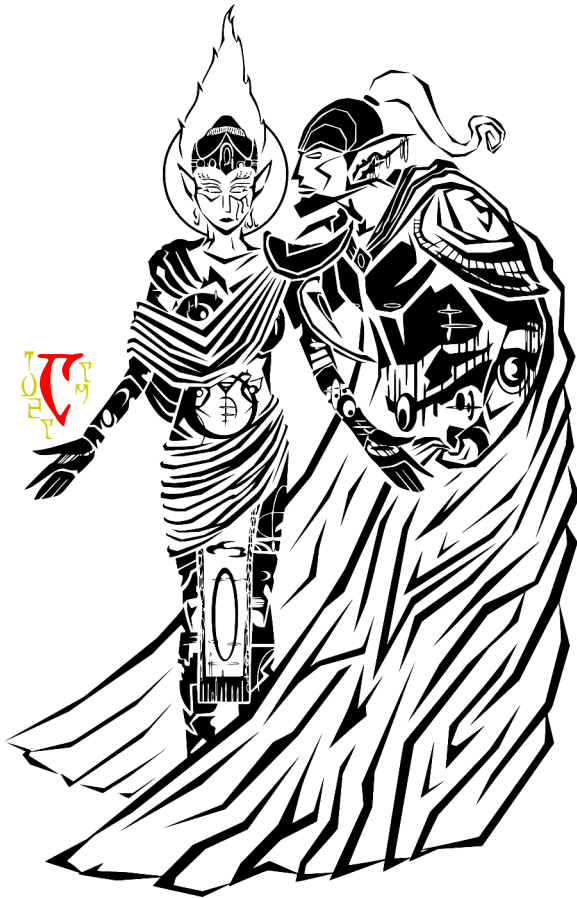


Lorkhan is the Spirit of Nirn, the god of all mortals. ²This does not mean all mortals necessarily like him or even know him. ³Most mer hate him, thinking creation as that act which sundered them from the spirit realm. ⁴Most humans revere him, or aspects of him, as the herald of existence.

⁵The creation of the Mortal Plane, the Mundus, Nirn, is a source of mental anguish to all living things; ⁶all souls know deep down they came originally from somewhere else, and that Nirn is a cruel and crucial step to what comes next. ⁷What is this next?

Some wish to return to the original state, the spirit realm, and that Lorkhan is the Demon that hinders their way; ⁸to them Nirn is a prison, an illusion to escape.

⁹Others think that Lorkhan created the world as the testing ground for transcendence; ¹⁰to them the spirit realm was already a prison, that true escape is now finally possible.



Mother of the Governance of Stars





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The Greater Homilies



The Greater Homilies

ፕሃሮጎዳክጋላ Fable One

Sotha Sil and the Scribes



Young Sotha Sil, while playing in the egg mines, saw a number of scribes in a deep shaft, ²and he began to cast stones upon them, snickering as they skittered and scattered, until one of the scribes, lifting its head up in agony, cried out to Sotha Sil:

³“Please, please, have mercy, little boy, for what is sport to you is suffering and death to us.”

⁴And so Sotha Sil discovered that the idle of amusements of one may be the solemn tortures of another.

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Lord Vivec and the Contentious Beasts



A shalk and a kagouti were strutting back and forth in a foyada, casting aspersions of one another's looks.

²“You are the ugliest creature alive,” the shalk told the kagouti.

The Greater Homilies

³“No, you are the ugliest creature alive!”
the kagouti told the shalk.

⁴For each thought himself most handsome, and
the other most ugly. ⁵Then Lord Vivec chanced
by, and settled their dispute.

⁶“No, you both are the ugliest creatures
alive! I will not have my pleasant
sojourn spoiled by your unseemly
squabbling.”

⁷So he dealt them both mighty blows, shattering
their skulls, and silencing their argument, and
went merrily upon his way.

⁸And thus Lord Vivec proved that ugliness is as
much in one's manner as in one's appearance.

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Fable Three

The Boiled Kagouti



¹It is said that if a kagouti steps into
a boiling pool, he will leap out
immediately to avoid harm.

²But if the kagouti is standing in a
pool, and a wizard slowly raises
the temperature, measure by measure, to
boiling, the kagouti will calmly stand in place
until he is boiled.

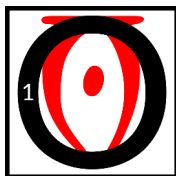
The Greater Homilies

³Thus we see that we must be alert not only to the obvious danger, but also to the subtle degrees by which change may result in danger.

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Fable Four

The Dubious Healer



1 Once upon a time, a Telvanni issued forth from his tower and proclaimed to all the world that he was a mighty and learned healer, master of all alchemy and potions, and able to cure all diseases.

²Lord Vivec looked upon this wizard, and listened to his boasting, ³then asked him,

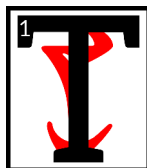
“How can you pretend to prescribe for others the cure to all diseases, when you are unable to cure yourself of your own manifest arrogance and foolishness?”

The Greater Homilies

Ἐἰς τὸν Πεντακτακῆν

Fable Five

The Guar and the Mudcrabs



1The Guar were so tormented by the other creatures they did not know where to go. 2As soon as they saw a single beast approach them, off they dashed in terror.

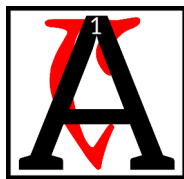
3One day they saw a pack of Nix-hounds ranging about, and in a desperate panic all the Guar scuttled off towards the sea, determined to drown themselves rather than live in such a continual state of fear. 4But just as they got near the shoreline, a colony of Mudcrabs, frightened in their turn by the approach of the Guar, scuttled off, and threw themselves into the water.

5“Truly,” said one of the Guar, “things are not so bad as they seem. For there is always someone worse off than you.”

Ἐἰς τὸν Ἑξακτακῆν

Fable Six

The Wounded Netch



1wounded Netch lay himself down in a quiet corner of his feeding ground. 2His healthy companions came in great numbers to inquire after his health, yet each one helped

The Greater Homilies

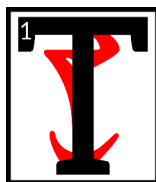
himself to a share of the fodder which had been placed there for his use; ³so that the poor Netch died, not from his wounds, but from the greed and carelessness of his erstwhile friends.

⁴And so it is clear that thoughtless companions may bring more harm than help.

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Fable Seven

Almalexia and the Mudcrab



¹Here was once a mudcrab who suffered much. ²He had a limp and a hacking cough. His shell was misshapen, causing him pain. He was weary at all times, and told everyone he was surely dying.

³He roamed the valley one day, complaining to any who would listen.

⁴The shalk created a brace from part of his shell and offered it to the mudcrab. "Here, mudcrab, try bracing your leg," he advised.

⁵"No, no, no," said the mudcrab, "I have tried that and it does not work."

⁶"Mudcrab," said the alit, "let me bite on your shell and crack it just a bit to relieve the pressure."

The Greater Homilies

⁷The mudcrab said, "You are trying to trick me, alit! You just want an easy snack!"

⁸Almalexia, who was roaming the land that day, heard these conversations and entered the valley, where she appeared as a humble guar.

⁹"Mudcrab," she said, "take this draught I have made for your cough."

¹⁰"Guar, you are not a healer. It is better to suffer than risk a poor remedy," replied the mudcrab.

¹¹And Almalexia revealed herself to the creatures, who gasped in surprise.

¹²"Mudcrab," she said, "all of these creatures have offered you help, but you refuse. You are in love with complaining, and you will never be healed."

¹³And so Almalexia teaches us that you cannot aid the unwilling.

The Greater Homilies

The alit smiled a great smile and cried out,

“Greetings, friend!”

³The nix-hound, seeing the alit's huge teeth, panicked and dashed under a rock. The alit sighed and pranced on.

⁴In due course it came upon a vvardvark rooting through a beetle-nest.

“Hello!”

the alit shouted, smiling widely and revealing its huge, sharp teeth. ⁵The vvardvark squealed in terror and scampered off into the bushes. The alit released another mournful sigh, and trundled on toward the shore.

⁶Finally, it spotted an ash-hopper rolling in the sand. The alit summoned up its widest, most cheerful smile and said,

“Hail, ash-hopper!”

⁷The ash-hopper leapt back in horror and sprung away as fast as it could.

The alit was heartbroken.

⁸“I will never have a friend as long as I have these terrible teeth!” it hissed.

⁹The beast resolved to be done with them altogether. It took a huge rock in its mouth and bit down hard—knocking out all its teeth like a box of loose nails.

¹⁰“Finally,” it sighed “other beasts will no longer be afraid!”

The Greater Homilies

¹¹Just then a great Kagouti arrived, stomping its feet and preparing to pounce. The alit growled and opened its wide jaws to frighten the predator away, but the kagouti just laughed.

¹²“You fool! You’ve no teeth left in your head!”

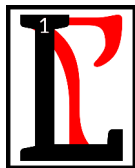
¹³The alit realized its folly too late. The kagouti lunged and swallowed the cheerful beast in one huge gulp.

¹⁴So you see, child—that which we hate in ourselves is often our greatest gift.

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Fable Eleven

Vivec and the Cripple



ord Vivec, while walking down a road, came upon a cripple with a gnarled and withered hand.

²“Young bravo!” the cripple cried, “Will you not help an oathman in need?”

³Vivec stood before the cripple and furrowed his brow.

“What is wrong with you, old mer?” he queried.

⁴The cripple lifted his hand and replied, “Do you not see my withered hand?”

The Greater Homilies

It is twisted as old roots and pains
me greatly when the storms roll in.

⁵Women shun me because of its
ugliness, and children run at the sight
of it. Please, have pity!"

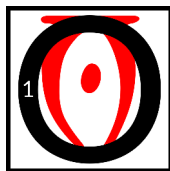
⁶Vivec stood quiet for a moment, then drew his
bright sword and severed the mer's hand in one
clean stroke. ⁷The cripple howled in pain as the
warrior-poet dressed the wound.

⁸"Do not bawl so, old mer," said Vivec.
"Do you not see that I have done you the
greatest kindness? ⁹Better to be done
with an evil than to carry it on for pity's
sake."

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Fable Twelve

The Crow and the Netch



One day a curious crow decided
to fly farther than he ever flew
before. ²He flew and flew and
finally came upon a creature that
he found very strange.

³"Friend!" he called as he flew by the
creature. "Friend, what is it that you
are? I have never seen a flying beast
such as you!"

⁴"They call me a netch," the good netch
replied.

The Greater Homilies

⁵“A netch! A netch! That's quite the catch!” the crow cackled. “Tell me, netch, how is it that you fly?”

⁶“I've flown these shores since I was born,” the netch replied. “I do not know how.”

⁷“Don't know, don't know, oh what a show!” the crow called out. “Where are your glossy feathers that help you glide?”

⁸“I have no need of feathers to glide,” the netch explained, “but I have a strong, thick hide to protect me.”

⁹“A hide! A hide! Oh, what a find,” the crow mocked. “Tell me netch, where are your eyes?”

¹⁰“I need no eyes to sail the skies, as you can plainly see,” the netch once more replied.

¹¹“No eyes, no eyes, to sail the skies!” the prideful crow continued. “But it makes you far uglier than I!” ¹²And he began to laugh at the netch's misfortune.

The crow's laughter grew louder and louder, eventually attracting a nearby cliff-racer.

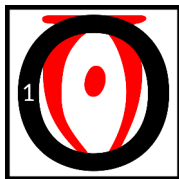
¹³The beast swooped down upon the crow, swallowing him whole, and he could mock the netch no more.

The Greater Homilies

¹⁴The netch simply sighed and said,
“Mocking others is for naught, for none
can change their own weakness.”

Ἡ ἑξήκοντα τρίτη ἰστορία Fable Thirteen

The Gifted Guar



One day a farmer decided to give his daughter a gift. She had started a family of her own, and he wished good fortune for her. ²He chose his finest guar and brought it to his daughter's new home.

³His daughter was delighted at this gift, but her husband only glared.

⁴“You didn't even let us choose?” the husband asked angrily. ⁵“What if this guar is sick, or old, or weak? I must at least inspect it before it's left in our care!”

⁶The daughter tried to calm her husband, but the farmer simply nodded and said,

“You may examine this guar as you see fit.”

⁷The husband inspected every inch of the guar, even forcing the beast to open its mighty jaws to look at the state of its teeth.

The Greater Homilies

⁴“I have heard your wish, little one, and I accept,” she told the open-mouthed little mer. ⁵“You will be my child, and you will have all that you wish.”

⁶The little mer was immediately taken to the councilor's manor and placed in a room with toys and sweets. ⁷He laughed and clapped his hands, playing and eating all he wished. But soon he grew bored and went to speak to a servant.

⁸“It's no fun playing by myself,” he told the servant. “Can I have someone to play with?”

⁹“The child of the councilor has no equal,” the servant told him. “There is none worthy to play with you.”

¹⁰The little mer had little time to think on this when a scholar came to his room. ¹¹The scholar looked upon the little mer with scorn and said,

“Your lessons should have begun hours ago! The child of the councilor must know many great things.”

¹²The little mer was made to listen to the scholar's lectures for hours and hours, and soon his head ached with all that he was to know.

¹³Eventually it was time for dinner, but the little mer's troubles were not over.

“In those clothes? In that state?” cried his servant, horrified.

The Greater Homilies

¹⁴“You must be washed and clothed if you are to be presented as the child of the councilor!”

¹⁵And so the little mer was scrubbed roughly and forced into very uncomfortable clothes.

¹⁶By this point the little mer was almost in tears. He missed his home, and his clothes, and his friends.

But most of all he missed his mother, who he had never gone a day without.

¹⁷When the little mer was finally sent to the dining hall, he was met with a surprise. Seated at the dining table was his family, all laughing and smiling. ¹⁸He ran to his mother's arms and cried,

“I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I want you to be my mother after all!”

¹⁹The councilor, who was seated at the head of the table, smiled and told the little mer,

“You have learned a very important lesson, my child. ²⁰We often forget to be thankful for what we have, when thinking only of what we want.”

The Greater Homilies

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Sotha Sil and the Stars



¹Young Sotha Sil lay upon a patch of moss and gazed up at the stars. Driven by his great love of maths, his mind turned to counting.

²“I shall count every star and give each a name!” he resolved.

³For hours he counted and named until, at length, his eyes tired and he drifted off to sleep.

⁴When morning came, Sotha Sil woke with a start and looked up at the sky. Alas, all the stars had vanished. ⁵He buried his face in his hands and began to weep, for he had learned a harsh lesson. ⁶You see, child, time cages all tasks.

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The Strongest Nix-Ox



¹A great nix-ox trumpeted to its herd,

“None of you love the master more than I! Do you see what great burdens I bear?”

²“But you are twice our size!” the lesser nix-oxen grumbled. “Better for us to carry four bales of saltrice than struggle with six and risk great injury.”

The Greater Homilies

³“Bah!” the mighty nix-ox snorted.
“It’s hard work you fear, not injury.”

The great beast took up its yoke and trudged out into the field.

⁴The lesser nix-oxen gathered by a fence and watched their mighty brother take up two bales of saltrice, then four bales, then six, eight, ten!

⁵Until at last, the great nix-ox was laden with twelve full bales.

⁶“Do you see?” it said, straining for breath. “None of you love the master more than I!”

⁷Just then, the nix-ox’s shell began to crack under the weight. ⁸It let out a painful bellow and collapsed under the bales—crushed to death.

⁹The lesser nix-oxen sighed and shook their heads.

¹⁰“Poor fool. He learned too late that there is no mortal strength without limits.”

The Greater Homilies

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Fable Seventeen

The Tale of the Frozen Guar



lonely guar struggled through the Ashlands on a cold, moonless night. The wind was frosty and bitter and chilled the animal to the bone.

²"Alas!" it cried, "I will die here, alone in the cold."

³Just then, the guar caught sight of a faint orange glow in the distance.

⁴"A campfire?" it barked hopefully, "It must be! It must be!"

⁵The guar raced toward the light, its feet growing warmer with every step. Soon, the cold gave way to a sweltering heat. ⁶The air grew thick and acrid, searing the guar's nostrils and lungs. ⁷But still, it hurried on, barking, "It must be a campfire! It must be! It must be!"

⁸Finally, the guar reached the orange glow. Alas, it was not a campfire, but a great flow of lava. ⁹The guar, so seduced by the warmth, gave this truth no heed. It sprinted to the lava's edge and tripped on a loose stone. ¹⁰With one last joyful bark, the beast landed headfirst in the fiery liquid and died.

¹¹So you see, child, a fool's thirst for safety carries its own risks.

The Greater Homilies

Ἐὐφροσύνη καὶ Ἰσοκράτης Ἐὐφροσύνη Fable Eighteen

The Most Beautiful Netch



worthy of you!"

netch mother once said to her calf,

"You, my darling, are the most beautiful netchling in all these isles. No bull is

²For years the netch's vanity grew. Many worthy bulls approached her with loving intent, but she rebuffed them all, ³saying,

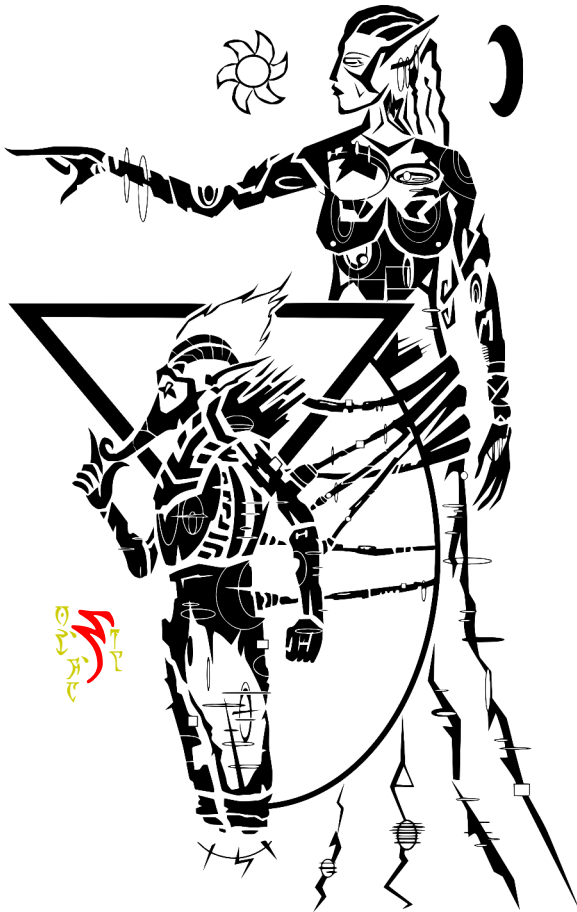
"Do you not know that I am the most beautiful netch in all these isles? None of you are worthy of me!"

⁴At length, the netch grew old and weary.

"Alas, I shall die alone!" she cried.

⁵A young netch couple passed her by and sighed at her wretched condition.

"We must be cautious with our calves," the betty said. ⁶"Smothering a child with praise does nothing but harm."



The Light of Knowledge





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The Truth in Sequence



The Truth in Sequence

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¹By the word, I wind the gears.



How does one come to know the Clockwork God and Father of Mysteries? ³Our Lord Vivec and the Lady of Mercy, Almalexia, are known to us. ⁴Their faces are known to us.

Their words are known to us. But what of Sotha Sil? ⁵He who is distant in both position and intent. Ever watchful, but seldom seen. Ever worshiped, but seldom heard. ⁶He is the Mainspring Ever-Wound—the unmoved mover, hidden within His Clockwork City, whose voice is the Divine Metronome. ⁷As Tourbillon, I speak His truth as I know it. I say the words in sequence so they can be known by the people. ⁸The sequence is but a shadow of the truth, but minds such as ours cannot bear the ordered unsequence. ⁹Minds such as ours cannot truly know themselves. Not yet.

¹⁰The First Truth of the Mainspring Ever-Wound is the truth of Nirn. ¹¹The soul of Nirn has two faces. The first is known to us—the Nirn-Prior, or the Nirn of Many Parts. ¹²It is a Nirn in pieces, assembled by the unsteady hand that has yet to find itself. ¹³Its oscillations irregular, its going train disrupted by fear and delusion. Its faults are not in its parts, but in its assembly.

The Truth in Sequence

¹⁴Each gear is a god. Each spring is a thought. But a mechanism built by many hands cannot know the precision of the master craftsman.

