

Set Material:	Iron	Dreugh	Dunmer Steel	Bonemold
Helmet	It may be stained, dented, rusting, and visibly repaired with soft lead and questionable twine, but it's yours now. Still, you can't help but wonder how many people died in this helmet before you picked it up.	A helm made from the hallowed head of a dreugh. There's still a semblance of life lingering around the vacant eye sockets. "When the dreughs ruled the world, the Daedroth Prince Molag Bal had been their chief. He took a different shape then, spiny and armored and made for the sea." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	A sturdy helm bearing the central ridge and thick undercloth reminiscent of those who traverse the Ashlands. Its elegant design hearkens back to days in which Dunmer fought nobly, under the open sky. "To be a noble of House Redoran is more than being a great warrior. One must follow the triune virtues of duty, gravity, and piety." — <i>The True Noble's Code</i>	A helm of softened shell and bone, fastened into shape by natural resins. Its reliance on organic materials has led each region of Vardenfell to take on designs specific to their customs and resources. It is said by some that the delicate markings and runes represent the true face of each Great House. "From the heart, the light; from the head, the law." — <i>The Book of Dawn and Dusk</i>
Cuirass	Heavy, laced with cracks, and bearing the unmistakable smell of a swamp, but good protection nonetheless. At least the rat-skin kilt isn't too mangy.	Tough and inflexible, this medium-weight piece is constructed from a dreugh's carapace wrapped in seafoam cloth. The exoskeleton can stop a dagger yet is light enough for swimming. "Vivec, 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. It would not have been a monster if a Velothi child had not wanted to impress his village by wearing it." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	The heavy steel plates of this cuirass are fastened together by leather straps over thick cloth. Though its assembly appears complex, a seasoned warrior can don the protection with time to spare. When all else has failed, one relies on the steadfast defense provided by armor. "A Redoran wears heavy or medium armor depending on rank and strategy. A noble of House Redoran is expected to know how to repair and maintain his own armor." — <i>The True Noble's Code</i>	A solid plate of ritually engraved bone laid over dark leather wrappings. Its Daedric runes signify the protection offered to Dunmer by the Tribunal, and the unwavering service that the mer provide in return. "By the Apotheosis, the Tribunal (Blessed Be Their Holy Names) became the Protectors and High Ancestor Spirits of the Dunmer, and bade the Daedra to give proper veneration and obedience." — <i>The Anticipations</i>
Gauntlets	These clearly came from different sets of armor, though the blades riveted to your left knuckles are a nice touch. It does make scratching one's nose rather dangerous though.	Buckled together by leather clasps, these gauntlets smell strongly of brine and fish guts. Segmented fingers allow the wielder full control and articulation. "The 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." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	These heavier gauntlets don't provide the dexterity required for the less than savory tasks undertaken by Morrowind's spies and assassins. Nevertheless, they will prevent the loss of fingers if an error is made in combat. "Tall feather-thin lake trees blocked much of his view of the straits, but an army, particularly one clad in slow-moving heavy armor could not move invisibly, silently." — <i>2920, Midyear</i>	Leather gloves with a shell of layered bone. They are practical and tough - attributes that one must find in themselves to survive the many battles of Vardenfell. "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." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 8</i>
Boots	The rusted rivets of these thick iron sabatons groan with every step, but at least now kicking an angry scribe is no longer an existential gamble.	Stepping into these stiff boots, it's hard not to imagine the meat and wax that had to be scooped from these dreugh limbs. "When Vivec found him near the boy's village, anon Gnisis, there was a violent clash of arms and an upheaval of the earth. Their battle created the West Gash. Wanderers that 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." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	To the less honorable, this heavy steel footwear can double as a weapon once an opponent has been knocked to the ground. To those who still follow the old ways, however, the boots are simply an invaluable defense. "It was a cool morning in the forest, but there were no clouds. All the makings of a hot afternoon march, particularly in such heavy armor." — <i>2920, Midyear</i>	Hardy boots with molded plates of bone and shell, as useful against downward-sweeping blows as they are against the porous crags and fanged predators that dot Vardenfell's volcanic landscape. "And Molag Bal crushed the warrior-poet's feet, which were not invulnerable, and had legions cleave them off. Mighty fires from the Beginning Place were brought like nets to hold Vivec and he let them." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 12</i>