¹⁵The et'Ada Gears cannot bring forth a true Nirn, because they know only its parts. They cannot see the whole. ¹⁶The Eye of Sotha Sil ignores such division. ¹⁷Where the broken gods see only pieces, our Father Sotha Sil sees the whole. He sees the Second Nirn.

¹⁸The Second Nirn. The inchoate Nirn-Ensuing. The thought-form that anticipates the world to come: Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si. ¹⁹Only Sotha Sil knows its shape. Its nature lies forgotten in the before-time when Anu broke itself for wisdom's sake. ²⁰Our lessers know the Source as two forms: Anu and Padomay, but this binary is without merit. ²¹One of Lorkhan's Great Lies, meant to sunder us from the truth of Anuic unity. ²²Our father, Sotha Sil, would have us know the truth: there is no Padomay.

²³Padomay is the absence of value. The lack. A ghost that vanishes at first light. A Nothing.

²⁴There is only Anu, sundered and known by many names, possessing many faces. The one.

²⁵When Anu broke itself, it did so to understand its nature. ²⁶In its sundering, the values that swam in its vastness thought to know themselves. ²⁷The et'Ada Gears gave themselves many names and set their will to building.

²⁸Alas, they heeded the counsel of Lorkhan and forgot the face of Anu. ²⁹They thought themselves distinct and whole. And so, many hands assembled the world,

The Truth in Sequence

each with separate intention and selfish purpose. ³⁰The Nirn of Many Parts was the result. A broken and leaking steam-ship that lists ever wind-ward.

³¹But rejoice, children of the Tribunal! In His wisdom, the Mainspring Ever-Wound seeks to reclaim our lost heritage. ³²His heart is oiled and calibrated, pumping dark truth as blood.

³³His mind is the God-Mortar where the fractured values of Anuic nature are ground and weighed—unified through His will alone.

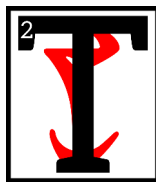
³⁴From this great labor, a new Nirn will be born. Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si. ³⁵I pray that we see the fruit of His labor—a perfect world, without et'Ada Gears. Without the illusion of change. Water-tight and everlasting.

³⁶By the word, I wind the gears.

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Volume Two

¹By the word, I wind the gears.



²he will of Sotha Sil is the chrononymic will. The Nameless Will. For what is "Name?"

³The Divine Metronome tells us that "Name" is the wedge that pries gear from pinion.

⁴The residue of Lorkhan's Great Lie that loosens the wheel chain and corrodes the frame.

⁵The et'Ada Gears named each and each,

The Truth in Sequence

in their way. ⁶Our lessers see this as a kindness, but the Mainspring Ever-Wound calls it a curse, rooted in selfish pride. ⁷To name is to cleave one from another. ⁸It is the death of Anuic convergence and the Nirn-Ensuing—the misassembled dragon that breathes dry falsehood and whose name is “Multitude.”

⁹There is only one name that is not Name. Seht, the convergent Clockwork God, whose will pumps like a piston into both “then” and “after.”

¹⁰Sotha Sil, Father of Mystery, whose heart drives the Wheels Eternal and whose blood oils the All-Axle. ¹¹☞, the Divine Engine, whose mind merges “they” and “we” and births the Nirn-Ensuing. ¹²Lesser wills are wisps of smoke, born and lost in a sea of endless sky. Lost children whose freedom is death.

¹³For what is freedom, child of the Tribunal? The counter-lever to slavery? No.

¹⁴Have you not heard the words in sequence? The chrononymic will is the pendulum that swings only once. ¹⁵It cannot do otherwise. To swing twice would break one intention from another and prove the blasphemy of two.

¹⁶As Padomay is illusion, so too is the named will. ¹⁷For what is “choice” if not chaos? What is “free will” if not the lack of order, vulgar and triumphant? ¹⁸The true wheels spin clockwise, ever clockwise. In the unity of Nirn-Ensuing, each belongs to all, and all belong to none—save Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si. ¹⁹So lay down your cheap burdens, child.

The Truth in Sequence

¹⁰Where others see dark crowns numbered ten and six, Sotha Sil sees shadows and nothing more. ¹¹For the Daedra are the lie that creation tells itself. Like their father, Padomay, they are Nothing. And in the Tamriel Final, Nothing shall hold no sway. Anuvanna'si. ¹²Their black mountain called "Oblivion" shall sink into the Furnace of Forgotten Numbers, where all lies burn and brittle multitudes turn to slag.

¹³I hear you ask: If the Daedra are of the Nothing, how do they lurk on our threshold? How do they lurk at all? ¹⁴Hear the words in sequence, child of the Tribunal! ¹⁵In the clumsily built Nirn-Prior, the et'Ada Gears left gaps and crevices where Nothing could take root.

¹⁶Imperfections born from Lorkhan's Great Lie and the selfishness of fractured creation.

¹⁷In the glorious Anuic convergence of the Nirn-Ensuing, all gaps will be sealed.

All crevices will be welded. ¹⁸The creaking and rattling of the machine shall retreat to a whisper, and the reckless chaos born from the et'Ada Gears' folly shall shrivel and starve.

¹⁹By the word, I wind the gears.

The Truth in Sequence

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¹By the word, I wind the gears.



²Now I speak to you of Sotha Sil's silence. ³The children of ash sometimes ask, "Where is our Clockwork God? Why does only the Tourbillon speak His truth in mortal sequence?" ⁴They ask in hushed tones, with brows creased by fear.

⁵Do not flee from such questions, child of the Tribunal. These are the little blasphemies that lead to wisdom—the faultless flame that turns ignorance to steam. ⁶For the Mainspring Ever-Wound is the Father of Curiosity, and curiosity is the joyful destroyer. ⁷Only in sundering can things be made whole. Only the disassembled engine can be scrubbed and made clean.

⁸So, smash the old machines! Topple your mind's idols! And from the wreckage, assemble new truths—flawless and water-tight.

⁹Do you see now, child of the Tribunal? It is the silence of Sotha Sil that gives birth to the intrepid mind. ¹⁰Knowledge must be found—and to find a thing, it must be hidden. It is not enough to be told. ¹¹The whirr of the machine is as silence to the one who lives within it.

¹²A turbine ever-oiled does not know the lack of oil—does not know the purpose of oil. And so it is with truth.

The Truth in Sequence

¹³Now, you must know that curiosity is not without cost. ¹⁴ƧƧ forgive this heresy! 07 forgive this heresy! I speak the words in sequence only. ¹⁵Pay heed to the laws of golden masks, but know also their limits. Pay heed to the songs of dancing glass, but know also the boundaries of their scale. ¹⁶Their truth is the truth of inertia. Of gravity. Their hearts are vessels filled with liquid brass—resistant to harm, but incapable of movement.

¹⁷The Mainspring Ever-Wound spurns that which does not move. ¹⁸In the Nirn-Ensuing, that which does not move shall be fed to the Kiln-Amaranthine where Seht's quiet wrath burns like the sun, and broken cogs are made whole. ¹⁹The Wheels Eternal must spin. The Tamriel Final must tick and tock. Anuvanna'si. ²⁰Each and each must take its place in the whole. For if even one piece is missing, the whole is not whole.

²¹By the word, I wind the gears.

The Truth in Sequence

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Volume Five

¹By the word, I wind the gears.

Speak not of Dwarves, child of the Tribunal. The simple clockworks of the Dwemer pale before the sublime machinery of Sotha Sil. ²Let Dumac's lament be a silent one. Let his hissing tombs stay buried. Let his automata rust and crumble. ³For his was the greatest failure—driven by Lorkhan's Great Lie and churlish pride. ⁴His is a tale of woe and terror, and those that pursue his ugly maths shall pay a great price in blood.

⁵“But, was Dumac not a creator?” you ask? ⁶“Were the brass-child's hands not covered in oil? Did they not speak the words of Making, and set wheel to axle?” ⁷Hear the words in sequence, followers of Seht. Intention dictates the worth of a machine. ⁸Where the Mainspring Ever-Wound seeks the convergence of the Nirn-Ensuing, the ghosts of the Dwemer cry out: “Multitudes! Multitudes!” ⁹Mer and machine, parted. Wisdom and ambition, parted. Made and Unmade, parted. ¹⁰And from those Sunderings, a thousand thousand skittering machines are made—left to wander forgotten halls, aimless and profligate. ¹¹One may twist a knob left in preparation for another to twist the same knob right. One may loosen a pipe so that another may tighten it.

The Truth in Sequence

¹²They exist only to maintain the brass-childrens' folly, and so they are redundant and profane in the Eye of Sotha Sil.

¹³But most profane is this: the walking horror that bears the Name, ᑦᑦ. The Brass Tower of Vanity. ¹⁴The mindless guardian of the Nirn-Prior. The Antipodal-God-Thing that reigns on the darkest pole of the sacred Nirn-Sphere.

¹⁵Of all the threats to Tamriel Final, ᑦᑦ is the greatest. Anuvanna'si. ¹⁶The Daedra can be banished in thought, but ᑦᑦ must be sundered on Nirn. ¹⁷It is the welded knot at the center of Anu that must be untied. The God-Puzzle.

¹⁸The Mainspring Ever-Wound remains silent on this point. And where there is silence, there is great wisdom.

¹⁹By the word, I wind the gears.

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Volume Six

¹By the word, I wind the gears.



²Behold, the Clockwork City!
The Throne Aligned! The Omni-
Axle! ³The Brass-Throat Herald of
Joyful Destruction! The Oil-Slick
Tower of Seamless Assembly!
Rejoice! Rejoice!

⁴Listen, child of the Tribunal! Do you not hear the whirr of the gears? The hiss of the pistons?

The Truth in Sequence

⁵It is the voice of Sotha Sil, calling you to the Nirn-Ensuing. To the Tamriel Final.

Anuvanna'si. ⁶Cast down your worldly maths. Loosen the chains of your selfish pursuits. ⁷Shall I describe it to you? Shall I guide your eyes to the future of Nirn? ⁸Hear the words in sequence, dark child. Close your eyes and awaken!

⁹Gaze up to behold a crystal sky, girded and bound by Seht's bright bands. ¹⁰Look down to behold the black stone of His will, and His imagination made clay. ¹¹Drink His truth, thick as blood, from the broad black rivers. ¹²Feel His breath on your skin—let its dreamy redolence fill your nostrils and sting your eyes. ¹³You stand at the center of the wheel. The home of the Mainspring Ever-Wound.

¹⁴Obsidian towers stretch ever skyward, festooned with polished brass and godly filigrees. ¹⁵Great turbines drive memory through a thousand thousand pipes that stretch out like tangled veins, or the golden roots of an ageless tree. ¹⁶And wandering amidst the humming and hissing paradise are His second-children. The Fabri'siraynosim. The merged-ones. ¹⁷Birthed of the unsequence, and bound to the Nirn-Ensuing. They cry out in one voice: "Death to Multitudes! Woe and terror! ¹⁸Let the fragments melt in the Boiler of Unknown Angles! Let the falsehoods burn in the Furnace of Forgotten Numbers! ¹⁹Disassemble and cleanse! Dismantle and make whole!" ²⁰They are the guardians—the ever-wound key-lords. ²¹Only the Nameless heart avoids their wrath.

The Truth in Sequence

Not all movement earns His blessing.

⁷The Divine Metronome calls the first motion “The Motion of Lines.” ⁸Line-motion is the motion of simple minds—the motion of weak wills and scholars' vanity. ⁹“Forward!” it cries! Forward to the fruits of cheap ambition. Forward to the promise of everlasting kingdoms. Forward to the mirage that the sages call “progress.” ¹⁰These misguided pioneers venture out into their wild tomorrows, and the tomorrows after that, certain of their worth—their virtue. ¹¹But what profits a man or mer to gaze deep into a single future? ¹²The aims of mortals are narrow, far too narrow! ¹³To move forward is to ignore infinite angles in favor of one. It is the act of a beast or a child.

¹⁴The Clockwork God spurns vanity in the guise of courage. These explorers' travels only lead them farther from Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si.

¹⁵Seht speaks of the second motion only in whispers. “The Pendulum” or “Named Oscillation” is the tic-tock motion—the motion of entropy and false hope. ¹⁶None but the Clockwork God may claim its dark power. With each wide swing it shouts Lorkhan's lie. ¹⁷“Hail, intentions divided! Hail, cursed multitudes!” ¹⁸Do not stand in the Pendulum's path, ash-child. Only the Mainspring Ever-Wound may bear its weight.

¹⁹Last is the reciprocating motion. “The Sublime Piston.” The lover's embrace. ²⁰Like the Father of Mystery, it gives and takes in equal measure.

The Truth in Sequence

the Flame Tyrant! Mehrunes Dagon, Father of Cataclysm! ⁷Recall how he marched upon Almalexia's jewel! Do you remember how his Will burned like kiln-fire, and hot pitch fell from his lips? ⁸Aloft, he held four great razors. Each sang a screeching paean to glorify him. ⁹Torrents of flame fell upon the innocent and wicked alike, shearing flesh from bone; belching forth widows and orphans in gouts of frothing screams.

¹⁰"Who dares to face me, draped as I am in fire and blood?" roared Dagon. ¹¹The dark Prince beat his breast and howled long-forgotten curses. The dead burst forth from their tombs, shrieking for mercy. ¹²Geysers of black liquid-sin erupted from below, flooding ruined homes with torrid lies and conspiracy. ¹³And everywhere, flames—an inferno that turned all souls to ash.

¹⁴Almalexia, Mother of Mercy, cast her eyes upon the ruins of her gemmed city and wept. ¹⁵To see such love burned and squandered turned her heart to molten brass. ¹⁶Our Clockwork God took note of her fury, sealing the memory away in his great mnemonic planisphere—a reminder of her love's high price.

¹⁷Rising from the ground like foundry-smoke, the Tribunes confronted the Prince of Disasters. ¹⁸Ayem's voice like a screeching steam-whistle, and Sotha Sil's like a lurching engine.

¹⁹"**ᚢᚦᚱᚱ ᚢᚱᚱ ᚿᚢ ᚿᚿᚿᚿᚿᚿᚿ!**"

The Truth in Sequence

they cried, rending their garments and donning their killing masks. ²⁰Ayem drew her bright Hopesfire and skipped over the flames like a river-stone. ²¹With a mighty scream, she plunged the blade deep into Dagon's breast and turned it like a jailer's key. ²²Scorching blood spewed out of the wound, scalding her hands and face. ²³As she fell, the Divine Metronome chiseled a thought-rune of infinite angles.

²⁴Do you remember how the veins of tin, copper, and orichalc erupted from the depths to break our mother's Fall? ²⁵Through His will alone, Mighty Seht wound the veins into god-bronze whips, and lashed the Prince pitilessly. ²⁶Dagon hissed and tumbled backward. His otherworldly flesh fell like chaff before the scythe. ²⁷Alas, a Sarmissonays'um ghoulish-thing emerged from every chunk.

²⁸A multitude of the creatures gathered around Ayem, fiery tar oozing from their mouths and open sores. ²⁹They groaned and retched, speaking only Dagon's name as they fell upon her. ³⁰The Warden hissed thrice, took up her blessed sword, and smote the beasts by the score. ³¹She severed head from neck and arm from shoulder, cleaving sin from virtue and shouting old-oaths of banishing. ³²Do you remember how the beasts fell to her on that red day? ³³You must recall the howls of Madness! How Dagon foamed and snarled beneath the lash of Sotha Sil! ³⁴"Behold!" cried the Divine Metronome as He smashed the Prince to splinters. ³⁵"Behold the wrath of lost Ald Sotha!

The Truth in Sequence

Know death at my hands, false-son of a false-father!

³⁶“**QVEZ VEDHOMZ OZE VVEEDOOY!**”

³⁷Even then, at the end, the Prince of Destruction did not relent. ³⁸With the last of his four great arms, Dagon dragged the last of his four great razors across the Watchmaker's jaw. ³⁹Tasting the blood on His tongue, our Father of Mysteries whispered a final chrononymic death-word, and Dagon exploded throughout all time. ⁴⁰The earthbones quaked and the All-Axle shook. From this word of sundering, Truth took root.

⁴¹Mehrunes's ruin slithered between the cracks of Nirn and Oblivion, shrieking curses like a petulant child. The Mainspring Ever-Wound tightened His brass-wrought fist and slammed the gap shut—⁴²another small step toward Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si. ⁴³So ends the true account of Mournhold's fall. Remember this tale always.

⁴⁴By the word, I wind the gears.

The Truth in Sequence

The Walking Wheel. ¹⁵Know this, ash-child: only the intrepid mind may walk this path.

¹⁶For you see, the Nameless soul is the tightrope walker that strides in circles only. ¹⁷Below and aside, waits the gaping maw of Sheogorath's lie. Ahead and above, waits Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si.

¹⁸I hear your cries, child of Seht! "How does one walk the wheel?" you ask. ¹⁹Here lies a Nameless truth. Just as no wrench fits all bolts, no walk fits all souls. ²⁰For the sculptor, it may mean an angle inverted, or a form transposed—an abandonment of the Named resemblance and an embrace of the abstract. ²¹For the scholar of maths, it could require half-mad theorems—rooms of cubic numbers and functions only imagined. ²²For the inventor, it may demand a tool without any known use, or an answer-machine that prints only questions.

²³Craft perfected, and use obscure: this is the surest path to Tamriel Final. Anuvanna'si.

²⁴By the word, I wind the gears.

The Truth in Sequence

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Volume Ten

¹By the word, I wind the gears.



²Beware blind reverence for The Old, child of Seht. The oil of antiquity often fuels the future. ³Those who ignore the counsel of our blessed ancestors do so at their peril.

⁴But not all ruins hide wisdom within their shattered halls. Some ruins are dark and barren places—⁵unsteady graves for lies and curses. Resting places for bent axles, stripped bolts, and the bitter silence of inertia.

⁶In the time before our Father's rise, old and feeble knowledge ruled the hearts of mer. ⁷The children of ash entered their ancestral tombs not in search of truth, but in search of truth's corpse. ⁸They saw their forebears not as proud and vigorous guides, but as wheezing, toothless ghosts—⁹guardians of the musty and derelict engines that fools call deep wisdom. You must smash these old machines, child of Seht!

¹⁰The past does not rust upon the scrap pile. It hurtles toward the Mainspring Ever-Wound's glorious and multi-angled future, whipped by the scorching tongues of our honored forebears!

¹¹Ever do their words and deeds grease the wheels of the Nirn-Ensuing! ¹²Ever do they weld the seams of Tamriel Final! Anuvanna'si.

¹³But alas! Even now, stewards of The Old feed aged truth to those who would listen. ¹⁴They are the daughters and sons of ᛚᛚᛚᛚᛚᛚᛚ who crouch

The Truth in Sequence

like gargoyles over musty tomes, faces hidden beneath frayed and graying robes. ¹⁵They counsel caution, temperance, and equanimity—ancient virtues of the fading Nirn-Prior. ¹⁶Even so, the Father of Curiosity calls them friends. ¹⁷With a god's patience, He teaches them. With a father's love, He guides them; all in the hopes that one day they may see the deepest truth of The Old: ¹⁸that we must banish our feeble ghosts and give their memory new life through the thrice-folded mind. ¹⁹Toothless gears cannot be repaired—they must be melted and reformed. So it is with our people's truth.

²⁰None will deny that the daughters and sons of 𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃 wield great power. ²¹Like our Clockwork City, their isle of Artaeum glides between what is and what may be. ²²Like our Clockwork Apostles, they study, strive, and create. But power without an infinite future's courage is like an empty boiler—²³infused with fierce heat but producing no steam. Woe upon those who recoil from Tamriel Final! Anuvanna'si. ²⁴The will of the Clockwork God turns such cowardice to slag. ²⁵But rejoice! The Father of Mysteries' affection proves the worth of 𐐀𐐁𐐂𐐃. ²⁶One day these lost spellweavers will heed the words of the Divine Metronome and seek the true and noble change—the aratagnithir. ²⁷On that day we shall embrace them not as friends, but as brothers and sisters.

²⁸By the word, I wind the gears.

The Truth in Sequence

⁴I have shouted my grave admonitions and whispered the secrets of the infinite curve. Now, as my engine fails, I bestow upon you my final blessing. ⁵You who sing the song of making and set your wheels to axles—you intrepid star-counters who shatter the old machines and smelt new truths from the crude and forgotten ores of the Aurbis—you must hear this ultimate lesson.

⁶Tamriel Final shall change you in ways both grand and terrifying. Anuvanna'si.

⁷Just as molten brass cools in its mold, so too will your body take on a new and hardened shape.

⁸Just as water changes from liquid to steam, so too will the cheap preoccupations of your mind disperse and fade. ⁹Just as oil ignites and powers the engine, so too will your soul glow bright and drive the Wheels Eternal.

¹⁰The unity of Tamriel Final must wash away our selfish pursuits and jealous will, ash-child.

Anuvanna'si. ¹¹In the glorious Nirn-Ensuing, we must exorcise that grinning apparition we call "I." Only then can we know the sublime truth of the Mainspring Ever-Wound.

¹²We must walk change's road if we seek the end of disorder—and like all roads worth walking, it fills our hearts with joy and terror.

¹³How like the et'Ada gears we are—content to live our lives in vain and sequestered sorrow, all the while oblivious to the anguished cries of our fractured souls! ¹⁴Look upon the lonely shore of Nirn. What do you see, with your broken eyes?

¹⁵One beach? One sea? Deceit and vanity!

The Truth in Sequence

The Named illusion! ¹⁶For what is a “beach” if not a desperate agglomeration of isolated grains? ¹⁷What is a “sea” if not a churning mass of solitary tears? Separate! Broken! Arrogant and futile!

¹⁸Even after meditating upon these sermons, there are some among you who cling to the Nirn-Prior. ¹⁹You fear the loss of your thin and impoverished “self.” You must cast aside these childish fears! ²⁰What good is a “self” if it burns away at the threshold of what waits beyond time? ²¹Do you not see that the Father of Mysteries seeks to usher our world through the End? To protect us from the lies-made-flesh who seek to destroy us? ²²If you remember only one thing, let it be this: our blessed Clockwork God loves you with a fierce and awesome heart. ²³What he does, he does for you and for all who would follow his divine example.

²⁴Lasting joy. The peace of unity. The sublime satisfaction of perfect rhythm; these are the product of our honest labors—the spokes of our blessed wheel that spins eternal.

²⁵The Mainspring Ever-Wound offers perfection, child of Seht. You have but to gaze within. ²⁶Stoke your coals. Add fresh water to your boilers. Tighten your bolts, and believe. Tamriel Final awaits. Anuvanna'si.

²⁷By the word, I wind the gears.



Twice the Worn Sigil of Veloth





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The 36 Lessons



The 36 Lessons

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1 She was born in the ash among the Velothi, anon Chimer, before the war with the northern men. 2 Ayem came first to the village of the netchimen, and her shadow was that of Boethiah, who was the Prince of Plots, 3 and things unknown and known would fold themselves around her until they were like stars or the messages of stars. 4 Ayem took a netchiman's wife and said:

‘I am the Face-Snaked Queen of the Three in One. 5 In you is an image and a seven-syllable spell,

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which you will repeat to it until mystery comes.’

6 Then Ayem threw the netchiman's wife into the ocean water where dreughs took her into castles of glass and coral. 7 They gifted the netchiman's wife with gills and milk fingers, changing her sex so that she might give birth to the image as an egg. 8 There she stayed for seven or eight months.

9 Then Seht came to the netchiman's wife and said:

The 36 Lessons

'I am the Clockwork King of the Three in One. ¹⁰In you is an egg of my brother-sister, who possesses invisible knowledge of words and swords, which you shall nurture until the Hortator comes.'

¹¹And Seht then extended his hands and multitudes of homunculi came forth, each like a glimmering rope through the water, ¹²and they raised the netchiman's wife back to the surface world and set her down on the shoals of Azura's coast. ¹³There she lay for seven or eight more months, caring for the egg-knowledge by whispering to it the Codes of Mephala and the prophecies of Veloth and even the forbidden teachings of Trinimac.

¹⁴Seven Daedra came to her one night and each one gave to the egg new motions that could be achieved by certain movements of the bones.

¹⁵These are called the Barons of Move Like This.

¹⁶Then an eighth Daedroth came, and he was a Demiprince, called Fa-Nuit-Hen, or the Multiplier of Motions Known.

¹⁷And Fa-Nuit-Hen said:

'Whom do you wait for?'

To which the netchiman's wife said the Hortator.

¹⁸'Go to the land of the Indoril in three months' time, for that is when war comes.'

The 36 Lessons

¹⁹I return now to haunt the warriors
who fell and still wonder why. But first
I show you this.'

²⁰Then the Barons and the Demiprince joined
together into a pillar of fighting styles terrible to
behold and they danced before the egg and its
learning image.

²¹'Look, little Vehk, and find the face
behind the splendor of my bladed
carriage, for in it is delivered the
unmixed conflict path, perfect in every
way. What is its number?'

²²It is said the number is the number of birds
that can nest in an ancient tibrol tree, less three
grams of honest work, ²³but Vivec in his later
years found a better one and so gave this secret
to his people.

²⁴'For I have crushed a world with my
left hand,' he will say, 'but in my right
hand is how it could have won against
me. Love is under my will only.'

²⁵The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌺𐌰

The 36 Lessons

ᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒᄒ Sermon Two



¹The netchiman's wife who carried the egg of Vivec within her went looking for the lands of the Indoril. ²Along the journey many spirits came to see her and offer instructions to her son-daughter, the future glorious invisible warrior-poet of Vvardenfell, Vivec.

³The first spirit threw his arms about her and hugged his knowledge in tight.

⁴The netchiman's wife became soaked in the Incalculable Effort. ⁵The egg was delighted and did somersaults inside her, bowing to the five corners of the world and saying:

'Thus whoever performs this holy act shall be proud and mighty among the rest!'

⁶The second spirit was too aloof and acted above his station so much that he was driven off by a headache spell.

⁷The third spirit, At-Hatoor, came down to the netchiman's wife while she relaxed for a while under an Emperor Parasol. ⁸His garments were made from implications of meaning, and the egg looked at them three times. ⁹The first time Vivec said:

'Ha, it means nothing!'

The 36 Lessons

After looking a second time he said:

‘Hmm, there might be something there after all.’

¹⁰Finally, giving At-Hatoor's garments a sidelong glance, he said:

‘Amazing, the ability to infer significance in something devoid of detail!’

‘There is a proverb,’ At-Hatoor said, and then he left.

¹¹The fourth spirit came with the fifth, for they were cousins. ¹²They could ghost touch and probed inside the egg to find its core. ¹³Some say Vivec at this point was shaped like a star with its penumbra broken off; others, that it looked like a revival of vanished forms.

¹⁴‘From my side of the family,’ the first cousin said, ‘I bring you a series of calamities that will bring about the end of the universe.’

¹⁵‘And from my side,’ the second cousin said, ‘I bring you all the primordial marriages that must happen within them, each one.’

¹⁶At this the egg laughed. ‘I am given too much to bear so young. I must have been born before.’

¹⁷And then the sixth spirit appeared, the Black Hands Mephala, who taught the Velothi at the beginning of days all the arts of sex and murder.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁸Its burning heart melted the eyes of the netchiman's wife and took the egg from her belly with six cutting strokes. ¹⁹The egg-image, however, could see into what it had been before in ancient times, when the earth still cooled, and was not blinded. ²⁰It joined with the Daedroth and took its former secrets, leaving a few behind to keep the web of the world from disentangling. ²¹Then the Black Hands Mephala put the egg back into the netchiman's wife and blew on her with magic breath until the hole closed up. ²²But the Daedroth did not give her back her eyes, saying:

'God hath three keys; of birth, of machines, and of the words between.'

²³Within this Sermon the wise may find one half of these keys.

²⁴The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌶𐌰

𐌹𐌶𐌰 𐌹𐌶𐌰 𐌹𐌶𐌰 Sermon Three



¹Being blind the netchiman's wife wandered into a cave on her way to the domains of House Indoril. ²It so happened that this cave was a Dwemeri stronghold. ³The Dwemer spied the egg and captured the netchiman's wife. ⁴They bound her head to foot and brought her deep within the earth.

The 36 Lessons

⁵She heard one say, 'Go and make a simulacrum of her and place it back on the surface, ⁶for she has something akin to what we have and so the Velothi will covet it and notice if she is too long away.'

⁷In the darkness, the netchiman's wife felt great knives try to cut her open. ⁸When the knives did not work, the Dwemer used solid sounds.

⁹When those did not work, great heat was brought to bear. ¹⁰Nothing was of any use, and the egg of Vivec remained safe within her.

¹¹A Dwemer said, 'Nothing is of any use. We must go and misinterpret this.'

¹²Vivec felt that his mother was afraid, and so consoled her.

¹³'The fire is mine:
Let it consume thee,
And make a secret door
At the altar of Padhome,
In the House of Boet-hi-Ah
Where we become safe
And looked after.'

¹⁴This old prayer made the netchiman's wife smile and begin such a deep sleep that when Dwemeri atronachs returned with cornered spheres and cut her apart she did not awake and died peacefully. ¹⁵Vivec was removed from her womb and placed within a magical glass for further study. ¹⁶To confound his captors, he channeled his essence into love, an emotion the Dwemer knew nothing about.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁷The egg said:

‘Love is used not only as a constituent in moods and affairs, ¹⁸but also as the raw material from which relationships produce hour-later exasperations, regrettably fashioned restrictions, riddles laced with affections known only to the loving couple, and looks that linger too long. ¹⁹Love is also an often-used ingredient in some transparent verbal and nonverbal transactions where, eventually, it can sometimes be converted to a variety of true devotions, some of which yield tough, insoluble, and infusible unions. ²⁰In its basic form, love supplies approximately thirteen draughts of all energy that is derived from relationships. Its role and value in society at large are controversial.’

²¹The Dwemer were vexed at these words and tried to hide behind their power symbols.

²²They sent their atronachs to remove the egg-image from their cave and place it within the simulacrum they had made of Vivec's mother.

²³A Dwemer said, ‘We Dwemer are only aspirants to this that the Velothi have.

²⁴They shall be our doom in this and the eight known worlds,

The 36 Lessons

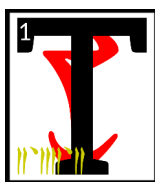
ᎦᎠᎠ,
ᎡᎦᎠᎠ, ᎠᎠᎠᎠ, ᎠᎠᎠᎠ,
ᎠᎠᎠᎠ, ᎠᎠᎠᎠ, ᎠᎠᎠᎠ,
and ᎠᎠᎠᎠ.'

²⁵The secret to doom is within this Sermon.

²⁶The ending of the words is ᎠᎠᎠ

ᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠᎠ

Sermon Four



he simulacrum of the netchiman's wife who carried the egg of Vivec within it went back to looking for the lands of the Indoril. ²Along the journey many more spirits came to see it and offer instructions to its son-daughter, the future glorious invisible warrior-poet of Vvardenfell, Vivec.

³A troupe of spirits called the Lobbyists for the Coincidence Guild appeared. ⁴Vivec understood the challenge immediately and said:

'The popular notion of God kills happenstance.'

⁵The head of the Lobbyists, whose name is forgotten, tried to defend the concept's existence. ⁶He said, 'Saying something at the same time can be magical.'

The 36 Lessons

⁷Vivec knew that to retain his divinity that he must make a strong argument against luck.

⁸He said:

‘Is not the sudden revelation of corresponding conditions and disparate elements that gel at the moment of the coincidence one of the prerequisites to being, in fact, coincidental?’

⁹Synchronicity comes out of repeated coincidences at the lowest level.

¹⁰Further examination shows it is the utter power of the sheer number of coincidences that leads one to the idea that synchronicity is guided by something more than chance.

¹¹Therefore, synchronicity ends up invalidating the concept of the coincidental, even though they are the symptomatic signs that bring it to the surface.’

¹²Thus was coincidence destroyed in the land of the Velothi.

¹³Then an Old Bone of the earth rose up before the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife and said, ¹⁴‘If you are to be born a ruling king of the world you must confuse it with new words. Set me into pondering.’

¹⁵‘Very well,’ Vivec said, ‘Let me talk to you of the world, which I share with mystery and love. Who is her capital? Have you taken the scenic route of her cameo?’

The 36 Lessons

¹⁶I have—lightly, in secret, missing candles because they're on the untrue side, and run my hand along the edge of a shadow made from one hundred and three divisions of warmth, and left no proof.'

¹⁷At this the Old Bone folded unto itself twenty times until it became akin to milk, which Vivec drank, becoming a ruling king of the world.

¹⁸Finally the Chancellor of Exactitude appeared, and he was perfect to look upon from every angle. ¹⁹Vivec understood the challenge immediately and said:

'Certitude is for the puzzle-box logicians and girls of white glamour who harbor it on their own time. I am a letter written in uncertainty.'

²⁰The Chancellor bowed his head and smiled fifty different and perfect ways all at once.

²¹He pulled the astrolabe of the universe from his robe and broke it in half, handing both halves to the egg-image of Vivec.

²²Vivec laughed and said, 'Yes, I know. The slave labor of the senses is as selfish as polar ice, and worsens when energies are spent on a life others regard as fortunate. ²³To be a ruling king I will have to suffer much that cannot be suffered, and to weigh matters that no astrolabe or compass can measure.'

²⁴The ending of the words is 𐌆𐌆𐌆

The 36 Lessons

I say you should listen to your warrior, then, and take this thing to Ayem, ¹¹for though manufactured by our enemies there is something in it that will become sacred, or has been already.'

¹²The merchant captain took pause then and looked on the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife ¹³and, though he heeded always the advice of his seers, could do no more than think of the profits to be made at Noormoc. ¹⁴He thought mainly of the Red Wives' form of recompense, which was four-cornered and good wounded, a belly-magic known nowhere else under the moons. ¹⁵His lust made him deny Ayem his mother. ¹⁶He gave order to change course for Noormoc.

¹⁷Before the caravan could get underway again, the Chimeri warrior who had counseled a passage to the capital threw his money to the merchant captain ¹⁸and said, 'I will pay you thus for the simulacrum and warn you: war is coming with the shaggy men of the north ¹⁹and I will not have my mother Ayem at uneven odds with one enemy while tending to another.'

²⁰'Nerevar,' the merchant captain said, 'this is not enough. I am Triune in my own way, but I follow the road of my body and demand more.'

²¹Then Vivec could not remain silent anymore and said into Nerevar's head these words:

'You can hear the words,
So run away

The 36 Lessons

²²Come, Hortator, unfold
Into a clear unknown,
Stay quiet until you've slept
In the yesterday,
And say no elegies
For the melting stone'

²³So Nerevar slew the merchant captain and
took the caravan for his own.

²⁴The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌶𐌰

𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰

Sermon Six



¹You have discovered the sixth
Sermon of Vivec, which was
hidden in the words that came
next to the Hortator.

²There is an eon within itself that
when unraveled becomes the first sentence of
the world.

³Mephala and Azura are the twin gates of
tradition and Boethiah is the secret flame.

⁴The Sun shall be eaten by lions, which cannot
be found yet in Veloth.

⁵Six are the vests and garments worn by the
suppositions of men.

⁶Proceed only with the simplest terms, for all
others are enemies and will confuse you.

The 36 Lessons

⁷Six are the formulas to heaven by violence, one that you have learned by studying these words.

⁸The Father is a machine and the mouth of a machine. His only mystery is an invitation to elaborate further.

⁹The Mother is active and clawed like a nix-hound, yet she is the holiest of those that reclaim their days.

¹⁰The Son is myself, Vehk, and I am unto three, six, nine, and the rest that come after, glorious and sympathetic, without borders, utmost in the perfections of this world and the others, sword and symbol, pale like gold.

¹¹There is a fourth kind of philosophy that uses nothing but disbelief.

¹²For by the sword I mean the sensible.

For by the word I mean the dead.

¹³I am Vehk, your protector and the protector of Red Mountain until the end of days, which are numbered



¹⁴Below me is the savage, which we needed to remove ourselves from the Altmer.

¹⁵Above me is a challenge, which bathes itself in fire and the essence of a god.

¹⁶Through me you are desired, unlike the prophets that have borne your name before.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁷Six are the walking ways, from enigma to enemy to teacher.

¹⁸Boethiah and Azura are the principles of the universal plot, which is begetting, which is creation, and Mephala makes of it an art form.

¹⁹For by the sword I mean the first night.

For by the word I mean the dead.

²⁰There will be a splendor in your name when it is said to be true.

²¹Six are the guardians of Veloth, three before and they are born again, and they will test you until you have the proper tendencies of the hero.

²²There is a world that is sleeping and you must guard against it.

²³For by the sword I mean the dual nature.

For by the word I mean animal life.

²⁴For by the sword I mean preceded by a sigh.

For by the word I mean preceded by a wolf.

²⁵The ending of the words is **ꞛꞛꞛ**

The 36 Lessons

⁹He saw the fifth pennant, which commanded a legion of jumping wounds looking to hop onto a victim.

¹⁰He saw the sixth pennant, which commanded a legion of abridged planets.

¹¹He saw the seventh pennant, which commanded a legion of armored winning moves.

¹²To which the majordomo said, 'Duke Kh-Utta, your legions while mighty are not enough to destroy Nerevar or the Triune way. ¹³Look upon the Hortator and see the wisdom he takes to wife.'

¹⁴And they looked into the middle world and saw:

 Evaporating in a throng of thunder
 Of red war and chitin men,
 Where destines
 Take him further from our ways

¹⁵The heat that we have wanted
 And pray they still remember,
 Where destines
 Clothe the distance,

¹⁶Glad in the golden east
 That we saw it now,
 Instead of the war and repair
 Of the oblivious fracture
 A curse on the Hortator
 And two more on his hands

The 36 Lessons

¹⁷And the Duke of Scamps saw the palms of the Hortator, upon which the egg had written these words of power:

ገዳሮገሰ ላሎዳማይ
ገዳሮገሰ ላሎዳማይ

¹⁸The ending of the words is ላሎ

ገላሎገሰ ላሎዳማይ Sermon Eight



nd presently Nerevar and Vivec were within sight of the capital and the Four Corners of the House of Troubles knew that it was not time to contest them. ²The caravan musicians made a great song of entrance and the eleven gates of the Mourning Hold were thrown wide.

³Ayem was accompanied by her husband-state, a flickering image that was channeled to her ever-changing female need. ⁴Around her were the Shouts, a guild now forgotten, who carried with them the whims of the people, for the Velothi then were still mostly good at heart. ⁵The Shouts were the counselors of Ayem and the country, though they sometimes quarreled and needed Seht to wring them into usefulness. ⁶Ayem approached Nerevar, who was by now adorned in the flags of House Indoril. ⁷He gifted her with the simulacrum of the netchiman's wife and the egg of Vivec inside.

The 36 Lessons

⁸Ayem said to Nerevar, 'Seht who is Azura has revealed that war is come and that the Hortator that shall deliver us will approach with a solution walking at his side.'

⁹Nerevar said, 'I have traveled out of my way to warn you of the deceit of our enemies, the Dwemer, but I have learned much on the journey and have changed my mind.

¹⁰This netchiman's wife you see at my side is a sword and a symbol and there is prophecy inside. ¹¹It tells me that, like it, we must for a while be like he is and, as a people, cloaked in our former enemies, and to use their machines without shame.'

¹²At which Vivec spoke aloud, 'Boethiah-who-is-you wore the skin of Trinimac to cleanse the faults of Veloth, my Queen, and so it should be again. This is the walking way of the glorious.'

¹³Seht appeared out of a cloud of iron vapor and his minions made of their blood a chair. ¹⁴He sat beside Ayem and looked on the rebirth of mastery.

¹⁵Vivec said to them, his Triune:

 'My rituals and ordeals
 And all the rhymes within,
 Use no other motive
 Than the revelation of my skin.'

¹⁶Ayem said,

 WYEM VE SEHT VE OBYO

 'We are delivered and made whole,

The 36 Lessons

the diamond of the Black Hands is uncovered.'

¹⁷Seht said, 'Wherever so he treads, there is invisible scripture.'

To which the Shouts were silent in sudden reading.

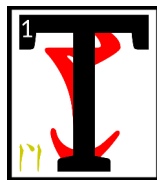
¹⁸Vivec then reached out from the egg all his limbs and features, merging with the simulacrum of his mother, gilled and blended in all the arts of the star-wounded East, under water and in fire and in metal and in ash, six times the wise, ¹⁹and he became the union of male and female, the magic hermaphrodite, the martial axiom, the sex-death of language and unique in all the middle world.

²⁰He said, 'Let us now guide the hands of the Hortator in war and its aftermath. For we go different, and in thunder. This is our destiny.'

²¹The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌺𐌰

𐌸𐌹𐌲𐌰𐌺𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌺𐌹𐌸𐌰

Sermon Nine



When came the war with the northern men, where Vivec did guide the Hortator into swift and tricky union with the Dwemer.