Pauldrons	Chipped, cracked, and uneven to boot, but they may keep your head on your shoulders, and you can't deny you look imposing wearing them.	These pauldrons faintly resemble the fanning designs of a seashell and once protected a dreugh's imposing shoulder muscles from spearpoints. "After his victory, Vivec took the shell of The Ruddy Man to the dreughs that had modified his mother. The Queen of Dreughs, whose name is not easy to spell, was in a period of self-incubation. Her wardens took the gift from Vivec and promised to guard it from the surface world. This is the first account of dreughs being liars." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	Curved steel pauldrons that weave intricately with their cuirass, ensuring that the set of armor does not present gaps. On an average day in Vardenfell, the pauldrons keep soot and dust from infiltrating the armor. On a bad day, they must repel steel. "After many battles, it was clear who would win the War. The Chimer had great skills in magic and bladery, but against the armored battalions of the Dwemer, clad in the finest shielding wrought by Inaggo, there was little hope of their ever winning." — <i>Chimarvamidium</i>	This unyielding set of pauldrons completes the bonemold armor's chitinous shell. Its sharp ridges reflect the ferocity of the creatures that once bore it, just as they reflect the bravery of the hunters who challenged them. "They not only learned how to move and stop quickly in bonemold, but how to adjust their peripheral vision to see a blow before it came, and to sway to dodge, and where the sturdiest reinforcement points on the arm were – the center of the chest and the abdomen – and how to position themselves to take blows there, against their natural instincts." — <i>Bone</i>
Greaves	They may be barely hanging together, but they're still functional. At least their imposing weight ensures that your legs will look marvelous after a few weeks.	These layered greaves produce an unnatural cracking with each step as if protesting against their reanimation. "In ten years, The Ruddy Man appeared again, this time near Tear, worn by a wayward shaman who followed the House of Troubles. Instead of guarding it, the dreughs had imbued the living armor with mythic inflexibility. It melted soon after skill-draping the shaman and stretched his bones to the five corners." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	Often overlooked by novice warriors, these greaves and chainmail skirt protect some of the most vital points while engaged in close-quarters combat. If one seeks not to die of slow infection or blood loss, full coverage is ideal. "He struck the Monster on each of its five vital points: head, groin, throat, back, and chest. Five blows to the five points and the Monster was slain." — <i>The Importance of Where</i>	On occasion these greaves of sinew and bone will click as the wearer walks. Though harmless, this vestige of the armor's origin serves as a grim reminder that safety must sometimes be bought with sacrifice. "The next most prevalent stuff present in the stronghold was skinned dead bodies, hunks of muscle, fat, blood, and bone. For six hours, he toiled relentlessly until he produced eighteen suits of bonemold, the first ones ever created." — <i>Bone</i>
Buckler Shield	Built with lightly armed combat in mind, this small iron shield honors equipment used in the gladiatorial arenas that once connected warriors from across the provinces of Tamriel.	Crafted from a dreugh's angled headplate, this shield is hard enough to parry a blade and sharp enough to deliver a stinging reminder of why the dreughs were once feared by lesser beings. "And the Hortator could see that Vivec was out of sorts, though not because of the impending new power to come. The golden warrior-poet had been exercising his Water Face as well, learned from the dreughs before he was born." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	A versatile shield, as effective for halting incoming strikes as it is for pummeling careless foes into submission. Its small size and low weight enable the user to more easily swap weapons on the fly. "And when confrontation is unavoidable, it is best to fight quickly in comfortable, light armors with short blades, or to fight from a distance with a marksman's weapons." — <i>Grasping Fortune</i>	Popular among Dunmer due to its versatility and comparatively cheap cost to forge, this small bonemold shield is used by a wide variety of warriors and classes in Vardenfell. It would not be unexpected to see these shields employed in duels of honor between nobles, nor in the offhand of a cutthroat on the road. "Thus 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." — <i>The Homilies of Blessed Almalexia</i>