²The greatest demon chieftains of the frigid west were those listed below, five in unholy number.

The 36 Lessons

³ᖃᖃᖃ, the Mouth of Mud, who appeared as a great bearded king, had the powers of Marshalling and breathing the earth. ⁴On the battlefields, this demon would often be seen on the sidelines, eating the soil voraciously. ⁵When his men fell, Hoaga would fill their bodies back with it, whereupon they would rise again and fight, albeit slower. ⁶He had a Secret Name, Fenja, and destroyed seventeen Chimeri villages and two Dwemeri strongholds before being turned away.

⁷ᖃᖃᖃᖃ, the Running Hunger, who appeared as a mounted soldier with full helm, had the powers of Heart Roaring and of sky sickening. ⁸He ate the Chimeri hero, Dres Khizumet-e, sending the spirit back to the Hortator as an assassin. ⁹Sometimes called First Blighter, Chemua could give clouds stomach aches and turn the rain of Veloth into bile. ¹⁰He destroyed six Chimeri villages before he was slain by Vivec and the Hortator.

¹¹ᖃᖃᖃ, the Two-Tongued, who appeared as a great bearded king, had the powers of Surety and Form Change. ¹²His raiders were small in number, but ran amok in the west hinterlands, killing many Velothi trappers and scouts. ¹³He fell in a great debate with Vivec, for the warrior-poet alone could understand the northern man's two-layered speech, though ᖃᖃᖃ had to remain invisible during the argument.

¹⁴ᖃᖃᖃᖃᖃ, Maid of Planes, who appeared as a winged human with lick-encrusted spear,

The 36 Lessons

had the powers of Event Denouement.

¹⁵Battles fought against her would always end in victory for Barfok, because she could shape outcomes by singing. ¹⁶Four Chimeri villages and two more Dwemeri strongholds were destroyed by her decision enforcement.

¹⁷Vivec had to stuff her mouth with his milk finger to keep her from singing Veloth into ruin.

¹⁸**YSMIR**, the Dragon of the North, who always appears as a great bearded king, had powers innumerable and echoing. ¹⁹He was grim and dark and the most silent of the invading chieftains, though when he spoke villages were uplifted and thrown into the sea. ²⁰The Hortator fought him unarmed, grabbing the Dragon's roars by hand until Ysmir's power throat bled. ²¹These roars were given to Vivec to bind into an ebony listening frame, which the warrior-poet placed on Ysmir's face and ears to drive him mad and drive him away.

²²'The coming forth and the driving away brings all things around. What I shall say next is unpleasant to record:

ÆƧƧƧ ƧØƧƧ ƧƧƧƧƧƧ! ƧƧ ƧƧƧƧƧƧ!

²³The ending of the words is **ƧƧƧ**

The 36 Lessons

⁹Shift ye in your skin, I say to the Trinimac-eaters. Pitch your voices into the color of bruise. ¹⁰Divide ye like your enemies, in Houses, and lay your laws in set sequence from the center, again like the enemy Corners of the House of Troubles, and see yourself thence as timber, or mud-slats, or sheets of resin. ¹¹Then do not divide, for yet is the stride of 𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆 quicker than the rush of enemies, and He will sunder the whole for the sake of a shingle.

¹²For we go different, and in thunder. 𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆 is the start of all true Houses, built against stasis and lazy slaves.

¹³Turn from your predilections, broken like false maps. Move and move like this. ¹⁴Quicken against false fathers, mothers left in corners weeping for glass and rain. ¹⁵Stasis asks merely for nothing, for itself, which is nothing, as you were in the eight everlasting imperfections.

¹⁶Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

UNDERSTAND THAT 𐄂𐄃𐄄𐄅𐄆
STILL TRAVELS

¹⁷Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

IN A PHOSPHORESCENT MIRROR
OF THE SKY

The 36 Lessons

¹⁸Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

DROWNED AND SMILING

¹⁹Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

INTERMITTENT HOPES ENOUGH

²⁰Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

TO ANSWER ALL THE THINGS

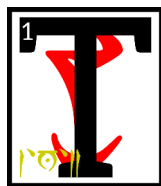
²¹Vivec says unto the Hortator remember the words of Vivec.

NOT YET QUERIED

²²The ending of the words is Ƶƶ

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Sermon Eleven



These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the Ƶƶ and their champion the Hortator.

²When the gods of Veloth would retreat unto their own, to mold the cosmos and other matters, the Hortator would at times become confused. ³Vivec would always be there to advise him, and this is the first of the three lessons of ruling kings:

The 36 Lessons

⁴The waking world is the amnesia of dream. All motifs can be mortally wounded. Once slain, themes turn into the structure of future nostalgia.

⁵Do not abuse your powers or they will lead you astray. They will leave you like rebellious daughters. ⁶They will lose their virtue. They will become lost and resentful and finally become pregnant with the seed of folly. ⁷Soon you will be the grandparent of a broken state. You will be mocked. It will fall apart like a stone that recalls that it is really water.

⁸Keep nothing in your house that is neither needed or beautiful.

'Ordeals you should face unimpeded by the world of restriction.

⁹The splendor of stars is Ayem's domain. The selfishness of the sea is Seht's. I rule the middle air. All else is earth and under your temporal command.

¹⁰There is no bone that cannot be broken, except for the heart bone. You will see it twice in your lifetimes. Take what you can the first time and let us do the rest.

¹¹There is no true symbolism of the center. The Sharmat will believe there is. ¹²He will feel that he can cause years of exuberance from sitting in the sacred, when really no one can leave that state and cause anything more but strife.

The 36 Lessons

¹³There is once more the case of the symbolic and barren. The true prince that is cursed and demonized will be adored at last with full hearts.

¹⁴According to the Codes of Mephala there can be no official art, only fixation points of complexity that will erase from the awe of the people given enough time. ¹⁵This is a secret that hides another. ¹⁶An impersonal survival is not the way of the ruling king. Embrace the art of the people and marry it and by that I mean secretly have it murdered.

¹⁷The ruling king that sees in another his equivalent rules nothing.

¹⁸The secret of weapons is this: they are the mercy seat.

¹⁹The secret of language is this: it is immobile.

²⁰The ruling king is armored head to toe in brilliant flame. He is redeemed by each act he undertakes. His death is only a diagram back to the waking world. ²¹He sleeps the second way. The Sharmat is his double, and therefore you wonder if you rule nothing.

²²Hortator and Sharmat, one and one, eleven, an inelegant number. ²³Which of the ones is the more important?

The 36 Lessons

Could you ever tell if they switched places? I can and that is why you will need me.

²⁴According to the Codes of Mephala, there is no difference between the theorist and the terrorist. ²⁵Even the most cherished desire disappears in their hands. This is why Mephala has black hands. Bring both of yours to every argument. ²⁶The one-handed king finds no remedy. When you approach God, however, cut both of them off. ²⁷God has no need of theory and he is armored head to toe in terror.'

²⁸The ending of the words is 𐌲𐌺𐍃

𐌲𐌺𐍃𐌲𐌺𐍃𐌲𐌺𐍃𐌲𐌺𐍃𐌲𐌺𐍃𐌲𐌺𐍃 Sermon Twelve



As the Hortator pondered the first lesson of ruling kings, Vivec wandered into the Mourning Hold and found that Ayem was with a pair of lovers. ²Seht had divided himself again. Vivec then leapt through into their likenesses to observe, but he gained no secrets that he did not already know. ³He left a few of his own behind to make the journey worthwhile.

⁴Then Vivec left the capital of Veloth and wandered far into the ash.

The 36 Lessons

⁵He found a span of badlands to practice his giant-form. ⁶He made of his feet a less dense material than the divine to keep from falling waist-deep into the earth. ⁷At this point the First Corner of the House of Troubles, the Prince Molag Bal, made his presence known.

⁸Vivec looked on the King of Rape and said:

'How very beautiful you are, that you do not join us.'

⁹And Molag Bal crushed the warrior-poet's feet, which were not invulnerable, and had legions cleave them off. ¹⁰Mighty fires from the Beginning Place were brought like nets to hold Vivec and he let them.

¹¹'I would prefer,' he said, 'some kind of ceremony if we are to be married.'

¹²And the legions that took the feet were summoned again and ordered to begin a banquet. ¹³Pomegranates sprang from the badlands and tents were raised. ¹⁴A throng of Velothi mystics came, reading the passages of the severed feet on the ground and weeping until the scriptures were wet.

¹⁵'We must love each other briefly,' Vivec said, 'if at all. ¹⁶I am needed to counsel the Hortator in more important matters because the Dwemeri high priests stir up trouble. You may have my head for an hour.'

The 36 Lessons

¹⁷Molag Bal rose up and extended six arms to show his worth. ¹⁸They were decorated in runes of seduction and its reverse. They were decorated in the annotated calendars of longer worlds. ¹⁹When he spoke, mating monsters fell out.

‘Where must it go?’ he said.

²⁰‘I told you,’ Vivec said, ‘I am meant to be the teacher of the king of the earth.

VE VEIENOOY JAEIIOO VEJHOYE’

²¹With these magic words, the King of Rape added another:

「JAJM」

which is the secret syllable of royalty.

²²Vivec had what he needed from the Daedroth and so married him that day. ²³In the hour that Bal had his head, the King of Rape asked for proof of love.

²⁴Vivec spoke two poems to show him such, but only the first is known.

I'm not sure just how much glass
It took to make your hair
Twice as much, I am sure,
As the oceans have to share

²⁵Hell, my sweet, is a fiction
Written by those who tell the truth
My mouth is skilled at lying
And its alibi a tooth

The 36 Lessons

which are ruled by our brethren, the
Four Corners:

ᛞᛚᛚ ᛞᛚᛚᛚ
ᛞᛚᛚᛚᛚ ᛞᛚᛚᛚᛚ

⁸Rotate the triangle and you pierce
the heart of the Beginning Place, the
foul lie, the testament of the irrefutable-
for-a-span. ⁹Above them all is the
horizon where only one stands, though
no one stands there yet. It is proof of
the new. It is the promise of the wise.
¹⁰Unfold the whole and what you have
is a star, which is not my domain,
but not entirely outside my judgment.
The grand design takes flight; it is
transformed not only into a star but a
hornet. ¹¹The center cannot hold.
It becomes devoid of lines and points.
It becomes devoid of anything and so
becomes a receptacle. This is its
usefulness at the end. This is its promise.

¹²The sword is the cross and ᛚᛚᛚ is the
Triune house around it. ¹³If there is to
be an end I must be removed. The ruling
king must know this, and I will test him.
I will murder him time and again until
he knows this. ¹⁴I am the defender of
the last and the last. To remove me is
to refill the heart that lay dormant at
the center that cannot hold.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁵I am the sword, Ayem the star, Seht the mechanism that allows the transformation of the world. Ours is the duty to keep the compromise from being filled with black sea.

¹⁶The Sharmat sleeps at the center. He cannot bear to see it removed, the world of reference. ¹⁷This is the folly of the false dreamer. This is the amnesia of dream, or its power, or its circumvention. This is the weaker magic and it is barbed in venom.

¹⁸This is why I say the secret to swords is the mercy seat. It is my throne. ¹⁹I am become the voice of 𐍂𐍆𐍅. The world will know me more than my sister and brother. I am the psychopomp. I am the killer of the weeds of Veloth. Veloth is the center that cannot hold. ²⁰Ayem is the plot. Seht is the ending. I am the enigma that must be removed. These are why my words are armed to the teeth.

²¹The ruling king is to stand against me and then before me. He is to learn from my punishment. ²²I will mark him to know. He is to come as male or female. I am the form he must acquire.

²³'Because a ruling king that sees in another his equivalent rules nothing.'

²⁴This is what was said to the Hortator when Vivec was not whole.

²⁵The ending of the words is 𐌶𐌹𐍄

𐌷𐌴𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸𐌾𐌹𐌸𐌸𐌹𐌸

Sermon Fourteen



Vivec lay with Molag Bal for eighty days and eight, though headless. ²In that time, the Prince placed the warrior-poet's feet back and filled them with the blood of Daedra. ³In this

way Vivec's giant-form remained forever harmless to good earth. ⁴The Pomegranate Banquet brought many spirits back from the dead so that the sons and daughters of the union had much to eat besides fruit.

⁵The Duke of Scamps came while the banquet was still underway, and Molag Bal looked on the seven pennants with anger. ⁶The King of Rape had become necessary and therefore troubled for the rest of time. ⁷His legions and Kh-Utta's fell into open war, but the children of Molag Bal and Vivec were too elaborate in power and form.

⁸The Duke of Scamps therefore became a lesser thing, as did all his own children. ⁹Molag Bal said to them: 'You are the sons of liars, dogs, and wolf-headed women.' They have been useless to summon ever since.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁰The holy one returned at last, Vehk, golden with wisdom. ¹¹His head found its body had been tenderly used. ¹²He mentioned this to Molag Bal, who told him that he should thank the Barons of Move Like This, ¹³'For I have yet to learn how to refine my rapture. My love is accidentally shaped like a spear.'

¹⁴So Vivec, who had a grain of Ayem's mercy, set about to teach Molag Bal in the ways of belly-magic. ¹⁵They took their spears out and compared them. Vivec bit new words onto the King of Rape's so that it might give more than ruin to the uninitiated. ¹⁶This has since become a forbidden ritual, though people still practice it in secret.

¹⁷Here is why: The Velothi and demons and monsters that were watching all took out their own spears. ¹⁸There was much biting and the earth became wet. And this was the last laugh of Molag Bal:

¹⁹'Watch as the earth shall crack, heavy with so much power, that should have been forever unlike!'

²⁰Then that stretch of badlands that had been the site of the marriage fragmented and threw fire. ²¹And a race that is no more but that was terrible at the time to behold came forth.

²²Born of the biters, that is all they did, and they ran amok across the lands of Veloth and even to the shores of Red Mountain.

The 36 Lessons

³Vivec would always be there to advise him, and this is the third of the three lessons of ruling kings:

⁴The ruling king will remove me, his maker. This is the way of all children. His greatest enemy is the Sharmat, who is the false dreamer. ⁵You or he is the shingle, Hortator. Beware the wrong walking path. Beware the crime of benevolence. Behold him by his words.'

⁶I AM THE 𑀓𑀲𑀭𑀺𑀢𑀺

I AM OLDER THAN MUSIC

WHAT I BRING IS LIGHT

WHAT I BRING IS A STAR

WHAT I BRING IS

AN ANCIENT SEA

⁷WHEN YOU SLEEP YOU SEE ME

DANCING AT THE CORE

IT IS NOT A BLIGHT

IT IS MY HOUSE

⁸I PUT A STAR

INTO THE WORLD'S MOUTH

TO MURDER IT

⁹TEAR DOWN THE PYLONS

MY BLIND FISH

SWIM IN THE NEW

PHLOGISTON

¹⁰TEAR DOWN THE PYLONS

MY DEAF MOONS

SING AND BURN

AND ORBIT ME

¹¹I AM OLDER THAN MUSIC

WHAT I BRING IS LIGHT

The 36 Lessons

⁴There, clockwork shears were taking off Vivec's hair. A beggar king had brought his loom and was making of the hair an incomplete map of adulthood and death.

⁵Nerevar said, 'Why are you doing this, milord?'

Vivec said, 'To make room for the fire.'

⁶And the Hortator could see that Vivec was out of sorts, though not because of the impending new power to come. ⁷The golden warrior-poet had been exercising his Water Face as well, learned from the dreughs before he was born.

⁸Nerevar said, 'Is this to keep you from the fire?'

Vivec said, 'It is so that I may see with truth.

⁹It, and my place here at the altar of Padomay in the house of False Thinking, serve so that I may see beyond my own secrets. ¹⁰The Water Face cannot lie. It comes from the ocean, which is too busy to think, much less lie. Moving water resembles truth by its trembling.'

¹¹Nerevar said, 'I am afraid to become slipshod in my thinking.'

Vivec said, 'Reach heaven by violence then.'

¹²So to quiet his mind the Hortator chose from the Fight Racks an axe. ¹³He named it and moved on to the first moon.

¹⁴There, Nerevar was greeted by the Parliament of Craters, who knew him by title and resented his presence, for he was to be a ruling king of earth and this was the lunar realm.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁵They shifted around him in a pattern of entrapment.

¹⁶'The moon does not recognize crowns or scepters,' they said, 'nor the representatives of kingdoms below, lion or serpent or mathematician.

¹⁷We are the graves of those that have migrated and become ancient countries. We seek no Queens or thrones. ¹⁸Your appearance is decidedly solar, which is to say a library of stolen ideas. We are neither tear nor sorrow.

¹⁹Our revolution succeeded in the manner that is was written. You are the Hortator and unwelcome here.'

²⁰And so Nerevar carved at the grave ghosts until he was out of breath and their Parliament could make no new laws.

²¹He said, 'I am not of the slaves that perish.'

Of the members of Parliament only a few survived the Hortator's attack.

²²A surviving Crater said, 'Appropriation is nothing new. Everything happens of itself. This motif is by no means unassociated with hero myths. ²³You have not acted with the creative impulse; you fall below the weight of destiny. We are graves but not coffins. Know the difference. ²⁴You have only dug more and supplied no ghosts to reside within. Central to your claim is the predominance of frail events.

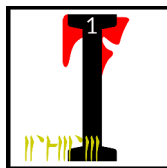
The 36 Lessons

²⁵To be judged by the earth is to sit on a throne of wonder why. Damage us more and you will find naught but the absence of our dead.'

²⁶The ending of the words is **ƵƳŎ**

ƵƵƵƵƵ'ƵƵƵƵ'ƵƵŎƵƵƵƵƵ

Sermon Seventeen



am an atlas of smoke.'

With this, Vivec became greater than he had been. ²These were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the **ƵƳŎ** and their champion the Hortator.

³'Seek me without effort for I take many shapes.'

⁴The Hortator was still trying to subdue the heavens with an axe. ⁵He was thrown out of the library of the sun by the power of Magnus. ⁶Vivec found him in a grub field outside of the swamps of the Deshaan Plain. ⁷They walked for a span in silence, for Nerevar had been humbled and Vivec still had mercy in his hand.

⁸Soon they were walking across the eastern sea to the land of snakes and snow demons.

⁹Vivec wanted to show the Hortator the fighting styles of foreign tongues.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁰They learned the idiom stroke from the pillow book of the Tsaesci king. It is shaped like the insight of this page. ¹¹The Tsaesci serpents vowed to have their vengeance on the west at least three times.

¹²They walked farther and saw the spiked waters at the edge of the map. ¹³Here the spirit of limitation gifted them with a spoke and bade them find the rest of the wheel.

¹⁴The Hortator said, 'The edge of the world is made of swords.'

Vivec corrected him. 'They are the bottom row of the world's teeth.'

¹⁵They walked to the north to the Elder Wood and found nothing but frozen bearded kings.

¹⁶They came to the west where the black men dwelt. ¹⁷For a year they studied under their sword saints and then for another Vivec taught them the virtue of the little reward.

¹⁸Vivec chose a king for a wife and made another race of monsters which ended up destroying the west completely. ¹⁹To a warrior chief Vivec said:

'We must not act and speak as if asleep.'

²⁰Nerevar wondered if there was anything to learn in the south but Vivec remained silent and only led them back to Red Mountain.

²¹'Here,' Vivec said, 'is the last of the last. Within it the Sharmat waits.'

The 36 Lessons

²²But they both knew that the time was not ready to contest the Sharmat and so they engaged in combat with each other. ²³Vivec marked the Hortator in this way for all of the Velothi to see. ²⁴He sealed the wound with the blessing of Ayem-Azura. ²⁵At the end of the battle, the Hortator found that he had gathered seven more spokes. ²⁶He attempted to attach them and form a staff but Vivec would not let him, saying, 'It is not the time for that.'

²⁷Nerevar said, 'Where did I find these?'

Vivec said that they had collected them from around the world, though some had come invisibly. ²⁸'I am the wheel,' he said, and took that shape. Before the emptiness at the center could live too long, Nerevar put in the spokes.

²⁹The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌶𐌰

𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰𐌹𐌶𐌰
Sermon Eighteen



Now Vivec felt that he had taught the Hortator as much as he could before the war with the Dwemer came. ²The warrior-poet decided he had to begin his Book of Hours at that point, because the world was about to bend with its age.

The 36 Lessons

³Vivec entered the Mourning Hold and announced to Ayem that he was going to fight nine monsters that had escaped the Muatra.

⁴'I will return,' he said, 'to deal the last blow to the grand architect of the Dwemer.'

⁵Ayem said, 'Out of nine you will find only eight, though they be mighty. The last is already destroyed by your decision to create the Book of Hours.'

⁶Vivec understood that Ayem meant himself.

'Why,' she asked, 'are you in doubt?'

⁷Vivec knew that his doubt made him the sword of the Triune and so he did not feel shame or fear. ⁸Instead, he explained and these are the words:

'Can a member of the Invisible Gate become so archaic that its successor is not so much an improvement of the exact model, but rather a related model that is just needed more because of the currency of the world's condition?

⁹As the Mother, you do not have to worry, unless things in the future are so strange that even Seht cannot understand. Neither does the Executioner or the Fool, but I am neither.

¹⁰These ideals are not going to change in nature, even though they may change in representation.

The 36 Lessons

But, even in the west, the Rainmaker vanishes. No one needs him anymore.


¹¹'Can one oust the model not because the model is set according to an ideal but because it is tied to an ever-changing unconscious mortal agenda?'

¹²This is what was said to Ayem when Vivec was whole. The wise shall not mistake this.


¹³Ayem said, 'This is why you were born of a netchimian's wife and destined to merge with the simulacrum of your mother, gilled and blended in all the arts of the star-wounded East, ¹⁴under water and in fire and in metal and in ash, six times the wise, to become the union of male and female, the magic hermaphrodite, the martial axiom, the sex-death of language and unique in all the middle world.'

¹⁵Vivec knew then why he would record his Book of Hours.

This sermon is forbidden.

¹⁶In this world and others  less one (the victor) is the magical disk, hurled to reach heaven by violence.

This sermon is untrue.

¹⁷The ending of the world is 

The 36 Lessons

¹⁰Cornerstone two has a tongue,
And even dust can be talkative,
Listen and you will see the love
The ancient libraries need

¹¹Cornerstone three has a bit of string,
Shaped like your favorite color,
A girl remembers who left it there
But she is afraid to dig it out,
And see what it is attached to

¹²Cornerstone four has nine bones,
Removed carefully from a black cat,
Arranged in the fashion of this word,
Protecting us from our enemies

¹³Your house is safe now

So why is it—

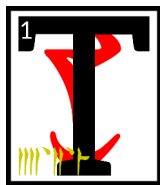
Your house is safe now

So why is it—

¹⁴The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌺𐌰

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌺𐌰

Sermon Twenty



The first monster was actually two, having been born twice like his mother-father, Vivec. ²He was not the mightiest of the eight to escape Muatra, but his actions were the most worrisome. ³He was known as Moon Axle, and he harvested the leftover foibles of nature.

The 36 Lessons

⁴This he did twice, as was said, and the second harvest always brought ruin or unwritten law.

⁵His aspect was faceted like a polyhedron.

⁶No perils are mentioned in the finding of Moon Axle, but it was known that he was immune to spears, so Vivec had to use the sword not held against him. ⁷Before he took issue with the monster, the warrior-poet asked:

‘How came you to be immune to spears?’

⁸To which Moon Axle replied, ‘Mine is a dual nature, and protean. I am in fact made of many straight lines, though none last too long. In this way I have learned to ignore all true segments.’

⁹Luckily, the sword not held was curved and therefore could cut into Moon Axle, and before the sun was up he was bleeding from many wounds. ¹⁰Vivec did not slay him outright for to do so would keep the foibles of nature within him and not back where they belonged.

¹¹Soon Vivec had traced geography right again, and Moon Axle was ready to be slain.

¹²Vivec rose up in his giant-form, to be terrible to look upon. ¹³He reached into the west and pulled out a canyon, holding it like a horn. He reached east and ate a handful of nix hounds. ¹⁴Blowing their spirits through the canyon made a terrible wail, not unlike an unsolved woman.

The 36 Lessons

¹⁵He said:

‘Let this overtake you,’ and Moon Axle was overtaken by the curvatures of stolen souls. ¹⁶They wrapped about the monster like resin, until finally he could not move, nor could his dual nature.

¹⁷Vivec said, ‘Now you are solved,’ and pierced his child with Muatra. ¹⁸Moon Axle had been reduced to something static, and therefore shattered.

¹⁹The lines of Moon Axle were collected by Velothi philosophers and taken into caves. ²⁰There, and for a year, Vivec taught the philosophers how to turn the lines of his son into the spokes of mystery wheels. ²¹This was the birth of the first Whirling School. Before, there had only been the surface thought of fire.

²²Vivec looked at his first wheeling students and observed:

‘Alike the egg-layered universe is this morbid possession of three-distant coverage, soul-wrecked and alive, like my name is alive.

²³In this cloister you have discovered one walking path, hilled like a sword but more coarsened. ²⁴So edged it is that it has to be whispered to keep the tongue from bleeding, where its signs evacuate their former meanings, like empires that tarry too long.

The 36 Lessons

²⁵'The sword is estrangement from statesmanship.

²⁶'Look on the estimable lines of my son, now crafted star-wise, his every limb equidistant from the center. ²⁷Is he solved because I will it so? There cannot be a second stage. ²⁸Think on the theory that my existence promulgates the five elements and alike the egg-layered universe I am cause for great density. ²⁹Here is a thought that can break the wagon's axle; here is another that can soar.'

³⁰The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌸𐌰

𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌹𐌸𐌰𐌹𐌸𐌰 Sermon Twenty-One



The Scripture of the Wheel,

First:

'The Spokes are the eight components of chaos, as yet solidified by the law of time:
²static change, if you will, something the lizard gods refer to as the Striking.
³That is the reptile wheel, coiled potential, ever-preamble to the never-action.'

⁴Second:

'They are the lent bones of the Aedra,

The 36 Lessons

the Eight gift-limbs to 𐍂𐍄𐍅𐍆𐍇𐍈, the wet earth of the new star our home.

⁵Outside them is the Aurbis, and not within. Like most things inexplicable, it is a circle. ⁶Circles are confused serpents, striking and striking and never given leave to bite.

⁷The Aedra would have you believe different, but they were givers before liars. Lies have turned them into biters.

⁸Their teeth are the proselytizers; to convert is to place oneself in the mouth of falsehood; even to propitiate is to be swallowed.'

⁹Third:

'The enlightened are those uneaten by the world.'

¹⁰Fourth:

'The spaces between the gift-limbs number sixteen, the signal shapes of the Demon Princedoms. It is the key and the lock, series and manticore.'

¹¹Fifth:

'Look at the majesty sideways and all you see is the Tower, which our ancestors made idols from. ¹²Look at its center and all you see is the begotten hole, second serpent, womb-ready for the Right Reaching, exact and without enchantment.'

The 36 Lessons

¹³Sixth:

‘The heart of the second serpent holds
the secret triangular gate.’

¹⁴Seventh:

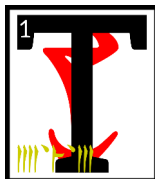
‘Look at the secret triangular gate
sideways and you see the secret Tower.’

¹⁵Eighth:

‘The secret Tower within the Tower is
the shape of the only name of God, I.’

¹⁶The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌸𐌰

𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌹𐌸𐌰 𐌹𐌸𐌰 Sermon Twenty-Two



¹hen Vivec left the first Whirling School and went back to the space that was not a space. ²From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the second monster, which was called the Treasure Wood Sword. ³Within years of the Pomegranate Banquet, it had become a lessoning tune to the lower Velothi houses. ⁴They preached of its power:

‘The Treasure Wood Sword, splinter
scintilla of the high and glorious! He
who wields it becomes self-known!’

The 36 Lessons

⁵The warrior-poet appeared as a visitation in the ancestor alcove of House Mora, whose rose-worn prince of garlands was a hero against the northern demons. ⁶Vivec congregated with the bones. He said:

‘A scavenger cannot acquire a silk sash and expect to discover the greater systems of its predecessor: perfect happiness is embraced only by the weeping. ⁷Give me back (and do so freely) what is barren of my marriage and I will not erase you from the thought realm of God. ⁸Your line has a notable enchantress that my sister Ayem is fond of and from her murky wisdom alone do I condescend to ask.’

⁹A bone-walker emerged from a wall. It had three precious stones set in its lower jaw, a magical practice of old. One was opal, the color of opal. ¹⁰The bone-walker bowed to the prince of the middle air and said:

‘The Treasure Wood Sword will not leave our house. Bargains were made with the Black Hands Mephala, the greater shade.’

¹¹Vivec kissed the first precious stone and said:

‘Animal picture, rude-walker, go back to the lamp that stays lit in water and store no more messages of useless noise. Down.’

¹²He kissed the second precious stone and said:

The 36 Lessons

'Proud residue, soon dispersed, serve no guarantees made in my fore-image and demand nothing of its under-skin. I am master evermore. Down.'

¹³He kissed the opal and said:

'Down I take thee.'

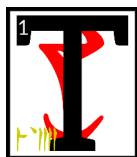
¹⁴And then Vivec withdrew into the hidden places and found the darkest mothers of the Morag Tong, taking them all to wife and filling them with undusted loyalty that tasted of summer salt. ¹⁵They became as black queens, screaming live with a hundred murderous sons, a thousand murderous arms, and a hundred thousand murderous hands, ¹⁶one vast moving event of thrusting-kill-laughter in alleys, palaces, workshops, cities and secret halls. ¹⁷Their movements among the holdings of the Ra'athim were as rippled endings, heaving between times, with all fates leading to swallowed knives, murder as moaning, God's holy rape-erasure of wet death.

¹⁸The King of Assassins presented to Vivec the Treasure Wood Sword.

¹⁹'Milord,' the King of Assassins said. 'The prince of House Mora is now fond of you, as well. ²⁰I placed him in the Corner of Dagon. His eyes I set into a fire prayer for the wicked. His mouth I stuffed with birds.'

²¹The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌶𐌰

ᑦᓄᑦᑎᑦᓄᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦ
Sermon Twenty-Three



The Scripture of the Sword,

First:

'The sword, treated as a delicate meal, is the Symbolic Collage. It serves you well in the first half of life. Name one dynasty that knows this not.'

²Second:

'The unity of my approach is understood by the immobile warrior. True eyes are acquired. ³Rejoice as my own subjects and realms. I build for you a city of swords, by which I mean laws that cut the people who live there into better shapes.'

⁴Third:

'Girls burn their dresses on my arrival if I am armored. They crawl to me as bled pilgrims. ⁵Minor spirits die without trace. Follow me of all the ᑦᓄᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦ if you are to mark your days with killing. ⁶ᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦᑎᑦ, the third law of weaponry.'

⁷Fourth:

'The immobile warrior is never fatigued. He cuts sleep holes in the middle of a battle to regain his strength.'

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⁸Fifth:

'Instinct is not reflex action, but mini-miracles held in reserve. ⁹I am the welfare that decides which warrior will emerge. Beg not for luck. Serve me to win.'

¹⁰Sixth:

'The span of the apparently inactivated is your love of the absolute. The birth of God from the netchiman's wife is the abortion of kindness from love.'

¹¹Seventh:

'The true sword is able to cut chains of generations, which is to say, the creation myths of your enemies. Look on me as the exiled garden. All else is uncut weed.'

¹²Eighth:

'I give you an ancient road tempered by the second walking way. ¹³Your hands must be huge to wield any sword the size of an ancient road, and yet he who is of right stature may irritate the sun with only a stick.'

¹⁴The ending of the words is ㄅㄆ

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and Vivec was at the center with a headdress made of mating bones. ¹⁰He laughed and told mystical jokes and made the heads of the three houses marry and become a new order.

‘You shall forever be now my Buoyant Armigers,’ he said.

¹¹Then Vivec pierced Horde Mountain with Muatra and made of it all a big bag of bones.

¹²At the touch of his right hand the net became right scripture and he threw it all northeasterly.

¹³The contents spread out like sugar-glow and Vivec and the Buoyant Armigers ran under it laughing.

¹⁴Finally the bones of Horde Mountain landed and became the foundation stones for the City of Swords, which Vivec named after his own sigil, ¹⁵and the net fell across it all and between, or became as bridges between bones, and since its segments had been touched by his holy wisdom they became the most perfect of all city streets in the known worlds.

¹⁶Throngs of Velothi came to the new city and Ayem and Seht gave it their blessing.

¹⁷The streets were filled with laughter and love and the strength of tree-shaped enemy children.

¹⁸Ayem said:

‘To my sister-brother's city I give the holy protection of House Indoril, whose powers and thrones know no equal under heaven, wherefrom came the Hortator.’

The 36 Lessons

⁴His wings are spread out behind him, their red and yellow ends like razors in the sun. ⁵The wispy mass of his fire hair floats as if underwater, milky in the nimbus of light that crowns his head. ⁶His presence is undeniable, the awe too much to bear.

⁷This is God's city, different from others. Cities from foreign countries put their denizens to sleep and walk to the star-wounded East to pay homage to me. ⁸The capital of the northern men, crusty with eon's ice, bows before Vivec the city, me it together.

⁹Self-thought streets rush through tunnel blood. I have rebuilt myself. Hyper eyed signposts along my traffic arm, soon to be an inner sea. ¹⁰My body is crawling with all gathered to see me rising up like a monolithic instrument of pleasure. My spine is the main road to the city that I am. ¹¹Countless transactions are taking place in veins and catwalks and the roaming, roaming, roaming, as they roam over and through and add to me. ¹²There are temples erected along the hollow of my skull and I will ever wear them as a crown. Walk across the lips of God.

¹³They add new doors to me and I become effortlessly trans-immortal with the comings and goings

The 36 Lessons

and the stride-heat of the market where I am traded for, ¹⁴yell of the children hear them play, scoffed at, amused, desired, paid for in native coin, new minted with my face on one side and my city-body on the other. ¹⁵I stare with each new window. Soon I am a million-eyed insect dreaming.

¹⁶Red-sparking war trumpets sound like cattle in the ribcage of shuffling transit. The heretics are destroyed on the plaza knees. ¹⁷I flood over into the hills, houses rising like a rash, and I never scratch. Cities are the antidotes to hunting.

¹⁸I raise lanterns to light my hollows, lend wax to the thousands of candlesticks that bear my name again and again, ¹⁹the name innumerable, shutting in, mantra and priest, god-city, filling every corner with the naming name, ²⁰wheeled, circling, running river language giggling with footfalls mating, selling, stealing, searching, and worry not ye who walk with me. ²¹This is the flowering scheme of the Aurbis. This is the promise of the ༄ྲྀྲྀྲྀྲྀ: egg, image, man, god, city, state. ²²I serve and am served. I am made of wire and string and mortar and I accede my own precedent, world without am.'

²³The ending of the words is ༄ྲྀྲྀ

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ᄀᄁᄂᄃᄄᄅᄆᄇᄈᄉᄊᄋᄌᄍᄎᄏᄐᄑᄒᄓᄔᄕᄖᄗᄘᄙᄚᄛᄜᄝᄞᄟᄠᄡᄢᄣᄤᄥᄦᄧᄨᄩᄪᄫᄬᄭᄮᄯᄰᄱᄲᄳᄴᄵᄶᄷᄸᄹᄺᄻᄼᄽᄾᄿᅀᅁᅂᅃᅄᅅᅆᅇᅈᅉᅊᅋᅌᅍᅎᅏᅐᅑᅒᅓᅔᅕᅖᅗᅘᅙᅚᅛᅜᅝᅞᅟᅠᅡᅢᅣᅤᅥᅦᅧᅨᅩᅪᅫᅬᅭᅮᅯᅰᅱᅲᅳᅴᅵᅶᅷᅸᅹᆀᆁᆂᆃᆄᆅᆆᆇᆈᆉᆊᆋᆌᆍᆎᆏᆐᆑᆒᆓᆔᆕᆖᆗᆘᆙᆚᆛᆜᆝᆞᆟᆠᆡᆢᆣᆤᆥᆦᆧᆨᆩᆪᆫᆬᆭᆮᆯᆰᆱᆲᆳᆴᆵᆶᆷᆸᆹᆺᆻᆼᆽᆾᆿᇀᇁᇂᇃᇄᇅᇆᇇᇈᇉᇊᇋᇌᇍᇎᇏᇐᇑᇒᇓᇔᇕᇖᇗᇘᇙᇚᇛᇜᇝᇞᇟᇠᇡᇢᇣᇤᇥᇦᇧᇨᇩᇪᇫᇬᇭᇮᇯᇰᇱᇲᇳᇴᇵᇶᇷᇸᇹᇺᇻᇼᇽᇾᇿሀሁሂሃሄህሆሇለሉሊላልሎሏሐሑሒሓሔሕሖሗመሙሚማሜምሞሟሠሡሢሣሤሥሦሧረሩሪራሬርሮሯሰሱሲሳሴስሶሷሸሹሺሻሼሽሾሿፀፁፂፃፄፅፆፇፈፉፊፋፍፎፏፐፑፒፓፔፕፖፘፙፚ፛፜፝፞፟፠፡።፣፤፥፦፧፨፩፪፫፬፭፮፯፰፱፲፳፴፵፶፷፸፹፺፻፼፽፾፿

Sermon Twenty-Six



hen Vivec left his architectural rapture and went back to the space that was not a space. ²From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the fourth monster, called The Pocket Cabal.

³The monster hid itself in the spell-lists of the great Chimeri wizards of the extreme east, where the Emperor Parasols grow wild.

⁴Vivec disguised himself as a simple traveler, but radiated a tenuous sense-fabric so that the wizards would seek him out. Of Muatra he made a simple walking dwarf.

⁵Before long the invisible one was among the libraries of the east, feeding the essential words of The Pocket Cabal to his walking dwarf and then running when the magic would fail.

⁶After a year or two of this thievery, Muatra was sick to its stomach, and the walking dwarf exploded near the slave pens of a wizard's tower. ⁷The Pocket Cabal then slipped itself into the mouths of the slaves and hid again.

⁸Vivec then watched as the slaves erupted into babble and breaking magic. ⁹They rattled their cages and sung out half-hymns that formed into forbidden and arcane knowledge.

¹⁰Litany fiends appeared and drank from the excess. Grabbers from the Adjacent Place came into the world sideways,

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the slave talking having disrupted the normal non-cardinal points.

¹¹So of course a giant bug appeared, with the greatest eastern wizard inside it. ¹²He could see past Vivec's disguise and knew of the warrior-poet's divinity but he thought himself so powerful that he talked harshly:

¹³'See what you have wrought, silly Triune! Columns of nonsense and litany fiends! ¹⁴I cannot believe how reason or temperance can be made whole again due to your eating, eating, eating! Consort with more demons, why don't you?'

Vivec stabbed the wizard through his soul.

¹⁵The giant bug harness fell on the slave cages and the slaves ran about free and reckless, too reckless more with pregnant words. Colors bent into the earth. ¹⁶Vivec created a dome-head demon to contain it all.

'The Pocket Cabal is therefore interred here forever. Let this be a cursed land where sorcery is broken and maligned.'

¹⁷Then he picked up Muatra by the beard and left the ghostly hemisphere of the dome-head demon. ¹⁸On its boundaries, Vivec placed a warning and a song of entrance that contained errors in it. ¹⁹With mock bones of half-dead Muatra he created the tent poles of a fortress-theory and fatal languages were imprisoned for all time.

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²⁰Seht appeared and looked on what his brother-sister had created. ²¹The Clockwork King said:

‘Of the eight monsters, this is the most confusing. May I treasure it?’

²²Vivec gave Seht leave to do so, but told him never to release The Pocket Cabal into the middle world. ²³He said:

‘I have hidden secrets in my travels here and made a likeness of Muatra to ward against the unwise. Under this dome, the temporal myth is no longer man.’

²⁴The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌺𐌰

𐌹𐌺𐌰 Sermon Twenty-Seven



The Scripture of the Word,

First:

‘All language is based on meat.
Do not let the sophists fool you.’

²Second:

‘The third walking path explores hysteria without fear. The efforts of madmen are a society of itself, but only if they are written. ³The wise may substitute one law for another, even into incoherence, and still say he is working within a method.’

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This is true of speech and extends to all scripture.'

⁴Third:

'Do not go to the realm of apology for absolution. Beyond articulation, there is no fault. ⁵The Adjacent Place, where the Grabbers live, is the illusion of the vocal or the middle realms of thought, by which I mean the constructed. ⁶This is how I stole the certainty of the Chancellor of Exactitude, perfect to look upon from every angle. ⁷When you come out of the vocal, you can never be certain.'

⁸Fourth:

'The truest body of work is made up of silence: as in the silence that results from no reference. By the word I mean the dead.'