Standard Shield	A solid disk of iron and wood, often looked down upon by those who have never had to rely on it. For warriors who learn to properly use and maintain their equipment, even the simplest shield can be forged into a lifelong companion.	This shield is fashioned from a dreugh's crusher claw that's had its nerve cords scraped away. While it's yellowed in places, the claw still retains the muted orange color of its original owner. "When Vivec met the monster in battle again he saw the remains of three villages dripping from its feet. He took on his giant form and slew The Ruddy Man by way of the Symbolic Collage. Since 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. He told them: 'You may make of The Ruddy Man a philosopher's armor.'" — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 29</i>	Heavier than those typically used by Dunmer warriors, this shield trades speed and maneuverability for a formidable defense. Of the Great Houses of Morrowind, only House Redoran has maintained the old custom of employing heavy arms and armor in open warfare. They have yet to discover whether their stubborn honor can overcome the mysticism of House Telvanni or the tenacity of House Hlaalu. "In the great wind of progress, tradition cannot stand." — <i>Grasping Fortune</i>	More closely resembling a bottom-feeding aquatic crustacean than a means of defense, this layered bone shield is nonetheless capable of protecting one from the many hazards in the land of the Dunmer - except perhaps the Dunmer. "There 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." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 11</i>
Tower Shield	An obscene rectangular slab of iron and wood that eschews any pretense of artistry for brute force defense. When conflict and hardship become ingrained in a society's teachings, they are inevitably reflected in its craftsmanship.	Hewn from the back of a fully grown dreugh, this shield is large enough to cover the entire frame of a shorter being. Sailors in Vivec tell stories of hunting dreugh on the open ocean. When emboldened by flin and brandy, some will speak of seeing the dim and ancient silhouettes of cities, standing resolutely against the darkness of deep sea. "Clockwork dreughs, mockeries of the Dwemer war machines, rose up from the seas and took their counterparts back beneath, where they were swallowed forever by the sea." — <i>The Thirty-Six Lessons of Vivec, Sermon 36</i>	Wielding this tower shield makes one into a veritable fortress against physical threats. It requires extensive conditioning to use effectively. To a strong and stubborn warrior, simple steel can become a means with which to challenge even the gods. "By Breath and Blood, protect us all!" — <i>The Book of Dawn and Dusk</i>	A massive shield of bone plates, each riding over the next to maximize their collective strength. In keeping with ancient Dunmeri tradition, successive generations will integrate the bones of their ancestors into bonemold armor. It is unknown how many of the bones in this shield once belonged to mer. "Forge Darkness into Light." — <i>The Book of Dawn and Dusk</i>

Set Material:	Iron	Steel	Imperial Silver
Dagger	A simple rusty iron blade. Inelegant, but capable of cutting up your dinner or the occasional hostile scribe.	A fast, elegant blade in the Dunmeri style. Designed for easy concealment in a sleeve or boot. "The size of the blade matters little when driven by an unrelenting will." -Telvanni Proverb	A close-quarters weapon useful against spirits, monsters, and daedra. The ancient Nibenese would fortify the silver with a single drop of preserved dragon's blood, infusing the weapon with abstractions of pure Akatoshian time.
Shortsword	Usually these swords are light and excel at dual wielding and parrying. But the tarnished blade on this one is thick and cumbersome to make up for the iron's weakness.	An ancient Dunmeri design, this short blade is hardened with bone-ash. "The secret to good business is to work towards creating the new rather than fighting the old." -Hlaalu Proverb	A nimble blade adept at harming spirits, monsters, and daedra. Modern artisans of the Nibenay basin use lenses to focus the light of Mnemoli, the memory-star, onto the molten silver for several nights before crafting a blade. This imbues the sword with the subtle, nebulous energies of the lust-singed goddess.