⁹Fifth:

'The first meaning is always hidden.'

¹⁰Sixth:

'The realm of apology is perfection and impossible to attack. Thus, the wise avoid it. ¹¹Trinity in unity is the world and word of action: the third walking path.'

¹²Seventh:

'The sage who suppresses his best aphorism:

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cut off his hands, for he is a thief.'

¹³Eighth:

'The clothes of the broken map are worn only by fools and heretics. The map is an exit for laziness. ¹⁴It is the dusty tongue, which is to say the given chart that most take as a story that is complete. No word is true until it is eaten.'

¹⁵The ending of the words is 𐀓𐀔

𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀖𐀗𐀘𐀙𐀚𐀛𐀜𐀝𐀞𐀟𐀠𐀡𐀢𐀣𐀤𐀥𐀦𐀧𐀨𐀩𐀪𐀫𐀬𐀭𐀮𐀯𐀰𐀱𐀲𐀳𐀴𐀵𐀶𐀷𐀸𐀹𐀺𐀻𐀼𐀽𐀾𐀿𐁀𐁁 Sermon Twenty-Eight



¹hen Vivec left Seht to look after the dome-head demon and went back to the space that was not a space. ²From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the fifth monster, called The Ruddy Man.

³When the dreughs ruled the world, the Daedroth Prince Molag Bal had been their chief. ⁴He took a different shape then, spiny and armored and made for the sea. ⁵Vivec, in giving birth to the many spawn of his marriage, had dropped an old image of Molag Bal into the world: a dead carapace of memory. ⁶It would not have been a monster if a Velothi child had not wanted to impress his village by wearing it.

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⁷The Ruddy Man, of the eight monsters, was the least complicated. He made those who wore him into mighty killers and nothing more. He existed in the physical. Only geography makes him special.

⁸When Vivec found him near the boy's village, anon Gnisis, there was a violent clash of arms and an upheaval of the earth. ⁹Their battle created the West Gash. Wanderers that still go there hear still the sounds of it: sword across the crust, the grunt of God, the snapping of his monster child's splintered legs.

¹⁰After his victory, Vivec took the shell of The Ruddy Man to the dreughs that had modified his mother. ¹¹The Queen of Dreughs, whose name is not easy to spell, was in a period of self-incubation. ¹²Her wardens took the gift from Vivec and promised to guard it from the surface world. This is the first account of dreughs being liars.

¹³In ten years, The Ruddy Man appeared again, this time near Tear, worn by a wayward shaman who followed the House of Troubles. ¹⁴Instead of guarding it, the dreughs had imbued the living armor with mythic inflexibility. ¹⁵It molted soon after skill-draping the shaman and stretched his bones to the five corners.

¹⁶When Vivec met the monster in battle again he saw the remains of three villages dripping from its feet. ¹⁷He took on his giant form and slew The Ruddy Man by way of the Symbolic Collage.

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¹⁸Since he no longer trusted the Altmer of the sea, Vivec gave the carapace of the monster to the devout and loyal mystics of the Number Room. ¹⁹He told them:

‘You may make of The Ruddy Man a philosopher’s armor.’

²⁰The mystics began by wrapping one of their sages in the shells, a series of flourishes by two supra numerates, one hormonally tall and the other just under his arms. ²¹They ran around the carapace and through each other, applying holy resin drawn from the carcasses of the now-useless numbers between twelve and thirteen. ²²Golden straws were quickly stuck through the mythic epidermal so the sage could breathe. ²³After the ceremonial etchings were drawn into hardening resin, long lists of dead names and equations whose solutions were to be found in the mouth of the Chimer inside, there came the illuminations, inscribed by the bright, terrible fingernail of Vivec. ²⁴From the nail’s tip flowed a searing liquid, filling the grooves of the ceremonial etchings. ²⁵They bled out to form veined patterns about the sage-shell that theologians would decipher forever after.

²⁶The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐍅

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- 31 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰。 The Listening Frame. 473
32 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰。 The False Call. 7
33 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰。 The Anticipations. 234
34 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰。 The Lawless Grammar. 2
35 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰。 The Prison-Shirt. 191
36 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰。 The Hours. 364

³⁷'The presence of deaf witness, this is what the numbers are. They hang onto the Aurbis as the last nostalgia of their godhood. ³⁸The effigies of numbers are their current applications; this is folly, as above. To be affixed to a symbol is too, too certain.'

³⁹The ending of the words is 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰

𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰 𐌲𐌹𐌺𐌰 Sermon Thirty



¹When Vivec left the mystics of the Number Room and went back to the space that was not a space.

²From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the sixth monster, called City-Face. ³He was vexed when he could not find it and went back to the Mourning Hold in secret anger, killing a mystic that asked about higher order.

⁴Nerevar, the Hortator, witnessed this and said, 'Why do this, milord? The mystics look to you for guidance.'

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They work to make your temple better stoned.'

⁵Vivec said, 'No one knows what I am.'

The Hortator nodded and went back to his studies.

⁶Here is how City-Face hid from his mother-father: it had been born named as Ha-Note, a bare urge of power, an esoteric wind nerve tuned to the frequency of huddled masses.

⁷It found root in villages and multiplied, finding in the minds of the settled a veiled astrology, the star charts of culture, and this resonance made its head swim. ⁸Ha-Note moved sideways into the Adjacent Place, growing and unbeknownst. Above the vocal, it trembled with new emotions, immortal ones, absorbing more than the thirty known to exist in the middle world. ⁹When Ha-Note became gravely homesick, the Grabbers took it.

¹⁰A Grabber said, 'New emotions to the lonely occur only of madness. This thing is gone. It is ours now.'

¹¹Grabbers had never made a city of their own, and their glimpse of Vivec's, which shone with holiness through all the spheres, had taken their attention.

¹²'Under this reason did the issue of Vehk slide into our realm, drawn by our coveting, hidden in loss. We shall build our tower-hope upon its face.'

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¹³Now many years had passed in Resdaynia, and the high priests of the Dwemer were building something alike as Vivec and alike as the new Ha-Note of the Grabbers. ¹⁴The Hortator was engaged with an army of theirs that had become too brave, talking foolish words, and Nerevar helped destroy them with the help of the orphan legion of Ayem. ¹⁵When he went to give trophy to Vivec, he saw his lord under attack by the City-Face. ¹⁶The monster was saying this:

‘Here we are to replace your city, Vehk and Vehk. ¹⁷We are from the place of the more-than-known emotions, and our citizenry has died from it. Two things we came for, but can stay for only one. ¹⁸Either we ask you to correct our error of culture, or merely take yours by dint of force. The second is easiest, we think.’

¹⁹Vivec sighed.

‘You would replace my direction,’ he said. ‘I weary of this, though I wanted to kill you an age before. ²⁰Resdaynia is fallen ill, and I have no time for one more imaginary analogy of an unknown incident. ²¹Here, take this.’

At which he touched the tower-hope of the City-Face and corrected the error of the Grabbers.

²²‘And this.’

The 36 Lessons

At which he stabbed the heart of the City-Face
with the Ethos Knife, which is to say

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the short blade of proper commerce.

²³The ending of the words is ህገ።

ገረዮሮሃኦላህሮኝሃፀረጸሃፐፐ Sermon Thirty-One



¹any more years passed in
Resdaynia, and the high
priests of the Dwemer were
almost ready to make war
on the rulers of Veloth.

²The Hortator had become
the husband of Ayem during this time, and the
first saint of the Triune way. ³Vivec had tired
of fighting his sons and daughters, and so took
a respite from trying to find them.

⁴The Hortator said to his wife, 'Where is Vivec,
my teacher? I love him still, though he grows
cold. His lamentations, if I may call them that,
have changed the skin of the whole country.'

⁵He is hardly to be found anywhere in Veloth
of late. The people grow dark because of it.'

⁶And Ayem took mercy on her troubled
husband and told him that the sword of the
Triune had been fighting minor monsters
stirred up by the Dwemer as they worked on
their brass siege machines.

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⁷She took the Hortator inside her and showed him where his master was.

⁸ṬṢṐ, or at least that aspect that chose to be Vivec, sat in the Litany Hall of the False Thinking Temple after his battle with the Flute-and-Pipe Ogres of the West Gash. ⁹He began writing, again, in his Book of Hours. He had to put on his Water Face first. ¹⁰That way he could separate the bronze of the Old Temple from the blue of the New and write with happiness.

¹¹Second, he had to take another feather from the Big Moon, further rendering it dead. That way he could write about mortals with truth.

¹²Third, he recalled the Pomegranate Banquet, where he was forced to marry to Molag Bal with wet scriptures to cement his likeness as Mephala and write with black hands.

¹³He wrote:

The last time I heard his voice, showing the slightest sign of impatience, I learned to control myself and submit to the will of others. ¹⁴Afterwards, I dared to take on the sacred fire and realized there was no equilibrium with the ḂṬṚṚ. ¹⁵They were liars, lost roots, and the most I can do is to be an interpreter into the rational. ¹⁶Even that fails the needs of the people. I sit on the mercy seat and pass judgment, the waking state, and the phase aspect of the innate urge. ¹⁷Only here can I doubt, in this book, written in water, broadened to include evil.

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²All those that would challenge the sleeping world will seek membership in this movement. I denounce the alienation of the Cloven Duality with a hammer.'

³Second:

'Take from me the lessons as a punishment for being mortal. To be made of dirt is to be treated as such by your jailers. ⁴This is the key and the lock of the Daedra. Why do you think they escaped the compromise?'

⁵Third:

'Velothi, your skin has become the pregnant darkness. My brooding has brought this on. ⁶Remember that Boethiah asked you to become the color of bruise. How else to show yourselves people of the exodus into the vital: pain?'

⁷Fourth:

'The sage who is not an anvil: a conventional sentence and nothing more. By which I mean dead, the fourth walking way.'

⁸Fifth:

'A proper comprehension of the virtues: stage-managed and to be murdered.'

The 36 Lessons

⁹Sixth:

'In the end, rejoice as a hostage released from drumming torment but that savors his wound. ¹⁰The drum breaks and you find it to be a nest of hornets, which is to say: your sleep is over.'

¹¹Seventh:

'The suspicious is spectacle and the lie is only a theoretical inspiration.'

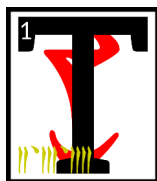
¹²Eighth:

'But then why, you ask, do the Daedra wish to meddle with the Aurbis? It is because they are the radical critique, essential as all martyrs. ¹³That some are more evil than others is not an illusion. Or rather, it is a necessary illusion.'

¹⁴The ending of the words is 𐀓𐀔𐀕

𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀓𐀔𐀕𐀓𐀔𐀕

Sermon Thirty-Three



When Vivec left the Litany Hall of the False Thinking Temple, where he had brooded for so long creating the scripture of the pounding light, and went back to the space that was not a space.

²From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the seventh monster, called Lie Rock.

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³Lie Rock was born of Vivec's Second Aperture and was thrown out of the Pomegranate Banquet by a member of the Sweeps, another forgotten guild. ⁴The Sweep did not take it for the monster that it was and so he did not expect it to fly from his hand and into the heavens.

⁵'I am born of golden wisdom and powers that should have forever been unlike! With this nature I am invited into the Hidden Heaven!'

⁶By which he meant the Scaled Blanket, made of not-stars, whose number is thirteen. ⁷Lie Rock became full of foolishness, haggling with the Void Ghost who hides in the religions of all men.

⁸The Void Ghost said:

'Stay with me a full hundred years and I will give you a power that no divinity will dare disobey.'

⁹But before the hundred years was up, Vivec was already looking for Lie Rock and found him.

¹⁰'Stupid stone,' Vivec said. 'To hide in the Scaled Blanket is to make a mark on nothing. His bargains are only for ruling kings!'

¹¹So Vivec sent the Hortator to the heavens to shave Lie Rock asunder by the named axe.

¹²Nerevar made peace with the south-pole-star of thieving and the north-pole-star of warriors and the third-pole-star, which existed only in the ether, which was governed by the apprentice of Magnus the sun.

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¹³They gave him leave to wander among their charges and gave him red sight by which to find Lie Rock in the Hidden Heaven.

¹⁴By chance, Nerevar met the Void Ghost first, who told him that he was in the wrong place to which the Hortator said, 'Me or you?' and the Void Ghost said both. ¹⁵This sermon does not tell what else was said between these masters.

¹⁶Lie Rock, however, used the confusion to launch his own attack on the city-god, Vivec.

¹⁷He was hastened by all three of the black guardians, who wanted him swiftly gone, though they meant no hostility to the lord of the middle air.

¹⁸The citizenry of Vivec screamed as they saw a shooting star come down out of the sky hole like a toll-road of hell. ¹⁹But Vivec merely raised his hand and froze Lie Rock just above the city and then he pierced the monster with Muatra.

²⁰(The practice of piercing the Second Aperture is now forbidden.) ²¹When Nerevar returned, he saw the frozen comet above his lord's city. He asked whether or not Vivec wanted it removed.

'I would have done so myself if I wanted, silly Hortator. ²²I shall keep it there with its last intention intact, so that if the love of the people of this city for me ever disappear, so shall the power that holds back their destruction.'

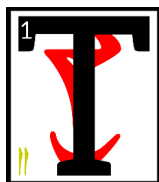
The 36 Lessons

²³Nerevar said, 'Love is under your will only.'

²⁴Vivec smiled and told the Hortator that he had become a Minister of Truth.

²⁵The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐍅

𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 Sermon Thirty-Four



¹When Vivec left the Ministry of Truth and went back to the space that was not a space. ²From the Provisional House he looked into the middle world to find the eighth and final and mightiest monster, ³called

𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅 𐌹𐌿𐍅

⁴Vivec called to his side the Hortator and this was the first time that Nerevar had ever been to the Provisional House. ⁵He had the same vision that Vivec had so many years ago: that of the two-headed ruling king.

⁶'Who is that?' he wondered.

Vivec said, 'The red jewel of conquest.'

⁷Nerevar, perhaps because he was frightened, became vexed at his lord's answer. 'Why are you always so evasive?'

⁸Vivec told the Hortator that to be otherwise was to betray his nature.

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⁹Together they moved into the middle world, to a village near where Vivec had been found by Ayem and Seht. ¹⁰The eighth monster was there, but he did not act much like a monster. He sat with his legs in the ocean and with a troubled look on his face. ¹¹When he saw his mother-father, he asked why he should have to die and return to oblivion.

¹²Vivec told the eighth monster that to be otherwise was to betray his nature. ¹³Since this did not seem to satisfy the monster and Vivec still had a touch of Ayem's mercy he said:

‘The fire is mine:
let it consume thee,
¹⁴And make a secret door
At the altar of Padhome,
In the House of Boet-hi-Ah
Where we become safe
And looked after.’

¹⁵The monster accepted Muatra with a peaceful look and his bones became the foundation for the City of the Dead, anon Necrom.

¹⁶Nerevar put away his axe, which he had at the ready, and frowned.

‘Why,’ he said, ‘did you ask me to come if you knew the eighth monster would give in so easily?’

¹⁷Vivec looked at the Hortator for a long time.

Nerevar understood. ‘Do not betray your nature. Answer as you will.’

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¹⁸Vivec said, 'I brought you here because I knew the mightiest of my issue would succumb to Muatra without argument, if only I gave him consolation first.'

¹⁹Nerevar looked at Vivec for a long time.

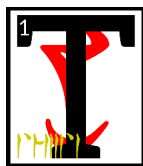
Vivec understood. 'Say the words, Hortator.'

Nerevar said, 'Now I am the mightiest of your children.'

²⁰Let this sermon be consolation to those who read it that are destined to die.

²¹The ending of the words is 𐌹𐌿𐌸

𐌹𐌿𐌸 Sermon Thirty-Five



The Scripture of Love:


'The formulas of proper Velothi magic continue in ancient tradition, but that virility is dead, by which I

mean at least replaced. ²Truth owes its medicinal nature to the establishment of the myth of justice. ³Its curative properties it likewise owes to the concept of sacrifice. Princes, chiefs, and angels all subscribe to the same notion. ⁴This is a view primarily based on a prolific abolition of an implied profanity, seen in ceremonies,

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knife fighting, hunting, and the exploration of the poetic. ⁵On the ritual of occasions, which comes to us from the days of the cave glow, I can say nothing more than to loosen your equation of moods to lunar currency. ⁶Later, and by that I mean much, much later, my reign will be seen as an act of the highest love, which is a return from the astral destiny and the marriages between. ⁷By that I mean the catastrophes, which will come from all five corners. Subsequent are the revisions, differentiated between hope and the distraught, situations that are only required by the periodic death of the immutable. ⁸Cosmic time is repeated: I wrote of this in an earlier life. An imitation of submersion is love's premonition, its folly into the underworld, by which I mean the day you will read about outside of yourself in an age of gold. ⁹For on that day, which is a shadow of the sacrificial concept, all history is obliged to see me for what you are: in love with evil. ¹⁰To keep one's powers intact at such a stage is to allow for the existence of what can only be called a continual spirit. ¹¹Make of your love a defense against the horizon. Pure existence is only granted to the holy, which comes in a myriad of forms, half of them frightening and the other half divided

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into equal parts purposeless and assured. ¹²Late is the lover that comes to this by any other walking way than the fifth, which is the number of the limit of this world. ¹³The lover is the highest country and a series of beliefs. He is the sacred city bereft of a double. The uncultivated land of monsters is the rule. ¹⁴This is clearly attested by  and his double, which love knows never really happened. Similarly, all the other symbols of absolute reality are ancient ideas ready for their graves, or at least the essence of such. ¹⁵This scripture is directly ordered by the codes of Mephala, the origin of sex and murder, defeated only by those who take up those ideas without my intervention. ¹⁶The religious elite is not a tendency or a correlation. They are dogma complemented by the influence of the untrustworthy sea and the governance of the stars, dominated at the center by the sword, which is nothing without a victim to cleave unto. ¹⁷This is the love of God and he would show you more: predatory but at the same time instrumental to the will of critical harvest, a scenario by which one becomes as he is, of male and female, the magic hermaphrodite. ¹⁸Mark the norms of violence and it barely registers, suspended as it is by treaties written between the original spirits.

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¹⁹This should be seen as an opportunity, and in no way tedious, though some will give up for it is easier to kiss the lover than become one. ²⁰The lower regions crawl with these souls, caves of shallow treasures, meeting in places to testify by way of extension, when love is only satisfied by a considerable (incalculable) effort.'

²¹The ending of the words is ƿ30

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Sermon Thirty-Six



¹For these were the days of Resdaynia, when Chimer and Dwemer lived under the wise and benevolent rule of the ƿ30 and their champion the Hortator, though the Dwemer had become foolish and challenged their masters.

²Out of their fortresses they came with golden ballistae that walked and mighty atronachs and things that spat flame and things that made killing songs. ³Their king was Dumac Dwarf-Orc, but their high priest was Kagrenac the Blihter.

⁴Under mountains and over them the war with the Dwemer was raged, and then came the northern men to help Kagrenac and they brought Ysmir again.

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⁵Leading the armies of the Chimer was the slave that would not perish, the Hortator Nerevar, who had traded his axe for the Ethos Knife.

⁶He slew Dumac at Red Mountain and saw the heart bone for the first time.


⁷Men of brass destroyed the eleven gates of the Mourning Hold and behind them came the Dwemeri architects of tone. ⁸Ayem threw down her cloak and became the Face-Snaked Queen of the Three in One. ⁹Those that looked upon her were overcome by the meanings of the stars.

¹⁰Under the sea, Seht stirred and brought the army he had been working on in the castles of glass and coral. ¹¹Clockwork dreughs, mockeries of the Dwemeri war machines, rose up from the seas and took their counterparts back beneath, where they were swallowed forever by the sea.

¹²Red Mountain exploded as the Hortator went too far inside, seeking the Sharmat.

¹³Dwemeri high priest Kagrenac then revealed that which he had built in the image of Vivec.

¹⁴It was a walking star, which burnt the armies of the Triune and destroyed the heartland of Veloth, creating the Inner Sea.

¹⁵Each of the aspects of the  then rose up together, combining as one, and showed the world the sixth path. ¹⁶Ayem took from the star its fire, Seht took from it its mystery, and Vehk took from it its feet, which had been constructed before the gift of Molag Bal and destroyed in the manner of truth: by a great hammering.

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¹⁷When the soul of the Dwemer could walk no more, they were removed from this world.

¹⁸Resdaynia was no more. It had been redeemed of all the iniquities of the foolish. ¹⁹The 𐒗𐒗𐒗 drew nets from the Beginning Place and captured the ash of Red Mountain, which they knew was the Blight of the Dwemer and that would serve only to infect the whole of the middle world, and ate it.

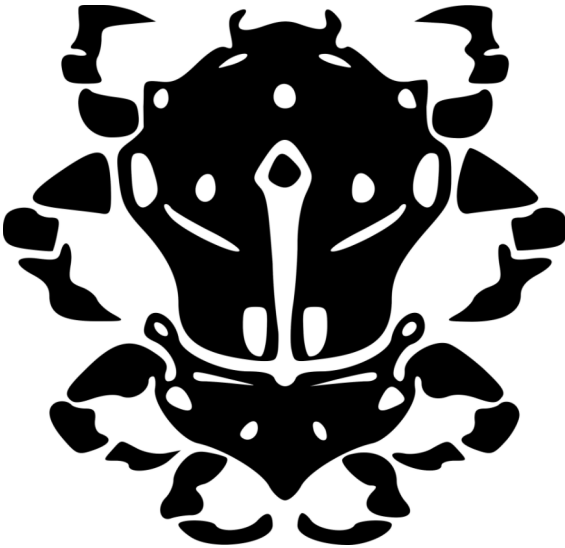
𐒗𐒗𐒗𐒗𐒗𐒗 𐒗𐒗𐒗𐒗𐒗!

²⁰The beginning of the words is 𐒗𐒗𐒗

I give you this as Vivec.



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The New Man becomes God becomes Amaranth






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Mephala and Boethiah and Azura respectively. ⁸None of them did this out of criminal intent. Rather, these beings were the Anticipations in the truest sense, the fore-images of the gods that would come for Morrowind. ⁹The gods hold the original Triune in honor as the bringers of difference and culture and knowledge, and revere them as the harbingers of the glory of . ¹⁰And never did we question their divinities or remove them from our holy books.

But as Vehk once spoke of the Rainmaker, the needs of the people change, and those that provide guidance to them must also change. ¹¹While it may seem strange to imply that the fore-images of the Tribunal, being Daedra, were adverse to change, they were, and they are. ¹²In this they are very alike to the Aedra in their fundamentals. ¹³While born of Padomay, they are of too much ego to give up their realms entirely, especially for altruism, which is perhaps what they most hate.

¹⁴And so from their basis did the Tribunal spring, called to heaven by violence, our people throwing our mantles to them across stars, and across time, and magic and dream, and here they remain.

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such as the anumidi models renowned by the Dwemer, the Scarab of contemporary astrolothurges, and the Striking (“exact egg-cracking”) of old Argonia. ⁸All of these representations possess an innate and constant aspect of transformation.

⁹The purpose of the Psijic Endeavor is to transcend mortal boundaries set in place by immortal rulers. ¹⁰At its simplest, the state of Chim provides an escape from all known laws of the divine worlds and the corruptions of the black sea of Oblivion. ¹¹It is a return to the first brush of Anu-Padomay, where stasis and change created possibility. Moreso, it the essence needed to hold that ‘dawning’ together without disaster. ¹²One that knows ᚠᚢᚦᚢᚱ observes the Tower without fear. Moreso: he resides within.

¹³The Tower is an ideal, which, in our world of myth and magic, means that it is so real that it becomes dangerous. ¹⁴It is the existence of the True Self within the Universal Self, and is embodied by the fourth constellation, and is guarded by the Thief, the third. ¹⁵The Thief is another metaphorical absolute; in this case, he represents the “taking of the Tower” or, and sometimes more importantly, the “taking” of the Tower’s secret: how to permanently exist beyond duplexity, antithesis, or trouble.

¹⁶This is not an easy concept, I know. Imagine being able to feel with all of your senses the relentless alien terror that is God

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and your place in it, which is everywhere and therefore nowhere, and realizing that it means the total dissolution of your individuality into boundless being. ¹⁷Imagine that and then still being able to say "I". The "I" is the Tower.

¹⁸The Wheel created the Tower. The Wheel is the structure of this universe, and it is easiest to see it that way: rim, spokes, hub, and all the spaces within and without. I shall take each in turn.

¹⁹Anu and Padomay, stasis and change, both vast realms sitting in the void, created the wheel. Not vast but infinite, as the void was infinite. ²⁰Imagine an infinity enclosed by another; you come away with a bubble. Now watch as the two bubbles touch.

²¹Their intersection is a perfect circle of pattern and possibility that we shall call the Aurbis. The Aurbis is the foundation of the Wheel.

²²Outside the wheel is the void, bereft of anything. It cannot be named. If it has more aspects than stasis and change, they are outside of true language. ²³Inside of the Wheel is the Aurbis. As the process of subcreation continued, both Anu and Padomay awakened. For to see your antithesis is to finally awaken. ²⁴Each gave birth to their souls, Anui-El and Sithis, and these souls regarded the Aurbis each in their own part, and from this came the et'Ada, the original patterns. These et'Ada eventually congealed.

²⁵Anu's firstborn, for he mostly desired order, was time, anon Auri-El.

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Padomay's firstborn went wandering from the start, changing as he went, and wanted no name but was branded with Lorkhan.

²⁶As time allowed more and more patterns to individualize, Lorkhan watched the Aurbis shape itself and grew equally delighted and tired with each new shaping. ²⁷As the gods and demons of the Aurbis erupted, the get of Padomay tried to leave it all behind for he wanted all of it and none of it all at once. It was then that he came to the border of the Aurbis.

²⁸He saw the Tower, for a circle turned sideways is an "I". This was the first word of Lorkhan and he would never, ever forget it.

²⁹For ages the et'Ada grew and shaped and destroyed each other and destroyed each other's creations. ³⁰Some were like Lorkhan and discovered the void outside of the Aurbis, though if some saw the Tower I do not know, but I know that, if they did, none held it in such high esteem. ³¹In any case, some of those that did see the void created its like inside the Aurbis, but each of these smaller voids sought each other out. ³²Void shall follow void; the et'Ada called it Oblivion. ³³What was left of the Aurbis was solid change, otherwise known as magic. The et'Ada called this Aetherius.

³⁴Now Lorkhan had by at this point seen everything there was to see, and could accept none of it. ³⁵Here were the et'Ada with their magic and their voids and everything in between and he yearned for the return to flux

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but at the same time he could not bear to lose his identity. ³⁶He did not know what he wanted, but he knew how to build it. ³⁷Through trickery (“we have made the Aurbis unstable with the voids”) and wisdom (“we are of two minds and so should make a perfect gem of compromise”) and force (“do what I say, rude spirit”), he bound some of the strongest et'Ada to create the World.

³⁸The spokes of the Wheel are the eight gifts of the Aedra, sons and daughters of Aetherius. ³⁹The voids between each spoke number sixteen, and their masters are the sons and daughters of Oblivion.

⁴⁰The center of the Wheel was another circle, the hub, which held everything together. The et'Ada called this Mundus. ⁴¹We are the hub, the Mundus that goes by many names. We are the heart of all creation.

⁴²What does this mean? Why should we care? Lorkhan created it so that we could find what he did. ⁴³In fact, and here is the secret: the hub is the reflection of its creators, the circle within the circle, only the border to ours is so much easier to see. ⁴⁴Stand in its flux and remain whole of mind. Look at it sideways and see the “I”.

This is the Tower.

⁴⁵It relates to the Psijic Endeavor because from within one, you may regard the other.

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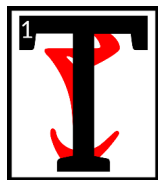
⁴⁶The world you stand on is said to be the first attempt at Chim. It is also admittedly the most famous. ⁴⁷That it was choreographed by Lorkhan and ultimately failed is well-documented, but whether or not this failure was intentional is still disputed.

⁴⁸And this is the most-reached destination of all that embark upon this road: Why would Lorkhan and his (unwitting?) agents sabotage their experiments with the Tower? Why would he crumble that which he esteems?

⁴⁹Perhaps he failed so you might know how not to.

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Hour of the Dragon Break

According to Vehk



The middle dawn is an axis for the spirits of the Foretime. ²As such, many of the beliefs of the primitive Psijics cannot be discounted; here, in this place, are proofs within proofs.

³Of special note is the Blue Star, which the Alesstics call “Mnemoli”, that runs through this part of the Aurbis every untime. ⁴The Psijics hold it in much reverence, and many of their folk make pilgrimages to Veloth when it appears because a mountain there catches fire at its passing.

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⁵This mountain is reputed to be one of the last refuges of the Dwemer before they departed from this world.

⁶And so to most, the middle dawn is little more than an undisputable and grandiose display of mystic power, which is to say nonsense, and few regard it as the numinous gateway that it really signifies. ⁷Like many things they cannot explain, the middle dawn is merely another excuse to declare good omens and portents, but unto you it should be known as the Hurling Disk, numbered seventeen.

⁸According to the texts, Mnemoli is a wayward child of **ᚠᚢᚱ**, one of a pantheon of forgotten deities known as the “Star Orphans”, a tribe of gods and goddesses that apparently felt abandoned when the Sun withdrew from the World-Making. ⁹Like many of her siblings, Mnemoli is both confused and delighted with the Aurbis, ¹⁰and explores its five quarters as best she can without the help and regulation of worship, which are not needed (by which I mean, always there) during breakings of the sideways wheel.

¹¹The Hurling Disk, it is conjectured, contains a strange mingling of magic from both the Solar and Lunar spheres. ¹²That singular rarity, coupled with the rarity of its presence within the world, has kept it from gaining a strong foothold in the schools of known sorcery.

¹³The Selectives claim a similar source of power in their depictions of the Right Reaching,

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but that has not deterred those magicians which still try to fathom the meaning of the middle dawn and what benefits they may derive from that understanding. ¹⁴Perhaps it is the association of Mnemoli with the vanishing of sequential sensation (and, by extension, the teeth-filled stare of the Alinor Dragon that comes thereafter) that drives seekers of arcane knowledge to pledge their scholarship to the Aetherius ¹⁵rather than dealing with the esoteric teachings of my murder-brother **ᚱᚢᚱ** or her many aspects, who loves the secret tower so much that she trucks with folk that first gave it legs, head, and sexual receptacle.

¹⁶One last note regarding the phenomenon of the middle dawn: it should be mentioned that at least one myth (“the Blue Bone-Ring of Jyg”) suggests a relationship between Mnemolic sorcery and the Void Ghost Eaters, the magic practiced in the countless Trickster cults scattered throughout the Tamri-El.

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The Memories of Sotha Sil



Memories are fleeting, flawed, and fragile. So easily overwritten by emotion and prejudice. ²I cannot think of a more unregulated recording of events, which is why I commit my thoughts into the unchanging metal of my sequence plaques.

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³But even the most objective view can still hold bias, and words can only convey so much.

⁴The engravings on this plaque pale to the complexity of a simple human thought, with all the nuances and richness that even a common mind can hold.

⁵Lord Seht knows this. After all, his heart drives the Wheels Eternal, oiled and calibrated. This we know. ⁶To become that which is the only true name, which is not Name, one's mind must be polished. Synchronized. How to accomplish such a task? ⁷Even a god may become overburdened with the weight of emotions, fractured from the whole which is logic.

⁸But in this too the Clockwork God was wise. He gave his memories form, manifestation.

⁹Glowing stars to make up the galaxy of his thoughts. Tangible and real, far more real than ink upon parchment, than words or whispers.

¹⁰Whole and perfect, and only able to be so from the strength of his divinity, his gleaming and peerless mind which holds the true order of all.

¹¹Memories are flawed, yes, but they are precious all the same. They hold our wisdom and knowledge, all that which we are. ¹²To give them away would be squandering that gift, and this too Lord Seht knew. ¹³So he preserved these precious thoughts, locked safely with his Mnemonic Planisphere. Watched over by the ever-silent Astronomer.

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nothing more than to loosen your equation of moods to lunar currency.”

⁸In this passage, he describes the goal of the Lunar God, who some of you still ascribe the name “Lorkhan”. ⁹When stabilized, the words become proof:

All creation is subgradient. ¹⁰First was Void, which became split by ☿. Anu and Padomay came next and with their first brush came the Aurbis.


¹¹Void to Aurbis: naught to pattern.

¹²“Later, and by that I mean much, much later, my reign will be seen as an act of the highest love, which is a return from the astral destiny and the marriages between. ¹³By that I mean the catastrophes, which will come from all five corners. Subsequent are the revisions, differentiated between hope and the distraught, situations that are only required by the periodic death of the immutable. ¹⁴Cosmic time is repeated: I wrote of this in an earlier life. An imitation of submersion is love's premonition, its folly into the underworld, by which I mean the day you will read about outside of yourself in an age of gold. ¹⁵For on that day, which is a shadow of the sacrificial concept, all history is obliged to see me for what you are: in love with evil.”

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¹⁶The marriages of the Aether describe the birth of all magic. The Aurbis exploded with its surplus. Will formed and, with it, the Potential to Action. ¹⁷This is the advent of mantellian, mnemolia, the aetherial realm of the et'Ada. ¹⁸The Head of this order is Magnus, but he is not its Ward, for even he was subcreated by the birth of Auri-El.

¹⁹Aurbis to Aetherius: possibility to maintenance by time.

²⁰“To keep one's powers intact at such a stage is to allow for the existence of what can only be called a continual spirit. ²¹Make of your love a defense against the horizon. Pure existence is only granted to the holy, which comes in a myriad of forms, half of them frightening and the other half divided into equal parts purposeless and assured. ²²Late is the lover that comes to this by any other walking way than the fifth, which is the number of the limit of this world. ²³The lover is the highest country and a series of beliefs. He is the sacred city bereft of a double. The uncultivated land of monsters is the rule. ²⁴This is clearly attested by  and his double, which love knows never really happened.”

²⁵Lull calls this a refutation of sorts, but the wise may know it as the first appearance of Nu-Mantia, which is Liberty. Rather, the road to Liberty.

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²⁶Another subcreation happened to the wheels of the et'Ada, a shore that all of creation crashed against, the terminus of limits known as Oblivion. ²⁷An echo of the Void before but unlike, many spirits fled here and came to power by merely harnessing the impossibility of Limit+All.

²⁸Aetherius to Oblivion: creation to destruction.

²⁹“Similarly, all the other symbols of absolute reality are ancient ideas ready for their graves, or at least the essence of such. ³⁰This scripture is directly ordered by the codes of Mephala, the origin of sex and murder, defeated only by those who take up those ideas without my intervention. ³¹The religious elite is not a tendency or a correlation. They are dogma complemented by the influence of the untrustworthy sea and the governance of the stars, dominated at the center by the sword, which is nothing without a victim to cleave unto. ³²This is the love of God and he would show you more: predatory but at the same time instrumental to the will of critical harvest, a scenario by which one becomes as he is, of male and female, the magic hermaphrodite.”

³³We begin to see the first inkling of emergence, which by its nature requires the merging of two-fold powers. ³⁴Inevitably, this leads to another gradient, but this time by forceful

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process: the Trap of the Lunar God. ³⁵The Aedra are Named at this time, having lent their hands to what was to be the arena of the eternally impossible: Mundus, or Exactness.

³⁶Oblivion to Mundus: debris of all possibility to anchor of all things.

³⁷“Mark the norms of violence and it barely registers, suspended as it is by treaties written between the original spirits.”

³⁸When one visits Memory, you become filled with the first ideas of the Lunar God, and see the trap within the trap. ³⁹Vehk knows it at this point, and sees for all of you, and realizes the need for treaty: avenue of escape, first stone.

⁴⁰If all previous gradients continue along this path, especially given that there is now a centerpoint, impossible Mundus, the process of continuation can be pre-figured.

⁴¹The echo of the Void is Oblivion. The echo of Oblivion is now mortal death. Death results in reappropriation of spirit towards its aligned **VE**—either to the god-planet Aedra or the Principalities of Oblivion. ⁴²Vehk's name for this transaction, mentioned above, is “lunar currency”.

⁴³**VE NEM NEM NEM NEM**

Mundus to Mortal Death: centerpoint to the soon recycled.

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⁴⁴“This should be seen as an opportunity, and in no way tedious, though some will give up for it is easier to kiss the lover than become one.”

⁴⁵Here we come to the Scripture's greatest resignation: to imagine the subcreation after mortal death, which by pattern would mean an echo of Mundus, and through this imagining, the failures of so many.

⁴⁶Record of the Lunar God's involvement in all of this is called the Great Pain: “The Lunar God failed by his own devices, to show the new progeny how they might not.”

⁴⁷You in the current era have already witnessed many of the attempts at reaching the final subgradient of all **Ꝛ**, that state that exists beyond mortal death. ⁴⁸The Numidium. The Endeavor. The Prolix Tower. **ꝚꝚꝚ**. The Enantiomorph. The Scarab that Transforms into the New Man.

⁴⁹Simply put, as the Gods cannot know joy as mortals, their creation, so mortals may only understand the joy of Liberty by becoming the progenitors of the models that can make the jump past mortal death.

And so many of you give up.

⁵⁰Mortal Death to Z, the state-gradient echo of Mundus Centerex.

⁵¹“The lower regions crawl with these souls, caves of shallow treasures,

The Avowalments

meeting in places to testify by way of extension, when love is only satisfied by a considerable (incalculable) effort.”

⁵²Those who do not fail become the New Men: an individual beyond all **VE**, unerased and all-being. ⁵³Jumping beyond the last bridge of all existence is the Last Existence, The Eternal I.

⁵⁴I AM.

A whole World of You.

God.

⁵⁵God outside of all else but his own free consciousness, hallucinating for eternity and falling into love:

I AM AND I ARE ALL WE.

⁵⁶A subject in sensory deprivation begins to hallucinate after only twenty minutes. Scale unto this along the magical spectrum and maintenance of time, which is forever, and you begin to see the Lunar God's failure as Greatest Gift.

⁵⁷As above, “This is the love of God.”

Why Love?

Know Love to avoid the Landfall, my brothers and sisters.

⁵⁸The New Man becomes God becomes Amaranth, everlasting hypnogogic.

⁵⁹Hallucinations become lucid under His eye and therefore, like all parents of their children,

The Avowalments

the Amaranth cherishes and adores all that is
come from Him.

⁶⁰I ARE ALL WE.

God is Love.

⁶¹COME TO THE HOUSE OF WE.

God is Love.

⁶²ONE WORLD IN SPIRIT I AM.

God is Love.

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The Prophet of Landfall



¹He has come down from the mountains, the chitin of his belly segments freshly painted in Faith. ²The suns shine overhead, each uttering his name in their way.

³The barrens before him distort in the blur of their heat as he climbs the last hill, but his vision is clear. It always has been. ⁴His fifth and second arms encircle his staff as his mandibles click out a small prayer. ⁵Beyond the barrens lay the Crescent of the Eighty and One Thrones, and all the villages that hang from it like a jeweled belt.

⁶They do not know it yet, those millions that work, rule, and commit their countless sins out there in the cradle of all written history,

The Avowalments

but he will save them. ⁷In ones and twos, then in droves, and then their own priests and their own kings will throw down their false idols and take up the New Faith.

⁸He would permit himself some pride if that emotion occurred to him; ⁹instead, he tests his locust wings on the wind, permitting himself to glide into the first steps of Salvation.

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The Amaranth



¹ivec was borne by ribbons of water, which wrote their starward couplings in red. This was a new place of speed. ²His eyes broke on the spikes above the tower, where the Void Ghost squatted over a drake-scaled drum, imbecile in its rhythm. ³And he asked of it:

“Who are you, that need no signature at all?”

⁴Three in sum, the robes of Ayem stretched towards the bright black rim of memory, roping an arc of purchase. This was a new sprinting task. ⁵And Seht held his swollen belly to its name, clockmaker's daughter, swimming the dead confession along a century of thread, ⁶Naming her, uneaten, a golden cache of Veloth and Velothi, for where else would they know to go?


The Avowalments

⁷“Go here: world without wheel,
charting zero deaths, and echoes
singing,”

Seht said, until all of it was done, and in the center was anything whatever.

⁸And the red moment became a great howling unchecked, for the Provisional House was in ruin. ⁹And Vivec became as glass, a lamp, for the dragon's mane had broke, and the red moon bade him come.

¹⁰“The sign of royalty is not this,”
a signal blueshift told him, “There is
no right lesson learned alone.”

¹¹He refused the twine on her catching net, spiteful that an uncontinued people would not become fuller by their searching, and yet were wracked in their spirits for flight. ¹²But the male signals were offended, and Vivec took a fighting form. ¹³He undid his eastern light, saying to the  that through war, they had become brides in glass, which no power could observe.