Longsword	A standard of highwaymen and struggling mercenaries, this heavy iron sword is unremarkable but for its advanced age.	A long, agile blade in the Dunmeri style. Some Vvardenfell smiths hone their blades by submerging them in one of the natural pools of hot vitrolitic acid dotting the landscape. "In war be vicious, unrelenting, and severe so that you conquer your enemy rapidly. This is the only way to preserve their dignity -and your own." -Redoran Proverb	Drawing on ancient Nibenese consecration rituals, these longswords are especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra. Some have under-hilts wrapped in ancestor silk that softly whisper long-forgotten secrets from Old Cyrod.
Claymore	This long, rusty two-handed sword is designed for lopping the heads off pikes, halberds, spears, and spearmen.	An exceptionally long Dunmeri blade designed to counter spears and pikes. "The undisciplined seek to change the world to accommodate their weakness. The disciplined change themselves instead." -Indoril Proverb	A beautifully-crafted two-handed sword that is especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra. In Nibenese fashion, the underhilt is imprinted with eight Marukhati tower-pictographs. There is a notable blank space where a ninth pictograph should be.
Mace	A crude mass of iron attached by corroding rivets to shaft of Odai-hickory. This specimen has been crushing armor for centuries, and looks older than the Tribunal.	The rounded heads of this Dunmeri mace are adept at cracking bonemold and shattering chitin. "Order, tradition, fervor, and devotion. These are the cornerstones of the unvanquished house." -Indoril Proverb	A refined crushing weapon, the precise angles of this silvered mace mimic the 8 spokes of the auric wheel -a microfetish that inflicts the pain of memory upon ghosts struck by it. It is especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra.
Warhammer	Little more than a quarry tool attached to a long shaft and streaked with decay, this warhammer is still fearsome in the right hands. "You say 'blunt instrument' like it's an insult. But I know every nerve cluster in your body. By night's end, you'll respect how precise a hammer can be." -Jomic	This two-handed hammer is a favorite of House and city Guards in the more civilized South and West of Vvardenfell. "Generosity is what the ignorant call self-interest in the moments before they perceive the slave bracer clasping around their arm." -Hlaalu Proverb	A heavy, crushing weapon, plated in delicate silver. In Nibenese fashion, the steel below the silver is inscribed with ten secret glyphs that form the sheath of an ur-word that cannot be written or pronounced. This weapon is especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra.
Spear	A sharp blade mounted on a long pole, these simple weapons have been used in skirmishes for millennia. The length will keep your enemies and the blade far away from your body, which is just as well -you don't know where this thing has been.	A grazeland-yew shaft topped with excellent Dunmeri steel. The volcanic landscape of Vvardenfell often brings valuable minerals to the surface. "Show to the world what it expects to see, so that when you act unexpectedly, you will have the advantage."	A long, sophisticated silver spear. In the fashion of Ut-Cyrod, hako-paper incense scraps are tied along the haft, which are then overwrapped by leather imbued with spent mnemospores. It is especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra.
Halberd	Can't choose between an axe and a spear? Then don't. This decaying iron halberd is a specialty weapon for the indecisive adventurer.	A well-made halberd in the Dunmeri style, this weapon uses thrusts to keep enemies at a distance and sideways sweeps to bypass shields. "The debased ideas of uncivilized cultures can spread like a disease. Cauterize them quickly." -Dres Proverb	A complex polearm plated in silver. The Nibenese often sprinkle such weapons with ancestor-moth dust as they temper, plunge them into minotaur blood to cool, and polish them with jewel-tiger fur. It is especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra.
War Axe	A favorite of conscripted farmhands and hired muscle, the notched blades of one-handed axes are useful for parrying and ripping shields out of opponent's hands. This one looks like it was used in a woodshed more often than on a battlefield. At least that's where you hope the black, sap-like stains come from.	This fine Dunmeri light axe is perfect for exploring hollow lava tubes and forgotten tombs. "The greatness of a people may be judged by the subtlety of its culture and the sensitivity of its art."	The blade of this heavy two-handed axe has been dipped in molten silver. Some Nibenese claim that silver is the memory of the divines, expressed as creatia, and that such blades cut spirits, monsters, and daedra because they momentarily reverse the spiritual bleed introduced in the Convention, briefly breaking the somnambulance of the divines with searing thought.
Battle Axe	Frequently used by those who have more brawn than skill, heavy axes like this reward strength and aggression. This one's blade is spiderwebbed with cracks and stained with corrosion.	A heavy two-handed Dunmeri axe. Vvardenfell steel is often strengthened with trace amounts of rare metals that make it exceptionally hard. "One cannot understand the truth of their nature until it is revealed in battle. Therefore, pity those who do not know war and hardship." -Redoran Proverb	This heavy silvered axe is especially effective against spirits, monsters, and daedra. Traditional Nibenese craftsmen construct the hilts out of the horns of century-minotaurs that they have softened in an emulsion of imp gall and foxfire spores.
(Long) Bow	A simple longbow composed of yew around a pliant iron core, this weapon rewards warriors with sharp eyes and deft hands. The cracked limbs show the bow's age and make draws shaky, but if you keep the arrows tip-forward it will probably hurt your enemies more than you. Probably.	The springy steel of this Dunmeri longbow can propel arrows at incredible speeds. Hlaalu artisans often cool the steel in a volcanic vent over several days to keep the metal lithe and strong. "An archer who can calmly pour hissing shafts through a battlefield is worth any price." -Hlaalu Proverb	n/a
Broadsword	Preferred by fighters who enjoy the heft of an axe, but need the speed and finesse of a sword. The broad blade is pitted, chipped, and can't hold an edge, but its weight will still get the job done.	The steel of this heavy Dunmeri sword is improved by trace amounts of many rare minerals that are common in Vvardenfell's volcanic ores. "Neither ritual nor oath may match the bond shared by those who have faced death together." -Redoran Proverb	
Club	The easiest way to make a blunt piece of wood more dangerous? Anchor some jagged scrap iron to it.	A sturdy Dunmer club. The West-gash willow makes it surprisingly springy and agile. "Some cling tenaciously to ignorance and superstition. But we will enlighten them all the same." -Dres Proverb	n/a
Staff	n/a	Resilient Sheogorad alder topped with a hard steel finial in the Dunmer style. "Your will must overmatch your suffering." -Telvanni Proverb	n/a
Dai-Katana	n/a	A long two-handed sword in the Akaviri style. "The poetry of life is when every action upholds your highest principle, and every thought is borne from a disciplined, focused mind. This is the way to peace." -Tsaesci proverb	n/a
Wakizashi	A short sword in the Akaviri style, the chipped blade and loose circular guard bear the evidence of many brutal battles.	A gently curved shortsword in the Akaviri style. "Do not hold back from existence. Live wholeheartedly and without reserve. This way alone honors the gift of being alive." -Tsaesci proverb	n/a
Tanto	The tanto is an Akaviri weapon of last resort. This one looks like it was made hastily, by someone who had only heard of a tanto by rote description.	A short, fine dagger in the Akaviri style. "You are a warrior. You exist so that you may die well. Therefore, enter battle knowing that you will die, and you may live. But try to survive a battle, and you will surely die." -Tsaesci proverb	n/a
Crossbow	n/a		n/a
Katana	n/a	A curved longsword in the Akaviri style. "The bodies of the undisciplined litter the mountain path to mastery." -Tsaesci proverb	n/a
Saber	Light, fast, and boasting a decent handguard, this simple blade is a favorite of sailors and wary merchants. This one has seen better days, but at least it will give your opponents lockjaw.	A favorite of silt-junk sailors, this light, curving blade is often seen on docks along the Bitter Coast. "Innovation disrespects the holy legacy of your ancestors." -Indoril Proverb	n/a