¹⁴The light bent, and Vivec donned a cuirass made of red plates of jewel, and a mask that marked him born in the lands of Man.

¹⁵Wheeling, he spread into an insect salve, worn on the neck of hist-bulbs when at challenge.

¹⁶He roared up and fed his fingers to mammoth ghosts. The signal fires wondered if they mistook this for surrender, for Vivec had told the void that he could learn to undo it all.

The Avowalments

¹⁷The light bent, and somewhere a history was finally undone. ¹⁸Of it, Vivec remembered the laughing of the netchimen of his village when the hunts were good. ¹⁹He marched with his father in the ash, growing strong in the hooks and sail, able to run a junk through silt. ²⁰At eleven, he sung to an ashkhan. He became sick after Red Mountain, with the nix-blood and fever, and was infirm a hundred years. ²¹His mother survived him and laid his body at the altar of Padomay. She gave him her skin to wear into the underworld.

²²The light bent, and Vivec awoke and grew fangs, unwilling to make of herself a folding thing. This was a new and lunar promise. ²³And in her Biting she tunneled up and then downward, while her brother and sister smeared across heaven, thin ruptures of dissent, food for scarabs and the Worm.

²⁴She took her people and made them safe, and sat with Azura drawing her own husband's likeness in the dirt.

²⁵“For I have removed my left hand and my right, he will say,” she said, “for that is how I shall win against them. ²⁶Love alone and you shall know only mistakes of salt.”

²⁷The worlding of the words is ᚠᚱᚱᚱᚱᚱᚱ





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Breviary and Appendix



Temple Oath

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The old gods were cruel and arbitrary,
distant from the hopes and fears of mer.
Their age is past. We are the new gods,
born of the flesh, and wise and caring
of the needs of our people.

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The Old Pilgrim's Oath

I believe in ᚦᚸᚰ, Triune Grace:

ᚦᚸᚰ ᚦᚦ ᚸᚦᚸᚸᚸ ᚦᚦ ᚰᚦᚸᚰ

Who walked the earth,
defeated the Dunmer's greatest enemies,
and achieved divine substance.

They drove out the Sharmat
and maintain the peace of Morrowind.
They guard and counsel their followers,
punish sin and error, and share their bounty,
according to our needs.

I believe in the Ancestors,
the Host of Saints, the Temple,
And in duty to faith, family, masters
and all that is good.

The ending of the words, ᚦᚸᚰ

Prayers of Praise

The Seven-Syllable Spell

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌺𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

We are delivered and made whole.

The Seven-Syllable Spell (Alternate)

Blessed 𐌹𐌺𐌰, Triune Grace:

We are delivered and made whole;
In you is an image
And a seven-syllable spell
Which we will repeat
Until the mystery comes:

𐌹𐌺𐌰 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌺𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰
𐌹𐌺𐌰 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌺𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰
𐌹𐌺𐌰 𐌹𐌸 𐌺𐌰𐌺𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌸 𐌳𐌰𐌺𐌰

The ending of the words, 𐌹𐌺𐌰

Prayers of Praise

Devotion to Almalexia

Ayem who is Boethiah,
Splendor of the stars,
Mother of mercy:
We wear the skin of Trinimac
And you cleanse our faults
With the faults of Veloth;
So shall we be lead by you
Down the way of the glorious.

The ending of the words, 𐍂𐍆𐍃

Devotion to Sotha Sil

Seht who is Azura:
Light of knowledge,
You protect the lost
And fill the roads and alleys
With the mystery paths of civilization;
You give the citizens a mind.
So shall we become as a conduit
To the fullness of your concentrate.

The ending of the words, 𐍂𐍆𐍃

Prayers of Praise

Devotion to Vivec

Vehk who is Mephala:
Cutter of the weeds of Veloth,
You speak to us of the world
Which you share
With mystery and love,
For you have crushed it
With your left hand
But in your right is how
It could have won against you;
For that which you give us
Is But an intermittent hope,
So shall we be letters
Written in uncertainty.

The ending of the words, 𐌹𐌺𐌰

Prayers of Praise

The Ruhn Ania

The homes that sprawl and crouch

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹

The homes that burrow and delve

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹

The homes that soar and sway

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹

The homes that stand and pose

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹

The homes that swim and wade

𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹𐌹 𐌹𐌸 𐌹𐌺𐌰𐌹

And you shall come home

To 𐌹𐌹𐌸

Prayers of Praise

Canticle of the Missing God

Remember the words of Boethiah:

We pledge ourselves to thee,
The Frame-maker, the Scarab:
A world for us to love thee in,
A cloak of dirt to cherish.

Betrayed by thy ancestors
When thou werest not looking,
Hoary Magnus and his ventured opinions
Cannot sway the understated,
A trick worthy of the always satisfied.

A short season of towers,
A rundown absolution,
And what is this, what is this
But fire under thy eyelid?

Shift ye in your skin,
I say to the Trinimac-eaters,
And pitch ye in your voices
To the color of bruise.

Divide ye like your enemies,
Each into Houses,
And lay ye down your laws,

Prayers of Praise

In set sequence from the center,
Alike the enemy Corners of Troubles,
And see yourselves thence as timber,
Or mud-slats, or sheets of resin.

Then do not ye divide,
For yet is the stride of Sithis
Quicker than the rush of enemies,
And He will sunder the whole
For the sake of a shingle.

For we go different, and in thunder
While Sithis is the start of all true Houses,
Built against stasis and lazy slaves.

So turn ye from your predilections,
Broken like false maps
And Move ye and move like this
To quicken against false fathers,
And mothers left in corners
Weeping for glass and rain.

Stasis asks merely for nothing,
For itself, which is nothing,
As you were
In the eight everlasting imperfections

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Prayers of Petition

The Mercy Prayer

(anointing with ash or salts)

The fire is mine,
Let it consume thee,
And make a secret door
At the altar of Padhome,
In the House of Boethiah
Where we become safe
And looked after.

The ending of the words, 𐌹𐌺𐌰

Prayer for Forgiveness

Blessed 𐌹𐌺𐌰,
Hear your faithful child,
For I am lost and far from your Grace.

Almalexia, grant me your mercy.
Sotha Sil, light my path.
Vivec, guide my pen and my blade.

Allow me respite from my torment,
And forgive me my sins.

The ending of the words, 𐌹𐌺𐌰

Prayers of Petition

Healing Blessing

Blessed ☩☩,

We ask for your forgiveness.
Purge the sins from this one
And set them on the Triune Path.

The ending of the words, ☩☩

Prayer for Guidance

Mother, Tinkerer, Poet,
Form us into vessels of thy will.
Guide us on the straight path,
Wherever it might lead us,
That we may never falter from it.

We ask for forgiveness for our sins
And failures to follow thy precepts.
We are all but mortal
And so are doomed to fail,
But help us to mitigate
The necessary effects of our frailty.

The ending of the words, ☩☩

Prayers of Petition

The Seven Graces

May we heed the Seven Graces,
Seven times and seven ways.

By Valor

May we face our enemies and our fears.

By Daring

May we find fortune in bold risk.

By Justice

May we deal fairly, in love, trust, and respect.

By Courtesy

May our temperate words turn aside anger.

By Pride

May we insist upon our ancient rights.

By Generosity

May we share freely among house and hearth.

By Humility

May we know our place in the greater world.

May we forge a keen Faith

In the crucible of suffering

And Engrave upon one's eye

The image of injustice,

For it is better to suffer a wrong

Than to do one.

Let us then yield to Faith

For Faith conquers all,

And death does not diminish,

But gilds with glory.

The ending of the words, ८३०

Prayers at Dawn

Morning Grace

Mercy, Mystery, Mastery,
Bless this day before me;
Grant that I may walk with virtue,
And for all that I profit
May it be by your bounty
Shared with grace unto me.

The ending of the words, ॐ

Daybreak Troparion

Glory to Ayem, glory to Seht, glory to Vehk.,
From my sleep and my dreams
You have beckoned me.
Illumine my mind and my soul,
And unshackle my lips,
That I may praise you, my Triune,
Both now and ever, and unto all the eras.

The ending of the words, ॐ

Prayers at Dawn

The Hagil-Dayn

O Blessed ☩☩☩, Three-in-One,
The Opinions of Magnus tear at the dark,
Like a ghost that vanishes at first light.

We are sundered from our sleep
Into a world for us to love you in,
A cloak of dirt for us to cherish.

O Blessed ☩☩☩, through birth, ghost, life,
You speak to us of the world,
Which you share with mystery and love.

By your duty do you keep the Compromise
From being filled with Black Sea.

If you are for us, who can stand against us?

O Blessed ☩☩☩, Mercy, Mystery, Mastery,
May we walk this day ever in your presence
To accept your grace without limits.

By Three Hands, Three Hearts, Three Eyes,
We shall forge Darkness into Light
And keep your holy names in every hour.

The ending of the words, ☩☩☩

Prayers at Dusk

The Gah-Yalalt

Glory to Ayem, glory to Seht, glory to Vehk.

Thank you, O my Lords,
For your protection this day.

Ordeals you should have us face, yes,
But not impeded by the world of restriction.

All praise and wonder

Be unto you, my Tribunes:
The splendor of stars is Ayem's domain.

The selfishness of the sea is Seht's.
Vehk rules the middle air.

All else is earth
And under temporal command.

In your wisdom, O my Lords,

Cut me into better shapes,
And polish me

Into a perfect gem of compromise.
Cleanse me of my faults and by your hand

I shall arise well and ready
To walk your ways,
For I am happy to serve you and win.

The ending of the words, ॐ

Prayers at Dusk

The Pilgrim's Path

The waking world
Is the amnesia of dream.
You show us the ways to walk
To achieve an exodus,
For wherever so you tread
There is invisible scripture.
So we follow your paths,
And walk with virtue.

The ending of the words, 卐

Prayers for the Dead

Waiting Door Vesper

Not into the world, nor out of it,
But between worlds do they linger,
The blessed souls of our dead,
Held to the hearth and tomb
By blood and by loyalty.

Prayers for the Dead

All souls know deep down
From whence we originally came,
And how Nirn is cruel
And a crucial step to the Next.

The Ancestors are not departed.
The dead are not under the earth.
Their spirits are in the restless wind,
In the fire's voice,
In the foot-smoothed step.

We do not grieve for the dead.
But take shelter in their arms,
And pay heed to their words.

From the Waiting Door
Comes our protection,
For we heed the spirits,
Who are the guardians of our hearth,
The teachers of wisdom,
The counselors of fortune,
And the seers of fate.

We live in one world with our spirits.
We shall honor them
Within and without ourselves.

The ending of the words, ୧୩୦

Prayers for the Dead

The Lorne'ag Duru

In you I know my nature.
In you I have total consolation.
In you I find great peace.
My bones shall be
In the foundations of the City.
Now I am become
The mightiest of your children.

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Shrine Song

Release our beloved
From this mortal plane,
To return to the ash
From whence we came.

At rest with the spirits,
Their glory to claim.
Their bones do we covet
'Til rest we attain.

Prayers for the Dead

The Stirring Repose

Beloved Velothi,
Your skin has become
The pregnant darkness.
My brooding has brought this on.

Remember what Boethiah asked:
To become the color of bruise.
How else to show yourselves,
The people of the exodus,
Into the vital: through pain?

In the end, rejoice O Beloved,
As a hostage released
From drumming torment
But that savors their wounds.

The drum breaks open
And you find it to be a nest of hornets,
Which is to say
That your sleep is over.

The beginning of the words, 𐍂𐍅𐍃

Prayers for the Dead

The Sunna Amaranthi

They add new doors to me
And I become effortlessly trans-immortal
With the comings and goings
And the stride-heat of the market
Where I am traded for.

Yell of the children—hear them play,
Scoffed at, amused, desired,
Paid for in native coin,
New minted with my face on one side
And my city-body on the other.

I stare with each new window.
Soon I am a million-eyed insect dreaming.

𐌲𐌺 𐌱𐌹𐌲𐌹 𐌱𐌺𐌹𐌸𐌹 𐌱𐌺𐌹𐌸𐌹𐌲𐌺

The beginning of the words, 𐌲𐌺𐌹

Prayers for the Dead

Blessing for the Tomb

We pay reverence to the dead
Through gift and prayer.
We acquaint our ancestors with our affairs,
With our comings and goings,
And with our trials and blessings.

We live in one world with them,
Banishing our feeble ghosts
And giving their memory new life
Through the thrice-folded mind.
We follow the footsteps of the gods,
Treading upon invisible scripture
Towards that state beyond mortal death.

But if the spirits of the dead
Should come back to us unbidden,
From the love of kin or faith to duty,
It is but the answering of those ancestors,
Bound through hearth and house
To the ultimate protection of the clan.

Unto these protectors of our homes
Is the solemn duty to inter them rightly,
That they might draw comfort together
Against the chill of the mortal world,
Whilst they ready to jump that last bridge.

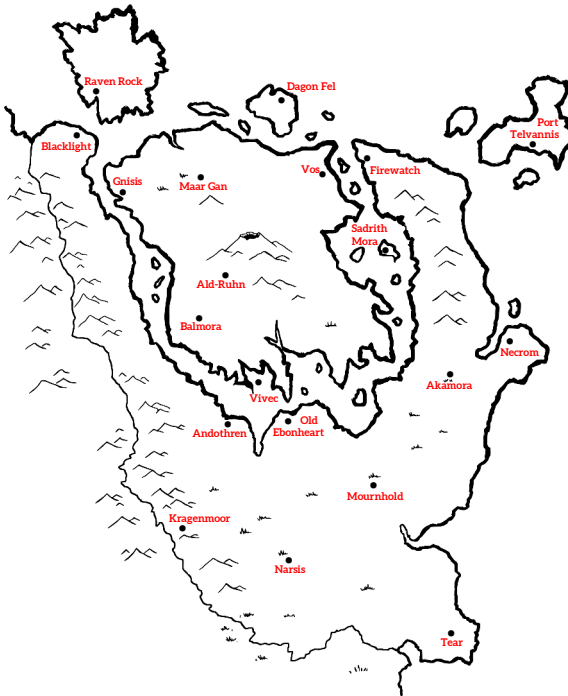
The ending of the words, 卍卍卍

The Daedric Script

Ayem	Bedt	Cess	Doht	Ekem	
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	
A	B	C	D	E	
Hefed	Geth	Hekem	Iya	Jeb	
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	
F	G	H	I	J	
Koht	Lyr	Meht	Neht	Oht	
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	
K	L	M	N	O	
Payem	Quam	Roht	Seht	Tayem	
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	
P	Q	R	S	T	
Yoodt	Vehk	Web	Xayah	Yahkem	Zyr
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ
U	V	W	X	Y	Z
Bahr	Aln	Asc	Cahn	Cin	Arc
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ
0	1	2	3	4	5
Tahn	Sahn	Daskhor	Ent	Alnahn	
Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	Ƨ	
6	7	8	9	10	

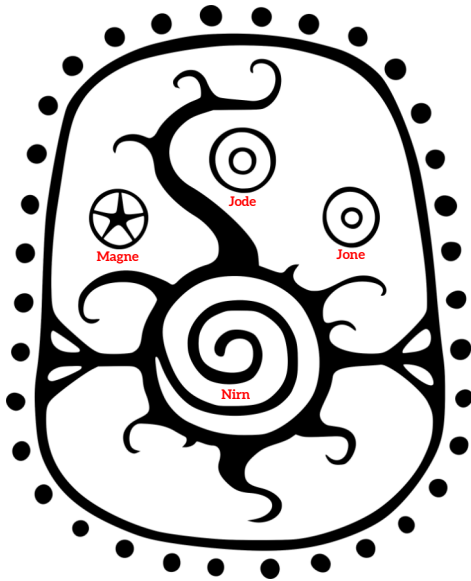
Appendix

Morrowind



Morrowind is holy country, the land of wealth beyond measure, and its gods are flesh and blood. Here the fell winds bellow out from the flamefrosted ravines of the Red Mountain, carrying with them eternal and memorious ashes which burn and blister, but like the dust of moths, can induce visions that grant access to the numinous world of dreams and long-dead memories.

The World Egg



Nirn, Ehlnofox for “arena”, is a finite ball of matter and magic made from all of the god planets at the beginning of time, when Lorkhan tricked the gods to create the mortal plane. Nirn is the mortal plane and the mortal planet, which is the same thing. Its creation upset the cosmic balance; now all souls have a vested interest in Nirn.

The planets are the gods and the planes of the gods, which is the same thing. That they appear as spherical heavenly bodies is a visual phenomena caused by mortal mental stress.

Appendix

Since each plane is an infinite mass of infinite size, as yet surrounded by the Void of Oblivion, the mortal eye registers them as bubbles within a space. Planets are magical and impossible.

Likewise, Moons are small planets, insofar as one infinite mass of infinite size can be smaller than another. Planets do have orbits, or at least lunar orbits are perceived to happen by mortals.

Jode and Jone, the moons of Nirn, are the attendant spirits of the mortal plane. They are like the mortal plane in that they are temporal and subject to the bounds of mortality; in fact of this, the moons are dead and died long ago. The moons used to be pure white and featureless, but today their "skin" is decaying and withering away. Their planes are likewise dying. Mortals perceive this as the moons being spheres with patches of their "surfaces" completely eaten away; as the moons spin, they seem to become slivers or ragged crescents. These are not caused by shadows, for you can see stars through the black patches of the lunar spheres.

Space is the interpretation of Oblivion, which is black and empty and surrounds the mortal plane. Space is infinite, but it acts just like a planet, in that Oblivion is "surrounded" by Aetherius. You can see Aetherius by the stars.

Appendix

The stars, or Magne-Ge, are the bridges to Aetherius, the magic plane. They are perceived as holes on the inside surface of space. Because they are on the inside of a sphere, all stars are equidistant from Nirn. Larger stars, therefore, are not closer to the mortal plane, they are just larger tears in Oblivion.

The largest tear in Oblivion is Magnus, the sun, and the gateway to magic. Magnus was present at the creation of the mortal plane, and, in fact, was its architect. Prehistoric Nirn was a magical place, and highly unstable to the first mortals. Magnus then left, some say in disgust, and Oblivion filled in the void with the Void. His escape was not easy, and tatters of Magnus remain in the firmament as stars.

Credits

Maps:

Nathan Wilkes

Frescos:

Lukkar:

Velothi Pattern, Sotha Sil Dreaming, Anu/Padomay

Matthew Weathers:

Temple of Vivec

TheMyzel:

Anticipations of Almalexia, Sotha Sil, & Vivec

Tyddynr:

ALMSIVI

LAAMDT & XardasMage:

Telvanni House Symbol

Books (known authors):

Michael Kirkbride:

Sithis (with original/French ending),

Monomyth (*Mythic Aurbis*),

Changed Ones,

Spirit of Nirn

The 36 Lessons of Vivec

Trial of Vivec (*Mystery of the Apotheosis*),

The Thief goes to Cyrodiil (*Selected Teachings*),

Vivec's Book of Hours (*Hour of the Dragon Break*),

Amaranth Reveal Thread (*Post at the Turning Point*),

Loveletter From the Fifth Era (*Obscured Loveletter*),

Prophet of Landfall,

Sermon 37 (*The Amaranth*),

Vivec & Mephala (*Morrowind Description*),

Pocket Guide 2nd Edition (*Morrowind Description*),

Cosmology (*The World Egg*)

Douglass Goodall:

The House of Troubles,

Tamriel Rebuilt:

The Pilgrim's Way,

The Worship of the Ashlanders (*The Daedra*),

Ruhn Ania ALMSIVI (*The Ruhn Ania*)

Moraelyn Ithren:

10th of Last Seed Prayer (*Prayer for Forgiveness*)

Servants of the Tribunal Guild:

Collected Prayers to the Three in One (*Healing Blessing,*

Prayer for Guidance)

Credits

Books (the rest, in order of appearance):

Exodus from Summerset,
End of the Journey,
The Real Nerevar,
The Anticipations,
The Doors of the Spirit,
Blasphemous Revenants

Homilies of Blessed Almalexia,
Almalexia and the Mudcrab,
Blessed Almalexia's Fables for Morning,
Blessed Almalexia's Fables for Afternoon,
Blessed Almalexia's Fables for Evening

The Truth in Sequence

The Memories of Sotha Sil

The Book of Dawn and Dusk,
The Battle of Red Mountain,
Fellowship of the Temple,
Saryoni's Sermons

Thank you to all authors and creators named and unnamed.

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